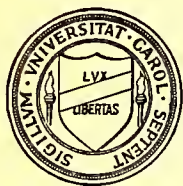


The Library
of the
University of North Carolina




Carnegie Corporation Fund
for
Instruction in Librarianship

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00041414674



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

<http://archive.org/details/stnicholasserial02dodg>



TCHUMPIN AND THE SNAKE.

(See "Tchumpin," page 3.)

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME II.

NOVEMBER, 1874, TO NOVEMBER, 1875.

SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
SCRIBNER & CO.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

CONTENTS VOLUME II.

	PAGE
AARD-VARK, The. (Illustrated)	<i>James C. Beard</i> 50
ABOUT HERALDRY. (Illustrated)	<i>Annie Moore</i> 416
ABOUT TWO LITTLE BOYS. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>K. A. M.</i> 688
ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY, An. (Illustrated)	<i>Samuel Woodworth Cozzens</i> 359
AFRICAN FASHIONS. (Illustrated)	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 104
ALTORF AND WILLIAM TELL. (Illustrated)	<i>Emma D. Southwick</i> 108
AMERICAN ORATORS. (Illustrated)	<i>William H. Rideing</i> 542
AMONG THE LILIES. (Illustrated)	<i>Emma Burt</i> 510
ANN'S ANSWER. Verse	<i>E. S. F.</i> 222
ANTS' MONDAY DINNER, The	<i>H. H.</i> 33
APRON: AN ACTING CHARADE	<i>L. Annie Frost</i> 364
AS WE GO ALONG	<i>Mary C. Bartlett</i> 691
AT THE WINDOW. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>M. M. D.</i> 38
AVIBUS QUÆ DOMUS LUSORIAS FINGUNT, De. Latin Sketch for Trans- lation. (Illustrated)	} <i>James C. Beard</i> 582
BABY'S SKIES. Poem	<i>M. C. Bartlett</i> 407
BAD LUCK OF BUBBY CRYAWAY, The. (Illustrated)	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i> 507
BAKER AND THE TOBACCONIST, The. Translation of French Story on } page 286.	} 442
BILLY-GOAT SCHOOL-MASTER, A. (Illustrated)	<i>J. R.</i> 28
BIRDIE'S SECRET. Poem	<i>E. M. Tappan</i> 626
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF LIFE, A. (Illustrated)	<i>A. S. W.</i> 147
BIRDS THAT BUILD PLAY-HOUSES. Translation of Latin Story on page } 582.	} <i>James C. Beard</i> 752
BLESSED DAY, The. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>M. M. D.</i> 131
BLUE AND PINK	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 245
BOARDING-SCHOOL IN 1570, A	<i>S. S. Colt</i> 630
BOCKO AND THE DEER. (Illustrated)	<i>Paul Fort</i> 689
BOULANGER ET LE MARCHAND DE TABAC, Le. French Story for Trans- lation. (Illustrated)	} <i>A. D. F. H.</i> 286
BOY AND LITTLE DOG BOBBY. Poem. (Illustrated.) Translated from } the German of W. Hey by	} <i>Theodore Fay</i> 71
BOY AND OX. Poem. (Illustrated.) Translated from the German of } W. Hey by	} <i>Theodore Fay</i> 468
BOY-ASTRONOMER, The	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 93
BOY-SCULPTOR, The	<i>Emily Noyes</i> 407
BOY'S IDEA OF WARFARE IN 1974, A. Picture, drawn by	<i>Master Frederick W. Chapman</i> 26
BREAKFAST-TIME. Picture, drawn by	<i>E. M. S. Scannell</i> 98
BREATH OF SPRING, The. Picture, drawn by	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 341
BRIDGE, The. Verse	<i>J. P. B.</i> 472
BROOK, The. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i> 583
BUSY SATURDAY. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Fanny Percival</i> 724
BY THE HEARTH. (Illustrated)	<i>Carrie Gerrish</i> 188
CALLING THE FLOWERS. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 771
CAPT. PORTER AND THE ESSEX; OR, THE FIRST BATTLE OF ADMIRAL } FARRAGUT. (Illustrated)	} <i>S. G. W. Benjamin</i> 721
CHERRIES. Poem	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> 526

	PAGE
CHERRY-CHEEK. Poem.....	<i>Anna Boynton Averill</i> 350
CHICKADEES, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Harvey Wilder</i> 79
CHICKENS. Poem.....	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i> 642
CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 162
CHIMNEY-SWEEPS, PAST AND PRESENT. (Illustrated).....	<i>William H. Rideing</i> 211
CHRISTINCHEN'S ANSWER.....	<i>Julia S. Tutwiler</i> 494
CHRISTMAS LEGEND, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Florence Scannell</i> 141
CHRISTMAS TABLET..... 162
CINDERELLA. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 329
COAL-IMP, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. P. Cranch</i> 220
COLD GRAY STONES.....	<i>Margaret Eytlinge</i> 409
COLORADO SNOW-BIRDS. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>H. H.</i> 330
COMANCHES' TRAIL. The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Samuel Woodworth Cozzens</i> 94
COON'S MISTAKE, The.....	<i>Ellen Francis Terry</i> 36
COUPLE OF WORKERS IN THE HARVEST-FIELD, A. Picture..... 708
CRADLE OF NOSS, The. (Illustrated)..... 420
CRUISE OF THE "CRUSOE," The. (Illustrated).....	<i>George Valentyne</i> 598
CURIOUS BOUQUET, A. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>W. H. Gibson</i> 643
CYCLOPS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Treat</i> 689
DICK HARDIN AT THE SEA-SHORE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Lucy J. Rider</i> 45
DICK'S SPIRITUAL HELP.....	<i>Kate W. Hamilton</i> 605
DOMINO BRIDGE, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Henry W. Troy</i> 178
DRESSED IN WHITE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Julia P. Ballard</i> 660
DROLL FOX-TRAP, A.....	<i>C. A. Stephens</i> 252
DRUIDS AND THEIR TEMPLES, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Alexander Wainwright</i> 469
DWARF'S MIRROR, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>W. N. Meeks</i> 182
EAST INDIAN TOYS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Alice Donlevy</i> 52
ECHOES. Poem.....	<i>J. P. B.</i> 705
EIGHT COUSINS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 132, 203, 266, 334, 399, 461, 526, 611, 665, 727
"EL GOOFFAH." (Illustrated).....	<i>A. Locher</i> 703
ELSIE'S WINTER WALK. (Illustrated).....	<i>L. G. Warner</i> 139
FAINT FLOWER, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 597
FAIR AT PAU, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Aunt Fanny</i> 347
FAIRY UMBRELLAS. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. A. D.</i> 694
FAIRY WEDDING, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 251
FASHIONS IN VALENTINES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Alexander Wainwright</i> 242
FAYS, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Amelia Daley Alden</i> 496
FEAST OF DOLLS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>William E. Griffis</i> 317
FEAST OF FLAGS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>William E. Griffis</i> 426
FLOWER-GIRLS. Poem.....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 107
FOREST FAMILY, The. (Illustrated.) Translated from the Swedish by.....	<i>Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown</i> 99
FOURTEEN MONKEYS.....	<i>Helen C. Weeks</i> 102
FOX AND A RAVEN, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rebecca Harding Davis</i> 216
FRED'S EASTER MONDAY.....	<i>Helen C. Weeks</i> 356
FRIENDS. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>L. G. Warner</i> 91
FRIGATE-BIRD, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 725
FUNNY KINGS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 153
GARDEN OF THE GODS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Eliza Grotorex</i> 65
GHOST THAT LUCY SAW, The.....	<i>Maria W. Jones</i> 51
GIRL OF STARS, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Eliza C. Durgin</i> 302
GLANCE AT RHINELAND, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>E. D. Southwick</i> 576
GLIMPSE AT NAPLES, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Prof. Isaac E. Hasbrouck</i> 275
GOLD-ROBIN. Poem.....	<i>Annie Moore</i> 346
GRASSHOPPER, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Marie A. Brown</i> 415
GREAT FRESHET, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Jennie E. Zimmerman</i> 342
GREAT SPECULATION, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 546

	PAGE
GREAT TRAVELER, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 255
GUNPOWDER PLOT, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>William L. Sheppard</i> 639
HALF-DOZEN YOUNG RASCALS, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Nathaniel Childs</i> 24
HE DID N'T MIND—AND WHAT TOLD.....	<i>Margaret Eytlinge</i> 483
“HELLO!” Picture..... 575
HIDDEN TREASURE, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. G. W. Benjamin</i> 30
HOLIDAY HARBOR. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. B. C. Samuels</i> 112
HORNBILL, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Fred Beverly</i> 151
HORSE AND THE WOLF, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 578
HOW DOLLS ARE MADE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 228
HOW IT WENT. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i> 743
HOW THE CARS STOPPED.....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 22
HOW THE GRASSHOPPERS CAME.....	<i>A Nebraska Woman</i> 539
HOW THE “MARGARETTA” WAS CAPTURED ONE HUNDRED YEARS } AGO. (Illustrated).....	} <i>George J. Varney</i> 552
HOW THE NOËS DID IT. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles L. Norton</i> 638
HOW TO CAMP OUT AT THE BEACH.....	<i>Frank E. Clark</i> 504
HOW TO MAKE A BOAT. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frederic G. Mather</i> 568
HOW TROTTY WENT TO THE GREAT FUNERAL. (Illustrated).....	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i> 11
HUNTING FOR MY HORSES. (Illustrated).....	<i>John A. Emery</i> 764
INDIAN STORY, An. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Foote</i> 705
IN THE DORY. Poem.....	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i> 159
I WONDER WHY. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 711
JACK'S INDEPENDENCE DAY. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i> 521
JENNY PAINE'S HAT. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary L. Bolles Branch</i> 767
JESSIE. Poem.....	<i>Bret Harte</i> 141
JEWELLED TREE, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. M. Machar</i> 78
JINGLES..... 53, 138, 363, 556, 570, 622, 647, 702, 726, 767
JOHN SPOONER'S GREAT HUMAN MENAGERIE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 378
JONAH. (Illustrated).....	<i>Helen C. Weeks</i> 644
JOKKOREE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Thomas Dunn English</i> 143
KINGS OF FRANCE. Poem.....	<i>Mary W. Lincoln</i> 215
KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rebecca Harding Davis</i> 393
LARK'S NEST, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary E. Bradley</i> 35
LAZY LITTLE BOY, The. Translation of French Story on page 740 of } Vol. I.....	}..... 124
LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.....	<i>N. S. Dodge</i> 26
LIFE OF A CLOTHES-MOTH, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Prof. A. W. Rattray</i> 490
LILLY KNOWS IT'S TOM. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Frank Beard</i> 36
LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW YOUR HORN. Picture, from a painting } by Michetti.....	}..... 273
LITTLE CHRISTIE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Amalie La Forge</i> 280
LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY PLEASE, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. S. P.</i> 471
LITTLE GIRL'S STORY, A.....	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i> 83
LITTLE GRETCHEN AND HER KID. (Illustrated).....	<i>K.</i> 294
LITTLE MUSIC-KING, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Emily Noyes</i> 129
LITTLE TORN PRIMER, The.....	<i>Margaret Eytlinge</i> 244
LITTLE TRUTH-TELLER, A. Poem.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 738
LITTLE WHIMPY. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 85
LIVE METEOR, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary E. C. Wyeth</i> 429
LONDON CHILD'S HOLIDAY, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>William II. Rideing</i> 682
LORD CORNWALLIS'S DAY.....	<i>C. C.</i> 750
LULLABY, A. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 7
MABEL'S TROUBLES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Benjamin E. Woolf</i> 86
MACHEN. German Sketch for Translation.....	<i>Mrs. W. S. Phillips</i> 117
MARCH. Poem.....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 308

	PAGE
MARIGOLD HOUSE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sarah O. Jewett</i> 571
MARMOSETS, The. (Illustrated).....	245
MASTER TOTO'S CANARY. Poem.....	<i>Sarah D. Clark</i> 538
MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 179
MILMY-MELMY. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rachel Pomeroy</i> 457
MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION. (Illustrated.) Arranged for parlor representation by.....	} <i>G. B. Bartlett</i> 56
"MISS MUFFETT" SERIES, The. (Illustrated).....	556, 622, 664, 751
MISTLETOE BOUGH, The. Arranged for parlor representation.....	191
"MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY." Picture, drawn by.....	<i>E. M. S. Scannell</i> 397
MR. BULL-FROG'S PARTY. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. W. S.</i> 607
MRS. HEADACHE.....	<i>Kieff</i> 479
MRS. POPE AND THE BEAR. (Illustrated).....	<i>Franklin B. Gage</i> 680
MY FIRST TROUT. (Illustrated).....	<i>Edward W. Cady</i> 459
NANNY ANN. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 377
NAUGHTY LITTLE GRANDNIECES, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Elsie Gorham</i> 422
NEST IN THE OLD GREEN TREE, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sidney Dayre</i> 477
NEW-COMER, The. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>F. S. Church</i> 409
NICHOLAS! ST. NICHOLAS! Ice-boat Song from "Hans Brinker," set to music by.....	} <i>George J. Huss</i> 262
OLD FOLKS' CONCERT, An. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 356
OLD PEANUT'S THANKSGIVING. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Haines Gilbert</i> 39
ONE BOY'S OPINION OF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES." Poem.....	<i>Mrs. Julia A. Carnay</i> 752
ONE OF THE WONDERS OF COLORADO. (Illustrated).....	<i>Cyrus Martin, Jr.</i> 609
OUR DOGS. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. S. Colt</i> 81
OUR FLAG IN 1775 AND IN 1875. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>A. C. Warren</i> 540
PARSEE CHILDREN. (Illustrated).....	<i>Fannie Roper Feudge</i> 481
"PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E, The." Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>H. H.</i> 759
PERRY AND TERRY. (Illustrated).....	<i>Nellie Eyster</i> 485
PETERKINS' JOURNEY AGAIN POSTPONED, The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 221
PETERKINS SNOWED-UP, The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 375
PETERKINS TOO LATE FOR AMANDA'S SCHOOL-EXHIBITION, The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 772
PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary A. Hallock</i> 248
PILOT-BOAT, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Major Traverse</i> 351
PINE-STICK DOLL, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary L. B. Branch</i> 593
PLEASANT-SPOKEN. (Illustrated).....	<i>Author of "Rutledge"</i> 411
POLL TADPOLE. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i> 398
POOR PUCK. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 432
POTATO STORY WHICH BEGINS WITH A BEAN-POLE, A.....	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i> 749
PRETTY SURE SHOT, A. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>C. G. Bush</i> 219
PRUDHOMME AND THE LITTLE ARMY. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. E. Dousman</i> 318
PRUE'S DOLLS.....	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i> 69
PUSSY'S LESSON. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>E. M. S. Scannell</i> 161
QUEEN BLOSSOM. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 443
RAGAMUFFIN PARTY, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Lucy G. Morse</i> 472
RHYMING PLAY. Poem.....	<i>J. D. Locey</i> 484
ROSES.....	<i>Lily De Sozia Wood</i> 541
SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MEN. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. A. Lynde</i> 168
SEAS OF GRASS.....	<i>Ethel C. Gale</i> 77
SEA-WEED ALBUM, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Delia</i> 627
SEWING. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Luella Clark</i> 679
"SHE PUTS IT IN ITS LITTLE BED." Picture, drawn by.....	<i>J. Wells Champney</i> 761
SI JURA; OR, THE ORIGIN OF RICE. (Illustrated).....	<i>George Lovell Austin</i> 18
SKIPPING-ROPE, The. Poem.....	<i>Laura Ledyard</i> 420
SNOW-KING, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 304
SOME QUEER ANIMALS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Ella Rodman Church</i> 739
SOME QUEER DISHES.....	<i>Fannie Roper Feudge</i> 677

	PAGE
SOME YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS	<i>Mrs. J. G. Burnett</i> 761
SONG OF THE CANARY, The.....	<i>Margaret Eyttinge</i> 92
SQUIRREL'S STRATAGEM, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Emma Burt</i> 657
STORY FOR THE BIRD-DEFENDERS, A.....	<i>Helen B. Phillips</i> 489
STORY OF A BIRCH-BARK BOY, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Isabel Francis</i> 223
STORY OF A PARROT, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 201
STORY OF THE MAPLE-TREE, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Anna C. Brackett</i> 16
TAKING COMFORT IN ONE'S OWN HOUSE. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Jessie Curtis</i> 10
TATE'S DOLL'S WEDDING.....	<i>Penn Shirley</i> 20
TCHUMPIN. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. A. Stephens</i> I, 72
THAT BIRD.....	<i>William S. Walsh</i> 708
THAT BUNKER-HILL POWDER. (Illustrated).....	<i>George J. Varney</i> 332
"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BASKET." (Illustrated).....	480
THIS POOR FELLOW NEVER HAD A NEST. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Fortier Concklin</i> 478
THREE TIMES ONE. Poem.....	<i>Rachel Pomeroy</i> 659
TOMMY, THE SOPRANO. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 148
TOM'S DELUGE.....	<i>Mrs. H. Hudson Holly</i> 556
TONY'S FIRST STILTS. Pictures, drawn by.....	<i>Frank Beard</i> 676
TO OBLIGE A FRIEND. (Illustrated).....	110
TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC. Poem.....	<i>E. S. F.</i> 546
TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR SAILORS, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>William H. Rideing</i> 287
TRANSIT OF VENUS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Pamela T. Smiley</i> 8
TWO FRIENDS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 265
UMBRELLAS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Fannie Roper Feudge</i> 623
VENUS OF MILO. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. D. Ruff</i> 47
VERY COMFORTABLE. Picture.....	748
"VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS, A." Poem. Fac-simile of Original MS.....	160
VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS, A.....	161
WAR OF THE RATS AND MICE, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>George W. Ranck</i> 296
WATER-BEAR, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Treat</i> 274
WAY THEY COME, The. Verse.....	<i>M. F. B.</i> III
WEDDING OF THE GOLD PEN AND THE INKSTAND, The.....	<i>Alice Williams</i> 6
"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER." Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Frank Beard</i> 447
WHY WALTER CHANGED HIS MIND.....	<i>Henrietta H. Holdich</i> 299
WILD SHEEP AND THE TAME, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Ethel Gale</i> 558
WINTER-FRIENDS. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary E. Bradley</i> 285
WISHING-STONE AND HOW IT WAS LOST, The.....	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> 625
WORKING ON THE FOURTH OF JULY. (Illustrated).....	<i>Ruth Kenyon</i> 554
YOUNG SURVEYOR, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 169, 234, 308, 367, 434, 497, 559, 631, 695, 753
YUSUF. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sara Keables Hunt</i> 42

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Illustration by Mary A. Lathbury, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit"—Introduction—Trowbridge and the Drowning Boy—The Torricellian Tube—The Whistling-Tree—Gourds and Pumpkins—An Iron-clad Rat's Nest—Turning a Desert into an Ocean—Could it or Not?—Beware of the Jinnee!—Something for the Big Folks, 54; Sea-shells in the Andes—The World on a Mock-Orange—Jack is Puzzled—Preferred a Feather Bed—A Great Spread—Girl-Stars—The Heathen Chinese—Almonds and Peaches—Bonnet-Pieces, 122; A Telegram to Jack—The Birds' Christmas Carol—Careless English—Jack as a Postman—Crabs in Oysters—Little Truthful—The Ugly Little Duck that the Chickens Drove Away—Ancient Houses in Colorado—A New-Year's Verse, 194; Crows' Nests made of Fish-Bones—Tumble-Weeds—The Summer-Surgeon—Sailors' Language—A Letter to Jack—Starving Children—Bergmeal—The Birds, 258; March—Serious Accidents—Clouds—Shooting Lawyers—Brazil-Nuts—A Seedling Lifting a Millstone—A Silk-lined House—Looking at a Thing with Different Eyes, 322; A Sermon—A Slight Interruption—Too Much to Believe—Herbivorous Animals and Carnivorous

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT—*Continued.*

Plants—The Longest Word—Why is n't the Offer Taken Up?—Surveyors Saved by a Horse—What an Army of Toadstools Did—A Dangerous Cradle, 386; The Sad Story of Little Jane—Charles Dickens and the Blind Children—Those Brazil-nuts—Queer Eyes—Joy-bells—Eddie and his Twirl Poetry—Have Flies and Gnats Noses?—A Hard Case, 450; Letter from Jack's Cousin—What is a Berry?—Cooling the Thermometer—Ready-made Honeycomb—The Monkey and the Looking-glass—Bird's Nest in a Head of Cabbage—Tree-ferns—Coal Made out of Ferns—Cedron-nuts—William Grimm's Courting—A Mere Remark of Jack's, 514; July—Tom Hughes on Fighting—Can the Telegraph Sing?—Grammar in Rhyme—The Company Plan—The Inventor of the Wheelbarrow—Step Over—A Letter from Scotland to the Trailing Arbutus—Spelling out of School, 586; Jack and Hot Weather—Composition of Common Air—Lightning—Metoposcopists—Attraction of Gravitation—Fixed Stars—Mosquitoes—Dodecahedrons—Artesian Wells—Mushrooms and Toadstools—Surveying by Triangulation—Miasma—Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home"—Specific Gravity—An Explanation—A Change of Base, 648; Dumb Dogs—All Sorts of Hairs—Dogs that go "a-Crabbing"—Birds at Sea—On the Edge of a Shower—Among the Leaves—Nurse Appleby—A Currant-bush in a Locust-tree, 714; The Spire of St. Nicholas—Who can Count the Stars?—Rats in a Tree—A Crooked Story—Growing Mountains—Cows' Upper Teeth—New Reading of "Sing a Song o' Sixpence"—The Largest Living Things—The Meaning of "Hurrah"—Mole-furred Horses, 774.

THE LETTER-BOX.....57, 124, 196, 260, 324, 388, 452, 516, 588, 649, 716, 778

THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated).....59, 127, 198, 263, 326, 390, 454, 518, 591, 654, 718, 783

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS 189

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS. (Illustrated.)

The Japanese Mamma and Baby—How the Stranger Bought a Cow for Two Hens—"Ride a Cock-horse," 62; Grandma's Nap—Freddy—Jingle, 118; The Bell-Ringers, 192; The Ride to School—"I Gave my Puss a Macaroon," 256; The Cry-Baby—Bertha and the Birds, 320; The Gingerbread Boy, 448; The Laughing Duck—"Grandpapa's New Slipper," 512; Three Little Dogs, 584; A Short-lived Family, 712; A Story of a Brave Donkey, 776.

FRONTISPIECES.

Tchumpin and the Snake, 1; The Garden of the Gods, 65; Mozart, the Little Music-King, 129; The Mar-mosets, 201; The Two Friends, 265; Cinderella, 329; The Knight and the Castle, 393; Milmy-Melmy, 457; Charity, 521; The Pine-Stick Doll, 593; Bocko and the Deer, 657; The Battle of the Essex and the Phœbe, 721.

TO THE ARMY OF THE "LITTLE CORPORAL"..... 516

GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.—ARMY OF BIRD-DEFENDERSAppendix.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

NO. I.

TCHUMPIN.

(From the Russian of Ivan Bestujev.)

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

I.

IN the military school at Cronstadt the cadets have a custom of calling for a story from the Colonel-superintendent, at Easter. Russian lads, it should be remarked, have not nearly so many story books as American boys. Hence, a story from the Colonel is highly prized; and as soon as the Easter festival comes they demand it clamorously, though at other times they would not think of addressing their superior officer, save in the most respectful manner. But at Easter there is great freedom. It will be remembered that in Russia all classes exchange the kiss of Christian greeting at Easter; and in the military schools the Czar himself kisses the cadets, in full uniform.

There are very many quaint and peculiar customs common to the Russians.

On the present occasion the lads who had called for the Easter story were all assembled in the right wing of the ordnance room. It was past three o'clock; they were in full dress. Colonel Demidoff passed down the forms, saluting each in turn, then took his seat on the platform, smiling under his grey mustaches.

"So then you want your story," said he, in his crisp, military tones. "A story it shall be. I will tell you of a Kalmuck boy who was once my horse-boy, and who has risen since then by his courage and energy to be a captain in the Kier regiment of Cossacks.

"I tell you of this boy because I want you to

see and to realize that a stout heart, a brave mind and an active body will always make their way in the world, even from the lowest ranks in life; and at the same time I wish you to remember that courage, good sense and bodily strength can each be cultivated, and are, to great extent, within the reach of every one of you.

"His name was Tchumpin.

"But first, I must tell you how this Kalmuck lad came to be my horse-boy. At that time I held the rank of major and was attached to the corps of mining engineers at Barnaoul, in South-west Siberia. Barnaoul is the head-quarters of the mining operations carried on in the Altai mountains. All the gold and silver which the Siberian mines yield belongs, as you well know, to His Majesty the Czar; and the mining engineers are as much in his service as are the military officers. Gold is obtained throughout a great extent of the Altai range. Every year new tracts and districts are explored and new mines, with their works, are established.

"On the first day of May of that year I was detailed, together with an assistant engineer and a guard of seven Cossacks, to explore one of the southerly spurs of the range, and examine the beds of the torrents, both those flowing into the Irtysh and those flowing southward into the great lake of Altin Kool. Our march would take us nearly eight hundred *versts** from Barnaoul. We were to be gone the whole summer. To carry our instruments and our provisions, which consisted

* A verst is 3,501 ft.; about two-thirds of an English mile.

simply of dried black bread, sugar, tea and *vodka*,* we had a drove of twenty-four pack-horses. And as the journey was performed on horseback, we each had one saddle-horse, and the Cossacks were well mounted.

"The country through which we were to pass was a wild, unexplored region. Constant care would be needed to keep our animals and baggage from straying and getting lost in the forests or among the crags. I had given orders that drivers should be obtained; and I was much astonished to learn on the morning of our march that Lieut. Stephanish, my assistant, had hired but one boy for the whole management of the baggage. On expressing my surprise and displeasure, which I did in round terms, Lieut. Stephanish replied that he was a very active, hardy lad, and used to horses from his childhood. Even then I was but half satisfied, and wishing to see the boy, rode back to the rear of the column. There I espied him, perched on the pack of the hindmost horse. He instantly saw that I was observing him, but merely sat a little straighter and bore himself like a conscious soldier. You would have laughed to see him. He was not more than fourteen years old, and scarcely as tall as any of you at that age. But though not heavily built, he was supple and active as a lynx. His eyes were jet black and sparkled like stars. He had a high, round head with a single long tuft of crow-black hair hanging from the crown far down his back. His features wore a look of energy which was almost eagerness. There was that about the lad which inspired confidence, and I said no more to Lieut. Stephanish, though I still feared that he had trusted too much to a mere boy, even though he might prove smart for his years.

"All day we rode steadily southward, with the lofty blue peaks of the Altai towering to the east. The air was wonderfully clear. The clouds floated like silvery fleeces at vast heights. To the westward a great steppe was beginning to show green through its dun, dead mantle of the past year. In all the little thickets we could hear the *reptchecks* † calling softly to each other, while here and there a great *gluckaree* ‡ sprang up from the larches with mighty flaps of its wings and soared splendidly away. Hares were constantly running before us; and shortly after noon we sighted five wolves a few hundred yards to the right of our course. They stood on the edge of a green birch thicket and eyed us sullenly, neither offering to attack us nor to run away. It was a wild country, and we were bound for still more savage solitudes, where aside from wild beasts, we should have to guard against the

attacks of robber-bands from the hordes of the Kirgis.

"On the second day we entered among the mountains, following the valley of the river Tchu-rish. The weather, which had been so fine when we left Barnaoul, now changed. Dark and lowering masses of cloud hung over the mountains on both sides of the valley, and several times during the afternoon we heard the heavy rumble of thunder. That night we encamped on the north bank of the river in a wood of larches, surrounded by immense rocks and jagged crags.

"As it portended rain my tent was pitched against the trunks of three great larches growing close together, the foliage of which was so thick overhead that the Cossacks declared no rain would penetrate it. In front a great fire was kindled, about which tea was prepared and drank, and our evening rations eaten before darkness gathered in. Near by, the river roared and foamed over large rocks with a ponderous, plunging sound. The red glare from our fire was reflected on the torrent. It was a sheltered nook; but I saw that the blackening clouds were rolling down in somber masses, and the thunder still muttered hoarsely. The Cossacks had set up their tent near by; and the horses were tethered to the neighboring trees.

"Having written up my journal and placed my arms where they would be secure from the storm, which I felt sure would burst upon us before morning, I spread my *voilocks* § upon boughs and before long fell asleep.

"A tremendous clap of thunder startled me on a sudden. I sat up and looked around. Lieut. Stephanish was still sleeping. The rain was pouring down. It beat into the tent in a thick mist. Immediately there came a second deafening crash, then others in quick succession. The storm was upon us. I took out my watch, and by a flash of the almost continuous lightning saw that it was nearly one o'clock. Outside, our fire was extinguished. The roar of the river was drowned in the roar of the storm, which was rushing down the valley, wrenching off branches and uprooting mighty trees in its course. The thunder grew still louder and heavier. Every flash seemed nearer. Those who have never witnessed the electric tempests of Siberia can have little idea of them. The clouds came overhead and hung there with one continuous blaze and roar. Stephanish roused up and stared about him. With the flashes we could see the clouds which seemed to rest in a black mass on the tree-tops.

"And now happened a most singular electric phenomenon, such as I have never witnessed in any

* *Vodka*, the Russian whisky.

† *Reptchecks*, tree-partridges.

‡ *Gluckaree*, a kind of large black cock, often weighing thirty pounds.

§ *Voilocks*, blankets; woollen robes.

other country. The very trées seemed on fire. Blue and lambent flames tinged the boughs and played about the trunks. It was a cold, pale light, in which objects were shown in ghastly and unearthly guise. The Cossacks came crowding into my tent, muttering their prayers and devoutly crossing themselves. They shuddered and quaked with their fears. Little Tchumpin came in behind them. Thinking the boy must be greatly terrified, I called him to my side and bade him sit down by me on the voilocks. Judge, then, of my surprise, when in a lull of thunder, he said to me in low, yet resolute tones, 'Never mind it, *barin*.* I've seen it worse than this!'

"I had thought him terrified, and here the little monkey was trying to encourage *me*!

"A moment later one of the horses broke loose, and began to run about, snorting loudly. Before I could prevent him, the boy rushed out and did not return till the horse was again securely haltered.

"For more than three hours the storm continued with its thickly-streaming fires and terrific thunder-peals, beneath which the earth trembled at every crash. Never shall I forget that night of tempest and flame, nor with it the dauntless little fellow who stood cool when strong men shuddered with terror. It was the first glimpse I had of his wonderful spirit and pluck. But I determined not to spoil the lad by making too much of him.

"The next day we went on up the valley of the Tchurish, crossed the dividing ridge which marks its head-springs, and thence descended upon a wide desert steppe, intersected by sterile, rocky ridges, which, like great sea-waves, succeeded each other for more than fifty versts.

"On these bare ridges we began to see serpents. They glided away from before us with angry hisses. They were of several varieties. The first we saw were of a slatey-grey color, two or three feet long, and rather sluggish. I do not think that these were poisonous. The horses did not shy from them as they often do from venomous snakes. We trod many under foot. But on one of the succeeding ridges we fell in with a larger species, jet black in color, more than a yard in length, and very active. These, however, ran swiftly away at our approach.

"Farther on, a different and very beautiful species began to rear their heads and hiss at our approach. They were of a pale green hue, clouded with black and had deep crimson spots on their sides. They were as large as the black variety, but not nearly so active. The horses shied slightly from these. Nevertheless, we made our way without hindrance, till on coming to the foot of an unusually high and stony ridge my horse suddenly stopped short,

snorting violently. In a second I saw the cause of its alarm. On a rock, half-a-dozen yards away, a much larger serpent lay coiled. It had seen us. Slowly it raised its head a foot or more. Its eyes were red, like live coals. Its tongue played and it began to hiss furiously. The Cossacks shouted to warn me that its bite was sure death. They knew it well and dared not go near it. I feared lest it might strike the legs of the horses, and drawing one of my pistols fired at its neck, but missed it. I was about to draw my other pistol, when little Tchumpin, who had slipped down from his horse, stole past my side, whip in hand.

"'I will soon kill it, *barin*,' he said.

"His air was so confident I determined to let him try. His whip was of the fashion in use with Tartar teamsters,—a heavy, ashen stock, to which is fastened a long lash, or thong, of leather. Carefully measuring the distance with his eye, the boy whirled the whip around his head in a circle, then struck out at the hissing reptile. The thong snapped almost as loudly as the pistol shot as the tip of it fell on the snake's crest, causing it to fall at full length off the rock. But it was only stunned. Before it could recover itself, however, Tchumpin took up a stone, and throwing it, made so deft a cast as to nearly sever its head from its body. Two of the Cossacks, who had dismounted, now assisted him to finish the reptile. On stretching out this serpent's body I found it to measure an inch over two yards in length, and its body was rather thick in proportion. It had two venomous fangs. Its color was a deep brown, with red and green spangles on its sides. I have since learned that the celebrated cobra of India is not more fatal in its bite than this parti-colored serpent of the steppes.

"After this adventure, Tchumpin went ahead with his whip for several versts, and killed several serpents of the same species, but none so large as the first.

"On the third day, after crossing this steppe and entering the mountains to the southward, we descended into the valley of another large stream which bears no name on the maps, but which I called 'Tchumpin,' from an exploit performed by our hardy little horse-boy. It is a very rapid river. On the night after reaching it in the afternoon, we encamped beside a roaring *parrock*.† The parrock was not far from two hundred yards in length, with a fall of fifty or sixty feet. Huge boulders and ledges rose here and there in the channel, while the water roared and foamed about the many sunken rocks, casting up white jets, and showing glassy, rushing currents, pouring with arrowy swiftness, or whirling in fearful whirlpools. Bare, water-worn ledges overhung the torrent. As we

* *Barin*, sir, or your honor.

† *Parrock*, a boiling rapid, or cascade.

stood on the overhanging ledges the roar was almost deafening.

“Early the next morning, while dressing, I heard the Cossacks shouting and laughing, and on going outside my tent, I saw little Tchumpin running along the ledges which overhung the parrock. He had taken off his clothes and the sun glistened on his fresh, naked body. The Cossacks stood together on a ledge watching him. After running up the bank a considerable distance, the boy poised himself for a moment on a projecting rock, then plunged head foremost into the rapid. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed a leap to certain death. A second later his head popped up amid the foam, and he was swept down past me like a cork, but with his head well above water, and steering amid the rocks like a salmon. I expected to see him dashed on the jagged boulders, or drawn into the roaring eddies; but on he went, past them all, darting like an eel on the gleaming, black currents. The Cossacks ran along the ledges, but were soon left far behind. A moment more and he had disappeared far down the parrock. I had no thought that he would get out alive. It seemed impossible to pass through the rapid and live. But in less than a minute I saw him climb up on the rocks below, where he sat for a moment to rest. Then seeing me standing on the ledges he came running up, laughing and brushing the drops from his hair.

“‘Are you not afraid to risk your life thus?’ I said, sternly. ‘Do you not know the danger?’

“The bold boy laughed, and his fearless eyes sparkled.

“‘*Eta nichevo, barin; ya ochin lubit!*’* he replied.

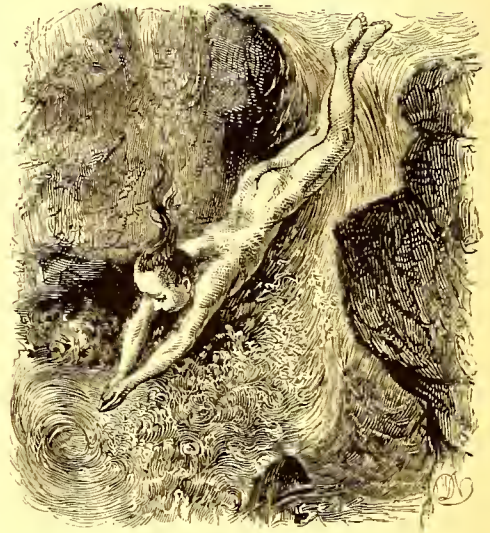
“And before I could interpose to forbid it he darted off and again cast himself into the plunging waters. I saw him rise like a duck half out of the torrent, take a look ahead, and then he was whirled by us faster than any of the Cossacks could run. In less than a minute he had gone the whole length of the parrock, borne on the surface of the mighty flood. Once in the stiller waters below, he swam ashore and again came running up where I stood, laughing in the wild glee with which the adventure had inspired him.

“‘Truly,’ I said, ‘his safety is in his very fearlessness.’ But the Cossacks exclaimed that he was self-possessed.

“After crossing the desert steppe where serpents so abounded, and after making our way over another ridge of the Altai, we descended into the grassy plains which border on the great river Irtish. This was the country of the Kirgis, a pastoral, or nomadic, people of the Tartar race,

like the Kalmucks, but differing considerably in language and in customs. Some of these people are robbers, and live by plundering their more peaceful countrymen who, like the patriarchs of whom the priest read to us from the Bible this morning, have great herds of camels, horses, sheep and goats. These have no fixed place of residence, but wander through the vast plains wherever there is grass for their cattle.

“We had not proceeded more than a dozen versts across this plain before we discovered at a distance, broad, dark patches, which the Cossacks declared to be droves of horses. We were approaching the encampment of some Kirgis chief, or



TCHUMPIN'S PLUNGE INTO THE RAPIDS.

sultan, as he is called. (It is from this same race that the Turks, with their sultans, who now wrongfully rule Constantinople, are descended).

“Whether he would be friendly or hostile to us, we could not tell. Central Asia is a strange, barbarous land. From one chief the kindest hospitality will be received, while his next neighbor may very likely rob and murder you. Our arms were first carefully prepared; we then moved forward at a gallop, and were soon riding through flocks of sheep, tended by wild-looking herdsmen, dressed in gay-colored *kalats*† and caps of fox-skin. They regarded us keenly as we passed. No doubt they feared we were ourselves robbers, come to plunder and drive off their herds.

“A little farther on we came in sight of the encampment itself, located on the shores of a small bush-fringed lake in the midst of the plain. About

* It is nothing, your honor; I love it dearly.

† Kalat, a kind of long frock.

it were hundreds of camels. Herds of dark bay horses neighed shrilly as we rode past them; and as we drew nearer packs of savage dogs came rushing forth, challenging loudly and uttering fierce growls. I feared lest they should even grapple with our horses and pull them down, like the wolves of the steppe, from which they have descended. But the lad, Tchumpin, gave them sounding strokes with his long whip, from which they sprang aside, yelping. One of the Cossacks had spent some years among the Kirgis and could speak their language. This man I now sent on to announce our arrival to the chief, or sultan, who immediately sent a dozen of their Kirgis servants to meet me and conduct me to his presence. These men were richly clad in beautiful silk kalats and broad trousers, and after saluting me with profound respect led the way to a large *yourt*,* near which a long spear with a tuft of black horse-tail was planted in the ground. A tall, fine-featured old man was standing in the door, and as I drew rein he came forward and gave me his hand to assist me to dismount, then touched my breast, first with the fingers of his right hand, then with those of his left, and bade me welcome thrice.

"The Cossack told him that I was the servant of the great Czar of the West, the lord of all Northern Asia, and that I was come to explore the country.

"This sultan's name was Souk. He at once conducted me into the *yourt*. The servants spread a beautiful Bokarian carpet, on which I was invited to be seated. Tea was then brought in small Chinese bowls.

"Sultan Souk was about seventy years of age, stout and squarely built, with broad Tartar features and fine, flowing grey beard. He wore constantly a close-fitting cap of red silk, embroidered with silver. His dress was a long striped robe, or kalat, of crimson and yellow silk, with a white shawl about his waist. His boots were of red leather, with very high heels. His wife was a young and very handsome Kirgis woman, dressed in a black robe of Chinese satin, with a red silk shawl about her waist, and a white muslin turban, or cap. She and her two daughters were seated on *voilocks* on the farther side of the *yourt*.

"The furniture and household utensils of these *yourts* are very simple. The fire is made on the ground, and in the center of the *yourt*, while the smoke passes through a hole directly overhead. The carpets are spread opposite the door-way. Strong boxes, made of a dark, heavy wood, contain the family riches, which sometimes consist of great numbers of *ambas*, or silver bricks, from the Altai mines. There are rolls of rich carpeting from Bokhara, and silks from China

"On one side is the *koumis* vessel,—a large leathern sack, holding from one to two hogsheads. Into this mares' milk is poured each day in summer, where it soon ferments and turns to *koumis*, the drink so prized by the Kirgis. A bowl of this drink was offered me by Sultan Souk, and out of courtesy I drank a part of it; but I cannot say that I liked it. The *koumis* sack is never washed, nor even rinsed out. The Kirgis have a saying that to wash this vessel will not only spoil the *koumis*, but bring ill-luck to the family.

"I was shown the sultan's horse trappings. His saddle was a very fine one, decorated with silver inlaid on iron. The cushions were of velvet. The bridle was covered with small iron plates, inlaid in the same manner. These trappings cost their owner fifty horses, I was informed.

"The sultan's battle-axe was also a very rich and curious weapon. The handle was nearly five feet long, of heavy, dark wood, bound with silver rings, and the head was double-edged and very sharp. A thong through a ring in the end of the handle fastened it to his wrist when armed for battle.

"That evening three sheep were cooked in a great iron cauldron; and this boiled mutton, together with *koumis*, tea and sugar-candies, composed our supper. That night Lieut. Stephanish and myself slept on a carpet in the sultan's *yourt*. The Cossacks, with little Tchumpin, passed the night in an adjoining *yourt*; for the sultan's encampment consisted of not less than ten of these large lodges.

"In the morning we parted with friendly feelings. "Our course was now toward the Irtysh, the north banks of which we reached the next day. There are no bridges in these Tartar countries. The rivers must be forded or crossed in boats. At this point the Irtysh is fully two hundred yards in width, and runs past in a swift, strong current. Not more than a verst below there was a considerable cataract, the roar of which was plainly audible from where we stood. There were no boats. The country was an uninhabited desert. How we were to cross so broad and so rapid a stream was a serious question with us. We spent the night in a willow copse on the bank.

"Very early the next morning, the lad Tchumpin pulled aside the flap of my tent, and bidding me good morning, told me that half a verst below our camp he had discovered a Kirgis canoe, made of a single log, drawn up on the opposite bank, and if it was my pleasure he would swim the river and paddle it across for our use.

"'But the current is swift,' I said. 'Are you not afraid?'

* *Yourt*, a large lodge or tent of skins. Formerly these *yourts* were mounted on large wheeled platforms or carts.

“Oh, no!” he exclaimed, laughing; “it is nothing at all.”

“I gave him leave; and in a moment he had thrown off his red frock and trousers and plunged in like a duck. To swim so rapid a stream and

paddle a clumsy log canoe across it are feats which few men could have accomplished. Yet to this daring lad these feats seemed but as play. In less than twenty minutes he had returned with the canoe, paddling it swiftly against the current.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE WEDDING OF THE GOLD PEN AND THE INKSTAND.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE Gold Pen wooed the Inkstand.

The Inkstand was of crystal, with a carved silver top. It evidently came of an aristocratic family, and was therefore a fitting match for the Gold Pen, which also was an aristocrat and carried itself haughtily toward the Goose-quill and the Steel Pens, its poor relations.

The wedding was a splendid affair. All the inhabitants of the Table were invited, and the great Unabridged Dictionary—the true autocrat of the Writing-Table—gave away the bride, while the fat Pen-Wiper, in scarlet and black cashmere, sobbed audibly. (Not that there was anything to sob about, but she had heard that it was customary to cry at weddings.)

After the ceremony, “the happy pair received the congratulations of their large and distinguished circle of acquaintances,” as the newspaper reporters say.

“Many happy returns,” blundered the Goose-quill, claiming his privilege as a relation of kissing the bride. The Goose-quill had got itself a new nib for the occasion, and quite plumed itself on its appearance.

“Wish you joy!” said the Steel Pen, a brisk, business-like sort of fellow, leading forward the Pen-Wiper.

“Joy!” echoed the Pen-Wiper, with a fresh burst of sobs.

“May life’s cares rest lightly upon you!” said the Paper-Weight.

“Stick to each other through thick and thin!” said the Mucilage-Bottle.

“May the impress of the beloved image be indelible in each heart!” exclaimed the phial of Marking-Fluid.

“I congratulate you, madame,” said the quire of Legal-Cap. “The bridegroom is a distinguished

fellow—‘*Stylus potentior quam gladius!*’ Pardon the Latin; but we lawyers, you know, —. He! he!” And he retired with a smirk, quite satisfied with his display of erudition.

“Live ever in a Fool’s Paradise!” growled the Foolscap, who was a disappointed old bachelor.

“May the Star of Love never set in the heaven of your happiness!” simpered the rose-tinted Note-Paper, who was always fearfully sentimental, and was rumored to be herself in love with the Violet Ink.

“Jove from your heads avert his awful wrath,
And shower blessings on your future path!”

sighed the Violet Ink, who was said to have actually written poetry!

(At this the Note-Paper turned a shade rosier and murmured, “How sweet!”)

“Come right up to the mark of duty,” said the old Black-walnut Ruler, “and your line of life will never go crooked.”

“May love be never erased from your hearts!” said the India-Rubber.

“And may nothing ever divide you!” said the Ivory Paper-Cutter.

“Let all your actions bear the right stamp; and above all, *never tell a lie!*” said the Postage-Stamp (which bore the portrait of George Washington, and must therefore be excused for introducing the latter remark).

“Don’t let the little *rubs* of life wear out your mutual kindliness, my dears!” said the matronly old Eraser.

“Hech, lad!” cried the little Scotch-plaid Index, which came tumbling out of a volume of Burns, “A lang life an’ a happy one to you an’ your bonny bride!”

“May you always be wrapped up in each other!”

said the package of Envelopes, who came up in a body.

"Though the Gordian Knot was cut," said the Penknife (a sharp chap), "may this True-Lover's Knot never be severed!"

"I hope you 'll make your mark in life," said the blunt old Lead-Pencil.

"Look closely," said a Pocket-Microscope; "but for virtues—not for faults."

"May the remembrance of each unkind word or

deed be quickly blotted out!" exclaimed the Blotting-Pad.

"Bless ye, my children, bless ye! Be happy!" said the Big Dictionary, in the (theatrically) paternal manner.

The Gold Pen and the Inkstand did not make a wedding tour, but went to live immediately in a beautiful bronze stand-dish, in the center of the Writing-Table.

And there they are at this very moment.

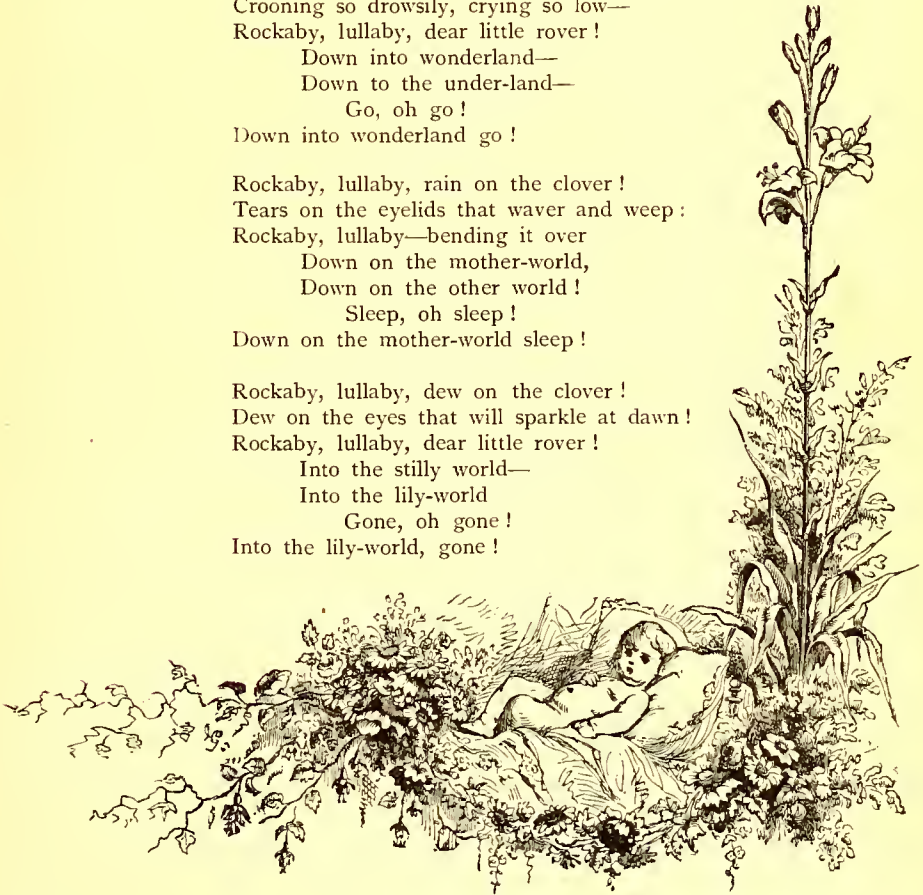
A LULLABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees in the clover!—
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland—
Down to the under-land—
Go, oh go!
Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep:
Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over
Down on the mother-world,
Down on the other world!
Sleep, oh sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world—
Into the lily-world
Gone, oh gone!
Into the lily-world, gone!



THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

BY PAMELIA T. SMILEY.

VERY much has been said and written during the last two years about the transit of Venus, which is to occur December 8, 1874. The interest which is so generally felt in regard to it has doubtless reached many of the readers of this magazine, and they very naturally begin to ask, "What is a transit of Venus, and why is it of so much importance?" This is what I will try to explain.

You perhaps all know that Venus, the brightest of the planets, is not as far from the sun as the earth, and that it revolves round the sun in an orbit similar to the earth's orbit. In each revolution, therefore, Venus passes between the earth and sun,

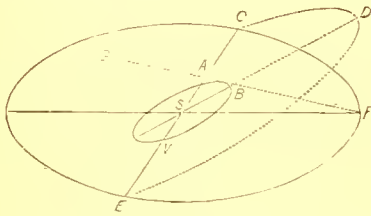


FIGURE 1.

and is then said to be in inferior conjunction. When it is on the opposite side of the sun from the earth it is in superior conjunction. Thus, in fig. 1, suppose EFC represents the orbit of the earth, ABV that of Venus, and S the sun. If Venus is at V when the earth is at E, it is in inferior conjunction. If it is at A when the earth is at E, it is in superior conjunction. But the orbit of Venus, as you see by the figure, is not in the same plane with that of the earth. Now if it were extended until it met the earth's orbit, it would be represented by the dotted line CDE, and it would cross the earth's orbit at the points E and C. These points, or the corresponding places A and V, in the real orbit of Venus, are called its nodes. Now, because of this inclination of the two orbits, the sun, Venus and the earth will be in the same line only when Venus is at, or near, one of its nodes at the time of conjunction. For, if Venus is at B when the earth is at F, it would be in inferior conjunction, because it is in that part of its orbit which is most directly between the earth and sun; but we should see it in the direction of G. If, however, it is at its node, V, at the time of conjunction, or when the earth is at E, we see it in the same line as the sun, and it then appears to pass directly across the sun's disc. This is what is called a transit of

Venus. Venus is opaque, like the earth, shining by the reflected light of the sun; therefore the bright side is toward the sun, and at the time of a transit it appears to us like a dark spot upon the sun's bright surface.

The transits of Venus happen only at rare intervals, because it is seldom that the three bodies are thus situated in reference to each other. They occur in pairs, eight years apart, and between the pairs are one hundred and five, or else one hundred and twenty-two years.

The fact that they so rarely happen occasions an interest in the transits; but this is by no means the only reason why they are so carefully watched. Their chief importance lies in this: By observing the path which the planet makes across the sun we obtain data from which the distance of the earth from the sun can be calculated. The relative distances of all the planets from the sun is known; therefore, when the earth's distance, expressed in miles, is obtained, we have, as it were, a yard-stick by which the distances of the other planets can be measured. To find the exact length of this yard-stick has long been considered the astronomer's grandest problem, and a transit of Venus gives the most accurate means of doing this.

The last two transits were in 1761 and 1769. Previous to these the estimates which had been made of the sun's distance from the earth were very incorrect. The earliest estimate on record made it about one-twentieth of its true distance; and even at the time of these transits it was too small by several million miles. These transits were, however, watched with great interest, the observations made of them carefully compared, and the distance computed to be about ninety-five million miles. Since then astronomers have calculated the sun's distance by several other methods, applying principles which were not then known, and, although these methods are inferior to that furnished by a transit, yet, as the different calculations very nearly agree, it is supposed they are not far from correct. They show the sun's distance to be a little over ninety-one million miles.

The instruments which we now have for measuring small angles, and the means for determining the latitude and longitude of places are much superior to those used a hundred years ago, hence the observations of the coming transit will be much more exact, and will furnish a means of testing the accuracy of previous calculations.

I will now tell you something of how the observations are taken, and of the preparations which have been made for this purpose.

The direct object is to obtain what is called the sun's parallax. The parallax of an object is its apparent displacement as seen from two different stations. In fig. 2, let the circle $A B E$ represent a section of the earth. Two persons, one stationed

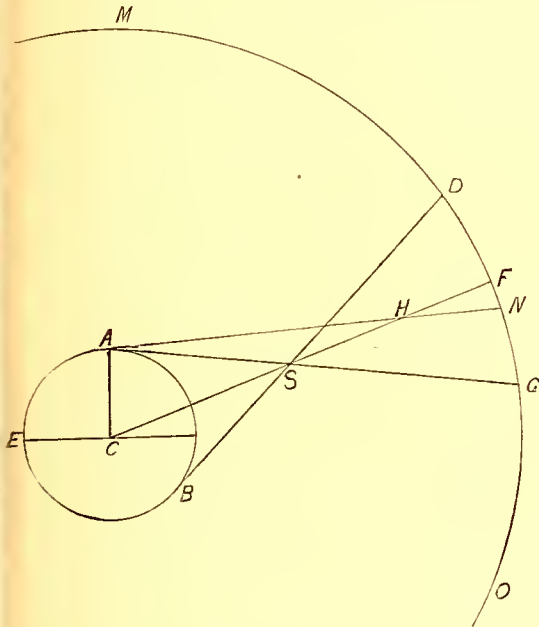


FIGURE 2.

at A, and another at B, are looking at the sun, S. The heavenly bodies, though at different distances from the earth, appear to us as if they were all situated in the same vaulted surface, represented by the curved line MGO . The person at A sees the sun as if it were at G, while the person at B sees it at D. Now, in making tables which shall give the position of the heavenly bodies, it is obvious that their places, as seen from any one station upon the earth, cannot be taken, for this would not be correct for any other station. The place given them, therefore, is that which they would appear to occupy if seen from the center of the earth, for this always remains the same. The true place of the sun, S, then, is at F, and its angular displacement, measured by the angle, BSC , or the arc, FD , is its parallax at the station B; the angle, ASC , or the arc, FG , its parallax at the station A.

The distance of a body affects its parallax; for it is plain that if the sun were at the more distant point H, its parallax, FN , as seen from A, is much less than if the sun is at the point S. Hence, when

the sun's true parallax is obtained, it gives an accurate means of calculating the sun's distance.

Now Venus is the planet nearest the earth, hence its parallax is larger than any other, and can be more easily measured. Moreover, Venus is much nearer the earth than the sun, and its parallax, of course, much greater. Because of this difference between the displacement of the two bodies, observers at different stations upon the earth will refer the planet to different points upon the sun's disc. Thus, in fig. 3 (on next page), let E, v and s represent the earth, Venus and the sun at the time of a transit. An observer at A would see the planet cross the sun in the line DC , while an observer on the other side of the earth, at B, would see it cross the sun in the line FG . These two lines are of unequal length, and the transit, to the observers, would be accomplished in unequal periods of time. By noting the exact time and duration of the transit at these two stations and afterward comparing them, the difference between the parallax of the sun and that of Venus can be obtained, and from this the parallax of the sun, and then the sun's distance from the earth. It is, of course, impossible to obtain stations on directly opposite sides of the earth, to watch the transit, yet places are selected as far apart as possible, and the necessary allowance made in the calculations.

It may at first seem a very easy thing to take these observations; but in reality it is very difficult to make them accurate. The instruments may not be exact in every particular, and a small error in measuring an angle at so great a distance as the sun, will make a great difference in the result. Clocks may differ by one or two seconds, and the state of our atmosphere will affect the distinctness with which the planet is seen. Then it is extremely difficult to tell the second when the edges of Venus and the sun meet, for, as they approach, the dark edge of the planet appears drawn out toward the sun before it really touches it; and the difference between the real and apparent contact may occasion a serious error. Hence the great importance that everything be prepared with the utmost care, and that so far as possible there be uniformity in the methods of observing at the different stations.

Another science aids the astronomer in this work by giving him a new method of measuring small angles in the heavens. It is that of photographing the object, and then making the desired measurement on the plate by an instrument called a micrometer. The sun has been photographed for the purpose of studying the solar spots, for many years, and the process has been perfected and used with

great success. It is thought that by this method a much more precise measurement can be obtained than by the simple eye-observations.

For the past two years preparations have been in progress for the coming transit. Our own Government has appropriated for this purpose one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Eight stations are to be occupied,—three northern and five southern. The northern stations are

longitude of the places determined, and every preparation thoroughly made.

Other nations, especially England, Russia and Germany, have made extensive preparations for observing the transit, choosing different stations favorable to the purpose.

Another transit of Venus will take place in 1882, which will be in some respects more favorable than this. It will be visible in the Atlantic States, and

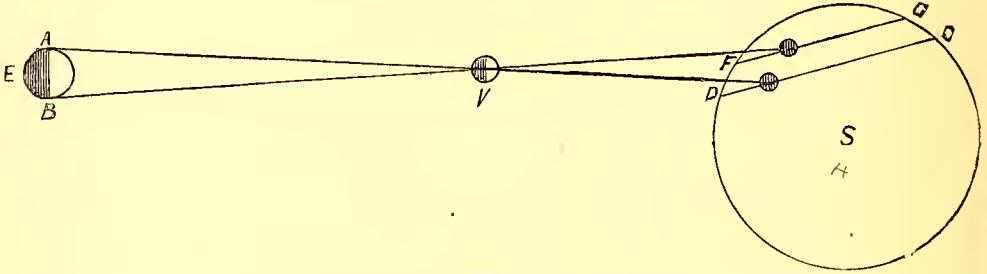
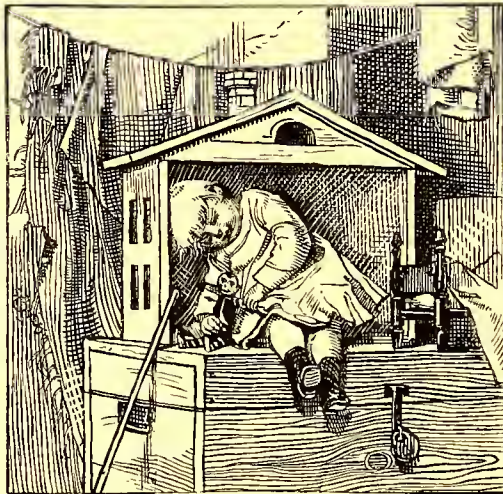


FIGURE 3.

near Pekin, Yeddo, and a place in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea. The southern stations are upon the island of Mauritius; Kerguelan's Land; Hobart Town, southern part of Australia; some point in New Zealand; and Chatham Islands, east of New Zealand.

These stations are occupied several months before the transit, in order that the instruments may be well mounted and tested, and the latitude and

more generally in the inhabited parts of the earth. The various instruments now used will be kept for that transit, and it will be observed with the same interest and thoroughness as the present one. After these the next will be in 2004; so if my Atlantic readers would see a transit of Venus at all, they must travel to a point where it can be seen in 1874, or have their smoked glasses ready for the one that will occur December 6, 1882.



TAKING COMFORT IN ONE'S OWN HOUSE.

HOW TROTTY WENT TO THE GREAT FUNERAL.

(A True Story.)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

NOT a very great while ago, Trotty was staying in Worcester square.

Everybody may not know that Worcester square in Boston; but Trotty knew it. One reason was that he had been there before.

Worcester square is at the south end of Boston; and Trotty knew that, too. Trotty knew a great deal. He knew that he had a very nice time when he went with his mother to visit at Cousin Ginevra's in Worcester square. Besides that, he knew that somebody was going to be buried to-day in Boston. He had heard them talking about it at the table. He did n't believe there were a great many boys of his size who knew that. He meant to ask those rhaps who played out in the square with watchman's rattles. He did n't exactly know who it was; but that was a minor point, and did n't matter. He might have consulted his mother on it, however; but they had maple syrup on their buckwheats, and omelette with their muffins, for breakfast, and he forgot it.

He put on his cap and navy-blue coat after breakfast, and told his mother he was going out to play in the square. His mother said, "Very well," and buttoned his coat up in the throat, for it was a little chilly, and he had a slight cold; and she kissed him good-by, and told him to be in in good season to get washed and brushed before lunch. Trotty said, "Yes, um," and hopped along, down the steps on one foot, into the square.

There were n't any boys in the square just then, and Trotty played "menagerie" by himself for awhile, with the stone lions on the steps. He played "hand-organ," too, with a little cane he had for a birthday present. He beat time on the iron fence, and Cousin Ginevra threw him five cents and hired him—like many another organ-man—to go away.

Pretty soon the boys began to come into the square; all sorts of boys—pretty little boys from the neighboring houses, in seal-skin caps and nice boots; queer little boys from over by the hospital, with ragged jackets and no coats; pleasant little boys, quarrelsome little boys; clean boys, dirty boys. Trotty had seldom seen so many kinds of boys together. They ran and whooped up and down the square. The boys in the seal-skin caps did n't run much with the other boys. Trotty was n't particular; he liked them all; he wished

they had such funny boys at home. There was one little boy with red hair there, who was very friendly with Trotty. He showed him his jack-knife, and the boy said he wished he had one like it. He showed him his cane, too; the boy with red hair said it was a whacker.

"Oh," said a seal-skin boy, "that's nothing! I've got a cane twice as good!"

Trotty did n't like the seal-skin boy.

"Say," said he, "did you know there was a big funeral down-town to-day?" For he thought he would show the seal-skin boy how much he knew.

"Pooh!" said the seal-skin boy. "That's nothing either. I knew that a week ago. My father's gone to see it. It's an awful big funeral. All the women at our house are crying round."

"I don't know but I shall go down myself," said the boy with red hair.

"I don't care much about it," said the seal-skin boy, carelessly. "You get so used to processions and music in Boston."

Procession! Music! Trotty's eyes grew very big. How grand it seemed to be a Boston boy in a seal-skin cap and not care about processions and music!

The boys had all begun to cluster around the seal-skin boy and the boy with red hair. Trotty pressed into the middle of the group. Cousin Ginevra, glancing out of the window, saw them all standing in a heap, talking earnestly. Trotty had his cap pushed back, and his cheeks were red; he was talking too, very fast. Somebody called Cousin Ginevra away then, and she saw no more.

It came a little before lunch-time; but no Trotty. It came lunch-time itself; but no Trotty. Lunch was eaten and over, but Trotty had not come. His mother said she would go out and hunt him up; he was probably in the square, or in Chester park, having a good time somewhere. But he must learn to be punctual; she would bring him back, and he might go without his orange, for a punishment.

But she did not bring him back. He was not in the square. He was not in Chester park. All over Chester park, all over Chester square, through Worcester street, over on Harrison avenue, a little way down Washington street, a little way up Washington street, went Trotty's mother. But the only little boy she met was a little boy small

enough to go out with a nurse and to wear a white fur coat. The region seemed to be emptied of little boys. She went back to Cousin Ginevra's, thinking he must have crossed her and gone home.

"No," said Cousin Ginevra, carelessly; "but he'll turn up; boys always do in the city. He must learn to pick his way like the rest; he'll turn up in an hour or so."

But Trotty had not turned up in an hour or so. It came dinner-time, and he had not turned up. It was past dinner-time, and he had not turned up.

"Cousin Ginevra," said Trotty's mother, putting on her bonnet, "I can't stand this any longer. I am going to the police-station to get something done about Trotty. Something must have happened, or he would have been home to dinner. I can't wait another minute!"

"Well," said Cousin Ginevra, trying not to look anxious, "perhaps you'd better. I think I will go out to Jamaica Plains myself, and inquire at Uncle Burden's. The child may have gone out there, for aught you know; he has been often enough to know the way. One or the other of us will have got him safe before long, never fear!"

But Trotty's mother could no more help fearing than she could help hunting for Trotty. Such a little fellow! Such a little, helpless, foolish fellow, to be wandering about that great city—the terrible city that he knew no more about than most little country boys who come in on visits once in awhile! Oh! what would become of him? Where could he be?

"About so high?" said the policeman. "I wish he'd been a little higher or a little lower. There's so many of 'em about so high! Red hair, did you say, ma'am?"

"Chestnut hair! Beautiful, bright——"

"Blue coat?" interrupted the policeman, carelessly, evidently not regarding the superfluous adjectives of fond mammas as at all to the point in the official processes of identification.

"Yes, a little navy-blue coat, with brass buttons and a velvet collar."

"I'd have preferred some other color," said the policeman, discontentedly; "bottle-green, for instance, ma'am, would be a beautiful color for little boys. It's a grave matter, if parents was only aware of it, this dressing young uns all alike, and turning 'em adrift on a nofficer's penetration. Now, I had six navy-blue coats lost on my beat this last fortnight."

"And blue eyes," said Trotty's mother; "great blue eyes, like——"

"Yes, yes," said the policeman, "I know, I know. Blue eyes. One pair's like another pair.

Blue eyes. Very well. We'll do our best, ma'am but you need n't be surprised if it's a matter of two or three days. We have so many blue eyes and blue coats and reddish hair, about so high!"

Two or three days! A matter of two or three days! What a dreadful matter!

Trotty's mother went home again; went out again; went home again; was in and out—could not rest.

It grew dark; no Trotty. Cousin Ginevra came home; no Trotty. He had never been at Jamaica Plains. Uncle Burden had not seen him. Uncle Burden came, too. He, too, went in and out—to the station and back again, up the square, down the square, into the park, over to the hospital, down to the wharves, over to the Small-pox Hospital. Perhaps Trotty had gone over to Pine Island to the Small-pox Hospital!

It grew darker.

Into Springfield street, into Brookline street, down into Union-park street, back to the City Hospital, over by the great Jesuit Orphan Asylum, where all sorts of little boys peeped through the windows and shook their heads, for they had n't seen him; over to the Medical School on the great empty lands, where there was such a chance to play if you felt like it, and where a gentleman student said he had n't seen such a boy, and a lady student said she thought she had, and then said No, she guessed it was an Irish boy, on the whole; back again to the orphan asylum, and this time, as they were going by, a little orphan with a great many freckles hammered on the window at them.

A sister in a white cap came to the window, too, and beckoned. Uncle Burden said they would stop, and they stopped. The sister threw up the sash.

"It is possible," she said, in rather a sweet voice, "that we have news of your child. Patrick, tell the gentlemen what you just told me."

"I seen a chap with a blue coat and brass buttons," said Patrick, hopefully. "I seen him go by with some other chaps. He had a cane."

"That sounds like it," said Uncle Burden. "How big was he?"

"That's well enough," said the policeman, "but when did you see him?"

"I seen him," said Patrick, thoughtfully, "about——" He paused—reflected—seemed to be anxiously trying to bring his important testimony down close to a matter of minutes or hours, at least. "I seen him—about—t'ree days and a-half ago!"

Down went the window. Away went the vision of the sweet-voiced sister and the freckled boy. On went Uncle Burden and the policeman, mu-

ngly; and down sank the heart of Trotty's mother deeper than ever yet.

Supper-time; no Trotty. After supper; but no Trotty. Evening. Night. The dreadful night had come—the dreadful day was gone—but still no Trotty!

It was nine o'clock. Bed-time an hour and a-half ago! What would Trotty do, with no "bed-

in a very muddy navy-blue coat; with chestnut hair—matted, heated, splashed; with blue eyes, heavy and sodden; without a cap, without a cane; and with a little face as white as death. He held a bunch of white flowers close to his side.

"O Trot-ty!"

There was a cry and a rush. Trotty stood it pretty well. He trembled, however, for he was



TROTTY'S RETURN.

time," no bed to have a "time" about? Where would he lay the little, naughty, foolish, chestnut head to-night?

It was five minutes past nine. The door-bell rung.

"It is the policeman," said Trotty's mother. And she ran to the door herself.

It was not the policeman. It was a little figure

very weak; they almost knocked him over with the rush and cry.

"I have n't had any lunch," said the little figure, faintly. "Nor any dinner, either," after a pause. "Nor any supper, too!" gasped Trotty. "I have n't eaten a fmg since my buckwheat breakfast!"

He thought he should cry; but he did n't.

Now, his mother thought: "Trotty has done very wrong, but he shall not be questioned or punished till he has had food."

So they took him down to supper, and nobody said anything. He ate and ate. They gave him milk, bread, crackers, cold turkey, figs, cookeys, a banana, and what was left of the squash pie. He ate them all. It seemed as if he would eat till to-morrow morning. He trembled while he ate, but he did not cry.

By and by, his lips began to quiver. They asked him what was the matter.

"I can't get down vat piece of sponge-cake," moaned Trotty, "and I've got to leave half my Albert biscuit!"

So they concluded that he had eaten enough to preserve life, and took him away upstairs and set him down in their midst, very silently—for because they were glad to see him, they could n't forget that he must have been naughty to run away—and the following dialogue took place:

"Now, Trotty, tell us where you've been."

"I've been to see the man laid down."

"The man?"

"Yes; the man folks are all crying about. The boys asked me to go and see him laid down."

"Laid down?"

"Yes; I went to see the man laid down. I heard his name, but I forgot."

"Oh, the child has been to the funeral! Where did you get those flowers, Trotty?"

Trotty held up the flowers—a bouquet of rose-buds, camelias and violets, very large, very rich, sorely faded.

"Aint they pretty? I got 'em in the big buildin'."

"What big building?"

"The big building opposite the common."

"The State-House! Have you been 'way down to the State-House?"

"I went to the big buildin' opposite the common to see the man laid down. I've got a sore froat, besides."

"Who went with you?"

"The boys."

"What boys?"

"The boy with red hair, and some other boys. There was a boy with a fur cap, but he did n't go far. He turned back. Me and the other boy, and the *other* boys, went alone."

"Was there no big boy or grown person with you?"

"No, only me and the boys, and the boy with red hair."

"Did you ride?"

"No, we walked. We walked to the buildin' and went in. They had music and a procession.

It was bully. We all went in. Me and the red boy went in. I don't know 'bout the rest."

"But that is impossible! You could not have got into the State-House. They would not allow you."

"Yes, I did. I went in. I tagged a p'liceman's coat-tails. I went right in afterward with his coat-tails. I saw the inside. There was flowers all over it. I never saw so many flowers at home. It was bully! They played 'Yankee Doodle,' too."

"'Yankee Doodle?'"

"Yes, they did; I know 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Where did you get your flowers?"

"I got 'em in the big buildin'. I picked 'em up. I'm going to dry 'em to keep; the other boys said they would. Then we came out."

"What did you do next?"

"I went to see him laid down. Everybody did. I went with the procession. I tried to cry; but I did n't very much."

"But the procession went to Mt. Auburn Cemetery! You've got it wrong, somehow, Trotty. Mt. Auburn is five miles from here. You could not have gone very far."

"Yes, I did. I went as far's anybody did. Me and the other boys went on ahead of the procession. The red boy said he guessed we'd see it out. We went over a bridge. There was a grave-yard, too. They laid the man down in the grave-yard; I mean the great man—him that they cried about."

"Walked to Mt. Auburn! It cannot be, Trotty! And you could n't have got in when you got there. You could n't have seen 'the great man' buried!"

"Yes, I did. I went over the bridge, and in at a gate. There was p'licemen there. I scud in under their arms. I don't think the other boys did. I thought I'd like to see what they did with him. Then I came back. We all came back."

"Walked!"

"Oh, yes; I walked! I got awful tired. I walked to Boudoin square. Then I took a horse-car."

"How did you pay for your ticket?"

"I had five cents from Cousin Ginevra for playing the hand-organ to her with my cane. I lost my cane. I lost my knife, too. But I don't want to tell who took 'em. I should n't wonder if it was vat red boy. I'd have been home before," concluded My Lord Trotty, carelessly, "but we made a mistake once. The procession went another way, and we went another way, and we had to turn back."

"But, Trotty, do you know that you have done a very dangerous thing?"

"Why, no!" said Trotty.

"And a very cruel thing?"

"A cruel fing!" said Trotty.

“And a very, very naughty thing—so naughty it mamma must punish you harder than you’ve been punished for a long time?”

“No,” said Trotty, shaking his head stoutly, though the color came and went fast on his dirty pale face. “I did n’t know I was naughty, only because I did n’t fink. When they played ‘Yankee Doodle,’ I thought I was a little naughty.”

“When they played ‘Yankee Doodle!’”

“Yes. It made me have a homesick feeling in the back of my neck. I did n’t know, but I ought to have stayed at home. Then I forgot.”

“But, Trotty, we have looked everywhere, and everywhere, and had the police out looking —”

“The police!” said Trotty. He looked quite pleased; he thought the seal-skin boys would think more of him, if the police had been called out on his account.

“And there is one of them now!”

True enough, there was one ringing the door-bell at that moment, and Trotty heard him telling them in the entry that he’d got a boy; he did n’t know if it would answer—boys were a good deal like, and this one’d lost his coat, and vowed he’d lived up to Hunneman street; it was n’t the one, was it? He thought likely. He’d take him ’long o’ Hunneman, and see if he told a straight story; boys did n’t generally.

“No,” said Trotty, marching out into the hall, to look at the boy from Hunneman street; “that is n’t me! I got home of my own account!”

“I’d rather not see any more Boston boys to-night,” said Trotty, feebly, as the door closed on the policeman and the poor little supposed-to-be Trotty. “I’m tired of Boston boys. I’d rather go to sleep.”

“But, Trotty,” urged his mother, solemnly, “I want you to see what a cruel, naughty boy you’ve been!”

Cruel! Naughty! These were ugly words. Trotty hung his head.

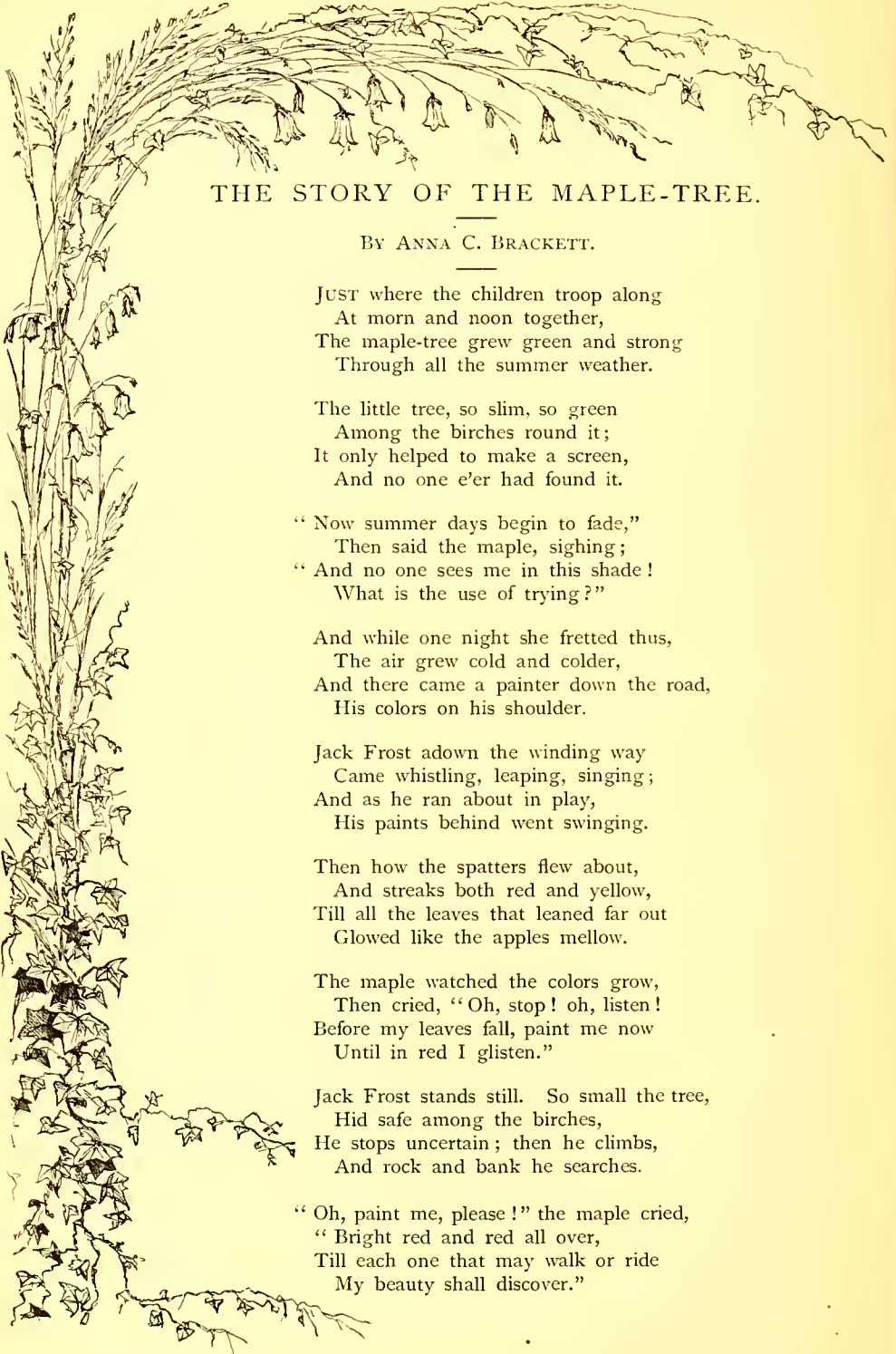
“I thought you were lost,” went on mamma. “I mourned, and hunted, and was frightened for my little boy. Why, Trotty, in all this great city, I did n’t know where you were!”

“But I knew where I was!” said Trotty, half-perplexed. Still, his head dropped lower and lower. He began to feel very badly. In all that great city, mourning for the loss of “the great man” that sad night, I *hope* nobody felt more sorrow than Trotty felt for a few minutes, while his head hung down. He ought to have felt about as unhappy as anybody could feel. Don’t you think so, too?

“Mamma,” said Trotty, after he had gone to bed (his mother had said she should not punish him at that time; she would not strike a child worn by great physical exertion and loss of food), “mamma, who was his name? and I’d like to know how he came to have so much bigger funeral than anybody else?”

But before she had half begun to tell him, he was asleep.





THE STORY OF THE MAPLE-TREE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

JUST where the children troop along
 At morn and noon together,
 The maple-tree grew green and strong
 Through all the summer weather.

The little tree, so slim, so green
 Among the birches round it;
 It only helped to make a screen,
 And no one e'er had found it.

“ Now summer days begin to fade,”
 Then said the maple, sighing;
 “ And no one sees me in this shade!
 What is the use of trying?”

And while one night she fretted thus,
 The air grew cold and colder,
 And there came a painter down the road,
 His colors on his shoulder.

Jack Frost adown the winding way
 Came whistling, leaping, singing;
 And as he ran about in play,
 His paints behind went swinging.

Then how the spatters flew about,
 And streaks both red and yellow,
 Till all the leaves that leaned far out
 Glowed like the apples mellow.

The maple watched the colors grow,
 Then cried, “ Oh, stop! oh, listen!
 Before my leaves fall, paint me now
 Until in red I glisten.”

Jack Frost stands still. So small the tree,
 Hid safe among the birches,
 He stops uncertain; then he climbs,
 And rock and bank he searches.

“ Oh, paint me, please!” the maple cried,
 “ Bright red and red all over,
 Till each one that may walk or ride
 My beauty shall discover.”

No sooner said than done it is ;
 The swift brush plies he singing,
 Then swings away, upon his back
 His brushes lightly slinging.

Adown the road the painter goes ;
 In silent joy she watches,
 Till the far-off hills betray his path
 In red and purple blotches.

How splendid shines the maple-tree,
 With green around and under ;
 The golden rods in all the place
 Bow down in reverent wonder.

And how she scorns the lady birch
 That stands so close beside her ;
 Her head she tosses, waves her arms,
 And shakes her leaves out wider.

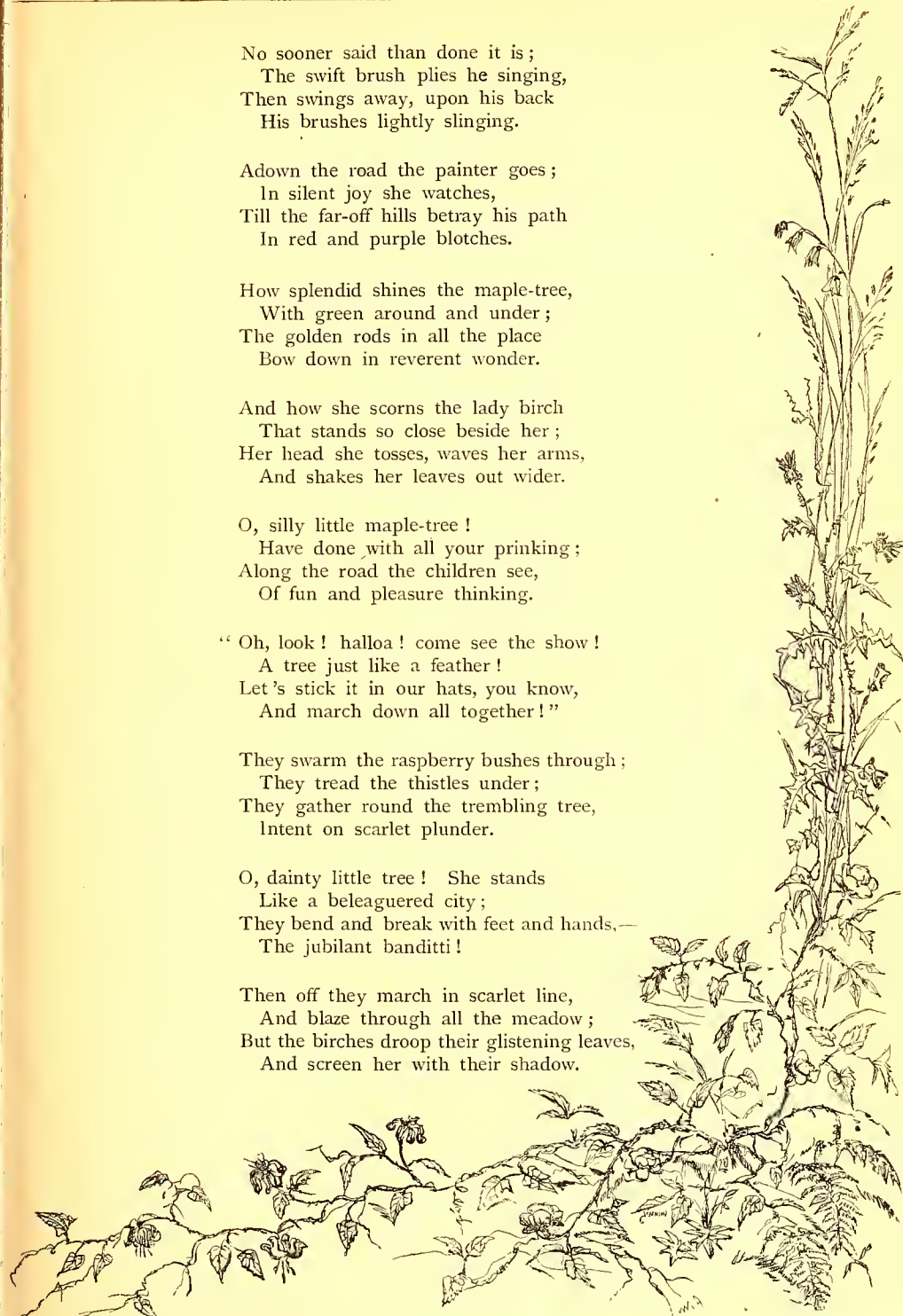
O, silly little maple-tree !
 Have done with all your prinking ;
 Along the road the children see,
 Of fun and pleasure thinking.

“ Oh, look ! halloa ! come see the show !
 A tree just like a feather !
 Let's stick it in our hats, you know,
 And march down all together ! ”

They swarm the raspberry bushes through ;
 They tread the thistles under ;
 They gather round the trembling tree,
 Intent on scarlet plunder.

O, dainty little tree ! She stands
 Like a beleaguered city ;
 They bend and break with feet and hands, —
 The jubilant banditti !

Then off they march in scarlet line,
 And blaze through all the meadow ;
 But the birches droop their glistening leaves,
 And screen her with their shadow.



SI JURA; OR, THE ORIGIN OF RICE.

BY GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.



SPRAY OF RICE—FROM NATURE.

ONCE upon a time, and the time dates back many hundreds of years, when mankind had nothing to eat save a few small vegetables, and when earth rejoiced in no wide fields of golden grain, a small party of Dyaks, who were then dwelling in the tangled forests of the island of Borneo, having grown discontented with their sorrowful lot, united their wits, built boats of ample size, and put off to sea.

The cause of so sudden a departure was certainly a reasonable one. Food, hitherto scarce and unrelishable, had become still more so; and the waters which ran in the narrow channels had become stagnant. Sickness had sprung up among the people, and the women and children were perishing by hundreds.

On a certain night, one of these Dyaks had seen a vision. Some strange visitor from an unknown land came to him in sleep, and whispered in his ear the following message:

“Arise! sad son of Bruni, and girt thyself with armor, for the day cometh when thou shouldst assert thy manhood. Arise! and, with no delay, summon thy brothers to thy side. Say to them that I, a messenger from the realms of Blessedness, have come to thee. —Get yourselves ready; build boats large enough to transport the warriors; go, and tempt fortune on the fair bosom of the sea.”

The man to whom the messenger had appeared arose from his bed in the early morning, and did as he was bidden. He assembled his brothers, his kinsmen and his people; told to them what had happened, and bade them be industrious and prompt.

The next day, the warriors, regardless of their wives and children, whom they were forced to leave behind, sailed away from the shore. Strange thoughts filled their minds as they embarked; but

not one of them dared to pause and question the purpose of so wondrous a venture.

Onward they sailed, and onward. Land faded from sight behind them, and a wide expanse of ocean lay around them. One day, when the water was calm and as clear as crystal, and there was scarcely a flutter of breezes in the air, these valiant warriors were startled by hearing a loud roar in the distance.

They were unable to discern the slightest object, either far or near. Whence, then, the awful noise which had so suddenly fallen upon the stillness? Was it some roaring tornado, a peal of thunder, or the rapid rush of some hostile power descending from the high heavens?

Though greatly amazed by this unexpected terror, the courage of the warriors did not fail them, nor allow them to turn back. They pursued their course; and, after sailing many leagues further, caught sight of a whirlpool of vast size, the roaring of which had caused them so much affright.

But this was not the only wonder which their eyes beheld. Just beyond the whirlpool, they discerned a large fruit-tree, the like of which was unknown. The tree itself was firmly rooted in the sky, its branches hung downward, and its lowest leaves were bathed in the flashing ripples of the sea-current.

Now, the leader of this small and brave band of men was named Si Jura. He was a man of most exemplary conduct, of few words, and gifted with great wisdom and prudence. Hence he was always chosen to represent his people at every large conference of the nation.

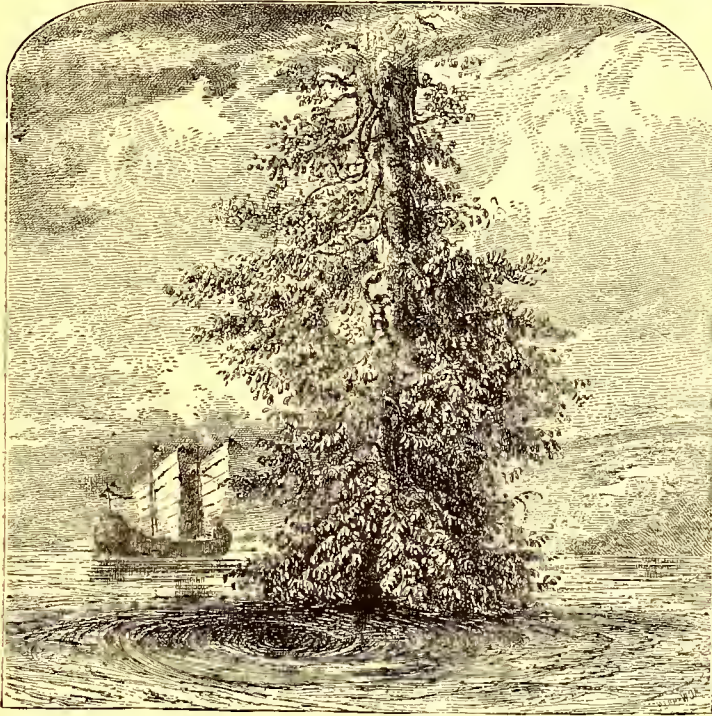
Many fruits were growing on this wonderful tree; and they were so beautiful in appearance, and so delightful in fragrance, that the Dyaks longed to possess them. They entreated Si Jura to climb

up into the tree, in order to secure some of the fruit. He yielded to this request, and straightway began the ascent.

But Si Jura, being of a very inquisitive mind, was not satisfied to merely possess some of the fruit. He wished to explore still farther, and to learn for himself why and how the tree had grown in so singular a manner. Indeed, he climbed so very high that his companions soon lost sight of him; and they, thinking that, perhaps, he had

Whilst he thus stood in silent admiration of the beautiful scenery which lay around him, and was contrasting it, in his own mind, with that of his own far-off land, he was suddenly accosted by a man of great and godlike stature. The name of this personage was Si Kira; and in the most friendly way he addressed Si Jura, and invited him to his house.

When the hour for dinner had come, both host and guest sat down to eat. The food chiefly con-



SI JURA CLIMBS THE TREE.

been ushered into another world, and not caring to await the issue, turned their boats about, laden with fruit, and sailed rapidly away.

Si Jura gazed down upon them from his lofty position, and sadly lamented his imprudent act. But, at last, he fell asleep from exhaustion.

When he awoke, he again looked round about him. He expected never to return home, and, wise man that he was, he believed that the best thing for him to do, under the circumstances, would be to keep on climbing!

Higher and higher he ascended; the sea vanished from his sight, and the roots of the tree were soon reached. Wondrous to relate, these roots were imbedded in a new soil, and Si Jura had come to a new country,—that of the Pleiades!

sisted of a mess of white grains boiled soft, the savor of which was tempting.

“You are my guest, friend,” said Si Kira to Si Jura, “and it behooves me to offer to you my choicest food. Eat of this mess, I pray you.”

“Horrors!” replied Si Jura. “Not all the powers in this new and strange land could urge me to eat that mess of boiled maggots!”

“They are not maggots,” said Si Kira, with much surprise, “but the choicest of boiled rice.”

The host then went on to explain the several processes of planting, weeding, reaping, pounding and boiling, which the grain must undergo before being ready to be eaten.

In the middle of the narrative, the wife of Si Kira left the room in order to procure some water.

During her absence, Si Jura leaned over from the table and peeped into a large jar which was standing close by. Lo! to his astonishment, he saw the house in which he used to live, and his aged parents, his wife and his children!

He saw all this, as if it were through a telescope; and the sight brought intense sadness into his heart, for he very much feared that he should never again assemble with them. Si Jura was sorrowful indeed; but he was speedily made glad by the promise of Si Kira to return him once more to earth.

After the dinner was over, Si Kira gave his guest seed of three different kinds; and, having repeated his former instructions, he conducted him quite a long distance from the house.

And then, by means of a long rope, Si Jura was again let down to earth, and very near to his own house. He lost no time before relating his wonderful adventure; taught his countrymen how to raise and gather in the rice; and therefore, to this very day, is Si Jura regarded in the East as the patron of Dyak husbandry.

TATE'S DOLL'S WEDDING.

BY PENN SHIRLEY.

TATE BEDELL was going to have a birthday the next day. That, in itself, was something for a little girl to be proud of, who only had had eight birthdays in her life, and could n't remember half of those. But more than that, she was to give a party in honor of the occasion,—her mother had said she might,—and besides, and beyond, and above all, it was to be a wedding party, and Tate's doll—the open-and-shut-eyed Luella Viola—was to be the bride! And though that small lady could n't, by any manner of means, be married before to-morrow, because her bridegroom was n't expected till the morning train, she was already dressed for the ceremony in white muslin,—with *such* a trail!—and lay on the spare chamber bed, under a pillow-sham, face down, for fear of crushing her long veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

Tate herself was on her knees by the bureau, packing the bridal wardrobe into the japanned cake-box, leaving out the traveling-dress, of course, for Luella Viola to wear on her wedding journey.

Was there ever an outfit like it? Six complete suits; and by changing them about a little—putting the polonaise of one over the under-skirt of another, you know—you could make as many more; six hats, all of the latest styles; a handkerchief, bordered with real lace; besides two entire sets of underclothing that had been sewed by Tate, every stitch of them, without a thimble.

"Got the notes ready, Tate?"

That was Minty Mozier's voice in the hall, and that was Minty's happy little self clumping upstairs after the wedding invitations. She was to carry them around. Tate could n't, of course; for I forgot to say dear little Tate was lame, and not able to walk beyond the garden, even with her pretty

rose-wood crutch. And it was very stupid of me not to mention this before, since but for her lameness, and her sweet, patient way of bearing it, I suppose her mamma would never have taken the pains to plan the doll's wedding of which I'm telling you.

"Dear me! No, Minty!" said Tate, moving along to give Minty kneeling-room by the trunk. "Toney has n't printed 'em yet!"

"I say he's *poison* slow!" grumbled Minty, folding Luella Viola's balmoral into a neat bundle.

"And he's been teasing to take the invitations round himself. Do you care if I let him?"

"Pooh! not the least bit," said Minty.

"'Cause, you see, he thinks I'm real mean not to have boys at my party," said Tate, looking relieved; "and I ought to make it up to him somehow."

"As if you wanted to play with boys!" said Minty, indignantly.

"Oh, of course I don't *want* 'em!" said Tate, decidedly; "but Toney says 't won't be any kind of a wedding 'thout I have 'em, 'cause at grown-up weddings they always invite men."

"But then, men *behave!*" put in Minty. "Boys are horrid,—all but five or six, you know!"

"Well, I *can't* have 'em, anyway," said Tate, cheerfully. "Mamma says I'm not strong enough. But I can ask nine girls to my birthday, 'cause I shall be nine years old—and going on ten, just think!"

"Yes," said Minty, very meekly.

She was only seven and a-half, and it mortified her dreadfully. But she forgot this affliction before long, in helping Tate pack the trunk and buckle her mamma's shawl-strap about it; and when she

rudged home at noon, she was just as happy as a girl only seven and a-half years old could possibly be; for was n't she going to a wedding-party in her new pink sash and bronze boots? And *was n't* Toney coming that very afternoon to leave her a printed invitation? To be sure he was! She knew that as well as if Tate had said it!

Indeed, as it happened, Toney was rushing into Tate's house at precisely this minute with the notes he had just struck off on his little printing-press. They were the daintiest affairs in the world, printed on pink satin paper, and reading this way:

MISS TATE BEDELL

Requests the pleasure of your presence at the Marriage of her Doll,

LUELLA VIOLA BEDELL,

TO

CLARENCE OSBORNE,

On Thursday, September 4th, 1873, at Three o'Clock.

P. S.—Please bring all your dolls.

Toney had slightly objected to the postscript, but he finally added it to satisfy Tate. She had now only to double these sheets across the centre, and they filled their envelopes exactly: such pretty envelopes, with the monogram "B. O." embossed on them. That stood for Bedell and Osborne, of course.

Toney walked up and down the gravel-path, whistling, while Tate directed the envelopes to her nine little friends; and just before he lost his patience, she brought them out to him, in a neat willow basket, with a white satin bow perched on the top, to give it a bridal air. And then he carried round the notes, delivering a funny speech with each one.

But, alas! for poor Minty! There was none for her! From the back-door step, where she was amusing the bald-headed baby with tin muffin-rings, she saw Toney call at the door opposite and hand Jenny Gilson a note, and then walk straight on—never so much as looking at her house! No wonder Minty nearly cried her eyes out, and went to bed that night thinking this was a dreadful world for a little girl only seven and a-half years old to live in!

Papa Bedell came next day in the early train, right from New York, and brought with him Clarence Osborne, Luella Viola's bridegroom, a handsome young gentleman in a black broadcloth suit, with white gloves and waistcoat, and a watch no bigger than a buttercup. Tate took him up to the front chamber, to wait till it was time to hand Luella Viola down to the parlor; and there he had been standing in a corner, handkerchief in hand, fully five hours, for now it was quarter of three, and, as Tate said, "almost late enough for the wedding to begin."

She had got together all the old dolls she could

find about the house, and had just ranged them on the sofa, to represent Luella Viola's poor relatives come to see her married, when Jenny Gilson rushed in quite out of breath.

"O, Tate!" cried she; "did n't you mean to ask little Minty Mozier? She feels awfully, because you have n't sent her an invitation!"

"Why, Jenny Gilson! I *did* send her one—I *certain did!*" cried Tate, hopping about on her crutch in great excitement. "Toney must have lost it. O dear! what shall I do?"

"I'll carry her one, and tell her about it, sha'n't I?" said Jenny, eagerly. "I 'most knew it was a mistake."

"But they're all gone. Toney only printed nine!" said Tate, fairly crying.

"I'd write her one, right off quick, before the rest come," cried Jenny, who was a born peace-maker.

"But folks don't write wedding cards on just bare paper," sobbed Tate, dragging her writing-desk from beneath the what-not; "and I'm afraid Minty won't like it!"

"There's her invitation, this minute, I do believe!" shouted Jenny, joyfully, as Tate opened the desk. And there, to be sure, it was, half-hidden by a package of envelopes; but so plainly directed to Minty Mozier, that the postmaster himself might have read it.

Jenny darted off with it, and at the gate met the rest of the wedding guests, all dressed in white, who, of course, must know the whole story.

"Let's go with Jenny, and take Tate along!" they cried. And, in a twinkling, the two largest girls had joined hands and made a sedan-chair for Tate, and the entire party was hurrying on after Jenny.

It was amazing how Minty could have dressed herself so quickly! I think her mother must have helped her, for when the sedan-chair arrived at Mr. Mozier's door, she was all ready, even to her coral beads. Jenny and Lottie Prince would make a chair for her too; and the little white procession, on its way back, with Minty and Tate riding at its head, made such a gay appearance, that Bobby Wright got out his drum in great haste, and trotted behind it as fast as his chubby legs would carry him, having a misty notion that the Fourth of July had come again.

But this was small excitement beside the wedding which followed. Jenny Gilson played minister, in a water-proof cloak and white handkerchief necktie; and Tate had to make the responses for the bride and bridegroom, as Luella Viola could only say "papa" and "mamma," which would not have done at all on this occasion, and Clarence Osborne was too much stuffed to speak a word.

After the ceremony, Minty led each doll up in turn to kiss the bride and offer congratulations; and then Tate passed around a little waiter heaped with bride's cake, and slices of wedding-cake folded in white paper.

And all the while the wedding presents were lying in state on the chess-table. There were spoons, and knives and forks, and napkin-rings, and salvers, and card-receivers, and I can't begin to tell you how many other things, cut out of silver paper. The bride herself could n't stay to examine

them. She and her husband were whisked off on their wedding tour in a baby-carriage. Tate threw an old slipper after them for good luck, and then turned to kiss Minty for the sixth time.

"Oh, Minty, my wedding would have been spoilt if you had n't come!"

"I've had the *splendidest* time!" said Minty, swinging Jenny Gilson's hand; "and you made me, Jenny!"

And of them all, I think Jenny was the happiest girl at Tate's doll's wedding.

HOW THE CARS STOPPED.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

I WAS waiting for the train to take me to the city. Very soon the engine appeared, far away up the line, and looking like a black speck in the distance. It grew bigger and bigger and came faster and faster toward us, so that I began to think it was an express train and did n't mean to stop. Just then the engineer began to blow off steam, and with a loud roar the engine swept past and the train came to a sudden stop.

"What lively brakemen they must have on this road!"

"Oh, no! We don't use brakemen. We have the vacuum-brake," said the man to whom I spoke. "There it is under the car."

I looked under one of the cars, and there I saw a round box, made of iron and rubber, and having creases on the sides, just like a bellows when it is shut up. As I looked at it, it seemed to swell out longer and longer, and the creases flattened out smooth, just like the leaves of an accordion when it is stretched out to its full length. There was an iron rod fastened to the end of the rubber box, and as the box spread open, the rod moved backward. This rod, I could see, was fastened to the chain that moved the brakes on the car wheels.

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and I was obliged to get in and take a seat. I thought no more of the vacuum-brake till we came to the next station, when I heard the roaring sound of the steam blowing off on the engine, and felt the brakes holding the train back. We slid softly into the station, and the cars came to a stop without any jar, and with none of that awkward start and jerk that we feel when the brakemen do not stop all the cars at once. At the next

station the same thing happened again. Certainly, the vacuum-brake was a very fine thing.

Let us see just how this contrivance works. Under each car is a bellows. These are joined together by pipes and rubber hose that stretch from car to car, and, finally, come up through the floor of the engine-cab. When the air is sucked out of the bellows, they shut up tight, and so pull the brake-chains. Most of you boys and girls understand this. You have heard about a vacuum in the philosophy class, and have seen the experiments with the air-pump in school. A rubber ball cut in halves is a capital thing to show what a vacuum is. Press one of the pieces on a board or the table, so as to squeeze all the air out, and see how it will stick to the table. All around us is the air in which we live and move. When it is pushed or sucked out of any place, it presses on the surface of whatever shuts it out, and thus becomes an actual weight upon it. Under our ball we have a vacuum. In the vacuum-brake they use this pressure of the air to pull the brake-chains, and so save the trouble of having a man on each car to turn the brake-wheels every time the train is to stop. In the philosophy class you have seen the teacher use an air-pump to obtain a vacuum; but I did not see how they could have an air-pump here to be worked by the engine. It would take up room and be in the way. Besides, our engine was coming into the station and about to stop, and when it stopped the pump must stop too, and then the brakes would not work.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to go forward and stand on the platform of the first car, where I could look into the engineer's cab. The wind

blew pretty strong, and the cinders flew about in a shower; but I could look right into the engine, and, really, I could n't see anything that looked like an air-pump. Just then a cloud of steam burst out of a small pipe on the top of the cab, and, with a deafening roar, the engine rolled into another station and came to a stop. As the cinders were pretty lively, I went back into the car and looked out through the glass door to see the train start.

Just then the train moved on, and the conductor came round for the tickets. As I gave him mine, I said:

"You use the vacuum-brake?"

"Yes, sir. It's a fine thing. It stops the cars quickly and without any bad jerks or strains."

"How do you obtain the vacuum?"

"Oh! The engineer does that."

"Well, how?"

"Oh! it's some kind of exhaust. Don't you hear the exhaust when she stops?"

"Then, it is not a pump?"

"Oh, no; it's an exhaust,—the exhaust from the engine."

"Not the waste steam from the engine? I thought that went up the smoke-stack."

"Well, no—you see—it's exhaust steam. The engineer—he—the fact is, I have n't looked into it. They get a vacuum with the exhaust,—I heard the engineer say so,—and that's all I know about it."

The next station was the end of the route; so I went forward and climbed up into the engine, where the engineer sat on his high seat reading the morning paper.

Now, railway engineers are generally' pleasant people to meet. A trifle greasy and grimy, perhaps, but good-natured and sensible. They know everything about cars and engines, and are always ready to talk about their great machines, for they love their iron horses, and are always glad to show them off and to tell how they work.

As soon as I entered the cab, the engineer laid down his paper and very politely asked me what he could do for me.

"Tell me about the vacuum-brake, sir. Do you use a pump to obtain the vacuum?"

"Oh, no! We get it by a blast of steam from

the boiler. Those two brass pipes on each side of the boiler lead back under the tender and under the cars to the rubber boxes you see under each car. This iron pipe, that is joined to the brass pipe near the top of the boiler, comes from the boiler. When I turn this crank, the steam rushes through it and escapes out of the top of the cab."

"Is that the sound I heard when the train stopped?"

"Yes, sir. It sounds just like an exhaust-pipe, or the safety-valve. Well, as I was saying, it rushes out into the open air, and as it goes it sucks the air out of the brass pipes, and so makes a vacuum. You see it cannot get down the brass pipe, because it is full of air and closed up tight. It can get out through the top, and away it goes, and the air goes with it, and we get a first-rate vacuum in a jiffy. I tell you, sir, it's a neat thing, and works to a charm. I can stop any train they please to put behind my engine with just a turn of my finger."

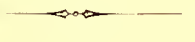
"Then, when you have stopped the train, how do you let the air in again?"

"I shut off the steam and open this valve, and the air rushes down the pipe where the steam went out, and the boxes under the cars swell up again, just like a pair of bellows when the wind comes in again. Why, sir, it's just like a boy blowing over a key or a little vial. He blows across the mouth of the vial, and the water or dust or the air in it spurts up in his face. His breath rushing past the mouth, sucks the air out of the vial and makes a vacuum in it. If it is full of water, he can see just how it works, for the water will fly up in his face, just as the air flies out of these pipes when the steam blows past the end. Any boy can fill a key with water and see just how it works."

This was so very simple, that I felt almost ashamed to think that I had not guessed just how it was as soon as I heard the roar of the steam whenever the train stopped.

The engineer then explained that the two brass pipes were simply to prevent accident. If one broke down he could use the other. I told the engineer what the conductor had said.

He laughed and said, "Law, sir, some folks would go round the world and never see a thing."



A HALF-DOZEN YOUNG RASCALS.

BY NATHANIEL CHILDS.

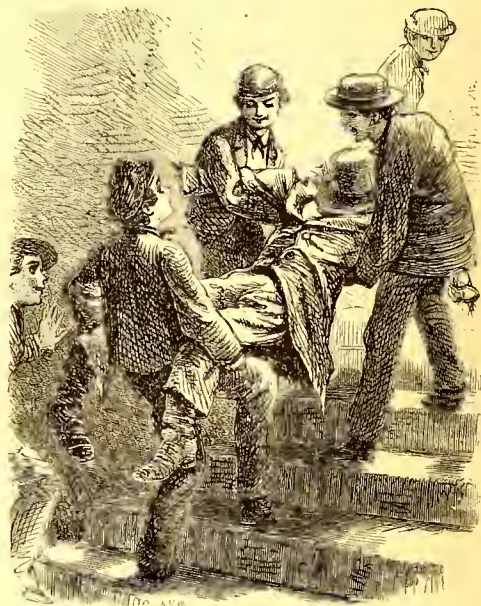
IT was n't such a long time ago; and none of the half-dozen young mischief-makers have quite journeyed into the land of soberness or gained their title to respect and reverence by grey beards or bald heads. Every boy or girl who may read this true story, will know something about the scene of it. Why, it used to stare at me from my geography; used to come up to plague me out of my history; the teachers used to talk about it almost every day, and we scholars used to sing about it from our small green-covered singing-books.

The picture which used to stare at me always seemed like a mean sort of family portrait; for I could go to the scene itself, and my young eyes were practiced enough to see how bad the picture was. And yet it looked enough like Bunker Hill Monument to make me feel a little proud when I thought, "I live right side of it; and there are lots of fellows and girls who've never seen it at all." The geography used to read, "Charlestown is situated on a peninsula, immediately north of Boston, and is the seat of the Navy Yard and the celebrated Bunker Hill Monument,"—or something like that, as well as I can remember it; for I have not seen that old geography for over ten years. The history told us about the battle which had been fought near by, and we boys used to go and lie down on the grass behind the breast-works and shoot imaginary red-coats by the million with our bows and arrows, and then hunt for the lost arrows. Often we would sit down on the stone which bore the inscription, "Here fell Warren, &c.," and complacently eat apples, unmindful of the sacredness of the spot.

My story is about Bunker Hill Monument, and a half-dozen boys who went to school near by the tall granite shaft—boys who played ball in the streets which run alongside the green grounds upon which the shaft stands, or played "three holes" with marbles, or trundled hoops about the brown paths. Somehow, at recess one day, it came out that one of the boys had a family ticket which allowed him to climb up as often as he wished to the four windows, which seemed to open a whole world to our youthful minds, as we gazed out to sea, or toward hills and over cities. He was easily king among us then; for all the rest must pay to go up, and even "half-price for children" was a heavy draw upon our pocket-money. Could n't we be all cousins of his and go up on his ticket? He was good-natured in his kingship, and took three or

four of us up one day, and then increased the number on succeeding days, until it became a regular proceeding for some ten of us boys to trot up to the top of the monument each pleasant recess. Sight-seeing grew monotonous, and we must *do* something to hold our interest in going up. One day I dropped my hat out, and it sailed away so gracefully that other hats, almost of their own accord, followed mine and found a quiet rest in the grass below, until we could run down the stone stairs and regain our head-gear. After hats, in a few days, went jackets, and to see them spreading out to the breeze was lovely, we thought. Possibly some one of us would have jumped out at last, if a substitute had not suggested itself to our brilliantly-mischievous minds.

We were one whole week at work, and doubtless the one-armed custodian (I recollect I used to wonder if he had lost his arm in the Revolutionary



CARRYING UP THE STRAW-MAN.

war; he certainly looked old enough to me to have been a part of those stirring times) missed our regular tramp through his little office and up the stairs. Then it was ready. It was a wonderfully-constructed effigy. Tom had furnished trousers; Joe had supplied an old coat; Bill had brought a

at; Jack gave the straw to stuff out the reature, and I had promised a pair of quare-toed boots and the back-yard in which the man was to be constructed. We were pledged by some fearful pledge, such as boys manufacture on special occasions, not to reveal any of our proceedings, and I was held answerable for two small sisters who peered wonderingly out from the kitchen windows as we labored. The man was made, and oh! he was a fearful sight to behold. I could n't go to sleep from thinking of him down there in the yard, and almost believed he would come to life and would run and tell the "monument man" what we were going to do.

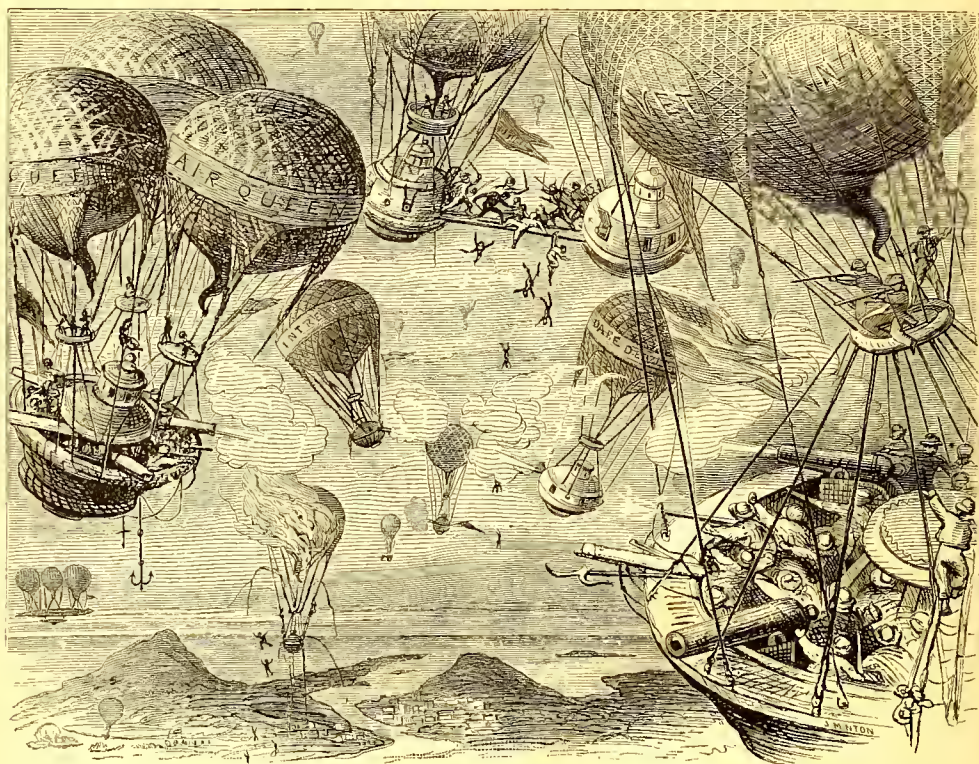
Next day was bright and pleasant. Before school we whispered it about that there would be fun at recess, and few lessons were well learned that day. Ours was a boys' and girls' school, and the girls were given the upper hall, which looked out in the monument grounds, for a play-room at recess. When the bell struck which released us for a half-hour, the girls all ran to the hall windows, and the boys all hurried to the monument grounds. The chief conspirators were soon dragging the effigy up the green slope, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the body was over the wire fence which bounded the monument's base. We did not wait to go through the office this time, but with a rush, were twenty steps up before the one-armed man could halloo to us to come back. We could n't think of coming back just then, and, with shouts and laughter, hastened to carry the effigy to the top of the monument. Each moment we thought we heard the old man calling to us and panting up behind us. There was no time to lose, and in a jiffy after we reached the top, out went a man, as it seemed, from the little square window. Boys shouted and girls shuddered. The boys knew what was sailing through the air; but the girls really thought one of us had fallen out. How grandly our man went down! What a magnificent crash he made as he struck the gravel of a walk below and spread out his finely-shaped limbs in the most life-like or lifeless manner. Then we rushed down again, and gave him a decent burial in a neighboring field. Recess being over, we went into school to receive five black marks each for disorderly con-



"HOW GRANDLY OUR MAN WENT DOWN!"

duct, our claim that we were only experimenting on the law of gravity, though upsetting the master's gravity, not doing much toward alleviating our punishment. One girl had fainted away during the scene. She thought it was Joe, she said, and she liked Joe ever so much.

She married Joe a year or two ago, and I happened to meet him last week, which reminded me of this freak of a half-dozen young rascals.



A BOY'S IDEA OF WARFARE IN 1974.
(Drawn by Master Frederick W. Chapman.)

LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY N. S. DODGE.

TRADITIONS, legends and superstitions, closely linked as they often are, remain very distinct in themselves and in their influence. A tradition may be true; a legend is not only untrue, but improbable; and a superstition is a foolish belief in the supernatural and impossible. The first two are apt to be full of interest and charm; the last is always a blight, wherever it may settle. The world abounds in wild and marvelous stories that are believed in by the uneducated. For instance, in almost every country there are legends about long-sleepers. According to them, Charlemagne sleeps in Hess, seated on his throne, with crown on head

and sword in hand, waiting till Antichrist shall come; the seven youths of Ephesus, who refused to bow down to the idol of the Emperor Decius, sleep on, their faces fresh as roses, till the resurrection-day; Epimenides slept fifty-seven years; a Christian priest sleeps in St. Sophia till the Turk shall be cast out; three Bohemian miners sleep in the heart of the Kuttenburg; and Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years in Kaatskills. In the great hills of Thuringia still sleep Frederic Barbarossa and his six knights. A shepherd once penetrated into a long winding cave in the heart of the mountain, and there found the seven all asleep, the emperor's

ed beard having grown through the marble table. The noise of footsteps awakened him, and he started:

"Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?"

"Yes," replied the shepherd; "they do."

"Then we must sleep another hundred years," answered the monarch; and turned again to rest.

In Switzerland three William Tells sleep in a cave. A brave boy once crept in.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the third Tell.

"Noon," replied the lad.

"O dear! the time has not yet come," said Tell; and lay down again.

There are many superstitions about the man in the moon, and almost every country in the world has a story about him. In New England the nurses tell the children that this man was found by Moses gathering sticks on a Sabbath, and that, for being so wicked, he was doomed to reside in the moon till the last day.

"If you don't believe it," they say, "look in the Bible. It is all told in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers."

The Germans have the tale this way. Ages ago there went one Sunday morning an old man into the forest to cut wood. When he had made a bundle he slung it on his staff, cast it over his shoulder, and started for home. On his way he met a minister, all in his bands and robes, who asked him:

"Don't you know, my friend, that it is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?"

"Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all one to me!" laughed the woodman.

"Then bear your burden forever," said the priest; "and as you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have Monday in heaven till the great day."

Thereupon the speaker vanished, and the man was caught up, with cane and fagots, into the moon, where you can see him any clear night.

In Norway they think they see both a man and woman, and the story goes, that the former threw brambles at people going to church, and the latter made butter on Sunday. In the clear, cold nights of winter they will point out the man carrying his bundle of thorns, and the woman her butter-tub.

It is so with the Wandering Jew. There is no Christian country that has not this legend, and yet no two are alike. The great artist, Gustave Doré, represents him as standing at the door of his shop refusing to let the Savior rest, and laughing at the words, "WALK TILL I RETURN!" In another picture, he is a very old man, worn with toil, tired of travel, bent under the curse, but still trudging on. In a third, the last trump having sounded and

all the dead awakening, while every one else is shaking with fear, the weary man sits down, casts off his sandals, and rejoices to rest.

About three hundred years ago, Dr. Paul von Eitzen saw an old man, whose hair hung over his shoulders, standing barefoot while the service in church proceeded, and bowing reverently at every mention of the name of Jesus. The doctor sought him out and inquired who he was.

"A native of Jerusalem," he replied, "by name Ahasuerus, and a shoemaker by trade. I SAW CHRIST ON HIS CROSS."

"What!" exclaimed the good doctor, starting back in alarm.

"Yes," continued the Jew, "*I saw Christ on his cross.* As he was led by my door, where I was standing with my little boy, the Lord Jesus wanted to rest, but I would not permit it. 'Go on, King of the Jews,' I said. He gave me one sorrowful look, and said, 'GO YOU ALSO,' and from that hour, fifteen hundred years ago, I have walked the earth."

Dr. Eitzen said that the Jew never received alms, never laughed, appeared penitent, read God's word, spoke all languages, and convinced many of the truth of what he said. No doubt; for in those days people were credulous, and this most thrilling of all myths, believed to be countenanced in the 28th verse of Matthew xvi., took strong hold of the imagination. The man, beyond doubt, was an arrant impostor, and yet he left an impress in Germany that has never been effaced. In the powers of figures he took great pleasure, and many interesting mathematical problems which he propounded are remembered. For instance, the property of the number 9, is said to have been first pointed out by the Wandering Jew; *i. e.*, that when 9 is multiplied by 2, by 3, by 4, &c., *the digits composing the product, when added together, give 9.* Thus:

$$2 \times 9 = 18 \text{ and } 1 + 8 = 9$$

$$3 \times 9 = 27 \text{ " } 2 + 7 = 9$$

$$4 \times 9 = 36 \text{ " } 3 + 6 = 9$$

$$5 \times 9 = 45 \text{ " } 4 + 5 = 9$$

$$6 \times 9 = 54 \text{ " } 5 + 4 = 9$$

$$7 \times 9 = 63 \text{ " } 6 + 3 = 9$$

$$8 \times 9 = 72 \text{ " } 7 + 2 = 9$$

$$9 \times 9 = 81 \text{ " } 8 + 1 = 9$$

$$9 \times 10 = 90 \text{ " } 9 + 0 = 9$$

It will be noticed that $9 \times 11 = 99$, and that the sum of these digits is 18, but the sum of this sum, $1 + 8 = 9$.

$$9 \times 12 = 108 \text{ and } 1 + 0 + 8 = 9$$

$$9 \times 13 = 117 \text{ " } 1 + 1 + 7 = 9$$

$$9 \times 14 = 126 \text{ " } 1 + 2 + 6 = 9$$

and so on to any extent. The following, among

many other magical squares, is attributed to the Wandering Jew:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

These nine figures added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, make 15.

These magical squares were used as amulets. Written on small pieces of parchment, embroidered on fine linen, graven over the entrance to a house, inscribed on the fly-leaf of a book, wrought into clothing, or stamped upon goods offered for sale, these magical squares were held during the middle ages to heal in sickness or to preserve in contagion. Albert Dürer, the great artist of his age, was not free from the superstition. Over the doorway of his house, where, under the bell, he had carved a most perfect figure of Melancholy, was inscribed the following magical square as a preservative against evils and mischief:

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

These numbers, from one to sixteen, if added up and down, or from end to end, or corner-wise,

amount to thirty-four. Very ingenious, surely; but it is strange how wise and good men could have believed that mere combinations of figures, however curious, would prevent a house from taking fire, or doors from being broken open by robbers, or diseases from entering one's home.

All superstitions are foolish. To fasten a horse-shoe near the door to procure good-luck, or to throw salt over the shoulder to prevent ill; to be glad to have first seen a new moon over the right; or sad to be sitting thirteen at table; to turn twice around before setting out a second time, or to frame a mental wish after speaking simultaneously the same words with another, are practices unworthy of our day, making children of grown people and fools of boys and girls. To believe that the gift of a crooked sixpence betokens good fortune, or of a knife, bad; that killing a swallow will make cows give bloody milk, or that crossing your stockings before going to bed insures happy dreams; that beginning a work on Friday is unlucky, or a thrice-repeated dream a prediction, are each and all as silly as to lay food before an idol of wood or to bury bow and arrows with a dead Indian warrior.

Religion is one thing; superstition another. The two are opposite. The former pays honor to God; the latter does homage to Ignorance.

A BILLY-GOAT SCHOOL-MASTER.

By J. R.

"C-A-P-R-I-C-I-O-U-S-N-E-S-S! That's a pretty word to put in a story-book for a little fellow like me! I wonder what it means, anyhow!"

Tommy always scolds a little when a hard word trips him up. He does n't like hard words. How can he find out what they mean, he says; and if he skips them, he never knows how much of the story he has missed. Besides, there's no use in skipping them, for they are sure to keep turning up; and a fellow might as well learn them first as last. Of course, it's a trouble to be asking some one, "What's this?" and "What's that?" every little while, especially when everybody is busy reading or working; and it is n't easy for a little fellow to be running to the dictionary every time he stumbles over a long word; still anything is better than skipping.

I can't help watching him with the corner of my

eye, as he stands with his elbows on the window-sill, resting his chubby cheek on his hand.

Presently a smile begins to flicker round Tommy's mouth; his eyes dance a little, and the ghost of a laugh ripples over his face, without making a bit of noise. He would n't laugh that way if we were in the woods!

"What is it?" I ask.

"Little Billy."

"What's happened to Billy?"

"Nothing, only he's trying to jump outside of himself, while his mother eats the posters off the wall, in spite of that boy with a stick. He's such a funny rascal! Do all goats act that way?"

"What way, Tommy?"

"Why, as Billy does. He's so comical! He'll be trotting along as sober as an old sheep and whisk! he'll go off at one side, rearing and bunt-

ing and flinging out his heels as though he'd swallowed a fire-cracker. You never can tell when he's going to cut up his monkey shins."

"That 's a characteristic of goats, I believe."

"Just look at him now! Did you ever see anything so funny? It always makes me laugh to see him frisk about and flirt that ridiculous stump

"Certainly. Even the dictionary-makers have to admit it."

"Dictionary-makers! Do dictionaries tell anything about where our words come from?"

"Certainly; and capital stories you can make of them, too. Fetch me that big one there, on the lower shelf. Can you lift it?"

"Humph! Pity if I can't lift a book as big as that!"

"Here we are! Thank you. Now, let's look at *caper*. Here it is:

"'CAPER.—(*L. Caper, a goat.*)'

"That 'L' stands for *Latin*, the language the Romans used to talk. You'll hear enough about that before you are done going to school!

"The meaning of *caper*, you see, is, 'a skipping, leaping or jumping in frolicsome mood, after the manner of a goat,' and *To Caper*, means, 'to dance, skip or leap in a frolicsome manner.'

"Dolly says, '*Quit your capering!*' sometimes when I'm

having a little fun, and make too much noise."

"And I've heard you say the same to Billy, when you wanted to lead him and he wanted to play. You know what it means.

"Here 's another word of the same sort, which we likewise owe to Master Billy:

"'CAPRICE.—A sudden start of the mind; a whim; a freak; a fancy.'

"You've seen such actions, I dare say, in some of your playmates. You never can depend on them. One moment they want to play ball; before you can begin to play, they have changed their minds, and want to play horse, or tag, or something else. One moment they are very friendly, and the next they're off in a huff, without any reason for it. Such people are called *capricious*. Here 's the word, a little further along."

"Why, that 's the very word I could n't understand in my book!"

"Was it? Look."

"Oh, no! It 's *capriciousness*. I know what that means now. But who'd have thought it had anything to do with a Billy-goat?"

"That 's a wonderful book, that dictionary. It'll pay you to study it."



"WHILE HIS MOTHER EATS THE POSTERS OFF THE WALLS."

of a tail he has. It looks just as though it had been broken off and stuck on again the wrong way. There 's a *caper* for you! Just look at him."

"Did you ever hear of the Romans, Tommy?"

"Romulus and Remus and Julius Cæsar, and all those old fellows that lived a long time ago? Of course I have."

"Don't you know that if Julius Cæsar had said, 'There 's a *caper*,' he 'd have meant simply, '*There 's a goat!*'"

"Would he? Why? *Caper* does n't mean *goat*, does it?"

"Not now, but it used to."

"And is that the reason why we call funny things that a fellow does when he feels good and does n't know what to do, *capers*?"

"Precisely. To *caper*, is to do odd things without any particular purpose, just as goats do."

"I never knew that words came about in that way."

"They do, very often. Don't you know how we call a greedy boy a *pig*, or one that goes bawling around for nothing a little *calf*?"

"Oh yes! And we call a fellow that is always bossing around, a *bully*?"

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

AT a fort in Florida, during the Seminole war, a man named Richard Blount lay wounded and dying. A keen observer might have discerned in the emaciated features, well covered by an iron-grey, untrimmed beard, traces of refinement—almost effaced, it is true, by the unmistakable marks of a turbulent, and perhaps criminal, career.

The surgeon in charge of the stockade seemed a man of warm heart and tender sympathies, which had not been blunted by familiarity with suffering. He carefully tended the dying soldier, doing all in his power, by words and actions, to soothe his last hours. This kindness was not without results. Impressed by attentions to which he had long been unaccustomed, Richard Blount—taciturn and reserved by habit, if not by nature—grew more communicative, and, at the last, made certain revelations concerning transactions of which no other living man had any knowledge.

One afternoon, as the sun was setting red and broad in a burning haze behind the motionless palmettoes, and the mocking-bird was pouring forth his wealth of music by the still bayous where the alligator basked unmolested, Richard, who was feeling stronger than usual, after a period of silence and mental struggle with himself, said :

“ Doctor, you’ve been mighty good to me. You are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me for many years. I’ve led a hard life of it, and very likely don’t deserve any better than I’ve received. yet I can’t forget that I was once a better man and used to kind words from those who loved me. And now, although I am both poor and forsaken, yet believe me when I say that it is in my power to make you as wealthy as your wildest fancies could desire. I was born in England; I have not a single relation now living, and to you it can be of no consequence what were the circumstances of my early life. It is enough to say that I was the younger son of a good family, and was destined to the church, for which I was totally unfitted. I was sent to Oxford, but an insatiable thirst for adventure caused me to run away. After various fortunes in many parts of the world, in which the cards were generally against me, it was at last my luck to find myself shipped with the crew of a pirate schooner, and a motley set we were—Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Yankees, Greeks—men of all races. Two or three years I sailed in her, boarding and burning vessels in the Spanish main. At length a rumor

reached the nest of pirates to which I belonged that the English Government was about to take vigorous measures to capture our vessels and destroy our rendezvous. As we had for a long time been very successful, without any serious molestation, there was all the more reason to believe the report. A council of war was called, in which words ran high. But it was decided that, as our rendezvous was well known and would most likely be attacked first and we should be unable to defend ourselves successfully against such forces as could be sent against us, we ought at once to remove our possessions and conceal them for awhile in some unknown hiding-place. With us to decide was to act, and without further delay the treasure, which was enormous, being the accumulated spoil of many hard fights and scuttled ships, was stowed in the holds of our vessels. (A little water, surgeon, if you’ll be so good.)

“ So immense,” continued Richard, after a moment, “ was the stock of dollars and doubloons and jewelry that no other ballast was needed for the schooners. When everything was on board we set fire to the cabins on shore, and by the glare of the burning houses dropped down the lagoon and made an offing. We headed for the coast of Florida, and, the moon being at the full, shoved the schooners into an inlet, whose whereabouts was known to one of our captains, a native of Florida, born at Key West, son of a wrecker, I think. It was a very quiet part of the country, without so many people as there are about it now; and they are n’t over thick even now. We had sent some men ashore in a boat in the morning to find the exact entrance, and after dark they lit a fire on the beach; so we knew just where to put the schooners. At daylight we sailed a long way up the bayou, winding about from bend to bend, with sweeps or tacking along the shore, and blazing the trees as we went along, until we came to a clearing in the woods, where the trees seemed to have been felled by a hurricane. It was gloomy and silent enough—a solitude which we disturbed perhaps for the first time. Here we made the vessels fast to the trees, and all hands went ashore. We made tents of old sails, and in a few hours, to see the smoke streaming up among the trees, and see the boys capering after squirrels and climbing after birds’ nests, or flinging sticks at the alligators, you would have thought it was an old settlement.”

After a brief interval of rest, Richard went on :

When the provisions and everything else had been taken out of the schooners we hove out the allast (you remember, it was dollars), and carried into the middle of the clearing. Each man put his share into an earthen pot; his name, written on a bit of parchment, was placed inside, and his initials were scratched on the outside, and it was then sealed up carefully. The pots of gold and silver were then buried in a circle in holes dug tolerably deep in the ground, and every man planted a small tree over his treasure. Our common stock of treasures we next sealed up in a large jar, and buried this in the center of the circle and planted a good-sized tree over this also.

"After we had secured our valuables, as considerable time had been lost in doing all this, it was decided that the schooners should go off on another expedition at once, and they put to sea, leaving a few men under my charge to look after the camp and the treasure. Several weeks went by, and no news came from the absent schooners. Our stock of provisions began to run low, and it was impossible to get anything in that desolate maze of a morass, overgrown with tangled forests and cut up by muddy streams and bayous, especially as we had planted nothing in the clearing, and had not cleared any more of the land, as we expected that, of course, the schooners would soon return with a fresh stock. We had always been so lucky that not a soul of us dreamed of any trouble. Anyhow, the schooners never came back, nor did I ever afterward get any clue to their fate. They were probably captured and burned, or more likely foundered in a hurricane.

"The rainy season was coming on, and before long several of our number had fallen off with starvation and disease. My comrades and I talked over the situation, and finally concluded to look out for number one, and leave the treasure to take care of itself.

"Well, we had a ship's boat with us, and one day, after putting a few mouldy biscuits in our pockets, we took to our boat and followed the bayou until we came to the sea. Then we skirted the coast until we reached a settlement, and after that separated in different directions, for there was no tie of friendship to bind us, and we each had a sort of dread that the others might some way betray him. For years after I wandered about the country,—sometimes on the frontier,—until I enlisted in the army, not caring much what became of me, but half hoping that perhaps I should be sent to Florida, as turned out to be the case, to fight these Seminoles, and so perhaps catch a chance to look up the treasure we had buried in the forest. I never had had the ready money, nor, I'm not ashamed to say, the courage to go back alone to

that spot; but I got this shot in the leg, and here I am, and much good that treasure has done me! But it don't seem quite the thing, you see, that all that money and treasure should be buried there and be of no kind of use to anybody, and as you are the first and the last person that's been kind to me these many years, I'll trust to you to see that I have decent burial, and will tell you just how to go to find the treasure. It's all truth I've been telling you, and you need n't be afraid I'm spinning you a forecastle yarn, but just do as I direct you to do, and it'll make you the richest man in the country; and I don't know who deserves it better."

Richard Blount, after this, gave the surgeon very minute directions as to how to go in quest of the treasure. On the next day the pirate died. As soon after this as the surgeon could get leave of absence, he made arrangements with a friend to go after the supposed mine of wealth concealed in the forests of Southern Florida. He could not quite believe the story, but the circumstances under which it had been disclosed and the fact that money had often been concealed by the freebooters of the sea, made it sufficiently probable to warrant chartering a small, light-draught schooner and engaging a crew of blacks able to work the vessel and willing to dig in the mud after gold. It was only by a very close and tedious observation of the coast that the mouth of the bayou was found. On entering it from the sea, the line of trees which had been blazed was also discovered with some difficulty and traced from bend to bend in the dusky light of the primeval forest.

Guided by this clue, often but faintly distinguishable, the treasure-seekers, after slowly sailing along the devious mazes of the silent waters of the wilderness until they almost despaired of reaching the end in view, at last burst suddenly upon a sort of clearing in the dense mass of vegetation, overgrown with trees of younger growth, arising from which a circle of larger trees could be distinctly traced, with a central shaft lifting its feathery tuft of foliage far up into the blue sky. Tent-stakes and other relics of extinct life were also visible amid the rank grass which overgrew the soil. Everything, thus far, had proved exactly as described by Richard Blount, and it was reasonable to suppose that, as the story had been found to tally in the minutest details with facts, it would continue consistent throughout. It was, therefore, with renewed zest and with the burning impatience which tortures the soul when one is confident of the result and sees the desired object almost in his grasp, that the doctor seized a pick-axe, and ordering his men to follow suit, broke ground in the last stage of the quest after a treasure which his fevered

fancy pictured as more and more colossal as the rapturous moment approached when it would be opened to view. Such was his impatience that he was the first to make a discovery. The point of the pick, after turning up the soft soil almost noiselessly for some anxious minutes, at last struck

jar, but on trying to raise it they found it was cracked in several pieces, and that the bottom had fallen out. What was more important, the jar was empty! Here was a disappointment, to be sure; but they would not yet give up heart; there were still many jars, and perhaps this one was only a



IN THE BAYOU.

something hard with a most decided click. The next stroke the sound was repeated and at the same time a bit of red pottery was thrown up. The doctor, perspiring with excitement, flung aside the pick-axe and, falling on his knees, began to draw out the earth with his hands, while everyone stopped his work and looked on with breathless expectation. It took but a minute to bring to light an earthen

“blind.” But jar after jar was turned up and all were found more or less broken, and not a dollar did one of them contain. Last of all, the searchers cut down the central tree and unearthed the large jar over which it stood. This also, crowning disappointment of all, was in the same condition and contained only earth-worms. Baffled, but not quite disheartened, the treasure-seekers, as a last resort,

g several feet below where the central jar had en. They did not find the treasure they sought, t they ascertained where it had gone.

They came to water, and thus discovered the ution of the mystery, and what had robbed em of the gold. They stood on a mere alluvial ast of oozy soil, under which the water percolated some depth below. The moisture of the earth d softened the jars, and the weight of the treasure d carried away the bottoms and caused it gradu- y to sink lower and lower, as in a quicksand, til it had dropped into the water and, of course, t of sight.

There was nothing more to be done but to aban- on further operations for the time, as such a result

had not been foreseen and the means for raising the money were not at hand. But the following year the doctor returned to the bayou with a pump- ing machine and ample apparatus for his purpose, and after much labor was partially rewarded for his trouble.

Doublons and guineas, vases and caskets of precious metals elaborately chased, the handiwork of skilled artisans of various races and ages, and gems of price, which had long lain concealed in the slime of the forest, again flashed in the sun- beams. But all the lost treasure was not regained; some of it eluded the closest scrutiny of avarice or enterprise, and still lies buried forever under the waters and the sod of Florida.

THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER.

By H. H.

How did I know what the ants had for dinner st Monday? Ha, it is odd that I should have nown, but I'll tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a big pine-tree, high up on a igh hill-side. The hill-side was more than seven ousand feet above the sea, and that is higher an many mountains which people travel hundreds f miles to look at. But this hill-side was in Colo- ado, so there was nothing wonderful in being so igh up. I had been watching the great mountains ith snow on them, and the great forests of pine- ees,—miles and miles of them,—so close together at it looks as if you could lie down on their tops nd not fall through; and my eyes were tired with ooking at such great, grand things, so many miles ff; so I looked down on the ground where I was itting, and watched the ants which were running bout everywhere, as busy and restless as if they ad the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw, under a tuft of grass, a tiny yel- ow caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along a very strange way. In a second more, I saw n ant seize hold of him and begin to drag him off. The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, nd his body was more than twice as large round s the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you need n't think ou're going to be strong enough to drag that fel- ow very far."

Why, it was about the same thing as if you or I should drag off a heifer, kicking and struggling

for dear life all the time; only that the heifer has n't half so many legs to catch hold of things with as the caterpillar had. Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to take a good grip of any- thing; and he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he couldn't use his legs very well. Up and down, and under and over stones and sticks; in and out of tufts of grass; up to the very top of the tallest blades, and then down again; over gravel and sand, and across bridges of pine-needles from stone to stone; backward all the way,—but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head-foremost,—ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him. I watched him very closely, thinking, of course, he must be making for his house. Presently, he darted up the trunk of the pine-tree.

"Dear me!" said I, "ants don't live in trees! What does this mean?"

The bark of the tree was all broken and jagged, and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. But he did n't mind; down one side and up the other he went. They must have been awful chasms to him; and to the poor caterpillar too, for their sharp edges caught and tore his skin, and doubled him up a dozen ways in a minute. And yet the ant never once stopped, or went a bit slower. I had to watch very closely, not to lose sight of him altogether. I be- gan to think that he was merely trying to kill the

caterpillar; that, perhaps, he did n't mean to eat him, after all. Perhaps he was merely a gentlemanly sportsman ant, out on a frolic. How did I know but some ants might hunt caterpillars, just as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food? If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport for him very soon, you may be sure, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel; and if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered. Just then my attention was diverted from him by a sharp cry overhead. I looked up, and there was an enormous hawk, sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after him, pouncing down on his head, and then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what that meant. Mr. Hawk also was out trying to do some marketing for his dinner; and he had had his eye on some little birds in their nest; and there were the father and mother birds driving him away. You would n't have believed two such little birds could have driven off such a big creature as the hawk, but they did. They seemed to fairly buzz round his head as flies do round a horse's head, and at last he just gave up and flew off so far that he vanished in the blue sky, and the little birds came skimming home again into the wood.

"Well, well," said I, "the little people are stronger than the big ones, after all! Where has my ant gone?"

Sure enough! It had n't been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared. At last I found them—where do you think? In a fold of my water-proof cloak, on which I was sitting! The ant had let go of the caterpillar, and was running round and round him, perfectly bewildered; and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers in the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever. I suppose if I could have seen his face, and had understood the language of ants' features, I should have seen plainly written there, "Dear me, what sort of a country was that I tumbled into, so frightfully black and smooth?" By this time the caterpillar had had the breath pretty well knocked out of his body, and was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of his getting away from him. So he stopped a second now and

then to rest. Sometimes he would spring on the caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still on one side and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head. All the time, though, he was working steadily in one direction; he was headed for home now, I felt very certain. It astonished me very much at first, that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went on their own way, and never took so much as a sniff at the caterpillar. But pretty soon I said to myself:

"You stupid woman, not to suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people! When you passed Mr. Jones yesterday, you did n't peep into his market-basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently, the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to meet another ant who was coming toward him. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but I could easily imagine, for they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and then they lugged him along finely. It was only a few steps, however, to the ant's house; that was the reason he happened to meet this friend just coming out. The door was a round hole in the ground, about as big as my little finger. Several ants were standing in the door-way, watching these two come up with the caterpillar. They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the door-step, and almost before I knew he was fairly there, they had tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was, how the ants came running home from all directions. I don't believe there was any dinner-bell rung, though there might have been one too fine for my ears to hear; but in less than a minute, I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole. I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves.

I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick, and see what had become of the caterpillar. But I thought it was n't quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to find out how he cooks his beef for dinner; so I sat still awhile, and wondered whether they would lay him out straight on the floor, and all stand in rows each side of him and nibble across, and whether they would leave any for Tuesday; and then I went home to my own dinner.



THE LARK'S NEST.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

ONCE was a meadow, where in the June weather
 Daisies and buttercups blossomed together.
 There came a field-lark and built her a nest,—
 Five speckled eggs she hid under her breast;
 Sitting alone, while afar and above her
 Rang the sweet song of her mate and true lover;
 While the brown bees all about her were humming,
 And the gay butterflies going and coming,
 Dear little mother-lark never grew weary,
 Never once found herself lonesome or dreary.
 Five baby-larks to be had for the hatching!
That, she thought, paid for her waiting and watching.

When, by and by, came a creeping and cheeping,
 That told the young things from the egg-shells were peeping,—
 "Oh!" cried the mother-bird, chirping, caressing,
 "What have I done to deserve such a blessing
 Perfect in form, and delightful in features,
 Who could have dreamed of such exquisite creatures?"
 Day after day, in a rapture of pleasure,
 She fluttered and fidgeted over her treasure;
 Cuddled them, sang to them, morning and noon,
 Told all the sweet things that happen in June—
 How the red roses, and larkspur, and clover,
 Dressed in their jewels would sparkle all over;
 How, by and by,—and the lark gave a sigh,—
 All those poor blossoms would wither and die.
 But before snow came, or wintry wild weather.
They would spread wing and fly south all together.

Once, with a tale on the tip of her tongue,
 Poor little mother-lark left it unsung;
 Over her frightened head, gleaming and ringing,
 Came a long scythe, through the meadow-grass swinging.
 Dear little lark, all a-tremble for breath,
 Covered her babies, and waited for death.
 But it flashed over her; then to the crisis
 Bravely she rose, with her ready devices;
 Wasted no time in complaint or repining,
 But plucked the dry grasses, and twisting and twining,
 Wove her a roof to arch over her nest,
 Nor stopped for a moment to idle or rest.
 Weaving it, one of the mowing-men found her,
 While the scythes glistened and whistled around her.
 Then he declared that on her and her brood,
 Danger nor terror again should intrude.
 So all the day, through the coming and going,
 Mother-lark sat undisturbed by the mowing;
 And long before winter, or stormy wild weather,
 All the young larks had gone flying together.



LILLY KNOWS IT'S TOM—BUT THEN IT'S "SO DREADFULLY, AWFULLY HORRIBLE!"

THE COON'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLEN FRANCES TERRY.

NOW I always said the coon was n't to blame, and I say so still. What do you think? There was nothing like a looking-glass to be had in that great, green parade-ground; not even a bit of still pool where one might trim whiskers or smooth rough locks. Could he imagine himself ugly enough to give the children fits?

He was a queer fellow, for all the world like a small round muff of stiff grey fur, into which had crept a tiny animal. From one opening of the muff peeped a sharp nose, while from the opposite end hung a round fuzzy tail, like a pussy-cat's. Now suppose he had known all this he might n't even then have thought himself a fright.

He may be in the fashion at some New South Wales of the animal kingdom.

This is all about it. The coon was out for a walk, the evening being fine. First he smelled about the back-yard, where there was a charming fragrance of chicken from day-before-yesterday's

feathers. Then he crossed the parade and inspected Post No. 2, where the sentinel was walking up and down on the dry spots of the pavement. Three steps to the right brought him in front of the Colonel's quarters—an old-fashioned brick house, full of win-

dows. It was just beginning to open one bright eye after another, as lamps were lit here and there.

Master Coon halted in front of the door, and just then Sylvia, the children's nurse, came out with a white pitcher in her hand to go for water to the street pump.

After Sylvia, poured a broad ribbon of red light into the grey twilight, and then came a puff of warm air, blown up the kitchen stairway, through the hall and out at the open door. That was a pleasant, coaxing little breeze! It wrapped about you gently, like a warm shawl, and brought such agreeable news from the kitchen, where Mamma Frances was getting tea! Each little gale came rushing out, brimful of its own secret; and the coon heard them all.

"Tea!" whispered one.

"Toast!" cried another.

And the third was bursting with "Stewed oysters!"

Oh, Sylvia! why did you stay so long at the pump? And why could n't you let the Hobson's Joe go home quietly with the family rolls? But then, to be sure, I should have had nothing to say.

Oh! it was dreadful to turn a virtuous nose and a deaf ear to the pleadings of those unprincipled

rusts of perfumed air who laughed together as they ran up stairs, and sang, over and over again, the same words, "Tea!" "Toast!" "Stewed oysters!"

At last! at last that chilly, shivery animal could bear it no longer. Sylvia came up the steps with the water-pitcher balanced on her head, and presto! Master Coon slipped into the hall before her and waited in a corner for further orders from his nose.

But alas! in the meantime somebody shut the door,—the kitchen door,—and though he could hear the wind moan and whine on the other side, there was that solid oak-plank between the sweet oyster fragrance and that long, sharp nose which could never creep into its muff.

Sylvia was in a terrible hurry, as usual; so, shutting the hall door and opening the door of the dining-room, she fell in with a sort of plunge, which was her custom. What a pleasant sight! Fire-lights, and little fair-haired children playing in the red and yellow glow. Master Coon crept timidly forward, but the burning logs shot a spiteful little arrow, and by its light the odd intruder was revealed to Harry, of all people.

He was tilted back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, lazily enjoying the agreeable dispatches that the kitchen was sending in by way of the dumb-waiter. But, half asleep as he seemed, no sooner did the coon appear than he sprang up with a bound and gave chase to the poor beast. Hurrah! Tally-ho! Crash went the chair; away flew Harry, and before him fled the terrified coon. Oh, where? Here! There! Everywhere! Upstairs—downstairs—down the passage—back again—now a cross-cut behind the wood-box—to the head of the stairs again—

Oh, cruel boy! Oh, innocent coon!

Harry had long legs; but the darkness was the coon's friend. At last both made a halt. Harry stopped half-way upstairs, listening in the dark for any soft, rustling noises, and, only two steps off, crouched the coon in a corner of the stairs, panting, trembling, in an agony of fear.

"I say, Sylvia! bring a light here!" shouted Harry.

Sylvia, forgetting tea, children,—everything,—fell upstairs with the kerosene lamp, which she hastily caught from the table. Here was a dreadful new enemy, with rows of white, shining teeth and heavy boots, which struck terror to the heart of the fugitive. Downstairs he flew, three steps at a time, while Sylvia was looking in all sorts of impossible places and Harry was moving out the wood-box to search behind it.

Meanwhile, as I said, the coon, passing them all unnoticed, flew down the stairs and sprang off the last three steps into the very face of little Julie!

Aunt Fanny was dressing in her room; mamma in the kitchen was consulting Aunt Frances about breakfast. Suddenly a piercing shriek rang through the house, then another in a different key.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-w-w!"

"Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-h-h-h!"

Then came a duet.

"Ohow-owoh-owoh!"

Aunt Fanny threw her towel over her shoulders, unbolted the door and flew to the rescue. She had ears only for the "Ow-ow!" notes, which she knew to be the wail of her blue-eyed darling, Julie. Mamma, at the same moment, arrived breathless from the kitchen stairs, and above all the deafening din she heard only the screams of Goldilocks—Nell.

Can't you see the tableau on the winding staircase? Harry, greatly excited, but quite useless, because wedged in behind the wood-box; Sylvia on the landing holding the kerosene lamp as if it were a pistol, and showing all her great teeth like a healthy young cannibal; Aunt Fanny flying down with hair streaming, towel flapping and shawl dragging; mamma, at the foot of the stairs, angry, breathless, distressed; on the third step from the bottom Nelly, trembling with fright and screaming in concert with Julie on the fifth stair.

What it all meant nobody knew, least of all the agonized coon, who had taken refuge in the corner on the door-mat. One thing seemed clear—the babies were left to their fate in the lower hall alone, and the anger of mamma and aunty broke forth.

"Oh, Harry! how could you leave——"

"To think of these poor——"

"Any one with the least man——"

"The most cruel——"

"The darlings; I would n't!"

"Ow-ow!" "Oh-oh!"

"Owoh! ohow!"

The din was fearful, and the amazed Harry vainly tried to make himself heard.

"But, mamma, I did n't——"

"My darling Julie, I never——"

"Nelly, pet, did they leave——"

"I should think any boy——"

"The darlings! They shall never——"

But Harry, floundering in this sea of words determined to be heard, and putting together his closed fists, like a speaking-trumpet, roared, as a captain might call to his crew in a north-easter:

"But—I—did n't—do—anything—but—chase—the—coo-oon!"

Just at this moment papa opened the front-door and Master Coon ran through as if twenty boys were after him, to say nothing of cannibals with great, white teeth. He ran fast and faster, till he slipped into a hole under the wood-pile, and there

in the darkness he listened and trembled for a long, dismal hour. I need not tell you that he never visited the Colonel's quarters again; and if he saw Sylvia with the pitcher on her head, going to the pump, or heard Harry's whistle, he scudded away to that safe little hole, where he hid himself and his fears.

Nelly and Julie sobbed and cried, and were kissed and petted to their hearts' content. They were also consoled by cakes from the cupboard and gum-

drops from Aunt Fanny's pocket, and were wise enough not to be comforted so long as these good things lasted.

Of course everything was explained. Everybody proved to have been right and nobody in the wrong.

But it was a relief to find, after all, that one person could be scolded, and that was Sylvia, who certainly ought not to have left the door open. Now that is my moral.



AT THE WINDOW.

IN and out, in and out,
Through the clouds heaped about,
Wanders the bright moon.

What she seeks, I do not know;
Where it is, I cannot show.

I am but a little child,
And the night is strange and wild.

IN and out, in and out,
Wanders the bright moon.
IN and out, in and out,
She will find it soon.

There she comes! as clear as day,—
Now the clouds are going away.
She is smiling, I can see,
And she's looking straight at me.

Pretty moon, so bright and round,
Wont you tell me what you found?

OLD PEANUTS' THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"HEY! old Peanuts! How much a pint?"

"Twelve cents," answered the old man who presided at the stand.

"But look here," said the ragged little questioner, "could n't you let 'em go for ten cents, 'eein' as I want to keep Thanksgivin' and have n't any more than this."

He held up a torn ten-cent stamp.

"That's no good," said the old man. "The Govern'ment don't take torn ones."

"There is quite a piece off it," said the boy, looking wistfully at the piles of peanuts, "but you could pass it. It was passed on me."

The old man shook his head. "Torn ones don't go," he answered.

"Gosh! That's so," said the boy. "I've tried it in three places. Can't keep Thanksgivin', I s'pose. Wish I war you."

"Do you?" asked the old man, smiling faintly.

"But I am not keeping Thanksgiving either."

"I would, if I war you," said the boy. "I'd eat a whole quart."

"You would n't, if you had no teeth to eat 'em with," answered the old peanut seller, "and did n't like 'em. Once I cared for peanuts; but that's long ago."

"What do you keer for now?" asked the boy.

"How do you like to keep Thanksgiving?"

"I should n't care to keep it at all," said the old man. "I used to keep it; but one day is like another now, and that is best for me. I have nothing to be particularly thankful for now-a-days, and I don't want to think of the old times."

"How were the old times?" asked the other leaning against the lamp-post close by.

"What'd be the use of telling you," grumbled the old man. "You could n't help me,—nobody could that I know of."

Yet he went on as if it relieved him to tell his troubles even to the small ragged boy beside him.

"My boy John went out West, and was scalped by the Injuns. I knew how it'd be. I wanted him to stay on the old farm with me; it was in Pennsylvania; but it was a small place, and half stoned, and mortgaged for nearly all it was worth at that; so he would go to make his fortune, as he said. His wife that he left behind him till he cleared his claim fit for her to live on,—why, in less'n a year after he was dead, she married again, and they

took John's boy with 'em to New York. That's the last I heard of little Johnny."

"But did n't you come to New York to look after him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the old man, "of course I did, or I would n't be on this Chatham street corner selling peanuts to-day. She promised to write, but she never did, so at last I could n't stand it any longer and I sold the old place and came to New York. I got partial track of 'em two or three times, but at last I had to give it up. Then my money was about gone, and I set up this stand and have sold peanuts ever since—that's five year. No, there's no Thanksgiving for me unless I find Johnny; and I never shall."

"Mebbe you will," said the boy. "Things tarn up sometimes when you aint a-lookin' fer 'em, like this ten-cent stamp. I did n't set any hopes on keepin' Thanksgivin'; but a man says to me, as I was a-standin' in Fulton market, 'Would you carry this turkey as far as the Third avenue cars?' So I did. But as sure as my name is Johnny Mooney I was cheated after all, unless you take it."

"Is your name Johnny?" asked the old man. "Well, then, you shall keep Thanksgiving for me, for your name."

He poured a pint of peanuts in Johnny's hat. The boy held out the torn stamp.

"No, no," said the old man, "throw it in the gutter. I might pass it on somebody that'd go hungry on account of it. I don't want to be wicked, if I can't be thankful."

"Then here she goes," said Johnny, tossing the stamp into the gutter, "and thank you, Old Peanuts. But what makes the boys all call you 'Old Peanuts?'" he added, cracking a nut between his teeth; "or mebbe it's your name?"

"It's as good a name as any other," said the old man. "I have n't seemed to myself to be John Dorfling since that happened. So I'd rather be called Old Peanuts."

Johnny went down Chatham street crunching his peanuts and hopping in glee, and Old Peanuts leaned his wrinkled cheeks in his hands and sighed.

"May be worse things'll come upon me by my unthankfulness," he said to himself; "but I can't be thankful. But worse could not come. If I had only died long ago!"

Presently another small boy stopped in front of him,—ragged, shoeless and hatless, but with a clean, jolly-looking face.

"Five cents' worth of peanuts," he said, briskly.

Old Peanuts poured the peanuts into the boy's pocket, which he held open to receive them.

"And here 's a ten," said the boy.

"A torn one again!" said the old man. "It looks like the very same one offered me just now. Where 'd you get it?"

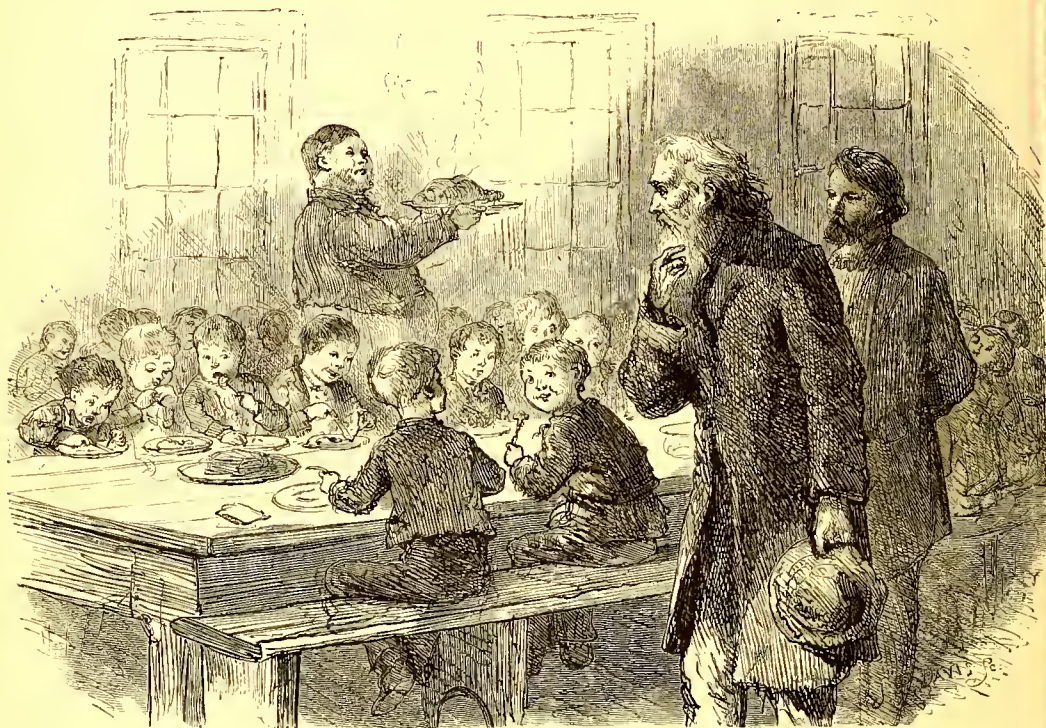
wont let me in," he said, laughing and trying to disentangle the mass of brown hair on his head.

"Who wont let you in?" asked Old Peanuts.

"Why, the Mission," answered the boy. "And it's most time to be there."

"The stamp is n't good," said Old Peanuts, handing it back to the boy.

"Why, yes, it is," said the boy. "It's only dirty."



OLD PEANUTS INQUIRES AT THE MISSION-HOUSE.

"Out of the gutter down the street," said the boy.

"It must have gone floating down," said Old Peanuts. "Well, they say a bad penny always turns up again."

"Give me the five, quick," said the boy. "I want to buy some taffy with the rest."

"Going to keep Thanksgiving, too, I s'pose," said the old man, "though I'd like to know what you can have to be thankful for."

"Lots," said the boy. "Fustly, for this luck. I don't pick up ten-cent stamps every day."

"Well, and what else?" asked Old Peanuts.

"'Cause I'm going to get a splendid dinner. But I must give my hair a-pullin' out, or they

"But it's torn," said Old Peanuts. "I told a boy just now to fling it into the gutter."

"He must be a funny boy to fling stamps away," said the boy, laughing.

"No," said Old Peanuts; "not so funny as you think; he only went in for being fair. But I gave him a pint of peanuts because his name was Johnny."

"Then you ought to give me a pint," said the boy, laughing again, "for my name's Johnny, too."

"Don't stand there laughing at me and telling lies!" said the old man, impatiently.

"T aint lies," answered the boy. "My name is Johnny. There! I can prove it." He drew a

small thin card out of his jacket pocket and held up. "Read that," he said, triumphantly.

It was a card of admission to the Mission-House inner. The old man snatched it and read "John Dorfling."

"You!" he said. His hands shook so that the card slipped out of them. Just then there came a gust of wind and away went the card and the boy after it. The old man tried to call him back, but he was too much agitated to speak. He shook in every limb, but he started after the boy, running as fast as he could. But the boy ran twice as fast, and he disappeared around a corner. Then the old man raised a feeble cry, "Johnny! Johnny! top, Johnny!" He turned the corner, breathless, ut the boy was no longer in sight. On went the old man, looking right and left, peering in the open door-ways and gazing wildly down the cross-streets. But suddenly he thought, "How silly I am! He has found his ticket and gone to the Mission inner." So, with renewed hope, he turned his steps toward the Mission.

He explained his errand to the door-keeper, and was ushered into a large room where two hundred or more boys and girls sat at long tables laughing and talking merrily and devouring good things. Up and down the passages Old Peanuts walked, gazing at every brown-haired boy; but he did not see Johnny.

Then the children were appealed to. Silence was called for and the question asked, "Is John Dorfling here, or does any one here know him?" But all the children shook their heads. The superintendent then searched the books and found the name "John Dorfling," he said, "but no address. He probably did not know it. Many of the children cannot tell where they live."

"But I suppose he will come in again next Sunday," said Old Peanuts.

The superintendent shook his head.

"It is doubtful," he said. "You see a great many come in a week or two before Thanksgiving, because we give them all a good dinner. But only those who have been with us three months have tickets to the Christmas festival. Yet he may come next Sunday again. Drop in and see," he added, unwilling to send the old man away without any hope.

"Ah! if I had only staid at my stand," Old Peanuts thought, as he hurried along to the Chatham street corner. "He has the ten cents and the peanuts too, but if he is like his father he will come back." So he went to his stand, vaguely expecting to find his grandson there. But the other Johnny stood beside the stand instead.

"You ought not to leave your stand 'thout anybody to look after it," he said. "A lot of fellers

war agoin' to make off with your peanuts, but I happened up and hollered 'Perlice!' and they thought I owned the concern and took to their heels. The perlice did n't come, but I kept guard and sold five pints too. And there war a boy here as said he owed you five cents, and ——"

"Where is he?" cried the old man.

"Why, he left the five and he went away," said the boy. "I don't know which way; I war n't looking."

"It was Johnny," said the old man, wringing his hands. "Now I shall never see him again." In a choked voice he told the story.

"Don't take on," said the boy. "Ef I'd a-knowed it I'd held ont'er him. Next time I will. I'll know him again."

"Ah!" said Old Peanuts, tears rolling down his cheeks, "I thought I could n't have more trouble; but to find him only to lose him again, it is more than I can bear. But he is a good, honest boy,—I knew he was."

"I'll look for him," said the boy. "I was agoing to the Central Park to see the animals; but never mind; and it's an awful ways to walk, so I don't keer much. And here's for the five pints."

"No; keep it for taking care of my stand," said Old Peanuts.

"No," said the boy. "The peanuts you gave me paid for that. I aint mean. Good-by. Don't fret. Mebbe I'll fetch him along afore you know it."

The old man sat down by his stand, but he could not rest.

"I'll look for him too," he said. "Ah! if I could only find him I would keep Thanksgiving. If God would only help me; but I have been so unthankful to Him I have no right to expect it."

He locked up his stand and went down toward the City Hall, then up Broadway and across Canal street, then down to Chatham street again, and through the dirty cross-streets and lanes,—up and down—up and down, until his feet were so tired that they slipped under him. At last when night came he went back to his stand, unlocked it and sat down on his stool. But he was worn out; and as he leaned his head against the pine-boards his eyes closed. Soon he was in dreamland. He was keeping Thanksgiving with his wife and his son and little Johnny. They were all at the village church, singing hymns, and then again at the old farm-house, eating their Thanksgiving dinner. Little Johnny climbed on his knee and kissed him, and then pulled his hair in fun.

"Don't pull so hard, Johnny," he said. And then he opened his eyes.

"Yes, I must pull, if you don't wake up," said a voice. "We tried ticklin' and everything. You sleep so sound."

Old Peanuts opened his eyes widely and rubbed them, but still he was afraid that he was asleep, for the two Johnnies stood beside him.

"Went to Central Park after all," said the first Johnny, "and found him looking at the animals. Thought mebbe I would."

"Are you my grandpop?" asked Johnny number two. "If you are, I'm glad, though you made me lose my dinner."

The old man drew the boy to him and held him closely in his arms as if he were afraid he would lose him again.

"And your mother?" he asked. "Will she let me have you?"

"She died," answered the boy; "died long ago—him too; and I take care of myself helping a junk man."

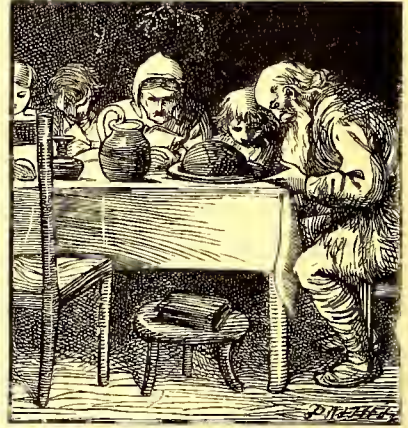
"And hereafter Grandpap will take care of you," the old man said. "Thank God, I have found you, and now we will eat our Thanksgiving dinner."

So, hand in hand, the three walked up the Bowery, and down a side street, to Old Peanuts' lodgings. He bought a cooked turkey and other good things on his way there, and at the door he stopped to ask a neighbor or two to "come up and help them be merry."

What a happy, blessed day they had, after all! How they talked and laughed, and how Old Peanuts leaned back in his chair and almost cried with

joy when Johnny sang a pretty song for them that he had learned at ragged-school!

For the first time in years, John Dorfling, when he sat down to the table, bowed his head in penitence and grateful prayer. But his thanksgiving did not end with that day, nor for many a day.



In fact, he is hale and hearty yet. This very year he and Johnny hope to keep "Thanksgiving" with the other Johnny; and after dinner they all are going to ride in the horse-cars to the Park to see the animals.

Yusuf

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

SOME time since there appeared in the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, an account of a Chinese boy named Joseph, or, as it is called in Chinese, Yasek, and it so reminded me of a little Arab boy in Egypt of the same name that I decided to tell you his story and show you the difference of the names in Chinese and Arabic.

In Egypt Joseph is pronounced Yusuf, and written as you see at the beginning of this sketch. You must commence at the right hand and read toward the left, which is the peculiarity of Arabic literature.

Little Yusuf was born on the shore of the Medi-

terranean sea, a few miles from the city of Alexandria. His home was a most cheerless place to civilized eyes; for it was a tent; not like the white, gaily-trimmed tents that dot the sea-shores of our summer resorts, but an old brown weather-beaten affair, patched all over and looking as if a strong gale of wind could easily blow it to pieces.

But here Yusuf spent his childhood; here he built his miniature houses in the sand, waded into the blue waves that curled on the shore, and sang away the long sunny days as happy a little fellow as ever lived.

That was a queer family to which he belonged.

The father was generally absent, for he was a camel-herder, and spent much time on his "ship of the desert," but the mother was always there; a brown-eyed woman, her chin and forehead tattooed, and her hair, poor as she was, braided in long, broad tuis and ornamented with gold coins.

There was a sister two years older than Yusuf, but, like the Chinese, the Arabs care little for the details of a family, and only rejoice when a boy is born; so Yusuf's sister was sadly neglected, as if a very insignificant specimen of humanity.

Then there were the goats (a most important part of the family), whose milk the mother sold. They were perfectly at home in the little tent, and ate and slept there without any hesitation or bashfulness. Many a time little Yusuf would fall asleep with the goats beside him.

The first money that Yusuf ever earned was by running out of the tent and begging every passer-by for a "backshush" (a present). I think he really did earn those few pennies which were thrown to him, for he would stand out in the hot sun and shout "Baksees" till he was hoarse; and such a rough appearance did he make in his one loose garment and fat little figure that many an amused traveler threw him a piastre (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents) out of pure good-nature.

As Yusuf grew older, however, he began to realize that he could not spend his whole life begging from a tent-door, and the thought suddenly flashed across his mind, "What shall I do?"

At last he said, slowly, "I should like to be a donkey-boy." But to be a donkey-boy he must own a donkey, and how to buy one was the question.

Poor little Yusuf sat down in the sand and counted, for the fiftieth time, his tiny store of silver, and with a deep sigh finally put it away again, saying, with true Egyptian philosophy:

"Well, if the Lord wants me to have a donkey, he will give me one." And having arrived at this conclusion he went home with his usual contented countenance.

Leaving Yusuf for awhile, waiting like the immortal Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up," let us see what class of boys is this which our little hero wishes to join.

The donkey is the great institution of Egypt. The long-eared creatures crowd the narrow streets of those far-off cities, ambling along sometimes with a fat Turk balancing himself with difficulty on the ungainly saddle. Again one paces along carrying an amused traveler intent on sight-seeing. And often, on the banks of the wondrous Nile, under the shadow of the palm-trees, beneath the golden light of the Egyptian skies, you may see one bearing a woman with a child clasped in her

arms, so like to that old familiar picture that you have looked upon many times, of Mary and the infant Jesus in their flight into Egypt! It is a more beautiful and touching sight than any other in that Eastern land.

I had almost compared the donkey-boys of Egypt to the news-boys of New York; and, indeed, I do believe them to possess many traits in common. Their rough, independent life, their intercourse with every class of humanity, their shrewd cunning, all may be found on this side the Atlantic in the streets of our own city.

They are quick to catch foreign phrases, and many of them can speak, though imperfectly, three or four languages.

When his passenger is mounted, the owner of the donkey—that is, the donkey-boy—always runs behind his property, urging him forward with a stick which he carries and with one magic word, well comprehended by the donkey, sounding like "Haa!" The boy will often run a long distance, apparently without fatigue, now and then breaking out into a wild kind of singing. They are the happiest race of boys in the world. What wonder Yusuf wished to join them!

And it was this class of boys that Yusuf was desirous of joining.

At present there was quite a band of them at every station in Ramlé,—the name of the settlement where he lived,—and when the train was due you could see them standing in waiting, with their keen eyes wide open, and all their energies awake, ready to spring upon the traveler like a cat upon a mouse.

"El barboor egy!" (the train comes) is their cry, as the iron horse comes snorting in at the depot. Then they all rush upon the first unfortunate man who alights, shouting:

"Tek dis donkey, howaga; he good donkey."

Another—"Coom here, mister; dat no good; mine de best."

A third—"Tally yu sitt, ente owes el harmai?" ("Come, lady; do you want a donkey?")

At last it is settled, and the riders go galloping across the plains. They pay the boys a few piastres for a short distance, and though they should surprise them with a double amount, the little ungrateful fellows will be sure to ask for more.

It was after watching these boys, and now and then rendering them some assistance, that Yusuf decided upon his vocation in life.

But time passed on in this strange monotonous land where the cold snows and frosts never come and the sun is ever shining. Still Yusuf seemed as far away from his desired hopes as when they first occurred to him.

One bright afternoon he was lying in the tent-

door half-asleep; the old mother sat busily making the coarse brown bread, which was to serve as their evening meal. The goats crouched in the sand in the shadow of the tent with their noses pointed to the sea, as if to sniff the fresh breeze that swept softly inland, shaking the loose sides of the tent till it sounded like the sails of a boat flapping in the wind.

The little girl had gone down to the water in an old woolen skirt that served as a bathing dress, and was far out in the waves, jumping up and down and plashing the crystal spray in every direction.

Suddenly there came a swift galloping from over the plains approaching every second nearer. Yu-

and may the good Allah grant thee success and favor."

So saying, he lifted the astonished boy into the saddle, and at a word the donkey was off with his delighted owner.

On, on, away over by the ruins of Cæsar's Camp away on by the unfinished Palace of the Khedive that building which superstition says will always remain uncompleted; for they say that the mother of His Highness dreamed once that when it should be finished her son would die. The workmen seem always busy, but the palace grows slowly; and now and then one part is torn down to be builded differently.

Yusuf began now to notice that the sun was ver-



YUSUF AND HIS DONKEY.

suf sprang up, and shading his eyes from the sun with his brown hand he looked in the direction of the sound. The mother paused in her efforts at bread-making, and put her tattooed face and torn dress outside the tent. The water grew very quiet around the little bather, yonder; she, too, was shading her eyes and looking eagerly; even the goats got up and came out of the shadow to see what was the matter.

"It is thy father, Yusuf," said the mother; "but he cometh sitting upon an ass."

As she thus spoke the father—for it was indeed he—alighted among them from a beautiful grey donkey, and throwing the bridle to Yusuf, he said:

"Take this gift, my son. I bestow it upon thee that thou mayest go out and seek thy fortune;

low; and, as the twilights are short in Egypt, he turned his face homeward that he might reach there before dark.

Ah! that was a happy night for Yusuf!

What visions of wealth flitted before his mind as he and his companion lay down to sleep after a good supper.

Yusuf dreamed that the donkey spoke to him, and that with every word pearls fell from his mouth.

But just as he was stooping to gather them up he was awakened by the loud braying of his new treasure, and springing up, he said:

"How now, my friend? Dost thou call me to arise? Good morning to thee—good morning."

So Yusuf has at last gained his desire, and now he is in the city of Cairo, among the donkey-boys

hat oriental place, fast learning their "tricks their manners." But let us leave him on those off banks of the Nile as Moses' mother left her

babe in the bulrushes of the same mysterious river, hoping that some good hand will lift him up and save him from the dangers around.



DICK HARDIN AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LUCY J. RIDER.

Ocean Grove, N. J., July 29, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I got here last night. Uncle Ben's folks live in a tent. We have lots of blackberries.

Willie has got a shovel to dig. He digs sand, and it feels nice to your feet. He goes barefoot, and I am going barefoot. All the boys go barefoot.

Please send me fifty cents, all together, and I will write the other letters pretty soon. I want it to buy a shovel, so I can dig too. Willie says he would not write a letter for the best ten cents that ever was born; but I told him a bargain 's a bargain; and Uncle Ben said, "Stick to that, Mister Gritty."

I was 'most starving on the cars, and had to get some candy, and the boy said may be there was a gold watch or a gold ring in the candy; but there was n't; so please send me the fifty cents. Aunt Martha sleeps in a lounge that has a bed inside of it, and Willie and I sleep on the floor, on a bed.

In the morning, hers shuts right up and makes a lounge, and ours is put away, I think, for it is n't here; only the floor.

I guess I don't make much trouble yet. I got some candy on my shirt, and some sand, but I wiped it off with my handkerchief. We came in a stage from Long Branch. I saw the President's house and the ocean. It has some pine-trees before it. And I saw a man with a tall white hat on him and a real cigar, and it was the President.

I sat with the driver, and the horses stepped in the mud. It came on my face, and my handkerchief stuck, so the driver let me take his. It was the shirt that made it stick so.

There 's lots of carriages here; and the driver is a black man, with white gloves and white pants and a tall white hat and tall shiney boots, and he sits up very straight; and a black coat, with two rows of gold buttons on the front side and tails.

The women look funny here. They have great big men's hats and blue glasses, and big umbrellas when it don't rain; and they walk round.

Willie goes in bathing 'most every day, and I am going this afternoon.—Your boy,

DICK HARDIN.

P. S.—How is the baby? Please don't forget to send the fifty cents.

D. H.

August 10, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I got the fifty cents and your letter. I got a shovel. This letter makes twenty cents. There's a nawful big tent, and they are going to have a camp-meeting. They preach right outdoors on Sunday, only there 's a little house with a bill on it where the preacher is.

They have Sunday-school in the big tent, and it's jolly. I go bathing every day. The men wear trousers, and the women wear trousers too, with little skirts and men's hats. Uncle Ben takes me

in, and when the breakers come he lifts me 'way up. The breakers are when the water is high up and foamy.

He made me float. You just lie down on your back, and he puts his hand under you.

I floated till I got some in my mouth. It's salt. It made me feel like castor oil.

You'd ought to see Uncle Ben float! He don't swallow any. The water comes right over his head and then it runs out of his nose and ears, and he don't care a bit: He can swim.

A woman's hat came off and she squealed, and he swam after it.

He says I can learn to swim. You just lie right down on your face and kick and paw, and don't get scared.

It makes your legs and arms look white in the water, and it looks like a big frog when you kick so hard. I wear one of Willie's suits, and it makes my arms long. A man called me "Hello, legs!" once. I think it is because the trousers are a little too short. They take out their teeth to go in bathing.

Something ails my shirts, they get dirty so fast. I tore a hole in my grey trousers; but 'most all the boys tear holes in their trousers; and Aunt Martha sewed it up.

Uncle Ben says there's big crabs in the sea, and once a crab caught his toes; but he kicked, and it let go. It did not hurt much. I aint afraid.

How is the baby? D. HARDIN.

August 20, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I have lots of fun. When I get cold in the water I come out and sit on the hot sand. Sometimes I lie down in the sand, but then the sand sticks to my clothes and scratches.

There are little crabs in the sand. You can turn them up with your toes. They kick awfully, and dig right down in the sand again till you can't but just see their backs. They have little shells, and you can't tell which end is the head, because they have so many legs.

There's lots of other folks down on the beach; and a man goes round and sells newspapers. There was a big fat woman and she had a little boy. The boy was scared and screamed very loud, but she pulled him right in and churned him up and down in the water.

'Most all the babies cry when their mothers take them in, and the women and girls squeal and say "Oh!" and breathe hard; but the men don't do anything, but just walk right in. I don't do anything, but just walk right in. When a big wave comes, that is n't a breaker, you must jump up, and the wave carries you a little ways back and sets you on your feet, if it don't tip you over. I used to

breathe when my head got under water, but it don't feel good, so now I don't.

I stepped on a smooth thing that wiggled, and got off. Uncle Ben said it was a lobster, and I said it was worse scared than I was.

I know how to row on the lake. Willie has boat. I have earned six cents rowing.

I broke Willie's oar, and he cried, and I gave him my knife and a fish-hook. It had one blade gone. We go fishing sometimes, and have worms and grasshoppers for bait. Aunt Martha says worms and cookies ought not to go in a boy's pocket.

I got my shoe wet, and dried it in the oven. I puckered up some, and I can't pull it on. I guess it burned a little, for it smelled pretty bad. I like to go barefoot.

The arm-hole of my coat 'most came out, but Aunt M. fixed it in. M. stands for Martha; and the place she sewed in my trousers came open, so now I wear my black ones. This is thirty cents. How is the baby? Your boy,

D. HARDIN.

P. S.—It was on the knee. I don't know what made it come open.



WHAT SHALL I WRITE NEXT?

September 1, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: This is four letters, which is forty cents. I think I'll row and earn the other ten, for Uncle Ben is going away soon. I almost cried when the letter came. I don't want to go home in the day-time; but sometimes Willie kicks, and the sea makes a nawful noise in the night. He had the toothache last night, and cried, and kept us all awake. Aunt M. (for Martha) put on some pepper and salt, but it ached worse. Then she gave him some dysentery medicine, and so he went to sleep.

When a big breaker comes, sometimes it knocks us over. I saw two girls; one had on a blue dress and a blue ribbon on her hat; the other had a brindle dress and a shoe-string. The shoe-string was on her hat, to tie it down.

They walked right in, but a breaker knocked them over, and all the folks laughed. The brindle one rolled over and over like a log, but the blue

one went endways and turned three somersaults—I counted. The men ran and picked them up, and they coughed and sneezed. The blue one looked hoppin' mad, because the folks laughed; but the brindle one laughed too.

Uncle Ben got me a new pair of shoes. I have got a crab in a bottle of vinegar for the baby.

Your son, DICKENSON H.

VENUS OF MILO.

BY M. D. RUFF.

THE most beautiful lady I ever saw was born about two thousand years ago. In all that long time she has not once turned her head nor ever moved her lips to answer, though men and women everywhere have been her lovers; though artists have worshiped and poets have sung to her; though wise men have written learned treatises and searched mouldy records to discover her story.

She has no color in her face, nor in her eyes or hair. One cannot say that she is blonde or brunette. She stands quiet and majestic in a great room, with a soft, unchanging, lazy smile upon her face, reigning like a queen over many subjects, as old and silent and colorless as she, but far less lovely. People who love beauty travel from all parts of the world, far and near, to look upon her; but from out this crowd of gazers no fairy-favored prince has ever stepped to give her that magic kiss which would start the blushes into the pale face and set the fair limbs free from the sleep which has bound them through the coming and going of the ages.

But I can beguile you no longer with this semblance of an old fairy tale. My "Sleeping Beauty" will never stir; she is imprisoned in a block of defaced and discolored marble; my beautiful woman is only an antique statue, miraculously preserved for us from the days when the Greeks were masters of the world, and of all arts and knowledge as well.

This statue has been named "Venus of Milo." "Venus," because it is supposed to represent the Greek goddess Venus, and "of Milo," because it was found in a garden on the island of Melos, one of the many islands in the Grecian Archipelago.

The garden was probably part of the pleasure-grounds of a wealthy Greek. In the midst, on a little hill, he built his house of marble, and from the wide open porticoes around it on every side, he looked abroad upon terraces, fountains, marble

pavements and statues; upon green waving fields, long avenues of orange and lemon-trees laden with blossoms and fruit, filling the air with sweet odor, vines clustering on the sunny slopes, and the red grapes. In the distance he saw the purple sea forever curving and swelling around countless islands set like jewels in its bosom; he watched the ships dipping and rising before the light wind, stopping at this port, then at that; here unloading, there taking on their cargoes of sweet nuts, figs and wine. Farther beyond still was Athens itself, and the Acropolis shining white and sharp through the clear, luminous atmosphere, against the blue sky.

But these rare sights passed away; invasion and war left only a few broken shafts and columns; the beautiful vineyards ran to waste, the fountains were choked up, the statues crumbled or were carried off by the Turks in their many incursions into Greece and its islands. The garden lay thus despoiled and neglected for many years, till, in 1825, the owner of a bit of it began to clear a hill-side for the planting of a vineyard. At the foot of the hill he chanced to strike his shovel against this statue of a woman. It was imbedded in the earth, and had been entirely covered up by the crumbling and washing down of the soil above, and so had lain concealed for hundreds of years.

It was no uncommon thing at that time for workmen and peasants to turn up from the dark earth vases, trinkets, bits of sculpture, and many fragmentary relics of those ancient Greeks who, centuries before, lived and wrought so nobly here. To the present race these tokens had no value that could outweigh the price they would bring in the market; they were too poor to gratify expensive tastes, even if they had had them. Besides, they had grown out of the old faith, and they gave no divinity to the arms and legs and mutilated bodies of the gods and demigods with which their fathers

crowded the earth and air and sea. Yet I am sure the traditions of his pagan fathers must have stirred in the soul of the man who brought back to the light of day this matchless figure.

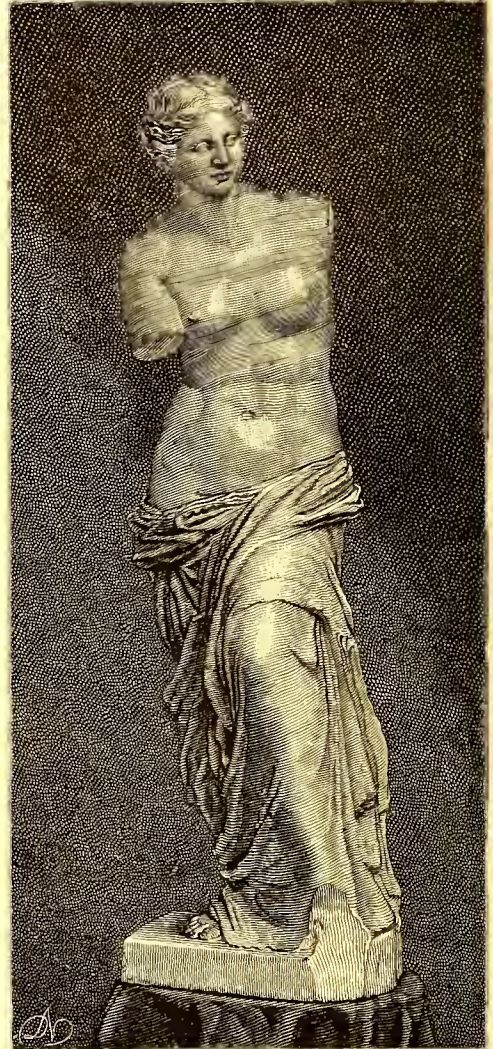
If he had such emotions at all, however, they were happily so slight that he was willing to sell the statue to Monsieur Brest, the French Consul, who, recognizing the value of the prize, bought it for five hundred dollars, and sent immediately for a vessel on which it could be shipped to France. Before this vessel arrived, the Turkish Government heard of the unearthing of the statue and hastily dispatched a vessel to bring it away, offering the owner five times more than the French price.

It was not in human nature to resist this. The Turks were given possession of the statue, and were embarking it on their vessel when the French ship arrived on the scene. A dispute and struggle arose, and later accounts say that the arms of the Venus, which had been detached for safer transportation, were seized by the Turks and are still in their possession. The first account was that the arms were gone when the figure was taken from the ground, also one foot broken off and several deep scratches about the shoulders and drapery. However this may be, the arms are still missing, and to this day the noble figure stands as you see in the picture.

It was placed in the Louvre, a magnificent art gallery in Paris, and at once called forth the profoundest admiration from artists and students and savans. Each one had some theory regarding the action of the figure, which the loss of the arms makes it impossible to determine. Some thought it was a Venus taking the apple designed "for the most beautiful;" others, that it was Venus embracing Mars; others, that it was a Venus coming from the bath with hair unbound and gathering her drapery around her, or Venus using a polished shield for a mirror; while others argued that it was no Venus, but the protecting nymph of the island of Melos, or the figure of a Victory resting a buckler upon her bended knee and inscribing upon it the name of a hero.

Of the genius who created this figure nothing certain is known, in spite of the research and skill of students. From the manner of workmanship it is concluded that he came after the time of Phidias,—whom you will hear named as the father of Greek sculpture,—and belonged to the later school of Lysippus, he who, pointing to the passers-by, said to his pupils, "There are your teachers." But when the Greeks themselves had such questions of doubtful authorship to settle they said that the statue fell from heaven; and we may be content to decide this question in the same way. The man who lived and died two thousand years ago is not likely to contradict us to-day.

But the adventures and perils of our fair lady are not yet over. During the late war between France and Germany, when Paris was besieged, and the shells were whizzing and flying over the walls, when women gathered their babies in their arms and ran



VENUS OF MILO.

shivering through the streets seeking safety, when strong men filled the air with shrieks and groans of death, then this lifeless, defaced statue was remembered and protected. It was put into an oaken chest, padded and cushioned, and at night a body of tried and faithful men bore it to a secret place in an underground cellar, known only to themselves. I have read furthermore that it was placed in a

he in an inner wall and built closely around with plaster and cement, so as to be not only safe from German shells, but hidden from German eyes and ears; for they would not have lost much time in bringing away the lovely figure to enrich their own capital of Berlin.

It is like to think of these brave Frenchmen, so devoted and true to art. I believe they would have laid down their lives in this cause, knowing that once had many other brave men to fill their places, but that in all the world there could never again be such a work as this lovely "Lady of Milo."

She lay in the dark and damp, through all the black and ruin of those fearful summer days; she opened the bursting shells and the communists' shells, and when the danger was past and men's thoughts turned again toward beauty and grace she was replaced in the Louvre, and stands there as serene and gracious as ever, the most perfect type of that pure Greek art which all the world admires, but cannot reproduce.

Do you wonder why? It would make a very long story to give you all the reasons. But one great reason is that our artists and sculptors despair of finding any living models, either of men or women, so noble and natural and simple as those which the Greeks saw around them everywhere. For they made it the business of their lives to grow black and blooming; from beautiful children to beautiful men and women, and so on to a happy, prosperous old age.

In that olden time "a child was taught to read, write and cipher; to play the lyre and chant the national odes, celebrating brave deeds and great victories; to wrestle and to perform all other bodily exercises." Youths and maidens went daily to the gymnasium, and there were practiced in running, jumping, throwing the lance and discus, and in every other exercise which could make them strong, healthy and agile. Then the wise were strong

and the learned beautiful. There were no narrow chests and stooped shoulders; no pale faces and blinking eyes from desk and study and school-room; no warped muscles from work-bench and loom. Artisans, philosophers, poets, rich and poor, went alike through a daily course of training, ate sparingly, and lived through all seasons in the open air. "For there is no winter in this land. Evergreen oaks, the olive, the lemon, the orange and cypress form in the valleys and on the hillsides an eternal summer landscape; they even extend down to the margin of the sea, and in February, at certain places, oranges drop from their stems and fall into the water." In this mild and balmy atmosphere they required scant clothing and light diet. They had neither cold nor heat to guard against; the kindly fruits of the earth were all they needed to keep them in health and courage.

Now look carefully at the picture of the Venus, always remembering that it is a copy from a plaster cast, a copy of a copy, and therefore imperfect. It will serve only to introduce you to the statue; then if you are in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, go to the Academy of Fine Arts and see the life-size cast. You will hardly like it at first, but look more than once; study it; insist upon liking it; for by your admiration of this you may measure your power to appreciate any other work of true art. Venus stands, you see, simply and easily, without affectation or weariness. If she could come out of that marble stillness and walk across the room you would know what is meant by the "poetry of motion." I saw it the other day in an Indian woman. She was wrapped close in a dingy, dirty red blanket, and her face showed nothing but brutal, low instincts, but she walked through the staring crowds on the streets with such dignity and directness, such an erect and pliant figure, such a full and perfect play of muscles that I said to myself, "So the Venus of Milo would walk if she were wakened from her long sleep in the marble."



THE AARD-VARK.

BY JAS. C. BEARD.

OF the tribe of animals to which the strange creature represented in the accompanying illustrations belongs, none have traveled so far or seen so much of the great world as this particular one, rabbit and the pig. It has a long, irregular head short limbs, ending in large flat feet; a tail, which the whole bulk of the animal tapers gradually to a point; and enormous claws.



THE AARD-VARK AT CENTRAL PARK.

whose portrait was taken for ST. NICHOLAS while it was on a temporary visit to Central Park.

Even the great Zoological Garden in London, which forms the largest collection of living animals in the world, does not contain a specimen. In fact, it is very difficult to capture this animal alive, as it is extremely timid and wary, and with its great claws can burrow out of sight in a few minutes. Its home is in Africa, and its name Aard-vark, which means earth-pig. At first sight, its singular form seems a sort of compromise between that of the

Along the wide stretches of sand in Africa are to be seen great mounds, very similar in shape and appearance to the huts of the black men, but much more strongly built, consisting of mud which has hardened almost into stone in the heat of the sun.

These buildings, which are far superior to the houses constructed by the human beings who people the country, are erected by small insects called termites, or white ants, and are, in proportion to their builders, larger than any edifice ever constructed by man.

In this region, as evening advances, numerous althy creatures, never seen by day, creep forth m their hiding-places in the jungle in search of od, and among them are the Aard-varks; their ng snouts projected in every direc- n, their brilliant black eyes wide en and their great ears thrown ward on the alert.

If the coast is clear, an animal of s kind—perhaps a mamma, folved by a couple of the queerest le babies imaginable—makes her y up to the nearest ant-hill, and, ting upon her haunches, tears it pieces without loss of time, break- g up the stony walls with perfect se, and bringing dismay and death the inmates, to whom, instead of e timid creature she appears to , she is a terrible, devouring mon- er. So rapidly does she sweep e insects into her mouth by the ift movement of her long tongue, ich is covered with a thick, sticky bstance to which the ants adhere, at soon, of all the bewildered ultitude which filled that great ound, not one is left to behold and urn over the destruction of its le world.

There are animals closely related the Aard-vark, which are covered th large horny scales instead of hair; and which, sides indulging in other strange habits, generally

sleep rolled up in the shape of a ball. But the Aard-vark, in endeavoring to follow so laudable a custom, only succeeds in standing on the top of its head, in which position it seems to sleep very com-



THE 'AARD-VARK ASLEEP.

fortably—so comfortably, indeed, that it afforded, as you see, a capital chance for a second portrait.

THE GHOST THAT LUCY SAW.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

ALL at once, right in the middle of the night, artha wakened wide up. And no wonder, for e bed-clothes were drawn up over her face so that e could hardly breathe. She threw her arm over Lucy's pillow, but instead of the curly head ere was only a big round ball, made by that same rly head having the covering all tightly pulled over and drawn down under it. The instant artha's hand touched the big round ball, it ricked out, "O! O!" as if somebody had taken for a foot-ball and given it a kick.

Then Martha sat up and commenced vigorously illing the sheet and counterpane away from the

little clinging hands that were holding them down so tightly, exclaiming as she tugged and pulled :

"Why, Lucy, what *is* the matter? What *have* you got your head all rolled up this way for? You almost smothered us!"

"O Martha!" piped the little girl's trembling voice, as she cuddled closer to her sister, "I am so glad you're awake. But don't speak so loud; there's something in the room!" And down went the little head under the covers again, and the little hands, by this time clinging around Martha's neck, pulled her head under too, while Lucy continued in an awful whisper :

"I thought, when I felt your hand, that *it* had flopped right down on my head, and I did n't know but that I was going to die right straight off, without ever bidding anybody good-by, and, oh! I had such dreadful thoughts, all in a flash."

"Why, Lucy, child," said Martha (Martha was eleven years old, and Lucy was ten), "you have been having bad dreams. Why did n't you call me?"

"I was afraid *it* would hear," she whispered back. "Please, Martha, don't speak so loud. Indeed there *is* something in the room."

"Of course," said Martha, sitting up in bed again and speaking louder than ever, "of course, we are here."

"Oh, don't, Martha; do lie down," entreated poor Lucy, almost beside herself with terror. "I've been watching it ever so long, and it gets bigger and bigger. It's just down there in the corner of the room, near the foot of the bed."

"Where?" said Martha, anxiously, opening her eyes wide and straining them hard to see in the faint moonlight.

"Down there; I dare n't look again. Last time it seemed like it nodded to me and got nearer this way."

"Lucy Brown, I don't see one single solitary thing that I have n't seen a hundred times before," said Martha, in loud emphatic tones. And her voice was so hearty, and her manner so fearless, that Lucy herself began to feel differently and less afraid of the terrible *something*, which she somehow still thought must be there, and which it seemed very strange to her that Martha could not see.

Once more she whispered, half interrogatively:

"Something tall and dark, with a white head," and then, in a sudden burst of confidence, "O Martha, I think—I thought—I did n't know, but may be it was a ghost."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Martha, loud enough and merrily enough to have made a ghost itself laugh, if there ever could possibly be such a thing; but as there was not, nor could not be, the laugh did some good, anyway, as every honest and merry laugh always does.

It put to rout Lucy's shadowy fears, and brought her sitting bolt upright in bed, but not by the side of Martha, for that merry little girl was flitting around the room, touching first one object and then another, shouting out, "Am I hot or cold?" in a vain attempt to find the ghost.

Lucy actually laughed aloud at this new way and time for playing "hot butter-beans please to come to supper," and it was not long after that that she grew so bold as to herself run up to the ghost and take off its white head, which, after all, was nothing but her own little white sailor-waist hanging upon the high back of an arm-chair. So that put an end to the ghost. But a new fear rose—Martha would tell "the boys," and she'd "never hear the last of it."

But Martha promised she would do no such dreadful thing; so Lucy in turn was very ready to promise that she would never be so foolish again, and to declare she knew that there were no such things as ghosts, and that if there were, they could n't possibly want anything from her, and that the very next time and every time she was frightened she would not wait a minute, nor half of a minute, but march right up and see what it was. And she always has kept her promise. To this day she has never found a ghost,—for a very good reason, which I am sure you will think of,—nor has she ever found a trouble of any kind that did not either disappear altogether or grow considerably smaller when she "marched right up to it" and saw what it really was.

EAST INDIAN TOYS.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

THE DOLL.

THE favorite playthings among East Indian girls are their dolls, which, although very different from any dolls made or sold in our country, are very precious to their owners. The East Indian dolls are made of light wood, painted in various colors, and they all look like our picture, varying only in size; the smallest is six inches, the largest two or three feet high. They are not jointed, and their little

Indian mothers cannot dress and undress them, or have the fun of making their clothes. The only thing that will "come off" is the head, which is secured by a peg fitting into a hole in the body. The feet are firmly fastened to a wooden stand and to the solid body of the doll.

Perhaps some of you children may like to make these East Indian dollies as curious Christmas gifts for your young friends. It will not be difficult to

some one, with this picture at hand for a model, cut the form for you out of soft wood, if you cannot do it yourselves; and for the rest you have only to paint the forms with bright colors (as I will describe) and to gum on a bit of gilt paper carefully here and there, according to directions.

The baby, or smallest doll, has a yellow dress, spotted with black, trimmed with a blue belt with white spots, and bands of red spotted with white around the neck and sleeves. The border of the baby's skirt consists of a narrow blue band spotted with white, and edged with yellow-grey, marked by a few black lines.

The big doll has heeled shoes striped with black, blue anklets spotted with white, and wears a solid, beautiful crimson skirt, ornamented by golden stripes and short bars. The curving line and leaf-pattern in front is also gold. On each side of this are two stripes of dark blue spotted with white; the border of the skirt is the same—blue with white spots; the bodice and part of the sleeves are of a

yellow-grey—the same color as the baby's skirt-border and the doll's shoes and legs. The upper part of the dress is dark blue, ornamented with yellow dots, arranged like stars, and trimmed with bands of white spots on red. Her bracelets (or, like the women of India, she wears many) are crimson and gold. The tall head-dress is painted yellow with black stripes, or blue with white dots, and red. Her front hair is ornamented with a gold band, also trimmed with white spots. The long black hair hangs from the back of her head in one long, tapering braid. This is painted on and extends below the waist, which is dotted with white spots arranged differently in groups in the center and in a line at each side of the braid. The face is very peculiar, as you see. The ears are crimson and

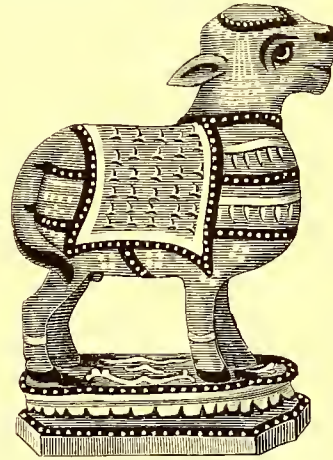


THE DOLL.

gold; the eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes and the ornament at the side of her nose is black; not only are her lips red, but the tip of her nose and one of the spots between the eyebrows; the other spot is green. One more green spot on her pointed chin completes her toilet.

THE COW.

The favorite plaything among the boys is the elephant, made of all sizes, and looking very much like the animals that stand on our toy-shop shelves. The boys play feeding their elephants with rice, etc., and giving them pails of water, just as regularly as some girls sing their dolls to sleep and put them to bed. The cow is a very funny toy, and comes next to the elephant in popularity.



THE COW.

All the real cows in India are white; but the toy cows are usually crimson and gold, and dotted with yellow—with blue stripes, dotted with white. The feet and tail are dashed with black, like the eyes and nose. The ears can be taken off, for they have little pegs that fit in a hole in the cow's head. In both these toys the colors are so arranged that the whole effect is pleasing. You can learn from these playthings, almost as well as from a thousand-dollar shawl, the Oriental rule for color, which is: Always separate different colors by lines of white, or black, or gold.

WHETHER fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,
The sun's in the sky.

Gloomy night, sparkle night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,
Stars are overhead.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE we are again, dear young folks, and this time on the very threshold of a new volume. Good! We shall be old friends soon. Meantime, it's the same old Jack who speaks to you, though the editors say they've a better picture of me this time than they had before. Well, well—whether it's the born, living image of me or not, I'll say this: I'm your own faithful, loving, Jack-in-the-Pulpit,—in rain or shine, yours to command, and may we honor and help one another to the end!

What shall we begin with to-day? Ah! I know:

TROWBRIDGE AND THE DROWNING BOY.

DID you ever hear about it, my children? The little bird who told me said he was sure Mr. Trowbridge would n't be willing to have it mentioned, but I can't help that. He had no business to do it, then. Besides, the boys and girls will forgive him, if he is so very much ashamed of it.

You see, the boy had broken through the ice, where the river (the Mystic River, in Connecticut) was sixty feet deep and the current fearfully strong. Men and boys stood at a safe distance looking on; but what could they do? The ice would n't hold, and there were no boats at hand. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge—heard the boy's terrified screams, and ran to the spot. He saw the little head bob under, saw it come up again, heard one shriek from the poor boy, and that was enough. With a couple of light boards torn from an old fence, he went out after him. But the ice was so thin that it sank beneath him, boards and all. The crowd shouted to him to come back; and he did.

But he brought the boy with him, safe and sound, and then went home and put on dry clothes.

The Massachusetts Humane Society awarded Mr. Trowbridge a large silver medal for this brave act; but, though he no doubt appreciated their motives

in doing him this honor, I'll warrant you the sight of that rosy little chap, running about alive and well, was worth more to him than all the medals in the world.

THE TORRICELLIAN TUBE.

THE pretty schoolmistress, in talking to the deacon the other day in our meadow, looked up at the cloudy sky and quoted a verse of poetry—something about something

"— from scale to scale,
Mounting amidst the Torricellian tube."

Now, what *did* she mean, my children? What is a Torricellian tube, and how did any tube ever get such a name as that?

THE WHISTLING-TREE.

DID ever you hear of such a tree? I have, for the birds tell me everything.

The whistling-tree is found in Africa. It is a strange-looking object, with branches white as chalk. It has long thorns, the inside of which is the favorite home of some tiny insect. When this creature crawls out to see the world, he of course leaves the door open behind him—that is to say, a small hole, through which he crawled. Now, the wind blowing through the tree when the leaves are off, makes a musical noise in these hollow thorns, so that it sometimes sounds like thousands of flutes playing at once. The natives call it the whistling-tree.

We've a whistling-tree in our meadow, but it is n't of the African kind. It bears boys, with cheeks as red as peaches. I've heard half-a-dozen of them whistling in it at a time. And they come down out of it with their hats full of wild cherries.

GOURDS AND PUMPKINS.

TO-NIGHT I counted five sorts of gourds that I've heard about. Mock-oranges, bottle-gourds (a sort that is turned to many useful purposes, and that you country children like to use for play-things), summer and winter squashes, and pumpkins. Did you ever think when you were tasting a nice baked squash or delicious pumpkin pie, that squashes and pumpkins were a sort of gourd?

AN IRON-CLAD RAT'S NEST.

THE pretty schoolmistress stopped by the stump and read a very wonderful thing, one fine day in July, to the children who were going with her to look for cresses at the brook—so wonderful that I'm going to ask the editors to get the same magazine and copy the story out for you. The story was told by Professor Silliman, and it came to him in a private letter from a friend. This friend was part owner of some property on the Oregon coast containing a saw-mill which had never been set fairly at work. Close by was a dwelling-house for the hands, and when they cleared out for lack of work, a quantity of things were stored there—tools, packing for the engine, six or seven kegs of large spikes, besides, knives, forks, spoons, etc., in the

osets, and a great stove in one of the rooms. Now the editors will please add the rest of the story; and you, my dears, will please bear in mind that the writer is talking about the California wood-t):

"This house," he says, "was left uninhabited for two years, and being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently taken into by tramps who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on an empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet high, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside to be composed entirely of *spikes*, all laid with symmetry so as to present the points of the nails outward. In the center this mass was the nest, composed of finely-divided fibers of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes, we found the following: about three dozen knives, forks and spoons; all the butcher-knives, rice in number; a large carving-knife, fork and steel; several large bags of tobacco; the outside casing of a silver watch, disposed in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse containing some silver, catches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool-closets, among them several large augers. Altogether, it was a very curious mixture of several articles, all of which must have been transported some distance, as they were originally stored in different parts of the house.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, for component parts, struck me with surprise. The articles of value, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this *iron-clad* nest, which I think unique in natural history."

TURNING A DESERT INTO AN OCEAN.

WHAT'S this the bees are buzzing about? It can't be true, and yet if my senses did n't deceive me, I heard one of them telling it to the clover this very morning. It was quite lost on the clover. He ought to have told it to the Ethiopian Calla in the garden. She would have appreciated it. The fact is, there's a rumor that the great African desert of Sahara is about to be turned into an ocean—that is, not right away, but as soon as matters can be settled in regard to it. I don't know exactly *why* they want to do this, but there's some good reason for it, you may depend. The French engineers have been holding counsel on the matter, and they say the thing can be done.

Just look into this business, my dears. Ask your fathers and mothers about it. Such things don't happen every day.

COULD IT OR NOT?

"It could n't do it, I tell you," said the man.

He and his companion had been walking briskly across my meadow; now they paused directly in front of me.

"But, my dear fellow," said the other, raising his voice, "I ought to know, for it sprang at me—don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes," answered the "dear fellow," "and so I should hardly blame you, my boy, if you thought the creature leaped sixty feet in the air and came down like a rocket-stick; but, you see, the thing's impossible; a rattlesnake never springs further than the length of its own body—you may bet your life on it. The end of the tail acts as a sort of pivot. They lie curled up like a spring, with head raised from the center. When the head shoots forward to strike, it goes exactly as far as the snake's length—no further. I've seen 'em dozens of times, and poked at 'em with a pole from

a safe distance. When they're not disturbed, they lie in the sun, limp and amiable as you please; but just touch them, and presto! comes the rattle, the warning and the spring, before you can say Jack Rob—"

"Ned," said the other, shaking his head as they passed on, "that's all true enough, but I tell you the fellow sprang more than twice his own length when he made for me."

"All right," laughed Ned, silenced but not convinced, "and I'll warrant you sprang six times your own length."

Now, setting good manners aside, which of these two was right?

BEWARE OF THE JINNEE!

A TRAVELED bird has told me about the Jinnee of Eastern mythology. It is a sort of genius, or demon, or sprite, among the Mohammedans, and it is said to have a transparent body, and to possess the power of assuming various forms.

Not a very pleasant individual to have around, I should say; and yet, now I think of it, it seems to me that we have something very like the Jinnee in this country. It gets into boys and girls sometimes, and puts on all sorts of shapes. It has various names, I understand, such as Affectation, Humbug, Hypocrisy, etc., and people *always can see through it*. Dear me! I don't like to think of this Mohammedan myth being so near home. Let's get rid of it! Let's scatter its thin body to the four winds! Let's all draw a good, honest breath, and blow it higher than a kite!

SOMETHING FOR THE BIG FOLKS.

THE other day, the minister came through the meadow. Of course his wife was with him, for they take a walk together every day. Nearly always, as I have already told the children, they sit down to rest on the big stump at the left, and then he generally reads her something. This time he took out a little scrap of printed paper, and after putting on his glasses, said:

"Here's an extract from a letter, Sarah, that I thought would please you. It was written by Dr. Channing in his old age to a dear friend in England—and, do you know, it quite reconciles me to growing old?"

"Read it, dear," said Mrs. Sarah.

And he read:

I rejoice with you in your improved health and spirits. Both of us, I suppose, are doomed to find the body more or less a burden to the end of our journey. But I repine not at the doom. What remains to me of strength becomes more precious for what is lost. I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds as now. My sight is so far impaired that the brightness in which nature was revealed to me in my youth is dimmed, but I never looked on nature with such pure joy as now. My limbs soon tire, but I never felt it such a privilege to move about in the open air, under the sky, in sight of the infinity of creation, as at this moment. I almost think that my simple food, eaten by rule, was never relished so well. I am grateful, then, for my earthly tabernacle, though it does creak and shake not a little. * * * * * The habit which I have of looking at what is interesting and great in human nature has no small influence in brightening my life.

The sun was setting as the minister put up the paper; so, nodding cheerily to his wife, he proposed that they should "move on."

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

(Arranged for parlor representation by G. B. BARTLETT.)

Four *tableaux vivants* and two pantomimic scenes accompany the reading of the piece by a concealed person.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

THE MISTRESS, in neat and tasteful home-dress.

KITTY, calico skirt, rather short; loose, short sacque; sleeves rolled up to elbow; very large, heavy shoes; apron.

FING WING, short full trousers, white stockings, black short frock, very long cue, face stained with ochre, long pointed pasteboard toes sewed on to slippers. His finger-nails can be lengthened by means of tinted tissue paper pasted on.

GROCER'S BOY, straw hat, trousers rolled up slightly, vest and shirt-sleeves.

Table, three chairs, clothes in basket, table-cloth, ironing blanket, irons-holder, market-basket, three paper packages, brown paper, box, pan, mop, dish of apples, knife, two trays, and a quantity of cracked and broken china for the "crash" in scene ii.

(R stands for right side; L for left side.)

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.*

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' did n't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the



day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner 'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaw about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any

other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, is n't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' shcared, "Here 's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken-you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down to it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens and taith 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I could n't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up 'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stooft, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick. I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I cud die. An' did n't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worst of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' my shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven could n't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I did n't. Did n't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cudden be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a-spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands

nenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to
ing Wing (which I never would call him by that name
any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she
es, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar
what not where they belongs. If you 'll belave me,
n Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take
a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze
ht afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an'
pacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up
the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a
ow o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive
s, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!"
a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He 's a hay-
n nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she.
'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be ar-
ted," says she. "You wont," says I. "I will," says
e—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cud-
nt take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left
at instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

As the concealed person who reads the above, aloud, goes on with-
interruption, each scene must be arranged in time to allow the
tain to rise and fall at the words designated. Of course, these
nes may be varied according to the wit and discretion of the actors
far as the allowed time will permit; but the following directions,
er having been practically tested, are offered as a guide.

SCENE I. (*tableau vivant*) opens at "Here 's *Fing Wing, Kitty!*" Mistress stands at center pointing out *Fing Wing* (R) to *Kitty*, who is washing dishes at table (L). She holds up her hands in horror. Closes at "Set eyes on."

SCENE II. opens at "Imitating that sharp." *Kitty* enters at L with a trayful of crockery, *Fing Wing* following at a short distance behind, laden in the same manner. He imitates her gait as nearly as he can, and when she stumbles and drops her china, he does the same immediately. Closes at "Bad luck to him."

SCENE III. opens at "And did n't the crayture offer to help." *Fing Wing* at the ironing-table (R), folding down the table-cloths "as innocent as a baby." *Kitty* (L) is watching him with intense disgust.

SCENE IV. opens at "Tinder feet." *Fing Wing* sits on table center peeling apples, his feet, from which he has taken off his shoes, are in a chair in front of him. Closes at "Paylin' anything."

SCENE V. opens at "Saturday mornin'." The mistress stands at center, *Kitty* at L with broom; and the action must be in unison with the reading. Enter Grocer's Boy with basket (R). *Fing Wing* enters (L): At a motion from the mistress he takes basket from the boy, carries it to table (L of center), and, taking a little very cautiously from each paper, wraps up the groceries, which he slyly conceals under the blanket after filling "the bit of a box" with them. *Kitty* seizes the box; a struggle ensues, which the mistress interrupts; both gesticulate according to the text. Then the mistress points to the door, through which *Kitty*, after hurriedly and angrily making up her bundles, and seizing her bonnet from a peg and putting it on, marches out with great dignity. *Fing Wing* stands (L) in attitude of triumph, with his arms and hands outspread, as the curtain falls.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DR. HOLLAND'S beautiful lullaby, in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, printed with the author's permission from the advance sheets of a new book, "The Mistress of the Manse," soon to be published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York.

"ORIGLE."—You and all other young folks are welcome to write the Letter-Box, whether subscribing to ST. NICHOLAS or not. We look upon every boy and girl who can read English, or look at a picture, as belonging in some way to ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, you may be in the army of Bird-defenders, too, provided you are resolved to keep the requisite pledge, even though you never expect to buy a copy of the magazine.

As for printing your letters, that is another thing. One entire number of the magazine scarcely would hold half the letters that come to us every month. We therefore must, as far as practicable, select those of the most general interest; but we make no distinction between the writers who "subscribe" and those who do not.

M. C. P.—Your "Return of Spring" might be worse, and it might be very much better, without making it specially conspicuous as a peculiar production. "The Heir at Law" was written by Coleman. The "History of England" is Macaulay's only large historical work.

New York, August 18, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Over the signature of "Aldebaran," in the September ST. NICHOLAS, I find a very clear and complete description of diamond puzzles. But "Aldebaran" errs a little in crediting. His second example was not invented by "Erustus," but is after the manner of "diamonds" that were in use long before "Erustus" even thought of that career in which he subsequently won so many admiring disciples. The puzzle in question as sent to a contemporary publication, more as a protest against the prevalent (but incorrect), and what "Aldebaran" calls the simple way of making "diamonds" than as any new or original idea.

"Aldebaran's" third way is original with an equally well-known puzzler, "Rusticus," a friend of "Erustus."

The fourth and best style, the "double-reversible" ("Aldebaran's" own), is certainly very unique and ingenious.

May I ask the pleasure of his acquaintance. And also may I take your handsome and interesting magazine the medium of re-linking the broken chain of past friendships with all my old puzzle-friends? Please say yes.

With many cordial wishes for ST. NICHOLAS' welfare,—I remain, yours sincerely,
"COLLEGE."

LEO C. B.—The novels of which you speak are popular; but in reply to your inquiry whether or not they are good for a boy of fourteen to read, we answer, they are not. Their humor is not refined, and their atmosphere throughout is feverish. You will be glad to find a story by C. A. Stephens, running through this and the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

N. P., who may or may not be bribed by an association of doctors and dentists, sends the following recipe for making sugar-candy. His excuse is that the result of trying it will be a candy far better, purer, cheaper and healthier than that which is often purchased in the stores. Our excuse is that it may afford the boys and girls a candy-making frolic or two on winter evenings, and enable them practically to taste the satisfaction of doing something for themselves.

SUGAR-CANDY.—One and a-half cups granulated sugar, one cup of water, tea-spoonful of vinegar. Boil gently over a steady fire, without stirring, removing the scum which rises. Try it in a cup of cold water to see if it becomes brittle as it cools. When this occurs remove it from the fire, add the juice of lemon, or any essence to flavor it, and pour into buttered pans to cool. Stick into the candy while cooling English walnuts, neatly taken from their shell. Roasted raisins, or the meat of any kind of nut may be used instead of the English walnuts.

The candy can be pulled if desired. If stirred while boiling it will harden into sugar, like the frosting of cake.

LULU CONRAD and others, who ask questions concerning Mr. Trowbridge, and "want to know just how he looks," will be glad to learn that *Scribner's Monthly* for November contains a portrait of their favorite, and a brief account of his life up to the present day.

To-day, as you all know, Mr. Trowbridge is writing a grand new serial for you, to begin in the January number, while Miss Alcott is as busily writing a beautiful serial story, which will also begin with the new year.

FOOLSCAP PAPER.

HARRY D.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Here are various replies to your query in our September Letter-Box:

DEAR EDITOR: In answer to Harry D.—'s question, I send the following, which I have copied from a book of Anecdotes, compiled by Henry Hupfield:

"Foolscap.—The origin of this term, as applied to a certain size of

writing-paper, came about in this way: When Oliver Cromwell became Protector he caused the stamp of the 'Cap of Liberty' to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., he—the king—had occasion to write certain dispatches, and some of the Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he said, 'Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap.'

I have often observed on a certain kind of foolscap a head crowned with a "liberty cap," and I think that probably it is much like the one mentioned here.

Cambridge, September 5, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS: Harry D. wanted to know the meaning and origin of the term "Foolscap Paper." I think I can tell him.

In Queen Anne's reign, certain duties were imposed on all imported paper. Among the various kinds was mentioned the Genoa "foolscap." The word is a corruption of the Italian *foglio capo*, meaning a full-sized sheet of paper. *Foglio* (leaf) is from the Latin *folium*. It appears in the French as *feuille*. My information is taken from Graham's "Book about Words."

ALICE M. W.

LURA FREEMAN, MINNIE WATKINS and CARRY MELVIN send substantially the same answer to Harry.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In a very useful book called "Fireside Philosophy" may be found the following:

"It is said that the term 'Foolscap' is derived from the fact that Charles I. granted to certain parties a monopoly of the manufacture of paper, and every sheet bore in water-mark the royal arms. But the Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this in every conceivable manner, and ordered the royal arms to be removed from the paper and the fool's cap and bells substituted. Of course these were removed after the Restoration; but paper of the size of the Parliament journals always retained the name of 'foolscap.'"—Yours,

HENRY SHERRING.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD, LIZZIE LANING, GRACE WINANS, LYDIA W. C., JOHN W. P., WALTER C. PIERCE and "LITTLE PIP" agree with Henry Sherring; and LOUISE F. OLMSTEAD explains that "the water-mark in paper is produced by wires bent into the shape of the required letter or device, and secured to the surface of the mould."

Now who can tell why it is called a *water* mark?

"NIMFO."—Yes, the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS will put your name on their Roll of Honor, if you send them subscribers. They consider every boy and girl who helps ST. NICHOLAS now, in the early part of its existence, as one of the "Founders of the Magazine."

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS: Bertie L. and Louise L. S., M. A. F. and others who ask for a "good piece to speak in school."—How will this true story by J. Bellamy answer your purpose? We find it in Sheldon's Fourth Reader:

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A man once built a light-house,
And he built it on a rock,
And he boasted it should bear unscathed
The storm's severest shock;
"Of engineers I'll be," quoth he,
"The proudest and the first;
There stands my work, and it shall stand—
The waves may do their worst."

And stand it did, amid the sea,
Amid the shifting sand;
A fairer work to look upon
Ne'er came from mortal hand.
Forth went the word! the winds arose,
The waves came thundering on,
At sundown it was standing—
The day broke—it was gone!

Another engineer then came,
A wiser, humbler man,
One who revered his Maker's word,
And loved His works to scan;
He stood before a forest oak,
And marked its structure well;
He saw its slowly tapering height,
Its bold descending swell.

He gave it thought, he gathered hope,
And, like a brave man there,
Felt it no shame to bow his heart
In thankfulness and prayer.
To work he went, and this he graved
Upon the first-laid stone,
"Man may build up: the strength to stand
Must come from God alone."

Slow rose the work, but safely slow,
Firm as the rooted oak;
Day after day, storm after storm
Above that light-house broke:
At last came one, and seamen said,
While yet they saw it loom,
"If it stands this, why, it will stand
Until the day of doom."

The storm passed on, long years are gone,
The engineer sleeps well,
And still around that light-house tower,
The eddying billows swell;
And many a tar, from many a land,
Through many a stormy night,
Still breathes a prayer for him that reared
That heaven-protected light.

Nebraska City, August 2, 1874.

DEAR BOY WHO WANTED TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE ONE: I am now prepared to answer your question, "How to Make a Man Kite?" I will describe it as given some time ago by our friend Mr. Haskins in the *Hearth and Home*. I also send a careful copy of his picture. To make a kite four feet high it takes three sticks,—one four feet long, set upright to reach from the bottom of the jacket to the top of the hat, and two crossed so as to go from each shoulder to the corners below the vest pocket. You then put your string around the whole by securing it to the ends of these sticks, and the frame is made. Now cover with thin cloth,—or paper-muslin is the best,—and almost any body will paint an old man's head and body for you, if you're a little boy. Next make the legs and arms of bunting. Bunting, you know, is the loosely-woven material that flags are made of, and is very light and open. These legs and arms are open at the place where the hoops on which they are made join the kite, and when up will be filled out with air. His legs should be fastened to the bottom of the kite, and his arms at each side.

Now I guess the boys can make one for themselves with the help of this picture.

CARLOS E. SWEET.



THE answer to Henry Steuss's puzzle was crowded out of the October Letter-Box. It is: The two trains will meet exactly at noon half-way between the two stations. Leonard M. Daggett, Irving W. James, Edward W. Robinson, E. W. D., F. O. Marsh, R. B. C., D. P. L. Postell and G. Edmund Ware have answered the puzzle correctly.

TO CLEAN SHELLS.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP's query, as to how he should polish his shells is answered by many readers. Minnie Russell advises him to rub them with diluted muriatic acid. "Subscriber" says, "Soak them in nitric acid and then rub them with a cloth dipped in the same substance" (but he warns Edwin that the strong acid is poisonous, and is liable to take the skin off of one's fingers). Wilford L. W. gives the following simple suggestions:

First boil them in a pot of weak lye, say five minutes. Rinse them in cold water; then rub them well with a dry cloth; afterward polish them with a woollen cloth and emery till they present a glossy appearance.

AND MILLY R. writes:

ST. NICHOLAS: I read in your September number that Edwin Belknap would like to know how to clean shells. I send you this that I have copied from an old book:

"To Polish Shells.—Many species of marine and fresh-water shells are composed of mother-of-pearl, covered with a strong epider-

is. When it is wished to exhibit the internal structure of the shells, the epidermis is removed and the outer testaceous coatings polished down until the pearly structure becomes visible. It has been a common practice to remove the thick epidermis of shells by means of strong acids, but this is a very hazardous and tedious mode of operation. The best plan is to put the shells into a pan of cold water, with a quantity of quick-lime, and boil them from two to four hours, according to the thickness of the epidermis. The shells should be afterward gradually cooled, and then some diluted muriatic acid applied carefully to the epidermis, which it will dislodge so that it may be easily peeled off. Two hours are quite sufficient for such shells as the common mussel to boil. After this they must be polished with rotten stone and oil, put on a piece of chamois leather, and then rubbed with a flannel or nail-brush. After the operation of polishing and washing with acids, a little Florence oil should be rubbed over to bring out the colors and destroy the influence of the acid, should any remain on the shell; it also tends to preserve the shell from decay. The muriatic acid should be applied to the epidermis by means of a feather, and it should not be suffered to remain on the outside of the shell for more than a minute or two, and the greatest care should be used to keep the acid from touching, and consequently destroying, the enamelled surface of the inside; indeed, some persons coat the parts of the shell which they wish to preserve from the effects of the acid with bees-wax. Some conchologists prefer laying white of egg on the shell with a small camel's-hair brush to rubbing them with Florence oil."

MILLY R.

The following names were crowded out of the list of translators of "Le Singe Favori," given in the October number: May Stirling, Margaret Christina Ward, Sally Gantt, Agnes Lyman Pollard, C. H. Anderson, Harry Neill, Minnie Pope, M. H. McElroy, Susie Elliott and George W. S. Howson.

"GENEVIEVE" would like to know how the game of Jack-stones originated.

MARY E. BALDWIN, GEORGE H. FULLER, LESLIE RICHARDSON, ROBERT W., HENRY C. S., "HIGH-SCHOOL BOY" and many others.—If it were possible either to print or to answer everything that is sent to the Letter-Box, you should find special notes for each of you in these pages; but, as it is, the editor can only thank you for your kind, cheering words, and assure you that your various requests shall be complied with as far as may be right and practicable. Not a word in your kind letters passes unheeded. We wish ST. NICHOLAS could double its number of pages; but, even then, we fear we could hardly do full justice to our eager, hearty crowd of girls and boys.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hundreds and hundreds of young folks have already joined the ST. NICHOLAS army of Bird-defenders, and every day fresh names come

pouring in. New readers and old, boys and girls all over the land, whether subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS or not, are earnestly invited to join the ranks. As we do not wish any to pledge themselves to this cause without fully understanding it, we refer all who wish further information to Mr. Haskins' plea for the birds on p. 72 of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, and to all back numbers of the Letter-Box. Meantime, we heartily welcome the following recruits:

Trenton, N. J., August 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please put my name and that of my little brother on your roll of Bird-defenders. We love the birds, and have a pet pigeon who had his wing cut off, but is now able again to fly. There are many robins and sparrows around our house, and we love to watch them and to hear them chirp and sing even if they do waken us very early in the morning. My brother's name is Elliott Verne Richardson, and mine is—Your friend,
KLYDA RICHARDSON.

Lynchburg, Va., July 31, 1874

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I approve of Mr. Haskins' pledge about the wild birds being defended. I have two little sisters, who say they will join this army. Fanny and Rosa Marrell are their names.—Your friend,
GEO. R. MARRELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please add these names to the Bird-Defenders. Long may they wave!

BOYS.—William H. Terry, George E. Carpenter, James Groo, Jock Swezy, James Newkirk, Willie L. Cox, David C. Winfield, Harry C. Loveland, Eddie Jessup, Eddie Boyd, William H. Bell, Charles Winfield, H. Wiggins, Richard Abbot, Robert F. Brown, Harry Ogden, Edward Dekay, Lewis Stivers, John Stivers, John Cowin, William Mullock, Squire Woodward, Ashabel Prent, Willie Henry, Willie Steveson, George Bull.

GIRLS.—Fannie P. Cowin, Laura Adams, Jennie Gaudener, Jennie Duryea, Ella Quick, Fannie Graves, Fannie Beyea, Allie Wickham, Mary Rogers, Eva Brett, Prue March, Flora Palmer, Katie Bell, Sadie Banker, Etta Sweet, Emma Miller, Millie Miller, Jennie Lord, Mimi Wickham, Jessie Harney, Birdie Harney, and all the girls in Middletown.

These names were gathered in two hours by me. My name is not in this list, but I am a Defender.—Affectionately yours,
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y. JAMES B. COX.

AND here are more names:

Jake and May Bockee, Clifton B. Dare, Arthur L. Raymond, Isabel D. Raymond, Helen W. Raymond, Win. F. Raymond, Fred G. Raymond, Bertie S. Raymond, Alma G. Raymond, Ethel F. Austin, Harry N. Austin, Louie E. Austin, Allie G. Raymond, C. Finley Hersman, Emma Wetmore, William H. Wetmore, Hallie H. Boardman, Mary Louise Webster, Mary Ella Ritter, C. V. Bunner, and Lizzie Laning.

A great many more new names are in type, but are crowded out this month.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 26, 20, 27, 9, 11, 2, 16, 19 are marks or badges; my 11, 6, 18, 14 is a metal; my 4, 28, 12, 20, 24 is often thrown away, and yet it may cost thousands of dollars; my 15, 13, 1, 5, 23 is a bone; my 22, 29, 25, 8 was a politician of old; my 31, 29, 30, 17 is a toy; my 7, 21, 19, 2 is a color; my 23, 1, 7, 10, 3 is an animal. My whole is a proverb.

A. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

A CHILD at play, himself —

A youthful dreamer, idly —

All his powers in labor —

The life of man I — H. B. F.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A number. 3. Measures of distance. 4. An abyss. 5. A consonant.

Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A snare. 3. A name. 4. The point of anything small. 5. A consonant.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a twist, and leave one of two of the same age. 2. Curtail to turn aside, and leave to affirm. 3. Curtail a confusion, and leave an infant. 4. Curtail one exclamation, and leave another. 5. Curtail unsubstantial, and leave to ventilate. 6. Curtail custody, and leave to contend. 7. Curtail necessity, and leave pale. 8. Curtail to hazard, and leave a wit. W. H. G.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.



A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.



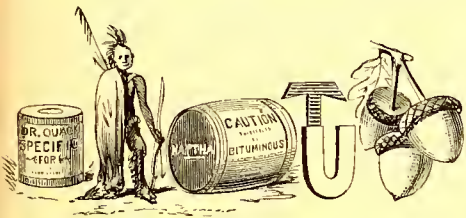
To each of the first three girls or boys who send the Riddle-Box the right answers to these sixty-three conundrums, before November 15th, we will present a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS. If none answer ALL correctly, we will send a book to each of the three who send the best three sets of answers—a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS to the one of these three who sends the best set. Please write on one side of the paper only. Number your answers, and give your full address. Send your answers to "Riddle-Box," ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner & Co., New York.

All of the following may be found in the above scene:

1. Two domestic animals, neither dogs nor sheep.
2. Something used for the safety of vessels.
3. Two-thirds of a measure in common use.
4. What Columbus decided to do when he discovered America.
5. Very short breathings.
6. What a doctor should do.
7. Something that Robin Hood carried.
8. What a photographer should do to his sitter when he spoils his picture by moving.
9. A flat fish.
10. A money-raising establishment.
11. Something that is often the best part of an oration.
12. Something between hitting the mark and missing.
13. A slang word for boldness.
14. Something that magpies often do.
15. A number of small swift-footed animals.
16. A prominent part of Shakespeare's "Richard III."
17. Something too often found in children's books.
18. What I would be if I were in your place.
19. Something lately abolished in the British navy.
20. Name of a popular modern novel.
21. An important part of the proceedings of Congress.
22. Something always present at a military parade.
23. A verb involving the idea of plunder.
24. An island off the coast of Scotland.
25. Something that every carpenter uses.
26. Nickname of a famous French general.
27. The last name of a great jumper.
28. Parts of cutting implements.
29. A president of Harvard University.
30. Where you come on your return.
31. What the man did who dined on mutton.
32. An implement used by shipbuilders.
33. A lender made famous by a modern English poet.
34. Something often used as a sleigh-robe.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|---|
| 5. Parts of a tree. | 45. A symbol of royalty. | 55. A common garden flower. |
| 3. A kind of butter. | 46. Part of a clock. | 56. Part of a carpenter's tool. |
| 7. Weapons. | 47. Gamblers. | 57. A projecting tract of land. |
| 5. Part of a railway. | 48. A number of fish. | 58. Parts of an American cereal. |
| 9. An edible mollusk. | 49. Something for dinner. | 59. A celebrated metaphysical writer. |
| 0. A delicious fruit. | 50. Scholars and flowers. | 60. An instrument used in shooting. |
| 1. Parts of a ship. | 51. A favorite essayist. | 61. Something often found in a paper
of needles. |
| 2. Sacred buildings. | 52. A term used in music. | 62. All flesh. |
| 3. A ghost. | 53. A collection of stories. | 63. Annanias and Saphira. |
| 4. A part of every river. | 54. A noted American general. | |

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

The diagonals of the square form respectively, a kind of sea-fish and a constellation.

1. A book of the Bible. 2. A mechanical contrivance.
3. To steal. 4. Love. 5. To recompense. 6. An
arithmetical term. 7. An aperture. T.Y.P.O.

HISTORICAL CHARADE.

I CONTAIN only two syllables. Of these, my first implies plurality; my second sound health; and my whole is the name of a profligate earl, who was the third consort of a queen noted alike for her beauty and her misfortunes. He died insane, and in exile; and the beautiful queen, after being queen-consort of one country, and reigning sovereign of another, spent nineteen years in captivity, and was finally beheaded on the 8th of February, 1587. What was the earl's name, and of what queen was he the husband?

F. R. F.

A RIDDLE.

In the days of the immortal George,
At Lexington and Valley Forge,
I hung behind.
But now, in modern feats of arms,
The swiftest ball brings no alarms;
And though my stroke no brother harms,
I victory find.
In fact, the game is up without me
(That's one thing curious about me);
But then, dear reader, it is true
I venture nowhere without you.

J. S. STACY.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

THE second (and third) omitted word in each sentence is formed from the first by changing the middle letter.

1. As — came running toward me, I shot him through the —. 2. In a — every — of emotion disappeared. 3. As he stepped out of the — a bullet — his —. 4. Let us not — with our — temptations. 5. — in the sale of fruit is dangerous, as — soon renders it worthless. 6. Do not — so at the — windows. 7. — down your hand and — the — dog. 8. The selections from "Lohengrin," at the —, did almost — me to Wagner's theory of music. 9. I gave — some of the — for breakfast.

CHARL.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Thief.

ENIGMA.—Chrysanthemum.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS.—Glade, edge, gale, lagged, glad, dale, led, dell, all.

REBUS No. 1.—One ought always with zeal to undertake to improve, and to form or acquire just and excellent habits.

CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Charon—anchor. 2. Zeus—Suez. 3. Typhon—Python. 4. Diana—naiad. 5. Fan—nap. 6. Mars—arms. 7. Shade—Hades.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.—Pirate, irate, rate, etc.

SYNCOPEATIONS.—1. They—thy. 2. Rule—rue. 3. Spite—site.

4. Shaved—saved. 5. Glory—gory.

REBUS No. 2.—The vacant stare bespeaks a mind unhinged.

CROSS-WORD.—Stormy petrel.

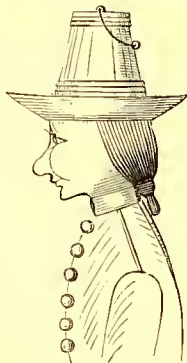
PUZZLE.—Ham, Shem, Seth, Heth.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Genius—Seguin. 2. Drive—Verdi.

3. Parepa—appear. 4. Brignoli—broiling. 5. Braham—Brahma.

6. Haydn—handy.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER have been received previous to September 18 from Minnie Thomas, Lydia W. Conklin, "Typo," A. P. Folwell, C. W. R., Mary S. Morrill, Marshall F. Wyman, Mamie L. Leitchhead, Willie L. Tiernan, Gertie Bradley, "Gulliam," A. M. K., Thomas P. Sanborn, Valeria F. Penrose, Jessie Foster, Edward W. Robinson, Elvira Reumont, Archie Reumont, Katie Brayton, Maria Peckham, Mary E. Turner, M. D. C., Lulie M. French, Charles J. Gayler, Louise F. Olmstead, Wilford L. W., W. D. T., Rose Roberts, Bertha E. Salmarsch, James J. Ormsbee, "Neno and Nimpo," Minnie Watkins, G. E. M., Grace Winans, Alice G. Bull, "Subscriber," D. W. Kirk, Minnie T. Allen, Sallie Bush, "Alice," Arthur T. Randall, E. Marshall, Ray F. Dyer, Fannie D. Musgove, R. B. C., Willie R. Brown, Carrie Melvin, Julia Dean Hunter.

THE JAPANESE MAMMA AND BABY.

THIS is the way they carry the baby in Japan. The mother, or older sister, or nurse, holds him on her back, or ties him on with straps. They call him "ko," which means



child or baby. Isn't he fat? Almost all the Japanese babies are fat and rosy. Somebody has called Japan the Paradise of Babies. Do you see how his hair is cut? His little head is shaved in front, except one wide lock, which is "banged." His eyes are looking right at you. He seems to think: "Why, what a funny-looking baby you are! You're not a Japanese 'ko,' are you?"

HOW THE STRANGER BOUGHT A COW FOR TWO HENS.

"OH! oh! my old hens are dead," cried old Mrs. Jollypole, "and what shall I do? I shall have no eggs to make custard, no eggs to boil for our supper."

Her little grandson Rey looked up and said, "No eggs; but we'll have bread and milk, and that's good, gran'ma."

"Yes, but eggs are better," said Grandma Jollypole, and then she put on her sun-bonnet, to carry some socks she

had knitted to Deacon Dean's wife. Little Rey sat in the door-way and watched for her return. A man came along with a wagon-load of hens and roosters in coops.

"Can you give me a drink?" said the driver to Rey.

"Yes, sir," said Rey; and he brought out a bowlful of milk. The man drank every drop of it, and then he asked,

"Well, what shall I give you for it? A penny?"

"My gran'ma wants two hens, for hers are dead," said Rey. "I'd like the hens 'stead of the penny, though gran'ma never takes anything."

"Well," said the man, "I'd give you two hens instead of the penny, but hens cost a good many pennies. What else could you give me for them beside the milk?"



"Well," said Rey, "there's Whitey, the cow." He pointed to a white cow eating grass by the wayside. "I'll be solly to have her go away," he said, "because she eats out of my hand; but gran'ma says eggs are better than milk."

The man laughed, and then set down a coop with two nice hens in it at Rey's feet; and he said, "Let's shake hands, little man, on our bargain."

Rey shook hands, and then he went and patted the cow.

“Good-by, Whitey,” he said; “I like you better ’n eggs!”
But the man had mounted his wagon.

“Wont you take her with you now?” asked Rey.

“I’ll come back when I want her,” answered the man;
and then he drove away.

It was not long before old Mrs. Jollypole came home.

“Oh, see!” cried Rey. “A man gave me these two nice
hens for the cow, and now you can have eggs, gran’ma!”

“What!” cried his grandma, ready to faint at the bad
news. But the smiles came back to her face when she saw
Whitey chewing her cud just back of the cottage.

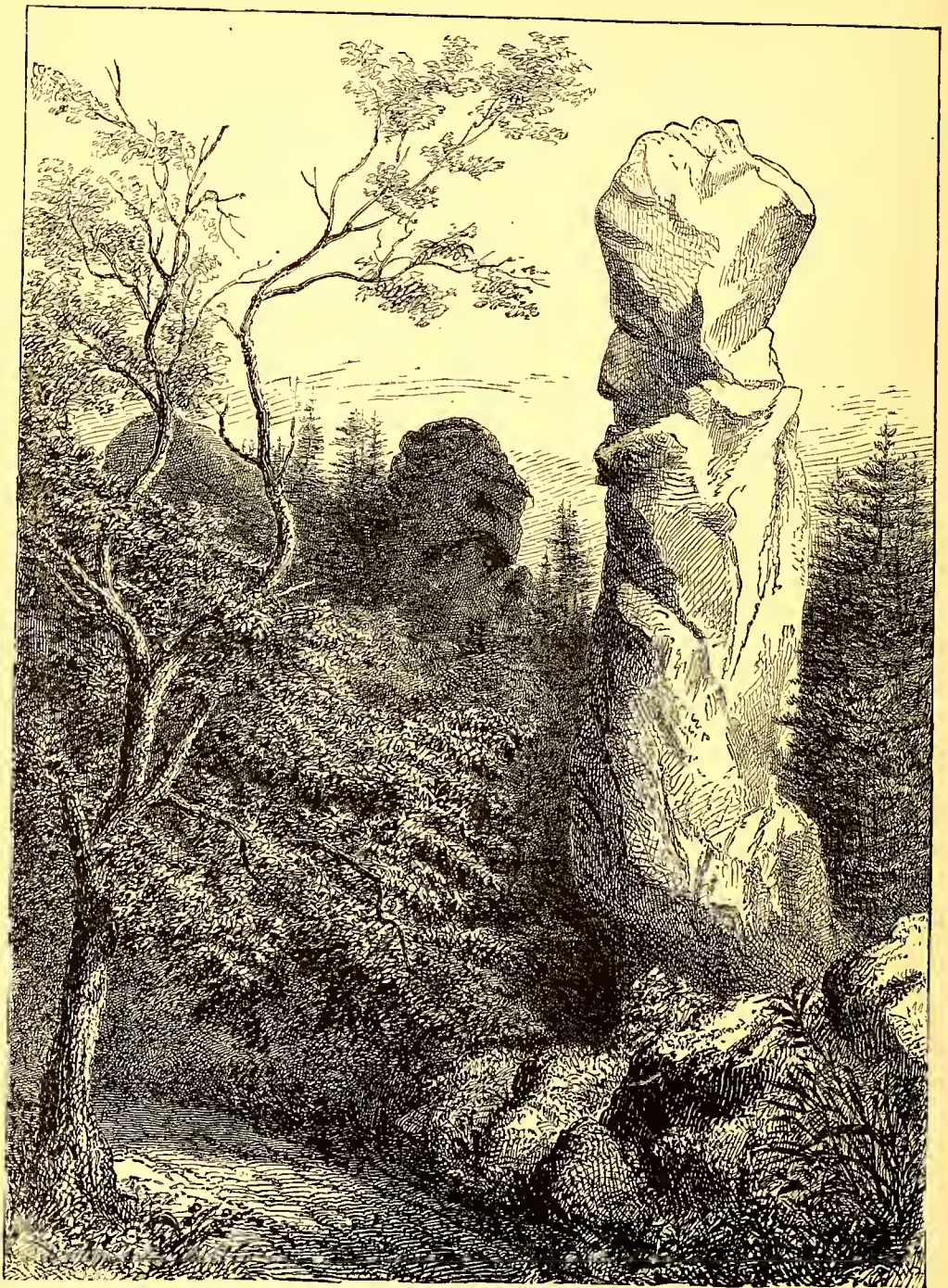
“He is coming for her when he wants her,” said Rey.
But the man never came again.



Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Upon a white horse.

Rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

0
1
2



"THE GARDEN OF THE GODS."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 2.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY ELIZA GREATOREX.

THE world has so long been in the habit of peopling mountains, streams, forests and oceans with imaginary deities, that it is not surprising that even in America we have some of these old ideas. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, in one of his charming poems, speaks of these as "faded fancies of an elder world." But they are not so faded, after all, and come very naturally to those who have read stories of Greek and Roman gods and heroes.

The delightful ancients, who seem as shadowy to us as their own legends, used to fancy that some of their deities lived in the streams; others—called "hamadryads"—were snugly shut up in the trunks of trees. In the musical gurgle of the waterfall they thought they heard the laughter and prattle of the naiads; and when the west wind rustled the leaves of the groves, they fancied they heard the dryads and hamadryads whispering to each other. The voice of the surf on the rocky shores and reefs was the roar and bellowsings of tritons, who lived in the waves and played beneath the keels of ships. The shriek of the storm and the howl of the mountain blast were supposed to be the voices of other gods, who were often heard but never seen.

It is hard for us, who live in these days of railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, hard work and practical life, to see how it was ever possible for any people to hold such simple and childish beliefs. But, though we have learned of the true and only God who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, we like to keep alive the curious old traditions of the ancients. They are like the charming fairy tales that have come down to us from generation to generation. Nobody pretends that

they are true; but they are very good "make-believe."

If ever there was a place on earth where the gods of the Greeks and Romans may be supposed to have lived and had a good time, that place must have been in Colorado. Near the foot of the famous mountain known as Pike's Peak lies the "Garden of the Gods," a glimpse of which is given you in our frontispiece. It is a small valley, just on the edge of the Rocky Mountains, and is completely surrounded by a high perpendicular wall of white sandstone. There are two entrances through this wonderful wall; one of them—the larger—is called "The Beautiful Gate." It is a narrow gap in a mass of rock more than one hundred feet high. As you enter, you look over a valley fenced in on all sides with white sandstone; and, nearly opposite, at the top of a hill, is another smaller gateway, half-concealed by a huge rock about the size of an ordinary cottage. This mass of rock is so balanced on the edge of the slope that it looks as if it might jump off and go thundering down the hill while you look at it. But it has hung there many centuries, and, if you should feel inclined to wait to see it go, you might have to stay a great many more centuries before the fun would begin.

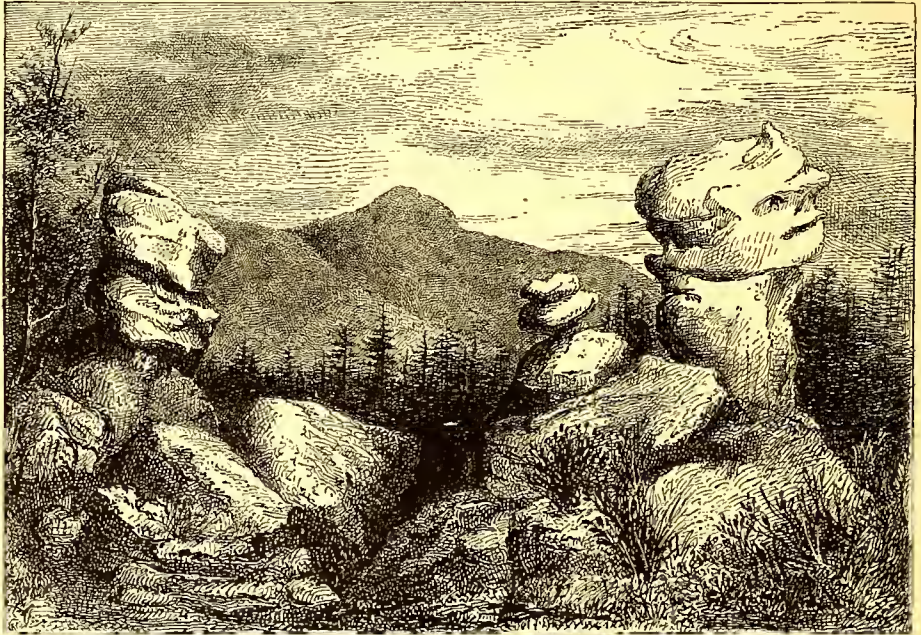
The Garden of the Gods abounds with beautiful trees and foliage, and, towering amidst this loveliness, are some of the most extraordinary, queer and fantastic shapes ever made out of rock. Ages ago, when this part of the world was in a state of terrible commotion, vast layers of rock were forced up out of the earth in all sorts of positions. Some

were vertical, some slanting, and some were criss-cross and mixed up generally. Learned men say that was the way these layers of sandstone, which once were flat, got up edgewise and in all other ways. We must take their word for it. There was nobody there to see.

Trees and shrubs, after a time, grew up around, and the disturbed earth had peace. Then came the mountain winds and the long autumn rains. The wind blew the sand against the rocks, which are so soft that you could dig holes in them with a strong jack-knife. The wearing of the sand and wind and water against these stony surfaces carved them into all sorts of wild and funny shapes. Ages and ages passed away, probably, before these grotesque sculptures looked as they do now. We can imagine how patiently the fingers of the wind must have chiseled at the stone, flinging on the water and the sand before it gave us such a picture-puzzle as this which we show you. One of the figures shown below looks like one of the queer pictures you sometimes find in odd advertisements, where a man's cap makes a face on the back of his head. Then, on the left of the same rock is another face, the bottom of the cap forming the nose. This

a truthful sketch of a real scene. These rocks are twenty-five or thirty feet high. Others in the garden are yet higher; and all are of a soft red, very like the color of old bricks. The contrast between their rich tints and the green of the foliage is most charming. Here and there among the trees rise up fantastic shapes like spires, towers and steeples. Some of the fanciful names given these are "Montezuma's Cathedral," "Cleopatra's Needle," "Washington Monument," "The Cathedral Spires," and "Needle Rock."

But, of course, the half-human-looking objects that gave a name to this curious garden are most likely to attract attention. The names by which they are known are as fantastic as the shapes themselves. One, a figure of a woman, draped and standing mournfully alone, has many names. It is called "The Mourning Bride," "The Widow," "The Old Maid," and by other titles, any one of which may happen to stick to the pathetic figure, that might be called "Lot's Wife," only that it is a pillar of stone instead of a pillar of salt. Then there is a huge water-worn boulder, that looks for all the world like a gigantic frog in the act of getting ready to jump. You get tired looking at this



A NATURAL PUZZLE.

figure might be called Mr. Facing-both-ways, after a celebrated character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

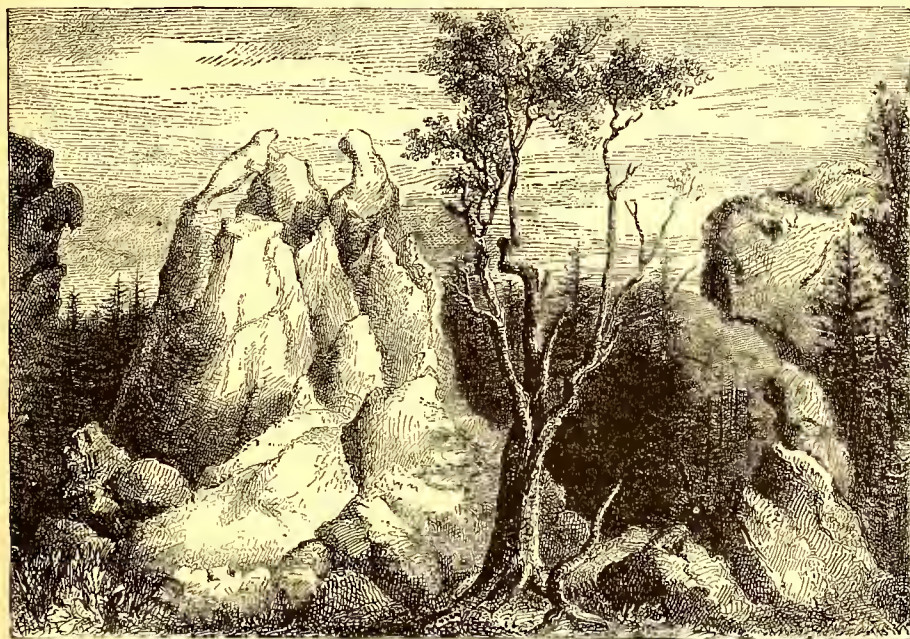
But, though this really looks like a picture-puzzle, such as you sometimes see in ST. NICHOLAS, it is

stony frog. He seems just about to leap, but he never does. He has been in that position for I don't know how many hundred years, and he has not jumped yet.

On one part of the wall, where the white sand-

stone is mixed with red, is a gigantic head of a buffalo. There it rests,—horns, ears, nostrils and all,—glowering down at you, just as if it were a

In fact, almost all of these wonders must be looked at from certain points or their particular likeness is not seen at all. Some of them are like the famous



THE NUN AND THE SEAL

petrified mammoth buffalo's head stuck up there as a trophy, as the head and antlers of deer are sometimes hung up—trophies of the chase. Another singular group is "The Nun and the Seal." You will have no difficulty in making out this picture; and, as the seal is peering over the rock at the nun, who seems to have been at prayer, this group is sometimes called "Interrupted Meditation." If I may be allowed, I should say it might be called "The Height of Impudence." It is about fifty feet high.

This picture, however, shows you something of the general character of the wonderful place. The ground is thickly dotted with rocks, some of which take the most fantastic shapes as they peer up through the grass and bushes. One chunk of sandstone, from a little way off, looks precisely like a giant's face. The giant's arms are crossed on his tremendous stomach; a tree is growing out of his chest, and his enormous legs are stowed away in a ledge of rocks near by. You can fancy the squirrels having great larks darting in and out of his trousers-legs, if he has any. But, as you approach, the giant's nose turns into an Egyptian pyramid. What was his chin becomes a toadstool; his arms are only knobs without meaning, and his whole figure becomes a confused heap of nothingness.

"White Horse Ledge," near the White Mountains, New Hampshire. People stare and stare at the ledge across Conway Valley, utterly unable to make out the picture of the white horse. But, some day, when carelessly glancing at the rocky face, they see the figure of the horse "as plain as day," and wonder very much that they never found it before. Nevertheless, in the Garden of the Gods all of the shapes are curious and fantastic. Even if they bore no likeness to any living thing in the earth or in the waters under the earth, we should think them very wonderful.

Not far from the Garden of the Gods is Monument Park, an oval-shaped valley, fashioned like a basin. The formations are like those of the Garden in most respects, and the two groups are often included in the general title of "The Garden of the Gods." It would seem as if this name were particularly appropriate to the park. Many of the rocky shapes look precisely like immense beets, turnips or radishes, growing half out of the ground. The body of these queer vegetables is of yellowish-white sandstone, bulging out in the middle and tapering off above, where a reddish-brown layer spreads out just like the flat, leafy top of a "rutabaga" turnip. Nothing funnier than these rows of mammoth roots can be imagined. We can

easily fancy that they are growing in the vegetable garden of some Brobdignagian gentleman. And we almost look about us for the tremendous caldron that would be necessary to boil such gigantic things.

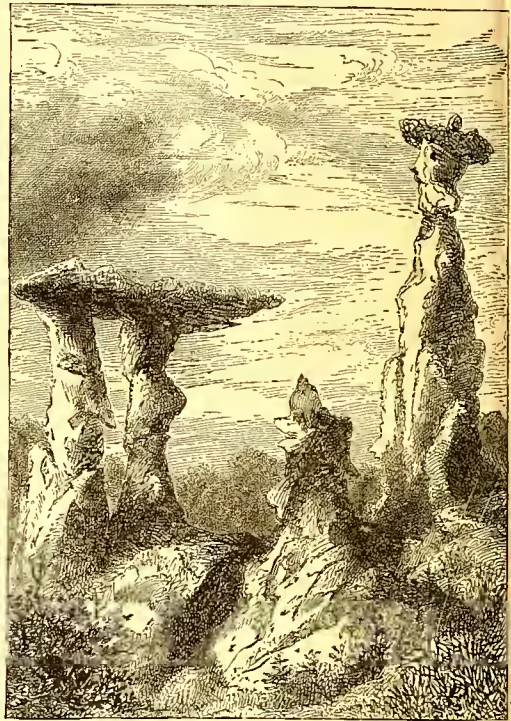
When we look very closely into the formation of these shapes, we shall see that they are composed of two kinds of stone. They have frail, slender bodies and flat heads. Some are pillars supporting a slab; others are gigantic umbrellas, or they resemble nothing but prodigious mushrooms. Here and there are pinnacles wearing flat caps, with faces underneath them. Holes, worn by the action of sand, wind and water, answer very well for eyes; and gaping seams look so much like mouths that one almost shudders to see how human and how awful they look, sitting or standing there and solemnly gazing off into space.

The explanation of this curious freak of nature is that the top layer of stone is hard and ferruginous; that is to say, it has some iron in it. This enables it to withstand the wearing of the rain and wind, which gradually carve away the softer cream-colored rock below. So, as the slow ages pass, the lower stratum wastes and wastes, leaving the flat crown high up in the air on top of the frail support beneath. Here and there you will see pillars, not quite detached from each other, holding up a table of stone. Some of them lean over against each other; they have arms and elbows quite human in appearance, and, as they are jumbled together, they seem like a party of drunken men trying to hold up a flat roof or the top of a table. Some of these needle-spires are so frail that one is afraid to go very near them, lest their top-heavy roofs shall come rattling down while one is underneath. But they seem to be perfectly balanced, and, like the rocks in the Garden of the Gods, though they look as if they were just ready to fall, they somehow manage to stay. There they have stuck for we don't know how many centuries; and there they will be found, no doubt, long after this generation of boys and girls has passed away.

The artist drew these interesting pictures of the Garden of the Gods for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS while on a visit lately to that valley of wonders; therefore they may be relied on as exactly correct. Not many of our readers may be able to go to Colorado and see these sights for themselves; but, next to the pleasure of seeing them with one's own eyes, is that of looking at portraits of the curious stone images drawn on the spot.

The Indians have many traditions about these singular rock shapes; and it is not at all surprising that they were afraid to go into the enchanted garden. We can imagine that an ignorant and superstitious people would fancy that these huge images,

which look so much like heathen gods, were terrible creatures. Even white people, looking into the garden in a half-cloudy night, might feel rather shaky about the knees. The strange figures, seen by the misty light, are ghostly and uncanny. If they look human by day, much more must they when the darkness hides part and reveals part. You all know how a familiar object puts on a strange appearance by night; a pump becomes a giant, and a pile of barrels with an old carpet thrown over it looks like some kind of a monster. What would it be, do you suppose, to play hide-



A FAMILY GROUP.

and-seek by moonlight in the Garden of the Gods? It is not surprising, therefore, that people have a tradition that this valley was once filled with goblins who were left here to guard a precious treasure; how a certain magician came at last, with a powerful spell, and turned all the watchers into stone, and then carried off the treasure in triumph. And the legend goes on to say that, when the lucky magician got off with his plunder, he locked it in a cavern high up among the mountains, and that the genius of the place, missing his treasure, traced it to the hiding-place and thundered away in vain at the door of the cavern. It is even said that the gods, whose garden, filled with stone goblins, has

thus been robbed, come up into the mountains every once in awhile and bang away savagely at the magician's storehouse.

But, as we said before, these are what may be called "faded fancies of an elder world," and we need not believe in them. What people might think the hammering of the gods up in the mountains is probably only the thunder booming among the peaks. And it must be confessed that the powers of the air do get into the mountain storehouse; for, after the hammering and booming have been kept up some time, the caverns in the

clouds are unlocked and down come the floods of water that have been stored there for use.

So, as the years roll on, the rains come in sheets and jets. Whirled by the winds, they leap from the clouds and mountains. They strike the rocks in the valleys below, and, like tools, they cut and carve, century after century, shaping strange forms and fantastic faces. Thus, while men live and die, they sculpture the statues in the Garden of the Gods, very much as our characters are formed by circumstances and influences of which the rest of the world takes little heed.

PRUE'S DOLLS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THERE was once a little girl who did not own a doll—who never had owned one. Just think, what a condition for a modern child! At the same time, there were six or eight dolls that she called her own, that were hers to all intents and purposes, except that she had never held them in her arms, nor undressed them and tucked them into bed—the tasks so precious to little girls. Some of the dolls which Prue called her own were magnificent creatures, with cheeks as rosy as the dawn, with long curling wigs, and eyelids that fell bewitchingly over bright eyes; dolls with trained dresses and overskirts, with necklaces and earrings and fans—perfect dolls of the period; and there were others, little tots of things in china, which Prue longed to put into swaddling clothes and rock in the hollow of her hand.

You will laugh, perhaps, to know that she really played dolls with these, and had a name and history for each, though her only acquaintance with them was through the windows of the various toy-shops in the place where she lived.

Prue was a little chore-girl in a boarding-house; her business was to scour knives, wash dishes, answer the bell, and run of errands in hot or sloppy weather. She slept in a little dark closet, where she never saw the sun rise, though she was up early enough, indeed. She had her bread and butter and clothes for her services, and probably that was quite as much as she earned; naturally, there was nothing about dolls, and the things in which little folks delight, in the agreement. Nevertheless, Prue's real life was passed with her treas-

ures, though the window-panes between herself and them sometimes distorted their lovely features. She never dreamed of complaining, however. Every spare moment was devoted to them, no matter what the weather. Sometimes she was on the spot before the shopkeeper had taken down his blinds, and I regret to say that she often met with a rebuke for lingering on her errands.

Sometimes she would speak about her dolls to her few companions.

"And who gave *you* a doll?" they would ask.

"Nobody. I got them my own self. I found them; nobody else has ever played with them before."

"Let 's see 'em!" demanded her listeners.

And then she would lead her playmates to the toy-shops and point out her favorites, and generously offer them the rest, and tell them that her Curlylocks was always looking out the window, because she had a husband at sea. One little girl got angry at what she believed to be a trick of Prue's to impose upon her.

"They are n't yours one bit," she cried out; "they all belong to the man inside, and it's just like stealing to play with other folks' dolls. So now!"

"No, it can't be stealing," Prue answered, thoughtfully. "I never touched one of them; I never took one away."

"But you would if you could!" said the other. "You covet 'em, and that 's wicked,—the commandment says so."

"No," persisted Prue, "I would n't take one if

I could—I don't believe I would! I have n't got any place to keep it in but my closet, and that's too dark; and she'd get smutches and grease spots down in the kitchen. I guess I'd great deal rather have 'em stay here."

"I don't believe it!" answered the other.

Prue did not forget this conversation; it made a deep impression on her mind, and gave her a sense of uneasiness. Every time that she paid a visit to her doll-world, she repeated:

"I would n't take them if I could—would I?"

And then she told Curlylocks all about it, and how the cook scolded when she broke the handle off a cup, and sent her to bed without a candle, and how she spilled the pitcher of yeast; and Curlylocks comforted her with her perpetual smile, and sympathy seemed to shine out of her two beady eyes, like glow-worms in the dark. One of Prue's dolls was always going out to parties and balls, where they had frosted cake and fiddle-music; that was n't at all remarkable, because she was a walking-doll. There was a smaller one in pantalets, with a satchel, who went to school, but who never got beyond "twice twelve" and words of two syllables, her progress being limited by Prue's acquirements. All her dolls behaved like the people she knew. They were ferruled at school and spelled above each other, and played truant; they quarreled and made-up like other children; they went shopping, and caught the measles. Whatever Prue had known, or heard of, or read about, was enacted in her doll-world. The children were naughty, and it was the cook who scolded; they had visits from Santa Claus and fairy god-mothers; they were sent to bed when it was dark under the table, or they were allowed to sit up half-an-hour after tea, if they would n't ask questions; they sat for their photographs, and they took pleasure in all the things which had been denied to Prue herself. Sometimes she dreamed that they all came trooping up the garret stairs into her dark closet, and, instead of being dark any longer, the walls and ceiling grew transparent, and sunbeams searched it till it was warm as summer. Whenever she felt unhappy, she had only to take a run to the nearest shop-window and say "good morning" to her friends, and their rosy contentment seemed catching, and their unfailing smiles warmed her small heart. When she had been a little naughty, she confided her sins to them, because the cook and the chambermaid failed to receive her confidences with kindness so real, and one always feels that a fault confessed is half-forgiven.

One day, a great happiness and a great misfortune happened to Prue. She was in the thick of a chat with Curlylocks, when the shopkeeper deliber-

ately took the beauty from the window, rolled her up in brown paper and gave her to a strange child, who toddled out of the store and dropped her on the pavement outside. Prue sprang to her rescue. Curlylocks was going to leave her for ever and ever, but she should have the happiness of embracing her—of holding her in her own arms one instant! But Prue hugged Curlylocks so affectionately, with the doll's cheek against her own, and the tears standing in her eyes, that the strange child began to whimper, thinking she had lost her new treasure, which brought the shopkeeper out to her help, who hastily accused poor Prue of wishing to take what did n't belong to her.

"I was only kissing her good-by," was Prue's defense. "I meant to give her right back; it only seemed a minute. I never would have taken her for my own."

"You would if you could," said the man, repeating the very words that had stung Prue once already.

She ran home to her dishes and duster, with the tears frozen in her eyes, asking herself if it was indeed true that she would have kept Curlylocks if she could, hardly daring to look into her own heart for an answer, wondering if it was really stealing a *little* to play with other people's dolls without leave. And with some dim idea in her child's mind, for which she had no words, that she ought to get over caring for the dolls that were n't her own, if, as everybody said, she would take them if she could, she bravely bade them all good-by one morning, since folks were n't likely to "take" the things they did n't care for any longer. After that, Prue always looked the other way when she passed her favorite trysts, hoping that her dolls did n't mind it so much as she did.

But, one day, when she could bear her solitude no longer, she borrowed needle and thread of the cook and fashioned herself a rag-baby, stuffed it with sawdust and dressed it in her own clothes,—which fitted loosely, to be sure,—and cradled it in her own bed; and if it was not as handsome as Curlylocks, Prue's closet was too dark to reveal the truth. You know there are curious fishes that have no eyes, because they live in dark caves where eyes are useless; and perhaps for the same reason Prue's rag-baby was without them; but though it was blind and had only a few stitches in the place of a nose, yet it was a great comfort to Prue. It was something to love, something that never answered her ill-humoredly, that never looked at Prue but with a smile on its face,—or so Prue fancied. It was something upon which she could lavish her best; if Duster, the chambermaid, gave her a cast-off ribbon, she hastened to adorn her rag-baby with the treasure. A bunch of dead violets which had

When thrown out of the window, Prue picked up the rag-baby and laid it as a votive offering upon her baby's bosom. She sang it asleep before she closed her own eyes, and when she waked in the morning with the blissful consciousness of possession. When things crossed her own stairs, and the cook scolded and the house-keeper threatened, she would steal up to her rag-baby and be consoled. They held long talks together about what would happen when Prue grew up, and the places they would go to see,—only Prue did all the talking herself, and the baby listened. She was the best listener in the world, and that was just what Prue needed.

One day, Duster discovered the rag-baby, and had a good laugh over it behind Prue's back; and taking pity, she good-naturedly popped it into the rag-bag, and put in its place a first cousin of Curlylocks which she bought from her own savings.

But when Prue waked next morning and found her child gone, not even the crockery eyes and flaxen tresses and rosebud mouth of Curlylocks' first-cousin could make up for the rag-baby's familiar and beloved ugliness; and Prue raised such a pitiful hue and cry that Duster was obliged to fish it out of the rag-bag.

"Whatever you can see in such a bundle of saw-dust passes me," cried the provoked maid.

"Oh, Duster," answered Prue, hugging her darling, "it is *such* a comfort to have her again."

But Curlylocks' first-cousin was by no means to be despised. Prue could not help admiring her beauty. In fact the little lady smiled so sweetly and constantly upon Prue's best baby that soon Prue began to take a pride in her, and, as Duster often said, "it really did one's heart good to see the three together."

BOY AND LITTLE DOG "BOBBY."

Translated from the German of W. HEY by THEODORE FAY.



"COME, Bobby! School's open! Now mind! Sit up straight. Please study your lesson before it's too late."

"Oh! pray for awhile let these old lessons be; For such a small dog they're too hard, don't you see!?"

"No, no, Master Bobby! Begin your work now; If you don't, be assured, you will never know how. It's only the harder the longer you wait; Be a good doggy, Bobby! Submit to your fate."

Little Bobby submitted, as not all dogs do—
(I know some young Bobbies who don't submit, too).
Thus Bob's education in earnest began;
On two legs he soon walked like an elegant man.
Upright he could sit in a drawing-room chair,—
Papa's hat on his head,—with a dignified air.
On his nose he could balance a penny so bright;
Toss up, at command, and then catch at a bite.
He could carry your basket, your letter, your cane;

And hold your umbrella (unless it should rain).

In short, almost everything Bobby could do;

It seemed there was nothing but what Bobby knew.

All this his young master beheld with delight;

Could he not himself learn, then, to read and to write?

Bob's example to imitate now he began,

And, in time, became also an elegant man.

TCHUMPIN.

(From the Russian of Ivan Bestujev.)

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

(Concluded.)

II.

THE next afternoon the cadets were early on the forms, and when Colonel Demidoff entered the room, they cried out all together: "Tell us more about Tchumpin, the brave Kalmuck lad, and of your journey in the Altai!" And having saluted each of them in turn, the officer resumed his narrative:

"You will remember we were about crossing the Irtysh river, which, with the invaluable aid of Tchumpin, had been rendered a possible performance. Our baggage had been carried over, load by load, in the canoe which the brave horse-boy had brought to us, and now the animals must be taken over.

"Directly after the noon meal, we formed in a circle about the horses, and with our whips and shouts drove them, though with difficulty, into the stream. As the last one entered the river, little Tchumpin plunged in after it, and, seizing hold of the animal's tail, climbed upon its back, flourishing his whip and yelling at the straggling drove,—for some of them were strongly minded to return to the bank, and all were carried fast down with the current. Indeed, they would many of them have been carried over the falls but for their energetic driver, who shouted and lashed them relentlessly. And so soon as one drifted below him and out of reach of his whip, he would slip off the back of the one he was bestriding, and, dropping down with the current, seize the delinquent by the tail, mount its back, and administer such blows as soon turned its head up stream again. In this way he drove them all across safely; though the last landed not a hundred yards above the cataract. We now crossed in the canoe, and, returning it to its moorings, resumed our march. But for little Tchumpin we should hardly have got over that day, and very likely not at all without the loss of some of the horses.

"But his courage and daring were soon to stand us in still better stead. On the second night after crossing the Irtysh, we camped on the bare plain. Save grass and a few dry, shrubby bushes, we had no fuel. But the Cossacks collected a large pile of the brush, bringing all they could find over a wide area about our camp. The evening was slightly overcast and very dark and still. Our fire crackling was the only sound that broke the silence of the

desert. We had shot a number of snipe during the afternoon, and a very savory supper was at length prepared of these birds. The odor from the stew we were preparing spread far and wide, and, unluckily, attracted noses for which it was not intended. While we were sitting about our fire, feasting after our exhausting day's march, we heard, on a sudden, a distant howling. The Cossacks instantly started to their feet; and the boy Tchumpin sat motionless, with ear intent to catch the sound.

"It was repeated, though still at a great distance.

"'The wolves are abroad, barin,' he said to me in a low tone. 'They are on our track. They are coming.'

"The Cossacks cried out in alarm at the same moment, that the wolves would devour both us and our horses.

"I at once gave orders to look to their arms and charge their guns with ball. At the same moment; the little horse-boy, who never needed to be told his duty, had run to secure the horses. He brought them two by two, and picketed them with their halters to the right of the fire, driving the iron stakes down firmly into the ground. Then, ere we had prepared our arms, he carried brush and kindled a second camp-fire on the other side of the animals, distant about a hundred yards from the other. The horses were thus tethered betwixt two brightly burning fires, which we hoped would frighten the wolves, or at least keep them aloof. We had seven muskets, besides my double-barreled gun and pistols. Before we had finished these preparations, I heard the howls of the rapacious brutes, not a verst away; and in less than five minutes we could distinguish the rush of many feet as they galloped toward us. They came up within a few hundred feet, and gave a long, savage howl, at sight of the fire. Even then our stock of brush was more than half expended. I told the men to let the fires burn low, but hold a fresh supply ready to throw on at a moment's notice. Six of the Cossacks, with their muskets, were sent to tend the fire on the right of the horses. The other, with Lieut. Stephanish and the boy Tchumpin, remained with me about our first fire.

"Though silent now, we knew that the fierce troop was watching us at no great distance; and,

As the fire grew dim, we could make out their dusky forms and fiery eyes. At length, the blaze went out. Only the bed of red coals remained. In a few minutes, a low snarling began among the wolves, and I could see that they were creeping up toward us, growling and showing their white fangs. All this time the lad stood holding an armful of brush, with his keen, inquiring eyes on me, awaiting the signal to rekindle the blaze. Seeing that the wolves were gathering in, I determined to give them a lesson; and bidding the Lieutenant and the Cossack to be ready to shoot as soon as the blaze should disclose the forms of the wolves, I

they drew near, snarling and snapping their teeth, the frightened animals began to plunge and snort loudly. Soon they had crossed and tangled their long halters one with the other, and several were thrown down. Nor would our encouraging words in the least reassure them. Shouting to the six Cossacks to rekindle their blaze, I bade Tchumpin throw on the last of our brush. Then we all fired again. Loud, shrilly yelps rose, followed by a tremendous outburst of howling, as the wolves again ran off.

"This time their howls were answered at a distance by another pack, which soon came rushing



A NIGHT ATTACK BY WOLVES.

gave Tchumpin the word. Instantly he tossed on the grass and brush, and blew a bright flame. Three shots rang out at the same instant, and a horrible howling followed. The wolves ran, but not very far. We could hear them howling and snarling half-a-verst off. The Cossack said that they would soon return. As rapidly as possible, we recharged our guns. Tchumpin was preparing another armful of grass and sticks. There was scarcely enough left to make another fire. This gave me great anxiety, for none of us dared leave the fire to collect more fuel out on the steppe.

"Those were anxious moments. Soon we heard the wolves coming nearer again. This time they approached the horses, midway of the fires. As

up; and we heard a great snarling and fighting between the rival packs. Not long after, they again collected on the north side of our camp, and began to press closer. We had no more brush, and the fire, faint as it was, alone kept them from rushing upon our horses. I could plainly discern a long line of glaring eye-balls, held close to the ground. Our case was becoming desperate. In their fright, the Cossacks began firing without orders, and at random. The wolves retired a little, but were plainly coming to fear the discharges less and less. Tchumpin pulled my sleeve.

"'If you will let me have the pistols, barin, I will fetch more bushes,' he said.

"'There are no bushes within less than a fur-

long,' I replied. 'The wolves would tear you in pieces!'

"'There are no wolves on the south side,' said the boy.

"'But how do you know that?'" I objected.

"'I see that there are none,' he said.

"I now perceived, what I previously thought I had observed, that this boy's eyes were far sharper than those of the rest of us, especially in the nighttime. But I feared that the wolves would espy him and cut off his retreat to the fire; yet so desperate did our situation become, that a little later I gave him my pistols.

"'Go,' said I; 'and may God protect you.'

"He put the pistols in his belt, and dropping on his hands and knees, stole off from the fire, crouching close to the earth. To distract the wolves, I now fired among them several shots. Some minutes passed. Straggling wolves, I was sure, had passed around to the south side of the camp. We could hear them coursing over the plain. Ordering the men to stand ready to shoot, I waited the bold lad's return in great anxiety.

"'He is lost,' the Cossacks kept repeating.

"On a sudden, a pistol-shot cracked at a little distance. A howl followed it. Then a second shot rang out. Grasping our guns, we ran toward the sound, and a few yards off met the boy coming back with an enormous armful of brush, and eight or ten wolves at his heels! The volley which we poured into them caused them to retreat hastily into the darkness. A fresh blaze was kindled, in the light of which I saw the brave lad's face aglow with excitement and resolution. Catching our admiring glances, he laughed as gayly as when he had swum the parrock.

Aided by the light, a few better-directed volleys dispersed the wolves for the time. But they were loath to give up the horses, and, so soon as the blaze sank, they came back. Three times during that fearful night did the brave little Kalmuck creep forth after brush, always in deadly peril, but always managing to escape it. But for him we should hardly have saved our horses, and perhaps not our own lives. It was only at dawn that the ravenous brutes slunk away. It was some satisfaction to see nine of their number—gaunt, terrible creatures—stretched lifeless on the plain about our camp. Our bullets had not all gone wild."

III.

It was not till two afternoons later that Colonel Demidoff gained time from his duties to finish the story of Tchumpin and of the journey to the great lake, Altin Kool. This afternoon, after describing to the cadets in detail the processes by which gold and silver are mined in the Altai, he related many

interesting incidents of his tour, and of the singular country through which they passed.

"On one of the steppes to the south of the Ir-tish," said he, "we crossed a desert tract which I named the 'Land of Spiders.' The only living creatures on it for a score of versts, were large, brown and black spiders, which are a species of Tarantula, and every whit as savage and venomous as those of Italy. The ground was covered with their webs and smooth round holes. Touch one of these webs with the lash of a whip and the spider would dart out from its den and fasten its fangs in the thong, to which it would cling with great tenacity till crushed. The Cossacks were in deadly fear of these spiders. Not one of them could be induced to dismount. They held the opinion that the spiders would spring a yard at one bound; though, in fact, they cannot jump more than three or four inches at once.

"It was here, that we witnessed a curious phenomenon. Near the southern side of this tract we passed a herd of many hundred sheep, which belonged to a Kalkas village that we saw at a distance. What these sheep were so busily feeding upon, as we saw them while yet at a distance, was quite inexplicable to me. I wondered; for there was not a blade of grass, nor yet any green herb to be seen on this whole great plain. The Cossacks could not tell me.

"'What are they eating, Tchumpin?'" I called out to the boy.

"'They eat the spiders, barin,' was his prompt answer. I could not credit it.

"'Come and show me whether it is really so,' I said to him; and together we rode close to the long line of busy feeders. They were, indeed, catching and crunching the ugly insects with as great a relish as they might have eaten pods of sweet-peas. And it was an odd spectacle; for, as the line of sheep advanced and nosed the webs, the pugnacious tarantulas would dart out and strike the lips of their destroyers, when they would at once be licked up. Nor did the sheep seem in the least to mind the bites of the spiders, which are so fatal to man. Not a living tarantula did the herd leave behind it. So cleanly was the work done that the herdsmen were seen walking without precaution in the rear of the devouring line.

"It seemed a novel and not very proper food for sheep. Seeing my look of disgust, the sharp-witted lad guessed my thoughts.

"'You loathe the spiders, barin,' he exclaimed. 'But the sheep eat them and you eat the sheep.' And he fell to laughing so heartily that I could not help joining him in his too true jest. After this, whenever we had obtained a sheep of the Kalkas, Tchumpin never forgot to call it spider-mutton.

"Two days beyond this plain, we crossed an elevated steppe, or plateau, and passed many great mounds, or tumuli, which are thought to be the tombs of ancient kings or heroes. Some of these are of enormous size and resemble hills in magnitude. I measured one which was three hundred and sixty-one feet in diameter and forty-seven feet high. The Kalkas and Kirgis tribes now living in the country know nothing of the origin of these mounds. They are the work of a people who lived and passed away thousands of years ago. The



ANCIENT BARROWS OR TUMULI

Cossacks say that they are the work of demons, who built them as altars, upon which to sacrifice to their master, Satan.

"Descending from this plateau, we crossed a low plain where there were numerous morasses and small lakes, the waters of which were salt and sometimes exceedingly bitter. This plain was not less than a hundred versts in width, and covered in many places with a thick growth of high reeds, through which we had no light task to force our way and keep our course. Here were the lairs of many wild boars, some of which were very fierce and dangerous. Often we would hear them dashing through the thickets with loud grunts, either startled suddenly by our approach or in chase after rivals. Through these reedy tracts we most frequently rode in single file, the baggage animals in rear of the party, with little Tchumpin mounted on the hindermost to drive them on.

"On the second day we were startled by his shouts from behind. So thick was the jungle that we could see nothing of him; and it was not at once that our horses could be turned, or make their way back; but we could hear that a great commotion was going on; and a moment later a

terrible cry from one of the horses made my blood run chill. Putting spurs to my steed I crashed through the reeds and saw the boy on the ground, shouting and belaboring a huge boar that had thrown down one of the horses and was ripping open the poor animal's body with its fearful tusks. To draw one of my pistols and shoot the boar was the work of an instant; but as the savage creature felt the ball it dashed at the boy, and but for his marvelous agility in leaping aside it would have torn his body open. One of the Cossacks from behind me fired at almost the same second, and the boar fell with a bullet through its spine. It was a very large one. Its tusks were the size of a man's fingers, and strong and sharp as daggers. The horse lay weltering in its blood. The poor creature was fatally wounded; and out of mercy we at once killed it. The boar had rushed out of the reeds beside the trail without warning; and though the boy had instantly run to the rescue of the horse, yet his whip was of little avail against so formidable a foe.

"After this adventure, I determined to arm the lad with a musket. Great was his delight at being thus honored. A few hints as to the proper manner of loading it and of getting sight were all-sufficient with him; and I soon discovered, at the evening target-practice, that he was as good a shot as any of my Cossack soldiers. He shot at every boar his keen eyes discovered. On one occasion, he came past us at a gallop, in full pursuit of a large grizzled fellow, which was coursing along at great speed, scattering the foam-clots from its tusks. There was a lake near by. The boar was making for it. As the creature emerged on the sandy shore, Tchumpin fired over his horse's head, while riding at a headlong pace. The boar fell, and the horse leaped over its body; but the beast was wounded merely, and immediately scrambled to its feet and charged after the horse, clashing its tusks. It was now Tchumpin's turn to run, if he would save the horse's life and perhaps his own. Away they went along the water, the boar at the horse's heels, the boy glancing sharply backward over his shoulder as he galloped on. Presently a lucky thought seemed to occur to him. Tugging sharply at the rein, he turned the horse into the lake, with a great splash. The water was not very deep. The horse took several strides without losing his footing. Not so with the boar, which, after floundering for a moment out of its depth, beat a hasty retreat to the bank, where it stood whetting its tusks and casting up the earth. Seeing this, the lad pulled up, and, standing with the water about the horse's sides, coolly reloaded his gun, and taking careful aim, lodged his bullet in the boar's head just above its left eye. The creature fell with scarcely a kick.

"This reedy tract contained still other and more dangerous beasts. That same night, following Tchumpin's wild boar hunt, the horses started, violently snorting and plunging; and the Cossack on guard fired, rousing us all in an instant. The sentinel shouted that a tiger was near, and, seizing another musket, fired again into the darkness. Tigers do not unfrequently find their way into the Altai region from the jungles farther southward; yet I was much inclined to believe it a false alarm, though the fellow protested that he had seen a pair of fiery eyeballs glaring at him from out the depths of the thicket. The next morning, however, we found that some large animal had crept up, crushing the grass to within a dozen paces of where the outer horses were picketed.

"While eating our breakfast, a loud squealing was heard at the distance of a verst or more, which continued for some minutes; there was trouble among the wild boars. One of the Cossacks mounted, and, taking his musket, rode off to reconnoiter. He presently returned, saying that he had seen a bloody sight, and bade us follow him. Leaving four of the men to break up camp and saddle the baggage-horses, we mounted and rode after the Cossack to a place where the reeds were trampled down for a space of many rods around, and the soft black earth was seen to be covered with footprints and with gore, showing that a terrible conflict had taken place here. I at first believed that a couple of rival boars, or herds, had been fighting; but the Cossack pointed to certain large tracks, showing marks of claws, clearly cut in the mire. It was a tiger's foot! The boar had been killed and carried off; for, on looking about, we discovered the crimson trail where the fierce conqueror had dragged away its victim. This trail led toward a thicket of high, dank reeds, into which the tiger had carried its prey. A well-trodden path, or reedy tunnel, formed the approach to this lair, which was about a yard in width by four feet high, thickly matted over in an arch.

"The men drew back. They knew the tiger was in its den, at this very moment, perhaps, devouring its morning meal. None cared to disturb him at his bloody repast.

"The boy Tchumpin had followed after us. He approached nearer to the mouth of the lair than I wished to see him, peering wistfully into the dark hole, holding his musket cocked and half-raised; then, drawing back, he remarked to Lieut. Stephanish, that if he would lend him his sheath-knife he would 'take a look in there.'

"I at once called him away. I had no doubt that, at a word of encouragement, he would be quite ready to expose his life.

"On the 13th of June (O. S.) we arrived at Lake

Altin Kool, on the waters and shores of which we spent seven weeks. In all the Russias, and perhaps in all the world, there is no more singular lake than this. It is surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains; and its shores are in great part perpendicular precipices, six and seven hundred feet in height, without a ledge to which a wrecked boatman might cling. These cliffs are of light blue and purplish slate-stone. A little back from the shores tremendous peaks and crags rise two, three and even four thousand feet in height. The depth of the lake is correspondingly great; two thousand feet of line failed in many places to touch bottom. Large streams fall into it from the cliffs at a single plunge. Indeed, I can wish none of you who have eyes for the beautiful in nature better fortune than at some future time, to be attached to an expedition to this beautiful lake.

"Once afloat on its waters, in the native log canoes, we found but few beaches where we could land; and this circumstance, in consideration of the terrific storms which suddenly rush across the lake, renders boating not a little perilous. It was while coasting the eastern shore that the quick ear of our trusty little horse-boy stood us in good stead.

"It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We had just passed a short stretch of sand-beach, lying at the foot of the shore-cliffs, and were distant from it not far from two versts. The whole coast ahead of us was a perpendicular wall, many hundred feet in height. Yet we had paddled forward, hoping to reach another landing-place which we knew of, fifteen versts to the northward. The men were talking, and in one of the canoes they were singing boat-songs. Quite on a sudden, little Tchumpin caught my arm.

"'Listen, barin!' he whispered.

"I could hear nothing.

"'Do you not hear it?' he exclaimed. 'It roars. It is coming!'

"'What is coming?' I said.

"'The tornado, barin! For the shore! For the shore!'

"I knew that his ear was quicker than mine, and instantly gave orders to turn the canoes and row for the sand-beach we had passed. The men, who feared nothing so much as a gale here, caught the alarm and pulled with all their might. We shot along at great speed. The boy's face was wrought by his anxiety. Presently I heard a low roar, and, looking behind us, saw a dark line sweeping down the lake. It was the tornado which he had heard while yet it was among the mountains on the western shore. It was coming like a locomotive in full career. Every arm and every nerve was strained now to the utmost. The roar behind us

... louder each moment. The air near the water
... white with the spray and mist. When within
... hundred yards of the beach, I could see a long,
... white line of foam coming in our rear with the
... speed of a race-horse. The men pulled for life,
... and, when the canoe touched the beach, leaped out
... and carried it far back upon the sand. At the
... same moment, the blast swept us down at full
... length on the sand, and a great wave rolled almost
... to where we lay. Had we been a minute later,
... we should have been overwhelmed.

"On our return to Barnaul I procured admis-
... sion for Tchumpin to the School of Mines, estab-
... lished there for the education of the Czar's mining

engineers. I was convinced that the lad would do
... good service for his Majesty in a higher station
... than that of horse-boy. Much of the success of
... my own expedition was really due to him. After-
... ward the boy studied at Ekatgrinsburg, and four
... years later was commissioned in the corps of En-
... gineers. But his tastes led him rather to active
... service in the army proper; and, as I told you, he
... is now a captain in the Kiev regiment. Nor in the
... recent Khiva campaign did his Majesty possess a
... braver or more efficient officer of cavalry. For
... under the rigid and necessary discipline of our ser-
... vice, the bold and sometimes rash lad has grown
... to be a man of iron, whose steady courage no
... danger can daunt."

SEAS OF GRASS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

OUR Western prairies, stretching as far as eye
... can reach, and covered with tall grass moving with
... a wavelike motion in the wind, have often been
... compared to seas. But our prairies do not deserve
... the name of seas of grass as well as do the great
... llanos, or grass plains, of South America.

The llanos of Venezuela occupy an area which
... Humboldt estimated at 153,000 square miles—
... a space equal to that occupied by the States of
... Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts,
... Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Penn-
... sylvania. These immense plains are as flat as the
... surface of the sea in a calm, and the whole weary
... level is covered with tall, rank grass.

We are told that one might travel over this dead
... plain for over eleven hundred miles, from the delta
... of the Orinoco River to the foot of the Andes
... of Pasto, and not encounter an eminence one foot
... in height. Yet there really is one slight in-
... equality. This is called a *mesa*, and is a gentle
... knoll swelling very gradually to an elevation of a
... few yards. This slight elevation, rising so gradu-
... ally that the eye does not perceive it, is the water-
... shed which divides the water that falls during the
... rainy season, sending a part to the south-east to
... feed the Orinoco, and a part to the north-west to
... feed the streams flowing to the north.

During the rainy season, from April to the end
... of October, the great seas of grass become seas of
... shallow water. The tropical rains pour down in
... torrents, and the swollen rivers overflow their low

banks, sending their floods over hundreds of square
... miles of the vast plain. Great numbers of horses
... and cattle, which have not been able to escape to
... the slight elevation of the *mesa*, or water-shed, are
... drowned. When the waters subside, leaving be-
... hind a rich, fertilizing sediment, the great plains
... become beautiful with the tall, flowering grasses of
... the South American plains, while in the neighbor-
... hood of the rivers a few fan-palm trees wave their
... broad leaves, and delicate mimosas, or sensitive-
... plants, skirt the river shores.

This is the period during which the llanos deserve
... their name of seas of grass. Later in the season,
... when the thirsty earth and heated air have suc-
... ceeded in drinking up the last remains of the over-
... flow of water, the llanos might be called seas of
... dust, for the grass has been burnt to powder by the
... intense dry heat, and the air is filled with dust
... raised, says Mangim, in his "Desert World," by
... currents caused by local differences of temperature,
... even when there is no wind. The dust thus moved
... in stifling waves is sometimes still farther agitated
... by opposing winds. When these meet, the dust
... and sand are caught up into enormous pillars with
... broad tops spreading out like inverted pyramids,
... which whirl through the hot air like the sand-spouts
... of the Saharan Desert, or the water-spouts of the
... ocean.

The poor animals, which during the rainy season
... were in such peril of drowning, are now, after a
... short period of happiness, exposed to equal danger

and worse pain, from the dry waves of dust and an agonizing thirst. How eagerly, then, they listen for the first sounds of the distant thunder, heralding the welcome, life-restoring rain! It comes; and for awhile, before the floods reach their height the vast plains, covered with verdure and furnishing food to thousands of happy animals, become again the gently waving seas of grass.



BY A. M. MACHAR.

WHEN all the trees were clad in green,
And all the birds were singing,
And blossoms full of incense sweet
Their perfumes forth were flinging,—

One tree, amid the joyous scene,
Looked sad and discontented,
And to the gentle summer breeze
In whispering tones lamented.

It murmured to an oriole
That on a bough was swinging:
“Last eventide, in silvery strains,
I heard a poet singing

Of trees afar, with jewelled fruit,
In flashing diamonds shining;
These green leaves are so *commonplace*—
For jewels I am pining!”

The summer fled; the trees stood bare
Amid the wintry weather,
Until one night, when rain and frost
Came silently together,—

Then, when the dawn had ushered in
The rosy-fingered morning,
The tree rejoiced at its array
In new and strange adorning.

From every twig and bough there hung
A sparkling crystal pendant;
The proud tree glittered in the sun,
In jewelry resplendent.

But with the night there came a wind,
And with the wind came sorrow;
And then, alas! a piteous case
Was seen upon the morrow.

For when again the morning broke,
The hapless tree presented
A sight to warn all other trees
From being discontented.

The ground was strewn with glittering ice;
The stately boughs lay under;
Borne downward by its weight of gems,
The tree was snapped asunder!

THE CHICKADEES.

BY HARVEY WILDER.

"HULLO, Joe! What are you going to do with your gun?" cried Rufus Randolph, as he passed a neighbor's house on a wintry day, and saw one of his mates preparing to load an old fowling-piece.

"Come here, and you'll see," replied Joe, pouring a heavy charge of powder into the barrel, then, ramming down a wad,—“See those birds? All pepper 'em!”

"Why, they're chickadees!" said Rufus. "You would n't shoot a chickadee! They're the dearest little birds!"

"But just see what they're about!" said Joe, with flashing eyes, as he dropped the rattling shot to the gun.

There was a large flock of these merry little creatures on the fruit-trees in Joe's yard, flitting from bough to bough, briskly seeking their food, and uttering from time to time their cheery "*Chickadee-dee-dee!*" Spring was at hand, but snow was still on the ground, and the blue-birds had not yet come; so that the presence of these bright winter songsters, in so numerous a flock, should have delighted the eye and the heart of any boy.

But what *were* they doing? Joe was not a bad fellow, and Rufus could not conceive of his killing these welcome visitors out of mere malice. He watched carefully, and saw that they were actually tearing open the fruit-buds! One would alight on a twig, hanging perhaps head downward, swing a moment, put his sharp little bill into a bud, then pop or dart to another with surprising skill and quickness.

"They're eating off all the buds, and we sha'n't have a mulberry or a cherry, at this rate!" said Joe, putting a cap on his gun.

"Don't shoot!" pleaded Rufus. "We can frighten them away. They may go to our orchard, but I don't believe father will care. Why, we feed them around the door every winter, and think so much of the dear little things! O, there goes Cousin Tim! he'll know if they do the trees any hurt."

An eager cry brought Cousin Tim to the spot. When he saw the birds, and heard what Joe proposed to do, he looked at him pleasantly, and said:

"Of course you wish to preserve your trees; that's natural."

"Course, I do!" said Joe. "I guess the fruit's of more consequence than the birds."

"You think they eat the buds?"

"I know they do! You can see them!"

"Yes, I see," said Cousin Tim, with a smile; "but, after all, they do not eat the buds."

"Don't—eat—the buds?" Joe stared. "What then do they eat?"

"Something in the buds," replied Cousin Tim. "Something that would do your trees a great deal more harm—a thousand times more harm—than the birds do. Every bud the chickadees pick open has in it an insect, or the germ of an insect. The perfect bud they do not touch. But watch them; it is n't the buds alone they are searching; see that one on the trunk of the tree. He is finding the eggs and grubs of insects in the crevices of the bark, where you would never think of looking for them. Save your trees? Why," cried Cousin Tim, "if you wish to destroy your trees,—if you wish to have them eaten up with caterpillars and canker-worms, and the fruit to be worm-eaten,—then, I say, kill off the birds."

Joe set the butt of his gun upon the ground, and looked bewildered. Rufus was delighted.

"Yes, it is the birds that preserve our orchards; and the bright little chickadee is among the most useful of his kind. Summer and winter he is at work for us. Nothing escapes his sharp little eye. He peeps under a leaf, and in an instant a cluster of eggs, that would have hatched a swarm of noxious insects, disappears down his throat. You may have some cause of complaint against the robin, the cherry-bird, the oriole, and some others of their tribe, that rob your cherry-trees, strawberry-beds, and patches of early peas—though the worst of them, I believe, do more good than harm; but don't accuse the chickadee, my boy; the only suspicious thing he does is the destruction of these buds, not one of which, probably, would produce sound fruit."

"If that's so, I won't shoot 'em," replied Joe. "I kind o' like to see 'em around. They're so chipper! It's fun to watch 'em in a snow-storm."

"But what becomes of them in summer?" Rufus asked. "I don't remember seeing much of them then."

"No; it is only in winter that they come much about the door. You will often see them in the orchard in summer; then they sing, '*Phebe-phebe,*' more plainly than the phebe-bird itself. They retire into the woods to lay their eggs and raise their little families. Two summers ago I discovered a chickadee's nest in Beman's Grove."

"A chickadee's nest? What did it look like?" inquired Joe, interested.

"That I can't exactly say; for I never saw it."

"Then how did you discover it?" said Rufus.

"By seeing a pair of chickadees go into and come out of a hole in an old birch-tree. I knew they must have a nest in there, and I felt a strong curiosity to see it, but I could n't have got at it without cutting a bigger hole, and that I could n't bear to do. It was only ten or twelve feet from the ground, and I climbed up to it. I tried to put my hand in, but the hole was too small; so I contented myself with blowing into it, and hearing the young



THE CHICKADEE FAMILY.

ones 'peep' inside, no doubt thinking the old birds were coming with food for them. It was very much like a woodpecker's hole, made in the soft wood of a decayed trunk.

"The old birds were very much disturbed by my presence; and out of pity to them I slipped to the ground, and went to a log a little way off, where I sat and watched them. It was some time before they ventured to go to their nest; they seemed to be afraid of showing me how to find it. They flew all around it, and finally darted near enough, I suppose, to hear the 'peeping' inside. At last, after I had waited a long time, one went in, and was gone several minutes, while the other kept guard

outside. I staid till they got used to seeing me there, and began, I hoped, to regard me as a friend. Two or three days after, I was there again and on a third visit, I was delighted to see my two old birds feeding four young ones on the branch of a little birch-tree close by their home. They were about two-thirds grown,—just large enough to fly a little, but not to take care of themselves. And how beautiful, I assure you, boys, to see the care the old ones took of their darlings. You would not have thought those tiny breasts could hold so much tenderness and love. They were constantly flying to and fro, catching worms and caterpillars, bringing them to the branch, and dropping them into one of the little upstretched, open, hungry mouths. And when one of them attempted to fly, the mother flew with it, darting around and beneath it, as if to encourage it, and catch it if it should fall. The old birds were themselves so small, that this little family scene made a very charming picture, I assure you!

"Why did n't you take me to see it?" said Rufus, regretfully.

"Because you were away at the mountains with your mother."

"And did n't you ever go there again?"

"Yes, two or three weeks afterward—it may have been a month. I was passing near, when I thought that, seeing the birds were hatched and flown, I would try to see what the nest was like. So I climbed up to the hole, carefully cut away a little of the soft wood around it with my knife, and put it in my hand. It was larger inside, and reaching down about two-thirds the length of my forearm, I touched something soft. It was the nest, made of moss and hair. I was going to take it out and examine it, when, to my surprise, I made a discovery."

"What was it?" cried Rufus.

"That the bottom was half covered with eggs; there were five of them. As I had never seen a chickadee's egg, I took one out as carefully as I could; but, I am sorry to say, I broke it in doing so,—not so badly, though, but I could see what it was like. It was nearly round, a little more than half an inch in diameter, nearly white, with just the faintest reddish tinge, and little brown spots at the larger end. My dear little chickadees, having given one family a start in life, were going to raise a second brood the same season. I trust they did; and, boys, I hope you will not kill them."

Rufus smiled with bright eyes; and as Cousin Tim walked off, he could hear Joe mutter in a low voice:

"Come, Rufe! let's go out behind the barn and fire at a mark."

OUR DOGS.

BY S. S. COLT.



"I AM the Greyhound, so slim, you know;
I came from Asia long, long ago.
In Turkey, I'm called the 'dog of the street';
In Ireland, I the wolf can beat;
In Italy, I am a lady's pet;
All over the world my race is met."

"Shaggy, and gaunt, a Deerhound am I,
Chasing the deer with death in my eye.
Swift, steady and sure, I follow the trail;
I never tire and I never fail.
To the stately stag no mercy I show,
And little of friendship with man I know."



"I am the Bloodhound, and *man* is my game
As the Sleuth-hound of old I won my fame.
'Twixt England and Scotland I helped keep
order,
And many a thief have chased o'er the border.
I am known afar by my deep-toned bay,
And my terrible race is passing away."

"I was born in the Kingdom of Snow;
For my mistress deathless love I show.
I'm wayward, and *will* bark evermore,
When friend or foe knocks at the door.
There's fire and love in my soft, black eye,
The white and shaggy Spitz-dog am I."



"Behold *me* here—of the Bull-dog race,
With short, strong jaws and a surly face.
The mighty bull I venture to fight;
And even the lion dreads my bite.
But, as a breed, we're not very wise,
And not much soul looks out of our eyes."

"I am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold;
I love the water, and do as I'm told.
I am sometimes rough in my bounding play;
Please to excuse it,—'t is only my way.
And many a life I've been known to save
From the cruel depth of the treach'rous wave."



“The Spaniel am I,—in Spain I was found,
But in every land I have been renowned.
I am always faithful, docile and wise;
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes.
You may treat me well, or treat me ill,
While I live, and you live, I’ll love you still.”



“Black and Tan Terrier! Yes, I am one,
Bold, handsome and faithful—brimful of fun!
A hundred rats lie slain in a day;
From earth-retreats I drive out my prey:
And so it happens, from *terra*, ‘earth,’
(An old Latin word), my name has birth.”

“I am the Mastiff—a watch-dog true;
Many a noble deed I do.
In England I’m yellow,—in Europe, white,
And my bay sounds far through the silent night.
I’ve fought the lion, and conquered the bear;
My friends I protect—let my foes beware.”



“My name is Barry, of the St. Bernard;
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows
hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying,
To guide the lost and rescue the dying!
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told.”

“I, the Irish Wolf-dog, next appear,
With my pointed nose and ears so queer.
I guard the meek sheep by hills and vales,
And keep them safe when the wolf assails;
As much as the shepherd’s dog I know,
And I’m stronger far to fight the foe.”



“I am the Dog of the Esquimaux.—
I drag their sledges over the snow;
I can run and leap—I laugh at the cold;
I’m kind and true, and I’m strong and bold.
In ice-bound huts with my masters I dwell;
I toil for them, and they love me well.”



A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

MRS. PLUMMER, holding "Josephus." and Mr. Ummer and Grandma Plummer and Hiram take seats in the row and play they are little children, the rest, waiting to hear the story. Hiram, sometimes called "the growler," sits on a cricket, his long legs reaching across a breadth and a-half the carpet. Annetta seats herself in front of the row.

"Shall I make it up true or 'fictisher?'" she asks.

Annetta's true stories tell of things which have really happened. The "fictishers" are usually one wild mass of giants. In fact, her hearers have had many and such very monstrous giants lately that they can't stand any more, and ask that Annetta shall "make it up true" this time; though, of course, what is true can't be made up.

"Well, if I make it up true," says Annetta, "I will make it about the Jimmyjohns." (The Jimmies, who are seated together in the row, look very willing at this.) "All be very quiet," Annetta orders on, "and keep in the row. Mr. Growly must not interrupt so much as he does 'most every time, because it 's every word true.

"Once there were two little twinnies named the Jimmyjohns; just as big as each other and just as good and just alike. And one day when Joey Moonbeam* was going to have a soap-bubble party Annetta (me; but I must n't say me, you know) Annetta wanted to make a pudding in her little pudding-pan, and her mother said she might. And her mother gave her some grease so it need n't stick on, and told how many tea-spoonfuls of sugar to take, and milk and cracker and twenty currants, because currants were smaller than raisins are, and one egg was too many for such a little one, and she could n't think what to tell about that, and Mr. Growly said humming-birds' eggs would be the right size for such a little one, and he asked the Jimmyjohns if they would chase some humming-birds home and get their eggs, and they said yes. But he was only funning* with them. And he took a little red box, with white on top of it, that used to be a pill-box, out of Effie's basket—she let him take—for them to put the eggs in when they found any, and put two white sugar-lumps in the box, and her mother said when they found the eggs they could eat the sugar-lumps up and put the eggs in here.

"And first they went behind the syringa bush; and when one came they said, "Sh!" and began

to crawl out; but Johnny tried to stop a sneeze's coming, and so that sneeze made a funny noise in his nose and scared it away.

"And first it went to the sweet peas, and then it flew to some wild rose-bushes over the fence, and then to some other places. And they chased it everywhere it went. And then it flew across a field where there was a swamp, and when they came to the swamp they could n't find it anywhere. And they saw a boy there, and that boy told them may be it flew over the hills. Then they went over the hills, and it took them a great while. And pretty soon there came along a little girl, and her name was Minnie Gray; and she came to pick flowers in a basket for another girl that was sick and could n't go out-doors to smell the sweet flowers. And she asked them where they were going, and they said to find humming-birds' eggs for Annetta to put in her pudding, because Joey Moonbeam was going to have a soap-bubble party. And they asked her if she knew where humming-birds laid their eggs, and she said she guessed in a lily; and they asked her where any lilies grew, and she said in her mother's front-yard; and they asked her if they might go into her mother's front-yard and look, and she said they might. Then they went over to Minnie Gray's house, and went into her mother's front-yard and looked in every one of the lilies, but could n't find one. And pretty soon they saw the funny man that mends umbrellas, coming out of a house with some umbrellas that he had to mend, and he asked them where they were going, and they said to find some humming-birds' eggs for Annetta to put in her pudding that she was going to make in her pudding-pan, because Joey Moonbeam was going to have a soap-bubble party. And they asked him if he knew where to look for them, and he said they better climb up in a tree and look. Then he went into another house, and then they climbed up into Mr. Bumpus's apple-tree and looked, and could n't find any; and Mr. Bumpus's shaggy dog came out and barked, and Mr. Bumpus's boy drove him away, and a limb broke with Johnny and so he fell down and it hurt him and made him cry.

"And Mr. Bumpus called the dog, and told them to never climb up there and break his limbs off any more. And then they went along, and pretty soon the funny man came out of another house, and asked them if they had found any humming-birds' eggs, and they said no. Then he

* A large rag-baby.

told them butterflies laid theirs on the backs of leaves, so they better go look on backs of leaves and see if humming-birds did so. So they went into a woman's flower-garden and turned some of the leaves over and looked on the backs of them, and a cross woman came out and told them to be off and not be stepping on her flower-roots. And the funny man was coming out of a house 'way 'long the road, and when they caught up to him he asked them if they found any, and they said no. Then he laughed, and he told them that mosquitoes stuck their eggs together and let them float on the water in a bunch together, and they better go over to the pond and look there. So they went over to the pond, and he sat down to wait. And they went and looked, and came right back again and said they did n't see any. Then he told them water-spiders laid theirs in water-bubbles under the water, and he said they better go back and look again. So they went back and paddled in the water, and could n't see any eggs in any of the bubbles, and got their shoes and stockings very muddy with wet mud. And when they went back there was another man talking with the funny man, and that other man told them that ostriches laid eggs in the ground for the sun to hatch them out, and they better go dig in the ground. The funny man and that other man laughed very much; and they went away after that. And then the Jimmies got over a fence into a garden, because the ground was very soft there, and began to dig in the ground; and when they had dug a great hole a man came up to them and scolded at them for digging that hole in his garden, and he made them dig it back again. And I've forgot where they went then. Oh, I know now."

"Up on the hill!" cry the Jimmies, both together.

"Oh, yes: I know now. Then they went up on the hill, and there was a boy up there, and that boy told them may be humming-birds had nests in the grass, just like ground-sparrows. But they could not find one; and when they were tired of looking they sat down on the top of the hill. And by and by Mr. Bumpus came along, and his wife,—that's Mrs. Bumpus,—and she asked them if they had seen Dan,—that's Dan Bumpus,—and they said no. Then she said she and Mr. Bumpus were going to a picnic, and Dan was going. And she said they were going by the new roadway; and she asked them if they would wait there till Dan came, and tell Dan to go by the new roadway. And they promised to wait and tell Dan. So they waited there a very long time, and did n't want to stay there any longer; but they did, so as to tell Dan what they said they would. And then it was most noon, and Johnny said he was hungry, and Jimmy

said he was too. The funny man saw them sitting up on top of the hill, and he went up softly and got behind some bushes when they did n't see him, and looked through. And one of them wanted to go home, and the other one said, 'T wont do, 'cause we must tell Dan what we said we would.' So they waited ever so long. And the one that had the red box took it out and opened it, and both of 'em looked in, and one of 'em asked the other one if he s'posed their mother would care if they ate up the sugar, and the other said mother told them they might eat the sugar-lumps when they found the eggs; so they did n't know what to do. And while they were looking at it they heard a great humming noise in among the bushes. Then they crawled along toward the bushes softly as they could to see what was humming there. And they did n't see anything at first, so they crawled along and peeped round on the other side, and there they saw something very strange. They saw an old, broken umbrella all spread open, and a green bush hanging down from it, and they saw the feet of a man under the bush; and the humming came from behind that umbrella. The funny man was behind there, humming, but they did n't know it; and he was looking through a hole. And when they crawled up a little bit nearer to see what made that humming noise he turned round so they could not see behind that umbrella. And every time they crawled another way he turned round so they could not see behind that umbrella. And when they began to cry, because they felt scared, he took down the umbrella, and that made them laugh.

"The baker was coming along the new road, and the funny man stopped him and bought two seedcakes of him for the Jimmies. And he told them they need n't wait any longer for Dan, for Dan had gone by another way, riding in a cart. When he came home with the Jiminyjohns, and when they got 'most to the barn, they saw me,—no, I mean saw a little girl named Annetta (but it was me, you know), and the funny man put up his old umbrella and began to hum; and he told her to hark and hear a great humming-bird hum, and that made me—no; made the little girl laugh. And she wanted him to keep humming; and she went in and told the folks to all come out and see a great big humming-bird. So the folks came out, and he kept moving the old umbrella, so they could n't see who was humming behind there. And when they tried to get behind him, so as to see who was humming there, he went backward up against the barn; but one of them went in the barn and poked a stick through a crack and tickled his neck, and that made him jump away. Then Annetta's father said he knew where there was a humming-bird's nest. Then they all went across

field to some high bushes, and Mr. Plummer
 ted up the little children so we could look in, and
 ere we saw two very, very, tiny, tiny white eggs,
 out as big as little white beans. The Jimmies
 anted Annetta to take them to put in her pudding,
 ut the funny man said they better not. He said

he read in a story-book that if you ate humming-
 birds' eggs you would have to hum all your life for-
 ever after. And so," said Annetta, looking at the
 row from one end to the other, "the pudding never
 got made in the pudding-pan for Joey Moonbeam's
 soap-bubble party."

LITTLE WHIMPY.

BY M. M. D.

WHIMPY, little Whimpy,
 Cried so much one day,
 His grandma could n't stand it,
 And his mother ran away;
 His sister climbed the hay-mow,
 His father went to town,
 And cook flew to the neighbor's
 In her shabby kitchen-gown.



Whimpy, little Whimpy,
 Stood out in the sun,
 And cried until the chickens
 And the ducks began to run;
 Old Towser in his kennel
 Growled in an angry tone,
 Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
 Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
 Cried and cried and cried.
 Soon the sunlight vanished,
 Flowers began to hide;
 Birdies stopped their singing,
 Frogs began to croak.
 Darkness came! and Whimpy
 Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
 Never 'll forget the day
 When grandma could n't stand it.
 And his mother ran away.
 He was waiting by the window
 When they all came home to tea,
 And a gladder boy than Whimpy
 You never need hope to see.

MABEL'S TROUBLES.

BY BENJAMIN E. WOOLF.

MABEL wanted very much to know all about it, and that is why she was so vexed that she could not get it into her head. If she had not cared for it, then it would have been quite another affair; but she did care, and that is where her troubles began. She knew she must learn to spell, and therefore tried her best to please her governess. But Miss Prim was so very thin; she had such a funny row of tight little curls on each side of her head; wore such big silver spectacles on the tip of her nose; and had such a very stiff way of sitting upright in her chair, with her lips sticking out, as if she was only waiting for a good chance to say "Pooh, pooh!" that Mabel felt herself obliged to study her governess all the time, instead of her book.

Mabel tried to study her spelling lessons very hard; but she grew to be *so* tired of saying the same thing over and over again; and there was no sense in it either. B-a, ba; B-e, be; B-i, bi; B-o, bo; B-u, bu,—and so on all through the alphabet,—was so slow and so awfully stupid! Now, thought Mabel, if it was B-a, ba, B-e, be, Baby, there would be something gained; but who ever says Babebibobu? If this were spelling, she would rather go out and play awhile. There *was* some sense in that.

Why, learning to spell was not half as jolly as learning the alphabet. There were pictures to

that, and poetry too. There was "A was an Archer, who Aimed high and low;" and "B was a Booby who could n't say 'Bo!'" There was "C was a Chicken who Clucked after Corn;" and "D was a Dog that the Draughtsman had Drawn." And lots more beside.

Mabel knew she would fall asleep in a few minutes if the lesson did not come to an end—she was so drowsy. The letters danced up and down the page in such a droll way that she could not see one of them plainly. P-a, pa, was somehow or another mixed up with N-o, no; and M-e, me, was trying to play at leap-frog with Y-u, yu.

"Miss Prim," said Mabel, covering the page with her hand, and shaking her head so earnestly that her yellow curls tumbled all over her face, "I can't say any more, please. I'm very stupid, I know, and I suppose I'm a bad little girl; but I can't help it."

Mabel was sitting on a stool at Miss Prim's feet, and her book was resting on Miss Prim's knees. She saw that her governess's lips stuck out more than ever, and felt sure that "pooh, pooh!" must come at last; but it did n't. Miss Prim only said: "Why, Mabel!" and stared through her spectacles till her blue eyes looked as large as willow-pattern saucers.

"Do *you* like all of this?" asked Mabel, pointing to her book.

"Of course I do, Mabel," answered Miss Prim, verely. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I don't," said Mabel, positively; "and that is more, I never shall."

"But, Mabel," said Miss Prim, frowning, "you'll have to learn it if you ever hope to be able to read."

"But suppose I don't hope to be able to read?" asked Mabel. "Suppose I don't care anything about it?"

"But you must care something about it," insisted Miss Prim. "What will you do if you cannot read when you grow up to be a woman?"

"Get some one to read for me," said Mabel, and wondering how Miss Prim would get over *that*.

Miss Prim did not try to get over it, but looked at Mabel in astonishment.

"You can read for me, you know," continued Mabel, "and I can pay you for it. I can save up my pocket-money that papa gives me every week, and that will be enough. Don't you see?"

"But that will *never* do," said Miss Prim, shaking her head very angrily.

"Does Dora have to learn this too?" asked Mabel, after a pause.

"Certainly, miss! Everybody has to learn it," answered Miss Prim, "so go on with your lesson at once."

"Did ma and pa?" persisted Mabel, with tears in her eyes, and looking anxiously up to the face of her governess.

"I have said that everybody has to learn it, Mabel," said Miss Prim, solemnly.

"Well," replied Mabel, disappointed, "I think they might have found something better to do at their age."

"Come, come!" said Miss Prim, impatiently. "Let us have no more of this. Go on with your lesson."

"I can't, Miss Prim. I'm tired, please; and I'm so puzzled that I can't think any more. And if you will let me, I will go into the garden to get my face cool, and come back as soon as I feel rested. If mamma says anything, tell her I'm to blame, please. And I'm sorry, Miss Prim, I'm sure; but my head will not hold it all."

Mabel rose from her seat and went through the balcony window into the garden. It was a cool afternoon in summer, and hundreds of flowers were in bloom. The cypress vine, with its bright red flowers, twined and clambered up the pole to the little pigeon-house on its top; and the big bunches of green grapes that hung against the wall and peeped out from underneath the broad leaves, were just beginning to blush purple. The four-o'clocks, pansies, carnations and verbenas seemed so fresh and happy to Mabel, as they fluttered to and fro in

the soft breeze,—swaying first one way and then the other,—that she almost wished she were a flower too. Roses—red, white and pink—swarmed along the wall; and there were some that stood out on branches all alone, which bowed and nodded to her as she walked along the gravel-path toward the shady arbor at the foot of the garden, where she had left her doll and her hoop.

"Good-day!" she said to them, in return for their politeness. "I'm quite well, thank you. How are you?"

"They do not have to learn how to spell," she thought, as she passed on. "They would not look any prettier, or smell any sweeter, if they knew how to read all the books in the world. I don't believe they would be half so agreeable. I think Miss Prim would be handsomer if she did not know so much; and all the governesses I know are exactly like Miss Prim."

Mabel went on her way thinking of her troubles, and wishing that she could learn something, because Miss Prim took so much pains to teach her; and she supposed that it must be all right for her to study, or else her mother would not have asked Miss Prim to give her lessons.

She reached the arbor at last, and went in. It was a large shady place, covered all over with vines, and the leaves were so thick that the sunbeams only made their way through in little spots that speckled the ground, and, as the breeze fluttered the leaves, kept on changing their places like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. A bench ran all around the arbor, and lying on this in a corner Mabel saw her doll. It had bright golden hair, large blue eyes, and plump little cheeks, just like Mabel's; and its mouth was not a bit prettier than was hers, and it was not much smaller either.

"Did you think I was never coming, you poor, neglected Dolly?" she said, taking it up and smoothing its hair from its eyes. "It's all Miss Prim's fault, and, if you have any complaints to make, you must make them to her. You need n't pout at me in that naughty manner, miss! It is n't good for little girls to pout; and you'll grow so if you do not stop it at once. Sit there, please, till I get up on the bench too, and then I'll make it all up with you."

Mabel placed her doll on the bench, with its back against the trellis-work, and then climbed up herself, and sat by its side.

"O dear!" she said, sighing, as she took her doll again and held it in her lap. "I do wish people would not make benches so high; it is so hard to get up, and it makes me *so* out of breath! You're all right, Dolly, because I lift you up, and you don't scratch your legs as I do mine. Are you

sleepy? I am; but I don't want to go to sleep, because I must soon go back to Miss Prim."

The place was so quiet, and the air was so soft and warm, that Mabel grew more and more drowsy every moment. She could scarcely keep her eyes open, and her head felt so heavy that she had great trouble to hold it up. She would have fallen asleep in spite of herself if something had not attracted her attention all of a sudden. As she saw it, her eyes opened a little, then a little more, and then

the letters leaping, laughing, running, turning somersaults, and mixing themselves up in all sort of ways. How they got out of the book without being discovered, Mabel could not conceive. Yet there they were, having sports of every kind all by themselves, and seeming to enjoy them. Suddenly, and right in the middle of a game of blind-man's buff, Miss Prim darted in among them with a ruler, and set them scampering in every direction, striking at them right and left all around the



"HOW THEY GOT OUT OF THE BOOK WITHOUT BEING DISCOVERED, MABEL COULD NOT CONCEIVE."

wider still, until at last they were almost as large as Miss Prim's when she was astonished.

"Why, what is this?" said Mabel to herself. "Upon my word, these are pretty doings! All the letters of the alphabet have, somehow or another, got out of my book, and are running about here loose. There's 'A was an Archer' playing tag with 'H was a House;' and there's 'Q was a Queen' trying to get away from 'U was an Urn,' who is holding on to her skirt. Yes! and there is 'K was a King' trundling 'O was an Owl' along like a hoop. They are all there, every one of them."

Mabel could not make it out at all. There were

arbor. Mabel got down from the bench and ran to her governess.

"Don't frighten them, please, Miss Prim," she said. "They are only amusing themselves; and I don't wonder at it, after they have been shut up in a book so long."

But Miss Prim took no notice of Mabel, and kept chasing the letters about, till they hopped and skipped like so many fleas to get out of her way.

Some of them got under the bench to hide from her; but she went down on her hands and knees to stir them out. As she did so, the remainder of the letters jumped on her back and upset her; after

hich, they tied her hands and feet, and made her incapable of further mischief.

"Ah!" said letter W, the biggest one of the lot, taking her ruler and standing guard over her with ; "so you are not satisfied with putting us in a book, but you try to cram us into people's heads too, do you? Suppose I was to cut your head off with this ruler, how could you put us in your head any more?"

Miss Prim kicked and struggled to get free, but she was not strong enough. W did not cut her head off, at which Mabel was very glad; but he called all the other letters to stand around Miss Prim while he made her say her letters over seventy-four times. He then gave her a spelling-lesson, and rapped her on the knuckles every time he said it correctly.

Mabel was sorry for Miss Prim; but she thought she served her right for interfering with the letters when they were doing no harm. She therefore did not make any objections; but when they got the poor lady into words of three syllables, Mabel could stand it no longer, for she thought that was nothing less than cruelty. So she went up to "W was a Wheel," and took hold of his arm.

"Please don't punish her any more," she said, "because it will make her head ache. Three syllables are too many for anybody. Let her go this time, because it is not gentlemanly to strike a lady."

"Well," said W, "it is n't gentlemanly for her to go and chase us around with a ruler, and try to hammer us into people's heads as if we were nails. We'll let her off this time, because you ask it; but if she ever comes here again, we'll give her words in a hundred syllables, and so she had better look out for herself."

They then untied Miss Prim, and let her go away.

"So you like Miss Prim," said A to Mabel. "If I was in your place, I would bother her, and stick pins into her."

Mabel was going to give him a pretty sharp answer, when she saw a hump-backed letter, that she did not recognize, coming toward her.

"How do you do?" he asked her. "Don't you remember me? Don't you recollect that you were introduced to me last Wednesday?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mabel. "You are Interrogation Mark. You always ask questions. Papa says it's wrong to ask too many questions!"

"What does he know about it?" inquired Interrogation Mark, with a sneer. "Is he any authority here?"

Mabel did not condescend to reply to him, but went to O, who seemed an easy, good-natured letter, and spoke to him.

"Tell me," she said, "how you all came to be here."

"I must n't do that," replied O, "because then you would know all about it."

"Oh!" said Mabel, disappointed. "I'm sure I did n't mean any harm."

"I know," answered O, "and I would tell you, but you see we are all afraid of Miss Prim. If she finds out how we do it, she will lock us up, and then we can't come here any more. When we amuse ourselves here, we are often quite rough, and some of us get hurt. There's X, who is limping along there, for example. He was an H once, but he fell down and broke his legs, and now he is knock-kneed, as you see him. V used to walk like A; but he was too fond of turning somersaults, and one day he only went half-way over, and stuck on his head. He has never been able to get back again."

Mabel was not surprised to hear all of this, for she had suspected something of the sort before, and was very glad to learn it was true.

"How old are you?" O suddenly inquired.

"Six," answered Mabel.

"You could be sixty if you wanted," O replied.

"How?" asked Mabel.

"By adding fifty-four to yourself," answered O, looking very seriously at her. "I would do it if I was in your place. It will save you the trouble of growing."

Mabel saw that it was true, but she did not know how to do it; and she was not exactly sure that she wanted to add fifty-four to herself, without thinking about it.

While she was turning it over in her mind, &c. came up to Mabel and shook hands with her. He seemed quite gloomy, and had a tired look that made her feel very sorry for him.

"Please, sir," said Mabel to him, kindly, "are you ill?"

"Yes!" answered &c., shedding tears and wiping his eyes on his cuff.

"Then you ought to take something for it," said Mabel.

"Take what?" asked &c., sighing.

"Take some medicine," returned Mabel.

"What should I take medicine for?" inquired &c., a little fiercely, as Mabel imagined.

"Dear me!" said Mabel to herself. "He asks almost as many questions as Interrogation Mark. Because you are ill," she said aloud, somewhat timidly.

"But I am not ill," said &c., very positively.

"You said you were, if you please," pleaded Mabel, almost crying with vexation at being so constantly contradicted.

"If I said it, I meant it," answered &c., growing

sad again. "And now I say I'm *not*, and I mean that too."

"Oh dear!" said Mabel, greatly puzzled. "What do you mean, for I can't make you out?"

"That's where it is," returned &c., bursting into tears. "I mean everything! A means something positive; I don't. B means something positive; I don't. I am not allowed to mean the same thing for two minutes. One moment I mean one thing, and the next moment I mean something quite different. And I never say what I mean, but leave everybody to guess it. It is too bad!"

Mabel felt a great deal of pity for him, as he stood there weeping and screwing his knuckles into his eyes. The tears fell so fast from him that his feet were in a puddle of water. Mabel thought he would catch cold, and was about to tell him so, but O winked his eye at her, and, tapping his forehead, shook his head.

"He is crazy," whispered O to Mabel. "Don't mind what he says. He does not know what he means. Nobody could ever find out from him, because he leaves half of it unsaid, and you have to guess it like a riddle. He is very tiresome and disagreeable. Just ask him to explain himself, and you'll soon find out what sort of fellow *he* is."

Mabel did not like this hard-hearted way that O had of talking about &c., who was growing more tearful and more gloomy every moment. She really pitied the poor fellow, and told O as much; but he merely replied with contempt:

"Pshaw! he is only a foreigner, and has no business among us. If he does not like it, why does he stay here? What does a Latin person want to come mixing with us for? Besides, he is a dwarf, and is all out of shape at that. Look at his little head and his big body."

"A dwarf!" said Mabel, astonished, because she saw that &c. was quite as big as the rest of them, and a great deal fatter.

"Well," said O, reading Mabel's thoughts, "he is an abbreviation, and that's the same thing."

"Is not that Parenthesis I see over there?" said Mabel, pointing to a figure with bowed legs that was hobbling along.

"Yes, I feel very sorry for him," said O. "His parents did not take good care of him when he was young. They tried to make him walk too early, and his legs became crooked, as you see. Look at Bracket yonder. He is all right. His legs are as straight as an arrow. His nurse knew what she was about. I don't think Parenthesis is very long-lived. He is quite weak, and does but little work now. Bracket does most of it for him."

That disagreeable, ill-tempered and humpbacked

Interrogation Mark came toward Mabel again. "Well; and how do you like us all?" he asked, in his impudent, prying manner. "Don't you think we are a jolly set of fellows?"

Mabel was going to tell him that she did not like him at all, and that she was very sorry she had made his acquaintance, when he said to her, with a spiteful grin on his face:

"You think you know us all, don't you? Are you aware that you have got to be introduced to our brothers Old English and Italics, to say nothing of Script?"

"I wish you would not tell me unpleasant things by asking me questions about them," said Mabel, growing angry with him.

Just at that moment Miss Prim darted in amongst them again with another ruler, and set them scampering in every direction once more. Even W was knocked over this time, and &c. received such a thump in his back that he forgot to cry, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. When Miss Prim had beaten them as long as she could, she chased them before her with her apron as if they were a brood of chickens, and they all ran out of the arbor followed by her, tumbling over each other and picking themselves up as well as they could.

Mabel laughed so heartily that she almost cried. Then she suddenly found out she was sitting on the bench, and could not tell how she got there; because, a moment before, she was standing in the middle of the arbor talking with O and Interrogation Mark. She was greatly puzzled, but was so full of what she had seen that she did not think any more of how she came to be sitting down again. She hurried away to learn what had become of Miss Prim and the letters, but saw no trace of any of them. She then went into the house and spoke to Miss Prim about it, but her governess laughed at her and said she knew nothing about it. Mabel was sorry for that, because she did not think Miss Prim would be guilty of doing so mean a thing as telling a falsehood. If she would tell her a story about such a matter, how could she depend upon her in her spelling lessons?

Everybody told her that she had been dreaming; but she knew better than that, for she had spoken to them, especially O and &c. She found them all in her book again; but though she questioned them frequently, they took no notice of her. In spite of that, nothing could convince her that it had not all happened just as she told of it. But she never saw them again, though she often went into the arbor and waited for them to come. And this added to Mabel's troubles.



FRIENDS.

BY
L. G. WARNER

NORTH WIND came whistling through the wood
 Where the tender, sweet things grew—
 The tall, fair ferns and the maiden's-hair,
 And the gentle gentians blue.
 "It's very cold—are we growing old?"
 They sighed, "What shall we do?"

The sigh went up to the loving leaves,—
 "We must help," they whispered low.
 "They are frightened and weak, oh brave old trees!
 But we love you well, you know."
 And the trees said, "We are strong—make haste!
 Down to the darlings go."

So the leaves went floating, floating down,
 All yellow and brown and red,
 And the frail little trembling, thankful things
 Lay still, and were comforted.
 And the blue sky smiled through the bare old trees
 Down on their safe, warm bed.

THE SONG OF THE CANARY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

It was time to sow the seeds in the flower-garden. So the gardener brought out the seed-box and set it upon the grass-plot, while he put on his thinking-cap for a few minutes.

Each kind of seed lived in a little paper house by itself, with its name plainly printed on the front-door, for the seeds of one family are never allowed to associate with those of other families as long as they are nothing but seeds. After they grow to be plants and flowers it's quite another thing. Then they are old enough and big enough to choose their own companions, and if the poppies see fit to nod to the marigolds, and the morning glories to throw kisses to the geraniums, it is nobody's business but their own.

Well, in one of these paper houses (by the by, girls and boys call them small envelopes, but then girls and boys don't know what they're talking about half the time) had lived the lady-slipper seeds all the long, cheerless winter.

"Oh, dear, is n't this fine!" they all said to each other as the gardener, dropping his thinking-cap, lifted them out of the box, "is n't this fine! We're going to see the world at last." And they rolled over and over each other in perfect delight.

The gardener carried them to the nice, smooth flower-bed, tore off the roof of their house and laid it upon the fresh brown earth, while he began loosening the ground a little with his rake.

The lady-slipper seeds crowded to the place where the roof of their house used to be, and peeped out.

Then they all commenced whispering together as fast as they could: "Oh! how lovely! Here's everything the canary sung about this morning—the great trees nearly touching the sky, the tall green grass, the birds singing, and—(don't crowd and push so). And oh! oh! oh! are we going to live here always, and do nothing but lie in the warm sunshine and listen to the birds sing?—(don't crowd and push so)—and —"

Before they could say another word, the gardener took up the paper house, and, pouring some of the seeds into the palm of his hand, scattered them on the ground, and began raking the dirt over them.

Those left behind commenced talking again, this time not so fast, but in a low, frightened whisper: "O dear!"—(such a different "O dear!" from the

first one)—"what has he done with our brother and sisters? Shall we never see them again? And will he cover us up in the ground too? It is dreadful to think of—better a thousand times be back in the seed-box, listening to the song of the canary."

"Be quiet a moment, do, dear ones," said a wee brown seed, "and listen to me. Have you all forgotten the last song we heard the canary sing?"

'First a seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing,
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Ev'ry happy hour!"

"Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,"

echoed the others. "That was the song, sure enough. Can we believe it?"

"The songs of the birds are *always* true," said the wee seed, "for they are taught to them by the angels."

"We do believe—we do believe," cried the others, hopefully. "We are no longer afraid, though the gardener *is* coming. He will put us in the dark ground, but we shall come up again, no longer seeds but green leaves, buds and flowers."

But one little seed that had said nothing all this time now hid itself away in a corner, saying: "I'm not going into the ground." And when the others rolled merrily out into the gardener's hand the paper house fluttered away with her in it to a short distance from the flower-bed, and fell on the ground between two cold grey stones.

Nearly two weeks went by, and the lonely seed, looking toward the spot where the lady-slippers had been sown, one warm summer morning, beheld rows on rows of bright green leaves peeping out of the ground and heard them saying gaily to each other: "Well met, brother." "Good day, sister." "How pleasant it is to be in the air and sunshine once more."

But no one saw or spoke to her, poor little thing! Time went on, and the plants grew larger and stronger, and at last came pretty, tender buds, which soon unfolded into fragrant flowers of every beautiful hue, and the sun, wind, rain and dew

ved them dearly, and the bees, birds and butterflies thought them the sweetest things on earth. As for the lonely little seed, it lived a dreary, endless life between the two cold grey stones, and every day it said to itself, over and over again: "Oh! would that I, too, had had faith in the

song of the canary, then should I have been beautiful and beloved with my brothers and sisters—

'Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter—sweeter
Ev'ry happy hour!"

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[Our readers, especially those who have read the article on the coming Transit of Venus, in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, will, we think, be interested in the following true account of the boy astronomer who watched a transit of Venus just two hundred and fifty-five years ago.]

THE first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's center. This was about the year 635.

Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming

of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly, the church-bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church-bells as a call from Heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church-bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator, to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright center, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European Governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.

THE COMANCHES' TRAIL.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"WHAT is it, Jim?" I inquired of our guide, whom I saw suddenly pause a short distance in advance of me, and then dismount from his horse, as if for the purpose of more thoroughly examining the ground.

"It's a fresh Comanche trail," replied Jim, "made since sunrise, and headed toward the river, too."

Riding up, I dismounted, and, kneeling upon

there? Now, if them spears of grass had been trod down afore sunrise, you'd a-found little particles of sand a-clingin' to 'em; but, yer see, they're as clean as a whistle, which shows that they was made after the dew dried off. As to their bein' Comanches, the print of this moccasin shows that plain enough; an' it's fair to reckon they're on the war-path, cause they haint got their families with 'em."



A COMANCHE FAMILY TRAVELING

the ground, closely examined the tracks before me, while Jim continued, looking around him:

"They're on the war-path, too, sure 's shootin'."

As I could discover nothing myself but the tracks made by a number of unshod horses' feet, which had apparently followed one another in single file over the prairie, leaving a long, sinuous, snake-like trail behind them, I said:

"I can certainly see the tracks plainly enough; but how do you know that they were made since sunrise by a party of Comanches who are on the war-path?"

"Yer see them spears of grass?" replied Jim. "Wall, there was a heavy dew last night, war'n't

"But how do you know their families are not with them?" interrupted I.

"Because there a'nt no signs of their lodge-poles. Yer see," explained Jim, "Injuns alus carry their lodge-poles when their families travel with 'em; an' as they fasten 'em to the sides of their horses, the ends drag on the ground, leavin' a mark behind 'em; an' as there a'nt no mark here, it's plain they're travelin' without 'em, and that's a pretty sartin sign they're on the war-path."

"If such is the case, what had we better do, Jim?" inquired I.

"Do? Why, there a'nt but one thing to do,

that is to look out for 'em. If they surprise us now, 't will be our own fault," replied Jim.

"Can you tell how many there are in the party?" asked I.

"There 's ten or a dozen of 'em, anyway," rejoined the guide, curtly.

"Then it's very evident we don't want to encounter them, and had better keep out of their light," said I.

"Bless your soul," responded Jim. "do you suppose they a'nt seen us? Why, ten to one, they're lookin' at us this very minute, and know our movements as well as we do ourselves."

"How looking at us? There is n't a creature of any kind in sight except our own party," continued I, closely scanning the country with my glasses.

"Wal, we can see nobody, that 's sartin; but for all that, you may depend upon it they've seen us, for the Comanches never travel without having some one on the watch. That 's the reason Injun trails alwuz cross the highest ground, instead of followin' the valleys. Yer see this trail heads for that high mesa there; and more 'n as likely as not, there 's an Injun lyin' in the grass up there, watchin' ev'ry movement we make—or, at any rate, it's safe to calculate there is."

Now, this was anything but pleasant news for me, who had hoped to reach the Rio Grande, whither we were bound, without meeting any of the bands of hostile Indians with which Western Texas at that time swarmed.

I had been a resident of Texas some years, and had recently been induced by some newly-arrived friends from the East to embark with them in the enterprise of stocking a ranche situated upon the head-waters of the Guadalupe River; and, for the purpose of procuring the necessary animals to start with, we had decided upon a trip into Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande at or near Eagle Pass.

We had procured the services of Jim Davis, one of Ben McCullough's celebrated band of Texan rangers, to accompany us as scout or guide. We had left San Antonio five days before, and, at the time my story opens, were crossing the country lying between Fort Inge and the Rio Grande, still a four days' journey distant.

Being the only one of the party, except the guide, who had had any experience upon the plains, the information just received was anything but pleasant, for I felt a good deal of anxiety as to what might ensue if we were attacked.

The remainder of our party, with the pack-mules, having by this time overtaken us, Jim and myself rode along in silence, keeping a sharp lookout, but seeing nothing to alarm us.

We had left the recently-discovered trail far to

the south, and I was congratulating myself upon our fortunate escape, when, suddenly, Jim called my attention to a dark object upon the top of a hill some distance in advance of us.

I gave it a cursory glance, and said: "Well, what is it?"

"An Injun on hossback," was the short, positive answer.

I immediately brought my glasses to bear, and could distinctly see that it was indeed an Indian, sitting upon his horse as motionless as a statue.

"What can he be doing there?" was my inquiry.

"I reckon from the feller's position he wants us to understand he's friendly, and perhaps he wants to do a little beggin' on his own account, or may be he's a spy or a Lipan," replied Jim. "When we git near enough, I'll ask him who he is."

As we approached, the guide raised his hand, with the palm open outward, and moved it rapidly across and in front of his face several times. This signal was immediately responded to by the Indian, who made a peculiar motion with his hand, similar to that made by a snake in crawling through the grass.

"He's a Comanche," said the guide. "Yer see," continued he, "all the different tribes have a sign by which they're known. I asked him who he was, and his answer said 'Comanche,' which means 'snake,' and that wrigglin' motion is the sign of their tribe. I s'pose you call that telegraphin', don't yer?"

Immediately upon the Indian's noticing and answering Jim's signal, he started toward us at a furious pace.

"That does n't look very friendly, does it, Jim?" inquired I, placing my hand upon my revolver.

"Don't touch yer shootin' irons," said Jim; "that's alwuz their way of meetin' strangers."

By this time, the Indian, making a most graceful circuit, approached to within about thirty feet of us, and then suddenly reined in his horse, and halted.

The guide rode forward and shook hands with him, and, after a few moments' conversation, motioned for us to come forward, when a general handshaking ensued.

This ceremony completed, the guide informed us that the Indian was a messenger from "Chiquito," the chief of a small band of Comanches, now encamped upon the head-waters of the Leona, some four or five miles to the south, and that he professed to be a great friend of the whites, and was desirous that we should visit him at his camp.

I found that my friends were both inclined to go, and so informed the guide that we would be governed by his opinion in the matter.

"Wal," said Jim, "I reckon we may as well go: may be a visit will git the good-will of the old feller—an' it can't hurt us, no how."

At a motion from the Indian, we started, and, after riding some distance, came to a magnificent grove of pecan-trees: passing through which, we came in sight of the camp, a group of conical huts (instead of the usual skin lodge), constructed of poles set in the ground and bent over to a common center at the top, which framework was wattled with bunches of long *tulle* and grass.

When we first saw them there appeared to be an angry discussion going on between a dozen or more of the Indians, one of whom, a large and powerfully-built Indian, about fifty years of age, the guide informed me, was Chiquito, their chief. He was dressed in a tight-fitting jacket, with leggings and moccasins, from each outer seam of which there was suspended a long, loose fringe. Upon his head was a close-fitting cap of bearskin, covered with a profusion of eagles' feathers, so arranged as to stand erect in a circle over the top of his head. His face, from which every particle of hair had been carefully eradicated, was striped in an odd and fantastic manner with different-colored pigments, in which white and yellow largely predominated; the place usually occupied by the eyebrows and lashes being painted a bright vermillion.

Around his neck hung two necklaces; one made of bears' toes, eagles' claws and deer hoofs; the other of brass balls, such as are sometimes used to tip the horns of cattle, and two similar ones hung pendent from his ears. Over his shoulders, and sweeping the ground, in regal style, was carelessly flung a large buffalo rug, gaudily painted and embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, while in a belt around his waist hung a singular-looking hatchet, or tomahawk. In his right hand he held the usual Comanche spear.

The balance of the group were also arrayed in gaudy rugs and fancy "stroudings," which, with their grotesquely-painted faces, gave them a most hideous appearance.

The entire party wore their hair long and flowing over their shoulders, while each carried in his hand an ugly-looking spear.

As we approached them Chiquito stepped for-

ward, and extending a hand ornamented with finger-nails an inch long, grunted out, in execrable Spanish, "*Mi Chiquito, bueno amigo*," or, "I am Chiquito, a good friend."

We all dismounted, and, after shaking hands with each one, seated ourselves upon the grass, and the guide then informed Chiquito that we had visited



THE CHIEF, CHIQUITO.

him at his request, and desired to know his pleasure. The chief gave us to understand that, notwithstanding he had always been friendly to the whites, he was very poor, and required many things to make him comfortable, such as blankets, tobacco, with fire-arms to shoot game, and particularly powder and shot, and anything else we had to spare.

While this modest demand was being made the braves gathered around us, persisting in making

the most minute examination of our dress, fire-arms, equipments and baggage, evincing their satisfaction with what they saw by a series of grunts, at the same time manifesting a decided disposition to appropriate any articles that particularly struck their fancy. They even cut some of the buttons off of poor Cliff's coat.

Jim informed Chiquito that we were a party traveling for pleasure, and had nothing whatever to spare, except powder and balls to our enemies; and as he utterly refused to present the chief with anything save one blanket, we all arose, bidding the Indians "*buenos dios*," we made the best of our way out of camp.

Again on the road, I asked Jim if it was not singular that the Indians did not include whisky in their demands, and was told by him that the Comanches were an exceedingly temperate tribe, it being rare to find one of them who drank intoxicating liquor.

"We a'n't a-goin' to git off scot free though; see we do," remarked Jim. "We shall hev trouble thim varmints yet, sure 's shootin'! Old Chiquito looked blacker 'n a thunder-cloud when I told him we had n't got nothin' for him. Injuns is rerpents, any how; and we shall see what we all."

We encamped that night at Elm Creek, about half-way between Fort Inge and the Rio Grande, and had hardly been on the road a half hour the next morning when we discovered a party of Indians riding furiously toward us, evidently with hostile intent. We hastily rode to the summit of a small hill, and, dismounting, waited, rifles in hand, for the attack.

The country was an open, rolling prairie, especially well adapted for the manœuvring of their horses. As they approached we could count ten in the party, armed with bows and arrows, as well as spears; but as each of us was armed with a rifle, we felt that we need not fear their superiority of numbers.

I could not but admire the daring bravery with which they came thundering over the turf toward us, each man sitting erect and as firm in his saddle as though a part of the animal he rode. Their faces, breasts and arms were striped with yellow and black paint, presenting a singular contrast to the gaudy trappings of their horses and the bright colors of their "stroudings."

When within easy range, Jim gave the word, and the next instant four rifles belched forth their flame and smoke, when, as if by a stroke of a necromancer's wand, every Indian disappeared from our sight as the terrible Comanche war-whoop resounded upon our ears, sounding like the yell of so many fiends, and, in spite of our best endeavors,

almost curdling the blood in our veins, while a flight of arrows fell around us, slightly wounding one of our horses. Another volley from our rifles, followed by another shower of arrows, accompanied by the most demoniacal yells and screeches, so startled and frightened our animals that it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept them from breaking loose and stampeding over the plain.

While the apparently riderless horses of the Comanches were circling around us, each circuit bringing them nearer and nearer, Jim raised his rifle and fired. I saw one of their horses stumble and fall to the ground, and a moment after, its rider leap hurriedly up and as suddenly disappear just as a third flight of arrows assailed us from beneath their horses' necks.

"Them 's what they 're after," said Jim; as, in spite of our best exertions, two of our animals succeeded in breaking loose and dashed madly over the plain, followed by the entire party of Comanches, yelling and screeching after them like so many demons.

"Wal," exclaimed the guide, "the Injuns is gone, an' so be the horses! We 'll have ter ride an' tie between here an' the Grande, sure 's shootin'."

"Can't we follow them and get the animals back?" asked Blossom.

"Foller 'em! We might as well foller a streak of greased lightnin'," said Jim. "We may thank our stars that we 've got off as well as we have, and let well enough alone. I would n't 'a give five cents for our chance when I see dem fellers comin' down on us so; ten to four 's a good many, when the four has their animals to look out for. I knew we could n't fight 'em on hossback, 'cause, yer see, dem fellers is the best hossmen in the world. Did n't yer see how they dropped on to the sides of their hosses an' fired from under their necks? I 've seen a dozen of 'em fight all day that way, and there 's no way of touchin' 'em without fust killin' their hosses. Come, Jedge, let 's go and look at that critter out there; I 've a notion I 've seen him afore."

We walked out to where the animal lay, and recognized it at once as the horse ridden by Chiquito's messenger, thus removing any doubts that might have existed relative to Chiquito's friendship for the whites.

We deemed it advisable to return to where we were encamped the night previous, as the loss of our animals would require us to travel so slowly it would be impossible to reach water that night. Before we had been in camp two hours we descried, slowly winding over the plain from the direction of the river, the white tops of six wagons, which proved to be a Government train in charge of

Lieut. Holabird, *en route* from Fort Duncan to Fort Inge for commissary stores. Of course we were greatly delighted to see the soldiers, for although we did not expect to be attacked again by Chiquito's Indians, it would be well for us to have a little military support if they should conclude to come after our two remaining horses.

The Lieutenant treated us very kindly, and, as he found he could spare a horse or two, he very generously loaned us a couple of animals to enable

us to resume our journey. After we had been thus reinforced and encouraged, we parted from our new-found friends and reached the Rio Grande on the afternoon of the second day.

Three weeks later, upon our return to the river from the interior with the stock we had purchased we learned that Chiquito's braves had been severely punished by a party sent out from Fort Duncan for that purpose; news that we were not very sorry to hear.



THE FOREST FAMILY.

(Adapted from the Swedish by SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN, the translators of the "Schwartz" and "Topelius" novels.)

PERHAPS you think of a pretty wild pigeon with her young, an "ungrateful cuckoo" in his stolen nest, or a pair of nightingales, with their sons and daughters; or may be a profuse fern-family which spreads itself in all directions, seeming to say to the passer-by, "I am like a palm-tree—only hand-mer. I have a crown at the top and a little 'fortune-teller' at the root. Look at me with reverence!"

No, my reader, I mean none of all these when I speak of my little family in the woods. It consisted of a poor peasant's widow, her four children and her old mother. Their log-cabin was built at the edge of the wood, and was small and unpretending, like most of such homes, only it had always been large enough to contain their happiness. But at the time I take you there it had a sombre appearance, though the sun shone through the low windows and nature all around was arrayed in blooming holiday attire. In the middle of the room, on two wooden chairs, stood a coffin, in which the children's father had been laid to his last rest. The simple shroud was completely covered with flowers, made of gilt paper. Such productions figure on all solemn occasions in the country, though the ground may be strewn with most brilliant flowers.

"Mamsel," who lived at the great mansion, had worked all these paper flowers and given them to little Hanna, who would have run for miles in her bare feet to get them.

Hans Nilsson's limping horse, which was to draw the coffin to the church-yard, had not yet arrived; either had Sven, the tailor; Ljung, the old corporal; and Korp Pelle, who were the three honored burial guests; so that the family would be a little while longer alone with the dead.

The old grandmother, who had been an invalid for many years, put out her wrinkled face between the threadbare curtains, and then drew it back again with a sigh. "Mother" herself went back and forth between the kitchen and the *stuga*, or common-room, busy with the "treats;" for the guests were to have what the house could afford, which was little enough. She did not weep, but she saw in her face that her heart had, as she herself said to grandmother, "got the crack."

At a short distance from the coffin stood the cradle, in which the baby, only a few months old, lay playing with two or three gilt flowers that had been left over from the funeral show.

The two boys—one ten and the other thirteen

years of age—presented a sadly comical appearance as they stood there in their borrowed clothes ready to go to the church-yard. The jacket-sleeves worn by one of them hung far down over his hands, while those of the other did not reach the wrist. Their trousers were rolled up high so as not to catch the dust on the road, and the shoes—stuffed at the toes with straw—threatened at every step to remain behind as a lost receipt for the borrowed apparel.

But then came the horse and the hay-wagon and the three funeral guests. Then all partook of refreshment, after which the coffin-cover was screwed on. Mother meanwhile turned her face toward the window, looking out on the meadow. Only a neighboring rose-bush saw her lonely tear.

The only person who sobbed aloud was little Hanna; and when the coffin was at last carried out she followed close at the heels of the brothers, now looking with tear-drowned eyes at the object of their sorrow, and then hiding her face in the little narrow hempen apron.

Grandmother drew the curtains together, and kept them so all that day, and "mother" seated herself in silence by the baby, leaning her pale face against the cradle. Not a word was exchanged between the two women during the two hours of the boys' absence. When the mother rose to meet them on their return a nervous quiver passed over her lips; but she was unable to speak. She could only put her hands on the heads of her sons.

"Father rests in peace," said the oldest. "The large chestnut-tree shades the grave."

This was like a greeting from the dead one; so it seemed to the mother. And for the first time she burst into tears.

"Don't cry so hard, mother," said Marten, in a comforting way. "Have you not me left? Don't you know that I'd rather perish than allow you to suffer for the want of anything? I tell you, mother, when the coffin was lowered into the grave I thought I had all at once become many years older, and it was as if I had heard father's own voice saying to me, 'Now, Marten, you shall take my place at home.'"

"And then you have me too!" joined in the younger boy, Nisse, straightening his figure. "I'll tell you, mother, that one day I beat Jon Persson's Ola so that every one of his joints cracked; and he is fourteen. Don't you believe that I can work? I tell you that I can."

"And I will pick berries, and sell them at the

great mansion," said little Hanna, peeping out with her tear-stained face. "You shall see, mother, that I will try to do something too!"

The mother's heart overflowed, but she did not do as many mothers would have done—fold the children in her arms and kiss them. She only looked at them mildly, and said:

"You mean it all; may God give you the strength."

The next morning at six o'clock, just as the servant-girls were the busiest in the kitchen of the great mansion, a little barefooted boy entered.

"Why, there is Löfhulta Nisse!" exclaimed the cook. "What do you want?"

"I wish to speak with the 'patron.'"

"He is n't up so early as this."

"May be you 'll let me wait then?"

"Perhaps I can tell him what you want?" asked the housekeeper, in a friendly tone, as she happened to come into the kitchen just as Nisse was speaking.

"No, thank you," replied Nisse. "I've got to speak to him myself."

"It must be something very important," said the cook, in a joking way.

"Important enough for me," answered Nisse, who never seemed to lack a reply.

"Would you like to have something to eat while you wait?"

Nisse made a curious bow, and pushed back his hair from his brow, while his face lighted up amazingly. He had not tasted a mouthful of food that morning.

After a good meal, which relieved the long waiting, Nisse was permitted to go in to the "patron," who was quite a gracious gentleman.

"What is it you want with me, my little boy?"

"I came to ask you, sir, if you would please hire me to cut logs."

"You? Why, you are only a little nine-years old stripling!"

"Ten at next Michaelmas."

"Granted; but that work is a man's job."

"I mean to be a man," answered the boy; and looked the "patron" straight in the face.

"I must say — However, I will let you try to split rails."

"Kind 'patron,' please let me cut logs."

"Boy, you are out of your mind. You have not strength enough for such a job."

"Only let me try, sir."

"Why do you insist upon doing just that work?"

"Because I can earn more by it."

"Are you greedy too?"

"No, I don't think so; but father was buried yesterday, and Marten and I are now going to take care of the house."

The "patron" was silent for a moment. There was a slight quiver of his eyelashes and the corners of his mouth.

"Ah! you are Löfhulta Nisse; now I understand. You are of the right stock, my boy. Cut and cut your logs, but don't cut off your feet, for that would be a great misfortune to you."

"Thanks a thousand times," replied Nisse, with a grateful breath, and made the best bow of which he was capable.

When the evening came, Nisse had cut, not a cord, but a large pile of wood, and he had done well too. His face was beaming.

"Now, you see, sir, yourself," said he to the "patron."

"Yes, I see; but one fly does not make a summer. To-morrow you will be tired out, and unable to come back."

"You will see, sir," replied the boy.

"And you have not been cutting yourself?" quired the "patron," patting him on the head.

"No, sir; my feet are yet in their place."

"And so is your head, I perceive. You are welcome back to-morrow, little 'family-father'!"

No king who has conquered an empire could feel the justifiable pride that Nisse experienced when he, with twelve shillings* in his hand—the fruit of his first day's labor—came running home, red with heat, to his mother's cottage.

"What did I tell you, mother?" was his greeting as he held out to her the shining pieces.

The mother's eyes shone with a peculiar tenderness as she took the coin, and folding it carefully in a piece of paper, placed it on a little shelf, close to the hymn-book and the Sunday silk handkerchief, which last she had received as a present from her husband.

The next morning, and every following morning precisely at five o'clock, Nisse stood in the yard of the great mansion and began his work.

The little "family-father" had steady employment from that time; so had his elder brother, who was engaged in another direction.

Every Monday morning Nisse brought a hare with him, which his brother had caught, and for which he was well paid.

"Your brother must be a splendid hunter," said the housekeeper to Nisse, one day.

"Not a man in the village can beat him," was Nisse's proud reply. "He never misses the mark!"

But the next winter Nisse had no longer any hares for sale.

"How is that?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Well, you see," answered Nisse, thoughtfully, "he does n't shoot any now."

"But why does n't he shoot any?"

* Old Swedish pennies.

“Because Hanna thinks she is too big a girl to run a dog.”
 “Run dog? What do you mean?”
 “Well, you know, she has always acted as a

But man proposes and God disposes. One day the little cottage lay all in a heap of ashes. The accident occurred when Hanna went down to the creek. The baby had managed to play with the fire and had dropped a coal into the carded wool. Hanna came back just in time to save the old grandmother and the little incendiary, who had thus innocently caused the poor family so much trouble.

They were allowed to stay over a month in a vacant outhouse belonging to the “patron.” This period was a great trial to the widow, as she received just at this juncture less assistance from her two sons, who, contrary to all former habit, now neglected their work. They began later in the morning, left work earlier in the evening, and even Hanna, who had always been obedience itself, began to run away, and was never at hand when she was most needed.

The mother worried first in silence, but at last she made up her mind to speak to her children about this after church the next Sunday.

When this time came, however, the oldest boy asked mother to go with them all to the place where their old cabin had stood.

Why should she not? She thought it providential that she could just on that

spot give vent to her heart's anxiety. But how is this? Does she dream, or is she actually awake? There stand the walls of another cottage, by no means a faultless structure, but in her eyes it seems a palace. In a flash her mother's heart tells her that it was on this work that her children had been spending the time they had apparently wasted. She stretched her hands toward the new cottage, and for the second time since her husband's death she wept, but this time in gladness.

“And you have done all this yourselves?” she finally asked.



GETTING DOWN THE WOOD-SLED.

hunting-dog for us. She barked, and in that way started the hare. We could n't afford to keep a real dog, of course.”

And now the family got along quite nicely. The boys brought home their earnings every Saturday evening, and the mother went out to day's work, as she had done before her husband's death. Little Hanna had taken care alternately of grandmother and the baby; and if Hanna went out to earn money, mother could stay at home, rest, spin a little, and see the neighbors now and then, so that everything would be just about right.

"Mother, don't you remember what we promised you when father was buried?" asked Nisse, in an attitude of pride.

"But where did you get strength to do it?"

"A little at a time," explained Marten, brushing away his long light hair from his eyes. "The worst job was to drag the beams from the woods. I don't believe we could have done that if we had not borrowed old Jon's sled."

"And a nice time we had to get it down from behind his house," said Hanna. "Jon's boy had to take Nisse's place in moving the big thing."

"But we don't see where the hearth and the are to come from," added Nisse.

These additions were made in their turn, however; for when the "patron" heard what the poor children's love for their mother had inspired them to do, he immediately sent carpenters and masons to finish the cottage.

And here I end my narrative of the little fort-family. It is founded on fact. The restored cottage exists to this day, and the young people who built it are still living,—an honor to the class to belong to, and a life-long joy to their aged mother.

FOURTEEN MONKEYS.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"WHAT do people do on board a man-of-war?"

"Don't you remember I told you the other day there was no more regular life in the world, and that every hour had its fixed employment? Now, for instance, one of mine for a long time, all the way indeed from Java to St. Helena, and a week or two on from the latter place, was to guard my belongings, to prevent their being torn up, cut, burned up, thrown overboard, or hung from the topmast. What do you think of your uncle's respectable trousers hanging from the tiptop of the mainmast?"

"You did n't put them there, Uncle Jack?"

"Do I look like it, Grace? Consider my two hundred pounds, and then ask if I could go up a hundred feet in the air to do any such thing. No, Gracie; Pedro was at the bottom of it all, though he had thirteen assistants in a good deal that he did."

"Now, Uncle Jack, tell the whole. Don't make me all aggravated. Who were the thirteen?"

"They could a tail unfold,—in fact, thirteen tails. In short, Grace, when we left the island of Java, where our ship touched for wood and water, we took with us one hundred and sixty-eight Java sparrows and fourteen monkeys. You know I was in China a year or more, and this was on the way home. Forty of these sparrows were mine, but they were no trouble to me, because my boy did all the care-taking. I had two of the monkeys too; little, delicate, mouse-colored ones, with soft, silky hair. One died very shortly, but the other lived several months, and clung to me like a baby. He would creep under my coat or into a pocket,

and be content to lie there all day if I would let him, and he played like a kitten. Then there was a little cinnamon-colored one which spent a good deal of time with him, and taught him all the wickedness he knew, and their antics together were funny beyond my telling. Poor Cinny came to an untimely end, and you shall hear how.

"You know the captain of a man-of-war mess-table that is eats, alone, unless he invites some one specially to share his table, and the steward always takes great pride in having meals handsomely served. The monkeys made him a great deal of trouble, running away with bread, and so on, and generally, to prevent their getting in, he locked the door of the cabin till the captain came. This particular day, the captain had sat down to a beautiful little dinner, and was on the point of beginning when he was called away, and went, leaving the door open. Cinny was on the watch, and sped in, followed by a large black monkey full three feet high who had had his head and face shaved by the sailors, leaving only mustache and side-whiskers. You can't think what a grim-looking creature he was, with these jet black ornaments against a snow-white skin. It gave him a goblin-like, unearthly look. I should n't have cared to meet him in the dark night.

"Well, the two went in, as I said, velvet-footed and silent, and began operations. The lights were all open, as the day was hot, and they threw dishes after dish out into the water. Then Cinny took the butter and oiled himself from head to foot, drawing what was left in streaks up and down the table-cloth. The black one in the meantime began

on the dessert, and ate or threw it on the floor as the mood took him, and in the midst of all the captain returned to find Cinny emptying salt, mustard and so on from the castors into the soup-reen. They went by him like lightning and up the mast, but this time there was no escape. The captain was furious, and, drawing a pistol, shot them both. They fell into the water,—drowned, of course; and so two ended.

“All sorts of things happened to the eleven survivors. There were two or three sheep on board, for the benefit of the sailors, and their lives were a burden to them. Their tails were pulled, and their wool, by that dreadful eleven; and one day two of the monkeys decided to ride them, and so pinched and kicked and tormented the poor creatures that they leaped from their pen, and then, frightened by the sailors, went over the ship’s side, monkeys and all, and were drowned. The sailors wanted to charter a boat, for the poor monkeys swam and cried for their children, but we were going too fast, and they were gone before a boat could have reached them.

“So only nine were left, and three of these got at the captain’s liquors one day and drank so much wine that they never woke up from the sleep into which they fell.

“Still the six, headed by Pedro, accomplished their fair share of mischief, though he was the master spirit. Against my monkey he had some special grudge, and poor Tito had a hard time. Pedro was big and strong, and principally tail, which means that he could swing farther and from more unexpected places than all the rest put together. He delighted in claspings Tito in his arms, running to the topmast, and then swinging by his tail till Tito screamed. Sometimes he dropped him into the rigging, and Tito caught at ropes’-ends and saved himself, only to be whisked up and tortured again. At last I whipped Pedro whenever he came into my state-room, and it was this which made him hate me so. He would sit just where I could not reach him, and chatter and make faces, growing more and more angry if he thought I did not notice him. He stole my brushes, went off with pens and pencils, hung my clothes on the mainmast; and I declared he must and should be killed.”

“Why did n’t you kill him, then?” Gracie asked. “Because he belonged to the first lieutenant, who was taking him home to his little girl. He knew a great many funny tricks, and was good enough with everybody but me; and I locked my door on going out, and guarded against him as well as I could.

“In course of time we came to St. Helena, and lay there for several days. The grave of the Emperor Napoleon is there, as jealously guarded still as if his dust could rise against his old enemies,

and we had some trouble in getting permission to visit it. It came at last though, and we spent a day in going over the old places where his restless soul fretted itself away. All around the grave is a shallow trench, in which the common horseshoe geranium grows profusely, and the sentinel gave us a quantity of slips, together with some from Napoleon’s favorite willow. I had a large box filled with earth; planted my slips and made plans as to whom I should give them when I got home. They grew famously; and as we sailed on day after day, their bright, clear green was the most refreshing sight on board that big ship. We counted the weeks that must pass before seeing home,—counted them, and even marked off the days, as they say boarding-school girls do; but after a three years’ cruise one gets a little light-headed at the last, and such doings are excusable. I thought how Walter and I would plant the willow and watch its growth; and a willow is very satisfactory in that way, it grows so swiftly.

“The days were burning hot. The sun poured down on the decks, and to breathe at all I had to leave door and port-hole both open. So it happened that one afternoon I went into the captain’s room for a few minutes, without closing my door or even thinking of Pedro, who lay on a chair sound asleep. My movement wakened him; he saw his chance and darted in, and I went back to see the last one of those precious slips flying through the port-hole. Yes, Gracie, not one left!

“What did I do? What could I do, but go to the lieutenant and tell him somebody must shoot that monkey, and if he did n’t I would? I cooled down after awhile, though. The worst he could do was done. He had a conscience too, such as it was, and never met my eye after that. And judgment overtook him at last. The steward had spread phosphorus paste, for killing roaches, on some bread and butter, and laid it about. Pedro at once lunched upon all he could find, and, before anybody knew what was the matter, died. Three of the little ones sickened, and, at last, when we came into port, only three of the fourteen remained.

“I went on shore with my forty sparrows and my Tito, and took a room at the Metropolitan for a few days. The sparrows proved such a nuisance that I sold all but two, and at last came very near getting rid of Tito. The chambermaid announced that the gentleman in “48” had a monkey, and every child in the hotel surrounded my door in the morning. He was a beauty, and I showed him off with great satisfaction.

“Then I started for Maine and home, but the journey was the most embarrassing one I ever took. People asked if I owned a menagerie, for I had added a cage of white mice for Walter. Tito went

wherever I did; and at the stations where we stopped ten minutes for refreshments, the whole business was suspended, while waiters and newsboys and baggagemen and even the engineer and firemen crowded around. To this day, he draws all the children of Farmington around your Aunt Mary's window. You'll see him this summer,

Grace, and then you'll fall in love too. I should be quite willing to have had him for an ancestor.

"I would n't," said Grace. "I heard you all papa talking, and I know better. 'Tis n't so at all. I guess God could make monkeys, and men too, and not have to have one grow out of the other. Now, Uncle Jack, let's go into the garden."

AFRICAN FASHIONS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

WHO would suppose that a wild African, whose only dress is a piece of skin, would trouble himself about fashions?

To be sure, he feels no interest in the style of coats or hats, but he is just as much absorbed in the great business of adorning himself as though he followed the fashions of Paris. Curious styles he has too, as a German traveler has lately told us.

To begin with, the hair is the object of his greatest care. Its training begins in the cradle,—or would if he had a cradle,—when it is tortured into some extraordinary form, and kept there by means of gum-arabic and ashes, till after long years it will retain the shape of itself. Sometimes it is like a cockscomb, and sometimes like a fan. One poor baby's hair will be trained, so that in time it will stand up in rolls over the head, like the ridges on a melon, while another's is taught to stand out like the rays of the sun, as usually represented in pictures. With some Africans, part of it hangs down in braids or twists, like the one in the picture, and the rest is laid up in monstrous puffs on each side of the head. But the drollest one of all is made to look like the glory around the head of a saint—in pictures. The hair is taken in single locks, stretched out to its greatest length, and fastened at the ends to a hoop. The hoop is held in place by strong wires, and its edge ornamented with small shells. The effect is very comical.

In most of these wonderful arrangements the hair is parted in the middle (I wonder if our young gentlemen imported that style from Africa), and is kept in place by plenty of gum and ashes, or clay.

All this elaborate hair-dressing is on the heads of the men. The women of the country wear their hair in the simplest manner, perhaps for the reason that the wife does the cooking, cultivates the land, adorns the body of her husband with paint, and

dresses his hair, which must be enough to keep his time well occupied.

His hair once dressed, this African dandy turns his mind to the further decoration of his body. First he rubs his shining skin with a mixture of grease and ashes, or powdered wood of a red color, puts on his one scanty garment, made of the skin of some animal, or of bark, occasionally trimmed with the long black tail of a monkey or other animal, and then he is ready for his ornaments.

Across his forehead, just under the edge of his hair, like a fringe, he hangs a string of teeth. They may be teeth of dogs, or other animals, or, if he is a great warrior, of his human victims.

Next he adorns his breast with an ornament made of ivory, cut to resemble lions' teeth, and spread out in star-shape. Around his neck he hangs several necklaces made of strips of skin cut from the hippopotamus, and finishes up with paint in various styles; dots, or stripes, or zigzags, square like a checker-board, or marbled all over.

That is "full-dress" for a Niam-Niam in the centre of Africa.

The dress of the king is a little more elaborate. On the top of his wonderfully dressed hair he wears a hat, a foot and a-half high, made of reeds, shaped like a piece of stove-pipe, covered with red feathers, and finished off at top with plumes of the same. But of course that is not enough for a king's head; so he adds to it a great ornament of shining copper, which looks something like half a saucepan, and through a hole in each ear he thrusts a bar of copper as big as a cigar.

His bracelets and anklets, and necklaces of copper and hippopotamus hide, are too numerous to describe. Around his waist, over his bark garment,—as a sort of sash,—he wears a strip of buffalo hide, tied in large loops, and furnished with great

balls of copper at the ends. His most costly ornament is made of more than three hundred lions' heads.

This king, by the way, is a very important personage. All that he has touched is sacred. No one can see him eat, nor touch anything he has touched. It is high treason, punished with death, to steal a pipe with coals from his fire.

The women of the Niam-Niam dress mostly in



AN AFRICAN DANDY.

figured patterns made on the skin by a black liquid. There is no end to the variety of styles,—stars and crosses, bees and flowers, stripes and dots, squares and circles,—and at grand festivals there is great strife to get new and striking designs. A dress of this sort lasts three days, and is then rubbed off, and a new one put on. Her bracelets and anklets are usually made of twisted grass or reeds, though sometimes she will go to the extravagance of hanging the tail of a cow or some other animal to

her girdle. Her baby she carries in a scarf, which she wears around her waist; and her duties, as I said before, are very numerous.

There are other curious things about these people, besides their dress. Their houses have walls of clay or reeds, and sharp-pointed roofs of straw. The furniture consists mainly of wooden platters and stools, which are colored black by long burial in the mud, and their only light is a burning pine-knot.

Before the house is usually a post, on which are hung the trophies of the hunt, such as horns of antelopes, skulls of animals and men, and, horrible to say, dried hands and feet. These proclaim to the world how great a warrior is the owner, and, in part, answer the purposes that fine houses and clothes do with us.

When a Niam-Niam pays a visit to his neighbor he carries his own stool to sit on, and when he goes into mourning for a friend he shaves his head, and scatters his precious braids, twists and puffs to the wind, which certainly shows sincere grief on his part.

When two friends meet they do not shake hands, but they join their middle fingers in such a way that the joints crack, while they nod at each other, more as if in disgust—as it looks to a white man—than in friendly greeting.

If they find a hollow tree in which wild bees have laid up honey, they at once smoke the bees stupid, and eat honey, wax, bees, and all. Indeed they eat several things that we would not like. The children in some parts of Africa eat rats and field-mice, which they catch by means of baskets woven in the form of long tubes. They are laid flat on the ground, near the mouse-holes, and then the little savages begin a great noise of stamping, shouting and slapping of hands. The poor little animals are frightened, and run into the traps for safety, and are easily taken. They are then tied by the tails in bunches of a dozen or so, as you have seen children tie cherries, and bartered with each other as choice morsels. Sometimes they use them as baits to catch cats,—roast-cat being a favorite dish. They build small huts of twisted reeds, put the mice in, and cats are attracted to the trap, of course.

The grown people feast on still stranger diet,—such as the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, elephant-meat, dried till it looks like a log of wood, dogs and the termites, or white ants, of which you may have read, and whose immense cone-shaped houses are so common in Africa. You will see on the next page an African destroying one of these houses, no doubt with the purpose of feasting on its inhabitants.

Not only Africans eat those wingless ants, but

even Europeans have been known to delight in them. They are roasted very much as coffee is with us, and considered quite delicious and wholesome. You will notice that these ant-houses are a great deal taller than the man who is attacking them. They are made of clay, every grain of which has been softened by the jaws of the "workers," as certain of the ants are called, and the walls have dried so hard and firm that men could climb over the house without breaking it down.

Our African may have some other feeling besides the hope of a good dinner, in attacking the termites, for he knows the mischief they are capable of doing; they will devour everything that comes in their way unless it is of stone or metal, and their bite often proves very poisonous.

They are so ravenous that if one of them were to fasten upon the naked body of this savage, it would suffer itself to be torn into pieces, rather than loosen its hold.

But he probably wears some "charm" as a protection; for the natives are very superstitious. Like all ignorant savages, they firmly believe in the Evil Eye, and in witches and goblins who live in the woods, and talk together in the rustling noise of the leaves.

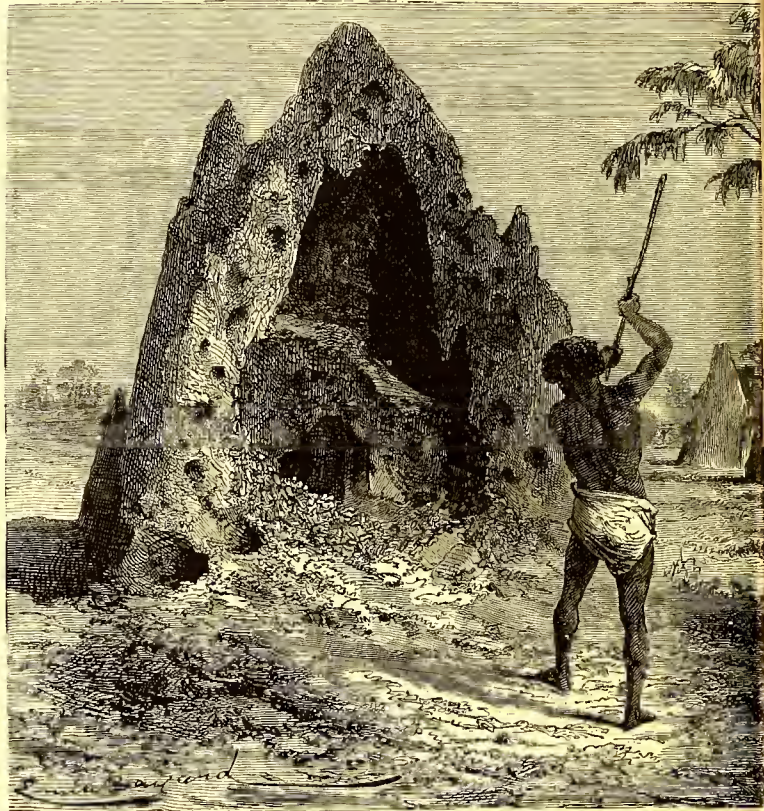
No important thing is begun without consulting certain signs to see if it will be successful. Some of these are very curious. One is to put a few drops of water on a smooth-topped stool, then take a smooth block and rub it across the stool as though to plane it off. If the block moves easily the sign is good; if hard, the sign is bad.

Another trial is to dose some unfortunate hen with a certain greasy liquid. If she dies the sign is bad; if she gets well it is good.

But the hens are not the only sufferers. Another way to try one's luck is to seize a wretched cock, duck him under water many times till he is stiff and senseless, and then leave him alone. The fate

is decided by his recovering or dying. The guilt of any one accused or suspected of crime is tried in the same way, and no one dreams of suspecting one whose signs have shown favorably.

To protect themselves from the danger and loss of fires, they provide no fire-engines and insurance companies, as we do, but hang an amulet made—for those who are Mohammedans—of a few verses of the Khoran, or Mohammedan bible, wrapped in



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

skin, over the door, which must be admitted is a much simpler and cheaper way than ours.

If a horse or donkey is ill he is dosed with raw pork, but a human being has for medicine a few verses of the Khoran, made soft in water.

If a tribe wants to declare war against another, there are suspended on a tree near the borders of their land an ear of corn, a feather from a fowl, and an arrow. The meaning of these dreadful symbols is that whoever touches their corn or poultry will be punished by arrows.

I don't suppose you feel much admiration for these savages, but the opinion is fully returned, for

neither do they think much of you. They believe that if one of their race is unfortunate enough to go into the country of the white men, he is at once caught, put into a cage, and fed like an animal. What do you suppose for? Why, for the sake of his fat, which is used to make a most dreadful poison. I'm really afraid that they judge of our

actions by what they would like to do to us, for alas! many of them are cannibals and quite used to the idea of killing and cooking their fellow-men.

Let us hope that this dreadful state of things will pass away, and that before long they may be taught the error of their ways, and also have good reason to think better of the white man.

FLOWER - GIRLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O my little sea-side girl,
What is in your garden growing?

“Rock-weeds and tangle-grass,
With the slow tide coming, going;
Sampshire and marsh-rosemary,
All along the wet shore creeping;
Sandwort, beach-peas, pimpernel,
Out of nooks and corners peeping.”

O my little prairie girl,
What's in bloom among your grasses?

“Spring-beauties, painted-cups,
Flushing when the south wind passes;
Beds of rose-pink centaury;
Compass-flowers to northward turning;
Larkspur, orange-gold puccoon;
Leagues of lilies flame-red burning.”

O my little mountain girl,
Have you anything to gather?

“White everlasting-bloom,
Not afraid of wind or weather;
Sweet-brier, leaning on the crag
That the lady-fern hides under;
Harebells, violets white and blue;
Who has sweeter flowers, I wonder?”

O my little maidens three,
I will lay your pretty posies—

Sea-scented, cloud-bedewed,
Prairie grasses, mountain roses—
On a bed of shells and moss.
Come and bend your bright heads nearer!
Though so fair your blossoms are,
You three human flowers are dearer.

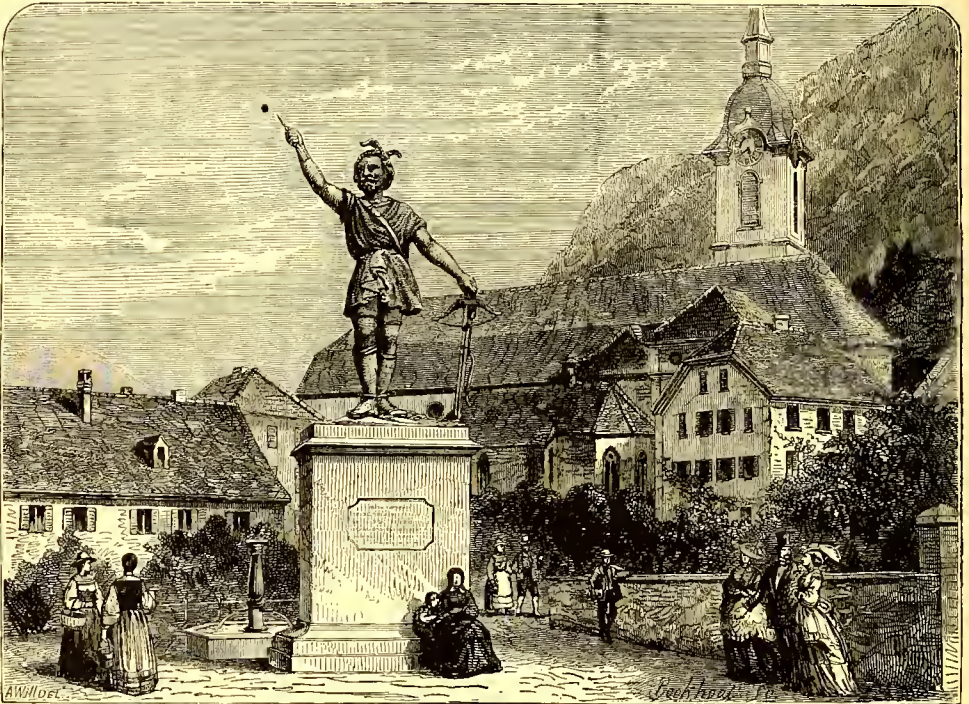
ALTORF AND WILLIAM TELL.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

HAVE all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls heard of William Tell? And if they have, do they know where he lived when he shot the apple from his son's head? Perhaps some of you are ready to exclaim, "Oh yes! we know it was in Switzerland;" but yet you may not know much about it, after all.

triot, and loved his liberty and that of his country better than anything else.

The Swiss were then under the rule of Austria; and Rudolph of Hapsburg, the German Emperor, aimed to bring all Europe under his own control. Through him and his sons, fighting was kept up



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL AT ALTORF. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Now if you will come with me to Lake Lucerne, we will visit the very place where he played, as a boy, over 500 years ago; and first, at Burglen, about two and a-half miles from the lower end of the lake, we find the spot where he was born. If we go into the little chapel there, known as Tell's Chapel, we shall see rude pictures of scenes in his career, which keep his memory alive among the people. When you are told that he was a farmer, and had charge of the lands connected with a rich abbey, you will no doubt wonder how it happened that one leading such a quiet life should become so famous that people to this day should read about him with interest. It is because he was a true pa-

for 200 years with Switzerland, in the hope to make it a part of Austria; but the Swiss had determined to become free; and as Tell had married a daughter of Walter Furst, who was a true patriot, he joined with others in opposing Gessler, a tyrant who was placed over them as a Governor, and who, knowing that the people hated Austria, caused poles to be raised in the principal towns, and the Ducal hat of Austria to be hung upon them, commanding that every person who passed should uncover the head, in token of respect for their Governor.

So it happened that one of these poles was planted in Altorf, only a short distance from Tell's home; and going into town one day to market, he passed

he hat without noticing it. This was enough. Tell was arrested and taken before Gessler, who, at first, condemned him to death, but on hearing that he was skillful with his bow, ordered that, to redeem his life, he should shoot an apple from his son's head in the public square of Altorf.

This was a dreadful thing for Tell to attempt, for he might kill his dear little boy; and he begged to be released from it; but there was no escape. Gessler would not change the form of punishment; so at the appointed time Tell stood on the very spot now occupied by the statue which you see in the picture, while, about forty rods from him, the boy was tied to a lime-tree, and the apple placed upon his head.

We are told that the little fellow was so brave and so confident of his father's skill that he inspired him with courage. Then, asking God to direct the arrow for his son's safety, Tell let it fly. Seeing that it pierced the apple, and that his boy was unhurt, he ran to him, caught him in his arms, and in his joy forgot a concealed arrow which he had taken with him, determined to shoot Gessler if the boy fell. When this arrow was seen, and Tell confessed what he had intended to do with it, he was placed in chains, and taken to Flulen (two miles from Altorf), where Gessler's boat lay on the lake. Into this boat the tyrant forced his prisoner, intending to shut him up in the prison-castle of Kusnacht, but they had not gone far when a sudden storm came on, which so startled Gessler that he ordered Tell's chains to be taken off, so that he might manage the boat and take them safely to the shore.

Tell seized the rudder; but for himself, not Gessler; for as the boat neared a projecting headland he sprang ashore and pushed it off into the surf again, then rushing on, he hid in a ravine through which Gessler had to pass on his way to Kusnacht, and shot him with the very arrow that he had set apart for the deed. The spot on the lake shore where he landed is marked by a small chapel, which was consecrated to his memory in 1388, thirty-four years after his death. It is said that one hundred and fourteen persons who knew him were present on the occasion, although some writers are trying to prove now that there never was such a person as William Tell, and that the story of the apple is all a fable. However that may be, the Swiss peasants love the name of Tell so much that they have many statues of him in many of their villages.

Not far from Tell's Chapel, and near the opposite shore, a grand pyramid of rock rises straight from the water. This natural monument has been dedi-

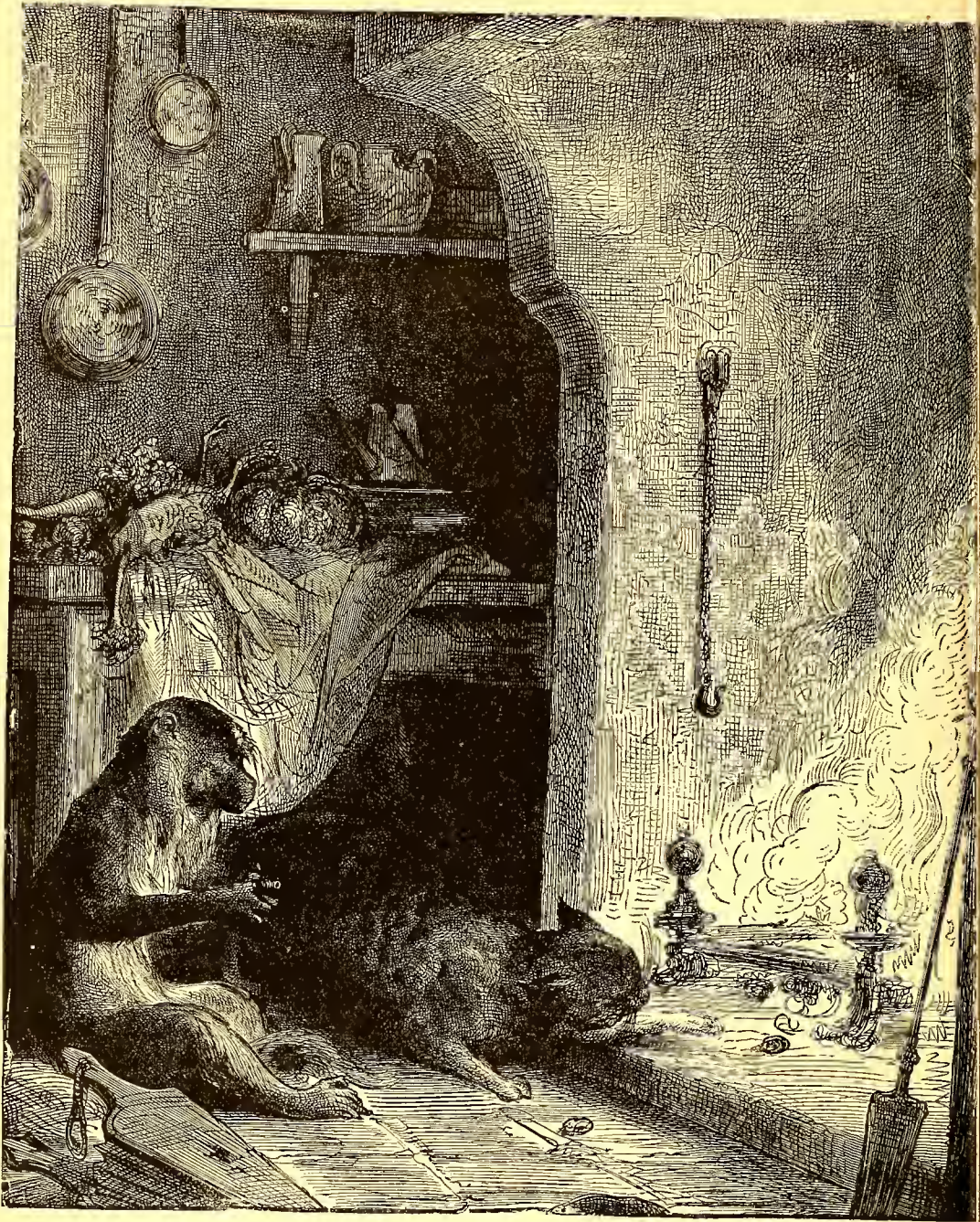
cated by the Swiss to the memory of the German poet Schiller, who wrote a play founded upon the life of William Tell. The rock bears this inscription, in large gilded letters:

DEM SÄNGER TELLS,
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER,
DIE URKANTONE.
1866.

and travelers who visit the spot are impressed with the beautiful thought of these people who grasped this everlasting outgrowth of nature and consecrated it to their hero and his poet.

Every year, the first Sunday after Ascension, the people from all the towns around come to Tell's Chapel in steamers gayly decorated and multitudes of small boats with all the Swiss flags flying. Their bright Swiss costumes and the gay music make it a lively scene indeed. The bishops and priests come too, and spend some time in services here.

Then they go on a little farther, and stop at Rüti, on the opposite shore—a pretty green meadow enclosed, except on the water side, by a steep mountain, which rises nearly seven hundred feet above the lake; for here, one dark night in November, 1307, thirty-three men, real patriots, met, and bound themselves by an oath to fight for the freedom of their native land. Three fountains now mark the places where they believe the leaders stood. Here the peasants gather and “drink healths” from the waters, and towards night go on to Altorf, where the people are ready to receive them with streamers and mottoes waving from their windows; arches and wreaths span the streets, and young people in groups sing songs of welcome. Ah! *such* crowds as fill this little ancient town on that day! Why, they really seem to bring the queer old houses and narrow streets to life. And around this great statue, which was presented to Altorf by the riflemen of Zurich, they hold their grand festivities, while in the church which you see near by, masses are said. Here the people attend in vast crowds. They do not forget, either, the spot where the boy stood. Although the lime-tree died long ago, a fountain stands in its place. An old tower near by bears on its sides paintings of the “Flight of the Arrow,” “Tell's Leap from the Boat,” and the “Death of Gessler.” Here fathers and mothers tell the old story again and again to their little ones. My story is growing long, but I think I hear some bright boy saying, “Please don't stop till you tell us if the Swiss patriots *did* make their country free.” And I answer, yes. Two hundred years after the meeting at Rüti the whole of Switzerland was independent of Germany, and free it has been ever since.



TO OBLIGE A FRIEND.

DID you ever hear this old story?
There was a monkey and a cat; and the cat was
kind and the monkey was cunning.

“Madam,” said the monkey, one day, “do you
notice those chestnuts that have been left wasting
on the fire?”

"Yes, I see them," said the cat.
 "Don't you like chestnuts?" asked the monkey.
 "Never eat 'em," replied Mrs. Cat.
 "Curious!" remarked the monkey, "very curious; for I dote on them. I wish I could get one or two of those. They are just done. See how beautifully they have cracked open! The two or three on the coals in front, I mean. Would you mind handing them to me?"
 "Of course I would n't," said the cat, "if they were not on the fire."

"Oh! If you are going to be disagreeable about" said the monkey, "I don't want to say anything more on the subject."

"I did n't intend to be disagreeable at all," said the cat. "I only did not want to burn my paws." "I suppose you would rather I would burn mine," said the monkey.

"Not at all," said the cat. "I don't want to soblige you, I'm sure. Perhaps I can get one or two for you without burning myself."

"Oh, no matter!" said the monkey, with a careless wave of his paw. "No matter! I don't want you to put yourself to any inconvenience."

"It's no inconvenience at all," said the cat, "if I can do it."

So saying, she approached the hearth, and cautiously stretched out one paw until she reached a chestnut, and then she jerked it toward her.

"Whew!" she said. "It's hot as fire."

"I guess they're not so very hot," said the monkey, blowing on the one that the cat had pulled from the fire.

"At any rate, it burned my paw," said the cat. "Pshaw!" said the monkey, as he picked up the chestnut, after a few minutes had elapsed. "They're not hot. I can handle them easily. And this one is delicious."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said the cat. "Perhaps I was mistaken about their being so very hot. I'll see if I can get you another."

This time the cat pulled out two at once, and they burned her so that she yelled like a good fellow.

"If you're going to scream that way," said the monkey, "you'll soon have everybody in here, and then there's an end to all our fun."

"Fun!" said the cat. "It's no fun to me."

"That's because you are so dreadfully particular," said the monkey, munching his chestnuts.

This hurt the cat's feelings, and she got up to leave the room.

There were quite a number of splendidly roasted chestnuts yet on the fire, and the monkey was very much annoyed.

"It's just the way with you cats," he said. "You're so deceitful. Just when you might be of the greatest use to your friends you get up and go away."

"What sort of a friend do you call yourself?" said the cat, whose spirit was now thoroughly aroused.

"A very good sort of a friend," said the monkey, nibbling at a chestnut shell. "If it had n't been for me, you would never have known how to get chestnuts out of the fire."

THE WAY THEY COME.

BY M. H. B.

ONCE a little body was buried alive;
 He did n't like this, and so began to strive.
 When they were not watching, he popped out his head—
 "Sakes alive! What's happened?" the old farmer said.
 "What shall we do? for he must n't run away."
 Why, find a young birch-tree, and cut it down this day;
 Then trim you off the boughs and put it by his side,
 He will likely run around it till he is satisfied:
 Round it and round it, quite up to the top,—
 When he gets there, he'll come to a stop;
 Then he'll make blossoms, and soon by this means
 We'll gather in a crop of little baby beans.

HOLIDAY HARBOR.

BY S. B. C. SAMUELS.

“FRED,” exclaimed Lillie, running in from school, “there’s to be an industrial fair here, at the town-hall, week after next. I’m going to make moss-baskets and fill them with wild-flowers. Why don’t you send in your card-city?”

Now, Fred’s card-city—“Christmas City,” described in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874—was the light of his eyes.

It was the fruit of his own ingenuity and industry. People had come to the house purposely to see it. Every one had admired it, and, as you know, a story had been written about it.

At earliest dawn of day, Fred would be at his

Now wonder that the city thrived and grew. There were boxes innumerable about the house filled with houses, stores, churches, bridges, and the like; and

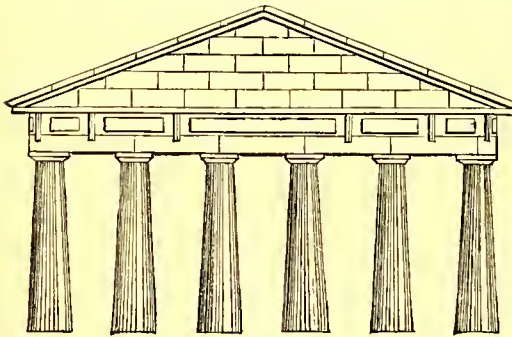


Fig. 1. Portico.

desk studying his books of architecture for new models; and late into the night, unless his mother interfered and sent him to bed, one would find him

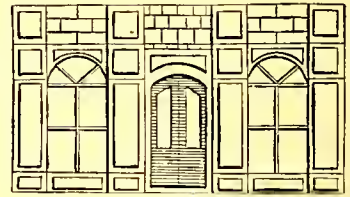


Fig. 2. Front of Custom-House.

Mrs. Atherton was amazed at the quantity of padding which disappeared from her cushions to be used by the young builder for various purposes.

Now Lillie’s idea gave him a new impulse. He thought that he could arrange his city to the best advantage on a frame large enough to contain all the buildings and his railroad and harbor. But first he must have a few new buildings, so he began at once upon the model of a custom-house.

Fig. 2 is the front of the building. He first cut two plain sides and a back of the same size as the front, and then pasted all together with cleats at the four corners inside. This formed the body of the building. Next he attached a flat roof, allowing it to overlap the front about half-an-inch. The edge of this the portico (Fig. 1) was fastened to. This gave the effect of a deep piazza, and made a very pretty building.

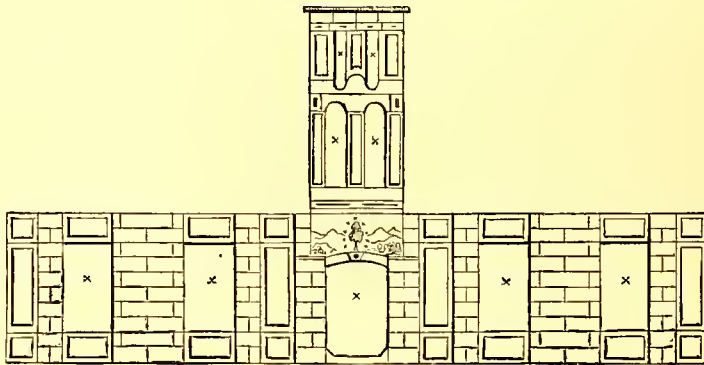


Fig. 3. Front of Court-house.

working away by the dim light of a safety-lamp—never satisfied with work achieved; always striving to make something better.

A court-house was the next building modeled. The back of this building was shaped exactly like the front (Fig. 3), except that it had no tower.

Fig. 4 shows one side; the other was exactly like it. All the places marked X Fred cut out and pasted strips of thin paper across the windows, instead of sashes. One side of the tower is repre-

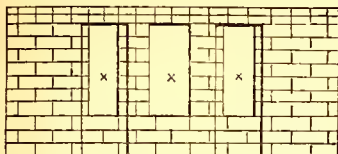


Fig. 4. Side of Court-house.

buildings which were necessary for a railroad terminus. He began with one of the smallest, but not least important, buildings, and set himself about planning a serviceable freight-house. This was not

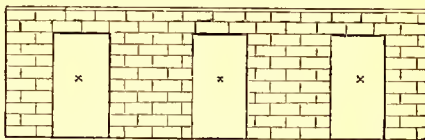


Fig. 11. Side of Freight-house.

ted by Fig. 5. The other side was like it, and the back was of the same size, but plain. Fig. 6 is the top of the tower. The roof of this building is a Mansard. Two pieces like Fig. 7, two like Fig. 8, and one like Fig. 9, were cut out and

a large building, but others like it might easily be erected as the business of the town increased.

In this the back and front (Fig. 12) were alike. The two sides, one of which is shown (Fig. 11), also correspond. The roof (Fig. 13), composed of



Fig. 5. Side of Tower.



Fig. 6. Top of Tower.



Fig. 7. Half of Front of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 8. Side of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 9. Back of Mansard Roof.

covered with black paper. These were then pasted together at the four sloping corners, so that the two straight ends came on each side of the tower. Figure 10 shows the top, which was made of black paper, and was secured to the roof before it was placed upon the building.

two straight strips, was of card-board joined at the top and covered with black paper. A narrow strip of paper, put on like the saddle-board of a pitch-roofed house, completed this building.

But Fred's greatest work in this connection was a mammoth train-house, or railroad depot. This was one of the most imposing buildings in his city,

Fred next touched the edges of the building with



Fig. 10. Top of Mansard Roof.

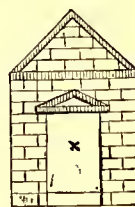


Fig. 12. Front of Freight-house.

stone, and attached the roof; and, when all was done, it made quite an imposing hall of justice. A railroad has been already referred to; for Fred considered that it would be very poor policy to have a city without adequate means of railroad communication. Consequently he determined to erect the

and he was anxious to make it very attractive to the traveling public. In its architectural features it was almost equal to the Grand Central Depot in New York city. It had a fine tower, a magnificent front for the use of passengers, and a very convenient back portal, through which the trains were to

enter and depart. The drawings for this building were made with great care, especially for the front and sides, where the windows and doors required back of the depot, and Fig. 16 one side. Both sides are alike. When the sides and front and back had been drawn and cut out, they were pasted

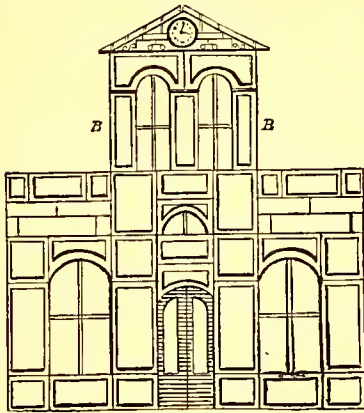


Fig. 14. Front of Depot



Fig. 13. Half of Roof of Freight-house.

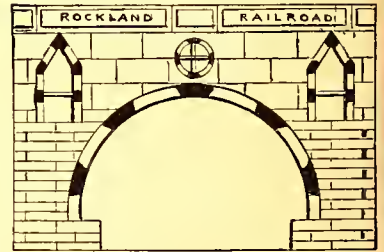


Fig. 15. Back of Depot, or Train-house.

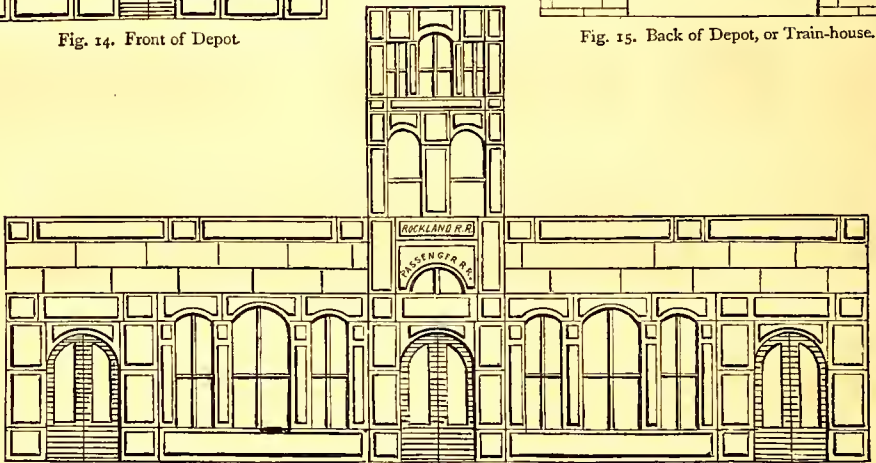


Fig. 16. Side of Depot

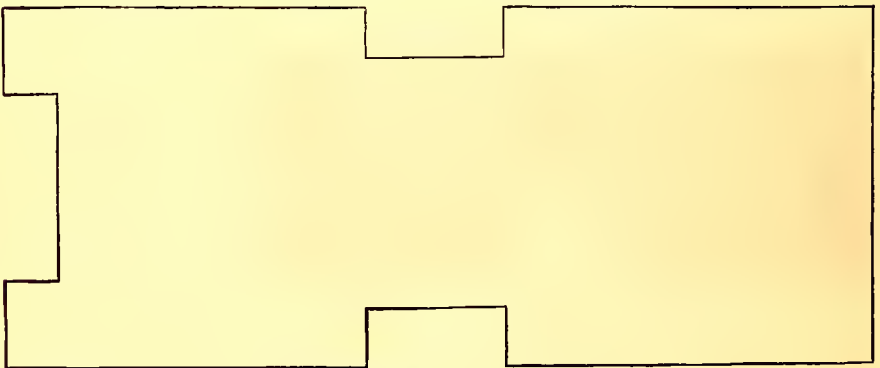


Fig. 17. Mansard Flooring.

nice clean work. He was very careful, too, in making the lettering where it was needed. together with cleats, at the corners, inside; and then the Mansard flooring was laid on, and pasted in place.

Figs. 14 and 15 represent respectively the front and in place.

Next the tower was put together. Six pieces, like Fig. 18, were used for the two sides and backs



Fig. 18. Side of Tower.



Fig. 19. Mansard Floor of Tower.



Fig. 20. Front of Mansard Roof.

(both towers; and two pieces, like Fig. 19, for the mansard flooring at the tops of the towers. There are eight pieces, like Fig. 20, for the two towers, to form the Mansard roof. These were pasted at



Fig. 21. Front of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 22. Back of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 23. Half of Side of Mansard Roof.

the four sloping corners, and then all around the bottom edge, and set upon the flat top, or Mansard flooring (Fig. 19).

The front of the Mansard roof was pierced by the

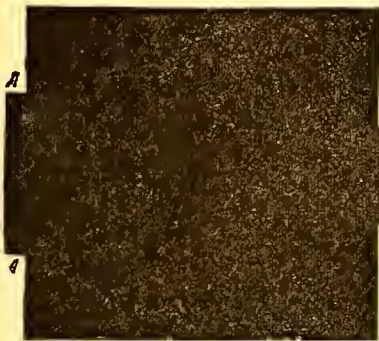


Fig. 24. Top of Mansard Roof.

tower. These were first cut out and covered with paper, and then the front was attached to the two half-sides, and the back to the other two half-sides. When these were dry, the top (Fig. 24) was pasted on, with the end marked *a* on the clock-tower.

There now remained the addition of the top pieces (Fig. 25) to the Mansards of the towers, for which two pieces were required; and then the final touch,—the brackets (Fig. 26). These were placed on each side of the clock-tower, where

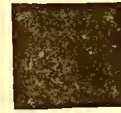


Fig. 25. Top of Mansard Roof of Tower.



Fig. 26. Bracket.

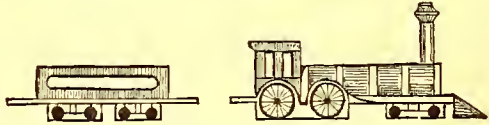


Fig. 27. Engine and Tender.

the letters *b b* occur, between the clock-tower and the round windows.

The cars and engines were cut from soft pine, and painted, and were easily made. Where the wheels occur the wood was not cut out, but left in its nat-



Fig. 28. Passenger Car.

ural color, and the wheels were painted on. The drive-wheels of the engine were painted on paper, and pasted in place, as the lines were rather delicate. The smoke-stack was cut out separately, and sharpened at the bottom end. A slight gash was

clock-tower, as shown in Fig. 21. There were four pieces like Fig. 23; one for each side of each

then cut in the engine where the smoke-stack belonged, and it was fitted in place and securely glued.

The shackles were made of narrow strips of cardboard, glued on to the upper and under side of the platforms; these were pierced with needle-holes.



Fig. 29. Shackle.



Fig. 30. Shackles fitted.

A pin was then filed in halves, and the upper half inserted in the needle-holes. This not only made a good shackle, but looked like a brake-wheel. The way in which the shackles fitted together is illustrated in Fig. 30.

Freight and truck cars were easily made, and were so simple that there is no need of showing models.

The "Rob Roy" was the first steamer afloat in Holiday Harbor. She was cut from soft pine, and



Fig. 31. Passenger Steamer "Rob Roy."

painted. Her smoke-stack was put in like that of the engine in Fig. 27. Next in turn was the schooner "Jack Hazard." The masts were made of pins, run directly through the body of the vessel from the keel. The bowsprit was a pin also.

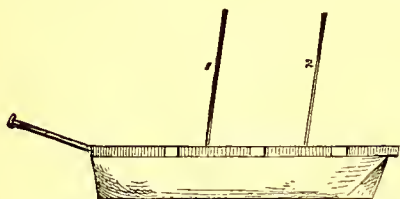


Fig. 32. Schooner "Jack Hazard."

These masts were found to be particularly fitted for rigging sails (Fig. 33), as all that was necessary was to slip the points of the masts into the sails where the dots occur on the straight lines, 1 and 2.

Two more of Fred's models are given in Figs. 34 and 35. These two vessels were the admiration of

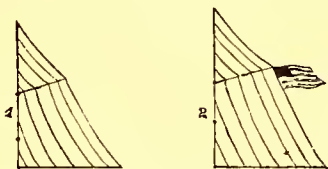


Fig. 33. Mainsail and Foresail of Schooner.

all Fred's boy friends. The full complement of sails used by the "Harry Loudon" is shown in

Fig. 36. The mainsail was cut apart at the line marked *a*; and the dots show where the pin pierced the paper. The "St. Nicholas" was rigged with

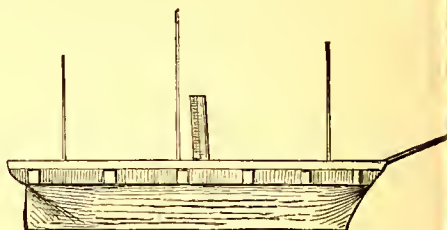


Fig. 34. Propeller "Harry Loudon."

the foresail and foretopsail (*b*), and the spanker and mizentopsail (*c*).

The arrangement of Holiday Harbor was an affair of vast importance to Fred. He decided to consult his mother about it. Mrs. Atherton once remembered an old looking-glass frame in the

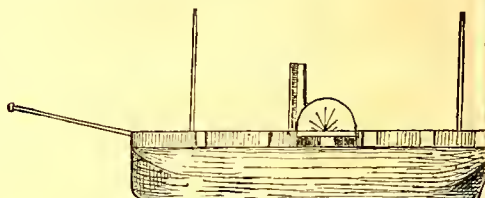
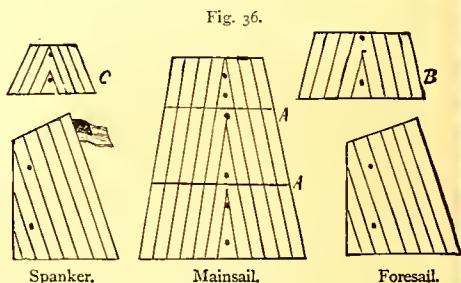


Fig. 35. Paddle Steamer "St. Nicholas."

attic. This she brought to Fred. A piece of glass half a foot square, still remained in the frame. It was bright and clear. The back-board also was there.

"Now," said Mrs. Atherton, "your harbor is before you. First select such buildings as you wish



to put here. Then bring your bottle of mucilage, some moss, and some house-sand."

"Yes, ma'am," said Fred. "You're a great contriver, mamma." And off he went for the things required. Mrs. Atherton showed him how to arrange them. The back-board of the frame was covered with mucilage, and moss was put

and the broken edges of the glass to hide them. Then white sand was shaken over the rest of the board, and little tufts of moss set here and there, between which Fred arranged his bridges.

A model of one of the bridges is given in Fig.

A is the bottom side of the floor of the bridge.

The cleats were put on to make it strong.

The floor was made of thick card-board.

On one side of a pillar; four pieces were

used, and they were pasted together at

the corners, then the cap (*C*) was fitted

on *E* is one side, and *D* one end of the

net-work. Two pieces of each were

necessary for a support. These were

fastened together at the corners. Fred

could make as many of these sections as he chose,

and could lengthen or shorten the bridge at pleas-

ure. Fig. 38 is one side of a culvert.

After his bridges were satisfactorily placed, Fred

houses close at hand; the custom-house was put by the water's edge; the vessels were placed in the harbor, and the trains of cars on the railroads; while the little people he had made stood around on the different streets and wharves, looking intensely pleased; at least, so they seemed.

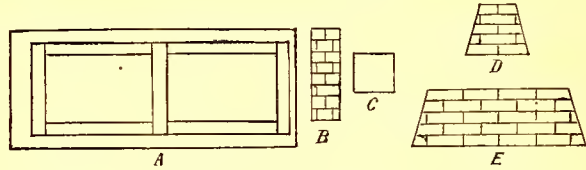


Fig. 37. Sections of Bridge.

After his bridges were satisfactorily placed, Fred

could make as many of these sections as he chose,

and could lengthen or shorten the bridge at pleas-

ure. Fig. 38 is one side of a culvert.

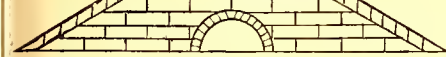


Fig. 38. Culvert.

After his bridges were satisfactorily placed, Fred

Some trees were scattered about, and made a pretty effect. These trees were Lillie's idea. She brought in a handful of little hemlock cones. Through the hearts of these she stuck long pins, points downward, and painted the cones green and the pins brown. Wherever Fred wanted a tree he stuck one of these. The point of the pin entering the back-board of the frame held it fast, and the trees stood firm.

Next day, at the fair, Christmas City and Holiday Harbor took a prize and a diploma, and attracted a great deal of attention.

Machen.

Von Frau W. S. Phillips.

Früh, wenn es Tag macht, macht sich der Bauer aus dem Bett heraus. Er macht die Kammerthür auf, und geht sie wieder zu, um sich an das Tagewerk zu machen, den Anfang damit gemacht wird, daß man Feuer macht, vor allen Dingen, Kaffee zu machen. Das Weib macht indessen die Stube rein, und macht Ordnung, und kämmt sich die Haare.

Wenn sie lange macht, macht ihr der Mann ein fin-

stres Gesicht. Daraus macht sie sich freilich nicht viel, aber gutes Blut macht es doch auch nicht, wenn einem immer die Bemerkung gemacht wird: „Mache, daß du dich fertig machst, ich kann vor Aerger nichts machen.“ Als er sich endlich auf den Weg machen will, um auf den Jahrmarkt zu machen, macht es ein so gräßliches Schneewetter, daß er nicht weiß, was er machen soll. u. s. w., u. s. w.

This little German sketch—of which we shall be glad to have translations—is a series of plays upon the German word “Machen,” which means to make, to effect, to do, to produce, to form, to cause, to bring about, to act, &c. &c. &c.

TRANSLATIONS OF “LE PETIT PARESSEUX” have been received from: Mary L. Robinson, M. F. T., Nettie C. P., M. E. L. W., Charles H. Payne, Marion Azubah, David W. Lane, “Plymouth Rock,” E. L. B., Laura E. Tomkins, Ada F., Frank E. Camp, George G. Heiler, “Cupid and Chow-chow,” Nelly McDowell, Carrie Huse, L. E. H., Fannie A. Freeman, Agnes L. Pollard, Susie Elliott, and W. Raymond, Harry Neill, E. J. F., and Augustus Nickerson.

GRANDMA'S NAP.

ONE day, Grand-ma went to sleep in her chair, and it near-ly turned t town up-side down. It was only a lit-tle bit of a nap, but oh! how mu trou-ble it made!

You see, be-sides the nap, there was a lit-tle boy in the house. TH

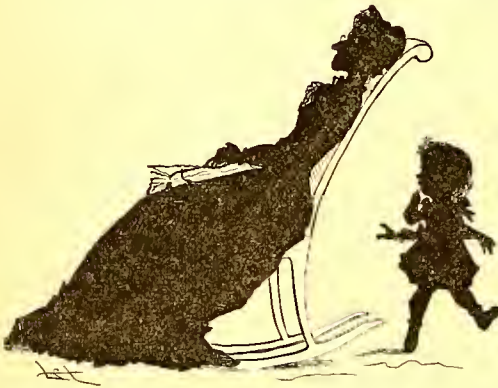
lit-tle boy's name was Rob, and Ro was so hard to watch that when H Mam-ma went out she used to say

"Grand-ma, *do* you think you ca watch Rob while I go to mar-ket

Then Grand-ma would give a lit-t jump and say:

"O! of course I can."

So this day Mam-ma went to ma ket, and Grand-ma watched Rob a hard as she could till the NAP came



As soon as Rob saw the nap, he knew he was free; and off he ran

In a mo-ment Grand-ma woke up and saw the emp-ty room.

"Sake's a-live!" she cried, as she ran out in-to the hall. "Where is that child?"

He was not in the hall, nor in the yard, nor any-where a-bout the house. Oh! oh! oh! where could he be!

The poor old la-dy was sure she nev-er would see the dear boy a-gain. In her fright she looked in the beds, un-der

the beds, in the pan-try, in the coal-scut-tle, in the ice-pitch-er, and even in the crack-er-box. Then she ran out to a po-lice-man, and told him al a-bout it.

"Mad-am," said the po-lice-man, "it is not like-ly he can be found. I think he is gone for good; but we'll send a cri-er all over the town."

So the cri-er went all over the town with a big bell, scream-ing:



"Hear! hear! Boy lost, named Rob,—black eyes, pug nose. Boy lost! Boy lost!" (Ding, dong.) "Boy lost, three years old!" (Ding, dong.)

The cri-er made such a noise that if Rob had screamed out "Here I am!" right un-der his nose, he would not have heard it; or if all the men on the street had called, "Stop that bell—here's Rob, safe and sound," it would have been just the same. He would have gone on ring-ing the bell and scream-ing at the top of his voice, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

But Rob was not un-der the boy's nose at all. Where was he?

Poor Grand-ma was al-most cra-zy by this time. She ran in-to the yard with a kind man and looked down the well.

"Rob-by! Rob-by, my dar-ling! are you there? Come to Grand-ma, my pet. Oh! oh!"

Then she ran back in-to the street, and there she was with an or-gan man!

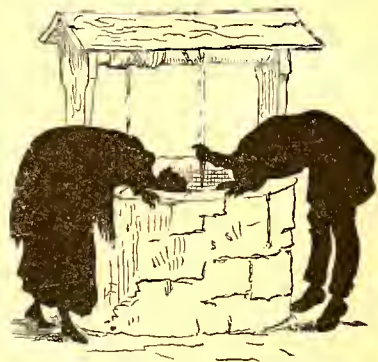
Grand-ma was sure it was Rob, from the way he hopped a-bout. But no. When she put on her glass-es it was not Rob at all—only a mon-key.

By this time near-ly the whole town knew that Rob was lost. Such a time you nev-er heard. All the grand-mas cried and said it was very wrong to take a nap when you were watch-ing a child like that; and all the lit-tle boys thought how nice it would be to live with Rob's grand-ma. The pa-pas went

to the sta-tion-house to in-quire; the mam-mas ran to mar-ket to tell Rob's mam-ma; and the news-boys ran all o-ver town with "ex-tras," cry-ing, "Boy lost! Boy lost!"

When Rob's mam-ma heard the bad news, she ran home as fast as she could go.

"Rob-by! Rob-by!" she called, up and down the house. "Rob-by! Rob-by!" But no one an-swered. When she turned pale, and Grand-ma said, "Don't faint; that's a good child," when all at once the poor



Mam-ma clasped her hands and said: "He must be killed! If he were a-live he would hear me. I know he must be dead or else—or else—he is eat-ing jam!"



She flew to the cel-lar where all the good things were kept. Grand-ma hob-bled after her, quite tired out; then fol-lowed the po-lice-man, the cri-e and the cook; and there, down in the cel-lar, just as hap-py as he could be, sat Rob—eat-ing jam.

He was so hap-py that he did not know that his Grand-ma was a-wake; and Grand-ma was so glad that she went up-stairs and took the nicest lit-tle nap she ev-er had in all her life.

FREDDY.

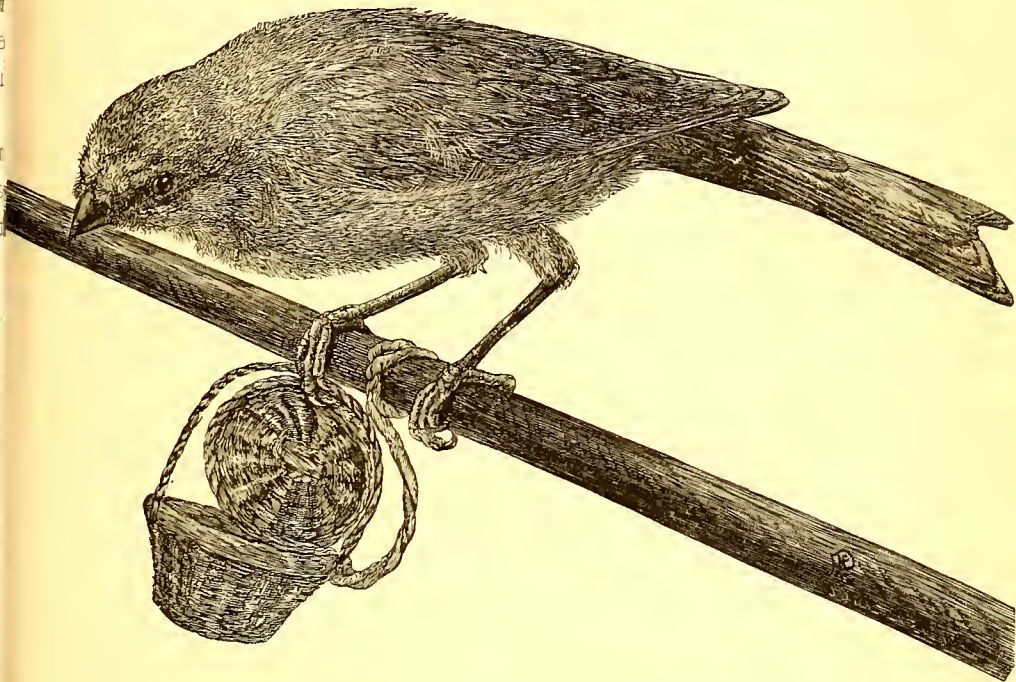
BY ANNIE E. McDONALD.

FRED-DY is our pet, and one of the bright-est lit-tle ca-na-ries ev-er seen. He came from Bel-gi-um. His bod-y is of a deep yel-low col-or and his head and wings are pret-ti-ly marked with grey and black. When giv-en to us he was quite a young bird, and scarce-ly knew how to do any-thing; but he soon be-gan to learn ma-ny lit-tle tricks.

The pict-ure shows him just pull-ing up his bas-ket. When we put food in-to it, we shut the cov-er down, and hang it by a string to his perch; and he al-ways pulls it up at once, lifts the cov-er and helps him-self. Oft-en, when his bas-ket is emp-ty, he a-mus-es him-self by try-ing to pick it to pie-ces.

Fred-dy did not e-ven know how to bathe when we first had him, and we were told to put him in-to the wa-ter once or twice a week, so that he could learn; but the poor lit-tle bird cried so pit-i-ful-ly, that af-ter one or two tri-als we gave it up. He has since found out for him-self how to jump in-to his lit-tle bath-tub and splash a-bout; and he en-joys it ver-y much, es-pe-cial-ly when he can dry him-self in the sun. Then is the time to hear him sing! His voice is so sweet, his eyes are so bright, and his lit-tle heart is so full of joy, that he makes ev-er-y one hap-py who hears

im. Then he has such a fun-ny, brisk way of hop-ping a-bout and crack-ing his seed, and he sharp-ens his bill on the cut-tle-fish bone as though he had twen-ty pairs of bills to sharp-en in-stead of one.



But his song is not his on-ly mu-sic. Fred-dy has al-so a lit-tle bell, which he rings to ac-com-pa-ny the Grace Church chimes; for this lit-tle bird

“ — dwells
With-in sight of its walls,
With-in sound of its bells.”

VER-Y use-ful and ver-y slim;
Ver-y tidy and ver-y trim.
Once a week they make a dis-play;
Aft-er that they are hid-den a-way.
Two long legs and a ver-y small head;
If you can guess it, e-nough has been said.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WELL, well! It's getting to be cold weather at last. There'll be fine skating on the meadow before long. What shall we begin with this month—something new, eh? Very well. We'll have

SEA-SHELLS IN THE ANDES.

SEA-SHELLS have been found in the Andes mountains full 15,000 feet above the sea! When I first heard this I had *almost* a mind to declare that I did n't believe it. But it is never very wise to say that one does n't believe anything that's wonderful, without stopping to inquire further; there are so many wonderful real things that are true.

And this is true. My friend Hawk tells me that the great traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, picked up some sea-shells at that great height on top of the Andes. How did they get there? It is not probable that the ocean waters ever rose to such a height, but it is quite likely that the now magnificent Andes were once very low ridges beneath the sea, and that the great fires which are always burning in the heart of the earth and raging to get out, once raised up by a mighty effort the whole long and grand range of Andean mountains. So the sea-shells were carried up with the mountains high and dry as they are to-day, and the poor shell-animals wondered at the dreadful change, and sickened and died in the bitter, dry mountain air long, long ages ago.

THE WORLD ON A MOCK-ORANGE.

Now, my busy young friends, in case any of you should come across a nice round, yellow mock-orange, I'll tell you what to do with it—provided your grandmother already has a good one in her stocking-basket. If not, you should give it to her, and get yourself another one. A canary-bird told

me that the way old ladies darned stockings was put a big yellow ball in them, and then pick them with a queer sort of a shiny steel bill; although his description was n't clear, I knew what he meant. Well, you take your round mock-orange, and force a knitting-needle clear through it from the stem end, so that it will turn evenly on the needle. Then, with a blunt needle, you make the grand divisions of the earth upon it—Europe, Asia, Africa and America (you see, I know them)—in just the right shape, and then you put in your oceans and islands, and what not, all complete. Next you go over all the markings with a camel's hair brush dipped in red ink, or violet ink, India ink, or any water-color you choose, taking care to wipe the orange off instantly with a soft, damask cloth. The color will sink into the markings and leave the surface of the mock-orange clean. Then you have your globe complete. And you can make a little wooden prop, if you are ingenious, that will let your globe revolve on its knitting-needle or axis, at precisely the right angle. After awhile it gets dry and hard, and if you please you can go over the markings once more with a fine pen dipped in the proper color.

How did I know all this?

I heard a dear little girl telling another little girl—and “you can't think,” said she, “what real splendid fun it is.”

JACK IS PUZZLED.

THIS very day the pretty schoolma'am was sitting on the stump in the meadow, reading aloud to two of the big girls something from one of Professor Doremus's addresses, when suddenly she came to a part where he spoke of “parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrate sesquioxide of chromium.”

I heard no more. Fortunately, one of my birds came along just then and fanned me with his wing. I have n't seen the pretty schoolma'am since.

Now what in the world are parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium?

If they're nothing but oblong, squarish bits of yellow paper, I sha'n't mind it so much.

PREFERRED A FEATHER BED.

YOU know that the barn-swallows build their nests under the eaves, or sometimes among the rafters of barns. These nests are always built of mud, and, usually, neatly lined with fine hay or straw. But it seems that some swallows prefer a lining of feathers. A bird friend of mine found an empty nest, beautifully lined with fine white chicken feathers. Thinking the nest a curiosity, and not being a swallow himself, he pulled it carefully down. (He thought it wasn't cruel to do this because no eggs had yet been laid, but he was mistaken.) In a few days, he found that the swallows had built another nest in the same spot, and also lined with the same sort of feathers. So it is evident that at least this pair of swallows preferred a feather bed to a straw bed.

A GREAT SPREAD.

THE greatest show is not always the most substance. Of course, every one of us took great interest in the big comet that rushed past the earth in June and July last, flourishing a tail that astronomers say is millions of miles long. *Millions* of miles! Only think of it! And our little world is but a small matter of twenty-five thousand miles or so around!

Yet the great Humboldt tells you (I heard the schoolmistress reading it aloud) that the mass or substance of a comet probably in no case exceeds the five-thousandth part of the mass or substance of the earth,—that is, if the substance of comets were packed as closely together as that of the earth.

GIRL-STARS.

SPEAKING of comets, we inhabitants of the earth don't see so very many of them. Probably not more than one hundred and fifty have ever visited our world; but a great astronomer named Kepler once said that there are more comets in space than there are fishes in the sea!

I heard a little boy say, the other day, that comets were girl-stars, because they had long hair! I thought it was such a comical idea that I must repeat it. At the same time, the little boy ought to be told that all comets do not have long hair, or whatever else we choose to call the great cloud of vapor that streams from the comet's head.

The comet which we have all been admiring this summer was, as you know, a long-haired comet, as astronomers say, it had a very long, straight tail; but sometimes the tails are curved to one side or the other. There are a few comets that have no tails—or “brushes,” as the Chinese call them; and some have had even more.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

AND speaking of China, I may as well tell you once all I have found out about comets. Who do you think were the first to take observations of the comet's courses?

My friend Macaw assures me that it was no other than the “Heathen Chinee.”

Long ago, when so-called civilized nations were frightened at every appearance of comets, thinking that they were only omens of woe and disaster, the diligent and learned Chinese astronomers declared that comets were another sort of star, and only came in sight of the earth when on their periodical journeys. These astronomers observed nature carefully, and recorded accurately what they saw, so that some of their notices, made five hundred years before the Christian era, are still found to be of value in astronomical observations.

ALMONDS AND PEACHES.

WHAT a difference education can make, to be sure! Not but that an almond is just as fine in its way as a peach, but then it is n't the same thing by a good deal.

That is, it is n't and it is.

The schoolmistress has been reading aloud out of a book written by a celebrated naturalist, in

which he plainly says that the peach-tree has been educated out of the almond-tree.

In the almond the large, sweet kernel, in its soft, smooth shell, is covered with a thin, dry, tough flesh that is not good for food. In the peach the small, bitter kernel, in a hard, rough shell, is covered with the thick, soft, juicy flesh, which you boys and girls think so delicious. And it is only education, or culture, or training with a view to improvement, that has made all the difference. Astonishing; is n't it?

Some almonds are most excellent, and I think you girls and boys would not like to see them all turned into peaches. You need not feel uneasy, however; the peach-almond at the start was a very bitter affair; miserable for an almond and worse for a peach. It needed all the bringing up it has had, to make it worth anything.

BONNET-PIECES.

THE other day, little Wallie Graham (a great favorite of mine) came skipping along among the trees, half-singing, half-saying:

My purse with bonnet-pieces store;
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

I wondered what Wallie could mean, but I soon found out. It seems that he was reading the “Lady of the Lake.”

“It's just the nicest story-poem you ever saw!” he said to a boy who was with him. “I wish I was a Highland chief and had a big brave clan like Clan Alpine! *Would n't* I fight King James, though?”

Of course I did n't even then know what Wallie was talking of, but after he had told his friend a good deal about it I became almost as much interested as himself in the story-poem, which he said was written by the great Sir Walter Scott.

“But,” said Wallie, “there are ever so many things in the poem that I don't understand. Now, for instance, what are ‘bonnet-pieces?’ I know I would n't care to swim the length of a bow-shot in the face of enemies and loose a shallop (that's a sort of boat) for the sake of a purse full of pieces of old bonnets. Would you, now?”

The other little chap told him that he did n't think he would, but that he did n't believe real pieces of bonnets were what Earl Somebody meant when he offered as a reward a purse full of “bonnet-pieces.”

The little fellows puzzled a good deal over this as they trudged along; but I've since found out that a bonnet-piece was a valuable coin, stamped on one side with a portrait of James V. of Scotland wearing a “bonnet”—not a lady's bonnet, but a nearly flat Scotch cap made of cloth. These were called bonnets, and were worn a century ago by every Scotchman, and are still worn by some of them. The cap which was pictured on the bonnet-piece being a royal cap, had a jeweled circle around the head. The coins were large and of very pure gold, so that a purse full of them was a large reward.

THE LAZY LITTLE BOY.

(Translation of French Story in October Number.)

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who was very lazy, and consequently very ignorant, whose faults it seemed impossible to correct. Instead of going to school, where his parents used to send him every day, he would loiter about the streets, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes staring vacantly at the empty air, or clapping his hands, whistling, and making a good deal of noise, without rhyme or reason. Or else, when he was compelled to go straight to school, he would yawn awhile over his books, without making the least effort to learn anything, and then, folding his arms on his desk for a pillow, he would lay his head down and sleep during the whole lesson.

One day, however, as he was squandering away his time in his usual fashion, an old sage found him, took him by the hand and led him into a large room, quite empty of furniture or ornament. The little sluggard was afraid at first that he was about to receive some punishment for his laziness; but the old man looked so kind that he gained confidence, and when he saw him smile he dreaded him no longer.

When they had entered the room, the wise man shut the door; then, turning to the little boy, who was very much surprised at all this, he said:

"Tell me, my child, if you can, what is *nothing*?"

The little fellow opened his eyes very wide, but did not answer.

"If you do not understand me," then said the wise man, "perhaps you can tell me *where* nothing is?"

"Where is it?" repeated the little boy, astonished at this question. "Why, it is here, is it not? There is nothing in this room besides ourselves."

"Think again," replied the sage. "I do not think you have answered wisely."

The little boy thought for several minutes; and then he said, with an air of confidence:

"There is nothing here besides ourselves; I am sure of it."

Without replying, the old man waved his hand.

"What do you feel now?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel the wind," replied the little boy, laughing.

"That is to say," replied the wise man, "you feel the *air*. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. This air that you feel envelops or surrounds the whole earth. There is no place where it does not enter; for it is found everywhere. You see then, that there can be no such thing as *nothing* in the whole world, since every place, and all the room, is filled up with something. It is the same throughout the universe. You will nowhere be able to find *nothing*; it is to be found only in our place. Do you know where that is?"

"Why, no," replied the little boy. "If it is not to be found in the world, I don't know, I am sure where to look for it."

"Well, I will tell you. What were you thinking of before I spoke to you?"

"Why, nothing."

"Nothing! and why? Is it not, my child, because you know nothing to think about? Because your head is empty? Oh, how many children are like you! Know, my son, that *nothing*, properly speaking, is only found in the brains of fools and the hearts of infidels? And since God has so well filled the world that there is no place where we cannot find something good or beautiful, are you not ashamed to think that in your mind alone there is an empty space?"

The little boy did not reply, but he blushed for shame. He thought seriously about the matter, and from that day he ceased to be indolent or careless. He set to work studying with so much energy and perseverance that he became at last the most industrious and well-informed scholar in his class.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Sharon, Ct., Sept. 20.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Is it wicked to kill snakes? Because I hope you'll say it is n't! In our back porch a pair of robins have for two or three years built their nest on a bracket near the top of one of the pillars. In this pillar, right over the robin's nest, there was a hole that looked as if it might have been gnawed through by a squirrel.

Every year we have watched the old birds feed the young ones, and have enjoyed the good times they seemed to have. And every year we have, one day, heard the old birds cry and fly about in great distress, and when we have rushed out we have found all the young birds gone.

Now, this year the robins built their nest and hatched the little ones just as usual. One day, our grandma was sitting out on the porch asleep in her chair, when she was waked by hearing the old birds cry and flutter about as if they had gone distracted. She looked up, and there was a great ugly black snake, with his head out of the hole in the pillar, just swallowing whole the last one of the little birds. Then

he drew his hateful flat head in, and that was the last seen of him. Father had the pillar taken down the next day, and a new one put in its place. The old one was found to be hollow all the way through so that the snake must have come up from the ground through the hollow; but we could n't find anything of him.

If I ever come across that snake, I think it would n't be wicked to kill him. Would it? The poor old birds feel dreadful, you know.

Ever yours,

RICHARD B.—

We think the vote of the Letter-Box would be in favor of killing this particular snake, for the sake of all future young robins who may be born near Richard's home. But we would not endorse the common belief that every snake must be killed, as a matter of course. Some snakes are perfectly harmless, and it is no more than fair to let them glide along their peaceful way, if only as an example to their brothers.

Washington, Oct. 1st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to answer some of Jack's queries in the October number. In the first place, about October being the eighth month. It was so, I think, with the Romans, who began their New Year on the first of March. And I also feel certain that the "Scotch Pig" spoken of is a kind of iron called "pig-iron." It is "carboniferous formation," and is exported to the United States in quantities.

Enclosed you will find a little "word hunt," I call it. I have succeeded in finding in the word *CARET* eighty-four words, all in common use in the English language. I would like to see if any of your boys and girls can make more.

I love your magazine as much as ever, and about the sixteenth of every month I begin inquiring for it, and, when I get it, it is the happiest hour of the day.

I am going round this afternoon to get a small list of Bird-defenders if you if I can, for I do not know very many children. I will send the next time I write.

Your loving and sincere friend,

FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of my fellow-readers please tell me how to make an aquarium? I would like to have it about twenty-eight inches long and eighteen high.

CHARLES S. MASON.

F. E. BASKS wishes to know "what occasions the formation of the tall bubbles which may be observed on the inside of a glass in which water has been standing for some time." Who can tell him?

CHARLES COREY, of Washington, D. C., asks: "Why will paper when placed near fire turn brown and curl up?"

ONE AND ALL!—Somebody was born in Litchfield, England, September 18, 1709. He received his early education from one father, of whom he said, "He beat me well." In 1737 he went to London, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This, however, brought him but a small sum. One of his books was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. To use his own words, "It is written in the evenings of a week." He was very fond of his cat, Hodge, and would go out every day to buy oysters for it. Among other eccentric ways, he had a trick of touching the posts as he walked, and a mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel.

Both generous and benevolent, he made a rule to do some good every day. Among the many amusing stories related of him, we read that having been invited to a dinner-party, he failed to make his appearance until the party were about to sit down at the table, when he appeared at the great gate, contemplated it, and at length entered it. When asked if he had forgotten that the gate could be opened, he said, "No; but I had a mind to try if I could climb a gate now as I used to do." From an entry made in his diary we find he read one book of the *Æneid* in an evening, and knew the *Eclogues* by heart.

He died Dec. 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Who was he?

As some of our Boston friends have found fault with the article on "Ice in India," in the October number, we shall have something to say on the subject in our next Letter-Box.

THE verses on page 73 are from the German of the poet Hey, whose verses are familiarly known throughout the provinces of Germany, and are often recited by the Prussian children. He was born at Gotha in 1789, and died there in 1854.

K. B.—Thanks for the pretty jasmine. Your story with a long name, though fair for a first effort, is not suitable for publication in *ST. NICHOLAS*. It is rather too strained in style. In writing, first decide in your mind what you wish to say, and then say it as simply and clearly as possible.

W. F. writes: "I am at boarding-school, and my room-mate is evidently going wrong. He has been drunk several times, and drinks his room on the sly. How can I stop him? He does n't pay any attention when I speak to him about it. Had I better tell the principal and run the risk of having him expelled, or write to his parents? In either case I should feel like a sneak. I wish I could think of some other plan still.

"Another thing, I should like to ask. A boy borrowed my society

badge (worth \$10) last week, to wear for a little while, and lost it. Is it right to allow him to pay me all the money, as he proposes to do, or only part of it, and so share the loss with him? I know what I expect to do, but I would like to have your views, to see whether my idea is right or not."

We can hardly advise you with respect to your room-mate, excepting to say that if you believe it your duty to act in the matter at all, you will do wisely to choose that plan of action which will be the least likely to injure his self-respect, and that you communicate your intention, whatever it may be, to him, when you find him in one of his best moods, before you proceed with it. If you tell him firmly, respectfully and kindly what you are about to do, the necessity for you to act at all in so delicate a matter may be obviated by his reformation.

About the badge, we think the better course will be for you to tell the young gentleman who lost it that you prefer to halve the loss with him. It is etiquette amongst grown people, as you know, to overlook a loss incurred in this way, but between two boys the plan we recommend we believe to be preferable. It appears certainly so in this case.

MAMIE N. F.—Your letter has interested us very much, and we should depart from our custom and send you a full reply by post, had not a wise and good-hearted woman already written just the thing that you, and all children who feel as you do, should read. It fits your case exactly, dear little friend, though you may not think so at first:

SUPPOSE!

BY PHEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And would n't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 't was dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And would n't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And would n't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It is n't fair?"
And would n't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world does n't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And is n't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes, or does n't come,
To do the best you can?

C. L.—Your verses are quite good considering your age. Beware of being too sentimental. God gives us some thoughts to hold and to live with, not to spin out in labored rhymes. That these thoughts will sometimes flash out, of themselves, in a true poet's verse makes them all the more sacred. Never start out to write about them.

OUR Doré picture on page 110 is from Cassell, Petter and Galpin's splendid edition of *La Fontaine's Fables*.

HELEN AND CHARLIE F. write: "We have a lovely head of Clytie on our parlor mantel-piece, and every now and then a dispute arises as to how the young lady's name should be pronounced. Will you please tell us?"

It is a matter of taste whether to anglicize the "young lady's" name, as very many well educated persons do, and call her *Cly-tee*, or to give it the proper Greek pronunciation, as if written, *Clish-ia*. The rule for the pronunciation of Greek and Latin consonants is not hard to understand, and can readily be applied in this case. We give it in full:

Each of the three consonants, *c*, *s* and *t*, when preceded immediately by the accent, or itself ending an accented syllable, and followed by *ia*, *ie*, *ii*, *io* or *in*, commonly has the sound of *sh*, as *Portia*, *Clytie*, *Horatii*, *Phocion*, *Cassius*. *C* has the same sound when following an accented vowel and standing before *en* and *yo*; as *Menæ-ceus*, *Licyon*, pronounced *Menesheus*, *Lishyon*.

Exception: When *st*, immediately preceded by an accented vowel, is followed by a vowel, the *s* takes the sound of *zh*; as *Hesiod*, pronounced *Hezhiod*.

T, when preceded by another *t*, and commonly in the termination *tion*, has its proper sound; as in *Bruttii*, *Metion*, pronounced *Brutti*, *Me-ti-on*.

Z. J. J. AND OTHERS.—We do not expect each puzzle-solver to send answers to *all* the problems in the month's Riddle-Box. Henceforth, when any one succeeds in doing this correctly, we shall state the fact.

WORD-MAKING.

EDWARD DUDLEY TIBBITS sends us thirty-four words, in common use, made out of the word ENLIGHTEN, and challenges the boys and girls to find more.

IRVING W. JAMES wishes to know if any one can make more than one hundred and five words and proper names out of the word PERPENDICULAR. His own list, of 105 words, is correct.

JAMIE S. NEWTON makes two hundred and eight English words (no proper nouns) out of the letters in PERAMBULATIONS, and Minnie E. Stewart makes 235 English words out of the letters in CUMBERLAND using no letter more than once in the same word.

JOSEPH MORSE, JR., inspired by Arthur J. Burdick's "340 English words made out of the word METROPOLITAN," tried his hand, and now, out of the same word, sends us a neatly written list of 400 words, with an extra list of twelve words, from which we can draw, in case we find any in his long list unsatisfactory. He invites Arthur to "see if he can get any more."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hartford, Ct., September 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here are some more Bird-defenders who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army. Will you please to call us the Company "B," if that letter is not already taken? And oblige two constant readers of the ST. NICHOLAS.

LIZZIE M. KNAPP.
EMILY M. BULLARD.

GIRLS.—Emily M. Bullard, Lizzie M. Knapp, Mary C. Knapp, Frances E. Weildon, Ella Holcomb, Hattie Chapman, Lizzie C. Young, Jennie A. Sunderland, Annie W. Lester, Edith A. Lutz, Belle L. Lathrop, Carrie E. Brainard, Ida I. Thompson, Minnie B. Welch, Mabel Bundy, Lottie E. Smith, Louisa E. Heine, M. Annie Bostwick, Adelle T. Peck, Jennie C. Gale, Nellie Costello, Hattie Bill, Jennie L. Penfield, Clara Pratt, Sarah Goldsmith, Annie Riley, Mary Welles, Lizzie C. Wright, Jennie T. Pelton, Huldah H. Knok, Julia E. Heublein, Prudey V. Townsend, Cora I. Nott, Hattie A. McKay, Mary J. Martin, Hattie R. Wade, Litta R. Heussler, Carrie Lillian Sykes, Lizzie O. Hatch, Florence Peltier, Carrie A. Humphrey, Lizzie E. Kamey.

BOYS.—William M. Smith, Frank I. Prentice, Leviat S. Knok, Fred H. Williams, Moses J. White, Royal T. G. Brown, A. E. Richardson, Alfred Clay, Willis G. Braley, Harry W. Cushman, Charles H. Willard, Wilbur Hale, W. Goodrich, W. Poll, William Dunbar, Frank Forbes, Louis H. Hutchinson, Lewis Pease, George Senk, Edward Clay, Frederick E. Cook, Nathaniel K. Morgan, Albert N. Daniels, George C. Bill, Robert R. Henderson, Gussie H. Bullard, Frankie F. Clapp.

C. C. HASKINS sends the names of three more Bird-defenders—"a part of the Indiana Legion:"

Charles W. Winstandley, Chester Winstandley and Hallie C. Parker.

SATIE SATTERTHWAITE, of Union Springs, sends the following names of friends who promise to be Bird-defenders

Winnie Pierson, Emma Alverson, Minnie Durkee, Ellis Pierson,

Jeffie Catlin, Fred Chase, Therese Dulon, Estella Satterthwaite, Hel Ludlow, Lena Robinson, Anna Allen, Minnie Brando, Mini Sutton, Eddie Yawger, Jimmie Hammond, Tommy Hammon, Mary Utt, Nellie Tompkins, Anna Mosher, Frankie Everett, Nel Larson, Belle Connor, Emma Howland, Nellie Shank, Dannie C. lin, Willie Yawger, E. Strawn, Willard Hoff.

CLARA T. FOSS sends the following list:
Mattie B. Locke, Eddie J. Thuring, Arthur R. Colby, C. P. N. Colby, Freddie M. Sawyer, Jerry O'Brien, John McDonald, Will Dunn, A. E. Porter, Samuel Blake, Tracey Getchel, Charles Morris, Robt. S. Fielden, H. W. Batchelder, Allen Risteene, G. C. Dearbor, Henry True, Mikel Quinn, Frank Dennett, Frank Lee, Eddie Cif, Eddie Duckworth, Willie Chase, H. L. Bailey, Olive B. Sanbor, Mary Brown, Flory E. Rose, Annie L. Bailey, Annie S. Baha, Carrie Dennett, Mary Hessian, May W. Felch, Ida F. Tibbets, Adie Rand, Millie A. Williams, Anna R. Carswell, Katie Hasse, Mary A. Learner, Nellie E. Jaques, Mary Cummings, Ellie Mene, Bridget Lanner, Barbara H. Pow, Laura Aldrich, Effie Lane, Leal Livingston, Nettie Morrill, Mary McNalty, Hannah Burk, Charl Nichols, Charles H. Miller, John Cullenane, Oliver W. Titcom, George Lee, Willie Brooks, Mary L. Heritage, Carrie C. Chas, Lizzie E. Chase, Nellie H. Rowed, Winnie Cadieu, Etta R. Woodman, Jennie F. Jaques, Nellie Maloney, Hannah Maloney, Ma Hoggen, Susie M. Batchelder, Susie W. Brown, Susie E. Bagle, Mamie L. Tucker, Cora L. Godsoe, Mary McDonnall, Susie A. O'good, Mary J. O'Leary, Susie H. Brown, Clara T. Foss, Carrie, Greaves, Ann O. Conner, Maggie E. Connor, Delia Kline, Will Locke.

ANNE DE WAELE HANKS sends the following list:
Josie E. Purdy, R. A. Van Voorhis, Katie A. Demarest, Fann M. Losee, Sarah Hill, Jeannette Seymour, Ella J. Rollins, Ida Vanhouten, Rebecca Tracy, Ettie C. Burge, Sarah E. Mott, Mary Conner, Gussie Bartholomew, Maggie Conner, Tillie Delacroix, Jos Watson, Lessie Curman, Addie Young, Julia Henderson, Annie I. Hanks, Cornelia V. Deal, M. H. Ganse, Bessie P. Ganse, Memie I. C. Stover, Jennie Stoppini, Josie R. Halsey, Electa H. Spade, Florence H. Farrell, Josie Finkenaur, Geo. H. Bell, C. R. Burk, Walter Wright, H. W. Dunshee, Walter B. Styles, Frank Year, Jas. W. Campbell, Nicholas Schultz, Alexander Clark, Alexander Martin, Edwin J. Hanks, William D. Koster, James L. Hewlett, Joseph E. Carss, Charles H. Styles, Andrew De Wilde, William Purdy, John Purdy, T. H. Cleverley, F. W. Ganse and Fred E. Ganse.

LILY F. CONKEY, of Chicago, sends the following list:
Alice E. Bates, Anna E. Ayres, K. L. Meech, M. A. Conkey, Nellie French, Mary Felton, Lilla Toscott, J. F. Brace, Grat Douglas, Mary L. Banks, Hattie A. Montgomery, S. B. Hambleton, Annie Scantlebury and Mary V. Edwards.
EDWIN S. BELKNAP sends these eight names:
Minnie Bunner, Maude Estes, Mattie Cole, Gussie Cole, Etta Cole, Lulu Carmen, Lulu Perry and Frank Carmen.

Besides the above, the following names have been received:
Eddie Aston, Laura E. Tomkins, Dwight Tomkins, George I. Way, jr., Hannah J. Powell, Burritt J. May, Valeria F. Penrose, C. Finley Hersman, Clifton B. Dare, Augusta L. De Vinne, May I. Corsa, Grace Lurena, Jennie French, Lizzie French, F. O. Newton, Lizzie Laning, Fannie H. Smith, Charles E. Bush, Lillie D. Howd, Edith Howe, Winnie D. Wheeler, Hattie V. Wheeler, Emma G. Wheeler, Carrie A. Dana, Laura A. Wilson, Lillie J. Studbaker, Albert Rundell, Charlie Heller, Carrie Heller and Lulu Woodberry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hazel-Blossoms, by John Greenleaf Whittier. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Fast Friends, by J. T. Trowbridge. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.
What Might Have Been Expected, by Frank R. Stockton. Dodd & Mead, N. Y.

Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither, by Olive Thorne. Dustin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Ct.

Grim's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). London: Warne & Co., New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

A new translation, by Mrs. Paull, specially adapted and arranged for young people.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). Same publishers. Translated and arranged for children by Mrs. Paull.

Heirs of the Kingdom, by Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith. Published by A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tenn.

Antony Brade, by Robert Lowell. Robert Bros., Boston.

The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, by Mary Cowden Clarke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Moon Folk, by Jane G. Austin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Roddy's Romance, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Risen from the Ranks; or, Harry Walton's Success, by Horatio Alger, jr. Published by Loring, Boston.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LOGOGRAPH.

I AM composed of six letters. Unmutilated I give he name of a city famous for fruits—grapes especially. If you cut off my head, I express the language of a sailor when approaching land. Cut off also my tail, and I sound like the French word for an entrance. Cut off my head and tail once more, and I am French gold; then again my tail, and nothing remains; yet I utter a cry, though I never spoke a word in my life. F. R. F.

DOUBLE PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



ANAGRAMS.

- I.—ON OCCUPATIONS.—1. Rome shakes. 2. Our rats. 3. Ten pairs. 4. The races. 5. Come plain. To ride.
- II.—ON FLOWERS.—1. Name one. 2. Sour beets. 3. Ah, Lida. 4. Use margin. 5. Daniel nods. 6. I all. 7. Thy chains. 8. Ben raves.
- III.—ON FRUITS.—1. Carts run. 2. A negro. 3. Spin leaps. 4. 'T is a crop. 5. We learn most.
- IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.—1. You name us still. 2. Sister, you could. 3. I depart on time. 4. Our progen. 5. Is to linger. 6. Ma's own kin.

C. D., P. V. and R. G.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- I. A CONSONANT. 2. A form of the verb *to be*. 3. A advance. 4. Disloyalty. 5. One of the senses. 6. deer. 7. A consonant.

H. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

- 1. HE lost his — in trying to catch the —.
- 2. There is not a — on the whole —.
- 3. It was while trying to — that he broke his —.
- 4. He went to the — and — it up.

NIP.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

WITH a city, a lake and a cape, form a word-square containing only one vowel and two consonants. S. T. N.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 14, 3, 12, 8 is part of a ship; my 10, 2, 11, 14 is a mate; my 7, 4, 15, 1, 9 is to find out; my 13, 6, 16, 9 is a stone; my 5, 3, 11, 4, 9, 5 is a tree. My whole is a well-known actress.

S. M. G.

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—A Geographical Puzzle.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean sea) grove. Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a river in North America).

(The river in North America) said he hoped this circle of charming and superior young ladies would allow him to join them. They assented to his proposal, but said that he must cease his (cape on Pacific coast of North America); and (one of the Southern States) saying he certainly needed refreshment, carried him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river in Africa), and (one of a group of islands west of North America).

When he had eaten, he began to tell a story of how he had been chased by a (lake in British America), at which the (city in Italy) was so frightened that she finally fainted away.

Then there was great confusion, and (cape on eastern coast of United States) in the company. But a young girl named (a city in Australia), sprinkled her poor friend with (a city in Prussia), while she told the others to keep up (a cape of Southern Africa).

It was not long before the (city in Italy) recovered, when (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)!" And the (river in North America) begged her to take a little (river in South America) wine.

Very soon they all started for home, and on the way (the river in North America) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, who was following them, but so full of (islands east of Australia) was he to his young mistress (a lake in Central Europe), that he would allow no one to pet him but her.

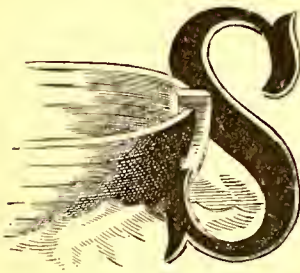
Soon after, as they were going over some (mountains in North America) ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and cried loudly. (The Southern State) called her (a city in Hungary), but the (lake in Central Europe) comforted her, and promised to give her a (sea in Australia) necklace on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her, complaining that she felt (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken (a cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, they returned to their several homes in (a city in New Hampshire) and peace.

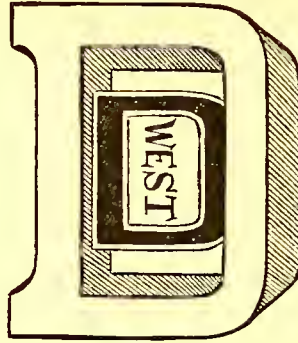
M. F.

EASY REBUSES.

1



2



3



TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THE ancient — were not always — as consulters wished. 2. A gate — has no — in purity. 3. He — that the artist — about beauty. 4. Charles Lamb loved to praise the — of a —. 5. A wise man will keep — from —. 6. — thou for a writer who so — to pride as to — his manuscript because he will have no — of — between his lines? 7. I hope his — will — — serv-ice.

J. P. B.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following for their signification, and get a complete square-word: 1. Anger. 2. A bet or pledge. 3. To pilfer. F. A. M.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

My first are in pear, but not in fig; My next are in coil, but not in wig; My third are in nose, but not in chin; My fourth are in sleek, but not in thin. Poets have oft made me their theme, Lovely and sweet as an artist's dream. A. S.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST I am an animal. Change my head, and I am a promise; again, and I am part of a vessel; again and I am an adverb; again, and I tell what tugs do. Change my head and curtail, and I am a river. Behead me, and I am an exclamation. S. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—One story is good, till another is told. BEHEADED RHYMES.—Amusing, musing, using, sing. REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S
TEN
MILES
PIT
M

CURTAILMENTS.—1. Twine—twin. 2. Avert—aver. 3. Babel—babe. 4. Aha!—ah! 5. Airy—air. 6. Ward—war. 7. Want—wan. 8. Wage—wag.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Sun-set.—

S—afe —S
U—nfortunat—E
N e —T

HISTORICAL CHARADE.—Earl of Botwell, Mary Queen of Scots. A RIDDLE.—Queue, cue, Q.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.—Santa Claus.

S—pecific —C
A—borigina—L
N—apth —A
T— —U
A—corn —S

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Herring—Scorpio.—

H E B R E W S
D E R R I C K
P U R L O I N
C H A R I T Y
R E P R I S E
M I N U E N D
O P E N I N G

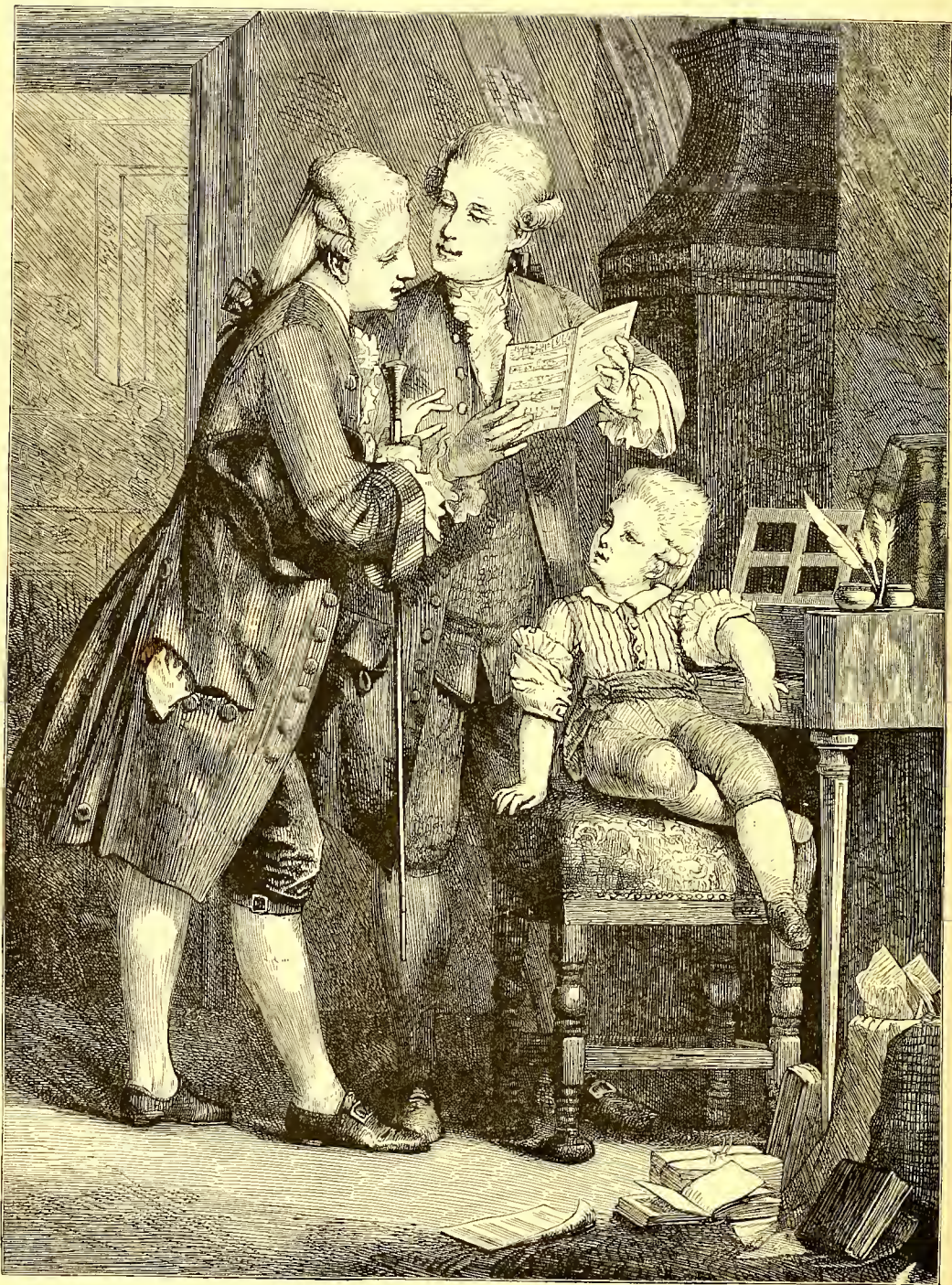
SUBSTITUTIONS.—1. Bruin—brain. 2. Trice—trace. 3. Hut—hit—hat. 4. Dally—daily. 5. Delay—decay. 6. Stare—store. 7. Put—pat—pet. 8. Concert—convert. 9. Him—ham.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUM PICTURE.—We shall print next month a report of the answers sent in, with award of prizes.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Calves | 17. Dog's ears | 33. 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view.—THOS. CAMPBELL | 48. Sheep's heads |
| 2. Buoy (boy) | 18. You (ewe) | | 49. Joint |
| 3. Two feet (two-thirds of a yard) | 19. Lashes | | 50. Pupils and Irises |
| 4. Land | 20. The Hidden Hand | | 51. Lamb |
| 5. Pants | 21. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose) | | 52. Rest |
| 6. Heel (heal) | 22. Band (on hat) | | 53. Tales (tails) |
| 7. Horn | 23. Fleece | | 54. General wool |
| 8. Re-pose | 24. Skye (sky) | | 55. Tulips |
| 9. Sole | 25. Nails | | 56. Teeth |
| 10. Bank | 26. Nap (Napoleon) | | 57. Neck |
| 11. Pause (paws) | 27. Patch (Sam Patch) | | 58. Ears |
| 12. Grazing | 28. Blades (of grass) | | 59. Locke (lock of hair) |
| 13. Cheek | 29. Hill | | 60. Bow (bow on hat) |
| 14. Hide | 30. Back | | 61. Eyes |
| 15. Hares (hairs) | 31. Ate sheep (8 sheep) | | 62. Grass ("All flesh is grass") |
| 16. Crook | 32. A dog | | 63. Lying creatures |

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER have been received from Allie Neill, Lily F. Conkey, Minnie Thomas, Laura E. Tomkins, Russell F., Mary H. Wilson, Fannie H. Smith, and Louise F. Olmstead.





MOZART,
THE LITTLE MUSIC-KING.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1875.

No. 3.

THE LITTLE MUSIC-KING.

BY EMILY NOYES.

IN the year 1761, any one looking into the sitting-room of the chapel-master of Saltzburgh might have seen a little figure bent over a table busily scribbling away with pen and ink. The childish and hardly knew how to hold the pen, but hurried on with marks and dots and strange-looking characters, smeared with ink, and now and then thickened with a huge blot as the pen dashed from ink to paper with trembling eagerness. The door opened, and the chapel-master entered with a friend, but the little curly head did not stir.

"What are you doing, my son?"

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, papa. I have nearly finished the first part."

"Let me see."

"No, please; I have not yet finished."

The father took the paper, however, and showed it to his friend. They both laughed heartily at the scrawl; but on looking more attentively, the chapel-master said:

"See, it is really composed by rule; but it is so difficult; no one could play it."

"It must be well studied before it is played."

And the boy. "See, this is the way it begins."

And running to the harpsichord, he succeeded in playing enough of it to show what his idea was.

It was indeed a musical composition, correctly composed, but containing such great difficulties that an able musician would have found it impossible to execute it on the harpsichord.

The chapel-master was Leopold Mozart, and the little composer, only five years old, was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, afterward so celebrated in the musical world.

Two years before, he had stood listening at the fireside while his papa gave a music-lesson to his sister Anna.

"Thou teachest Nunnerl, papa; teach me too."

"But thou art a baby, Wolferl; wait, my little man."

But when the lesson was over, and papa gone, the little fellow went to the harpsichord, and, standing on tiptoe, groped among the keys, with his baby-fingers stretched wide apart, till he found and played a *perfect chord*. Papa's music-ear caught the sound, and he rushed back into the room to find that his baby had indeed, all alone, found his way into the beautiful tone-world.

After that, music-lessons were for him too, and he was never far away when Nunnerl was at the harpsichord, but, perched on his father's knee, followed every movement and tone, and often played the lesson after her from memory.

The next year the family removed to Munich, and the two children were presented at the Court, and played before Francis I., the Emperor, to the wonder and delight of all who heard them.

His father had only taught him on the harpsichord, but he had a little violin on which he played to amuse himself. Six trios composed by Wenzl were once brought to him to try his powers. Little Wolfgang begged that he might play the second violin part, and brought out his own instrument to play with the others. His father refused him, and bade him run away; but Schachtner, whose part it was, called him back, and said, "Never mind, little man; wipe away those tears, and stand by me." He did so, looking over the

musician's shoulder; and soon Schachtner was surprised to hear a clear, clean-cut tone striking in with his. Gradually he heard the music distinctly played, and softening his own tones more and more, let the little fellow play on. Finally he ceased playing altogether, and Wolfgang played on without interruption through that trio and the next, and until the whole six had been performed. He had become absorbed in the music, and all unconsciously threw his whole soul into the performance, and, with flushed cheek and flashing eye, played on to the close, radiant with delight, while the tears rolled down the chapel-master's face as he listened to the boy.

He had never before heard him play on the violin, and was overwhelmed with astonishment and joy.

"Little music-king thou art, my Wolferl, and thou shalt reign over us all," he cried, as he clasped him in his arms.

Before Wolfgang was eight years old, and Anna twelve, they had performed at the Courts of Vienna, Paris, Munich and London. At Vienna they saw and played with the little Marie Antoinette, and Wolfgang shocked the fine Court ladies by jumping into the lap of the Empress for a kiss. He could play the works of Bach, Handel and other masters, and in England composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen.

Returning to France, they traveled about in that country and in Holland, and Wolfgang played on the organs of most of the churches and monasteries.

One evening, being caught in a thunder-storm, they took shelter in a monastery. The monks were at supper, and did not know of their guests' arrival. But soon, wonderful music began to steal into the hall from the chapel, sometimes sweet and sad, then wild and stormy; now a single voice with pleading tones, again a great chorus of response; now the rolling of the thunder and the booming of the wind, and, as these died away, a soft, clear, sunny strain, telling that the storm was over. The Fathers were in great affright; one and another stole into the dark chapel to listen, and they counted themselves over and over again to be sure they were all there. But at last a light was brought, the strangers were discovered, and Wolfgang greatly enjoyed their amazement, terror, and delight. They could not believe it was he who had played such music, so far beyond what even Brother Ambrose played—their fine musician. They thought it was a spell—an enchantment—a holy charm—a miracle. And when at last con-

vinced he was a true mortal boy, they lavished the kindest hospitality on the Mozarts, and bade them God-speed on the morrow with many blessing.

At the consecration of a church belonging to the Orphans' Home in Vienna, Mozart composed the music for the occasion, and conducted it, although only twelve years of age. At thirteen, he went to Rome with his father, and there, in the Sistine Chapel, below the grand painting of "The Last Judgment," which Michael Angelo had painted three hundred years before, he heard the wonderful music of "The Miserere."

This is only performed in Holy Week by the Pope's choir, and no one has ever been allowed to have a copy of the music, or even to see it. But so astonishing was little Mozart's memory, that, on his return from the chapel, he not only wrote out the music correctly, but could also sing it perfectly—a feat which made him the musical wonder of the age.

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy; made a Knight of the Golden Spur by the Pope; elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, and had praises and honors heaped upon him in the very land of song and art.

At fifteen years of age he composed his first opera. But we must now take leave of the boy.

His works were numerous, and have made his name immortal. His life was not long; and at thirty-five he left to the world the rich inheritance of his musical compositions.

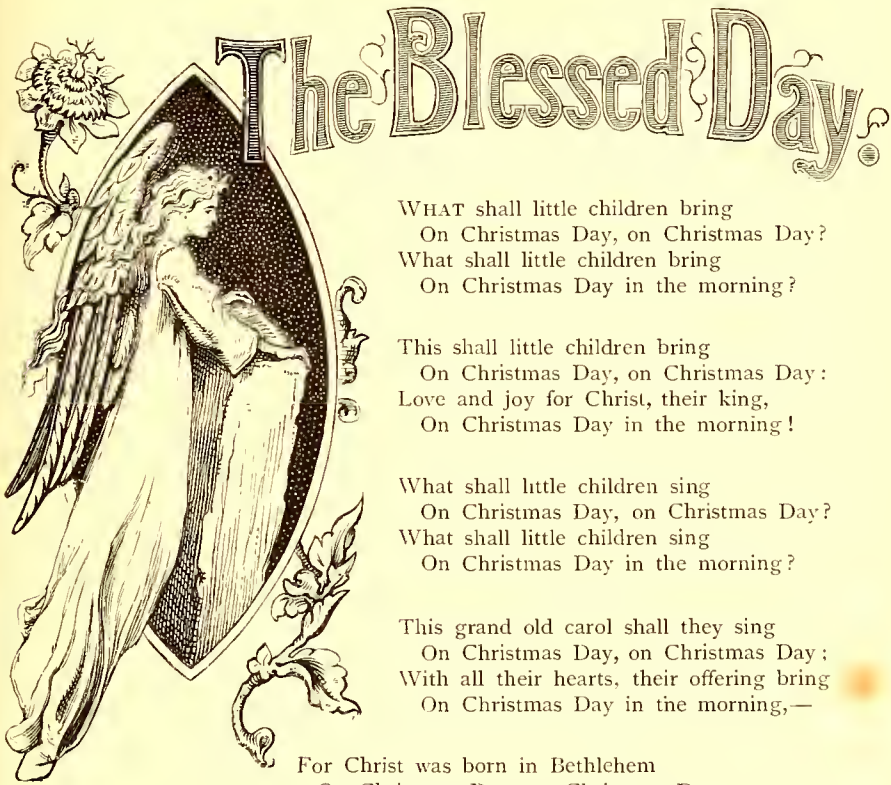
They are full of grace and beauty. Some of them are sad and mournful; some running over with fun and frolic; but sonatas, operas, and masses all speak the genius of the great musician.

His last work was a requiem, which a stranger came to him and ordered. Mozart began to write it, and was to have it finished in a month. But when the stranger returned it was not done.

"How much longer do you want?"

"Another month," replied Mozart.

He continued to work on it, but his health already poor, began to fail, and he grew feebler each day. He often told his wife he was writing the requiem for himself, and his melancholy increased day by day. He fancied that the unknown person was a being from another world, and became convinced that he was sent to warn him of his own departure. Painfully he worked on with his failing strength, and at last the requiem was completed; but when the stranger called for it Mozart was dead, and the solemn requiem, written for another, was his own death-song.



The Blessed Day.

WHAT shall little children bring
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
 What shall little children bring
 On Christmas Day in the morning?

This shall little children bring
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
 Love and joy for Christ, their king,
 On Christmas Day in the morning!

What shall little children sing
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
 What shall little children sing
 On Christmas Day in the morning?

This grand old carol shall they sing
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
 With all their hearts, their offering bring
 On Christmas Day in the morning,—

For Christ was born in Bethlehem
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
 For Christ was born in Bethlehem
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
 And all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
 And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
 And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

“Then let us all rejoice again
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
 Then let us all rejoice again
 On Christmas Day in the morning.”

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

TWO GIRLS.



ROSE sat all alone in the big best parlor, with her little handkerchief laid ready to catch the first tear, for she was thinking of her troubles, and a shower was expected. She had retired to this room as a good place in which to be miserable; for it was dark and still, full of ancient furniture, sombre curtains, and hung all round with portraits of solemn old gentlemen in wigs, severe-nosed ladies in top-heavy caps, and staring children in little bob-tailed coats or short-waisted frocks. It *was* an excellent place for woe; and the fitful spring rain that pattered on the window-pane seemed to sob, "Cry away: I'm with you."

Rose really did have some cause to be sad: for she had no mother, and had lately lost her father also, which left her no home but this with her great aunts. She had only been with them a week, and though the dear old ladies had tried their best to make her happy they had not succeeded very well, for she was unlike any child they had ever seen, and they felt very much as if they had the care of a low-spirited butterfly.

They had given her the freedom of the house, and for a day or two she had amused herself roaming all over it, for it was a capital old mansion, and was full of all manner of odd nooks, charming rooms, and mysterious passages. Windows broke out in unexpected places, little balconies overhung the garden most romantically, and there was a long upper hall full of curiosities from all parts of the world; for the Campbells had been sea-captains for generations.

Aunt Plenty had even allowed Rose to rummage in her great china closet,—a spicy retreat, rich in all the "goodies" that children love; but Rose seemed to care little for these toothsome temptations: and when that hope failed, Aunt Plenty gave up in despair.

Gentle Aunt Peace had tried all sorts of pretty needlework, and planned a doll's wardrobe that would have won the heart of even an older child.

But Rose took little interest in pink satin hats and tiny hose, though she sewed dutifully till her aunts caught her wiping tears away with the train of her wedding-dress, and that discovery put an end to the sewing society.

Then both old ladies put their heads together and picked out the model child of the neighborhood to come and play with their niece. But Ariadne Blish was the worst failure of all, for Rose could not bear the sight of her, and said she was so like a wax doll she longed to give her a pinch and see if she would squeak. So prim little Ariadne was sent home, and the exhausted aunts left Rose to her own devices for a day or two.

Bad weather and a cold kept her indoors, and she spent most of her time in the library where her father's books were stored. Here she read a great deal, cried a little, and dreamed many of the innocent bright dreams in which imaginative children find such comfort and delight. This suited her better than anything else, but it was not good for her, and she grew pale, heavy-eyed and listless, though Aunt Plenty gave her iron enough to make a cooking-stove, and Aunt Peace petted her like a poodle.

Seeing this, the poor aunts racked their brains for a new amusement, and determined to venture a bold stroke, though not very hopeful of its success. They said nothing to Rose about their plan for this Saturday afternoon, but let her alone till the time came for the grand surprise, little dreaming that the odd child would find pleasure for herself in a most unexpected quarter.

Before she had time to squeeze out a single tear a sound broke the stillness, making her prick up her ears. It was only the soft twitter of a bird, but it seemed to be a peculiarly gifted bird, for while she listened the soft twitter changed to a lively whistle, then a trill, a coo, a chirp, and ended in a musical mixture of all the notes as if the bird burst out laughing. Rose laughed also, and, forgetting her woes, jumped up saying, eagerly:

"It is a mocking-bird. Where is it?"

Running down the long hall she peeped out at both doors, but saw nothing feathered except a drabble-tailed chicken under a burdock leaf. She listened again, and the sound seemed to be in the house. Away she went, much excited by the chase, and following the changeful song it led her to the china-closet door.

"In there? How funny!" she said. But when

entered, not a bird appeared except the ever-stingingly kissing swallows on the Canton china that lined the shelves. All of a sudden Rose's face brightened, and softly opening the slide she peered to the kitchen. But the music had stopped, and she saw was a girl in a blue apron scrubbing the parth. Rose stared about her for a minute, and then asked abruptly :

"Did you hear that mocking-bird?"

"I should call it a phebe-bird," answered the girl, looking up with a twinkle in her black eyes.

"Where did it go?"

"It is here still."

"Where?"

"In my throat. Do you want to hear it?"

"Oh, yes! I'll come in." And Rose crept through the slide to the wide shelf on the other side, being too hurried and puzzled to go round by the door.

The girl wiped her hands, crossed her feet on the little island of carpet where she was stranded in a sea of soap-suds, and then, sure enough, out of her tender throat came the swallow's twitter, the robin's whistle, the blue-jay's call, the thrush's song, the wood-dove's coo, and many another familiar note, all ending as before with the musical ecstasy of a bobolink singing and swinging among the meadow grass on a bright June day.

Rose was so astonished that she nearly fell off her perch, and when the little concert was over clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh, it was lovely! Who taught you?"

"The birds," answered the girl, with a smile, as she fell to work again.

"It is very wonderful! I can sing, but nothing half so fine as that. What is your name, please?"

"Phebe Moore."

"I've heard of phebe-birds, but I don't believe the real ones could do that," laughed Rose, adding, as she watched with interest the scattering of dabs of soft soap over the bricks: "May I stay and see you work? It is very lonely in the parlor."

"Yes, indeed, if you want to," answered Phebe, bringing out her cloth in a capable sort of way that impressed Rose very much.

"It must be fun to swash the water round and dig out the soap. I'd love to do it, only aunt would n't like it, I suppose," said Rose, quite taken with the new employment.

"You'd soon get tired, so you'd better keep tidy and look on."

"I suppose you help your mother a good deal."

"I have n't got any folks."

"Why, where do you live, then?"

"I'm going to live here, I hope. Debby wants one to help round, and I've come to try for a week."

"I hope you *will* stay, for it is very dull," said Rose, who had taken a sudden fancy to this girl, who sung like a bird and worked like a woman.

"Hope I shall; for I'm fifteen now, and old enough to earn my own living. You have come to stay a spell, have n't you?" asked Phebe, looking up at her guest and wondering how life *could* be dull to a girl who wore a silk frock, a daintily frilled apron, a pretty locket, and had her hair tied up with a velvet snood.

"Yes. I shall stay till my uncle comes. He is my guardian now, and I don't know what he will do with me. Have you a guardian?"

"My sakes, no! I was left on the poor-house steps a little mite of a baby, and Miss Rogers took a liking to me, so I've been there ever since. But she is dead now, and I take care of myself."

"How interesting! It is like Arabella Montgomery in the 'Gypsy's Child.' Did you ever read that sweet story?" asked Rose, who was fond of tales of foundlings, and had read many.

"I don't have any books to read, and all the spare time I get I run off into the woods; that rests me better than stories," answered Phebe, as she finished one job and began on another.

Rose watched her as she got out a great pan of beans to look over, and wondered how it would seem to have life all work and no play. Presently Phebe seemed to think it was her turn to ask questions, and said, wistfully :

"You've had lots of schooling. I suppose?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! I've been at boarding-school nearly a year, and I'm almost dead with lessons. The more I got, the more Miss Power gave me, and I was so miserable I 'most cried my eyes out. Papa never gave me hard things to do, and he always taught me so pleasantly I loved to study. Oh, we were *so* happy and so fond of one another! But now he is gone, and I am left all alone."

The tear that would not come when Rose sat waiting for it came now of its own accord,—two of them in fact,—and rolled down her cheeks, telling the tale of love and sorrow better than any words could do it.

For a minute there was no sound in the kitchen but the little daughter's sobbing and the sympathetic patter of the rain. Phebe stopped rattling her beans from one pan to the other, and her eyes were full of pity as they rested on the curly head bent down on Rose's knee, for she saw that the heart under the pretty locket ached with its loss, and the dainty apron was used to dry sadder tears than any she had ever shed.

Somehow, she felt more contented with her brown calico gown and blue-checked pinafore; envy changed to compassion; and if she had dared

she would have gone and hugged her afflicted guest.

Fearing that might not be considered proper, she said, in her cheery voice:

"I'm sure you aint all alone with such a lot of folks belonging to you, and all so rich and clever. You'll be petted to pieces, Debby says, because you are the only girl in the family."

Phebe's last words made Rose smile in spite of her tears, and she looked out from behind her apron with an April face, saying in a tone of comic distress:

"That's one of my troubles! I've got six aunts, and they all want me, and I don't know any of them very well. Papa named this place the Aunt-hill, and now I see why."

Phebe laughed with her as she said encouragingly:

"Every one calls it so, and it's a real good name, for all the Mrs. Campbells live handy by, and keep coming up to see the old ladies."

"I could stand the aunts, but there are dozens of cousins, dreadful boys all of them, and I detest boys! Some of them came to see me last Wednesday, but I was lying down, and when Auntie came to call me I went under the quilt and pretended to be asleep. I shall *have* to see them sometime, but I do dread it so." And Rose gave a shudder, for, having lived alone with her invalid father, she knew nothing of boys, and considered them a species of wild animal.

"Oh, I guess you'll like 'em. I've seen 'em flying round when they come over from the Point, sometimes in their boats and sometimes on horse-back. If you like boats and horses you'll enjoy yourself first rate."

"But I don't! I'm afraid of horses, and boats make me ill, and I *hate* boys!" And poor Rose wrung her hands at the awful prospect before her. One of these horrors alone she could have borne, but all together were too much for her, and she began to think of a speedy return to the detested school.

Phebe laughed at her woe till the beans danced in the pan, but tried to comfort her by suggesting a means of relief.

"Perhaps your uncle will take you away where there aint any boys. Debby says he is a real kind man, and always brings heaps of nice things when he comes."

"Yes, but you see that is another trouble, for I don't know Uncle Alec at all. He hardly ever came to see us, though he sent me pretty things very often. Now I belong to him, and shall have to mind him till I am eighteen. I may not like him a bit, and I fret about it all the time."

"Well, I would n't borrow trouble, but have a

real good time. I'm sure I should think I was clover if I had folks and money and nothing to do but enjoy myself," began Phebe, but got no further for a sudden rush and rumble outside made them both jump.

"It's thunder," said Phebe.

"It's a circus!" cried Rose, who, from her elevated perch had caught glimpses of a gay cart of some sort and several ponies with flying manes and tails.

The sound died away, and the girls were about to continue their confidences when old Debby appeared, looking rather cross and sleepy after her nap.

"You are wanted in the parlor, Miss Rose."

"Has anybody come?"

"Little girls should n't ask questions, but do as they are bid," was all Debby would answer.

"I do hope it is n't Aunt Myra; she always scares me out of my wits asking how my cough is, and groaning over me as if I was going to die," said Rose, preparing to retire the way she came for the slide, being cut for the admission of bouncing Christmas turkeys and puddings, was plenty large enough for a slender girl.

"Guess you'll wish it *was* Aunt Myra when you see who has come. Don't never let me catch you coming into my kitchen that way again or I'll shut you up in the big biler," growled Debby, who thought it her duty to snub children on all occasions.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLAN.

ROSE scrambled into the china-closet as rapidly as possible, and there refreshed herself by making faces at Debby, while she settled her plumage and screwed up her courage. Then she crept softly down the hall and peeped into the parlor. No one appeared, and all was so still she felt sure the company was up stairs. So she skipped boldly through the half-open folding-doors, to behold on the other side a sight that nearly took her breath away.

Seven boys stood in a row—all ages, all sizes, all yellow-haired and blue-eyed, all in full Scotch costume, and all smiling, nodding, and saying as with one voice: "How are you, cousin?"

Rose gave a little gasp and looked wildly about her as if ready to fly, for fear magnified the seven and the room seemed full of boys. Before she could run, however, the tallest had stepped out of the line, saying pleasantly:

"Don't be frightened. This is the clan come to welcome you; and I'm the chief, Archie Junior, at your service."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Rose

midly put her own into a brown paw, which closed over the white morsel and held it as the chief con-
 veyed his introductions.

"We came in full rig, for we always turn out in
 style on grand occasions. Hope you like it. Now
 I'll tell you who these chaps are, and then we shall
 be all right. This big one is Prince Charlie, Aunt
 Lara's boy. She has but one, so he is an extra

At this command, to Rose's great dismay, six
 more hands were offered, and it was evident that
 she was expected to shake them *all*. It was a try-
 ing moment to the bashful child; but, remembering
 that they were her kinsmen come to welcome her,
 she tried her best to return the greeting cordially.

This impressive ceremony being over, the clan
 broke ranks, and both rooms instantly appeared to



"THIS IS THE CLAN, COME TO WELCOME YOU."

good one. This old fellow is Mac, the book-worm,
 called Worm for short. This sweet creature is
 Steve the Dandy. Look at his gloves and top-
 knot, if you please. They are Aunt Jane's lads,
 and a precious pair you'd better believe. These
 brats are my brothers, Geordie and Will, or Castor
 and Pollux, for they stick together like burrs; and
 Jamie the Baby. Now, my men, step out and
 show your manners."

be pervaded with boys. Rose hastily retired to the
 shelter of a big chair and sat there watching the in-
 vaders and wondering when her aunt would come
 and rescue her.

As if bound to do their duty manfully, yet rather
 oppressed by it, each lad paused beside her chair
 in his wanderings, made a brief remark, received a
 still briefer answer, and then sheered off with a re-
 lieved expression.

Archie came first, and, leaning over the chair back, observed in a paternal tone:

"I'm glad you've come, cousin, and I hope you'll find the Aunt-hill pretty jolly."

"I think I shall."

Mac shook his hair out of his eyes, stumbled over a stool, and asked abruptly:

"Did you bring any books with you?"

"Four boxes full. They are in the library."

Mac vanished from the room, and Steve, striking an attitude which displayed his costume effectively, said with an affable smile:

"We were sorry not to see you last Wednesday. I hope your cold is better."

"Yes, thank you." And a smile began to dimple about Rose's mouth as she remembered her retreat under the bed-cover.

Feeling that he had been received with distinguished marks of attention, Steve strolled away with his top-knot higher than ever, and Prince Charlie pranced across the room, saying in a free and easy tone:

"Mamma sent her love and hopes you will be well enough to come over for a day next week. It must be desperately dull here for a little thing like you."

"I'm thirteen and a-half, though I *do* look small," cried Rose, forgetting her shyness in indignation at this insult to her newly acquired teens.

"Beg pardon, ma'am; never should have guessed it." And Charlie went off with a laugh, glad to have struck a spark out of his meek cousin.

Geordie and Will came together, two sturdy eleven and twelve year olders, and, fixing their round blue eyes on Rose, fired off a question apiece as if it was a shooting match and she the target.

"Did you bring your monkey?"

"No; he is dead."

"Are you going to have a boat?"

"I hope not."

Here the two, with a right-about-face movement, abruptly marched away, and little Jamie demanded with childish frankness:

"Did you bring me anything nice?"

"Yes, lots of candy," answered Rose, whereupon Jamie ascended into her lap with a sounding kiss and the announcement that he liked her very much.

This proceeding rather startled Rose, for the other lads looked and laughed, and in her confusion she said hastily to the young usurper:

"Did you see the circus go by?"

"When? Where?" cried all the boys in great excitement at once.

"Just before you came. At least I thought it was a circus, for I saw a red and black sort of cart and ever so many little ponies, and ——"

She got no farther, for a general shout made her

pause suddenly, as Archie explained the joke saying in the middle of his laugh.

"It was our new dog-cart and the Shetland ponies. You'll never hear the last of your circus cousin."

"But there were so many, and they went so far, and the cart was so very red," began Rose, trying to explain her mistake.

"Come and see them all!" cried the Prince. And before she knew what was happening she was borne away to the barn and tumultuously introduced to three shaggy ponies and the gay new dog-cart.

She had never visited these regions before, and had her doubts as to the propriety of her being there now, but when she suggested that "Auntie might not like it," there was a general cry of:

"She told us to amuse you, and we can do ever so much better out here than poking round in the house."

"I'm afraid I shall get cold without my sacque," began Rose, who wanted to stay, but felt rather out of her element.

"No you wont! We'll fix you," cried the lads as one clapped his cap on her head, another tied a rough jacket round her neck by the sleeves, a third nearly smothered her in a carriage blanket, and a fourth threw open the door of the old barouche that stood there, saying with a flourish:

"Step in, ma'am, and make yourself comfortable while we show you some fun."

So Rose sat in state enjoying herself very much, for the lads proceeded to dance a Highland fling with a spirit and skill that made her clap her hands and laugh as she had not done for weeks.

"How is that, my lassie?" asked the Prince, coming up all flushed and breathless when the ballet was over.

"It was splendid! I never went to the theater but once, and the dancing was not half so pretty as this. What clever boys you must be," said Rose, smiling upon her kinsmen like a little queen upon her subjects.

"Ah, we're a fine lot, and that is only the beginning of our larks. We have n't got the pipes here or we'd sing for you—we'd play for you—a ducly melody," answered Charlie, looking much elated at her praise.

"I did not know we were Scotch; papa never said anything about it or seemed to care about Scotland, except to have me sing the old ballads," said Rose, beginning to feel as if she had left America behind her somewhere.

"Neither did we till lately. We've been reading Scott's novels, and all of a sudden we remembered that our grandfather was a Scotchman. So we hunted up the old stories, got some pipes, put

our plaids, and went in, heart and soul, for the glory of the clan. We've been at it some time now, and it's great fun. Our people like it, and I think we are a pretty canny set."

Archie said this from the other coach-step, where he had perched, while the rest climbed up before and behind to join in the chat as they rested.

"I'm Fitzjames and he's Roderick Dhu, and we'll give you the broadsword combat some day. It's a great thing, you'd better believe," added the Prince.

"Yes, and you should hear Steve play the pipes. He makes 'em skirl like a good one," cried Will from the box, eager to air the accomplishments of his race.

"Mac's the fellow to hunt up the old stories and tell us how to dress right, and pick out rousing bits for us to speak and sing," put in Geordie, saying a good word for the absent Worm.

"And what do you and Will do?" asked Rose of Jamie, who sat beside her as if bound to keep her in sight till the promised gift had been handed over.

"Oh, I'm the little foot-page, and do errands, and Will and Geordie are the troops when we march, and the stags when we hunt, and the waiters when we want to cut any heads off."

"They are very obliging, I'm sure," said Rose, whereat the "utility men" beamed with modest pride, and resolved to enact Wallace and Montrose as soon as possible for their cousin's special benefit.

"Let's have a game of tag," cried the Prince, springing himself up to a beam with a sounding rap on Stevie's shoulder.

Regardless of his gloves, Dandy tore after him, and the rest swarmed in every direction as if bent on breaking their necks and dislocating their joints as rapidly as possible.

It was a new and astonishing spectacle to Rose, fresh from a prim boarding-school, and she watched the active lads with breathless interest, thinking their antics far superior to those of Mops, the dear departed monkey.

Will had just covered himself with glory by snatching off of a high loft head first and coming up all right, when Phebe appeared with a cloak, hood and rubbers, also a message from Aunt Plenty that "Miss Rose was to come in directly."

"All right; we'll bring her!" answered Archie, issuing some mysterious order, which was so promptly obeyed that, before Rose could get out of the carriage, the boys had caught hold of the pole and rattled her out of the barn, round the oval and up to the front door with a cheer that brought two caps to an upper window, and caused Debby to cry aloud from the back porch:

"Them harum-scarum boys will certainly be the death of that delicate little creter!"

But the "delicate little creter" seemed all the better for her trip, and ran up the steps looking rosy, gay and disheveled, to be received with lamentation by Aunt Plenty, who begged her to go and lie down at once.

"Oh, please don't! We have come to tea with our cousin and we'll be as good as gold if you'll let us stay, Auntie," clamored the boys, who not only approved of "our cousin," but had no mind to lose their tea, for Aunt Plenty's name but feebly expressed her bountiful nature.

"Well, dears, you can; only be quiet and let Rose go and take her iron and be made tidy, and then we will see what we can find for supper," said the old lady as she trotted away, followed by a volley of directions for the approaching feast.

"Marmalade for me, Auntie."

"Plenty of plum-cake, please."

"Tell Debby to trot out the baked pears."

"I'm your man for lemon-pie, ma'am."

"Do have fritters; Rose will like 'em."

"She'd rather have tarts, I know."

When Rose came down fifteen minutes later with every curl smoothed and her most beruffled apron on, she found the boys loafing about the long hall, and paused on the half-way landing to take an observation, for till now she had not really examined her new-found cousins.

There was a strong family resemblance among them, though some of the yellow heads were darker than others, some of the cheeks brown instead of rosy, and the ages varied all the way from sixteen-year-old Archie to Jamie, who was ten years younger. None of them were especially comely but the Prince, yet all were hearty, happy-looking lads, and Rose decided that boys were not as dreadful as she had expected to find them.

They were all so characteristically employed that she could not help smiling as she looked. Archie and Charlie, evidently great cronies, were pacing up and down, shoulder to shoulder, whistling "Bonnie Dundee." Mac was reading in a corner, with his book close to his near-sighted eyes. Dandy was arranging his hair before the oval glass in the hat-stand. Geordie and Will investigating the internal economy of the moon-faced clock, and Jamie lay kicking up his heels on the mat at the foot of the stairs, bent on demanding his sweets the instant Rose appeared.

She guessed his intention and forestalled his demand by dropping a handful of sugar-plums down upon him.

At his cry of rapture the other lads looked up and smiled involuntarily, for the little kinswoman standing there above was a winsome sight with her shy, soft eyes, bright hair and laughing face. The black frock reminded them of her loss, and filled

the boyish hearts with a kindly desire to be good to "our cousin," who had no longer any home but this.

"There she is, as fine as you please," cried Steve, kissing his hand to her.

"Come on, Missy; tea is ready," added the Prince encouragingly.

"I shall take her in." And Archie offered his arm with great dignity, an honor that made Rose turn as red as a cherry and long to run up stairs again.

It was a merry supper, and the two elder boys added much to the fun by tormenting the rest with dark hints of some interesting event which was about to occur. Something uncommonly fine they declared it was, but enveloped in the deepest mystery for the present.

"Did I ever see it?" asked Jamie.

"No, but Mac and Steve have, and liked it immensely," answered Archie, thereby causing the two mentioned to neglect Debby's delectable fritters for several minutes, while they cudged their brains.

"Who will have it first?" asked Will, with his mouth full of marmalade.

"Aunt Plenty, I guess."

"When will she have it?" demanded Geordie, bouncing in his seat with impatience.

"Some time on Monday."

"Heart alive! what is the boy talking about?" cried the old lady from behind the tall urn, which left little to be seen but the topmost bow of her cap.

"Does n't Auntie know?" asked a chorus of voices.

"No; and that's the best of the joke, for she is desperately fond of it."

"What color is it?" asked Rose, joining in the fun.

"Blue and brown."

"Is it good to eat?" asked Jamie.

"Some people think so, but I should n't like to try it," answered Charlie, laughing so he spilt his tea.

"Who does it belong to?" put in Steve.

Archie and the Prince stared at one another rather blankly for a minute, then Archie answered with a twinkle of the eye that made Charlie explode again:

"To Grandfather Campbell."

This was a poser, and they gave up the puzzle though Jamie confided to Rose that he did not think he could live till Monday without knowing what this remarkable thing was.

Soon after tea, the clan departed, singing "A the blue bonnets are over the border," at the top of their voices.

"Well, dear, how do you like your cousins?" asked Aunt Plenty, as the last pony frisked round the corner and the din died away.

"Pretty well, ma'am; but I like Phebe better. An answer which caused Aunt Plenty to hold up her hands in despair and trot away to tell sister Peace that she never *should* understand that child and it was a mercy Alec was coming soon to take the responsibility off their hands.

Fatigued by the unusual exertions of the afternoon, Rose curled herself up in the sofa corner to rest and think about the great mystery, little guessing that she was to know it first of all.

Right in the middle of her meditations, she fell asleep and dreamed she was at home again in her own little bed. She seemed to wake and see her father bending over her; to hear him say, "My little Rose;" to answer, "Yes, papa;" and then to feel him take her in his arms and kiss her tenderly. So sweet, so real was the dream, that she started up with a cry of joy to find herself in the arms of a brown, bearded man, who held her close and whispered, in a voice so like her father's that she clung to him involuntarily:

"This is my little girl, and I am Uncle Alec."

(To be continued.)

MERRY Christmas, dear Papa!

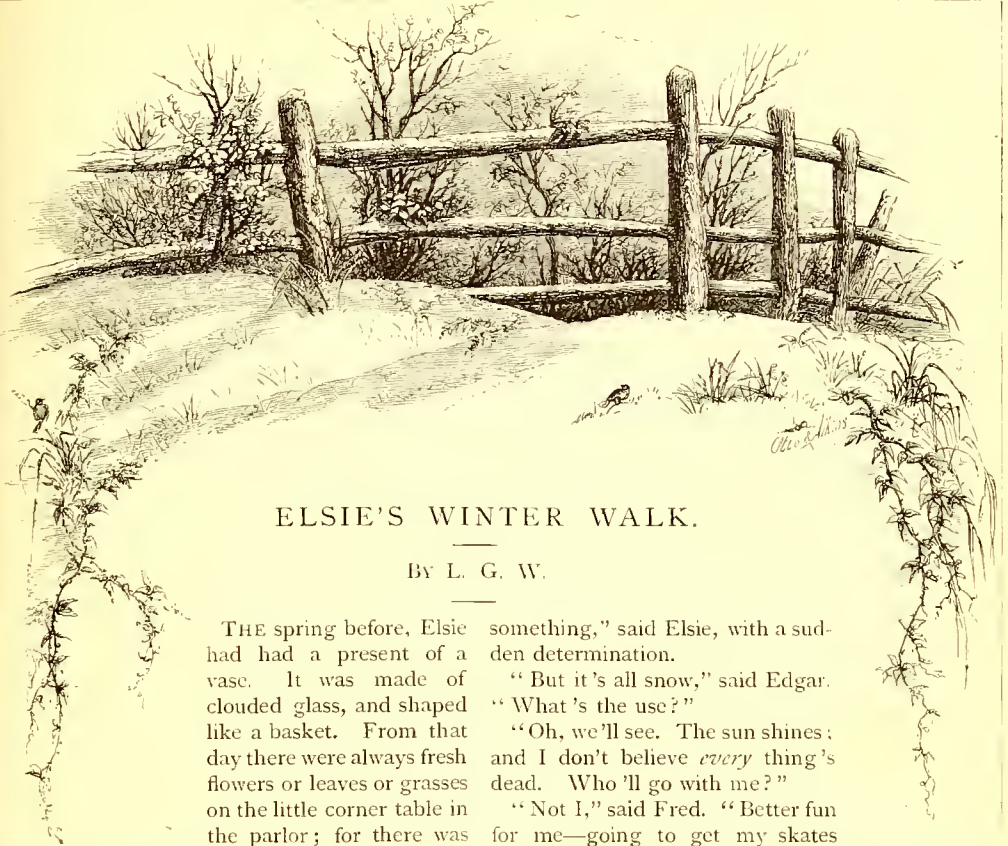
Merry Christmas, good Mamma!

Don't you hear me knocking?

Don't you know the morning's here?

Wake up, Papa! Mamma dear!

Oh! oh! see my stocking!



ELSIE'S WINTER WALK.

BY L. G. W.

THE spring before, Elsie had had a present of a vase. It was made of clouded glass, and shaped like a basket. From that day there were always fresh flowers or leaves or grasses on the little corner table in the parlor; for there was

where the vase stood, and it was never empty.

So many beautiful things it had held; hepaticas and violets and apple-blossoms, and then the roses and wild honeysuckles of June, and then, as her own little garden grew to blossoming, sweet peas and geraniums and mignonette. At last there were asters and golden-rod and brown ferns, and the fringed gentians from down by the brook under the hill—the dear good-by flowers that staid so late.

She used to get up early all the Summer mornings and have it freshly filled before breakfast. But now the mornings were short and dreary, the last of the tender ferns had dried away out of sight, and the little flower-bed was filled only with bare earth and patches of snow. The basket was empty at last, and looked lonely and forlorn. Elsie said this was too dreary; it would never do in the world.

But Fred said, a little teasingly, "Well, El, what are you going to do about it, I should like to know?"

"Going to walk; and you'll see if I don't find

something," said Elsie, with a sudden determination.

"But it's all snow," said Edgar. "What's the use?"

"Oh, we'll see. The sun shines; and I don't believe *every* thing's dead. Who'll go with me?"

"Not I," said Fred. "Better fun for me—going to get my skates newly strapped, ready for the pond. Who cares for green things! Besides, they're all gone, I know."

Edgar had some important whittling to keep him at home. But Ralph wanted to go, and was running off for his coat and cap, poor little fellow, with a hole in his boots. But Elsie could not take him, and so she consoled him with a big piece of paper and a pencil, and started off alone.

She went out through the north gate upon the road, and then close along by the fence down the hill. The snow was pretty thick and hard, but around every fence-post was a little green island. The sun was clear, and the air would have been almost warm if it could have blown over grass instead of snow. How pleasant it was, after all! And there, in one of the small green islands, was a clover-leaf, and, stooping to get it, she found another and another; real Spring clover-leaves, with little white marks in them, and fresh and sweet when they came to be lifted out of their cold bed and carried in her hand.

Her eyes were wide open now, and soon caught

a glimpse of something green and brown and glossy. It was a bunch of blackberry leaves, and, feeling for the stem and pulling hard, up came a long vine, delicate and fresh, and every leaf perfect. Then she found more, and the farther they had trailed off under the snow, the greener and more perfect they always were. "Could it be true that the cold snow has been keeping them warm?" Elsie said to herself, and her heart quite warmed, up to the snow as she gathered the long, graceful vines and thought of the little basket waiting at home.

Then there was a wild rose-bush all bare of leaves; but what pretty yellow and red stems,—she had never noticed before,—and on the end of many of them a bright red berry. How bright they were in among the blackberry leaves!

Not many fence-posts farther on, a little brown and yellow bunch of yarrow leaves lay leaning over each other in a sleepy sort of way, but quite fresh, and those deepest down as green as Summer. So the feathery little things also went on in Elsie's hand. Wild strawberry leaves, green and brown and red, lay at almost every step; delicate grasses, bleached white, waved above the snow, making a faint fluttering sound; and soon she came upon something really wonderful. It seemed to be a bunch of white daisies, but, on looking closely, they proved to be the dry calyxes of some summer flowers, quite white and shining. Elsie laughed out for joy.

On she went, crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill, and then creeping through the bars into the winter-green lot. There she found treasures, indeed; great beds of partridge-berry vines under the snow, all bright with berries, and tufts of hardy ferns, and the glossy winter-green leaves. How *could* anybody want more? How little Fred knew about it all! He should go with her next time, and not pretend any longer that he did n't care for such things; for she knew it was only pretense. Her left hand ached, it was so full of beautiful things. Next time she would bring a big basket, and it should be next time very soon, for she had found out now what a dear secret the snow had been keeping from her. Thanks to that little empty vase of hers at home.

Just then such a soft bed of moss glamed up before her out of the dazzling snow. She had to stop short. At first she thought she would not touch it,—it would be too bad to tear away the least bit,—but she wanted it so much she soon decided it

would be right, after all. So she laid down her treasures and began to dig with both hands, but finding a whole family of bugs and worms packed away for the winter under its shelter, she laid carefully back and tucked down the edges to keep them warm. "What a nice bed," she said, "only I'd rather have it under me than on top of me, think."

Then she came to a stump, all covered with lichens and cup-moss and small clumps of scarlet-headed gray moss and, running all over the big roots, more of the partridge-berry vine, a little greener and finer and more abundant than what she had found before. Everything that grows in the woods seems to love old trees so. What a splendid tree that must have been, and when it had to be cut down, how lovely of all the little red and gray and green things to come and cover up the poor stump so as to make things less lonesome!

Elsie knew it was time to go home, but it was hard to get away. She liked to think of all the hepaticas and anemones asleep down just a little way in the ground under her feet, for here was where she always found the first Spring flowers. And down there, in the alders, how soon the birds would be building their nests again!

Fred was just passing by on his way back from the store as Elsie turned to go home. He stooped down out of sight to see how she would get through the fence with her load,—a great bunch of leaves in one hand, a handkerchief full of moss in the other, and long vines hanging over her left shoulder and down her back. A little mean of Fred not to try to help her; but he did so like to tease!

The first she knew of his presence she heard a voice behind her, as she trudged along, call out, "Stop thief!" When he caught up with her he said, very meekly, "Will you allow me the pleasure of carrying the winter-green lot for you, Miss?" But she could n't trust him with anything but the handkerchief.

So the little basket was full again; blackberry and partridge vines hanging off and running over the handle, and yarrow and ferns leaning out, and bright berries peeping up between, and the queer little snow-daisies, as Elsie called the calyxes, in a bunch on one side. And there was so much left that the pictures on the mantel were trimmed, and a flat dish was filled with moss for the big table, and everybody said it was about as good as Summer, after all.

JESSIE.

BY BRET HARTE.

JESSIE is both young and fair.
Dewy eyes and sunny hair;
Sunny hair and dewy eyes
Are not where her beauty lies.

Jessie is both fond and true,
Heart of gold and will of yew;
Will of yew and heart of gold—
Still her charms are scarcely told.

If she yet remain unsung,
Pretty, constant, docile, young,
What remains not here compiled?
Jessie is a little child!

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY FLORENCE SCANNELL.

IT was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked pitcously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou would'st be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrap-

ping it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright, colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a *fit*e for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the

little room; and as they gazed, it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly luster. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished,

place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some, and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who



HERMANN BRINGS HOME A CHRISTMAS GUEST.

spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices: "The holy Christ-child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the

treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them Chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of the Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

JOKKOREE.

(An Old-fashioned Fairy Tale.)

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ONCE upon a time there lived a miller by the name of Jok, and his wife's name was Ko, and his son's name was Rik, and his dog's name was Ree, and his cat's name was Rorum. When his first child was born, and he found it was a girl, he called her Jokkorik; and when his second child was born, it was a son, he called it Jokkoree. His wife complained very much of these names, saying that they were not fit to be given to children; but the miller, who was as whimsical as he was tyrannical, made the good woman to hold her tongue, and declared if another child were born, be it boy or girl, he would name it Jokkororum.

The boy and the girl grew up, the girl being very beautiful and the boy very ugly. Jokkorik was tall and slender, with eyes of a violet blue, a pure red and white complexion, and long, golden hair. Jokkoree, on the contrary, was short, stout and muscular, with large feet and hands, steel-gray eyes, reddish-brown hair that was bushy and stiff, and a manner that was awkward and constrained. But though he was ungainly he was also active and fearless. There was not a horse, however wild, that he could not ride, nor a wild beast, however fierce, that he dared to meet; indeed, his father complained that he was fonder of riding and hunting than of tending to the mill. But Jokkoree did not neglect his duty. He rose early and toiled late, and whenever the great mill-wheel was turning he was busy. And he was as kind-hearted and frank and indifferent to praise or censure, as his sister was cruel and deceitful and vain. Yet, because Jokkoree was so very ugly and had a wide mouth and a big nose, his mother disliked and neglected him, and lavished all her love upon his sister; while his father only looked upon him as one who was strong enough to help him in the mill-work, and was easy to manage.

Out in the forest near the mill,—a forest which belonged to the Grand Duke of Kleinerberg, and where his Serene Highness and the nobles of the court often came to hunt, there lived an old hermit with a beard as white as snow, and a body so thin that its owner looked like a living skeleton in a large gown. To this hermit Jokkoree had always been kind when the old man came to the mill to beg a little flour, and in return the hermit taught him not only to read and write, but to do a great many other things. He showed him how to use a sword and handle a lance, for the hermit had been

a learned man as well as a knight of renown in his time. He grew kinder and kinder to the boy every day, and at length, finding death about to overtake him, gave him three things which he said might prove of use as he grew older: the Sword of Potency, the Staff of Extension, and the Shoes of Endurance. The sword would cut through anything, no matter how hard it might be; the staff, at the will of the wearer, would enlarge or diminish, or change itself into any article ever fashioned out of wood; and the shoes had this quality, that he who wore them was never tired, no matter how long he walked or how fast he might run, nor was he bent down no matter how heavy the burthen he might bear. Having explained all this, the hermit died, and Jokkoree buried him in his cave, in a spot which the hermit had hollowed out long before for this very purpose.

When Jokkorik was about ten years old, there was born a little sister, and the miller, according to his promise, named her Jokkororum. And the little girl grew up to be the most beautiful girl that was ever seen, and to be as amiable in disposition as she was lovely in person. But before she was quite sixteen years old, the father and mother both died within a month of each other, leaving their estate to Jokkorik and Jokkoree, and commending Jokkororum to the joint care of her brother and sister; and Jokkoree, a week after the death of his mother, leaving his share of the property for the support of his younger sister, took with him the sword and staff and shoes of the hermit, and mounting the best horse in the stable, went forth to seek his fortune.

So soon as he was gone, Jokkorik, who hated her younger sister because every one preferred her, insisted that Jokkororum should go into the kitchen, and become a scullion there, and Jokkororum had to submit. But, one day, the son of the Grand Duke, the Prince Prettyboi, fatigued with his hunting, stopped with his attendants at the mill, and asked for a glass of water. Jokkorik curtsied and blushed, and ordered Jokkororum to fetch it, which she did. Though the young girl was meanly clad, and marked with the tokens of her menial service, she was so beautiful and graceful, that when she had retired the Prince asked who she was.

"Only my scullion," answered Jokkorik.

Every day afterward the Prince came to hunt in the forest, and every day stopped to crave a drink

of water. Jokkorik thought that she had fascinated him by her own charms; but one day, when Jokkororum happened to be absent, the Prince inquired after her so very anxiously that the elder sister at once saw her error. After the Prince had gone, when Jokkororum returned, her sister met her with reproaches and abuse, and, after beating her, drove her from the house, and told her never

quired of the peasant with whom he had lodged what building that was.

"That," said his host, "is the castle of the giant Steelbody, the great enchanter. He is the terror of all Dunderland, and the King would share his kingdom with the man who would destroy him."

"Why has he not been killed before this, by some stout knight of the kingdom?"



THE HERMIT'S THREE GIFTS

to come back again. And when the Prince returned next day, and learned of this, he caused inquiries to be made, and found that the young girl, after being traced into the country of Dunderland, had entirely disappeared.

Wishing to fathom this mystery, and anxious again to see Jokkororum, whose true condition he now discovered, he left Court and set out all alone upon his travels.

Meanwhile, Jokkoree had gone from one country to another without meeting any remarkable adventures, and, finding his purse was getting lighter, had returned by a different way. When he was about two days' journey from Kleinerberg, he stopped for the night on the edge of a huge forest, at the cottage of a woodman. In the morning, as he was preparing to go, he looked upward and saw in the distance a high rock, on which stood a huge castle, with three slender towers in front, which glittered in the rays of the morning sun. He in-

"It is easy to see, young sir, that you are a stranger," replied the peasant. "Not only is the castle impregnable, and built on an inaccessible rock, but whoever ventures into the valley around it falls within the power of his sorcery, and is obliged to do his will. He pretends to treat them fairly too. It is said that he sets them three tasks, and if they do these, he will give them all his possessions; but if they fail, then he changes them to statues of brass, to adorn his great hall. Only the other day, a beautiful young girl, though she was meanly dressed, wandered there, and was changed to a statue; and when I described her to a young cavalier who stopped here, he went madly in pursuit of her, and perished too, doubtless, as nothing was seen of him afterward. The King's daughter once ventured there, or strayed there by some accident, but never returned."

"And did not the King send his soldiers to the castle to rescue her?"

"It would be useless, even if he came out to meet them. He has made his body, by magic, as hard as steel,—whence his name,—and swords and spears only shiver when they strike him."

"I will seek this giant, and destroy him," said Jukkoree.

The peasant endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. The young man mounted his horse, and hurried on toward the castle, staff in hand, while his sword jingled at his side in the scabbard, as though it were calling him to the enterprise.

Jukkoree soon arrived at a high stone wall, along which he rode for some time without discovering any entrance. At last he came to a gap where the sentries had fallen, and thus was enabled to pass.

He found himself in a beautiful garden, filled with various fruit-trees, parterres of flowers, and beautiful fountains. As he gazed around him, he saw a huge giant advancing, whom he rightly conjectured to be no other than Steelbody himself.

The giant, who was attended by a number of servants, put on a friendly air, and warmly welcomed Jukkoree as though he were exceedingly pleased by his visit, inviting him to enter the castle.

"It shall not be my fault," said he, "if you do not stay with me a very long time."

Jukkoree understood the hidden meaning of these words, but he followed the giant to the rock, where a magic door opened of its own accord, and revealed a flight of stone steps, which they descended, and which led them into the main hall of the castle.

The youth had never even dreamed of anything so splendid. The walls, the pillars that supported the roof, and the lofty ceiling were of ebony inlaid with gold, and studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones; and the floor was laid in agate and lapis lazuli. On either side of the hall were pedestals, each bearing a statue of bronze. In one of these Jukkoree recognized the name of Jukkorum, and he started.

The giant noticed his surprise, but mistook the cause. "Ah! I see you notice one vacant pedestal. It lacks one statue to complete the collection, but I expect to have that in three days."

He then led Jukkoree to the great banqueting-room, where they found a collation ready, which was served by numerous servants richly attired. When this was over, there was a concert of music; after which, Jukkoree was shown to a chamber of equal richness with the other apartments, and here, without any fear of harm, he went to sleep.

The next morning, after he had eaten breakfast, which was served to him in bed, and dressed himself, the giant entered the chamber.

"I hope you have been pleased at your entertainment," he said. Jukkoree bowed in reply.



JOKKOREE AND THE GIANT.

"There is a price to be paid for it," continued Steelbody. "I shall be compelled to ask you to do me three favors—to set three tasks for you, in

fact. If you succeed in all these, you are master of this castle and all it contains. If you fail in either, you will change into a statue of bronze, and stand upon the vacant pedestal."

"I am ready," answered Jokkoree.

"Come with me, then," said the giant, "to the valley below."

Jokkoree followed him, and when there the giant went on to say:

"Ten miles from this, on my grounds, are six stones, each as heavy as you can carry. You must go there and bring them, one by one, to this place, between now and sunset. The road is plain—the path is before you. I leave you to your labor, while I return to the castle. At sunset I will be here."

The giant left him, and Jokkoree, lacing the Shoes of Endurance tightly on his feet, ran directly on the path that stretched straight before him. He soon arrived where the stones lay, and grasping one, put it on his shoulder. It was certainly heavy, but the quality of the shoes he wore, as the hermit had told him, prevented fatigue, and he readily brought it to the foot of the rock, running all the way with the greatest ease. In this way he made six journeys to and fro, and it was not yet noon-day when he had completed his labor. When he had done it, he knocked loudly at the great door in the rock. As he did so, he heard a crash, and looking up he found that one of the three towers which made the front of the castle had fallen, and the fragments of stone had poured down on the very spot where he had stood a few moments before.

The giant made his appearance, with a vexed look.

"So you have completed your task early. That gives you a chance to do the second before the sun sets. You see yonder tree, with golden fruit in the upper branches? A basket hangs up there. You will be kind enough to get to the top, fill the basket with the fruit, and when you have brought it down carry it up to the great hall of the castle, where I shall await you."

So saying, the giant entered the portal, and the door closed.

Jokkoree looked at the tree, and found the trunk, which was slender and lofty, was studded thickly with bright steel points, as sharp as razors, extending in every direction, rendering it impossible to climb. But the youth was nowise daunted at that. He remembered his Staff of Extension. Placing that before him, he wished it to become a ladder long enough to reach to the first branch of the tree. The staff split in two, and went upward, rounds appearing between the two parts as it climbed, until it finally rested where desired. Up

this ladder Jokkoree ascended, and, taking the basket, speedily filled it with the golden fruit. Then he descended, the ladder shrank back again to a staff, and Jokkoree, with his basket on his arm, knocked at the great door in the rock, which opened as before. As it did this, there was a great crash, and a second tower of the castle fell.

The giant met him in the hall, and took the basket of fruit which Jokkoree offered. He was very pale, and said:

"You have performed two of the tasks; but the third is more difficult. Take the sword which I see you wear by your side, and strike off my head. If you fail in that, you are lost."

Jokkoree drew his sword, and the giant bent his head low that it might be reached, while a malignant twinkle in his eye showed his faith in the invulnerability of his body to all weapons. The youth trembled, for he remembered what the peasant had told him; but he also remembered what the hermit had said, and how the shoes and the staff had proved themselves. So he drew his sword and smote lustily.

There was a crash, and the last of the three towers fell, as the head of the giant rolled upon the floor. At the same moment the statues changed into living forms, stepped from their pedestals, and crowded around their deliverer. Jokkororum threw herself in the arms of her brother, while Prince Prettyboi gazed at her in admiration.

There were knights and dames, nobles and burghers, who pressed around to thank Jokkoree, and one of the ladies, whom the rest recognized and paid deference to, gave him her hand to kiss. This was the Princess Brytize, the only daughter of the puissant Woodenhead, King of all Dunderland. And the servants all hastened to acknowledge Jokkoree as their master, and as heir, by the terms of the three achieved tasks, to the titles and estate of Steelbody, Count of Aircastle and Lord Nozoo.

King Woodenhead fulfilled his promise, and gave over half of Dunderland to Jokkoree, who reigned as king there. But as the old king had no son, he made his co-king marry the Princess Brytize, that the whole realm might be kept in the family.

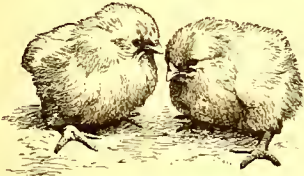
Jokkoree and Jokkororum, who was afterward married to Prince Prettyboi, forgave Jokkorik, and King Jokkoree invited her to his Court, where she married a great noble, Count Henpekt, with whom she became tolerably happy. At least, the noble Count seemed very proud of her; for he said she was of that amiable disposition that he did not believe there was any one in the world, excepting King Jokkoree, and the Crown Princess of Kleinerberg, and himself, whom she hated very intensely. Considering the former character of the Countess Jokkorik, this was very high praise indeed.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

By A. S. W.

PEEPSY and Weepsy, after a pretty tough scramble, make their entrance into this big selfish world, and evidently wish they could go back again.

Weepsy's heart is filled with dismay; timid tears fill his eyes; he turns his little round fluffy back on the early worm, and feels inclined to give up.



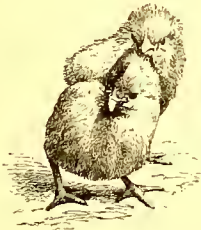
THEY WISH THEY COULD GO BACK.



THE PROUD BLOOD STIRS IN PEEPSY.

They collect their scattered faculties, and put their heads together to consult as to what is best to be done about it.

Peepsy puts one tender claw around his neck, and wipes his weeping eyes, but cannot comfort him. Weepsy droops lower and lower and lower,



THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



WEEPSY DROOPS LOWER AND LOWER.

The proud blood of his forefathers stirs in Peepsy's breast. He plants his feet firmly on his native heath, blinks defiantly with his right eye, and thinks matters may not be so very bad. But

smiles faintly, his breast heaves with short sighs, and his little lamp of life goes out.

Poor Peepsy! Bereft, but plucky, he mournfully determines to "go it alone."



PEEPSY DETERMINES TO "GO IT ALONE."

TOMMY, THE SOPRANO.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



HE was very small. Only ten years old, and just as tall as the top of the chancel rail. When he put on his white robes and stood up to sing, he looked like a young angel with blue eyes and very bright brown hair. He had no wings. This some people thought a pity. It was not, for then he might have flown away. Besides, a clever boy is better than two angels in a picture-book.

On this particular morning he had no white robe, and he did not feel much like singing. It was cold and stormy out of doors, and one could n't be quite sure whether it was night or morning. The clock on the wall said five minutes past eleven, but that was a mistake. The clock had stopped. And the fire was out, and the water had frozen in the tea-kettle, and the cat was dead. Poor old blind pussy! She had just died. Tommy looked at the old cat stretched out beside the cold stove. He looked at the heavy frost on the windows. He looked at his hands, red with the cold, and he wondered what would happen next.

Far away over the snowy house tops came the sound of bells. The chimes! How merrily they rang! He listened to the jangling music. Such a queer old song! Tommy took up the tune and sang softly:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day."

That was all he could sing; he let the bells say the rest.

He was not a very merry gentleman. The poor old cat was dead, and the fire had gone out. That was not all. There were no coals, nor any breakfast, and upstairs—ah! upstairs in the cold and the dark lay his mother, sick, feeble, poor and old before her time.

"Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour —"

How the chimes rang out on the frosty air! "It must be nearly time to go to church." Tommy looked at the clock. It only stared at him, with both hands lifted up in mute despair.

Tommy spread a rug over the poor old cat, and, putting on a cloth cap and a faded coat, he prepared to go out of doors.

He could do nothing more. The world seemed to be quite upside down, and Christmas Day a sort of place, as if the year had stopped with the clock. He could do nothing more. The dispensary doctor said he would call soon. He would not wait for breakfast, for there was nothing to eat in the whole house. At least, he could get warm at the church, and, by the time the service was over, perhaps something would happen. Surely, if it were really and truly Christmas Day, something would happen. What might happen he could not guess. It would be something better, for things were quite as bad as they could be.

Ah! It was pleasant to get into the warm church out of the cold wind and the snow. The choir were nearly all there, and the service was about to begin. Tommy hung up his poor old hat and coat, and carefully crept into his white robe. One of the alto boys buttoned it up behind for him, and gave him his music-book. There was a little stir among the white-robed men and boys, and they formed in a procession and marched two and two through a small door into the great church. How the loud organ pealed! The music seemed to thrill him through, and he took his seat in the choir with trembling knees. How full the church! Every seat seemed to be taken, and he looked around on the great company in a kind of dumb surprise. It was in all the papers, but Tommy did n't know it, that the famous boy soprano, Thomas Sterry, would sing that morning, and many had come to hear him. As for Tommy Sterry, he knew there was a solo somewhere in the service; he had studied it carefully, but now he almost forgot where it came or what it was about.

Small time for thought. The choir stood up and in a moment away they went in the opening anthem. How Tommy's voice rolled out the sonorous Latin:

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

It was a delight to spring through the lively measure of Mozart's great Twelfth Mass, and Tommy took up the high sustained notes in the soprano part as if he were really an angel, after all. There was a great picture of an angel, standing on a gold cloud and with a trumpet in his hand, in one of the windows, and one lady in the congregation thought it looked just like Tommy. After the anthem, the service began and went on in the usual fashion. Tommy forgot all about the dead cat, and the

breakfast that he did not eat, and he almost forgot mother. The music seemed to carry him away another country, where there was no snow, nor sickness, nor poverty, nor tears. He thought many months his mother had denied herself everything that he might learn to sing; and now that he could sing, perhaps the church people would give him a little something, for really he was so very, very poor! The church people were all able to pay something, and they ought to do so. He must speak to them on the morrow —

One of the singers whispered in his ear:

"Look out, Tommy! Here comes your solo."

How the organ caught up the brilliant music! He had hardly time to open his book and stand up before the symphony was over. How his very voice rang through the great church! The people listened in silence while he sang from old Handel's "Messiah":

"Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly,
O daughter of Zion!"

How like "a robin racing down a brook of music" he ran through the sparkling measures! The music seemed to spring in long roulades to the word "rejoice," as if it were glad for words.

"O daughter of Zion!
Rejoice greatly, shout,
O daughter of Jerusalem!
Behold thy King cometh unto thee"

Then it changed to smoother, meter measures:

"He is the righteous Saviour,
And he shall speak peace."

How softly Tommy's limpid voice gave the words:

"Peace! And he shall speak — Peace —"

What was the matter? Had the organ stopped? The church seemed to swim round and round, and the angel in the window was dancing madly! That —

* * * * *

"Do you feel better, Tommy?" asks a pretty lady bending over him.

"Better! Where is this?"

"This is my home. Do you feel better now?"
Such a soft bed! And the room—it was so beautiful! And the lady! Who was she?

"Guess I'm dead. It's heaven, is n't it?"

The lady smiled. "No; it's only my house. You fainted away in the church, and I brought you here in my carriage."

"Oh! I remember. It's Christmas. Well, you see, I did n't have any breakfast, and the cat is dead, and mother's sick, and the church was so warm, and there was so much music, and I was tired, and —"

"We will not talk about that now. You will not sing in that church again."



"A PRETTY LADY BENDING OVER HIM."

"Why not? I like to sing."

"You are to sing in our church after this. I'm the organist's wife, and we are going to give you four hundred dollars a year, and —"

"Four hundred dollars! What an awful lot of money. Oh! now you're joking a fellow 'cause it's Christmas Day."

"Oh! Tommy's better, I'm sure. Come, my boy, sit up. There's your breakfast."

It was all a piece of magic. A girl brought in a tray with such a noble breakfast that Tommy did n't really know where to begin. The lady took the tray and the girl arranged the pillows, and the royal feast began.

The lady talked and even sang a Christmas song called :

"The boar is dead,
Lo! here is his head."

Tommy laughed till he cried, for it was a most amusing song. But, in the midst of the festivity, he stopped abruptly.

"By cricky! I forgot. There's mother all this time, and she's had no breakfast."

"Such language, Tommy! I am surprised!"

"I forgot, ma'am. It slipped out 'fore I knew it. I don't use such words much; but, then, mother's sick, you know."

"No; I did n't know. Let us go home and see her."

So they did. They rode away in a beautiful covered sleigh, and soon reached Tommy's home. And they made a fire and thawed out the tea-kettle, and started the forlorn clock, and called a nurse

ing service every day in the year. He even paid Tommy a part of the salary in advance, that he might help his mother.

Then they went to the piano and sang Christmas carols—"The Manger Throne," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Holly and Ivy," and many others quite as beautiful. Then they told Tommy how in England on Christmas Day the children dressed in thick shoes and warm clothing, go from house to house and stand out in the snow singing carols; and how the good people open their door and invite them in to partake of good cheer. Last of all, Tommy started to walk home alone. He had not gone far before the bells in St. Mary's—his church now—began to chime, and, with a happy heart, he sang aloud with them:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen."

Then he turned back softly till he came to the



CHILDREN SINGING CAROLS.

for Tommy's mother, and brought Christmas Day right into the wretched house. Tommy could n't believe it all. If it had not been for the poor, old cat folded up in her rug, Tommy could not have believed that he had passed through such a doleful experience that morning. All seemed so bright now, that the past was like a dream.

Then they made Mrs. Sterry comfortable, and the lady took Tommy away again in her sleigh. This time the organist was at home, and he then and there explained to Tommy how selfish the church people had been in refusing to pay him anything for singing so long, and that now it was all changed, and he was to be first soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mary's, and that they would pay him a fine salary, and that he was to sing at morn-

good organist's house, and there, all alone in the snowy street, he sang a good old Christmas carol, for his heart was full of peace and gratitude.

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

"And all your kin and kinsfolk
That dwell both far and near,
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year."

And the people in the houses round about heard the music in their dreams and said:

"Hark! The angels are singing!"

But the watchman in his big coat knew it was only Tommy, the soprano.

THE HORNBILL.

BY FRED BEVERLEY.

IT is not strange that Africa, the home of the giraffe and hippopotamus, should possess the most curious specimens of the great class of birds; for it has been found to contain within its tangled jungles the rarest and most grotesque forms of animal life, though we must except the island of Australia, where the laughing jackass and the kangaroo are found.

One of the most interesting and attractive families of birds is that of the hornbill, one species of which is shown in the illustration on the next page. Though this bird is found in India, it is much more abundant in Africa.

If we may believe report, the bill of the hornbill is nearly one-fourth the length of its body. The bill is very long, curved, deep and thin, and has a helmet upon its crown, of various shapes and sizes; and this helmet is used to give to many species their specific, or proper, names. Thus, there is the *Buceros bicornis*, or two-horned hornbill; the *Buceros rhinoceros*, or rhinoceros hornbill, so called from the immense helmet resembling the horn of a rhinoceros. *Buceros* is the generic name applied to them from some peculiarity they all possess in common; the *specific*, or individual, names being derived from the shapes of their helmets.

Though seemingly heavy and unwieldy, the bill of the hornbill is very light, being composed of light cellular tissue, resembling in this respect the tusk of the elephant; and the walls of thin bone are so fragile, that in dried specimens it may be crushed in the hand. The edge of the mandibles, or beaks, are very sharp, frequently breaking off and being renewed. It is said that the age of the bird may be ascertained from the wrinkles on its bill, as the age of a cow is sometimes told from the wrinkles around her horns.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to notice a family of birds, inhabiting South America, often confounded with the hornbills, from their resemblance. These are the toucans. They are confined to the warmer portions of the New World, and the hornbills are to those of the Old. Their bills are large, of the same structure, but lack the helmet; they are brighter-colored and more gaudy in plumage. Their voices are loud and harsh, and can be heard a long way.

It is from the cry of the Brazilian species, "touano," that they derive their name. When feeding, they post a sentinel. They have a habit of

sitting upon the topmost branches of trees, chattering, lifting their heads at regular intervals, clashing their bills together, and crying out so loudly as to be heard at the distance of a mile. From this the natives have given them the name of "preacher birds." They have great antipathy to any bird uglier than themselves, and will mob an owl with the zest of crows, nearly frightening the poor bird to death with their clashing beaks and loud cries.

To return to our friends, the hornbills. From the great size of their bills, they cannot walk easily upon the ground, but hop along awkwardly. The trees are their homes, and they hop from limb to limb with great ease, climbing to the tree-tops, where they remain for hours shouting gleefully in their bravest tones.

They feed upon pulpy fruits, small animals, reptiles and insects, and make their nests in hollow trees.

The largest species is the rhinoceros hornbill, which has a stretch of wing of about three feet, and a bill ten inches in length. The general color of this bird is black, the tail tipped with white. The bill is black at the base, reddish in the middle, and yellow tipped.

The most attractive species, as to plumage, is the crested hornbill, which has a crown of feathers, like the spread crest of a cockatoo, and a long, beautiful tail.

But the most interesting species is one noted, not for its plumage, but for a habit of nesting and living peculiarly its own. This is the red-billed hornbill, the *Buceros erythrorhynchus* of naturalists. We have been told by Livingstone, the African explorer, that this bird breeds, like the other members of its family, in hollow trees; that it makes its nest in holes in the trunks of these trees; that the female lines its nest with feathers from her own body, and lays four or five eggs, white, and of the size of pigeons' eggs.

In this there is nothing remarkably noteworthy; but we are astonished when we read further and find that, after the nest is prepared to the satisfaction of the female, she is shut up a close prisoner for weeks; that the entrance to the hole is plastered over with mud, until only a little slit is left, three or four inches long and half an inch wide—just large enough to admit the beak.

The male bird, who has walled up the hole, feeds the female through this slit until the young are

hatched and fledged—a period of eight or ten weeks. In this time the female has become very fat, and is often hunted out and eaten by the negroes of the country, who esteem her a great delicacy.

Sometimes the female hatches out two young ones, that are nearly able to fly before the other two appear. Then, with the two older birds, she leaves the nest and walls in the younger ones, which are

prison her, and becomes lean and emaciated in her labor of love, in procuring food for her and the little ones during those two long and weary months. It is more than probable that the object sought to prevent the entrance of noxious reptiles, which could easily destroy mother and young, did not that formidable bill so effectually fill the hole. But one thing is certain, the mother hornbill is oblig-



THE HORNBILL FEEDING HIS WIFE.

fed, through the slit, by their father and mother until able to take care of themselves.

Many writers have speculated upon the reason for this peculiar style of hatching out and bringing up the young hornbills; but, although they cannot tell exactly why the plan is adopted, there is no doubt but that the old birds know what they are about.

It is certainly not to prevent the escape of his mate that the male works so industriously to im-

to stay at home and attend to her domestic duties although she must be very different from almost any other bird if she does not, of her own free will and desire, hatch out her little ones and take care of them until they can look out for themselves.

If we all attended to our duties as earnestly and conscientiously as mother-birds (and sometime father-birds too) attend to theirs, it would be better for most of us.

THE FUNNY KINGS.

(Some Christmas Stories of "Ye Olden Time.")

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



ROBABLY from very early times—we suspect even before “the golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid,” under whose delightful caliphate most of the wonderful things of which you read in the “Arabian Nights” are supposed to have taken place, or to have been first related—it has been all the fashion with story-tellers and ballad-makers to represent favorite kings as putting on various disguises, and playing clever, good-humored jokes on the umblest of their subjects. Nearly all of the English kings are so represented, and there were no stories that the people loved better to tell than these. They were the old Christmas stories, told by the Yule-log in the bleak old days of the English barons, when swords and helmets were thick and coats were few. Thus we have the tales of King Henry VIII. and the Miller of Dee; of good Duke Philip of Burgundy and Sly the Tinker; of James I. and the Tinker; of William III. and the Forester, and so on all through the reigns of the Scottish James and English Georges. Some of these stories were fiction, like that of

“Old King Cole,
That jolly old soul.”

But most of them were true. The wandering harpers used to relate them in verse; and as delightful as the bringing in of the Yule-log and the mistletoe, the fiery sport of “snap-dragon,” or the collicking play of “blind man’s buff,” were the holiday tales of the funny doings of these merry old English kings.

One of the oldest of these ballad stories relates to

KING HENRY AND THE MILLER,

and starts off briskly with :

“Henry, our royal king, would ride a-hunting
To the green forests so pleasant and fair”

The forest was Sherwood, where once lived Robin

Hood and his merry men. King Henry (Plantagenet) was young then, and he took with him a great retinue of young princes and nobles. So the horses cantered over the hills of Nottingham, and plume after plume danced out of sight among the green leaves. The King separated himself from the gay party, and dashed off with spirit into the heart of the forest.

At last the day began to decline, and the shadows grew long and thick in all the forest. The King blew his horn. There was no answer. He was lost.

He rode on. As the forest grew dark, he heard the flow of water, and discovered a cool stream just reflecting the light of the rising moon. Presently he heard a mill-wheel. Then his heart took courage. He soon reined his horse before the door of the mill.

“Good miller,” said the King, “is this the road to Nottingham?”

“I guess you know as well as I,” answered the miller. “You look as though you had been there before.”

“Who do you take me for?” asked the King in astonishment.

“For some gentleman thief or other; no honest man, sure.”

“But I must lodge with you to-night. I have gold at hand.”

At the word “gold” the miller began to prick up his ears. Just then the miller’s wife, a large, fat, brawling woman, looked over her husband’s shoulder. She too had heard the word “gold,” but was still cautious.

She delighted in the sweet name of Bymybroth. No one delights in that name now.

“Are you *sure* that you are no runaway?” piped Bymybroth.

“I am no runaway,” said the King.

“Then show us your passport,” said Bymybroth, who had a very logical turn of mind.

“From whom?”

“From the King!”

The King had no passport, and still finding Bymybroth suspicious and defiant, he began to flatter her, and he bowed so very politely that she was at last induced to say :

“You may come in.”

Bymybroth became very much pleased with the

King, so much so that she told him that, if he was tidy enough, he might sleep with her own son.

"If the King would never hear of it, I would get you some venison for supper," said Bymythroth.



"THE KING BOWED SO POLITELY.

"We do rob the King's forest of venison sometimes. Will you promise?"

"Yes, on my word," said the King; "*the King shall never know any more about it than he knows now.*"

The King was very hungry after his anxiety and long ride, and as his poor, weak human nature was quite like that of some other men whose heads were never topped with a crown, he made a large supper off of the unlawful venison.

"You will never tell about this?" said the cautious Bymythroth, looking keenly at her guest.

"The King shall be none the wiser for this from me," said the King, looking very profound.

With this strong assurance, Bymythroth slept very comfortably that night, but was awakened in the morning by a right royal retinue at the door. The miller and his wife then began "shaking and quaking," to use the graphic language of the old song, and the poor miller kneeled down and shut his eyes, we suppose, in order to decently make his last prayer. But—how charmingly it all ends!—the King,

"His kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him a living and dubbed him a knight."

The above story was in its day very popular, because the game laws of England at that time were very severe and very hard on the poor. It showed what the King himself would do when he was

hungry, and it seemed a concession to the cause of the suffering poor.

Next in order comes a very clever story of King John and

THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The minstrels used to sing of the former a "Good King John," but the poets seem to be the only people who have had anything to say of King John's goodness. His forgiveness of the crafty Abbot of Canterbury, we are sorry to note, is the only good thing we ever heard of him, and we are a little suspicious that this incident may be too good to be true.

The Abbot of Canterbury was a thrifty old prelate, a lover of good cheer, and he lived right sumptuously, as the old prelates were wont to live during the reign of the Plantagenet kings. King John heard of the Abbot's easy estate, and it made him very uneasy, for, being a sadly jealous man, he was always unhappy when he thought that another was better off than himself.

One day, there came to King John certain busy people, who said:

"Do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?"

"No."

"An hundred."

"That is more than I keep in a palace!"

"Do you know how many gold chains the Abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?"

"No."

"Fifty."

"That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough."

Then King John put on a terrible face, which must have been terrible indeed, for at the best he wore no merciful countenance, and he rode over to the grand old Abbey, and summoned before him the luxury-loving Abbot.

"How now, Father Abbot?" said the King sternly. "I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason—high treason against the crown."

"My liege," said the Abbot, "I never spent anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what I myself have earned."

"Yes, Father Abbot, thy offence is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thy learning is great, and as thou art esteemed a man of wit, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life."

"Name it, my liege."

"When I come again to this place, and stand among my liegemen with my crown on my head, thou shalt answer me three questions."

"Name them, my liege."

"Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny."

"Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time would require for me to ride around the whole world."

"Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking."

"O, these are hard questions—hard questions for my shallow wit," said the Abbot, with a fallen face. "But if you will give me three weeks to consider them I think I may answer your Grace."

"I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's."

The King departed, and the poor Abbot sat down with a clouded brow and a heavy heart, and was at his wit's end.

At last, in utter despair of forming any answer for himself, he ordered his horse, and rode over to Oxford and Cambridge to consult the doctors. There he tarried many days, but

"Never a doctor was there so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise."

With a heart more heavy, and a brow more dark,
He rode home comfort so cold.

As he was riding slowly, near the grounds of the old, old abbey, and marked the golden crosses gleaming above the great shadows of the trees, he reflected that he soon would cease to enjoy the pleasures of the place, his head dropped upon his breast, and the tears wet his cheek. As he dismounted, he saw a jolly shepherd—one of his own servants—going to the fold.

"How now, my Lord Abbot?" said the shepherd; "right welcome you are home. What news do you bring from the King?"

"Sad, sad news, shepherd. I have but three days more to live, if I do not answer him questions three."

"And what are the questions three?"

"First, to tell him, as he stands in yon place among his liegemen with the gold crown on his head, what he is worth, and that to a single penny."

"Secondly, to tell him how long it would take me to ride around the world."

"Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking."

"Then cheer up, cheer up, my Lord Abbot. Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend

me your gown and a horse and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place and will answer the King's questions."

The Abbot brightened a little at this, and answered:

"Horses and serving-men thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself."

The appointed day came, and the King stood in the appointed place with his golden crown on his head and a great retinue of nobles glittering around him. The supposed Abbot soon made his appearance, and took his position in the presence of the Court.

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," said the King.



"I WILL STAND IN YOUR PLACE."

"Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings."

"Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth."

"And that thou shalt. Now tell me what I am worth, and that within a single penny."

"Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty, and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he."

The King received the answer with unexpected good humor. He laughed heartily and exclaimed:

"Why, why, my Father Abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little!

"And now, jolly priest," he continued, "tell me just how long it would take me to ride around the world."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning, when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours."

The King laughed again, and said :

"I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put your wits to the test. What do I think?"

"You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see (throwing off his cloak), and I have come to beg pardon for the Abbot and for myself."

Then the King laughed more heartily than ever, and he sent the jolly shepherd back to his master with a full and free pardon.

"Four nobles a week
Will I give to thee,
For this merry jest
Thou hast shown unto me.
And tell the old Abbot
When thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon
From good King John."

Skipping over a dozen good stories of kings who played the part of a peasant in some generous way or other, we come to

"JAMIE THE SCOTCHMAN" AND THE TINKER.

In introducing this King, the old holiday ballad-singer used to say :

"A pleasanter monarch never was known."

He, too, went to hunt "the swift fallow deer," and, like other monarchs of old English history, he cast himself loose from the royal hunting party in search of an adventure. He at last came to an ale-house, in front of which was a tinker, doubtless mending a kettle."

"My good friend," said the King, "what is the news in these parts?"

"I know of no news, except that the King is hunting on the border."

"That is news, indeed," said the King.

"I wish I might be so happy as to see His Highness," said the tinker; "for though I've roamed the countries around for many years, I never saw a king in my life."

Then, as the old ballad runs,

"The King, with a hearty, brisk laughter, replied:
'I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King.'"

"But how shall I know him from the nobles who surround him?" asked the tinker.

"The King's head will be covered; the head of the nobles will be bare."

Then the tinker mounted the horse,

"— and likewise his sack,
His budget of leather and tools on his back,"

and rode away, greatly pleased with the idea that he was to see the King.

They came at last to a beautiful spot in the green wood, where the nobles were reclining after the chase. As soon as they made their appearance the latter arose, and gathered around them with uncovered heads.

The tinker tapped the King on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear:

"They all look very gay; but which of them is the King?"

The King laughed most heartily again, and replied :

"The man who wears his hat." He then added "Why, my good fellow, seeing that all the rest are uncovered, it must be *you or I!*"

There was a short silence. The poor tinker's heart quaked within him, and

"With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground."

He rose upon his knees at last, and begged the King for mercy.

"What is your name?" asked the King.

"John o' the Dale. I am a mender of kettles."

"Rise up, Sir John o' the Dale," said the King.

"I will make thee a knight." And

"Sir John o' the Dale, he has land, he has fee;
At Court of the King who so happy as he?
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinker's old sack,
And the budget of tools he bore on his back."

There is another and more famous story of a monarch and a tinker. You may have heard of how Christopher Sly, as Shakespeare named the odd character in the introduction to "The Taming of the Shrew," woke one fine morning to find himself a grand gentleman. Here is the veritable account of

THE FROLICSOME DUKE AND SLY THE TINKER.

There was to be a grand ducal wedding at Bruges, in Burgundy, and the festivities were to last a week. Philip the Good was to marry Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugal.

Christopher Sly was a tinker; and a tinker was a man who used to "roam the countries around crying "Old brass to mend?" and who repaired the good people's broken pots and kettles.

Christopher heard of the great wedding in

vels, and came to Bruges to enjoy the merry-
with the rest.
He had only one pair of breeches, and they were
de of leather. He deemed them suitable for all
asions. He had never arrived at the luxury of
coat, but in its place he wore a large leather
on, which covered his great shoulders like the
nor of a knight.
Christopher had one bad habit. He loved ale

weather chilled not only his blood but his spirits.
He wandered about in the storm, going from ale-
house to ale-house, and receiving hospitality, until
the town of Bruges seemed to revolve around him
as its inhabitants around the Duke. Still he plod-
ded away through the streets, longing to see the
warm fires glow and the torches gleam in the ducal
palace. When he had nearly reached the palace,
the town began to spin and whirl around him at



“WITH HIS BAG AND HIS BUDGET HE FELL TO THE GROUND.”

ermuch, and he used to drink so deeply on festive
occasions as to affect the steadiness both of his
mind and body.

Christopher enjoyed the gala days. He mingled
in the gay processions that followed the ducal pair
to the tournament; he gazed with loyal pride on
the horses with their trappings of crimson and
gold; he followed the falconers to the hunting
parks, and listened to the sprightly music that led
the dance at night in the torch-lit palace. Among
the voices that cheered the glittering bride as she
appeared on public occasions, no voice roared more
wildly than Christopher Sly's.

The ducal wedding took place in the deep of
winter, and one night soon after the joyful event,
and while Bruges was yet given up to festivities,
there fell a great snow-storm, blocking the streets
and silencing the town.

Christopher's money was gone, and the falling

such a rate that presently he sank in the chilly
snow and knew no more.

Philip the Good loved to roam about Bruges in
disguise, and this night he started with a few of his
confidential courtiers, also disguised, for a fun-
seeking expedition about the city.

The party had not been out long when they
came upon poor Sly.

“He will perish before morning,” said the kind-
hearted Duke.

“What is to be done with him?” asked a
courtier.

“We will take him to the palace and have some
sport with him. I will cause him to be washed and
dressed and perfumed, and to be laid in a chamber
of state. He will awake sober in the morning,
when we will persuade him that *he* is the Duke, and
that we are his attendants. To-morrow the whole
Court of Burgundy shall serve a poor tinker!”

The attendants carried the unconscious tinker to the palace, where they washed him, and, putting upon him an elegant night-dress, laid him on a silk-curtained bed in a very gorgeous chamber.

The poor tinker, on waking in the morning, looked about the room in wonder. He concluded that he must be dreaming, or that he had become touched in mind, or that he had died the night before and had been so happy as to get to heaven.

At last, the Duke entered the apartment in the habit of the ducal chamberlain.

"What will your Worship have this morning?" asked the Duke.

The tinker stared.

"Has your Worship no commands?"

"I am Christopher Sly—Sly, the tinker. Call me not 'your Worship.'"

"You have not fully recovered yet, I see. But you will be yourself again soon. What suit will your Worship wear to-day? Which doublet, and what stockings and shoes?"

"I have no 'more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, and no more shoes than feet, and more feet than shoes sometimes.' I tell you I am Christopher Sly, and I am a tinker," was the puzzled reply.

But the ducal chamberlain only bowed the more.

Sly continued to look about him in amazement. At last he said, with much hesitation:

"You may bring me my best suit. The day is pleasant—I will dress becomingly."

"Now you are yourself again. I must hasten to inform the Court of your recovery. I must fly to her Grace the Duchess, and say: 'The Duke, the Duke is himself again!'"

"The Duke! I tell you I am Christopher Sly,—old Sly's son, of Burton Heath,—by birth a peddler and by trade a tinker. Duke Sly! No. Duke Christopher! or, better, Duke Christophero! Marry, friend! would n't that sound well? It may be I am a duke, for all. Go ask Cicily Hacket, the buxom inn-keeper of Wincot, if she don't know Christopher Sly—Duke Christophero; and if she

say I do not owe her fourteen pence for small a then call me the biggest liar and knave in Christendom!"

The servants presently brought the poor tinker silver basin, "full of rose-water and bestrewed with flowers." Then they brought him a suit of crimson trimmed with lace and starred. The bewildered fellow stared awhile in silence; then he slowly put on the gorgeous apparel.

The tinker next was conducted to a magnificent banquetting-hall, where was spread a rich feast. The tables smoked with the venison and sparkled with the wine. He was led to a high seat beneath a canopy of silk and gold, the Duchess following and seating herself by his side. Knights and ladies filled the tables, and the tinker began to feast as to sip wine like a duke indeed.

"I wish ——" said he, suddenly.

"What is your wish?" asked the Duchess.

"I wish that old Stephen Sly was here, and Jol Napes and Peter Turf, and my wife Joan, and Cicily Hacket,—would n't it be jolly?"

That night the reign of Duke Christopher came to a sudden end. But the Duke Philip kind remembered him, and

"Thou shalt never," he said,
"Range the countries around,
Crying, 'Old brass to mend?'
For I'll be thy good friend,
And Joan, thy sweet wife,
Shall the Duchess attend."

Those rude times, when acts of mercy and kindness on the part of a ruler were so rare and so devalued by the poor people, have changed now faded and gone. The golden Christmases have brightened along the centuries, answering more and more that prayer of all good people: "Thy kingdom come." The Bethlehem story has more and more a sweeter meaning, and He whose low and gentle life mellowed even the hearts of kings and barons at the green Christmas-tides, more and more fills the earth with His law of love, which makes all men merciful, just and kind.



"THY KINGDOM COME."

IN THE DORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Now, if there's anything I hate,—
 And there is some, perhaps,—
 It's the way you have with you,
 You city chaps!

But, then, I did n't ask you out
 (You pull the dory round!)
 For a chance to blow you up;
 (She'll run aground!)

Because I think that would n't be—
 It's an idea I have—
 Just the way a gentleman
 Would like behave.

Fact is, I'd like to show you how,
 Before we're squared off quits,
 All the gentlemen aint grown
 In Boston streets.

But here! You called me that, just now,
 I've heard you say before
 This summer—— (Look out there!
 You hug the shore!)

It's really more than I can stand—
 A pretty word! "Dock-rat!"
 Just because a fellow don't
 Wear such a hat.

And does n't wear a fancy shirt,
 With anchors to the sleeve;
 And don't wear his stockings weeks .
 You'd best believe

That all this living round the wharves,
 And picking drift-wood up,
 And such like vacation chores ——
 (Just see that pup

Those there ladies took to bathe,
 With patent corks tied on!) ——

I tell *you* this sort o' life
 Aint such a one

As needs be sarsed at specially
 To be uncomf'table,
 Though I like it, on the whole,
 Tolerable.

Perhaps the boarding-folks round here
 May have a sprucer look;
 May be, now, you Boston chaps
 Can read a book

That's bigger by an inch or so
 Than I can easy steer;
 You may clean up more than me—
 But now look here!

In all my life I never did—
 And I'm just square gone ten—
 Put the name of "Paddy" on
 To Irishmen.

Nor called a boy a "nigger," just
 Because his face was black;
 Nor I don't hail sailors round:
 "Oh, here you, Jack!"

If so a chap is not exact
 So nice or smart as I,
 I don't make an impudence
 To know him by.

Now, don't you see, this dory here
 Don't need to hold two men?
 Just duck *you* under! Who'd be
 The "dock-rat" then?

But, sir! I *asked* you out to row;
 Now tell me, if you can,
 Which of *us* two is most like
 A gentleman?

[Fac-simile of Original MS.]

A visit from St. Nicholas

It was the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

"A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS."

If any of us should happen to have an old friend whom we had never seen, we would be delighted to see his photograph, that we might know exactly how he looked.

On the opposite page is the likeness of an old friend—certainly an old friend to most of us. It is a *fac-simile*, or exact imitation, of the original manuscript of that familiar poem which is now as much a part of Christmas as the Christmas-tree or the roast turkey and mince-pies. No matter who writes poetry for the holidays, nor how new or popular the author of such poems may be, nearly everybody reads or repeats "T was the night before Christmas" when the holidays come round; and it is printed and published in all sorts of forms and places, so that the new poems must stand aside when it is the season for this dear old friend.

Just think of it! Jolly old St. Nicholas, with his sleigh and his reindeer and his bags full of all sorts of good things, made his first appearance to any of us in this poem. Until we had heard or read this, we did n't know much about him, except that on Christmas Eve he shuffled down the chimney somehow, and filled our stockings.

Now here is a part of the poem,—as much as one page will hold,—exactly as the author, Mr. Clement C. Moore, wrote it. Here we see just how he dotted his i's and crossed his t's, and how he wrote some of his lines a little crookedly.

If we knew nothing about Mr. Moore but what we read in the biographical notices that have been written of him, we would never suppose that he troubled his brain about St. Nicholas and his merry doings, or thought of such things as reindeer and sleighs and wild gallops over house-tops. For he was a very able and learned man. He was the son of Bishop Benjamin Moore, and was born in New York, July 15, 1779. He was graduated at Columbia College (of which his father was at one time president). He was a fine Hebrew scholar, and published a Hebrew and English Lexicon and a Hebrew grammar. He was afterward Professor of Hebrew and Greek literature in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York. He was a man of property, and had something of the St. Nicholas disposition in him, for he gave to this seminary the plot of ground on which its buildings now stand. Mr. Moore wrote many poems, which were collected and published in a book in 1844, and he did other good literary work; but he never wrote anything that will keep his memory green so long as that delightful poem on the opposite page.

The original manuscript of these famous verses is in the possession of the Hon. R. S. Chilton, United States Consul to Clifton, Canada, whose father was a personal friend of Mr. Moore, and who very kindly allowed us to make this *fac-simile* copy of a page of the manuscript for ST. NICHOLAS.



PUSSY'S LESSON. (DRAWN BY MISS SCANNELL.)



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

MORE than six hundred years ago, there began and ended a movement among the children of France and Germany, of which the world seems now to remember very little. It was a crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is hard to understand in these days how an army of men could be raised for such a purpose. It is more difficult to explain why thousands of children, without arms, provisions or equipments for so long a journey, should leave their native land and try to reach far-off Palestine to rescue the tomb of Our Saviour from the hands of unbelievers. But this was attempted by the Children of the Crusade, in the year of Our Lord 1212.

The Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, took possession of the Holy Land, A. D. 637. Although the places held most sacred in the eyes of the Christians of that time thus passed into the possession of people of a hostile faith, devout pilgrims were still permitted to visit the spots made memorable by tradition. To worship at spots believed to be hallowed by Our Lord's birth, suffer-

ings and death, men journeyed across continents, suffered untold hardships, forsook home and friends, often lost their lives, and thus earned, they thought, the especial favor of God and abundant entrance into heaven.

But, as the centuries moved on, the Saracens were less favorably disposed toward the Christian pilgrims, who now were worried in various ways, were shamefully treated, and forbidden to keep the sacred places in repair. This ill news spread throughout Europe. In all the Roman Catholic courts there was much indignation. The Pope, then the great potentate of Christendom, was deeply stirred by the tidings brought him of returning pilgrims. Peter the Hermit, a zealous man, who had seen with his own eyes the indignities practiced by the Saracens, began to preach a crusade. He traversed many Christian kingdoms, calling on rulers and people to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of unbelievers. Urban II., then Pope of Rome, sanctioned the movement. The multitude took up the cau-

ying "God wills it! God wills it!" And thus the first crusade began.

Those who entered the enterprise wore a cross cloth on the breast or shoulder. Bearing thus the sacred emblem, they became crusaders—cross-bearers.

Several hundred thousand people—nobles, knights and soldiers—finally marched upon the Holy Land in 1096. These were divided into four armies. They met with divers fortunes, and out of the vast body of crusaders, only 21,500 soldiers last reached Jerusalem. The Holy City fell into their hands, and Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen head of the Latin kingdom of Palestine. This power melted away in the lapse of time, and in 1453 another crusade became necessary to restore the Holy Sepulcher to Christian keeping. This was begun in 1146. It was undertaken by France and Germany. It was unsuccessful, and a third crusade was soon after resolved upon. In this great movement after Christendom was engaged. Of those whose names are most prominent in the story of the time, Richard I., King of England, nicknamed "The Lion-Hearted," has been longest remembered as a chivalric sovereign and a puissant crusader.

A fourth crusade was thought necessary in 1200, the victorious results of the third crusade having faded away by that time. In this the French, assisted by the Venetians, were chiefly concerned. The ultimate effects of a long campaign were not satisfactory. The Holy Land was overrun once more by the Mohammedans, and the new Turkish power became firmly established on the border of Europe in Asia Minor.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Europe was jarred by numerous wars; some of them were domestic, and others had been undertaken by royal or noble adventurers, greedy for conquest. Fire and the sword had passed from kingdom to kingdom; the people were impoverished and sick of violence and war. Civilization was at a low ebb, and men everywhere were weary of their long struggles for peace. Into this condition of society came wayworn pilgrims from the Holy Land, bringing tidings of the wretched plight of the shrines which Christian hands had reared, and telling harrowing tales of the indignities heaped on holy men who went to worship or pay their vows at the birthplace and sepulcher of Our Lord.

To these appeals for succor there was no response. The country was poor and the people tired of wars. We can suppose that the preaching of the excited pilgrims fell on the ears of men who often asked themselves, "Will it pay?" There could be but one answer. Europe was filled with outlaws; the people were sore distressed; robber

barons dwelt in strongholds, whence they issued to ravage vast tracts of country; and only in the crowded, want-stricken cities was there any security for life and property. A crusade would not pay. The popular religion of the times was not much better than heathenism; and the threats and entreaties of priests were alike unheeded.

In the gloomy old town of Cloyes, situated in the part of France now known as the Department of Eure-et-Loire, in 1212, lived a young lad named Stephen. The scant history of the times tells us only that he was a shepherd boy, that he was about sixteen years old, and that he tended a flock on the hills of the Loire, which flows through the town. His family name is not recorded; he is known in history only as Stephen of Cloyes.

Stephen had heard the passionate appeals of the priests, and had seen the tears of returning pilgrims as they recounted the perils of the way to the Holy Land and pictured the sufferings which Our Lord had endured through his disciples at Jerusalem. His heart had been stirred within him as he saw that there was not one to help the distressed Church and her faithful cross-bearers. He had talked of these things in his rude companionship; he had mused over them in his solitude among the hills of the Loire. As he mused, the fire burned.

There to him appeared, one day, a strange man, who commended his zeal and pious tears. To the wonder-stricken, rapt youth he announced himself as Jesus Christ. He gave him a commission to preach a crusade to the children, promising that he should lead to Palestine an army that should occupy the land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. Into his hand he delivered a letter to the King of France, commanding the monarch to aid the Heaven-appointed apostle of the new crusade. Filled with rapture, Stephen flew to his parents, told his marvelous story, and exhibited his celestial letter to the king. The simple people listened with amazement and perplexity. They asked for the heavenly visitant; but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. We can only guess who and what he was. Probably, he was a priest of the neighborhood, who, hearing of Stephen's kindling enthusiasm, had disguised himself in pilgrim garb, and had thus visited and misled the simple boy.

Stephen soon proved how apt a pupil he was. Fired with strange ardor and gifted with great natural powers of oratory, the lad kindled innumerable hearts with burning zeal. Leaving Cloyes, he went to the city of St. Denis, then famous as the burial-place of the martyr Dionysius. Placing himself before the shrine of this early victim to the rage of the heathen, he addressed the multitudes who came thither to worship. In glow-

ing language, he pictured the desolation which the Moslems had wrought in the sacred city, and contrasted with it the comfort and ease with which his hearers were surrounded. Here were gilded shrines, costly vestments, and clouds of incense. Yet the person of Christ was once more wounded in the bodies of those who would bow at His manger; and no pious hand restored the ruin which wicked men had wrought upon His tomb. Men had failed, he said, to redeem Jerusalem. Proud barons and powerful kings had been defeated in their attempts to regain for Christendom the holy places. Now Christ had promised the children that they should recover the Holy Land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. The armies of the Lord, led by the power of kings and princes, had been overthrown by the Mohammedan. At last, out of the weakness of children, God had ordained strength.

The people heard with awe, not unmixed with doubt. The religion of the time was overlaid with much ridiculous superstition. Legends of heathen deities were intermingled with monkish tales and lies. Divine appearances and angelic visitations were believed to be common; and not a few were ready to accept Stephen as a divinely-appointed prophet. He is said to have healed the sick by his touch; and the fame of his youth, piety, and high mission spread far and wide. Nevertheless, there was no movement of the people toward his banner. Men were disturbed by the civil wars that then rent France. There were many rulers, and the fertile provinces of that beautiful land were trampled by hostile forces. But the children were caught up by this strange enthusiasm. Like a contagion, the crusading spirit spread from Brittany to the Rhine. Stephen traversed the country, speeding from city to city, and everywhere calling on the children to hear the voice of God commanding them to save the Holy City from the defilement of the Moslems.

The young apostle must have been a youth of rare power. His appearance was in all places hailed with wild enthusiasm. He fascinated the children and youth. Inspired by his words, these young people seemed to be transfused with an unaccountable zeal. They passed into a state of spiritual exaltation not now easily to be understood. Boys and girls, of ten or twelve years of age, left their games and toys, or their tasks and homes, and joined the three-pointed, blood-red banner of the young crusader. Here and there, minor prophets sprang up, preaching the sacred mission of Stephen and avowing him as their leader. Like a flame the movement spread, sweeping children of tender years, and even maturer youths, into the ranks of the augmenting army. Children escaped

from the confinement in which parents thought it necessary to put them; they were deaf to the voice of authority and the call of affection. They flew, they ran, they poured, they tumultuously streamed to the banner of the Children's Crusade reëchoing once more the cry which had followed the fiery cross of Peter the Hermit, "God wills it! God wills it!"

The King of France was forced to turn his attention from his ambitious and selfish plans, and to regard attentively this phenomenon. Not daring to suppress a crusade, he asked the opinion of the University of Paris. The learned doctors of the conclave very sensibly, we must think, advised that the matter be stopped. This was not so easy. The infatuation had grown too strong in volume. The government was powerless against these elusive streams of singing, praying children. Like a rolling snowball, the vast mass grew as it moved until countless numbers had poured into the columns of Stephen's army. People were aghast at their own inability to lay a straw in the way of this wonderful army. It was currently reported and believed to be the work of evil spirits in the guise of heavenly visitants. Some said that this was the result of a scheme of the King of the Mountains, a mysterious potentate who was believed to live somewhere in Syria. This person was supposed to be chief of the Assassins, a band of trained secret murderers, from whose name an occupation we derive our word "assassin." The credulous French common-people believed that the chief of the Assassins had instigated this movement in order to procure recruits for his service.

Yet, many grown people embraced the faith preached by Stephen; they fed his followers, encouraged their children in their resolution to join the crusade, and not a few followed the army. There were also abandoned and wicked persons who joined themselves to the host; they saw an opportunity to practice their vile arts, or they concealed themselves in the throng while they plundered the country through which the army passed. Their evil influence pervaded the ranks; many youths were ruined in body and soul; demoralization and discontent spread; and, before the throne was out of France, the seeds of destruction were terribly sown.

News of this strange uprising sped swiftly throughout Europe. Pilgrims returning to Germany from the sacred shrines of France, told the story of the boy prophet as they trudged wearily up the fertile lands of the Rhine. Near the old city of Cologne, where lie the fabled bones of the three wise men of the East, lived a boy named Nicholas. He was then ten years old. His family, like that of Stephen, was humble; and we on

now him now as Nicholas of Cologne. He heard of the great success of Stephen, and, incited by his father, who is said to have been a bad man, he began to preach in Germany the Children's Crusade. He also pretended to have a divine commission; and this, he related, came to him in a blazing picture in the sky, where he saw a fiery cross and a command to go and rescue the Holy Sepulcher.

His success was immediate and very great. Troops of all stations and ranks came at his call. Sons of nobles and high-born lads from the castles of knightly renown hastened to join his banner. Expostulation was in vain; and, as in France, the same madness spread until Cologne was over-whelmed with an army, and tens of thousands were camped in the country outside the walls.

Early in the summer of 1212, Nicholas marshaled his army. It was twenty thousand strong; and on its skirts hung the dissolute and bad, who, as in France, were eager to embrace this opportunity to plunder, mislead, and corrupt. Heedless of these evil influences, the children,—gentle and simple, noble and serf-born,—ennobled by a common inspiration, formed themselves into three columns, and began their march to Palestine.

With banners fluttering in the soft summer air, bells joyfully ringing as they moved, and crosses borne aloft, they passed down the banks of the Rhine. These twenty thousand children could find no place large enough to lodge them; they had no stores of provisions, except where some of the sons and daughters of nobles had been provided with supplies and attendants by their parents. For the most part, therefore, they camped in forests, by running streams, or sought lodging in cattle-sheds and rude cottages by the way. They begged their scanty repast from the inhabitants of the country, fed on roots and berries, and often went forth hungry in the morning and lay down to sleep at night pursued by gnawing hunger. Many starved away and fell among the rocky paths before they had left German soil. Others were received into houses on the route, and so roamed no more.

Passing into Switzerland, then a collection of little principalities without any central government, they were inhospitably received. Even Southern Germany was a rude country and sparsely peopled by half-savage men. But the country now called Switzerland was even less civilized. Moreover, the people who inhabited the valleys of the Alps (into which they now passed) were unfriendly toward the Germans. The land was full of savage beasts; wolves, bears, and other frightful creatures prowled along the margin of this moving human stream, snatching off the stragglers, picking up the

wounded, or dashing into the night encampment in pursuit of their prey.

Still, the devoted band pressed on toward Italy. Their songs were exchanged for sighs, but up the Alps they climbed. With wounded and bleeding feet, they crept over the rocky ledges or plunged into the icy torrents. At night, drenched with chilly rain, they lay down on stony pillows or sank upon the ground. Some who sought rest on these inhospitable couches never woke again, but slept away their hapless lives amidst Alpine snows. Others stripped themselves of their tattered garments to shelter a freezing brother, sister or companion, and so perished nakedly, the unnamed heroes of the Children's Crusade.

Singly or in straggling bands, many turned their faces homeward. But even these were too far spent to reach Germany again. They perished miserably in their feebleness; and the comfortable homes of Fatherland knew them no more. So great was the mortality among the children of the German nobility, that a century passed away before the effects of this great inroad upon the flower of the nation had ceased to be apparent.

At length, reaching the last declivity of the Alps, the German children beheld the superb city of Genoa. Its marble palaces and cathedral spires gleamed in the warm sunlight; around rolled the verdurous valleys and hill-sides; and beyond sparkled the blue Mediterranean. Filled with joy, they forgot their hardships and raised a song of triumph. Neglected banners were once more unfurled; crosses waved on high; and, renewed by the brightness of the moment, this strange inundation precipitated itself upon the plains of Italy.

Of the twenty thousand fair-haired youths who had left Germany, only seven thousand were left to knock at the gates of Genoa. The rest—well, we know how they had perished by the way. We can guess how, as their young lives went out, their sufferings must have pained the very ear of a merciful God. We can imagine the dreadful story of their woes as they sank beneath the afflictions of hunger, cold, and disease, along the paths which these seven thousand had threaded. The army of the crusaders has long since melted away. We know very little of the young enthusiasts, or even of the people who must have known them; but, while time endures, the pathetic story of their journey across the Alps shall be told with wonder and with tears.

Seven thousand German boys, the flower of the Rhine lands, rugged survivors of an army of children, demanded one day's rest in Genoa. On the morrow, they confidently said, God would open a path through the sea. They wanted neither arms nor transportation. They were on the way to

preach Christ to the Moslem. God had promised to cleave the waters of the Mediterranean for them, so that they might go over dry-shod to convert the cruel Saracen to the Christian faith. They were granted their request by the wondering senators. And the strange procession of ragged, shoeless and sun-browned children passed into Genoa, singing their wild crusading hymns.

The people were greatly moved, and knew not what to make of this strange spectacle. It was

by the shore, longing and expecting a marvellous deliverance. But it never came. The sun sank toward the horizon. Their brief allowance of time had passed; and, with weary steps and slow, they passed out of the city and gathered in the fields.

It was impossible to go back. It were better to die in Italy than to reascend the Alps. Some found homes in Genoa and thereabouts; but the main body passed along the sea toward Pisa, then one of the great free cities of Italy—rival of Genoa



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE UNDER STEPHEN OF CLOVES.

feared that so many pilgrims would bring a famine into the city. The effect of their example was dreaded by parents of impressible children. Moreover, Genoa sided with the Pope, who was then at war with the Emperor of Germany, Otho the Superb. These children must not long stay in the city. On the morrow (Sunday, August 26, 1212), they rose in haste and rushed to the seaside. Alas! the tide rose and fell, lapping the marble walls and quays as before. There was no path through the sea. All day they waited, but no divine miracle came to relieve them. They sat down in groups

and Venice. Here they were doubtfully received and a few, giving up their hope in a miraculous passage of the sea, accepted an offer to take ship to the Holy Land. We cannot follow these. It is believed that they finally reached Ptolemais, the only port in Asia Minor then in the hands of the Christians. They went no further. The city was beleaguered by the Moslems; and into the motley population of Ptolemais this detachment of the Children's Crusade melts away and is heard of no more.

The remnant of the army of Nicholas pursued

their way to Rome, the seat of the papal power being their only source of light and counsel. The pope (Innocent) received them kindly, but without encouragement. He told them that they must give up their crusade; but, with curious hardness, he said that they were still bound to their vows, and when they had reached maturer years they must commence the undertaking that he now declared idle.

Here, then, the last of the followers of Nicholas ended rest. In Rome, where so many modern pilgrims have thought they gained their nearest glimpse of the glories of Heaven, the boys of Germany ended their crusade. They disappear in the long multitudes of the Eternal City, and find no more place on the pages of history.

Another body of German children followed that led by Nicholas. These were about ten thousand in number; but why they were not included in the previous army we cannot tell. There is no examination of their course; no record of the names of their leaders. We only know that they pursued a slightly different course from that of their predecessors; that they met the same privations; suffered so from hunger, thirst and exposure; and that they finally reached Italy reduced in numbers, and that they rested at last at Brundisium. From this port, at the extreme edge of the Italian peninsula, they expected to cross to the Holy Land. They had no means of transportation; and, embarking on board several ships that were offered them, they sailed away into oblivion. All trace of them is lost. We cannot tell whether they suffered shipwreck and so were swallowed up in the sea, or whether they were sold into slavery in distant pagan lands. Their tragical story has perished out of the records of the past.

The French children, under the leadership of Stephen of Cloyes, left Vendôme during the latter part of June, 1212. Thirty thousand, mostly boys, set out with the same demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm with which the German children had begun their march to Palestine. There were ruzzas, songs of lofty cheer, anthems to God, and hopeful predictions of victory in the Holy Land. There were weeping mothers holding out in vain their beseeching hands to the departing children whom they should see no more. The procession, gay with banners and shouting with joy, passed down the Loire and so journeyed toward Marseilles. Their route was not beset by the same hardships that had broken the ranks of the German children. There were no Alps for them to scale; no mountain torrents to chill their young blood. But the summer of 1212 was one of severe drought in France. The fields were parched, the streams were dry, and food was hard to get.

Nevertheless, the bulk of Stephen's army passed on undismayed. Stephen assumed the airs of a young king. He rode in a chariot adorned with gorgeous trappings, and surrounded himself with an armed body-guard. He was luxuriously clad, and his person was held so sacred that a touch from him was a priceless boon. His deluded followers paid him divine honors; when he spoke, they thronged about his chariot in such numbers that many of the weaker boys were trampled to death. He seems to have passed from a deluded victim of priestcraft into a wily, selfish impostor.

The terrible heat prostrated many. Their corpses strewed the way; and it is said that the country through which they passed was afflicted by the scourge their mortality inflicted. Barefoot, emaciated, and greatly reduced in numbers, the army reached Marseilles. Stephen's authority was gone, the crowd having long since refused to own him as their chief. They reached the sea at last, a demoralized and disorganized rabble.

Here the sight of the Mediterranean revived them, and they waited for the Lord of Hosts to open a path for them. In vain! Days and weeks passed and no relief came. The citizens of Marseilles grew weary of feeding them; and their prospects of reaching the Holy Land daily darkened. Thousands sought homes in the city or in the country round. Groups straggled off homeward, and a remnant only remained to wait.

Two merchants of Marseilles, when the number of the children was reduced to about five thousand, offered to carry them to the Holy Land. The offer was gladly accepted; and in seven small vessels the joyful young crusaders finally set sail. Two of these craft were cast on the rocky shores of the Isle of Falcons, a small island in the Mediterranean. All on board perished miserably, their comrades looking on in horror while the cruel sea swallowed up their forms forever.

The rest of the fleet sailed away. Their banners disappeared down the horizon, and for eighteen years they were lost to the world that had known them as the young crusaders. In due time, there came tidings—at first uncertain, then more positive—of the hapless boys. The two merchants of Marseilles—Porcus and Ferreus—were disguised slave-dealers; the young crusaders were carried to Bujeiah, an Algerine port, and there sold into pagan slavery. A few were taken to Alexandria, where they were bought by dealers from Bagdad, Cairo, and other Moslem cities. The children who had been born on the Seine, the Loire, or in the lovely valleys of Southern France, wore their lives away in the hot fields of Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt. Cruel Algerines drove to their daily tasks the tender young ones of mothers who sorrowed in

distant homes for the children whose fate was unknown, and on whose dear faces they should look no more.

Centuries have gone since this strange crusade was preached. Kings and mighty men who then filled a great space in the world have gone their way. The little actors in this moving drama have long since become dust. Their burial-places, scattered from Central Europe to farther Asia, are unknown. In the crowded chapters of the history of humanity this doleful tragedy is but a little point.

Even we who read it wonder vaguely at the marvelous religious enthusiasm that awakened the mass of children; and we close the story with sigh.

But God has doubtless wrought out some lesson from these pathetic events. So soon this dream was over; so soon this pitiful struggle was ended so rapidly into the dim past melted the story of the Children's Crusade—who shall tell why it was ever begun so strangely, or why it ended in such a cloud of woe?

SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MEN.

BY C. A. LYNDE.



A CURIOUS place is Old Santa Claus' den,
All stor'd full of treasures; where queer little men,
No larger than drumsticks, yet active and bright,
Are busily working from morning till night.

These queer little fellows, these workmen so small,
All answer with pleasure Old Santa Claus' call
For "Fifty more bonbons, one hundred more toys!
More names on my list of good girls and good
boys!"

"Here, merrily ho!" he gleefully cries;
"My sled is all ready—make haste, the time flies!

My reindeer are prancing and pawing the snow;
Make haste there, make haste, we're impatient to go!"

Soon the bundles are packed with the greatest of care
Then off spring the reindeer, on! on! thro' the air,
Till they stop at some home, where snug in their beds
Sleep Cora and Mabel, or Willie and Fred.

When the children awake at dawn's early light,
And steal from their beds, how they'll scream with
delight
On beholding their stockings, they hung on the wall,
With treasures o'erflowing, and something for all.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

"NOTHING BUT A BOY."



YOUNG fellow in a light buggy, with a big black dog sitting composedly beside him, enjoying the ride, drove up, one summer afternoon, to the door of a log-house, in one of the early settlements of Northern Illinois.

A woman with lank features, in a soiled gown trailing its rags about her bare feet, came and stood in the doorway and stared at him.

"Does Mr. Wiggett live here?" he inquired.

"Wal, I reckon," said the woman.

"Is he at home?"

"Wal, I reckon."

"Can I see him?"

"I dunno noth'n' to hender. Yer, Sal! run up the burnt lof and fetch your pap. Tell him a wenger. You've druv a good piece," the woman said, glancing at the buggy-wheels and the man's white feet, stained with black prairie soil.

"I've driven over from North Mills," replied the young fellow, regarding her pleasantly, with a slight, honest frown, from under the shade of his hat brim.

"I 'lowed as much. Alight and come into the house. Old man 'll be yer in a minute."

He declined the invitation to enter; but, to rest his limbs, leaped down from the buggy. Thereupon the dog rose from his seat on the wagon-bottom, jumped down after him, and shook himself.

"All creation!" said the woman, "what a pup at ar is! Yer, you young uns! Put back into the house, and hide under the bed, or he 'll eat ye like ye was so much cl'ar soap-grease!"

At that moment the dog stretched his great mouth open, with a formidable yawn. Panic seized the "young uns," and they scampered; their bare legs and exceedingly scanty attire (only three shirts and a-half to four little barbarians) seeming to offer the dog unusual facilities, had he chosen to regard them as soap-grease and to regale himself on that sort of diet. But he was too well-bred and good-natured an animal to think of snapping up a little Wiggett or two for his luncheon; and the fugitives, having first run under the bed and looked out, ventured back to the door, and peeped with scared faces from behind their mother's gown.

To hide his laughter, the young fellow stood patting and stroking his horse's neck until Sal returned with her "pap."

"Mr. Wiggett?" inquired the youth, seeing a tall, spare, rough old man approach.

"That's my name, stranger. What can I dew for ye to-day?"

"I've come to see what I can do for *you*, Mr. Wiggett. I believe you want your section corner looked up."

"That I dew, stranger. But I 'lowed 't would take a land-surveyor for that."

"I am a land-surveyor," said the young fellow, with a modest smile.

"A land-surveyor? Why, you're noth'n' but a boy!" And the tall old man, bending a little, and knitting his gray eyebrows, looked down upon his visitor with a sort of amused curiosity.

"That's so," replied the "boy," with a laugh and a blush. "But I think I can find your corner, if the bearings are all right."

"Whar's your instruments?" asked the old man, leaning over the buggy. "Them all? What's that gun to do with land-surveyin'?"

"Nothing; I brought that along, thinking I might get a shot at a rabbit or a prairie hen. But we shall need an axe and a shovel."

"I 'lowed your boss would come himself, in place of sendin' a boy!" muttered the old man, taking up the gun,—a light double-barreled fowling-piece,—sighting across it with an experienced eye, and laying it down again. "Sal, bring the axe; it's stickin' in the log thar by the wood-pile. Curi's thing, to lose my section corner, hey?"

"It's not a very uncommon thing," replied the young surveyor.

"Fact is," said the old man, "I never found it.

I bought of Seth Parkins's widder arter Seth died, and banged if I've ever been able to find the gov'ment stake."

"May be somebody pulled it up, or broke it off, to kill a rattlesnake with," suggested the young surveyor.

"Like enough," said the old man. "Can't say 't I blame him; though he might 'a' got a stick in the timber by walkin' a few rods. He could n't 'a' been so bad off as one o' you surveyor chaps was when the gov'ment survey went through. He was off on the Big Perairie, footin' it to his camp, when he comes to a rattler curled up in the grass, and shakin' his 'tarnal buzz-tail at him. He steps back, and casts about him for some sort of we'pon; he had n't a thing in his fist but a roll of paper, and if ever a chap hankered arter a stick or a stun, they say he did. But it was all jest perairie grass; nary rock nor a piece of timber within three mile. Snake seemed to 'preciate his advantage, and flattened his head and whirred his rattle sassier 'n ever. Surveyor chap could n't stan' that. So what does he dew, like a blamed fool, but jest off with his boot and hurl it, 'lowin' he could kill a rattler that way. He missed shot. Then, to git his boot, he had to pull off t'other, and tackle the snake with that. Lost that tew. Then he was in a perdickermint; snake got both boots; curled up on tew 'em, ready to strike, and seemin' to say, 'If you've any more boots to spar', bring 'em on.' Surveyor chap had n't no more boots, to his sorrow; and, arter layin' siege to the critter till sundown, hopin' he'd depart in peace and leave him his property, he guv it up as a bad job, and footed it to the camp in his stockin's, fancyin' he was treadin' among rattlers all the way."

The story was finished by the time the axe was brought; the old man picked up a rusty shovel lying by the house, and, getting into the buggy with his tools, he pointed out to his young companion a rough road leading through the timber.

This was a broad belt of woodland, skirting the eastern side of a wide, fertile river-bottom, and giving to the settlement the popular name of "Long Woods."

On the other side of the timber lay the high prairie region, covered with coarse wild grass, and spotted with flowers, without tree or shrub visible until another line of timber, miles away, marked the vicinity of another stream.

The young surveyor and the old man, in the jolting buggy, followed by the dog, left the log-house and the valley behind them; traversed the woods, through flickering sun and shade; and drove southward along the edge of the rolling prairie, until the old man said they had better stop and hitch.

"I don't hitch my horse," said the young surveyor. "The dog looks out for him. Here, c'fellow, watch!"

"The section corner, I ca'c'late," said the old man, shouldering his axe, "is off on the perairie thar, some'er's. Come, and I'll show ye t' trees."

"Is that big oak with the broken limb one of them?"

"Wal, now, how did ye come to guess that? one tree out of a hundred ye might 'a' picked."

"It is a prominent tree," replied the young man, "and, if I had been the surveyor, I think should have chosen it for one, to put my bearings on."

"Boy, you're right! But it took me tew days to decide even that. The underbrush has grown up around it, and the old scar has nigh about healed over."

The old man led the way through the thicket, and, reaching a small clear space at the foot of the great oak, pointed out the scar, where the tree had been blazed by the axemen of the government survey. On a surface about six inches broad, hewed for the purpose, the distance and direction of the tree from the corner stake had, no doubt, been duly marked. But only a curiously shaped wound was left. The growth of the wood was rapid in that rich region, and, although the scar had been made but a few years before, a broad strip of smooth new bark had rolled up about it from the sides, and so nearly closed over it that only a narrow row, perpendicular, dark slit remained.

"What do you make of that?" said Mr. Wagoner, putting his fingers at the opening, and looking down at his companion.

"I don't make much of it as it looks now," the young surveyor replied.

"Did n't I tell you 't would take an old head to find my corner? T'other tree is in a wus shape than this yer. Now I reckon you'll be satisfied to turn about and whip home, and tell your boss it's a job for him."

"Give me your axe," was the reply.

"Boy, take kere what you're about!"

"Oh, I will take care; don't be afraid." Arter grasping the axe, the young surveyor began to clear away the folds of new wood which had formed over the scar.

"I see what you're up tew," said the old man, gaining confidence at every stroke. "Give me t' axe; you aint tall enough to work handy." Arter a few strokes, being a skillful chopper, he cleared the old blaze, and exposed the blackened tablet which nature had so nearly enclosed in the casket of living wood.

There, cut into the old hewed surface, were the

-preserved marks of the government survey :

N. $48^{\circ} 15'$ W.

18 R. 10 L.

What does that mean?" asked the old man, as youth made a copy of these marks in his note-book.

It means that this tree is eighteen rods and ten links from your corner stake, in a direction forty-eight degrees and fifteen minutes west of north."

"I can understand your rods and links," said the old man; "for I know your surveyor's chain is forty rods long, and has a hundred links. But I don't know if I know anything about your degrees and minutes."

"All that is just as simple," replied the young surveyor. "A circle is supposed to be divided into thirty-six hundred and sixty degrees. Each degree is divided into sixty minutes; and so forth. Now, if you stand looking directly north, then turn a quarter of the way round, and look straight west, you have turned a quarter of a circle, or ninety degrees; and the angle where you stand—where the north line and the west line meet—is called an angle of ninety degrees. Half as far is forty-five degrees. Seen from the corner stake, wherever it is, this tree bears a little more than forty-five degrees west of north; it is forty-eight degrees and a quarter. Where's the other tree?"

That was ten or eleven rods away, still in the edge of the timber; and it bore on its blazed trunk, facing the open prairie, the inscription—laid bare by the old man's ready axe—

N. $82^{\circ} 27'$ W.

16 R. 29 L.

"Eighty-two degrees twenty-seven minutes west of north, and sixteen rods twenty-nine links, from your corner," the young surveyor read aloud, as he copied the marks into his note-book. "The other tree is so surrounded by undergrowth, it would take you an hour and your axe an hour to cut a passage through that I could run a line; and I am going to try running a line from this tree alone. Be cutting a few good stakes, while I go and bring up my horse and set him to eating grass."

CHAPTER II.

OLD WIGGETT'S SECTION CORNER.

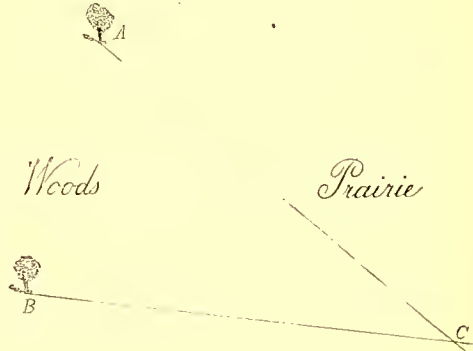
THE horse was driven to a good shady place on the edge of the woods, relieved of his bridle, and left in charge of the dog. In the meanwhile the old man cut a few oak saplings and hewed them into stakes.

"Now, I want ye to give me a notion of how you're gwine to work," he said, as the youth

brought his compass and set it up in its tripod at the foot of the tree. "For, otherwise, how am I to be sure of my corner, when you say you've found it?"

"O, I think we shall find something to convince you. However, look here, and I'll explain."

While waiting for the wavering needle to settle in its place, the youth made a hasty diagram in a page of his note-book.



"Here we are on the edge of the timber. *A* is your first tree. *B* is the one where we are. Now if the bearings are correct, and I run two lines accordingly, the place where they meet will be the place for your corner stake; say at *C*."

"That looks cute; I like the shape of that!" said the old man, interested.

"If the distance was short,—feet instead of rods,—all the instruments we should want," said the young surveyor, with his peculiarly bright smile, "would be a foot measure and two strings."

"How so?" said the old man, who could not believe that science was so simple a thing as that.

"Why, for instance, we will say the tree *A* is eighteen feet from the corner you want to find; *B*, sixteen feet. Now take a string eighteen feet long, and fasten the end of it by a nail to the center of the blazed trunk, *A*; fasten another sixteen feet long to *B*; then stretch out the loose ends of both until they just meet; and there is the place for your stake."

"I declar'!" exclaimed the old man. "That's the use of the tew trees. Banged if I dew see, though, how you're gwine to git along by runnin' a line from jest one."

"If I run two lines, as I have shown you, where they cross will be the point. Now if I run one line, and measure it, I shall find the point where the other line ought to cross. We'll see. Here on my compass is a circle and a scale of degrees, which shows me how to set it according to the bear-

ings. Now look through these sights, and you are looking straight in the direction of your section corner."

"Curi's, aint it?" grinned the old man. "'Cordin' to that, my corner is out on the perairie, jest over beyant that ar knoll."

"You're right. Now go forward to the top of it, while I sight you, and we'll set a stake there. As I signal with my hands this way, or this, move your stake to the right or left, till I make *this* motion; then you are all right."

The young surveyor had got his compass into position, by looking back through the sights at the

"But it's noth'n' but a bog this time o' year; can't navigate a boat thar. And it'll take middle o' next week to build a brush road across. Guess we're up a stump now, hey?"

"O, no; stumps are not so plenty, where I dertake jobs! Let's have a stake down the pretty near the *slew*; then we will measure a line, and see how much farther we have to go."

The old man helped bear the chain; and a careful measurement showed that the stake at the edge of the slough was still four rods and thirty links from the corner they sought.

"Banged if it don't come jest over on t'ot



"AND SIGHTING FORWARD, DIRECTED THE OLD MAN WHERE TO SET HIS STAKES."

tree. He now placed himself between it and the tree, and, sighting forward, directed the old man, who went on over the knoll, where to set his stakes.

On the other side of the knoll, it was found that the line crossed a slough,—or "slew," as the old man termed it,—which lay in a long, winding hollow of the hills. This morass was partly filled with stagnant water; and the old man gave it a bad name.

"It's the wust slew in the hull country. I've lost tew cows in it. I would n't go through it for the price of my farm. Could n't git through; a man would sink intew it up tew his neck."

"Then we may have to get a boat to find your section corner," laughed the young surveyor.

side of the slew!" the old man exclaimed, computing the distance with his eye. "But we can measure a rod furdur; and yer we be stuck."

"Not yet, old friend!" cried the young surveyor. "Since we can't cross, we'll measure the rest of our distance along on this shore."

The old man looked down upon him with indignation and amazement.

"Think I'm a dog-goned fool?" he cried. "The idee of turnin' from our course, and measuring along by the slew! What's the good that?"

Finding that the old man would not aid or abet what seemed to him such complete folly, the young surveyor made another little diagram in his no-

and explained: "Here is the end of our line coming from the direction *B*,—theoretically a right, horizontal line, though it curves over the hill. You noticed how, coming down the slope of you, I held my end of the chain up from the ground, to make it horizontal, and then with

sight across and stop you when I see you at *C*. There stick your last stake."

"Banged if that aint cute! Young man, what mou't be your name?"

"I was only boy a few minutes ago," said the young surveyor, slyly. "Now, if you are ready, we'll set to work and carry out this plan."

The line from *D* to *E* was measured off. Then the youth set his compass to obtain the proper angle at *E*; while the old man, with his axe and a fresh stake, tramped around to the eastern side of the slough. Having got the range of the stakes, he was moving slowly back toward them, holding his stake before him, when the youth signaled him to stop just in the edge of the quagmire.

The new stake stuck, the young surveyor, taking up his tripod and compass, went round to him.

"That stake," said he, "is not far from your corner. Are there any signs?"

"I've been thinkin'," said the old man, "the 'arth yer looks like it had been disturbed some time; though it's all overgrowned so with these clumps of slew-grass, ye can't tell what's a nat'ral hummock and what aint. Don't that look like a kind of a trench?"

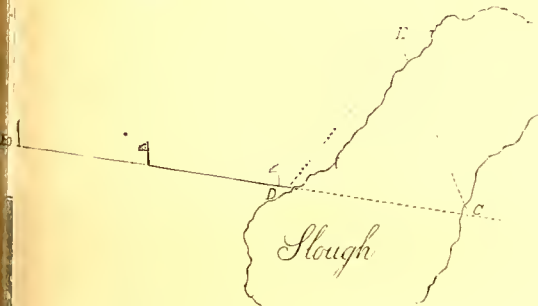
"Yes; and here's another at right angles with it. Surveyors cut such places on the prairies, pile up the sods inside the angle, and drive their corner stakes through them. But there must have been water here when this job was done, which accounts for its not being done better. We'll improve it. Go for the shovel. I'll get the bearings of those trees in the meanwhile, and see how far wrong they make us out to be."

When the old man returned with the shovel, he found his boy surveyor standing by the compass, with folded arms, looking over at the woodland with a smile of satisfaction.

Sighting the trees, the tall, straight stems of which were both visible over the knoll, he had found that their bearings corresponded closely with those copied in his note-book. This proved his work to his own mind; but the old man would not yet confess himself convinced.

"We may be somewhar *nigh* the spot, but I want to be sure of the *exact* spot," he insisted.

"That you can't be sure of; not even if the best surveyor in the world should come and get it from these bearings," replied the youth. "Probably the bearings themselves are not exact. The Government surveyors do their work in a hurry. The common compass they use does n't make as fine angles as the theodolite or transit instrument does; and then the chain varies a trifle in length with



plumb-line found the corresponding point in the ground, to start fresh from. That was to get the measurement of a horizontal line; for if you survey all the ups and downs of hills and hollows, you'll find your surveying will come out in queer shape."

The old man scratched his bushy gray head, and he had n't thought of that.

Well," the young surveyor continued, "we are running our line off toward *C*, when we come to the slew. Our last stake is at *D*—say this little flag with a flag on it. Now, what is to be done? We must measure four rods and thirty links here. I measure that distance from *D* to *E*. Then, running this shore, running my new line at an angle of sixty degrees from the true course. Then, with my compass at *E*, I sight another line at an angle of sixty degrees from my last. I am making what is called an equilateral triangle; that is, a triangle with equal sides and equal angles. Each angle must be equal sixty degrees. With two angles and one side, we can always get the other two sides; and the other angle will be where those two sides meet. They will meet at *C*. Now, since the sides are of equal length, the distance from *D* to *C* is the same as from *D* to *E*—that is, four rods and thirty links, the distance we wish to go; *C*, then, is the place for your corner stake."

"It looks very well on paper," said the old man, "but"—casting his eye across the bog—"how in the name of seven kingdoms are ye ever gwine to yer stake thar?"

"That is easy. Go round to the other side of the slew, get yourself in range with our line from the tree, by sighting across the stakes, and walk on toward the slew—that is, on this dotted line. Having got my angle of sixty degrees at *E*, I will

every variation of temperature; the metal contracts and expands, you know. Surveying, where the land is worth a dollar and a-quarter a foot, instead of a dollar and a-quarter an acre, is done more carefully. Yet I am positive, from the indications here, that we are within a few inches of your corner."

"A few inches, or a few feet, or a few rods!" muttered the old man crossly. "Seems like thar's a good deal of guess-work, arter all."

"I am sorry you think so," replied the young surveyor, quietly removing his tripod. "If, however, you are dissatisfied with my work, you can employ another surveyor; if he tells you I am far out of the way, why, then, you need n't pay me."

The old man made no reply, but, seizing the shovel, began to level the hummock a little, in order to prepare it for a pile of fresh sods. He was slashing away at it, with the air of a petulant man working off his discontent, when he struck something hard.

"What's that ar?" he growled. "Can't be a stone. Aint a rock as big as a hazel-nut this side the timber."

Digging round the obstacle, he soon exposed the splintered end of an upright piece of wood. He laid hold of it and tried to pull it up. The youth, with lively interest, took the shovel, and dug and pried. Suddenly up came the stick, and the old man went over backwards with it into the bog.

He scrambled to his feet, dripping with muddy water, and brandished his trophy, exclaiming:

"Dog my eats! if 't aint the eend of the ol' corner stake, left jest whar 't was broke off, when the rest was wanted to pry a wheel out o' the slew, or to kill a rattler with!"

He appeared jubilant over the discovery, while the young surveyor regarded it simply as a piece of good luck.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOMEWARD TRACK.

THE new stake having been stuek in the hole left by the point of the old one, and plenty of fresh turf piled up about it, the old man wiped his fingers on the dry prairie grass, thrust a hand into his pocket, and brought forth an ancient leather wallet.

"My friend," said he, "shall I settle with you or with your boss?"

"You may as well settle with me."

"Nuff said. What's yer tax?"

"Two dollars and a-half."

"Tew dollars and a—dog-gone-ation! You've been only tew hours and a-half about the job. I can hire a man all day for half-a-dollar."

"It is an afternoon's work for me," argued the young surveyor. "I've had a long way to drive.

Then, you must understand, we surveyors" (it was said with an air of importance) "don't get paid merely for the time we are employed, but also our knowledge of the business, which it has tak us time to learn. If I had been obliged to hire a horse I drive, you see, I should n't have much out of two dollars and a-half."

"Friend, you're right. Tew 'n' a-half is reasonable. And if I have another job of land-surveying you are the man for my money."

"A man, am I, now?" And with a laugh the young surveyor pocketed his fee.

"Good as a man, I allow, any time o' day. You've worked at this yer thing right smart, and I'll give ye the credit on 't. How long have been larnin' the trade?"

"O, two years, more or less, studying at college spells. But I never made a business of it until I came to this new country."

"What State be ye from?"

"New York."

"York State! That's whar I hail from."

"One would n't think so; you have a good many Southern and Western words in your talk."

"I come by 'em honest," said the old man. "I run away from home when I was a boy, like a durned fool; I've lived a'most everywhar; and I've married four wives, and raised four eraps children. My fust wife I pieked up in ol' Kaintucky. My next was an Arkansaw woman. My third was a Michigander. My present was born and raised in the South, but I married her in Southern Illinois. She's nigh on to forty year younger 'n I be, and smart as a steel trap, tell you! So you see we kind of a mixed-up family. My fust and second broods of children's married off, or buried,—scattered to the four winds o' heaven! Tew boys, the third brood, and that ar Sal, is with me; Some of the present brood you've seen. Thar been twenty-one in all."

"Of the fourth brood?"

"No, of the lot. Whose hoss mout that be?"

"Mine; I brought him from the East with me."

"What do you have to pay for a beast like that now, in York State?"

"I did n't pay anything for him."

"Somebody gi'n him tew ye?"

"Not exactly."

"Ye gambled for him?"

"No."

"Raised him from a colt, then?"

"No."

"Stole him?"

"Not much."

"Picked him up astray?"

The young surveyor, laughing, shook his head.

"Then how in the name o' seven kingdoms

ome by him, if ye did n't find him, nor steal nor raise him from a colt, nor buy him, nor him gi'n tew ye?"

I borrowed him of a neighbor, and drove him show, where the old elephant broke loose and the handling of him for about a second and half. The owners of the elephant paid the damage; and I kept the horse. Nobody thought he'd get well; but he is now scarcely lame at all. I show you the scars where he was hurt."

When the two had approached the wagon during this; and now the old man examined the horse with a good deal of curiosity.

"That your dog tew?"

Yes, sir. Here, Lion!"

Cost ye suth'n, did n't it, to bring your animals out with ye?"

Not a great deal. When my friends wrote for me to come, they said good horses were scarce and priced out here, and advised me to bring a dog. I could n't leave my dog behind.—could I, Lion?"

Who mout your friends be?"

Mr. and Mrs. Lanman, at North Mills; and Mr. Lanman's brother,—my boss, as you call him, at Felton, the surveyor. They came out last winter; and last winter they wrote to me, offering me a good chance if I should come. It was in winter; I drove Snowfoot in a cutter, and crossed the Delaware River on the ice just before it broke up. I sold the sleighing left me; so I sold my cutter, and bought a saddle, and made the rest of the journey on horseback. That was rather hard on the dog, but I got the stage-drivers to give him a lift once in a while."

What did you say your name was?" the old man inquired.

I don't think I said. But I will say now. My name is Ragdon—Henry Ragdon. My friends call me Jack."

And it aint yer name?"

O, yes, it is, and yet it is n't. I was brought up on it, my friends like it, and so I keep it."*

Wal, Jack,—if you'll rank me with your friends, and le' me call ye so," said the old man, "I'll give you a cordial grip of his great, flat hand.—"I'll see we part yer, and say good-bye. I'll shoulder my tools, and take a cow-path through the woods; you'll find a better road than the one we come by, if you go er north. Jest keep along the edge of the prairie. I sha'n't forgit this job."

"Nor I," said the young surveyor, with a curious expression.

That was the first work of the kind he had undertaken on his own account, and without assistance;

for which reason he felt not a little proud of it. But he did not tell the old man so.

After parting company with him, he drove in the shade of the woods, along a track so little traveled that the marks of wheels looked like dark ruled lines in the half-trodden grass.

The pleasant summer afternoon was drawing to a close. The peculiar wild scent of the prairie, which seems to increase as the cool evening comes on, filled all the air. The shadows of the forest were stretching in a vast, uneven belt over summit and hollow; while far away beyond, in seemingly limitless expanse, swept the golden-green undulations of the sunlit hills.

Jack—for I trust we shall also be entitled to call him so—kept his eye out for game, as he drove leisurely along; stopped once or twice for a rabbit on the edge of the woods; and, finally, pulled up sharply, as a prairie hen shot whirring out, almost from under his wheels.

He sprang to his feet and faced about, raising his gun; but before he could take aim, the bird, at the end of a short, straight flight, dropped into the prairie grass a few rods away.

Jack followed on foot, holding his piece ready to fire. Knowing the shy habits of the bird, he trampled the grass about the spot where she had alighted, hoping to scare her up. He also sent his dog coursing about; but Lion, though an intelligent animal, had no scent for birds.

Suddenly, from the very ground between the hunter's feet, with a startling rush and thunder of wings, the hen rose. Up went gun to shoulder. But instantly the dog gave chase, and kept so exactly in the line of flight, that Jack durst not fire.

"You silly boy's dog!" he said; "don't you know better than that? You'll get a stray shot some day, if you run before my gun-barrels in that fashion. Now go to the horse, and stay."

The dog, who had fancied that he was doing good service, dropped ears and tail at this rebuke, and retired from the field.

Jack was continuing the hunt, when all at once a strange spell seemed to come over him. It found him on one foot, and he remained on one foot, poisoning the other behind him, for several seconds. Then, softly putting down the lifted leg, and lowering his gun, he stole swiftly back, in a crouching attitude, to his wagon by the woodside.

Taking his horse by the bridle, he led him down into a little hollow. Then, piercing the undergrowth, he hastened to a commanding position, where, himself hidden by the bushes, he could look off on the prairie.

His heart beat fast, and his hand shook, as he

* See "Fast Friends;" also the previous volumes of this series—"Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing His Best," which give a full account of the young surveyor's early life and adventures.

drew the bird-shot out of the two barrels of his fowling-piece, reloading one with buck-shot, the other with an ounce ball.

All the while his eye kept glancing from his gun to the shadowy slope of a distant hill, where were two objects which looked like a deer and a fawn feeding.

CHAPTER IV.

A DEER HUNT, AND HOW IT ENDED.

THEY were a long way off—more than half-a-mile, he thought. Evidently they had not seen him. Though marvelously quick to catch scent or sound, deer have not a fine sense of sight for distant objects.

"They have left the covert early, to go out and feed," thought he. "If not frightened, they will browse around in the hollows there until dark."

He was wondering how he should manage to creep near, and get a shot at the shy creatures, when the dog barked.

"That won't do!" he muttered; and, hurrying to silence Lion, he saw a stranger loitering along the prairie road.

Jack stepped out of the bushes into the hollow, and beckoned.

"I've sighted a couple of deer that I'm trying to get a shot at; if you go over the hill, you'll scare 'em."

The stranger—a slender youth in soiled shirt-sleeves, carrying a coat on his arm—looked at him saucily, with his head on one side and a quid turning in the cheek, and said:

"Well! and why should n't I scare 'em?"

"I can't hinder you, of course; but," said Jack, "if *you* were hunting, and *I* should be passing by, I should think it a matter of honor——"

"Honor is an egg that don't hatch in this country," interrupted the stranger; and the quid went into the other cheek, while the head went over on the other side, as if to balance it. "But never mind; 't aint my cut to interfere with another feller's luck. Show me your deer."

Jack took him through the thickets to his ambush. There were the deer still feeding; the old one lifting her head occasionally as if on the lookout for danger. They seemed to be moving slowly along the slope.

The dark eyes of the strange youth kindled; then he said, with a low laugh:

"I'd like a cut-bore rifle for them fellers! You never can get 'em with that pop-gun."

"I believe I can if you'll help me. You notice there's a range of hills between us and them; and they are on the north slope of one. I've been surveying a little of the country off south, and I

think you can get around the range that way, a come out beyond the deer, before they see you. There's everything in our favor. The wind blows to us from them. At the first alarm, they'll start for the woods; and they'll be pretty sure to keep along in the hollow. I'll watch here, and take them as they come in."

Quid and head rolled again; and the strange youth said jeeringly, with one eye half-closed, looking at Jack:

"So you expect me to travel a mile or two, and drive the deer in for you?" He then pulled down the nether lid of the half-closed eye, and inquired somewhat irrelevantly, whether Jack saw anything green there. "Not by this light!" he answered his own question, as he let up his eyelid and snapped his thumb and finger. "Ye can't keep old birds with chaff. I've been through the Parley-voo frongsay?"

Jack regarded him with astonishment, declaring that there was no catch about it. "Only help me, and we will share the game together."

Still the fellow demurred. "I've walked my leg off to-day already; you'll find 'em back in the road here! Had nothing to eat since morning wore myself down lean as a rail; felt for the last two hours as though there was nothing but a backbone between me and eternity! No, sir-re-I would n't walk that fur out of my way for a hundred deer. If I had a horse to ride, I would mind."

Jack was greatly excited. He had never yet had a good shot at a deer; and if, at the end of the day's work, he could carry home a good fat deer and perhaps a fawn, of his own shooting, it would be a triumph. So, without a moment's reflection he said:

"You may ride mine. Then, if you don't want a share of the game, I'll pay you for your trouble."

The strange youth took time to shift his quid and balance it; then replied, in a manner which appeared provokingly cool to the fiery Jack:

"I'll look at him. Does he ride easy?"

"Yes. Hurry!"

Jack ran down to the horse, led him into the bushes, where the wagon could be left concealed, and had already taken him out of the shafts, before the stranger came lounging to the spot.

"Pull off the harness," said the latter, with an easy air of ordering a nag at a stable. "And give me that blanket out of the buggy. I don't ride bare-back for nobody."

Jack complied, though angry at the fellow being so dilatory and fastidious at such a time. The strange youth then spread his coat over the blanket, laid his right hand on it, and his left

le and mane, and with a leap from the ground
aw himself astride the horse—a display of agility
ch took Jack by surprise.

"I see you have been on horseback before!"
"Never in my life," said the stranger, with a
am in his dark eyes which belied his words.
d now Jack noticed that he had a little switch in
hand.

"He wont need urging. Be sure and ride well
ond that highest hill before you turn; and then
e quietly around, so as not to frighten the deer
much."

The fellow laughed. "I've seen a deer before



"JACK NOTICED THAT HE HAD A LITTLE SWITCH IN HIS HAND."

lay!" And, clapping heels to the horse's sides,
dashed through the bushes.

Jack followed a little way, and from his ambush
him come out of the undergrowth, strike across
prairie, and disappear around the range of
s.

The deer were still in sight, stopping occasionally
eed, and then, with heads in air, moving a few
es along the slope. Jack waited with breathless
iety to see his horseman emerge from among
hills beyond. Several minutes elapsed; then,
ugh no horseman appeared, the old deer,
tled by sound or scent of the enemy, threw
h her head, and began to leap, with graceful,
lulating movements, along the hillside.

The fawn darted after her, and for a minute they

were hidden from view in a hollow. The stratagem
had so far succeeded. They had started toward
the woods.

Jack, in an ague of agitation, waited for the
game to show itself again, and, by its movements,
guide his own. At length, the fawn appeared on
the summit of a low hill, and stopped. The doe
came up and stopped too, with elevated nostrils,
snuffing. For a rifle, in approved hands, there
would have been a chance for a shot. But the
game was far beyond the range of Jack's gun.

To try his nerve, however, he took aim; or,
rather, attempted to take aim. His hands—if the
truth must be confessed—shook so that
he could not keep his piece steady for
an instant. Cool fellow enough on
ordinary occasions, he now had a violent
attack of what is called the "buck
fever."

Fortunately, the deer had not seen
the horseman; and, while they were
recovering from their first alarm, they
gave the young hunter time to subdue,
with resolute good sense, his terrible
nervous agitation.

They did not stop to feed any more,
but moved on, with occasional pauses,
toward the woods; following the line
of the hollows, as Jack had foreseen.

All this time the dog lay whining at
his young master's heels. He knew
instinctively that there was sport on
foot, and could hardly be kept quiet.

The deer took another and final
start, and came bounding along toward
the spot where the wagon had stood.
But for the excitement of the moment,
Jack must have felt a touch of pity at
sight of those two slender, beautiful
creatures, so full of life, making for
their covert in the cool woods. But

the hunter's spirit was uppermost. He took aim at
the doe, followed her movements a moment with
the moving gun, then fired. She plunged forward,
and dropped dead.

The fawn, confused by the report and by the
doe's sudden fall, stood for an instant quite still,
then made a few bounds up toward the very spot
where the young hunter was concealed. It stopped
again, within twenty paces of the leveled gun.
There it stood, its pretty spotted side turned toward
him, so fair a mark, and so charming a picture, that
for a moment, excited though he was, he could not
have the heart to shoot. Ah! what is this spirit of
destruction, which has come down to us from our
barbarous forefathers, and which gives even good-
hearted boys like Jack a wild joy in taking life?

The dog, rendered ungovernable by the firing of the gun, made a noise in the thicket. The fawn heard, and started to run away. The provocation was too great for our young hunter, and he sent a charge of buck-shot after it. The fawn did not fall.

"Take 'em, Lion!" shouted Jack; and out rushed the dog.

The poor thing had been wounded, and the dog soon brought it down. Jack ran after, to prevent a tearing of the hide and flesh. Then he set up a wild yell, which might have been heard a mile away on the prairie,—a call for his horseman, who had not yet reappeared.

Jack dragged the fawn and placed it beside its dam. There lay the two pretty creatures, slaughtered by his hand.

"It can't be helped," thought he. "If it is right to hunt game, it is right to kill it. If we eat flesh, we must take life."

So he tried to feel nothing but pure triumph at the sight. Yet I have heard him say, in relating the adventure, that he could never afterward think of the dead doe and pretty fawn, lying there side by side, without a pang.

He now backed his buggy out of the woods, set

the seat forward in order to make room for the deer behind, and waited for his horse.

"Where can that fellow have gone?" he muttered, with growing anxiety.

He went to a hill-top, to get a good view, and strained his vision, gazing over the prairie. The sun was almost set, and all the hills were darkening save now and then one of the highest summits.

Over one of these Jack suddenly descried a distant object moving. It was no deer this time, but a horse and rider, far away, and going at a gallop in the wrong direction.

He gazed until they disappeared over the crest and the faint sundown glory faded from it, and he felt the lonesome night shutting down over the limitless expanse. Then he smote his hands together with fury and despair.

He knew that the horse was his own, and the rider the strange youth in whose hands he had rashly intrusted him. And here he was, five miles from home, with the darkening forest on one side and the vast prairie on the other; the dead doe and fawn lying down there on the dewy grass, the empty buggy and harness beside them; and on his dog to keep him company.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMINO BRIDGE.

To build a bridge of this kind, you must begin by placing six dominoes flat on the table and four

the four center ones, and then the side ones; referring to Fig. 1 to see how to place them.

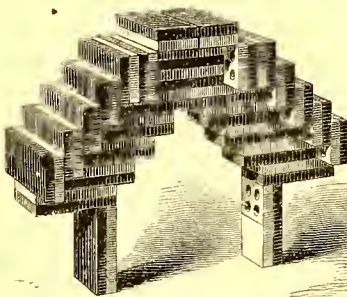


FIG. 1.—THE DOMINO BRIDGE

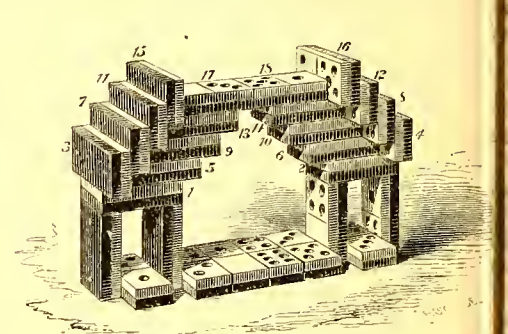


FIG. 2.—METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

upright, as in Fig. 2. Take care to make a close joint, and to keep every piece exactly in line and center. Then lay the pieces in the order numbered, keeping each side equally advanced till they meet in the middle.

The dominoes in the base may now be elevated to the higher positions. First cautiously remove

Lastly, the whole is to be capped by the two outer uprights, and the structure should be so beautifully balanced that they may be gently slid from under, and laid side by side on the very top.

The bridge should be built of the ordinary dominoes, as expensive ones are apt to have a projecting point on the face.

MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"WHAT do you do on Christmas?" asked a e-faced little girl in a black dress, of her cousin nie.

"Christmas?" said Jeanie, with a puzzled look her rosy face. "Why, nothing; only just not to school."

"Nothing!" returned the first speaker, aghast. "Don't you have any Christmas-tree?"

"Christmas-tree! What 's that?" asked Jeanie. "Nor hang up your stocking?"

Jeanie shook her head.

"Nor have a single bit of a present?" May went in utter amazement.

"What for?" asked Jeanie.

"Why, don't you know about Santa Claus, who goes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, and gives everybody a present?" said May, completely bewildered.

"Don't know nothing 'bout him," said Jeanie. "Don't b'lieve there 's any such a person in Mis-ri."

May drew a long sigh. It was not the first time she had sighed since the jolting old wagon, called cage, had landed her, two weeks before, at her de's home, a wretched, penniless orphan.

"What is a Christmas-tree, any way?" asked Jeanie, seeing that May was not going to speak.

"Oh, it 's a beautiful green tree, covered with nuts and presents and beautiful things! When mamma was alive we always had one on Christmas e."

"Does it grow so?" asked Jeanie, curiously.

"Of course not! what a question!" said May. "Do you know what Christmas *is*, anyhow?" she led, with a quick flush of color.

"Of course I do," retorted Jeanie; "but *that* n't anything to do with Christmas-trees."

"Yes it has," said May, earnestly, "a great deal do with them, and with every way that we have having everything just as sweet and lovely as can on that day. Mother always said so."

Jeanie opened her eyes wider, and then asked tly:

"But what about the Christmas-tree, May?"

"Well, it 's cut down and brought into the house, and all the things put on before you see it, and when all ready the folding-doors are opened, and—! it 's beautiful!" May added in ecstasy. "Last Christmas I had such lovely things,—the prettiest e dress you ever saw—I 've got a piece of it in trunk—and new clothes for my doll; oh, such

nice ones! a whole suit with overskirt, and all in the fashion; and a cornucopia of candies and a box of nuts and raisins and — Oh, I can't think of half the things," added May, brightly, yet half ready to cry.

"I wish I could see one," said Jeanie; "but we don't have such things here. Ma has n't got time, nor anybody."

"I 'll tell you what we can do, I guess," said May, who had been revolving an idea in her mind; "we might get up one ourselves,—you could; of course it would n't be so nice as mamma's, but it would be better than none."

"Well, let 's!" said Jeanie, "and not tell a single one till it 's all done."

"Where can we have it? We need a fire and a door that 'll lock," said May.

"Oh, Pa 'll let me have the out-room, I know, if I coax him," said Jeanie, "and we can put a nail over the latch to fasten the door."

The out-room, you must know, was a roughly built room, a little apart from the house. It had a big open fire-place and a huge kettle, and when there was any big work, like making up the year's soap, or putting down the year's supply of salt pork, a great fire was built there and the out-room came into use.

"Well," said May, reflectively, "I guess we can do it; we can trim it up, you know."

"How?" asked Jeanie, to whom all Christmas ways were unknown mysteries.

"Oh, I 'll show you. We can get evergreens in the woods, and oh, some of that lovely bitter-sweet, and I can make paper flowers," May went on enthusiastically, as ideas rushed into her mind. "We can have it real pretty; but don't let 's tell anybody a thing about it."

The next week was a very busy one to the two plotters. Every moment, when out of school, they were whispering in corners, or engaged in some mysterious work, which they would hide if any one came near.

Mrs. Stanley was glad to see the first cheerful look on the face of the orphan, and did not interfere so long as the girls kept out of her way. The boys—of whom there were two younger and one older than Jeanie—were very curious, and Will—the older one—rather teasing about it; but on the whole May and Jeanie succeeded very well in keeping their secret.

Two days before Christmas, Jeanie followed her

father as he started off in the morning to the barn to feed the cattle. How she managed her teasing I cannot say, but in a short time she came into the house, radiant, gave a mysterious nod to May, and they at once disappeared upstairs.

Soon they stole down the back way, armed themselves with brooms, materials for a fire, and a big nail with which to lock the door, and slipped into the out-room.

It was not a promising-looking place, but they were young and enthusiastic; so Jeanie went to work to build up a roaring fire, and May began with the broom.

Well, they worked all day, harder than ever before in their lives, and all the next day, and when at last the room was ready for company, it really looked very pretty.

The bare walls were ornamented with wreaths of the gay bitter-sweet, and evergreen boughs, brightened by an occasional rose or lily neatly made by May, of thin white paper. The big kettle was transformed into a table by means of a board or two across the top, and a white sheet spread over all. The two windows were curtained with old newspapers, concealed by branches of evergreen. In the center of the room stood a tub, and braced up in it by stones and sticks of wood, hidden by sprays of green, stood a very pretty evergreen-tree. There were no candles on it, for the united wisdom of the two workers had not been able to compass that. But the bright flickering light of the fire was enough, and in fact made just the right effect, as it did not reveal too much.

On the tree were hung bits of bright ribbon and other pretty things out of May's trunk,—keepsakes from her old playmates. These were used just for decoration. There were long strings of popped corn besides. There were festoons about the branches, and among them a present for each one of the family.

All this time, one of the girls had been obliged to stay in the out-room every moment to keep the

door locked, for the boys were just wild to find out the mystery. Mrs. Stanley had stopped in her dreary round of drudgery—for this home, you must know, was the temple of work—to ask what all the fuss was about. But Jeanie told her that her father said she might use the out-room; and she was too busy and tired to feel much interest,—so she said “well, she did n't care so's they did n't do an mischief.”

On the eventful night, when called to supper May went into the family-room, for Jeanie could



MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

not tear herself away from contemplation of the wonderful tree. To her it was the embodiment of everything beautiful and enchanting in the world. With no books but school-books, no pictures, no papers, nothing beautiful to be seen in that little grinding prairie home, she had never even conceived of anything so lovely.

When at last they rose from the table, May stopped at the door.

“Aunt,” she began timidly,—for she was rather afraid of the hard-working woman, whose sharp gray eyes seemed to look through her, and whose thin lips never opened but to make some practical remark.—“will you come over with uncle and see our Christmas-tree? Come, boys.” And she started off.

"So that's what the young ones have been up is it?" said Mr. Stanley, lighting his pipe. Come, mother, let's go over and see what they've got. That May's the beater for plans ever I see one."

"Wall," said Mrs. Stanley, pushing back the table that she had already cleared, "I don't mind I step over a minute before I get out my dishwasher. I never see Jane so took up as she has been this week."

They went over to the out-room. The boys were already there staring in a bewilderment of wonder. May leaned against the unique table, very tired, but happy, and Jeanie fairly danced around with light.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Stanley, "this looks something like, now! Why, this carries me back when I was a boy, away down in York State. I'd never 'a' thought you two little gals could fix is old room up so pretty; would you now, other?"

"Mother" did n't say anything. There was a sort of a choke in her throat, and something suspiciously like a tear in her eye, as she looked at the bright, happy faces of her children—faces such as she had never seen since they were babies, before they were initiated into the regular family grind.

After a moment she recovered herself, went up to May, and, to her utter amazement, gave her a warm kiss, and said:

"It's beautiful, dear, and I thank you for it." And then she looked a few minutes, and said she must go. But Jeanie sprang up.

"Wait, ma; the presents are coming yet."

"Presents!" said Mr. Stanley, "are these presents, then?"

"Oh, of course!" said May, "else how could it be a Christmas-tree?"

"Sure enough!" said Mr. Stanley.

May now went up to the tree and took down first pretty necktie for Will, made out of some of her bits of silk.

"Why, that's just the very thing I want," said Will, amazed. "How did you know that, you witch? and who made it?"

"Jeanie and I," said May.

"No, May made it 'most every bit," said Jeanie. "I don't know how."

Next came a pair of warm red mittens for Larry.

"Jeanie made these," said May. "I can't knit."

Well, so they went on. Mrs. Stanley had a pretty pin-cushion for her bureau; Mr. Stanley a neat bag for his tobacco; Johnny a pair of wristlets to keep his wrists warm. Each of the children had a little bag of nicely cracked hickory-nuts, a beautiful red apple and a few sticks of molasses candy.

The girls had nothing; they had been so busy they never thought of themselves.

When the presents were all distributed, and the children were busy eating nuts and candy, and having a merry time naming apple seeds, and doing other things that May taught them, Mrs. Stanley stole out, and went back to the kitchen to her dish-washing. But something was the matter, for she moved more slowly than ever before; she let the water run over, put the soap into the milk-cup, and made various other blunders. She was thinking.

And when all the family were in bed that night, and she and Mr. Stanley were sitting alone by the fire, she spoke her thoughts.

"John, that tree has set me a-thinking. We aint doing just right by our children. It's all work and no play, and they're growing old and sober before their time. We're forehanded enough now to let up on them a little."

"You're right, mother," said Mr. Stanley. "I've been thinking the same thing myself. That little gal, with her pretty, lady-like ways, does make me think so much of her mother, only 't wa'n't natural to her to be so downhearted as the little one has been. But see her to-night! I declare I'd do anything a'most to keep that happy face on her. What shall we do, Sally?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley, her face unwontedly bright with new thoughts, "it is n't eight o'clock yet, and I've been thinking if you'd go to the village and buy a few things to put by their beds for Christmas it would be good. Children think so much of such things," she added, half apologetically.

"So it would! and I'll do it, wife," said Mr. Stanley, taking his boots out of the corner, and hastening to put them on. "Make out your list, and I'll go down to Kenedy's. He don't shut up till nine."

Kenedy's was a country store, where you could buy everything, from a needle to a thrashing-machine, and about nine o'clock Mr. Stanley came home with a market-basket full of things. There was a gay merino dress for Jeanie, a pair of skates for May, a new knife for Will, a sled and a picture-book for each of the boys.

There was, besides these, a package of real store candy, some raisins, and, down under the whole, where Mrs. Stanley could not see it, a neat dark dress for her, which Mr. Stanley had bought to surprise her.

Well, everybody was surprised the next morning, you may be sure, and after the breakfast—of which little was eaten—Will went out and killed a turkey. Jeanie and May put on big aprons and helped; Will chopped stuffing and suet; and, for

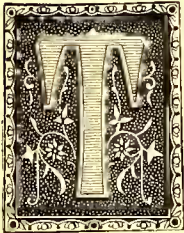
the first time in their lives, the children had a real Christmas dinner—plum-pudding and all.

That was the beginning of a new life in the plain farm-house. Little by little, books found their way to the table, an easy-chair or two stole into the rooms, pictures made their appearance on the walls, and in time a wing was added to the house! After awhile a neat-handed farmer's daughter came to help Mrs. Stanley. Shrubbery came up in the yard, vines began to grow over the windows, and

the fence had a new coat of paint. Now that she was not always tired out, Mrs. Stanley began to go out among her neighbors; friendly visits succeeded, then a tea-party. Will joined the book club in the village, and Mrs. Stanley invited them to meet at her house in turn, and, in fact, some innocent pleasures came into these hard-working lives, and all owing, as Mr. Stanley would say, holding the bright, happy May on his knee, "to this little girl's Christmas-tree."

THE DWARF'S MIRROR.

BY W. N. MEEKS.



THOMAS and Hannah lived quite alone in a little house in the middle of a great forest. Their father was an under-forester, and all day long, in good weather and bad, he had to watch or else shoot birds and hares for the prince's table. Their mother was dead, and nobody was at home in the little house with the children but their old grandmother, who was almost blind and could hardly hear. When she was not asleep, or hobbling around the kitchen to cook the children's dinner, she sat by the fire and spun. Weeks sometimes passed without anybody visiting the forester's hut; but in summer the children did not care about this, because they went day after day to the village to school, and that was a great pleasure. But in winter it was very gloomy and tedious. Then the snow was deep in the forest, and the children had to keep in the house, like two little mice in a hole. The father had to go out often, and always took Watch, the great spaniel and their only playfellow, with him. The old grandmother used to tell fairy-tales, but now she had almost forgotten them all, and spoke to hardly anybody but herself. Little Hannah sat at her grandmother's side spinning, but it was a tiresome work in the silence. Thomas tried to carve figures of dogs and rabbits out of wood; but they never turned out well, and he cut his fingers so often that he became impatient, and gave up the business as a bad one. He often used to say:

"Ah, how nice the rich children have it. I'd like to be the young lord that I once saw drive in his carriage through the village, or one of the steward's children, who can eat as often as they

want to, or one of the gypsy boys, who can go out whenever they like."

One evening, not long before Christmas, it was particularly quiet and gloomy. The lamp oil which the grandmother made of beech-nuts, had come to an end; the way to the village was so full of snow that Liese had not been able to come to them. So they were there without any oil, and could not light the lamp. Fortunately the clear moon shone into the room; but the children were half afraid of the deep shadows which lay upon the bright floor.

Little Hannah nestled closely at her grandmother's side, and Thomas stood beside her, and screamed in her ear:

"Grandmother, now tell us only once more little story. Don't you know any more?"

"Not un, Bubby, not un; f'rgotten all," mumbled the old woman.

"But only one, grandmother: only one about the little dwarf in the quarry."

"In the quarry? Yes; wait. Bubby, let me think and see if I know it." Then she added very quickly, and in her old distinct way:

"Where the quarry is, down there in the glen long, long ago, the rocks stood fast and just like a wall. There was n't a single stone broken off, and before the rocks was a green, fresh place. Under that the dwarfs used to live. They used to carry things down there to the dwarf-queen's palace, and had a merry little town below. There were not yet any hunters, nor stone-cutters, nor wood-choppers in the still forest. Ah, no; then on sunny days all the little dwarfs came out and sunned themselves on the green moss, and played and danced and were right merry. At last, people who lived on the plain outside of the forest be

to build houses, and they came into the forest and chopped down trees and carried away great ones. The dwarfs became very much frightened, and feared that their beautiful rocky wall, their dancing-green, and their little city would be ruined, so to stop the people from cutting away the stone from their rock, they went by night into the forest and dug up big stones, and rolled them with all their might to the edge of the forest. But the people were not satisfied. They found the beautiful rocky wall, and dug stones from it. The great heavy stones fell upon the dancing-green. Then the little city was destroyed, and there was loud wailing among the dwarfs.

"The dwarfs, who were not killed, dug themselves way far into the forest. Where they live now, or whether they have built themselves another little town, nobody knows. Ever since then they have, at night, rolled out many stones, but new ones always fall in again, and every year, on St. Thomas' night, they come to see if so many stones still lie on the ground; and if anybody should roll out three stones on that night, the dwarfs would grant him any wish that he might ask."

That is what the grandmother said. She had not said so much for a long time, and was therefore quite tired. Little Hannah became afraid even of herself, and nestled up more closely to her grandmother; but Thomas, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, wondered if the little dwarfs yet came. Just then they heard Watch barking outside, and the father stalked in, cross and chilled. He sought in the dark for something to eat, for, as usual, the old grandmother had forgotten to keep any supper for him. He found nothing, and so went hungry to bed.

This night Thomas could hardly sleep. He had heard the story more than once, but what the grandmother had said about the dwarfs being able to come, that he had not known. Now his heart beat wildly with pleasure, as he thought how he could brighten up the melancholy loneliness of their forest life with the treasures of the dwarf world, especially now, while there were yet only two days before St. Thomas' night.

On St. Thomas' night the father came home early, and before the grandmother had put out the lamp he was fast asleep. Thomas waited until Hannah was asleep. He had told her nothing, for he knew she would not go. As for his grandmother, she could not hear him even if she were awake. Soon everything was quiet. He had not undressed himself, so that he had only to draw his fur cap over his ears, and then he slipped out.

The moon shone clearly, and it was so death-like still in the forest that Thomas shuddered at first; but he soon grew brave again, and went

softly but quickly over the well-known road to the quarry. Not even a mouse stirred as he came down into the glen. Hardly a moonbeam shone on the broken stone, which looked really very dreadful. With timid steps, he crept softly to the place where the dwarfs' dancing-green had been, and where yet a great number of large and little stones lay. With trembling hands he grasped the largest ones that he could handle and dragged them away. Just as he had rolled away the third, a thin, little voice called out:

"Who's there?" And on the only spot in the glen where the moonlight fell, stood a mite of a man in green clothing. It was he who had asked the question.

"Thomas, the under-forester's son," answered the boy, very much frightened, and at the same time respectfully taking off his cap.

"What do you want there?"

"Only to take away stones, so that the little gentlemen can come back again."

"That won't help much," said the dwarf, sadly; "but it is very good in you, and you shall not do it for nothing. What do you wish?"

Thomas could not decide upon anything, and yet he knew of so many things that he wished. He thought of a horse, so that he could ride to school; of a whole cask full of oil, so that the little lamp might not go out any more; of a bag full of apples and nuts,—but they were all hardly worth the trouble. At last he stammered out:

"A big purse full of money."

"So," said the dwarf, "do you know the use of that already? What will you do with the money?"

"Oh, lots of things. Instead of our hut, I'll build a great, great house, larger than the forester's house in the village," continued Thomas, somewhat encouraged, "and a stable full of beautiful horses, so that I may ride when it snows, and buy a new cloak for Hannah, and a whole cask full of oil, that we may not be in the dark."

"Ei, ei; what else?" laughed the dwarf. "The house, you shall build, but not in the dark forest. You shall also go out into the world, but you don't need a horse for that. Hannah can get a new cloak without you; and you can get oil enough yourself. If you will come with your little basket to the quarry, you will always find beech-nuts enough to fill your little lamp with oil for two years. So I think that you do not need the purse of money yet awhile. You are too young for it."

"Ah," said Thomas, low-spiritedly, "if it were only not so gloomy and tiresome in the long winter,—if we had only a pretty picture-book while the evenings are so long."

"Now," said the dwarf, "that is better. Only go home and believe what I say, and after Christ-

mas I will come to you and take care that the time shall never be so long in winter. Be only content; the little dwarfs do not forget to reward those who help them."

The dwarf disappeared. Thomas shivered, and went home more quickly and with a lighter heart than he had come. He opened the door, slipped into the house, into the little chamber, and into his warm bed without being seen or heard. All night long he dreamed of the dwarfs. He made up his mind not to tell little Hannah his secret, but to wait quietly until Christmas.

Christmas came, and there was joy even in the

him to drive away the tediousness of the gloomy winter, suddenly he heard a light knock on the house door. His heart beat quickly, and with trembling hands he lifted the latch. In stepped the little man in green clothes. He brought nothing but a small piece of colored glass.

"Lead me to your room!" said he, and stepped quickly and yet more softly than Thomas could into the little bedroom. By the light that came from his little glass, he looked around the room. There was not much to see; the old bedstead, a rickety table with three legs, and a couple of chairs. The greatest piece of furniture in the room was a large



little hut. The father brought from the village as many nuts and apples as he could carry. The head forester's maid, who was the children's godmother, brought them two magnificent gingerbread hearts, and gave to Hannah a beautiful new cloak, and to Thomas a good warm jacket. The father spent the day at home, and himself dressed a hare for supper. They had not eaten anything so good for a long time. But Thomas could not enjoy himself so much as he might have done. He thought all the while of something better that was yet to come.

It was night again. Everybody but Thomas was fast asleep. As he sat with his clothes on, wide awake, wondering what his new friend would bring

chest, black with age, which was fastened in the wall, and which often served the children as a hiding-place when they played "hide-and-seek." In the front of this chest was a large round hole, that always seemed frightful to Hannah as often as she saw it, because it looked so black. The dwarf seemed to have perceived it. He slipped into the chest, and after a little hammering: "So," said he, as he came out, "now the tediousness is cared for. Little one, if time becomes long again, then look at the round hole in your chest. Look only mornings and evenings when you are alone. Good night, my boy. God take care of you!" And before Thomas knew what had happened, the dwarf was gone. The boy hardly understood what

I meant, and not daring to look into the chest immediately, he lay down beside his father. While wondering whether the dwarf had spoken in jest or earnest, he fell fast asleep.

The next morning the father went out early. Thomas could not keep his secret any longer, so he whispered the whole story to his sister as she sat spun beside her deaf grandmother. She needed to it half laughing, half afraid, and told that he must have dreamt it all. However, she persuaded her to make the first trial that evening.

That day was very long to the children, who waited impatiently for the evening. The father was still away in the evening, and the grandmother nodded in her chair. Then the children went timidly but eagerly to the chest, and lifted the lid. Thomas, the bolder-hearted, was the first to look at the hole, where now shone brightly the glass which the dwarf had put in. At a beautiful sight met his eyes! He drew the trembling Hannah down to his side, for the opening was large enough for both to look through at the same time. It was splendid! The children could hardly resist screaming with wonder and delight. They saw a long, wide parlor that was magnificently lighted by golden lights, but mostly by a high, richly decorated Christmas-tree, from which the light of many hundred colored tapers streamed. The table before the tree was covered with beautiful toys—play-soldiers, cavalry and infantry—whole regiments of them, with cannon and wagons; there was a complete royal stable full of all sorts of little horses; there were pretty pictures, and a multitude of playthings such as the little forest children had never before seen, among which were a pair of silver spurs and a riding-whip, a gun and sword, a complete boy-uniform trimmed with gold. All these fine things were neatly arranged on the table, and with them little tarts and plates of the choicest confectionery. "Oh, dear, who'll get all that?" sighed the children.

Just then the door opened, and a thin, pale boy of ten years stepped into the parlor. Behind him came beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. Thomas and Hannah expected that a whole band of children must come to share these splendid presents, and looked for the others. But there was only the one boy. He smiled faintly, and did not seem surprised as he glanced at the beautiful things, and hardly noticed them, while Thomas and Hannah pressed their glowing faces against the glass and almost devoured the splendor with their eyes.

"Where are you, children?" now called the father of the grandmother. Startled, they drew their heads back, and everything was as dark as

before. The old chest looked as if nothing at all had happened. They were as if in a dream when they came back to the light of the little oil-lamp and sat again in the old sooty room.

"Ah, how well off the young lord is," they often said. "Oh, if we only had what he has," they sighed, even when sleep closed their eyes to show them the splendor yet once more in their dreams.

Before it was yet quite day, Hannah glided into the bedroom. This time the father had not come home, so that they could so much more safely look into the wonderful chest. They wished very much to see again the beautiful parlor. Sure enough, there it was in clear daylight, almost as beautiful as by the light of the festal candles. There were all the fine playthings, but better arranged. The boy who had been there yesterday was lying in a silk dressing-gown upon the sofa. A number of pretty books were scattered around him. He seemed tired and restless. As the children were looking and wondering how any one could not be pleased and happy with such beautiful things, one of the doors opened and an old gentleman came in. The children could hear him say, as if he were far away, but yet distinctly:

"What! already wearied, dear prince? And yet you have so many things that would make other children happy."

"What other children?" asked the prince. "Other children are not alone. I have already seen all of my things. I wish I could go out like other children. I'd like to go out alone, and go where I choose. I'd rather be a gypsy boy than a prince."

Before the astounded children could hear any more, the grandmother called them, and they hastily dropped the lid.

Full of joy and expectation, they chattered all day long, and could hardly wait until evening before their little faces were pressed against the glass. This time they did not see the parlor, but a forest, quite like that in which they lived. They saw a large open place in this forest. In the middle was a cheerful fire, before which some fine game was roasting. Near by sat a number of browned and ragged people, several of whom were playing a lively tune on instruments of music, to which a band of joyful children sprang and danced around.

A young gypsy came with a bag full of dried fruits. The children received him with shouts of joy. He emptied the bag on the ground. The children fell greedily upon the fruits, and, scrambling for them like little pigs, feasted to their hearts' delight, after which they began again all sorts of merry wild games, so that Thomas wished very much to spring in among them, and was quite provoked when his father just then came home and called loudly from the kitchen.

Early the next morning, before his father was awake, he looked at the glass, without waiting for Hannah, who came in lightly after awhile.

Yes, there was once more the open place in the forest, but it did not seem to be so cheerful. It was morning. The fire was out. There was a wild, anxious running hither and thither among the gypsies. Presently the children saw soldiers coming near, and soon after, in the great tumult that still continued, the poor gypsies were captured and led away, because they had been accused of robbery and theft. The children would see no more of it, and turned away from the glass.

That evening the children went to the wonderful chest, and they saw a very handsome room,—not so elegant as the prince's parlor, but yet much more beautiful than their godmother's room,—with brightly colored tapestry and pretty pictures on the walls. It was full of playthings for boys and girls. There was a fine baby-house, with little ladies and gentlemen dressed in handsome clothes and sitting on little sofas and chairs in the parlor. There was a little kitchen full of white china tea services, and more little plates and pitchers than all the crockery and tinware in the old grandmother's kitchen put together. There were dolls, big and little,—some almost as large as Hannah herself,—cradles, little chairs and carriages. On the other side of the room stood a fortress with soldiers; a store well provided with raisins, almonds, sugar and figs; a carrier's wagon with trunks and valises; a pile of picture-books,—in short, almost as much as the prince had. The children were full of admiration and joy. Suddenly the possessors of all these elegant things—two girls and a boy—entered. Evidently they had just returned from a walk. The girls went immediately to the baby-house, and the boy to the store. One of the girls went with bright new pennies to exchange them with her brother for candies, and the other began to dress her dolls out of a little chest full of pretty dresses and hats.

Ah, how sorry were Thomas and Hannah as just then their grandmother called them to supper.

Sleeping and waking, they still dreamed of what they had seen, and hastened early the next morning to see the lucky children again.

The room did not look as beautiful as before. The dolls lay upon the floor, and one of the little girls stood crying and screaming beside them. The evening before she had left them on the floor and the room door open. The cat had come in and had played with the painted dolls, had torn their silk dresses and scratched their pretty faces.

"You're to blame for it," said one of the children. "You left them lying here."

"No, it was you," cried the other.

Then they began to dispute about a little sugar-

loaf that one of the girls had in her kitchen, and which the boy claimed as belonging to his store. In their quarrel the girl pushed against the store so that many of the little glasses fell down and were broken. In anger and spite, the boy jumped upon the little kitchen and kicked it about, so that all the crockery and tinware were broken to pieces. Then followed such screaming and crying and yelling and quarreling, that the forest children ran gladly away, not wishing to see any more.

"Now what do you think, Thomas," asked Hannah, "that all the children in the world are unhappy?"

"No, indeed," replied he eagerly, "that cannot be; for if the little prince had not been quarrelsome alone —"

"And," interrupted Hannah, "the gypsy children had only had good fathers and mothers, and the three children had not been so quarrelsome. Yes, see, when people are good and contented and happy and well and love one another, then they can be happy."

"Even if they are so poor and lonely as we are," asked Thomas.

Hannah could not really say yes.

That evening the grandmother fell asleep very early. They almost feared to look at the glass again, for everything came to such a sorry end. However, they made up their minds to try it once more. As they put their faces to the glass they almost screamed out aloud:

"There is our kitchen and our own selves!"

So, in truth, it was—only the room looked light and pleasanter than usual. It was much cleaner and in good order. The window-panes were clean and clear that they shone. On the window-seat stood some forest flowers that looked beautifully green against the snow outside. In a wicker cage, such as Thomas had often seen the farrago boys make, hopped a little bird, that seemed to be better in the warm kitchen than in the snow, for it sang and whistled so sweetly that it was a pleasure to hear it. And there, at her little spinning-wheel sat the old grandmother, and by her side sat Hannah, and Thomas was not far away, but neither was so tired and sorrowful as before. They heard themselves singing a pretty little song which they had already learned at school, but which it had never before occurred to them to sing at home. It sounded lovely, and the old grandmother seemed very much pleased with it, for she kept time by nodding her head in a friendly manner. As they had finished the song, then the Thomas and Hannah they saw through the glass reached up to the store over grandmother's bed and took down a large book that had long lain there, covered with dust ever since she had been unable to read even w

les. The children were astonished. They learned to read well, but had never thought of anything as reading at home. The Thomas in the picture began to read aloud, so loudly that the mother could hear. At first he did not read more distinctly than the real Thomas could do, but the reading soon became better. He read the story of Joseph, which the children readily heard, but so long ago that it sounded strange and beautiful that they listened eagerly to the Thomas in the glass until they heard a dog bark. That was also just like Watch's bark. Then Hannah in the glass rose quickly, placed a pair of shoes near the fire and hung her father's coat before it. Soon the father entered with his gun. Thomas drew off his wet coat and carried his gun, and Hannah brought the warm shoes and dry coat.

The children gazed with surprise at their busy mother. Hitherto they had always let their father go, and had never even thought that one should care for him also. The father in the picture surprised at the little services of his children. He was as much more friendly than the real father in the picture was. He seated himself at the table, and Hannah had a good, warm supper for him, which she had generally been forgotten, because the mother could never remember to save it. The father patted Hannah on the shoulders, which she had never done before, and began to talk about his saintly mother, who had also cared so kindly for him; and that was so remarkable to the children that they would not have come away from the picture if the grandmother had not called them to bed.

The next morning a new life entered into the picture. Hannah turned and cleaned the furniture. She washed the windows and cleared up the room so thoroughly that the grandmother, as in a dream, said, "Is it a feast-day?"

It was not time to plant flowers, but Thomas cut a couple of pine branches from the forest, which they neatly dressed the room. Then he helped the grandmother to prepare the breakfast. Formerly she had always had that trouble. It was quite good, and tasted much better than ever before. Then Hannah sat down to help her grandmother to spin, and Thomas climbed up in a chair and brought the Bible, which was as dusty as in the picture, and began to spell out the words. The grandmother listened very at-

tentively. As the reading became more and more distinct, and as, for the first time in many years that she had not been able to go to church or even to read at home, she heard from her little grandson's lips the beloved word of God, her old heart became full of joy, she folded her hands on her lap and nodded approvingly, while bright tears gathered in her eyes. He was quite pleased to see what effect his reading had, and read on more earnestly.

Hannah listened and spun, not noticing how the morning passed, until the grandmother arose to cook the potatoes. Thomas immediately sprang up and said, "Wait, Granny; I'll help you." They fetched water from the little well in the yard, washed the potatoes and stirred up the fire. It was a perfect pleasure. The grandmother clasped her hands in wonder. Such potatoes they had never before eaten. In the afternoon, it occurred to them to sing. They tried it at first in a low voice, but soon they sang more heartily and clearly, and the grandmother listened as if dreaming, and smiled more than she had for years. How they enjoyed themselves when the father came home! How astonished he was at the loving attentions of his children, which no one had shown him since his good wife had been carried to her grave. Everything came to pass as in the mirror. His heart warmed under the warm house-coat and from the kindness of his children.

"You must see how beautifully Thomas reads," the grandmother said, and brought her old prayer-book. The father, who for so many years had forgotten the prayers, heard with pride and joy how well his boy read. As the holy words fell from his child's lips they sank deep into his heart.

The children had never before gone to bed feeling so happy as on this evening.

Now every day did not continue so new and fresh as this, but the children continued to work with heartfelt joy. The angel of prayer was drawn in and made this quiet forest-hut a little church full of peace and love. The children took less pleasure now in the wonderful mirror. They felt that it could not show them anything better than their own dear home, especially when the joyful spring came; and they already thought of how they could make their little house pleasant and cheerful for the next winter.

All of us have our house, or cottage, or little room. Shall we not seek to make it as bright and happy as did the forest children their lonely hut?

BY THE HEARTH.

BY CARRIE GERRISH.

WELL, boys, what are you looking at so eagerly? Only a piece of coal, do you say, Charlie? I should n't suppose you could find anything worth looking at in a smutty piece of coal. Ah, well! I am glad my boys have found that only a piece of coal, as Charlie calls it, is worth looking at.

I think I can tell you something about it that will make you open your eyes wider still. You know how astonished and puzzled you were the other night at the tricks of the "magic-man," who turned beans into sugar-plums, and did all sorts of wonderful things before your very eyes. Now this piece of coal is the most wonderful piece of magic in the world. Suppose I tell you that this hard black lump once had life. Yes, it did, Ned, though you need n't look as if you expected it to walk off now. It would n't have done that when it was alive. It grew and moved, yet was not an animal.

Can you guess what it was? That's right; it was a plant—a beautiful green plant. Yes, I'm in earnest. That black lump is really one of the most wonderful things in the world. It was once a delicate little plant, turning ever to the sun, and bending and nodding with every breeze. It is almost beyond belief, and I don't wonder that you shake your heads. Many people older than you would do the same if told that the coal, to which they owe so much, and which they use quite as a matter of course, once made up great forests which covered vast areas. They know it comes somehow out of the earth, and as long as it continues to come, and does n't cost more than so much a ton, they don't bother themselves with questions as to what it is. I have no doubt many regard it as a peculiar kind of rock. I want my boys to know better, and so let us see if we can't explain the mystery about it.

Well, then, in the first place, plants are composed principally of two gases and a substance called carbon. The gases are oxygen and hydrogen. You can easily remember the word carbon. Now when a plant begins to decay, these two gases escape into the air, while the carbon stays and forms coal. So remember that coal is chiefly carbon, and it gets the carbon from plants.

You think, Charlie, that if plants make coal there must be a good lot of it in our big forests? Well, here is another strange thing. You see how one wonderful thing leads to another. You would

find scarcely any coal in those big forests there are tons upon tons of leaves that fall to ground every year, and I have just said they precisely what coal comes from. How am I going to explain that? Listen.

I said that coal was formed from vegetable matter. I did n't say that all vegetable matter formed coal. It does so only under certain conditions. As the leaves and plants fall to the ground they lie exposed to the air, and decay, where two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—escape. Carbon goes too, so that nothing is left for coal. You don't see, then, how coal ever was made. I am going to tell you.

Since it has been proved that coal does not come from plants, and that our vegetation now makes little or no coal, we know that when the great beds of coal were formed everything must have been specially arranged for it. The world was n't then as it is now. It was just sky and water with here and there patches of land. There were great marshes everywhere. Sometimes these would dry up and become dry land. Then again they would come rushing in over the land, and form new marshes. There were no birds in the air, and no people upon the land. Only reptiles and noisome beasts roamed around in the soft clay. The world was quiet and desolate, yet it was not a dreary world. In the marshes and on the land grew beautiful trees. Plants ran wild everywhere. It was a world of living green. Now, it was simply on account of the marshy land that this vegetation made while our own does not.

I told you that a time was specially planned for coal-making. As the plants and leaves decayed they fell into the water. The gases could not escape, but the carbon, being covered from the action of the air, was left. This is the simple explanation. Silently, and with no human eye to see, the work went on year after year, century after century.

A few of the plants in those days of gigantic forests were like what we have—beautiful ferns as large as many trees. Such now grow only in the tropics. "Horse-tails," as you call them, were now seldom over two feet high, grew as high as twenty feet. Conifers, like our first pines and cedars, were very abundant. But two most important trees in coal-making have since tiredly disappeared from our forests. One of them

branches, but was covered with leaves and
ed with a cluster at the top. Sometimes they
ixty feet high.

you don't see how we know that trees did
coal? There are several reasons. If you
put a piece of coal under a microscope, and
ne it carefully, you would see the vegetable
in it. It is the best proof we could have.
besides, in many places stems and leaves are
in the coal, and sometimes trunks of trees
standing in the beds. Again, wood contains
or sand, and this is found also in coal. You

don't understand it as well as I hope you will when
you are older; but you can believe it now, and
some day prove it for yourselves.

I want you to look at this bright, beautiful dia-
mond. Put that black, smutty piece of coal by the
side of it. Would n't you think they had about as
little in common as any two things in the world?
Yet they are made of the same substance—carbon.
And although diamonds are the most valuable of
gems, and eagerly sought after, the world could get
along without them much better than without their
black and often despised relation.



BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

the multitude of books for young folks, nowadays,
are so many that are foolish or harmful, it is pleas-
to find a really capital and healthy story. Such a
is *Antony Brade*, by Robert Lowell; published by
rts Brothers, Boston.

Lowell, as some of our young readers may know,
a book for grown-up folks some time ago, with
le of *The New Priest in Conception Bay*. That
was very much liked; but *Antony Brade*, we
d say, has more heart in it, and it must be a great
te with the boys. Indeed, Mr. Lowell must have
ht so, or he would not have said, as he does at the
ning of his book, that it was written lovingly for
o who have been boys, or are boys, or like boys.
story is one of school-days; and the hearty out-door
he hockey-playing, the trapping and the school-
quarrels, are just enough seasoned with study and
learning to make the picture of young life all the
real. There is a harmless little mystery in the
, and a good deal of fun; and if anybody, man or
can read the account of the disaster on the ice-pond
out some springing of moisture in the eyes, we
d not like to make his acquaintance. There ought
more such bright, fascinating and wholesome books
Antony Brade.

the multitude of ST. NICHOLAS readers will be glad
ear that Mr. Trowbridge's story of *Fast Friends*

has been issued in book form by J. R. Osgood & Co. of
Boston. It makes a very enticing volume of 282 pages,
with many illustrations. This story, as most of our
young friends will agree, is one of the very best Mr.
Trowbridge ever wrote. It reads like a chapter out of
real life; and the reader is led on from page to page,
with an affectionate interest in the fortunes of the two
lads who were trying their desperate fortunes in a great
city. There are a great many young chaps like Jack
and George making their way in New York; and it
really seems a pity that the tale of their trials and tri-
umphs, sorrows and fun, could not have so delightful a
historian as the author of *Fast Friends*.

Hazel Blossoms, by John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston:
James R. Osgood & Co.—The true poet is always
young at heart, and so this book, though written for
grown men and women, will have a charm for you all.
Such poems as "Conductor Bradley," "Summer," and
"The Prayer of Agassiz" hardly can fail to stir young
souls and bring out the best bravery of boyhood and
girlhood. Three-fourths of this volume are filled with
Mr. Whittier's recent productions, and the remainder
with the poems of his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier. Of
these last, you will be interested, we think, in the lines
entitled, "Dr. Kane in Cuba," especially after reading
Mr. Whittier's preface.

Mischief's Thanksgiving, and other Stories. By Susan Coolidge. Illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros.—Now and then, girls, comes a story-book that once read becomes a part of our lives. Such an one is this by Susan Coolidge. When we have said that it is fresh, cheery, bracing, fragrant and clear, we have only told you of the atmosphere that hangs about its living scenes and events. Mischief, Little Roger, Ellie, and Ricket, in these stories are real children, almost as real as little Fredrika Bremer, Jeanette Berglund, and other "Girls of the Far North," of whom our author gives you delightful sketches in this same volume.

The Hanging of the Crane. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—This is not the pathetic story of a poor crane that came to his death by hanging. Not at all. In the days when great chimney-places and open wood fires were in fashion, a swinging iron crane stretched forth from the inner side of the fire-place, like an arm, ready to hold pot or tea-kettle over the blaze. So it came to be understood that to hang the crane in a new house was really to turn the house into a home, and to offer a fit occasion for merry-making and congratulations. Therefore is "The Hanging of the Crane" sung by our great poet Longfellow; and that his verse may have a worthy setting, the publishers have made a superb book filled with such pictures as America has hardly produced before—exquisite in art and beautiful as can be conceived. The artists, Thomas Moran and Mary A. Hallock, are well known to you by their work in ST. NICHOLAS, and we heartily congratulate them upon their great success in illustrating Mr. Longfellow's latest poem.

More Bed-time Stories. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros.—We can speak as heartily of this volume as we did of the first "Bed-time Stories," which is saying a good deal. "Against Wind and Tide" and "Blue Sky and White Clouds" are good stories charmingly told, but, like the others in this volume, they end too soon. Mrs. Moulton could have made two books out of her material.

Lolly Dinks's Doings. By his mother, old Mrs. Dinks (*alias* Elizabeth Stoddard). Boston: William F. Gill & Co.—Mrs. Stoddard is one of the strongest and best of American novelists, although she does not by any means confine herself to pleasant, heartsome incidents, and model men and women. Therefore, when the same lady writes a book about Lolly Dinks, we do not expect to find a model little boy; and a model boy Lolly Dinks certainly is not. He is simply his own startling little self, bewitching sometimes in his baby way, but not to be imitated on any account. In short, if ever a naughty darling stood glorified in the light of mother-love—if ever a sweet little ruffian wore bright fancies and tender thoughts as naturally as other babies wear pinafores, that naughty darling and sweet little ruffian is Lolly Dinks.

Another new book which boys and girls will welcome is one by our beloved contributor, Olive Thorne, entitled *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither*, and published by Dustin, Gilman & Co., of Hartford, Conn. It tells all about a great many of the wonderful little creatures in the world, and in the fresh, clear, simple way that has made its author a favorite among young readers. It has also a large number of interesting illustrations that will help you to remember what you read. We recommend this handsome book, and advise all the boys and girls who want to become acquainted with its "little folks"—and what boy or girl does not?—to read and study it.

Moonfolk, by Jane G. Austin (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is one of those stories of the curious adventures of a little girl in Fairy-land, which would be very interesting and original if *Alice in Wonderland* had never been written. Little Rhoda meets with "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," with "Sinbad the Sailor," "Margery Daw," and a great many other good things from Mother Goose, and she has pretty much the same sort of a time with them that Alice had with her friends in "Wonderland." The illustrations to this book by Mr. Linton, the famous engraver, and they are excellent; just as quaint and delicate in the drawing and exquisite in the engraving as they can be.

Risen from the Ranks is the seventh of the "Luck Pluck Series," written by Mr. Horatio Alger, and illustrated by Mr. Loring of Boston. Like the other books of the series, this is a story of an ambitious and straitforward boy, who, after some hard struggles, became a man of influence and importance. Harry Walt's example will fire the heart of many a young reader who will see how it is possible to achieve a great success in life after a very small beginning. The book is that can be honestly commended to young folks, though we do really think that Mr. Alger ought to explain to us how Oscar's father, who begins the story as an Irish merchant, ends it as a Boston editor.

To *Brave and Bold*, another of Mr. Alger's stories, we cannot award like praise. The story is of "sensational" order, while the characters are such as we do not meet in real life—and we are very glad we don't meet them. The book appears more hurriedly composed than some of the author's other works, this may account for its deficiencies.

All children, who are good children, love Hans Christian Andersen, and they will therefore be glad to find that Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have recently issued an excellent edition of *Andersen's Fairy Tales*. The fairy tales written by the German brothers Grimm have also been issued by the same house. These tales have long been deservedly popular, and this collection as well as that of the Andersen stories, has been edited and arranged for children by Mrs. Paul.

Childhood Songs. By Lucy Larcom. (Illustrated by Mrs. Paul.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—Our ST. NICHOLAS readers need only to be told of a book, written from beginning to end by Lucy Larcom, to be anxious to see it—and a lovely book this is. "Prince Hal and the Queen Maude," to whom it is dedicated, must be a happy little one with these delightful poems and bright pictures before them. And how fine it is that other princes and queens, and all who love little children, should share their enjoyment! Well may their poet say:

"And I, for one, would much rather,
Could I merit so sweet a thing,
Be the poet of little children
Than the laureate of a king.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first series of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke—a book which ought to be welcomed wherever it goes. The young can gain from it a true appreciation of the great master's works; and old people who have read the plays hardly can find a safer guide than this noted student of Shakespeare's delightful study of tracing the characters, whose after-life he describes, back to their early beginning in childhood. The book affords many instructive glimpses into the life and customs of the times, and the story will interest everybody.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(Arranged for Parlor Representation as a Ballad with Living Pictures.)

well-known story of "Ginevra," as told in Rogers' poem of 1847, and in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough," is very suitable for parlor representation, especially during the Christmas holidays.

To give it with the best effect, a temporary stage and drop-curtain are needed; better still if the curtain be hung at the wide opening between two rooms. As an expedient, two large clothes-draped and stood so as to form the back and sides of the stage (see page 187), answer the purpose admirably. The flooring of the stage should, if practicable, be raised about fourteen inches. A fine frame covered with gilt or "black walnut" paper, if placed on the stage so as to form a picture-frame to each scene, will add much to the illusion; and the effect will be still finer if a very black gauze or tarlatan be stretched across the back of the frame the entire opening. But both the frame and gauze may be dispensed with if they involve too much painstaking. In any case, a curtain can be hung on a wire stretched across the front, and so raised as to be drawn back, when necessary, by persons concealed at the side of the screen. A space can be left in the rear, between the clothes-horses, where the actors, by parting the draperies, may go in and out. Somebody behind the screen recites or sings the ballad, at proper intervals is illustrated by *tableaux vivants*. Everything must be arranged in advance, and the actors dressed ready to enter. A large wooden chest should be at hand. It may stand in rear of the stage in the first scene, concealed by gay draperies or eading guests. A capital chest may be made of large sheets of board sewed together and covered with oak wall-paper. Great hinges and locks should be painted upon it. The lid, bent down at the edge, can be tied on at the back, so as to open and shut. The mistletoe bough and holly, if necessary, can be made of green paper; or almost any green boughs with small leaves will answer the purpose. The costumes, which in detail may be left to the taste of the performers, should have an old-time effect and be in harmony with each other.

The chief requirements are powdered heads, knee-breeches, patent shoe-buckles for the gentlemen; high-heeled and rosetted shoes, farthingales, trains, puffed, curled and powdered heads, with curls, wreaths and showy jewelry for the ladies. Twenty-five cents' worth of tinsel paper, crinkled and creased, will greatly assist in the production of shoe-buckle effects, when better things are not at hand. Hintz curtains for the guests, and muslin or lace curtains for the ladies will make capital trains and mantles; white wool-wadding and hair will serve for the ladies' and gentlemen's wigs, when powder is not used, and knee-breeches may be easily produced by cutting off the tops of old trousers, lapping them tightly at the knee, and rolling the lap by a rosette. Two persons may be required to represent Lovel—one as a young, the other as an old man. For the latter a long white beard may be made of goats-hair fringe or white wadding. A few charcoal shadows about the face (studied from a photograph) will produce the look of old age. In the last scene, the wedding-guests, with a few slight changes of costume, and with charcoal shadows on some of the faces, will serve as the old man's friends. A man can personate all the characters as easily as grown persons. A spinning-wheel and a few old-style pieces of furniture will be useful.

For pleasing results, however, can be secured with far less preparation than we have suggested. The main thing is to try for various effects of color and grouping, and the proper lighting up of the scene. All the lights should be in front of the performers, and not from the spectators. If the scenes are carefully rehearsed, there will be no difficulty in arranging each tableau silently and smoothly in its proper succession. Actual experiment will be the best in deciding at which points the curtain is to be raised and lowered. When practicable, the singing or reciting of each stanza should accompany its tableau to the fall of the curtain, and the musical accompaniment can run on between the stanzas during the time allowed for arranging each scene.

TABLEAU I.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful daughter, young Lovel's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.

Oh! the mistletoe bough!

Oh! the mistletoe bough!

Tableau. Scene.—The castle hall. The happy old man and baroness are seated in state; the bride and

groom, with the wedding guests, may be represented as dancing, or in the act of playing some merry game.

TABLEAU II.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

Tableau. Curtain rises at "Away she ran." *Scene.*—A dim old garret. When there are no painted scenes, this effect is produced by lowering the lights and displaying dimly a few old chairs, garments, and stray articles, crowded together at one side; while at the other, nearer to the center, stands the large open chest. The floor should be of dark boards or covered with some dull material. Ginevra, drawing her wedding drapery around her, and looking merrily back, is about stepping into the chest. The light should be arranged so as to fall only upon the form of Ginevra.

TABLEAU III.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week pass'd away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried:
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

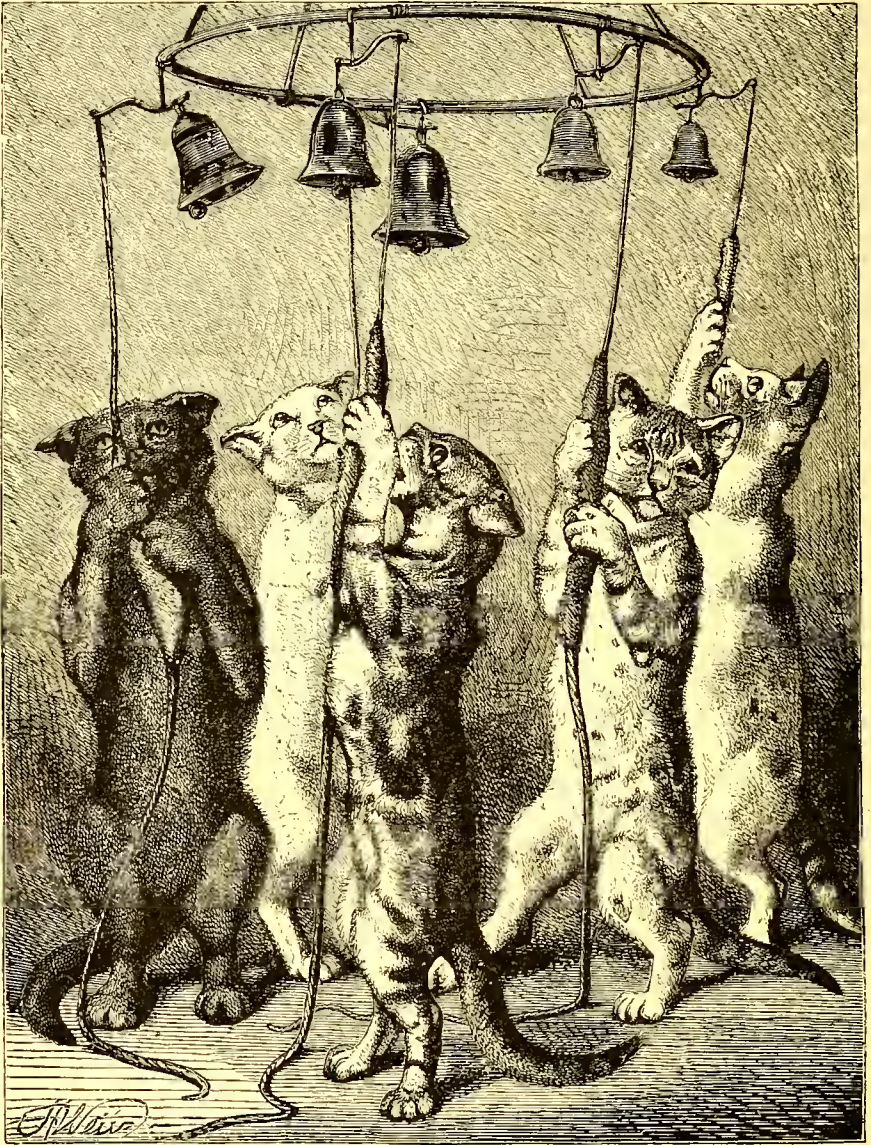
Pantomime. Curtain rises at "And years flew by." An out-of-door scene. (If the trunk and various articles are pushed back and covered with green baize, and groups of children, with hats on, are arranged to partially conceal the background, a painted scene can be dispensed with.) Lovel, now an old man with long white beard, with cocked hat, and big cane, is seen walking slowly across the stage from L. His head is bowed and his manner very sad. The children, looking pityingly at him, whisper together, and, finally, two or three steal up to him, as if to attract his attention, as the curtain falls.

TABLEAU IV.

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb!
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

Tableau. Curtain rises at "Sad was her fate." *Scene.*—The garret as before. Lovel, the old man, stands near the open chest, grief-stricken, with a necklace in his hand. A group of friends stand by in amazement and pity. One young girl has her arm on Lovel's shoulder, as if to gently draw him away. (*Curtain falls while the music is playing.*)

THE BELL-RINGERS.



DING-DONG! ding-dong! ding!

The bell-ring-ers in the pict-ure are re-al cats. Their names are Jet Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib. Jet is all black; Blanche is white as snow Tom stands in the mid-dle; Mop is next; and Tib, who has the small-es bell, has to reach high-est to ring it.

Like the Bright-on cats of which we once told you, these pus-sies have

en trained to do won-der-ful tricks. They can stand up and beg like dogs; they can lie down and play that they are fast a-sleep; they can march in a row like sol-diers; more than all, they can ring the bells in good time, so soft-ly and sweet-ly that the music is pret-ty e-nough for Christ-mas chimes.

Mr. Bow-en tells a-bout them in a Lon-don book called "The Children's Friend." He says the mas-ter who taught them to ring the bells was al-ways ver-y kind and gen-tle. They knew that he loved them, and that when-ev-er they tried to learn their les-son well, he would give them a nice meal of fish.

Cats like fish as well as you like can-dy,—bet-ter than you like a can-dy; so you see they must have felt, when they gave the ropes a good pull, that, some-how, they were ring-ing their own din-ner-bell. At first the pus-sies found it ver-y hard to catch hold of the bell-rope; but when their mas-ter put soft bunch-es of wool up-on the cord, so that the pus-sies could fast-en their sharp lit-tle claws in-to it, they took hold with a good pull.

"Ding-dong! Thank you, Mas-ter," they seemed to say. "This is some-thing like!"

Some-times the pus-sies would not a-gree ver-y well. Tib would get tired of her short rope, and try to get hold of Jet's. Then Blanche and Mop would join in the fight; the ropes would get twisted; all the bells would ring out of tune, and Mop would "me-ouw" with all her might. But when the dread-ful noise would soon bring them to their senses; and the moment they were good, the sweet mu-sic would come a-gain and make them hap-py.

When the pus-sies were not do-ing their fun-ny tricks, they would walk about just like any oth-er cats, or lie down on the rug and doze. Some-times, in their sleep, they would wave their tails slow-ly, and then their mas-ter would say:

"Bless 'em! They are dream-ing of the bells."

If he called to them, they would spring to his side and rub their cool noses a-gainst his hand, or, jump-ing up-on his knee, they would look up in-to his face, as if to say:

"Good mas-ter! you look tired. Poor dear! you are on-ly a man. But you may de-pend up-on our help. We know ver-y well that if it were not for us cats there would be no bells rung in the world."

The mas-ter would smile at this, and stroke them fond-ly; then the light would play a-bout their forms as, one by one, they would set-tle down up-on the rug for an-oth-er nap.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY Christmas and a glad New Year to you, my darlings! And may nothing check your daily growth in kindness, strength and love, in all sweet and holy ways throughout this new year 1875! Now to business. Here, to begin with, is

A TELEGRAM TO JACK.

North Pole, December 20th, 1874.

TO JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Expect me very soon. Important business. If any of your young breezes wish to have their own way, send them here; no rival societies. Have only one opposition firm. A. Borealis & Co. Will outdo them yet. They only care for brilliant display, while I believe in trumpeting. They are as silent as the ice itself.

Any foolish young greens trying to grow in your vicinity? I'll soon stop that. Business is not at all dull. There is much work to be done, and sending out of iceberg agents. Magnificent display of ice in our warerooms. Unequaled this side the equator.

I must get away for a tour among your pines; their backs need bending a trifle. Will give you a call if you are "at home."—Yours,
N. W. WIND.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THEY have sweet Christmas music in Norway—Norway, that far-off country, with the steel-blue sky and frozen sea. It is a song in the air. The simple peasants make the birds that inhabit those rude coasts and icy valleys so very happy on this one day of the year that they sing of their own accord a glad carol on Christmas morning, and all the people come out of their houses and rejoice to hear it.

On Christmas Eve, after the birds have sought shelter from the north wind, and the still night is bright with stars, the good people bring from their store-houses sheaves of corn and wheat, and, tying them to slender poles, raise them from every spire, barn, gate-post and gable. Then when, after the long night, the Christmas sun arises, crowning the mountains with splendor, every spire and gable bursts into sudden song.

The children run out to hear the old church-spire singing; the older people follow; the air is

filled with the flutter of wings and alive with carols of gladness. The song of the birds fills every village with happiness, and to this living, grateful anthem the people respond in their hearts, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will to men."

CARELESS ENGLISH.

A LADY and gentleman were crossing our meadow one cloudy day, when suddenly it began to rain.

"Wont you be kind enough to hoist my umbrella?" said the lady.

"Certainly," said the gentleman.

I was astonished at this, for if "wont" mean anything at all it means will not; and therefore according to my translation, the gentleman really had told the lady that certainly he would not be kind enough to hoist her umbrella!

But no. Even while he spoke he opened that useful article and held it gracefully over his companion.

"Thank you!" said she earnestly.

"Not at all," said he still more earnestly. An

they went.

"Why, the fellow flatly contradicted the lady,

said I to myself. "How outrageous!"

But no, again, for they were on the best of terms and the lady smiled sweetly at his words.

Yet the birds tell me that this sort of talk is quite usual among genteel human beings.

JACK AS A POSTMAN.

A LETTER FROM OUR TRAILING ARBUTUS TO THE SCOTCH HEATHER.

YOU remember, my dears, how, last spring, the bonny blue Scotch Heather sent a letter through your Jack to our own Trailing Arbutus. Well Arbutus has sent an answer to that letter, and take this way of forwarding it to Scotland. S. NICHOLAS goes there regularly every month, I'm happy to say. It's a pretty compliment to the Heather for the answer to be in Scotch, is n't it? By the way, I'm quite sure, from what T. A. says in a message to me, that you need n't mind reading the letter, though it's not worth while to mention its contents out of the family.

New England, Autumn of 1874.

DEAR CAPE HEATH: Ye bonny purple blooms, a' oor herts g'out in answer to yer frienly letter, an' since a' oor simmer walk done—lika wee bud tucked tenderly awa', an' a' oor roots taught by to tak' firm hold o' Mither Earth's warm han's—we ba'e the time sen' ye greetin' before the winter snaaws mak' oor beds.

Oor winsome wee daughters will na open their een afore Ma an' lest ye should grow tired waitin', we, their carefu' mither, sae ye a letter. We learned yer ain sweet mither-tongue lang years ago frae Highland lads an' lassies wha come here to live. Indeed I think a' flooers maun use the sweet soundin' words, for they're purer and easier-like for flower-lips to utter than ony ither.

Of course, Sir Heather, ye never meant yer letter to be a luv-lett sae ye will be glad to hae it answered by Mistress Arbutus as her lassies; besides, ye will ken yersel that nae discreet lass wad writin' to lads far ower the sea.

An' noo we maun tell ye a' about oor life an' wark in this count A' simmer we are busy, as we told ye, wi' oor bairnies, an' ilka o' the trees aboon us—wha seem to ha'e kin herts—throw down the wee bit plaids o' green an' gold an' scarlet to cover us warmly frae auld Winter's cruel winds. Ye may be sure we gi'e them kin'ty welcome.

It is wonnerfu'—the great hert o' kin'ness which lies under things, like a wheel aye turnin' an' turnin', an' at ilka turn throw up glimmerin' bits o' spray, white an' pure, an' destined to wa some droopin' thing. Sae it seems oor seasons are turnin' round aye, and forever tossin' some treasure to ilka created thing. Ye o' a'maist see the hert-beats in streams wha run down the burnies, an' in the gentle clouds wha wander owerhead.

ometimes the braw auld Sun himsel' seems but a smile o' kin'ness, aft at evenin' time the moon an' stars are smilin' too. We can offer sma' payment by pourin' out oor sweetness an' showin' oor 5 which we maun mak' as rich an' delicate as possible, an' sae are busy frae year's end to year's end weavin' brightness an' dis- sweet incense. We a'maist envy the birdies their thankfu' es. The marvel o' the world, as made known to flower-herts, is deep, aye lastin' luvie which has provided a' things needfu' for livin' creature.

Ye shake yer han's, dear Heather, an' we wish for ye a' noble things like yer life is capable. May a' yer bloomings content ye! ye will convey oor warmest luvie to ilka spray o' heather in auld land, an' to a' growin' in Ireland an' on rugged German mount- as weel, ye will confer a favor upon—Your lovin' friend's,
THE WHOOLE CLAN O' TRAILING ARBUTUS.

CRABS IN OYSTERS.

I SAW an oyster once—about as flabby and limp yellow as one could wish to meet. To be sure he had just been turned out of house and home, poor thing, and the spirit was pretty well out of him! But that's nothing here nor there. I'm told that oysters often are found with tiny crabs in their houses. How can this be? and how does the case end? Does the crab go in to catch the oyster, does the oyster catch the crab? Is it a peculiar kind of crab warranted never to grow big, or, if not, what happens? That is to say, if it's only a tiny crab of the ordinary sort, what becomes of it oyster when the crab grows up? Which encompasses the other? I'm a stay-at-home body, so I hope you children will please find out all you can on this crab-and-oyster business, and let your Jack know the facts of the case.

LITTLE TRUTHFUL.

YOU'VE all read "Grimm's Fairy Tales," or, if not, you'll be pretty sure to read them before you are much older. They are very apt to be found under Christmas stockings, and being the production of two German brothers, who know well how to delight young folk, they are always very welcome. Jack heard the pretty schoolma'am one day repeat her out-door class a pretty story that old Jacob Grimm, the brother who put these stories in a book, tells about one of his little readers. He was told one fine morning that a little girl wished to see him in his reception-room, as she had something to say to "Herr Professor." Stepping down to the room, he found a little miss, looking very grave and very wise. "Is it thou," she said, "who hast written these fairy tales?" "Yes, my dear; my brother and I have written them." "Then the tale of the clever little tailor is thine; and it says at the end that he who will not believe must pay a thaler (a German dollar)." "Yes, I have written that too." "Well, sir, I do not believe it." "Ah!" "Here, sir, is a quarter of a thaler. It is all I have now, but I will call and leave the rest at some other time."

The kind old man laughed, and declined the quarter-thaler. He offered, however, to see the honest little one home, and I have no doubt that the two became in time the best of friends.

AND now since it's holiday times, and we are speaking of the great tellers of fairy tales, you shall hear about

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK THAT THE CHICKENS DROVE AWAY.

YOU have read about it, perhaps? But did you ever know that that "ugly little duck" was dear old Hans Andersen himself?

Well, it was. I have just heard all about it.

He was born in a poor little hut, on the wind-swept Island of Odense, one of the possessions of Denmark. He was a neglected child; his father made shoes, and could not attend to him; his mother left him to follow his own will, and the little children laughed at him, and said that he was a fool, "just like his grandfather."

Hans' only comfort was to build castles in the air. He fancied he was a prince, who had been changed at his birth, and that the angels came and talked with him in the garden. He was almost, but not quite, right, and yet most people in his neighborhood agreed with the children that he was a "fool, just like his grandfather."

One day he said:

"Mother, I am going to Copenhagen, and shall become famous."

"But, Hans, what will you do?"

"Suffer adversity till I become famous." And the "ugly little duck" waddled away to the bleak open sea, and when he came back he was the famous Hans Christian Andersen! He was indeed born a prince, and good angels talked with him.

You must read the "ugly duck" again.

ANCIENT HOUSES IN COLORADO.

HOW'S this, my children? I've always had an idea that if ever there was a new country it was Colorado, here in America, and now, if they're not finding antiquities in it,—the remains of good two-story stone houses, away down in its deep ravines; not one house, but groups of houses, towers and temples, and other signs that there were civilized settlements there long before the days of Indians and wigwags! I must see the birds about it. Meantime, you may ask your fathers and mothers, who read the newspapers, for further particulars. This is a great country, my dears, and the half has not yet been told. It's Jack's opinion that, as a country, America is young-looking for her age.

A NEW YEAR'S VERSE.

LEARN these lines, my boys and girls, on New Year's Day, and carry them with you all the rest of your lives. They are very, very old, but not so old as the truth they tell:

"Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee."

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE come some verses from E. S. F., floating so lightly and brightly toward the Letter-Box that we must not turn them away.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

I blew bubbles once for Kitty.
As they sailed about,
Kitty cried, "They are so pretty!
Don't let them go out!"

Then I tossed them hither, yonder,
Low, high, every way;
Kitty's eyes grew wide with wonder:
"Mamma, make them stay!"

"Let me catch one!" she entreated,
As they flitted past;
"Let me have one!" she repeated;
"I will hold it fast!"

So I tossed a bubble at her;
Light it touched her hands,
Broke, and left a soapy splatter;
All abashed she stands.

Said I, "What is it that troubles
Mamma's darling pet?"
Cried she, "Wish you'd *wipe* these bubbles,
So they *wont be wet!*"

WILLIAM B. S.—If you send your monthly copies of the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS—all in good order—to Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y., and send also one dollar to pay for binding, you will receive, by express or mail, the beautiful bound volume for 1874. You must pay the express charges on the numbers you send, and on the volume when you receive it; or, if you wish the volume sent by mail, you must send thirty-two cents to pay postage on it.

HOSTS of our boys and girls will be glad to know that Mr. Stockton's delightful story, "WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED," with all its pictures, has just been published in book form by Dodd & Mead, of New York, and that it already has had a very large sale. We are proud to think that this noble story, with its wealth of incident and pure, true spirit, entered the world through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and we are sure it will be good news to you all that Mr. Stockton has promised to write as much as he can for this magazine during the coming year.

TURTLE-CLOVES.—Alice Donlevy writes:

"Turtle-cloves are funny little fellows that may be placed with fine effect on Christmas sugar-cakes, or set down beside each plate at the Christmas dinner. And this is the way to make them. Take for each turtle-clove a large, plump raisin and six cloves. Push a clove



in the end of the raisin until but little more than the bud is seen; this forms the head of this turtle-like object. Two cloves on each side form the feet. For the tail, fasten the bud part of the clove in the under side of the raisin, letting only the tapering end of the clove be seen."

A NEW GAME.—J. S. S. offers an original fireside game to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. He calls it "Rhymes and Trades." Any number may play. No. 1 starts a line, which he says aloud, such as "The mason *builds*." No. 2 must rhyme it with a similar remark concerning some other tradesman; for instance, "The gilder *gilds*." No. 3 in turn must give a new trade and rhyme if he can. If not,

he starts a fresh line, such as, "The binder *folds*." No. 4 follow with "The sculptor *molds*," or "The lawyer *solds*," or whatever fitting line may occur to him, and so the game goes on. Anyon failing to give a rhyme, or, if the latest couplet is complete, a fresh line, when his or her turn comes, must pay a forfeit. It is considered a good point to keep up the same rhyme as long as possible, and in the effort to do this the comical or extravagant rhymes suggested will make a good deal of fun.

"It is surprising," says J. S. S., "how easy the game is when once it is fairly started. Fitting rhymes seem to spring naturally from the trades and professions: The miller *grinds*, the gleaner *binds*, the hunter *finds*; the barber *shaves*, the doctor *saves*, the beggar *craves*; the cobbler *mends*, the broker *lends*; the surgeon *hurts*; the fireman *squirts*; and so on.

JOHN SCOTT, R. L. M. and "CATO" ask for a "good, short speaking-piece." Try "Conductor Bradley," by John Greenleaf Whittier. You will find it in his latest book, *Hazel Blossoms*.

WILLIE and CHARLIE, who send a double letter from Brünn, Moravia, and who "find the monthly visits of ST. NICHOLAS a great compensation for being so far from home," write:

"A fortnight before Christmas, one sees in the windows here, and also being carefully carried in the streets, a curious figure of an old man in long, flowing robes, who looks kindly at the children. He is supposed to be St. Nicholas, a friend of all good young folks, and well supplied with candies for their benefit; but following closely behind him is a gloomy figure in black, bearing a bundle of sticks with which to flog the bad boys and girls; and naughty children are quite sure that he will find them out. All through the country St. Nicholas Day is observed religiously, and great preparations are made for its celebration."

We find that our article in the October number, describing the shipment of ice from Boston to India, did not state the matter altogether correctly. Great quantities of ice are sent from Boston to India, but it is not cut on Lake Ontario, but from the ponds around Boston. We here give a short account, kindly sent us by a Boston ice-merchant, of the manner in which the ice is obtained from these ponds:

"The ponds from which the ice is cut lie within twenty-five miles of the city. The process of cutting may be briefly described. When clear ice of sufficient depth—say fourteen inches—is formed, all snow-ice, which is opaque and of inferior value, with what snow there may be upon the ice, is removed by scrapers drawn by horses. The surface which is to be cut is then marked out by cutting long grooves with a "hand-plow." A horse-plow follows, cutting the grooves deeper, and at the same time, by a guide-marker, marking a second line parallel to the first, and twenty-two inches from it. This is in turn deepened, and a third groove cut, until the entire field is marked out into twenty-two inch squares. Cutters with longer and stronger teeth, and finally saws, cut the ice into rafts. It is then ready to be housed. The ice nearest the houses being taken out first, an open space is formed over which the rest is floated, and thus through channels and over the miniature ponds the blocks and rafts are conducted to elevators of various kinds, which carry them up to the doors, through which they are pushed into the ice-house until the last is stored."

From these houses the ice is taken to the ships at the wharves, and in them carried to India, where, as the writer says, it "sends a chill of gratitude through the community."

JESSIE F. D.—The sketch you send us is taken from an old print, a copy of which is given here for the benefit of all who are interested in the good saint after whom this magazine is named.

St. Nicholas lived over 1400 years ago in the city of Patara, in Asia Minor. He is said to have been from the first a wonderfully saintly child, and when he became a man, though he was but a simple citizen, he rose, through his active piety, to be Bishop of Myra. Wonderful stories are related of his good deeds, and some of them are commemorated to this day in the various churches of Europe. Over the altar in the Church of St. Nicholas at Ghent, is a large painting of the very scene shown in this old wood-engraving.

almy gentleman in Asia, the story runs, sent his two sons to be educated. He charged the boys at parting to stop at on their way and pay their respects to his reverence, the

The boys reached the city at night, and took lodgings in an ending to make the promised call in the morning.

the landlord was a very wicked man, and when he saw the ch store of baggage he resolved to rob and murder them. So re poor boys were asleep, he crept up to their room and dis- them, and, to conceal his terrible deed, he cut up their bodies ked them in a pickling-tub with some pork, intending to sell le to some ship in the Adriatic.

good St. Nicholas that night saw it all in a dream, and in the g he put on his pontifical robes (for he was now an arch- and, with his crozier in his hand, went in holy indignation an.

landlord was greatly frightened when he saw the archbishop, being accused, fell upon his knees and confessed his crime. Nicholas next went to the tub in all his pontificals, and he passed lds over the boys, who at once hopped up out of the pickled ive and whole. The happy fellows began to sing praises to



cholas, but he, good soul, would not listen to it. He told them ship none but God. The boys, at once recovering their posses- on their way rejoicing, and St. Nicholas was regarded as pecial protector of boys and students from that hour.

st of the old pictures represent three boys in the pickling-tub, h uplifted hands, praising good St. Nicholas. We suspect that boys in the tub, instead of two, better suited the fancy of the tists. It did not make a great deal of difference, in point of fact, certainly made a better picture.

ut how came St. Nicholas to be the patron of Christmas gifts re particular saint of the Christmas holidays?"

er St. Nicholas was made archbishop at Myra, he became very and because he despised money for his own sake, he spent a portion of his time in giving away his money to others, and in a way that none should know from whom it came. It chanced here was a very poor nobleman in Myra, who had three lovely aters. Knowing that they could have no marriage portion, St. las, considerate soul, felt pity for them, and one moonlight he took a purse, round as a ball with gold, and, throwing it into pen window at the feet of the eldest daughter, he hid himself view. The eldest daughter could now marry. What a good

saint St. Nicholas was, and what a pity he died so long ago! After awhile, the Saint visited the nobleman's premises again, and did the same mysterious kindness to the second daughter. The nobleman now began to keep watch at night, in order to discover whence his sudden good fortune came. As good St. Nicholas was about to throw another rounded purse at the feet of the third daughter, he was discovered by the grateful father, who threw himself at his feet, saying: "O St. Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?"

St. Nicholas made the nobleman promise never to tell the discovery he had made; but the secret escaped in some unaccountable way; and after St. Nicholas died, the nuns of the convents in the East used to imitate him on certain holidays in making secret gifts to their friends. They used to put silk stockings at the door of the abbess at night, and label them with a paper invoking the liberal aid of good St. Nicholas. In the morning the stocking would be found full of presents.

In time, as you know, children began to imitate this custom, especially at Christmas.

St. Nicholas used annually to be honored in the old English churches by the election of a boy-bishop, whom the whole church were accustomed to obey for a short time, because St. Nicholas was the patron of boys. He is still honored with a grand festival at Bari on the Adriatic, is the patron saint of Russia, and of the mariners on the great winter seas, and his name is borne by the Russian czars. He also is the patron saint of New York city, which, you know, was settled by the Dutch, and of all saints he is most revered in Holland. But there the young folks do him honor on St. Nicholas day, which comes on the 6th of November, keeping it very much as we do the Christmas holidays.

ELLA and EDWARD C.—Osgood & Co., of Boston, are about to publish a little play, written by Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, from the "William-Henry" books, by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, whose stories in the ST. NICHOLAS have delighted you so much. The play probably will be just the thing you need for parlor representation, and, if we are rightly informed, it will be out very soon.

JANE H. (AND OTHERS).—In making up your club for a premium, the names of old subscribers will count the same as new ones.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Please, can any one tell me who wrote the following lines:

"T is midnight; and the setting sun
Rises in the far glorious West;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious hop from bough to bough?"

They have amused me ever since I can remember.

ALICE M. W.

JULIA T. F., of California, sends the following to the Letter-Box. It was circulated last Christmas among the boys and girls at a San Francisco Sunday-school, and was written, she believes, by the teacher. She thinks it will be new, as well as useful, to hundreds of her ST. NICHOLAS friends:

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW and MARK and LUKE and JOHN the Holy Gospels wrote, The Saviour's life and death they tell, and all that they denote; ACTS proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place, St. Paul in ROMANS teaches us how man is saved by grace; The Apostle in CORINTHIANS instructs, exhorts, reproves, GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves; EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be, COLOSSIANS bids us live to God, and for eternity; In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven, In TIMOTHY and TITUS a bishop's rule is given; PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know, HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law; JAMES teaches, without holiness faith is but vain and dead, ST. PETER points the narrow way in which the saints are led; JOHN, in his three EPISTLES, on love delights to dwell, ST. JUDE gives awful warnings of judgment, wrath and hell; The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous day When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

MR. EDITOR: Papa helped me to find out about "the Torricellian tube" mentioned by Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. It's a barometer. Papa showed me the quotation the pretty schoolma'am used. It was from some verses written by the Rev. Gilbert White in his book about the "Natural History of Selborne." It's a little piece with a great long name.
EDDIE BLACK.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that "the Torricellian tube" is named after the inventor, Torricelli, an Italian philosopher and mathematician, who discovered the principle on which the barometer is constructed.
"JKS."

Will the Editors of the ST. NICHOLAS please inform me by what author, and from what poem, the line "Piping on hollow reeds to his spent sheep" is taken? And the origin of the quotation, "The brook that brawls along the wood?"
F. O. M.

The second quotation you mention is from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 1. It is part of a beautiful speech by one of the lords resident with the banished duke in the forest of Arden, and has reference to the "melancholy Jaques," who, he says:

"— lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

You do not quote it exactly, and this makes us think that perhaps your first quotation is hardly accurate. We know of no passage approaching it more nearly than one in the first stanza of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar."

GRACE ETHEL.—We cannot put you down as a Bird-defender, as you do not send your full name.

LUCY WILLIAMS sends the following list of Bird-defenders: Jessie Cook, Bessie Gilbert, Maggie Gilbert, Sadie Gilbert, Josie Gilbert,

Clara Gilbert, Fannie Prouty, Lizzie Welch, Mary Welch, I. Hackett, Ida Spence, Mary Bardwell, Lucinda Bardwell, J. Bardwell, Lillie Meramvill, and Lucy Williams.

The following new names of Bird-defenders have also been received since our last issue: May Ogden, John F. Ogden, Fannie M. Wold, Florence Peltier, Anna M. Glover, Maggie Detrick, J. H. Detrick, Hattie Carman, Charlie Carman, Jobnie Carman, Jennie Carman, Lizzie Park, Alice I. Paine, Katie R. Paine, Ed. Paine, Mary C. Paine, Fannie D. Murden, Maude Cheney, Angell, Eva Dodds, Bennie Stockdale, Willie C. N. Bond, A. H. Clarke, Arthur L. Gilman, William F. Darrah, Rufus E. D. Robert Staigg, Chas. T. Griffith, B. C. Weaver, Bessie Severn, Julia Severance, John Severance, Allen Severance, Annie Severn, F. Hays, Herbert Shaw Forman, Lulu F. Potter, Tony Foot, Thomas P. Sanborn.

Fayette, Howard Co., Mo., Oct. 14, 18.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose you \$3.00 for ST. NICHOLAS for 1875. My little son and daughter have made the money themselves. I live on a farm; and Ethelbert plowed one day instead of going to the city so as to save his show-money to help pay for your magazine. So you can see that it is highly appreciated.—Yours, &c., THOMAS

MINNIE THOMAS sends a batch of riddles which she "found in an old book, and thought might be new to many readers." We send few:

"What is that which, by losing one eye, has only a nose?"
Ans.—A noise."

"My first some men will often take
Entirely for my second's sake;
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear."

Ans.—Misfortune."

"In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate.
Insatiate."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A PLUM PUDDING.

OUR Christmas would certainly be incomplete without a plum-pudding, rich, juicy and sweet; The recipe you will demand, I dare say—I'll give it at once in a fanciful way:

- (1) Take a thousand and one, in proportions to
And sprinkle it carefully over the fruit;
- (2) Now a daisy or rose, and (3) one hundred
love,
- (4) The east and the west winds in conflict above
- (5) A Seneca chief taking supper at e'en,
- (6) Two tools and some ice, with a small pea betwe
- (7) And now from Missouri get two pretty girls,
Bright, sparkling and lively, blue eyes and
curls;
- (8) A frank kind of fruit with the sound of a bell
And all these ingredients together mix well;
- (9) Now please add two verbs of an opposite meani
- (10) What the writer of this did at supper this eveni
Add milk, eggs and raisins, stir well, and I w
You'll have a plum-pudding that's fit for a que

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters: My 30, 4, 5, 24, 38 is a city in the United States. My 1, 22, a domestic animal. My 6, 34, 19, 13 is the name of a month. My 14, 17, 31 is an insect. My 6, 7, 28, 33, 21 are employed in court. My 29, 18, 20, 12, 5 is one of the five senses. My 23, 36, 28, 25, 32, 27, 18, 20, 11 is a number. My 26, 33, 35, 29, 10 is a useful animal. My 30, 2, 37 is a weapon used by the Indians. My 15, 3, 8, 34, 16 is to endow. My whole is an saying.
C. A. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. THE subject of your thoughts I tell.
2. A word that speaks a long farewell.
3. A native of a distant land.
4. I mean, to seize with sudden hand.
5. And I, to take with trust the true.
6. In Italy, my home, I grew.
7. Me, before all, should men pursue.

INITIALS.

Never found on land or sea;
But in mid-air look for me.

FINALS.

Piercing darkness, golden bright,
Giving life, and shedding light.

CHARL.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word; the second, by the same word minus its first letter; the third, by original word minus first two letters; and in like manner the lines of the second stanza:

The princess who once tried to —
Her fair hand wounded with the —
A magic sleep, she then fell —
And thus for years she lay;

II.

Until, to break the slumber —
Ere her sweet soul by it were —
A noble knight, by true love —
Kissed all the spell away.

Laura D. Nichols.

**REVERSIBLE
WORD PUZZLE.**

1. A CONSONANT. 2. End of tumor or ing. 3. To repulse five back. 4. A nickname. 5. A nant.
VERSED: 1. A let- 2. Novel or fresh. sufferer often men- 1 in Scripture. 4. Great used for shel- concealment. 5. ter.
ANNIE SAVINNE.

RIDDLE.

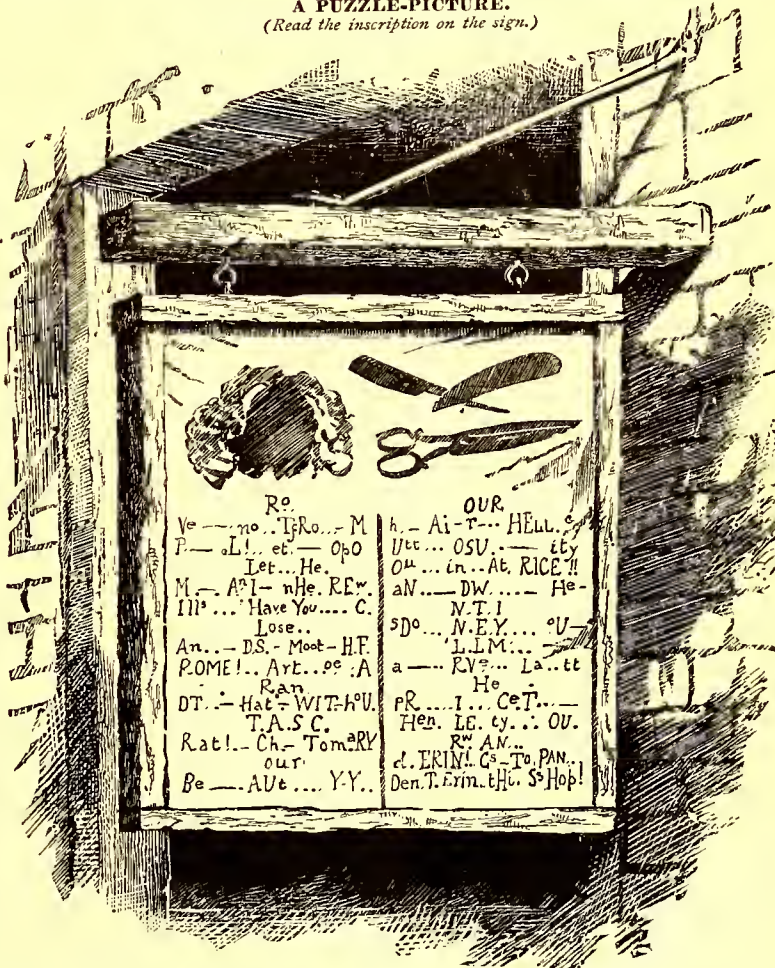
1. TAKE the name of a animal, insert a nant, and find the of a celebrated, tain; then insert vel, and find a con- n. R. G.

**GEOGRAPHICAL
ACROSTIC.**

1. A FAMOUS water- place. 2. A fresh- lake in Central a that Livingstone itigated. 3. One he oldest cities Asia. 4. A large d in the Northern an, famous for its ng springs and sub- nean fires. 5. An re that has four red millions of in- ants, and the oldest rnement now in ex- ce. 6. A range of ntains whose tops covered with per- etual snow, and the ntry all around cov- with perpetual verdure. 7. A river and gulf of ria. 8. A frozen northern country. 9. A land you I love. 10. The country where Scott and Burns were 1. The initials of the above will give the name of whom we hope you are glad to see. F. R. F.

A PUZZLE-PICTURE.

(Read the inscription on the sign.)



Ro. OUR
 Ve -- no. T. Ro. -- M h. Ai - r. -- HEU. s
 P. -- L. et. -- O p O Ucc ... OSV. -- ity
 Let... He. Oll ... in. At. RICE !!
 M. -- A. I. n. He. RE. aN ... DW. ... He-
 III. ... Have You ... C. N. T. I
 Lose... sDo ... N. E. Y. ... oU-
 An. -- DS. - Moot - H. F. L. L. M. ...
 ROME!.. Art. ... A a -- RV? ... La. tt
 Ran He
 DT. -- Hat - WIT - H. U PR ... I. ... Ce. T. ...
 T. A. S. C. Heb. LE. cy. ... OU.
 Rat!.. Ch. - Tom. aRY RW AN ...
 our d. ERIN!.. C. - To. PAN.
 Be -- AUt ... Y. Y. Den. T. Erin. th. S. Hop!

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. The organ of hearing. 3. A wooden frame for holding pictures. 4. A color. 5. A consonant. IRON DUKE.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled by one word or phrase and its transpositions :

Once _____ rooms, and _____ some guests, who _____ my door with pleasure.

My _____ was that I could at one _____ twenty, for which number _____ . Of plates I placed _____ my _____ table.

A _____, which held four more, seemed a _____, relieving a fear _____ more than I could seat. Each _____ dish _____ the different taste of guests. Some prefer _____ cooked by _____. One guest, named _____, never _____, but is fond of broiled _____. Another, who _____ as a Turk, eschews _____. One dish of vegetables being passed to him, he exclaimed, "_____ occasion, ever touch an _____!" A gentleman named _____, near a dish of _____ potatoes,

of which he was very fond. Another moved that a man who in market _____, _____ classed with the who make _____ their sole diet. A servant, taken with this gentleman's _____, placed two _____ pair of china tureens! At this I was so _____ I _____ to smile yet, whenever I think of it, and fact, it _____ all merry.

Two gentlemen, a little _____ from the rest _____ only, for dessert. One friend made _____ commentary of my _____. I should have given them served _____, but they were burned _____ in preparation.

My pudding of _____ before the _____, _____ one gentleman, not firm of _____, called for _____, but rudely interrupted by the remark that they only tun men into _____!

We then _____ for the drawing-room, and I think _____ that the dinner was a success. J. P.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

LOGOGRAPH.—Oporto—Port O!—Port(e)—Or—O.
PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Leap-frog.

L — ea — F
E — xecutione — R
A — lt — O
P — e — G

ANAGRAMS.—I.—1. Shoemakers. 2. Authors. 3. Painters. 4. Teachers. 5. Policeman. 6. Editor. II.—1. Anemone. 2. Tuberoses. 3. Dahlia. 4. Geraniums. 5. Dandelions. 6. Lilac. 7. Hyacinths. 8. Verbenas. III.—1. Currants. 2. Orange. 3. Pineapples. 4. Apricots. 5. Water-melons. IV.—1. Simultaneously. 2. Discourteously. 3. Premeditation. 4. Foreground. 5. Loiterings. 6. Kinswoman.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

T
A R T
A H E A D
T R E A S O N
T A S T E
D O E
N

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Cape, ape. 2. Blot, lot. 3. Climb, limb. 4. Store, tore.

HIDDEN SQUARE.— A V A
V A N
A N N

ENIGMA.—Charlotte Cushman

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—Cyprus (cypress)—Florence—Ja—James—Flattery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—G Bear—Florence—Fear—Adelaide—Cologne—Good Hope—Flo—Virginia—Darling—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundla Loyalty—Constance—Rocky—Lena—Florence—Virginia—P (pest)—Constance—Coral—Adelaide—Cbili—Farewell—Concord

EASY REBUSES.—1. Prowess. 2. West Indies. 3. Belief. TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Oracles—so clear. 2 All pearl—pare 3. Avers—raves. 4. Felicity—city life. 5. Aloof—a fool. 6. Ca—caters—recast—traces—carets. 7. Indenture—end in true.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

W—rat—h
W—age—r
S—tea—l

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.—Rose and Pink.

EASY METAGRAMS.—Cow, vow, bow, now (or how), tow, Po,

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18th, from Constant E. Jones, L. W. Jo D. P. L. P., Helen B. Fancher, Charlie N. Thompson, Eugenia C. Pratt, Ida H. Jenkins, Mary H. Wilson, Thornton M. Ware, Hen R. Palmer, Georgia C. Boshier, Mary H. Rochester, C. Bachelor, George F. Pease, Alexander Noyes, J. Bryan, James S. Rogers, Louise F. Olmstead, Ida P. Williams, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Charlie Woodbury, Sarah Havens, Carrie Simpson, Florrie Kronau, L Habishory, Belle Hooper, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.

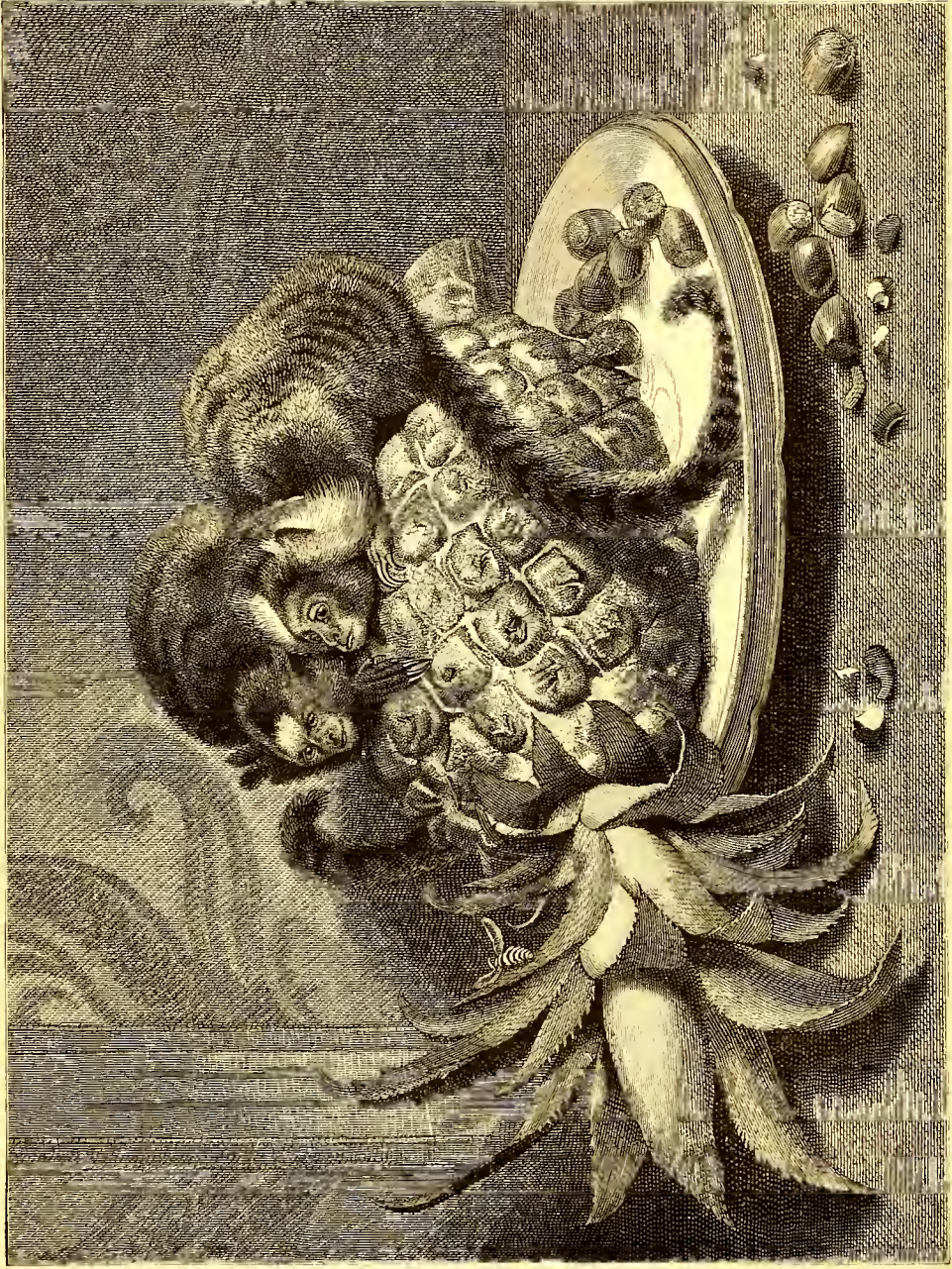
The three prizes for the best sets of answers to the sixty-three conundrums contained in this puzzle, published in the November num were awarded to M. E. WALKER, 20 Cottage Street, Utica, Oneida County, New York; JOSIE McLAUGHLIN, Montclair, New Jerse and TINTY WATSON, Orange, New Jersey; and a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS has been sent to each.

The sets of answers received from the following named boys and girls were so admirable that the senders deserve honorable menti Ednah B. Hale, Nelly E. Sherwood, Norman Henderson, Elsie and Frank Du Pont, Thomas Turner, Alice W. Ives, M. T. Pitman, A laide Long, Elsa and Grace Hobart, Richmond W. R. Jaffray, Bessie Thomas, Ethel Oliver, Hattie F. Johnson, George Aston, Cha Brooks Stevens, Mary F. Sinclair, Annie Young, Gertie Baylor, Walter Austin, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Jenny Almy, Jennie D. V. Brown, J. Lighthouse, "Beau K," "The Little Gallaudets," Sarah E. Shankland, Grace Gilbert, Nellie W. Banks, Alexis J. Du P. Coleman, S. Lamher, Ery and Fanny, Lulu Wight, Frank and Edgar Lethbridge, Emily Shaw Sargent, M. Joe Shovel, Harry G. Andress, Be H. Van Cleef, Fannie M. Hall, Minnie L. Welles, Robert De Wolfe Duck, Florence Worthington, William Loving, Jr., Hannah Cla Elgoud C. Lufkin, Eddie B. Van Vleck, Julia V. Laquerenne, Herman N. Tiemann, Harmon W. Marsh, Lulu Bull, Anna M. Gloy L. J. McMullen, Ed. T. Okells, T. L. Davis, Constant and Louis W. Jones, Henry F. Guy, Emily O. Post, Ida H. Jenkins, Frank Al ander, Nicholas Brewer, Jr., George G. Humphrey, D. W. Murther, Willie O. Tremaine, Grace M. Thirkal, Mabel Moore, Horace S. Do Le Baron Hathaway, Carrie Crawford, Jack and Carrie, "The Buttles Children," Henry C. White, Fred W. Porter, Ellic Turner, "Gra mamma" (answers in verse), M. W. Collet, Robert Edwin Withers, Annie May Keith, Charles A. Rossiter, Emily Van Zandt, Kate Noble, G. E. Rogers, Harry H. Wymann, Carrie R. Lord, Minnie Batcham.

For the satisfaction of all those who have sent in sets of answers, we give the following list of special answers that, though not the same those given in our December number, were good enough to be considered correct, viz.: For answer 3. *Two feet, 2/3 of a yard*, we allow Bush, two-thirds of a bushel. 7. *Horn*—Bow; Robin Hood was skillful with the long bow. 14. *Hide*—Hook (to steal). 16. *Crook*—Bac shoulders. 20. *The Hidden Hand*—"Blade o' Grass," "Fast Friends," "On Guard," "On the Heights." 22. *Band*—Staff, art 23. *Fleece*—Hook, pocket. 25. *Nails*—Plane. 28. *Blades*—Teeth. 29. *Hill*—Walker. 37. *Arms*—Spears. 40. *Fear*—Apple (thea as pupil). 41. *Knees*—Sides. 44. *Month*—Head. 46. *Face*—Hand (not hands, as there is only one in the picture). 47. *Black Leg* Lambs (gamblers). 48. *Sheep's Heads*—Soles. 49. *Joint*—Mutton, leg of lamb. 50. *Pupils and Tulips*—Pupils and irises. 52. *Res Staff*, paws (pause), a minor. 54. *Wool*—Banks, Lee, Mead, Greene. 55. *Tulips*—Irises, phlox. 56. *Teeth*—Blade. 57. *Neck*—Headlar

As some of those sending answers from distant States, such as California and Nebraska, have complained that they did not have sufficient time, it may be well to state that the last-named of the three winners, though living within a few miles of New York, was among the very late to send in her answers, so that if those received from the distant subscribers had been as correct they still would have been first in point of tin Indeed, a set of answers was received from Scotland before the expiration of the time allowed. A "grandmamma" sent an excellent set answers, embodied in graceful rhyme, which perhaps may find a place in our next number.





THE MARMOSETS.
[SEE PAGE 245.]

SIR L. LANDSEER, R.A. PINX.

B. A. MULLER, & CO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 4.

THE STORY OF A PARROT.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

SOME forty years ago, there lived in the quiet town of East Haverhill, Massachusetts, a much respected Quaker family by the name of Whittier. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their home was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unpitied, unclothed, or unfed.

Even the Indians had respected Grandfather Whittier in the stormy times of the Indian war. His house had stood near a garrison, but he would accept of no protection from the soldiers. He did not believe in the use of weapons; he treated the savages kindly; they owed him no ill-will, and the benevolent old man tilled fields in safety, and feared no harm.

Among Mr. Whittier's children was a boy named John, who had a very feeling heart and a quick mind. He was a hard-working farmer lad, who knew more of the axe, the sickle and hoe than the playthings of childhood. Indeed, New England children had but a glimpse at the sunniness of youth in those hard times; no long daisied walks, stretching far into life, they could call their own.

His early education consisted of a few weeks' schooling for a number of winters in the district school. A queer sort of a school it was,—kept in a private house. The schoolmaster was a kind, good man, and he did not ply the birch very vigorously, like most of the schoolmasters in these old times. He was more like Oliver Goldsmith, who used to govern his school by giving the children sugar-plums and telling them wonderful stories.

John loved him, and spoke a kind word for him when he became a man.

In the library there is a beautiful poem called "Snow-Bound,"—a very good poem for good people to read. Now the boy lived in just such a home as is described in that poem, and his boyhood was passed among just such scenes as are pictured there. You may like to read it some day, so we need not try to tell what has been told so well.

He was a poet in boyhood. He did not know it. There are many poets who do not. He loved to love others and be loved; he could see things in nature that others could not see,—in the woods and fields; in the blue Merrimac; in the serene sky of the spring, and the tinges of the sunset. He had but few books,—perhaps no books of poetry, for music and poetry his father classed among the "vanities" which the Bible denounced. But there was much poetry in the Bible; his "Pilgrim's Progress" was almost a poem; and nature to him was like a book of poems, for there was poetry in his soul.

He used to express his feelings in rhyme: how could the boy help it? He one day wrote one of these poems on some coarse paper, and sent it privately to a paper called the *Free Press*, published in the neighboring town of Newburyport.

The editor of the paper, whose name was Garrison—William Lloyd Garrison, you may have heard the name before—found the poem tucked under the door of his office by the postman, and noticing that it was written in blue ink, was tempted

to throw it into his waste-basket. But Mr. Garrison had a good, kind heart, and liked to give every one a chance in the world. He read the poem, saw there was true genius in it, and so he published it.

Happy was the Quaker farmer boy when he saw his verses in print. He felt that God had something in store in life for him—that he was called in some way to be good and useful to others. He wrote other poems, and sent them to Mr. Garrison.

They were full of beauties—these poems. Mr. Garrison one day asked the postman from what quarter they came.

“I am accustomed to deliver a package of papers to a farmer-boy in East Haverhill. I guess they come from him.”

Mr. Garrison thought he must ride over to East Haverhill and see.

So he went one day, and found a slender, sweet-faced farmer-boy working with his plain, practical father on the farm. The boy modestly acknowledged that he had written the poems; at which his father did not seem over well pleased.

“You must send that boy to school, Friend Whittier,” said Mr. Garrison.

Friend Whittier was not so sure; but the good counsel of the Newburyport editor, in the end, was decisive. The boy was sent to the academy.

John is an old man now, almost sixty years of age. He lives at Amesbury, near the beautiful Merrimac, that he loved in youth. Almost every boy and girl in the land can repeat some of the poems he has written.

He has no wife and children, yet his home is cheerful and social, and is open to the stranger, like his father's and grandfather's of old.

In common with most men of genius, he is very fond of pets, and, among these favorites, little animals and birds have their place. It is of one of these household pets that we have a story to tell.

She was a parrot, and she belonged to that respectable branch of the parrot family named Polly. Polly succeeded, among her master's favorites, a smart little bantam, who once had the freedom of the house, and who perished, we think, in an unequal contest with an evil-disposed cat.

Polly, too, had the freedom of the house at times, and used to sit on the back of the poet's chair at his meals, and the two sometimes held very profound and confidential conversations together.

The poet is a pious man. We have seen the little Quaker church to which he goes regularly on Sundays and Thursdays for silent worship; it is a quiet rural fane, and seems like a little school-house in the wood. Polly, who had been badly brought up, became demure and well-behaved

immediately after her adoption; so, for a time, the poet and Polly were in perfect sympathy.

One Sabbath day, Polly, who had doubtless heard much about large views from the poet's learned visitors, thought that she would take a somewhat larger view of the world. So, as the people were going to church, she climbed upon the top of the house, and sat upon the ridge-pole. It then occurred to her, that, having reached a more exalted sphere of thought and action, she would behave well no more. She had been in bad company before she had fallen in with her new friends and her memory was very good.

So Polly began to denounce the people going to church in very shocking language. She was doing the poet great scandal, and exciting marked public attention, when her astonished master appeared, rake in hand, and proceeded at once to administer discipline by bringing her down from her high position and subjecting her to plain Quaker discipline.

Polly was in disgrace for a time, but she succeeded in re-establishing her character again though it was not thought certain that her goodness would be able to withstand very grave temptation.

One day, Polly succeeded in reaching the house-top again, and began to congratulate herself on the recovery of her former high position and freedom. She reached the top of the chimney this time, and was seen tilting up and down and trying her wings, as though preparing to launch out into the air on a long voyage of discovery. Suddenly she was gone. Where? No one had noticed which direction she had taken. No one had heard her shout of triumph in the glad, sunny air. But Polly was gone.

The news flew through the village that the parrot had left her home, and become a very strange bird. The children looked for her in the field and the farmers in the woods; every one tried to keep ears and eyes open day and night, but nothing of Polly was seen or heard. The poet's house was no longer filled with quiet gladness, for the inmate all pitied the bird when night came on, and imagined that she was far away in the woods, hung and out in the cold. Two days passed and no tidings were brought of the wandering bird. The neighbors began to think that, like one of Shakespeare's heroes, she had died “and made no sign.” On the third night, when two young persons, as we have heard the story, were sitting in one of the rooms in the cottage, they were startled by a sound, as though some evil-disposed intruder had concealed himself in the fire-place. An investigation was determined upon; the fire-place was opened, and lo! “Poor Polly!”

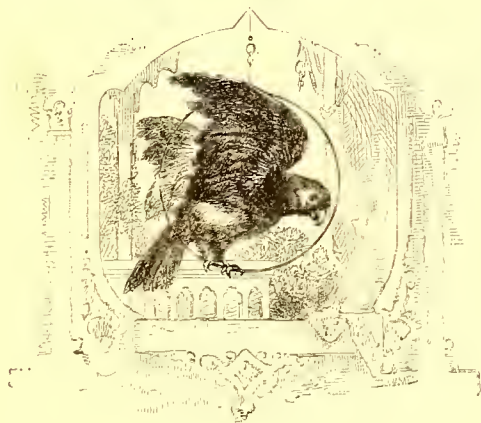
She was a very damaged bird. She had fallen down the chimney when just about to soar to the skies, and, landing in a very dark place, probably thought that there had been an eclipse of the sun, or that night had come on in some manner not accounted for in her limited astronomy. She maintained silence three days; she had nothing to say.

Polly's high aspirations were blighted from that hour. She was a discouraged, disappointed bird.

She grew silent and pined away, and, like other bold adventurers who have been brought plump down when just about to launch out on the breezes of fame, she died of her bruises and of a broken heart.

Her decline was marked with sincere regret, and there was a sorrowful tenderness in her master's tone, as he watched her in these adverse and altered days.

POOR POLLY!



EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER III.—UNCLES.

WHEN Rose woke next morning, she was not sure whether she had dreamed what occurred the night before, or whether it had actually happened. So she hopped up and dressed, although it was an hour earlier than she usually rose, for she could not keep any more, being possessed with a strong desire to slip down and see if the big portmanteau and packing-cases were really in the hall. She seemed to remember tumbling over them when she went to bed, for the aunts had sent her off very unctually, because they wanted their pet nephew all to themselves.

The sun was shining, and Rose opened her window to let in the soft May air fresh from the sea. As she leaned over her little balcony, watching an early bird get the worm, and wondering how she should like Uncle Alec, she saw a man leap the

garden wall and come whistling up the path. At first she thought it was some trespasser, but a second look showed her that it was her uncle returning from an early dip into the sea. She had hardly dared to look at him the night before, because whenever she tried to do so she always found a pair of keen blue eyes looking at her. Now she could take a good stare at him as he lingered along, looking about him as if glad to see the old place again.

A brown, breezy man, in a blue jacket, with no hat on the curly head which he shook now and then like a water-dog; broad-shouldered, alert in his motions, and with a general air of strength and stability about him which pleased Rose, though she could not explain the feeling of comfort it gave her. She had just said to herself, with a sense of relief, "I guess I *shall* like him, though he looks as if he made people mind," when he lifted his eyes to

examine the budding horse-chestnut overhead, and saw the eager face peering down at him. He waved his hand to her, nodded, and called out in a bluff, cheery voice :

"You are on deck early, little niece."

"I got up to see if you had really come, uncle."

"Did you? Well, come down here and make sure of it."

"I'm not allowed to go out before breakfast, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" with a shrug. "Then I'll come aboard and salute," he added; and, to Rose's great amazement, Uncle Alec went up one of the pillars of the back piazza hand over hand, stepped across the roof, and swung himself into her balcony, saying, as he landed on the wide balustrade: "Have you any doubts about me now, ma'am?"

Rose was so taken aback, she could only answer with a smile as she went to meet him.

"How does my girl do this morning?" he asked, taking the little cold hand she gave him in both his big warm ones.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir."

"Ah, but it should be *very well*. Why is n't it?"

"I always wake up with a headache, and feel tired."

"Don't you sleep well?"

"I lie awake a long time, and then I dream, and my sleep does not seem to rest me much."

"What do you do all day?"

"Oh, I read, and sew a little, and take naps and sit with auntie."

"No running about out of doors, or house-work, or riding, hey?"

"Aunt Plenty says I'm not strong enough for much exercise. I drive out with her sometimes, but I don't care for it."

"I'm not surprised at that," said Uncle Alec, half to himself, adding, in his quick way: "Who have you had to play with?"

"No one but Ariadne Blish, and she was *such* a goose I could n't bear her. The boys came yesterday, and seemed rather nice: but, of course, I could n't play with them."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old to play with boys."

"Not a bit of it; that's just what you need, for you've been molly-coddled too much. They are good lads, and you'll be mixed up with them more or less for years to come, so you may as well be friends and playmates at once. I will look you up some girls also, if I can find a sensible one who is not spoiled by her nonsensical education."

"Phebe is sensible, I'm sure, and I like her, though I only saw her yesterday," cried Rose, waking up suddenly.

"And who is Phebe, if you please?"

Rose eagerly told all she knew, and Uncle Alec listened, with an odd smile lurking about his mouth though his eyes were quite sober as he watched the face before him.

"I'm glad to see that you are not aristocratic in your tastes, but I don't quite make out why you like this young lady from the poor-house."

"You may laugh at me, but I do. I can't tell why, only she seems so happy and busy, and sings so beautifully, and is strong enough to scrub and sweep, and has n't any troubles to plague her," said Rose, making a funny jumble of reasons for her efforts to explain.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I was telling her about mine, and asked if she had any, and she said, 'No, only I'd like to go to school, and I mean to some day.'"

"So she does n't call desertion, poverty, and hard work, troubles? She's a brave little girl, and I shall be proud to know her." And Uncle Alec gave an approving nod, that made Rose wish she had been the one to earn it.

"But what are these troubles of yours, child?" he asked, after a minute of silence.

"Please don't ask me, uncle."

"Can't you tell them to me as well as to Phebe?"

Something in his tone made Rose feel that would be better to speak out and be done with, so she answered, with sudden color and averted eyes:

"The greatest one was losing dear papa."

As she said that, Uncle Alec's arm came gently round her, and he drew her to him, saying, in a voice so like papa's:

"That *is* a trouble which I cannot cure, nor can I; but I shall try to make you feel it less. What else, dear?"

"I am so tired and poorly all the time, I cannot do anything I want to, and it makes me cross," sighed Rose, rubbing the aching head like a fretful child.

"That we *can* cure and we *will*," said her uncle with a decided nod that made the curls bob on her head, so that Rose saw the gray ones underneath the brown.

"Aunt Myra says I have no constitution, and never shall be strong," observed Rose, in a pensive tone, as if it was rather a nice thing to be an invalid.

"Aunt Myra is a—ahem!—an excellent woman, but it is her hobby to believe that every one is treading on the brink of the grave; and, upon my life, I believe she is offended if people don't fall into it! We will show her how to make constitutions and turn pale-faced little ghosts into rosy, hearty girls. That's my business, you know,"

ded, more quietly, for his sudden outburst had startled Rose.

"I had forgotten you were a doctor. I'm glad it, for I do want to be well, only I hope you don't give me much medicine, for I've taken quarts ready, and it does me no good."

As she spoke, Rose pointed to a little table just side the window, on which appeared a regiment bottles.

"Ah, ha! Now we'll see what mischief these pressed women have been at." And, making a strong arm, Dr. Alec set the bottles on the wide railing before him, examined each carefully, smiled a trifle, frowned over others, and said, as he set it down the last: "Now I'll show you the best way to take these messes." And, as quick as a flash, he sent one after another smashing down into the posy-beds below.

"But Aunt Plenty won't like it; and Aunt Myra will be angry, for she sent most of them!" cried Rose, half-frightened and half-pleased at such energetic measures.

"You are my patient now, and I'll take the responsibility. My way of giving physic is evidently the best, for you look better already," he said, laughing so infectiously that Rose followed him, saying, saucily:

"If I don't like your medicines any better than those, I shall throw them into the garden, and then what will you do?"

"When I prescribe such rubbish, I'll give you leave to pitch it overboard as soon as you like. Now what is the next trouble?"

"I hoped you would forget to ask."

"But how can I help you if I don't know them? Come, let us have No. 3."

"It is very wrong, I suppose, but I do sometimes wish I had not quite so many aunts. They are all very good to me, and I want to please them; but they are so different, I feel sort of pulled to pieces among them," said Rose, trying to express the emotions of a stray chicken with six hens all tucking over it at once.

Uncle Alec threw back his head and laughed like a boy, for he could entirely understand how the good ladies had each put in her oar and tried to paddle her own way, to the great disturbance of the waters and the entire bewilderment of poor Rose.

"I intend to try a course of uncles now, and see how that suits your constitution. I'm going to leave you all to myself, and no one is to give a word of advice unless I ask it. There is no other way to keep order aboard, and I am captain of his little craft, for a time at least. What comes next?"

But Rose stuck there, and grew so red, her uncle guessed what that trouble was.

"I don't think I *can* tell this one. It would n't be polite, and I feel pretty sure that it is n't going to be a trouble any more."

As she blushed and stammered over these words, Dr. Alec turned his eyes away to the distant sea, and said so seriously, so tenderly, that she felt every word and long remembered them:

"My child, I don't expect you to love and trust me all at once, but I do want you to believe that I shall give my whole heart to this new duty; and if I make mistakes, as I probably shall, no one will grieve over them more bitterly than I. It is my fault that I am a stranger to you, when I want to be your best friend. That is one of my mistakes, and I never repented it more deeply than I do now. Your father and I had a trouble once, and I thought I never could forgive him; so I kept away for years. Thank God, we made it all up the last time I saw him, and he told me then, that if he was forced to leave her, he should bequeath his little girl to me as a token of his love. I can't fill his place, but I shall try to be a father to her; and if she learns to love me one half as well as she did the good one she has lost, I shall be a proud and happy man. Will she believe this and try?"

Something in Uncle Alec's face touched Rose to the heart, and when he held out his hand with that anxious, troubled look in his eyes, she was moved to put up her innocent lips and seal the contract with a confiding kiss. The strong arm held her close a minute, and she felt the broad chest heave once as if with a great sigh of relief; but not a word was spoken till a tap at the door made both start.

Rose popped her head through the window to say "come in," while Dr. Alec hastily rubbed the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes and began to whistle again.

Phebe appeared with a cup of coffee.

"Debby told me to bring this and help you get up," she said, opening her black eyes wide, as if she wondered how on earth "the sailor man" got there.

"I'm all dressed, so I don't need any help. I hope that is good and strong," added Rose, eyeing the steaming cup with an eager look.

But she did not get it, for a brown hand took possession of it as her uncle said, quickly:

"Hold hard, my lass, and let me overhaul that dose before you take it. Do you drink all this strong coffee every morning, Rose?"

"Yes, sir, and I like it. Auntie says it 'tones' me up, and I always feel better after it."

"This accounts for the sleepless nights, the flutter your heart gets into at the least start, and this is why that cheek of yours is pale yellow instead of rosy red. No more coffee for you, my dear, and

by and by you'll see that I am right. Any new milk down stairs, Phebe?"

"Yes, sir, plenty—right in from the barn."

"That's the drink for my patient. Go bring me a pitcherful, and another cup; I want a draught myself. This wont hurt the honeysuckles, for they have no nerves to speak of." And, to Rose's great discomfort, the coffee went after the medicine.

Dr. Alec saw the injured look she put on, but took no notice, and presently banished it by saying, pleasantly:

"I've got a capital little cup among my traps, and I'll give it to you to drink your milk in, as it is made of wood that is supposed to improve whatever is put into it—something like a quassia cup. That reminds me; one of the boxes Phebe wanted to lug upstairs last night is for you. Knowing that I was coming home to find a ready-made daughter, I picked up all sorts of odd and pretty trifles along the way, hoping she would be able to find something she liked among them all. Early to-morrow we'll have a grand rummage. Here's our milk! I propose the health of Miss Rose Campbell—and drink it with all my heart."

It was impossible for Rose to pout with the prospect of a delightful boxful of gifts dancing before her eyes; so, in spite of herself, she smiled as she drank her own health, and found that fresh milk was not a hard dose to take.

"Now I must be off, before I am caught again with my wig in a toss," said Dr. Alec, preparing to descend the way he came.

"Do you always go in and out like a cat, uncle?" asked Rose, much amused at his odd ways.

"I used to sneak out of my window when I was a boy, so I need not disturb the aunts, and now I rather like it, for it's the shortest road, and it keeps me limber when I have no rigging to climb. Good-by till breakfast." And away he went down the water-spout, over the roof, and vanished among the budding honeysuckles below.

"Aint he a funny guardian?" exclaimed Phebe, as she went off with the cups.

"He is a very kind one, I think," answered Rose, following, to prowling round the big boxes and try to guess which was hers.

When her uncle appeared at sound of the bell, he found her surveying with an anxious face a new dish that smoked upon the table.

"Got a fresh trouble, Rosy?" he asked, stroking her smooth head.

"Uncle, are you going to make me eat oatmeal?" asked Rose, in a tragic tone.

"Don't you like it?"

"I de-test it!" answered Rose, with all the emphasis which a turned-up nose, a shudder, and a groan could give to the three words.

"You are not a true Scotchwoman, if you don't like the 'parritch.' It's a pity, for I made it myself, and thought we'd have such a good time with all that cream to float it in. Well, never mind. And he sat down with a disappointed air.

Rose had made up her mind to be obstinate about it, because she did heartily "detest" the dish; but as Uncle Alec did not attempt to make her obey, she suddenly changed her mind as she thought she would.

"I'll try to eat it to please you, uncle; but people are always saying how wholesome it is, and that makes me hate it," she said, half-ashamed of her silly excuse.

"I do want you to like it, because I wish my girls to be as well and strong as Jessie's boys, who were brought up on this in the good old fashion. I had hot bread and fried stuff for them, and they are the biggest and bonniest lads of the lot. Bless your auntie, and good morning!"

Dr. Alec turned to greet the old lady, and, with a firm resolve to eat or die in the attempt, Rose sat down.

In five minutes she forgot what she was eating, so interested was she in the chat that went on. She was amused her very much to hear Aunt Plenty of her forty-year-old nephew, "my dear boy," and Uncle Alec was so full of lively gossip about the creation in general, and the Aunt-hill in particular, that the detested porridge vanished without a murmur.

"You will go to church with us, I hope. All right if you are not too tired," said the old lady, when breakfast was over.

"I came all the way from Calcutta for that express purpose, ma'am. Only I must send the letters word of my arrival, for they don't expect me till to-morrow, you know, and there will be a row in church if those boys see me without warning."

"I'll send Ben up the hill, and you can say good-over to Myra's yourself; it will please her, and you will have plenty of time."

Dr. Alec was off at once, and they saw no more of him till the old barouche was at the door, and Aunt Plenty just rustling down stairs in her Sunday best, with Rose like a little black shadow behind her.

Away they drove in state, and all the way Uncle Alec's hat was more off his head than on, for every one they met smiled and bowed, and gave him a blithe a greeting as the day permitted.

It was evident that the warning had been a warning, one, for, in spite of time and place, the lads were in such a ferment, that their elders sat in elementary dread of an unseemly outbreak somewhere. It was simply impossible to keep the fourteen eyes off Uncle Alec, and the dread

things that were done during sermon-time will hardly be believed.

Rose dared not look up after awhile, for these bad boys vented their emotions upon her, till she was ready to laugh and cry with mingled amusement and vexation. Charlie winked rapturously at her behind his mother's fan; Mac openly pointed to the tall figure beside her; Jamie stared fixedly over the back of his pew, till Rose thought his round eyes would drop out of his head; George fell over a stool and dropped three books, in his excitement; Will drew sailors and Chinamen on his clean cuffs, and displayed them, to Rose's great tribulation; Steve nearly upset the whole party by burning his nose with salts, as he pretended to be overcome by his joy; even dignified Archie disgraced himself by writing in his hymn-book, "Is n't he *blue* and *brown*?" and passing it politely to Rose.

Her only salvation was trying to fix her attention upon Uncle Mac—a portly, placid gentleman, who seemed entirely unconscious of the iniquities of the Clan, and dozed peacefully in his pew corner. This was the only uncle Rose had met for years, for Uncle Jem and Uncle Steve, the husbands of Aunt Jessie and Aunt Clara, were at sea, and Aunt Myra was a widow. Uncle Mac was a merchant, very rich and busy, and as quiet as a mouse at home, for he was in such a minority among the women folk, he dared not open his lips, and let his wife rule undisturbed.

Rose liked the big, kindly, silent man who came to her when papa died, was always sending her splendid boxes of goodies at school, and often invited her into his great warehouse, full of teas and spices, wines and all sorts of foreign fruits, there to eat and carry away whatever she liked. She had secretly regretted that he was not to be her guardian; but since she had seen Uncle Alec she felt better about it, for she did not particularly admire Aunt Jane.

When church was over, Dr. Alec got into the porch as quickly as possible, and there the young bears had a hug all round, while the sisters shook hands and welcomed him with bright faces and glad hearts. Rose was nearly crushed flat behind a door in that dangerous passage from pew to porch; but Uncle Mac rescued her, and put her into the carriage for safe keeping.

"Now, girls, I want you all to come and dine with Alec; Mae also, of course. But I cannot ask the boys, for we did not expect this dear fellow till to-morrow, you know, so I made no preparations. Send the lads home, and let them wait till Monday, for really I was shocked at their behavior in church," said Aunt Plenty, as she followed Rose.

In any other place the defrauded boys would have set up a howl; as it was, they growled and

protested till Dr. Alec settled the matter by saying:

"Never mind, old chaps, I'll make it up to you to-morrow, if you sheer off quietly; if you don't, not a blessed thing shall you have out of my big boxes."

CHAPTER IV.

AUNTS.

ALL dinner-time Rose felt that she was going to be talked about, and afterward she was sure of it, for Aunt Plenty whispered to her as they went into the parlor:

"Run up and sit awhile with Sister Peace, my dear. She likes to have you read while she rests, and we are going to be busy."

Rose obeyed, and the quiet rooms above were so like a church that she soon composed her ruffled feelings, and was unconsciously a little minister of happiness to the sweet old lady, who for years had sat there patiently waiting to be set free from pain.

Rose knew the sad romance of her life, and it gave a certain tender charm to this great aunt of hers, whom she already loved. When Peace was twenty, she was about to be married: all was done, the wedding dress lay ready, the flowers were waiting to be put on, the happy hour at hand, when word came that the lover was dead. They thought that gentle Peace would die too; but she bore it bravely, put away her bridal gear, took up her life afresh, and lived on—a beautiful, meek woman, with hair as white as snow and cheeks that never bloomed again. She wore no black, but soft, pale colors, as if always ready for the marriage that had never come.

For thirty years she had lived on, fading slowly, but cheerful, busy, and full of interest in all that went on in the family; especially the joys and sorrows of the young girls growing up about her, and to them she was adviser, confidante and friend in all their tender trials and delights. A truly beautiful old maiden, with her silvery hair, tranquil face, and an atmosphere of repose about her that soothed whoever came to her!

Aunt Plenty was utterly dissimilar, being a stout, brisk old lady, with a sharp eye, a lively tongue, and a face like a winter-apple. Always trotting, chatting and bustling, she was a regular Martha, cumbered with the cares of this world and quite happy in them.

Rose was right; and while she softly read psalms to Aunt Peace, the other ladies were talking about her little self in the frankest manner.

"Well, Alec, how do you like your ward?" began Aunt Jane, as they all settled down, and Uncle

Mac deposited himself in a corner to finish his doze.

"I should like her better if I could have begun at the beginning, and so got a fair start. Poor George led such a solitary life that the child has suffered in many ways, and since he died she has been going on worse than ever, judging from the state I find her in."

"My dear boy, we did what we thought best while waiting for you to wind up your affairs and get home. I always told George he was wrong to bring her up as he did; but he never took my

about ever since she came. A most ruinous state of things for a morbid, spoilt girl like Rose," said Mrs. Jane, severely.

She had never forgiven the old ladies for yielding to Rose's pathetic petition that she might wait her guardian's arrival before beginning another term at the school, which was a regular Blimber hot-bed, and turned out many a feminine Toots.

"I never thought it the proper school for a child in good circumstances.—an heiress, in fact, as Rose is. It is all very well for girls who are to get their own living by teaching, and that sort of thing; but



ROSE AND HER AUNTS.

advice, and now here we are with this poor dear child upon our hands. I, for one, freely confess that I don't know what to do with her any more than if she was one of those strange, outlandish birds you used to bring home from foreign parts." And Aunt Plenty gave a perplexed shake of the head, which caused great commotion among the stiff loops of purple ribbon that bristled all over her cap like crocus buds.

"If my advice had been taken, she would have remained at the excellent school where I placed her. But our aunt thought best to remove her because she complained, and she has been dawdling

all *she* needs is a year or two at a fashionable finishing-school, so that at eighteen she can come out with *éclat*," put in Aunt Clara, who had been a beauty and a belle, and was still a handsome woman.

"Dear, dear! how short-sighted you all are to be discussing education and plans for the future, when this unhappy child is so plainly marked for the tomb," sighed Aunt Myra, with a lugubrious sniff and a solemn wag of the funereal bonnet, which she refused to remove, being afflicted with a chronic catarrh.

"Now, it is my opinion that the dear thing only

ants freedom, rest and care. There is a look in
his eyes that goes to my heart, for it shows that
he feels the need of what none of us can give her
for a mother," said Aunt Jessie, with tears in her
bright eyes at the thought of her boys being
as Rose was, to the care of others.

Uncle Alec, who had listened silently as each
spoke, turned quickly toward the last sister, and
nodded, with a decided nod of approval :

"You've got it, Jessie ; and, with you to help
me, I hope to make the child feel that she is not
quite fatherless and motherless."

"I'll do my best, Alec ; and I think you *will*
help me, for, wise as you are, you cannot under-
stand a tender, timid, little creature like Rose as a
man can," said Mrs. Jessie, smiling back at him
with a heart full of motherly good-will.

"I cannot help feeling that *I*, who have had a
daughter of my own, can best bring up a girl ; and
I'm *very* much surprised that George did not in-
stigate her to me," observed Aunt Myra, with an air
of melancholy importance, for she was the only one
who had given a daughter to the family, and she
felt that she had distinguished herself, though ill-
favored people said that she had dosed her darling
to death.

"I never blamed him in the least, when I re-
member the perilous experiments you tried with
our Carrie," began Mrs. Jane, in her hard voice.

"Jane Campbell, I will *not* hear a word ! My
nephew's Caroline is a sacred subject," cried Aunt
Myra, rising as if to leave the room.

Dr. Alec detained her, feeling that he must de-
fend his position at once, and maintain it manfully,
he hoped to have any success in his new under-
standing.

"Now, my dear souls, don't let us quarrel and
make Rose a bone of contention—though, upon
my word, she *is* almost a bone, poor little lass !
You have had her among you for a year, and done
just what you liked. I cannot say that your success is
great, but that is owing to too many fingers in the
pate. Now, I intend to try my way for a year, and
at the end of it she is not in better trim than
now, I'll give up the case, and hand her over to
some one else. That's fair, I think."

"She will not be here a year hence, poor dar-
ling, so no one need dread future responsibility,"
said Aunt Myra, folding her black gloves as if all
ready for the funeral.

"By Jupiter, Myra, you are enough to damp
the ardor of a saint !" cried Dr. Alec, with a sud-
den spark in his eyes. "Your croaking will worry
that child out of her wits, for she is an imaginative
lass, and will fret and fancy untold horrors. You
have put it into her head that she has no constitu-
tion, and she rather likes the idea. If she had not

had a pretty good one, she *would* have been
'marked for the tomb' by this time, at the rate
you have been going on with her. I will not have
any interference—please understand that ; so just
wash your hands of her, and let me manage till I
want help, then I'll ask for it."

"Hear, hear !" came from the corner where
Uncle Mac was apparently wrapt in slumber.

"You were appointed guardian, so we can do
nothing. But I predict that the girl will be spoiled,
utterly spoiled," answered Mrs. Jane, grimly.

"Thank you, sister. I have an idea that if a
woman can bring up two boys as perfectly as you
do yours, a man, if he devotes his whole mind to
it, may at least attempt as much with one girl,"
replied Dr. Alec, with a humorous look that tickled
the others immensely, for it was a well-known fact
in the family that Jane's boys were more indulged
than all the other lads put together.

"I am quite easy, for I really do think that Alec
will improve the child's health ; and by the time
his year is out, it will be quite soon enough for her
to go to Madame Roccabella's and be finished off,"
said Aunt Clara, settling her rings, and thinking,
with languid satisfaction, of the time when she
could bring out a pretty and accomplished niece.

"I suppose you will stay here in the old place,
unless you think of marrying, and it's high time
you did," put in Mrs. Jane, much nettled at her
brother's last hit.

"No, thank you. Come and have a cigar, Mac,"
said Dr. Alec, abruptly.

"Don't worry ; women enough in the family
already," muttered Uncle Mac ; and then the
gentlemen hastily fled.

"Aunt Peace would like to see you all, she says,"
was the message Rose brought before the ladies
could begin again.

"Hectic, hectic!—dear me, dear me !" mur-
mured Aunt Myra, as the shadow of her gloomy
bonnet fell upon Rose, and the stiff tips of a black
glove touched the cheek where the color deepened
under so many eyes.

"I am glad these pretty curls are natural ; they
will be invaluable by and by," said Aunt Clara,
taking an observation with her head on one side.

"Now that your uncle has come, I no longer
expect you to review the studies of the past year.
I trust your time will not be *entirely* wasted in
frivolous sports, however," added Aunt Jane, sail-
ing out of the room with the air of a martyr.

Aunt Jessie said not a word, but kissed her little
niece, with a look of tender sympathy that made
Rose cling to her a minute, and follow her with
grateful eyes as the door closed behind her.

After everybody had gone home, Dr. Alec paced
up and down the lower hall in the twilight for an

hour, thinking so intently that sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled, and more than once he stood still in a brown study. All of a sudden he said, half aloud, as if he had made up his mind:

"I might as well begin at once, and give the child something new to think about, for Myra's dismal and Jane's lectures have made her as blue as a little indigo bag."

Diving into one of the trunks that stood in a corner, he brought up, after a brisk rummage, a silken cushion, prettily embroidered, and a quaint cup of dark carved wood.

"This will do for a start," he said, as he plumped up the cushion and dusted the cup. "It wont do to begin too energetically, or Rose will be frightened. I must beguile her gently and pleasantly along till I've won her confidence, and then she will be ready for anything."

Just then Phebe came out of the dining-room with a plate of brown bread, for Rose had been allowed no hot biscuit for tea.

"I'll relieve you of some of that," said Dr. Alec, and, helping himself to a generous slice, he retired to the study, leaving Phebe to wonder at his appetite.

She would have wondered still more if she had seen him making that brown bread into neat little pills, which he packed into an attractive ivory box, out of which he emptied his own bits of loveage.

"There! if they insist on medicine, I'll order these, and no harm will be done. I *will* have my own way, but I'll keep the peace, if possible, and confess the joke when my experiment has succeeded," he said to himself, looking very much like a mischievous boy, as he went off with his innocent prescriptions.

Rose was playing softly on the small organ that stood in the upper hall, so that Aunt Peace could enjoy it; and all the while he talked with the old ladies, Uncle Alec was listening to the fitful music of the child, and thinking of another Rose who used to play for him.

As the clock struck eight, he called out:

"Time for my girl to be abed, else she wont be up early, and I'm full of jolly plans for to-morrow. Come and see what I have found for you to begin upon."

Rose ran in and listened with bright, attentive face, while Dr. Alec said, impressively:

"In my wanderings over the face of the earth, have picked up some excellent remedies, and they are rather agreeable ones, I think you and will try them. This is an herb-pillow, given to me by a wise old woman when I was ill in India. It filled with saffron, poppies and other soothing plants: so lay your little head on it to-night, sleep sweetly without a dream, and wake to-morrow without a pain."

"Shall I really? How nice it smells." Aunt Rose willingly received the pretty pillow, and stood enjoying its faint, sweet odor, as she listened to the Doctor's next remedy.

"This is the cup I told you of. Its virtue depends, they say, on the drinker filling it himself, so you must learn to milk. I'll teach you."

"I'm afraid I never can," said Rose; but she surveyed the cup with favor, for a funny little incident danced on the handle, as if all ready to take header into the white sea below.

"Don't you think she ought to have something more strengthening than milk, Alec? I really shall feel anxious if she does not have a tonic of some sort," said Aunt Plenty, eyeing the new remedies suspiciously, for she had more faith in her old-fashioned doses than all the magic cups and poppy pillows of the East.

"Well, ma'am, I'm willing to give her a pill, you think best. It is a very simple one, and very large quantities may be taken without harm. You know hasheesh is the extract of hemp? Well, this is a preparation of corn and rye, much used in countries, and I hope it will be again."

"Dear me, how singular!" said Aunt Plenty, bringing her spectacles to bear upon the pills, with a face so full of respectful interest that it was almost too much for Dr. Alec's gravity.

"Take one in the morning, and a good night to you, my dear," he said, dismissing his patient with a hearty kiss.

Then, as she vanished, he put both hands in his hair, exclaiming, with a comical mixture of anxiety and amusement:

"When I think what I have undertaken, I declare to you, aunt, I feel like running away and coming back till Rose is eighteen!"

(To be continued.)

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE stranger in Charleston is sometimes startled by a long-drawn, plaintive cry that seems scarcely human. On cold wintry mornings, when the city awaking, it is heard coming from the house-tops with strange distinctness. It sounds like the voice of some great bird hovering amid the curling smoke. "O weep, wee-e-ep, wee-e-e-ep, weep O!" and it is repeated several times before one can find out whence it comes. The people of the city pass by without heeding it, and only those to whom it is a novelty pause to gaze over the wide roofs of slate and iron, in search of the orator that utters it. Far above the street can be seen a negro boy, with a round little head and a pair of narrow shoulders, creeping out of a chimney into the sunlight, singing his wild song as he comes, and brandishing a black brush with frantic energy. It is the chimney-sweep, and, as soon as his song is done, he descends again into the opening, like a genie disappearing in the flame of a wonderful lamp at the call of his master, the magician.

Later in the day, you may see the same little fellow again, moving about among ordinary mortals, but looking all the more forlorn in contrast with the bright faces of the nicely dressed people, who gather in their proud skirts as they pass too near him on the street. He looks more like an imp from some country beneath the earth, than a living boy with warm blood coursing through his veins. Nature made him black, and his occupation has deepened the shade. The soot is thick upon him—over his hands, neck, face and clothes, and deep in the roots of his crisp, curly hair. All the white about him is in his rolling eye, which has a half-comical expression mingling with its queer pathos. Who would think of associating with him, I wonder, except another of his own sort? He is an absolute outcast, and as he slouches along, beating the pavement with his brush, few pitying glances are cast upon him. But he has friends of his own, comrades in his sooty trade, who love his society dearly and welcome the appearance of his dim face with a glad smile.

These three that you see in the picture are fellow-craftsmen of his, such as you may meet in Charles-

ton any day, though all are not so fat and happy. Perhaps they wanted to honor the occasion of their visit to the photographer's, and banqueted and wiped their faces with their sleeves beforehand.

Anthracite (or hard) coal makes little or no soot, and it is only where bituminous (or soft) coal is used that chimney-sweeps are needed. Soot, I must tell you furthermore, is simply condensed smoke, and is rich in valuable chemical substances. If it is allowed to accumulate, it is apt to take fire,



CHARLESTON SWEEPS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

and hence the necessity of keeping chimneys clear of it.

In Pittsburgh, and all through the far West, the chimneys have to be swept twice a year; but the sweeps do not ascend them. A stiff brush is thrust up instead, fastened to long poles, which fit into each other like the branches of a fishing-rod. The old custom was exceedingly cruel, and it has been done away with throughout America, except in Charleston and Philadelphia. A gentleman tells me that he saw an old man escorting some boy

chimney-sweeps through the streets of the latter city very lately, and he believes they are there still.

Twenty or thirty years ago, it was a common thing in New York to see mites of boys following their masters in the street, or issuing from the chimney-tops with their peculiar wail. Some of them were not more than ten years of age, and they looked so wretched that when a child was ill-behaved its mother or nurse would threaten to give it to the chimney-sweeps.

It was the worst use to which boys could be put, and was even more terrible in its results than coal-

mining. The soft, fine powder suffocated many to death, and planted the seeds of consumption in others. I found in an old book, the other day, an account of a little sweep who was driven up a hot chimney by his brutal master. He cried out that he was burning, but continued to ascend, until he reached a point where the heat was so intense that he could go no farther. Nor could he descend. He was caught in a turn of the chimney, and was slowly suffocated. Just before he died, his employer called to him, and asked him, with an oath, what he was doing. "All right, master," he answered faintly. "I am caught up here and can't get out; but don't mind me. I'm ready to die." When he was extricated, his body showed what he had endured, but his face gave no sign of suffering.

It was as a proof that they had gone the entire length of the chimney that the sweeps were required to utter their cry on reach-

ing the top. The hard masters who depended on their earnings were much relieved when, after a long silence, they heard the sad "weep! weep!" of their little slaves echoing over the roofs.

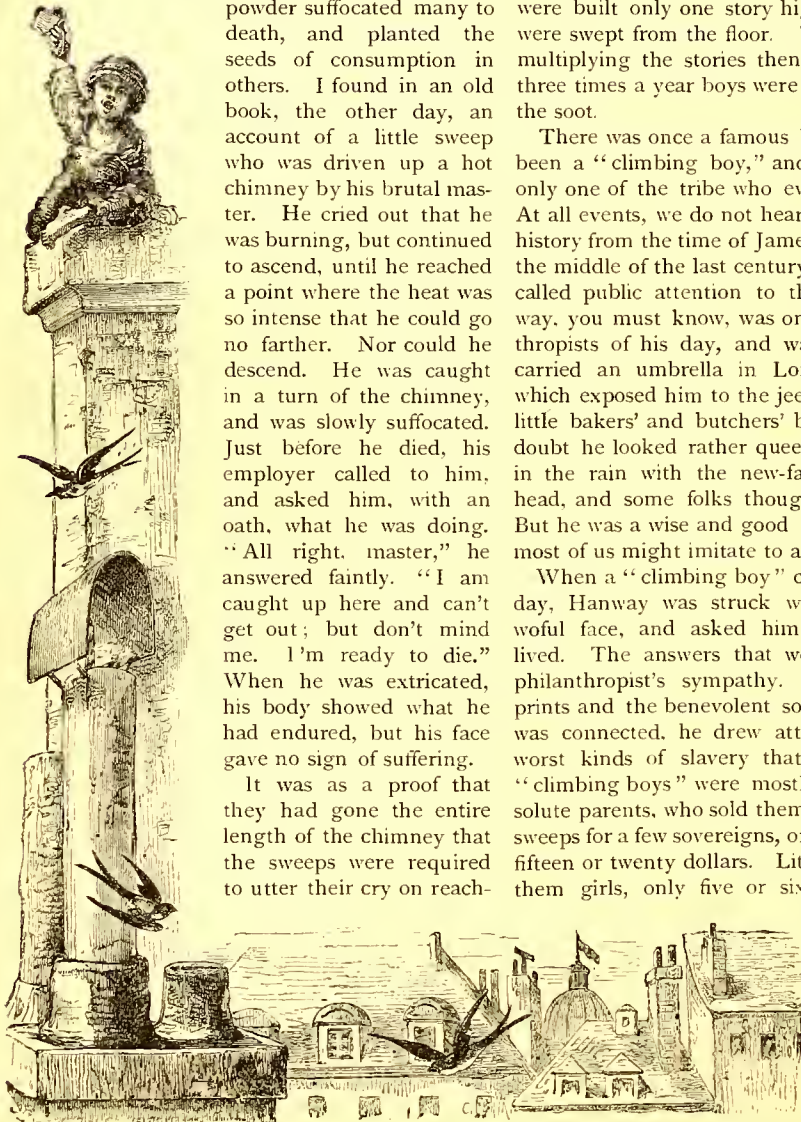
In Germany and France, small boys are still employed in cleaning chimneys. In Great Britain a law has been passed forbidding the practice; but less than fifteen years ago the sweeps, or "climbing boys," were very numerous; and I can remember seeing a bit of a lad crawling out of one of the tallest chimneys in London, such as you see in the picture on this page.

Until the reign of James the First, the houses were built only one story high, and the chimneys were swept from the floor. The Scotch fashion of multiplying the stories then came in, and twice or three times a year boys were sent up to sweep down the soot.

There was once a famous highwayman who had been a "climbing boy," and I think he was the only one of the tribe who ever became notorious. At all events, we do not hear more about them in history from the time of James the First until about the middle of the last century, when Jonas Hanway called public attention to their condition. Hanway, you must know, was one of the great philanthropists of his day, and was the man who first carried an umbrella in London, a performance which exposed him to the jeers of all the impudent little bakers' and butchers' boys in the city. No doubt he looked rather queer as he trotted along in the rain with the new-fangled thing over his head, and some folks thought him utterly crazy. But he was a wise and good man, living a life that most of us might imitate to advantage.

When a "climbing boy" came to his house, one day, Hanway was struck with the poor fellow's woful face, and asked him how and where he lived. The answers that were made excited the philanthropist's sympathy, and, through public prints and the benevolent societies with which he was connected, he drew attention to one of the worst kinds of slavery that ever existed. The "climbing boys" were mostly the children of dissolute parents, who sold them to the men chimney-sweeps for a few sovereigns, or, in American money fifteen or twenty dollars. Little creatures, some of them girls, only five or six years of age, were

compelled to ascend chimneys—and, indeed, the smallest child the more valuable he or she was, as some of the flues were less than a foot square. The traffic was so ex-



ensive that we wonder how the officers of the law ever came to hear of it. Children who wandered away from their homes often were kidnapped and carried to a remote part of the country, where the robbers sold them into bondage. Their own clothes were taken from them, and some black rags thrown over them, so that when the soot was spread over their pretty little faces, no one could recognize them.

The novices had the greatest dread of ascending the chimney for the first time, and there are several instances, of undoubted truth, in which the little fellows were violently thrust in by their masters and driven up by a fire lighted under them. This seems too horrible for belief, but it was sworn to by a master chimney-sweep before a committee of the British House of Commons. The same man declared that he did not use his own apprentices in that manner, and that when the chimney was small and the boy hesitated about ascending, he simply used a stick or his fist!

Sometimes the beginner was instructed at the house of his master before real duty was required of him. An older boy would follow him up a chimney and teach him how to climb by pressing his knees and elbows against the sides of the flue. It was a most painful operation, and the skin would be torn from the child's arms and feet before he had nearly reached the top. By striving very hard he would probably succeed, but not until he had tumbled down several times and alighted on the shoulders of his stouter companion, who always kept himself firmly fixed in expectation of such a mishap. Every time he fell he had to begin anew, and, no matter how sore he was, his master forced him to reach the top.

The little chimney-sweeps of London were turned out of their straw beds and driven into the streets during the earliest hours of the morning. No warm breakfast was supplied to them; only a crust of stale bread. I remember reading in some book of two whom its author saw standing at the gate of a house at six o'clock one snowy morning. They were barefooted and shivering, and in vain they rang the bell to awake the occupants. The contrast between their sable hue and the yet unruffled snow that mantled the city streets was a more pathetic sight than the good author could endure, and he hurried away to his chambers, with tears in his eyes, after bestowing a sixpenny bit on each of them. I have often seen like unfortunates in the streets of Liverpool, and my heart has been filled with pity for them.

A story is told, that a very small boy, not more than four years of age, was once sent up a chimney in a country-house at Bridlington, Yorkshire, and that he tumbled down and hurt himself so severely

that the young ladies of the house took him from his master and nursed him themselves. Some food was brought to him, and, seeing a silver fork, he was quite delighted, exclaiming, "Papa had such forks as those." He also said that the carpet in the drawing-room was like "papa's," and, when a silver watch was shown to him, he declared that "papa's" was a gold one. At night he would not go to bed until he had said the Lord's Prayer, which he knew perfectly, and he lay awake for some hours comparing the furniture in the room to that in his own home. When he was asked how he came to leave his papa, he said that he was gathering flowers in his mother's garden, and that



ON THE ROOF.

a woman came in and asked him if he liked riding. He said "yes," and she told him that he should ride with her. She put him on a horse in a lane near by, drove with him to the sea-side, and carried him on board a vessel.

The story does not tell what became of the little fellow afterward, and we can only hope that he was restored to his parents, or that the young ladies at the country-house adopted him.

The son of one of the noblest families in England was kidnapped by chimney-sweeps, and was restored to his home by an incident quite as romantic as any I have ever read of in novels. He was sold several times, and at last fell into the hands of a

man who was engaged to clean the chimneys of the house next door to that where his parents lived. He ascended one of the flues and reached the roof; but in descending he got into the wrong opening, and soon arrived in a magnificent bed-chamber of the adjoining house. The white sheets, the pillows trimmed with lace, and the splendid damask curtains, brought irresistible sleep into his eyes, and he threw himself upon the bed, forgetful of his tyrant master and the punishment that might be in store for him. While he dreamed there in blissful peace, looking like a bit of ebony inlaid in satin-wood, the housekeeper entered the room, and recognized him as the lost child of her lady and mistress.

During her life, his mother, the Honorable Mrs. Montague, celebrated each anniversary of his recovery by a grand dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, given to the "climbing boys" at her house in Portman Square. The little fellows were all well scrubbed and freshly dressed for the occasion, and each was presented with a shilling. But when she died the festival was no more observed, and the sweeps sadly missed her kind face and the annual dinner.

"And is all pity for the poor sweeps fled,
Since Montague is numbered with the dead?
She who did once the many sorrows weep,
That met the wanderings of the woe-worn sweep;
Who, once a year, bade all his griefs depart,
On May-day's morn would doubly cheer his heart.
Washed was his little form, his shirt was clean,
On that one day his real face was seen;
His shoeless feet now boasted pumps—and new,
The brush and shovel gayly held to view!
The table spread, his every sense was charmed,
And every savory smell his bosom warmed:
His light heart joyed to see such goodly cheer,
And much he longed to see the mantling beer.
His hunger o'er—the scene was little heaven!
If riches thus can bless, what blessings might be given.
But she is gone! None left to soothe their grief,
Or, once a year, bestow their meed of beef!"

The organization of a society to suppress the use of "climbing boys" by master-sweeps was the result of Hanway's efforts, and an instrument called the "Sandiscope," for cleaning high chimneys, was

invented. The "Sandiscope" consisted of a large brush made of a number of small whalebone sticks fastened into a round ball of wood. It was thrust up a chimney by means of hollow cylinders or tubes, with a long cord running through them, and it was worked up and down as each joint was added, until it reached the top. It was then shortened joint by joint, and again worked in a like manner. The master-sweeps refused to use it, however, and it was not until Parliament passed a law in 1829 that the little slaves were emancipated.

There are considerably over a thousand sweepers in London to-day, but they are all grown men and women, and the little fellows are no longer seen.

I ought, in conclusion, to mention James White, who was such another friend to the "climbing boys" as Mrs. Montague. Once a year, on St. Bartholomew's Day, he gathered together all the sootkins in London, and treated them to a dinner. Charles Lamb, the gifted essayist, knew him and loved him, and I will end this account by quoting his exquisite description of the feast:

"O, it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with his (White's) more unctuous sayings! How he would flit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links of sausage for the seniors! How he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating!' How he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony! How genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lips before drinking! The we had our toasts—'The King,' 'The Cloth,' and, for a crowning sentiment, 'May the brush supersede the laurel!' All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather feint than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon the tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a 'Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so, which was a prodigious comfort to these young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausage which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

"James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world, at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever."



"SHIVERING AT THE GATE."

KINGS OF FRANCE.

BY MARY W. LINCOLN.

THE first king was Pharamond; after him came
The race Merovingian, unworthy of fame;

Then Pepin the Little, and Charlemagne, great;
Victorious, kingly in Church and in State.

First Louis, Charles First, and then two Louis' more:
Charles; Eudes, Count of Paris, whose reign was soon o'er;

Charles the Simple; Raoul de Bourgoyne, rarely known,—
One after another ascended the throne.

Then Louis the Fourth, who was named "L'Outre Mer;"
Then Louis the Sluggard came: after, Lothaire.

Hugh Capet, and Robert, and Henry then came;
First Philip, two Louis', and Philip whose name

Was Augustus; then Louis the Lion, and one
Called Louis the Saint, for the good he had done.

Two Philips, tenth Louis, fifth Philip came on;
And then Charles the Fourth, the sixth Philip, and John;

Charles Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, when Joan d'Arc came
To rescue the country from sorrow and shame.

Then Louis Eleventh—perfidious king;
Charles Eighth, whose adventures let history sing;

Twelfth Louis, first Francis, and Henry then came;
Then Francis, whose wife is so well known to fame

As Mary of Scotland; Charles Ninth, on whose head
Is the blood of Bartholomew's Protestant dead.

Two Henrys, five Louis',—one, king but in name,
For Terror was monarch till Bonaparte came.

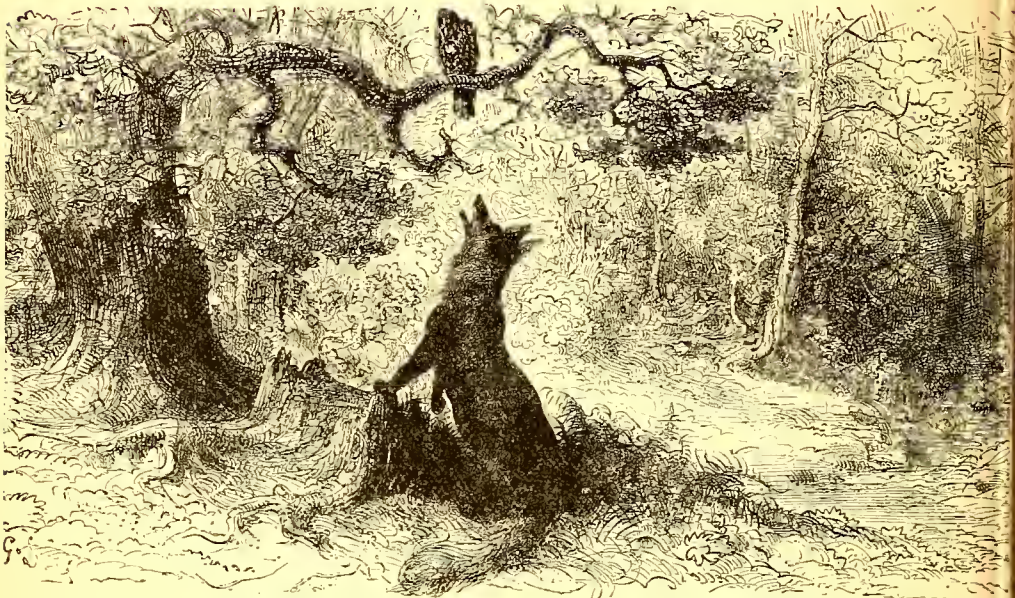
Then Louis Eighteenth, and Charles Tenth, the grandson
Of Louis Fifteenth, but his reign was soon done.

Then Louis Philippe, and Napoleon Third,
Who, often successful, more frequently erred.

The throne is now vacant, and no one can tell
The name of the next, so I'll bid you farewell.

A FOX AND A RAVEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



[A raven, sitting high up on a limb, had a fine piece of cheese. He was just going to enjoy it, when along came Mr. Fox. Now the fox wanted the cheese, and he knew he could not catch the raven. So he began to flatter the raven's croaking voice, and to beg the raven for one of his "sweet songs." At last the poor raven, silly with flattery, opened his mouth to sing—when lo! the cheese drop to the ground, and off ran the wily fox with the stolen treasure in his mouth. The raven flew away, and never was heard of again.]

DONEE was a king's daughter. She had heard her father talk of the battles into which he had led his mighty warriors, and of how all the world that she knew had once been his, from the hills behind which the sun rose to the broad rushing river where it set. Now all of this account was strictly true.

But the king, as he talked, wore no clothes but a muddy pair of cotton trousers, and sat on a log in the sun, a pig rooting about his bare feet. Black Joe, going by, called him a lazy old red-skin; and that was true, too. But these differing accounts naturally confused Donee's mind. When the old chief was dead, however, there was an end of all talk of his warriors or battles. A large part of the land was left, though; a long stretch of river bottom and forests, with but very little swamp. Donee's brother, Oostogah, when he was in a good humor, planted and hoed a field of corn (as he had no wife to do it for him), and with a little fish and game, they managed to find enough to eat. Oostogah and the little girl lived in a hut built of logs and mud, and, as the floor of it never had been scrubbed, the grass actually began to grow out of

the dirt in the corners. There was a log smouldering on the hearth, where Donee baked cakes and pounded corn and beans in the ashes, and on the other side of the dark room was the heap of stumps where she slept. Besides this, there were hacked stumps of trees which served for chairs, and an iron pot out of which they ate; and there were the royal plenishing of that palace.

All the other Indians had long ago gone West. Donee had nothing and nobody to play with. She was as easily scared as a rabbit; yet sometimes when Oostogah was gone for days together, she was so lonely that she would venture down through the swamp to peep out at the water-mill and the two or three houses which the white people had built. The miller, of all the white people, was one that she liked best to watch, he was so big and round, and jolly; and one day, when he had her in the path, he did not call her "Injun," but "red nigger," as the others did, but had said, "Where's your brother, my dear?" just as if she were white. She saw, sometimes, his two little girls and boy playing about the mill-door, and they were round and fat, and jolly, just like their father.

At last, one day Oostogah went down to the mill, and Donee plucked up her courage and followed him. When she was there hiding close behind the trough in which the horses were watered, so that nobody could see her, she heard the miller say to her brother: "You ought to go to work to clear your land, my lad. In two years there will be hundreds of people moving in here, and you own the best part of the valley."

Oostogah nodded. "The whole country once belonged to my people."

"That's neither here nor there," said the miller. "Dead chickens don't count for hatching. You can't go to work now and clear your land, and you can't get it for enough to give you and this little girl a chance to go to school and get an education. Enough to give you and Betty both a chance equal to any white children."

Oostogah nodded again, but said nothing. He was shrewd enough, and could work, too, when he was in the humor. "Come, Donee," he said.

But the miller's little Thad. and Jenny had found their place behind the trough, and the three were making a nettle basket together, and were very well acquainted already.

"Let the child stay till you come back from fishing," Oostogah," said the miller.

So Donee staid all the afternoon. Jenny and Betty rolled and shouted, and could not talk fast enough with delight because they had this new little girl to play with, and Thad. climbed all the trees, as Jenny said, to "show off," and Betty tumbled into the trough head over heels and was seen out dripping.

Donee was very quiet, but it was to her as if the end of the world had come, all this was so happy and so wonderful. She never had had any body to play with before.

Then, when Betty was carried in to be dried and pressed, there was, too, the bright, cheerful room, with a lovely blue carpet on the floor, and a white head on the bed with fringe, and red dahlias that shone in the sun, putting their heads in at the window. Betty's mother did not scold when she took her wet clothes off, but said some funny things which made them laugh. She looked at Donee and then, standing with her little hands clasped behind her back.

"Does your mother never wash or dress you, Donee?" said Betty.

"She is dead," said Donee.

Betty's mother did not say any more funny things for that. When she had finished dressing Betty, and the tying of her shoes, she called the little Indian up to her.

"What can you do?" she said. "Sew? Make casins?"

She had the pleasantest voice. Donee was not

at all afraid. "I can sew. I can make baskets," she said. "I am going to make a basket for every one of you."

"Very well. You can have a tea-party, Jenny, out of doors." Then she opened a cupboard. "Here are the dishes," taking out a little box. "And bread, jam, milk, sugar, and candy."

"Candy!" cried Betty, rushing out to tell Thad.

"Candy? Hooray!" shouted Thad.

For there are no shops out in that wild country where a boy can run for a stick of lemon or gum-drops every time he gets a penny. It was very seldom that Thad. or Betty could have a taste of those red and white "bull's eyes" which their mother now took out of the jar in the locked cupboard. They knew she brought it out to please the little Indian girl, whose own mother was dead.

Jenny set the table for the tea-party under a big oak. There was a flat place on one of the round roots that rose out of the moss, which was the very thing for a table. So there she spread the little white and gold plates and cups and saucers, with the meat dish (every bit as large as your hand), in the middle, full of candy. The milk, of course, was put in the pot for coffee, and set on three dead leaves to boil; and Jenny allowed Donee to fill the jam dishes herself, with her own hands. Donee could hardly get her breath as she did it.

When they were all ready they sat down. The sun shone, and the wind was blowing, and the water of the mill-race flashed and gurgled as it went by, and a song-sparrow perched himself on the fence close to them and sang, and sang, just as if he knew what was going on.

"He wants to come to the party!" said Betty, and then they all laughed. Donee laughed too.

The shining plates just fitted into the moss, and there was a little pitcher, the round-bellied part of which was covered with sand, while the handle and top were, Jenny said, of solid gold; that was put in the middle of all.

Donee did not think it was like fairy-land or heaven, because she had never in her life heard of fairy-land or heaven. She had never seen any thing but her own filthy hut, with its iron pot and wooden spoons.

When it was all over, the children's mother (Donee felt as if she was her mother too) called her in, and took out of that same cupboard a roll of the loveliest red calico.

"Now, Donee," she said, "if you can make yourself a dress of this I will give you this box," and she opened a box, just like Jenny's. Inside, packed in thin slips of paper, was a set of dishes! pure white, with the tiniest rose-bud in the middle of each! cups, saucers, meat-dish, coffee-pot, and

all; and, below all, a pitcher, with sand on the brown bottom, but the top and handle of solid gold!

Donee went back to the hut, trotting along beside Oostogah, her roll of calico under her arm. The next day she cut it out into a slip and began to sew. Oostogah was at work all day cutting down dead trees. When he came in at night, Donee said: "If you sold the land for much money, could we have a home like the miller's?"

Oostogah was as much astonished as if a chicken had asked him a question, but he said "Yes."

"Would I be like Jenny and Betty?"

"You're a chief's daughter," grunted Oostogah.

One day in the next week she went down to the river far in the woods, and took a bath, combing her long straight black hair down her shoulders. Then she put on her new dress, and went down to the miller's house. It was all very quiet, for the children were not there, but their mother came to the door. She laughed out loud with pleasure when she saw Donee. The red dress was just the right color for her to wear with her dark skin and black hair. Her eyes were soft and shy, and her bare feet and arms (like most Indian women's) pretty enough to be copied in marble.

"You are a good child—you're a very good child! Here are the dishes. I wish the children were at home. Sit right down on the step now and eat a piece of pie."

But Donee could not eat the pie, her heart was so full.

"Hillo!" called the miller, when he saw her. "Why, what a nice girl you are to-day, Dony! Your brother's hard at work, eh? It will all come right, then."

Donee stood around for a long time, afraid to say what she wanted.

"What is it?" asked the miller's wife.

Donee managed to whisper, if she were to have a party the next day, could the children come to it? and their mother said: "Certainly, in the evening."

When the little girl ran down the hill, the miller said: "Seems as if 't would be easy to make Christians out of them two."

"I'm going to do what I can for Donee," said the miller's wife.

It was not so easy for the little red-skinned girl to have a party, for she had neither jam nor bread, nor butter, not to mention candy. But she was up very early the next morning, and made tiny little cakes of corn, no bigger than your thumb-nail, and she went to a hollow tree she knew of and got a cupful of honey, and brought some red haws, and heaps of nuts, hickory and chestnuts. When Oostogah had gone, she set out her little dishes

under a big oak, and dressed herself in her love frock, though she knew the party could not beg for hours and hours: The brown cakes and hone and scarlet haws, were in the white dishes, and the gold pitcher, with a big purple flower, was in the middle. Donee sat down and looked at it all. A year or two Oostogah would build a house like the miller's, and she should have a blue carpet on the floor, and a white bed, and wear red frock every day, like Betty.

Just then she heard voices talking. Oostogah had come back; he sat upon a log; and the trader who came around once a year, stood beside him, pack open at his feet. It was this peddler, Hawk who was talking.

"I tell you, Oostogy, the miller's a fool. There no new settlers coming here, and nobody want your land. There's hundreds and thousands of acres beyond better than this. You'd better take my offer. Look at that suit!"

He held up short trousers of blue cloth work with colored porcupine quills, and a scarlet man's glittering with beads and gold fringe.

"I don't want it," grunted Oostogah. "Sell your land for big pile money."

"Oh, very well. I don't want to buy your land. There's thousands of acres to be had for the asking but there's not such a dress as that in the United States. I had that dress made on purpose for you Oostogy. I said: 'Make me a dress for the son of a great chief. The handsomest man'" (eyeing the lad from head to foot) "that lives this side the great water."

Oostogah grunted, but his eyes began to sparkle.

"Here now, Oostogy, just try it on to please me. I'd like to see you dressed like a chief once."

Oostogah, nothing loth, dropped his dirty blanket, and was soon rigged in the glittering finery, while Hawk nodded in rapt admiration.

"There's not a man in the country, red-skin pale-face, but would know you for the son of a great Denomah. Go look down in the creek Oostogy."

Oostogah went, and came back, walking in slowly. He began to take off the mantle.

"There's a deputation from these Northern tribes going this winter to see the Great Father at Washington. If Oostogah had a proper dress he could go. But shall the son of Denomah come before the Great Father in a torn horse blanket?"

"Your words are too many," said Oostogah. "I have made up my mind. I will sell you the land for the clothes."

Donee came up then, and stood directly before him, looking up at him. But she said nothing.

not the habit of Indian women and children to talk concerning matters of importance.

Oostogah pushed her out of the way, and, with the trader, went into the hut to finish their gain.

In an hour or two her brother came to Donee. He had his new clothes in a pack on his back. "Come," he said, pointing beyond the great river to the dark woods.

"We will come back here again, Oostogah?"

"No; we will never come back."

Donee went to the tree and looked down at the things she had made; at the little dishes with the things on each. But she did not lift one of them up.

She took off her pretty dress and laid it beside the pack, and, going to the hut, put on her old rags. Then she came out and followed her brother, whose face was turned toward the great dark woods to the west.

When the miller's children came to the party the next afternoon, a pig was lying on Donee's red dress, and the dishes were scattered and broken. The hut was empty.

* * * * *

A year afterward, the miller came back from a long journey. After he had kissed and hugged

his wife and little ones, he said: "You remember, wife, how Hawk cheated that poor Indian lad out of his land?"

"Yes; I always said it was the old story of the fox and the foolish raven over again."

"It was the old story of the white and the red man over again. But out in an Indian village I found Donee sick and starving."

The miller's wife jumped to her feet. The tears rushed to her eyes. "What did you do? What did you do?"

"Well, there was n't but one thing to do, and I did that." He went out to the wagon and carried in the little Indian girl, and laid her on the bed.

"Poor child! Poor child! Where is Oostogah?"

The miller shook his head. "Don't ask any questions about him. The raven flew away to the woods, and was never heard of again. Better if that were the end of Oostogah."

Donee, opening her tired eyes, saw the blue carpet and the white bed where she lay, and the red dahlias shining in the sun and looking in at the window, and beside her were the children, and the children's mother smiling down on her with tears in her eyes.



THE COAL-IMP.

BY C. P. CRANCH.



I WAS sitting one night by my fire—
 'T was a fire of Westmoreland coal
 With a mixture of coke, which I recommend
 As a comfort for body and soul.

My chamber was cosey and warm;
 The curtains were closed all around;
 And the snow at the windows rattled away
 With a soft and tinkling sound.

As I sat in my easy chair,
 I think it had got to be late;
 And over the top of my book I saw
 A face in the glowing grate.

An ugly old face, too, it was—
 With wings and a tail—I declare;
 And the rest was ashes, and smoke, and flame,
 And ended—I don't know where.

So odd were the features, I said
 "I must put you on paper, my friend;"
 And took my pen and jotted him down—
 Face, wings, and wriggling end.

A queer old codger he seemed,
 As vaguely he stared and shone;
 But I fixed him in outline as well as I could
 And added a touch of my own.

He flapped his wings in the grate,
 And struggled and puffed to be free,
 And scowled with his blazing carbuncle eyes
 As if he appealed to *me*.

Then I said—but perhaps I dreamed—
 "Old fellow—how came you there?"
 "I'm not an old fellow"—the face replied,
 "But a prisoned Imp of the air.

"In the shape of combustion and gas
 My wings I begin to find out;
 So I flap at the bars and grow red in the face
 And am ugly enough, no doubt.

"I am made for a much better lot;
 But I cannot escape, as you see:
 Blistered and burnt, and crammed in a grate
 What *could* you expect of me?"

"I once was a spirit of air,
A delicate fairy page
Long, long ago—in fact before
The carboniferous age.

"For centuries I was kept
Imprisoned in coal-beds fast.
When you kindled your fire this evening,
you see,
I thought I was free at last.

"But it seems I am still to wait;
No wonder I'm cross as a bear,

Make faces, and flutter my wings of flame,
And struggle to reach the air."

"My ruby-faced friend," I said,
"If you really wish to be free,
Perhaps I can give you a lift or two.
It's easy enough. We'll see."

Then, taking the poker, I punched
A hole in the half-burnt mass—
When the fire leaped up, and the Imp
flew off
In a laugh of flaming gas.

THE PETERKINS' JOURNEY AGAIN POSTPONED.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

It was very difficult for the Peterkin family to decide where to go.

Mrs. Peterkin did not want to go to the sea—she was a little afraid of the sea.

Elizabeth Eliza had no desire to go to the mount-

ain. "It tires you so to go up," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"I suppose one sees a great deal," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I don't know," said Elizabeth Eliza, who had been up Sundown Hill, "because, on the way up, I can't get back to the view all the time."

"I know it," said Solomon John; "and when you are on top of the hill, you are too high up to see anything. You can't tell whether they are men or boys."

"And when you come down," continued Elizabeth Eliza, "you have to be looking at your feet all the time, to see where you are treading; so you can't get any view."

"I want to go where we shall really see something," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I should like to go up some of the burning mountains," said Agamemnon; "volcanoes;—I have read of them,—like Mount Ætna. I should like to go up one of those."

"I should rather come down," said Mrs. Peter-

kin. "The ground is so hot," continued Agamemnon, "that you can roast eggs in it."

"That would be jolly," cried the little boys.

"It must make it inexpensive for fuel," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I suppose the inhabitants don't have to take in coal," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let's go," cried the little boys.

"Only our India-rubber boots would stick," said one of them.

"But then the inhabitants get buried up now and then," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Oh, that was a great while ago," said Agamemnon. "You know I read about their being dug out."

"Still, I should not like to be buried up," said Mrs. Peterkin, "even if I were dug out."

"I suppose, by this time," said Mr. Peterkin, "the top of the mountain must have pretty much all come down, all there is to come down—so many years!"

"It must be the mountain that came down to Mahomet," said Solomon John. "Somebody told me about his not being able to go to it, so it came to him."

"I would not like to go among the Mahometans," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Certainly not to the deserts of Arabia!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

The little boys would like to see the "Arabian Nights."

"I don't think we want to journey as far as that," said Mr. Peterkin.

Agamemnon was annoyed. The family did not understand. These volcanoes were not so far off as Arabia. Still, they were over the sea, and they would hardly care to travel so far.

"Yet I think we want to see something more

than merely to go into the country," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Solomon John had been sitting in quiet for some time.

"What is it, Solomon John?" said Mr. Peterkin. "You have an idea——"

"Yes," said Solomon John, starting up and walking across the room, in excitement. "Why should not we go to—Philadelphia?"

"And see the place that the lady from Philadelphia came from," exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"She is so wise," said Mrs. Peterkin; "she has had such opportunities."

"Let us go to-morrow; don't wait for the vacation," cried the little boys, in delight.

"It would be a very poor time to go now," said Mrs. Peterkin, "when the only person we should know, the lady from Philadelphia, is here."

"She could tell us how to go," said Solomon John.

"It is very hot in Philadelphia in summer, I have heard," said Mr. Peterkin.

"That is why she comes away," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"It would be a pity to go when everybody is away," said Agamemnon.

"Everybody away!" exclaimed the little boys. "What fun! Then we could go into the shops and take what we wanted!"

"Don't be absurd," said Solomon John; "of course, the policemen stay."

"Why should not we go later?" said Agamemnon.

"Why not wait till the fall?" said Mr. Peterkin.

"We ought to go in the little boys' vacation," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought this was no matter; they could do something else in the vacation.

"But, then, it would not be a summer journey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

But Elizabeth Eliza felt this was not a serious objection.

"We might wait till the Centennial," suggested Agamemnon. Mrs. Peterkin was firm against this.

"No, I am old enough now," she said. "If I were to wait till I'm a hundred, I should n't enjoy anything!"

"There must be enough to see there now," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Benjamin Franklin came from Philadelphia, else he went to it," said Agamemnon.

"Oh yes, I know all about him," said Solomon John; "he made paint-brushes of his cat's tail!"

"Oh no, that was another Benjamin, I am prepared," said Agamemnon.

"I don't know about that," said Solomon John "but he became a famous artist, and painted the King and Queen of England."

"You must have mixed up the Benjamins," said Agamemnon. "I will go and borrow an encyclopedia, and look them out."

"And we will make paint-brushes out of Elizabeth Eliza's cat," exclaimed the little boys; "and we will become famous, and paint the King and Queen of England."

"You must not use the whole cat," said Solomon John; "and there is no King of England now."

"And I cannot spare her tail," cried Elizabeth Eliza, starting up in agony for her cat.

"It is only Philadelphia cats that are used for paint-brushes," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will wait about it when we go. I think it is a good plan to wait till autumn, and it will give us time to talk with the lady from Philadelphia and consult her about it."

The little boys were quite satisfied. "A vacation and a journey too!" It was raining a little but they put on their India-rubber boots, and went out to chase some ducks from a neighboring mud puddle.

ANN'S ANSWER.

By E. S. F.

SAID the teacher to Ann: "I wish, if you can,

You would give a more definite answer."

And Ann at once said, with a toss of her head:

"I do just the best that I can, sir!

But why should I try? do please tell me why


(I think it's no use—not a particle),

For I hear every day the grammar-class say

That *An's* an *in*-definite article!"

THE STORY OF A BIRCH-BARK BOY.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS.



IN a large forest, once upon a time, grew a clump of birch-trees; noble great trees they were, and everybody felt sorry when some woodmen were sent to cut them down. Down they must come, though, for the men had their orders, and orders must be obeyed, or there is no getting along in this world. Thwack, thwack went the bright steel axes, and the trees came crashing to the ground until there was only one left standing. He was the handsomest of all, and report said that he was the great, great, great-grandfather of all the others. Dear me, how he did groan and crack when the men went to work, chopping, tearing and pulling him, till at last he fell to the earth with

noise like thunder. His bark was beautiful, fine, soft and flexible, and looked so much more valuable than the rest after it was torn off, that they placed it in a little heap by itself. It was now quite late, and the men went away, not to return till the next morning but one, for the day following would be a holiday.

It rained in the night, and in the morning the drops glistened on the forlorn little pile of bark, making it look as if it were weeping at the sight of the great tree it had always shielded from wind and storm by its close and loving embrace, lying shorn of its graceful limbs, stripped, and soaked with the rain.

Toward evening a party of young men passed through the forest on their way home from the festival. Their ages might range from sixteen to nineteen years,—mere boys, you will say; but they knew better, for could they not drink their glass of wine with any man? They made the quiet forest resound with their boisterous shouts and ill-mannered jokes, and when one of them made a remark which the others considered especially brilliant, they slapped him on the back and cried, "Good! good! One can easily see that you are a man of the world."

There was one little fellow in particular, the youngest of the party, who wore his first long-tailed

coat, and in consequence talked faster and louder, and told more silly stories than any of his companions. It was to his foolishness we owe this story: for on perceiving the birch-bark shiving in the soft afternoon light, he exclaimed:

"Oho! let us make a birch-bark boy!"

"What?" said the rest, who had heard of snowmen before, but never of birch-bark boys.

"I'll show you," answered this naughty boy; and without stopping to consider whether he had any right to meddle with the bark, he took a long, narrow strip of it, pinned it together so that it somewhat resembled a short stove-pipe, formed another in the same way, set them up upon two smaller rolls laid on the ground for feet, and the birch-bark boy was half done. He then doubled a large square piece, fastening it with long thorns, pins not being strong enough to hold, and after cutting two holes in the side, in which he placed two cylinders of bark for arms, he finished by setting a good-sized India-rubber football on top for a head, and chalking marks for eyes, nose and mouth. There stood the birch-bark boy, sure enough, and a frightful-looking object he was; his round white eyes and the long, grinning line of his mouth made him a very ghastly sight to come upon suddenly at night. Just then a rustling was heard in the bushes near them, and the boys, alarmed at being caught in such mischief, took to their heels as fast as they could, leaving their best football behind them (which, by the way, was of a beautiful light brown color, not unlike the birch-bark itself) staring into the night with its great round eyes. The noise proved to be only a rabbit, hopping about in search of tender leaves for a dinner-party he intended to give; but "the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

There the birch-boy stood leaning against a tree, glaring at nothing; and had not something very strange happened in the night the boys would have come the next day and taken their football, and the workmen would have pulled his body to pieces.

As it was, however, they *did* come, and were furious at finding nothing there; not the faintest vestige of the boy was to be seen far or near. The workmen scolded about the loss of their bark, but the boys had to hold their tongues concerning the thing *they* wanted. They knew it served them right to lose their precious ball, though they liked it none the better for that.

This is what happened in the night.

About that time there were a great many souls of babies to be carried to the earth; a great many more than you can think or dream of; and the angels that have this charge were consequently very busy. This night in particular there were so many that the angel who has the chief care of all the cunning little spirits thought he never would be able to get them all down in time. So he looked around for help, and espied a new-comer standing by, gazing at him with great interest. The new angel looked as if he must have been very good indeed when he was on earth, for he had such a lovely face. So the chief angel called to him, and asked if he would be willing to carry an exceedingly nice little soul to the castle at the end of the forest. The new-comer replied that he would be delighted to do so; and away he flew with his precious burden.

Now the chief angel was so busy that he had not time to give the other very explicit directions, and he therefore alighted at the wrong end of the forest, where there was nothing but dry waste land, with no houses far or near. So the angel wandered into the forest, looking in vain for any sign of life, until he came to where the moonlight glanced through the leaves upon the head of the birch-bark boy.

Now whether the angel never had any babies of his own when he lived on earth, or whether he was a Chinese angel and thought everybody was of a dirty yellow color, I don't know; I only know that he said: "Ah! they have sent him out to meet me."

So with these words he allowed the soul to become gradually absorbed into the poor birch-bark body till it was all gone, and then flew back again, never dreaming what mischief he had done.

The soul expanded and expanded to fill the unusually large body in which it found itself, till it was about like the soul of a good-sized boy, and then the poor fellow tried to move; but he was stiff, of course, not having any knees or elbows. Just try to walk without bending your knees, children, and you will know with what a hop, skip and a jump our birch-bark boy moved. The only comfort he had was that he was so light that the least breath of air would waft him anywhere like a feather, and he could easily keep himself down by rolling a stone up his hollow arm.

I cannot begin to tell you his adventures for some years after he came to life; so, suffice it to say that he was very unhappy, and longed with all his might to be like other boys who could bend their knees and run and jump and laugh. One day when he felt even more melancholy than usual, lying on the grass in the very forest where he was made, wishing he had eyes were they only to weep

with, an old woman stood suddenly before him and said:

"Are you a goblin?"

He had often been taken for a goblin before, and the question did not surprise him, so he answered meekly:

"No, ma'am; I only wish I were."

You will be surprised to learn that he could answer at all, but there was a small hole in the football near where the boy had drawn his mouth, and though I think no one but a fairy could have understood him, the old woman did well enough because she *was* one, as perhaps you have guessed. To ordinary ears his voice sounded something like that of a dog, of course, for was he not made of bark?

"What do you mean by such a wish as that?" asked the old woman sternly. And our poor boy, too delighted at being understood and talked to at all to notice her severity, answered:

"Because I wish I were anything else than the thing I am. I would do anything in the world to get rid of this hateful birch-bark body, which prevents my walking and running, and makes other children afraid of me, and oh! I'm *so* unhappy; and please, ma'am, you are the only one who ever understood what I say, and can't you help me to turn into a real boy, or else let me die here?" And the poor fellow was so affected that a sort of dampness spread all over him, which was the best he could do in the way of tears.

"I," said the old woman, "am a fairy, and to help you is precisely the reason I am here; and I have been moved to do this, not only because you are so wretched, but because I think you are a very good boy indeed, and will make a very good man. I cannot, however, do much for you," continued she, raising her hand as she saw he was about to interrupt her (and you all know, children, how dreadful it is to interrupt older people when they are talking); "you will have to help yourself. Listen to these words: *When you make yourself as useful in the world as if you had a body like other boys, you will receive your reward.*"

With these words she vanished in a white mist, leaving the boy stunned with astonishment, and even more in despair than before, for did not every one fly at his approach, and how could he be useful to them if they did that? However, being a brave little soul, he finally rose, and for a week went from place to place trying to get near enough to any one to see if he could be of any use. But he was afraid of grown men and women; and the children all ran shrieking to their mothers whenever they saw him coming. One cheering thing he observed though, which was that if people would only lose their fear of him, it would be very easy indeed to

as useful as most of the boys he saw, and he thought it very strange that big boys who were most men should consider it necessary to pull their sisters' hair, or break their dolls' heads, or jump out of dark places suddenly to frighten them, or do a hundred other teasing things well known to offering girls.

One day he was sitting disconsolately on the seashore, when he heard a faint cry. When I say *heard*, I do not mean heard as you hear, for you

only come and save her." And from appearances it was highly probable that she never would. How pretty she was, with her golden curls all tossed and tumbled by the wind, her great blue eyes filled with tears, and her dear little underlip quivering!

The dreadful danger that she was in touched the heart of our boy deeply, or rather the place where his heart ought to be, and yet "If it had been anything but this," the poor fellow thought.

I have not told you the sad fact that water was



THE BIRCH-BARK BOY TO THE RESCUE.

now he did n't have any real ears, but the birch-bark was so thin that his soul understood things and felt them in a mysterious way, without his knowing exactly how. At any rate I will use plain language and say that he *heard* a faint cry, and looking up saw a small row-boat slowly gliding past him out to sea, with no one in it but a little girl. He it was who had uttered the cry. Poor little thing! There she was drifting out to the wide ocean all alone, and crying piteously, and saying, between her sobs, that she "never, never would get away to play in a boat again if some one would

death to him. To get wet would indeed put a stop to all his hopes of ever being like other boys, for the dampness would penetrate through and through him, and he would then flatten and come apart. At one time he would not have cared, but now when his hopes were raised so high, could he dash them to the ground with one ruthless blow? Moreover, it was exceedingly painful to him, or he would have been tempted long ago to stand out in a hard shower and thus put an end to his wearisome existence. Then it was more than probable that his labor would be useless, for he would be wet through

before he reached her, and even if he were not, how could he be of any assistance? He hesitated, looked, and hesitated again, when he heard a sob, fainter than any before. A plan occurred to him, by which he thought he might possibly save her, and he sprang to his feet resolved to do and die.

"Her life is worth more than mine ever could be," he sighed; and instantly he began what looked like a species of gymnastic exercises in the air. The wind was blowing directly toward the sea, and he wanted to go inland, but he had learned to regulate his singularly formed body in such a manner that he could go in whatever direction he wished with the greatest rapidity, no matter from what quarter the wind blew. I don't pretend to know how he did it, but I suppose it was upon something the same principle as a schooner tacking. At all events he was at a store in the town in less than five seconds; all the people screamed, and tumbled over one another in their eagerness to get out of the way, but he, unheeding them, rolled a ball of strong twine up his arm with great dexterity, and sped away till he reached the boat, now quite a distance from land. The poor little girl shrieked with horror when she perceived him, which sent a pang through him, but he quietly dropped the ball of twine into the boat, and tried to tie the end of it to the ring in the bow. I do not know how many hours it would have taken him to accomplish this, or even if he could have succeeded at all, had not the little girl, whose name was Mabel, seen what he was endeavoring to do, and taking heart, tied the string quickly in a strong, hard knot. After this he had little difficulty in making her understand also that the other end was to be fastened round his body. Now began the "tug of war," for how was this poor little weak boy to tow a row-boat to land, over heavy swells, and with the wind dead against him? How he *did* do it he never knew, but his strength just lasted long enough to reach one of the huge piles of an unfinished wharf, to fly several times round it in order to secure the boat, and he fell, fainting, into the water. He felt himself slowly flattening, but before he quite lost consciousness he heard the voices of the men who were carrying home little Mabel.

He did n't die, though; of course he did n't; but was washed ashore, where he had a peaceful sleep, and awoke with the most singular sensation of weighing four or five hundred pounds. He thought too he heard a voice say:

"Because you hesitated, the deed was not complete; therefore the cure cannot be complete. But cheer up! You have done nobly, and in due time shall receive your reward."

He roused himself on hearing these words in order to see who spoke, but he could perceive

nothing save a white mist in the distance, which vanished immediately; and was it *he* who heard those words, or another boy—a real boy—who was sitting on the beach, gazing around in astonishment? No; it was himself, for there was his skin of birch-bark, only much softer and more delicate than before, stretched over as handsome and as solid a body as you would care to see. He could still hear and see a little by the same mysterious method I spoke of, but he was perfectly dumb; no sound could he utter. The most remarkable of all was that he was dressed in a full suit of clothes very nice clothes they were too, and so our boy thought till he discovered one defect that the fair (not being used to boys) thought he would not perceive. *There was not a sign of a pocket anywhere about them.* I don't know how he found out this fatal fact so soon, for, never having been able to wear any clothes before, naturally one might suppose that he would not feel the want of pockets so keenly as boys who have had them all their lives. He seemed to know all about them, however, by instinct, and it would have melted a heart of stone to see him sitting mournfully on the beach, clapping his hands first to one side of his trousers and then to the other, and searching in all parts of his jacket and vest, once even looking up his sleeve to find some traces of the catch-alls, without which it would hardly seem necessary for boys to have clothes at all. The kind fairy knew too much, however, to risk his life for a few moments' gratification; for she had read in the newspapers what things got into boys' pockets, and knew that a huge jack-knife is the first requisite. Now if this boy's skin, being yet made of birch-bark, should be cut by accident, no matter how slightly, it never would heal, and she wished to avoid all accidents of that kind. She accordingly provided him with a little cottage just outside the town, and at meal-times a nice breakfast, dinner or supper, as the case might be, was set before him. I am grieved to say that he was obliged to eat with his fingers, his guardian never allowing him to use a table-knife lest it should slip and cut him. He learned better afterward however.

He soon became accustomed to his new mode of life, and often wandered round the town in search of some one to whom he could render assistance also he wanted to see little Mabel again. Day after day passed, and though he stared at the people in the carriages and on the sidewalks, in stores and in houses, he did not see her. He had a pretty hard time of it besides. The rude boys in the streets hooted at him, and called him "Heathen Chinee" and "Mummy," and asked him "Whom did you tanned him last?"

All these remarks made him feel very unhappy

nd discouraged him very much; and one day when he had been treated worse than usual, having had a narrow escape from a sharp stone thrown at him, he sat down in his little house the picture of despair. As he was gloomily looking out of the window at the setting sun slowly sinking behind the dark hills, he thought he discerned a faint light reddening the sky in another direction. He ascended to the roof to see what it meant, and perceived that a large house in the heart of the town was on fire. This made him still more melancholy than before, for any approach to flame cracked his brittle skin in a hundred places, so that he fairly had even to heat his cottage by steam.

"Alas!" cried he, "I might be of some use now, if it were not for my unfortunate skin. I will go, though, and watch for my chance, and perhaps may be able to assist the sufferers after they are removed from the scorching heat."

So he went into the town, and followed the crowd of people, hustling and jostling one another, all running in one direction, not more than half of them knowing why or where they were going.

Our boy found that as soon as he came near enough to the fire to feel the heat, his skin began to crack, and to become exceedingly painful; so he ensconced himself on the top of a high building, behind a damp blanket, where he could see everything that went on, without being near enough to injure himself. The fire raged furiously, but though it was impossible to save the burning mansion, the surrounding houses stood in no danger, as they were separated by a small park. It was now quite late, and would have been very dark were it not for the glare of the flames, darting upward like gigantic tongues, roaring, and making the very air around to sing with the intense heat. One part of the building was nearly burned, and with a crash the side wall fell to the ground; but what was it that sent such a thrill through the heart of the boy, making him start to his feet, with every nerve quivering beneath his brown skin? Nothing but the shrill shriek of a child sounding distinctly above the din of falling walls and the rush of the flames. He had heard that voice before, and if it was Mabel within those burning ruins, crying for help, she *must* be saved.

Taking no thought of his own peril, he dashed out into the street and straight toward the flaming house like a whirlwind. Over the red-hot embers he flew, suffering the most frightful tortures, only thinking of Mabel and hoping to be able to reach her before he died. She was in a part of the house that had caught last, and was now standing at the window before a wild background of flames, calling for help with all the energy of mortal terror. Her father was miles away, and knew nothing of

the fire. Her poor mother, who had supposed her to be at the house of a friend, was running backward and forward, wringing her hands and offering enormous rewards to any one who would venture to save her darling. Just at that moment there appeared another form in the casement. A cry of hope resounded through the crowd as our boy unrolled a coil of rope he had snatched from one of the firemen as he passed. It was the work of a moment to fasten it securely around Mabel's body, and prepare to lower her to the ground, which was fortunately quite free from embers directly under the window. A man rushed forward to receive her, and our boy, with supernatural strength, lowered her gently till she was in the arms of the man, who lifted her high in the air, amid the shouts and applause of the crowd. The applause, however, soon changed to groans, for hardly had the child been restored to the embraces of her mother when the whole interior of the house in the part where our hero was standing gave way with a frightful crash, and, with one whirl-r-r bang, this world was over for the birch-bark boy.

The next morning the father returned to town, and found his home in ruins. But he soon placed Mabel and her mother in comfortable rooms, where they could stay until their new home could be made ready. Hardly had the little family assembled when the door-bell rang. An old woman wished to see them on important business. They were all three rather surprised when they saw their strange-looking visitor; but having been brought up in the best manner, they did not manifest their astonishment by either look or word until the old woman said:

"Would you not like to see the boy that saved your little girl's life?"

"Indeed we would," exclaimed all three together. "But we thought he was killed and buried in the ruins. How is he? Where is he? Who found him?"

"But is he really alive?" cried little Mabel, her blue eyes dilating. "Ah! no, he cannot be; he must be dead, and you are cruel to come here and tell stories." And with these words her tears and sobs broke forth afresh.

"Hush, Mabel!" said her mother quickly, for something in the old woman's look or manner impressed her she could hardly tell how, though she did not know their visitor was a fairy.

"Never mind, n-e-v-e-r mind," answered the fairy soothingly. "I like her the better for being fond of the boy who twice preserved her life; but I can assure you he is alive and well, as you shall see for yourself if you will come to the cottage just outside the town at three o'clock this afternoon. I saved him from the fire myself, for I am his guardian."

With these words she vanished in a mist, leaving them in a state of astonishment not to be described.

Our story is all told, as much as any story can be told. Of course Mabel and her parents went to the cottage outside of the town; of course they found there a beautiful youth,—birch-bark boy no longer, but as fine a young fellow as one could wish to see,—who recognized Mabel at once, and gladly

accepted the father and mother, who said he must go home with them and be Mabel's brother. And of course, they all were happy as could be to the very end of their lives.

But our boy, for some strange reason, though he could talk, and leap and romp like any other young fellow, never liked to go alone to the forest, and to his dying day he always shuddered when he heard the old proverb, "His bark is worse than his bite."

HOW DOLLS ARE MADE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

DARLING Rosabel came from the rag-bag.

From the rag-bag! you don't see how anything nice can come from such a place, do you say?

I fear you'll be shocked when I tell you that not only Rosabel, who is a "perfectly lovely" wax doll, but your own most precious dolly, if she's anything better than china, probably came out of the same dreadful place.

To be sure her head, neck, hands and feet are all of wax outside, and as only this covering shows, she is just as good and as pretty as though she were wax all through; and you know the old saying that "beauty is but skin deep." But, nevertheless, she *did* come out of the rag-bag, and I'll tell you all about it, while she sits there on the sofa, elegantly dressed, and looking as lovely as though she never even heard of such things as rags.

The true story of her life, since she was first created, would be very interesting; but it would make a big book, and I can't tell you half of it.

A new doll, did you say? Well, I know she has not lived long in her present shape, but you must remember that she was not always a doll; she was once wrapped up in a green bud, growing on a bush. She came out of that a long white bit of cotton, went through ever so many processes, and became cotton cloth of some kind; was bought and sold, and made up, and used, washed and ironed, and worn out as cloth, just to begin with. Think of all that probably happened to her before she even became rags!

That was only the beginning. After being worn-out rags she went into the rag-bag or the alley, made a journey on the back of a rag-man, went through a dreadful course of soaking and washing, and boiling, and bleaching, and pressing, and dry-

ing, and ever so much else, before she came out nice clean paper, ready for use again. Did you suspect your dolly had ever been paper?

Well, she was paper once, and who can tell what may have been her life while in that state, whether she was beautiful note-paper and carried loving



THE MODELER AT WORK.

messages from one friend to another, or whether she was used for business writing, or for wrapping up confectioners' dainties, or whether she was made into a book or not, or did good or harm. She'll never open her lips to tell of her past life; but you may be sure she was put to some use as paper, and

ould tell strange stories of what she has seen, if he could only remember—and talk.

You see she's very old, older than any of you,

turn around if he wishes. From a lump of soft clay, he has cut and shaped a doll's head and neck, and in another lump of clay near him, you see he has stuck his spare knives. When the model is finished, the modeler makes lines on it, with colored crayons, as a guide to the next workman, who is called a molder.

When the pattern, or model, is ready, there must be made a mold, in which to shape the paper pulp from the kettle. This is made by the molder. He takes the pretty clay model, when it is dry and hard, and lays it face up, in a dish of wet clay, pressing the clay into every corner up to the colored line which the modeler



MAKING THE MOLD.

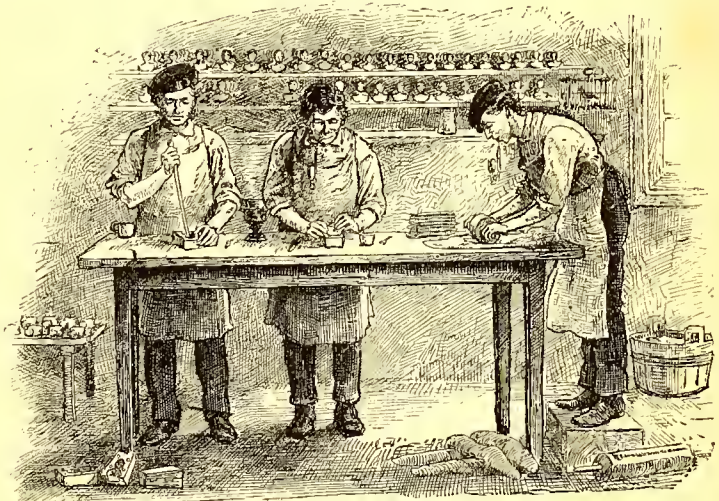
and I don't think it's respectful to old age to treat her as some of you do. I hope you'll mend your manners toward her, now that you know about her age and dignity.

When the paper of which she is made was old and soiled, and unfit for use, it was taken to a doll manufactory, in the little city of Sonneburg, near the northern border of Bavaria, and there it went through the operations that made it into this pretty doll. I can show you, as well as tell you about it, for here are some sketches taken for ST. NICHOLAS in one of those very factories.

The first thing, of course, is to make that mass of paper into a clean pulp, and we'll leave it boiling away in a big kettle, while we see what the doll-makers are doing, to get ready to use it. First they must have a model of Miss Dolly's head. A model, you know, is a figure made of the exact size and shape of the head, for a pattern.

Now look at the picture on page 228. The man is making a model. You see he has a narrow workbench which he can make higher or lower, or even

made. This being done, he builds a wall of clay around the mass, coming up some inches higher all around than the face of the model, which is left uncovered. The whole looks like a box half full of clay, with a face looking out of it. In the



WORKING THE PAPER DOUGH.

upper picture on this page, you see one man holding the clay walls together, while the other one pours over the face some melted sulphur which he has taken from the stove. Sometimes plaster of Paris

is used instead of sulphur, but it is not thought to be so good.

The mold is not done yet. The clay was put on merely to protect that part of the head while the rest was molded. When the sulphur is cold, the box is turned over, and the clay taken away, leaving Miss Rosabel with her face buried in sulphur. It's well she cannot smell; the visitors to the room who *can*, do not care to stay long.

Clay walls are again built up, and more sulphur is poured in to make a mold for the back of her head. The boxes on the floor in the picture are molds, as they look when done, and the open one shows you the two separate sides.

Now the mold is finished, and we must go back to our paper pulp, which we left boiling, you know. When soft and ready for use the water is squeezed out, and other things added—some powdered clay to make it stiff, and a little glue to make it sticky. These are worked up together till the mass is about like dough, and indeed it is made into loaves, as you see in the third picture.

The loaves are on the floor, under the table, and the man with the rolling-pin is rolling out the paper dough—papier maché it is called—for the other man to shape. He makes it a little thicker than pie crust, and then cuts it into pieces the right size for use, making a pile of them, with flour or powdered clay between to prevent their sticking together.

The man next to him is pressing one of these thin cakes of paper dough into the molds for Dolly's head, and the third man is making it fit more nicely into every crack and corner of the mold, with a tool of some sort, so that it will be a perfect copy of the original model. You see they are smoking. That is because they have to keep the room very hot so that the heads will dry quickly, and the heat makes the workmen so sleepy that they smoke to keep themselves awake.

See the half heads laid out to dry on the table, and the finished heads on the shelves behind the workmen.

But to go on, when the man has carefully fitted the sheet of dough into every part of the mold, he pares off the edges with a knife as you see a cook cut the crust from a pie plate, lifts the half head out of the mold, and lays it on the table to dry a little. When dry enough it is again pressed in the mold to give it a more perfect shape, and then is dried for the last time. The two halves being

finished, they are glued together, and Miss Rosabel for the first time takes an upright position on a shelf, where she stands till she is hard and dry, looking more like stiff pasteboard than anything else.

Miss Dolly is not very pretty in that state, I must admit. She is of a dingy gray color, with no eyes and no hair. However, she is not yet finished.



SMOOTHING AND COLORING DOLLS' HEADS.

Her next journey is to the eye-setter. A rough doctor he is, and the first thing he does is to cut off the top of her head, by running a sharp knife around it, and knocking the piece out with a hammer.

What for? Merely to put in her eyes, my dear; and a curious operation it is, too. If they were immovable eyes, like a common doll's, they would be simply glued in; but in a young lady of Miss Rosabel's pretensions, who meekly shuts her eyes when her mamma lays her down, there is much to be done.

In the first place, the eyes themselves, life-like as possible, have been carefully made of glass, in a large factory which turns out nothing but eyes. These the eye-setter now fastens to a piece of curved wire with a ball of lead on the end. It is the weight of this lead which makes her eyes close when her head goes down. Then the workman, with a sharp knife, cuts a hole for each eye, and goes on to put them in. I can't explain exactly how he makes them all secure, but there is plaster to hold them in place, and support the cheeks; a cork, or sponge, to keep the lead from hitting her chin; pieces of wood to prevent her head from being easily crushed, and various arrangements by means of which the whole is made firm and strong, and able to endure the hard knocks she may expect, in the rough life before her.

When everything is in, the cut-off slice of her head is glued on again, and Miss Rosabel has received all the furnishing for the inside of her head, that she will ever have. If your poor doll ever is so fortunate as to break her head, you can look in and see all this machinery, if you like.

Now the inside is finished, the next thing is to get on her lovely complexion.

First must be removed any roughness, such as is caused by glue at the seams of her head.

Women now go to work on Miss Rosabel's head, you see in the picture on the opposite page. One of them is filing the roughness off, and the other is giving it a coat of ruddy flesh-colored tint, from the top of the head to the ends of the shoulders. Dolls who have hair made of the same material as their heads, like bisque and china dolls, have the hair varnished black, but Rosabel has real hair, so she is colored alike all over. A frightful-looking object she is, too, with color enough for a boiled lobster.

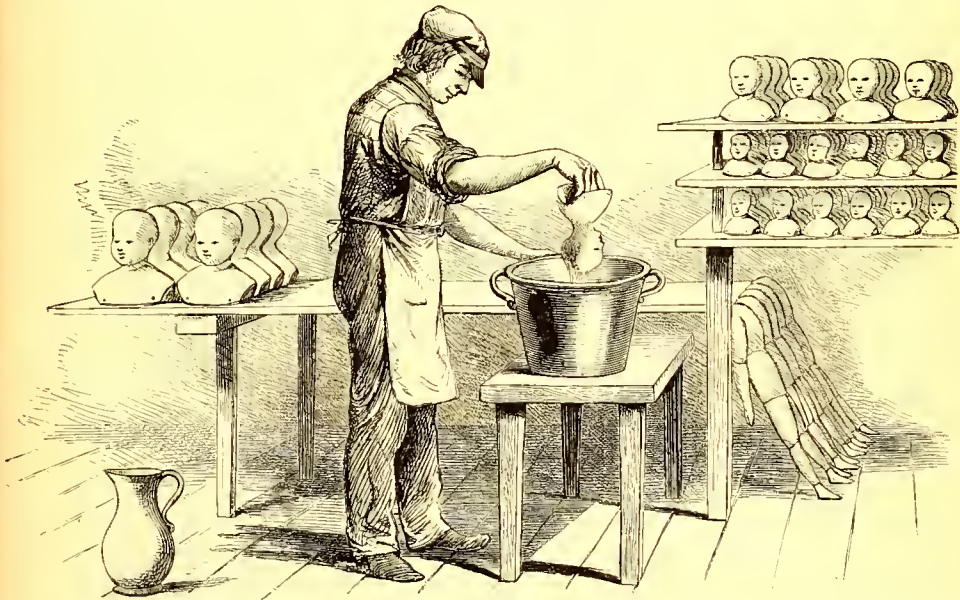
When she has received her color, and got dry, which she does under the hands of these rather un-looking women, she proceeds to the next operator, who is the waxer. You see him below. In the kettle is boiling clear white beeswax, and

one giving her a thin coat of wax, and toning down her flaming complexion into the delicate pink which you see. The reason she was painted so red, you know, is that she may have the proper tint when the wax is on.

I should have told you before that her hands and feet were made in the same way as her head, molded, and painted, and waxed.

In this picture you see the bodies of cloth or leather. They are made by families outside of the factory, and brought in all ready for the heads. Can your dolly cry? Rosabel can, and therefore her body is stuffed with hay, because sawdust, the usual stuffing, would get into her crying machine, and make her dumb forever after. To give her a voice, you must know, she has a sort of a bellows-like arrangement, such as you have seen attached to a toy cat, which when pressed would mew.

These parts are all made and put together outside of the factory and the finished bodies brought in. And now comes the next process, which is coloring her face. You thought she had color enough. Well, she has her flesh tint, but her lips are white and she has no eyebrows, nor lashes, and no brighter cheeks than firebrands, which will never do. She must go to the painting room.



THE WAXER.

into it you see Miss Dolly has been dipped, and is being held up to drain. If she had been intended for a cheap doll, she would have received but one dip, but being destined to belong to the aristocracy of the doll world, she received several dips, each

On the next page you will see one of the workmen in this room.

In this room is a long table with several workmen, each of whom does only one thing. The first one paints Miss Dolly's lips, and sets her down



PAINTING THE DOLL'S FACE.

on the other side of him. The next one takes her up and puts on her eyebrows. The third colors her cheeks. The fourth pencils her eyelashes, and so she goes on down the table, growing prettier at every step.

But she has yet no hair. Now Rosabel has a regular wig, made of real hair on a foundation of lace, and glued on, but many of the dolls in the factory have locks made of fine wool, which look like real hair. This wool is braided up tight, and boiled to make it stay wavy. It is curled over a glass tube, and glued to the head curl by curl, whether long or short. If it is yellow, it is the natural color of the wool; if any other color, it has been dyed.

Here is a picture of girls arranging the hair, and you see they seem to enjoy the work. Sometimes the hair is elaborately braided, and done up in style. I dare say you have seen it put around in a droll German coil, and held by tiny hair-pins. Generally, however, it is preferred in curls or loose waves.

Now the head is done; and how many people do you suppose have had a hand in bringing it from the paper pulp to the present state? You can't tell? Not less than thirty-eight, each one of whom never does but one thing, and thus becomes very skillful.

But though the head is finished, Miss Rosabel not yet out of the factory. She must have her head, as well as her hands and feet, glued fast to her body; and then—last but by no means least—she must have a wardrobe. Cheap dolls have merely one garment, loosely stitched together by machine at the rate of about two cents a dozen. But our dolly was sent to a regular dolls' dress maker, and clothed from head to foot in a very pretty suit. Of course it is not in style now, for was made several months ago, you must know.

The last picture shows the dolls going to the warerooms. You see how neatly they are packed in the basket cradle, and carried between two girls. In the warehouse Miss Rosabel was surrounded by hundreds and thousands of fellow dolls, many of them made in the same mold with herself, and a like her as twin sisters could be.

I have read of one of those warehouses, where twelve rooms were filled with dolls, of all sizes from one inch long to two feet high. One room was entirely filled with wooden-jointed dolls, an inch and a-half long, piled in a loose heap from floor to ceiling, and another room contained nothing but dolls' heads. There were millions of dolls in that one house.

You wish you could go there? It would be interesting to you. It looks very droll to see a cart going through the streets filled with dolls' legs



DRESSING DOLLS' HAIR.

instance, each one with clean white stocking and bright slipper painted on.

One wholesale house in that town buys thirty thousand of the inch and a-half babies every week every year round. For my part, I should think a few years of such work would nearly pave our streets with wooden dolls. A smart worker can make twenty dozen of this size in a day.

Wouldn't it be funny to live where almost the only business carried on is toy-making? Where men and women spend their whole lives inventing, improving, and making dolls that

there I found her last winter, on the day before Christmas, and brought her home to a little girl that I know.

I'm obliged to confess, before I finish, that Rosabel and others made in that factory are not the very nicest dolls made. There is the genuine wax doll, whose head is of wax all through, and whose curls, and eyebrows, and eyelashes are of real hairs, put into the head one by one. Such a doll, with her wardrobe, costs several hundred dollars, and is too nice to play with, though very pretty to look at. No doubt, you little city maids have seen



GOING TO THE WARE-ROOMS.

talk, and turn their heads, and shut their eyes, and sleep, and walk, besides engines that run, and horses that draw a load, and steamboats that go— a million of dollars' worth in a year, and all to amuse the great army of little folks in the world?

The children who live in that fairy land, however, care very little for toys; the poor little creatures are all workers. When very young they begin to learn to make some one toy, or part of a toy, and they spend their whole lives at it. The day is small, and every one of the family must help.

But to go back to Rosabel. From that ware-room she was packed in a box and sent on a sea voyage. Arrived in America, she was once more brought to light, set up in a shop window, and

them, with their beautiful trunks full of clothes, dresses of all sorts, shoes, gloves, parasols, jewelry, pocket handkerchiefs, brushes and combs, and nearly everything a grown lady needs in her trunk.

Do you wish you had one? Well, my dear, let me tell you a secret; you wouldn't enjoy it half so much as you do dolls you can play with, and dress and attend to yourself. They are puppets,—not babies.

The other dolls in your play-house, the bisque and china, are made in the same way as Rosabel, only the dough is of clay instead of paper pulp, and the heads are baked to make them hard.

So your pretty bisque dolls are made of mud, and your wax ones came from the rag-bag. Isn't it wonderful what changes go on in the world?

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY WITH ONE SUSPENDER.

JACK'S first thought, after assuring himself that his horse was irrevocably gone, was to run for help to the line of settlements on the other side of the grove, where some means of pursuit might be obtained.

He knew that the road which Mr. Wiggett had described could not be much beyond the hollow where his wagon was; and, dashing forward, he soon found it. Then, stopping to give a last despairing look at the billowy line of prairie over which his horse had disappeared, he started to run through the woods.

He had not gone far when he heard a cow-bell rattle, and the voice of a boy shouting. He paused to take breath and listen; and presently with a crashing of bushes three or four horned cattle came pushing their way through the undergrowth, into the open road, followed by a lad without a jacket, with one suspender and a long switch.

"Boy," Jack cried, "how far is it to the nearest house?"

"Our house is jest down through the woods here," replied the boy, stopping to stare.

"How far is that?"

"Not quite so far as it is to Peakslow's house."

"Where is Peakslow's house?"

"Next house to ours, down the river."

Seeing that this line of questions was not likely to lead to anything very satisfactory, Jack asked:

"Can I get a horse of anybody in your neighborhood,—a good fast horse to ride?"

The boy whipped a bush with his switch, and replied:

"There aint any good horses around here, 'thout 't is Peakslow's; but one of his has got the spring-halt, and t' other 's got the blind staggers; and he's too mean to lend his horses; and, besides, he went to Chicago with 'em both this morning."

Jack did not stop to question the probability of a span thus afflicted being driven on so long a journey; but asked if Mr. Wiggett had horses.

"No—yes. I believe his horses are all oxen," replied the boy; "not very fast or good to ride, either."

Thereupon Jack, losing all patience, cried out:

"Is n't there a decent nag to be had in this region?"

"Who said there was n't?" retorted the boy.

"Where is there one?"

"We 've got one."

"A horse?"

"No; a mare."

"Why did n't you tell me before?"

"'Cause you asked for horses; you did n't s anything about mares."

"Is she good to ride?"

"Pretty good,—though if you make her much faster 'n she takes a notion to, she's got th heavens so folks 'll think there's a small volca coming!"

"How fast will she go?"

"As fast as a good slow walk; that's her style said the boy, and whipped the bushes. "Be come to think, father's away from home, at you 'll have to wait till to-morrow night before you can see him, and get him to let you take her."

"Boy," said Jack, tired of the lad's tone of levity and thinking to interest him by a statement of the facts in the case, "I've been hunting, and a rascal trusted with my horse has run off with him, and have a harness and a buggy and a couple of deer out there on the prairie."

"Deer?" echoed the lad, pricking up his ears once. "Did you shoot 'em? Where? Can I and see 'em?"

Jack was beginning to see the hopelessness pursuing the horse-thief that night, or with a help to be had in that region; and he now turned his thoughts to getting the buggy home.

"Yes, boy; come with me," he said.

The boy shouted and switched his stick at the cattle browsing by the wayside, and started the on a smart trot down the road, then hastened with Jack to the spot where the wagon and game had been left, guarded by Lion.

But Jack had another object in view than simply to gratify the lad's curiosity.

"If you will hold up the shafts and pull a little I'll push behind, and we can take the buggy through the woods. After we get it up out of the hollow, and well into the road, it will be down-hill the rest of the way."

"You want to make a horse of me, do ye?" cried the boy. "I was n't born in a stable!"

"Neither was I," said Jack. "But I don't object to doing a horse's work. I'll pull in the shafts."

"O good!" screamed the boy, making his switch rattle about his head. "And I'll get on the seat and drive!" And he made a spring at the wagon. But Lion had something to say about that. Having been placed on guard, and not yet relieved, he would permit no hand but his master's to touch anything in his charge. A frightful growl made the boy recoil and go backward over the dead deer. "Here, Lion! down with you!" cried Jack, as the excited dog was pouncing on the supposed intruder.

The boy scrambled to his feet, and was starting to run away, in great terror, when Jack, fearing to lose him, called out: "Don't run! He may chase you if you do. Now he knows you are my friend, you are safe, only stay where you are."

"Blast his pictur'!" exclaimed the boy. "He's a perfect cannibal! What does anybody want to keep such a savage critter as that for?"

"I had told him to watch. Now he is all right. Come!"

"Me? Travel with that dog? I could n't go with him," the boy declared, meaning to make the strongest possible statement, "if 't was a million miles, and you'd fill the road with gar-candy all the way!" And he backed off warily.

Jack got over the difficulty by sending the dog on before; and finally, by an offer of money, which would purchase a reasonable amount of gar-candy,—enough to pave the short road to happiness, for a boy of thirteen,—induced him to help lift the deer into the buggy, and then to go behind and push.

They had hard work at first, getting the wagon up out of the hollow; and the boy, when they reached at last the top of the hill, and stopped to rest, declared that there was n't half the fun in it there was in going a-fishing; the justice of which remark Jack did not question. But after that the way was comparatively easy; and with Jack pulling in the shafts, his new acquaintance pushing in the rear, and Lion trotting on before, the buggy went rattling down the woodland road in lively fashion.

CHAPTER VI.

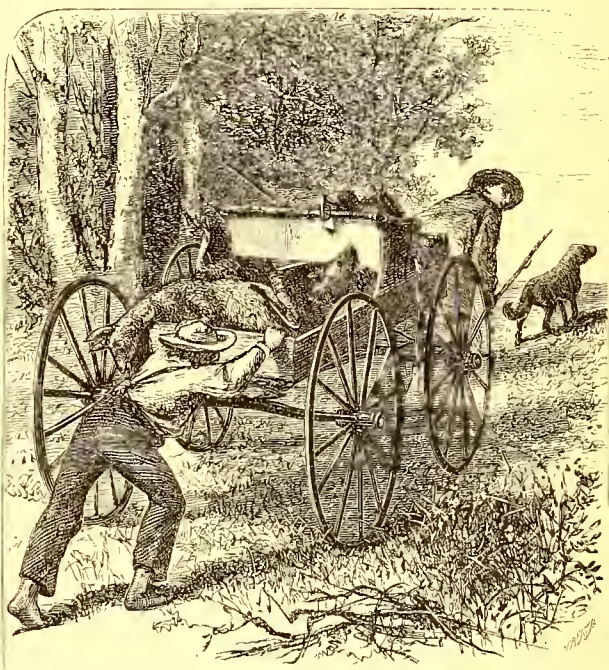
"LORD BETTERSON'S."

ON a sort of headland jutting out from the high timber region into the low prairie of the river bot-

tom, stood a house, known far and near as "Lord Betterson's." or, as it was sometimes derisively called, "Lord Betterton's Castle," the house being about as much a castle as the owner was a lord.

The main road of the settlement ran between it and the woods; while on the side of the river, the land swept down in a lovely slope to the valley, which flowed away in a wider and more magnificent stream of living green. It was really a fine site, shaded by five or six young oaks left standing in the spacious door-yard.

The trouble was, that the house had been pro-



UP-HILL WORK.

jected on somewhat too grand a scale for the time and country, and, what was worse, for the owner's resources. He had never been able to finish it; and now its weather-browned clapboards, unpainted front pillars, and general shabby, ill-kept appearance set off the style of architecture in a way to make beholders smile.

"Lord Betterton took a bigger mouthful than he could swallow, when he set out to build his castle here," said his neighbor, Peakslow.

The proprietor's name—it may as well be explained—was Elisha Lord Betterton. It was thus he always wrote it, in a large round hand, with a bold flourish. Now the common people never will submit to call a man *Elisha*. The furthest they can possibly go will be '*Lisha*, or '*Lishy*'; and, ten

to one, the tendency to monosyllables will result in 'Lishe. There had been a feeble attempt among the vulgar to familiarize the public mind with 'Lishe Betterson; but the name would not stick to a person of so much dignity of character. It was useless to argue that his dignity was mere pomposity; or that a man who, in building a fine house, broke down before he got the priming on, was unworthy of respect; still no one could look at him, or call up his image, and say, conscientiously, "Lishe Betterson." He who, in this unsettled state of things, taking a hint from the middle name, pronounced boldly aloud, "LORD BETTERSON," was a public benefactor. "Lord Betterson" and "Lord Betterson's Castle" had been popular ever since.

The house, with its door-posts of unpainted pine, darkly soiled by the contact of unwashed childish hands, and its unfinished rooms, some of them lathed, but unplastered (showing just the point at which the owner's resources failed), looked even more shabby within than without.

This may have been partly because the house-keeper was sick. She must have been sick, if that was she, the pale, drooping figure, sitting wrapped in an old red shawl, that summer afternoon. She looked not only sick, but exceedingly discouraged. And no wonder.

At her right hand was an empty cradle; and she held a puny infant in her arms, trying to still its cries. At her left was a lounge, on which lay the helpless form of an invalid child, a girl about eleven years old. The room was comfortless. An old, high-colored piece of carpeting half covered the rough floor; its originally gaudy pattern, out of which all but the red had faded, bearing witness to some past stage of family gentility, and serving to set off the surrounding wretchedness.

Tipped back in a chair against the rough and broken laths, his knees as high as his chin, was a big, slovenly boy of about seventeen, looking lazily out from under an old, ragged hat-rim, pushed over his eyes. Another big, slovenly boy, a year or two younger, sat on the door-step, whittling quite as much for his own amusement as for that of a little five-year-old ragamuffin outside.

Not much comfort for the poor woman and the sick girl shone from these two indifferent faces. Indeed the only ray of good cheer visible in that disorderly room gleamed from the bright eyes of a little girl not more than nine or ten years old,—so small, in truth, that she had to stand on a stool by the table, where she was washing a pan of dishes.

"O boys!" said the woman in a feeble, complaining tone, "do, one of you, go to the spring and bring some fresh water for your poor, sick sister."

"It's Rufe's turn to go for water," said the boy on the door-step.

"Taint my turn, either," muttered the boy, tipped back against the laths. "Besides, I've got to milk the cow soon as Link brings the cattle home. Hear the bell yet, Wad?"

"Never mind, Cecie!" cried the little dish-washer, cheerily. "I'll bring you some water as soon as I have done these dishes."

And, holding her wet hands behind her, she ran to give the young invalid a kiss in the meanwhile.

Cecie returned a warm smile of love and thankfulness and said she was in no hurry. Then the child stopping only to give a bright look and a pleasant word to the baby, ran back to her dishes.

"I should think you would be ashamed, you two great boys!" said the woman, "to sit round the house and let that child, Lilian, wait upon you, get your suppers, wash your dishes, and then go to the spring for water for your poor suffering sister!"

"I'm going to petition the Legislature," said Wad, "to have that spring moved up into the back yard; it's too far to go for water. The cattle come the cattle, Rufe."

"Tell Chokie to go and head 'em into the back yard," yawned Rufe, from his chair. "I wonder nobody ever invented a milking machine. Wish I had one. Just turn a crank, you know."

"You'll be wanting a machine to breathe with next," said the little dish-washer.

"Y-a-as," drawled Rufe. "I think a breathing machine would be popular in this family. Children cry for it. Get me the milk-pail, Lill; that's a nice girl!"

"Do get it yourself, Rufus," said the mother. "You'll want your little sister to milk for you soon."

"I think it belongs to girls to milk," said Rufe. "There's Sal Wiggett,—aint she smart at that though? She can milk your head off! Is that wagon coming, Wad?"

"Yes!" cried Wad, jumping to his feet with unusual alacrity. "A wagon without a horse, a fellow pulling in the shafts, and Link pushing the hind; coming right into the front yard!"

Rufe also started up at this announcement, and went to the door.

"Hallo!" he said, "had a break-down? What's that in the hind part of your wagon? Deer! a doe! and a fawn! Where did you shoot 'em? Where's your horse?"

"Look out, Rufe!" screamed the small boy from behind, rushing forward. "Touch one of these deer, and the dog'll have ye! We've got two deer, but we've lost our horse,—scamp run him away,—and we want —"

"We do, do we?" interrupted Wad, mockingly. "How many deer did *you* shoot, Link?"

"Well, I helped get the buggy over, anyway! And that's the savagest dog ever was! And—say! Will mother let us take the old mare to drive over North Mills this evening?"

CHAPTER VII.

JACK AT THE "CASTLE."

FOR an answer to this question, the person most interested in it, who had as yet said least, was now into the house. Rufe and Wad and Link and little Chokie came crowding in after him, all eager to hear him talk of the adventure.

"And, O ma!" cried Link, after Jack had briefly told his story, "he says he will give us the fawn, and pay me besides, if I will go with him to-night, and bring back the old mare in the morning."

"I don't know," said the woman, wrapping her red shawl more closely about her, to conceal from the stranger her untidy attire. "I suppose, if Mr. Betterson was at home he would let you take the mare. But you know, Lincoln,"—turning with a reproachful look to the small boy,—“you have never been brought up to take money for little services. Such things are not becoming in a family like ours."

And in the midst of her distress, she put on a placid smirk, straightened her emaciated form and sat there, looking like the very ghost of pride, wrapped in an old red shawl.

"Did you speak of Mr. Betterson?" Jack inquired, interested.

"That is my husband's name."

"Elisha L. Betterson?"

"Certainly. You know my husband? He belongs to the Philadelphia Bettersons—a very healthy and influential family," said the woman, with a simper. "Very wealthy and influential."

"I have heard of your husband," said Jack. "If I am not mistaken, you are Mrs. Caroline Betterson—a sister of Vinnie Dalton, sometimes called Vinnie Presbit."

"You know my sister Lavinia!" exclaimed Mrs. Betterson, surprised, but not overjoyed. "And you know Mr. Presbit's people?"

"I have never seen them," replied Jack, "but almost feel as if I had, I have heard so much about them. I was with Vinnie's foster-brother, George Greenwood, in New York, last summer, when he was sick, and she went down to take care of him."

"And I presume," returned Mrs. Betterson, striking another reef in her shawl, "that you heard and tell a good deal about us; things that would doubt tend to prejudice a stranger; though

if all the truth was known, she would not feel so hard toward us as I have reason to think she does."

Jack hastened to say that he had never heard Vinnie speak unkindly of her sister.

"You are very polite to say so," said Mrs. Betterson, rocking the cradle, in which the baby had been placed. "But I know just what she has said. She has told you that after I married Mr. Betterson I felt above my family; and that when her mother died (she was not *my* mother, you know,—we are only half-sisters), I suffered her to be taken and brought up by the Presbits, when I ought to have taken her and been as a mother to her,—she was so much younger than I. She is even younger by a month or two than my oldest son; and we have joked a good deal about his having an aunt younger than he is."

"Yes," spoke up Rufe, standing in the door; "and I've asked a hundred times why we don't ever hear from her, or write to her, or have her visit us. Other folks have their aunts come and see 'em. But all the answer I could ever get was, 'Family reasons, Rufus!'"

"That is it, in a word," said Mrs. Betterson; "family reasons. I never could explain them; so I have never written to poor, dear Lavinia—though, Heaven knows, I should be glad enough to see her; and I hope she has forgiven what seemed my hardness; and—do tell me" (Mrs. Betterson wiped her eyes) "what sort of a girl is she? how has she come up?"

"She is one of the kindest-hearted, most unselfish, beautiful girls in the world!" Jack exclaimed. "I mean, beautiful in her spirit," he added, blushing at his own enthusiasm.

"The Presbits are rather coarse people to bring up such a girl," said Mrs. Betterson, with a sigh—of self-reproach, Jack thought.

"But she has a natural refinement, which nothing could make her lose," he replied. "Then, it was a good thing for her to be brought up with George Greenwood. She owes a great deal to the love of books he inspired in her. You ought to know your sister, Mrs. Betterson."

The lady gave way to a flood of tears.

"It is too bad! such separations are unnatural. Certainly," she went on, "I can't be accused of feeling above my family now. Mr. Betterson has had three legacies left him, two since our marriage; but he has been exceedingly unfortunate."

"Two such able-bodied boys must be a help and comfort to you," said Jack.

"Rufus and Wadleigh," said Mrs. Betterson, "are good boys, but they have been brought up to dreams of wealth, and they have not learned to take hold of life with rough hands."

Jack suggested that it might have been better for them not to have such dreams.

"Yes—if our family is to be brought down to the common level. But I can't forget, I can't wish them ever to forget, that they have Betterson blood in their veins."

Jack could hardly repress a smile as he glanced from those stout heirs of the Betterson blood to the evidences of shiftlessness and wretchedness around them, which two such sturdy lads, with a little less of the precious article in their veins, might have done something to remedy.

But his own unlucky adventure absorbed his thoughts, and he was glad when Link vociferously demanded if he was to go and catch the mare.

"Yes! yes! do anything but kill me with that dreadful voice!" replied the mother, waving him off with her trembling hand. "Don't infer from what I have said," she resumed, gathering herself up again with feeble pride, "that we are poor. Mr. Betterson will come into a large fortune when an uncle of his dies; and he gets help from him occasionally now. Not enough, however, to enable him to carry on the farm; and it requires capital, you are aware, to make agriculture a respectable profession."

Jack could not forbear another hit at the big boys.

"It requires land," he said; "and that you have. It also requires bone and muscle; and I see some here."

"True," simpered Mrs. Betterson. "But their father has n't encouraged them very much in doing the needful labors of the farm."

"He has n't set us the example," broke in Rufe, piqued by Jack's remark. "If he had taken hold of work, I suppose we should. But while he sits down and waits for somebody or something to come along and help him, what can you expect of us?"

"Our Betterson blood shows itself in more ways than one!" said Wad, with a grin, illustrating his remark by lazily seating himself once more on the door-step.

Evidently the boys were sick of hearing their mother boast of the aristocratic family connection. She made haste to change the subject.

"Sickness has never agreed with either me or my husband. Then our poor Cecilia met with an accident a year ago, which injured her so that she has scarcely taken a step since."

"An accident done a-purpose!" spoke up Rufe, angrily. "Zeph Peakslow threw her out of a swing—the meanest trick! They're the meanest family in the world, and there's a war between us. I'm only waiting my chance to pay off that Zeph."

"Rufus!" pleaded the little invalid from the

lounge, "you know he could never have meant to hurt me so much. Don't talk of paying him off, Rufus!"

"Cecie is so patient under it all!" said Mrs. Betterson. "She never utters a word of complaint. Yet she does n't have the care she ought to have. With my sick baby, and my own aches and pains, what can I do? There are no decent house-servants to be had, for love or money. O, what would n't I give for a good, neat, intelligent, sympathizing girl! Our little Lillian, here,—poor child!—is all the help I have."

At that moment the bright little dish-washer, having put away the supper things, and gone to the spring for water, came lugging in a small bucket brimming pail.

"It is too bad!" replied Jack. "You should have help about the hard work," with another meaning glance at the boys.

"Yes," said Rufe, "we ought to; and we did have Sal Wiggett a little while this summer. But she had never seen the inside of a decent house before. About all she was good for was to splash wood and milk the cow."

"O, how good this is!" said the invalid, drinking. "I was so thirsty! Bless you, dear Lillian! What should we do without you?"

Jack rose to his feet, hardly repressing his indignation.

"Would you like a drink, sir?" said Lill, taking a fresh cupful from her pail, and looking up at him with a bright smile.

"Thank you, I should very much! But I can't bear the thought of your lugging water from the spring for me."

"Why, Lillie!" said Cecie, softly, "you should have offered it to him first."

"I thought I did right to offer it to my sick sister first," replied Lill, with a tender glance at the lounge.

"You did right, my good little girl!" exclaimed Jack, giving back the cup. He looked from one to the other of the big boys, and wondered how they could witness this scene and not be touched by it. But he only said:

"Have these young men too much Betterson blood in them to dress the fawn, if I leave it with you?"

"We'll fall back on our Dalton blood, long enough for that," said Wad, taking the sarcasm for a good part.

"A little young venison will do Cecie so much good!" said Mrs. Betterson. "You are very kind. But don't infer that we consider the Dalton blood inferior. I was pleased with what you said of Lillian's native refinement. I feel as if, after all, she was a sister to be proud of."

At this last display of pitiful vanity, Jack turned away.

"The idea of such a woman concluding that she may be proud of a sister like Vinnie!" thought he. But he spoke only to say good-by; for just then Link came riding the mare to the door.

She was quickly harnessed to the buggy, while Link, at his mother's entreaty, put on a coat, and made himself look as decent as possible. Then Jack drove away, promising that Link, who accompanied him, should bring the mare back in the morning.

"Mother," said the thoughtful Lill, "we ought to have got him some supper."

"I thought of it," said the sick woman, "but you know we have nothing fit to set before him."

"He won't famish," said Rufe,—“with the large supply of sauce which he keeps on hand! Mother, wish you would n't ever speak of our Betterson food again; it only makes us ridiculous."

Thereupon Mrs. Betterson burst into tears, complaining that her own children turned against her. "O, bah!" exclaimed Rufe, with disgust, stalking out of the room, banging a milk-pail, and shaking the baby. "Be sharpening the knives, Mad, while I milk; then we'll dress that fawn in a hurry. Wish the fellow had left us the doe instead."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW VINNIE MADE A JOURNEY.

LEAVING Jack to drive home the borrowed mare in the harness of the stolen horse, and to take such measures as he could for the pursuit of the thief and the recovery of his property, we have now to say a few words of Mrs. Betterson's younger sister.

Vinnie had perhaps thriven quite as well in the plain Presbit household as she would have done in the home of the ambitious Caroline. The tasks early put upon her, instead of hardening and embittering her, had made her self-reliant, helpful and strong, with a grace like that acquired by girls who carry burdens on their heads. For it is thus that labors cheerfully performed, and trials borne with good-will and lightness of heart, give a power and a charm to body and mind.

It was now more than a year since George Greenwood, who had been brought up with her in his uncle's family, had left the farm, and gone to seek his fortune in the city. A great change in the house, and a very unhappy change for Vinnie, had been the result. It was not that she missed her foster-brother so much; but his going out had occasioned the coming in of another nephew, who brought a young wife with him. The nephew filled George's place on the farm, and the young wife

showed a strong determination to take Vinnie's place in the household.

As long as she was conscious of being useful, in however humble a sphere, Vinnie was contented. She did her daily outward duty, and fed her heart with secret aspirations, and kept a brave, bright spirit through all. But now nothing was left to her but to contend for her rights with the new-comer, or to act the submissive part of drudge where she had almost ruled before. Strife was hateful to her; and why should she remain where her services were now scarcely needed?

So Vinnie lapsed into an unsettled state of mind, common enough to a certain class of girls of her age, as well as to a larger class of boys, when the great questions of practical life confront them: "What am I to be? What shall I do for a living?"

How ardently she wished she had money, so that she could spend two or three entire years at school! How eagerly she would have used those advantages for obtaining an education which so many, who have them, carelessly throw away! But Vinnie had nothing—could expect nothing—which she did not earn.

At one time she resolved to go to work in a factory; at another, to try teaching a district school; and again, to learn some trade, like that of dress-maker or milliner. Often she wished for the freedom to go out into the world and gain her livelihood like a boy.

In this mood of mind she received two letters. One was from Jack, describing his accidental visit to her sister's family. The other was from Caroline herself, who made that visit the occasion of writing a plaintive letter to her "dear, neglected Lavinia."

Many tears she shed over these letters. The touching picture Jack drew of the invalid Cecie, and the brave little Lilian, and of the sick mother and baby, with Caroline's sad confession of distress, and of her need of sympathy and help, wakened springs of love and pity in the young girl's heart. She forgot that she had anything to forgive. All her half-formed schemes for self-help and self-culture were at once discarded, and she formed a courageous resolution.

"I will go to Illinois," she said, "and take care of my poor sister and her sick children."

Such a journey, from Western New York, was no small undertaking in those days. But she did not shrink from it.

"What!" said Mrs. Presbit, when Vinnie's determination was announced to her, "you will go and work for a sister who has treated you so shamefully all these years? Only a half-sister, at that! I'm astonished at you! I thought you had more spirit."

"For anything she may have done wrong, I am sure she is sorry enough now," Vinnie replied.

"Yes, now she has need of you!" sneered Mrs. Presbit.

"Besides," Vinnie continued, "I ought to go, for the children's sake, if not for hers. Think of Cecie and the poor baby; and Lilian, not ten years old, trying to do the housework! I can do so much for them!"

"No doubt of that; for I must say you are as handy and willing a girl as ever I see. But there's the Betterson side to the family,—two great, lubberly boys, according to your friend's account; a proud, domineering set, I warrant ye! The idee of making a slave of yourself for them! You'll find it a mighty uncomf'able place, mark my word!"

"I hope no more so than the place I am in now,—excuse me for saying it, Aunt Presbit," added Vinnie, in a trembling voice. "It is n't your fault. But you know how things are."

"O, la, yes! *she* wants to go ahead, and order everything; and I think it's as well to let her,—though she'll find she can't run over *me*! But I don't blame you the least mite, Vinnie, for feeling sensitive; and if you've made up your mind to go, I sha' n't hender ye,—I'll help ye all I can."

So it happened that, only four days after the receipt of her sister's letter, Vinnie, with all her worldly possessions contained in one not very large trunk, bade her friends good-by, and, not without misgivings, set out alone on her long journey.

She took a packet-boat on the canal for Buffalo. At Buffalo, with the assistance of friends she had made on board the boat, she found the captain of a schooner, who agreed to give her a passage around the lakes to Chicago, for four dollars. There were no railroads through Northern Ohio and across Michigan and Indiana, in those days; and, although there were steamboats on the lakes, Vinnie found that a passage on one of them would cost more money than she could afford. So she was glad to go in the schooner.

The weather was fine, the winds favored, and the "Heron" made a quick trip. Vinnie, after two or three days of sea-sickness, enjoyed the voyage, which was made all the more pleasant to her by the friendship of the captain and his wife.

She was interested in all she saw,—in watching the waves, the sailors hauling the ropes, the swelling of the great sails; in the vessels they met or passed, the ports at which they touched, the fort, the Indians, and the wonderfully clear depth of the water at Mackinaw. But the voyage grew tiresome toward the close, and her heart bounded with joy when the captain came into the cabin early one morning, and announced that they had reached Chicago.

The great Western metropolis was then a town of no more than eight or ten thousand inhabitants,

hastily and shabbily built on the low level of the plain stretching for miles back from the lake shore. In a short walk with the captain's wife, Vinnie saw about all of the place she cared to; noting particularly a load of hay "slewed," or mired, in the mud-holes of one of the principal streets; the sight of which made her wonder if a great and flourishing city could ever be built there!

Meanwhile the captain, by inquiry in the resorts of market-men, found a farmer who was going to drive out to the Long Woods settlement that afternoon, and who engaged to come with his wagon to the wharf where the "Heron" lay, and take off Vinnie and her trunk.

"O, how fortunate!" she exclaimed. "How good everybody is to me! Only think, I shall reach my sister's house to-night!"

CHAPTER IX.

VINNIE'S ADVENTURE.

IN due time a rough farm-wagon was backed down upon the wharf, and a swarthy man, with a high, hooked nose, like the inverted prow of a ship, boarded the schooner, and scratched his head, through its shock of stiff, coarse hair, by way of salutation to Vinnie, who came on deck to meet him.

"Do' no's you'll like ridin' with me, in a lumber wagon, on a stiff board seat."

"O, I sha' n't mind," said Vinnie, who was only too glad to go.

"What part of the settlement are you goin' to?" he asked, as he lifted one end of the trunk, while the captain took up the other.

"To Mr. Betterson's house; Mrs. Betterson is my sister," said Vinnie.

The man dropped his end of the trunk, and turned and glared at her.

"You've got holt o' the wrong man this time!" he said. "I don't take nobody in my wagon to the house of no sich a man as Lord Betterson. Ye may tell him as much."

"Will you take me to any house near by?" said the astonished Vinnie.

"Not if you're a connection of the Bettersons! I won't for no money! I've nothin' to do with that family, but to hate and despise 'em. Tell 'em that too. But they know it a'ready. My name's Dudley Peakslow."

And, in spite of the captain's remonstrance, the angry man turned his back upon the schooner, and drove off in his wagon.

It took Vinnie a minute to recover from the shock his rude conduct gave her. Then she smiled faintly and said:

"It's too bad I could n't have a ride in his old

gon! But he would n't be very agreeable company, would he?"

So she tried to console herself for the disappointment. She had thought all along: "If I can do better, I will take the stage to North Mills; Jack will help me get over to my sister's from there." And it now seemed as if she might have taken that route.

The schooner was discharging her miscellaneous freight of Eastern merchandise,—dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes,—and the captain



TOO OBLIGING BY HALF.

was too much occupied to do anything more for her that afternoon.

She grew restless under the delay; feeling that she ought to make one more effort to find a conveyance direct to Long Woods, she set off alone to make inquiries for herself.

The first place she visited was a hotel she had noticed in her morning's walk,—the "Farmers' Home;" and she was just going away from the door, having met with no success, when a slim youth, carrying his head jauntily on one side, came slipping after her, and accosted her with an apologetic smile and lifted hat.

"Excuse me,—I was told you wanted to find somebody going out to Mr. Betterson's at Long Woods."

"O, yes! do you know of anybody I can ride with?"

"I am in a way of knowing,—why, yes,—I think there is a gentleman going out early to-morrow morning. A gentleman and his daughter. Wife and daughter, in fact. A two-seated wagon; you might ride on the hind-seat with the daughter. Stopping at the 'Prairie Flower.'"

"O, thank you! And can I go there and find them?"

"I am going that way, and, if you please, I will introduce you," said the youth.

Vinnie replied that, if he would give her their names, she would save him the trouble. For, despite his affability, there was something about him she distrusted and disliked,—an indefinable air of insincerity, and a look out of his eyes of gay vagabondism and dissipation.

He declared that it would be no trouble; moreover, he could not at that moment recall the names; so, as there was no help for it, she let him walk by her side.

At the "Prairie Flower,"—which was not quite so lovely or fragrant a public-house as the name had led her to expect,—he showed her into a small, dingy sitting-room, up one flight of stairs, and went to speak with the clerk.

"The ladies will be here presently," he said, returning to her in a few minutes. "Meanwhile I thought I would order some refreshments."

And he was followed into the room by a waiter bringing a basket of cake and two glasses of wine.

"No refreshments for me!" cried Vinnie, quickly.

"The other ladies will like some," said the youth, carelessly. "Intimate friends of mine. Just a little cake and sweet wine."

"But you have ordered only two glasses! And a few minutes ago you could n't think of their names,—those intimate friends of yours!" returned Vinnie, with sparkling eyes.

The youth took up a glass, threw himself back in a chair, and laughed.

"It's a very uncommon name—Jenkins; no, Judkins; something like that. Neighbors of the Bettersons; intimate friends of *theirs*, I mean. You think I'm not acquainted out there? Ask Carrie! ask the boys, hi, hi!"—with a giggle and a grimace, as he sipped the wine.

"You do really know my sister Caroline?" said Vinnie.

The youth set down his glass and stared.

"Your sister! I wondered who in thunder you

could be, inquiring your way to Betterson's; but I never dreamed—excuse me, I would n't have played such a joke, if I had known!"

"What joke?" Vinnie demanded.

"Why, there's no Jenkins—Judkins—what did I call their names? I just wanted to have a little fun, and find you out."

Vinnie trembled with indignation. She started to go.

"But you have n't found *me* out," he said, with an impudent chuckle.

"I've found out all I wish to know of you," said Vinnie, ready to cry with vexation. "I've come alone all the way from my home in Western New York, and met nobody who was n't kind and respectful to me, till I reached Chicago to-day."

The wretch seemed slightly touched by this rebuke; but he laughed again as he finished his glass.

"Well, it was a low trick. But 't was all in fun, I tell ye. Come, drink your wine, and make up; we'll be friends yet. Wont drink? Here goes, then!"

And he tossed off the contents of the second glass.

"Now we'll take a little walk, and talk over our Betterson friends by the way."

She was already out of the room. He hastened to her side; she walked faster still, and he came tripping lightly after her down the stairs.

Betwixt anger and alarm, she was wondering whether she should try to run away from him, or ask the protection of the first person she met, when looking eagerly from the door-way as she hurried out, she saw, across the street, a face she knew and uttered a cry of joy.

"Jack! O, Jack!"

It seemed almost like a dream, that it should indeed be Jack, then and there. He paused, glanced up and down, then across at the girlish figure starting toward him, and rushed over to her, reaching out both hands, and exclaiming:

"Vinnie Dalton! is it you?"

In the surprise and pleasure of this unexpected meeting, she forgot all about the slim youth she was so eager to avoid a moment before. When she thought of him again, and looked about her, he had disappeared, having slipped behind her and skipped back up the stairs with amazing agility at sight of Jack.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS IN VALENTINES.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

THERE was a time when valentines were simply love-letters written on very fancy note-paper, with some poetry and a bunch of forget-me-nots at the head. Years ago my dear old grandmother made me happy by sending one of these, which I have still, and very pretty it is, although the ink is faded to a yellow. The poetry is especially nice, but the punctuation marks are left out, as they did n't care about these troublesome little things in the good old days. I think it said:

"When the sunshine is around thee
In the dark and silent night
In the cottage and the palace
May thy way be always bright!"

Of course I could n't imagine who sent it,—nobody who gets a valentine ever can,—but I strongly suspected Sally Lawton, and she had a bite out of all my apples until I found out my mistake. Tommy Jones was her valentine, and I gave him a punching

for it, too, as he was mean, and pretended all the while that he did n't like her.

However, the old fashion has passed away, and valentines are now very elaborate things, employing thousands of skillful workmen in their manufacture. They serve as the covers of all sorts of costly presents, and some of them are real works of art. Clever designers are constantly employed in the invention of new combinations, pleasing effects of grouping or color, and whimsical surprises. The most careful labors of draughtsmen, lithographers, wood-engravers, painters, color-printers, card-board, artificial flower and feather makers are spent upon them, to say nothing of the assistance given by workers in silk, silver and glass. Even the tropic forests of Brazil and the depths of the sea are ransacked for fresh materials.

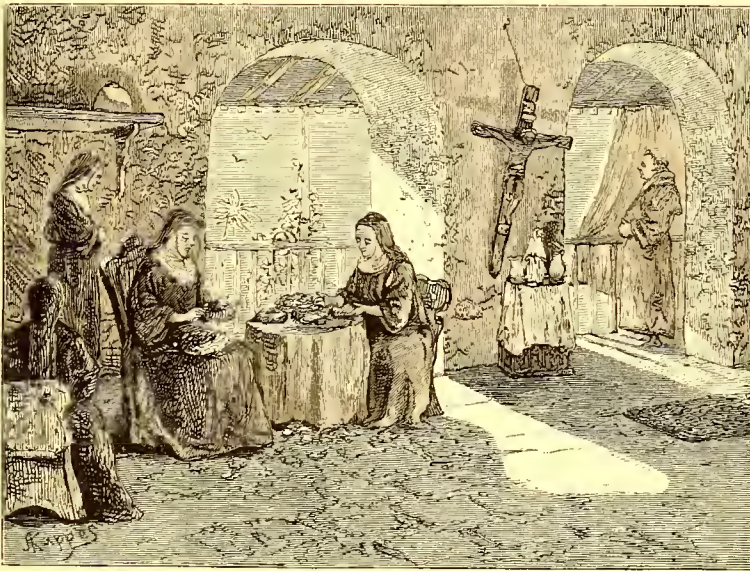
There is one firm in London which has three hundred and sixty-eight different kinds of valentines. The cheapest are two cents each, and the

nest cost nearly sixty dollars. All are pretty, and some are magnificent. One is called "Love's photograph." A tiny mirror is hidden beneath a bunch of flowers, and some dear girl finds that the reflection of her own face is your love's photograph. There are true lovers' knots painted on the softest satin; birds of bright plumage under gauze; girls in silver frames; paper flowers which bloom when the valentine is opened and close when it is shut; more paper flowers hidden behind screens of silver and in little wicker baskets, with exotic flowers painted by hand on the finest silk and framed in silver lace.

No florist ever succeeded better than the modern valentine-maker does in putting together

More than this, marine flowers gathered from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea are used in valentines, and real birds are quite common. As Lucy opens the box that comes for her with a whole string of postage-stamps upon it, it is possible that she will find the cunningest of humming-birds in a little nest, holding a message in its beak. Not the picture of one, mind you, but a real one, that has been caught and stuffed for the valentine-maker.

The latest fashion in valentines is to combine them with useful articles. A lace or pearl-handled fan, costing sixty dollars, is secreted beneath flowers and mottoes and Cupids. A fine silk necktie, for a gentleman or boy, is wrapped in white gauze, with the tender sentiment: "Through



NUNS MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS.

the prettiest colors. Blush roses and forget-me-nots; camelias, with rich dark green leaves; lilies of the valley, water lilies, ferns and pansies are combined with a wondrous degree of taste and skill. Sometimes the valentine is the miniature of a transformation scene in a theater. It is folded and unfolded by an ingenious arrangement, which reveals a garden, with a flock of birds flying over it, and a lake of mirror-glass, with a swan upon its shining surface.

Sometimes, too, the flowers are neither painted nor made of paper or muslin.

Far away in Brazil, there is a large convent, in which the sedate nuns make gay artificial flowers entirely out of the feathers of the gorgeous birds that haunt the forests of South America. I cannot give you an idea of how rich and lustrous they are.

cloud and sunshine I am thine." Articles of dress or jewelry often are enclosed. Sometimes a smoking-cap or a pair of embroidered slippers. The descriptive catalogue of Mr. Rimmel, the London perfumer, includes valentines containing Japanese ornamental hair-pins, cravats, pin-cushions, chate-laine bottles, brooches, gold watch trinkets, lockets, turquoise and garnet rings, silver filigree brooches, ear-rings and bracelets, head-dresses and double smelling-bottles. Then, too, there are musical valentines in the form of glove and handkerchief or jewel-cases. One magnificent affair costs forty dollars. It is made of pale blue silk, and trimmed with gilt. At one side is a compartment for gloves, and at the other a place for handkerchiefs, with two beautiful smelling-bottles in the middle. As the lid is raised, a musical-box, hidden underneath,

plays a favorite air, such as, "Then you'll remember me," or an air from an opera.

I am not sure that the new custom of making expensive presents is better than the old one of writing a love-letter, and it certainly is not a proof of greater affection in the senders.

A pleasant improvement might be made upon both the old and new customs without sacrificing the observance of the day. Let the boys and girls make their own valentines, during the long winter evenings. All the necessary materials may be purchased for twenty-five or thirty cents at a stationer's store. Suitable designs are to be found in many books, and some tinsel, crayons, water-colors, and lace-paper would enable clever young fingers to produce very pretty things. There might, for instance, be a simple Grecian border around a sheet of lace-paper, and, inclosed within this, a lily, a rose, or some illuminated verses. Decal-

comanie would do very well, in case the valentine-maker could not draw; or, better still, pressed leaves might be called to the service. A red autumn waif or two, carefully dried, pressed, and mounted on tinted paper, and surrounded by a wreath of ivy, would be pretty. Or one might make something lovely out of very delicate grasses, mosses, and lichens, arranging them at the head of the paper, leaving space for a letter beneath. This would call for a tasteful box-envelope. A little care, taste and patience would work wonders with the simplest materials.

Valentines of this kind would be more highly prized by a sincere friend, too, than the finest productions of the professional valentine-maker. At the same time, their preparation would afford you many hours of amusement, and exercise in the use of color and form that would be profitable to you in countless ways.

THE LITTLE TORN PRIMER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MILLIE ran into the dining-room and threw her books down on the dining-table.

"I knew all my lessons to-day," she said, "and I want my dinner; and oh! *did* you have blackberry pie?"

But what I am going to tell is not about Millie or blackberry pie, but about the books after Millie and her mamma had gone out of the room and left them to themselves.

"Millie is a very clever little girl," said the Grammar, "and talks very well. I take great credit to myself for teaching her to speak so correctly."

"Yes," said the Arithmetic, "she *is* bright, and can't be beat in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. Really bright children always understand *my* rules; I make them so clear and plain."

"She should be very much obliged to us," joined in the Geography, "for without us she could not be clever at all. For instance, see how much *I* tell her. I describe all countries, including her own; all bodies of water, all mountains, the different kinds of people—thousands of things. In fact, *I* think the information *I* impart" (most books use

big words) "the most interesting and valuable she obtains."

"Pshaw!" sneered the History. "You're alone in that opinion. Where does she learn all the particulars about different countries, including her own, as you say? 'Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, discovered America in the year 1492. He set sail with three small ——'"

"Oh, *do* stop that," interrupted the other books; "we've heard that until we are sick of it."

"Sometimes I wish he had never set sail," added the Geography.

"Where does she learn about the great battles—the lives of the kings, queens, and emperors?" continued the History, waving its cover triumphantly; "about the illustrious Father of his Country, George Washington, who never ——"

"Don't believe it!" interrupted the books.

"And if *he* never did, History does," said the Arithmetic—"many a one. It is only *figures* that *never* lie."

"From what does our Millie gain knowledge?"—here spoke the *Natural* History—"of beasts and birds and fish? All things that walk, or fly, or

creep, or swim, or stop still and only breathe? The wonderful habits of the insects, the traits of the massive elephant, and the capers of the mischievous monkey?"

"My friends"—here joined in a tiny voice for the first time, causing the books to stand up on their edges and look over at the corner of the room where lay the little torn Primer, from which it proceeded—"my friends, I know you all help to make Billie wise and learned; but of what use would be

all you can tell if she could not read it? You would be nothing without me!"

"You!" cried the others, in a scornful voice.

"Yes, me," answered the little torn Primer. "I taught her her letters. Without knowing them, what good would *any* book be to her?"

"How tiresome small books are," said the History.

"I guess I'll take a nap," yawned the Geography. And so the conversation ended.

THE MARMOSETS.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

MARMOSETS are cunning little monkeys from South America, and are often very tame and gentle. These little creatures are about the size of squirrels, but they have very old and wise faces. Some of them look as if they knew as much as anybody. But the two in our frontispiece, which is copied

from a beautiful picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, do not seem to know what sort of an insect it is that has alighted on the leaves of the pine-apple. So they have jumped up to examine it. If they come too close and get its little sting in one of their noses, they may find out more than they want to know.

BLUE AND PINK.

(A Valentine Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



TWO valentines lay together in the pillar post-box. One was pink and one was blue. Pink lay a-top, and they crackled to each other softly in the paper-language, invented long since by Papyrus, the father of Manuscript, and used by all written and printed sheets unto this day. Listen hard, next time you visit the reading-room at the Public Library, and you will hear the newspapers exchanging remarks across the table in this language.

Said the pink valentine: "I am prettier than you, much prettier, Miss Blue."

Blue was modester. "That may be true, my dear Miss Pink; still, some folks like blue best, I think," she replied.

"I wonder they should," went on Pink, talking in prose now, for valentines can speak in prose and in rhyme equally well. "You are such a chilly color. Now I warm people. They smile when they see me. I like that. It is sweet to give pleasure."

"I like to give pleasure, too," said Blue, modestly. "And I hope I may, for something beautiful is written inside me."

"What? oh! what?" cried Pink.

"I cannot say," sighed Blue. "How can one tell what is inside one? But I know it is something sweet, because

She who sent me here,
Is so very fair and dear."

Blue was running into rhyme again, as valentines will.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Pink, digging her sharp elbow into Blue's smooth side. "Nothing is written inside me, and I'm glad of it. I am too beautiful to be written on. In the middle of my page is a picture, Cupid, with roses and doves. Oh, so fine! There is a border too, wreaths of flowers, flowers of all colors, and a motto, 'Be mine.' Be mine! What can be better than that? Have you got flowers and 'Be mine' inside, you conceited thing? If not, say so, and be ashamed, as you deserve to be."

Again the pink elbow dented Blue's smooth envelope.

But Blue only shook her head softly, and made no answer. Pink grew angry at this. She caught Blue with her little teeth of mucilage and shook her viciously.

"Speak," she said. "I hate your stuck-up, shut-up people. Speak!"

But Blue only smiled, and again shook her head.

Just then, the pillar-post opened with a click. The postman was come. He scooped up Pink, Blue, and all the other letters, and threw them into his wallet. A fat yellow envelope of law-papers separated the two valentines, and they had no further talk.

Half-an-hour later, Pink was left at the door of a grand house, almost the finest in the town. Charles, the waiter, carried her into the parlor, and Pink said to herself: "What a thing it is to have a mission. My mission is to give pleasure!"

"A letter for you, Miss Eva," said Charles. He did not smile. Well-behaved waiters never smile; besides, Charles did not like Eva.

"Where is your tray?" demanded Eva, crossly. "You are always forgetting what mamma told you. Go and get it. But when she saw Pink in her beautiful envelope, unmistakably a valentine, she decided not to wait. "Never mind this time," she said; "but don't let it happen again."

"Who's your letter from, Evy?" asked grand-mamma.

"I have n't opened it yet, and I wish you would n't call me Evy; it sounds so back-woodsy," replied Eva, who, for some mysterious reason, had waked that morning very much out of temper.

"Eva!" said her father, sternly.

Eva had forgotten that papa was there. To hide her confusion, she opened the pink envelope so hastily as to tear it all across.

"O dear!" she complained. "Everything goes wrong."

Then she unfolded the valentine. Pink, who had felt as if a sword were thrust through her heart when her envelope was torn, brightened up.

"Now," she thought, "when she sees the flowers, Cupid and doves, she *will* be pleased."

But it was not pleasure which shone on Eva's countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked papa, seeing her face swell and angry tears filling her eyes.

"That horrid Jim Slack!" cried Eva. "He said he'd send me a valentine just like Pauline's, and he has n't. Hers was all birds and butterflies, and had verses ——"

"Yours seems pretty enough," said papa, consolingly.

"It's not pretty enough," responded Eva, pas-

sionately. "It's a stupid, ugly thing. I hate it. I won't have it."

And, horrible to state, she flung Pink, actual flung her, into the middle of the fire. There was time for but one crackling gasp; then the yellow flame seized and devoured all—Cupid, dove flowers! Another second, they were gone. The black scroll edged with fiery sparkles reared itself up in the midst of the glow; then an air-current seized it, it rose, and the soul of Pink flew up the chimney.

Blue, meantime, was lying on the lap of a little girl of twelve, a mile or more from this scene of tragedy. Two plump hands caressed her softly.

"Sister, may I read it to you just once more?" begged a coaxing voice.

"Yes, Pet, once more. That'll make five times and they say there is luck in odd numbers," said another voice, kind and gay.

So Pet read:

"My dear is like a dewy rose
All in the early morn;
But never on her stem there grows
A single wounding thorn.

My dear is like a violet shy,
Who hides her in the grass,
And holds a fragrant cup on high
To bless all men who pass.

My dear is like a merry bird,
My dear is like a rill,
Like all sweet things or seen or heard,
Only she's sweeter still.

And while she blooms beside my door,
Or sings beneath my sky,
My heart with happiness runs o'er,
Content and glad am I.

So, sweetheart, read me as I run,
Smile on this simple rhyme,
And choose me out to be your one
And only

VALENTINE."

"Isn't it lovely?" said Pet, her blue eyes dancing as she looked up.

"Yes, it's very nice," replied sister.

"I wish everybody in the world had such a nice valentine," went on Pet. "How pleased they'll be. Do you suppose anybody has sent Lotty one? Only that about the bird would n't be true, because Lotty's so sick, you know, and always stays in bed."

"But Lotty sings," said sister. "She's always singing and cheerful, so she's like a bird in that."

"Birdies with broken wings
Hide from each other;
But babies in trouble
Can run home to mother,"

hummed Pet, who knew the ST. NICHOLAS jingle by heart. "But poor Lotty has n't any mamma to run to," she added, softly.

"No; and that's a reason why it would be so especially nice to give her the pleasure of a valentine like yours."

"I wish somebody had sent her one," said Pet, thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose there is another in the world just like yours," said sister, smiling at Pet.

"Then she *can't* have one. What a pity."

"She might have this of yours," suggested sister.

"But—then—I should n't have any," cried Pet.

"O yes, you would, and I'll tell you how," said sister.

"You've had all the pleasure of getting it, and opening and reading it, already. *That's* yours to keep. Now, if I copy the verses for you on plain white paper, you can read them over as often as you like, till, by and by, you learn them by heart. When you have done that they will be yours for always; and, meanwhile, Lotty will have the pleasure of getting the valentine, opening, reading, learning, just as you have done—so you'll get a double pleasure instead of one. Don't you see?"

"That will be splendid," cried Pet, joyously.

Poor Lotty, how glad she will be! And I shall have two pleasures instead of one, sha' n't I?"

"How nice," thought Blue, "to have given two pleasures already!"

Sister copied the verses, a fresh envelope was found, and Blue was sent on her way. When she was carried upstairs to Lotty's room, she thought it the pleasantest place she had ever seen. Sunshine came as there—on the wall, on the plants in the window, most of all in Lotty's face, as she sat up in bed, knitting with red worsted and big needles.

When Blue was put into her hands, she laughed with astonishment.

"For me!" she cried. "Who could have sent me this? How pretty it is—how pretty! A great deal more pretty for me. Oh, what a kind, dear somebody there is in the world!"

Everybody in the house was glad because Lotty was so glad. Grandmamma came in to hear the valentine; so did papa, and Jack, Lotty's big brother, and Fred, her little one. Even the cook made up an excuse about the pudding, and stole upstairs to hear the "fine verses which somebody had sent to Lotty. It's swate as roses she is, any day," said the cook; "and good luck to him for sending it, whoever he is."

By and by, Lotty's tender heart began to busy itself with a new plan.

"Grandma," she said, "I'm thinking about poor little Mary Riley. She works so hard, and she hardly ever has anything nice happen to her. Don't you think I might send her my valentine—in a different envelope, you know, with her name on it and all? She'd be so pleased."

"But I thought you liked it so much yourself, dear," replied grandmamma, unwilling to have her darling spare one bit of brightness out of her sick-room life.

"Oh, I do; that's the reason I want to give it away," said Lotty, simply, and stroking Blue, who, had she known how, would gladly have purred under the soft touch. "But I shall go on liking it all the same if Mary has it, and she'll like it too. Don't you see, grandmamma? I've copied the verses in my book, so that I can keep them."

Grandmamma consented. The new envelope was found, Pink's address was written upon it, and away went happy Blue to give pleasure to a fresh friend.

"This is best of all," she said to herself, as Mary laid aside her weary sewing to read over and over again the wonderful verses, which seemed to have dropped out of fairy-land. She almost cried with pleasure that they should be sent to *her*.

"I wish I could buy a frame for 'em—a beautiful gold frame," she whispered to herself.

Pink would have been vain had she heard this; but Blue glowed with a purer feeling—the happiness of giving happiness.

Mary read the verses over a dozen times at least before putting them aside; but she did not put them aside, for she had work to finish, and daylight was precious. The work was a birthday frock. When the last stitch was set, she folded it carefully, put on cloak and bonnet, and prepared to carry the frock home. Last of all, she dropped Blue into her pocket. She did not like to leave it behind. Something might happen, she thought.

It was quite a grand house to which the birthday frock went. In fact, it was next door but one to the house in which Pink met with her melancholy fate. The little girl who was to wear the frock was very glad to see Mary, and her mamma came upstairs to pay for the work.

"Have you any change?" she said. "Come nearer to the fire. It is cold to-night."

Mary was confused by this kindness. Her fingers trembled as she searched for her porte-monnaie, which was at the bottom of her pocket, underneath her handkerchief. She twitched out the handkerchief hastily, and with it, alas! came Blue. They were close to the grate, and Blue was flung into the fire. Mary gave a scream and made a snatch. It was too late! Already the flames had seized it; her beloved valentine was gone, vanished into ashes!

"Was it anything valuable?" asked the lady, as Mary gave a little sob.

"Oh, n-o—yes, ma'am; that is, it was verses. I never had any before. And they were so beautiful!" replied poor Mary, half-crying.

The lady gave her an extra dollar for the sewing, but this did not console Mary.

Meantime, the ghost of Blue flew up the chimney. Upon the roof hovered a dim gray shade. It was the ghost of Pink, wind-blown for a little space.

"How sad life is!" sighed Pink's ghost—

"I was young, I was fair,
And now I'm in the air,
As ugly gray ashes as ever were."

"How sweet life is!" murmured the ghost of Blue—

"I've only lived a little while,
But I have made three people smile."

A chickadee who heard the two ghosts discours-

ing now flew down from the roof-peak. He gathered Blue's ashes up into his beak, flew down into the garden, and strewed them about the root of a rose-tree.

"In the spring you'll be a rose," he said.

Then he flew back, took up Pink's ashes, and laid them in the midst of a bed of chickweed.

"Make that chickweed crop a little richer, if you can," he chirped. "All the better for the dicker birds if you do; and a good thing for you too, be of use for once in your life."

Then the chickadee flew away. Ghosts have got accustomed to plain speaking.

This was the end of Blue and Pink.

THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM.

BY MARY A. HALLOCK.

WHEN I was a little girl, and went to visit grandma Lewis, I always slept in the "fire-place bedroom." I don't know why it was so called, for almost all the rooms had fire-places; perhaps because this room was so small and the fire-place so big. It was just across the hall from grandma's room; the doors were opposite, only my room, being in the wing, was two steps lower than the hall. It had one window opening on an old wooden balcony, so overgrown with trumpet-creeper that the railing was quite hidden. Two or three slats were nailed across the lower part of the window, and grandma often warned me never to climb over them or set foot on the balcony, for a carpenter, who had been making repairs on the house a year or two before, had told her it was unsafe.

"When I was a little girl," said she, "I used to lean over that railing and pick cherries from a big tree that grew so close to the house, its branches almost touched the windows; that was a good while ago, my dear; there's nothing left of the cherry-tree now but that old stump where I set my box of geraniums."

"Was that picture here when you were a little girl, grandma," I said, pointing to one which hung over the mantel—the only picture in the room.

"No, my dear. Your Uncle Henry brought that from England when he was a young man. He could tell you all about it if he were here. I believe he bought it at an auction sale of old books, pictures and furniture. It was labeled, 'Portrait—

supposed to be two children of the Bourhope family—(painter unknown).' If your uncle were here he could tell you about it."

Grandma went out of the room in her still wrapper and left me musing before the picture. It was a boy and girl sitting together in a deep window-seat reading from the same book. The boy might have been fifteen; he looked tall and slim; his thick brown hair was tied back with a ribbon; he seemed to be reading very intently, leaning forward with his head resting on his hand. The girl looked younger than her brother. She was fair and round dressed in a quaint, close-fitting gown of cream white satin, with facings and petticoat of blue; her light hair was drawn up and fastened in a knot with loops on the top of her head; there were white frills round her neck and sleeves, and a broad band of black velvet round her fair throat. She leaned back, one little foot in its quaint, high-heeled slipper, pushed out; one arm round the neck of a dog which had pressed close to her, resting his head against her lap. The window-seat was paneled with dark carved wood, and great bars of sunlight streaming in, made a glow of light and color through the picture.

I had spent hours gazing at these two readers, so silently intent on the great book spread open before them; they filled a good share of my daily thoughts. I had made up a dozen different stories about them, and it was with great interest I discovered that they had once really lived. It seemed to me dread-

at they should have been labeled like old rub-
 ish and sold at auction. What had become of
 it "Bourhope family," whose pictures had wan-
 dered into such strange places? All that afternoon
 was turning over in my mind a list of pretty
 names that would "go" with Bourhope—Lionel

all those years. I must have sat there a long time.
 I had come back to the question of a name, and said,
 half aloud, to myself: "What *shall* I call her?"

"Call me Dorothy, please," a soft voice answered.
 Yes, it certainly came from the picture, for, look-
 ing up, I saw that my girl had turned her face and



THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM.

and Amy, Geoffry and Agnes, Philip and Ethel;
 b, Marjorie or Elsie, or —; it was a difficult mat-
 ter to decide, and I was still thinking about it that
 night in my room after grandma had lighted my
 candle and given me her good-night kiss. I sat
 down on the foot of the bed, half undressed, to take
 another look at my hero and heroine. In the
 uncertain candle-light they looked strangely real.
 I could almost fancy I saw the girl's drooped eye-
 lids tremble as if she were about to look up at last
 from her book. How tired they must be, reading

was smiling down at me, while a faint color came
 to her cheek.

It seemed quite natural to hear her speak at last,
 but could it be possible that her name was just
 plain Dorothy? "You don't really mean it," I
 said. "It sounds so common; why, it's like a dairy-
 maid's name!"

Here the boy looked up and said haughtily:

"Many ladies of our family have been called
 Dorothy; it is my mother's name, and she does n't
 look like a dairy-maid."

"Nobody said she did, stupid! The little girl does not think my name pretty—no more do I. I'd far rather be called Clara or Isabel."

"It is your name, and mamma's, and I like it," said the boy with a half-smile and half-frown.

"Well, I'm glad you do; only you need n't be cross about it."

Here I offered some apology for having spoken slightly of Dorothy's name, but Dorothy's brother begged I would n't mention it—he was always "too quick;" then he leaned across his sister's lap and began pulling the dog's ears, while she said: "'Tis not for yourself you are quick, Walter; you speak up always for others."

He laughed at that, and sprang up, shutting the big book with a bang.

"You should go to court, Dolly, with your fine little speeches. I'm going to feed my spaniel pups. Will you come, too? They are such beauties—as like as the peas in a pod."

"And all like their mother, I suppose. No, thank you; she killed my pet kitten last spring, and I don't care to see her horrid little pups!"

"Why, Dorothy, surely you would n't blame the puppies for what their mother did before they were born?"

"I don't blame them; only I don't like them."

"Well, girls are queer. Next, you wont like me, because I'm Juno's master. Come Vik." He whistled to the dog, and they both went away out of sight down a long hall, the dog's quick feet rattling beside the boy's echoing tramp.

Dorothy leaned back against the wainscot and threw up one arm behind her head. "Walter is vexed with me, but he wont stay vexed long; he never does; he always gives up first whenever we quarrel. I should n't wonder if we soon heard him calling under the window."

She smiled down at me half triumphantly under her drooped eyelids, and I thought to myself that, for all she was so pretty, perhaps she was a little spoiled; but I only said: "What can you see from that window?"

"Oh, the terrace, and the yew-tree walk, and perhaps Walter with his dogs. Let us look and see if he has gone."

"I wish I could," I began to say, and then I

found myself beside Dorothy in the window-seat. She pushed open the casement, and we both leaned out. Below was the terrace, with its broad stone railing, and the yew-tree walk beyond, crossed with dark lines of shadow. It was all very still in the low afternoon sunlight. Walter was not to be seen, and while we listened for him, another sound came softly from a distant chamber.

"Ah," said Dorothy, "that is mamma's harp. She will begin to sing by and by; shall we go down and hear her?"

I was eager to go at once, when I suddenly remembered that I was half undressed.

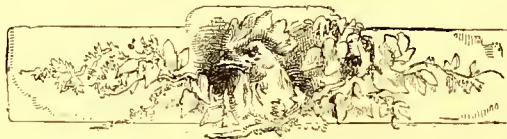
"Never mind," Dorothy said, "you can wait here a moment and I will fetch you something to put on."

We went together down a long hall, with many old pictures hung high above the wainscotting, and a row of deep windows, like the one we had just left, throwing broad bars of light across the floor. Each time we crossed the shadow into the light, Dorothy, with her fair hair and shining dress, looked more and more unreal in her beauty. At the end of the hall hung a curtain of tapestry. I did not see any door, but Dorothy lifted one end of the curtain, and, looking back, said: "Wait here a moment." Then she dropped the heavy curtain between us, and I heard her footsteps going on a little way, then down a short flight of steps. A door seemed to open, for suddenly the music sounded very loud and sweet; then died away again.

I waited a long time for Dorothy, but she did not come. It grew dark and cold in the hall, a wind waved the curtain a little now and then, and let a gleam of lamp-light that shot a long reflection across the polished floor. I thought I would just raise the curtain a little and call Dorothy, but never did, for I suddenly found myself lying across the foot of the bed in my own little room. A shutter had blown open, my candle was flaring wildly, and there, in the picture over the fire-place, I saw Walter and Dorothy Bourhope reading as they had always been.

I felt very stiff and cold, and somehow disappointed.

If I had only raised that curtain a little sooner



THE FAIRY WEDDING.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



A LITTLE brown mother-bird sat in her nest,
With four sleepy birdlings tucked under her
breast,
And her querulous chirrup fell ceaseless and low,
While the wind rocked the lilac-tree nest to
and fro.

Lie still, little nestlings! lie still while I tell.
For a lullaby story, a thing that befell
Your plain little mother one midsummer morn,
A month ago, birdies—before you were born.

I'd been dozing and dreaming the long sum-
mer night,
Till the dawn flushed its pink through the
waning moonlight;
When—I wish you could hear it once!—faintly
there fell
All around me the silvery sound of a bell.

Then a chorus of bells! So, with just half an
eye,
I peeped from the nest, and those lilies close by,
With threads of a cobweb, were swung to and
fro
By three little rollicking midgits below.

“Then the air was astir as with humming-birds’
wings!
And a cloud of the tiniest, daintiest things
That ever one dreamed of, came fluttering
where
A cluster of trumpet-flowers swayed in the air.

“As I sat all a-tremble, my heart in my bill,—
‘I will stay by the nest,’ thought I, ‘happen
what will;’
So I saw with these eyes by that trumpet-vine
fair,
A whole fairy bridal train poised in the air.

“Such a bit of a bride! Such a marvel of grace!
In a shimmer of rainbows and gossamer lace;
No wonder the groom dropped his diamond-
dust ring,
Which a little elf-usher just caught with his wing.

“Then into the trumpet-flower glided the train,
And I thought (for a dimness crept over my
brain,
And I tucked my head under my wing) ‘Deary
me!
What a sight for a plain little mother like me!’”

A DROLL FOX-TRAP.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

WHEN I was a boy I lived in one of those rustic neighborhoods on the outskirts of the great "Maine woods." Foxes were plenty, for about all those sunny pioneer clearings birch-partridges breed by thousands, as also field-mice and squirrels, making plenty of game for Reynard.

There were red foxes, "cross-grays," and "silver-grays;" even black foxes were reported. These animals were the pests of the farm-yards, and made havoc with the geese, cats, turkeys, and chickens. In the fall of the year, particularly after the frosts, the clearings were overrun by them night and morning. Their sharp, cur-like barks used often to rouse us, and of a dark evening we would hear them out in the fields, "mousing" around the stone-heaps, making a queer, squeaking sound like a mouse, to call the real mice out of their grass nests inside the stone-heaps. This, indeed, is a favorite trick of Reynard.

At the time of my story, my friend Tom Edwards (ten years of age) and myself were in the turkey business, equal partners. We owned a flock of thirty-one turkeys. These roosted by night in a large butternut tree in front of Tom's house—in the very top of it, and by day they wandered about the edges of the clearings in quest of beech-nuts, which were very plenty that fall.

All went well till the last week in October, when, on taking the census one morning, a turkey was found to be missing; the thirty-one had become thirty since nightfall the previous evening. It was the first one we had lost.

We proceeded to look for traces. Our suspicions were divided. Tom thought it was "the Twombly boys," nefarious Sam in particular. I thought it might have been an owl. But under the tree, in the soft dirt, where the potatoes had recently been dug, we found fox-tracks, and two or three ominous little wads of feathers, with one long tail feather adrift. Thereupon we concluded that the turkey had accidentally fallen down out of the butternut—had a fit, perhaps—and that its flutterings had attracted the attention of some passing fox, which had, forthwith, taken it in charge. It was, as we regarded it, one of those unfortunate occurrences which no care on our part could have well foreseen, and a casualty such as turkey-raisers are unavoidably heirs to, and we bore our loss with resignation. We were glad to remember that turkeys did not often fall off their roosts.

This theory received something of a check when

our flock counted only twenty-nine the next morning. There were more fox-tracks, and a great many more feathers under the tree. This put a new and altogether ugly aspect on the matter. No algebra was needed to figure the outcome of the turkey business at this rate, together with our prospective profits, in the light of this new fact. It was clear that something must be done, and at once, too, or ruin would swallow up the poultry firm.

Rightly or wrongly, we attributed the mischief to a certain "silver-gray" fox that had several times been seen in the neighborhood that Autumn.

It would take far too much space to relate in detail the plans we laid and put in execution to catch that fox during the next two weeks. I recollect that we set three traps for him to no purpose, and that we borrowed a fox-hound to hunt him with, but merely succeeded in running him to his burrow in a neighboring rocky hill-side, whence we found quite impossible to dislodge the wily fellow.

Meanwhile the fox (or foxes) had succeeded in getting two more of the turkeys.

Heroes, it is said, are born of great crises. The dilemma of ours developed Tom's genius.

"I'll have that fox," he said, when the trap failed; and when the hound proved of no avail, still said: "I'll have him yet."

"But how?" I asked. Tom said he would show me. He brought a two-bushel basket and went out into the fields. In the stone-heaps, and beside the old logs and stumps, there were dozens of deserted mouse-nests, each a wad of fine dry grass as large as a quart box. These he gathered up, and filled the great basket.

"There," said he, triumphantly, "don't they smell *mousey*?"

They did, certainly; they savored as strongly of mice as Tom's question, of bad grammar.

"And don't foxes catch mice?" demanded Tom confidently.

"Yes, but I don't see how that's going to catch the fox," I said.

"Well, look here, then. I'll show ye," said Tom. "Play you's the fox; and play 't was night, and you was prowling around the fields. Go off now out there by that stump."

Full of wonder and curiosity, I retired to the stump. Tom, meantime, turned out the mass of nests, and with it completely covered himself. The pile now resembled an enormous mouse-nest, rather a small hay-cock. Pretty soon I heard

, high-keyed, squeaking noise, accompanied by light rustle inside the nest. Evidently there were mice in it; and, feeling my character as fox stake, I at once trotted forward, then crept up, as the rustling and squeaking continued, made a pounce into the grass—as I had heard it that foxes did when mousing. Instantly two brown hands from out the nest clutched me with a most vengeful grip. As a fox, I struggled strenuously. But Tom overcame me forthwith, and knocked me nearly black in the face, then, in dumb show, knocked my head with a stone.

"D'ye see, now!" he demanded.

saw.

"But a fox would bite you," I objected.

"Let him bite," said Tom. "I'll resk him when once I get these two bread-hooks on him. And he can't smell me through the mouse-nests here."

That night we set ourselves to put the stratagem in operation. With the dusk we stole out into the field where the stone-heaps were, and where we most oftenest heard foxes bark. Selecting a nook on the edge of a clump of raspberry briars which was about a great pine-stump, Tom lay down, and I covered him up completely with the contents of the big basket. He then practiced squeaking and rustling several times to be sure that all was good trim. His squeaks were perfect successes made by sucking the air sharply betwixt his teeth.

"Now be off," said Tom, "and don't come swinging round, nor get in sight, till you hear me bellow."

Thus exhorted, I went into the barn and established myself at a crack on the back side, which looked out upon the field where Tom was ambushed.

Tom, meanwhile, as he afterward told me, waited till it had grown dark, then began squeaking and rustling at intervals, to draw the attention of the fox when first he should come out into the clearing, for foxes have ears so wonderfully acute, that they are able to hear a mouse's squeak twenty feet away, it is said.

An hour passed. Tom must have grown pretty tired of squeaking. It was a moonless evening, though not very dark. I could see objects at a little distance through the crack, but could not see as far as the stump. It got rather dull, watching there; and being amidst nice cozy straw, I presently went to sleep, quite unintentionally. I must

have slept some time, though it seemed to me but a very few minutes.

What woke me was a noise—a sharp suppressed yelp. It took me a moment to understand where I was, and why I was there. A sound of scuffling and tumbling on the ground at some distance assisted my wandering wits, and I rushed out of the barn and ran toward the field. As I ran, two or three dull whacks came to my ear.

"Got him, Tom?" I shouted, rushing up.

Tom was holding and squeezing one of his hands with the other and shaking it violently. He said not a word, and left me to poke about and stumble on the limp warm carcass of a large fox that lay near.

"Bite ye?" I exclaimed, after satisfying myself that the fox was dead.

"Some," said Tom; and that was all I could get from him that night.

We took the fox to the house and lighted a candle. It was the "silver-gray."

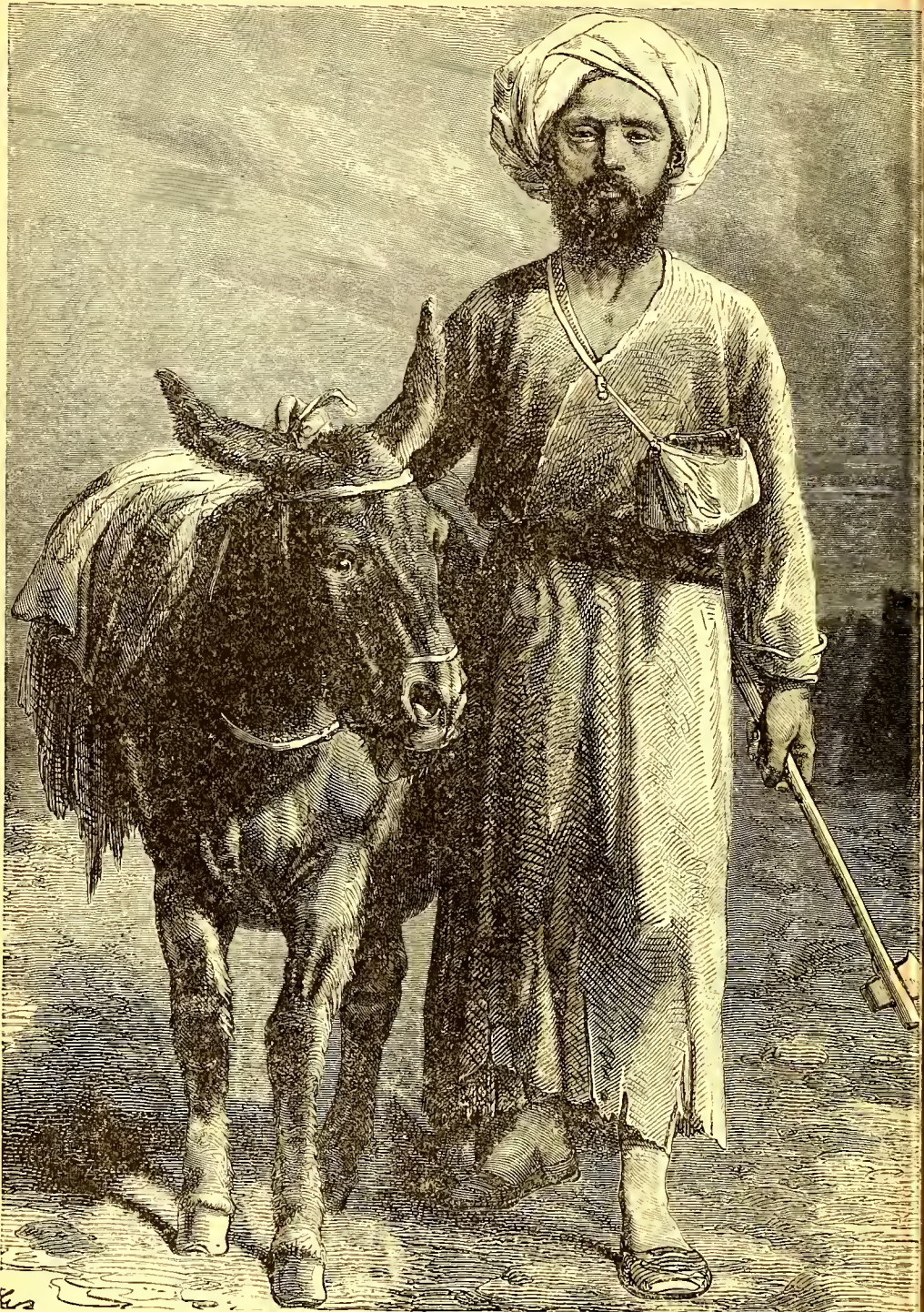
Tom washed his bite in cold water and went to bed. Next morning he was in a sorry and a very sore plight. His left hand was bitten through the palm, and badly swollen. There was also a deep bite in the fleshy part of his right arm, just below the elbow, several minor nips in his left leg above the knee, and a ragged "grab" in the chin. These numerous bites, however, were followed by no serious ill effects.

The next day, Tom told me that the fox had suddenly plunged into the grass, that he had caught hold of one of its hind legs, and that they had rolled over and over in the grass together. He owned to me that when the fox bit him on the chin, he let go of the brute, and would have given up the fight, but that the fox had then actually attacked him. "Upon that," said Tom, "I just determined to have it out with him."

Considering the fact that a fox is a very active, sharp-biting animal, and that this was an unusually large male, I have always thought Tom got off very well. I do not think that he ever cared to make a fox-trap of himself again, however.

We sold the fox-skin in the village, and received thirteen dollars for it, whereas a common red fox-skin is worth no more than three dollars.

How, or by what wiles that fox got the turkeys out of the high butternut, is a secret—one that perished with him. It would seem that he must either have climbed the tree, or else have practiced sorcery to make the turkey come down.



VAMBERY AND HIS DONKEY.

A GREAT TRAVELER.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

IT would be very natural in any of us to suppose it no man who depended for his conveyance upon small a donkey as that one on the opposite page, would be likely to go far enough to gain a reputation as a great traveler. But although a small donkey is not to be despised, when it comes to lugging and carrying and bearing hardships, still the man in the picture did not depend upon a donkey.

Indeed, with the exception of his own legs, he did not really depend upon any of the ordinary methods of traveling, for he seemed to be able to get pretty much where he pleased, whether people in general were able to get there or not.

This man—Arminius Vambéry—was born in Hungary in 1832, and very early in life became noted for his knowledge of languages, especially those of Eastern countries. The first use that he made of his knowledge of these difficult tongues was to teach them to other people.

He set up at Pesth as a teacher of languages; but when the Austrian authorities expelled him from the city for political reasons, he concluded to travel, and put his acquirements to a practical use. So he went to Constantinople, and thence to many parts of the East, never before reached by a European traveler.

Some of the places which he visited were considered to be sacred, and no unbeliever was allowed to come near them, under penalty of instant death if he discovered. But Vambéry disguised himself as a dervish, and traveled, sometimes alone and sometimes with pilgrims and caravans, through the deserts of Tartary to the city of Khiva. From here he made his way to Bokhara, a celebrated city of Central Asia, one of the great seats of Mahometan learning. It ought to be a learned place as well as a religious one, for there are said to be one hundred and three colleges and three hundred and sixty mosques within its walls. A good Mahometan in Bokhara might go to a different mosque almost every day in the year.

When Vambéry had satisfied his curiosity in Bokhara, as far as was possible, he pushed on to Samarcand, an important city about one hundred and thirty miles to the east. Samarcand possesses the tomb of Timur, and used to be the capital of

one of the greatest empires ever known, and the center of Asiatic learning and commerce. But it has dwindled away very much since that time; and when Vambéry visited it, it was full of interest, of course, but bereft of much of its ancient magnificence and splendor.

We cannot follow Vambéry in his various wanderings. Sometimes he bestrode his little donkey, and sometimes he sailed in curious vessels on the Caspian Sea. He lived in Turcoman tents; hunted wild beasts; traveled with caravans; rode alone on his camel at night through the solitary desert; met with escaped murderers who lived in caves; came across a whole army of wild and savage asses, who offered battle to him and his party; attended grand festivals, where all the guests plunged their hands into the dishes; went to fairs where everybody, buyers and sellers, was on horseback.

At one time, he came very near being discovered by a sharp young prince, who declared that he believed he was an Englishman in disguise. But the good dervish, Vambéry, seemed so offended and shocked at such a speech, that after awhile the prince was very sorry that he had hurt the poor man's feelings.

At last our traveler, having reached the borders of Persia, on his homeward journey, threw off his disguise, and mounted on a good horse and attended by a faithful servant, soon reached Teheran, where he was cordially welcomed by both the English and the native citizens. Even the Persian King thought so well of his exploits that he made him a member of the Order of the Lion and the Sun. I don't know what particular advantage this was to Vambéry, but it was a compliment, and I suppose he liked it.

Vambéry has written a book called "Travels and Adventures in Central Asia," and also several other books about Persia and Asia.

When I last heard of him he was Professor of Oriental languages at the University of Pesth.

It is a very fine thing to travel and see strange countries and strange people, but when you are obliged to make believe that you are a strange person yourself, and run the risk of being killed if you are found out, it would, in most cases, be better to stay at home.

THE RIDE TO SCHOOL.

"THOU shalt have a ride to school on my sled," said Carl to his chub-blit-tle sis-ter Ka-ren; "and Gretch-en and I will be the horses."



"Oh, that is beau-ti-ful!" cried Ka-ren, with bright, beam-ing eyes; and she danced a-round in her lit-tle red shoes.

They were three Ger-man chil-dren who lived with their fath-er and

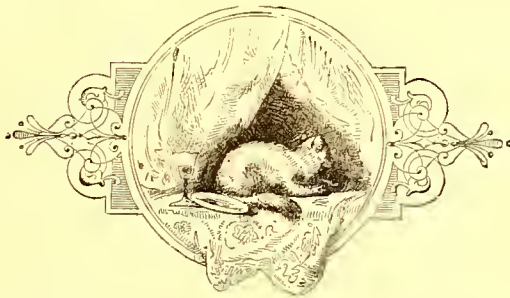
other in the far a-way West-ern State of Min-ne-so-ta, where it is so cold in win-ter that the snow lasts a long while.

Then Carl pulled his sled out of the barn, and Ka-ren was seat-ed in the mid-dle of it, with her lit-tle bask-et, which held three round cakes and a ro-sy ap-ple. Gretch-en pinned a large warm shawl o-ver her hood, and on her nice wool-en mit-tens, and, kiss-ing her sweet lit-tle face, said: "Look, how ro-sy she is;" and Ka-ren smiled back on her, say-ing: "Yes, that is fine, dear sis-ter."

Then Gretch-en put her lunch bask-et on the sled; but Carl had his lunch in a nap-kin, which he slung o-ver his shoul-ders; and, tuck-ing his fingers in-to his boots, a-way they all went, laugh-ing and sing-ing.

The lit-tle rob-ins scratched in the snow, cry-ing "Tweet, tweet, we want some-thing to eat." The pig-cons strutt-ed up and down the roofs of the hous-es, or flew a-way to the barn, say-ing, soft-ly, "Coo, coo, coo, come to the barn, ver-y good eat-ing there—coo, coo, coo!" The pus-sy sneezed, and lift-ed her paws ver-y high, for she ha-ted the snow, and wished it were al-ways sum-mer.

But the lit-tle Ger-man chil-dren liked win-ter as well as sum-mer. They were the ver-y best chil-dren in school that day; and, when school was o-ver, Carl and Gretch-en gave Ka-ren an-oth-er de-light-ful ride.



I GAVE my puss a mac-a-roon,
And bade her eat with a sil-ver spoon;
I brought a glass of spark-ling wine,
And bade the pret-ty creat-ure dine.

But see what came of it, a-lack!
That naught-y pus-sy turned her back;
Now was n't it a dread-ful sight
To see a puss so im-po-lite?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my boys and girls! What shall Jack tell you about this time? Something about something, eh? That's easily done. What say you to

CROWS' NESTS MADE OF FISH BONES?

THE crows who live near my wood always build their nests of interwoven sticks and twigs, and they are strong enough to last year after year, if they are not as handsome as those of some other birds. But one of my crow-neighbors tells me that he has cousins who live on far-away islands where there are neither trees nor shrubs, and these crows build their nests, and very good-looking ones too, of the dried and bleached bones of large fish that have been thrown up on the shore.

Queer nests, I should think, but they show the ingenuity and perseverance of the birds. How much better than to sit down and caw sulkily that they will not build any nests at all, because they can't get just the material they prefer for the purpose.

TUMBLE-WEEDS.

My Eastern children will say, "What *are* tumble-weeds?" when they first see this paragram; but the little Western folk will shout, "Ho! ho! we've seen them! The funniest things that ever were!"

All I know about them is that they belong to the Western prairies, but don't make their appearance until the land has been broken by the plow. Then they start up and take possession for a year or two, and after that they slowly disappear.

They have great big heads, formed of a net-work of stiff little branches, and their roots are like slender young beets. Late in the season, when they get dry, the wind tears them up, roots and all, and off they go, skipping, flying and tumbling over the country like good fellows. They look, in

the distance, like some sort of lively animals, and what is more, it would take a lively animal to catch them; for sometimes, in a high wind, they can outrun a galloping horse.

I wish some of the well-behaved children here about would take a hint from the tumble-weed and be a little more nimble in their ways. One of these days a good run will be set down among the lost arts—see if it is n't—if the children don't play more. There is a teacher in a gricky green gown who walks through our meadow sometimes with her girls, making the poor things all march in double row like soldiers. Don't I wish she'd take a hint from the tumble-weeds!

THE SUMMER-SURGEON.

SUCH news! The strangest little surgeon! But you shall hear all about him. He always carries a small case of the queerest, sharpest instruments that were ever made. He is the tiniest little fellow and his wonderful instruments can only be seen when they are placed under a glass called a microscope, which magnifies them, or makes them large enough to be seen.

In this surgeon's case there are two cutting blades, or lancets, two tiny saws, one hollow tube and one sharp-pointed instrument, which is also hollow, like a tube. Now, when he thinks it worth while to bleed any one, he opens his little case, and first pierces the skin with the sharp blades; then he cuts the flesh with the two little saws to make the blood flow fast, and then he pours through one tube a fluid into the wound to make the blood thick enough to flow easily, after which he draws up the blood through the other tube into the vessel prepared for it, until he thinks that he has bled the poor patient enough.

Now what do you suppose this surgeon's name is? He is called Mr. Gnat, and he is none other than the troublesome little insect that stings so often in summer. He uses all these wonderful instruments just to get a sip of blood from some tempting boy or girl—the rascal!

SAILORS' LANGUAGE.

I AM always in my pulpit, but not always preaching. I spend the most of my time in listening all sorts of strange and wonderful things, in order to tell them to my children. But sometimes I hear things that puzzle me very much. The other day two sailors were talking together, and it took more than my wit to find out what they meant. One of them had just come from the "roaring forties," where he had many times "sailed in the teeth of a wind," and had been "caught in the eye of a storm." You would have believed his observation that his companion was as "deaf as a coal-bunker" if you had heard the tone in which he shouted his remarks.

Then the other sailor began to talk. He said that he too had just returned from a voyage. His sea had been as "smooth as blubber" most of the time, but one night when there was "just a cap of wind," and "all s'ls" were "set" to catch and "everything was as quiet as a night of

atch," down came a brig and struck her right amidships." "An', sir, the cap'n only had time to sing out to man the gig, the jollyboat and dingy, when in the water we were! Indeed," the sailor went on to say, "I s'pose we'd ha' gone to Davy Jones' locker if the brig had n't sent along her dory and yawl to pick us up."

Now what do you suppose any sober-minded Jack could make of all that? I can't describe to you how it bothered me to carry all these queer expressions in my head till my traveled bird-friends should come along. Some of them had taken long voyages in ships, and so could understand the terms my sailors had used.

Well, the end of it all is, I know now that the "roaring forties" means the distance on the Atlantic Ocean between the fortieth and fiftieth parallels of latitude; that the sailors gave the name to that space because the ocean is so stormy there. To sail in the "teeth of the wind" means to proceed in the direction from which the wind comes, and to be "caught in the eye of the storm" is to be right in the center of it, which is a very dangerous thing. "A capful of wind" turns out to be a nice brisk wind, not a gale, nor even a banking breeze—which last, by the way, is a wind that blows quite strongly, but steadily, and is just what a sailor likes best.

As for "s'ls," that is only the sailor-sound for sails. When I heard that a "dog-watch" means a watch that is two hours long, I could n't imagine what sort of a watch it could be; but it appears that when a ship is at sea there must always be some one to keep watch night and day, in order to avoid accidents. So one officer will watch from six o'clock till ten, another from ten o'clock till twelve, a third from twelve o'clock till two, and a fourth from two o'clock till six. The two short periods between ten o'clock and two in the daytime, and the same in the night, are called dog-watches.

Upon hearing this, I was going to remark that this was a very queer name, but remembering that all the other names and terms were queer too, I said nothing about it.

As for hitting "amidships," that only means that one vessel struck the other in the center. "Yawl" and "dory," and many of the other words are plain enough, now that I understand them; but we have had sailor-talk long enough for this time.

A LETTER TO JACK.

HERE is a letter just received from my kinsman, Green Dragon:

Chinquepin Island, Mississippi River.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am sure you remember your cousin Green Dragon. We were well acquainted in the long-ago days before railroads and reapers.

What a famous preacher you are getting to be, my dear cousin! Here's not a pulpit in the land so quoted as you. Your fame has come across the prairies to my island home in the midst of the Mississippi's mighty waters. I am happily situated here, at the head of the Keokuk Rapids, in sight of the old Mormon town of Nauvoo, safe for centuries, I think, from the march of civilization. I don't see this same civilization. I'm sure it means no good to us flowers. Just think how it has spoiled our sweet Rose! You and I remember the time, Jack, when she was an open-faced, simple-hearted woodymph, that either of us would have died for. Now see what a duffy, artificial, made-up look she has!

But there's one flower here civilization has not corrupted. Jack, Jack, my dear cousin, did you ever see her—the great American lotus,—the Indian Queen? She is like a dream of the Tropics. Down in the ooze, under the solemn waters, is the long, snake-like root; up through the wave rises the sinewy stem; on the river's bosom, spread out like a knightly shield, freely floats the leaf—a yard and a-half wide, Jack. Bravely uplifted above the flood, in her yellow robes and glistening amber jewels, sits the regal lotus, sweetening the breeze with her warm, spicy, almond-flavored breath.

There are strange stories told of this Queen Lotus—of how priests and sages of old made pilgrimages to her home in the Nile; of how she played "bo-peep" with Moses in the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter, it is said, was making her periodical visit to the lotus when she discovered the handsome boy. Between ourselves, Jack, I don't believe this lotus of mine, here on the Mississippi, is the same as the ancient lotus of the Nile. I heard a scientific gentleman say that the Nile lotus is purple. My lotus is a delicate, creamy yellow.

The children along the Mississippi like lotus-nuts, and call them water-chinquepins. The German children call them Yankee-nuts.

The white water-lily, a relative to my lotus, is sometimes seen here; but her home is the lake. Flowers and folks are both better off at home. Here the lily draggles; she can't lift herself above the retiring waters.

Your cousin, GREEN DRAGON.

STARVING CHILDREN.

IT'S a terrible thing to say, but I'm told that some children are starving this winter. Find them and feed them, my darlings. Ask your parents to help. Good warm clothes that you never wear should not be stowed away in your homes now. *Somebody* needs them.

BERGMEAL.

A NORWEGIAN boy, with eyes as blue as wood-violets and hair of the pale gold color of a daffy that has grown in the shade, lately told a young lady, in my hearing, about a very queer sort of flour that he had seen at home, and in a few other countries—Tuscany, in Italy, for instance. It is called bergmeal, he said (or bergmehl, from the German *berg*, mountain, and *mehl*, meal). To give a loaf of bread made from this flour, would be almost literally to give a stone for bread; for the bergmehl, our boy said, is not made from grain, but from a very fine white or cream-colored powder, mainly composed of flinty shells, so very small that one square inch of the powder is said to contain millions of them.

"Is this bread good, and can one live upon it?" the young lady asked the Norwegian lad.

He shook his head rather sadly, and said, "No, it is not good, and one could not live upon it alone; but in hard times when grain-flour is very scarce and costly, the poor people go out upon the mountains and gather this powder to mix with grain-flour, to make it last longer."

He said that there was something else in the bergmehl besides the particles of flinty shells, and that this something had a little nourishment in it; but the main thing is that the mountain-flour increases the bulk of the food, and even that is an advantage in times of famine.

I was glad that the poor people of Norway could get this bergmehl when they could not get good grain-flour; but I would much rather we should send them a few shiploads of wheat, or rye, or buckwheat, or Indian-corn. Would n't you, my dears?

DON'T forget the birds this cold weather. Scatter crumbs for them, my children.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, printed word for word as it was written:

Orland, October 11, 1874.

ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing that a good many have written for this book, I thought I would see what I could do about writing a story, although I am but a little girl, nine years old. You cannot expect much from me.

Dear boys and girls, I am going to tell you a story about my little pig. You may think this rather beneath the notice of a little girl, but I do not agree with you. Any little boy or girl who did not have pity for a little motherless lame pig, does not have any heart.

One day, as my grandpa was out in the barn-yard, he saw a little lame pig laying down on the ground. It could not walk; but grandpa brought it in the yard and fed it some milk for two or three days, and then I asked pa if I could have it, and he said I might, and then I took it and fed it, and you may think it funny because I took the dish that I fed it with and washed it. It was in the summer. I took cold water and washed the pig, and wiped it, and it held just as still while I did it. It got over being lame, and grew, till all at once it began to refuse its food; and one morning when I went out to feed it I found it missing. I looked all over for it, but could not find it. Finally we found it in the wood-pile; we took it out and buried it.

I read in my last magazine about a little girl who had a cat, who would ring at the hall-door. Now my grandpa (the same grandpa that helped me take care of my little pig) had a cat that would open the door, and not wait for any one to open it. BIRDIE.

We gladly print three verses from a poem by E. B., entitled,

THE COOKY WITH A HOLE IN IT.

Little man! did you ever see
A cooky as nice as this?
Spiciness, yellowness, richness,
All to be bought for a kiss!

And see, it is made with a hole, sir,
Framed in for the middle, so;
To hang it upon your finger,
Or even peep through, you know.

Spoke the little man then, "O yes, ma'am!"
Still a small doubt stirred his soul.
"Yes," again said little man, softly,
"But how do you eat the hole?"

JENNIE F. V. writes: "I would like to tell other girls of a way of putting coal on the fire so as not to make a noise. It is useful to know about it, in case anyone is sick, or there is a little baby asleep in the room, or you are helping to take care of your poor grandfather, sick with rheumatism. The last is my case. Grandpa cannot bear the noise made by putting coal on the fire, so I was glad to learn of a good way of doing it softly. I put the coal in little paper grocery-bags that the cook saves for me (but I suppose pieces of newspaper would do to wrap them in). Then, when I get a scuttleful of these bags of coal, I wash my hands, and Mary carries the scuttle up to grandpa's room for me. It is very handy. I can then lay these little bags of coal on the fire so softly that a mouse could n't hear it; and it is easier, too, than lifting the scuttle. Besides, it does n't soil my hands. Sometimes when the fire is n't good I break the bag just a little, so that the paper will catch fire more easily."

Brooklyn, November 23, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You told us last May how to make a "Christmas City," so I have made one. It is on a board three feet long, and two wide. There are fifty houses in all. It is laid out with streets, and green yards with fences around them, and gravel walks and flower-beds, and trees and shrubbery. Two of the yards have croquet sets, and two have artificial ponds. There is a river in one part of the city, and a park in the center. No two houses are exactly alike. There is a cathedral, with a chapel, a bishop's palace, and a nunnery. There are two churches with parsonages; a college with a chapel and library; and three houses for the President and Professors, all enclosed in one yard, which I call College Square. There are three farm-houses and twelve cottages and a school-house; two hotels, two stores, a theater, a bank, eight mansion-houses, four barns, and two little summer arbors beside the river. I was nine years old when I commenced my city, but did not finish it till after I was ten. But I fear I am writing too long a letter for your time and patience. I will only add that I sent my City to the county fair, and got five dollars premium for it. I am thinking some of making a Holiday Harbor, but do not know as I can make the ships. I hope St. Nicholas will have a good big turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner; I think he deserves one for making me so happy.—From your friend,
LIZZIE M. BENNETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Letter-Box asks why the mark in paper is called a "water-mark." It is so called because made by the wire through which the water is drained from the pulp of which the paper is made. ARNOLD GUYOT CAMERON.

C. V. T.—We do not wonder that "The Hidden Hand" in the conundrum picture puzzled you. We intended that it should do so. You could not, it is true, "find" the hidden hand in the picture in a literal sense, but surely the expression, "find," is quite allowable in this case. Ours was a riddle, or conundrum picture, and we expected that all who undertook to interpret it would let their fancy shed light upon their wits.

Long ago, we said to a dear old negro:

"Eliza, here's a conundrum for you. Why is a person with the rheumatism like a church window?"

"Dunno, chile," said she. "You'll hab to tell ole 'Liza dat, I'se thinkin'."

"Why, Eliza, don't you know? It's because it's full of pains."

"G'long," cried Eliza, highly indignant. "Done come tellin' 'Liza no sich stuff; 'taint no sich thing. Dey's diff'rent kinds of pains, dem is. Don't s'pose dey rubs liniment on church window-panes, does yer? Ole 'Liza aint gwine to believe no sich stuff as dat, no how."

It has been a surprise and a pleasure to us to note that out of all the nine hundred and more who sent answers to our conundrum picture only seven have since expressed any dissatisfaction whatever, and, strange to say, the things that they find fault with are the very answers (printed in December ST. NICHOLAS) that a very large majority of the children sent in without hesitation.

DEAR EDITOR: You have so many fine stories about animals in ST. NICHOLAS, that I want you to please put this one in. A lady, who came to see my mother told it to us last night. She said that in the house right back of hers in Brooklyn, they have a pet parrot. On week-day mornings this parrot always has a good deal to say about wanting this and that; but on Sunday mornings last Summer it would rouse the neighbors by shouting, "Mary Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school! Mary Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school!" over and over again. The lady said that the bird was in its cage hanging out of an upper window, where no one could talk to it and tell it what to say without being seen or heard, and it never said this on any morning but Sunday. Do you suppose the parrot could count?—Your respectful friend,
LANE M. WEST.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you consider the expression, "can't see it," as slang? I like that society of "Non-askers," mentioned by John Gregg in the Letter-Box for last June. Don't you think the girls ought to join? Do you think it a good plan to learn poetry? Can you tell me who wrote that poem on "The Burial of Moses," beginning:

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave;
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave?"

Yours respectfully,

MINNIE THOMAS.

The expression, "can't see it," is not necessarily slang, but it may be used as slang, and is then disagreeable to refined persons. Whether it is slang or not depends entirely on the motive of the person using it.

We wish that every one of our girls would join the Non-askers.

There can be no doubt that, for many reasons, committing poetry—good poetry—to memory is an excellent practice.

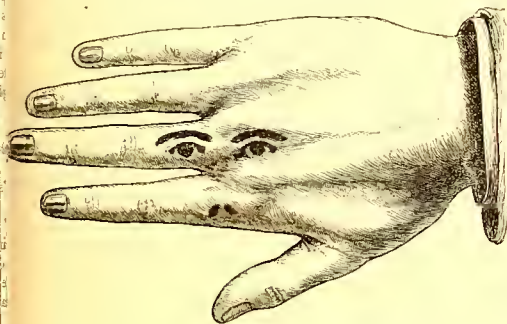
The poem you speak of was written, we believe, by a Mrs. Alexander, and appeared first in a small monthly publication, the *Christian Miscellany*, issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference Publication Office in London.

CARRIE MAIRE AND LOUISE QUINTARD—The army of Bird-defenders has adopted a preamble and resolutions, which fully explain "what it has to do." You will find them in Mr. Haskins' article "For the Birds," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, or in Letter-Box of the number for May, 1874.

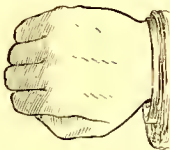
CHARL writes: "Noticing that another contributor to your Riddle-box is using the *nom de plume* 'Charl,' I suggest that it would be for the latest Charl to select a different name."

EDWIN S. BELKNAP wants to know how to make a sun-dial. Who in tell him?

OSWEGO BOY, who asks to be told "how to turn one's hand into an old woman."—As other young folks also may wish to see or exhibit this old woman during the fireside season, we will answer



our query by two pictures. The first will show you the markings in India-ink, or burnt cork, to be made on one hand (the left, not the right; our artist has made a mistake there); the second will show you how to double the same hand so as to form the old woman's face. You then put a little kerchief on her ad, tying it under her chin, and Mrs. Grundy is complete. By moving the added thumb slowly the lady will appear to be opening and closing her mouth. A little practice will enable you to accompany the lip motion with appropriate speech, so that Mrs. Grundy may say a few words to her admiring friends. By way of variety, a small frilled cap with a black band can be made for the old lady's use, and a sort of stuffed gown can be held closely to the head by means of a cord secured to the gown and held tightly between the second and third fingers of the doubled fist.



BIRD-DEFENDERS.

THE army of Bird-defenders has received a large number of recruits since our last issue.

WILLIAM J. ELDRIDGE (who writes that he is keeping an alphabetical list of the Bird-defenders) sends, besides his own, the names of Wm J. Eldridge, Lizzie H. Eldridge, Alice G. Troth and Lillian S. Oth.

BERTHA J. RICKOFF, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following list: My Beckwith, Alice Burrows, Annie Burrows, Maud Hanna, Anna Shipherd, Nellie Runcy, Lillian Harwood, Florence Hyde, Isabel Allen, Tilly Huntington, Maggie Huntington, Annie Smith, Abina Sanders, Willie Rickoff, Bell J. Watterson and Bertha J. Rickoff.

LIEBIE M. BUTLER sends her own and the following names: Annie Clements, Ella Van Patten, Gertie Layner and Jennie Butler. CLINTON B. POE sends this list: Sam K. Poc, Robert A. Gregory, Thur Kimery, Carrie Johnson, Waldo Morgan, Jennie Lawrence and Clinton B. Poe.

CHARLIE J. BIGELOW joins the army, and sends other names, as follows: Frank Dingman, Willie Randall, Charlie Randall, Willie Berberle, Nellie Burton, Sarah Pomenella and Hattie Sullivan.

FLORENCE B. LOCKWOOD asks to be enrolled in company with a recruits: Katie Radford, Conchita Cisneros, Clemencia Mestre, J. Tiemann, M. C. Murray and Benoni Lockwood.

MILLY F. CONKEY sends her second list: Cornelia W. Smith, Minnie Adams, Nellie Wilkinson, Helen Kellogg, Willie Dane, Minnie Bley, Flora Page, Selina Steinitz, N. J. Spurr and Frank L. Buglass.

Besides the above, the following new names have been enrolled: John C. Howard, Sallie F. Bailey, Fred N. Luther, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Will E. Brayton, F. Green, George S. Brown, S. Weaver, Minnie L. Sherman, Rob R. Sherman, Katie T. Hughes, Ollie Hughes, Harry Winn, Lizzie M. Bennett, Henry K. Gilman, Ruth and Mabel Davison, George F. Pearce, Frankie L. Jones, Mabel W. Baldwin, Henry O. Riddell, Harry N. Covell, A. R. Diamond, Willie G. Foote and Lincoln Righter.

"MACHEN."

Translation of German Sketch in December Number.

EARLY, when daylight appears, the peasant gets out of bed. He opens the chamber door and shuts it again, to go to his day's work, of which the beginning consists in lighting a fire, in order first of all to prepare the coffee. His wife meanwhile cleans the room, puts things in order, and arranges her hair. If she is long about it, her husband gives her a cross look. She does not really care much about that; but it is not very cheering to have the remark constantly made to you: "See that you hurry now; I am so worried, I can do nothing." At last, as he sets out to go to the fair, there is so bad a snow-storm that he hardly knows what to do, &c., &c.

Translations have been received from Corydon P. Karr, Fred W. McKee and S. A. Ammon, Joseph Jastrow, Sigismund Dormitzer, Carrie Hesse, Mary B. McCoy, Emily Schumann, Lizzie Bradford, James Espy, Edith W., Clara M. Gearhart, Willie E. Mayer and O. Smith.

THE question, "Who Was He?" in the paragraph of the December Letter-Box concerning a certain noted man, has been correctly answered by the following-named boys and girls, who send word that Dr. Samuel Johnson is the person referred to: Thomas Noel, Clara Lee, Libbie M. Butler, Mamie Wagner, T. C. Merrel, Georgie L. Blood, Nettie E. Williams, A. R. Diamond, Olive Pratt, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, John O. C. Ellis, Laura A. Wilson, C. W. and M. P., Clifton B. Dare, Lizzie Johnson, May Ogden, Stella M. Luce, Edith W., five members of the reading-class of Mrs. E. P. T., Lillie F. Conkey and Nellie S. Colby.

OUR "Word-makers" will receive attention next month.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Nursery Noonings. By Gail Hamilton. Harper & Bros., New York. (A good strong book for parents.)

The Man in the Moon, and Other People. By R. W. Raymond. J. B. Ford & Co., New York. (A collection of very entertaining stories.)

F. Grant & Co.; or, Partnerships. By George L. Chaney. Roberts Bros., Boston. (A good book for boys.)

Children's Stories. By Eleven Harvard Sophomores. Roberts Brothers, Boston. (Capital for the little folks.)

A Practical and Critical Grammar of the English Language. By Noble Butler. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Twilight Stories, by Miss B. C. Rogers; *Twenty Stories and Twenty Poems,* by Mrs. C. E. R. Parker; *Bob Tinker and His Friends,* by Mary E. C. Wyeth; *Bessie Kirkland,* by Mrs. M. E. Miller; *Lillie; or, The Little Christian's Toilet,* by Mrs. H. E. Brown; *Joc and Sally; or, A Good Deed and Its Fruits; Little Folks' Picture Book; Four "Dot" Books.* Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

Little Stories for Little People. By James Barron Hope, Norfolk, Va.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Friendship's Gift. A collection of popular pieces, simplified by E. Mark. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

Fusionen Waltz. Strauss.

Students' Ball Waltzes. Strauss.

The Happy Children. Six easy dances for the piano. By Jos. Rummel. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

Songs of Lapland and Finland. Translated and adapted to the music by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Philadelphia.



NICHOLAS! ST. NICHOLAS!

The "Ice-Boat Song," from "Hans Brinker."

GEORGE J. HUSS.

With Spirit.

1. Friend of sail - ors
2. While through wintry
3. Sun - ny spar - kles
4. Pret - ty gifts and

1 and of children! Dou-ble claim have we As in youth-ful joy we're sailing O'er a fro-zen sea!

2 air we're rushing, As our voic-es blend, Are you near us? do you hear us, Nich-o-las, our friend?

3 bright before us Chase a-way the cold! Hearts where sunny thoughts are welcome, Never can grow old.

4 lov-ing les-son, Fes-ti-val and glee, Bid us thank thee as we're sailing O'er the froz-en sea.

1 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to thee.

2 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er end.

3 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev - er can grow old.

4 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to thee!

Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to
 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er end. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er
 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow old. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow
 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to

Ending for the 1st, 2d, and 3d verses. *Ending for the last verse.*

1 thee!
 2 end.
 3 old.

4 thee.

sva.....

Ped.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REVERSALS.

TAKE a word meaning to separate, reverse it, and a snare for vermin. 2. Belonging to animals of a kind; reversed, to barter. 3. A pest to society; sed, a kind of bird. 4. A nocturnal animal; red, an appendage to a cap. 5. A modern means of ation; reversed, a mineral. 6. To treat with con-; reversed, small sweet-cakes. 7. An ancient poet instrel; reversed, a color. 8. Departed in haste; sed, a kind of ware. R. G.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

AT the foot of a bed,
 And the base of the stair;
 In the night, and the light,
 In the back of a chair;
 On the old marble mantel,
 In the edge of the door;
 At the head of the table,
 And inside a store.

Now place me together,
 And, like the lost geese,
 The whole you'll find never,
 For I'm only a piece. ALDEBARAN.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

EVERY other letter is omitted. N-v-r-o-d-m-w-a-y-u-d-r-t-n. (A bit of proverbial advice worth heed- RUTHVEN.

CHARADE.

My second wakes when by my first
 The birds are set a-singing,
 And with the echo of their joy
 The forest deep is ringing.

My whole, a dainty, fragile thing,
 Braved wind and wave and tide,
 And now enshrined in history's page
 It lives, a nation's pride.

RIDDLE.

IN my first, or my fourth, or it may be my third, you will find my second her whom you have been so long seeking, for she may become my whole. Marry her and get the money. P. V.

CROSS-WORD.

My first is in crow, but not in hawk;
 My second is in landing, but not in dock;
 My third is in horse, and also in mule;
 My fourth is in govern, but not in rule;
 My fifth is in patch, but not in mend;
 My sixth is in tear, but not in rend;
 My seventh is in trouble, but not in grief;
 My eighth is in robber, but not in thief;
 My ninth is in saw, but not in seen;
 My whole is the name of a wicked queen.

T. W. M'G.

REBUS.

(The solution is a stanza from Tennyson's "In Memoriam.")



PUZZLE.

ONE hundred and one by fifty divide,
And then if a cipher be rightly applied,
And your computation agree with mine,
The answer will be one taken from nine. X.

COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.

SQUARE-WORD: 1. Part of every carpet. 2. An open space. 3. Used in guiding horses. 4. A short breathing. Diagonals: A writing—a glimpse. M.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To marry. 3. A mechanical power. 4. A cave. 5. A consonant. Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A boy's name. 3. A feast. 4. Moist. 5. A consonant. J. S. I.

STAR PUZZLE.

1. SLANG for companion. 2. Deceased. 3. A cold. 4. To make certain kinds of liquors. 5. To twist. C. A. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A PLUM PUDDING.—1. Mace (M-ace). 2. Flour (Flower). 3. Clove (C-love). 4. Currants (currents). 5. Indian-meal. 6. Allspice (awls-p-ice). 7. Molasses (Mo. lasses). 8. Candied lemon-peel (candied-lemon peel). 9. Citron (sit run). 10. Suet (Sue ate).

ENIGMA.—Do not judge the feelings of others by your own.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Rainbow, Sunbeam.—Riddles, Adieu, Indian, Nab, Believe, Opera, Wisdom.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wen, Repel, Ned, R.

RIDDLE.—Camel, Carmel, Caramel.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—St. Nicholas.—Saratoga, Tanganika, Nanking, Iceland, China, Himalaya, Obi, Lapland, America, Scotland.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Spin, pin, in. Charmed, harmed, armed.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—E, Ear, Easel, Red, L.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.—The inscription on the sign:

Rove not from pole to pole. The man in here
Will shave you close and smooth, from ear to ear;
And that without a scratch to mar your beauty.
Your hair he'll cut to suit you in a trice,
And when 't is done, you'll marvel at the price.
Then let your wanderings stop,
And enter in this shop.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.—I rented neat, entertained, entered in estimate, time seat, I set meat—sixteen on, extension—side-blest idea, lest I bade—several, reveals—meats, steam—Keats, steak, skate—is grave, gravies—I on no, onion—Arago sat, Sar—gets veal be, vegetables—conversation, tin covers on a—am used, made us—separate, ate pears—a speech, peaches—apart to a crisp—rice came, ice-cream—sinew, wines, swine—left, felt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received previous to December 18th, from James E. Whitney, Jr., Florence Lockwood, James Alexander, Jr., Milly I. Smith, Lizzie M. Park, M. E. and G. H., Bessie T. B. Benedict, "May B. Not," Susie Murray, James McCall, Jr., Mabel W. Baldwin, Jacob A. Hountain, George Loutzenheiter, Fannie Griswold, Carrie A. Johnson, E. H. Edgar L. R., Libbie M. Butler, Henry O. Riddell, Clara Lee, "Pennsylvania and California," Helen Worrell Clarkson, Adelle T. and Lizzie M. Knapp, Florence Palmer, "May and Rhea," Everett B. Clarke, Maggie Charlton, Harriet Lagourz, Louise F. M. and Edw. Cinton B. Poe, Charles George Martin, Alice W. Ives, Ruth C. Stetson, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Carrie L. Hastings, Edw. Saunier, Helen B. Fanchard, Nanna Fife, John B. Neale, Frank E. Vaughan, Eva G. Wanzer, D. P. L. Postell, Laurens T. Postell, J. M. Brown, Ida E. Christianoy, John O. C. Ellis, Fred H. Wilson, Herbert E. Mathews, Lilian Carter, Clara Carter, Franklin M. W. A. L. Benedict, Lulu Isabel Needham, Bennie Melvin, Katie T. Hughes, Willie Thorn, Frank S. Halsey, Jessie Field, James J. Orm, F. B. James, Agnes Stevens, Hattie Beecher Scoville, Ella Condie, Maggie T., Lizzie C. Brown, Eugenia C. Pratt, Eddie L. Heyde, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Arthur M. Little, Willie Foucher Jones, John C. Howard, Sophie Winstow, Rachel Hutchins, Carleton Brab, Gertrude Bradley, Katie Walsh and Bessie Shubrick, Julia Dean Hunter, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Emily Bodstein, Arthur E. Smith, Stella Luce, Howard G. Nott, D. W. McCullough, Rosa M. Raymond, Arthur C. Burnham, Neenah M. Dunn, Florence B. Lockwood, M. Wilcox, O. Smith, Lily F. Conkey, Freddy Forehand, Nellie S. Colby, John Ruggles Slack, M. L. Palmer, May Trumbull, Lucy Bar Grace Nunemacher, George H. Smith, Jr., Lizzie C. Wells, and C. D. Benedict.

NUMERICAL ENIGM

THE answer contains eleven letters, and is name of a river of United States. The 11, 5 is a medium. 8, 2 is an exclamation. The 10, 7, 6, 2, 4, 3, body of water.

RUTHVEN

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SERVANT. 2. sacred shield. 3. R. 4. A Hindoo chief. 5. governor of a castle. Looked obliquely.

RUTHVEN

TRIPLE ACROSTIC

THE primals, centinals and finals form the name of three musical instruments. 1. Smooth. Concord. 3. A soldier. 4. To environ.





THE TWO FRIENDS.

FROM A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1875.

NO. 5.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE was once a bear who was very lonely (as Fontaine tells about him in one of his fables), and as he grew older he began to feel that his solitary lot was too much for him to bear. He had no mate, no children, no parents. The larger animals generally avoided him, and as for the smaller creatures, such as rabbits and little pigs, they would have nothing whatever to do with him, if they could help it. He had

No one to love, none to caress,

and he grew sadder day by day. Not many miles from the mountain on which his bear lived, was the house of a man who was very much the same condition. He had a comfortable home, with gardens and shade-trees, and parlors and alcoves, with statues of Saturn and Jupiter and the rest of the heathen gods, and lakes in which swans glided about.

In all this the man was ever so much better off than the bear, who had almost nothing at all; but was not happy. He, too, had no wife, or child, or parents. He longed for companionship—some one into whose ear he could pour his sorrows and his joys, some one on whose heart he could lovingly lean.

One day, when he was out walking, he met the bear. At the same instant the same idea struck both of these individuals. Each said to himself: "Perhaps I have at last met my friend!" After a few words of ordinary salutation, they came quite at their ease, and soon struck up a very pleasant acquaintance as they walked together through the wood.

The bear was a good honest sort of fellow, and the man took such a liking to him, that when they

reached his house he invited the bear to stay all night.

The bear staid all night, and also the next day, and the two new friends got along so well together that they made an arrangement by which the bear came to live with the man.

They were both very well satisfied with this plan. The bear had a good house to live in, plenty to eat, and delightful grounds in which he might rove about. The man, who was very fond of gardening, and did not care much for hunting or anything of that kind, found the bear extremely useful in getting an occasional deer or wild pig for the family table.

Besides, when warm and tired after working in the garden, he was not afraid to lie down and go to sleep under the shade of one of his great trees, if the bear were near. He knew very well that no wild beast or wicked man would dare to harm him when that true friend stood guard.

And thus they lived pleasantly during a great part of the Summer. They confided in each other, they never quarreled, and they seemed to suit each other admirably.

But one was a man and the other was a bear.

The bear was very strong and good-natured, but he did not know much. Of course he was not to blame for that; but his extreme ignorance did not have a good effect upon his companion. It is very seldom that we are benefited by intimate association with ignorant people.

One day the man was asleep under a tree, and the bear was watching him. There was nothing to molest the sleeper but flies and gnats, and these the bear carefully brushed away so that his dear friend might rest at ease.

There was, however, one pertinacious gnat, who would not be brushed away. He buzzed about the man's head and alighted on his nose. He whisked himself here, and he whisked himself there; the more the bear brushed him away, the more he came back again, buzzing and humming like a little winged demon.

The bear lost all patience.

"My good friend can't get a decent nap for that wretched gnat! I'll kill the malicious little insect. It's the only way to do with such stupid creatures."

So he took up a big stone and hurled it at the gnat, which had just settled on the nose of the sleeping man.

The bear killed the bothersome gnat, but he also crushed the head of his dear friend.

Two or three days afterward, the bear was sitting under a tree in the forest, thinking about all this.

"The trouble was," he said to himself, "that the man ought to have been careful to choose a friend with more sense than I've got." Which proves that the bear was not altogether an idiot.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER V.

A BELT AND A BOX.



WHEN Rose came out of her chamber, cup in hand, next morning, the first person she saw was Uncle Alec standing on the threshold of the room opposite, which he appeared to be examining with care. When he heard her step, he turned about and began to sing:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir, she said," answered Rose, waving the cup: and then they finished the verse together in fine style.

Before either spoke, a head, in a nightcap so large and beruffled that it looked like a cabbage, popped out of a room farther down the hall, and an astonished voice exclaimed:

"What in the world are you about so early?"

"Clearing our pipes for the day, ma'am. Look here, auntie, can I have this room?" said Dr. Alec, making her a sailor's bow.

"Any room you like, except sister's."

"Thanks. And may I go rummaging round in the garrets and glory-holes to furnish it as I like?"

"My dear boy, you may turn the house upside down if you will only stay in it."

"That's a handsome offer, I'm sure. I'll stay, ma'am; here's my little anchor, so you will get more than you want of me this time."

"That's impossible! Put on your jacket, Rose. Don't tire her out with antics, Alec. Yes, sister, I'm coming!" and the cabbage vanished suddenly.

The first milking lesson was a droll one; but after several scares and many vain attempts Rose at last managed to fill her cup, while Ben held Clover's tail so that it could not flap, and Dr. Alec kept her from turning to stare at the new milkmaid, who objected to both these proceedings very much.

"You look chilly in spite of all this laughing. Take a smart run round the garden and get up glow," said the doctor, as they left the barn.

"I'm too old for running, uncle; Miss Powell said it was not lady-like for girls in their teens answered Rose, primly.

"I take the liberty of differing from Madam Prunes and Prisms, and, as your physician, I *order* you to run. Off with you!" said Uncle Alec, with a look and a gesture that made Rose scurry away as fast as she could go.

Anxious to please him, she raced round the barn till she came back to the porch where he stood, and dropping down upon the steps, she sat panting with cheeks as rosy as the rigolette on her shoulders.

"Very well done, child; I see you have not lost the use of your limbs though you *are* in your teens. That belt is too tight; unfasten it, then you can take a long breath without panting so."

"It is n't tight, sir; I can breathe perfectly well began Rose, trying to compose herself.

Her uncle's only answer was to lift her up and unhook the new belt of which she was so proud. The moment the clasp was open the belt flew apart several inches, for it was impossible to restrain the involuntary sigh of relief that flatly contradicted her words.

"Why, I did n't know it was tight! it did n't fit

a bit. Of course it would open if I puff like this, I never do, because I hardly ever run," examined Rose, rather discomfited by this discovery. "I see you don't half fill your lungs, and so you wear this absurd thing without feeling it. The idea of cramping a tender little waist in a stiff band of leather and steel just when it ought to be growing," said Dr. Alec, surveying the belt with great favor as he put the clasp forward several holes, Rose's secret dismay, for she was proud of her slender figure, and daily rejoiced that she was n't stout as Luly Miller, a former schoolmate, who had only tried to repress her plumpness.

"It will fall off if it is so loose," she said anxiously, as she stood watching him pull her precious belt out.

"Not if you keep taking long breaths to hold it. That is what I want you to do, and when you have filled this out we will go on enlarging it till your waist is more like that of Hebe, goddess of youth, and less like that of a fashion-plate,—the ugliest thing imaginable."

"How it does look!" and Rose gave a glance of scorn at the loose belt hanging round her trim little waist. "It will be lost, and then I shall feel silly, for it cost ever so much, and is real steel and Russia leather. Just smell how nice."

"If it is lost I'll give you a better one. A soft green sash is much fitter for a pretty child like you in a plated harness like this; and I've got no end of Italian scarfs and Turkish sashes among my trunks. Ah! that makes you feel better, does n't it?" and he pinched the cheek that had suddenly been slapped with a smile.

"It is very silly of me, but I can't help liking to show that"—here she stopped and blushed and bowed down her head, ashamed to add. "you think I'm pretty."

Dr. Alec's eyes twinkled, but he said, very soberly:

"Rose, are you vain?"

"I'm afraid I am," answered a very meek voice from behind the veil of hair that hid the red face.

"That is a sad fault." And he sighed as if grieved at the confession.

"I know it is, and I try not to be; but people will tease me, and I can't help liking it, for I really don't think I am repulsive, uncle."

The last word, and the funny tone in which it was uttered, were too much for Dr. Alec, and he laughed in spite of himself, to Rose's great relief.

"I quite agree with you; and in order that you may be still less repulsive, I want you to grow as big a girl as Phebe."

"Phebe!" and Rose looked so amazed that her head nearly went off again.

"Yes, Phebe; for she has what you need—

health. If you dear little girls would only learn what real beauty is, and not pinch and starve and bleach yourselves out so, you'd save an immense deal of time and money and pain. A happy soul in a healthy body makes the best sort of beauty for man or woman. Do you understand that, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," answered Rose, much taken down by this comparison with the girl from the poor-house. It nettled her sadly, and she showed that it did by saying quickly:

"I suppose you would like to have me sweep and scrub and wear an old brown dress, and go round with my sleeves rolled up as Phebe does?"

"I should very much, if you could work as well as she does, and show as strong a pair of arms as she can. I have n't seen a prettier picture for some time than she made of herself this morning, up to the elbows in suds, singing like a blackbird while she scrubbed on the back stoop."

"Well, I do think you are the queerest man that ever lived!" was all Rose could find to say after this display of bad taste.

"I have n't begun to show my oddities yet, so you must make up your mind to worse shocks than this," he said, with such a whimsical look that she was glad the sound of a bell prevented her showing more plainly what a blow her little vanities had already received.

"You will find your box all open up in auntie's room, and there you can amuse her and yourself by rummaging to your heart's content; I've got to be cruising round all the morning getting my room to rights," said Dr. Alec, as they rose from breakfast.

"Can't I help you, uncle?" asked Rose, quite burning to be useful.

"No, thank you. I'm going to borrow Phebe for awhile, if Aunt Plenty can spare her."

"Anybody—anything, Alec. You will want me, I know, so I'll give orders about dinner and be all ready to lend a hand;" and the old lady bustled away full of interest and good-will.

"Uncle will find that I can do some things that Phebe can't; so now!" thought Rose, with a toss of the head as she flew to Aunt Peace and the long-desired box.

Every little girl can easily imagine what an extra good time she had diving into a sea of treasures and fishing up one pretty thing after another, till the air was full of the mingled odors of musk and sandal-wood, the room gay with bright colors, and Rose in a rapture of delight. She began to forgive Dr. Alec for the oatmeal diet when she saw a lovely ivory work-box; became resigned to the state of her belt when she found a pile of rainbow-colored sashes; and when she came to some distractingly

pretty bottles of attar of rose, she felt that they almost atoned for the great sin of thinking Phebe the finer girl of the two.

Dr. Alec meanwhile had apparently taken Aunt Plenty at her word, and *was* turning the house upside down. A general revolution was evidently going on in the green room, for the dark damask curtains were seen bundling away in Phebe's arms; the air-tight stove retiring to the cellar on Ben's shoulder, and the great bedstead going up garret in a fragmentary state, escorted by three bearers. Aunt Plenty was constantly on the trot among her store-rooms, camphor-chests and linen-closets, looking as if the new order of things both amazed and amused her.

Half the peculiar performances of Dr. Alec cannot be revealed, but as Rose glanced up from her box now and then she caught glimpses of him striding by, bearing a bamboo chair, a pair of ancient andirons, a queer Japanese screen, a rug or two, and finally a large bathing-pan upon his head.

"What a curious room it will be," she said, as she sat resting and refreshing herself with "Lumps of Delight," all the way from Cairo.

"I fancy *you* will like it, deary," answered Aunt Peace, looking up with a smile from some pretty trifle she was making with blue silk and white muslin.

Rose did not see the smile, for just at that moment her uncle paused at the door, and she sprang up to dance before him, saying, with a face full of childish happiness:

"Look at me! look at me! I'm so splendid I don't know myself. I have n't put these things on right, I dare say, but I do like them *so* much!"

"You look as gay as a parrot in your fez and cabaja, and it does my heart good to see the little black shadow turned into a rainbow," said Uncle Alec, surveying the bright figure before him with great approbation.

He did not say it, but he thought she made a much prettier picture than Phebe at the wash-tub, for she had stuck a purple fez on her blond head, tied several brilliant scarfs about her waist, and put on a truly gorgeous scarlet jacket with a golden sun embroidered on the back, a silver moon on the front, and stars of all sizes on the sleeves. A pair of Turkish slippers adorned her feet, and necklaces of amber, coral and filigree hung about her neck, while one hand held a smelling-bottle, and the other the spicy box of oriental sweetmeats.

"I feel like a girl in the 'Arabian Nights,' and expect to find a magic carpet or a wonderful talisman somewhere. Only I don't see how I ever *can* thank you for all these lovely things," she said, stopping her dance, as if suddenly oppressed with gratitude.

"I'll tell you how—by leaving off the black clothes, that never should have been kept so long on such a child, and wearing the gay ones I've brought. It will do your spirits good, and cheer up this sober old house. Wont it, Auntie?"

"I think you are right, Alec, and it is fortunate that we have not begun on her spring clothes yet for Myra thought she ought not to wear anything brighter than violet, and she is too pale for that."

"You just let me direct Miss Hemming how to make some of these things. You will be surprised to see how much I know about piping hems and gathering arm-holes and shirring biases," began Dr. Alec, patting a pile of muslin, cloth and silk with a knowing air.

Aunt Peace and Rose laughed so that he could not display his knowledge any farther till they stopped, when he said good-naturedly:

"That will go a great way toward filling out the belt, so laugh away, Morgiana, and I'll go back to my work, or I never shall be done."

"I could n't help it, 'shirred biases' were very funny!" Rose said, as she turned to her brother after the splendid laugh. "But really, auntie she added soberly, "I feel as if I ought not to have so many nice things. I suppose it would n't do to give Phebe some of them? Uncle might n't like it."

"He would not mind; but they are not suitable for Phebe. Some of the dresses you are done with would be more useful, if they can be made over to fit her," answered Aunt Peace in the prudent moderate tone which is so trying to our feelings when we indulge in little fits of charitable enthusiasm.

"I'd rather give her new ones, for I think she is a little bit proud and might not like old things. If she was my sister it would do, because she wouldn't mind, but she is n't, and that makes it bad for you see. I know how I can manage beautifully. I'll adopt her!" and Rose looked quite radiant with this new idea.

"I'm afraid you could not do it legally till you are older, but you might see if she likes the plan and at any rate you can be very kind to her, for one sense we are all sisters, and should help one another."

The sweet old face looked at her so kindly that Rose was fired with a desire to settle the matter once, and rushed away to the kitchen just as she was. Phebe was there, polishing up the queer andirons so busily that she started when a voice cried out: "Smell that, taste this, and look at me!"

Phebe sniffed attar of rose, crunched the Lumps of Delight tucked into her mouth, and stared with all her eyes at little Morgiana prancing about the room like a brilliant parouquet.

"My stars, aint you splendid!" was all she could say, holding up two dusty hands.

"I've got heaps of lovely things upstairs, and I show them all to you, and I'd go halves, only Auntie thinks they would n't be useful, so I shall give you something else; and you wont mind, will you? because I want to adopt you as Arabella was the story. Wont that be nice?"

"Why, Miss Rose, have you lost your wits?"

No wonder Phebe asked, for Rose talked very fast, and looked so odd in her new costume, and

what to do," thought Rose, much discouraged by this reception of her offer.

"Please, forgive me; I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, and hope you wont think —" she faltered presently, feeling that she must undo the mischief if possible.

But Phebe gave her another surprise, by dropping the apron and showing a face all smiles, in spite of tears in the eyes, as she put both arms round Rose, and said, with a laugh and sob:

"I think you are the dearest girl in the world, and I'll let you do anything you like with me."

"Then you do like the plan? You did n't cry because I seemed to be kind of patronizing? I truly did n't mean to be," cried Rose, delighted.

"I guess I do like it! and cried because no one was ever so good to me before, and I could n't help it. As for patronizing, you may walk on me if you want to, and I wont mind," said Phebe, in a burst of gratitude, for the words, "we are all sisters," went straight to her lonely heart and nestled there.

"Well, now, we can play I'm a good sprite out of the box, or, what is better, a fairy godmother come down the chimney, and you are Cinderella, and must say what you want," said Rose, trying to put the question delicately.

Phebe understood that, for she had a good deal of natural refinement, though she did come from the poor-house.

"I don't feel as if I wanted anything now, Miss Rose, but to find some way of thanking you for all you've done," she said, rubbing off a tear that went rolling down

the bridge of her nose in the most unromantic way.

"Why, I have n't done anything but given you a bit of candy! Here, have some more, and eat 'em while you work and think what I *can* do. I must go and clear up, so good-by, and don't forget I've adopted you."

"You've given me sweeter things than candy, and I'm not likely to forget it." And carefully wiping off the brick-dust, Phebe pressed the little hand Rose offered warmly in both her hard ones, while the black eyes followed the departing visitor with a grateful look that made them very soft and bright.



ROSE AND PHEBE.

so eager she could not stop to explain. Seeing Phebe's bewilderment, she quieted down and said, with a pretty air of earnestness:

"It is n't fair that I should have so much and you so little, and I want to be as good to you as if you were my sister, for Aunt Peace says we are all sisters really. I thought if I adopted you as much as I can now, it would be nicer. Will you let me, please?"

To Rose's great surprise Phebe sat down on the floor and hid her face in her apron for a minute without answering a word.

"Oh dear, now she's offended, and I don't know

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE ALEC'S ROOM.

SOON after dinner, and before she had got acquainted with half her new possessions, Dr. Alec proposed a drive, to carry round the first installment of gifts to the aunts and cousins. Rose was quite ready to go, being anxious to try a certain soft bur-noose from the box, which not only possessed a most engaging little hood, but had fuzzy tassels bobbing in all directions.

The big carriage was full of parcels, and even Ben's seat was loaded with Indian war-clubs, a Chinese kite of immense size, and a pair of polished ox-horns from Africa. Uncle Alec, very blue as to his clothes, and very brown as to his face, sat bolt upright, surveying well-known places with interest, while Rose, feeling unusually elegant and comfortable, leaned back folded in her soft mantle, and played she was an Eastern princess making a royal progress among her subjects.

At three of the places their calls were brief, for Aunt Myra's catarrh was unusually bad; Aunt Clara had a room full of company, and Aunt Jane showed such a tendency to discuss the population, productions and politics of Europe, Asia, and Africa, that even Dr. Alec was dismayed, and got away as soon as possible.

"Now we will have a good time! I do hope the boys will be at home," said Rose, with a sigh of relief, as they wound yet higher up the hill to Aunt Jessie's.

"I left this for the last call, so that we might find the lads just in from school. Yes, there is Jamie on the gate watching for us; now you'll see the clan gather; they are always swarming about together."

The instant Jamie saw the approaching guests he gave a shrill whistle, which was answered by echoes from meadow, house and barn, as the cousins came running from all directions, shouting, "Hooray for Uncle Alec!" They went at the carriage like highwaymen, robbed it of every parcel, took the occupants prisoner, and marched them into the house with great exultation.

"Little Mum! little Mum! here they are with lots of goodies! Come down and see the fun right away; quick!" bawled Will and Geordie amidst a general ripping off of papers and a reckless cutting of strings that soon turned the tidy room into a chaos.

Down came Aunt Jessie with her pretty cap half on, but such a beaming face below it that one rather thought the fly-away head-gear an improvement than otherwise. She had hardly time to greet Rose and the Doctor before the boys were about her, each clamoring for her to see his gift and re-joice over it with him, for "little Mum" went

halves in everything. The great horns skirmished about her as if to toss her to the ceiling; the war-clubs hurtled over her head as if to annihilate her; an amazing medley from the four quarters of the globe filled her lap, and seven excited boys talked to her at once.

But she liked it; oh dear, yes! and sat smiling, admiring and explaining, quite untroubled by the din, which made Rose cover up her ears and Dr. Alec threaten instant flight if the riot was not quelled. That threat produced a lull, and while the uncle received thanks in one corner, the aunt had some little confidences made to her in the other.

"Well, dear, and how are things going with you now? Better, I hope, than they were a week ago."

"Aunt Jessie, I think I'm going to be very happy, now uncle has come. He does the queerest things, but he is *so* good to me I can't help loving him;" and nestling closer to little Mum, Rose told all that had happened, ending with a rapturous account of the splendid box.

"I am very glad, dear. But, Rose, I must warn you of one thing; don't let uncle spoil you."

"But I like to be spoiled, auntie."

"I don't doubt it; but if you turn out badly when the year is over he will be blamed, and his experiment prove a failure. That would be a pity would n't it? when he wants to do so much for you and can do it if his kind heart does not get in the way of his good judgment."

"I never thought of that, and I'll try not to spoil. But how *can* I help it?" asked Rose anxiously.

"By not complaining of the wholesome things he wants you to do; by giving him cheerful obedience as well as love; and even making some small sacrifices for his sake."

"I will, I truly will! and when I get in a way about things may I come to you? Uncle told me to, and I feel as if I should n't be afraid."

"You may, darling; this is the place where little troubles are best cured, and this is where mothers are for I fancy;" and Aunt Jessie drew the curly head to her shoulder with a tender look that proved how well she knew what medicine the child most needed.

It was so sweet and comfortable that Rose still enjoying it till a little voice said:

"Mamma, don't you think Pokey would like some of my shells? Rose gave Phebe some of her nice things, and it was very good of her. Can I?"

"Who is Pokey?" asked Rose, popping up her head, attracted by the odd name.

"My dolly; do you want to see her?" asked Jamie, who had been much impressed by the tale of adoption he had overheard.

"Yes; I'm fond of dollies, only don't tell the boys, or they will laugh at me."

"They don't laugh at me, and they play with my dolly a great deal; but she likes me best;" and Jamie ran away to produce his pet.

"I brought my old doll, but I keep her hidden because I am too big to play with her, and yet I can't bear to throw her away, I'm so fond of her." And Rose, continuing her confidences in a whisper.

"You can come and play with Jamie's whenever you like, for we believe in dollies here," began Aunt Jessie, smiling to herself as if something amused her.

Just then Jamie came back, and Rose understood the reason, for his dolly proved to be a pretty four-year-old little girl, who trotted in as fast as her fat legs would carry her, and making straight for the shells scrambled up an arm-chair, saying with a laugh that showed her little white teeth:

"All for Dimmy and me, and Dimmy and me!"

"That's my dolly; is n't she a nice one?" asked Jamie, proudly surveying his pet with his hands behind him and his port legs rather far apart,—a manly attitude copied from his brothers.

"She is a dear dolly. But why call her Pokey?" asked Rose, charmed with the new plaything.

"She is such an inquisitive little body she is always poking that mite of a nose into everything; and as Paul Pry did not suit, the boys fell to calling her Pokey. Not a pretty name, but very expressive."

It certainly was, for, having examined the shells, she busy tot laid hold of everything she could find, and continued her researches till Archie caught her picking his carved ivory chess men to see if they were not barley-sugar. Rice-paper pictures were so discovered crumpled up in her tiny pocket, and she nearly smashed Will's ostrich-egg by trying to sit upon it.

"Here, Jim, take her away; she's worse than the puppies, and we can't have her round," commanded the elder brother, picking her up and handing her over to the little fellow, who received her with open arms and the warning remark:

"You'd better mind what you do, for I'm going to dopt Pokey like Rose did Phebe, and then you'll have to be very good to her, you big fellows."

"Dopt away, Baby, and I'll give you a cage to keep her in, or you won't have her long, for she is getting worse than a monkey;" and Archie went back to his mates, while Aunt Jessie, foreseeing a crisis, proposed that Jamie should take his dolly home, as she was borrowed and it was time her visit ended.

"My dolly is better than yours, is n't she? 'cause she can walk and talk and sing and dance, and



JAMIE AND HIS DOLLY

yours can't do anything, can she?" asked Jamie with pride, as he regarded his Pokey, who just then had been moved to execute a funny little jig and warble the well-known couplet:

"Puss-tat, puss-tat, where you been?
'I been Lunnin, to saw a Tween."

After which superb display she retired, escorted by Jamie, both making a fearful din blowing on conch shells.

"We must tear ourselves away, Rose, because I want to get you home before sunset. Will you come for a drive, Jessie?" said Dr. Alec, as the music died away in the distance.

"No, thank you; but I see the boys want a scamper, so if you don't mind, they may escort you home, but not go in. That is only allowed on holidays."

The words were hardly out of Aunt Jessie's mouth when Archie said in a tone of command:

"Pass the word, lads. Boot and saddle, and be quick about it."

"All right!" And in a moment not a vestige of a boy remained but the litter on the floor.

The cavalcade went down the hill at a pace that made Rose cling to her uncle's arm, for the fat

old horses got excited by the antics of the ponies careering all about them, and went as fast as they could pelt, with the gay dog-cart rattling in front, for Archie and Charlie scorned Shelties since this magnificent equipage had been set up. Ben enjoyed the fun, and the lads cut up capers till Rose declared that "circus" was the proper name for them after all.

When they reached the house they dismounted, and stood, three on each side the steps, in martial attitudes, while her ladyship was handed out with great elegance by Uncle Alec. Then the clan saluted, mounted at word of command, and with a wild whoop tore down the avenue in what they considered the true Arab style.

"That was splendid, now it is safely ended," said Rose, skipping up the steps with her head over her shoulder to watch the dear tassels bob about.

"I shall get you a pony as soon as you are a little stronger," said Dr. Alec, watching her with a smile.

"Oh, I could n't ride one of those horrid, frisky little beasts! They roll their eyes and bounce about so, I should die of fright," cried Rose, clasp- ing her hands tragically.

"Are you a coward?"

"About horses I am."

"Never mind, then; come and see my new room;" and he led the way upstairs without another word.

As Rose followed she remembered her promise to Aunt Jessie, and was sorry she had objected so decidedly. She was a great deal more sorry five minutes later, and well she might be.

"Now take a good look, and tell me what you think of it," said Dr. Alec, opening the door and letting her enter before him, while Phebe was seen whisking down the back stairs with a dust-pan.

Rose walked to the middle of the room, stood still, and gazed about her with eyes that brightened as they looked, for all was changed.

This chamber had been built out over the library to suit some fancy, and had been unused for years, except at Christmas times, when the old house overflowed. It had three windows: one to the east, that overlooked the bay; one to the south, where the horse-chestnuts waved their green fans; and one to the west, toward the hills and the evening sky. A ruddy sunset burned there now, filling the room with an enchanted glow; the soft murmur of the sea was heard, and a robin chirped "Good night!" among the budding trees.

Rose saw and heard these things first, and felt their beauty with a child's quick instinct; then her eye took in the altered aspect of the room, once so shrouded, still and solitary, now so full of light and warmth and simple luxury.

India matting covered the floor, with a gay rug here and there; the antique andirons shone on the wide hearth, where a cheery blaze dispelled the dampness of the long-closed room. Bamboo lounges and chairs stood about, and quaint little tables in cosy corners; one bearing a pretty basket one a desk, and on a third lay several familiar looking books. In a recess stood a narrow white bed, with a lovely Madonna hanging over it. The Japanese screen half folded back showed a delicate toilet service of blue and white set forth on a marble slab, and near by was the great bath-pan with Turkish towels and a sponge as big as Rose's head.

"Uncle must love cold water like a duck," she thought, with a shiver.

Then her eye went on to the tall cabinet, where a half-open door revealed a tempting array of the drawers, shelves and "cubby holes," which so delight the hearts of children.

"What a grand place for my new things," she thought, wondering what her uncle kept in the cedar retreat.

"Oh me, what a sweet toilet-table!" was her next mental exclamation, as she approached this inviting spot.

A round old-fashioned mirror hung over it, with a gilt eagle a-top, holding in his beak the knot of blue ribbon that tied up a curtain of muslin fallin on either side of the table, where appeared little ivory-handled brushes, two slender silver candlesticks, a porcelain match-box, several pretty trays for small matters, and, most imposing of all, plump blue silk cushion, coquettishly trimmed with lace and pink rose-buds at the corners.

That cushion rather astonished Rose, in fact the whole table did, and she was just thinking with sly smile:

"Uncle is a dandy, but I never should have guessed it," when he opened the door of a large closet, saying, with a careless wave of the hand:

"Men like plenty of room for their rattle traps—don't you think that ought to satisfy me?"

Rose peeped in and gave a start, though all she saw was what one usually finds in closets,—clothes and boots, boxes and bags. Ah, but you see the clothes were small black and white frocks; the row of little boots that stood below had never been on Dr. Alec's feet; the green bandbox had a gravel straying out of it, and—yes! the bag hanging on the door was certainly her own piece-bag, with a hole in one corner. She gave a quick look round the room and understood now why it had seemed too dainty for a man, why *her* Testament and Prayer-Book were on the table by the bed, and what those rose-buds meant on the blue cushion. It came upon her in one delicious

rst that this little paradise was all for her, and, t knowing how else to express her gratitude, e caught Dr. Alec round the neck, saying im- tuously:

"Oh, uncle, you are *too* good to me! I'll do ything you ask me; ride wild horses and take ezing baths and eat bad-tasting messes, and let clothes hang on me, to show how much I thank a for this dear, sweet, lovely room!"

"You like it, then? But why do you think it is ars, my lass?" asked Dr. Alec, as he sat down king well pleased, and drew his excited little ce to his knee.

"I don't *think*, I *know* it is for me; I see it in ar face, and I feel as if I didn't half deserve it. nt Jessie said you would spoil me, and I must let you. I'm afraid this looks like it, and per- ps—oh me!—perhaps I ought not to have this autiful room after all!" and Rose tried to look if she could be heroic enough to give it up if it s best.

"I owe Mrs. Jessie one for that," said Dr. Alec, trying to frown, though in his secret soul he felt that she was quite right. Then he smiled that cordial smile, which was like sunshine on his brown face, as he said:

"This is part of the cure, Rose, and I put you here that you might take my three great remedies in the best and easiest way. Plenty of sun, fresh air and cold water; also cheerful surroundings and some work; for Phebe is to show you how to take care of this room and be your little maid as well as friend and teacher. Does that sound hard and disagreeable to you, dear?"

"No, sir; very, very pleasant, and I'll do my best to be a good patient. But I really don't think any one *could* be sick in this delightful room," she said, with a long sigh of happiness as her eye went from one pleasant object to another.

"Then you like my sort of medicine better than Aunt Myra's, and don't want to throw it out of the window, hey?"

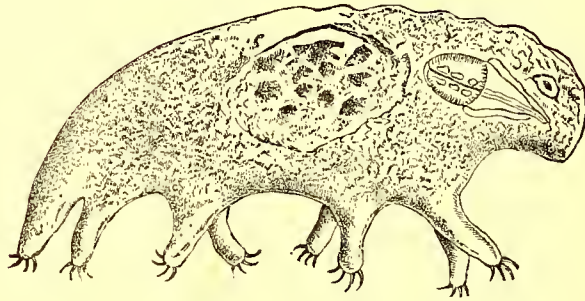
(To be continued.)



"LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW YOUR HORN,
THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW, THE COW'S IN THE CORN!"

THE WATER-BEAR.

BY MARY TREAT.



THE WATER-BEAR.

THE water-bear is a comical-looking little animal. His home is in fresh-water shallow ponds, and he is so small that only the practiced eye can detect him without the aid of the microscope. Being less in size than an ordinary pin-head, it is not necessary to take guns and dogs to go in search of our "bear." All that the successful hunter needs is a stout stick (a forked one is best), to pull the plants that harbor him from the pond, and a supply of vials to hold the water and plants.

An experienced hunter knows pretty well from the look of the water and plants whether he has hit upon good "hunting grounds." Satisfied with his captures, he returns home, takes a tiny spray of plant from one of the vials, spreads it on a glass slide hollowed out on one side for the purpose, and adds a little water from one of the vials to fill the cavity. It is now ready for the microscope. With a very strong magnifying power, the water in the glass slide appears like a deep pond, and the little spray of plant like a great branch; and here are myriads of strange creatures swimming about and frolicking with each other. But the "bear" is the main object of our search, and here he is. He looks very much like his larger namesake, only he has eight legs instead of four.

The portrait does not look quite natural; he would not keep still long enough to have his portrait taken, and so had to be held fast between two glasses, and this flattened him somewhat.

He goes slowly grubbing about among the plants, eating as he goes, and food is so abundant where he lives that we never find a poor, half-starved specimen. Water-bears always are fat and plump,

from the tiny cub up to full-grown, grave-looking fellows.

I have a family of these bears in a little glass cage upon my study table. The cage is supplied with pond-water and plants; and as often as I find a bear I cage him; and when I become tired and cross, I take a look at this happy family, and the bears' droll maneuvers never fail to restore me to good humor. The cage is so constructed that I can conveniently place it under the microscope.

Sometimes I find a bear sitting on his haunches entrapped and held in this position by the plant. He strikes about with his fore paws, but still eats away as if his very life depended upon his devouring a certain amount of food, before he can stop to entangle himself.

He changes his skin, I don't know how many times, but as often as the old dress becomes tight and uncomfortable, I suppose; and he slips out of it so nicely, leaving it all whole even to the little claws, and there it stands, not thrown down a heap nor mused at all! For a time I was completely puzzled on seeing these old dresses stand about as if inflated, and thought they must be skeletons—that the body had decomposed and only the skin; but after awhile I caught one slipping out of his dress, and the mystery was explained.

The mother-bear makes good use of her old dress. She converts it into a nursery. In slipping out of her skin, she manages to leave four or five eggs inside of it; for the water-bear, unlike his great namesake, lays eggs, and the little ones

just take care of themselves as best they may. The egg is covered with a membrane, so transparent that we can see through it, and in a few days after the eggs are left, we can see the outline of the little bear all coiled up, with its tiny paws close to its mouth. It soon bursts the membrane,

and goes slowly plodding about, sometimes within the nursery walls for a day or so, until at last it makes its exit through a slit or opening in the back, and is fairly launched into the great world of water and plants, where it at once becomes as much at home as the oldest inhabitant.

A GLIMPSE AT NAPLES.

BY PROF. ISAAC E. HASBROUCK.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi mori,*" say the Neapolitans; and all strangers say so too; only the American and the Englishman say it in English: "See Naples and die." A very foolish thing to say, you think. Well, you know people often say more than they mean. This saying simply means that Naples is so beautiful that a man cannot find a more lovely place; and that having seen this city, he might die contented. We, sober-minded boys and girls, who see so much that is beautiful and lovely in life; who find so many reasons why we wish to live,—*we* should not be ready to die just because we had seen Naples or any other beautiful city.

But let me tell you a little of this old city. Look at your maps, on the front of what we used to call the "boot" of Italy,—just above the "instep." You see how the sea goes a little way into the land and forms a bay, and on that bay is our city—"Napoli;" or, as we call it, "Naples."

Imagine, then, that we are on a steamer going into this Bay of Naples. First, a narrow place where the shores come out into the sea, as if they intended to meet each other, with three beautiful islands resting like stepping-stones between. And here we look over a broad surface of water, spreading in front of us and at the sides like a very large, nearly round, basin, and about twenty miles across. The air is very clear, and we can see the shores and the houses on them quite as easily as we could see half that distance in New York Bay or Long Island Sound. The scene is so beautiful that an Italian poet of Naples called it "a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth." The shores generally slope up and back from the water with level country in some places.

On our right we see Vesuvius, the wonderful and

dreadful volcano, rising like a black sugar-loaf a few miles away, but seeming very near. About half-way up from the level of the sea, its sides become very steep and precipitous, covered everywhere with the hard, black *lava*, and the *scoriae* which have been thrown from the inside of the mountain through the large *crater* or hole in the top. There is nothing very beautiful about Vesuvius; yet it is to be seen from every place near Naples, always black, and sometimes with smoke or steam coming out of its sides, or forming a cloud and floating away from the top. At the bottom of the mountain, and in the valley toward Naples, the eye sees with relief the bright and rich green of trees and fields. Then we see houses scattered along the curved line of the shore,—Resina built over where Herculaneum once stood, and then *the* city, with its numerous white houses, looking, as some one has said, like a crowd of pilgrims going up the hill, while further on, around this circular shore, we see the celebrated San Elmo, the great fort, on a higher part of the hill-side.

The steamer soon touches the dock. Now look out! Beggars without number are there; they know exactly when the steamers will come. How they pester us! If we have taken a hotel omnibus, we shall get through easily; but if we attempt to walk, we must prepare for a siege. Every man there looks darker and uglier than his neighbor; you feel almost sure that they are not to be trusted, and yet they all want to carry your satchel or show you where you do not wish to go. So much for being a foreigner and a stranger.

We reach the hotel in time and soon set out to see the city. The hotel is not very different from those in New York—only almost nobody speaks English.

But the city does not remind us of New York. At first we pass along a wide street with the bay at our right, but when we turn off to "see the city," we can easily believe that Naples is more than two

a home may be, there is generally some one there who coaxes a plant or two into bloom.

I said there were a few exceptions to the narrow streets. Around on the west side of the bay, near the shore, is the *Chiaja* (chee-ah), a fine wide drive, with garden, bright with flowers, nearly a mile long. Here, just before sunset, nearly all Naples comes to drive or promenade. A stream of carriages as far as you can see, and four abreast with the walks full of pedestrians, and the riding-paths crowded with people on horseback,—all this with music and the soft air of an Italian evening, makes the *Chiaja* a delightful change from the ugly faces and whining voices of the beggars who beset you in the streets. There is another wide street called the *Toledo*, and one end of it, near the Royal Palace, seems always full of people. That "count cousin," who thought all the people on Broadway must be just coming from church, would think that *two* churches must have "let out" at once on the *Toledo*.

Here comes a fruit and vegetable dealer with his donkey. These are dark-eyed toddlers offering flowers for almost nothing



BRINGING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES INTO NAPLES.

thousand years old. There is a story—not in the histories—that it was founded by a Siren called Parthenope, and at first called by her name. The story is true as to the name, but we must disbelieve the first part, for a Siren—who tries to attract people—would certainly have planned and built a different city. The houses are high and dingy, the streets, with a few exceptions, very narrow, so that they seem more like cracks than like thoroughfares.

But every picture has a bright spot somewhere. These streets are paved all over as nicely as a New York sidewalk with large blocks of lava that, when it poured out of the crater of Vesuvius, was soft as mud and hotter than the red iron from a blacksmith's forge. Then this pavement is generally quite clean, and, since the high buildings keep the street shady, and the sidewalks are not much wider than a plank, the people walk in the middle of the streets, which gives it a lively appearance. The balconies and roofs of the houses are often turned into little flower gardens; for however poor and wretched

and here stand boys who try to sell you candles. If you are willing to buy one, all the boys run up at once and make such a clatter that you feel like running away. Two francs is the price asked but do not pay it. These urchins intend to sell you one for half that price before they let you go. It is just so in the stores; the price is two or three times as much as they expect to get. "shopper" would find a capital opportunity to "beat down" the prices if she should go to Naples; but even if she bought anything for half price, she would pay more than some one else had given for a much better article of the same kind.

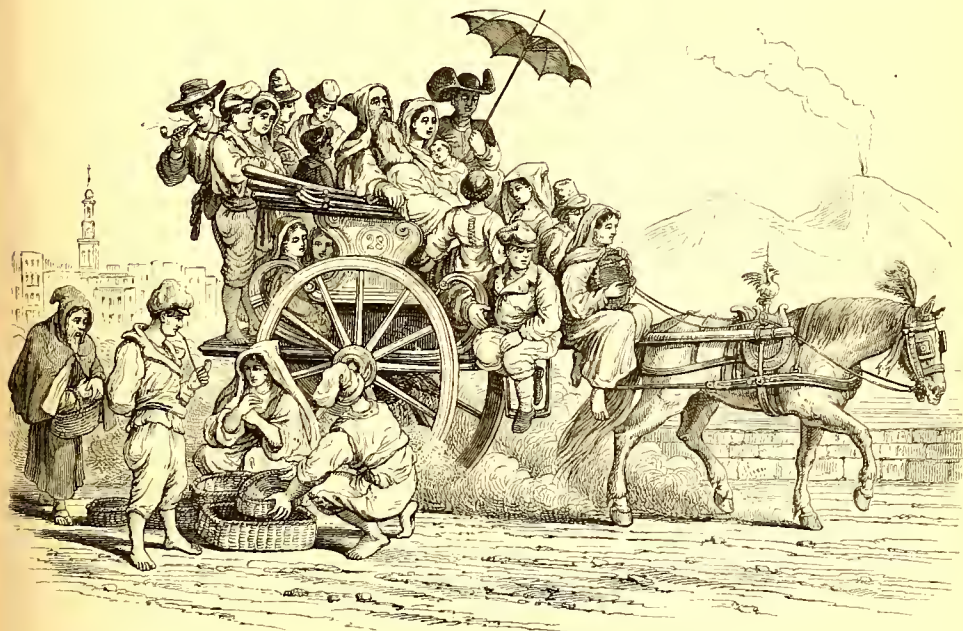
But here comes a procession. Stand at one side. A man with a bell, followed by priests in long black gowns, and carrying candles; also boys with lights. They are going to the house of a man who is dying; many of the crowd go along; all are quiet. Perhaps it is a funeral procession with the bier; then the people remove their hats—a beautiful custom—and make a sign of the cross on the

reasts. Now let us go to the "*Duomo*," or Cathedral, to see the worship. The Cathedral of Naples has begun in the year 1272, or six hundred years ago. At the sides, as we enter, there are little domes, something like large, dark bay-windows, without any window. These are called "chapels." In one we may see a marriage ceremony; in another, a baptism; in another, a funeral service. The Roman Catholic churches are always open for any service or worship.

One of these chapels is called the "Chapel of St. Januarius." It ought to be elegant if not grand, for it cost 2,000,000 dollars. In this chapel are kept two vials, which are said to contain the blood of St. Januarius. Three times each year, in May, September, and December, the blood is said to become liquid. Of course this is a great event, since the saint was beheaded more than 1500 years ago, and his blood ought to be pretty hard by this time. Nevertheless, many of the people believe that the blood does become liquid, and they have these three days as festivals, or gala days. They go to the Cathedral, and if they think they see the "miracle" accomplished, they are satisfied that St. Januarius can still hear them and protect their city from pestilence and the eruptions of

ago, notwithstanding that the saint's blood had become liquid a few months before.)

Festivals, begging, dining, and doing nothing are the favorite occupations of these people. This is one of the countries where even a beggar rides if possible. They cannot understand how any one should walk from choice. A person on foot, unless he shows too plainly that he is a stranger (all foreign pedestrians get the name "*Inglesi*"—English), may go his way without much fear of beggars; he soon has the reputation of being a *pittore*, or beggar himself; not an enviable reputation, perhaps, but one which, about Naples, saves the unending torment of being followed and called after by every second man, woman or child you meet, asking for a few *centessimi*. The picture on this page shows how they ride—or, if you please, how they do not walk—at Naples. It is no jest. On one of the holidays a dozen or twenty people of all kinds—priests, monks, porters, women—get a sort of cart, a *calesso*, or calesh, and piling in, from the patriarch to the infant in arms, away they go for a picnic. The artist has given this party a better-looking horse than they usually have, the *horse* frequently being a little *donkey* no larger than some of the men in the calesso. This party have left the city and



A NEAPOLITAN PICNIC PARTY.

Mount Vesuvius. (I am sorry to have to add in this parenthesis that Vesuvius had an eruption, with great destruction of property, only two years

ago, notwithstanding that the saint's blood had become liquid a few months before.)

are going on a delightful excursion through the *Chiaja*, probably to Virgil's tomb or some favorite place in the country.

You have seen on page 276 a picture of a donkey loaded with fruit and vegetables. In this way the country people every morning bring their loads to market. Very often you scarcely notice the donkey, but all you can see is a huge pile of hay or onions, carrots, &c., moving along very deliberately with four little black feet under the pile. Sometimes a pair of long ears stick out in front, or if it is fly-time, a tail appears at the other end, switched in a way which is a warning to the flies. A donkey thus bearing his two *panniers*, or



"YOU SCARCELY NOTICE THE DONKEY."

large baskets, suspended over his back, heaped up with bright turnips, yellow carrots, shining onions and long squash pumpkins, is often seen in the streets of Naples.

But, of course, there is some business done in so large a city as Naples; the people do not all ride and walk and look at each other. The shopkeepers know that the foreigners who visit their city are fond of beautiful things, and they fill their shops accordingly. There are many jewelry stores, and very beautiful ornaments of coral, most delicately tinted with pink, and of lava from Vesuvius, and of tortoise-shell. The girls who read this sketch would be delighted to go into one of the large manufactories where they make these beautiful articles. And there, too, these things are very cheap, for the coral and tortoise-shell, and lava, are obtained close by Naples, and the workmen receive small wages, and the merchants are anxious to get your money. Then there are handsome boxes, fans, &c., made from wood, beautifully carved, and brought from Sorrento, a city near by. Beautiful silk goods are made here; the girls who read ST. NICHOLAS all know of the "Gros de Naples." Violins, too, are among the things which these people can make better than almost any others, and we need not wonder how so many little Italian

boys about our streets, as ragged as they are little yet play so easily on this instrument; they come from the land of violins. There is another article in the manufacture of which you would be interested, and that is macaroni. As you ride along the west shore toward Vesuvius, you see building after building in which, and before which, the long white macaroni, or vermicelli, is hung up on pole to dry. Inside is the machine which kneads the flour into a paste, and the iron cylinder into which this stiff dough is placed, when a big pounder shoves it down tight until the little stems come through the holes in the bottom of the cylinder and are pulled off every few minutes and hung up to dry. The Italians can eat macaroni almost as fast as they can make it—in fact, during their meals it seems that there is one unbroken string of it passing from their dishes into their mouths.

One thing a stranger notices in Naples, that the people seem to live in the streets. Indeed there are about forty thousand of them—called *Lazzaroni* from the Church of St. Lazarus, where many go at night—who have no homes. They are certainly to be pitied and to be feared too, for about twenty five years ago they took it into their heads that so many of them could do as they pleased and could have what they wanted; and, before they could be taught better, sixteen hundred of them were killed in the fight which followed. But it is not only the beggars who live about the streets. You know about the "Chiaja" and their picnics; also, there are a great many little stands on the streets where you can buy almost any thing—wonderful fruit and such luscious grapes at five or six cents a pound! The *cafés*, a kind of restaurant, have the half of the street filled with little iron tables and chairs, where people sit and chat and laugh—only contented Italians can. The shoemaker and tinker, and women with their work for the large stores—for there are few large factories where the work-people are collected together—all sit before their doors and hammer or sew.

Another feature of the out-of-door trade in Naples is the basket-seller, with his top-heavy swaying pyramid of wares. The illustration on the next page describes him better than words can do it.

Baskets of all sorts, sizes, shapes and colors, the pile topped out with a bouquet or sprig of some tree of flower. See, too, his plan for obtaining light—the lantern carried over his head from the beak of a large bird—a good labor-saving idea.

But you wonder what there is in Naples to attract so many travelers. Well, you know there are very many people who travel because they think it fashionable, or *the thing* to do, or to be able to say "Oh! yes; I know; I was there in such or such

year." Genuine travelers do not remain in Naples, but go on to visit the beautiful and wonderful scenery about the city. No one tires of looking at the bay or at Vesuvius. Then there are the two cities long ago buried by Vesuvius—Herculaneum, which is still under the ground, and Pompeii, which has been partly uncovered. And the country, hardly a day's travel from the city, is superb. Artists come here from every land to sketch and paint the beautiful nooks and landscapes which nature has scattered here.

There are, however, a few places of interest in the city. The churches, though dull enough outside, are richly decorated within. The historian and antiquary find some ancient landmarks of interest to themselves. But the only place we shall care to visit is the "Museum." This is a very large building, very full of curious and interesting articles; indeed the collection is, in some respects, the finest in the world. We shall only notice a few things. A large part of the objects preserved here with much care are from 2,000 to 5,000 years old, or even older, and have been found in the ruins of Pompeii and other cities. They show, then, how people used to live and dress that old, old time. We often think that those people, who lived so far back, did not know how to make themselves comfortable. But in this Museum are the funniest arrangements for stoves, as well as jewelry of gold, earrings, bracelets, ankle-bands, and other articles. A snake, with his tail in his mouth, was a favorite form of ornament, being to them a symbol of eternity. Their lamps were cunningly shaped in bronze, and there are numerous mantle and table ornaments also in bronze. Their statuettes and groups show that the artists and workmen 2,000 years ago were not less skillful than those who fill the show windows of New York with elegant workmanship. Another curious collection contains pieces of shells taken from the houses of Pompeii when the ground was dug out 1,800 years after the city had been covered up by one of the eruptions of Vesuvius. The Pompeiians had the walls of their rooms frescoed, and so well did their painters understand the mixing of paints, that the colors of the frescoes are brighter, better, to-day, after being under ground so long, than anything our fresco-painters can do. These frescoes were not simply colors, but the representation of some person or scene in history or mythology, so that even the walls suggested some subject for conversation or thought. At the most wonderful relics of Pompeii, which

have been preserved in this collection, are those which show just what people were doing when the



A BASKET-SELLER.

storm of ashes from the mountain overwhelmed them. Especially interesting are the articles taken

from the ovens of the bakeries. Among others are loaves of bread, bearing the name of the baker—Q. Cranivs—the *v* being for a *u*. Then there are eggs that were boiled in the kitchen, and the baked in the great oven into which all Pompe was turned in the year 79—nearly 1,800 years ago

LITTLE CHRISTIE.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

“WELL, Jackson, I’m sorry you’re going to leave Burnshope.”

“Well, Miss, I wunno say I beant, but it’s best for the lad yon.”

Miss Eldred spoke quickly: “You mean this miserable business about the Rectory fruit?”

“Ay, Miss.”

“I can’t understand it at all. What does my brother say?”

“Well, Miss, I wunno say nought agin Parson; but he thinks more nor he ought o’ what old John says. It’s hard on the lad.”

“Of course it is, poor boy,” with a quick glance out at the little figure lying on the grass, his brown eyes fixed on the arching sky, visible in peeps through the leaves of the apple-tree. “I have but just got home; tell me how it all happened.”

“Well, Miss, the fruit was gone, and old John wanted it for the show; and my lad’d been there that day, and it was all taken from low down, like my lad could reach, and old John he said it was Christie; and he come down to the school, and the master beat my lad, and I was that angered, Miss, I could ha’ twisted their necks, to call my Christie a thief! And this man in Lunnon, he liked my work, and so we’re to go—Christie and me. It’s hard leavin’ the old place and the forge, an’ my lad he feels it.”

“I will go out to him.” And Miss Eldred passed swiftly down the little walk, bordered with wall-flowers and southernwood, and so over the grass in the orchard.

“Christie!” she said, softly.

Christie sprang to his feet at the familiar voice, his cheeks flushed with pleasure; then his eyes drooped, the color grew deeper, and then faded, and he drew back shyly.

“Why, Christie!”

That was all; but he understood, and as Miss Eldred sat down on the grass, he flung himself beside her, and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed passionately.

“Why, Christie! did you think I don’t know?”

He lifted his head presently. “I thought they would tell you, Miss, and —”

“Well, and if they did, I think I know my little Christie better than they do.”

His face brightened. “Then, Miss, you don’t believe —”

“Don’t be foolish, Christie.”

“Thank you, Miss.”

Miss Eldred smiled. “And now tell me how your back has been since I saw you?”

“Pretty bad, Miss; it hurts me to sit in church now. I can’t mind what Parson says, sometime for the ache.”

“My poor Christie.”

They sat quiet a few minutes; then Miss Eldred spoke again:

“Where is your father going to work, Christie?”

“I don’t rightly know, Miss; only it’s some better works. Father’s pleased, and says he’ll have money soon, and’ll see some great doctor about my back. But I’ll never be well, Miss; only father—he likes to talk about it, Miss; but I know. And Christie’s eyes wandered off to the sky again—a trick they had.

Miss Eldred looked at him sadly. The wan little face, with its pleading brown eyes and look of patient suffering, was one to attract even a stranger’s compassion. A fall having injured his spine, he was forced to use crutches, and could then only walk with difficulty. But here in Burnshope, there were few that did not love the little lame Christie, and, with a thrill of pity, she thought of his loneliness in the great city to which he was going.

Christie himself broke the silence. “I wonder if Master Harry would take my rabbit, Miss; I said once it matched one of his?”

“Has Master Harry been to see you lately, Christie?”

“No, Miss,” he spoke quietly; but a flush crept into his cheek.

Miss Eldred understood, and said nothing more about it till she was going away; then she seized, holding the wan little hand: “I will speak about the rabbit, and Christie, remember, if we are patient and trust in God, light *will* be brought out of darkness yet.” And Christie smiled up at her trustfully.

The next Sunday, many eyes were turned to the ace where the little lame boy sat for the last ne. He had a peculiarly sweet soprano voice. id for some months had led the choir of boys.

"Here endeth the second lesson."

There was a hush, then clear and sweet sounded e plaintive notes of the *Nunc Dimittis*: "Lord, ow lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, ac- ording to Thy word."

Christie forgot himself in his singing, his form

drooped heavily on her shoulder—Christie had fainted.

* * * * *

A large old house in London, grimy and dirty. Up the long, weary stair a little figure is slowly toiling, clinging to the railing with one hand; he manages to carry a basket and help himself by his crutch with the other.

"Lame duck! lame duck!"

Christie pauses and looks down. Through the door-way peers an elfish face, surrounded by tangled black hair. Christie sighs softly, and, as the ungainly figure thrusts itself into sight, he sits down on the step—he is too unsteady to risk an encounter standing. The face grins derisively, and then the owner thereof limps across the hall with a well-executed copy of Christie's halting step.

The thin cheeks flush, and the brown eyes fill with tears.

The boy stops at the foot of the stair. "Wot's it got in its basket, eh?"

"Apples," said Christie, gently. "Would you like one?"

A text had crossed his mind: "Do good to them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."

The boy stared at this offer. Christie opened his basket and took out one, red and shining.

"Can you catch?" The boy opened his hands mechanically. "There!" and Christie smiled.

Then, as the boy made no further move, he went slowly on again. As he neared the top, he heard quick steps after him. He sat down immediately, from habit.

"I aint goin' to touch you," said his tormentor, half-angrily; "here 's your apple."

"It is n't my apple now," and Christie put back his hand. "It's yours, and I wish you'd keep it."

"Here! I'll take your basket."

Christie gave it up quietly. He mistrusted his companion, but resistance was useless. At his own door he paused; the boy stopped also.

"Will you come in?" asked Christie, hesitatingly.

Greatly to his astonishment, and not a little to his disturbance, his invitation was accepted. Pointing to a chair, Christie dropped exhausted into his own.



"I AINT GOIN' TO TOUCH YOU; HERE'S YOUR APPLE."

raughtened, the sun shining through the west window tinged his face with its glory, his eyes were closed, and full and clear the notes rang out.

"'T was like an angel singing," whispered one another.

That was the last they heard him sing. His face grew paler and paler. As Miss Eldred left the organ, she touched him softly.

"Are you in pain, Christie?"

"Yes, Miss."

"I think you would better go home, would n't you?" She slipped her arm round him; his head

"Tired, aint you?" And his visitor looked at him critically.

"Yes, very."

"Wot makes you go up an' down so?"

"Oh, I have to. There's many things to get for father and me, and I can't stay here always,"—with a half-despairing look at the bare walls and grimy windows. "There's some grass and trees round that corner, and I go there."

"Wot's your name?" was the next question.

"Christie Jackson. What's yours?"

"Jim."

Unconsciously, Jim had lowered his voice from its usual high key. The gentle influence of Christie's brown eyes and quiet manner was already felt.

"Wot makes you speak so soft?" he asked presently.

"Soft? Oh, I don't know!—perhaps because I'm small and lame."

"No, that aint it,"—and Jim shook his head sagely,—"cause there's Bobbins, he's wus than you, and my! don't he swear though."

Christie looked uneasy, and tried to turn the conversation away from himself.

"What do you do, Jim?"

"Nuthin," was the prompt answer.

"Why, how do you live?"

"Oh! I gets a sixpence sometimes, holdin' gentlemen's hosses, an' I prigs a five now an' then. My! there's a many ways o' livin', if you only knows 'em."

Christie's brown eyes opened wider; but here the conversation was abruptly ended by Jim seizing his old cap, and darting out at the door, with the exclamation, "There's your father!" much as he would have said, "There's a tiger!"

"Well, my lad, how goes it?"

"Pretty well, father." And Christie smiled cheerfully. He never troubled his father with complaints of the rough usage he sometimes suffered, and now he said nothing of Jim's visit. He was yet undecided whether to regard him as friend or foe, so thought it best to say nothing.

After that, he was never molested by Jim. Several times the boy carried his basket for him up the long stairs; and once, when some urchin in the court was jeering and laughing at Christie as he limped past, Jim darted suddenly out of an alley and knocked the offender flat on the stones.

One day in the early Autumn, the question of their friendship was finally settled. Christie had been getting worse and worse; he was nervous too, and easily frightened, and as the days grew colder he went out but seldom. But this day he had crept out for a breath of air to some less confined spot than that he now called home, and on his re-

turn he came upon a group of the roughest boys in the vicinity. Instantly he was surrounded; questions and jests flew around him like bees, stinging as fiercely. His progress was stopped; one took his crutch, and poor Christie, the tears filling his sad brown eyes, stood perfectly helpless. At that moment, Jim turned the corner. Christie saw him, and stretched out his hands imploringly:

"Oh, Jim!"

He turned and saw the boy's appealing face. An instant he dashed in amongst them, and, seizing Christie's slight form in his strong, young arm, carried him safely to his room, and placed him in a chair. Then, saying hurriedly, "I'll be back," he vanished down the stair, with the whoop of an Indian. Presently he returned in triumph, with Christie's cap and crutch.

"Now, Christie, don't you never go down the street alone; wot you wants, I'll get. Don't you be afraid—I'll be honest; and you aint fit for 'em down there."

Christie smiled gratefully; but when Jim turned to go, he stretched out a detaining hand.

"Please stay, Jim; I'm afraid."

That was the proudest moment in Jim's life, that anything so small and weak should want his aid. The tears actually started to his eyes.

For some time Christie obeyed Jim's injunction, but, one foggy evening, he stole quietly out into the street. There was no bread for supper, and the baker's was not far. The lamps shone but dimly, and it was with some difficulty that he found his way. With the bread under his arm, he was crossing the street on his return, when he heard a trampling near him. A voice on the other side shouted, "Look out you there!" Something struck him on the shoulder, and Christie knew nothing more till he opened his eyes in a room filled with little white beds. Beside him stood two gentlemen. There was a queer feeling in his head, and a kind-looking woman was holding something to his lips.

"Where's father?"

"He's coming, dear," answered the woman. Then she hurried away to the corner where Jim was crouching. "Where's your father, my boy?"

"Aint got none."

"Why, your little brother's asking for him."

"Oh, *his!* I'll fetch him."

When Jim dragged Christie from under the wheels of the cab, his grief and rage at the accident were so violently expressed that he was supposed to be the brother of the lame child, and on this account he was allowed to accompany him to the children's hospital, where some compassionate bystander had him at once conveyed. Now, as he darted through the fog, he was revo-

g in his mind how the delusion could be kept up; but, as he neared Christie's home, the thought telling Christie's father drove everything else from his mind.

Jackson had just come home, and, wondering at Christie's absence, was preparing to go out in search of him, when the door was burst open and he appeared.

"Here! you're wanted."

"Wanted?" and Jackson stared at the intruder.

"Who wants me?"

"Christie."

"Christie! What ha' you done to my lad?" and he grasped Jim's arm fiercely.

"Nuthin." And Jim's head drooped on the back of a chair.

"Where's my lad?" The strong man's voice trembled.

"Oh, Mr. Jackson! he were crossin', and a cab tinned over him, an' I pulled him out, and they took him to a hospital, an' his leg's broke, an' he wants you?" And here Jim's voice ended in a sob.

"Come along, my lad; an' thank you kindly for comin'."

Poor little Christie! Day after day he lay moaning on the little white bed, standing in a row of other little white beds, in the hospital ward. He would not move himself at all; the nurse hurt him, she said, and it was only by Jim's young arms that he consented to be lifted; and Jim, grown strangely quiet and tender, would sit beside him for hours, ready in an instant to respond to the feeblest call.

Often Christie was delirious, and then he would talk of the green fields, the cottage and the old forge, of the church, of "Master Harry," and his rabbit. But Miss Eldred's name was oftenest on his lips; and one day, when he opened his eyes after a fevered sleep, he thought his dream was not yet ended, for there, beside his bed, sat Miss Eldred, and Master Harry was standing beside her.

Christie looked at them quietly for some moments, expecting them to fade away, as all his visions did. But when they did not move, but grew more and more distinct to his eyes, he stretched out his hand feebly.

"Miss Eldred!"

"My little Christie!" And she kissed his forehead.

"How did you come?"

"Your father got the doctor to write about you."

"And Master Harry!"

"Oh, Christie! I'm awful sorry; and we know how it was Jacko, my monkey, that took the fruit!"

His aunt would have stopped him, but as she saw the wan face on the pillow slowly brighten, she let Harry tell his story in his own way.

"This Fall, when the plums were ripe, I saw Jacko creeping along the wall, and he picked some off the *low branches*. Christie, I followed him, and he stuffed them all into a hole in the wall. I got a stick and poked out apricot stones and plums that had been there for ever so long. Did n't I give John a jolly rowing! There was his old fruit he'd made such a fuss about. I did n't half believe it, Christie, and grandpapa never did, nor Aunt Elsie, and papa says——"

"There, Harry, that will do," for Miss Eldred saw Christie's eyes close to keep in the tears. The pale lips moved, and she bent down to listen. He was repeating softly part of the "Song of the Virgin," a chant of which he was particularly fond: "My soul doth magnify the Lord my God, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

When they had gone, Jim's head appeared from the other side of the bed.

"Wot was they talkin' about, Christie,—the young chap, I mean?"

And Christie told him, with many a break in his weak voice.

Jim's fists doubled, and his eyes flashed, as Christie finished.

"I'd like to punch his head!" But *whose* head forever remained an open question.

"But the Squire—that's Miss Eldred's father—he did n't believe it," said Christie, with a proud smile. "Nor Miss Eldred, and Master Harry only for a bit,—and oh, Jim, I'm so happy!"

The next day Miss Eldred returned. She had had a talk with the doctors, and her face was bright with the kindly thought that filled her heart.

"Little Christie, how would you like to go back to Burnshope?" she asked, as she took her place beside him.

"Oh, Miss, if I could!"

"Well, I've been talking to your father, and he is willing. The cottage is empty, and so is the forge; and the doctors say London air wont do for you. So, if you get better fast, they say you may be moved. This is the first of December. Would you like to be there for Christmas?"

"Oh, Miss Eldred!"

Christie could say nothing more, but his face was enough. Presently, a shadow stole over it.

"Oh, Miss, I can't leave Jim!"

"Who is Jim?"

And then Christie, in his simple words, told her what he had never told anyone before,—of the cruel words, and often cruel hands, of his rough neighbors; and the tears gathered in his listener's eyes as he spoke of sufferings which he had borne so quietly, alone.

"And so you love Jim, Christie, and don't want to part with him?"

"No, Miss."

"Well, we'll see about it; but you need n't say anything about it to him yet."

But Jim knew that Christie had a secret, from his absent manner, and the odd answers he sometimes gave to his questions; and the poor wild little heart was wrung with a fierce pain when he thought that the old friends were stealing his, Christie's love away from him. He, in turn, became silent and constrained; and Christie would gaze wistfully into his moody face, and then turn away with a sigh that somehow always ended in a smile.

But, the next day, Jim was fully repaid for his misery; for, as he was turning away on coming in and finding Miss Eldred and Harry, Christie held out his hand.

"Come, please, Jim!" Then drawing him down beside him, he turned with bright eyes to Miss Eldred. "Now, Miss, tell him, please!"

"Christie wants me to tell you, Jim, that the doctors think he can soon be moved, and we are going to take him back to Burnshope."

Jim said nothing, but a dark flush swept over his face. Christie slipped his hand into his, and Miss Eldred went on:

"Now, our little boy here does not want to leave *you*, and so I've been talking to his father, and he says that he often wants a boy about the forge, and Christie here will need some one to help him for some time yet; and we want to know if you would like to go with him and take care of him?"

She stopped, for a sob came from Jim, who had buried his face in Christie's pillow.

"Oh, Miss, and I was just hating you!"

"Hating me?"

"Why, Jim?" said Christie.

"Yes, Miss. I thought you was takin' my little lad here away, and I'd never see him no more; and now—*you* speak, Christie."

And he turned imploringly to Christie, who was lying smiling happily to himself.

"You need n't speak, Jim—nor me; Miss Eldred knows."

On Christmas Eve, when the London train came thundering up to Burnshope station, a little white, eager face was looking out at one of the carriage windows. The porter hastened to open the door, and Jim leaped out, followed by Jackson, with little Christie in his arms. Miss Eldred and Harry were on the platform, and the Squire's carriage stood waiting for him; but before he reached it, the Rector came up, holding out his hand.

"Welcome back to Burnshope, little Christie;

and I ask your pardon, dear boy, for my unjust suspicions."

"Oh, please, sir, don't!" And Christie turned distressed face to Miss Eldred.

But the triumphant Jim, following, looked on with a grim pleasure. His Christie had been abased; it was just he should be exalted now. At the door of the cottage stood the very same Susanna that they had left behind, and, in a new hutel Christie's rabbit was calmly munching cabbage.

That night, Christie was awakened by singing, which came nearer and nearer, till it sounded under the cottage window.

Jim crept to his side. "Christie! Christie! is the angels?"

"It's the waits, Jim."

"Waits—what's them?"

"They sing on Christmas morning. Listen! That's the clock striking one, and they've come here. Carry me to the window, Jim."

Jim did so, and, seating him on a low chair wrapped the bed-clothes round him. Christie's face beamed with delight.

"Now open the window. Listen, Jim!"

Then, loud and clear, from many voices, came the grand old hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

With his arm slipped over Jim's shoulder, Christie listened. The moon shone on the dark figure standing in the newly fallen snow; beyond, rose the tower of the old church, where he was to sit again as soon as he got well; beside him knelt Jim—his tender, trusty friend. Christie's heart brimmed over with thankfulness; and, as the *Refrain* began, high and clear, as of old, Christie's voice joined in the strain:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

The singers looked up when the hymn ended, and, as they caught sight of the little figure at the window, the carpenter, their leader, turned to the rest: "If it is Christmas morn, my lads, let's give three cheers for little Christie!" And, knowing all his story, with what hearty good-will were they given—such cheers as only *can* come from English lungs! And many a one turned back, as they tramped away over the snow, to catch the wave of the little thin hand from Christie's dormer window.

WINTER-FRIENDS.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

SOME little sparrows on a tree
 Were chattering together:
 Said one of them, "It seems to me
 We'll soon have falling weather;
 I would n't feel the least surprise
 If I should hear it thunder."
 Well, you're extremely weather-wise."
 An old one said; "I wonder
 Where you were hatched, and when, my dear,
 To talk of that, *this* time of year!

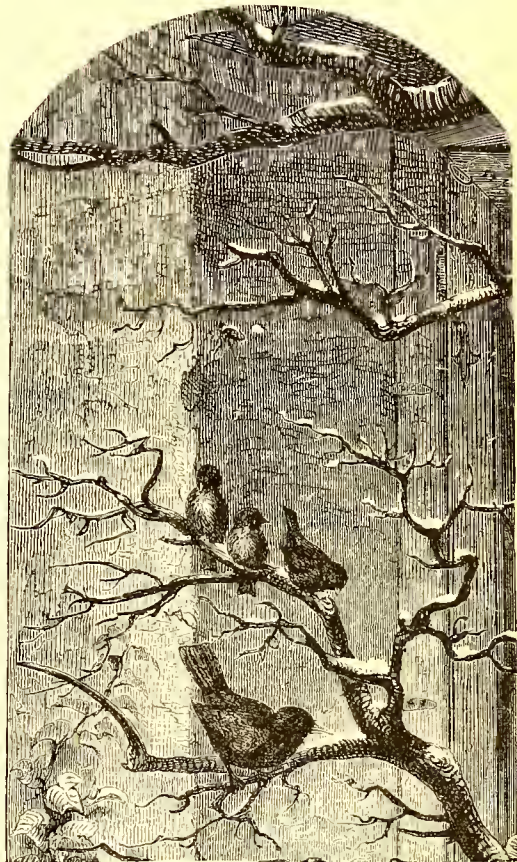
It's much more likely, let me say,
 Although it's to my sorrow,
 That you will see it snow to-day—
 At all events to-morrow."
 He hopped off to another twig.
 When he had thus admonished
 His neighbors not so wise and big,
 And left them quite astonished.
 What does he mean? and what *is* snow?
 They asked each other: "Do *you* know?"

And not a single one could tell;
 So after lots of chatter,
 They all concluded, very well,
 'T was no such mighty matter.
 But in the night-time came the snow,
 According to his warning;
 And oh! what flying to and fro
 And twittering, next morning!
 How cold it is!" they chirped—"O dear!
 How disagreeable and queer!"

The old one swelled with self-conceit;
 "I told you so," he muttered.
 Now see what you will find to eat"—
 And off again he fluttered.
 The little sparrows, in despair,
 They looked at one another—
 Oh! where is all the seed, and where
 The bugs and worms, my brother?
 To die of hunger, that's a fate
 One shudders but to contemplate."

Now, in the house behind the tree,
 There was a little maiden,
 Who laughed out merrily to see
 The branches all snow-laden.
 She broke her bread up, crumb by crumb,
 Along the sill so narrow,

And called, "Dear little birdies, come!
 Here's some for ev'ry sparrow.
 I'll feed you, darlings, every day,
 Because you never fly away.



"The blue-bird and the bobolink,
 They're birds of gayer feather,
 But not so nice as you. I think,
 That stay in winter weather.
 So hop along the window-sill,
 There's food enough for twenty;
 Come every day and eat your fill,
 You'll always find a-plenty."
 And after that, come frost or snow,
 Be sure the birds knew where to go!

LE BOULANGER ET LE MARCHAND DE TABAC.*

PAR A. D. F. H.

Voilà une maison bien curieuse ! Trop grande pour une maison ordinaire, trop laide pour un palais, et d'une architecture bizarre ; elle excite sans doute parmi les milliers qui lisent le S. NICOLAS une grande curiosité et beaucoup de rires. C'est à l'égard de cette maison que je vais vous raconter une petite histoire intéressante comme un conte arabe, mais en même temps tout à fait vraie.

Dans un des immenses bazars si nombreux à Constantinople, il existait, au milieu du siècle passé, un bureau de tabac Turc et une boulangerie Grecque. Les propriétaires des deux établisse-

ments, nommés respectivement *Ibrahim* et *Yorghy*, avaient conçu l'un pour l'autre une ferme amitié, perpétuée avec une égale sincérité par leurs deux fils qui portaient les mêmes noms que leurs pères. L'un musulman, l'autre chrétien, ces deux garçons étaient toujours ensemble, soit qu'ils jouassent, soit qu'ils travaillassent ; la nuit seule pouvait les séparer. Mais les bonnes choses ne peuvent continuer toujours : étant devenus hommes, les deux amis furent forcés de se soumettre à une séparation. *Ibrahim* partit pour Bagdade, où il allait servir de page au Pacha de la province ; tandis que *Yorghy* restait à Constantinople, où il succéda enfin à son père dans la boulangerie. Là, il se faisait toujours de nou-

veaux amis ; ses poids étaient toujours justes, sa mesure exacte ; sa bonté était sans limites, et sa piété faisait l'admiration de tout le monde. Il se maria enfin ; et quand Dieu lui donna des enfants, il les instruisit dans les mêmes principes de probité et de justice. Et il pensait toujours à son ami absent ; car avant de se séparer, ils s'étaient juré une amitié éternelle, se promettant que celui qui parviendrait le premier aux richesses et au pouvoir, se souviendrait de l'autre pour l'aider de tous les moyens possibles.

Ce fut donc une grande surprise aux voisins et

Yorghy lui-même quand il se vit un jour appeler par deux officiers, pour comparaître devant le Grand Vizir. En ce temps-là un pareil appel indiquait généralement quelque accusation de crime et une prompt punition ; et entraînant quelque malheur terrible, *Yorghy* supplia les officiers de lui expliquer le sujet de l'appel.

“ Quel est mon crime ? ” leur dit-il ; “ jamais je n'ai fait de mal à personne, tous les voisins en sont témoins. ”

Mais les officiers répondirent qu'ils n'en savaient rien, et qu'ils obéissaient seulement aux ordres du Vizir. *Yorghy* se vit donc

forcé à les suivre au milieu d'une foule de ses voisins qui pleuraient ses malheurs tout en maudissant les officiers inexorables.

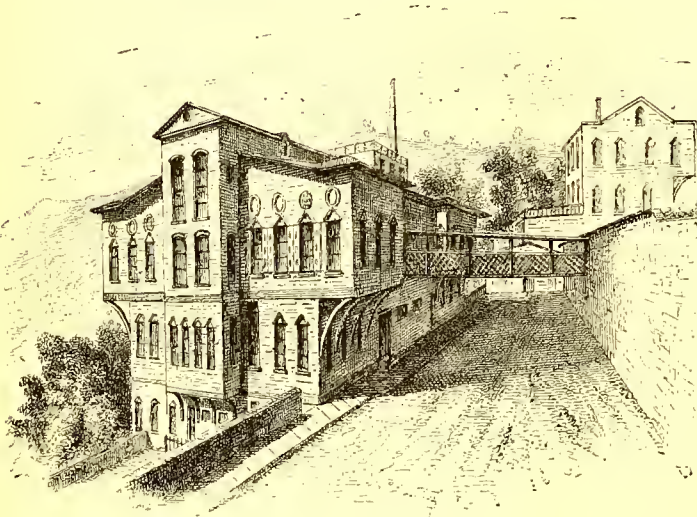
Enfin, ils arrivèrent au palais et se présentèrent devant le Grand Vizir. Celui-ci regarda *Yorghy* fixement : puis avec un sanglot à peine supprimé et les larmes aux yeux, il dit au pauvre boulanger qu'il n'avait pas encore levé la tête :

“ Me connais-tu ? ”

“ Non, ” répondit celui-ci.

“ Mais tu avais autrefois un ami intime nommé *Ibrahim*, n'est-ce pas ? ”

A ce nom, *Yorghy* leva les yeux, regarda le Vizir un moment, — et reconnut son ancien ami ! C'éta-



LA MAISON CURIEUSE.

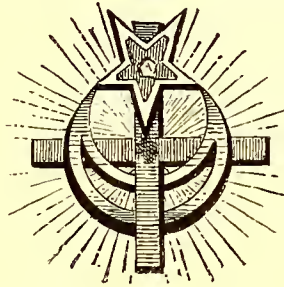
ments, nommés respectivement *Ibrahim* et *Yorghy*, avaient conçu l'un pour l'autre une ferme amitié, perpétuée avec une égale sincérité par leurs deux fils qui portaient les mêmes noms que leurs pères. L'un musulman, l'autre chrétien, ces deux garçons étaient toujours ensemble, soit qu'ils jouassent, soit qu'ils travaillassent ; la nuit seule pouvait les séparer. Mais les bonnes choses ne peuvent continuer toujours : étant devenus hommes, les deux amis furent forcés de se soumettre à une séparation. *Ibrahim* partit pour Bagdade, où il allait servir de page au Pacha de la province ; tandis que *Yorghy* restait à Constantinople, où il succéda enfin à son père dans la boulangerie. Là, il se faisait toujours de nou-

* We shall be glad to see translations of this story from our readers who are studying French. Translations, to be credited, must reach by April 10th.

ien lui; de page chez un Pacha, il était devenu grand Vizir à force d'intégrité et de mérite. Il se jeta dans les bras de Yorghî, le serra sur son cœur; puis après l'avoir embrassé longtemps, au grand étonnement de la cour, il lui ordonna de faire venir sa femme et ses enfants au palais pour faire leur demeure, "puisque," lui dit-il, "je te suis mon banquier. Maintenant tu seras riche comme tu as toujours mérité de l'être."

Voilà donc notre jeune marchand de tabac devenu premier ministre, et notre boulanger premier banquier de l'empire,—position où il montra toujours la même fidélité que dans son petit commerce de boulanger, et dans laquelle il continua jusqu'à sa mort.

"Mais," direz-vous, "qu'a à faire toute cette histoire avec notre grande maison?" Beaucoup, mes amis; cet immense bâtiment, si laid à l'extérieur, mais paré d'une splendeur toute orientale à l'intérieur, fut un des trois palais bâtis par notre boulanger-banquier. Ce vaste édifice, construit sur le côté d'une colline, est haut de six étages d'un côté; de l'autre, il n'en a que trois. La date que l'on voit sur la façade est celle de son achèvement; elle est en Grec, et signifie le 17 Mars 1799. Elle est maintenant bien employée, comme école de demoiselles, par les diaconesses Prussiennes. Espérons qu'elle servira longtemps de témoignage à l'honnêteté et à la fidélité d'un marchand de tabac Turc, et de son ami, le boulanger Grec.



A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR SAILORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ON a drening day, several years ago, I stood on the great landing-stage at Liverpool, waiting for a steamer then due in port. An English iron-clad lay in the stream, under sailing orders, and white wreaths of vapor arose in the moist atmosphere from her short, thick funnel. Her black lines loomed heavily through the mist, dwarfing the other vessels moored near her. Her form seemed so ponderous, indeed, that it was difficult to think of her as a floating thing. An active little tender occasionally ran between her and the shore, and a number of men—sailors in blue jackets and soldiers in red—were gathered in a knot, waiting to be taken on board. Among them was a slender lad, not older than fourteen years, dressed in the brand new uniform of an English midy. A lady with a sad face was bidding him good-by. The little fellow was inclined to cry, but between the tears he looked proudly at the bright gilt lace on his coat, and smiled as he saw that some one noticed it.

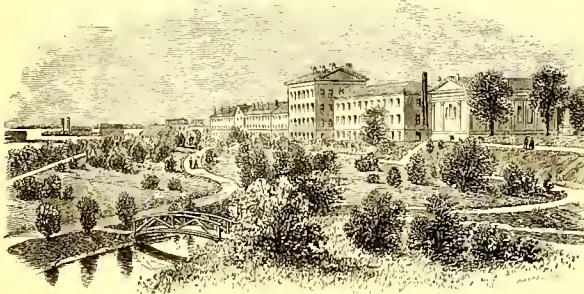
I pitied him in the depths of my heart. It was

plain that he had never been to sea before, and that his experiences had always been tempered by his mother's kindness. He had come from a quiet country home. Perhaps he had not even tasted salt air before; and yet he was embarking in a profession of which he was almost completely ignorant,—a profession requiring more endurance than any other. An hour later he would be on board the iron-clad, and assigned, with very little preparation, to trivial duties, in the intervals of which he would be expected to learn the more difficult ones, and to qualify himself for a higher position.

He knew nothing of the different parts of a vessel and their names, nothing about the science of navigation, not as much, in fact, as the small boy who cleaned the cannon. If his nature was sensitive, he would be exposed to heart-breaking mortifications. His superiors would order him to do things which he could not understand, and when he failed he would be punished. Starting out in life, he knew nothing of the path before him, and could

only find his way by crude and slow methods. What wonder if he stumbled and broke down, sick and weary-hearted?

This is one of the things we do better in America. Here we have a school for training midshipmen, where raw lads are put through a mill and brought out fitted for their future duties. As far as practicable, they are taught everything that can make a naval officer efficient and creditable to his country;



THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS.

—not only those duties that he must do himself, but also those to be done by the men who are under him. The school is called the Naval Academy of the United States. It is situated at Annapolis, in the State of Maryland, on the banks of the pretty river Severn. In the Summer it is one of the loveliest places you can imagine. Velvet-like lawns reach upward from the water's edge, and the white buildings of the Academy are seen through leafy avenues of trees and shrubs. The opposite bank of the stream is high and wooded; farther down you can see the broader waters of Chesapeake Bay, into which the Severn pours itself, and at the wharf several war vessels attached to the Academy are moored.

Two hundred and sixty-two young men are in training here for service in the United States navy. Meantime they rank as cadet-midshipmen. I have been warned not to call them boys, or lads, or "middies." They are gentlemen, or men, and will not answer to any other title. On all matters of etiquette, indeed, they are very strict, and will tolerate no affront.

Candidates for admission to the Academy are nominated by Congressmen, one from each Congressional district, one from the District of Columbia, and one from each Territory. Twice a year an examination of candidates to fill vacancies is held. They must be between fourteen and sixteen years of age; sound in body and mind, and well versed in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. Those who pass are appointed as cadet-midshipmen, and are

repaid the cost of traveling from their homes to Annapolis, and included on the pay-roll of the navy with \$500 a year salary to their credit. We do not think more liberal treatment could be asked for Apprentices in other professions pay large sums the first years of their service; the cadets are taught and paid for learning.

They sign articles, binding themselves to serve in the navy for eight years, which includes the time spent at the Academy, and deposit to the credit of the navy a hundred dollars each for an outfit and text-books. Then behold the greenhorns transformed! They come in the slouchy clothing of country lads, looking timid and dull. Their commissions put fresh life into them, and the tailor turns them out for duty in uniform of the bluest of navy-blue cloth. The jackets are double-breasted, and have a row of nine bright gilt buttons on each side; more gilt buttons on the cuffs; a band of gold lace around the collars, which have also two anchors embroidered upon them in gold thread. The caps, too, are made of blue cloth, and have sharp, polished leather visors, an anchor embroidered in gold and a gold cord. The trousers are made of the whitest duck. When we have seen the cadets thus arrayed, we can understand the sentiment that prompts them to feel aggrieved when they are called officers and gentlemen.

They assemble at bugle-call for their first dress parade. All are provided with rifles, and a line is formed on the lawn in front of the main building. The splendid band plays a lively quick-step as the line is formed, and the companies are led through the movements of military drill. They acquire themselves admirably; march, halt, shoulder arms, present and fire with the steadiness of a veteran corps. It is a very pretty sight, and an inspiring one, but the greenhorns soon learn that there are harder duties, and that the life before them in the Academy is not too full of play and prettiness.

Unless the new-comer is in earnest, and has plenty of courage, I am afraid he will wish himself home again before he has served many days. The course of studies for each of the four classes occupies the greater part of the time. A loafer has no chance. The *reveille* is sounded at six in the morning, and between then and ten P. M.—bed-time—the students have not much more than two hours for themselves. Some of the studies are recreation, to be sure, but they are all compulsory, and I suspect they are not the more enjoyed on that account. Gymnastics, sword practice, rowing, sailing, dancing and swimming are among them.

The midshipmen are berthed two in a room, on the "upper deck" of the main building. The

rooms are small and neat, furnished with two camp beds, a wardrobe, two chairs, a small table and washing utensils. We were disappointed at the absence of even the simplest decorations in them, as we had expected to find them looking like the cabin of a merchant ship, with more space and comforts than could be had on board a ship. One room is exactly the same as the other; without pictures on the walls, or vases of flowers on the table, or shelves crowded with books of adventure and travel, or, in fact, any of the natty little odds and ends that a boy usually amasses in his own sanctum.

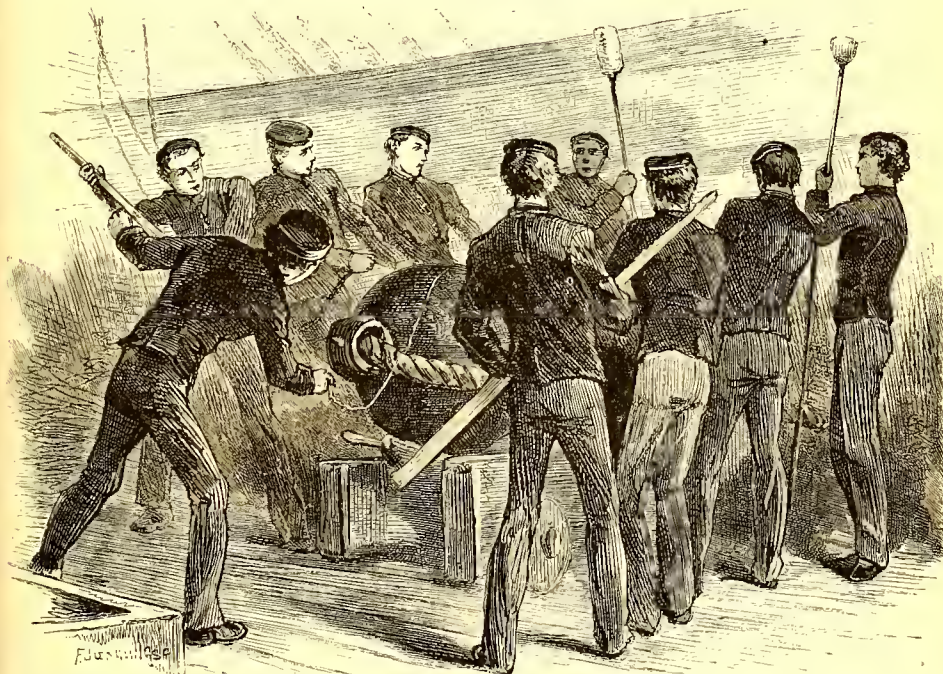
We asked why?

Dr. Philip Lansdale, the Surgeon-in-Chief, told us in answer that it was according to the rules of the Academy. Formerly the midshipmen were allowed to decorate their rooms, and the wealthier ones turned their quarters into miniature drawing-rooms, filling them with expensive furniture, pianos, richly-bound books, and all the luxuries of home. The rooms of the poorer students looked so shabby and dismal in comparison, that envy and uncharitableness cropped out in many a heart, and to avoid this evil the seemingly harsh

of mothers and sisters on the walls, which it does not. But they are martinetts at the Academy, and among their other lessons the members are taught to endure discipline.

In most of the rooms the law is evaded, but not violated. The wardrobes are supplied to contain clothes, and the clothes are stowed away in the smallest possible compass, leaving considerable space for other things. So we found pictures hung in the inside, and ornaments of various kinds ranged on little shelves,—sometimes a case of butterflies, a model ship, a model marine engine, a musical instrument, or a magnificent postage-stamp album.

The etiquette between the classes is exacting, and is closely observed. A third or fourth class-man is not allowed to sit down until all the first and second class-men are seated. Frequently it happens that the first class-man is a bit of a fellow scarcely four feet high, while the fourth class-man stands six feet, and has a manly pair of side-whiskers. The difference in stature and age matters not, and the great fellow has to salute the mite and treat him with all respect due to a supe-



GUNNERY EXERCISE ON BOARD THE PRACTICE-SHIP.

rior officer. Sometimes it seems a little absurd, but if the observance were neglected there would be a terrible row, and the fourth class-man would be taken in hand by the fellows of the first, and

law was passed that all rooms should be furnished in the plainest and most uniform fashion. Perhaps it would be better if the law was not quite so strict, or if it gave permission to hang the photographs

punished. "Hazing" is forbidden, and any midshipmen found guilty of it are dismissed instantly, as they deserve to be.

There was one occasion when the fourth classmen united in a refusal to submit to the second class. A pitched battle was fought, and the tyrants were beaten, and for the rest of the year they had to treat the victors as equals. But such an occurrence is rare, and the juniors submit themselves to the advanced classes with very good grace. To our mind, some of the practices do not seem fair. A mischievous youngster may select an overgrown greenhorn and mount him on his dressing-table and force him to sing, while he—the little monster!—tilts himself in a chair, and complacently strokes the place where the moustache ought to be. Why can't the big fellow resist? Simply because if he did his tormentor would tell the first class, and the first class would "punch" him.

Foolish and heartless practical joking was once too common in the Academy, but it has been almost entirely done away with. One custom remains, and that is one of the most harmless. When a new-comer has been notably impudent to his elders, or is unusually "green," he is honored with an "undress parade." At "taps," the drum-beat ordering all to bed, the lights are put out, and the great building is as silent as the cloister of a church at midnight. The officers retire, and everything is supposed to be snug until daybreak. But soon one of the bedroom doors turns silently upon its hinges, and a midshipman, in the breeziest, whitest and lightest dress, steals into the corridor, and utters an almost inaudible signal. One door after another is quietly opened, until the long row is filled with ghostly young gentlemen, all of them dressed in the same fluttering white. There are low whisperings and a waving of arms; some dreadful conspiracy is hatching.

From one room alone only one comes forth, and the white brigade marches in an orderly file and brings out the second occupant. It happens to be the offensive new-comer, who shivers in the cold, while his companions push him rudely from side to side and poke him in the ribs.

A rope with a loop in it is found, and a horrible thought enters the greenhorn's mind. He implores mercy, and he struggles in vain. The loop is slipped over his head. The others form in marching order, and a very small boy in the rear leads the prisoner by the rope. The battalion advances along the corridor. All the maneuvers of a full-dress parade are performed in the gravest manner. The corners where the cold is the greatest are sought, and the greenhorn is thrust into them. Frightened and shivering, he is at last led to his own room and imprisoned in his wardrobe, with

orders to sing a comic ditty. The door is closed upon him, and while he plaintively chants "Cheer Boys, Cheer," to the accompaniment of his chattering teeth, one of his judges grinds at the handle of a visionary organ. He is then put to bed, with the benedictions of his visitors, and the white robe flutter awhile longer before they vanish, and the corridor is again silent.

The midshipmen have college songs and a slang of their own. The songs are not wonders in the way of composition, but they speak eloquently enough of the longings of a midshipman's heart.

One of the chief aims of the officers is to impress the midshipmen with a sense of responsibility, and they are not treated as boys, but as men of honor. All the orders issued by the admiral speak of them as gentlemen and officers. These orders, by their way, are models of good sense, and appeal to the best stuff in a lad. Is it manly, is it generous, is it honest? These are the questions that are put to the wrong-doer, and he is shown the error of his ways by the light within himself, that only needs stirring to burn more brightly. Our sins shown to us by the light of others are not so easily cast out. A lad who offends is taught how to see the fault, and when he has seen it he is sorry, and ready to expiate. I wish you to clearly understand what the principle is, and will state it in another way. A midshipman commits an offense; it is discovered; he is asked if it is honest; he refers to his own conscience, and conscience answers that it is not. If he was immediately told by a second person that it was not honest, and was scolded, vexation might make him obstinate, and his light would be put out.

The superintendent is one of our naval heroes. He was victor in the famous fight between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimack." You know the story of how the Confederate monitor "Merrimack" steamed from Norfolk on the 8th of March, 1862, and engaged the United States vessel "Congress" and "Cumberland." The "Merrimack" was built of iron, and easily sunk her wooden adversaries. She then turned up to "Elizabeth," and people feared that she would also destroy the "Roanoke" and the "Minnesota." But in the nick of time the "Monitor" arrived, and the "Monitor" was a match for her. The engagement was fierce and hot for four hours. The cannon-balls and shells rattled in shrill music on the iron plates of the two vessels. The water was plowed by monstrous balls aimed at the vulnerable parts below the water-line. It was one of the most exciting battles in all the war. The two flags—"bonny blue" and "star-spangled"—streamed defiance at one another for those four long hours; but the "Merrimack" could not much longer

ture. The "Monitor's" incessant fire was answered slowly and unsteadily, and soon afterward the "Merrimack" was vanquished.

The commander of the "Monitor" on that brave day was John L. Worden, now an Admiral, and Superintendent of the Naval Academy. He is a bluff old sailor, frank in his bearing and kindly. His personal association with a hero is inspiring, the

midshipmen think of me personally, but I insist upon their showing all the respect my rank is entitled to."

I think I told you, at the beginning, that all things that can make a good sailor are taught at the Academy. Old fore-castle hands, at one time, secretly looked down upon naval officers, and complained that they knew nothing of the harder duties



INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SEAMANSHIP-ROOM.

midshipmen could not have a better master. He carries with him the honor-marks of his famous fight. One of his cheeks is tinged with the blue stain of gunpowder, and the use of one of his eyes is lost. During the fight he was at his post in the turret, directing the movements of his vessel. While he was looking through one of the sighting-glasses in the walls of the turret a shell exploded, striking his face dreadfully and throwing him senseless upon the deck.

He was a little angry when we visited Annapolis. Some newspaper had published an article complaining of lax discipline among the students. The truth is that the Admiral is a very strict disciplinarian. He declared to us that if manners and attention to duty are not taught in the Academy, nothing is taught. "I do not care," he said, "what the

of sea-life. If there was any truth in this once, there is none now. As we crossed the grounds, we met a detachment of midshipmen, dressed in common canvas suits, bound for the practice-ship. Here they are instructed in all things that fall to the lot of the poorest sailor.

Once a year, they are also sent out on a cruise, and are required to handle the light sails, yards and masts, entirely by themselves. The instructions given to them at sea are purely practical, and are such as a lad could only learn on board an ordinary vessel in many years of experience. They are taught what to do in fair and foul weather, in times of peace and times of war, and how to do it. Gunnery-practice and torpedo-practice are included in the higher branches of seamanship and navigation (see picture, page 289). Each midshipman is

given an opportunity to see all the workings of a ship and to study them, and afterward describe them in a log-book to be examined by his superior officer.

The instructions in seamanship given on the voyage, however, are only supplementary to those given ashore.

Among the buildings of the Academy is one called the seamanship-room. It is not a bit like a common school-room, with maps, charts and globes, and illuminated texts for ornaments. We should think that anyone who has a real taste for the sea would find abundant pleasure in it. There are beautiful models of nearly every kind of vessel afloat, from a simple sloop to a modern turret-ship. Shelf after shelf is filled with the smaller ones, and in the center of the room are others with masts reaching almost to the ceiling. On the walls there are also some curious old prints and oil-paintings of famous sea-fights. One of the good qualities of the models is that they all will work, just as though they were full-sized.

The second class was under examination while we stood by. One of the largest model frigates had all her canvas set, and was supposed to be bowling along with a fair wind. The midshipmen stood around her, with the instructor at the head. Some of them were dull, no doubt, and could not forget the walls of the room. But others were so earnest that they imagined themselves on board a real frigate, plowing a wild, gray sea, and plunging and rolling in real waves. Suddenly the wind was supposed to fall,—it had been blowing a tempest in the minds of those brighter fellows,—but after a few moments it was roaring again in a terrific squall.

The instructor gave the word to reduce sail. There was a creaking of blocks, spars and running rigging, skillfully worked by nimble fingers. The vessel ran more steadily, and a short time afterward the wind fell to a moderate breeze, blowing on the starboard quarter. The instructor next gave the alarm, "Man overboard!" One of the midshipmen instantly described what was to be done, suiting the action to the word, bringing the ship around, lowering boats, and heaving to. We supposed the unfortunate was saved, for the ship resumed and followed her course without interruption, until orders were given to shorten sail, that the depth of water in which she was sailing might be ascertained.

She was now nearing her destination. A boat was lowered and manned, under directions given in a clear, unhesitating voice by one midshipman in command. Various preparations were made for entering port; sails were furled and anchors cast.

In the squall the vessel's bottom was damaged.

How could it be repaired? There was no dry dock in the port on which she could be placed. The midshipmen's wits were taxed to solve the difficulty. It was an urgent case, and the instructor was impatient. One small fellow came forward and gave orders that all the armament be transferred to the shore to lighten the vessel; she was also stripped of part of her rigging; massive braces were put again on her sides; and then, with some ponderous tackle she was slowly hauled over against the wharf, until she was almost on the beam-ends, and the plating of her bottom could be plainly seen. The task was one requiring great ingenuity and caution, and when it was successfully done the midshipman received a mark of honor.

A war broke out. The midshipmen had now to manage a miniature fleet instead of one vessel. The instructor stated the movements of the enemy, and the midshipmen described the tactics necessary to defeat them. Line of battle was formed, the fleet being in a double column. The enemy changed position, and the vessels were next ranged in a single column. So every possible maneuver was illustrated, and all the cunning of the enemy checkmated, our men coming out victorious with flying colors.

The gunnery-room is scarcely less interesting than the seamanship-room. Here the gradual improvement in small-arms is shown by many specimens of each kind, from the old-fashioned matchlock to the needle and Remington guns. Among other curiosities is a bronze cannon, brought over by Cortez in the conquest of Mexico. The breech-loader was supposed to be a new invention, but the principle exists in this old relic of earlier centuries. Side by side with it is the mitrailleuse, the latest weapon invented, about which you may have read in accounts of the Franco-Prussian war. It has a great number of barrels, which revolve and pour out showers of bullets. Elsewhere in the room, which is overcrowded, are models of all sorts of nautical artillery, including shells, hand-grenades and torpedoes. At every turn the visitor takes he is confronted by some death-dealing instrument. A collection of old trophy flags, blood-stained, singed with gunpowder, rent and riveted, are festooned on the wall at one end. Among them are the British colors captured during the war of 1812, including those of the "Guerrière" captured by the "Constitution," and the famous flag that Lawrence flew in the battle between the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon," bearing nothing but the brave words: "Don't give up the ship."

That noble old craft, the "Constitution," which fought so many immortal battles in her long life, was attached to the Academy until within a few days of our visit. I think every boy must have

a little sentiment in looking at her as she de-
 ted. Her timbers were falling apart with age ;
 beams were loose in their sockets, but the old
 ship was still fair to see, and substantial enough,
 far as you or I could judge. As I write she
 quietly at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, await-
 final orders ; and we can fancy the waves lap-
 more softly around her for the grand service
 has done.

The engine of a steamer is in charge of an en-
 ceer, who is inferior to the captain in position,
 and subject to his orders. Unfortunately, a great
 many captains know nothing about marine en-
 gineering, and have to depend entirely on the
 word of their inferiors. The Academy means to
 alter this state of affairs.

Accordingly, all stu-
 dents are instructed so
 in the construction
 and working of marine
 engines as to enable them
 to see for themselves,
 when they command a
 ship, whether or not the
 engineers are doing their
 work properly. There is
 also a special class of
 steam-engineers in the
 Academy, who are taught
 the details of these things.
 For their use a steam-
 engine is provided, fitted
 up with as many valuable
 models as the seamanship
 department. The sub-
 jects could not be taught
 merely by text-books
 and lectures, but the students
 see the things about
 which they are lectured
 placed under their eyes.

Among other appli-
 cations, there is a full-sized
 marine engine in perfect
 working order. When
 the class assembles, and
 the steam is up, the students
 themselves are stationed at different parts of the
 immense machine. The instructor gives the word,
 "Turn ahead, full speed!" and to the music of
 the shafts and wheels he discourses in a sensible
 way on the cylinders, boilers, and tiny brass and
 steel things that have power to propel a large ves-
 sel at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

I cannot even mention all the subjects that are
 taught, but I can say that no study that will not be

of certain service is given to the students. They
 are taught international law, because some day
 they may have to sit as judges on the high seas ; they
 are taught astronomy, because the stars are the
 sailor's most faithful guides ; they are taught
 climatology (the science of climates), because that
 will show them how to save the lives of their crews
 in the unhealthy countries they may have to visit ;
 and they are taught, above all, to be gentlemen,
 because they must do their share in sustaining the
 honor of America.

Nor can I mention all their amusements. They
 have a hop once a month, and a grand ball once a
 year. They have boat-clubs and ball-clubs. They
 also have a barber, to whom the smoothest-faced



DISTRIBUTING LETTERS.

youngsters submit themselves with the importance
 of bearded men ; and twice a day they have a de-
 livery of letters from home and friends. The post-
 master sits at a little desk in the center of one of
 the corridors, and the boys crowd around him ex-
 citedly until every scrap of paper has been surren-
 dered. As they hurry to their rooms and to
 secluded spots in the grounds to read the tidings,
 you and I will leave them to their pleasure.

LITTLE GRETCHEN AND HER KID.

BY K.

SOMEWHERE in good King John's little realm of Saxony, not far from the Court city, stands the humble cottage of good Hans Steinberg, with great high gables, red-tiled roof, and deep-set windows, after the usual fashion of all North-German peasant houses.

Once Hans was gamekeeper in the royal preserves of M——, a fact he was very fond of telling, and adding, too, that now he owned his game himself—which meant, poor soul! a drove of goats. These, and the little red-roofed cottage, gave the happy Hans, and his good frau, a most affluent old age—while the very pride of their eyes, and the joy of their hearts, was little Gretchen, their grandchild, who, for five years of her life—all the years in fact of her motherless babyhood—had been the sunshine of their simple home. Such a simple home as it was, too—only two rooms under all that spread of roof; and such a tidy, thrifty look as those two rooms had, is scarcely to be found outside of the dear "Vaterland." Indeed, when the day comes in which the good Frau Steinberg fails to scrub with her own hands the smooth tiles of her kitchen floor, it will be the day when those honest, hard-working hands will be through with work, and life as well.

And Hans was a model goat-herd, too, in his way, and kept his little flock as carefully and tenderly as we would a pet colt, housing, feeding, and cleaning them, as no other goat-herd ever did. He had a name, too, for every goat, taken from the baptismal records of the royal house—one was "Princess Hedwig;" and one, "Countess Olga;" another, "Duchess Amelia," and so on; all of which no one ever remembered but Hans and Gretchen, and the knowing little goats themselves.

During the grazing season, Hans always took his little flock to some far-off hill-side for a half-day or so, with his old dog, Wurst, to help herd them till they could get their fill of tender nippings. And sometimes, when the skies and sunshine and green fields were very tempting, old Hans would yield to the little Gretchen's earnest pleading, and mount her upon his great strong shoulders, and then it was a merry party indeed that went off to "the green pastures."

One lovely summer morning old Hans started out with his shaggy flock for the grazing grounds, with little Gretchen on her high perch, much to Wurst's delight. Such a happy little girl as she was, too, for her own pet *Lillie* was to go with her—

dear, snow-white *Lillie*—a little kid that old Hans had discovered one bitter morning nearly frozen death in a neighboring forest. The kind old man had wrapped the shivering foundling in his great coat and brought it home to Gretchen. And now she was a lusty, frolicsome kid, able to hold her own with the best of them—only she did like the Steinberg family so much better than her own tribe, and quite forgot that well-regulated lit goats did n't sleep in houses on red cushions, and eat out of dishes, and wear ribbons and bells to their necks! And so Miss *Lillie* put on a great many airs, and would not stay with the "common herd," which quite disgusted old Hans when once he took her with the others for their nibblings—she would go off by herself and give Wurst a deal of trouble. But on this day Gretchen begged heartily for permission to take her pet along, and he promised to watch her all the time, that of course *Lillie* went. Wurst objected decidedly; he did not want any self-willed, frisky kids in his charge, and give him chase, and then divide with him his dinner; but he could n't help himself, poor dog, and so they all started off together.

They could not have found a lovelier spot than that shady hill-side and fresh green lawn, and a dear little bubbling brook that came down without touch of snow yet in its waters. Gretchen dove her little curly pate right into the cool rushing water, and then, in her dripping locks, scampered off with Wurst and *Lillie*. How they did romp and play! Old Hans laughed till his jolly German sides ached, and the matronly goats looked on with mild-eyed wonder. Then Gretchen gathered bunches of white daisies; she stuck them through Wurst's shaggy coat, made a wreath for herself, and one for *Lillie*, and lo! it was dinner-time.

It was a long while after they had emptied the well-stuffed basket, which the good Frau had filled for them (not forgetting a large, special piece for Wurst), that Gretchen, having had all the play she wanted, sat down under a spreading tree, to rest a minute, making *Lillie* lie down beside her. But how long a minute that was the well-meaning little girl never knew, for she fell fast asleep with one little brown hand thrown out on *Lillie*'s white neck, and the other tucked under her own ruddy cheek. How she did sleep! And for a while the kid seemed to think it a very good arrangement—but, alas! kids will be frisky, and

will not indulge in afternoon naps; so she slipped away from the little hand that would keep so tranquilly quiet, and bounded off up the hill!

When Gretchen opened her eyes, her grandfather was just taking her up in his arms, and it was time to go home. There was a heavy storm coming on, he said, and they must hurry; the goats were already started, and Wurst was driving them up pretty lively, for he knew a thing or two about getting home quick when he wanted to. All this, and more, the jolly old Hans told the half-dazed little girl in his arms while walking across the fields. But they had not gone very far, when Gretchen gave a piteous cry—*where was Lillie?* In the hurry of starting, Hans had forgotten her, and poor little Gretchen was too sleepy to miss her cat. What was to be done? The storm was close upon them, and even if Hans had been alone, he would hardly have risked a search in the face of such a threatening sky; but, with dear little Gretchen to care for, of course he could not go back. No, he would not turn, though the child wept and sobbed quite heart-broken, and his tender old eyes filled with tears as fast as hers. So he tried to comfort her. "Lillie knew the way home herself," he said; "perhaps she had gone there already, naughty kid! If not, he would go early in the morning and find her; besides, she was a stout, hearty little kid now, and one night out would not hurt her."

So Gretchen was quiet at last, if not quite satisfied. But as they neared home, and were met by the anxious man in the door-way, poor Gretchen's last hope failed her, for Lillie was not there!

* * * * *

It was midnight in good Hans Steinberg's cottage, and the furious storm of that afternoon had long since passed, leaving a glorious sky, with a radiant moon which now shone brightly through the little window, and lay like a patch of silver on the rude floor. The outer door was ajar, and old Wurst lay curled up on his bed near by, fast asleep. But what was the vision that suddenly appeared on the threshold as bright and noiseless as the rays themselves!—though, for all that, Wurst heard the soft footfall, and looked up in wide-eyed surprise! What was it but a little child robed in white, with a halo of golden curls about her head, with little feet that stepped out into the moonlight, while

one beseeching little hand beckoned the dog to follow! Such a sight as the moon saw that night, and grew brighter as she looked!—for down the lonely, silent path, went the little vision, with one arm around the dog's great shaggy neck, fearless and confiding. On and on toward the moonlit hill-side, looking with eager eyes, and fairly listening to the silence,—past fallen trees, past the little brooklet that had bubbled so merrily in the morning, and was now groaning under the weight of its



"GRETCHEN STEPS OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT."

burdens; on, more than half-way to the hill-side, when, suddenly, there came a faint sound on the breathless stillness—a tinkle of a little bell—and the baby-feet stood still, and old Wurst pricked up his knowing ears. Then it came again, and with it a plaintive little bleat! The next minute Wurst was barking vigorously and pawing with all his might near an old thicket of trees which the storm had broken into brush-wood, and there lay the poor little kid in the midst of the rubbish utterly unable to extricate herself.

Lillie struggled wildly and gave one joyous bleat as she recognized her little mistress, and then waited, still and patient, perfectly sure of deliverance since Wurst's great paws dug so frantically the earth and broken roots, and the dear little hands of the white-robed angel tugged so royally

at the twisted branches. And thus was she finally freed unharmed.

The moonlight still lay on the polished floor of the Steinberg cottage, when a vision broke on the dreams of the slumbering inmates, and a child's glad voice rang through the silent house: "O, grandpa! I've found her! me and Wurst have found her! my dear little Lillie!" And full in the

open door-way, with the moonlight falling softly around her, brightening the halo of her golden curls, the grand old dog standing by her side, knelt the little Gretchen with her arms about the king, kissing the tufted white head at every word. The old couple looked for a moment wonderingly at the vision, and reverently bowed their heads, for they thought they saw the Christ-child!

THE WAR OF THE RATS AND MICE.

(Almost a Fairy Tale.)

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.



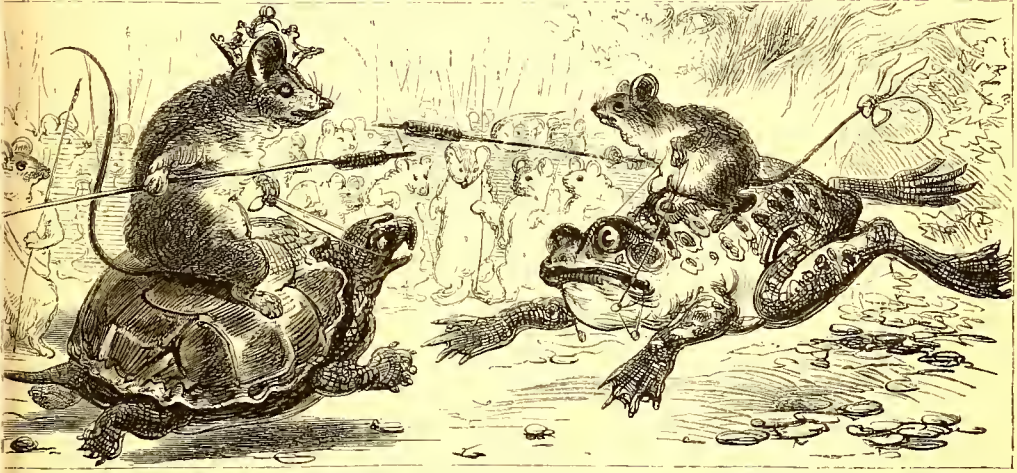
THE MOUSE-KING MOUNTS HIS STEED.

FAR back within an age remot,
Which common history fails to note,
When dogs could talk, and pigs could sing,
And frogs obeyed a wooden king,
There lived a tribe of rats so mean,
That such a set was never seen.
For during all the livelong day
They fought and quarreled in the hay,
And then at night they robbed the mice,
Who always were so kind and nice.
They stole their bread, they stole their meat,
And all the jam they had to eat;
They gobbled up their pies and cake,

And everything the mice could bake;
They stuffed themselves with good, fresh meat,
And ruined all they could not steal;
They slapped their long tails in the butter
Until they made a frightful splutter;
Then, sleek and fine in coats of silk,
They swam about in buttermilk.
They ate up everything they found,
And flung the plates upon the ground.
And catching three mice by their tails,
They drowned them in the water-pails;
Then seeing it was morning light,
They scampered home with all their might

The mouse-tribe, living far and near,
 At once this awful thing did hear,
 And all declared, with cries of rage,
 A war against the rats they'd wage.
 The mouse-king blew a trumpet blast,
 And soon the mice came thick and fast
 From every place, in every manner,

The rats had eaten so much jam,
 So many pies and so much ham,
 And were so fat and sick and swollen
 With all the good things they had stolen
 That they could neither fight nor run:
 And so the mice the battle won.
 They threw up rat-fur in the air;



THE TWO KINGS MEET IN BATTLE.

And crowded round the royal banner.
 Each had a sword, a bow and arrow;
 Each felt as brave as any sparrow,
 And promised, in the coming fight,
 To die or put the rats to flight.
 The king put on a coat of mail,
 And tied a bow-knot to his tail;
 He wore a pistol by his side,
 And on a bull-frog he did ride.
 "March on!" he cried. And, hot and thick,
 His army rushed, in "double quick."
 And hardly one short hour had waned,
 Before the ranks the rat-camp gained,
 With sounding drum and screaming fife,
 Enough to raise the dead to life.

The rats, awakened by the clatter,
 Rushed out to see what was the matter,
 When down the whole mouse-army flew,
 And many thieving rats it slew.
 The mice hurraed, the rats they squealed,
 And soon the dreadful battle-field
 Was blue with smoke and red with fire,
 And filled with blood and savage ire.

They piled up rat-tails everywhere;
 And slaughtered rats bestrewed the ground
 For ten or twenty miles around.

The rat-king galloped from the field
 When all the rest were forced to yield;
 But though he still retained his skin,
 He nearly fainted with chagrin,
 To think that in that bloody tide
 So many of his rats had died.
 Fierce anger blazed within his breast;
 He would not stop to eat or rest;
 But spurring up his fiery steed,
 He seized a sharp and trusty reed—
 Then, wildly shouting, rushed like hail
 To cut off little mouse-king's tail.
 The mouse-king's face turned red with passion
 To see a rat come in such fashion,
 For he had just that minute said
 That every thieving rat was dead.
 The rat was scared, and tried to run,
 And vowed that he was just in fun;
 But nought could quell the mouse-king's fury,—
 He cared not then for judge or jury;

And with his sharp and quivering spear,
He pierced the rat right through the ear.
The rat fell backward in the clover,

Down which their little children slid.
And after that eventful day
The mice in peace and joy could play,



"DOWN WHICH THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN SLID."

Kicked up his legs, and all was over.
The mice, with loud and joyful tones,
Now gathered all the bad rats' bones,
And with them built a pyramid,

For now no wicked rats could steal
Their cakes and jam and pies and meal,
Nor catch them by their little tails,
And drown them in the water-pails.

WHY WALTER CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

"MAMMA, Nurse Grant says you have asked Mr. Lennox to spend the summer with us, and she is coming. Have you, mamma? Is it so?"

Walter had rushed, or rather tumbled, through the low window into the room where his mother was sitting. The first shock of the horrible intelligence was fresh upon him. His yellow hair fairly tumbled under the brim of his sun-burned hat, his eyes flashed and his cheeks were like peonies. Mrs. Morgan looked up.

"Hadn't you better take off your hat, in the house, Walter?" she said. "Yes; Kitty Lennox is coming next Wednesday to stay for two months, and I hope you will be kind to her."

"Kind to her!" exclaimed Walter. "But I hate you, mamma; you know I do! and now you've come and asked her for the whole of my vacation, and I think it's a shame! I do so! What am I to do with her?"

"I hope at least you will be polite to her," said Mrs. Morgan, quietly.

"Polite to her!" ejaculated Walter, with withering scorn. "I don't *want* to be polite to her. What's the use? Girls are no good. They can't do anything but their clothes and complexion. She'll be afraid to do anything for fear of getting tanned, or tearing her dress. And she'll expect me to take her out in my boat, and then she'll squeal if the wind blows."

"Girls are no good!" echoed Willy, who, finding his legs too short for Walter's favorite mode of advance, had trotted round to the door, and now stood on the threshold, a baby likeness of Walter, whom he admired and imitated to the best of his ability. "What's the good of girls? They can't walk, or run, or climb. They can't luff, or jib, or sail in a sheet. They don't know the difference between a schooner and a brig."

Willy was a little, delicate-looking boy. Though he was eight years old he looked no more than a child, and his baby swagger was so ludicrous that the twelve-year-old Walter burst out laughing. "Just hear Willy, mamma! He thinks he's nearly as big as papa! But what *did* you ask me to come here for?"

He spoke more mildly now, for his laugh had done him good.

"Kitty's mamma has been very ill," replied Mrs. Morgan, "and is obliged to go to Europe for her health. Mr. Lennox is going too, and they

don't know what to do with Kitty until he comes back. I asked her to come here, because Mrs. Lennox is a very dear friend of mine, and I am glad to do anything I can for her. And I hope my boys will remember that they are little gentlemen, and that gentlemen are always polite to ladies."

Walter grumbled still, but promised reluctantly:

"I won't tease her, mamma, if that's what you mean by being polite, and I'll take her out in my boat sometimes; but I can't stay home the whole time and give up all my fun for her."

"I should be very sorry to have you give up all your fun," said Mrs. Morgan, "and I don't believe Kitty will be at all anxious to have you stay at home with her, if you are in no better humor than you are now. I am sorry to find I have two such selfish little boys. And now run away and 'luff' and 'jib' to your heart's content, for I am busy."

Wednesday night came, and brought Kitty Lennox under the charge of Mr. Morgan, who had gone to meet her. Walter hovered about the gate as the carriage drove up, moved by a sheepish curiosity which tortures would not have forced him to acknowledge, while Willy circulated around him. A little figure, crowned with a tangle of brown curls, under which peered out two very red eyes and a most woful little mouth, walked straight out of the carriage into their mamma's arms, and then vanished into the house, and that was all that Walter and Willy saw of their new guest that night.

"Just like a girl; great cry-baby!" ejaculated Willy in disgust. But Walter, with a reluctant sense of justice, admitted:

"Well, I guess if our mamma had gone away sick, and we knew we should n't see her again for a year, may be we'd cry too. I know *you* would, any way, Willy. You blubbered hard enough when she went to Aunt Fanny's for a week and left us behind."

"Pooh!" said Willy, a little sheepish over the recollection, but braving it out, "that was 'most a year ago. I was only a baby then. Catch me crying now!"

"Well," said Walter, turning away, "I s'pose we've got to be polite to her, for mamma says so; but she is n't going in my boat, for all that, only just when I choose."

Poor little Kitty had not the slightest desire to go in his boat the next day, nor for many days after that. She crept about the house, homesick

and miserable, with pale cheeks and red eyes, weeping quietly in corners, refusing to eat, turning away from offered books or toys. Walter really felt sorry for her, in spite of his aversion to girls, and after various futile attempts at cheering her, one day in a fit of acute compassion he burst out with a proffer of what he considered an unfailing panacea for all woes:

"I say, Kitty, I'll take you out in my boat to-day, if you like."

Kitty was feeling a little less unhappy than usual that morning. Her mamma had been gone a week, and a week is a very long time for a healthy, active little girl to stay miserable. Then, too, everybody was so kind to her that she began to feel herself an ungrateful little creature. Mrs. Morgan was as gentle and tender as her own mamma, and Mr. Morgan hardly ever came home from the city without some trifling present for her. They were continually trying to amuse and interest her, and even Walter had offered her all his prettiest books and choicest treasures, and now, crowning grace! had proposed to take her out in his dear boat. So Kitty sighed, and said, quite cheerfully for her:

"Thank you, Walter; I think I should like to go;" and they trotted down to the little wharf below the lawn, with Willy trudging sulkily in their wake.

For Willy was not yet reconciled to Kitty. Walter's careless words had taken deep root in that little heart; and Willy, of all the family, had alone held himself aloof from the stranger, gazing at her with contemptuous and critical eyes. Sometimes he ventured on a comment to Walter.

"*Is n't* she a stupid! Just sitting round in corners and crying all day long. If I was mamma I'd just leave her alone and not bother about her as she does. I hate girls; don't you, Walter? Stupid things!"

"You just shut up," retorted Walter, to Willy's intense amazement. "You're a mean fellow, to go and laugh at a little girl because her father and mother have gone away. Just wait till yours go, and see how you like it yourself."

Which retort was all the more unkind because Willy had never dreamed of disliking girls until Walter's expression of opinion on the subject had convinced him that that was the right and proper frame of mind for boys to entertain. And now to be deserted and even snubbed in this way! It was too much! Willy walked off in silence, but the arrow rankled in his heart, and now to the contempt he felt for Kitty was added jealousy, for he considered her responsible for the snubbing he had received from his admired brother.

"I wish I could take you in the sail-boat," said Walter, as they reached the wharf, where the two

little boats danced on the dimpling, sunny water. "It's a great deal more fun than the row-boat, but papa says Willy and I must not go out alone until we know how to swim."

"Oh, I'd a great deal rather go in the row-boat," said Kitty. "But can't you swim, really? How queer!"

"Why, can you?" said Walter, looking at her curiously.

"Oh dear, yes," said Kitty, carelessly. "I've known how ever since I was as little as Willy there, and a good deal younger."

"As little as Willy!" Poor Willy could not stand that, for his small size was one of his major points, and he retorted:

"Girls always do brag; it's all they're good for. I s'pose you think you're going to steer, but you ain't."

"Oh, no!" said Kitty, brightly. "I'd rather row. Will you take the stroke, Walter?"

Walter declined the honor, and Kitty, stepping to her place, began to handle her oar with a dexterity which excited very different feelings in Walter and Willy. Walter's objection to girls gradually melted away as he timed his oars to her lordly steady stroke, and watched her artistic feathering; but Willy sat glooming and glowering in the stern, brimming over with bitter envy at the sight. To pull at one oar for a few minutes at a time, with three-mouse-power, was all poor Willy had ever yet achieved.

"Where did you learn to row, Kitty?" asked Walter.

"I—oh dear! my papa taught me;" and poor Kitty burst into a flood of tears, to Walter's horror and dismay, and Willy's frank delight and exultation.

"Now you've got it!" he chuckled. "I hope you like girls now! Horrid things! always going about crying and spoiling all your fun!"

"Hold your tongue, Willy!" exclaimed Walter in an undertone. "Did n't mamma tell you to be polite to Kitty?"

"I don't care," retorted Willy, sulkily. "You always said you did n't like girls, and now you make a fuss over the first one that comes along. But I ain't going to like her, all you can do,—there!" And Willy looked at Walter with impatience and defiance shining out of his blue eyes.

Kitty and Walter both laughed. Some people always did laugh at poor Willy's outbursts because he was so little and delicate, and his blue eyes with their long black lashes looked mournful and pathetic that the contrast with his raging, blustering words was very droll. Willy could n't understand it at all. People did n't laugh when his father got angry, and why should they

gh at him, he would like to know? All the red-up bitterness of the week suddenly over-ved.

"You're a mean, hateful old thing," shouted lly, springing up and dancing wildly in his rage. "I'll tell mamma! You sha'n't laugh at me! bat you over the head!" And he made a dive Kitty's oar.

Walter sprang up hastily to stop him, but it was late. Willy had overbalanced himself in his atic plunge; the boat gave a lurch, and, with a wild cry, he shot headlong into the water and appeared. Both Walter and Kitty sprang to ir feet, but while Walter, quite dazed with terror, ld only exelaim wildly, Kitty, quickly tossing hat and sacque, stood with her eyes fixed on the t where Willy was last seen. In an instant a e head appeared above the water; the fair hair, nched and lank, fell around the pale face; the e eyes were stretched wide with horror; the e hands clutched and struggled in the air, and dild shriek rang from the blue lips as he sank in. Sank, but not for long; for, quick as a h, Kitty had darted from the boat into the deep, l water, and caught the fair floating hair with er hand, while with the other, as soon as they e to the surface, she struck out for the boat. lly struggled wildly in her grasp, clutching at y and impeding her, in spite of her imploring:

"Oh, be quiet, Willy! Don't struggle so, or I t save you, and we shall both be drowned." er heroic little Kitty had no idea of letting go en she had once taken hold.

Willy was very small and light, and Kitty was y tall and strong for her age, and as much at ne in the water as a duck, but Willy made her e so hard that she was rapidly becoming ex-sted. It was all she could do to keep herself d him afloat, and to reach the boat would have n quite beyond her powers had not Walter for-ately regained his presence of mind and caught the oars.

"Back the boat down, or we'll upset it," she said. d Walter, obeying, reached them just in time.

"Willy first!" gasped Kitty, faintly, as Walter seized her wrist; and Willy was dragged into the boat, dripping and choking, but safe. Then, after resting a moment, Kitty, with Walter's aid, managed to scramble in after him, and then Walter rowed rapidly to the shore.

You may imagine Mrs. Morgan's feelings when she saw the two drenched and shivering little figures wending their way slowly over the lawn, for Walter had staid behind to put up the boat. By this time, Willy's teeth were chattering so that he could not speak, and Kitty's only explanation was:

"We both got in, you see, aunty;" for so she always called Mrs. Morgan.

It was not until Willy was safely in bed, and after Mr. Morgan's return, that they heard the whole story of Kitty's heroic feat from Walter, who could not be enthusiastic enough over it.

"I tell you what, mamma," he wound up. "Kitty's just a bully girl, and I'm awful glad you asked her here to spend the summer. She's a regular brick, and you'd just ought to've seen her go over after Willy. She never stopped to wink, but just as soon as Willy was up she was down on him and grabbed him. She never once thought about her dress. I'd never have said a word against girls if I'd known they were like that. Kitty and I are going to be the biggest sort of chums after this."

Kitty was a regular heroine, as you may suppose. She bore her honors carelessly enough, though,—declaring that it was all nonsense to make such a fuss about it, and that what she had done was nothing at all. Yet I think she was very proud of the little gold watch Mr. Morgan gave her, with the inscription on the back telling the story. Even Willy, who had at first been rather inclined to resent her rescue of him, as "putting on airs," was won by her patient and tireless efforts to amuse him during the painful attack of rheumatism which followed his wetting. Neither he nor Walter was ever heard to complain again of the stupidity of girls, and it would be hard to say which was the most sorry when Kitty's visit came to an end.



A GIRL OF STARS.

BY ELIZA C. DURGIN.

THE next clear evening, when the moon is on the other side of the sky, and our side is full of stars, ask your papa or mamma, or your teacher, to go out of doors with you and show you some of the beautiful star-pictures that the wise people call constellations. Very likely you have often noticed

know where it is, as you need to know where North Pole is on a globe.

The sky is to us like a vast globe, only we see to be in the center of it, and to look up into it, instead of down upon it. Around the North Star a center, each of the twinkling fixed stars seem



A GIRL OF STARS.

the Great Bear, which looks so much more like a dipper than a bear, that ordinary folk call it the Great Dipper, and have learned to trace the line of the "pointers" up to the small glittering North Star in the end of the Little Bear's tail, or the Little Dipper's handle, whichever you please to call it. If you have never found this star, be sure to ask your teacher to show it to you, for you need to

move in a circle; but you will not see this unless you watch them a long while, for it is not really their motion, but that of our own little earth which causes this appearance.

The fixed stars always keep the same relative places with regard to each other. If one of them is eight degrees east of another on one night, you will always find it in the same direction and

ce from its neighbor, in whatever part of the you see them.

The heathen people who lived many hundreds years ago, and who worshiped the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, used to see very strange things in the starry sky. To them, gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, and animals, great and small, shone where we see myriads of bright worlds.

It is of one of the star-heroines that I wish to tell you. Ask your teacher to point out to you the constellation called Andromeda. You would never dream, to look at it, that it was meant for a girl, and by cruel chains to a rock on the sea-coast; but if you will look on an astronomical atlas, you will see it very plainly.

There is an almost straight line of four brilliant stars, beginning with a very beautiful one called Almach, about fifty degrees from the North Star. Be sure to find out about degrees.) Almach is the Andromeda's foot. The next one, Mirach, with two others north-west of it, makes her girdle. The third bright one of the line marks her breast, and makes a little triangle, with two dimmer ones north of it, and a straight line with one of these is another north of it. The last star of the four is a little farther north than it would be if the line were perfectly straight; it is called Alpheratz, and at the same time the chief star of Andromeda's head, and the corner of a beautiful great square, which is clearly seen.

The stars which I have mentioned are easily seen; and, if you look very sharply, you may see the triangle in her right arm, the star of her right hand, the one in her left arm, and many others,—there are sixty-six stars, which bright and timid eyes may see in this constellation.

Now, I suppose you would like to know why Andromeda was left chained to a rock. Well, here is the story.

She had a very vain mother, Cassiopeia (whose picture, according to astronomy, is also in the sky, north of her daughter). She was beautiful, and foolish enough to boast of it. That was what made the trouble. She began to say that she was more beautiful than Juno and the sea-nymphs. The nymphs had no idea of letting her talk in that way, and they went straight to Neptune, the god of the sea, and told him all about the matter. The sea-god was very angry, and determined to avenge the insulted nymphs.

Terrible was the punishment that overtook poor Cassiopeia. A great flood began to pour its torrents over the fields and homes of Ethiopia, the kingdom over which her husband Cepheus was reigning. What was the poor vain queen to do? Her pretty face was distorted with horror and drenched

with tears. She sent to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon to ask counsel.

When the ignorant heathen people of those old times and lands were in trouble, they used often to send to consult certain oracles. There were oracles at various places, where they thought that gods talked with men, and told them of things that would come to pass. Very unsatisfactory and obscure the answers often were, but then human creatures must pray. Those people heard the voice that the dear Heavenly Father has put into all His children's hearts, telling them to come to Him for what they want; but they did not understand to whom they were to go, and how very near He is,—so, as I told you, they sent to the oracles.

It was a fearful answer that was brought back to the waiting queen. Neptune was not to be satisfied unless the Princess Andromeda should be given up to a horrid sea-monster that had come with the flood. It seemed very hard that an innocent girl must suffer so cruel a death; but as the choice was between the loss of her one life and that of the lives of many people, she was taken out to a rock by the sea, and left chained there, to be killed by the monster.

Just as he was about to seize her, a gallant youth, named Perseus, came along through the air, and, seeing the beautiful maiden, fell in love with her. He had just succeeded in a very dangerous experiment, which was no less than that of killing a dreadful gorgon, who had snakes in her hair, and who had had a very disagreeable habit of turning every one that she looked at into stone. Perseus did not dare to look at her when he killed her; he looked at her reflection in the bright shield that he carried.

You may imagine that he felt very brave after this feat. He had the gorgon's head still in his hand when he came to the place where Andromeda was. He had on winged shoes, and this was the reason that he could go through the air as well as on the ground.

As I said, he fell in love with the beautiful Andromeda; but he was a business-like young man, and he was determined to have the bargain clearly made before he released the lady. He said he would save her if her father would promise to give her to him for a wife. Of course the king said "yes," for he felt badly enough to have the princess in so piteous a plight. So Perseus gave the sea-monster a good look at the gorgon's head, which, not having lost its petrifying power, turned him stone-dead.

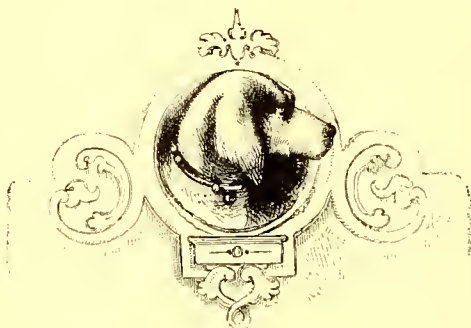
Andromeda was already engaged to her uncle Phineus, who was in a great passion when he found that he was to lose her. He had a fight with Per-

seus; but what was the use of fighting with a man who had a gorgon's head at his service? Phineus was turned into a stone, too, at sight of it.

Perseus and Andromeda were married, and

"lived happy ever after;" and when they died they were turned into stars and put into the sky.

Some people don't believe this story, but they are the stars!



A SNOW-KING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CASPAR was his name. He lived on a very high mountain,—so high that his home was almost in the region of eternal snow. Indeed, he could almost always find snow six or seven feet deep without going very far from the door. But Caspar did not care particularly for such snow. He was used to it.

It was only when the great storms came, and the snow-drifts piled up forty feet high against the walls of the old house, and the snow-flakes fell and fell and fell, as if they would never stop until they had filled up all the valleys with their powdery whiteness, that Caspar felt at all anxious about the depth of snow.

At such times, however, he was very apt to put himself to a great deal of trouble and anxiety about the snow.

He did n't mind snow-storms himself, because he was a snow-king; but there were people who did mind them, and it was about these people that he concerned himself.

Caspar was a dog, and he lived with the monks in the monastery of St. Bernard, far up on the Alps—the very highest dwelling in that great range of mountains.

You have all heard of these great St. Bernard dogs; but if you have never seen Caspar, you can have no idea how grand a dog can be,—that is, if he happen to be a snow-king.

And Caspar was a king of the snow, every inch of him.

Sometimes, when the skies were tolerably clear and here and there, there was a little sunshine on the hardy grass that grew about the rocks of the monastery, when the snow was good enough to give them a chance to show themselves, Caspar would trot around very much like an ordinary dog, and lie down and take a comfortable nap in a sunny spot among the shadows of the grand Alps, as quietly as if he had never heard of glaciers and avalanches, and had never thought of such things as people perishing in the snow.

Now Caspar was not a very old dog, and he had already saved two lives. And yet he was not proud—or, at any rate, he did not show it.

In fact, if you had seen him jogging around the monastery, you might never have thought that he was a king of any kind—much less such an important monarch as a snow-king. For almost any intelligent person might make a pretty good king of the ordinary kind, but kings of the snow are very scarce indeed.

One day it began to snow, early in the morning, up on the mountains. It did not snow very hard at first, but people who were weather-wise thought that there would be quite a storm afterwards.

As the day wore on, it became colder and colder

the wind began to freeze the snow-flakes into icy lumps, and it hurled them like showers of pellets across the valleys and over the mountains.

Although the wind roared sometimes around the rocky corners, and showers of icy shot would now and then rattle against some frozen crust of snow, the mountains seemed quiet, and certainly they were desolate.

Up on the mountain-sides lay vast masses of snow and ice that were growing heavier and heavier as the snow fell faster and faster. These were all ready to come thundering and crashing down into the valleys below, and seemed only waiting for the signal to begin their mad rush down the mountain-

side. For when these great masses of snow and ice are piled up in this way in the Alps, it often requires a very little thing to start them off. Sometimes a loud word, or the breaking of a stick, or a

were five persons toiling up the road toward the monastery.

Four of these were men, and one was a boy about fourteen years old. His name was Paolo Vennatti, and he lived down the mountain-side, some miles below the place where we find him on this snowy afternoon.

For a day or two, Paolo had been very anxious about the fate of a stray goat which he believed could be found up the mountain, and probably at or near the monastery of St. Bernard. So when that afternoon four men stopped at Paolo's home to rest a little before continuing their journey over the Alps, by the way of the St. Bernard Pass, the boy determined to go with them, at least as far as the monastery.

He did not say anything to his parents about his plan, for he had heard his father tell the men that it would be foolhardy to attempt to cross the mountains that day, when it was not only snowing



CASPAR. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.)

every footstep, will jar the air or the snow sufficiently to send an avalanche on its way.

It would hardly be supposed that on such a day as this any one would be out of doors; but, notwithstanding the bad weather and the promise of worse weather to come, on that afternoon there

but the wind was blowing at such a terrific rate that it would be certain to start an avalanche somewhere on the road.

"And you know well enough that it does not need much of a wind to start an avalanche," said Paolo's mother.

"But the wind's been blowing all the morning and half the night," said one of the men; "and if there were any avalanches to start, they would have been on their way before this."

So the four men started off just after dinner, and Paolo slipped out after them and joined them when they had got out of sight of the house.

One of the men wanted to make him go back, but the others said that he might as well come if he chose—it was n't snowing so very hard, and if he wanted to find his goat as much as he said he did, there was no reason why he should not try to do it.

So they all trudged on, and nothing of any importance happened for an hour. They did not have much difficulty in making their way, for the snow-storm seemed to be decreasing, and the wind was certainly going down.

But all of a sudden something very astonishing happened.

A violent gust of wind seemed to leap from around the corner of a tall mass of rocks and crags, and in its arms it carried a vast cloud of snow, which it raised in the air and hurled down upon our travelers, who were instantly buried from sight.

This was one of the terrible whirlwinds which often occur in the Alps, when great volumes of newly fallen snow are carried through the air and thrown here or there in masses many feet in depth.

It was as sudden as a flash of lightning—one moment Paolo was walking cheerfully along the road, and in the next he was buried deep under an immense heap of snow!

For a moment he did not know what had happened—it seemed as if he had been struck blind. He was not hurt, but the world had suddenly disappeared from his sight.

It was not long, however, before he knew what had happened. There was snow above and below him—snow in his eyes, snow in his ears and nose and mouth.

He could not get up because there was snow on top of him, and, when he tried to get his legs under him, he could find no support for his feet, for there was nothing but soft snow beneath him.

He could breathe, but that was about all he could do.

Paolo soon felt himself sinking lower and lower in the soft snow. He tried again to get his feet straight down under him, and this time they touched something hard. He knew then that he stood on the ground.

He had no idea how much snow was piled up over him, nor did he think much about it. Now that he could get his feet on something firm, all

that he thought of was to push or scratch himself out of that bed of snow just as fast as he could. He thrust his feet against the ground; he leaned forward and scratched and dug with his hands and arms like a little terrier after a rat. He kicked and rolled and pushed and dug and sputtered snow out of his mouth, and so scratched his way along for several yards. Then he suddenly stumbled into the open air and went plump down a precipice.

He did not know how far he fell, but he knew that he went backforemost into a bed of snow with a crust on it, through which he broke with a general crunch, as when you throw a stone through a pane of glass.

The snow under the crust was not very hard, and his fall only jarred him a little. And yet the snow was packed hard enough to give him a chance to crawl out of the hole he had made and to look around him. He found that he was on an old bed of snow that lay on a ledge some twenty feet below the road, and from which the fresh snow had been blown. The mass of snow which had overwhelmed him and his companions he could see piled up on the road above him. If another gust of wind should come around that corner it might be blown down upon him and cover him again.

So he hurriedly scrambled to his feet and tried to get away from under that steep precipice with its great cap of snow. But he could not go very far. The crust broke beneath him very often, and there were hollow places filled with new snow through which he could scarcely push his way. It was snowing faster and faster, and he was very cold. He could not climb up to the road, and if he could have done so there was that great mass of snow out of which he had been so glad to get away.

He did not know what to do; so he sat down. Then he drew up his knees and tried to get warm and to think. He could not get warm, but he could think very easily. He thought about his parents, and what a wretch he was to come away from them as he had done. What was his goat, after all, that he should risk his life for? And yet he did n't know, when he started, that he was risking his life, though that was no matter now, for he had done it, and there was no going back.

Here he was, alone in the midst of the great Alps. It was dreadfully solemn and cold. The air was full of the smell of snow. Snow beneath him and all around him. Above him, too; for snow was falling on him until he looked like a little snow-bay as he sat there drawn up in a bunch.

He did not expect any help now. He knew the Alps too well to suppose, even if his companions had succeeded in getting out of that snow-drift, that

they could find him where he now was. He could not shout. His lips and tongue seemed frozen stiff. He could not see very far.

He began to feel a little warmer now, and drowsy. He knew that if he went to sleep he would never wake again. But he did not care; he might as well be comfortable. And there was nobody on earth who could save him. If anybody came to him here, they would die too. The best thing he could do would be to go to sleep.

In all the whole world there was no one who could save this poor boy,—that is if you did not hunt in Caspar, the snow-king.

He could do it. And he did do it.

Right through the snow-storm came that great mast! Rushing over the frozen crust, plunging through the deep places; bounding, leaping, caring not for drift or storm, like a snow-king, as he was, came Caspar!

He made one dash to Paolo, and rolled him over the snow. Then he barked at him as much as he could say:

“Wake up! you foolish boy! Don't you know you are here? It's all right now.”

He pushed Paolo first on one side and then on the other, and when he had made him open his eyes and stare about him, the great Caspar barked again in his loudest, freest tones. A snow-storm did not interfere with *his* voice.

Again and again he barked, as if he were shouting:

“Hello-o! I've found him! Here he is!”

Caspar had not barked very long before two men came toiling through the storm. One was a young monk, and the other was one of the men with whom Paolo had started out in the morning.

These two took the boy by the arms and raised him up. They shook him, and they made him drink a little brandy that the monk had with him, and then they led him away between them.

Caspar went ahead, so that it should be all right.

They walked back with great difficulty by the way they had come, and soon reached a place where the road could be regained, at a point some distance beyond the snow-drift.

Then they pressed on to the convent.

The four men had been overwhelmed by the snow-drift, but they were considerably in advance of Paolo, the greater part of the mass of fresh snow seemed to pass over them and hurl itself on the boy.

After some struggling the men got out of the deep snow. They

missed the boy, but could not tell how to look for him or save him. If they stopped they were afraid they would perish themselves. So they hurried on, and before they had gone very far they met Caspar and two of the St. Bernard monks.

They told their story, and one of the monks, with the dog, started down the mountain. He thought the boy might be saved. The youngest of the four men thought he would go too. It was a shame to desert the poor boy so.

As they hurried along, the man said:

“If the snow-drift is still there we shall never be able to get around it or into it to find the boy.”

“Caspar will attend to that,” said the monk.

He believed in Caspar.

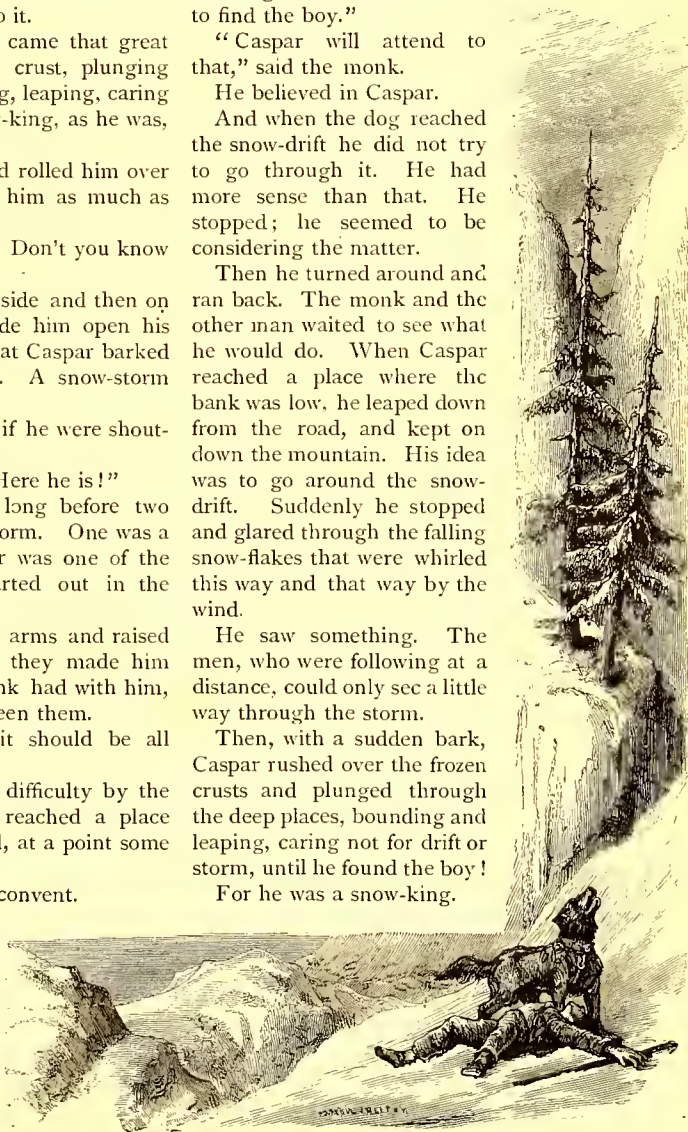
And when the dog reached the snow-drift he did not try to go through it. He had more sense than that. He stopped; he seemed to be considering the matter.

Then he turned around and ran back. The monk and the other man waited to see what he would do. When Caspar reached a place where the bank was low, he leaped down from the road, and kept on down the mountain. His idea was to go around the snow-drift. Suddenly he stopped and glared through the falling snow-flakes that were whirled this way and that way by the wind.

He saw something. The men, who were following at a distance, could only see a little way through the storm.

Then, with a sudden bark, Caspar rushed over the frozen crusts and plunged through the deep places, bounding and leaping, caring not for drift or storm, until he found the boy!

For he was a snow-king.



MARCH.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
 In troops, to the tune of the wind
 Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
 Gold-crested thrushes behind;
 Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
 Past every gateway and door;
 Finches with crimson caps stopping
 Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
 Into their places at last,—
 Little white lily-buds, dripping
 Under the showers that fall fast;

Buttercups, violets, roses;
 Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
 Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
 Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
 Forth at the wild bugle-sound,
 Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
 Fluttering all over the ground.
 Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
 Shake out your red tassels, larch!
 Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow
 Hear who is calling you—March!

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND VINNIE IN CHICAGO.

VINNIE poured out her story to her friend as they walked along the street.

Jack was so incensed, when she came to the upshot of the adventure, that he wished to go back at once and make the slim youth's acquaintance. But she would not permit so foolish a thing.

"It is all over now. What good would it do for you to see him?"

"I don't know; I'd like to tell the scamp what I think of him, if nothing more. He wanted a little fun, did he?" And Jack stood, pale with wrath, looking back at the hotel.

"If it had n't been for him, I might not have seen you," said Vinnie. "May be you can't forgive him that!"

Jack looked into her eyes, full of a sweet, mirthful light, and forgot his anger.

"I'll forgive him the rest, *because* of that. But tell me just how the fellow looked."

"Rather tall and slender; a face without much character, but a pair of pretty keen black eyes."

"A mean little fuzzy beard on his chin?"

"No; he was shaved."

"Shabbily dressed?"

"He had on pretty good clothes," said Vinnie, "and a black stove-pipe hat. But his shirt-bosom looked as if it had been slept in."

After some hesitation, Jack turned to walk with her.

"I did n't know," said he, "but it might possibly be the fellow who stole my horse."

He had written to Vinnie of that adventure; and she was now eager to know if Snowfoot had been found.

"Not a hair of him!" said Jack. "I got an old hunter and trapper to go with me the next day. We struck his trail on the prairie, and after a day of trouble tracked him to a settler's cabin. The rogue had stopped, and asked for supper at the lodgings, which he promised to pay for in the morning. The man and his wife had gone to bed, but they got up, fed him and the horse, and then made him up a bed on the cabin floor. He pretended to be very careful of his horse, and he had to go out and make sure that he was all right before he went to bed; and that was the last they saw of him. He bridled Snowfoot, and rode off so silently that they never knew which way he went. He had struck the traveled road, and there we lost all track of him. I went on to Joliet, and looked along the canal, and set stablemen to watch for him, with

friend took the road to Chicago; but neither is had any luck. I've hunted all about the ntry for him; and now, for a last chance, I've e to Chicago myself."

"How long have you been here?" Vinnie d.

"Only about two hours; and I must go back to- row. I've not much hope of finding Snowfoot ;; but as I had a chance to ride in with a neigh- I thought best to take advantage of it. Lucky d! Why did n't you write and let somebody w you were coming?"

"I did write to my sister; but I did n't expect ody to meet me here in Chicago, since I d n't tell just when I should arrive."

"Where are you stopping?"

"On board the schooner that brought me. She ing quite near here, at a wharf in the river." "Can you stay on board till to-morrow?"

Vinnie thought the captain and his wife would ad to keep her.

"Though it is n't very nice," she added. "now they are discharging the cargo."

"Perhaps you had better go to the Farmers' ne, where my friend and I have put up," said .

"You at the Farmers' Home! Why could n't I e known it?" said Vinnie. "It was there I t to inquire for Long Woods people, and met scapegrace. But, after all, everything has ened very fortunately. When do you go e?"

"We start early to-morrow morning. You can with us as well as not—a good deal better than " said the overjoyed Jack. "Nothing but a e load of groceries. You shall go home with o North Mills; Mrs. Lanman will be glad to you. Then I'll drive you over to Long Woods ree or four days."

"Three or four days!" exclaimed Vinnie, not ng to be as happy as these welcome words t have made her. "I should like much to your friends; but I must get to my sister's as as possible."

Jack's face clouded.

"Vinnie, I'm afraid you don't know what you e undertaken. I can't bear the thought of your g into that family. Why do you? The Lan- s will be delighted to have you stay with ."

"O, but I must go wherè I am needed," Vinnie rered. "And you must n't say a word against You must help me, Jack!"

"They need you enough, Heaven knows, Vin- " Jack felt that he ought not to say another d to discourage her, so he changed the subject. "hich way now is your schooner?"

Vinnie said she would show him; but she wished to buy a little present for the captain's wife on the way.

As they passed along the street, she made him tell all he knew of her sister's family; and then asked if he had heard from his old friend George Greenwood lately.

"Only a few days ago, he sent me a magazine with a long story of his in it, founded on our ad- venture with the pickpockets," replied Jack. "He writes me a letter about once a month. You hear from him, of course?"

"O, yes. And he sends me magazines. He has wonderful talent, don't you think so?"

And the two friends fell to praising the absent George.

"I wonder if you have noticed one thing?" said Vinnie.

"What, in particular?"

"That Grace Manton has been the heroine of all his last stories."

"I fancied I could see you in one or two of them," replied Jack.

"Perhaps. But I am not the heroine; I am only the goody-goody girl," laughed Vinnie. "When you see beauty, talent, accomplishments,—that's Grace. I am glad they are getting on so well together."

"So am I!" said Jack, with an indescribable look at the girl beside him.

"Mr. Manton is dead.—I suppose you know it," said Vinnie.

Jack knew it, and was not sorry; though he had much to say in praise of the man's natural talents, which dissipation had ruined.

The purchase made, they visited the schooner, where it was decided that Vinnie should remain on board. Jack then left her, in order to make the most of his time looking about the city for his horse.

He continued his search, visiting every public stable, making inquiries of the hostlers, and nailing up or distributing a small hand-bill he had had printed, offering a reward of twenty dollars for "a light, reddish roan horse, with white fore feet, a conspicuous scar low down on the near side, just behind the shoulder, and a smaller scar on the off hip."

In the meantime he kept a sharp look-out for roan horses in the streets. But all to no purpose. There were roan horses enough, but he could see and hear nothing of the particular roan he wanted.

In the evening he went to see Vinnie on board the schooner, and talked of his ill success.

"A light roan? that's a kind of gray, aint it?" said the captain of the "Heron." "That bearish fellow from Long Woods, who would n't take into

his wagon anybody connected with the Bettersons, _____"

"Dudley Peakslow,—I sha' n't soon forget his name!" said Vinnie.

"He drove such a horse," said the captain; "though I did n't notice the fore feet or any scars."

Jack laughed, and shook his head.

"That's what everybody says. But the scars and fore feet are the main points in my case. I would n't give a cent for a roan horse without 'em!" Then he changed the subject. "It's a beautiful night, Vinnie; let's go for a little stroll on the lake shore, and forget all about roans,—light roans, dark roans, white feet, black, blue, green, yellow feet! Perhaps your friends will go with us."

Jack hoped they would n't, I regret to say. But the night was so pleasant, and the captain's wife had become so attached to Vinnie, that she persuaded her husband to go.

The lake shore was charming; for in those early days it had not been marred by breakwaters and docks. The little party strolled along the beach, with the sparkling waves dashing at their feet, and the lake spread out before them, vast, fluctuating, misty-gray, with here and there a white crest tossing in the moon.

Singing snatches of songs with Vinnie, telling stories with the captain, skipping pebbles on the lake,—ah, how happy Jack was! He was glad, after all, that they had all come together, since there was now no necessity of Vinnie's hastening back to the schooner, to prevent her friends from sitting up for her.

"I've been in this port fifty times," said the captain, "but I've never been down here before, neither has my wife; and I'm much obliged to you for bringing us."

"I like the lake," said his wife, "but I like it best from shore."

"O, so do I!" said Vinnie, filled with the peace and beauty of the night.

It was late when they returned to the schooner. There Jack took his leave, bidding Vinnie hold herself in readiness to be taken off, with her trunk, in a grocer's wagon early the next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

JACK'S NEW HOME.

IN due time the wagon was driven to the wharf; and Vinnie, parting from the captain and his wife with affectionate good-byes, rode out in the freshness of the morning across the great plain stretching back from the city.

The plain left behind, groves and streams and high prairies were passed; all wearing a veil of

romance to the eye of the young girl, which saw everything by its own light of youth and hope.

But the roads were in places rough and full of ruts; the wagon was pretty well loaded; and Vinnie was weary enough, when, late in the afternoon, they approached the thriving new village of North Mills.

"Here we come to Lanman's nurseries," said Jack, as they passed a field of rich dark soil, run with neat rows of very young shrubs and trees. "Felton is interested in the business with him, and I work for them a good deal when we've nothing to surveying to do. They're hardly established yet, but they're sure of a great success within a few years, for all this immense country must have orchards and garden fruits, you know. Ah, there's Lion!"

The dog came bounding to the front when whining, barking, leaping up, wagging his tail, and finally rolling over in the dirt, to show his joy in seeing again his young master.

The Lanman cottage was close by; and there the door was its young mistress, who, warned of the dog of the wagon's approach, had come out to see if Jack's horse was with him.

"No news of Snowfoot?" she said, walking to the gate as the wagon stopped.

"Not a hit. But I've had good luck, after all. For here is—who do you suppose? Vinnie Dalton, Vinnie, this is the friend you have heard me speak of, Mrs. Annie Felton Lanman."

Vinnie went out of the wagon almost into the arms of Annie; so well had both been prepared to meet Jack to know and to love each other.

Of course the young girl received a cordial welcome; and to her the little cottage seemed most charming in the world. It contained no luxuries, but everything in it was arranged with neatness and taste, and exhaled an atmosphere of sweetness and comfort, which mere luxury never give.

"Lion has been watching for you with anxiety of a lover all the afternoon," Mrs. Lanman said to Jack, as, side by side, with Vinnie between them, they walked up the path to the door. "He is jealous because you don't give him more attention."

"Not jealous; but he wants to be introduced to Vinnie. Here, old fellow!"

Vinnie was delighted to make acquaintance with the faithful dog, and listened eagerly to Annie's praise of him as they entered the house.

"He is useful in doing our errands," said Mrs. Lanman. "If I wish to send him to the grocer for anything, I write my order on a piece of paper, put it into a basket, and give the basket to him, just lifting my finger, and saying: 'Go to the

cery, go to the grocery,' twice; and he never makes a mistake. To-day, Jack, for the first time, came home without doing his errand."

"Why, Lion! I'm surprised at you!" said Jack; while Lion lay down on the floor, looking very much abashed.

"I sent him for butter, which we wanted to use for dinner. As I knew, when he came back, that the order, which I placed in a dish in the basket, had not been touched, I sent him again. 'Don't come home,' I said, 'till somebody gives you the butter.' He then went, and did n't return at all. As dinner-time came, I sent my brother to look for him. He found the grocery closed, and Lion sitting with his basket on the steps."

"The grocer is sick," Jack explained; "his son has gone to town with me; and so the clerk was obliged to shut up the store when he went to dinner." And he praised and patted Lion, to let me know that they were not blaming him for his failure to bring the butter.

"One day," said Annie, "he had been sent to the butcher's for a piece of meat. On his way home he saw a small dog of his acquaintance engaged in a desperate fight with a big dog,—as big as Lion himself. At first he ran up to them much excited; then he seemed to remember his basket full of meat. He could n't go into the fight with that, so he was too prudent to set it down in the street. For a moment he looked puzzled; then he ran to the grocery, which was close by,—the same place where we send him for things; but instead of holding up his basket before one of the men, as he does on his errand is with them, he went and set it fully down behind a barrel in a corner. Then he rushed out and gave the big dog a severe whipping. The men in the grocery watched him; and, knowing that he would return for the basket, they hid it in another place, to see what he would do. He went back into the store, to the corner behind the barrel, and appeared to be in great distress. He snuffed and whimpered about the store for awhile, then ran up to the youngest of the men, —"

"Horace,—the young fellow who came out with the basket to-day," commented Jack. "He is full of his tricks; and Lion knew that it would be just like him to play such a trick."

"He ran up to Horace," Annie continued, "and whined furiously; and became at last so fiercely threatening, that it was thought high time to give him the basket. Lion took it and ran home in extraordinary haste; but it was several days before he could have anything more to do with Horace." "Who can say, after this, that dogs do not talk?" said the admiring Vinnie.

"Mr. Lanman thinks he has some St. Bernard

blood," said Jack, "and that is what gives him his intelligence. He knows just what we are talking about now; and see! he hardly knows whether to be proud or ashamed. I don't approve of his fighting, on ordinary occasions; and I've had to punish him for it once or twice. The other evening, as I was coming home from a hunt after my horse, I saw two dogs fighting near the saw-mill."

Jack had got so far, when Lion, who had seemed to take pleasure in being in the room to that moment, got up very quietly and went out with drooping ears and tail.

"He knows what is coming, and does n't care to hear it. There's a little humbug about Lion, as there is about the most of us. It was growing dark, and the dogs were a little way off, and I was n't quite sure of Lion; but some boys—who saw the fight told me it was he, and I called to him. But what do you think he did? Instead of running to greet me, as he always does when he sees me return after an absence, he fought a little longer, then pretended to be whipped, and ran around the saw-mill, followed by the other dog. The other dog came back, but Lion did n't. I was quite surprised, when I got home, to see him rush out to meet me, in an ecstasy of delight, as if he then saw me for the first time. His whole manner seemed to say: 'I am tickled to see you, Jack! and if you think you saw me fighting the sawyer's dog just now, you're much mistaken.' I don't know but I might have been deceived, in spite of the boys; but one thing betrayed him,—he was wet. In order to get home before me, without passing me on the road, he had swum the river."

"Now you must tell the story of the chickens," said Annie.

"Another bit of humbug," laughed Jack. "Our neighbors' chickens trouble us by scratching in our yard, and I have told Lion he must keep them out. But I noticed that sometimes, even when he had been on guard, there were signs that the chickens had been there and scratched. So I got Mrs. Lanman to watch him for two or three days, while he watched the chickens. Now Lion is very fond of company; so, as soon as I was out of sight, he would let the chickens come in, and scratch and play all about him, while he would lie with his nose on his paws and blink at them as good-naturedly as possible. But he kept an eye out for me all the while, and the moment I came in sight, he would jump up, and go to frightening away the chickens with a great display of vigor and fidelity. So you see, Lion is n't a perfect character, by any means. I could tell you a good deal more about his peculiarities; but I think you are too tired now to listen to any more dog stories."

Jack carried Vinnie's trunk to a cosy little room;

and there she had time to rest and make herself presentable, before Mrs. Lanman came to tell her that tea was ready.

"See here, Vinnie, a minute!" said Jack, peeping in from a half-opened door. "Don't make a noise!" he whispered, as if there were a great mystery within. "I'll show you something very precious."

Mrs. Lanman followed, smiling, as Jack led Vinnie to a crib, lifted a light veil, and discovered a lovely little cherub of a child, just opening its soft blue eyes, and stretching out its little rosy hands, still dewy with sleep.

"O how sweet!" said Vinnie, thrilled with love and tenderness at the sight.

"She has a smile for you, see!" said the pleased young mother.

Of course Vinnie had never seen so pretty a baby, such heavenly eyes, or such cunning little hands.

"The hands are little," said Jack, in a voice which had an unaccustomed tremor in it; "but they are stronger than a giant's; they have hold of all our heart-strings."

"I never knew a boy so fond of a baby as Jack is," said Annie.

"O, but I should n't be so fond of any other baby!" Jack replied, bending down to give the little thing a fond caress.

As they went out to tea, there was a happy light on all their faces, as if some new, deep note of harmony had just been struck in their hearts.

At tea, Vinnie made the acquaintance of Annie's brother and husband, and Jack's friends. Mr. Forrest Felton and Mr. Percy Lanman; and—so pleasant and genial were their ways—felt at home in their presence at once. This was a great relief to her; for she felt very diffident at meeting men whom she had heard Jack praise so highly.

Any one could see that Vinnie was not accustomed to what is called society; but her native manners were so simple and sincere, and there was such an air of fresh, young, joyous, healthy life about her, that she produced an effect upon beholders which the most artificially refined young lady might have envied.

Jack watched her and Annie a good deal slyly; and there was in his expression a curious mixture of pride and anxiety, as if he were trying to look at each with the other's eyes, and thinking how they must like each other, yet having some fears lest they might not see all he saw to admire.

Vinnie was made to talk a good deal of her journey; and she told the story with so much simplicity, speaking with unfeigned gratitude and affection of the friendships she had made, and touching with quiet mirthfulness upon the droll events, as if

she hardly knew herself that they were droll, though—especially Jack—were charmed.

But she had not the least idea of "showing off." Indeed, she thought scarcely at all of what other thought of her; but said often to herself, "What a beautiful home Jack has, and what pleasant companions!"

After tea, she must see more of the baby; but Jack wanted to show her the greenhouses and the nurseries; and then all settled down to a social evening.

"Vinnie is pretty tired," said Jack, "and think a little music will please her better than anything else."

And so a little concert was got up for her entertainment.

Forrest Felton was a fine performer on the flute. Mr. Lanman played the violin, and his wife the piano; and they discoursed some excellent music. Then, still better, there was singing. The decorated Forrest had a superb bass voice; Lanman a fine tenor; Annie's voice was light, but exceedingly sweet and expressive; and they sang several pieces together, to her own accompaniment on the piano. Then Lanman said:

"Now it is your turn, Jack."

"But you know," replied Jack, "I never play for anybody, when your wife or Forrest are present."

"True; but you can dance."

"O yes! a dance, Jack!" cried Annie.

Vinnie clapped her hands.

"Has Jack told you," she said, "how, on a steamboat going from Albany to New York, and they had had their pockets picked, he and George Greenwood collected a little money,—George playing the flute and Jack dancing, for the amusement of the passengers?"

Jack laughed, and looked at his shoes.

"Well, come to the kitchen, where there's a carpet on the floor, and I'll give you what I call the 'Canal Driver's Hornpipe.' Bring your flute, Forrest."

So they went to the kitchen; and all stood, with Jack, with wild grace of attitude, and wonderful ease and precision of movement, performed one of his most difficult and spirited dances.

When it was ended, in the midst of the laughter and applause, he caught up a hat, and gave it a pass around for pennies. But while the men were feeling in their pockets, he appeared suddenly to remember where he was.

"Beg pardon," he cried, sailing his hat into a corner, and whirling on his heel,— "I forgot myself; I thought I was on the deck of the steamboat!"

This closed the evening's entertainment.

When Vinnie, retiring to her room, laid her head on the pillow, she thought of the night before of this night, and asked her heart if it could ever again know two evenings so purely happy. Then a great wave of anxiety swept over her mind, as she thought of the other home, to which she must hasten on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

VINNIE'S FUTURE HOME.

A LIVELY sensation was produced, the next forenoon, when a youth and a girl, in a one-horse

Five-year-old Chokie got up from his holes in the earth by the doorstep, and stood with dangling hands and sprawling fingers, grinning, dirty-faced.

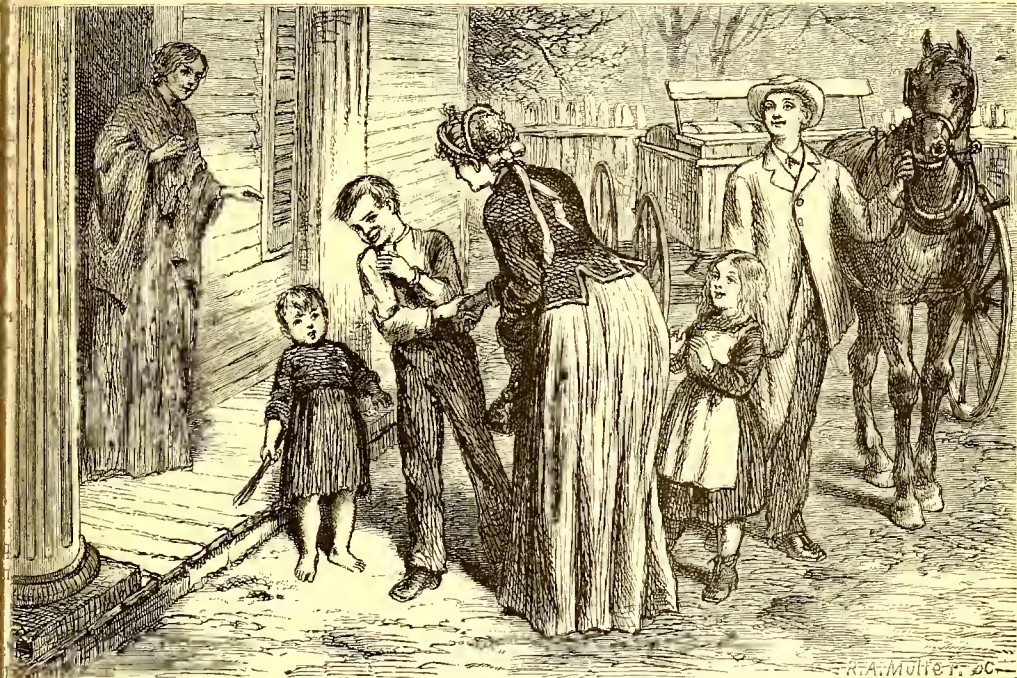
Vinnie, springing to the ground with Jack's help, at the side-door caught Lill in her arms, and gave her an ardent kiss.

"I have heard of you!" she said; for she had recognized the bright, wistful face.

"Dear auntie!" said the child, with tears and smiles of joy, "I'm so glad you've come!"

"Here is Link—my friend Link," said Jack. "Don't overlook him."

"I've heard a good deal about you too, Link!"



"LINK DOESN'T CARE TO BE KISSED."

wagon, with a big dog and a small trunk, arrived at Lord Betterton's "castle."

Link dashed into the house, screaming, "They've come! they've come!"

"Who has come?" gasped poor Mrs. Betterton, with a start of alarm, glancing her eye about the bordered room.

"Jack What's-his-name! the fellow that shot the deer and lost his horse. It's Aunt Lavanny with him, I bet!"

And out the boy rushed again, to greet the newcomers.

Lill, who was once more washing dishes at the table, stepped down from her stool, and ran out, drying her fingers on her apron by the way.

said Vinnie, embracing him also, but not quite so impulsively.

"Ye need n't mind kissing me!" said Link, bashfully turning his face. "And as for him,"—as she passed on to the five-year-old,—"that's Chokie; he's a reg'lar prairie gopher for digging holes; you wont find a spot on him big as a sixpence clean enough to kiss, I bet ye two million dollars!"

Vinnie did not accept the wager, convinced, probably, that she would lose it if she did. As she bent over the child, however, the report of a kiss was heard,—a sort of shot in the air, not designed to come very near the mark.

"I'm didding a well," said Chokie, in a solemn

voice, "so the boys wont have to do to the spring for water."

Mrs. Betterson tottered to the door, convulsively wrapping her red shawl about her.

"Lavinia! Is it sister Lavinia?"

At sight of her, so pale and feeble, Vinnie was much affected. She could hardly speak; but, supporting the emaciated form in her strong, embracing arms, she led her back into the house.

"You are so good to come!" said Mrs. Betterson, weeping, as she sank in her chair. "I am worse than when I wrote to you; and the baby is no better; and Cecie—poor Cecie! though she can sit up but little, she does more than any of us for the sick little thing."

Vinnie turned to the lounge, where Cecie, with the baby in her arms, lay smiling with bright, moist eyes upon the new-comer. She bent over and kissed them both; and, at sight of the puny infant,—so pitiful a contrast to Mrs. Lanman's fair and healthy child,—she felt her heart contract with grief and her eyes fill.

Then, as she turned away with an effort at self-control, and looked about the room, she must have noticed, too, the painful contrast between Jack's home and this, which was to be hers; and have felt a sinking of the heart, which it required all her strength and courage to overcome.

"We are not looking fit to be seen; I know it, Lavinia!" sighed Mrs. Betterson. "But you'll excuse it—you've already excused so many things in the past! It seems a dreadful, unnatural thing for *our* family to be so—so very—yet don't think we are absolutely reduced, Lavinia. Mr. Betterson's connections, as everybody knows, are very wealthy and aristocratic, and they are sure to do something for him soon. This is my husband, sister Lavinia." And, with a faint simper of satisfaction, she looked up at a person who just then entered from an adjoining room.

He was a tall, well-made man, who looked (Vinnie could not help thinking) quite capable of doing something for himself. He might have been called fine-looking, but that his fine looks, like his gentility, of which he made a faded show in his dress and manners, appeared to have gone somewhat to seed. He greeted Vinnie with polite condescension, said a few commonplace words, settled his dignified chin in his limp dickey, which was supported by a high, tight stock (much frayed about the edges), and went on out of the house.

"Now you have seen him!" whispered Mrs. Betterson, as if it had been a great event in Vinnie's life. "Very handsome, and perfectly well-bred, as you observe. Not at all the kind of man to be neglected by his family, aristocratic as they are; do you think he is? Yes, my dear Lavinia,"

she added, with a sickly smile, "you have seen real, live Betterson!"

These evidences of a foolish pride surviving affliction, made poor Vinnie more heartsick than anything else; and for a moment the brave girl was almost overcome with discouragement.

In the meanwhile, the real, live Betterson walked out into the yard, where Jack—who had not cared to follow Vinnie into the house—was talking with Link.

"Will you walk in, sir?" And the stately Betterson neck bent slightly in its stiff stock.

"No, I thank you," replied Jack. "But I suppose this trunk goes in."

"Ah! to be sure. Lincoln,"—with a wave of the aristocratic Betterson hand,—"*show the you man where to put the trunk. He can take it Cecie's room.*"

"I can, can I? That's a privilege!" thought Jack. He was perfectly willing to be a porter, anything else, in a good cause; and it was a delight for him to do Vinnie a service; but why did the noble Betterson stand there and give directions about the trunk, in that pompous way, instead of taking hold of one end of it? Jack, who had lively spirit, and a tongue of his own, was prompted to say something sarcastic, but he wisely forbore.

"I'll place it here for the present," he said, and set the trunk down by the doorstep. He thought it would be better for him to see Vinnie and bid her good-bye a little later, after the meeting between the sisters should be well over; so he turned to Link, and asked where his big brothers were.

"I d'n' know," said Link; "guess they're down in the lot hunting prairie hens."

"Let's go and find 'em," said Jack.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY JACK DID NOT FIRE AT THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

BOTH Link and Lion were delighted with the proposal, and they set off in high glee, boy and dog capering at each side of the more steady-going Jack.

"A well?" said Jack, as they passed a curb behind the house. "I thought you had to go to the spring for water."

"So we do," said Link.

"Why don't you use the well?"

"I d'n' know; 't aint good for anything. 'T aint deep enough."

"Why was n't it dug deeper?"

"I d'n' know; father got out of patience, guess, or out of money. 'T was a wet time, and the water came into it, so they stunn'd it up; and now it's dry all summer."

They passed a field on the sunny slope, and Jack said, "What 's here?"

"I d'n' know; 't was potatoes, but it's run all weeds."

"Why did n't you hoe them?"

"I d'n' know; folks kind o' neglected 'em, till was too late."

Beyond the potatoes was another crop, which the weeds, tall as they were, could not hide.

"Corn?" said Jack.

"Meant for corn," replied Link. "But the cats and hogs have been in it, and trampled down the rows."

"I should think so! They look like the last days of summer!" Jack said. "Why don't you trap the cattle and hogs out?"

"I d'n' know; 't aint much of a fence; hogs run over and cattle jump over."

"Plenty of timber close by,—why don't your folks make a better fence?"

"I d'n' know; they don't seem to take a notion."

Jack noticed that the river was quite near, and asked if there was good boating.

"I d'n' know—pretty good, only when the water's too low."

"Do you keep a boat?"

"Not exactly—we never had one of our own," said Link. "But onc came floating down the river, and the boys nabbed that. A fust-rate boat, only it leaked like a sieve."

"Leaked? Does n't it leak now?"

"No!" said Link, stoutly. "They hauled it up, and last winter they worked on it, odd spells, and now it don't leak a drop."

Jack was surprised to hear of so much enterprise in the Betterson family, and asked:

"Stopped all the leaks in the old boat! They rattled and painted it, I suppose?"

"No, they did n't."

"Calked and pitched it, then?"

"No, they did n't."

"What did they do to it?"

"Made kindling-wood of it," said Link, laughing, and hitching up his one suspender.

Jack laughed too, and changed the subject.

"Is that one of your brothers with a gun?"

"That's Wad; Rufe is down on the grass."

"What sort of a crop is that,—buckwheat?"

Link grinned. "There's something funny about that! Ye see, a buckwheat lot is a great place for prairie hens. So one day I took the old gun, and the powder and shot you gave me for carrying you

some that night, and went in, and scared off five or six, and fired at 'em, but I did n't hit any. Wad came along and yelled at me. 'Don't you know any better 'n to be trampling down the buck-

wheat?' says he. 'Out of there, quicker!' And he took the gun away from me. But he'd seen one of the hens I started light again on the edge of the buckwheat; so he went in to find her. 'You're trampling the buckwheat yourself!' says I. 'No, I aint,' says he; 'I step between the spears; and I'm coming out in a minute.' He staid in, though, about an hour, and went all over the patch, and shot two prairie chickens. Then Rufe came along, and he was mad enough, 'cause Wad was treading down the buckwheat. 'Come out of that!' says he, 'or I'll go in after ye, and put that gun where you wont see it again.' So Wad came out; and the sight of his chickens made Rufe's eyes shine. 'Did ye shoot *them* in the buckwheat?' says he. 'Yes,' says Wad; 'and I could shoot plenty more; the patch is full of 'em.' Rufe said he wanted the gun to go and shoot ducks with, on the river; but he did n't find any ducks, and coming along back he thought he would try *his* luck in the buckwheat,—treading between the spears! He had shot three prairie chickens, when father came along, and scolded him, and made him come out. 'I've heard you fire twenty times,' says father; 'you're wasting powder and ruining the crop. Let *me* take the gun.' 'But *you* must n't ruin the crop,' says Rufe. Father's a splendid shot,—can drop a bird every time,—only he don't like to go hunting very often. He thought 't would pay for *him* to go through the patch *once*; besides, he said, if the birds were getting the buckwheat, we might as well get the birds. He thought *he* could tread between the spears! Well, since then," said Link, "we've just made a hunting-ground of that patch, always treading between the spears till lately; now it's got so trampled it never 'll pay to cut it; so we just put it through. See that hen!"

There was a sound of whirring wings, a flash, a loud report, a curl of smoke—a broken-winged grouse shooting down aslant into the buckwheat, and a young hunter running to the spot.

"That 's the way he does it," said Rufe, getting up from the grass.

He greeted Jack good-naturedly, inquired about Snowfoot, heard with surprise of Vinnie's arrival, and finally asked if Jack would like to try his hand at a shot.

"I should," replied Jack, "if it was n't for treading down your buckwheat."

"That's past caring for," said Rufe, with a laugh: "Here, Wad, bring us the gun."

"Is that your land the other side of the fence?" Jack asked.

"That lot belongs to old Peakslow," said Rufe, speaking the name with great contempt. "And he pretends to claim a big strip this side, too."

That's what caused the feud between our families."

"He hates you pretty well, I should judge," replied Jack; and he told the story, as Vinnie had told it to him, of her encounter with Peakslow on the deck of the schooner.

"He's the ugliest man!" Rufe declared, reddening angrily. "You may thank your stars you've nothing to do with him. Now take the gun,"—Wad had by this time brought it,—"go through to the fence and back, and be ready to fire the moment a bird rises. Keep your dog back, and look out and not hit one of Peakslow's horses, the other side of the fence."

"He brought home a new horse from Chicago a day or two ago," said Wad; "and he's just been out there looking at him and feeling for ring-bones. If he's with him now," he added, "and if you *should* happen to shoot *one* of 'em, I hope it won't be the horse!"

Jack laughed, and started to go through the buckwheat. He had got about half-way, when a hen rose a few feet from him, at his right. He was not much accustomed to shooting on the wing; and it is much harder to hit birds rising suddenly, at random, in that way, than when they are started by a trained dog. But good luck made up for what he lacked in skill; and at his fire the hen dropped fluttering in the grass that bordered the buckwheat.

"I'll pick her up!" cried Link; and he ran to do so; while Wad carried Jack the powder and shot for another load.

"But I ought not to use up your ammunition in this way!" Jack protested.

"I guess you can afford to," replied Wad. "It was mostly bought with money we sold that fawn skin for."

Jack was willing enough to try another shot; and, the piece reloaded, he resumed his tramp.

He had nearly reached the fence, when a bird rose between it and him, and flew over Peakslow's

pasture. Jack had brought the gun to his shoulder and was about to pull trigger, when he remembered Peakslow's horses, and stopped to give hasty glance over the fence.

Down went the gun, and Jack stood astonished the bird forgotten, and his eyes fixed on an object beyond.

What Wad said of their neighbor having brought a new horse from Chicago, together with wh



SHOT ON THE WING.

the captain of the "Heron" said of one of Peakslow's span being a light roan, rushed through his thoughts. He ran up to the fence, and looked eagerly over; then gave a shout of joy.

After all his futile efforts to find him, chasing about the country, offering rewards, scattering handbills, there was the lost horse, the veritable Snowfoot, grazing quietly, in the amiable M Peakslow's pasture!

(To be continued.)

THE FEAST OF DOLLS.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

HERE are two little Japanese girls who, every year, enjoy the Feast of Dolls. Do you know them? No?

Well, then, I'll tell you about Komme and Lugi, these are their names. If they lived in America, they would be called Little Plum and Cedar, for these are what the words Komme and Lugi mean.



KOMME AND LUGI.

The Feast of Dolls comes once a year,—on the third day of March. It is the greatest day of the year for girls. The boys do not care much about it because their great day, called the Feast of Dolls, comes on the fifth day of May.

Lugi and Komme are both of them school-children, and study very hard. When a holiday comes, they enjoy it very much, for they are glad to lay down their books, which are full of curious Japanese and Chinese letters. So, last March, on the day before the Feast of Dolls, they washed the ink off their hands, hung up their copy-books, and laid aside their cakes of ink and ink-stones with more than usual care. Japanese children rub what they call "India" ink on a stone, and write with this ink altogether.

After coming home from school, they had an early supper; for their mother wanted plenty of time to arrange the dolls and toys on tables, and to do this requires as much time as Santa Claus requires to fill stockings or to trim Christmas-trees. So the two sisters were soon in bed, with their

heads on their curious little pillows, made of a piece of wood with a cushion on top of it. Their mother saw that they were safe under the covers, and then said: "*o yasumi nasare,*" which means "rest well." and which people in Japan say, instead of "good-night," as a bed-time kiss.

Finally they fell asleep, and then their mother began to prepare the toys and the dolls, and the dolls' dinner and tea-service, and sweetmeats and dainty food for her darlings and their doll-friends.

Nearly every large house in Japan has a smaller house beside or near it, which is fire-proof. In this storehouse the valuable things are kept. The servants went to this house and brought a great many boxes into the largest room of the dwelling. Then Komme and Lugi's mamma and papa opened the boxes and arranged the tables. Everything in the boxes was wrapped up in silk. They were kept quite busy for three hours. Then, after admiring the brilliant show, which they knew their darling Komme and Lugi would enjoy so much, the Japanese mamma and papa went to bed.

The little girls rose earlier than usual the next morning. They quickly dressed, putting on their best robes of red crape and curiously-figured silk, and went first to their parents, as Japanese children always do, and wished them "good-morning." They did not eat much breakfast, as they were too eager to see their dolls.

Now, how many dolls did these little girls have, do you suppose? It was a Feast of Dolls, you must remember! One? Two? Four? Five?

Guess again. Ten? More than ten; you would hardly believe it, but they had over a hundred dolls. Japan is, above all others, the land for dolls.

Some of them were two hundred years old. Think of that! They had belonged to Komme's great-grandmother's great-grandmother. I suppose you would have called them Methusaleh's daughters. Their faces were very dark with age; their gilt ornaments were all tarnished; but, strange to say, their dress was still fashionable in Japan. Fashions do not change there every few months, but remain just the same for centuries. Then there were dolls which had belonged to Komme's grandmother and to her mother, and it was like a great Thanksgiving party at home, when grandpa and papa and mamma and all the children meet together. Only they were dolls.

But they were very different from anything in America.

There were Mikados and Mikados' wives, and Tycoons and Tycoonesses, and ladies and gentlemen of the Court, boy-babies and girl-babies, and young Japanese ladies and young Japanese gentlemen. All were dressed in a manner entirely different from any American dolls. The Mikado's wife and ladies of the Court wear their hair far down their backs, and have on a kind of loose pantaloons of cherry-red silk. The Tycoon had on a very high black cap perched on the front part of his head, and he and his officers and men always wore swords in their silk girdles. Indeed, it looked to me, when I went into Komme's house, as if all the different kinds of Japanese I had ever seen, either in the palace or on the street, had suddenly become small, and were sitting on Komme's table. Some of these playthings were only six inches high; some about a foot tall; but Lugi's favorite doll was four feet high, from the top of the puffs on her head to the soles of her sandals.

But the dolls were only part of the show. There were tables to eat from, and to play games on. Some were for checkers; some for "proverb" cards. As for the dishes and cups and bottles, and things to eat out of and with, they were too many to count, and yet they were nearly all different from our table-service. Then there were dogs and cats and deer and wild boars, fishes and lobsters, all made to play with, and very pretty. Then there were tiny racks and "horses" to hang clothes upon, and on these everything belonging to a girl's or a lady's dress was hung. Do you think it strange that among them all was not one hat or bonnet, one pair of boots, or one frock? Japanese ladies never wear any of these, and yet they have very pretty dresses, and look very neat, and dress very becomingly.

All children's playthings are only the tiny copies of what their parents and grown folks play with—I mean what they use. So I found, when I went to see Komme's father, and looked in upon their fun,

that everything they were playing with was just like what I saw the Japanese fathers and mother use. They did not have any railroads in Japan then; so everybody had to travel in a *kago*, which is a kind of basket, or box, carried by men.

Komme and Lugi had plenty of traveling-boxes and trunks, made of sandal-wood and camphor wood, and several handsome *kagos*. They played taking the Mikado to Kioto, and all the make-believe lords and ladies followed them. When they arrived in Kioto, they were very hungry, and all sat down to dinner.

How I wish you could have seen that dinner,—that real Feast of Dolls. Each table was only about four inches square, but on it were rice and fish and ginger and radishes and beans and tea and buckwheat cakes. I suppose the dolls all enjoyed it but they left the feast uneaten. Still, it was good Japanese food. There was no bread, no beef, no cheese, no pies, no milk, no coffee, for the Japanese people very seldom eat or drink these things, and Japanese dolls, never.

After the feast they made some of the doll dance. They put the Mikado on his throne, and brought up the Tycoon and all the lords and gentlemen to bow to him. They made each doll bow its head and touch the floor with its forehead. Then they made the ladies play on the *koto*, a kind of Japanese harp. Komme made the dolls go through the motions, while Lugi made the music.

By and by it was time for the dolls to be put to bed, and then their curious sleeping-coats were put on, and each head was laid on its pillow. By this time mamma found that it was nearly time for her darlings to go to sleep also.

The Feast of Dolls in Japan lasts only one day, but the display of toys is kept up for several days.

Soon you shall hear all about the Feast of Flags. But now I must say what all Japanese boys and girls and everybody else in Japan say when the part—"sayonara."

PRUDHOMME AND THE LITTLE ARMY.

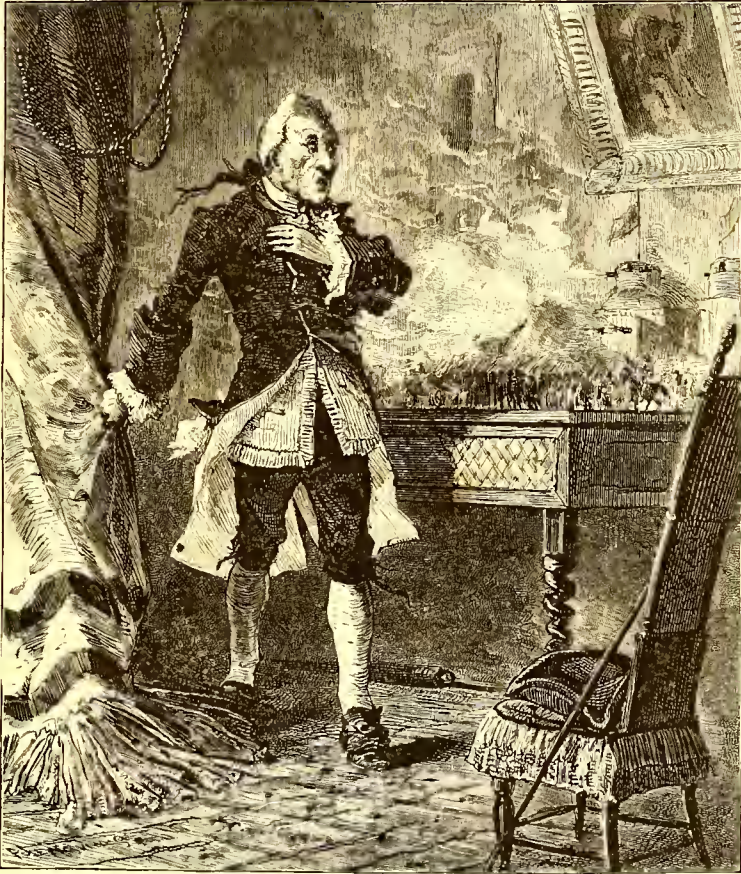
PRUDHOMME was a contemporary of Napoleon, —a French *avocat*, or lawyer as we Americans would call him. He was an author, and in his later years became a strong Republican, and wrote many books against Royalty. He was the author of "The Revolution of Paris," "Crimes of the Queens," &c. By the Royalists he was called a mediocre barrister —a low, mischievous fellow. We should hear the other side, however, before we decide whether he

was so bad a man as represented by the Royalists. Whether he was very bad or not, certain it is that his meddling ways often led him into sorry scrapes. Here is an account of one of these, translated from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, which will specially interest American boys and girls. Our artist, you will see, has caught the very spirit of the scene:

"Prudhomme had been called one day to the palace of the Emperor, and was obliged to wait in the

abinet devoted to the studies of the King of Rome. After having examined everything in the room, his attention was arrested by a large flat table, on which were ranged in lines of battle about two thousand little soldiers of admirable workmanship. This was a cabinet of playthings and objects of art. Everything was scrupulously reproduced, even to the military band, composed of drums, clarions, cymbals, Chinese bells, and other instruments. One would

burst forth, and the rolling of the drums, with the jingling of the Chinese bells, filled the room. Prudhomme, alarmed, and fearing the arrival of the Emperor in the midst of this frightful uproar, rushed to the knob, and turned it. But this had no effect; the army was called out for a given time, and nothing could stop it. Poor Prudhomme thought he should become insane when the twelve pieces of cannon began to go off! He opened the



"THE TWELVE PIECES OF CANNON BEGAN TO GO OFF."

Prudhomme believed himself in Lilliput. A great copper knob was placed at the extremity of the table. Prudhomme was curious to know of what use this knob would be. Whilst endeavoring to learn its utility, he looked around him, and being perfectly sure that he was alone, he turned the knob as one would turn the handle of a door. Immediately the entire little army began to march; the door of a fort was thrown open, and twelve pieces of cannon were unmasked. The military music, admirably imitated by an interior mechanism hidden in the table,

burst forth, and the rolling of the drums, and, hiding himself behind a curtain, decided to conceal himself from the Emperor, thinking the racket would certainly bring him in that direction. Happily, after the firing of the artillery, everything became silent and motionless.

"An attendant came a few moments after to seek Prudhomme to conduct him to the Emperor. The first words of the Emperor on seeing him were: 'How pale you are, Monsieur Prudhomme!' to which Prudhomme made no reply."

THE CRY-BA-BY.

FRED is a lit-tle boy, but a great cry-ba-by. He cries in the morn-ing, he cries at noon, he cries at night. He cries when he is washed, when he is dressed, and when his hair is combed. He cries when he goes to school, and when he goes to bed. He cries be-cause his milk is hot, and be-cause his toast is cold; be-cause his jack-et is too old, and be-cause his boots are too new. It is queer how much Fred finds to cry a-bout.

One day he went to see his Aunt Ma-ry. She gave him a nice thick piece of gin-ger-bread. She thought that would make him smile. Oh, no! it made him cry. He just o-pened his mouth to take a bite, and then burst out with a loud "boo-hoo!"

"Why, what is the mat-ter?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"This gin-ger-bread is too high up!" cried Fred.

"There, there! What a sil-ly boy!" said Aunt Ma-ry. "Hark! I hear mu-sic! The sol-diers are com-ing! Let us look out and see them go by!" said the kind aunt-y.

She put Fred up in a chair at the win-dow, and he saw the sol-diers march by, and heard the mu-sic; and all the time he munched a-way a the gin-ger-bread that was "too high up." By the time the last sol-die had passed, the gin-ger-bread was all gone.

"Now Fred is a good lit-tle boy," said Aunt Ma-ry. But all at once he be-gan to cry a-gain. "Oh, dear! What is it now?" said Aunt-y "What are you cry-ing a-bout this time?"

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" roared Fred. "I can't 'mem-ber what I cried a-bout be-fore the mu-sic came! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

Aunt Ma-ry put on Fred's cap and took him home, and called the fam-i-ly to-geth-er.

"What are you go-ing to do with this boy?" she said. "He cries all the time!"

"Let us all laugh at him ev-er-y time he cries!" said Mam-ma.

"That will make too much noise," said Pa-pa. "I think I'll get him the place of town-cri-er, and let him earn his liv-ing by cry-ing."

"He can be a news-boy, and cry news-pa-pers!" said lit-tle Mol-ly.

"We might make a great dunce-cap, with CRY-BA-BY print-ed on it in big let-ters, and make him wear it all the time he cries," said Sis-ter Sue. "That would make him a-shamed."

"What do you say, Char-ley?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"Set him up in the Park for a drink-ing fount-ain, and let streams of water come out of his eyes all the time!" said Char-ley.

"Well," said Aunt-y, "I hard-ly know which is the best plan; but ne-thing must be done, or Fred will nev-er grow to be a man!"

BER-THA AND THE BIRDS.

LIT-TLE Ber-tha stood at the win-dow, one morn-ing in win-ter, when there came a flock of snow-birds and lit on the tree and bush-es in the yard.

"Oh, you poor lit-tle bird-ies! You have no one to give you any-thing to eat. I'll get you some nice crumbs."

So she ran to mam-ma, who gave her bread-crumbs and let her throw them out-doors. She was much pleased to see the birds eat, but soon saw some-thing that made her feel ver-y bad-ly.

"Oh, how cold your poor lit-tle feet must be! I'll give you my dol-lies' shoes and stock-ings—so I will!"

And a-way she went to find them.

But when she came back the bird-ies were all gone.

Mam-ma told her that the Good Fath-er had so made their lit-tle feet, that they were in no need

such things to keep them warm. And then good lit-tle Ber-tha was quite hap-py a-gain.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, again! Glad to see you, my dears. Do you know that, in very old times, March was the first month of the year? They deprived her of that honor long ago, but she has blustered about it ever since.

Her winds soon will be talking to the trees, and trying to make them think it is time to "turn over some new leaves." I listened one night last Spring. The moss declared that I snored so loud that she could not sleep. I felt sure that it was not I, but I quietly staid awake to see, and I soon discovered that it was Mr. Meddlesome Wind. He came romping through the woods, talking to everybody in our neighborhood; trying to give them bad dreams.

First I heard him say to the dear tree-branches: "Rub each other; show some spirit; anything for fun; break your brother's arm off, and see how he will scold; hit the next tree a little,—she's a maple, and too weak to strike back! Ha! that's fun!"

The poor, sleepy branches did as he told them, and there was a regular family row up there.

One would suppose he might be satisfied then. But no; his fun was not complete until he had spoiled the solid comfort of our "feeble folk,"—the ferns and old leaves, and even the tiny things under them all.

So down he came, and made a great ado. He blew all the leaves about, calling out:

"You foolish things! to lie still here when you might as well take a frolic. Jump up and have a race! Never mind the baby-flowers! One cannot always be made a blanket of. Stand up for your rights, old leaves, and let the blossoms freeze. Who cares?"

He actually slapped me in the face a dozen times! He put his arm around the poor lady-ferns and proposed a waltz; but he almost twisted

them off their feet, and then laughed at them as he pushed them back against the bank. The moss slept away soundly, and only groaned once when some pine cones came pounding down on her head. But the next morning she began:

"How you did —" When I informed her that it was old March Wind who snored, and if she did not believe me, she had better lie awake and judge for herself.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.

WHAT a dreadful place a school-house must be and what shocking things happen there, if the tall of school-children is to be relied upon! Yesterday noon I heard a dozen of them speaking about the various incidents of the day. It was impossible to catch all they said, as three or four talked at once, but I managed to learn these startling facts:

Nelly Jones coughed fit to *split her sides!*

Kitty Carson nearly *died of laughing.*

That Lawrence boy actually *boiled over* with rage.

The teacher's eyes *shot fire.*

Nelly Murray recited *loud enough to take the roof off the house.*

Robby Fitz's eyes *grew as big as saucers.*

Tommy Hudson almost *ran his feet off.*

Susie Jennings *thought she'd burst.*

Ellen Walters *broke down completely!*

And yet it was an ordinary school-day.

CLOUDS.

I WONDER if my boys and girls ever study the clouds,—not to find fancy-pictures, but to learn the different kinds. Jack has fine times watching at the varieties. There's your *cirro cumulus*, or sonder cloud; your *cirrus*, or curl cloud; your *cirro-stratus*, or wane cloud; your *cumulus*, or pile cloud; your *cumulo-stratus*, or twain cloud, and your *nimbus*, or storm cloud. They're all different and all well worth knowing. Look into this matter my dears.

SHOOTING LAWYERS.

"ONE day when I was at the Orkney Islands, said the wild duck in one of our conversations, "I saw an islander walking along with a gun on his shoulder and a game-bag in his hand. He was met by a group of travelers from England, who had just landed.

"What sport?" cried one of them to the islander. "What sport have you had this morning?"

"Well, nothing very great," answered the man civilly enough. "I've only shot a brace of lawyers this morning."

"What?" screamed the travelers. "What killed two lawyers, and talk about it as coolly as you had only bagged a couple of birds!"

"And so I have," laughed the islander. "There is a bird here, a sort of puffin, that we Orkney folk always call *lawyers*. Why, you did n't think meant *men*, did you?"

"And," continued the wild duck, "while the travelers thought it a dreadful thing to kill a lawyer

en the lawyer was a *man*, they thought nothing of it when the lawyer was a *bird*. Just as if a bird's life was n't worth as much to it as a man's to him. Humph! Very queer, I think." And with this the wild duck dived suddenly to catch a little perch that he fancied for his dinner. Very queer world this, altogether, *Jack* thinks.

BRAZIL NUTS.

"If this is n't the queerest thing," said a bright girl one day, in my hearing. "I can't find gn of a stem on this Brazil nut."

"That's because the stem held on tight to the nut when the nut was picked off," said her companion.

"Yes, I know," said the other thoughtfully; "but in that case there'd be some kind of mark where the stem broke off. The fact is, *it does n't* seem to have any stem-end at all."

"Now what do you make of that, my chicks? I've many a time eaten Brazil nuts, or my neighbor's not *Jack*; but did ever you ask yourself why the nut had been fastened to the tree on which it was growing?"

"There *is* an explanation, but *Jack* wants to hear it in the children before he says anything more of this subject."

A SEEDLING LIFTING A MILLSTONE.

TALKING of nuts, here's a story that the wind brought to me the other day. It had been printed in some newspaper, and most likely it is perfectly true, though *Jack* does n't vouch for it:

Walton Hall had at one time its own corn-mill, and when that convenient necessity no longer existed, the millstone was laid in an arid and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; the central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident a bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert-tree through the hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwanted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through the aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated on by many. Would the filbert-tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the millstone, or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert-tree lifted the millstone, and in 1863 wore it like a noisome about its trunk, and Mr. Watertown used to sit upon it under the branching shade."

A SILK-LINED HOUSE.

HEARD two little boys down by the brook together, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it was built by a small insect.

This house is made by a kind of spider that lives in California, and is called the mason-spider. His use is very marvelous for such a little fellow to be able to do all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such things as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk!

This spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a tiny hinge, and shuts of itself. The door and inside are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees any enemy approaching, he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door, goes in, and, as the door shuts tightly after him, holds it firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white-silk lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestled in this luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been to California, and had brought home one of these red-clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were walking near me. I wish you all could have seen it.

LOOKING AT A THING WITH DIFFERENT EYES.

ONE day Pat O'Reilly left his hoe lying on the grass, close beside me.

Along came a bird and a turtle, and the hoe instantly caught their attention.

"Umph!" grunted the turtle. "See that back-breaker! One of those things killed my cousin."

"Pe-week!" said the bird, softly. "If there is n't a worm-finder! Many a fine dinner it's turned up for me!"

Just then the ox, raising his head from the grass, glanced across the meadow.

"Ugh! the mean little man-plow! What good is it compared with one of our fine ox-plows, I'd like to know? The contemptible little thing!"

"Hail to thee, noble friend!" called a crow, out of the blue sky. "A cornfield where thou hast not been is not worth visiting."

At this, a number of upstart weeds near by tossed their heads scornfully.

By that time, a sort of slug was working its way along the hoe-handle.

"Well, if this is n't the longest, most prodigious bridge I ever was on," grunted the slug. "Catch me trying to cross by it again. What is it good for, anyway?"

Thereupon, a turnip, that had fallen from a wagon, pricked up its stem a little.

"Good for!" he echoed faintly. "Why, good for raising turnips, to be sure. That blessed implement did wonders for me and mine this season."

Here another echo came, but so faint, so like a sigh that it was pitiful to hear it.

"Blessed implement! did he call it? I call it a murderer. It killed my mother and all my sisters!"

Poor little daisy!

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter all the way from Germany:

Stuttgart.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: No other subscriber can be more delighted than I am when your dear magazine arrives. I always read everything, except the Latin story, which I could not understand. The German and French stories I read and understand, but I never send you translations, because they would reach you too late. My school studies take up a good deal of time, and then I take walks in the beautiful environs of this city, which is surrounded by hills, as only toward the valley of the Neckar the country is flat. These hills are covered with vineyards; but south of the city there is quite a large forest. On the summits of some of them benches are placed, and, after a long walk, we often rest there and enjoy the lovely view extending around us.

The King of Württemberg has several villas in the neighborhood, and frequently idlers are seen slowly walking through the rooms or the gardens of these places. But not every one is allowed to enter. Cards of admission must be procured, and the person who shows you the grounds expects a remuneration.

A few weeks ago, we went to the Wilhelma, certainly the most elegant of the villas near Stuttgart. It is built in the Moorish style, and the gardens and hot-houses are renowned all over Europe, they say. I wish Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit could have accompanied me and admired the lovely plants. Only two or three kinds were blooming, but these were so very beautiful that I could not want to see more. First we passed through two houses containing only rhododendron, but there was such a great variety that there seemed to be fifty different kinds of flowers. The next house was filled with camelia trees, also in bloom.

I need not join Mr. Haskins' ranks either; the law protects the birds here. Is n't that good?

Yours truly,

ANNA HELMKE.

Corydon, October 3d, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a week ago I was down in the woods and found a strange plant, at least it is strange to me. I send you a drawing of it, natural size; but the strange part is that stalk, leaves, flower and everything, except the ends of the stamens, are of the purest white—a clear, brittle-looking white. The leaves are nearly transparent; the ends of the stamens are yellow.

If you will tell me, through the Letter-Box, what it is, or will publish this letter and picture, and let some of the readers of the Letter-Box give their opinion, you will very much oblige a particular friend of the ST. NICHOLAS.

VILLA.

VILLA.—The plant which you describe is the "Indian pipe." It is quite common in dark and rich woods, growing at the roots of the trees, and turning black soon after being gathered. Your picture and description of it are excellent.

It will interest many of our readers to know that the story, "Why Walter Changed his Mind," in this number, is founded upon fact, a little girl of ten having actually saved a child of seven in the manner described.

GEORGE R. (and all who have asked us questions about binding their numbers of ST. NICHOLAS).—You will find in our January Letter-Box an answer to William B. S., which will tell you how to get a handsome bound volume in exchange for your twelve monthly numbers. The publishers' notice at the bottom of our table of contents, on the second cover-page, will also give you the information you want.

If you will send us seventy-five cents, we will forward you, postage paid, a handsome cover for vol. i., which almost any bookbinder will put on for twenty-five cents. This cover will also make a very useful portfolio, in which you can keep the numbers as they come each month, and at the end of the year you can have them bound in this same cover.

In sending your numbers by mail, be careful to write all that you wish to say in the letter in which you send the dollar for the binding and the thirty-two cents for return postage. Nothing must be written on the magazines, nor must you write anything on the outside of the package but the address of the publishers—"Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y." Anything more than this may subject the whole package to letter postage.

LULIE GRAY asks: "Can you tell me where I can find the following quotation: 'My May of life is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf?'"

The quotation is from Shakespeare's play of "Macbeth," act v scene 3, where it reads, however:

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf."

Thus written, it was somewhat hard to understand, and the line as Lulie quotes it, is a reading of Johnson's, who first suggests that the *w* might be an *m* inverted by a printer's error, and that if read, "My *May* of life," the meaning would be clear.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: A few evenings ago father read aloud to children a piece out of the "Atlantic," that was all about which animals have souls or not. The man that wrote the piece thought they had. I don't feel sure of it myself, but I'm sure that some animals are mighty smart. We have a gray horse that is so gentle that we children can drive it all around. One time he hurt his foot, and was lame. So whenever we drove him we let him go very slow, because we did not want to hurt him. After awhile he got well again and now he is n't lame at all; but when we want him to go fast he will look around, and if he sees no one but children behind him he will pretend to be lame, so that we will not urge him. He tried it when father was behind him once or twice, but father laughed at him and called him a lazy old fellow, so since then he does n't try it with father, but he does n't mind what we call him.

We keep five dogs, and they do a great many cunning things if I should like to tell you about; but one thing that Speck (the black and tan terrier) did the other day was smart and foolish, both at once. I'll tell you about it.

Robins and other birds are in the habit of coming around our back door a great deal to pick up the crumbs, and Speck is very fond of chasing them. One day he chased them about till they all flew into a tree. Now Speck gets his dinner every day by *begging* for that, standing up on his hind legs and crossing his fore-paws at shaking them. So now if he did n't just go under that tree and stand there for most a half-an-hour waiting and begging for the bird to come down! You could n't help but laugh to see him.

Yours respectfully,

JIMMY D.

C. M. LEWIS writes: "I wish you would tell me when the d' "Michaelmas" comes, and also what it is noted for."

"Michaelmas" comes on the 29th of September. It derives name from its being the day, appointed in the calendar of the Roman Church, for the celebration of the feast of St. Michael. It was formerly chosen as the time for the election of civil magistrates throughout different provinces of England, and was also noted for the custom of eating roast goose upon that day,—a practice so old that it has never been traced to its origin. The fact that Queen Elizabeth once ate goose on the 29th of September, at the house of a certain earl, has been stated as a reason for the observance; but the "Michaelmas goose" is known to have been eaten before her reign.

H. B. F., and others.—Of the boys and girls who sent answers the conundrum picture, those whose lists contained more than six mistakes did *not* receive honorable mention.

WORD-MAKING.

Edward Dudley Tibbitts' challenge "to make more than 34 words in common use out of the word ENLIGHTEN," has received a respectable acceptance from a large number of boys and girls, and with the following result: Ernest E. Hubbard sends a list of 134 words; W. S. Burns and Walter L. Cowles send lists of 73 words each; R. Masseneau and Walter B. Snow, each 70; J. Stratton and James Herrick, each 63; Nanno Fife, 62; Carleton Brabrook and J. Spafford, each 61; Forman C. Griswold and Frank Russell Mifflin, each 60; Ruth and Mabel Davison, 60; S. R. C., Howard G. N. May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour, each 57; Arthur D. Potter

aklin W. Kellogg, each 56; Maggie Selby, 54; E. S. Richardson, a O. C. Ellis and Lizzie Johnson, each 53; Mary L. Smith, Louise atard, Lilla M. Hollowell and M. N. S., each 51; "Pittsburgh," H. De Barr, Jamie S. Newton, Florence E. Lane, Arthur W. and George L. Webster, each 50; Will E. Brayton, 49; E. L. ason, William H. Baker and K. E. B., each 48; Klyda Richardson; Willie E. Mayer, 46; Richard Aldrich, L. Wickawee, Ada Wood, "Captain Jack," Henry R. Baker, Katie T. Hughes, ard Van Voorhis and James B. Baker, each 45; Lillian G., istor and Pollux" and Lyman A. Cheney, each 44; Fred M. as, 43; V. R. C. and Fred A. Pike, each 42; Nellie Richards, en B. Fanchal and "Violette," each 41; George H. Gardner "A Subscriber," each 40; C. W. and M. P., each 39; Henry Gilman, 39; Robert B. Corey, 37; Stella Clarke, 36. Nicholas ster, Jr., sends a list of 106 words—77 in common use, 11 geohical and 18 not in common use; Herbert M. Lloyd, a list of 102 s—about 15 not in common use; and William G. Wilcox, 50 in on use, and 27 others.

ving W. James' challenge concerning the word "Perpendicular," also met with a general response, as follows: John Ruggles k sends a list of 650 words; Maggie T., a list of 420 words; John . Ellis, 324; Willie S. Burns, 324; Fannie C. Johnson, 270; y L. Smith, 257; Alice A. B., 238; May Trumbull and Lucy our, 218; M. G. Bates, 210; "Florence," 206; Elsie L. Shaw Rosa M. Raymond, each 180; Henry R. Gilman, 177; "Bessie," Ada Y. Wood, 140; William J. Eldridge, 132; Helen B. Fan- l, 126; Robert B. Corey, 112.

n. H. S. sends a list of 805 words obtained from "Metropoli- ." Arthur J. Burdick accepts Joseph Morse's invitation to "try n," and this time sends a list of 600 words; James R. Parsons s 570; Robert B. Corey, 515; and Ada Y. Wood, 472.

rom "Cumberland," Mina K. Goddard has derived 329 words; y Lee, 300; and Ada Y. Wood, 244. Ada also sends 312 words e "Perambulations," and May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour have e 433 for the same word.

va and Lizzie Kleinhaus have made 84 words out of the letters e word "Carpet."

BARTFORD "GRANDMA."—It was a real disappointment to us not able to find a place in ST. NICHOLAS for your capital rhymed yer to our conundrum picture. The lines have afforded much sement to all who have seen them, and made the editors wish to from the author again.

ARY G.—*Dolce far niente* is an Italian phrase, and means "del- eful idleness."

Columbus, Ind.

EAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your maga- and this morning I thought I would write you a few lines. I in Columbus, Indiana, situated on the east fork of the White r. It is a small town, having between four and five thousand bitants. Some people say it was settled before Chicago. It is rapidly growing, and is promising to be a fine city. We have r-works, gas, woolen-mills, wheel-factory, and a very fine new ouse and jail. The court-house is the finest in the State, ex- the Indianapolis court-house, which is not yet completed. We also a fine public school.—Yours truly,

LESLIE RICHARDSON.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

HE army of Bird-Defenders will be ready to undertake a grand pain during the Summer months of this new year. It is receiv- ecessions by whole battalions as the time for the return of the e approaches. To begin with, Hollie Paxon sends the names of a mpany of fifty boys and girls, who are now pledged to the de- e of the birds: Anna Dougherty, Katie Stanley, Lizzie Waters, ie Cheming, Anna Seibert, Mary Henderson, Lizzie Thomas, Winer, Flora Robinson, Nellie Stanley, Lizzie Stanley, Lizzie l, Lizzie Elston, Gussie Richardson, C. Rose, Geo. Steward, ie Leslein, Anna Dinkhorn, Martha Walker, Hannah Lusting, a Ohero, M. Levinberger, Maria Gunn, Nellie Mortz, Jesse e, Gussie Minor, Martha Brothers, Lottie Degroodt, Lulu Allen, ie Smith, Hettie Walker, Tennie Degroodt, Willie Paxon, idie Paxon, Emma McGinnes, Kate Rice, Nonia Glenn, D. Cor- ben, Bella Herring, Ella Stephenson, Mollie Parker, Fannie

Keamey, S. Reynolds, C. Riley, T. Osborne, Mollie Murphy, L. Worack, Flora Worack, Harry Livenberger, Hollie Paxon.

KATIE H. ALLAN sends the following list: Hannah A. Seabury, Carrie W. Crandall, Fannie G. Gladding, Lizzie H. Vernon, Mary M. Swinburne, Eloise P. Hazard, Anna C. Kelley, Annie M. Wilcox, Lilie C. Kenyon, Mattie B. Simmons, Maria J. Barker, Nellie L. Bryer, Bessie S. Allan, Mamie L. Allan, Mattie A. Stevens, Mamie M. Engs, Minnie C. Tracy, Susie L. Griffith, Ella L. Peckham and Katie H. Allan.

ALLIE G. RAYMOND sends the following names: Dana Ellery, Allie Fay, Hattie L. Kendall, Connie S. Weston, Raymond G., Hal S. Howard, Charlie H. Howard, Emma F. Howard, Minnie G. Howard, Percy D. Stuart, Harold F. Garson, Jamie Ross, Katie Ellis, Arthur Elliot, Charlie Elliot, Lolo D. Warren, Carrie Preston, Cora S. Ashton, Mabel G. Ashton, Fred Bell, Bertie H. Norton, Irwin Percy, Arthur Percy, Nellie R. Harris, Allan H. Sherwin, Bertie G. Sherwin, Edie L. Sherwin, Robbie G. Fielding, Lily Stanton, Daisy Stanton, Bessie H. Carleton, Ernest C. Duncan, Fred S. Duncan, Harry L. Duncan, Florence G. Kingsley, Edith F. Willis, Clifford A. Parker, Leslie Bartlett, Alfred Stearns, Sylvie D. Bertram, Helen G. Lewis, Howard E. Allison, Edgar Loring, Winthrop J. Nicholson, Alice W. Denham, Ethelwyn Rossiter, Allie G. Raymond.

DAISY LEE joins the army, and sends a list as follows: Eunice Cecil, Blanche Clifford, Ida Lee, Carrie Bell, Lily Bell, Robbie Clif- ford, Launcelot Lee, Daisy Lee, Georgie Clark, Lilla Clark.

And here are the names of some California recruits, sent by J. N. Moore: Eddie Soper, James Dodd, Georgie Scroder, John Murphy, Earnest Bourd, Clarence Esterbrook and C. Leland; Carrie Heini, Belle Bird, Mollie Smith, Nettie Castle, Belle Henry, Ella Young, Nettie Berglar, J. N. Moore.

"A BROTHER" sends the names of Emma, Eugene, Maggie and Dannie Van Vleck; and other names have been received as follows: C. M. Lewis, Irving Fish, A. A. Caemmerer, O. E. Reunir, Fannie M. MacDonald, Theodore M. Purdy, C. C. Anthony, Lenie J. Olm- sted, Kitie M. Olmsted, Mamie Doud, Charlie Lupton, Kate P. Lupton, Bettie Peddicord, Mina K. Goddard, Alonzo E. Locke, Newton Wyckoff and Gerty Wyckoff.

DEAR EDITORS: I am only ten years old; but I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much, I thought I would try to do something for it. So I tried how many times I could put the word "Eke" into a word-square of three letters. I put it in forty-two times. I enclose a copy. Please ask in the Letter-Box if some one will do you any better.

From your friend,

ANONYMOUS.

With the above note, came forty-two neatly written word-squares, with occasional repetitions, all made on the word "Fke." For want of space we can give only five of them.

N	E	W	P	E	N	B	E	D	Y	E	W	R	E	D
E	K	E	E	K	E	E	K	E	E	K	E	E	K	E
W	E	T	N	E	T	D	E	N	K	E	Y	F	E	W

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is the calla lily, as many affirm? I do not think it is, and give as my authority "Wood's Class-Book of Botany," published in 1848. I find in this that the Ethiopian calla is a plant from the Cape of Good Hope; that it belongs to the order *araceae* (or *arads*) and genus calla, which has only one other variety, the *calla palustris*, or Northern calla, from which the Laplanders extract a wholesome breadstuff. If it is proper to speak of the calla lily, I would like to know on what authority.—Yours respectfully,

ABBEY G. SHAW.

We think the above objection a very proper one, and the statement substantially correct. At any rate, we find no authority for the use of the term. But it would be well for the boys and girls to look into the matter.

Oconto, October 5, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I will state to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS that they ought not to carry their guns pointed down, as Harry Loudon told Kate to; but always carry it pointed up; for in case it is pointed down, if it should go off, it might blow off the toes of the person in front of you, or if it is pointed too low, it might blow off your own, while if it is pointed up it will not be likely to hurt any- body.—Yours respectfully,

GEORGE L. THURSTON, age 10 years.

We would say to our little friend, and to boys who use guns, that good sportsmen carry their guns as Harry did, but they do not point them at their toes. It would be very hard to carry a gun under your

arm and point it at your toes. If a gun carried properly in this way goes off accidentally, the load will probably be discharged into the ground. It would be very tiresome and awkward, especially when walking under trees, to carry a gun upright, and if it is allowed to lie on the shoulder in a horizontal position it is very dangerous indeed to persons near by. But there is no way to carry a gun that is not dangerous if you are not careful.

S. A. A.—ST. NICHOLAS says "No."

THE following note is from a little girl who is evidently a *real* Bird-defender:

Montgomery, Nov. 30, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little sister Ollie had a bird given to her the other day, that had been caught in a trap, and she put it in a cage and fed it so good that he seemed to like it right well; but she gave it to me, and I turned it right out. Mamma said that she ought to, too; but she now says that she never wants to cage a bird again. Please put Ollie and myself down as Bird-defenders.

KATIE T. HUGHES.

LILLIAN G.—We do not enroll as Bird-defenders those who do not send us their full names.

OUR frontispiece this month is from an illustration to "La Fontaine's Fables," published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin. It was drawn by Gustave Doré, the great French artist.

MARK W. COLLET says that Max Adeler wrote the verse quoted in our January number commencing:

"'T is midnight and the setting sun."

He also says: "She has not quoted it quite correctly; it should be 'far, far West,' instead of 'far glorious West.'"

THE writer of the following is certainly the champion egg-boy, far:

Yonkers, January 13, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading in your issue of July, 1874, of the number of eggs laid by hens of J. Ernest Farnham, it seemed so large an amount (three thousand) that we kept account of the number of eggs laid by our hens during the year 1874. We at first had twenty-five hens, but at the end of the year only sixteen were left. These hens laid during the year three thousand three hundred and twenty-five eggs. They are common hens, of no particular breed.

GEO. A. FLAGG.

The greatest number of eggs laid in any one day was nineteen.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



QUERIES

Concerning the above picture:

1. WHAT fruit has the man on his table?
2. Why has he never any goods to sell?
3. Why is the pair of shoes which he has just finished mending, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster?
4. How do you know that he will never make another shoe after the one in hand?
5. How do you know that his hat could contain everything he owns?
6. Why are his goods immortal?
7. What style of pleasuring do these shoes represent?
8. Why may they be supposed to be rheumatic? A. S.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a vessel; change my head, and I am a bird; again, and I am an enclosed ground; again, and I am a line. A. C. B.

CHARADE.

THE egotist my first employs—

It completes his bliss;

The schoolboy finds it in a noise,

The lover in a kiss.

When on the field, in dread array,
Opposing legions wait the fray;
When trumpets sound and banners wave,
The watchword, Victory, or the grave;
Where'er my second may be found,
The bravest knights will there abound.

What though my third the soldier spurns,
With undisguised disdain;
To it the farmer gladly turns,
To cultivate the plain.
My whole a gallant warrior's name,
The idol of the fair;
A wizard celebrates his fame—
You'll find my subject there. E. L. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave capable.
2. Behead a large fish, and leave to listen; behead again, and leave a vessel.
3. Behead loosen, and leave want.
4. Behead to draw back, and leave a ledge; again, and leave measure.
5. Behead a flower, and leave a black stub.
6. Behead a tree, and leave a curved structure. A. C. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. FRONT.
2. A precious stone.
3. An instrument of torture.
4. Animals. NIP.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals and primals name one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times. 1. Lethargy. 2. Ange. 3. An abode. 4. A medley. 5. Conceited. To unite. RUTHVEN.

RIDDLE.

I AM hard, and bright, and fleeting;
My fond heart with love is beating;
Yet you idly toy with me.
Toy with me? Aha! first catch me!
Upward look, admire and watch me;
Listen to my melody.

There, you 've broken me! What made you?
I am mortal, I would aid you;
Kill you also, if I could!
Silken soft, yet born to sorrow;
Far too frail to see to-morrow;
I am chiefly made of wood.

SOPHIE MAY.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. CURTAIL a country, and leave a coin. 2. Curtail marine animal, and leave a body of water. 3. Curtail em, and leave a fruit; again, and leave a vegetable. Curtail a flower, and leave kitchen utensils. 5. Curtail a waterfowl, and leave a beverage. 6. Curtail a long vn, and leave to plunder. 7. Curtail scarcely sufficient, and leave to examine closely. A. C. B.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—A New Puzzle.

THE solution to each Transmutation consists of a single word, which tells what the letter becomes. One table of this word has the sound of the letter, and the other syllables express the conditions under which the letter becomes the right answer. Thus the answer to first is Deranged, or D-ranged.)

1. A letter is made crazy by being placed in order. A letter becomes an island when surrounded by a t. 3. A letter is pleased when set on fire. 4. A letter falls in love when it is beaten. 5. A letter is sed when it is examined. 6. A letter becomes a sailor when it leaves the house. 7. A letter is filled with crystals when it becomes a creditor. 8. A letter becomes sical when it is made thick. 9. A letter changes its pe when empty. 10. A letter is seen when it is otted. 11. Another is seen when taken in the hand. When a letter is perforated it draws near the ocean. It costs money for a letter to be thoughtful. 14. A letter is always slandered when it becomes noted. What letters are they? CHARL.

LOGOGRAPH.

MY whole is a gem. Behead me, and I am a nobleman; curtail me, and I am a fruit; curtail me again, and I am a vegetable; behead and transpose me, and I am genuine; transpose me again, and I am one of Shakespeare's characters. E. B. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THE first is in vast, but not in great;
The second is in match, but not in mate;
The third is in latch, but not in gate;
The fourth is in lure, but not in bait;
The fifth is in day, but not in date;
The sixth is in love, but not in hate;
The seventh is in talk, but not in prate;
The eighth is in price, but not in rate;
The ninth is in life, but not in fate;
The tenth is in tremble, but not in shiver;
The whole is an American river. RUTHVEN.

EASY REBUS.



(Make three words of the above picture.)

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

HORIZONTAL.

My first, an article, is found
In common use the world around;
The last of all, my next is shown—
That nothing follows it you'll own;
My third names places for safe-keeping,
Used both in waking and in sleeping;
My fourth means something bright of hue
Like sunset clouds that flush the blue;
As beauty's cheek bright blushes do;
My fifth may be the friend you claim,
For any girl a pretty name;
My sixth expresses what is lighted—
As skies with stars to men benighted;
My seventh a simple letter brings,
That often means a hundred things.

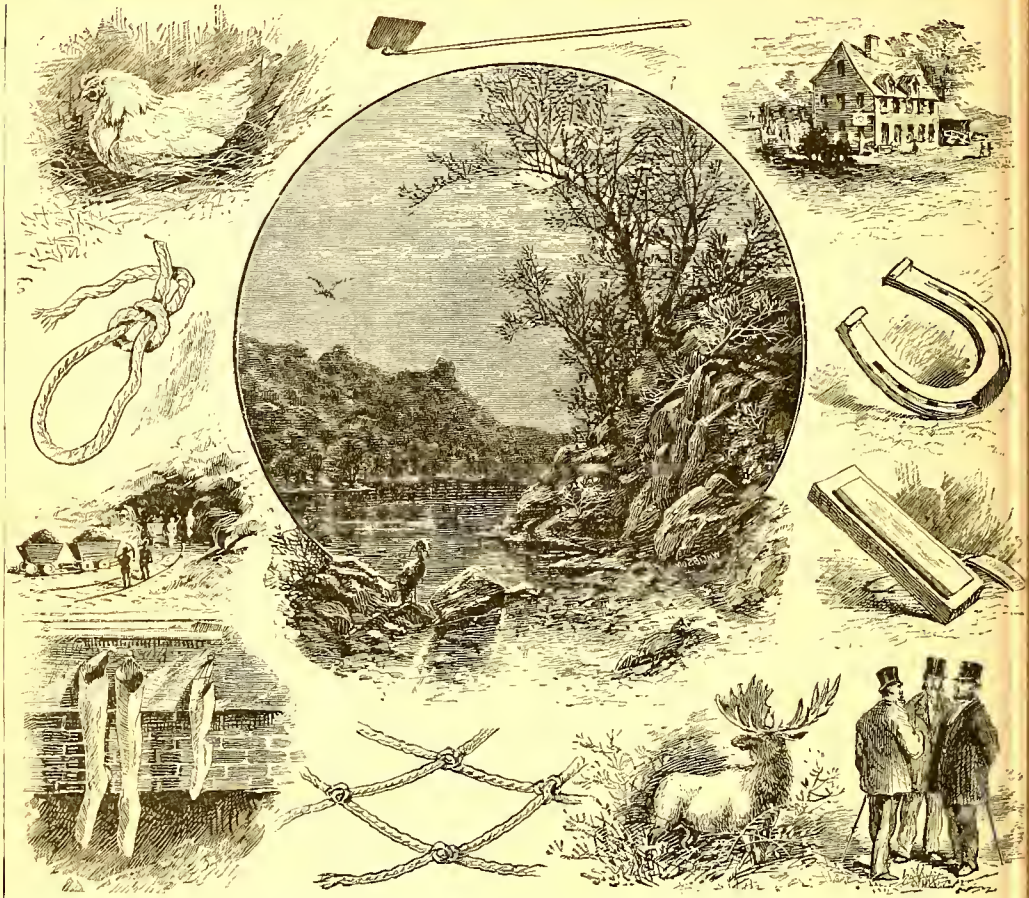
PERPENDICULAR.

My first a consonant is found,
Quite carelessly we roll it round;
My next you do when, play forsook,
Your mind is fixed upon your book;
My third, as often as he chooses,
The artist in his studio uses;
My fourth, in poet's nomenclature,
Is always heavenly in its nature;
My fifth expresses, as you'll see,
Something given out by you or me;
My sixth, a pen—but understand,
It needs no ink or guiding hand;
My seventh, with contradictions rife,
Begins all evil, ends all strife. J. P. B.

BURIED PLACES.

1. I KNOW I have nice gloves. 2. Is it true that hens hatch ducks' eggs? 3. Did you see papa rise in the midst of them? 4. Don't wake Nap, lest he bite you. 5. Yes, I am going to start for Europe to-morrow. 6. A clever artisan, Francis Conway by name. 7. That naughty boy with arms akimbo stoned a cat. 8. Golconda has a large trade in diamonds. A. P. R.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.



(The central picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REVERSALS.—1. Part—trap. 2. Paws—swap. 3. Liar—rail. 4. Bat—tab. 5. Raps—spar. 6. Snub—buns. 7. Bard—drab. 8. Fled—delf.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.—Driblet

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—Never condemn what you do not understand.

CHARADE.—May-flower.

RIDDLE.—Inheritor.

REBUS.—
I hear the noise about thy keel,
I hear the bell struck in the night,
I see the cabin-window bright,
I see the sailor at the wheel.

CROSS-WORD.—Cleopatra.

PUZZLE.—Clio, one of the nine Muses.

COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.—Warp, Area, Reipant.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Monongahela.

SQUARE-WORD.—Vassal, Ancile, Scarce, Sirdar, Leered.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Level, Unity, Trooper, Enclose.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wed, Lever, Den, R.

STAR PUZZLE.—

B
P A R D
F A E
D A W

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN JANUARY NUMBER were received previous to January 18, from Mary C. Foster, Frank S. Halsey, Eddie F. Eckel, James J. Ormsbee, R. M. Carothers, Egbert P. Watson, Jr., Constant E. Jones, Llewellyn W. Jones, Florence Graham, Arno Guyot Cameron, Bessie H. Van Cleef, J. B. C., Jr., K. H. Allan, Lottie Ellis, Horace U. Kennedy, Fannie M. MacDonald, Minnie Wilson, Germond H. Cooke, "Betsy Trotwood," Fred M. Osgood, Clarence Dellam, Emma Larrabee, Mary J. Tighman, Wilson E. Skinn, Emma P. Morton, Fred B. Collins, Jessie Barnes, "Plymouth Rock," C. C. Anthony, Philip Gray, Martin D. Atkins, H. Wigmore, Hel B. Fancharl, Blanche Nichols, Nellie Grensel, "Pierce," Mamie and Annie Newell, Louise J. Olmsted, Homer Bush, Clotilde F. Ster Addie S. Church, W. H. Rowe, Jessie Ames, Nellie S. Colby, Arthur J. Burdick, Lizzie C. Wells, A. A. D., Fannie E. Winchell, "A Constant Reader," Frances M. Woodward, Thomson M. Ware, Julia Dean Hunter, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Lizzie Van Voorhis, Mark W. C. George F. Curtis, "Grandmother and her Children," May Keith, Frank Havens, Edward Roome, "Little Cluy," Alexis I. M. Colema Octavia Ficklin, Meta Gage, Maggie B. Hilliard, Katie Hilliard, Bessie W. Prince, and George Crocket.





CINDERELLA.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1875.

NO. 6.

CINDERELLA.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SHE did not live in the days of fairies and giants, when pumpkins could be changed into chariots, and rats and mice to prancing steeds and liveried footmen.

But it did not matter much. She sat by the great fire-place in the kitchen and dreamed day-dreams about fairy-land and its beautiful sights and wonderful transformations, and when she took off her wooden shoes and warmed her little bare foot over the blaze on the hearth, she sometimes dreamed of a glass slipper, and a Prince, with long white waving plumes, to try it on. And it always fitted her. Of course, if it had not, there would have been no sense in dreaming about it.

She was a little French girl, and she lived in an old farm-house, where they burned brushwood under the great iron pot that hung in the fire-place, and where the great mantel-piece, so high up that she had to stand on a chair to reach it, was crowded with curious old pitchers and glasses and plates and things that nobody used, and where the carved doors, and, indeed, almost everything about the place but the people who lived there, looked nearly old enough to have come down from fairy days.

There, before the fire, with the two heads on the sides of the andirons for company, she would sit for hours and dream day-dreams. The two heads on the andirons were so very attentive and still that they seemed as if they were listening to what she was thinking, and, although the backs of their heads must have been very hot, they never interrupted her.

She wished she *had* lived in the old days and had had a fairy godmother. Old Mère Christine was her god-mother, and a very good and kind one

she was too. but she had no magic wand and could not change her red bodice and woolen skirt into beautiful silken robes, nor could she make a splendid chariot out of a pumpkin. The only thing at all magical that she could do was to turn flour and butter into delicious little cakes, and a rolling-pin was all the wand she had.

Her two sisters, too, were not so very cross, and they did not make her do all the work. Lizette was married, and had her baby to attend to, but she was nearly always busy at something about the house; and Julie was very industrious.

And as to the Prince, she had never seen him at all.

So she had to dream about all the bad things as well as the good things that happened to the real Cinderella, so long, long ago.

She was sitting before the fire one day, watching the fire to keep it lively under the pot, and thinking about the days when there were kind fairies and goblins to make fires for good little girls and to hang up magical pots, out of which they might scoop anything good to eat that they might fancy; and so she gradually got to thinking about her favorite old story of Cinderella.

She sat like her beloved heroine in the castle kitchen, and in her mind she saw her cruel sisters pass down the grand staircase, dressed in their rich silks and satins, and proudly get into their coaches and drive away to the parties and balls, in which their hearts delighted.

She saw her wicked stepmother as she shook her fist at her, whenever she dared venture to look out at that dismal ashy kitchen, where everything seemed as if the cooking were always just over, and

the fire-place was always filled with cinders and cinders and cinders, which had to be taken up all the time.

And she saw her dear, delightful fairy godmother change everything that was miserable into things that were rich and soft and golden, and then send her off in the magical pumpkin chariot to the ball. (Whenever she thought of this chariot, she had in her mind a picture of an old yellow carriage that belonged to old Monsieur Bopindot, who used to be Mayor of the neighboring town. It was a big round coach, not unlike a pumpkin in shape, and it had to be very low, because Monsieur Bopindot was so round and fat that he could not step very high. She could not imagine this carriage going to a king's ball, and she did not like to have it come into her Cinderella story. But it would do it.)

And then she saw all the richly dressed lords and ladies at the ball, and saw the lights and the jewels and the splendid halls; and just as she was about to step in and join the happy throng she stopped suddenly in her dream.

The Prince was knocking at the door!

She sprang to her feet. What would he think of her in such a dress, and barefooted?

But it would not do to keep him standing at the door. So she ran and opened it. Old Pierrot, the gardener, was standing there in his dirty blue blouse and with his great wooden shoes all covered with garden mold.

He had come to borrow a spade, he said, with his cap in his hand,—if the ladies were not going to use their spade to-day.

"Oh, Pierrot!" called down Lizette from an

upper window, "what a man you are! A gardener, and coming to borrow a spade! Don't you know that you ought to get a spade for yourself! You can't do business that way, Pierrot."

But Pierrot said that he had a spade, and very good one, but he had lent it to his neighbor Jacques, who was using it now; and, as he did not wish to take it away from Jacques, he thought he would come and borrow the ladies' spade, if they were not going to use it.

"You had better go get your own spade," said Julie from the stairs. "I don't know where in the world ours is, and I'm sure I have n't time now to stop and look for it."

Poor Pierrot looked sadly down at his wooden shoes. There was a piece of work that he ought to do that afternoon, and he could not go and take his spade from poor Jacques.

"I'll go look for the spade for you, Pierrot," said Cinderella. "We have n't used it for ever so long, and I don't know where it is, but I'm sure I can find it if you will wait a little while."

And thus she put on the glass slipper, and fitted exactly.

To be sure the Prince was only old Pierrot, and the sisters were not very cruel, and there was no fairy godmother at all, and the fitting of the slipper was only a trial of good-nature, but it was all better than a fairy tale.

Prince Pierrot was happy as he walked away with the spade, and Cinderella was happy as she came back to the fire, and when they saw what the little girl had done, the two sisters felt sorry that their slipper had not fitted them.

COLORADO SNOW-BIRDS.

BY H. H.

I'LL tell you how the snow-birds come,
Here in our Winter days;
They make me think of chickens,
With their cunning little ways.

We go to bed at night, and leave
The ground all bare and brown,
And not a single snow-bird
To be seen in all the town.

But when we wake at morning
The ground with snow is white,
And with the snow, the snow-birds
Must have traveled all the night;

For the streets and yards are full of them,
The dainty little things,
With snow-white breasts, and soft brown heads,
And speckled russet wings.

Not here and there a snow-bird,
As we see them at the East,
But in great flocks, like grasshoppers,
By hundreds, at the least.

They push and crowd and jostle,
And twitter as they feed,
And hardly lift their heads up
For fear to miss a seed.

What 'tis they eat, nobody seems
To know or understand;
The seeds are much too fine to see,
All sifted in the sand.

But winds last Summer scattered them,
All thickly on these plains;
The little snow-birds have no barns,
But God protects their grains.

They let us come quite near them,
And show no sign of dread:
Then, in a twinkling, the whole flock
Will flutter on ahead

A step or two, and light, and feed,
And look demure and tame,
And then fly on again, and stop,
As if it were a game.

Some flocks count up to thousands,
I know, and when they fly,
Their tiny wings make rustle,
As if a wind went by.

They go as quickly as they come,
Go in a night or day;
Soon as the snow has melted off,
The darlings fly away,

But come again, again, again,
All Winter, with each snow;
Brave little armies, through the cold,
Swift back and forth they go.

I always wondered where they lived
In Summer, till last year
I stumbled on them in their home,
High in the upper air;

'Way up among the clouds it was,
A many thousand feet,
But on the mountain-side gay flowers
Were blooming fresh and sweet.

Great pine-trees' swaying branches
Gave cool and fragrant shade;
And here, we found, the snow-birds
Their Summer home had made.

"Oh, ye lucky little snow-birds,"
We said, "to know so well,
In Summer time and Winter time,
Your destined place to dwell—

"To journey, nothing doubting,
Down to the barren plains.
Where harvests are all over,
To find your garnered grains!

"Oh, precious little snow-birds,
If we were half as wise,
If we were half as trusting
To the Father in the skies,—

"He would feed us, though the harvests
Had ceased throughout the land,
And hold us, all our lifetime,
In the hollow of His hand!"



THAT BUNKER HILL POWDER.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

EVERY good student of history has learned that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans chiefly because they had not enough powder.

The King having opposed, by every means in his power, the manufacture of munitions of war in the colonies, the patriots at first found great difficulty in procuring ammunition; and the supplies for the early part of the war were obtained in such adventurous ways that accounts of these exploits are very interesting. Indeed, a portion of even the scanty stock which our people had at Bunker Hill had been brought over the sea to be used against the enemies of Great Britain.

I have only recently found out just how this powder came to do service for the patriots, instead of their British oppressors; and, being quite sure that the story has never been fully told, I have undertaken its recital for the pleasure of the numberless young patriots who read ST. NICHOLAS.

Adjoining the town of Rye, in New Hampshire, and directly north of its noted beach, is the town of Newcastle. On the site of the present Fort Constitution in this town there was, in the days of the Revolution, a quite formidable work called "Fort William and Mary."

No visit from a foreign enemy being anticipated, the fort was manned at this time by a captain and five privates only. A weak garrison, surely; but it was supposed that, in case of danger, the friends of King George in the neighborhood would amply reinforce the guard, even were there not time for the royal governor, Wentworth, to bring the militia to the rescue. As to any serious attack by disaffected inhabitants, it was too bold an act for belief; and if it were possible, in any case, that the militia should prove insufficient, General Gage, with three thousand regulars, was in Boston, and a British fleet was in its harbor.

What subject, however rebellious, would dare to touch his Majesty's property, or its custodians, under these circumstances? The act would be treason, and the life and possessions of the offender would be forfeited; and who could save him from the King's hand? Probably not even the most ardent patriot thought of it, until Paul Revere came riding into town from Boston one evening.

The news he brought was startling. An order had come from the King that all military stores in the colonies should be seized at once.

Major John Langdon (afterward Governor) the same evening received a call from his friend, Cap-

tain Thomas Pickering. After the compliments of the hour had been passed, the Captain surprised his friend by an invitation to accompany him to Fort William and Mary to take a glass of wine with its commander.

"It will not do," replied the Major, cautiously evading a declaration of his own sentiments; "I will not do under the present state of public affairs."

Major Langdon's sympathies were with his oppressed countrymen; and he revolted at the idea of receiving the hospitalities of one whose duty might be on the morrow to shoot down his guests as foes of the Government.

Captain Pickering next disclosed a design for securing the arms and ammunition of the fort, showing his purpose to be quite other than the invitation indicated.

"If twenty-eight like ourselves could be found," said he, "I would undertake to lead in the capture."

To this purpose Major Langdon heartily assented.

Before noon of the next day a drum and fife were sounding about town to bring the people together: and the order of the King for securing the ammunition was made known. The effect of the news was increased by a report that the armaments "Scarborough" and "Cauceaux" were on their way from Boston with British troops to possess the fort and hold the town in awe.

When Governor Wentworth heard of this meeting of the citizens, he warned them against committing any rash act: and as the people soon dispersed, it was supposed that nothing would come of the meeting. But this was a mistake.

A little before twelve that night—it was the fourteenth of December, 1774—the nearly full moon looked down upon some two hundred men settling out in boats from Portsmouth wharves, and heading for Newcastle.

Half-an-hour later their boats grounded near the island, and the men waded ashore through the shallow water, which froze upon their clothing. Yet the landing had been so quiet that no attention was attracted at the fort. Captain Pickering, being in advance of the others, scaled the grassy ramp unattended, and seizing the sentinel with one hand and his gun with the other, he demanded silence on pain of instant death.

Crowds of men were now clambering upon the walls; and, leaving the sentinel in their charge, the leader hastened on to the quarters of the comman-

t. He entered the room before that officer was
 y awake, announcing to him that the fort was
 tured and he a prisoner. He had previously
 n warned that an attack upon the fort was med-
 ed, yet his garrison was not on the alert; and
 t once surrendered to the only man that ap-
 red. He gave his sword to Captain Pickering,
 o politely returned it, saying :

"You are a gentleman, and shall retain your
 s-arms."

ickering turned to leave him, when the dis-
 orable officer, having him at disadvantage,
 ed a blow at his captor with the sword which
 t that minute been restored to him. But the

stout set of fellows, and that night they captured
 and carried away from the fort sixteen pieces of
 cannon, and other military material.*

The Governor was now so alarmed by the rebel-
 lious spirit of the people that, beginning to have
 fears for himself, he sent a messenger to hasten
 the coming of the force, which, he had declared to
 the people, was not expected. On the seventeenth
 the sloop-of-war "Cauceaux" arrived with troops,
 being followed, on the nineteenth, by the frigate
 "Scarborough."

This affair occurred more than four months
 earlier than the Lexington fight, and six months
 before the battle of Bunker Hill. It stands in



"MANY A FARMER WAS SUMMONED FROM HIS PLOW."

scular patriot parried the blow with his arm,
 then, not deigning to draw his own sword,
 ed the miscreant to the ground with his clenched
 d. His followers were now at the door, and the
 en officer was placed under guard. The rem-
 t of the garrison gave no trouble.

The military stores were now sought out; and,
 he earliest light of morning, ninety-seven barrels
 powder were carried on board the scows and
 dolas, and taken up the river.

The next night, a party, hastily gathered to-
 er by John Sullivan (afterward a General under
 shington), paid a second visit to the fort. The
 1 of this party had been principally recruited in
 country. In those days men were willing to drop
 rything for the sake of their cause, and many a
 ner was summoned from his plow by the recruit-
 officers. As it was now Winter, and no out-
 r work was going on, it was of course easier to
 Sullivan's countrymen together. They were a

British annals as the first overt act of rebellion in
 America.

On the ninth of February the Lord Chancellor,
 the Speaker, and a majority of the houses of Lords
 and Commons went in state to the palace, and
 presented to King George III. the warlike address
 which they had jointly adopted.

Lord North, the Prime Minister, was now in-
 clined to conciliatory measures; but the King had
 just heard of the seizure of Fort William and Mary,
 and his heart was hardened. He intended that his
 language should "open the eyes of the deluded
 Americans." "If it does not," said he to his fal-
 tering Minister, "it must set every delicate man at
 liberty to avow the propriety of the most coercive
 measures."† So the breach between the colonies
 and the Government went on widening.

On the seventeenth of June the battle, which
 Bunker Hill monument commemorates, was fought
 upon the heights of Charleston. Two New Hamp-

* Bancroft's Hist. U. S.; vol. vii., p. 183.

† Ibid., vol. vii., p. 227.

shire regiments were there, under the command of Colonels Stark and Reed. They were posted on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they cut down whole ranks of the British as they advanced up the shore. As I have before stated, it was a portion of the powder taken from the fort at New-castle that supplied their fire that day; and, probably, other troops than those of the Granite State were furnished from this providential stock.

Once again this ammunition came in play at a critical time. In the next August an examination was made, by order of General Washington, into the supply of powder in the patriot army besieging the British in Boston, and it was found there was not enough to give the soldiers nine charges apiece.

On the fifth, General Sullivan wrote to the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire about it, as follows: "When General Washington learned this fact, he was so struck that he did not utter a word for half-an-hour. Every one was equally surprised. Messengers are dispatched to all the Southern colonies to draw on their public stores;

and I must entreat you to forget all colony distinctions, consider the Continental army devoted to destruction unless immediately supplied, and send us at once at least twenty barrels of powder with all possible speed. Should this matter take a day before a supply arrives, our army is ruined."

The powder seized at Fort William and Mifflin had been taken up the Piscataqua to Durham where the principal portion of it was at first stored under the pulpit of the meeting-house. Afterward the ammunition was removed to a magazine which Captain John Demeritt, of Medbury, had constructed in his cellar.

On receiving General Sullivan's letter, the Committee, with patriotic readiness, sent the whole quantity to General Washington at Cambridge, only reserving such small quantity as was required for Captain Demeritt's company.

The powder arrived in time to save the army from disaster; and we know that General Washington advanced his position until the British were forced to abandon the city.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO CHINA.

"COME, little girl, I've got another dose for you. I fancy you won't take it as well as you did the last, but you will like it better after 'awhile," said Dr. Alec, about a week after the grand surprise.

Rose was sitting in her pretty room, where she would gladly have spent all her time if it had been allowed; but she looked up with a smile, for she had ceased to fear her uncle's remedies, and was always ready to try a new one. The last had been a set of light gardening tools, with which she had helped him put the flower-beds in order, learning all sorts of new and pleasant things about the plants as she worked, for, though she had studied botany at school, it seemed very dry stuff compared with Uncle Alec's lively lesson.

"What is it now?" she asked, shutting her work-box without a murmur.

"Salt water."

"How must I take it?"

"Put on the new suit Miss Hemming sent her yesterday, and come down to the beach; then I'll show you."

"Yes, sir," answered Rose, obediently, adding to herself, with a shiver, as he went off: "It is too early for bathing, so I *know* it is something to do with a dreadful boat."

Putting on the new suit of blue flannel, prettily trimmed with white, and the little sailor-hat with long streamers, diverted her mind from the approaching trial, till a shrill whistle reminded her that her uncle was waiting. Away she ran through the garden, down the sandy path, out upon the strip of beach that belonged to the house, and here she found Dr. Alec busy with a slender rowing and white boat that lay rocking on the rising tide.

"That is a dear little boat; and 'Bonnie Belle' is a pretty name," she said, trying not to show how nervous she felt.

"It is for you; so sit in the stern and learn to steer, till you are ready to learn to row."

"Do all boats wiggle about in that way?" she asked, lingering as if to tie her hat more firmly.

‘O yes, pitch about like nut-shells when the sea is a bit rough,’ answered her sailor uncle, never guessing her secret woe.

‘Is it rough to-day?’

‘Not very; it looks a trifle squally to the eastward, but we are all right till the wind changes. Come.’

‘Can you swim, uncle?’ asked Rose, clutching his arm as he took her hand.

‘Like a fish. Now then.’

‘Oh, please hold me *very* tight till I get there! Why do you have the stern so far away?’ and lifting several squeaks of alarm in her passage,

harbor, and I’ll give you a glimpse of China in twenty minutes or so.”

“I should like that!” and Rose sat wondering what he meant, while she enjoyed the new sights all about her.

Behind them the green Aunt-hill sloped gently upward to the grove at the top, and all along the seaward side stood familiar houses, stately, cosy or picturesque. As they rounded the Point, the great bay opened before them full of shipping, and the city lay beyond, its spires rising above the tall masts with their gay streamers.

“Are we going there?” she asked, for she had



ROSE AND UNCLE ALEC STARTING ON THEIR VOYAGE.

she crept to the distant seat, and sat there holding on with both hands and looking as if she expected every wave to bring sudden shipwreck.

Uncle Alec took no notice of her fear, but patiently instructed her in the art of steering, till she was so absorbed in remembering which was starboard and which larboard, that she forgot to say ‘Dw!’ every time a big wave slapped against the boat.

“Now where shall we go?” she asked, as the wind blew freshly in her face, and a few long, swift strokes sent them half across the little bay.

“Suppose we go to China?”

“Is n’t that rather a long voyage?”

“Not as I go. Steer round the Point into the

never seen this aspect of the rich and busy old city before.

“Yes. Uncle Mac has a ship just in from Hong Kong, and I thought you would like to go and see it.”

“Oh, I should! I love dearly to go poking about in the warehouses with Uncle Mac; everything is so curious and new to me; and I’m specially interested in China because you have been there.”

“I’ll show you two genuine Chinamen who have just arrived. You will like to welcome Whang Lo and Fun See, I’m sure.”

“Don’t ask me to speak to them, uncle; I shall be sure to laugh at the odd names and the pig-

tails and the slanting eyes. Please let me just trot round after you; I like that best."

"Very well; now steer toward the wharf where the big ship with the queer flag is. That 's the 'Rajah,' and we will go aboard if we can."

In among the ships they went, by the wharves where the water was green and still, and queer barnacles grew on the slippery piles. Odd smells saluted her nose, and odd sights met her eyes, but Rose liked it all and played she was really landing in Hong Kong when they glided up to the steps in the shadow of the tall "Rajah." Boxes and bales were rising out of the hold and being carried into the warehouse by stout porters, who tugged and bawled and clattered about with small trucks, or worked cranes with iron claws that came down and clutched heavy weights, whisking them aloft to where wide doors like mouths swallowed them up.

Dr. Alec took her aboard the ship, and she had the satisfaction of poking her inquisitive little nose into every available corner, at the risk of being crushed, lost or drowned.

"Well, child, how would you like to take a voyage round the world with me in a jolly old craft like this?" asked her uncle, as they rested a minute in the captain's cabin.

"I should like to see the world, but not in such a small, untidy, smelly place as this. We would go in a yacht all clean and comfortable: Charlie says that is the proper way," answered Rose, surveying the close quarters with little favor.

"You are not a true Campbell if you don't like the smell of tar and salt water, nor Charlie either, with his luxurious yacht. Now come ashore and chin-chin with the Celestials."

After a delightful progress through the great warehouse, peeping and picking as they went, they found Uncle Mac and the yellow gentlemen in his private room, where samples, gifts, curiosities and newly arrived treasures of all sorts were piled up in pleasing pro-fusion and con-fusion.

As soon as possible Rose retired to a corner, with a porcelain god on one side, a green dragon on the other, and, what was still more embarrassing, Fun See sat on a tea-chest in front, and stared at her with his beady black eyes till she did not know where to look.

Mr. Whang Lo was an elderly gentleman in American costume, with his pig-tail neatly wound round his head. He spoke English, and was talking busily with Uncle Mac in the most commonplace way,—so Rose considered *him* a failure. But Fun See was delightfully Chinese from his junk-like shoes to the button on his pagoda hat; for he had got himself up in style, and was a mass of silk jackets and slouchy trousers. He was short and fat, and waddled comically; his eyes were very

"slanting," as Rose said; his queue was long, so were his nails; his yellow face was plump and shiny, and he was altogether a highly satisfactory Chinaman.

Uncle Alec told her that Fun See had come out to be educated, and could only speak a little pigeon English; so she must be kind to the poor fellow, for he was only a lad, though he looked nearly as old as Mr. Whang Lo. Rose said she would be kind; but had not the least idea how to entertain the queer guest, who looked as if he had walked out of one of the rice paper landscapes on the wall, and sat nodding at her so like a toy Mandarin that she could hardly keep sober.

In the midst of her polite perplexity, Uncle Mac saw the two young people gazing wistfully at one another, and seemed to enjoy the joke of this making acquaintance under difficulties. Taking a box from his table, he gave it to Fun See with an order that seemed to please him very much.

Descending from his perch, he fell to unpacking it with great neatness and dispatch, while Rose watched him, wondering what was going to happen. Presently, out from the wrappings came a teapot, which caused her to clasp her hands with delight, for it was made in the likeness of a plum little Chinaman. His hat was the cover, his queue the handle, and his pipe the nose. It stood upon feet in shoes turned up at the toes, and the smile on the fat, sleepy face was so like that on Fun when he displayed the teapot, that Rose could not help laughing, which pleased him much.

Two pretty cups with covers, and a fine scarlet tray, completed the set, and made one long to have a "dish of tea," even in Chinese style, without cream or sugar.

When he had arranged them on a little table before her, Fun signified in pantomime that the tray were hers, from her uncle. She returned her thanks in the same way, whereupon he returned to his tea-chest, and, having no other means of communication, they sat smiling and nodding at one another in an absurd sort of way till a new idea seemed to strike Fun. Tumbling off his seat, he waddled away as fast as his petticoats permitted, leaving Rose hoping that he had not gone to get a roasted rat, a stewed puppy, or any other foreign mess which civility would oblige her to eat.

While she waited for her funny new friend, she improved her mind in a way that would have charmed Aunt Jane. The gentlemen were talking over all sorts of things, and she listened attentively, storing up much of what she heard, for she had an excellent memory, and longed to distinguish herself by being able to produce some useful information when reproached with her ignorance.

She was just trying to impress upon her mind

Amoy was 280 miles from Hong Kong, when she came scuffling back, bearing what she thought a small sword, till he unfurled an immense fan and presented it with a string of Chinese comments, the meaning of which would have amused her even more than the sound if she could have understood it.

She had never seen such an astonishing fan, and she once became absorbed in examining it. Of

would have sat wafting it to and fro all the afternoon, to Fun's great satisfaction, if Dr. Alec's attention had not suddenly been called to her by a breeze from the big fan that blew his hair into his eyes, and reminded him that they must go. So the pretty china was repacked, Rose furlled her fan, and with several parcels of choice teas for the old ladies stowed away in Dr. Alec's pockets, they took their leave, after Fun had saluted them with the



ROSE AND FUN SEE.

course, there was no perspective whatever, which gave it a peculiar charm to Rose, for in one place a lovely lady, with blue knitting-needles in her hair, sat directly upon the spire of a stately pagoda. In another charming view a brook appeared to flow in at the front door of a stout gentleman's house, and out at his chimney. In a third zigzag wall went up into the sky like a flash of lightning, and a bird with two tails was apparently floating over a fisherman whose boat was just sinking aground upon the moon.

It was altogether a fascinating thing, and she

"three bendings and the nine knockings," as they salute the Emperor, or "Son of Heaven," at home.

"I feel as if I had really been to China, and I'm sure I look so," said Rose, as they glided out of the shadow of the "Rajah."

She certainly did, for Mr. Whang Lo had given her a Chinese umbrella; Uncle Alec had got some lanterns to light up her balcony; the great fan lay in her lap, and the tea-set reposed at her feet.

"This is not a bad way to study geography, is it?" asked her uncle, who had observed her attention to the talk.

"It is a very pleasant way, and I really think I have learned more about China to-day than in all the lessons I had at school, though I used to rattle off the answers as fast as I could go. No one explained anything to us, so all I remember is that tea and silk come from there and the women have little bits of feet. I saw Fun looking at mine, and he must have thought them perfectly immense," answered Rose, surveying her stout boots with sudden contempt.

"We will have out the maps and the globe, and I'll show you some of my journeys, telling stories as we go. That will be next best to doing it actually."

"You are so fond of traveling, I should think it would be very dull for you here, uncle. Do you know, Aunt Plenty says she is sure you will be off in a year or two."

"Very likely."

"Oh me! what *shall* I do then?" sighed Rose, in a tone of despair that made Uncle Alec's face brighten with a look of genuine pleasure as he said, significantly:

"Next time I go I shall take my little anchor with me. How will that suit?"

"Really, uncle?"

"Really, niece."

Rose gave a little bounce of rapture which caused the boat to "wobble" in a way that speedily quieted her down. But she sat beaming joyfully and trying to think which of some hundred questions she would ask first, when Dr. Alec said, pointing to a boat that was coming up behind them in great style:

"How well those fellows row. Look at them, and take notes for your own use by and by."

The "Stormy Petrel" was manned by half-a-dozen jaunty-looking sailors, who made a fine display of blue shirts and shiny hats, with stars and anchors in every direction.

"How beautifully they go, and they are only boys. Why, I do believe they are *our* boys! Yes, I see Charlie laughing over his shoulder. Row, uncle, row! oh, please do, and not let them catch up with us!" cried Rose, in such a state of excitement that the new umbrella nearly went overboard.

"All right, here we go!" and away they did go with a long, steady sweep of the oars that carried the "Bonnie Belle" through the water with a rush.

The lads pulled their prettiest, but Dr. Alec would have reached the Point first if Rose, in her flurry, had not retarded him by jerking the rudder ropes in a most unseamanlike way, and just as she got right again her hat blew off. That put an end to the race, and while they were still fishing for the

hat the other boat came alongside, with all the oars in the air, and the jolly young tars ready for a frolic.

"Did you catch a crab, uncle?"

"No, a blue-fish," he answered, as the dripping hat was landed on a seat to dry.

"What have you been doing?"

"Seeing Fun."

"Good for you, Rose! I know what you mean. We are going to have him up to show us how to fly the big kite, for we can't get the hang of it. Is n't he great fun, though?"

"No, little Fun."

"Come, stop joking, and show us what you've got."

"You'd better hoist that fan for a sail."

"Lend Dandy your umbrella; he hates to buy his pretty nose."

"I say, uncle, are you going to have a Feast of Lanterns?"

"No, I'm going to have a feast of bread and butter, for its tea-time. If that black cloud does not lie, we shall have a gust before long, so you had better get home as soon as you can, or your mother will be anxious, Archie."

"Ay, ay, skipper. Good night, Rose; come out often, and we'll teach you all there is to know about rowing," was Charlie's modest invitation.

Then the boats parted company, and across the water from the "Petrel's" crew came a verse from one of the Nonsense Songs in which the boys were lighted.

"Oh, Timballoo! how happy we are,
We live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the starlight pale,
We sail away, with a pea-green sail,
And whistle and warble a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong.
Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumbies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"UNCLE, could you lend me a ninepence? I'll return it as soon as I get my pocket-money," said Rose, coming into the library in a great hurry that evening.

"I think I could, and I won't charge any interest for it, so you need not be in any hurry to repay me. Come back here and help me settle the books if you have nothing pleasanter to do," answered Dr. Alec, handing out the money with that readiness which is so delightful when we are making small loans.

"I'll come in a minute; I've been longing to fix my books, but did n't dare to touch them, because you always shake your head when I read."

"I shall shake my head when you write, if you don't do it better than you did in making out this allocution."

"I know it's bad, but I was in a hurry when I wrote it, and I am in one now." And away went Rose, glad to escape a lecture.

But she got it when she came back, for Uncle Alec was still knitting his brows over the list of books, and sternly demanded, pointing to a tipsy-looking title staggering down the page:

"Is that meant for 'Pulverized Bones,' ma'am?"

"No, sir; it's 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Well, I'm glad to know it, for I began to think we were planning to study surgery or farming. And what is this, if you please? 'Babies' Aprons'—all I can make of it."

Rose looked hard at the scrawl, and presently announced, with an air of superior wisdom:

"Oh, that's 'Bacon's Essays.'"

"Miss Power did not teach anything so old-fashioned as writing, I see. Now look at this little memorandum Aunt Plenty gave me, and see what a handsome plain hand that is. She went to a dame-school and learnt a few useful things well; that is better than a smattering of half a dozen so-called other branches, I take the liberty of thinking."

"Well, I'm sure I was considered a bright girl at school, and learned everything I was taught. Myself and me were the first in all our classes, and especially praised for our French and music and these sort of things," said Rose, rather offended at Uncle Alec's criticism.

"I dare say; but if your French grammar was better than your English, I think the praise was deserved, my dear."

"Why, uncle, we *did* study English grammar, and I could parse beautifully. Miss Power used to set us up to show off when people came. I don't care, but I talk as right as most girls."

"I dare say you do, but we are all too careless about our English. Now, think a minute and tell me if these expressions are correct: 'Luly and me,' 'these sort of things,' and 'as right as most girls.'" Rose pulled her pet curl and put up her lip, but she felt to own that she was wrong, and said meekly, after a pause which threatened to be sulky:

"I suppose I should have said 'Luly and I,' in that case, and 'that sort of things' and 'rightly,' though 'correctly' would have been a better word, I guess."

"Thank you; and if you will kindly drop 'I guess,' I shall like my little Yankee all the better. Now, see here, Rosy, I don't pretend to set myself up for a model in anything, and you may come down on my grammar, manners, or morals as often as you think I'm wrong, and I'll thank you. I've been knocking about the world for years, and have

got careless, but I want my girl to be what I call well educated, even if she studies nothing but the 'three Rs' for a year to come. Let us be thorough, no matter how slowly we go."

He spoke so earnestly and looked so sorry to have ruffled her that Rose went and sat on the arm of his chair, saying, with a pretty air of penitence:

"I'm sorry I was cross, uncle, when I ought to thank you for taking so much interest in me. I guess—no, I think you are right about being thorough, for I used to understand a great deal better when papa taught me a few lessons than when Miss Power hurried me through so many. I declare my head used to be such a jumble of French and German, history and arithmetic, grammar and music, I used to feel sometimes as if it would split. I'm sure I don't wonder it ached." And she held on to it as if the mere memory of the "jumble" made it swim.

"Yet that is considered an excellent school, I find, and I dare say it would be if the benighted lady did not think it necessary to cram her pupils like Thanksgiving turkeys, instead of feeding them in a natural and wholesome way. It is the fault with most American schools, and the poor little heads will go on aching till we learn better."

This was one of Dr. Alec's hobbies, and Rose was afraid he was off for a gallop, but he reined himself in and gave her thoughts a new turn by saying suddenly, as he pulled out a fat pocket-book:

"Uncle Mac has put all your affairs into my hands now, and here is your month's pocket-money. You keep your own little accounts, I suppose?"

"Thank you. Yes, Uncle Mac gave me an account-book when I went to school, and I used to put down my expenses, but I could n't make them go very well, for figures are the one thing I am not at all clever about," said Rose, rummaging in her desk for a dilapidated little book, which she was ashamed to show when she found it.

"Well, as figures are rather important things to most of us, and you may have a good many accounts to keep some day, would n't it be wise to begin at once and learn to manage your pennies before the pounds come to perplex you?"

"I thought you would do all that fussy part and take care of the pounds, as you call them. Need I worry about it? I do hate sums so!"

"I shall take care of things till you are of age, but I mean that you shall know how your property is managed and do as much of it as you can by and by; then you won't be dependent on the honesty of other people."

"Gracious me! as if I would n't trust you with millions of billions if I had them," cried Rose, scandalized at the mere suggestion.

"Ah, but I might be tempted; guardians are sometimes; so you'd better keep your eye on me, and in order to do that you must learn all about these affairs," answered Dr. Alec, as he made an entry in his own very neat account-book.

Rose peeped over his shoulder at it, and then turned to the arithmetical puzzle in her hand with a sigh of despair.

"Uncle, when you add up your expenses do you ever find you have got more money than you had in the beginning?"

"No; I usually find that I have a good deal less than I had in the beginning. Are you troubled in the peculiar way you mention?"

"Yes; it is very curious, but I never *can* make things come out square."

"Perhaps I can help you," began Uncle Alec, in the most respectful tone.

"I think you had better, for if I have got to keep accounts I may as well begin in the right way. But please don't laugh! I know I'm very stupid, and my book is a disgrace, but I never *could* get it straight." And with great trepidation Rose gave up her funny little accounts.

It really *was* good in Dr. Alec not to laugh, and Rose felt deeply grateful when he said in a mildly suggestive tone:

"The dollars and cents seem to be rather mixed; perhaps if I just straightened them out a bit we should find things all right."

"Please do, and then show me on a fresh leaf how to make mine look nice and ship-shape as yours do."

As Rose stood by him watching the ease with which he quickly brought order out of chaos, she privately resolved to hunt up her old arithmetic and perfect herself in the four first rules, with a good tug at fractions, before she read any more fairy tales.

"Am I a rich girl, uncle?" she asked suddenly, as he was copying a column of figures.

"Rather a poor one, I should say, since you had to borrow a ninepence."

"That was your fault, because you forgot my pocket-money. But, really, shall I be rich by and by?"

"I am afraid you will."

"Why afraid, uncle?"

"Too much money is a bad thing."

"But I can give it away, you know; that is always the pleasantest part of having it *I* think."

"I'm glad you feel so, for you *can* do much good with your fortune if you know how to use it well."

"You shall teach me, and when I am a woman we will set up a school where nothing but the three Rs shall be taught, and all the children live on oat-

meal, and the girls have waists a yard round," said Rose, with a sudden saucy smile dimpling her cheeks.

"You are an impertinent little baggage, to turn me in that way right in the midst of my first attempt at teaching. Never mind, I'll have an extra bitter dose for you next time, miss."

"I knew you wanted to laugh, so I gave you a chance. Now I will be good, master, and do my lesson nicely."

So Dr. Alec had his laugh, and then Rose sat down and took a lesson in accounts which she never forgot.

"Now come and read aloud to me; my eyes are tired, and it is pleasant to sit here by the fire while the rain pours outside and Aunt Jane lectures upstairs," said Uncle Alec when last month's account had been put in good order and a fresh page neatly begun.

Rose liked to read aloud, and gladly gave him the chapter in "Nicholas Nickleby" where the Miss Kenwidges take their French lesson. She did her very best, feeling that she was being criticised and hoping that she might not be found wanting in this as in other things.

"Shall I go on, sir?" she asked very meekly when the chapter ended.

"If you are not tired, dear. It is a pleasure to hear you, for you read remarkably well," was the answer that filled her heart with pride and pleasure.

"Do you really think so, uncle? I'm so glad papa taught me, and I read for hours to him, but I thought, perhaps, he liked it because he was fond of me."

"So am I; but you really do read unusually well, and I am very glad of it, for it is a rare accomplishment and one I value highly. Come here in this cosy, low chair; the light is better, and can pull these curls if you go too fast. I see you are going to be a great comfort as well as a great credit to your old uncle, Rosy." And Dr. Alec drew her close beside him with such a fatherly look and tone that she felt it would be very easy to love and obey him since he knew how to mix praise and blame so pleasantly together.

Another chapter was just finished, when the sound of a carriage warned them that Aunt Jane was about to depart. Before they could go to meet her, however, she appeared in the door-way looking like an unusually tall mummy in her waterproof with her glasses shining like cat's eyes from the depths of the hood.

"Just as I thought! petting that child to death and letting her sit up late reading trash. I do hope you feel the weight of the responsibility you have taken upon yourself, Alec," she said, with a certain grim sort of satisfaction at seeing things go wrong

"I think I have a very realizing sense of it, sister," answered Dr. Alec, with a comical shrug of his shoulders and a glance at Rose's bright face. "It is sad to see a great girl wasting these precious hours so. Now my boys have studied all day, and Mac is still at his books, I've no doubt, while you have not had a lesson since you came, I expect."

"I have had five to-day, ma'am," was Rose's very unexpected answer.

"I'm glad to hear it; and what were they, my boy?"

Rose looked very demure as she replied:

"Navigation, geography, grammar, arithmetic, keeping my temper."

"Queer lessons, I fancy; and what have you learned from this remarkable mixture. I should like to know?"

A naughty sparkle came into Rose's eyes as she answered, with a droll look at her uncle:

"I can't tell you all, ma'am, but I have collected some useful information about China, which you will like, especially the teas. The best are Lap-sang Souchong, Assam Pekoe, rare Ankoë, Flowery

Pekoe, Howqua's mixture, Scented Caper, Padral tea, black Congou, and green Twankey. Shanghai is on the Woosung River. Hong Kong means 'island of sweet waters.' Singapore is 'Lion's Town.' 'Chops' are the boats they live in; and they drink tea out of little saucers. Principal productions are porcelain, tea, cinnamon, shawls, tin, tamarinds, and opium. They have beautiful temples and queer gods; and in Canton is the Dwelling of the Holy Pigs, fourteen of them, very big and all blind."

The effect of this remarkable burst was immense, especially the fact last mentioned. It entirely took the wind out of Aunt Jane's sails; it was so sudden, so varied and unexpected, that she had not a word to say. The glasses remained fixed full upon Rose for a moment, and then, with a hasty "Oh, indeed!" the excellent lady bundled into her carriage and drove away, somewhat bewildered and very much disturbed.

She would have been more so if she had seen her reprehensible brother-in-law dancing a triumphal polka down the hall with Rose in honor of having silenced the enemy's battery for once.

(To be continued.)



THE BREATH OF SPRING.

"Haste thee, Winter, haste away!
Far too long has been thy stay."

OLD SONG.

THE GREAT FRESHET.

(A regular Noah's Ark of a time.)

BY JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN.

JESSIE and Mack Duncan lived in a pretty village on the banks of the Ohio, where that beautiful stream is most beautiful, as it flows like a broad silver ribbon between high hills on either side.

One day in early Spring, when Mr. Duncan came in to dinner, he asked his wife if she could n't go to work and take up her carpets that afternoon, as he did n't know but the river would look in on them before morning. This ought to have scared Jessie and Mack, I suppose, but it did n't one bit. They just clapped their hands and said, "Hurrah! let's go down after dinner and see it."

You must know the river had been rising four or five days, ever since the ice broke. It does n't freeze over every winter, but every few years it does, and, when the ice breaks up, then there's a time!

Mr. Duncan's house stood on the first bank above the river. It had been many years since the river had flooded the broad, beautiful plain, on which nearly half the village stood. But now it was rising steadily, and reports from the surrounding country showed that all the little streams flowing into it were rising too.

Jessie and Mack had been down every day to watch it. How the great cakes of ice ground against each other as they swept along!

"It looks like it was mad, don't it, Jessie?" said Mack. "Just see how one cake tumbles over another, just as if it wanted to beat."

This afternoon, however, the ice was nearly all gone, but the black boiling river looked as angry as ever, only it did not growl so much, now the ice was gone. Jessie looked far up the river. A little speck seemed to be turning the bend, about a mile above.

"Oh, Mack, there's a house!" she said, as she clasped her hands in terror, under her cloak.

"Where?" said Mack. "Oh, jolly! aint it a-sailin', though? Wish 't I was out in it; would n't I have a bully sail!"

"Why, Mack Duncan, may be somebody is in that house!" And then she added, under her breath, as if afraid the river might hear her, "May be our house 'll sail off before morning just like that."

Mack turned his great blue eyes round in astonishment.

"Our house? Why, we're up on the bank; the river can't —"

"Yes, it can, though. Did n't you understand what father meant when he told mother to take up her carpets?"

This sobered Mack. He stood kicking the lumps of hard snow and pebbles into the river below.

"What 'll we do, then?" he asked, at length.

"I don't know, unless we go up to Aunt Ellice's. Oh, what's father got there?" and the two children scampered off to meet their father.

He had a large coil of cable on his arm. Mack and Jessie watched him as he fastened it securely to a great iron staple he had driven into the house and then followed him to a large sycamore tree not far off. The other end of the cable he tied around the body of the tree. Mack felt safe now.

"There!" he said, triumphantly. "I know father'd fix it somehow. She can't float off to sea her life."

"What if the rope should break, Mack?" asked his father, smiling.

Mack looked incredulous. "That can't break, I guess, can it, father?" he added more doubtfully, looking at his father's face.

"I hope not, my boy," said his father. "But might; and then, what if the tree should float off?"

But this seemed more impossible than the other to Mack, for he had not yet learned the tremendous force of water.

Indoors they found their mother moving to the upper story as fast as possible. Jessie and Mack began to feel as if the flood had really come, they clambered upstairs with arm-loads of things.

Mr. Duncan set up the cooking-stove in Marie's chamber. It seemed so funny to the children to see a chamber turned into a kitchen. They thought it rare fun to carry up dippers and pots and kettles into a place where they had never been seen before.

Nona was very busy all by herself. All her large family of dolls and kittens had to be transported out of harm's way, and nobody had time to help the poor little dear.

"Quicket," she said to her kitty, "you 'se dot-tay up'tairs now. We 'se going to live up the don't you know, Quicket, 'cause—'cause the water comin' up, and 'ee house is going to drown all in and you must n't go down'tairs, 'cause you 'll get your feet wet."

She begged very hard for the cistern to

ght up, " 'cause how could Marjorie get any r?"

ack and Jessie laughed, and the poor child ran out of ridicule's way. She could not bear to be hed at, and, though she still felt the impo- of bringing up the cistern and the new p, her favorite plaything, she said no more t it.

he next morning, the children looked out on a full of water. The river had really reached b, and Jessie felt a shiver of terror mixed with delight at the novelty of the affair.

r. Duncan had a small boat moored to the a, which he used to take him up to the water's c, wherever that happened to be, in order to supplies for the family. It was rare fun to k and Jessie to go paddling about the yard in e first day. The water was not yet deep gh to be dangerous, and the fence kept them drifting away. So they had things all to selves. They paddled out to the barn, and the chickens peeping out of the upper door, which Mr. Duncan had nailed slats, to keep a from flying out. The horse and carriage and were all taken up to Aunt Ellice's, who lived n the second bank, quite beyond the highest -water mark.

he second day, Jessie found the boat floating at foot of the stairs, which came down on an open h. She and Mack made a tour of the rooms, ing up to a door and opening it, and then row- the boat into the room. How queer and de- tful it was!

It seems just like Noah's ark, does n't it, ie?" asked Mack.

It seems just like Venice to me," said Jessie.

Venice! who's she?" asked Mack.

Oh, she is n't a lady at all," said Jessie, laugh-

"Venice is a city, where the streets are all of water, and the people go about in boats d gondolas."

Oh!" said Mack, soberly. "Let's play this Venice, then, and this skiff was our—what?"

Our gondola," said Jessie. "Well now, the t hall shall be the Grand Canal; that's the cipal street in Venice,—I read all about it in a c father's got up— No! Why, Mack, no- y's taken the books upstairs. They'll be ed."

nd little book-loving Jessie darted off to the e room off the parlor, where she had arranged he books she could muster—and there were not any twenty years ago in little girls' homes as e are now. This room, which she had dusted swept, and filled with books and papers and azines, had been the pride of her heart. She called it the "library" until everybody in the

house called it so too, whereat her proud little heart secretly rejoiced.

It was too true. Nobody had remembered the books. The door was so swollen with the water that it would not open.

"O dear!" sighed Jessie. "Father says the freshet may last for weeks, and what shall I read? My Harpers' and Godey's and Rollo books, and Abbott's Histories! and I had just commenced 'Mary Queen of Scots,' and they'll all be ruined!"

"I'll tell you what," said Mack, in sympathy with Jessie's distress, although he did not understand her enthusiasm for the stupid old books,— "I'll tell you, Jessie. "Let's row around to the window: may be we can get that open."

Another row was quite soothing to Jessie's feelings, for next to books she loved the water. They got the window open, and, by ducking their heads and playing they were going under a low bridge in Venice, they rowed in.

The water, fortunately, had not reached the books. Jessie tumbled them into the boat rather unceremoniously, adding as many magazines and papers as the boat would hold. On the top shelf of the book-case was her grandma's cap-box, holding her best cap.

"O, Mack! we must get grandma's cap. It'll be spoiled if the water reaches it, and she has never worn it one single time."

"Well, you just hold the—the cupola —"

"Gondola, you mean," said Jessie, laughing.

"An' I know what it is," said Mack. "I only said cupola for fun. You just hold the—it steady, and I'll play I was a robber, climbing up outside of a house. Do they have robbers in—in that country?"

"In Venice? Yes, awful ones, too; they're called brigands, and they live in the mountains," Jessie went on, leaving Venice in the background of her imagination, and straying off to the mount- ains. "They just come down and carry off travelers up to the mountains, you know, and then demand a ransom."

"What's that?" said Mack.

"Oh, a whole lot o' money. They make their friends pay a ransom to get the prisoners back."

"I say, Jessie," said Mack, sitting down on the edge of the boat, forgetting the house he was going to rob, in a sudden and new-found interest in Jessie's poky old books,— "Say, Jessie, which book is that in? If it's about robbers, I'll read about it."

"Well, I'll show you when we get upstairs. You just climb up now and rob that house."

A few moments of vigorous climbing, at the risk of pulling the whole book-case down, brought away the spoil, together with a pair of sugar turtle-doves,

which Mack found behind the cap-box. These he put between his teeth for safe keeping, and a good deal of one wing was gone when he got them out again.

"There, Mack Duncan, you've found my sugar birds at last," said Jessie. "and bitten a good big piece off, too."

"I could n't help it, Jess, 'deed I could n't; it was so soft it would come right off in my mouth."

"Why did you put it into your mouth, then?" she asked, rather angrily, surveying her mutilated treasure. "I was saving them for Nona, and now you've spoiled them."

"Well, better let me eat 'em all up, now," said Mack.

"No, sir, I sha'n't; poor little Nona shall have what's left."

They got out of their narrow quarters after some trouble, and the books were safely landed. Their mother was glad they had found them, for she had utterly forgotten "the library," in her hurry and confusion.

Grandma was up at Aunt Ellice's, but Mrs. Duncan said she had no doubt she was worrying about that cap.

The river rose higher and higher during the next week, until it came within a foot of the ceiling of the lower rooms. Then it stopped, and, after remaining stationary for several days, began to recede.

The children rowed out with their father every day to feed the chickens. The hens made themselves nests in the hay, which occupied about half of the loft now, leaving a good room for the hens, which Mr. Duncan had floored, to keep them from falling into the water. Mack and Jessie would scramble up the ladder, push open the trap-door, and hunt for eggs. It was very exciting when there were only two rounds of ladder from the boat to the trap-door.

The hens always huddled together at the latticed door, to watch them coming from the house.

"Don't they look like the animals in Noah's ark, Jessie?" said Mack one morning, as he watched them with their heads thrust out through the bars. "I wish that old hen we had for dinner last week was alive. Father said he guessed she must have come out of the ark, and I wonder if she'd remember it."

Mr. Duncan went also every day to examine the sycamore-tree. It stood its ground—or, rather, in its ground—bravely. As long as that stood firm, he said, he would not move out.

One morning they had an adventure. Just as they sat down to breakfast, they spied a house floating down quite near them. Everybody rushed to the windows, though Marjorie had splendid

griddle-cakes for breakfast. When they first saw it, it was only a little beyond the barn.

"It is going to come right against the house. I'm afraid," said Mr. Duncan.

If he had known what was in the house, would not have been afraid about it. On it came, tipping to one side a little, but seeming to be well balanced that it did not go entirely over.

"Seems to me I hear somebody crying in there," said Mrs. Duncan.

Everybody shuddered.

"Do *you* hear that noise, too?" asked Mr. Duncan. "I heard it, but I thought it must be the creaking of the timbers. Of course, everybody heard it before it floated."

It was a small house, containing but two rooms. The chimney ran up between the two, so that it still stood. As it drew near, they heard a groaning. This time all heard it.

"Halloo!" shouted Mr. Duncan.

"O, help! help!" came the voice. "I can get to the window, for fear the house will tip over." "Steady!" called Mr. Duncan, in a loud, clear voice. "Keep quiet, and we'll have you out soon."

But this having the poor woman out was more easily said than done. Mr. Duncan's face looked a great deal more anxious than his voice sounded.

Hastily uncoiling a bed (how lucky that this house had opened twenty-five years ago, or they might have had no corded bed), he made a running noose one end, which he threw to a cherry-tree near one limb of which had been sawed off, leaving a large stout knob. One, two, three times did he throw before the noose caught the stump. Against this rope the floating house rested. The water covered the floor to the depth of about three feet—that is, the house sank to that depth.

The poor woman was in bed with two children, the water lapping the sides of the bed. On the floor—no, floating about the room—was an old-fashioned cradle, of a kind much used in this country in early times, and still used in certain parts of the country. It was a trough scooped out of a log. How lucky, again, that it was twenty-five or thirty years ago: for if it had been in the present time the mother would have had a fine new cradle from the cabinet-maker's, and the poor baby might have been drowned!

It was n't even a bit wet though.

"It's just like Moses in the bulrushes," said Mack, whose Sunday afternoon Bible stories seem to stay by him.

That baby then and there got the name of Moses, though it was a girl, unfortunately. She is called Moses yet.

The woman told them that, about one o'clock

morning, her husband, finding the water rising the floor, had got up and gone off to try and find a boat to take them out of the house. He did not return, however, and about four o'clock the house floated off. She said she had taken her two children from the trundle-bed into her own, and had set the cradle on two chairs, beside the bed. It seems then that she must have gone to sleep, for when she woke it was daylight, and the house had floated entirely out of sight of the hollow where they lived, and the baby's cradle was on the

The Duncans found a hearty welcome at Aunt Ellice's. That lady put forth her hand and took them in, like a whole family of Noah's doves.

Mack, of course, disappeared as soon as greetings were over, and came in after about an hour with the sententious remark that "it seemed so good to set foot on dry land once more." A chorus of laughter greeted this remark, for a single glance at the mud on his boots sufficed to show that he had not been setting foot exactly on dry land.

The Duncans had left their house just at the



THE FAMILY IN THE FLOATING HOUSE.

other side of the room. Miss "Moses," however, got through it all, and did not wake till Mr. Duncan lifted her from the cradle.

Everybody enjoyed Marjorie's griddle-cakes at breakfast, except the poor rescued woman, who was so overcome by her long terror, and her anxiety about her husband, that she could only sip a little coffee, which Mrs. Duncan insisted she must drink. She found her husband after about a week's search.

After breakfast, Mr. Duncan said they must all pack up and leave, as their own house might go at any minute. As they rowed past the sycamore-tree, everybody shuddered. It was down!

height of the flood, for it began to subside the next day, and in about a week the river was in its proper limits. It was a whole week more, however, before Mr. Duncan could get to the house, as, the water being gone, he could not use the skiff, and the ground was impassable even for foot-passengers. When he finally decided to try it, Jessie and Mack both put in a plea to be allowed to go too.

"Well, well," said their father, after considering a moment, "put on your new-fashioned gum-elastics, and we'll see if they will carry you over dry-shod."

The "gum-elastics" were high rubber shoes,

laced up with shoe-strings, a style in which rubbers were first made, though soon given up for the more convenient sandal of the present day.

They found the house badly dilapidated. Nearly all the plastering was off the lower walls, and a layer of fine mud an inch deep covered the floors.

"Toughest job o' house-cleanin' I ever saw," said Marjorie, as she surveyed the floor.

The upper part, however, was not hurt in the

least, and the family moved in once more, while the lower part was put in repair.

A row of trees on the side from which the current flowed, together with a grove in the yard had prevented the house from being washed away. These had broken the force of the current, and so their house and home was left to the Duncan family, who were glad enough to have escaped with the comparatively small loss that had befallen them.

GOLD - ROBIN.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

GOLD-ROBIN came back to the old elm-tree,
And a beautiful, beautiful lay sang he.
'T was a sort of a "How-do-you-do" to it all,
The house, and the lawn, and the elm-tree tall.
"And we're happy to come," said his mate.

Gold-Robin came back to his last year's nest.
"I wonder," said he, "which will be the best,
To patch up this thing and make it do,
Or to build another all fresh and new?"
"A fresh one for me!" said his mate.

Then they busily worked with skill and care,
With bits of straw, and leaf, and hair,
Till they made their nest and swung it high,
On the topmost bough, up near the sky.
"T is out of harm's way," said his mate.

There she laid her eggs, and kept them warm
In the driving wind and the pelting storm.
Gold-Robin brought her dainty food;
"Here's a spider, love! 't will do you good."
"Thank you, my dear!" said his mate.

When the little birds came out of the shell,
They looked—how they looked I think I'll not tell.
Gold-Robin, you know, is handsome and bold,
Stylish and smart in his black and gold.
"And they don't look like *me!*" said his mate.

But they fed them well, and loved them too,
And after a time their feathers grew;
Still they played the game each young bird tries,
Of "open your mouth and shut your eyes."
"That's a trick they'll outgrow," said his mate.

In truth she was right, for they came to be
 The prettiest birds you ever did see.
 "We must teach them to fly," said Gold-Robin one day,
 "And then in the world they can make their way."
 "All in good time," said his mate.

And "all in good time" they learned to fly,
 Down to the grass, then up to the sky.
 "They must learn to find their breakfast and tea,
 And dinner and lunch," Gold-Robin, said he.
 "They can do that now," said his mate.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do, my dear—
 You've had your summer vacation here;
 We'll go back to the South some pleasant day,
 And not be seen here till another May."
 "I'm ready, my love," said his mate.

One pleasant day, when the cool winds blew,
 Gold-Robin, his mate, and the little ones too,
 They took their leave, and they said "Good-bye!"
 To the old elm-tree where the nest hung high.
 "You'll see us next Spring," said his mate.

THE FAIR AT PAU.

BY AUNT FANNY.

ONCE upon a time, Aunt Fanny was traveling out, seeing the world, like the learned monkey. At last, she settled down in Pau, a funny little half French, half Spanish town in the south of France, where warm sunshine and flowers stay all winter.

She lived opposite the Haute Plante, or Place Napoleon,—a large park, at the lower end of which were great barracks. In these, hundreds of soldiers were, all dressed in baggy scarlet trousers, with gold buttons on their coats and caps. They are continually standing in groups in the park, speckling the green grass with gold and red, and making it look in the distance like Aladdin's gardens, which, you know, are full of gold and jewels.

In this park a great fair was to be held. All the night before, workmen were hammering at and building the booths or stalls where the wonderful things, ants, pigs with two heads, eels with feet, chickens with great flapping ears, Punch and Judy, and a hundred other astonishing curiosities, were to be exhibited for a whole week.

Of course Aunt Fanny could not visit such wonders alone. That would have been mean! So

she invited some lovely English children and a dear little French girl to go with her; and early one bright, sparkling morning they were all skipping about in her parlor in the greatest possible hurry to be off immediately.

There were Mona, Lulu, and Rudie, who is a queer little boy; and Amo, whose real name is Anna Mary Osborne; but everybody called her by her initials, which, as you see, make "Amo;" and Cecile, a pretty little French girl, who saluted Aunt Fanny with: "*Que vous êtes bonne, chère Madame, de me prendre avec vous,*" after which the English girls said, shyly: "Thank you very much;" and Rudie shouted out, just like any English boy would: "It's awfully jolly!" and then they all rushed down-stairs and across the street "pell-swell," as Rudie said, meaning "pell-mell."

"Oh! oh!" they exclaimed, and you would have said the very same if you had been there. A most magnificent merry-go-round was flying; the wooden horses and little carriages, full of fat babies, dirty-faced boys and old women, all racing after each other, to the sound of excited drums and an organ in spasms. Something serious was the matter with

that organ, for it squeaked dreadfully. But never mind; it was "splendid!"

Perhaps some of you have never seen a merry-go-round; so I will describe it. First, a large, strong mast-like pole is planted firmly in the ground, round which is fastened a number of arms, like the spokes of a wheel, which stand out horizontally three feet from the ground. At the end of some of the spokes are wooden horses, generally painted bright green with red spots, fierce, staring eyes, and enormous scarlet tails. To other spokes little carriages are attached. You pay a penny, or a sou, and get on a horse or in a carriage, and presto! some mysterious machinery is set going; all the spokes whirl round and round; fast and faster the drums are beaten; and the music plays. Six times round, and the delightful ride is ended!

We paid our sous, and all the children went racing after each other with little squeaking laughs, half joy, half fear. Rudie declared that his horse was a regular "2.40." by which he meant, as you probably know, that he was a race-horse which can run a mile in two minutes and forty seconds. The rest of us were enchanted; and Cecile, with her sweet, grateful smile, said:

"Mille remerciements, chère Madame; c'est une promenade à cheval délicieuse."

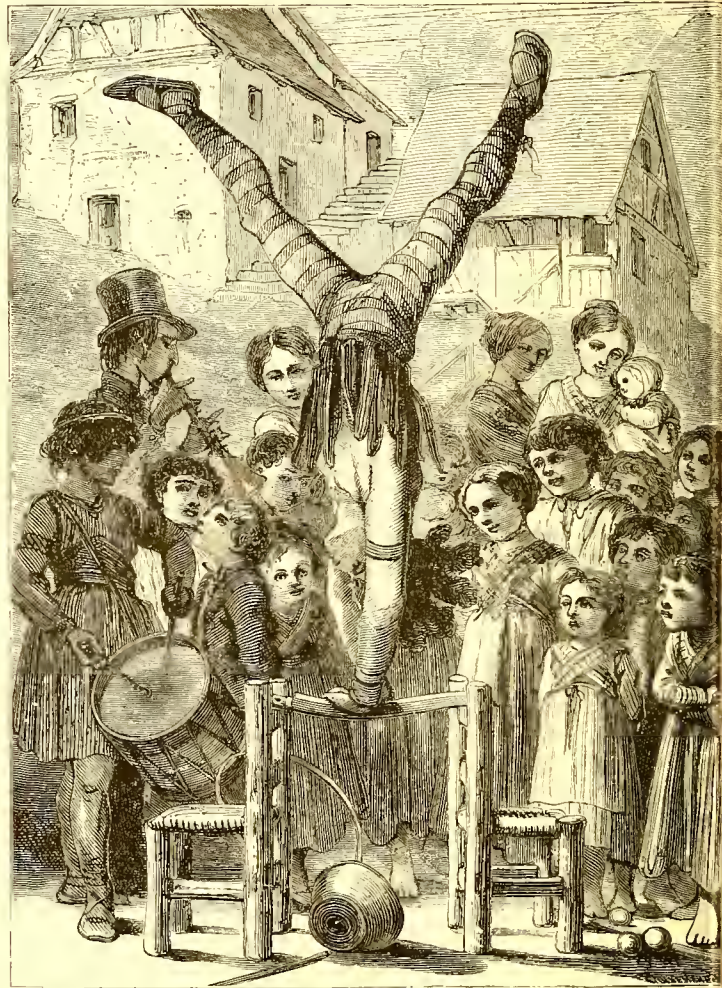
Just then a gun was fired. We hurried away toward the sound, and soon came to a large carriage painted all the colors of the rainbow. Standing in it was a dentist, dressed in a hussar military costume, with a gorgeous brass helmet on his head, ornamented with a long, waving red feather. He was loudly proposing to pull out one or all of anybody's teeth, because he could do it in such a delightful manner that it would only feel as if some one were smoothing their gums. Aunt Fanny politely inquired if the

children would like to have their gums smoothed delightfully, upon which they marched off in great hurry with their mouths shut tight.

"What is the drum beating for?" asked Rudie

Looking down a narrow side street, we saw pair of legs up in the air, rising from the midst of crowd of peasants.

"Why, it's a man upside down!" exclaimed Rudie, running out of the park, and down the street. We ran too, and saw an acrobat, or tumbler standing on his hands on a bar resting on the top of two chairs. The wonderful man stood on his hands, whirling round quickly, first on two hands



"WE SAW A PAIR OF LEGS UP IN THE AIR."

then on one; while a street-dancer beat a big drum and a man played on a cornet. Soon the tumbler jumped down, seized one of the chairs and balanced

on the end of his nose. At the same time he took up a tin basin which lay on the ground, threw it up in the air, caught it on the tip of his forefinger and made it dance a merry jig in time to the music. All the peasants looked on in the greatest state of astonishment and delight; and Rudie went bravely against a fence and tried to stand on his hands. He only tumbled over sidewise; and when he twirled his little pancake of a hat on his little thumb of a finger, that went off sidewise too, through the bars of the fence; and he had to climb over and get it.

More drum-beating; this time in the park; and all ran quickly back. It was now crowded with peasants from the country; some bareheaded, and many with kerchiefs tied under the chin. The clacking of wooden shoes sounded on every side. They alighted from canvas-covered carts, drawn by waxy-colored—almost yellow—cows, all of which had coats on of unbleached cotton cloth. The women carried comical-looking babies, with caps fitting close to their little bullet heads; very useful caps they were; for one woman ran her baby's head, like a battering ram, at a naughty little boy, to make him mind her; and it seemed to answer very well; and what is stranger still, the baby didn't seem to mind it in the least.

Never was heard such a clatter! Pigs squeaking, babies squalling, men making bargains in a language which seemed all r-r-r-r-r-s, and crackered old women roasting chestnuts and squabbling with each other, and all Noah's ark apparently tumbled out into the Place Napoleon in such confusion that the great Emperor himself, if he had been alive, could not have gotten them in order.

Crowds of soldiers, in red and gold, were trying their luck at the lotteries. They paid one sou each. Round went the wheel with a whizz and a whirl, and they won a dozen dirty peppermint lumps, or a crockery mug with "*Pour un bon et poli garçon*" painted upon it, just as the wheel happened to stop. Punch was beating poor Judy, and calling her names in French, which delighted Rudie beyond everything. Little birds were drawing four-wheeled carriages, with other little birds sitting inside, each holding a parasol over its head with one claw. They looked very stylish, and said "tweet, tweet" to each other, glancing quickly from side to side as if they were making remarks upon the weather and the company.

In a booth, from the top of which the American flag was flying, the children saw the Falls of Niagara for one sou each. The polite showman informed them that these magnificent falls were in "California." (You know better than that, don't you?) Ships were calmly sailing up and down the ataract, at which the English children laughed,

and Cecile observed: "*C'est impossible!*" But as the great tumbling waves were only green flannel,—"very dry water," Rudie said—they were not hurled to the certain destruction, which you all know that a ship would find, if it attempted to go over the real falls.

"I'm hungry," said little Rudie, as they came out; "and oh, look! There is a res—res—I can't pronounce it."

"*Vous voulez dire restaurant peut-être, chère petite.*" laughed Cecile, kissing his fat rosy cheek.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amo, "and a giantess to hand the refreshments! It says so."

"Let's go in!" they all cried. One sou each was charged for the honor and glory of being waited upon by a giantess, who squinted so dreadfully that the children never could tell where she was looking. But she was the very pink of politeness, and brought them all they asked for with such tremendous strides and stupendous bows and so many "*mercies*," that it was as good as a play. The five children ate gilt gingerbread and chestnuts enough for twenty; and when they left, Rudie climbed up on the table to kiss the giantess, while the rest said: "*Adieu, 'mercie, Madame,*" in their very best French.

And now the band strikes up for dancing. The peasants make a clattering rush for the wooden floors, or platforms, the children following as fast as they can. Off go the men's hats and women's shawls, and then commences such dancing! Hopping, bounding, twirling and tripping, like a regiment of crazy sparrows! while their wooden shoes click merrily as castanets. The nice old women sit all round the edges of the platform, clapping their hands in time to the music; the bullet-headed babies tumble over each other on the grass, pulling at each other's ears and legs; the fiddlers scrape away for dear life, and everybody is perfectly happy. It is almost impossible for Aunt Fanny to convince the children that it is time to go home to dinner, and they must leave the enchanting fair. In fact, that little scaramoush of a Rudie stamped his foot and cried: "No, no, no! I sha' n't go home!" But Cecile smoothed his curly head, and said very sweetly: "*Chère Rudie, l'obéissance est la première devoir de la jeunesse;*" and he was ashamed to be naughty any longer. He understood French very well, though he spoke it with a funny English accent.

On their way out they visited one more booth, where a dried-up little old Frenchman was offering to teach his countrymen and women "English the most beautiful, the most perfect." To show you how beautiful it was, I give his translation from French into English of an anecdote about our own great countryman, Benjamin Franklin:

“Benjamins Franklin, seeing one day to Paris some ladies very riches, which bore between hir arms little dogs and little monkees, and who was carressign them too tenderly, was ask with so many great deal reasons; whether the women of her country don't had some little childreh?”

Rudie said it was “jolly queer English;” and all laughed heartily over it except Cecile, who was too polite to laugh at anybody.

And now with slow, reluctant steps they leave the fair, and are once more in Aunt Fanny's parlor. Cecile's *bonne*, or nurse, is waiting to take her home, for no French child or young lady is ever permitted to go out alone in France. But the English children take care of themselves; and all, after kissing and thanking Aunt Fanny, skip merrily away, chatting about the delightful fair as they go.

“I wish I had a Punch and Judy,” said Rudie, the moment he was home; and he looked very hard at his kind old uncle, Admiral Benbow, who was reading the newspaper.

“Ahem!” said the kind old uncle; and that was all he said. But what he did, was to go out soon after, and send home a box directed to Rudie. In it were Punch, Judy, Judy's baby, the policeman, and all the rest of them, with a book of their sayings and doings. What a happy boy Rudie was!

All the next morning he was shut up in a queer little room, where the admiral kept his swords,

making Punch beat Judy while he read the story. His little dog, Fido, was all the audience; but he evidently knew all about it, for he barked in the right places just as if he were laughing.



RUDIE PLAYING “PUNCH AND JUDY.”

The next week Aunt Fanny and Cecile were invited to a private exhibition of Punch and Judy, at which performance they laughed till their sides ached, and Fido barked till he sneezed, and all the children declared that Rudie played Punch and Judy quite as well as the showman did at the famous fair.

CHERRY-CHEEK.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

“COME, Cherry-cheek,” called mamma,
 “Leave snow-fort, rink, and sled!
 The hills are tinted with mellow pink.
 The sun is going to bed.
 In our cosey supper-room
 I've drawn the curtains red,
 And the firelight leapeth on the wall;
 Come, Cherry-cheek,” she said.

And slowly up the steep
 His tiny sled he drew.
 The whole round heavens were soft and calm,
 With not a cloud in view;

And afar on the edge of the world
 One little silver spark
 Came out alone in a great wide place,
 And waited for the dark.

And he heard, in the frosty air
 Of the dying Winter day,
 His father's coming sleigh-bells chime
 A half-a-mile away;
 A happy little boy,—
 And something made him say,
 “Dear God! what a beautiful world you've made!
 I am glad I was good to-day!”

THE PILOT-BOAT.

BY MAJOR TRAVERSE.

LOOKING at the shipping along the wharves, I've noticed, is a favorite amusement of most city s; and one of the first wishes of a country lad, in most cases, is to go to sea. I do not wonder at it, for the sea, in spite of its great perils, has many attractions for older persons. Seen from the wharves, it has a charming and peaceful look enough. I know nothing more pleasant and interesting than to look upon New York Bay from the Battery, or Boston Harbor from Long Wharf, on a bright Spring or Summer morning, when the busy shipping gives life and grace to the natural beauty of the scene. One cannot but be interested in looking at the forests of masts which tell of the wealth of the ocean's traffic. I am fond of watching the tall grain elevators, looking like floating castles or steeples, doing their mighty work with little show and parade; and then, turning to the distant gray forts lying lazily and looking glum and gruff, even in the bright sunshine, I rejoice in their idleness as in the others' industry. I delight to watch the ferry-boats slipping into and out of their docks like great white mice into their holes; and the pert little steam-tugs grappling and towing the large ships ten times larger than themselves, and looking for all the world like little black spiders struggling with great beetles they had caught in their webs.

But though this scene may not be so beautiful it is not less interesting when one looks upon it on the edge of those dark dismal days when the wind whistles loud and the black clouds threaten a storm. When the bay has a strange air of desolation. There are none of the light row-boats and the white sails that dot it on bright days; bare masts, like leafless trees in winter, are all that are to be seen above the ships in the docks. If you care to look at the bay in a storm, you will notice that nearly all the boats and steamers and ships and tugs are crowded and inward, as if they were hunting their docks for safety. There is only one kind of vessel which goes out of port when storms are brewing, and these are so peculiar that you will not fail to observe them. They are precisely like all other schooners and sloops in their build and rigging,—long-built, trim little ships, looking stanch enough to buffet and mount the biggest wave that ever crossed the Atlantic; but they have one peculiarity. On the largest or mainsail of each of these boats its number is painted in great figures, as you will see by looking at the picture on the next

page. These peculiar craft are called pilot-boats, and they cruise in and about the great harbors to meet large ships which wish to enter port, and furnish them with guides, who pilot them safely through the shallow channels and over the sandy bars into their docks.

Whenever I see these gallant little ships going out to sea when all other vessels are coming into port to escape the storm, I cannot but think of brave soldiers pushing forward in battle when cowards are running away, and I feel like waving my hat, and cheering on the bold pilots and crews. Their white-winged boats remind me, too, of the stormy petrels of the sea,—“Mother Carey's chickens,” as the sailors call them,—those little, swallow-like birds which live on the surface of the sea, flying above and walking, or rather skipping, along the waves, sleeping on the water by night and following vessels by day to divide with them the food thrown overboard by the passengers and crews. The pilot-boats, too, live on the sea, resting at night on the billows and eagerly watching for the great ships by day. Sailors have a superstitious reverence for the petrels, and never kill or maim them, nor disregard the solemn warning of their appearance. The sight of a pilot-boat is the joy of a sailor, for he knows his voyage is nearly over. The birds and ships are to be seen, too, on bright days, but it is when storms are threatened, when clouds are lowering, that both petrels and pilots are seen in greatest numbers. You may happen by chance to see the pilot-boats on bright days coming into port for supplies, but when there is danger ahead you cannot fail to see them putting out to sea. There is this very great difference between the petrels and the pilots: The first gather about a ship when a storm is threatened or has burst, to feast on the wreck of the doomed ship; the pilots are there to save it from that fate.

Piloting is a very romantic business, you will think. Who does not envy the pilot the skill and knowledge that makes him a preserver of life and property, and therefore a benefactor to mankind. What boy with any life and spirit in him would not wish to be a pilot? But alas! there is another side to the picture. The life of a pilot is full of danger and suffering, and is but poorly rewarded. When you know something of its hardships, perhaps you will change your mind and pray that you may

never be a pilot. If you live near a great seaport you will find no difficulty in taking a cruise with the pilots; their numbered boats are to be found anchored in every bay. Portland, Maine, has three boats and about twenty-five pilots. If you live near Boston, any one of the five boats and the forty pilots there will take you out to sea on a short cruise if you give them good reasons for your wish to go. Southern lads will find at Norfolk, Virginia, three boats; at Savannah, Georgia, two; and at New Orleans, five boats and about forty pilots. I forgot to say that there are two boats at Charleston, South Carolina. There used to be three boats there,

Taking a small-boat, we row out to the pilot-boat anchored in the bay or river, and spring upon the deck. It is a small deck, but smooth, bright and clean with scrubbing and oiling. If you go down into her snug little cabin you will find four sleeping berths in two small rooms. Forward of these is mess-room and kitchen. If you look into the sleeping-berths you will see two or three strong, stalwart men asleep. They are pilots, resting now that they may labor hereafter. The others whom you will see about the deck of the boat are the crew and the one pilot who is "on duty" and commands the boat while the others sleep or are busy else



THE PILOT GOING ON BOARD A STEAMER.

but during the late war the Southerners seized one of them and turned it into a gunboat, which they called the "Planter," and put the best pilot in the port in charge of her. He was a negro slave named Robert Small; and one dark night he ran the "Planter" out of port and surrendered her to the United States fleet, which blockaded the harbor. New York has twenty-seven boats and two hundred and twenty pilots in her harbor. It is more particularly of the New York pilots that I wish to tell you, for they are the most daring, and in their cruises go farther out to sea than the pilots of any other port of the world.

When we are aboard, and all is ready, the anchor is lifted, and before it is out of the water the boat is under way, and we are off down the bay past the forts, through the Narrows, across the light and out beyond Sandy Hook, where we first find the grand swell of the ocean. There is a great black steamship going out also, but as we have the start of her, and as she must follow the narrow winding channels of the bay, while our light pilot boat can take shorter and shallower routes, we shall easily get to sea first.

We are in the "cruising ground" of the pilot-boat as soon as we pass Sandy Hook, which is the lon-

spit of sand which stretches out as if trying to close the Jersey shore with that of Long Island, and seems in danger of breaking its neck in the strait. Old sailors say that one day the sand will be washed up by the waves until the Hook will succeed in its aim, and will close up the entrance of New York Bay; but I suspect that by that time the great waves will find another channel just as good. There used to be another channel called Shrewsbury Inlet, just as deep as Sandy Hook Channel, but one night in 1844 a great ship named "North America" went ashore there, and the wrecked from the bottom of the sea, thrown up by the waves, gathered around the wreck and covered it with all but the masts, and finally closed the channel together. Three or four years ago a railroad was built on the sands where Shrewsbury Inlet once was; and when the New York boys and girls go with their parents to Long Branch watering-place for a ride in the cars above the wreck of the "North America," buried in the sands, with her unfortunate crew and passengers, only thirty years ago.

The pilots' "cruising ground" is, of course, all over the coast; but they speak of it just as you would of your favorite fields in the country, or streets in the town. The pilot, too, has favorite streets and routes on his ground, and knows them as well as you do the streets through which you love to walk or ride. The ground much farther out to sea than your eye can reach, is the cruising ground extends. New York pilots cruise away up north as far as Nantucket Island, where they meet the Boston pilot-boats, and as far south as the Delaware Capes, where they touch the "cruising ground" of the Norfolk pilots. The northern cruisers go to the aid of the French and British and English steamers and ships; those to the south are on the look-out for Brazil and West India and California and Gulf steamers, and also China and Japan steamers. The pilots board vessels at the distance of three or four hundred miles from port, but they do not always begin to take charge of them until within sight of the light-ship, which lies eight miles out to sea from Sandy Hook. But if a storm overtake a ship after a pilot has been taken on board, the captain is glad enough to give her up to his guidance for greater safety. It is not many minutes' sail from the Hook to the light-ship if the pilot-boat bears directly down on it, as many of them do when entering on a cruise. Sandy Hook light-ship is a small vessel painted red, and sitting high up in the water, that may be seen at as great a distance as possible. She is "as light as a cork," so that she may easily mount the highest waves. She has two masts, which carry, not sails, as you may suppose, but huge black and white checkered balls and large bright

revolving lamps. The balls glisten by day and the lights shine by night to mark, for incoming ships, the entrance to the great harbor. On board of her lives an old sailor and his family, who find there a very serene and pleasant home. You would hardly like it at first, for the light-ship, being a *very* light ship indeed, rolls and rocks like a cradle, and until one gets used to the motion, such a residence cannot be the most agreeable.

As the pilot-boat approaches the light-ship, you will notice that signals are made from her and answered from the light-ship. They are simple enough, being merely the lowering or hoisting of a flag, but you will not understand their meaning until you see the result of the silent conversation. You will often see in response to these signals that two of the crew of the pilot-boat will jump into the small-boat in tow and row to the light-ship. Down the rope ladder, which hangs at its side, a sailor clammers into the boat, and the boat returns, bringing this stranger to the pilot-boat. Do you guess who the stranger is? You will notice that he appears quite at home, for he goes about the deck and into the cabin of the pilot-boat and to bed in one of its berths as if he owned the boat. He does in part; for he is one of its pilots. He has piloted a ship out of port, and, having got her safely to sea, has been paid and discharged at the light-ship to be picked up by his own boat on its next outward cruise.

Our boat will probably not be in any haste to be off from the light-ship, but will sail around her while waiting for the steamer which we noticed sailing down the bay, to come up and pass us. While waiting, the pilots or any of the crew will "spin a yarn," as they call it,— "tell a story," as you would say,—of the sea and its dangers. From the light-ship, you can see away to the southward the "fatal sands" of the Jersey coast, and through the glass, or telescope, the light-house at Barnegat, that warns you to keep off them. Further away still is Squan Beach, the grave of thousands of brave men and helpless women and children. It was there that Thomas Freeborn, the pilot, was washed from the wheel of the "John Minturn," and perished. Did you ever hear the sad story? If you ask the master of the pilot-boat he will tell it to you, though Freeborn's monument in Greenwood Cemetery tells it also in plain terms, as you may read any day.

It is the story of one of the most terrible wrecks which ever happened on the New Jersey beach. The "John Minturn" was from New Orleans and bound to New York. She was spoken by the pilot-boat on which Thomas Freeborn sailed when away south of the Jersey coast, at least three hundred miles away from port. But the captain of the "John

Minturn," for some reason, did not like Thomas Freeborn, and refused to accept him as a pilot. The pilot-boat, however, followed in the wake of the ship, still offering to pilot her. until toward night on February 14, when a storm sprang up. The captain of the "Minturn" then regretted that he had not taken Freeborn on board, and, after looking in vain for another pilot-boat, he reluctantly, and in great anger, signaled Freeborn to come on board. Freeborn might have refused at this time when the danger was greatest, but he was too noble for that. Night was coming on, and the light-ship was not in sight. The gale was very severe, and the night bitterly cold. There was great danger that the ship would be driven on the dreaded Jersey sands. Freeborn saw the danger, but he did not hesitate to go to the ship, for he believed he could save her. He knew the coast and the ship, and he thought he knew the wind currents of the coast, too. But before he had been long on board the "Minturn," there came up one of the most fearful gales ever known on that coast. It was the middle of the winter season, and the spray from the waves that beat and broke against the ship, gradually driving her toward the shore, froze on the deck and rigging, making them like ice. The hardest sailors were driven into the cabin by the cold. Freeborn alone stuck to his dreary post during the terrible storm, and encouraged the others by his example. He saw his own pilot-boat driven ashore; and when at length the "Minturn" struck on the beach, there were ten other wrecks lying around her.

There was a terrible scene on board when the poor women and children and other passengers felt the ship strike the bottom, but Freeborn ordered them all to remain below. He saw that the ship must go to pieces before morning had brought the Jersey wreckers to her aid. He walked the slippery deck and watched every part of the ship, seeing the effect of each wave and calculating in his mind how many more such terrible blows it would take to batter her into fragments. He hoped, but in vain, that the storm would lull, or the ship hold together until morning. At length, seeing that she must soon go to pieces, he ordered the passengers on deck, for it was no longer safe to let them remain below in the cabin, into which the water might burst at any moment and drown them. He ordered the ship's life-boats to be made ready. The crew, stiff with cold, obeyed with the haste of men who see but one chance for life before them. But it took many minutes to man and lower the ice-bound boat. Freeborn watched the men with great anxiety, but he was not blind to other objects. There were two children there,—little things of four or five years of age,—snatched from their

warm beds when the ship struck and brought on deck by their frantic mothers with only their thin little night-clothes about them. Freeborn saw these two poor creatures, and, taking off his coat, wrapped one of them in it, and kissing the poor little creature, handed it down to its mother, who had been put in the boat. Then he took off his vest and wrapped the other babe in it, and gave again into its mother's arms. Then the crew cheered; the mothers wept; and the captain took Freeborn's hand in both of his and shook and shook it in token of his admiration. At last, with fourteen women and babes and men in the boat,—all the passengers and some of the crew,—the boat put off, and at last reached the shore, the passengers more dead than alive, but still thankful for their safety, and blessing and praying for brave Tom Freeborn and the thirteen others who remained on the ship.

Freeborn ordered the men who remained behind to lose no time in preparing the other boat. Those who went in the first boat relate that above the noise of the storm they once or twice heard his cheery voice giving the order; but that was the last seen or heard of him. The old ship soon went to pieces. A great wave washed the sails and their pilots into the water, and threw the lifeless upon the beach. The body of the gallant pilot was found next day on the sands, and taken to New York, where a whole city mourned him and buried him with the great honors due to heroes like Tom Freeborn.

Here is the steamer for which we have been waiting, out of port at last, and no longer in need of a pilot. Can you guess why, then, she slackened her speed and stops her wheels as she approaches the pilot-boat? We shall see if we wait. On more the small-boat is manned. This time it is rowed, not to the light-ship, but to the steamer. As it touches her side the rope ladder is lowered and a man in the round hat and garb of a pilot descends and springs into the boat. To the side the ship rush the passengers, and wave an adieu; the small-boat shoves off, and the great steamer again steams forward to her destination. The boat returns to the pilot-boat, and another pilot is turned to his own vessel after having guided the steamer out of port. All the pilots belonging to the boat are now on board, and the cruise begins in earnest. It will end only when each of the five six pilots on board have been taken on board inward-bound ships,—then the boat, too, will turn to port.

We will suppose that on this occasion our pilot-boat is in search of European steamers bound for New York. She will therefore sail eastward along the Long Island coast toward Nantucket. If she

cruising, instead, for Southern vessels, or from Southern ports, she would sail down the Jersey coast.

The "cruising ground" of the New York pilots is a busy place. It is at all times dotted over with steamers and pilot-boats; and the pilot-boats do not stay for many hours before they meet vessels going into port as well as out. When the look-out cries a steamer or ship in sight above the horizon, he cries out, "Sail ahead," and the pilot-boat once run for it. As soon as the two are within signaling distance the question is asked, "Do you want a pilot?" and the reply is signaled or holloed.

If one is wanted, the master sends one of those who are sleeping below on board; if not, the use of the pilot-boat is again changed, and the signal is continued until another ship is encountered, the same questions asked, and the same elements gone through with.

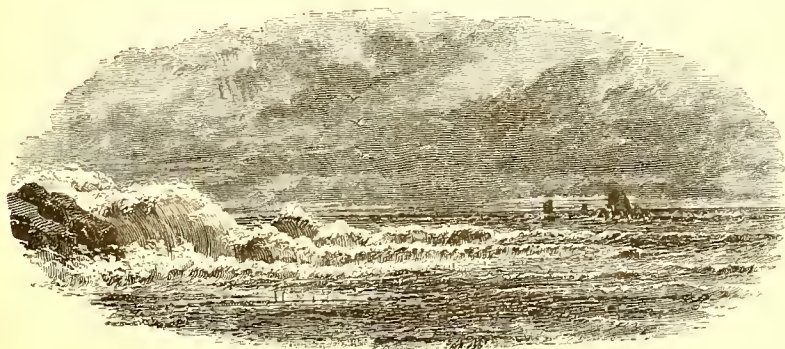
Cruising to the north, the pilots pass Fire Island, the most dangerous beach of the Long Island coast, as terrible in its annals of wrecks as Squan Point. It was on this beach that Robert Mitchell, a famous and faithful pilot, met his terrible fate sixteen years ago. He was a well-known New York citizen, famous for his charities and philanthropy. He was President of the Pilots' Benevolent Association, and greatly beloved by many poor seamen whom he had aided. He went on board the pilot-boat No. 11, "E. K. Collins," and the very next night, in a terrible storm, boarded the ship "Ingray," which had come safely all the way from China to be wrecked at the very end of its voyage. The night was bitterly cold, and the gale, which was blowing from the south-east, was the worst which had been known for ten years. The pilot-boat, too, became unmanageable in the storm. Mitchell saw his boat driven on Fire Island, and his eight comrades lost almost before his eyes. The ship, at the same time, was fast aground and rapidly becoming unmanageable.

It was covered with ice, and four of the crew froze to death. One of them was sent aloft to do some duty, and never came down again. The spray froze him to the rigging, and there, hung aloft in his icy shroud, the poor fellow perished. The others fell to the deck and froze where they lay. The next morning Robert Mitchell was found standing at the wheel of his ship dead! The pilot-boat had frozen as it fell upon him standing at his post, and fastened him to the deck. His body had to be cut away with axes.

On the same night another pilot-boat, the "George Steers," No. 6, was driven upon Barnegat Shoal, and the entire crew lost. Three others—the "Sylph," "Commerce," and "Washington"—went cruising out of port on the same day, and have never since been heard of. In seventeen years twenty-three pilot-boats and more than fifty pilots have been thus lost at sea. This is not, therefore, a life without danger.

The look-out speaks another sail in the distance, and again the pilot-boat is started in its direction. When it comes within signaling distance a little flag is run up at the mainstay,—the line from the mast to the prow of the pilot-boat,—and the old question, "Do you want a pilot?" is asked by a signal, rather than by words. The answer comes in the same way. Let us suppose that the answer this time is "Yes." The pilot-boat tacks at once to cross the path of the steamer. As they near each other the steamer slackens her speed; the sails of the pilot-boat are furled; and both stop and lay to. The little boat is again manned, and the pilot is rowed to the steamer, which he is to guide into port.

While the pilot-boat goes on its helpful way, cruising for other ships, let us go with the pilot aboard the steamer and return to port, for we have seen all of the pilots that will interest us at this time. The rope ladder is lowered, and we mount to the deck of the steamer, wave an adieu to our friends, and soon are once more in the city.





AN OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

FRED'S EASTER MONDAY.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

FRED stood at the window, his small nose flattened against the pane, as he looked down the street after mamma, hurrying to the Patent Office, where she must be at nine o'clock. He wanted to lean out, for just a block farther up was a little park where green grass grew and beds of crocuses and snowdrops could be seen. Looking out and going out, though, were both forbidden for that day. Poor, pale Fred, always headachy or ailing somewhere, had unfortunately an anxious, worrying little mamma, who did not know—or, if she knew, would not believe—that fresh air and sunshine would have brought color and life to the little pale cheeks and heavy eyes. So, as she hugged him that morning before going away, she said :

“Now, Fred, remember nobody is to take you out. You can blow bubbles, and there are all your books. Good-bye, darling !”

Fred sat down by the window, after watching her go out of sight, and leaned his head back against the chair, feeling too weak to care whether he moved again or not.

He might have staid there all day, had no visitor suddenly appeared. Right against the window pane flew a brown sparrow, that at once on the sill as if expecting attention. Fred looked a minute, and then, getting up, tried to raise his sash, which stuck fast a good while, and then came up with a jerk that sent him backward and all over. The sparrow flew up too, but soon came down again, and Fred took a cracker from his pocket and fed the little thing. The soft Spring air came over his face, and, as the sparrow flew away contently, he leaned out and looked toward the park from which came a breath of hyacinths and the chirp of many busy birds.

Fred sat down again, but the temptation was great. He knew nobody in the big board-room house would know or care if he ran out a few moments, and he did not stop to think of what his mamma might say. His overcoat and cap were in the wardrobe ; it was only the work of a moment to put them on, run down the stairs, and open the door. Once out there was no more thought

g back, and soon he was walking through the s, looking delightedly at the flocks of sparrows holding a bunch of grass in his pale little l. Under a tree was set a cage of owls, and, ping to look at them, his adventures began.

ever had Fred seen such a fascinating little ey as now stood there, looking solemnly at the king owls. How many tails was that wool led in, and could anything be blacker and rier than his cheeks? Fred had come from ne to Washington only a few weeks before, this was the very first chance he had ever had ok as long as he liked at a real colored boy. et stood wondering what was in that little red et, and what his name was, or if darkeys had es; and, as the thought came, he asked:

"What is your name, or have n't you got any?" "Course I has," was the prompt answer. "My e's George Washington Dayspring, and mam- i's name's Philadelphia Dayspring. What's n?"

"I'm Fred Harson. What makes you be here lone? Are you going anywhere?"

"Reckon I is. Aint you goin' dar, too?"

"But I don't know where you mean—so how I?"

"You jist come along o' me, den. I'll tell ye vay. Goin' up to de Capitol to roll eggs. re's a heap up dar now. I was jist stoppin' a ute to see dat ar owl a-blinkin'."

red stood still and looked at him. Why should e be a "heap" of eggs up at the Capitol, and colored people always roll them, or were they the Senators and Representatives, who, as e one had told him, were there every day? at did they roll them for? Suppose they e! And, summing it all up, he said:

"But eggs are nasty if they break all over every-g."

"Takes a mighty sight o' rollin' to make dem k," said George Washington; "mine's b'iled. hey all is mostly. Mammy did mine;" and, ning his basket, he showed six red, blue and n eggs. "Them uns was b'iled in caliker: the red, they's done with logwood. Come g an' see 'em roll."

"Roll where? Who rolls? You?"

"Seems to me you aint got no sense, no how," rge Washington said, looking rather scornfully red. "Maybe you's from de Norf, though. nmy says folks don't know so much up Norf as do roun' here. Don't you never roll eggs up way?"

"I guess we know enough not to," Fred an- ed, looking a little fierce. "Who wants to up eggs that way? I'd rather sell 'em, or eat

"Laws chile!" George Washington said, pat- ronizingly. "It don't spile 'em for eatin'. Roll 'em till de shell busts; den take out your chunk o' bread an' eat 'em. Ki! t'ink o' dem eggs, hop- pin' down de hills, fifty fousand hundred! Better come along an' see 'em."

"Will you come back with me, so's to show me the way home?" Fred said, hesitating a little as he remembered he was to have staid in all day. "I forgot when I ran out," he thought, "and it can't be any worse just to take a little walk. Mamma said she'd go some afternoon and show me the Capitol."

"Reckon I will, an' you kin have an egg too, if you wants it. Don't dey hab no Easter up in de Norf?"

Easter! Fred had been to church the day before, Easter Sunday, and seen the lovely flowers all about the altar—such flowers as he had never even dreamed of in the long Maine winter. Easter came there as here, but with a difference; but about that he need say nothng to his new friend.

"To be sure, we have Easter; but what has that got to do with eggs? Seems to me you can't answer anything straight."

"White folks haint any sense," George Wash- ington said to himself; then mildly went on, as if explaining to somebody half-a-dozen years younger than himself: "De kind o' Easter we has we goes out an' does everyt'ing we's a mind in all de places dey keeps us out of de rest o' de time. De Capitol and de President's house, and all de big places. Now you see. Dere's my school all goin' along ahead, an' dere's a heap more a-comin'."

By this time they had reached Pennsylvania Avenue, and Fred, as he looked up, stopped still. Down the broad street hundreds of children, each with a basket of colored eggs, were hurrying toward the grounds, in the midst of which uprose the Capitol, crowned with its fair white dome, more beautiful than anything ever seen before in his little life. He remembered an engraving that hung in the sitting-room at home, "Youth," from Cole's "Voyage of Life," where a boy in a boat was pressing on, looking up to the sky, where just such a dome was outlined.

"It's heaven," he said to himself softly, and stood still.

George Washington stared; then pulled him along, and Fred stumbled on, his eyes fixed upon it still, and thinking very little of where his feet went, till the gate was reached, and they walked up under the great trees. Beds of hyacinths and cro- cuses were all about, buds were swelling, and over every tree there seemed a faint mist, the shadow of coming leaves.

"There's a policeman," George Washington

said, stopping and looking full at a tall man in uniform. "Most days they orders us round, but to-day they lets us do anything but pull de flowers. Want to go up into de top o' dat ar?"

"Can you?"

"Course you kin. Mammy an' me 's been up. Laws! to see de way mammy hold on to de rail, an' puff jess like she 'd bust! I 'll take ye up."

Fred followed up the long flights of steps to the entrance door, and then again up more stairs till suddenly they passed into the Rotunda, and once more he stood still, breathless with delight. Whatever you or I might think of the great pictures all about, and the gay goddesses and cherubs looking down on the whole, to Fred it was the opening into a new world. George Washington might pull and dig at him with his elbows; dozens of children might walk right over him, but nothing should take him from those pictures; and so he stood silent and almost motionless.

"Is you done gone crazy?" George Washington said, finally. "T'o't you, was gwine up 'long o' me. Reckon I'll go by myself. Dar you is bigger eyed dan de owl over in de park; an' if you had fifty fousan' toes, you 'd let 'em all be stamped on to onct, an' nebber know."

"Must n't stay so long in one place," a policeman said, hurrying out a flock of children, who ran laughing down the stairs.

"We 's agoin' up in de dome," George Washington said, holding back.

"No, you 're not. No children allowed up there without their parents. Go through the building and then out, and no disturbance near the Senate nor House. That 's the rule to-day."

"Come on, den, to de stone things," George Washington said, pulling Fred along into the old Hall of Representatives, where a picture or two and some statues—Roger Williams, General Greene, President Lincoln, and others—stood.

Fred stopped before Roger Williams, and looked as steadily as he had at the Rotunda pictures.

"I never saw so many wonderful things," he said. "How do you suppose they make them?"

"Dey runs 'em," George Washington said, confidently. "Jes' like mammy wid de candles. Aint you mos' done starin'? If we can't go up we 'd better go out to de green, an' roll eggs 'long o' de rest."

Fred yielded, determined to come again some day when he could look quietly as long as he liked; and George Washington went down the stairs with a whoop, that brought a policeman to the head of them at once, though just too late to find out who had done it.

Fred sat down at the edge of the first terrace, wishing he had forty pairs of eyes. Hundreds of

children sat in a line, colored and white together rolling eggs to other hundreds on the terrace below, who in turn sent them on to the bottom one. Under every tree was a group playing eating, and as each child sent his or her last hopping down the green turf, he or she rolled at shrieking with delight.

Little things, only three or four, climbed slow up for the fun of rolling down; grave men passed by forgot their dignity, and went down with bounce; and Fred, having watched two boys go arm in arm, over and over, suddenly joined crowd and came against a tree at the bottom, a bump hard enough to have brought tears at other time. George Washington followed, coming down upon him like a black spider, and going again in the same fashion; and Fred, a little of breath, sat still and watched the tumbling crowd. Right above him sat a boy with a crutch, looking as if he longed to roll but dared not, till a ball boys, arms and legs sticking out all ways, whirled by, when, with a shrill little whoop and a wave of the crutch, he came too. Very slowly it was, still a genuine roll; and Fred said "Hurrah!" he reached the bottom and sat up and looked around.

"Aint it fun?" the boy said.

"I should think it was," Fred answered. "I guess Washington grass does n't stain like our grass in Maine. They would n't let me roll down here home."

"It stains fast enough. See that little girl was looking at her before I came down."

Fred turned to see a child in a bright Spring suit, sitting by the stone gutter near the sidewalk a fat little leg lying right in it, as she scrubbed long green stain with the running water.

"Well, they 'll have to scold," she said at once. "It wont come out, anyway;" and she pulled the wet stocking and went back to play.

Fred looked at his own legs, but could find no stains, and began again.

What an afternoon that was! If Fred lives five hundred years old, he will never forget it. At five o'clock the fun went on. Tired clerks on way home from the Departments stopped for a moment or to watch the games, and every one seemed taking holiday together. And George Washington brought him an egg and some bread, and Fred gave himself up to somersaults; and Fred rolled till so tired he could hardly stir, and then, under the tree, actually went to sleep on a seat where somebody had left there.

He was roused presently by a voice: "Wake up, little boy. Why, you 'll take your death cold. Time to go home."

Fred sat up and rubbed his eyes. The children

all going, and George Washington stood behind him, looking tired and cross.

"Come on," he said. "You 's got to git out. Mammy 'll give it to us. I 've done busted up o' holes in me. An' I was mighty nice dis nin', now was n't I? Come on home."

George looked at him, wishing he might go home. George Washington had lost his hat, and in so many slits that a rag-bag seemed the place for him. There were plenty of others in same plight Fred found, though, as they went of the gates and up the avenue, and he looked aem, glad that his own clothes were whole, and anning now to be anxious as to how mamma ld meet him. How she must have worried, and frightened she must be! He ran fast, wishing way were shorter, and trying to think what ex- he could make. George Washington talked the way, but Fred hardly heeded him, and n the house came in sight, wished he could fly at the window and be there without anybody wing it.

nobody was on the stairs, and he ran into his a to find it quite empty.

"Mamma has gone to look for me," he thought. "ell, I 'll wash my hands, and be all nice when

she comes back, and she 'll like that anyway." Fred scrubbed away with the big nail-brush, and as he worked the door opened, and Mrs. Harson came in.

"Oh, poor Fred!" she said, kissing him. "To think you have had to be alone all day. I had to stay, and there was nobody to send and say you could go out this beautiful afternoon. It is too bad, poor little boy. Are you hungry?"

Fred drew a long breath. For a minute he wanted not to tell; then, ashamed of himself, began at once, ending with:

"Now, mamma, I did n't say this morning I would n't go out. If I had, I should n't. You only told me not to, so it was only a disobey. It was n't breaking a promise. I never did break a promise yet. I feel so well, too. I 'm not half as sick as I was this morning."

Mrs. Harson bundled Fred into bed at once, gave him herb-tea, and watched him all night; but finding him better than usual next morning, decided that no harm had been done.

After this, Fred was not kept so constantly in the house; but, although he had many a good time on the avenue and in the park, he never forgot his happy Easter Monday.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"TALKIN' of grizzlies, here 's the track of one," Tom Wilson, suddenly reining in his horse a t distance in advance of me. After a moment's mination of the huge impression, he continued: 's a pretty fresh one, too; the feller can't be a t way off. This is just the kind of a place for

"Are there grizzlies in these mountains, Tom?" d I, doubtfully.

Yes, sir; the fust one I ever seed was in this range, and he jest about scart me to death, 's sartin," replied Tom.

That 'll be a good story for this evening, Tom, 'we get into camp," said I, regarding the great with no little curiosity, for I was still in doubt t its being that of a grizzly. "Are you sure it the track of a cinnamon bear?"

Yes, sir. There 's no mistakin' the prent of a ly's foot," replied Tom. "And here," con- ded he, as he followed the trail a short distance,

"is where he sot down. I would n't think strange if we see one afore long; this is the sort of country they like."

"I wonder," said I, as we again mounted our horses,— "I wonder if these fellows are as savage as those found further north?"

"Well, b'ars is like men. Once in a while you run aginst a cross-grained, ugly feller that had rather fight than not; then you may look out for trouble. Ag'in, you find one that 'll git out of the way if he can. I 've seen a she b'ar desert her cubs and take to the woods; then, ag'in, I 've seen them that would fight every inch of the ground for a mile afore they'd give up, and that, too, after they'd got half-a-dozen balls in them. B'ars is sich curious critters, that I 've very of'en thought that they had a heap of sense. If a b'ar's been travelin' ag'inst the wind, and wants to lie down, he alvuz turns in an opposite direction, and goes a long distance from his fust track afore he makes his

bed; then he can scent a hunter if one gits on his trail, for b'ars have got mighty keen smellers. I once found a big grizzly in a cave in these very mountains, and built a fire inside the mouth of it to smoke him out; and I'll be blest if that 'ere b'ar did n't come out three times, and put the fire out with his paws, and then go back into the cave again. He did n't seem to mind my shootin' at him no more 'n if the bullets had been peas. After awhile I killed him, and then I had the curiosity to see how many balls the old feller had in his carcass, and I'll be blest if I did n't find nine.

"I reckon we sha'n't find any better place to camp to-night than this 'ere. You see, there's plenty of wood, water, and grass—so we'll just stop here."

Dismounting from our animals, they were soon enjoying the luxuriant grass that grew around us, while Tom commenced preparations for our supper. In gathering the wood for his fire, his keen eye detected a herd of deer in the distance, and, seizing his rifle, he sallied out for one, leaving me alone to guard the camp.

During his absence, let me briefly tell you about Tom, and what we were doing in this wilderness.

It had long been a favorite theory of mine that the Sierra Madre range, which intersects the Territory of New Mexico, contained large deposits of silver and gold, as extensive as those found in Nevada on the north, or in Mexico on the south; and the recent arrival at Santa Fé of a party of traders from the Navajoe country, with some very rich specimens of gold and silver ore, had so far confirmed my opinion, that I determined to spend a month in the mountains, prospecting for the precious metals.

Chance had thrown me in contact with this well-known scout and once Texan ranger, by name Tom Wilson, whom I had engaged to accompany me on the expedition. Tom was a true specimen of a frontiersman—"long, lank, and loose," he used to say, and certainly his appearance justified the description. Originally from Kentucky, he had emigrated to Texas when it was yet a republic; had taken part in its early struggle for independence, and when that was achieved had joined Jack Hayes' company of Rangers, with which he remained until his superior knowledge of woodcraft attracted the attention of Gen. Persifer F. Smith, at that time in command of the military department of Texas, who made him what he termed his "head-quarters' scout." After remaining with the General some years, he found his way up into New Mexico, where he had since been in the employ of Major-General Garland.

As he bore the reputation of being thoroughly

acquainted with the country,—was brave, honest and generous, as well as one of the most skillful trailers on the frontier,—I deemed myself particularly fortunate in securing him for a guide and traveling companion.

At the time my story opens we had been several days on the road, and were fast approaching the very heart of the Navajoe country.

After an absence of about half-an-hour, Tom appeared staggering under the weight of a fine doe, which was soon dressed, and a portion of broiling over the coals for our supper. This done we threw ourselves upon our blankets, and, while enjoying the cheerful light of our camp fire, Tom related his experience with the first grizzly he had ever seen.

"You see, when I first came up to this country I did n't know much about it; but General Garland allowed I was the man he wanted to scout for him, and so I entered his sarvice. When he set a-travelin' over the country, I used to make p'int to look round considerable when in camp, as to get acquainted with it like, because in business a feller had to know it pretty middell well.

"I'd heerd a good deal about grizzlies, tho' I'd never seed one, for they don't have 'em up in Kentucky, where I come from, or in Texas either; but when I heerd old trappers talkin' about 'em, and tellin' how savage and strong they was, I always allowed that there war n't no kind of a lie, that I was afeerd of, and I did n't know there was any either. You see, I did n't let 'em know that I never 'd seed one of the critters, for I made up my mind that if ever I come acrost one, I'd ha' to tussle with him, and he should n't get away from me neither, though I must confess that I felt a little skeery of a critter that could crunch a man's head like a buffalo as easy as I could break an egg. Still, I talked big, 'cause talk is cheap, you know.

"Well, one day we was to the north of the mountains, camped on the San Juan River. The valley was about eight or ten miles long, and perhaps a couple of miles wide, with the biggest oak-trees growin' in it that I ever seed growin' anywhere; some of 'em would measure twenty feet round the butts, and the General said he reckoned they was morn' n a hundred years old.

"I got tired of stayin' round camp and doin' no nothin'; so I walked down to where the animals was feedin', and talked to the herder awhile, and then went on down the valley, lookin' at the rocks and mountains and trees, till I got a long way from camp, and calculated it would take me an hour to git back. After startin' on the back of the horse, I happened to notice one tree, which stood a little to one side of my track, that looked so much like

an the others, that the idea came into my head just examine it. I had a stout oak stick in my hand, and as I came up to the tree I hit the trunk two or three blows, to see if it was sound, you know. Then I thought I'd see how big round it was, so that I could tell the General how many

enough at first glance, but in a jiffy he fixed his eyes on me, and his great mouth, which was half-open, with his white teeth, looked waterish like, as though it was just achin' to git hold of me. I see him kind er half raise one of his big paws, and then I started. I heerd him give a low, wheezy kind er



"A-SETTIN' ON HIS HAUNCHES AND WATCHIN' ME OUT OF A HOLE IN THAT TREE."

aps it took to circumnavigate it. So I stuck my stick in the ground for a mark, and started.

"When I got about half-way round, I happened to look up, and I'll be blest if there was n't a grizzly as big as an ox, within two feet of me, settin' on his haunches, and watchin' me out of a hole in the stump of that tree.

"I brought up pretty sudden, I tell you, and took one good look at him. He looked meek

growl, as he started after me, and I did n't wait to hear any more. If ever a feller run, that feller was Tom Wilson.

"I reckon I thought of every story I'd ever heered about grizzlies; how savage they was; how they could beat a hoss runnin' any time. The more I thought, the faster I run, and the plainer I could hear the b'ar a-comin' after me.

"I declare I never knowed it was in me to run

so. I throwed off pretty nigh all the clothes I had on, and was doin' jest my level best, when suddenly I tripped on somethin' or other, and went down. Then I knowed 't was all up with me for sartin, and I expected every minute to feel that b'ar's paw on to me.

"I remembered how I'd heered Nat Beal say, that if a grizzly thought a man was dead, he'd dig a hole and bury him, without hurtin' him any, and after a day or two would come back and dig him up. So I laid still and held my breath, waitin' for the b'ar to bury me.

"I could hear him diggin' the hole, and, though my eyes was shet, I could see jest how he looked, as he handled them paws of his.

"It seemed to me that I laid there and held my breath for nigh an hour, expecting every minute to have the b'ar roll me into the hole. After awhile I ventured to peek out, and, would you believe it, there want no b'ar there!

"I jest picked myself up mighty sudden, and made tracks for camp, and I reckon if ever a feller felt beat that feller was me, then and there.

"It was a long time before I said anything about my scare in camp; but, at last, I told the General, and I thought he'd split a-laughin'."

"Well, Tom," said I, "you must have been pretty badly frightened."

"Frightened! I jest tell you, sir, I was the worst scart man this side of the San Juan, and I did n't git over it neither in a hurry, sure 's you're born."

"What had become of the bear?" asked I.

"Why, you see, he was asleep in that hole, and when I thumped on the tree with my stick it woke him up. As a nat'ral consequence, his curiosity was riz, and he poked his head out to see who was a-knockin'; but," added Tom, with a laugh, "before he could say 'come in,' I was gone. I've always owed grizzlies a grudge since that scare."

"Well, Tom," said I, "that 's a pretty good story, and I don't blame you for running. I'll now fill my pipe and have a smoke before retiring. Will it be necessary to keep guard to-night?"

"No, I reckon not," replied Tom; "we haint seen no trail for two days, nor any patches of corn, and I don't believe the Indians come into this region very often. Anyway, we'll risk it to-night," with which remark he went out to take a last look at the animals before retiring, and upon his return spread his blankets a little distance from the fire, and was soon fast asleep.

Not feeling in a mood for sleeping, I replenished the fire, and sat smoking my pipe and laughing to myself at the ridiculous figure Tom must have cut, running over the prairie with nothing in pursuit; until, some hours later, a growing feeling of drowsi-

ness warned me that it was time to spread my own blankets, which I did, and soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know; but I was roused by a vague impression that something was wrong about the camp. Half awake, I turned over and, opening my eyes, fancied that I could discover in the darkness the faint outlines of an animal which I supposed to be one of the mules; so once more dropped to sleep.

In a short time I again awoke, and this time saw two eyes angrily glaring at me in the darkness. I sprang into a sitting posture; but as I did not then see them, supposed that I had been dreaming, and that the fiery eyes were the natural result of Tom's story.

The fire had burned low; occasionally a half-consumed brand would flare for an instant into bright flame, casting a ruddy glow upon all things around, and then suddenly die out, leaving the darkness more intense, the gloom more profound than before.

By straining my eyes, however, I detected the outline of a huge form in the dim light that I was confident could be no mule.

Springing to my feet, I called loudly for Tom, the same time trying to get hold of either my revolver or rifle, which, in my confusion, I failed to find. While hunting for them, my hand encountered a miner's pick, and, grasping it, I turned to find Tom at my side, and a huge grizzly standing upon his hind-legs within six feet of us.

As he slowly waddled toward us, the light from the dying embers of the fire revealed his open mouth, gleaming white teeth, and huge paws, extended as if to embrace us both in one grasp, while his eyes shone like balls of fire.

Terrified as I was, I had presence of mind enough to raise the pick, and, just as Tom fired, I brought it down; but, with a hoarse, angry growl, the bear struck it a blow with one of his huge paws, with much ease as a boy would bat his ball, which set it spinning from my hand. He was within two feet of us when Tom again fired. This time the bullet struck a vital spot, and the huge monster, with a howl of rage and defiance, reeled for a moment and then rolled over on his side, dead.

Up to this time neither of us had spoken; but now the silence was broken by Tom, who exclaimed: "That was an ugly customer; let's stave up the fire, and see what he looks like."

But I was in no condition to start up the fire, as soon as the terrible excitement was over, the action came, and I sank to the ground trembling as though in an ague fit.

I soon recovered, and, by the time Tom had a bright fire burning, was ready to examine the bear. As he lay stretched out before us, he was a mo-

or indeed. His shaggy dun coat was thickly
 streaked with patches of gray, and his huge paws
 made me fairly shudder when I reflected what a
 narrow escape we had had from their embrace.

The bear measured nearly seven feet in length,
 and six feet one inch in girth.

We greatly regretted the loss of our mule, for it
 prevented our taking with us the much desired



THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

Daylight revealed the unwelcome fact that the
 grizzly had attacked and killed one of our mules
 during the night, dragging the carcass some dis-
 tance from the spot where he had been picketed.

skin of the grizzly as a trophy. The experience,
 however, taught us a lesson, and we never after-
 ward failed to mount guard while traveling through
 the Sierra Madre country.

AN old hen sat on turtles' eggs,
 And she hatched out goslings three;
 Two were turkeys with slender legs,
 And one was a bumble-bee.

"Very odd children for such a mother!"
 Said all the hens to one another.

APRON: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY L. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.—CLARENCE BALDWIN, CHARLOTTE BALDWIN, VICTOR SOMERSET, WALTER BALDWIN, and VICTOR'S APE.*

SCENE I.—[*Ape.*]

Scene: A sitting-room. In one corner a stand of flowers. Upon a table, writing materials and a work-basket, with sewing materials. Over a chair is thrown a long cloak, and a bonnet upon it. An *etagère*, with the usual ornaments. A long mirror in background, and a sham window, thrown open. Everything is arranged in a very orderly manner.

[*Curtain rises, discovering CLARENCE seated, ciphering upon a slate; CHARLOTTE drawing a map upon paper.*]

Charlotte. There! I have finished my map. I think Maine is the most tiresome of all the States to draw, the coast is so irregular.

Clarence. I wish my sum was finished. I can't make it come right.

[*Enter WALTER.*]

Walter. Oh, Claire! Lottie! Victor Somerset is coming in a few minutes to bring Jocko.

Clarence. Jocko?

Walter. Oh! I forgot, Claire, that you had been away since Jocko came.

Clarence. But who is Jocko? I never heard of anything but a monkey being named Jocko.

Walter. You've guessed it the first time. Jocko is a Barbary ape, as tall as his master. Victor's uncle sent him to him, and he has been taught all sorts of funny tricks.

Charlotte. I shall be afraid of him.

Walter. Pshaw! he wont hurt you. He is perfectly tame.

[*Enter VICTOR and ape; the ape has a string around his waist, by which VICTOR leads him.*]

Victor. Good morning!

Walter. Good morning! We are very glad to see you. So this is Jocko?

Victor. Yes. Shake hands, Jocko.

[*JOCKO shakes hands, in monkey style, with WALTER and CLARENCE.*]

Charlotte. I'm afraid!

[*Runs out of reach of JOCKO, leaving her map on her chair. JOCKO tugs at the string to follow her.*]

Victor. For shame, sir! Kiss your hand to the lady. [*JOCKO kisses his hand to CHARLOTTE.*]

Charlotte. Oh, what a funny fellow!

Walter. Is n't he splendid? Make him do something else, wont you, Victor?

Clarence [*putting his slate and pencil on table*]
O yes! please make him, Victor?

Victor. Make a bow, sir.

[*JOCKO bows very low.*]

Walter. Would he mind me? Shake hands, Jocko.

[*JOCKO puts both paws behind his back.*]

Clarence [*laughing*]. He knows his master, Walter.

Victor. Sit down in that chair.

[*JOCKO sits down.*]

Clarence. What a grand pet!

Victor. Go to sleep.

[*JOCKO lies down on the floor and shuts his eyes. VICTOR sits down near him.*]

Clarence. Have you had him long, Victor?

Victor. Nearly a month. Uncle John had him trained expressly for me. I don't think he has one vicious trick.

[*JOCKO slyly picks an apple from VICTOR'S pocket, bites a piece out, and puts it back unperceived.*]

Walter. Do you have to keep him tied up?

Victor. I do now, but I hope to train him to respect property, so that he can run at large.

[*JOCKO steals another bite of apple.*]

Charlotte. Does he never bite you?

Victor. Never. He tears and destroys furniture and clothing, but he is never savage.

[*JOCKO again steals the apple, and eats it all.*]

Victor. Sit up, sir. Hulloo! Where did you get that apple?

[*JOCKO grins, and hastily munches at it, swallowing the last bite.*]

Charlotte. He stole it out of your pocket.

* The costume for an ape can easily be obtained in a city, at a costumer's; but in the country some ingenuity will be required to make a flexible mask and a pain-fitting suit of brown shaggy cloth for the character.

Victor. I owe you a whipping, sir.

[JOCKO makes gestures of fear.

Walter. Oh, don't whip him! I'll give him an
ple.

Victor. I wont whip you this time, then.

[JOCKO makes gestures of delight.

Clarence. What else can he do, Victor?

Victor. Oh, he can walk on all fours! Walk
e a dog, sir!

[JOCKO walks on all fours, and runs at
CHARLOTTE, who retreats into a corner,
JOCKO chattering at her.

Victor. Here, come back, sir.

[JOCKO tugs at string.

Victor. Shake hands with him, Lottie. He wont
rt you.

Charlotte. Are you sure he wont bite?

Victor. Certain of it.

[CHARLOTTE comes forward, timidly.

Victor. Stand up, and shake hands with the
y, sir.

[JOCKO stands up, takes CHARLOTTE'S hand,
and kisses it, chattering his teeth at her.

Victor. Sit down like a tailor.

[JOCKO sits on the floor, cross-legged.

Victor. Smoke a pipe.

[Hands a pipe to JOCKO, who pretends to
smoke it. Bell rings.

Walter. Oh, there's the dinner-bell! Do stay
dinner, Victor!

Clarence. Yes, stay, Victor! Can't you tie
cko?

Victor. Certainly I can. [Ties JOCKO to the
ndle of the door.] There, he cannot do any
schief now. I will show you the rest of his tricks
er dinner. [Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—[Run.]

ene: Same as before. Curtain rises discovering
JOCKO alone, pulling the string on the door. The
string snaps, and leaves him free. JOCKO walks
all round the room, grinning and chattering his
teeth. He takes CLARENCE'S slate, and rubs the
rum all out with his paw. He puts CHAR-
LOTTE'S map over his head, tearing a hole and
wearing it like a ruff. He turns all the flower-
bots upside down. He spies himself in the
mirror, and dances before it, bowing and grin-
ning. He upsets all the chairs, and finally, after
removing the articles from the etagère, and put-
ting them on the middle of the floor with many a
monkeyish motion, turns it over with a grand
crash.

[CLARENCE, VICTOR, and WALTER run in.]

Clarence. Oh, Victor! he has broken loose.

Victor [sternly]. Come here, sir.

[JOCKO grins and chatters.

Walter [laughing]. You said you would show
us some more of his tricks after dinner! Just look
at the room!

Clarence. I think he has been his own showman.

Victor [stamping his feet]. Come here, sir!

[JOCKO jumps on the sofa.

Walter. How can you catch him?

Victor. Oh, I can catch him! Come here, sir,
or I will whip you!

[JOCKO jumps down behind the sofa, and
grins over the back at VICTOR.

Victor [running toward him]. I'll teach you to
act so.

[JOCKO runs round the room, VICTOR after
him, overturning furniture and making
all the confusion possible.

Walter. Go it! Catch him, Victor! Run,
Jocko!

Clarence. Can't he run?

[JOCKO jumps through the window; VICTOR
follows him.

Walter [running to window]. Oh see them,
Claire! There goes Jocko right into the fount-
ain! Now he is out! [Shouting.] Run, Victor,
run!

Clarence [looking from window]. Oh, Walter,
he has broken mamma's china jars with the lemon-
trees! Did you ever see anything run so fast?
He has been all round the garden four or five times
already.

Walter. There he goes up a tree! Victor is all
out of breath, but he is coaxing him down.

Clarence. Jocko wont be coaxed.

Walter. There goes Victor up the tree.

Clarence. But not so quickly as Jocko jumps
down. Now for another run!

Walter [laughing]. Ha! ha! ha! I never saw
such a race. [Claps his hands.] Victor is no
match for Jocko!

Clarence. There! He has jumped over the
fence. See him run down the road! He will be
out of sight before Victor gets the gate open!

Walter. No, it is open now. He is turning the
wrong way. [Calling from window.] Run to the
right! run to the right!

Clarence. He hears you. Run, Victor, run!

Both [clapping their hands and shouting]. Run!
run! run! [Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—[Apron.]

Scene: Same as Scene I. Curtain rises, discovering CHARLOTTE folding an apron.

Charlotte. I believe the room is all in order now. What a mess Jocko did make! I will fold this apron and put it on mamma's work-basket. How fortunate it was he did not touch that! [*Folds apron and puts it on basket.*] I wonder if mamma has done with her cloak and bonnet? I will go ask her, before I put them away.

[Exit CHARLOTTE.]

Walter [*behind the scenes*]. Oh, Victor, I hope you have not lost him! Come to my room, and rest.

[A moment's pause, then JOCKO climbs upon the window-seat and looks in. He peeps all round the room, and finally comes in, very slowly and cautiously. He goes all over the room, looking under the chairs and table, and finally sits down facing audience, and fans himself with CLARENCE'S slate. After sitting gravely a moment, he pulls the work-basket toward him, and begins to pull the things out; unwinds the spools of cotton, throws the emery-bag and pin-cushion on the floor, and takes out the scissors. First he pricks his fingers with them, then smells them and pricks his nose; then takes a book off the table, punches holes in the cover, and snips the leaves. He unrolls the apron, and surveys it; finally, bundles it up and throws it at the chair where the cloak and bonnet are lying. He springs up suddenly and runs to the chair, puts on the cloak and bonnet, and goes to the mirror; here he bows, smirks, and strikes attitudes. He takes up the apron again, and the scissors.]

Clarence [*behind the scenes*]. Come in here, Victor, and we will hold a consultation.

[JOCKO runs into a corner and sits down in a chair, face to wall, drawing the cloak close around him. During the conversation following, he turns his face occasionally toward audience and grins, unperceived by the speakers, who must sit facing audience.]

[Enter VICTOR, CLARENCE and WALTER.]

Victor. I am afraid he jumped upon some cart that was passing, and so I have lost him entirely.

Walter. Oh, I hope not.

Clarence. You will have to advertise him.

Walter. You may get him then, if you offer a handsome reward.

Victor. And pay expenses. Who knows how much mischief he has done! Just think of the confusion he made here!

Clarence. Oh, that's no matter! Lottie said there was not much real harm done. My sum and her map will have to be copied again; but I am sure the amusement he gave us paid for that trouble.

Victor. Sitting here will not find him; but I am almost tired out. I shall be stiff for a week after that race.

Walter. You must rest a little while.

Victor. If I ever do catch Jocko, he shall have a chain, and a good strong one, too.

[JOCKO shakes his fist at VICTOR.]

Clarence. Oh, I do hope you will catch him. Perhaps he will come home himself. Dogs do sometimes when they are lost.

[Enter CHARLOTTE.]

Charlotte. Why! who upset mamma's work basket?

[Picks up the things and puts them in basket.]

Walter [*rising*]. I must go. I have an errand to do for father before dark.

Victor. I must go too, and consult father about Jocko.

[Exit WALTER, CLARENCE and VICTOR.]

Charlotte [*seeing Jocko*]. What is mamma sitting over there for? Is she going out again? Mamma mamma!

[JOCKO begins to cut the apron with scissors.]

Charlotte. Oh, mamma! what are you cutting my new apron all to pieces for?

[JOCKO turns, and grins at her.]

Charlotte [*screaming*]. Oh, it's that horrid ape Victor! Walter!

[Runs toward door. JOCKO jumps up and catches her. CHARLOTTE screams, and JOCKO ties up her mouth with the apron.]

Charlotte [*struggling*]. Oh, let me go! let me go!

[Enter WALTER, CLARENCE and VICTOR.]

[VICTOR runs quickly behind JOCKO and catches his arms.]

Charlotte [*untying the apron*]. Have you got him fast?

Clarence. Here, tie him with this piece of string left on the door, until you get a chain.

Victor [*tying Jocko*]. You won't escape me again in a hurry. What have you got to say for yourself, sir?

[JOCKO hangs his head.]

Victor. Are you sorry, sir?

[*Takes off the cloak and bonnet.* JOCKO *nods two or three times.*

Walter. I really believe he understands every word you say. [JOCKO *nods and grins.*

Victor. Now come home, sir, and stay in your cage until I buy you a chain. Make a bow to the lady and gentlemen, Jocko. [JOCKO *bows.*

Victor. Good-bye, all!

All. Good-bye!

Walter. I will go with you. It is in my way.

[*Exeunt VICTOR, WALTER and JOCKO.*

Clarence. Why, Lottie! what makes you look so doleful? Did he hurt you?

Charlotte. No. But just look at this!

[*Holds up apron to show the holes cut by JOCKO.*

Clarence. Whew! rather spoiled, Lottie! But never mind; we've had fun enough with Jocko to more than make up for it.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SNOWFOOT'S NEW OWNER.

JACK left the gun standing by the fence, leaped over, gave a familiar whistle, and called, "Come, Snowfoot! Co' jock! co' jock!"

There were two horses feeding in the pasture, not far apart. But only one heeded the call, lifted his head, pricked up ears, and answered with a whinny. It was the lost Snowfoot, giving unmistakable signs of pleasure and recognition, as he advanced to meet his young master.

Jack threw his arms about the neck of his favorite, and hugged, and patted, and I don't know what he kissed him; while the Betterson boys went up the fence and looked wonderingly over.

In a little while, as they did not venture to go too near, Jack led Snowfoot by the forelock up to the rails, which they had climbed for a better view.

"Is he your horse?" they kept calling to him. "Don't you see?" replied Jack, when he had come near enough to show the white feet and the ears; and his face gleamed with glad excitement. "Look! he and the dog know each other!"

It was not a Betterson, but a Peakslow style of fence, and Lion could not leap it; but the two animals touched noses, with tokens of friendly recognition, between the rails.

"I never expected such luck!" said Jack. "I've not only found my horse, but I've saved the reward offered."

"You have n't got him yet," said Rufe. "I guess Peakslow will have something to say about that."

"What he says wont make much difference. We've only to prove property, and take possession.

A stolen horse is the owner's, wherever he finds him. But of course I'll act in a fair and open way in the matter; I'll go and talk with Peakslow, and if he's a reasonable man —"

"Reasonable!" interrupted Wad. "He holds a sixpence so near to his eye, that it looks bigger to him than all the rest of the world; he can't see reason, nor anything else."

"I'll make him see it. Will you go and introduce me?"

"You'd better not have one of our family introduce you, if you want to get anything out of Dud Peakslow!" said Rufe. "We'll wait here."

Jack got over the fence, and walked quickly along on the Betterson side of it, followed by Lion, until he reached the road. A little farther down was a house; behind the house was a yard; and in the yard was a swarthy man with a high, hooked nose, pulling a wheel off a wagon, the axletree of which, on that side, was supported by a propped rail. Close by was a boy stirring some black grease in a pot, with a long stick.

Jack waited until the man had got the wheel off and rested it against the wagon; then said:

"Is this Mr. Peakslow?"

"That happens to be my name," replied the man, scarcely giving his visitor a glance, as he turned to take the stick out of the grease, and to rub it on the axletree.

The boy, on one knee in the dirt, holding the grease-pot to catch the drippings, looked up and grinned at Jack.

"I should like a few minutes' talk with you, Mr. Peakslow, when you are at leisure," said Jack, hardly knowing how to introduce his business.

"I'm at leisure now, much as I shall be to-day," said Mr. Peakslow, with the air of a man who did not let words interfere with work. "I've got to grease this wagon, and then harness up and go to haulin'. I have n't had a hoss that would pull his share of a decent load till now. Tend to what you 're about, Zeph!"

"I have called to say," remarked Jack, as calmly as he could, though his heart was beating fast, "that there is a horse in your pasture which belongs to me."

The man straightened his bent back, and looked blackly at the speaker, while the grease dripped from the end of the stick.

"A hoss in my pastur' that belongs to you! What do ye mean by that?"

"Perhaps you have n't seen this handbill," and Jack took the printed description of Snowfoot from his pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to the astonished Peakslow.

"Twenty dollars reward!" he read. "'Stolen from the owner—a light, reddish roan hoss—white forefeet—scar low down on the near side, jst behind the shoulder—smaller scar on the off hip.' What 's the meanin' of all this?" he said, glancing at Jack.

"Is n't it plain enough?" replied Jack, quietly standing his ground. "That is the description of the stolen horse; the horse is down in your pasture."

"Do you mean to say I've stole your hoss?" demanded Peakslow, his voice trembling with passion.

"Not by any means. He may have passed through a dozen hands since the thief had him. All I know is, he is in your possession now."

"And what if he is?"

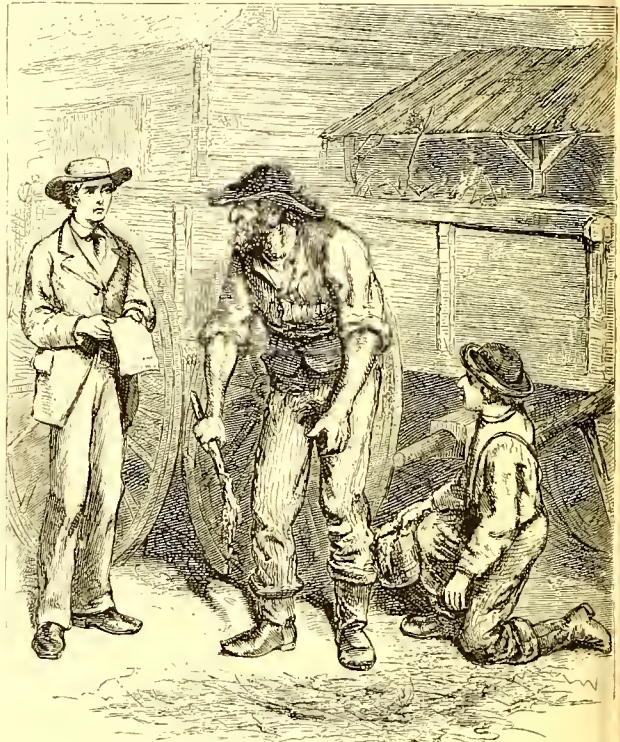
"Why, naturally a man likes to have what is his own, does n't he? Suppose a man steals your horse; you find him after a while in my stable; is he your horse or mine?"

"But how do I know but this is a conspiracy to cheat me out of a hoss?" retorted Peakslow, looking again at the handbill, with a terrible frown. "It may have all been cut and dried aforehand. You 've your trap sot, and, soon as ever the animal is in my hands, ye spring it. How do I know the hoss is your'n, even if ye have got a description of him? Anybody can make a description of anybody's hoss, and then go and claim him. Besides, how happens it a boy like you owns a hoss, anyway?"

In a few words, Jack told his story, accounting at once for his ownership, and for the scars on the horse's side and hip.

"There are two other scars I can show you, under his belly. I did n't mention them in the handbill, because they are not noticeable, unless one is looking for them."

"Ye may show me scars all over him, fur's I know," was Peakslow's reply to this argument. "That may prove that he's been hurt by suth'n or other,—elephant, or not; but it don't prove you ever owned him."



THE ANIMALE MR. PEAKSLOW.

"I can satisfy you with regard to that," said Jack, confidently. "Do you object to going down with me and looking at him?"

"Not in the least, only wait till I git this wheel on. Ye may go and see the hoss in my presence, but ye can't take the hoss, without I'm satisfied you 've the best right to him."

"That's all I ask. Mr. Peakslow; I want only what belongs to me. If you are a loser, you must look for redress to the man who sold you my property; and he must go back on the next man."

"How's that?" put in Zeph, grinning over his grease-pot. "Pa thinks he's got a good deal

er hoss than he put away; and you aint agoin' rowd him out of a good bargain, I bet!"

"Hold your tongue!" growled Peakslow. "I fight my own battles, without any of your gue. I put away a pooty good hoss, and I gin en dollars to boot."

"What man did you trade with?" Jack in-
red.

"A truckman in Chicago. He liked my hoss, I liked his'n, and we swapped. He wanted nty dollars, I offered him ten, and we split the erence. He wont want to give me back my s and my money, now; and ye can't blame u. And the next man wont want to satisfy *him*. unt the hoss is stole, for the sake of the argy-
nt," said Peakslow. "I maintain that when an mal that's been stole, and sold, and traded, lly gits into an honest man's hands, it's right should stay there."

"Even if it's your horse, and the honest man o gets him is your neighbor?" queried Jack.

"I dono',—wal—yes!" said Peakslow. "It's a d case, but no harder one way than t' other."

"But the law looks at it in only one way," red Jack. "And with reason. Men must be eful how they deal with thieves or get hold of en property. How happens it that you, Mr. kslow, did n't know that such a horse had been en? Some of your neighbors knew it very l."

"Some of my neighbors I don't have nothin' to to," answered Peakslow, gruffly. "If you an the Bettersons, they're a pack of thieves and bers themselves, and I don't swap words with e of 'em, without 't is to tell 'em my mind; t I do, when I have a chance."

"You use pretty strong language when you call m thieves and robbers, Mr. Peakslow."

"Strong or not, it's the truth. Haint they eated me out o' the best part of my farm?"

"The Bettersons—cheated you!" exclaimed k.

"They were now on the way to the pasture; and kslow, in a sort of lurid excitement, pointed to d boundary fence.

"My line, by right, runs five or six rod t' other e. I took up my claim here, and Betterson ight his'n, 'fore even the Guv'ment survey run ough. That survey fixed my line 'way over dder in their corn-field. And there I claim it ongs, to this day."

"But, Mr. Peakslow, how does it happen that a n like Mr. Betterson has been able to rob a man y eyes? He is a rather slack, easy man; while a, if I'm not greatly mistaken, are in the habit standing up for your rights."

"I can gin'ly look out for myself," said Peak-
slow. "And don't suppose that Lord Betterson took me down and put his hands in my pockets, alone."

"Nine men, with masks on," cried Zeph, "come to our house one night, and told pa they'd jest tear his ruf right down over his head, and drive him out of the county, if he did n't sign a deed givin' Betterson that land."

"Hold your yawp, Zeph!" muttered Peakslow. "I can tell my own story. There was nine of 'em, all armed, and what could I do?"

"This is a most extraordinary story!" exclaimed Jack. "Did you sign the deed?"

"I could n't help myself," said Peakslow.

"It seems to me I *would* have helped myself, if the land was rightfully mine!" cried Jack. "They *might* tear my house down—they *might* try to drive me out of the county—I don't believe I would deed away my land, just because they threatened me, and I was afraid."

"It's easy to talk that way," Peakslow replied. "But, come case in hand—the loaded muzzles in your face—you'd change your mind."

"Did n't they pay anything for the land they took?"

"Barely nothin'; jest the Guv'ment price: dollar 'n' a quarter an acre. But jest look at that land to-day,—the best in the State,—wuth twenty dollars an acre, if 't is a cent."

"What was Betterson's claim?" Jack asked; "for men don't often do such things without some sort of excuse."

"They hild that though the survey gin me the land, it was some Betterson had supposed belonged to his purchase. Meanwhile he had j'ined a land-claim society, where the members all agreed to stand by one another; and that was the reason o' their takin' sich high-handed measures with me."

Jack was inclined to cross-question Peakslow, and sift a little this astonishing charge against Betterson and the land-claim society. But they had now reached the pasture bars, and the question relating to the ownership of the horse was to be settled.

The Betterson boys were still sitting on the fence, where Jack had left them; but Snowfoot had returned to his grazing.

"Call him," said Jack. "If he does n't come for you, then see if he will come for me."

Peakslow grumblingly declined the test.

"He does n't always come when I call him," said Jack. "I'll show you what I do then. Here, Lion!"

He took from his pocket an ear of corn he had picked by the way, placed one end of it between the dog's jaws, saying, "Bring Snowfoot, Lion!"

bring Snowfoot!" and let him through the bars. Lion trotted into the pasture, trotted straight up to the right horse, coaxed and coquetted with him for a minute, and then trotted back. Snowfoot followed, leering and nipping, and trying to get the ear of corn.

Lion brought the ear to Jack, and Jack gave it to Snowfoot, taking him at the same time by the forelock.

"What do you think of that?" he said, looking round in triumph at Peakslow.

"I don't see as it's anything to make sich a fuss over," said Peakslow, looking angrily across at the spectators on the boundary fence, as they cheered the success of the maneuver. "It shows you've larnt your dog tricks—nothin' more. 'Most any hoss would foller an ear of corn that way."

"Why did n't your hoss follow it?"

"The dog did n't go for my hoss."

"Why did n't he go for your horse, as soon as for mine?" urged Jack.

To which Peakslow could only reply:

"Ye need n't let down the top bar; ye can't take that hoss through! I traded for him, and paid boot, and you've got to bring better evidence than your say-so, or a dog's trick, 'fore I give up my claim."

"I'll bring you evidence," said Jack, turning away in no little impatience and disgust.

He hastened back to Mr. Betterson's house, and was met by the boys as he came into the yard.

"What did I tell you?" said Rufe. "Could n't get him, could you?"

"No, but I will!" replied Jack, untying the horse, which he had left hitched to an oak-tree. "I'm going for a witness." He backed the wagon around. "Get in, if you like,"—to Rufus.

Rufus did like; and the two rode off together, to the great dissatisfaction of Wad and Link, who also wanted to go and see the fun.

CHAPTER XV.

GOING FOR A WITNESS.

"DID Peakslow say anything to you about our folks?" Rufe asked.

"I rather think he did!" said Jack; and he repeated the story of the land robbery.

Rufe showed his contempt for it by a scornful laugh. "I'll tell you just what there is in it; and it will show you the sort of man you have to deal with. We have n't an inch of his land. Do you think father is a man to crowd a neighbor?"

"And a neighbor like Peakslow! That's just what I told him," said Jack.

"You see," said Rufe, "these claims through here were all taken up before the Government sur-

vey. Most of the settlers were decent men; and they knew that when the survey came to be made, there would be trouble about the boundaries, they did n't take measures beforehand to prevent it. So they formed a society to protect each other against squatters and claim-jumpers, and particularly to settle disputed boundary questions between themselves. They all signed a paper, agreeing 'deed and redeed,'—that is, if your land adjoined mine, and the Government survey did n't correspond with our lines, but gave you, for instance, part of the land I had improved, then you agreed to redeed that part to me, for the Government price; just as I agreed to redeed to my neighbor what the survey might give me of their claims."

"I understand," said Jack.

"Well, father and almost everybody in the county joined the society; but there were some who did n't. Peakslow was one."

"What were his objections?"

"He could n't give any good ones. All he would say was, 'I'll see; I'll think about it.' He was just waiting to see if there was any advantage to be gained over his neighbors by *not* joining with them. Finally, the survey came through; and the men run what they called a 'random line' which everybody thought, at first, was the true line. According to that, the survey would have given us a big strip of Peakslow's farm, including his house and barn. That frightened him. He came over, and shook his fist in father's face, and threatened I don't know what, if he took the land."

"'You really think I ought to redeed to you your side of our old line?' says father.

"'Of course I do!' says Peakslow. 'It's mine you never claimed it; and I'll shoot the fust man who sets foot on 't, to take it away from me.'

"'Then,' says father, 'why don't you join the society, and sign the agreement to redeed, with the rest of us? That will save trouble.'

"So Peakslow rushed off in a fearful hurry, and put his name to the paper. Then—what do you think? The surveyors, in a few days, run the correct line, and that gave Peakslow a strip of our farm."

"Capital!" laughed Jack.

"It was n't capital for us! He was then, if you will believe it, more excited than when the boundary seemed to be on the other leg. He vowed that the random line was a mere pretense to get him to sign the agreement; that it was all a fraud, which he never would submit to; that he would n't redeed, but that he would have what the survey gave him. That's the kind of man he is," added Rufus.

"But he did redeed?"

"Yes, in some such way as he told you. The dispute came before the society for arbitration, and

course the decision was in father's favor. But Peakslow still held out, and talked of shooting and that sort of thing, till the society got tired of his sense. So, one night, nine men did give him a beating; they had called on a claim-jumper down the river a few nights before, and made kindling of his shanty; Peakslow knew it, and knew they were not men to be trifled with. They told him that if he expected to live in the county, he must sign the deed. And he signed it. My father was n't one of the men, but Peakslow turned all his force against him."

"He really imagines he has been wronged," said Jack.

"I suppose so, for he is one of that kind who never can see any side to a quarrel but their own. The land is growing more valuable every year; he gets it accordingly, and so the ferment in his mind is kept up. Of course," Rufus confessed, "we have done, or neglected to do, a good many things which have kept adding fuel to the fire; for it's impossible to live peaceably alongside of such a selfish, passionate, unreasonable neighbor. We have taken up the quarrel, and now I owe you Zeph a cudgeling, for hurting Cecie. He knows it, and keeps out of my way."

"How did he hurt her?"

"We had a swing up in the woods. The Peakslaws are always interfering in our affairs, and, one day, when Link and the girls went to swing, they had a couple of little Peakslaws there. Link drove 'em away, and they went off bellowing to their big brothers. In a little while Zeph came along, when Cecie happened to be in the swing; and he pushed her so hard that she fell out."

"I should n't think cudgeling him would give you much satisfaction," said Jack. "It was a dreadful thing to happen! But do you think he intended it?"

"I don't think he is sorry for it. Father went to see Mr. Peakslow about it; but he got nothing but abuse from him! What do you think he said? 'The swing,' says he, 'is on a part of the land you surveyed me of; if you had given me what the Government survey did, then your children would n't have been there, and the thing would n't have occurred.' That," Rufus added, "is the man who has got your horse."

Meanwhile, they had driven past Peakslow's house, proceeding down the river road; and now once more Jack reined up before old Wiggett's cabin.

At the sight of the wagon approaching, three or four half-naked little barbarians ran into the house, and drove the wild creatures into their hole, giving an alarm which brought out old Wiggett himself, stooping rough the low door-way.

"Mr. Wiggett, do you remember me?" said Jack.

"Wal, I reckon!" said the old man, advancing to the wagon, reaching up, and giving Jack's hand a hearty shake. "You're the young chap that found my section corner."

"And do you remember the horse I drove that day?"

"I 'low I oughter; for your elephant story, and the scars you showed me, was dreadful curi's. I heard the hoss was stole."

"He *was* stolen. But I have found him; and I want you to go with me and identify him, if you will be so good. Mr. Peakslow has him."

"Peakslow?" said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "It's nigh about the easiest thing in the world to git into trouble with Dud Peakslow. I gener'ly go my way, and let Peakslow go his 'n, and waste few words on him. But I don't mind gwine with ye, if ye say so. How did Peakslow come by him?"

Jack told the story, whilst driving back to Peakslow's house. There he left Rufus in the wagon, and walked on with Mr. Wiggett into the barn-yard.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEAKSLOW GETS A QUIRK IN HIS HEAD.

PEAKSLOW had finished greasing his wheels, and was about harnessing a pair of horses which Zeph held by their halters at the door of a log stable. One of the horses was Snowfoot.

"Please wait a minute, Mr. Peakslow," said Jack, turning pale at the sight. "I've brought a witness to prove my property."

Peakslow looked at his neighbor Wiggett, and gave a grunt.

"So you've come over to interfere in this business, hey?"

Mr. Wiggett made no reply, but walked up to Snowfoot, stroked his sides, examined the scars, looked at him before and behind, and nodded slowly several times. Then he spoke.

"I haint come over to interfere in nobody's business, Mr. Peakslow. But I happen to know this yer young man: and I know this yer hoss. At his request, I've come over to say so. I could pick out that animal, and sw'ar to him, among ten thousand."

"What can you swear to?" Peakslow demanded, poisoning a harness.

"I can sw'ar that this is the hoss the young man drove the day he come over to find my section corner."

"That all?"

"Is n't that enough?" said Jack.

"No!" said Peakslow, and threw the rattling harness upon Snowfoot's back. "It don't prove the hoss belonged to you, if ye did drive him. And, even though he did belong to you, it don't prove but what ye sold him arterward, and then pretended he was stole, to cheat some honest man out of his prop'ty. Hurry up, boy! buckle them hames." And he went to throw on the other harness.

Jack stepped in Zeph's way. "This is my horse, and I've a word to say about buckling those hames."

"Ye mean to hender my work?" roared Peakslow, turning upon him. "Ye mean to git me mad?"

Jack had before been hardly able to speak, for his rising wrath and beating heart; but he was now getting control of himself.

"I don't see the need of anybody's getting mad, Mr. Peakslow. There's a right and a wrong in this case; and if we both want the right, we shall agree."

"Every man has his own way o' lookin' at the right," said Peakslow, slightly mollified. "The right, to your notion, is that I shall give ye up the hoss. I've got possession of the hoss, and I mean to keep possession; and that's what's about right, to my notion."

"I want only what is lawfully my own," Jack answered, firmly. "If you want what is n't yours, that's *not* right, but wrong. There's such a thing as justice, aside from our personal interest in a matter."

Probably Peakslow had never thought of that.

"Wal, what ye goin' to do about it?" he asked.

"I am going to have my horse," replied Jack.

"If you let me take him peaceably, very well. If you compel me to go to law, I shall have him all the same, and you will have the costs to pay."

Peakslow winced. The threat of costs touched him in his tenderest spot.

"How's that?" he anxiously asked.

"I haven't been about the country looking for my horse, without knowing something of the law for the recovery of stolen property," replied Jack. "If I find him in your hands, and you give him up, I've no action against you. If you hold on to him, I can do one of two things. I can go to a magistrate, and by giving bonds to an amount that will cover all damages to you or anybody else if I fail to make good my claim, get out a *writ of replevin*, and send a sheriff with it to take the horse. Or I can let you keep him, and sue you for damages. In either case, the one who is beaten will have the costs to pay," Jack insisted, turning the screw again where he saw it pinch.

The swarthy brow was covered with perspiration,

as Peakslow answered, making a show of bluster: "I can fight ye with the law, or any other way, 's long's you want to fight. I've got money. Ye can't scare me with your sheriffs and writs. But jest look at it. I'm to be thrown out of a hoss at a busy time o' year. *You* would n't like that, Mr. Wiggett—*you* nor nobody else."

"No," said Mr. Wiggett, who stood looking on in an impartial way, "it mout n't feel good, I allow. And it don't seem like it would feel much better, to have to stan' by and see a hoss that was stole from me, bein' worked by a neighbor. This yer young man tells a straight-for'ard story, and there's no doubt of its bein' his hoss. You've no doubt on 't in your own mind, Dudley Peakslow. If he goes to law, he'll bring his proofs,—he's got friends to back him,—and you'll lose. Then why not come to a right understandin', and save right smart o' trouble and cost. I 'low that'll be best for both parties."

"Wal, what's your idee of a right understandin'?" said Peakslow, flushed and troubled, turning to Jack. "*My* hoss is in Chicago—that is, if *this* hoss aint mine. I might go in and see about gittin' on him back, but I don't want to spend the time, 'thout I can take in a little jag o' stuff; and how can I do that, if you break up my team?"

"Mr. Peakslow," replied Jack, quickly making up his mind what he would do, "while I ask for my rights, I don't wish to put you or any man to an inconvenience." He took Snowfoot by the bridle. "Here is my horse; and, with Mr. Wiggett for a witness, I make you this offer: You may keep him one week, and do any light work with him you please. You may drive him to Chicago, and use him in recovering your horse from the truckman. But mind, you are to be responsible for him, and bring him back with you. Is that a fair proposal?"

"Wal, I do'no' but what 't is; I'll think on 't." said Peakslow.

"I want you to say now, in Mr. Wiggett's presence, whether you accept it."

"I'll agree to bring him back; but I do'no' 'bout deliverin' on him up to you," said Peakslow.

"Leave it so, then," replied Jack, with a confident smile. "I call you to witness, Mr. Wiggett, that the horse is in my possession now" (he still held Snowfoot by the bridle), "and that I lend him to Mr. Peakslow. Now you can buckle the hames, Zeph," letting go the bridle, and stepping back.

"Gi' me a copy o' that handbill," said Peakslow. "I shall want that, and I ought to have a witness besides, to make the truckman hear to reason."

"If he happens to be an unreasonable man," said Jack, with a smile, "you have the same remedy which I have,—a suit for damages. I don't

ieve he will wait for that. I'll see you in one ek. Good-day, Mr. Peakslow."

"Looks like you was takin' a big resk, to let a drive the hoss to Chicago," Mr. Wiggett remarked confidentially, following Jack out of the d.

"I don't see that it is," Jack replied, wiping the eat from his forehead. "I did n't wish to be rd on him. It does men good, sometimes, to st them."

"Mabbe. But Dud Peakslow aint like no other n ye ever see. He's got some quirk in his ad, or he never 'd have agreed to be responsible the hoss and bring him back: ye may bet on ut. He means to take some advantage. Now n interested in the case, and I shall hate to see a swindled."

Jack thanked the old man warmly; but he failed see what new advantage Peakslow could hope to n.

"I know him a heap better 'n you dew," said s. Wiggett. "Now, it struck me, when he said might need a witness, I'd offer to go with him Chicago. I could help him with the truckman, d mabbe find out what new trick he's up tew. yhow, I could look arter your horse a little."

"That would oblige me ever so much!" exclaimed Jack. "But I see no reason why you ould take that trouble for me."

"I take a notion tew ye, in the fust place. Next ace, I've been gwine to Chicago for the past tew eeks, but could n't somehow git started. Now, nged if I wont go in with Peakslow!"

Having parted with Jack, the old man returned propose the arrangement to his neighbor. He s just in time to hear Peakslow say to his son:

"I see a twist in this matter 't he don't. shrewd as thinks he is. If I lose a good bargain with the ckman, I'm bound to make it up 'fore ever s hoss goes out of my hands. You ag'in, Wig- tt?"

It was Mr. Wiggett, who concluded that he was ite right in saying that Peakslow had a quirk in head.

CHAPTER XVII.

VINNIE MAKES A BEGINNING.

VINNIE learned only too soon why Jack had eaded so much to have her enter the Betterson usehold; and, in a momentary depression of irits, she asked herself whether, if she had known she was undertaking, she would not have shrunk on it.

The sight of the sick ones, the mother enfeebled mind as well as in body, Lord Betterson mpous and complacent in the midst of so much

misery, little Lill alone making headway against a deluge of disorder.—all this filled her with distress and dismay.

She could think of no relief but in action.

"I shall stifle," thought she, "unless I go to work at once, setting things to rights." And the thought of helping others cheered herself.

She needed something from her trunk. That was at the door, just where Jack had left it. She went out, and found that Chokie had changed his mind with regard to digging a well, and was building a pyramid, using the door-yard sand for his material, a shingle for a shovel, and the trunk for a foundation.

"Why, Chokie!" she said; "what are you doing?"

"I makin' a Fourth-of-Duly," replied Chokie, flourishing his shingle. "After I dit it about twice as bid as the house, I doin' to put some powder in it, and tout'th it off."

"O dear!" said Vinnie; "I'm afraid you'll blow my trunk to pieces; and I must have my trunk now!"

"I doin' to blow it to pieces, and you tan't have it," cried Chokie, stoutly.

"But, I've something for you in it," said Vinnie, "and we never can get it for you, if you touch off your Fourth-of-July on it."

"O, wal, you may dit it;" and he began to shovel the sand off, throwing it into his clothing, into the house, and some into Vinnie's eyes.

Lord Betterson, who was walking leisurely about his castle, now came forward, and, seeing Vinnie in some distress, inquired, in his lofty way, if he could do anything for her.

"If you please," she replied, laughing, as she brushed the sand away from her eyes, "I should like to have this trunk carried in."

Betterson drew himself up with dignified surprise: for he had not meant to proffer any such menial service.

Vinnie perceived the little mistake she had made; but she was not so overpoweringly impressed by his nobility, as to think that an apology was due. She even permitted herself to be amused: and, retiring behind the sand in her eyes, which she made a great show of winking and laughing away, she waited to see what he would do.

He looked around, and coughed uncomfortably.

"Where are the boys?" he asked. "This—hem—is very awkward. I don't know why the trunk was left here; I directed that it should be taken to Cecie's room."

Vinnie mischievously resolved that the noble Betterson back should bend beneath that burden.

"It is quite light," she said. "If you want help, I can lift one end of it."

The implication that it was not greatness of character, but weakness of body, which kept him above such service, touched her lord. As she, at the same time, actually laid hold of one handle, he waived her off, with ostentatious gallantry.

"Permit me!" And, with a smile of condescension, which seemed to say, "The Bettersons are not used to this sort of thing; but they can always be polite to the ladies," he took up the trunk by both handles, and went politely *backward*



VINNIE'S STRATAGEM.

with it into the house, a performance at which Jack would have smiled.

I say *performance* advisedly, for Betterson showed by his bearing, lofty and magnificent even under the burden, that this was not an ordinary act of an ordinary man.

Having set down the trunk in its place, he brushed his fingers with a soiled handkerchief, and retired, exceedingly flushed and puffy in his tight stock.

Vinnie thanked him with charming simplicity; while Cecie, on her lounge, laughed slyly, and Mrs. Betterson looked amazed.

"Why, Lavinia! how did you ever dare?"

"Dare what?"

"To ask Mr. Betterson to carry your trunk?"

"Why not?" said Vinnie, with round eyes.

"A gentleman like him! and a Betterson!" replied Caroline, in a whisper of astonishment and awe.

"Who should have done it?" said Vinnie, trying hard to see the enormity of her offense. "I could n't very well do it alone; I am sure you could n't have helped me; and my friend who brought me over, he has done so much for me already that I should have been ashamed to ask him. Besides, he is not here, and I wanted the trunk. Mr. Betterson seems very strong. Has he the rheumatism?"

"O Lavinia! Lavinia!"—and Caroline wrapped her red shawl despairing about her. "But you will understand Mr. Betterson better by and by. You are quite excusable now. Arthur, dear, what do you want?"

"In her trunk, what she's doing, give me, I want it," said the boy, in vading the house for that purpose.

"Yes, you shall have it," cried Vinnie, skillfully giving his nose a wipe behind the mother's back (it needed sadly). "But is your name Arthur? I thought they called you Chokie."

"Chokie is the nickname for Arthur Lill explained.

Vinnie did not understand how that could be.

"It is the boys' invention; they are full of their nonsense," said Caroline with a sorrowful head-shake. "It was first Arthur, then Artie, then Artichoke, then Chokie,—you see?"

Vinnie laughed, while her sister went on, in complaining accents:

"I tell them such things are beneath the dignity of our family; but they will have their fun."

Vinnie took from her trunk a barking dog and candy meeting-house, which made Chokie forgive all about his threatened Fourth-of-July. She also had a pretty worsted scarf of many colors for Lill and a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems—popular those days—for Cecie.

"For you, Sister Caroline," she added, laughing, "I have brought—myself."

"This book is beautiful, and I love poetry much!" said Cecie, with eyes full of love and gratitude. "But you have brought mother the best present."

"O, you don't know about that!" replied Vinnie.

"Yes, I do," said Cecie, with a smile which seemed to tremble on the verge of tears. And she whispered, as Vinnie bent down and kissed her

I love you already; we shall all love you so much!"

"Dear Cecie!" murmured Vinnie in the little invalid's ear, "that pays me for coming. I am glad I am here, if only for your sake."

"I dot the bestest pwesents," cried Chokie, sitting on the floor with his treasures. "Don't come here, Lill; my dog will bite!" He made the little boy squeak violently. "He barks at folks doin' to meetin'. Dim me some pins."

"What do you want of pins?" Vinnie asked, taking some from her dress.

"To make mans and womans doin' to meetin'. The dood bid black pin for the minister," said Chokie.

Vinnie helped him stick up the pins in the floor, and even found the required big black one, to head the procession. Then she pointed out the extraordinary fact of the dog being so much larger than

the entire congregation; at which even the sad Caroline smiled, over her sick babe. Chokie, however, gloried in the superior size and prowess of the formidable monster.

Lill was delighted with her scarf,—all the more so when she learned that it had been wrought by Vinnie's own hand.

"O, Aunt Vinnie!" said Cecie: "will you teach me to do such work? I should enjoy it so much—lying here!"

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear!" exclaimed Vinnie, her heart brimming with hope and joy at sight of the simple happiness her coming had brought.

She then hastened to put on a household dress; while Cecie looked at her book, and Lill sported her scarf, and Chokie earned himself a new nickname—that of Big-Bellied Ben—by making a feast of his meeting-house, beginning with the steeple.

(To be continued.)

THE PETERKINS SNOWED-UP.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

MRS. PETERKIN awoke one morning to find a heavy snow-storm raging. The wind had flung the snow against the windows, had heaped it up around the house, and thrown it into huge white drifts over the fields, covering hedges and fences.

Mrs. Peterkin went from one window to the other to look out, but nothing could be seen but the driving storm and the deep white snow. Even Mr. Tomwick's house on the opposite side of the street was hidden by the swift-falling flakes.

"What shall I do about it?" thought Mrs. Peterkin. "No roads cleared out! Of course, there'll be no butcher and no milkman!"

The first thing to be done was to wake up all the family early; for there was enough in the house for breakfast, and there was no knowing when they would have anything more to eat.

It was best to secure the breakfast first.

So she went from one room to the other, as soon as it was light, waking the family, and before long they were dressed and down-stairs.

And then all went round the house to see what had happened.

All the water-pipes that there were were frozen. The milk was frozen. They could open the door to the wood-house, but the wood-house door into the yard was banked up with snow; and the front

door, and the piazza door, and the side door stuck. Nobody could get in or out!

Meanwhile, Amanda, the cook, had succeeded in making the kitchen fire, but had discovered there was no furnace coal.

"The furnace coal was to have come to-day," said Mrs. Peterkin, apologetically.

"Nothing will come to-day," said Mr. Peterkin, shivering.

But a fire could be made in a stove in the dining-room.

All were glad to sit down to breakfast and hot coffee. The little boys were much pleased to have "ice-cream" for breakfast.

"When we get a little warm," said Mr. Peterkin, "we will consider what is to be done."

"I am thankful I ordered the sausages yesterday," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I was to have had a leg of mutton to-day."

"Nothing will come to-day," said Agamemnon, gloomily.

"Are these sausages the last meat in the house?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The potatoes also were gone, the barrel of apples empty, and she had meant to order more flour that very day.

"Then we are eating our last provisions!" said Solomon John, helping himself to another sausage.

"I almost wish we had staid in bed," said Agamemnon.

"I thought it best to make sure of our breakfast first," repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

"Shall we literally have nothing left to eat?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"There 's the pig!" suggested Solomon John.

Yes, happily, the pig-sty was at the end of the wood-house, and could be reached under cover.

But some of the family could not eat fresh pork.

"We should have to 'corn' a part of him," said Agamemnon.

"My butcher has always told me," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that if I wanted a ham, I must keep a pig. Now we have the pig, but have not the ham!"

"Perhaps we could 'corn' one or two of his legs," suggested one of the little boys.

"We need not settle that now," said Mr. Peterkin. "At least, the pig will keep us from starving."

The little boys looked serious; they were fond of their pig.

"If we had only decided to keep a cow," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Alas! yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "one learns a great many things too late!"

"Then we might have had ice-cream all the time!" exclaimed the little boys.

Indeed, the little boys, in spite of the prospect of starving, were quite pleasantly excited at the idea of being snowed-up, and hurried through their breakfasts that they might go and try to shovel out a path from one of the doors.

"I ought to know more about the water-pipes," said Mr. Peterkin. "Now, I shut off the water last night in the bath-room, or else I forgot to; and I ought to have shut it off in the cellar."

The little boys came back. Such a wind at the front door, they were going to try the side door.

"Another thing I have learned to-day," said Mr. Peterkin, "is not to have all the doors on one side of the house, because the storm blows the snow against *all* the doors."

Solomon John started up.

"Let us see if we are blocked up on the east side of the house!" he exclaimed.

"Of what use," asked Mr. Peterkin, "since we have no door on the east side?"

"We could cut one!" said Solomon John.

"Yes, we could cut a door!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"But how can we tell whether there is any snow there," asked Elizabeth Eliza, "for there is no window?"

In fact, the east side of the Peterkins' house formed a blank wall. The owner had originally planned a little block of two semi-detached houses. He had completed only one, very semi and very detached.

"It is not necessary to see," said Agamemnon profoundly; "of course, if the storm blows again this side of the house, the house itself must keep the snow from the other side."

"Yes," said Solomon John, "there must be space clear of snow on the east side of the house and if we could open a way to that —"

"We could open a way to the butcher," said Mr. Peterkin promptly.

Agamemnon went for his pickaxe. He had kept one in the house ever since the adventure of the dumb waiter.

"What part of the wall had we better attack?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

Mrs. Peterkin was alarmed.

"What will Mr. Mudge, the owner of the house think of it?" she exclaimed. "Have we a right to injure the wall of the house?"

"It is right to preserve ourselves from starving," said Mr. Peterkin. "The drowning man must snatch at a straw!"

"It is better that he should find his house chopped a little when the thaw comes," said Elizabeth Eliza, "than that he should find us lying about the house, dead of hunger, upon the floor."

Mrs. Peterkin was partially convinced.

The little boys came in to warm their hands. They had not succeeded in opening the side door and were planning trying to open the door from the wood-house to the garden.

"That would be of no use," said Mrs. Peterkin. "The butcher cannot get into the garden."

"But we might shovel off the snow," suggested one of the little boys, "and dig down to some last year's onions."

Meanwhile, Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, and Solomon John had been bringing together the carpenter's tools, and Elizabeth Eliza proposing using a gouge, if they would choose the right spot to begin.

The little boys were charmed with the plan, and hastened to find,—one, a little hatchet, and the other a gimlet. Even Amanda armed herself with a poker.

"It would be better to begin on the ground floor," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Except that we may meet with a stone foundation," said Solomon John.

"If the wall is thinner up stairs," said Agamemnon, "it will do as well to cut a window as a door and haul up anything the butcher may bring below in his cart."

Everybody began to pound a little on the wall to find a favorable place, and there was a great deal of noise. The little boys actually cut a bit out of the plastering with their hatchet and gimlet. Solomon John confided to Elizabeth Eliza that it reminded him of stories of prisoners who cut themselves free, through stone walls, after days and days of secret labor.

Mrs. Peterkin, even, had come with a pair of tongs in her hand. She was interrupted by a voice behind her.

"Here 's your leg of mutton, marm!"

It was the butcher. How had he got in?

"Excuse me, marm, for coming in at the side door, but the back gate is kinder blocked up. You are making such a pounding, I could not make anybody hear me knock at the side door."

"But how did you make a path to the door?" asked Mr. Peterkin. "You must have been

working at it a long time. It must be near noon now?"

"I 'm about on regular time," answered the butcher. "The town team has cleared out the high-road, and the wind has been down the last half-hour. The storm is over."

True enough! The Peterkins had been so busy inside the house, they had not noticed the ceasing of the storm outside.

"And we were all up an hour earlier than usual," said Mr. Peterkin, when the butcher left. He had not explained to the butcher why he had a pickaxe in his hand.

"If we had lain abed till the usual time," said Solomon John, "we should have been all right."

"For here is the milkman!" said Elizabeth Eliza, as a knock was now heard at the side door.

"It is a good thing to learn," said Mr. Peterkin, "not to get up any earlier than is necessary."

NANNY ANN.



OH, Nanny Ann! the sun is bright;
The sky is blue and clear;
All ugly clouds are out of sight,
No rain to-day, my dear.
No need, as I can plainly tell,
For you to take your fine umbrell'.
Go to the spring, my pretty daughter,
Fetch me a jug of sparkling water."

Now Nanny Ann herself was bright;
Says she: "Though skies are clear,
And ugly clouds are not in sight,
'T is April, mother dear.
The ways above, no soul can tell;
I'd rather take my fine umbrell'."
So saying, off she went for water;
Now wasn't she a wise young daughter:

JOHN SPOONER'S GREAT HUMAN MENAGERIE.

BY JOEL STACY.



POSITIVELY for one night only!

When Master John Spooner sent out forty-nine and a-half complimentary tickets of admission to his Great Human Menagerie, the boys and girls who received them knew that he meant to show them something worth seeing. So on the appointed night—February 10th, at half-past seven o'clock precisely

—they flocked to Johnny Spooner's house, as the Spooner residence was called by his "set," as eager and happy a crowd of young folks as ever assembled for an evening's frolic.

John Spooner, you must know, is sixteen years old, and a young gentleman who apparently promised himself, in the first six months of his existence, never to do anything half way. He has kept his word. In fact, judging from the testimony of parents, grandparents, nurses, teachers and friends, it is safe to say that he has made five-quarter way his average during the whole of his brief and brilliant career. Therefore, when our forty-nine and a-half guests (the half was "under eight") arrived at Johnny Spooner's house on the aforesaid evening, they were not in the least surprised to see great showy posters in the elegant hall, nor to find the grimmest of ticket-men in a sort of sentry-box by the hall door, nor, on a stand near by, great piles of programmes or handbills, the very sight of which made each new-comer almost wild with expectation.

The spectators were hardly seated in the dimly lighted front parlor before a bell rang—none of your half-way bells, but a good loud ringer that seemed to raise the curtain with the final flourish of its big clapper.

Behind the curtain was a stage covered with green baize; in front of the stage, but hidden from the spectators, were lights that made it just bright enough, without showing things too distinctly, and on that stage was precisely nothing at all. This the children all took in as the curtain went up, but they had hardly time to draw a fresh breath when the wonderful Royal Shanghai chicken came tread-

ing his dainty way over the green baize. He was white as snow and as large as a colt! He had the funniest pink bill, the wildest eyes, the strangest tail, and the most remarkable feet that ever Shanghai had, and his head bobbed in a way that nearly "killed" the girls and made the boys clap a shout tremendously.

Now what I should really like to do would be to describe the whole of this great show just as it appeared to the spectators; to tell you how when

*Spooner's Great
Human Menagerie
For one night only!
Wild Animals!!
Tame Animals!!!
Ante-diluvian Animals
The Livid Goroconda!
Dwarfs!! Giants!!
The Unequaled
Whirligig, Four-armed
Dancing Boy!
The Wounded Scout!
The Living Headless Baby
And other lively attractions
Too Numerous to Mention!*

THE PROGRAMME.

Shanghai had picked its mincing way from the stage, Johnny Spooner himself came out, magnificent in scarlet trousers and yellow turban, leading a great elephant that walked back and forth, kneeled down, flourished his trunk, and me-

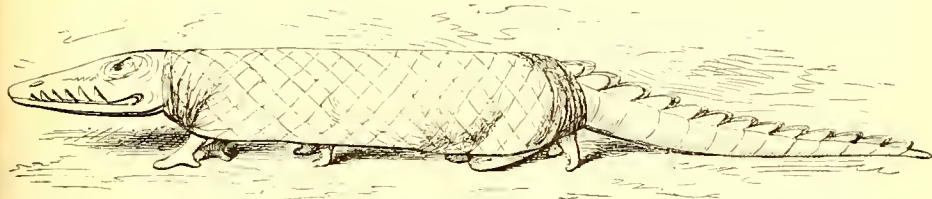
out with great soft heavy tread—a real live monous elephant, that everybody knew could n't be elephant at all, for was not this a *human* enagerie?

I should like to tell you how, after the elephant, me the Dutch dwarfs; the Belgian giant; the eat dancing bear from North America; the

their friends by getting up one or more of these animals and oddities at home, they may do so without any difficulty."

Therefore, my friends, we'll proceed to business at once.

In the first place, Master Spooner wishes it to be distinctly understood that, though the Livid Gol-



THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

and Goloconda, a snake sixteen feet long and foot thick, with fiery eyes and a rattling tail; a talented dwarf, Baron Pompalino; the huge antediluvian known as the Roaring Calliopolus, a crawling monster with six legs, a long tail, and a frightful head, with red eyes and white teeth; of the terrible baby who played and clapped its hands gleefully just the same whether its head were on or off; of the telescopic Indian-Indian man, Seek-a-peek; the unequaled whirligig with four legs and six arms; and, last of all, the wounded scout—just as they really appeared to the spectators; and all the funny things that the great showman said, and how the audience cheered and laughed and clapped and shuddered by turns. I should like to do all this I could, but it would be impossible. ST. NICHOLAS would n't hold it all. Everything else would be crowded out—even "The Young Surveyor" and

oconda, the Whirligig Boy, and one or two others are his own invention, he does n't by any means claim that his entire menagerie is original. He picked up his animals and curiosities here and there, just as other showmen do, and that, he says, is "the long and short of it."

We'll begin with that wonderful antediluvian monster,

THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

The effect of this creature as he went crawling across the stage, roaring fearfully and slowly moving his head from side to side, as if looking for his prey, was something to remember. As Master Spooner and I had the honor of making the head and tail of the monster, you shall know just how they were manufactured. We took a large square of gray cardboard, and folded it something in the shape of the paper horns that, filled with sugar-plums, hang in the candy-shop windows at Christmas time. We dented in the point slightly; then we cut a long slit, running in from the point, to



DIAGRAM OF ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

"Eight Cousins" would be sent flying—and if it is more, the editors would n't be satisfied, for that they said to me was exactly this:

"Mr. Stacy, we shall be very glad to have you send our boys and girls an account of Master Spooner's menagerie, if you will give them pictures of the animals, and, with Master Spooner's permission, tell them just how they were made, so that at any time they wish to amuse themselves or

form the mouth; into this slit we inserted on each side a strip of white cardboard, cut to represent the teeth. This was nearly as long as the slit. Then we filled up the rest of the slit with red flannel, and proceeded to paint above it the most hideous eyes we could think of; and, finally, we trimmed and folded the big open end so that it would fit like a cap on a boy's head.

The lower picture will show you how this cap

was attached to the head of one of the two boys who constituted the Calliopolus.

Next came the tail. That was made of soft brown wrapping-paper, cut double, with two or three thicknesses of black cotton batting afterward basted between the two papers to give a sort of soft firmness to the whole. This we painted in black and white to suit our fancy. A stout cord connected the head and tail, and the two paper sides of the latter were parted for a space to enable them to be adjusted over the body of the youth who had to wear it. On the night of the exhibition, as the head and tail were ready, we had only to arrange our two boys as seen in the diagram, put stockings on their hands and feet, cover their bodies with an old green silk quilt, doubled and securely pinned at each end, and our Calliopolus was complete.

I will say here, that in making the Calliopolus the largest play of fancy is allowed. You may have one boy or three boys, instead of two (a little practice will enable the three to hitch themselves along the floor together); you may fashion the head and tail as you please, and, in default of a green quilt, you may throw over the body folded shawls or army blankets.

THE LIVID GOLOCONDA

Was constructed somewhat in the same way, as far as the head and tail were concerned, but the boys arranged themselves differently. This time three poor fellows, after taking off shoes and coats, had to crawl one after the other into a sort of long bolster-case, made of cheap green woolen stuff, and provided with breathing holes under each boy's face. The head was firmly secured to the pate of the first boy; the tail was fastened to one of the

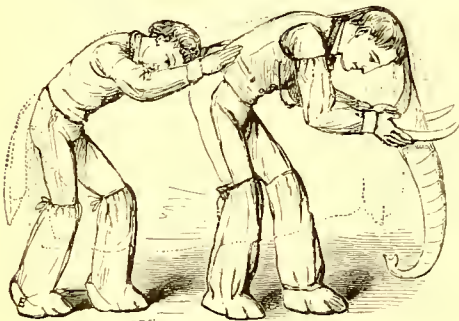
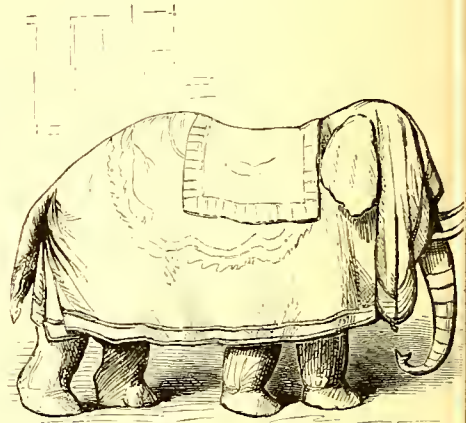


DIAGRAM OF ELEPHANT.

feet of the last boy, and the open ends of the bolster-case carefully lapped and tied over the joinings. The snake-like movement was made by the boys hitching themselves along, partly by their feet and partly by their arms, folded across their breasts

The last boy squirmed the long stuffed tail about by means of his foot, and the desired rattling was produced in some way by his gifted mouth. We had basted bits and stripes of red and silver tinsel all over our Goloconda's case; his eyes were



THE ELEPHANT.

green tinsel, and from his hissing mouth projected a fearful fang of wire wound with red flannel.

THE ELEPHANT

Was easily made, as you can see by studying the pictures. The trunk was made of brown wrapping-paper; the tusks were white letter-paper, rolled into huge lamplighters, and then carefully bent to the curve. This time, as you see, we again needed a pair of boys, but one boy had to be taller and stouter than the other. Before placing them in the required position, we tied queer cases on their legs, made of gray cotton stuff, and closed at the ends, as to cover their feet. In the heel of each boot-slipper we placed an upright piece of cardboard (shaped so as to make the case project at the heel, thus giving the form of the elephant's foot). The boys once equipped and placed in position, we had only to throw a great gray army blanket over them, as shown by the dotted line in the diagram, pin it together at the back, pin on great ears of soft gray wrapping-paper, throw a gay door-mat over the top for effect, and the elephant was ready to walk forth. The boys kept step, treading slowly and cautiously, the "walk" was perfect.

Now comes the great

DANCING BEAR.

This was the hardest of all to make, but Johnny and I prepared everything before the

firmance, we took plenty of time for the work. The diagram and picture will describe our processes very well. The head was made of pasteboard painted black, wet with glue and sprinkled with burnt coffee grounds, and embellished with



THE DANCING BEAR.

red flannel tongue. On the elbows and knees of Clem Digby, the big boy who acted the bear, we fastened pieces of pasteboard shaped like the small diagram, A. This sent the bear's joints low down, as they should be. After his shaggy coat was put on, and fur mittens on the feet and hands, two brown bear-skin sleigh-ropes, borrowed from a furrier,

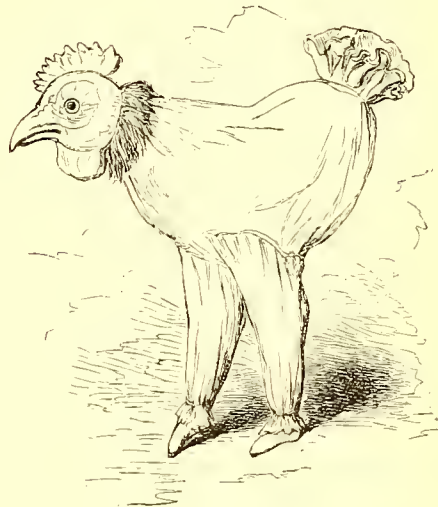


DIAGRAM OF DANCING BEAR.

completed the outfit. We "shaped" the creature by tying the robes as well as we could upon Clem Digby's body with strong twine, that was easily hidden from sight in the shaggy fur. The corners of the robes came in well for the legs and arms.

THE ROYAL SHANGHAI.

To make this Shanghai, we first prepared one of John Spooner's boys by removing his shoes, attaching a pillow to his back, and putting over his fore-



THE ROYAL SHANGHAI

head a little conical pasteboard cap, painted pink, with black markings to represent the bill. On each knee we tied a piece of stiff pasteboard (see A), to give the Shanghai a joint. Then we



DIAGRAM OF ROYAL SHANGHAI.

stood him in the position shown in the diagram and hastened to put on the finishing touch. This finishing touch was nothing more nor less than a lady's large, long night-dress, with ruffles at the neck and sleeves. We put the poor fellow's legs



DIAGRAM OF GIANT
SEEK-A-SEEK.

about the throat, allowing it to fall in rich profusion.

into the long sleeves; then we secured the neck of the garment as well as we could to his throat, and then gathered the rest of it at the end of the pillow and wound it about with a string. The bunch thus formed made the tail. This last we further decorated with a quantity of white paper fringe. The last thing was to draw over our boy's head a sort of cap-mask made of an old Summer gauze under-vest. This was made to bind tightly about the upper end of the bill and pass over the head to the neck. It was left open underneath to allow the Shanghai to breathe. From each side of this breathing slit hung a bit of red flannel, pinked; and the mask had two enormous eyes painted upon it. To conceal the joinings at the head and neck, we tied on a treble strip of paper fringe

I may add here that, in making a Royal Shanghai, you will find it necessary to have everything readiness before you put your boy in position, he has to preserve rather an uncomfortable posture and you will not wish to waste his strength before presenting him to the spectators. His head-covering and ruff must be the last things put on. He will have no difficulty in finding his way about the stage if his head-gear be sufficiently thin to enable a little light to pass through. A clever Royal Shanghai makes all sorts of queer chicken-noises as he struts about.

Now for

THE GREAT TELESCOPIC GIANT, SEEK-A-SEEK

whom many of you already know intimately. Those who do not know how to make him have only to look at the pictures to learn the whole process. A tall boy holds a broom or stick upright. On the top of the broom is a hat; a little below the hat, and tied to the stick, is a piece of barrel hoop (this is to form his shoulders); over the stick, and hanging from under the hat, is a long sheet-mantle or a shawl. After this covering is on, the telescopic giant can make himself grow very tall by merely raising the stick higher and higher; or when he wishes to shorten himself he has only to slowly draw down the pole and crouch under the cloak. Seek-a-Seek generally is seen examining a door, apparently in anxious search for the key-hole, which he looks for in every possible spot, from the top nearly to the bottom. This giant is very easily made, and a little practice will enable him to go through his mock search very comically. An impatient little grun-
thrown in now and then improves the effect of the performance very much.



GIANT SEEK-A-SEEK



THE SHORTENED GIANT.

THE HEADLESS BABY.

Some of the more critical of Master Spooner's guests felt, when they saw the giant and headless baby, that "menagerie" was hardly the right name for the entire exhibition; but that is none of our business. It is enough to say that the headless baby proved a great success. When the curtain rose, after a brief intermission, there sat his infantile majesty, head and all, safe and sound, in a high baby-chair, beating on his little table with a rattled clapping his chubby hands in great glee. He was arrayed in the approved yard-long baby-dress, with blue sash about his waist, blue bows on his shoulders, and a lovely white bib tied under his chin. In the interest of the occasion, no one noticed that he was a decidedly large baby, and with more intelligence in his rosy face than is usually seen during the rattle and "goo-goo" age. Still the baby cowered and played and rubbed its little nose so sweetly, as he sat there, that everybody was charmed, and it was not until, in giving his nose an unusually lively rub, it knocked its dear little nose *clean off* that anything seemed amiss. However, as he still clapped his hand "patty-cake," and held out his arms to be "taken" when his ruffled-nurse came in, and as the nurse at once stooped down behind baby and, picking up his head, put it on his shoulders again, no harm was done, and the scene passed off delightfully.

The explanation is this: A pillow, prettily dressed in a long baby-dress, sash, and bows, sat in the air, while behind it stood chubby little Victor Royl in just such a way as to let his arms apparently come from baby's shoulders, and his head rise from under baby's bib. It was easy enough for him to suddenly bob his head down behind the pillow, and so hold it out of sight until the nurse, stooping and pretending to pick it up, should place it carefully on baby's shoulders again. Victor Royl's rump, rosy face was just the thing needed, and his imitation of baby motions and noises was capital. Johnny Spooner had also a

GIANTESS.

She was made by seating a light boy upon the shoulders of a tall, strong fellow, who could easily carry him about in that position by holding on to the light fellow's feet. A long skirt is made to hang from the head of the big boy, who takes care that he shall have a loop-hole to see through. Two skirts may be put on the lower boy, for that matter, one hanging from his waist, as the ladies say; the other, a sort of "over-skirt," hanging from his head. The upper boy wears a shawl or deep cape and a lady's bonnet,—as outlandish and showy an affair as can be devised,—and he carries a big umbrella and a satchel. The deception is com-

plete. Johnny's giantess could make a lovely courtesy, sing songs, and in all respects she was quite an accomplished young woman.



BARON POMPALINO.

Following close upon the giant and giantess, came

THE DWARFS.

No. 1 was the celebrated Baron Pompalino. The pictures will give you a capital idea of the Baron and his construction. You will notice that a young fellow stands erect behind a table, upon which he places his hands. These must be thrust into a pair of boots. A stick, furnished at each end with a stuffed glove, is put through the long sleeves of a lady's street sack. This is then buttoned over the Baron's queer little body, fastening at the throat; a false beard is tied under his chin (if desired): a

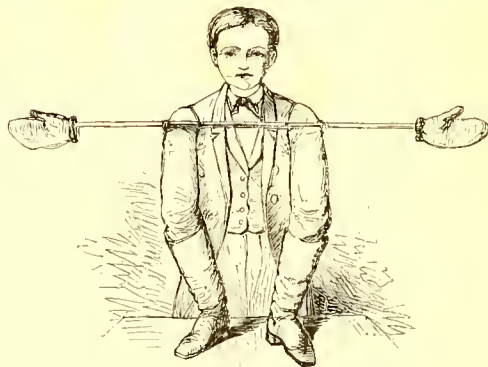
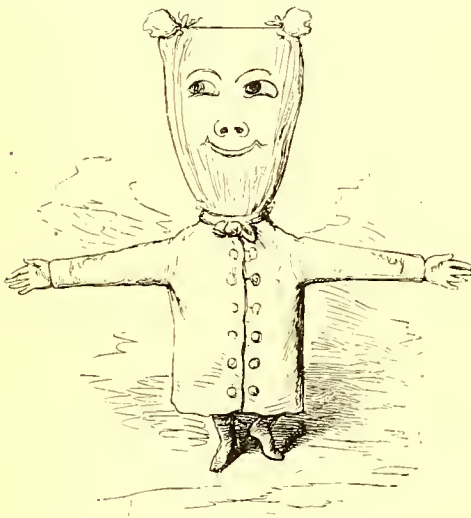


DIAGRAM OF THE BARON.

jaunty cap is placed upon his head; and there he stands, ready to dance his best for the ladies and gentlemen, or sing a song in broken English for their amusement. Our artist has put the stick in position in the diagram, to show you where it will be when the sack is on. It may be found necessary

to secure this stick to the upper part of the sack arm-holes, but experiment will soon decide that point. It would be a hard matter to get on the sack if the long stick were first tied to the boy's body.

Sometimes this dwarf is made by allowing a smaller boy to stand on a bench behind the Baron in such a way that he can lend his arms to that distinguished person, who has a curtain close behind him to hide the small boy's head; but Master Spooner says he prefers the stick arms for the Baron. The two-boy plan belongs to Dumb Orator, which, nearly everybody knows, is made by seating a big man, with his hands behind him, on the lap of a small man, who thrusts *his* arms through the big man's elbow-crooks. This done, a cloak is thrown over the two, so as to show only the big man's head and body and the little man's arms. It looks like a single person with unusually small arms and hands; and if this person speaks a piece while the small hands gesticulate as absurdly as possible, the effect is very amusing.



RYCHIE.

Dwarf number two, who was introduced as

RYCHIE, THE DUTCH DWARF,

was very easily made, though she was one of the great "hits" of the evening. A girl of about fourteen years (the age and size are not of much consequence) held her arms above her head, as shown in the diagram; a scant white cotton skirt, on the under side of which a great face had been that morning painted, was pinned about her waist, and the bottom of it then raised over her head so that she could hold it up by gathering the fullness in

each hand. This, as you see by the picture, formed something like ears. A long stick was run through the sleeves of a sack, and the sack was



DIAGRAM OF DUTCH DWARF.

then buttoned about her, making her "waist" serve in place of a neck. A large bow was needed to conceal the gap caused by the fact of the waist being larger than an ordinary throat.

This Dutch dwarf, like Baron Pompalino, was brilliant dancer, though certainly a little stiff in the arms. She had tremendous blue eyes, a smiling red mouth, and very rosy cheeks, and, taken altogether, was a decidedly striking young person.

Now comes John Spooner's celebrated

WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY,

one of the great successes of the evening. Two boys, respectively about ten and twelve years of age, were tied together with a scarf, back to back at the waist, loosely enough to enable them to kick and flourish their arms. A stick, with a mitten on each end, was tied between and across them, as shown in the picture. The feet of each were dressed in woolen stockings, put on so crookedly and loosely as to flap. These, when the trousers hung over them, looked something like mittened hands. Boots were then placed upon the boys' four arms (as shown in diagram); a deep cape was hung from the neck of the taller boy, so as to cover the smaller boy's head; and the celebrated whirligig boy was ready to dance.

Such dancing! For a moment all you could see was a spinning something with about a dozen feet and hands flying wildly in the air. The spectators clapped and shouted; the whirligig boy danced and capered; the fiddle behind the curtain played its jig-tune faster and faster, until at last the dance

g boy fell in a heap on the floor, a confused mass of the wildest legs and arms that ever were seen, while the curtain descended to the air of "Rory More."

Now came the final "lively attraction." The curtain rose slowly to the sound of mournful music. In a moment two men appeared, carrying an empty litter. This was really a six-foot ladder, with a heavy old quilt folded wider and shorter than the ladder and laid smoothly upon it. The men crossed the stage and disappeared. Some confusion was heard outside, and in a moment they appeared again, this time carrying the litter on their heads. A wounded man, with bandaged forehead, lay upon it. You could see his head and feet, but his body and arms were covered. Slowly the men bore their sad burden along, when suddenly one of them tripped. Down they fell, litter, wounded man, and all. There was a moment's struggle, and when they rose and lifted the litter the wounded man was gone! There was nothing left of him but his boots. In vain the men, after putting down the empty litter, searched all over the well-lighted stage; in vain they angrily questioned each other in dumb pantomime, shook their fists in each other's faces, and appeared frightened half to death at their loss. The scout was not to be found, nor did any boy or girl among the spectators seen him. In fact, as they were very sure he had *not* left the stage at all, their excitement and wonder were intense. At this point the fiddle behind the scenes

The truth is there was n't any wounded scout at all. When the two litter-bearers stepped off of the stage the first time, the hindmost, and taller one,



DIAGRAM OF WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY.

with the aid of Master Spooner, thrust his head between the last two rounds of the ladder, laying it back upon a cushion. With his head thus thrown back, he carried the ladder on his hands and shoulders. A pair of boots was placed on the ladder, about five feet from the head, and the place between was filled up with a thick shawl, rolled so as to represent the scout's form; over this was thrown a blanket, leaving the head and boots of the scout uncovered. The foremost man, of course, kept his head under his end of the ladder.

Now, my young friends, I trust, from the descriptions and pictures given, you will be able to conjure up any of Johnny's animals and oddities at will, with but little trouble. You need n't attempt to do them all at once, nor to have a stage like Master Spooner's. Any one of them, brought into the drawing-room where family or friends are assembled, will create no little entertainment. The elephant can be made at a few moments' notice by dispensing with the elephant-trousers, and making the trunk simply of a hooked umbrella or cane thrust into a worsted legging or wound with a gray shawl. The pasteboard heads of the animals are more easily made than one would suppose. They can be very rough affairs if they are to be shown in a dimly lighted room. Some boys and girls will prefer to soak the pasteboard, and, molding it carefully into the desired shape, leave it to dry before being painted. Others will be content with merely bending and painting it so that it will "do." At any rate, I hope one and all will find enjoyment in some way or another from this account of Master John Spooner's great human menagerie.



WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY.

back up a lively tune; the men, suddenly recon-
ced to their misfortune, picked up their litter and
ced off with it in the gayest possible manner,
the curtain fell. John Spooner's great exhibi-
a was over.

Where was the wounded scout?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LAST April, my darlings, we had some fine April-fool stories, and so, of course, you'll look for them this time; but there are none. That's Jack's little joke, you see.

Instead of them, I'll give you something you'll delight in.—good advice. Don't be April fools, my dears, nor May doves, nor June fools, nor any kind of fools, if you can help it. Be hearty, wide-awake, merry, and frolicsome, as you please; be tricksome, too, in a good-natured, true-hearted way, but don't be fools. So endeth Jack's sermon. Now we'll have

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

THE other day the little schoolma'am received a letter from Germany, and, as good luck would have it, she read a part of it, in my hearing, to her young charges during the noon play-hour. She said, at the time, "it ought to be printed;" so Jack offers no apology for repeating it to you, as nearly as he can recollect it:

"I'll tell you," the writer said, "of a little incident that happened here lately:

"Frau Roleke and her children were returning from a visit to Frankfort-on-the-Main by way of the Thuringian Railroad. From the time they left that place until nearly dusk, the little ones had kept up a merry prattle about the wonderful sights they had seen in the great city. But as dusk deepened into dark they showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. So the kind mother began to tell them stories. I must tell you just here that the cars on these European railroads are not like yours in America, but are divided into separate compartments, or carriages, which have seats along each side, and a door at each end. Frau Roleke and her children were alone in one of these carriages, and the latter were listening eagerly while she narrated the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, when suddenly the door flew open and little Fritz fell out into the darkness. With great difficulty Frau Roleke, by pulling a bell-rope, secured the stoppage of the train, and the men, hurrying back with their lanterns, met Fritz crying and calling, 'Die mutter! die mutter.' His face was all covered with blood, but he proved not to be seriously hurt, and his mamma soon wiped the blood from the dear, scratched little face. When all were settled in the car once more, little Fritz looked up into the mother's face and said, in a voice which made her smile through her tears: 'Mamma, wont you go on with the story? You did n't finish it after I was gone, did you?'"

TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.

ONE day, Farmer Robson's old hen came scratching about in my meadow, and just then the prett schoolma'am tripped by with two of her children. She was talking to them about the fish called the sturgeon.

"Yes, my dears," she was saying, "I read this very morning in the *Popular Science Monthly* Nine hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred eggs have been found in a single sturgeon!"

"My! what a lot!" exclaimed one of the children; "and if every egg gets to be a sturgeon, an every one of the new sturgeons lays just as many just think what heaps and heaps of grandchildren a sturgeon must have."

The teacher laughed. They walked on; and suddenly I heard a sort of gulp.

It was the old hen. I never in my life saw a living creature in such a state. She was so mad she could hardly keep inside of her feathers.

"Nine hundred thousand eggs!" she exclaimed (you would have thought she was only trying to cluck her head off, but Jack understood every word), "nine hundred thousand egg-gug-gug-gug! Don't believe a word of it! Never was such a thing since the world began—sturgeon, indeed! Never even heard of such a bird. What'll school teachers say next, I wonder? Nine hundred-thousand egg-gug-gug-eggs indeed!"

The last I saw of that hen, she was strutting indignantly toward the barn-yard to tell the other hens all about it.

HERBIVOROUS ANIMALS AND CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

THERE'S a big sentence for you to contemplate, my children! It means plant-eating animals and animal-eating plants. You've often seen the first—that is, animals that eat grasses, vegetables, and so on; but have you ever seen plants that live on eating animals? No? Well, there really are such things. There is a common plant called the bladderwort. It grows in marshy places, and what do you think it lives upon? Why, upon the live water-bear, of which ST. NICHOLAS gave you a picture last month. But you shall read for yourself the newspaper account that the winds sent to me

"ANOTHER ANIMAL-EATING PLANT FOUND.—The carnivorous vegetables have received an accession at the hands of Mrs. M. Treat, who reveals the secret habits of the bladderwort to a degree that makes one shudder at the cunning villainy it shows. The bladderwort is a very common marsh plant, with long, slender, pipe-like stems, a fine frill of leaves, queer tufted flowers, and having secreted among its leaves, or on its bare stems, little pear-shaped bladders, which have been vulgarly supposed of use to float the plant. Mrs. Treat, who is a naturalist of growing note, with her inquiring microscope noticed in some of these bladders, a year ago, sundry dead insects, and since then has domesticated the bladderwort and watched its ways, until she knows that it not only most ingeniously traps wretched little water-bears and larvae, but has a moral certainty that it absorbs their juices. She has seen the victims done to death in a time."

THE LONGEST WORD.

"ROB," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language."

"Don't know," said Rob, "unless it's a sweetening word."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "it's *stumbled*, because

u are sure to get a tumble between the first and
t letter."

"Ha! ha!" said Rob. "Now I've one for you.
found it one day in the paper. Which is the
ggest word in the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's *smiles*, because there's a whole
le between the first and last letter."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I
ow a word that has over *three* miles between its
gging and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"*Beleaguered*," said Tom.

WHY-IS-N'T THE OFFER TAKEN UP?

FOR five years past, a rich farmer in our neigh-
hood has made a standing offer of \$10,000 in
d for a double set of cow's teeth,—that is, the
per and lower rows complete. Yet his offer has
er been taken up. Who can tell me why?

SURVEYORS SAVED BY A HORSE.

BOYS, as young surveyors are very popular with
just now, you shall hear a true story that is
l told in a paper called the *Turf, Field, and*
Home:

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their
s work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-
e came on. They started for their camp, which was in a forest
ut eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any
trees. The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting
s to almost blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they
nce came upon footsteps in the snow. These they looked at
care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own
s. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie,
if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the
ce was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.
e they were shivering with fear and cold, the chief man caught
e one of their horses, a gray pony known as 'Old Jack.'

Then the chief said: 'If any one can show us our way to camp,
of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his
e and let him go, and we can follow him. I think he will show
e way to camp.'

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and
e in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him.
e he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to
e 'Come on, boys! Follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape.'
hen turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast
e men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a
e when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they
e a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack."

WHAT AN ARMY OF TOAD-STOOLS DID.

WID ever you think how strong the growing
ats must be to force their way up through the
h? Even the green daisy tips and the tiny
les of grass, that bow before a breath, have to
t a force in coming through that, in proportion
eir size, is greater than you would exert in
g from under a mound of cobble stones. And
k of toad-stools—what soft, tender things they
e breaking at a touch. Yet, I can tell you,
e're quite mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated English priest
novelist, was a very close observer of nature.
e evening he noticed particularly a square flat
e, that, I should say, was about as long and as
d as the length of three big burdock leaves.
e thought it would require quite a strong man to
e a stone like that. In the morning he looked

again, and lo! the stone was raised so that he could
see the light under it. What was his surprise to
find, on closer examination, that a crop of toad-
stools had sprung up under the stone in the night
and raised it up on their little round shoulders as
they came!

I'm told that Canon Kingsley gives an account
of this in his book called "Christmas in the West
Indies," but it was in England that he saw it.

Knowing that he was so close an observer, I
shouldn't be one bit surprised if he went still
further and found out that one secret of the toad-
stools being able to lift the stone was that they
didn't waste time and strength in urging each
other to the work, but each one did his very best
without quarreling about whose turn it was, or
whether Pink Shoulder or Brown Button was
shirking his share. But then the toad-stools must
have been strong, too.

A DANGEROUS CRADLE.

HERE is a true duck story: One of the wild
ducks that sometimes swim in the pond near my
pulpit had it from an eider-duck who has seen the
cradle.

Away off at the north of the north coast of Scot-
land are the Shetland Islands; so steep, cold,
barren and lonely that flocks of sea-birds go there
at certain times of the year to build their nests
and lay their eggs, thinking that they will not be
disturbed in such a place. But the eggs have their
value; so the few and poor inhabitants of the bleak
and rocky islands are willing to descend the most
dreadful precipices and climb the most difficult
heights to find them.

Near the coast of one of the islands, but separ-
ated from it by a tempestuous channel, stands a
very high and nearly perpendicular pillar of rock.
Here, on this steep and desolate height, the sea-
birds come in great numbers year after year; but
at last a man, who could climb even more dreadful
precipices than the hardest Shetlanders would dare
to scale, went in a boat to the foot of this rock, and
climbed its steep sides, carrying with him a pulley
and a very strong rope, one end of which was
already fastened on the highest point of a neighbor-
ing island on the side nearest the pillar. Arriving,
after much toil and danger, at the summit of the
pillar, the man managed to get the rope through
the handles of a stout basket, and then fastened the
pulley to the rock. Here then was a way by which
the islanders could get over to the pillar. By get-
ting, one at a time, into the basket, and swinging
at this dizzy height over the foaming channel, the
islanders could pull themselves across by means of
the rope and pulley to obtain the eggs.

I forgot to say that the pillar of rock is called the
"Pillar of Noss," and the basket is called the
"Cradle of Noss." A cradle that, perhaps, birds
might like to rock in, but not such a one as a quiet,
stay-at-home Jack-in-the-Pulpit would recommend
to his dear ST. NICHOLAS children. Will ST.
NICHOLAS please show my children a picture of
this cradle?

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter from a little girl, who evidently has a literary taste of her own:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You're just *splendid!* I just *love* you now. I don't believe that a person that reads you can help loving you. I can't. The stationer always sees me at his store the 20th of every month, unless I'm sick. You grow better and better all the time, and you are better now than ever before.

I like that story of Louisa M. Alcott's. I hope most of it will be about the boys, for, if I *am* a girl, I like stories of boys better than I do stories of girls; there is so much more excitement in boys' stories. I like tragedy; I could sit all day and read Shakespeare.

I should really like to see the person that likes to write; I am sure I do not. But I must stop—Ever your loving reader,

SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS.
META GAGE.

NELLIE RICHARDS writes: "I think I can answer F. Bask's question as to what forms the small bubbles on the inside of a glass of water which has been standing for some time. The water, as it gets warm, turns into vapor, which forms small beads that cling to the glass. If the water was heated to a greater degree, these bubbles would rise to the surface in the form of vapor."

JOHN H. YOUNG sends the following novel explanation of the manner in which foxes capture turkeys from the limbs of trees:

EADEN, Pa., January 30, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your number of February I noticed a fox story, and I want to let you know how a fox will get birds off a high tree. It is very simple. The fox takes his tail in his mouth and commences running round in a circle, and continues thus until the bird gets dizzy looking at him, when the bird falls; then he catches it. This operation has been witnessed. This county was, and is at present, a good fox county. Last year there were about one hundred killed here, on a place in the Economy Wood. They have many holes, and have been known to attack men when hunting them—that is, the men left at the place to guard them.—Yours,

JOHN H. YOUNG.

THE space usually occupied by the pages for "Very Little Folks" has been appropriated, this month, by the "Great Human Menagerie," which, of course, required a good deal of room, with its elephants, giants, and antediluvian monsters. But we feel sure that all our readers, the little folks as well as the older ones, will take a great interest in Johnny Spooner's exhibition.

EASTER EGGS.

HANNAH D.; KATE AND CHARLEY; LILLIE T. O., and others:

The old-fashioned way of boiling the eggs in bits of calico is not yet wholly abandoned, but experience says it is almost sure to end in disappointment. The general impression is that a calico should be selected that will fade; the contrary is true; even for this purpose fast colors are to be preferred. If you wish to try the experiment, let the calico be drawn as smoothly as possible around the eggs, and sewed neatly on; then drop into a vessel of very weak lye and boil for one hour. Perhaps the imprint of the figures may be very well stamped on the shell, but you must not expect that the colors will be as fine as they were in the cotton goods.

Aniline dyes, furnished from coal oil, are the best for coloring Easter eggs. They should be used with caution, and, at least, under the oversight of a grown person. These dyes are found in the following variety: red, violet, blue, green, yellow and orange, brown and black. A few cents' worth of each will suffice. They may be obtained at any well-furnished drug store. Most of these are soluble in water, and do not even require that the thing to be dyed be placed over the fire; but we think it better to boil the eggs in a solution of the dye-stuff, taking care that there is plenty of the liquid to cover them, as the color is thus more speedily imparted.

Aniline red is a magnificent carmine, and is better for being dissolved in a little alcohol before being mixed with water, as is also true of the violet, green, yellow, and orange. Stir the eggs gently about so as to color them evenly, and do not allow them to rest on the bottom of the kettle. You may produce a lighter shade of the same color—pink, for instance—by adding a fresh supply of water to the dye you have already used for the deep tints.

Be careful, however, to have the dye-pots immediately emptied and well cleaned, for arsenic being largely used in the composition of these coloring matters, the dye is poisonous stuff. The little on the egg-shells, however, is not enough to make their use in this way dangerous.

Logwood boiled with the eggs will give shades from lilac to a purple, according to the quantity used, an ounce being sufficient several dozen eggs. The addition of vinegar will change the crimson; and potash, or, better still, sulphate of iron, will produce fine blue.

When the eggs are all properly colored, then dampen a cloth with sweet oil or butter, and wipe them over to give them a beautiful gloss.

If you would like to have names or mottoes written on the shell, dip a brush or a new quill pen in melted white wax; trace whatever words or design you choose, then put it on to boil; the other part of the egg will receive any dye in which it is merged, the tracery will remain white and legible.

The same effect will be produced by dipping the brush in sea-vinegar or nitric acid. The acid must be used very carefully, ever, as it will injure any cloth it happens to spot. Sometimes marking can be made very well, after the coloring, with a pen-knife.

By covering the wrong side of a sheet of gilt or silver paper gum, cutting stars and other fancy forms from it when dry, and putting these designs on like postage stamps, a very pretty effect can be obtained.

MARY STUART SMITH.

ST. NICHOLAS: You have a conundrum in your February number from E. B., about "The Cooky with a Hole in it." The verses with the question, "But how do you eat the hole?" I raise my hand to answer. If you will just do as I would, you will

EAT THE [W]HOLE.

BESIDES the suggestions given in the February Letter-Box "turning your hand into an old woman," we here print a lettering of another way in which it may be done.

Water Gap, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to give you another way of making a face with your hand. You may not think it good enough to publish, but we have had lots of fun with it. Tie two shoe-boys together, about an inch apart; place them between the first and second fingers, and put the thumb between the second and third fingers; now lay your handkerchief over the top of it and hold front of a looking-glass, and if you do not see an old lady's face not my fault.—Yours truly,

LIDA B. GRAVE.

IN our June number we shall give the names of all who belong to the Army of Bird-Defenders. So send in your names in time for the Grand Muster Roll.

HARRY L. GRAHAM.—You will find the articles on "Christ City" and "Holiday Harbor" in the numbers for May and December, respectively, of 1874. They will give you all the directions you ask for.

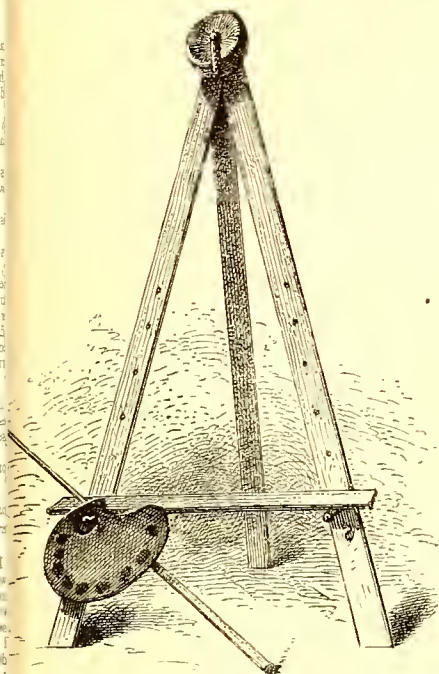
The expression which you mention, as generally used, is slang.

A MINIATURE EASEL.

HERE is something pretty that boys can make, as well as the materials needed to make this easel are a few narrow strips of cardboard, Bristol board, or pasteboard; gold paper; a square of red merino, flannel, or silk; a square-inch of blue silk; tiny pieces of blue, yellow, red, green, white, and black paper; woolen goods; and three little sticks of wood. A match will serve two pieces, if whittled down a little thinner; the other must be an inch long and a quarter of an inch broad.

Cut three strips of pasteboard half an inch wide; two must be inches, the other eight and an eighth of an inch long. Cut these slanting at the top, so when joined they will look like the top of the letter A. Then cover all the strips with gold paper, leaving a strip of paper at the top. When dry, punch holes equidistant in the strips forming the front of the easel. Whittish melted arabic join the two front pieces; the gold paper must be folded at the top of each strip. Next gum a small piece of wood half an inch long at the back, where these two strips join; then gum the piece on. The gold paper, which is left longer than the strip it tended to cover, will now be useful in fastening all three together by gumming the paper. A little red scull-cap, made of merino or silk, covers all signs of piece-work and helps strengthen the whole. The easel-pegs are made by covering the match-stick of wood first with white, then with gold paper, and are fastened in the easel-holes with gum. The palette is cut out of thin paper board, covered with gilt paper, and has little bits of blue, green, and other bright-colored goods pasted on it. It is hung on the easel with gum. The mahl-stick may be made either of a

of wood or pasteboard; wood is better. The gold paper is cut narrow strip and wound around the mahl-stick, the end of which is named with a knob, made by cutting a round piece of blue tying it with black silk. Gum the mahl-stick fast to the back of



palette. The piece that lies across the easel, supported by the mahlstick, is made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and is not fastened. The palette will help keep this cross-piece in its place. Be careful not to make it any wider than the distance between the mahlstick and palette. Use flour paste to cover the pasteboard with the gold paper. Although this easel is very light it will support a small picture or photograph, and it will be pretty as long as the gold paper remains bright.

ALICE DONLEVY.

MES HARMER, of Boston, writes: "The story, 'Grandma's Haunty,' in the department for Little Folks in your number for December, 1874, was lately dramatized and acted by the Preparatory Department of Chauncey-Hall School, of this city. It was on the occasion of the forty-seventh annual exhibition of that school, and the pieces were held in the Music Hall in presence of a large audience. *Boston Advertiser* of the next day said, in speaking of 'Grandma's Haunty': 'This latter was the first elocutionary exercise ever given by this department at the school exhibition, and was simply fitting for the appreciation and truthful rendering of the sense of model child's story. It is worthy of mention that this exercise was the only one which drew forth from the audience a call for repetition, though, of course, it could not be complied with.'"

We are glad to hear that this story has been acted by the scholars of Chauncey-Hall School. There are many other things in *ST. NICHOLAS*, besides the acting charades, etc., that could be performed with success by bright boys and girls.

Boston.

EAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any boy or girl tell me how many verses in the Old Testament has, and how many has the New? I would also like to know which is the middle verse in the Old Testament, and also the middle verse in the New Testament. I found these questions the other day, and would like to know the answers.—Your sincere friend,

ALLEN CURTIS.

M. BREVARD writes: "Can you tell me anything about courtship in different nations?" He will find a short item on the subject in the Letter-Box for March, 1874, which may be of interest.

WORD-MAKING.

In addition to the answers to word-making challenges recorded in the March Letter-Box, we have received from W. F. Bridge, Jr., a list, which is certainly worthy of mention, as it contained *one thousand* words derived from the letters of the word PERAMBULATIONS.

The following boys and girls have sent us lists of words as designated in each case, and challenge any one to find more, the competition to be conducted with the understanding that no letter is to be used twice, unless it occur twice in the main word. Walter B. Snow has made 675 words from the letters of the word INCOMPREHENSIBILITY; Harry Lipscomb, 427 from PRECAUTIONARY; M. F. and J. B., 242 (no proper names) from the word RENUNCIATION; Charlie Bigelow, 240 from the word CONSTANTINOPLE; Bertha Williams, 200 from the word PENNSYLVANIA; and Mabel E. Bennet, 107 from the word DISSATISFACTION.

MINNIE RUSSELL.—Elizabeth Wetherell lives on a romantic island in the Hudson River, near West Point.

I cannot find Alice M. W.'s verse in any collection in our library, but I have a newspaper scrap containing one that is nearly as funny as hers. Papa reads it aloud sometimes with deep feeling, and if persons hearing it for the first time do not have their wits about them, they are apt to think it is "real sweet." Here is the verse:

"How happy to defend our heart,
When love has never thrown a dart!
But, oh, unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends!
Sweet, in a wild distorted strain
A lost and wandering heart to gain!
Oft in mistaken language wooed,
The skillful lover's understood."

Yours truly, LIZZIE B.—R.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Again we have to record several new lists of Bird-defenders, as well as a long roll of recruits who have joined singly.

The trumpet-call has been heard even on the Pacific Coast, and Edwin S. Belknap and Emma Lombard send the following names of San Francisco volunteers: Frank Harrison, Harry French, Joe E. Toy, William A. Smith, Thomas O. Farjon, Henry A. Millar, James K. Hyland, Frank E. Waters, Arthur F. Waters, Henry Perry, Alexander Cohen, Percy Cohen, Joseph R. Smith, Ben O. Smith, Frank E. Smith, Oscar J. Lund, Harry Lund, James R. Haste, Charles Morhardt, Robert McElroy, Walter Cole, Ralph O. Thomas, Obe Thomas, George F. O'Leary, Isaac B. Dutard, George Singer, Albert F. Sawyer, Eddie Henry, Edmund D. Cooke, George H. Bly, John S. Kibbie, Frank B. Allery, John T. Allery, Edmund C. Battledon, Frank Battledon, John H. McStrue, Colin McGregor, Walter Wilding, and Edwin Belknap; Jennie Cooke, Carrie F. Harrison, Ettie Lombard, Fannie Hare, Jennie B. Widley, Mary M. Griffin, Tillie S. Vaughan, Susan R. Hopley, Bella S. Chaplain, Fannie T. Keene, Lottie D. Rummell, Florence G. Grimshaw, Gertrude B. Plum, Delia Sherman, Minnie K. Peese, Katie F. Cutter, Mattie R. Hughes, Mary Fenton, Lulu De Chrells, Katie L. Cummings, Louisa T. Lee, Mary Jackson, Annie R. Lloyd, Carrie S. Smith, A. Susan Smith, Alice Andrews, Maria Ford, Jennie H. Haskins, Sarah L. Sylvester, Minnie F. Bly, Etta M. Peck, Jennie D. Peck, Bessie A. Walton, Gussie D. Walton, Carrie E. Grant, Effie T. Wahl, Mary J. Toy, Millie Dirrell, Nellie Lovejoy, and Emma Lombard.

Hattie E. Buell and Mary B. Beverly, of Schenectady, N. Y., send the following list: Kate D. Hanson, Aggie Clement, Kittie Schuyler, Ida I. Van Denburgh, Mary M. Dailey, Lavinia D. Scrawford, Hattie Morgan, Mary L. Apps, Celia W. Tenbroeck, Mollie Hallenbeck, Julia Ruoff, Theresa E. Quant, Ritie S. Brooks, Libbie D. Sibley, Lilian G. King, Emma Clute, Augusta Oothout, Jennie Hoyt, Emma Planck, Lillie I. Jennings, Anna Miller, Gertie A. Fuller, Kittie Van Nostrand, Bessie Barker, Clara Hannah, Susie Sprague, Mamie Yates, Anna Wemple, Susie C. Vedder, Katie Fuller, Anna M. Lee, Alice D. Stevens, Nettie Knapp, Lizzie King, Addie Richardson, A. Y. Schermerhorn, John L. Wilkie, Mynard Veeder, Alvin Myers, James Vedder, and Lewis Peissner.

Julia C. Roeder and Mary M. De Veny—two Cleveland girls—send the following names: Addie L. Cooke, Addie L. Patterson, Rosa Zucker, Fannie E. O'Marah, Dora O'Marah, Johnnie O'Marah,

Nellie O'Marah, Lettie Lawrence, Bertha P. Smith, Lizzie E. Weidenkopf, Annie E. Rudy, Emma T. Holt, Lena M. Bankhardt, Loe M. Davey, Mary Taylor, Eva Lane, Sarah Venning, Lola Hord, Emma L. Yost, Florence Harris, Eva Brainard, Annie B. Warner, Jennie M. Roberts, Florence Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Willie Robinson, Mamie J. Purdie, Annie Purdie, James J. Purdie, Charlie A. Lyman, J. D. Campbell, Marian A. Campbell, and M. M. De Veny.

Allen S. Jamison, of Philadelphia, joins with some of his friends: Carrie Jamison, Jennie Jamison, Lucie Jamison, Florence Knight, Lilly Weiss, Ida Engلمان, Alfred Weiss, Harold Rankins, William Black, and Frank Knight.

Pansie Dudley sends her own and these names: Maude Bishop, Lillie Dunten, Fannie Lansing, Minnie Yates, Leah Moore, Dora Conklin, and Blanche Wilkinson.

Bryant Beecher joins and sends these names: Abbie Beecher, Alice Beecher, Morie Sampson, Willie Sampson, Minnie Sampson, Eddie Sampson, Otto Stewart, Charlie Stewart, Cassius Stewart, Maggie McGuire, Frankie Howland, James Howland, Johnny Howland, and Willie Howland.

Belle Fawcett sends her own name and five others: Elsie Smith, Libbie Smith, Iessie Smith, Lena Adams, and Mary Eddy.

Julia D. Elliott sends the following names besides her own: Lessie Gay Adams, Carrie Matthews, Jessie Shortridge, Eben. Bradesyle, Olive Bradesyle, May Bradesyle, and Russell Bradesyle.

Other names have been received as follows: Nellie Beale, Ida Vallette, Fred J. Beale, Julia G. Beale, Florence W. Ryder, Clara Louise Ryder, Nettie Myers, Hattie E. Edwards, Alice W. Edwards, Carrie Hurd, May Keith, John W. Cary, Jr., J. Brayton Parmelee, Ella C. Parmelee, Lillie B. Coggeshall, Katie S. Baker, Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary Wilcox, Reinette Ford, Alma Sterling, Edith Sterling, Hildegard Sterling, Mary Manley, Edith Manley, Romeo G. Brown, Harry Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Lillie Bartholomew, May Bartholomew, Mollie E. Church, H. J. Rowland, Eugene Rowland, A. B. Smith, Mills Clark, Minnie M. Denny, Fannie L. Clark, Helen R. Munger, Ida Diserens, Lemmie Bryant, Hattie Bryant, Edward K. Titus, Carrie James, Arthur James, and Carrie M. Hapgood.

"PANSY."—We publish the names of all those who send the correct answers to any of our puzzles; those who answer all in one number correctly will receive special mention.

We are glad to receive contributions to our Letter-Box or Riddle-Box from anyone, whether a subscriber or not; but it is best to put your own name with all communications.

"JACK-IN-THE-PULFIT," by his item in our February number called forth a friendly note or two about "watches" on ships. Here is an extract from a sailor friend, who ought to know the better than the birds:

I am not aware of more than two systems of "setting the watches," the Dutch and the English, the latter being in use in American vessels. The accompanying scheme will show what the "watches" are; the object of the "dog watches" being to change the turn of the sailors in keeping the watches. The watches are always "set" at eight o'clock in the evening.

The English System.

- 8 P. M. to 12 P. M.—First Night Watch.
- 12 P. M. to 4 A. M.—Middle Watch.
- 4 A. M. to 8 A. M.—Morning Watch.
- 8 A. M. to 12 M. —Forenoon Watch.
- 12 M. to 4 P. M.—Afternoon Watch.
- 4 P. M. to 6 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
- 6 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

The Dutch System.

- 8 P. M. to 8 A. M.—Exactly the same as the English system.
- 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
- 2 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

A bell is struck every half-hour during the watch, so that the bells is struck at the end of each watch; and in the English system, even, at the end of the First Dog-Watch the bells recommence, seven o'clock is two bells, but eight bells is struck at eight o'clock.

OLD TA

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I CONTAIN nineteen letters. My 9, 11, 17, 4 is acute. My 15, 6, 3, 12, 4 is verdant; my 5, 16, 8, 18, 4, 11, 6 is more so. My 14, 12, 17, 19 is not always to find. My 1, 11, 3, 9 is a period of time. My 9, 4, 7, 18 is a part of the body. My 13, 2, 8, 10 is a pronoun. My whole is a proverbially "tough" situation, and at the same time a very easy one.

M. N. L.

HIDDEN LAKES.

1. GO never, I treat you. 2. We nerved ourselves to the task. 3. Hope pined herself to death. 4. Is earnestness always praiseworthy? 5. I love it as calves love milk.

L. O.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals, reading downward, signify an oblique look; reading upward, a lively dance. The primals, reading downward, name a kind of limestone; reading upward, signify a journey by water.

- 1. A city of England.
- 2. A female name.
- 3. A flower.
- 4. A bird.

ITALIAN BOY.

PUZZLE.

EACH question will be solved by using one letter of the poet's name by itself, and transposing the others.

- 1. A letter drew back when a poet's name was mentioned.
- 2. A letter was told to talk more when a poet was named.
- 3. A letter withdraws from a poet to leave him more brilliant.

B.

LINEADUCTIONS.

- 1. I AM trite; write my name and draw a line through a certain letter, and I become condition.
- 2. I am fiercer; draw a line, and I become a hat made of wool.
- 3. I am the power of choosing; draw a line, and I am to draw.

ITALIAN BOY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

OF Shakespeare's heroines the first, or so it seems to me; "A Daniel come to judgment,"—now tell me who she?

FINALS.

A prince, unhappy, sad, oppressed—you've heard a mournful tale; But flattered much by one who said 't was "very good" a whale."

CROSS-WORDS.

- My first is a fruit both sweet and fair to see;
- My second you may read of in "The Brown Rosary";
- My third you do in Summer-time, through wood and vale and dell;
- My fourth 's a famous archer—you children know him well;
- My fifth I hope you never are, but should you were to be,
- Go to my sixth and learn from her, for who more wise than she?

M. N. L.

REBUS, No. 1.



GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. ONE of the United States. 2. A country. 3. A y of Connecticut. 4. A name for island. 5. A large a. 6. A river of Asia. The primals and finals name to European cities.

ITALIAN BOY.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A PLEASANT gift, denoting skill. Which some can manage at their will.
 2. A certain *shape*,—not round or square,— Birds partial to it always are.
 3. What growing maize is found to be, As in the harvest you can see.
 4. An animal, that will attend, In war and peace alike, your friend.
- A foreign city, whose queer ways Have drawn forth censure, laughter, praise.

B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A chart. 3. A sign used in arithmetic. 4. A girl's name. 5. A plant. 6. Murring. 7. A large net. 8. An animal. 9. A conant.

ALDEBARAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

I AM a city built in the shape of a lady's fan opened ; th five canals encircling me in parallel lines, and one ssing around the outside; with cross-canals that ride me into ninety-five islands; with streets that oss the canals by six hundred draw-bridges; with uses fronting on canals; and ships and boats that can ss all through the city, and land passengers and prod- e at any point that may be desired.

F. R. F.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to swallow hurriedly; reverse, and find a peg.
2. To eat; reverse, and find a lady of King Arthur's time.
3. Small animals; reverse, and find a heavenly body.
4. An intransitive verb; reverse, and find a period of time.
5. To exist; reverse, and find corruption.
6. An article of toilet; reverse, and find to cut.
7. Small fruits; reverse, and find to stupefy.

D. W.

THE TEA-PARTY,

A RHYMING PUZZLE FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

HERE 's Sue and Tom, and Bess and Harry;
And who comes next? my little ———.
And who comes here with Master Ned?
Mary and Kitty, George and ———.

What did Sue bring? it rhymes with take;
I know she brought some frosted ———.
And Mary brought what rhymes with arts;
Peep in her napkin—what nice ———!

And then there 's something rhymes with handy,
From Tom and George—delicious ———!
And something nice, that rhymes with huts,
In Nanny's basket—splendid ———!

What did they have that rhymes with hearty?
They had a very pleasant ———.
When did they leave?—it rhymes with eleven;
They every one went home at ———.

Where were they lost?—it rhymes with deep;
They every one were lost in ———.
What did they have that rhymes with teams?
They every one had pleasant ———.

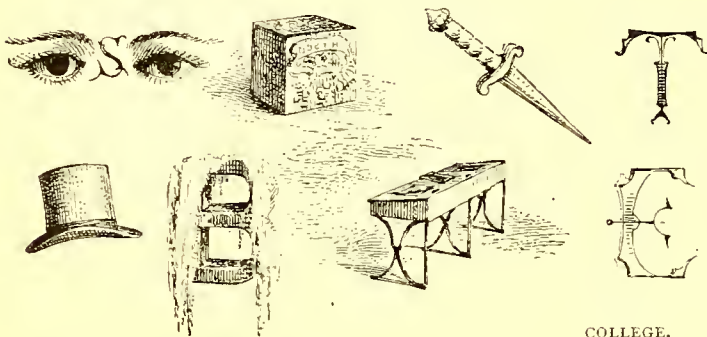
B.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. It would not be — to call the alphabet complete though — — — should be placed in regular order. 2. Do you attend the — as a spectator merely? — — — . 3. When we — yesterday, he said he should — to-morrow. 4. The clay statuettes of such — are — — . 5. The audience will — quickly if such a man — .

B.

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, a liquid path, is made
By something used in foreign trade.
My second pours from out his throat
To weary ones a welcome note,
Coming a sure and pleasant token
That Winter's icy chain is broken.
My whole I've found in purple bloom,
Or clothed in white 'mid forest gloom,
Leaves, petals, sepals—all in threes,
A triple triplet, if you please.

B.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST, I am to shape; change my head, I am precious metal; again, and I am frigid; again, I am brave; again, I am a plait; again, I stop. Behold now I am aged; behold and curtail me, I am a consonant

IRON DUKE.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. ONE-SIXTH of Arabia. 2. A cape. 3. A European river. 4. A country. 5. A city of Europe. 6. A city of France. 7. One-sixth of France. ITALIAN BOY

CENTRAL PUZZLE.

THE central letters form the name of a patron saint. 1. Club in society. 2. Part of a church. 3. A sort of boat. 4. An assumed name. 5. A bird. 6. A coloring matter. 7. The shell of an egg. 8. A disease. 9. A musical instrument. 10. A kind of gum.

L. O.

COLLEGE.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE blacksmith with hammer of musical —
Forges a chain of a ponderous —
His hands are brawny and black as —
But he does his work as well
As his neighbor goldsmith at ease in a —
Twisting fine gold to the size of a —
And weaving a trifle as light as —
For the delicate ear of a belle. L. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

QUERIES.—1. Pears. 2. They are always sold (soled) before they are finished. 3. Because they are men dead (mended), yet not forgotten. 4. Because he is working on his last. 5. Because his hat would hold his all (awl). 6. Because they have souls (soles). 7. A row. 8. Because some of them have a stitch in the side.

METAGRAM.—Bark, lark, park, mark.

CHARADE.—Ivanhoe.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Sable, able. 2. Shark, hark, ark. 3. Slack, lack. 4. Flinch, linch, inch. 5. Pink, ink. 6. Larch, arch.

SQUARE-WORD.—Fore, Opal, Rack, Elks.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Antony Canova.

RIDDLE.—Beau, Bow (Rainbow, Fiddle-bow, Ribbon).

CURTALMENTS.—1. France, franc. 2. Seal, sea. 3. Pearl, pear, pea. 4. Pansy, pans. 5. Teal, tea. 6. Robe, rob. 7. Scant, scan.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Deranged (D-ranged). 2. Sea-girt (C-oiled). 3. Delighted (D-lighted). 4. Enamored (N-hammered). 5. Defeat (D-tested). 6. Argonaut (R-gone out). 7. Geode (G-owed). 8. Cadence (K-dense). 9. Ovoid (O-void). 10. Espied (S-pied). 11. Beheld (B-held). 12. Seaboard (C-bored). 13. Expensive (X-ensive). 14. Defamed (D-famed).

LOGOGRAPH.—Pearl, earl, pear, pea, real, Lear.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Schuyllkill.

EASY REBUS.—Deface, Detail, Defeat.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Angelic, Roseate —A, End, C; Roseate, Nelly, Lit, C.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Venice. 2. Athens. 3. Paris. 4. Nanking. 5. Siam. 6. San Francisco. 7. Boston. 8. India.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Moonshine: Hoe, Hen, Noose, Nose, Hose, Mesh, Moose, Men, Hone, Shoe, Inn.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 13, from Etta Clay Wagner, M. H. S., N. B. Reed, Thomas P. Sanborn, Lulu Futrion, E. H. P., G. L. F., George Brady, Annie Wright, Inez L. Olsey, Lizzie C. Brown, Will A. Lewis, Belle and Kitten Smith, Belle Fawcett, "Edith," Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary E. Church, Lillie May Farman, Frank S. Hay, Emilie B. Brinton, Grace Orris, H. B. Nichols, Mary Harned, Mary Wilcox, "New Subscriber," Lawrens T. Postell, D. P. L. Polk, Charlie W. Olcott, Nessie E. Stevens, Pansie Dudley, "May B. Not," Florence S. Wilcox, Theodore L. Condon, May Keith, Montgomery H. Rochester, Mattie W. Gray, Willie Boucher Jones, Mollie Beach, Fred Halsted, Alice W. Ives, Augusta Imhorst, Arad Berne, Reuben Ford, Mary H. Rochester, George E. Hayes, Katie T. Hughes, May Bartholomew, Isabel M. Evans, Flora Kirkland, Mannie Beach, E. Holliday, G. V. Holliday, Louis F. Brown, Rufus Nock, Lonie W. Ford, Allie Anthony, Grace G. Nunemacher, Julia Dean Hunter, Fy Shubrick and Katey Walsh, Jessie McDermott, "Ariel," Fred G. Story, Flora S. Janes, Max F. Hartlaw, Allie Neill, George Huntington, Edith Wright, Rachel Hutchins, Mark W. Collet, Thornton M. Ware, Anna L. Gibbon, Eddie L. Heydecker, Florence B. Lockwood, Arnold Guyot Cameron, and Lucy Barbour.



THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE.

FROM A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1875.

NO. 7.

THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"THERE he is!" whispered Tom Flecker, as we passed the new pupil's door. The boys were marching in a line into the Latin room (you always marched at Cramhem Hall), and dared not stop; but they looked in sideways. It was against rules (three marks) to leave a door open, but that new pupil's door was banging all day long.

"That's him! Crackey! He's got a fire! Roastin' apples!" gasped Tom.

The boys nearly stopped at that, and shoved up a gang, staring in. In a year they had only seen black registers in the house, which it was against rules (two marks) to stand near; and here were a fire-place and a roaring fire! The new pupil had made it out of paper (grammars, Tom said) and corn-cobs and chunks of wood with pine-knots in them. He was standing in front of it, blowing it, with his cheeks puffed out, and as they stopped he stopped and winked at them! They marched on, with a sort of sickness of soul or stomach creeping over them. Tom Flecker kicked his Cæsar under the bench, and felt better; but little Ted Norris fell out of line, and stood still, looking in. It seemed as if he could *not* get away from that roasting apple.

"Him a pupil? Bah-h!" said Tom, behind his desk-lid, to the next boy. "Why, his name's Watkins. He's goin' to Europe; wants to rub up his Italian and learn the French horn. Wright told me."

Meanwhile, Ted clung to the door-jamb staring at Watkins, just as he used to stare at the lion when Uncle Chauncey took him to the Museum. Watkins took no notice of him; even the lion never had wanted to chew up such a thin little mite

of a chap. Something in Watkins' flowered dressing-gown and great shock of red hair and whiskers, and the fire and apples, put Ted unaccountably in mind of the Museum. Oh, the tigers and the learned pig, and the wax Chinamen that bobbed their heads at you, and the delicious mixed smell of barn-yards and oranges over all! Whenever Uncle Chauncey came home from college, he made the rounds of every show in town, and took Ted, and his pockets used always to be full of peanuts.

Ted winked his eyes to be rid of the tears, but did not move, though he saw Tom Flecker beckoning savagely to him, and saying, "You'll catch it!" behind his slate. He always did catch it. Ted was the least and the quietest boy in school, but he broke more rules than any one of them. It seemed as if he never could understand or grow used to rules, any more than the giraffe at the Museum had grown used to the wooden benches about him, or knew they were there when he went staring up at the ceiling for palm-trees.

Ted was not looking for palm-trees, but for his Uncle Chauncey and his mother and home, which all somehow seemed to lie behind the apples and fire.

"Hillo! Come here, youngster!"

It made Ted jump. Watkins had a voice like a bass drum; he gnashed his words, too, in a ferocious way. Ted walked in quietly, though he heard the Latin master calling the roll, and there was a dead silence that minute at the words, "Norris Secundus!" Tom Flecker, in class, sat aghast as he saw Ted go in and the door close behind him.

Watkins looked at him from head to foot, as the lion very likely did at the mouse.

"Why—you—you're hungry!" he said, with a sort of gulp.

"Oh, yes!" responded Ted, cheerfully. "I've been here three months. When you get up here in the morning, you could eat your boots; and at night——"

"Well?"

"You wish you had eat 'em, sir."

Ted put his thin little hands over his hollow stomach and tried to laugh, but did not.

"Here, here! I've nothing but these apples! If I'd brought sandwiches or jam or—— Bless my soul!" watching Ted in amazement as he crammed the hot, crackling mess into his pockets and cap, and, finally, his mouth, and then nodded gravely.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir. And so is Tom Flecker and all the other fellows."

Just at that moment Ted caught sight of something in a frame over the mantel-shelf, and stopped eating. It was a picture. Now there were no pictures in Cramhem Hall. There were maps—millions of maps, and there was a Temple of Time hung over the dinner-table, and you studied the dates on a pillar of it at each meal; and there were green and red plaster affairs that looked nice at a distance, but turned out to be scales of the lengths of rivers and heights of mountains; and there was a photograph of old Doctor Cramhem in the dormitory, that scowled at you all the time you were asleep. When you reached the fourth class, you began to draw squares and angles; but it was against rules (four marks) to make even a dog or giant on your slate under the suns. But this was a real picture. It had human beings on it. (The editor of *ST. NICHOLAS* has one just like it, by the way, and very likely, when she reads this account of Ted, she will put it near this very page for you to see.)

"Well, what now?" growled Watkins.

"It's a castle! and a knight! And there must be an ogre in front that we don't see. A horse always shies that way when he meets an ogre, sir."

"You seem to be very familiar with knights and ogres, for a person of your age," looking curiously down at him.

"Oh, no; I never knew them. It's my Uncle Chauncey. He's very well acquainted with a great many."

"Oho! Is your Uncle Chauncey to be seen in this neighborhood?"

"No." Ted was silent a minute or two, and then added, in an exceedingly slow voice: "He has sailed by this time. He's gone to my papa and mamma. They're in Europe. There's plenty of knights and castles there—plenty of 'em."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Everybody said Cramhem Hall was 'an institution where boys were brought up to the mark.' I am dreadfully below the mark, sir."

"And they're bringing you up to it, hey?" snarled Watkins. "I see! I see!"

"It's three thousand one hundred miles from here to Europe," said Ted, speaking still more slowly. "I found that out of Mitchell's Primary. The teacher said it was the only question I ever knew in that book. You see, I think of it so much. Sometimes, when I go to say my prayers, I say that instead, without knowing what I am about. 'Three thousand one hundred miles to mamma. Three thousand one hundred miles.' It's a long way, sir," trying again to laugh.

Watkins only growled and looked at him. "Norris Secundus," standing in the full light of the fire, was such a very little fellow, his cheeks were so thin and white, his shoulders so narrow and stooped, that even the most bearish Watkins would have wanted to pick him up that minute, lift him over the thousands of miles, and put him on his mother's knee.

"How long is this—this sort of thing going to last, you know?" he broke out.

"They're to be gone for three years. They thought by that time I'd be brought up to the mark."

Watkins turned away, pulling his bushy red beard. "Yes, three years will do the work for you, my boy," he said after awhile.

"Yes, sir."

The pale little face grew a trifle paler. It was hard to know what the boy had expected, but he had watched Watkins breathlessly as he turned away. He was a babyish, stupid lad, as his teachers said, and the blazing fire and the knight and castle had somehow brought home very near to him; he would not have been surprised for a moment if Watkins had taken him pick-a-back, as the genie always used to do with boys, and whisked off with him across the sea to his mother—red hair, flowered dressing-gown, and all.

There was a sharp tap at the door, and Professor Knapp stood in the threshold. Professor Knapp was the tallest and sallowest of all the teachers. He opened and shut his big gray eyes as if they were on hinges, and when he fixed them on you you could not help your knees shaking under you.

"Norris, Theodore C.," he said, measuring of the words, just as you would the multiplication table. "Report yourself to the Latin master, Norris, for penalty in class. The punishment for entering another pupil's room without permission is, as you are aware, two Greek verbs, to be recited at evening recreation."

"I am not 'another pupil,' sir," interposed Watkins (Ted saw that he faced the master without blinking), "and I invited the boy into the room."

"Norris, you can retire."

Professor Knapp stood pointing to the door until Ted had gone out of it.

"Dr. Cramhem will doubtless explain to you, Mr. Watkins, that he permits no interference with the scholars while under his charge, even from parents. You would not be allowed to interfere with the workings of any machinery, and we have strong machine at work here, sir. A system, plan, combination of rules,—you might call it a mill, into which the raw material—boy—is put, and from which it comes out a mathematician, linguist—in a word, a scholar."

"Little Norris is very raw material. I suspect," said Watkins. "Very poor material."

"Very poor indeed. A dull brain, Mr. Watkins. Always foot of his class."

"Very poor material as to bones or flesh, too, I imagine. I should suppose the mill would crunch him up before it was done with him."

Professor Knapp looked puzzled a minute, and did not answer directly.

"You should see Leonidas Small, number one the same class. A stupendous memory, sir! I have heard that boy recite page after page of dates without the mistake of a comma. He carries homeunks full of prizes."

"He sits beside me at table," growled Watkins. A sneaking-looking dog. A liar in the grain, I say."

"My business," said the Professor, severely, "is to train the intellects of the pupils. Their morals are not neglected. Dr. Cramhem lectures once a week, and they attend chapel by daybreak every morning."

The door was still open, and Watkins glanced through now and then into the class-room. Leonidas Small at one end of the class was rattling off a Greek verb just as easily as though he were chewing sugar-candy, while Ted at the other end stared stupidly at him.

"The lesson for to-morrow," said the teacher, "will end at page 120. Not too much for you, shall it?"

"Not a line, sir," said Small, glibly.

"Rather rough on the stupid fellows," said Watkins to the Professor.

"They have no right to be stupid. What boy done, boy can do, is our maxim," said Professor Knapp, and went out.

Now I do not want any boy who reads ST. NICHOLAS to imagine a likeness between this school and one in which he is learning Greek verbs.

There never was but one Cramhem Hall in this country.

When the class was dismissed, the teacher waited until they filed past him.

"Norris will report himself to Doctor Cramhem," he said.

"Whew! What has the poor little rat done now?" said Tom Flecker, under his breath.

Ted thought all the boys looked sorry for him as he crept out. He lagged up the stairs and tapped feebly at the Doctor's door. His punishments had been many and awful, but he never had been sent to the Doctor before.

He saw dimly a reddish wooden table and a thin black figure, with glaring spectacles, behind it.

He read out of a book. "Norris, Theodore C. Reported lowest average in every class during the week. You are deprived of your holiday to-morrow (Saturday), Norris, and are required to commit all lessons in which you have failed during the week, and recite them before night."

Ted stood shivering a moment, and then went right up to the table. It was so high that he had to hold by both hands and stand on his tiptoes to look up at the spectacles.

"I can't do it, sir! I've tried and tried. When I was with mamma I learned B-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, Baker, and now I've got whole pages of e-juses and cu-juses, and ' words that are primitive and derivative, abstract and concrete."

"There is no such word as 'can't,' sir," and the Doctor went on reading: "'Reported insubordinate. Refuses to eat his meals. Fell asleep twice in class.' You will repair to your dormitory, and remain there until to-morrow evening. You will also receive personal chastisement at eight o'clock to-night. Mr. Harrison will administer it. You can go now."

Ted did not go. He came close up to the Doctor's chair, and looked up at him with white lips.

"The oatmeal porridge makes me sick," he said; "I'm not used to it. And I'm stupid in class because I lay awake sometimes all night—my head hurts me so with the cu-juses and e-juses. Don't let them strike me, Doctor. I never was struck."

"Nonsense!" said the Doctor, not reading now out of his book. "Are the diet and rules of the school, which are scientifically perfect, to be altered to suit every boy's whims? You can go, sir."

Ted went, rubbing his thin palms together. "He was n't unreasonable. It was not to be expected that with three hundred boys to manage, the Doctor could examine into the condition of his stomach or his headaches, much less pet and speak kindly to him.

But if he could only lay his head on his mother's breast one minute!

He went slowly up the wide, bare hall to the wider, barer dormitory. The walls were white; there was not a grain of dust on the floor. The long rows of little beds were covered and partitioned with white. Beside his own bed a table had been placed, on which were piled all his school-books. It was recreation hour. He could hear the boys out in the base-ball ground now. Ted sat down quietly, and took up the topmost book. He was a slow and dull, it is true, but a patient, gentle little fellow, who always tried to do his best.

"Substantives in the ablative of the feminine gender——"

But after he had said that a half-dozen times he could not help wondering what the "ablative" was. It might be a horse, as far as Ted knew.

The big empty dormitory was chilly and damp. He shivered, and would have brought his overcoat to put on, only it was against rules. He began to think of how his papa had had his little bedroom papered with the oddest pictures, and of the wood-fire that used to be there, and how his mamma used to sit on the great chair and hold him on her lap, big boy as he was, and always tell him some good funny story "to sleep on" just before he went to bed. To-night he was to be whipped. Mr. Harrison would be here in an hour.

He began to study the grammar at that. It would not do for him to think. But the pain in his head grew heavier. He took up his geography. His mamma used to teach him geography by means of pictures. He liked that. He could tell you what kind of trees or plants grew in any country you could name, and the sort of people who belonged to it; how they lived, and what kind of work they did. But this was a different sort of geography. His lesson to-day was the names of all the rivers in Africa—a long black row.

"Draha and Limpopo," he said a hundred times over, beginning at the top of the page. "Draha and Limpopo."

It seemed as if the rows of beds and the black chairs all had mouths, and said it with him—"Limpopo." He did not know what ailed him, the stinging in his head was so sharp.

He laid it down on the pillow for a minute, and his hand touched a roll of paper. It was the picture of the knight and castle! That queer new pupil had sent it up to him.

Ted forgot the pain in his head as he opened it.

It seemed as if he knew the story of it now. There was a boy a prisoner in that castle, and the knight had gone to rescue him, and had been driven off. The knight looked like his Uncle Chauncey. But if Uncle Chauncey had come to

Cramhem Hall to-night he would not turn his back on him and ride away.

He heard Mr. Harrison coming up the stairs. He rolled up the picture and hid it under the pillow, pushed back the table with the books, and then stood waiting. He shut his eyes. He thought he should die before the whipping was over, and he wished that he had written a letter to his mamma.

"Norris!" said Mr. Harrison, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Teddy!"

Mr. Harrison was the youngest of the teachers a little apple-cheeked man, who used to tell their jokes in recess sometimes. He looked at Ted with a very grave face, and then lifted him up and laid him on the bed.

"I'm ready, sir," said Ted.

"You shall not be whipped to-night," said Mr. Harrison. "Wait one minute."

He went out and brought back a warm drink and then covered the boy up warmly.

"Lie still, until I come again," he said, and hurried out.

In the hall he met Watkins. The two young men had made acquaintance with each other.

"I cannot strike that boy," said the teacher.

"You can easily refuse to do it."

"Not so easily. If I interfere in the management of this 'mill,' I lose my situation, and—it does not matter for me, but I have an old mother who is dependent on me, Mr. Watkins."

"Wait for me one moment," said Watkins, as he walked boldly up and rapped at the Doctor's door.

Ted did not waken again. The two watches beside his bed heard him talk incessantly of his mother and his Uncle Chauncey, who would carry him off upon the horse.

When he opened his eyes the morning light was shining full on his bed, and the boys were gone to chapel. He saw first the books, and then Mr. Harrison standing beside him.

"I—I'm ready, sir," he said.

Then that queer fellow Watkins came sudden from behind the curtain. You never saw anything so ferocious as his red hair and whiskers, or heard such a growl as his voice was that morning.

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Harrison before the punishment begins," he said. "I want to tell this young man the story of my picture. There was a boy shut up in that castle, and he was condemned to shovel ablatives and Drahas and Limpopos into his head by the bushel measure every day the year round."

"Yes, yes," cried Ted, rising on his elbow.

"And the knight was an uncle—well, I mean a friend of his, who was going off on a long voyage

age for a year and a day, and he thought he would ——”

“Attack the castle?”

“Attack the castle in disguise, and see how things were going. And they were not going to his satisfaction at all. So he carried off the boy ——”

“There ’s no boy on the horse,” said Mr. Harrison.

But Ted was not so stupid as *that*. He scrambled up on his knees, his cheeks grew red, and his eyes were fixed keenly on Watkins.

“Carried off the boy ——?” he cried. “Carried off the boy—to his—his mamma. Oh, Uncle Chauncey!”

And, with a pull, the red wig and whiskers were off, and Ted was hugging him as though he would strangle him.

There is very little more of this story to tell. Uncle Chauncey engaged Mr. Harrison to come with them as Ted’s tutor, and they sailed across the three thousand one hundred miles in a few days.

This all happened years ago, and Ted is now a hearty, happy fellow, with a head full of useful knowledge.

But Cramhem Hall was burned down, and all the professors are dead. Their system, therefore, is not in use any more, and would be quite forgotten but for this story.



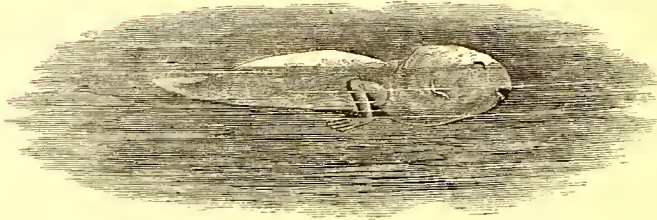
MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With silver bells and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

POLL TADPOLE.

(A Swamp Ballad.)

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.



THERE was a little pollywog,
 The sprawling baby of a frog,
 Hatched in a green and slimy bog
 One pleasant day.
 He had a puddle of his own.
 To play and sleep in, all alone.
 And dull as any other drone
 He passed his life away.

Sometimes a steel-blue dragon-fly
 Would poise a moment in his sky,
 And look at him with glittering eye
 As if he said :

“ You little damp, unpleasant thing,
 You never seem to know it's Spring ;
 Why don't you jump, or fly, or sing ?
 Not lie all day abed ! ”

Sometimes a heron, lean and tall,
 With flapping wings and horrid squall,
 Would pollywoggy's heart appall
 With open bill.
 The little thing, half dead with fear,
 Would scuttle off, for brown or queer,
 His fat round carcass made good cheer,
 A heron's crop to fill.

But as the year slipped slowly on,
 And polly's days of shade or sun,
 Just as they do for every one,
 Too quickly went :
 One day—oh, 't is a dreadful tale !—
 Our pollywog almost turned pale,
 He felt a wiggle in his tail,
 That he by no means meant.

He turned about with startled eyes,
 And saw, with terror and surprise,
 A black thing on the water rise,
 Unseen before.

He shook himself, he swam about ;
 He could not steer—beyond a doubt
 His tail had just slipped off, or out,—
 Was gone forever more !

But if you have philosophy
 (Which means what can't be helped, must be
 In spite of you, in spite of me,
 No use to fret !)
 You will commend this pollywog—
 Poor discontinued baby-frog !—
 For only hiding by a log,
 Not splashing in a pet.

There, after many a day and night,
 Silent or stormy, dark or bright,
 He felt a tickling on his right,
 And on his left ;
 And, like a small potato-sprout,
 A little foot came growing out,
 And then another, just about
 As little and as deft.

And soon behind each forward leg
 Another budded like a peg,
 As like the first as egg to egg,
 But big and strong ;
 And longer, longer still, they grew,
 Till he could jump as well as you :
 Then over log and all he flew,
 And croaked a little song.

He was so very glad to find
 Four legs exactly to his mind,
 Instead of one poor tail behind,
 He quite forgot
 How scared he felt to see them grow,
 How sad to see his rudder go,
 For now he vaulted high and low,
 And sprung from spot to spot.

Oh, Jack! how dreadful it would be
 If legs should grow on you or me,
 From side to side, till each should be
 Fit for a bog!
 If suddenly "development"
 Should turn and take a downward bent,
 And you, who for a boy were meant,
 Should dwindle to a frog!

But if you should, I beg of you
 To keep this little tale in view,
 And take it coolly, for 't is true
 What can't be cured,
 (This is the moral of my rhyme,)
 Just wait, like polly in the slime,
 And, by and by, there'll come a time
 When it can be endured.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER IX.

PHEBE'S SECRET.

WHY do you keep smiling to yourself, Phebe?" asked Rose, as they were working together one morning, for Dr. Alec considered house-work the best sort of gymnastics for girls; so Rose took lessons of Phebe in sweeping, dusting, and bed-making.

"I was thinking about a nice little secret I know, and could n't help smiling."

"Shall I know it sometime?"

"Guess you will."

"Shall I like it?"

"Oh, wont you though!"

"Will it happen soon?"

"Sometime this week."

"I know what it is! The boys are going to have fire-works on the Fourth, and have got some surprise for me. Have n't they?"

"That's telling."

"Well, I can wait; only tell me one thing—Is he in it?"

"Of course he is; there 's never any fun without me."

"Then it is all right, and sure to be nice."

Rose went out on the balcony to shake the rugs, and, having given them a vigorous beating, hung them on the balustrade to air, while she took a look at her plants. Several tall vases and jars stood there, and a month of June sun and rain had worked wonders with the seeds and slips she had sowed. Morning glories and nasturtiums ran all over the bars, making haste to bloom. Scarlet pansies and honeysuckles were climbing up from

below to meet their pretty neighbors, and the woodbine was hanging its green festoons wherever it could cling.

The waters of the bay were dancing in the sunshine, a fresh wind stirred the chestnut-trees with a pleasant sound, and the garden below was full of roses, butterflies and bees. A great chirping and twittering went on among the birds, busy with their Summer housekeeping, and, far away, the white-winged gulls were dipping and diving in the sea, where ships, like larger birds, went sailing to and fro.

"Oh, Phebe, it's such a lovely day. I do wish your fine secret was going to happen right away! I feel just like having a good time; don't you?" said Rose, waving her arms as if she was going to fly.

"I often feel that way, but I have to wait for my good times, and don't stop working to wish for 'em. There, now you can finish as soon as the dust settles; I must go do my stairs," and Phebe trudged away with the broom, singing as she went.

Rose leaned where she was, and fell to thinking how many good times she had had lately, for the gardening had prospered finely, and she was learning to swim and row, and there were drives and walks, and quiet hours of reading and talk with Uncle Alec, and, best of all, the old pain and ennui seldom troubled her now. She could work and play all day, sleep sweetly all night, and enjoy life with the zest of a healthy, happy child. She was far from being as strong and hearty as Phebe, but she was getting on; the once pale cheeks had color in them now, the hands were growing plump and brown, and the belt was not much too loose. No one talked to her about her health, and she forgot that she had "no constitution." She took

no medicine but Dr. Alec's three great remedies, and they seemed to suit her excellently. Aunt Plenty said it was the pills, but as no second batch ever followed the first, I think the old lady was mistaken.

Rose looked worthy of her name as she stood smiling to herself over a happier secret than any Phebe had; a secret which she did not know herself till she found out, some years later, the magic of good health.

"Look only," said the brownie,
 'At the pretty gown of blue,
 At the kerchief pinned about her head,
 And at her little shoe,'"

said a voice from below, as a great cabbage-rose came flying against her cheek.

"What is the princess dreaming about up there in her hanging-garden?" added Dr. Alec as she fired back a morning glory.

"I was wishing I could do something pleasant this fine day; something very new and interesting, for the wind makes me feel frisky and gay."

"Suppose we take a pull over to the Island? I intended to go this afternoon; but if you feel more like it now, we can be off at once."

"I do! I do! I'll come in fifteen minutes, uncle. I *must* just scabble my room to rights, for Phebe has got a great deal to do."

Rose caught up the rugs and vanished as she spoke, while Dr. Alec went in, saying to himself, with an indulgent smile:

"It may upset things a trifle, but half a child's pleasure consists in having their fun *when* they want it."

Never did duster flap more briskly than the one Rose used that day, and never was a room "scabbled" to rights in such haste as hers. Tables and chairs flew into their places as if alive; curtains shook as if a gale was blowing; china rattled and small articles tumbled about as if a young earthquake was playing with them. The boating suit went on in a twinkling, and Rose was off with a hop and a skip, little dreaming how many hours it would be before she saw her pretty room again.

Uncle Alec was putting a large basket into the boat when she arrived, and before they were off Phebe came running down with a queer, knobby bundle done up in a water-proof.

"We can't eat half that luncheon, and I know we shall not need so many wraps. I would n't lumber the boat up so," said Rose, who still had secret scares when on the water.

"Could n't you make a smaller parcel, Phebe?" asked Dr. Alec, eyeing the bundle suspiciously.

"No, sir, not in such a hurry," and Phebe laughed as she gave a particularly large knob a good poke.

"Well, it will do for ballast. Don't forget the note to Mrs. Jessie, I beg of you."

"No, sir. I'll send it right off," and Phebe ran up the bank as if she had wings to her feet.

"We'll take a look at the light-house first, for you have not been there yet, and it is worth seeing. By the time we have done that it will be pretty warm, and we will have lunch under the trees on the Island.

Rose was ready for anything, and enjoyed her visit to the light-house on the Point very much, especially climbing up the narrow stairs and going inside the great lantern. They made a long stay, for Dr. Alec seemed in no hurry to go, and kept looking through his spy-glass as if he expected to discover something remarkable on sea or land. It was past twelve before they reached the Island, and Rose was ready for her lunch long before she got it.

"Now this *is* lovely! I do wish the boys were here. Wont it be nice to have them with us at their vacation? Why, it begins to-day, does n't it? Oh, I wish I'd remembered it sooner, and perhaps they would have come with us," she said, as they lay luxuriously eating sandwiches under the old apple-tree.

"So we might. Next time we wont be in such a hurry. I expect the lads will take our heads off when they find us out," answered Dr. Alec, placidly drinking cold tea.

"Uncle, I smell a frying sort of a smell," Rose said, pausing suddenly as she was putting away the remains of the lunch half-an-hour later.

"So do I; it is fish, I think."

For a moment they both sat with their noses in the air, sniffing like hounds; then Dr. Alec sprang up, saying with great decision:

"Now this wont do! No one is permitted on this island without asking leave. I must see who dares to fry fish on my private property."

Taking the basket on one arm and the bundle on the other, he strode away toward the traitorous smell, looking as fierce as a lion, while Rose marched behind under her umbrella.

"We are Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday going to see if the savages have come," she said presently, for her fancy was full of the dear old stories that all children love so well.

"And there they are! Two tents and two boats as I live! These rascals mean to enjoy themselves that 's evident."

"There ought to be more boats and no tents. I wonder where the prisoners are?"

"There are traces of them," and Dr. Alec pointed to the heads and tails of fishes strewn on the grass.

"And there are more," said Rose, laughing, and

he pointed to a scarlet heap of what looked like lobsters.

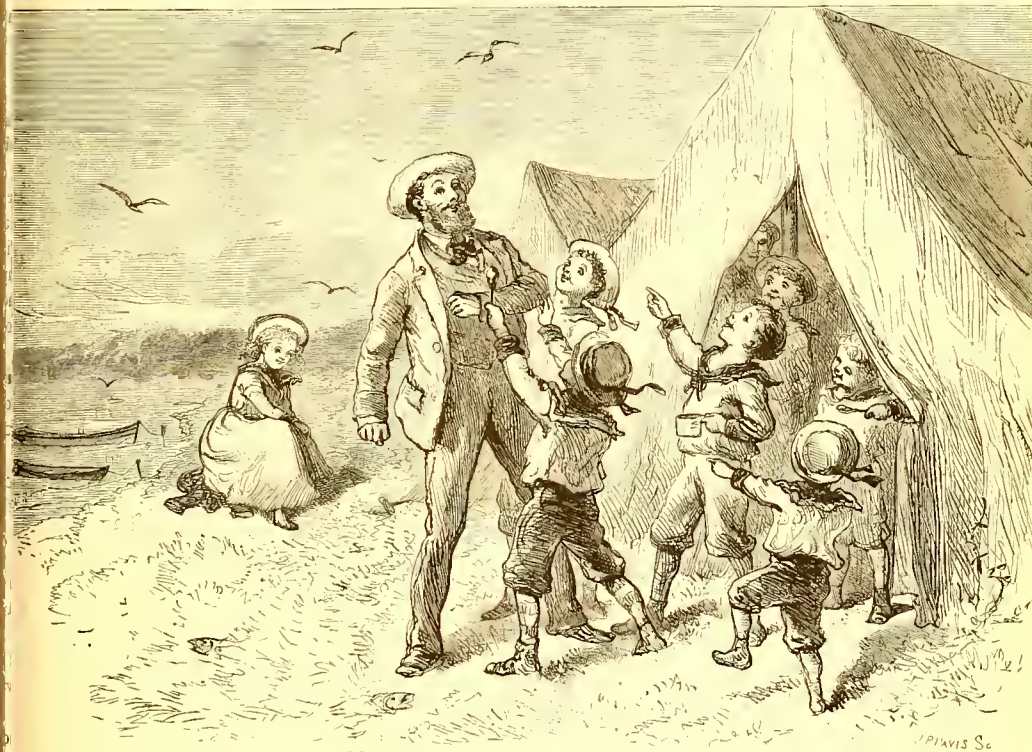
"The savages are probably eating their victims now; don't you hear the knives rattle in that tent?"

"We ought to creep up and peep; Crusoe was cautious, you know, and Friday scared out of his wits," added Rose, still keeping up the joke.

"But this Crusoe is going to pounce upon them regardless of consequences. If I am killed and eaten, you seize the basket and run for the boat;

and I'll get my bathing-clothes, which she had mistaken for lobsters, and where she had fallen in a fit of merriment when she discovered that the cannibals were her merry cousins.

"You good for nothing boys! You are always bursting out upon me in some ridiculous way, and I always get taken in because I'm not used to such pranks. Uncle is as bad as the rest, and it's great fun," she said, as the lads came round her, half scolding, half welcoming, and wholly enjoying the double surprise.



UNCLE ALEC'S RECEPTION.

There are provisions enough for your voyage home."

With that Uncle Alec slipped round to the front of the tent, and, casting in the big bundle like a bombshell, roared out, in a voice of thunder:

"Pirates, surrender!"

A crash, a shout, a laugh, and out came the savages, brandishing knives and forks, chicken bones and tin mugs, and all fell upon the intruder, unmercifully as they cried:

"You came too soon! We are not half ready! You've spoilt it all! Where is Rose?"

"Here I am," answered a half-stifled voice, and Rose was discovered sitting on the pile of red flan-

"You were not to come till afternoon, and mamma was to be here to receive you. Everything is in a mess now, except your tent; we got that in order the first thing, and you can sit there and see us work," said Archie, doing the honors as usual.

"Rose felt it in her bones, as Dolly says, that something was in the wind, and wanted to be off at once. So I let her come, and should have kept her away an hour longer if your fish had not betrayed you," explained Uncle Alec, subsiding from a ferocious Crusoe into his good-natured self again.

"As this seat is rather damp, I think I'll rise," said Rose, as the excitement lessened a little.

Several fishy hands helped her up, and Charlie

said, as he scattered the scarlet garments over the grass with an oar:

"We had a jolly good swim before dinner, and I told the Brats to spread these to dry. Hope you brought *your* things, Rose, for you belong to the Lobsters, you know, and we can have no end of fun teaching you to dive and float and tread water."

"I did n't bring anything ——" began Rose, but was interrupted by the Brats (otherwise Will and Geordie), who appeared bearing the big bundle, so much demoralized by its fall that a red flannel tunic trailed out at one end, and a little blue dressing-gown at the other, while the knobs proved to be a toilet-case, rubbers, and a silver mug.

"Oh, that sly Phebe! This was the secret, and she bundled up those things after I went down to the boat," cried Rose, with sparkling eyes.

"Guess something is smashed inside, for a bit of glass fell out," observed Will as they deposited the bundle at her feet.

"Catch a girl going anywhere without a looking-glass. We have n't got one among the whole lot of us," added Mac, with masculine scorn.

"Dandy has; I caught him touching up his wig behind the trees after our swim," cut in Geordie, wagging a derisive finger at Steve, who promptly silenced him by a smart rap on the head with the drum-stick he had just polished off.

"Come, come, you lazy lubbers, fall to work, or we shall not be ready for mamma. Take Rose's things to her tent, and tell her all about it, Prince. Mac and Steve, you cut away and bring up the rest of the straw; and you small chaps clear off the table, if you have stuffed all you can. Please, uncle, I'd like your advice about the boundary lines and the best place for the kitchen."

Every one obeyed the Chief, and Rose was escorted to her bower by Charlie, who devoted himself to her service. She was charmed with her quarters, and still more so with the programme which he unfolded before her as they worked.

"We always camp out somewhere in vacation, and this year we thought we'd try the Island. It is handy, and our fire-works will show off well from here."

"Shall we stay over the Fourth? Three whole days! Oh, me! what a frolic it will be!"

"Bless your heart, we often camp for a week, we big fellows; but this year the small chaps wanted to come, so we let them. We have great larks, as you'll see; for we have a cave and play Captain Kidd, and have shipwrecks, and races, and all sorts of games. Arch and I are rather past that kind of thing now, but we do it to please the children," added Charlie, with a sudden recollection of his sixteen years.

"I had no idea boys had such good time. Their plays never seemed a bit interesting before. But I suppose that was because I never knew any boys very well, or perhaps you are unusually nice ones," observed Rose, with an artless air of appreciation that was very flattering.

"We are a pretty clever set, I fancy; but we have a good many advantages, you see. They are a tribe of us, to begin with; then our family has been here for ages, and we have plenty of 'spondulics,' so we can rather lord it over the other fellows and do as we like. There, ma'am, you can hang your smashed glass on that nail and do up your back hair as fine as you please. You can have a blue blanket or a red one, and a straw pillow or an air cushion for your head, whichever you like. You can trim up to any extent, and be as free and easy as squaws in a wigwam, for the corner is set apart for you ladies, and we never cross the line unless drawing until we ask leave. Anything more I can do for you, cousin?"

"No, thank you. I think I'll leave the rest till auntie comes, and go and help you somewhere else, if I may."

"Yes, indeed, come on and see to the kitchen. Can you cook?" asked Charlie, as he led the way to the rocky nook where Archie was putting up a sail-cloth awning.

"I can make tea and toast bread."

"Well, we'll show you how to fry fish and make chowder. Now you just set these pots and par round tastefully, and sort of tidy up a bit, for Aunt Jessie insists on doing some of the work, and want it to be decent here."

By four o'clock the camp was in order, and the weary workers settled down on Lookout Rock to watch for Mrs. Jessie and Jamie, who was never far from mamma's apron-string. They looked like a flock of blue-birds, all being in sailor rig, with blue ribbon enough flying from the seven hats to have set up a milliner. Very tuneful blue-birds they were too, for all the lads sang, and the echo of their happy voices reached Mrs. Jessie long before she saw them.

The moment the boat hove in sight up went the Island flag, and the blue-jackets cheered lustily as they did on every possible occasion, like true young Americans. This welcome was answered by the flapping of a handkerchief and the shrill "Ra Ra! Ra!" of the one small tar who stood in the stern waving his hat manfully, while a maternal hand clutched him firmly in the rear.

Cleopatra landing from her golden galley never received a heartier greeting than "Little Mum" as she was borne to her tent by the young folk, for love of whom she smilingly resigned herself to three days of discomfort. While Jamie immediatel

tached himself to Rose, assuring her of his protection from the manifold perils which might assail em.

Taught by long experience that boys are *always* angry, Aunt Jessie soon proposed supper, and proceeded to get it, enveloped in an immense bon, with an old hat of Archie's stuck a-top of her cap. Rose helped, and tried to be as handy as Phebe, though the peculiar style of table she had to set made it no easy task. It was accomplished at last, and a very happy party lay about under the trees, eating and drinking out of anyone's plate and cup, and quite untroubled by the frequent appearance of ants and spiders in places which these interesting insects are not expected to loom.

"I never thought I should like to wash dishes. Let me do it," said Rose, as she sat in a boat after supper lazily rinsing plates in the sea, and rocking idly as she wiped them.

"Mum is mighty particular; we just give 'em a scrub with sand, and dust 'em off with a bit of paper. It's much the best way, I think," replied Phebe, who reposed in another boat alongside.

"How Phebe would like this. I wonder uncle would not have her come."

"I believe he tried to, but Dolly was as cross as a stick and said she could n't spare her. I'm sorry, for we all like the Phebe bird, and she'd stir like a good one out here, would n't she?"

"She ought to have a holiday like the rest of us. It's too bad to leave her out."

This thought came back to Rose several times during the evening, for Phebe would have added much to the little concert they had in the moonlight, would have enjoyed the stories told, been quick at guessing the conundrums, and laughed with all her heart at the fun. The merry going to bed would have been best of all, for Rose wanted some one to tuckle under the blue blanket with her, there to whisper and giggle and tell secrets, as girls delight to do.

Long after the rest were asleep, Rose lay wide awake, excited by the novelty of all about her, and thought that had come into her mind. Far away she heard a city clock strike twelve; a large star in the sky peeped in at the opening of the tent, and the soft splash of the waves seemed calling her to come out. Aunt Jessie lay fast asleep, and Jamie rolled up like a kitten at her feet, and neither stirred as Rose in her wrapper crept out to see how the world looked at midnight.

She found it very lovely, and sat down on aacker keg to enjoy it with a heart full of the innocent sentiment of her years. Fortunately, Dr. Alec was there before she had time to catch cold, for he came running out to tie back the door-flap of his tent for

more air, he beheld the small figure perched in the moonlight. Having no fear of ghosts, he quietly approached, and, seeing that she was wide awake, said, with a hand on her shining hair:

"What is my girl doing here?"

"Having a good time," answered Rose, not at all startled.

"I wonder what she was thinking about with such a sober look?"

"The story you told of the brave sailor who gave up his place on the raft to the woman, and the last drop of water to the poor baby. People who make sacrifices are very much loved and admired, are n't they?" she asked, earnestly.

"If the sacrifice is a true one. But many of the bravest never are known, and get no praise. That does not lessen their beauty, though perhaps it makes them harder, for we all like sympathy," and Dr. Alec sighed a patient sort of sigh.

"I suppose you have made a great many? Would you mind telling me one of them?" asked Rose, arrested by the sigh.

"My last was to give up smoking," was the very unromantic answer to her pensive question.

"Why did you?"

"Bad example for the boys."

"That was very good of you, uncle! Was it hard?"

"I'm ashamed to say it was. But as a wise old fellow once said, 'It is necessary to do right; it is not necessary to be happy.'"

Rose pondered over the saying as if it pleased her, and then said, with a clear, bright look:

"A real sacrifice is giving up something you want or enjoy very much, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"Doing it one's own self because one loves another person very much and wants her to be happy?"

"Yes."

"And doing it pleasantly, and being glad about it, and not minding the praise if it does n't come?"

"Yes, dear, that is the true spirit of self-sacrifice; you seem to understand it, and I dare say you will have many chances in your life to try the real thing. I hope they won't be very hard ones."

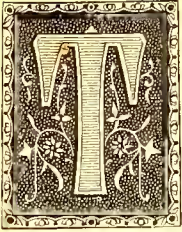
"I think they will," began Rose, and there she stopped short.

"Well, make one now, and go to sleep, or my girl will be ill to-morrow, and then the aunts will say camping out was bad for her."

"I'll go—good night!" and throwing him a kiss, the little ghost vanished, leaving Uncle Alec to pace the shore and think about some of the unsuspected sacrifices that had made him what he was.

CHAPTER X.

ROSE'S SACRIFICE.



HERE certainly were "larks" on Campbell's Island next day, as Charlie had foretold, and Rose took her part in them like one intent on enjoying every minute to the utmost. There was a merry breakfast, a successful fishing expedition, and then the lobsters came out in full force, for even Aunt Jessie appeared in red flannel. There was nothing Uncle Alec could not do in the water, and the boys tried their best to equal him in strength and skill, so there was a great diving and ducking, for every one was bent on distinguishing himself.

Rose swam far out beyond her depth, with uncle to float her back; Aunt Jessie splashed placidly in the shallow pools, with Jamie paddling near by like a little whale beside its mother; while the lads careered about, looking like a flock of distracted flamingoes, and acting like the famous dancing party in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Nothing but chowder would have lured them from their gambols in the briny deep; that time-honored dish demanded the concentrated action of several mighty minds; so the "Water Babies" came ashore and fell to cooking.

It is unnecessary to say that, when done, it was the most remarkable chowder ever cooked, and the quantity eaten would have amazed the world if the secret had been divulged. After this exertion a siesta was considered the thing, and people lay about in tents or out as they pleased, the boys looking like warriors slumbering where they fell.

The elders had just settled to a comfortable nap when the youngsters rose, refreshed and ready for further exploits. A hint sent them all off to the cave, and there were discovered bows and arrows, battle clubs, old swords, and various relics of an interesting nature. Perched upon a commanding rock, with Jamie to "splain" things to her, Rose beheld a series of stirring scenes enacted with great vigor and historical accuracy by her gifted relatives.

Captain Cook was murdered by the natives of Whyhee in the most thrilling manner. Captain Kidd buried untold wealth in the chowder kettle at the dead of night, and shot both the trusting villains who shared the secret of the hiding-place. Sinbad came ashore there and had manifold adventures, and numberless wrecks bestrewed the sands.

Rose considered them by far the most exciting dramas she had ever witnessed, and when the performance closed with a grand ballet of Feejee

Islanders, whose barbaric yells alarmed the gulls she had no words in which to express her gratification.

Another swim at sunset, another merry evening on the rocks watching the lighted steamers pass seaward and the pleasure-boats come into port ended the second day of the camping out, and set every one to bed early that they might be ready for the festivities of the morrow.

"Archie, did n't I hear uncle ask you to ro-
home in the morning for fresh milk and things?"

"Yes; why?"

"Please, may I go too? I have something of great importance to arrange; you know I was carried off in a hurry," Rose said in a confidential whisper as she was bidding her cousins good-night.

"I'm willing, and I guess Charlie wont mind."

"Thank you; be sure you stand by me when I ask leave in the morning, and don't say anything till then, except to Charlie. Promise," urged Rose so eagerly that Archie struck an attitude, and cried dramatically:

"By yonder moon I swear!"

"Hush! it's all right, go along;" and Rose departed as if satisfied.

"She's a queer little thing, is n't she, Prince?"

"Rather a nice little thing. I think. I'm quite fond of her."

Rose's quick ears caught both remarks, and she retired to her tent, saying to herself with sleep-dignity:

"Little thing indeed! Those boys talk as if I was a baby. They will treat me with more respect after to-morrow, I guess."

Archie did stand by her in the morning, and his request was readily granted, as the lads were coming directly back. Off they went, and Rose waved her hand to the islanders with a somewhat pensively air, for an heroic purpose glowed within her, and the spirit of self-sacrifice was about to be illustrated in a new and touching manner.

While the boys got the milk Rose ran to Phebe ordered her to leave her dishes, to put on her hat and take a note back to Uncle Alec, which would explain this somewhat mysterious performance. Phebe obeyed, and when she went to the boat Rose accompanied her, telling the boys she was not ready to go yet, but they could some of them come for her when she hung a white signal on her balcony.

"But why not come now? What are you about to miss? Uncle wont like it," protested Charlie, great amazement.

"Just do as I tell you, little boy; uncle will understand and explain. Obey, as Phebe does, and ask no questions. I can have secrets as well as other people;" and Rose walked off with an air

lofty independence that impressed her friends immensely.

"It's some plot between uncle and herself, so she wont meddle. All right, Phebe? Pull away, Prince;" and off they went, to be received with much surprise by the islanders.

This was the note Phebe bore :

DEAR UNCLE : I am going to take Phebe's place to-day, and let her have all the fun she can. Please don't mind what *she* says, but *help* her, and tell the boys to be very good to her for my sake. Don't think it is easy to do this ; it is *very* hard to give up the best of all, but I feel so selfish to have all the pleasure, and Phebe none, that I wish to make this *sacrifice*. Do let me, and don't laugh at it ; I truly do *not* wish to be praised, and I truly want to do it. Love to all from
ROSE.

"Bless the little dear, what a generous heart she has ! Shall we go after her, Jessie, or let her have her way?" said Dr. Alec, after the first mingled amusement and astonishment had subsided.

"Let her alone, and don't spoil her little sacrifice. She means it, I know, and the best way in which we can show our respect for her effort is to give Phebe a pleasant day. I'm sure she has earned it;" and Mrs. Jessie made a sign to the boys to suppress their disappointment and exert themselves to please Rose's guest.

Phebe was with difficulty kept from going straight home, and declared that she should not enjoy herself one bit without Miss Rose.

"She wont hold out all day, and we shall see her adding back before noon, I'll wager anything," said Charlie; and the rest so strongly inclined to his opinion that they resigned themselves to the loss of the little queen of the revels, sure that it could be only a temporary one.

But hour after hour passed, and no signal appeared on the balcony, though Phebe watched it hopefully. No passing boat brought the truant back, though more than one pair of eyes looked out for the bright hair under the round hat; and sunset came, bringing no Rose, but the lovely color of the western sky.

"I really did not think the child had it in her. I fancied it was a bit of sentiment, but I see she *was* earnest and means that her sacrifice shall be a true one. Dear little soul ! I'll make it up to her a thousand times over, and beg her pardon for thinking it might be done for effect," Dr. Alec said remorsefully as he strained his eyes through the dusk, fancying he saw a small figure sitting in the garden as it had sat on the keg the night before, carrying the generous little plot that had cost more than he could guess.

"Well, she can't help seeing the fire-works, anyway, unless she is goose enough to think she must hide in a dark closet and not look," said Archie,

who was rather disgusted at Rose's seeming ingratitude.

"She will see ours capitally, but miss the big ones on the hill, unless papa has forgotten all about them," added Steve, cutting short the harangue Mac had begun upon the festivals of the ancients.

"I'm sure the sight of her will be better than the finest fire-works that ever went off," said Phebe, meditating an elopement with one of the boats if she could get a chance.

"Let things work; if she resists the brilliant invitation we give her she will be a heroine," added Uncle Alec, secretly hoping that she would not.

Meanwhile Rose had spent a quiet, busy day helping Dolly, waiting on Aunt Peace, and steadily resisting Aunt Plenty's attempts to send her back to the happy island. It had been hard in the morning to come in from the bright world outside, with flags flying, cannon booming, crackers popping, and every one making ready for a holiday, and go to washing cups, while Dolly grumbled and the aunts lamented. It was very hard to see the day go by, knowing how gay each hour must have been across the water, and how a word from her would take her where she longed to be with all her heart. But it was hardest of all when evening came and Aunt Peace was asleep, Aunt Plenty seeing a gossip in the parlor, Dolly established in the porch to enjoy the show, and nothing left for the little maid to do but sit alone in her balcony and watch the gay rockets whizz up from island, hill, and city, while bands played and boats laden with happy people went to and fro in the fitful light.

Then it must be confessed that a tear or two dimmed the blue eyes, and once when a very brilliant display illuminated the island for a moment, and she fancied she saw the tents, the curly head went down on the railing, and a wide-awake nautium heard a little whisper :

"I hope some one wishes I was there !"

The tears were all gone, however, and she was watching the hill and island answer each other with what Jamie called "whizzers, whirligigs, and busters," and smiling as she thought how hard the boys must be working to keep up such a steady fire, when Uncle Mac came walking in upon her, saying hurriedly :

"Come, child, put on your tippet, pelisse, or whatever you call it, and run off with me. I came to get Phebe, but aunt says she is gone, so I want you. I've got Fun down in the boat, and I want you to go with us and see my fire-works. Got them up for you, and you must n't miss them, or I shall be disappointed."

"But, uncle," began Rose, feeling as if she ought to refuse even a glimpse of bliss, "perhaps ——"

"I know, my dear, I know; aunt told me; but

no one needs you now so much as I do, and I insist on your coming," said Uncle Mac, who seemed in a great hurry to be off, yet was unusually kind.

So Rose went and found the little Chinaman with a funny lantern waiting to help her in and convulse her with laughter trying to express his emotions in pigeon English. The city clocks were striking nine as they got out into the bay, and the island fireworks seemed to be over, for no rocket answered the last Roman candle that shone on the Aunt-hill.

"Ours are done, I see, but they are going up all

hands with delight as she recognized the handsome flower.

"Of course it is! Look again, and guess what those are," answered Uncle Mac, chuckling and enjoying it all like a boy.

A wreath of what looked at first like purple brooms appeared below the vase, but Rose guessed what they were meant for and stood straight up holding by his shoulder, and crying excitedly:

"Thistles, uncle, Scotch thistles! There are seven of them—one for each boy! Oh, what a joke!" and she laughed so that she plumped into



THE FIRE-WORKS.

round the city, and how pretty they are," said Rose, folding her mantle about her and surveying the scene with a pensive interest.

"Hope my fellows have not got into trouble up there," muttered Uncle Mac, adding, with a satisfied chuckle, as a spark shone out, "No; there it goes! Look, Rosy, and see how you like this one; it was ordered especially in honor of your coming."

Rose looked with all her eyes and saw the spark grow into the likeness of a golden vase, then green leaves came out, and then a crimson flower glowing on the darkness with a splendid luster.

"Is it a rose, uncle?" she asked, clasping her

the bottom of the boat and stayed there till the brilliant spectacle was quite gone.

"That was rather a neat thing, I flatter myself," said Uncle Mac in high glee at the success of his illumination. "Now shall I leave you on the island or take you home again, my good little girl?" he added, lifting her up with such a tone of approbation in his voice that Rose kissed him on the spot.

"Home, please, uncle, and I thank you very, very much for the beautiful fire-work you got up for me. I'm so glad I saw it; and I know I shall dream about it."

(To be continued.)

BABY'S SKIES.

BY M. C. BARTLETT.

WOULD you know the baby's skies?
 Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
 Mamma's eyes and smile, together
 Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
 Keep your heart from foolish fears,
 Keep your lips from dull complaining,
 Lest the baby think 't is raining.

THE BOY-SCULPTOR.

BY EMILY NOYES.

OUR hundred years ago, in the gardens of the Medici Palace, might be seen a party of the young lords of Piero de Medici, who had been dismissed from the learned talk of the savants and artists who surrounded the hospitable table of "Lorenzo the magnificent," as he is often called.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that cool-boys like so well. It covered the statues and fountains, and made grotesque figures of the fountains, which were cut in curious forms.

"Let us make statues, and decorate this gallery," proposed one, a youth of fourteen.

"Of what?" said another.

"Of the snow," replied the first speaker, named Michael Angelo; and with merry shouts they dashed into the snow, without a thought of their raiment of velvet and lace, carrying it and piling up masses at different places along the gallery, shaping it into some rude resemblance of the human form, which did not much differ, I dare say, from the "old snow-man" of the boys of the nineteenth century.

But Michael Angelo saw in the distance the figure of a faun, headless and much injured, which had been brought from some old ruin.

"Ah! I will make a head to this faun," and he began shaping and molding the damp snow.

As he worked, his companions gathered around

him and looked on, forgetting their own sport in watching him, as gradually the head began to appear and grew under his touch into a real face with good features.

Then standing, watching the effect of each motion, "He must be sardonic,—fauns laugh!" said the boy as he gave an upward turn with his finger to the corner of the mouth. "There! that is not bad; and one can always do what one loves. I have drawn in the love of sculpture with the milk of my nurse. Her husband is a sculptor, and, from a baby, I have played making statues."

Stepping back to get a good look at his work, he ran against some one, and, to his amazement, discovered it was the great noble himself, who, followed by all his guests, had entered the gallery the youthful artists were decorating for them, while they were so engaged as not to perceive them.

They all stopped to comment on the statues, and approaching the faun, Lorenzo said:

"This is rather the work of one entering upon the career of a master, than the attempt of a novice. But, Michael, do you know that this is a statue of an *old* faun, and the old do not have all their teeth? You have given him more than *we* have. Is it not so, my friends?"

"You are right, my lord;" and, with one stroke, Michael knocked out a tooth and made the hollow in the gum which showed its loss.

Every one was delighted with this intelligent and

discriminating act, and applauded him with enthusiasm, showering praises and prophecies of future fame on the young sculptor.

Among the noble guests were his father and his uncle, who had sternly discouraged all Michael's attempts at art, and deemed it an unworthy thing that the heir of the princely house of Canossa should handle the sculptor's chisel even in sport. But now, flattered by the praise of Lorenzo, the great patron of art, they looked smilingly on, and Michael knew, as he rode home that night with his austere relations, that his long-forbidden love of art could now be indulged; the glory of his boyhood's dreams was to become the glory of his life.

Who can tell what forms of beauty and visions of fame flitted through his excited brain, wild with the delight of Lorenzo's notice?

Could he foresee the wonderful creations which would make a world stand in silent admiration and awe?

Could he know that under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the most magnificent Christian temple on the earth, people of all nations would come to do him homage?

Let us follow his career. At nineteen he made a beautiful group in marble of the dead Christ in his mother's lap. He carved the colossal statue of the young David for the Ducal palace of Florence. He designed, and in part completed, the grand mausoleum for Julius II., the central figure of which is Moses, at which he worked over forty years; and the reclining figures of Day and Night, Morning and Evening, are so much admired that they are to be reproduced on a monument soon to be erected to Michael Angelo at the scene of his labors.

There are but few paintings of his on canvas, for he is said to have had a contempt for easel pictures.

The Pope sent for him to come and decorate the walls of his chapel at the Vatican. The architects

did not know how to construct a scaffolding which would enable him to reach the ceiling, and he invented one; and also a curious paper cap, which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night. He covered the ceilings with beautiful paintings of scenes taken from the Old Testament. Thirty years afterward, painted on the end wall of the chapel the wonderful picture of "The Last Judgment." Thousands of people visit it every year, and gaze on it with reverence and wonder and delight, for it is one of the greatest pictures in the world.

St. Peter's was the closing work of his life. Long before, many artists had worked upon it; many architects had made plans for it; but it was left to Michael Angelo to raise the dome, and leave such a perfect model for its completion, that it now stands as the crowning glory of his fame.

And it was the work of an old man. At seven other men generally lay down their life's labor, but he commenced the painting of "The Last Judgment;" and the building of St. Peter's was progress at the time of his death, when he was ninety.

With all his great powers, he was not unmindful of little things. Nothing was too trivial for care. The designing of a crucifix for a lady's wear; the candelabra for the chapel; the costume of the Papal Guard, still worn, show his minute attention to detail. In all his works we see the same intelligent thought that was manifested in the molding of the faun's mouth, his boyhood's triumph.

Nobly was the prediction of Lorenzo de Medici fulfilled, "that it was the work of one entered upon the career of a master." In Michael Angelo the Great Master of Art, who at ninety stood among the honored of the world, ripened all the promise of the boy who, more than seventy years before, modeled the snow-face, for an hour's part time, in the gardens of the Medici Palace.





THE NEW-COMER.

(A recent arrival at the Central Park Zoological Gardens.)

Drawn from life by F. S. CHURCH.

COLD GRAY STONES.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"COLD gray stones," indeed! I'm just about of this. Even a stone, if you hit it *too* hard, ash out at you.

the story of the foolish seed that did n't be the song of the canary, and that found a shel between myself and my brother, twice are we l "cold gray stones." There are the words. can see them for yourself in the number of NICHOLAS for last December.

w, I'd like to know what that poor little seed I have done if *we* had n't given her a home? ould have been scorched by the sun, rotted e rain, or snapped up by the first bird that along.

It was n't our fault that she did n't turn into a flower; we did the best we could for her.

And as for our not caring for anything, and nothing caring for us, I say—and say it flatly—that 's not true!

The Moss family is, and always has been, very much attached to us. It clings to us long after the Summer months have departed, and every one knows there can be no better love than that which outlasts the Summer.

And the toads—the only animals that have jewels in their heads they don't have to pay for—have quite an affection for us.

They come and sit beneath our shade in the

long, hot days, and sleep and dream the hours away, or pass their time telling us wonderful tales of the strange places they have hopped over.

And the beetles,—honest old fellows,—who don't care for houses, but live in cosy underground cellars, what would they do without stones to keep the rain off?

Just turn us over some day, and you'll see the many-legged creatures running nimbly about; but turn us back again quickly, for we don't like to have the poor things frightened, though we "have no more heart than a stone."

And now I am going to tell you about two "cold gray stones," cousins of mine, who live in a great tiresome city.

The wind brought the story to me, and so you may be sure it is all true.

These cousins were part of the back-yard of a wretched little house, and in the wretched little house lived a pale, blue-eyed child.

The poor child had never seen anything growing but the straggling grass that tried to force its way up here and there in the dirty streets, and she never caught but a glimpse of the blue sky, because all the rest was hidden by the tall, gloomy houses around her.

"Oh, dear!" said one of my cousins to the other, one day; "how I wish she could see a flower!" when along came the Wind in a great hurry, as he almost always is.

"Puff, puff!" said he; "how hot you are here! How do you do?"

"Same as ever," said my cousin; "but what are you carrying?"

"A few seeds," answered the Wind, "I picked up miles from here, and I'm looking for some good, rich earth to drop them on."

"Dear Wind," said my cousins, "*do* drop so here."

"Here!" said the Wind, and he laughed and the wretched little house shook. "What would they do here? I see plenty of dirt—ha! ha! ho! ho!—but no earth—ho! ho! ha! ha!"

"There is a crevice between us," said my cousin, "where there is a little earth (*do* stop laughing a moment, and look, dear Wind), and we think a flower *might* grow there. *Please* give us *one* seed, and we will hide it from the birds, and protect it from careless footsteps, and watch it carefully until it grows to gladden the heart of the pale, blue-eyed child."

"All right," said the Wind, and he blew a seed in the crack between the "two cold gray stones" and then fled, laughing, around the corner.

And the seed took root, and sent up two bright green leaves to tell the stones that there were more on the way; and the blue-eyed child, coming to the back-yard to look at the patch of sky, one morning, spied them and clapped her little hands with gladness.

And from that day, as the plant grew and grew she became happier and happier; and when her fragrant purple and white flower opened to the sun her joy knew no bounds.

And with each succeeding blossom came more joy, and so the child was happy all Summer long.

And my cousins looked on and were well content.

My sermon is finished. I suppose you know the greatest writer that ever lived said we ought to preach?

Yes, sir. He said there were sermons in flowers. You have got to acknowledge that, if you do not see us "cold gray stones."



PLEASANT-SPOKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE."



AMY DAVIS was a little girl not much more than six years old, gentle and kind, and just the sort of child that I should have liked for my very own.

She had always lived in the city; but in the Spring, a year or two ago, her father bought a home for them in the country, and there they all went to live. The *all* were her papa and mamma, her older brother Robbie, herself, and two very good servants (sometimes a little cross about the

when floor, when it was just scrubbed, but otherwise very kind). Amy was delighted to live in the country. She was tired of playing in the garden and the barn, and of finding nice new shady little places all about the yard, under lilac-bushes or syringa-trees, to which she could crawl on her hands and knees; and of finding little beds of daffodils and crocuses in the grass, and sometimes a star-of-Bethlehem. For everything was very old-fashioned, and the new home was n't a "country seat," and there was n't any lawn nor any drive, nor any gate-house.

One day in the latter part of April, Amy came in to the yard, with an apronful of corn-cobs. I don't know what she meant to do with them, but she thought them very nice, and she was going to wash them in the kitchen with them on her way to her bedroom, when she saw some one sitting in the dining-room by the door. The two servants were sitting in the kitchen, and taking no notice of this woman, who was sitting with her bonnet on a walking-stick beside her. Amy thought she looked like the old woman in fairy stories (only she was a black woman), and she wanted to go back to ask the servants about her; but she was afraid the old woman had seen her, and would n't like it. The old woman had, and she put out her hand and

“Wont you come and speak to me, little miss?” she was very tall and thin, and very queer-looking; she was so very straight and stiff, and she had such long and bony hands. Her bonnet came far over her face, like the old women's bonnets in picture-books. Amy would have liked to go to her. But the old woman put out her hand again, and said:

“Wont you come and speak to me, little miss?”

So Amy very shyly went up to her, and laid her little white hand in hers. The old woman patted it very gently with her other hand, and then let it go.

“I am old Sarah,” she said, “that used to live with your grandmother, when your mamma was a little girl. Did n't she ever tell you about old Sarah?”

Amy could not remember that she had, but she did not like to say so, for fear old Sarah might feel badly; so she hung down her head, and said may be mamma had, but she could not remember.

“Ah, well!” old Sarah said, and gave a sigh, “it's a great while ago. I should n't wonder if she'd forgotten all about me. But I'll wait and see her; I suppose she'll soon be in.”

The sigh troubled Amy a good deal; she hoped her mamma had n't forgotten all about the poor old colored woman. She slipped away and went into the kitchen, and asked the servants, in a whisper, if they knew when her mamma was coming back.

“I'm expecting she'll be in any minute,” said the cook.

So Amy went back to the dining-room, and said:

“Mamma will be in very soon, and I think she'll be very glad to see you.”

Sarah said: “Thank you. I think you are a nice little girl.”

Then Amy blushed a little, but felt pleased, and, gathering up her apron with the cobs a little tighter, went sideways out of the door, not knowing what she ought to say, or whether she ought not to stay a little longer. But when she got upstairs she felt quite easy, and, in fact, soon forgot about the visitor. She cleared a corner of her room, and began to build in it a house of cobs, and that kept her happy and busy for some time. She put her dolls in it, and some of her doll-house furniture. After playing for some time, she thought the house would be nicer if it had a door. So she started down-stairs, putting her hat and sack on as she went, to hunt in the barn for a block, left by the carpenters, that would answer for that purpose. On her way she remembered old Sarah, and, wondering whether mamma were yet come in, she went softly to the dining-room door. No, mamma had not come in. There sat the old woman, looking rather weary; and in the kitchen beyond worked

the servants, chatting together and not taking any notice of her.

"I wish they 'd talk to her," thought Amy, "and then she would n't feel so lonesome."

Then she thought, "May be I ought to talk to her." And then she wondered what she could talk about. "May be she'd like to look at my best doll," she thought, at last.

Who could help liking to look at that! So Amy ran upstairs again, and went into her mother's room, and climbed up to the big drawer in the old-fashioned bureau, where the best doll was kept, and took her out, and the trunk of clothes that belonged to her. Then she went down softly into the dining-room. Sarah looked up when she went in.

"Would you like to see my best doll?" said Amy, shyly going up to her.

"That I should," said old Sarah, looking pleased.

Amy brought a chair, to put the trunk on, and she stood at Sarah's side herself, and held the doll so that Sarah could see.

"This is her traveling-dress," said Amy.

"Her traveling-dress!" said Sarah, holding up her hands. "Do dolls have traveling-dresses?"

"O yes," said Amy, "and morning-dresses, and party-dresses. And here are her combs and brushes. And here is her muff. And do you want to see her shoes and stockings? And she has got a camels'-hair shawl; yes, real camels' hair. And a pocket-handkerchief with thread lace on it."

"O dear, dear!" said Sarah, who did not know much about such things.

"She came all the way from Paris," went on Amy, finding plenty to say now. "My Aunt Lisa brought her to me when she came home last year."

"Your Aunt Lisa! O, what a pretty little girl she used to be. She's a big lady now, I suppose, and wont remember Sarah."

Then Amy told her all about her Aunt Lisa, and all about her doll; and, by and by, her mamma came in, and was very glad to see old Sarah, and remembered her very well, and made her stay and get her dinner.

That afternoon, when the old woman was going out of the kitchen door, having said good-bye to Amy's mamma and Amy in the parlor, she said to the servants that little Amy was a very "pleasant-spoken" little girl, and she wished there were more children like her.

"Yes," said the cook, "she's one of the pleasantest-spoken little girls I ever knew, and very nice to get along with; makes as little trouble in the house as a child could."

Now let me tell you what came of it; not that we must always expect anything to come of being

good and kind. We shall generally feel happy for being so, and other people will love us; and best of all, the blessed Lord will be satisfied with us. And surely that is enough to come of doing what is right. But, in this case, Amy had a pleasure beside.

One day late in May, old Sarah stopped at the gate, and said to Amy, who was playing with Robby in the yard:

"I want you to come down to my place to-morrow morning. I've got a present for you."

Amy looked pleased, and said: "May Robb come, too?"

"Yes," said Sarah, "if he wants to. But the present is for you."

Amy laughed with pleasure. She liked presents very much. Old Sarah leaned over the gate and talked a few minutes, and then nodded good-bye and went away, hobbling strangely as she walked for she was troubled with "poor feet," as she had told Amy. Before she was ten steps away, Robb was hobbling along the path like her, and telling Amy, in a funny voice, he had a present for her down at his place, and she must come and get it.

"Don't, Robby," said Amy, growing very rest too much frightened to laugh; "don't, she will hear you, if you don't take care."

It was dreadful to Amy's kind little heart to think of making any one ashamed and hurt,

The next morning, after breakfast, they were both ready to start. Robby as much interested Amy, though he pretended to laugh at the present Amy looked very nice, in her clean calico dress and white apron, and white sun-bonnet. Robb had on a sailor-suit, and his hat on the back of his head. He held Amy's hand, because it was quite a long walk, and his mother had told him to take care of Amy. As they went along, they amused themselves in guessing what the present would be.

"I think it will be a rose-bush," said Amy. "A rose-bush and some roses on it."

"I think it will be a jar of sweetmeats," said Robby.

"Mamma thinks it will be a bunch of flowers," said Amy.

"I don't believe it will be worth going for," said Robby, before they got there, feeling tired.

"Well, I don't know," returned Amy, a little discouraged. "I shall like anything if it's only a little nice."

"A great bunch of lilacs."

"O, it's too late for lilacs."

"Or some sour plums made into a jam."

"O, don't, Robby," said Amy, ready to cry.

"Or a big geranium that smells like fish, in a red pot, and no flowers on it, like the one the cook has in the kitchen."

Amy took her hand away from him, and walked by herself. She thought he was very unkind. She might see she was getting a little uneasy, and she was feeling disappointed in advance. But he did not see, and went on teasing all the way down the road.

At last they got there. Old Sarah was standing by the door of her little house, talking to a man bringing a load of wood. Robby whispered that it was kind o' queer to see an old woman so straight and tall, and with short hair, too, just like a girl's. She nodded to the children, and stood aside, and told them to go in and wait a minute for her. The children crept in, feeling a little shy, even Robby. They had never been in just such a room before. It was very clean, but so low and dark, and so different from other people's rooms. There were a table and a stove and two chairs, and shelves with all sorts of odd things on them, and beams overhead, upon which hung strings of onions and red peppers and a ham, and skeins of yarn. The children looked around, at first with silent curiosity. After awhile, as Sarah continued talking with her visitor, and did not come in, Robby grew bold, and crept around softly and examined things, and made remarks, and finally began to talk.

"That's the present, you may be sure that's the present," he whispered, pointing to a horse-shoe hanging up over the door. "You can put it in your baby-house; or sell it to the blacksmith down beyond the bridge. Or—no. I've changed my mind. Here it is now and no mistake. Now look at it, Amy; see if you're not much obliged." He took down from the shelf a little old-fashioned mug, full of white and purple beans. On the mug were the words, "For a good child."

Amy was very much afraid it *was* the present, and she felt like crying. There were two or three shelves of such beans in the barn at home, and she did not think the mug was pretty in the least. Still, if Robby would only be quiet, she would not mind. It was no use saying "don't" to him any more. He was full of mischief, and seemed to think he was in no danger of being surprised by Sarah. He went from one part of the room to another, taking down things and examining them, and laughing out aloud, and no longer whispering. Amy sat on a chair by the door, the picture of discomfort, with her eyes full of tears and her cheeks turning red.

Sarah was having a sort of quarrel with the man, and so was going to charge her too much for the wood, and so she did not pay any attention to what was going on inside.

At last, the naughty Robby made up his mind he would see what was in a funny little old closet in the corner.

"It's in that," he said; "I know it is. Just wait."

And he got down on his knees before the door, and shook the latch till it came open. It was a very deep closet, and very queer. Robby saw something at the further end of it that looked like an old broken clock—and old clock-wheels were most interesting to him. He crept in a little further; half his body was inside. He did not hear Amy's warning; the man went away abruptly, and old Sarah came suddenly into the room.

"I'm ready now," she said, and then stopped and looked around for Robby.

There was the rear of the sailor-suit and a pair of stout boy-legs in the door of her under-closet.

"No, it is n't in there," she said, sternly; and Robby, in great fright and hurry, drew himself out at the sound of her voice.

He got up, looking very red and awkward, and brushing the dust off his clothes.

Sarah was quite a grand old woman in her way, and she looked angry now.

"Is that city manners, young gentleman?" she said, looking down at him.

But that was all she said. I think if he had been a little colored boy, she would have quietly shut him up in the closet and left him there for a few hours to think the matter over. She saw Amy was troubled, and had not been sharing in this impoliteness.

"Come," she said; "we will go for the present."

Amy got down very gladly from her chair, and followed Sarah out of the back door of the old house. Robby came after them at a little distance. Sarah led the way down the path toward the barn. The barn was smaller and older than the house. A few chickens were straying around, and a little yellow dog was stretching his legs in the sun.

"Wait a minute," said Sarah, going into the barn and shutting the door after her.

The children waited under an apple-tree that stood before the barn. They looked in silent wonder at each other. Robby's curiosity had overcome his mortification. What could it be that she had kept shut up in the barn? Amy's heart beat quick. It was not the horrid mug of beans, nor the horse-shoe, nor the geranium like the cook's. Presently the dark old barn-door moved a little, then was pushed further open, and out bounded—oh, how can I tell you!—a beautiful white lamb, with a long blue ribbon round its neck, the end of which Sarah held, coming after.

Amy gave one little cry, and, springing forward, knelt down on the grass and threw her arms around its neck. She hugged it and laid her cheek against its soft white wool, and gave little screams of pleas-

ure as it moved and struggled in her arms. This was the one, one thing she had thought about and longed for ever since she could remember. Paris dolls and those things, oh! what were they to it? Robby got down on the grass too, and eagerly examined the new pet, asking all sorts of questions. Sarah looked on, pleased at the sight of their great pleasure. Amy's face was excited and happy, and

Among the many questions that Robby asked the one, "Where did you get it, Sarah?" was the oftenest repeated.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the old woman, in a happy voice. "One day, about a month ago I was standing by the gate, and I saw the butcher's cart pass with a load of lambs and sheep, with their feet tied, poor things! and their heads hanging



AMY'S PRESENT.

her little hands trembled with eagerness. She almost forgot old Sarah; she could only think of the lamb.

"Do look at its little feet, Robby," she cried; "see how it lifts them up. And its eyes are so funny and so nice! And how warm it is! O, and how its heart beats—feel of it! O, don't be frightened, lammie; we will be good to you." And then she laughed and kissed it, and laid her head down on it, as if she were too happy to say any more.

down. There's a bad place in the road just beyond my house, as you go down the hill. The butcher's boy was driving pretty fast, and the car gave a jolt, and out fell one of the lambs and rolled down the side of the road. I saw what it was, and called out to the boy; but he did n't hear, and went dashing on as fast as he could go. Then I went to the lamb and picked it up. Its leg was broken, and I thought it was too much hurt ever to get well. I took all the care of it I could, and

its leg and nursed it; but for a good many days I thought it was going to die. When it seemed a little better, I went to the butcher and told him about it, and offered to pay him, for I had been so fond of the poor little thing by that time. But he said No, it would most likely die; and if it didn't, it would be because I had taken such good care of it, and, if there was any paying, it must be paid for by that careless boy of his. So the lamb died well; but before it got well, I had made up my mind what I would do with it, if it did. I did n't get a little girl that came and showed me her doll, because there was n't anybody talking to me, and that always has a pleasant word for everybody."

While Sarah was telling this story, Amy had crept up to her, and, looking up into her face, was listening in every word, holding the lamb's blue ribbon in her hand. But, at the last words, her face grew red and her eyes fell; it did n't seem to her quite right that she should have the lamb for nothing. If it had been for studying her lesson, or for mending her stockings!

"Now we must go home," said Robby, who

did n't like the moral, and who was very anxious to get the lamb out into the road, to see if it would run.

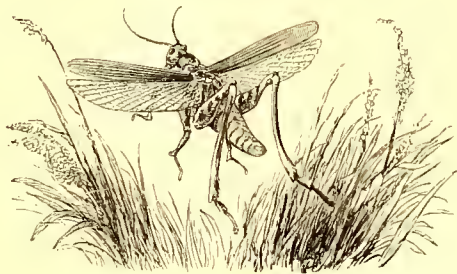
Then Sarah told Amy what to give it to eat, and what to drink, and exactly how to take care of it; and then she opened the gate for them. Amy, eager to get home and show mamma her treasure, had started forward two or three steps, when she remembered she had hardly said "thank you" to Sarah; and, turning back, she said, in a shy voice:

"I am very much obliged to you for the lamb. I think it is very nice. There is n't anything I'd have liked so well as it."

And to say good-bye, she timidly put out her hand. Old Sarah leaned down over the gate, and said:

"You don't want to kiss me for it, though, I suppose,—now do you?"

Amy put both her arms around the old woman's neck, and kissed her more than once. Old Sarah said, "God bless you!" and stood leaning on the gate and watching Amy as she ran down the road with her lamb, holding the blue ribbon in her hand.



THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY MARIE A. BROWN.

A GRASSHOPPER am I,
For the winter laid by,
No more hopping!
But I never would die,
Here I come, high and dry,
Hopping, hopping!

When the farmer sows rye,
You will see me quite spry,
Hopping, hopping!
I cannot learn to fly,
And so I never try,
But keep hopping!

My throat is very dry,
A big dew-drop I spy,
Hopping, hopping!
For dinner do I sigh,
After bugs I quickly hie,
Hopping, hopping!

For work I never cry,
Enough to do have I,
Hopping, hopping!
And if you'd care defy,
Just do the same as I,
Go to hopping!

ABOUT HERALDRY.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

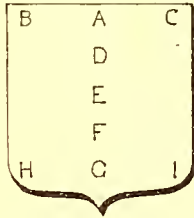
WHEN I was a little girl I used to see in my grandmother's house some old pictures, which, I was told, were coats-of-arms. One of them I should have described as three little black dogs, with gold collars, scampering over a silver ground. I have since learned that the right way to describe it is: "Argent, three greyhounds courant, in pale, sable, collared or; name, Moore."



MOORE.

Heraldry teaches everything that belongs to armorial bearings, and how to blazon, or explain, them in proper terms. Blazon is from the German word *blasen*, to blow a horn.

When a knight wished to enter the lists at a tournament, it was the duty of one of the attendant



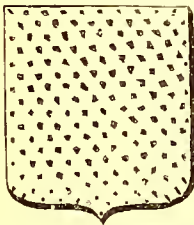
POINTS OF THE SHIELD.

A.—Middle chief. B.—Dexter chief. C.—Sinister chief. D.—Honor point. E.—Fess point. F.—Nombrell point. G.—Base point. H.—Dexter base. I.—Sinister base.

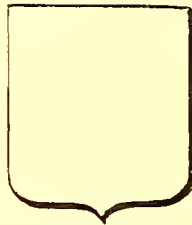
heralds to blow a horn, and then recount the brave deeds of the knight and describe his arms.

We call all the weapons used in battle arms, but in heraldry the word is applied to the crest, helmet, and shield.

The shield, or escutcheon, was the warrior's prin-



OR.

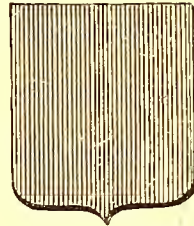


ARGENT.

cipal defense in combat. It was of various forms—round, square, triangular, heart-shaped, or oval.

In the early times of ignorance and barbarism the men most esteemed were those who were bravest in battle, and in order that these men and their actions should be known, each hero adopted or had bestowed upon him, some emblem; often a wild beast painted or embroidered on his shield or helmet. As an old writer says:

"They adorned their shields with the figures



GULES.

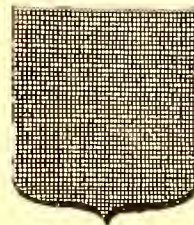


AZURE.

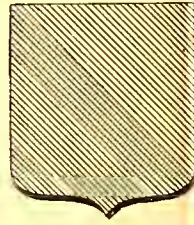
monsters and dreadful beasts, intending by the courage and strength of those creatures to represent the like in themselves."

The surface of the shield is called the field, because it contained honorable marks, gained upon the battle-field; as the arms of the family of Lloy "Or, four pallets gules." That is, a golden field with four marks of red upon it.

An ancestor of this family, after fighting valiantly, chanced to draw his hand, which was covered with



SABLE.



VERT.

blood, across his sword, leaving the marks of his four fingers upon it. His king seeing it, ordered him to bear the representation of the four marks upon his shield in memory of his valor.

The devices representing the brave acts achieved by the bearer are called armorial bearings, or achievements.

Everything drawn upon a shield is called a charge.

Above is a drawing of the "points of the shield." The shield is supposed to be carried by a warrior

the left arm. So the right, or dexter side, is at the right hand.

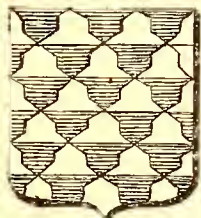
If a device be placed in the Middle Chief, it refers to the head of the bearer, and implies that his strength lies in his wisdom; if in the Dexter, or Sinister Chief, it represents a "badge of honor" appended to his right or left shoulder, the Dexter being more honorable than the Sinister.

A device placed in the Honor Point is most valued, as referring to the heart of the bearer. Next to this is the Fess Point, which refers to a

and the Saltier. The Sub-Ordinaries are diminutives of these; as, the Pallet, the Bendlet.



PURPURE.



VAIR.

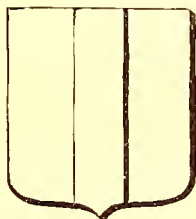
girdle or sash, in honor of some achievement in arms.

In representing shields of arms, metals, colors, and furs are used. The metals are gold, called *or*, and silver, *argent*. Or is represented by small dots, and argent by white. The colors are—red, *gules*; blue, *azure*; black, *sable*; green, *vert*; and purple, *purpure*. Gules is represented by perpendicular lines; azure, by horizontal, &c.

Of the furs, which represented the skins of beasts,



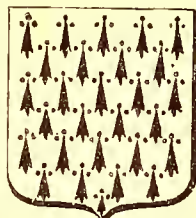
THE CHIEF.



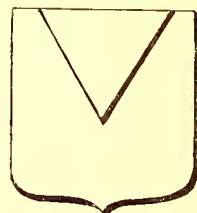
THE PALE.

with which the shields were covered in early times, there were originally but two—ermine and vair. Ermine is a white fur with black spots, and vair, supposed to be from the word *varied*, is made up of many skins of the gray and white squirrel put together in small shield-shaped pieces.

Then there are the Honorable Ordinaries and the Lesser, or Sub-Ordinaries. The Honorable Ordinaries are called so because often bestowed on a soldier on the battle-field as a reward or remembrance of his valor. There are nine of them—the Chief, the Pale, the Bend, the Bend Sinister, the Fess, the Chevron, the Pile, the Cross,



ERMINE.



THE PILE.

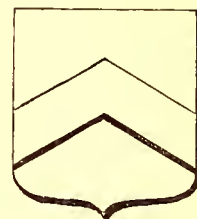
Many of the Ordinaries are representations of the strengthenings of the shield; as, clamps and braces.

The Chief is the upper third of the shield, divided by a horizontal line.

The Pale is a stripe from top to bottom, like one of the pales or palisades used for fortifications and for the enclosing of a camp. In the old times



THE FESS.



THE CHEVRON.

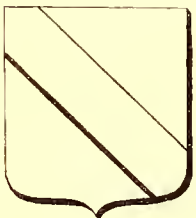
every soldier was obliged to carry one, and to fix it according to the lines drawn for the security of the camp.

The Bend is a band crossing diagonally from Dexter Chief to Sinister base, in imitation of the scarf.

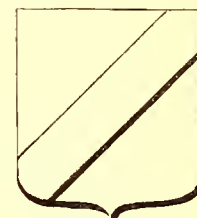
The Bend Sinister crosses from Sinister Chief to Dexter base.

The Fess is a horizontal bar across the middle of the field, representing a belt or girdle.

The Chevron is composed of two stripes coming



THE BEND.

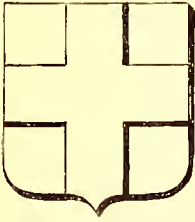


THE BEND SINISTER.

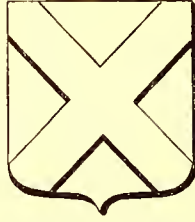
from the center of the shield, like the rafters of a roof.

The Pile is a triangular figure, like a wedge.

The Cross is the most esteemed of all the Ordinaries, and is composed of the Pale and the Fess crossing each other, as the Cross of St. George.



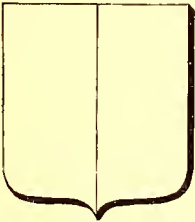
CROSS OF ST. GEORGE.



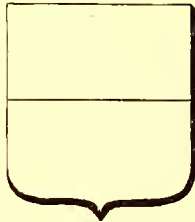
CROSS OF ST. ANDREW.

The Saltier, or Cross of St. Andrew, is a combination of the Bend and Bend Sinister. The Saltier is said to have been used by soldiers in scaling walls, or by horsemen in place of stirrups.

The shield may also be divided by partition lines, either straight, curved, or angular, as party per Pale, party per Fess. Party means parted. Party per Pale is when the field is divided by a perpendicular line from top to bottom, and party per Fess, by a horizontal line. There are many other partition lines, and they are said to represent fractures



PARTY PER PALE.



PARTY PER FESS.

in the shield, proving that the bearer had been in the hottest of the fight.

Coat-armors that consist of partition lines alone are generally ancient.

"What means this plainness?
Th' ancients plain did go;
Such ancient plainness, ancient
Race doth show."

Coats-of-arms were called *coats*, because they were embroidered on the surcoat worn over the coat-of-mail; and *arms*, because originally borne by armed men in war or tournament.

Sovereigns wore them on golden seals, and on the caparisons of their horses. A woman wore her father's coat-of-arms embroidered upon her kirtle, or skirt, and that of her husband upon her mantle. They were granted by sovereigns as marks of honor for loyal acts.

King Robert the Bruce gave the house of Winton a falling crown supported by a sword, to show

that they had upheld the Crown when it was in a distressed state.

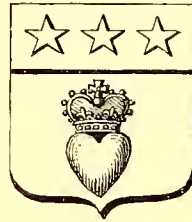
He who bore coat-armor was required to conduct himself like an honorable gentleman. The arms of traitors were reversed.

Coats-of-arms were sometimes assumed by the knights themselves, and often represented some personal peculiarity, or had some allusion to the name of the bearer.

The Castletons bore three castles; the Salmons three salmons; the Lamberts, three lambs.

These last were called *armes parlantes*, or allusive arms.

The heart surmounted by a crown, in the arms of the Douglasses, was in memory of Sir James Dou-



DOUGLAS ARMS.



LION RAMPANT.

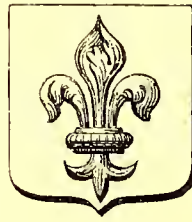
glas, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to deposit the heart of his king, Robert Bruce, in holy ground.

"The bloody heart was in the field,
And in the Chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglass blood."

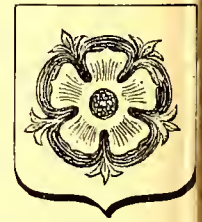
Stars of five points are called mullets, and represent the rowels of spurs.

Sir Simon Locard, who went with Sir James Douglas, and carried one of the keys of the silver casket which contained the heart, changed his name to Lockheart, and a human heart in the bottom of a padlock was added to his arms.

The arms of the Earls of Orkney were ships, for the reason that they were obliged to furnish a certain number of ships for the king's use.



FLEUR-DE-LIS.



ROSE OF HERALDRY.

Coats-of-arms were used among the Normans in battle to distinguish one from another, as the faces were hidden by their helmets, "that no No-

might perish by the hand of another." They were useful, too, in assisting in the recognition of the dead on the battle-field, as in their armor they looked much alike.

The *fleur-de-lis* is the lily of heraldry. The lion, king of beasts, was a favorite symbol. It was used by all who were in any way related to the king, and kings bestowed it upon their chosen followers.

Among birds, the eagle was most esteemed, and fishes, the dolphin.

In the time of the Crusades, when so many soldiers of different nations were assembled together, more emblems were needed. Every soldier who went to the Holy War wore the badge of the cross upon the right shoulder. And they added to their emblems the crescent, the scallop, the turban, and other devices.

There were many kinds of crosses. The Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew, the Cross of Malta, the Cross-croset, and many others.

The Cross-croset was often fitched, or pointed, on the lower part. It was carried by pilgrims on

In blazoning a coat-of-arms, the field is to be described first; then the divisions, if any, and the ordinaries, and last, the charges; as, azure, a lion rampant and Chief or, by the name of Dix.

That is, a field of blue, with a golden lion rampant and a Chief of gold.

Besides the shield and the symbols and devices placed upon it, there are other objects belonging



SCALLOP.



CRESCENT.

to armorial bearing. These are the external ornaments,—the Helmet, the Wreath, the Crest, the Mantling, the Motto, and the Supporters.

The Helmet is placed just above the shield, and was made of leather or of thin metal, often representing the head of a wild beast or bird.

The Wreath is of twisted silk of two colors; and was worn by ancient knights as a head-dress at tournaments, in imitation of the turbans of the Saracens.

The Crest, the highest part, is generally some part of the coat-armor of the bearer, or assumed in memory of some event in the family history.

Once when an English knight overthrew two foreign knights at a tournament, his king was so pleased that he gave him a ring, telling him to add it to his Crest, which is now a lion rampant, holding in his dexter paw a ring.

The Mantling represents the piece of cloth or leather worn over the helmet to protect it from wet, and it was often hacked in pieces by the sword of



EAGLE.

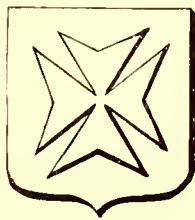


DOLPHIN.

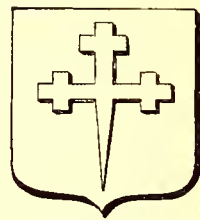
his journeys, and could be fixed in the ground so that they might perform their devotions by the seaside.

As coats-of-arms became more numerous, different knights took the same devices, and the different coats-of-arms came to be so much alike that it made confusion. Then strict laws were made, regulating the attitudes of the animals and the number and position of the charges. For example, one knight might display upon his shield a lion rampant, that standing up ready for combat—the most honorable position for the lion. On another there might be a lion guardant, that is, with the face turned roundwise looking round to observe the enemy; or a lion passant, having the head turned backward, as if going on his followers; or passant, walking cautiously, as though searching for the enemy.

When a knight died, a black frame covered with wax, with his arms represented upon it, was placed, with one of its corners uppermost, on the front of his house, and was afterward set up in the church or near to the grave. This was called a tomb-stone.



CROSS OF MALTA.



CROSS CROSET (FITCHED).

the enemy. The more it was cut and mutilated, the more honorable it was.

The Motto was inscribed upon a ribbon or scroll, and is supposed to have originated in the ancient war-cries and the watchwords employed in camps and garrisons.

The motto of the family of Dix is "*Quod dixi, dixi*"—"What I have said, I have said."

When the knights were about to enter the lists at a tournament, their banners or shields were held by their pages, disguised in the forms of animals, standing on their hind legs and supporting the shield with their paws. This is supposed to be the origin of Supporters. For example, we have the lion and the unicorn in the English arms.

Some American boys and girls may think that

the study of heraldry can be of no advantage to the people of a republic. But apart from the fact that we ought to know something about a subject which has been, and still is, considered of so great importance in other countries, and which is continually referred to in English literature, we should be able to understand the arms of our several States as well as many other heraldic symbols which are used for ornamental and other purposes even in our own country.

THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

Now all ye tearful children, come and listen while I tell
About the little fairy folk, and what to them befell;
And how three little fairies sat them down, one Summer day,
And cried among the grasses till the others flew away.

They flew away, bewildered, for it gave them such a fright
To see the fairies crying with the jolly sun in sight;
And so they left them all alone, and there they sat, and cried
Six little streams of fairy tears, that trickled side by side.

And looking down, the laughing sun among the drops did pass,
And he laid a little rainbow beside them on the grass.
Then quickly rose the fairies and clapped their gleeful hands—
"We've found the brightest skipping-rope in all the fairy lands."

And there they jumped their tears away, and jumped their dimples in;
And jumped until their laughter came—a tinkling, fairy din.
What! you say you don't believe it, you saucy little elf?
Then run and get your skipping-rope, and try it for yourself!

THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

ON the opposite page is a picture of the "Cradle of Noss," about which "Jack-in-the Pulpit" talked to the children last month. The birds do not seem very friendly to the man in the Cradle; and, indeed, they have no reason to like him, for he has been robbing them of their eggs. As one might im-

agine from the multitude of birds, there are many eggs on these great tall rocks that some of them can be spared very well; but for all that, the scene looks like one that might rouse the spirit of true Bird-defenders, if there are any such in the Shetland Islands, where this Cradle is used.



THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GRAND-NIECES.

BY ELSIE GORHAM.

AUNT DEBBY had gone to the sewing-circle, else Mrs. Jarley's wax-works would not have been progressing so finely, you may be sure. Aunt Debby, in the warm summer afternoons, always took a nap in the lower bedroom. But on this particular golden afternoon nobody could have got a wink of sleep in any of the bedrooms, upstairs or down-stairs, so very great was the uproar of Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures.

Aunt Debby, quilting vigorously at the town-hall on a missionary quilt, little dreamed of the small Goths and Vandals, her grand-nieces and nephews, ransacking in her precious attic and dragging its treasures down into the best bedroom, for their own delight and the delight of their hastily gathered little friends and neighbors.

The best bedroom, barred and bolted, had been in a state of siege for an hour or two. Plum Packard and her little brother Pell took turns hammering at the door with knuckle and toe, and in hoarse roars of "Lem me in! lem me in!"

But Mrs. Jarley and the riotous wax figures, secure in the strength of the old oaken door and clumsy bolt, only derided the besiegers, and finally bade them go rock themselves to sleep, like good babies, till the 'formances should begin!

"Babies!" howled Plum, throwing herself flat on the floor, in very rage and weariness, her disheveled hair rippling and rolling around her.

"Babith!" echoed Pell, who was seldom original.

Then he went on dismally grinding his tearless eyes with his very grimy knuckles.

"I'm as big as Jenny Pickman!" roared Plum, in tones meant to pierce a particular ear on the other side of the best bedroom door. "She's going to be a wax figger."

"How do you know she is?" piped a voice from the bedroom.

"'Cause our Pell pecked under the door and saw her dressed up like an old woman with a spinning-wheel. O wont she catch it when——"

"Yeth! I pecked and I thaw!" screamed little Pell, his great black eyes twinkling with excitement, and every little round curl on his head shaking nervously. "Wont the cath it!"

At this, a loud laugh and a laugh all together

came from the inconsequent wax figures, and the din of preparation went on more noisily than ever.

Plum was now quite beside herself with anger, being so persistently barred out, forgetting that she had been turned out of the bedroom because of "the mischiefs and bothers" she had made. She began to kick and pommel the floor, crying out that it was a "mean shame!"

"Yeth, a mean thame!" agreed Pell, his mouth in a tremulous pucker and a great tear splashing over his mottled little nose.



"LIKE AN OLD WOMAN WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL."

He stooped compassionately to disentangle Plum's buttons from her long floating hair.

"I don't b'lieve mamma would thay you're the ting me a good thample. Would the, Plum?"

He fell on his frayed hands and knees, and peered into Plum's ruby face for an answer.

"Peletiah Packard, I don't believe she would!" replied Plum, in very subdued tones, brought to her senses by the pleading eyes and the sweet breath blown over her cheeks from Pell's rosy little mouth. That she, Plum, should be leading dear little Pell in the ways of bad temper, quite sobered her. "This is the very last time I'm ever in the world going to behave so."

"The vewy lath time!" chimed in Pell, sweetly, as trust in Plum as serene as if he had not heard her make and break the same promise fifty times before.

"Let's go up to the garret," said Plum, sitting erect now, and smoothing her disordered dress. Come, Pell, and we'll have a good time all by our own two selves. Who cares for their old wax-roses?"

Pell, nothing loth, was dragged briskly toward the attic stairs, and had just crowed out, in a croaked, breathless fashion:

"Who careth? Leth——"

Just then, Plum, whisking him round a corner, hurled him, nose first, against the banisters.

Plum was now all tenderness and pity. Rushing to the nearest chamber, she pulled a pretty frilled tam from the bed and a pitcher of water from the stand, and began to sop the bruised little feature, looking ruefully now at the swollen nose and then at the pitcher, the handle of which she had broken in her haste.

Every other minute she stopped to hug Pell, and assure him his nose was better now.

But every other minute Pell roared in reply, "No, no, it th badder!"

Plum burst into tears at last, and flung down the yellow-sham in despair.

"O dear me, Pell Packard, what *shall* I do? 's grown 'most as big as a turnip."

"Oh, bigger! bigger!" sobbed Pell, measuring his nose with his thumbs; "big as a cheeth!"

"You hush a minute, Pell, dear," called out Plum, brightening. "I'll put on a paper plaster to it, and then it wont grow another mite, 'cept the other way—smaller."

Plum flew to upset the waste-basket, and, leaving the contents scattered about on the closet floor, ran breathlessly back with a jagged bit of brown paper, which she stuck, with much assurance, on the little turned, imploring nose of half-doubting Pell.

"You *thure*, now, it wont make it grow big 'thter?" entreated Pell.

"You goose, you know you feel it growing lither," asserted Plum, so positively that Pell, at length half-convinced, whispered:

"I gueth I do, Plum."

Triumphant Plum, well pleased, cried out:

"Come upstairs, and we'll have fun now."

Snatching up Pell, and "boosting," dropping, dragging him by turns, she bounced him down at last rather suddenly in the middle of the sloping attic.

"O my!" he exclaimed, with his eyes and mouth round with astonishment, you never would have known him for Pell Packard.

If you had seen Aunt Debby's attic, all littered

with old dresses, and the trunk-tops all standing open, and the bags and boxes tumbled round, you would n't wonder Pell's eyes and mouth were in such a pucker.

He knew just how orderly and nice it always was there, with the great trunks in a solemn row, all winking at little boys with their millions of brass eyes.

He knew, for he used to go up there rainy afternoons with Plum, and play "chariot of fire" in the old copper warming-pan. All his small fingers and toes were not enough to count the number of times they had quarreled in settling who should be "Lijah" and who should be "horses."

He knew, for after they had done playing "ark" in the meal-chest in the corner, Plum and he taking turns being Noah, and his little dog Frisk figuring as pairs of all the animals in turns from the camel to the bumble-bee, Pell was very careful to put the meal-chest back straight against the wall, just as the trunks and boxes all stood. O, but Plum and he never touched the trunks.

For this reason: One of their cousins had told them, in strict confidence, the tale of a parrot who had got shut up in one of the trunks once, a good while ago, before hardly anybody was born. So he had to die, and his feathers were, by and by, all that was left of him. But if you put your ear down to the keyhole, you could hear them saying, "Polly wants a cracker," just exactly the same as if they had a stomach to put things into.

The children ever after took good care to play a long way off from the trunks.

"O my!" thought Pell, aghast, "who could 'a' darth to open thethe?"

"Only just look here, Pell," cried Plum, pouncing in ecstasy on an old squirrel-skin cape.

The naughty little wax figures and prying Mrs. Jarley, searching for costumes, had boldly tossed it out of its nice box.

"I'll dress up in it, and I'll be a tiger—oh, how splendid!—and I'll play I have claws!"

"No, no!" stoutly roared terrified Pell.

"A dear little pussy-cat, then," conceded Plum, rolling herself up in the fur and running round on all fours, mewing.

Pell, alarmed lest pussy should take him for a mouse, or big rat perhaps, scrambled up on a soap-box, and announced shrilly that he was a little boy. "I ith nuffin—only Pell."

"Come right down, then, and tie on the dust-brush to me. How can I be a cat without I have a good long tail?"

"I want to be thumfin!" sniffled Pell, without stirring from his perch.

"Be a canary-bird," suggested Plum, mewing fearfully.

"Cath eat birdth!" quavered Pell.

"Play they did n't," coaxed the ready Plum. "Play they loved each other ever so much, and always went all about the world together in pairs ever since they got mixed up coming out of the ark."

"O yeth," agreed Pell, delighted. "Canawieth are made out of feverth. Where ith thum?"

"I do wish you ever could find anything for yourself, and not be so plaguy and bothering, Pell," replied Plum, pettishly casting her cat-skin.

Pell, accused of being plaguy and bothering, fell to weeping noisily.

"Hush this minute, Pell Packard. If you don't, I'll make an owl of you instead of a canary-bird." Shuddering, Pell hushed in a twinkling.

Plum's quick eye had espied some "jolly" hen's feathers sticking out of the corner of an old bolster. Yes, jolly was just what she thought them—only thought; she did n't say it, for she was not allowed to call things jolly, except such as were really jolly.

Her quick hands had seized the bottle of mucilage standing near on a brown old rafter.

"Now, Pell, darling, shut your eyes and your mouth, while I make you into a bird."

But Pell kept a corner of one eye open, though his mouth was screwed up very close indeed. Plum laid on the mucilage thick and recklessly, and pleased little Pell saw himself rapidly bristling with feathers.

"You'll want wings, you know," wheedled Plum, who saw objections in Pell's now wide open eyes.

Without further parley, she decked little Pell's shoulders with two dusty turkey-wings.

"Fot am I," he inquired, dubiously,—"*am I a owl?*"

"No, the loveliest canary-bird."

Plum slipped into the cape again, and happy little Pell, his doubts all dispelled, tied on the dust-brush, to Plum's entire satisfaction. Pussy agreed to tell stories of all the mice she had caught, and birdie of all the worms he had gobbled, when a call was heard from below that the wax-works were going to begin, and spectators must be in their seats.

Pell looked at his feathered sack.

"We've just as much right to dress up as they," asserted Plum, with a defiant toss of the head, while she gathered her cat-skin in her arms preparatory to going down. "I'll go in it mewling, and you, Pell, go in whistling. They wont stop to push us out if they want to, they will all be in such a hurry to begin. You look beautiful, Pell," declared Plum, by way of encouragement to Pell, who was gazing askance at his feathers.

So down went the audience, and saw the best bedroom door wide open at last, sheets curtaining

off most of the room, and Biddy, the cook, perched up in a chair as close as she could get to the sheets.

"Sinses!" remarked Biddy, uneasily, as she saw the funny little figures coming through the door. "Sich quare little bastes intirely!"

"I ith n't Pell now; I'th a canary-bird," announced Pell, flopping his turkey-wings, and pointing to his feathery breast.

Further explanations were drowned in the roar that came from behind the curtains,—for any number of little eyes had been peeping through the holes which small fingers had torn in the sheets to view the entrance of Plum and Pell.

Mrs. Jarley's shrill, small voice was heard trying vainly to restore order. From the outcries, it would seem as if she had fallen bodily on the wax figures, and was pommeling them back to their places.

Soon her head, bonneted in Aunt Debby's huge old satin structure, was thrust out angrily from between the sheets, and, shaking a tattered umbrella at the offenders, she called out:

"If you don't stop that mewling, and take off those things, Plum Packard, I'll come right out and —"

She brandished the umbrella so fiercely that Plum in a second was sitting up, primly expectant in the spectators' seat, with Pell beside her, trying to hide his feathers and wings under her over skirt.

Biddy, meantime, had set up a long wail over the doings of "thim impish little Packards," and with arms akimbo, was standing up and prophesying to Pell of a judgment to come when his mother should return.

"Stop, wont you now, Biddy McClure," commenced small Mrs. Jarley, through the parted sheets.

A bell rang, the curtains were drawn, and Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures stood revealed.

Little Fanny Worthington, as "Mrs. Jarley," in Aunt Debby's trailing skirt and sweeping Shetland shawl, was almost buried under the feathers and flowers and lace of the big bonnet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, curtsying to Plum and Pell and Biddy, "I'm Mrs. Jarley and these are my beautiful wax statues," pointing with her umbrella anywhere but at the giggling little group behind her. "Once they were alive and famous; now they're turned to wax and famouser. When they are wound up they all begin to do just as they used to. I'm going to wind them pretty soon, and so you'll see all about it.

"This, ladies, is the Cardiff giant. He's a little short in the arms, but his legs are lovely long, and his head, you see, is beautiful and big. Ther

ere no naughty little boys left where he lived, for ate one every night for his supper, till they were gone, and so then he starved to death and med to wax."

Mrs. Jarley looked hard at Pell, as if to say it is lucky for him the giant had n't lived in his neighborhood; and the giant looked so hard at Pell from under his great wig, that Pell quaked under his feathers.

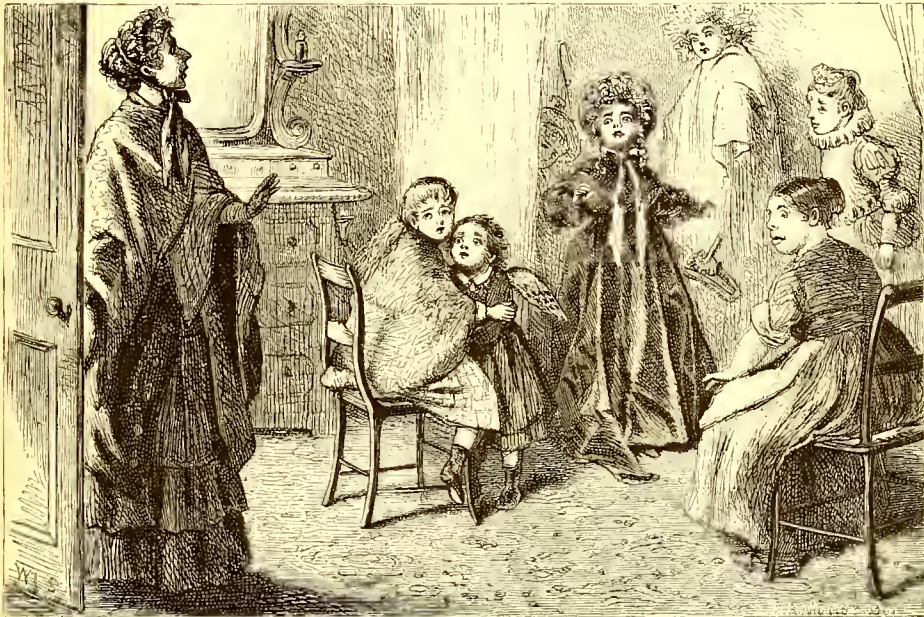
But then he need n't, for the giant was only like Pickman standing on a high chair, wrapped in a sheet which swept the floor, her face all flour, and a big tow wig on her head.

"Tip-top, thin, arltogether," was Biddy's opinion of the fine paper ruff.

"'T is n't proper for you to talk, Biddy," quoth Mrs. Jarley, tripping over her shawl ends.

"And this is Robersing Crusier, mending his stockings, because he's on a desert island where there's nobody else that knows how to. And this is the cross schoolmistress, that liked to have got put into jail; and this one is the good little girl she shook 'most to pieces. Now, I can't wait to tell you about the rest; I'm going to wind them all up."

Just as Mrs. Jarley began this performance, a



AUNT DEBBY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.

"When he's wound up," went on Mrs. Jarley, slyly, pointing at the giant with her umbrella, "his giant, this Cardiff giant, he opens his mouth say 'more,' which means 'more boys,' because he likes the taste of naughty oncs. But he can't say 'more,' because he's wax; he only opens his mouth. Oh, now you need n't begin till you're wound up. Do you hush!" The giant thus reproved shut his mouth very sulkily.

"And this is 'Bopeep,' who has lost her sheep. When she's wound up, she keeps looking over her shoulder to find 'em."

"And this is Queen Elizabeth, who cut off Mary Queen of Scots's head. She did other things besides, when she was alive; but that's all the things she does now, when she's wound up. Is n't her face lovely? I made it."

VOL. II.—28.

shrill voice was heard in the doorway, and the Roman nose and eagle eyes of Aunt Debby peered in.

Mrs. Jarley, in her fright, dropped the watchman's-rattle with which she was noisily winding up the Cardiff giant. The little wax figures would fain have flown out of the door if there had been another than the one in which Aunt Debby was standing.

"Pretty times, I should think! Plum Packard, where did you get this cape?" laying ungentle hands on quaking little Plum, who sat near.

"And this, and this, and this?"

Aunt Debby's voice rose higher and higher, as she brusquely disrobed Mrs. Jarley of bonnet and shawl and skirt.

"We thought you would n't mind," ventured the Cardiff giant, getting down out of the chair in

such a hurry as grievously to rend the sheet which represented his marble proportions.

"U-ugh! one of my best Hollands," gasped Aunt Debby, in a half-smothered shriek. "Don't come near my nice alpaca, Susie Pickman, with your floury face and wig!"

The Cardiff giant retreated.

"You don't mind *very* much, though, do you, auntie?" wheedled Mrs. Jarley, pushing away the golden tangles of hair from her two beseeching eyes.

Rigid Aunt Debby softened visibly under the glances of this her beloved grand-niece, and she said, much more mildly:

"If you had only asked me, Fanny, before I went out, I would have brought you all you wanted for your play. But to go marauding round, the minute my back was turned, upsetting the attic and the house generally, is not what I expected of *you*, Fanny, at any rate."

"I know we ought not to have been so thoughtless and naughty, Aunt Debby; but if we never will do so again, wont you forgive us this time?" pleaded Fanny.

Aunt Debby's glance just then fell on little Pell.

"What *have* you been doing, Pell?" She twirled him round for inspection. "Oh, it's a mercy to you I'm not your mother just now! Oh, it is!" Twirls him again. "I would put you through a course of spankings you would remember."

"No, you would n't dares'ter," retorted irreverent Pell, whose blood was up at being thus publicly shamed. "You'd better go up ga-wit and the what thumbbody eltheth been doing up there."

Pell shrugged his turkey-wings as Aunt Debby darted off at his suggestion, and the children, sad but if not wiser for this hour of mischief, brought their wax-works to a sudden close.

THE FEAST OF FLAGS.

BY W. E. GRIFFIS.

If you were in Japan during the first week in May, you would see huge fishes made of paper flying in the air. Every Japanese family, in which there are boys, plants a tall bamboo pole in the ground. To the top of the pole is hung a large paper representation of a carp. The fish is held to the pole by a piece of cord fastened in its gills. It is made hollow, so that the breeze will fill it out full and oval like a real carp. There it swims in the air from morning till night for a week or more. To-day, while I am writing this in Yeddo, all over the city you can see these carp, some of them twenty feet long, tugging at their lines like fish with baited hooks in their mouth. There must be thousands of them.

What are they for? They are put up in honor of the boys. If a boy-baby has been born in a Japanese house during the year, the *nobori*, as the paper fish is called, is sure to be hoisted. Even if there are boys in the house several years old, the *nobori* is usually raised.

How curious! Why do the Japanese hoist the *nobori*? The reason is this: The carp, or *koi*, as the Japanese call it, is a strong fish that lives in rivers and can leap high out of the water. It can jump over rocks; it can swim against a strong

current; it can snap up flies in the air; it can leap up high enough to mount over waterfalls. So you see it can overcome most of the difficulties that lie in a carp's way.

Now the Japanese father thinks this is what a boy ought to be able to do—to mount over a waterfall, to face every danger. Hence, the paper fish is the symbol of a boy's youth and manhood. Every proud father who has a boy-baby hoists the *nobori*. When the boy-baby is old enough, he hoists it himself.

You see much more than these big paper fishes at the Feast of Flags in May. If you look in the shops of Yeddo or Fukui during the first week in May, you will see ever so many nice toys such as the Japanese boys play with. There are hundreds of big paper fishes, and thousands of flags. Japanese flags are long and narrow, and not like ours. You will not see any dolls such as the girls play with. Instead of these are thousands of splendidly dressed images of Japanese generals, captains and heroes, all in armor, with spears in their hands and swords in their belts, and bows and arrows at their backs. They have helmets on their heads, and sandals on their feet. Some are on foot, others are on horseback. Then there are all kinds of toy animals

ide of silk, such as monkeys, cows and oxen, and boars which the hunters kill, together with mats, houses, banner-stands, and racks for spears and arrows made of wood. Such toys as these are sold only in the months of April and May, just as the girls' toys for the Feast of Dolls are sold only in February and March. When we see these boys' toys for sale, we know that the Feast of Flags is near at hand.

Now, when I told you about Komme and Lugi and the Feast of Dolls, I said they had two brothers. The story is about these two boys.

The older one was nine years old at the time of the story. His name was Fukutaro. That means "Happy first-born son." He was not the oldest child of his father, but he was his first son. The younger of the sons, and the youngest of the family, was named Rokuni, which means "six-month," because the little fellow was born on the second day of the sixth month, as the Japanese reckon—on the second of June, as we reckon.

Ever since Fukutaro was born, the *nobori* had been hoisted, and the Feast of Flags celebrated in the house. Now, this year, father and mother had two sons, and Fukutaro would have a companion to play with, though he was still very little.

"Wife," said the Japanese papa one evening at supper-time when eating his rice, "we must buy a *nobori* and flags for little Rokuni to-morrow, and get a new spear and an image of Yoritomo for Fukutaro. Will you attend to it?"

"I will do so to-morrow." Mr. Tanaka, who keeps the toy-shop, sent me word that he had just received a lot of new toys and *nobori* from the *do*."

"And Fukutaro, can you hoist the *nobori* yourself, if Ginzo puts up the pole for you?"

"O yes! May I, father? And let baby see it, please! And you said you would buy me a new spear, and Yoritomo on horseback for me. I am so glad. Now my set will be as complete as my Cousin Yonosuke's. Thank you, thank you."

So, when the evening of the fourth of May came, the toys and images used in former years were taken out of the fire-proof storehouse, and were arranged in the same room in which the girls' Feast of Dolls had been celebrated. Outside of the house in the garden the man-servant Ginzo had planted a strong bamboo pole, thirty feet high, with a pulley and rope.

The fifth of May was a lovely day. When Fukutaro woke up, he rushed into the room to see his new spear and his image of Yoritomo, the famous general, on horseback. And when little Rokuni, with his face washed and head shaved, and in a new dress, was brought in, he crowed with

delight at the banner-stand and helmet, and the little *nobori* his father had bought for him. He wanted to crawl up to the helmet to put it on, and to wave one of the flags.

"Wait, Rokuni," said Fukutaro; "let us hoist the *nobori*. Come all and see it."

All—father and mother, Komme and Lugi—went out into the garden. Little Rokuni climbed up on nurse's back, and was carried out pick-a-back to be present with the rest.

"There is a good breeze to-day, and the *nobori* will hang out stiffly, just as prettily as if it were swimming in the Ashiwa River. Here, Rokuni, look!"

With this, Fukutaro caught hold of the free end of the rope. The other was attached to opposite sides of a round hoop that held the paper fish's mouth open.

The big black paper fish was fifteen feet long, and had a mouth large enough to swallow Jonah, with a body wide enough to board and lodge him for a week. As it rose in the air, the breeze caught the fish, and it floated out beautifully and flapped its tail as if alive.

"There, it's up!" cried Fukutaro, while Rokuni crowed and almost danced himself off his nurse's back, making a complete wreck of her nicely balanced head-dress.

Komme and Lugi, one on each side, had to hug him to keep him in order.

"I am going up on the fire look-out to see the other *nobori*," said Fukutaro; and up he climbed into the tower which stood near the house, and which was used for watching fires. "Splendid!" said he, as he looked from the top over the city. "I can count one, two—ten—twenty—fifty—a hundred— Well, I cannot finish counting the big fishes. Many of them are new, too."

In every direction the big paper fishes were flying in the wind, tugging at their lines as if alive. Some were old, and the lively breeze had blown the fins and tails to tatters, and rent many a hole in their bodies; but most of them were whole, and wriggled their fins and tails like real fishes.

I have not yet told you anything about the toys. When Fukutaro got tired of looking at the *nobori*, he came down to play. I shall tell you first about Rokuni's banner-stand and helmet. In Japan, every Japanese gentleman buys his son a toy helmet, to remind him that he may be a soldier some time, and therefore he must always be brave. Japanese helmets have a curious vizor, like a mask, and a long fringe of hair around the sides, and horns in front—I suppose to frighten enemies. On the banner-stand in the picture, the first pole has a round and gilded ball of plaited bamboo. The *nobori* hangs to it. On the second and sixth

poles are large round plumes of silvery horse-hair, like those carried in Japanese parades and processions.

Next, is a picture of Shoki. Shoki was a famous fellow, very rough and stout, with a big sword, with which he is supposed to kill all the wild beasts, wicked men, and whatever will hurt good little boys. He is a sort of "Jack, the Giant-killer," only he is a giant himself.

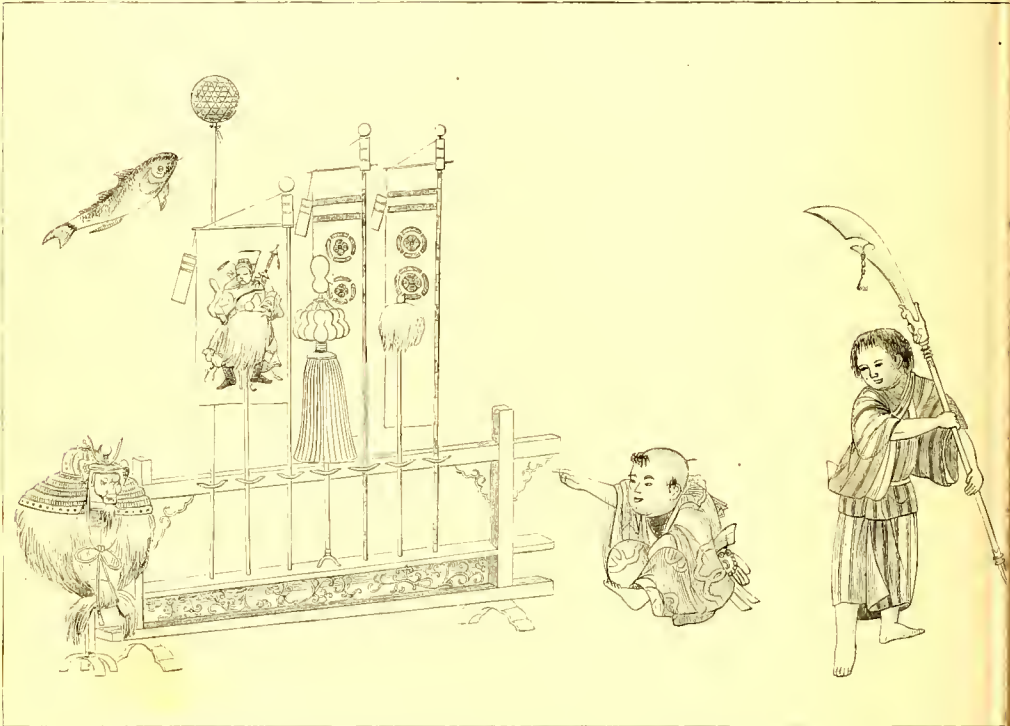
On the fourth pole is Taiko's banner. Taiko was the greatest general Japan ever had. In his first battle, he stuck a gourd (a kind of double mock-

pretty toys set out for Fukutaro. There was a fine image of Jigo Kogo, in armor—the brave queen who wore a sword like a man, led an army, and conquered Corea.

Next came her great son, Hachiman, who was also a famous warrior.

The old men in gray beards were the wise men who gave counsel to the war-queen Kogo. There was an image of Shoki, a foot high; and that of Taiko on horseback, with his armor and spear, was nearly two feet high.

Then there was a hunting-ground among the



ROKUNI'S BANNER-STAND. (FROM A DRAWING BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.)

orange) on the top of a pole. Every time he won a victory he added another gourd beneath it, till his pole was full. All his enemies were afraid, but his friends were cheered, whenever Taiko's banner of gourds was seen. Beneath the gourds, which are gilt, are long strips of shining white paper. Every Japanese boy likes to have Taiko's banner of golden gourds.

The fifth and seventh banners are like those of the prince whom Fukutaro's ancestors served. The two round figures on the banners are the crests or family coat-of-arms of the prince.

But this one banner-stand, bought expressly for little Rokuni, was scarcely a tenth part of all the

mountains, where Yoritomo and his warriors hunted the wild boar. There were other splendid toys representing Yoshitsune Kintaro, and the great men and famous boys, of whom all Japanese story books tell, and of whom every boy in Japan knows well. Some time I shall tell you some pleasant stories about them; but now their names are strange for you to be interested in them.

It was a good long day for Fukutaro. When he had played with his flags and banners and imagined he went out in the garden and shot arrows at a target. He had a splendid silver-tipped bow, and long steel-headed arrows made of cherry wood with red and white feathers. He was such a great

ot that he could easily hit a fern-leaf at twenty
et.

In the afternoon, Fukutaro went over to see his
o cousins who lived on the south side of the river.
ere the three boys played "Yoritomo hunting
e wild boar," and the "Battle of Genji and Heiki,"
ing soldiers made of straw to shoot at with their
rows, which had real iron heads on them.

When Fukutaro fell asleep that night, what do
you think he dreamed about! Well, he was walk-
ing along a brook, near a waterfall, and he saw a
carp leap clear up out of the water, and over the
falls. Happy as a lark, he told his dream the next
day to his father, who said:

"Good, my son! So may you mount over all
difficulties."

A LIVE METEOR.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

WE sat up one night last summer to watch the
of the meteors. It paid, although we were all
ier drowsy the next afternoon. I sat at the
ary window which opened upon the veranda,
ere the children were grouped, each with special
upation, trying to while the languid hours away.
y was embroidering a startling initial in bright
ayr upon German canvas; Ned was whittling
e-straws; and Bert was tinkering away at a
iderful dissecting-map of his own invention.
le Beverly, who had been swinging in the
umock, after a lazy habit acquired in the Malay-
Archipelago or the Antilles (for Uncle Bev was a
less traveler), laughed as Bert yawned fearfully
the twenticth time since luncheon.

"Poor little chicks," he said, teasingly. "*Would*
sit up all night star-gazing, and are they *so*
py?"

Bert answered in aggrieved tones:

"Can't a person stretch himself without being
oy, I wonder?"

Uncle Bev suddenly became very grave, and
e reply:

"I suppose a person can; and I hope all persons
pardon my too hasty inferences. I was only
nding to propose, in case anybody owned to
ng sleepy, you know, to waken such a one with
story of the splendid streaming meteor I once
in New Guinea. But of course if there's no
—"

"Oh," cried Lucy eagerly, "tell us, please: *I'm*
eepy as can be."

"So am I," Ned chimed in; for Uncle Bev was a
-teller not to be despised. Moreover, in his
ings through many lands, he observed the
s that he saw. It is not every one who travels,

or who bides at home, that does this. Bert flung
away his map, flipped a peanut at Poll, who, hop-
ping on one foot, eyed it in disgust, and croaked in
melancholy tones: "Take it away! take it away!"
and then, yawning again, our oldest owned that
sitting up nights for shooting-stars was not a bit
jolly next day, adding cutely:

"Did *you* find it so, Uncle Bev?"

"I did n't sit up for them," Uncle Bev replied.
"I saw mine while sleeping in the daytime, or
rather when just awaking from a morning nap,
after an unsuccessful night hunt."

"Oh now," cried Lucy incredulously, "a meteor
by daylight!"

"Yes; and a live one at that," persisted Uncle
Bev, "and cawed like a crow,—a refined, ethereal-
ized crow,—and summoned a dozen or so of its
kind, who all bathed in a pool close by, and then
fluttered up to the low-spreading branches of a
neighboring teak-tree, where they disported them-
selves in a most bewitching manner as they made
their toilets."

"Uncle Bev!" exclaimed Lucy, "is that all a
riddle?"

"Yes," laughed the story-teller. "Give it up?
Paradisea Apoda."

"Oh, now I know all about it," cried Bert,
brightening up. "Bird-o'-paradise! has n't any
feet; lives on the wing, and feeds on dew; raises
its young on the shoulders of the male bird, and
comes from the Garden of Eden. When it wants
to rest it hangs itself to a tree-limb by its tail
feathers."

How Uncle Bev laughed!

"Bless my life! what a surprising quantity of
knowledge, and of what surprising quality. A

great bird-of-paradise with no feet! A native Papuan would tell you that its feet and legs are of great size and very strong. How this old notion first originated I can't say. I've heard that the bird-hunters who sold them in Batavia and Singapore used to cut off their legs in order to enhance the value, by making the birds appear to be footless."

"I'm sure the name '*Apoda*' ——" began Bert.

"Is a relic of the old superstition," continued Uncle Bev. "The naturalist who retained this absurd designation probably thought more of distinguishing an already recognized species than of perpetuating a fallacy. Then, as to the living on dew, well, the insects of Papua and the Arroo Islands and that very old teak-tree could tell a truer tale. I have seen the lovely tamed birds of my friend, Mr. Sales, eat boiled rice and eggs and plantain. Indeed, many a choice bit of fruit have I tossed them, and learned in the exercise of feeding the birds to be quite skillful as a tosser, for if by chance any bit fell to the bottom of the cages, instead of into the open bill, the birds will not come down for it at risk of soiling their exquisite plumage, for of all creatures birds-of-paradise are the most daintily cleanly."

"And don't they come from Eden?" asked Bert, ruefully. "Is the whole of the name a fraud?"

"Possibly the species was known to Adam and Noah," said Uncle Bev. "They are certainly beautiful enough to have adorned the gardens of the terrestrial Paradise, but I think at the present day one may search for them with hope of success only in the Malaysian Archipelago. During the dry weather of the north-west monsoon many of these birds, flying in flocks of thirty or forty, led by a leader, as our geese fly, leave Papua for the Arroo Islands, lying to the west. They return during the south-east monsoon. On account of their peculiar plumage they always face the wind, whether flying or sitting. A sudden change of wind confuses them, and often dashes them to the ground. Mr. Sales captured several of his specimens in one of these shiftings of the wind."

"Why is a bird-of-paradise like a meteor?" asked Ned, for all the world in the tone of one putting a conundrum. Uncle Bev, however, remembered his styling it a splendid streaming meteor, and answered:

"As I opened my eyes that memorable morning upon the enchanting spectacle, I could liken it to nothing that would so nearly illustrate the brilliancy of its glancing beauty as it streamed before my surprised and delighted vision."

"Did you not try to catch it?" asked Lucy.

"No; for before I could recover from my first surprise my meteor uttered a few short, happy melodious notes, followed by a sharp, quick *car* and lo, a whole bevy of the superb creatures can glancing down, and plunged into the waters of the pool, and then I began to realize that if I kept perfectly motionless I should have the chance I had most longed for since coming to New Guinea—witnessing the bird-of-paradise performing his morning ablutions.

"In order to make my account of the apoda in peculiar manner of making his toilet, I will first describe to you as well as I can the peculiarity of the plumage of this variety of the species. The whole family of birds-of-paradise is noted for their wondrous beauty and lustrousness of the rich and varied coloring, and the gem-like glittering of their splendid metallic tints. This picture in my portfolio of the red bird-of-paradise represents another bird of this family, that closely resembles the apoda in its general form and in the arrangement of its plumage.

"The apoda has no crest like that which you notice on the head of this bird, and the plumes on the sides of the apoda are of different colors, ranging from yellow to purple, while those of the other are of a magnificent red, giving it the name of the ruby, or red bird-of-paradise. In other respects the two are very much alike.

"The plumage of the head, neck, and throat of the apoda is dense and short, resembling the velvet of the richest velvet. The hue of the feathers on the bill and face is black, changing to green; that of those on the throat, front half of neck, and upper part of the breast is of the rarest emerald green; that of the back of the neck, shoulders, and top of the head is of a light golden yellow, while that of the back, wings, and tail is of a bright chocolate color. The plumage of the lower breast is of a reddish chestnut, inclining to purple."

"Oh, how exquisite!" sighed the color-loving Lucy.

"Words convey no idea of the exceeding brilliancy of the glinting hues, which seem to glow and scintillate like gems of the first water. As I sat under the tree, enjoying the vision of the mingled and most exquisitely tinted colors, I thought that these lovely creatures were rightly named birds-of-paradise, for the glorious dyes of their wondrous plumage seemed worthy to have been reflections of the glowing, gem-laid vault of the Celestial City.

"From beneath the short, chocolate-tinted wings spring numerous slender, delicate plumes about eighteen inches in length. Many suppose these to be tail-feathers, but this is an error. The tail-feathers are beneath these, and are only

nches long. These long, flexible plumes the birds can elevate and toss above and around them, allowing them to float in the air like filmy ribbons of gossamer, fashioned with aerial grace and tinted with translucent, opaline hues of every conceivable shade of gold, of yellow, of white, and of orange, deepening toward the ends of the delicate streamers into a soft, purplish red.

"As they sat amid the branches of the tree, their long, filmy feathers elevated and floating gracefully in the sunshine, the exquisite plumes

and hops about, posturing in the most engaging manner."

"How large is the paradisea apoda?" asked Bert.

"About the size of the meadow lark, though the thickness and length of its plumage cause it to appear as large as a common pigeon. If you care to hear about some of the other varieties, I will get my portfolio of drawings. I have some sketches and descriptions taken down on the various occasions of meeting these captivating creatures."

Ned and Lucy and Bert were wide awake now,



THE RED BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

crossing and recrossing each other, forming the most entrancing combinations of color, the short, chocolate-hued wings kept up the while a continuous gentle flapping, producing thus a delightful effect of light and shade upon the rich, gorgeous coloring of the body plumage. To free the feathers from any speck of impurity, the bird passes each of its long, delicate plumes through its beak, and when the toilet is satisfactorily accomplished the lovely creature seems to go into ecstasies of delight,

and eager to hear, but the sound of wheels upon the gravel announced visitors, and even birds-of-paradise cannot be allowed to interrupt the courtesies of life.

"Another time, perhaps," said Uncle Bev, as he rose to receive our guests, "I may be able to show you my other pictures, and to tell you something more about these birds, which seem to have interested you even more than the meteors you sat up for last night."



POOR PUCK!

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THE young moon hung in the purple west,
 Where the sun had an hour since gone to rest,
 And the stars and the fire-flies, one by one,
 With a stolen spark from the vanished sun,
 Went glinting and glancing here and there,
 Playing bo-peep through the dewy air,—
 When Puck, the dear little vagabond elf,
 Came whistling a whip-poor-will song to himself.

“T will be dark as a pocket, I know,” he said;
 And he looked at his lantern and shook his
 head.

“So here’s for a light!” and then with a jump,
 On a broad-backed toadstool he landed plump;
 Then he whistled out gayly, and very soon
 The fire-flies gathered to hear the tune,
 But only to find themselves deftly caught
 In a net of the twisted cobweb wrought;
 And then with a pinch, to make them shine
 well,
 He shut them up tight in his lantern cell.

Queen Mab, who was fitting across the stream,
 Saw through the tall waving reeds a gleam;
 Heard a low laugh and a tricky shout.

“Ah! Puck and the fire-flies now, no doubt.”



en said the fairy, " This quickly shall end !"
 or to each fire-fly she was a friend),
 sailing low o'er the close knotted grass.
 at straightened its tangles to let her pass,
 e found the frolicsome, mischievous sprite
 aving his net with a savage delight.
 en whispered Mab : " What a beautiful
 chance !"
 d she measured the bank with a vengeful
 glance.

splash ! and where is the poor little Puck ?
 as there ever before such deplorable luck !
 er and over, and down and down ;
 mping his dear little hairless crown ;
 ngling his toes in the vines, and, oh !
 ght into the mire she saw him go !
 he never stopped in that dreadful fall,
 cobweb net, his lantern and all,
 l he touched the mud of the streamlet's bed.

for the midget Queen Mab, she sped
 er the meadows and fields of brake,
 th many a fire-fly spark in her wake,
 : never a pang in that vacant spot
 ere her heart should be for the hapless
 lot
 the poor little rascal scrambling about
 the mud and the dark, and his light put
 out !



THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VINNIE'S NEW BROOM.

RETURNING from his interview with Mr. Peak-slow, Jack drove up on the roadside before the "castle," asked Rufe to hold the horse a minute, and ran to the door to bid Vinnie good-by.

"Here, Link!" Rufe called, "stand by this horse!"

"I can't," answered Link from the wood-pile. "I've got to get some wood, to make a fire, to heat some water, to dip the chickens, to loosen their feathers, and then to cook 'em for dinner."

"Never mind the wood and the chickens and feathers! Come along!"

"I guess I *will* mind, and I guess I *wont* come along, for you, or anybody's horse; for *she* asked me to."

"She? Who?"

"Aunt Vinnie; and, I tell you, she's real slick." And Link slashed away at the wood with an axe; for that was the Betterson style,—to saw and split the sticks only as the immediate necessities of the house required.

Rufe might have hitched the horse, but he was not a fellow to give himself any trouble that could well be avoided; and just then he saw Wad coming out of the yard with two pails.

Wad, being cordially invited to stay and hold the horse, also declined, except on condition that Rufe should himself go at once to the spring for water.

"Seems to me you're in a terrible pucker for water!" said Rufe. "Two pails? what's the row, Wad?" For it was the time-honored custom of the boys to put off going for water as long as human patience could endure without it, and never, except in great emergencies, to take two pails.

"*She* asked me to, and of course I'd go for *her*," said Wad. "She has gone into that old kitchen, and, I tell you, she'll make things buzz!"

Meanwhile Jack had gone straight to the said kitchen,—much to Mrs. Betterson's dismay,—and found Vinnie in a neat brown dress, with apron on, and sleeves pinned up. He thought he had never seen her look so bright and beautiful.

"At work so soon!" he exclaimed.

"The sooner the better," she replied. "Don't look around you; my sister is sick, you know."

"I wont hinder you a minute," Jack said. "I just ran in to tell you the good news about my

horse,—though I suppose you've heard that fro the boys,—and to say good-by,—and one wo more!" lowering his voice. "If anything happe—if it is n't pleasant for you to be here, you kno—there is a home at Mrs. Lanman's; it will be ways waiting for you."

"I thank you and Mrs. Lanman very much said Vinnie, with a trembling lip. "But I me to *make* things pleasant here," a smile breaki through the momentary trouble of her face.

Jack declined an urgent invitation to stay a see what sort of a dinner she could get.

"By the way," he whispered, as she follow him to the door, "who carried in that trunk? When she told him, he was hugely delighte "You will get along! Here comes Rufe. Rufe this is your Aunt Vinnie."

Rufus (who had finally got Chokie to hold t horse's halter) blushed to the roots of his hair meeting his relative, and finding her so very you ful (I think it has already been said that the au was younger than the nephew), and altogether fresh and charming in her apron and pinned-sleeves.

She smilingly gave him her hand, which he to rather awkwardly, and said:

"How d' 'e do, Aunt Lavinia? I suppose I m call you aunt."

"Call me just Vinnie; the idea of my bei *aunt* to young men like you!"

There was a little constraint on both sides, whi Link relieved by pushing between them with a b armful of wood.

"Well, good-by," said Jack. "She will need little looking after, Rufus; see that she does work too hard."

"*You* are not going to work hard for *us*!" sa Rufus, with some feeling, after Jack was gone.

"That depends," Vinnie replied. "*You* c make things easy for me, as I am sure you will."

"Of course; just let me know if they don't right. Call on Link or Wad for anything; ma 'em stand round."

Vinnie smiled at Rufe's willingness to have l brothers brought into the line of discipline.

"They are both helping me now. But I fi there are no potatoes in the house, and I've be wondering who would get them. Lill says th are to be dug in the field, and that she digs the sometimes; but that seems too bad!"

"That 's when Wad and Link—there 's no need of *her*—I don't believe in girls digging potatoes!" Rufe stammered.

"O, but you know," cried Lill, "sometimes we should n't have any potatoes for dinner if I did n't go and dig them. I don't care, only it 's such hard work!"

Vinnie looked admiringly at the bright, brave little girl. Rufe colored redder than ever, and said:

"Don't *you*, now, do such a thing! Only let me know in season what 's wanted; I 'll be after those boys with a sharp stick!"

Vinnie could n't help laughing.

"So, when we 're going to want a handful of wood, a pail of water, or a basket of potatoes, I am to go for you, and you will go for the boys, and drive them up with your sharp stick! I don't think I shall like that. Would n't it be better for you to see that there are always potatoes in the bin, and wood in the box, and other things on hand that you know will be needed?"

It was perhaps quite as much her winning way as the good sense of this appeal which made it irresistible.

"Of course it would be better! I 'll get you a basket of potatoes now, and some green corn, and I 'll look out for the water and wood."

"O, thank you!" said Vinnie. "That will make things so much easier and pleasanter for all of us!"

The potatoes and corn were got with a cheerful alacrity which quite astonished Rufe's mother and sisters.

The inertia of a large body being thus overcome, that well-known property of matter tended to keep Rufus still in motion; and while Vinnie, with Lill's help, was getting the dinner ready, he might have been seen approaching the wood-pile with an eye to business.

"See here, Wad! This wood is pretty dry now; don't you think it had better be cut up and got in before there comes a rain?"

"Yes, s'pose 't would be a good idea."

"We ought to be ashamed," Rufe went on, "to have *her* calling for a handful of wood every time it 's wanted, or going out to hack a little for herself, if we 're not around; for she 'll do it."

"I s'pose so," Wad assented. "Why don't you go to work and cut it up? I 'll sit down on a log and whittle, and keep you company."

"Pshaw! don't talk that way. I 'll go to work at it if you will come. Will you saw or split?"

Wad laughed and said he would split,—perhaps because the sawing must be done first.

"This saw is in a frightful condition!" Rufe said, stopping to breathe after sawing a few sticks.

"So is this axe; look at the edge! It 's too dull

even to split with," said Wad. "A small boy might ride to mill on it without suffering any very great inconvenience."

"If father would only file and set this saw, I 'd help you grind the axe," said Rufe.

The paternal Betterson was just then returning from a little walk about his estate. As he approached, hat in hand, wiping his noble forehead, under the shade of the oaks, Rufe addressed him.

"We 've got to have wood in the house; now *she* 's come, it wont do to get it by little dribbles, and have her waiting for it and worrying about it. I 'll saw it, if you 'll only set the saw; you know how, and I don't; we 'll do the hard work if you 'll furnish a little of your skill."

Rufe knew how to appeal to the paternal vanity. The idea of furnishing, not labor, but skill, flattered my lord.

"Ah! let me look at the saw. And bring me the file. And set out the shave-horse. I 'll show you how the thing is done."

When Link, who in the meanwhile had been dressing the prairie chickens behind the house, came round and saw his pompous papa sitting under an oak-tree, astride the "shave-horse," filing away at the saw held in its clumsy jaws, and Wad turning the grindstone close by, while Rufe held on the axe, he ran into the house laughing.

"Mother! just look out there! Father and Rufe and Wad all at work at once! Guess the world 's coming to an end!"

"I hope some of our troubles are coming to an end," sighed poor Mrs. Betterson, who sat nursing her babe with a bottle. "It 's all owing to *her*. A new broom sweeps clean. She brings a very good influence; but I can't hope it will last."

"O, mother!" said Cecie, from her lounge, "don't say that. I am sure it will last; she is so good! You 'll do all you can for her, wont you, Link?"

"I bet!" was Link's laconic response. "If *they* only will, too, for there aint much fun in doing chores while father and Rufe and Wad are just loafing round."

He hastened to Vinnie with his chickens.

"Just look out there once! All at it! Aint it fun?"

It was fun to Vinnie, indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

LINK'S WOOD-PILE.

THE dinner, though late that day, was unusually sumptuous, and Betterson and his boys brought to it keen appetites from their work. Vinnie's cooking received merited praise, and the most cordial goodwill prevailed.

Even little Chokie, soiling face and fingers with a "drum-stick" he was gnawing, lisped out his commendation of the repast.

"I wish Aunt Vinnie would be here forever, and div us dood victuals."

"I second the motion!" cried Link, sucking a "wish-bone," and then setting it astride his nose,—"to dry," as he said.

"One would think we never had anything fit to eat before," said Mrs. Betterson; while my lord looked flushed and frowning over his frayed stock.

"You know, mother," said Lill, "I never could cook prairie chickens. And you have n't been well enough to, since the boys began to shoot them."

"Lincoln," said Mrs. Betterson, "remove that unsightly object from your nose! Have you forgotten your manners?"

"He never had any!" exclaimed Rufe, snatching the wish-bone from its perch.

"Here! give that back! I'm going to keep it, and wish with Cecie Bimeby, and we're both going to wish that Aunt Vinnie had come here a year ago—that is—I mean—pshaw!" said Link, whose ideas were getting rather mixed.

Poor Mrs. Betterson complained a great deal to her sister that afternoon of the impossibility of keeping up the style and manners of the family in that new country.

Vinnie—who sat holding the baby by Cecie's lounge—asked why the family had chosen that new country.

"Mr. Betterson had been unfortunate in business at the East, and it was thought best that he should try Illinois," was Caroline's way of stating that after her husband had run through two small fortunes which had fallen to him, and exhausted the patience of relatives upon whom he was constantly calling for help, a wealthy uncle had purchased this farm for him, and placed him on it to be rid of him.

"I should think you might sell the farm and move away," said Vinnie.

"There are certain obstacles," replied Caroline;—the said uncle, knowing that Lord could not keep property from flying away, having shrewdly tied this down by means of a mortgage.

"One thing," Caroline continued, "I have always regretted. A considerable sum of money fell to Mr. Betterson after we came here; and he—wisely, we thought at the time, but unfortunately, as it proved—put it into this house. We expected to have a large part of it left; but the cost of building was such that all was absorbed before the house was finished."

Such was Caroline's account of the manner in which the "castle" came to be built. Vinnie was amazed at the foolish vanity and improvidence of the lord of it; but she only said:

"There seems to be a great deal of unused room in the house; I should think you might let that, and a part of the farm, to another family."

Caroline smiled pityingly.

"Lavinia dear, you don't understand. *We* could never think of taking another family into *our* house, for the sake of *money!* though it might be well to let the farm. Besides, there is really one more in the family than you see. I think I have n't yet spoken to you of Radcliff,—my husband's nephew."

"You mentioned such a person in your letter to me," replied Vinnie.

"Ah, yes; when I was giving some of the reasons why we had never had you come and live with us. Well-off as we were at one time,—and are now in prospect, if not in actual appearance,—we could not very well take you as a child into our family, if we took Radcliff. He was early left an orphan, and it was thought best by the connections that he should be brought up by my husband. I assure you, Lavinia, that nobody but a Betterson should ever have been allowed to take your place in *our* family."

Vinnie pictured to herself a youth of precious qualities and great promise, and asked:

"Where is Radcliff now?"

"He is not with us just at present. He is of age and his own master; and though we make a home for him, he's away a good deal."

"What is his business?"

"He has no fixed pursuit. He is, in short, a gentleman at large."

"What supports him?"

"He receives a limited allowance from our relatives on the Betterson side," said Caroline, pleased with the interest her sister seemed to take in the illustrious youth. "He is not so stylish a man as my husband, by any means; my husband is a Betterson of the Bettersons. But Radcliff has *the blood*, and is *very* aristocratic in his tastes."

Caroline enlarged upon this delightful theme, until Cecie (who seemed to weary of it) exclaimed:

"O, mother, do see how Aunt Vinnie soothes the baby!"

Indeed, it seemed as if the puny thing must have felt the flood of warmth and love from Vinnie's heart bathing its little life.

That afternoon Rufe and Wad sawed and split the wood, and Link (with Chokie's powerful assistance) carried it into an unfinished room behind the kitchen,—sometimes called the "back room," and sometimes the "lumber room,"—and corded it up against the wall. An imposing pile it was, of which the young architect was justly proud, no such sight ever having been seen in that house before.

Every ten or fifteen minutes he called Vinnie or Link to see how the pile grew; and at last he insisted on bringing Cecie, and letting her be astonished.

Cecie was only too glad of any little diversion. She could walk with a good deal of assistance; Vinnie almost lifted the poor girl in her loving arms; Link supported her on the other side; and they bore her to the back room, where she



LINK'S WOOD-PILE.

rested affectionately on Vinnie, while Link stood beside and pointed proudly at his wood-pile.

"We never could get him to bring in a stick of wood before without teasing or scolding him," said Link.

"This is different; there's some fun in this," said Link. "Rufe and Wad have been at work for sixty; and we wanted to see how big a pile we could make."

All praised the performance; and Mrs. Betterson forgot herself as to say she felt rich now, with so much nice, dry, split wood in the house.

"But what a remark," she added immediately, turning to Vinnie, "for one of *our* family to make!"

"I was never so proud of my brothers!" said Cecie. "If I was only well enough, how I should like to help pile up that wood!"

"Dear Cecie!" cried Vinnie, embracing her. "I wish you *were* well enough! And I hope you will be sometime."

The wood was all disposed of that afternoon, and the boys concluded that they had had a pretty good time over it.

"Now we can loaf for a whole week, and make a business of it," said Wad.

"There's one more job that ought to be done," said Rufe. "That potato-patch. We can't keep the pigs out of it, and it's time the potatoes were dug."

"I s'pose so," said Wad. "Wish we had a hired man."

"It is n't much of a job," said Rufe. "And we don't want to be seen loafing round, now *she's* here."

"We can go up in the woods and loaf," said Wad.

"Don't talk silly," said Rufe. "Come, I'll go at the potatoes to-morrow, if you will. We'll dig, and make Link pick 'em up."

"I was going to shoot some more prairie chickens to-morrow. We've no other meat for dinner."

"We'll get father to shoot them. Come, Wad, what do you say?"

Wad declined to commit himself to an enterprise requiring so large an outlay of bone and muscle. All Rufe could get from him was a promise to "sleep on the potatoes" and say what he thought of them in the morning.

The next morning, accordingly, before the cattle were turned out of the yard, Rufe said:

"Shall we yoke up the steers and take the wagon down into the potato patch? We can be as long as we please filling it."

"Yes, we may as well take it down there and leave it," Wad assented; and the steers were yoked accordingly.

Lord Betterson was not surprised to see the wagon go to the potato-patch, where he thought it might as well stay during the rest of the season, as anywhere else. But he *was* surprised afterward to see the three boys—or perhaps we should say four, for Chokie was of the party—start off with their hoes and baskets.

"We are going to let *you* shoot the prairie chickens this forenoon," said Rufe. "You'll find the gun and ammunition all ready, in the back room. We are going at the potatoes."

Link went ahead and pulled the tops, and afterward picked up the potatoes, filling the baskets,

which his brothers helped him carry off and empty into the wagon-box; while Chokie dug holes in the black loam to his heart's content.

"We might have had a noble crop here," said Rufe, "if it had n't been for the weeds and pigs. Wad, we must n't let the weeds get the start of us so another year. And we'll do some repairs on the fences this Fall. I'm ashamed of 'em!"

CHAPTER XX.

MORE WATER THAN THEY WANTED.

A DOCTOR from North Mills came once a week to visit Cecie and the sick mother and baby. One afternoon he brought in his chaise a saddle and bridle, which he said a young fellow would call for in a day or two. The boys laughed as they put the saddle away; they knew who the young fellow was, and they hoped he would have a chance to use it.

Snowfoot's week was up the next forenoon; and at about ten o'clock, Jack, accompanied by Lion, and carrying a double-barreled fowling-piece, with which he had shot a brace of prairie hens by the way, walked into the Betterson door-yard.

He found the boys at the lower end of the house, with the steers and wagon.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"The news with us is, that we're out of rain-water," Rufe replied.

"I should think so," said Jack, looking into a dry hogshead which stood under the eaves-spout.

"It's too much of a bother to bring all our water by the painful. So we are going to fill these things at the river, and make the steers haul 'em."

There were three wash-tubs and a barrel, which the boys were putting upon the bottom boards of the wagon-box, from which the sides had been removed.

Jack was pleased with this appearance of enterprise; he also noticed with satisfaction that the yard had been cleared up since he last saw it.

He asked about Vinnie, and learned from the looks and answers the boys gave him that she was popular.

"Your saddle came yesterday," said Wad; "so I s'pose you expect to ride home."

"I feel rather inclined that way. How is our friend Peakslow?"

"Don't know; he went to Chicago, and he has n't got back."

"Has n't got back!" said Jack, astonished. "That's mean business!"

He smothered his vexation, however, and told the boys that he would go with them to the river, after he had spoken with Vinnie.

Entering the house, he was still more surprised at the changes which had taken place since his last visit.

"Her coming has been the greatest blessing!" said Caroline, detaining him in the sitting-room. "We are all better,—the doctor noticed it yesterday; Cecie and baby and I are all better. Lavinia dear will see you presently; I think she is just taking some bread out of the oven."

"Let me go into the kitchen—she wont mind me," said Jack.

Vinnie, rosy-red from her baking, met him at the door. He had been very anxious about her since he left her there; but a glance showed him that all had gone well.

"You have survived!" he said.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "I told you I would make things pleasant here."

"The boys like you, I see."

"And I like them. They do all they can for me. Rufus even helped me about the washing,—pounded and wrung out the clothes. You must stay to dinner to-day."

"I think I may have to," said Jack; "for my horse has n't come back from Chicago yet, and I don't mean to go home without him."

When he went out he found the boys waiting, and accepted a seat with Wad and Link on a board placed across two of the tubs. Rufe walked by the cattle's horns; while in the third tub sat Chokie.

"You can't sit in that tub going back, you know," said Link.

"Yes, I can! I will!" And Chokie clung fast to the handles.

"O, well, you can if you want to, I suppose," said Link; "but it will be full of water."

They passed the potato-patch (Jack smiled to see that the potatoes had been dug), crossed a strip of meadow land below, and then rounded a bend in the river, in the direction of a deep place the boys knew.

"I always hate to ride after oxen,—they go so tormented slow!" said Link. "Why don't somebody invent a wagon to go by steam?"

"Did you ever see a wagon go by water?" Jack asked.

"No, nor anybody else!"

"I have," said Jack. "I know a man in this county who has one."

"What man? I'd go five miles to see one!"

"You can see one without going so far. The man is your father, and this is the wagon. It is going by water now."

"By water—yes! By the river!" said Link, amused and vexed.

"Link," said Jack, "do you remember that little joke of yours about the boys stopping the leak in the boat? Well, we are even now."

Rufe backed the hind-wheels of the wagon into the river, over the deep place, and asked Wad

ch he would do,—dip the water and pass it up the pailful, or stay in the wagon and receive it.

Whoever dips it up has got to stand in the river above his knees," said Wad; "and I don't mean to get wet to-day."

Very well; stay in the wagon, then. You'll be as wet as I shall; for I'm going to pull off my shoes and roll up my trousers. Chokie, you keep that tub, just where you are, till the tub is emptied. Link, you'd better go into the river with the pails, while I pass 'em up to Wad." I never can keep my trousers-legs rolled up, I aint going to get wet," said Link. Then, turning to Jack: "There's leeches in this river; get right into a fellow's flesh and suck his hide like sixty."

Wad proposed to begin with the barrel, and to let Link stand at the end of the wagon, receive the pails, pass them to him, and pass them back to the empty.

Why not move the barrel to the end of the wagon, and fill it about two-thirds full, and then empty it back again? I'll help you do that," said Link.

All right; I'll fill the barrel and one of the tubs; then you shall fill the other two tubs."

Link agreed to this; while Jack smiled to hear much talk about doing so small a thing.

Rufe went in bare-legged, and stood on the edge of the deep hole, where the water was hardly up to his knees. Much as he disliked, ordinarily, to set to any work, he was strong and active when aroused; and the pails of water went up on the wagon about as fast as Wad cared to take them.

Hullo! Don't slop so! You're wetting my shoes!" cried Wad.

I can't keep from spilling a drop once in a while. You might have taken off your shoes and rolled up your trousers, as I did."

The barrel was soon two-thirds full, and Wad stepped upon Link to help him move it forward. Link left his seat by Jack's side, and walked back to the rear of the wagon. Wad, as we know, was already there. So was the barrel of water, standing just back of the rear axletree. So also was a pail of water, which Rufe had placed at the same end, because Wad was not ready to empty it.

At that moment the oxen, hungry for fresh grass, and having nipped all within reach of their noses, started up a little. Jack, thinking to prevent mischief by running to their heads, leaped to the front of the wagon.

The abrupt removal of weight from one end, produced a large increase of avoirdupois at the other, produced a natural but very surprising result. Chokie

in his tub, though at the long end of the beam, so to speak (the rear axletree being the fulcrum), was not heavy enough to counterbalance two brothers and a barrel of water at the short end.

He suddenly felt himself rising in the air, and sliding with the empty tubs. His brothers at the same moment felt themselves sinking and pitching. There was a chorus of shrieks, as they made a desperate effort to save themselves. Too late; the wagon-bottom reared, and away went barrel, boys, tubs, everything.

The oxen, starting at the alarm, helped to precipitate the catastrophe. Fortunately, Jack was at hand to stop them, or the dismantled wagon might have gone flying across the lot, even fast enough to suit Link's notion of speed.

Rufe made one quick effort to prevent the boards from tipping up, then leaped aside, while the discharged load shot past him.

Chokie, screaming, held fast to the sides of his tub with both hands. Wad, intending to jump, plunged into the deepest part of the river. Link made a snatch at the barrel, and, playing at leap-frog over it (very unwillingly), went headlong into the deep hole.

Chokie met with a wonderfully good fortune; his tub being launched so neatly, and ballasted so nicely by him sitting in the bottom, that it shipped but a splash of water, and he floated away, unhurt and scarcely wet at all, amidst the general ruin.

The wagon-boards, relieved of their load, tumbled back upon the wheels. To add to the confusion, Lion barked furiously.

Jack, frightened at first, finally began to laugh, when he saw Chokie sailing away, under full scream, and Wad and Link scrambling out of the water.

"So you were the fellows that were not going to get wet!" cried Rufe. "Pick out your barrel and empty tubs, while I catch Chokie!"

The river, even in the deepest place, was not very deep; and Wad and Link came wading out, blowing water from their mouths, flinging water from their hair, and shaking water from their rescued hats, in a way that made Rufe (after he had stranded Chokie in his tub) roll upon the grass in convulsions.

"Laugh, then!" cried Wad, in a rage; "I'll give you something to laugh at!" And, catching up a tub partly filled with water, he rushed with it to take wet vengeance on his dry brother.

Before Rufe, helpless with laughter, could move to defend himself, tub, water, and Wad, all together, were upon him,—the tub capsizing over his head and shoulders, Wad tumbling upon the tub, and the water running out in little rivulets below.

Rufe was pretty wet, but still laughing, when he

crawled out, like a snail from under his shell, and got upon his feet, clutching the tub to hurl it at Wad, who fled.

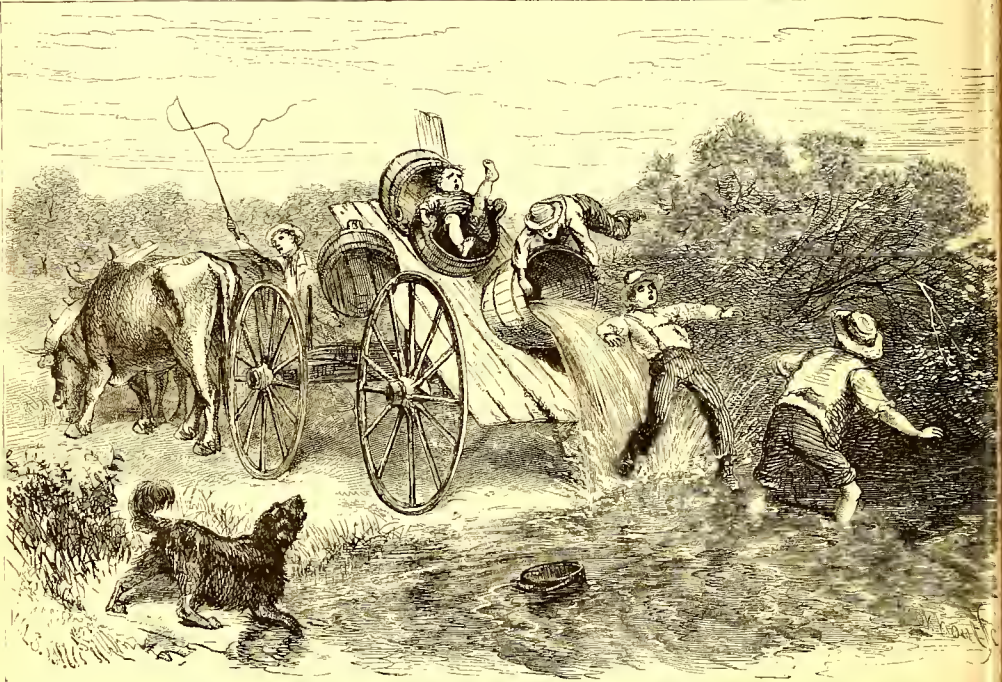
"You are the only one who has got any dry fun out of this scrape!" Rufe said, trying to brush the water from his neck and breast.

His words were addressed to Jack, and they proved more strictly true than he intended; for just then Chokie, trying to get out of his stranded tub, tipped it over, and went out of it, upon his hands and knees, into the river. By the time he

says the turkey. "Quit your ownself!" says the thief. And I'm just of his way of thinking," said Wad.

"Well! help me put this wagon into shape," said Rufe. "Then we'll fill our tubs and barrels without any more fooling."

The wagon-boards were replaced and loaded without any further accident. The well-filled tubs were set one upon another, and Wad stood holding them; while Link, having placed the boards set over the barrel of water, sat upon it. They found it a pretty sloppy ride; but they could laugh de-



HOW THE BOYS WENT TO THE RIVER FOR WATER.

was pulled out and set upon dry ground, the boys were all pretty good-natured.

"How about those leeches, Link? Did you find any?" said Jack.

"I'm too dizzy yet, to think about leeches," replied Link. "I turned a somerset out of that wagon so quick, I could see the patch on the seat of my trousers!"

"I thought I was going through to China," said Wad, "and expected, when I came up, to see men with pigtails."

He stood on the edge of the water, holding another tub for Rufe, if he should come too near.

"Quit your nonsense now!" cried Rufe, "and hand up that barrel."

"I'll quit if you will,—as the poultry thief said when the old gobbler chased him. 'Quit, quit!'

ance at a little water now. Chokie, it need hardly be said, did not ride in a tub of water, but walked between Jack and Rufe beside the oxen.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEAKSLOW SHOWS HIS HAND.

"HULLO!" cried Link from his perch, as the wagon passed the potato-patch, "there comes Peakslow down the road through the woods—just turning the corner for home!"

Jack started with sudden excitement.

"Can you see his team?"

"Yes; one of the horses looks like yours; and he has an extra horse led behind."

Jack ran up to the road to get a look, and called

lashing back to the house, where the boys and their load of water had by that time arrived.

"He is driving my horse, and leading one of my own. I am going to get my bridle, and call on the man."

"You 'll come back to dinner?" said Rufe.

"Yes, if you 'll have my prairie chickens cooked."

And, leaving the boys to astonish the family with their wet clothes, Jack, with the bridle on his arm, walked down the road.

Just as he was entering Peakslow's yard, he met

Wiggett coming out with his arms full of wadded parcels.

"Mr. Wiggett! glad to see you!"

"Same to yourself," replied the old man.

"Got my arms full o' this yer stuff, or I'd shake my hands. I've a lot more o' comforts for wife and children, but I thought I'd lug along suthin, or they would n't be glad to see me."

"Is it all right about the horse?"

"I 'low it 's all right."

"Is Peakslow up to any trick?"

"Nary, as I kin diskiver; and I pumped him, right smart, a-comin' over the prairie."

"Did he have much trouble getting back his horse?"

"Not sich a dog-goned sight. Truckman 's a right-for'ard, honest chap. Says he guv eighty dollars for your hoss; thinks he had him of the back of himself; and 'lows he knows the rascal. He took out a little at fust, and you should 'a' heard Peakslow preach tew him! 'T was ekal to gwine meetin'."

"What did he say?"

"Said none but a fool or a scoundrel would 'tate he could hang ontew a piece o' prop'ty that had been stole, or traded for what had been stole. Talked, of course, just t' other way from what he did when he talked to you. Truckman don't mind his gab, but when he was satisfied the horse he put away had been stole, he guv up Peakslow's, and the fifteen dollars to boot. Now how 'bout the name of seven kingdoms Peakslow's gwine turn it about to make anything more, beats all understandin'!"

Jack thanked the old man warmly for the interest he had taken in the affair, and asked how he could help him for his trouble.

"I have n't looked for no pay," replied the old man. "But one thing I should like to have ye do for me, if ever ye come my way ag'in with yer pass. My woman guv me right smart of her money for forgittin' it when ye was thar before. She has a noon-mark on our kitchen floor."

"All right," said Jack. "She shall have it."

The old man went on with his bundles, while Jack entered Peakslow's yard.

Peakslow, who was unharnessing his team, with the help of two stout boys, looked up when he saw Jack, and said, in a tone which he meant should be friendly:

"How air ye? On hand, I see," with a grim smile at the bridle.

"I was on hand a little before you were," replied Jack. "Your week was up an hour ago. Though I don't care about that. You've got your horse, I see."

"That 's the main thing I went for; course I've got him. Here's a paper, with the truckman's name wrote on 't; he wants you to come and see him when you go to town, pervided he don't come to see you fust."

"Did he say anything about a bridle and blanket that were on the horse when he was stolen?"

"He 's got 'em," Peakslow coolly replied; "but as no reward was offered for anything but the hoss, I did n't take 'em."

Jack did n't quite see the logic of this remark.

"Never mind; they are trifles," he said. "It 's glory enough for one while, to get my horse again. I've a bridle here for him; I 'll slip it on, Zeph, if you 'll slip yours off."

"You can slip your bridle on that hoss, and take him away, when you've fulfilled the conditions; not before," said Peakslow.

"What conditions?" said Jack. "You don't pretend to claim my horse now you've got your own back?"

"I've got a claim on him," Peakslow replied. "Here's your own handbill for it. Twenty Dollars Reward! I've got back your hoss for ye, and I demand the reward."

This, then, after all, was the quirk in Peakslow's head. The boys grinned. Jack was astounded.

"Peakslow," he exclaimed indignantly, "you know that 's an absurd claim! You did n't find my horse and deliver him to me; I found him in your hands, and you even refused to give him up! The truckman has a better claim for the reward than you have, for he had him first; and then I don't see but the thief himself has a prior claim to either."

"You talk like a fool!" said Peakslow.

"You *act* like a fool and a knave!" Jack retorted, in a sudden blaze. "I wont have any more words with you. Sue for the reward, if you think you can get it. I'm just going to take my horse!"

"Not till the reward is paid, if I live!" said Peakslow, his black eyes sparkling. "Zeph, step and hand out the old gun!"

(To be continued.)

THE BAKER AND THE TOBACCONIST.

(Translation of French Story in March Number.)

WHAT a very curious house! Too large for an ordinary dwelling, too ugly for a palace, and of an odd style of architecture, it doubtless excites among the thousands who read ST. NICHOLAS great curiosity and much merriment. It is about this house that I am going to tell you a little story, interesting as an Arabian tale, but at the same time quite true.

In one of the immense bazars, so numerous in Constantinople, there were, in the middle of the last century, a Turkish tobacconist's shop and a Greek bakery. The owners of the two establishments, named respectively Ibrahim and Yorghi, had contracted for each other a close friendship, which was continued with equal sincerity by their two sons, who bore the same names as their fathers. The one a Mussulman, the other a Christian, these two boys were always together, whether they were playing or working; night alone could separate them. But good things cannot last forever. Having grown to be men, the two friends were obliged to submit to a separation. Ibrahim left for Bagdad, where he was to become page to the Pacha of the province, whilst Yorghi remained at Constantinople, where he finally succeeded his father in the bakery. There he continually made new friends; his weights were always correct, his measures exact, his kindness was limitless, and his piety won the admiration of everybody.

After a time he married, and when God gave him children, he instructed them in the same principles of honor and justice. Meanwhile he thought constantly of his absent friend, for before separating they had sworn an eternal friendship, promising that he who would first attain riches and power should remember the other and help him in every way possible.

It was, therefore, a great surprise to his neighbors, as well as for Yorghi himself, when he was one day summoned by two officers to appear before the Grand Vizier. In those days such a summons usually meant some criminal accusation and a speedy punishment; and, fearing some terrible misfortune, Yorghi begged of the officers to explain to him the cause of this summons.

"What is my crime?" said he to them. "I have never harmed any one; all my neighbors can testify to that."

But the officers answered that they knew nothing, and that they only obeyed the Vizier's order. Yorghi was obliged to follow them, amid a throng of neighbors, who bewailed his misfortunes while cursing the relentless officers.

At last they reached the palace, and presented themselves before the Grand Vizier. The latter looked steadily at Yorghi, then, with a scarce repressed sob, and with tears in his eyes, he said to the poor baker, who had not yet raised his head:

"Dost thou know me?"

"No," he replied.

"But thou hadst formerly an intimate friend named Ibrahim,—is it not so?"

At this name Yorghi raised his eyes, gazed for a moment at the Vizier, and recognized his old friend. It was indeed he; from page to the Pacha, he had become Grand Vizier, by dint of integrity and worth. He threw himself into Yorghi's arms, and pressed him to his heart; then, after having embraced him a long time, to the great amazement of the court, he ordered him to send for his wife and children, that they might make the palace their home.

"For," said he, "I make thee my banker. No thou shalt be rich, as thou hast always deserved to be."

So we now behold our young tobacconist Prime Minister, and our baker first banker of the empire, a position in which he always displayed the same trustworthiness as in the small affairs of his bakery and in which he continued until his death.

But you will say: "What has all this story to do with our great house?" Very much, my friend. This immense building, so ugly on the outside, but decorated with Eastern splendor in the interior, was one of the three palaces erected by our baker-banker. This enormous building, built on the slope of a hill, is six stories high on one side, on the other but three. The date, which can be seen on the façade, is that of its completion. It is in Greek and means March 17, 1799. It is now worthily employed by Prussian deaconesses as a young ladies' school. Let us hope that it will long serve as a memorial of the honesty and faithfulness of the Turkish tobacconist, and of his friend the Greek baker.

TRANSLATIONS of above story were received, previous to March 18, from Emma Clare Grafflin, A. S. M., Ivory Littlefield, H. P. Resbach, E. C. F., Madeleine Newhouse, Grant J. A. Farge, Lucy Lee Patchelder, Daisy Lee, D. W. Lane, F. S. K., Mimmie H. Essetsty, Alfred G. Dent, Alice M. Williston, Anna L. Brown, John F. Harris, Mary L. Bullard, Ethel Willard, Bessie Whitney, Lilla Burbank, L. W. Wadsworth, William R. Billings, A. L. O. P., J. C. Clark, Marion Allman, Marion B. Keyes, Julia Bacon, W. G. Willcox, Florence Spofford, Ella M. Tuttle, Lizzie S. K., "Maggie," K. E. Cobb, "Plymouth Rock," Ada F., Emmie C. Burridge, Kate F. Howland, "Pierce," Julie Elizabeth Pallantine, Fanny Strong, Josie and Alice Morse, Minta C. Pleasants, "Jeanie," Harry Wigmore, Mary B. Aldrich, Daniel H. Shipman, Marion Merrill, Sarah B. Balch, Ralph W. Rounds, Hattie M. Coe and Emmie T. Lane, Charles H. Fayne, F. M. Wade, Lilla M. Hallowell, Katherine De V. Schaus, Mary E. McCoy, Kate G. Lamson, Mamie A. Johnson, and Alice Le Fèvre.

QUEEN BLOSSOM.

(A May-Day Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

PROMPTLY the bell tinkled for noon recess in the red school-house, and boys and girls came trooping out into the sunshine, which was warm as Summer that day. Nobody staid behind except Miss Sparks, the teacher. She turned the damper in the stove to make it warmer, and put on more wood; then took a roll of bread and butter and a large pickled cucumber out of her desk and sat down to lunch, and to read "Young's Night Thoughts," which somebody had told her was an "improving" book. The heat soon made her head ache, and, "Night Thoughts" and the cucumber aiding, the children, had they only known it, were in a fair way to pass an extremely unpleasant afternoon.

Luckily they did not know it, otherwise the pleasure of the recess would have been spoiled, which would have been a pity, for the recess was very pleasant. There was the sun for one thing;

real, warm, yellow sun is a treat in April, not any to be had. There were the woods, beginning to be beautiful, although not a leaf-bud was visible. Spring was awake, and busy at her work, varnishing brown boughs to glossy brightness; tinting shoots and twigs with pink and low and soft red colors; arranging surprises everywhere. The children could not have put into words the feeling which made the day so delightful, all were aware of it, and each, in his or her way, prepared to enjoy the hour. One tiny snow-tuft remained in a leaf-strewn hollow. The boys had it out, and fell to snow-balling with the zest those who do not hope to see snow again for many a long month. Big girls, with arms about another's waists, walked to and fro whispering together. The smaller children cuddled into a

sunny fence corner, and, like Wordsworth's village maid,

Took their little porringers,
And ate their dinners there."

A group of girls, not so big as those, nor so little as these, strolled off into the woods, talking as they went.

"Now you just hush up, Winnie Boker," said one. "It's no use, for we wont have her. She's been Queen ever so many times, and now it's somebody else's turn. There are other girls in town besides Blossom, I guess."

"Oh yes, Marianne; it is n't *that*," broke in Winnie, the words running out of her eager mouth so fast that they tumbled over each other. "It is n't that at all. You'd make a first-rate Queen, or so would Arabella or Eunice. But, don't you see, Blossom always *was* Queen, and now she's sick I'm afraid she'd feel bad if we choose somebody else."

"Dear me, what nonsense!" exclaimed Arabella, a tall girl in purple calico, with sharp black eyes and a Roman nose. "It was n't fair a bit, Ma says, to have Blossom always. Ma says other people have got rights too. You need n't be so fiery about that stuck-up Blossom, Winnie."

"Oh, I'm not," began Winnie, peaceably, "but —"

"My father says that Blossom is the prettiest girl in the whole township," broke in Charlie Starr excitedly; "and it's real mean of you to call her stuck-up. Don't you recollect how sweet she looked last year in her white dress, and what a pretty speech she made when George Thorne put the crown on her head? *She* never said unkind things or called anybody names! She's always been May-Queen, and I say it's a shame to leave her out just because she's sick."

"You're a goose," responded Arabella. "Who wants a sick Queen of the May? She'll never be well again, the doctor says; and as for her beauty, that's gone for good. Ma declares that it's absurd to call her Blossom any more. It is n't her real name, only her Pa named her so when she was little, because he was so proud of her looks. Her real name's Sarah Jane, and I'm going to call her Sarah Jane always. So there now, Charlotte Starr!"

"You bad girl!" cried Charlie, almost in tears. "How can you! Poor dear Blossom!"

"Stop quarreling," said Laura Riggs, "and listen to my plan. Blossom can't be Queen, anyhow, don't you see, because she's too sick to come to the celebration. So what's the use of fighting about her?"

"I thought we could go to her, and put on the crown and all, and it would be *such* a surprise," ventured Winnie timidly. "She'd be so pleased."

"I suppose she would," sneered Arabella, "only, you see, we don't mean to do it."

"I propose that we call all the boys and girls together after school, and vote who shall be Queen," went on Laura. "Then to-morrow we can go a flower-hunting, and have the wreath all ready for next day. It's splendid that May-day comes on Saturday this year."

"I know who I shall vote for,—and I,—and I," cried the children.

Winnie and Charlotte did not join in the cry. They moved a little way off, and looked sadly at each other. To them, poor Blossom, sick and neglected, seemed still the rightful Queen of the May.

"I've thought of a plan," whispered Charlie.

"What?"

But the answer was so softly spoken that nobody but Winnie could hear.

Did I say *nobody*? I was wrong. Certain fine ears which were listening heard all, question and answer both. These ears belonged to a little hepatica, who had stolen up very near the surface of the ground to hearken, and with a tiny leaf-hand curled behind her lilac ear, had caught every syllable. Whatever the secret was, it pleased her, for she clapped both hands and called out:

"Listen! listen! Hepsy, Patty, Violet,—all of you,—listen!"

"What is it—what?" cried the other flowers, crowding near her.

"Did n't you hear what those two little girls were saying,—Winnie and—what *is* her name—Charlie?"

"No, we heard nothing. We were listening to the tiresome ones who quarreled. How horrid children are!"

"Go a flower-hunting indeed," tittered a blood-root. "They are welcome to hunt, but they will find no flowers."

"Indeed they wont. I'd bite if they tried to pick me," said a dog-tooth violet.

"Ach! fancy their fingers at your stem," shuddered a pale wind-flower.

"How little they guessed that we were listening to it all," laughed a white anemone.

"Ring-a-ling, ring-a-ling,
We'll be as late as we can this Spring,"

sang a columbine.

"We know when to go and when to stay; when to open and when to shut," said a twin-flower.

"Where is Mamma Spring?" inquired the dog-tooth violet.

"On the other side the wood," replied the columbine. "But she can't be interrupted just now. She's very busy cutting out Dutchman's Breeche. There are five hundred pairs to be finished before night."

"All of the same everlasting old pattern grumbled a trillium.

"But listen; you don't listen," urged the lilac hepatica. "All the children did n't quarrel. My two—the two I liked—were gentle and sweet, and they have a plan—a kind plan—about somebody named Blossom. They want to give her a surprise with flowers and a wreath, and make her Queen of the May, because she is ill and lies in bed. Let me help. I like them; and Blossom is a pretty name."

"Are you quite sure they did not quarrel?" asked the wind-flower anxiously. "It made me shiver to hear the others."

"No, they did n't quarrel. When the rest would not listen, they moved away and made their little plan in a whisper."

"And what was the plan?" inquired the blood-root.

"Oh, they are wise little things. The others are going to have a 'celebration' on Saturday, with great deal of pie and cake and fuss. I shall tell Mamma Spring to order up an east wind and freeze them well, little monsters! But my two are coming into the woods quietly to-morrow to search for flowers. I heard Charlie tell Winnie that she knew where the first May-flowers always come out, and they would look there. We know too, don't we in the hollow behind the beech-wood, on the south bank."

"They're not there yet," said the columbine yawning.

"No, but they're all packed and ready," said the lilac hepatica. "Do let us telegraph them start at once. I somehow feel as if I should like to please Blossom too."

So the trillium, who was telegraph operator, stooped down and dragged up a thread-like root fine as wire.

"What is the message?" he asked.

"Be—in—flower—by—to-morrow—noon—for—Charlie—and Winnie," dictated the hepatica. "Precisely ten words."

"All right," responded the blood-root, with his fingers on the wire. Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap; the message was sent, and presently came an answering vibration.

"All right. We are off." It was the reply of the May-flowers.

"What a fine thing is the telegraph," sighed a mental sand-violet, while the hepatica rubbed little lilac palms gleefully, and exclaimed:

"I flatter myself that job is as good as done.rah for Queen Blossom!"

The other girls did not notice Winnie and Char- particularly next day as they stole from the rest crept away almost on tip-toe to the south bank, where the arbutus *might* be in bloom. Drifted es hid the bottom of the hollow. At first sight e was no promise of flowers; but our little ds were too wise to be discouraged. Carefully y picked their way down, brushed aside the wn leaves, and presently a shriek from both an- nced discovery.

"Oh, the darlings!" cried Winnie.

Here they were, the prompt, punctual May- ers, so lately arrived that only half their leaves e uncurled and the dust of travel still lay on r tendrils. For all that, they were not too tired mile at the happy faces that bent over them he little girls lifted the leaf blankets and gently y them from their hiding-place. Pale buds ked and brightened; the fuller flowers opened e pink eyes; all shook their ivory incense bottles nce, and sent out sweet smells, which mixed ously with the fragrance of fresh earth, of ing sap, and sun-warmed mosses.

"Should n't you think they had come out on pose?" said Winnie, kissing one of the pinkest sters.

"We did! we did!" cried the May-flowers in rus. But the children did not understand the er-language, though the flowers knew well what children said. Flowers are very clever, you ; much cleverer than little girls.

Winnie and Charlie hid their treasures in a tin ner-pail, pouring in a little water to keep them h, and carefully shutting the lid. They did not it to have their secret found out.

Going home, they met the others, looking some- it disconsolate.

"Where *have* you been?" they cried. "We ced everywhere for you."

"Oh, in the woods," said Winnie, while Charlie ed:

"Did you find any flowers?"

"Not one," cried Arabella, crossly; "the Spring o late; it's a shame. Carrie Briggs is chosen een, and Miriam Gray is going to lend us some er flowers for the crown. They will do just as l."

"Paper flowers!" began Charlie indignantly; Winnie checked her, and pretty soon their path ed off from that of the others.

"Come early to-morrow and help us make the one," called out Marianne.

"We can't; we've got something else to do," called back Charlie.

"What?"

"We're going to see Blossom."

"Oh, pshaw! Do let that everlasting Sarah Jane alone, and come and have a good time," screamed Arabella after them.

Winnie only laughed and shook her head. The others went on.

Blossom lay in bed next morning. She always lay in bed now, and it was pitiful to see what a pale blossom she had become. Only a year before her cheeks had been rosier, her limbs more active, than those of any of the children who daily passed her window on their way to school. One unlucky slip on the ice had brought all this to end, and now the doctor doubted if ever she could get up and be well and strong as she used to be. The pretty name, given in her days of babyhood, sounded sadly now to the parents who watched her so anxiously; but no name could be too sweet, her mother thought, for the dear, patient child, who bore her pain so brightly and rewarded all care and kindness with such brave smiles. Blossom she was still, though white and thin, and Blossom she would always be, although she might never bloom again as once she did, until set in the Lord's garden, where no frosts come to hurt the flowers.

"Happy May-Day," she said, as her mother came in. "I wonder what the girls are doing. Winnie did n't come yesterday. I don't even know who is to be Queen. Have you heard, mamma?"

"I should n't think they'd want to have any Queen on such a cold day as this," replied mamma. "Look how the boughs are blowing in the wind. It feels like March out doors."

"Oh, they're sure to want a Queen," said Blossom. "May-Day is such fun. I used to like it better than any day in the year."

"Somebody wants to spake to ye, ma'am, if you pl'ase," said Norah, putting her head in at the door.

"Very well. Blossom, dear, you don't mind being left alone for a minute?"

"Oh no, indeed. I've such a nice book here." But Blossom did not open her book after mamma went away, but lay looking out of the window to where the elm-boughs were rocking in the wind. Her face grew a little sad.

"How nice it used to be," she said to herself.

Just then she heard a queer noise in the cuntry—drumming, and something else which sounded like music. Next, the door opened, and a procession of two marched in. Charlie was the head of the procession. She wore a pink-and-white calico, and tied about her neck with a pink string, was Willie Smith's drum, borrowed for the occasion. Winnie,

in her best blue gingham, brought up the rear, her mouth full of harmonica. Winnie also carried a flat basket, covered with a white napkin, and the two girls kept step as they marched across the room to Blossom's bedside, who lay regarding them with eyes wide open from amazement.

"Happy May-Day, Queen Blossom," sang Charlie, flourishing her drum-sticks.

"Happy May-Day, Queen Blossom," chimed in Winnie, taking the harmonica from her mouth.

And crown her sweetest, though she lies
In bed.

These flowers, dear Blossom, bloomed for you,
The fairest in the land;
Wear them, and give your subjects leave to kiss
Your hand.

Charlie finished the verses with great gravitas. Then, drawing the May-wreath from the basket, she put it on Blossom's head, after which, instead of kissing the royal hand, according to program



THE PROCESSION MARCHES IN.

"Happy May-Day," responded Blossom. "But—how funny—what do you call me Queen Blossom for?"

"Because you *are* Queen, and we have come to crown you," replied Charlie. Then she laid down the drum-sticks, lifted the white napkin, and in a solemn tone began to repeat these verses, which she and Winnie—with a little help from somebody, I guess—had written the evening before.

Never mind who the others choose;
You are the Queen for us;
They're welcome to their paper flowers
And fuss

We bring our Queen a wreath of May,
And put it on her head,

she clapped both her own and began to dance about the bed, exclaiming:

"Wasn't that nice? Are n't they pretty? We made them up ourselves—Winnie and I. Well, Blossom, you're crying."

In fact, Queen Blossom was crying.

It was only a very little cry—just a drop or two with a rainbow to follow. In another minute Blossom had winked the tears away, and was smiling brightly.

"I did n't mean to cry," she exclaimed, "or I was so surprised. I thought you would all busy to-day, and nobody would come. I never dreamed that I should be made Queen of the May again. How kind you are, dear Charlie and W

, and where *did* you get the flowers—real May flowers? Nobody has begun to look for them yet.”

“They came out on purpose for you,” persisted Charlie; and the May-buds smiled and nodded approvingly as she said so.

Next, Winnie opened her basket, and behold, a cake, with white icing, and in the middle a pink ring meant for a crown, but looking more like a little fish, because of the icing's having melted a little. Mrs. Boker had staid up late the night before to bake and ice this May-Day loaf. She, too, loved Blossom, and it pleased her that Winnie would plan for the enjoyment of her sick friend.

A knife was brought, and slices cut. Blossom lay on her pillows, nibbling daintily, as befits a queen. Her subjects, perched on the bed, ate with the appetite of commoners. The sun struggled to, and, in spite of East Wind, sent a broad yellow ray into the window. The May-wreath made the air delicious; there could not have been found a more merrier party.

“Please, dear Duchess, take off my crown for a minute,” said Blossom, with a pretty air of command.

The Duchess, otherwise Charlie, obeyed, and took the wreath on the coverlid just under the royal seat.

“How lovely, lovely, lovely it is,” said Blossom, with a long sigh of delight.

“The sun is streaming exactly into your eyes, dear,” said her mother.

She opened the window to close the shutter. A sharp, sudden gust of wind blew in, and mamma pulled the sash down quickly lest Blossom should be chilled. Nobody noticed that one of the May-wreaths, as if watching its chance, detached itself

from the wreath and flew out of window on the back of the interloping wind. But it did.

The wind evidently knew what was expected of it, for it bore the May-flower along to the woods, and laid it on the brown earth in a certain sunny spot. Then, like a horse released from rider, it pranced away, while the flower, putting her pink lips to the ground, called in a tiny voice:

“Hepatica—Hepsy dear, are you there?”

“Yes; what is it?” came back an answering voice, which sounded very near. It was the voice of the lilac hepatica. She and her companions were much nearer the surface than they had been two days before.

“It has all gone off so nicely,” went on the May-blossom. “We were there in time, and I must say I never saw nicer children than that Winnie and Charlie. They picked us so gently that it scarcely hurt at all. As for Blossom, she's a little dear. Her eyes loved us, and how tenderly she handled our stems. I really wanted to stay with her, only I had such a good chance to go, and I thought you would all want to hear. It was the nicest May-Day party I ever saw.”

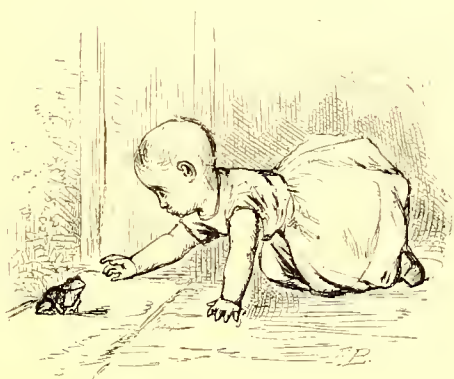
“More—tell us more,” said the underground flowers.

“There is no more to tell,” replied the May-flower faintly. “It is cold out here, and I am growing sleepy. Good-night.”

After that there was silence in the woods.

Winnie and Charlie never knew how the dear little flower-people had conspired to make their May-Day happy. Perhaps Blossom guessed, for when she laid aside her wreath that night she kissed the soft petals, which had begun to droop a little, and whispered gently:

“Thank you, darlings.”



“WELCOME! LITTLE STRANGER!”

THE GIN-GER-BREAD BOY.

Now you shall hear a sto-ry that some-bod-y's great, great-grand moth-er told a lit-tle girl ev-er so ma-ny years a-go :

There was once a lit-tle old man and a lit-tle old wom-an, who live in a lit-tle old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been ver-y hap-py old coup-le but for one thing,—they had no lit-tle child, and they wished for one ver-y much. One day, when the lit-tle old wom-an was bak-ing gin-ger-bread, she cut a cake in the shape of a lit-tle boy and put it in-to the ov-en.

Pres-ent-ly, she went to the ov-en to see if it was baked. As soon as the ov-en door was o-pened, the lit-tle gin-ger-bread boy jumped out, and be-gan to run a-way as fast as he could go.

The lit-tle old wom-an called her hus-band, and they both ran aft-er him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gin-ger-bread boy came to a barn full of thresh-ers. He called out to them as he went by say-ing :

“ I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”



Then the barn full of thresh-ers set out to run aft-er him. But, though they ran fast, they could not catch him. And he ran on till he came to a field full of mow-ers. He called out to them :

“ I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”



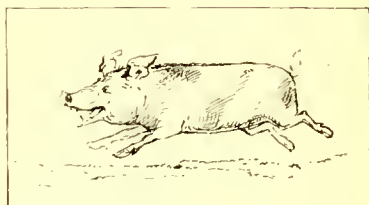
Then the mow-ers be-gan to run aft-er him, but they could n't catch a. And he ran on till he came to a cow. He called out to her:



“ I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”

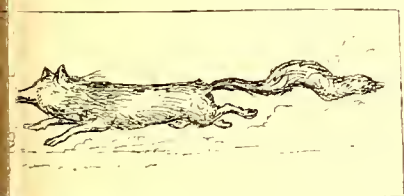
But, though the cow start-ed at once, she could n't catch him. And n he came to a pig. He called out to the pig:

I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
A cow,—



And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”

But the pig ran, and could n't catch him. And he ran till he came oss a fox, and to him he called out:



“ I ’ve run a-way from a lit-tle old ’ wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
A field full of mow-ers,
A cow and a pig,
And I can run a-way from you, I can ! ”

Then the fox set out to run. Now fox-es can run ver-y fast, and so fox soon caught the gin-ger-bread boy and be-gan to eat him up. Pres-ent-ly the gin-ger-bread boy said: “ O dear ! I ’m quar-ter gone ! ” I then: “ Oh, I ’m half gone ! ” And soon: “ I ’m three-quar-ters e ! ” And at last: “ I ’m all gone ! ” and nev-er spoke a-gain.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is May, my children, but I'm not at all sure that she will give us Spring weather. The months seem to have a curious way of swapping weather with each other. March will borrow some fine days from May, and then, when May comes along, we find that she has taken some of March's blustering winds in payment. By the way, the pretty school-mistress wrote a very queer piece about the months one day, just to amuse the children, as they sat with her upon the willow-stumps in my meadow. She called it an acrostic. I could n't help learning it by heart, not because I thought it pretty, nor because it was so queer, but because each one of her little folks in turn insisted upon reading it aloud. So you too shall have a chance, my dears:

THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE JANE.

Jan—e, little saint, was sick and faint,
 Feb—rifice she had none;
 Mar—malade seemed to make her worse,
 Apr—icots were all gone.
 May—be, she thought, in some fair field,
 June—berries sweet may grow;
 July—and June, they searched in vain,
 Aug—menting all her woe.
 Sept—imus failed to find a pill—
 Oct—roon slave was he;
 Nov—ice, poor thing! at feeling ill,
 Dec—eased ere long was she.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE BLIND CHILDREN.

TALKING of the pretty school-mistress, reminds me of something I heard her telling her boys and girls one day when they were seated about her, on the willow-stumps as usual. She said:

"Do you remember General S—t, my dears, who once visited us in the school-rooms?"

"O yes!" cried the children.

"Well, when he took tea with me on that afternoon, he happened to say that his boy had just been reading the 'Old Curiosity Shop' with great delight.

"Now, as I knew that the General's only son was blind, I was not a little puzzled. Probably General S—t read my feelings in my face, for he added

"Did you never hear of Charles Dickens' visit to the blind asylum where Benny was taught? He talked with the children, and became so very much interested in them, that he decided to have a new edition of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' printed with raised letters for their use. 'Bless their hearts! They shall find little Nell in the dark!' he said all aglow. And so, in time, my boy was bending over the story, as happy a little fellow as one could wish to see."

"Did he read it easily?" I asked.

"O yes, quite so!" said the General, cheerfully. "The letters, white as the rest of the page are raised, and are about an eighth of an inch long. Benny runs his finger along the lines one by one and understands every word. You would think he had eyes in his finger-tips. The sense of feeling is very acute, you know, when one's sight is gone."

"I like Dickens more than ever now," said one of the boys when the school-mistress finished her story.

"And so do I," said four of the children.

THOSE BRAZIL NUTS.

So many dear and clever little folks have sent answers to my question in the March number. ST. NICHOLAS about Brazil nuts, that I have asked the editors to put their names and some of the facts in the Letter-Box. Bless their hearts—I can see them now, in my mind's eye, looking over dusty books and encyclopedias! Here's a note from a little girl who did n't have to look in a book at all:

Albion March 3, '77

Mr. Jack in The pulpit

I can tell you some thing about those Brazil nuts. My uncle Joe has got a shell what they come in. It looks like a Coccoanut only Brazil nuts are inside and rattle and that is the reason they dont have any stem on them and pleas put me down as a Bird defender

NELLIE REYNOLDS

QUEER EYES.

YOU have no idea what a good time your Jack has in noticing eyes. May be the eyes have good time, too, in noticing your Jack; but that neither here nor there. I can't help being struck with the capital seeing arrangement of the bird. Why, bless you! opera-glasses and telescopes; nothing alongside of them, especially the high flying fellows. They can adjust their eyes just about as they please. High in the air, they take up a long style of vision, and, as they descend they haul in their eyes,—if I may use such an expression,—until they can see to pick a little grub off the ground.

Flies' eyes are wonderful things; they can see every direction, but they never move. Snails, no have eyes of another sort. They carry them at the ends of a pair of flexible horns, and while they are crawling over a leaf they can send their eyes up to the edge of it to see what is going on there. I told that fishes have n't any eyelids. Is this so?

The number of different kinds of eyes among

imals, fish, reptiles, and insects, will astonish you once you begin to look out for them.

JOY-BELLS.

MY boys and girls, you are happier than kings d queens!

There was once a prince, who, on ascending the throne, had a bell raised in a tower over his palace, which he intended to ring whenever he was perfectly happy.

The bell never rang during his lifetime.

If little children had joy-bells over their heads, at wonderful chimes we should hear when the snow-flakes fall, or the first Spring flowers are there.

EDDIE AND HIS TWIRL POETRY.

I KNOW of a wonderful little boy, hardly six years old, who is going to be a poet one of these days, that is if he has a fair chance to be a child poet. It would be dreadful if the gifts of his coming years should be brought to him so soon as to stifle his childhood down and make him weary and worn before his soul has a chance to grow. I am glad to hear that he is a merry, free-hearted fellow now, fond of play and not so very good but that he can sometimes get into mischief. Well, those who are nearest to him know that strange thoughts flit through his baby brain, and at his dreamy eyes often look far, far away, either no one may follow him. He goes to the seaside with his mother sometimes, and digs wells in the sand like other youngsters, and runs about in great glee. Then he will grow sober, and after a while he says:

"Write, mother—write just what I tell you. I'm going to make some Twirl poetry!" Here is something that he made in this way after every moonlight visit to the beach:

THE TWIRL POETRY.

moon! O moon! O moon!
 glowing the light on the ground so holy-like,
 and the stars twinkling so brightly and merrily,
 if it were Christmas,
 a soft, witchy day when the witches charm their caldrons;
 the trees waving and shuddering in the court-yard,
 the lilies flowing on the brooks merrily and lovely,
 the pebbles glistening in the moonlight so merrily,
 the mountains with the flakes pouring on like pelts of rain—
 tening, dropping, breaking,—
 the bears hiding with leaves and brush in their dens,
 dark and curious!

never shall forget the moon! the moon! the moon!
 singing so merrily on the sea,
 the boisterous sea,
 the waves dashing and breaking on the beach,
 moving about so gracefully,
 the rainbows in the night so striped and lovely.

never shall forget the wrecks! the wrecks!
 the rocks spreading danger in the sea,
 the waves trickling in and out the rocks,
 the breakers whirling, twirling,
 if a giant were stepping on the earth and making it tremble.
 Jupiter throwing down all its riders out of heaven,
 crashing up the earth, and breaking the heavens wide.

"Sign it 'BY THE GREAT ARTIST, EDDIE, ESQ., v. 27, 1874,'—just those very words, mother," he said when the verses were written, and then he ran to play.

Here is the second part of this Twirl poetry,

written two days afterward. You see he knows nothing of rhyme yet, and his thoughts are made up partly from what he observes himself, and partly from what he hears read and spoken by those about him:

THE TWIRL POETRY.—PART II.

And the water spurting,
 And the whales diving in and out, and spouting water from their nostrils,
 And the moon shining so brightly on the water,
 And the water mermaids combing their long hair,
 Dragging and floating in the water,
 And their shell combs glistening,
 And the sword-fish cutting the water with their great swords,
 And the trees blowing and falling with the great hurricanes,
 And the lobsters sniffing the ground and spouting up,
 And the little shells washing on the beach and off again with the breakers,
 And the pieces of board washing to shore off many wrecks
 And the sea-weed washing on the beach,
 And the frigates riding the waves and tossing about,
 And yachts along the coast sailing, sailing, sailing.

Should you like to hear some of Eddie's prose? Well, you shall have a story composed for his grandmamma on Sept. 10, 1874, when he was exactly five years and four months old. His mother wrote down every word just as he dictated it:

THE RAGING ANACONDA OF THE DISMALLEST WOODS AS SOUTH AMERICA BEARS IN ITS MIGHTY KINGDOM.

As the raging anaconda was sunning himself, one day, on the high branches of a weeping-willow, he no sooner opened his eyes than he espied some lambs of a farmer's in a near field; and no sooner he saw them than he sprang down the tree. No sooner the farmer beheld the "snake" than he teared after the "snake" three times round the swamp, and then climbed up the tree to catch him by the tail, when the anaconda turned and opened his mighty jaws and grabbed the farmer's hat. Then the farmer climbed down as fast as anything and ran away, and another anaconda and two wild boars came and chased him till he got out of breath, and then he made a feast on the old farmer.

HAVE FLIES AND GNATS NOSES?

OF course they have, if Jack knows anything about it; that is, they have the sense of smell, though whether they smell with their noses or not is for my children to find out.

You just set a piece of meat in the sun and cover it up so that no insect can see it, and you'll find the shrewd little mites soon coming toward it from every direction. They *smell* it, or my name's not Jack.

A HARD CASE.

Do you ever feel badly, my dears, because you are sent to bed early? Do you beg to stay just a minute longer, and do you seize upon every possible excuse for lingering? Ah, well, there's a good time coming; one of these days you'll be big and strong, and may go to bed when you please.

Hold! I don't positively promise that you shall sit up as late as you please when you grow big. It depends upon circumstances and family rules. For instance, the other day I heard the minister telling a lad this very hard case:

"Dr. Johnson, in 1773, dined with the Earl of Loudon, and met his mother, the Countess, who was ninety-three. She had a daughter, Lady Betty, who was seventy, and she used to send her to bed early after supper, because, said she, 'Girls must not use late hours.'"

How should you have liked to be poor Lady Betty?

THE LETTER-BOX.

Lewiston, Me., February 26, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to shake hands, and I must 'less a little, too. When I first saw you, like so many silly people who have "first impressions," I thought I should n't like you, but this Winter I've been getting acquainted and bringing my little ones to know you.

They were so delighted at the thought of writing some notes and joining the Bird-defenders, that I hope you will pardon the trouble it may make you.

O, that Jack-in-the-Pulpit! I wonder if Mrs. Dodge has n't been a teacher, and she didn't feel sad when she used to see how little so many mothers knew of their own children. God bless her and every other woman who tries to be a teacher and helper of the children. How I wish I could hear her talk right out of her heart; but the ST. NICHOLAS lightens my work every time I take it up.—Yours most truly,
A. M. L.

The names of the scholars referred to in the above letter will be found among the Bird-defenders. We are always glad to hear from our young friends.

THE author of the "Gingerbread Boy," in our pages for Little Folks, writes as follows: "The 'Gingerbread Boy' is not strictly original. A servant girl from Maine told it to my children. It interested them so much that I thought it worth preserving. I asked where she found it, and she said an old lady told it to her in her childhood. So it may possibly have been in print, though I have never seen it."

Norwich Town, Conn., Feb. 16, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a puzzle which has been occupying our attention of late. It was attributed to Rev. E. E. Hale, but he denies having written it, and we are in doubt as to its authorship and as to the correct solution. Several answers have been suggested, among them "Axe," in connection with Charles I. and Cromwell. But we should be glad of a better one.—Yours truly,
E. S. G.

ENIGMA.

To five and five
And fifty-five,
The first of letters add;
'T will make a thing
That killed a king
And drove a wise man mad.

CLARENCE DELLAM asks "if any of the ST. NICHOLAS subscribers can tell him how to crystallize flowers, and give him the recipe for making skeleton leaves." Who will answer?

Dayton, O., February 27, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell how delighted I am with your magazine. I liked the *Young Folks* very much, but yours beats it altogether. But one thing I noticed was that the *Young Folks* allowed the boys and girls to contribute music. Now I should like to know whether you would allow the boys and girls of the ST. NICHOLAS to do the same.—Very respectfully,
WILLIE WALTER.

In answer to Willie's request, we must tell him that our space is very valuable, and that in the interest of the majority of our readers we prefer to print music very seldom.

A PECULIAR GAME OF CROQUET, PLAYED WITH WORDS AND SKILL OF BRAIN, NOT WITH MALLET AND BALL.

Explanation.

The arch in center of field is C A; the four other central arches will be respectively named first, second, third, and fourth. The first arch, or bridge, on the left-hand side will be designated by L S A I, and the second in like manner, and the arches on the right-hand side in a similar manner. We are supposed to stand at the foot, and are looking down the field toward the head, or turning stake, H S, or the foot of the field, is the home stake, or place whence we start. T S is turning stake. The words by which we pass through the first and second arches, and second and third, must be reversible, so that we can return on the same word and thus preserve the symmetry of the entire arrangement. The stakes, and also the words, with which we commence the game must be reversible.

Commencement of the Game.

The H S is a dark place. First move is to pierce; first arch, or bridge, is what this game pretends to be. Second move is a character

in mythology celebrated for his friendship; second arch, or bridge, is a simleton, which we often think we are ourselves when we fail to pass through the first bridge. Third move, or rather play, is always in darkness. First R S A is docile. Fourth play is an insane person; C A is what our country is now suffering from the effects of Fifth move is not wide; second R S A is a condition in which a player sometimes finds his ball. Sixth play is a farming implement; the third A is a musician. Seventh play is what this game is composed of: the fourth A is a penurious man. The eighth play is what some of our puzzlers try to be among their fellow-workers who contribute to the ST. NICHOLAS. T S is the summit, or top, just as it should be.

Returning.

Please observe that, in passing through the central bridges again as we have to do, it will be unnecessary to define those arches, or bridges, which we have already passed through.

First return play are animals known to us as little pests. Second play is a leather band, pierced with holes and provided with a buckle. Third move is to shine, as we need a little light to see our way farther on. First L S A is soup. Fourth move is a boy's name. Fifth move is a plant. Second L S A is an English title. Sixth move is an idea. Seventh move is a wanderer. Eighth play is nocturnal winged animals, which fly with us to the home stake and thus finish the game.
"HYPERION."

The above game of croquet is quite difficult; but, before printing the solution, we should like to see if any of our young readers can find out the words, and send us a diagram of the game as played by themselves.

HERE is a complaint from a boy: "There has been so much said in readers and magazines about girls being teased and annoyed by boys, especially their older brothers, I think it is time the other side was heard from. Don't you think it's mean the way some girls have of teasing and plaguing the boys? I think it's all the meaner because the girls know the boys can't hit them or do anything to return."

Calera, Ala., February 24, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What do you mean by us Bird-defenders going to have a "grand campaign?" Please write to me and tell me. I do not go to school down here, because I have no place to go to, but I go to school to mamma. If any of the girls and boys read the ST. NICHOLAS look on a railroad map and on the map of Alabama, they will find a railroad called the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad, and if you look sharp you will see a town called Calera and one mile above there, on the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad I live, about four or five hundred yards from the railroad, on a hill and in a real pretty place. I have two dogs, a horse and colt, and cat. Robbie, my brother, also has a horse and a colt. We have good times, too, in the Summer. We go hunting rabbits, and go fishing and go in swimming, camp out, build boats, and go grape-hunting, and have nice times. There are deer here too. One day the hunters were hunting deer, and they started up one and shot him in the leg and the deer ran on two—I mean three—legs, and jumped over a fence into our yard and out again, on three legs. We miss skatin here though. I must close.—From
C. B. DARE.

P. G., St. Louis—The next time you send us a poem, we would prefer to have it original, and of a better class of poetry.

A CORRESPONDENT sends our boys and girls the following account of a monkey show:

One evening while we were in Berlin, we went to the monkey theater. The entertainment opened with a piece called "T. T. Waiter," and served to show what skillful waiters monkeys could be. A lady monkey and a gentleman monkey sat at a table. They were waited on by two other monkeys gayly dressed, one as a boy, the other as a girl. A very dignified elderly monkey acted the part of head waiter. They performed their parts extremely well, the attendants bringing what was called for with great alacrity. A chair was placed close to the table, on which they sprang up and placed the food, wine, nuts, etc., before the guests. The boy monkey seemed to be an adept in drinking on the sly, for when he was set for a fresh supply of wine he managed to help himself freely to the contents of the bottle while his master's back was turned. This piece was followed by others equally amusing. There was an elephant that danced about the stage and bowed very gracefully to the audience, also a white goat, that ascended a pyramid and danced on top, and descended amidst great applause. After that there was

, in which the monkeys proved themselves such excellent jockeys we thought they were tied on the horses, until the man ordered to jump off, which they did at a bound and as quickly resumed seats and rode round, if possible more rapidly than at first, looking at the audience with a very triumphant air, as much as to say, "I will show you what we can do." Then came the trained dogs; a dressed like girls, some like boys. They danced, but not very usly. One poor white dog that was dressed up in crinoline tried to get very tired walking. When she was going off the stage did not bow very gracefully, and wanted to get down on all fours, the manager would not let her go. As punishment, she was com- to waltz all around the stage again, and then she made a very eful bow—graceful for a dog. The performance closed with the ning of the walls of a city and of a citadel. The walls had the ap- nance of great strength, but when the army of dogs attacked them soon gave way, although they were vigorously defended by dogs e. There was wonderful barking and howling, but the flames burst forth, the walls fell down, the dogs scampered off, and the entertainment was at an end.

HERE was a slight mistake in the article, "A Training School for rs," in our March number. The words "Don't give up the " originated with Commodore Lawrence, but the flag on which were inscribed was used by Commodore Perry.

Albany Road, October 10, 1874.

AR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you three names for the Bird- nder army—Albert Rundells, Charlie Heller, and Carrie Heller. ould like to tell you a story about four little chickens. Their ird died the day they were hatched. I took them into the house, but them in a basket with cotton in; then I fed them, and they tal well. Then I took them out in the garden for a little while latched them. Then I took them into the house and covered up and put them by the fire, and they went to sleep. Every , when they thought it was time to go to bed, they would get somebody's lap; and I used to put them in their basket and them up. I called one Fanny, one Nanny, one Mischief, and gypsy. Mischief was killed by a dog that came here; and the rest ide and quite large. Fanny turned out a rooster, so I called rank. Every night they come and get up on the window-sill, put them to bed. Frank is black and golden brown; Nanny k brown; and Gypsy is black. Mischief was black and white.— s truly,
CARRIE R. HELLER.

AR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, four years old. I have a er, Dewitt. He takes the ST. NICHOLAS, but I do not. I like of the stories very much. The one about little Bertie and the was so nice. I liked it because she has my name. I like some letters in the back, too, very much.
BERTIE CRANE.

RE is a letter from a little girl in Turkey. With the letter came cage of curious bread, pretty hard and quite stale, but it gave a idea of the kind of bread the Turks eat. It was thin, like a heat cake. There is a missionary paper published at Erzurum, *Whiffs from Ararat*, and "Addie," the editor informs us, sets out of the type for the paper, which, however, is a very small one:

Erzurum, Turkey, January 20, 1875.

AR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little missionary girl, almost eleven old. I like you very much, and my little two-year-old sister (she calls me "Sitty Addie") likes you too, only she thinks you put in ponies enough. When you made your first visit to me ok me by surprise, for my papa had not told me that he had I you. I think, if you had eyes to see, you would be very surprised, because everything in Turkey is so queer. But, as ave n't, I will tell you something about it. You don't see any- where with hats on. Men wear a funny red cap called a fez, and wear them too. Women tie their heads up in handkerchiefs, then they go out-doors they put on a large white cloth all over called an azcam. They have very funny bread. I will send me, so you can see what it is. I will write again and tell you These things do not seem strange to me, because I was born I send you our little paper. These sheets of bread are nearly long and half a yard wide.—Your far-off friend,
ADDIE PARMELEE.

following is a description of the Brazil nut, about which "inquired in the March number. Very good descriptions have received from Tracy Lyon, Lincoln Righter, Ida A. Wendell, J. Roys, Fanny Brady, Katie F. Gibson, "St. Nic.," and Alice

THE BRAZIL JUVIA, CASTANIA, OR PARA NUT.

tree sometimes reaches one hundred and twenty feet, attaining eter of four feet, and frequently rises one hundred feet before forth a branch. The nuts are not borne singly, but are with remarkable exactness, from twelve to twenty, in a hard,

ligneous capsule, which is nearly round in shape, although inclined to pear-shape. When ripe, this pod is so heavy that it is dangerous to pass under the trees, even for Indians. Monkeys are so fond of these nuts that they hammer patiently on the capsule to obtain them. They watch for the fall of a pod with great eagerness, and should the capsule (or case) burst it is the signal for a scramble, the lively sentinels of a hundred lofty branches swinging themselves from bough to bough by means of their long tails to reach the precious nuts. The Indians make use of the imitative monkeys to gather this Casta- nia crop by pelting the animals with stones, who in turn hurl the capsules down at the human antagonists. On the river Aripeuru, a branch of the Amazon, a large number of the Indian Castanheiros ascend the stream to gather the harvest, upon which they depend for the year's subsistence. The nuts frequently constitute the sole cargo of vessels of considerable burden. Fifty thousand bushels are annu- ally exported to England. The Para nut is the most wholesome of hard-shelled fruits, and contains a fine sweet oil, often expressed for the use of watchmakers and artists in oil colors.

Washington, D. C., February 28, 1875.

DEAR MR. SCRIBNER: Please put this piece in the ST. NICHOLAS. It is the first I ever wrote. I am just seven years old. I did as well as I could.
WALTER CLEPHANE.

Little baby lies on his bed,
Laying down his little head.

He likes to see papa,
And talks to mamma.

A baby is sweet;
I love him indeed.

He smiles when I talk;
I wish he could walk!

He rings his bell,
And I love him well.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Some of our late readers have not seen the earlier numbers of the magazine, and, therefore, do not understand all this talk about the army of Bird-defenders. As we have received several letters asking for information, we here print an extract from the original resolutions, which will explain the purpose and aims of the army. The grand muster-roll will appear next month. We will also state that Mr. Haskins will probably have something to say to the army in the June number. Meantime we hope to receive a great many new names.

The extract is as follows: "Resolved, that we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the des- truction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times."

Of the lists received this month, the following from Clinton B. Poe, of New York, takes the lead: Louis P. Sledge, Frank Thayer, Harry Samson, William Jackson, Alfred Mestry, Edward Wells, Fred Lane, Nat. Lane, Ed. Palmer, Harry Wood, Will Chase, Will Perry, Harry Brower, John Brower, Charles Bogert, Sam Bell, Joseph Bell, David Bell, Will Gorden, Fred Norton, Gus Wells, Jamsie Cohen, Angus McKenzie, Malcolm McKenzie, Spencer McKenzie, Hetty Seixers, Emma Scott, Susan Huntoon Lizzie Gregory, Winnie Gregory, Nettie Gregory, Aggie Scott, Lizzie Scott, Minnie Samson, Flora Scott, Pauline Unger, Mildred McKibbin, Jane Clooney, Kate Clooney, Mary Bannen, Carrie McGinnis, Georgiana Armond, Susie O'Brien, Cynthia Wells, Lottie Kip, Pussy Keyes, Grace Cabot, Winnie Norton, Susy White, Etta Palmer, Gracie Howard.

Then comes this list from Eulalie Guthrie, of Dawn, Ohio: Gertrude Burch, Minnie De Rush, Flora De Rush, Mabel Boes, Kate John, Carrie John, Ella John, Dolly Rush, Lily John, Sarah Coppess, Sydney Miller, Sarah Miller, Nettie Boes, Ellen Johnson, Mary A. Johnson, Mary A. Coppess, Ella Stephens, Dora McFar- land, William Sheffel, Solomon Sheffel, Alonzo Boes, John Deming, Willie Deming, John Brown, Samuel Brown, William Brown, James Brown, John McKahn, Charlie Coppess, Otwell McCowan, William McCowan, Elmer Collins, Bowen John, William John, David Reigle, Isaac Stephens, Milton John, Samuel Morrison.

Miss Annie M. Libby, of Lewiston, Me., sends the following names with a letter, which will be found in another column: John Carter Baker, George Henry Packard, Arthur Howard Dingley, Joseph Bixby Lesner, Johnny Lanagan, Albert Nye Cleveland, James Everett Small, Frank Albert Huntington, Joseph Henry Cheetham, Arthur Brown Towle, George Wood, Wesley Miller, George Emmet Lynch, Nealy Clifford, J. E. Elder, Patsy Lahey, Emma Watson

Litchfield, Abba Ardell Washburn, Luella Robbins, Effie May Pratt, Rosa D. Nealy, Belle Manning Baker, Winifred E. Nason, Emma Frances Cobb, Hattie May Whitney, and Lizzie T. Sargent.

Next we have a list from Eddie H. Eckel, of Wilmington, Del., already a Bird-defender: Lewis Hilles, Davis Grubb, D. W. Jordan, G. B. Hittinger, C. H. Hittinger, Edwin Cooling, Paul Birnie, W. M. Barrelle, Norrie Robinson, L. F. Eckel, George R. Groff, Zachary T. Guthrie, Edwin S. Farra, Robert E. Sayers, Eddie Canby, J. B. Grubb, Walter L. Butler, Eddie A. Ryon, Richard W. Gilpin, Willie S. Mitchell, Cyrus P. Enos, Willie Beggs, James Hile, David P. Michner, N. Dushane Cioward, and John J. Britt.

Florence P. Spofford sends the following list: Helen Nicolay, Lizzie M. Junken, Emily Snowden, Flora Freyhold, Mattie W. Garges, Annie Beers, Blanche Jordan, Emma Stewart, Laura Seymour, Susie Hartwell, Florence P. Spofford, R. A. Ware, John F. Clark, Dan'l Clark, Charles S. Jones, and Harry Morton.

Katy E. Gilligan sends a list: Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Balcazer, Constance M. Burke, Nellie Gilligan, John D. Stephens, Robert M. Stephens, Minnie W. Stephens, Norma L. Freeman, Ada G. Marsh, Emily B. Giroff, Belle McKeage, Lillie Coward, and Katy E. Gilligan.

Sidney M. Prince sends the following names: Nelson Bodine, Jennie Bodine, Mattie Lester, Mary Lester, Garra Lester, George G. Prince, Cora L. Frink, George L. Dancer, Clelie L. Dancer, Eugene Dancer, Jason S. Dancer, and Alvin Dancer.

Emily T. Carow sends her own and the following names: Kitty Waldo, Carrie Sutton, Genie Dart, Susy Kunhardt, Madline Smith, Kitty C. Pratt, Corinna Smith, Edith Marshall, Alice Towle, Addie Close, Annie Close, and Laura Agnew.

Charles H. Mathewson sends this list: Edwin L. Mathewson, Charles B. Tyler, S. Mason Tyler, Charles Mason, Howard Budlong, William Barbour, and Irving Hicks.

C. Burton Jones sends a few names besides his own: George N. Thompson, Jennie A. Chidsey, Ida S. Woodruff, Belle A. Woodruff, John R. Crawley, Bertha J. Woodruff, Horace L. Judd, and Charlie C. Judd.

Sadie D. Morrison joins, and sends other names as follows: Annie Brace, Mary A. Flanner, Mary Gardner, Emma B. Harwood, Emma J. Hubble, Mary E. Kansen, and Nellie Underwood.

Fannie R. Rose sends a list as follows: Kittie A. Comstock, Bell Northrop, Fannie R. Rose, Nellie A. Knowles, Chickie M. Bull, an Julia S. Savage.

Dolly W. Kirk also sends a list: Maggie Prieto, Josephine Prieto Madeline Prieto, Margaret Sharp, and Irene Givens.

Hannah J. Powell sends this list: Annie E. Eaton, George Eaton, Stewart Eaton, Maud Eaton, Mattie Eaton, and George J. Powell.

Charlie Balestier sends his own name and those of Carrie Balestier, Josephine Balestier, Beatty Balestier, and Bella Hartz.

Delia M. Conkling joins with the following friends: Alice E. Palmer, Francine M. Yale, Natalie B. Conkling, Ollie H. Palmer.

Willie H. Patten joins, and sends a few other names: May Elizabeth Patten, Jessie Allen, and Emma Vandusen.

Other names have been received, as follows: George De Lorenz Burton, Effie Thompson, Charles R. Baldwin, Belle Baldwin, Ell G. McSwaly, Willie H. McSwaly, Johnny Flagg, Annie Louis Wright, Winnie Louise Bryant, Mac Moorhead, Attie E. Campbell J. B. Parmelee, Lolie C. Hoy, Arthur I. Clymer, Nathaniel Haver Daisy Haven, Charles B. Davis, Richard H. Davis, Freddie E. Shelton, Lulu Conrad, Fred B. Nickerson, Willie B. Nickerson, Edward L. Anderson, Grace Nunemacher, J. Chase, Florence B. latine, Eddie L. Heydecker, Zuilie Hubbard, Katy E. Gilligan Mamie A. Johnson, Katie S. West, Susie H. West, Fred N. West Mabel Williston, Emily Williston, Constance B. Williston, Alice M. Williston, Willie Sherwood, and Nellie Reynolds.

OUR correspondents must remember that the numbers of *ST. NICOLAS* are prepared for the press about two months previous to the date. Consequently, all matter for the Letter-Box (which is one of the latest departments prepared) should be in our hands at least two months before the first day of the month for which the magazine published. Thus, communications for the July Letter-Box should reach us by the first of May.

Names and short items sent after that date may possibly be inserted but it is not safe to wait.

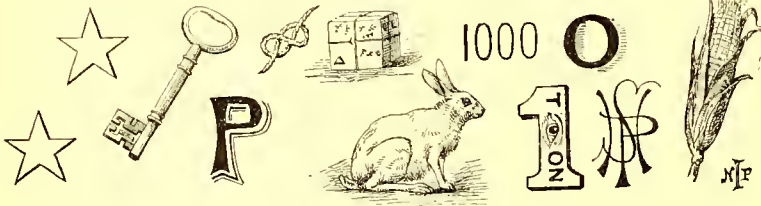
Many very kind letters have lately been received to which it is impossible to reply in this department or otherwise, but the writers may feel sure that their generous expressions are fully appreciated.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of six letters. My 2, 3 and my 5, 6 are both prepositions. My 6, 5, my 3, 2, and my 1, 2 are often used as interjections. My 4, 5 is a verb. My 5, 1, 4 characterizes Methusalah. My whole is a city in Europe. J. C. M.

REBUS, No. 1.



TRANSPOSITIONS.

FILL the blanks with the same word used in another sense. 1. The — under the floor are of more use to church than the — in the seats. 2. I saw the — Tartary riding upon a — from South America. 3. — came down my chimney and took a — from my pitcher. 4. I wonder if our fossil — are as old as the — that vexed the Jews. I heard them discussing — at the counter, — that betrayed anger. B.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

HE arrived at Omaha due time. There is not person present who know it. Stop a little before you proceed. Do you like smelts? G. E. M.

BEHEADED BLANKS.

A PRIEST throws down a silver —
The future destiny to —
Of a couple in his church;
When lo! a private quarrel —
Between the pair, about their —
And leaves him in the lurch! E.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

MY first is a consonant. My second is a piece of wood. My third is one of the books of the Old Testament. My fourth is a confection. My fifth is an American poetess. My sixth is a town in New York State. My seventh is to coincide. My eighth is before. My ninth is a consonant. FAN FAN.

ELLIPSES.

I SAID "—!" to those —. 2. I saw some with a — on their collar. 3. You have the right but not the right —. 4. I should not — to in that town. 5. He has no —, and his ears are — too long. 6. I bought some — of the — er. 7. — those ends, and I will — them. 8. The — implies authority to — sin. 9. I have a — lamb. 10. I have — it —! That mutton is raw; it will — on the —! 12. reign of — was one of the — in Egyptian ry. 13. When the wind blows how that — does R.

where a (village in W. part of Putnam Co., N. Y.) was conveniently at hand, and luxuriant vines waved overhead. A fallen tree, overgrown with (a sea-port town of Norway, 32 miles S. of Christiana), made a comfortable seat, and here they passed the afternoon so pleasantly that the youth did not notice that the daylight had (the past tense of a county in N. E. Penna.), and that it was growing (a county in W. Ohio). The lady sneezed (a river in W. Tenn. which runs into the Mississippi), remarked that the (sea-port town of Scotland, S. S. W. of Glasgow) was becoming (a republic of S. America, on the Pacific Ocean), and proposed that they should return. The gentleman had unearthed a piece of (a county

REBUS. No. 2.

Θησεως Ζωει



CHARADE.

My first, it is strong,
It is deep, it is long;
What it holds a sailor best knows.
My second is good
For animals' food,
And in various latitudes grows.
My whole is quite sweet,
And considered a treat
By little folks everywhere.
Go search through the town
For its shining brown!
If you find, do give me a share!

A. O'N.

in S. E. Miss.) with his (county in N. E. Ill.), and by some hard (county in central Ohio) against a rock, broke off a piece of it, which he gave to the lady as a memento. She presented him in return with a branch of (a county in S. E. Kentucky). The dog, having fallen asleep, with his head on the gentleman's hat, heedless of the (plural of a county in S. E. center of Mo.) he might make thereby, was now awakened; and with the light of the (island of Russia in the Baltic) to guide them, while the (county in N. W. center of Penna.) of a distant (county in central part of Texas) warned them of the lateness of the hour, they wended their way homeward. At a point where the path turned to the (county toward S. part of Mo.), they stopped a moment to (a mountain in N. W. part of Ga.) at the lovely valley, and village with its twinkling lights. Finally, when they reached the door of the house where the lady resided, they stood talking in the moonlight, and the youth, resolved to win her if possible, pressed his suit, and said: "Is there no (town in Warren Co., N. J.) for me?" But she sadly replied: "(A village in Edgar Co., Ill., E. of Springfield), you must see that I do not reciprocate your love. Oh! (a river of England, flowing into the Severn near Chepstow) did you ask? But if we must part, let it be in (a post township of Aroostook Co., Me.), and without heart- (a city of France, 17 miles S. of Marseilles)."

M. C.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

YOUNG man, named (a county in the S. part of Va.), on the Mississippi River; a town in Bristol Co., N. J.), a (county in N. E. Indiana) youth; was a dealer county in S. E. Alabama), who dwelt in one of our famous for its (town in Tunica Co., Miss). Yet, though possessed of wealth, he was not content; and some- was still wanting to complete his felicity, and that a blissful (county in the W. central part of Ohio) marriage with a certain lady named (a county in S. E. part of Va.), whose (city in Cayuga Co., N. Y.) had captivated him. One fine day, he invited her company him in a ramble over the hills, and she, a good (county in N. W. Georgia) and town in S. E. of Chataqua Co., N. Y.), consented; and they set out with his dog following. And that animal, in his joy (town in N. E. part of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.), seemed to be trying to turn (the plural of a town in the part of Niagara Co., N. Y.), to show his happiness. About half-way up one of the hills, they sat down in the shade of a (town in Burlington Co., N. J.),

EASY PUZZLE.

TAKE one hundred and one,
And to it affix
The half of a dozen,
Or, if you please, six.
Put fifty to this,
And then you will see
What every good child
To all others should be.

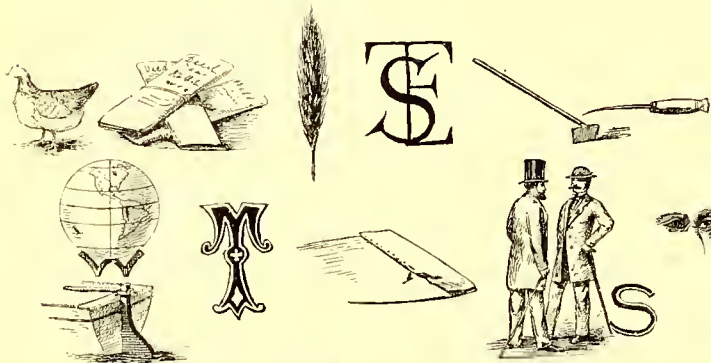
M. E.

CHARADE.

My first, to shield himself from my third, united my second. My whole is an island of the United States.

THE initials and finals form a flower. 1. A looking glass. 2. A boy's name. 3. An Egyptian deity. 4. *IDA*.

REBUS, No. 3.



SQUARE RIVERS.

A RIVER in Utah. A river in Spain. A river in Italy. A river in Minnesota.

UNTO a certain numeral one letter join—sad fate! What first was solitary, you will annihilate. A. I.

DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a city; get a disease. Behead a river; get part of a body. Behead a plan; get an animal. Behead a river; get seared. Behead a color; get a useful article in a house. *NIP.*

PYRAMID.

THE left slope is a timepiece. The central is an injury. The right slope is a people of Europe. The cross-words are: 1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. To turn. 4. Angles. 5. A will. *R. M.*

PUZZLE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER

ENIGMA.—“When Greek meets Greek.” (Easy, because it contains no vowel but e.)

HIDDEN LAKES.—1. Erie. 2. Wener. 3. Pepin. 4. Earn. 5. Itasca.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.—Lias, Sail, Leer, Reel.

L—iverpoo—L
I—rene—E
A—nemon—E
S—hovele—R

PUZZLE.—1. Coleridge (G recoiled). 2. Chatterton (T chatter on). 3. Whittier (H wittier).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Portia, Hamlet.

P—eac—H
O—nor—A
R—oa—M
T—el—L
I—dl—E
A—n—T

REBUS, No. 1.—“Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.”

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Venice, Athens.

V—irgini—A
E—gyp—T
N—orwic—H
I—sl—E
C—aribbea—N
E—uphrate—S

LINEADUCTIONS.—1. Stale, State. 2. Fell, Felt. 3. Will, Wilt.

SQUARE WORD.—

P O E S Y
O V A T E
E A R E D
S T E E D
Y E D D O

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

D
M A P
M I N U S
M I L D R E D
D A N D E L I O N
P U R L I N G
S E I N E
D O G
N

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.—Amsterdam.

REVERSALS.—1. Gulp, Plug. 2. Dine, Enid. 3. Rats, St. 4. Are, Era. 5. Live, Evil. 6. Pins, Snip. 7. Nuts, Stun. THE TEA-PARTY.—Carrie, Fred, Cake, Tarts, Candy, No Party, Seven, Sleep, Dreams.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Allowable, All below a. 2. Exhibition, I exhibit. 3. Parted, Depart. 4. Modellers, Mere dolls. 5. 1 perse, Presides.

REBUS, No. 2.—“Is it a dagger that I see before me?”

CHARADE.—Wake-rob-in (Trillium).

EASY METAGRAMS.—Mold, Gold, Cold, Bold, Fold, Hold, Old.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

B
B O N
A L L E R
B O L I V I A
H A V R E
A I X
A

CENTRAL PUZZLE.—St. Nicholas. 1. CaSte. 2. AllTar. CaNoe. 4. Allas. 5. MaCaw. 6. OcHre. 7. OvOid. 8. Pal 9. PiAno. 10. ReSin.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Clink, Link, Ink, Chair, Hair, Air.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to March 18, from Eddie H. Eckel, John S. Rogers, Ja P. Sullivan, Patsey Boliver, Minnie Emory and Mollie Stark, B. Sewall, Lulu Paine, Lolie C. Hoy, E. S. Gregory, “Cock-Robin,” “Je Wren,” Laure C. Marcellus, Lottie E. Frost, Louie Frost, G. C. Mosher, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Annie E. Thayer, Charlie Balesier, Fa Cushing, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Frank S. Halsey, L. B. Coggeshall, Frank Belknap, Beamy Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Jessie Bar William M. Jones, Chinton B. Poe, J. Wade McGowin, Rachel Hutchins, Johnny Flagg, Frank H. Belknap, W. H. Rowe, Mary L Hubbard, Jessie K. Sharp, Willie H. Patten, Frederic B. Studwell, Charlie E. Maxfield, Hannah Taylor, James J. Ormsbee, Annie Le Wright, Gertrude C. Eager, Winnie Louise Bryant, Ellen G. Hodges, Hattie H. Jones, May Ogden, Mary E. Goodwin, George S. Sn “Agnes Wickfeld” and “Betsy Trotwood,” Willie Boucher Jones, Clara Lee, Lulie M. French, Julia Bacon, Clara Hurd, H. B. Niel Attie E. Campbell, Jennings Bragan, John L. Woolfolk, “Tasco,” Helen B. Hall, George L. Crockett, Mary J. Tilghman, Dorot Florence L. Spofford, Charlotte W. R., Anson Cuyler Bangs, Nathaniel Haven, Bessie Gardner, Fred B. White, Elmer E. Burling Belle M. Evans, W. Dibblee, C. Brabrook, Emmie T. Lane and Hattie M. Coe, Allie and Paul Murphy, Marion E. Burke, Allie Anthe Fred B. Nickerson, Frank Havens, Edward L. Anderson, Emily Bodstein, Grace Nunemacher, Eucenia Pratt, Fannie H. Smith, I Keith, Joseph C. Beardsley, Willie Mosher, Charlie D. Shay, Laurens T. Postell, Nellie S. Colby, E. C. Powles, Nellie F. Elliott, Perry Ellis, Carrie Simpson, Willie S. Burns, Helen Worrell Clarkson, Keyda Richardson, Marcia E. Billings, Harry Wegmore, “Gussie Chase, S. Walter Goodson, George Brady, Katy E. Gilligan, “Jamic and Lucy,” Mamie A. Johnson, Fannie B. Hubbard, “Menela Edward Roomo, W. H. Healy, Bertha E. Salmarsch, Florence Lockwood, Leon Haskell, Edwin E. Slosson, Ida and Rosa Simons, I Tilghman, Fred Richardson, Bessie R. Vroom.





MILMY-MELMY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1875.

No. 8.

MILMY-MELMY.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

MANY hundred years ago,
People say,
Lived in busy Rhineland
Giants gay;
Folks of mighty stature,
Made so tall,
They would hit the sky in walking—
Stars and all.

When one stretched him on a mountain
For a nap,
Why, the clouds would fit him
Like a cap;
In the valley under
Sprawled his toes;
How he could get out of bed
No one knows!

Did he snore a little loudish
(Do you wonder)?
People only thought it
Heavy thunder.
Did he have the nightmare,
Knock-a-knock!
Everybody grimly muttered:
“Earthquake shock!”

One of these tremendous fellows,
I suppose,
Could have hung your father
On his nose.
Half a score like *you*, sir.
(Don't look pale!)
Might have straddled see-saw
His thumb-nail.

He'd have been a crony
Worth the knowing!
For they were the kindest
Creatures going.
So good-natured, somehow,
In their ways;
Not a bit like naughty giants
Now-a-days.

Well, the biggest one among 'em,
So they tell me,
Had a pretty daughter—
Milmy-Melmy;
Ten years old precisely—
To a T;
Stout enough to make a meal of
You and me.

On her birthday, Milmy-Melmy,
All alone,
Started on a ramble—
Unbeknown.
Left her toys behind her
For a run;—
Big as elephants and camels,
Every one.

Through the country, hill and valley,
Went she fast;
Willows bent to watch her
As she passed;
Hemlock slender, poplar
Straight and high,
Brushed their tops against her fingers,
Tripping by.

Half a mile to every minute—
 Like enough,
 Though she found the going
 Rather rough ;
 Men folk, glancing at her,
 Cried aloud :
 " We shall have a shower shortly—
 See the cloud ! "

Milmy-Melmy thought it rather
 Jolly play
 Nurse to leave behind, and
 Run away ;
 In her life (imagine
 If you can)
 She had never seen a woman,
 Or a man.

Three times thirty leagues of trudging
 (Listen now)
 Brought her to a plowman
 At his plow ;
 Getting rather tired,
 Stubbed her toe ;
 Stooped to see what sort of pebble
 Hurt her so.

Picking up the plow and plowman,
 Oxen, too,
 Milmy-Melmy stared at
 Something new !
 Stuck them in her girdle,
 Clapped her hands
 Till the mountain echoes answered
 Through the lands.

" Here 's a better birthday present,"
 Shouted she,
 " Than the leather dollies
 Made for me.
 These are living playthings—
 Very queer ;
 La ! the cunning little carriage—
 What a dear ! "

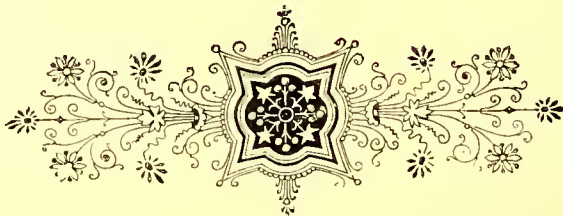
So into her apron, tying
 The new toy,
 Off she hurried homeward
 Full of joy ;
 Stood it on a table
 In the hall ;
 Ran to bring her father to it,
 Told him all.

" Milmy-Melmy," cried the giant,
 " What a shame !
 You must take the plaything
 Whence it came.
 These are useful workers,
 Daughter mine,
 Getting food for human beings,—
 Corn and wine.

" Never meddle with such tiny
 Folks again ;
 Only ugly giants love to
 Trouble men."
 Milmy-Melmy pouted
 ('T was n't nice),
 But she carried back the playthings
 In a trice.

When she 'd made her second journey,
 Little sinner
 Really felt too tired
 For her dinner
 So to bed they put her,
 Right away,
 And she had her birthday pudding
 The next day.

What the plowman did about it,
 Mercy knows !
 Must have thought it funny,
 I suppose.
 If you want a moral,
 Ask a fly
 What he thinks of giants such as
 You and I !



MY FIRST TROUT.

BY EDWARD W. CADY.



DO you ever catch a trout? It is very exciting sport, especially the first time.

There are two kinds of trout, brook-trout and lake-trout. The name indicates where they are found; but the lake-trout is very much larger, and not nearly so handsome as the other. The brook-trout varies in size from about as long as your hand to a foot or more, and is of a reddish-gray color and beautifully marked with red and yellow spots. He is classed among the "game" fish, because trout-fishing requires skill in the fisherman, and is considered excellent sport. Trout are considered delicious eating, too. A brook-trout which weighs about a pound is considered a fair-sized fish, and one that weighs five pounds, a monster; but this last is not very common.

The water where trout live is very clear and cold, and they generally prefer a shady pool or the foot of a little cascade. Woe to the grasshopper which happens to jump into the water there, or the innocent butterfly hovering too near the surface! The trout never hesitates to jump clear out of the water to catch a bug flying near the surface. If you chanced to be close by at the time, you would be startled by a rush and a plunge, just like a flash of lightning, and good-bye to Mr. Grasshopper or Miss Butterfly!

It does not seem to make any difference to the trout how small a brook is. I remember a little brook so narrow that the grass growing over concealed it from sight, and it seemed just as though you were fishing in the grass. This stream ran across a field where there were no trees nor bushes, and it seemed very queer to walk out into the middle of the field, let your line down through the grass, and pull trout right out of it.

But I began to tell you how I caught my first trout. It was one Summer when I was about ten years old. I used to go to my grandfather's in Massachusetts every Summer, and spend most of the time fishing, for I was very fond of it. I soon acquired a great reputation as a young fisherman, and felt very proud when I came home along the main street of the town with a large fish. But when I did not catch any, it was always pleasant to come through the fields by the back way.

The fish I caught were pickerel, perch, and

shiners. I had never caught a trout. I had read about them, however, in a book on fishing which I owned—how shy they were, and how much skill it required to throw a fly well.

Do you know what "throwing a fly" means? If you don't, the book on fishing will explain it to you. You will read, as I did, all about the different kinds of flies, and what kind of a fly the trout likes this month and what kind that. For you must know that at different seasons the trout changes his diet just as we do; and just as in Spring we are very fond of lamb and green peas, so Mr. Trout must have a big brown bug with red head or white tail, or any jolly bug which is in the season. There are workmen who make artificial flies, which look so natural, that sometimes you yourselves may be deceived by them as well as the trout.

On this particular Summer which I am speaking about, my uncle had made me a present of a trout-pole, and, although I had not expected to use it, for it was too slender for the fish I was in the habit of catching, I had brought it with me to the country, so as to have it ready at any time.

Now, there was not much trout-fishing in the neighborhood where my grandfather lived. In fact, no one knew where there was any trout except one old man, the landlord of the tavern. He would take his horse and wagon, drive off before daylight, and come home with a fine string of fish. He never would tell any one where he went. I went one day and said to him, confidentially:

"Mr. Dickey, I want to catch some trout. Can you tell me where to go?"

"Why," he said, "go up along Bull brook, and you'll find some."

I knew, by the way he said it, that he was not telling me where *he* went. Still, I made up my mind I would go to Bull brook and try there. Bull brook was about three miles from the village, with not a single house for miles around. It was a lonely place, full of thickets, and was called Bull brook because a great many cattle were pastured about there.

Early in the morning, I started off with my pole, which being jointed could be carried very conveniently. I trudged along the road, which kept winding and growing more and more lonely and dismal, on account of large beech-trees and poplars and gloomy-looking pines which grew along the side of the road, and almost shut out the sunlight. I felt a little afraid of meeting a cross

bull, but I whistled a lively tune, and marched on bravely.

At last I arrived at the brook, and got over the stone wall at the side of the road. There was a thick growth of bushes along the edge of the stream, so that I had to walk some distance before I found an opening where I could get close to the water. Everything was so still that I felt rather nervous and almost expected to see a fierce bull rush out upon me from somewhere. Crickets were chirping, and different kinds of insects were buzzing and humming. No other sound. But hark! What was that? A splash in the brook.



"I WENT HEELS OVER HEAD, BACKWARD ON THE GRASS."

A bull-frog, thought I. I looked in to see if I could discover him. There he was in the bottom of the shallow brook. No, on closer inspection that was not a bull-frog. It could n't be a fish, for fish swim around, and this little dark thing, whatever it was, was lying quite still on the bottom.

Just then, while I was wondering what it was, a grasshopper, which had jumped by mistake into the middle of the brook, went kicking along on the top of the water. In an instant there was a gleam just where the grasshopper was swimming, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the grasshopper was gone. I was no longer in doubt

about the queer thing at the bottom of the brook. It had disappeared. I knew it must be a trout.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "I'll catch you, Mr. Trout! Then wot the folks in town be surprised and wot they want to know where I caught him!"

I actually believe I thought more at that moment of what the people would say than I did of catching the trout. I was quite excited. I trembled all over. I captured a grasshopper, and my hat shook while I was putting it on the little hook. I got behind a bush and very carefully lowered my line until the bait touched the surface of the water.

I was terribly excited, so much so as if the brook were a big cannon and the moment the bait touched there would be a tremendous explosion. There was an explosion, but of a different sort. A plunge, a splash, and I gave a jerk strong enough to tear the bottom of the brook right out.

I went heels over head backward on the grass, and on scrambling to my feet looked eagerly at the end of the line to see my trout. But no trout was there, and what was more, the grasshopper was gone.

"What a fool I was," said I to myself, "to tear the bottom out of the water in that way, and scare all the fish. Now I wot catch any, and the people will laugh at me when I get home."

I caught another grasshopper, and tried again, and again, but it was of no use. The fish were evidently frightened. My feelings

were reduced to those of despair and chagrin. I almost cried. I hated to give it up; so I tried a little further down the brook.

This time the grasshopper lay undisturbed on the top of the water for several minutes, and I was just about to pull him up and try somewhere else, when there was a ripple in the water—a splash! The grasshopper disappeared, and there was a jerk on my line! I, too, gave a jerk upward. Oh, how delightfully hard the line pulled up! And then, as I whisked my pole round toward the end, there came out the water a silvery, sparkling fish!

In a moment, he was lying on the grass—my first trout!

How I walked around him and gazed at him, and admired his beautiful spots, resplendent in the sun!

No more fishing that day. I had my fish. It only remained now to get home. It was the middle of the afternoon when I folded up my rod, and with my trout strung upon a piece of fish-line, started homeward. I went along the road pretty rapidly, I can tell you. I had no fear of bulls now. I was too much interested in getting home with

my fish to think about that. I verily believe if I had met a bull, and he had tossed me, I should have gone up into the air holding on to that trout like a martyr. Alexander the Great, when he entered in a triumphal car one of the cities he had conquered, could not have felt prouder than I did when I entered the village, dusty and tired, and exhibited my prize to the astonished townspeople.

I have a great many times in my life worked hard and overcome difficulties, but I do not remember ever feeling such satisfaction and such pride as when I caught my first trout.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

POOR MAC.

ROSE'S sacrifice was a failure in one respect, for, though the elders loved her the better for it, and showed that they did, the boys were not inspired with the sudden respect which she had hoped for. In fact, her feelings were much hurt by overhearing Archie say that he could n't see any sense in it; and the Prince added another blow by pronouncing her "the queerest chicken ever seen."

It is apt to be so, and it is hard to bear; for, though we do not want trumpets blown, we do like to have our little virtues appreciated, and cannot help feeling disappointed if they are not.

A time soon came, however, when Rose, quite unconsciously, won not only the respect of her cousins, but their gratitude and affection likewise.

Soon after the Island episode, Mac had a sun-stroke, and was very ill for some time. It was so sudden that every one was startled, and for some days the boy's life was in danger. He pulled through, however; and then, just as the family were rejoicing, a new trouble appeared which cast a gloom over them all.

Poor Mac's eyes gave out; and well they might, for he had abused them, and never being very strong, they suffered doubly now.

No one dared to tell him the dark predictions of the great oculist who came to look at them, and the boy tried to be patient, thinking that a few weeks of rest would repair the overwork of several years.

He was forbidden to look at a book, and as that

was the one thing he most delighted in, it was a terrible affliction to the Worm. Every one was very ready to read to him, and at first the lads contended for this honor. But as week after week went by, and Mac was still condemned to idleness and a darkened room, their zeal abated, and one after the other fell off. It was hard for the active fellows, right in the midst of their vacation; and nobody blamed them when they contented themselves with brief calls, running of errands, and warm expressions of sympathy.

The elders did their best, but Uncle Mac was a busy man, Aunt Jane's reading was of a funereal sort, impossible to listen to long, and the other aunts were all absorbed in their own cares, though they supplied the boy with every delicacy they could invent.

Uncle Alec was a host in himself, but he could not give all his time to the invalid; and if it had not been for Rose, the afflicted Worm would have fared ill. Her pleasant voice suited him, her patience was un failing, her time of no apparent value, and her eager good-will was very comforting.

The womanly power of self-devotion was strong in the child, and she remained faithfully at her post when all the rest dropped away. Hour after hour she sat in the dusky room, with one ray of light on her book, reading to the boy, who lay with shaded eyes silently enjoying the only pleasure that lightened the weary days. Sometimes he was peevish and hard to please, sometimes he growled because his reader could not manage the dry books he wished to hear, and sometimes he was so depend-

ent that her heart ached to see him. Through all these trials Rose persevered, using all her little arts to please him. When he fretted, she was patient; when he growled, she plowed bravely through the hard pages—not dry to her in one sense, for quiet tears dropped on them now and then; and when Mac fell into a despairing mood, she comforted him with every hopeful word she dared to offer.

He said little, but she knew he was grateful, for she suited him better than any one else. If she was late, he was impatient; when she had to go, he seemed forlorn; and when the tired head ached worst, she could always soothe him to sleep, crooning the old songs her father used to love.

"I don't know what I *should* do without that child," Aunt Jane often said.

"She's worth all those racketing fellows put together," Mac would add, fumbling about to discover if the little chair was ready for her coming.

That was the sort of reward Rose liked, the thanks that cheered her; and whenever she grew very tired, one look at the green shade, the curly head so restless on the pillow, and the poor groping hands, touched her tender heart and put new spirit into the weary voice.

She did not know how much she was learning, both from the books she read and the daily sacrifices she made. Stories and poetry were her delight, but Mac did not care for them; and since his favorite Greeks and Romans were forbidden, he satisfied himself with travels, biographies, and the history of great inventions or discoveries. Rose despised this taste at first, but soon got interested in Livingston's adventures, Hobson's stirring life in India, and the brave trials and triumphs of Watt and Arkwright, Fulton and "Palissy, the Potter." The true, strong books helped the dreamy girl; her faithful service and sweet patience touched and won the boy; and long afterward both learned to see how useful those seemingly hard and weary hours had been to them.

One bright morning, as Rose sat down to begin a fat volume entitled "History of the French Revolution," expecting to come to great grief over the long names, Mac, who was lumbering about the room like a blind bear, stopped her by asking abruptly:

"What day of the month is it?"

"The seventh of August, I believe."

"More than half my vacation gone, and I've only had a week of it! I call that hard," and he groaned dismally.

"So it is; but there is more to come, and you may be able to enjoy that."

"May be able! I *will* be able! Does that old noodle think I'm going to stay stived up here much longer?"

"I guess he does, unless your eyes get on faster than they have yet."

"Has he said anything more lately?"

"I have n't seen him, you know. Shall I begin—this looks rather nice."

"Read away; it's all one to me." And Mac cast himself down upon the old lounge, where his heavy head felt easiest.

Rose began with great spirit, and kept on gallantly for a couple of chapters, getting over the unpronounceable names with unexpected success, she thought, for her listener did not correct her once, and lay so still she fancied he was deeply interested. All of a sudden she was arrested in the middle of a fine paragraph by Mac, who sat bolt upright, brought both feet down with a thump, and said, in a rough, excited tone:

"Stop! I don't hear a word, and you may as well save your breath to answer my question."

"What is it?" asked Rose, looking uneasy, for she had something on her mind, and feared that he suspected what it was. His next words proved that she was right.

"Now look here, I want to know something, and you've *got* to tell me."

"Please, don't —" began Rose, beseechingly.

"You *must*, or I'll pull off this shade and stare at the sun as hard as ever I can stare. Come now!" and he half rose, as if ready to execute the threat.

"I will! oh, I will tell, if I know! But don't be reckless and do anything so crazy as that," cried Rose, in great distress.

"Very well; then listen, and don't dodge, as every one else does. Did n't the doctor think my eyes worse the last time he came? Mother won't say, but you *shall*."

"I believe he did," faltered Rose.

"I thought so! Did he say I should be able to go to school when it begins?"

"No, Mac," very low.

"Ah!"

That was all, but Rose saw her cousin set his lips together and take a long breath, as if she had hit him hard. He bore the disappointment bravely however, and asked quite steadily in a minute:

"How soon does he think I *can* study again?"

It was so hard to answer that! Yet Rose knew she must, for Aunt Jane had declared she *could* not do it, and Uncle Mac had begged her to break the truth to the poor lad.

"Not for a good many months."

"How many?" he asked with a pathetic sort of gruffness.

"A year, perhaps."

"A whole year! Why, I expected to be read for college by that time." And, pushing up the

shade, Mac stared at her with startled eyes, that soon blinked and fell before the one ray of light.

"Plenty of time for that; you must be patient now, and get them thoroughly well, or they will trouble you again when it will be harder to spare them," she said, with tears in her own eyes.

"I wont do it! I *will* study and get through somehow. It's all humbug about taking care so long. These doctors like to keep hold of a fellow if they can. But I wont stand it—I vow I wont!" and he banged his fist down on the unoffending pillow as if he were pummeling the hard-hearted doctor.

"Now, Mac, listen to me," Rose said, very earnestly, though her voice shook a little and her heart ached. "You know you have hurt your eyes reading by fire-light and in the dusk, and sitting up late, and now you'll have to pay for it; the doctor said so. You *must* be careful, and do as he tells you, or you will be—blind."

"No!"

"Yes, it is true, and he wanted us to tell you that nothing but entire rest would cure you. I know it's dreadfully hard, but we'll all help you; I'll read all day long, and lead you, and wait upon you, and try to make it easier——"

She stopped there, for it was evident that he did not hear a sound; the word "blind" seemed to have knocked him down, for he had buried his face in the pillow, and lay so still that Rose was frightened. She sat motionless for many minutes, longing to comfort him, but not knowing how, and wishing Uncle Alec would come, for he had promised to tell Mac.

Presently, a sort of choking sound came out of the pillow, and went straight to her heart; the most pathetic sob she ever heard, for, though it was the most natural means of relief, the poor fellow must not indulge in it because of the afflicted eyes. The French Revolution tumbled out of her lap, and, running to the sofa, she knelt down by it, saying, with the motherly sort of tenderness girls feel for any sorrowing creature:

"Oh, my dear, you must n't cry! It is so bad for your poor eyes. Take your head out of that hot pillow, and let me cool it. I don't wonder you feel so, but please don't cry. I'll cry for you; it wont hurt *me*."

As she spoke, she pulled away the cushion with gentle force, and saw the green shade all crushed and stained with the few hot tears that told how bitter the disappointment had been. Mac felt her sympathy, but, being a boy, did not thank her for it; only sat up with a jerk, saying, as he tried to rub away the tell-tale drops with the sleeve of his jacket: "Don't bother; weak eyes always water. I'm all right."

But Rose cried out, and caught his arm: "Don't touch them with that rough woolen stuff! Lie down and let me bathe them, there's a dear boy; then there will be no harm done."

"They do smart confoundedly. I say, don't you tell the other fellows that I made a baby of myself, will you?" he added, yielding with a sigh to the orders of his nurse, who had flown for the eye-wash and linen cambric handkerchief.

"Of course I wont; but any one would be upset at the idea of being—well—troubled in this way. I'm sure you bear it splendidly, and you know it is n't half so bad when you get used to it. Besides,



"RUNNING TO THE SOFA, SHE KNELT DOWN BY IT."

it is only for a time, and you can do lots of pleasant things if you can't study. You'll have to wear blue goggles, perhaps; wont that be funny?"

And while she was pouring out all the comfortable words she could think of, Rose was softly bathing the eyes and dabbing the hot forehead with lavender water, as her patient lay quiet with a look on his face that grieved her sadly.

"Homer was blind, and so was Milton, and they did something to be remembered by, in spite of it," he said, as if to himself, in a solemn tone, for even the blue goggles did not bring a smile.

"Papa had a picture of Milton and his daughters writing for him. It was a very sweet picture, I thought," observed Rose in a serious voice, trying to meet the sufferer on his own ground.

"Perhaps I could study if some one read and did the eye part. Do you suppose I could, by and by?" he asked, with a sudden ray of hope.

"I dare say, if your head is strong enough. This sun-stroke, you know, is what upset you, and your brains need rest, the doctor says."

"I'll have a talk with the old fellow next time he comes, and find out just what I *may* do; then I shall know where I am. What a fool I was that day to be stewing my brains and letting the sun glare on my book till the letters danced before me. I see 'em now when I shut my eyes; black balls bobbing round, and stars and all sorts of queer things. Wonder if all blind people do?"

"Don't think about them; I'll go on reading, shall I? We shall come to the exciting part soon, and then you'll forget all this," suggested Rose.

"No, I never shall forget. Hang the old Revolution! I don't want to hear another word of it. My head aches, and I'm hot. Oh, would n't I like to go for a pull in the 'Stormy Petrel!'" and poor Mac tossed about as if he did not know what to do with himself.

"Let me sing, and perhaps you'll drop off; then the day will seem shorter," said Rose, taking up a fan and sitting down beside him.

"Perhaps I shall; I did n't sleep much last night, and when I did I dreamed like fun. See here, you tell the people that I know, and it's all right, and I don't want them to talk about it or howl over me. That's all; now drone away, and I'll try to sleep. Wish I could for a year, and wake up cured."

"Oh, I wish, I wish you could!"

Rose said it so fervently, that Mac was moved to grope for her apron and hold on to a corner of it, as if it was comfortable to feel her near him. But all he said was:

"You are a good little soul, Rosy. Give us 'The Birks;' that is a drowsy one that always sends me off."

Quite contented with this small return for all her sympathy, Rose waved her fan and sang, in a

dreamy tone, the pretty Scotch air, the burden which is:

"Bonny lassie, will ye gang, will ye gang
To the Birks of Aberfeldie?"

Whether the lassie went or not I cannot say, but the laddie was off to the land of Nod in about ten minutes, quite worn out with hearing the ballads and the effort to bear them manfully.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE OTHER FELLOWS."

ROSE did tell "the people" what had passed and no one "howled" over Mac, or said a word to trouble him. He had his talk with the doctor, and got very little comfort out of it, for he found that "just what he might do" was nothing at all, though the prospect of some study by and by, if it went well, gave him courage to bear the woes of the present. Having made up his mind to this, he behaved so well that every one was astonished never having suspected so much manliness in the quiet Worm.

The boys were much impressed, both by the greatness of the affliction which hung over him and by his way of bearing it. They were very good to him, but not always particularly wise in their attempts to cheer and amuse; and Rose often found him much downcast after a visit of condolence from the Clan. She still kept her place as head-nurse and chief-reader, though the boys did their best in an irregular sort of way. They were rather taken aback sometimes at finding Rose's services preferred to theirs, and privately confided to one another that "Old Mac was getting fond of being molly-coddled." But they could not help seeing how useful she was, and owning that she alone had remained faithful, a fact which caused some of them much secret compunction now and then.

Rose felt that she ruled in that room, if nowhere else, for Aunt Jane left a great deal to her, finding that her experience with her invalid father fitted her for a nurse, and in a case like this her youth was an advantage rather than a drawback. Mac soon came to think that no one could take care of him so well as Rose, and Rose soon grew fond of her patient, though at first she had considered this cousin the least attractive of the seven. He was not polite and sensible like Archie, nor gay and handsome like Prince Charlie, nor neat and obliging like Steve, nor amusing like the "Brats," nor confiding and affectionate like little Jamie. He was rough, absent-minded, careless and awkward rather priggish, and not at all agreeable to a dainty, beauty-loving girl like Rose.

But when his trouble came upon him, she discovered many good things in this cousin of hers, and learned not only to pity, but to respect and love the poor Worm, who tried to be patient, brave and cheerful, and found it a harder task than any she guessed, except the little nurse, who saw him in his gloomiest moods. She soon came to think that his friends did not appreciate him, and upon one occasion was moved to free her mind in a way that made a deep impression on the boys.

Rose had gone to drive with Uncle Alec, who declared she was getting as pale as a potato sprout, living so much in a dark room. But her thoughts were with her boy all the while, and she ran up to him the moment she returned, to find things in a fine state of confusion.

With the best intentions in life, the lads had done more harm than good, and the spectacle that met Nurse Rose's eye was a trying one. The puppies were yelping, the small boys romping, and the



"THE SPECTACLE THAT MET NURSE ROSE'S EYE WAS A TRYING ONE."

Vacation was almost over, and the time drawing near when Mac would be left outside the happy school-world which he so much enjoyed. This made him rather low in his mind, and his cousins exerted themselves to cheer him up, especially one afternoon when a spasm of devotion seemed to seize them all. Jamie trudged down the hill with a basket of blackberries which he had "picked all his ownself," as his scratched fingers and stained lips plainly testified. Will and Geordie brought their puppies to beguile the weary hours, and the three elder lads called to discuss base-ball, cricket, and kindred subjects, eminently fitted to remind the invalid of his privations.

big boys all talking at once; the curtains were up, the room close, berries scattered freely about, Mac's shade half off, his cheeks flushed, his temper ruffled, and his voice loudest of all as he disputed hotly with Steve about lending certain treasured books which he could no longer use.

Now Rose considered this her special kingdom, and came down upon the invaders with an energy which amazed them and quelled the riot at once. They had never seen her roused before, and the effect was tremendous; also comical, for she drove the whole flock of boys out of the room like an indignant little hen defending her brood. They all went as meekly as sheep; the small lads fled from

the house precipitately, but the three elder ones only retired to the next room, and remained there hoping for a chance to explain and apologize, and so appease the irate young lady, who had suddenly turned the tables and clattered them about their ears.

As they waited, they observed her proceedings through the half-open door, and commented upon them briefly but expressively, feeling quite bowed down with remorse at the harm they had innocently done.

"She's put the room to rights in a jiffy. What jacks we were to let those dogs in and kick up such a row," observed Steve, after a prolonged peep.

"The poor old Worm turns as if she was treading on him instead of cuddling him like a pussy cat. Is n't he cross, though?" added Charlie, as Mac was heard growling about his "confounded head."

"She will manage him; but it's mean in us to rumpel him up and then leave her to smooth him down. I'd go and help, but I don't know how," said Archie, looking much depressed, for he was a conscientious fellow, and blamed himself for his want of thought.

"No more do I. Odd, is n't it, what a knack women have for taking care of sick folks?" and Charlie fell a-musing over this undeniable fact.

"She has been ever so good to Mac," began Steve, in a self-reproachful tone.

"Better than his own brother, hey?" cut in Archie, finding relief for his own regret in the delinquencies of another.

"Well, you need n't preach; you did n't any of you do any more, and you might have, for Mac likes you better than he does me. I always fret him he says, and it is n't my fault if I am a quiddle," protested Steve, in self-defense.

"We have all been selfish and neglected him, so we wont fight about it, but try and do better," said Archie, generously taking more than his share of blame, for he had been less inattentive than either of the others.

"Rose has stood by him like a good one, and it's no wonder he likes to have her round best. I should myself if I was down on my luck as he is," put in Charlie, feeling that he really had not done "the little thing" justice.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys,—we have n't been half good enough to Rose, and we've got to make it up to her somehow," said Archie, who had a very manly sense of honor about paying his debts, even to a girl.

"I'm awfully sorry I made fun of her doll when Jamie lugged it out; and I called her 'baby bunting' when she cried over the dead kitten. Girls

are such geese sometimes, I can't help it," said Steve, confessing his transgressions handsomely and feeling quite ready to atone for them if he only knew how.

"I'll go down on my knees and beg her pardon for treating her as if she was a child. Don't make her mad, though? Come to think of it she's only two years or so younger than I am. But she is so small and pretty, she always seem like a dolly to me," and the Prince looked down from his lofty height of five feet five as if Rose were indeed a pigmy beside him.

"That dolly has got a real good little heart, and a bright mind of her own, you'd better believe. Mac says she understands some things quicker than he can, and mother thinks she is an uncommonly nice girl, though she don't know all creation. You need n't put on airs, Charlie, though you are a tall one, for Rose likes Archie better than you. She said she did because he treated her respectfully."

"Steve looks as fierce as a game-cock; but don't you get excited, my son, for it wont do a bit of good. Of course, everybody likes the Chief best; they ought to, and I'll punch their heads if they don't. So calm yourself, Dandy, and mend your own manners before you come down on other people's."

Thus the Prince with great dignity and perfect good nature, while Archie looked modestly gratified with the flattering opinions of his kinsfolk, and Steve subsided, feeling he had done his duty as cousin and a brother. A pause ensued, during which Aunt Jane appeared in the other room accompanied by a tea-tray sumptuously spread and prepared to feed her big nestling, as that was a task she allowed no one to share with her.

"If you have a minute to spare before you go to bed, I wish you'd just make Mac a fresh shade, this has got a berry stain on it, and he must have it tidy, for he is to go out to-morrow if it is a cloudy day," said Mrs. Jane, spreading toast in a state manner, while Mac slopped his tea about without receiving a word of reproof.

"Yes, aunt," answered Rose, so meekly that the boys could hardly believe it could be the same voice which had issued the stern command, "Out of this room, every one of you!" not very long ago.

They had not time to retire, without unseemly haste, before she walked into the parlor and sat down at the work-table without a word. It was funny to see the look the three tall lads cast at the little person sedately threading a needle with green silk. They all wanted to say something expressive of repentance, but no one knew how to begin, and it was evident, from the prim expression of Rose

ace, that she intended to stand upon her dignity ill they had properly abased themselves. The cause was becoming very awkward, when Charlie, who possessed all the persuasive arts of a born capegrace, went slowly down upon his knees before her, beat his breast, and said, in a heart-broken tone :

"Please forgive me this time, and I'll never do any more."

It was very hard to keep sober, but Rose managed it, and answered gravely :

"It is Mac's pardon you should ask, not mine, for you have n't hurt me, and I should n't wonder if you had him a great deal, with all that light and racket, and talk about things that only worry him."

"Do you really think we've hurt him, cousin?" asked Archie, with a troubled look, while Charlie settled down in a remorseful heap among the table legs.

"Yes, I do, for he has got a raging headache, and his eyes are as red as—as this emery bag," answered Rose, solemnly plunging her needle into fat flannel strawberry.

Steve tore his hair, metaphorically speaking, for he clutched his cherished top-knot and wildly inveigled it, as if that was the heaviest penance he could inflict upon himself at such short notice. Charlie laid himself out flat, melodramatically begging some one to take him away and hang him ; but Archie, who felt worst of all, said nothing except to vow within himself that he would read to Mac till his own eyes were as red as a dozen emery bags combined.

Seeing the wholesome effects of her treatment upon these culprits, Rose felt that she might relent and allow them a gleam of hope. She found it impossible to help trampling upon the prostrate prince a little; in words at least, for he had hurt her feelings oftener than he knew ; so she gave him a thimble-pie on the top of his head, and said, with the air of an infinitely superior being :

"Don't be silly, but get up, and I'll tell you something much better to do than sprawling on the floor and getting all over lint."

Charlie obediently sat himself upon a hassock at her feet ; the other sinners drew near to catch the words of wisdom about to fall from her lips, and Rose, softened by this gratifying humility, addressed them in her most maternal tone.

"Now, boys, if you really want to be good to Mac, you can do it in this way. Don't keep talking about things he can't do, or go and tell what in you have had batting your ridiculous balls about. Get some nice book and read quietly ; cheer him up about school, and offer to help him study by and by ; *you* can do that better than I,

because I'm only a girl, and don't learn Greek and Latin and all sorts of headachy stuff."

"Yes, but you can do heaps of things better than we can ; you've proved that," said Archie, with an approving look that delighted Rose, though she could not resist giving Charlie one more rebuke, by saying, with a little bridling up of the head, and a curl of the lip that wanted to smile instead :

"I'm glad you think so, though I *am* a 'queer chicken.'"

This scathing remark caused the Prince to hide his face for shame, and Steve to erect his head in the proud consciousness that this shot was not meant for him. Archie laughed, and Rose, seeing a merry blue eye winking at her from behind two brown hands, gave Charlie's ear a friendly tweak, and extended the olive branch of peace.

"Now we'll all be good, and plan nice things for poor Mac," she said, smiling so graciously that the boys felt as if the sun had suddenly burst out from behind a heavy cloud and was shining with great brilliancy.

The storm had cleared the air, and quite a heavenly calm succeeded, during which plans of a most varied and surprising sort were laid, for every one burned to make noble sacrifices upon the shrine of "poor Mac," and Rose was the guiding star to whom the others looked with most gratifying submission. Of course, this elevated state of things could not endure long, but it was *very* nice while it lasted, and left an excellent effect upon the minds of all when the first ardor had subsided.

"There, that's ready for to-morrow, and I do hope it will be cloudy," said Rose, as she finished off the new shade, the progress of which the boys had watched with interest.

"I'd bespoken an extra sunny day, but I'll tell the clerk of the weather to change it. He's an obliging fellow, and he'll attend to it ; so make yourself easy," said Charlie, who had become quite perky again.

"It is very easy for you to joke, but how would you like to wear a blinder like that for weeks and weeks, sir?" and Rose quenched his rising spirits by slipping the shade over his eyes, as he still sat on the cushion at her feet.

"It's horrid ! Take it off, take it off ! I don't wonder the poor old boy has the blues with a thing like that on," and Charlie sat looking at what seemed to him an instrument of torture, with such a sober face that Rose took it gently away, and went in to bid Mac good-night.

"I shall go home with her, for it is getting darkish, and she is rather timid," said Archie, forgetting that he had often laughed at this very timidity.

"I think I might, for she's taking care of my brother," put in Steve, asserting his rights.

"Let's all go; that will please her," proposed Charlie, with a burst of gallantry which electrified his mates.

"We will!" they said with one voice, and they did, to Rose's great surprise and secret contentment; though Archie had all the care of her, for

the other two were leaping fences, running races, and having wrestling matches all the way down.

They composed themselves on reaching the door, however; shook hands cordially all round, made their best bows, and retired with great elegance and dignity, leaving Rose to say to herself with girlish satisfaction, as she went in:

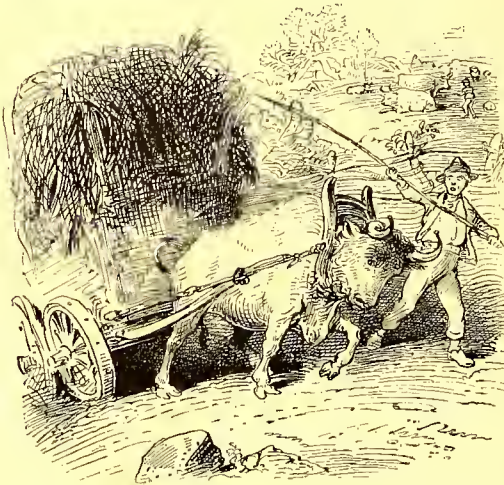
"Now, *that* is the way I like to be treated."

(To be continued.)

BOY AND OX.

(Translated from the German of W. HEY by THEODORE FAY.)

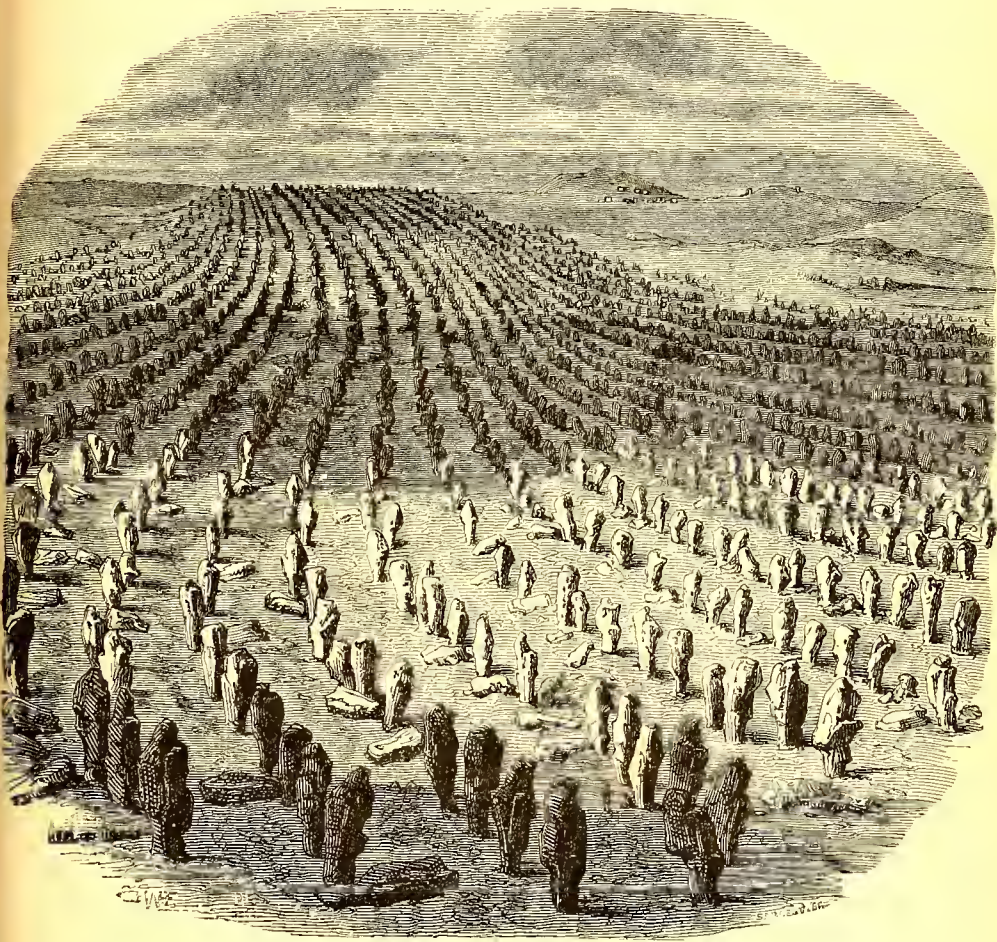
"GOOD-DAY, Mr. Ox! Of what do you think?
In deep scientific reflection you sink."
"Thanks, thanks!" the ox answered, as chewing he sat;
"You do me much honor! I'm not wise as that.
To men I leave science and study and thinking;
My business is pulling and eating and drinking.
They may toil to distinguish the false from the true;
But I am contented to sit here and chew."



He had not chewed long when his good master spoke:
"Ho! the ox to the wagon. Quick! on with the yoke."
The wagon was heavily loaded that day;
The ox bent his forehead and pulled it away.
Had great thinkers been called to drag up the hill
That wagon, 't would surely be standing there still!

THE DRUIDS AND THEIR TEMPLES.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.



THE CURIOUS STONES OF CARNAC.

NEAR the town of Carnac, in Brittany, France, there is an extensive plain several miles wide, with a flat and barren surface. It is the last place in the world a tourist would care about visiting, if he were simply traveling in search of beautiful objects. In Winter the coldest winds blow over it with wild force, and in Summer it is unprotected by trees or shrubbery from the scorching shafts of the sun. But it is not wholly uninteresting, and I propose that we shall make a short visit to it.

We will suppose, then, that you and I are stopping at one of the quiet taverns in Carnac, and have wandered toward the plain for a walk. Just outside the town a bit of a hill rises high enough to show us the surrounding country.

There are few houses or trees on the plain; but it is divided into several avenues by long rows of unhewn upright stones, which, as far as the eye can see, are ranged in almost perfect order, like an army prepared for battle. There are over a thou-

sand of them, and they stretch across the country from east to west for nearly seven miles. The largest are twenty-two feet high, and the smallest ten feet. A few have fallen, and others have been carted away; but originally they were placed apart at regular distances.

When you come nearer to them you will see many signs of age upon them. They are seamed, mossy, and battered. How old do you guess they are? Nobody is quite sure, not even the wisest of the historians, but we may safely say that they have held their present positions for over eighteen hundred years. For eighteen hundred years they have clung to the meager ground and withstood the combined assaults of time and storm, while generation after generation of the living has passed away.

How did they come there? The simple, credulous people of old, to whom all fairy stories were the truest histories, believed that giants brought them and planted them; but we know better than that.

They were erected by ordinary men, and you may imagine how much labor the work cost at a time when there were no carts or wheel-barrows, much less railroads or massive cranes. Years, perhaps centuries, were occupied, and to the builders the undertaking must have seemed as stupendous as the erection of the East River bridge seems to us.

Similar stones are found at other places in Britain; but the most famous collection is on a plain near the town of Salisbury, in England. This is called Stonehenge, and consists of one hundred and forty stones, the smallest of which weigh ten tons and the largest seventy tons. The remains of men and animals have been also found in the vicinity, and these have given the antiquaries a clue as to the objects for which the stones were raised.

Nothing positive is known about them, but it is supposed that they mark the temples of the Druids, a religious order which possessed great power in France and England during the century before and the century after the coming of Christ. They obtained a complete mastery over the ignorant and superstitious people then occupying those countries, by the practice of mysterious arts, which often were extremely cruel. They professed to know the hidden nature of things, and the forms and movements of the sun and stars; but in reality they were not as wise as the children in our primary schools, and the simplest tricks of a good modern conjurer would surpass their most wonderful ones. They were astrologers and herb-doctors as well as priests and historians, and they attributed a sacred character to many plants.

The mistletoe was considered a cure for all diseases, and was gathered with great ceremony. When it was discovered twined about the oak, which was also sacred, the Druids assembled near the tree and prepared a banquet and sacrifice. A priest in white raiment cut the twig off with a golden sickle, and two other priests, also dressed in white, caught it in a white apron as it fell. To milk-white oxen were afterward sacrificed, and the ceremonies concluded with much rejoicing.

The marshwort was plucked by a priest with his left hand, his head being turned aside, as there was a superstition that the plant would lose its virtue if it were obtained otherwise; and the herb-hyssop was gathered after offerings of bread and wine.

These plants were supposed to be remedies, not only for physical diseases, but also for mental diseases, and it was thought that they afforded protection against all evil spirits.

Little beads of amber were looked upon as safeguards against all dangers, but the most potent of all charms was a serpent's egg. It was said that when a serpent was knotted together, eggs came out of its mouth, and were supported in the air by its hissings. The priests hid themselves in the woods watching for this marvel, and, when it was observed, one of them would boldly rush forward, catch an egg in a napkin, mount a horse, and gallop toward the nearest river, after reaching which he was safe from the pursuit of the serpent. This was their story about it. Even to this day, some impostors advertise in the newspapers that they can foretell future events, and the Druids claimed a like power. They examined the entrails of animals, and watched the flight of birds, from which they professed to tell things that would happen years afterward.

Human sacrifices formed one of the most terrible features of their religion. The victims usually were criminals or prisoners of war; but when there were none of these, innocent and unoffending persons were sacrificed.

The favorite resort of the Druids was an island opposite the mouth of the river Loire, in France, where, once every year, between sunrise and sunset, they pulled down and rebuilt the roof of the temples; and any priest who allowed the smallest part of the sacred materials to fall carelessly, was torn to pieces by his fellows.

The only traces of the order left to us are the rude stone buildings at Stonehenge and Carnac. Retreating before the Romans, the Druids went to the Isle of Anglesey, in Wales; and when they saw their conquerors following, they made preparation for a battle. Among their preparations—not exactly for the battle, but for what they expected

follow it—were immense altars, on which they intended to sacrifice the unfortunate Romans who should be left after the battle. They were quite sure that they would need these altars, for their

oracles gave them every reason to believe in a glorious triumph of their arms. But the Romans were again victorious, and the Druids themselves were the ones sacrificed.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY PLEASE.

BY M. S. P.



THERE was once a small child who would never say please,
I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
“I want some potatoes!” “Give me some peas!”
“Hand me the butter!” “Cut me some cheese!”
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains, and over the seas,
To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

THE BRIDGE.

By J. P. B.

"I 'LL take a kiss," said little Hal ;
 His mother, stooping, said, "You shall."
 Hal took the kiss, then tipped his head,
 His brown eyes bright'ning as he said :
 "It is a bridge, without a cover ;
 My love to yours can go right over."

A RAGAMUFFIN PARTY.

By LUCY G. MORSE.

It is a very misty evening, so that you cannot see just how ragged and forlorn the three little fellows are, coming out of a dark alley down in Baxter Street, until they stop under the lamp-post at the corner. Now you can see that their rags are very scant indeed, for their little bony forms are easy to trace through them, and their necks—so little, so very little—are not half covered. They are talking eagerly to one another, and "Hold it up to the light, Bob," says one.

Bob spreads his small legs apart and holds up a bit of something which he first smooths carefully between his fingers, that they may see the full glory of a crumpled motto-paper.

"Fringed sides!" exclaims little Tommy, overcome.

"Pink an' w'ite!" says Jake. "An' it aint tore any place! I say, that one orter be Meg's."

"O yes! Of course we 'll save that one for Meg, *sure*," says Bob. "She aint got nothin' at all, she aint. Let 's take it to her right off."

"No, no—don't!" says Jake. "They 'se allus on a bust o' nights to her house, an' ye don't know wot 'd happen. S'pose her mother tuk it from her!"

"Her mother!" cries Bob. "She aint got no mother."

"Yes, she has, too," answers Jake; "she 's got a bran' new one. I seen her bang her over the head this very mornin'."

"Then *that* aint no go," says Bob. "We 'll have to give it to her alone. We 'll have to git her out here."

"Was it at a real party ye got it, Bob?" asks Tommy.

"Yes," answers Bob, "a reg'lar party of a bu-day of a little gal. One of the drivers of a kirrie a-standin' at the door said it was."

"Let us have a party for Meg's buthday!" cries Tommy.

"Hoo-ray!" shouts Jake. "That 's a good one! Let 's have it right here, under the light; an' let 's have the motter-papers an' supper, an' dancin', an' fix up for it, an' git wittles for it an' everything!"

"Hoo-ray!" cries Tommy. "An' let 's have it to-night!"

"No, no, Gummy!" says Bob, "for we 'll have to git ready for it an' tell Meg fust. Let 's go all her now." And, in a bustle and skurry, the little fellows dart back into the alley.

Here they come, the next night, hustling out of it, their baskets hitting against each other and the narrow sides, chattering faster than ever, for they have Meg with them this time; and in full dress for the occasion evidently, for Bob exclaims, as the light falls upon her:

"I say, Meg, you do look illegant! W'ere did ye git them shavin's?"

"Roun' to Jim Riley's lumber-yard," she answers, tossing her head and trying to get a view of her back.

"Jes' look at that hin' curl! Aint that a splendid un?" cries Jake.

"Hi! aint it though?" says Tommy. "I w' did ye hook 'em on, Meg?"

"Oh, roun' my ears; an' the hin' ones is on a string, but it's too short, an' they falls off easy. So look out, Tommy; ye must n't touch 'em."

"Wot 's yer hood roun' yer waist for?" asks Jake.

"W'y! It's for a sash, don't ye see?"

Meg. "An' my skirt 's pinned up reg'lar Brord-way," she adds, spreading out her arms and turning round that they may all have a good view. "Bob," she says, stopping suddenly, "play I'm all dressed in pink, like the girl at the party, will ye?"

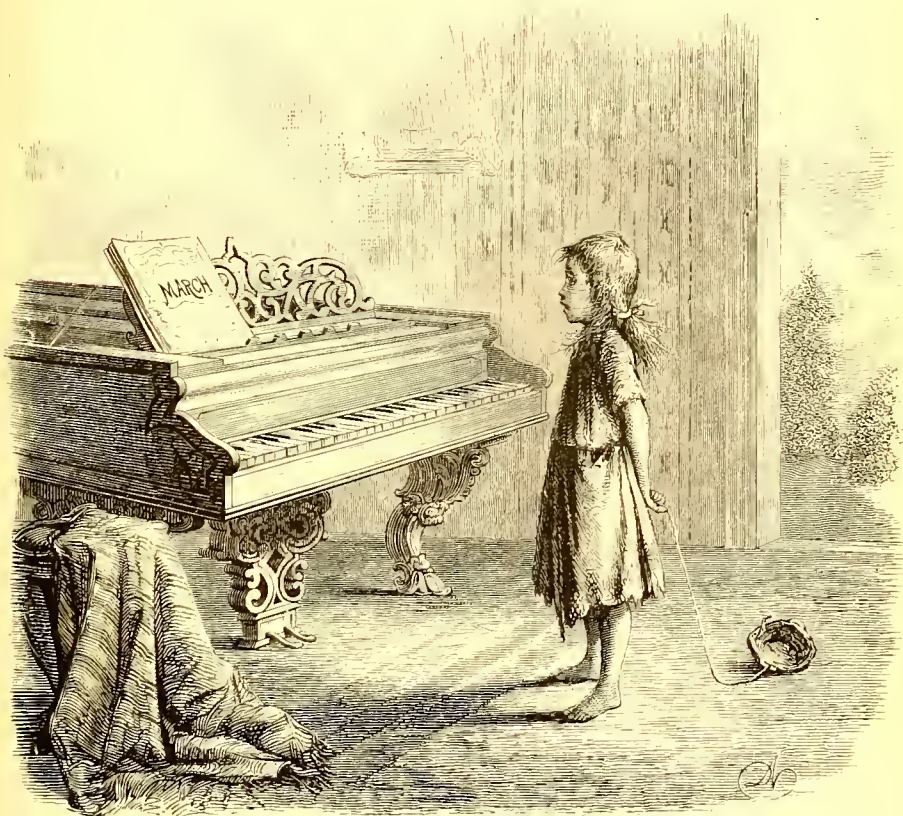
"Yes," says Bob, "so we can, 'cause she had long yaller curls too, mos' the color o' them shavin's."

"An' play me han's was w'ite—reel w'ite, like a lady's" (spreading them out before her)—"with heaps o' rings on 'em; an' that I could play ille-

"Oh, I seen *mine* in a *house*!" says Meg, with immense superiority. "I was playin' in the street, by a park, an' I seen a lady go up a stoop, an' she seen me. An' she says, 'was I cold?' An' I says, 'No, but I's hungry.' An' she says to come along o' her; an' I goes in wid her. An' she says to wait in the entry; an' I waits, an' she goes back in a room. An' they's a big door open right aside o' me, an' I looked in, an' I seen the orgind."

"Pi-anny!" cries Jake.

"Pi-anny, then!" repeats Meg, hurrying on.



MEG AND THE "PI-ANNY."

gant" (here she works her fingers over an imaginary key-board) "on a great splendid orgind—a orgind with high legs an' a big, monstruss lid, like a roof o a shanty—an' a place for the musicks an' a long row o' black an' w'ite teeth wot ye play on, 'stead ' turnin' a handle to make it go!"

"Of course—of course!" strikes in Jake, as Meg's hands, arms, and whole body get going at her mimic performance. "She means a pi-anny! 'seen one wunst took out of a cart. W'ere did you see your'n, Meg?"

"So I went in jes' to look at it, an' I never seen anything like it. It was as big as a wagon, and I tell ye, its w'ite teeth did shine! An' afore I know'd it, the lady come back with a plate an' some wittles, an' I did n't know she was there till ever so long, an' then I was frightened an' looked roun' to see if I could git out, but I could n't."

"Cricks! Wot did she do to ye?" asks Tommy.

"W'y, wot do ye think? She did n't do nothin', on'y she laughed. An' she axed me did I ever see nothin' like that, an' I says, 'No, I did n't never.'

An' then I was n't afeerd, an' I looked in under it, an' says I did n't see no handle for to make it go; an' she laughed ag'in, an' axed me would I like to hear it go, an' I says 'yes.' An' then she sot down afore it an' she made her han's go like mad, all back an' for'ards along the teeth. An' they was rings on every one of her fingers, an' they jingled splendid. Oh, an' had n't ye orter seen her! Her fingers flied so ye could n't hardly see 'em, an' her arms went so" (here Meg swayed from side to side, and made much of her elbows), "an' her head was jest a leetle on one side. Then she stopped an' turned roun' to me, laughin' beautiful to me; then she guv me the wittles, an' she said if I'd come ag'in some day she'd make the orgind—pi-anny—go for me another time. An' she tells me to look out, I was skwushin' the pie, an' sure 'nough I was, for I was n't thinkin' o' the wittles at all. Then I come away; but one day, w'en I went ag'in, I was afeerd o' the man wot opened the door, so I run away as fast as ever I could. But I wish ye'd 'a' seen *her*, Bob! Was the girl to the party beautifuller than *she* was, do ye think?"

"Oh, wal, I guess she was!" says Bob, "'cause *she* had a wreath on her head, an' pink boots!"

"Will ye play *I* had stockin's on, an' pink boots, jes' like her 'n too?" Meg asks anxiously, holding back her scant drapery and putting out her little bare foot.

"O yes!" cries Bob, "an' I'll be the feller with the blue trousers on!"

"An' I'll be the one with gold buttons down me jacket!" shouts Tommy, slapping his ragged shirt in ecstasy. "An' who'll you be, Jake?"

"I'll be the feller wot passed roun' the ice-cream an' fixin's," says Jake. "Come on! Let's begin. Hoo-ray!"

"Hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" they all shout, Tommy's voice piping up high above the others.

"Wot do we do fust?" asks Jake. "Bob mus' tell us, 'cause he's been to the *real* party."

"Did they all say 'hoo-ray' at the fust, Bob?" asks Meg.

"Wal, I was n't there till the last of it, ye know," he answers, "an' I was n't there long, anyways; for the man, he pulled the windy down soon after I slid me hand in under an' got the motters, an' they begun the dancin'. But I guess they *must* 'a' said 'hoo-ray' w'en the gal in the pink boots come in at fust. Here, Meg, you be comin' in jes' like her! Skit roun' the corner an' come back. Now, fellers, git ready!"

And as Meg comes back, holding out her skirts and stepping on the tips of her toes, in a manner that might do credit to the French ballet, the boys all shout: "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray for Meg!" and the party is fairly begun.

"Now git ready to dance," says Bob. "Ye mus' git in a row—so. Now——" And, taking commanding posture, he shouts: "Take partners for the gallus!"

"Oh, oh!" they all cry at once, and Meg exclaims: "W'y, Bob, they never had a gallus there!"

"W'y, no; of course they did n't," he answers. "It don't mean *that*,—it means every feller take a gal! And here's only Meg! Wal—every feller take Meg!"

So Bob begins, and each in turn spins round with Meg, until she can see no longer, and her curls are scattered right and left. But they pick them up in a minute; she says, "No matter," and then, a bright idea striking her, she sacrifices the hood as a sash, and gets Bob to tie it on her head like a turban, to secure the curls. He does it after a manner of his own, with a wrench and a jerk that brings the water into her eyes; but when he says "Hullo! I did n't mean to hurt ye, Meg," she sniffs, and says stoutly: "That was n't nothin',—I can bear more nor that any time."

So Bob cries out again: "Now for another dance! Take partners for ——" and there he stops short.

"For wot?" asks Jake.

"W'y, I don't know," Bob answers. "Ye see I did n't see nothin' but the gallus. Wal, it aint no matter—they don't allus have the same kind dancin' to parties, I s'pose. Take partners for shake roun' the lamp-post!"

So they join hands and "shake" round the post until they all are dizzy.

Then they have a march, single file, on the curbstone; and another, two and two, down the alley and another, four abreast, around the corner. Bob walks round the lamp-post on his hands, Tommy hitches himself up to the top of it and down again; Jake jumps over a water-spout. Then Meg improvises a piano on a step of the old rickety stoop on the side of the alley, and, with much spirit and violent motion of all the joints in her small body, she performs many original pieces, to the great delight and admiration of her audience.

"Shakes" of various kinds, and many repetitions of the "gallus," are sprinkled in between, until all are tired, and Bob says it's time for Jake to pass round the ice-cream, and then there is a rush for the baskets.

"Give Meg the seat up ag'in' the lamp-post 'cause it's her buthday," says Bob.

"Is it your *real* buthday, Meg?" asks Tommy.

"However'd I know that?" she asks in answer. "I don't care if it is or not; it's jest as good. No, it aint; it's a hunderd million times better. I don't care about my real buthday, and I don't want

know w'en it was. Who cares? Jake, aint ye goin' to pass the ice-cream?"

"Yes, I am," he answers; "but that don't come till the last. We must eat the other wittles fust."

"Every boy must sit in a row in front of Meg," says Bob, "an' we must set out a reg'lar table on the pavemunt. I'm goin' to empty my basket fust. I've got five bits of bread and—there! Wot do ye think o' *that*?" he asks, holding out a mutton bone for the admiration of the company. "That's a leg o' mutton, that is. But no; wait, an' I'll tell ye; we'll have that for turkey!"

"Hooray for the turkey!" shouts Tommy; and all the others cry "Hooray!" again.

Then Jake displays his treasures—more bread, some potatoes, and a lump of something, which, he explains, "The gal *said* was pudding, but I don't believe it is, for it's too hard."

"No," said Bob, sniffing at it, "I guess it's some kind o' cheese."

"Chuck it away!" says Jake.

"No, no," says Meg, "put it on the table, 'cause it helps to fill up, an' that looks more like a real party."

Meg and Tommy have done rather a dull business to-day, but Meg has a prize in the form of a lemon, which the company eagerly seize upon and examine.

"It's becn skwuz," she says, "but we might *play* it was somethin'."

"Take out the insides, an' play it was a gold cup for to pass the lemmingade," suggests Tommy.

"O yes!" cries Jake. "An' I'll bring water in it from the hydrink."

"Now let's begin," says Bob. "Pass roun' the turkey. Meg must have the first bite."

It is a hard tug for her, but she manages to get off a little of the meat and passes it to Tommy, who finds it harder still, but sticks to it manfully, and so it goes round until it is of no use to tug at it any longer, for Bob says, "The grissle wont come off nohow," and Tommy says, "No, better leave the grissle for the dorgs."

Jake passes the "lemmingade" laboriously, the bread is eaten up, and at last it is time for the ice-cream.

"Where is it?" asks Tommy.

"In my hat, along with the motters," says Jake, bringing it forward. "Meg, you must have yourn in the lemmingade cup," he adds as he breaks a piece from a solid lump of boiled rice, stuffs it into the lemon rind, and hands it to her. The others take their portions in their fingers and there is a moment of silence as they fall to eating it. They begin at it bravely, evidently expecting much delight, but, after one taste, they continue after the

manner of the princess in the "Arabian Nights," picking at the separate grains.

"It aint got no sugar nor nothin' in it, has it?" says Meg, trying very hard to like it.

"It seems to me it's been in amongst pickles, kind o'," says Tommy, gently.

"I say," says Jake, speaking with his mouth full, "I can't swaller mine, an' I think I'll have to take it out."

The disappointment rests heavily upon them for a minute, but they cheer up when Jake says, "No matter. We don't care for ice-cream; we've got the motters left;" and, throwing away the rice, he handed his hat, full of bits of twisted newspaper, with the precious motto on top, to Meg, saying, "That's for you, Meg; Bob said it was. Look out! they'se something inside." And they all look on in silence while she opens the paper and discovers a peanut.

"O my!" she cries, "a reel one! If I did n't think it was only a shell! Is they any more?"

"Yes, indeed!" cries Tommy. "They'se a cent's worth. A lady guv me a cent on the corner of Kernal Street w'ile I was a-standin' lookin' in a shop windy, and I was n't thinkin' o' nothin' at all, an' I never axed her for nothin, an' so we got peanuts, 'cause we could n't get so much of anything else, ye know. An' Bob could only git three motter papers,—two wot was a little tore an' yourn. So we tore one in half so they'd go all roun', an' the one that aint tore is for you, 'cause it's your buthday. An' the rest o' the peanuts is wrapped up in newspaper."

"This is real harnsome, anyway," said Meg, smoothing the paper tenderly over her knee, "an' I'm goin' to save it for to keep. Bob, did ye say the girl in the pink boots had flowers in her hair?"

"Yes, roses," answers Bob.

"Well, then," she went on, "you mus' stick this in under my hood, right there, on top where you can see it, 'cause, ye know, I must be jest like her to-night."

Bob fastens it in the desired place, and is lost in admiration.

"Don't that look splendid?" he says. "I say, Meg, if you had on that gal's pink dress an' ribbings—"

"Yes, Bob," she says, as he pauses.

"An' her pink boots, you'd be ——"

"Yes, Bob, yes," she says eagerly. "I'd be wot?" And as the light strikes her poor, pinched face, with its wistful look and grotesque decorations, another light strikes Bob's young bosom, and he says:

"No, Meg, no. Ye would n't play with us fellers then, an' ye would n't like this party. I'm

real glad you ain't got 'em, 'cause them shavin's an' that motter-paper makes you look every bit as good as she did."

"Really, Bob? Do you mean that indeed," she cries.

"Yes, I do," he answers stoutly. "An' Jake 'd mean it, an' Tommy, too, if they 'd 'a' seen her—I know they would."

"Of course we would!" they cry. And Meg's face glows and there's a light of joy upon it that defies the "shavin's" and the "mottor" as she clasps her hands above her head and cries:

"O, aint this the beautifullest buthday that ever was!"

And then something sparkles in her eye, her hands bring her head down upon her knee, and the boys hear a quick sob.

"W'y, Meg! Meg!" cries Bob, seizing her head and jerking it up suddenly, "wot do ye do *that* for?"

"O, nothin', Bob! nothin'! I aint a-goin' to do it, no I aint. There! It was only it come on me suddent that it 's time to —to—be goin' *home*!"

There's a silence for a moment while the little face quivers in its effort at control, then Bob says:

"No matter, Meg. We're all goin' with ye as far as the door, an' no one sha'n't touch ye to-night, you see if they will."

"I aint afeerd o' the'r doin' *that*," says Meg. "They don't do that very much; but I was thinkin' how,—if—if—they was on'y somebody—somebody to *keer* about—about—me, the way the girls to the party all has somebody,—I—I would n't keer for a pink dress, nor boots, nor a orgind, nor—nothin' at all—nothin' at all!"

"W'y, then," cries Tommy, "It's all right, Meg, don't ye see? 'cause Bob, he cares heaps for ye, an' Jake cares, an' I cares, an' we're goin' to look out for ye, an' we're goin' to care for ye such a heap that nobody else need n't care nothin'—if they don't want to, they need n't. Need they, Bob an' Jake?"

"No, of course they need n't," cries Bob. "Who wants 'em to? We'll keep on a-carin' and a-carin' till we learns how to care for ye, jest as if we was as good as anybody to the party or anyw'eres, we will."

"Try us, an' see if we wont," says Jake.

Meg's face gets bright again as she turns from one to another, and when they have all spoken she says stoutly, wiping her eyes:

"Then I wont care for nothin', I wont. Nor I wont forget about it no time, if I can help it. But

I'll jes' try an' see if I can't stop plaguin' 'em at home, an' may be some day they'll care too a little. You keep it up, an' I'll try" (here she screwed up her fist and gesticulated with it earnestly)—"I'll try jest as *hard* as ever I can. But I wont let 'em git my motter, anyways; I'll hide it," she says taking it out of her hair and putting it in her bosom. "An' I better take off my curls too."

"Give me one?" asks Tommy.

"O yes, that'll be jolly. Give us one all roun', says Jake.

So Meg is laughing heartily as she distributes them.

"Now, fellers," cries Bob, "this party is a-goin' to end up, an' we'll end it up with summersets Meg, you stan' up ag'in' the lamp-post an' count. W'en you say 'One!' I'll go 'over, an' w'en you say 'Two!' Jake, he'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Three!' Tommy, he'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Four!' we'll all go over to wunst!"

Meg counts accordingly, and the plan is admirably carried out up to the climax reached at "Four!" which results in such a general collision of legs as to create some confusion and cause Tommy to say at the close, "W'y, I did n't know where *I* was at all!" Then they pick up their baskets and once more enter the dark alley. Coming out at the end of it into the court, they huddle together outside of Meg's door. Bob takes hold of her arm and whispers, as he shows her something in his hand:

"Do ye see that? Do ye know wot it is? It's the ole mutten-bone! An' Jake an' Tommy's got sticks. Now, ye see, they think ye're in bed, an' ye aint. Wal, you jest open the door an' skit up stairs w'ile we keep a watch at the windy, an' if we see 'em move as if they heerd ye, we're goin' to bang these things ag'in' this ole barrel here at strike up 'Shoo, fly! don't bodder me!' loud as we can, so they'll come to see wot we're up to. So now, are ye ready?"

"Yes," whispers Meg, drawing in her breath. "Good-night, Bob. Good-night, Jake an' Tommy. I don't feel bad; somehow I feel *good*,—good as can be,—'cause ye're carin' for me. Good-night! And in a moment the little figure disappears in the dark door-way.

"I guess she's all right," says Jake; "I don't hear nothin'."

"No, she's safe," says Bob. "Come on!"

And the little fellows separate for the night, creep quietly each to his own resting-place in the court.

THE NEST IN THE OLD GREEN TREE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.



Two little robins in Spring-time gay,
Talked about making a nest one day,
So snug and so warm, so cosey and neat,
To start at their housekeeping all complete.
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
We'll build us a nest in the old green tree."

Then how they twittered and how they sang!
As up and down in the boughs they sprang.
Peeping and spying all round about,
To find the cunningest corners out,
Because it must be, you see, you see,
The very best spot in the old green tree.

At last the two little birdies spied
The very best spot in the branches wide,
Cunningly sheltered, and hidden from view,
By a spreading branch, yet airy, too.
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
What a home we'll have in the old green tree."

How they went flitting all in and out!
How they both twittered and chirped about!
First they laid nice little twigs along
For a good foundation, firm and strong;
Then Papa Robin, said he, "I'll find
Something or other our nest to bind,
For, don't you see, it must be, must be
A good, strong nest in the old green tree."

Down to the meadow he quickly flew,
Where the grass was springing fresh and new,
And said to a horse which was feeding there,
"Good Dobbin, I want some nice strong hair,
If you don't object, from your wavy tail;
It's better for me than hammer and nail,
And we'll sing you a song in glee, in glee,
As we build our nest in the old green tree."

With a whinny, good Dobbin gave consent,
And back to the tree busy Robin went,

And worked at the nest with claws and bill,
 To bind it up tight, with right good will.
 And now Mrs. Redbreast downward flies,
 A staid old cow in the field she spies,
 Swinging her tail with a lazy care,
 To switch off the flies she thought were there.
 "Good Mrs. Brindle, I would bespeak
 Some nice soft hair from your back so sleek;
 I pray you give it to me, to me,
 To line my nest in the old green tree."

So the saucy bird, without more ado,
 Just helped herself, and then upward flew,
 Leaving with Robin her treasure red,
 And down to the barn-yard lightly sped.
 The turkeys and ducks and chicks came round
 As soon as they heard the cheery sound
 Of madame's "chirp;" and they all agreed
 To give her what feathers she might need.
 Then who so happy as she, as she,
 When she flew back to the old green tree.

And, last of all, to an old white sheep
 Down under a beech-tree, half asleep,

Our Robin drew near, and there he spied
 A bonnie lambkin close at her side.
 "I'd thank you, ma'am, for some nice soft wool
 From your back so fleecy, white, and full,
 So that our nest it may be, may be,
 All snug and warm in the old green tree."

Then sheep and lamb, in plentiful store,
 Gave, till Robin could carry no more,
 Who soon, returning with downy spoils,
 Betook himself to his happy toils.
 Then they both labor so merry and fast,
 That each little corner is finished at last,
 And no one ever did see, did see,
 A nest like that in the old green tree.

Five little blue eggs very soon were there,
 And Madame Redbreast could hardly spare
 A moment, for fear that the precious things
 Should miss the warmth of her sheltering wings.
 And when, in good time, each dear little bird
 Hatched out, one by one, you never have heard
 Such "chippety, chippety, chippety wee,"
 As up in the nest in the old green tree!



THIS POOR FELLOW NEVER HAD A NEST!

MRS. HEADACHE.

BY KIEFF.



WAS taking a walk lately in a town which I sometimes visit, when I came suddenly upon a strange-looking little house, with narrow windows, in front of which were standing a crowd of queer-looking creatures, with very small bodies, big heads and mouths, and long, ugly arms.

"What can they be?" I wondered. "Perhaps elves or fairies."

I had read about elves and fairies, and knew that fairies are always very pretty, and very nicely dressed in what we would call evening dresses, but that elves are awkward and ugly, as well as poorly clothed. But these little fellows had very nice clothes on, all made of scarlet cloth. What and who could they be? So I stood looking at them until the tallest among them, by mounting on the shoulders of another, rang the bell. Very soon a little fellow, just like them, opened the door, and in they rushed. It was evidently their home. Before the little porter could shut the door I pushed in after them. I think now it was rather a rude thing to do under the circumstances; besides, if they had been elves they might have changed me instantly into a white mouse, or a rose-bush, or a brass door-knocker, and I might never have recovered my own shape to this day. But, without stopping to think of this, I went in. The little porter ushered me into a little parlor, where everything was very small. Here, at a little table covered with books and papers, sat a little old woman, dressed in bright green, and wearing spectacles.

She bowed her head. I bowed mine. Then I began to make an awkward sort of apology for the strange way in which I was behaving; but the lady of the house stopped me, by saying:

"Make no apologies. I am Mrs. Headache."

"Mrs. Headache!" I repeated.

"Yes; Mrs. Headache."

"Poor creature!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if she has a headache every day."

She really seemed to understand my thoughts, for she answered very quickly:

"No, I have no headaches myself, in your sense of the word, but I have the control of all the head-

aches among children in this part of the world. Those are my sons. Look!" And I looked and saw innumerable little fellows, all busy,—some hurrying out, some hurrying home, some waiting for orders. Mrs. Headache turned to her pile of books.

"Here," said she, "I have in writing all that they are to do to-day, Number 496!"

Number 496 came in at once.

"I want you," said his active little mother, "to take thirty-five of your brothers and go to the party in Grand Street this evening. There is to be a fine supper set out, and a great deal of gas lighted, and a great deal of heat. The children are to stay very late, and one of you will be needed to go home with every child, and remain with it all day to-morrow."

"Will they show themselves to the company?" I asked.

"No; my children will be invisible; but they will use their fists well, to pound and hammer the heads of those young guests to-morrow."

"How dreadful!"

"Not dreadful at all. Those children are all disobeying the rules of Health, which are very simple. I send my little ones to them, not as a punishment, but as a warning. I heard of a children's party yesterday in the open air. They all went home and to bed early. I sent no headaches there."

More little fellows came in for orders. She sent them away in crowds. Some went to children who would play in the hot sun; some, to some little boys who made themselves very dizzy sliding down the banisters; some, to children who spent a great deal of their pocket-money in colored sweet things which looked like pink and yellow eggs.

"Do you think, then, that children should never eat good things, Mrs. Headache, nor play much, nor run?"

"By no means. I want them to play and run. I want them to eat good things, but not such good things, or rather *bad* things, as pink and yellow and purple sugar-plums. I must send them my warnings if they will not obey the rules of Health. Some of them sit up a great deal too late; some walk a great deal too much; others not half enough. Some study too hard,—pore over their lessons when they ought to be playing. Oh! I have a great deal to do, I can tell you, but I can

always wait upon you, ma'am, if you want me. Just let me know."

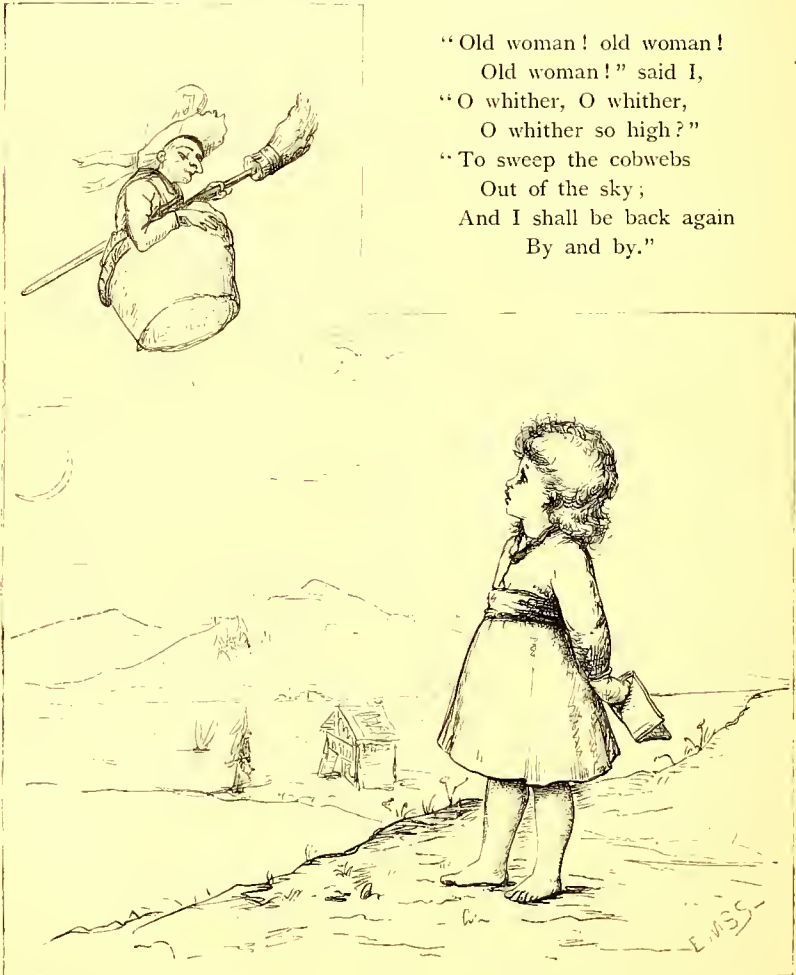
"By mail?" I inquired.

"No; by my telegraph. Sit in a very hot room, or eat anything you know to be bad for you, or sleep with your windows shut down,—there are

many ways to summon me, and I will attend to the call at once, and let you have any number of my most active children to try their fists on the tenderest part of your head."

I thanked Mrs. Headache, and went home just as fast as I could.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going, I could n't but ask it.
For in her hand she carried a broom.



"Old woman! old woman!
Old woman!" said I,
"O whither, O whither,
O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs
Out of the sky;
And I shall be back again
By and by."

PARSEE CHILDREN.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE little folks whose pictures you will see on the next page are the natives of a sunny clime, born probably in Bombay or its vicinity, and have spent all their few years in the beautiful oriental homes, and among the graceful palms, of that land of flowers. It is true that the word *Parsee* is corruption of Persian, and that all the modern Parsees are descended from Persian ancestors; but very few of them are now found in the land of their refathers, and India has become the adopted home of nearly the whole race.

More than twelve hundred years ago, Persia was overrun and conquered by fierce Arab soldiers, who laid waste fields and gardens, murdered or drove out the inhabitants, burned their houses, and committed every sort of violence. The Arabs, who were Mohammedans, added to their desire for plunder a bitter hatred of the Persians, because they were fire-worshippers, and hunted them down with relentless fury, in order to compel them to adopt the Mohammedan faith. But the poor Persians fled from their homes, and gave up their possessions—their beautiful fields and gardens—rather than renounce their religion. Most of them settled in Bombay and other cities along the western coast of India, where they have prospered and increased, till they form, at the present day, the most intelligent, wealthy, and amiable portion of the communities in which they live.

As the Parsees do not often intermarry with other races, they have, during all these years of exile, altered but little; so that a Parsee boy or girl, such as those you see in the picture, and whose ancestors for forty generations have not set foot on Persian soil, is in features, dress, manners, habits, and religion a perfect copy of the first exiles. Those well-preserved portraits are among the most precious adornments of the Parsee temples of India. No one but a Parsee is allowed to enter these temples; but they were described to me as entirely empty, except for the great altar in the center and these treasured portraits of the first exiles, with a few historical paintings representing scenes connected with their flight. Upon the altars burns the sacred fire kindled by their renowned prophet, Zoroaster, four thousand years ago. From this, they say, the exiles lighted brands, which they brought with them in golden vessels from their native land. I cannot assure you that this marvel-

ous story of the fire-brands is true, but every Parsee boy and girl is taught to believe it.

Parsee children learn, from the very cradle, to be quiet, respectful, and obedient to all the forms and ceremonies required by the faith of their parents. The hours for eating and drinking, the kinds of food of which he may partake, and even the cut of his garments, are all prescribed by a Parsee's religion. His shirt must have five seams—no more, no less; and in wearing, must be laid across the breast in a particular way. Were he to fail, though ever so slightly, in observing any of these rules, he would be utterly cast off by his people, and not allowed to worship with them or to marry into their families; not even to buy or sell among them, or to enter the dwelling of his nearest kin.

The dress of the men consists of a shirt and loose trousers, both of white silk or linen, over which is worn a long *caftan* of embroidered muslin, confined at the waist by an elaborate girdle. This girdle, like the Mandarin's button in China, is the characteristic portion of a Parsee's dress, being more or less adorned with gold and precious stones, according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. On the head is worn a pasteboard cap, some ten inches high, covered with velvet and silk for rich people, and gray or brown nankeen for those of humbler grade. The costume of the women and children is very similar to that of the men, only that the women's *caftan* is longer and more flowing, and the turban not quite so high. The material of all the garments is usually silk or fine muslin, sometimes nearly covered with embroidery, like some of those in the picture.

The *caftans* of the little girls especially, are fairly radiant in their many-colored flowers of the brightest tints, and with the glitter of gold and jewels. The garments of infants even are of silk, though very plain and simple in form, consisting of a single long robe of soft white silk, and without a sash at the waist. Both men and women wear around their bodies a double string of twisted silken cord, which is always loosened when the wearer is at prayer. The Parsees attach so much importance to the wearing of this cord, that no contract is considered binding if made when either of the parties happens to be without it.

A child is first invested with the cord when he enters his ninth year; and the occasion is regarded

as the most important of his whole life. A great feast is made; all the kindred are invited, and generally come loaded with presents, and for three days and nights nothing is thought of but music and dancing, feasting and frolic. After this, a boy may eat at the same table with his father, which before he was not allowed to do; and a girl, being now thought old enough for betrothal, must, from this time, be kept in retirement with her mother, and entirely away from the society of men and boys.

of which is a sort of dais, or raised ottoman, the seat of honor belonging to the head of the family. Here he frequently sits, attended by one or more assistants, occupied in weighing or counting out money, while at desks ranged below him are clerks, some of whom are probably the sons of the house, all daintily clad in white nankeen, and busy with pens and account-books. Opening from this room and ranged on either side, are the private apartments of the male portions of the family, while



SOME PARSEE CHILDREN.

Among wealthy people, the girls grow up in ignorance and idleness, like so many pretty dolls. Few of them read or work, or even embroider; and music they do not care for, because they will not take the trouble to learn it. All their time is spent either in bathing and dressing, or in lolling on silken ottomans, fanning themselves, or twining fresh flowers in their beautiful hair. Boys, on the contrary, are carefully educated, and strictly trained to business habits, from a very early age. The large, central room on the first floor of Parsee houses is always the gentlemen's parlor, at one end

the ends of the hall are long, covered verandahs, where are kept in waiting, messengers and coolies ready for service at a moment's notice. In its domestic business college, under the immediate eye of their fathers, the sons of Parsee families are trained to the practical business of life, learning almost from the cradle, in a sort of home bank counting-house, the lessons in buying and selling and getting gain, by which they are expected to amass fortunes when they go out into the world. The second floor of the house, arranged on precisely the same plan, is for the use of the female

members of the family; but a more striking contrast can scarcely be imagined than that presented by the listlessness and indolence of the occupants of the women's room, and the lively industry of the sy hive below.

The results of this difference in early training are plainly seen in the contrast between the two sexes when the girls and boys are grown up. All the Parsee men I ever met were intelligent, active, and in a measure, at least, both witty and wise. Most of them were energetic and successful in business, and very many had made large fortunes in trade. But the women of the same families were ignorant, ignorant, and uninteresting. The solitary exception that I remember was the daughter of a Mr. Manuchjee, who, having traveled extensively in Europe, and being especially pleased with the manners and accomplishments of English ladies, determined to educate this daughter in the same way. He purchased a harp and grand piano, hired an English governess, and gave his child every advantage his great wealth could command. She was about sixteen when I first saw her; in face and form fully matured, and very lovely, graceful, and accomplished. She was one who would be sure, in our country, to win admiration and esteem; but her father said she would not be likely to marry, as her own people were

afraid of accomplished women for wives. It is certainly true that they frown down all attempts to introduce among their daughters a higher education, as well as the lovely, womanly employments that render our homes so attractive, and make the wives and daughters of America the companions of their husbands and fathers.

The Parsees are all fire-worshippers, and I think these devotees of the sun-god never change their creed for another. In Bombay and other large cities whole crowds of them may be seen an hour before sunrise, gathered in groups on the esplanade, eagerly watching to catch the first glimpse of the sun's cheery face. Even the last reflection of his fiery chariot at evening is watched with reverent devotion, followed by a general prostration. But there is a difference in the morning and evening worship. As their god sinks beneath the horizon, he is followed with saddened gaze, whilst his appearance is greeted only with joy. A group of juveniles, expecting this, may be seen in the illustration silently, almost devoutly, awaiting the first glimmer in the East that betokens the sign of his coming. Not an outspoken word is heard; all the uproariousness of childish glee is hushed for the time, and their very breathing seems subdued in the interval of eager watching, ended at last by one glad shout, that proclaims the advent of their King.

HE DID N'T MIND—AND WHAT TOLD.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

“NOT get into the hammock?”
Well, if he had n't been told not to get into it, it would n't have been half so hard to stay out of it. I had above all things, a hammock!

But Uncle John had said, oh! so gruffly, “Don't try to get into it; and, what's more, don't you get near it. When I come home this evening, we'll see how you *mind!*”

And so, of course, Barry had been thinking about it ever since, and he could n't, for the life of him, get his geography lesson. Everything seemed to be trending north, east, south and west by hammocks. At last he threw down his book and ran out into the garden, and stood looking at the red and yellow net as it hung between two splendid old oak-trees.

“I would n't go near it, now, if he said I might,” said Barry. “Try to get in it,” indeed, as though

a baby could n't get in a hammock, let alone a fellow as big as I am. He need n't be afraid; I'll stay away.” He was standing about thirty feet from it, under a great big apple-tree. “But I'll look at it as much as I please.

“Uncle John's great, he is! What'd he bring it here for, if he was n't going to let a fellow swing, and swing right away, too?”

“The best fun in the world is swinging right away. Wonder what it's made of? Don't care; I'll stay here and eat apples.”

And he sat down under the tree and picked up a fat rosy-cheeked apple, and took a boy's bite out of it.

“It's sour,” said Barry, making a wry face, and throwing it away.

“Oh! what a story!” said the apple-tree, in a loud whisper.

"What?" asked Barry, looking up at it.

But the tree only rustled its leaves angrily, and said no more.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Barry; "what a long morning this is! What shall I do? Hello! there's a funny old toad. I'll catch him and make him hop."

So he rolled over and over on the green grass, until he reached a large stone under which the toad was sitting with three black beetles playing house.

The toad had just told the brightest beetle that he might take the other two and go to market to get something for dinner, when Barry put his hand in and seized it.

The poor thing was so frightened, it became as cold as well water.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Barry, dropping it in a hurry; and as the toad made a feeble hop, he continued, "Ha! ha! *you* can't jump worth a cent."

"You're polite," said the toad.

"What?" asked Barry. But the toad hopped off without answering.

Just then, a prince of the butterflies, dressed in purple and gold, rose from a flower near by, and flew in the direction of the hammock.

"I'd like to have that butterfly," said Barry.

So he whistled a little, in a trifling manner, and went after it.

It flew straight ahead, but stopped just two feet from this side of the oak-trees to kiss a young white butterfly. Barry stopped, too, and when the butterfly unfolded its velvet wings to again take flight, "No, you don't," said he, and threw his hat over it.

But it *did*; for when he raised his hat it dashed out and flew merrily before him.

"I bet I'll have you yet," said Barry; and, starting to run again, he came right up against the hammock.

"Crikey!" said he. "Well, I never, if it is n't the hammock! How funny! What a monkey Uncle John is; I've a good mind to get in there a few minutes. Who's to tell?"

So he took hold of it; put up one foot, carefully swayed about a little; then lifted the other foot, made a spring, and landed head first on the ground.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the apple-tree.

"*You* can't jump worth a cent," said the toad.

"No, you don't!" remarked the butterfly.

But Barry answered never a word. He got up with a large bump on his forehead and went back to the house. *And the bump told.*

RHYMING PLAY.

[FLOWERS.]

BY J. D. LOCEV.

I'M tired of romping now, for one;
Let's try a little quiet fun.

ST. NICHOLAS has come to-day;
Sit down, we'll try the "Rhyming Play."

First, name the noblest flower that grows,
In all its sorts, the queenly —.

Next, one whose flavor many think
Exceeding sweet, the garden —.

Third, find a name which rhymes with Willie;
What king was not clothed like the —?

A little Western stream, the Jooshia,
Rhymes finely with the handsome —.

Fifth, name me one to rhyme with Len
The graceful, delicate —.

Where all the sweetest flowers are set,
I turn to seek the —.

Part of a column is the plinth,
Which rhymes our H, the —.

Now, start with A and end with L,
To find the yellow —.

What constellation holds the "Dipper?"
The creature wears no — —.

Who has not roamed the meadow over
To find the magic four-leaved —?

Next, Shakspeare links the rare woodbine
With musk-rose and sweet —.

This also comes from W. S.,
The odd name, Love-in- —.

A flowery empire had King Cyrus,
So has the many-tinted —.

Changing the accent in Salonica,
We fitly rhyme the fair —.

This one is easy, rhymes with wagon,
A beast with open mouth, — —.

Don't try to make a pig-tail whistle,
Nor rashly 'dare to pick the —.

Scotchmen, for much, sometimes say muckle,
Which rhymes a vine, sweet —.

The tint of gloves which I prefer
Matches the dainty —.

From the deep water, rising stilly,
A flower has gained its name, — —.

Last, name the poet's modest pet,
The timid wild-wood —.

[Who can send us the names of the flowers needed to make the rhymes in the above verses?]

PERRY AND TERRY.

BY NELLIE EYSTER.



LIKE everything else, even trouble has its beginning, and that of Perry Hyde and his twin sister Theresa—or Terry, as she was pet-named—grew out of a boiled lobster, red as a brick, which lay upon a plate between them. It was the first day of August, 1873, and the dinner hour at Mrs. Rogers' boarding-house in the village of Clinton, Connecticut. The children, with their invalid moth-

yard!" quietly commanded Mrs. Hyde, remarking, as the door closed upon their flushed and mortified faces, "Their troubles always begin in such a fashion. They love each other tenderly, but in matters of opinion both are equally unyielding."

At the far end of the grassy yard an old fisherman, with hair as white as sea foam, sat astride a wood-horse mending the meshes of a hammock. His face wrinkled all over into smiles as Terry rushed toward him, exclaiming:

"Uncle Nat, have n't lobsters got legs?"

"Of course, or how could they crawl?"

"And claws, too?" cried Perry, just behind.

"Sure, or they could n't pinch."

"There! we were both right," said Terry triumphantly.

"And both wrong, I 'spect," said the shrewd old fellow; "leastways if you was wranglin' 'bout a lobster. Why, them 's the 'ceitfullest things on 'arth, 'cept—well—'cept Capen Kidd's money."

"Captain Kidd! Who is he? Does he live in Clinton?" asked Perry.

"Well, well. Where did you live ef you never heard tell of Capen Kidd?" Then he told them the old story of the wonderful captain, who, nearly two hundred years ago, received permission, as commander of a sloop, to cruise as a privateer, but, turning pirate, robbed other vessels of gold, silver, precious jewels, and cloth of gold, and, locking them up in iron chests, buried them all along

had come there a few days before from a town in Pennsylvania, hoping that the sea air from off Long Island Sound, near which the village lay, would restore her strength.

"I can't break off this lobster's legs," said Terry.

"They aint legs; they're claws," remarked the invalid.

"I guess I know. *They are legs*," replied Terry, her color deepening in her cheeks.

"I say *claws*."

"And I *legs*."

"Claws."

"Legs."

"Children, leave the table and go into the

the coast, after which he was hung in Boston for being a murderer.

Never had he two more eager listeners.

"Who has all the gold and silver now?"

"Nobody yet; an' that 's why it 's as 'ceitful as lobster-catchin'. You 'll dig, an' dig, an' jest when you think you 're redly to grab it, it aint there."

"Have *you* dug, Uncle Nat?" Terry asked this in a low whisper.

"Deed I have, bushels o' times. I 've dug from our point here, miles away to Madison Beach, but never a dollar did I find, 'cept in the sellin' of the clams which I turned up while doin' it. But I 'spect that was all I had a nateral right to." And throwing the hammock over a chip-pile, he went into the house.

"Bars of gold and silver!" said Perry. "That means strips as long and thick as fente-rails. If we could get them we could buy strawberries and ice-cream every day in the year, Terry."

"Say, shall we go?"

"Yes; and not tell mamma?"

"No. We 'll s'prise her."

The Point, more than a mile from the village, was a narrow hand of the shore, reaching its long thumb into the sea, while the fingers, like a closed fist, were represented by a cluster of enormous granite rocks. On the broad summit of these, facing the water, was a small, low house of unpainted boards, the only whole thing remaining of what, previous to its explosion years ago, had been a factory for the expressing and refining of fish oil. Vessels had been wrecked and lost when very near those now ivy-clad rocks. It had long been deserted, save by a few old fishermen, and was only accessible from the village by land at low tide. Little did Perry and Terry know of all this, and less would they have cared had they known, as, with an old-fashioned fire-shovel they had found in Mrs. Rogers' smoke-house, and an empty cigar-box, in which Terry thought they might at least bring back Captain Kidd's precious stones, they started out gold-hunting. Over a little bridge across Hamonasset River, and along a narrow road of deep, damp sand, between walls of tall sea-grass alive with mosquitoes and grasshoppers, the twins plodded until, having reached the house, they stopped to breathe and look around at what they believed to be the Point.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" they cried, as for the first time in their lives they stood so close to the broad, blue, sunlit sea that they could pat it with their hands. The gold and silver-hued shells which lay upon the white sand, more finely polished than the costliest china; the thousand other wonders of moss and shells and "sea-things" which, day by day, the waves had cast upon that wonderful beach,

so far exceeded anything they had ever before seen in or out of a toy shop, that they forgot Captain Kidd's buried treasures and hopped about like crumb-hunting sparrows. Instead of jewels, Terry filled her box with the "darlingest" shells, while the daring Perry and the sea had already become good friends, that as fast as he would dig a shell with his shovel, close to its edge, a little wave rimmed wave would run in and fill it. Thus for two hours or more, the water chased him farther and farther back until, at a shriek from Terry, "Clams! clams! I've found clams!" he threw down the shovel and rushed to her.

Terry was right. Wherever she put her foot down heavily upon the black, wet sand, dozens of tiny jets of water spirting upward from it told the secret that clams were beneath the surface.

"Oh, Terry! let's play we 're Robinson Crusoe, and have a clam-bake. I know how, for Uncle Nat told me. You be Friday, and dig a lot, while I hunt around for a stove-pipe. Then we 'll make a little fire between two stones, put the clams inside the stove-pipe, stop up each end of it with sea-weed, and lay it over the fire until it is red-hot. Then the clams are done, and ready for us to eat."

Sure enough, back a few yards upon a low hill, where bricks, fragments of iron, and other relics of the oil explosion lay around in loose heaps, they found a piece of battered, rusty pipe, two feet in length; and he soon had enough dry material lying between two rudely built brick pillars to burn down another Chicago. Terry meanwhile, weary and muddy to her knees, had unearthed at least a peck of clams. Together filling the pipe, scrubbing with it over the stones, and laying it in proper position to get it "red-hot," they surveyed their work with intense satisfaction.

"But where 's the fire?" suddenly exclaimed Terry.

"Goody! I forgot that, and I have n't any matches," replied Perry, plunging his hands to the bottom of both pockets.

Poor little hungry, disappointed clam-diggers. They were tired too. The sunshine had gone, a strong wind was blowing, and something unceremoniously roared, as though saying, "Go home, go home!"

Quickly deciding to do so and return next day with some matches, they piled old shingles over the stove-pipe and fire-place and ran to the spot where they had left the shovel and box of shells. Not that they, but the place itself had disappeared. The sandy beach, the narrow road in which they had walked, the meadow of pink-tipped grass, all were gone, and in their stead was nothing but water which looked green, cold and deep.

Bewildered, but not frightened, they climbed up

the rocky bluff in the rear of the old, lone house and looked about them. To their right was miles of corn field running back to dense woods. Afar in another direction was the white steeple of the Clinton church, but between them and it all was water.

"Something in the sea must have burst to make spread out so wide," said Perry. "Let us wait until a ship comes near here and holler for them to take us home."

At least forty vessels were in sight. Some of the ships stood still, like great white butterflies with their wings folded; others were sailing on a straight line close up to the gray sky; but none came within hailing distance of the little *Crusoes*. It grew darker, and the rising tide, now almost at its height, made a fearful noise as the sea dashed against the rocks.

"May be this house has a door. Let's creep round to the front and look," suggested Terry.

Joy! It had, and standing wide open, too. There was but one room in it, containing a rough table or bench covered with fish-scales, and beneath a small pile or bundle of loose straw. Upon this the children crept, and cuddling into each other's arms, were so quiet for a while that they could hear their hearts thumping like hammers. It was very dark, and each seemed afraid to speak first. At length Terry whispered:

"Perry, are you 'most crying? Please, don't."
"Not a bit of it," said he, bravely choking down his sob. "I'm only wishing I was a skipper, then I'd ——"

"You mean sailor, Perry," interrupted Terry.

"No, I don't. I mean what I say—skipper."

"No; sailor," she said sharply.

"I'm sure I know better than you, Terry."

But for once the retort failed to come. Seizing her arm and turning his face to the open door, she said, in a frightened tone:

"Only look! What is that coming up out of the water?"

They sat almost breathless, as, by the light of the rising moon, they plainly saw a figure, like that of a woman, standing motionless upon a wave with her arm stretched toward them, while the rest of her body was wrapped up as tightly as a mummy.

"What can it mean, Perry? Oh, I do wish we were with mamma!"

Her courageous spirit was quailing before the mystery of the quiet woman.

"You may say skipper. I wont contradict you no more; never."

"Yes, but sailor was best, after all," said the benighted Perry. And, moving his lips along her ear, he fervently kissed the tip of her left ear. At that moment then a moonbeam came through a window

behind them, and stopping in one corner, revealed something glittering in it like a pile of diamonds.

"I know what that is," said the excited Perry, springing to his feet, and thereby giving his head a furious bump against the table. "It's Captain Kidd's money—the very thing we came here to hunt for and forgot all about. That's his ghost daring us to touch it. Are you afraid, Terry?"

"I don't know." Her voice was full of awe, for the pile seemed to broaden and brighten the longer she looked at it. "Captain Kidd was the most wickedest man I ever heard of. We did n't dig for his money like other people. It aint ours, and you know 'Thou shalt not steal.' I wish his ghost would please go away, and it was daytime. What is the use of all that gold and diamonds if we never see mamma again." Her voice ended in a plaintive wail.

"Well, the clams that you dug are ours, anyhow, and if we can sell them for ten dollars, like Uncle Nat did, Captain Kidd and his old money may ——"

But a cloud that instant obscuring the moon, they were again in darkness and terror.

"Let us pray, Perry. Let us say, 'Dear Jesus, please dry up the ocean and make it daylight. Indeed and 'deed we don't want any of Captain Kidd's gold and silver.' Say that last *real right*, Perry. Oh! if we had n't been naughty at the dinner-table we should never have heard of him nor come here to hunt for it; should we?"

"No; but I contradicted first, Terry, and that began it. Let's pray. He'll help us give up to one another after this, you to me."

"Yes; and you to me first, because I'm a girl."

"No; I'm right as often as you. Boys ought to know."

"Perry Hyde! you're ——" Again the outline of the motionless figure was becoming visible. "You're my dear brother, and I'm very sorry! Let's ask him to please forgive us and let mamma find us, for Jesus' sake."

So the trusting little hearts were lifted in all a child's sweet faith to Him who was guarding every hair of their precious heads, and before they had got to "Amen" both were fast asleep.

Meanwhile half the village of Clinton was searching for the lost ones, while others were vainly trying to soothe the awful fears of the sorrowing mother. No clue to where they had gone could be found in any quarter. All night the sympathetic friends were in motion, and it was full dawn when Uncle Nat, by some means, found himself alone on Hamonasset bridge, with his weary, hopeless eyes turned toward the old house on the rocks.

"Bless me. The Point! the Point!" he shouted. "Why did n't I think before?"

When did a pair of old legs run faster than his, as every step brought him nearer to the beach? Soon he saw a little shovel sticking in the sand as the tide had found and left it. A short way up the hill, and there lay the stove-pipe waiting its opportunity to get "red-hot."

"So, so! I see it all now. The scamps! the scamps!"

He could scarcely distinguish the sleeping chil-

"Well, there was an awful ghost just beyond the rocks!" said Terry with a shudder.

Not so. The long-ago wreck of a schooner lay near by with a post at the stern, five feet high, projecting above the water.

Then nothing was real but the lonely night and the happiness of being found.

"Nothin' else, darlin's, 'cept the clams. Oh, the clams are allus grit and certain, but Capen Ki's



"HE SAW A LITTLE SHOVEL STICKING IN THE SAND."

dren snuggled up in the hay for the tears of joy which blinded his faded eyes.

"Thank God."

It was said so loud and fervently, that the twins awakened at the same instant. What a surprise to Uncle Nat! What puzzling surroundings! What untold joy!

"We found Captain Kidd's treasure," at length said Perry, coming first to his senses. "It's there in the corner, loads of it."

No; that was not treasure; it was only some twisted scraps of clean tin, which had been brought there to scrape away the scales from fish.

money, like everything else we don't come by honest and true, is 'ceitful as diamond tin and wooden ghosts."

Uncle Nat always carried matches and a tobacco pouch in the same pocket. Perry's fire was lighted and the clams baked and eaten just as the sun turned, for a few moments. Long Island Sound was into a cloth of gold.

What a rare breakfast they ate on the sand! Then they were hurried home to the clinging arms of a loving, thankful mother, with an experience all their own, which made them, for a day at least, feel as wise and old as Uncle Nat.

A STORY FOR THE "BIRD-DEFENDERS."

BY HELEN B. PHILLIPS.

THE sunlight under apple bloom
Steals softly down upon our home,
And airily against the sky,
So tenderly, so tenderly
The soft winds singing lullaby—
Our nest swings high.

Dame Redbreast, in her modest gown,
Sits brooding there in sober brown.
Beneath her patient, throbbing breast
Four lovely eggs are warmly prest.
Was ever bird so highly blest
As now am I?

I love my dear Dame Redbreast so,
My swelling heart must overflow
In loving care and minstrelsy
While waiting for Love's mystery.
In all the world, dear Heart, to me
There's none like thee.

"I LOVE my dear Dame Redbreast so!" This was the burden of Robin's song early and late. Never had birdies begun the world with brighter respects. They had migrated in company, and started with the approval of "all the world" of birds. During the long, breezy days, in sunshine and shower, the building of the nest had busied them until now. Everything was in perfect order, and Robin bustled about in anxious search of dainties for his dame, who seldom left her nest and precious eggs. All the world overflowing with fresh life, joy, and sunshine, Robin thought, was made solely and expressly for himself and little wife!

"Mamma, here 's a robin at my window. Every morning he comes flying up against the window by the apple-tree, and wakes me up. What does he want, mamma?"

Jessie's mamma came, but the robin had flown away. Day after day he came; and often, seated dejectedly on the ledge of the window, mamma pined poor Robin. Sure enough, what *did* he want? Other birdies were busy with housekeeping and their mates; a few with their fledglings, teaching them to fly, and making as joyful commotion over them, as do human bipeds over *their* first darlings.

A most pitiful object was Jessie's robin. Experiments were made to find what he wanted. Crumbs were faintly picked at. The softest bits of wool, temptingly and conveniently exposed, he completely ignored.

Finally, the cook grew superstitious and tried

to drive him away. All to no purpose. Jessie's room was on the ground floor; and, determined to solve the mystery, mamma came one day to the outside of the window and looked in. The pane of glass acted as a reflector, and she saw herself distinctly. Robin liked a mirror, it seemed. The vain little fop!

Yet this constant contemplation of himself did not seem to give him any satisfaction. He never showed vain and foppish ways. He was certainly no spruce "dandy robin," as Jessie now called him. He was either sick or in affliction, mamma said.

About this time Jessie's cousin, Georgie, came to visit her. Agile as a monkey, he was into all the trees and tumbling from the hay-loft. Of course the old apple-tree, with its crooks and crutches, was too tempting to escape a tour of inspection. With help, Jessie went too.

"Here 's where my dandy robin lives; don't disturb him! I guess his mate is on the nest; I never see but one."

Up they climbed to find the nest and the blue eggs, but no birdie was there. And no lady-bird ever came to hatch out those eggs, over which proud Robin had sung so joyfully.

Listen, for this is a true story. Somebody had killed the dear mate! (Jessie knew Tom Lane did such things, and in her heart accused him of this deed.)

The mystery was now explained. The bereaved robin, in searching for his dame, had alighted upon the window-ledge; seen his own reflection: mistaken it for his love; and so, day after day, he had come, hoping to find her free. It was a sad, sad sight to see the faithful little fellow, as I did, mourning for his love. As for him, all the life, joy, and sunshine had gone out of the world.

Who could intentionally or thoughtlessly have caused such sorrow to even the smallest of God's creatures? Will not He who marks the sparrows' flight take note and remember?

Jessie told Tom Lane one day about her robin, and took him to see the bird with his drooping plumage and woe-begone air. Tom was really touched, and said slowly:

"Sho, now! I should n't 'ave s'posed he 'd 'ave cared! Leastwise, not for so long."

"Yes, indeed," said Jessie, "birds *do* care. Of

course he loved his mate. Don't you s'pose my papa'd mourn some if my mamma should die? And was n't she Robin's little wife?"

Tom did n't say much, but somehow he could n't

forget the poor bereaved robin on the window ledge.

And if Jessie should ask him to join the army of Bird-defenders, I believe he would do it.

THE LIFE OF A CLOTHES-MOTH.

BY PROF. A. W. RATTRAY.

YES, I am only a moth—a common clothes-moth. Some call me a “miller,” because I am mealy-looking, and flour the fingers of those who touch me. Well-informed people name me *Tinea Vestianella*, which I like better, because there's often a great deal in a pretty name. I am only a tiny, fragile insect; but for all that, every good and wise girl and boy ought to know the story of my life, which, in some respects, is a very curious one.

Moths are well connected, I assure you, and not ashamed of their pedigree. Butterflies are nearly related to us, though they may not own it. They are one branch of the *Lepidoptera* (or scale-winged) family of insects, and we are the other. But they are proud creatures, and regard us as country cousins, although themselves only gaudy, showy things, fond of admiration and of airing themselves in the sun. And all of them together could not give you silk for one of those pretty dresses, which the children of one of our family, the silkworm moth, can easily supply you with.

Is it not a pity that our little ones cannot live on leaves, as they do, but must eat the nap of cloth, blankets, flannels, carpets, and other woolen stuffs? For it is chiefly on this account that we, their parents, are hated, hunted, and killed, instead of being courted and petted, like the butterflies. But, after all, can we or our children be blamed? Like yourselves, we must eat to live.

No, we are not ashamed of our connections. But pray do not confound our family, the clothes-moths, with the fur-moths (*Tinea pellionella*), or with the hair-moths (*Tinea crinella*). We are closely related, and, in fact, cousins; but, as you may readily imagine, they are less refined in taste—altogether more common, and do not take the same standing in insect society as ourselves.

You may make our acquaintance any evening after the lights are lit, for we fly chiefly at night, and often burn our wings in the glare, which attracts and blinds us. Fig. 1 is my likeness. As you see, I am a very plain, small, flat, grayish insect. I do not hold my wings up, like the

butterflies, but fold them over my back; and my feelers (or *antennæ*) are pointed, and not club-shaped, like theirs. I would also like to show you the fur and the feather moths. But the differences in color, size, shape, &c., between them and ourselves are too slight to be detected by any but a good naturalist, or to be accurately shown in a wood-cut.

I was hatched last May. My first home was an egg, much smaller than a pin-head; and, when magnified by a microscope, something like that shown in Fig. 2. I cannot say how many little egg brothers and sisters I had, they were so numerous. But our mother took great pains to get a good home for us, so as to give us a fair start

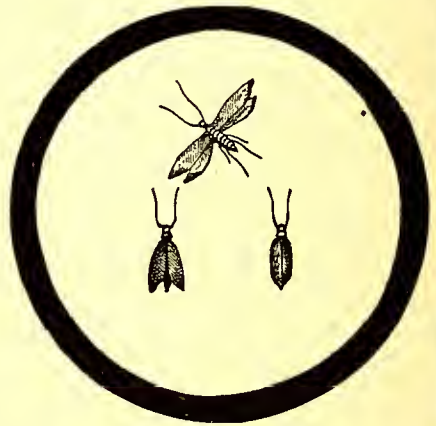


FIG. 1.—THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

life; and slyly crept through chinks and even keyholes, into hundreds of corners, to find a dusty, damp, and undisturbed spot, especially among woolens. She told me herself that she first tried a furrier's store, but neither dust nor damp was allowed there, and the owner aired and shook his goods very carefully twice a week. Seeing this, my mother, he flung his handkerchief at her, saying, “Be off, there's no room for you here.”

But moths are very active, and she was out of sight in a moment. Away she flew toward Fifth Avenue, and into the coach-house of an old lady, in which there was a cosy carriage, lined with fine blue cloth, and which was seldom used. Any

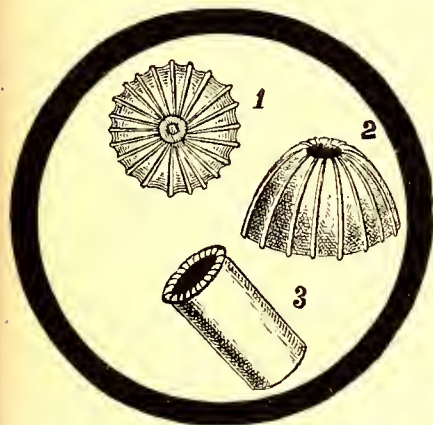


FIG. 2.—MOTHS' EGGS (MAGNIFIED). (1) EGG OF RUSTIC-MOTH. (2) EGG OF SHARK-MOTH. (3) EGG OF THORN-MOTH.

small crevice of this would have been just the thing; but the coach-maker had sponged the lining with corrosive sublimate water, which nearly poisoned my mother. And, besides this, the coachman smoked. This alone was enough to drive my mother away; we hate tobacco in every shape and form. Dense tobacco smoke will even kill us.

The old lady's open bedroom window, however, was just round the corner; and through this my mother made her way, it looked so tempting and pretty. Though kind-hearted, and one of those people who would not unnecessarily hurt a worm, the old lady had one serious fault. She hated moths, at least the house varieties, because one had, without permission, lived in and spoilt her muff, when she was a girl. She was fond of natural history, and often said: "It is not the moth itself which attacks our clothes, but its children, the little worms. Still, while we try to get rid of the latter, when we can catch it at work, and also to destroy the egg from which it comes, we should chiefly strive to drive away—or, still better, to kill—the moth-mother, the author of the entire mischief, and thus prevent her laying the eggs from which springs the worm which so annoys us."

Not a cupboard drawer or box could my mother find in the entire house that was not turned out, cleaned, and aired every week; and some vile-melling stuff had been put among the clothes. The old lady liked, too, to make experiments, and, with this object, powdered her clothes with different things—some with black or cayenne pepper, others

with snuff, and so on. She even wished that some poison could be discovered to attract and kill us as they kill flies.

Her four daughters were certainly pretty, amiable, and accomplished, but they had been taught to dislike us, and always tried to starve us out, by frequently shaking and airing their jackets, furs, and woolens, lest any stray moths, moths' eggs, or caterpillars might have got in by chance. They then, after carefully wrapping them in linen bags and old sheets, which moths cannot get through, scented them strongly. Rosa, for example, sprinkled hers occasionally with a little abietine, a new moth abomination; Mary liked benzine or turpentine better (the vapor of the latter kills us); while Ella chose carbolic acid, and Bertha put chips of red cedar-wood, or a few matured horse-chestnuts, or shavings of Russia leather, or a little bitter-apple powder, or a handful of unwashed wool, or a bit of tallow, in each drawer, to find out which was the best of these things for driving us away. Moths never touch greasy or unwashed wool or cloth.

The housekeeper was just as careful with her carpets, which were taken up and beaten once, and often twice, during Summer, when we were about; and then sprinkled with salt, cayenne, black pepper, and occasionally a little carbolic acid; while the woolen curtains, when not in use, were well beaten, peppered, wrapped in linen, and laid in a dry place. And all of them, mistresses and servants, took particular pains to do this during the moth

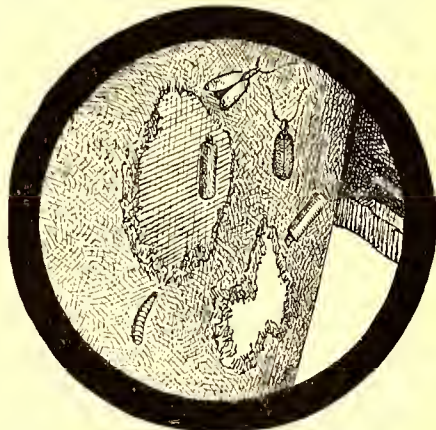


FIG. 3.—HOUSE-MOTH, LARVA OR CATERPILLAR (NATURAL SIZE) AT WORK.

season. Not a moth could or would put its nose into that house; and if one did by chance find its way there, it was hunted and killed before it could lay a single egg. My mother herself barely escaped being killed by the chamber-maid with a long feather brush.

The neighbors of these enemies to our race, two old ladies, hated us still more; and the frequent airing, dusting, sweeping, cleaning, scenting, and

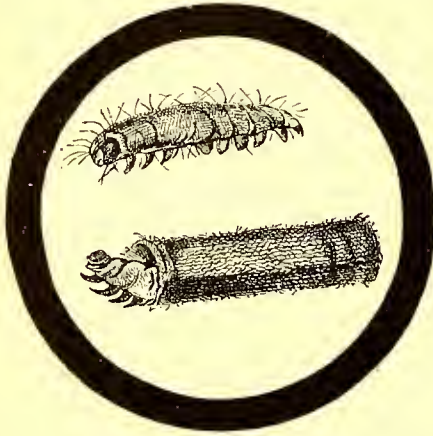


FIG. 4.—HOUSE-MOTH LARVA AND CASE (MAGNIFIED).

the linen bags, and what not, were enough to frighten away the most venturesome insect.

So, declining to visit them, my mother flew through an open window into a magnificent mansion near Central Park; and found just what she wanted in a large dusty cupboard in a seldom-used bedroom, into which the lady of the house tossed her dresses, usually after wearing them only a day or two. Here I was put between the folds of a fine black-cloth jacket.

In a fortnight I was hatched, and left my egg as

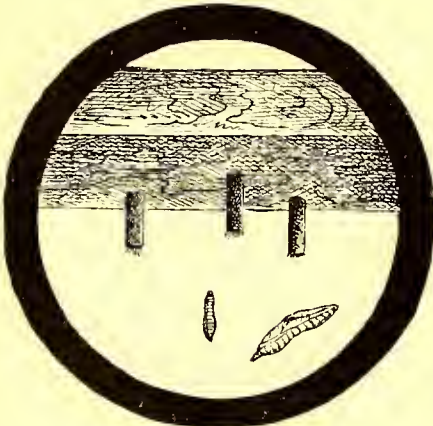


FIG. 5.—CLOTHES-MOTH PUPA (OR CHRYSALIS) AND CASE.

a little whitish larva, or caterpillar, with sixteen legs, six very small eyes on each side of my head, strong, sharp, scissor or scythe-like jaws, which cut sidewise, and on the middle of my lower lip a little conical tube, or "spinner," from which I could

squeeze out a sticky fluid, which soon hardened into the fine threads that you call silk. In Figs. 3 and 4 you have my likeness. Dozens of brothers and sisters were already busy at work near me, but our mother had scattered us, so that when born we might each have plenty of room and food.

Having taken a good meal of soft woolen nap, I began to construct a little case or house for myself—a tube, like Figs. 3 and 4, longer than my body and wider, enabling me to turn inside by doubling myself. This I made of nap, choosing long and straight hairs, which I laid side by side, and glued together and interwoven with silk of my own making; and so kept on adding and adding until my house was as long and strong as I wished. Then I lined it with the finest and purest silk, and tied or anchored it to the cloth with a few separate threads. We moths are not quite so luxurious as the silk-worm, which makes its house entirely of silk.

In this my house I lived very comfortably all happily all the Summer. It was a lazy kind of life. When I felt hungry, I had only to put my head out of my case to feed, as in Fig. 4. We are rather dainty, and usually prefer the short fibers and more compact body of the cloth for food, using the coarser, longer ones for house-building. Caterpillar appetites are very good; we eat heartily, perhaps you may say voraciously. Some of us consume about twice our own weight in the twenty-four hours; but clothes-moth caterpillars are not quite so greedy as this. When I had used all the nap near me in food and for house-building, and made the cloth thread-bare and full of holes, all I had to do was to pull my house along to another place.

Thus to eat, to build, and now and then to repair my house, were all the work and amusement I had. But this last was my heaviest toil, for, like yourselves, small when born, I was at intervals compelled to enlarge my home. Now, how do you think I did this? Exactly as a tailor would! As I grew longer, I lengthened it by working in fresh hairs at the two ends; and as I got stout, I merely slit one side half-way up, and put in a patch; then I did the same at the other side, and so at the other end. I did this so neatly that you could scarcely see the joining, and all with my mouth and silk of my own weaving, without needles or the help of a sewing-machine! In this way I made the same house last my whole caterpillar life. If I had used wool of different colors—red, blue, white, and so on—I enlarged it, I could have made it of many colors, like Joseph's coat. This is the cause of the curious markings in the case sketched in Fig. 4. I changed my own skin several times as I grew; and when I had become a full-sized caterpillar, Winter came.

and put me into a sleep, which lasted till the warm Spring again revived me.

Upon waking, I found that a change had come over me. I did not seem like the same creature. My appetite had gone, and I entirely left off eating. I felt as if something was about to happen to me. I was about to undergo what naturalists call a "metamorphosis," or transformation. Some of my brother and sister caterpillars preferred to remain where they were, to undergo this change, and only tied themselves a little more firmly to the cloth; but I crept out of the cupboard, and up to a dark corner of the room, where, for safety, I closed up one end of my house with silken threads, and hung myself to the ceiling. I then spun a kind of shroud round my body, and, again becoming torpid, went to sleep. I had thereby altered

only a miserable worm, crawling slowly and darkly among old clothes, unable to see a yard ahead. It was a fine, warm, sunny day in April when I soared

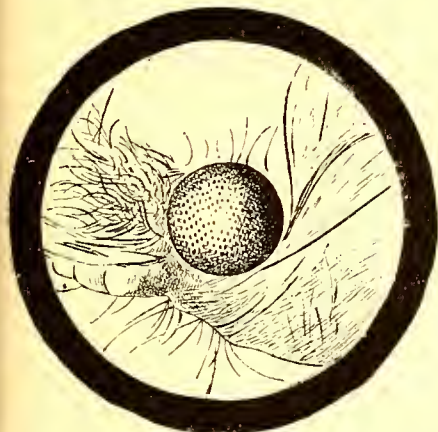


FIG. 6.—COMPOUND EYE OF THE CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED).

ny shape, was now like Fig. 5, and re-christened with a new and prettier name than my last, viz., *Pupa*, or chrysalis. I was shorter than before; apparently had no head, limbs or wings; but traces of them could be seen closely pressed to my sides, and as if cemented by a kind of varnish.

While in this state I took no food, and did not even move. But in about three weeks my case began to swell, and then contract, till the skin of my back rent; and from this my head, and by degrees my body, emerged as a perfect, fully-fledged baby-moth, or *imago*, with four wings, six legs, and everything else complete, as you see in Fig. 1. But I had lost the powerful jaws with which I had eaten the cloth, and had now a spiral, rolled-up tongue, to suck water and liquid juices into my stomach, which was now unfit to digest solids. My body was at first soft and weak, my wings small and crumpled up; but they soon grew, and I stretched them and flew for the first time. How bright and lively I felt! and how unlike myself when



FIG. 7.—PART OF CLOTHES-MOTH'S WING—MANY SCALES RUBBED OFF (MAGNIFIED).

over Central Park, and enjoyed a panoramic view such as probably no girl or boy has ever seen. How proud I felt, and how happy! These were the days of my childhood; the pleasantest in our life, as in yours. Thus had I undergone my second and final transformation.

You may think me a common insect, and perhaps despise me. Certainly I am not much to look at. But put me under your microscope, and you will soon change your opinion. How you will admire my compound eyes, with their hundreds of



FIG. 8.—SCALES (OR FEATHERS) FROM WING OF CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED).

lenses (Fig. 6); and my wings (Fig. 7); and the scales on them (Fig. 8), like birds' feathers, which make the dust that stains your fingers when you

touch me! Curiously, too, each different moth and butterfly has its own shape and size of scale, just as trees have different kinds of leaves, by which alone you can recognize them, as in Fig. 9. You ought to examine me for yourself. If you do, I am certain that the more minutely you look, the more wonderful you will consider me.

I have been a full-grown moth for a few days, and, as yet, have enjoyed myself very much. Our insect life is very different from your life. We have no brain with which to think and learn; and, therefore, no schools, lessons, teachers, or punishments for idleness. What we know and do comes to us naturally, by instinct. We have no memory to remind us of naughty behavior, or conscience to



FIG. 9.—SCALES FROM WINGS OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

sting us. We find plenty to eat and drink, without working for it; never need clothes; have no anxious thought for the future, as you may when

grown up; and cannot imagine what death is, and therefore do not fear it. Our life is one long, happy holiday. Even our bad luck and misfortunes

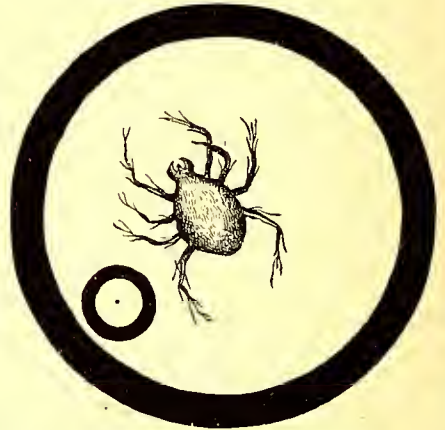


FIG. 10.—PARASITE OF CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED). THE DOT IN THE SMALL RING SHOWS ITS NATURAL SIZE.

are soon forgotten. One of our chief worries is a tiny insect (Fig. 10), which, small as we are, sometimes lives on our skin.

Now, having heard my story, tell me—Don't you think that clothes-moths are quite interesting, after all, and that we are more to be pitied than blamed when we deposit the eggs and caterpillars which destroy your clothing? In doing this, we are merely looking after the welfare of our children and this is what every good human mother does for hers. If, in spite of what I have said, you persist in catching and killing us, do not torture us but spare us pain by doing the deed as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

CHRISTINCHEN'S ANSWER.

BY JULIA S. TUTWILER.

WELCOME, welcome, dearest King!
Here thy children gladly bring
Knots of flowers and garlands gay
To greet our monarch on his way.
May God bless the royal house!
King and queen, with man and mouse;
This is what we humbly pray,
For our sovereign every day.

CHRISTINCHEN was to say it. She was only six years old; but the teacher himself taught it to her very carefully. For two days all the spare

moments he could find during school-hours were given to the little Mädchen; for news had come that, on the third day, the King would pass through their village!

Now Herr Schunke would not for the world have had his revered monarch pass through Wesek without showing him that, although it was only little village, and far removed from the great city of his realm, yet here also they had intelligent folk who knew what was what, and how to receive

royal personage. Especially he wanted to show the King that the Government had a very diligent, competent teacher in this village; and he was quite right in thinking so, for there was no official in all Prussia who filled his office, whether high or low, better than Herr Schunke. So all the preparations for the grand reception naturally fell upon him. He wrote the lines that Christinchen was to learn; for he was the poet of the village, and had written many a greeting in rhyme for friends and relations to deliver in writing or by word of mouth on such great occasions as christenings, betrothals, birth-days, and golden and silver weddings. He had taught them to her till the little Mädchen knew them perfectly, and could say them so clear and loud that you could hear her in the street as you walked by the school-house.

On the morning of the great day, Christinchen's mother came to the school-house, and wanted to take Christinchen home to put leather shoes on her, and a white dress, made like that of the burgomaster's daughter, and to curl her hair; but Herr Schunke talked so wisely and well, and explained to her so clearly how much it pleased the King to see his people keeping the good old customs of their forefathers, that at last she concluded to put on little Christinchen only a pair of new wooden shoes, shining black, and turned up to a point at the toes, with a bright gilt figure in the middle of each, and her best peasant dress, made just like her mother's Sunday one, with its little red bodice and little lace apron; and she left the long shining plaits of yellow hair still twined around the little head, in the fashion in which German women and girls have worn it, perhaps ever since the days when Cæsar came to Germany.

So at last the royal carriage drew up before the door of the little inn where the King was to dine. The footman, in splendid gold-trimmed livery, threw open the door, and the King, wrapped in the old military cloak which he had worn for thirty years, descended from the carriage. On the steps of the inn stood the landlord and all his people in their best dresses, with snow-white aprons. On one side stood the burgomaster and all the other officials of the village, decked out with their badges of office. On the other side stood Herr Schunke and his little band of scholars, and all around, behind this formal committee of reception, stood the other inhabitants of the village; every man with his eyes and mouth wide open and his hat in his

hand; and as the King put his foot upon the ground they swung the hats round and round, cheering, and crying "Long live the King!" The King bowed and smiled on this side and on that; and then little Christinchen stepped forward, dropped a courtesy, and said her rhymes so loud—so very loud—you might have thought she fancied the King was deaf.

But she looked so sweet,—her eyes as blue as the corn-flowers of the Rhine meadows, and her yellow hair with its smooth plaits framing the earnest little upturned rosy face—that the good King, whom God had never blessed with a child of his own, smiled with pleasure, and taking from the pocket of his traveling-coat a beautiful orange, said:

"Little maiden, you said your poem so well that I am sure you go to a very good school, and have an excellent teacher; so I must examine you a little: To which kingdom does this orange belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," said the little maid, without a moment's delay, while Herr Schunke could scarcely keep on his feet from anxiety and excitement.

"And this?" taking a bright gold piece from his purse.

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Right—right, my little maid. And now tell me this: To which kingdom do *I* belong?"

He? to which kingdom did he belong? Little Christinchen looked at him with wide-open, solemn eyes, up and down. She had had object-lessons on the camel and the elephant, the crow and the magpie; and had even been allowed to hold the stuffed forms of the last two for a moment in her little hands; but a king! She had never had such a subject for an object-lesson; but she remembered that she always said his name every day in her prayers. So she raised her blue eyes confidently to his, and said, modestly, but very clearly:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

And the King caught the little maiden up in his arms and kissed her, remembering who had said to what kingdom she and such as she belonged, and wishing he might grow each day more like to them, and so have the promised right to belong there too. As he set her gently down, and dropped the gold piece and the orange in her apron, all the mothers that stood around with clasped hands sobbed, under their breath, "God bless him!" and even the burgomaster blew his nose.

THE FAYS.

BY AMELIA DALEY ALDEN.

THEY came to earth in a fleecy cloud,
 And climbed to heaven on the rainbow's rim;
 In the sweet sea-breeze they laughed aloud,
 And sighed in the forest cool and dim.

There they went softly from door to door
 From lowly cottage to lofty hall,
 From baby rolling upon the floor,
 To grandma winding her knitting-ball.



They climbed high up in the apple-tree,
 And shook the young in the robin's nest,
 And then, as frightened as they could be,
 Hid under the brooding mother's breast.

She never knew that the sprites were there,
 She thought that only her young ones stirred,
 And piped a tremulous motherly air,
 To comfort the heart of each little bird.

Each fairy then a great bumble-bee caught,
 And threatened his life if he let her fall;
 And so, on their buzzing steeds, they sought
 The homes of mortals in cottage and hall.

To every mortal a fairy spoke,
 In tones that nobody else could hear,
 And sullen looks into sunshine broke,
 And saddened voices grew full of cheer.

The grandmother's heart went back to youth
 The child sewed gayly her tiresome seam,
 The maiden thought of her lover's truth,
 And the baby smiled in a happy dream.

And then the sprites, a loving band,
 As shadows lengthened and grew more deep,
 Took each a tired baby's hand,
 And led her into the Land of Sleep.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WOODLAND SPRING.

VERY pale, with the bridle dangling from his hand, and Lion walking dejectedly by his side (the pathetic dog always knew when his master was trouble), Jack returned to the "castle."

Lord Betterton, meeting him in the door-yard, touched his hat and bowed.

"Where—is—your—quadruped?" he asked, with a cool, deliberate politeness, which fell upon Jack's mood like drops of water on red-hot steel.

"That villain! he claims the reward for him! But I never 'll pay it in the world!"

Betterton smiled and said: "Ah! Peakslow! I like his ghly characteristic!"

"He threatened to shoot me!"

"Very likely. He has threatened to shoot *me*, on one or two occasions. I said, 'Shoot!'" (Jack wondered whether he said it with that condescending smile and gracious gesture.) "It is n't agreeable to have dealings with a person who talks of shooting his fellow-men; but I imagine there's no danger, if you keep cool."

"I could n't keep cool," said Jack. "I got as mad as he was. I could have shot *him*."

"That, my friend," Lord Betterton replied, with a wave of the hand, "was an error,—quite natural, but still an error. You stay to dinner?"

"Thank you, I have promised myself that pleasure."

Jack was ashamed of having given way to his anger; and he determined from that moment, whatever happened, to keep calm.

As he threw his useless bridle down, and left the dog to guard it, he saw Wad starting off with a gallop, and asked where he was going.

"For water," said Wad.

"More water? I should think you had all had enough for one day!"

"Yes, for the outer man," drawled Wad. "Where's your horse?"

"I concluded to let Peakslow keep him a little longer. He seemed willing to; and I am not ready to ride home. May I go with you?"

"Glad to have ye," said Wad.

They walked a little way along the road toward Peakslow's house, then entered the woodland, descended into a little ravine, and, on the slope beyond, found a spring of running water in the shade of an oak grove.

Jack was not inclined to talk of Snowfoot, but he had a good deal to say about the spring.

"Why, this is charming! What a clear basin of water! Is it always running over?"

"Always, even in the driest season. We first noticed that little stream trickling down into the ravine; and that's about all there was to be seen, till Rufe and I hollowed out this basin."

"Why don't you come here with your wagon and tubs, instead of going to the river?"

"There's no good way to get in here with a wagon; and, besides, we can't dip up more than two or three pailfuls at a time—then we must wait for the spring to fill."

"You could sink a barrel," said Jack, "and always have that full, to start upon. Now dip your pail, and let's see how long it takes for the basin to fill."

The experiment was tried, and Jack grew quite enthusiastic over the result.

"See! how fast the water comes in! I say, Wad, you've got something valuable here."

"Yes," said Wad. "I only wish the house had been built somewhere near. This is part of the land Peakslow pretended to claim. The swing, where Cecie got hurt, is in the grove, just up here."

The place was so cool and pleasant that Jack let Wad return alone with the water, and walked about the spring and the swing, and up into the woods beyond, calming his inward excitement, until dinner time.

At table, he gave a humorous account of his late interview with Peakslow.

"He was so very cordial in his request that I should leave Snowfoot, that I could n't well refuse,—though I *did* decline to trouble him, till he brought out a double-barreled argument,—stubb-twist, percussion lock,—which finally persuaded me. He is one of the most urgent men I ever saw," added Jack, mashing his potato.

Vinnie smiled, while the others laughed; but her eyes were full of anxiety, as they beamed on Jack.

"Is n't it possible," she said, "to meet such arguments with kindness? I did n't think there was a man so bad that he could n't be influenced by reason and good-will."

"It might rain reasons on Peakslow, forty days and forty nights—he would shed 'em, as a duck does water," Jack replied. "Is n't it so, Mr. Betterton?"

"I have certainly found him impervious," said my lord. you know, without Snowfoot!), I may, perhaps, a bit of engineering, as it is."

"I might have stopped to argue with him, and threaten him with the law and costs of court, and perhaps have settled the matter for five or ten dollars. But the truth is," Jack confessed, "I lost patience and temper. I am not going to have any more words with him. Now let's drop Peakslow, and speak of something more important. That spring over in your woods, Mr. Betterton,—I've been looking at it. Is it soft water?" (Jack lifted a glass and sipped it); "as good for washing as it is for the table?"

"It is excellent water for any purpose," said Mr. Betterton. "There is only one fault in that spring—it is too far off."

"We are going to move the house up there, so as to have it handy," said Link.

"That is one of my young friend's jokes," said Jack. "But, seriously, Mr. Betterton, instead of moving the house to the spring, why don't you bring the spring to the house?"

"How do you mean? It does n't seem to me quite—ah—practicable, to move a spring that way."

"I don't mean the spring itself, of course, but the water. You might have that running, a constant stream, in your kitchen or back room."

"I apprehend your drift," said Betterton, helping Jack to a piece of prairie chicken. "You mean, bring it in pipes."

"Thank you. Precisely."

"But I apprehend a difficulty; it is not easy to make water run up hill."

Jack smiled, and blushed a little, at Betterton's polite condescension in making this mild objection.

"Water running down hill may force itself up another hill, if confined in pipes, I think you will concede."

"Most assuredly. But it will not rise again higher than its source. And the spring is lower than we are—lower than our kitchen sink."

"I don't quite see that," replied Jack, with the air of a candid inquirer. "I have been over the ground, and it did n't strike me so."

"It certainly looks to be several feet lower," said Betterton; and the boys agreed with him.

"We generally speak of going *down* to the spring," said Rufe. "We go down the road, then down the bank of the ravine, and then a little way up the other bank. I don't know how we can tell just how much lower it is. We can't see the spring from the house."

"If I had my instruments here, I could tell you which is lower, and how much lower, pretty soon. While I am waiting for Snowfoot (I can't go home,

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK'S "BIT OF ENGINEERING."

THE boys got around Jack after dinner, and asked him about that bit of engineering.

"In the first place," said Jack, standing outside the door, and looking over toward the spring, hidden by intervening bushes on a ridge, "we must have a water-level, and I think I can make one. Get me a piece of shingle, or any thin strip of wood. And I shall want a pail of water."

A shingle brought, Jack cut it so that it would float freely in the pail; and, having taken two thin strips of equal length from the sides, he set them up near each end, like the masts of a boy's boat.

"Now, this is our level," he said; "and the masts are the sights. To see that they are exact we will look across them at some object, then turn the level end for end, and look across them again. If the range is the same both ways, then our sights are right, are they not? But I see we must lay a couple of sticks across the pail, to hold our level still while we are using it."

The boys were much interested; and Link said he did n't see what anybody wanted of a better level than that.

"It will do for the use we are going to make of it," said Jack; "but it might not be quite convenient for field service; you could n't carry a pail of water, and a floating shingle with two masts, in your overcoat pocket, you know. We'll aim at a leg of that grindstone. Go and stick your knife where I tell you, Link."

Jack soon got his level so that it would stand true, and called the boys to look.

"Here! you stand back, Chokie!" cried Link, while Rufe and Wad, one after the other, got down on the ground and sighted across the level at the knife-blade.

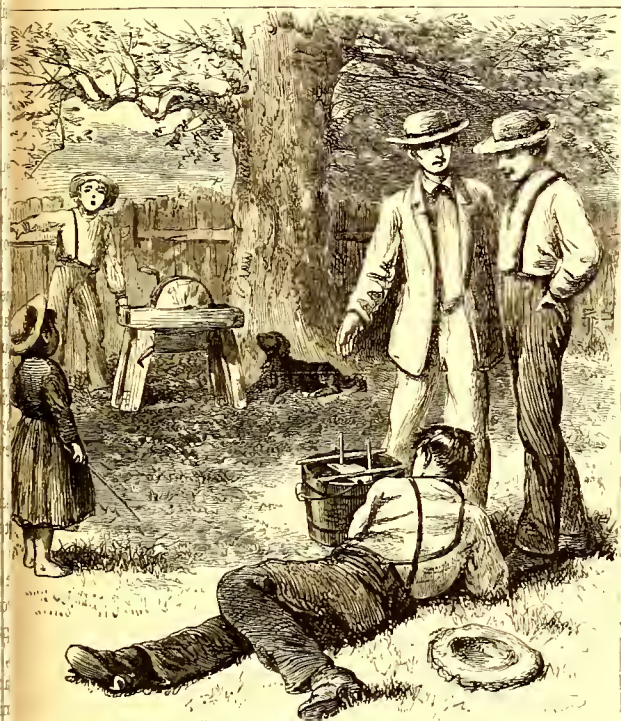
"Now," Jack explained, "I am going to set the pail of water in your kitchen window, by the sink. That will be our starting-point. Then I want one of you boys to go, with a long-handled pitchfork, in the direction of the spring, as far as you can, and keep the pail in sight; then set up your fork and pin a piece of white paper on it just where I tell you. As I raise my hand, you will slide the paper up; and, as I lower my hand, you will slide it down."

Wad and Link both went with the fork, while they set up on the borders of the woodland, back from the road. Then Wad, wrapping a piece of newspaper about the handle, held it there as his

his head, with a good strip of it visible above his hand.

Jack, standing in the kitchen, looked across the sights of his level placed in the open window, and sighed.

"What do you think, Rufe? Is the paper high enough?"



TESTING THE LEVEL.

"It ought to be a foot or two higher," was Rufe's judgment.

"I say a foot higher," remarked Lord Betterson, coming up behind.

"What do you say, Vinnie?"

"I think the paper is too high."

"Now look across the level," said Jack.

All were astonished; and Lord Betterson could hardly be convinced that the level was constructed on sound principles. It showed that the top of the paper should be just below Wad's knee.

"Now we will take our level," said Jack, after the paper was pinned in its proper place, "and go forward and make another observation."

He chose a place at the top of the ridge beyond the road, where, after cutting a few bushes, he was able to look back and see the fork handle, and also to look forward and see the spring. There he set the pail on the ground, waited for the water to be-

come still, adjusted his level, and caused a second strip of paper to be pinned to the fork handle, in range with the sights.

The boys then gathered around the fork, while Jack, taking a pocket-rule from his coat, ascertained that the second paper was six feet and an inch above the first.

"Which shows that our level is now six feet and an inch higher than it stood on the kitchen window," said he. "Now let's see how much higher it is than the spring."

Link was already on his hands and knees by the pail, turning the sights in range with the spring, on the further side of the little ravine. He suddenly flapped his arms and crowed.

"No need of setting the fork over there," he said. "The spring is almost as high as the pail!"

"Let's be exact," said Jack; and he went himself and thrust the fork, handle downward, into the basin of the spring. "Now, Link," he cried, "you be the engineer; show your skill; tell me where to fix this paper."

Link was delighted with the important part assigned him.

"Higher!" he commanded, from behind the pail. "Not quite so high. Not quite so low. Now just a millionth part of an inch higher—there!"

"A millionth part of an inch is drawing it rather fine," said Jack, as he pinned the paper.

Afterward, going and looking across the level, he decided that Link had taken a very accurate aim. Then, his pocket measure being once more applied, the paper was found to be only seven inches higher than the water in the basin.

"Seven inches from six feet one inch, leaves five feet six inches as the height of the spring water above the level or our sights at the kitchen window. Now, I measured, and found they were there thirteen inches higher than the bottom of the sink; which shows that if you carry this water in pipes, you can have your spout, or faucet, thirteen inches higher than the bottom of your sink, and still have a head of water of five feet and six inches, to give you a running stream. If you make your reservoir here four and a-half feet deep, then the bottom of it will be a foot higher than your spout."

The boys were much astonished, and asked how it happened that they had been so deceived.

"You have unconsciously based all your calculations on the fact that you go *down* to Peakslow's. The road falls a little all the way. But it does n't fall much between your house and the place where you turn into the woodland. There you take a path among the bushes, which really rises all the way, though quite gradually, until you pass the ridge and go down into the ravine. Vinnie has n't been accustomed to talk of going down to the spring, as you have; and so, you see, she was the only one who thought Wad at first placed his paper too high. Perhaps this does n't account for your mistake; but it is the best reason I can give."

"How about the pipes?" Rufe asked.

"You can use pump-logs for pipes."

"But we have no pump-logs!"

"You have enough to reach from here to North Mills and return. They are growing all about you."

"Trees!" said Wad. "They are not pump-logs."

"Pump-logs in the rough," replied Jack. "They only need cutting, boring, and jointing. All pump-logs were once trees. These small-sized oaks are just the thing for the purpose; you have acres of them, and in places the timber needs thinning out. You can use the straight stems for your aqueduct, and the limbs and branches for fire-wood."

"That's an idea!" said Rufe, rubbing his forehead and walking quickly about. "But how are we going to turn our tree-trunks into pump-logs? We have no tools for boring and jointing."

"No, and it would cost a good deal to get them. You want an iron rod, or auger-shaft, long enough to bore half-way through your longest log; then a bit—an inch bore would be large enough, but I suppose it would be just as easy, perhaps easier, to make a two-inch bore,—the auger would be more apt to get clogged and cramped in a smaller hole; then a reamer and a circular joint-plane, to make your joints,—the taper end of one log is to be fitted into the bore of the next, you know. You will also need some apparatus for holding your log and directing the rod, so that you sha' n't bore out, but make your holes meet in the middle, when you bore from both ends; and I don't know what else. I've watched men boring logs, but I don't remember all the particulars about it."

"You seem to remember a good deal," said Wad. "And I like the idea of a stream from this spring running in our back room—think of it, Rufe! But it *can't be did*—as the elephant said when he tried to climb a tree. No tools, no money to buy or hire 'em, or to hire the work done."

"You boys can do a good deal of the work yourselves," said Jack. "You can cut the logs, and get them all ready for boring. Then you can get

the pump-maker at the Mills to come over with his tools and help you bore them by hand; or you can haul your logs to him, and have them bored by machinery,—he has a tread-mill, and a horse to turn it. In either case, I've no doubt you could pay for his labor by furnishing logs for his pump."

"I believe we can!" said Rufe, by this time quite warmed up to the subject. "But how about laying the logs? They have to be put pretty deep into the ground, don't they?"

"Deep enough to keep the water in them from freezing. A trench four feet deep will answer."

"How wide?"

"Just wide enough for a man to get into it and lay the logs and drive the joints together. By the way, you'd better be sure there are no leaks, and that the water comes through all right, before you cover your logs."

"But there's work in digging such a trench that!" said Wad, shaking his head.

"So there is work in everything useful that ever accomplished. Often the more work, the greater the satisfaction in the end. But you boys have got it in you,—I see that; and, let me tell you," said Jack, "if I were you, I would take hold of things on this place in downright earnest, and make a farm and a home to be proud of."

"I never could get in love with work," replied Wad. "I'm *constitutionally tired*, as the lawyer said. The thought of that trench makes my back ache."

"It won't be such a back-aching job as you suppose. You've only to take one stroke with a pick or shovel at a time. And as for that constitutional weariness you complain of, now is the time in your lives to get rid of it,—to work it out of your blood,—and lay the foundations of your manhood."

"I must say, you preach pretty well!" observed Wad.

"I'm not much of a preacher," replied Jack; "but I can't help feeling a good deal, and saying just a word, when I see young fellows like you neglecting your opportunities."

"If father and Rad would take hold with us, we would just straighten things," said Rufe.

"Don't wait for your father to set you an example," replied Jack. "I don't know about Rad, though I've heard you speak of him."

"Our cousin Radcliff," said Rufe. "He's a smart fellow, in his way, but he don't like work any better than we do, and he's off playing the gentleman most of the time."

"Or playing the loafer," said Wad.

"Let him stay away," said Jack. "You'll do better without any gentlemen loafers around."

"Did *you* ever do much hard work?" Wad asked.

"What do you think?" replied Jack, with a mile.

"I think you've seen something of the world."
 "Yes, and I've had my way to make in it. I was brought up on the Erie Canal,—a driver, ignorant, ragged, saucy; you would n't believe me. I should tell you what a little wretch I was. All the education I have, I have gained by hard study, mostly at odd spells, in the last three years. I had not a chance to work on a farm, and go to school in winter; then I took to surveying, and came out here to be with Mr. Felton. So you see, I must have done something besides loafing; and if I talk work to you, I have earned the right to."

"I say, boys!" cried Link, "let's put this thing through, and have the water running in the course."

"It will do for you to talk," said Wad; "mighty little of the work you'll do."

"You'll see, Wad Betterson! Haint I worked the past week as hard as either of you?"

"This thing is n't to be pitched into in a hurry," said Rufe, more excited than he wished to appear. "We shall have to look it all over, and talk with the pump-maker, and do up some of the farm-work that is behindhand."

"Why don't you take the farm of your father," said Jack, "and see what you can make out of it? I never knew what it was to be really interested in work till I took some land with another boy, and we raised a crop on our own account."

Rufe brightened at the idea; but Wad said he was n't going to be a farmer, anyway.

"What are you going to be?"

"I have n't made up my mind yet."

"Till you do make up your mind, my advice is for you to take hold of what first comes to your hand, do that well, and prepare yourself for something more to your liking."

"I believe that's good advice," said Rufe. "But it is going to be hard for us to get out of the old ruts."

"I know it; and so much the more credit you will have when you succeed."

Jack moved away.

"Where are you going now?" Rufe asked.

"To reconnoiter a little, and see what Peakslow has done with my horse. I ride that horse home, you understand!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

THE boys showed Jack a way through the timber to a wooded hill opposite Peakslow's house. There Link climbed a tree to take an observation.

"I can look right over into his barn-yard," he

reported to his companions below. "There's old Wiggett with his ox-cart, unloading something out of Peakslow's wagon; and there's Peakslow with him. Hark!" After a pause, Link laughed and said: "Peakslow's talking loud; I could hear him say, 'That air hoss,' and 'Not if I live!' Now old Wiggett's hawing his oxen around out of the yard."

"I must head him off and have a word with him," said Jack, and away he dashed through the undergrowth.

Reaching a clump of hazels by the road-side, he waited till the old man and his slow ox-team came along.

"What's the news, Mr. Wiggett?" Jack said, coming out and accosting him.

"Whoa! hush! back!" the old man commanded, beating his cattle across the face with a short ox-goad. He shook with laughter as he turned to Jack. "It's tremenjus funny! He had a quirk in his head, arter all. Hankers arter that reward of twenty dollars!"



OLD WIGGETT.

"What did you say to him?"

"Told him he had no shadder of a claim,—he might sue ye through all the courts in seven kingdoms, he could n't find a jury to give him the reward for stolen prop'ty found in his hands. He said for that reason he meant to hold ontew the hoss till you'd agree to suthin'."

"Where is the horse now?"

"In Peakslow's stable. He wants to turn him out to pastur', but he's afraid you're hangin' round. He has set his boys to diggin' taters over ag'in Betterson's lot, where they can watch for ye. What he re'ly wants is, for you to come back and

make him an offer, to settle the hash; for he's a little skittish of your clappin' the law ontew him."

"I wonder he did n't think of that before."

"He did, but he says you'd showed yerself a kind o' easy, accommodatin' chap, and he'd no notion o' your gettin' so blamed riled all of a sudden."

"That shows how much good it does to be easy with a man like him!"

And Jack, thanking old Wiggett for his information, disappeared in the woods.

He found the boys waiting for him, and told them what he had learned.

"Now my cue is," said he, "to make Peakslow think I've gone home. So I may as well leave you for the present. Please take care of my saddle and bridle and gun till I call for them. Good-by. If you *should* happen to come across the Peakslow boys—you understand!"

Rufe carelessly returned Jack's good-by. Then, leaving Wad and Link to go by the way of the spring and take care of the pail and fork, he walked down through the woods to the road, where he found Zeph and his older brother Dud digging potatoes in Peakslow's corner patch.

"Hullo!" Dud called out, so civilly that Rufe knew that something was wanted of him.

"Hullo yourself, and see how you like it," Rufe retorted.

"Where's that fellow that owns the hoss?" Dud inquired.

"How should I know?"

"He stopped to your house."

"That's so. But he's gone now."

"Where?"

"I don't know. He told us to keep his saddle and bridle and gun till he called for 'em, and went off. You'll hear from him before many days."

Rufe's tone was defiant; and the young potato-diggers, having, as they supposed, got the information they wanted, suffered their insolence to crop out.

"We aint afraid of him nor you either," said Zeph, leaning on his hoe.

"Yes, you are afraid of me, too, you young rascal! I'll tie you into a bow-knot and hang you on a tree, if I get hold of you."

"Le's see ye do it!"

Rufe answered haughtily: "You would n't stand there and sass me, if you did n't have Dud to back you. Just come over the fence once, and leave Dud on the other side; I'll pitch you into the middle of next week so quick, you'll be dizzy the rest of your natural life." And he walked on up the road.

"Here! come back! I'll fight you! You're afraid!" Zeph yelled after him.

"I'll come round and 'tend to your case pretty soon," Rufe replied. "I've got something of more importance to look after just now; I've got a p to poke."

Dud went on digging potatoes; but Zeph presently threw down his hoe and ran to the house. Shortly after, he returned; and then Jack, who had sat down to rest in a commanding position, the borders of the woodland, was pleased to see Peakslow lead Snowfoot down the slope from the barn, and turn him into the pasture.

Rufe got home some time before his brother who seemed to linger at the spring.

"There they are!" said Lill; "Link with the fork on his shoulder, and Wad bringing the pail."

Rufe was sitting on the grindstone frame, as they came into the yard.

"Did you hear me talkin' to the Peakslow boys? They think Jack — Hullo!" Rufe suddenly exclaimed. "I thought you was Wad!"

"I am, for the present," said Jack, laughing under Wad's hat. "Do you think Peakslow will know me ten rods off?"

"Not in that hat and coat! Lill and I both took you for Wad."

"I am all right, then! Where's your father? I wonder if he would n't like to try my gun."

Lord Betterson now came out of the house, fresh from his after-dinner nap, and looked a good deal of polite surprise at seeing Jack in Wad's hat and coat.

"Mr. Betterson," said Jack, "Peakslow thinks I have gone home, and he has turned Snowfoot out to grass. Now, if I *should* wish to throw down a corner of the fence between his pasture and your buckwheat, and take my horse across, have you any objection?"

"None whatever," replied my lord, with a flourish, as if giving Jack the freedom of his acres.

"And perhaps," said Jack, "you would like to go down to the buckwheat lot with me, and try my gun. I hear you are a crack shot."

"I can't boast much of my marksmanship nowadays; I could fetch down a bird once. Thank you—I'll go with pleasure."

"You are not going to get into trouble, Jack," said Vinnie, with lively concern, seeing him tie the halter to his back.

"O no! Mr. Betterson is going to give me a lesson in shooting on the wing. I take the bridle along, so that if Snowfoot should happen to jump the fence when he sees me, I shall be ready to catch him, you know. Now I wonder if we can get Lion along, without his being seen. He is tired of sitting still."

"We can take him to the farther side of the corn-field, easily enough."

"That will answer. Come, Lion!" The dog bounded with joy. "Keep right by my heels now, d fellow, and mind every word I say. Don't be anxious about us, Vinnie. And, Rufe, if you could manage to engage the Peakslow boys in conversation, about the time we are shooting hens pretty near the fence, you might help the sport."

"I'll follow you along, and branch off toward the potato-patch, and ask Zeph what he meant by offering to fight me," said Rufe.

"I'm going to get up on the cow-shed, and see a battle," said Link. "On Linden when the sun is low, and the buckwheat-patch was all in blow, I'm a poet, you know!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOUNDARY FENCE.

THE little party set off, watched by Vinnie with a good deal of anxiety. The dog was left in the charge of the corn; and Jack, with a good milky ear in his pocket, followed Mr. Betterton into the buckwheat field.

"There's Wad and his dad after prairie chickens," said Zeph.

"Yes," said Dud, "and here comes Rufe after you. He'll give you *Hail Columby* one of these days, when I aint round."

"I'll resk him," muttered Zeph.

"Look here, you young scapegrace!" Rufe leaped from over the fence, "I've come to take you at your word. Want to fight me, do ye? I'm ready, if you're particular about it."

"Come near me, and I'll sink a stun in your head!" said Zeph, frightened.

"You've got that phrase from the Wiggett boys," said Rufe. "I'd fight with something besides borrowed slang, if I was you."

Betterton meanwhile brought down a prairie chicken with a grace of gesture and suddenness of action which Jack would have greatly admired if he did not had other business on his mind.

The bird fell in the direction of the boundary fence. Jack ran as if to pick it up, at the same time giving a low whistle for his dog. He stooped, and was for a minute hidden by the fence from the Peakslow boys—if, indeed, Rufe gave them leisure to then to look in that direction.

darting forward to the fence, Jack took down the rails of a corner, and made a motion to Lion, who leaped over.

"Catch Snowfoot! catch Snowfoot!" said Jack, quickly placing the ear of corn in the dog's mouth. The horse was feeding some six rods off, near Peakslow's pair, when the dog, singling him out, leaped up and began to coquet with him, flourishing his ear of corn.

The boys were talking so loud, and Jack had let down the rails so gently, and Lion had sped away so silently, that the movement was not observed by the enemy until Snowfoot started for the fence. Even then the excited boys did not see what was going on. But Peakslow did.

If Snowfoot had been in his usual spirits he would have soon been off the Peakslow premises. But his long pull from Chicago had tamed him; and though hunger induced him to follow the ear of corn, it was at a pace which Jack found exasperatingly slow—especially when he saw Peakslow running to the pasture, gun in hand, and heard him shout:

"Let that hoss alone! I'll shoot you, and your dog and hoss too!"

Jack answered by calling:

"Co' jock! co' jock! Come, Lion! Come, Snowfoot! Co' jock!"

At the same time, Zeph and Dud took the alarm, and ran toward the gap Jack had made,—they on one side of the fence, while Rufe raced with them on the other. Meanwhile Betterton, having coolly reloaded his discharged barrel, walked with his usual quiet, dignified step, to the broken fence.

"Better keep this side," he said with deliberate politeness to Jack. "You are on my land; you've a right here."

"Oh! but that horse never will come!" said Jack. "Co' jock! co' jock!"

"He is all right; keep cool, keep cool!" said Betterton.

On came Peakslow, the inverted prow of his hooked nose cutting the air,—both hands grasping the gun, ready for a shot.

Jack did not heed him. Snatching the corn from Lion's mouth, he held it out to Snowfoot;—in a moment Snowfoot was crunching corn and bits, and the bridle was slipping over his ears.

"Head him off, boys!" shouted Peakslow. Then to Jack, "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

"If there's any shooting to be done," said Betterton, without for a moment losing his politeness of tone and manner, "I can shoot as quick as anybody; and I will shoot, if you draw trigger on that boy!"

"Take care of him,—go!" cried Jack, giving Lion the bridle-rein and Snowfoot a slap. Then confronting Peakslow,—"I've got my horse; I'm on Mr. Betterton's land; what have you to say about it?"

"I'll shoot your dog!"

"No, you wont!" and Jack sprang between the infuriated man and Lion leading off the horse.

Both Dud and Zeph were by this time on Betterton's side of the fence, hurrying to head off Snowfoot.

"Keep out of our buckwheat!" cried Rufe. "Now, Zeph, I've got you where I want you."

"Help! Dud, Dud—help!" screamed Zeph.

But Dud had something else to do. He sprang to seize Snowfoot's bridle; when Lion, without loosing his hold of it, turned with such fury upon the intruder, that he recoiled, and, tripping his heels in the trodden buckwheat, keeled over backward.

Meanwhile Rufe had Zeph down, and was rubbing the soft black loam of the tilled field very thoroughly into his features, giving especial attention to his neck and ears. Zeph was screaming, and Rufe was saying:

"Lie still! I'll give your face such a scouring as it has n't had since you was a baby and fell into the soft-soap barrel!"

Jack backed quietly off, as Peakslow, cocking his gun, pressed upon him with loud threats and blazing eyes.

The angry man was striding through the gap in the fence, when Lord Betterson stepped before him, courteous, stately, with a polite but dangerous smile.

"Have a care, friend Peakslow!" he said. "If you come upon my premises with a gun, threatening to shoot folks, I'll riddle you with small shot."

"I'll fill you as full of holes as a pepper-box!"



"STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO CAMP OUT AT THE BEACH.

BY FRANK E. CLARK.

WHERE shall we spend our next Summer vacation, boys? Perhaps you do not consider this a very pressing problem as yet, but you will think it so by the time the hot, bright days begin to make the school hours tedious.

So we propose to take time by the forelock and tell you now of a real jolly way of spending a part of those vacation weeks.

Some of you will go to Saratoga, or Long Branch, or the White Mountains, with your parents, although such a way of spending a vacation requires a heavier pocket-book than many of us

possess. Yet when we get back next Fall, school begins again, we will warrant you that those who go with us will bring back such reports of grand, good time that you will all want to join party next year.

One great advantage of our plan is that it costs so little that almost any of us can carry it out, when you ask papa about it, and he looks over his spectacles and shakes his head, as much as to say, "I can't afford it," you can tell him that it will cost him much more than if you staid at home.

Then if mamma looks troubled and fears

will catch cold, and Aunt Jane warns you not to get drowned, and sister Kate suggests that "there will be lots of bugs and snakes and ugly things creeping about," you can tell them that the man who told you the plan has been there himself and knows all about it, and that those lions in the way will all be found to be chained when you get to them.

Now, before we conjure up any more of the objections which the home friends will raise, it may be important to tell you that our plan is to take a tent and camp out for a few weeks upon the seashore in the most approved "Robinson Crusoe" style, with the exception that we shall have Tom Dick and Harry for our companions instead of Friday and the goat.

In the first place, you must know that this is not to be an ordinary visit to the beach, such as any one with plenty of money can make, but we are going to leave our good clothes and our every-day things at home as much as possible, and take, besides our old clothes, a large stock of good-nature and a determination to be pleased with whatever we find. And we expect to bring back sun-burned cheeks, robust health, and the remembrance of some charming vacation weeks.

In the first place, we must be careful about selecting our party. We are to rough it, you know,—catch our own fish and cook them too, to sleep on the ground, and perhaps get wet and cold, without grumbling. So we want five or six good fellows in our party, but no babies, or dandies, or salt-finders.

The next thing to be thought of is the tent. This should be large enough to hold us all comfortably, and we lie stretched out at night, with a little spare room for our stores. An A tent is the best—that is, one with a ridge-pole, supported at each end by uprights—since this gives more available room than a circular tent with one pole in the center.

This we can hire of any sail-maker for about three dollars per week.

To keep us warm through the chilly nights, which we almost always find near the sea, we shall take a heavy army blanket and an old Winter overcoat,—no matter how worn,—which we can put on, if necessary, when we go to bed.

Besides these, on account of the dampness, we should have two or three rubber blankets to spread on the ground.

What shall we eat, and what shall we drink? are the next questions of vital importance. The latter question is easily answered by pitching our tent in the vicinity of some good spring or well, but the former demands more attention. In our party we do not intend to fare sumptuously every day; in fact, you will be surprised to know how few things

in the edible line are necessary to our comfort. Here is a list, and perhaps even one or two of these might be omitted: Hard tack, salt pork, ham, potatoes, corn meal, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, salt, and pepper.

We have found that a barrel of hard tack will last a party of six between three and four weeks, if they occasionally manage to get a small supply of softer bread.

Of salt pork, which we shall find indispensable in cooking the fish, we shall want at least ten pounds. The corn meal will be useful to roll the fish in before frying them, as well as in making corn dodgers, slapjacks, and Johnny cakes. Indeed, for any of those dishes which our genius for cooking can invent, corn meal is far better than flour, and twenty, or even thirty pounds of it will be none too much for a three weeks' trip. One good-sized ham, six pounds of coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, and a liberal supply of salt and pepper will complete our stores. It may be easier to get the potatoes near the camp than to take them from home.

The only things now left to be provided are the cooking utensils. A small sheet-iron stove is much more convenient than a fire-place of stones, and any good tinman will give us just what we want if we ask for a "camp stove." This, together with coffee-pot, spider, tin pail for boiling potatoes, tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon for each member of the party, ought not to cost more than fifteen dollars.

These articles are all made especially for camping parties, so as to go inside of the stove, which has a handle at each end, and can thus be carried easily like a small trunk.

Now that our preparations have all been made, let us count the cost before setting out.

Here is the bill, founded on a careful estimate, in about the shape that our treasurer will present it when we come to leave the beach:

Tent for three weeks, at \$3.00 per week.....	\$9.00
Provisions taken with us	22.00
Stove and cooking utensils	15.00
Fresh provisions bought at the beach, such as eggs, meat, fresh bread, &c	15.00
Incidentals.....	20.00
Total.....	\$81.00

This sum divided among six, you see, makes each one's share of the expense \$13.50 for three weeks, or \$4.50 per week.

Of course this does not include the cost of traveling to the camp.

We have taken pains to be minute and accurate in these figures, since we know that their amount will decide the point, in many cases, whether a party can go to the beach or not.

When we have obtained from Aunt Jane her best receipts for fish chowder and fried fish, corn cakes, coffee, &c., we may consider ourselves ready to start at a moment's notice.

There are precautions to be thought of before we make up our minds to start on such an expedition. In the first place, we must not persuade any boy of very weak constitution to go with us, because, although sea air and bathing would probably be of the greatest service to such, a one, our rough mode of living might be an injury to him.

And then, before we go, we should determine to be careful to select a camp where the bathing is safe and where there is no strong undertow. It will be easy enough to do this if we take a little trouble and make proper inquiries.

Now that we are all ready we are confronted by the important question: Where shall we go?

Very likely you know, or if not, your friends will tell you, of "just *the* place" for a tenting party. In fact, "just the places" are so numerous along our Atlantic coast, and you to whom we are writing are so widely scattered, that it would be difficult to name any one place that would be convenient for many of you. We would only suggest that you should not choose a fashionable watering-place, but some retired spot, where you will feel at ease and be undisturbed. Moreover, you should spread your canvas on a dry slope, if possible, where the water will not settle, and in a place where the sea breezes will have a fair chance at you too; for they will be a better preventive against mosquitoes and troublesome flies than all the penny-royal and catsup in the world.

If you were to have an inland camp, the shade of trees would be indispensable, but at the beach the breeze, which almost always springs up before noon from seaward, will serve to keep you cool.

As to fish, there are generally plenty of them, of various kinds, to be found all along our coast, but unless you have a row-boat always at command, you should choose a place with convenient rocks to catch them from. So, to put it in a word, the best place for our camp is a retired spot on a little slope, with bold rocks not far off, jutting out into the sea.

Now that these preliminaries have been settled,

we will suppose that, with all our baggage, have been transported to some such seaside paradise as we have described. First, up goes the tent. A little practice will make this only a ten minute job. Then a committee of two should be detailed to dig a trench six or eight inches deep about the tent, which will carry off the water and save from a wet skin in rainy weather.

Two more will resolve themselves into a fire-work brigade, to collect the fuel which Neptune has kindly cast up at our feet in the shape of drift-wood, and the rest will betake themselves to the rocks with their lines and poles, to catch the supplies which we feel pretty confident is awaiting us just beneath those green waves.

For bait we shall use clams, or worms, or mussels,—whichever are most convenient. Sea-worms or "sand-worms,"—ugly-looking crawlers they are with almost innumerable legs,—can often be found in great numbers under the stones when the tide is low, and they make excellent bait.

If none of the party understands such matters, almost any fisherman we may meet will teach us how to prepare our fish. Then we must boil the coffee, and lay the fish in the sizzling frying-pan, stir up the Johnny cake, fry the potatoes, and half-an-hour we shall be all ready to sit down to royal supper. At least this will be the verdict of our sharp appetites.

By the time supper is disposed of, and the dishes are washed up, it will begin to grow dark.

So we will pile the largest pieces of drift-wood on the fire, roll ourselves up in the blankets with our feet to the blaze, and see who can tell the best stories, until the sleep-fairies persuade us to list to stories of their own in dreamland.

And here, snugly rolled up in your blankets, the last story told, the last conundrum given up, a pleasant dream hovering around, we propose to leave you.

Our purpose in this article has been accomplished if we have told you *how* to go. Though we might go on for pages describing the pleasures of the three weeks of camp-life, we will not do so, but hope that, before Spring comes again, many of you will know by experience, far better than we can tell you, what rare fun there is in a vacation spent "the tent on the beach."



THE BAD LUCK OF BUBBY CRYAWAY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

THE small pair of twin brothers called the Jimmy-ohns, who live in Prairie Rose Cottage, are never happy when their faces are being washed. Perhaps it is no more than right to tell the whole truth of the matter and confess that they cry aloud at such times, and drop tears into the wash-basin, which is a foolish thing to do, seeing there is then water enough already in it.

One morning, as little Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-man, came wheeling his wheelbarrow of lobsters up to the back door of the cottage, he met these small Jimmies scampering off quite fast. After them ran Annetta, calling out, "Come back! Come back! you little Jimmyjohn Plummers!" Effie, standing in the door-way, shouted, "Tum back! tum back! oo ittel Dimmydon Pummers!" Mrs. Plummer, from the open window, cried, "Boys! boys! come and be washed before you go!" Hiram said nothing, but, by taking a few steps with those long legs of his, he got in front of the runaways and turned them back, making motions with his hands as if he had been driving back two little chickens. Mr. Tompkins took one under each arm and presented them to Mrs. Plummer. Mrs. Plummer led them into another room. Strange sounds were heard from that room, but then the ones who made those sounds were led back again their rosy cheeks were beautiful to see! Mr. Tompkins sat with a broad smile on his face. He seemed not to be noticing the two little boys, but to be smiling at his own thoughts. And the while he sat thinking, the smile upon his face grew broader; his eyes twinkled at the corners; his lips parted; his shoulders shook; there came a chuckle, a rattle, chuckle in his throat, and then he burst out laughing.

"I was thinking," said he, "of a boy who—he—he—he!—thinking of a boy I used to know a long time ago, down in Jersey, who—he—he—he—he!—who tried to get rid of a small wetting, but—he—he—he!—he got a big one. I shall have to tell you about that smart chap; I knew him very well. He was afraid to have his face washed, even when he got to be quite a large boy, and afraid to have his hair cut. Sometimes, in the morning, when his mother forgot to shut the windows before she began, people would burst into the house, crying, 'What's the matter? Anybody tumbled down-stairs, or out the chamber window, or got mangled, or broken any bones?'"

"Why, did he cry so loud as that?" asked Annetta.

"Oh yes. And pulled back and twisted his shoulders and turned his head the wrong way. I can tell you it was hard work getting him ready to go out in the morning. The boys called him 'Bubby Cryaway.' They were always watching for chances to wet him. If he passed near a puddle, splash! would come a great stone into the water. When he staid out after sunset they would begin to shout, 'Better go in, Bubby; *the dew's a falling!*' Sometimes they called him 'dry goods.'

"But this is what I was laughing about. One morning he thought he would start out early before his Sister Sally said anything about washing his face or cutting his hair. They had then been coaxing him for a long, long time to have his hair cut. So he crept down the back stairs, and across the back yard, and through a back alley, which took him into the worst-looking street in town. Here he met a fellow named Davy Bangs. Davy Bangs' mother kept a little shop in that street; I've bought fish-hooks of her, many's the time. Davy Bangs asked him if he was going to the circus. He said 'no;' he had n't any money. Davy Bangs asked him why he did n't catch frogs and sell them to the circus-riders. He asked Davy if the circus-riders would buy them.

"Yes, and be glad to," said Davy, "They eat the hind-quarters; that's what makes 'em jump so high. And if you'll go over to Dutch Meadows," said Davy, "to that little swamp they call Duck Swamp, you can dip up frogs with a dip-net; and if you want a dip-net I'll lend you our old one."

"He went and got Davy Bangs' old dip-net, and was hurrying along the streets with it, when a ragged country boy—who had come in to the circus, I suppose—cried out:

"Hullo, little fisherman! The man that keeps the furniture store wants you!"

"Bubby turned back and found the furniture store, and went in, and there he stood, waiting, waiting, waiting, till at last a workman ordered him off. As he was walking away he saw the country boy grinning at him from around a corner, and shouted:

"The man did n't want me! Now what did you say that for?"

"Thought he'd want your hair to stuff cushions with!" cried the boy, and then ran off."

"Now I think that was mean enough," said Annetta.

"Pray, Mr. Tompkins, go on," said Mrs. Plummer. "I want to hear what happened to the little fisherman."

"Plenty of things happened to him," said Mr. Tompkins. "He had to run so fast, to make up for waiting, that he stumbled over cellar doors and tumbled down half-a-dozen times, besides bumping against everybody he met. When he came to Dutch Meadows he turned down a lane, thinking there might be a short cut that way to Duck Swamp. This lane took him past the house of a Mr. Spleigelspruch." Here the chuckling sound came into Mr. Tompkins' throat again, and presently he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Now do please tell us; then we can laugh; but now we can't," said Annetta.

"I will," said he. "I'll tell—I'll tell—he—he—he—he—he—he!—I'll tell right away. That Mr. Spleigelspruch was a Dutchman—a short, fat, near-sighted, cross old Dutchman. His wife took in washing. His wife's sister and his wife's sister's sister-in-law, Winfreda, lived in the same house, and they took in washing too. Winfreda was poor, and the others made her do all the hardest jobs of work. Mr. Spleigelspruch got his living by selling eggs, poultry, and garden stuff, and by raising the uncommon kinds of fowls—fowls which brought high prices. He was troubled a good deal by boys coming around there chasing his hens and stealing his eggs and trampling on the clean clothes spread out on the grass. I suppose that was what made him so cross."

"And did that old cross man touch that boy?" asked Johnny Plummer.

"I should think he did touch that boy!" said Mr. Tompkins. "Yes, yes, yes!—he—he—he—he—he—he!—I'll tell you how it was. Just as the boy got to Mr. Spleigelspruch's, a dozen or more people came running down the lane, screaming 'Elephant! elephant! The elephant's a-coming!' There was n't a word of truth in this story. A few boys in town had shouted, 'The elephant's coming!' meaning he was coming with the circus, and some folks who heard them thought the elephant had got away from his keeper, and they shouted and ran, and this made others shout and run, and this made others, and this made others, so that there was great confusion. Carriages were upset, windows smashed in, children jostled about, and some of the people were so scared they ran out of town away past Mr. Spleigelspruch's.

"Now on this very day," continued Mr. Tompkins, looking more and more smiling, "Mr. Spleigelspruch had received from his cousin in Germany, Mr. Lockken, a pair of very rare fowls called the

eagle-billed robin-fowl. They were very uncommon fowls, indeed. The rooster was different from common roosters in three ways: in the tone of its voice, in the hang of its tail feathers, and in the shape of its bill. Its bill was shaped very much like an eagle's beak. Mr. Lockken had taken great pains to improve the tone of voice. This was something which nobody else ever did, at least nobody that I ever heard of.

"If I can only cause to be sweet the voices of the crows," Mr. Lockken wrote to his cousin, Mr. Spleigelspruch, 'it will be then like to having many monster robins about our door yards. The shall I make my fortune.'

"Mr. Lockken began on a kind of fowl called 'the eagle-billed fowl,' and tried experiments upon those for a number of years, keeping almost everything that he did a secret, of course. It is said that he shut up the chicks as soon as they were hatched in a large cage of singing-birds. He tried a good many kinds of food, oils especially, mixed in a good many ways, and at last, so he wrote his cousin, Mr. Spleigelspruch, he did get a new kind of crows. Their voices were not quite so musical as robins' voices, he said, but they were remarkably fine-toned. He called them the 'eagle-billed robin-fowl.' Mr. Spleigelspruch bought the first pair of these fowls which were for sale, and paid fifty dollars for them; and then there was the expense of getting them over here besides. They arrived, I said just now, on the very day I have been speaking of, and, as the place where they were to stay was not quite ready, they were put, for a short time, in a barrel near a board fence, quite a little way from the back yard. Mr. Lockken said in his letter that, for the first year, it would be better for them to be kept as far out of hearing of the common kinds of crows as was possible.

"Now that chap with his dip-net, when the people yelled so about the elephant, jumped over the board fence in a hurry, and happened to jump right down upon that barrel and knocked it over. He hit another barrel at the same time and let out a duck—some curious kind of South Sea duck, I think; but that was n't so much matter. When he came down, why, over went the barrel and over went he, right into the duck-pond, and out flew the eagle-billed robin-fowls. Mr. Spleigelspruch was busy some ways off getting their place ready. The first that he knew of the matter, a woman who lived in the next house screamed to him that somebody was stealing his fowls. He saw a boy running and gave chase. He did n't know then that the fowls had got away. The boy tried to get out of sight, and ran so fast he did n't mind where he was going, and so ran over some clean clothes spread out on the grass. Mr. Spleigelspruch's wife and

his wife's sister and his wife's sister's sister-in-law, Winfreda, came out with their brooms in a terrible rage. The wife's sister caught hold of him and the wife held him fast. There was a tub near by, which had some rinsing water in it, and they dropped him into that and held him down with their brooms, and sent Winfreda for more water. They said they would *souse* him. Mr. Spleigelspruch came up, bawling:

"Stop thief! Police! Hold him! Rub him! Give it to him! Drub him! Scrub him!"



"OVER WENT THE BARREL AND OVER WENT HE."

"He caught up Winfreda's broom, but did n't keep it long, for in a minute that same woman ran into the yard, screaming, 'They've got away! Our fowls have got away!' Then they all left the boy and ran to catch the fowls. Winfreda, when she came up, was good to the boy. Winfreda had lived a hard life, and that made her know how to pity other folks. Bringing the water along, she thought to herself,—so she told the boy afterward:

"Suppose I had married in my young days, and suppose I had now a little grandson, and suppose he were treated like that boy, oh, how badly I should feel!"

"She took him out of the water; she made him go upstairs and get between the blankets of her

own bed; she fed him with broth; she hung his clothes on the bushes to dry; she borrowed another suit for him, and she let him out into the street through a place where there was a board loose in the fence. Next day his father took the clothes back and changed them. The fowls had just been found in a swamp. It was thought that some country people coming in to circus caught them the day before and let them go again. They probably stayed in the swamp all night, and that might have been the means of their death; though

it might have been the sea-voyage, or change of air, or homesickness; we can't tell. They did n't live very long after that."

"And did n't he get some more?" Annetta asked.

"No. Mr. Lockken died, and his fowls were not attended to, and a disease got among them and carried them off. Mr. Spleigelspruch told me the whole story after I grew up."

"What a pity," said Hiram, "that those musical fowl could n't have spread over the country! 'T would be a fine affair to have all the roosters singing in the morning, instead of making the kind of noises they do make. 'T would be like an oratorio!"

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Plummer. "And I wish, for

my part, that boy had stayed at home. I suppose he has grown up by this time. It is to be hoped that he washes his face, and also that he don't forget poor Winfreda."

"Oh no," said Mr. Tompkins, stepping out and taking up the arms of his wheelbarrow, "oh no, I don't forget Winfreda. I send her lobsters every Spring."

"You! you! What do you send her lobsters for?" asked Mrs. Plummer and Hiram and Annetta, all speaking at once.

Mr. Tompkins trundled his wheelbarrow along pretty fast, laughing away to himself, and when he got outside the yard he looked over his shoulder at them as they stood in the door-way, and called out: "*I was the boy!*"

AMONG THE LILIES.

BY EMMA BURT.



It was on a lovely day in Spring that Busy Bee looked out upon the world, and said:

“O, how sweet, sweet, sweet it is to live! I would like to live forever”

“I do declare one can scarcely blame Butterfly for being an idler, specially when she is so pretty herself,—so sweet it is to live! But I am a little brown bee, and I know that Winter will come; moreover, I love to work from morning till night.”

Here a wee voice broke Busy Bee’s reverie by singing:

“Mother Bee, Mother Bee, where are you going to-day? Take me with you, for my wings are grown quite strong. Besides, I can rest now and then on a blade of grass; and must I not learn to fly?”

Busy Bee buzzed in confusion, because Little Bee had caught her dreaming, and she said:

“Little Bee, I wish you to learn to be wise and prudent and busy. So come quickly with me, and I will teach you to gather something yellower than sunshine, and sweeter, O! than anything.”

“And where will we go, Mother Bee?”

“O, down by the lilies of the valley,” sang Busy Bee, for all the bees talk in song; “come, Little Bee, come, come.”

And away they went flying quite slowly, because Little Bee’s wings were not yet very strong. Here and there they stopped for rest, and by and by they reached the lilies.

After resting a moment on a blade of grass, Busy Bee showed Little Bee the way into the pure white cups of the lilies.

“O, Mother—Mother Bee, I have found that which is yellower than sunlight and sweeter than anything on earth. O, I will feast forever!”

“Silly Little Bee, you will store it away, and the kings of the earth will come in Winter weather and beg the bees for honey.”

So they buzzed and sang and taught and learned and worked for hours on that bright day.

As they were thus working among the lilies, Little Bee said to her mother:

“O, mother dear, tell me about that great, great river flowing by. Where is it going, and going, and never gone?”

“It is going down, down, down, until it reaches a great city; and a city is a place made up of very many houses, like the stone house on the hill.

There at the city are a thousand ships with tall masts. The river flows out into the sea, and carries the ships upon its breast.”

“O, Mother Bee, let me make a boat out of cowslip-leaf, and go down the river and see the great city and the houses and the ships and the sea!”

“Silly, silly, silly Little Bee; you are mad Silly Little Bee, work and be happy. There is no place for you in the great city.”

Just then a shadow fell upon the grass, the lilies and the bees. They looked up, and a beautiful lady stood above them. She had wandered down the lawn from the great stone house on the hill. The sun lay upon her hair, and a soft light shone out of her gentle brown eyes.

She looked out upon the river that went down to the city by the sea; she looked up at the sky and then down upon the violets and lilies at her feet, and smiled quietly. She then knelt upon the grass and culled the fairest from among them in her hand. One that she left untouched held Busy Bee; another that she gathered held frightened Little Bee. She arose and walked leisurely to the house, and entered a lovely room, all crimson and gray and gold. Little Bee hushed in her frightened heart and peeped out in wonder at it all. The lady dropped the flowers on a marble stand, and sat down and wrote a letter upon a book in her lap. Now and then she paused and looked thoughtfully out of the window. At length she folded the paper, put it in an envelope, and picked out some of the fairest flowers and put them also in the letter; then she sealed it, and “scratch, scratch, scratch” went the pen across it, and Little Bee was a prisoner.

The lady turned a tiny knob on the wall, and a twinkling a tall man stood before her.

“Timothy,” she said, “take this letter to the office.”

The letter went to the office, and pretty soon was laid upon its face, and there was a pounding like thunder on the letter; but it chanced to be the farthest corner from Little Bee, so Little Bee was saved. After this it would be hard to tell what happened. It was pitched and tossed about, and thrown into a bag alongside of hundreds of other letters, which I don’t suppose there was one single bee. Pretty soon it was thrown on to something which went “toot, toot, toot,” “ring, tring-a-ling,” and away it thundered for hours. Then again was Little Bee pitched and tossed and tumbled ar

quised and shaken. At last it was put into a black leather bag, and away it went along a street. Pretty soon it stopped, and Little Bee heard a shrill whistle, and then it heard a window open and a voice say: "What letters to-day, postman?"

"A letter for Miss Honey B——."

"Oh, oh," laughed Little Bee to itself, "perhaps, after all, I am going to see my relations;" and it ran to be more glad than frightened. Somebody went singing up the stairs and rapped at a door, and entering, said:

"Sure, Miss Honey, here is a letter for ye."

"Ah," said a gentle voice; and a hand took the letter, and "clip, clip" went the scissors, and then came the end of the envelope, and out was drawn the letter, flowers, little Bee and all. Little Bee was half dead with hunger and fright and dizziness, and blinded too. But it wiped the tears and dust out of its eyes, and peeped curiously out of the heart of the flower. It saw a cunning little room, with a cunning little desk beside a great wide window, and the window looked out upon great stone houses, just as much alike as rows of pins. The sky could scarcely be seen, and there were signs many and awful in the street. Little Bee shuddered and stopped its ears with its fingers, and again looked about the cunning little room with its tiny pictures and tiny vases and shelf of books, and the little pale ivy growing around the mirror.

"O dear me, Mother Bee and I are richer than you," said Little Bee, proudly. "We have all the back-doors and the sky and real live flowers, and no rattling-te-bang' like this street out here. O dear, Mother Bee, I wish I was home!"

By this time the little woman who sat by the desk had finished her letter, and Little Bee looked into her face. It was an eager, pleased face, and when Little Bee looked up into its eyes it was no longer afraid, and wished it had not thought so scornfully of her home. It wanted to caress her; so as she lifted the flowers and breathed their odor, and laid them against her cheek, and then, smiling, held them before her eyes and looked into each little cup, Little Bee crept out of its white cup and crawled upon her finger.

"Oh! oh! o—h!" cried the little lady, and she saw the flowers fall and went to the window and began to talk to Little Bee.

"Well, well, Little Bee, did you enjoy your journey? How do you like car rides and carriage rides and our postal system? Did you think you would come and see our great city? And how do you like it?" Then, smiling right merrily, she sang this little song:

"O, dear and dusty and brown Little Bee,
Why did you come from the meadows to me?
Was a honey-dew message sent sweetly by thee
Even to me?"

Little Bee buzzed and crawled and spread its wings, and tried with all its might to sing to Miss Honey B—— a beautiful thought that came into its heart; but in its fear and anxiety lest its song should not be understood (it often happens to those who sing, I'm told), its foot slipped, and down it went—down, down on to the pavement below.

"Was it killed?" do you think? No, but it was much hurt, though its wings did partly bear it up. Miss Honey ran down and picked it up and took it to her room and put it in a little paper jewel-box, after pricking the box full of pin holes, and laid some of the flowers beside it and sealed up the box, and then wrote a dainty letter, closing with these words:

"Now, my dear Agnes, I send this dear Little Bee back to you again, begging you will allow it to pasture on your lilies for a time, for I fear the city



air will be unsafe for it at this season. The more so, as a serious mishap has affected it for the worse, I fear."

So it was, Little Bee went into the mail-bag again, and, in less than a day, was again in the hands of the beautiful lady in her crimson and gray room. She laughed most merrily, and took poor sick Little Bee upon her finger and set it upon the lilies down on the lawn. While it was sitting still and sorry and lonesome, who should come buzzing along but the little Mother Bee, who had gone right on with her work, never stopping to put on mourning even for the lost. Not that she was heartless; on the contrary, when she beheld Little Bee she fairly buzzed a scream, and lifted her two pollen-laden hands and fell upon the neck of Little Bee and wept. And Little Bee also wept, and then it told its story.

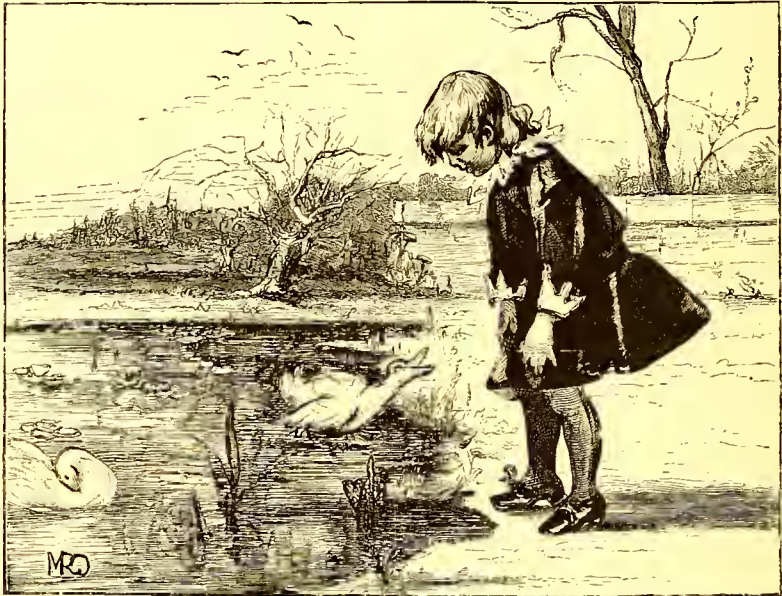
"Well," said Busy Bee, "I thought the good fairy queen would look upon my sorrow and send you back, a sadder and a wiser child."

So thereafter they lived in peace, and at last died in a pot of—honey.

THE LAUGHING DUCK.

ONCE there was a little boy, who lived in a pretty house in the country. Near the house, quite outside the garden wall, was a small pond, where ducks swam; and this little boy, whose name was Tom, liked to watch the ducks whenever his mamma or his nurse, or whoever he happened to be with, had time to stop, for Tom was not a big enough boy to play alone by the pond.

One morning, as he was coming from the village with his older brother



Joe, a large duck came waddling up on the border of the pond, and stretched out its neck, and said:

“Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua.”

“Hear that duck laugh!” said little Tom.

“O yes,” said Joe, who was quite a tease, “he’s laughing at you!”

“I did n’t do anything,” said Tom, much troubled.

“Qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!” said the duck.

“Shut the gate, Joe,” said Tom. “I don’t want to hear that duck laugh.”

Tom thought about the duck after he was at home, and wondered about it, and felt very much annoyed.

“Well, I’ll ask him what he was laughing at,” he said; and, a few

hours later, finding the front door open and no one in sight, he ran out across the lawn, down the avenue, past the stables and hen-yard, and out of the gate down to the little pond where the ducks swam. The ducks, seeing the little boy coming so close to them, thought he meant to harm them, and, as before, one came up out of the water, and, stretching out its neck, said: "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua."

"What are you laughing at?" said Tom. "Wont you tell me? I don't like you to laugh at me. You are a horrid, naughty duck."

Tom's papa, who was walking by, saw his little boy all alone, and without his hat, by the duck-pond. He called out to him, and Tom came running to meet him. Still the angry duck cried, "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!"

"Papa," said Tom, almost crying, "the duck is laughing at me, and I did n't do anything."

"Then why do you mind his laughing?"

"Because I don't like him to laugh at me."

"My boy," said his papa, "the duck is not laughing. That is the only way he has of talking. He can't make any other noise. But it would be well to remember that when you have done no wrong you need not fear being laughed at, and there will be always foolish people ready to laugh at the noblest things you do."



GRANDPAPA'S new slipper,
Lying on the rug;
Little saucy kitty-cat
Thinks it wondrous snug.

Humpy little gray back,
Arched above the toes;
Does she think she's out of sight
If she hides her nose?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now, then, my dears, this is delightful! The flowers and the early peas hurrying up out of the ground, and the children hurrying out of the houses, all anxious to get into the open air once more. And I know the open air will do you all good.

Here's a letter from a relative of mine. It was written in Winter quarters, but I guess he's up by this time.

LETTER FROM JACK'S COUSIN.

Fence Corner, foot of the Apple Orchard,
Delaware Co., Pa., April 2, 1875.

DEAR COUSIN JACK: As I and my family are preparing to appear on the Spring carpet, it occurred to me that you would like to know what kind of winds ripple down our way, and what are the chances here for a fine season. The fact is, the Winter has been so stubborn that until yesterday I did not dare to stretch a root; but to-day, oh! what a lovely sun! I feel a warmth all through me, and my family are declaring that it is time to go out of doors. I also hear my neighbor Bloodroot making efforts. You know he is the pioneer in this Spring business. My wife declares that when she thinks of what she has to do before appearing above ground she is all in a flurry. The children up at the house have been in a fuss, too, to-day. Nan and Cad have been scouring the orchard with a great wooden rake, gathering up grass and sticks, and Phil came with them, picking up stones. When they came to our corner, Nan said:

"Here's where my Indians grow."

"Indians!" said Carrie. "What do you mean?"

"Why, my little Indian turnips, that ought to be up by this time." I smiled, because I knew that we would be up quite soon enough, considering this curious weather, but still both my wife and I were ever so much pleased to think that the children were so anxious to see us. And knew just where to come to look for us, too! That's because we are old friends.

Then they all began to talk about violets and my other neighbors. Lou said:

"I heard a pee-wee to-day, and that is a sure sign of Spring; and Mr. Cerulean Bluebird and his wife, Azurelina, are building in the house with a steeple, up by the hot-house; and his cousin, True Blue, with his dear little wife, are building next door, and there goes a robin—and hush, a song-sparrow is singing. Oh! don't I feel good!"

They have all gone,—I mean the children,—and I am aching to make my appearance in the upper world.

By the way, I heard the children say something about a little schoolmarm, an acquaintance of yours. I should like to know her. I wish to propound this question to her: How is it that, when all our family are poked away to sleep all Winter under the ground, you are so sprightly, and hold forth to all those children that are around you with so much vigor? I want an answer from her, for I have a notion

she's smart. I wish she could bring some of her little pupils down our way in May. Our apple orchard is my pride, and then, in its fence-corner grows a real hawthorn. Oh! apple blooms and hawthorn blossoms!—Affectionately yours,
INDIAN TURNIP.

As to that question, I'll let the pretty school-mistress answer it. I could do it myself, but it no more than polite to leave it to her.

WHAT IS A BERRY?

Do my boys and girls know what a berry is? Hark! I think I hear a gentle burst of laughter coming from far and near.

"Ha! ha!" it seems to say, "do you think we don't know what berries are; we who are so fond of strawberries and raspberries and blackberries. Ha! ha! ha!"

Well, laugh away, my dears; I love to hear that merry sound. But just let me tell you something that I learned by listening to the birds. Raspberries and strawberries are well enough, but the orange is a berry, too. Did you know that? Why the lemon may be a berry, for aught I know.

Now if this is news to you, I advise you to look into the subject a bit. Find out just what a berry is. Blackberries, strawberries, and raspberries speak for themselves, but how can you know that the grape is a berry unless you inquire? Get out your dictionaries, botanics, and encyclopedias, and when you find what you want on this subject, be sure to *take it out of doors* with you when the berries are ripening, so that you may observe knowingly.

COOLING THE THERMOMETER.

ONE Winter's day a boy thought he'd play a trick on the pretty school-mistress, and make her think the room was fearfully cold. So he put his face close to the thermometer, under pretense of seeing where the mercury stood, and then very slyly blew upon it as hard as he could. Then he went to his seat, pretending to shiver, as if he felt very cold. The school-mistress, seeing him shiver instantly walked to the place where the thermometer hung.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "The mercury stands at 92°. Open the windows!"

The boy stared, as well he might. He had not cooled the thermometer at all, but had sent the mercury up to more than Summer heat.

"Very queer," thought he. "When I want to cool my porridge, I blow it. Why don't the same thing cool a thermometer, I'd like to know?"

So should Jack like to know. Who can tell him

READY-MADE HONEY-COMB.

A SPARROW who often looks into the conservatory belonging to the house where he makes his home, tells me that he has there seen a flower which resembles a ready-made honey-comb, with a drop of honey hanging from each petal. He thought the bees would give up working if they saw the flower. The gardener called it *Hoya carnosus*. When I told this to the bee who visits me every day, he was quite indignant.

"Tell Mr. Sparrow," he buzzed, "that appearances are deceitful; that it is only the raw materi-

or real wax and honey that is kept by the flowers. The bees must do the manufacturing business ourselves."

THE MONKEY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A LADY who knows that Jack likes to tell you true stories about animals, has sent me a letter with permission to show it to all my boys and girls. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about Jocko, a bright, mischievous little monkey, which my friend, Mrs. G., brought from India. She says: "He liked going to sea, and was a great favorite with the sailors. He would run up the mast and look down with an air of triumph, as much as to say, 'See how much better I can do it than you!' I made him a suit of clothes, little blue trousers, red jacket and a sailor cap. He was delighted with it, and when I went on deck always came to meet me, ready for a frolic. He often played tricks upon the sailors, but never took any liberties with me. One day, I carried a looking-glass on deck, and called Jocko to come and look in. He was wonderfully pleased to see what he supposed was another monkey. He jabbered at it, and expressed his delight in the crazy contortions of his queer little face. Almost all animals are selfish in their nature, and suffer from loneliness when separated from their kind. At last he stopped his antics, and stretched his arm around the mirror to feel the back of it. The instant he discovered the deception he flew into a terrible passion. He seemed to understand at once that it was no living monkey, and he thought I meant to cheat him. I had to run to save myself from a terrible scratching. I never forgot it, and from that time we ceased to be friends, for monkeys are slow to forgive what they think an insult. Whenever I walked on deck the sailors had to keep him out of sight. I was sewing in my room one day, when he found his way there, and flew at me so furiously that, if my screams had not brought help, I think he would have killed me. Nevertheless, I mourned for Jocko when he died, for I never ceased to hope that we should be friends again in life."

A. E. P.

Newburyport, Mass.

BIRD'S NEST IN A HEAD OF CABBAGE.

SHOULD N'T you consider a cabbage-head rather queer place for a bird's nest? I thought so when bird-friend of mine who has traveled a good deal told me of it.

There is an island named Jersey, that belongs to England, but lies nearer to the French coast. Our state of New Jersey was named after it.) On this island a cabbage-stalk had grown to a height of sixteen feet, and in its top was a magpie's nest. The magpie is not a very tiny bird, you must understand. He is almost, if not quite as big as a crow. His cabbage was rather tall of its kind, but the stalks frequently grow to a height of from ten to twelve feet. Walking-sticks are very commonly made of them. The bird did n't say whether or not these cabbages were good for anything besides walking-sticks and places for birds' nests; but I suppose they must be good to eat, or people would not cultivate them.

Do you know anything about this kind of cabbage?

TREE FERNS.

WHAT will the modest little ferns, my neighbors, say to this?

A family of cousins of theirs, living among the Himalaya Mountains, in Hindostan, are so ambitious that they have grown to be trees. Big trees, too, for I am told there is now in the British Museum a Himalayan tree-fern stem that is over sixty feet long. These Himalayan ferns are not the only ones of their large family that have been so aspiring as to grow into trees, but they are said to be the largest tree-ferns now living.

COAL MADE OUT OF FERNS.

TALKING of tree-ferns, an owl friend of mine says that in the old, old days, thousands of years before your grandmothers were born, there were very many of these ferns that grew as big—as big as—well, I don't know how big, but very tall and very large indeed—many times larger than the one in the British Museum.

I told you as much as this months ago, do you remember? and how these tree-ferns are burned every day in your homes? You don't call them wood now. They've another name—coal. Ferns are not the only things that, in past ages, grew and died and hardened into coal when nobody was looking.

CEDRON NUTS.

DID you ever hear of cedron nuts? And do you know what they're good for? I am told that the kind found in New Grenada is a certain cure for the bite of the rattle-snake. The natives pound the nut, and bind it upon the wound, and also give the patient a strong decoction of cedron-nuts in whisky. To fully ascertain the benefit of this cure, you'll have to go to New Grenada to get bitten, because, if a rattle-snake should bite you in the Catskills, you'd hardly have time to go to New Grenada for a cedron-nut.

My object in mentioning the matter at all is simply to enlarge your sphere of information and investigation. Besides, I'd like to hear how a cedron-nut looks, and perhaps some of you can tell me.

WILLIAM GRIMM'S COURTING.

A FEW months ago, Jack told you a story about Jacob Grimm. Now you shall have something about his brother, sent to me by your friend, Mr. Butterworth:

Some people who write books never marry. It's a pity, because those who write books are such good folks. Jacob and William Grimm, who wrote the fairy stories, were bachelors. They always lived together and worked together, and wrote in a wonderfully contented way before either had a wife or children. At last, they thought it best that one of them should marry. Neither wanted a wife a bit—which should it be?

After long waiting, Jacob, the older brother, concluded to be generous and self-forgetful, and relieve William of his share in the difficulty by taking the burden of a wife upon himself. So he selected a handsome young lady, but here he hesitated again and delayed, for he did not like to do the courting. William thought he would encourage him a little by going to see the young lady himself. He found her so handsome and engaging that he immediately fell in love with her, and to his surprise found courting the most agreeable thing in the world. But the lady was Jacob's by selection—now what was to be done? Here was trouble again.

An old aunt went to Jacob, very kindly, and said:

"William is in love—he cannot wrong you—what shall he do?"

"This is the most joyful tidings I ever heard," said Jacob. "Let him have her—let him have her!" And he packed his trunk and started off for the Hartz Mountains.

William married, and Jacob came to live with him. In time he loved William's wife and little children very much. One of these children became a noble and useful man. And the two brothers grew old together, and when they were not writing books of great learning they did that other good thing—they wrote fairy stories for little children.

A MERE REMARK OF JACK'S.

THIS story of bachelor Jacob Grimm reminds me, though I hardly know why, of the crusty old bachelor who made a will leaving his entire fortune to be divided among the girls who had refused him.

"For to them," he added, feelingly, "I owe all my earthly happiness."

TO THE ARMY OF THE "LITTLE CORPORAL."

(FROM ITS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

DEAR LITTLE COMRADES: After ten years of faithful service, the "Corporal" has been put up the retired list. We have had a long, brave march together, and it is hard parting company. You will miss your leader, and we shall miss the words of courage and devotion that came from the gallant army, East and West, North and South. But remember, you are none of you mustered out of service. Your new leader, ST. NICHOLAS, enrolls his soldiers by the same pledge under which you first enlisted—"For the Good, the True, and the Beautiful"—and the "Corporal" feels safe and satisfied in leaving you to his guidance. May he have your hearty service and affection, and may every soldier win honorable deeds the cross of the Legion of Honor!

LITTLE CORPORAL, *Commander-in-Chief.*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, }
PRIVATE QUEER, } *Officers of Staff.*
PRUDY, }

THE LETTER-BOX.

The late followers of the "Little Corporal" will be most heartily welcome among their new comrades, and a poem from Mrs. Miller, which is to appear in our next number, will show them that they have not lost their old friend, while the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will see by the same token that they have gained a new one.

The following letter from a boy in New Jersey is quite timely, considering how popular spelling matches have lately become. It's rather long, but we have concluded to print it all:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about our spelling match. There has been a good many of them, but this was the worst one of all. It was at Mr. Henderson's house, who is our minister. Some of the big boys and girls were let in, but I was not big enough. Still, I did get in, because the sides was n't even, and I went in on one side to fill up. It would have made you laugh to hear them spell. The older they was the worse they spelled generally. It seemed to me as if it is hardly any use for some people to learn how to spell when they are little. I got out pretty soon on "stupefy." I spelt it with two o's, and it did not have any. Then the doctor, he went down smack on "ipecaquanha." That was funny, too, because he ought to know all about medicines. He left out the h. But when they all laughed, he said he never wrote any more of it than "ipecac" on prescriptions, and so he had got out of the way of remembering the last part. I asked him if the last part of the medicine was n't any good to sick people, and he said, "No, sir, not in the least." I don't believe he liked it much. Then down went Miss Helen Baker on "innuendoes." She only gave it one n and no tail e. She is old enough to know how to spell better than that, though I did not know it had two n's till I looked in the dictionary. There was a big Webster on the table to use if there was any fuss about words. I used it most of the time after I got out, and I wanted awfully to tell Jim Connor how to spell "apocrypha," but Mr. Henderson kept looking at me, and I could n't. So he got a k in, and down went Jim. It was funny about Jim, because he spelt "catechism" and "gauger" and "unparalleled" with no trouble at all. Then pop went Mr. Henderson on "diocesan." And he a minister, too. I was pretty glad of it, because he was so strict about Jim. Jim could spell them all out if they'd only give him a chance. There was a good many real hard words, such as "cachination" and "diæresis" (I looked in the dictionary for all the spelling words in this letter, because I did n't want to get them wrong in ST. NICHOLAS), and "trisyllabic," "movable," "singeing," "wofully," "apophthegm," "villainy," "ratably," "conferrable," "ecstasies," "skillful," "mnemonics," and a lot of others that look easy enough, but just you try to spell them before a whole parlorful (I know that's right by "spoonful," which was too much for Miss Jane Miller) of people. The last ones that was left was Mr. Baxter (he's a printer) and Mary Knowles. Mary Knowles is only fourteen, and lives out of town a little way; but I tell you, she can spell. Mr. Henderson said there is nearly always a printer for one of the last

ones. They went along lively for a while, both knowing everything and then Mr. Baxter, he got "saccharine," and he went straight it: "S, a, one c, h, a, r, i, n, e," and then how they all did laugh one side, and Mary Knowles, she just spelt it out with two c's quick as lightning, and I tell you they gave her three cheers, if it was the minister's parlor. I hope they will get up another soon.—Yours truly,
WILLIAM J. BURTON

Lebanon, Pa.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you ask some other young subscribers to tell me why, in the Creed, we say: "We believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when we do not?—Yours respectfully,
MARY HENCK

The term "Catholic," when used as above, means the whole Christian Church, and does not refer to the Roman Catholic Church as Mary Henck evidently supposes. "Catholic" means universal or general.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS CHILDREN: I am twelve years old; but I am an only child, and very lame, so that I have to spend most of days in a chair, I have no chance to study or play with other children as most of you have. But I have thought that among you all there might be some others who are sickly like me, and it is to these I have a word to say.

One of the things that make me feel my difference from other children the most, is that I cannot go to school, or even study very much at home; but I lately read something that has encouraged me very much, and I thought I would tell it to you. Perhaps it might help some of you, too.

I read it in a very nice book called, "In the Home of the Presidents," by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway. It contains the lives of all the wives of the Presidents of the United States, and of some of their daughters. One of the most interesting lives to me was that of Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of Mr. John Adams. She was such a talented woman, so noble a woman, that all respected and loved her. Her letters are beautiful, I think; almost as beautiful as her face, which she put out at you from the book full of loving care for others. I don't believe she ever thought much of herself.

And now for the thing that encouraged me. It seems that Mrs. Adams, intelligent woman as she was, never went any to school, cause, when a girl, she was always sick. She educated herself, and did so well that no one could fail to respect her, just by reading good books like histories and biographies and travels and books about natural history, and by writing letters to her friends about the things she read.

There was no dear ST. NICHOLAS then to come once a month and talk with her, but how much she would have enjoyed it if there had been. It really makes me sorry that little Abby Smith (that Mrs. Adams' name when she was a girl) could n't have known comfort of it.

Good-bye, dear friends, that I can never see, but seem to know well.—Your ever loving
RHODA CANFIELD

Redwing, Minn., March 27th, 1875.

Is there not a *fourth* word—Dunderhead (D-under-head)—found in that puzzle of the March number, in addition to the words "deface," "defeat," and "detail?"

MINNIE.

Several of our readers found it there, Minnie; and we are glad to give this credit to them and you for extra ingenuity.

K. H. ALLAN.—In a double acrostic, each line or sentence denotes certain word, and when the proper words for *all* the lines have been guessed, the initial letters of these words read downward will be found to form a word having the meaning accorded to the initials in the title, and the finals, read in the same way, a word corresponding to the meaning given to them.

If you will take the trouble to compare carefully a double acrostic some number of ST. NICHOLAS with its answer in the next number, you will probably understand at once the process of guessing such puzzles.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, which we give just as she wrote it:

Dear St. Nich-
 o-
 L A S.
 Do The LIT-
 TLE GIRLS THAT
 are "Bird De-
 Fen ders" WEAR
 FEATHERS ON
 THEIR HATS?

Flora S.
 Dunton.

Stuttgart, February 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer me a question which has been puzzling me for some time? Why is the great cave in Kentucky called "mammoth"? I always thought it had its name from its immense size, but one of my teachers said the name came from the great number of bones of the mammoth and other extinct animals found there. Not only my teacher explains the name in this manner, but also a renowned French Magazine, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

I am from Kentucky, and was in the cave myself, but I never saw nor heard anything of mammoth-bones there.

Everybody in the family expects your magazine for March, and will be delighted when it arrives. Mamma, my sister, and I are charmed with the "Eight Cousins," and a friend of mine nearly always asks me when she meets me, "How is Jack?"

With many wishes for your welfare, I remain, your friend and admirer,
 ANNA HELMKE.

We think that the Mammoth Cave was so called on account of its size. The mammoth was larger than almost any other beast, and this cave is larger than almost any other cave.

But if any one can give a good reason for supposing that the name came from the fact of mammoth-bones having been found in the cave, let him say so.

Georgetown, Miss., April 5, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you think it is right to take birds' eggs for a collection, that is, if you leave two or three eggs in the nest?

I began to make a collection last Summer, and should like to add to it next Summer, but I don't know that a Bird-defender ought. Will you please say what you think in the Letter-Box?

I have been helping make a bird-house to put up in one of our trees, and hope some birds will make it their home. It will hold two bird-families.

EDWARD K. TYRUS, per Mamma.

We think that unless Edward has a very good reason for making his collection, it is not well for him to rob a bird's nest, even of part of its eggs. As far as the destruction of our birds is concerned, it is pretty much the same thing as taking one or two of the young ones— if he happened to want them for a collection.

But, of course, there are exceptions in such cases; just as it is occasionally justifiable to shoot birds merely to stuff them. But we think that boys can make collections of many things that will be more complete and more useful than a collection of birds' eggs.

THE names of new Bird-defenders, together with the Grand Muster-Roll, will be found in an appendix.

HERE is a letter from a boy who has some peculiar troubles:

"Old Fort," Amsterdam, N. Y., March 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been, for the last two days, so interested in the latest number of ST. NICHOLAS that mother can't get me to bring a pail of water or a scuttle of coal. She says that I read it so much that *I am full of the "Old Nick,"* and she mildly suggests that I may have the pleasure of leaving it alone at the end of this volume. I think likely I shall (?)

You may put my name among your list of Bird-defenders, and I will do my best to prevent the destruction of birds, all except an old Shanghai rooster and eight or ten hens that belong to our nearest neighbor, and allow me the painful necessity of planting my garden seed about six or seven times a year, and never lay an egg for me to pay for it.

We would say to our young friend that, while we think his case is a hard one, he had better always attend to the water and coal business, and read ST. NICHOLAS when his work is done. It is wonderful how a clear conscience will help a boy or a girl to see the point of a conundrum or to take a lively interest in a good story.

As to that Shanghai gentleman and his family, we think it would be well to include them among the birds to be defended. Our young gardener should see that there are no holes in his garden fence, and if the Shanghai family fly over the fence, he should try and induce their owner to clip their wings, so as to "allow them the necessity" of staying in their own yard. There is no better way to defend a boy or a chicken than to keep him out of mischief.

WE have recently received a great many letters from the boys and girls concerning their curious pets, and we should be glad to print these if there were room for them. But here is such an interesting narrative about a queer little fellow, that we must crowd it into the Letter-Box.

My NEWT.

I found him in the woods. Returning from a long walk, I stopped at a spring while my companion was getting a drink. As George stooped to drink he caught sight of something in the spring, and called to me to come and see what a big pollywog there was there. I looked in, but at first did not see anything. Directly, however, a spotted creature darted from under some dead leaves lying on the bottom of the spring, and took refuge under a shelving rock. Now

the pool was about two feet deep, and the water icy cold; but I was determined to catch the fellow and see what it was. So, pulling off my jacket, and rolling up my shirt sleeves as high as possible, I thrust my hand down into the cold depths of the spring.

I felt cautiously under the edge of the rock, and feeling something soft and very much like a tail, I drew it forth, and presto! it was n't there. I soon found that he was a slippery fellow, and conducted my operations accordingly. I finally cooped him up in one corner of the spring, and then, with a sudden sweep of my hand, I scooped him out upon the grass. Hastily securing him with one hand, I tore a large piece out of my pocket (it was an old jacket), and wetting it in the spring, I wrapped him up in it. Then we "put" for home, stopping at every spring we passed to wet the cloth surrounding the creature, in order that he might not suffer for lack of water, for I did n't know the amphibious nature of the beast.

At length, reaching home, I quickly gave my captive the range of a tumbler of water. I now had leisure to examine him. He was about three inches long, of a greenish-yellow color, beautifully spotted with red and black, like a trout. He had a long tail and four legs, like a lizard. His eyes were bright as diamonds, and his shape was graceful enough, tapering easily from the hind legs to the tip of the tail.

Finding that he seemed dissatisfied with his close quarters in the tumbler, I began to look about to find some other more comfortable home for him.

It so happened that I had a broken glass jar, the bottom fragment of which was about nine inches in diameter and five or six in depth. I washed this out most thoroughly, and, putting a little clean white sand in the bottom, and filling it up with water from the well, I placed the creature in it, and told him to "sink or swim." He did both. I then consulted authorities, and found that he was a *newt*. I also found that I must furnish his home with some sort of aquatic plant. Upon learning this I descended into the well with a hammer, and chipped off some pieces of stone with liverwort growing on them, and climbing up again (a feat not easily accomplished with a hammer in one hand and pieces of stone in the other), I furnished my aquarium, as I determined to call it, with the required vegetable occupants. I then deposited the jar on a window-sill, where he remained over night. Next morning I found him placidly kicking the liverwort about, and looking out through the sides of his prison.

I did not disturb him much until the next day about noon, when I poured in some clean sand, and a water-snail or two to act as scavengers and keep things clean.

Some days after this, setting his jar upon a board laid across the top of the water-hogshead, I went away, leaving him for the afternoon, during which a slight shower set in, and did not return until evening. Upon going out to take in my newt, I found the jar tenantless. I searched for him for a long time on the ground near by, but with no success. At length it occurred to me to look in the water-hogshead, and lo! there was Mr. Newt, industriously swimming about and bumping his poor little nose against the sides of the hogshead. The shower had filled his jar to the top, and Mr. Newt, seeing his way clear, had pitched himself over the side into the hogshead.

But, two or three days after this adventure, I set him out on roof, so that he might look about him and enjoy the prospect through the sides of the jar, to which he had now become quite reconciled. I went back into the house, took up a book, and began to read. In an hour and a-half or two hours, upon going back to the jar, I found that my newt had, in some mysterious way, made his escape. I searched the roof and the ground below for a long time, but could find no trace of him, so that I finally came to the conclusion that I had lost him this time for good. But I can't imagine how he got out the jar.

Sometimes I wonder where he went. Perhaps he returned to his native spring and related his surprising and wonderful adventure to all the respectable newts of his acquaintance, and became quite a hero on account of them. But at all events, I never more saw evidence of his tail of him.

H. PRINCE

ANSWERS to Allan Curtis' question about the Bible have been received from a large number of boys and girls, and will be credited next month.

The diagram of "The Croquet Game," published in the May number, will also appear in the July Letter-Box.

TRANSLATIONS of the French story in the March number were received from the following persons, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, but previous to April 10th: Minnie E. Hancock, George T. Linn, Agnes L. Bullard, Louisa W. Finley, Jennie C. Clair Neil, "Cupid and Chow-Chow," Martha H. Lamberton, L. Nance, Emily A. Gemmill, Isabel Rieman, Mary Faulkner, "The Ho," E. N. Ritchie, Miss Theresa Hays, Edward P. Draper, A. Wilkinson, Susie M. Walker, Edward L. Anderson, Augusta Imborst, Bettie A. Burwell, W. H. Whiting, Fannie C. Mason, M. C. Mason, W. E. Hall, Mary S. Clark, Ettie E. Loomis, M. McLean, Blanche Moulton, Lizzie Hazeltine, Katie H. McMillan, Gus Mower, Nettie Cooke, Charlie Mead, Sara M. Lodey, Olivia Nicholson, Lidie V. B. Parker, "Amy Robsart," Alice W. Ives, Ida Graves, J. B., W. G. C., Katie M. Wilcox, Emilie L. Haines, Albert T. Abrams, Emily Irving Smith, Martha L. Cox, Arnold G. Cameron, "Albertine and Alice," Mamie A. Hustis, L. R. The "Marie Antoinette," Winnie W. Tinker, Helen Rand, "Marie, at thirteen," Pattie L. Collins, Mazie Wright, Harriet F. Abbott, Ely Bodstein, Lillie Siminon, "Elise -Maine," E. A. F., Nettie M. C. B. S.—An American Boy in Germany," Lillie Hustis, M. C. Brown, Joseph Nixon, Clara M. Valentine, Sadie D. Hutchins, Frances M. Woodward, Laura H. Warner, Bessie Townsend, M. Heard, Margaret C. Davis, and Henry Fay Perry.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

MY whole can ride the ocean wave;
Cut off my head, eight lives you save.
Replace my head, cut off my tail,
And over me 't is hard to sail.

E. W. S.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter is told to any one, it is cut off. 2. When a letter becomes a token, it carries a flag. 3. When a letter goes at a moderate pace, it becomes a receptacle for liquids. 4. When a letter is very unpunctual, it stands alone. 5. When a letter is uplifted, it is scratched out. 6. When a letter is made, it becomes less valuable. 7. When a letter cries aloud, it becomes certain useful organs. 8. When a letter is defunct, it is made over. 9. When a letter breathes, it becomes irritating. 10. When a letter has been followed, it becomes scandalous. 11. When a letter departs, it becomes a voluntary exile.

HAWKEYE.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

"STAND by the rigging!" "Aye, aye, sir."

UNCA

ENIGMA.

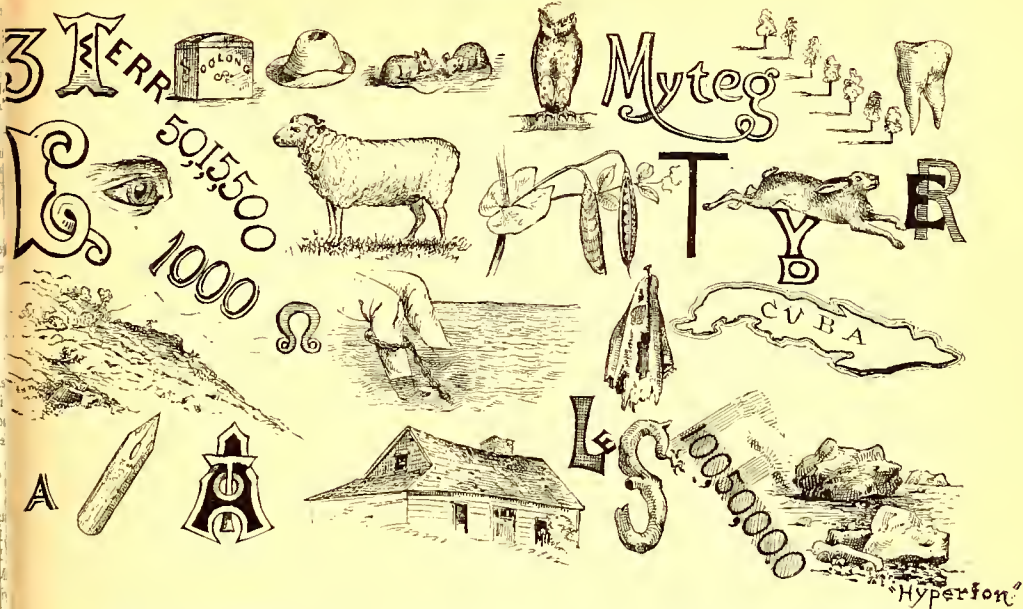
I AM composed of twelve letters. My 7, 8, 6, 4, 1 is cultivated ground. My 10, 8, 6 is a cement. My 9, 2, 12, 4 is the outer coat of a melon. My 4, 2, 1 is a loud noise. My 1, 3, 10, 5 a party of the human family. My whole is a method of instruction. J. C.

CHARADE.

A WORD of eleven letters behold,
And yet can be spelled with four all told.

My first is applied to a maid young or old
My second's a very small word;
My third you will do when you sup again
My fourth is two-thirds of my third.

REBUS, No. 1.



HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. PERTAINING to the public revenue. 2. A peculiar form of expression. 3. To delay or suspend proceedings. 4. A shed. 5. A verb. 6. A consonant. H. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

A POET worthy of the bay.

FINALS.

A leading novelist of the day.

CROSS-WORDS.

A merry dance is first in place;
 Come, little folks, display your grace.
 A fragrant flower the little girls
 May twine about their glossy curls.
 Now look among the river-reeds,
 And find a bird—on fish he feeds;
 At the same time, if you have luck,
 A water-lily you may pluck.
 A mountain without rock or tree
 Is what I next desire to see;
 And you may gather, if you can,
 An herb that's poisonous to man.
 Next choose a name to all well known,
 Once guessed, perhaps 't will be your own;
 Now catch a fish, and, if you please,
 While we all sit here at our ease,
 Three things you must search out for me—
 A name, a great lake, and a tree.

JENNY DARE.

A CHESS TRAGEDY.

FILL the blanks with terms used in the game of chess. Once upon a time, a _____ rode up to a _____ where _____ and a beautiful _____. It was nearly _____. _____ were flying noisily around, now and then perching _____ the roofs, and uttering shrill cries, which would

have _____ your ears to _____ quickly. It was a great _____ whether or no he could get in, for you must know that the _____ who lived in this old _____ was terribly jealous of his _____, and was always quick to _____ and _____ any attempt on a stranger's part to visit her. He kept every door _____ by soldiers _____ up in rank and file. The _____ was sadly _____ by this conduct, and often used to resent it. To-day she was dressed in a silk, with a sort of _____ in pretty large _____, and looked beautiful enough to _____ a stone to admiration. When she heard who was below, she whispered to the _____ who attended her, and he slipped quietly down stairs and admitted the _____. The _____, however, saw him, and, with a scowl as deep as if he had been obliged to _____ all his ermine, he spoke to six great _____, and in a few moments, although the _____ was the _____'s own cousin, and therefore a perfectly proper companion, the poor _____ was left with only a _____. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL.
2. A liquor made from malt and hops.
3. An open space.
4. An ingredient.
5. A foe.
6. Some.
7. A consonant.

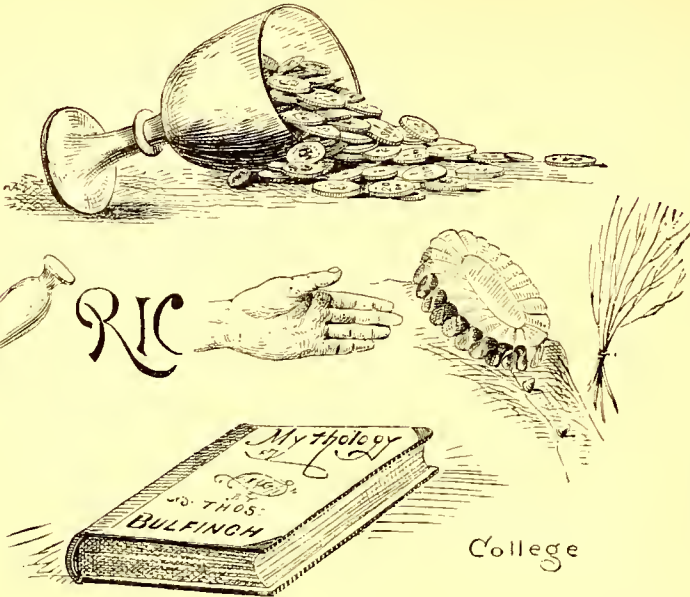
NAUTICUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Elbe, but not in Rhine;
 My second in fir, and also in pine;
 My third in tree, but not in vine;
 My fourth in breakfast, but not in dine;
 My fifth is in cattle, but not in kine;
 My sixth in shoulder, and also in spine;
 My seventh is in Willie's, but not in mine;
 My eighth is in foam, but not in brine;
 My ninth is in mark, but not in sign;
 My tenth is in theirs, and also in thine;
 My eleventh in prong, and also in tine;
 My whole is a story, graceful and fine.

UNCAS.

REBUS, No. 2.



ANAGRAMS.

1. BEST in prayer.
2. Cart-horse.
3. I hire pa
4. Into my an
5. New door.
6. Nor
7. Mind his ma
8. Sly ware.
9. There v
10. Partial me
11. Made moral.
12. Now false price
13. Terrible poser.
14. love ruin.
15. Queer
16. It is for pen
17. Can romp free.

A. P. R.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM

WHAT seat in a chur
accuses a boy of the
What place in the chur
tells what he is? Wh
part of the church sho
what he ought to do?
B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
2. A pasture.
3. A slender
4. Judgment.
5. Pointed.
6. Before.
7. A
8. H.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

1. BRIGHT.
2. To grant possession of property for
3. Disguises for the face.
4. The plume of
5. H. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

ENIGMA.—London.

REBUS, No. 1.—Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

BEHEADED BLANKS.—Halter, alter; Rages, ages.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Sleepers. 2. Llama. 3. Swallow. 4. Amnites. 5. Invoices.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

A T O M
T A P E
O P A L
M E L T

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
L O G
H O S E A
L O Z E N G E
R O S E T E R R Y
G E N E S E E
A G R E E
E R E
Y

ELLIPSES.—1. Scat, cats. 2. Tars, star. 3. Note, tone. 4. Desire, reside. 5. Chin, inch. 6. Meal, lame. 7. Untie, unite. 8. Mitre, remit. 9. Wee, ewe. 10. Won, now. 11. Bleat, table. 12. Cheops, epochs. 13. Cat, act.

REBUS, No. 2.—All ways to war the Roman knows,
Greek and German overthrows,
Till the world at last he brings
Beneath the Roman eagle's wings.

CHARADE.—Chestnut.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.—Alexander Warren, Noble, Coff
Commerce, Union, Charlotte, Auburn, Walker, Clymer, Freed
Somersets, Red-Oak Grove, Cold Spring, Moss, Wayne(d), Dark
"Hatchie," Ayr, Chili, Jasper, Kane, Knox, Laurel, Dents, Mo
Clarion, Bell, Wright, Lookout, Hope, Ono, Wye, Amity, Aix.

EASY PUZZLE.—Civil.

CHARADE.—Manhattan:

REBUS, No. 3.—Foul deeds will rise, though all the world
O'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

SQUARE RIVERS.—

B E A R
E B R O
A R N O
R O O T

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

M —irro— R
O —tt— O
S —crapi— S
S —eparat—E

DECAPITATIONS.—Hague, Bear, Chart, Trent, Orange.

PYRAMID.—

W
A R E
T R O L L
C O R N E R S
H O L O G R A P H

PUZZLE.—One, none.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Willard P. Little, Mary Faulkner, Betsy T
wood and Agnes Wickfield, Stanley White, Walter Browning, Guerden H. Frank Cooke, Rufus N. Crosman, Edward L. Anderson, Fa
Le Noir Russell, Katie G. Bolster, Kitty Crosby, Bessie Gilman, Charley Coleman, W. D. B., Hosmer Clark, Willie R. Brown, E. P. P.
H. P. P., Everett B. Clark, Julia Bacon, Gaylord S. White, Arthur J. Burdick, Herbert E. Mathews, Harry Noel, Katy S. Rogers, Fra
E. James, Addie S. Church, John W. Vivian, Charles R. Fultz, Alice W. Ives, Irving Favor, Mamie Johnson, Launcelot M., Berkeley
and J. Lewis, Mollie E. Church, Elsie West, Bessie and Lizzie Sanderson, Mamie E. Wolvrent, Ellen Soewell, Russell Fearon, A
Murphy, Annie L. Wright, "Louise," Addie L. Ronderbush, "Virgil," Arnold Guyot Cameron, Helen A. Keith, Carrie Simpson, Fra
M. Woodward, Donald G. Woodward, Lizzie Nunemacher, Eddie L. Heydecker, W. H. Ellis, Mary Alice Manley, Fanny M. Wade, W
Rogers, Norman Rogers, Paul Murphy, Allie Murphy, W. S. Clayton, Philip Gray, Alfred W. Putnam, Mamie and Etta Wagner, Louis Bro



CHARITY.

FROM A PICTURE BY BRITON RIVIERE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1875.

No. 9.

JACK'S INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE

"MOTHER! say, mother! can I go home with Hi next week, and spend Independence Day?"

"Oh, Jack! can you be a bit more gentle?" sighed the pale lady on the sofa.

"Darlingest mammy, I did n't mean to roar, but you see I forget so!"

Mrs. Blake laughed; who could help it? There he stood in the door, fresh as an apple, his curly hair tumbled about his head, his eyes shining, his mouth open, as eager and as honest as—a boy! Jack truly did not mean to "roar," as he called it; he loved his mother dearly, but he was well and strong, and a boy, bless him! He ought to have been barreled up, but then it would have gone hard with the barrel. He began again on a little lower key.

"You see, mother, Hi always goes home Fourth of Julys, you know, and last year—well——"

Here Jack hung his head. We won't tell tales; but this must be acknowledged, that Hiram did lose his holiday last year, all on Jack's account.

"I know," said Mrs. Blake, smiling; "but I can trust you, dear; you may go next week, if you like."

"Oh! bully for you, mother! You are the——"
"Jack! Jack!"

Mrs. Blake looked quite aghast; if there was a little glitter in her blue eyes, Jack did not see it.

"Thunder! there,—I've done it again! Fifteen cents, as sure as you live! Mother, how can a feller help a little slang once in a while?"

"He must help it, Jack, if he is my boy, when he speaks to a lady."

"But I did n't!"

"Is n't your mother a lady?"

"No, sir-ree! she 's a born angel."

"Oh, Jack!" This time she could not help it,—she must laugh.

"But all the same,—I don't approve, sir! You're not in the right, because you are absurd."

"Mother, dear, let us change the subject, as grandpa says when father and the minister begin to talk politics. You see, if I go to Beartown, we must start Monday afternoon. I want to be at Tinker's all day long."

"Send Hiram in to me, Jack, and I will talk it over with him."

Jack threw up his cap in the air, banged the door behind him, and presently was heard out of doors shouting for Hiram at the top of his voice. Mrs. Blake laid her aching head down on the pillow, and wished, as she did every day, and many times a day, that her husband could live at home, and manage Jack; he was getting to be too much for her. Not that he was disobedient, or bad; but he was, like a great many of his kind, noisy, heedless, and running wild. The feeble little lady did not know any day what he would do before night; she was always ready to see him brought in with a broken leg or arm, though he never had been yet; every winter she expected him to skate into an air-hole; every summer to capsize his boat on the pond, and be drowned; yet here he was, "high and dry," to use his own phrase. His mother did not know boys,—she had not the least idea how often they can be just not killed or wounded,—how many dreadful and delightful scrapes they live through; how much they learn

out of danger, or how sure they are to be good for nothing when they stay at home and are coddled.

"Turn him out, Mary!" papa always said; "let him do all the good-natured mischief he wants to; he must learn to risk his bones, and run his chances; he must be a man, not a doll-baby. If he tells lies, or disobeys, or is cruel, I'll thrash him when I come home; but I don't think I'll have to: he is our boy;" and there was no more to be said. So he was to go to Beartown with the "hired man," as Hiram Tinker called himself; and here stood Hiram at the door, speaking for himself.

"Jack said you wanted me, Mrs. Blake."

"Yes, Hiram; he says you want to take him home with you on Monday."

"Well, I had sort o' lotted on it. I said last year I guessed I'd better look out for him come next Fourth; and secin' the boss aint comin' hum this time, I calc'lated you'd feel safer ef he was off up on Saltash Mountain, out o' the way of crackers 'nd cannon, 'nd sech——"

"So I should, Hiram; but you want Delia to go too, and you must find a man to stay here and do the work."

"Oh, that's all reg'lated. Uncle Israel, he's a-comin'; he can do chores pretty spry fur a spell, and he can do sleepin' first-rate; and Nancy Pratt, she'll come to keep Roselle company."

"I depend on you to bring him home safe and sound, Hiram."

"Land o' liberty! yes; he can't drown, fur there aint no pond. I dunno what he can do; I bet he'll find somethin'; I never see his beat for a boy; but I'll keep my eyes skinned, I tell ye; he'll have to be everlastin' 'cute if he gets round me."

Monday came at last,—hot, bright, and odorous as June could be, if it were nominally July. Delia had packed a basket of provisions big enough to last a week; but Mrs. Blake knew Jack's appetite, and meant, besides, to send something to the old people on the mountain, for they were poor enough: their children, scattered here and there, helped them, to be sure, and old Tinker was a charcoal-burner, but he was not able to work as he used to, and the money Hiram and Delia and the rest sent him he saved up as carefully as he could for the fast-coming time when he could not work at all. Jack had put up fish-lines, hatchet, hooks, at least a pint of worms, and fifty or more grasshoppers for bait,—the grasshoppers making much kicking and tinkling in their tin box; two jack-knives, a tin trumpet, and a pound of mixed candy, all in his fishing-basket, and now stood by eying with delight the cold chickens, the tongue, gingerbread,

cookies, biscuit, jam, and loaf of frosted cake that were wedged into the basket; and the tin pail holding lemons, and a package of tea, with another of white sugar.

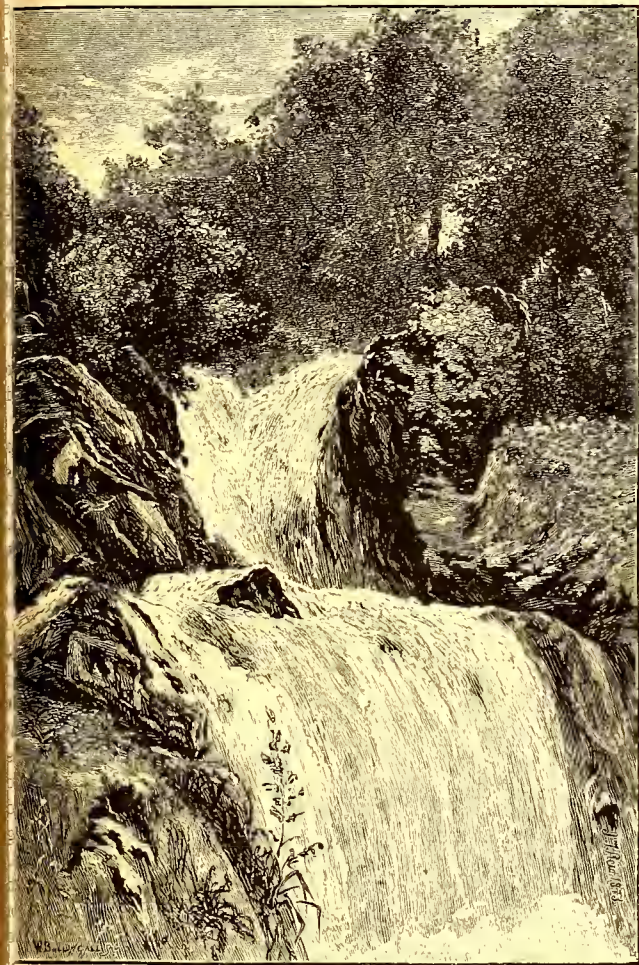
Delia had picked the biggest bunch of flowers she could carry, for on Saltash Mountain the small clearing about her father's house was used for beans and potatoes; there was no room to spare for flowers, and her mother loved them dearly. All this provender being stowed in the bottom of the wagon, Jack hugged his mother for good-bye, and mounted to the front seat with Hiram, and off they went; Delia and a mysterious big bundle on the back seat, and Jack's bait tinkling and bouncing under his own feet. At the foot of the mountain they stopped at Uncle Sam Tinker's house to water the horse, and Delia stepped in for a few minutes, coming back with a basket of russet apples that no cellar but Uncle Sam's could have kept over till July, and a pail of cream for her mother; there was a cow up on the mountain,—a little black Irish cow,—but her pasture was so scant she gave but a small measure of milk, and cream was not to be thought of except for butter.

Now they started off again. The road wound up the steep mountain-side through deep, dark woods full of cool and sweetness, and a brook, swollen by recent rains, foamed down over the rocks. How Jack wanted to stop and watch the little waterfall! But night was coming on and they must hurry. By and by they turned into a rough logging road, and after a mile or two came to a clearing almost at the top of the mountain. Jack thought he should see a nice green field with a pretty little house in the middle, but instead of that he saw a space where the trees had been cut but the stumps still left, between which grew potatoes and corn as best they could, mixed with here and there a raspberry shoot, or a tall fire-weed that had escaped the hoe, while the house was a real log cabin, set on the south side of a great granite rock, comfortable in winter, no doubt, but hot enough now, and to the right stood a small barn, also of laid up logs. Jack was delighted; this was like a real adventure in the backwoods. Old Mrs. Tinker came out with a very hearty welcome, and pretty soon the old man followed Hiram in from the barn and nodded to Jack and shook hands with Delia. But Jack did not stop to listen to the questions and comments of the family, his eyes were in full use; he never had been in such a house before; there was a big stone chimney outside, lined with rough stone laid up with mud, and on a crane hung the tea-kettle and the pot-hooks; overhead in the logs were iron hooks holding a leg of dried beef, a lantern, fishing-poles, pails, rude baskets and other handy things; a big bench with a

high back stood one side of the fire; and a pine table, three or four splint-bottomed chairs, a wooden clock and a spinning-wheel, were all the furniture. The sun was just about to set as Jack finished his survey inside the house and stepped out-doors; it seemed to him he could see all the world, he was

before bed-time! Mountain evenings are cool, and the smoldering blaze was comfortable enough. Hiram went out to feed the horse and cow, and old Tinker began to tell Jack a bear story, but in a few minutes man and bear both vanished. Jack's head fell on his breast, his eyes shut, and he began

to dream. He had just shot a bear himself and was taking aim at another one that, strange to say, had on Delia's sun-bonnet, when he heard a laugh, opened his eyes, and found Hiram trying to wake him. It certainly was time to go to bed; and, half asleep still, he scrambled up the ladder into the loft, slipped off his clothes, and tumbled into some sort of a bed, on the floor, and was asleep directly. When he woke up next morning with the first peep of dawn he thought all the birds in the world must be singing, there were so many waking up in the woods and telling each other it was day-break. Jack looked about his bedroom with wonder. The logs met in a point overhead, and where he was he could lift his hand and touch the roof. A couple of pine chests, an old hair trunk, and one flag-bottomed chair, stood about the room. A little window at one end looked out on the great rock, now blooming in every crack with harebells, pink herb-robert, yellow violets, and green with rich mosses and climbing vines; the other window looked out over tree-tops far off to the south. From the rafters hung bunches of herbs, dried apples, dried rings of squash, bags of nuts, and the Sunday clothes. Jack's bed was a tick stuffed with sweet fern leaves. Hiram snored in the other corner on a heap of hay covered with a bear-skin. How delightful it was! Do you think Jack could go to sleep again? Not he!



"A BROOK FOAMED DOWN OVER THE ROCKS."

so high; great stretches of dark forest rolled away from the edge of the clearing; he saw mountains beyond him and all around on either hand; the lake glittered very far away, and just beyond it he sun slipped softly out of sight, and all the splendid sky shone like roses. But, after all, Jack was glad to be called in to supper; to have roast potatoes, white and mealy, thick slices of rye bread and butter, savory fried pork, fresh gingerbread and a mug of milk. How that boy did eat! and how sleepy he got in the corner of the settle long

Hiram was roused up at once, and produced from that big bundle a suit of old clothes for Jack. "You see," said he, "we're goin' to hang up them grasshoppers and worms this mornin', on a string, 'nd see ef there's any trout to hum in Popple brook, 'nd I expect you'll hev them things torn off of ye with briers and what not."

Jack did n't care. Clothes were a small matter compared with catching a real trout. He scrambled down the ladder like a cat, picked up chips and cones to light the fire, brought a pitcher of water

from the spring, got out the worms, the candy, the jackknives and the tin trumpet from his basket, somewhat mixed up, and began to blow his blast of independence at such a rate that Delia sent him out-doors with Hiram to stay till breakfast was ready; and by the time two fish-poles were cut, the lines tied on, and the bait sorted, Jack was hungrier than ever; and when they set out afterward for the fishing tramp, good old Mrs. Tinker rolled up a big piece of rye bread and butter and at least a pound of maple sugar for Hiram to put in his pocket for Jack.

"Well, I guess I hed better," dryly remarked Hiram; "he might take to eatin' on me up, he's so everlastin' hungry about these days."

It was a long tramp to the brook, but Jack's legs were stout. Hiram beguiled the way with tales of his old accidents and adventures hereabout: there was the rock he fell from once in a dark evening when he lost his way; in that hollow tree he found two bear cubs; seven gray squirrels about as big as mice fell out of a nest in that beech-tree, and he found them on the ground, stunned and scared, and took them home and brought up two—the rest died. Jack listened with all his ears; he laughed at Hiram's terror of the old bear's finding him at her nest, boasted as to what he would have done, and aired his courage in a very Fourth of July manner.

"Mebbe you don't know jest what you would do, young man," said Hiram; "folks don't always come out jest as they calkerlate to; I should n't wonder if you was to slip up some, if we reelly should come acrost a sizable bear."

"Ho! I guess I should n't run; you 'd better believe I 'd give it to him, sir! Bears aint very fierce animals anyhow."

"Well," drawled Hiram, "you might eat him up afore he eat you, that 's a fact."

And here was the brook, so Jack said no more.

It would take too long to tell all about this morning's fishing, how often Jack caught his line in the branches, or slipped into the water. He really did catch one trout out of a deep, dark pool where the hurrying brook paused in its wild flight, as if to rest, and his delight was great. He looked at the speckled beauty from nose to tail, "studyin' the spots," Hiram said, till he knew every tinge of color, every gold or roseate speck; and he labored hard to catch another. Hiram angled with better luck, or skill; a dozen or two rewarded his patience, but Jack had only one by the time it was noon, and they hastened home to have the fish dressed in time for dinner—dressed to be eaten, not to be looked at, as other beauties are. Then after dinner they were going farther up the mountain to an old burnt-over clearing to pick raspber-

ries, for Delia promised to make a raspberry short-cake for tea if they could find enough ripe ones; and with a couple of tin pails they went off in another direction from the brook, and after a long, hot walk found themselves in a place where the trees had been cut and the brush burned off for several acres, and wild red raspberries had sprung up thickly all over it.

Behind the clearing the great cliffs of the mountain-top rose abruptly, dotted on the very crest with stunted pines, and the sun shone on them and was reflected hotly on the clearing, which also faced southward; all helped to ripen the big red berries, which hung here and there like jewels. There was a fine view from Saltash top, but neither Jack nor Hiram cared for that; they came after berries, and in five minutes were picking away as if for life. You could hear the fruit rattle on the tin at first, but soon they lay deep over the bottom of each pail, and the hot, still air was only stirred by the rustle of a bird, or the clear, high note of the wood robin. Hiram and Jack picked away from each other gradually. They first skirted the patch, but Hiram soon worked his way into the middle, and was quite lost to sight. By and by Jack's pail was half full. He saw a bush with many more ripe on it than any he had seen yet, so for the sake of having his hands both free he tied the pail on a scrub oak that was close by and began to strip the bush. Presently something stirred behind the oak-leaves; Jack shivered; he looked sharply, keeping very still; a thick black tail swung a little, and a sort of sigh, like a deep breath of some beast just waking up came from the bush. Jack's heart stood still; his tongue choked him; he made a desperate effort and feebly called "H-i-ram!" There was a quick scabble behind the bush, and our boy took to his heels with might and main; down the hill he went, into the trees, anywhere, any way; what did he care, with a big bear after him? over logs and stones, and stumps, into springs and bushes, headlong he went; while hard-hearted Hiram, who had, as it happened, just climbed a rock to look after Jack, and beheld the whole scene, sat down and laughed till he held his sides!

Before long Jack came to a small wild apple-tree that he remembered seeing on the way up; he scrambled into its rough, thorny boughs in a fashion that would have done credit to a monkey, and sat still, thankful to get his breath, and quite sure no bear could climb so small a trunk.

That he did not lose his way was owing to the fact that a coal road, grown over, it is true, but still a road through the trees, led from the Tinker cabin up to the clearing in a pretty direct line, and Jack had taken the right path merely from avoiding the thick forest on either side of it. But he had

made such good speed with the bear behind him that he found his breath, scrambled down from his perch in a state of rags beyond description, and ran home to the house, where he was detailing his wonderful escape to the old people and Delia, his eyes big as saucers, his face red with heat and scratches, and his clothes waving all about him like small flags, when Hiram entered with both pails, his usually sober face broad with laughter, and his great shoulders shaking.

"Well, you be some scared, I swow! you made the best time down that 'ar road, I tell ye! It did beat all to see that little feller pull foot, Dely. Land o' Goshen! I nigh about died a larfin!"

"Did you see the bear?" eagerly exclaimed Jack, too curious to mind Hiram's amusement.

"See the bear? Good Jehoshaphat! I guess I did! heard it bleat, too!" answered Hiram, splitting with laughter afresh.

"What ails ye, Hi?" put in the old man: "can't ye tell ef it's there or thereabout, so that we can track it? I did n't believe there was a bear left on Saltash."

"Ask Jack," Hiram sputtered, with still new bursts of laughter; "he saw it fust: I tell ye I heard it bleat."

"I guess you're sun-crazed," growled the old man; "where was it, anyhow?"

"A-eatin' sprouts, Dad, as nateral as life; and I'll be teetotally jiggered ef it war n't our old black lamb that strayed off two year ago, as sure as shootin'!"

They all went off then in as wild a fit of laughter as Hiram. Jack turned red with rage and shame; he was angry enough, and frightened and tired. After all his boasting, to run from a bear was hardly excusable, but to be scared by a black sheep was too much; still, to his credit be it said, Jack swallowed his temper, and, with a little shamefaced laugh, pulled up his rags about him, and manfully said:

"Well, next time I'll stop and ask the thing's name before I run."

"That's a hero," said Hiram.

But Jack had learned a good lesson, and one he never forgot: he was cured of boasting for all his life.

There were raspberries enough for a big short-cake that filled the whole bake-kettle, and when Jack, now in a whole suit and with a cool face, sat down to supper, that light and tender cake, split open and buttered, and filled with a pink mixture of berries, maple sugar and cream, might have tempted anybody; as for Jack, he ate enough for two people, and had to sit still an hour before he could walk out to the big rock, which was a steep precipice on Saltash side overhanging the river valley, from whose top they all watched the rockets shooting up from at least seven towns far, far below, like small stars trying to reach the others in the sky above them.

"Oh Hiram! I've had an awful nice time!" sighed Jack, with a great yawn, as he scrambled up the ladder to bed.

"Bear and all?" laughed Hiram.

Jack turned a little red; he had forgotten that.

"Say, Hi, don't tell mother about that, will you?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I want to tell her myself."

"That's all right, sir; no, I wont. I mistrusted ye felt kinder sheepish about it; haw, haw, haw!"

Hiram evidently thought he had made a good joke.

But Jack did tell his mother all about it, next day: after he had laid before her a shining bunch of trout Hiram had suit up by sunrise to catch, a great slab of fragrant maple sugar, a bag of butternuts, and a basketful of tiny ferns, delicate mosses, wood-sorrel, Linnæa, and squattee-vines, for her fernery.

Mrs. Bruce laughed, to be sure, but it was a soft mother-laugh that did not hurt Jack a bit; he gave her a big hug, and wound up his story with—

"I never *did* have such a good Fourth of July in all my life!"



CHERRIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

UNDER the tree the farmer said,
Smiling, and shaking his wise old head:
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay;
To-night, when the chores have all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up in the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head:
"Cherries are ripe! and so, to-day,
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said: "Here's a trick!
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

COSEY CORNER.



As vacation was over, the boys went back to school, and poor Mac was left lamenting. He was out of the darkened room now, and promoted to blue goggles, through which he took a gloomy view of life, as might have been expected; for there was nothing he could do but wander about, and try to amuse himself without using his eyes. Any one who has ever been condemned to that sort of idleness, knows how irksome it is, and can understand the state of mind which caused Mac to say to Rose in a desperate tone one day:

"Look here, if you don't invent some new employment or amusement for me, I shall knock myself on the head as sure as you live."

Rose flew to Uncle Alec for advice, and he ordered both patient and nurse to the mountains for a month, with Aunt Jessie and Jamie as escort.

Pokey and her mother joined the party, and one bright September morning six very happy-looking people were aboard the express train for Portland. Two smiling mammas laden with luncheon baskets and wraps, a pretty young girl with a bag of books on her arm, a tall, thin lad with his hat over his eyes, and two small children, who sat with their short legs straight out before them, and their chubby faces beaming with the first speechless delight of "truly traveling."

An especially splendid sunset seemed to have been prepared to welcome them when, after a long day's journey, they drove into a wide, green doorway, where a white colt, a red cow, two cats, four kittens, many hens, and a dozen people, old and young, were gayly disporting themselves. Every one nodded and smiled in the friendliest manner, and a lively old lady kissed the new-comers all round, as she said heartily:

"Well, now, I'm proper glad to see you! Come right in and rest, and we'll have tea in less than no time, for you must be tired. Lizzie, you show the folks upstairs; Kitty, you fly round and help

father in with the trunks, and Jenny and I will have the table all ready by the time you come down. Bless the dears, they want to go see the pussies, and so they shall!"

The three pretty daughters did "fly round," and every one felt at home at once; all were so hospitable and kind. Aunt Jessie had raptures over the home-made carpets, quilts, and quaint furniture; Rose could not keep away from the windows, for each framed a lovely picture; and the little folks made friends at once with the other children, who filled their arms with chickens and kittens, and did the honors handsomely.

The toot of a horn called all to supper, and a goodly party, including six children besides the Campbells, assembled in the long dining-room, armed with mountain appetites and the gayest spirits. It was impossible for any one to be shy or sober, for such gales of merriment arose they blew the starch out of the stiffest, and made the saddest jolly. Mother Atkinson, as all called their hostess, was the merriest there, and the busiest; for she kept flying up to wait on the children, to bring out some new dish, or to banish the live stock, who were of such a social turn that the colt came into the entry and demanded sugar; the cats sat about in people's laps, winking suggestively at the food; and speckled hens cleared the kitchen-floor of crumbs, as they joined in the chat with a cheerful clucking.

Everybody turned out after tea to watch the sunset till all the lovely red was gone, and mosquitoes wound their shrill horns to sound the retreat. The music of an organ surprised the new-comers, and in the parlor they found Father Atherton playing sweetly on the little instrument made by himself. All the children gathered about him, and, led by the tuneful sisters, sang prettily till Pokey fell asleep behind the door, and Jamie gaped audibly right in the middle of his favorite:

"Coo," said the little doves; "Coo," said she,
"All in the top of the old pine-tree."

The older travelers, being tired, went to "bye-blow" at the same time, and slept like tops in home-spun sheets, on husk mattresses made by Mother Atkinson, who seemed to have put some soothing powder among them, so deep and sweet was the slumber that came.

Next day began the wholesome out-of-door life, which works such wonders with tired minds and feeble bodies. The weather was perfect, and the mountain air made the children as frisky as young lambs; while the elders went about smiling at one another, and saying, "Is n't it splendid?" Even Mac, the "slow coach," was seen to leap over a fence as if he really could not help it; and when Rose ran after him with his broad-brimmed hat, he

made the spirited proposal to go into the woods and hunt for a catamount.

Jamie and Pokey were at once enrolled in the Cosey Corner Light Infantry,—a truly superb company, composed entirely of officers, all wearing cocked hats, carrying flags, waving swords or beating drums. It was a spectacle to stir the dullest soul when this gallant band marched out of the yard in full regimentals, with Captain Dove—a solemn, big-headed boy of eleven—issuing his orders with the gravity of a General, and his Falstaffian regiment obeying them with more docility than skill. The little Snow children did very well, and Lieutenant Jack Dove was fine to see; so was Drummer Frank, the errand-boy of the house, as he rub-a-dub-dubbed with all his heart and drumsticks. Jamie had "trained" before, and was made a colonel at once; but Pokey was the best of all, and called forth a spontaneous burst of applause from the spectators as she brought up the rear, her cocked hat all over one eye, her flag trailing over her shoulder, and her wooden sword straight up in the air; her face beaming and every curl bobbing with delight as her fat legs tottered in the vain attempt to keep step manfully.

Mac and Rose were picking blackberries in the bushes beside the road when the soldiers passed without seeing them, and they witnessed a sight that was both pretty and comical. A little farther on was one of the family burial spots so common in those parts, and just this side of it Captain Fred Dove ordered his company to halt, explaining his reason for so doing in the following words:

"That's a grave-yard, and it's proper to muffle the drums and lower the flags as we go by, and we'd better take off our hats, too; it's more respectable, I think."

"Is n't that cunning of the dears?" whispered Rose, as the little troop marched slowly by to the muffled roll of the drums, every flag and sword held low, all the little heads uncovered, and the childish faces very sober as the leafy shadows flickered over them.

"Let's follow and see what they are after," proposed Mac, who found sitting on a wall and being fed with blackberries luxurious but tiresome.

So they followed and heard the music grow lively, saw the banners wave in the breeze again when the grave-yard was passed, and watched the company file into the dilapidated old church that stood at the corner of three woodland roads. Presently the sound of singing made the outsiders quicken their steps, and, stealing up, they peeped in at one of the broken windows.

Captain Dove was up in the old wooden pulpit, gazing solemnly down upon his company, who, having stacked their arms in the porch, now sat in

the bare pews singing a Sunday-school hymn with great vigor and relish.

"Let us pray," said Captain Dove, with as much reverence as an army chaplain, and, folding his hands, he repeated a prayer which he thought all would know; an excellent little prayer, but not exactly appropriate to the morning, for it was:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Every one joined in saying it, and it was a pretty sight to see the little creatures bowing their curly heads and lisping out the words they knew so well. Tears came into Rose's eyes as she looked; Mac took his hat off involuntarily, and then clapped it on again as if ashamed of showing any feeling.

"Now I shall preach you a short sermon, and my text is, 'Little children, love one another.' I asked mamma to give me one, and she thought that would be good; so you all sit still and I'll preach it. You must n't whisper, Marion, but hear *me*. It means that we should be good to each other, and play fair and not quarrel as we did this very day about the wagon. Jack can't always drive and need n't be mad because I like to go with Frank. Annette ought to be horse sometimes and not always driver, and Willie may as well make up his mind to let Marion build her house by his, for she *will* do it and he need n't fuss about it. Jamie seems to be a good boy, but I shall preach to him if he is n't. No, Pokey, people don't kiss in church or put their hats on. Now you must all remember what I tell you, because I'm the Captain and you should mind me."

Here Lieutenant Jack spoke right out in meeting with the rebellious remark:

"Don't care if you are; you'd better mind yourself, and tell how you took away my strap, and kept the biggest doughnut, and did n't draw fair when we had the truck."

"Yes, and you slapped Frank; I saw you." bawled Willie Snow, bobbing up in his pew.

"And you took my book away and hid it 'cause I would n't go and swing when you wanted me to," added Annette, the oldest of the Snow trio.

"I *shu' n't* build my house by Willie's if he don't want me to, so now!" put in little Marion, joining the mutiny.

"I *will* tiss Dimmy! and I tore up my hat 'touse a pin picked me," shouted Pokey, regardless of Jamie's efforts to restrain her.

Captain Dove looked rather taken aback at this outbreak in the ranks; but being a dignified and calm personage, he quelled the rising rebellion with great tact and skill by saying, briefly:

"We will sing the last hymn; 'Sweet, sweet good-bye'—you all know that, so do it nicely, and then we will go and have luncheon."

Peace was instantly restored, and a burst of melody drowned the suppressed giggle of Rose and Mac, who found it impossible to keep sober during the latter part of this somewhat remarkable service. Fifteen minutes of repose rendered it a physical impossibility for the company to march out as quietly as they had marched in. I grieve to state that the entire troop raced home as hard as they could pelt, and were soon skirmishing briskly over their lunch, utterly oblivious of what Jamie (who had been much impressed by the sermon) called "the Captain's beautiful teck."

It was astonishing how much they all found to do at Cosey Corner, and Mac, instead of lying in a hammock and being read to, as he had expected, was busiest of all. He was invited to survey and lay out Skeeterville, a town which the children were getting up in a huckleberry pasture; and he found much amusement in planning little roads, staking off house-lots, attending to the water-works, and consulting with the "select-men" about the best sites for public buildings; for Mac was a boy still, in spite of his fifteen years and his love of books.

Then he went fishing with a certain jovial gentleman from the West; and though they seldom caught anything but colds, they had great fun and exercise chasing the phantom trout they were bound to have. Mac also developed a geological mania, and went tapping about at rocks and stones, discoursing wisely of "strata, periods, and fossil remains;" while Rose picked up leaves and lichens, and gave him lessons in botany, in return for his lectures on geology.

They led a very merry life; for the Atkinson girls kept up a sort of perpetual picnic; and did it so capitally, that one was never tired of it. So their visitors throve finely, and long before the month was out it was evident that Dr. Alec had prescribed the right medicine for his patients.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.



THE twelfth of October was Rose's birthday, but no one seemed to remember that interesting fact, and she felt delicate about mentioning it, so fell asleep the night before wondering if she would have any presents. That question was settled early the next morning, for she was awakened by a soft tap on her face, and opening her eyes she beheld a little black and white figure sitting on her pillow, staring at her with a pair of round eyes very like blueberries, while one downy paw patted her nose

o attract her notice. It was Kitty Comet, the prettiest of all the pussies, and Comet evidently had a mission to perform, for a pink bow adorned her neck, and a bit of paper was pinned to it bearing the words, "For Miss Rose, from Frank."

That pleased her extremely, and that was only the beginning of the fun, for surprises and presents kept popping out in the most delightful manner all through the day, the Atkinson girls being famous jokers and Rose a favorite. But the best gift of all came on the way to Mount Windy-top, where it was decided to picnic in honor of the great occasion. Three jolly loads set off soon after breakfast, for everybody went, and everybody seemed bound to have an extra good time, especially Mother Atkinson, who wore a hat as broad-rimmed as an umbrella and took the inner-horn to keep her flock from straying away.

"I'm going to drive aunty and a lot of the babies, so you must ride the pony. And please stay behind us a good bit when we go to the station, for a parcel is coming, and you are not to see it till dinner-time. You don't mind, will you?" said Mac in a confidential aside during the wild hurry of the start.

"Not a bit," answered Rose; "it hurts my feelings *very* much to be told to keep out of the way at any other time, but birthdays and Christmas as it is part of the fun to be blind and stupid, and poked into corners. I'll be ready as soon as you are, Giggumps."

"Stop under the big maple till I call,—then you can't possibly see anything," added Mac, as he mounted her on the pony his father had sent up for his use.

"Barkis" was so gentle and so "willing," however, that Rose was ashamed to be afraid to ride him; so she had learned, that she might surprise Dr. Alce when she got home; meantime she had many a fine canter "over the hills and far away" with Mac, who preferred Mr. Atkinson's old sorrel.

As they went, and coming to the red maple, Rose obediently paused; but could not help stealing a glance in the forbidden direction before the bell came. Yes, there was a hamper going under the cart, and then she caught sight of a tall man whom she had seen hustling into the carriage in a great hurry. One look was enough, and with a cry

of delight, Rose was off down the road as fast as Barkis could go.

"Now I'll astonish him," she thought. "I'll dash up in grand style, and show him that I am not a coward, after all."

Fired by this ambition, she startled Barkis by a sharp cut, and still more bewildered him by leav-



ROSE STOPS TOO SUDDENLY.

ing him to his own guidance down the steep, stony road. The approach would have been a fine success if, just as Rose was about to pull up and salute, two or three distracted hens had not scuttled across the road with a great squawking, which caused Barkis to shy and stop so suddenly that his careless rider landed in an ignominious heap just under old Sorrel's astonished nose.

Rose was up again before Dr. Alce was out of the carryall, and threw two dusty arms about his neck, crying with a breathless voice:

"Oh, uncle, I'm so glad to see you! It is better than a cart-load of goodies, and so dear of you to come!"

"But are n't you hurt, child? That was a rough tumble, and I'm afraid you must be damaged somewhere," answered the Doctor, full of fond anxiety, as he surveyed his girl with pride.

"My feelings are hurt, but my bones are all safe. It's too bad! I was going to do it so nicely, and those stupid hens spoilt it all," said Rose, quite crest-fallen, as well as much shaken.

"I could n't believe my eyes when I asked 'Where is Rose?' and Mac pointed to the little Amazon pelting down the hill at such a rate. You could n't have done anything that would please me more, and I'm delighted to see how well you ride. Now will you mount again, or shall we turn Mac out and take you in?" asked Dr. Alec, as Aunt Jessie proposed a start, for the others were beckoning them to follow.

"Pride goeth before a fall,—better not try to show off again, ma'am," said Mac, who would have been more than mortal if he had refrained from teasing when so good a chance offered.

"Pride does go before a fall, but I wonder if a sprained ankle always comes after it?" thought Rose, bravely concealing her pain, as she answered, with great dignity:

"I prefer to ride. Come on, and see who will catch up first."

She was up and away as she spoke, doing her best to efface the memory of her downfall by sitting very erect, elbows down, head well up, and taking the motion of the pony as Barkis cantered along as easily as a rocking-chair.

"You ought to see her go over a fence and race when we ride together. She can scud, too, like a deer when we play 'Follow the leader,' and skip stones and bat balls almost as well as I can," said Mac, in reply to his uncle's praise of his pupil.

"I'm afraid you will think her a sad tomboy, Alec; but really she seems so well and happy, I have not the heart to check her. She has broken out in the most unexpected way, and frisks like a colt; for she says she feels so full of spirits she must run and shout whether it is proper or not," added Mrs. Jessie, who had been a pretty hoyden years ago herself.

"Good,—good! that's the best news you could tell me;" and Dr. Alec rubbed his hands heartily. "Let the girl run and shout as much as she will,—it is a sure sign of health, and as natural to a happy child as frisking is to any young animal full of life. Tomboys make strong women usually, and I had far rather find Rose playing foot-ball with Mac than puttering over head-work like that affected midget, Ariadne Blish."

"But she cannot go on playing foot-ball very long; and we must not forget that she has a woman's work to do by and by," began Mrs. Jessie.

"Neither will Mac play foot-ball much longer, but he will be all the better fitted for business, because of the health it gives him. Polish is

easily added, if the foundations are strong; but no amount of gilding will be of use if your timber is not sound. I'm sure I'm right, Jessie; and if I can do as well by my girl during the next six months as I have the last, my experiment will succeed."

"It certainly will; for when I contrast that bright, blooming face with the pale, listless one that made my heart ache a while ago, I can believe in almost any miracle," said Mrs. Jessie, as Rose looked round to point out a lovely view, with cheeks like the ruddy apples in the orchard near by, eyes clear as the autumn sky overhead, and vigor in every line of her girlish figure.

A general scramble among the rocks was followed by a regular gypsy lunch, which the young folks had the rapture of helping to prepare. Mother Atkinson put on her apron, turned up her sleeves, and fell to work as gayly as if in her own kitchen, boiling the kettle slung on three sticks over a fire of cones and fir-boughs; while the girls spread the mossy table with a feast of country goodies, and the children tumbled about in everyone's way till the toot of the horn made them settle down like a flock of hungry birds.

As soon as the merry meal and a brief interval of repose were over, it was unanimously voted to have some charades. A smooth, green spot between two stately pines was chosen for the stage; shawls hung up, properties collected, audience and actors separated, and a word quickly chosen.

The first scene discovered Mac in a despondent attitude and shabby dress, evidently much troubled in mind. To him entered a remarkable creature with a brown-paper bag over its head. A little pink rose peeped through one hole in the middle white teeth through another, and above two eyes glared fiercely. Spires of grass stuck in each side of the mouth seemed meant to represent whiskers; the upper corners of the bag were twisted like ears, and no one could doubt for a moment that the black scarf pinned on behind was a tail.

This singular animal seemed in pantomime to be comforting his master and offering advice, which was finally acted upon, for Mac pulled off his boots, helped the little beast into them, and gave him the bag; then, kissing his paw with a hopeful gesture, the creature retired, purring so successfully that there was a general cry of "Cat, puss, boots!"

"Cat is the word," replied a voice, and the curtain fell.

The next scene was a puzzler, for in came another animal, on all fours this time, with a new sort of tail and long ears. A gray shawl concealed its face, but an inquisitive sunbeam betrayed the glitter as of goggles under the fringe. On its back rode a small gentleman in Eastern costume, who ap

appeared to find some difficulty in keeping his seat as his steed jogged along. Suddenly a spirit appeared, all in white, with long newspaper wings upon its back and golden locks about its face. Singularly enough the beast beheld this apparition and backed instantly, but the rider evidently saw nothing and whipped up unmercifully, also unsuccessfully, for the spirit stood directly in the path, and the amiable beast would not budge a foot. A lively skirmish followed, which ended in the Eastern gentleman's being upset into a sweet-fern bush, while the better-bred animal abased itself before the shining one.

The children were all in the dark till Mother Atkinson said, in an inquiring tone:

"If that isn't Balaam and the ass I'd like to know what it is. Rose makes a sweet angel, don't she?"

"Ass" was evidently the word, and the angel retired, smiling with mundane satisfaction over the compliment that reached her ears.

The next was a pretty little scene from the immortal story of "Babes in the Wood." Jamie and Pokey came trotting in, hand in hand, and having been through the parts many times before, acted with great ease and much fluency, audibly directing each other from time to time as they went along. The berries were picked, the way lost, tears shed, baby consolation administered, and then the little pair lay down among the brakes and died with their eyes wide open and the toes of their little boots turned up to the daisies in the most pathetic manner.

"Now the wobins tum. You be twite dead, jimmy, and I'll peep and see 'em," one defunct innocent was heard to say.

"I hope he'll be quick, for I'm lying on a stone and ants are walking up my leg like fury," murmured the other.

Here the robins came flapping in with red scarfs over their breasts and leaves in their mouths, which they carefully laid upon the babes wherever they would show best. A prickly blackberry-leaf placed directly over Pokey's nose caused her to sneeze so violently that her little legs flew into the air; Jamie gave a startled "Ow!" and the pitying howls fled giggling.

After some discussion it was decided that the culpable must be "strew or strow," and then they waited to see if it was a good guess.

This scene discovered Annette Snow in bed, evidently very ill; Miss Jenny was her anxious mamma, and her merry conversation amused the audience till Mac came in as a physician, and made great fun with his big watch, pompous manner, and absurd questions. He prescribed one pellet with an unpronounceable name, and left after demanding twenty dollars for his brief visit.

The pellet was administered, and such awful agonies immediately set in that the distracted mamma bade a sympathetic neighbor run for Mother Know-all. The neighbor ran, and in came a brisk little old lady in cap and specs, with a bundle of herbs under her arm, which she at once applied in all sorts of funny ways, explaining their virtues as she clapped a plantain poultice here, put a pounded catnip plaster there, or tied a couple of mullein leaves round the sufferer's throat. Instant relief ensued, the dying child sat up and demanded baked beans; the grateful parent offered fifty dollars; but Mother Know-all indignantly refused it and went smiling away, declaring that a neighborly turn needed no reward, and a doctor's fee was all a humbug.

The audience were in fits of laughter over this scene, for Rose imitated Mrs. Atkinson capitally, and the herb-cure was a good hit at the excellent lady's belief that "yarbs" would save mankind if properly applied. No one enjoyed it more than herself, and the saucy children prepared for the grand finale in high feather.

This closing scene was brief but striking, for two trains of cars whizzed in from opposite sides, met with a terrible collision in the middle of the stage, and a general smash-up completed the word *catastrophe*.

"Now let us act a proverb. I've got one all ready," said Rose, who was dying to distinguish herself in some way before Uncle Alec.

So every one but Mac, the gay Westerner, and Rose, took their places on the rocky seats and discussed the late beautiful and varied charade, in which Pokey frankly pronounced her own scene the "bestest of all."

In five minutes the curtain was lifted; nothing appeared but a very large sheet of brown paper pinned to a tree, and on it was drawn a clock-face, the hands pointing to four. A small note below informed the public that 4 A. M. was the time. Hardly had the audience grasped this important fact when a long water-proof serpent was seen uncoiling itself from behind a stump. An inch-worm perhaps would be a better description, for it traveled in the same humpy way as that pleasing reptile. Suddenly a very wide-awake and active fowl advanced, pecking, chirping, and scratching vigorously. A tuft of green leaves waved upon his crest, a larger tuft of brakes made an umbrageous tail, and a shawl of many colors formed his flapping wings. A truly noble bird, whose legs had the genuine strut, whose eyes shone watchfully, and whose voice had a ring that evidently struck terror into the caterpillar's soul, if it was a caterpillar. He squirmed, he wriggled, he humped as fast as he could, trying to escape; but all in vain. The

tufted bird espied him, gave one warbling sort of crow, pounced upon him, and flapped triumphantly away.

"That early bird got such a big worm he could hardly carry him off," laughed Aunt Jessie, as the children shouted over the joke suggested by Mae's nickname.

"That is one of uncles's favorite proverbs, so I got it up for his especial benefit," said Rose, coming up with the two-legged worm beside her.

"Very clever; what next?" asked Dr. Alec as she sat down beside him.

"The Dove boys are going to give us an 'Incident in the Life of Napoleon,' as they call it; the children think it very splendid, and the little fellows do it rather nicely," answered Mae, with condescension.

A tent appeared, and pacing to and fro before it was a little sentinel, who, in a brief soliloquy, informed the observers that the elements were in a great state of confusion, that he had marched some hundred miles or so that day, and that he was dying for want of sleep. Then he paused, leaned upon his gun, and seemed to doze; dropped slowly down overpowered with slumber, and finally lay flat, with his gun beside him, a faithless little sentinel. Enter Napoleon, cocked hat, gray coat, high boots, folded arms, grim mouth, and a melodramatic stride. Freddy Dove always covered himself with glory in this part and "took the stage" with a Napoleonic attitude that brought down the house, for the big-headed boy with solemn, dark eyes and square brow, was "the very moral of that rascal, Boneyparty," Mother Atkinson said.

Some great scheme was evidently brewing in his mighty mind,—a trip across the Alps, a bonfire at Moscow, or a little skirmish at Waterloo, perhaps, for he marched in silent majesty till suddenly a gentle snore disturbed the imperial reverie. He saw the sleeping soldier and glared upon him, saying in an awful tone:

"Ha! asleep at his post! Death is the penalty—he must die!"

Picking up the musket, he is about to execute summary justice, as emperors are in the habit of doing, when something in the face of the weary sentinel appears to touch him. And well it might, for a most engaging little warrior was Jaek as he lay with his shako half off, his childish face trying to keep sober, and a great black moustache over his rosy mouth. It would have softened the heart of any Napoleon, and the Little Corporal proved himself a man by relenting, and saying, with a lofty gesture of forgiveness:

"Brave fellow, he is worn out; I will let him sleep, and mount guard in his place."

Then, shouldering the gun, this noble being

strode to and fro with a dignity which thrilled the younger spectators. The sentinel awakes, sees what has happened, and gives himself up for lost. But the Emperor restores his weapon, and, with that smile which won all hearts, says, pointing to a high rock whereon a crow happens to be sitting: "Be brave, be vigilant, and remember that from yonder Pyramids generations are beholding you," and with these memorable words he vanishes, leaving the grateful soldier bolt upright, with his hand at his temple and deathless devotion stamped upon his youthful countenance.

The applause which followed this superb piece had hardly subsided, when a sudden splash and a shrill cry caused a general rush toward the waterfall that went gamboling down the rocks, singing sweetly as it ran. Pokey had tried to gambol also, and had tumbled into a shallow pool, whither Jamie had gallantly followed, in a vain attempt to fish her out, and both were paddling about half-frightened, half-pleased with the unexpected bath.

This mishap made it necessary to get the dripping infants home as soon as possible, so the wagons were loaded up, and away they went, as merry as if the mountain air had really been "Oxygenated Sweets not Bitters," as Dr. Alec suggested when Mac said he felt as jolly as if he had been drinking champagne instead of the currant wine that came with a great frosted cake wreathed with sugar roses in Aunt Plenty's hamper of goodies.

Rose took part in all the fun, and never betrayed by look or word the twinges of pain she suffered in her ankle. She excused herself from the game in the evening, however, and sat talking to Uncle Alec in a lively way, that both amazed and delighted him; for she confided to him that she played horse with the children, drilled with the Light Infantry, climbed trees, and did other dreadful things that would have caused the aunts to ery aloud if they knew of them.

"I don't care a pin what they say if you don't mind, uncle," she answered when he pictured the dismay of the good ladies.

"Ah, it's all very well to defy *them*, but you are getting so rampant, I'm afraid you will defy in next, and then where are we?"

"No I won't! I should n't dare; because you are my guardian, and can put me in a strait-jacket if you like;" and Rose laughed in his face, even while she nestled closer with a confiding gesture pleasant to see.

"Upon my word, Rosy, I begin to feel like the man who bought an elephant, and then didn't know what to do with him. I thought I had got pet and plaything for years to come; but here you are growing up like a bean-stalk, and I shall find

"I've got a strong-minded little woman on my hands before I can turn round. There's a predicament for a man and an uncle!"

Dr. Alec's comic distress was mercifully relieved for the time being by a dance of goblins on the lawn, where the children, with pumpkin lanterns on their heads, frisked about like will-o'-the-wisps, as a parting surprise.

When Rose went to bed, she found that Uncle Alec had not forgotten her; for on the table stood a delicate little easel, holding two miniatures set in velvet. She knew them both, and stood looking at them till her eyes brimmed over with tears that were both sweet and sad; for they were the faces of her father and mother, beautifully copied from portraits fast fading away.

Presently she knelt down, and, putting her arms round the little shrine, kissed one after the other, saying with an earnest voice, "I'll truly try to make them glad to see me by and by."

And that was Rose's little prayer on the night of her fourteenth birthday.

Two days later, the Campbells went home, a larger party than when they came; for Dr. Alec as escort, and Kitty Comet was borne in state in a basket, with a bottle of milk, some tiny sandwiches, and a doll's dish to drink out of, as well as a bit of carpet to lie on in her palace car, out of which she kept popping her head in the most fascinating manner.

There was a great kissing and cuddling, waving of handkerchiefs, and last good-byes, as they went; and when they had started, Mother Atkinson came running after them, to tuck in some little ones, hot from the oven, "for the dears, who might get tired of bread-and-butter during that long day's travel."

Another start, and another halt; for the Snow children came shrieking up to demand the three tents that Pokey was coolly carrying off in a travelling-bag. The unhappy kits were rescued, if smothered, and restored to their lawful owners, amid dire lamentation from the little kidnapper, who declared that she only "took um cause they'd want to go wid their sister Tomit."

Start number three and stoppage number three, Frank hailed them with the luncheon-basket, which had been forgotten, after every one had protested that it was safely in.

All went well after that, and the long journey was pleasantly beguiled by Pokey and Pussy, who lay together so prettily that they were considered public benefactors.

"Rose does n't want to go home, for she knows her aunts won't let her rampage as she did up at Sey Corner," said Mac, as they approached the house.

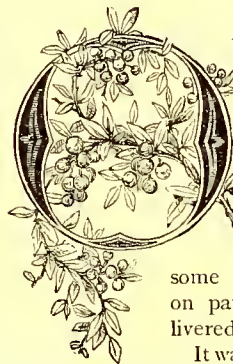
"I *can't* rampage if I want to,—for a time, at least; and I'll tell you why. I sprained my ankle when I tumbled off of Barkis, and it gets worse and worse; though I've done all I know to cure it and hide it, so it should n't trouble any one," whispered Rose, knitting her brows with pain, as she prepared to descend, wishing her uncle would take her instead of her bundles.

How he did it, she never knew; but Mac had her up the steps and on the parlor sofa before she could put her foot to the ground.

"There you are,—right side up with care; and mind, now, if your ankle bothers you, and you are laid up with it, I am to be your footman. It's only fair, you know; for I don't forget how good you have been to me." And Mac went to call Phebe, so full of gratitude and good-will, that his very goggles shone.

CHAPTER XV.

EAR-RINGS.



WING to neglect, Rose's sprain proved to be a serious one, and Dr. Alec ordered her to lie on the sofa for a fortnight at least, whereat she groaned dismayingly, but dared not openly complain, lest the boys should turn upon her with some of the wise little sermons on patience which she had delivered for their benefit.

It was Mac's turn now, and honorably did he repay his debt; for, as school was still forbidden, he had plenty of leisure, and devoted most of it to Rose. He took many steps for her, and even allowed her to teach him to knit, after assuring himself that many a brave Scotchman knew how to "click the pricks." She was obliged to take a solemn vow of secrecy, however, before he would consent; for, though he did not mind being called "Giglamps," "Granny" was more than his boyish soul could bear, and at the approach of any of the clan his knitting vanished as if by magic, which frequent "chucking" out of sight did not improve the stripe he was doing for Rose's new afghan.

She was busy with this pretty work one bright October afternoon, all nicely established on her sofa in the upper hall, while Jamie and Pokey (lent for her amusement) were keeping house in a corner, with Comet and Rose's old doll for their "childerns."

Presently, Phebe appeared with a card. Rose read it, made a grimace, then laughed and said:

"I'll see Miss Blish," and immediately put on her company face, pulled out her locket, and settled her curls.

"You dear thing, how *do* you do? I've been trying to call every day since you got back, but I have so many engagements, I really could n't manage it till to-day. So glad you are alone, for mamma said I could sit awhile, and I brought my lace-work to show you, for it's perfectly lovely," cried Miss Blish, greeting Rose with a kiss, which was not very warmly returned, though Rose politely thanked her for coming, and bid Phebe roll up the easy chair.

"How nice to have a maid!" said Ariadne, as she settled herself with much commotion. "Still, dear, you must be very lonely, and feel the need of a bosom friend."

"I have my cousins," began Rose, with dignity, for her visitor's patronizing manner ruffled her temper.

"Gracious, child! you don't make friends of those great boys, do you? Mamma says she really does n't think it's proper for you to be with them so much."

"They are like brothers, and my aunts *do* think it's proper," replied Rose, rather sharply, for it struck her that this was none of Miss Blish's business.

"I was merely going to say I should be glad to have you for *my* bosom friend, for Hatty Mason and I have had an awful quarrel, and don't speak. She is too mean to live, so I gave her up. Just think, she never paid back one of the caramels I've given her, and never invited me to her party. I could have forgiven the caramels, but to be left out in that rude way was more than I could bear, and I told her never to look at me again as long as she lived."

"You are very kind, but I don't think I want a bosom friend, thank you," said Rose, as Ariadne stopped to bridle and shake her flaxen head over the delinquent Hatty Mason.

Now in her heart Miss Blish thought Rose "a stuck-up puss," but the other girls wanted to know her and could n't, the old house was a charming place to visit, the lads were considered fine fellows, and the Campbells "are one of our first families," mamma said. So Ariadne concealed her vexation at Rose's coolness, and changed the subject as fast as possible.

"Studying French, I see; who is your teacher?" she asked, flirting over the leaves of "Paul and Virginia," that lay on the table.

"I don't *study* it, for I read French as well as English, and uncle and I often speak it for hours. He talks like a native, and says I have a remarkably good accent."

Rose really could not help this small display of superiority, for French was one of her strong points, and she was vain of it, though she usually managed to hide this weakness. She felt that Ariadne would be the better for a little crushing, and could not resist the temptation to patronize in her turn.

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Blish, rather blankly, for French was not *her* strong point by any means.

"I am to go abroad with uncle in a year or two, and he knows how important it is to understand the languages. Half the girls who leave school can't speak decent French, and when they go abroad they are *so* mortified. I shall be very glad to help you, if you like, for of course *you* have no one to talk with at home."

Now Ariadne, though she *looked* like a wax doll, had feelings within her instead of sawdust, and these feelings were hurt by Rose's lofty tone. She thought her more "stuck up" than ever, but did not know how to bring her down, yet longed to do it, for she felt as if she had received a box on the ear, and involuntarily put her hand up to it. The touch of an ear-ring consoled her, and suggested a way of returning tit for tat in a telling manner.

"Thank you, dear; I don't need any help, for our teacher is from Paris, and of course *he* speaks better French than your uncle." Then she added with a gesture of her head that set the little bells in her ears to tingling: "How do you like my new ear-rings? Papa gave them to me last week, and every one says they are lovely."

Rose came down from her high horse with rapidity that was comical, for Ariadne had the upper hand now. Rose adored pretty things, longed to wear them, and the desire of her girlish soul was to have her ears bored, only Dr. Ale thought it foolish, so she never had done it. She would gladly have given all the French she could jabber for a pair of golden bells with pearl-tipped tongues, like those Ariadne wore; and, clasping her hands, she answered, in a tone that went to the hearer's heart:

"They are *too* sweet for anything! If uncle would only let me wear some, I should be *perfectly* happy."

"I would n't mind what he says. Papa laughed at me at first, but he likes them now, and says I shall have diamond solitaires when I am eighteen, said Ariadne, quite satisfied with her shot.

"I've got a pair now that were mamma's, and a beautiful little pair of pearl and turquoise ones that I am dying to wear," sighed Rose.

"Then do it. I'll pierce your ears, and you must wear a bit of silk in them till they are well; your curls will hide them nicely; then, some day

lip in your smallest ear-rings, and see if your uncles don't like them."

"I asked him if it would n't do my eyes good when they were red, and he only laughed. People do cure weak eyes that way, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed, and yours *are* sort of red. Let me see. Yes, I really think you ought to do it before they get worse," said Ariadne, peering into the large clear eye offered for inspection.

"Does it hurt much?" asked Rose, wavering.

"O dear no! just a prick and a pull, and its all over. I've done lots of ears, and know just how to do it. Push up your hair and get a big needle."

"I don't quite like to do it without asking uncle's leave," faltered Rose, when all was ready for the operation.

"Did he ever forbid it?" demanded Ariadne, leaning over her prey like a vampire.

"No, never!"

"Then do it, unless you are *afraid*," cried Miss Blish, bent on accomplishing the deed.

That last word settled the matter, and, closing her eyes, Rose said "Punch!" in the tone of one giving the fatal order "Fire!"

Ariadne punched, and the victim bore it in heroic silence, though she turned pale and her eyes were full of tears of anguish.

"There! Now pull the bits of silk often, and wash-dream your ears every night, and you'll soon be ready for the rings," said Ariadne, well pleased with her job, for the girl who spoke French with a fine accent lay flat upon the sofa, looking as if she had had both ears cut off.

"It does hurt dreadfully, and I know uncle wont do it," sighed Rose, as remorse began to gnaw. "I promise not to tell, or I shall be teased to death,"

added, anxiously, entirely forgetting the two other pitchers gifted with eyes as well as ears, who had been watching the whole performance from the door.

"Never. Merely me, what's that?" and Ariadne started as a sudden sound of steps and voices came from below.

"It's the boys! Hide the needle. Do my ears hurt? Don't breathe a word!" whispered Rose, trembling about to conceal all traces of their acquity from the sharp eyes of the clan.

Up they came, all in good order, laden with the proceeds of a nutting expedition, for they always reported to Rose and paid tribute to their queen in the handsomest manner.

"How many, and how big! We'll have a good roasting frolic after tea, wont we?" said Rose, plunging both hands into a bag of glossy brown nuts, while the clan "stood at ease" and nodded to Ariadne.

"That lot was picked especially for you, Rosy.

I got every one myself, and they are extra whackers," said Mac, presenting a bushel or so.

"You should have seen Giglamps when he was after them. He pitched out of the tree, and would have broken his blessed old neck if Archie had not caught him," observed Steve, as he lounged gracefully in the window seat.

"You need n't talk, Dandy, when you did n't know a chestnut from a beech, and kept on thrashing till I told you of it," retorted Mac, festooning himself over the back of the sofa, being a privileged boy.

"I don't make mistakes when I thrash you, old Worm, so you'd better mind what you are about," answered Steve, without a ray of proper respect for his elder brother.

"It is getting dark, and I must go, or mamma will be alarmed," said Ariadne, rising in sudden haste, though she hoped to be asked to remain to the nut-party.

No one invited her; and all the while she was putting on her things and chatting to Rose, the boys were telegraphing to one another the sad fact that some one ought to escort the young lady home. Not a boy felt heroic enough to east himself into the breach, however; even polite Archie shirked the duty, saying to Charlie, as they quietly slipped into an adjoining room:

"I'm not going to do all the gallivanting. Let Steve take that chit home and show his manners."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" answered Princee, who disliked Miss Blish because she tried to be coquetish with him.

"Then I will," and, to the dismay of both recreant lads, Dr. Alec walked out of the room to offer his services to the "chit."

He was too late, however, for Mac, obeying a look from Rose, had already made a victim of himself, and trudged meekly away, wishing the gentle Ariadne at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"Then I will take this lady down to tea, as the other one has found a *gentleman* to go home with her. I see the lamps are lighted below, and I smell a smell which tells me that aunty has something extra nice for us to-night."

As he spoke, Dr. Alec was preparing to carry Rose down-stairs as usual; but Archie and Princee rushed forward, begging with penitent eagerness for the honor of carrying her in an arm-chair. Rose consented, fearing that her uncle's keen eye would discover the fatal bits of silk; so the boys crossed hands, and, taking a good grip of each curly pate, she was borne down in state, while the others followed by way of the banisters.

Tea was ordered earlier than usual, so that Jamie and his dolly could have a taste, at least, of the holiday fun, for they were to stay till seven, and be

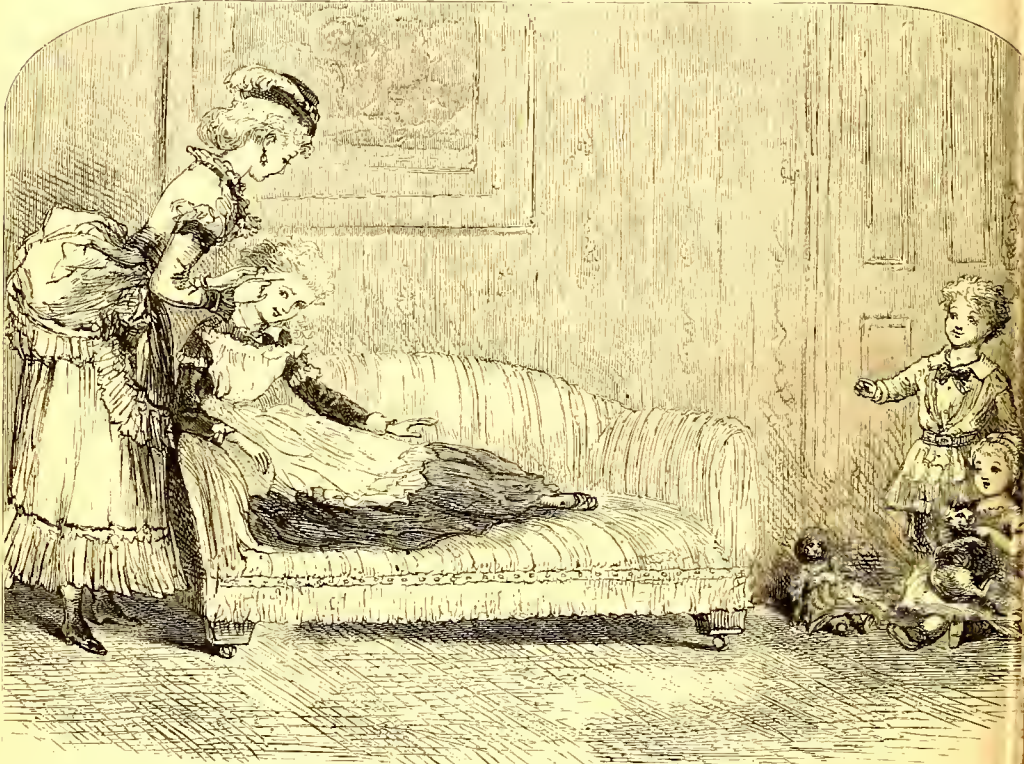
allowed twelve roasted chestnuts apiece, which they were under bonds not to eat till next day.

Tea was dispatched rapidly, therefore, and the party gathered round the wide hearth in the dining-room, where the nuts were soon dancing gayly on hot shovels or bouncing out among the company, thereby causing delightful panics among the little ones.

"Come, Rosy, tell us a story while we work, for you can't help much, and must amuse us as your

"Well, once upon a time, a little girl went to see a young lady who was very fond of her. Now the young lady happened to be lame and had to have her foot bandaged up every day; so she kept a basketful of bandages, all nicely rolled and ready. The little girl liked to play with this basket, and one day, when she thought no one saw her, she took one of the rolls without asking leave, and put it in her pocket."

Here Pokey, who had been peering lovingly



ROSE AND ARIADNE HAVE SPECTATORS.

share," proposed Mac, who sat in the shade pricking nuts, and who knew by experience what a capital little Scheherazade his cousin was.

"Yes, we poor monkeys can't burn our paws for nothing, so tell away, Pussy," added Charlie, as he threw several hot nuts into her lap and shook his fingers afterward.

"Well, I happen to have a little story with a moral to it in my mind, and I will tell it, though it is intended for younger children than you," answered Rose, who was rather fond of telling instructive tales.

"Fire away," said Geordie, and she obeyed, little thinking what a disastrous story it would prove to herself.

down at the five warm nuts that lay at the bottom of her tiny pocket, suddenly looked up and said "Oh!" in a startled tone, as if the moral tale had become intensely interesting all at once.

Rose heard and saw the innocent betrayal of the small sinner, and went on in a most impressive manner, while the boys nudged one another and winked as they caught the joke.

"But an eye did see this naughty little girl, a whose eye do you think it was?"

"Eye of Dod," murmured conscience-stricken Pokey, spreading two chubby little hands before the round face which they were not half big enough to hide.

Rose was rather taken aback by this reply, b

eling that she was producing a good effect, she hid, seriously :

"Yes, God saw her, and so did the young lady, but she did not say anything; she waited to see what the little girl would do about it. She had been very happy before she took the bandage, but when it was in her pocket she seemed troubled, and pretty soon stopped playing and sat down in a corner, looking very sober. She thought a few minutes, and then went and put back the roll very softly, and her face cleared up and she was a happy child again. The young lady was glad to see that, and wondered what made the little girl put it back."

"Tonscience p'icked her," murmured a contrite voice from behind the small hands pressed tightly over Pokey's red face.

"And why did she take it, do you suppose?" asked Rose, in a school-marmish tone, feeling that the listeners were interested in her tale and its unexpected application.

"It was so nice and wound, and she wanted it softly," answered the little voice.

"Well, I'm glad she had such a good conscience. The moral is that people who steal don't enjoy what they take, and are not happy till they get it back. What makes that little girl hide her Pokey?" asked Rose, as she concluded.

"Me 's so 'shamed of Pokey," sobbed the small culprit, quite overcome by remorse and confusion at this awful disclosure.

"Come, Rose, it's too bad to tell her little tricks before every one, and preach at her in that way; but you n't like it yourself," began Dr. Alec, sitting the weeper on his knee and administering consolation in the shape of kisses and nuts.

Before Rose could express her regret, Jamie, who had been reddening and ruffling like a little cock for several minutes, burst out indignantly, bent on avenging the wound given to his loved dolly.

"I know something bad that *you* did, and I'm going to tell right out. You thought we did n't see you, but we did, and you said uncle would n't like you and the boys would tease, and you made Ariadne promise not to tell, and she punched holes in your ears to put ear-rings in. So now! and that's much sadder than to take an old piece of rag; and I'll tell you for making my Pokey cry."

Jamie's somewhat incoherent explosion produced a certain effect, that Pokey's small sin was instantly forgotten, and Rose felt that her hour had come.

"What! what! what!" cried the boys in a chorus, dropping their shovels and knives to gather

round Rose, for a guilty clutching at her ears betrayed her, and with a feeble cry of "Ariadne made me!" she hid her head among the pillows like an absurd little ostrich.

"Now she'll go prancing round with bird-cages and baskets and carts and pigs, for all I know, in her ears, as the other girls do, and wont she look like a goose?" asked one tormentor, tweaking a curl that strayed out from the cushions.

"I did n't think she'd be so silly," said Mac, in a tone of disappointment that told Rose she had sunk in the esteem of her wise cousin.

"That Blish girl is a nuisance, and ought not to be allowed to come here with her nonsensical notions," said the Prince, feeling a strong desire to shake that young person as an angry dog might shake a mischievous kitten.

"How do *you* like it, uncle?" asked Archie, who, being the head of a family himself, believed in preserving discipline at all costs.

"I am very much surprised; but I see she is a girl, after all, and must have her vanities like all the rest of them," answered Dr. Alec, with a sigh, as if he had expected to find Rose a sort of angel, above all earthly temptation.

"What shall you do about it, sir?" inquired Geordie, wondering what punishment would be inflicted on a feminine culprit.

"As she is fond of ornaments, perhaps we had better give her a nose-ring also. I have one somewhere that a Fiji belle once wore; I'll look it up," and, leaving Pokey to Jamie's care, Dr. Alec rose as if to carry out his suggestion in earnest.

"Good! good! We'll do it right away! Here's a gimlet, so you hold her, boys, while I get her dear little nose all ready," cried Charlie, whisking away the pillows as the other boys danced about the sofa in true Fiji style.

It was a dreadful moment, for Rose could not run away,—she could only grasp her precious nose with one hand and extend the other, crying distractedly: "Oh, uncle, save me, save me!"

Of course he saved her; and when she was securely barricaded by his strong arm, she confessed her folly in such humiliation of spirit, that the lads, after a good laugh at her, decided to forgive her and lay all the blame on the tempter, Ariadne. Even Dr. Alec relented so far as to propose two gold rings for the ears instead of one copper one for the nose; a proceeding which proved that if Rose had all the weakness of her sex for jewelry, he had all the inconsistency of his in giving a pretty penitent exactly what she wanted, in spite of his better judgment.

(To be continued.)

MASTER TOTO'S CANARY.

BY SARAH D. CLARK.

MASTER TOTO struck hard on the wires,
 When up flew the little cage door,
 And, quick as a wink, or canary-bird's blink,
 Little William tripped out on the floor.
 Then off through the window he flew,
 Singing, "Up with the sun and the dew,
 I am off and away, for a long holiday—
 Ho! ho! little man,
 Catch me, if you can!"

The roses grew red in the bower,
 The hollyhocks bloomed every one;
 The gay spider threads, like gossamer shreds,
 With brightest dew glanced in the sun.
 The lords and the ladies, they listened,
 Their eyes like the great dewdrops glistened—
 Surely never was heard such a wonderful bird,
 No robin nor sparrow is he,
 Trilling out from the tall alder-tree.

But holidays come to an end,
 The beautiful Summer had fled,
 With the long, long night came frost-work and blight,
 And the flowers were drooping and dead;
 Not a bird nor a bee in the air,
 The fields were all withered and bare;
 Though a brave little lad, Master Toto was sad
 For his poor little bird that was lost
 Out in the cold and the frost.

The hen-hawk swooped down from the sky,
 The squirrel was ready to spring;
 With a shiver of dread, our young William's head
 Went under one stiff little wing.
 All crumpled his soft yellow breast,
 He longed for some shelter of rest;
 With his fun and his play, and his long holiday,
 He had nothing to eat,
 And no perch for his feet.

He wanted his snug little home—
 So off with a penitent trill,
 Where his seeds, golden bright, shone out in the light,
 He pecked at the gay window-sill,
 Calling out, "I would like to engage
 Apartments in one little cage—
 I am getting too wise and too old, to be out in the frost and the cold;
 Master Toto, once more,
 Please to open the door!"

HOW THE GRASSHOPPERS CAME.

BY A NEBRASKA WOMAN.

I WISH to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a story about the Great American Desert, where the grasshoppers made such a fearful raid last Summer.

When you see the little creatures hopping harmlessly about in the grass, you can think of what a power for evil they possess when they gather together in such armies as those which overran our part of the country last year.

The weather was intensely warm here all last season, and for thirty days within the space of six weeks the thermometer ranged from 100° to 116°. It was during this heat in the latter part of July that our Swede girl, Selma, said she must go home to care for her aged mother. Pete and Polly, our two mules, were harnessed to the express wagon in the early morning, and a pleasant little company of us started out to take Selma home.

Our road lay up the banks of a clear winding stream, on each side of which our industrious Swede neighbors have settled, and turned over the rich soil of this "Garden of the Desert," upon which appeared fields of waving grain.

We had not ridden far before Pete and Polly, who had been whisking their long ears very contentedly, began to lay them back and toss their heads into the air.

As they tossed them higher and higher, we noticed that a grasshopper came at intervals with a bounce into our laps or hit our hands and faces, and the farther we went north the more frequently they whizz and click assailed our ears, or their sharp wings struck our noses, till we sympathized with our Swede mules. Soon we noticed the little brown bodies and gray wings lying in piles along the right side of our track, and that the green leaves of the corn hung like slit ribbons swaying in the breeze; and farther on there was here and there a stalk that had been planted on the sod where nothing but the stalk was left, and we said, "See what the grasshoppers have been doing."

We set Selma down at her door, and turned toward home, wondering if the grasshoppers were going to do much harm.

The season had been unusually dry, as well as warm, and for that reason the small grain, though very light, was ready for the reaper, or already cut. Soon after the harvesters had repaired to the fields that afternoon, the cry was heard, "The grasshoppers have fallen upon the corn-fields." When we knew we had met the scouting party in

the morning, and that, by some wonderful insect power, they had telegraphed to the main body the news of our rich fields.

We had a corn-field of twenty acres, that was the pride of our foreman, and pronounced the most luxuriant of any for miles up and down the valley. The destroyers were at work upon it, but the men, hoping to save a part, left their harvest and built fires all along the rows. They whipped and switched and smoked, running from one part of the field to the other in the heat, but it was all of no avail. The little invaders ate on, and at night nothing was left of our boasted corn-field but the tall bare stalks, looking like bean-poles.

The Indian women had corn and bean patches near us, and when they came and saw their work all destroyed they wept and moaned, and said, "God is not pleased, or He would not send the grasshoppers to eat what we need."

The next day the raiders came to our gardens, and though we covered the plants with barrels and boxes and sheets, though we smoked and whipped and brushed, hoping to save some vegetables, they seemed to laugh at our dismay, and kept steadily at work, even eating our onions and red pepper-stalks down to the ground.

They stripped young fruit-trees of their leaves and gnawed our shrubbery and flowers till there was no green thing left to cover the brown earth, and then they mounted our shade trees, and the ground was soon covered with falling leaves.

The heat was intensified by the presence of such a mass of animal matter, and our nights, usually so cool, were hot and uncomfortable. The unwonted sound of the rustling of millions of wings caused the dogs to howl dolefully, and a vague terror began to steal over our hearts.

Near nightfall of the third day of the presence of the foe, a brisk breeze blew from the north. Our neighbor Keturah came to our door, and said, "Do you see how the smoke is rising on every side of us?"

We could see from ten to twenty miles in any direction, and all about us were pyramidal columns of smoke, as we thought, rising toward the heavens. "How is it," we asked, "that these great masses of smoke appear simultaneously at every point?" And as we gazed and saw them slowly grow blacker and rise higher, an indefinable dread of some fearful coming took possession of us.

Two of our number were out taking a gallop on their ponies. On their return they said, "Did you see the grasshoppers rise? We heard a sound like a rushing wind, and thought we were riding into the edge of a whirlwind" (such as are often seen here, carrying pyramids of dust and sand many feet from the earth), "but, looking a moment, saw the grasshoppers going up in cloud-like masses; and they passed off south."

"Ah! that was the grasshoppers, and we thought it smoke!" we exclaimed; and immediately the weight was lifted from our hearts. Some grasshoppers were left near our buildings, but they were merely going to rest for the night, and by noon next day very few were to be seen. In just one week from the day of their first arrival, a great shower of grasshoppers fell again, and began to devour what the others had left. One corn-field which the others had left in part, and which still promised a small harvest, was attacked by these later marauders, and our last hope for corn that season soon vanished.

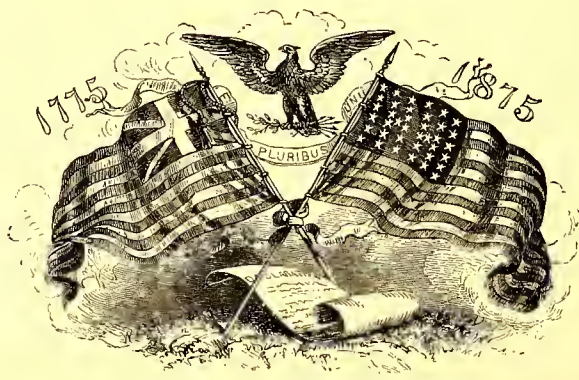
Our shade-trees were entirely stripped of their leaves, the netting screens in our doors and windows hung in tatters, and the greedy millions made their way into our houses to devour plants which we thought hidden from their insatiate little jaws. They ate holes in clothing, in curtains, and in pin-cushions, and I heard of one woman who found the draught of her stove clogged with grasshoppers, they having fallen down the pipe in such numbers as to fill it.

The houses and fences soon were black with the

millions of these insects. We could not even see them bark on the trees because of the myriads of wing and we beheld the result of the labor of many hands a blank before us. We sat in awed silence, feeling we were in the presence of that Power which can bar the raging waves of the sea with little grains of sand and send an army of little insects to bring to naught the boasted work of man.

The third day after their arrival, clouds flitted across the sun at intervals, screening us from its intense heat, and toward night a company of our daughters of these prairies, dragged our really exhausted selves to the river, hoping to find a little refreshment by a bath. We were scarcely in the water before we were startled by a crash, a peal and then a rushing wind. Peering over the high northern bank, we saw a black cloud driven furiously up toward the zenith, and at the same time the sun burst from under a dark veil in the west, revealing to our eyes a scene of wonder. Myriads upon myriads of little wings were flashing like specks of silver in the sunlight, not only as far as the eye could reach, east, west, and south, but as far as we could see into the air above us, and we knew the grasshoppers were driven again before the north wind.

When our bath was finished, very few of them were left to annoy us as we returned home, and great was our relief and joy to have them gone. But we did not look forward to the want which had oppressed so many hearts, and to the relief of which so many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have, no doubt, contributed.



OUR FLAG IN 1775 AND IN 1875.

ROSES.

BY LILY DE SOZIA WOOD.



Many beautiful and useful things come to us from Eastern countries, that it is hard to say what is most valuable to us; but I expect, if the young folks were asked what they liked best that comes from Persia, they would not say the fine silks, or splendid carpets, or even the exquisite shawls made there, but the peaches and the lovely damask roses!

The Persians, compared with their neighbors, the Turks and Egyptians, are a lively people, but would call them quiet, and even sad, because their gayety is so different from ours, and their manners are more grave and dignified. But they are fond of amusements, and one of their yearly festivals is the "Feast of the Roses," which takes place during the Rose season, which is June, July, and indeed the greater part of the Summer. I will try to tell you something about it.

The climate being very warm, the people live much out of doors, and during this feast tents are pitched; every one wears his or her prettiest dresses, and, as all Eastern people are fond of bright colors, the scene is a very gay one.

During this festival everything betokens mirth and enjoyment. The cymbals and lute are heard from morning till night, the story-tellers recount their most beautiful tales, and the dancing-girls dance for hours at a time. Then, when the night comes, and the moonlight covers everything like a silver cloud, the people stretch themselves on their soft carpets and listen to the songs of the nightingales and soft serenades on the women's lutes.

In some parts of Turkey whole fields of roses are cultivated, from which the Turks make the famous "attar of roses," which is so fragrant that a vessel anything touched with a drop of it seems never to lose the smell; and the Hindoos scatter rose-leaves in the water they drink to give it a pleasant appearance.

There are more than two hundred kinds of roses, and they are of all sizes, from the tiny "Picayune rose," so called because it is no larger than a five-cent-piece,—which, in the South, is called a picayune,—to the immense cabbage-rose; of all shades of color, bright yellow, pink, red, and almost

black. The Rose of Damascus, or damask rose, is the one first brought to this country, and is a very deep red, with a strong perfume. Then there are the Egyptian sea-roses, tea-roses, rock-roses, which grow in dry, rocky places, where no other flower can live; and the Alpine rose, growing by the eternal snow-drifts of the Alps.

Roses are hardy plants, and will live a long time, if properly cared for. There is a rose-tree in Germany, which is known to be eight hundred years old, and it is still blossoming.

We all know and love the pretty moss-rose, with its mossy, green veil, that gives it such a shy, modest air; and the tea-rose, which, in the South and West, grows on large trees. The writer had, in her garden in Arkansas, one which grew to be over seven feet high, and would bear as many as five hundred blossoms at once.

But there is one rose more curious than all the others—the Rose of Jericho. It has another name which botanists call it, that is, *Anastatica*, a Greek word, meaning resurrection; and the Arabs call it the symbol of immortality, because it comes to life again long after it has seemed to be dead. It lives in the hot sands of the Desert of Sahara, and when the dry season comes it withers, folds its leaves, and draws up its roots, like little feet, into a light ball, and the winds of the desert carry it until it reaches a moist soil, and then, we are told, it drops, takes root, and its leaves become green, and its blossoms open, a delicate pink.

There is a flower in Mexico, known as the Resurrection Flower, which is very much the same. It may be carried about in your pocket for a year and more, and yet, when put into a saucer of water, in a few hours will blossom out as bright and fresh as if it had just come out of the garden.

When the Romans conquered Britain, more than eighteen hundred years ago, they introduced many curious customs into that country,—among others, that of carving the figure of a rose on the ceilings of their banqueting-halls, or suspending a natural rose over the dining-table, with the Latin motto, "*Sub rosa*," written above it, to indicate that whatever was said there among friends, or *under the rose*,—for that was the meaning of the words,—should not be repeated, the white rose being the symbol of silence.

The rose is the national emblem of England, as the thistle is of Scotland, and the shamrock, or clover, of Ireland. Every one who has studied

history knows of the Wars of the Roses in England, when the two rival families of York and Lancaster fought for the English crown, the house of York having for its badge the white rose, and the house of Lancaster the red.

Many of my young readers have heard of the language of flowers, in which people can hold conversations with each other; for instance: A white rose is the emblem of silence; a withered rose of any color means, "Let us forget;" and a yellow rose, "Despair," and so on. A rose handed to a

person means one thing when handed upright, another when its position is reversed. With its thorns it has a certain meaning; without them, still another. Among these Eastern people—the Persian Turks, and Hindoos—this language of flowers is perfectly understood that, by means of a bunch of their favorite roses, long conversations may be carried on without a word being spoken. This suits these people, who do not like to talk very much, but who are, nevertheless, a very romantic, dreamy, and poetic race.

AMERICAN ORATORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

WE are a nation of speakers, and have a speech ready for every occasion, whether it be a public dinner, a political mass-meeting, or a Fourth of July celebration. Our English cousins are astonished at the general fluency and confidence we exhibit; for while they possess some of the wittiest and most learned masters of debate living, the gift of public talking is not common among them.

Of course, talking is no more like real oratory than a pot of paint is like art; and a good many Americans have never found out the difference.

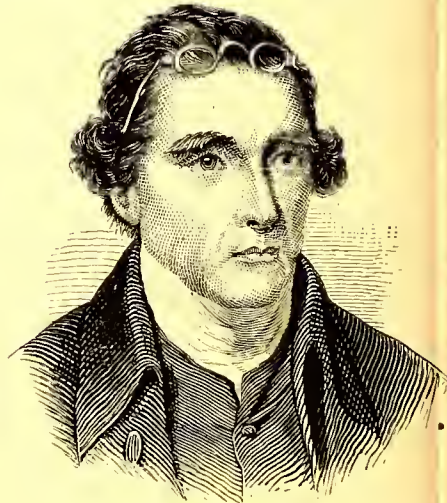
The high-flown words of the patriot who declares to his fellow-countrymen on the Fourth of July are often nonsensical and meaningless. Who, to his mortification, has not heard much rubbish spoken from "the stump" in rural villages? But we have an unusual number of bright, eloquent, sensible speakers withal, and in the hundred years past we have produced some of the greatest orators the world has known,—real orators, mind you, who had a wonderful power of filling multitudes of intelligent men and women with fear, hope, courage, dismay, and horror in turn; orators who could, with passionate words alone, drive a populace to war and restore it to a love of peace in a few brief moments.

It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you who these great orators were. All of you have heard of Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Edward Everett, and Rufus Choate. These are some notable representatives of our orators,—I cannot mention all,—and I have collected a few anecdotes about them, which may, perhaps, interest you at this season.

Boys who do not love study, and would rather

fish and swim on a Summer's afternoon than pore over First Lessons in Latin, may find much consolation in the life of Patrick Henry.

He was born on a Virginia farm in 1736, and was as fine a specimen of the ne'er-do-well as could be found in his county. His person was ugly, his manners were awkward, and his dress was slovenly



PATRICK HENRY.

When the hour for study came he was usually absent, and was to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. But at the age of fifteen he was installed behind the counter of a merchant, and a year afterward began business for himself in partnership with his brother

William. The firm failed in a short time, and Patrick then tried farming, in which he also failed. Opening another store, he again became a bankrupt, and at last sought relief for his disappointment in reading classical books.

With only a smattering of law, he obtained a license to practice in the courts; and one day a case was intrusted to him which was so hopeless that no other lawyer would accept it. As he arose to make the opening address the spectators laughed at him, and his father, who presided on the bench, was overcome with confusion.

But before he had spoken many words those who had laughed were struck with amazement at the eloquence he displayed, and listened to him in death-like silence. They were fascinated by the spell of his eyes, the majesty of his attitudes, the commanding expression of his face, and as he concluded, tears of joy rolled down his father's face. The case was won, and the name of Patrick Henry became known far and wide as that of a great orator.

But he was no more inclined to study after his success than before, and instead of improving his manners and dress he took great delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting jacket, greasy leather breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm.

While he remained in his seat he was a shuffling, independent-looking farmer, but when he arose and spoke his body seemed to burn with passion.

The intense force of his words is shown by an incident which occurred during a speech describing the effects of the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, in which he looked "beyond the horizon that binds mortal eyes, to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, anxiously waiting for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of the whole human race." To those celestial beings he made an appeal that caused the nerves of all who listened to him to shake with horror, and as his passion was at its height a terrible thunder-storm rumbled without, and the members rushed from the legislative chamber in terror.

Henry Clay was almost worshiped by his adherents. He was born in 1777, and was a very tall man, straight and slim as an arrow. And here you must remember that command of words alone does not make an orator. There are some speakers whose language is carefully chosen and whose thoughts are beautiful; yet these are not orators. They have not the passionate, thrilling voice nor the mastering presence that gave Mr. Clay his great power over an audience. It has been said that, in listening to him, you were reminded of his intellect only, that seemed to shine through his thin

flesh. As he spoke every muscle of his face was at work, and his whole body was agitated. He did not use many words, but they were to the point, and spoken grandly.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, spoke scornfully in Congress one day of Mr. Clay's language.



HENRY CLAY.

"The gentleman from Virginia," said Mr. Clay in reply, "was pleased to declare that, in one point of my speech, he agreed with me,—in an humble estimate of my command of words. I know my deficiency. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate of my father. I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but so far as my situation in early life is concerned I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish the gentleman with a better specimen of my powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say my regret is not greater than the disappointment the members of Congress feel as to the strength of his argument on the question before us."

Thus he managed to vindicate his origin and to turn the laugh against his antagonist in one breath.

Mr. Clay's knowledge of human nature was thorough and profound; and he was able to put it to use at any moment, as the following anecdotes will show:

On a certain occasion he met an old hunter, who had once been his supporter, but who afterward went against him on account of his vote on a certain bill in Congress.

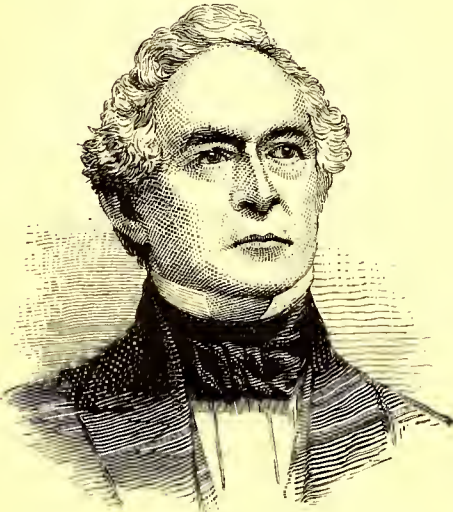
"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" he asked of the hunter.

"Yes."

"Does it ever flash in the pan?"

"It never did so more than once," the hunter answered, proud of his weapon.

"Well, what did you do with it? You did n't throw it away, did you?" continued Mr. Clay.



EDWARD EVERETT.

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down game."

"Have I ever flashed in the pan, except on the Compensation bill?"

"No, I can't say you have."

"Well, will you throw me away?"

"No; I'll pick the flint and try you again."

So the hunter grasped Mr. Clay's hand and gave him his vote.

At another time Clay was visiting a backwoods county in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who could n't fire at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes, when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to Congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was. Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home.

"No matter. Here's 'Old Bess,'" answered the hunter, giving him a gun, "and she never fails in the hands of a marksman. She's put a bullet through many a squirrel at a hundred yards, and has let daylight through a red-skin at twice that distance. If you can shoot with any gun, you can shoot with 'Old Bess.'"

A target was set up, and Mr. Clay aimed "Old Bess" at it. He fired faint-heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's-eye in the center.

"A chance shot! a chance shot!" cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it, and Mr. Clay had too much sense to try again.

In appearance and manner, Edward Everett was almost the exact opposite of Patrick Henry, and even more elegant and refined than Henry Clay. He was very polished, and his voice was clear and sweet; but his orations were not so powerful. They were beautiful compositions, that read well in a book, and were not a bit like the wild-fire utterances that burst from the Virginian.

Rufus Choate was also a man of great eloquence, and it is said that he would plead a case with the earnestness of one whose life and character were at stake. He was a lawyer by profession, and at an early age distinguished himself as an advocate.

Mr. Whipple has written of him: "His legal arguments were replete with knowledge, and blazed with the blended fires of imagination and sensibility, which swept along the minds of his hearers on the torrent of his eloquence." He was fanciful and humorous, too.

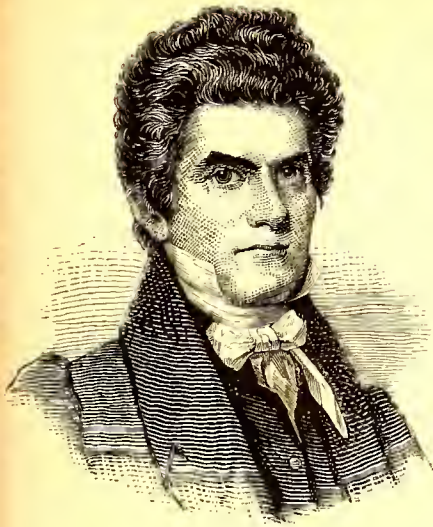
On one occasion a witness testified that he had found one of Mr. Choate's clients crying, and that when the witness asked him what was the matter, he answered that he was afraid that he had "struck on a snag." Mr. Choate translated this testimony as follows: "Such were my client's feelings, and such his actions, down to the fatal night, when, at



RUFUS CHOATE.

ten o'clock, in that flood of tears, his hopes went out like a candle."

In March, 1844, he delivered a famous speech, and thus alluded to a statement that the American



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

people cherished a feeling of deep-rooted hatred to Great Britain.

"No, sir; we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy, and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbol of alligators, rattle-snakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed wheel on her radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable of death,—let her remember her wrongs of the days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs,—the unkindness and sympathy of the world may allow pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in—shall she pollute and corrode her noble and happy heart by moping over old stories of wrongs? * * *

No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no! We are born to happier feelings. We have, we can have no barbarian memory of wrongs for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave!"

But no extract, nor the oration printed in full, can give an idea of the stirring effect which the music of the living voice gave to the vivid words.

I have left myself so little space that I cannot do more than mention Calhoun, who was born in 1782, and was an exceedingly brilliant speaker. In the same year Daniel Webster was born, and with a few anecdotes about him I must conclude.

In appearance he was tall and ugly. His head was large, and his face set with great black eyes. The words he spoke came up from his broad chest with such emphasis that it has been said that each of them seemed to weigh at least twelve pounds.

Like Henry, he could entrance an audience and hold them spell-bound by his eloquence. "When his speech was over," one writer says, "the tones of the orator still lingered in the ear, and the people, unconscious of its close, retained their positions. The agitated face, the heaving breast, the suffused eye attested its influence. There was not a movement or a whisper for several minutes, when a sharp rap of the chairman's hammer broke the charm that Mr. Webster had wound about them."

One of his best orations was made in answer to a Colonel Hayne, who generously congratulated Webster on his effort.

"And how do you feel this evening, Colonel?" Webster asked.

"None the better for your speech, sir," answered his opponent.

You understand, of course, that a great orator must have a mind quick to seize upon apt similes. Alluding to Alexander Hamilton, Webster said, in an after-dinner speech, "He smote the rock of public credit, and streams of revenue gushed forth." As



DANIEL WEBSTER.

if to illustrate this, he brought his clenched fist down upon the table, and in doing so he struck a wine-glass, which broke and cut his hand. He slowly covered the wound with his napkin, which suggested a shroud, and then continued: "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it rose upon its feet." Thus he made himself master of the situation.

TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC.

By E. S. F.

ONE little head, worth its whole weight in gold,
Over and over, a million times told.

Two shining eyes, full of innocent glee,
Brighter than diamonds ever could be.

Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,
Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.

Four lily fingers on each baby-hand,
Fit for a princess of sweet Fairy-land.

Five on each hand, if we reckon Tom Thumb,
Standing beside them, so stiff and so glum!

Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,
Over which merriment ripples and trips.

Seven bright ringlets, as yellow as gold,
Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.

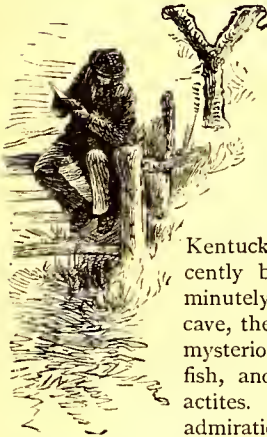
Eight tiny waves running over her hair,
Sunshine and shadow, they love to be there.

Nine precious words that Totty can say;
But she will learn new ones every day.

Ten little chubby, comical toes;
And that is as far as this lesson goes.

A GREAT SPECULATION.

By ROSSITER JOHNSON.



YOUNG Tommy Baker's uncle, who was a great reader and traveler, came to his nephew's home one day for a short visit, and during his stay he talked a good deal about the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, which he had recently been to see, describing minutely the approach to the cave, the winding passages, the mysterious rivers, the eyeless fish, and the crystals and stalactites. Tommy was lost in admiration.

Wishing to teach him as much as possible, and to have him remember what he had learned, his father, after his uncle had gone, continued the subject, telling him about other celebrated caves—Wier's Cave and Madison's Cave, in Virginia; Franconia, in Germany; Kirkdale, in England; and Fingal's, in Staffa. Then he told him about celebrated artificial excavations—the catacombs of Paris, Rome, Syracuse, and Palermo; and, finally, he described some of the discoveries at Hercula-

neum and Pompeii, and in the mounds of our Western States. When he had fully awakened Tommy's interest and curiosity, he told him in what books he could find more information of these subjects, and then left him to study them up for himself.

Tommy and I were, one day, in his father's yard at the point where the sward began to slope toward the brook, a tributary to Rocky Creek. We sat on a large boulder, with our feet hanging over the edge, looking down into the little valley of the brook, and he repeated what his father and his uncle had told him about the caves and the catcombs and Herculeaneum and the mounds.

"I wish," said he, "that the mouth of one of 'em was in our yard."

"Yes," said I, "that would be nice. Then we could go in and see all the curiosities and get a many crystals and vases and arrows and hatchets as we wanted."

My fancy included the products of all the different kinds of caves and excavations in the one which was to be in Tommy's yard; but perhaps it was just as well,—certainly it was all the more enjoyable.

"But that would n't be the best of it," said he.

"Why, what would?" I asked.

"We could put up a gate, and charge folks for going in," he answered, and his eyes twinkled over his imaginary profits.

"Could we?" said I, incredulously.

"Of course I could," said he; and the singular pronoun signified to me that he was growing avaricious, and no longer wanted me for a partner in the business.

I began to wish that the cave had been located in our yard, instead of in theirs. I thought if it had been, I would teach Tommy a lesson of magnanimous liberality by dividing the money with him every Saturday night.

"You always have to pay to go into such places," he continued; "and it's the easiest way to get rich here is. You just put up a little sign that says: 'This way to the Cave!'" and a hand pointing. And then it's a long distance, and the path is crooked and real hard to walk on, and you leave all the stones and bushes and old rubbish in it. And when the people get to the end of it, there you are, sitting by a little table with a box on it for the money; and they've got to pay you twenty-five cents, or fifty perhaps, before they can go in, because the cave's on your land. And some of 'em say they won't give it; and then they think about the hard, stony path, and they say it's too bad to come over all that for nothing, and then they pay the money and go in. And you have some little books on the table, that tell all about it, and you sell 'em one of them for ten cents, or else they can't understand it; and there you make some more money."

Tommy was growing very enthusiastic on the subject, and I was catching a little of the same spirit.

"I wish we had a cave," said I.

"Yes," said the speculative Tommy, "I could sit at the little table and take the money, and you could go with the folks to show 'em the way and tell 'em about things. Some of 'em have rivers in 'em, that have fish in 'em without any eyes; and you have to row the people across in a boat, and you charge 'em extra for that."

I had an idea. "Suppose we *make* a cave?"

"Could we?" said Tommy.

"We could try," said I, remembering that somebody or other had once given that as a very heroic answer, which had made him famous. And now, what if the same answer, given in the same spirit, should make Tommy and me rich!

"How should we do it?" he asked.

"Oh, dig it!" said I, as confidently as if I had been a journeyman cave-maker half my life, and were ready to take Tommy for my apprentice.

"Where would we have it?" said he, looking round.

"I don't know; let's look for a good place," said I, and I slid down the face of the rock, followed by the little fortune-hunter.

We surveyed the whole yard, and very quickly concluded that the entrance must be somewhere along the bank of the creek. At a certain point a few yards below, in the direction of down stream, the bank, instead of descending in a grassy slope, fell off suddenly, and presented an almost perpendicular face of clay, on which no grass grew. It was evident that this was the place to begin operations, if we were to make a cave. We had nothing to do but dig straight in at the base of the cliff; and we could throw the dirt into the stream, and the water would wash it away out of sight about as fast as we two boys could dig it. This would prevent the work from being discovered, unless some one should happen to go down the bank and approach closely to the mouth of the proposed cave.

I asked Tommy what he thought his father would say as to the cave.

"I guess," said he, "he would n't want me to do it, if he knew. But when he sees the money, he'll say it's all right."

"It can't hurt anything, at any rate," said I, beginning to fear that if he thought too much about what his father would say, he might give up the project.

"No," said he, "it can't hurt anything. We can throw the dirt over into the brook, and not make a bit of muss. And then it'll be all underground, and the ground on top 'll be just as good for a garden or anything as ever 't was."

"And then," I pursued, "when we get a hundred dollars, we can make our fathers and mothers a present of half of it"—for I still had a vague fear that, in some unsuspected manner, the cave *might* interfere with some of Mr. Baker's plans.

But Tommy did n't know about making any such munificent presents. It was n't the way people usually did when they got rich. He promised, however, to think about it.

One thing was certain. We must keep the whole matter a profound secret—that was agreed upon. And we would begin operations the very next day—that also was agreed upon. I stood before the face of the clay cliff, and with a sharp stick marked the arched outline of the entrance to the cave that was to be.

We got together again in the evening, alone in Mrs. Baker's kitchen, and used up several sheets of paper in drawing plans for the cave.

"We must have some parts of it very crooked," said I.

"Yes, and in one place there must be quite a large room, with stalakites hanging down from the top," said Tommy.

"O yes! *stalactites*," said I, intending to correct him very gently.

"It's *stalakites*," said he; "my Uncle Charles said so."

I was sure I was right, and was not inclined to let it go so. We came very near falling into a serious quarrel on the subject, and giving up the project. At length we agreed to leave it to the dictionary, which the confident Tommy brought, and looked out the word.

"Well, *stalactites*," said he, "if you must have it so;" and then he hurried on to the consideration of other parts of the plan. "If we could strike a stream of water underground it would be nice," he continued. "There's one runs right through the bottom of our well."

"Perhaps we can dig a pond and pour some water into it," I suggested, "and catch some fish in Rocky Creek to put into it."

"Put their eyes out first?" asked Tommy.

"No," said I, "that would be cruel. Besides, after they've been there awhile their eyes will go away, and their little fishes will be born blind."

Tommy saw that I considered the subject from a lofty point, both in morals and in science, and he was much impressed.

"What I want," said he, after musing a few minutes on these weighty questions, "is a few skulls, so it'll look like the catacombs. And that'll scare the boys, and make 'em not try to get in when we aint there."

"There's a horse's skull on the common," I suggested.

"I suppose we can't get human skulls," said he.

"I suppose not."

"Then may be, if we put the horse's skull pretty high up, and stick the long nose-part deep into the wall, it'll look like a human skull, and we can make 'em think 't is."

"May be so."

"But then," said he, "the teeth ought to show. The teeth are the scariest part of a skull."

"That's so," said I, emphatically; and I immediately gave my whole mind to the solution of the problem how to make a horse's skull look like a human skull, and yet have the teeth show. I solved it at last. "I have it! I have it! provided we can get two horses' skulls," and I stopped in doubt on that question.

"O yes," said Tommy; "we can get two easy enough."

"Well, then, we'll fix one as you say, with the long nose-part in the wall, and close to it we'll fix the other so that it will be all buried up in the wall except the mouth, which will stick out and show its teeth. The first one will make folks think they're human, and the other will scare 'em—a little; we

don't want to scare 'em too much." Thus we agreed to arrange it.

Tommy put the finishing touches to the last plan we had drawn, and made quite conspicuous the table at the entrance, with the money-box on it.

Then I went home, and we both went to bed,—not so much to sleep as to lie awake and think about the cave and its profits.

Early next morning, with a shovel and a hoe and a light crowbar, we went to work. With an old nail-keg to stand on while working at the upper part of the arch, we got along very well. Before school-time we had dug more than a foot into the bank, and thrown the dirt, a shovelful at a time, into the brook. We were tired enough to be perfectly willing to leave off work in good season for school. But our enthusiasm was growing, and we longed for vacation to come, that we might give our whole time to the task.

After school we worked again until supper-time; and the close of that first day saw the completion of the first two feet of the tunnel.

"How much shall we charge?" said I, as we took a last look at the hollow arch, before going home to our well-earned rest.

"I never heard of a cave that you could go into, and all through, for less than twenty-five cents," said Tommy.

"That ought to be cheap enough, certainly," said I.

"Yes," said he, "we must charge a quarter of a dollar; and no half-price for children, and no free passes to anybody."

"No," said I, "no free passes. But shall we admit children at all? They'll meddle with things, and may be break something. They're awful troublesome."

"Admit 'em if they pay," said the business-like Tommy. This seemed to settle the matter, and we walked away in silence.

"But," said I, when we had reached the top of the bank, "not many of the boys that we know have got twenty-five cents. They never have so much, except on Fourth of July."

"Then let 'em sell something and raise the money," he answered, knowing that he had the monopoly of the cave market.

"But," I suggested, "what if they wont?"

Tommy took a few minutes to consider that question. It put the matter in a new light. He began to realize that the boys were under no obligation, and might not be at all anxious, to pay tribute to the money-box on the little table where he already imagined himself sitting at the receipt of custom.

"I guess," said he, slowly, "we shall have to let them in for about five cents apiece."

"I think that will be the best way," I answered; and then we parted for the night.

The next day was Saturday, and we gave the whole time to the work. In order to lose as little as possible, we brought our dinners; but long before noon we became fiercely hungry and ate all our provisions, and two hours later we went home for more.

By tea-time, Saturday, we had penetrated two yards into the bank, rounding the arch out completely all the way, and throwing all the dirt over into the brook, which was here pretty swift and swept it away. We saw that our progress would necessarily be slower and slower, as we had farther and farther to carry the dirt. But we thought we had done well so far, and were very much encouraged.

Thus we dug away, mornings, afternoons, and Saturdays, until we reached a point about fifteen feet from the entrance. And now it was very slow work, because every shovelful had to travel over those five yards. We began to realize that we had taken a pretty large contract. None of the winding passages had been attempted yet. It was just a straight tunnel. We sat down and discussed the situation.

"If we carry out the whole plan, it will take all summer," said Tommy.

"Yes," said I, "and, when the Fall rains come, this won't be a pleasant place to stay in."

"No," said he; "a fellow might take an awful cold—consumption, may be—sitting here all day making change when the equinoctial was going on."

"Let's finish it up right here," said I.

"I think we'd better," said Tommy. "We can dig some away at the sides here and make one room, and that'll do. One room's enough, if they're only going to pay five cents. We can put all the skulls and things in here."

"And if it pays pretty well," said I, "we can dig it farther next year, and put in more things, and then the boys will want to come in again."

"It's a good idea," said Tommy; "it will be the most profitable that way."

So we went to work with a will, and dug away a few yards of earth on each side of the inner end of the tunnel, until we had made a small room. Then we scooped a good deal off from the ceiling of this room, until it was considerably higher than the tunnel.

"That'll do first-rate," said Tommy; "that's plenty dark enough."

"Now for the things," said I. "How are we going to make the stalactites?"

"Let's go and see what we can find," said Tommy.

We went on a voyage of discovery around the house and barn. Behind the barn, leaning up against it, was a section of an old white picket-fence, that had been torn up to make room for a new one somewhere.

"I think those would do nicely," said I, and we knocked off seven or eight of the pickets, sawed them short, and carried them to the cave, where we stuck them into the ceiling, points down.

"That's splendid!" said Tommy. "That looks just like the Mammoth Cave. Now for the skulls."

I thought it would be better not to go for the skull until evening, as somebody might see us in the day-time. Tommy agreed to that; and then we went over to our house, to see what we could find.

I stole into the front room and brought out two flint arrow-heads and a stone hatchet, which were among other curiosities on a little stand in the corner. In the wood-shed we found a broken preserve-jar and an old iron dumb-bell.

All these we carried to the cave, and arranged them around the sides.

"Those," said Tommy, "make it look like an Indian mound."

We employed the little remaining time before supper in sweeping and smoothing the floor, and discussing the management of the show.

"I wish there was a door to it, so we could lock it up," said Tommy. "I'm afraid when a few of the boys learn the way, they'll bring the others when we ain't here."

This was a very serious consideration. But presently I thought I saw the remedy.

"We can't make a door," said I; "but we mustn't let them learn the way here."

"How can we help it?" said Tommy.

"We must take them one at a time, and blindfold them at your father's gate, and then lead them down here by some real crooked, roundabout way."

Tommy was delighted with the idea.

"And that," said he, "will do instead of a winding passage."

In the evening we went to the common and got the horse's skull. Then we scoured the whole common to find another one, but we were not successful.

"Never mind," said Tommy, "I guess we can make this one do."

We carried it home and deposited it in the wood-shed.

Early next morning Tommy came over to our house in high spirits.

"I've found just the thing, in our garret," said he.

"What is it?" said I, eagerly.

"Come and see!"

I went with him over to their wood-shed, and, after shutting the door and locking it, he went to a barrel in one corner, and carefully lifted out one of those plaster models of the human head which the phrenologists use, with little paper labels pasted on the bumps all over it.

"That's splendid! That's lucky!" said I, in unfeigned admiration.

"That'll make it look like Herculaneum," said he.

Tommy wrapped it in an old piece of carpet, and I put a newspaper around the horse's skull, and we hurried them to the cave.

The keg we had stood on for the high work was still there. We placed it in one corner, threw the piece of carpet over it, and set the bust on it. Then we scooped a hole in the wall, and put in the skull so that it stuck about half-way out. We tamped the dirt close around it, making it look as if it had been buried there before the cave was formed.

Tommy surveyed it and pronounced it perfectly satisfactory.

"That," said he, "looks just like the catacombs."

We were now ready for customers, and we agreed upon the route over which they must travel. We thought we'd light it up with a candle or two after school, and then bring the boys in.

If we made rather poor recitations that day, you may readily guess the reason. We hurried home after school, and got a stub of a candle and carried it to the cave, where we lighted it and placed it on a shingle driven into the wall, and then went to the front gate to look for customers.

The first boy that came along was Charlie Garnett.

"Hello, Charlie!"

"Hello!"

"We've found a cave," said Tommy.

"A cave!" said Charlie, wonderingly.

"Yes, a cave; and it's full of curiosities. Stalactites, and statues, and skulls, and stone tomahawks, and arrows, and lots of things. Like Herculaneum and the Mammoth Cave, you know."

"You're foolin'," said Charlie.

"No foolin'," said Tommy, solemnly. "We'll take you all through it for five cents."

"Honest true?"

"Honest true! Aint it?" and he turned to me for confirmation.

"Yes," said I, "it's a splendid cave."

"But I haint got five cents," said Charlie.

"How much *have* you got?" said Tommy.

"Only three."

Tommy consulted with me. He thought it was better to let him in for three cents than not to have him visit it at all. I assented.

"We'll let *you* in for three," said Tommy, graciously.

"All right! Where's your cave?" said Charlie.

"We'll blindfold you and lead you there," said Tommy.

"No you don't! I know your tricks," said Charlie.

"No trick about it," said Tommy; "is there?" and again he appealed to me.

"There is n't any trick in it," said I. "It's a real cave. But we don't want anybody to know where to find it. And besides, it's more fun to go blindfolded. It makes it seem like the dark winding passages of the Mammoth Cave."

Charlie concluded he'd try it. Tommy took his three cents, and then we tied a handkerchief tightly over his eyes. We led him through the gate, three times around the house, once around the barn, once around Mrs. Baker's flower-beds, then to the boulder and on top of it.

"Now," said I, "jump down about four feet with me."

We jumped, and at the same time Tommy rattled an iron chain against the stone, "to make it seem dungeony," he said. Then we took him down the bank to the brook, and up the other side, and three times around a tree, and over a big flat stump, and down to the brook again, and up the bank, and along the narrow path to the cave. We went to the center of the interior before we unblindfolded him.

"One, two, three!" said Tommy, and jerked off the bandage.

Charlie was lost in amazement. He looked around in perfect awe and wonder, and was speechless as a mummy—until he saw the skull. He walked up close to that, which was near the candle, and looked at it steadily a minute or two.

"That was my father's horse," said he, turning round and facing us. "You've got to pay me for that."

"I aint agoing to pay for no dead horses," said Tommy, excitedly, his business principles getting the better of his grammar. "What's thrown out on the common," he continued, "is anybody's that wants it."

Charlie was not ready to admit this proposition, and a serious debate seemed likely to ensue; but just here certain events which had been happening above ground came to a crisis.

Mrs. Baker had several ladies visiting her that afternoon, and they all walked out to see her flower-garden. As they stood admiring a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, six of them, including Mrs.

aker, suddenly found themselves moving in a direct line toward China.

At the same instant, we heard a cracking and rumbling overhead; and as the lumps of dirt

mons came out looking as if the sharpest of the Indian weapons had been deftly wielded about her scalp. Perhaps her wig reposes to this day on the bald bumps of the phrenologist's model. Miss

Moore's muslin dress was badly torn on the stalactites; and Mrs. Baker's shoes, like the tiger's visitors in the fable, made no tracks away from that dread cave. If the loss of them could have saved her son from punishment, he at least would have been entirely satisfied.

As for Tommy and me, we did n't exactly want the hills to cover us—that we could have had by standing still. But we felt the desirability of immediate emigration. We ran down the gorge of the brook, and escaped to the woods, not venturing home until night-fall.

The next day, Tommy came over. He did not come into the house, but stole around to the woodshed, and gave a low whistle. I went out, and we sat down on a large billet of wood. "Old Burke was at our house this morning," said he.

"What did he want?" said I, a little nervously, apprehending some new peril.

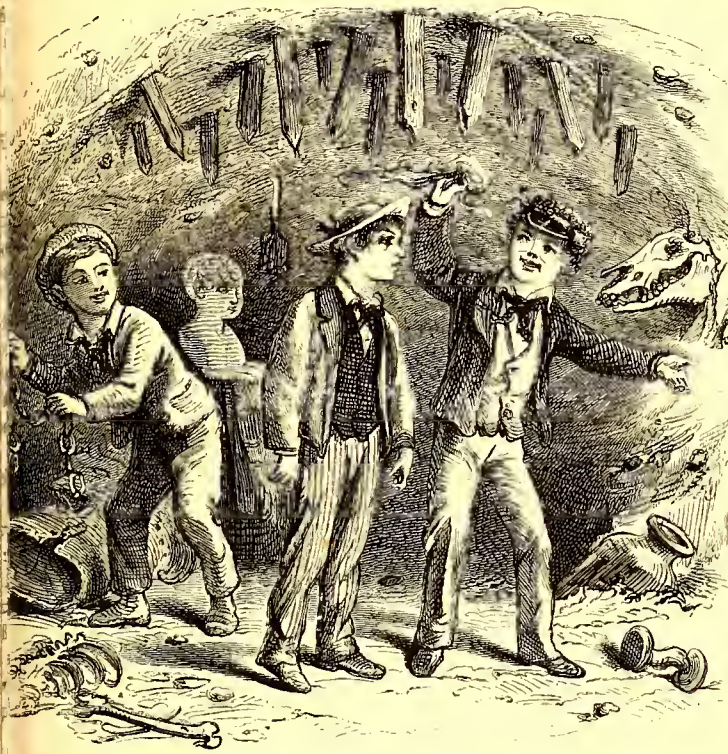
"He wanted to see father. He said he'd wondered what made the water that comes into his house so muddy these two or three weeks back. And yesterday the hydraulic ram stopped working, and he went and found it clogged up with dirt. And then he traced the muddy water up to the brook, until he came to where we threw the dirt over from the cave. That's what he wanted to see father about."

"What did your father say?"

"He said he was very sorry, and then he told him all about it. Then he said he was going to have the cave filled up, and not have any more such works. He's going to send me away to boarding-school next week."

Here Tommy looked very doleful, and a long pause ensued.

This would necessarily wind up the cave business, and dissolve the partnership. Tommy said



CHARLIE'S EYES ARE UNBANDAGED.

ed stalactites began to fall, Tommy cried out: "It's cavin' in! run!" and we hurriedly adjourned the debate, and fled out of the cavern in mortal terror.

We were none too quick. Six unprofitable visitors, who had not paid anything, and had no free passes, and were not blindfolded, were suddenly introduced into the midst of all the wonders of the Mammoth Cave, the Indian mounds, the catacombs, and Herculaneum. And they brought daylight with them, before which the glory and the mystery of those wonders vanished forever.

The screaming and the consternation that ensued may be imagined. Daddy Blake, who was working a garden two doors off, came promptly to the rescue. He wasted no time in approaching the cave by the winding passage, but got the long rope-ladder, let it down from the top, and helped the ladies out.

Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, but there is a terrible rumpling of toilets. Old Mrs. Sim-

nothing about dividing the profits, and I delicately reminded him that there must be a little cash in the treasury.

"There 's only three cents," said he.

"Yes," said I, "three cents."

"And that can't be divided evenly," said he.

"That's so," said I.

"And the cave was on our land," said he.

"Yes," said I, "it was on your land"—and added silently, "I'm glad it was."

"And, besides, I had to take a lickin'," he added, ruefully.

"Did you? That's too bad," said I, with genuine sympathy.

Tommy handed me one cent.

"That's fair," said I.

HOW THE "MARGARETTA" WAS CAPTURED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

ALMOST at the extreme limit of "Down East," in Maine, and on a river and bay of the same name, lies the good old town of Machias. At the date of the Revolution it contained about eighty families and one hundred single men.

No community in the thirteen colonies was more indignant than this at the usurpations of King George the Third and his Ministers; and none was more prompt in throwing off the British yoke when the signal was given.

In the Spring of 1775 there reached Machias the proclamation of the Massachusetts Congress, authorizing preparations for resistance to Great Britain; and, in a few days, a tall liberty pole was erected by the patriots of the village:

On Saturday, the ninth of May, intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached them, having been brought by the crews of two lumber sloops from Boston. The vessels had come for "pickets and plank," to be used by the British in defense of their position at Boston against the Americans. In order to secure the desired cargoes, and the safe return of the vessels, the British armed schooner "Margaretta" attended them as convoy.

When the captain of the schooner saw the liberty pole, he went on shore and informed the people that it must be taken down, or he should fire upon the town.

A meeting of the inhabitants was held within a few hours, but they voted not to take down the pole. The owner of the two sloops, a wealthy merchant trading in Boston and Machias, represented to the captain that the meeting was not fully attended; and he induced him to wait for the action of another meeting, to be called on Monday, before carrying out his threat.

The next day being Sunday, Captain Moore, of the "Margaretta," attended worship at the village church. During the service, he saw through a window some twenty men, with guns in their hands crossing the river on the logs. Suspecting a design of seizing him in church, the captain made his way over the seats to the nearest window, and, leaping through it, he ran to the shore, closely followed by his officers.

The party which he had seen, joined by others, hastened along the bank of the river in pursuit. But the crew of the "Margaretta" had observed the movements on shore, and, bringing her gun to bear, succeeded in keeping the pursuers at bay until the captain and his companions were on board.

The schooner soon dropped down the river, firing a few shots over the town as she got under way.

The party which had come across the river from the Pleasant River settlement, about twenty miles westward,—having been sent for the day before by the Machias people, who by no means intended to have their liberty pole taken down.

The Pleasant River men had only two or three charges of powder apiece; and the next day a woman arrived at Machias, having come all the way through the woods alone to bring her husband a horn of powder, which she had found after he had gone.

Early on Monday morning, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and, bringing her up to the wharf, gave three cheers, to call the attention of the villagers. Thirty-five athletic men were soon gathered at the wharf, and a design of capturing the "Margaretta" was made known to them. Arming themselves as well as they were

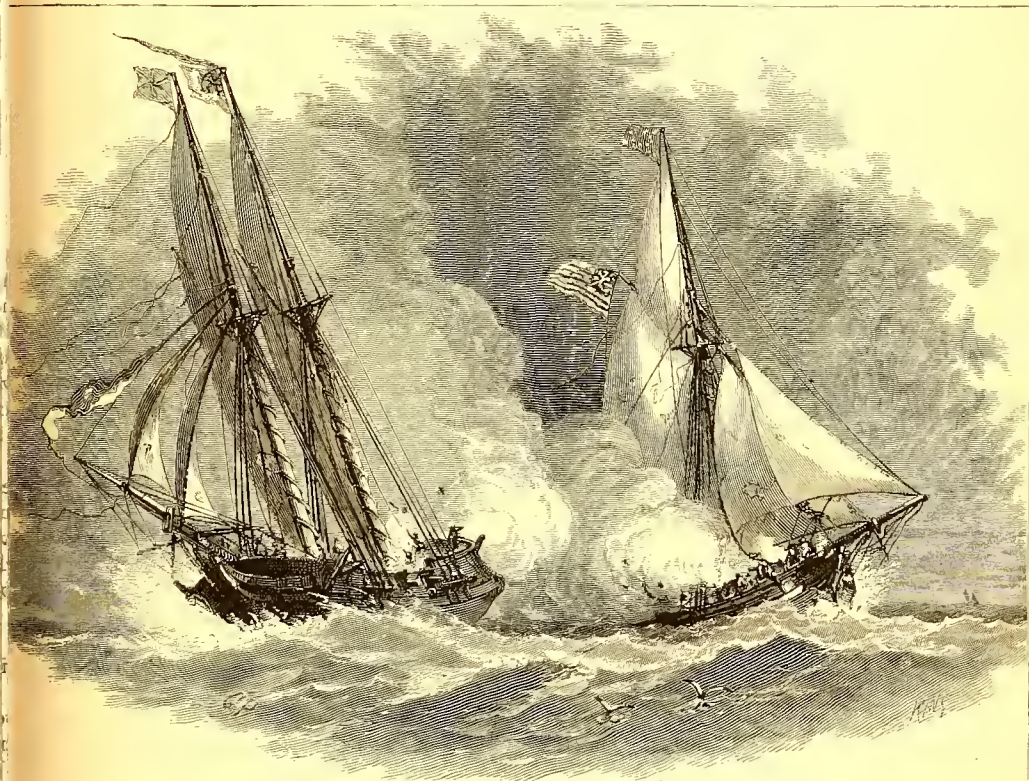
able at so brief a notice, they set sail in pursuit of the British vessel, which was lying at anchor a few miles below.

As yet, they had no commander; but an election was held on the way, by which Jeremiah O'Brien, the eldest of six noble brothers on board, was unanimously chosen captain. He immediately gave permission, for all who did not wish to venture in the attack, to leave the vessel, and three men accordingly went ashore in the boat.

When the "Margaretta" observed the approach

The "Margaretta" had an armament of four light deck guns and fourteen swivels; while the sloop had only a single cannon, rudely mounted, with which to return the fire. The first discharge killed the "Margaretta's" helmsman and cleared the quarter-deck. The schooner broached suddenly to windward, throwing the sails back, and bringing her deck into full view of her pursuers. Those of the patriots who had fire-arms instantly discharged them.

In a very few moments the vessels came together.



THE CHASE OF THE "MARGARETTA."

of the sloop, she weighed anchor and crowded on all sail to avoid a conflict. In changing her jib she carried away the boom; but, continuing her flight, she ran into Holmes' Bay, and took a spar from a vessel lying there.

While repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight; and the "Margaretta" stood out to sea, in hope still of avoiding her. So anxious was Captain Moore to avoid a collision, that he cut away his boats to increase the speed of his vessel; but this, too, was ineffectual. Finding the sloop fast closing upon him, he at length opened fire upon her.

Then ensued a contest with musketry, Captain Moore himself throwing hand-grenades into the sloop with considerable effect. An attempt was made by the patriots to board the schooner; but only one man—John O'Brien, brother of the commander—reached her deck. Seven of the British crew discharged their guns at him almost at the same moment, but not a ball struck him. Then they charged upon him with bayonets, but he escaped these by jumping overboard. The vessels had fallen some thirty yards apart; but he swam to the sloop, and was taken on board without having received any worse harm than a wetting.

The American vessel was again brought alongside the enemy, and twenty men, armed chiefly with pitchforks, sprang on board the schooner. Captain Moore had already fallen, pierced by two balls; and the conflict was so fierce that the officer left in command fled, panic-stricken, to the cabin.

Thus the schooner and her stores fell nearly uninjured into the hands of these brave freemen of Machias. The loss of the Americans was four killed and eight or nine wounded; that of the British was more than twice as many.

The "Margaretta" was the first British armed vessel captured by the Americans in the War of Independence. This enterprise was entirely a private one, the Continental Congress not having authorized any nautical force until the following October.

The Committee of Safety of Machias soon after sent John O'Brien, the hero of the action, with

despatches to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, where he was received with much applause. On the 26th of June, the Congress passed a vote of thanks to those engaged in this patriotic action at Machias, "for their courage and good conduct."

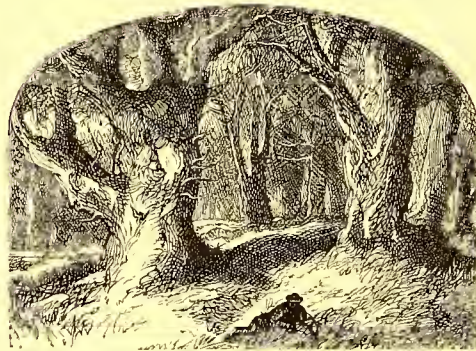
The swift little vessel of the patriots was afterward fitted up with the armament of the "Margaretta," and was named "The Liberty." A few weeks later she received a commission from Massachusetts, and did good service in protecting the coast from predatory incursions of the enemy.

Both the elder O'Briens soon became commanders of larger vessels, and pursued the business of privateering through the war.

The medicine-chest of the "Margaretta," with the name of that vessel upon it, and containing some of the medicines which it held when captured was in good preservation a few years ago at Machias, and it may be so at this date.

WORKING ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY RUTH KENYON.



"THE BIG TREES IN THE SHADY GROVE."

WHAT a hot day it was, that Fourth of July! But the children wanted to go, just the same; two long miles in open wagons under the full heat of a blazing sun was not to be thought of as an objection, when there was such a delightful picnic at the end, with games without number and a nice supper, all under the big trees in the shady grove.

"All the world is in for fun to-day, is n't it?" said Claude, as a bob-o-link sailed by. He was try-

ing how close he could go over the tops of the meadow grass, without hitting his glossy black and white wings; and was so perfectly full of jollity that all the time it bubbled over in the very merriest song you ever heard. And when they reached the woods they were surer than ever that it was holiday for the whole world; the squirrels were chattering, birds were singing, the brook was dancing, and there was a playful rustle among the leaves over-

head, as a little breeze came creeping among them. But with all this mirth about him, there was one old fellow who kept about his work; he was the Sun. It is true we thought at first that it was special fire-works, gotten up by him for Independence Day that sent the thermometer up to 94 degrees that noon; but in the end it proved there was never a bit of sport in it; he was doing his regular work. Up so far above, that he could see the dusty roads and the thirsty flowers; with such sharp ears that he could hear them crying for water; with sight so keen that he could peer away down under the ground and see how low the springs were getting, and how empty the wells, this good old friend decided he had too much work on hand to make a holiday, and so he went on with his business. He sent his very hottest rays down upon the lake and the river, and some of them to the little brook, where it went leaping through the meadow, and the little particles of water grew warm, very warm; and as they became warmer they began to feel strangely light, as if it would be very easy to fly, and they whispered to each other of this new feeling. And soon they grew so very light that they were lifted up by the air and floated away toward the sky,—first a few, then more and more, until hundreds and thousands of these wee particles were flying away. Higher they went, and still more followed, till the crowd reached from the lake to the very tops of the mountains.

Pretty soon the first ones met with a new friend, a gentle wind that was making a journey. It had just called upon Mt. Washington, and had brought some of her cool snowy air home with it. It was really refreshing on this warm day, and they stopped to chat with this cool breeze a moment; but the very first word with her chilled them through, and they pressed up to each other to get warm; the others coming up grew cold too, and as they crowded together people looked up from the picnic table and said, "There 's a cloud coming up; hope it wont rain before we get home," and then they very soon forgot all about it.

But more and more of the water reached the cool air, and larger grew the cloud. Grandma Perkins opened all her blinds and shut all her windows; Mr. Merchant drew up his awning and carried in the new prints he had stacked up in front of the store; and the people at the picnic wished the wagons would come to carry them home, but the wagons were two miles off.

Up in the cloud the tiny particles pressed closer together till they made great drops, and the same old heavy feeling came over them that they had in the lake; then they began to fall, down into the meadow and town over which the wind had drifted them, all over Farmer Chapin's hay, left out to dry; down on Grandma's windows to rinse them clean; down into the garden, where the lilies were holding up their cups to catch them, and where the rose-bushes clapped a cordial welcome with their shaking leaves. They visited the picnic grove too; thick and fast they pattered through the branches; there were no carriages to take the children, there was no roof to shelter them; they crowded under the table and behind the rocks; some thought it was fun, and laughed; some thought it anything else, and cried; those who wore their best dresses were sorry; those who came in the every-day prints were glad, for had n't they seen the wash-tub too often to be frightened by water?

But never mind, little people, who were troubled. The sun did n't mean to hurt you by working on a holiday, and casting the lake-water into the sky and sending it sprinkling down; he was only doing his work. And it soaked into the earth, away down to the empty springs, and they ran bubbling into the wells, and the sparkling water we drank at tea was all the fresher for the shower; and the cisterns were filled brim full, so that Peggy's eyes brightened at the thought of her Monday's washing. So what seems bad for us now may prove good for us in the end, or good for somebody else, and we 'll all be happy whatever comes, even if it is a shower in the midst of our picnic.



CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.



LITTLE Biddy O'Toole, on her three-leggid stool,
 Was 'atin' her praties so hot,
 Whin up shtep'd the pig,
 Wid his appetoite big,
 And Biddy vacated the spot.

TOM'S DELUGE.

BY MRS. H. HUDSON HOLLY.

ONCE there was a troublesome boy, named Tom, who was always in mischief. Not only that, but you never knew where to have him, for he was an original youth, and broke out constantly in unexpected places. He put the cat in walnut-shell boots and painted her pink and green in stripes. He took the wheels out of the parlor clock to make "penny-spinners;" and even that was not the worst thing he did.

One day his mamma and grown-up sisters went out, and Master Tom was left all alone in his glory. They did n't often commit such an oversight, since there was no telling what might happen before they came back; however, at first he happened to do

nothing more than to sit on the cover of the sewing-machine, drawing horses all over the fly-leaf of his sister's favorite copy of Tennyson. All once a bright idea struck him. He slapped down the book and jumped off the sewing-machine, exclaiming, "Good! I know what I'll do! I mean to set the water running in the bath-tub, and play with my Noah's ark!"

Thereupon, Master Tom jerked open the drawer where his toys were kept, jerked out the ark, cramming in several stray animals that were kicking up their heels in various corners, and scampered down to the bath-room, talking to himself all the while

"Now then, I must turn on both faucets, so as

hurry up the water as fast as possible. Goody! how deep it is getting! Make haste, Noah, don't stop to count the grasshoppers, but pile into your old ark and shut the door quick! There—now you're off—but it ought to be raining—if you're Noah in the ark. Oho! I'll start the shower-bath going!" and, presently, a highly respectable shower was pattering and rattling down, while Tom jumped up and down in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

All at once the front-door bell rang. "I wonder who *that* is?" thought Tom. He listened.

"Oh, there's Uncle George!" he cried; "I'm going down to see him this minute;" and forgetting all about poor Noah, away he scampered, slamming the bath-room door behind him, and leaving the water still running.

His uncle, with whom he was a great favorite, was waiting in the hall.

"Well, young monkey," he said, as Tom's curly head appeared at the top of the stairs, "do you want to take a drive to the park with me?"

"Oh, don't I though!" cried Tom. "Please, may I drive the *buckle*?" by which he meant being allowed to hold the reins where they were buckled together.

"Yes; just as you like—only hurry. I don't want to keep the horse standing."

Away flew Tom, but only to appear again in two minutes, and to scramble into the buggy like a lamplighter, when off they went. Meantime, the water was rising higher and higher in the bath-tub, and presently brimmed over and began to trickle slowly upon the floor. It ought to have passed off through the top drain, but, unluckily, the day before Master Tom had amused himself by plugging up the little holes. Soon a slow but steady stream was creeping under the door, and making little alternate puddles and waterfalls down the front stairs. And still nobody came home.

After about an hour of this, John, the black waiter came into the dining-room to lay the table for dinner. He was just standing by the sideboard arranging an elegant pyramid of fruit in a glass dish, when crash, bang! down fell big, square yards of plaster on top of his poor pate, and knocked

him flat upon the floor. The water had gradually soaked through the boards, and plaster ceilings will melt, you know, if not quite as easily as sugar, yet just as surely if you keep at them long enough.

Up rushed the cook, leaving the roasting turkey to take care of itself; and when she saw the condition of the dining-room, and poor John lying senseless on the floor, she began to scream murder, fire, and thieves, at the top of her voice, which so alarmed the housemaid, that she dropped her best duster into the parlor fire, and rushed all the way down the street calling for the police, before it occurred to her to find out what was the matter.

At this moment Tom's mother and sisters returned, and when they found the front door wide open, and a stream of water running along the entry and down the front steps, they were very nearly petrified with astonishment. Just then up came Tom and his uncle, who were walking home from the stables, where they had left the horse and buggy.

"Why, what is the matter here?" exclaimed his uncle; "have your pipes burst that you are all overflowed like this?"

Poor Tom! he turned as red as a beet and then as white as this paper, but he was a truthful little chap with all his faults, and, in a minute he burst out with, "Oh, mamma! oh, uncle! I did it—it's *my deluge*! oh, oh!"

"YOUR DELUGE?"

"Yes; I set the water running in the bath-room to play deluge with my Noah's ark, and I went out to ride and forgot all about it!"

"Did ever I hear!—" shouted Uncle George, and, rushing upstairs, two steps at a time, he flew into the bath-room and turned off the deluge in double-quick time.

It took all Tom's pocket-money, for ever so long, to pay the doctor who came to mend poor John's broken head, and I don't know how much of his papa's to replace the carpets which were ruined by the catastrophe. As for Noah's ark, every bit of the paint was washed off, and the animals swelled so, they could n't be got in at the door. But that did n't make much difference, for the ark itself soon fell to pieces; and as for Master Tom, he behaved beautifully for a whole week after that day.



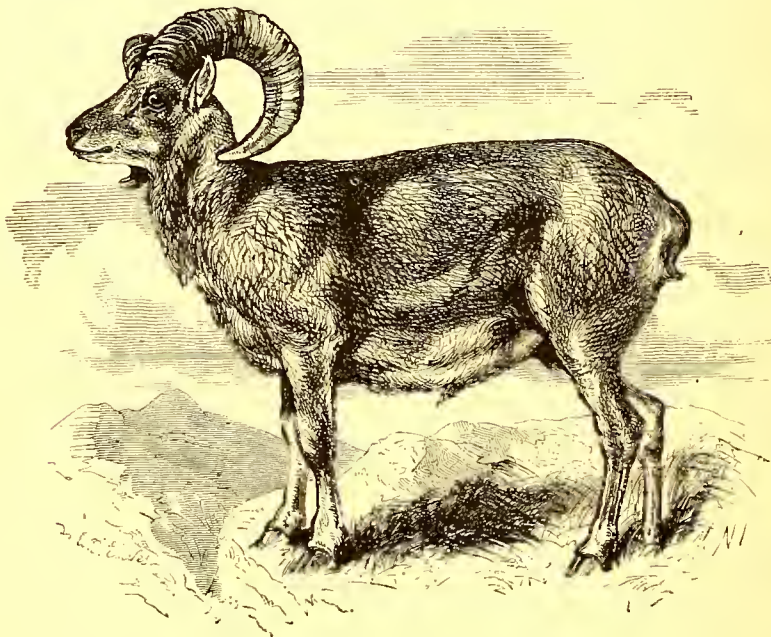
THE WILD SHEEP AND THE TAME.

BY ETHEL GALE.

WHEN looking at our common domestic sheep with his short and slender legs and his thick body covered with soft wool, did you ever think of how his first wild ancestors may have looked? Not much like their descendants, you may be sure. How do we know? Because there are still places where the wild sheep is found, looking, probably,

parts, and insides of the limbs, it is of a dirty white. Under the throat, and about the neck and shoulders the hair is considerably longer than elsewhere.

Now let us imagine our moufflon introduced to his very distant cousin, the fine merino sheep of our American farms. In manners—being restrained by our presence—they may probably manifest



THE MOUFFLON, OR WILD SHEEP.

just like his ancestors hundreds of years ago; for it is man's care and cultivation that have changed the looks of our domestic sheep.

The moufflon, or wild sheep, is still found on the hilly islands of Corsica, Sardinia, and Cyprus, and among the mountains of Greece, and of Central Asia; sometimes even straying into the plains of the latter continent. The moufflon is a good deal larger and stronger than our domestic sheep; his body is thinner, his legs longer and stouter, and—greatest difference of all—he is not covered with thick curling wool, but with hair. In summer this hair is thin, short and straight, but in winter it becomes thick, long and slightly curly, though never woolly. On the back and sides this hair is of a dark-brown color, while on the under

dignified courtesy, but we can fancy the remark that each is making to himself.

"Humph!" sniffs the moufflon; "I would like to see you in my native mountains, Cousin Merino. Those short, delicate legs of yours would n't be of much service in carrying your heavy body about among the rocks, I fear; and I think there should n't be a great deal left of that queer, thick coat of yours after a few hours of scrambling over stones and among the brambles. Ha! ha! would n't I like to see you trying to follow me around for a few hours! You'd pant even harder than you do now, I'm afraid. When I come to think about it, I don't know but it would be cruel to lead you such a chase, fat and heavy as you are. And then, don't believe you could see your way about ve-

well with the 'wool pulled over your eyes' in that ridiculous fashion. By the way, I wonder if you would consider the question as impertinent, if I were to ask you to tell me by what dreadful accident you have lost your tail?"

Meanwhile the delicate merino is eyeing his rough-haired relative with very compassionate glances.

"Poor fellow!" he says to himself; "poor fellow! How dreadfully Cousin Moufflon must suffer from the cold in winter, with nothing but that short hair to protect him! And how shockingly thin he is, to be sure! I'm afraid the poor creature must be very weak. But, dear me! I shall be quite ashamed to introduce him about, for I should n't think he had been well washed once in his lifetime, or even sheared! And then he has

allowed his tail to grow, until, after awhile, it will be almost long enough for a calf! If it were not for his voice, which certainly bears a strong resemblance to the melodious tones of all our family, I could scarcely believe him to be a relative. It is true his pronunciation is a little peculiar, so that I can't understand him very well, but his deep bass tones are indeed charming. I am sure he will be welcomed as a choice addition to our select choir. Baa-a-a-a, Cousin Moufflon, will you walk down and be introduced to the rest of the flock?"

"Baa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a, Cousin Merino, you're a very obliging fellow, after all."

And as the two walk off together the moufflon is casting about in his mind to find the least disagreeable way to satisfy his curiosity about how his cousin lost his tail.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VICTORY.

PEAKSLOW halted in the gap of the fence, his fury cooling before Lord Betterson's steady eyes and quiet threat.

Betterson went on, speaking deliberately, while his poised and ready barrels gave emphasis to his remarks:

"You've talked a good deal of shooting, one time and another, friend Peakslow. I think it is about time to have done with that foolishness. Excuse my frankness."

"I've a right to defend my property and my premises!" said Peakslow, glowing and fuming, but never stepping beyond the gap.

"What property or premises, good neighbor? The horse is this young man's; and nobody has set foot on your land."

"That dog was on my land."

"And so was the horse," put in Jack.

"Take him off, pa! he's smotherin' on me!" shouted Zeph.

"Your boy is abusin' mine. I'll take care o' him!" And Peakslow set a foot over the two lower rails left in the gap.

"You'd better stay where you are,—accept a friend's disinterested advice," remarked Betterson.

"If your boy had been on the right side of the fence, minding his own business,—you will bear

with me if I am quite plain in my speech,—my boy would have had no occasion to soil his hands with him."

Peakslow appeared quite cowed by this unexpected show of determination in his easy-going neighbor. He stood astride the rails, just where Betterson had arrested his advance, and contented himself with urging Dud to the rescue of his brother.

"Why do ye stan' there and see Zeph treated that way? Why don't ye pitch in?"

"That's a game two can play at," said Jack. "Hands off, Dud, my boy." And he stood by to see fair play.

"My boy had a right on that land; it's by good rights mine to-day!" exclaimed Peakslow.

"We wont discuss that question; it has been settled oncc, neighbor," replied Betterson. "Rufus, I think you've done enough for that boy; his face is blacker than I ever saw it, which is saying a good deal. Let him go. Mr. Peakslow,"—with a bow of gracious condescension over the frayed stock,—"you are welcome to as much of this disputed territory as you can shake out of that youngster's clothes,—not any more."

"That seems to be a good deal," said Jack, laughing to see Zeph scramble up, gasping, blubbing, flirting soil from his clothes and hair, and clawing it desperately from his besmeared face.

"That's for daring me to fight you," said Rufe,

as he let him go. "I'll pay you some other time for what you did to Cecie;" while Zeph went off howling.

"No more, Rufus," said Betterton. "Come and put up this fence."

"I'll do that," said Jack. "I'm bound to leave it as I found it; if Mr. Peakslow will please step either forward or back."

Peakslow concluded to step back; and Jack and Rufe laid up the corner, rail by rail.

"Don't you think you've played me a perty shabby trick?" said Peakslow, glaring at Jack.

"You are hardly the man to speak with a very good grace of *anybody's* shabby tricks," Jack replied, putting up the top rail before the hooked nose.

"I did n't think it of you!" And Peakslow cast longing eyes after the horse.

"You must have forgotten what you thought," said Jack. "You did n't dare turn the horse out till Zeph told you I'd gone home; and it seems you kept pretty close watch of him then."

Peakslow choked back his wrath, and muttered:

"Ye might 'a' gi'n me suthin' for my trouble."

"So I would, willingly, if you had acted decently."

"Gi' me suthin' now, and settle it."

"I consider it already settled,—like your land-claim dispute," said Jack. "But no matter; how much do you want? Don't bid too high, you know."

"Gi' me a dollar, anyhow!"

Jack laughed.

"If I should give you enough to pay for the charge in your gun, would n't that satisfy you? Though, as you did n't fire it at me, I don't quite see that I ought to defray the expense of it. Good-bay, Mr. Peakslow."

Jack went to find the chicken that had been shot; and Peakslow vented his rage upon his neighbor across the fence.

"What a pattern of a man you be! stuck-up, struttin',—a turkey-gobbler kind of man, I call ye. Think I'm afraid o' yer gun?"

"I have no answer to make to remarks of that nature," said Lord Betterton, retiring from the fence.

"Haint, hey?" Peakslow roared after him. "Feel above a common man like me, do ye? Guess I pay *my* debts. If I set out to build, guess I look out and not bu'st up 'fore I get my paintin' and plasterin' done. Nothin' to say to me, hey?"

Betterton coolly resumed his slow and stately march across the buckwheat, looking for prairie chickens.

"You puffed-up, pompous, would-be 'ristocrat!" said Peakslow, more and more furious, "where'd

you be if your relations did n't furnish ye money? Poorer'n ye be now, I guess. What if I should tell ye what yer neighbors say of ye? Guess ye would n't carry yer head so plaguy high!"

Two chickens rose from before Betterton's feet and flew to right and left. With perfect coolness and precision of aim he fired and brought down one, then turned and dropped the other, with scarce an interval of three seconds between the reports.

"This is a very pretty piece of yours," he observed smilingly, with a stately wave of the hand toward Jack.

"I never saw anything so handsomely done," exclaimed Jack, bringing the chicken previous shot.

At the same time he could not help glancing with some apprehension at Peakslow, not knowing what that excitable neighbor might do, now that Betterton's two barrels were empty.

"I think I will stay and have one or two more shots," said Betterton. "A very pretty piece indeed!"

The muttering thunder of Peakslow's wrath died away in the distance, as he retired with his force. Rufe picked up the last two prairie chickens and followed Jack, who ran to overtake the dog and horse.

Lion still held the bridle rein, letting Snowfoot nip the grass that grew along the borders of the corn, but keeping him from the corn itself. Jack patted and praised the dog, and stroked and caressed the horse, looking him all over to see if he had received any fresh injury.

Then Rufe joined him; and presently Wad came bounding down the slope from the barn, laughing and carrying Jack's coat; and Link appeared, running and limping, having hurt his ankle in jumping down from the cowshed. Behind came Chokie, trudging on his short legs, and tumbling and sprawling at every few steps.

The boys were jubilant over the victory; and Jack was the object of loud congratulations; while Lion and Snowfoot formed the center of the little group.

"Much obliged to you, Wad," said Jack, as they re-exchanged coats and hats. "Thanks to you I've got my horse again. Thanks to all of you Boys, I was perfectly astonished at your father's pluck!" And he could not help thinking what a really noble specimen of a man Betterton might have made, if he had not been standing on his dignity and waiting for legacies all his life.

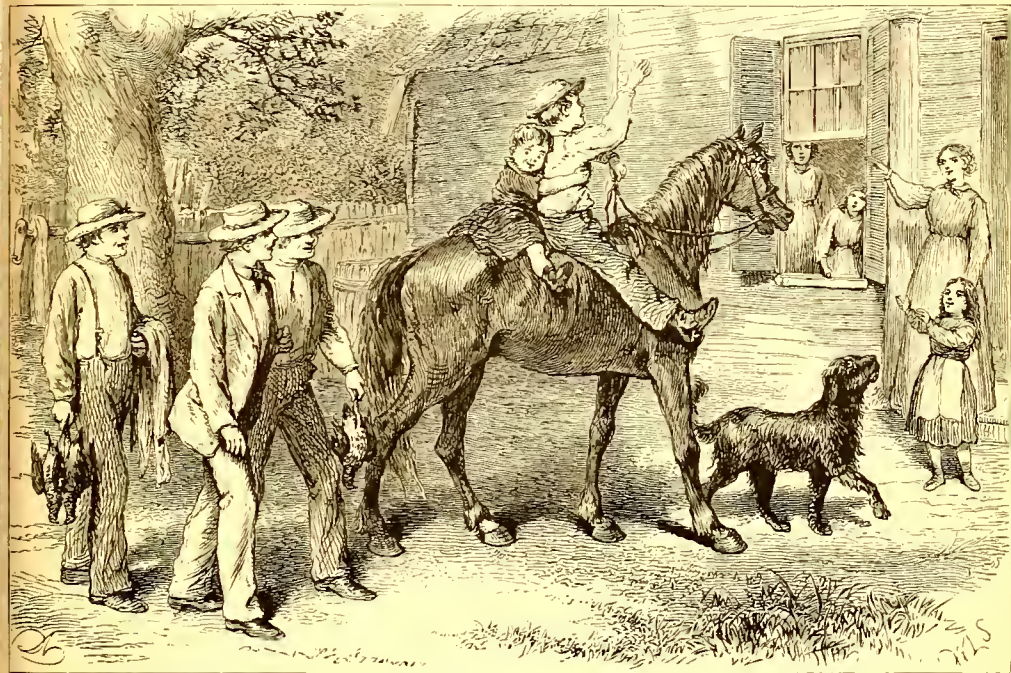
"Not many folks know what sort of a man father is," replied Rufe. "Peakslow would have found out, if he had drawn a bead on you. How quick he stopped, and changed countenance! He can

overn his temper when he finds he must; and he can cinge and crawl when he sees it 's for his interest. think of his asking you at last—after you had got our horse in spite of him, and at the risk of your fe—think of his begging you to give him a dollar!”

Jack said: “Look at that galled spot on Snowfoot's neck! Peakslow has got all he could out of im the past week,—kept him low and worked

delighted Lill clapped her hands, and Mrs. Betterson and Cecie looked eagerly from the window, as the little procession approached the house,—Lion walking sedately before, then Link and Chokie riding the lost horse, and Jack and Rufe and Wad following with the prairie chickens.

More congratulations. Then Lord Betterson came from the field with another bird. Then Snowfoot was saddled, and Jack, with dog and gun,



THE PROCESSION APPROACHES THE HOUSE.

aim hard in a cruel collar. Never mind, old Snowfoot! better times have come now, for both of us. Here, Link, you are lame; want a ride?”

Link did want a ride, of course,—who ever saw a boy that did n't? Jack took hold of his foot and helped him mount upon Snowfoot's back; then called to Chokie, who was getting up from his last tumble (with loud lamentations), a few yards off.

“Here, Chokie; don't cry; fun isn't all over yet; you can ride too.” Tossing the urchin up, Jack set him behind Link. “Hold on now, Chokie; hug brother tight!”

Both chubby arms reaching half around Link's waist, one chubby cheek pressed close to Link's suspender, and two chubby legs sticking out on Snowfoot's back, Chokie forgot his griefs, and, with the tear-streaks still wet on his cheeks, enjoyed the fearful pleasure of the ride.

Vinnie's bright face watched from the door, the

and two of the prairie chickens, took leave of his friends, and rode home in triumph.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VINNIE IN THE LION'S DEN.

WHEN Link the next morning went to the spring for water he found that the Peakslow boys (it could have been nobody else) had, by a dastardly trick, taken revenge for the defeat of the day before.

Link came limping back (his ankle was still sore) with an empty pail, and loud complaints of the enemy.

“They've been and gone and filled the spring with earth and leaves and sticks, and all sorts of rubbish! It will take an hour to dig it out, and then all day for the water to settle and be fit to drink.”

“Those dreadful Peakslow boys! what *shall* we

do?" Caroline said despairingly. "No water for breakfast, and no near neighbors but the Peakslows; but their well is the last place where we should think of going for water."

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" said Link. "I'll go to-night and give 'em such a dose in their well, that they wont want any water from it for the next two months! I know where there 's a dead rabbit. The Peakslows don't get the start of us!"

"I don't see but that one of the boys will have to go to Mr. Wiggett's for water," said poor Caroline, bemoaning her troubles.

"Rufe and Wad are doing the chores," said Link, "and I'm lame. Besides, you don't catch one of us going to old Wiggett's for water, for we should have to pass Peakslow's house, and it would please 'em too well."

"Let me take the pail; I will get some water," said Vinnie.

"Why, Lavinia dear!" Caroline exclaimed, "what are you thinking of? Where are you going?"

"To Mr. Peakslow's," Vinnie answered with a smile.

"Going into the lion's den! Don't think of such a thing, Lavinia dear!"

"No, by sixty!" cried Link. "I don't want them boys to sass you! I'd rather go a mile in the other direction for water,—both the lame foot!"

But Vinnie quietly persisted, saying it would do no harm for her to try; and putting on her bonnet, she started off with the empty pail.

I cannot say that she felt no misgivings; but the consciousness of doing a simple and blameless act helped to quiet the beating of her heart as she approached the Peakslow door.

It was open, and she could see the family at breakfast within, while the loud talking prevented her footsteps from being heard.

Besides Dud and Zeph, there were three or four younger children, girls and boys, the youngest of whom—a child with bandaged hands and arms—sat in its father's lap.

Vinnie remembered the swarthy face, bushy beard and hooked nose; and yet she could hardly believe that this was the same man who once showed her such ruffianly manners on the wharf in Chicago. He was fondling and feeding the child, and talking to it, and drumming on the table with his knife to amuse it and still its complaining cries.

"Surely," thought Vinnie, "there must be some good in a man who shows so much affection even toward his own child." And with growing courage she advanced to the threshold.

Mrs. Peakslow—a much bent, over-worked woman, with a pinched and peevish face—looked

up quickly across the table and stared at the strange visitor. In a moment all eyes were turned upon Vinnie.

"I beg your pardon," she said, pausing at the door. "I wish to get a pail of water. Can I go to your well and help myself?"

The children—and especially Dud and Zeph—looked in astonishment at the bright face and girlish form in the door-way. As Mr. Peakslow turned his face toward her, all the tenderness went out of it.

"What do Betterton's folks send here for water for? And what makes 'em send a gal? Why don't they come themselves?"

"They did not send me," Vinnie answered as pleasantly as she could. "I came of my own accord."

Peakslow wheeled round in his chair.

"Queer sort of folks, they be! An' seems to me you must be queer, to be stoppin' with 'em."

"Mrs. Betterton is my sister," replied Vinnie in a trembling voice. "I came to her because she is sick, and Cecie—because I was needed," she said, avoiding the dangerous ground of Zeph's offense.

"I've nothin' partic'lar ag'in' Mis' Betterton as I know on," said Peakslow, "though of course she sides with him ag'in' me, an' of course *you* side with *her*."

"I've nothing to do with Mr. Betterton's quarrels," Vinnie answered, drawing back from the door. "Will you kindly permit me to get a pail of water? I am sorry if I give you any trouble."

"No trouble; water's cheap," said Peakslow. "But why don't they have a well o' their own 'ste'd o' dependin' on their neighbors? What makes 'em so plaguy shif'less?"

"They have a well, but it is dry this Summer and ——"

"Dry every Summer, aint it? What a way to dig a well that was!"

"They have a very good spring," Vinnie said "but something happened to it last night;" at which Dud and Zeph giggled and looked sheepish.

"What happened to the spring?"

"Somebody put rubbish into it and spoiled the water."

"Who done it, did you hear 'em say?"

"I don't know who did it; and I should be sorry to accuse any person of such an act," Vinnie answered with firm but serene dignity.

The boys looked more sheepish and giggled less.

"I know who put stuff in the spring," spoke up a little one, proud of being able to convey useful information; "Dud and Zeph ——"

But at that moment Dud's hand stopped the prattler's mouth.

"I don't believe my boys have done anything o

ne kind," said Peakslow; "though 't would n't be strange if they did. See how that great lubberly tufe treated our Zeph yist'day! rubbed the dirt into his skin so 't he ha' n't got it washed out yit."

"I am sorry for these misunderstandings," said Vinnie, turning to Mrs. Peakslow with an appealing look. "I wish you and my sister knew each other better. You have a sick child, too, I see."

"'T aint sick, 'xac'ly," replied the mother in a peevish, snarling tone. "Pulled over the teapot, and got hands and arms scalt."

"Oh! poor little thing!" Vinnie exclaimed. "What have you done for it?"

"Haint done nothin' much, only wrapped up the blistered places in Injin meal; that 's coolin'."

"No doubt; but I've some salve, the best thing in the world for burns. I wish you would let me bring you some."

"I guess Bubby 'll git along 'thout no help from outside," said Peakslow, his ill-natured growl softened by a feeling of tenderness for the child, which just then came over him. "He 's weathered the rust on 't."

But Bubby's fretful cries told that what was left was bad enough.

"I will bring you the salve," said Vinnie, "and I hope you will try it; it is so hard to see these little ones suffer."

She was retiring, when Peakslow called after her:

"Goin' 'thout the water?"

"I—thought—you had not told me I could have it."

"Have it! of course you can have it; I would n't refuse nobody a pail o' water. Ye see where the well is?"

"O yes; thank you." And Vinnie hastened to the curb.

"She can't draw it," snickered Zeph. "Handle's broke; and the crank 'll slip out of her hands and knock her to Jericho, if she don't look out."

"Seems to be a perty spoken gal," said Peakslow, turning to finish his breakfast. "I've nothin' ag'in' her. You've finished your breakfast; better go out, Dudley, and tell her to look out about the crank."

With mixed emotions in his soul, Dud went; his countenance enlivened at one and the same time with a blush of boyish bashfulness and a malicious grin. As he drew near, and saw Vinnie embarrassed with the windlass, which seemed determined to let the bucket down too fast (as if animated with a genuine Peakslow spite toward her), the grin predominated; but when she turned upon him a troubled, smiling face, the grin subsided, and the blush became a general conflagration, extending to the tips of his ears.

"How does 't go?"

"It 's inclined to go altogether too fast," said Vinnie, stopping the windlass; "and it hurts my hands."

"Le' me show ye."

And Dud, taking her place by the curb, let the windlass revolve with moderated velocity under the pressure of his rough palms, until the bucket struck the water. Then, drawing it up, he filled her pail.

The grin had by this time faded quite out of his countenance; and when she thanked him sweetly and sincerely for helping her, the blush became a blush of pleasure.

"It is more than I can carry," she said. "I shall have to pour out some."

Thereupon Dud Peakslow astonished himself by an extraordinary act of gallantry.

"I'll carry it for ye as far as the road; I'd carry it all the way, if 't was anywhere else." And he actually took up the pail.

"You seem to have a very bad opinion of my relations," Vinnie said.

"Good reason! They hate us, too!"

"And think *they* have good reason. But I'm sure you are not so bad as they believe; and *you* may possibly be mistaken about *them*. Let me take the pail now. You are very kind."

Dud gave up the pail with reluctance, and gazed after her up the road, his stupid mouth ajar with an expression of wistful wonder and pleasure.

"Hurry now and git up the team, Dud!" his father called from the door. "What ye stan'in' there for? Did n't ye never see a gal afore?"

When Vinnie reached home with her pail of water, all gathered around, eager to hear her adventure.

"The lions were not very savage, after all," she said, laughing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN "EXTRAORDINARY" GIRL.

AFTER breakfast Vinnie left Lill to "do the dishes," and went with her box of salve to fulfill her promise to Mrs. Peakslow. Dud and Zeph were off at work with their father; and she was glad to find the mother alone with the younger children.

"Oh! you ag'in?" said Mrs. Peakslow, by the chimney, looking up from a skillet she was stooping over and scraping. "Ye need n't 'a' took the trouble. Guess Bubby's burns 'll git along."

But Vinnie was not to be rebuffed.

"I have brought some linen rags to spread the salve on. Will you let me do it myself? I wish you would; the poor thing is suffering so."

And Vinnie knelt down beside the girl who was holding Bubby in her arms.

"Is 't any o' the Betterson folks's sa'v'?" Mrs. Peakslow inquired, scraping away at her skillet.

"No; it is some I brought from the East with me, thinking I should find a use for it in my sister's family; it is good for various things."

"Better keep it for her family!" snarled Mrs. Peakslow. Scrape, scrape.

"There 's plenty and to spare," said Vinnie, unrolling her rags. "And my sister will be only too glad if it can be of any service to you."

"Think so?" Mrs. Peakslow stopped her scraping and scowled at Vinnie. "Her folks ha' n't never showed us none too much good-will."

"They have never known you—you have never understood each other," said Vinnie. "It is too bad that the troubles between the men should prevent you and her from being on neighborly terms. Can I use a corner of this table to spread the salve? And can I see the little thing's burns, so as to shape the plasters to cover them?"

"He tol' me not to use the sa'v', if ye brought it," said Mrs. Peakslow doubtfully, laying down the skillet.

"When he sees the good effect of it I am sure he wont complain; he is too fond of his little boy," said Vinnie, placing rags and salve on the table. "Will you let me take a case-knife and a pair of scissors?"

"Got rags enough of my own. Need n't trouble yourself to cut and spread plasters. *Try* the sa'v', 'f ye say so."

Vinnie did say so, and dressed Bubby's burns with her own hands, doing the work so deftly and tenderly, talking now to the child, now to the mother, who had taken him into her lap, and showing in every look and tone so cheerful and sweet a spirit that poor Mrs. Peakslow's peevish heart warmed and softened toward her.

"I do declare," she said, as the outer bandages were going on, "Bubby feels comforted a'ready. Must be dreffle good sa'v'! *Much* obleeged to ye, I'm sure. How *is* yer sister, Mis' Betterson?"

"Much better than she was; and the baby is better too. Indeed," said Vinnie, "I think the baby will get well as soon as the mother does."

"And Cecie—how's Cecie?" Mrs. Peakslow timidly asked.

"O, Cecie is in very good spirits. She is the most gentle, patient, beautiful girl you ever saw! She never complains; and she is always so grateful for any little thing that is done for her!"

"S'pose the folks feel hard to our Zeph; don't they?"

"I believe the boys do, and you can hardly wonder at it, Mrs. Peakslow," said Vinnie; "their own dear sister! crippled for life, perhaps. But Cecie wont allow that your son *meant* to hurt her;

she always takes his part when the subject brought up."

"Does she?" exclaimed Mrs. Peakslow, surprised into sudden tears. "I would n't 'a' believe that! Must *be* she's a good gal. Truth is, Zeph had n't no notion o' hurtin' on her. It's re'lly troubled me,—it's troubled all on us, though don't s'pose her folks 'll believe it."

And Mrs. Peakslow, not finding it convenient to get at her apron, with Bubby in her lap, wiped her eyes with a remnant of Vinnie's rags.

"Is n't it too sad that this quarrel is kept up?" said Vinnie.

"O dear me! nobody knows," said Mrs. Peakslow, in a quivering voice, "what a life it is! Our folks is *some* to blame, I s'pose. But the Bettersons have been *so* aggravatin'! Though I've nothin' ag'in' the gals. They're as perty gals as I'd ask to have play with my children. My children is sufferin' for mates. I want society, too, fo' it's a dreffle life—a dreffle life!" And the quivering voice broke into sobs.

Vinnie was surprised and pained at this outburst and hardly knew what reply to make.

"Lyddy, wipe them dishes!" Mrs. Peakslow went on again, sopping her eyes with the remnant of rags. "Lecty Ann! here, take Bubby. 'Scuse me, miss; I d'n' know what sot me goin' this way but my heart's been shet up so long; I've *so* wanted sympathy!" And now the apron did service in place of the rags.

"Yes, I know," said Vinnie. "This is a lone some country, unless you have friends around you. There need to be a few nice people here—people from the East; you are from the East, I suppose?"

"O yes; but *he* a'nt a very social man, an' he 's dreffle sot in his way. He don't go out nowheres, 'thout he has business, an' he don't think there 's any need of a woman's goin' out. So there it is. The Wiggetts, our neighbors on one side, a'nt our kind o' people; then there 's the Bettersons on t' other side. An' there 's allus so many things a wife has to put up with, an' hold her tongue. O dear! O dear! Keep to your work, gals! hear?"

There was something almost comical in this sharp and shrill winding-up of the good woman's pathetic discourse; but Vinnie never felt less like laughing.

"I am glad you can speak freely to me," she said. "I 'll come and see you again, if you will let me; and I want you some time to come and see my sister."

"I d'n' know! I d'n' know!" said Mrs. Peakslow, still weeping. "*You* may come *here*,—like to have ye,—only it 'll be jest as well if you time your visits when me an' the gals is alone; you know what men-folks be."

"You are really an extraordinary girl, Lavinia

ear!" Caroline said, when Vinnie went home and told her story. "Did you know it?"

Vinnie laughed.

"Why, no; I never thought of such a thing; but I do come so very natural."

"Extraordinary!" Caroline repeated, regarding her admiringly. "I'm proud of such a sister. I always told Mr. Betterton there was good blood on our side too. I wonder what Radcliff would think of you."

Vinnie sincerely believed that so fine a young gentleman would not think anything of her at all,

"Mrs. Presbit brought me up to the wholesome belief that I was quite plain."

"That was to prevent you from becoming vain. Vanity, you know," said Caroline, with her most exquisite simper, "spoils so many girls! I'm thankful it does n't run in *our* family! But did n't your glass undeceive you?"

"On the contrary; I used to look in it and say to myself: 'It is a very *common* face; I *wish* it was pretty, but Aunt Presbit is right; I'm a homely little thing!'"

"And you felt bad?"

"I never mourned over it; though, of course, I should have much preferred to be handsome."

"And has n't anybody ever told you you *were* handsome?"

Vinnie blushed.

"Of course, I've heard a good deal of nonsense talked now and then."

"Lavinia dear, you *are* extraordinary. And handsome, though not in the usual sense of the word. Your face *is* rather common, in repose, but it lights up wonderfully. And, after all, I don't know that it is so much your face, as the expression you throw into it, that is so enchanting. What *would* Radcliff Betterton say to you, I wonder?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANOTHER HUNT, AND HOW IT ENDED.

JACK had one day been surveying a piece of land a few miles east of Long Woods. It was not very late in the afternoon when he finished his work; and he found that, by going a little out of his way, and driving rather fast, he could, before night, make Vinnie and her friends a call, and perhaps give Mrs. Wiggett the promised noon-mark on her kitchen floor.

Leaving in due time the more traveled thoroughfare, he turned off upon the neighborhood road, which he knew passed through the woods and struck the river road near Betterton's house. Away on his left lay the rolling prairie, over a crest of which he, on a memorable occasion, saw Snowfoot disappear with his strange rider; and he was fast approaching the scene of his famous deer hunt.

Jack had his gun with him; and, though he did not stop to give much attention to the prairie hens which now and then ran skulkingly across the track, or flew up from beside his buggy wheels, he could not help looking for larger game.

"I'd like to see another doe and fawn feeding off on the prairie there," thought he. "Wonder if I could find some obliging young man to drive them in!"

He whipped up Snowfoot, and presently, riding



LORD BETTERTON.

but feared it might seem like affectation in her to say so.

"And I wonder," Caroline continued, with the usual simper which her favorite theme inspired, "what you would think of Radcliff. Ah, Lavinia dear! it is a comfort for me to reflect that it was a Betterton—nobody less than a thorough-bred Betterton—who took the place in our family which you would otherwise have filled."

Evidently Caroline's conscience was not quite easy on the subject of her early neglect of so "extraordinary" a sister; for she often alluded to it in this way. Vinnie now begged her not to mention it again.

"And you really cherish no hard feelings?"

"None whatever."

"You are *very* good. And pretty; did you know it? Quite pretty."

Vinnie laughed again.

over a swell of land, discovered a stranger walking on before him in the road.

"No deer or fawn," thought he; "but there's possibly an obliging young man."

As he drove on, fast overtaking the pedestrian, Jack was very much struck by his appearance. He was a slender person; he walked at a loitering pace; and he carried his coat on his arm. There was something also in the jaunty carriage of the head, and in the easy slouch of the hat-brim, which startled Jack.

"I vow, it's my obliging young man himself!" he muttered through his teeth,—“or a vision of him!”

Just then the stranger, hearing the sound of wheels, cast a quick glance over his shoulder. It was the same face, and Jack could almost have taken his oath to the quid in the cheek.

He was greatly astonished and excited. It seemed more like a dream than anything else, that he should again meet with the person who had given him so much trouble, so near the place where he had seen him first, in precisely similar hat and soiled shirt-sleeves, and carrying (to all appearances) the same coat on his arm!

The stranger gave no sign of the recognition being mutual, but stepped off upon the road-side to let the buggy pass.

"How are you?" said Jack, coming up to him, and drawing rein; while Lion snuffed suspiciously at the rogue's heels.

"All right, stranger; how are you yourself?" And a pair of reckless dark eyes flashed saucily up at Jack.

"Better than I was that night after you ran off with my horse!" Jack replied.

"Glad you're improving. Wife on the mending hand? And how are the little daisies? Which is the road to Halleluia Corners? I branch off here; good day, fair stranger."

These words were rattled off with great volubility, which seemed all the greater because of their surprising irrelevancy.

Before Jack could answer, the youth, with a wild laugh, struck off from the road, and began to walk fast toward the woodland. Jack called after him:

"Hold on! I want to speak with you!"

"Speak quick, then; I'm bound for the Kingdom,—will you go to glory with me?" the rogue shouted back over his shoulder, with a defiant grin, never slacking his pace.

Jack gave Snowfoot a touch of the whip, reined out of the track, and drove after him.

The fellow at the same time quickened his step to a run, and before he could be overtaken he had come to rough ground, where fast driving was dangerous.

Jack pulled up unwillingly, revolving rapidly in his mind what he should do. Though he had recovered his horse, he felt the strongest desire to have the thief taken and punished. Moreover, he had lately seen the truckman to whom the stole animal was sold, and had promised to do what he could to help him obtain justice.

He might have leveled his gun and threatened to shoot the fugitive; but he would not have felt justified in carrying out such a threat, and recent experience had disgusted him with the shooting business.

He would have jumped from the wagon, and followed on foot; but, though a good runner, he was convinced that his heels were no match for the stranger's. There was then but one thing to do.

"Stop, or I'll let the dog take you!" Jack yelled.

For reply, the fugitive threw up his hand over his shoulder, with fingers spread, and thumb pointing toward the mid-region of countenance occupied by the nose; which did not, however, take the trouble to turn and make itself visible.

Lion was already eager for the chase; and Jack had only to give him a signal.

"Take care of him, Lion!" and away sped the dog.

Fleet of foot as the fellow was, and though he now strained every nerve to get away, the distance between him and the dog rapidly diminished; and a hurried glance behind showed him the swift, black powerful animal, coming with terrible bounds, and never a bark, hard at his heels.

The thickets were near,—could he reach them before the dog reached him? Would they afford him a refuge, or a cudgel? He threw out his quick and leaned to his work.

Jack drove after as fast as he could, in order to prevent mortal mischief when Lion should bring down his game; for the dog, when too much interested with a foe, had an overmastering instinct for searching out the windpipe and jugular vein.

The rogue had reached the edge of the woods when he found himself so closely pursued that he seemed to have no resource but to turn and dash his coat into the dog's face. That gave him an instant's reprieve; then Lion was upon him again and he had just time to leap to the low limb of a scraggy oak-tree, and swing his lower limbs free from the ground, when the fierce eyes and red tongue were upon the spot.

Lion gave one leap, but missed his mark, the trap-like jaws snapping together with a sound which could not have been very agreeable to the youth whose dangling legs had been actually grazed by the passing muzzle.

With a wistful, whining yelp, Lion gave another

upward spring; and this time his fangs closed upon something—only cloth, fortunately; but as the thief clambered up out of their range, it was

“My horse is n’t in the habit of running away without help. Will you come down?”

“I was just going to invite you to come up. I’ll share my lodgings with you,—give you an upper berth. A very good tavern; rooms airy, fine prospect; though the table don’t seem to be very well supplied, and I can’t say I fancy the entrance. ‘Sich gittin’ up-stairs I never did see!’”

Jack checked this flow of nonsense by shouting: “Will you come down, or not?”

“Suppose not?” said the fellow.

“Then I leave the dog to guard the door of your tavern, and go for a warrant and a constable, to bring you down.”

“What would you have me come down for? You seem to be very pressing in your attentions to a stranger!”

“Don’t say stranger,—you who drove the deer in for me! I am anxious to pay you for that kindness. I want you to ride with me.”

“Why did n’t you say so before?” cried the rogue. “I always ride when you ask me to, don’t I? Say, did you ever know me to refuse when you offered me a ride? Which way are you going?”

“Down through the woods,” said Jack, amused, in spite of himself, at the scamp’s reckless gayety.

“Why, that’s just the way I am going! Why did n’t you mention it? I never should have put up at this tavern if I had thought a friend would come along and give me a lift in his carriage. Please relieve the guard, and I’ll descend.”

The dog was driven off, and the youth dropped from the branches to the ground.

“Pick up your coat,” said Jack, “and do pretty much as I tell you now, or there’ll be trouble. None of your tricks this time!”

He held the reins and the gun while he made the fellow get into the buggy; then took his seat, with the prisoner on his left and the gun on his right, drove on to the traveled track, and turned into the woods; the vigilant Lion walking close by the wheel.



LION JUST MISSES HIS MARK.

with a very good chance for a future patch upon the leg of his trousers.

Leaping from his wagon, Jack rushed to the tree, and found his obliging young man perched comfortably in it, with one leg over a limb; while Lion, below, made up for his long silence by uttering frantic barks.

“What are you up there for?” said Jack.

“To take an observation,” the fellow replied, out of breath, but still cheerful. “First-rate view of the country up here. I fancy I see a doe and a fawn off on the prairie; would n’t you like a shot at ’em?”

“I’ve other game to look after just now!” Jack replied.

“Better look out for your horse; he’s running away!”

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A BOAT.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

ALMOST all boys who live near the water want to own a boat, and it very often happens that the only way they can get one is to build it themselves. It is very well to do this, for, when they have done their work well, they get not only a boat, but some excellent experience in mechanical construction, which can scarcely fail to be of use to them.

The object of this article is to tell boys how, with a good deal of labor and a very little money, they can build a boat for themselves.

The first thing to be done is to learn to swim—that is, if you do not know how already. No boy should have a boat who cannot swim. Any boat, no matter how skillfully handled, may upset, and any boy, no matter how careful he may be, may fall out of a boat.

The next thing is to study carefully the plain account here given of the building of a boy's boat. Any boy who can use a plane, a saw, a bit-stock, and a drawing-knife, can easily build a boat like the one of which we are about to give the history from the time she existed in the form of boards until she floated gracefully in the water.

In the first place, you must go to the lumberyard or mill, and select two boards of clear pine, eleven or twelve feet long and one inch thick. One should be wider than the other; but together they should make a width of twenty-five inches. Have them planed on both sides, and a groove planed out of the edge of one board and a tongue out of the corresponding edge of the other board. When you have taken the boards home, buy a two-pound can of white lead. Fill the groove with this lead; then put the boards together, and drive the tongue of one into the groove of the other. This will make the joint water-tight. To keep the boards from spreading, tack three or four strips across the crack, and lay the whole on the floor with the strips downward.

You will then have what is the same as one

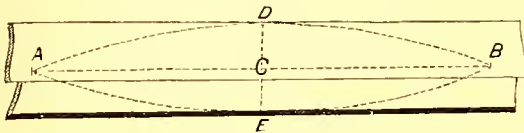


FIG. 1.—THE BOTTOM BOARD.

board, eleven or twelve feet long and not less than two feet wide. This we will call the bottom board (Fig. 1).

The next thing to do is to sweep the floor of your workshop, so that there will be a clear space of about fifteen feet square. Place the bottom board at one edge of the space thus cleared, and draw the line A B, which divides the width into equal parts

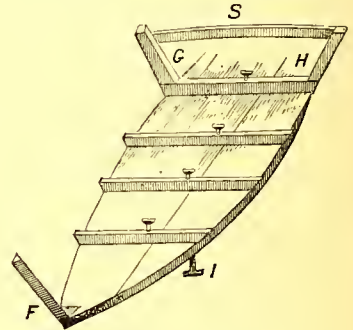


FIG. 2.—THE BRACES AND RIBS.

Draw D E at right angles to A B. The points D and E should be five feet three inches from C; and D and E, each one foot from the same. This will make A B ten feet six inches, and D E two feet.

To mark the curved line A E B, drive a nail in the floor in the direction of D, and about fourteen feet three inches from E. Having made a loop at the end of a piece of wire (string will stretch too much to be accurate), you must bring the wire to the point E. The wire is your radius, and your object is to hold a pencil at such a point that it will pass through the points A, E and B. Your pencil will easily hit A and B. If it falls outside of E, you must move the board away from the nail; if it falls between C and E, the radius is too long, and the board must be moved toward the nail. Having found the exact spot, draw the curved line A E B. Then turn the board around, end for end, and mark the line A D B in the same manner. Then saw carefully along the curved lines, and you will have cut out the bottom of your boat.

The next step is to bevel the edges just sawed—that is, to cut the wood away from the under side of the edge of the bottom board, so that the side boards will easily be fitted to it.

At H (Fig. 2) is an angle of 120 degrees. The under edge must be cut off at this angle; but, as you come toward the end, cut away less and less of the under edge, until at F you cut away scarcely any. Bevel the entire edge in the same way

aking great care to change the bevel gradually and uniformly.

You must now fasten some hard-wood strips, one inch square, upon the bottom. Lay one in the middle (G H), and three toward each end, about thirteen inches apart. Let them be long enough for the ends to project an inch over each side. Drive an inch-and-a-half screw through the middle of each strip into the bottom.

Then turn over the bottom board and drive from four to six screws the other way, as at I, taking care to drive screws into each strip not more than an inch from the crack between the boards, and not more than that distance from the outer edge.

You would do well to put these screws in first, and afterward put in as many others as may be necessary to keep the bottom from warping. Use the gimlet and countersink, and dip the screws into oil or paint before driving them. The heads of all the screws, which are drawn large in the cut so as to show distinctly, should be below the surface.

The ends of the strips, or braces as we will now call them, should be sawed off to correspond with the bevel of the edge which is just below them.

You will now need fourteen pieces of the inch-square hard-wood. They are for the ribs, and each one should be one foot long. Fit one of the ribs to each end of the middle brace, so that the angles at G and H will be 120 degrees. Fasten the ribs to the brace by an angle-iron (H), which any blacksmith can make. A temporary brace (S)

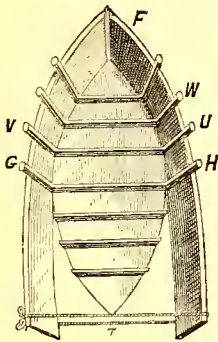


FIG. 3.—THE SIDES.

should be nailed into the ribs, G and H. A triangular piece (F), called the "dead-wood," is fastened with a block at an angle of 120 degrees with the bottom.

You must do the same with the other end of the bottom, which does not show in Fig. 2. You will then have seven braces, two ribs, and two dead-woods, all fastened to the bottom of the boat.

The boards for the sides should be of half-inch pine or three-eighths-inch ash. They should be of

uniform thickness, with both sides smoothly planed. The length, fourteen feet; and the breadth, fourteen inches. Mark the exact middle of one of the boards, and place that mark against the rib H (Fig. 3). Let the lower edge project four inches below the bottom, and fasten the side to the rib with about five screws.

Now fasten the other side to the rib G in like manner. Tie a string around the ends at T, so that they will not spread. Bring the other ends,

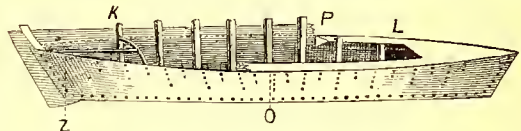


FIG. 4.—THE DECK AND CURVED BRACES.

at F, as near to each other as possible, and confine them with a string. Commence at H to fasten the side upon the bottom. Put in inch-and-a-quarter screws, about three inches apart. When you have reached the first brace, put the rib U in place and fasten it.

Pass to the other side, and fasten the bottom edge from G to V, and also the rib v. Return now to the first side, and fasten from U to W and the rib w. Do this alternately until you are within a foot of the end, F. You will then be obliged to cut off the ends of the side boards, in order to bring them up to the dead-wood at F.

This process is shown more plainly in Fig. 4. Your boat now looks something like Fig. 3; and the same course is to be followed as you commence at G and H and fasten toward the end, T.

The edge of the boat is rough, and the ribs project, as appears from K to P in Fig. 4. Having marked O, nine inches, and Z, eleven inches, you must trace a gradual curve each way from the middle. Be very careful about this, especially as you saw through ribs and all while following the mark. One edge in Fig. 4 is cut off in this way. The under edge is easily trimmed so as to be even with the lower surface of the bottom board.

The ribs nearest the ends should be connected at the top by the curved braces, K and L. A straight brace should extend from the middle of the curved brace to the top of the dead-wood. The corners which were left when you sawed out the bottom will now be of use. From them you can cut sixteen triangular pieces for brackets to support the deck. Let these brackets be upon each edge, seven, six, and five inches respectively. They are to be fastened half-way between the ribs with screws from the outside. The screws enter the edge which is six inches long, leaving the five-inch edge to receive the deck. Quarter-inch pine makes the best deck, and the fewer pieces in the

deck the better it will be. The greatest breadth of the boat across the deck will vary, according to the manner in which you have done the work. It ought to be about three feet two inches, and the extreme length twelve feet. For security, it is well to fix a ring and staple in each end of the deck.

Benches or stools make good seats, but these you can arrange according to your fancy. A false bottom of slats will help to preserve the true bottom. You can fit a rudder to either end, if you choose.

A paddle can be used to good effect in propelling such a boat as this, but oars are better. For oar-locks you can have simple pegs set in a block, which is firmly screwed to the edge of the deck; or you can buy iron oar-locks which fit into a hole in a block which is fastened as above; or you can have iron arrangements like Fig. 5 made at the blacksmith's. There may be two of these, each made of inch horseshoe iron. They pass through plates of one-eighth-inch iron, screwed into the deck and into the bottom, and are eighteen and a-half inches long. They are straight for thirteen inches of this length, and are finished with a thimble in which the pin of the iron oar-lock can play.

All the carpenter-work of the boat is now com-

pleted, and you must turn your attention to the painting. After the first coat, or priming, paint two other coats of whatever color you wish. Up-

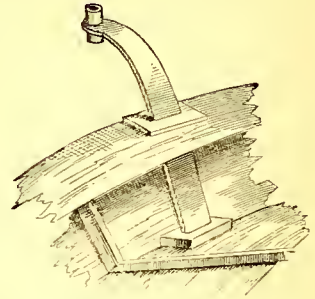


FIG. 5.—IRON SUPPORT FOR OAR-LOCK.

your choice of a color for the body will depend on the color for the trimmings. If your own taste is not reliable, perhaps your friends will advise you how to paint.

At length, having followed these directions, you will have the satisfaction of launching your craft and if it be carefully constructed, it will prove to be a very safe and a very useful boat, and not least among the pleasures you will experience will be that of having made it all yourself.

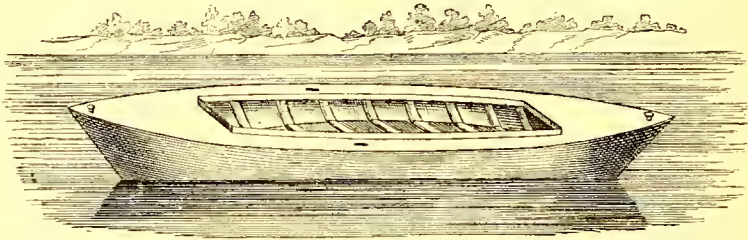


FIG. 6.—THE BOAT COMPLETE.

LITTLE Peri-Winkle,
 With her eyes a-twinkle,
 Said, "I am going to the ball to-night."
 But nobody could wake her,
 Hard as they might shake her,
 For she went to sleep with her eyes shut tight,
 And never waked up till the sun shone bright.

MARIGOLD HOUSE.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

I WONDER if you remember a story, printed in T. NICHOLAS for last September, called "My friend the Housekeeper?" It was about a girl named Nelly Ashford, whose father had a play-house built for her in the garden, which play-house was like a real house, only smaller, with a little entry-parlor and kitchen in it. This was Marigold House.

It might have been better to have said in the first story that Nelly wished her house to have a name, and that it took a whole evening to make choice of one. Finally, Aunt Bessie happened to think that the housekeeper was very fond of marigolds, and that Mrs. Ashford had told the gardener to plant some under the windows and in the borders near by; so she said: "Suppose we call it Marigold House?" and this name suited everybody.

There was only one thing that Nelly wished might be added to the outside or inside of her play-house, and this was a door-plate, with "Miss Nelly Ashford" on it in printing letters. The grown people laughed when she mildly suggested this; but the door-plate was ordered, nevertheless, and her considerate aunty even asked if she would also like a number on the door.

Nelly thought there was no need of that, and also refused the offer of lightning-rods, kindly made by grandmamma.

All through the vacation, Nelly, and Alice Dennis, who was her best friend, spent most of their time at Marigold House. All the children from the houses near came often to play with them, and there were several tea-parties which were capital fun. The guests could not help envying Nelly, for nobody had ever seen half so nice a play-house before, and at tea-time the low table, the new blue and gold tea-set, and the little napkins, were perfectly fascinating.

There was a great deal of sewing to be done, for the dolls' clothes had to be made ready for Summer as fast as possible, as the children insisted that nearly all the last Summer's clothes had been outgrown and must be altered, so making themselves a great deal of work, and the kitchen was almost neglected for several days at a time.

Aunt Bessie did not go home to Boston with grandma, for she liked so much being in the country, and she used to come out to the play-house often with her painting, and tell stories, and

sometimes sing, while the children sewed and took care of the dolls.

But our friends' fondness for dress-making did not last long, and the kitchen proved much more interesting. Miss Bessie gave them one day a little cook-book, with recipes for making cake and one or two puddings, and oat-cakes, which pleased them very much. She printed it herself with pen and ink, and instead of cupfuls and pounds of sugar or flour, she had reduced the measures to spoonfuls, and had tried these "doll recipes" herself, to be sure they were right. The first attempts were not very successful; but, after a week or so, they had learned to cook several things very well, and there was such continual feasting that Mrs. Ashford and Mrs. Dennis had to make a rule that they must never cook but one thing each day, or carry out provisions from the big house without special permission, and that they could only have one party a week. The children were required to keep everything tidy about the kitchen, and they soon learned to be orderly; but at first they had a fashion of putting away sticky dishes and forgetting to wash them.

Once, Nelly was away for a few days, and when she came back there was blue-mold on some unsuccessful cake she had carefully stored away in the kitchen-closet, and this gave such a shock to her feelings that she was much more careful afterward. The little cooks became most expert in making plum-puddings, which even Mrs. Ashford, who was very dainty, said were delicious. These puddings were made of pounded crackers, with sugar and spice, and an egg and some milk, with a great many raisins and currants, besides some bits of citron. Nora taught them to make sauce for it; and they achieved great renown among their friends, great and small, beside learning much about housekeeping and cooking which they will not forget.

I think I must tell you about the day of the grand dinner-party. It was when Nelly had been at housekeeping several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Ashford were away, and Miss Bessie had gone to spend the day with a friend, and on the way asked Edith and Mary Talbot, two nice girls, to go down to Marigold House to lunch. Alice Dennis was already there, of course; and after they had all been talking for a few minutes, making various plans for the work and enjoyment of the day, Alice

said: "I mean to have a dinner-party instead of lunch; mamma said we might have what we pleased."

Nelly's guests were usually entertained in the kitchen on such an occasion as this, and, indeed, would have felt defrauded if they had not been allowed to help with the cooking.

Nelly looked in the closet to see what was needed, and then ran into the great house to get supplies from the cook. Nora was particularly good-natured, and gave her potatoes to bake, some cold roast chicken and bread, filled her grocery-boxes

a little rice. The cook had used beef-bones, she thought, but it was likely any meat would do well; so our friends took some of the roast chicken and put it on to boil. Then each took a knife and sliced the vegetables. Nobody wished to cut the onions, for they make one's eyes smart dreadfully; so they chopped them a little on the outside with a knife, and dropped them in whole. The other things were cut as fine as possible, and as fast as they were ready Alice stirred them in. There was a great deal of tasting done, but for some time there was no flavor, when they remembered



COOKING THE DINNER.

and the big milk-pitcher, and then gave her some strawberries that had been left from breakfast; so my friend the housekeeper and one of the others had to make two voyages to carry everything out. It was a very busy morning. They made a plumpudding of extra size and superior sweetness and fruitiness, and stoned all the raisins for it, which they commonly omitted to do. Then they undertook to make some soup. Alice had watched the cook at home do it several times, and was sure she knew how. So she and Edith went over to the vegetable garden, and came back with carrots, onions, beets, and radishes, though she was n't quite sure the last-named two belonged with the rest. There must be some potatoes and meat and

bered it ought to have pepper and salt, and it was not surprising that they got in altogether too much, so that it was worse than when it had no taste at all.

Poor Mary Talbot had the bad luck to swallow a large lump of dry pepper which had not been stirred in, and so it seemed to her more highly seasoned than it did to the rest, and she said, as soon as she could speak: "Can't we put more water in?"

This seemed to be a sensible idea, but the little kettle was already full, so they dipped half the soup out into the other kettle, and filled both up with water. The potatoes and the pudding were baking well, so they went into the parlor and en-

joyed the society of the dolls for a season, then began to set the table and get ready for dinner.

"Now we must have some names," said Nelly. "I am going to be Queen Victoria, and you are great ladies come to dine with me."

It was finally decided that Alice should be the Princess of Wales; Edith, Mary Queen of Scots; and Mary, the Empress Eugenie. And then, with great state and majesty, Queen Victoria went out to the kitchen to take up the soup.

She was very sorry that she had no dinner-set, or the tea-set was, in some respects, inconvenient, though she could manage well enough except in the question of a soup-tureen; but one could easily pretend that the bright tin pan she was obliged to use was silver, and the only trouble about the saucers was that they were small and shallow; but, as it was a State banquet, there was no hurry at all, so they could be filled often.

The company were seated, and just ready to begin, when there was a loud ring at the door.

"Your Majesties will please excuse my leaving the table," said Queen Victoria; "but my servants are all busy. I hope it is nobody coming to call; but I shall ask them into the kitchen, unless it is somebody very nice."

On the door-step stood an odd-looking little old woman, with a big black bonnet, and a wide white cap-frill underneath, and a pair of huge green spectacles.

"How do you do, miss?" said she, with a sudden courtesy, which nearly made Nelly laugh; but she managed to say:

"I'm very well, thank you."

"Would n't ye take pity on a poor ould woman as has to travel all the way to Bostin by her lone self, an' had nothin' to ate since 'arly this mor-nin', an' her heart failin' her intirely wid hunger? I can see it's a fine, kind little shild ye are, by yer two blue little eyes; and sure, I'll tell ye a fine story while I rist meself."

"Wont you please wait a minute?" said Nelly, and she ran in to ask the others what she had better do. "She's a clean old woman," said our friend, "and she says she will tell us a story. We have ever so much more dinner than we can eat," adding, virtuously: "Mamma never wishes beggars to go away hungry, and she always tells me to be very kind and polite to poor people. I should n't like to be hungry and tired if I were a poor old woman."

Their Majesties thought it would be great fun, and her Royal Highness of Great Britain and Ireland turned to go out and ask the guest to come in, but first had the thoughtfulness to say that perhaps they had better not tell her whom they were, as she might be frightened.

"We have cooked most of the dinner ourselves," said Nelly, "but we hope it is good, and, at any rate, there is chicken and bread and butter."

"My heart! my heart!" said the old woman, as she came in at the door; "and aint this the swate little house! Would n't I like the mate to it to be restin' me old bones in! and I wanderin' about the highways, that might be grandmother to all of yez. Och! but I had the tidy little house in Ould Ireland, with my bit of a pig in a nate sty forninst the door. Indade, miss, and the likes of me would niver make bould to sit down at the same table with yez. Give me a bit of bread in me hand."

"Oh, no!" said Nelly, hospitably; "you can sit right here. I'll move the dolls closer together. I'm glad you happened to come to-day, for I have a better dinner than usual—there are five courses!" at which information the old woman looked rather blank.

So the hostess explained that there was—first, soup, and then chicken and potatoes, and next, plum-pudding, then strawberries, and, lastly, "little-biscuit" and milk.

"May the saints presarve ye!" said the guest. "My heart! and aint it the weary long day since I had a dinner like that!" and, without any more urging, she sat down at the table.

Nelly thought as she was so hungry that she would like more soup at once than the saucers held, so she went to the kitchen and found a nice white pint bowl, which the cook had lent her. She filled this with hot soup, and, remembering that Nora was fond of onions, she generously dipped out the two big ones that had been put in for flavoring, and carried it in triumphantly with both hands, the onions floating conspicuously on top.

The beets, which had, unfortunately, been boiling longest, had given it a most uninviting color, and there were bits of carrots and raddish and turnip, not to speak of potatoes and chicken-bones.

"Here is some nice hot soup for you, and I gave you all the onions," said my friend the house-keeper, while the other guests looked on admiringly.

The Irishwoman hesitated a minute, then tasted the undesirable-looking stew, but was instantly seized with a severe fit of coughing, and buried her face in her calico apron, while the children sat in great suspense, fearing she might choke.

"Wirra, wirra!" said she after awhile; "but the pepper in it was near the death of me, and what would I do and no praste near? Bless your pretty hearts, it's a fine soup; but I had a cough this tin years back, and the docther said meself could ate no bit of pepper at all, at all; and—well, I'm

'shamed to be turning away from yer kindness, but I'd best ate no more."

"It *is* strong of pepper," said Alice, looking quite crest-fallen; "and it's *very* strong of those horrid onions! I wish we had n't put them in; but never mind, I shall know how exactly, next time."

The cold chicken was eaten by all the company with great satisfaction; the potatoes were baked just right, and the pudding was a grand success, for the old woman asked if she might make so bold as to ask for another piece, which compliment was graciously received.

By the time the strawberries were served, she was chattering in the most amusing way, and seemed to have quite forgotten her weariness; in fact, the children thought her one of the most charming persons they had ever seen. Sometimes they could hardly sit in their chairs, they laughed so hard. She praised everything extravagantly, and told them proudly that she once cooked for a gentleman's family, and if anybody knew a good dinner when she saw it, it was Biddy Sullivan. And then she went on to tell a long story about her husband, one Larry Sullivan, who had been dead ("Hiven rist his soul!") thirteen years come Christmas.

The children were very sympathizing, and, after some further particulars of her life in the old country, she gave them their choice of two stories: "The Little Cakeen" or "The Bad Son and the Good Son."

"Oh, I don't want to hear the Cakeen story!" said Nelly. "I'm so tired of that. I used to like it, and now Aunt Bessie tells it to tease me. I've heard the other one too, but I like that ever so much."

"Whist, thin!" said Mrs. Biddy Sullivan. "I likes the other best mesilf, an' it having such a fine ind to it"

Then she drew a long breath, afterward putting her tongue out at the corner of her mouth in a meditative way, and then began.

She had left the dinner-table, and was sitting with her back to the light, which she said hurt her eyes. She still wore her big green spectacles, and had refused to take off her big reddish cotton gloves. I believe I have not told you that she said she was going to Boston to have her eyes doctored, and had requested them to give her money.

"An' it was once, long ago, in the ould counthry," said Mrs. Biddy, "there was livin' a fine, clane, honest, poor widdy woman, an' she havin' two sons, an' she fetched the both of 'em up fine and careful, but one of them turned out bad intirely. An' one day says she to him, says she:

"'I've given you your livin' as long as iver I

can, and it's you must go out into the wide worruld to sake your fortune.'

"'Mother, I will,' says he.

"'An' will ye take a big cake wid me curse, o a little cake an' me blessing?'" says she.

"'The big cake, shure,' says he.

"So she baked a big cake and cursed him, an' he wint away laughin'. By and by he came forninst a spring in the woods, and sat down to at his dinner off the cake, and a small, little bird sat on the edge of the spring.

"'Give me a bit of that cake for me little one in the nest,' says she; and he caught up a stone to throw at her.

"'I've scarce enough for meself,' says he; and she bein' a fairy, put her bake in the spring and toorned it black as ink, and wint away up in the trees. And whiles he looked for her to kill her, a fox wint away wid his cake.

"So he wint away from that place very mad, and nixt day he stopped, very hungry, at a farmer's house, and hired out for to tind the cows.

"'Be wise,' says the farmer's wife, 'for the nex field is belongin' to a giant, and if the cows gets in his clover he will kill you dead as a shtone.'

"But the bad son laughed and wint away out to watch the cows; and before the noon-time he wint to slape up in a tree, and the cows all wint in the clover, an' out comes the giant and shook him down out of the tree an' killed him dead, and that was the ind of the bad son.

"And by the next year the poor widdy woman says she to the good son:

"'Ye must go out into the wide worruld and sake your fortune, for I can kape you no longer,' says she.

"'Mother, I will,' says he.

"'An' will ye take a big cake wid me curse, o a little cake wid me blessing?'"

"'The little cake,' says he.

"So she baked it for him and gave him her blessin', and he wint away, an' she a-weepin' afther him foine and loud. An' by and by he came to the same spring in the woods where the bad son was before him, and the small, little bird sat again on the side of it.

"'Give me a bit of yer cakeen for me little one in the nest,' says she.

"'I will,' says he, an' he broke her off a foine piece, and she dipped her bake in the spring and toorned it into sweet wine; and when he bit his cake, shure an' she had toorned it into a fine plum-cake intirely; an' he ate and drank and wint on light-hearted. And nixt he comes to the farmer's house.

"'Will ye tind cows for me?'" says the farmer.

"'I will,' says the good son.

"'Be wise,' says the farmer's wife, 'for the

lover-field beyant is belongin' to the giant, an' if e lave in the cows he will kill you dead.'

"'Never fear!' says the good son; 'I don't lape at me worruk.'

"And he goes out in the field and lugs a big tone up in the tree, and thin sinds ivery cow far out in the clover-fields and goes back ag'in to the tree. An' out comes the giant a-roarin' so you could hear the roars of him a mile away; and when he finds the cow-boy, he goes under the tree to shake him down, but the good little son slips out the big stone, an' it fell down and broke the giant's head intirely. So the good son wint running away to the giant's house, and it bein' full o the eaves of gold and diamonds and splendid things!

"See what fine luck comes to folks that is good and honest! An' he wint home and fetched his old mother, an' they lived rich an' continted, and lived very old and rispicted."

"That 's a nice story," said Edith, and Nelly remarked that it was exactly the way that Aunt Bessie used to tell it.

"Would n't it have been awful if the stone had n't hit the giant?" said Mary, who was timid; while Alice Dennis said, "Now please tell us another."

"I must be going now," said the widow Sullivan. "Bless your innocent hearts!"

"Oh, I wish you could stay a little longer!" said Nelly. "My Aunt Bessie will soon be home. She

has lots of money, and I know she will give you some, so you need n't walk to Boston."

But now, to their great astonishment, the guest laughed and pulled Nelly into her lap and kissed her, and, taking off the big gloves, threw them at Alice with a very small white hand; and next off came the green glasses and the bonnet, and there sat Miss Bessie herself!

"You dear little geese!" said she. "I must n't cheat you any longer; but it has been such fun! I supposed you would find me out in the first ten minutes."

And then there was such a frolic!

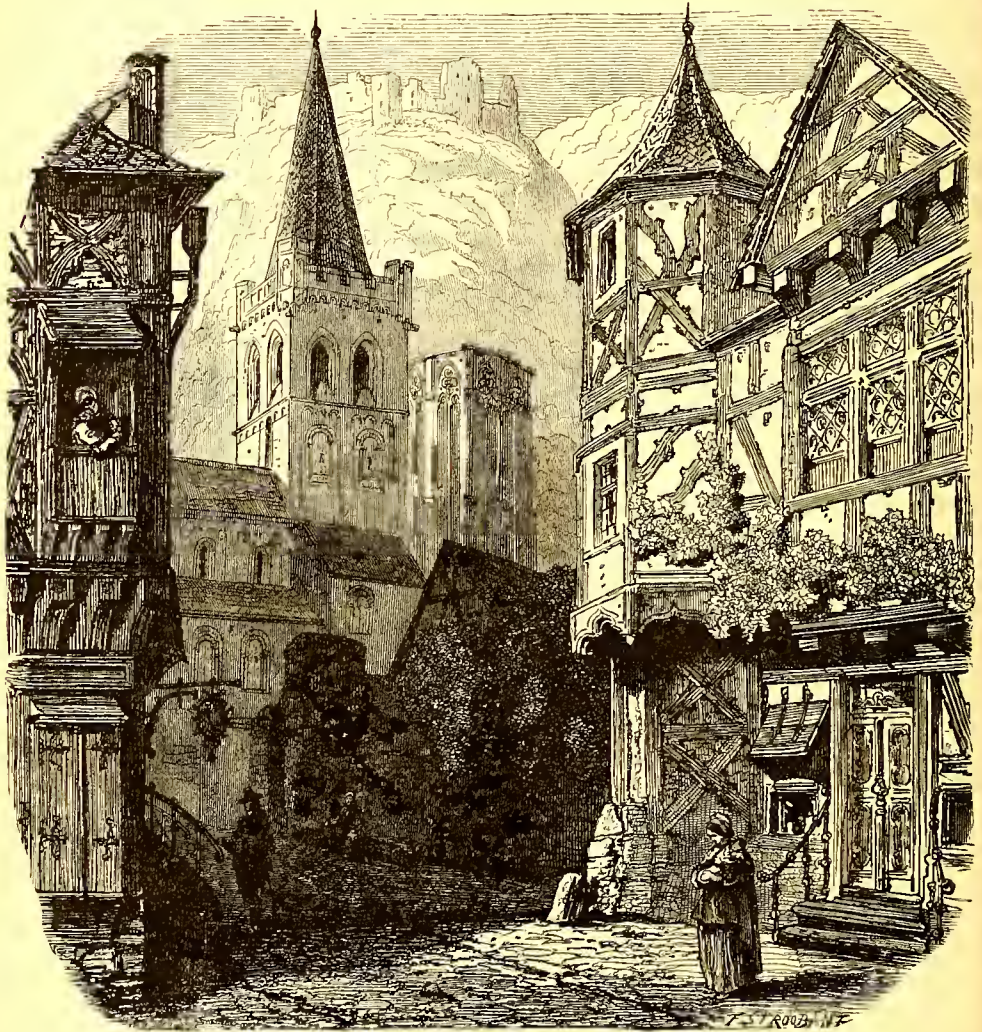
"I came nearest laughing when you came in with that odd red soup with the big onions," said Aunt Bessie, "for you know I don't like onions at all. And I was sure you would suspect when I asked if you would like to hear the Cakeen story. But the best part of it was that you were all so sweet and kind and ladylike, and did your very best to make a poor old woman comfortable. I could n't help feeling a little ashamed at being only a naughty older girl who was deceiving you. But I'll help you clear away the dinner if you like, and then we will have a drive."

"Oh, *darling* Aunt Bessie! you are so funny!" said Nelly, and then they all laughed again. It began to rain, so they could n't go to drive; but Miss Bessie stayed at Marigold House all the afternoon, and "My Friend the Housekeeper" and her cronies had some capital fun.



A GLANCE AT RHINELAND.

BY E. D. SOUTHWICK.



BACHARACH, ON THE RHINE.

THERE is nothing I should enjoy better than to take a party of bright boys and girls on a visit to "Rhineland."

We would start from Cologne, where we would first see all the sights. We would have the grandest time imaginable, for we would stop just where we liked. We would ride up the Drachenfels on little gray donkeys, and scamper all over the old castle (what there is left of it). Then, while en-

joying the view, taste some "dragon's blood;" for tradition says that a great dragon lived among these mountain crags when the castle was in its glory, and was slain by valiant knights, since which time all the wine made there, being very red, is called his blood. Going on up the river, we should pass the Isle of Nonnenworth, where the daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels died in a convent, because she believed that her lover, the Lord of

olansdeck, had been killed in the war, though he really was safe, and returned to mourn his life away in his castle above the isle.

I can't tell you of all the places we would see, but we certainly should stop at Coblenz, and visit Ehrenbreitstein (Honor's broad stone) just opposite, the strongest fortress on the Rhine; and, after finding out all we could about it, take steamer up the Moselle, which flows in just there. Then we should land at Treves, the most ancient city on our route—so old that no one knows when it had a beginning. History relates, however, that when Julius Cæsar first led the Roman armies into this part of Europe, fifty-eight years before Christ, Treves was the flourishing capital of a great nation, and that afterward many Roman emperors and princes lived there. Indeed, many interesting relics of them still remain, such as a gate-way, built in the year 318 by Constantine the Great; a ridge which was in use in the reign of Augustus, seventy-eight years before Christ; an arena, nearly as old; and, in fact, that our visit would be almost equal to going to Rome itself.

Back again upon the Rhine, we would stop to climb up to the Castle of Stolzenfels, which, being the property of the Emperor of Germany, has been thoroughly restored, and is now the most beautiful specimen of a castle of the Middle Ages anywhere to be seen. It was built by the Princes of Treves, many of whom lived there, and in 1235 was the scene of great festivities, when the Emperor Frederick II. lodged there with his bride, an English princess. This single castle would pay us for such a journey; but many more come in our way. Two—"The Cat" and "The Mouse"—are not far apart; the former called so from its ancient owners, whose name meant "Cat's-elbow." They used to quarrel with the Lords of "The Mouse," but were always beaten. This castle, although built in 1363, is one of the most perfect on the Rhine, and we could wander through its halls, and hunt for dungeons, if you liked.

Just beyond these two is Rheinfels, the largest ruin of all, standing on a rock 368 feet above the river. It was built by one of the "Cat's-elbow" princes in 1245, who made it his home, and exacted tolls for all merchandise that passed. But he became so severe in his exactions, that the neighboring traders besieged the castle for fifteen

months, but could not take this stronghold. It was not long after, however, that sixty cities united against these robber knights, and in a few years dismantled all their castles.

The Rheinfels' nearest neighbor is the picturesque ruin of Schonberg—"Beautiful Hill"—which was named for seven beautiful daughters of its lord, who, tradition says, were all so hard-hearted that they would show no favor to any of the young knights who came to the castle, and were therefore changed into seven rocks, which may now sometimes be seen in the rivers.

In the little towns lying below each castle, we should catch many glimpses of ancient grandeur, such as our illustration affords; quaint, yet beautiful houses, Gothic churches, and scenes of quiet peasant life.

Bacharach, a picture of which you see on the opposite page, lies about twenty-six miles south of Coblenz, and holds one of the most important positions on the river. It is enclosed by old walls, which had in former days twelve towers for defense, each open on the side nearest the town, probably to prevent their being used against it, if in possession of an enemy. Its name came from "Bacchiarara,"—the altar of Bacchus,—the name of a rock in the river, which is sometimes seen in dry seasons; and its appearance is always hailed with joy, as it promises a great vintage. The wine made here is very valuable. As early as 1460, Pope Pius II. imported a tun of it every year to Rome; and it is said that the city of Nuremberg obtained its freedom in return for four casks of it sent annually to the Emperor Wenzel by her devoted citizens.

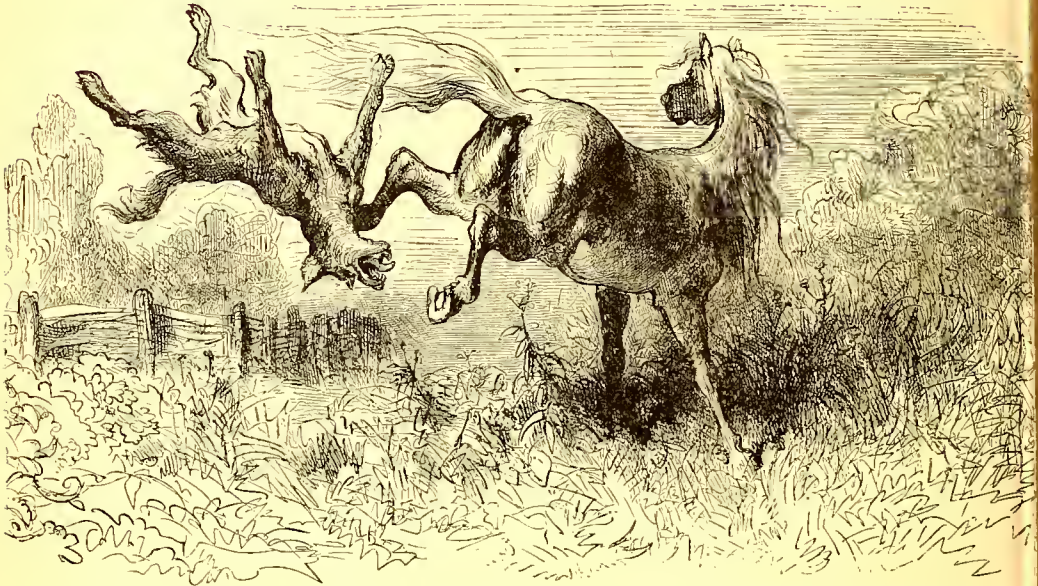
The ruin on the heights is all that is left of the Castle of Stahleck, for hundreds of years the residence of the Electors who ruled the Rhineland; but as it was destroyed in the thirteenth century, we should not see much, after a climb there, of the ancient glory, excepting the grand and extended view of the Rhine, that river which the Germans as a nation have always regarded with such deep reverence and affection.

This is not all, but it won't do to say any more now. I certainly hope that as we cannot all go together, you will see and enjoy the Rhineland for yourselves sometime, for it will be a pleasure as long as you live, and you will be sure to want to go again.



THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



[A prowling wolf espied a horse grazing in the field. "Aha!" cried he, "a prize; but how to manage? A horse is not easy prey like a sheep. I must try some trick." So he drew near and introduced himself as a doctor. "You must be ill," he told the horse "or they would not have turned you out to graze. Tell me your disease; I can cure it, whatever it is." "I have a swelling on the under side of my foot," replied the horse. "Let me examine," said the wolf, making ready for a snap. Suddenly the wary horse flung wide his heels and threw the wolf high in air. "Ah!" he howled, as he limped away. "This serves me right. I should not have quitte my trade. Nature meant me for a butcher, not for a doctor."]

IN the front of the big house in the square, two windows stood wide open one morning in June. Every one who passed stopped and stared, for nobody had ever seen a window open in the big house before.

The big house faced the south. It should have been bright, but it seemed as if the sun dodged its duty, and shone everywhere else. Inside were large dull rooms, which smelt of furniture, though Mrs. Ursula, the housekeeper, dusted them every day. Mrs. Ursula was tall and bony. She had sharp eyes, with red rims to them, and large, prominent teeth. Most people were afraid of her; but she always trod softly, and spoke as if her mouth were full of sugar, when she entered the room where Governor Alden, the owner of the big house, sat, surrounded with law books, and always alone. He was an old man now; it was years since he had governed anybody, but people called him "the Gove'nor" still. Mrs. Ursula's place was a capital one, everybody said. She ruled the big house, and, when "the Gove'nor" died, she

would, no doubt, inherit his money; who else had he to leave it to, poor old man?

And now the windows stood open, and passers by stopped to wonder!

"What is it? Do you know?" asked one of another.

"I know," squeaked a little boy, proud to be wiser than the older people.

"What is it? Tell us quick!" exclaimed the rest.

"It's a girl. She came last night in the eight o'clock 'bus. She's pretty, too, you bet. I seen her go in! Bill took in her trunk. He says she's the Gove'nor's granddaughter, and I guess Mrs. Ursula don't like it much; she most bit Bill's head off. Crickey!"

These remarks concluded, the little boy stood on his head, by way of exclamation point!

"The Gove'nor's granddaughter! I did n't know he ever had chick or child," said a man.

"Did n't you?" said old Mrs. Tibbetts. "Yes. Sophy Alden was the prettiest girl in this

own; but she went and took up with a furriner, and her Pa cut her off. So her darter's come here to live, has she? Well, well!"

While the people thus wondered outside the house, Mignon Chevalier was wondering equally inside. What sort of home was this—what sort of a grandpapa? Why had he first looked at her in such rigid silence; and then, after reading the letter she brought, trembled and cried, and said: "Take her away, Ursula; make her comfortable—I must be alone?" How queer that a house should be built all of wood; how different from the houses she had been used to in France! Why did the people stare so at the windows? She popped out her head to see. Mrs. Tibbetts caught a glimpse of it, framed in its bronze-brown curls, the clear, frank eyes full of curiosity, and cried:

"Bless the girl! Don't she look pretty and skittish! She 's the moral image of her Ma!"

Mignon heard; she smiled gayly, and kissed her hand to the old woman.

It did not take long to make the child at home. The old walls seemed to welcome her. The sun took the house into favor, shone in at Mignon's windows all day, and played bo-peep with her of mornings. The very mice appeared glad of her coming; they racketed about and squeaked gleefully from their hiding-places. All things rejoiced over the young, happy creature. All but grandpapa. He dared not rejoice. His new-found happiness was mixed with constant anxiety. This was in great part the fault of Mrs. Ursula. She knew that he was afraid of French people, and disliked them; and she never lost a chance of reminding him that Mignon was half French.

"I ought to be getting Miss Chevalier some Summer frocks," she would say. "But perhaps I had better let her choose them. *The French* have so much taste in dress." Or, "I told Biddy to make one of those thin soups *the French* are so fond of. I thought, perhaps, Miss Mignon would enjoy it. But I 'm afraid it 's not very good." Or, "I 'm sure I beg your pardon, sir, if I misunderstood; but Miss Mignon gave me the message, and I can't always make out what she says. She has such a foreign accent!"

Mignon's accent was a little foreign, but she spoke English very prettily, and only an envious person could have found fault with her, she was so amiable, fresh, and gay. The old Governor felt the charm. Left to himself he would soon have loved her dearly. When she put her sweet face to his, and kissed him good-night, his heart warmed with pleasure. But then came Mrs. Ursula saying: "Miss Mignon is French, you know, and I am only used to American girls. They are so different!"

Meantime, when alone with Mignon, she pretended to like her very much. She praised and flattered her, and asked leave to "curl that beautiful hair."

But, though Mignon was gracious and polite, in her heart she was afraid. Mrs. Ursula's large teeth, and the expression of her red eyes, made her think of a wild beast.

"I feel like Red Riding Hood," she said to herself once, and then she laughed.

So the Summer passed. If she had not been the brightest and sunniest of girls, Mignon must sometimes have been very lonely in that dull house, with Mrs. Ursula for companion, and grandpapa, who at times seemed so fond of her, at other times shrinking away and becoming cold and stern.

But she hardly knew the meaning of the word lonely. Outdoors one minute, indoors next, she flashed about like a sunbeam, making friends of every body and thing within her reach. Dogs, cats, birds, currant-bushes, rose-vines, little boys, babies—all were interesting to Mignon. Her light feet echoed strangely in the long halls. People who passed heard her singing, and remarked how different the old house was now that she was there.

One day in August she came in with her lap full of flowers, and grandpapa opened the study door and called her:

"Mignon, my child, I want you."

Mignon went in. Two gentlemen were there whom she had never seen before. They were sitting by the table, which was covered with papers.

Grandpapa put his arm about Mignon's shoulders. "This is she," he said; "my only daughter's only child. Mr. Squires, Mignon, and Judge Dubberly."

The gentlemen rose and bowed, and Mignon made her courtesy very prettily.

"That will do," said grandpapa. "Now run away, my dear." Mignon went, but she wondered what it meant.

Mrs. Ursula wondered too, but she guessed pretty well what it meant. She found a good deal to do that morning in the pantry which adjoined the study, and caught words which made her suspect that the Governor was making his will. Mrs. Ursula did not like this. The Governor had made a will years before Mignon came, in which he left Mrs. Ursula a legacy; she feared that he might forget to do so now.

After awhile, the gentlemen left. Then the Governor went into the dining-room, and opened the iron safe in which he kept his papers. Mrs. Ursula heard the sharp click of the closing door, and was ready to fly with vexation and anxiety.

Two or three days after, something happened that was very sad. Grandpapa came in from the

hot sun with a bad headache. That night fever set in, and soon he was very ill.

"He is an old man. There does n't seem much chance for him," the doctor told his wife. He did not say so to Mrs. Ursula, but she looked in his eyes and guessed.

Mignon was grieved to have grandpapa sick. Mrs. Ursula took all the care, and would not allow her to do anything; but she would sit beside the bed for hours at a time, fanning grandpapa, or holding and stroking his hand. Sometimes she would sing little French hymns, in her soft young voice, and he always seemed to like to hear them. But, after awhile, he was so very ill that he did not know who was in the room or who was not.

Then came a dreadful evening, when the doctor looked graver than usual, shook his head, and whispered that there was almost no hope. Mignon was too unhappy to sleep, and, after Mrs. Ursula thought her safe in bed, she stole back, and sat down in a dark corner behind grandpapa's curtains. There was nothing for her to do, but it seemed a comfort to be there, rather than in her lonely bedroom.

The house was very quiet. After awhile, Mrs. Ursula came in on tiptoe with a candle, which she shaded with her hand, as she stood beside the bed, looking down at the Governor's face, so white and still that it almost seemed dead.

She stood there a great many minutes; then, moving noiselessly, she crossed the room, and began to fumble in the closet. What was she about? Mignon felt curious. She leaned forward and saw Mrs. Ursula take a key out of the pocket of grandpapa's waistcoat, which hung there. She recognized it well; it was the key of the iron safe in the dining-room.

Mignon was but thirteen, but, in spite of her gay heart, she had a wise little head of her own, and she knew very well that Mrs. Ursula had no business with this valuable key. So, when the housekeeper left the room and went softly downstairs, Mignon crept after, to see what was being done.

Mrs. Ursula, standing before the open safe, had no idea that just outside in the dark hall a pair of indignant brown eyes were watching her every movement. It was as she feared. The Governor *had* made a new will. She read it from end to end,—a small legacy to herself, all the rest to Mignon. But something else lay in the drawer, namely, the old will, which the Governor had not yet destroyed, and in which Mrs. Ursula was left a large legacy, while nothing at all was said of Mignon.

Mignon, watching, saw Mrs. Ursula's face change

when she spied this. Her eyes lighted up, she showed her large teeth, and looked more like wolf than ever. She thought a moment, then took the new will, laid it on the hearth, struck a match and set fire to the paper. It was only a moment in burning up, all those long words which grandpapa and the other gentlemen had spent a whole morning over.

"There!" said Mrs. Ursula aloud, gazing on the little heap of ashes. "There, Miss Mignon! That does for you, I fancy!"

She did not hear the light feet flit upstairs before her. In the sick-room all was quiet; the Governor lay asleep or unconscious, and Mrs. Ursula rejoiced.

"Only a day or two more," she thought; "then I'll send that French chit packing about her business!"

Does it not seem dreadful that any woman should be so wicked? But we must remember that she did n't become wicked all at once. It is the tiny seeds of envy and greediness which we neglect, which take root in our hearts unchecked, and after awhile crowd out all the good, and lead us to do shocking things which once we should have shuddered at.

Mignon did not go to bed at all that night, but slept in the big chair beside grandpapa. She felt as if she wanted to watch over him. While she slept the good Angel of Healing passed by and laid his blessed hand on the poor old man. The doctor looked surprised and glad when he came in the morning. The fever had gone, he said; now grandpapa might get well, only he would need the best of nursing for a long time to come.

"I'll be nurse," cried Mignon. "Tell me exactly what to do, Doctor, and I'll do it beautifully. Grandpapa will like to have me; wont you, grandpapa?" And the sick man smiled faintly and nodded his head.

So the doctor gave directions, and that day, and many days after, Mignon waited on grandpapa,—the prettiest, brightest, kindest little nurse that ever was. She wrote down all the orders about food and medicine, she timed herself with grandpapa's heavy old gold watch, and never once forgot or made a mistake. Mrs. Ursula did not interfere, for she was frightened almost out of her wits at the thought of what she had done. It had never occurred to her while she burned the paper that the Governor might get well, and now she did not know which way to turn.

At last she resolved to tell grandpapa that Mignon had meddled with the will and burnt it up by accident. "He'll take my word against that child's, surely," thought she. Meantime, while getting ready to make this accusation, she was very sweet

o Mignon, and caressed and flattered her more than ever.

One day in early October, when grandpapa was so much better as to sit up, Mignon, coming in from a walk, heard a voice in grandpapa's room. It was Mrs. Ursula's voice.

"If you please, sir, have you the key of the smoke-room?"

"I? No," replied the Governor.

"Oh, then Miss Mignon must have it."

"Mignon! Why what should she want with that key? She does n't care for hams and tongues, Ursula."

"I don't know I'm sure, sir. She's a curious girl, and she likes to unlock and turn things over. I don't suppose there's a drawer in this house, or a closet, that she has n't been into; even the iron safe, though there's nothing in *that* but papers, to be sure. The French are a singular people."

"What on earth should the child want of the iron safe?" remarked the Governor, surprised and a little fretful, for he was a man who hated to have his things meddled with.

Mignon went to her room quietly.

"How dare she tell such a falsehood?" she thought; "but *why* did she want to tell it?" She felt that Mrs. Ursula was meditating mischief, and she resolved to tell grandpapa about the burnt paper as soon as he was a little stronger.

It was quite a festival in the big house the day that grandpapa came down to dinner for the first time. Bidy had prepared a feast. Mignon adorned the room with chrysanthemums and late roses. In the middle of the table was a bowl of purple and white grapes trimmed with vine-leaves, and the sun streaming in, shone on all,—on the roses, the grapes, on grandpapa's white head, on Mignon's curls of sunny brown, on the wood fire, and the iron safe which stood in its recess grim and black.

"Grandpapa," asked Mignon as dinner ended, and Mrs. Ursula set the dessert on the table, "what do you keep in *there*?" pointing to the safe with her finger.

"Papers, child."

"And what papers do you keep in the second drawer from the top on the right-hand side?"

Mrs. Ursula stared. Grandpapa was astonished, and a little vexed.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"I will tell you," replied Mignon, speaking very gravely and looking straight at Mrs. Ursula. "One night when you were very, very sick, grandpapa, and the doctor said he did not think you could get well, Mrs. Ursula came into your room and took the safe key out of your pocket. She did not know I was there, but I was, and I crept after her and watched her. She took a paper out of that drawer and read it; then she took out another paper and read that; then she laid one of the papers in the fire-place, and set fire to it and burned it up. I have not told you before, because you were not strong, but I think I ought to tell you now."

"Is this true?" demanded the Governor sternly.

"Sir,—I—I— No, it is not true," stammered the terrified Ursula.

Grandpapa rose and went to the safe. He opened the drawer, took out the will, examined it. Then—

"You will notice what I do," he said, "and you, Mignon."

He laid the paper on the logs. It flamed, then blackened; he stood watching till it was quite burned up.

"Now," he said, turning to the housekeeper, "Go! Your wages shall be paid afterward; but I do not wish to see you again."

"Oh," groaned Mrs. Ursula, as she tied up her bundles, "why did I do such a venturesome thing? I shall never get a place like this again."

With her departed the evil spirit from the old house. From that time Mignon became all in all to grandpapa. Her youth and brightness made him feel young; her affection cheered him; he loved her tenderly and trusted her in all things.

"Mrs. Tibbets says you are 'skittish,'" he said one day. "And you *do* make me think a little of a colt in a pasture; you frisk about and toss your head so, and seem to enjoy being alive so much."

"Oh, I'm like a colt, am I?" replied Mignon, saucily. "Well, grandpapa, you make me think of a gallant old war-horse, who doesn't go to battles any more, but has a good time at home. I don't mind frisking by your side. Mrs. Ursula always made me think of a wolf, do you know? Now we've got rid of her, I can frisk with a light heart and be content."



DE AVIBUS QUÆ DOMUS LUSORIAS FINGUNT.

SCRIPSIT JACOBUS C. BEARD.



SOLLERTI nidorum usitatorum structura adeo assueti sumus ut jam non miremur ita tenuem jucundamque domum rebus ita variis collectisque e locis ita diversis construi, atque modis ita artificiosis conjungi ab aviculis, quæ quidem nullis instrumentis nisi suis ipsorum rostris unguisque utuntur. Quid autem dicatis, si, aliquo mane verno, frequentes hæ aves parvæ, non in nido, sed in domo lusoria elaborare incipiant, atque paucis post diebus saltandi colludendique causa ad hanc domum illo ipso consilio atque summa diligentia sollertiaque structam se congregent? En! nonne mirum narratur, vix credibile?

Sunt tamen hujusmodi aves et ab iis tales ipsæ domus profecto construuntur. Sed ubinam gentium? In Australia, nec usquam alibi. Qua de causa veri simile est vos has aves nunquam visuros esse, ideoque ipsæ, transmissa sui imagine, exoraverunt ut vobis per SANCTI NICOLAI paginas commendentur. Vocantur Chlamyderæ vel Trichilarum Aves, et in duo genera dividuntur. Eis quæ in pictura exhibentur nomen est Maculatis Trichilarum

Avibus, quarum est color pulchre fuscus, maculis luteis aureisve variatus, et in cervicibus apparet torques vel quoddam collare ex pennis longis et puniceis roseisve constans.

Domus autem lusoria vel trichila in altitudine fere sesquipedalis plerumque est atque pedum ternorum quaternorumve in longitudine. Primum suggestus aliquot digitos crassus fingitur, fiscinarum more vel textus vel plexus. Deinde graminis herbæ quum longæ tum virgeam circumplexæ compagem, quæ in suggestus matteve lateribus fixa est, trichilam efficiunt; unde surgit quasi cryptoporticus, non solum in partibus extremis aperta, sed etiam et insuper et utrinque tecta. Necdum omnia audivistis. Aves enim lusorium adornare nunc pergunt, quam ad rem et conchis utuntur et ossibus mundis albisque et pannis versicoloribus et vitreis fractis et murrhinis et si quas alias res lucentes reperire possunt. Nam tabaci fistula et muliebri digiti munimentum in quadam harum trichilarum et ipsa inventa esse dicuntur; quin etiam vir rerum naturæ peritissimus nos cer-

pres facit Australicos ipsos, si quodcunque ornamentum portabile amiserunt, semper scrutantur ichilas vicinas in quibus res quæsitæ sæpe reperiuntur. Trichilæ autem usu diuturno corunt ramaliaque, vento imbrigue obnoxia, tandem

dirumpuntur, itaque trichilæ corbi vetustæ et obsoletæ similes fiunt. Resarcire trichilam aves nunquam volunt; sed plerumque malunt denuo contexere. Nec est hoc architectis tam impigris et tam sollertibus opus difficile.

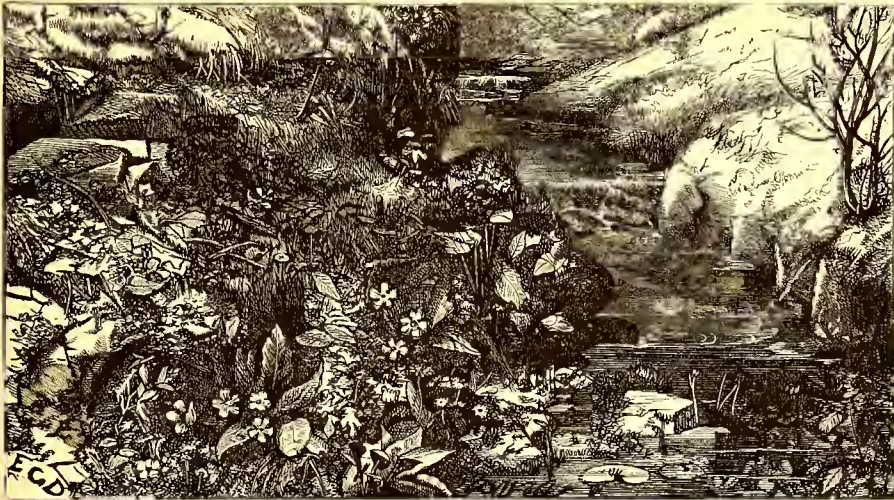
[Translations of the above, received before the first day of August, will be duly acknowledged.]

THE BROOK.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE little brooklet ripples along,
Every bubble singing a song;
It tangles the sun in its crystal skein,
And it answers back to the fretting rain;
Along its margin the ferns unfold,
And violets shapen out of the mold;
And the flag-flower leans, as if fain to snatch
A hint of the brooklet's musical catch,

But the way is long, and the path is rough,
And day and night are not long enough.
Orion looks on its quivering stream,
His belt and buckle upon it gleam,
And all the stars that haunt the sky
Reflect their splendor in passing by.
Oh, happy brooklet, that bears along
The skimming swallow's early song;



While arrow-heads are wading out
To watch the flashing of silver trout.
Day after day, and night after night,
It seems to be running away out of sight;

The secret of each neighboring nest,
Of lilies anchored on its breast;
That every day, and perhaps forever,
Plays out of doors in all sorts of weather!

THREE LITTLE DOGS.

TRIP.

THIS is Jane's dog Trip. See how fast he runs! He has been sent with a note from Jane to her friend Kate.



TRIP.

Trip will run to Kate's house, and scratch the door, and whine to be let in. Then Kate will come and take the note and pat him on the head and say, "Good Trip! how is Jane?"

"Bow, wow!" says Trip. That means "Jane is well; and how are you, Kate?"

Kate says, "Come in, Trip, and wait. I will write back to Jane."

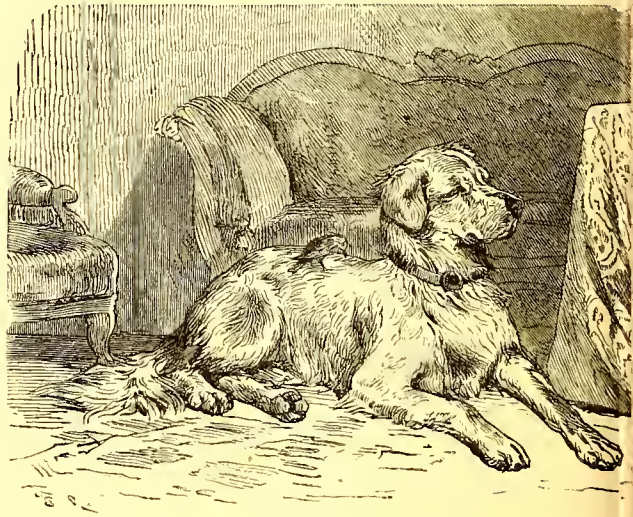
So Trip goes in, and jumps up by her chair, and barks, while she writes her note.

Then she folds it, and writes Jane's name on the back. Down at one side she puts these words, "Care of Trip." That means Trip is to take good care of the note, and not lose it.

Trip takes the note in his teeth, and runs with it back to Jane, and does not play by the way. They think he is the best dog in the world.

JIM.

KATE has a dog too, and his name is Jim. She does not send him with notes, but he is a good dog, and he is such a firm friend to Kate's bird, Tom, that he will let Tom come and jump on his back, which is a nice soft and warm place for the bird to rest on.



JIM.

If Tom could say that he would like to have one or two hairs from Jim's back to help make a nest, Jim would let him have them. But Tom

cannot talk to Jim, or if he does chirp in the dog's ear, the dog does not know what he means. But they are such good friends, and Tom is so glad to see Jim, and Jim is so glad to see Tom, that they do not need to know how to talk. So if Tom feels that he would like to have a hair or two, he just takes them, and Jim does not mind it much.

ROB.

ROB is a good dog too, but he will bark when a man or a boy does what he thinks is wrong. He is John Hale's dog. John is a friend of both Kate and Jane.

Rob does not like bad dogs, and he will bite them if they are not too big. One day he saw a small dog who was so cross and mean that he would bark at all the girls who went to school past his box or house.

So Rob thought that this small dog should learn to keep cool; and he took him in his mouth and let him drop in a pond. The small dog did not like this,

and when he came out he went home as fast as he could, and to this day he does not bark at the girls when Rob is near.

But if this cross small dog should fall into a pond or a creek, and if he could not swim well, and so could not get out, and if Rob should come by and see him in the pond, Rob would jump in and help him out all the same as if he were a good dog; for Rob is kind to those who need his help, but at the same time he knows how to treat those who are bad and mean.

There are some men and boys, and girls too, who might learn from Rob a good deal that it would be well for them to know.

They might learn that we should not make friends with those who are bad, but that we should do good to all who need our help, if they are good or if they are bad.



ROB.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for the Fourth of July, my dears! and hurrah for the grand hundred years that have passed over our country since she resolved to stand up for herself and go it alone!

Hurrah, too, for the beautiful, glorious Summer with its joy and music, its lessons of peace and love, and, last not least, its delightful VACATION!

Ah! that is, what Jack loves—the school vacation—when boys and girls swarm in the woods and meadows, by the sea-shore, on the mountains, and even among the wet stones of the noisy brooks! Bless them! How their voices ring, and how their young hearts bound! What wonder that in July birds become wild with joy, and daisies nod, and trees shake down their ripening fruit too soon?

Jack does n't like to think of poor children in cities at such times as this. It's awful. Do all you can, my favored ones, toward helping those little pale cheeks to wide sunlight and the breath of flowers. Talk to the grown folk about it, and so help to multiply free Summer excursions for them. These free excursions for poor little ones are great things. Dear, dear! How the birds do try to sing their best on such occasions!

But enough. Let's have

TOM HUGHES ON FIGHTING.

It is hard, you see, for a steady, peaceable Jack-in-the-Pulpit to give you boys real, fire-crackery, Fourth-of-July talk, such as, perhaps, you'll expect to find in the July ST. NICHOLAS; but here is something that will answer very well. It's by Tom Hughes, the great historian of the school-boy. He is talking to the boys of England when he says it; but, mind you, he expects them to be sharp and get at its true meaning—not swallow it whole, like a pill:

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know. From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is

the business—the real, highest, honestest business—of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, by their evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them.

CAN THE TELEGRAPH SING?

THE birds are quite in a state of excitement up our way over a new invention that has come to their knowledge. It is called Gray's Telephone, and it undertakes to *sing by telegraph!* What say you to that, my chicks? Yes, they say it can hum "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," and on Sundays, "Old Coronation"—hum them so well that any one listening can tell the tune to a certainty.

The newspapers have had accounts of this wonderful thing; they say that, by means of his telephone, Mr. Gray can sit down in Milwaukee and play tunes for the instant enjoyment of friends in Chicago. They say he did this very lately. What is more, Mr. Gray knows your friend, Mr. Haskins, Commander-in-Chief of the great Army of Bird-Defenders—whose muster-roll appeared in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS—and Mr. Haskins has heard the telephone!

Electricity is a wonderful thing. The robins and sparrows don't understand it at all—they think it is only a tremendous system of bird-perches stretching all over the country; but the owls—ah, you ought to hear them hooting about electric currents, and Franklin's kite, and Summer lightning, and cats' backs, when you boys and girls are asleep!

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

HERE is something useful. I heard ten little tots reciting it at once, not long ago, to the pretty schoolmistress as she sat upon the willow stump smiling and nodding at them like a good one.

Three little words you often see:
The Articles *a, an, and the.*

A Noun's the name of anything,
As *school, or garden, hoop or swing.*

An Adjective describes the Noun,
As *great, small, pretty, white or brown.*

In place of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
As *he or she, your arm, my hand.*

Verbs tell of something to be done—
To *read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.*

How things are done, the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly, quickly, ill or well.*

Conjunctions join the words together,
As *men and women, wind or weather.*

The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as *in or through* the door.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As "*Oh! how pretty!*"—"Ah! how wise."

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

THE COMPANY PLAN.

HERE'S something, my dears, that the editor of ST. NICHOLAS said long ago to a crowd of young stars. As I never heard of its doing them any

special harm, it occurs to me that it will not hurt my little folks to hear it:

Did you ever notice what an amiable, pleasant feeling steals over you when you are visiting and on your "good behavior?"—how willing you are to overlook anything that interferes with your comfort?—how anxious to please, and how ready to take an interest in all that is going on? At these times your face lights up, your voice grows sweet and cheerful, your very movements become graceful. "What pleasant persons these friends are!" you say to yourself; and they very naturally consider you quite winning and delightful. So far, so good. It is just as it should be.

Of course, when you go home you take all your pleasant ways with you. If these friends who have known you but a little while, and who care for you merely as friends, have power to brighten and sweeten you, certainly when you return to your own relatives, who love you so much more, you'll be brighter and sweeter than ever.

Is it so? Perhaps it is. But if, by any chance, it should not be— if, for instance, you choose to let yourself be sour or indifferent at home, thinking any tone of voice, any glum look, and any careless word good enough for "the folks"—I'm sorry for you, that's all. You lose a great deal of comfort, and you miss a great opportunity of making others happy. But it is never too late to improve. Suppose you try the company plan. Be polite, sunny, and charming at home. Commence to-morrow—no, to-day. The home life is only a visit, after all, for no family can remain together always.

THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEELBARROW.

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He was n't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world,—“The Last Supper,”—a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of Our Lord and his disciples; though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci!

STEP OVER.

My bird-friends tell me that ostriches, notwithstanding their long legs and their wonderful power of running, never attempt to get over anything that is more than a few inches high. A fallen log is an impassable barrier to them, and, according to all accounts, you could imprison them for life by surrounding them with a fence hardly more than one foot high! Now, it seems to me, from what I hear, that there are a good many boys and girls of the ostrich sort in this world—a very little thing

hinders them. Even when they are going in the right direction, it's astonishing how easily they can be turned back if a slight difficulty rises in their path.

It ought not to be so, my chicks—and I don't say it always is so. But it will never happen, if always at the right moment, you will remember the ostrich, and try to step over.

I'm not talking about very big difficulties; they are hills and mountains of another sort. The little fallen logs and timbers in every-day life are far more important, because there are so many of them.

Davy Crockett said, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

To which Jack adds—and step over.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

HEIGHO! Here's trouble! Here have I been keeping a letter for weeks and weeks, instead of handing it over like a good Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Sorry, but it cannot be helped now. "Forgive and forget." So, dear Arbutus, as I did the forgetting, may be you'll do the forgiving, and call it square.

DEAR ARBUTUS: I have read your correspondence with the Scotch Heather, kindly forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by Jack-in-the-Pulpit; and I am pleased to observe the friendly relations subsisting between your dainty little ladyship and my hardy old crony of the mountain.

But I want to say a word about the Heaths. The "Cape Heath," dear, is very different from the Scotch Heather. Its home is at the Cape of Good Hope, where there are three hundred species, many of them twenty feet high. When they come to see us in Scotland, the people put them in beautiful glass houses by themselves, where they blossom all over in a profusion of delicate bells, some of them two inches long, and of every shade of pink and purple, with waxen white and brilliant yellow. There are only two kinds of these showy Heaths in Scotland. One is a pale rose-color, the other deep crimson. They grow in tufts and clusters, here and there; but your true Heather covers many a mile of moor and mountain, and from the profusion of its tiny pink blossoms and close, thick leaves, has a purple effect at a distance. It grows from a few inches to several feet high, according to circumstances, and varies considerably in depth and shade of color. One rare variety is pure white. It is so full of honey that the bees love it dearly.

None of the Heaths are blue, but we Bluebells like to live amongst them, and perhaps from this cause it has sometimes been supposed that the Heather itself is blue. The Blue, or Harebell, however, is not the same as the wild Hyacinth, whose lovely drooping flowers make all the lowland woods and pastures fragrant in Spring and early Summer. The Bluebell is a true mountain maiden, haunting the bare rocks and wild hill-sides, coming into bloom with her beloved companions, the Heathbells and Heather, and lingering with them till the advent of the frost and snow.

And now, hoping you will excuse this long letter, and trusting that you have had a most happy blossoming, I remain your loving friend,
THE BLUEBELL OF SCOTLAND.

SPELLING OUT OF SCHOOL.

THE children had a good joke lately. They were picnicking in our meadow, and one of them suddenly asked the pretty school-mistress:

"Miss G——, how do you spell NEED—need bread?"

"K-N-E-A-D," replied the school-mistress, promptly.

"Wrong!" cried all the children, in a breath. They evidently had heard the joke before.

The school-mistress looked astonished.

"Certainly, it's wrong," insisted the first youngster; "that's to knead dough. It's N-E-E-D, need!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

ROSE FULLERTON asks: "Do most little girls like to sew?" We cannot say, but we are sure that nearly all little girls like to have things sewed, and we know, too, that there are little girls who are not willing to impose all their sewing on other people.

M. A. E.—We cannot give you much encouragement in regard to your contributing to ST. NICHOLAS. In the first place, we do not need any "regular contributors." We have more articles on hand than we can use in a long, long time, and every month we return hundreds of excellent stories, essays, and poems, simply because we have no room for them. If we printed all the good things that we receive, we should have to make ST. NICHOLAS eight or ten times as large as it is, and charge more for it than any of you would be willing to pay for a magazine. But we are always willing to examine anything good that is sent us, because it is just possible that it may be better than anything that we have on hand. In that case we want it, but not otherwise. While we are glad to have our little friends write to us, and will print their letters or sketches in the Letter-Box whenever we can, it is useless for our friends to send us articles for the body of the magazine unless they are practiced writers, and feel that their contributions are likely to be better than any of the hundreds of manuscripts that ST. NICHOLAS has on hand.

We do not wish to discourage any persons who are convinced that they can write really first-class stories, sketches, or poems from sending their work to us. We may accept some of their articles. But we do not wish to encourage any one else.

S. A. BLAKE.—Your coin is a piece of Turkish money, of small value. It is modern. On one side is a little dot in the center of the coin, surrounded by a Turkish inscription. The large figure under the inscription on the other side is a *fac-simile* of the Sultan's signature.

As so few of our readers own gold-mines, we print the following letter:

Central City, Colorado, May 11th, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I would write you a few lines to let you know that I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I think that it is a very good book. I am ten years old. I study in the Second Geography, First Speller, and Ray's Practical Arithmetic; read in the Fourth Reader, and am writing in the fourth number of your writing-books. I own a gold-mine, and I named it the Crumplehorn. I speak of it, for I did not know but what you would want to buy it. I own 1,500 feet in length, 150 feet in width. I will sell it for \$500. I see a good many letters in the ST. NICHOLAS that children write, and thought that I would like to see mine in print.—Yours truly,
FRANK G. MOODY.

ANNE P.—"Faust-Life" is a very pretty little sketch, but it is too long for us to print.

We cannot give subscribers the residences of our contributors.

Buffalo, April 14th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like, if I might, to make a suggestion, and in fact to make two.

In the first place, could n't we have a little larger Letter-Box? In *Our Young Folks* it used to take up four or five pages, six sometimes, and I used to enjoy it so!

In the second place, I should like to propose a Correspondence column. I suppose you know what this means: any one who would like to correspond with somebody else, sends his name, address, and requisites for correspondence, which are published.

Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, I remain, respectfully, M.

In answer to "M." we would say, as we have said before, that we do not care at present to open a Correspondence column. The benefit to be derived from it is not, in our estimation, equal to its probable disadvantages.

As for the enlargement of the Letter-Box, we too should be glad if we had more space to devote to communications of our young friends. The Letter-Box, at present, will not hold half of those that reach us.

HATTIE GERTRUDE.—The "Bumble-Bees' Party" is full of very pretty fancies. It would be creditable to many an older writer.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old. I live in Brooklyn, near Fort Greene; and I think the happiest day in the month is when my ST. NICHOLAS comes, with my own name on the wrapper.

I have the darlings little baby brother in the world, and when he gets old enough wont I tell him rhymes and jingles! I know lots of them now.

I have made some verses about our dear little cunning baby, and mamma said that I might send them to you, and perhaps you would put them in the Letter-Box.

Isn't the "Eight Cousins" splendid? I thought "Nimpo's Troubles" was lovely, but I think I shall like this even better.

I love to write dearly, but I make a great many mistakes. Mamma says the meter is not quite right to these verses. I do not know exactly what that means, but when she gets the baby to sleep she will explain. M. C.

MY BABY BROTHER.

I have a little brother,
He is only three months old;
He is such a little darling,
He is worth his weight in gold.

I often take him riding
In my dolly carriage red;
When he is a little older
I'll take him on my sled.

When I ride my little brother,
He pays me with a smile;
I think that is pay enough
Should I ride him a whole mile.

He thinks his thumb the sweetest
That ever baby had,
And when it's taken from him
He is just a little bad.

He laughs all day at nothing,
With a dimple in each cheek;
I'm sure he'd say he loved me,
If he could only speak.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:

I believe inquiry was made in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1874, for employment or amusement for a boy who is a cripple. I once knew a boy who bought colored tissue paper, with which he made plain kites by the half-dozen for the toy-shops, and he earned considerable money by it. Perhaps the bird or man kite would sell even more readily. I think he could learn to make willow baskets, and sell them at variety stores or give them to his friends. He might knit stockings or mittens, or piece quilts for the poor. If musically inclined, he might learn the violin or guitar. He could learn to embroider with silks or worsteds, or make pen-wipers or other fancy articles. Drawing would be very fascinating, if he had any one to teach him, and this remark would also hold good in regard to modeling in clay.

To "JICKS," and any others of our subscribers who are going to Europe: The postage on ST. NICHOLAS, when sent to foreign countries, must be prepaid by us in stamps. To Great Britain it is four cents on each copy; to France or Germany, twelve cents; to Austria, Italy, or Switzerland, sixteen cents. This amount for each copy should be sent to us in addition to the subscription price.

SADIE W. PARSONS sends the following recipe for making skeleton leaves, in answer to Clarence Dellam's request in the May number:

Leaves to be skeletonized should be gathered only in dry weather, should also be perfectly matured, July and August being the best months to gather them. Among the choicest varieties are vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves. Dissolve four ounces of washing soda in one quart of boiling water; add two ounces of quick-lime and boil fifteen minutes; allow this to cool; then pour off the clear liquor into a clean saucpan, and when at a boiling point place the leaves carefully and boil one hour; boiling water should be added occasionally to supply that lost by evaporation. If after boiling one hour the cel-

ular tissue does not rub off between the thumb and finger, boil them till it will, always placing the leaves in cold water to separate the fleshy matter from the skeleton. Bleach the skeletons by putting them in a solution of one quart of water, a large table-spoonful of chloride of lime, and a few drops of vinegar. Let them remain in twenty minutes, and then remove and dry between sheets of white blotting-paper, beneath a gentle pressure.

The following boys and girls have sent in similar directions: Henry Carver, J. H. Drechsler, Fannie H. Kellogg, Clarence P. Dresser, "Gussie," Theodore M. Purdy, Annette H. Aldrich, Harry Mason Plaisted, and Minnie Fisher.

Clarence is fortunate also in receiving answers to his other question—how to crystalize flowers. Henry Carver sends the following recipe:

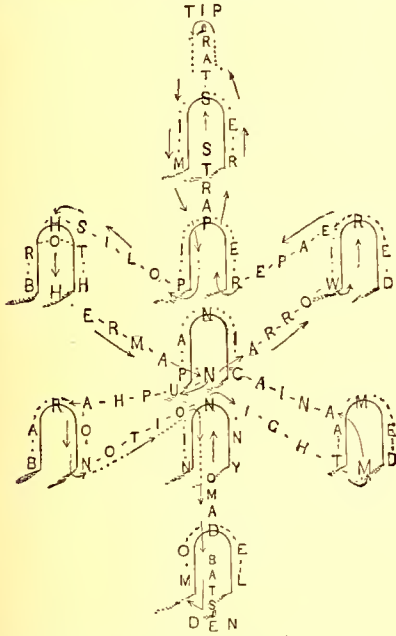
Put eighteen ounces of alum into a quart of water (keeping the same proportions for a greater or less quantity), and dissolve it by simmering it gently in a close tinned vessel over a moderate fire, stirring it frequently with a wooden spoon.

When the solution is completed, it must be poured into a deep glazed jar, and as it cools the subjects intended to be crystallized should be suspended in it, by a piece of thread or twine from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar, where they must be suffered to remain for twenty-four hours. When taken out of the solution, they are to be hung up in a shady, cool situation till perfectly dry. Care should be taken that the solution is neither too hot nor too cold, as in the one case the crystals will be very small, and in the other much too large.

Among the vegetable productions, the moss-rose, bunches of hops, ears of corn, the daisy, hyacinth, pink, fuchsia blossoms, lichens, and mosses are some of the most suitable subjects.

Very similar directions were received from Harry Mason Plaisted, Dolly W. Kirk, and Gertrude Turner.

HERE is the diagram of the croquet game published in the May number:



ALLEN CURTIS' question in the April Letter-Box has been answered by a large number of boys and girls, whose names will be found below. Some of these, besides giving the special facts which Allen desired, have sent in some general information about the Bible, which may interest him and others of our readers. We therefore print the following, from F. S. D., as being the most complete:

THE BIBLE.

The division into chapters was first made by Cardinal Hugo, about A. D. 1240. The plan of Hugo having become known to Rabbi

Nathan in the fifteenth century, he made a Hebrew concordance to the Old Testament, retaining the chapters, but improving the order of the verses. The New Testament was divided into verses, and numbered, A. D. 1545, by Robert Stephens, a learned Frenchman, who was printer to the King of France.

It is said that three years were spent in the curious, but idle calculation of the following tables:

	In the Old Testament.	In the New Testament.	Total.	Apocrypha.
Books	39 ..	27 ..	66
Chapters	929 ..	265 ..	1,189 ..	183
Verses	23,214 ..	7,959 ..	31,173 ..	6,081
Words	592,493 ..	181,253 ..	773,746 ..	152,185
Letters	2,728,100 ..	838,380 ..	3,566,480

In the Bible.

The middle chapter and the shortest is Psalm CXVII.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm CXVIII.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

In the Old Testament.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job XXIX.

The middle verse is in II. Chronicles, the 20th chapter and the 17th verse.

The shortest verse is the 25th verse of I. Chronicles.

The word "and" occurs 35,543 times.

In the New Testament.

The middle book is the II. Epistle to Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is the 13th of Romans.

The middle verse is the 17th verse of the 7th chapter of Acts.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John.

The word "and" occurs 10,684 times.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has in it all the letters of the alphabet except J.

The 19th chapter of the II. Book of Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike. F. S. D.

Similar communications have been received from Ruthie Bristol, Richard Aldrich, Woods P. Johnson, Mary B. Gardner, F. E. E., Frank C. Brinkerhoff, Hosmer Clark, Kitten Anderson, E. W. O., Paul De Schweinetz, Eddie Brading, Eleanor McDermott, Charles Baldwin, Luella M. Palmer, C. I. F., Alice L. Burdett, "Plymouth Rock," C. W. D., James J. Ormsbee, "Little Nell," Frank D. Emerson, Minnie Hanchette, Arthur J. Burdick, Lillie G. Lay, Nettie W. Pierce, "Ida Ho," Lewis Akin, Francis B. James, Gussie Stephner, Martin Andrews, Jr., "Emma," E. N. Fussell, Marion E. Gooding, M. Emma T., J. G. G., "Myrion," Carrie A. Johnson, Lizzie C., L. M. Nicholson, Harry Stancombe, W. E. Craighill.

A. L.—"How the Flower came into the World" is quite a pretty idea.

MAY R. S.—"John and Gillian" is very ingenious.

"THE Young Folks' Literary Club," of Maryville, Tennessee, sends us, through its librarian, an appeal for such books and periodicals as the young folks all over the country have read and do not want any longer. This club is not able to buy all the books they want; but if any of our readers have books or magazines that they would like to send to the librarian, Mr. John T. Anderson, Box 29, Maryville, Tenn., he will pay the cost of transportation. The club is very kindly spoken of by the clergymen and leading men of Maryville.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The poem is good for a girl of twelve, but not peculiar enough to print.

HERE is a letter to the boys and girls from a very sensible Englishman. It is a good letter to read on the Fourth of July:

You often hear people talk about "the old country," and you know as well as I do what this means. On the Fourth of July, don't you let off fire-crackers to celebrate the breaking off by the Colonies from the rule of England? and that important event, you know, occurred less than one hundred years ago; so that if England is called the "old" country, it is not a mistake to speak of this as "new" or "young."

Now, I think it is very likely that, as older folks do, you think with interest of the dead men and women and boys and girls who are your relatives of hundreds of years ago, who had the same name and were of the same family; and you have already learned enough of history to think of them as having their home in England, far away on the other side of the great Atlantic Ocean.

When an English person comes to live on this side he is so very ap-

to contrast the newness of what he sees with the mellow or decaying age of much that he left behind him. Even in the earliest settled places in New England, where the houses and churches and public halls seem quite venerable to an American, they do not appear thus to an Englishman, or, at the least, not to me. This will not surprise you when I tell you that I recently worshipped in an English church built certainly not later than during the reign of Edward the Confessor, who died, as you may remember, in the year 1066 A. D. Underneath the noble cathedral at Ripon is a small chapel which it is thought was built about twelve hundred years ago; and scattered up and down in England are quaint old country towns nestling around their stately, rock-like churches, looking not much unlike what they were several centuries ago. I have seen many such in traveling about, and, besides, a good many ruinous castles frowning from the hill-tops or the banks of crystal rivers. Now, as perhaps the relatives of some of you, hundreds of years ago, bought and sold and attended church in one of these towns—or, it might be, went out in steel armor to battle from the massive gate-way of one of these castles, I think I do not mistake when I suppose it likely you will some day take an interest in these old places, because they were built by men who are as much ancestors of some of you as they are of UNCLE HARRY.

PLEASANT letters or little sketches, which we would be glad to notice separately if we could, have been received from Jessie Maxwell, Willis Hubbard, Bessie Clark, Melinda Evans, Grace Gordon Clarence W. McElwaine, Emma G. Lund, C. N. M. Rose, Sadie W. Parsons, Julia Elliott, C. B. Dare, and Hubert Houston.

HERE is an item for the Bird-Defenders from *Harper's Bazar*:

Lady Burdett-Coutts, a very rich and generous English lady, favor a society for the prevention of cruelty to humming-birds. From personal knowledge she certifies that one Parisian milliner uses forty thousand of these birds every season, and reasonably predicts that slaughtered at this rate, they will soon be extinct.

We do not suppose that our army has yet much influence in Europe, but this paragraph should put them on their guard, for there are a great many bonnets in this country, and a good many humming-birds too.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

THE following list comprises only a part of the additional names sent in for the Grand Muster-Roll. The remainder will be printed in our next issue:

Ernest Holmes, of West Liberty, Iowa, sends the following list: Ernest Holmes, Loring Holmes, Azona Maxson, Dora Maxson, Sadie Bowersock, Ella Hogue, Urania Iderman, Ellen Evans, Clara Meade, Allen Walker, Emma Walton, Tommie Rhodes, Edna Weaver, Louie Blakeslee, Ada Shaw, Minnie Polder, Jessie Winslow, Hattie Shaw, Olie Nichols, J. Park Nichols, Willie Wheeler, Eddie Millard, Willie Evans, Clarence Scott, Hugh Evans, James Wheeler, Geo. D. Evans, Lizzie Harrison, Mary Harrison, Jesse Holmes, Emma Prouty, Ida King, Eva Windus, Bertha Harris, Linnie Purvis, Anna Daiber, Lizzie Bailey, Jennie Richards, Nellie Sumner, Ina Glenn, Hattie Palmer, Lilian Lewis, Ella Meade, Minnie Campbell, Lizzie Shipman, Celta McFadden, Mary Smith, Libbie Shannon, Lizzie Kale, Della Windus, Sara Dotson, Annie Keith, Callie Givans, Louie Henderson, Gerie Alger, Ida Givans, Jessie Alger, Anna Patterson, Lilian Prather, Levi Pond, Ernest Null, Geo. Fulton, James Deemer, Howard Walton, Charlie Dewey, Jos. Clapper, Harold Childs, Fred Evans, Delos Morris, Hattie Staples, Cullen Staples, and Lucy Walton.

Daisy B. Haynes, of Fulton, sends these names: Daisy B. Haynes, John Paul Haynes, Carrie Anderson, Georgie Ney, Freddie Spencer, Anna Perkins, Nellie Jennings, Ida Charton, Nellie Royce, Mollie Royce, Louisa Coseo, Chara Whitaker, Jennie Lusk, Willie Royce, Nettie Montague, Luella Wilcox, Sara Darrow, Rollo Mosher, Libbie Lee, Uly Palmer, Belle Brandor, Anna Holden, Katy Doyle, Lannie Loomis, George Perkins, Eddie McCully, Sara Perry, Leila Ruth Haynes, Carrie Seymour, Bertha Ney, Johnnie McIntyre, Kittie Skinner, Emma Jennings, Willie Schenck, Gracie Hagemeister, Lottie Royce, Ida Stanton, Carrie Coseo, Hattie Whitaker, Gerie Dada, Maggie Hagemeister, Freddie Wilcox, Millie Horton, Cora Bradshaw, Frankie Bisnett, Allie Waterman, Edith McCordy, Ella Poole, Jamie Taylor, Freddie Sweet, Robbie McCully, Hattie Perry, Ettie Bisnett, and Libbie Merten.

Miss Kinzie Smith, of Parkersburg, Virginia, sends a long list: Diddie Clark, Ella Crichton, Minnie Cain, Annie Griffin, Eliza McWane, Isabel Bryan, Jennie Saunders, Rena Wallace, Nannie Parrich, Nellie Covert, Lizzie Farrow, Jessie Gilbert, America Pilcher, Levera Stuart, Ina J. Posten, Laura Englehart, Rosa Caswell, Anna B. Fimmel, Rosa Prince, Eloise Sutton, Annie Layman, Nannie Gould, Ella Broad, Tiny Posten, Matty Phelps, Albert Warner, Edward Theis, Fritz Graff, Thos. Vaughan, Lincoln Gilmer, Thos. Gallagher, Wm. Beuhler, Okey Cole, Albert Hainish, Chas. Sharp, Harry Haddock, Jno. Hughes, Allan McPhail, Ed. Johnson, Jno. Williams, Chas. Warne, Guy Gould, Sam'l Millar, Tom Cain, Robt. Kyhi, Floyd Turner, Chas. Bush, Eddie Sorrel, Chas. Marlow, and Albert Woodruff.

R. Thomas Savin, of New York City, sends this list: E. Delafiel Smith, Jr., George H. Moore, William M. Savin, Robt. McLaren, Theodore M. Purdy, James H. Salmon, E. A. Bibby, H. J. Davison, James W. Underhill, Charles H. Alliger, E. J. Claghory, G. L. Courtenay, G. G. Brinkerhoff, Jr., Willie Livermore, Wm. Nichols,

R. H. Brinkerhoff, G. S. Bartlett, Randolph W. Townsend, Jr. H. W. Norton, M. M. Gilliss, A. D. Dederick, Andy Bibby, G. H. Nolen, Peyton A. Savin, Louise Moore, Daisy Purdy, Chas. Watts Lizzie Brice, Harry Dodger, Mabel Salter, Anna Moore, Carrie Savin, Florence B. Day, Wm. M. Peters, Mary Peters, Jamsie Brice Bertha Peters, Frank Tichenor, Georgie Peters, Alfie Peters, Frankie Alliger, Belle Dodge, Minnie Bush, Annie Dodger, and E. Hibbard Besides these lists, the following names have been received: Samue McCormick, Charley Warren, William McAllister, Lewis Rothermell, James Beck, Florie Beck, Carl Beck, James Dubosq, William Perrine, Ed. Perrine, Harry Godshall, Clement Devine, Am. McCormick, Richard Hance, John Rutherford McAllister, Lewis Kirk, Julius McClure, Albert Thissel, Helen Beck, Alice Lincoln, Mary Lincoln, Eleanor Gayley, Maggie Gayley, Jennie P. Gayley, Tillie De Armond, Beckie Nagles, Agnes Long, Minnie Long, Albert Edward Sumner, Fred Burton French, Ada Mabel French, Charles Osborne Sumner, Luile Taylor, Sadie Taylor, Bertha Taylor, Edith Taylor, Maggie Smith, Katie Smith, Jessie Smith, Helen A. Smith, Bennie F. Hussey, Mary E. Hussey, Clara G. E. Hussey, Robert Cary Hussey, Hattie Woodruff, Ella Woodruff, Edith Woodruff, Agnes Woodruff, Mary Boardman, Nellie Spencer, Arthur Eldredge, Paul Spencer, Jessie Griswold, Clara Griswold, Belle Collins, Gracie Collins, Mary Hanus, Fannie Lashbrook, Jenny Longworth, Mary Demson, Alice P. Dennison, Adelaide Phillips, Alexis I. du P. Coleman, Chas. B. Phillips, Jr., Lizzie R. Harris, Susie T. Harris, Sallie M. Grice, T. C. Matlack, Mrs. S. A. Harris, A. W. Harris, Annie Grice, William W. Lindsay, James R. Harris, Jr., Willie Folsom, Bertie Folsom, Kitty Evans Folsom, Anna H. Scofield, Sallie C. Scofield, Lewis Neil Scofield, Ralph Rutherford, Lewis Rutherford, Bessie Rutherford, Arthur Brady, Bessie Brady, Winnie Brady, Hannah Maria Cooke, Clemence Amelia Cooke, Benjamin Stephens Cooke, Allie Hall, Willie Burnett, Helen R., Willie G. James, Robbie James, Katie Canon, George B. James, Lida B. Graves, Joseph H. Graves, Logan Hay, Kate L. Hay, Nellie A. Fitch, Lucy A. Fitch, Christie McDermott, Eleanor McDermott, Marian Colt, Bertha Colt, John Stebbins, Anna Stebbins, Florence H. Buffum, C. B. Dare, Eddie Wing, Mellie Brandon, Roy Clarkson, Helen Worrall Clarkson, Alice C. Dillingham, Willie H. Osgood, Minnie M. Case, Harry C. Powers, Julia Snell, Lizzie Hicks, Lizzie K. Shelby, Fannie T. Shelby, Thornburgh Chapman, Laura Graham Reed, Harry Sawyer, Harry M. Sperry, Mary A. Luther, Zelle Minor, Mary Anderson Lomax, Lulu Hinman, Rose Fullerton, Ward C. Elliott, F. A. Taber, Fannie Hubbard, Charles A. Miller, Willie P. McCoy, Effie Van Volkenberg, Winnie Burt, Robert Irving, Mary Belle Smith, Clara D. Henkle, Seth P. Remington, Claude L. Wheeler, M. Fitch, Harry O. Fullen, Gaylord Woodhull, Victor Grant Beebe, Arthur S. Hodges, Bessie L. Cary, Sarah Y. Raymond, Elsie Tilden, Emogene Hulburd, Willis Hulburd, F. Vieland, M. Nicolovius, Arthur P. Hodges, Willie Grover, Eddie Grover, M. Jones, E. Miller, M. Warren, M. Hon, H. Hon, E. Schefield, and Helen Cook.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters. My 35, 11, 16, 45, 9 is the name of a flower. My 4, 10, 8, 3, 25, 6, 33, 46, 41, 43 is the name of a State. My 3, 15, 44, 12, 5, 24 is a precious stone. My 29, 28, 43, 2, 27, 11, 39 is one of the operas. My 47, 31, 26 is an animal. My 47, 31, 1, 4, 25, 47, 8, 7, 38 is another of the United States. My 20, 9, 23, 33, 47, 19 is the name of a well-known novel. My 14, 19, 13, 32 are domestic animals. My 21, 11, 16, 27, 28, 37 is a poet. My 17, 3, 30, 18 are welcome to every man in a profession. My 2, 40, 12, 42, 23, 44 is something hard to bear. My hole is a very familiar quotation. M. and G.

CHARADE.

MY first is made of corn that's ground;
 My second in every house is found;
 My whole just peeps above the ground,
 And wears a little cap that's round. D. H. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the whole name of a noblewoman and distinguished singer. 1. To pitch tents or rest or siege. 2. The name of a daughter of Charles I. of Sweden. 3. A Shropshire peasant who attained remarkable age. 4. An English general in American revolutionary times. 5. To take one's reward. 6. A noted chief of the Seminole Indians. 7. He who is sought by some to hold the keys of Heaven. 8. Two birds of a personal pronoun. 9. A Russian czar. 10. The Latin name of one of the grand divisions of the earth. A. O'N.

SQUARE-WORD.

My first is oft a fop's delight,
 And let us all my next the right;
 My third supplied each royal steed,
 In olden time, with grain for feed;
 Bought at my fourth it might have been,
 While still my fifth around is seen;
 My sixth a dangerous foe may be
 To every bark that tempts the sea. RUTH.

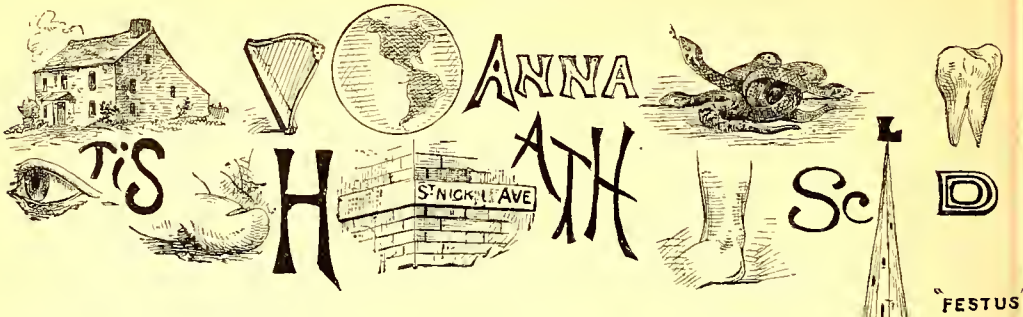
TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I WILL go for the —, but will drop the — if I hear that — that has — from its nest sing like a —. 2. We found the — among the mass of —. 3. —, what is the difference between a — and a —? 4. Did our ancestors — with Divine attributes? 5. I will give you a — of almonds, if you find the word — in the — language. J. F. B.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

ON muster-day the boys were —
 Each nerve to show a splendid —
 When suddenly the cry, "'T is —,"
 Proclaims ill-luck begun;
 From fine cockades the beauty —,
 Adown their uniform is —
 The streams that spoil their fun;
 Crestfallen, homeward they are —,
 When low a bright bow over —
 Tells that the rain is done. B.

REBUS, No. 2.



ELLIPSES.

METAGRAM.

FILL the blanks with the same words transposed.
 1. This — table is a — purchase. 2. The captain tried to — his company from the —. 3. The — was accused of —. 4. Though with —, he — the conflict. 5. In — the gossip is apt to — the facts; 6. And — upon the —.

WHOLE, I am a city. Change my head, and I am a plant; again, and I am seen in some houses. Cut off my head, and I am seen in some part of the year.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A boy's name. 3. To gain instruction. 3. To lack moisture. 5. A consonant.

HIDDEN CAPES.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. I CANNOT perform this example. 2. Will you come to-morrow, Sarah, or now? 3. Have you a new bonnet? 4. I never deceived any one. 5. The article Arthur intended to purchase was sold.

1. A FLOWER. 2. A foreigner. 3. A slender cord 4. To behold. 5. An article. 6. One thousand.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER

RIDDLE.—Bark.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Excommunicated. 2. Ensign. 3. Decanter. 4. Isolate. 5. Erased. 6. Degenerated. 7. Eyeballs. 8. Ceded. 9. Exasperates. 10. Detract. 11. Absentee.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

G A Y
 A Y E
 Y E S

ENIGMA.—Kindergarten.

CHARADE.—Mississippi.

REBUS, No. 1.—

“Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
 I lived up there on yonder mountain-side,
 My right leg chained into the crag, I lay
 Pent in a roofless close of jagged stones.”

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

F I S C A L
 I D I O M
 S I S T
 C O T
 A M
 L

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Jean Ingelow, George Eliot.

J — i — G
 E — glantin — E
 A — lecd — O
 N — upha — R
 I — ceber — G
 N — ightshad — E
 G — eorg — E
 E — e — L
 L — ev — I
 G — ntari — O
 W — alnu — T

A CHESS TRAGEDY.—Black Knight, Castle, White Queen, (K)night, Black Rooks, Upon (a pawn), Set, Aching (a king), Problem, King, Castle, Queen, Discover, Check, Guarded, Drawn, Queen, Bored (board), Double Check, Squares, Move, Bishop, Knight, King, Pawn, Black Men, Knight, Queens, Queen, Smothered Mate.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

E
 A L E
 A R E N A
 E L E M E N T
 E N E M Y
 A N Y
 T

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—“Little Women.”

REBUS, No. 2.—“A cup of gold, all rich and rough, with stories of the gods.”

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

C
 L E A
 L A N C E
 C E N S U R E
 A C U T E
 E R E
 E

ANAGRAMS.—1. Presbyterian. 2. Orchestra. 3. Parishioners. 4. Matrimony. 5. One word. 6. Ancestor. 7. Midshipman. 8. Lawyers. 9. Sweetheart. 10. Parliament. 11. Melodrama. 12. Prince of Wales. 13. Sir Robert Peel. 14. Revolution. 15. Masquerade. 16. Frontispiece. 17. Performance.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM.—Fred-stole, (K)nave, Altar (alter).

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—C—L E A R
 L—E A S E
 M—A S K S
 C—R E S T

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, previous to May 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Gertrude Turner, Belle Sargent, Helen Jackson, Dugald C. Jackson, Eddie H. Eckel, Leila Burton, “Lou and Flo,” George H. Fuller, Charles R. Baldwin, Julia A. Dobler, Frank H. Belknap, Fred M. Taylor, Ida E. Decker, Libbie R. Churchyard, Willie E. Frost, Willie L. Young, Randolph B. Seymour, Clara L. Northway, Arthur Clowles, Charles Balestier, Alma Sterling, Louise Ensign, George L. Benton, Johnny Flagg, Charles C. Rupert, F. W. Bowler, Fred Worthington, Frank Bowman, Richard S. Murphy, Harry D. Peet, Sarah Y. Raymond, E. Alexander Frink, Meta Gage, Lida B. Graves, Madeline Palmer, Zelle Minor, Birdie Luce, J. B. Burwell, H. N. Adair, “Golden Eagle,” Carrie E. Wickes, Heyward M. Gibbs, E. E. S., P. Dumbasten, I. Dumbasten, Clelia D. Mosher, Anna L. Gibbin, Alice B. Mersereau, George M. Trowbridge, Charles H. Delaney, William C. Delaney, Leon Haskell, R. Van Voorhis, Jr., Edward Van Voorhis, Ida L. Rayner, Dolly A. Kirk, Fannie Smith and Ernest Winne, Nellie C. Colby, Mark W. C., Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Leila Delano, Cora M. Wesley, Bel M. Evans, A. T. Stoutenburgh, Gillie Frost, and Jennie Agnes Carr.



THE PINE-STICK DOLL.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1875.

No. 10.

THE PINE-STICK DOLL.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

ONE morning when sister Sue and Bunny Miller and I reached the old gray school-house, and ran up on the grassy bank, where we girls always gathered to wait for the teacher, we saw a new scholar standing a little apart from the rest, with a slate and spelling-book in her hand.

Nobody knew her, and so nobody spoke to her; but one of the girls whispered to us that she *guessed* her folks lived in the little old tumble-down house over by the woods, for she heard her father say, the night before, that a man named Beck had moved in there, and that he had four or five children. Bunny and I felt very curious, so we slipped around where we could get a good look at the stranger. She was n't pretty,—so much was certain at the first glance; the freckles almost ran together on her face, they were so thick; her lips were shut tight, and there was a queer look about her light gray eyes. Her dress showed where the buttons had been let down, but still it was too short; her hands were brown as the sun could make them, and so were her bare feet. Bunny and I smoothed down our clean check aprons with our hands, and confided to each other our belief that we should not like her.

When the teacher came, she called us all in at once. We hung up our sun-bonnets and dinner-pails in the entry, and pressed into the school-room. Bunny and I sat on the little girls' bench, because we were not old enough to have desks, but Sue had a desk and was in the first class.

We were all looking to see what seat the new scholar would have. The teacher called her to her side, and asked what her name was.

"Nan Beck," said the girl, readily enough.

"I have not seen you before," remarked Miss Bowen. "Where do you live?"

"In the old house by the woods."

Miss Bowen was surprised, for she knew, as well as the rest of us, how long the old house had been tenantless and forsaken; so she made a few more inquiries, and found that the family had been emigrants to the far West, but, meeting with continued bad luck, had undertaken to retrace their course. On their way back through our country, the deserted house on the edge of the woods had caught the father's eye, and finding that there was good fishing in the river, and a quarry not far off where he could get work, he had decided at once to "locate."

Our teacher spoke kindly to Nan Beck, when she had heard her story, and, on discovering that she was eleven years old and a good speller, placed her in the first-class, and gave her a desk among the large girls. I saw Dely Moore draw her beautiful calico dress out of the way, when Nan sat down by her, and Sarah King on the other side looked very grave and sober.

At recess the girls played "catch," and Nan joined in the game. She proved to be the fleetest runner of them all, but the rest seemed to have tacitly made up their minds to dislike her, and after a little while she left them, and came to the side of the wall, where the smallest children were playing house. She offered to be "mother," but we shrank away from her, and little fat dimpled Rosie Moore whispered to Bunny:

"I'm real 'fraid she's a wild girl!"

And so on every side poor Nan's first overtures were repulsed. When noon came, we took our pails and scattered in all directions to eat our luncheon. We had a fashion of going in pairs: each girl had some particular friend with whom she would wander off, their arms around each other's waist, and their voices lowered confidentially. These friendships were of uncertain duration, but full of devotion while they lasted. Bunny had been my friend all the term, and Sue went with Sarah King.

Nan looked longingly at these little groups and pleasant intimacies, but she was not invited to join any of them, so she withdrew under some bushes and ate her dinner all by herself.

So it went on from day to day, and there was not a girl to be found who took a fancy to Nan Beck. It was not because she was poor, for Dilly Brown was even poorer, but we all made a pet of merry, rosy-faced Dilly. It was not because she was ignorant, for she learned as fast as any of us. It must have been her looks and manners that repelled us. Her tangled hair and tawny face, her constrained, awkward ways, her utter lack of the pleasant traits that characterized our favorites,—all these things made us shy of the stranger.

As the days grew warmer, the girls left off running races and playing tag, and, gathering all the stones they could find by the road-side, built little enclosures on the bank beside the wall, and in these played house with their rag-babies. Not one of us owned a "store-doll," and only two or three had even seen one, but we hugged our rag-babies to our hearts, and made their dresses long to hide their lack of feet. My sister Sue had twelve, and one, the most beautiful, had an artificial pink rose sewed on the top of her head, and was always in full-dress.

One recess, Nan Beck came among our houses, holding up something in her hand for us all to see. It was a doll cut out of a pine stick, with a round head and a pretty face, not one feature omitted, and it had hands and feet. There was a general chorus of admiration, and we all crowded around the fortunate Nan.

"O, Nan, how pretty! Nan, where *did* you get it?" echoed on every side, and there were not wanting a few bold enough to beg,—"*O, do* give it to *me*, Nan!"

"My brother whittled it out for me last night," said Nan, turning her treasure so as to display it to the best advantage.

"I'll give you any two of my rag-babies you like for it," said Sarah King, very graciously.

"So will I! So will I!" cried one after another in sharp competition.

"I'll tell you what," said Nan, with a sort of

awkward resoluteness, "I aint agoing to swap it; I'm agoing to give it away; I'm agoing to give it to the first girl that will agree to be my friend, and go with me all the rest of the term."

A silence fell on us, and the girls looked at each other. There was not one but wanted the wooden doll. It was so much prettier than anything we had, and could be dressed so beautifully. I could not help thinking what a nice dress I could make for it of a piece of pink delaine in my box at home. But to go with Nan all the time, and be her friend; to lock arms with her, and whisper secrets to her, and stand up for her at all times and places—who could do that? I turned around and hugged my darling Bunny. No, I could not give up Bunny to buy the doll!

The girls glanced at each other uneasily. Dely Moore stood biting the corner of her white apron, and Sarah King looked vexed and undecided. Not one could make up her mind to the conditions. Nan waited, looking homelier than ever, with a dull red flush of mortification spreading over her face. Suddenly she turned as if to go.

"Stop, Nan!" exclaimed my sister Sue, her shrewd black eyes sparkling with sudden determination; "I'll go with you, I'll be your friend!"

"Well, if I ever! Sue Butler, you need n't ever try to go with *me* again!" said Sarah King, hotly, as Nan stopped in glad surprise, and waited half timidly for Sue to join her.

"Ho, I don't believe they'll be friends more than two days," said Dely Moore, tossing her curly head.

"I don't see why not," remarked another girl, derisively. "Birds of a feather flock together—you know."

Sue laughed over her shoulder at them all. She had the wooden doll, and that was enough. Faithful to her bargain, she invited Nan into her own little enclosure, and there played house with her till recess was over.

When noon came the girls all watched to see what Sue would do. Bunny and I betook ourselves to our pet corner in a shady angle of the wall, and peeped out as we nibbled our seed-cake.

Presently along came Sue and Nan arm in arm, and Sue said:

"Where shall we go to eat our dinner, Nan?"

"I wish you would come and see my place among the bushes," said Nan, eagerly; "it's a real nice place, and nobody ever found it but me."

"I should n't wonder if they both hid in a rat-hole nest," was Sarah King's spiteful remark, when she saw Nan lifting up the overhanging bushes, and Sue stooping carefully and following her in under them. But when, a moment after, we all heard Sue exclaiming, "Why, how nice! how beautiful!"

ever did see such soft, pretty moss, and it's just like an arbor, is n't it?"—the girls began to wonder what there was in there, and I know they all wanted to see.

"Let's go in there too," I whispered to Bunny; "we can, 'cause Sue is my sister." So we crept under the bushes after them, and found ourselves in a regular fairy bower, with moss three inches deep for a carpet, and a long, low stone for a seat. Overhead two or three young trees interwove their leaves and twigs and shaded us from the sun's heat, and in one of the trees there was a bird's nest. Bunny and I thought we had never seen anything so nice in our lives, and Nan's face beamed all over, she was so glad of company. We put all our dinners together, and had a little picnic on the moss, which was great fun. The girls tried to tease Bunny and me when we came out, but we had had such a good time we did n't care.

That evening, in the big kitchen at home, Sue pressed the doll. I gave her my pink delaine for a dress, and she made a little white ruffled apron, just as cunning as it could be, and a little bonnet too. I told mother all about the bargain, how Sue had promised to go with Nan, and mother said she was glad of it.

Next morning Sue took the doll to school, and she looked so handsome, the girls had not a word to say. When Nan came, she brought a whole pocketful of sassafras root which her brothers had dug for her, and with a very bright face gave it all to Sue, and then they strolled off together arm in arm. The sassafras root made a great impression on the rest of us, for we all loved it dearly, but it was so hard to dig, we never had much at a time.

The days slipped by, and Sue was true to her bargain. I don't suppose she would ever have thought of being friends with Nan Beck, if it had not been for the doll; but Sue was a shrewd little business woman, an honest one too, and always carried out whatever she undertook. She found it pleasanter than she expected in this case, and by degrees quite a number of the girls fell into the habit of hanging about with Bunny and me when Nan had sassafras and checker-berries to give away, or when sitting under some tree she told us stories of her wild, pioneering life in the West; or when, lithe as a panther, she climbed young saplings till she bent them to the ground, so that we could make hold in turn and swing gayly through the air.

In fact, the school soon formed itself into two parties,—one friendly to Nan and ready to follow wherever her adventurous spirit led, and the other, headed by Sarah King and Dely Moore, standing aloof, and exchanging meaning glances and sarcastic whispers whenever they happened to be near us.

"There go the *Nannies!*" said Sarah contemptuously one day, as we ran past her with Nan down to the brook. "I'd be ashamed to be a tom-boy," added Dely, holding back her little sister Rosie, who looked longingly after us.

Meanwhile Sue's friendship was taking a practical shape. She did not want her chosen companion laughed at, so she gave Nan some hints from time to time, which the latter eagerly received; the tangled hair was trimmed and neatly combed, the old dress was pieced down and made long enough, and one day after Sue had been holding a long consultation with mother, Nan appeared in a pretty plaid apron, which we thought made her look as nice as any of us.

But still Sarah King and her party were not to be won over, and one day when Nan went above them all to the head of the spelling-class, they became so teasing and irritating at recess, that they finally made her cry, in spite of her stout little heart. Sue swept an indignant glance around, and drew her away out of sight of her foes.

I shall always remember that day; we had no school in the afternoon, for it was Saturday, and Sue and I trudged home along the dusty road at noon, much roused in spirit over Sarah King's enmity to Nan. We told the whole story to mother, who, with her wise, gentle words, finally calmed us, and to divert our minds sent us out into the garden to gather the raspberries for jam. I remember just how the bushes looked, loaded down with the red and purple berries, and how warm and sultry it was, and how we scratched our hands reaching after the highest clusters. We had picked nearly four quarts, when we realized that it had suddenly become cool and dark though so early in the afternoon. Great black clouds had overcast the sky, and even while we looked large drops fell on our faces.

"Run in, girls, run in quick!" cried mother at the door; "there is going to be a hard thunder-storm!"

We had hardly time to reach the house before the rain was pouring down and beating against the windows, and the thunder came rolling up nearer and nearer. According to my usual custom in thunder-storms, I drew a little cricket up into a corner, and sat there with my face to the wall, and my fingers in my ears. But Sue played with her doll unconcernedly, and began a new suit of clothes for it. After an hour or so the storm passed off, and just as the sun was breaking out and shining in the great rain-drops that hung everywhere, there came a loud knocking at the door. Before we could open it, in rushed Tom Moore, asking wildly if we had seen Rosie. When he found we had not, he fairly cried, big boy as he was.

"She is lost, then! little Rosie's lost!" he said, despairingly. "I've been to all the neighbors looking for her, and nobody has seen her since dinner!"

Mother caught up her bonnet, and hurried over to Mrs. Moore's at once. Sue and I followed her, too frightened to speak. We found Dely crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and Mrs. Moore was blowing the horn to call home her husband and the men at work in the far-off barn. The neighbors were gathering about, to sympathize and wonder. One had seen little Rosie with her sun-bonnet on, wandering past her house before one o'clock, and that was the last that could be learned of her.

"I'll drive up and down the road three or four miles each way," said my father, "and make inquiries. You boys here had better go over the fields, and look in all the barns."

Just as he was ready to start, one of the women exclaimed that she saw something like a speck coming down the distant hill, and might it not be Rosie?

"No," said father, looking attentively that way for a few moments, "it is a little old woman almost bent double."

My sister Sue could see farther and quicker than any one I ever knew, and now, shading her eyes, she scanned the figure coming down the hill.

"It's Nan Beck!" she cried excitedly. "She is bringing something in her arms, and I think it is Rosie!"

Father and Mr. Moore sprang into the wagon and drove that way with all speed. Whoever it was, we saw them carefully lift her in, and then they drove speedily back again. Sure enough, it was Nan, with little Rosie clasped tight in her arms. They had both been drenched with the rain, and Rosie's face was pale and tear-stained, while her little legs were covered with black mud up to her dimpled knees. Mrs. Moore caught her frantically in her arms.

"Change her clothes right off," said a practical old aunt, "or she'll catch her death of cold. And give her some hot catnip tea."

While this was going on Nan told her story. Before the storm came on, she had gone over to the swamp to dig sweet-flag. When it began to rain, she sheltered herself in a hollow tree. In a lull of the storm, she thought she heard a child crying; and becoming sure that it was so, she left the tree and wound her way along the edge of the swamp, till at last she came in sight of Rosie, standing in a treacherous bog, holding fast to the rushes with a scared face, and crying piteously. Nan waded out to her through the mud, brought her to solid ground, and then started at once with the child in her arms to take her home.

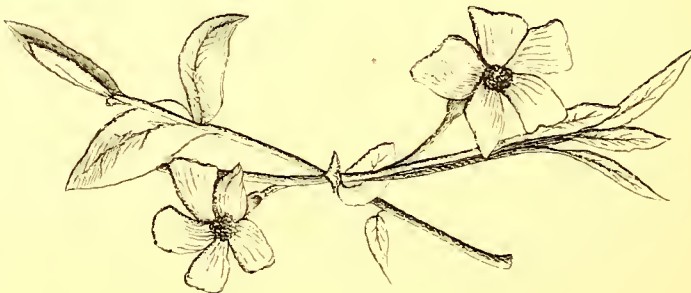
Every face was pale, and every heart was thrilled, at Nan's simple recital, for all realized what peril little Rosie had been in. It would have been impossible for such a child to make her way alone out of that dangerous swamp. When her mother asked her why she ran away, she said it was "to find sweet flag and v'lets, and to find Nan, because Dely would not *never* let her play with her at school."

"O, Nan, Nan, how I have treated you!" said Dely, remorsefully, "but I'll always be your friend now forever and ever!"

This was Nan's final triumph. She became the heroine of all the neighborhood, and when Dely and Rosie joined her adherents, there was not a girl in the school who would hold out against her, not even Sarah King. She became leader in all our lessons and our games, and could choose any girl she pleased to be her friend and to "go with her."

But I think she never liked any one quite so well as my sister Sue, and of all the little ones she petted Rosie and Bunny and me the most.

The child-days are all gone now, and much that happened in them has faded out of my memory, but I never forget brave little Nan who wanted to be loved, and who bought her first friend with a pine-stick doll.



THE FAINT FLOWER.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



UP where the meadow-grass
Leans toward the river,
Stood little Bluebell
All in a shiver.

“River! oh, River!
Where are you going
Stay just a moment
In your swift flowing!”

“Oh, little Bluebell!
How can I wait?
The miller will chide me,
The boats will be late.”

“Rain-clouds! oh, Rain-clouds!
Where are you flying?
I am *so* thirsty,
Fainting and dying!”

“Oh, little Bluebell!
Afar in the air
The storm-king is calling,
And we must be there.”

“Robin, dear Robin!
I am so ill,
And you’re at the river-brink,
Drinking your fill.”

“Oh, little Bluebell!
Do, then, look up;
Some kind cloud will give you
A drop in your cup.”

Here little Bluebell
Ceased her complaint,
Drooping still lower,
Hopeless and faint.

But down fell the twilight,
And up came the Dew,
Whisp’ring, “Dear Bluebell,
We’re sorry for you.

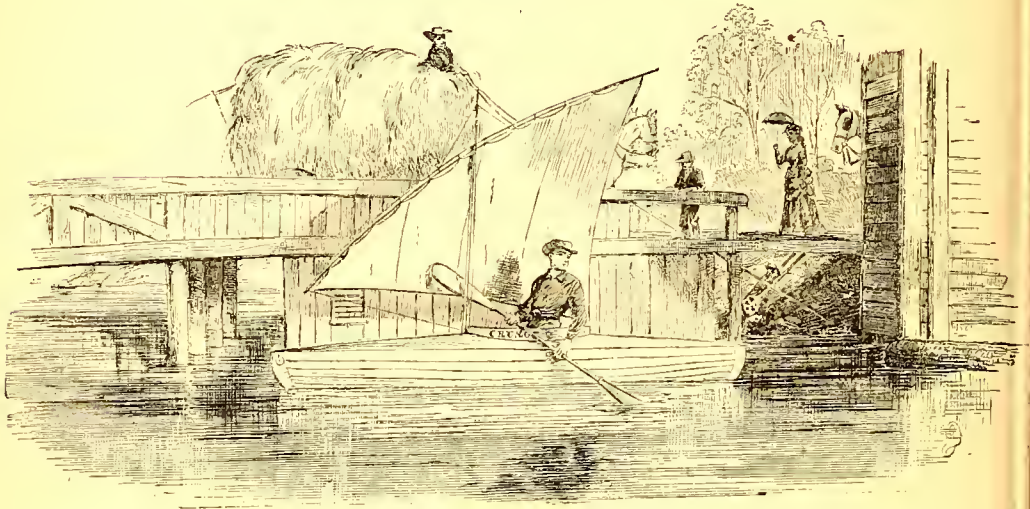
“We are not strong,
Like the Rain or the River,
But never a flower faints
For help we can give her.”

By thousands and thousands,
The Summer night through,
Silently gathered
The hosts of the Dew.

At dawn little Bluebell
Held gratefully up,
Her silent thank-offering—
The Dew in her cup.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CRUSOE."

BY GEORGE VALENTYNE.



THE "CRUSOE" AND HER CREW.

I WAS a boy, living in the West, when the cruise was taken; and the "Crusoe" was my boat, a canoe just big enough for one sailor. She was decked all over, except an oblong hole in the middle where the sailor sat. There was a piece of rubber cloth to buckle around his waist, over the hole; so that if a big wave dashed over him it could not get inside, or swamp the canoe. There was a mast also, and a sail, which was three-cornered, and about as large as a ladies' shawl folded diagonally. The mast and sail could be removed and stowed away under the deck, when not in use.

I was afraid to use the sail at first, for fear of capsizing, but after I learned how to manage it, I always preferred to sail, if the wind blew steadily.

As soon as vacation commenced, in the first summer that I owned the "Crusoe," I began to get ready to make a grand cruise. I asked father if I could go up river for a week or two, and he said it was all nonsense; but, after talking it over for a little while, my uncle, who lived with us and owned a saw-mill, said that if I would go up to his last winter's logging camp, and take notice of all logs with his marks on, that were "hung up" along the river, and bring him back a good report of the place where they were stranded, he would pay my fare as far as the steamboat went. This was just to my taste, and father said I might go,

so I determined to start on the Tuesday morning after the Fourth of July.

I borrowed a pistol of a lath-sawyer in Uncle's mill. It was a big, old-fashioned thing with one barrel, nearly a foot long.

I took fishing hooks and lines, and a tin box in which my provisions were packed; also an india rubber blanket, and a coarse woolen blanket to sleep on. I put matches in a glass bottle, and gun powder in another, and corked both up tightly. I wore an old pair of pants, a cheviot shirt, and knit Cardigan jacket; also an old, soft, light-colored felt hat, and a leather strap for a belt. I fe prepared for the roughest kind of life as I seated myself in the canoe that Tuesday morning, with all my baggage stowed away under the deck, and I shouted a brave good-bye to the lath-sawyer as I paddled past the saw-mill. I had before me a journey of more than a hundred miles—all through a region unknown to me, except by vague rumor and stories of the lumbermen.

I had a little map of the river to guide myself, but it was on too small a scale to show many details. I afterward discovered that the river made at least ten curves to every one laid down on the map. I might have gone on the steamboat for the first sixty miles, but I determined to paddle all the way, and save the passage-money. I was not pressed for time, and had no reason to thin

that I could not endure so long a journey if taken by easy stages, day by day. It was planned by my uncle, that I should sleep each night at some farm-house on the way, after leaving the steamer; but I intended to be more independent, and to sleep in the boat, or on the river's bank, and to visit farm-houses or villages only when I needed to replenish my supply of provisions.

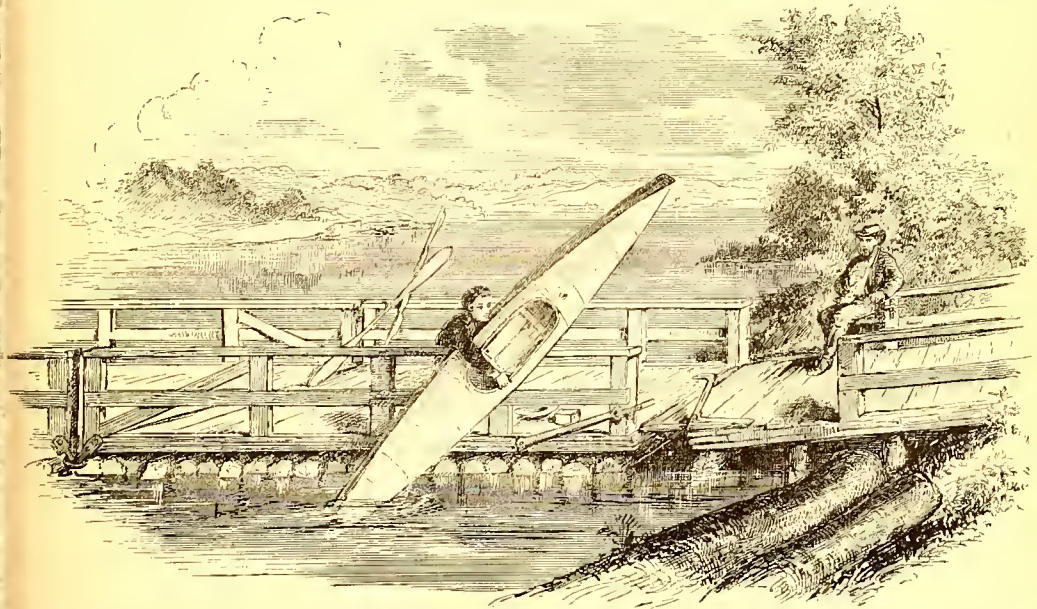
Onward I went, past the lime-kilns, the foundry, the saw-mills, the flour-mills, the shingle-mills, the match factory, and lastly, the stave factory, which marked the limits of the town in that direction. Then I was surrounded by rafts, large and small; logs all awaiting their turn to be drawn up the "slide" of some mill, and torn in pieces by remorseless whirling saws. I stopped to find some of uncle's rafts and learn to recognize his log-marks. There were several, and the marks, which smattered both of algebra and arithmetic, were such as these: 44, XIX, 4VX, V+V, XY.

Then I came near to Argoma bridge. I climbed over the bridge, for I could not pass under it, as so many logs were in the way. I found that bridge quite an obstruction, for it was not an easy thing to lift the boat over it.

I came up alongside the draw, and, seizing hold of the rail, climbed out; then, lifting the boat by one end, drew it up on the bridge and across, and

he was dreadfully lazy, but perhaps he was only tired. If the draw, which was only a raft of logs, had been opened, I could have gone through, of course; but I could not expect the man to take the trouble to open it just for me and my canoe. It made me feel hungry to see him eat, and I determined to eat my own lunch pretty soon, as it was already past noon. It was only a little way to Lake Budamor, and I waited until I should arrive there, thinking that the lake water would be pleasanter to drink than that from the river. The day was warm, but not sultry, and there was a nice breeze, but it blew in the wrong direction. There was no relief from paddling right against the wind, and current also, all the way. I felt a trifle weary with the constant exercise, and gladly tied my boat to a "grubbing pin," on one of the interminable rafts that lined the shore where the lake and river met. I got out on the logs to stretch my legs and eat my lunch.

The lake seemed to be rolling up into larger waves on this side than elsewhere; but there was quite a bay stretching out on the north shore, and I thought to best escape the waves by keeping close to land. I paddled along near the south shore, and between it and a strip of reed grass or rushes that grew in the water a little way out. As the waves came through the reeds, the fierceness



CROSSING THE DRAW-BRIDGE.

pushed it into the water on the other side. The man who worked the draw-bridge sat eating his lunch, and never offered to help a bit. I thought

was combed out of them, and I paddled in comparatively calm water most of the afternoon. It was tedious work, for I was tired and the scenery

was monotonous. I could look across the lake and see the church spires, and the upper parts of the larger buildings of the town of Budamor, and I knew that in that direction lay the entrance to the river to which I was bound. I was afraid to cross in a straight line for fear of the waves, which were short and sharp, and made a dangerous choppy sea for my small craft. I knew that it was not impossible to tip over. I therefore kept in close to shore, thinking to trace the coast all the way around to the river's mouth; but the further I went the thicker grew the reeds, and patches of swamp grass and wild rice filled up the water so that my progress was slower. The swamp at length

against the sky as a guide, finally reached the shore. I drew my boat high up and tied it to a tree, as if it were a horse that might run away if left untied. I penetrated the woods searching for a house of some sort, for I began to feel lonesome in the darkness, and the romance of sleeping out of doors gradually oozed away out of my mind. But the underbrush was so thick, and the darkness so dense under the trees, and the thorns that scratched my hands and face so plentiful, that I soon relinquished the attempt, and remained by the shore. I wanted to make a fire for company's sake, though the night was not cold, but discovered that I could not find suitable wood in the darkness,



NO CHANNEL.

became so dense that further progress was impossible, and I concluded that there was really no channel on that side of the lake.

I forced my way to the shore on the left-hand side, where I saw a forest growing, and found solid ground under the trees. I determined to eat my supper, and then to try it again. The tin box was pulled open the second time, and as I rested while eating I was quite refreshed.

Entering the canoe, and beating down the reeds to right and left with my paddle, I pressed my way toilingly onward; but daylight was fast fading, and I knew that it was not possible to reach the town before night. The last hours of twilight fled quickly by, and in the gathering darkness I found myself worse entangled than ever. After many vain attempts to discover a passage where there was none, I turned back toward the high bank behind me, and, tracing the outline of the trees

and I had no hatchet. I put a hatchet and a lantern on a mental list of articles needed, which I would endeavor to borrow of acquaintances at Budamor; I then spread the rubber blanket on the ground, and with it and the woolen blanket, made a bed, on which I lay down. Gradually shutting my eyes on the twinkling stars, I dropped to sleep out of doors, all alone, in the wilderness. When I awoke the ruddy streaks of dawn in the East encouraged me to get up, and take a bath. It seemed funny to sleep with my clothes on all night, and then to undress when I got up to wash. It was an experience exactly contrary to that of my previous life.

After my bath, and having eaten a cracker or two, to break my fast, I commenced to search for an unobstructed route across the lake. The light of day enabled me to retrace part of my course of the day before, and gave me success. When my

friends at Budamor sat down to breakfast, I was here in their midst, and with an appetite not at all impaired by the early rising and exercise.

After getting enough breakfast, which seemed to be difficult, as I was so hungry, I replenished my tin box, and stored away under the deck a small lantern and a hatchet, and again embarked.

A turning to the right, through this broad and rapid river, soon brought me and the "Crusoe" to another floating bridge which guarded the entrance to Lake Poisson. Far away across the lake was

the mouth of the Lupus River, up which I hoped to urge my way. I had to drag the "Crusoe" across the bridge, and launch out again on the upper side.

I left the little town of Wynekon on the right hand, and standing well out into the lake, I spread my tiny sail to catch the breeze, then blowing gently from the south-east. I rested my weary

limbs from paddling, and opening my tin box, ate my lunch, and steering as convenient, enjoyed myself hugely. The lake was nearly calm. The

wind was so light, and the sailing so slow, and my knowledge of the route so indefinite, that I missed the mouth of the river altogether, and went paddling down the coast on the wrong side of a long

point, every stroke taking me further and further away. When the sun had rolled down the western

sky, nearly to the horizon, I commenced to paddle earnest, and shape my course directly toward a

small, black smoke-stack, across the bay. There a saw-mill was buried in the forest, whither hope led me for a sheltering roof, and a warm meal. I

found the mill deserted when I reached it, for the working hours were over and the men gone home. Leaving the "Crusoe" ignominiously hidden behind a pile of slabs on the beach, I followed the well-

worn trail, and soon reached a "boarding shanty," where the men lodged. After introducing myself,

and making known my wants, I was hospitably entertained, and luxuriously lodged in a bunk of rough boards, on a mattress filled with pine shavings.

When morning came, and I went down to the mill-yard, to see how the "Crusoe" had slept, I

found one of the mill-hands there, who inspected the boat with much interest. The man talked a good deal about a big "jam" of logs in the

Lupus River, and he told me that it would be impossible to get through with a boat. He thought

it had better wait at the mill until a passage had been cleared for the steamer, which would be done as soon as possible, although it would take some

days, and then I could follow without any trouble. I thought best to see the obstructions with my own eyes at any rate, and so set out to reconnoiter,

intending to return, if I found further progress impossible, to the hospitable saw-mill. When I

reached the mouth of the river, it seemed clear enough, and I turned in, determined to go on and to try to overcome or to get around such obstacles as might be met with, in any way that seemed

most practicable when I saw them. The banks of the river were low, flat, and marshy, and the scenery uninteresting. There were bends and

curves innumerable; sometimes I approached and receded from clusters of trees, several times before getting beyond them.

At last I came suddenly in sight of the "jam." The logs filled the whole river from bank to bank, like an enormous and very irregular raft. There

were several men at work on one side, where the bank was higher than elsewhere, pushing and pulling, and prying with "levers," "cant hooks," and

"pick poles." The whole breadth of the river was filled with logs, crowded upon each other, and against the banks, by the pressure of those behind.

I climbed over the mass, toward the men who were at work, and amused myself looking on, and asking questions. When I had superintended the

work as long as I wished, I looked about for the best way to get around the "jam." On the

opposite side, the river had risen far enough to overflow the bank, though without sufficient depth of water to float the heavy logs, except in the channel.

I thought that perhaps the "Crusoe" would float over there, and going back to her, got in and paddled across. The bank was a low, flat meadow,

though not so swampy as near the mouth of the river. I found the grass on it growing thickly

through the water, which was from three to six inches deep—sufficient to paddle in, if it had

been free from obstructions; but the inequalities of the ground made so many shallow places, that more than once I was stuck fast in the mud, and

could push neither forward nor back. At last I took off my shoes and stockings, and rolling up

my pants, stepped out,—overboard. I took the paddle in one hand with which to sound the depth

of the water, and to try the softness of the mud underneath, and dragged the boat after me by a

rope attached to the bow. My progress was more satisfactory, as regards speed, in this manner than

before; but I slumped into so many holes, that my clothes were in an awful condition with mud and water, before I had walked, or rather waded,

half a mile.

At length I reached a place where the logs were all held on one side of the river by a "boom," while the rest of the channel was clear, except for an occasional log or two that floated on quietly to join the crowd below. Here was the "Boom House" boarding-shanty, where I stopped to clean up. I borrowed a blue denim shirt from the cook,

to wear while I washed my own clothes in the river. The cook, a good-natured Irishman, was the only person about the shanty at that time. I was glad to accept his invitation to stay overnight,

which I frequently found it difficult to find the way out of. In one of them I discovered a very big log, which was lying in the mud. It was one of the largest that I have ever seen, though I sup-



TOWING THE CANOE AROUND THE LOG-JAM.

and offered to pay for my entertainment, but he refused my money, and at night gave me a bunk, stuffed with loose hay. The next day was one of hard work and much paddling, going up against the stream, and dodging the floating logs that were coming down in little squads—singly and in couples, and sometimes a dozen together. I made good progress that day, and at one time fell in company with a lumberman, who was journeying like myself in a canoe. He directed me to try the "big slough" on my route, as the water was high enough to make a channel through it, and the distance to the next stopping-place would be shortened several miles. He told me how to find the entrance to the slough, and said I would surely find logs "hung up" in there, and, perhaps, some such as I was looking after. When I reached the place and turned in, I found the slough much like the river, of which it was a sort of branch, only not so deep.

I ate my lunch after parting with the lumberman, for I did n't have enough to divide with him, as I would have been obliged in courtesy to do, had I opened my tin box while in his company. I had only some ginger cakes and a piece of "Bologna" sausage, which last I had procured at the "Boom House."

I soon started again, and as I progressed the channel was more and more crooked and winding, and occasionally opened out into a little pond

pose, would be but a pigmy in comparison with the gigantic "redwoods" of Oregon and California. There were frogs plunging and swimming in the water around it, as, indeed, there were in many other places; but here they suggested to my mind one of Æsop's ancient fables, and I hailed the big pine as "King Log," whose acquaintance I was pleased to renew. I paddled up and examined his proportions with much curiosity, and then pushed on.

Each part of the big slough was so like the rest and it was all so crooked and queer, that I did not know whether I was going in the right direction or not. After striving for some time to find some short way out, and failing, I endeavored to retrace my route to the main river, but the sun was low and soon went down, and I knew that the night must be passed in the swamp. The twilight was wasted quickly, and it grew dark just as I recognized the huge outlines of "King Log." Then I determined to stop, and remained at his palace till morning. His subjects, the frogs, were mostly engaged in a grand musical festival, which the all seemed to enjoy hugely.

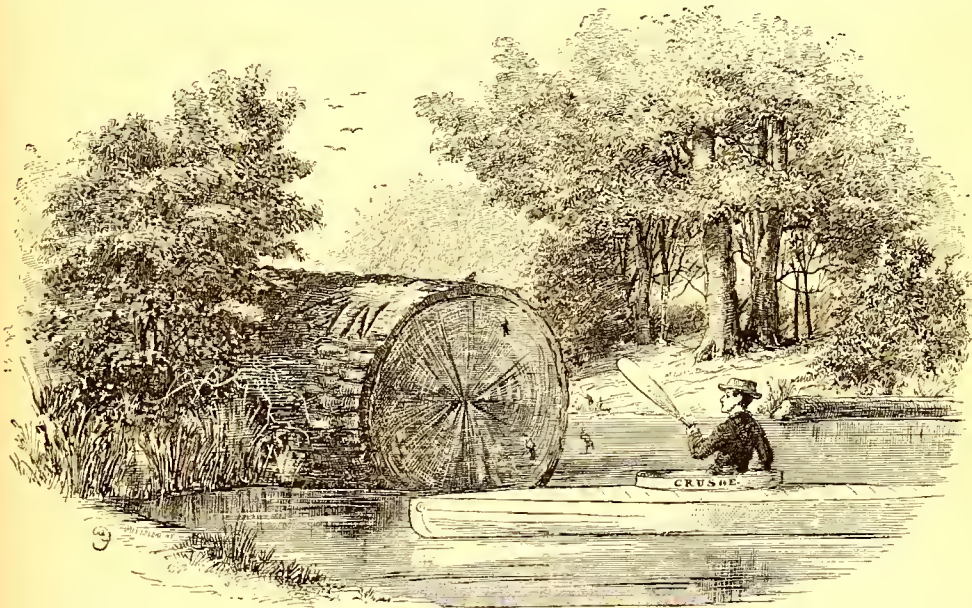
Tying the "Crusoe" by his side, and climbing up on his back, I wondered if I could n't build a fire on top of him and cook a duck I had shot. The chorus recommenced, and I got out my lantern and my little hatchet, and with heart-strokes on the shaggy bark, broke and split off

many pieces, which, piled up in one place, made excellent fuel for so damp a locality. The duck was plucked, and dressed, and washed, and spitted on a green branch split from a sapling not far away. The branch I held in my hand, and so kept the duck roasting or toasting, and occasionally burning, till my patience and a good deal of bark was exhausted. Yet, it was not done, and as the night closed in, there came many uninvited guests to the banquet, who were so ardent in their attentions to me, flying in swarms around my head, buzzing vigorously in both my ears, and caressing my nose, and cheeks, and hands, with their sharp little bills so unremittingly, that I was fain finally to forego the feast, and with continual slapping and gesticulating to beat a retreat, leaving the food and the field to the victorious hosts of impertinent mosquitoes. By the light of the fire I paddled away, and for a while escaped the mosquito persecution, but when the bark had all burned out, and I found no better place in which to spend the night, I paddled back to "King Log" again. Lying down in the canoe beside him, I covered my face and soon went to sleep.

When I awoke next morning, I started off as soon as possible, and after much searching, and trouble, I passed out of the slough into the open

straight home by the shortest practicable route. After the rest, however, I felt better, and as no steamer passed up, I knew that the jam of logs at the cut-off must be still encumbering the channel. I seated myself in the boat again, and determined to stick closely to the business part of my journey, and plied my paddle with fresh vigor and energy. I kept between the river's banks—no more turning aside to explore sloughs or search for hunting adventures. I stopped before dark, and lodged every night with some hospitable settler, for there were many more in this region than around the swampy part of the river below. In course of time I reached the logging camp to which my uncle wished me to go. It was in a little lake that emptied into the main river through a short channel. It was near an Indian reservation and settlement, and I saw many "tame Indians" about, but never a wild one. Had I returned down the river from this point, without wandering further, I should have nothing more to tell; but I had a curiosity to go a little deeper into the Indian region, and to visit the "falls," or rapids, that were but a few miles further up the stream.

When I reached the rapids I was much delighted with the romantic scenery, and had an irresistible



KING LOG.

river, and, with the earnestness of hunger, paddled on to the first settlement. I went ashore, and finding a public-house, remained there two days, for I was quite unwell, and half inclined to turn and go

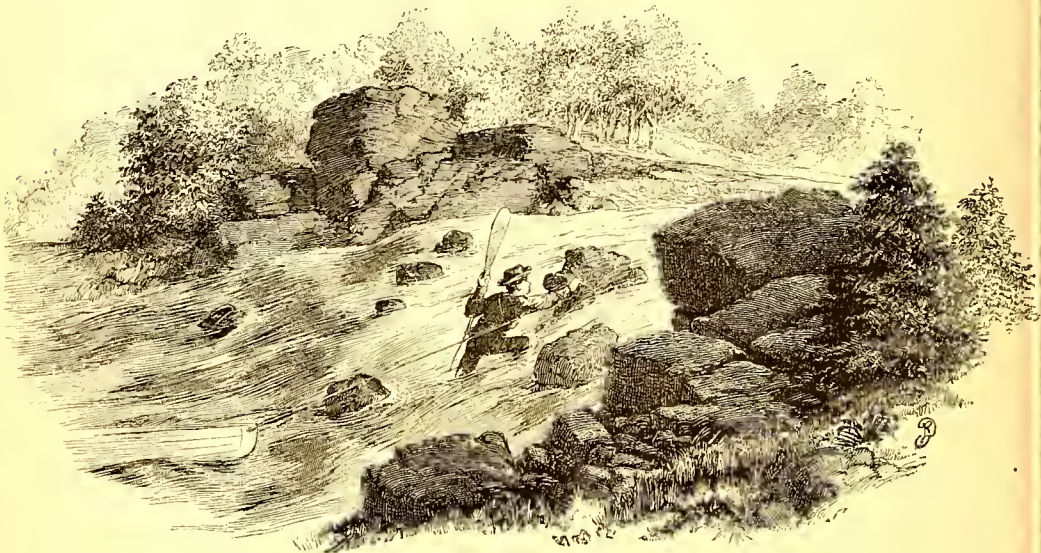
impulse to climb with the "Crusoe" to the higher level, just for the fun of riding down again in the dashing current. There was a portage around the rapids, on the bank, but I did not relish the heavy

labor of carrying or dragging the "Crusoe" over the rocks. There were also a number of rocks, close together, at one side, in the water, as if, at some former time, they had been a portion of the rocky bank. I thought I could climb on these far enough to launch out and ride down.

It was an unlucky design. I paddled up to the lowest rock, and climbed out upon it, holding the boat by the rope, and started up the incline to the

my feet, and, wading to a shallower place, stopped to re-arrange the wreck. The boat was uninjured, and I drew her near, and got in, dripping wet. I took off my wet clothes, and wrapped the blankets around me instead. It was late before my clothes were dry enough to put on, but soon afterward I drew near a settlement, where I found rest and food, and clothing that was really dry.

The next day I went on down the stream, until



GOING UP THE RAPIDS.

rapids. The boat towed in the water lower down. Had the rocks been less damp and slimy, the careless undertaking might have been accomplished; but, before I was half way up, as I turned to steer the boat away from the rocks, I fell on a slippery place, and slid down against a lower rock, and from that into the river. All in a heap, and sadly out of order, I plunged into the deep water at the foot of the rapids, and clinging to the paddle, which I had in one hand, and to the rope which held the "Crusoe," in the other, I floated on a hundred feet or more, not trying to swim, but only to get right side up, and to keep my head out of the water. Soon I felt solid ground beneath

I reached a steamboat landing. The "Crusoe" was stowed upon the freight, and I was ticketed with the other passengers. As I sat down among them to eat my first meal on board, I wished for some of my good clothes at home, but tried to behave superior to the feeling. We passed by the log-jam at night, so that I did not know how it had been disposed of. In the morning we passed through the familiar bridge at "Sauger's Creek," and soon after the log "jacker" at uncle's mill waved his hat, and shouted a welcome across the raft, as the boat passed by to the warehouse dock, a little way below. Then the "Crusoe" went into the boat-house, and rested from her journey.

DICK'S SPIRITUAL HELP.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A VERY select school, consisting of two teachers and one pupil—Pansy's only wax daughter, the lady Melinda Muggins—had just come to grief. The Lady Melinda had for some days been suffering or—not *from*—a stitch in her side, and Miss Midge, in a vigorous effort to shake her into a knowledge of her geography lesson, had produced a violent hemorrhage of sawdust that made it necessary for the poor lady to be put to bed at once. So two worthy teachers were out of a situation. They were more fortunate than many people who are out of employment, however, for just as they began to consider what they had better do next, a hand pecked at the window—a hand rather the worse for late contact with green paint, a hand with a piece of gingerbread in it, but still it pecked.

"Come out here," said Dick's voice, repeating the invitation his hand had given. And Midge and Pansy accepted at once.

They found Max and Teddy sitting on the grass, and sat down beside them to learn the object for which a council had been called.

"See here, all of you; I know something," said Dick, by way of opening the subject. Dick generally knew something, or thought he did, which is not always exactly the same thing. "I want a se-ance."

"What aunts? what do you want to see 'em for!" questioned Midge with wide-open eyes; for Dick did not understand French and pronounced the word as he had seen it spelled.

"Pshaw! I don't mean that; I mean a spiritual se-ance; don't you know?"

But Midge did not understand, and the others looked considerably bewildered.

"I know that's the name of it, 'cause I saw it in a paper," pursued Dick positively. "I could n't tell much about it there, though, it was all mixed up with so many big words and stuff; but I'd found out all about it before, and what they do and everything. I heard Miss Roxbury telling Aunt Prue about it last night. You see, the folks sit round the table and put their hands on it, and keep real still, and by and by the spirits come and knock, and move the table around like—like smash! I expect we could do it too."

"I s'pose—may be—I'd be afraid," said Midge, hesitatingly.

"Afraid? Ho! that's just like a girl! I would n't be a bit afraid," exclaimed Dick scornfully, and

Max and Teddy echoed the sentiment so valorously that Midge was quite abashed, and remarked apologetically:

"Well, I did n't say I *should* be, I only said may be I *might* be—p'r'aps."

"But what do you want to have a see-see-your-uncle, or whatever you call it, for?" asked Max.

"Why, to find out if we can do it, and—well, you see," said Dick, hesitating, and then growing confidential, "if we could get 'em to move a table, they might do lots of things for us—pile up all that wood that's out in the shed, may be, if we just laid our fingers on it, and draw our sleds up hill for us in the Winter. It would n't be a bit harder than some things Miss Roxbury told about, and I should n't wonder if we could get so they'd do nearly all our work for us, and we need n't do anything ourselves but just have good times."

It was an inviting prospect, and the brilliant plan was adopted at once. They decided to try the experiment that very evening.

"Because evenings seems more—more—some-how, you know," explained Teddy, not very lucidly.

Pansy suggested the attic as a good place to meet.

"We all can be by ourselves there, and nobody will come, or hear us, or anything," she said.

So the whole party went up to the attic to view the place and make their preparations. There was a large finished chamber that had often served them for a play-room, and among its odd furnishings of dilapidated sofas, old chairs, boxes and barrels, they found a shabby little table, and the boys lifted it out into the middle of the room. It was a cripple, having lost one leg in some former service, and inclined to tip over at the lightest touch.

Dick volunteered to make it all right, however, and running down-stairs he returned with a stick, hammer and nails. It required a deal of holding and hammering before the new leg would be fastened on, and even then it was rather loose and unsteady, after the manner of artificial limbs. But Pansy hid its awkwardness under an old sheet ferreted out of a box of cast-off articles, and Midge was so delighted with its appearance in white that she hinted a strong desire to change the proposed circle into a tea-party.

The others were not inclined to give up their

grand scheme for anything so commonplace, and poor little Midge yielded to the majority, though with some lingering misgivings.

"I hope the spirits wont ever try to help me any when I'm all alone," she said unasily. "'Cause may be I would n't be afraid—'cause I would n't! but I guess I'm a pretty good deal bashful when I aint 'quainted."

The next thing was to provide seats. The attic furnished but two, so there were three chairs to be smuggled upstairs without attracting observation from Aunt Prue or Hester, and Dick secured an old lamp with which to illuminate the scene.

It was the most fortunate thing in the world, the children thought, that Miss Roxbury dropped in directly after tea to spend the evening with Aunt Prue, because that left them at liberty to carry out their plan with little danger of interruption.

"Of course it is n't wrong or anything if anybody did see us, but then they might think it queer, and laugh, and all that," explained Dick, by way of satisfying the general conscience.

They waited until the two ladies were comfortably busy with chatting and crocheting, and then they stole softly past the sitting-room door, and began to mount the stairs. Did anybody ever tip-toe carefully upstairs without having every step crack and creak in a most marvelous way? These stairs behaved after the usual fashion, and the children grew so excited and mirthful over their efforts that their progress was a constant succession of tittering and hushing, and they arrived in the attic in a condition so nearly uproarious that it was a long time before they could settle into anything like gravity again.

They seated themselves around the table, and placed their hands upon it; but Max looked at Midge and Midge giggled instantly. Then Pansy shook her head reprovingly at the boys, and Teddy immediately drew his face into such an expression of woful solemnity that Pansy laughed outright.

"We do look so funny with our hands all stretched out, as if we were trying to play a tune and did n't know how," she said apologetically.

"Sh! we can't do anything at all, if we don't keep still," remonstrated Dick.

They tried hard to be quiet, and by and by Dick's earnestness began to affect the others, and the feeling of merriment died away. The room grew very still, and what a long, lonely room it was at night! not a bit like the sunny spot they knew by daylight.

The table trembled a little.

"You did that," said Dick, glancing suspiciously at Max.

"No, I did n't," answered Max positively.

After all, that new leg was very insecure, and the table shook so easily that some one might have done it unconsciously. In a moment it moved again, and the children looked questioningly at each other. That certainly was a dreary, depressing sort of room, and how mournfully the wind blew! Midge glanced apprehensively toward the door leading to unfinished parts of the attic, and began to wish Aunt Prue would call them down stairs.

Suddenly, in the pauses of the wind, came a sound as of heavy breathing.

"If any of you are trying to frighten us I wish you'd just stop," said Pansy, in a tone half startled half petulant.

But the boys shook their heads. The sound grew more and more distinct, and evidently came from somewhere in the room. The circle of hands dropped from the table, and the party stared at each other with wide-open eyes.

"I think I'd like to go down-stairs for a drink of water," faltered Midge.

"'Pshaw!" exclaimed Dick, turning round so hastily that he struck his foot against the table, and in an instant the weak leg gave way. A mingled growl and groan sounded from beneath it as it tipped forward, and, as the children sprang up in alarm, Teddy's arm struck the lamp, upset and extinguished it. They were not left in utter darkness, for a pale moon shone dimly through the skylight, and by its faint gleam they saw a strange white figure moving slowly to and fro.

"Oh! what is that?" whispered Pansy, with a shiver.

No one answered. Dick had a fearful suspicion that his experiment had been entirely too successful. They huddled closely together, not daring to move or attempt an escape with that dreadful something between them and the door. The minutes seemed like ages. At last the awful figure moved toward them. Midge screamed and attempted to spring into a chair, but in her haste and fright she missed it, and fell heavily to the floor. Then the others joined in a wild shriek that rang through every part of the house.

Doors opened and voices called below, and it was but a moment or two before Hester appeared, bearing a lamp, and followed by Aunt Prue and Miss Roxbury. The clear light revealed the trembling, frightened group in one corner, the broken table, and old Rover stalking solemnly through the room with a sheet upon his back. The children understood it all the instant their eyes rested upon the dog. He had followed them upstairs late in the afternoon, and had lain down under the table to sleep. Its sudden overturning had disturbed his long nap, and he had crept out with the table-cover

inging to his back. The boys looked exceedingly glib when they saw him, and Pansy's crying changed to a burst of hysterical laughter.

Aunt Prue could not comprehend so readily.

"Is it fire? are you all murdered? What in the world has happened?" she asked anxiously.

It was an absurd story to tell, but it came out in our parts—Midge being too much overcome to contribute anything to the general explanation; a terrible mixed up story, but it was all told at last.

Hester leaned against the wall and sniffed contemptuously, Miss Roxbury laughed, while Aunt Prue soothed Midge and scolded by turns, and Aunt Prue talked fast when she was a little indignant.

"You were at the bottom of it, Richard, I know you were!" she said severely. "It's another of

your wild schemes for getting things done without doing them. It's time you learned that every one is placed on the earth to do his own work, and that no spirit from any world, good or bad, will ever do yours for you. A spirit of industry is the spirit you need most, and if you would call that up, we should have an end of such nonsense as this."

Dick listened with remarkable meekness, for he had been not a little frightened; the others looked pale yet, and Midge was still sobbing over her bumped head. It is probable, after sleeping over the matter, he came to the conclusion that Aunt Prue was right, for he went valiantly to work the next morning at the wood-pile, with Max and Teddy to help him. After all, they seemed to succeed about as well as they had hoped to do the day before, for when they laid their hands on a stick of wood, it flew on to the pile in an instant.

MR. BULL-FROG'S PARTY.

By M. W. S.

MR. BULL-FROG gave a supper,
And bade his friends to the feast,
From the lower world and the upper—
Fish, insect, bird, and beast.

The table was spread by the river,
On a gently sloping ground;
To the water guests ran if ever
They heard an alarming sound.

The minnows came by the dozens,
The turtles came one by one,
The frogs brought their aunts and cousins,
But the water-rat came alone.

Each guest had his seat allotted—
Birds, butterflies, one, two and three;
And a little field-mouse trotted
To her place by the side of a bee.

They ate every cress and berry,
And they drank their dew-drop tea
To the health of their host, with merry
And rousing three times three.

Soon after this demonstration,
The Bull-frog rose for a speech:
"We will hold a consultation;
I should like to hear from each.

"By enemies we're surrounded
(My friends, you feel this is true);
We are caught, crushed, lamed, and pounded;
To stop this, what can we do?

"Life would be perfect without them;
These creatures are all called—boys;
There's but one good thing about them—
Their coming is known by the noise.

"My friends, we'll all sign a paper,
With fin, antenna, or wing,
To get us out of the scrape, or
These boys to sorrow we'll bring.

"We'll bite, scratch, worry and sting them,
When we've a chance so to do,
And thus to sorrow we'll bring them;
Now, friends, I'll listen to you."

Mistress Mousie spoke: "Remember
That *all* boys are not so bad;
One whom I knew last September,
To hurt would make me quite sad.

"One of my distant relations,
He did, I confess, just seize,
While he made some observations;
But he gave him lots of cheese.

"In twenty-four hours he hurried
To open the cage door wide,
And Mousie home to his worried
Mamma and family hied."

"Through all the bright Summer weather,
Through all the sunny days long,
We played in the grass together,
And he never stopped my song."

When Dorr-Bug knocked on the table,
"Father Long-legs" left his seat;
To speak he was quite unable,
But showed all his legs complete.

So the Bull-frog told the story
For his venerable guest,
Adding his mite to the glory
Of this boy of boys the best.



"BUT THE WATER-RAT CAME ALONE."

Miss Mousie ceased, and Bumble Bee
Rose, with a hum and buzz:
"I speak for self and friend," said he,
"Friend caterpillar—Miss Fuzz.

"With eagerness he has sought us,
But never has hurt at all;
I've only said 'Hum!' when he's caught us,
While Fuzz rolled up in a ball."

Then up rose a gay Grasshopper,
So fine in his green dress-coat:
"For others I care not a copper;
On *this* boy I really dote.

A gray Moth rose: "My friends," said he,
"Pray list to this plan of mine.
On the right day, next Februar-ee,
We'll send him a valentine.

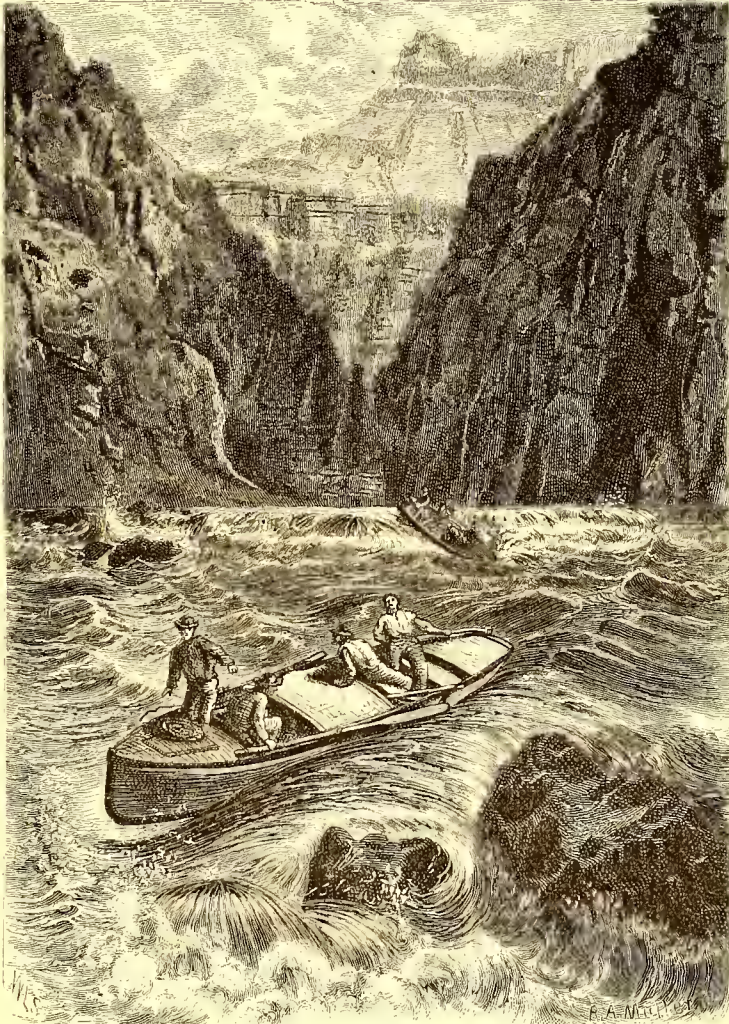
"And it shall say—if he takes care
To injure no living thing,
All beasts and birds of earth and air
Will join in the offering."

'T was settled. The supper was ended;
The creatures went homeward with glee.
The way that I heard it was splendid—
A little bird told it to me.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF COLORADO.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

COLORADO has been called the Wonderland of America, and it well deserves that title. Readers of the *St. NICHOLAS* will remember some sketches enough to deserve the name of a wonderful river, but very admirably maintains the reputation of the Territory for being a place of natural wonders.



A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

of the "Garden of the Gods," printed in our number for last December, which showed some of the wonders of that region. But the Colorado River, though it traverses a much larger territory than that of Colorado, is not only grand

This river has lately been explored by Major J. W. Powell, who has written a series of papers describing what he saw. These descriptions were published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and the pictures are almost amazing for their grandeur and beauty. Nothing

like it has ever before been seen in this country. To explore such a wild and tumultuous stream is a severe task. Many are the thrilling incidents related by Major Powell and his comrades, and many were their mishaps. A deep river, confined in a narrow gorge or channel of steep rock, is full of danger; it has no shores on which wrecked navigators can be cast, and it is frequently broken by abrupt cascades, falls and foaming rapids. To pass between the great rocks that grimly lift their heads just above water requires a steady eye at the bow and a steady arm at the tiller. Such a scene as that given on the previous page is enough to make one's heart jump to see even in a picture. To have taken part in the expedition, and to have come back alive, one would suppose would furnish adventure for a lifetime. And this little bit only gives us an idea of the boldness of part of this water-course.

The Colorado River reaches far up into the heart of the continent for its sources. Away up in Nebraska, there is a vast cluster of peaks covered with snow, and forming an off-shoot or spur of the Rocky Mountains. These are the Wind River Mountains, and among them are thousands of bright little rivulets and brooks, fed by the melting snows. Many of these little streams run together after awhile, and so form the Green River, a river which is cold, swift and deep. It crosses the roads that lead across the continent to California; and, in old times, when the emigrants used to go to the gold country with horses or ox-teams, they very much dreaded the dangerous fords of Green River. It flows on for more than one thousand miles, often winding about, but always moving southward, through monstrous masses of rock and amidst arid plains, until it empties itself into the Gulf of California, and so reaches the Pacific Ocean.

Further south than the head-waters of the Green River is the Grand River, which rises near Long's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains. It is born in the solitary lakes which lie among the rocky crags high up amidst the cold mountain peaks. Few white men have ever looked upon these lakes; but we know that out of their mysterious depths, hidden amid the pines and fir-trees, come the waters of the Grand River. This stream unites

with the Green, and so forms the great Colorado which, as we have said, flows into the Gulf of California. Besides these two main branches of the Colorado, there are hundreds of others; some of them have no names; but many are named on the maps, where you may find them duly set down.

After these streams leave the immediate neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains,—say about two thirds of the way down to the mouth of the Colorado,—they pass through a very dry and rocky country. Ages on ages ago, it is supposed the surface of this region was comparatively level, though broken here and there by rocky peaks. Through it the streams rushed with great speed, year after year and century after century. If there had been frequent and heavy falls of rain, the surface of the country would have been washed into the rivers, and the *debris*, or loose stuff, swept in, would be carried off by the rivers. But the rain seldom falls there, and so the rivers, left to themselves, have kept on wearing down the rocky bed through which they foam, until they have plowed deep channels far down into the rocky heart of the land. Nobody can tell how long the rivers have been at work carving out these channels; but there they are, with tremendous cliffs towering far above them; and so smooth are the walls of these gorges or cañons (pronounced canyons) that the traveler must pass down the river by water; there is no shore along which he may walk; but, in general, the rock rises straight up from the river on either side.

These cañons which we have mentioned often run into each other just as the branches of the stream run into the main channel. There is a maze of them all over the country, so that one cannot traverse the face of the land, these deep gorges so cut it up with channels and abysses. The walls of the cañons rise to a great height,—some of them more than two thousand feet. The scenery cannot be called beautiful; it is terrible and sublime. But one must suppose that a few weeks spent in such an awful place would make one long for the sunny lawns and smooth streams of a less wonderful country. Nevertheless, the great river will always be a favorite resort for those who love to look upon the mightiest works of God in nature.



EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XVI.

BREAD AND BUTTON-HOLES.

WHAT in the world is my girl thinking about, all alone here, with such a solemn face?" asked Dr. Alec, coming into the study, one November day, to find Rose sitting there with folded hands and a very thoughtful aspect.

"Uncle, I want to have some serious conversation with you, if you have time," she said, coming out of a brown study, as if she had not

heard his question.

"I'm entirely at your service, and most happy to listen," he answered, in his politest manner. For when Rose put on her womanly little airs he always treated her with a playful sort of respect that pleased her very much.

Now, as he sat down beside her, she said, very soberly:

"I've been trying to decide what trade I would learn, and I want you to advise me."

"Trade, my dear?" and Dr. Alec looked so astonished that she hastened to explain.

"I forgot that you did n't hear the talk about it up at Cosey Corner. You see we used to sit under the pines and sew, and talk a great deal, all the ladies I mean, and I liked it very much. Mother Atherton thought that every one should have a trade, or something to make a living out of, for rich people may grow poor, you know, and poor people have to work. Her girls were very clever, and could do ever so many things, and Aunt Jessie thought the old lady was right; so when I saw how happy and independent those young ladies were, I wanted to have a trade, and then it would n't matter about money, though I like to have it well enough."

Dr. Alec listened to this explanation with a curious mixture of surprise, pleasure, and amusement in his face, and looked at his little niece as if she had suddenly changed into a young woman. She had grown a good deal in the last six months, and an amount of thinking had gone on in that curly head which would have astonished him greatly could he have known it all, for Rose was one of the children who observe and meditate much, and now and then nonplus their friends by a wise or curious remark.

"I quite agree with the ladies, and shall be glad to help you decide on something if I can," said the Doctor seriously. "What do you incline to? A natural taste or talent is a great help in choosing, you know."

"I have n't any talent, or any especial taste that I can see, and that is why I can't decide, uncle. So, I think, it would be a good plan to pick out some very *useful* business and learn it, because I don't do it for pleasure, you see, but as a part of my education, and to be ready in case I'm ever poor," answered Rose, looking as if she rather longed for a little poverty so that her useful gift might be exercised.

"Well, now, there is one very excellent, necessary, and womanly accomplishment that no girl should be without, for it is a help to rich and poor, and the comfort of families depends upon it. This fine talent is neglected nowadays, and considered old-fashioned, which is a sad mistake, and one that I don't mean to make in bringing up my girl. It should be a part of every girl's education, and I know of a most accomplished lady who will teach you in the best and pleasantest manner."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Rose eagerly, charmed to be met in this helpful and cordial way.

"Housekeeping!" answered Dr. Alec.

"Is that an accomplishment?" asked Rose, while her face fell, for she had indulged in all sorts of vague, delightful dreams.

"Yes; it is one of the most beautiful as well as useful of all the arts a woman can learn. Not so romantic, perhaps, as singing, painting, writing, or teaching, even; but one that makes many happy and comfortable, and home the sweetest place in the world. Yes, you may open your big eyes; but it is a fact that I had rather see you a good housekeeper than the greatest belle in the city. It need not interfere with any talent you may possess, but it *is* a necessary part of your training, and I hope that you will set about it at once, now that you are well and strong."

"Who is the lady?" asked Rose, rather impressed by her uncle's earnest speech.

"Aunt Plenty."

"Is *she* accomplished?" began Rose in a wondering tone, for this great aunt of hers had seemed the least cultivated of them all.

"In the good old-fashioned way she is very accomplished, and has made this house a happy home to us all, ever since we can remember. She

is not elegant, but genuinely good, and so beloved and respected that there will be universal mourning for her when her place is empty. No one can fill it, for the solid, homely virtues of the dear soul have gone out of fashion, as I say, and nothing new can be half so satisfactory, to me at least."

"I should like to have people feel so about me. Can she teach me to do what she does, and to grow as good?" asked Rose, with a little prick of remorse for even thinking that Aunt Plenty was a commonplace old lady.

"Yes, if you don't despise such simple lessons as she can give. I know it would fill her dear old heart with pride and pleasure to feel that any one cared to learn of her, for she fancies her day gone by. Let her teach you how to be what she has been—a skillful, frugal, cheerful housewife; the maker and the keeper of a happy home, and by and by you will see what a valuable lesson it is."

"I will, uncle. But how shall I begin?"

"I'll speak to her about it, and she will make it all right with Dolly, for cooking is one of the main things, you know."

"So it is! I don't mind that a bit, for I like to mess, and used to try at home; but I had no one to tell me, so I never did much but spoil my aprons. Pies are great fun, only Dolly is so cross, I don't believe she will ever let me do a thing in the kitchen."

"Then we'll cook in the parlor. I fancy Aunt Plenty will manage her, so don't be troubled. Only mind this, I'd rather you learned how to make good bread than the best pies ever baked. When you bring me a handsome, wholesome loaf, entirely made by yourself, I shall be more pleased than if you offered me a pair of slippers embroidered in the very latest style. I don't wish to bribe you, but I'll give you my heartiest kiss, and promise to eat every crumb of the loaf myself."

"It's a bargain! it's a bargain! Come and tell aunty all about it, for I'm in a hurry to begin," cried Rose, dancing before him toward the parlor, where Miss Plenty sat alone knitting contentedly, yet ready to run at the first call for help of any sort, from any quarter.

No need to tell how surprised and gratified she was at the invitation she received to teach the child the domestic arts which were her only accomplishments, nor to relate how energetically she set about her pleasant task. Dolly dared not grumble, for Miss Plenty was the one person whom she obeyed, and Phebe openly rejoiced, for these new lessons brought Rose nearer to her, and glorified the kitchen in the good girl's eyes.

To tell the truth, the elder aunts had sometimes felt that they did not have quite their share of the little niece who had won their hearts long ago,

and was the sunshine of the house. They talked it over together sometimes, but always ended by saying that as Alec had all the responsibility, he should have the larger share of the dear girl's love and time, and they would be contented with such crumbs of comfort as they could get.

Dr. Alec had found out this little secret, and, after reproaching himself for being blind and selfish, was trying to devise some way of mending matters without troubling any one, when Rose's new whim suggested an excellent method of weaning her a little from himself. He did not know how fond he was of her till he gave her up to the new teacher, and often could not resist peeping in at the door, to see how she got on, or stealing sly looks through the slide when she was deep in dough, or listening intently to some impressive lecture from Aunt Plenty. They caught him at it now and then, and ordered him off the premises at the point of the rolling-pin; or, if unusually successful, and, therefore, in a milder mood, they lured him away with bribes of gingerbread, a stray pickle, or a tart that was not quite symmetrical enough to suit their critical eyes.

Of course he made a point of partaking copiously of all the delectable messes that now appeared at table, for both the cooks were on their mettle, and he fared sumptuously every day. But an especial relish was given to any dish when, in reply to his honest praise of it, Rose colored up with innocent pride, and said modestly:

"I made that, uncle, and I'm glad you like it."

It was some time before the perfect loaf appeared, for bread-making is an art not easily learned, and Aunt Plenty was very thorough in her teaching; so Rose studied yeast first, and through various stages of cake and biscuit came at last to the crowning glory of the "handsome, wholesome, loaf." It appeared at tea-time, on a silver salver, proudly borne in by Phebe, who could not refrain from whispering, with a beaming face, as she set it down, before Dr. Alec:

"Aint it just lovely, sir?"

"It is a regularly splendid loaf! Did my girl make it all herself?" he asked, surveying the shapely, sweet-smelling object with real interest and pleasure.

"Every particle herself, and never asked a bit of help or advice from any one," answered Aunt Plenty, folding her hands with an air of unmitigated satisfaction, for her pupil certainly did her great credit.

"I've had so many failures and troubles that I really thought I never should be able to do it alone. Dolly let one splendid batch burn up because I forgot it. She was there and smelt it, but never did a thing, for she said, when I undertook to bake

bread I must give my whole mind to it. Was n't it hard? She might have called me at least," said Rose, recollecting, with a sigh, the anguish of that moment.

"She meant you should learn by experience, as Rosamond did in that little affair of the purple jar, you remember."

"I always thought it very unfair in her mother not to warn the poor thing a little bit; and she was regularly mean when Rosamond asked for a bowl to put the purple stuff in, and she said in such a provoking way, 'I did not agree to lend you a bowl, but I will, my dear.' Ugh! I always want to shake that hateful woman, though she *was* a moral mamma."

"Never mind her now, but tell me all about my loaf," said Dr. Alec, much amused at Rose's burst of indignation.

"There is nothing to tell, uncle, except that I did my best, gave my mind to it, and sat watching

cover and keep it in the parlor as they do wax flowers and fine works of that sort?"

"What an idea, uncle! It would mold and be spoiled. Besides, people would laugh at us, and make fun of my old-fashioned accomplishment. You promised to eat it, and you must; not all at once, but as soon as you can, so I can make you some more."

Dr. Alec solemnly cut off his favorite crusty slice, and solemnly ate it; then wiped his lips, and brushing back Rose's hair, solemnly kissed her on the forehead, saying heartily:

"My dear, it is perfect bread, and you are an honor to your teacher. When we have our model school I shall offer a prize for the best bread, and you will get it."

"I've got it already, and I'm quite satisfied," said Rose, slipping into her seat, and trying to hide her right hand which had a burn on it.

But Dr. Alec saw it, guessed how it came there, and after tea insisted on easing the pain which she would hardly confess.

"Aunt Clara says I am spoiling my hands, but I don't care, for I've had *such* good times with Aunt Plenty, and I think she has enjoyed it as much as I have. Only one thing troubles me, uncle, and I want to ask you about it," said Rose, as they paced up and down the hall in the twilight, the bandaged hand very carefully laid on Dr. Alec's arm.

"More little confidences? I like them immensely, so tell away, my dear."

"Well, you see I feel as if Aunt Peace would like to do something for me, and I've found out what it can be. You know she can't go about like Auntie Plen, and we are so busy nowadays that



ROSE LEARNS TO MAKE BREAD.

over it all the while it was in the oven till I was quite baked myself. Everything went right this time, and it came out a nice, round, crusty loaf, as you see. Now taste it, and tell me if it is good as well as handsome."

"Must I cut it? Can't I put it under a glass

she is rather lonely, I'm afraid. So I want to take lessons in sewing of her. She works so beautifully, and it is a useful thing you know, and I ought to be a good needlewoman as well as housekeeper, ought n't I?"

"Bless your kind, little heart, that is what I was

thinking of the other day when Aunt Peace said she saw you very seldom now, you were so busy. I wanted to speak of it, but fancied you had as much on your hands as you could manage. It would delight the dear woman to teach you all her delicate handicraft, especially button-holes, for I believe that is where young ladies fail; at least I've heard them say so. So do you devote your mind to button-holes; make 'em all over my clothes if you want something to practice on. I'll wear any quantity."

Rose laughed at this reckless offer, but promised to attend to that important branch, though she confessed that darning was her weak point. Whereupon Uncle Alec engaged to supply her with socks in all stages of dilapidation, and to have a new set at once, so that she could run the heels for him as a pleasant beginning.

Then they went up to make their request in due form, to the great delight of gentle Aunt Peace, who got quite excited with the fun that went on while they wound yarn, looked up darning-needles, and fitted out a nice little mending basket for her pupil.

Very busy and very happy were Rose's days now, for in the morning she went about the house with Aunt Plenty attending to linen-closets and store-rooms, pickling and preserving, exploring garret and cellar to see that all was right, and learning, in the good old-fashioned manner, to look well after the ways of the household.

In the afternoon, after her walk or drive, she sat with Aunt Peace plying her needle, while Aunt Plenty, whose eyes were failing, knit and chatted briskly, telling many a pleasant story of old times, till the three were moved to laugh and cry together, for the busy needles were embroidering all sorts of bright patterns on the lives of the workers, though they only seemed to be stitching cotton and darning hose.

It was a pretty sight to see the rosy-faced little maid sitting between the two old ladies, listening dutifully to their instructions, and cheering the lessons with her lively chatter and blithe laugh. If the kitchen had proved attractive to Dr. Alec when Rose was there at work, the sewing-room was quite irresistible, and he made himself so agreeable that no one had the heart to drive him away, especially when he read aloud or spun yarns.

"There! I've made you a new set of warm night-gowns, with four button-holes in each. See if they are not neatly done," said Rose, one day, some weeks after the new lessons began.

"Even to a thread, and nice little bars across the end so I can't tear them when I twitch the buttons out. Most superior work, ma'am, and

I'm deeply grateful; so much so, that I'll sew on these buttons myself, and save those tired fingers from another prick."

"You sew them on?" cried Rose, with her eyes wide open in amazement.

"Wait a bit till I get my sewing tackle and then you shall see what I can do."

"Can he, really?" asked Rose of Aunt Peace, as Uncle Alec marched off with a comical air of importance.

"Oh, yes, I taught him years ago, before he went to sea; and I suppose he has had to do things for himself, more or less, ever since; so he has kept his hand in."

He evidently had, for he was soon back with a funny little work-bag, out of which he produced a thimble without a top, and, having threaded his needle, he proceeded to sew on the buttons so handily that Rose was much impressed and amused.

"I wonder if there is anything in the world that *you* cannot do," she said in a tone of respectful admiration.

"There are one or two things that I am not up to yet," he answered, with a laugh in the corner of his eye, as he waxed his thread with a flourish.

"I should like to know what?"

"Bread and button-holes, ma'am."

CHAPTER XVII.

GOOD BARGAINS.



T was a rainy Sunday afternoon, and four boys were trying to spend it quietly in the "liberry," as Jamie called the room devoted to books and boys, at Aunt Jessie's. Will and Geordie were sprawling on the sofa, deep in the adventures of the scapegraces and ragamuffins whose histories are now the fashion. Archie lounged in the easy chair surrounded by newspapers; Charlie stood upon the rug, in an Englishman's favorite attitude, and, I regret to say, both were smoking cigars.

"It is my opinion that this day will *never* come to an end," said Prince, with a yawn that nearly rent him asunder.

"Read and improve your mind, my son," answered Archie, peering solemnly over the paper behind which he had been dozing.

"Don't you preach, parson; but put on your boots and come out for a tramp, instead of mulling over the fire like a granny."

"No, thank you, tramps in an easterly storm n't strike me as amusing."

There Archie stopped and held up his hand, a pleasant voice was heard saying outside: "Are the boys in the library, auntie?"

Archie's cigar stuck out of the ashes, smoking furiously and smelling strongly.

"Oh, you bad boys, how could you do it, to-day of all days?" she said, reproachfully.

"Where 's the harm?" asked Archie.

"You know as well as I do; your mother does n't like it, and it 's a bad habit, for it wastes money and does you no good."

"Fiddle-sticks! every man smokes, even Uncle Alec, whom you think so perfect," began Charlie, in his teasing way.

"No, he does n't! He has given it up, and I know why," cried Rose, eagerly.

"Now I think of it, I have n't seen the old meerschau since he came home. Did he stop it on our account?" asked Archie.

"Yes," and Rose told the little scene on the seashore in the camping-out time.

Archie seemed much impressed, and said manfully: "He won't have done that in vain so far as I'm concerned. I don't care a pin about smoking, so can give it up as easy

as not, and I promise you I will. I only do it now and then for fun."

"You too?" and Rose looked up at the bonny Prince, who never looked less bonny than at that moment, for he had resumed his cigar, just to torment her.

Now Charlie cared as little as Archie about smoking, but it would not do to yield too soon; so he shook his head, gave a great puff, and said loftily:

"You women are always asking us to give up harmless little things, just because *you* don't approve of them. How would you like it if we did the same by you, Miss?"

"If I did harmful or silly things I'd thank you for telling me of them, and I'd try to mend my ways," answered Rose heartily.

"Well, now, we'll see if you mean what you say. I'll give up smoking to please you, if you will give up something to please me," said Prince, seeing a good chance to lord it over the weaker vessel at small cost to himself.



THE BOYS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

"Yes, dear, and longing for sunshine, so run in and make it for them," answered Mrs. Jessie.

"It's Rose," and Archie threw his cigar into the fire.

"What's that for?" asked Charlie.

"Gentlemen don't smoke before ladies."

"True; but I'm not going to waste *my* weed," and Prince poked his into the empty inkstand that served them for an ash tray.

A gentle tap at the door was answered by a chorus of "Come in," and Rose appeared, looking blooming and breezy with the chilly air.

"If I disturb you say so, and I'll go away," she began, pausing on the threshold with modest hesitation, for something in the elder boys' faces excited her curiosity.

"You never disturb us, cousin," said the smokers, while the readers tore themselves from the heroes of the bar-room and gutter long enough to nod affably to their guest.

As Rose bent to warm her hands, one end of

"I'll agree if it is as foolish as cigars."

"Oh, it's ever so much sillier."

"Then I promise; what is it?" and Rose quite trembled with anxiety to know which of her pet habits or possessions she must lose.

"Give up your ear-rings," and Charlie laughed wickedly, sure that she would never hold to that bargain.

Rose uttered a cry and clapped both hands to her ears where the gold rings hung.

"Oh, Charlie, would n't anything else do as well? I've been through so much teasing and trouble, I do want to enjoy my pretty ear-rings, for I can wear them now."

"Wear as many as you like, and I'll smoke in peace," returned this bad boy.

"Will *nothing* else satisfy you?" imploringly.

"Nothing," sternly.

Rose stood silent for a minute, thinking of something Aunt Jessie once said—"You have more influence over the boys than you know; use it for their good and I shall thank you all my life." Here was a chance to do some good by sacrificing a little vanity of her own. She felt it was right to do it, yet found it very hard, and asked wistfully:

"Do you mean *never* wear them, Charlie?"

"*Never*, unless you want me to smoke."

"I never do."

"Then clinch the bargain."

He had no idea she would do it, and was much surprised when she took the dear rings from her ears, with a quick gesture, and held them out to him, saying in a tone that made the color come up to his brown cheek, it was so full of sweet good-will:

"I care more for my cousins than for my ear-rings, so I promise, and I'll keep my word."

"For shame, Prince! let her wear her little dangles if she likes, and don't bargain about doing what you know is right," cried Archie, coming out of his grove of newspapers with an indignant bounce.

But Rose was bent on showing her aunt that she *could* use her influence for the boys' good, and said steadily:

"It is fair, and I want it to be so, then you will believe I'm in earnest. Here, each of you wear one of these on your watch-guard to remind you. I shall not forget, because very soon I cannot wear ear-rings if I want to."

As she spoke Rose offered a little ring to each cousin, and the boys, seeing how sincere she was, obeyed her. When the pledges were safe, Rose stretched a hand to each, and the lads gave hers a hearty grip, half pleased and half ashamed of their part in the compact.

Just at that moment Dr. Alec and Mrs. Jessie came in.

"What's this? Dancing Ladies Triumph on Sunday?" exclaimed Uncle Alec, surveying the trio with surprise.

"No, sir! it is the Anti-Tobacco League. Will you join?" said Charlie, while Rose slipped away to her aunt, and Archie buried both cigars behind the back log.

When the mystery was explained, the elders were well pleased, and Rose received a vote of thanks, which made her feel as if she had done a service to her country, as she had, for every boy who grows up free from bad habits bids fair to make a good citizen.

"I wish Rose would drive a bargain with Will and Geordie also, for I think these books are as bad for the small boys as cigars for the large ones," said Mrs. Jessie, sitting down on the sofa between the readers, who politely curled up their legs to make room for her.

"I thought they were all the fashion," answered Dr. Alec, settling in the big chair with Rose.

"So is smoking, but it is harmful. The writers of these popular stories intend to do good I have no doubt, but it seems to me they fail because their motto is, 'Be smart and you will be rich,' instead of 'Be honest and you will be happy.' I do not judge hastily, Alec, for I have read a dozen, at least, of these stories, and, with much that is attractive to boys, I find a great deal to condemn in them, and other parents say the same when I ask them."

"Now, Mum, that's too bad! I like 'em tip-top. This one is a regular screamer," cried Will.

"They're bully books, and I'd like to know where's the harm," added Geordie.

"You have just shown us one of the chief evils, and that is slang," answered their mother quickly.

"Must have it, ma'am. If these chaps talked all right, there'd be no fun in 'em," protested Will.

"A boot-black *mustn't* use good grammar, and a newsboy *must* swear a little, or he would n't be natural," explained Geordie, both boys ready to fight gallantly for their favorites.

"But my sons are neither boot-blacks nor newsboys, and I object to hearing them use such words as 'screamer,' 'bully,' and 'buster.' In fact I fail to see the advantage of writing books about such people unless it is done in a very different way. I cannot think they will help to refine the ragamuffins, if they read them, and I'm sure they can do no good to the better class of boys, who through these books are introduced to police courts, counterfeiters' dens, gambling houses, drinking saloons, and all sorts of low life."

"Some of them are about first-rate boys, mother; and they go to sea and study, and sail round the world, having great larks all the way."

"I have read about them, Geordie, and though they *are* better than the others, I am not satisfied with these optical delusions, as I call them. Now, put it to you, boys, is it natural for lads from fifteen to eighteen to command ships, defeat pirates, outwit smugglers, and so cover themselves with glory, that Admiral Farragut invites them to dinner, saying: 'Noble boy, you are an honor to your country?' Or, if the hero is in the army, he has hair-breadth escapes and adventures enough in one small volume to turn his hair white, and in the end he goes to Washington at the express desire of the President or Commander-in-Chief to be promoted to no end of stars and bars. Even if the hero is merely an honest boy trying to get his living, he is not permitted to do so in a natural way, by hard work and years of patient effort, but is suddenly adopted by a millionaire whose pocket-book he has returned; or a rich uncle appears from sea, just in the nick of time; or the remarkable boy earns a few dollars, speculates in pea-nuts or neck-ties, and grows rich so rapidly that Sinbad in the diamond valley is a pauper compared to him. Is n't it so, boys?"

"Well, the fellows in these books *are* mighty lucky, and very smart, I must say," answered Will, surveying an illustration on the open page before him, where a small but virtuous youth is upsetting a tipsy giant in a bar-room, and under it the elegant inscription: "Dick Dauntless punches the head of Sam Soaker."

"It gives boys such wrong ideas of life and business; shows them so much evil and vulgarity that they need not know about, and makes the one success worth having a fortune, a lord's daughter, or some worldly honor, often not worth the time it takes to win. It does seem to me that some one might write stories that should be lively, natural, and helpful. Tales in which the English should be good, the morals pure, and the characters such as we can love in spite of the faults that all may have. I can't bear to see such crowds of eager little fellows at the libraries reading such trash; weak, when it is not wicked, and totally unfit to feed the hungry minds that feast on it for want of something better. There! my lecture is done; now I should like to hear what you, gentlemen, have to say," and Aunt Jessie subsided with a pretty flush on the face that was full of motherly anxiety for her boys.

"Tom Brown just suits mother, and me too, so I wish Mr. Hughes would write another story as good," said Archie.

"You don't find things of this sort in Tom Brown; yet these books are all in the Sunday-school libraries"—and Mrs. Jessie read the following paragraph from the book she had taken from Will's hand:

"In this place we saw a tooth of John the Baptist. Ben said he could see locust and wild honey sticking to it. I could n't. Perhaps John used a piece of the true cross for a tooth-pick."

"A lark sort of a boy says that, Mum, and we skip the parts where they describe what they saw in the different countries," cried Will.

"And those descriptions, taken mostly from guide-books, I fancy, are the only parts of any real worth. The scrapes of the bad boys make up the rest of the story, and it is for those you read these books, I think?" answered his mother, stroking back the hair off the honest little face that looked rather abashed at this true statement of the case.

"Any way, mother, the ship part is useful, for we learn how to sail her, and by and by, that will all come handy when we go to sea," put in Geordie.

"Indeed; then you can explain this maneuver to me, of course—" and Mrs. Jessie read from another page the following nautical paragraph:

"The wind is south-south-west, and we can have her up four points closer to the wind, and still be six points off the wind. As she luffs up we shall man the fore and main sheets, slack on the weather, and haul on the lee braces."

"I guess I could, if I was n't afraid of uncle. He knows so much more than I do, he'd laugh," began Geordie, evidently puzzled by the question.

"Ho, you know you can't, so why make believe? We don't understand half of the sea lingo, Mum, and I daresay it's all wrong," cried Will, suddenly going over to the enemy, to Geordie's great disgust.

"I do wish the boys would n't talk to me as if I was a ship," said Rose, bringing forward a private grievance. "Coming home from church, this morning, the wind blew me about, and Will called out, right in the street, 'Brail up the foresail, and take in the flying-jib, that will ease her.'"

The boys shouted at the plaintive tone in which Rose repeated the words that offended her, and Will vainly endeavored to explain that he only meant to tell her to wrap her cloak closer, and tie a veil over the tempest-tossed feathers in her hat.

"To tell the truth, if the boys *must* have slang, I can bear the 'sea lingo' as Will calls it, better than the other. It afflicts me less to hear my sons talk about 'brailing up the foresail,' than doing as they 'darn please,' and 'cut your cable' is decidedly preferable to 'let her rip.' I once made a rule that I would have no slang in the house. I give it up now, for I cannot keep it; but I will *not* have rubbishy books; so, Archie, please send these two after your cigars."

Mrs. Jessie held both the small boys fast with an arm round each neck, and when she took this base

advantage of them they could only squirm with dismay. "Yes, right behind the back log," she continued energetically. "There, my hearties—(you like sea slang, so I'll give you a bit)—now, I want you to promise not to read any more stuff for a month, and I'll agree to supply you with wholesome fare."

"Oh, mother! not a single one?" cried Will.

"Could n't we just finish those?" pleaded Geordie.

"The boys threw away half-smoked cigars; and your books must go after them. Surely you would not be outdone by the 'old fellows,' as you call them, or be less obedient to little Mum than they were to Rose."

"Course not! Come on, Geordie," and Will took the vow like a hero. His brother sighed, and obeyed, but privately resolved to finish his story the minute the month was over.

"You have laid out a hard task for yourself. Jessie, in trying to provide good reading for boys who have been living on sensation stories. It will be like going from raspberry tarts to plain bread and butter; but you will probably save them from a bilious fever," said Dr. Alec, much amused at the proceedings.

"I remember hearing grandpa say that a love for good books was one of the best safeguards a man could have," began Archie, staring thoughtfully at the fine library before him.

"Yes, but there's no time to read nowadays: a fellow has to keep scratching round to make money or he's nobody," cut in Charlic, trying to look worldly-wise.

"This love of money is the curse of America, and for the sake of it men will sell honor and honesty, till we don't know whom to trust, and it is only a genius like Agassiz who dares to say 'I cannot waste my time in getting rich,'" said Mrs. Jessie, sadly.

"Do you want us to be poor, mother?" asked Archie, wondering.

"No, dear, and you never need be, while you can use your hands; but I am afraid of this thirst for wealth, and the temptations it brings. Oh, my boys! I tremble for the time when I must let you go, because I think it would break my heart to have you fail as so many fail. It would be far easier to see you dead if it could be said of you as of Sumner—'No man dared offer him a bribe.'"

Mrs. Jessie was so earnest in her motherly anxiety that her voice faltered over the last words, and she hugged the yellow heads closer in her arms, as if she feared to let them leave that safe harbor for the great sea where so many little boats go down. The younger lads nestled closer to her, and Archie said, in his quiet, resolute way:

"I cannot promise to be an Agassiz or a Sumner, mother; but I do promise to be an honest man, please God."

"Then I'm satisfied!" and holding fast the hand he gave her, she sealed his promise with a kiss that had all a mother's hope and faith in it.

"I don't see how they ever *can* be bad, she is so fond and proud of them," whispered Rose, quite touched by the little scene.

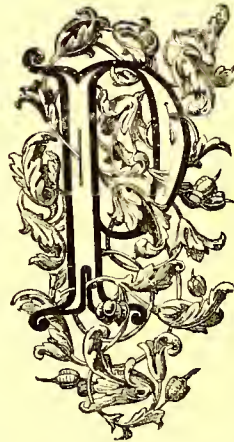
"You must help her make them what they should be. You have begun already, and when I see those rings where they are, my girl is prettier in my sight, than if the biggest diamonds that ever twinkled shone in her ears," answered Dr. Alec, looking at her with approving eyes.

"I'm so glad you think I can do anything, for I perfectly *ache* to be useful, every one is so good to me, especially Aunt Jessie."

"I think you are in a fair way to pay your debts, Rosy, for when girls give up their little vanities, and boys their small vices, and try to strengthen each other in well-doing, matters are going as they ought. Work away, my dear, and help their mother keep these sons fit friends for an innocent creature like yourself; they will be the manlier men for it I can assure you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FASHION AND PHYSIOLOGY.



"PLEASE, sir, I guess you'd better step up right away, or it will be too late, for I heard Miss Rose say she knew you would n't like it, and she'd never dare to let you see her."

Phebe said this as she popped her head into the study, where Dr. Alec sat reading a new book.

"They are at it, are they?" he said, looking up quickly, and giving himself a shake, as if

ready for a battle of some sort.

"Yes, sir, as hard as they can talk, and Miss Rose don't seem to know what to do, for the things are ever so stylish, and she looks elegant in 'em; though I like her best in the old ones," answered Phebe.

"You are a girl of sense. I'll settle matters for Rosy, and you'll lend a hand. Is everything ready in her room, and are you sure you understand how they go?"

"Oh, ycs, sir; but they are so funny! I know

Miss Rose will think it's a joke," and Phebe laughed as if something tickled her immensely.

"Never mind what she thinks so long as she obeys. Tell her to do it for my sake, and she will do it the best joke she ever saw. I expect to have a tough time of it, but we'll win yet," said the Doctor, as he marched upstairs with the book in his hand, and an odd smile on his face.

There was such a clatter of tongues in the sewing-room that no one heard his tap at the door, so he pushed it open and took an observation. Aunt plenty, Aunt Clara, and Aunt Jessie were all absorbed in gazing at Rose, who slowly revolved between them and the great mirror, in a full winter costume of the latest fashion.

"Bless my heart! worse even than I expected," thought the Doctor, with an inward groan, for, to his benighted eyes, the girl looked like a trussed owl, and the fine new dress had neither grace, beauty, nor fitness to recommend it.

The suit was of two peculiar shades of blue, so ranged that patches of light and dark distracted the eye. The upper skirt was tied so tightly back that it was impossible to take a long step, and the under one was so loaded with plaited frills that it wobbled"—no other word will express it—ungracefully, both fore and aft. A bunch of folds as gathered up just below the waist behind, and a great bow rode a-top. A small jacket of the same material was adorned with a high ruff at the neck, and laid well open over the breast, to display some lace and a locket. Heavy fringes, bows, ruffs, ruffles and *revers* finished off the dress, making one's head ache to think of the amount of work wasted, for not a single graceful line struck the eye, and the beauty of the material was quite lost in the profusion of ornament.

A high velvet hat, audaciously turned up in front, with a bunch of pink roses and a sweeping plume, was cocked over one ear, and with her curls braided into a club at the back of her neck, Rose's head looked more like that of a dashing young cavalier than a modest little girl's. High-heeled boots tilted her well forward, a tiny muff pinioned her arms, and a spotted veil tied so closely over her face that her eyelashes were rumpled by it, gave the last touch of absurdity to her appearance.

"Now she looks like other girls, and as I like to see her," Mrs. Clara was saying, with an air of great satisfaction.

"She does look like a fashionable young lady, but somehow I miss my little Rose, for children dressed like children in my day," answered Aunt plenty, peering through her glasses with a troubled look, for she could not imagine the creature before her ever sitting in her lap, running to wait

upon her, or making the house gay with a child's blithe presence.

"Things have changed since your day, Aunt, and it takes time to get used to new ways. But you, Jessie, surely like this costume better than the dowdy things Rose has been wearing all summer. Now, be honest, and own you do," said Mrs. Clara, bent on being praised for her work.

"Well, dear, to be *quite* honest then, I think it is frightful," answered Mrs. Jessie with a candor that caused revolving Rose to stop in dismay.

"Hear, hear," cried a deep voice, and with a general start the ladies became aware that the enemy was among them.

Rose blushed up to her hat brim, and stood, looking, as she felt, like a fool, while Mrs. Clara hastened to explain.

"Of course I don't expect *you* to like it, Alec, but I don't consider you a judge of what is proper and becoming for a young lady. Therefore I have taken the liberty of providing a pretty street suit for Rose. She need not wear it if you object, for I know we promised to let you do what you liked with the poor dear for a year."

"It is a street costume, is it?" asked the Doctor, mildly. "Do you know, I never should have guessed that it was meant for winter weather and brisk locomotion. Take a turn, Rosy, and let me see all its beauties and advantages."

Rose tried to walk off with her usual free tread, but the under-skirt got in her way, the over-skirt was so tight she could not take a long step, and her boots made it impossible to carry herself perfectly erect.

"I have n't got used to it yet," she said, petulantly, kicking at her train, as she turned to toddle back again.

"Suppose a mad dog or a runaway horse was after you, could you get out of the way without upsetting, Colonel?" asked the Doctor, with a twinkle in the eyes that were fixed on the rakish hat.

"Don't think I could, but I'll try," and Rose made a rush across the room. Her boot-heels caught on a rug, several strings broke, her hat tipped over her eyes, and she plunged promiscuously into a chair, where she sat laughing so infectiously that all but Mrs. Clara joined in her mirth.

"I should say that a walking suit in which one could not walk, and a winter suit which exposes the throat, head and feet to cold and damp, rather a failure, Clara; especially as it has no beauty to reconcile one to its utter unfitness," said Dr. Alec, as he helped Rose under her veil, adding, in a low tone: "Nice thing for the eyes; you'll soon see spots when it is off as well as when it is on, and, by and by, be a case for an oculist."

"No beauty!" cried Mrs. Clara, warmly. "Now that is just a man's blindness. This is the best of silk and camel's hair, real ostrich feathers, and an expensive ermine muff. What *could* be in better taste, or more proper for a young girl?"

"I'll show you, if Rose will go to her room and oblige me by putting on what she finds there," answered the Doctor, with unexpected readiness.

"Alec, if it is a Bloomer, I shall protest. I've been expecting it, but I know I *cannot* bear to see that pretty child sacrificed to your wild ideas of health. Tell me it *isn't* a Bloomer!" and Mrs. Clara clasped her hands imploringly.

"It is not."

"Thank Heaven!" and she resigned herself with a sigh of relief, adding plaintively, "I did hope you'd accept my suit, for poor Rose has been afflicted with frightful clothes long enough to spoil the taste of any girl."

"You talk of *my* afflicting the child, and then make a helpless guy like that of her!" answered the Doctor, pointing to the little fashion plate that was scuttling out of sight as fast as it could go.

He closed the door with a shrug, but before any one could speak, his quick eye fell upon an object which caused him to frown, and demand in an indignant tone:

"After all I have said, were you really going to tempt my girl with those abominable things?"

"I thought we put them away when she would n't wear them," murmured Mrs. Clara, whisking a little pair of corsets out of sight, with guilty haste. "I only brought them to try, for Rose is growing stout, and will have no figure if it is not attended to soon," she added, with an air of calm conviction that roused the Doctor still more, for this was one of his especial abominations.

"Growing stout! Yes, thank Heaven, she is, and shall continue to do it, for Nature knows how to mold a woman better than any corset-maker, and I won't have her interfered with. My dear Clara, *have* you lost your senses that you can for a moment dream of putting a growing girl into an instrument of torture like this?"—and with a sudden gesture he plucked forth the offending corsets from under the sofa cushion, and held them out with the expression one would wear on beholding the thumbscrews or the rack of ancient times.

"Don't be absurd, Alec. There is no torture about it, for tight lacing is out of fashion, and we have nice, sensible things nowadays. Every one wears them; even babies have stiffened waists to support their weak little backs," began Mrs. Clara, rushing to the defense of the pet delusion of most women.

"I know it, and so the poor little souls have weak backs all their days, as their mothers had

before them. It is vain to argue the matter, and I won't try, but I wish to state, once for all, that if I ever see a pair of corsets near Rose, I'll put them in the fire, and you may send the bill to me."

As he spoke, the corsets were on their way to destruction, but Mrs. Jessie caught his arm, exclaiming merrily, "Don't burn them, for mercy's sake, Alec; they are full of whalebones, and will make a dreadful odor. Give them to me. I'll see that they do no harm."

"Whalebones indeed! A regular fence of them, and metal gate-posts in front. As if our own bones were not enough, if we'd give them a chance to do their duty," growled the Doctor, yielding up the bone of contention with a last shake of contempt. Then his face cleared suddenly, and he held up his finger, saying, with a smile, "Hear those girls laugh; cramped lungs could not make hearty music like that."

Peals of laughter issued from Rose's room, and smiled involuntarily touched the lips of those who listened to the happy sound.

"Some new prank of yours, Alec?" asked Aunt Plenty, indulgently, for she had come to believe in most of her nephew's odd notions, because they seemed to work so well.

"Yes, ma'am, my last, and I hope you will like it. I discovered what Clara was at, and got my rival suit ready for to-day. I'm not going to 'afflict' Rose, but let her choose, and if I'm not entirely mistaken, she will like my rig best. While we wait I'll explain, and then you will appreciate the general effect better. I got hold of this little book, and was struck with its good sense and good taste, for it suggests a way to clothe women both healthfully and handsomely, and that is a great point. It begins at the foundations, as you will see if you will look at these pictures, and I should think women would rejoice at this lightening of their burdens."

As he spoke, the Doctor laid the book before Aunt Plenty, who obediently brought her spectacles to bear upon the illustrations, and after a long look exclaimed with a scandalized face:

"Mercy on us, these things are like the night-drawers Jamie wears! You don't mean to say you want Rose to come out in this costume? It's not proper, and I won't consent to it!"

"I do mean it, and I'm sure my sensible Aunt *will* consent when she understands that these—well—I'll call them by an Indian name, and say—pajamas—are for underwear, and Rose can have as pretty frocks as she likes, outside. These two suits of flannel, each in one piece from head to foot, with a skirt or so hung on this easily fitting waist, will keep the child warm without burdening

er with belts, and gathers, and buckles, and inches round the waist, and leave free the muscles that need plenty of room to work in. She shall never have the back-ache if *I* can help it, nor the long list of ills you dear women think you cannot escape."

"*I* don't consider it modest, and I'm sure Rose will be shocked at it," began Mrs. Clara, but stopped suddenly as Rose appeared in the doorway, not looking shocked a bit.

"Come on, my hygienic model, and let us see you," said her uncle, with an approving glance, as she walked in looking so mischievously merry, that it was evident she enjoyed the joke.

"Well, I don't see anything remarkable. That's a neat, plain, suit; the materials are good, and it's not unbecoming, if you want her to look like a little school-girl; but it has not a particle of style, and no one would ever give it a second glance," said Mrs. Clara, feeling that her last remark condemned the whole thing.

"Exactly what I want," answered the provoking doctor, rubbing his hands with a satisfied air. "Rosy looks now like what she is, a modest little girl, who does not want to be stared at. I think she would get a glance of approval, though, from people who like sense and simplicity, rather than fuss and feathers. Revolve, my Hebe, and let me refresh my eyes by the sight of you."

There was very little to see, however, only a pretty Gabrielle dress, of a soft, warm shade of brown, coming to the tops of a trim pair of boots with low heels. A seal-skin sack, cap, and mittens, with a glimpse of scarlet at the throat, and the pretty curls tied up with a bright velvet of the same color, completed the external adornment, making her look like a robin red-breast—wintery, yet warm.

"How do you like it, Rosy?" asked the Doctor, feeling that *her* opinion was more important to the success of his new idea than that of all the aunts in the hill.

"I feel very odd and light, but I'm warm as a toast, and nothing seems to be in my way," answered Rose, with a skip which displayed shapely waiters on legs that now might be as free and active as a boy's, under the modest skirts of the girl.

"You can run away from the mad dogs, and talk off at a smart pace without tumbling on your nose, now, I fancy?"

"Yes, uncle! suppose the dog coming, I just hop over a wall so—and when I walk of a cold day, I go like this—."

Entering fully into the spirit of the thing, Rose swung herself over the high back of the sofa as easily as one of her cousins, and then went down

the long hall as if her stout boots were related to the famous seven leaguers.

"There! you see how it will be; dress her in that boyish way and she will act like a boy. I do hate all these inventions of strong-minded women!" exclaimed Mrs. Clara, as Rose came back at a run.

"Ah, but you see some of these sensible inventions come from the brain of a fashionable *modiste*, who will make you lovely, or what you value more—'stylish' outside and comfortable within. Mrs. Van Tassel has been to Madame Stone, and is wearing a full suit of this sort. Van himself told me, when I asked how she was, that she had given up lying on the sofa, and was going about in a most astonishing way, considering her feeble health."

"You don't say so! Let me see that book a moment," and Aunt Clara examined the new patterns with a more respectful air, for if the elegant Mrs. Van Tassel wore these "dreadful things" it would never do to be left behind, in spite of her prejudices.

Dr. Alec looked at Mrs. Jessie, and both smiled, for "little Mum" had been in the secret, and enjoyed it mightily.

"I thought that would settle it," he said with a nod.

"I did n't wait for Mrs. Van to lead the way, and for once in my life I have adopted a new fashion before Clara. My freedom suit is ordered, and you *may* see me playing tag with Rose and the boys before long," answered Mrs. Jessie, nodding back at him.

Meantime Aunt Plenty was examining Rose's costume, for the hat and sack were off, and the girl was eagerly explaining the new undergarments.

"See, Auntie, all nice scarlet flannel, and a gay little petticoat, and long stockings, oh, so warm! Phebe and I nearly died laughing when I put this rig on, but I like it ever so much. The dress is so comfortable, and does n't need any belt or sash, and I can sit without rumpling any trimming, that's *such* a comfort! I like to be tidy, and so, when I wear fussed up things, I'm thinking of my clothes all the time, and that's so tiresome. Do say you like it. I resolved *I* would, just to please uncle, for he does know more about health than any one else, I'm sure, and I'd wear a bag if he asked me to do it."

"I don't ask that, Rose, but I wish you'd weigh and compare the two suits, and then choose which seems best. I leave it to your own common-sense," answered Dr. Alec, feeling pretty sure he had won.

"Why, I take this one, of course, uncle. The other is fashionable, and—yes—I must say I think it's pretty—but it's very heavy, and I should have to go round like a walking doll if I wore it. I'm much obliged to auntie, but I'll keep this, please."

Rose spoke gently but decidedly, though there was a look of regret, when her eye fell on the other suit which Phebe had brought in; and it was very natural to like to look as other girls did. Aunt Clara sighed, Uncle Alec smiled, and said heartily:

"Thank you, dear; now read this book and you will understand why I ask it of you. Then, if you like, I'll give you a new lesson; you asked for one yesterday, and this is more necessary than French or housekeeping."

"Oh, what?" and Rose caught up the book which Mrs. Clara had thrown down with a disgusted look.

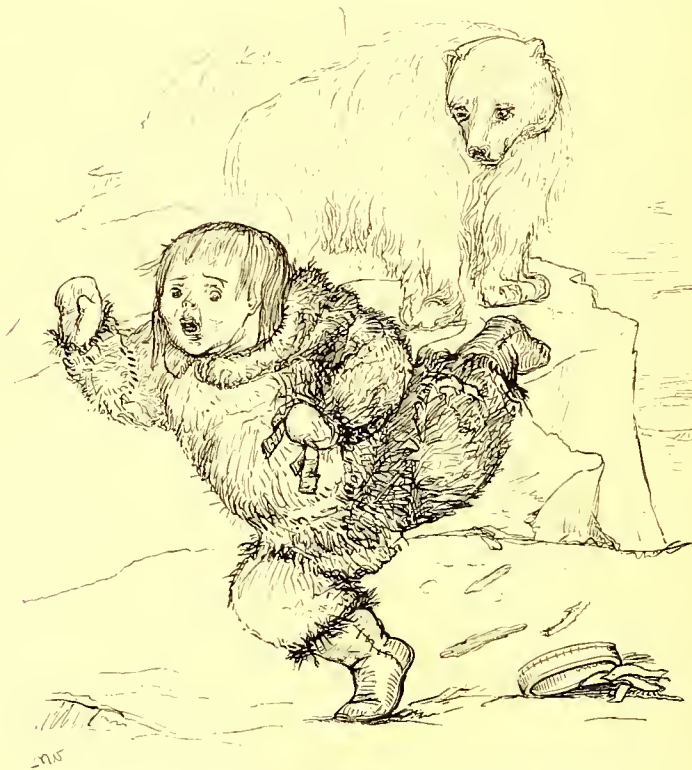
Though Dr. Alec was forty, the boyish love of

teasing was not yet dead in him, and, being much elated at his victory, he could not resist the temptation of shocking Mrs. Clara by suggesting dreadful possibilities, so he answered, half in earnest half in jest:

"Physiology, Rose. Would n't you like to be a little medical student with Uncle Doctor for a teacher, and be ready to take up his practice when he has to stop? If you agree, I'll hunt up my old skeleton to-morrow."

That was *too* much for Aunt Clara, and she hastily departed with her mind in a sad state of perturbation about Mrs. Van Tassel's new costume and Rose's new study.

(To be continued.)



HANS, the small Esquimaux, sat out on the snow,
Sucking some bits of dried seals,
When a white Polar bear
Came and asked for his share,
And Hans quickly took to his heels.

UMBRELLAS.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

UMBRELLAS, such a necessary convenience in our day, were, even in the beginning of the present century, but little used in England, or indeed in any part of Europe, unless by invalids or very fine ladies. And they did not carry an umbrella in the street as we do; but one was kept hanging in the hall of stylish mansions, and held by a servant over visitors as they passed to and from their carriages. It was deemed very effeminate in a man or boy to shirk a wetting; and so it was no wonder that an old soldier like Lord Cornwallis should have had his ire aroused by the offer of an umbrella. He had been dining with a friend, and when about to enter his carriage to return home, stopped a few moments to converse with his host. As it was raining in torrents, a servant in attendance attempted to hold the house umbrella over his Lordship's head; but the old soldier exclaimed, wrathfully:

"Take that thing away! Do you suppose I am a sugar doll, to melt in a shower? or do you take me for a woman, who is afraid of her fine head-gear? I have not been all these years fighting my country's battles, to be frightened now at cold water. A shower of rain is no worse than powder and ball, and I never shirked them."

Then, baring his head to the pelting rain, the nobleman walked deliberately to his carriage.

The gallant old Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo and so many other battles, had the same opinion of umbrellas. During the Spanish war, in an action near Bayonne, in 1813, the Grenadiers, under Colonel Tyngling, occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Lord Wellington, mounted on his veteran charger, rode past the redoubt, scanning with critical eye the disposition of the troops, and evidently as unmindful of the heavy rain that was pelting him over the head and shoulders as he was of powder and ball when facing an enemy whom he always meant, and rarely failed, to subdue. You may imagine, then, the indignation of the sturdy old chieftain at seeing the officers of a certain regiment protecting themselves, even under fire, from the torrents of rain, by huddling together under umbrellas. This was more than the equanimity of the "Iron Duke" could endure, and he instantly, after reaching his quarters, dispatched Lord Hill with the message: "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas by *soldiers*, and especially *under fire*, nor

can he permit gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army."

An old English record states that as early as the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out, like sedan-chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella about the streets of a town or city, than of taking a bed to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway—the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him, as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured on the streets of London, holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head, during a heavy rain. Perhaps, if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the side-walks, and called him mad; women, from windows and doors, clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course, as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share his comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule, that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella. Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever either sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.

All over the East the umbrella has been used from remote ages, though at first mainly as an

emblem of royalty. But for centuries past these useful appendages have afforded shelter to all classes from the fierce storms and burning sunshine of and so very cheap—about twenty cents each—that one does not mind their wearing out occasionally. They have been made and used in China, in just



THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

those fervid climes. In form and size the ordinary umbrella is nearly like our own, but the material is silk, or paper beautifully painted or glazed, and thus rendered perfectly water-proof. Though not very durable, these umbrellas are light and pretty,

the same style, for fifteen centuries, and in the neighboring countries for perhaps nearly as long a time.

The *state* umbrella is quite a different affair—much larger and of the richest materials. It is

placed over the royal couches, thrones, and chairs quite as generally as carried in the open air. They are borne by high officers over the king and other members of the royal family wherever they go, and "umbrella holders" are recognized members of the royal household both in Burmah and Siam. One of the numerous titles of His Majesty of Siam is "Lord of the White Elephant and Supreme Owner of the Umbrella"—that is, of the umbrella of state, which it would be high treason to raise over any head but that of the king. It is of crimson or purple silk, very richly embroidered in precious stones, lined usually with white satin, inwrought with silver flowers and seed pearls in exquisite clusters, and trimmed with heavy gold fringe and costly lace. Sometimes, on great occasions, umbrellas are carried in tiers of two, three, and five, one above the other, diminishing in size toward the top, and forming a perfect pyramid; while from the rim of each umbrella depend scores of tiny gold or silver bells, which, moved by the passing breeze, make sweet music, that floats upon the air like the sounds of an Æolian harp. In Burmah the king's umbrella is white, and that

of the court red while in the royal city, but elsewhere they carry gold or gilded ones; and always over the dead bodies of the nobility are placed gold umbrellas, usually the gift of the sovereign. Both in Burmah and Siam there are many state umbrellas, all of precisely the same pattern, and one or more is carried over the king's head on all occasions, whether sitting or reclining, riding or walking, at home or abroad.

The Emperor of China, who never does anything in moderation, has *twenty-four* umbrellas carried before him whenever he goes out hunting—perhaps as a protective against wild beasts. But then, as he has an equal or larger number to herald his coming on other occasions, we may conclude it is only a love of displaying his wealth or grandeur—rather an absurd display it would seem to us. The heir to the crown has ten umbrellas, and other princes and nobles five, three, two, and one respectively, according to their rank. So, one may usually read the rank of a noble he sees approaching by the number and style of his umbrellas, as he discovers the rank of a mandarin, or civil officer, by the color of his buttons.

THE WISHING-STONE, AND HOW IT WAS LOST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Lilbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses

that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up, up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstasy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, because the Princess will have it so. One is called Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the

fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city seems near by. So the people hasten on, and presently they cannot see the rose-garden, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate, but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A Troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had whatever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth, stone, and the Troll carried him away to build his palace underground. A great many people came into the garden, then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunch-backed, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwas!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain, and began to wish.

"'I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind.'

"'Wishiwas! wishihad!' sang the little birds, and she wished again.

"'I wish all the poor children who work in the mills, and pick up rags, and never have good times, could come here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine.'

"'Wishihad! wish, wishihad!' sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

"'I wish all the poor babies, and the very littlest children, and the old, old people, could come here and look at the fountain, and may be have a flower to keep for their very own.'

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the wishing-stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hollow like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thinking of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was the end of the stone, and for my part I think it is well it was lost. When one has many wishes, some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knew what the stone man thought about it.

BIRDIE'S SECRET.

BY E. M. TAPPAN.

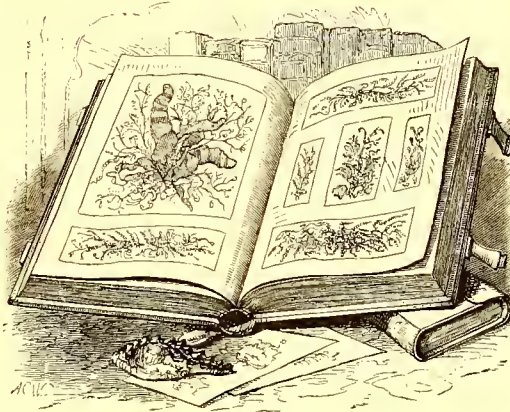
I KNOW something, but I sha' n't tell,
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me,
What she'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

I know something, but I sha' n't tell,—
Of something nice and soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

I know something, but I sha' n't tell;
And by and by, when the birdies are old,—
O dear me! I've gone and told!

THE SEA-WEED ALBUM.

BY DELTA.



A SEA-WEED ALBUM.

"WELL, children," said Mrs. Bright one evening at dinner, "to-morrow, if all is well, we shall take our long-talked-of holiday. Would you like to go inland, up the Hudson, or to the seaside?"

"Do go to the seaside, mamma," said Arthur, an impulsive fellow of eleven; "what I want is a bath in the sea."

"And so do I," said Clara, a bright girl of ten.

"Yes, do go to the seaside, mamma," said Alice, the eldest daughter; "I'd like to collect sea-weeds. Don't you remember, you promised a good while ago to show me how to prepare them."

"Sea-weeds!" sneered Arthur; "how absurd to gather those ugly, dry-smelling things! What fun can there be in that?"

"Wait till you see," answered Alice quietly.

"As all seem agreed on the seaside, where shall we go?" asked Mrs. Bright. "Long Branch is rather far off for our limited time, and even Rock-away; what do you say to Coney Island?"

"Coney Island by all means," echoed Clara and Arthur.

"That will do nicely, mamma," said Alice.

"Settled," said Mrs. Bright; "I can only spare the afternoon. So that after bathing and lunch you can only have an hour for beach work. But, as you know, Alice, a great deal may be done even in less time, if you work with a will."

"Who taught you to prepare sea-weeds, mamma?" asked Clara.

"Your grandma. When you know something of it, there is no study so interesting as natural

history. But most people, and especially children, require to have the book of nature opened before they can see its beauties, and have to be shown where to look, what to look at, and how to look. And so with the study of sea-weeds."

"Will you teach us?" said Clara and Arthur together.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Bright, who was always anxious to impart information, but wished first to create an interest, and thus make the desire come from the children themselves.

"What will you do with the sea-weeds when you get them?" asked Arthur.

"Make a scrap-book, like your stamp album. Mamma says you can have no idea how pretty a carefully made sea-weed album is."

Next day was one of glee. It was the first, and perhaps the only excursion of the year. The steamer, lunch and bath were thoroughly enjoyed.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Bright, "the boat starts homeward in an hour; go and gather your sea-weeds and put them into the empty basket."

Off they ran. But they seemed to have scarcely begun when the steamer whistled, and they had just time to get on board. After dinner the basket was produced. Arthur and Clara had gathered quite a heap, but most of it was old, dried, and had to be thrown away. Alice had listened better to her mother's advice, and had selected only what was moist and fresh.

"Now," said Mrs. Bright, "put the pieces you have kept into a basin of fresh water, to clean them

from salt and sand, and leave them there while you get some white paper, an old linen rag, and some blotting-paper. Also, a soup-plate filled with fresh water, and a small camel-hair brush."



FIG. 1.—PUTTING THE SEA-WEED ON THE PAPER.

"All ready, mamma," said Alice, who had prepared them the night before.

"Now, watch me closely," said Mrs. Bright. "You see I first select a nice piece of weed. Then I put it into the soup-plate, where it floats. Then I slightly damp a sheet of white paper, and slip it under the weed (Fig. 1), and raise it till the latter is half dry. Then, with the brush, I spread it out nicely (Fig. 2). My aim is to make a pretty picture. Now, I gently raise the paper with the weed on it out of the water, and let it drip for a second or two. The more taste you have and the more care you take, the greater will be your success."

"Oh, mamma, how pretty!" said Arthur.

"But I have n't finished," said Mrs. Bright. "I now put the paper and weed *on* a piece of blotting-paper, and *over* it a piece of linen rag. Then over that again another sheet of blotting-paper" (Fig. 3).

"Why, mamma?" asked Clara.

"The blotting-paper dries the weed, but would stick to it but for the rag. Now, Alice, do the rest yourself; never mind a few failures. Practice is the best teacher."

"That is fairly done," said Mrs. Bright when



FIG. 2.—ARRANGING THE SEA-WEED.

Alice brought her first attempt. "Now, put yours on top of mine, and so on, till you have finished the whole."

"Shall I make more than one specimen of each kind?" asked Alice.

"Yes, you should keep several duplicates for exchange with other collectors."

"Now, mamma," said Alice, after a time, "I have finished. See what a pile. What shall I do next?"

"Put the heap between two boards (Fig. 4), and place any weight, say a few books, over them; three or four days will fully dry them."

"We must not forget the sea-weeds," said Arthur a few days after. "Mamma, shall I undo them?"

"Yes; but first turn up the edge of one, to see if they are quite dry. Then remove the blotting-paper and rag from each very gently, so as not to pull the weed off. Most sea-weeds are of a gummy nature, and stick to the paper. But the harder ones sometimes require a little mucilage or paste to keep them in place."

"How lovely," cried Arthur, as each was uncovered, "and what a number of them. Alice, can you spare specimens of each for Clara and me?"

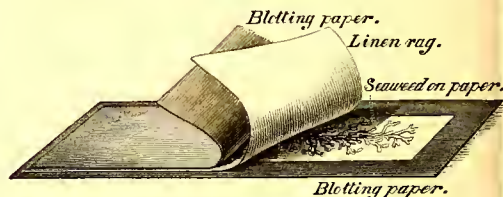


FIG. 3.—DRYING THE SEA-WEED.

"Of course, I can," said Alice. "But, mamma, please show me now how to put them into my album. Here it is."

"When your specimens are large, you can only put one on a page. All you have to do is to touch each corner on the back lightly with mucilage; and put it neatly into your book. If they are small, you can put several, and sometimes a good many, on one page. With a little taste and care you may arrange them very prettily. You have already nine different kinds of sea-weeds from one place, gathered in half an hour, and including specimens of each of the three great classes into which they are divided, viz.: the red sea-weeds (*rhodosperrmeæ*); the olive-colored (*melanospermeæ*), and the green (*chlorosperrmeæ*), and at every new place you visit you may get new ones."

"I wonder, mamma," said Alice, "if Cousin Frank in Havana could get me some?"

"Why not write and ask him? Some tropical sea-weeds are exceedingly delicate and pretty, especially those found on coral islands and reefs. And you might also enlist friends in many other parts of the world. Then you have friends near the Lakes, and also the Mississippi; for, you must know, there are fresh as well as salt-water weeds.

and thus, in time, you may have a valuable collection, both of native and foreign sea-weeds."

"What shall I do with my duplicates, mamma?" asked Alice.

"Keep them at the end of your album; you

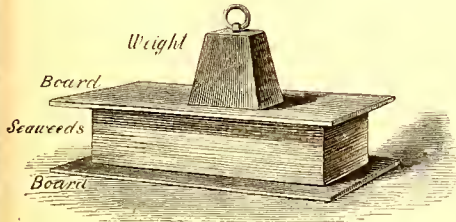


FIG. 4.—THE PRESS.

may soon meet with or hear of other collectors and to exchange specimens."

"But what *are* sea-weeds?" asked Arthur.

"They are plants, which grow in water, just as grass does on land, and are usually fixed to the rocks by roots. Those you found on the sands had been broken off by the waves. A few, however, float about; for example, the celebrated gulf-weed, which has a place in American history. You remember that Columbus' small ships, just before he discovered this continent, got entangled in the 'Sargasso Sea' of gulf-weed, and the men were frightened lest they should not get out of it."

"Are sea-weeds only found at the edge of the sea, mamma?" asked Alice.

"They are most abundant near the sea-shore; but I have no doubt that they exist all over the sea-bottom, wherever they can get root-hold and a suitable place to live. Like land plants, they cannot live everywhere. Deep-sea weeds are generally very delicate, rare, and valuable, because difficult to get."

"Are sea-weeds of any use?" asked Arthur.

"Certainly. There are various uses for them. Many kinds of fish live on them, just as cows and sheep feed on grass. In Gothland the great bladder-weed is used to feed pigs, and hence called 'swine-tang.' In times of scarcity, even horses and cattle thrive on it. Several kinds of sea-weed are eaten as a delicacy in North-western Europe. In Ireland a sweetmeat is made of dulse. In

Kamschatka they make a fermented drink of sea-weed. In China and Japan they make soup of a swallow's nest which is constructed of a peculiar variety of sea-weed.

"Again, laver is used as a medicine. Iodine and other valuable chemicals are got from sea-weeds. Others make glue and varnish. When dried they are used for fuel, and also manure. And, no doubt, some kinds of sea-weed found along our coasts might be often used as an edible vegetable."

Acting on her mother's advice, Alice wrote to her uncles and cousins, and, before long, fine specimens came from most of them; so that, in time,



GULF-WEED.

she had a truly beautiful sea-weed album, which any of our readers may also have if they live near the sea and choose to take a little trouble.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL IN 1570.

BY S. S. COLT.

I INVITE you, boys and girls, to cross the wide Atlantic, and find amusement in visiting a boarding-school, or academy, of the olden time.

In the days of good Queen Bess, schools were few and far between, as angels' visits are said to be, but in the town of Norwich, England, there existed a celebrated "training-school" for the youth of both sexes.

An old abbey furnished the requisite room, and high-born maidens slept in the cells where nuns had once repeated their *ave Marias*, and were gathered by day in a school-room which had formerly been used as a refectory or dining-hall. Separated from this building by a crumbling stone wall of great height was the ancient monastery, which was now transformed into an academy for the boys of Albion. Both buildings were well-nigh covered with beautiful clambering ivy.

The children of that day, in dress and appearance, were exact miniature copies of grown-up people.

Queen Elizabeth numbered three thousand robes in her wardrobe, and the daughters of noblemen carried with them to school from thirty to three hundred dresses, according to the wealth and station of their parents.

Young misses of six and ten years of age wore trains on important occasions, and, at all times, appeared in long, pointed waists, with deep ruffles around the neck. Silk robes were embroidered with serpents, and birds, and ostriches, in bright colors. Handkerchiefs were trimmed with gold lace and sometimes ornamented with a dozen solid gold or silver buttons, which must have been particularly nice for young noses. Sleeves were worn separate from the dresses, and often of different material. Ladies' and children's boots were made with heels two inches high, which were called pantofles, and both boots and slippers were frequently trimmed with artificial flowers.

Young lads, also, wore sleeves of large size and gay colors. Wigs had not, in 1570, become fashionable *for children*, but their hair was often dyed. Garters were worn conspicuously by men and boys, and were a test of rank and fashion. It is on record that these articles, for state occasions, sometimes cost "four score pound a pair," equal to some three hundred and fifty dollars of our money.

The tops of boots were of embroidered linen, and shirts were often embroidered in gold thread. In

such apparel as this, the school-boys of that day played leap-frog and hunt the slipper, and other ancient games.

The beds were the only comfortable articles of furniture then known, and were frequently of such size as to accommodate from twelve to twenty persons. Thus, a teacher could sleep with all his pupils around him. How would you like the boys? One specimen of these bedsteads, the great bed of Ware—of which Shakespeare makes mention—is still preserved in England as a curiosity, and was, at one time, the property of the late Charles Dickens.

Hashes and stews formed the principal food before the school-children whose mode of life we are depicting, and, as forks were not brought from Italy till 1580, and did not come into general use for fifty years, they ate their stews and hashes with the aid of pewter spoons and—their fingers.

Table linen was unknown, but on feast days a narrow strip of Turkey carpeting extended the length of the dining-table, this being the only purpose for which carpeting was used when first brought to England. Rushes were scattered upon the floor, and the remnants of each meal were thrown down to the dogs upon these rushes, which were renewed, as history tells us, *three or four times year!*

And now, perhaps, you will inquire what were the studies pursued by the pupils of Norwich Academy in the year 1570?

Education was esteemed of much less importance than dress and amusements, and, therefore we mention this topic last of all, in our account of the "good old times."

The boys were taught "Latin, Greek, and figures but we are told that the young ladies could scarcely read. Embroidery and working tapestry was the principal occupation of the fair sex, and the school-girls were taught "to prepare physic and madder; to dry herbs and bind up wounds; to make banners and scarfs, and to be obedient to their fathers, brothers, and lords."

Early marriages were frequent, and many of these Norwich school-girls were wedded wives whose education must be completed before they were taken home to keep the keys and cut the bread, and rule a retinue of servants—duties which would be required of them in the castles of their husbands.

Knitting became customary about this time, and

on the occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich, in 1570, eight young girls walked in the procession that welcomed her, knitting yarn hose, which were then a great curiosity.

Having thus ransacked the annals of the past to bring before you this picture of the school-children of the olden times, we humbly submit to your con-

sideration, young readers of the *ST. NICHOLAS*. the question, whether our republican boys and girls are not more highly favored, more sensibly dressed, and better educated in every respect in our schools to-day, than were the children of English nobles, with all their wealth, power, and prestige, three hundred years ago?

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK'S PRISONER.

FOR a second time Jack now traveled that woodland road under odd circumstances; the first occasion being that on which he himself had pulled in the shafts, while Link pushed behind.

He laughed as he thought of that adventure, of which the present seemed a curious and fitting sequel. Before, he had been obliged to go home without his horse; what a triumph it would now be to carry home the thief!

But to do this, great care and vigilance would be necessary; and he calculated all the chances, and resolved just what he would do, should his captive attempt to escape.

The rogue, on the contrary, appeared contented with his lot.

"Young man," said he, "I can't call your name, but let me say you improve upon acquaintance. This is galorious! better by a long chalk than a horseback gallop without a saddle. I suppose you will call for me with a barouche next time!"

"At all events, I may help you to free lodgings,—not up in a tree, either!" Jack said, as he touched up Snowfoot.

He had, of course, abandoned the idea of giving Mrs. Wiggett her noon-mark that day. But he could not think of passing the "Castle" without stopping at the door.

"What will Vinnie say?" thought he, with a thrill of anticipation. And it must be confessed that he felt no little pride at the prospect of showing his prisoner to Lord Betterson and the boys.

Descending the long declivity, the fellow was strangely silent, for one so rattle-brained, until the "Castle" appeared in sight through an opening of the woods.

"He's plotting mischief," Jack thought And

when suddenly the rogue made a movement with his arms, Jack started, ready for a grapple.

"Don't be excited; I'm only going to put on my coat."

"All right," said Jack; and the garment was put on. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"I'm dying with thirst; they had nothing to drink at that tavern where you found me."

"May be we can get some water at this house," Jack said.

"Are you acquainted here?" the prisoner inquired, with a curious, sober face.

"Yes, well enough to ask for a glass of water." And Jack drove into the yard.

The rogue kept on his sober face, but seemed to be laughing prodigiously inside.

As Jack reined up to the door, Lill came out, clapped her hands with sudden surprise, and screamed, "O mother!" Then Vinnie appeared, her face radiant on seeing Jack, but changing suddenly at sight of his companion. Mrs. Betterson followed, and, perceiving the faces in the buggy, uttered a cry, tottered, and clung to Vinnie's shoulder.

Link at the same time ran out from behind the house, dropped a dirty stick, wiped his hands on his trousers, and shouted, "Hullo! by sixty! ye don't say so!" while Rufe and Wad came rushing up from the barn.

Jack had rather expected to produce a sensation,—not, however, until he should fairly have shown his prisoner; and this premature commotion puzzled him.

The rogue's suppressed laughter was now bubbling freely; a frothy and reckless sort of mirth, without much body of joy to it.

"How are ye, all?" he cried. "Don't faint at sight of me, Aunt Carric. This is an unexpected pleasure!" and he bowed gayly to Vinnie.

"O Radcliff! you again? and in *this* style!" said poor Caroline. "Where *did* you come from?"

"From up a tree, at last accounts. Hullo, boys! I'd come down on my trotters, and hug you all round, but my friend here would be jealous."

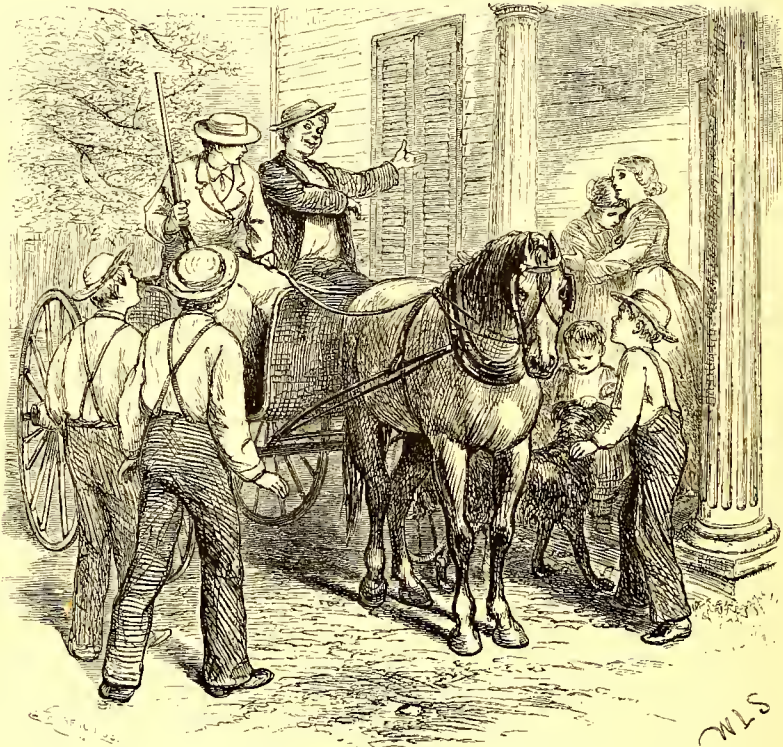
Jack was confounded.

"Is *this* your Cousin Rad?" he cried, as the boys crowded near. "I'm sorry to know it, for

"Ah, Radcliff! you have returned? Wh don't you alight?" and he touched his hat to Jack.

"Your nephew may tell you the reason, if he will," Jack replied.

"The long and the short of it is this," said Radcliff, betraying a good deal of trouble, under all his assumed carelessness: "When I was on my way home, a few weeks ago, this young man asked me to drive in some deer for him. He gave me his



JACK AND HIS PRISONER.

he's the fellow who ran off with my horse. Where did *you* ever see him before, Vinnie?"

"He is the one I told you about—in Chicago," said Vinnie, overwhelmed with astonishment at finding her waggish acquaintance, the elegant Radcliff Betterton, and this captive vagabond, the same person.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RADCLIFF.

LORD BETTERSON now came out of the house, calm and stately, but with something of the look in his eye, as he turned it upon his nephew, which Jack had observed when it menaced Peakslow at the gap of the fence.

horse to ride. I made a mistake, and rode him too far."

"You, Radcliff!" said Lord Betterton, sternly while Mrs. Betterton went into hysterics on Vinnie's shoulder, and was taken into the house.

"We thought of Rad when you described him," Rufe said to Jack. "But we could n't believe he would do such a thing."

"'T was the most natural thing in the world," Rad explained. "I was coming home because I was hard up. I did n't steal the horse—he was put into my hands; it was a breach of trust, that's all you can make of it. Necessity compelled me to dispose of him. With money in my pocket, what was the use of my coming home? I took my clothes out of pawn, and was once more a gentle-

man. Money all gone, I spouted my clothes again, —fell back upon this inexpensive rig,—took to the country, remembered I had a home, and was making for it, when this young man overtook me just now, and gave me a seat in his buggy."

"The matter appears serious," said Lord Betterton. "Am I to understand that you have taken my nephew prisoner?"

"He can answer that question," said Jack.

"Well, I suppose that is the plain English of it," replied Radcliff. "Come, now, Uncle Lord! this aint the first scrape you've got me out of; fix it up with him, can't you?"

"It is my duty to save the honor of the name; but you are bent on destroying it. Will you please to come into the house with my nephew, and oblige me?" Betterton said to Jack.

"Certainly, if you wish it," Jack replied. "Get down, Radcliff. Be quiet, Lion! I was never in so hard a place in my life," he said to the boys, as they followed Rad and his uncle into the house. "I never dreamed of his being your cousin!"

"He's a wild fellow,—nothing very bad about him, only he's just full of the Old Harry," said Rufe. "I guess father'll settle it, somehow."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Betterton had retired to her room, where Vinnie was engaged, with fan and hartshorn, in restoring—not her consciousness, for that she had not lost, but her equanimity.

"Lavinia!" she said brokenly, at intervals, "Lavinia dear! don't think I intended to deceive you. It was, perhaps, too much the ideal Radcliff I described to you,—the Betterton Radcliff, the better Betterton Radcliff, if I may so speak; for he is, after all, you know, a ——— but that is the agony of it! The name is disgraced forever! Fan me, Lavinia dear!"

"I don't see how the act of one person should disgrace anybody else, even of the same name," Vinnie replied.

"But—a Betterton!" groaned Caroline. "My husband's nephew! Brought back here like a reprobate! The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

Hard as it was freely to forgive her sister for holding up to her so exclusively the "ideal Radcliff" in her conversations, Vinnie continued to apply the fan and hartshorn, with comforting words, until Link came in and said that Jack wished her to be present in the other room.

"Don't leave me, Lavinia dear!" said Caroline, feeling herself utterly helpless without Vinnie's support.

"If we open this door between the rooms, and you sit near it, while I remain by you,—perhaps that will be the best way," said Vinnie.

The door was opened, showing Jack and Rad and Mr. Betterton seated, and the boys standing

by the outer door. Rad was trying hard to keep up his appearance of gay spirits, chucking Chokie under the chin, and winking playfully at Rufe and Wad. But Jack and Lord were serious.

"I have reasons for wanting you to hear this talk, Vinnie," said Jack. "I was just telling Mr. Betterton that you had met his nephew before, and he was quite surprised. It seems to me singular that you never told your friends here of that adventure."

"I suppose I know what you mean," spoke up Caroline. "And I confess that I am at fault. Lavinia dear did tell me and the girls of a young man beguiling her to a public-house in Chicago, and offering her wine; and Cecie whispered to me that she was sure it must have been Radcliff; but I could n't, I would n't believe a Betterton could be guilty of — Fan me, Lavinia dear!"

Vinnie fanned, and Caroline went on:

"'T was I who cautioned the children against saying anything disparaging of Radcliff's character in Lavinia dear's presence. I had such faith in the stock! and now to think how I have been deluded! The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

"Seems to me you make a pile of talk about trifles!" Radcliff said with a sneer. "I owe an apology to this young lady. But she knows I meant no harm—only my foolish fun. As for the horse, the owner has got him again; and so I don't see but it's all right."

"It's all right enough, as far as I am concerned," said Jack. "I wont say a word about the trouble and expense you put me to. But, whether taking my horse as you did was stealing or not, you sold him, you obtained money under false pretences, you swindled an honest man."

"Well, that can't be helped now," said Radcliff, with a scoffing laugh. "A feller is obliged sometimes to do things that may not be exactly on the square."

"I don't know about anybody's being obliged to go off and play the gentleman (if that's what you call it), and have a good time (if there's any good in such a time), at somebody else's expense. I call such conduct simply scoundrelism," said Jack, his strong feeling on the subject breaking forth in plain speech and ringing tones. "And I determined, if I ever caught you, to have you punished."

"O, well! go ahead! put it through! indulge!" said Radcliff, folding his arms, and stretching out his legs with an air of easy and reckless insolence, but suddenly drawing up one of them, as he noticed the tear Lion's teeth had made. "Guess I can stand it, if the others can. What do you say, Uncle Lord? Give me up as a bad job, eh?"

"Hem!" Lord coughed, and rubbed his chin

with his palm. "If this sort of conduct is to continue, the crisis may as well come now, I suppose, as later; and, unless you give a solemn pledge to alter your course, I shall let it come."

"O, I'll give the solem'est sort of a pledge," Radcliff replied.

"You will notice—ahem!—a change in our family," Lord went on. "The boys have applied themselves to business—in plain terms, gone to work. Although I have said little on the subject, I have silently observed, and I am free to confess that I have been gratified. Since our circumstances are what they are, they have done well,—I may add, they have done nobly."

"Fan me, Lavinia dear!" whispered Caroline.

"Hey, boys? what's got into you?" said Radcliff, really astonished.

Lord put up his hand, to prevent the boys from answering, and continued:

"Your unusually long absence, I am persuaded, has had a wholesome effect. But to the presence of new elements in the family I attribute the better state of things, in a large measure." Lord indicated Lavinia, by a gracious wave of the hand, adding: "Though a man of few words, I am not blind, and I am not ungrateful."

This recognition of her influence, before Jack and the whole family, brought the quick color to Vinnie's cheeks, and tears to her eyes. She was surprised by what Lord said, and still more surprised that any words of his could touch her so. He had hitherto treated her with civil, quiet reserve, and she had never been able to divine his secret thought of her. Nor had she cared much, at first, what that might be; but day by day she had learned to know that under all his weaknesses there was something in his character worthy of her esteem.

"If you choose to fall into the new course of things, Radcliff, you will be welcome here, as you always have been. Not otherwise."

And again Jack was reminded of the look and tone with which he had seen Lord Betterton confront Peakslow at the gap of the fence.

"Of course I'll fall in, head over heels," said Radcliff, with a laugh, and a look at Vinnie, which Jack did not like. "I think I shall fancy the new elements, as you call 'em."

Jack started up, with sparkling eyes; but, on an instant's reflection, bridled his tongue, and settled down again, merely giving Vinnie a swift glance, which seemed to say, "If he has any more of his *fun* with you, I'll —!"

"No more trifling," said Betterton. "If you stay, you will come under the new *régime*. That means, in plain speech—work; we all work."

"Oh!" gasped poor Caroline, and reached out

helplessly to her sister. "The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

"I'll stay, and I'll work—I'll do as the rest do," said Radcliff. "But when the Philadelphia partners poney up, of course I have my dividend."

"A word here," said Lord, "is due to our friends. By the Philadelphia partners, my nephew means the relatives who occasionally send up money. Now, as to his dividend: when he came into our family, it was with the understanding that he would be clothed and educated at the expense of those connections. Accordingly, when money has been sent to me, a portion has always gone to him. As soon as he gets money, it burns him till he goes off and squanders it. When it is gone, he comes home here, and waits for another supply."

Then Jack spoke up.

"I say, when the next supply comes, eighty dollars of it—if there's as much—should be paid over to that truckman he swindled. I insist upon that."

Radcliff snapped his fingers. "That's a foolish way of doing business!"

"Foolish or not," cried Jack, "you shall agree to it."

"You have anticipated me," remarked Betterton, with a high courtesy contrasting with Jack's haste and heat. "I was about to propose a similar arrangement. Radcliff's money passes through my hands. I will see to it,—the truckman shall be paid. Do you agree, Radcliff? If not, I have nothing more to urge."

"Of course I agree, since I can't help myself. But next time I have a horse to dispose of," Radcliff added with a derisive smile at Jack, "I shall go further. So take care!"

"No need of giving me that warning," Jack made answer, rising to his feet. He went over and stood by Vinnie, and looked back with strong distrust upon the jeering Radcliff. "I don't know that I do right, Mr. Betterton; but I'll leave him here, if you say so."

"I think it best, on the whole," Mr. Betterton replied.

"O, bosh!" cried Radcliff, giving Jack a sinister look. "You and I'll be better acquainted, some day! Come, boys, show me what you've been about lately. And, see here, Rufe,—have n't I got a pair of pants about the house somewhere? See how that dog tore my trousers-leg! I'll pay *him* my compliments, too, some time!"

As he was walking out of the house, Lion at the door gave a growl. Jack silenced the dog, and then took leave. Vinnie urged him to stay to supper.

"It will be ready in five minutes," she said; "I was just going to set the table when you came."

But Jack replied, with a bitter smile, that he believed his appetite would be better after a ride of a few miles in the open air.

"Look out for the scamp!" he whispered in her ear; and then, with brief good-byes to the rest, he sprang into the buggy, called Lion to a seat by his side, and drove away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

RADCLIFF resumed his place in the family. But he soon found that his relations to it were no longer what they had been before the days of Vinnie and Jack.

The "new elements" had produced a greater change than he supposed. He no longer possessed the boundless influence over the boys which his wild spirits formerly gave him. They saw him in the light of this last revelation of his character, and contrasted his coarse foolery, once so attractive, with the gentle manners and cheerful earnestness of Vinnie and Jack; in which comparison this flower of the Betterton stock suffered blight.

The boys did not take a holiday in honor of Rad's return, but went steadily on with their tasks. Lord Betterton himself seemed suddenly to have changed his views of things, for he now offered to assist the boys in repairing the fences, for which they had been cutting poles in the woods.

Rad worked a little, but, seeing how things were going, sulked a good deal more. He tried to be very gallant toward Vinnie, but her quiet dignity of manner was proof against all his pleasantries. Even Cecie and Lill could not somehow enjoy his jests as they used to; and Caroline—there was no disguising the fact—had ceased to view his faults through the golden haze of a sentimental fancy.

So Radcliff found himself out of place, unappreciated; and discontent filled his soul. At length an event occurred which blew his smoldering restlessness into a flame.

The "Philadelphia partners" were heard from.

Rufe and Wad, who had been over to the Mills one day, completing their arrangements with the pump-maker for boring the logs of their aqueduct, brought home from the mail one of those envelopes whose post-mark and superscription always gladdened the eyes of the Bettertons.

It was from Philadelphia, and it contained a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars.

One-third of this sum was for Radcliff's "benefit."

It would have been wise, perhaps, to keep from him the knowledge of this fact; but it would have been impossible.

"A pittance, a mere pittance," said Lord, hold-

ing the precious bit of paper up to the light. "Uncle George could just as well have made it a thousand, without feeling it. However, small favors gratefully received." And he placed the draft in his pocket-book with calm satisfaction.

Joy overflowed the family; Caroline began to build fresh castles in the air; and Vinnie heard Radcliff say to the boys:

"You can afford to lay by now, and have a good time, with that money."

"Radcliff Betterton!" cried Vinnie, "you provoke me!"

"How so, my charmer?" said Rad, bowing and smiling saucily.

"With your foolish talk. But I hope—yes, I know—the boys will pay no attention to it. To stop work now, and go and play, just because a little money has come into the house,—I should lose all my respect for them, if they were to do so silly a thing."

"Well, I was only joking," said Rad.

"We could very well spare some of your jokes," Vinnie replied.

"And me too, I suppose you think?"

"You might be more useful to yourself and others than you are; it is easy to see that."

"Well, give me a smile now and then; don't be so cross with a feller," said Rad. "You don't show me very much respect."

"It is n't my fault; I should be glad to show you more."

Such was about the usual amount of satisfaction Radcliff got from his talk with Vinnie. She was always "up to him," as the boys said.

When he walked off, and found them laughing at his discomfiture, he laughed too, with a fresh quid in his cheek, and his head on one side, but with something not altogether happy in his mirth.

"Uncle Lord," said he in the evening, "if you'll put your name to that draft, I'll go over to the Mills in the morning and cash it for you."

"Thank you, Radcliff," said his uncle. "I've some bills to pay, and I may as well go myself."

"Let the bills slide, why don't you? and get some good out of the money," said Radcliff. "And see here, uncle,—what's the use of paying off that truckman in such a hurry? I want some of that money; it was intended for me, and I aint going to be cheated out of it."

"As to that," replied Lord, "you entered into a certain agreement, which seemed to me just; and I do not like now to hear you speak of being cheated—you, of all persons, Radcliff."

"O, well, I suppose you'll do as you like, since you've got the thing into your hands." And Radcliff walked sulkily out of the house.

The next day, Mr. Betterton drove over to the

Mills, cashed the draft, made some necessary purchases, paid some bills which had been long outstanding, and called to hand Jack eighty dollars, on Radcliff's account, for the swindled truckman.

Jack was off surveying with Forrest Felton, and was not expected home for a day or two. Mr. Betterson hardly knew what to do in that case, but finally concluded to keep the money, and leave Jack word that he had it for him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. WIGGETT'S "NOON-MARK."

JACK returned home, unexpectedly, that night. He jumped for joy when told of Mr. Betterson's call and the message he had left. The promise of money due himself could not have pleased him so much as the prospect now presented of justice being done to the truckman.

He felt some concern, it must be owned, lest the money should, after all, be diverted from its course; he determined, therefore, to act promptly in the matter, and go to Long Woods the next day.

He and Forrest were laying out town lots somewhere up the river; and he was closely occupied all the next forenoon, and a part of the afternoon, with his calculations and drawings.

At last he leaped up gayly, with that sense of satisfaction and relief which comes from the consciousness of work well done.

He harnessed Snowfoot, put his compass into the buggy, thinking he would give Mrs. Wiggett her noon-mark this time without fail, winked assent at Lion, eager to accompany him, and drove off with a feeling of enjoyment, to which the thought of some one he was going to meet gave a wonderful zest.

As it was getting late in the day when he reached the settlement, he stopped only a moment at the "Castle," to speak with Vinnie, and leave word that he would call and see Mr. Betterson on his way back; then drove on to Mr. Wiggett's log cabin.

His reception there was most cordial, especially when it was found that he had come with his compass, prepared to make the noon-mark.

"House don't front no sort of a way," said the old man; "and I reckon you'll have to give us a kin' of a slantin'dic'lar line from 'bout this yer direction," indicating a wood-pile by the road.

The little Wiggetts meanwhile thronged the door-way, staring at Jack and his strange machine, and their old acquaintance, the dog.

"Cl'ar the kitchen, you young uns!" the mother stormed after them, cuffing right and left. "Noon-mark 'll cut ye plumb in tew, 'f ye don't scatter!

It's comin' into this yer door, like it was a bullet from pap's rifle!"

The grimy faces and bare legs "scattered;" while Mrs. Wiggett called to Jack:

"How long 'fore ye gwine to shute that ar thing off? 'Low I oughter scoop up a little fust."

"Scoop up?" Jack repeated, not quite taking her meaning.

"Right smart o' dirt on the floor yer; it 'll be in your way, I reckon."

"Not at all," said Jack. "My line will cut through; and you can *scoop* down to it, at your leisure. I must get you to remove these iron wedges, Mr. Wiggett, the needle wont work with so much iron near."

The wedges removed, the needle settled; and Jack, adjusting the sights of his compass to a north-and-south line, got Mr. Wiggett to mark its bearings for him, with a chalk pencil, on the floor of the open door-way.

"All creation!" shrieked the woman, suddenly making a pounce at the kneeling old man; "we don't want a noon-mark thar, cl'ar away from the jamb, ye fool! We want it whar the shadder o' the jamb 'll hit it plumb at noon."

The old man looked up from his position on "all-fours," and parried her attack with his lifted hand.

"Ye mout wait a minute!" he said; "then you 'll see if me an' this yer youngster 's both fools. I had a lesson that larnt me onct that he knows better 'n I dew what he 's about; an' I 'lowed, this time, I'd go by faith, an' make the marks 'thout no remarks o' my own."

"The line will come just where you want it, Mrs. Wiggett," Jack assured her, hiding a laugh behind his compass.

Having got the old man to mark two points on his north-and-south line, one at the threshold and the other a little beyond, Jack put his rule to them and drew a pencil-line; Mrs. Wiggett watching with a jealous scowl, not seeing that her mark was coming where she wanted it,—"right ag'in' the jamb,"—after all.

Then, by a simple operation, which even she understood, Jack surprised her.

He first measured the distance of his line from the jamb. Then he set off two points, on the same side, at the same distance from the line, farther along on the floor. Then through these points he drew a second line, parallel to the first, and touching the corner of the jamb, by which the noon shadow was to be cast. Into this new line Jack sank his noon-mark with a knife.

"There," said he, "is a true noon-mark, which will last as long as your house does,"—a prediction which, by a very astonishing occurrence, was to be proved false that very afternoon.

"I reckon the woman is satisfied," said the old man; "anyhow, I be; an' now what's the tax for this yer little scratch on the floor?"

"Not anything, Mr. Wiggett."

"Hey? ye make noon-marks for folks 'thout pay?"

"That depends. Sometimes, when off surveying, I'm hailed at the door of a house, and asked for a noon-mark. I never refuse it. Then, if convenient, I take my pay by stopping to dinner or supper. But I never accept money."

"Sartin!" cried the old man. "Yer, ol' woman!" (it must be remembered that Mrs. Wiggett was forty years younger than her husband), "fly round,—make things hum,—git up a supper as suddent as ye kin, an' ax our friend yer. Whar's that Sal?"

Mrs. Wiggett, who had appeared all pride and sunny smiles regarding her noon-mark (particularly after hearing it was not to be paid for), fell suddenly into a stormy mood, and once more began to cuff the children right and left.

Jack hastened to relieve her mind by saying that Mr. Wiggett had quite mistaken his meaning; that he had an engagement which must deprive him of the pleasure of taking supper with her and her interesting family.

Thereupon she brightened again. The old man shook him warmly by the hand; and Jack, putting his compass into the buggy, drove back up the valley road.

Vinnie had told him that the Betterson boys were cutting logs for their aqueduct; and hearing the sound of an axe on his way back, Jack tied Snowfoot to a sapling by the road, and went up into the woods to find them.

"What! you coming too, Lion?" he said, after he had gone several rods. "Did n't I tell you to watch? Well, I believe I did n't. Never mind; Snowfoot is hitched."

He found Rufe and Wad cutting trees with great industry, having determined to have the logs laid from the spring to the house without delay.

"We've taken the farm of father, as you suggested," said Wad. "He is helping us do the fall plowing while we get out our logs. He and Link are at it with the oxen, over beyond the house, now."

"And where's that precious cousin of yours?"

"I believe he has gone to the house to see if supper is about ready," said Rufe. "He's smart to work, when he does take hold, but his interest does n't hold out, and the first we know, he is off."

Jack stopped and talked with the boys about their water works for about half-an-hour. Then

Rad came up through the woods, by way of the spring, and announced that supper was ready, greeting Jack with a jeering laugh.

"You'll take tea with us, of course," Rufe said to Jack.

"I suppose your father will be at the house by this time; I'll stop and see him, at any rate," was Jack's reply.

Rufe went with him down through the woods to where he had left Snowfoot hitched. As they were getting into the buggy, Rufe noticed Zeph Peakslow coming out of some bushes farther down the road, and going toward home.

"See him slink off?" said Rufe. "He's afraid of me yet; but he need n't be—I've promised Vinnie not to meddle with him."

Then, on the way home, Rufe surprised Jack by telling him how Vinnie had made acquaintance with the Peakslow family, and how Mrs. Peakslow, taking advantage of her husband's absence from home, had called on the Bettersons, under pretence of returning Vinnie's box of salve.

Mr. Betterson had not yet come to the house; and Jack, having hitched Snowfoot to an oak-tree, and told of his business with the Wiggetts, asked Vinnie and her sister if they would not like a noon-mark on their floor.

"It will be a good thing to set your clock by when it goes wrong," he explained.

Vinnie gladly accepted the offer.

"And, O Jack!" she said, "I wish you would give Mrs. Peakslow one, too."

"I would, certainly," said Jack; "but" (his pride coming up) "would n't it look as if I was anxious to make my peace with Peakslow?"

"Never mind that; I think even he will appreciate the kindness," said Vinnie. "I wish you would!"

"I will—to please you," said Jack. "This afternoon, if I have time." And he went to the buggy for his compass.

He fumbled in the blanket under the seat, looked before and behind, and uttered an exclamation.

"What's the trouble, Jack?" Rufe asked.

"It is gone! my compass is gone!" said Jack. "Somebody has taken it."

"That Zeph—we saw him, you know!" said Rufe. "It's one of his tricks."

"I'll overhaul that Zeph!" said Jack; "I'll teach him to play his tricks on me!"

Vinnie ran after him as he was starting off.

"Jack! don't be hasty or unkind!"

"O no! I wont be unkind," said Jack, with something bitter in his laugh. "I just want my compass, that's all."

And he hurried down the road.

HOW THE NOËS DID IT.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

"In this Arca Noë are two hundred and fifty creatures, viz., the family of Noë, consisting in eight persons; furthermore: 2 squirrels, 2 feat-dogs, 2 glamas, ox and caw, 2 sheeps, 2 cybrian cats, 2 roystan-crows, 2 mouses, 2 mole-warps, 2 negro-fishes, 2 hors-kites, 2 mouse-hunts, 2 stares, 2 sick-birds, 2 mistle-birds, Turka-cock and hen, 2 gras-hoppers, 2 hyens, 2 rhinocers, 2 pantheons, 2 lambs-vultures, 2 spordings-dogs, 2 hummings-birds, 2 nighthales, 2 red-backed-shrikes."

THESE funnily spelled names are copied from a paper which was folded up inside the Noah's Ark that Grandma Electa sent to Bessy on her birthday. Bessy could not make it out very well until her mamma told her that it was written by the Frenchmen who made the ark, and then she understood, for she had heard old François talk English, and knew that he did not do it just as we do.

Well, she took a special fancy to these "creatures" that had their names spelled wrong, and to the Noë family for the same reason. She could even find the little "negro-fishes" and "mouse-hunts" among the two hundred and fifty other creatures without the least trouble in the world. At first, she could not tell the Noës apart very well, they were so much alike; so she printed their names on little bits of paper, and pasted them on, to save mistakes.

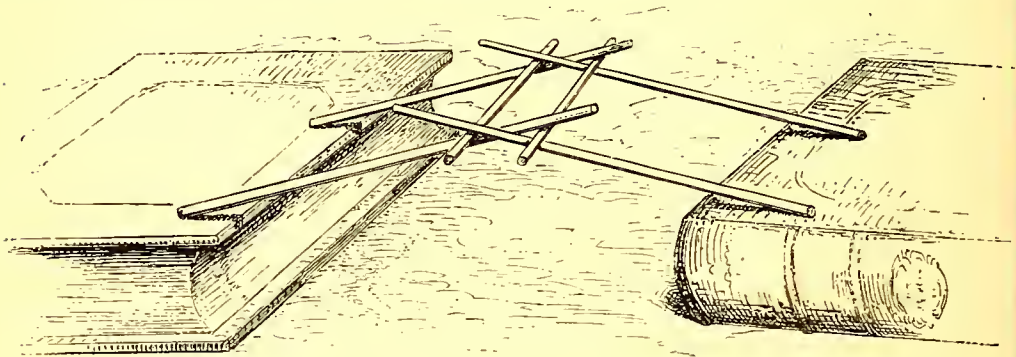
One day she had been playing with the ark until she was tired, and reading "Through the Looking-Glass" till she was beginning to tire of that too,

said they were, but never liked to try when any one could see her. Now was a good chance, so she pushed the big chair in front of the long pier-glass, where she could be perfectly still and watch while she went on reading.

She was so interested in the chapter about Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, that she did not look up for a long time; but when she did, what should she see but the Noë family trying to drive the animals ashore. It was easy enough to get them on to the end of the wharf that she had made with books before she began to read, but the books had been moved a little, so that only the "roystan-crows" and the "sick-birds," and other winged creatures, could cross from one to the other. However, the young men had evidently read the January ST. NICHOLAS, for they went to work and built a bridge with dominoes, and all the animals safely reached book number two.

The next book was too far off for a domino bridge, and for awhile the Noës leaned against one another sorrowfully, and the ladies were beginning to cry, when Shem spied Bessy's wooden jack-straws on the floor, and shouted, in a funny little voice: "I have found out how to do it!"

In a minute they were all engaged in passing up the straight straws to the top of the books; but Bessy could not see what good it was going to do,



NO. 1.—THE FRAME-WORK OF THE FIRST BRIDGE.

when she found that her mamma had gone out and left her all alone in the parlor (Bessy's mamma used the parlor for every day).

Bessy had always wanted to see if the things in the looking-glass room were as queer as the book

for the straws were not long enough to reach from one book to the other.

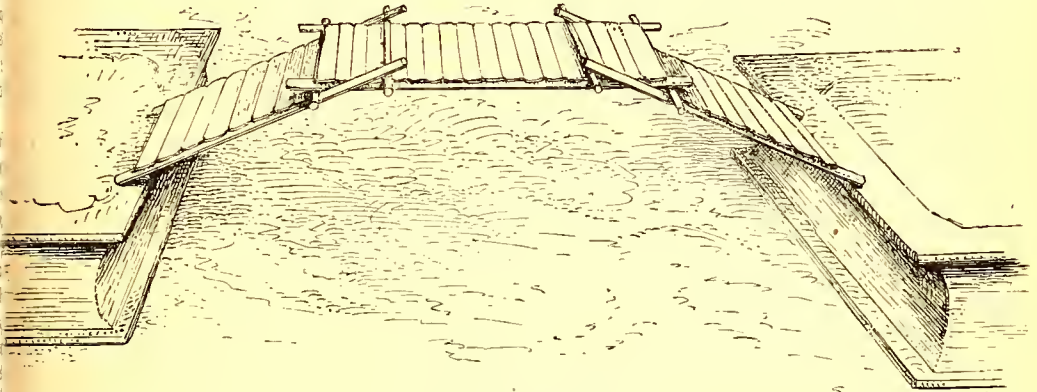
Shem had evidently studied engineering, for he showed the rest of the family how to go to work and, presently, they had the frame-work of a bridge

aid across from one book to the other, as you see in picture No. 1.

After this, it was easy to make a road-way, or floor, and so the whole party reached book number three. Here another difficulty arose. Number

wondering where all the jack-straws came from, and at last fell asleep in the chair before the glass, where her mamma found her an hour later.

The ark and books were just as she had left them on the carpet, and when she told what she had



NO. 2.—THE SECOND BRIDGE.

four was still farther off from number three than number three was from number two; but Shem was not to be beaten.

He just took the old bridge to pieces, added another section to it, and when it was ready for crossing it looked like picture No. 2.

Then they went on, and each pair of books seemed to get farther and farther apart, and Shem kept adding sections to the bridges till Bessy began

seen before going to sleep, her mamma laughed and kissed her, and Ted came in and said he did n't believe a word of it. Bessy was a little vexed at that, and told him she would prove it in the evening. And so she did, for she built just such bridges with jack-straws, and made the floors with little strips of card; and do you think she could have known how if she had n't seen the Noës do it in the looking-glass room?

A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

BY WM. L. SHEPPARD.

How many of my young friends who are going to read this have ever heard of or seen the Bald-faced Hornet? Not many, I will venture to say, unless they have been in the country a good deal. But everybody knows, whether he has seen him or not, that the hornet is a fierce little fellow; brave, though small, and always ready to defend himself. The naturalists call him *vespa chartaria*, and he is classed among the "paper makers," as those insects are called that make their nests of paper itself, or of material which looks like it, fabricated by themselves.

I will give a short description of him, and then tell you something that happened to a colony of hornets and some young friends of mine.

The bald-faced hornet is about the size of an humble-bee; his color is black, with white bands around his body. His eyes are black and glassy, and his face looks as if it had been dipped in meal which would not stick to his eyes; and this is the reason that he is called "bald-faced." His nest is a wonderful structure. It is made of scraps of paper, the "fuzz" on fences or wooden buildings which have been long exposed to the weather, and the smaller lichens which grow on the trunks of trees. This nest, which is somewhat in the shape of the flasks in which olive oil comes, though much larger, is built, stem downward, to the limb of a tree or the rail of a fence, and generally not high from the ground.

Now, in my part of the country boys are very fond of attacking and destroying these nests, and they almost always get stung in doing so.

Why boys like to do this, when the hornets have done them no harm, I do not know. I was a boy once, and knew then, but that has been so long ago that I have forgotten; so I will give the adventure already promised, instead of the reason.

Teddie and Lud, two city boys (these are the "shorts" for their names of course), were spending their vacation with a friend of their mother's in the country. You may be sure that they had a nice time, for there were a great many things to interest them.

But, among the most interesting things on the place, at least to them, was a delightful little darkey called "Bat," probably a nickname for Bartholomew.

Bat knew not only every hole and corner, tree and bush, on the place, but had extended his knowledge to the surrounding plantations. He would constantly have some such joyful news to give the boys, as the discovery of a guinea-hen's nest on the farm, the finding of a brood of young partridges, or a splendid hole in the creek full of minnows and catfish. He took advantage of his frequent errands to the neighboring farms to acquire information of this sort.

Bat came to the boys, who lay on their faces under the great oaks in the yard, and read for the fiftieth time their favorite stories.

"Marse Lud, I done found sumthin!" The boys instantly changed to upright positions, and said together "What?" whilst their eyes glistened at the prospect of something new; times having been a little dull with them of late.

"In de woods over yonder, tudder side de broom-straw field," answered Bat, "bustin big hornicks' ness, big as half-peck measure."

"Well," said Lud, "did any one of them sting you?"

"Law! no; I didn't *tetch* de thing; but I thought I'd come and tell ye all, so you kin go over and blow it up."

"Do you mean to blow it to pieces with the gun?" inquired Lud.

"No, no!" said Bat, quickly; "blow it up like you gwine blast rock. Put de powder unner it, and den light it wid de slow-match."

Bat was rummaging in his very deep and uncertain pocket whilst saying this, and, at last, succeeded in extracting from a tangle of string, marbles, flint stones, and a rabbit's paw, a piece of the match used in the mines, and which looked like a small rope about four inches long.

"I picked dis up over at de coal-pit, whar somebody done dropped it. You jess makes a little pile

of powder unner de ness, den you puts one end of de slow match in it and lights de udder, den de fir ketches de powder, an' who-ee! up goes de ness in de a'r; all bus' to pieces an' de hornicks a kilt." Bat delivered this description with great vivacity and added, "Make haste and git de powder, so as we kin git over dar fore de hornicks all goes out to git der dinner."

Lud was quickly off to the house, and soon back with a powder flask; so, away the boys trudged as fast as they could. Bat took the lead, and they made their way as directly as they could to the spot, sometimes in the shade, but mostly through the scorched fields where myriads of grasshopper bounced up under their noses, and the blistering sun seemed to waken all manner of tittering and buzzing insects.

At last the boys arrived hot and panting at the further side of the broom-straw field, where it was skirted by a line of low scrub oaks and chinquepin bushes. Bat took a little time to find the spot, but at length, pointing toward it, he called out under his breath, "Dar 't is!"

"Where?" cried the others.

"Dar, dar! don't talk loud; skeer 'em," replied Bat in a loud whisper, and making violent gesture for them to keep silence. The others joined Bat and soon discovered the object of their search.

It was attached to a tree somewhat larger than the others, and which stood in a little glade in the wood, and the limb from which it hung jutted out close to the ground. It looked like a ball of dirt paper which diminished gradually into a sort of neck; the whole about a foot long, and nearly as much through in the widest part. Not a hornet was to be seen.

Lud whispered, "Oh! Bat, they are not there after all!"

"Dunno 'bout dat," answered Bat; "ye all lay down and I'll try 'em." The two lay down among the hot weeds. Bat broke off the longest switch that he could find, and tickled the nest from a safe distance as the length of the switch would allow; standing behind a sapling which protected about three inches in width of his person. He paused, and with a grin, made an encouraging sign to the boys, who were now raised on their elbows watching the operation. Then, crouching low, he cautiously backed from his position.

"All right," he whispered, when he had backed to where the others were, "all right;" dey set out one to see what was de matter; let's go to work."

Bat proceeded immediately to explain that the powder must be poured in a pile just under the nest—which was about two feet from the ground,—and the match laid with one end in the powder; and

that unless Lud touched the nest there was no danger whatever. Under these instructions, Lud carefully approached the nest on all fours. The others watched with intense interest while Lud poured out the powder directly under the nest, as he thought, and then laid the slow match. Bat and Teddie held their breaths. The former, by a crab-like movement, had gradually increased his distance from the scene of operations, and was a yard or two behind Teddie. They saw Lud fumbling in his pockets, and he began to work his way

"And *I* have done my part," added Lud.

"I found de ness fust," Bat said, as if *his* duty was entirely discharged. Teddie saw that his turn had rightfully come, and made no further appeals.

"But suppose there is n't any sun there?" he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Hi!" cried Bat; "I see de sun shinin' on de very ness." There was no excuse for delay, so Teddie crawled to Lud's former position, and held the glass to the hot rays which poured down between the thin leaves. His hand trembled a little,



BLOWING UP THE HORNETS' NEST.

backward. When he had reached them he panted out, "Got no matches!" They all looked blank at this dilemma. Teddie searched all four of his pockets, and shook his head. Bat had none. The prospect of failure was overwhelming.

"Oh, look!" said Teddie, who had never ceased to explore every possible place on his person where a match might lodge; and he exhibited a round object which gave a sudden flash in the sunlight.

"The sun-glass!" exclaimed Lud. "Do you think that it will do?"

"Of course," replied Teddie, holding it to him. But Lud did not extend his hand. "It's yours; you take it," he said. Teddie turned to Bat.

Bat said: "I can't do nothin' wid dat thing; I seed *you* make fire wid it, Mah'sr Teddie."

but he soon got the proper focus, and the slow-match taking fire began to splutter little sparks.

Teddie scurried back to the other boys.

"Wait til' de match mos' burnt," whispered Bat, clutching Lud by the arm. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a muffled explosion. The nest was thrown up against the limb without coming loose, and immediately took fire and blazed up. The boys had not time to turn before the air was filled with hornets, which hummed like so many minnie-balls, and came almost as fast. The buzzing throng was upon them before the unlucky lads had time to realize their danger.

Teddie, running backward, fell over a bush, and two hornets flew up his pantaloons. Bat turned to fly, when a hornet, coming as straight as a bullet,

struck him in the back of his head, and lodged there, and the young darkey went to the ground as if he were shot dead.

Lud, being somewhat behind the others, gained a little distance, and had the presence of mind to throw his jacket over his head; but he got a sting on his hand as he did so, and one just above the waist-band of his pantaloons.

By the time that he touched the ground, Teddie was up again with a yell, and flew across the field as fast as he could. Bat made a somersault which crushed the hornet in his hair, and then he fled with both hands to his head, and slid between two rails of the fence. Lud threw himself flat on his face and lay still until he perceived that the hornets had all disappeared, which they soon did, either passing on or returning to hover about their ruined home.

The boys met where a pathway crossed a little stream. Teddie, still crying, was bathing his leg. Bat, who had heard of such a remedy, was seated on the bank, with a mass of wet mud from the stream in a pile on his head, whilst the trickling

mud ran down his neck, and the tears streamed down his face.

"I aint gwine fool wid dem things no mo',—here!" he snuffled.

"What did you have the match so short for?" cried Lud, rubbing first his hand and then his back.

The forlorn boys staid some time at the stream trying to make the best of their stings, and then started home, resolving to put the best face on the matter for fear of a scolding. They met the Major (Bat's old master) in the road, on his way to dinner, and telling their adventure gained his sympathy.

The boys were really quite badly hurt, and was some days before the swelling completely subsided.

When Bat made his appearance in the kitchen the cook gave him a glance of unutterable contempt.

"What you bin doin' wid your head all full of mud?"

"Hornicks," replied the crest-fallen Bat.

CHICKENS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I DID N'T!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.

"How do you know?—you were fast asleep."

"I was under Mammy's wing,

Stretching my legs like anything,

When all of a sudden I turned around,

For close beside me I heard a sound—

A little tip, and a little tap."

"Fiddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,

And, when you were only half-awake,

Heard an icicle somewhere break."

"What's an icicle?" "I don't know;

Rooster tells about ice and snow,

Something that is n't as good as meal,

That drops down on you and makes you squeal."

"Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!

And think you did n't come out of an egg!

I tell you I heard the old shell break,

And the first small noise you ever could make;

And Mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,

And pushed us further out of the nest,

Just to make room enough for you;

And there 's your shell,—I say it's true!"

Chip looked over his shoulder then,

And there it lay by the old gray hen—

Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,

And he was a ball of yellow down,

Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,

With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.

"H'm!" said he, with a little perk,

"That is a wonderful piece of work!

Peep, you silly! don't you see

That shell is n't nearly as big as me?

Whatever you say, Miss, I declare

I never, never, could get in there!"

"You did!" says Peep. "I did n't!" says Chip

With that he gave her a horrid nip.

And Peep began to dance and peck,

And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.

They pranced, and struck, and capered about

Their toes turned in and their wings spread

out,

As angry as two small chicks could be,

Till Mother Dorking turned to see.

She cackled and clucked, and called in vain,—

At it they went with might and main,—
 Till, at last, the old hen used her beak,
 And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
 Staggered off on either side,
 With a very funny skip and stride.
 "What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
 When she heard the story told again;
 "You're bad as the two-legs that don't have
 wings,
 Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
 That's the way they fight and talk

For what is n't worth a mullein-stalk.
 What does it matter, I'd like to know,
 Where you came from, or where you go?
 Keep your temper and earn your food,
 I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
 I wont have quarrels—I will have peace;
 I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
 Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
 The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
 And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
 And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"



A CURIOUS BOUQUET.

You may think that you see swans, butterflies, snails, caterpillars and other living things in this bouquet, but you are mistaken. There is nothing there but the leaves and flowers and stems of real plants. Can you find out the names of some of them?

JONAH.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"POLLY! Polly Ben!" sounded from the bluff, and Polly looked up a moment and then answered: "Come down here, Lotty. I'm feeding Jonah."

Two or three stones and a great deal of sand skipped and slid down toward the rock-house, followed in the same fashion by Lotty, who sat down quite out of breath and looked at Polly, who, from a saucer of soaked cracker in her lap, was putting desirable bits down before Jonah, which he turned over with his bill and then let alone.

"Oh, you bad loon!" Polly said presently, getting tired of this. "He's acted real queer for two or three days, and Jack says he's homesick and mad because he can't fly. There he was on the bluff standing on one leg and looking off to Sandy Hook just as wild, and whenever he hears another loon scream anywhere, he screams too—oh, awful!"

"He's thinking about when he was swallowed," said Lotty, "and I should think he would. I don't suppose there's another loon in the whole world that's been swallowed by a devil-fish, and come to life again. He won't ever be tame enough for Paul to take to New York, though. Poor Jonah!"

Jonah walked away from Lotty's hand, and out toward the beach.

"Well, let him go," said Polly. "I've coaxed him long enough. Jack says he's getting back all his wildness, and that he does n't believe he'll ever be any tamer. I guess he lost some of his mind when he was swallowed. Don't you know they all thought he was dead, for a good while after they'd cut the devil-fish open and got him out, and I guess it's just beginning to come back. Jack is going to clip his wings again this afternoon."

"He looks as if he were going to fly right away," said Lotty. "See how wild his eyes are. Look here, Polly; let's us cut his wings. I've seen Jack do it. It's only to cut the feather part."

"We should hurt him," Polly said, "and then the boys would scold."

"Oh, no, we would n't! See, I've got my little sharp scissors. Here, Jonah. Come, Jonah."

"No, you must n't, truly," Polly said, jumping up. "It's Jack's loon and we must n't touch it."

"It's Paul's just as much, so now. You know well enough, Polly Ben, that Jack said Paul should have him when he was tamed."

"But he is n't tamed, and I don't believe he ever will be, and he's Jack's, any way."

"I don't care," Lotty said, catching up Jonah and, sitting down on a rock, she stretched out the left wing and clipped off one feather. Jonah did not struggle, and Polly, in spite of herself, watched to see the next fall.

"I thought he'd scream," she said, "but he does n't. Let me cut one, Lotty. My! what do your scissors! Mine are ever so much sharper."

Polly ran back for her own, which lay in the patch-work basket, while Jonah turned one eye toward her, as if trying to decide what he had better do. Polly cut one feather, which was carried off by a puff of wind. Jonah raised his head and looked after it; then, with one long, wild scream rose slowly, flapping his wings heavily, and flew out toward the red buoy. Polly screamed too, though her cry had been so loud and sudden, and then ran to the very edge of the shore.

"What shall we do? O dear! What shall we do?" she said, beginning to cry. "He's gone and we can't ever get another like him. What will Jack say? Jonah! Do come back, Jonah!"

Jonah had settled down on the buoy, and sat looking off to sea, spreading his wings now and then as if to try them. Then, appearing to think he was safe from all enemies, put his head under his wing and began to nap. Polly stood thinking a minute, and walked along the shore.

"What are you going to do?" Lotty asked.

"I'm going to see if old Hendrick's punt is on the shore, and if it is, I'm going for Jonah. If it is n't, I shall swim out."

"Oh, Polly! You'll be drowned. Don't!" Lotty said, taking hold of her.

"Why, I've swum to the buoy and back many a time. You have too. I ain't afraid, and how Jack would feel if he came home and found Jonah gone! Oh, I must go after him!"

"Where is Jack to-day?"

"Off fishing somewhere," Polly said, "and you know he'll never get over it, to think we let Jonah get away. I do wish you had n't touched him, Lotty."

"So do I," Lotty said, "but I don't see how he could fly off that way. I'm going with you."

"Your mother'll scold."

"No, she won't. She lets me row to the buoy any time. Grandfather wants me to know about managing a boat. I want to, too. I'm as old as you are."

"Well," Polly said, running along the shore

"Oh, I'm so sorry! The punt is gone. What shall I do? I know!"

Polly turned, and ran back to the cove, where a small shed had been built from the drift-wood, in which Jack's precious cedar skiff was drawn up.

"You're not going to take that?" screamed Lotty. "They won't let you!"

"I shall," said Polly, decidedly. "I'd take a good boat if there was one, or anything, before I'd let Jonah go. Now you help so it need n't get cratched. Take off your shoes, too. You know Jack won't wear his shoes in it, for fear it'll hurt it."

Lotty unlaced her boots, and laid them in the dock-house. Polly had already done the same;

you row too, and we'll see. The water is n't very rough this afternoon, and it's easy."

Polly took her place, and Lotty picked up the other oar. She could pull quite an even stroke now, for Jack had given her a good many lessons, and her mother allowed her to row near shore, or in the cove, all she pleased.

"I never thought I should go in the cedar boat," she said. "Would n't the boys scold if they saw us? I think we ought to have it just once, though. Boys ought n't to have everything, ought they? Do you believe we'll get Jonah?"

"I'm going to," was all Polly said, and Lotty stopped talking and pulled steadily, delighted



POLLY ALMOST CATCHES JONAH.

and now the two half lifted, half pushed the light boat to the shore, took down the oars and got in.

"You need n't row," Polly said, "I shall just paddle to the buoy. He's asleep and won't stir. Lay your oar right in the bottom of the boat."

Lotty obeyed, and Polly paddled softly toward the buoy. Jonah still sat with his head under his wing, and her hand was almost upon him, when, with another of those startling cries, he rose again, flew a short distance, then fell and disappeared.

"He's drowned! Oh, he's drowned!" cried Lotty.

"He is n't either. He's just dived," Polly returned, standing up and watching. "I know your tricks. There he is, Lotty, 'way off there. He can't fly anyway. I'm thankful his wings are short as they are. I'm going to wait awhile. His legs are so stiff, you know, where the fish bit him, he can't swim well. I believe we can get him. Now

to see how swiftly even their little strength sent the boat forward. Jack had oiled it only the day before, and the wood seemed almost as fine and delicate as birch-bark. The oars were light—much more so than those she used in the punt.

Jonah led them on and on, diving whenever they came too near, but evidently growing tired. For certainly an hour the children pursued him, lying still often and waiting till he came up from his dive. At last he sat still on the water, looking sick and melancholy, and Polly, reaching over, cautiously drew him in with a triumphant squeal, and took out her scissors.

"He sha' n't serve us such a trick again," she said, clipping away at the long feathers till every one had fallen. "Any way, we've had some fun. What time do you suppose it is, Lotty?"

"I don't know," Lotty said, laying down her oar

and wiping her face. "It was almost four when mother said I could go down to see you, and she told me to come home to tea. We must hurry. The sun 's very low."

"It 's long after tea-time," Polly said. "We must go back. It makes me think of last Summer, and how I got carried off. I did n't have any oars, you know. Oh, how frightened I was, for I was sure the boat would upset. This one can't, because it 's built different."

Lotty looked around uneasily.

"I wish you would n't talk about it," she said. "Let 's pull hard. I want to get back."

Polly turned the boat, and both children pulled steadily for a while. Then Polly looked around.

"It does n't seem as if we got a speck nearer," she said, "and I 'm so tired, it seems as if my arms would drop right off. Oh, you horrid Jonah!"

"So am I," said Lotty, with a little quiver in her voice. "One of my hands is blistered too. I do wish somebody 'd come out and tow us in."

"The tide has turned," said Polly. "Don't you see, when we stop we go right out, instead of in? We 've got to pull, Lotty."

They pulled a little longer. Then Lotty threw down her oar.

"I can't row another stroke," she said. "It makes me feel sick, and as if I should fall over. Let 's scream—hard as we can."

"Well," Polly said, standing up, "together then," and the two called over and over again:

"Mother! Jack! Nathan! Jimmy! Mother!"

No answer nor sign of life along the shore, and Lotty sat down and began to cry.

"Don't you do that," said Polly, fiercely, almost ready for it herself, but keeping a bold face. "Just get up again, and holler loud as you can, and long as you can. I would n't be a baby."

"I can't," said Lotty, "my throat 's all dry and sore."

Once more Polly shouted loud and long, and as much like a fisherman as she could, but no answer, and she sat down discouraged, took up the oars and tried to pull again. The wind began to blow softly, and little white caps rose on the waves on which the cedar-boat rode gayly. Wind and tide were busy, and the children knew that both were taking them out to sea. Presently Polly sat up.

"I wont cry," she said; "what 's the use? Jack and I were once picked up by a schooner. He 'll come after me again. I know he will. And if he does n't, there arc always lots of boats around. I aint afraid—at least not much."

Lotty looked up.

"I am," she sobbed, "I aint used to it, Polly, like you. I think it 's dreadful. Suppose we should upset."

"But we can't, I tell you," Polly repeated. "Don't you know how Jack goes right through the breakers with this boat? It 's as good as a life-boat. Now, Lotty, I 'm going to sit up and act as if I did n't care, and may be we shall see a boat."

Polly strained her eyes. Far off, a ship was going up the Narrows, but no boat of any sort could be seen. The great red sun sank down into the sea, and the skiff seemed sailing through waves of red and gold. Twilight came quickly for it was the middle of August, and soon the moon came up, making a paler way on which they were borne. The two children sat down and laid their heads on the seats.

"Let 's say our prayers," said Polly. "I had to stay out all night, last Summer, and I expect we 've got to now."

"I 've been saying them for ever so long," said Lotty, with another burst. "Oh, what will mamma say? She 'll think I 'm dead."

"My mother wont," said Polly. "Soon as anybody comes home, she 'll send them after us. I know. We sha'n't die. You need n't be so frightened. God 'll take care of us out here anywhere."

Polly's brave little voice quivered as the two said their prayers. Then they sat silent till their eyes shut, and sleep ended for a time all their troubles.

Tea went on as usual at Lotty's home. Mrs. Lane wondered why Lotty had not come back, but supposed Mrs. Ben had kept her, and until seven was not anxious. Then Paul went after her, and ran into Captain Ben's.

"Come right along, Lotty!" he called. "You ought to be ashamed not to come home sooner."

"Lotty?" said Mrs. Ben. "Why, I thought she had Polly up to your house. Polly is n't here."

At this moment Jack came in, fuming, but stopped short.

"Well, I declare!" he said, "I was first going to make a fuss, because the boys went off in the cedar-boat, and here they are. It 's gone! Who got it, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Ben looked at the Captain.

"It can't be those children have taken it," she said. "They 're crazy. They 'll be drowned sure as the world."

Jack ran back to the boat-house, and returned in a few minutes.

"Their shoes are in the rock-house," he said "and there are marks of feet in the sand. No we 've got to go after them."

"They 'll be run down by something," Mrs. Ben said. "Oh, do start quick!"

The poor woman sat down and covered her face then rose up.

"Go quickly, and row hard!" she said. "They've gone out with the tide and can't get back."

"Don't you fret, mother," Captain Ben said, taking down his spy-glass. "We'll have them back before morning, please God, and then we'll take some means to keep 'em from scaring folks to death once a week. I know the way the tide will take 'em, like a book. Jack, you get your father and Bill Mason. We want strong arms, for it's getting rough, and we must work quick."

By the time the boat was ready, three men were there, who pulled off in the moonlight, with long, steady strokes. Paul had run home, but came back to Mrs. Ben's with his mother, and till midnight they all sat there trying to talk of indifferent things, and going up to the bluff at intervals to watch for any sign of boats. Then they lay down, and the tired boys slept at once. Even Mrs. Lane drowsed a little, but started, as about two o'clock she heard the grating of a boat on the

beach, and ran out to find Polly and Lotty coming toward her, while Jack bore the original cause of all the trouble—Jonah. Nobody scolded that night, being too thankful to find the disturbers alive, but next day there was a very serious talk. The boat had grounded on a sand-bar just before Captain Ben spied it, and getting them had only been a matter of rowing for two or three hours, and the fright they had given was far the worst part of it. Lotty dissolved in tears, as she listened to the story of her mother's suffering, and so did Polly, declaring, nevertheless, that Jonah began it, and that if his wings had been clipped, it could n't have happened.

There was little danger the experiment would be tried again, and so the matter died away, to be remembered only as one of the Summer's adventures, though Jack remarked privately :

"That Polly beats the Dutch for grit. There ain't a girl 'longshore that would ever 'a' thought o' getting back Jonah."



"THIS is the way the men do at the circus."

Said nimble young Bob to little boy Ben ;

"They walk on a barrel exactly as I do ;

You see I'm as smart as those big circus men."

Little Ben was delighted, and cheered his big brother ;

But the barrel moved suddenly sideways just then,
And down came smart Bobby upon the floor, howling.

"Do they do it that way at the circus?" asked Ben.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is merged into Jack-in-the-Pulpit!

That is to say, Jack is hot, tired and dusty, and he does n't feel like talking. So if ST. NICHOLAS cannot exist without him, why it need n't exist—that 's all.

The above is the substance of what I felt obliged to say to the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS when they told me the magazine must have my little sermons all through the Summer. At first they were so meek, so completely merged, that I considered my point gained; but when they started up again, and said may be *the children* could n't exist without me, and what did I think of that? I arose in my might, and gave in.

Desert the children?

Why, my darlings, your Jack would n't do such a thing for the world! So we 'll have a little chat as usual. But surely you don't want facts in such weather as this? You don't expect cold-pressed information with the thermometer at ninety, do you, my pets? No, indeed. You just want to enjoy yourselves. In Jack's opinion the best thing young folks can do in hot weather, circumstances permitting, is to do nothing. The best way to learn is not to study at all, and the best kind of talk is the talking of things around and above us that have n't a word to say.

So, dearly beloveds, to pacify the publishers, I'll state a few useful things in these pages, as usual; but if you take Jack's advice, you 'll just lay the magazine down reverently, without reading any more, and run out-of-doors.

COMPOSITION OF COMMON AIR.

AIR is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. If you consider either of these gases injurious, it will be well to think before you breathe.

LIGHTNING.

LIGHTNING is composed of electricity. Kite are connected with it in some way. Probably by the string. A big man proved this once to the complete satisfaction of the youthful mind, and his memory has been honored ever since. He was so good that grown people rarely speak of him with out a sigh, and young people, if left to themselves never mention him at all. He was born in Philadelphia, and he is to be honorably mentioned at the Centennial, by the natives.

METOPOSCOPISTS.

METOPOSCOPISTS are very useful people, if they do not carry their researches too far. Many children are expert metoposcopists. They practice metoposcopy on their parents. Don't try to spell or pronounce this word, my dears, till cool weather sets in.

ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

THIS is a law of nature. It makes things tumble down. Some children test it practically by climbing an old cherry-tree and sitting well out on one of the weakest limbs; but a very good way is to lie under an apple-tree and look up till an apple comes down on your nose. A great man did this once, and it made him famous.

FIXED STARS:

VERY interesting objects indeed; usually found in the sky. If you keep awake you 'll see them but don't keep awake unless you feel like it.

MOSQUITOES.

FEROCIOUS animals indigenous to the continent of North America. All good children are kind to mosquitoes. They work very hard all Summer. The female mosquito is quite savage, and her sting is terrible. The male mosquito does not bite. He is a saint. Make way for him.

DODECAHEDRONS.

A GEOMETRICAL solid. It is wrong to judge hastily concerning dodecahedrons, as they have many sides. Therefore, my dears, you can consider them at your leisure next Winter.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

WELLS dug in a peculiar way and under extenuating circumstances. Some cool day it will be well for you to look into artesian wells; but they are a great bore in hot weather.

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

CONFUSING objects in fields. You can tell how many years old they are by sawing off their heads and counting the rings on the top of the stump. No, I'm thinking of oaks. Oaks are slow growers. Mushrooms and toadstools are not.

It is important to know the difference between toadstools and mushrooms; but it is not worth

while trying to learn this difference unless you belong to a very long-lived family, and don't object to being poisoned at the end. It takes years to find out, and authorities differ. The only sure test is to eat one. If you live, it is a mushroom. If you die, it's a toadstool.

SURVEYING BY TRIANGULATION.

AN excellent mode of land-measuring, chiefly used in mountainous regions. Something to do with the triangle. Don't trouble yourselves about it further, my chicks, unless specially interested.

MIASMA.

MIASMA is one of the charms of the country. City folk are afraid of it. Though abundant in most latitudes, it is hard to find, because it is always "a few miles down the road." It causes hills and fever, and injures property. It is very bad for little girls and boys, and often catches them if they go out after dark against the wishes of their parents.

MRS. BARBAULD'S "EVENINGS AT HOME."

A MOST excellent book. It is too good to be popular; but it should be seen to be fully realized. It is full of valuable information. It also teaches children how to worm a great number of interesting statistics and scientific facts out of their parents,

and shows parents how to be tedious and dignified in dealing with the tender offspring that Heaven has committed to their care.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

THIS is a wonderfully important subject for young people. It affects the very food they eat, and, in one way or another, enters into nearly all the affairs of life. If you put a lump of sugar in water, you'll have a beautiful instance of specific gravity; sweetened water being much denser than water without sugar. However, if you eat the sugar and drink the water, the experiment can be carried on internally, and you can go out and play, without troubling yourself any more about it, which is just as well in August.

AN EXPLANATION.

I'LL confess frankly that the pretty school-mistress has given me many of the above facts. I have simply put them into suitable shape for the children's Summer vacation.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

HELLO! Here comes a telegram from the ST. NICHOLAS office, saying: "This sort of thing won't do; paragraphs too short, and not sufficiently to the point." Very well; then I'll stop till next month.

THE LETTER-BOX.

JANE O. writes to tell us that the verses in the June number about the old woman going to the moon in a basket are not original, as she has seen them in a book called "Mother Goose's Melodies." We thought that Jane, and everyone else, would know, when we used such old familiar ditties as this, that the originality was in the picture and not in the verses.

June 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me some nice fishes to stock an aquarium with, give me a good recipe for making root-beer, and tell me a good place to go fishing within nine miles of Newark, and you will oblige a constant reader?

J. L. D.

Sticklebacks, small perch, roach and gold-fish, minnows of various kinds, with some sea-snails and mussels as purifiers, will be good fish to stock a small aquarium. Be careful to put no pickerel into it, for one little pickerel an inch and a-half long has been known to devour twenty-five minnows in a week.

We do not know how to make root-beer, and don't think much of it after it is made. It is an excellent thing to bring on a stomach-ache, if you want one.

A short distance above the Delawate and Lackawanna Railroad bridge over the Passaic River (about eight miles from Newark), there is a bridge for vehicles and foot passengers. Just above that bridge there is pretty good perch-fishing, if you have a boat.

The following letter is from "A Friend" who has been reading "Jack's" question about the thermometer, in the June ST. NICHOLAS:

It is a law of philosophy that evaporation produces cold, and since there was no moisture on the bulb of the thermometer the temperature

was not lowered, but since his breath was warmer than the atmosphere of the school-house it raised the mercury and marked the temperature of his breath. The reason he could cool his pudding was there was moisture in it and blowing evaporated this moisture and made it cool. For the same reason, breezes that blow to us from large bodies of water are cool.

Similar letters have been received from M. W. Perkins, "Ovid," B. Sherman, and Mary Otis Gay.

WE are sure that everybody is delighted with little "Biddy O'Toole" in the July number, and "The Esquimaux Boy" in the present issue. We have a series of these capital pictures which will appear during the Summer and Fall, and they show how some boys and girls, each of a different nation, were disturbed by some impertinent animal while eating their luncheons.

Columbia, June 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask the following question: A friend of mine tells me that a blue-bird has made his nest in the escape pipe of a boiler in his shop yard; the boiler is to be removed for use; now what would a bird-defender do with the nest? The same friend, who is a native of Scotland, wishes to know if robins in this country have blue eggs. In Scotland their eggs are white with reddish-brown spots. How I wish you could hear the mocking-bird that is singing me a song now in the tree-top after he has taken a meal from our cherry-tree. Your friend,
LIBBIE SHIELDS.

We think a bird-defender would try to find a cozy place for the blue-bird's nest, not far from the spot which the boiler occupied, but out of sight and reach of cats or other enemies.

Robins' eggs in this country are of a bluish-green color and unspotted.

HARRY W. LEE, a Latin student, thinks he has discovered some curious facts about the month of August. It was, he says, originally called Sextilis, because it was the sixth month of the Roman year, which began with March. Its name was changed by Augustus Caesar in honor of himself, as it was the month in which he gained several decisive victories. Harry tells us, moreover, that before the time of Augustus the month contained but thirty days. With the new name another day was added, because the month of July (which, by the way, was named in honor of *Julius Cæsar*) had thirty-one, and the Roman senate was resolved that Augustus should not be behind his illustrious relative in honor. But the most singular fact which Harry divulges, is that, in order to accomplish this addition, a day was stolen from February—the very month of all the twelve that could least afford to lose it! Harry suggests that it was perhaps due, after all, to the selfishness of the Roman emperors that February became the shortest month of the year—who knows?

Newark, N. J., May 3, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: They had a "Spooner's Menagerie" here the other night and made \$65.—Yours truly,

HERBERT STANSBURY.

HERE is a right loyal and zealous Bird-defender—a little girl, who sends this letter, and with it a list of more than two hundred and fifty recruits:

Portsmouth, Ohio, May 31, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the second day of May, which was Sunday, we had quite a bird-party in our yard, for twelve different kinds came to see us. There were robins, red-birds, blue-birds, flax-birds, chippies, martins, Baltimore-orioles, a small light-brown bird with striped breast, and a large light-brown bird with a white breast, a black one with bright yellow spots on its wings; also a blue and black striped one, which papa said had the motions of a woodpecker; and last, but not the least beautiful, several humming-birds, some with green heads and crests, and one with a scarlet throat. They seemed very happy, hopping and flying around, and we were happy watching them.

We live in the center of the city, which contains 16,000 inhabitants. Now don't you think our having so many birds speaks well for the boys of our place? But fearing some boys might be cruel enough to kill the birds, I thought it would be a good plan to get a list of Bird-defenders. You will find enclosed the names. A few of them are grown people and teachers; one of them, Mr. Lukins, is the superintendent of our public schools. He did not think himself too old to sign his name with the boys and girls.

If any one knows the names of the two brown birds I mentioned, will they please answer in the ST. NICHOLAS? I like your magazine so much, that I wish it would come twice a month.—Yours respectfully,
GRACE HELFENSTEIN (eleven years old).

Albany, N. Y., June 2d, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I would like to join the Bird-defenders. As my little sister was walking in the garden one day she found a dead bird lying upon the grass. She picked it up and we asked the little children next door to the funeral. I have written some poetry about it which I send you. I am just eight years old.

THE DEAD BIRD'S MEMORIAL.

The bird is dead, and at his head
A small head-stone we laid,
And this the lay I have to say:
As it was soaring through the sky
A sportsman with his gun came by.
He raised his gun high in the air
And tried to bring down both the pair,
But only one did fall to the ground,
And that was the one my sister found.
We placed some violets around its grave,
And that was all the flowers we gave.

KITTY H. CHAPMAN.

HERE is a letter which is both seasonable and sensible.

New York, June 6th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the gentleman who wrote that nice suggestion, in your last magazine, to the boys, telling them how to spend their vacation, was very kind, and I have no doubt many will thank him when they come home for their pleasant Summer. But why don't he, or some one, tell the girls what to do or where to go? They need some other place than the crowded watering-places and fashionable Summer hotels to brace them up for next Winter's study. A few weeks in some nice, old, quiet farm-house, for instance, where they could go berrying, boating, and perhaps fishing, wear cool calico dresses all the time without fear of being wondered at, and live

on real, plain, good old-fashioned food, and, in fact, be real country girls for a while, until they lost their pale cheeks and headaches. A party of six or seven girls, with some kind aunty who was young enough to enjoy the sports, and wise enough to keep them from bad or mischief, could find plenty of nice farms way out in the rural country, where they could make their hone, and a pleasant one too for the Summer, and just enjoy themselves.

CORA.

Bath, N. H., May 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if hawks are to be defended as well as other birds. I take care of our hens and have thirty-five chickens, and the hawk comes every day and tries to take them; he has taken three already, and I think as chickens are birds they ought to be defended by shooting the hawk.

EDITH CARPENTER.

We agree with you, Edith.



THIS ingenious monogram, invented by Mr. A. Orlich, of New York City, contains all the letters of the alphabet. Can you make them out?

The Bird-defenders will be glad to see this tribute which was paid to their chief in a recent issue of the *Louisville Commercial*:

"Mr. Haskins has really done a most beneficial work by infusing proper spirit into so many children in reference to this important matter, and by teaching them early how valuable the small birds are to mankind, and what injury their destruction would cause. He is the Bergh of Birds, and they ought to sing his praises in their sweetest strains."

Ohsweken, May 25th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wished to adopt some plan of protecting "birds" from the almost always "dead shot" of our Indian boys. Just as your helping hand reached mine away off here in the wild woods of Canada, a little Indian boy, named Oh-narouk, was showing me two birds (*Udjahnan*, as we Indians call them), which he had shot with bow and arrow. He has since decided to head the list of "Bird-defenders," which I enclose, with the meanings of the names, for the entertainment of your little readers.

We shall be proud to have our names published in your very interesting magazine, particularly in such a cause. I am endeavoring to get up an "archery club," so as to guide our aims at a "target" instead of at "birds." If some of your readers will furnish us with "rules" for the management of such a club, they will oblige. Many thanks for the kind influence extended to yours truly.

KA-CHE-JE-WAKS (scattering flowers).

The names sent will be found among the Bird-defenders.

The following boys and girls have sent in answers to the Rhyming lay, published in the June number: Eliza A. Tompkins, Laura Cendrax, Jessie B. Slack, Cynthia Murdock, Lily M. Hyde, Josie finer, Julia Barlow, Hattie C. Fernald, Marion Clarke, Sue Ellraker, Maud King, Jerusha M. Coult, Addie D. Fowell, Kittie H. Hoyte, May Reese, Maude Lapham, Harriet Etting, "Pearl," Amy I., Dunnell, Herbert T. Abrams, Nannie S., Lulu B. Monroe, P. B. Field, Harry Perry, Maggie E. Atkins, "Gypsy Jane," Annie P. Richardson, Sarah L. Parsons, Lillie Newman, Nellie A. Himes, Emma M. Sawyer, Ralph Lane, Mary J. Curtis, Robert H. Beattie, r., Hayward Duncan, Edward H. Levis, Nellie F. Blandy, Mattie Morris, Allie H. Smith, Lillie B. Kendall, Bertha Russell, Walter Darrow, Mamie C. Mitchell, Addie Fough, "Albertine and Alice," Annie Shepard, Mary W. Freeman, Julia Strong, Mary I. Graves, Nellie M. Mack, H. P. Edgett, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Nisba P. Breckinridge, M. G. Higgins, Minnie Howes and Cora Shaw, Nannie Jones, Nellie E. Waterhouse, Reineette C. Ford, Lizzie C. Merrill, Gertrude Weil, May Wolcott, Lillie Hallett, Genevieve L. Lawley, Emmie and Louie Dundy, Marion Butler, Lulu Potter, William A. Wells, Jennie E. White, Jessie Maxwell, Mary Billin, Olive Anne Freret, Sarah C. Lord, Samuel K. Pitman, Nellie Marsh and Edith Kline, Malone Gibson, Ella R. King, Florence Palmer, Jessie Field, Wallie Hayden, Daisy H., "Lily," Bessie L. Cary, Josie Willis, Belle and Jennie Noyes, Marcia A. Lamphier, Edward A. Woods, Ethel G. Emery, Hattie F. Blackford, Alice M. Hyde, Elsie Nichols, Charles Henry Faulkner, Lillie D. Howe, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Willie K. Vezin, Paul E. W., Grace Helfenstein, Mrs. S. S. Hunter, "Grace," Gertie B. Adams, Lena A., Rosy Howard, Edith M. Darrack, and Annie F. Neill.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

HERE is a second supplement to the "Grand Muster-Roll" of the Bird-defenders:

First of all, is this long list from Ohio, sent by Grace Helfenstein: Grace Helfenstein, Lydia Knowles, Caroline Eppler, Edward Russell, Lillie A. Mullin, Nellie L. Fawn, John R. Baker, Effie Julian, Stephen Smith, Charles Wagner, Louisa Daum, Fanny Brown, Philip Klingman, James Rumsey, John Jones, Thomas Dunn, Jessie Barber, Lucy Miller, Jennie Callow, Chas. Levi, Daniel Ottenburgh, Frank Myers, Geo. Marting, Jessie Millar, William Emmett, Cora Williams, Emma Hey, Solomon Levi, Charles Byers, Frank Crain, John Dice, George Beumler, Harry Hutchins, Laurence Neudorfer, Willie Lodwick, Alfred Doerr, Lucy Ware, Harry Ware, Anna McIntyre, Emma Raugh, Fannie Ball, Mary Drake, Isaac Bryant, Etta Coffrin, Hattie Young, Ella Cross, Susie Watson, Charles Hard, Emma Zottmann, Sallie Reilly, Addie Kendall, Alice Folsom, Jennie Swift, Willie Calder, David Edwards, Edward Herms, Charles McClood, Daily Webb, Lizzie Webb, Frank Dudnit, Frank Losee, Ella Blomeyer, Charles Salisbury, Mark Muggerdige, Herbert Montgomery, Ella Evans, Sallie Connell, Willie Connell, Stella Folsom, Anna Connell, Nellie Moutster, Willie Reed, Edward Purcell, Harry Hibbs, Willie Ware, Andrew Hook, Thomas Royse, James Cook, Julius Seeberger, Samuel Harper, Samuel Palmer, Hallie Wilson, Thos. Williams, Lizzie Johnston, Jennie Sheppard, Grace Cotton, Louie Darcy, Sallie Steed, Mattie Williamson, Annie Brunner, Belle Graham, Blanche Pyne, Louise Doerr, Annie Zehner, Nellie Findlay, Eliza Williams, Annie Nelson, Annie Appel, Annie Baesler, Rosa Reiniger, Annie Rauck, Catharine Harris, Hattie Dentison, Mary Baker, Mary Bishop, Mary Graham, Clara Martin, Martin Edwards, Sallie Myers, Ida Russell, Alice Hayes, Maude Foster, Louise Foster, Joseph F. Lukins, Bettie Hall, Daniel R. Spry, Theresa Spry, Richard Spry, Etta Tolley, Wm. Sutherland, Guilford Heaton, Lydia Rogers, John Redepenning, Thomas Purcell, Katie Brand, Jessie McConnell, Luly Gates, Edward Bender, Frederick Kalb, Louie Conway, Charles Wymer, Chase Conway, Carrie Cramer, Edward Leopold, Hattie Shipman, Minnie Green, Lizzie Towse, Kate Simpson, Mattie Wheeler, Mary Brodbeck, Mary Cook, May Wilson, Sallie Adams, Minnie Reed, Florence Hughes, Mary Appel, Henry Klingman, William Burt, Fanny Edwards, Tillie Grassman, Mary Russell, Clara Cook, Jennie Lynn, John Kehoe, Harry Ball, Wm. Bolles, Wm. Harper, Luther Miller, Phelps Leete, Ernest Kehoe, Charles Brown, Frank Vincent, William Clemens, Harry Vincent, Philip Young, Evan Harris, Bertie Hughes, Samuel Silber, Oliver Royse, Thomas Phillips, Wm Woods, Daniel Koezle, Robt. Baker, Isaac Levi, Richard Maddock, Louie Murray, Francis Barber, Floyd

Knowles, Geo. Hummel, August Kehrer, Maggie Houston, Alice Prodbock, Clarence Gilson, Samuel Timmonds, Elijah Noel, Louisa Spry, Jennie Spry, Fannie Spry, Mary Murray, Roberta Spry, B. Inez Spry, Thomasin Pursell, Mary Pursell, Tamzin Pursell, T. J. Pursell, A. Myers, Hattie Palmer, Mary Maklem, Jennie Silber, Alice Colborn, Rossie Brouse, Gracie Hibbs, Nettie Gharkey, Carrie Oldfield, Phillipina Stoll, Fannie Ludgate, Bettie Silber, Wm. Graham, Alice Wiley, Alice Neal, Samuel McConnell, Anna Widmer, Henry Buechler, James Lynn, Raphael Moore, Chas. Bradford, George Wydner, Anna Horr, Ida Powers, Elizabeth Spry, Cecilia Rogers, Geo. W. Helfenstein, Fanny Helfenstein, Anna McGinley, Amanda McGinley, Mary Cotton, Katie Cotton, A. B. Richardson, M. S. Cotton, D. B. Cotton, Ethel Cotton, Richard Krieker, Owen Kerrigan, Julia Quirk, Ella Mindego, Nellie O'Connor, Mary Barrett, John Lemones, Tate Prendergast, Jas. Dunn, Thomas O'Connor, Gotleib Brunner, Oliver Prediger, Willis Grubb, Frank Emmett, John Bishop, Joseph Sheppard, George Reinfrank, Henry Leicher, George Wymer, Louis Keller, William Clossman, William Daum, Lena Dunham, Helen Owens, Wm. Baker, Peter Jahraus, Kinney Hall, Clifton Marquette, Stephen Bishop, Thomas Smith, Thomas Burt, Walter Burt, and Frank Hook.

Then comes Kittie Hoyte, of Aurora, Illinois, with one hundred and thirty more: Kittie Hoyte, Mirta Smith; Eddie Austin, Asa Holcomb, Libbie Buck, Jessie Perrigo, Gerty Smith, Effie Barrett, Oscar Betting, Ella Gilbert, Louisa Edwards, Ruth Shepard, Lyda Young, Maggie Quinn, Lizzie Hoyte, Gerty Van Liew, Louis Van Liew, Charles Clark, Harriet Hoyte, Charles Van Liew, Mary Ames, Effie Watson, Hattie Lindsley, Willie Lindsley, Nellie Loomis, John Ashford, Hattie Gardner, Emma Gardner, John Gardner, Eddie Gardner, Harriet Ball, Carlie Austin, Annie Austin, Hattie Van Leshen, Jennie Loomis, John Loomis, Ella Paxton, Sarah Paxton, Thompson Paxton, Jennie Paxton, Sarah Pritchard, Elotia Pritchard, Maud Powell, James Schick, John McSherry, Louisa Riley, Ellen Riley, Katie Riley, Helen Van Liew, Dr. Van Liew, Lulu Blakesley, Harry Blakesley, Fanny Rosier, Ella Powell, Mabel White, Edith Culver, Gussie Somarndyck, Ida Miller, Mamie Hill, Josie Bonguhar, Carrie Gaspie, Minnie Pierce, May Pierce, Ollie Pierce, Jennie Freeland, Leola Boyce, Minnie Blakesley, Dora Wolfort, Flora Wolfort, Louisa Wolfort, Katie Long, Louise Schicker, Anna Beers, Emma Lackner, Anna Breed, Minnie Gruber, Louie Hopps, Minnie Mason, Emma Staus, Maggie Diemener, Mary Little, Emma Wilde, Mary Loomis, Mary Murphy, May Stewart, Irvin Hopps, Lyda Denney, Willie Pierce, Arthur Holmes, Wilber Hattery, Frank Winton, Bertha Heas, Allie Breman, Cornelia Stadler, Jennie Brennan, Angie Reicherty, Frank Plummer, Charlie Kellogg, Harry Goldsmith, Martin Jenkins, Florence Poole, Linda Ross, Ella Walrath, Minnie Wingate, Minnie Leedorf, Nettie Chase, Jennie Puffer, Ida Cox, Lillie Ward, Clara Weldon, Liddie Zeegler, Kittie Affairs, Charlie Clatton, Etta Clark, Susy Rice, James Freeman, Etta Tannery, Fannie Mason, Albert Ansel, Henry Battenschlag, Freda Loh, Albert Loh, Emil Loh, Willis Ansel, Emma Loh, Frederika Ansel, Nicholas Eresch, and Peter Eresch.

Next we have this long list of Washington boys and girls, sent by "Katinka": Emma Scott, Julia Quantille, Freda H. Thomas, Lilian F. Chancey, Lizzie McMurray, Florence Bartlette, Susie B. Brown, Ella M. Arnold, Cora Dennison, Lizzie S. Nichols, Cora Robertson, Florence M. Bamberger, M. Lizzie Ferguson, Mary Augusta Scott, Julia Helen Scott, Emma L. Bond, Arthur F. Stetson, Mollie E. Bond, Perdita Altschuh, Flora Ball, Mamie Cooke, Walter Loyce, Fred Griffith, Jedediah Gittings, William Baxter, Arthur May, Willie Crabs Cohen, Herbert Perley, Clarence Trevitt, Redmond Walsh, Perry Terrapin, Wallace Woodward, Mamie White, Sallie Daniel, Lillie Trevitt, Hernie Morsell, Katie Malone, Henry Kimball, Fannie Carroll, D. P. Foley, Louis Wells, W. F. McFarland, Annie H. Cavise, H. Oldes, Alice Faulkner, Anna Moore, Fred B. Nichols, A. B. Robertson, W. W. Dodge, Alfred Hovey, Belle Carroll, Mary Cunningham, Sydney Smith, Willard Bamberger, Hattie Winter, Charles E. Thomas, Annie Chesney, Maggie McCleary, Jennie Burr, Perry Turpin, Chas. Chesney, Charlie P. G. Scott, Fred Thomas, Annie Wells, Thropp Wells, George Meredith, Maud Jamieson, James Neil, Thomas Johnson, Richard McIntyre, Amos O. Mauck, Frank Fesler, John McElheny, Lucien Mayhew, Frank Mayhew, Harry C. Davis, Florence Clark, Clarence Clark, Theodore Tracy, Joseph C. Forse, Antony Vincent, and Victor Emmanuel Stinemetz.

Willie H. McCulloch, of Peoria, Ill. (and only eight years old), sends this long list: Willie Herron McCulloch, Louie Schwabacher, Edward McMackin, James Robinson, Harry Law, Jake Mittner,

James White, Daniel Elderkin, Charles Piper, Ernest McHenry, Ralph Helm, Willie Helm, Robert Boehlke, Bennie Chase, Frank Dailey, Dick Weise, Gussie Eelsey, Frank Roughenborg, Willie Scoville, George Osborne, Isa Schradski, Walter Allison, Pierre Tyng, Eddie Waugh, Harry Mason, Howard Allison, Philip Tyng, Mary H. McCulloch, Mary Culver, Minnie Young, Dollie Doty, Mattie Hudson, Jennie Barlow, Emma Chase, Georgia Scoville, Emma Kosroski, Birdie Elder, Jennie Fletcher, Minnie Gebhard, Lida Everhard, Mamie Flagg, Annie Frazee, Nellie Zindle, Harriet Radcliffe, Nellie Henry, Ollie Coffey, Laura Riesz, Hattie Wheeler, Emma Hudson, Annie Black, Lena Mittner, Edith Hauerman, Minnie Black, Lottie Eisenhauer, Bettie Rust, Grace Frye, Maud Ellis, Katie Roughenborg, Rosa Palmborg, Mamie Everhard, and Maud Dredge.

Marion Keene, of Thomaston, Maine, sends this list: Charles Creighton, Elias Clark, Clara Mason, Brownie Mason, Carrie Jordan, Annie Waldo, Emma Counce, Carrie Counce, Jennie Burgess, Eda Mills, Annie Henderson, Louisa Watts, Frances Richardson, Maggie Moody, Willie Moody, Charlie Hatch, De Witt Chase, Alice Mathews, Annie Cooper, Aggie Miller, Alice Watts, Willie J. Watts, Willy Watts, Ella Watts, Henry Starr, Emma Barrett, Minnie Palmer, Emma Maxey, Flora Killaran, Sadie Sumner, Jennie Jacobs, Nettie Dockham, Ida Thomas, Joseph McFarland, Lizzie Dinsmore, Willie Hoofses, Stella Trowbridge, Roxie Young, Carrie Catland, Cora Strong, Etha Flagg, Myra Parker, Clara Copeland, Maggie Sullivan, Willie Gray, Otis Mitchell, Frank Hills, and Marion Keene.

Bertha Schenck, of Middletown, Ohio, sends this list: Bertha Schenck, Rosa Newman, Nellie Newman, Mary Knox, Lou Jones, Annie Jones, Nettie Weitzel, Clara Bamitz, Sarah Thompson, May McCallay, Clara Intzi, Maggie Taber, Katie Bridge, Nettie Langdon, Elsie Barber, Abby Barber, Christine Shartle, M. J. La Tourette, L. M. Merridith, A. C. Tyler, L. H. Lynch, Ella Wicoff, Anna McAdams, Mary Kline, Louette Kline, Katie Oterbin, Anna Oterbin, Anna Long, Minnie Long, Katie Pfeiffer, Susie J. Howell, Sallie Mirtland, J. S. Mitchell, Katie Greter, George Sutterer, Laura A. Barber, Ida Millar, Lucy Smith, Lizzy Smith, Sarah A. Meller, Sarah Kline, Dora Swinck, May Wolly, Annie Stien, Andrew Kline, Jettie Goldman, Anna Winton, and Alice Winton.

M. Adele Kretsinger, of Fort Madison, Iowa, sends this list: Carrie Kelly, Josie Kelly, Charlie Miller, Lizzie Layton, Maggie Layton, Florence Gibbs, Vallie Smith, Emese Stamar, Willie Angear, Susie Wilde, Emma Wilde, Henry Benett, John Wilmesmier, Austin Stempel, Guida Stempel, Zade Hale, Hallie Wright, Charlie Wright, Eddie Semp'e, John Gerard, Robert Price, Sandy Price, John Price, Eddie Holland, Christopher Stooky, Lorena Woodward, Ruth Woodward, Minnie Smith, Mattie Smith, Frank Hale, Minnie Ottomeyer, Cyddie Albright, Ella Pollard, Willie Coleman, Bennie Campbell, Ada Smith, Caddie Woods, Dick Campbell, Frank Woods, Bennie G. Albright, Robbie Case, Willie Blackburn, Louis Montandan, Eddie Roberts, and M. Adele Kretsinger.

Charlie P. Knapp, of Deposit, N. Y., sends this list: Charlie P. Knapp, Ella K. Stow, Anna W. Ford, Flora A. Smealie, James Coffin, A. Ward Ford, Lillie Edick, Clintie Minor, Sadie E. Ford, Elvira B. Clark, George W. Wheeler, Belle Hadley, Nettie B. Van Schoyk, L. Florence Smith, Alice Van Schoyk, Cornelius E. Scott, Belle Derroney, Mary Persons, Hatie E. C. Smealie, Lura E. Brown, Lulie B. Hanford, Frankie J. Hanford, Jessie G. Ells, Anna E. McKean, Vera Vail, Ida J. Dean, Kate M. McKean, Marietta McKean, Bet Evans, Nellie Wetmore, Freddie Wetmore, Edward D. Hadley, Mrs. J. C. Downs, Julia M. Hanford, Maggie Seymour, and Percy Knapp.

Lucy T. Rogers, of Williamson, sends a list: Lizzie M. Vaughn, Ella W. Bennett, Irena French, Hattie E. Rogers, Jennie Bursie, Lily Hanolf, Jennie Thompson, Hattie Fuller, Julia Pugsley, Addie Seely, Mary Eaton, Holace Johnson, George Thompson, Howard Thompson, Abram Stark, Adelbert Pelky, Jimmie Pelky, Andrew Bown, Freddie Bennett, Gussie Bennett, Orrie Bishop, Isaac Masdey, Frank Otere, Johnnie Otere, Willie F. Rogers, Jennie McIntyre, B. F. Fowler, W. Sutton, R. Parkhill, M. E. Parkhill, M. L. Pound, Hattie E. Bosworth, George Pugsley, Charlie Fuller, Clark Fuller, Johnnie Olmstead, Barlow Thompson, Eddie Desselter, Charlie Desselter, and Willie Bennett.

Jennie M. Hoag, Wilson Hoag, and Gertie S. Weller, of Meads-ville, send these names: Robbie C. Bole, Geo. H. Groot, Norrman W. Johnston, Charlie Phillips, Arnie Officer, Freddie McCarston, Ernie Pond, Bertie Pond, Harrie Brooks, Dudley Bemos, Johnnie

Reynolds, Harrie Dunbarr, Leon Saeger, Charley Hollester, Tom Derickson, Corrie Derickson, Wiley McFarland, Carrie Wires, Eva A. Groot, Nina White, Blanch Davenport, Jennie C. Officer, Gertrude H. Officer, Florence E. Officer, Annie B. Hope, Emma L. Johnston, Julie Steward, Clara Johnson, Cora Johnson, Lizzie Harfison, Gertrude Compton, Cora Clark, Bessie Clark, Carrie Odell, Maggie McFarland, Aggie Miller, and Anna Hollister.

Carrie G. Tobey, of Walpole, New Hampshire, sends this list: Carrie G. Tobey, Mary A. Tobey, Emilie D. Huntley, Grace N. Brown, Nettie Brown, Lizzie Drislan, Minnie Gates, Hattie Pierce, Carrie A. Perry, Mabel A. Porter, Ada Holland, Jimmie M. Holland, Bessie Seabury, Nora Driscoll, Lou B. Hayward, Blanche B. Lows, Annie Short, Johnnie Porter, Johnny Hale, Eddie S. Bates, Mary G. Bates, Bart Kinery, Connie Hart, Willie Hooper, Warren Colburn, Elias Putnam, Geo. Faulkner, Charles Hinds, Fred Boot, Harry Newton, Nellie Farnsworth, Lizzie M. Brown, and Emma Booth.

Walter Hayden, of Chardon, Ohio, sends this list: Forest Stone, Nelson Sanger, John Hardaker, Frank Canfield, Merrick Pease, Morrie Eldredge, Hallie Smith, Lizzie Parmelee, Carrie Waters, Ida Sanger, Delia Berichon, Florie Avery, Mattie Maynard, Mami Bodman, Lucinda Burnet, Wallie Hayden, Anna Hayden, Walter Ryder, Dannie King, Henry Sumson, Dickie Denton, Sherman Skinner, Wallie Sweeney, Lizzie Marsh, Lizzie Waters, Lizzie Ryder, Jennie McBride, Delcie Canfield, Maggie Baptie, Winnie Hollis, and Ettie Eldredge.

Leslie L. White, of Schuyler, Neb., sends this list: Cora White, Bertie White, Naomi Benn, Walter Benn, Warren Benn, May Benn, Della Benn, Edgar Van Housen, Alvan Van Housen, Ernest Newell, Andrew Newell, Clara Newell, Carrie Ploss, Burk Ploss, Giles Ploss, Anson Van Housen, Oliver Van Housen, Frank Wheeler, Sidney Wheeler, Annie Wheeler, Harry Wheeler, Ella Wolford, James Wolford, Frank Thompson, Lill Thompson, George Fisher, and Leslie L. White.

"Aunt Annie," of Perham, N. H., sends this list: Mary E. Richardson, Lizzie M. Marsh, Alice M. Greeley, Edith N. Spear, Alice M. Barnes, Mamie F. Barnes, Maggie A. Lee, Abbie J. Lee, Annie M. Lee, Katie F. Lee, Gertie H. Hillman, Willie Coburn, Jennie M. Thompson, Louisa Jones, Lucie E. Chaplin, George E. Richardson, Chas. E. Stacey, Edward Donovan, Stephen B. Donovan, Arthur Butler, Arthur McQuestion, Harry H. Spear, and Tommy W. Lee.

Nettie M. Van Ness, of Rising Sun, Indiana, sends this list: Ella V. Latham, Julia Latham, Fannie Rabb, Alice Miller, Anna Beatty, Lette Rabb, Emma Buchanan, Susie McAdams, Emma Cruger, Carrie Hall, Allie Clement, Mary Parker, Lena A. Parker, Maggie Matson, Lillie Smith, Jennie Dodd, Luella C. Moore, Nellie Jones, Mary Dorrel, George Hall, Eddie McKain, Eddie B. Kittle, Grace V. Van Ness, Tom C. Van Ness, and Nettie M. Van Ness.

Clara Hurd, of Oneida, N. Y., sends this list: Augusta W. Hitter, Lillie A. Lawrence, Hattie L. Murty, Mary Archambeault, Maggie Merrill, Louise L. Hubbard, Anna Carter, Minnie M. Stafford, Katie E. Jacobs, Ella J. Bates, Lola E. Wiles, Lizzie Goodenow, Lillie F. Merrill, Jennie E. Seely, Emma A. Crawford, Carrie E. Hopkins, Louise J. Walrath, George B. Hitchcock, Harry Klock, Nettie Hurd, and Clara Hurd.

Emma Noble, of Cresco, Iowa, sends this list: Emma M. Noble, Lizzie V. Weston, Corrie J. Doolittle, Eva R. Doolittle, George M. Doolittle, Gerty S. Stone, Willie Stone, Martha A. Brierley, Mary E. Brierley, Willie E. Brierley, Benny Brierley, Sarah C. Beatty, Lucy B. Beatty, Wallar D. Beatty, Alanson C. Noble, Howard D. Noble, Freddy F. Jones, Lena M. Mackon, Christian F. Mackon, Anton C. Mackon, and Peter M. Mackon.

Minnie M. Titus, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Josephine Wood, Minnie M. Titus, Rita Hardie, Nellie Usher, Florence Belcher, Blanche Alexander, Lena M. Fahys, Edith S. Sackett, Jennie F. Littell, Mattie Churchman, Louie B. Cromwell, Isabel Matheson, Fannie R. Brown, Mollie E. Miller, Mary L. Foster, Marion A. Coombs, Blanche D. Small, Hortense Small, Charles Seaton, and William C. Burling.

Fannie P. Toulmin, of Northumberland, Pa., sends the following names: Annie G. Kapp, Helen F. Withington, Mary R. Forsyth, Annie S. Heck, Ida B. Weaver, Hannah C. Taggart, Frances H. Withington, Jennie S. Renninger, Jennie B. Priestley, May D. Vincent, Beckie S. Bird, Harry Toulmin, George Linvill, James Taggart, Priestley Toulmin, Fannie E. Vocum, Carrie B. Simpson, Fannie P. Toulmin, and C. C. Partridge.

Anita L. Futey, of West Chester, Penn., sends this list: Flora Eves, Bessie Dillingham, Anita L. Futey, Bertha Lee, Harry Dillingham, Bonnie Dillingham, Howard F. Brinton, Ernest Taylor, Percy Huddleson, Nora Huddleson, Emily Brady, Lillie Brady, Archie O'Brian, Canfield Jones, Willie Kirk, Lucy Kirk, Mabel Mes, Ellie Evans, Jennie Huddle, and Conway Dillingham. Bertha E. Saltmarsh, of Knoxville, Tenn., sends this list: Ella D. van, Mollie M. Ross, Carrie Y. M. Galbraith, Bessie S. Park, Neva Jeppard, Lillie Mitchell, Fanny Hough, Mary Cowan, Sallie Scales, Ida Hackell, Blanch Caldwell, Lena Galbraith, Mary Peabody, Peabody, Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, Miss Helen Bailly, and Miss Louisa Guyaz.

John K. Bangs sends this list: John K. Bangs, Wm. N. Bangs, Harry Townsend, David S. Ferris, Clifford Smith, Taber Knox, G. Dumahaut, W. Goadby, George Young, Frank Lawrence, Edgar Hall Laing, Conde R. Thorn, C. H. Whitlock, Augustine Smith, Ambrose D. Henry, Harry Wilson, Willie Heydecker, John Lawrence, W. B. Merrill, and E. M. Young.

This list of Bird-defenders comes to us from New Germantown, J.: Edith Honeyman, Robbie Honeyman, P. Dupue Honeyman, Sara McCrea, Willie McCrea, Jennie McCrea, Emma Tiger, Addie Elick, Dora Melick, Annie Melick, Emma Melick, Lottie Melick, Laura Miller, Annie Craig, Minnie Bonnell, Emma Biebigheyer, Alice Opydke, Mary Kinkle, and Laura Emmons.

John W. Noble, of Hempstead, L. I., sends this list: John W. Noble, Manuel Castanos, S. V. V. Hoffman, George E. Cortelyou, Fred W. Withers, Felix Tanco, Frank Tanco, Braulio Garcia, Anning Light, W. H. Brinkerhoff, Jordan L. Demarest, Frank Amarest, Edmund O. Wieters, Otto F. Wieters, John F. Wieters, Wm. Martin, and Jessie Hinds.

Geo. F. Wanger, of Potstown, sends this list: Beckie Fregh, Harry Reinard, R. P. Wanger, Lavinia Souders, Mialma Tyson, Aline Strunk, Maggie Amole, Ada Grubb, Laura Shaner, Stevie Spryer, Wm. Rader, Joseph P. Wanger, Emmie L. Irwin, Rodgers Wiese, Elmer Shaner, Julia Strunk, and Maggie J. Shaner.

Bessie S. Lemon, of Barre, Mass., sends this list: Sarah H. Lemon, Ary F. Hawes, Kittie P. Rabbitt, Helen S. Brigham, Bessie S. Lemon, Abbie Howard, May C. Johnson, Susy D. Rice, Lizzie M. Johnson, Carrie Howard, Nellie M. Rice, Mabel Howard, Emma Hawes, Ellen S. Rice, and Bessie Lemon.

Klyda Richardson, of Trenton, N. J., sends this list: Mary S. Cook, William G. Cook, Ferdinand R. Skirm, Benjamin C. Skirm, Charles C. Cook, Geo. E. Kraft, Sarah R. Belville, Robert C. Belle, Jas. Oliphants, Florence Brearley, Albert W. Moore, and Theo. Dickinson.

Meta Gage, of Sycamore, Ill., sends this list: Cora Black, Katie Graff, Minnie Waite, Nellie Robinson, Mattie Cook, Jessie Shurtz, Ada Sawyer, Sadie Lattin, Nettie Babcock, Nellie Quinn, Lizzie Inghorn, Anna Stringfellow, Louisa Buck, Ella Seacord, May Seacord, Clara Anderson, and Amanda Brown.

Jessie Meeker, of Brooklyn, sends the following list: Jessie Meeker, Julia A. Meeker, Frank H. Meeker, Will Leverich, Emma Hanan, George Goodwin, Alice M. Thackray, Millie Bynner, Nellie Attles, Frank Hatchins, Addie Ferguson, and North McLean.

Phebe Snowden, of Freeport, Pa., sends this list: Phebe C. Snowden, Belle A. Ralston, Otho R. Gillespie, Annie C. Heck, Laura R. Hoop, Ella A. Redpath, Sallie E. Fullerton, Lizzie Shoop, Robert Shoop, Wm. Shoop, John D. Snowden, and Freddie H. Heck. Lyman B. Garfield, of Jersey City, sends this list: Lyman B. Garfield, Charlie Mason, Charlie Lyons, Charlie Dall, Harry Lyons, C. Garfield, E. A. Bouton, M. R. Bouton, Joseph Brosnan, Leonard R., and Seward Williams.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Minnie Moore, May Owen, and Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C.; and a Culbreth, Neta Walker, Rose Verdon, Hallie Pennervill, Emma Weller, Kate Denny, and Jennie Knight, of Dover, Del.

Aura L. Harwood sends this list: Molly Pendergrass, Ella Townsend, Sarah Townsend, Pauline Patton, Julia Patton, Alice Trace, Edie Trace, Annie Graves, Laura Campbell, Mamie Campbell, Margie Jones, and Beatrice Dixon.

Ethel and Madeleine Ristori, of New York, send this list: May R. Mackenboss, Madeleine D. Ristori, Ethel E. Ristori, Julia E. Nicholson, Lily Davenport, Frank W. Warrington, Harry L. Warrington, and Fred Frothingham.

Bell H. Harwood sends this list: Alice E. Hodson, Nelly M. Conner, Ella Calkins, Maggie L. Conner, Agnes E. Harwood, Eddy C. Harwood, Bessie Calkins, and Alice Libby.

George Matthews, of Olney, Ill., sends this list: George Matthews, Luciene Wilson, Sallie Wilson, Maggie Wilson, Edna Watson, Lena Watson, Mary Watson, Gus Louis, Rob Louis, Della Louis, and Josie Louis.

Clara May King, of Syracuse, N. Y., sends this list: Clara Ellis Beach, Edith Rust, Louisa C. Williams, Katie Williams, Lily Burdick, Jennie Marsh, Maggie Seal, Frances McDougall, and Clara May King.

Gussie S. Woodruff, of Hamilton, N. Y., sends this list: May Montgomery, Anna Butterfield, Alta A. Root, Zoe N. Wickwire, Gennie Wilcox, Frank Bright, Willie Montgomery, and Gussie S. Woodruff.

Nettie J. Griswold, of Le Roy, sends this list: Effie M. Bannister, Lucinda E. Bannister, Mary C. Bannister, Carl Bannister, Dwight Bannister, Willard Frisby, John Newan, and Paul Griswold.

Julia Elliott, of Indianapolis, sends this list: Lizzie Rady, Jo Hex, Minnie Coffin, Carrie Coffin, Harry Onwee, Lulu Onwee, and Julia Harlow.

George C. Phillips, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Rebecca Betts, Ryland W. Phillips, Howard M. Phillips, Bessie G. Marot, Mary Marot, Kate M. Phillips, and George C. Phillips.

Aubrey Geddes, of Mansfield, Ohio, sends these names: Hughie E. King, Jerry Settlemeyer, Willie Shamp, Burr Geddes, and Aubrey Geddes.

Hattie Roberts, of Rahway, N. J., sends a few names: Henry Terrill, Carrie Terrill, Joe Cheyney, Marianna Cheyney, Rebekah Roberts, and Hattie Roberts.

Marie Sieboth, of Utica, N. Y., sends the following list: Mamie Walker, Nellie Sherwood, Jennie Burnop, Nellie Palmer, Alfred Sieboth, and Marie Sieboth.

Blanche Lintz, of Rochefort, Mo., sends this list: Ella Blanche Morgan, G. Montgomery Lintz, W. Alphonso Lintz, and Effie Morgan.

Helen Lukens and Carrie Glosser send these names: Carrie H. Glosser, Annie M. Glosser, J. Frank Glosser, Ettie W. McVaugh, Ida McVaugh, and Helen M. Lukens.

George Foran, of Stratford, Conn., sends us with this letter the names of four Chinese boys, who wish to join the Bird-defenders, and whom the army is glad to welcome:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are four Chinese boys at my school, and when I asked them if they would join the army of Bird-defenders, and explained what it was, they were very glad to. Their names are Tsoor-Kih-Fooh, Tseen-Wan-River, Sin-Kia-Shu, and Khong-Kang-Ling. I myself am one too.—Yours truly, GEO. FORAN.

Here is the list of Indian Bird-defenders referred to in another column: Ah'-na-ronkh (Henry), Lo-le-ho'-wa-na (opening in the sky), Sat-e-gah-runkh'-his (row of trees, all same height), Tah-rough-yo'-ris, and Funh-tyuh-quah-no'-rounch (precious or select company).

Besides the above lists, the following names have been received: Arthur Fairbanks, Robert N. Fairbanks, May E. Chandlee, Mamie T. Chapman, Kitty A. Loomis, Jessie L. Randall, Charlie Sidebotham, Willie Sidebotham, George Morrison, Edmund Dixon, Mamie A. Reese, Wm. H. Willis, Jr., Livingstone Wetmore, Maria Carroll, Nettie P. Butler, Lotue L. Butler, Charles B. Clemens, Phebe A. Earl, Ella J. Bowman, Joanna B. Howell, Carrie Palmer, Anna M. Reed, Luella M. Palmer, Mary J. Curtis, Laura D. Haines, Edward H. Levis, Olive Anne Freret, Fanny Salkeld Freret, Carrie Salkeld Freret, George Clinton Clarke, Florence Clarke, Marion Clarke, Edward A. Woods, Charles A. Woods, Lawrence C. Woods, Eddie W. Donahue, George Pierce, Freddy W. Donahue, Fred A. Pratt, John S. Pratt, Harry W. Wheeler, Johnnie Allen, Emily Allen and Julia Allen, Lizzie Platt, May Hudson, Richard Hudson, Sarah Gallett, Anna Gallett Harry Gallett, Violet Crane, Richard Crane, Annie C. Ray, Addie E. Williams, James Scott, M. S. Christian, Gertrude Phipps, A. Phipps, Wilbur C. Lamphier, Marcia A. Lamphier, Caroline Gauvain, Marie Marchand, Daisy Ella Austernell, Lewie Austernell, Greenie Barnett, James B. Thompson, Belle Noyes, Jennie Noyes, Maud Miner, Josie Miner, Duane Bowles, Josie M. Bowles, Nellie A. Himes, Winthrop Webster Sargeant, Nisba P. Breckinridge, Katherine Pyle, Robert T. Taylor, Susie L. Westermann, C. A. Hanna, Rachel V. Bennett, James M. Hunter, Addie H. Heugh, C. S. Ricke, Jr., John Augustus Hunneman, Charlie Robbins, Florence Palmer, Josie Willis, Edgar P. Mott, Bessie L. Cary, A. J. Kirkland, Harriet Elling, Florence Dike Wiley, Willie A. O. Paul, Edith Gallucci, William A. Wells, Marion Butler, R. Woodcock, Emma Bundy, Louie Bundy, R. D.

Mohun, Robbie M. Fullerton, Mary Otis Gay, Eugene S. Ashton, Ethel G. Emery, Willie B. Shute, William H. A. Hall, Lillie Hallett, Hattie Partridge, May Wolcott, Albert C. Tufts, Gertrude Weil, Elna P. Hunt, Norra Abbott, Alice T. Walker, Lizzie C. Merrill, Herbert A. Shute, Abby E. Richards, Hattie C. Fernald.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Friendship's Gift. A collection of popular pieces, simplified E. Mack.

You Never Miss the Water (Howard). *You and You*, waltz (Strauss). Both simplified; the last very pretty.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LINEADUCTIONS.

1. I AM a narrow street; draw a downward line from a certain letter, and I become disabled. 2. I am sound in mind; draw a line, and I become identical. 3. I am the inhabitant of a peninsula near Norway; draw a line, and I become an old woman. B. A. S.

CHARADE, No. 1.

To be my first is misfortune dire;
To be my second many desire;
To be ready, boys, for every tussle,
Use my whole and increase in muscle. A. O'N.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Rivers.

1. IT was sad to see — the peace of a whole village on the —. 2. I watched the wood-cutter take, as he plodded — unfrequented path on the shore of the —. 3. He sounded the — with lead and —. 4. Wild fruit — on the banks of the —. 5. The — pursued their prey to the banks of the —. 6. She looked from her — window upon the beautiful banks of the —. 7. — pleasant walks on the wild shores of the —. 8. A tall — stalked along the bank of the —. 9. I watched — their boat rocked on the —. 10. I — the waters of the — a perfect image of the trees on its margin. B.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. THE name of a great hero never dies. 2. I met Rob in the city of New York. 3. He saw a Turk eying her from his seat. 4. The fine house that I saw in Boston is now rented to a lady of great wealth. S. L. B.

REBUS.



BEHEADED RHYMES.

WHY will you cause me thus to —
And leave my heart a prey to —
One little word might heal?
If in your simple presence —
No other single favor —
What rapture should I feel!

Ah! 'tis the old deceptive —
One's simple presence should be —
To heal another's grief;
If vows so slender should be —
I think the little flame thus —
Would prove a short relief. J. P. B.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 1, 14, 8, 1 18, 3 is an esculent vegetable. My 6, 12, 19, 24, 15, is a city in Greece. My 1, 11, 5, 9, 17 is a city in France. My 26, 2, 13, 10, 3, 4, 14 is a river in South America. My 25, 29, 27, 20 is a musical instrument. My 11, 16, 21, 22, 30, 31, 28, 23, 4 is something we all should understand. My whole is an old saying. N. D. C.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To undermine. 3. A bird. An implement for writing. 5. A consonant. T. W.

RIDDLE.

I AM taller than a man,
And less than a child;
I am bitter and I am sweet,
Civilized and wild.

You may meet me on the mountains,
Very much at home,
And in the street and on the sea,
For I dearly love to roam.

Where you leave me in December,
You will find me in June;
You may wed me in the morning,
And eat me at noon. JENNY DARE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. MODERATELY warm. 2. To make proud. 3. vessel on which the consecrated bread is placed. Articles. 5. Close. NAUTICUS.

BEHEADED RIVER.

1. BEHEAD a river and get a preposition. Another, and get a girl's name. 3. Another, and get a boy's nickname. Another, and get a fish. Another, and get a whetstone. 5. Another, and get a very wise man. 6. Another, and you will "strike ile." B. M. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.

THE finals and primals form the names of two wild animals. 1. Something to give light. 2. A girl's name. 3. A Saxon god. 4. To divide. 5. An Arabian god. 6. To save. 7. A ruminant. D. H.

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES.

1. A LEARNED man and an exclamation. 2. A notable lawyer and an untruth. 3. A boy's name, a vowel, a girl's name, an exclamation of shame, a vowel. 4. N. old, and a place of safety. D. H.

PREFIX PUZZLE.



*As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made*

[Prefix a certain syllable of five letters to each of the names of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

SYLLABLES.

My whole you'll find a compound word;
Now in the middle break it;
A circle you will find my first,
My next—a bird will make it.

LETTERS.

My first is a bird of plumage bright;
My second, a dish in which some delight.
My third, an animal of a hot clime
A stranger, it may be, but suits well my rhyme).
My fourth is the name of a little cup,
Which will do my fifth, if you hang it up.
My sixth, though it often belongs to a band,
Is not noted for music, or anything grand.
My seventh, in some countries, in soup is much used
My eighth is a horse, which should not be abused.
My ninth, a strange animal, of a strange land;
But its name, too, is strange, you may soon understand.
My tenth you may see thrice a day at your table;
To guess it right quickly, I'm sure you are able.

The initials of these, of my whole form the name;
The finals will give you exactly the same.
My whole is an instrument, good in its way,
We choose to keep secret who had the first say. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A FRUIT. 2. Not late. 3. Protected. 4. Trans-
parent. 5. A serpent. J. P. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. HE tried to — the —. 2. HE was very —
although he was —. 3. I — I wanted —. 4.
WE had our — in the — story. 5. HE began to
— because it was —. 6. WE all had — to —.

M. G. E

CHARADE, No. 2.

I AM a word of five syllables, easy to spell, but rather difficult for little folks to remember. My first and second represent an article that is absolutely necessary in new settlements; my third is frequently spoken of as a personage of importance; my fourth is what every little boy longs to become; my fifth might begin a Turkish priest, but could never complete him; and my whole is the name of a celebrated philosopher, who first gave us maps and globes, and who is said to have invented the sun-dial.

F. R. F.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eight letters. My 3, 6, 7, 8 is to have completed. My 1, 2, 4, 5 is a male name. My 7, 4, 5 is a Spanish title. My 3, 2, 1, 4, 5 is a fruit. My whole is a beverage.

IRON DUKE.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Cities.

1. I — go on board the vessel at —. 2. THE
potters of — baked their wares in —. 3. A
turnkey went through the corridors of a — prison
with a heavy — at his side. 4. HE —
reach — in time for the celebration. 5. THERE is not
one such — — found in the vicinity of —.
6. — — — at dinner, in —.

B.



THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.

IN the above picture may be found, by careful search, the following things: 1. Winding-sheets. 2. Ghosts. 3. A sad exclamation. 4. A dupe. 5. The body of an animal. 6. And a part of the same. 7. Shelter. 8. A toy. 9. A discourse. 10. A float. 11. Animals (visible). 12. Animals (concealed, but understood to be present). 13. One form of (so-called) spirit-manifestations. 14. Articles of jewelry. 15. Corsets. 16. Edifices. 17. A row of houses. 18. Parts of the stage of a theater. 19. A measure. 20. Corn in a certain form. 21. A tress of hair. 22. Parts of a watch. 23.

A sentinel. 24. A canoe transposed. 25. A pack cards. 26. Flowers. 27. An evergreen. 28. Fruit. 29. A fruit tree. 30. The mates of the vessel, transposed. 31. Affirmatives and negatives. 32. A legal claim. 33. Certain tools, with a Latin preposition prefixed. 34. An island. 35. Four yards. 36. To cure. 37. Anger. 38. Scoffing. 39. The way in which certain animals drink. 40. A headland. 41. Parts of a river. 42. Managers of business. 43. What the Dutchman loves. 44. A fish. 45. A poet. 46. Profit. 47. Enclosures for animals. 48. An emblem of royalty.

J. A. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER

REBUS, No. 1.— "What man dare, I dare!
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."

ENIGMA.—"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

CHARADE.—Mushroom.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa.

E—ncam—P
U—lric—A
P—ar—R
H—ow—E
R—ea—P
O—scool—A
S—t. Pete—R
Y—O (you)
N—ichola—S
E—urop—A

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Resin, reins, serin, risen, siren. 2. Torso, roots. 3. Damon, monad, nomad. 4. Endow, Woden. 5. Scron, snore, Norse.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Straining, training, raining. Brushing, rushing. Marching, arching.

SQUARE-WORD.—
C R A V A T
R E V E R E
A V E N O R
V E N D U E
A R O U N D
T E R E D O

REBUS, No. 2.—"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

ELIPSES.—1. Center, recent. 2. Estrange, sergeant. 3. Senat treason. 4. Dread, dared. 5. General, enlarged. 6. Dilates, tails.

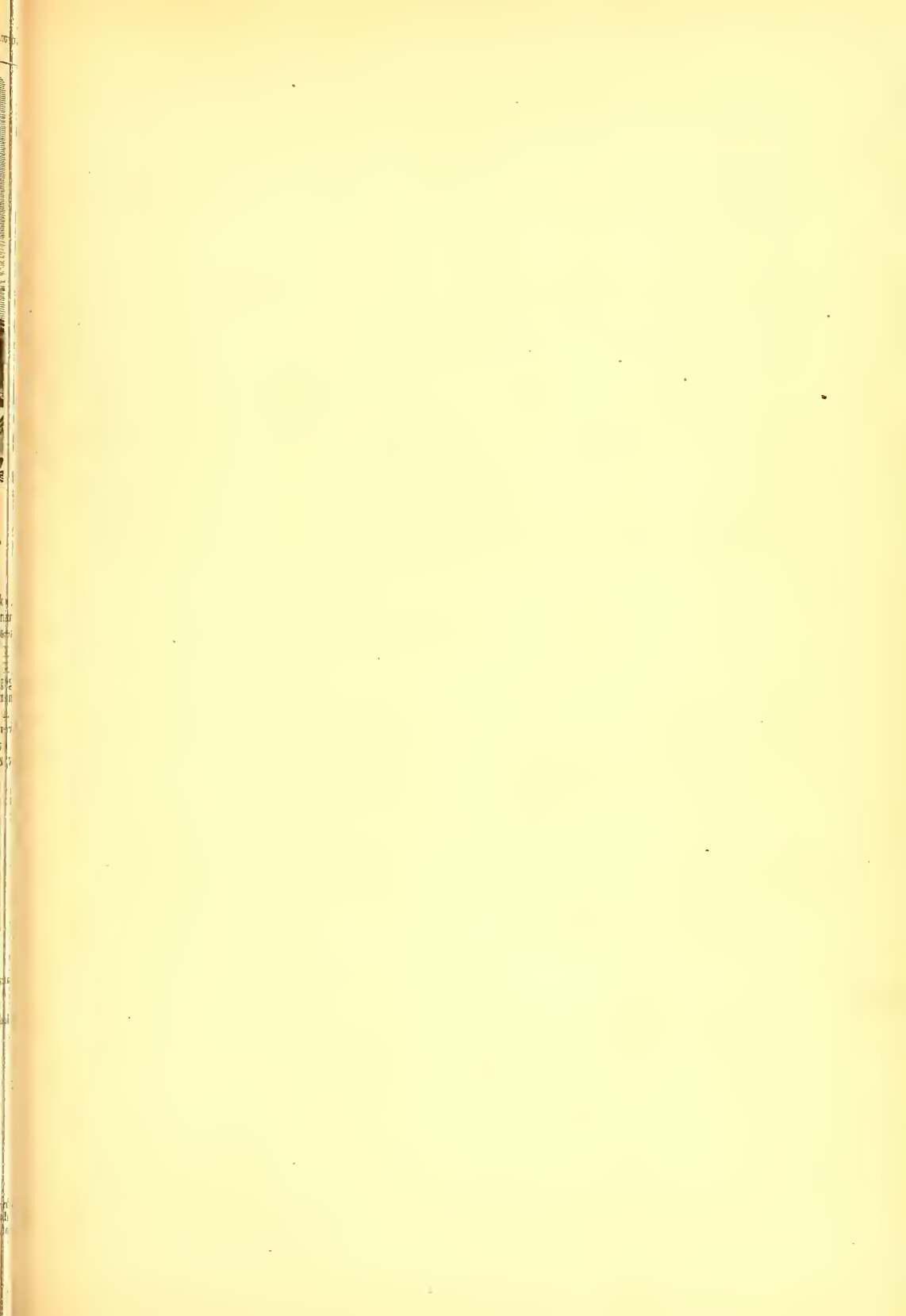
HIDDEN CAPES.—1. Ann. 2. Horn. 3. Bon. 4. Verd. 5. Cle

METAGRAM.—Nice, rice, mice, ice.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
L
N E D
L E A R N
D R Y
E

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—B A L S A M
A L I E N
L I N E
S E E
A N
M

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 18, from *Hattie Gibson, Leila Delano, Louella M. Palm "Y. M. I.," Mamie A. Johnson, Allen Edw. Harbaugh, "Nimpo," Kittie Ames, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Geo. Brady, Carrie Salt, Grace Collins, Frank H. Belknap, William C. Delaney, John R. Eldridge, Katie G. Bolster, Fannie Le Noir Russell, "F.," Julia Sant and Molie Willett, Louise R. Canby.*





BOCKO AND THE DEER.

[See page 68.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

NO. 11.

THE SQUIRREL'S STRATAGEM.

BY EMMA BURT.

THERE was trouble in the woods—a great chattering and commotion. Squirrel came round a stump, with both cheeks full of corn, to see what was the matter.

“It is all very well to have company,” said little Brown-bird,—“very well; but when it comes to having folks go to sleep, and keep birds away from their nests, so that all the eggs get cold, I for one on't like it!”

Everybody was surprised, for everybody thought little Brown-bird amiable, and not easily put out.

“Indeed, I would n't stand it! It's a stinging name!” buzzed Bumble-bee.

“Queer doings I should say!” chirped Cricket.

“What, may I ask, is this creature?” trilled the tree-toad.

“Why,” said Robin, who had been out in the world, and knew, “it is a very small child!”

Said Humming-bird: “It looks like a sweet-pea blossom; and its hair is like the silk of maize!”

“And its mouth is like a berry. I will go and kiss it!” said wicked Mosquito to himself.

“O dear! what an ado you all make!” sighed old Lady-bug; and the little flowers nodded significantly, and all the forest leaves looked as if they were laughing.

Yet the little baby lay in the shadow of the ashes, with closed lids, and dreamed as happy and unconcerned as if all the woods were its own.

Squirrel was sorry. He said: “Little Brown-bird, don't fret and flutter so. It's easy enough to manage. You leave it all to me. I know the tricks of these folks—specially boys!” and he put

up his two small hands and looked around upon his neighbors in an assured manner most comforting to behold. “Never you fear, little Brown-bird! I will go and bring some one here who will carry away this creature that disturbs you!”

The Squirrel flashed out of sight, and ran swiftly along over brush and bushes, and logs and ferns, until it reached the highway, when it sped along the fence, only pausing now and then to take an observation. In two minutes who should come along but three school-children—Roy and Rob, and their sister Lou.

“Look! look! look!” cried Rob.

“Where? what?” shouted Roy.

“A squirrel! a squirrel! a squirrel!” they all shouted together; and away went Rob, and after him Roy, and following both ran Lou, over the brush and over the bushes, and over the logs and ferns.

“Catch him! catch him!” they cried; and the echoes mocked, “Catch him! catch him! catch him!”

And they chased little Squirrel until they came to a dead halt by a rail fence, and there on the ground lay a little dreaming baby!

“Oh! ho! ho!” laughed Roy.

“Whew-w!” whistled Rob.

“O, the dear little thing!” cried Lou, with uplifted hands.

Now the children set themselves to wondering what it all meant.

“Perhaps,” said Lou, “the squirrel was a fairy, and turned into a little baby when we 'most caught

it! O, let's take it home and keep it, and may be it will turn into a little lady as big as your finger, with eyes just like pin-heads—and a silver dress and a spider-web veil—and she will live with us always, and always and forever!"

"Pshaw?" said Roy. "Don't you know gypsies do it sometimes—steal babies? Put 'em in a covered cart and carry 'em off, and leave 'em by the wayside?"

"Yes, and I've read, too, how an eagle once picked up a baby in its beak and claws, and carried it off to its nest on a crag!"

"Perhaps it ran away," said Rob; "a baby did once, years and years ago, grandma said. The

wolves and bears was! O jimmy! was n't they all glad! And Riari, she had to go to bed without her supper. I tell you, she was glad, for she could n't 'a' eat anything, anyway, 'cause there was a big lump in her throat."

"O, boys, I know!" said Lou; and she clasped her hands, and her eyes grew big and round with wonder. "It—is—a—*orphan!*"

"I guess it aint an orphan!" said a positive voice behind them. "I'll let you know that's *my* baby, an' a dear one she is too,—aint you, little Pinkie-winkie?" And an excited little woman caught the child up in her arms.

Then she began to see that there were only three



"THERE ON THE GROUND LAY A LITTLE DREAMING BABY."

mother went out a-visiting and left all the children to keep house; and she said to Riari (she was oldest), 'Riari, you take care of the baby.' An' when the mother was gone, they had fun, I tell you! They clim' on the housetop to see the chimblly-swallows, and they blowed bubbles, and played 'pom-pom-pull-away' until the sun went down. Then they all went to see Joseph set the hen down in the fence corner where she stole her nest. Then, do you know, Riari thought of what her mother said, and she never once thought before. O, was n't she scart? And she began to count the children, an' found the baby was gone! Then the mother came home, and she hunted, and Riari hunted, and everybody hunted; and, after awhile, do you know, the father found that baby 'way out in the woods by a holler log, an' the skeeters had bit it as big as two babies—'way out where the

rather frightened children, who meant no harm; and she grew very pleasant, and half apologized.

"You see, I put on the kettle to boil for tea, and said I to myself, 'I'll go out and pick a dish of berries for sass.' So I brought Pinkie-winkie, and left her here a-sleeping. Do you see what a nice dish of berries I have?"

Nay, furthermore, the little woman, out of the goodness of her heart, said: "Now you shall all come down to my little red house, and take tea with me and my man. An' you can carry Pinkie-winkie; and don't look so sorry, little girl. You can see the ducks and pigeons and posies, and have cream on your berries. Come on!" and away she went, with the train of children behind her.

After they had got safely away, such a chatter and commotion as there was in the woods!

Brown-bird, swinging upon a twig, said :
 "Squirrel, I consider you both polite and kind ;
 wish there were more like you in the world !"
 "Don't mention it !" said Squirrel, quite em-
 arrassed, and he ran away.
 Little Brown-bird flew fluttering to her nest,

and bugs and bees and idle birds set to gossiping.
 The little flowers nodded their dainty heads, and
 all the forest leaves were so amused they shook
 their sides with laughing,—while the sunlight
 gleamed benignly down, and said, "My children,
 I am glad you are all again happy."

THREE TIMES ONE.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

KEEP your baby fashions,
 Little maid ;
 Growing-up will spoil you,
 I'm afraid ;
 When the bonny girlies grow,
 Half their prettinesses go—
 People say.
 Who can look at such as you
 Without a pang or two ?
 Well-a-day !

If I could, I'd keep you,
 Tiny chit,
 As you are this minute,
 Every bit.
 Not another inch of height ;
 Are n't we tall enough now, quite—
 Two-feet-two ?
 Why, I'd give my Sunday bonnet,
 And the purple posies on it,
 To be you !

Could the budlet only
 Hold the flower,
 Could you spare your dimples
 Half-an-hour,
 I might recollect, you see,
 How things looked when *I* was three.
 Very well,
 You know what there is to say,
 You'll be big as I some day—
 Wont you tell ?

Ah ! did I but manage
 Matters here,
 Pinafores should fit you
 Many a year ;
 For I dread lest when you're old,
 You'll have lost your heart of gold
 On the way ;

That were sadder (don't forget)
Than to live to see my pet
Getting gray.

Goldilocks may some day
Miss their crinkle;
Forehead learn the feeling
Of a wrinkle.
Never mind, so naught be stole
From the sunny-tempered soul
Worth a sigh.
Thievish fate will have to pay
All he ever took away
By and by.

Stop you, then, I'd dare not,
If I might,
Though the risks stand heavy,
Black—or white;
Game of hazard, every whit;
Luck and unluck, toss for it,
Yes or No;—
Take your chances with the rest;
Nature's methods must be best,
As things go.

DRESSED IN WHITE

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

THERE was to be a party. Every guest was to be dressed in white. I do not think there was to be much "fuss." It was to be all "feathers."

The invitations were peculiar. They were not confined to one class, nor (thanks to the host for having borrowed Aladdin's lamp) one country. Nor were they limited to one language, nor to one style of dress. The only restriction was that all should be dressed in white; and, of course, as it was to be all feathers, I may as well say at once it was a party of birds. I did not attend the party, because no human being was allowed to be present as a guest, even though robed in muslin or silk of snowy whiteness.

But I *did* know the host and a number of the guests, so that I can judge of the company very fairly, and tell you all about it.

I almost doubt, if the host had not been the one who gave the party, whether he would have received an invitation; though it would have been a direct slight if he had not, for every feather he

wore was pure white. Then why do I doubt it? Because it was a mooted question how he became a white bird. All I know about it is, he *was* white as the driven snow. He was a white robin. His parents and brothers and sisters were all brown-backed and red-breasted, as we naturally look for robins to be. But the robin who gave this party found himself in the world, one fair morning, in a common robin's nest, up in a gnarled old apple tree, with clear pink eyes with which to look out upon all the wonderful things about him, and feathers soft and white as snow.

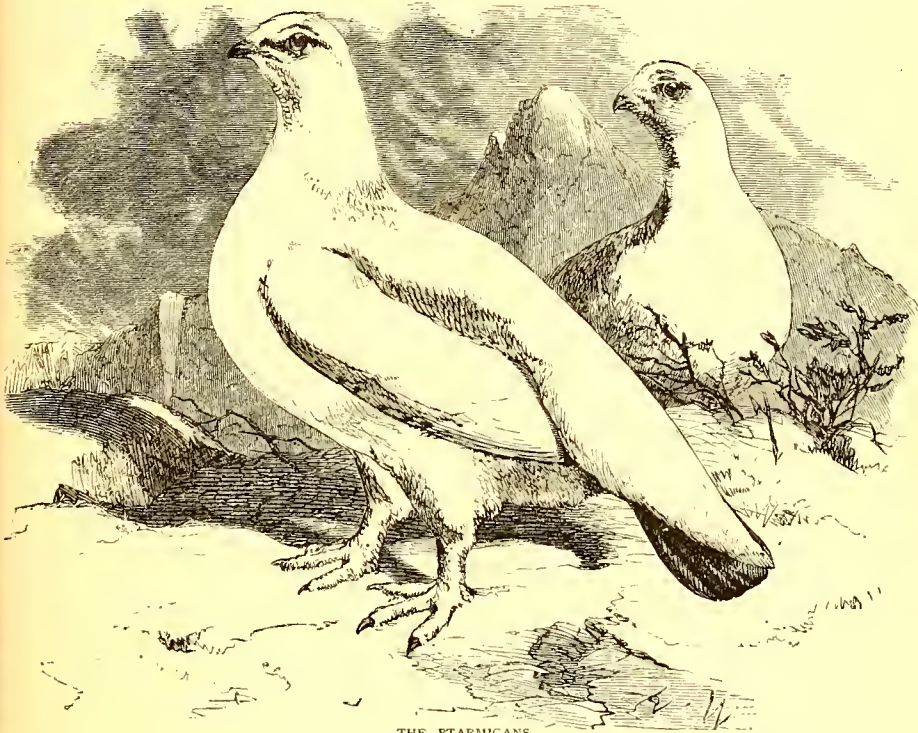
The home of the white robin was in a beautiful orchard in a beautiful island of Lake Champlain. It was near the margin of the lake, too, so that the shelving rocks and cliffs that shut off the wave made the wall to one side of the orchard; and some of the great rocky shelving rooms facing the apple-trees were selected for the parlors, chamber and dining-halls of the expected guests.

The first bird that arrived may possibly have

ne by his dress in as mysterious a way as the
 at himself. He was a white peacock. Such
 ds are extremely rare, but they have been
 own. I saw this one afterward, long after the
 air was over, and there was not a colored feather
 on him. He could spread his tail as handsomely
 his gorgeous namesakes ever do, but you had to
 k closely to see the eyes in the ends of the
 thers, for they were only defined by a little
 erior whiteness. He was very quiet at the
 ty, said little about his country or ancestors,
 l, fully content with walking around with

This entertainment was a sort of picnic party,
 for the robin had hinted, that being on an island
 with rather limited resources, except for those who
 relished fish, and being somewhat ignorant, be-
 sides, of the peculiar tastes of many of his guests,
 —if any chose, they could bring along some favorite
 viand, and violate no rule of etiquette in so doing.

This was probably one reason why the white pel-
 ican was a little late, having stopped to fill the bag
 he always carried with him with the fish of his
 own locality, which were choicer to him than any
 other, particularly those of fresh water.



THE PTARMIGANS.

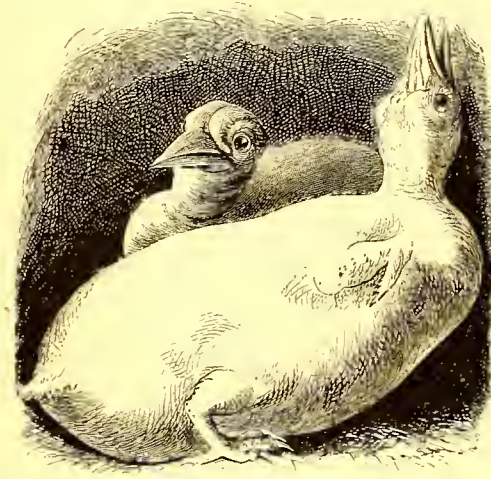
ncely dignity, as if sure his mere presence
 oced the unique assembly, departed as silently,
 the close of the entertainment, as the humblest
 d present. He was the first guest. I cannot
 tend to give the order of their arrival much
 ther; but the next to present himself in the
 in's reception-room was the snowy owl. A
 end of mine saw this owl one morning as far
 est as the oak openings of Michigan. He was
 n, doubtless, getting ready for this party. He
 s winking his great yellow eyes very fast, and
 fting up his throat-ruffle and shaking his plu-
 ge generally, preparatory to his long journey.
 en he arrived, the robin welcomed him with
 at courtesy.

Some of the birds had great reason to be glad
 that this party was given in the Winter. The
 white ptarmigan was one of these, for, although he
 could now walk with the whitest, he took care not
 to hint what he knew very well, that in Summer,
 at his home in the old Grampian Hills, he was
 mottled with black, gray, and yellow. His cousin,
 the rock-ptarmigan, kept a similar secret in his
 own breast, though his white coat in Summer was
 only marred by dashes of occasional yellow.

The reception-room pleased these birds very
 much, for it reminded them of their own rocky
 homes far over the sea, where they live among
 the boulders, in pairs, all by themselves, and are
 as cunning in hiding their homes from intru-

ders as the sly, hypocritical partridge was ever known to be. They were just talking about this very thing, and telling each other of attempted escapes from bird-hunters which had fortunately proved successful, or they could never have been at the white-bird party. One told how he had left his nest upon hearing a hunter's step, and, running in front of him to the edge of the steep rock, made believe he dropped off below; and while the hunter was peering down upon a lower ledge of rocks, he was wheeling with a noiseless flight to the opposite side of the cliff, and so around silently back to his nest, hidden itself under the great loose stones.

Near by, stood a white ptarmigan from the Rocky Mountains, with his short neck and feather-muffled legs, and his keen eye bent on his neighbor across the sea, as if he well understood the whole story.



THE TWO LITTLE HORNBILLS.

It was a beautiful sight at last, when the rooms were full, to see the dignity of some, the fluttering, nervous anxiety of others, and more curious to hear the chattering and clattering in languages worse than Greek or German to any but the initiated. The white curlew went off with a snowy ibis, and together welcomed a brother of the curlew just arrived from Spain.

A guinea-hen stole up and kept near the robin and the peacock, as if he was half afraid it was an accident that his feathers were all white; and I really suppose it was, though how he should know it, was a very curious thing.

There were only two children in the party. These were a pair of twins, offspring of an African hornbill, who were obliged to come at this tender age because when they were fully fledged they were no longer white. The little creatures found it pretty cold, having just arrived from a warm coun-

try, and from their nest in a warm hole in a tree where they had been plastered up with their mother in the manner shown in ST. NICHOLAS for 1 January. If it had not been for Aladdin's lamp they could not have come at all.

A large white owl from Montreal was there, and he, too, had reason to be glad it was a Winter party, for he happened to turn his great yellow eyes in the direction of a mirror, and the sight of his bill nearly hidden by white plumes, and his snowy head and neck, reminded him of Summer days, when, standing near his nest upon the ground near some crystal stream, he had caught in the mirror a glimpse of dark bands over the snowy white. But he soon forgot all this in forming the acquaintance of a snowy heron, who erected his full crest and led him up to some newly arrived relatives of his from the South—the “great heron” with slender bill, and long plumes upon his back, and a dozen broad, stiff feathers in his tail, but without a crest, for which he little cared, so elegant were the long pendant plumes falling from his back; and his cousin, the “great white heron,” large and tall, with his stout yellow bill opening and chattering out a welcome, and his yellow eye dilating and growing brighter in his joy to meet his new friends.

Near by the herons came a group of swans, the American swan gracefully managing to move about out of his favorite element by hiding his black flat feet in the crowd, and elevating his beautiful forehead, with its crescent fall of feathers, as he swept up to a trumpeter-swan, whose formal head adornments not being quite as marked as his own, relieved him from the necessity of envy on account of his superior voice. He knew that he was nicknamed the “whistling” swan, and to his good care, by silence, not to remind his clarinet cousin of the fact, in case he had never heard of himself mentioned. In fact, instead of commenting upon each other, both seemed absorbed in watching the snow-goose near them, who was quite unmindful that her presence there was a rare chance, due to her having escaped the tint of silvery bluish-green usually worn by her nearest relatives; and was proving how unmindful she was of it, by the zest with which she was relating a pleasing fact that had just occurred, to a beautiful ivory gull from Labrador, and a short-legged white gull from Greenland, who were standing near.

The ivory gull, with her vermilion-edged eyes fixed upon the snowy goose, seemed to have an expression of sadness as she listened to the story, and the Greenland gull, too, tapped her orange-tipped yellow bill against a projecting rock, as impatient for the goose to get through.

It seems the snowy goose had been for some

ime standing near the robin and, eying each newcomer, had witnessed one or two painful scenes that those within the rooms might never have known but for her nimble tongue. She had seen—would the gulls believe it?)—several elegant birds arrive, who had not been permitted, after a weary

there were some superb silvery gulls that could not come in because their back and wings were blue; and a laughing gull was made to cry because he had a rosy-tinted breast.

The white gulls walked away as if they had not heard the story, and all went on again “merry as a



THE GREAT WHITE HERON.

journey, to enter the castle. There were several elegant terns. One was a royal tern, “clear from the Atlantic coast,” and *nearly* all a pure pearl white; only a little bluish-gray color on her back and wings; and a beautiful white-winged shrike had to go back, because of the same fatal bluish gray, also some snow-birds, who, unfortunately, had too much black upon their little bodies; but it did seem worst of all to part relations; and

marriage bell.” Just here the robin appeared, and nodding to the snowy goose beckoned her to follow, which she did, and in her train, as if by right, the ivory gulls, and all the other gulls, came on, and so by right it proved when they were shown through a secret door to a large rocky room before unseen, whose silvery floor, as soon as tried, gave way, and lo! a lake, where all the gulls, and swans, and geese, and water-loving birds could show their

native grace, and rock, and dip, and curve, and swim with mirrored beauty in the crystal water. The ocean phæton was already there, and Japan storks, and long, ebony-legged flamingoes, with some snowy white gannets as spectators of their practiced skill.

And in and out, from room to room, among

them all, went White Robin, the busy host, making each one glad he came, and having the satisfaction after his royal entertainment had been thoroughly honored, of receiving a unanimous vote of thanks and a hearty declaration that there never was and never could be a more perfect success than the White Bird Party,

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. III.)



LITTLE Julia Ap-Jones stood on the cold stones,
 Nibbling a morsel of cheese,
 When a little Welsh rabbit,
 Running by, tried to grab it,
 Quite forgetting to say, "If you please."

EIGHT COUSINS

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XIX.

BROTHER BONES.

ROSE accepted her uncle's offer, as Aunt Myra discovered two or three days later. Coming in for an early call, and hearing voices in the study, she opened the door, gave a cry and shut it quickly, looking a good deal startled. The Doctor appeared a moment, and begged to know what the matter was.

"How *can* you ask when that long box looks so like a coffin I thought it was one, and that dreadful thing stared me in the face as I opened the door," answered Mrs. Myra pointing to the skeleton that hung from the chandelier cheerfully grinning at all beholders.

"This is a medical college where women are freely admitted, so walk in, madam, and join the lass if you'll do me the honor," said the Doctor, waving her forward with his politest bow.

"Do, auntie; it's perfectly splendid," cried Rose's voice, and Rose's blooming face was seen behind the ribs of the skeleton, smiling and nodding in the gayest possible manner.

"What *are* you doing, child?" demanded Aunt Myra, dropping into a chair and staring about her.

"Oh, I'm learning bones to day and I like it so much. There are twelve ribs you know, and the two lower ones are called floating ribs because they are not fastened to the breast bone. That's why they go in so easily if you lace tight and squeeze the lungs and heart in the—let me see, what was that big word—oh, I know—thoracic cavity," and Rose beamed with pride as she aired her little bit of knowledge.

"Do you think that is a good sort of thing for her to be poking over? She is a nervous child, and I'm afraid it will be bad for her," said Aunt Myra, watching Rose as she counted vertebræ, and waggled a hip joint in its socket with an inquiring expression.

"An excellent study, for she enjoys it, and I mean to teach her how to manage her nerves so that they won't be a curse to her, as many a woman's become through ignorance or want of thought. To make a mystery or a terror of these things is a mistake, and I mean Rose shall understand and respect her body so well that she won't dare to trifle with it as most women do."

"And she really likes it?"

"Very much, auntie! It's all so wonderful, and

so nicely planned you can hardly believe what you see. Just think, there are 600,000,000 air cells in one pair of lungs, and 2,000 pores to a square inch of surface; so you see what quantities of air we *must* have, and what care we should take of our skin so all the little doors will open and shut right. And brains, auntie, you've no idea how curious they are; I have n't got to them yet, but I long to, and uncle is going to show me a manikin that you can take to pieces. Just think how nice it will be to see all the organs in their places; I only wish they could be made to work as ours do."

It was funny to see Aunt Myra's face as Rose stood before her talking rapidly with one hand laid in the friendliest manner on the skeleton's shoulder. Every word both the Doctor and Rose uttered hit the good lady in her weakest spot, and as she looked and listened a long array of bottles and pill-boxes rose up before her, reproaching her with the "ignorance and want of thought" that made her what she was, a nervous, dyspeptic, unhappy old woman.

"Well, I don't know but you may be right, Alec, only I would n't carry it too far. Women don't need much of this sort of knowledge and are not fit for it. I could n't bear to touch that ugly thing, and it gives me the creeps to hear about 'organs,'" said Aunt Myra, with a sigh and her hand on her side.

"Would n't it be a comfort to know that your liver was on the right side, auntie, and not on the left?" asked Rose with a naughty laugh in her eyes, for she had lately learned that Aunt Myra's liver complaint was not in the proper place.

"It's a dying world, child, and it don't much matter where the pain is, for sooner or later we all drop off and are seen no more," was Aunt Myra's cheerful reply.

"Well I intend to know what kills me if I can, and meantime I'm going to enjoy myself in spite of a dying world. I wish you'd do so too, and come and study with uncle, it would do you good I'm sure," and Rose went back to counting vertebræ with such a happy face that Aunt Myra had not the heart to say a word to dampen her ardor.

"Perhaps it's as well to let her do what she likes the little while she is with us. But pray be careful of her, Alec, and not allow her to overwork," she whispered as she went out.

"That's exactly what I'm trying to do, ma'am, and rather a hard job I find it," he added as he

shut the door, for the dear aunts were dreadfully in his way sometimes.

Half an hour later came another interruption in the shape of Mac, who announced his arrival by the brief but elegant remark:

"Hullo! what new game is this?"

Rose explained, Mac gave a long whistle of surprise, and then took a promenade round the skeleton observing gravely:

"Brother Bones looks very jolly, but I can't say much for his beauty."

"You must n't make fun of him, for he's a good old fellow, and you'd be just as ugly if your flesh was off," said Rose, defending her new friend with warmth.

"I dare say, so I'll keep my flesh on, thank you. You are so busy you can't read to a fellow I suppose?" asked Mac, whose eyes were better, but still too weak for books.

"Don't you want to come and join my class? Uncle explains it all to us, and you can take a look at the plates as they come along. We'll give up bones to-day and have eyes instead; that will be more interesting to *you*," added Rose, seeing no ardent thirst for physiological information in his face.

"Rose, we must not fly about from one thing to another in this way," began Dr. Alec; but she whispered quickly, with a nod toward Mac, whose goggles were turned wistfully in the direction of the forbidden books:

"He's blue to-day, and we must amuse him; give a little lecture on eyes, and it will do him good. No matter about me, uncle."

"Very well; the class will please be seated," and the Doctor gave a sounding rap on the table.

"Come, sit by me, dear, then we can both see the pictures; and if your head gets tired you can lie down," said Rose, generously opening her little college to a brother, and kindly providing for the weaknesses that all humanity is subject to.

Side by side they sat and listened to a very simple explanation of the mechanism of the eye, finding it as wonderful as a fairy tale, for fine plates illustrated it, and a very willing teacher did his best to make the lesson pleasant.

"Jove! if I'd known what mischief I was doing to that mighty delicate machine of mine, you would n't have caught me reading by fire-light, or studying with a glare of sunshine on my book," said Mac, peering solemnly at a magnified eye-ball; then, pushing it away, he added indignantly: "Why is n't a fellow taught all about his works, and how to manage 'em, and not left to go blundering into all sorts of worries? Telling him after he's down is n't much use, for then he's found it out himself and wont thank you."

"Ah, Mac, that's just what I keep lecturing about, and people *wont* listen. You lads need that sort of knowledge so much, and fathers and mothers ought to be able to give it to you. Few of them *are* able, and so we all go blundering as you say. Less Greek and Latin and more knowledge of the laws of health for *my* boys, if I had them. Mathematics are all very well, but morals are better, and I wish, *how* I wish that I could help teachers and parents to feel it as they ought."

"Some do; Aunt Jessie and her boys have capital talks and I wish we could; but mother's so busy with her housekeeping, and father with his business, there never seems to be any time for that sort of thing; even if there was, it don't seem as if it would be easy to talk to them, because we've never got into the way of it, you know."

Poor Mac was right there, and expressed a want that many a boy and girl feels. Fathers and mothers *are* too absorbed in business and housekeeping to study their children, and cherish that sweet and natural confidence which is a child's surest safeguard, and a parent's subtlest power. So the young hearts hide trouble or temptation till the harm is done, and mutual regret comes too late. Happy the boys and girls who tell all things freely to father or mother, sure of pity, help and pardon; and thrice happy the parents, who out of their own experience, and by their own virtues, can teach and uplift the souls for which they are responsible.

This longing stirred in the hearts of Rose and Mac, and by a natural impulse both turned to Dr. Alec, for in this queer world of ours, fatherly and motherly hearts often beat warm and wise in the breasts of bachelor uncles and maiden aunts; and it is my private opinion that these worthy creatures are a beautiful provision of nature for the cherishing of other people's children. They certainly get great comfort out of it, and receive much innocent affection that otherwise would be lost.

Dr. Alec was one of these, and his big heart had room for every one of the eight cousins, especially orphaned Rose and afflicted Mac; so, when the boy uttered that unconscious reproach to his parents, and Rose added with a sigh, "It must be beautiful to have a mother!"—the good Doctor yearned over them, and, shutting his book with a decided slam, said in that cordial voice of his:

"Now look here, children, you just come and tell *me* all your worries, and with God's help I'll settle them for you. That is what I'm here for I believe, and it will be a great happiness to me if you can trust me."

"We can, uncle, and we will!" both answered with a heartiness that gratified him much.

"Good! now school is dismissed, and I advise

you to go and refresh your 600,000,000 air cells by a brisk run in the garden. Come again whenever you like, Mac, and we'll teach you all we can about your 'works,' as you call them, so you can keep them running smoothly."

"We'll come, sir, much obliged," and the class in physiology went out to walk.

Mac did come again, glad to find something he could study in spite of his weak eyes, and learned much that was of more value than anything his school had ever taught him.

Of course, the other lads made great fun of the whole thing, and plagued Dr. Alec's students half out of their lives. But they kept on persistently, and one day something happened which made the other fellows behave themselves forever after.

It was a holiday, and Rose up in her room thought she heard the voices of her cousins, so she ran down to welcome them, but found no one there.

"Never mind, they will be here soon, and then we'll have a frolic," she said to herself, and thinking she had been mistaken she went into the study to wait. She was lounging over the table looking at a map, when an odd noise caught her ear. A gentle tapping somewhere, and following the sound it seemed to come from the inside of the long case in which the skeleton lived when not professionally engaged. This case stood upright in a niche between two book-cases at the back of the room, a darkish corner, where Brother Bones, as the boys would call him, was out of the way.

As Rose stood looking in that direction, and wondering if a rat had got shut in, the door of the case swung slowly open, and with a great start she saw a bony arm lifted, and a bony finger beckon to her. For a minute she was frightened, and ran to the study door with a fluttering heart, but just as she touched the handle a queer, stifled sort of giggle made her stop short and turn red with anger. She paused an instant to collect herself, and then went softly toward the bony beckoner. A nearer look revealed black threads tied to the arm and fingers, the ends of threads disappearing through holes bored in the back of the case. Peeping into the deep recess, she also caught sight of the tip of an elbow covered with a rough gray cloth which she knew very well.

Quick as a flash she understood the joke, her fear vanished, and with a wicked smile, she whipped out her scissors, cut the threads, and the bony arm dropped with a rattle. Before she could say, "Come out, Charlie, and let my skeleton alone," a sudden irruption of boys all in a high state of tickle proclaimed to the hidden rogue that his joke was a failure.

"I told him not to do it, because it might give

you a start," explained Archie, emerging from the closet.

"I had a smelling-bottle all ready if she fainted away," added Steve, popping up from behind the great chair.

"It's too bad of you not to squawk and run, we depended on it, its such fun to howl after you," said Will and Geordie, rolling out from under the sofa in a promiscuous heap.

"You are getting altogether too strong-minded, Rose; most girls would have been in a jolly twitter to see this old fellow waggling his finger at them," complained Charlie, squeezing out from his tight quarters, dusty and disgusted.

"I'm used to your pranks now, so I'm always on the watch and prepared. But I wont have Brother Bones made fun of. I know uncle would n't like it, so please don't," began Rose just as Dr. Alec came in, and, seeing the state of the case at a glance, he said quietly:

"Hear how I got that skeleton and then I'm sure you will treat it with respect."

The boys settled down at once on any article of furniture that was nearest and listened dutifully.

"Years ago when I was in the hospital, a poor fellow was brought there with a rare and very painful disease. There was no hope for him, but we did our best, and he was so grateful that when he died he left us his body that we might discover the mysteries of his complaint, and so be able to help others afflicted in the same way. It did do good, and his brave patience made us remember him long after he was gone. He thought I had been kind to him, and said to a fellow-student of mine: 'Tell the Doctor I love him me bones, for I've nothing else in the wide world, and I'll not be wanting 'em at all, at all, when the great pain has kilt me entirely.' So that is how they came to be mine, and why I've kept them carefully; for, though only a poor, ignorant fellow, Mike Nolan did what he could to help others, and prove his gratitude to those who tried to help him."

As Dr. Alec paused, Archie closed the door of the case as respectfully as if the mummy of an Egyptian king was inside; Will and Geordie looked solemnly at one another, evidently much impressed, and Charlie pensively remarked from the coal hod where he sat:

"I've often heard of a skeleton in the house, but I think few people have one as useful and as interesting as ours."

CHAPTER XX.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

ROSE made Phebe promise that she would bring her stocking into the "Bower," as she called her

pretty room, on Christmas morning, because that first delicious rummage loses half its charm if two little night-caps at least do not meet over the treasures, and two happy voices Oh and Ah together.

So when Rose opened her eyes that day, they fell upon faithful Phebe, rolled up in a shawl, sitting on the rug before a blazing fire, with her untouched stocking laid beside her.

"Merry Christmas!" cried the little mistress, smiling gayly.

"Merry Christmas," answered the little maid, so heartily that it did one good to hear her.

"Bring the stockings right away, Phebe, and let's see what we've got," said Rose, sitting up among the pillows, and looking as eager as a child.

A pair of long knobby hose were laid out upon the coverlet and their contents examined with delight, though each knew every blessed thing that had been put into the other's stocking.

Never mind what they were, it is evident that they were quite satisfactory, for as Rose leaned back, she said, with a luxurious sigh of satisfaction: "Now, I believe I've got everything in the world that I want," and Phebe answered, smiling over a lap-full of treasures: "This is the most splendid Christmas I ever had since I was born." Then, she added with an important air:

"Do wish for something else, because I happen to know of two more presents outside the door this minute."

"Oh, me, what richness!" cried Rose, much excited. "I used to wish for a pair of glass slippers like Cinderella's, but as I can't have them, I really don't know what to ask for."

Phebe clapped her hands as she skipped off the bed and ran to the door, saying merrily:

"One of them *is* for your feet anyway. I don't know what you'll say to the other, but I think it's elegant."

So did Rose, when a shining pair of skates and a fine sled appeared.

"Uncle sent those: I know he did, and now I see them, I remember that I did want to skate and coast. Is n't it a beauty? See! they fit nicely," and sitting on the new sled, Rose tried a skate on her little bare foot, while Phebe stood by admiring the pretty tableau.

"Now we must hurry and get dressed, for there is a deal to do to-day, and I want to get through in time to try my sled before dinner."

"Gracious me, and I ought to be dusting my parlors this blessed minute!" and mistress and maid separated with such happy faces that any one would have known what day it was without being told.

"Birnam Wood has come to Dunsinane, Rosy," said Dr. Alec, as he left the breakfast table to open

the door for a procession of holly, hemlock, and cedar boughs that came marching up the steps.

Snow-balls and "Merry Christmas!"s flew about pretty briskly for several minutes; then all fell to work trimming up the old house, for the family always dined together there on that day.

"I rode miles and mileses, as Ben says, to get this fine bit, and I'm going to hang it there as the last touch to the rig—a madooning," said Charlie, as he fastened a dull green branch to the chandelier in the front parlor.

"It is n't very pretty," said Rose, who was trimming the chimney-piece with glossy holly sprays.

"Never mind that, it's mistletoe, and any one who stands under it will get kissed whether they like it or not. Now's your time, ladies," answered the saucy Prince, keeping his place and looking sentimentally at the girls, who retired precipitately from the dangerous spot.

"You wont catch me," said Rose, with great dignity.

"See if I don't!"

"I've got my eye on Phebe," observed Will, in a patronizing tone that made them all laugh.

"Bless the dear; I sha'n't mind it a bit," answered Phebe, with such a maternal air that Will's budding gallantry was chilled to death.

"Oh, the mistletoe bough!" sang Rose.

"Oh, the mistletoe bough!" echoed all the boys, and the teasing ended in the plaintive ballad they all liked so well.

There was plenty of time to try the new skates before dinner, and then Rose took her first lesson on the little bay, which seemed to have frozen over for that express purpose. She found tumbling down and getting up again warm work for a time, but with six boys to teach her, she managed at last to stand alone; and satisfied with that success, she refreshed herself with a dozen grand coasts on the "Amazon," as her sled was called.

"Ah, that fatal color! it breaks my heart to see it," croaked Aunt Myra, as Rose came down a little late, with cheeks almost as ruddy as the holly berries on the wall, and every curl as smooth as Phebe's careful hands could make it.

"I'm glad to see that Alec allows the poor child to make herself pretty in spite of his absurd notions," added Aunt Clara, taking infinite satisfaction in the fact that Rose's blue silk dress had three frills on it.

"She is a very intelligent child and has a nice little manner of her own," observed Aunt Jane, with unusual affability; for Rose had just handed Mac a screen to guard his eyes from the brilliant fire.

"If I had a daughter like that to show my Jem when he gets home, I should be a very proud and

happy woman," thought Aunt Jessie, and then reproached herself for not being perfectly satisfied with her four brave lads.

Aunt Plenty was too absorbed in the dinner to have an eye for anything else; if she had not been, she would have seen what an effect her new cap produced upon the boys. The good lady owned that she did "love a dressy cap," and on this occasion her head-gear was magnificent; for the towering structure of lace was adorned with buff ribbons to such an extent, that it looked as if a flock of yellow butterflies had settled on her dear old head. When she trotted about the rooms the ruches quivered, the little bows all stood erect, and the streamers waved in the breeze so comically that it was absolutely necessary for Archie to smother the Brats in the curtains till they had had their first laugh out.

Uncle Mac had brought Fun See to dinner, and it was a mercy he did, for the elder lads found a vent for their merriment in joking the young Chinaman on his improved appearance. He was in American costume now, with a shaved head, and spoke remarkably good English after six months at school; but, for all that, his yellow face and beady eyes made a curious contrast to the blonde Campbells all about him. Will called him the "Typhoon," meaning Tycoon, and the name stuck to him to his great disgust.

Aunt Peace was brought down and set in the chair of state at table, for she never failed to join the family on this day, and sat smiling at them all "like an embodiment of Peace on earth," as Uncle Alec said, as he took his place beside her, while Uncle Mac supported Aunt Plenty at the other end.

"I ate hardly any breakfast, and I've done everything I know to make myself extra hungry, but I really don't think I *can* eat straight through, unless I burst my buttons off," whispered Geordie to Will, as he surveyed the bounteous stores before him with a hopeless sigh.

"A fellow never knows what he can do till he tries," answered Will, attacking his heaped up plate with the evident intention of doing his duty like a man.

Everybody knows what a Christmas dinner is, so we need waste no words in describing this one, but hasten at once to tell what happened at the end of it. The end, by the way, was so long in coming that the gas was lighted before dessert was over, for a snow flurry had come on and the wintery daylight faded fast. But that only made it all the jollier in the warm, bright rooms, full of happy souls. Every one was very merry, but Archie seemed particularly uplifted,—so much so, that Charlie confided to Rose that he was afraid the Chief had been at the decanters.

Rose indignantly denied the insinuation, for when healths were drunk in the good old-fashioned way to suit the elders, she had observed that Aunt Jessie's boys filled their glasses with water, and had done the same herself in spite of the Prince's jokes about "the rosy."

But, Archie certainly *was* unusually excited, and when some one remembered that it was the anniversary of Uncle Jem's wedding, and wished he was there to make a speech, his son electrified the family by trying to do it for him. It was rather incoherent and flowery, as maiden speeches are apt to be, but the end was considered superb; for, turning to his mother with a queer little choke in his voice, he said that she "deserved to be blessed with peace and plenty, to be crowned with roses and lads-love; to receive the cargo of happiness sailing home to her in spite of wind or tide; to add another Jem to the family jewels."

That allusion to the Captain, now on his return-trip, made Mrs. Jessie sob in her napkin, and set the boys cheering. Then, as if that was not sensation enough, Archie suddenly dashed out of the room as if he had lost his wits.

"Too bashful to stay and be praised," began Charlie, excusing the peculiarities of his chief as in duty bound.

"Phebe beckoned to him; I saw her," cried Rose, staring hard at the door.

"Is it more presents coming?" asked Jamie, just as his brother re-appeared looking more excited than ever.

"Yes; a present for mother, and here it is!" roared Archie, flinging wide the door to let in a tall man who cried out:

"Where's my little woman? The first kiss for her, then the rest may come on as fast as they like."

Before the words were out of his mouth, Mrs. Jessie was half hidden under his rough, great coat, and four boys were prancing about him clamoring for their turn. Of course, there was a joyful tumult for a time, during which Rose slipped into the window recess and watched what went on, as if it were a chapter in a Christmas story. It was good to see bluff Uncle Jem look proudly at his tall son, and fondly hug the little ones. It was better still to see him shake his brothers' hands as if he would never leave off, and kiss all the sisters in a way that made even solemn Aunt Myra brighten up for a minute. But it was best of all to see him finally established in grandfather's chair, with his "little woman" beside him, his three youngest boys in his lap, and Archie hovering over him like a large-sized cherub. That really was, as Charlie said, "A landscape to do one's heart good."

"All hearty and all here, thank God!" said Captain Jem in the first pause that came, as he looked about him with a grateful face.

"All but Rose," answered loyal little Jamie, remembering the absent.

"Faith, I forgot the child! Where is George's little girl?" asked the Captain, who had not seen her since she was a baby.

"You'd better say Alec's great girl," said Uncle Mac, who professed to be madly jealous of his brother.

"Here I am, sir," and Rose appeared from behind the curtains, looking as if she had rather have staid there.

"Saint George Germain, how the mite has grown!" cried Captain Jem, as he tumbled the boys out of his lap, and rose to greet the tall girl, like a gentleman as he was. But, somehow, when he shook her hand it looked so small in his big one and her face reminded him so strongly of his dead brother, that he was not satisfied with so cold a welcome, and with a sudden softening of the keen eyes he took her up in his arms, whispering with a rough cheek against her smooth one:

"God bless you, child! forgive me if I forgot you for a minute, and be sure that not one of your kinsfolk is happier to see you here than Uncle Jem."

That made it all right; and when he set her down, Rose's face was so bright it was evident that some spell had been used to banish the feeling of neglect that had kept her moping behind the curtain so long.

Then every one sat round and heard all about the voyage home. How the Captain had set his heart on getting there in time to keep Christmas; how everything had conspired to thwart his plan, and how at the very last minute he had managed to do it, and had sent a telegram to Archie, bidding him keep the secret, and be ready for his father at any moment, for the ship got into another port and he might be late.

Then, Archie told how that telegram had burnt in his pocket all dinner time; how he had to take Phebe into his confidence, and how clever she was to keep the Captain back till the speech was over, and he could come in with effect.

The elders would have sat and talked all the evening, but the young folks were bent on having their usual Christmas frolic; so, after an hour of pleasant chat, they began to get restless, and having consulted together in dumb show, they devised a way to very effectually break up the family council.

Steve vanished, and, sooner than the boys imagined Dandy could get himself up, the skirl of the bag-pipe was heard in the hall, and the

bonny piper came to lead Clan Campbell to the revel.

"Draw it mild, Stenie, my man; ye play unco weel, but ye makk a most infernal din," cried Uncle Jem, with his hands over his ears, for this accomplishment was new to him and "took him all aback," as he expressed it.

So Steve droned out a Highland reel as softly as he could, and the boys danced it to a circle of admiring relations. Captain Jem was a true sailor, however, and could not stand idle while anything lively was going on; so, when the piper's breath gave out, he cut a splendid pigeon-wing into the middle of the hall, saying: "Who can dance a Fore and After?" and waiting for no reply, began to whistle the air so invitingly that Mrs. Jessie "set" to him laughing like a girl; Rose and Charlie took their places behind, and away went the four with a spirit and skill that inspired all the rest to "cut in" as fast as they could.

That was a grand beginning, and they had many another dance before any one would own they were tired. Even Fun See distinguished himself with Aunt Plenty, whom he greatly admired as the stoutest lady in the company; plumpness being considered a beauty in his country. The merry old soul professed herself immensely flattered by his admiration, and the boys declared she "set her cap at him," else he would never have dared to catch her under the mistletoe, and rising on the tips of his own toes, gallantly salute her fat cheek.

How they all laughed at her astonishment, and how Fun's little black eyes twinkled over this exploit! Charlie put him up to it, and Charlie was so bent on catching Rose, that he laid all sorts of pitfalls for her, and bribed the other lads to help him. But Rose was wide-awake and escaped all his snares, professing great contempt for such foolish customs. Poor Phebe did not fare so well, and Archie was the one who took a base advantage of her as she stood innocently offering tea to Aunt Myra, whom she happened to meet just under the fatal bough. If his father's arrival had not rather upset him, I doubt if the dignified Chief would have done it, for he apologized at once in the handsomest manner, and caught the tray that nearly dropped from Phebe's hands.

Jamie boldly invited *all* the ladies to come and salute him; and as for Uncle Jem, he behaved as if the entire room was a grove of mistletoe. Uncle Alec slyly laid a bit of it on Aunt Peace's cap, and then softly kissed her; which little joke seemed to please her very much, for she liked to have part in all the home pastimes, and Alec was her favorite nephew.

Charlie alone failed to catch his shy bird, and the

oftener she escaped the more determined he was to ensnare her. When every other wile had been tried in vain, he got Archie to propose a game with forfeits.

"I understand that dodge," thought Rose, and

and resolve to "let Rose off easy," she had been so clever.

"Here's a very pretty pawn, and what shall be done to redeem it?" asked Steve, holding the pincushion over Charlie's head, for he had insisted on being judge, and kept that for the last.

"Fine or superfine?"

"Super."

"Hum, well, she shall take old Mac under the mistletoe and kiss him prettily. Wont he be mad though?"—and this bad boy chuckled over the discomfort he had caused two harmless beings.

There was an impressive pause among the young folks in their corner, for they all knew that Mac *would* "be mad," since he hated nonsense of this sort, and had gone to talk with the elders when the game began. At this moment he was standing before the fire, listening to a discussion between his uncles and his father, looking as wise as a young owl, and blissfully unconscious of the plots against him.

Charlie expected that Rose would say, "I wont!" therefore he was rather astonished, not to say gratified, when, after a look at the victim, she laughed suddenly, and, going up to the group of gentlemen, drew her *uncle* Mac under the mistletoe and surprised him with a hearty kiss.

"Thank you, my dear," said the innocent gentleman, looking much pleased at the unexpected honor.

"Oh, come; that's not fair," began Charlie. But Rose cut him short by saying, as she made him a fine courtesy:

"You said 'old Mac,' and though it was very disrespectful, I did it. That was your last chance, sir, and you've lost it."

He certainly had, for, as she spoke, Rose pulled down the mistletoe and threw it into the fire, while the boys jeered at the crest-fallen Prince, and exalted quick-witted Rose to the skies.

"What's the joke?" asked young Mac, waked out of a brown study by the laughter, in which the elders joined.

But there was a regular shout when, the matter having been explained to him, Mac took a meditative stare at Rose through his goggles, and said in a philosophical tone, "Well, I don't think I should have minded much if she *had* done it."

That tickled the lads immensely, and nothing but the appearance of a slight refection would have induced them to stop chaffing the poor Worm, who could not see anything funny in the beautiful resignation he had shown on this trying occasion.

Soon after this, the discovery of Jamie curled



FUN SEE AND AUNT PLENTY UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

was on her guard so carefully that not one among the pile soon collected belonged to her.

"Now let us redeem them and play something else," said Will, quite unconscious of the deeply laid plots all about him.

"One more round and then we will," answered the Prince, who had now baited his trap anew.

Just as the question came to Rose, Jamie's voice was heard in the hall crying distressfully, "Oh, come quick, quick!" Rose started up, missed the question and was greeted with a general cry of "Forfeit! forfeit!" in which the little traitor came to join.

"Now I've got her," thought the young rascal, exulting in his fun-loving soul.

"Now I'm lost," thought Rose, as she gave up her pincushion with a sternly defiant look that would have daunted any one but the reckless Prince. In fact, it made even him think twice,

up in the sofa corner, as sound asleep as a dormouse, suggested the propriety of going home, and a general move was made.

They were all standing about the hall lingering over the good-nights, when the sound of a voice softly singing "Sweet Home," made them pause and listen. It was Phebe, poor little Phebe, who never had a home, never knew the love of father or mother, brother or sister; who stood all alone in the wide world, yet was not sad nor afraid, but took her bits of happiness gratefully, and sung over her work without a thought of discontent.

I fancy the happy family standing there together remembered this and felt the beauty of it, for when the solitary voice came to the burden of its song, other voices took it up and finished it so sweetly, that the old house seemed to echo the word "Home" in the ears of both the orphan girls, who had just spent their first Christmas under its hospitable roof.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SCARE.

"BROTHER ALEC, you surely don't mean to allow that child to go out such a bitter cold day as this?" said Mrs. Myra, looking into the study, where the Doctor sat reading his paper, one February morning.

"Why not? If a delicate invalid like yourself can bear it, surely my hearty girl can, especially as *she* is dressed for cold weather," answered Dr. Alec with provoking confidence.

"But you have no idea how sharp the wind is. I am chilled to the very marrow of my bones," answered Aunt Myra, chafing the end of her purple nose with her somber glove.

"I don't doubt it, ma'am, if you *will* wear crape and silk instead of fur and flannel. Rosy goes out in all weathers, and will be none the worse for an hour's brisk skating."

"Well, I warn you that you are trifling with the child's health, and depending too much on the seeming improvement she has made this year. She is a delicate creature for all that, and will drop away suddenly at the first serious attack, as her poor mother did," croaked Aunt Myra, with a dependent wag of the big bonnet.

"I'll risk it," answered Dr. Alec, knitting his brows, as he always did when any allusion was made to that other Rose.

"Mark my words, you will repent it," and, with that awful prophecy, Aunt Myra departed like a black shadow.

Now it must be confessed that among the Doctor's faults—and he had his share—was a very masculine dislike of advice which was thrust upon him

unasked. He always listened with respect to the great aunts, and often consulted Mrs. Jessie; but the other three ladies tried his patience sorely, by constant warnings, complaints, and counsels. Aunt Myra was an especial trial, and he always turned contrary the moment she began to talk. He could not help it, and often laughed about it with comical frankness. Here now was a sample of it, for he had just been thinking that Rose had better defer her run till the wind went down and the sun was warmer. But Aunt Myra spoke, and he could not resist the temptation to make light of her advice, and let Rose brave the cold. He had no fear of its harming her, for she went out every day, and it was a great satisfaction to him to see her run down the avenue a minute afterward, with her skates on her arm, looking like a rosy-faced Esquimaux in her seal-skin suit, as she smiled at Aunt Myra stalking along as solemnly as a crow.

"I hope the child wont stay out long, for this wind *is* enough to chill the marrow in younger bones than Myra's," thought Dr. Alec, half an hour later, as he drove toward the city to see the few patients he had consented to take for old acquaintance' sake.

The thought returned several times that morning, for it *was* truly a bitter day, and, in spite of his bear-skin coat, the Doctor shivered. But he had great faith in Rose's good sense, and it never occurred to him that she was making a little Casabianca of herself, with the difference of freezing instead of burning at her post.

You see, Mac had made an appointment to meet her at a certain spot, and have a grand skating bout as soon as the few lessons he was allowed were over. She had promised to wait for him, and did so with a faithfulness that cost her dear, because Mac forgot his appointment when the lessons were done, and became absorbed in a chemical experiment, till a general combustion of gases drove him out of his laboratory. Then he suddenly remembered Rose and would gladly have hurried away to her, but his mother forbade his going out, for the sharp wind would hurt his eyes.

"She will wait and wait, mother, for she always keeps her word, and I told her to hold on till I come," explained Mac, with visions of a shivering little figure watching on the windy hill-top.

"Of course, your uncle wont let her go out such a day as this. If he does, she will have the sense to come here for you, or to go home again when you don't appear," said Aunt Jane, returning to her "Locke on the Mind."

"I wish Steve would just cut up and see if she's there, since I can't go," began Mac, anxiously.

"Steve wont stir a peg, thank you. He's got his own toes to thaw out, and wants his dinner,"

answered Dandy, just in from school, and wrestled impatiently with his boots. So Mac resigned himself, and Rose waited dutifully till dinner-time assured her that her waiting was in vain. She had done her best to keep warm, and skated till she was tired and hot, then stood watching others till she was chilled; tried to get a glow again by trotting up and down the road, but failed to do so, and finally cuddled disconsolately under a pine-tree to wait and watch. When at length started for home, she was numb with the cold, and could hardly make her way

her on the sofa rolled up in the bear-skin coat, with Phebe rubbing her cold feet while he rubbed the aching hands, and Aunt Plenty made a comfortable hot drink, and Aunt Peace sent down her own foot-warmer and embroidered blanket "for the dear."

Full of remorseful tenderness, Uncle Alec worked over his new patient till she declared she was all right again. He would not let her get up to dinner, but fed her himself, and then forgot his own while he sat watching her fall into a drowse, for Aunt Plenty's cordial made her sleepy.



ROSE'S DISCONSOLATE WATCH.

against the wind that buffeted the frost-bitten rose most unmercifully.

Dr. Alec was basking in the warmth of the study when, after his drive, when the sound of a stifled sob made him hurry to the door and look anxiously to the hall. Rose lay in a shivering bunch near the register, with her things half off, wringing her hands, and trying not to cry with the pain returning warmth brought to her half-frozen fingers.

"My darling, what is it?" and Uncle Alec had her in his arms, in a minute.

"Mac did n't come — I can't get warm — the fire makes me ache!" and with a long shiver Rose burst out crying, while her teeth chattered, and her poor little nose was so blue, it made one's heart ache to see it.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Dr. Alec had

She lay so several hours, for the drowse deepened into a heavy sleep, and Uncle Alec, still at his post, saw with growing anxiety that a feverish color began to burn in her cheeks, that her breathing was quick and uneven, and now and then she gave a little moan, as if in pain. Suddenly she woke up with a start, and seeing Aunt Plenty bending over her, put out her arms like a sick child, saying wearily: "Please, could I go to bed?"

"The best place for you, deary. Take her right up, Alec; I've got the hot water ready, and after a nice bath, she shall have a cup of my sage tea, and be rolled up in blankets to sleep off her cold," answered the old lady, cheerily, as she bustled away to give orders.

"Are you in pain, darling?" asked Uncle Alec, as he carried her up.

"My side aches when I breathe, and I feel stiff and queer; but it isn't bad, so don't be troubled, uncle," whispered Rose, with a little hot hand against his cheek.

But the poor Doctor did look troubled, and had cause to do so, for just then Rose tried to laugh at Dolly charging into the room with a warming-pan, but could not, for the sharp pain that took her breath away, and made her cry out.

"Pleurisy," sighed Aunt Plenty, from the depths of the bath-tub.

"Pewmonia!" groaned Dolly, burrowing among the bed-clothes with the long-handled pan, as if bent on fishing up that treacherous disease.

"Oh, is it bad?" asked Phebe, nearly dropping a pail of hot water in her dismay, for she knew nothing of sickness, and Dolly's suggestion had a peculiarly dreadful sound to her.

"Hush!" ordered the Doctor, in a tone that silenced all further predictions, and made every one work with a will.

"Make her as comfortable as you can, and when she is in her little bed, I'll come and say good-night," he added, when the bath was ready and the blankets browning nicely before the fire.

Then he went away to talk quite cheerfully to Aunt Peace about its being "only a chill;" after which he tramped up and down the hall, pulling his beard and knitting his brows, sure signs of great inward perturbation.

"I thought it would be too good luck to get through the year without a downfall. Confound my perversity! why could n't I take Myra's advice and keep Rose at home. It's not fair that the poor child should suffer for my sinful over-confidence. She shall *not* suffer for it! Pneumonia, indeed! I defy it!" and he shook his fist in the ugly face of an Indian idol that happened to be before him, as if that particularly hideous god had some spite against his own little goddess.

In spite of his defiance his heart sunk when he saw Rose again, for the pain was worse, and the bath and blankets, the warming-pan and piping-hot sage tea, were all in vain. For several hours there was no rest for the poor child, and all manner of gloomy forebodings haunted the minds of those who hovered about her with faces full of the tenderest anxiety.

In the midst of the worst paroxysm Charlie came to leave a message from his mother, and was met by Phebe coming despondently down stairs with a mustard plaster that had brought no relief.

"What the dickens is the matter? You look as dismal as a tombstone," he said, as she held up her hand to stop his lively whistling.

"Miss Rose is dreadfully sick."

"The deuce she is!"

"Don't swear, Mr. Charlie; she really is, and it's Mr. Mac's fault," and Phebe told the sad tale in a few sharp words, for she felt at war with the entire race of boys at that moment.

"I'll give it to him, make your mind easy about that," said Charlie, with an ominous doubling up of his fist. "But Rose is n't dangerously ill, is she?" he added anxiously, as Aunt Plenty was seen to trot across the upper hall, shaking a bottle violently as she went.

"Oh, but she is, though. The Doctor don't say much, but he don't call it a 'chill' any more. It's 'pleurisy' now, and I'm *so* afraid it will be *pewmonia* to-morrow," answered Phebe, with despairing glance at the plaster.

Charlie exploded into a stifled laugh at the new pronunciation of pneumonia, to Phebe's great indignation.

"How can you have the heart to do it, and shiver in such horrid pain? Hark to that and then laugh if you darst," she said with a tragic gesture, and her black eyes full of fire.

Charlie listened and heard little moans that went to his heart and made his face as sober as Phebe's. "Oh, uncle, please stop the pain and let me rest a minute! Don't tell the boys I was n't brave. I try to bear it, but it's so sharp I can't help crying!"

Neither could Charlie, when he heard the broken voice say that; but, boy-like, he would n't own it and said pettishly, as he rubbed his sleeve across his eyes:

"Don't hold that confounded thing right under my nose; the mustard makes my eyes smart."

"Don't see how it can, when it has n't any more strength in it than meal. The Doctor said so, and I'm going to get some better," began Phebe, now a bit ashamed of the great tears that were bedewing the condemned plaster.

"I'll go!" and Charlie was off like a shot glad of an excuse to get out of sight for a few minutes.

When he came back all inconvenient emotion had been disposed of, and, having delivered a box of the hottest mustard procurable for money he departed to "blow up" Mac, that being his next duty in his opinion. He did it so energetically and thoroughly, that the poor Worm was cast into the depths of remorseful despair, and went to bed that evening feeling that he was an outcast from among men, and bore the mark of Cain upon his brow.

Thanks to the skill of the Doctor, and the devotion of his helpers, Rose grew easier about midnight, and all hoped that the worst was over. Phebe was making tea by the study fire, for the

Doctor had forgotten to eat and drink since Rose was ill, and Aunt Plenty insisted on his having a good, cordial dish of tea" after his exertions. A tap on the window startled Phebe, and, looking up, she saw a face peering in. She was not afraid, but a second look showed her that it was neither a ghost nor burglar, but Mac, looking pale and wild in the wintery moonlight.

"Come and let a fellow in," he said in a low tone, and when he stood in the hall he clutched Phebe's arm, whispering gruffly, "How is Rose?" "Thanks be to goodness, she's better!" answered Phebe, with a smile that was like broad sunshine to the poor lad's anxious heart.

"And she will be all right again to-morrow?" "Oh, dear no. Dolly says she's sure to have epidemic fever, if she don't have noo-monia!" answered Phebe, careful to pronounce the word correctly this time.

Down went Mac's face, and remorse began to gnaw at him again as he gave a great sigh and said doubtfully: "I suppose I could n't see her?"

"Of course not at this time of night, when we want her to go to sleep!"

Mac opened his mouth to say something more, when a sneeze came upon him unawares, and a loud "Ah rash hoo!" awoke the echoes of the quiet house.

"Why did n't you stop it?" said Phebe, reproachfully, "I dare say you've waked her up."

"Did n't know it was coming. Just my luck!" groaned Mac, turning to go before his unfortunate presence did more harm.

But a voice from the stair-head called softly, "Mac, come up; Rose wants to see you." Up he went, and found his uncle waiting for him.

"What brings you here, at this hour, my boy?" asked the Doctor in a whisper.

"Charlie said it was all my fault, and if she died I'd killed her. I could n't sleep, so I came to see how she was, and no one knows it but Steve," he said with such a troubled face and voice that the Doctor had not the heart to blame him.

Before he could say anything more a feeble voice called "Mac!" and with a hasty "Stay a minute just to please her, and then slip away, for I want her to sleep," the Doctor led him into the room.

The face on the pillow looked very pale and childish, and the smile that welcomed Mac was very faint, for Rose was spent with pain, yet could not rest till she had said a word of comfort to her cousin.

"I knew your funny sneeze, and I guessed that you came to see how I did, though it is very late. Don't be worried. I'm better now, and it is my fault I was ill, not yours; for I need n't have been so silly as to wait in the cold just because I said I would."

Mac hastened to explain, to load himself with reproaches, and to beg her not to die on any account, for Charlie's lecture had made a deep impression on the poor boy's mind.

"I did n't know there was any danger of my dying," and Rose looked up at him with a solemn expression in her great eyes.

"Oh, I hope not; but people do sometimes go suddenly, you know, and I could n't rest till I'd asked you to forgive me," faltered Mac, thinking that Rose looked very like an angel already, with the golden hair loose on the pillow, and the meekness of suffering on her little white face.

"I don't think I shall die; uncle wont let me; but if I do, remember I forgave you."

She looked at him with a tender light in her eyes, and, seeing how pathetic his dumb grief was, she added softly, drawing his head down: "I would n't kiss you under the mistletoe, but I will now, for I want you to be sure I do forgive and love you just the same."

That quite upset poor Mac; he could only murmur his thanks and get out of the room as fast as possible, to grope his way to the couch at the far end of the hall, and lie there till he fell asleep, worn out with trying not to "make a baby" of himself.

(To be continued.)



TONY'S FIRST STILTS.



F. Beard

"I WILL WALK ON MY NEW STILTS."



"DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS QUITE THE WAY."



F.B.

"AM VERY SURE IT'S NOT."



"NOW I HAVE IT."



"HERE WE GO!"



A LITTLE MIXED.



"OH!"



EXIT TONY.

SOME QUEER DISHES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

PEOPLE often laugh at the French for eating dogs, and at the Chinese for liking young puppies; but neither of these tastes can be compared with some of the quaint dishes I have met in foreign lands.

For instance, what would you say to dining on an elephant's heart, baked, and garnished with a sauce made of monkey brains? Queer enough, you will think; but it is dainty fare, nevertheless; and steaks cut from the loin or breast of a young monkey are luscious beyond description. Even the huge, ungainly feet of the elephant, when broiled between bricks, in a hole under ground, furnish a repast fit for a king. And very few besides kings and their families, with occasionally a favored guest, ever get an opportunity of tasting such a delicacy as elephant-meat in any form; for in the East elephants are regarded as truly royal meats, and, living or dead, they are quite beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. All along the Malabar coast, and in very many of the Malayan islands, as well as in Burmah and China, "pig-rats" and "coffee-rats" are abundant, and in high repute among epicures. They are not the ordinary "house-rat," nor the Norwegian "wharf-rat" known among us; but an entirely different species, growing often to a length of nearly two feet, and weighing from two to three pounds. They look very like our hares and squirrels, are said to be cleanly, grain-eating animals, and furnish, either boiled or curried, a most luscious repast.

But for the name, I would have gladly feasted on the tender, juicy meat, that looked sweet as a nut, and sent forth a very appetizing aroma. But the thought of eating rat-meat always took away my desire for food; though I have been assured by kings and princes who had all manner of dainties at command, that it was impossible for any one to conceive of a more delicate or dainty tit-bit than the breast of a broiled rat!

When dining, on one occasion, at the palace of an Oriental Prince, after tasting of sundry unknown dishes, I chanced upon one that specially suited my palate, and partook of it quite freely. I presently inquired the ingredients of the savory *frittissée* that had so pleased me, and learned, to my unutterable horror, that I had been eating a repast of ants' eggs! I lost my relish for the meal, but I learned the wisdom of not asking, in

future, the name of any dish I happened to fancy at Oriental tables. Among the Hottentots and some other African tribes, the *termites*, or white ants, are esteemed both palatable and nutritious. They boil them, eat them raw, or toast them as we do coffee. The last mode is considered the best, and, thus prepared, they are said to resemble sugared cream or sweet almonds.

Dr. Livingstone mentions a Bayeyi chief who visited him and remained to dinner. The Doctor, after regaling his guest with preserved apricots and other dainties,—a fresh installment just received from the coast,—inquired of him whether the African country could boast any better food. "Only white ants," was the prompt reply. "Nothing is *quite* so good as white ants."

Palm-grubs and various kinds of slugs are eaten nearly all over the East; as are bees, grasshoppers, and even spiders, in some localities,—not because other food is scarce, but because people like those queer-looking and queer-tasting dishes.

The Greeks of the olden time used to eat grasshoppers; and the Chinese occasionally convert into dainty dishes for their tables, the chrysalis of the silk-worm. The negroes of several of the West India Islands eat butterflies and moths. They catch the insects in large quantities by means of nets, remove the wings, then dry and smoke the bodies, and finally, after beating them to a fine powder, pack away in jars to be used as a relish during the Winter.

We read in the Bible, that the food of John the Baptist was "locusts and wild honey." A great deal of pains has been taken by commentators to prove that it was not what we call locusts, but the fruit of the wild carob-tree, that John ate with the honey that he found in the wilderness where he lived.

But I do not think that any one who has traveled in Arabia, or found rest and shelter in an Arab's tent, and been a guest at his hospitable board, would thus judge of what the Bible means by "locusts." In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and all that region of country, locusts—genuine, *bonâ-fide* locusts—have been eaten from remote antiquity; and to this day, they form an important item of the food used by the common people. The Bedouins collect them in immense quantities, and, after a partial drying, pack them in sacks. Then at their convenience, when the season for collecting

is over, they steam the insects in close vessels over a hot fire, winnow them in broad baskets to remove the legs and wings, and then pulverize between flat stones. When wanted for food, they are only moistened with a little water, just as the Arabs do in preparing their date-flour, and then the repast is all ready.

The Turks eat locusts in the same way, and by very many other Orientals they are regarded as the choicest of dainties.

The Moors boil or fry them, seasoning with salt, pepper, and vinegar; and they pronounce them even superior to quails and pigeons. The Hot-tentots make from the eggs a delicious soup; they also roast the locusts over a slow fire, and eat them as we do caramels or bon-bons. Dr. Livingstone says he used them at first from necessity, when deprived of all other food; "but, strange to say, grew daily more fond of them, and at last preferred them to shrimps or oysters."

In Peter Martyn's account of the voyages of Columbus, he alludes to the disgust of the Spaniards when urged by the Indians at St. Domingo to partake of their boasted delicacy, the iguana. The Spaniards mistook the odd-looking reptile for a species of serpent, and hence rejected it with horror; but, like many a tourist in the strange, far-off lands of the East, they lived to change their minds. Martyn says quaintly:

"These serpentes are lyke unto crocodiles save in bygness. Unto that daye, none of our men durste adventure to taste them, by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and loathsomeness. Yet the Adalantado, being entyced by the pleasantness of the King's sister, Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felt the flesh thereof to be so delycate to his tongue, he fel to amain, without all feare. The which thyng his companions seeing, were not behynd hym in greedynesse, insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they affirme to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partriches."

Of the delicious birds'-nest soup eaten in China, everybody has heard, but everybody has not been privileged to partake of that most delectable of all Oriental dainties. The nests are formed of the secretions of a species of swallow, called by naturalists *Hirundo esculenta*, because their dwellings are eaten. These birds are common on most of the islands of the Indian Archipelagoes, but their head-quarters are Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. They build their nests over shelving rocks, in places that would seem to be inaccessible to man.

But such is the demand for this dainty, and so high its market value, that hundreds of men

spend their whole lives in the perilous work of collecting the nests from deep caverns, by torch light, and overhanging rocks, frightful cliffs, and precipices, such as make the head grow dizzy even to think of, and whence the slightest loss of footing must prove fatal to the adventurer. Multitudes of others are constantly employed in separating with delicate tweezers the feathers and other impurities from the gelatinous portion of the nests and in washing and drying them in preparation for the market.

The bird makes its first nest of a gelatine produced from its own body, without any foreign admixture; but when deprived of this, being unable to secrete a sufficient quantity of the glue for another, he mixes in the second a considerable portion of sticks, feathers, and dried grass, thus rendering the nest far less desirable for edible purposes.

Again, however, the rapacious hunter, lying in wait for his prey, turns out the homeless bird, and bears off the prize; and when, for the third time the little architect rears his home, it is composed almost entirely of stubble, with the slightest possible admixture of gelatine.

This last nest being comparatively worthless for food, the poor little builder is ordinarily allowed to retain possession, and rears its family without farther molestation. The nests are about the size of a small tea-cup, and an eighth of an inch in thickness, weighing scarcely half an ounce each.

The first nests collected are of a pure cream whiteness, and bring readily twice their own weight in silver dollars. These require little cleansing, only to be dried and packed; but the second gathering must be carefully picked over and thoroughly washed. The nests thus losing their original lusciousness, their market value is proportionately diminished, and they sell for about eighteen or twenty dollars per pound,—the poorest as low as six or eight. Even the *third* nests are occasionally taken, but they bring a mere trifle and are only used by those whose epicurean taste exceed the length of their purses.

Whole streets in Canton are occupied by the preparers and venders of birds'-nests; and about a million and a-half of dollars are annually expended by the Chinese in the purchase of this dainty, which, when rendered into soup or jelly the Celestial regards as the most delectable of food.

The nests are first soaked in water, then boiled to a jelly, and finally, swimming in a rich gravy composed of the expressed juice of the coconut with various spices and condiments, they are placed on the table,—a rich, pulpy mass, and truly delicious.

SEWING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.



STITCH and stitch, my little maid,
 Dainty apron, comely gown;
 Neatly let each hem be laid,
 Firmly fold the edges down.

Stitch and stitch, and dream and dream,
 Push the needle through and through;
 All along the lengthening seam
 Stitch the happy fancies too.

Finely fashion every fold,
 Deftly stitch the pocket in;
 Weave the loop the hook to hold,
 Leave no place for envious pin.

Crisp and dainty, spotless white,
 Stitch the ruffle in its place,
 While sweet thoughts and fancies bright
 Come and go upon your face.

Stretch the canvas clean and fair,
 Wind your wools,—the task begin;
 Trace your pretty pattern there,
 Stitch and stitch and stitch it in.

Small and smaller grows the skein;
 On the canvas blooms the rose;
 In the busy little brain
 Fast the airy castle grows.

Braid the border straight and neat;
 In and out the needle goes—
 Leaf and bud and flower complete;
 Still the stream of fancy flows.

Stitch and stitch! oh, life is sweet!
 Life is sweet and hope is strong;
 Fancy free and fingers fleet,
 Days can never be too long.



MRS. POPE AND THE BEAR.

BY FRANKLIN B. GAGE.

"YOU must look out for the sheep, wife. These warm days will bring the bears out of their dens. They will be ravenous, and like as not they will break into the yard and carry off some of the sheep. I saw bear tracks up the mountain this morning."

"Well," said Mrs. Pope, "they need n't expect to get any of our sheep. If they come prowling round here, I'll drive them off in some way. We need the sheep too much to have them carried off by bears."

"I wish you understood using the gun, wife. When I am gone, I worry about leaving you and the baby all day alone. The woods are so near, I can't help thinking some wild animals may come down from the mountains and attack you."

"You need n't fear about that," answered Mrs. Pope. "To be sure it is lonesome with neither man nor dog about. I presume I should feel safer if I understood handling a gun, but I don't believe anything will come near in the day-time. So don't worry about us, only be sure to get home before dusk."

"Well, good-bye, then. Don't expose the baby or yourself to any danger, and I'll be back before night."

So saying, Mr. Pope, with a bag of grain on his horse, started off to mill, leaving his wife and baby alone in their solitary log cabin in the wilderness.

This conversation occurred in the town of Kirby, Vermont, in the Spring of the year 1811, when that region was but little settled, when even women understood they were in constant peril from wild beasts. Jesse Pope's cabin stood close to the foot of the Kirby mountains, in whose rocky fastnesses bears, catamounts and wolves had their inaccessible dens. Bears, especially, were so thick as to be a source of constant dread to those who had flocks, or were compelled to leave their homes unprotected, while they went to the larger settlements on necessary business.

Mrs. Pope fully understood the peril that surrounded her during her husband's absence. Her cheerful talk with her husband was not mere bravado. She said what she did, as much to keep her own spirits up as to dispel her husband's anxiety. She knew that he must go to the mill, and there was no way for her but to stay at home and be as brave as possible. She was a brave woman. Nature had endowed her with courage, and the surroundings of her early life had all tended to foster and strengthen it. She fully understood

her situation, and when her husband passed out of sight she knew she and her baby were alone in the great wilderness, beyond the reach of help, should anything serious occur. But she had always lived in the wilderness. The howl of the wolf and the growl of the bear were familiar sounds to her, and she had become accustomed to a lonely life in the woods. So, instead of shutting herself in the house, she went on with her work as usual.

After the breakfast dishes were washed and put away, she brought out her little "linen wheel" and went to spinning flax. They must have clothes for Summer wear, and that was the season to spin and weave, before the Summer fully set in. I can remember my mother and her spinning-wheel, and I can imagine just how Mrs. Pope looked, sitting with one foot on the treadle. I can hear the buzz of the wheel as it flew round; I can see just how often she dipped her fingers in the little cup of water, as she drew out the fibers of flax, and dexterously shaped the strong symmetrical thread, in a manner that would astonish modern housewives.

All the long forenoon her musical wheel kept humming its pleasant tune, stopping only now and then as its mistress either crowed to the baby in the cradle, or looked out to see that no wild animals were prowling about. Noon came and went, and nothing disturbed them. The baby in the cradle went off to sleep, and she kept on with her work. After a time she rose and looked out again. This time she saw an astounding sight! Coming down the mountain side from the woods, she beheld a full-grown bear, not a hundred yards distant. He was on his way to the yard where the sheep were in fold, and she knew he was after the sheep. She had a gun, but that would not avail anything, for she had never learned to use it. She had an axe, but she knew an axe to be a poor weapon to fight a bear with. The next thing she thought of was a pitchfork. Their few sheep were a treasure to the family. All their Winter clothing was to come from the sheep, and now that they were in peril, she was aroused to instant action. The one absorbing thought of saving the sheep banished all sense of personal danger. Instead of shutting herself up in the house she darted out and closed the door after her lest anything should molest the baby. Then running into the log barn, she snatched up the pitchfork, ran around the barn, and planted herself directly in the bear's path.

brandishing her pitchfork and screaming at him, he attempted to scare him back to the woods. But the bear was ravenous with hunger, and he came straight down the hill at her, showing his

Mrs. Pope plunged both tines of the fork into the bear's side, where she supposed the heart to be. Either good fortune, or the hand of Providence, directed the weapon, for one of the tines passed



"SHE SNATCHED UP THE PITCHFORK AND PLANTED HERSELF DIRECTLY IN THE BEAR'S PATH."

teeth and growling fiercely. As he approached and sprang toward her, Mrs. Pope dodged and dealt him a blow, the iron ring of the fork striking him exactly on the end of the nose. The shock stunned the bear for an instant, and during that one instant, with almost superhuman strength,

clear through the bear's heart, and he fell over dead, leaving her not only victorious, but unharmed. After the excitement of the contest was over, Mrs. Pope went back to the house, shuddering at the extremity of peril she had been in. But after a time her nervousness passed off, and she

went on with her work again, and so the afternoon wore away.

At length, when the sun was about an hour high, she saw her husband emerge from the woods near the house. She left her spinning-wheel, and, with the baby in her arms, met him at the door as if nothing unusual had occurred.

As he came up to the door leading the horse with one hand, and holding on the bag of flour with the other, he spoke out :

"Well, wife, I am thankful nothing has happened to you while I was gone. I suppose it was foolish, but I could n't help worrying all the time."

"I don't know as it was foolish, husband. But hitch the horse, and bring the bag in. I want to talk with you."

When the bag was deposited in the house, Mrs. Pope said. "So you were nervous about us then?"

"Yes. I don't remember ever being so nervous before in all my life."

"Well, husband, I was nervous too. I could n't help thinking what could I do, if a bear should come down from the mountain after the sheep."

"Why, common sense would tell you what to do; shut the door, take care of yourself and baby, and let the sheep go."

"Do you think so, husband?"

"Of course I do. What else could you have done?"

"You will see if you go out behind the barn and look."

"Behind the barn! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Go and look behind the barn."

Mr. Pope started out in the greatest wonder, while the wife buried her face in the baby's apron, to smother the womanly tears she could no longer restrain.

To his utter astonishment Mr. Pope found the dead bear behind the barn, with the pitchfork sticking in its side.

When he went in and heard the whole story from his wife, he fully realized that something had happened in his absence, and that he had more reason than ever to be thankful.

I am indebted to the wife of James Harris, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, for this history of Mrs. Pope's encounter with the bear. Mrs. Harris's father—Rev. Timothy Locke—lived not far from Mr. Pope's house at the time. Mrs. Harris still distinctly remembers seeing the bear's skin nailed on the outside of the barn, where it remained all Summer, while Mrs. Pope became famous throughout the neighborhood for her heroism.

A LONDON CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE poorer classes of London children are not travelers as a rule, and their excursions do not often extend farther than a few miles. A trip made on one of the steamers that carry passengers a short distance for a penny is considered an important and delightful outing, while a whole day's sail is something never to be forgotten. A favorite holiday journey is to Kew, where the finest botanic gardens in England are situated, and when you happen to be in London I should advise you to make this trip, as it is a pleasure in itself, and will also enable you to see how the children there enjoy themselves.

The starting-point is at the London Bridge which is so old in story and history. The Thames here is shallow, black, sluggish and narrow. You can almost throw a stone across it, and it is not easy to think of it as the great stream about which you have read so much. Large vessels cannot

ascend so far, as the water is not deep enough, but you can see a forest of masts in the extensive docks lower down. The river steamboats are moored at a little pier under one side of the bridge. They are bits of side-wheelers, not much larger than the tow-boats of America, and not much handsomer. The only accommodations for passengers are a few uncovered wooden benches on deck and a gloomy little cabin below. They are built of iron and painted black or gray. In shape—or in model, as a sailor would say—they are pretty enough, and they look as though they might be swift; but they have no other element of beauty.

Comparisons between friends are odious, but I really wonder what a young Londoner would think were he to see one of our small river-boats on the Thames—say the "Sylvan Glen" of the Harlem line, or the "Pomona" of the Staten Island line. Perhaps he might imagine it to be a part of the

Lord Mayor's show,—a pageant that occurs once a year,—out of date. He certainly would not suppose that a craft of such elegance could be intended for the common traffic of a ferry.

You buy your tickets at an office on the pier, as a warning bell hastens you on board. The captain stands on a bridge between the paddle-boxes. Underneath there is a small boy, with a very old-fashioned face, who seems to be paying diligent attention to nothing in particular. But at a motion of the captain's hand, without lifting his eyes, he draws out to a man on the lower-deck, "Ahead, half-speed!" and you can feel the paddle-wheels revolving. You expect to see some one boxing his ears the next moment for misleading the engineer; but he still sits on the grating of the boiler-house, solemnly contemplating the knots in the planks. Again the captain raises his hand. "Full spe-e-e-d!" the small boy screams, and the engine goes faster at his command. By and by you begin to understand that he belongs to the boat, and is a substitute for a bell, and you cannot help admiring the modesty with which he comports himself.

As the boat shoots under the arches and up the river, the bridge comes into view—the busiest place in all busy London. About eight thousand people on foot and nine hundred vehicles pass over it every hour in the day. The rumble of the traffic as it comes to us on the boat is like the roll of distant thunder. I can compare it to nothing else, trite as the simile is. In the background you can see the Tower, in which offenders of the Government were imprisoned in the barbarous times of old; and Billingsgate, the largest fish-market in the world. The dealers and their customers are notorious for the use of bad language, and the word "Billingsgate" is commonly accepted in writing and conversation as meaning abuse or profanity.

The bridge has been rebuilt several times, and the present one cost ten millions of dollars in gold; so you may imagine how substantial it is. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were stores on each side, with arbors and gardens, and at the south end there was a queer wooden house, brought from Holland, which was covered with carving and gilding. In the middle ages it was the scene of affrays of all kinds, and it was burned down several times, three thousand persons perishing in one fire alone. The heads of rebels were stuck on the gate-houses, among others those of Jack Cade, and of Garnet, who was concerned in the gunpowder plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The heads of good Sir Thomas More, brave Wallace of Scotland, and the pious Bishop of Rochester were also placed there, and until a comparatively recent date such ghastly trophies glanced down on the passers-by. They were fastened on iron spikes, and in a gale

of wind they sometimes rolled to the ground or into the water.

Three hundred and fifteen years ago the Lord Mayor of London was Sir William Hewet. Hewet lived in a house on the bridge, and had an infant daughter named Anne. The current of the Thames was then very strong, as there was a fall of several feet underneath the arches. One day a nurse was playing with baby Anne at a window overlooking the river, and in a careless moment she let her little charge fall. A young apprentice named Osborne plunged into the boiling stream after her, and with great difficulty saved her, thus earning the life-long gratitude of his master, the Lord Mayor. Anne grew to be a beautiful woman, and, as her father was very wealthy, many noblemen, including earls and baronets, sought her hand. But she loved Osborne the best, and to all other suitors her father said: "No; Osborne won her and Osborne shall have her." So he did, and he afterward became the first Duke of Leeds.

Hogarth and other celebrated painters once lived on London Bridge. Alexander Pope, the poet, and Jonathan Swift, who wrote "Gulliver's Travels," were often to be found at the store of a witty bookseller in the Northern Gate; and a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS might be filled with anecdotes of the famous people who have been associated with its history. But for us this glimpse must be sufficient.

The little steamer moves slowly up the river, and soon passes under another bridge. As you approach, you wonder how she will do it, as her smoke-stack—or funnel, as the English people call it—is too high to allow her passage. The next moment you see it thrown back on a line with the deck, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke drifts from its mouth among the ladies and children on the seats at the stern. As soon as she is clear of the bridge, it is raised again by some invisible machinery worked below. It is like the blade of a penknife opening and shutting. You are a little startled when you first see it coming down upon you, but you are quickly re-assured by the unconcern of the others, to whom it is no mystery. The masts of the barges on the river are worked in the same way. When a bridge is near, one of the boatmen turns a crank and the mast is seen to fall gradually back until it is parallel with the deck. When the bridge is passed, the crank lifts it into position again.

Most of these barges, by the by, are in striking contrast with the surroundings of the river. They are lavishly painted in the gaudiest colors—red, yellow and green being a favorite combination; and the cabin windows are usually draped with a trim bit of muslin, which indicates the presence of

a woman. The other vessels, the small-boats and the ferry-boats included, are black and dreary, and on the southern side of the river a line of smoky warehouses and a strip of black mud add to the cheerlessness of the scene.

The steamer plods yet farther on, occasionally stopping at a pier, where a few passengers are landed and a few others received. The small boy is closely attentive to the movements of the captain's hand the while, lustily calling "Slow 'er!" or "Stop-per!" as it is raised or lowered, and never moving from his perch on the gratings of the engine-room.

Not very long ago, the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster was lined on both sides with tumble-down old stores and houses, which gave it a miserably shabby appearance. A wonderful improvement is being made, however, in the construction of an ornamental embankment of stone, which is already completed for a distance of about two miles. It has a fine road-way for vehicles and a promenade for walkers, sheltered by an avenue of trees; and when it is entirely finished, it will be one of the finest public works in the world. It is called the Victoria Embankment, in honor of the Queen; and at Chelsea, a part of London at which we shall arrive by and by, there is another similar embankment on the opposite side of the river, which is called the Albert Embankment, in honor of her husband, the good Prince Consort, who died some years ago.

Near where the Victoria Embankment begins is the Temple, with its beautiful gardens and old brick houses and church. It was the residence of the Knights Templars, who fought so valorously in the Crusades against the infidels of the East. They first came to England from Jerusalem in the year 1128, and they called themselves "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon."

When out of battle, they lived the lives of monks, and passed their time in prayer and self-mortification. They were forbidden to talk aloud, jest, or receive or write letters without the consent of a master. When traveling, they were required to lodge only with men of the best repute, and to keep a light burning all night, "lest the dark enemy, from whom God preserve us, should find some opportunity."

In time these monkish knights grew rich, proud, and corrupt, and eventually they were put down. Their monastery then became—and it still remains—a great residence for lawyers and literary men. Among those who have occupied it are notable people without number, including Congreve, the old play-writer; Sir William Blackstone, who wrote the best commentary on the English laws; Edmund

Burke, the brilliant orator; Dr. Samuel Johnson, the dictionary-maker; Charles Lamb, the essayist; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the wittiest man of his time, author of the "School for Scandal;" and the three poets Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, and William Cowper.

These are only a few well-known names, which I have selected at random, from the long list of celebrities who have inhabited the Temple at different times. I ought not to omit mention of Butler, who lived here and who wrote "Hudibras," nor of a pretty little fountain in the gardens, which Charles Dickens beautifully described in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the noblest religious buildings in existence, is in view about three miles behind, and we are fast nearing Westminster. We pass under many bridges of the most varied design, some of them built of painted and gilded iron, and others built of stone on solid arches black with age and dirt. On both sides there are thick clusters of houses and warehouses, towering above which a palace or a public building is occasionally seen. A pall of smoke floats above all, and the sunlight is subdued and yellow.

The Houses of Parliament—the House of Commons and the House of Lords—stand close by the river at Westminster, with the Abbey in the rear. Probably you will be more pleased with them than with the other buildings that you have seen in London. For, while they are large and imposing, they have a sort of airy grace, which is produced by numerous towers, spires, and abundant scroll-work. To what can I compare them? They seem so finely wrought that they might be woven of lace instead of stone, and they realize all one's ideas of a palace, even of a fairy palace. At night, too, when the Parliament is in session and all the windows stream forth light, they are still more beautiful and still more inviting to the fancy. The interior is also exquisitely grand; and this is the great legislative hall where the Queen, the Lords and Commoners meet in council to frame laws for the people.

Westminster Abbey is a much older and nobler building than the Houses of Parliament. Within its walls rest the remains or monuments of all those Englishmen who have distinguished themselves by brave deeds in peace and war. "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" cried Lord Nelson in entering one of his sea-fights, and he echoed a common ambition. Burial in this sacred place is the highest honor that can be paid to an Englishman, and it is only allowed to the greatest. At one side there is a small space called the "Poets' Corner," containing the fresh grave of Charles Dickens. Silent neighbors to him are the memorials or remains

of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Camden, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Handel, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Macaulay, Thackeray, Palmerston, and others no less famous in history and literature. Another part of the abbey is divided into ten chapels, within which repose the kings, queens and princes; and the transepts and aisles also shelter illustrious dead.

The landings of the steamer are made with scarcely a minute's delay. A plank is thrown between the deck and the pier. Passengers step on

no doubt; for palace is a grand and promising word, exciting to the imagination. But this, like the other palaces of London, is a very ordinary-looking building, and you can scarcely decide whether it is not as ugly as the Millbank Prison, with its eight thousand criminals, on the opposite side.

After Lambeth, the next stopping-place is Chelsea, where we change boats for Kew. A row of old-fashioned houses fronts the river, and one of them is the home of the great writer, Thomas Carlyle. The place is most famed, however, for its buns, which are sold at all the confectioneries in England. They are not like other buns, and they contain no currants. They are richer, sweeter, softer, and altogether more palatable. You should see their color too. It is bright yellow within, and a delicate brown without. In the center of each there is a dainty bit of citron, and the crust is generously sprinkled with sparkling grains of crystallized sugar. As for myself, I have outgrown my taste for confectionery, but I cannot resist these superb Chelsea buns—they are so wholesome, and, withal, so delicious.

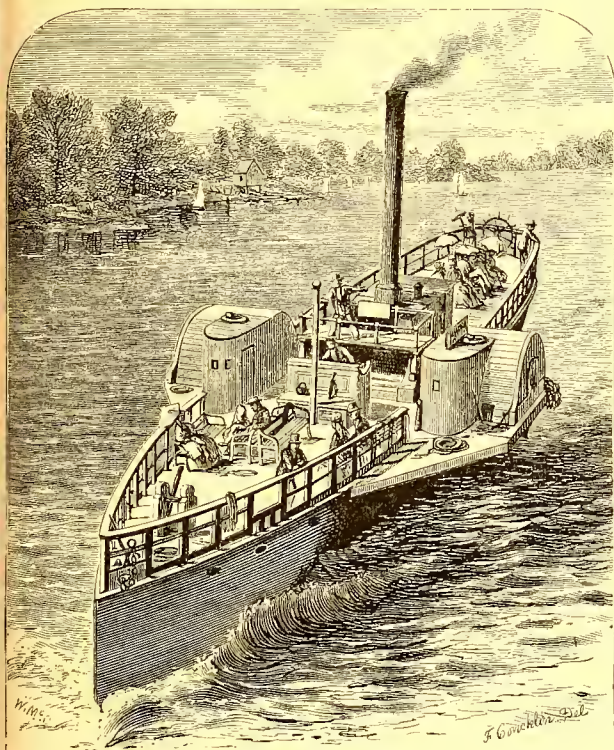
We resume our voyage in another steamer, different from the London Bridge boat in name only. Another small boy sits under the bridge to convey the captain's orders to the engineer, and he, like our old friend, is of a silent and retiring disposition. The wonder is that, though he is reading a story-paper all the while, he never misses a movement of the captain's hand and never fails to chirp "Stop-per!" "Slow'er!" as alertly as though his whole mind was in his business. His bright eyes seem centered on the paper, but

board or ashore without hurry or confusion. "Go ahead!" the small boy shouts, and we start into the stream again at full speed. This is one of the things they manage better in London than in America. People do not try to jump on board after the steamer has started, nor to jump ashore before she has arrived, and so there are few accidents and delays.

Near Lambeth Bridge, on the southern bank of the river, there is a stone building which looks half like a castle and half like a fort, and which is neither. It is Lambeth Palace, formerly a place of confinement for heretics and now used as the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. You are much disappointed with its appearance,

he has a corner, I suppose, reserved especially for the man on the bridge.

Our fellow-passengers are changed. Only two or three of those who came with us on the first boat remain. The others, including several little Londoners in holiday dress, arrived at Chelsea earlier, and were waiting. Some musicians, with a violin, harp and flute, have also joined the company, and strike up a lively tune as we approach a more beautiful part of the Thames. For a short distance the boat steams between two muddy shores; then we see a green field, and, farther on, some trees. Soon afterward we are in a lovely country, beyond the smoke and toil of the city. On the banks of the river, set back among the



THE THAMES STEAMBOAT.

woods, are the villas of wealthy people, with picturesque boat-houses and velvet-like lawns reaching to the water's edge. Occasionally we hear the tap-tap of a hammer, and pass a boat-builder's yard, where some workmen are repairing a sharp-looking scull. Next we come to Putney, the starting-point in the annual boat-race between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, which is celebrated the world over, and attracts such a crowd of spectators as can only be seen in London. Swift rowing-boats, pulled by splendid fellows in fancily colored dress, shoot by us, and yonder are two boys making life happy in a tiny canoe.

Between Putney and Mortlake the river is given almost entirely to aquatic sports. There are many pretty boat-houses on the banks, with fleets of cedar sculls before each. It was here that the Americans from Harvard College were defeated in a contest with the Oxford men; and here, too, exciting swimming and rowing matches take place nearly every day in Summer. The villages on the route are composed of queer old houses built among sweetbrier and honeysuckle. The roofs are covered with warm red tiles, and the walls are white, with lattice-work porches by the doors. Near

Hammersmith, one of the quaintest of these quaint villages, Thomson wrote his poem, the "Seasons," and in the same neighborhood George Macdonald, the novelist, has a home.

About three-quarters of an hour after our departure from Chelsea we are landed at Kew. Close to the pier there are tea-gardens without number, each displaying a sign, "Tea for ninepence" and "Hot water." It is in these tea-gardens that the London children will end their holiday. Their parents have brought heavy baskets filled with eatables, and, when they have inspected the botanic gardens, they will come here to feast. The landlord supplies hot water, chairs and tables, charging twopence (or four cents) for each person; and the visitors supply their own food. Of course all visitors do not follow this plan. There are fashionable hotels in Kew at which eight shillings (or two dollars) are charged for dinner. But such people as we saw on the boat—the mechanics with their wives and children—will surely do so, and you may be certain that they will enjoy themselves. In the evening they will return to the city by the third-class train, and will not have another holiday, perhaps, for a year.

THE CYCLOPS.

BY MARY TREAT.

THE Cyclops is a tiny animal, very common, found in all of our fresh-water ponds and stagnant pools. It is about the sixteenth of an inch in length, easily discernible to the naked eye. It belongs to the great class of animals called *crustacea*, of which the lobster and crab are familiar examples. The *crustacea* carry their bones outside of their bodies. What a nice arrangement this is, to be enveloped in a bony coat-of-mail! The crustaceans ought to be a happy race of animals to have their bodies so well protected against the dangers which surround them. With us the order is reversed. Our bones are covered with flesh, and we have to be very careful what we handle, and where we step with our naked feet. But we are supposed to know more than the crustaceans, and the more we know the more difficulties are placed around us, as if to try us, to see how much we can overcome.

The Cyclops is an active, nimble creature, and under the microscope looks very pretty. It has

two pairs of feathery *antennae*, and five pairs of feet with tufts of plumose hairs set at each joint, and a long tail terminating in bristles.

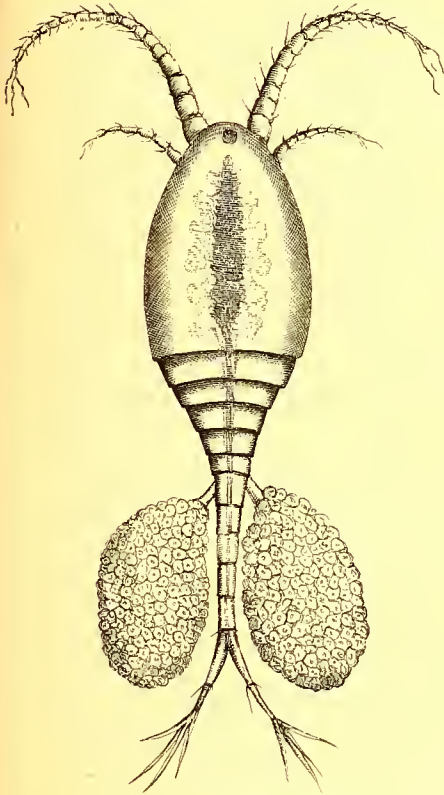
It has one eye set in the center of the forehead, like the wicked giants of mythology, after whom our tiny Cyclops is named. This eye is a marvel of skill and wonderful workmanship, far exceeding in elaborate construction the eye of insects. It is composed of a number of simple eyes set on a footstalk and placed under a shining, glassy cornea, and a great many muscle-bands are attached to this compound eye, so that the animal can move it about in any direction. The footstalk is movable on a hinge, so that the eye can be projected or withdrawn at pleasure; and when the animal is tired of looking about, it can pack its eye away in a little hollow prepared expressly for the purpose.

I hope my readers will duly appreciate the "portrait" of the Cyclops, for I exhausted a good deal of patience and considerable time in catching the

active creature. For several months past I have had a large colony of them in a vessel of water, with growing plants, on my study-table; but, for all that I can see, they are just as wild as when first brought here. The other evening I undertook to capture the original of this portrait, and such a time as I had! That large eye would roll about in

with it the animals that happened to be in the vicinity; but the Cyclops did not happen to be one of the animals caught. As quick as thought she had rushed from danger. I repeated this several times until my patience was gone, and now I thought I would try the unscientific method of using a tea-spoon; so I slipped the bowl of the spoon under the Cyclops, and brought it up quickly, and there she was in the spoon. I now transferred her to what we call a live-box. The framework of this box is composed of brass, and the upper and lower surface is clear, beautiful glass, and the box is so arranged that we can put on just the right amount of pressure to hold our animal without crushing it. I managed to get the Cyclops fixed so as to show a side view; she was now ready for the microscope, and her five pairs of beautiful feathery feet stood out clear and distinct, but she kicked and floundered about, and I had brought all the pressure upon her that would do without crushing her shell. She did not seem to have any ambition to have her portrait appear in ST. NICHOLAS in this position, so I raised the cover slightly, and let her get on her feet; and now bringing more gentle pressure upon her, she was held perfectly quiet without injury; and this is how she came to be taken with a back or dorsal view.

The mother Cyclops carries her eggs with her in two transparent bags, as you see in the cut, fastened to each side of her tail—or rather slender abdomen. From this we should infer that she was a very good mother, for she carries these two large sacs of eggs wherever she goes, until the young are hatched. But I am sorry to say that she is not a good mother. She has a voracious appetite, and seizes her own young and devours them just as relentlessly as if they were no relation to her. And she has a pugnacious disposition,—often fighting with others of her species. Sometimes she will seize a sister Cyclops by the tail, and away they dash through the water, until they are brought to a sudden stand by becoming entangled among the water-plants; here they flounder about for a while, and very often another Cyclops will be attracted by the *mille*, and she seizes the second one by the tail, and now they dash through the water again, three in line!



THE CYCLOPS (MAGNIFIED).

every direction,—she was not to be caught napping. The instrument that I was chasing her with was a glass tube, about six inches in length. I placed my finger firmly over the aperture on one end, and now with the other end poised carefully over her, I would raise my finger, and this would bring a rush of water into the tube, fetching along

ABOUT TWO LITTLE BOYS.

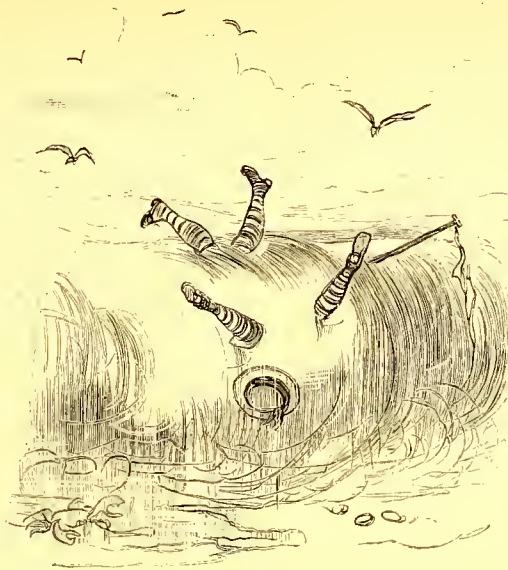
By K. A. M.



Two little boys, all neat and clean,
Came down upon the shore;
They did not know old Ocean's ways—
They'd ne'er seen him before.



So quietly they sat them down,
To build a fort of sand;
Their backs were turned upon the sea,
Their faces toward the land.



They had just built a famous fort—
 The handkerchief flag was spread—
 When up there came a stealthy wave,
 And turned them heels over head.

BOCKO AND THE DEER.

BY PAUL FORT.

BOCKO was a dog. He had several brothers and sisters, and they were all little chunky dogs like himself. But they had high opinions of themselves. Bocko was the largest, and the rest looked up to him, although, to be sure, that was not much trouble, as they did not have to look very high. One reason why they thought so much of their big brother was, that he was always talking of the great things he had done, and the great things he intended to do.

One day, the family was out of meat. The mother-dog proposed to send the children out to a neighboring town to prowl about the market and bring home what they could pick up.

But Bocko opposed this plan. "I am tired of bits and bones," he said. "There is no reason why we should not have the very best meat. We have gone on in this poor way long enough.

Now, my idea is this: You all stay at home and take a nap, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and I will go hunting. I will go into the forest and kill a deer. Then we can have the very best meat, and all we want of it. A whole deer will last a long time."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" cried his sisters. "But do you think you can kill a deer?"

"Kill one!" cried Bocko. "I should think so. Do you see those teeth?"

"Oh, yes!" said his sisters and the small brother; "they're perfectly awful when you open your mouth that way."

"And do you see that leg, and this one, and the two others? Did you ever see stronger looking legs than they are? You can feel my muscle, if you like."

The sisters and the small brother felt his mus-

cle. and declared that with such teeth and such legs he ought to be able to kill a deer. And the more he talked and they listened, the more certain they felt about it.

So they agreed to stay at home and take a nap while he was out hunting. The old mother did not altogether approve of the plan, but Bocko seemed so confident about the matter, that she thought she would let him go.

So off went Bocko to the forest as fast as his short legs would carry him. He had rather better fortune than most hunters, for it was not long before he saw a very fine deer coming leisurely down a path in the woods.

Bocko immediately ran toward it. The deer looked at him, and then stopped. So did Bocko.

"Well?" said the deer.

Bocko did not make any answer. He did not think it proper to talk to animals that he was hunting. But he did not know exactly what to do first. He had never hunted a deer before. So he thought he had better bark a little. That came natural to him. So he ran close up to the deer and barked.

The deer put down his head, and then he said:

"What are you going to do? You're a very uncivil creature."

"No, I'm not uncivil," replied Bocko, who thought that he must answer this time. "I came out hunting, and not to talk. I am going to take a deer home for my family to eat."

"And you think of taking me?" said the deer.

"Yes," said Bocko.

The deer gave a grin. Perhaps it was not a real grin, but it looked like one.

This made Bocko angry, and he ran close up to the deer and tried to bite one of his fore-legs.

"Look here!" said the deer, stepping back, "if you bite my legs I will give you a kick that you'll remember to the day of your death!"

"Well, then, what am I to do?" exclaimed poor Bocko. "I suppose I ought to take you by the throat, but I can't reach up."

"You'd like me to lie down, would n't you?" asked the deer.

"Yes," said Bocko, promptly.

"Well, you are cool!" replied the deer.

Bocko had nothing to say to this; so he gave another sharp bark, so as to let the deer know that he still intended to press the matter, and then ran around to see if he could not get a bite at the deer's tail. But the tail was very short and very high up, and there was no chance there.

Then Bocko felt provoked, and he ran in front of the deer again.

"You're afraid to put your head down," said he.

"Am I?" answered the deer; and he put his head down so low that his nose went between his fore-feet. This was not exactly the position that Bocko wished him to take, but he was ashamed to ask for anything more; and so he made a rush at the deer to take him by the throat.

The deer turned around so as to keep his forehead toward the dog, and the moment Bocko came near enough, he stepped forward quickly, pushed his horns under him, and gave him a tremendous toss that sent him spinning into the middle of a great barberry-bush, several yards away.

For a minute or two, Bocko did not know what had happened to him; but as soon as he began to gather his senses about him, he cautiously peeped out of the bush. He saw the deer trotting slowly away.

"He's laughing!" thought Bocko to himself, and then he crawled out of the bush. He examined his body and his valuable legs, and finding that nothing was broken, he concluded to give up hunting for that day, and to go home.

When his sisters and his small brother and his mother saw him coming, they all rushed out to meet him.

"Oh! where is the deer?" they cried. "We are so hungry! Did you leave it in the forest? Show us where it is, and we will all go get some of it. Come, brave Bocko, where is it?"

Bocko stood silently, his tail going farther and farther between his legs.

"What's the matter?" cried his mother. "Can't you speak? Where is the deer? Did you see one?"

"Yes," said Bocko, in a low voice.

"And did n't kill it?"

"No," said Bocko; "he would n't let me."

What a chorus of disappointment and disgust greeted this announcement!

Bow-wow! Bow-wow! WOW! WOW! Bow-wow!
WOW!! Bow! bow!
Bow! WOW!
Bow! WOW!
WOW!

Bocko did not wait to hear any more. He was sneaking away, when his mother took him by the ear and led him aside, out of the noise.

"Bocko," said she, "it's bad enough to boast about things you have done, but it's ever so much worse to boast of what you are going to do. Do you think you will remember that?"

"I do," said Bocko.

AS WE GO ALONG.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.



DICK and Dora were traveling Westward. It was before the days (the nights, rather) of sleeping-cars; and being determined to go "straight through," as Dick said at starting, they were not a little fatigued when the darkness of the second night gathered about them.

But, though fatigued, they were by no means out of sorts. They

were thoroughly posted as to the changes of their journey; they knew they were right; all that they desired was to proceed as rapidly as possible.

Dora looked smilingly around upon the drowsy passengers.

"Do see that old lady, Dick," said she, with a mothered laugh. "Her head bobs about like the tail of Ned's kite. There! she's down at last. No, she is n't, either. Oh!"

Here the old lady in question straightened herself and looked severely around, as if to reprove all who had even suspected her of an inclination to yumber. Happening to glance toward our young friends, she encountered two pairs of bright eyes. The eyes tried to be polite, but they could not help being truthful. They seemed to say: "We did laugh. We could not help it. We cannot help it now."

The old lady could not help it either. Such a hearty, cosey little laugh as it was, all round, when she had set the example!

"Lucky for us old people that our necks are insured," said she, cheerily; "and lucky for us that we can't see ourselves as others see us. Heads bobbing about like the tail of Ned's kite, eh!"

"O, I beg your pardon," said Dora, with crimson cheeks. "I did n't know you heard."

"Don't worry yourself in the least, my dear. I'm going to try it again. If you can get any fun out of this poor old head, you're heartily welcome to it, I'm sure. You'll need all you can get before morning—I can tell you that."

"We shall soon be 'bobbing around, around, around' ourselves," laughed Dick.

"So you will. Wish I could keep awake to see; but I can't. Good-night to you. Pleasant dreams."

Dora arose from her seat, and walked toward the old lady, taking her long shawl with her.

"Mother *would* make me bring this," said she, ignoring the deprecating gesture. "I don't know

why, I'm sure, for we have my water-proof and Dick's overcoat beside. It will make a capital pillow for you. Wont you let me arrange it?"

The old lady demurred, but Dora insisted, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the gray head no longer bobbing and bowing, but reposing peacefully and quietly.

"She's sound asleep now," she said thankfully to Dick. "And she would n't be ashamed to own it, either."

At this moment, the sound of the whistle announced that they were near a station, and soon afterward there was the hurry and bustle of departures and arrivals.

Among the latter was a plainly dressed woman, who carried upon one arm a heavy traveling-bag, and upon the other a baby who was screaming at the top of its little voice.

"Dear me!" yawned Dora. "I was just thinking of taking a nap. How provoking!"

"If I'm ever old enough to vote, I'll go for a law to make the women keep their babies at home," said Dick, savagely.

"What a public-spirited, benevolent man he will be!" laughed Dora, pretending to smooth the wrinkles in his forehead with her plump hand.

"Nonsense! But *do* hear that rascally baby!"

"I think he's sick," said Dora, compassionately.

"It's a girl, and she's no more sick than you are. I wish you'd go over and inquire how long she intends to keep up that screeching, because a fellow can't —"

Dora did n't wait for him to finish the sentence. To his intense surprise, she arose and walked down the aisle as steadily as was possible.

Dick watched her anxiously as she talked with the baby's mother. Once or twice, as he caught her eye, he beckoned eagerly, imploring her with frantic gestures to return, but Dora paid no heed. When, at last, she turned to come back, he saw, to his infinite horror, that she was bringing the "rascally baby" with her.

He was really angry now, and he took no pains to conceal it.

"If that baby's going to stay here, *I'm not*," said he crossly, wrapping his overcoat about him.

"Where are you going?"

"Into another car. I'll find you in the morning. Good-night."

He would have been off, but Dora laid a coaxing hand upon his shoulder.

"Just wait a minute, Dick; I want to tell you something. I thought I'd take the baby awhile, because the mother has a *dreadful* headache, and ——"

"No wonder," interrupted Dick, making a hideous face at the screaming child.

"Listen to me. This baby has n't had a thing to eat since four o'clock."

"Why in the world don't you give it something, then?" cried Dick, making a furious dive for the lunch-basket.

"What a goose you are, Dick! Don't you see that she has n't a tooth in her head? What she wants is milk, with a little warm water in it, and sugar enough to sweeten it just a little. That's all she eats."

"Who told *you* so much?"

"Her mother."

"I knew 't was a girl the minute I heard her voice. I told you so," said Dick, a slight shade of triumph mingling with his vexation.

"They've been traveling two days," continued Dora, ignoring Dick's last remark, "and the mother tried to get some milk at C——. She gave her bottle to one of the table-girls there, but the cars would n't wait until she'd filled it ——"

"Of course not," growled Dick. "Just like a woman, expecting a whole train of cars to stop for a bottle of milk."

"So she had to come on without it. And oh, Dick! wont you try to get just a little at the next stopping-place?"

"Me?" inquired Dick, in amazement.

"You can take our mug. The bottle's lost, you know. She'll have to do the best she can with this."

"Me!" repeated Dick, incredulously.

"Yes, *you*. Don't you know what Aunt Ruth says about doing good as we go along? We can pretend we're missionaries—*home* missionaries, you know."

"Well, give me the mug. Anything to stop this noise!"

The cars stopped. Dick rushed out, mug in hand. Stopping the first man he met in the station, he made his modest request:

"Here! Fill this, please."

"What with?"

"Milk, with a little warm water, and just sweetening enough to sugar it. The baby's starving. Lost its bottle at C——. Has n't had a thing to eat—drink, I mean—for hours."

"We have n't a drop," replied the man. "I'm sorry, but you come too late."

"Could n't come any sooner," replied Dick; "and I *must* have it. Be quick, please, or I shall be late."

"No danger of that," said another man, reassuringly; "they wait fifteen minutes here. Give me the cup, and I'll go over to Joe Fellerses. His baby's sick since Tuesday, and it's likely they'll be up messin'. I reckon they'll have a drop or two to spare."

It was not without misgiving that Dick gave Dora's pretty mug into the stranger's hand.

"If it's gone, it's gone," he thought to himself. "It can't be helped, and there's no use in worrying."

So he contented himself with looking after the man as long as he could see him, and resolved to wait as patiently as possible until the signal sounded.

"How old is your baby?" asked one of the men.

"O, I don't know. It's a very young one."

"Ever traveled with it before?" asked the man, curiously.

"No, indeed!" replied Dick, with flushing cheeks. "Its mother's in the car."

"Take my advice, and leave it at home next time. Travelin' never agrees with these little fellers."

Dick's eyes fairly blazed. "'T is n't mine!" he roared savagely. Then, suddenly remembering how kindly these men had interested themselves in his behalf, he added, more gently: "Its mother had a headache, so I came."

Just then, Dick's rejoicing eyes spied the man who had taken the mug, coming quickly toward him.

"Here's your cup, youngster," said he. "Joe Fellerses' wife would n't use it. Here's a bottle that'll just fit a baby's mouth—it's one her Johnny's outgrewed. She's glad enough to help all the babies along, for the sake of that poor little man of her'n."

"I'm very much obliged," said Dick, heartily ashamed of his late misgivings, and fumbling in his pocket for some change.

"Bless your soul, she don't want any pay. Don't stop for that. If that little feller of yours is as hungry as you make out, the sooner you get back to him the better."

Dick thought so too. He was hurrying from the station when a woman entered, accompanied by a girl apparently about thirteen years old. He would have rushed past them, but the woman spoke:

"Goin' on this train?"

"Yes."

"How fur?"

"To L——," replied Dick.

"There's just where this child wants to go. Now, could n't you just look after her a little? She wont be no trouble."

Dick looked at the "child." He saw an awkward, ungainly figure, clad in garments of coarse texture, and queer, nonblending hues. He saw a pale, thin face, in which a pair of sore eyes seemed to be the fearfully prominent features. They were not pleasant to look upon. He shivered.

"She's goin' there to be doctored," continued the woman. "You see, her aunt, she lives in —, and she thinks her doctor can help her eyes. I can't go with her, and she's an awful scarey child—fraid of her shadder. Her aunt'll meet her at the depot; but if you'll just let her sit somewhere nigh you, and speak a word to her now and then on the way —"

"What if I had such eyes as those!" thought Dick. "I'll do it," said he aloud, grasping his bottle a little tighter. "She can come along with me. We must hurry up. There's the bell."

"Good-bye, Marietta," called the woman, as they left the station. "Be a good girl. There's nothing to be afraid of. Remember that!"

Dick found Dora anxiously awaiting him.

"Where *have* you been? and where *did* you get this?" she cried, seizing the bottle and putting it to the lips of the poor, tired baby, who drank eagerly.

"Joe Fellerses' wife sent it to you with her compliments."

"She's a good woman, whoever she is," said Dora, earnestly; "but —" (dropping her voice) "who on earth have you there, Dick?" as he motioned to the girl to take a seat just behind them.

"That!" replied Dick carelessly, in a low tone. "That's Marietta."

"Who's Marietta?"

"Our new fellow-passenger."

"What's the matter with her eyes?"

"They're sore."

"I should think so, poor thing. Where did you pick her up?"

"At the station. She's going to L — with us. We're to take care of her."

"O—h!" groaned Dora.

"Don't you know what Aunt Ruth says about going good as we go along?" inquired Dick, calmly.

"But such a large girl! Can't she take care of herself?"

"She's timid—afraid of her *shadder*."

"She won't be likely to see her *shadder* here."

"We can pretend we're missionaries—*home* missionaries," said Dick, cheerfully.

"I should prefer a good, wholesome-looking heathen for a traveling-companion," sighed Dora.

"We can't have *everything* to please us," said Dick, pompously. "How quiet that child is!"

"Of course she is. All she wanted was something to eat. See! she's almost asleep—the little darling!"

"You must have been cut out for a missionary," laughed Dick. "Your little heathen does you credit."

"That's more than I can say for yours," retorted Dora, glancing over her shoulder at the new passenger.

The poor girl was sitting with her back to the light, shading her eyes with one slender hand.

Dora turned quickly. "Dick Wilson!" she exclaimed. "Take this baby, please. I'm going to talk with Marietta."

"Well, put her down easy, so that a fellow can get a good hold."

"Don't you go to sleep and drop her," was Dora's parting injunction.

She took the seat behind Marietta, that the poor weak eyes might not encounter the glare of the blazing lamp. She spoke kindly to her, asking her a few questions, in such a tone of interest, that the girl's shyness melted away at last, and she became communicative.

What Dora learned of her circumstances she told Dick early the next morning, almost with tearful eyes.

"She wants so much to go to school, Dick, but she can't. She can't read or sew, and she has to wear blue glasses when the sun is very bright."

"She sleeps well," replied Dick, who pitied the poor girl from the bottom of his heart, but did not know how to say so.

"I'm so glad she's with us, Dick, because, you see, people don't always take pains to speak to girls when they look disagreeably."

"So am I."

"Was n't it strange that neither of us knew when the baby's mother came and took her?"

"I dreamed that somebody was thanking me for something. That's all I knew about it."

"They're both asleep now," yawned Dora, looking toward them; "and so is our old lady. Do you know, Dick, I'm almost sorry the daylight's coming,—I'm—so —"

Dick never heard the rest of that sentence, but he rather thought the word was "sleepy."

They were both bright and wide awake, however, when, a few hours afterward, the cars reached L—.

The old lady bade them good-bye with a hearty "God bless you!" The weary mother smiled her thanks, and the baby put out her little hands beseechingly to Dick as he passed. Friends were waiting for them at the depot; but, even in the first cordial greetings, they did not forget their unfortunate companion.

“Her aunt is n't here,” said Dora, anxiously.
 “Yes, she is,” cried Dick. “There she comes
 round that corner. She sees her.”
 And they shouted a cheerful “good-bye” to poor

Marietta, who gave them a grateful smile as she
 disappeared from view. And then, tired and
 hungry as bears, but for some reason or other feeling
 very happy, they hurried away.



FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

BY C. A. D.

THREE fairy umbrellas came up to-day,
 Under the pine-tree just over the way;

And since we have had a terrible rain,
 The reason they came is made very plain.

This eve is the fairies' Midsummer ball,
 And drops from the pine-tree on them may fall;

So dainty umbrellas wait for them here,
 And under their shelter they'll dance without fear.

And as you may chance in Summer to meet
 These odd little canopies under your feet,

Take care where you step, nor crush them, I pray,
 For fear you will frighten the fairies away.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE STRANGE CLOUD.

JACK'S call on the Peakslows was brief and unsatisfactory. He returned to the "Castle" with his compass, and looking flushed and disturbed.

"I did n't accuse Zeph of stealing," said Jack, fearful of being blamed by Vinnie. "They were t supper; and I just said, 'Zeph, my boy, what did you do with my compass?' He denied having touched it. I explained. Great commotion. Mamma Peakslow looked frightened out of her wits, and papa blazed away at me like a seventy-four-gun ship. In short, you will have to wait for your noon-mark, Mrs. Betterson. So will Mrs. Peakslow. I did n't tell her I was going to make her one, if Zeph had n't stolen my compass."

"But you don't know he stole it," said Vinnie.

"We don't know that he and Dud put rubbish in our spring," Rufe made answer for Jack, "and yet we know it as well as we know anything we don't know."

"I can't tell what I was thinking of," said Jack, "to leave any property of mine unguarded, within reach of the Peakslows. Lion was up in the woods with me before I knew it."

"Where are you going now?" Vinnie asked.

"To look for my compass in the bushes. Zeph must have hid it somewhere, for he didn't have it when we saw him."

"Wait till after supper, and I will go with you," said Rufe. "Father is here now."

Mr. Betterson was coming up from the stable, accompanied by Radcliff. Rad had trusted to way-lay him, and make a last appeal for the money which he knew Jack was waiting to receive. He talked and gesticulated earnestly; but Lord shook his head and compressed his lips with great firmness, whereupon Rad, instead of coming to supper with the rest, wandered sulkily away.

When Mr. Betterson had washed his hands and face, and brushed his hair, and put on his thread-bare black coat and frayed stock, the family sat down at the table. Jack waited unwillingly, and soon excused himself, saying he must look for his compass before dark.

"I'll attend to our truckman's little matter when I come back," he said, and hastened away.

Link jumped up from the table and went with him; Rufe and Wad promising to follow as soon as they were through with their-supper.

Careful search was made all about the road-side bushes where the wagon had been partially concealed when the compass was taken. Lion was also set to hunt. But all in vain. Some faint foot-prints were found, but Jack could not be sure that they were not either his own or Rufe's.

"Lion don't know what we are looking for; he's after rabbits," said Link. "Was this all the compass you had?"

"The only surveyor's compass; and the worst of it is, 't was a borrowed one. It belongs to Forrest Felton. He has a theodolite which we use for fine work; and I've a little pocket compass, given me by an old lady a few years ago. I would n't have lost this for twice its value—it's a most exasperating trick!" Jack muttered. "And now it is suddenly growing dark."

It was very suddenly growing very dark. A strange cloud was blacking the sunset sky.

"Did you ever see anything so funny?" said Link.

"It is like the lower half of an immense balloon, the top spreading out," said Jack. "See that long, hanging, pear-shaped end!"

"I wonder if the folks at the house see it!" Link exclaimed, growing excited. "It looks like an elephant's trunk! By sixty, it's growing!"

"It's moving this way," said Jack. "Fast, too! and roaring—hear it? There's an awful storm coming!"

"Oh!" cried Link, "see the lightning-forks! It will be here in a jiffy."

The "elephant's trunk," which had seemed to be feeling its way up the valley, now swung toward the line of timber; the roar which accompanied it became deafening; and suddenly, the cloud, and all the air about it, seemed filled with whirling and flying objects, like the broken boughs and limbs of trees.

It was like some living monster, vast, supernatural, rushing through the sky, and tearing and trampling the earth with fury. The mysterious swinging movement, the uproar, the gloom, the lightnings, were appalling. And now Lion set up a fearful, ominous howl.

"A whirlwind!" Jack exclaimed, shrieking to make himself heard. "I must go to my horse."

"Let's put for the house!" Link yelled.

But hardly had they reached the road when the storm was upon them.

Shortly after Jack and Link had left the table,

Lord Betterton gave Rufus a small key, and told him to bring a certain pocket-book from the till of the family chest in the next room.

"We will have our friend's eighty dollars ready for him, against his return," Lord said; and, counting out the money, he placed it under the pocket-book, beside his plate.

Rufe and Wad were now ready to go and help Jack search for his compass; but a discussion which had been going on at intervals, ever since the draft came, was now renewed, and they stopped to take part in it.

"If I am going to get out to divine service again, I *must* have a silk dress," said Caroline. "And, Mr. Betterton, *you* need a new suit; and you know—we all know—nothing becomes you but broadcloth, and the finest broadcloth. What do you think, Lavinia dear?"

"I am sure broadcloth is becoming to him," Vinnie replied, quietly. "And I should like to see you come out in silk. And Cecie and Lilian need new things. But—how much of the two hundred and fifty dollars is left, Mr. Betterton?"

"Deducting Radcliff's share, one hundred and twenty odd dollars," said Lord, touching the pocket-book by his plate.

"One hundred and twenty dollars will go but a little way, in a family where so many things are absolutely needed!" said Vinnie. "It seems to me I should want to get this room and your room plastered, the first thing—merely for comfort, in the cold weather that is coming."

"And carpeted, Lavinia dear," simpered Caroline.

"And if the house is ever to be painted," spoke up Rufe, "it must be done soon. It won't be worth painting if it is neglected much longer."

"And we need so many things in the kitchen!" said Lill. "Vinnie knows it, but she won't say anything."

"And lots of things on the farm," said Wad. "If Rufe and I are going to do anything, we must have conveniences. The idea of having such a house as this, and nothing but a miserable log-barn and stable!"

"We can't build a new barn for a hundred and twenty dollars," said Mr. Betterton. "And we can't buy farming tools, and kitchen utensils, and carpets, and silk, and broadcloth, and tea and sugar, and clothing for the children, and paint and plaster the house, all with so limited a sum. The question then arises, just *what* shall we do with the money?"

"O, dear! just a little money like that is only an aggravation!" Caroline sighed, discouraged. "And I had hoped some of it would be left for Lavinia dear; she deserves it if anybody does."

"O, never mind me," Vinnie replied. "However, if I might suggest——"

But the family had been so long deciding this question, that Fortune seemed now to take it out of their hands, and decide it for them.

It suddenly grew dark, and an outcry from the boys interrupted Vinnie. The tornado was coming.

All rose, save Cecie,—who remained seated where she had been placed at the table,—and pressed to the door and windows.

The baby wakened in the next room, and began to cry, and Caroline went to take it up. The boys rushed out of the house. Vinnie turned pale and asked "Where are they? Jack and Link!"

"As well off as they would be here, probably," replied Lord Betterton. "Shut doors and windows fast. That horse should have been taken care of."

"Jack won't let us put him up. I'll do it now," cried Rufe.

But he had hardly begun to undo the halter, when he saw the utter impossibility of getting the horse to the stable before the storm would be upon them. So, to prevent Snowfoot breaking away, and dashing the buggy to pieces, he determined to leave him tied to the tree, and stand by his head, until the first whirl or rush should have passed. This he attempted to do; and patted and encouraged the snorting, terrified animal, till he was himself flung by the first buffet of the hurricane back against the pillar of the porch, where he clung.

"Oh! what is that?" screamed Lill, watching with Vinnie, from the window.

Some huge, unwieldy object had risen and rolled for an instant in the dim air, over Peakslow's house, then disappeared as suddenly.

At the same time Jack and Link appeared, half running, half blown by the tempest up the road. Vinnie watched them from the window, and saw the enormous sloping pillar of dust and leaves, and torn boughs, whirling above their heads, and overwhelming everything in its roaring cloud.

The last she remembered was Jack and Link darting by the corner of the house, and Snowfoot tugging at his halter. Then a strange electric thrill shot through her, the house shook with a great crash, and all was dark.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PEAKSLOW IN A TIGHT PLACE.

THE storm could not have been two minutes in passing. Then it suddenly grew light, the tempest lulled, the heavens cleared, and in not more than ten minutes the sunset sky was smiling again, a sea of tranquil gold, over the Western woods.

Fortunately, only the skirt of the storm had

swept over Betterson's house, doing no very serious damage.

When Vinnie looked again from the window, he saw Snowfoot, still tied by the halter, standing with drooping head and tail, wet with rain. Jack, hat in hand, his hair wildly tumbled, was already at the horse's head, laughing excitedly, and looking back at Rufe and Link, who were coming to his side. The buggy, he noticed, had been whirl-

"We are all right, I guess," cried Rufe. "Wad put for the barn, to make room for the horse and buggy, but I did n't have time to get there. I don't know where Rad is."

Wad now appeared; and at the same time the cattle, started homeward by the storm, came cantering down the woodland road, with the rattling cow-bell, and ran for refuge to the barn-yard.

"The big oak behind the house, there,—have



THE TORNADO COMING.

ed half way round by the wind, so that the rear end was turned toward the porch.

Through it all, Lill had clung in terror to Vinnie, whose arms were still about her. Cecie sat in her chair by the supper-table, white and speechless, from the electric shock which all had felt, and she more sensibly than the rest. Carolinc was in the next room with the child, whose cries, for a while drowned in the terrible uproar, now broke forth again, strenuous and shrill.

Mr. Betterson, holding the frightened Chokie, opened the door, and calmly asked the boys if they were hurt.

you seen it?" cried Wad. "It's twisted off. And where's the well-curb?"

"That flew to pieces, and the boards went up into the air like kites,—I saw them," said Link. "Where's the dog?"

"He's in the bushes, or under a log somewhere," Jack replied. "He was shot at once, with a gun held close to his head,—luckily, there was no lead in it. For a long time he was afraid of a gun; and thunder, or any big noise, frightens him even now."

"Some of our fences look pretty flat,—rails tumbled every which-way!" said Rufe. "A good

deal of damage must have been done south of us."

"Something looks odd over there toward Peakslow's,—what is it?" cried Link.

"Some of the tree-tops by the road have been lopped off," replied Jack.

"That is n't all," said Lord Betterton. "Sure as fate, something has happened to Peakslow's buildings."

"That is what I saw!" Vinnie exclaimed. "Something turned over in the air like the roof of a house."

"I thought just now I heard cries in that direction," said Jack. "Hark a moment!"

"There comes somebody," said Rufe, as a girl of twelve years, barefoot, bonnetless, wild with fright, came running up the road. "It's 'Lecty Ann!"

Out of breath, almost out of her wits, the girl ran as far as the door-yard fence, then stopped, as if unable or afraid to go farther, caught hold of the pickets, and, putting her pale face between them, gasped out something which nobody could understand.

"What is it?—what 's the matter?" cried Jack, advancing toward her.

"House—blowed down—covered up!" was all she could articulate.

"Who is covered up?"

"Don't know—some of the folks—Pa, I guess."

Jack did not stop to hear more; but, fired with a generous impulse to aid the unfortunate, whoever they might be, gave one backward look, threw up his hand as a signal, shouted "Help, boys!" ran to a length of fence which the wind had thrown down, bounded over like a deer, and was off.

Vinnie followed; but was soon overtaken by Mr. Betterton and the boys, who passed her, as if running a race. Then she heard screams behind; and there was Chokie, sprawling over the prostrate fence, which he had rashly taken, in his eagerness to keep up with Lill.

By the time Chokie was extricated, Mrs. Betterton appeared, babe in arms, tottering out of the door, and hastening, in the excitement of the moment, to learn what dreadful catastrophe had overtaken their neighbors.

"Stay with Arthur and your mother," Vinnie said to Lill; "I may do something to help." And away she sped.

'Lecty Ann, met by Mrs. Betterton at the gate, was now able to tell more of her story; and so strange, so tragical it seemed, that Caroline forgot all about her ill-health, the baby in her arms, and Cecie left alone in the house, and brought up the

rear of the little procession,—Lill and 'Lecty Ann and Chokie preceding her down the road.

They had not gone far, when Lion came out of the woods, with downcast ears and tail, ashamed of his recent cowardly conduct. And so, accompanied by the dog and the children,—Lill lugging the baby at last,—Caroline approached the scene of the disaster.

The whole force of the tornado seemed to have fallen upon Peakslow's buildings. The stable was unroofed, and the barn had lost a door.

The house had fared still worse: it was—even as 'Lecty Ann had said—almost literally "blowed down."

It had consisted of two parts,—a pretty substantial log-cabin, which dated back to the earliest days of the settlement, and a framed addition, called a lean-to, or "linter." The roof of the old part had been lifted, and tumbled, with some of the upper logs, a mass of ruins, over upon the "linter," which had been crushed to the ground by the weight.

Mrs. Peakslow and the girls and younger children were in the log-house at the time; and, marvelous as it seemed, all had escaped serious injury.

The boys were in the field with their father, and had run a race with the tornado. The tornado beat. Dud was knocked down within a few rods of the house. Zeph was blown up on a stack of hay, and lodged there; the stack itself—and this was one of the curious freaks of the whirlwind—being uninjured, except that it was canted over a little, and ruffled a good deal, as if its feathers had been stroked the wrong way.

Mr. Peakslow was ahead of the boys; and they thought he must have reached the linter.

Zeph, slipping down from his perch in the hay-stack, as soon as the storm had passed, and seeing the house in ruins, and his mother and sisters struggling to get out, had run screaming for help down the road toward Mr. Wiggett's.

Dud remained; and by pushing from without, while the imprisoned family lifted and pulled from within, helped to move a log which had fallen down against the closed door, and so aided the escape from the house.

'Lecty Ann ran to the nearest neighbors up the river. The rest stayed by the ruins; and there Lord Betterton and Jack—the earliest on the spot—found them, a terrified group, bewildered, bewailing, gazing hopelessly and helplessly at the unroofed cabin and crushed linter, and calling for "Pa."

"Where is your husband, Mrs. Peakslow?" cried Jack.

"O, I don't know where he is, 'thout he's

there!" said the poor woman, with a gesture of despair toward the ruined linter.

"This rubbish must be removed," said Lord Betterton. "If friend Peakslow is under it, he can't be taken out too soon."

And with his own hands he set to work, displaying an energy of will and coolness of judgment which would have astonished Jack, if he had not once before seen something of what was in the man.

Jack and the boys seconded their father; and now Dud came and worked side by side with Wad and Rufe.

A broken part of the roof was knocked to pieces, and the rafters were used for levers and props. The main portion of the roof was next turned over, and got out of the way. Then one by one the logs were removed; all hands, from Lord Betterton down to Link, working like heroes.

Meanwhile, Vinnie did what she could to aid and comfort Mrs. Peakslow; and Caroline and her little company came and looked on.

Mr. Wiggett also arrived, with Zeph, and helped get away the last of the logs.

Under the logs was the crushed shell of the linter; and all looked anxiously, to see what was under that.

A good many things were under it,—pots and kettles, wash-tubs, milk-pans (badly battered), churn and cheese-press, bed and trundle-bed,—but no Peakslow.

It was a disappointment, and yet a relief, not to find him there, after all. But where was he? Dud ran back to the field, to look for him; while the others rested from their labors.

"Did the wind do you much damage, Mr. Wiggett?" Lord inquired.

"Not so much as it mout," replied the old man. "It was mighty sudden. Banged if I knowed what in seven kingdoms was a-gwine to happen. It roared and bellered that orful, I did n't know but the eternal smash-up had come."

"It must have passcd pretty near your house,—I saw it swing that way," said Jack.

"Wal, I reckon you're right thar, young man. It jest took holt o' my cabin, an' slewed one corner on't around about five or six inches; an' done no more damage, in partic'lar, fur 's I can diskiver; only, of course, it discomfusticated that ar' noon-mark. I left the ol' woman mournin' over that!"

Jack laughed, and promised to replace the noon-mark.

"There 's Dud a-yelling!" said Link.

The roof of the shed—which must have been the object Vinnie saw rise and turn in the air—had been taken off very neatly, with the two gable

pieces, whirled over once or more, and then landed gently, right side up with care, on the edge of the potato-patch, two or three rods away. Dud, hunting for his father, passed near it, and heard stifled cries come from under it. He was yelling, indeed, as Link said.

In a moment a dozen feet rushed to the spot, and a dozen hands laid hold of one side of the roof, under which Jack thrust a lever. Some lifted on the lever, while some lifted on the edge of the roof itself; and out crawled—bushy head and hooked nose foremost—the shaggy shape of the elder Peakslow.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN CECIE WAS LEFT ALONE.

THE roof was let down again as soon as Peakslow's legs were well from under it, and a wondering group—men, boys, women and children—gathered round to see if he was hurt.

"Wal!" said Peakslow, getting upon his feet, giving his clothes a brush with his broad hand, and staring about him, "this is a mighty purty piece of business! Did n't none on ye hear me call?"

"Did you call?" said Mrs. Peakslow, trembling with joy and fright.

"Call?" echoed Peakslow, feeling his left shoulder with his right hand. "I believe I b'en callin' there for the last half-hour. What was ye knockin' that ruf to pieces for? I could hear ye, an' see ye, an' I wanted to put a stop to't. Had n't the wind damaged me enough, but you must pitch in?"

"We thought you were under the ruins," Mr. Betterton replied with dignity.

"Thought I was under the ruins! What made ye think that?" growled Peakslow.

"I thought so—I told them so," Mrs. Peakslow explained; while Lord Betterton walked away with calm disgust.

"Ye might 'a' knowed better 'n that! Here I was under this ruf all the time. It come over on to me like a great bird, knocked me down with a flop of its wing,—mos' broke my shoulder, I believe; an' when I come to myself, and pecked through a crack, there was a crew knockin' the ruf o' the house to flinders. I was too weak to call very loud, but, if you'd cared much, I should think ye might 'a' heard me. Look a' that house, now! look a' that shed! It's the blastedest luck!"

Jack could n't help smiling. Peakslow turned upon him furiously.

"You here? So ye think my boy's a thicf, do ye?"

"Come, Lion! come, boys!" said Jack, and

started to follow Mr. Betterton, without more words.

"Come here and 'cuse my boy o' stealin'!" said Peakslow, turning, and looking all about him, as if he had hardly yet regained his senses. "I had a hat

"O, Mr. Betterton!" the poor woman sobbed out, quite overcome by this unexpected kindness, "you are too good!"

"I beg your pardon," replied Lord Betterton, in his most gracious manner. "We wish simply to do as we might wish neighbors to do by us under similar circumstances. Our boys will help yours get your things over to my house,—whatever you want, Mrs. Peakslow."

Lord did not much mind the woman's outburst of tears and thanks; but when he observed the look of admiration and gratitude in Vinnie's deep eyes, fixed upon him, he felt an unaccustomed thrill.

Mrs. Peakslow went weeping back to her husband.

"I am sorry you spoke as you did," she said. "We all thought you was under the linter; and they was all workin' so hard—as if they had been our best friends—to get you out."

"Best friends!" repeated Peakslow, with a snort of angry contempt.

"Yes, pa; and now, will you believe it,—now that we have n't a ruf to our heads,—they offer us shelter in *their* house!"

"In the castle?—huh!" sneered Peakslow. "I never thought 't would come to that!"

"Where else *can* we go?" said Mrs. Peakslow. "It's 'most night—nights are beginnin' to be cold—and think o' the children! 'T will be weeks, I

s'pose, 'fore ye can rebuild."

"If I could n't rebuild in all eternity, I would n't set foot in Lord Betterton's castle!" said Peakslow. He looked again at the ruined house, then at the children, and added: "Me an' the boys, we can stop in the stable, or dig holes in the stack, to make ourselves comf'table. Do what you've a min' ter, for the rest. But don't say *I* told ye to ask or accept a favor of *them*."

The Bettertons, Vinnie, and Jack were waiting between the ruined house and the road; and Mrs. Betterton was saying, "Lillie, you and I *must* be going back; remember, we left Cecie all alone; and the evening air is too chill for the baby," when Link cried:

"Who's that coming down the road?"

All looked; and Vinnie and Jack and Link ran out to look. They could scarcely believe their eyes.

"It can't be!" said Vinnie.

"Yes, it is," exclaimed Link; "it's her—it's her!"



PEAKSLOW RE-APPEARS.

somewheres. Hundred dollars—no, nor two hundred—wont pay the damage done to me this day."

"But the children, they are all safe," said Mrs. Peakslow, "and we ought to be thankful."

"Thankful! Look a' that linter! *Three* hundred wont do it!"

"O, pa!" cried Zeph, "you've got a great gash on the back o' your head!"

"Never mind the gash," said Peakslow, putting up his hand. "That'll heal itself. Holes in the buildin's wont."

Vinnie meanwhile conferred with Jack and Mr. Betterton, as they were about going away; and also called her sister, and afterward Mrs. Peakslow, to the consultation.

"O, I don't know, Lavinia dear!" said Caroline in great distress of mind.

But Lord Betterton spoke out manfully:

"Lavinia is right. Mrs. Peakslow, we have plenty of spare room in our house, which you are welcome to till you can do better."

"Who?" Caroline inquired anxiously, dreading some new calamity.

"Cecie! Cecie! Sure as the world!" said two or three at once.

It was indeed the little invalid, who, though she had scarcely taken a step without help for many months, was actually coming down the road, walking, and walking fast, without even the crutch she had sometimes tried to use!

She was beckoning and calling. Jack and Vinnie and the boys ran to meet her. She was pale and very much excited, and it was some time before she could speak coherently.

"Radcliff!" was almost her first word.

"What about Radcliff? where is he?" Vinnie asked.

"Gone!"

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. He came into the house—he saw the pocket-book and money on the table—I told him he must n't take them!"

"And did he?" said Rufe.

"Yes. He only laughed at me. He said his chance had come."

"Which way did he go?"

"He drove up through the woods."

"Drove?" echoed Jack.

"He took the horse and buggy."

"My horse and buggy!"—and Jack, followed by Lion and Rufe and Link, started up the road.

Though shocked at Radcliff's conduct, Vinnie thought less of the loss of the money, and of the horse and buggy, than of the seeming miracle in Cecie's case.

"How could you walk so, Cecie?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was the excitement. Strength came to me. I called, but could not make anybody hear, and I thought you ought to know."

Mr. Betterson would have carried her home in his arms, but she would not let him.

"I can walk better and better! That numbness of my limbs is almost gone. I believe I am going to be cured, after all!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"ON THE WAR TRAIL."

THERE could be no mistake about it—pocket-book and money, and horse and buggy, were gone with Radcliff.

"He has taken the road to Chicago," said Jack, easily tracking the wheels after the recent rain. "But he'll find it not so easy selling the horse there a second time."

"But he'll spend all that money," said Rufe.

"He'll find it easy enough to do that. He's a scamp, if he is my cousin."

"I wish it was n't night," said Jack. "I would track him! And I will as it is. Have you a lantern?"

"Yes—I'll go with you! Shall we take the mare and one-horse wagon?"

"If you like. But, Rufe, if you go with me, you'll have to travel all night. I am on the war trail!"

"I'm with you!" said Rufe, and he gave an Indian war-whoop.

Mr. Betterson, coming up, approved of this resolution. "And, boys," he said, "if you *should* lay hands on Radcliff, you may as well bring him back with you. We'll try to have a more satisfactory settlement with him this time."

Jack left his friends to harness the mare to the wagon, and went on alone, with Lion and the lantern, up through the woods.

For a while, he had no trouble in following the fresh marks of hoofs and wheels over the wet ground. But when he reached the prairie, an unforeseen difficulty appeared. The rain had not extended so far, and the tracks were not easily distinguished.

It was nearly dark when Rufe, following in the wagon, emerged from the woods. Lonesome and gloomy stretched the great prairie before him, under a sky of flying clouds. The insects of the Autumn night filled the air with their shrill, melancholy notes. An owl hooted in the forest; a pair of whippoorwills were vociferating somewhere in the thickets; and far off on the prairie the wolves howled. Now and then a rift of dark blue sky and a few wildly hurrying stars were visible through the flocking clouds. No other light, or sign of life, until Rufe descried far before him in the darkness a waving, ruddy gleam, and knew it was the ray from the lantern swinging in Jack's hand.

Driving on as fast as the mare's somewhat decrepit paces would allow, he found Jack waiting for him at a point where the road divided, one branch taking a northerly direction, the other trending easterly, toward the great road to Chicago.

"Here 's a puzzle," said Jack, as Rufe drove up. "I've tracked the fellow as far as here, notwithstanding he has tried the trick of driving off on the prairie in two or three places. But here, instead of taking the direct road to Chicago, as we supposed, he has taken this by-road, if my eyes are good for anything. Lion says I am right; for I believe I've made him understand we are hunting Snowfoot."

Rufe jumped down from the wagon, and saw by the light of the lantern the imperfect and yet pecu-

liar marks of Snowfoot's rather smooth-worn shoes, and of the narrow wheel-tires.

"It is a game of his to mislead us," said Rufe. "I believe if we follow him on to where this by-road crosses the main road, we shall find he has there turned off toward the city."

"Go ahead, Lion; find Snowfoot!" cried Jack, and jumped into the wagon with Rufe.

They got on as fast as they could; but the pursuit was necessarily slow, for not only was the mare a creature of very indifferent speed, but the boys found it useful to stop every now and then and examine the tracks by the light of the lantern.

"The dog is right; and we are right so far, sure!" said Jack, after they had proceeded about half a mile in this way. "*Slow and sure* is our policy. We've all the Fall before us, Rufe; and we'll overhaul your pretty cousin, unless something breaks. Now, drive straight on to the main road, and we'll see what we can discover there."

To the surprise of both again, the fugitive, instead of turning cityward, kept the northerly road.

"He is cunning," said Rufe. "He knows Chicago is the first place where one would be apt to look for him; and, besides, I think he is getting too well known in Chicago."

"He is bound for Wisconsin," cried Jack. "Whip along. This road passes through the timber, and brings us to the river again; we shall soon find settlements, where we can inquire for our game."

"If you can speak Dutch, and if it was n't too late when Rad passed through," Rufe replied. "There is a colony of *meinheers* up here; they go to bed a little after sundown."

As they drove on from the crossing, Jack said, "That left-hand road goes to North Mills. But I shan't see North Mills to-night, nor for a good many nights, I'm afraid."

Jack, however, as we shall see, was mistaken.

The road above the crossing was much more traveled than below; and for a while the boys found it very difficult to make out Snowfoot's tracks. But soon again fortune favored them.

"Rain—it has been raining here!" said Jack, examining the road where it entered the skirts of the timber—"and raining hard! We must be nearing the path of the whirlwind again."

They passed through a belt of woods, where the storm had evidently passed, but without doing much damage; for it was a peculiarity of that elephant of a cloud that it appeared to draw up its destroying trunk once or twice, and skip over a few miles in its course, only to swing it down again with greater fury.

The road was now drenched all the way, and the trail they followed so distinct that the boys did not stop to make inquiries at the log-huts which began to appear before they were well through the woods.

They made comparatively rapid progress up the valley, until they came to a point where the river, in its winding course, was crossed by the road. There, again, the tornado had done a brisk business; the bridge was destroyed, the sides of the road gullied, and the river swollen.

Both boys alighted and examined the track.

"Here is where he stopped and hesitated, finding the bridge gone," said Jack. "And see! here are his own tracks, as if he had got out of the buggy and gone a-head to reconnoiter."

"As well he might," Rufe answered. "Look at these tree-tops, and the timbers of the bridge lodged in the middle of the river."

"He seems to have got through, and I guess we can," said Jack. "I've forded this stream, below the bridge, before now, when I've wanted to water my horse; but it was free from all this sort of rubbish then. There must have been a great fall of rain up here!"

(To be continued.)

THERE was a pretty dandelion,
 With lovely fluffy hair,
 That glistened in the sunshine,
 And in the Summer air.
 But, oh! this pretty dandelion
 Soon grew quite old and gray;
 And, sad to tell! her charming hair
 Blew many miles away.

"EL GOOFFAH."

(A Mesopotamian Boat.)

BY A. LOCHER.

THE natives of Mesopotamia possess a kind of boat, used solely for fresh-water navigation, which, for originality of design and manner of construction, is certainly very peculiar. It is probable, too, that the existence of such boats has hitherto scarcely been known beyond the boundaries of the country where they are in use.

"El Gooffah," as the Arabic speaking population of that region commonly calls this peculiar craft, is undoubtedly a boat of very ancient origin, dating its first use but little later than the raft,—the latter being probably the most primitive of all floating structures.

There is proof positive that the gooffah was in use in Assyria many centuries anterior to the birth of Christ, as unmistakable fac-similes thereof, represented on bass-reliefs, inscriptions and other antiquities, unearthed from among the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon and Kufa, attest.

The gooffah is nothing more nor less than a huge, perfectly round basket, of extremely strong and coarse wooden wicker-work.

It is constructed of various sizes, varying between four and eight feet in diameter, and between three and four feet in depth; which size, combined with its spherical shape and slightly rounded bottom, renders it capable of carrying

from two to ten tons of dead weight,—a carrying capacity, exceeding that of any other kind of boat of equal dimensions hitherto known.

The huge basket, which constitutes the framework of the craft, is rendered perfectly water-tight by a coat of asphaltum, carefully applied about an inch thick all over the inside and outside of the basket, after having been mixed with some other substance, which latter causes the asphaltum, almost as soon as applied, to become and remain as hard as stone, in spite of the intense heat of the sun.

The sides and bottom of the gooffah are from three to five inches thick, according to the size of the craft, and the rim is nicely rounded off.

As a good breeze is seldom blowing in that

region, and the water of the rivers scarcely ever ruffled, the gooffah can be loaded down with safety to within a few inches of the surface of the water, and, as the craft is destitute of a helm or rudder, it is both steered and propelled by means of a light wooden paddle, about five feet long.

For down-river navigation, one man generally constitutes the entire crew, except when the gooffah is deeply loaded, and consequently not as easily managed. When going against the current, however, this paddling is very fatiguing work, even for strong and expert "gooffajees" (Arabic for men who navigate the gooffah). So they prefer to fasten a long tough rope to the boat; and while one of them wades ashore, and pulls it by the rope against the current, the other one, who remains aboard, steers with his paddle, so as to keep the gooffah out of too shallow water, and from running foul of the river bank.

Owing to the total absence of anything like a keel in this truly Oriental craft, it has the somewhat objectionable characteristic of continually twirling slowly round and round on its center of gravity, as well when carried on by the current as when propelled by one paddle only; so much so, indeed, that persons not accustomed to this rotary locomotion are apt to feel dizzy, and sometimes sick in consequence thereof. This inconvenience, however, can be avoided by the employment of two paddlers, instead of only one; who station themselves a little apart from each other, and while one of them sweeps constantly to the right with his paddle, the other one does so continually to the left, by which simple proceeding the gooffah is naturally held in a steady position. By dint of time, however, people get so accustomed to the revolving, above referred to, that they soon begin to consider it rather a convenience, as the rotatory progress of the craft enables them to get a constantly revolving view of the scenery.

Gooffahs are extensively employed as ferry-boats on the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, as well as on their principal tributaries, and are, as such, really very useful in that country, which is so poorly provided with bridges.

Owing to their perfectly spherical shape and gently rounded bottom, it is all but impossible to capsize them; moreover, their draft of water, for the same reasons, is less than that of any other kind of boat, of the same size, in existence.



Some goffahs are large enough to carry as many as twenty persons at once, if the latter stand upright. Camels, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., are likewise transported across the rivers by means of goffahs.

In Mossul, Bagdad, and Bassorah, goffahs play an important role as pleasure boats, for they are the only craft available there for the purpose. The natives, and residents of all creeds and complexions in those cities, delight in spending a few hours daily, in the morning or evening, or during those justly famous Mesopotamian moonlight nights, in little pleasure trips on the water.

cursor in the goffah, over the smooth waters of the stately Tigris.

Both of the ladies wear the traditional "pagee" (pronounce: page-y), the stiff horse-hair veil worn by the women of the higher class of Moslems. Jews and Christians throughout Mesopotamia. The veil of the fair sex of Persia is composed of embroidered white linen or muslin; that of the women of the east coast of Arabia of dark red silk, and that of the women of Egypt, and certain parts of North Africa, of black cotton or thin woolen cloth of the same color.

The Mesopotamian horse-hair veil has the pecu-



A MESOPOTAMIAN "GOFFAH."

In their goffahs they cross, and recross the river in search of the cosiest palm-tree groves along its banks, where they ensconce themselves in numerous picturesque little groups. Then they quietly enjoy themselves—men and women smoke composedly the fragrant "narghileh" (water-bowl-tobacco-pipe), sip rákee (arack) or "shérbet" (lemonade), eat delicious dates, pomegranates, grapes, and other fruit of the country; chat, laugh, sing, relate stories, play cards, chess, and other games, or bathe in the cool waters of the silvery stream.

The sketch accompanying this article represents a Moslem merchant, with two of his wives and a negro slave, enjoying his customary evening ex-

plarity of being utterly impenetrable to the gaze of the outsider, while it is perfectly transparent for the person who wears it. The face of a respectable Moslem female, according to Moslem notions, must never be seen unveiled outside of the threshold of her home.

And so, paddled by the faithful "goffahjee," they slowly float over the placid waters, and under the evening sky, gently revolving as they go, so that sometimes they look east, and sometimes west, and north, and south. But, so long as the pipe draws well, and the air is cool, and the water feels soft and pleasant to the ladies' fingers, they care not how they float in this boat, without a stern and with never a sign of a bow.

ECHOES.

By J. P. B.

WHEN out upon a lake, one day,
I listened to the echoes play,
As, wakened from their slumber,
They answered from the rocky wall,
In accents clear, my every call,
In mockeries without number.

“What shall we use to gain the shore?”
Quickly we heard the answer, “Oar!”

“Which wishes first to gain the beach?”
The laughing echo answered, “Each!”

“What shall I use to win the heart
Of her I love?” He shouted, “Art!”

“Ah! you have worldly wisdom, sprite!”
The echo quickly answered, “Right!”

“Where lies her worth if I can win her?”
The clever echo whispered, “In her!”

“Who such a lady’s hand would sue?”
The merry fellow shouted, “You!”

“How would she treat love proffered slightly?”
The honest echo answered, “Lightly!”

“How long, by faithfulest endeavor,
Will love respond to kindness?”—“Ever!”

AN INDIAN STORY.

By KATE FOOTE.

THE Bishop children—Ned, Frank, Susie—had gone Indian mad. Ned and Frank, the two oldest, were just beginning United States History, and their imaginations were fired with the Indian stories there found, and they set the fashion among the children at school, until playing Indian became the rage. At recess and noon, divided into parties and painted with poke-berries and huckle-berries, they made attacks upon each other with wild war-whoops, hideous enough to make any old Indian, if such there was buried near, turn over on his grave. Susie had a doll with a wig; but in the raids made by adverse Indians upon the party to which she belonged, that doll was always taken and scalped; she got the wig back during the peace times of study-hour, only to have it carried off in the next skirmish. The poor doll was as bald as a glass bottle most of the time. Ned and Frank built wigwams of the most approved pattern, making them to look just like the pictures of Indian towns; and learning that succotash and bear-meat were the principal articles of Indian diet, they lived on those things as much as possible, always calling pork bear-meat, as there was a difficulty about getting the real article.

They became painfully expert with bows and

arrows, as was evidenced one day by Ned’s sending an arrow rattling through the kitchen window-pane: while Frank, a few days after, making a line-shot at a calf escaped from the stable, which he called a bear, took the hired man *ping!* through his straw-hat crown, making two additional holes to the ventilators already there, and startling the men a good deal.

Susie did her hair *à la* Indian,—with cocks’ plumes and beads,—and dressed the scalped doll like an Indian princess. But their crowning delight was to get their grandfather, who, although eighty years old, was so erect and hearty that he looked much younger, to tell them Indian stories.

Grandfather Bishop, when a boy, lived with an uncle, then an old man of ninety; and the father of this uncle had been one of the first settlers, and a fighter of Indians in his day. So the stories came down to the Bishop children with an additional freshness, in that their grandfather knew the man who knew the hero.

Late in August, Mr. Bishop, the father of Ned, and Frank, and Susie, began to think of the patch of salt meadow he owned seven miles away by the sea, and planned to go down the next day in the

wagon with scythes, and mow it. This was done, and after letting it lie a day or two to dry, there was a grand muster of all the men to go down, shake it, rake it, and finally bring it home.

The big wagon was to go to bring the hay home, and the common wagon to bring the men back. Frank and Ned were to go; and when Susie found that they were saving up their best arrows for it, and had resolved to consider themselves as a party of warriors, on an expedition into the country of another tribe, and that a general rose-colored atmosphere encircled the whole thing, she laid siege to her father that she might go too.

It was an old story to him of a hard day's work, and not an atom of rose-color lay about it. He could not see why she wanted to go. But Susie hung round him, and begged.

"Why, father," said she, "I am six years old, and I have n't been out of North Guilford in my life."

Father and grandfather laughed at the energy with which this was said.

"It's too bad!" said grandfather. "Lived among the hills and the huckleberry-bushes all her life, and never seen the sea nor the Great Plain! Guess she must go, father."

Susie knew it was decided then, and rushed out to tell her brothers with nearly as wild a yell as they themselves might have given.

The next morning there was racing and chasing under the roof of the Bishops. The boys were so afraid they should not wake up early enough, that they slept on the edge of the bed with their arrows and tomahawks on the floor by the side, and fell out once or twice during the night, which had the desired effect of keeping them lively.

So it was still very early, when, after much packing away of dinner, and pitchforks, and rakes, and jugs of water, they at last rattled off in the warm, red sunlight of a dry August morning.

The boys gave their mother a farewell whoop as they went out of sight, to which Susie added some extra treble squeals. How very jolly it was! Mr. Bishop, and grandfather, and the children, were all in the hay-wagon, the two hired men driving the other wagon behind them.

"There, children!" said grandfather, as they came to the top of Long Hill, "there is the sea and the town."

Susie stared with both her eyes wide open, and wondered whether the sea ran into the sky, or the sky into the sea; for both were so clear and blue, it was hard to trace the dividing line.

A mile or two farther on, they began to get into the little town of Guilford, which is one of those solemn New England towns that dot the shores of

Long Island Sound, each one with its white houses close shut, and a white church, also shut.

"There," said grandfather, as they drove through one of the side-streets, and pointing to a rather low but nice-looking farm-house built on a side-hill, with a good deal of the cellar wall visible on the down-hill side, "in that house is the cellar where the regicides were hid."

"Regicides!" said Ned; "what are they? That is a tribe I never heard of before."

Grandfather's eyes twinkled.

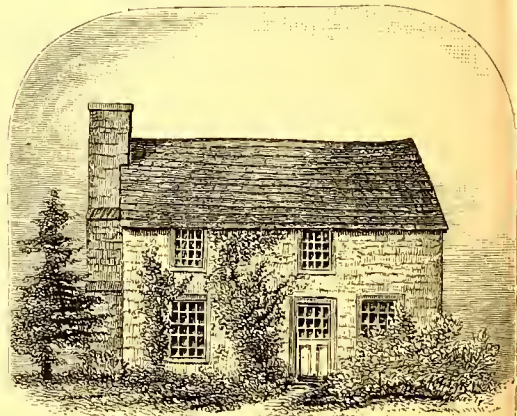
"It was not a very large tribe," said he; "there were not two hundred of them, and they never killed but one man."

"Could n't have been very good Indians," said Ned, with great contempt.

"They were not; I never said they were Indians at all."

"What were they, then?" said Frank—Ned being a little confused.

"Nothing but white men, who thought they



THE OLD STONE HOUSE AT GUILFORD.

had better kill a certain King of others, who would lie and steal in spite of everything they could do to stop him."

"Oh, do tell us about it!" cried all the children.

"Not now," said grandfather, "I want to tell you something else, and you can read all about it in English history. Do you see that house over there?"

The children all looked as he pointed, and saw a house on a slight hill, about a mile away, with the chimney built at one end, on the outside, and with very small, deeply set windows. They all looked at it, and then at their grandfather.

"That was built in 1640," said he, "just twenty years after the first people landed from the 'Mayflower.' You can see how thick the walls are from the way the windows are set in. They meant

to have them strong, so as to keep out Indian arrows."

The children bristled with interest at the word Indian, and almost fell out of the wagon, trying to crowd round their grandfather.

"Did they have any fights?" said Susie; "did the Indians chase them into the house, and whoop, and pound on the door, and shoot arrows into the windows?"

"They had a good many *frights*" said grandfather, "but the only real fight was three miles away from here, near where we are going to-day, at Sachem's Head."

"What was it? what was it? what was it?" cried Ned, and Frank, and Susie. "Tell us about it, grandpa."

Susie got so excited she stuck her head among the reins, and nearly made the horses go into a ditch.

"Gently, gently," said grandpa; "don't upset us, Susie, and I'll tell you all about it. Uncle Jabez, you see, was in the fight, and he used to tell my Uncle Ebenezer about it, and he told me."

The children felt as though Uncle Jabez himself, fresh from the battle, was talking to them; it brought it so near, to be looking at the very places, and getting the story at third hand.

"You see they had been having a great fight over east, with the Pequots—"

"I know them," put in Frank; "they lived over by New London, and killed lots of people."

"Yes, they killed a great many people, until the English,—you know we were all English then —"

"Oh, yes," said Ned, "we had not been long enough in this country to be Americans."

"The English," grandpa went on, "had to set to work at last, to kill the Indians, or the Indians would kill them. So there was this great battle at a fort near New London, and a great many hundred Indians were killed. The rest tried to run away. Some of the English soldiers, Uncle Jabez among them, with some Mohegan Indians who hated the Pequots worse than they did white men, followed them on land, and the rest of the English went along in boats on the Sound close to the shore, meaning to land wherever the Indians stopped, and have another fight. Uncle Jabez said they chased the Pequots through Clinton, where there was not a house then, and over the Great Plain of Guilford here, where even that old stone house was not built then, until they got down here to Sachem's Head, where we are coming, pretty soon. The Englishmen and the Indians came across the creeks, and over the hills, covered with big trees, then, until they came out by that long tongue of land. There it is. You can see

from this hill how long and narrow it is, and how it runs out into the water; you see it makes a headland on one side of the bay. Well, the Pequots went down on that point, hoping the Mohegans and the English would go by and not notice it. But Uncle Jabez said that Uncas (he was the Mohegan chief) was too crafty to be fooled that way. He called one or two of his men and said something to them in their language, and they went off down the Point. Pretty soon they gave a yell. Then Uncas knew they had found the tracks of the Pequots, and, just as quick as they could, they divided into two parties. Some more of the Indians and the Englishmen hurried down the Point, and Uncas and the rest went round as fast as they could to the other side of the bay. As soon as the Pequots knew they were followed, they ran down to the shore, jumped into the water, and swam across. You see the harbor is not very wide there; but the minute they struck the other shore, Uncas and his men jumped out from behind the trees, and then Uncas drew his bow clear to the arrow-head, and the arrow struck the Pequot sachem in the breast, and he fell over dead; and then Uncas cut off his head, and put it up in a tree."

Susie began to cry a little, and the boys looked a good deal disturbed. But this did not last long.

"Here we are at the meadow," said grandpa, and Mr. Bishop stopped the horses at a fence by the side of the road, and the children sprang out with great delight. They could see the waters of the Sound at the end of the long reach of flat meadow, with headlands of gray rock rising on each side, and wanted to go at once down to the shore. But Ned and Frank had to work a little first, with the promise of play afterward. So, while they tossed the short brown hay in showers into the air, Susie climbed among the rocks of the low ledge which walled the meadow on each side, and made discoveries of new insects and flowers, until dinner time. After dinner, the desired permission was given, and away the children streamed, grandfather Bishop leading, and rested not until they had verified the spot where the Pequot sachem had been killed, and thought they found, at least, the stump of the tree in which his head was put, and had made their grandfather give them the right and wrong, or the moral side of the whole affair, which he did in a very few words.

"The Indians should not have fought the English, for they always bought the Indians' land—did not steal it from them. Perhaps the English were sometimes unjust in other matters, but is it not better, after all, that a people like them should have the country, who could grow to be a great nation, than a few Indians, who were only a little above the bears they killed and ate?"

The children did not understand this very clearly, but they thought grandpa was always right, and so agreed with him.

Then they acted over the story from the fight at the fort to the final scene at the Bloody Cove, and

by the time their father called them to go home, if Frank's head had really been cut off as many times as it had in the character of the Pequot chieftain, he would not have been more than an inch high.



A COUPLE OF WORKERS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

THAT BIRD.

BY WILLIAM S. WALSH.

BIRD-CATCHING, by means of bird-lime, is one of the great amusements of the Italian boys, who are not Bird-defenders. Although they endeavor merely to catch the birds, and are very careful not to injure them, they could not join the ST. NICHOLAS Army.

The way they practice the sport is as follows: They prepare themselves with leathern sheathes full of twigs which have been smeared with the lime,—each twig being about a foot in length, and having one of its ends whittled down to a sharp

point,—together with a cage full of the loudest and noisiest singing-birds they can get. Selecting a large spreading tree, a boy climbs up, cuts a number of small slits in its branches with a penknife, and loosely places the point of one of his twigs into each of these slips, until the tree is fairly bristling all over with them. He then hangs up his cage somewhere in the top of the tree where it will be concealed by the foliage, and descends to the ground. The hubbub created by the cage-birds will attract to the tree all the wild birds flying

within ear-shot of it. Every now and then an unlucky one will get caught on a limed twig, in its desperate struggles to free itself will loosen the twig, and bird and twig will come tumbling to the ground, where it is readily secured. I have seen as many as fifty birds caught in a single morning in this manner.

My friend and countryman, Jack Hill, used to be exceedingly fond of this sport. He was quite successful, too, and the aviary in the villa where the family resided was full of nightingales, robins, larks, and other trophies of his skill.

In the same aviary were a pair of Virginia mocking-birds, which Jack's father had brought over with him from America, and which were particular pets of the old gentleman's. The male, especially, was a magnificent singer. As you may suppose, it acted as a splendid call-bird, and I am sorry to say that Jack would frequently use it for this purpose against the express command of his father. I remember a queer adventure that once happened to the bird when I was on a visit to Jack. I lived in Florence at the time.

Jack and myself had planned to spend a day in bird-catching, and, as old Mr. Hill chanced to be away from home at the time, Jack took the male mocking-bird along with him, besides a number of other songsters, carrying them in a wicker cage, so large and heavy that each of us had to take an end of it.

About a couple of miles from the house we came upon a large oak-tree which Jack pronounced to be just the thing. Equipping himself with the sheaf of limed twigs, and tying one end of a cord to his wrist and the other to the bird-cage, so that he could readily hoist it up after him to the top of the tree, Jack commenced "shinning" up the trunk. But before he had gone half-way up he missed his hold. Unfortunately, the bird-cage had been placed just at the foot of the tree, and when he fell, he came crashing down upon it. One of the sides burst open,—there was a sudden whirl of wings,—and the next instant the birds had all vanished from sight. A look of blank despair was pictured in Jack's face as he slowly picked himself up, and gazed on the havoc he had made, exclaiming, "Good gracious! what'll father say?"

I could n't inform him what his father would say, so we both sat down on a smooth piece of rock, and gazed at the toes of our shoes for some time in doleful silence. By and by Jack lifted up his head and continued in the same mournful strain: "That mocking-bird cost father forty dollars, if it cost him a cent!" Another pause. "And I don't believe he'd have parted with it for a hundred!"

"Well, but, Jack," said I, encouragingly, "per-

haps after all the bird is n't lost. It may fly back to its mate."

"That's so!" cried Jack. "I remember once it did escape from the aviary, and it came back again soon afterward. Let's hurry home!"

We gathered up our things and trudged hopefully back. But we were doomed to be disappointed. The bird had n't been seen or heard of by anybody at home, as we privately learned from the man-cook, Eugenio, whom we took into our confidence. The latter advised us to see the gardener,—perhaps he would know something about it. After some search, we found Cecco digging in his garden. He paused when he saw us, and, hearing our story, he shook his head.

"No," said he, "I have n't seen anything of it, Signorini;" and he was about to resume his labor, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he paused. "Ah! wait a while!" said he; "you know Carambolo, don't you? Well, I saw him just now, and he told me his son Beppe had been out bird-catching, and had caught such a queer bird, he never saw the like of it before. Who knows? it may have been your bird."

"It *must* have been!" cried Jack. "Come on, let's go to his house!"

We found old Maria, Carambolo's grandmother, in the front yard, a distaff and a spindle in her hands, crooning away the while in a cracked old voice something about a false cavalier who had left her forlorn. She rose at our approach, courtesied, and glanced at us with some surprise. Jack, who by this time could speak Italian with tolerable fluency, hurriedly explained to her the reason of our coming.

"Ah, yes!" said she, "Beppe was out bird-catching this morning, and he caught some very pretty birds,—some very pretty birds."

"Won't you let us see the birds he caught?" I asked.

"Certainly,—certainly!" And, hobbling into the house, she soon brought out a large cage filled with birds. "Here they are, Signorini,—here they are!" she said.

We eagerly gazed into the cage, and our hearts sank within us when we found that the object of our search was not there.

"Did n't Beppe catch any other birds besides these, Maria?" Jack inquired.

"Eh?" cried Maria. "Yes, he caught another one, Signorini."

"What did he do with it?"

"What did he do with it, eh? O, my poor old head, I can't remember anything now! O yes! he said he was going to Pistoja, to sell it."

Pistoja was the neighboring town. It was about four miles off.

"Come away!" cried Jack, excitedly; "may be we can catch up with Beppe yet!"

Off again we rushed, and soon reached the public road leading to Pistoja. We had n't gone far down this, when, turning round a sharp corner, we found ourselves face to face with Beppe, on his way back from town, with an empty cage in his hand.

Our inquiries were very hasty, and not very gentle, I am afraid. When Beppe heard that the mocking-bird was Jack's, he declared over and over again that he was very sorry, but that he had sold it to a bird-fancier in Pistoja.

We had no time to waste in useless talk; so, after getting the address of the bird-fancier, we started off again on our journey. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the city; and when at last we found the bird-fancier, it was only to renew our disappointment. He told us that the bird seemed to be of so rare and so valuable a species (indeed, he had never seen anything of the kind before), that he had sent it off on the twelve o'clock train to his cousin in Florence, where it would be sure to fetch a high price. All that he could do, therefore, under the circumstances, was to take the address of his cousin.

"Now, look here, bub," said Jack, impressively, after we had left the store, "I want to ask a favor of you. Just you go to Florence,—there's a good fellow,—and hunt up that bird-fancier, and buy or steal the bird from him. Never mind what you have to pay for him,—I'll give it back to you. I don't want father to know anything about this, else I'd go myself. Besides, you live in Florence, and know the place better than I do. Wont you go, now?"

Of course I would. I was only too delighted at the idea of such a lark. We learned at the station that the next train would start at 4 P. M., and we spent the mean while in getting a dinner at the chief restaurant of the place.

Compared to our American locomotives, the Italian ones are rather slow affairs; so that it took me about an hour and a-half to reach Florence, although only twenty miles from Pistoja.

I soon found the store to which I had been directed. A snuffy old gentleman with colored spectacles over his eyes, whom I rightly judged to be the proprietor, was walking up and down the store, and to him I addressed myself. Was he the person to whom a bird had been sent to-day from Pistoja?

The old gentleman took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, placed them on his nose again, took a good look at me, and then said yes, he was the person.

Could he please let me look at it? Certainly not. It had been sold.

"Sold?" I cried aghast.

"Yes, sold," repeated the old gentleman.

"Can you—can you tell me whom you sold it to?" I asked timidly.

"Yes, Signorino,—I sold it to a young foreigner who lives at Number — Via Larga."

"Number — Via Larga!" I exclaimed.

"What was the name—Jones?"

"Yes, Chones, that was the name. You know him?"

Know him? I should think I did! Why, it was my old friend Tom Jones, whom I had known almost since I could remember anything. I hastily left the store, called a passing cab, and ordered the driver to take me to Number — Via Larga.

Arriving there, I was ushered into the parlor by the servant, and the next minute was joined by my friend Tom.

"Hello, old boy!" said he (everybody's an old boy with juvenile John Bulls, or else an "old chap," or an "old fellow"). "Thought you were up at Jack Hill's."

"Yes, so I was," said I, "but —"

"Talking of the Hills," interrupted Tom, "do you know I bought a mocking-bird just like Jack's, to-day, and —"

"A mocking-bird? Just what I've come to see you about, Tom!"

"What do you mean? Look here, you aint really going to tell me that was Jack's bird, are you?"

"Yes, it was!" I cried eagerly.

"Good gracious! You don't say so! Why, it — it's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes, gone! I'm afraid you'll never see that bird again!"

"Why, Tom! what made you—how in the world did it get away?"

"Well, look here, see that cage?"

"Yes, I do; but, O Tom! you did n't put the mocking-bird in there, did you?"

"Yes, I did," said Tom, moodily.

"Why, that must be a poll parrot's cage! See how far apart the wires are. Of course a mocking-bird could squeeze through them!"

"Well, I did n't know. 'T was the only cage I had, and I did n't dream that the bird would get through. It did, though. I'd no sooner put it into the cage than—than it was out again; and it just whizzed through the open window like lightning."

"Well," said I, after some moments' reflection, "I don't see that there's anything more to be

done now. Guess I'll go home and get my supper."

Tom pressed me to stay and sup with him, but I concluded I'd go home. I wanted to surprise the folks there. I did n't surprise them, however, as much as I had expected; for, after the first greetings were over, they told me that they had sup-

posed I must be on my way back to Florence, as a telegram had come for me from Jack Hill.

"A telegram from Jack Hill!" I cried,—“let's see it.”

It was handed to me, and I read as follows:

“Bird's come back. Eugenio caught it in the garden.”

I WONDER WHY.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

I WONDER why

The white clouds stay up in the sky!
The birds light low that fly so fast;
The downy thistle falls at last;
But the fair clouds are always high.
I wonder why!

I wonder how

The little bird clings to its bough!
Sometimes at night when I awake
And hear the tree-tops moan and shake,
I think, “How sleep the birdies now?”
I wonder how!

I wonder why

We leave the fair earth for the sky!
I wish that we might always stay;
That the dear Lord might come some day,
And make it heaven! Yet we must die.
I wonder why!



A SHORT-LIVED FAMILY.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

I HEARD little Gerty talking very earnestly over by the window-seat, and I looked around from my sewing just in time to see six as handsome blackberries as ever grew, standing in a group in the window. Gerty had grouped them. The two biggest and blackest were Mr. and Mrs.



AUNT MARIA FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

Jetty, and one that did not stand straight was Aunt Maria Jetty. Then there were Bob and Tom, and the smallest blackberry, which kept rolling over, was the Baby. Gerty did the talking for all of them. Tom seemed to be a naughty boy.

"I shall have to punish that boy!" said Mr. Jetty, sternly. "He never learns his lessons!"

"O, well!" said Mrs. Jetty, "perhaps the lessons were too hard. Tom, what on earth are you doing now? Pinching the Baby! Mr. Jetty, if you don't whip that boy, I will!"

Here Aunt Maria fell on the floor, and was found to have fainted.

Great was the outcry among the Jettys, large and small, until she was lifted up and set on her feet again.

"Never—mind—me!" she said, faintly. "Look at—the Baby!"

Sure enough, the Baby had rolled over and over till it was on the very edge of the sill. It was snatched up, and handed to Bob to hold. Bob seemed to be a good boy; he sang "Rockaby, Baby!" all through, while Tom had his ears boxed for tittering.

Then Mr. Jetty said that the family ought to take a walk. They were all formed in a procession, the smallest being last. I watched them as they started off along the window-seat, the first one taking a step, then the next one, and so on. Then I bent my eyes upon my sewing again, but still I heard the play go on.

Presently, in at the sitting-room door came little Susy Blake, a neighbor's child, to play an hour with Gerty. So Gerty told her all about the six blackberries, and what their names were, and what they were doing.

"O, that's real fun," said Susy; "I can play that too!"

So, then, both little girls went on with the sport, and made the Jetty family say and do all sorts of funny things. Aunt Maria kept fainting away, and the children made a good deal of trouble, so there was a constant excitement. Right in the midst of it, Gerty's mamma called from upstairs:

"Gerty, Gerty, come up here quick, and try on your dress!"

"I'll be right back in a minute, Susy," said Gerty as she left the room. "You keep on playing till I come back."

So Susy kept on playing, and now she had to do all the talking for the Jetty family herself. They seemed to be having a great dispute about something, but one by one the voices of the younger ones were silenced. Something was said about their being put to bed. Finally, it struck me that I had not heard Aunt Maria make any complaint for a good while. Mr. and Mrs. Jetty seemed to be having it all to themselves, till at last Mr. Jetty stopped, as if tired out, and his wife had the last word.

"I did n't mean to be gone so long," said Gerty, who came back into the room at this moment. "I can't bear to try on dresses. Why—why—why, Susy Blake!"

And then she ran to me, crying.

"O, Cousin Mary!" she sobbed, "she's eaten them all up! Mr. Jetty and Mrs. Jetty, and Aunt Maria, and Bob, and Tom, and the Baby!"

I turned my eyes toward the window-seat. There was not a blackberry left to tell the tale. But Susy's lips were all stained with purple!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SCHOOL'S IN! my dears, or soon will be—and who's sorry? Not I. Nor are you. For there has been a grand Summer play-time, and now Autumn winds begin to cool the air and flutter the leaves of books invitingly. Your Jack has heard—O, so many wonderful things this Summer! and you shall be told them all, in time. No matter how he has heard them, so that they are true and worth hearing, and the young folk are ready to listen. Dear, dear! What an astonishing world this is, and how busy we Jacks-in-pulpits are from morning till night, with the heaps and heaps that have to be told! Gather close, my chicks, and I'll tell you about

DUMB DOGS.

WHAT'S the use of a dog that can't bark? It seems that on the Guinea Coast there is a race of dogs that are absolutely dumb. The bird that told me does not know whether or not they are good watch-dogs. Guesses not. Perhaps they don't bark because they've nothing to watch! I heard a sailor say that once a few dogs of the barking kind were left on the desert island of Juan Fernandez. Thirty-three years afterward, when the original dogs were dead, and their descendants had all grown wild, not one of the wild dogs could bark. Then some of them were taken away to another country by sailors, and behold! after a time they began to gain their voices, and bark like common dogs. This sounds like a hard story, and I'll not say yea or nay to it, though it was told to me as a truth that had been endorsed by Mr. Darwin.

ALL SORTS OF HAIRS.

I SUPPOSE you youngsters think that all hairs are alike, except as to color; but that is only be-

cause your eyes are not very sharp. If your eyes were as sharp as a microscope, you could tell from the tiniest slice of a hair whether it grew on a boy or a quadruped, and what quadruped. A human hair, I am told, looks, in that searching little instrument, like a hollow tube, quite transparent, and marked with irregular lines around it. On looking very closely, these lines are seen to be the ends of separate surface-coats, or bark of the hair. Think of your hairs having bark! Inside the thin, scaly covering is a fibrous substance, from the bulb where it begins, to the point. The color of the hair is decided by the color of the fluid that fills this transparent tube. A cat's hair looks, under the prying microscope, like the trunk of an old, rough palm-tree; while a bat's hair resembles flowers of a trumpet shape, stuck into each other to form a chain. A bat from India has the trumpet-shaped cups expanded very wide, and notched on the edge. Hair from the head of a bee is pointed and set with short hairs standing straight out from the stem; and the hairs of a caterpillar are like stout, horny rods, drawn to a point and set with spines on each side.

This is very queer; but there's another thing about it. If the hairs of sheep, and other animals whose hair is used in manufactures, had not rough scales which clasp and mat together, they could not be made into felting. That is what makes broad-cloth and other woolen cloth so firm and strong.

DOGS THAT GO "A-CRABBING."

JACK hears all sorts of queer things. Listen to this true story: At low tide, on the coast of Terra del Fuego (and perhaps on some other coasts), crabs hide themselves under the loose stones that are scattered thickly over the beach. Here they lie carelessly, not dreaming of danger, waiting for high tide. In the meantime the dogs come looking for their dinners. With one fore-paw they turn over a stone, and with the other knock out the astonished crab. The dogs have to be quick about it, too, for if the crab has time to think, he grasps the stone so closely with his claws that the dog cannot get him off, without greater trouble than the dinner would be worth.

BIRDS AT SEA.

HERE is something that will specially interest the Bird-defenders. It comes to Jack from a friend of ST. NICHOLAS crossing the Atlantic in the good ship "Wisconsin."

"We are in sight of land," he writes: "it is early morning, and gulls already are coming to meet us—British birds, fresh from the green shores, with a confident, near-home air about them. But it is different with those that venture far out at sea. A few days ago (almost in mid-ocean), a tired land bird lit on the vessel, rested for a few moments, and then resumed his flight. It was plain that the brave little thing knew it had hard work before it. On one trip two small birds followed the ship for days, until one of them dropped exhausted into the sea. Instantly the other flew to the vessel, and fell at the captain's feet. He took it up tenderly, carried it into the cabin, and put it on the table. The passengers gathered around and gave it water; it drank as though famishing with thirst. Then they fed it with bread crumbs: the bird ate eagerly and thrived well, but never from that moment seemed to have the slightest fear of anybody on board. When the ship neared land he flew away.

"This reminds me of another incident for your young folks. At Lafayette, Indiana, at the beginning of the war, a regiment of soldiers encamped on a hill overlooking the town, and it was found that a sparrow's nest was within the very heart of the camp. Whatever may have become of the male bird, the mother staid and raised her brood. The soldiers put a few stakes around the nest, which was on the ground, and I often saw the mother-bird coming and going, undisturbed by the camp-fires, the roll of the drum, or the discharge of musketry."

Those were brave soldiers, I'll be bound, or they would not have been so gentle. I like to think of the stanch, gruff fellows with tenderness in their hearts for the helpless little family in their midst—don't you?

As for those little bird-passengers on the great ship, that flew away rejoicing when they saw land, what a good account of mankind they carried into the hedges and tree-tops! How ready they must be, among their fellows, to contradict all evil reports against human beings, and what a lesson they teach us!

We are all sailing along in a sort of ship—the ship of life—and every day, weary souls, worn out in hopeless wandering, are falling upon the deck. If we are kind and gentle, and help them find the way, it may be they will come to be trustful and strong, fearing no one on board, and ready to take wing in joy and thanksgiving when Land comes in sight.

ON THE EDGE OF A SHOWER.

DID any of you ever stand on the edge of a shower? It should not be a very rare-event; for, as in these days nobody can say that it ever rains all over the earth at the same time, every shower must have an edge somewhere. Here is a good letter which has just come to me from a New York boy, who knows all about it:

DEAR JACK: Last evening we all witnessed a very beautiful sight. At 6.30, when the sun was about to set, a long, narrow cloud passed across from south to north. Soon it settled in a sullen way, and prepared for business—sending down torrents of rain. West of Avenue A, and reaching to about Third Avenue, the rain was coming down fearfully; beyond that all was clear. The sun shining on the rain-drops gave them the appearance of silver; but on the side where we were, the line formed by the rain on the walk all along Avenue A was perfectly straight, and as sharp as one could have made it with a mop and pail. Children standing just outside of the line would run in and out as though it were a shower-bath. This lasted fifteen minutes, while we fellows were all on the street perfectly dry, looking at people up the street cuddling under stoops and umbrellas, or running at full speed. Suddenly the wind changed, and lo! before we dry ones could reach a place of shelter, every one was thoroughly soaked.

Yours, A. R. D.

AMONG THE LEAVES.

WHO can find me, this September, an elm-tree leaf that is of the same size and shape on each side of its center rib? Who can send me two elm-tree leaves, or two oak leaves, exactly alike in size and shape?

NURSE APPLEBY.

SOMEBODY in the South sends your Jack this little picture of an old colored woman, drawn from life:

Dear old Nurse Appleby—with her clean gingham gown, her smooth check apron, and her gay cotton headkerchief tied in a jaunty knot over her forehead! How heartsome, fresh, and proud she

looks, sitting there with young Missus's baby in her arms! She and her husband have their own home, now, with their children about them; but she is always ready to lend a hand in sickness or trouble, or when a new baby in "the family" needs her skillful and tender care. She was a slave until the war freed her, but all her life she seems to have seen only the bright side of her condition.

Last evening she sat by our nursery-fire rocking baby to sleep. The door was opened to admit the washerwoman, a very black negress, who entered with a heavy basket on her head, which she wearily deposited on the floor, and then, with a sigh of relief, made her hasty exit. Nurse listened to the retreating footsteps, then turning to me said, "Well ma'm, she's one of *the free-born*. Don't she look like it, poor, worn out, unlikely thing, that never had any massa or missis to take care of her when she was sick, but just bound, best part of her life to the hardest kind of work, to support them lazy husband and children o' hern?"

"Yes, she belongs to them kind of stuck up darkies, that holds themselves so proud because they was *always* free, that they call the rest of us, them *cut loose niggers*." Then, with an indignant toss of her turbaned head, Nurse Appleby adds: "Umph! they can talk big, but what kind of raising have they had? Aint they been knocking round all their lives? while we've been dressing decent, and living comfortable, and I'm sure I can count my family for generations back, that's been born and raised with aristocracy white folks. And old missis is here yet to prove that, and if the property is all gone, aint there enough of *us*, and the white family, still left, to show our raising, and to let folks see what the Macphersons and Creightons have been," and with another lofty toss of her head, she resumed her lullaby, settling herself into a state of complete satisfaction.

A CURRANT-BUSH IN A LOCUST TREE.

THERE was once a locust-tree close by our meadow, and in the top of that locust-tree was a fine little currant-bush in full bearing! What do you think of that, my chicks? The birds thought very well of it, I assure you. The fruit was a little sour, to be sure, but then it was their very own. No human hand ever touched it. How it came to be up so high Jack cannot tell you, but he thinks the birds must have carried up the seed one fine day, and, lodging in a crotch of the tree by one of the dead branches, it found there enough mold or dust, or whatever it may be, to give it root-hold and nourishment. At any rate, there it was—a pretty little white currant-bush—till it died a natural death alone in the bleak Autumn wind.

This is not the only instance of the kind. I'm told that in Massachusetts, not many miles from Boston, there's a noble elm with a red-currant bush growing high up, just where the branches join the main trunk. It bears fruit every season, bright clusters of rubies glowing in the sun. Just imagine how the Robin-Aladdins feel when they come upon this jewel bush in the early morning!

THE LETTER-BOX.

TO THE BIRD-DEFENDERS: The names received since our last number (when, you may remember, we published nearly three pages of them) will be printed in our next issue, the October number, which will be the last of the volume. There are no Bird-defenders' names in this number.

Brooklyn, May 21, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the "Letter-Box" of your magazine, I see a variety of questions asked, and so I will ask these two: How do you account for the color of human beings? and, what are the dimensions of the temple of Diana, and where was it situated?
JOHN WARD.

In answer to John's first question, the human skin is composed of three layers, and the cells of the middle layer contain a secretion (or pigment, as it is called) from which the skin takes its color. All the hues of the different races of men depend on the comparative abundance of these cells and on the color of the pigment enclosed by them. This color-layer of the skin is only slightly developed in the white race, but very distinct and thick in the darker ones.

As for the temple of Diana, it was situated at Ephesus, and was justly considered one of the seven wonders of the world, for the magnificent edifice was more than two hundred years in building. Its dimensions were 425 feet long by 200 broad. The roof was supported by 127 columns sixty feet high, and placed there by as many kings. The temple contained immense riches, and the goddess to whom it was dedicated was worshipped with great solemnity by the Ephesians.

This is such a good rhyming version of "Rhyming Play" that we give it entire:

ANSWER TO "RHYMING PLAY."

With little change of text, I may
Make answer to the rhyming play.

In all varieties, the rose
Is far the queenliest flower that blows.

In fragrance, the sweet garden pink
Is hard to be surpassed, I think.

To find a flower that rhymes with Willie,
We name at once the gorgeous lily.

King Solomon in all his glory
Equals not these, says sacred story.

Fourth, with the handsome, graceful fuchsia,
We rhyme the little Western Joosha.

And next, the delicate verbena,
So perfectly is rhymed with Lena.

'T is well to seek the mignonette
Where all the sweetest flowers are set.

Beneath the base the flat, square plinth
Is placed, and rhymes with hyacinth.

We start with A and end with L,
To find the yellow asphodel.

The "Ursa Major" of the "Dipper"
Could not put on a lady-slipper.

To find the magic four-leaved clover,
Fair maidens roam the meadows over.

With musk-rose and sweet eglantine,
Shakespeare has linked the rare woodbine.

This also comes from W. S.,
The odd name, love-in-idleness.

I do not find a rhyme for Cyrus,
Unless you will admit the iris.

We fitly rhyme the fair japonica,
Changing the accent in Salomica.

The flower with open mouth, snap-dragon,
Does very well to rhyme with wagon.

It is unwise to pick a thistle,
And hard to make a pigtail whistle.

A Scotchman for our much says muckle
Which is a rhyme for honeysuckle.

In tint the dainty lavender
Matches the gloves that some prefer.

A flower has gained the name pond-lily,
That rises from the waters stilly.

The timid, wild wood violet
Is called the poet's modest pet.

E. S. L.

MR. HASKINS, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Bird-defenders, sends us a bird's nest which suggests a very peculiar story. The nest itself is an ordinary one, built last year, and in it is a dead bird—nothing now but a skeleton and a few feathers. The cause of its death is very apparent. The nest is partly made of horse-hair and threads, and in these the poor bird had become so entangled that it was impossible for it to get out, and there it staid and died, and there it is yet.

It is not a full-grown bird, but it is not a very small one, and so it is possible that it lived in the nest some time after it became fastened, and that its parents brought it food with the others until they grew large enough to leave the nest, and that they then all left except this poor bird who could not go, and who staid there and died!

Mr. Haskins also writes as follows:

W. F. Bundy, of Jefferson, Wisconsin, says that the rose-breasted grosbeak, whose hard name is *Goniaphea Ludoviciana*, eats the Colorado bug, and that the farmers hold these birds in great favor, and are very careful to prevent their destruction.

If there had been no quails or prairie-chickens killed in the grass-hopper region for the past two years, would n't the farmers have been much better off?

Bangor, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if you give premiums to those who get subscribers to the magazine? "VIRGIL."

Yes, we will send you a premium list if you will send us your name and address.

WE HAVE received a little book about two inches square, called the "Sad Story of Baby Rose," by Bessie R—. The author's mother writes this note about it:

OUR DEAR DELIGHTFUL FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS:

A few weeks ago my little Bessie—eight years old—came shyly bringing me a neat manuscript with ornamented title-page, saying it was a story she had written for papa. Upon inquiring of her little brother and playmate, I found she had written it that afternoon in the nursery, quite "out of her own head," as another and more knowing Bessie has put it. As this is our Bessie's first essay in this kind of composition, her papa printed it on his little office press, and almost overwhelmed the modest authoress a few days thereafter with the view of a real book by her own little self.

We print the contents of the book in full:

Once upon a time, there was a little girl whose mother thought her the best child in all the world. Rose was her name.

Now, my dear little readers, I will begin.

Rose was born on Christmas, in the year 1873. Now, of course, I must tell you that Rose's loving mother thought her a little jewel then as much as your mother did when you were born. When Rose's mamma saw a little baby lying in her lap she jumped for joy. She took her and put on her a white frock and a little embroidered sack, and then she gave her some breakfast.

Now her mamma said that she would teach Rose to be good and truthful. Rose grew and grew every day. When Rose was only two months and one week old her mamma was gone out to visit her grandma and left Rose playing on the bed, with her nurse to look after her. After a little while her nurse put her on the floor to play till she came back from seeing some one in the kitchen. Her nurse ought to have known better than to leave Rose near the stairs, but she did not. So very soon Rose, who did not want to stay at the

stairs any longer, began to cry, and then the nurse came, took her up, and gave her a cruel whipping as hard as she could with a horse-whip all over her body, having taken off everything Rose had on while she was whipping her, and after the nurse had done whipping her she took baby by the hands and feet and threw her over the staircase. The nurse then put on her hat and went out.

Rose's mamma came in just at this time and saw her darling lying there on the floor, quite dead, as she supposed, and she ran and told her husband. He came and ran for the doctor. The doctor came at once and took Rose upon his knee and said she was fatally injured. Then Rose's loving mamma tenderly washed and bound up her cuts and her bruises and put her into her own soft bed. Then she sat down by her and never left her while she lived. Rose never got well, though she got some better and was able to sit up, but one morning she was very bad and suffered dreadfully.

Toward night Rose lifted up her hands and said "I am dying," and at eleven o'clock that night she died.

It was a great grief to her mamma, and after the funeral her mamma took sick and died of grief.

My little readers, you ought to be glad that you did not die so young, and be glad that you did not have such a wicked nurse that caused first the death of pretty little Rose, and second her dear mamma's death, who, as I said before, died of grief at losing her darling baby Rose.

My little readers, I will now tell you what became of Rose's ugly and wicked nurse. One day Rose's father met the nurse in the street, and spoke kindly, and he said to her, "Miss Miller, I am very sorry you killed my little darling child and caused the death of my dear wife. I ask you now to come home with me." And Miss Miller said, "I will, my dear Mr. Lane," and so she did. Then Mr. Lane went right off and called a policeman and brought him home, and the policeman took Miss Miller and led her off to prison, where she was to be beheaded the next day, and when the morning dawned she was very much frightened, but they came up to her and took her to a room and laid her down, then they lifted the axe and let it fall and she was dead. And that was the end of that wicked nurse.

Soon afterward Mr. Lane married again and had many other little girls and boys, but he never forgot, in all his life, either his own darling baby Rose or her dear and loving mother.

Highland Park, Ill., July 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read "Jack-in-the-Pulpit's" article on Gray's telephone, in which I was very much interested, as Mr. Gray lives next door to me, and I am well acquainted with him and his family. I have heard the telephone, and I can tell you it is splendid.—Yours always,

K. E. B.

K. E. B. also sends a poem.

A LAMENT.

I have a dog—	Doth follow me
From very shame	Where'er I go.
I hesitate	To church, to school,
To tell his name.	At play, at home,
His form is lean,	Until I vow
And slim and tall;	I'll no more roam.
His lungs are very	O, prithee show
Far from small.	To me the spot
This dreadful cur,	Where I can be
I'd have you know,	And he cannot.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard recently a remarkable and beautiful bird-story, which I thought you might deem worth giving to your young readers, especially the Bird-defenders. Its truth is vouched for by a gentleman who saw the proceeding.

On a large tree near a country-house, a pair of robins had built a nest, and were caring for four little robins, whose heads could often be seen above the edge of the nest. One morning, from some unknown cause, both the parent birds were found dead at the foot of the tree, and away up in the nest the little orphans were lifting up their heads and "piping," as if asking for food. What could be done for them? Though in full view, it was almost impossible to reach the nest. While the folks of the house were trying to solve the problem, a wren was seen to light on the edge of the nest, and, after remaining apparently just long enough to take in the "situation," fly away. A watch was kept, and the wren soon returned with some food in its mouth, and fed the four helpless robins. It returned during the day on the same mission, and from that time until the birds were able to leave the nest it was often observed ministering to their wants.

"NORTH."

CAN any of our boys or girls tell us why a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, would sail one hundred miles farther than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a curved line curving up toward the north?

JAMES S. wants to know why Baltimore was so called, and if there is any other Baltimore in the Old World? Some of you surely can tell him.

F. R. F., who for many years has lived in the East, writes as follows about kites in that part of the world:

Kite-flying is not a boyish sport in Eastern lands, but a pastime of the fathers, while the sons look on and enjoy merely seeing the fun. Rich old merchants, dignified judges, and gray-haired grandfathers will spend whole afternoons guiding the ascent of their kites, while their boys are the most interested spectators, looking yearningly forward to the period when they shall inherit, with other honors of maturity, the privilege of flying their own kites.

But, then, these Oriental kites are not ordinary affairs of paste and paper, such as make glad the hearts of our juveniles. They are very marvels of skill and inventiveness, and of every conceivable form, size, and material. Their forms are those of all manner of insects, flowers, birds, fishes, and reptiles, as well as of gods and goddesses, angels and demons, while not a few represent beings unknown in air, earth, or sea, heaven or hell. Some are of huge dimensions, composed of oiled silk painted in various shades to depict stone, slate, tiles, brick, wood, iron, glass, and silver; and are fashioned in the form of castles, palaces, or pagodas, adorned with spires and turrets, vaulted domes, arches and lofty windows. These are lighted by tapers or miniature lamps, that frequently set fire to the thin, combustible material, and ultimately consume these fairy palaces, or "air castles," as they may well be called. The conflagration occupies but a few minutes, but it is beautiful while it lasts.

Occasionally, a group of kites will be seen as an immense bird surrounded by a whole train of hawks, and all skillfully guided by a single string. Some represent an immense bouquet of flowers: some a tree with foliage, blossoms and fruit, all true to nature—the fruit containing rockets that explode with a loud report; and some make their appearance as lanterns, balloons, or fire-wheels, the spokes of the last being lighted by transparencies in which are confined living fire-flies. Others are in the form of huge dragons, eagles, vultures, flying serpents, and such like monsters, real and imaginary. Even our own species has its representatives in kites, sometimes as a fierce-looking giant armed with spear or battle-axe, and again as a beautiful maiden in shining robes and flowing hair. So very skillfully are these enormous kites managed, that a sort of aerial game is sometimes played, in which three, four, or perhaps twice that number of kites are engaged.

Kites are in vogue at only one season of the year; but then there is a perfect rage for them, and the number that go whizzing past one's ears, or soaring gallantly in the clouds, would seem incredible to one who had never witnessed the novel spectacle of a thousand huge kites floating simultaneously above the spires and turrets of a great city. Occasionally, even princes and nobles condescend to indulge in this exhilarating sport; but in such cases, the kites are always sent up from the domes or turrets of their own palaces, and they so far excel in size and splendor those of the common people as to prove that, even in his amusements, the man of rank does not forget the wide distance between a prince and a peasant.

Stamford, June 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will I have to kill my cats if I am a Bird-defender? If so, I will not be one. If not, will you please to put my name down on your list.—Your gratified reader,

KITTIE WARREN.

All right, Kittie, keep your cat.

HERE is an account of an old church from a little girl in Arizona. We have so few ancient buildings in our country that we ought to take an interest in this.

SAN XAVIER.

Now, I am afraid some of your readers will look at the heading of this and say, "Oh, that is not worth reading. Arizona is only made of Indians and sand!"

It is true Arizona has a great deal of sand, and a great many Indians; but there are other things there too. Oh, my, yes! a great many interesting things there, among which is San Xavier. San Xavier, you must first know, was built many, many years before you, or your father, or even his father, were born—in fact, almost two hundred years ago—by a company of Jesuit missionaries from Spain, who came and settled in Arizona, where they built a great many of these missions (as they are called), and some of them are very handsome, but with only one, however, have we anything to do. This one is situated nine miles from Tucson. On approaching it from that quarter it looks very pretty, with its tall unfinished domes (for it was never finished), of stone and red brick—the latter brought from Spain—extending high up in the sunlight.

Now, walk with me up to the door, where a dozen or so half-dressed Appapagoes stand asking for "muckamuck" (something to eat). You enter, and you feel almost as though you were going into some vault, it is so cold and damp. On taking a few steps forward, that feeling changes to one of wonder and awe. You find yourself

in a large room, where the stone floor is painted in curious style. The ceiling where you stand is about forty feet, for over your head is a place for the choir. On going further we come upon a figure of Christ in the sepulchre, with the crown of thorns on his head, and the blood trickling down his face. It looks very life-like. All around this are pictures of the saints. Over the altar is one of St. Peter, which looks very ludicrous. He has on a long cloak which comes down to his feet, and a small hat on his head.

Now, after looking at these things, step with me into the vestry. Here are robes that were worn two hundred years ago by priests who have long since turned to dust. Here also are the silver pitcher and plate for holding the blessed sacrament. Now, come back through the church, climb the old dark stairs, go into the belfry, and look upon those ancient chimes whose tones rang out on the still Summer morning two hundred years ago, calling to mass the builders of this ancient pile of masonry.

S. L. R.

THE translation of the Latin story in our July number will appear next month. We give plenty of time to our young Latin translators.

A LADY sends us the following account of a little bird-mother who suffered death rather than desert her children:

A little bird (a wren) built its nest in a rose-hush by the piazza, at the corner of the house near the eave-spout. It had laid its eggs and hatched them, when one night there came up a rain, which, running from the spout, drowned the bird—as she, rather than forsake her duty, had stood to shield her brood. In the morning, when the lady went to look at the nest, there sat the bird motionless, with wings outspread in protection over it, both the mother-bird and little ones dead!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a great many stories about chickens—true ones I mean. Once we had an old turkey gobbler and some hens. One of the hens had young ones—I don't remember how many, but she had quite a good many. Well, in some way she got killed, and there were all those little turkeys! We did n't know what to do; but the old gobbler came to the rescue. He took care of them until they grew so large that they only could stand around him and poke their heads under him.

Once there was a hen with chickens, and she saw a fish-line standing by the kitchen door, and swallowed the hook. They had to kill her, and a rooster took care of the little chicks.

There were two hens sitting on one nest. Well, they came off with only one chicken. By and by, these hens got tired of running around with that one chick, and so they went off. I suppose one hen thought the other could take care of it, and the other thought so too, if hens think at all. They had a hen in a coop, shut up because they didn't want her to set. She took that little chicken, and took care of it. I know of a rooster that took care of chickens, too.

FANNIE HUNT.

IN addition to that published last month, we here give another list of names of boys and girls who have sent answers to the Rhyming Play in the June number: Horace P. Taylor, Mary Brodnax, Anna Palen, Mark W. C., Amy Waters, Cora Mabel Wesley, Leilly B. Dresser, Mary F. Wallace, Alice T. Walker, Cora E. Everett, Winnie Gould, Mary Billin, Hannah Rollins, Edith S. Tufts, Harry Thiers, Nellie C. Beckwith, Willie M. Burton, Frances Hersh, Gracie Bigelow, Julia Reno, Julia Sanford, Mollie Willett, Fannie Lelloir Russell, John R. Eldridge, Louise R. Canby, Nettie Starkweather, Ida Cronsch, Nellie Chase, Dollie Carrick, Violet Beach, Mary Morris Jones, Hattie M. Newton, Amy Hicks, and George Hicks.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a drunkard. Change my head, and I am a bed; change again, and I am a man mentioned in the Bible; again, and I am to decay; again, and I am a negative; again, and I am warm; again, and I am a small mark; again, and I am to write down hastily.

M. A. J.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

As Kate was just about to —,
She found she'd quite forgot her —,
Made with all culinary —,
By her old friend the cook.

So catching it from off her —,
In fear lest she should be —,
All down the street she ran, and —,
How greedy she did look!

A. B. C.

RIDDLE.

MY whole is the name of a bird. From it make (1) the generic name of the animal it lives on; (2) the name of one species of it; (3) an organ of its body; (4) the state it must be in when cooked for man, unless packed for market, and then (5) the name of a vessel it is often packed in; (6) an instrument used in preparing it for the cook; (7) what the cook does to it, and (8) what it is done over; (9) what the man is called who obtains it; and (10) something he frequently uses in taking it.

J. P. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

HERE are some of the signs in a certain queer little village. Who can read them?

1. Lairot. 2. Stinted. 3. Torcod. 4. Nelmiril. 5. Gurd-Tores. 6. Ricesorge. 7. Toifecopsf. 8. Hacs-Rotes. 9. Ryd-Dogos. POLK.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 2, 5, 1, 9 is to incline. My 3, 1, 10 is an article used by ladies. My 11, 8, 1, 4 is a period of time. My 7, 5, 1 is what some people drink. My 13, 10, 8 is a number. My 3, 1, 14, 10, 11 is a girl's name. My 11, 13, 9, 6, 8, 4 is an adverb. My 7, 5, 14 is a number. My 12, 11, 9, 13, 6 is a kind of council. My 7, 11, 4, 13, 2 is a small province in Europe. My 7, 11, 4, 1, 14, 7 is a cruel ruler. My whole is a distinguished poet.

M. A. J.

CHARADE, No. 1.

My first once roamed where grows my whole,
Brave, warlike, wild and free;
Often my second served for food,
In Winter you may see.

My whole (that part beneath the ground)
Once taste, and you will say
The horrid thing had better be
A thousand miles away.

Yet, from the earth, in beauty rare,
Its blossom greets your eye,
And 'neath a brodered canopy
Welcomes the passer-by.

And seek it (with its prettier name),
Your fireside it will greet,
And once a month will bring to you
A sure and pleasant treat.

B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION words: A continent and a monarchy. Cross words: 1. A fruit. 2. A biped. 3. Stopping. 4. Name of a great painter. 5. One of the United States. 6. A country in Asia. 7. A conjunction. D. H.

REBUS.

(The solution consists of a few lines from Tennyson's poem of "The Princess.")



WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MODEST flower. 2. A sweet perfume. 3. An order of column in architecture. 4. A worker in metal. 5. A small boat.

CHARADE, No. 2.

THREE little words, if rightly used,
Will most correctly tell
For what I long, when thinking of
The maid I love so well.

And should that wish be gratified,
Those three words, joined in one,
Will show you what my love and I
Would be, ere set of sun.

A. S.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks with the same word, one of which is a girl's name:

1. — spent six months in —.
2. — screwed up her face as she ate a pickled —.
3. When — was in India she bought a toy for an —.
4. — went with a nun through the entire —.
5. — always — early.
6. — was shown to her room by the —.
7. — dyed her ribbons with —.
8. — replied with a brilliant — that charmed him.
9. — was fond of cloves, but she did not know the tree that produced them belonged to the genus —.
10. — remembered hearing her father play the —.
11. — consulted the — secretly.
12. — presented the crown to the May queen with exquisite —.
13. — rode to the park in a —.

P.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(LARGEST EVER MADE.)

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. A household god. 3. Equaled. 4. Existing only in name. 5. Arched. 6. Taken by robbery. 7. Luxurious food. 8. Conducted. 9. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. A spigot. 3. To imitate for sport. 4. Pertaining to the side. 5. Filled to repletion. 6. Told. 7. Fruit much used for food in Arabia. 8. A color. 9. A consonant.

HYPERION.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in goblet, but not in cup;
My second is in drink, but not in sup;
My third is in whirl, but not in spin;
My fourth is in needle, but not in pin;
My fifth is in dunce, but not in fool;
My sixth is in rule, but not in school;
My seventh is in frolic, and also in fun;
My eighth in example, but not in sum;
My ninth is in woman, and also in man;
My tenth is in dish, but not in pan;
My eleventh is in even, but not in straight;
My twelfth is in door, but not in gate;
My thirteenth is in wasp, but not in bee;
My whole is what girls and boys ought to be.

L. G. M.

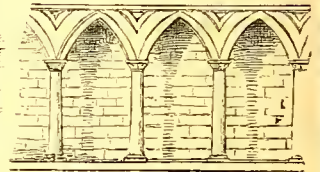
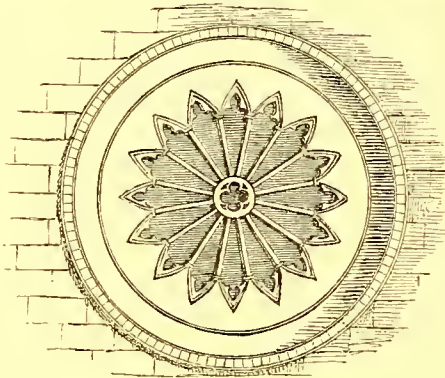
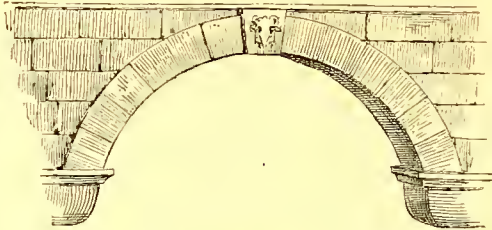
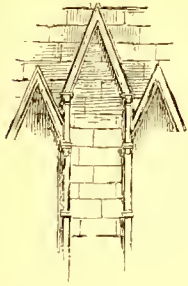
HIDDEN SQUARE.

1. Is Idaho merely a territory?
2. This crop always is a failure.
3. The comma I leave out frequently.
4. He fell at his post bravely.

J. P. B.

ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.

(From one of these designs make each of the others.)



Charl. = .

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

LINEADUCTIONS.—1. Lane, Lamc. 2. Sane, Same. 3. Danc, Dame.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Dumb-bell.

TRANSPOSITIONS (RIVERS).—1. Crime mar—Merrimac. 2. Home along an—Monongahela. 3. Nile—line. 4. Ripened—Dneiper. 5. Hounds—Hudson. 6. Oriel—Loire. 7. I miss our—Missouri. 8. Heron—Rhone. 9. Them as—Thames. 10. See in—Seine.

HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Heron. 2. Robin. 3. Turkey. 4. Wren.

REBUS.—“Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.”

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Langush, anguish. Basking, asking. Fable, able. Plighted, lighted.

ENIGMA.—“Procrastination is the thief of time.”

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
S A P
R A V E N
P E N
N

RIDDLE.—Olive (the tree, the fruit, and the name).

WORD-SQUARE.—

T E P I D
E L A T E
P A T E N
I T E M S
D E N S E

BEHEADED RIVERS.—1. Don. 2. Pruth. 3. Red. 4. Rhone. 5. Osage. 6. Nile.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Leopard, Panther.

L —am— P
E —ll— A
O —di— N
P —ar— T
A —lla— H
K —escu— E
D —ce— R

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES.—1. Savannah. 2. Berkeley. 3. Philadelphia. 4. New Haven.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: “Trans.”—Scribe, fur, form, figure, sit, parent, plant, port, fuse, spire, mit, verse, pose.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.—Round-robin.—(Roller, OliO, UnaU, NipperkiN, DepenD, Robber, OkrO, BarB, IndrI, NapkiN.)

SQUARE-WORD.—

P E A C H
E A R L Y
A R M E D
C L E A R
H Y D R A

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Stop, top. 2. Bold, old. 3. Said, aid. 4. Supper, upper. 5. Scold, cold. 6. Meat, eat.

CHARADE.—Anaximander.

EASY ENIGMA.—Lemonade.

TRANSPOSITIONS (CITIES).—1. Cannot—Canton. 2. Devonshire—hired ovcns. 3. New York—key worn. 4. Tried to—Detroit. 5. Crop in ten Princeton. 6. Philip had alc—Philadelphia.

THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.—1. Shrouds (ropes from the mast to the side of the vessel) 2. Shades (or shadows). 3. Alas! (a lass). 4. A gull (bird). 5. Trunk. 6. Chest. 7. Cover (of the chest). 8. Top (of the chest). 9. Address (a dress). 10. Buoy (boy). 11. Hares (hairs). 12. Calves. 13. Wraps, or wrappings (buoyings). 14. Rings and buckle (on trunk). 15. Stays (ropes). 16. Temples. 17. Block. 18. Wings. 19. Foot. 20. Ears. 21. Lock (on the trunk). 22. Face and hands. 23. Guard (the outer rail). 24. Ocean (the letters of “canoe” transposed). 25. Deck. 26. Tulips (two lips). 27. Box. 28. Pears (pairs of boots and shoes). 29. Palm (the date tree). 30. Steam (the letters of “mates” transposed). 31. Eyes and noses (eyes and nose). 32. Lien (lean on a support). 33. Profiles (files—pro) 34. Skye (sky). 35. Twelve feet. 36. Heal (heel). 37. Cholera (collar). 38. Railing. 39. Lap. 40. Cape. 41. Mouth and arm. 42. Foremen (four men). 43. A pipe (smoke-pipe). 44. Sole. 45. Hood. 46. Boot. 47. Folds (on the woman’s dress). 48. Crown (on the man’s hat).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 18, from Thomas P. Sanborn, Fannie S. Humphrey, “Grace and Maddie,” Josie R. Ingalls, Launcelot M. Berkeley, “Nimpo,” Chas. G. Rupert, S. Frankie Rupert, Minnie M. Tooker, Helen Reese, Lilla M. Hallowell, Robt. M. Reese, Charles Baldwin, “Pearl,” Edward H. Rudd, Reinette L. Ford, Willie L. Young, Frank H. Belknap, Willie A. Lewis, Louella Palmer, Cora Mabel Wesley, Victor Grant Beebe, Annie Donaldson, Willie Dibb’ce, Alexander Wiley, Mary H. Wilson, “Lillie,” Lester Woodbridge, Fred B. Crowell, “Little Nell,” Mamie L. Lane, and Alice Richards.





THE BATTLE OF THE ESSEX AND THE PHŒBE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 12.

CAPTAIN PORTER AND THE ESSEX; OR, THE FIRST BATTLE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE *Essex* was a small frigate, built on Winter Island in Salem harbor in 1799. She was rated as a thirty-two, though mounting in reality forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves. After various noteworthy cruises, in one of which she first carried the pennant of a United States ship-of-war beyond the Cape of Good Hope, she was placed under command of Captain David Porter, a young officer who was first lieutenant of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli, and was already distinguished for his daring and skill. She was assigned in the Summer of 1812 to the squadron of Commodore Bainbridge, who had been appointed to the *Constitution* after her famous fight with the *Guerriere*, and had made her his flagship. In pursuance of his orders, the *Essex*, Captain Porter, sailed October 28 from the *Delaware*, with a full crew of three hundred and nineteen souls, and a large supply of stores which made her deep and impeded her speed. She was to meet the Commodore at Porto Praya St. Jago, in the Cape De Verde Islands, but failing to reach there in season, then continued on to the second rendezvous at Fernando de Noronha, off Brazil.

During this long cruise, the *Essex* had fallen in with but one of the enemy's vessels, the brig *Noctau*, which surrendered at the first fire. The prize was sent to the States with a prize crew, but was recaptured; however, \$55,000 in specie found on board of her had luckily been transferred to the *Essex*.

At Fernando de Noronha, Captain Porter re-

ceived a letter from Commodore Bainbridge directing him to lie off Cape Frio to the southward for the *Constitution*. But he was disappointed again, and after beating against violent head winds and chasing some of the enemy's merchantmen, the *Essex* put into St. Catherine's for a supply of water. As it had now become useless for Captain Porter to search farther for the *Constitution*, he was obliged to devise some new plan of action for his further movements. As the English influence was so great in the ports of South America as to make them hostile to American ships, he was unable to revictual on that coast, and, apparently, would be forced to return to the United States. But with enterprise and courage characteristic of his ardent nature, Captain Porter resolved, instead of returning to the States, to weather Cape Horn and ravage the Pacific, destroying the whale-ships of the enemy and living on the stores with which he knew they would be abundantly provided.

It was a daring, but, as the event proved, a practicable scheme. The voyage around the Horn was of the roughest sort. The spirit of the black, rocky, inhospitable Cape gave the adventurous little frigate a rude greeting. For many days she buffeted adverse seas, and when, after the weary voyagers thought themselves at last clear of the land and that the violence of the winds was abated, a gale of tremendous fury suddenly arose, and the exhausted crew were again clinging to the slanting yards, furling and reefing the flapping sails. But an ocean current setting to leeward obliged them

to keep a press of sail on the laboring vessel in order to claw off the land, and about midnight she plunged her head into a sea which swept the decks, and rushed below in such floods that all on board thought she was foundering; but, staggering under the blow, the Essex retained her buoyancy, and her bow lifted once more on the surge. It was a narrow escape, and had the force of the gale not blown itself out soon after, the ship must have been lost.

On the 15th of March the Essex ran into the port of Valparaiso and cast anchor. To the surprise and joy of the crew, Chili had lately revolted from the rule of Spain, and was therefore friendly to the United States, so that a very cordial reception was given to Captain Porter and his crew, and all facilities were afforded them for laying in the stores of which they were in such pressing want. After obtaining considerable valuable information from American whalships in port concerning the English privateers and whalers in the Pacific, Captain Porter put to sea, heading northward.

The first prize taken was the Peruvian privateer Ncreyda, cruising after American whalers. Her guns and ammunition were thrown overboard, and she was then released. After recapturing the American whaler Barclay, the Essex gradually cruised to Charles Island, where was a box among the rocks, called "a post-office," in which the whalers left accounts of their luck and future movements. A curious post-office was this in mid-ocean, without post-master or postage, whose contents could be read by all whether friend or foe, and foe did sometimes read the "Pacific mail," for Captain Porter found in it information that proved of much value. Continuing his cruise among the Gallipagos Islands, he chased and captured three large whalers, which made considerable show of resistance. They were all well armed and provisioned. Of these, the Georgiana was turned into a cruiser; guns from the other ships were put into her, which, with those she had, made a battery of sixteen guns; she was manned by a prize crew from the Essex of forty-one men, and was then sent off to capture whalers in her turn. After taking two more prizes, the Essex put in at Tumbes, on the coast of Ecuador, with six prizes in company, where she was soon joined by the Georgiana, which in her independent cruise had captured three of the enemy's ships. At Tumbes the largest of the prizes was turned into a sloop-of-war, twenty guns were mounted on her deck, a crew of sixty men manned her, and she was named the Essex, Junior. After a general salute, the Essex, with all her prizes,—quite a fleet,—put to sea, when the Essex, Junior, with five of the prizes in company, sailed for Valparaiso.

One of the prizes captured by the Essex was taken in a calm by means of drags invented by Captain Porter. They were triangular pieces of canvas stretched on a frame, weighted on one side, and were dropped in the water from the sprit sail-yard on the bowsprit. By pulling on them from the stern, then dropping them again ahead, the ship was forced through the water at the rate of two miles an hour. At Banks Bay the frigate was joined by the Essex, Junior, which brought the important information that the Chilian Government was becoming hostile toward the United States, and that the British Government, alarmed by the news of Captain Porter's depredations among their shipping, had dispatched several ships-of-war to the Pacific in pursuit of the Essex. Accordingly, he concluded to refit at the Marquesas Islands, and anchored in the bay of Nookaheevah with all his fleet. Up to this time the Essex had taken fourteen vessels, several of which had letters of marque, comprising in all four thousand tons and about four hundred prisoners; and a year after sailing from the Chesapeake, she was lying safely in a beautiful island port in the Central Pacific surrounded by a fleet of her prizes, attended by a consort, and well provided with all the needful stores.

The long cruise was now varied by a stay at Nookaheevah, where the crew luxuriated in its lovely valleys, under its groves of cocoas, and mingled harmoniously with the naked, tattooed islanders, who swam off in crowds to meet the ships as they entered the harbor. One adventure gave a temporary excitement to the crew. The natives were divided into rival tribes, Typees and Happers, who dwelt in separate valleys, and were often at war with each other. The Happers being enemies to the Typees, who had received the Essex with such hospitality, showed hostilities toward the Americans in so decided a manner that Captain Porter was obliged to send a large detachment on shore to chastise them. Joined by their manly but savage allies, the sailors, after a severe fight, succeeded in entering the hostile district, and inflicting such injuries on the Happers as secured themselves from further molestation.

After lying some weeks at Nookaheevah, the Essex and the Essex, Junior, sailed for Valparaiso, where Captain Porter was desirous of meeting the English frigate Phœbe, which had been sent in search of him; but when that vessel at last appeared off the port, she was, most unexpectedly to Captain Porter, accompanied by the Cherub, a sloop-of-war, of twenty-eight guns and one hundred and eighty men, while the Phœbe carried forty-six guns and a crew of over three hundred men.

The Phœbe dropped into the harbor with a light

breeze. Captain Porter had ranged his men at quarters in full preparation for an attack, as he was aware that, although Valparaiso was a neutral port, the English would not hesitate to open fire if it were of advantage for them to do so. An exciting episode now ensued, for as the *Phœbe* glided to her anchorage she passed very near to the *Essex*, and, as her commander hailed the American ship and inquired after Captain Porter's health, the latter replied that he would not answer for the consequences if the vessels should come foul of each other. Captain Hillyar replied that he did not intend to attack; but just at that instant the wind took the *Phœbe* aback, and she fell aboard of the *Essex*, her bowsprit swinging over the quarter-deck of the latter. Captain Porter called away his boarders, and would have been perfectly justified in raking the English ship with his guns, but Captain Hillyar warmly protested that the collision was purely accidental, and by trimming his sails succeeded in backing his ship out of her awkward position. Had Captain Porter opened fire at that critical moment, there is little doubt that he would have achieved a result entirely different to that which befell him in the fight that afterward followed.

For six weeks the hostile ships maneuvered in and around the port of Valparaiso, the *Essex* being found to outsail the enemy, so that she could easily have escaped, but Captain Porter preferred instead to fight the *Phœbe*, if he could engage her singly; this, however, Captain Hillyar carefully avoided, being evidently under orders not to engage the American ship except with the aid of the *Cherub*, a fact which shows with what respect English seamen now regarded the American navy, for never before this war had such a thing been known as that an English ship should avoid a fight with an enemy of equal force. But in this case the importance of capturing the *Essex*, and the doubtful result of meeting her with a single ship and equal force, were so apparent, that the enemy showed a wariness very rare in the English marine.

After waiting several weeks for a fair fight, and learning that a number of English men-of-war were daily expected at Valparaiso, Captain Porter finally concluded to sail; but before he was quite ready to put to sea, a heavy wind from the south made the *Essex* drag her anchors to the mouth of the harbor, which runs north and south. Nothing remained but to make sail, with the hope of clearing the enemy's ships, which were lying near the point of angles at the western extremity of the port. But this is a very dangerous headland, squalls often coming off in heavy puffs, and just as the *Essex* was shortening sail when passing the

bluff, a squall struck the ship, carrying away the maintopmast, throwing a number of the crew overboard, and effectually crippling the vessel.

Under these severe circumstances, Captain Porter could only stand before the wind to the north-eastern side of the harbor, where he cast anchor within half-a-mile of a Chilian battery, thus being in neutral water and protected from attack, as one would think, by the law of nations. But Captain Hillyar, entirely regardless of this circumstance, or of the honor shown by Captain Porter in not attacking him on a similar occasion, at once took advantage of the disabled condition of the *Essex* to place his vessel astern of the American frigate, where he could pour in a terrific raking fire, and at the same time be scarcely touched by her guns. The *Cherub* also hauled across the bow of the *Essex*, but finding that the forward guns of her antagonist could play upon her, took up a position near the *Phœbe*. The most Captain Porter could do was to run three long twelves through the stern ports, and these were trained with such effect on the enemy, that in half an hour they were obliged to move out of range to repair the injuries received. Three times during this first fight the *Essex* was veered around by springs or hawsers drawing on the cable from the stern, with the purpose of getting her broadsides to bear, but in each case the springs were shot away, and the batteries of the *Essex* proved of little use.

After repairing, the English ships sailed down and took position on the quarter of the *Essex*, where she could not get any of her guns to bear. To stand their fire without making any return was very galling, and although, such were the injuries she had suffered in her rigging, the flying-jib was the only sail that could be hoisted on the *Essex* to make her pay off before the wind, it was spread, and the ship gradually bore down to board the *Phœbe*. The American crew, under the perfection of discipline, and not in the least disheartened, now opened a tremendous fire, which soon drove the *Cherub* out of range of her guns and forced her to remain at a distance. The *Phœbe* also kept out of reach of the *Essex*, having a leading wind and content to blaze away with her long eighteens, which wrought great execution on the decks of the American ship. Fifteen men fell in succession at one of the guns of the *Essex*.

Every expedient for saving the vessel had now been tried in vain. She was helpless before the tremendous fire of the *Phœbe*, unable to return the fire on account of her position, and, in addition to all these horrors, the flames were bursting from her hatches. Captain Porter, still unwounded and resolute to fight it out to the last, finally listened to the entreaties of his crew, who represented that

further resistance was worse than useless, and he reluctantly ordered the colors to be struck.

No more desperate and bloody combat is recorded in the annals of modern naval history. The battle was fought by the Essex against great odds, for not only did she have to combat two ships, one her superior and the other a respectable antagonist, the Essex, Junior, being altogether unfit to engage in such a conflict, but during nearly the entire contest she could make only six of her guns available, besides having all her top hamper so damaged as to render it next to impossible to work the ship. How great were the disadvantages under which she was fought is evident by the losses she sustained. In the naval actions of that war the losses of the English ships were almost always greater than those of the Americans, owing, among other reasons, to the superior gunnery of the latter. But in the fight off Valparaiso, the Essex, out of a total of two hundred and fifty-five souls on board, lost one hundred and fifty-two, while the enemy's crews, numbering just five hundred men, sustained a loss of only fifteen killed and wounded! This fact alone, considering the length, skill and desperation of the battle, shows conclusively under what disadvantages Captain Porter fought, and what credit he deserved for maintaining the unequal contest so long.

Captain Hillyar permitted the Essex, Junior, to be turned into a cartel-ship, or vessel for carrying prisoners destined to be exchanged, and allowed the surviving crew of the Essex to sail in her for

the United States. Off New York, the Essex, Junior, was overhauled by an English frigate, and for fear he should be detained by her, Captain Porter, while still thirty miles from shore, made his escape in a whale-boat, being assisted in the attempt by a fog which concealed him from the English vessel. However, the Essex, Junior, was soon allowed to proceed, and the gallant survivors of the crew of the ill-fated but glorious frigate Essex once more stepped gladly forth upon their native land.

Captain Porter afterward published an account of his famous cruise, in two volumes, which contains many interesting details, and is well worth perusal. Among other matters he mentions the circumstance that there was on board a young midshipman who was very desirous of engaging in the foray in the Marquesas Islands, but was prevented on account of his youth; he afterward distinguished himself for his unflinching courage during the trying scenes of the fight at Valparaiso, and would, for his conduct at that time, have been recommended for promotion if his extreme youth had not hindered such a reward of merit, he being but little over twelve years of age. This young hero lived to our day, and won immortal fame in the naval operations of the late war, being no other than David C. Farragut, who, for some time before his death, held the highest position in the American navy. He went to school in his profession early, and, although it was a rough training, its results proved invaluable to the country.

BUSY SATURDAY.

BY FANNY PERCIVAL.

WHAT a busy day for little May
 Every Saturday is!
 There's so much to do, enough for two,
 And how she ever can get through
 Is one of the mysteries.

You'd think she'd desire some help to hire,
 But times are hard, you know,
 And she hardly knows how to get the clothes
 For her two dollies, Lou and Rose—
 Her bank funds are so low.

The washing comes first, and that's the worst—
 The clothes for Rose and Lou;
 She puts them in tubs, and hard she rubs,
 And with her little fist she scrubs
 Till she thinks that they will do.

Then she ties a line of stoutest twine
 From the door-knob to a chair;
 Then quickly wrings the tiny things,
 And in a little basket brings,
 And hangs them up with care.

Now while they dry, her hands must fly,
 And busy her feet must be ;
 First she must make some rolls and cake,
 And put them in her stove to bake,
 For company's coming to tea.

Now her clothes are dry, and she must try
 To iron them very soon ;
 For there's sweeping to do, and mending too,
 And then her children, Rose and Lou,
 She must dress for afternoon.



And then in haste, no time to waste,
 Her children's beds she makes ;
 Then she must see that the dishes for tea
 Are washed as clean as they can be,
 And with these great pains she takes.

Should you not think that she would sink
 With so much work to do ?
 But, strange to say, throughout the day,
 Many an hour she'll find to play,
 And help her mamma too.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

HERE is a pirate of the air. He is found, far out at sea, in tropical regions, and alas for any respectable sea-bird that he may spy carrying home a small cargo of freshly caught fish to its expectant family.

Down sweeps this swift robber, and before the poor gull or tern can make up its mind about terms of surrender, the frigate-bird has forced it to drop its fish, which is swooped after and caught up by the pirate before it so much as touches the water.

It would be a difficult thing for any bird, respectable or otherwise, to fly faster than the frigate-bird, which has longer and more powerful wings, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. If, in the

picture, its wings were stretched out, you would see this for yourselves. The whole bird does not weigh more than three pounds and a-half, and yet its wings often measure more than seven feet from tip to tip. These birds are so strong and swift upon the wing, that they are often seen out at sea a thousand miles from land, and they will fly straight into the eye of the wind, and, when they choose, can rise high above the hurricane and the storm.

They live principally on fish, and, when they cannot overhaul a weaker and slower bird and steal his hard-earned prize, they will take the trouble to fish for themselves. But they seldom dive for their

prey. They can see a fish from an immense height: and when an unfortunate fellow happens to be swimming near the top of the water, a frigate-bird, floating in the air so high up as to be almost invisible, will suddenly drop down, and with a skim over the surface of the water will scoop Mr. Fish out of the waves before he has time to flap a fin.

Sometimes, you know, flying-fish try their hands, or rather their wing-fins, at flying; and at such times, if there happens to be a frigate-bird about, he generally lays in a pretty good stock of fish. He catches the flying-fish as easily as you would pull up radishes.

One of the most contemptible practices of this bird is that of stealing the young ones from the nests of other birds. Nothing pleases a frigate-bird better than a diet of tender, unfledged nestlings.

He makes rather a poor figure on land; and as he is not a good swimmer, he spends most of his time in the air, where he certainly shows to great advantage, as far as gracefulness and power are considered.

But, as we see, this bird which is capable of such grand flights, living almost entirely in the air, skimming along over the beautiful ocean waves or soaring high up into the upper air above the storms and clouds, makes no better use of its advantages than to become a thief and a pirate whenever a chance occurs.

But it will not do to expect too much of birds. Even the dear little downy chickens will steal from each other, whenever they have a chance. If one of them finds a fat grasshopper, or a particularly big piece of bread, how the others will run after him and chase him up and down and around the yard! And if one of them overtakes him, how quickly will he snatch at the tempting morsel, and if he gets it, how soon he will find all the others after him! A canary-bird, now, is gen-



THE FRIGATE-BIRD AT SEA.

erally quite honest—but then he lives in a cage.

So, after all, the frigate-bird is not so much worse than many of his feathered relations, but his depredations are carried on so boldly, and on such a large scale, that we take more notice of his piratical disposition than is, perhaps, quite just to him.

The frigate-bird is often found as far north as Charleston, S. C., but in the Gulf States and California it is abundant, and on the Florida keys, in the Spring, are to be found thousands of its nests.

SAID a very small wren
To a very large hen:
"Pray, why do you make such a clatter?
I never could guess
Why an egg more or less
Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
To the very small wren:
"If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,
I would not cluck loud,
Nor would I feel proud.
Look at these! How you'd crow if you had 'em!"

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOMETHING TO DO.

WHATEVER danger there might have been from the effects of that sudden chill, it was soon over, though of course Aunt Myra refused to believe it, and Dr. Alec cherished his girl with redoubled vigilance and tenderness for months afterward. Rose quite enjoyed being sick, because as soon as the pain ended the fun began, and for a week or two she led the life of a little princess secluded in the Bower, while every one served, amused, and watched over her in the most delightful manner. But the Doctor was called away to see an old friend who was dangerously ill, and then Rose felt like a young bird deprived of its mother's sheltering wing; especially on one afternoon when the aunts were taking their naps, and the house was very still within while snow fell softly without.

"I'll go and hunt up Phebe, she is always nice and busy, and likes to have me help her. If Dolly is out of the way we can make caramels and surprise the boys when they come," Rose said to herself, as she threw down her book and felt ready for society of some sort.

She took the precaution to peep through the slide before she entered the kitchen, for Dolly allowed no messing when she was round. But the coast was clear, and no one but Phebe appeared, sitting at the table with her head on her arms, apparently asleep. Rose was just about to wake her with a "Boo!" when she lifted her head, dried her wet eyes with her blue apron, and fell to work with a resolute face, on something she was evidently much interested in. Rose could not make out what it was, and her curiosity was greatly excited, for Phebe was writing with a sputtering pen on some bits of brown paper, apparently copying something from a little book.

"I *must* know what the dear thing is about, and why she cried, and then set her lips tight and went to work with all her might," thought Rose, forgetting all about the caramels; and going round to the door, she entered the kitchen, saying pleasantly:

"Phebe, I want something to do. Can't you let me help you about anything? or shall I be in the way?"

"Oh, dear no, miss; I always love to have you round when things are tidy. What would you like to do?" answered Phebe, opening a drawer as if about to sweep her own affairs out of sight:

but Rose stopped her, exclaiming, like a curious child:

"Let me see! What is it? I won't tell, if you'd rather not have Dolly know."

"I'm only trying to study a bit; but I'm so stupid I don't get on much," answered the girl, reluctantly permitting her little mistress to examine the poor contrivances she was trying to work with.

A broken slate that had blown off the roof, an inch or two of pencil, an old almanac for a Reader, several bits of brown or yellow paper ironed smoothly and sewed together for a copy-book, and the copies sundry receipts written in Aunt Plenty's neat hand. These, with a small bottle of ink and a rusty pen, made up Phebe's outfit, and it was little wonder that she did not "get on," in spite of the patient persistence that dried the desponding tears and drove along the sputtering pen with a will.

"You may laugh if you want to, Miss Rose. I know my things are queer, and that's why I hide 'em; but I don't mind since you've found me out, and I aint a bit ashamed except of being so backward at my age," said Phebe humbly, though her cheeks grew redder as she washed out some crooked capitals with a tear or two not yet dried upon the slate.

"Laugh at you! I feel more like crying to think what a selfish girl I am, to have loads of books and things and never remember to give you some. Why did n't you come and ask me, and not go struggling along alone in this way? It was very wrong of you, Phebe, and I'll never forgive you if you do so again," answered Rose, with one hand on Phebe's shoulder while the other gently turned the leaves of the poor little copy-book.

"I did n't like to ask for anything more when you are so good to me all the time, miss, dear," began Phebe, looking up with grateful eyes.

"Oh, you proud thing! just as if it was n't fun to give away, and I had the best of it. Now, see here, I've got a plan and you must n't say No, or I shall scold. I want something to do, and I'm going to teach you all I know; it won't take long," and Rose laughed as she put her arm around Phebe's neck, and patted the smooth dark head with the kind little hand that so loved to give.

"It would be just heavenly!" and Phebe's face shone at the mere idea; but fell again as she added wistfully, "Only I'm afraid I ought not to let you do it, Miss Rose. It will take time, and may be the Doctor would n't like it."

"He did n't want me to study much, but he never said a word about teaching, and I don't believe he will mind a bit. Any way, we can try it till he comes, so pack up your things and go right to my room and we'll begin this very day; I'd truly like to do it, and we'll have nice times, see if we don't!" cried Rose, eagerly.

It was a pretty sight to see Phebe bundle her humble outfit into her apron, and spring up as if the desire of her heart had suddenly been made a happy fact to her; it was a still prettier sight to see Rose run gayly on before, smiling like a good fairy as she beckoned to the other, singing as she went:

"The way into my parlor is up the winding stair,
And many are the curious things I'll show you when you're there.
Will you, will you walk in, Phebe dear?"

"Oh, wont I!" answered Phebe fervently, adding as they entered the Bower, "You are the dearest spider that ever was, and I'm the happiest fly."

"I'm going to be very strict, so sit down in that chair and don't say a word till school is ready to open," ordered Rose, delighted with the prospect of such a useful and pleasant "something to do."

So Phebe sat demurely in her place while her new teacher laid forth books and slates, a pretty inkstand and a little globe; hastily tore a bit off her big sponge, sharpened pencils with more energy than skill, and when all was ready gave a prance of satisfaction that set the pupil laughing.

"Now the school is open, and I shall hear you read, so that I may know in which class to put you, Miss Moore," began Rose with great dignity, as she laid a book before her scholar, and sat down in the easy chair with a long rule in her hand.

Phebe did pretty well, only tripping now and then over a hard word, and pronouncing identical "iden-tickle," in a sober way that tickled Rose, though never a smile betrayed her. The spelling lesson which followed was rather discouraging; Phebe's ideas of geography were very vague, and grammar was nowhere, though the pupil protested that she tried so hard to "talk nice like educated folks" that Dolly called her "a stuck-up piece who did n't know her place."

"Dolly's an old goose, so don't you mind *her*, for she will say 'nater,' 'vittles,' and 'doos' as long as she lives, and insist that they are right. You do talk very nicely, Phebe; I've observed it, and grammar will help you, and show why some things are right and others aint—are not, I mean," added Rose, correcting herself, and feeling that she must mind her own parts of speech if she was to serve as an example for Phebe.

When the arithmetic came the little teacher was surprised to find her scholar quicker in some things than herself, for Phebe had worked away at the

columns in the butcher's and baker's books till she could add so quickly and correctly that Rose was amazed, and felt that in this branch her pupil would soon excel the teacher if she kept on at the same pace. Her praise cheered Phebe immensely, and they went bravely on, both getting so interested that time flew unheeded till Aunt Plenty appeared, exclaiming, as she stared at the two heads bent over one slate:

"Bless my heart, what is going on now?"

"School, aunty. I'm teaching Phebe, and it's great fun!" cried Rose, looking up with a bright face.

But Phebe's was brighter, though she added, with a wistful look:

"May be I ought to have asked leave first; only when Miss Rose proposed this, I was so happy I forgot to. Shall I stop, ma'am?"

"Of course not, child; I'm glad to see you fond of your book, and to find Rose helping you along. My blessed mother used to sit at work with her maids about her, teaching them many a useful thing in the good old fashion that's gone by now. Only don't neglect your work, dear, or let the books interfere with the duties."

As Aunt Plenty spoke, with her kind old face beaming approvingly upon the girls, Phebe glanced at the clock, saw that it pointed to five, knew that Dolly would soon be down, expecting to find preparations for supper under way, and, hastily dropping her pencil, she jumped up, saying:

"Please can I go? I'll clear up after I've done my chores."

"School is dismissed," answered Rose, and with a grateful "Thank you, heaps and heaps!" Phebe ran away singing the multiplication table as she set the tea ditto.

That was the way it began, and for a week the class of one went on with great pleasure and profit to all concerned; for the pupil proved a bright one, and came to her lessons as to a feast, while the young teacher did her best to be worthy, the high opinion held of her, for Phebe firmly believed that Miss Rose knew *everything* in the way of learning.

Of course the lads found out what was going on, and chaffed the girls about the "Seminary," as they called the new enterprise; but they thought it a good thing on the whole, kindly offered to give lessons in Greek and Latin gratis, and decided among themselves that "Rose was a little trump to give the Phebe-bird such a capital boost."

Rose herself had some doubts as to how it would strike her uncle, and concocted a wheedlesome speech which should at once convince him that it was the most useful, wholesome and delightful plan ever devised. But she got no chance to deliver

her address, for Dr. Alec came upon her so unexpectedly that it went out of her head entirely. She was sitting on the floor in the library, poring over a big book laid open in her lap, and knew nothing of the long-desired arrival till two large, warm hands met under her chin and gently turned her head back, so that some one could kiss her heartily on either cheek, while a fatherly voice said, half reproachfully, "Why is my girl brooding over a dusty Encyclopedia when she ought to be running to meet the old gentleman who could n't get on another minute without her?"

"Oh, uncle! I'm so glad! and so sorry! Why did n't you let us know what time you'd be here? or call out the minute you came? Have n't I been homesick for you? and now I'm so happy to have you back I could hug your dear, old curly head off," cried Rose, as the Encyclopedia went down with a bang, and she up with a spring that carried her into Dr. Alec's arms, to be kept there in the sort of embrace a man gives to the dearest creature the world holds for him.

Presently he was in his easy chair with Rose upon his knee smiling up in his face and talking as fast as her tongue could go, while he watched her with an expression of supreme content, as he stroked the smooth round cheek, or held the little hand in his, rejoicing to see how rosy was the one, how plump and strong the other.

"Have you had a good time? Did you save the poor lady? Aren't you glad to be home again with your girl to torment you?"

"Yes, to all those questions. Now tell me what you've been at, little sinner? Aunty Plen says you want to consult me about some new and remarkable project which you have dared to start in my absence."

"She did n't tell you, I hope?"

"Not a word more except that you were rather doubtful how I'd take it, and so wanted to 'fess' yourself and get round me as you always try to do, though you don't often succeed. Now, then, own up and take the consequences."

So Rose told about her school in her pretty, earnest way, dwelling on Phebe's hunger for knowledge, and the delight it was to help her, adding with a wise nod:

"And it helps me too, uncle, for she is so quick and eager I have to do my best or she will get ahead of me in some things. To-day, now, she had the word "cotton" in a lesson and asked all about it, and I was ashamed to find I really knew so little that I could only say it was a plant that grew down South in a kind of a pod, and was made into cloth. That's what I was reading up when you came, and to-morrow I shall tell her all about it, and indigo too. So you see it teaches me

also, and is as good as a general review of what I've learned, in a pleasanter way than going over it alone."

"You artful little baggage! that's the way you expect to get round me, is it? That's not studying, I suppose?"

"No, sir, it's teaching; and please, I like it much better than having a good time all by myself. Besides, you know, I adopted Phebe and promised to be a sister to her, so I am bound to keep my word, am I not?" answered Rose, looking both anxious and resolute as she waited for her sentence.

Dr. Alec was evidently already won, for Rose had described the old slate and brown paper copy-book with pathetic effect, and the excellent man had not only decided to send Phebe to school long before the story was done, but reproached himself for forgetting his duty to one little girl in his love for another. So when Rose tried to look meek and failed utterly, he laughed and pinched her cheek, and answered in that genial way which adds such warmth and grace to any favor:

"I have n't the slightest objection in the world. In fact I was beginning to think I might let you go at your books again, moderately, since you are so well; and this is an excellent way to try your powers. Phebe is a brave, bright lass, and shall have a fair chance in the world, if we can give it to her, so that if she ever finds her friends they need not be ashamed of her."

"I think she has found some already," began Rose, eagerly.

"Hey? what? has any one turned up since I've been gone?" asked Dr. Alec quickly, for it was a firm belief in the family that Phebe would prove to be "somebody" sooner or later.

"No, her best friend turned up when *you* came home, uncle," answered Rose with an approving pat, adding gratefully, "I can't half thank you for being so good to my girl, but she will, because I know she is going to make a woman to be proud of,—she's so strong and true and loving."

"Bless your dear heart, I have n't begun to do anything yet, more shame to me! But I'm going at it now, and as soon as she gets on a bit, she shall go to school as long as she likes. How will that do for a beginning?"

"It will be 'just heavenly' as Phebe says, for it is the wish of her life to 'get lots of schooling,' and she will be *too* happy when I tell her. May I, please?—it will be so lovely to see the dear thing open her big eyes and clap her hands at the splendid news."

"No one shall have a finger in this nice little pie; you shall do it all yourself, only don't go too fast, or make too many castles in the air, my dear;

for time and patience must go into this pie of ours if it is to turn out well."

"Yes, uncle, only when it *is* opened wont 'the birds begin to sing?'" laughed Rose, taking a turn about the room as a vent for the joyful emotions that made her eyes shine. All of a sudden she stopped and asked soberly:

"If Phebe goes to school who will do her work? I'm willing, if I can."

"Come here and I'll tell you a secret. Dolly's 'bones' are getting so troublesome, and her dear old temper so bad that the aunts have decided to pension her off and let her go and live with her daughter, who has married very well. I saw her this week, and she'd like to have her mother come, so in the spring we shall have a grand change, and get a new cook and chamber girl if any can be found to suit our honored relatives."

"Oh, me! how can I ever get on without Phebe? Could n't she stay, just so I could see her? I'd pay her board rather than have her go. I'm *so* fond of her."

How Dr. Alec laughed at that proposal, and how satisfied Rose was when he explained that Phebe was still to be her maid, with no duties except such as she could easily perform between school hours!

"She is a proud creature, for all her humble ways, and even from us would not take a favor if she did not earn it somehow. So this arrangement makes it all square and comfortable, you see, and she will pay for the schooling by curling these goldlocks a dozen times a day if you let her."

"Your plans are always *so* wise and kind! That's why they work so well I suppose, and why people let you do what you like with them. I really don't see how other girls get along without an Uncle Alec!" answered Rose, with a sigh of pity for those who had missed so great a blessing.

When Phebe was told the splendid news, she did not "stand on her head with rapture," as Charlie prophesied she would, but took it quietly, because it was such a happy thing she had no words "big and beautiful enough to thank them in" she said: but every hour of her day was brightened by this granted wish, and dedicated to the service of those who gave it.

Her heart was so full of content that it overflowed in music, and the sweet voice singing all about the house gave thanks so blithely that no other words were needed. Her willing feet were never tired of taking steps for those who had smoothed her way: her skillful hands were always busy in some labor of love for them, and on the face fast growing in comeliness there was an almost womanly expression of devotion, which proved how well Phebe had already learned one of life's great lessons. gratitude.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE-MAKING.

"STEVE, I want you to tell me something," said Rose to Dandy, who was making faces at himself in the glass, while he waited for an answer to the note he brought from his mother to Aunt Plenty.

"P'r'aps I will, and p'r'aps I wont. What is it?"

"Have n't Arch and Charlie quarreled?"

"Dare say; we fellows are always having little rows you know. I do believe a stye is coming on my starboard eye," and Steve affected to be absorbed in a survey of his yellow lashes.

"No, that wont do; I want to know all about it; for I'm sure something more serious than a 'little row' is the matter. Come, please tell me. Stenie, there's a dear."

"Botheration! you don't want me to turn tell-tale, do you?" growled Steve, pulling his top-knot, as he always did when perplexed.

"Yes, I do," was Rose's decided answer—for she saw from his manner that she was right, and determined to have the secret out of him if coaxing would do it. "I don't wish you to tell things to every one, of course, but to me you may, and you must, because I have a right to know. You boys need somebody to look after you, and I'm going to do it, for girls are nice peace-makers, and know how to manage people. Uncle said so, and he is never wrong."

Steve was about to indulge in a derisive hoot at the idea of her looking after them, but a sudden thought restrained him, and suggested a way in which he could satisfy Rose, and better himself at the same time.

"What will you give me if I'll tell you every bit about it?" he asked, with a sudden red in his cheeks, and an uneasy look in his eyes, for he was half ashamed of the proposition.

"What do you want?" and Rose looked up rather surprised at his question.

"I'd like to borrow some money. I should n't think of asking you, only Mac never has a cent since he's set up his old chemical shop, where he'll blow himself to bits some day, and you and uncle will have the fun of putting him together again," and Steve tried to look as if the idea amused him.

"I'll lend it to you with pleasure. so tell away," said Rose, bound to get at the secret.

Evidently much relieved by the promise, Steve set his top-knot cheerfully erect again, and briefly stated the case.

"As you say, it's all right to tell *you*, but don't let the boys know I blabbed, or Prince will take my head off. You see, Archie don't like some of the fellows Charlie goes with, and cuts 'em. That

makes Prince mad, and he holds on just to plague Arch, so they don't speak to one another, if they can help it, and that's the row."

"Are those boys bad?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Guess not, only rather larky. They are older than our fellows, but they like Prince, he's such a jolly bird; sings so well, dances jigs and break-downs, you know, and plays any game that's going. He beat Morse at billiards, and that's

times, they are such a jolly set," and Steve shook his head morally, even while his eye twinkled over the memory of some of the exploits of the "jolly set."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Rose, "I don't see what I can do about it, but I wish the boys would make up, for Prince can't come to any harm with Archie, he's so good and sensible."

"That's the trouble; Arch preaches and Prince wont stand it. He told Arch he was a prig and a parson, and Arch told him he was n't a gentleman. My boots! were n't they both mad though! I thought for a minute they'd pitch into one another and have it out. Wish they had, and not gone stalking round stiff and glum ever since. Mac and I settle our rows with a bat or so over the head, and then we are all right."

Rose could n't help laughing as Steve sparred away at a fat sofa-pillow, to illustrate his meaning; and having given it several scientific whacks he pulled down his cuffs and smiled upon her with benign pity for her feminine ignorance of this summary way of settling a quarrel.

"What droll things boys are!" she said, with a mixture of admiration and perplexity in her face, which Steve accepted as a compliment to his sex.

"We are a pretty clever invention, miss, and you can't get on without us," he answered, with his nose in the air. Then taking a sudden plunge into business, he added: "How about that bit of money you were going to lend me? I've told, now you pay up."

"Of course I will! How much do you want?" and Rose pulled out her purse.

"*Could* you spare five dollars? I want to pay a little debt of honor that is rather pressing," and Steve put on a mannish air that was comical to see.

"Are n't all debts honorable?" asked innocent Rose.

"Yes, of course; but this is a bet I made, and it ought to be settled up at once," began Steve, finding it awkward to explain.

"Oh, don't bet, it's not right, and I know your father would n't like it. Promise you wont do so again, please promise!" and Rose held fast the hand into which she had just put the money.

"Well, I wont. It's worried me a good deal, but I was joked into it. Much obliged, cousin, I'm all right now," and Steve departed hastily.



STEVE SHOWS HOW HE SETTLES QUARRELS.

something to brag of, for Morse thinks he knows everything. I saw the match, and it was great fun!"

Steve got quite excited over the prowess of Charlie, whom he admired immensely, and tried to imitate. Rose did not know half the danger of such gifts and tastes as Charlie's, but felt instinctively that something must be wrong if Archie disapproved.

"If Prince likes any billiard-playing boy better than Archie, I don't think much of his sense," she said severely.

"Of course he does n't; but, you see, Charlie and Arch are both as proud as they can be, and wont give in. I suppose Arch *is* right, but I don't blame Charlie a bit for liking to be with the others some-

Having decided to be a peace-maker, Rose waited for an opportunity, and very soon it came.

She was spending the day with Aunt Clara, who had been entertaining some young guests, and invited Rose to meet them, for she thought it high time her niece conquered her bashfulness, and saw a little of society. Dinner was over and every one had gone. Aunt Clara was resting before going out to an evening party, and Rose was waiting for Charlie to come and take her home.

She sat alone in the elegant drawing-room, feeling particularly nice and pretty, for she had her best frock on, a pair of gold bands her aunt had just given her, and a tea-rose bud in her sash, like the beautiful Miss Van Tassel, whom every one admired. She had spread out her little skirts to the best advantage, and leaning back in a luxurious chair, sat admiring her own feet in new slippers with distracting rosettes almost as big as dahlias.

Presently, Charlie came lounging in, looking rather sleepy and queer, Rose thought. On seeing her, however, he roused up and said, with a smile that ended in a gape:

"I thought you were with mother, so I took forty winks after I got those girls off. Now, I'm at your service, Rosamunda, whenever you like."

"You look as if your head ached. If it does, don't mind me. I'm not afraid to run home alone, it's so early," answered Rose, observing the flushed cheeks and heavy eyes of her cousin.

"I think I see myself letting you do it. Champagne always makes my head ache, but the air will set me up."

"Why do you drink it, then?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Can't help it, when I'm host. Now, don't *you* begin to lecture; I've had enough of Archie's old-fashioned notions, and I don't want any more."

Charlie's tone was decidedly cross, and his whole manner so unlike his usual merry good nature, that Rose felt crushed, and answered meekly:

"I wasn't going to lecture, only when people like other people, they can't bear to see them suffer pain."

That brought Charlie round at once, for Rose's lips trembled a little, though she tried to hide it by smelling the flower she pulled from her sash.

"I'm a regular bear, and I beg your pardon for being so cross, Rosy," he said in the old frank way that was so winning.

"I wish you'd beg Archie's too, and be good friends again. You never were cross when *he* was your chum," Rose said, looking up at him as he bent toward her from the low chimney-piece, where he had been leaning his elbows.

In an instant he stood as stiff and straight as a

ramrod, and the heavy eyes kindled with an angry spark as he said in his high and mighty manner:

"You'd better not meddle with what you don't understand, cousin!"

"But I do understand, and it troubles me very much to see you so cold and stiff to one another. You always used to be together, and now you hardly speak. You are so ready to beg my pardon I don't see why you can't beg Archie's, if you are in the wrong."

"I'm not!" this was so short and sharp that Rose started, and Charlie added in a calmer but still very haughty tone: "A gentleman always begs pardon when he has been rude to a lady, but one man does n't apologize to another man who has insulted him."

"Oh, my heart, what a pepper pot!" thought Rose, and, hoping to make him laugh, she said, slyly: "I was not talking about men, but boys, and one of them a Prince, who ought to set a good example to his subjects."

But Charlie would not relent, and tried to turn the subject by saying gravely, as he unfastened the little gold ring from his watch-guard:

"I've broken my word, so I want to give this back and free you from the bargain. I'm sorry, but I think it a foolish promise, and don't intend to keep it. Choose a pair of ear-rings to suit yourself, as my forfeit. You have a right to wear them now."

"No, I can only wear one, and that is no use, for Archie will keep *his* word I'm sure!" Rose was so mortified and grieved at this downfall of her hopes that she spoke sharply, and would not take the ring the deserter offered her.

He shrugged his shoulders, and threw it into her lap, trying to look cool and careless, but failing entirely, for he was ashamed of himself, and out of sorts generally. Rose wanted to cry, but pride would not let her, and being very angry, she relieved herself by talk instead of tears. Looking pale and excited, she rose out of her chair, cast away the ring, and said in a voice that she vainly tried to keep steady:

"You are not at all the boy I thought you were, and I don't respect you one bit. I've tried to help you be good, but you won't let me, and I shall not try any more. You talk a great deal about being a gentleman, but you are not, for you've broken your word, and I can never trust you again. I don't wish you to go home with me. I'd rather have Mary. Good-night."

And with that last dreadful blow, Rose walked out of the room, leaving Charlie as much astonished as if one of his pet pigeons had flown in his face and pecked at him. She was so seldom angry, that when her temper did get the better of her it

made a deep impression on the lads, for it was generally a righteous sort of indignation at some injustice or wrong-doing, not childish passion.

Her little thunder-storm cleared off in a sob or two as she put on her things in the entry-closet, and when she emerged she looked the brighter for the shower. A hasty good-night to Aunt Clara—now under the hands of the hair-dresser—and then she crept down to find Mary the maid. But Mary was out, so was the man, and Rose slipped away by the back-door, flattering herself that she had escaped the awkwardness of having Charlie for escort.

There she was mistaken, however, for the gate had hardly closed behind her when a well-known tramp was heard, and the Prince was beside her, saying in a tone of penitent politeness that banished Rose's wrath like magic:

"You need n't speak to me if you don't choose, but I must see you safely home, cousin."

She turned at once, put out her hand, and answered heartily:

"I was the cross one. Please forgive me, and let's be friends again."

Now that was better than a dozen sermons on the beauty of forgiveness, and did Charlie more good, for it showed him how sweet humility was, and proved that Rose practiced as she preached.

He shook the hand warmly, then drew it through his arm and said, as if anxious to recover the good opinion with the loss of which he had been threatened:

"Look here, Rosy, I've put the ring back, and I'm going to try again. But you don't know how hard it is to stand being laughed at."

"Yes, I do! Ariadne plagues me every time I see her, because I don't wear ear-rings after all the trouble I had getting ready for them."

"Ah, but her twaddle is n't half as bad as the chaffing I get. It takes a deal of pluck to hold out when you are told you are tied to an apron-string, and all that sort of thing," sighed Charlie.

"I thought you had a 'a deal of pluck,' as you call it. The boys all say you are the bravest of the seven," said Rose.

"So I am about some things, but I *cannot* bear to be laughed at."

"It *is* hard, but if one is right wont that make it easier?"

"Not to me; it might to a pious parson like Arch."

"Please don't call him names! I guess he has what is called moral courage, and *you* physical courage. Uncle explained the difference to me, and moral is the best, though often it does n't look so," said Rose, thoughtfully.

Charlie didn't like that, and answered quickly,

"I don't believe he'd stand it any better than I do, if he had those fellows at him."

"Perhaps that's why he keeps out of their way, and wants you to."

Rose had him there, and Charlie felt it, but would not give in just yet, though he was going fast, for, somehow, in the dark he seemed to see things clearer than in the light, and found it very easy to be confidential when it was "only Rose."

"If he was my brother, now, he'd have some right to interfere," began Charlie, in an injured tone.

"I wish he was!" cried Rose.

"So do I," answered Charlie, and then they both laughed at his inconsistency.

The laugh did them good, and when Prince spoke again, it was in a different tone,—pensive, not proud nor perverse.

"You see, it's hard upon me that I have no brothers and sisters. The others are better off and need n't go abroad for chums if they don't like. I am all alone, and I'd be thankful even for a little sister."

Rose thought that very pathetic, and, overlooking the uncomplimentary word "even" in that last sentence, she said, with a timid sort of earnestness that conquered her cousin at once:

"Play I was a little sister. I know I'm silly, but perhaps I'm better than nothing, and I'd dearly love to do it."

"So should I! and we will, for you are not silly, my dear, but a very sensible girl, we all think, and I'm proud to have you for a sister. There, now!" and Charlie looked down at the curly head bobbing along beside him, with real affection in his face.

Rose gave a skip of pleasure, and laid one seal-skin mitten over the other on his arm, as she said, happily:

"That's so nice of you! Now, you need n't be lonely any more, and I'll try to fill Archie's place till he comes back, for I know he will, as soon as you let him."

"Well, I don't mind telling *you* that while he was my mate I never missed brothers and sisters, or wanted any one else; but since he cast me off, I'll be hanged if I don't feel as forlorn as old Crusoe before Friday turned up."

This burst of confidence confirmed Rose in her purpose of winning Charlie's Mentor back to him, but she said no more, contented to have done so well. They parted excellent friends, and Prince went home, wondering why "a fellow did n't mind saying things to a girl or woman which they would die before they'd own to another fellow."

Rose also had some sage reflections upon the subject, and fell asleep thinking that there were a

great many curious things in this world, and feeling that she was beginning to find out some of them.

Next day she trudged up the hill to see Archie, and having told him as much as she thought best about her talk with Charlie, begged him to forget and forgive.

"I've been thinking that perhaps I ought to, though I *am* in the right. I'm no end fond of Charlie, and he's the best-hearted lad alive; but he can't say No, and that will play the mischief with him, if he does not take care," said Archie in his grave, kind way. "While father was home, I was very busy with him, so Prince got into a set I don't like. They try to be fast, and think it's manly, and they flatter him, and lead him on to do all sorts of things—play for money, and bet, and loaf about. I hate to have him do so, and tried to stop it, but went to work the wrong way, so we got into a mess."

"He is all ready to make up if you don't say much, for he owned to me he *was* wrong; but I don't think he will own it to you, in words," began Rose.

"I don't care for that; if he'll just drop those rowdies and come back, I'll hold my tongue and not preach. I wonder if he owes those fellows money, and so does n't like to break off till he can pay it. I hope not, but don't dare to ask; though, perhaps, Steve knows, he's always after Prince, more's the pity," and Archie looked anxious.

"I think Steve does know, for he talked about debts of honor the day I gave him ——." There Rose stopped short and turned scarlet.

But Archie ordered her to "fess," and had the whole story in five minutes, for none dared disobey the Chief. He completed her affliction by putting a five-dollar bill into her pocket by main force, looking both indignant and resolute as he said:

"Never do so, again; but send Steve to me, if he is afraid to go to his father. Charlie had nothing to do with that; *he* would n't borrow a penny of a girl, don't think it. But that's the harm he does Steve, who adores him, and tries to be like him in all things. Don't say a word; I'll make it all right, and no one shall blame you."

"Oh, me! I always make trouble by trying to help, and then letting out the wrong thing," sighed Rose, much depressed by her slip of the tongue.

Archie comforted her with the novel remark that it was always best to tell the truth, and made her quite cheerful by promising to heal the breach with Charlie, as soon as possible.

He kept his word so well that the very next afternoon, as Rose looked out of the window, she beheld the joyful spectacle of Archie and Prince coming up the avenue, arm-in-arm, as of old, talk-

ing away as if to make up for the unhappy silence of the past weeks.

Rose dropped her work, hurried to the door, and opening it wide stood there smiling down upon them so happily, that the faces of the lads brightened as they ran up the steps eager to show that all was well with them.

"Here's our little peace-maker!" said Archie, shaking hands with vigor.

But Charlie added, with a look that made Rose very proud and happy, "And *my* little sister."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH?

"UNCLE, I have discovered what girls are made for," said Rose, the day after the reconciliation of Archie and the Prince.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" asked Dr. Alec, who was "planking the deck," as he called his daily promenade up and down the hall.

"To take care of boys," answered Rose, quite beaming with satisfaction as she spoke. "Phebe laughed when I told her, and said she thought girls had better learn to take care of themselves first. But that's because *she* has n't got seven boy-cousins as I have."

"She is right nevertheless, Rosy, and so are you, for the two things go together, and in helping seven lads you are unconsciously doing much to improve one lass," said Dr. Alec, stopping to nod and smile at the bright-faced figure resting on the old bamboo chair, after a lively game of battledore and shuttlecock, in place of a run which a storm prevented.

"Am I? I'm glad of that; but really, uncle, I do feel as if I *must* take care of the boys, for they come to me in all sorts of troubles, and ask advice, and I like it *so* much. Only I don't always know what to do, and I'm going to consult you privately, and then surprise them with my wisdom."

"All right, my dear; what's the first worry? I see you have something on your little mind, so come and tell uncle."

Rose put her arm in his, and, pacing to and fro, told him all about Charlie, asking what she could do to keep him straight, and be a real sister to him.

"Could you make up your mind to go and stay with Aunt Clara a month?" asked the Doctor, when she ended.

"Yes, sir; but I should n't like it. Do you really want me to go?"

"The best cure for Charlie is a daily dose of Rose water, or Rose and water; will you go and see that he takes it?" laughed Dr. Alec.

"You mean that if I'm there and try to make it pleasant, he will stay at home and keep out of mischief?"

"Exactly."

"But *could* I make it pleasant? He would want the boys."

"No danger but he'd have the boys, for they swarm after you like bees after their queen. Have n't you found that out?"

"Aunt Plen often says they never used to be here half so much before I came, but I never thought I made the difference, it seemed so natural to have them round."

"Little Modesty does n't know what a magnet she is; but she will find it out some day," and the Doctor softly pinched the cheek that had grown rosy with pleasure at the thought of being so much loved. "Now, you see, if I move the magnet to Aunt Clara's, the lads will go there as sure as iron to steel, and Charlie will be so happy at home he wont care for these mischievous mates of his; I hope," added the Doctor, well-knowing how hard it was to wean a seventeen-year-old boy from his first taste of what is called "seeing life," which, alas! often ends in seeing death.

"I'll go, uncle, right away! Aunt Clara is always asking me, and will be glad to get me. I shall have to dress and dine late, and see lots of company, and be very fashionable, but I'll try not to let it hurt me; and if I get in a puzzle or worried about anything I can run to you," answered Rose, good-will conquering timidity.

So it was decided, and, without saying much about the real reason for this visit, Rose was transplanted to Aunt Clara's, feeling that she had a work to do, and very eager to do it well.

Dr. Alec was right about the bees, for the boys did follow their queen, and astonished Mrs. Clara by their sudden assiduity in making calls, dropping in to dinner, and getting up evening frolics. Charlie was a devoted host and tried to show his gratitude by being very kind to his "little sister," for he guessed why she came, and his heart was touched by her artless endeavors to "help him be good."

Rose often longed to be back in the old house, with the simpler pleasures and more useful duties of the life there; but, having made up her mind, in spite of Phebe, that "girls *were* made to take care of boys," her motherly little soul found much to enjoy in the new task she had undertaken.

It was a pretty sight to see the one earnest, sweet-faced girl, among the flock of tall lads, trying to understand, to help and please them with a patient affection that worked many a small miracle unperceived. Slang, rough-manners, and careless habits were banished or bettered by the presence of a little

gentlewoman, and all the manly virtues cropping up were encouraged by the hearty admiration bestowed upon them, by one whose good opinion all valued more than they confessed. While Rose tried to imitate the good qualities she praised in them, to put away her girlish vanities and fears, to be strong and just, and frank and brave as well as modest, kind and beautiful.

This trial worked so well that when the month was over, Mac and Steve demanded a visit in their turn, and Rose went, feeling that she would like to hear grim Aunt Jane say, as Aunt Clara did at parting, "I wish I could keep you all my life, dear."

After Mac and Steve had had their turn, Archie & Co. bore her away for some weeks; and with them she was so happy, she felt as if she would like to stay forever, if she could have Uncle Alec also.

Of course, Aunt Myra could not be neglected, and, with secret despair, Rose went to the "Mausoleum," as the boys called her gloomy abode. Fortunately, she was very near home, and Dr. Alec dropped in so often, that her visit was far less dismal than she expected. Between them, they actually made Aunt Myra laugh heartily, more than once; and Rose did her so much good by letting in the sunshine, singing about the silent house, cooking wholesome messes, and amusing the old lady with funny little lectures on physiology, that she forgot to take her pills, and gave up "Mum's Elixir," because she slept so well after the long walks and drives she was beguiled into taking, that she needed no narcotic.

So the winter flew rapidly away, and it was May before Rose was fairly settled again at home. They called her the "Monthly Rose," because she had spent a month with each of the aunts, and left such pleasant memories of bloom and fragrance behind her, that all wanted the family flower back again.

Dr. Alec rejoiced greatly over his recovered treasure; but as the time drew near when his year of experiment ended, he had many a secret fear that Rose might like to make her home for the next twelvemonth with Aunt Jessie, or even Aunt Clara, for Charlie's sake. He said nothing, but waited with much anxiety for the day when the matter should be decided; and while he waited he did his best to finish as far as possible the task he had begun so well.

Rose was very happy now, being out nearly all day enjoying the beautiful awakening of the world, for Spring came bright and early, as if anxious to do its part. The old horse chestnuts budded round her windows, green things sprung up like magic in the garden under her hands, hardy flowers bloomed as fast as they could, the birds

sang blithely overhead, and every day a chorus of pleasant voices cried, "Good-morning, cousin, is n't it jolly weather?"

No one remembered the date of the eventful conversation which resulted in the Doctor's experiment (no one but himself at least); so, when the aunts were invited to tea one Saturday, they came quite unsuspectingly, and were all sitting together having a social chat, when Brother Alec entered with two photographs in his hand.

"Do you remember that?" he said, showing one to Aunt Clara, who happened to be nearest.

"Yes, indeed; it is very like her when she came. Quite her sad, unchildlike expression, and thin little face, with the big, dark eyes."

The picture was passed round, and all agreed that "it was very like Rose a year ago." This point being settled, the Doctor showed the second picture, which was received with great approbation, and pronounced a "charming likeness."

It certainly was, and a striking contrast to the first one, for it was a blooming, smiling face, full of girlish spirit and health, with no sign of melancholy, though the soft eyes were thoughtful, and the lines about the lips betrayed a sensitive nature.

Dr. Alec set both photographs on the chimney-piece, and, falling back a step or two, surveyed them with infinite satisfaction for several minutes, then wheeled round, saying briefly, as he pointed to the two faces:

"Time is up; how do you think my experiment has succeeded, ladies?"

"Bless me, so it is!" cried Aunt Plenty, dropping a stitch in her surprisc.

"Beautifully, dear," answered Aunt Peace, smiling entire approval.

"She certainly *has* improved, but appearances are deceitful, and she had no constitution to build upon," croaked Aunt Myra.

"I am willing to allow that, as far as mere health goes, the experiment *is* a success," graciously observed Aunt Jane, unable to forget Rose's kindness to her Mac.

"So am I; and I'll go farther, for I really do believe Alec has done wonders for the child; she will be a beauty in two or three years," added Aunt Clara, feeling that she could say nothing better than that.

"I always knew he would succeed, and I'm so glad you all allow it, for he deserves more credit than you know, and more praise than he will ever get," cried Aunt Jessie, clapping her hands with an enthusiasm that caused Jamie's little red stocking to wave like a triumphal banner in the air.

Dr. Alec made them a splendid bow, looking much gratified, and then said soberly:

"Thank you; now the question is, Shall I go

on?—for this is only the beginning. None of you know the hindrances I've had, the mistakes I've made, the study I've given the case, and the anxiety I've often felt. Sister Myra is right in one thing, Rose *is* a delicate creature, quick to flourish in the sunshine, and as quick to droop without it. She has no special weakness, but inherits her mother's sensitive nature, and needs the wisest, tenderest care to keep a very ardent little soul from wearing out a finely organized little body. I think I have found the right treatment, and, with you to help me, I believe we may build up a lovely and a noble woman, who will be a pride and comfort to us all."

There Dr. Alec stopped to get his breath, for he had spoken very earnestly and his voice got a little husky over the last words. A gentle murmur from the aunts seemed to encourage him, and he went on with an engaging smile, for the good man was slyly trying to win all the ladies to vote for him when the time came.

"Now, I don't wish to be selfish or arbitrary, because I am her guardian, and I shall leave Rose free to choose for herself. We all want her, and if she likes to make her home with any of you rather than with me, she shall do so. In fact, I encouraged her visits last winter, that she might see what we can all offer her, and judge where she will be happiest. Is not that the fairest way? Will you agree to abide by her choice, as I do?"

"Yes, we will," said all the aunts, in quite a flutter of excitement, at the prospect of having Rose for a whole year.

"Good! she will be here directly, and then we will settle the question for another year. A most important year, mind you, for she has got a good start and will blossom rapidly now, if all goes well with her. So I beg of you, don't undo my work, but deal very wisely and gently with my little girl, for if any harm come to her, I think it would break my heart."

As he spoke, Dr. Alec turned his back abruptly and affected to be examining the pictures again; but the aunts understood how dear the child was to the solitary man who had loved her mother years ago, and who now found his happiness in cherishing the little Rose who was so like her. The good ladies nodded and sighed, and telegraphed to one another that none of them would complain if not chosen, or ever try to rob Brother Alec of his "Heart's Delight," as the boys called Rose.

Just then a pleasant sound of happy voices came up from the garden, and smiles broke out on all serious faces. Dr. Alec turned at once, saying, as he threw back his head, "There she is; now for it!"

The cousins had been a-Maying, and soon came flocking in laden with the spoils.

"Here is our bonny Scotch rose with all her thorns about her," said Dr. Alec, surveying her with unusual pride and tenderness, as she went to show Aunt Peace her basket full of early flowers, fresh leaves and curious lichens.

"Leave your clatter in the hall, boys, and sit quietly down if you choose to stop here, for we are busy," said Aunt Plenty, shaking her finger at the

"You really ought to come to us for mother's sake, as a relish you know, for she must be perfectly satiated with boys," began Archie, using the strongest argument he could think of at the moment.

"Oh, do! we'll never slam, or bounce at you or call you 'fraid cat,' if you only will," besought Geordie and Will, distorting their countenances in the attempt to smile with overpowering sweetness.

"And I'll always wash my hands 'fore I touch



THE RETURN FROM THE MAYING.

turbulent clan, who were bubbling over with the jollity born of Spring sunshine and healthy exercise.

"Of course, we choose to stay! Would n't miss our Saturday high tea for anything," said the Chief, as he restored order among his men with a nod, a word, and an occasional shake.

"What is up? a court-martial?" asked Charlie, looking at the assembled ladies with affected awe and real curiosity, for their faces betrayed that some interesting business was afloat.

Dr. Alec explained in a few words, which he made as brief and calm as he could; but the effect was exciting nevertheless, for each of the lads began at once to bribe, entice and wheedle "our cousin" to choose his home.

you, and you shall be my dolly, 'cause Pokey's gone away, and I'll love you *hard*," cried Jamie, clinging to her with his chubby face full of affection.

"Brothers and sisters ought to live together; especially when the brother needs some one to make home pleasant for him," added Charlie, with the wheellesome tone and look that Rose always found so difficult to resist.

"You had her longest and it's our turn now; Mac needs her more than you do, Prince, for she's 'the light of his eyes,' he says. Come, Rose, choose us and I'll never use the musky pomade you hate again as long as I live," said Steve, with his most killing air, as he offered this noble sacrifice.

Mac peered wistfully over his goggles, saying in an unusually wide-awake and earnest way :

“Do, cousin, then we can study chemistry together. My experiments don't bust up very often now, and the gases are n't at all bad when you get used to them.”

Rose meantime had stood quite still, with the flowers dropping from her hands as her eyes went from one eager face to another, while smiles rippled over her own at the various enticements offered her. During the laugh that followed Mac's handsome proposition, she looked at her uncle, whose eyes were fixed on her with an expression of love and longing that went to her heart.

“Ah! yes,” she thought, “*he* wants me most! I've often longed to give him something that he wished for very much, and now I can.”

So, when, at a sudden gesture from Aunt Peace, silence fell, Rose said slowly, with a pretty color in her cheeks, and a beseeching look about the room, as if asking pardon of the boys :

“It's very hard to choose when everybody is so fond of me: therefore I think I'd better go to the one who seems to need me most.”

“No, dear, the one you love the best and will be happiest with,” said Dr. Alec quickly, as a doleful sniff from Aunt Myra, and a murmur of “My sainted Caroline,” made Rose pause and look that way.

“Take time, cousin; don't be in a hurry to make up your mind, and remember, ‘Codlin's your friend,’” added Charlie, hopeful still.

“I don't want any time! I *know* who I love

best, who I'm happiest with, and I choose uncle. Will he have me?” cried Rose, in a tone that produced a sympathetic thrill among the hearers, it was so full of tender confidence and love.

If she really had any doubt, the look in Dr. Alec's face banished it without a word, as he opened wide his arms, and she ran into them, feeling that home was there.

No one spoke for a minute, but there were signs of emotion among the aunts, which warned the boys to bestir themselves before the water-works began to play. So they took hands and began to prance about uncle and niece, singing, with sudden inspiration, the nursery rhyme—

“Ring around a Rosy!”

Of course that put an end to all sentiment, and Rose emerged laughing from Dr. Alec's bosom, with the mark of a waistcoat button nicely imprinted on her left cheek. He saw it and said with a merry kiss that half effaced it, “This is my ewe lamb, and I have set my mark on her, so no one can steal her away.”

That tickled the boys and they set up a shout of

“Uncle had a little lamb!”

But Rose hushed the noise by slipping into the circle, and making them dance prettily—like lads and lasses round a May-pole; while Phebe, coming in with fresh water for the flowers, began to twitter, chirp and coo, as if all the birds of the air had come to join in the Spring revel of the Eight Cousins.

THE END.

A LITTLE TRUTH-TELLER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

YES, Mrs. Brown, I've had a lovely visit;
I always have, whenever I come here.
Your Katy entertains so very nicely—
I mean it, 'pon my honor, Katy dear!

I truly don't know where the time has vanished;
It gave me quite a funny sort of shock
To find my visit done, and find, moreover,
There was n't any trouble with your clock!

So now I think I'd better get my things on.

Yes, Katy, I must go; for don't you see,
Mamma this morning told me when I started:
"Bessie, you'd better be at home by three."

You ask me if I'd like to stay to dinner?

(I knew that nice smell came from roasting meat.)

Oh, no, I thank you, Mrs. Brown, I could n't.
(They *do* have such delightful things to eat!)

You say you're sure mamma will not be worried?

And Katy wants me so? and little Will?

You really wish I'd stay? Well, since you urge me,
Why, thank you, Mrs. Brown, I think I will.

I hope my conduct does n't seem peculiar—

But, then, mamma said, when I went away:

"Now mind that you don't stay to dinner, Bessie,
Unless they urge you *very much* to stay."

SOME QUEER ANIMALS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

BEFORE Columbus sailed so bravely off out of sight of land, to discover the half of the world that he felt *sure* was on the other side, people had very queer ideas about the countries that were beyond Europe. Animals so strange were thought to inhabit them, that almost any story a traveler chose to tell would be believed.

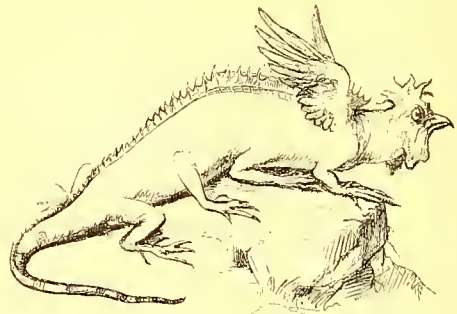
Such creatures as Basilisks, Griffins, Mermaids, Sirens, Harpies, Centaurs, Unicorns, Phœnixes and Dragons, were never seen by any one; but they were written about in poems and stories, and some of them were used in this way to express various symbolic meanings, so that, in writing at least, it seemed difficult to get on without them. One of the most absurd of these animals was

THE BASILISK.

This was a most unpleasant creature in every way, and not one that could possibly be made a pet of. People were silly enough to believe that it came from an egg laid by a very old cock and hatched by a toad, and that it had a cock's head and wings, a lizard's body and tail, eight feet, and wore a lizard's crown as monarch of all the ser-

pents and dragons, who ran away whenever it came near them. Its breath was poison, and the fearful glare of its eyes killed both animals and men whenever they encountered it.

The Basilisk, sometimes called the Cockatrice,



THE BASILISK.

lived in the deserts of Africa; it could only live in a desert, for its dreadful breath burned up everything that grew, and no animal would venture near it except the weasel, who would bravely fight with it. The weasel got the better of the Basilisk by eating

an herb called rue, which poisoned the monster when it bit him—but the poor little weasel always died too.

When the Basilisk was dead and burned to ashes, people took a little comfort in it, for the ashes were said to turn all kinds of metal into gold; and it would seem almost worth while to have a live Basilisk about for the chance of getting a dead one.

THE UNICORN.

This animal was more absurd than frightful, and looked very much like a large horse, with one immense horn on its forehead. This horn was white at the bottom, black in the middle, and red at the tip. The Unicorn's beauty was further improved by having a white body, a red head, and blue eyes.

It was said to run faster than any horse; and in



THE UNICORN.

spite of its queer appearance, it was a very aristocratic quadruped and a stanch supporter of the British crown.

In the arms of Great Britain it stands on one side and the lion on the other. The Unicorn has appeared in poetry, too—for we all know the famous lines:

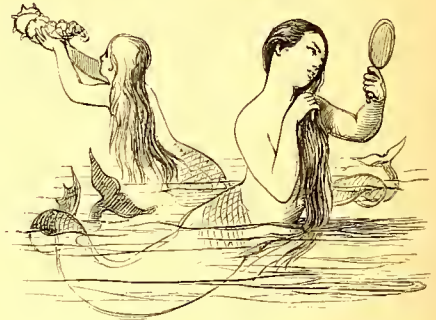
The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town.

MERMAIDS.

These were even more agreeable objects to look upon than Unicorns; and in pictures they generally have a comb in one hand and a mirror in the other, as if they were always "doing up" their long hair—which never gets done up after all, but hangs down their backs. Sailors and fishermen always believed in Mermaids—who were supposed to live in the sea, and to have bodies that were half woman and half fish. But a long, scaly,

forked tail is not very ornamental, and they always tried to keep this out of the way.

The faces of these strange creatures were said



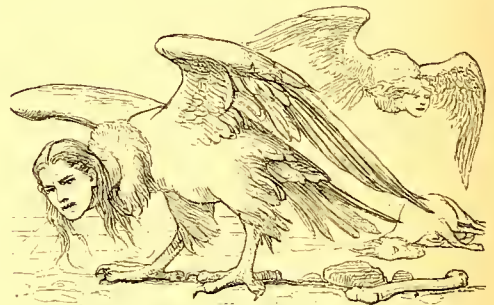
MERMAIDS.

to be very beautiful, and the fishermen of those early times often declared that they had seen and talked with Mermaids, who would invite them to go with them to their homes at the bottom of the ocean. But those who went were always drowned of course.

Their cousins, the Sirens, were more dangerous than the Mermaids, for they sang such exquisite melodies that whoever heard them had to follow whether he would or not; and down in their ocean caves were said to be many bones whitening among the corals—all that remained of the poor dazed sailors and fishermen who had thrown themselves overboard at the sound of that strange melody.

THE HARPY.

This is another creature with the head of a woman, but with the body, legs and wings of a vulture, which is the most hateful of birds. The Harpies were always hungry, and were not at all



THE HARPY.

particular as to how they got their food; there is a story of a poor blind man, named Phineas, whose meals were snatched away by these ravenous thieves.

as soon as they were spread for him. But when he promised to join the Argonauts, who were going in quest of the Golden Fleece, they drove the Harpies away.

These Harpies were very disagreeable in every way, and in Greece it was believed that the gods sent them forth to punish people for their sins.

THE ROC.

This was a monstrous bird which was said to inhabit an island in the Chinese sea. In the "Arabian Nights" Sinbad the Sailor has a great deal to say about this strange creature, whose size and strength were so great that it could carry one elephant in its beak and another in each of its talons. Pictures generally represent it in this way; and the elephants look as meek as kittens, sailing through the air in this unpleasant style. The three were probably devoured in the course of the day. A Roc egg was said to be like an enormous white dome, and as firm as a mountain.

THE DOLPHIN.

The Dolphin made a very pleasant variety in the list of unreal creatures—as it was delightful in every way. Very much larger than the common dolphin or porpoise, the Dolphin of fable was thoroughly good-natured and obliging, and always swimming about and showing its pretty colors,

The supposed home of the Dolphins was in the Grecian seas; they were said to have many human tastes, as they were very fond of music, could be easily tamed, and became very fond of their masters. They would let children ride on their backs;

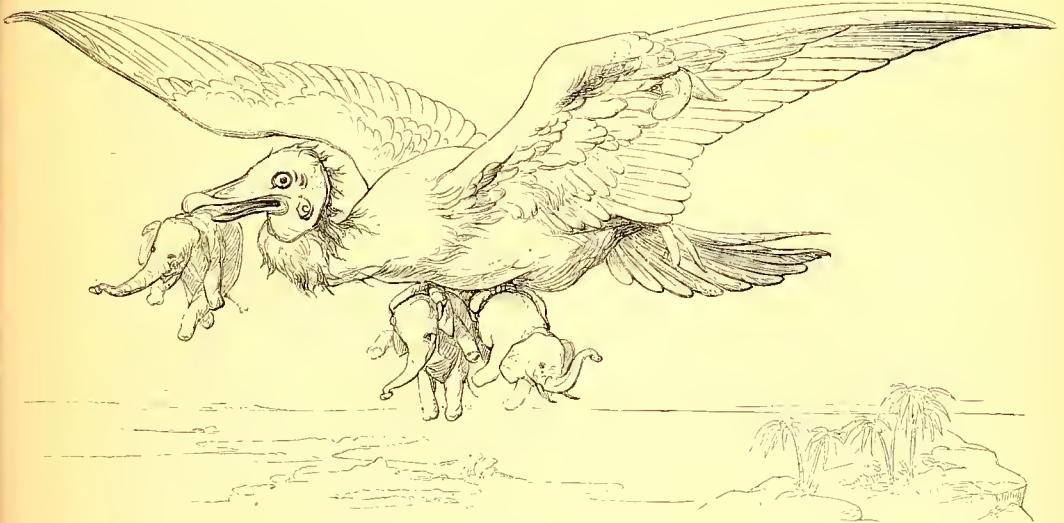


THE DOLPHIN.

and this must have been even more exciting than riding on an elephant, or driving a pair of goats. These Dolphins were very affectionate; and a story is told of one, in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, which carried a boy to school every morning. But after a while the lad died, and the faithful Dolphin watched for him on the shore day after day—until, finding that he did not come, it pined away and expired of grief.

THE CENTAUR.

The Centaur, or bull-killer, was half man and half horse; and pictures usually represent it shoot-



THE ROC.

These colors were said to be brighter than ever when it was dying, and some poet has written of "the hues of the dying Dolphin."

ing with a bow and arrow. They were said to be wild and savage, of a great size, covered with hair, and living in the forests and mountains.

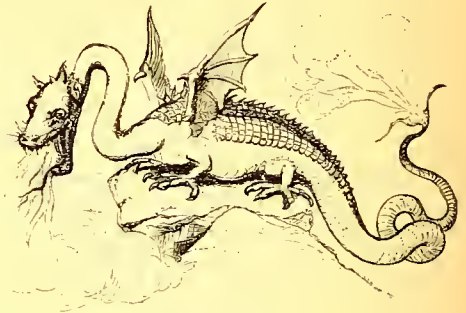
There were real men in Thessaly, a province of Greece, who spent most of their time on horseback hunting bulls; and it is thought that the fable of the Centaurs had its origin in them.

Although a great improvement on the Harpy and some other monsters, the Centaur could not be a very agreeable companion; and no one will be sorry that there never was such a creature.

THE DRAGON.

Nothing can be said in favor of this ugly-tempered monster. It was always in a passion, and had a most unpleasant habit of vomiting fire from its head and its tail—which prevented its ever being crowded for room, as no creature cared to go near it. It seemed to be a sort of live volcano; in form very much like a crocodile, with the addition

of wings, collar and ears. Its neck, however, was long and snake-like, and it had the feet of a lizard, with claws.



THE DRAGON.

for one Griffin was said to be larger and stronger than a hundred eagles, so that it could carry, while flying to its nest, a large horse or even two oxen yoked together as they stood at the plow. Its claws were as large as the horns of oxen, so that drinking-cups were made of them. Its head, wings and feet were those of an eagle, and its body that of a lion.

Stone Griffins are often seen in old churches, and on the pillars of old gate-ways; for a place that was guarded by such a powerful creature was in no danger of being invaded. So the figure of a Griffin came to represent strength and vigilance.

Griffins' eggs were considered very valuable, and were made into large goblets; but it is probable that these eggs were really laid by ostriches.

THE PHENIX.

But the most interesting of all these fabulous creatures is the Phoenix—a bird, but very differ-

ent from the Roc. It was exceedingly beautiful, as large as an eagle, with a plumage that shone



THE CENTAUR.

These horrible monsters went about destroying everything in their path, and would often lay a whole country desolate, so that brave knights sometimes set forth to slay them and rid the land of such a pest. They were terrible enemies to fight with, and only good men could overcome them.

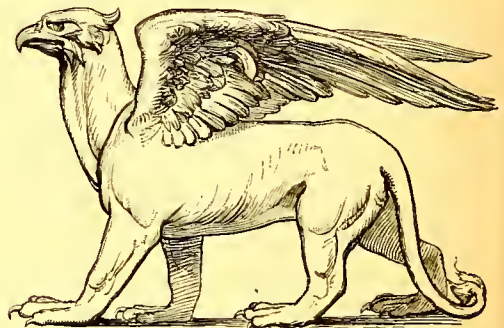
You remember hearing of St. George, the patron saint of England, and of the ferocious Dragon which he killed after a hard battle. One of these creatures in Africa was said to have driven back the whole Roman army.

It is thought that the Dragon was a type of Satan, or the power of evil.

THE GRYPHON, OR GRIFFIN.

How do you like its picture?

It ought to have had a long name like "Ich-



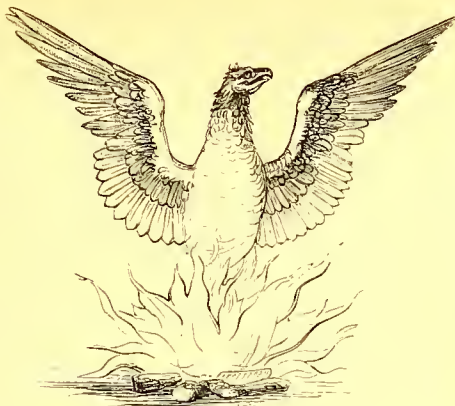
THE GRYPHON.

ent from the Roc. It was exceedingly beautiful, as large as an eagle, with a plumage that shone

like gold around its neck, a purple body, and a tail of blue and rose-colored feathers. It had a cock's comb under its neck, and a magnificent crest. This splendid-looking bird was supposed to live five hundred years, and then burn itself, to rise from the ashes young, strong, and more beautiful than ever.

An old writer gives a long account of this new birth of the Phœnix, which always took place at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. A priest made a fire of spices

on the altar, and the bird flew into the flames and was burned with the spices. A small worm would



THE PHŒNIX.

to create new ones, but for the present we will take our leave of un-natural history.

then be found in the ashes on the altar, and on the second day after it appeared it would be transformed into a bird, and in one day after that, or the third day after the burning, the Phœnix would be itself again and would go off in fine spirits, and in new clothes that were warranted to last for five hundred years.

These are a few of the more common animals of fable; there were a great many others, for, after beginning to invent such creatures, it was very easy

HOW IT WENT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

WYATT and Snaps were cousins—their fathers were brothers. Snaps' real name was Horace Brownell; but when he was a very little fellow without suspenders, he took to living almost entirely on ginger-snaps.

So his papa, who was a joker, began calling him Snaps; and then his mother took to calling him Snaps, because she was very apt to do what his papa did. Then his sisters, Mamie and Fanny, commenced calling him Snaps, because they always tried to imitate mamma, except when she did such things as mending and dusting. Then Mamie's and Fanny's playmates said Snaps instead of Horace; and so the matter grew until everybody called him Snaps, and almost nobody remembered that he had any other name.

The Winter that Snaps was twelve years old, his father agreed to pay him eight dollars for the job of keeping the walks about the house cleared of snow. When Snaps told his cousin Wyatt about this agreement, Wyatt insisted upon making with his father a like arrangement.

Thus it came to pass, that about the last of March each of the cousins had the magnificent sum of eight dollars. The question for us to consider is, how it went.

Of course, some of it—not much, however—went on April-fools' day. Then some of it went kiting. Spring brings kites just as surely as it brings swallows. Snaps and Wyatt undertook to get up some fancy rigs—"Great Easterns" they were to be among kites. They were to be nearly as large as Mr. Showers' barn-door, which was a very large door. The boys got a carpenter to make the kite-frames. Then they bought some strong, handsome paper, some gum-stick-'em (as they called the mucilage), and a great deal of strong string. I don't know but that they expected their kites to fly to the moon. They were very handsome affairs when finished. Wyatt's had a gilt star blazing like gold in the center; while Snaps' carried a crescent moon in silver.

The flying of the kites took place one bright Saturday morning at nine o'clock, amid the assembled boys and girls of the village. You would have thought, from the eager talk and the eager faces, that two balloons were going up from the Square, for the spectators were by no means confined to children. Men stood in their shop-doors, and even on the Square; while women waited on the side-walks or gazed from their windows.

The kites behaved beautifully. They rose grace-

fully and steadily up and up and up, looking, with their scarlet and gold, like two magnificent tropical birds. One could scarcely put his head out-doors that day without seeing those bright wings sailing against the sky, and each time, doubtless, at the end of the string was a different pair of hands—now a boy's, now a girl's—for Snaps and Wyatt let all the children take turns, until all had felt the strong pull of the monsters.

When I tell you how Wyatt and Snaps spent the next money, I think you will laugh. They invested it in a razor and some shaving-soap. What for? Well, they wanted some whiskers, you see.

After this investment, each of the capitalists bought a bottle of cologne. The following day, Wyatt said, as the two were walking home from school: "I say, Snaps, is n't that Bob Davidson the leanest, hollow-eyedest feller that your eyes ever lit on?"

"He is so; and I'll tell you what 't is, Wyatt," Snaps said, "I don't believe he gets enough to eat. He always looks hungry to me."

"Let's treat him," said Wyatt, briskly.

"Say we do," Snaps answered just as briskly.

"Hello, Bob! come here!" Wyatt called back to Bob, who was walking behind them. "Come into this grocery; we're going to treat you."

"Law! is yer?" said Bob, coming up on a trot, grinning all over. "You all's mighty commer-datin'."

Bob Davidson was a black boy, you understand. The three boys stepped into the store.

"What'll you take?" Wyatt asked. "What do you like best?"

Bob rolled his great white eyes all about the store, among the boxes and barrels and baskets. Then he turned them up to the ceiling in profound meditation. Then he studied the floor, and again looked all around the store, his lank body slowly revolving as on a pivot.

"What'll you take?" Snaps repeated. "What do you like best?"

Bob, as if about to take a fatal plunge, drew a long breath, rolled his eyes from the boys to the smiling shopman, smacked his lips, giggled, and answered, "'Lasses."

Wyatt and Snaps burst out laughing; but they had the grocer fill Bob's dinner-pail with the thing he liked best.

This brings us to the grand speculation. One Saturday morning, the cousins were on the Square playing marbles, when they saw a farm-wagon passing with ever so many baskets of strawberries.

"How do you sell your strawberries?" Wyatt called. The man did not hear, but went rattling on.

"Ho, there!" shouted Snaps; "what 's the price of your berries?"

Both boys now ran after the farmer, calling for him to stop, which he did after a time.

"Twenty cents the basket," replied the farmer, lifting the grape-leaves from one basket and another of the scarlet beauties. "Just picked this morning," he added.

The boys climbed upon the wheels, and looked longingly at the fruit.

"Let you have three baskets for half-a-dollar."



BOB DAVIDSON.

"What'll you take for the lot?" Wyatt could n't have told to save his teeth why he asked this question. He had no more thought of buying the whole lot than he had of buying out the circus that was expected next week.

"Well, let's see," said the farmer; but instead of seeing, he shut his eyes up close, and bent his forehead on his hand. "They's thirty-five baskets. I'll let ye hev the hull uv um fer four dollars, seein' it's you; that 's less'n a shillin' the basket. That 's

dreadful cheap, an' I would n't let ye hev um fer no sich money ef ye wus men an' women. But bein' ye 're boys, ye kin take um. Ye kin easy git twenty-two cents the basket. I'd git that ef I had time to wait on the sales; but, ye see, I want to git back to hum. I've got a lot uv young beets that 's that full uv weeds they 're nigh choked to death. I want to git hum to weed um 'fore Sunday, else the weeds 'll git clean the start uv me. Weeds don't keep no Sunday, ye know; 'pears like they growed twice't as fast Sunday as week-days, anyhow. Ye kin hev the hull lot fer four dollars," he repeated, "an' that 's just givin' um away. Ye 'll double your money 'fore sundown."

"Say we take 'em," said Wyatt.

"All right," was Snaps' answer.

Then the subject of the baskets came up; so the boys promised solemnly to leave them, when emptied, at Mr. Nodler's grocery, where the farmer would call for them. Then Wyatt ran over to the savings bank to draw the money.

Well, the money was paid, and the strawberries were delivered on the side-walk. After discussing matters, the boys agreed, in the first place, to eat each a basket of the berries. Then they decided to set up a stand on the corner of the Square for the sale of the remainder. Wyatt borrowed one chair from his father's office, which was near at hand, and another from his mother's kitchen, which was quite removed.

By the way, while at home he offered his mother the whole or any part of the thirty-three baskets at twenty-two cents. But she had already bought six baskets that day at eighteen cents. Then Wyatt offered his at eighteen cents for canning; but it was baking-day and churning-day, and the mother decided that she could not possibly take any additional work. This was a disappointment to Wyatt, for he had confidently reckoned on disposing of a dozen baskets to his mother. Snaps' mother was out of town.

The speculators borrowed a plank; this, resting on the chairs, made the stand for the baskets. These were speedily put in artistic and tempting array. Then the boys wiped their hands and faces, combed their hair with their fingers, touched up their neck-ties, straightened themselves up, and made ready for the rush of customers with which they would be assailed. They sauntered about the plank, sniffing at the berries, occasionally eating one, looking meanwhile up and down the street for customers. A half-hour went slowly by.

"Yonder comes Billy Barlow," said Snaps. "I'll bet he'll want to trade his old barlow-knife for some berries. He's been tryin' for a year to get somebody to trade something or other for that old broken-bladed, rickerty knife."

Billy Barlow's right name was William Williams, but, as Snaps had said, he had a barlow-knife. It was the only thing in the world over which he had undisputed control. The one blade was broken and the rivets were loose. But Billy ever had it on display, and was ever trying to trade it for any conceivable boy-property. Hence his schoolmates had given him the name of Billy Barlow.

"Why, what sights of strawberries!" exclaimed B. B. "Are they your 'n?"—and he ran his hungry eye up and down the double line of baskets.

"Of course they 're ours," replied Snaps, with quiet superiority.

"Goin' to sell 'em?"

"Of course," said Snaps, in like superiority. "We did n't buy them to give away," he added, by way of forestalling a possible request.

"How much are they?" asked Billy Barlow, with his hand in his ragged pocket.

"Twenty-two cents a basket," and then Snaps winked at Wyatt, as much as to say, "Look out now for the barlow-knife."

"That 's what I ask for a knife I've got," said B. B., rummaging around for the said article, amid the balls and strings and marbles and slate-pencils which a boy's pocket is sure to hold.

"Here 't is," he said, directly holding out the knife before Snaps' eyes.

"I've seen it before," said Snaps coolly, looking away down the street.

"I'll swop it for one of them baskets of strawberries."

"I don't think you will," Wyatt answered.

"It's a first-rate knife," said B. B., with the sad light of disappointment in his eyes.

Snaps whispered a few words in the ear of his partner.

"All right," Wyatt answered aloud.

"Look here, Barlow," Snaps said; "I don't want your knife—I would n't give it pocket-room. You've tried to trade it to every boy in this town. We're all tired hearing about that old barlow. Now, if you'll throw it as far as you can send it, we'll give you a basket of berries."

"It's a bargain," said Billy Barlow.

He placed himself in position, and threw the knife half-way across the Square.

"All right; take your basket," Snaps said, with a good feeling at his heart.

Billy walked down one side of the plank and up the other. Then he picked out the basket which seemed the nearest full and to have the largest, ripest berries. With this he walked off in the direction in which his knife had gone. A few days after, he was discovered trying to trade it to a little girl for a half-stick of liquorice.

But that Saturday morning he met, a little way on his walk (or run, rather), Bob Davidson. Of course, he told Bob about the strawberries, and, of course, Bob took a bee-line across the Square for the strawberry plank.

It was during the war, and Bob Davidson had been from the South only a few weeks. All the schooling with which the town had been able to inculcate him during that period had not sufficed to cure his Southern dialect.

"Law! what's you all got dar?" Bob asked, his hungry eyes looking hungrier than ever Billy's had looked, as they ran along the bright line of



BILLY BARLOW.

baskets. "Law! is you all gwine to hab a strawberry festibal fer Mass Linkun's soldiers an' de countryban's?"

"No, we aint," Wyatt answerèd in a bluff way. "We're goin' to sell 'em for twenty-two cents a basket."

"Strawberries would tas' mighty good 'long wid dem dar 'lasses you all gim me. You all's de p'lites' boys in town, show 's I's baun."

Here Snaps said in an undertone to Wyatt: "I never saw anybody want strawberries so bad in my life. Let's give him a basket."

Bob's great eyes, rolling from one face to the

other, plainly discerned that the boys were pleased with his compliment.

"I aint got no money dis berry minit, but ef you all gim me some strawberries, I'll gim you all sumpum—will so."

"What 'll you give us?" Wyatt asked.

Bob thrust one hand in his one pocket, and assumed the meditative attitude of a philosopher.

"What 'll you give?" urged Wyatt, after a pause long enough for Bob to make an inventory of a very extensive personal property.

"Sumpum mighty good," said the non-committal Bob.

"But what?" persisted Wyatt. "You must tell us, or we can't trade."

Bob took another meditative attitude, and rolled his eyes in a frantic way, as if he was trying to see something very difficult to find.

"What 'll you give us?" This question again urgently assailed him.

"I tell yer," said Bob, with the air of one who has reached the solution of a difficult problem. "I'll take de berries long to de house" (to his home, he meant); "den I'll fotch de what-you-may-call-it straight back,—wish I may die ef I don't!"

The boys had soft places in their hearts for Bob; they were aching to give him a basket, so they agreed to his proposal, and he bore away the berries.

The next customer was Miss Burchett. She was a tall, thin woman, with steel-colored eyes and iron-gray hair. She wore a Shaker bonnet with a brown silk skirt to it, and her calico dress was very stiffly starched.

"I heard you had strawberries; are they perfectly fresh and perfectly ripe?"

She asked this much as a lawyer would cross-examine a witness. Both boys were scared and subdued by her manner.

"Yes, ma'am," Wyatt meekly answered to her question.

"How do you know they are?" she asked in the same lawyer-like tone.

"The man said they were."

All this time, Miss Burchett was turning one basket and another against a plate she carried, inspecting the berries through her gold-bowed glasses, smelling at each lot, and doing what seemed to the boys a most unnecessary amount of tasting.

"What man?" she asked.

"The man we bought them from," Wyatt answered.

"And who is he? What's his name?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Then I don't want your berries," Miss Burchett

said with emphasis. "I never buy any berries unless I know who picked them; nor any butter, or milk, or sausages, or anything, unless I know who made it. I'm very particular about my eating. I do wish I did n't ever have to cat any victuals that other folks had been performing over."

With this speech, she transferred a few other fine berries from the baskets to her mouth, and took her departure.

"I wonder if she has to be introduced to the hens before she'll eat their eggs?" Snaps said, with a petulant sneer.

"She yarns, anyhow," Wyatt suggested, "'cause how can she know who makes the sugar and coffee, and tea and flour, and lots of things she eats? She kept eatin' strawberries all the while, anyhow. She 's mean and stuck-up, too."

"Here comes Mrs. Pulsifer," said Snaps. "She's deaf, you know; you'll have to split your throat to make her hear."

"How d'ye do, little dears?" said Mrs. Pulsifer, smiling and giving a funny little curtsy.

"We 're well." Wyatt delivered this reply with such a shout, that a man across the street turned and stared about.

"She talks as if we were babies," Snaps said in an undertone of contempt to Wyatt, thinking, meanwhile, of the razor and shaving-soap hid away in his chamber-closet.

"How do you sell your berries?" asked Mrs. Pulsifer, still smiling, and hollowing her hand to her ear to receive the answer.

"Twenty-two cents," Wyatt said, with more moderation of tone.

"Thirty-two cents? I'll give you thirty," said the smiling old lady.

"I said twenty-two cents," said Wyatt.

"Oh! twenty-two cents! I'll give you twenty."

Mrs. Pulsifer delighted above all things on earth to make a bargain—to get things for less than other people gave.

When the boys had agreed to her offer, she proposed to take two baskets for thirty-five cents, and, when they had again acceded, she offered sixty cents for four baskets. The partners accepted this offer, and then she was afraid, as it was Saturday, that she could n't use more than one basket.

"Four baskets at sixty will make fifteen for one." She opened her purse. "I've just got fourteen cents in change," she said; "but you don't mind about one cent, I know," and she smiled blandly as she laid the money on the plank. Then she helped herself to the best basket she could pick out.

Snaps felt mad enough to cry, and might have cried if two boys and a small girl had n't just then come on the ground. These were soon joined by

two girls and a small boy. Things began to look brisk—business prospects to brighten. Indeed, the children generally had got wind of the strawberry-stand on the Square, and they were beginning to gather from all quarters, like yellow-jackets about a molasses-jug. Big boys were seen hurrying toward the attractive spot, with their little brothers running and crying in the vain endeavor of keeping up; large girls came, impatiently tugging their little sisters. Soon there were assembled over two dozen children about the strawberry-stand.

"Now we'll begin to haul in the money," Snaps thought.

The children gazed and talked, and walked around the plank, and counted the baskets, and "hefted" them, and tasted the berries to see if they were fresh, and to see if they were ripe, and to see if they were sweet, and to see if they were tart, and to see if they would make good short-cake, and if they would make good pies, and if they were good for jam, and if they were good for strawberry-vingar, and to see if they were "as good as some we bought," and for a dozen other reasons.

Snaps and Wyatt inwardly chafed, but they felt ashamed to complain of their friends for taking a few berries.

After an impatient while, the noon-bell rang. There were some farewell peckings at the baskets, and then the flock of black-birds flew away, and left the two speculators to survey the ground. They walked along the side of their plank, each mentally taking stock. There was not a full basket left. Not one had escaped depredations—some were nearly empty.

"They 're thieves and robbers," said Snaps, indignantly. "I wish I'd called a policeman."

"Snaps," Wyatt said, "we 're busted. No use dodging; we 're busted. There aint more 'n seven baskets left. What 're we going to do about it?"

"Let 's sell out," Snaps flashed brightly.

"Sell out to who?" Wyatt asked, in a tone of infinite contempt.

"Let 's eat 'em," said Snaps.

"That would bust us sure," Wyatt replied, attempting a joke.

"It 's 'most dinner-time at our house," Snaps said, in a discouraged tone.

"And it 's 'most dinner-time at our house," Wyatt added, impatiently; "but I aint goin' to whine about it."

He felt sore about his speculation, and he was glad of a chance to scold at somebody.

"The last of our money 's in them berries." Snaps looked mournfully at the baskets.

Wyatt answered shortly: "Well, can't we earn some more?"

"I don't think we got much good out of our money." Snaps felt very melancholy.

Then both boys fell to thinking how the money had gone.

"We aint got anything to show for it but them two empty cologne-bottles, and that old razor that we dare n't let anybody see," said Snaps.

"We've had lots of fun, though."

"And lots of other folks have had fun out of it, too. And we've treated. Seems to me I'd rather treat than do anything else. Don't it make you feel good to treat?"

"Yes; I always feel like whistling when I treat." Wyatt said. "But I do wish I knew what to do with these miserable old strawberries." He was getting hungry, and wanted his dinner.

"Let's treat with them," Snaps brilliantly suggested. He, too, wanted his dinner; he'd been hankering after it for an hour.

"Who'll we treat?"

"I'll tell you; we'll take 'em to Africa, and give 'em to the little darkies."

"Say we do," Wyatt assented.

Africa was that part of the town where the colored people were congregated.

The boys borrowed a pail of Mr. Nodler, in which they emptied all the berries. The baskets

were stacked and taken to the grocery, according to agreement with the farmer. After eating their dinners, they proceeded together to Africa. Here they went from shanty to shanty, distributing the berries, and almost laughing themselves wild at the funny little negroes. As they suddenly turned a corner, they collided with Bob Davidson.

"Laws a massy!" said Bob; "I wus jis gwine to fotch it to you all. Here 't is," and he extended before the boys' eyes a bottle with about a gill of some dark liquid in it.

"What is it?" said Wyatt.

"What in the world is it?" said Snaps.

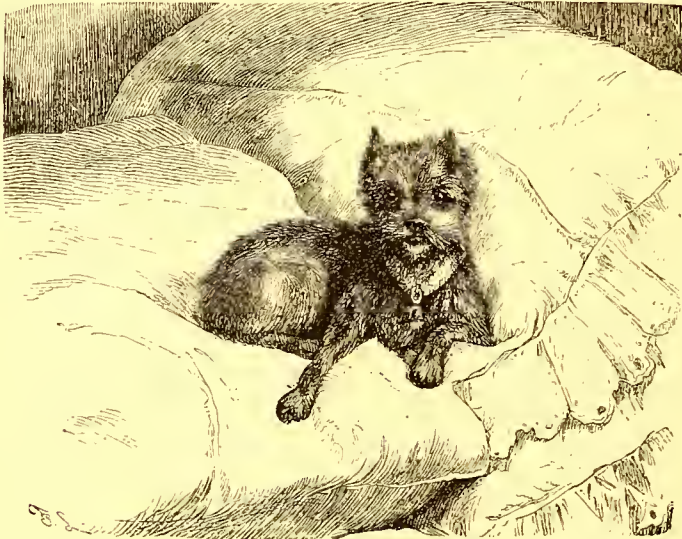
"Mammy did n't hab nuffin else nice nuff to pay you all fer dem dar strawberries. Yer see, we all los' all our prop'ty by dem rebul soldiers."

"But tell us what 't is," Wyatt said, turning the bottle over and examining it in every light.

"Law! don't you all know? It's jis a few uv dem dar 'lasses," said Bob, grinning and licking out his tongue.

You ought to have seen those boys laugh! Snaps said, in telling of it afterward, that he really thought at one time that he was splitting.

The boys gave the bottle back to Bob, and delivered to him also the remainder of the berries; and with these went the last of their money.



VERY COMFORTABLE.

A POTATO STORY WHICH BEGINS WITH A BEAN-POLE.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



R. ROCKAWAY, being asked to tell one of his "ten-minute" stories, said: "If it will content you, I will tell you a Potato story which begins with a Bean-pole.

"Once there was a Bean-pole which was stuck into the ground by the side of a Potato-hill.

"Dear me!" cried a young Cabbage growing near, "what a stiff, pokey thing that is! And of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!"

"But very soon a Scarlet Bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same Bean-pole.

"All right!" cried the happy little Bean. "You are the very thing I want. Now I'll begin my Summer's work."

"Well, to be sure!" cried young Cabbage. "Everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?"

"The Scarlet Bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole just as easy! Being of a lively turn, she began, at

last, to make fun of the Potato-plant.

"How sober you are!" said she. "Why don't you try to brighten up and look more blooming?"

"The poor Potato-plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blooms.

"You don't mean to call those things flowers?" cried the frisky Bean. "Just look at my beautiful blossoms!"—and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

"The Potato-plant kept quiet.

"What stupid, useless things," said young Cabbage, "those Potato-plants are! and how much room they take up!"

"Summer passed. The Bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"Why don't you do something?" she cried to the Potato-plant, down below. "Only see what I've done! There's a Summer's work for you!" And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"Yes, why don't you do something?" cried Cabbage. "Your Summer is gone, and nothing done! Can't you come to a head? Anything but idleness!"

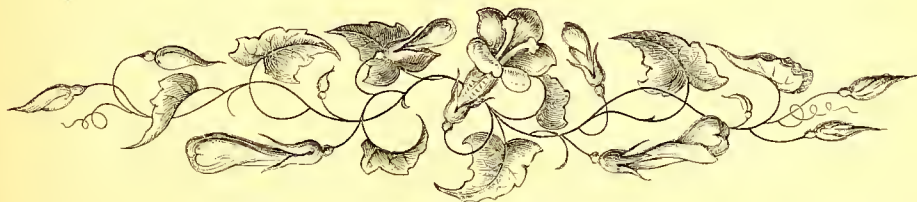
"The Potato-plant still kept quiet. But when digging-time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of 'Long Reds' appeared, her neighbors could hardly believe their senses.

"Dear me! what a surprise!" cried the Bean. "So we can't always tell by appearances!"

"I declare!" cried Cabbage. "Then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that Bean—she hung her pods up high, so that everybody could see. Well, well, well!—after this, I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: "Wait, Potatoes inside there, may be."

"There are a great many Scarlet Beans among the people I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some Potato-plants, too."

"And perhaps a few young Cabbage-heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.



LORD CORNWALLIS'S DAY.

By C. C.

I WILL tell you, my children, about a day they used to celebrate when I was a boy, called "Lord Cornwallis's Day." It was the anniversary of the day—October 19, 1781—when Lord Cornwallis surrendered with the British army to General Washington, which ended the Revolutionary War, and left us a free country, to be no more troubled by England on the ground that we belonged to her.

Well, when I was a little boy I lived in the town of W——, very near Concord and Lexington, where the Centennial celebrations took place last June, and there they were accustomed to make a good deal of this day, though it is given up now.

They used to celebrate in a large field back of a hotel and at the foot of a mountain, and the woods on the mountain came down to the edge of this field. Here there would be a grand mock fight, between men dressed as Continental soldiers and others dressed as British soldiers and Indians, till, finally, the victory would be won by the Continentals, and then there would be great cheering. I will describe one of these days just as I recollect it, when I was about five years old.

The first event of the day, that filled me with admiring awe, was the fixing up of an elder brother to look like an Indian. He was dressed in a frock with a belt about his body, into which was stuck a tomahawk and a knife. The handles of both were painted red, and the blades blue. Over his shoulder was slung a quiver filled with arrows. I don't recollect the color of the quiver, but I can see the red tips of the arrows as plain in my mind's eye as if it were yesterday, as they peeped over his shoulder. Then in his hand he carried a bow. This also had a good deal of red about it.

And his face! I confess I was a little scared at first, when he came grinning and scowling at a brother, just as big as I was, and me, and flourished his tomahawk over our heads. His eyebrows and lashes were stained black, and his face red; and I rather think there were streaks of other colors about his fierce visage, though I can't remember distinctly. He had moccasins on his feet, and wore I forget just what on his legs.

Well, he started off in the morning, and we (my companion brother and myself) soon after followed. We went up to the field, which I judge was nearly a mile from our house, and there we found old men and old women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, young men and young maidens, and big and little boys and girls. And there were men

selling everything that tasted good to youngsters like ourselves; but we had no money to buy, so we could only stand and watch others buy, and eat and drink.

Presently we heard a distant war-whoop, and, running with all the rest, we saw the Indians approaching. They were dressed in all sorts of colors—blue, red, yellow, green, white, and I could n't now say what else, with their faces painted in every sort of way; and as they advanced with an Indian trot, they kept making the war-whoop, by patting their mouths with the palms of their hands as they let their voices out in cries and yells.

I stood near a stone wall, and as they passed over it in their moccasined feet, one stone after another would roll or tumble to the ground, until, by the time the last Indian had passed, very little of the wall was left at that place.

Then they crossed the field, and ran into the woods at the foot of the mountain.

Soon after there came from the other end of the field, with martial music and stately, regular tread, the British army, dressed in red coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, with epaulets on their shoulders, bright brass buttons, and plumes in their hats. They marched slowly into the woods and joined the Indians, who were occupying a fort that had been built for the occasion.

Now came the music of the drum and the fife, playing "Yankee Doodle," and up marched the Continental boys, in their blue coats, with buff lappets, waistcoats and breeches, their knee-buckles glistening in the sunlight, and their plumes waving from their cockade hats, while their epaulets seemed proud to be on their shoulders, as the spectators cheered and cheered again. I'll not be sure, but I rather think, to my boyish fancy, the Yankee soldiers had more *shoot* in their looks than the British.

Well, they filed into the woods, and presently the battle commenced. Volleys of musketry rang through the forest, and we could see the arrows of the Indians fly through the air. The yells of the soldiers mingled constantly with the Indian war-whoop, and now and then a shout arose from the field.

At length, the smoke of battle hid almost everything from view; and then a sort of dread came over the hearts of us youngsters, for it began to seem like a real battle, and the war-whoops began to have a terrific sound. But all at once there was

one great shout, and the air was filled with loud cheering, and the cry arose: "The Yankees have whipped! The British are beaten!"

And sure enough, as the smoke cleared away, we could see the Continental Blue-coats had won the victory. There was a grand surrender of the Red-coats and Indians, and with that the great event of Lord Cornwallis's day was ended.

Then I, with my little companion brother, wended my way home, but half-awake to the commonplace realities of the empty streets through which we passed: and along in the evening came our big Indian brother, who washed himself at the sink, making the water in the wash-bowl all of a streaked purple, as the red and black mingled together from his hands and face.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. IV.)



LITTLE Peeky-Wang-Foo, with her chopsticks so new,
 Sat eating her luncheon of rice,
 When a rat running by,
 On the rice cast his eye,
 And Peeky ran off in a trice.

ONE BOY'S OPINION OF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNAY,

Author of "Deal Gently with the Erring" and "Little Drops of Water."

How glad I am that I was n't a boy
 In the days of Adam and Eve!
 For weeding the garden is not good fun,
 And if I had been the oldest one,
 'T would be lonesome, you'd better believe.

I don't believe I should ever have liked
 Their strange, old-fashioned ways;
 Then Mother Eve was not "used to noise,"
 And Cain and Abel were not good boys,
 For they quarreled, the Bible says.

O dear! I don't wonder, for only think,
 There were only those two together!
 And who ever heard of two boys who could
 Agree with each other, through every mood
 And every kind of weather?

No boots to stamp with! no "very first pants,"
 To turn little boys to men!
 No drum, or whistle, or kite, or ball!
 No grandma with doughnuts! and, worse than all,
 They had no ST. NICHOLAS then!

BIRDS THAT BUILD PLAY-HOUSES.

(Translation of Latin Sketch in July Number.)

BY JAMES C. BEARD.

WE are so accustomed to the ingenious construction of ordinary birds' nests, that we are not surprised that such an airy and pleasant home should be made of such various materials, collected from such various places, and joined in such cunning ways by the little birds, with no tools but their own beaks and claws. But what would you say if a crowd of these little birds should begin work, some fine morning in Spring, not on their nests, but on a play-house; and should assemble, a few days afterward, to dance and frolic together in this play-house, built by them for this very purpose, and with great care and skill? Surely that would be a marvel indeed!

But such birds really exist, and just such play-houses are really built by them.

Where? In Australia, and nowhere else. And as it is probable, for this reason, that you will never see them, they have sent a likeness of themselves, and have requested to be introduced to you, in this way, through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

They are named Bower-birds, and are divided into two species. Those shown in the illustration are called Spotted Bower-birds, and are of a rich brown color, varied with spots of a golden-buff shade, and have upon the back of the neck a ruff or collar of long pink-colored feathers.

The play-house, or bower, is generally about a foot and a-half in height, and from three to four feet in length. A platform of several inches in thickness is first constructed, being woven or plaited like basket-work. The bower is then formed of long grass twined over a frame-work of twigs, fixed in the sides of the platform or mat; and the result is a covered passage-way, open at both ends, and sheltered above and on the sides.

But this is not all. The birds now proceed to decorate the play-house, using for that purpose shells, clean white bones, bits of colored cloth, broken glass and chinaware, and any other shining objects which they can obtain. It is said that a tobacco-pipe and a lady's thimble have been found in one of these bowers; and a leading naturalist tells us that when the native Australians lose any small, portable ornament, they always search the bowers of the neighborhood, where the missing article is often found.

These bowers become dilapidated with long use, and the twigs burst apart by exposure to the wind and rain, thus making the bower resemble an old, worn-out basket. The birds will sometimes repair a bower; but they generally prefer to build a new one—and for such industrious and ingenious architects this is no arduous task.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MYSTERY OF A PAIR OF BREECHES.

JACK went out with the lantern upon the ruined abutment of the bridge, and showed a space beside the drift-wood, in the turbid and whirling current, where fording seemed practicable.

gled, and swept away in black, whirling eddies ; and Jack said :

“ This would n't be a very nice place to break down, eh—would it ? ”

But they got safely through ; and on the farther bank they were pleased to find again the trail of the horse and buggy.



FOLLOWING THE WAR-TRAIL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

They were now in high spirits. The whirlwind having passed up the river, the road lay aside from its direct path, but still within the area of rain.

“ This is gay ! ” said Jack. “ He thinks he has baffled us ; and he will put up somewhere for the night ; and we went ! We shall circumvent Master Radcliff ! ”

But soon the boys were again puzzled.

Reaching another cross-road, and bringing the lantern to bear upon the trail, they found that, instead of continuing northward toward Wisconsin, or turning to the right in the direction of Chicago, it turned at a sharp angle to the left, in the direction of North Mills.

“ This move is a perfect mystery to me ! ” Jack

Then the boys got into the wagon again, and the mare was driven cautiously forward by the glimmering light which the lantern shed faintly before and around them. Lion swam ahead, throwing up his muzzle and barking loudly, like a faithful pilot showing the safest way. The wheels went in over the hubs ; the water came into the bottom of the wagon-box ; the flood boiled and plashed and gur-

exclaimed. "It seems as if he had thought the thing all over, and finally chosen the very last place one would expect him to make for."

"Are you sure this road leads to North Mills?"

"Perfectly sure; I've been this way three or four times. But another road branches from it, and passes a mile north of the Mills; he has probably taken that."

But no; after a good deal of trouble—the road appearing once more dry and much trodden—they discovered that the horse and buggy had not taken the branch, but kept the direct route to the Mills!

"It does n't seem possible! there must be some mistake here," said Jack; and every rod of their progress seemed now to increase the boys' doubts.

The road, long before they reached the Mills, became a mere bed of brown dust, in which it required a pretty vivid imagination to distinguish one track from another. The boys' spirits sank accordingly. Lion still led them boldly on; but his guidance could no longer be trusted.

"He's bound for home now," said Jack, "and he'll go straight there."

"If Rad *did* come this way," said Rufe, "he was shrewd, after all. He knew that by passing through a busy place like the Mills, he would hide his tracks as he could n't in any other way."

"To find 'em again," Jack replied, rather gloomily, "we shall have to examine every road going out of this place."

It must have been near midnight when they entered the village. The houses were all dark and still; not a ray at a window, not even the bark of a dog, gave sign of life as they passed.

"This looks discouraging," said Jack.

"A needle in a haystack is no comparison," replied Rufe. "The lantern is almost out."

"I can get another at our house," said Jack. "We may as well follow the dog now. What did I tell you? He is going straight home!"

The dog trotted up to the gate before Mr. Lanman's cottage, and the wagon turned up after him.

"What's that ahead of us?" said Jack, as the mare came to a sudden stop.

"Seems to be a wagon standing," said Rufe, shading his eyes from the lantern and peering into the darkness.

Jack jumped out, ran forward, and gave a shout. The wagon was a buggy, and the horse was Snow-foot, standing before the gate, waiting patiently to be let in.

Quite wild with delight and astonishment, Jack took the lantern and examined horse and vehicle.

"Old Lion! you were right," he exclaimed. "The scamp must have let the horse go, and taken to his heels."

"The most he cared for was to get off with the money," said Rufe, not quite so abundantly pleased as his friend. "What's this thing under the seat?"

"The compass!" said Jack,—if possible, still more surprised and overjoyed. "Which I accused poor Zeph of stealing!"

Rufe continued rummaging, and, holding the lantern with one hand, lifted up a limp garment with the other.

"What in thunder? A pair of breeches! Rad's breeches! Where can the scamp have gone without his breeches? See what's in the pocket there, Jack."

Jack thrust in his hand, and brought out some loose bank-notes. He thrust in his hand again, and brought out a pocket-book, containing more bank-notes. It was Mr. Betterton's pocket-book, and the notes were the stolen money.

Jack was hastily turning them over—not counting them, he was too much amazed and excited to do that—when the candle in the lantern gave a final flicker and went out, leaving the boys and the mystery of the compass and the money and Rad's pantaloons enveloped in sudden darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MORNING AFTER.

BRIGHT rose the sun the next morning over the leafy tops of Long Woods, and smiled upon the pleasant valley.

It found many a trace of the previous day's devastation,—trees uprooted or twisted off at their trunks, branches and limbs broken and scattered, fences blown down, and more than one man's buildings unroofed or demolished.

It found Peakslow, accompanied by the two older boys, walking about his private and particular pile of ruins, in a gloomy and bewildered state of mind, as if utterly at a loss to know where the repair of such tremendous damages should begin. And (the sun itself must have been somewhat astonished!) it found Mrs. Peakslow and the younger children, five in number, comfortably quartered in Lord Betterton's "castle."

It also had glimpses of Rufe, with light and jolly face, driving home by prairie and grove, alone in the one-horse wagon.

Link ran out to meet him, swinging his cap, and shouting for the news.

"Good news!" Rufe shouted back, while still far up the road. "Tell the folks!" and he held up the pocket-book.

It was good news indeed which he brought; but the mystery at the bottom of it all was a mystery still.

The family gathered around, with intense interest, while he told his story and displayed Rad's pantaloons.

"The eighty dollars, which you had counted out,—you remember, father,—was loose in the pocket. I left that with Jack; he will send it to Chicago to-day. The rest of the money, I believe, is all here in the pocket-book."

"And you've heard nothing of Radcliff?" said Mr. Betterson.

"Not a word. Jack made me stop with him overnight; and I should have come home the way we went, and looked for Rad, if it had n't been so far; we must have driven twelve or fifteen miles in that roundabout chase."

"Some accident must certainly have happened to Radcliff," said Mr. Betterson; and much wonder and many conjectures were expressed by the missing youth's not very unhappy relatives.

"I bet I know!" said Link. "He drove so fast he overtook the tornado, and it twisted him out of his breeches, and hung him up in a tree somewhere!"

An ingenious theory, which did not, however, obtain much credence with the family.

"One thing seems to be proved, and I am very glad," said Vinnie. "It was not Zeph who took Jack's compass."

"Rad must have taken that, to spite Jack, and hid it somewhere near the road in the timber, where it would be handy if he ever wanted to make off with it; that's what Jack thinks," said Rufe. "Then, as he was driving past the spot, he put it into the buggy again."

"May be he intended to set up for a surveyor somewhere," Wad remarked. "He must have taken another pair of trousers with him."

"I am sure he did n't," said Cecie.

"And even if he did," said Rufe, "that would n't account for his leaving the money in the pocket."

The family finally settled down upon a theory which had been first suggested by Jack,—that in fording the river, Rad had caught his wheels in the tree-tops or the timbers of the ruined bridge, and, to keep his lower garments dry, had taken them off and left them in the buggy, while he waded in to remove the rubbish, when the horse had somehow got away from him, and gone home. It also seemed quite probable that Rad himself had become entangled in drift-wood, and been drowned.

"Feed the mare, boys," said Lord Betterson. "As soon as she is well rested, I'll drive up to the broken bridge, and see if any discoveries can be made."

Meanwhile, whatever Radcliff's fate, it did not prevent the family from rejoicing over the recovery of the lost money. And now Rufe's attention was

called to another happy circumstance, one which promised to be to them a source of deeper and more lasting satisfaction.

Cecie could walk!

Yes, the marvelous effects of the previous day's events were still manifest in the case of the little invalid. Either the tremendous excitement, thrilling and rousing her whole system, or the electric shock which accompanied the whirlwind, or the exertions she felt compelled to make when Rad ran off with the money,—or all combined (for the doctors I have talked with are divided in opinion on the subject),—had overcome the paralysis of her limbs, which a long course of medical treatment had failed to remove.

The family physician, who chanced to come over from the Mills that day, maintained that what he had been doing for the injured spine, the source of Cecie's troubles, had prepared the way for this result; while neighbor Peakslow, when he heard the news, grunted, and said he "guessed the gal could 'a' walked all the time if she had only thought she could, or wanted to very much." All which made Cecie smile. She only knew that she was cured, and was too proud and glad to care much what was said of her.

CHAPTER XL.

FOLLOWING UP THE MYSTERY.

IN the course of the day, Mr. Betterson and Rufe visited the supposed scene of Rad's disaster, and there met by chance Jack and his friend Forrest Felton, who for a similar object had driven up from North Mills.

The river had gone down almost as rapidly as it had risen, and fording it now by daylight was no such difficult matter. But there still were the timbers and tree-tops, amidst which the vehicles had passed the night before.

Jack showed marks on one of his wheels where the spokes had been sharply raked, and told how, examining Snowfoot by daylight, he had found muddy splashes on his flank, as if he had been struck there by a bough or branch drenched in turbid water.

"I think," said he, "that as Rad was getting the buggy clear, the limb of a tree turned over and hit the horse. That started him, and away he went. I don't believe Rad is drowned."

Search was made among the rubbish at the bridge, and for some distance down the river; but no traces of Rad were discovered.

"May be he has gone home by water," was Rufe's rather too playful way of saying that the drowned body might have floated down stream.

"If he got out alive," said Jack's friend Felton,

"he must have found his way to some house near by, in quest of pantaloons." And the party now proceeded to make inquiries at the scattered huts of the Dutch—or rather German—settlers along the edge of the timber.

At the first two doors where they stopped they found only women and children, who could speak no English. But at the next house they saw a girl, who eagerly answered "Yah! yah!" to their questions, and ran and called a man working at the back door.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a big russet beard and serious blue eyes.

"Goot morgin," he said, coming to the road to greet the strangers. "Der been some vind dis vay—you see some?—vas las' ebening."

The strangers acknowledged that they had experienced some effects of the wind the night before, and repeated their questions regarding Radcliff.

"Young man—no priches—yah! yah!" replied Meinheer. "He come 'long here, vas 'pout nine hours, may pe some more."

"A little after nine o'clock last night?" suggested Jack.

"Yah, yah! I vas bed shleepin', somebody knock so loud, I git some candle light, and make de door open, and der vas some young feller, his face sick, his clo'es all so vet but his priches,—his priches vas not vet, for he has no priches, only some shoes."

"Where did he come from?"

"He say he come from up stream; he pass de pridge over, and der vas no pridge; and he thrive 'cross de vaser, and he cannot thrive 'cross; so he git out, only his priches not git out, for de vaser vas vet, and his priches keeps in de vagon, vile he keeps in de vaser; he make some lift on some logs, and someding make de hoss fright, and de hoss jump and jerk de vagon, and de vagon jerk someding vat jerk him; and he priches rides off, and he shtop in de vaser, and dhink some, and git sick, and he say de log in his shtomach and so much vaser was pad, and I mus' give him some dhink viskey and some dry priches, and I gives 'em."

"A pair of *your* breeches?" cried Rufe, eying the baggy proportions of Meinheer's nether garments.

"I have no oder; I fetch 'em from faderland; and I gives him some. He stick his legs in, and some of his legs come too much under; de priches vas some too vide, and some not long genoof. He dhink more viskey, and feel goot, and say he find his team and bring back my priches to-morrow, and it is to-morrow yet, and he not come."

Even the grave uncle of the luckless nephew had to laugh as he thought of the slim legs pursuing

their travels in the short but enormous "priches" fetched from fatherland.

"How much were your breeches worth?" Lord said, taking out some money.

"I don't know—I don't keeps priches to sell; may pe vun tollar."

Betterson gave the German a dollar, saying:

"Allow me to pay for them; for, if I mistake not, you will never see the young man or your breeches again."

He was quite right—the German never did.

Neither—it may as well be said here—did Radcliff's own relatives see him again for many years. What various adventures were his can only be surmised, until one of the "Philadelphia partners," settling up his accounts with the world, left him a legacy of six thousand dollars, when he once more bloomed out as a fine gentleman, and favored his Western friends with a visit.

He ran through his little fortune in a few months, and once more disappeared from view, to turn up again, five or six years later (when Jack and Vinnie saw him for the last time), as a runner for one of the great Chicago hotels.

CHAPTER XLI.

PEAKSLOW'S HOUSE-RAISING.

"MERCY on me!" said Caroline, hearing an unusual noise in the front part of the house; "now we are to have the racket of those Peakslow children! What could you have been thinking of, Lavinia dear? I'm sure I did n't know what I was saying when I gave *my* consent to their coming. The idea of their turning our library into a kitchen! Not that I blame *you*, Lavinia dear. I ought to have considered."

"Surely you would n't have denied the houseless family a shelter?" Vinnie replied. "That would have seemed too bad, with those great chambers unoccupied. As for the *library*,"—Vinnie smiled, for the unfurnished room called by that choice name had nothing in it but a fire-place,—"I don't think any harm can happen to that."

Vinnie had a plan regarding the Peakslow children, which she laid before Mrs. Peakslow as soon as the new inmates were fairly settled in the house.

"Since my sister and the baby have been so much better, I have begun a little school, with only two scholars—Cecie and Lilian. Would n't your children like to join it? I think it would be pleasant."

"Whuther they would or not, I'd like to have 'em," replied Mrs. Peakslow, gratefully. "The chances for schoolin' is dreffle slim in this country; we've no school-house within nigh two mile. But how shall I pay ye?"

"You need n't mind about that."

"Yes, I shall mind too. We must do somethin' for you in return."

"Well, then," said Vinnie, "if you like, you may let one of the girls help a little in my sister's kitchen, to make up for the time I spend with them."

"I'll do it, sartin! You shall have Lyddy. She's a good smart hand at housework, and you may git all out of her you can."

So it was arranged. The little school of two was increased to five; the "parlor"—used only to store grain in hitherto—was turned into a school-room; and Lyddy worked in Mrs. Betterson's kitchen.

"Lavinia dear, you *are* an extraordinary girl!" said Caroline. "It seems the greatest miracle of all to see one of the Peakslows washing *our* dishes!"

No one was better pleased with this arrangement than Jack, who could never be reconciled to seeing Vinnie—with all her health and strength and cheery spirits—doing the hardest of the house-work.

Jack took early occasion, on visiting Long Woods, to go and see Mr. Peakslow, and make him a frank apology for having once suspected Zeph of taking his compass. But he got only an ugly scowl and surly grunt for his pains.

For awhile Peakslow did not go near his family, quartered in his enemy's house; but slept in the haystack, with Dud and Zeph, and ate the meals his wife cooked and sent to him three times a day.

But soon Dud went to sleep at the "castle," and found he had nothing more formidable to meet than Vinnie's bright eyes,—for Dud had suddenly developed into a bashful youth.

Zeph in a night or two followed his example, and Peakslow was left alone in his haystack.

And the nights were growing chill; and the repair of the buildings went on slowly, carpenters being scarce; and Peakslow, who had a heart for domestic comforts, began to yearn for the presence of his family at meal-time and bed-time.

At length he stole into the house after dark one evening, and stole out again before light the next morning. That did not seem to hurt him; on the contrary, it suited Peakslow; his neighbor's house was better than a haystack. Then he came to supper, and staid to breakfast. Then there was no good reason why he should not come to dinner; and he came accordingly.

Then he stopped after dinner one day to see how Vinnie conducted her little school, and went away looking wonderfully thoughtful. The boys remembered that he did not scold them so sharply that afternoon as he had been wont to do since the tornado disturbed his temper.

One morning as he was going out, Peakslow saw Lord Betterson in the yard, and advanced awk-

wardly toward him, holding his hat in one hand and scratching his head with the other. There was, after all, a vein of diffidence in the rough quartz of the man's character; and somehow, on this occasion, he could n't help showing his neighbor a good deal of respect.

"I'm a-gun to have a bee this arfternoon,—a raisin',—gun to try to git the logs back on to the house, an' the ruf on to the shed,—everything ready,—some o' the neighbors com'n' to help,—and if you an' your boys can lend a hand, I'll do as much for you some time."

"Surely; very glad to serve you, neighbor Peakslow," Lord Betterson replied, in his magnificently polite way, much as if he had been a monarch dismissing a foreign ambassador.

Jack came over to Long Woods that afternoon, and, having rectified Mrs. Wiggett's noon-mark, stopped at Peakslow's raising on his way back up the valley.

He found a group of men and boys before the house, partaking of some refreshments,—sweetened whiskey and water, passed round in a pail with a tin dipper by Zeph, and "nut-cakes" and "turn-overs," served by Mrs. Peakslow and 'Lecty Ann.

The sight of Snowfoot tied to his fence made Peakslow glare; nor was his ruffled spirit smoothed when he saw Jack come forward with a cheery face and a compass in his hand.

Jack greeted the Bettersons, Mr. Wiggett, and one or two others he knew, and was talking pleasantly with them, when Peakslow pushed the inverted cut-water of his curved beak through the crowd, and confronted him.

"So that air's the compass, is it?"

"This is the compass, Mr. Peakslow."

"Keep in it yer hand, now'days, do ye? Don't trust it in the wagon? Good idee! No danger of its bein' stole, an' your comin' again to 'cuse my boys of the theft!"

Peakslow's ancient wrath rekindled as he spoke; his voice trembled and his eyes flamed.

Jack kept his temper admirably, and answered with a frank and honest face:

"I have made the best amends I could for that mistake, by apologizing to you for it, Mr. Peakslow. I don't keep the compass in my hand because I am afraid it may be stolen. I have called—as I promised Mrs. Peakslow the other day that I would do—to give her a noon-mark on her kitchen floor."

"How's this?—promised her?—I don't understand that!" growled Peakslow.

"Yes, pa!" said Mrs. Peakslow, with a frightened look. "I seen him to Mis' Betterson's. He'd made a noon-mark for Mis' Wiggett, and Mis' Bet-

terson's sister asked me if I would n't like one, as he^s was comin' to make them one, some day."

Off went Peakslow's hat, and into his bushy hair went his fingers again, while he stammered out :

"But he can't make no noon-mark this arternoon,—we're all in a mess an' litter, so !"

"Just as well now as any time," said Jack. "The door-way is clear. I sha' n't interfere with anybody."

"What 'll be to pay?" Peakslow asked.

"O, I don't charge anything for a little job like this—to one of Mr. Betterson's neighbors."

"That 's jes' so; he did n't charge me nary red," said Mr. Wiggett. "An' he's done the job for me now tew times,—fust time, the tornado come and put the noon-mark out a j'int, 'fore ever a noon come round."

Jack adjusted his compass, while the house-raisers looked on, to see how the thing was done, Peakslow appearing as much interested as anybody.

Jack got Link to make the first marks for him on the floor, and laughed, as he looked through the sights of the compass, to hear Mr. Wiggett describe the finding of his section corner,—“runnin' a line plumb to the old stake, out on the open prairie,”—and praise the boy-surveyor's skill.

The mark was made with quickness and precision; friends and strangers crowded around Jack with kind words and questions; and he was surprised to find himself all at once a person of importance.

Peakslow puffed hard at his pipe. His face was troubled; and two or three times he pulled the pipe out of his mouth, thrust his knuckles under his hat, and took a step toward the young surveyor. He also cleared his throat. He evidently had a word to say. But the word would not come.

When at last he let Jack go off without offering him even a syllable of thanks, the bystanders smiled, and somebody might have been heard to mutter: "Peakslow all over! Just like his hog-gishness!"

Jack smiled too as he went, for he had shrewdly observed his enemy, and he knew it was not "hog-gishness" which kept Peakslow's lips closed, but a feeling which few suspected in that grasping, hard, and violent-tempered man.

Peakslow was abashed!

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

THE house made once more inhabitable, Peakslow's family moved back into it. But this change did not take Lyddy away from the "castle," nor break up Vinnie's school.

The "castle" now underwent some renovation. The long-neglected plastering was done, and the rooms in daily use were made comfortable.

Meanwhile the boys were full of ambition regarding their water-works. The project cost them a good deal more trouble than they had anticipated at first; but they were amply repaid for all on the day when the water was finally let on, and they saw it actually run from the spout in the back room! Such a result had seemed to them almost too good ever to come true; and their joy over it was increased tenfold by the doubts and difficulties overcome.

Jack had come over to be present when the water was brought in, and he was almost as happy over it as they.

"No more trouble with the old well!" said Rufe.

"No more lugging water from the grove!" said Wad.

"Or going into the river head-first after it, as you and I did!" said Link.

Vinnie was proud of her nephews, and Caroline and Lord were proud of their sons.

"How fine it will be for your dairy, in Summer,—this cold, running water!" said Vinnie.

But Chokie seemed best pleased, because he would no longer be dependent upon precarious rains filling the hogshhead, but would have a whole tankful of water—an ocean in the back room—to sail his shingle boats on.

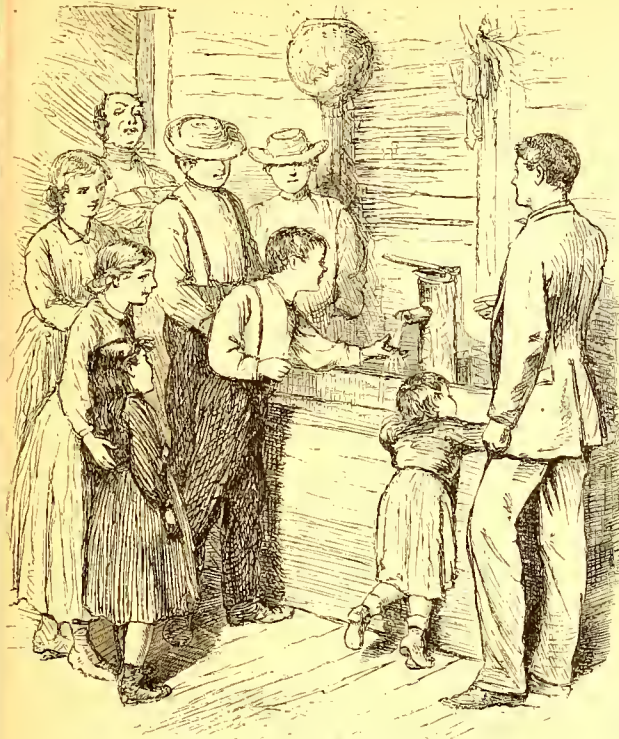
The boys had also acted on another suggestion of Jack's, and taken the farm to work. This plan also promised to succeed well. The prospect of doing something for themselves, roused energies which might have lain dormant all their lives, if they had been contented to sit still and wait for others to help them.

As Vinnie's school became known, other pupils appeared from up and down the river, and by the first snowfall she had more than a dozen scholars. Among these were Sal Wiggett and two big boys belonging to the paternal Wiggett's "third crop" of children, and Dud and Zeph Peakslow.

The Betterson boys also attended the school, Wad and Link as pupils, and Rufe partly as a pupil and partly as an assistant. Vinnie could teach him penmanship and grammar, but she was glad to turn over to him the classes in arithmetic, for which study he had a natural aptitude.

The Peakslow children, both boys and girls, had a good deal in them that was worth cultivating; and amid the genial associations of the little school, they fast outgrew their rude and uncouth ways. It was interesting to see Zeph and Cecie reciting the same lessons side by side, and Rufe showing Dud about the sums that bothered him.

Caroline had very much objected to Vinnie's en-



"THEY SAW IT ACTUALLY RUN FROM THE SPOUT."

larging her school, and especially to her receiving the big boys. The success of the experiment sur-

where she could see her relatives often; and now Jack's delightful home was to be her own.

THE END.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO G'IE."

BY H. H.

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
 Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
 Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
 And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
 The church was but dim with the candle's light
 The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
 And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
 So like unto pennies in shape and size.
 "I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
 "The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
 And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
 "The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
 "I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
 To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
 Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
 Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

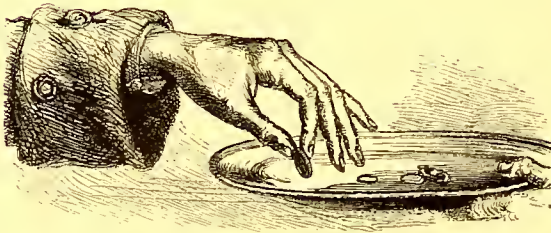
"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
 That guinea of gold is set down to me.
 They lend to Him who give to the poor;
 It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
 "The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
 He knew it was only by accident
 That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
 But in that account He'll set down to thee
 Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
 Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
 A serious side as well as a joke;
 A comfort for all the generous poor,
 In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
 How generous we really desire to be,
 And will give us credit in His account
 For all the pennies we long "to gi'e."





“SHE PUTS IT IN ITS LITTLE BED.”

SOME YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

BY MRS. J. G. BURNETT.

IT is the children's hour—between supper and bed-time. My big boy, Bertie, stands beside me, proud to see that his head is on a level with mine, and that his arm can reach “clear across” my shoulders as I sit in my easy chair. Little Charlie, our baby and pet, two years younger than his big brother, climbs into my lap.

The boys have brought their back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS to me, and I am settling down for a long siege.

Well, I read, and read, and read; first a story of Charlie's selection, then one of Bertie's; first from one number and then from another, and finish with one that I have read six or seven times before—the beautiful “Christmas Legend,” in the last holiday number.

Bertie takes the book from my hand to look at the lovely picture where “Hermann brings home a

Christmas guest,” and Charlie slips down from my lap to join his brother, while mamma, very tired, leans back in her easy chair for a moment's quiet. Her thoughts go back to the pretty stories she has read, and, listening to her children's prattle, she wonders into how many different homes this cheery visitor finds his way; how many “sorts and conditions” of children are made happy by his monthly coming.

Just then some one touches her gently on the shoulder, and, looking up, she sees with wondering surprise the beautiful face of the little Christmas guest, just as it is in the picture, only far more beautiful, because not a picture, but apparently a real little child. About the golden flowing hair shines the halo,—whiter than the moonlight, brighter than the sun. He beckons me to follow, and, without effort of my own, I seem to float up,

up, and out into the clear starlight, away, away, away!

Then I find myself in a bright and beautiful room. Christmas wreaths and stars and crosses adorn the pictured walls. A blazing fire glows in the polished grate, and a group of children's faces gleam and sparkle in the light of the brilliant chandelier as they cluster about a sweet and gentle-looking lady, who is reading—yes, reading from ST. NICHOLAS!

"Surely this must be one of the happiest homes," I whisper, "to which the far-roving ST. NICHOLAS ever comes! Not one shadow is on the happy scene, and only one thing wanting to complete the picture—the husband and father. Where is he, I wonder?" And I look up to my little guide inquiringly. The beautiful light that surrounds him is shining full upon a picture on the wall I had not seen before. A wreath of holly circles it around, and underneath it, on a marble bracket, where an ivy twines, is a vase of fragrant violets. But in this wondrous light it does not seem to be a picture, but a real, living face of a man, strong and gentle, tender and true, looking down on the little family circle. And then I notice that the reader's face is very pale and sad, and her dress as black as night, with folds of heavy crape, and my eyes grow dim, for I know so well—ah, me!—so well, just how lonely and how sad she is, and I so long to tell her how the picture looks when seen in the beautiful light in which it shines for me. But she is smiling now as she reads with cheerful voice the story of the "Eight Cousins."

At first I think these must be the eight little cousins themselves, but as I look again I see there are but seven, and more than half are girls.

"Let Tottem see! Where 's Tottem's place?" and the smallest little chap—who looks for all the world as if he might be little Jamie of the story, for he is dressed in the pretty Highland costume, and has the same sturdy, saucy little legs and manly, independent air—pushes his curly head through the happy crowd, and, looking at the picture, he sees what I have seen before.

"Tottem dot Scosh shute too," he cries. "Dat 's Tottem's own se'f! See! see! see!"

Loud shouts greet this little speech of Tottem's, and then, silence being restored, mamma goes on to read of that dear doctor-uncle and the aunties. One of the little group thinks Rose a foolish little girl not to like oatmeal, and at the account of Uncle Alec's pills there is a burst of happy laughter. Rising with it, we float out again into the starry night.

'Tis but a moment, and we are in another room. No blazing grate is here, no group of happy children. A feeble light glimmers from the lamp upon

the table, a feeble fire shines faintly through the cracks of the broken stove, where a tired, ragged boy vainly tries to warm his half-naked feet.

"Oh, Sis," he says, looking over to the miserable bed where a white little face I had not seen before turns restlessly on its pillow of straw, "I brought you somethin' home to-night you 'll like, I tell you!—a book full of pictures. A pretty little fellow sittin' on a big stoop had one, and he said he 'd read it so often he guessed he 'd give it to us, so he cut the threads with his knife and divided it up between me and two other chaps—you 'll see;" and he dives his cold hand down into a basket where I catch a glimpse of matches, shoe-strings, blacking, and all the little stock in trade whereby this brave little street peddler earns food and shelter, such as it is, for his suffering little sister, who is all he has in the wide, wide world.

"See, here 's a angel on the first page, aint it? But ther 's some tore off, I guess. I seen that the first thing, and I says to myself, says I, 'Sis 'll like to see that, for sure!' So, sure enough, it came to me. See, here it is!" and he turned to the last picture, which was that of the "Children singing carols." So, you see, it was only a few leaves out of the last Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS. Yet it was enough to bring much peace, and even gladness into this wretched home, for the little girl's face brightens as she looks at the heading of "The Blessed Day."

"Oh yes," she says very softly, "it is an angel! Can you read about it, Tom?"

"Of course I can," says Tom; and carrying back the lamp to the shaky table, he sets it down and spreads the book out on his ragged knee. The first verse he has some trouble in spelling out, but the others, being so much like it, come more easily, and the child listens with strange delight to the sweet refrain of "Christmas Day in the Morning."

"Read it again, Tom," she whispers; and Tom, seeing her lying there with closed eyes and peaceful smile, reads on, glad to think poor Sis is going to sleep so soon to-night.

I am thinking sadly of poor Tom and his sister, when lo! I find myself again in a cheerful, brightly lighted room, where the crimson damask-covered furniture, marble statuettes and bronzes, speak of wealth and luxury.

"Ah, this is a relief!" I cry. "Now we shall see more happy children. Ah me! why cannot all earth's dear little ones be born to wealth and the joy and happiness it brings?" But as I speak I see a weary little face bending listlessly above a book upon his knee, and then glancing inquiringly at another face also bent over a book, but with eager, absorbing interest.

"Please, Miss Stanley," says the little fellow, "wont you read to me now? I have been good so long, and I am so tired."

"Presently, presently," is the absent answer, and then impatiently, as a weary little sigh smites her conscience, "Don't ask me again, or I shall not do it at all!"

She goes back to her book, and the poor baby turns patiently to his.

Oh, those black and funny little boys with their brooms and brushes in the pictures he has been looking at all day! And that dearest little one of all, no bigger than he is, 'way up on that high chimney! Chimney-sweeps, nurse says, they are; for while she washed his hands after dinner he had coaxed her to wait a minute till he should run for his ST. NICHOLAS and find out. How nice it must be to run all about and climb high places like that, not being afraid. Ah, how he wished that he were a chimney-sweep. He wondered if those were little black velvet suits like his that they had on. Oh no, that could n't be, or they would never be allowed to play with brooms or brushes, or to climb. But what *did* they do, and how? All the wonderful reading under the pictures and above told it all, and yet he could not know; and again his pleading eyes are raised to the other's face, and, as leaf after leaf is turned, watch with alternately hopeful and hopeless glance, till the mother-heart within me aches in pity for the child. The door opens, and a white-capped attendant enters.

"Come, Master Harry," she says, "it is time to go to bed."

"But Miss Stanley is going to read one story for me first;" and the poor little voice trembles with eagerness.

"Not if it is bed-time, Harry; of course not," is the pitiless answer.

"Come along," says Nanette; "it is my evening out, and I have no time to lose."

"Marie will put me to be bed," anxiously suggests the little fellow, "when I have heard my story. I know she will."

"Marie is busy dressing your mamma's hair for the ball, and has her hands full too, to please her," she adds to herself as she leads poor Harry away,

chiding him rudely for not bidding his governess good-night more cheerfully. The fresh, bright-covered number of ST. NICHOLAS lies in the little chair where Harry left it as we vanish from the room, and I sigh to think that the children of the rich are not always the happiest or most tenderly cared for.

And now we take our way southward. In a trice we meet its balmy airs, and, sweeping low in our flight, pass over groves of orange-trees, where the golden fruit gleams among the green and wax-like leaves, and the night is fragrant with the breath of the pure, white, beautiful blossoms. In a little cabin an old negress holds a fair-haired child upon her knee, hushing it in vain to its nightly slumbers with its favorite camp-meeting songs.

"Dere now, honey, go to sleep. Your ma is too sick for you to see her to-night, and ole Mammy Edy will take good care ob her baby, sho. Whar's your new ST. NICH'LAS book, honey, and we'll look at the pretty picters? Aint it come yet? Wall, here's de ole book den, wid de pretty little 'Peepsy-Weepsy' pictures. Dese aint no low-down Yankee chickens now, I tell you, chile. Dey comes of good ole stock, dat's sartain; dey's got it in der looks. Dey's de rale Suddern 'ristocratic chickens, aint dey, honey ball? And you was Mom Edy's own Peepsy-Weepsy little gal;" and the fair, plump arms draw closer down the dark and kindly face, and nestling in the faithful bosom, little "Peepsy-Weepsy" shuts her blue eyes and is soon fast asleep.

Northward we speed again on the balmy southern breeze.

"Happy ST. NICHOLAS!" I say, as we float along, "carrying comfort and happiness and mirth into so many homes, North and South and East and West, and high and low and rich and poor!" and then looking round,—lo, I find myself in my easy chair at my own fireside again! My dear little boys are still looking at the pictures of my ST. NICHOLAS, but my beautiful guide has vanished. And thinking of what I have seen and heard in the short time I have been away (for it was not ten minutes by the clock), it all seems to me like a strange and beautiful dream.



HUNTING FOR MY HORSES.

(A Story of the Far West.)

BY JOHN A. EMERY.



T was late in the fall. I had been away from my ranche for more than a week; in that time I had ridden over three hundred miles, and my horse, as well as myself, was in great need of rest. As it was nearly noon, I halted at Hunter's ranche for lunch, and while there I was told that on the third day after, there was to be a "rodéo"—that is, a general hunt for cattle, in which all the owners join, sweeping the country in a large circle, and driving all the stock to a common center.

Having learned where the meet was to be, and promising to be on hand, I remounted and pushed for home. A general outcry from half-a-dozen dogs heralded my approach, and, as I reined up at the door, Bill, our man-of-all-work, came out. As soon as he had told me what little news there was to tell, I said:

"Well, start out and drive up the horses. I want Curlew put in the stable, as there's to be a rodéo next Thursday."

"Too bad, Cap, but the horses struck out day before yesterday—gone to the river, I think; have been hunting them steadily, but can't find hair or track of them."

This was pleasant news to hear. For work like that which was before me, a fresh horse was indispensable. I had nothing to do but to start out and hunt my own animals; so, tightening my girths, I turned my horse's head toward the river, twenty miles to the south.

I knew where the wanderers were likely to be; twice before had they run away, and each time had been found upon Steptoe cañon. I reached the head of this cañon late in the evening, and then horse and rider met with good care from a stockman whose ranche is there located.

Early the next morning I started out. Steptoe cañon is far from being a pleasant place in which to hunt stock. It is a narrow valley or ravine some ten miles long, in which length it makes a descent of some two thousand feet. The sides are very precipitous; there is no road or sign of a road—nothing but narrow trails made by the stock pass-

ing up and down the cañon. I scanned the cañon faithfully, going up all the gulleys and using my field-glasses freely. No trace of the missing ones could I see.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached the river. It had been my intention, if I did not find the horses, to ride up to White's, some fifteen miles above the mouth of Steptoe, and come back by the hills the next day; but as I was coming down the last hill, my horse stepped on a stone, and recovered himself only to go dead lame. I had been warned to reach the river in time to get up to White's before sundown, the trail being very bad, so much so as to almost deserve the name of dangerous. There was no hope of doing so now, and to make my way back to my stopping-place of the night before was equally impossible. There were two other courses open to me,—to lie out all night without food or blankets, or to make my way down the river to the Wawawa Bar, and seek a night's lodgings with the Indians who inhabited it. I chose the latter, and dismounting, began to lead my horse along the narrow trail.

The Wawawa was only about four miles distant. The scenery about me was wild, with something of a barren grandeur. Snake River at this point is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide. The hills upon its southern bank are low and rolling, rising gradually to a considerable height inland; but on the north side, where I was riding, they rise bold and abrupt to a height of over two thousand feet. Not a tree or shrub was visible; but vast quantities of basaltic rock, in every conceivable form and shape, covered their sides.

The trail was narrow and bad. I could make but slow progress, for my poor horse could hardly be persuaded to move. I was not without a little anxiety as to my reception, for only two months before there had been serious trouble between these Indians and the settlers. The former had had a row among themselves, in which one of their number had been killed in the attempt to arrest the murderer. Shots had been exchanged, another Indian killed and one wounded; the arrest had been effected, but the Indians were said to be feeling very bitter. Had it not been so late in the season, I should infinitely have preferred "lying out." As it was, I kept on my way, and just as the sun was sinking behind the hills I came in sight of the Indian village.

It comprised, perhaps, a dozen lodges made of skins stretched over poles. There were besides, two or three dilapidated-looking cabins built of rift-logs, and two huge structures, of the same material, used for smoking salmon. Below the village I saw several bands of Indian horses. A number of children were playing around the lodges. There were several garden patches, rudely fenced, and two or three fields of rye and wheat stubble; the crops had been gathered.

Going up to one of the largest tents, I was greeted by a deafening chorus from numerous mongrel curs that gathered from all sides. Their noise brought out a couple of Indians, who, when they saw me, gathered their blankets about them and came toward me.

Dropping my lariat, I went to meet them. I knew but few words of the jargon commonly used between the Indians and whites, but hoped, with the aid of signs, to make my wants known.

"Cli-hi-um-six?" (How are you, friend?) I said.

"Cli-hi-um?" was the brief answer.

"You speak Boston man's talk?" I asked.

"Na-wit-ka" (No), said the Indian.

I took up the lariat, led the horse a few paces, pointed to him to show he was lame, then pointed to the west where the sun had already disappeared, and then to the lodge. Evidently they understood the pantomime, for, after exchanging a few words between themselves, one advanced and took my horse while the other led the way to the tent. I followed without looking back; to have expressed the least doubt, by word or sign, as to the safety of my beast or his equipments, would have been a sad breach of manners.

Lifting a robe that hung over the entrance and served as a door, he motioned me to go in. I did so, and, making my way to the opposite side, sat down. The ground was covered with matting, save in the center, which was bare. The dead coals lying there showed that this was their fireplace. There were four Indian women seated on one side of the tent. Two were quite old; one of them was busy making a wicker basket; the other, who was partly supported by sundry robes and parcels, seemed to be sick, as she was doing nothing. Of the remaining two, one was extremely homely, apparently about thirty years old, and busy plaiting matting. The fourth and last was young and very pretty; she was nursing a little papoose, and her dress and manner seemed to show that she was a favorite. The first three were dressed in plain dark-colored calico, with leggings made of strips of blankets, and their blankets were of the ordinary kind used by Indians—of white, yellow, and blue stripes. All looked rather old and decidedly dirty.

Very different was the apparel of the youngest squaw. Her dress was a new and very pretty calico; her leggings made of white fine doe-skin, with long fringes; her moccasins were gayly ornamented with beads and sundry devices worked into them with colored thread; while her blanket was a new one, being a bright crimson with a black border.


In addition, this young mother was adorned with bracelets of some kind of metal; had several silver rings on her fingers, shell ear-rings in her ears, and a chain of shells woven through her hair. Her papoose was dressed in a single garment, none too long, but adorned with beads and bits of colored ribbon.

The Indian who had come in with me took a seat at my right, and in a few minutes we were joined by the other. They both produced pipes, and I took out mine to keep them company, offering to each a little fine tobacco that I had loose in one of my pockets. We smoked for a few minutes in perfect silence; then one of the Indians said a few words in his own tongue to the sick squaw, who, raising her eyes, said to me:

"Jeta mica nanitch?" (What are you looking for?)

"Mica nanitch curtins," I answered, "four Boston man curtins, three Boston clutcheman curtins, six Indian curtins, three papoose clutcheman curtins"—all of which meant that I was looking for four American horses, three American mares, six Indian ponies, and three colts.

"Branded?" she asked.

"Yes, here," I answered, pointing to my left shoulder, and drawing on the leaf of my note-book a mark like this:  All stockmen have a brand of their own, made of iron, which is heated and the stock marked with it, sometimes on the shoulder, sometimes on the flanks.

A few words passed between the old woman and the two men, and then she gave me to understand that they knew where the horses were, and would get them for me in the morning.

Meanwhile, the two who had been working set about getting supper. One produced a sack of flour and stirred up a pan of dough; the other took down a couple of dried salmon from a string of them which hung from one of the poles. These she placed each upon a stick, and then building a fire, set them before it to toast. Next she took down some pieces of dried meat, from which she cut a number of thin slices.

The dough having been more or less kneaded, squaw number one raked out some of the ashes, and then proceeded to divide the dough into small cakes, which she laid in the ashes to bake. Sundry preparations of dried berries were added to the

repast; and having eaten nothing since morning, I am free to confess that not only had I a good appetite, but that I found myself able to make a right hearty meal. Water was the only drink offered. The food was served upon tin dishes. The two male Indians and myself ate first, and the two squaws who had prepared the meal waited upon us. After we had finished, the four squaws took their turn. I noticed that the youngest partook

two pairs of blankets were laid upon that, another robe placed over all, and the bed was ready.

Although I was very tired and glad to lie down, my rest was remarkable chiefly for its restlessness. Few nights have seemed longer to me than did this, and I was heartily glad when morning came and the occupants of the lodge began to move. The older squaws were up first; but the men soon followed, and with them I went outside. A num-



WINDING THE WATCH IN THE INDIAN TENT.

freely of the dried berries, while the others did not touch them.

After supper we took to our pipes again. There were but few attempts to talk; my hosts gave me of their best, but evidently did not care to be intimate. It was only when I began to wind up my watch that they showed anything bordering upon curiosity, and I readily showed it to them, opening the cases and letting them see the works.

During the evening three or four Indians came in, sat down, smoked a good deal, talked but little, and finally went away. About nine o'clock the squaws began to make up the beds. There seemed to be an abundance of robes and blankets in the lodge, and the process of bed-making was very simple. First, a robe was spread upon the ground,

ber of horses were picketed below the village. Taking two, each tied a lariat around the lower jaw of his animal, and, mounting bareback, they were soon out of sight.

During their absence, I made my way into the salmon-houses. Poles were stretched across, and to these were fastened a vast number of salmon. The process of curing is very simple. Each fish when caught is split open, the entrails taken out, a short stick inserted at the widest part to keep it open, and then it is put on the poles with thousands of others and allowed to partially dry. They are then put in the large houses before mentioned, a slow fire built under them, and they are slowly smoked until thoroughly cured.

In less than half-an-hour I heard loud hallooes

and trampling outside, and, going out, found my night's hosts coming back driving a large band of horses before them, among which I could see some of my own. All were driven into a huge corral, and then we went into breakfast, which meal was much the same in kind and quality as the supper had been.

Having finished, I handed the two squaws who had done the work a half-dollar each. The younger of the two kept hers; the other passed her money to the pretty one. I drew my own conclusions and passed out.

Going to the corral, the Indians immediately got inside, and with their lariats caught my horses one after the other with great rapidity. When all were outside, the horse I had ridden the day before was brought up, with the saddle, bridle, and blankets. These I put on to one of my other horses, and then turned to settle with my Indian friends. A plug of tobacco and a small coin to each seemed to satisfy them; and throwing myself into the saddle, I was soon making my way up the Wawawa, and, once upon level ground, made rapid time home.

AN AUTUMN JINGLE.

I KNOW a little creature,
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All around her head.

When she grows old,
She is hard and can't feel;
So they take her to the mill,
And make her into meal.

JENNY PAINE'S HAT.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

SUSY DIMOCK came home from school one afternoon, full of fun, and danced about the room in great delight, as she saw her mother watching her with a puzzled expression.

"What's the matter with you, Susy?" asked Mrs. Dimock at last: "somehow you look different from usual. What have you been doing to yourself? O, I see, it is the hat! Whose hat is it, dear, and where is your own?"

"O, mamma, it is such fun!" exclaimed Susy. "Jenny Paine and I have changed hats for a week. I think hers is prettier than mine,—don't you? I like a blue wing ever so much better than a red one."

"It is a very pretty hat, and I am afraid you will injure it," said Mrs. Dimock, anxiously, as Susy tossed it in the air. "I think you had better take it right back to Jenny, and get your own."

"O, mother, I can't! She lives half a mile the other side of the school-house, and it looks just as if it was going to rain! We've changed for a week. *She* don't care,—*she* thinks mine is the prettiest."

"Well, be careful of it as you can, then," re-

plied her mother. "You had better hang it up, and get ready for supper. Your father sent up word this afternoon that Uncle Henry is in town, and he will bring him home with him."

"O, how splendid!" cried Susy. "I am so glad, I don't know what to do; only I wish Cousin Hat had come too."

And away she ran joyously, only stopping for a second to hang Jenny Paine's hat on her nail. When papa came up the street with good-natured, sun-burnt Uncle Henry, there was an eager little face pressed against the window-frame watching for them; and when they reached the door Susy was there before them, shouting with delight.

Uncle Henry was a favorite guest, but he did not come half often enough, Susy thought; and as for her Cousin Hatty, she had not seen *her* for more than a year. One of her first questions was about Hatty.

"She's learned to row," said Uncle Henry. "She goes out with me in my fishing-boat, and helps pull in the nets."

"Oh!" exclaimed Susy, breathlessly, "how per-

fectly beautiful! I wish I could go in a boat too; but there is n't any water here. Papa, why don't we live by the water?"

"Go home with me," said Uncle Henry: "that's one of my errands. Hatty will be on the look-out for you to-morrow night. I shall have to come up to the city again next week, and will bring you home then, if you can't stay any longer."

"O, mother, may I?" cried Susy, all in excitement.

"Why, I don't like to have you lose a week of school," said Mrs. Dimock.

"Never mind that," interposed Mr. Dimock. "It will do her good. She will come back and study all the better after a week on the shore, among the sea-weeds and mussels."

So it was all arranged. Uncle Henry was to start early the next morning; so Susy's packing had to be done that night; and she could hardly get to sleep after it, so many visions of Hatty, and boats, and waves, danced before her eyes. It was not until morning, when it was almost time to go, and she was beginning to get her things together, that she remembered that Jenny Paine had her hat!

"There, now, that is too bad!" said Mrs. Dimock; "I don't believe you can go, after all, Susy. There is no time to send for your hat."

Susy was almost crying.

"O, mother, I must go," she exclaimed; "I may never have such a chance again in all my life. I can wear Jenny's hat; she wont care, and we changed for a week. I should wear it a week anyhow, so what difference does it make?"

"I'm afraid you will spoil it," said her mother, anxiously.

"No, I wont. I'll be just as careful! And Jenny has mine, so it is all fair."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Dimock, wavering, "you must be very, very careful, and not wear it out on the water. I packed your old flat in the trunk, and you must wear that every time you go out."

"Yes, I will," replied Susy, putting on her things in the greatest hurry, for Uncle Henry was waiting; and then in a minute more she had said good-bye, and was speeding away with him to the depot, looking very eager and pretty in Jenny Paine's hat with the blue wing.

There was a ride in the cars for about an hour, and then a steamboat took them down the river to the Sound. This was very interesting to Susy, the river-banks were so lovely all the way, and they stopped at so many curious little places. At last, as the boat was nearing a queer, small wharf, where only two or three people were waiting, and one horse and wagon, Uncle Henry started up and

told Susy to follow him, for they were to land here. As soon as they were on the wharf, the boat steamed away from them, and went on down the Sound. Uncle Henry and Susy got into the wagon and drove along the shore road, almost all the time in sight of the water. When they had gone about three miles, they came suddenly right out upon the beach, and there Susy saw a girl running toward them laughing, with the wind blowing back her hair. It was Hatty; and Uncle Henry's house was close by.

And now commenced a week of wild delight for Susy. She and Hatty almost lived out of doors in the sunshine and salt air. They made caves in the sand, and took off their shoes and stockings, so they could run barefoot in the edge of the waves. They gathered ribbon-weed and snap-weed; they picked up scallop-shells and tom-toms; they rocked in the boat as she lay tied to a stake; and now and then, when Uncle Henry was by to keep a look-out, Hatty took her little cousin rowing, and gave her lessons in the handling of an oar.

And what did Susy wear on her head all this time? For two days she wore the old flat, but the wind made it flap in her face so, that she was hardly sorry when one morning a brisk gust swept it off from her head, and whirled it out to sea. It looked so funny when it began to float, like a great yellow pancake, and then in a few minutes it gave up, and went down among the crabs and jelly-fishes.

"Now I shall have to wear Jenny Paine's hat," said Susy.

She could not think of anything else to do, and she meant to be very, very careful of it. She *knew* she would n't hurt it.

And sure enough she did n't, the first day. But the next, a shower came up while they were out in the boat, and the hat got a wetting as well as the girls.

"But one shower don't hurt a hat much," said Susy, as she stroked out the blue feathers in the wing; "and like as not Jenny would have got caught in the rain herself, if she had worn the hat to school to-day."

Well, the shower *did n't* hurt it so very much,—not near so much as the sprinklings of salt spray it got every day after that, when the girls were in the boat practicing at feathering their oars. And even that was but nothing compared with what happened the day they went with Uncle Henry to dig clams.

It was the day before Susy was to go home, and she had not been clamming once; so Uncle Henry said he would take her that very afternoon.

"O, Pigeon Cove!" cried Hatty, clapping her hands; "can't we go to Pigeon Cove, papa?"

"Why yes, we can," he said; "but then we must start before dinner, so you had better put up a lunch."

That was easily done, for no one in the world knew better than Aunt Ann how to put up a lunch for a boating party, and she soon packed a large basket with the good things that hungry people like to eat out of doors. And it was not very long before they were sailing with a brisk wind out over the waves in the direction of Pigeon Cove.

"O, how pretty!" cried Susy, as they sprang

"I'll agree to do the rest of the clam-digging, if you'll go and get dinner ready up there in the shade."

That was a splendid plan. The girls ran in great glee to the boat, and lifted out the lunch-basket.

"Why don't you leave your hat here in the boat?" said Hatty to Susy; "you won't need it under the trees, and you might catch it in the bushes."

"That's a real good plan," said Susy; "I believe I will leave it here. If it was my own. I



SUSY LOSES HER OLD HAT.

ashore half an hour later on a white beach, all wide and wet, for the tide was low. A grove of maples reached down almost to the sand, and there were plenty of wild lilies in blossom among the rocks.

"Now let's dig clams," said Hatty,— "it is such fun!"

And so it was, for a little while; but by and by the girls began to run races from the rocks to the trees. They were tired of bending down on the sand.

"Look here, kittens!" called out Uncle Henry;

wouldn't care: but I must be careful, because it is Jenny Paine's hat."

Then away they went with the basket, and found a beautiful place under the trees quite a way off in the grove, to spread the feast. It took them quite a good while, because they stopped to decorate the pies and the biscuits with wreaths of maple-leaves.

But at last the dinner was all ready, and they called Uncle Henry, who presently appeared under the trees with a pitcher of cool spring water. What fun they had! Everything tasted so

good, and the birds sang so loud, and they were all so merry. Susy thought it was really the very best time that she had ever had in her whole life.

"Now," said Uncle Henry, as he rose up from the grass. "you can put the dishes back, and then come right down to the boat. The tide is rising too high for us to dig very many more clams, and so we may as well be getting ready to start for home."

He strode away through the trees, and Hatty and Susy followed him at their leisure with the lightened basket. When they reached the shore, Uncle Henry was standing by the boat, waiting for them.

"Why, where are all the clams?" asked Hatty, looking around on the sand.

"In the boat," said her father; "I tossed them in as fast as I got my basket full. There's as much as three pecks. I'll venture."

The girls ran down to the boat, and climbed in. Susy cast a frightened glance at the bow, and almost screamed. Where, O, where was Jenny Paine's hat, which she had laid so very carefully in the bottom of the boat not more than two hours before?

"Why, I must ha' thrown all the clams straight down on it!" exclaimed Uncle Henry, when he heard the trouble. "I declare that's too bad, Susy, but just wait a minute, and I'll get it right out for you."

He thrust his hands in among and under the wet sandy clams, and the bits of dripping seaweed, and he presently seized upon a strange something, which, after some little tugging and twisting, he pulled out.

Was it Jenny Paine's hat—that crushed, stained, shapeless heap of straw and draggled velvet, and broken bits of blue feathers?

"It's *too* bad!" whispered Hatty, sympathizingly, as she wound her arm around poor drooping Susy, who looked so utterly dismayed at the shocking sight.

"I don't know what mother will say," said Susy, forlornly, "and I don't know what Jenny Paine's mother will say."

"It can't be helped now," said Uncle Henry, ruefully; "no use crying for spilt milk. You know it'll be all the same a hundred years from now!"

And with this poor comfort they sailed slowly home. The afternoon sun streamed brilliantly over the water, and the sky was as cloudless as the sea, but Susy could not enjoy it with that poor wreck of Jenny Paine's hat lying before her eyes. Hatty tried to say funny things, and Uncle Henry spoke a cheerful word now and then, but

Susy sat sober and quiet, thinking of what her mother had said to her about not wearing the hat.

When they reached the shore and went up to the house, Aunt Ann came to the rescue, and did her best with the poor little hat. She pressed the straw, and steamed the velvet, and trimmed the feathers. It was a battered-looking thing, after all her pains, but it would do for Susy to wear going home, if she kept her brown veil over it, to hide it from public view.

The next morning early, Uncle Henry and Susy became travelers again. They said good-bye to Aunt Ann and Hatty, and drove off in the wagon to the steamboat wharf. Before dark Susy was at home. Her mother hardly knew her when she came into the house, she looked so healthy and so sun-burnt, and so very sober, and had such a dilapidated hat on her head, tied around with the brown veil.

Mrs. Dimock did not say much. She was glad Susy had had such a good visit, and she did not want to darken the end of it with reproaches, especially when Susy felt so sorry already. She knew there were milliners enough in town, too, to replace Jenny Paine's hat.

So the very next day Susy sallied forth with her mother, carrying the hat in a brown paper, and they went to the promptest milliner in town with their errand.

"You can make it by this, you know," said Susy, after telling her business; "make it just exactly like what this was, with the blue wing and all."

"I can do that," said the milliner. "It shall be a perfect copy, and you shall have it to-morrow morning."

At this moment another lady with a little girl entered the store, and they too brought a hat done up in brown paper. The lady unwrapped it and handed it to the milliner. It looked as if it had been trampled under foot in the mud, but it had been once quite a pretty hat with a red wing.

"I want you to find a hat exactly like this," said the lady, "and trim it exactly in the same way."

Just then the two little girls looked at each other, and exclaimed in the same breath:

"Why, Jenny Paine!"

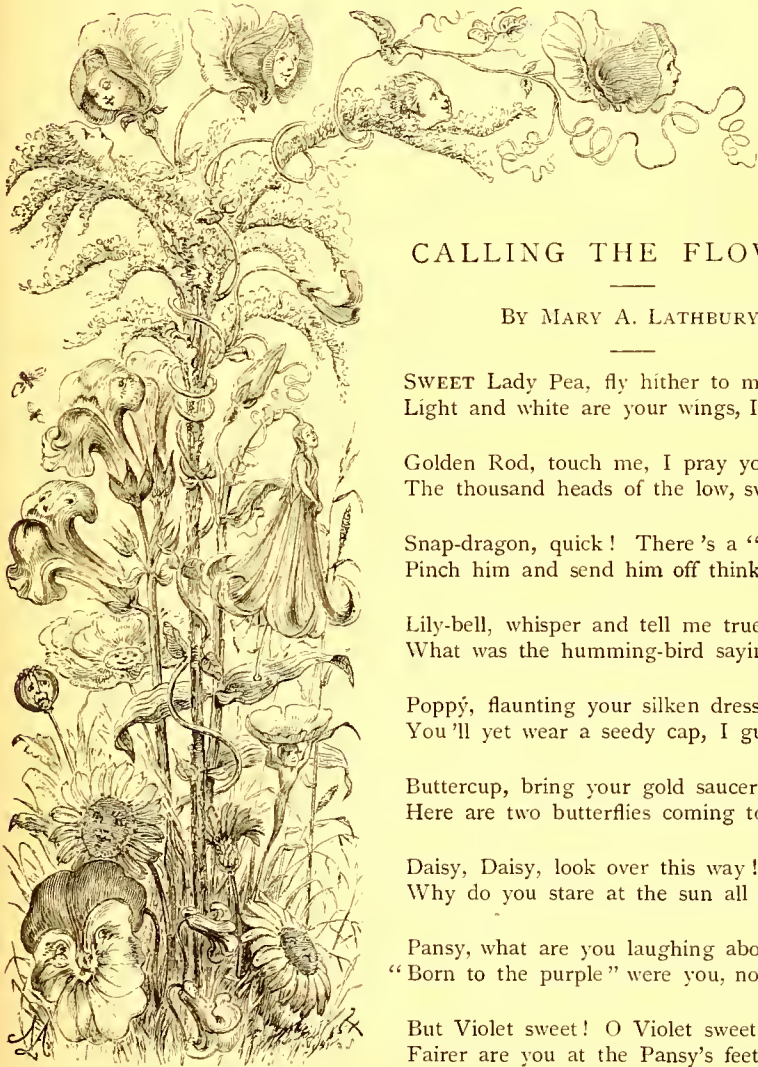
"Why, Susy Dimock!"

The milliner smiled. She was the first to catch the joke. The two battered hats lay side by side, and told their own story.

"I have been worried about that hat all the week," said Mrs. Paine to Mrs. Dimock; "for Jenny is so heedless! And what must she do yes-

erday afternoon but run over to the neighbors' where they are digging a well, and while her inquisitive little head was bent forward looking down, away went the hat into the depths, and the fishman down there trod it fairly under the mud

while he was trying to find it. I must say I don't feel quite so mortified about it now, as I did before this happy meeting! You will have fine new hats, girls, after all, but I beg of you, don't exchange them any more!"



CALLING THE FLOWERS.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

SWEET Lady Pea, fly hither to me!
Light and white are your wings, I see.

Golden Rod, touch me, I pray you, over
The thousand heads of the low, sweet clover.

Snap-dragon, quick! There's a "bee in your bonnet!"
Pinch him and send him off thinking upon it.

Lily-bell, whisper and tell me true,—
What was the humming-bird saying to you?

Poppy, flaunting your silken dress,
You'll yet wear a seedy cap, I guess.

Buttercup, bring your gold saucers to me;
Here are two butterflies coming to tea.

Daisy, Daisy, look over this way!
Why do you stare at the sun all day?

Pansy, what are you laughing about?
"Born to the purple" were you, no doubt.

But Violet sweet! O Violet sweet!
Fairer are you at the Pansy's feet.

THE PETERKINS TOO LATE FOR AMANDA'S SCHOOL- EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

Dramatis Personæ.—AMANDA, AMANDA'S MOTHER, GIRLS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, MRS. PETERKIN, ELIZABETH ELIZA.

Amanda [*coming in with a few graduates*]. Mother, the exhibition is over, and I have brought the whole class home to the collation.

Mother. The whole class! But I only expected a few.

Amanda. The rest are coming. I brought Julie and Clara and Sophie with me. [*A voice is heard.*] Here are the rest.

Mother. Why, no. It is Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza!

Amanda. Too late for the exhibition. Such a shame! But in time for the collation.

Mother [*to herself*]. If the ice-cream will go round!

Amanda. But what made you so late? Did you miss the train? This is Elizabeth Eliza, girls—you have heard me speak of her. What a pity you were too late!

Mrs. Peterkin. We tried to come; we did our best.

Mother. Did you miss the train? Did n't you get my postal-card?

Mrs. Peterkin. We had nothing to do with the train.

Amanda. You don't mean you walked?

Mrs. Peterkin. Oh no, indeed!

Elizabeth Eliza. We came in a horse and carry-all.

Julia. I always wondered how anybody could come in a horse!

Amanda. You are too foolish, Julie. They came in the carryall part. But did n't you start in time?

Mrs. Peterkin. It all comes from the carryall being so hard to turn. I told Mr. Peterkin we should get into trouble with one of those carryalls that don't turn easy.

Elizabeth Eliza. They turn easy enough in the stable, so you can't tell.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes; we started with the little boys and Solomon John on the back seat, and Elizabeth Eliza on the front. She was to drive, and I was to see to the driving. But the horse was not faced toward Boston.

Mother. And you tipped over in turning round! Oh, what an accident!

Amanda. And the little boys—where are they? Are they killed?

Elizabeth Eliza. The little boys are all safe. We left them at the Pringles', with Solomon John.

Mother. But what did happen?

Mrs. Peterkin. We started the wrong way.

Mother. You lost your way, after all?

Elizabeth Eliza. No; we knew the way well enough.

Amanda. It's as plain as a pike-staff!

Mrs. Peterkin. No; we had the horse faced in the wrong direction, toward Providence.

Elizabeth Eliza. And mother was afraid to have me turn, and we kept on and on till we should reach a wide place.

Mrs. Peterkin. I thought we should come to a road that would veer off to the right or left, and bring us back to the right direction.

Mother. Could not you all get out and turn the thing round?

Mrs. Peterkin. Why, no; if it had broken down we should not have been in anything, and could not have gone anywhere.

Elizabeth Eliza. Yes, I have always heard it was best to stay in the carriage whatever happens.

Julia. But nothing seemed to happen.

Mrs. Peterkin. Oh, yes; we met one man after another, and we asked the way to Boston.

Elizabeth Eliza. And all they would say was, "Turn right round—you are on the road to Providence."

Mrs. Peterkin. As if we could turn right round! That was just what we could n't.

Mother. You don't mean you kept on all the way to Providence?

Elizabeth Eliza. O dear, no! We kept on and on, till we met a man with a black hand-bag—black leather I should say.

Julia. He must have been a book-agent.

Mrs. Peterkin. I dare say he was; his bag seemed heavy. He set it on a stone.

Mother. I dare say it was the same one that came here the other day. He wanted me to buy the "History of the Aborigines, brought up from earliest times to the present date," in four volumes. I told him I had n't time to read so much. He said that was no matter, few did, and it was n't

nuch worth it—they bought books for the look of the thing.

Amanda. Now, that was illiterate; he never could have graduated. I hope, Elizabeth Eliza, you had nothing to do with that man.

Elizabeth Eliza. Very likely it was not the same one.

Mother. Did he have a kind of pepper-and-salt suit, with one of the buttons worn?

Mrs. Peterkin. I noticed one of the buttons was off.

Amanda. We're off the subject. Did you buy his book?

Elizabeth Eliza. He never offered us his book.

Mrs. Peterkin. He told us the same story—we were going to Providence; if we wanted to go to Boston, we must turn directly round.

Elizabeth Eliza. I told him I could n't; but he took the horse's head, and the first thing I knew —

Amanda. He had yanked you round!

Mrs. Peterkin. I screamed; I could n't help it!

Elizabeth Eliza. I was glad when it was over!

Mother. Well, well; it shows the disadvantage of starting wrong.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, we came straight enough when the horse was headed right, but we lost time.

Elizabeth Eliza. I am sorry enough I lost the exhibition, and seeing you take the diploma.

Amanda. I never got the diploma myself. I came near it.

Mrs. Peterkin. Somehow, Elizabeth Eliza never succeeded. I think there was partiality about the promotions.

Elizabeth Eliza. I never was good about remembering things. I studied well enough, but, when I came to say off my lesson, I could n't think what it was. Yet I could have answered some of the other girls' questions.

Julia. It's odd how the other girls always have the easiest questions.

Elizabeth Eliza. I never could remember poetry. There was only one thing I could repeat.

Amanda. Oh, do let us have it now; and then we'll recite to you some of our exhibition pieces.

Elizabeth Eliza. I'll try.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, Elizabeth Eliza, do what you can to help entertain Amanda's friends.

[All stand looking at Elizabeth Eliza, who remains silent and thoughtful.]

Elizabeth Eliza. I'm trying to think what it is about. You all know it. You remember, Amanda—the name is rather long

Amanda. It can't be Nebuchadnezzar, can it?—that is one of the longest names I know.

Elizabeth Eliza. Oh dear, no!

Julia. Perhaps it's Cleopatra.

Elizabeth Eliza. It does begin with a "C"—only he was a boy.

Amanda. That's a pity, for it might be "We are seven," only that is a girl. Some of them were boys.

Elizabeth Eliza. It begins about a boy—if I could only think where he was. I can't remember.

Amanda. Perhaps he "stood upon the burning deck?"

Elizabeth Eliza. That's just it; I knew he stood somewhere.

Amanda. Casabianca! Now begin—go ahead!

Elizabeth Eliza.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
When—when —

I can't think who stood there with him.

Julia. If the deck was burning, it must have been on fire. I guess the rest ran away, or jumped into boats.

Amanda. That's just it.

"Whence all but him had fled."

Elizabeth Eliza. I think I can say it now.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled —"

[She hesitates.] Then I think he went —

Julia. Of course, he fled after the rest.

Amanda. Dear, no! That's the point. He did n't.

"The flames rolled on, he would not go
Without his father's word."

Elizabeth Eliza. Oh, yes. Now I can say it.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames rolled on, he would not go
Without his father's word."

But it used to rhyme. I don't know what has happened to it.

Mrs. Peterkin. Elizabeth Eliza is very particular about the rhymes.

Elizabeth Eliza. It must be "without his father's head," or, perhaps, "without his father said" he should.

Julia. I think you must have omitted something.

Amanda. She has left out ever so much!

Mother. Perhaps it's as well to omit some, for the ice-cream has come, and you must all come down.

Amanda. And here are the rest of the girls; and let us all unite in a song!

[Exeunt omnes, singing.]



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHO says the American flag is red, white and blue to-day? I call it red, yellow and brown. At any rate, these are the colors that now are waving about me. They are not all unfurled yet, these beautiful American flags, but lean folded here and there amid the green, waiting in the sunlight for the ripe hour that shall set them free in all their glory.

Ah, what a world this is, my darlings—how rich and beautiful—how well worth being thankful for! I don't believe any one of us is in the least worthy of it. But somehow it is blessed to feel that as one of God's great family each of us may take fresh possession of it every morning in joy and thanksgiving.

Now do you want to hear about

THE SPIRE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

HAVE you heard the news, my pets? The birds are full of it, and they wish me to tell it to the army of Bird-defenders, with their compliments. The spire of Strasburg is no longer the highest in Europe. What is, then? Why, the spire of St. Nicholas, to be sure—the great church of St. Nicholas, lately completed at Hamburg! Strasburg sends its beautiful steeple 466 feet into the air, but St. Nicholas tops this by six feet—a clear reach of 472 feet, my beloved—the highest spire in Christendom.

WHO CAN COUNT THE STARS?

DID you ever try to count the stars? I used to try to do so myself, but somehow I always fell asleep before I could get through, and when I woke up I could not tell where I left off. I'm told, though, that it has been done, and that there are only about eight thousand visible to the naked eye. Don't they make a great show for a number no

larger than that? But the Raven tells me that his master, the Astronomer, says that those we can see with our eyes alone are but a very trifle compared with the number that he can see through his telescope. He says, for instance, that there are *eighteen millions* of stars in the Milky Way. No it's of no use! I can't even think of such a number as that. My head is n't big enough to hold them.

RATS IN A TREE.

Macon, Georgia.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you of something rather curious: Some years since, I occupied a Summer residence in Georgia, surrounded by mimosa-trees of a fine, feathery foliage, with pods rather shorter than those of the sweet locust. These pods were filled with barbed shiny brown seed, often used by the children for making basket bracelets and necklaces. For several days I noticed, after dark, great rustling in the tree near my window, as if the birds on its boughs were peculiarly restless. I did not, however, pay them much attention till one evening, sitting by the window in the twilight, leaning on the sill and enjoying the cool air, I gradually became conscious that the birds were very odd. They seemed to have no wings, and their tails were long and stringy, whisking from side to side, as the ran back and forward with great agility along the crooked limb. After gazing with increasing wonder for some moments, I called the children. The moment they arrived, the birds disappeared; but standing quiet as mice, we soon saw first one, then another small head, with its black, sharp eyes, peer from under the eaves of the house, then spring quickly to the nearest branch; and we now discovered that our birds were not birds at all. They were not even flying squirrels, but large brown rats, that lived and flourished in our roof, and came out to regale themselves upon the seed of the mimosa and gambol among its boughs. We saw one greedy rat, in his eagerness to secure a very tempting pod, slip from the branch with a squeak of fright, instantly answered by a squeak of pain from another, as, in his frantic efforts to catch hold of something, he caught his neighbor's hanging tail in his mouth. This second rat, in his desperate endeavors to get away, dragged the hanging rat near enough to grasp a limb and release the suffering tail. During this struggle, the whole colony stood still, looking on, and squeaking in sympathy. The pulling and crunching of pods to get the seed, and the dropping of empty shells on the ground, sounded like the soft pattering of rain.

The children and I amused ourselves till supper-time throwing brooms, brushes, and shoes into the tree, to see on the instant this busy crowd disappear like magic, but with none of the flutter and twittering of birds. They would be gone without a sound. These tree rats were a source of interest the whole Summer, and we spent many pleasant hours trying to distinguish them apart, giving name to some and counting the baby rats added occasionally to the crowd.

M. G. B—

A CROOKED STORY.

AT recess, on the last day before "vacation" began, the pretty schoolmistress brought a story to the meadow, which she had written specially for the children. It seemed to me a very straight story when she read it aloud; but from the way in which the little creatures laughed as they crowded about her and looked at the writing, I'm sure there must have been something very crooked about it, after all. Soon she said, to my delight:

"I think, my dears, we'll send this story to ST. NICHOLAS. You'll notice that *every word in it is spelled correctly, in itself*,—that is, you can find each one in any dictionary. Now what is the matter with it?"

"Ha, ha!" they shouted. "Ha, ha!" But one bright little fellow added:

"You've put in words that are pronounced the same, but they have a different meaning,—so they're the wrong words!"

"Yes," laughed the schoolmistress, "you're right. They are the *wrong words*. The spelling of each is quite correct, but many of the words are wrong. Yet if the right words were put in place

of these, the story, if read aloud, would sound exactly the same as it does now—would n't it?"

"Yes, ma'am! yes, ma'am!" cried one and all.

"Very well, then," said she. "Now, when you find it printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*, will you all write it out for me with the proper words, so that it will be correct and yet sound exactly as it does now?"

"Yes! oh yes!" they cried eagerly.

[Now, dear editor, please put the pretty school-mistress' story in here, so that my children, thousands of them, can try too, and send what they write to me in care of *ST. NICHOLAS* magazine. If they'll send the thing correctly written out in their own handwriting, I'll print the best in these pages, and acknowledge all the good ones.]

Now, my pets, set to work! Send in your versions. Jack would like to have a pile as big as a house.

THE STORY.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme, he had stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired too raze his fare, pall face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, four fear her guessed wood knot weight.

Butt wen she sore the little wown, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why dew yew lye hear? Ah yew dyeing?"

"Know," he side. "I am feint two thee corps." She boar hymn in her alms, as she aught, too a rheum ware he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his cholier, rapped him warmly, gave him some sweet drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hall as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

GROWING MOUNTAINS.

YOU would n't think it, but I'm told it is actually so, that very high mountains increase in size every year. This is owing to the great quantities of snow which fall upon their tops. Some of this snow slowly melts and runs down the mountain-sides; but much remains, and so the mountains grow higher, year by year, as each season's snow falls upon that left there the year before.

COWS' UPPER TEETH.

HATTIE WHEELER writes to Jack:

I like *ST. NICHOLAS* ever so much. I think the illustrations of "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie" are so good!—if I were only a boy I should get up one. I like Miss Alcott's story of "Eight Cousins" more than any of her other stories.

Jack asks if any of his young friends can tell him why a certain wealthy farmer, who offered \$10,000 for a full set of cow's teeth, lower and upper, cannot get what he wants. The reason he cannot is—cows have no upper front teeth, but have large teeth back, which are called grinders. These are used for chewing the cud.

Hattie is right according to some authorities, and wrong according to others. Cows have no upper front teeth, that's certain; but as for upper back grinders, I'm not so sure. I never had the pleasure of seeing the inside of a cow's mouth with my own eyes; and it so happens that all growing things of my acquaintance that ever went in to investigate, never came out again to give any report. Perhaps some stout farmer's boy will solve the mystery. For *my* part, I'd sooner trust a butcher's opinion than a farmer's, for farmers seem to differ on the subject. Is a cow's upper jaw just like a sheep's (as far as teeth are concerned) or not—and, if not, what next?

NEW READING OF "SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE."

"The Farm."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You know I am very domestic—very old-fashioned, and get little credit for anything but nonsense. So you see, I was wonderfully surprised the other day when a school-girl said I ought to be ranked with the classic poets—that my pictures were just as good as some in the grand old mythology of the Greeks and Romans. She begged me to accept her interpretation of my "Song of Sixpence," in token of regard. Here it is:

Every day's a dainty pie,
Earth the dish—the cover, sky.
Four and twenty hours make
Royal birds therein to bake.
King of Day, the golden sun,
Counts his beams out one by one.
Silver moon, the Queen of Night,
Sips, for honey, rays of light.
Rosy Dawn, maid first to rise,
Hangs bright clouds across the skies.
Birds aye sing at break of day;
Sunrise drives fair Dawn away.
Mother Goose, how could you know?
Did the blackbirds tell you so?"

Between you and me, dear Jack, do you think she found that all out herself? If she did—well, I'll leave it with you. You have the best tact in stirring up young thoughts. I know it will be new to some one.—Your friend,
MOTHER GOOSE.

THE LARGEST LIVING THINGS.

WHO among you can tell me right off which are the largest of living things?

Hurrah! TREES, eh? Of course they are; but one is not apt to think of them at first. Elephants, whales, and such stupendous fellows pop into one's head instead; but what are they for size by the side of a grand oak, a splendid hickory, a cedar of Lebanon, or one of the big trees of California!

And what a baby the oldest living creature is compared with a really old tree! Did ever you hear of the famous dragon-tree on the Island of Teneriffe, which died about eight years ago, after standing 5,000 years? There's a green old age for you! I never had a chance, as you know, to count the rings of this tree myself; but scientific professors have published its length of years, and I suppose we must take their word for it.

THE MEANING OF "HURRAH."

WHO can tell the meaning of "hurrah?" Jack used it just now a little thoughtlessly, considering its true sense. The pretty schoolma'am says it originated among Eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry, from the belief that all who died in battle went to heaven.

"To Paradise!" (*hurrag!*) men shouted to one another, by way of encouragement, in the thickest of the fight; and so, in time, came our word "hurrah!" which means almost anything you choose, so that it be of good cheer.

MOLE-FURRED HORSES.

IT is n't likely that any of my children ever saw one of these horses, or that many of them ever will see one. There are only a few, and these are found in the deep coal-mines of Belgium. There, where horses have been kept for many years so far down in the damp earth away from the sun, their coats become of a thick, soft, velvety fur, like that of the mole. Poor fellows! It must be dreadful to be a horse that never can sniff the sunshine, nor roll on the long, fresh grass!



THE BRAVE DONKEY.

A STORY OF A BRAVE DONKEY.

DONKEYS are almost always meek, quiet little fellows, who look as if they would stand any abuse or bad treatment, but sometimes they show that they have spirit enough. Of course there are bad donkeys, who will kick and behave wickedly at any time, like some boys and girls, so that it is a surprise to see them behave well.

But the donkey I am going to tell you about was nearly always as quiet as he seems in the picture, putting his head over the fence to take a bite of tender grass. But he was very brave indeed, as you will see. He lived in a menagerie—which you know is a wild-beast show—in one of our Western cities. There were a great many savage beasts in this menagerie, and one day a fierce lioness broke out of her cage. She ran around to see who she could bite, and she met this donkey, who was allowed to go loose because he would not hurt anything. So she made a great jump at him and took hold of him with her teeth; but the donkey was so quick and spirited that he got away from her. Then the lioness made another great spring upon him, but this time Mr. Donkey was ready for her.

He turned his back to her, and, when she came near him, he gave her a great kick with both his hind-feet at once, and rolled her over like a ball. She came at him again and again, but every time his strong heels were ready for her, and every time the brave donkey kicked her over on her back. At last she had enough of Mr. Donkey's kicks, and she ran away from him. She did not know before how well a brave donkey could fight.

You have often heard about lions, which are so strong and courageous that they are called the kings of beasts, and perhaps you have seen some of them shut up in a cage when you have been taken to a wild beast show. But it is not likely that you thought that one of these great creatures could ever be conquered by a small donkey, who had nothing to fight with but his heels.

But it often happens that animals, and people too, who are quiet and modest, are very brave indeed when a time comes when they ought to show courage.

The lioness had to be shot, for her keepers could not get her back into her cage. If she had not been shot, I think she would have kept clear of donkeys the next time she got loose.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHILDREN, you will have heard of the death of Hans Christian Andersen before you see this magazine, but you may not yet understand what you have lost, and what we all have lost.

Hans Christian Andersen stood at the head of all writers for children. No one wrote stories that were so quaint and rare, so fanciful and curious, and yet so pure and good and earnest in their teachings.

His mission was not only to young people. Men and women in many lands wept and laughed over his stories and put them away in their memories, where they bore good fruit. Jesus Christ once said to his followers, that unless they became as little children they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. By the wonderful power of his stories, Hans Christian Andersen drew around him thousands of grown-up people, and he made them all children at heart, and so helped them, we hope, to be better fit for heaven.

In a future number we shall have a long talk with you about Hans Christian Andersen.

ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask some of the subscribers of the ST. NICHOLAS to tell me, through the Letter-Box, how to make skeleton leaves, and how to preserve Autumn leaves and ferns?—Vours truly,
NELLIE R. BURT.

Nellie will find an answer to her first question in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875. Who will answer the second?

C. A. F.—Your account of the opossum's "playing dead" is very interesting and amusing; but you may not know that some insects are just as wise and often resort to the same trick. Many of the beetle tribe, or *coleoptera*, feign death when touched, and remain entirely motionless until left to themselves again, when they scamper off quickly enough. Naturalists tell us, too, that the little borer familiarly known as the "death-watch," will, when frightened, allow itself to be singed or drowned rather than make any sign of life. So the opossums are not the only creatures who endeavor to deceive their captors in this way.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, now in Europe, writes: "On one of her trips, a steamer from New York to Liverpool ran into an iceberg. A piece as large as a small house, weighing twenty tons, was broken off and fell on the deck, crushing it in. The steward told me they cut it up and used the ice on the ship, and it was the clearest and freshest of ice, like fresh-water ice. Some of the ST. NICHOLAS children may be able to tell why salt-water ice is not salt."

C. H. WILLIAMS sends us the following novel statement of his exact age. Such a great desire for accuracy is certainly unusual. We only wonder that it did not suggest to our little correspondent the addition of a postscript, telling just how many of those numerous but valuable seconds he had spent in the calculation:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was 11 years old the 27th of March, 1875. I find that to-day (July 12th, 1875), I am 11 years 3 months 2 weeks 1 day 12 hours 17 minutes 4 seconds old. When ciphering up, I find I am 349,679,024 seconds old.
C. H. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE BALDWIN writes that he has heard that some kinds of azaleas are poisonous, and asks if the report be true. There are azaleas which exude poisonous juices, though we do not know that any of them are found in this country. When Charlie is old enough to read Greek, he will find an account of a misfortune which once happened from this cause to a whole army. It is related by Xenophon, a celebrated Grecian general, and the leader of a famous march known as "the retreat of the ten thousand." He tells us that the Grecian soldiers, weak from hunger and constant marching, seized upon some honey which they chanced to find at a place upon the route, but that all who ate of it soon after fell to the ground dangerously poisoned. Xenophon, we believe, merely states the incident without trying to explain it. But some wise men of later times have united in ascribing the result to the bees having imbibed the juices of a poisonous species of azalea which grew in that region.

HERE is a letter that has come all the way from California to say kind word for ST. NICHOLAS and add two names to its army of Bird defenders. We are glad to hear from our Western friends, and are delighted to know that a hearty welcome awaits ST. NICHOLAS in a host of such far-away homes, whether scattered over the wide plain or nestled—like the homes of the snow-birds—among the mountain crags:

Graniteville, California.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We sojourners, five thousand feet above the sea, are among the many that eagerly look forward to the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS.

The Flower verses in June number have been filled in by a little girl whose name is Amy Waters, and who is thirteen years old. She wishes her name put down as a Bird-defender. My little daughter, Lizette A. Fisher, who is six years old, also wants to be a Bird-defender, and to tell you that she, like H. H., has stumbled upon the Summer home of the snow-birds "high in the upper air."
A. B. FISHER.

Amy's answers were credited last month, and her name, with Lizette's, will be found among the Bird-defenders in another column.

THE picture about which "Little Nell" inquires appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1874, as an illustration to the article entitled "A Famous Garden."

ODE TO LOVE,

BY A LITTLE GIRL JUST RECOVERED FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Love me surely, love me strong,
Ever faithful, ever free,
Let thy love encompass me.

While I sleep, and when awake,
Don't forget my ginger-cake;
Bake it nicely before the fire,
And let me eat it before I retire.

By doing this your love you'll show
(If the cake be frosted like beautiful snow),
And proving to me love's lurking still,
In the depths of a miserable calomel pill.

MORAL.

Now all my young friends listen,
While the tear in my eyes doth glisten,
Never trust love in the form of a cake,
But remember who fell by the words of a snake.

KATIE F. BILLINGS.

Verdi, July 9th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen letters in the Letter-Box from almost all the States, but none from Nevada—so I thought I would write you one. I am eleven years old. I live on the Truckee River. I have two younger sisters. We live in the country, and there are a great many birds here; but we do not disturb them or their nests. In California, where I have been, they cover the fruit-trees with mosquito-bar, which is much better than killing the little birds.

CLARA L. COLDREN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to become one of your children of the Letter-Box. My name is Nellie, and I would like to tell you about my pets. I wanted a cat,—one of those kind they call Maltese,—but mamma thought as we were living in a hotel a cat would not do, so I had to give it up. My brother found in the creek a little cat-fish, and brought him home in a tin pail, and he was so nice, never giving any trouble, and just as cunning as he could be. He ran around after himself through the water, and had such fun blowing bubbles. He would come up to the top of the water, and you could hear him blow so softly, and the bubbles were so round and pretty. We used to give him a bath every morning, and he was so fresh and happy after it. Although he was very ugly, with his long black horns and big, wide mouth, we loved him. One night brother thought he would be happier in a glass jar, so that we could see him better; but the water was too heavy for his dear little body, and the next morning we found him dead in the bottom of the jar. His horns were quite stiff, and his big mouth shut up tight, and then I knew he would never blow bubbles any more. I give all my pieces

of crust and cake to the birds now. Is that right? I wish brother belonged to the Bird-defenders. He shot a beauty with brown and gold wings, for mamma to wear in her hat, and a squirrel with a lovely long gray tail. I am sorry for the squirrel, but I like to wear it in my fur cap—I mean the tail.—Believe me a true friend of ST. NICHOLAS,
NELLIE SHERWOOD CHILDS.

"NIMPO" writes: "Do you think it fair to put down a baby's name for a Bird-defender? I am getting another list, and one boy says that he will not sign unless his baby-brother's name can be down too. But I don't think that is the only reason, for he wants to shoot prairie-chickens this Summer."

No, Nimpo, a baby's name would be an imposition on the army of Bird-defenders. We want only members who understand what they are promising to do.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I be allowed to write to you? I am not a subscriber, but a little boy in town who is one lets me take you after he is done with you. I do love you so, and if you will let me, I should like to have my name put down as a Bird-defender.

I have a question to ask, if I may. It is—Why does corn pop when put over the fire? I cannot understand it.

NORA ABBOTT.

We are glad, Nora, to hear from any of our young friends, whether subscribers or not, and also to welcome them as Bird-defenders.

The popping of corn is due to a kind of oil, lodged in little dots within the seeds. When heated, these drops expand and burst, bringing the contents of the grain to the surface by the explosion, which is the "popping." It is these little oil-dots, too, that make the kernels of pop-corn so hard and compact. Very few varieties of corn contain this oily structure, and such as do not cannot be made to pop.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where do the swallows go when they leave Ireland?
F. DUNWOODY.

The swallows of Great Britain take their flight into Africa. In the Autumn, when the season of migration arrives, they cross the English Channel, and assemble with their companions from the different parts of the Continent on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Here they often linger for some time, as if afraid to undertake so long a voyage through the air, which, indeed, proves frequently too long for many a poor tired wing among their number. The majority, however, cross safely, always flying in troops, and continuing their journey until they reach Senegal—their southern home—whence they return in the Spring to their old nests in the north.

TRANSLATIONS of the Latin story in the July number were received from Jennie Sinclair Neil, Lawrence Black, Jr., Reba Gregory, Julia D. Hunter, F. N. Palmer, John G. Jennings, D. R. Bishop, Lucy M. Sherwood, Beverly Caldwell, and Cyrus Lindley.

MARY O. G.— writes, telling how she protected a crow from the assault of a boy, who we hope knew no better, and asks if it is "wrong, as a Bird-defender, to take just one egg from a nest?" You deserve a captaincy, Mary, for your gallant defense of the bird, and we will be glad to enroll you as such; but are you not glad some one did not deprive you of the gratification of protecting that bird by taking just that one egg from the nest where he was hatched? Make up your company, Mary, and send in the names.

ANDY R. C.—ST. NICHOLAS is decidedly opposed to robbing birds' nests merely to make a collection of eggs. If they are wanted for a purely scientific purpose, address "Ornithologist," Box 2477, Boston, Mass. A nice little bed of ferns, or a case of mosses, will give you more and pleasanter study, and living growth is better than dry shells to look upon.

MAMIE B.—We are sorry the blackbirds cannot agree with your favorite robins and other musical birds, but they are fully as useful in their way as the singers. In the Spring they hover in small flocks where the plow is going, and pick up great numbers of all sorts of grubs, worms, insects' eggs, &c., which would destroy plenty of corn and other vegetable growth for which the ground is being prepared. This is true of all of them, but especially the "great," "common," and "rusty" crow-blackbirds, and that handsome fellow with red

shoulder-straps, the "red-winged" starling. Then the cow-blackbird is a warm friend of the cattle, too, and they permit him to hunt his dinner on their backs. Study the habits of the blackbirds, and you will forget they are not singers.

E. S. AND A. M. F.—How to keep the cats away from the birds is a hard puzzle to answer. Mr. Haskins once said, "If I had a favorite cat, I would feed her until she would be too lazy to catch birds; and if some one else had that cat that misbehaved in that way—why, I'd rather save the birds than the cat. Owls and hawks catch more rats and mice than the cats."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Stratford, Conn., August 4th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to join the army of Bird-defenders, and I send you the names of a few other boys who also wish to join. They are: Ross W. Weir, Willie B. Weir, Louis L. Earton, Jimmie B. Weir, Willie D. Mead, Charlie D. Mead, Harry M. Johnson, Tom H. Smith, John B. Vanderveer, Edward B. Vanderveer, Harry L. Vanderveer, Henry Bayard, Willie Bayard, Robert Bayard, Tunis S. Bergen, Geo. T. Bergen, Steve H. Angell, Willie A. Voorhis, Willie Marshall, Louis Emerson, Vernie Carroll, Adele Emerson, Lizzie E. Emerson, Samuel F. Emerson, I. J. Booth, Nattie H. Demarest, John F. Beers, Willie D. Mills, John Harris, Schemerhorn Halsted, Chas. Kurst, Frank Bennet, R. B. Moffat, Bainbridge Hinkley, John Obermier, Frank Slocum, Spencer Wycoff, Reed Moore, Ed. Moore, John Dolbeare, Jack Shearon, Michael McFlanagan, Charlie Grant, Ed. Smith, Louis Burritt, Chas. Brown, Ace Tefi, Clarence Bedell, Sam Chauncey, Willie Willard, August Lopsaggeure, F. Spy, Ossey Wilson, J. Simpson, Robt. Halsted, Rol. Tayleure, Paul Tunison, Geo. Charles, Mark Hopkins, J. P. Ford, Willie Strong, Archibald Bird-sall, Dan Bridge, Dan McCabe, and Frank Lockwood.

Here are also a few Chinese boys, who, when I asked them if they would join the Bird-defenders, were very glad to do so. They came here on a visit to see those four Chinese boys whose names were mentioned in the ST. NICHOLAS for August: Wong Kai Kai, L. Yung, Seung Tun Yen, W. Yang Tsang, Qwong Tong, Wong Set Pow, Chow Wan Pang, Chu Si Shu, Kee Yung, Tsao Mow Cheong, Wong Fung Hai, Tgai Gheu Chi, Yun Cheong Kwan, and Cheong Woo.—Yours truly,
WALTER B. EMERSON.

Jennie Oliver sends the following list: Bessie Roberts, Hattie Jones, Gertie Jones, Jennie Keys, Mollie King, Nellie Kelly, Lizzie Lindsay, Maggie Glendinning, Susie Teaff, Ella M. Cahill, Lizzie S. Irwin, Vina Sheets, Lizzie Evans, Sadie Reed, Laura Ferguson, Clare G. Hubert, Hattie Roberts, Lizzie Spaulding, Ellie Rowan, Mena Floto, Augusta Floto, Hetty Moreland, Anna Caffion, Jane McClure, Ida Withroe, Cara Bansell, Emma Dowe, John C. Oliver, Campbell Oliver, James G. Oliver, Eddie Bond, Frank Pierce, Stanton McGinnis, George Keith, Husby Mooney, Charlie Hunt, Willie M. Layton, Chas. Dunbar, James Smith, Rea Cady, Willie Loomis, Charlie Swards, Charley Phool, Tat Jemison, Eddie Jemison, Anna Salmon, Nettie McClain, Ella Roberts, Sally Smithwait, Mary Johnson, Molly Moony, Rachel Moony, Minnie McKinley, Sally Bush, Emma Robinson, Kate Engle, Eva Cimeral, Ella Filson, Ida Stephens, Florence Myers, Cara Hubill, Lena Sturges, Effie Waldren, Aggie Brinkman, Mary Young, Ella Miller, Russ Jemison, Len Helms, and Tom Helms.

Geo. Cole sends the following names: Arthur Canon, Harry Vjeland, Libbie Wilcox, Lucy Wilcox, Frank Wilcox, Sarah Howitt, Mary Howitt, George Sanderson, Ella Pond, Frank Tilton, Libbie Tilton, Mary Sorrel, Carrie Warren, Emily E. Hunter, Mary David, Cara Molow, Bert Fullerton, Harry Remington, Walter Remington, Sarah Remington, Josie Remington, George Graves, Harris Cook, Harry Williams, Edward Bush, Carrie Bush, Mary Bush, Ella Cary, George Trites, Kittie Owen, Fannie Sauer, Emily Royce, Frank Royce, Elmer Davison, Curtis Williamson, George Bruton, Herbert Beebe, John Andrews, Walter Gaylord, Frank Nelson, George L. Dell, Thomas Hunt, Frank Hunt, George Hunt, Samuel Hurlbur, Vinnie McCully, George Perry, Alice Perry, Frank Wing, Arthur Pendent, Frank Grover, Harry Harris, Frank Bruton, Ed. Griffin, E. Ford, S. R. Peters, Rob. Terry, Frank Newton, Tom Neeve, T. O'Brien, L. S. Read, R. Read, Frank Thomas, and Ella Thomas.

Irene Barnes, of Greenville, R. I., sends this list, called "The Greenville Band": Jesse Mowry, Nelson Walcott, Henry Keech, Howard Southwick, Charlie Tobey, Ernest Kendall, Albert O. Smith,

Jenkie Smith, George Smith, Walter Smith, Allan Driscoll, Daniel Straight, Chester Walcott, Scott Barnes, Earle Winsor, Bertie Arnold, Walter Burlingame, Irving Mathewson, Clarence Mathewson, Albert Shaw, Joel Blanchard, George Cozens, Robert Monkton, Herbert Mathewson, Frank Mathewson, Henry Mathewson, Willie Allen, Charlie Noonan, Willie Warfield, Nicholas Winsor, Nellie Steere, Maria Murphy, Julia Murphy, Mabel Smith, Emma Steere, Mattie Walcott, Edith Warfield, Flora Browne, Susie Davis, Mary Flint, Theresa Masterson, Eliza Masterson, Mary Masterson, Mary Fanning, Lillie Straight, Mattie Browne, Emily Locke, Delma Locke, Ida Steere, Gertrude Steere, Carrie Barnes, Maggie Murphy, Willie Warfield, Henry Locke, Nettie Eddy, Mary Steere, and Waldo Steere.

Cora E. Jones, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., sends these names: Cora E. Jones, Minnie A. Jones, Ella C. Racer, Frank M. Spader, Charles V. Spader, Agnes A. O'Keefe, Emma C. Kane, Kittie E. Newcomb, Hattie Palmer, Anna Foshay, Ida Foshay, Kate Tutty, Mena Fleischer, Henrietta Fleischer, Lottie G. Turner, Eva I. Turner, Lillie Turner, Harry Turner, Ella Connelly, Cecilia Spader, George Spader, Katie Morrisy, Kate Henne, Rosa Cassidy, Mary Cassidy, James Cassidy, Terrence Cassidy, Sarah A. Weeks, Jennie E. Dexter, Tillie Brennecke, Charlie Brennecke, Julia Wolfe, Louis Wolfe, George Smith, Mary Warren, Katie Gambling, Samuel Lawrence, Ida Lawrence, Eddie Torrence, Willie Torrence, Herbert Torrence, Carrie Fleischer, Mary Brooks, Dannie Brooks, Nellie Ogden, Geo. Ogden, Annie Carthy, Thomas Bougen, Harry Cornell, Mrs. E. Cornell, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. C. Spader, William C. Delanoy, Eddie P. Delanoy, Mamie Hannan, and Maggie Purcell.

Alice G. Lucas sends this list: Fannie Hale, Mary Hardy, Evelyn Pbelps, George Carter, Mary Lewis, Mattie Baker, Anna Lewis, Sadie Dunster, Hattie Collins, Nellie Smith, Harrie Barnes, Alice Lucas, Jennie Dye, Emma Hagen, Johnny Phelps, Ernest Johnson, Charlie Sturdevent, Freddie Sturdevent, Harrie Harretson, Ina Mereness, Charlie Dunster, Lilian Dunster, Francis Dunster, George Barber, Hollis Johnson, May Butchers, Nina Collins, Linn Babcock, Johnnie Montrose, May Curtis, Cora Camp, Eddie Lewis, Mary Donnelly, Lizzie Lucas, Julia Lucas, Charlotte Hewitt, Elizabeth Coe, Eliza Coe, Alice Baker, and Julia Baker.

The following list also has been received: Nettie McCluskey, Edith Hastings, Dora Hastings, Herbert Hastings, Charlie Hastings, Harry Sanford, Percy Sanford, Olive Sanford, Bert Winwood, Clara Winwood, Florence Newell, Fred Newell, T. H. Keck, C. E. Whitehead, Gertrude Clifford, Lucy Meade, Hattie Meade, Jennie Cochran, John Cochran, Jr., Hope Upfold, Stella Barnes, Carrie Barnes, Laura Barnes, H. W. Carleton, Marie Bon Nell, Carl Bon Nell, Ruth Chambers, John Baxter, E. K. Hogg, Meg Jasper, Joe Jasper, Marion I. Auburne, Meta Grafton, Bertha Grafton, Jennie Lee, Frank Leonard, Arthur Leonard, Clarence Linn, Arthur St. Claire, N. E. Griswold, Bernard Stanley, Rose Lind, and Etta Silverthorne.

Theresa Freund, of Cincinnati, O., sends this list: Mary Stephenson, Mary Nevin, Ella Riordan, Minna Winkler, Emma Kanslienn, Lizzie Eichert, Minna Weber, Mary Otte, Celia Clericus, Amelia Borckenhagen, Minna King, Anna Gilligan, Emma Mueller, Julia Pagenstechers, Martha Aufdenberge, Sarah Aufdenberge, Lena Cords, Rosa Bubbe, Henrietta Emigholz, Alvina Keidel, Emily Moessinger, Augustus Moorhaus, Adam Sammet, William Reid, Herman Keck, Edward King, Louis Eberle, George Heitbrink, Edward Boettcher, Frank Theis, Frederic Bertram, Louis Bernet, Augustus Fuchs, Wm. Machle, Wm. Behlendorf, Herman Jeutzen, Wm. Grodzicki, Joseph Nevin, Matthew Woodburn, Chas. Distler, Max Ahr, Arthur Andres, John Drabing, and Charles Theis.

Laura Drayton, of Dysart, Iowa, sends this list: Laura Drayton, Mary Drayton, Emma Robison, Ida M. Howard, Clara A. Howard, Minnie A. Farnsworth, Ella Fike, Laura Fike, Caroline Fike, Rosa S. Knupp, Susie S. Knupp, Mrs. Hattie Clayton, Eva L. Drayton, Mrs. F. A. Drayton, Nellie Porter, Hattie Dickenson, Ola Wood, Mrs. B. V. Shumaker, Belle Magorian, Ella Magorian, Mary E. McMurry, Jasper Dodson, Noah Knupp, Charley Farnsworth, Willie J. Robinson, Ira G. Hileman, George C. Howard, Frank W. Fike, George Fike, Sammie Fike, F. H. Clayton, Orin Wood, F. Farnsworth, Bryant Dickenson, Frankie Shumaker, W. A. Drayton, Henry Magorian, Thomas Magorian, Pierce Travis, Harison Johnson, John Dempsey, and R. B. Meyers.

Charles E. Bush, of Lansing, Mich., sends this list: Chas. S. Barker, Willie Barker, Geo. Sprang, Fred Straight, John J. Bush, Jr., Percy Chapman, Julius Lederer, Willie Coleman, Earl Wood, Frank June, Frank Warner, Heber Knott, Chas. Crane, J. Eddie Roe,

Carrie Bush, Nellie Porter, Frank Dart, Belle Dart, Carrie Boothroyd, Hattie Haze, Ada Fuller, Jennie Bunn, Carrie Osborn, Nancy Sanborn, Effie Longstreet, Carrie D. Pratt, Carrie F. Pratt, Carrie French, Ella Vanauken, Eva Hutchinson, Cara Wood, Hattie Bennett, Ida Case, Belle Sprang, Eliza Hinman, Lucy Cowles, Jennie Buck, May Dewey, Nellie Bertsch, and E. E. West.

Ellen W. Locwell sends this list: Lucy Gillfillan, Hattie Gallup, Alfaretta Lamoree, Emma Gillfillan, Naomi Gillfillan, Frankie Gallup, Charley Burns, Lizzie Burns, Ella Kimball, Annie Kimball, Charlie Whipple, Albert Clarence, Laura Vantassel, Alice Ferguson, Norman Ferguson, Arthur C. Gillfillan, Katie Rottermann, Sarah Burns, Nettie Gallup, Ellen Gallup, Lina Stowell, Charlie Gillfillan, Norman Gillfillan, Augusta Whipple, Frank Rottermann, Maggie Wilson, Fannie A. Stowell, Rebecca Stowell, Willie Cashen, Magge McDonald, Mary McDonald, Katie Ward, Libbie Soboleski, and Tillie Lukecart.

Inez L. Porter sends the following names: Fanny Dony, Lena Sawyer, Ida Green, Mina Green, Augusta Bower, Eddie Bower, Fanny Porter, Albert Porter, Lina Green, Johnnie Green, Mary Brown, Agnes Brown, Ethel Ballon, Elsie Ballon, Clara Montgomery, Lena Montgomery, Mina Friend, Georgie Friend, Edith Friend, Sallie Friend, Ellen Starr, Kathie Starr, Eugene Starr, Hester Rossitur, Mary Rossitur, Edith Rossitur, Frances Groom, Agnes Groom, Susie Porter, Inez Porter, and Edgar Porter.

Ethel Ferguson, of Peoria, sends this list: Edna Gowan, Emma Gowan, Bernard Gowan, Nina Tall, Laura Tall, Edwin Tall, Simpson Tall, Nannie Sprague, Ollie Sprague, Catherine Sprague, George Smith, Laban Smith, Ellie Smith, Hiram Smith, Egbert Green, Charity Green, Mattie L. Green, Ruth Sozer, Emily Sozer, Jane Sozer, Jimmie Sozer, Lillie Sozer, Sallie Fisher, Harrie Fisher, Eugene Fisher, Hattie Fisher, Oliver Green, Robert Green, Alfred Green, Marie Green, Barbara Briggs, Anna Briggs, Julia Briggs, Julius Briggs, Isadora Brown, Isabel Brown, Horace Brown, Marie Brown, Ethel Ferguson, Blanche Ferguson, and Johnnie Ferguson.

Mary Leigh, of Newton, N. J., sends the following list: Grace Lain, Annie Priest, Mamie Swayze, Emma Woodruff, Laura Moore, Kaie Moore, Stella Lee, Carrie Bunnell, Stella Smith, Kittie Rogers, Lillie Rudd, Fan Rundell, Jennie Lain, Alice Bunnell, Maude Priest, G. W. Keck, E. O. Dershimmer, Fred Nicholas, Frank Ingersoll, E. P. Snover, Victor Lecoq, W. O. Cheeseman, R. P. Crellin, Bert Burrell, Davie Couse, Sam Northrup, Sam Morford, Fred Tuttle, Louise Barrett, Lizzie J., Madge H., Annie V., Eloise V., Annie B., Eva L., Annie J., Arthur R., and Joe Clark.

Arthur Stuart Walcott, of N. Y. City, sends this list: Isabel Dazey Boynton, Eleanor V. Boynton, Theodore V. Boynton, Frederick C. Boynton, Charles E. Boynton, Chester C. Boynton, S. L. Boynton, L. B. Boynton, L. Bontelle, Bessie B. Norton, Edward Russell Norton, Jr., Thomas L. Thornell, E. W. Hamilton, E. P. Hamilton, Marion S. Hamilton, Henry A. Ferguson, B. S. Walcott, L. B. Walcott, Wm. C. Stone, Frederick H. Hamilton, Kate Davis, Ellen H. Smith, Lucius H. Smith, Wm. B. Smith, Sydney A. Smith, Sarah M. Pinckney, Annie Lawlor, Ellen Donovan, Mary Downey, J. L. Wakeford, Frank Wiseman, H. Pendleton, Eliza Pendleton, Henry G. Elliott, and Abby E. Cleaveland.

Charles E. Howe sends this list: Samuel Smith, Albert Wilson, Thomas Edye, Harry Foote, Harry Fitch, Charles Schofield, David Hughes, Harry Cooke, William Carlile, Elmer Carlile, Edith Carlile, Clara Thompson, Fred Smith, Carrie Smith, Daisy Seymour, Alice Seymour, John Seymour, Arthur Spencer, A. E. Faber, Frank Miller, Lucy Miller, Harry Fulton, Samuel Haddox, George Friend, Fannie Moore, James Moore, John Moore, William Salmon, Hattie Stanton, Harry Lomare, Paul Ney, Frank Taylor, and Belle Eaton.

The following list has been received from Englewood, N. J.: Leula Wethered, Carrie Wethered, Mollie Wethered, Woodworth Wethered, Sissy Cooke, Nannie Homans, Bessie Homans, Sarah Homans, Fannie Blake, Charlotte Blake, Minnie Haring, Amelia Haring, Mattie Waddell, Mamie Waddell, Alice Buckley, Jennie Conner, Ella Bogert, Alice Sellick, Sallie Parramore, Lizzie Jones, Lucy Halstead, Abbie Nichols, Tiny Wetmore, Mary Chester, Bessie Fisher, Madgie Wall, Clara Smith, Clara Oakley, Mary Waterbury, Virginia Banks, Julia Lyman, Charlie Waterbury, Florence Brown, and Clara Durbin.

Ettie S. Trussell, of Chester, Ohio, sends this list: Ettie S. Trussell, Lillie F. Trussell, Emma K. Tresize, Ida B. Tresize, Lillie E. Robinson, Emma M. Robinson, Ella E. Folan, Nettie J. Folan, Amanda I. Robinson, Carrie Robinson, Mary F. Tresize, Minnie A. Wallace, Sarah J. Jeroleman, Hattie Myers, Mattie R. Morse, Ella

S. Larkins, Mary Meager, Barbara Meager, Harley P. Robinson, Osman Ricketts, Wallie Trussell, Sherman Smith, Charlie Kimes, Eddie Kimes, Merri Ricketts, Charlie Wallace, Dudley Smith, Wm. Moore, Wallie Morris, Thomas Jeroleman, and Willie Morse.

Hattie Boardman, of Old Fort, N. C., sends this list: Hattie Boardman, Nellie Boardman, J. H. Boardman, Elizabeth Boardman, F. E. Kennedy, R. A. McCoy, M. A. Pence, N. E. Cordell, R. H. Moore, Ellen Whitley, Eddie Whitley, Jimmie Whitley, Herbert Whitley, Willie Menzie, Sarah Kanupp, Sarah Menzie, Ellen Menzie, Kenna Meuzie, Frank Curtis, Connie Curtis, Willie Sandlin, Joe Chipps, Henry Shiral, Andy Shiral, John Finch, Nancy Finch, Alsie Cordell, Annie Cordell, Amanda Godwin, and Bertha Haight.

Harry S. Thiers, of Orangeville Mills, Mich., sends these names: H. S. Thiers, Clara M. Snook, Clyde M. Clubine, Arthur N. Nevins, Frank G. Thiers, Willie Crans, Frank Hewitt, Hugh Phetteplace, Scott Phetteplace, Mattie E. Mattison, Josie L. Searles, Belle Crans, Charlie Phetteplace, Walter Beattie, Frankie Wilson, Alice H. Nichols, Adelia M. Saddler, Ella R. Flahtaut, Charley England, Carrie Lamb, Bertha Van Volkenburg, Florence M. Wait, Rena A. Lamb, Curtis Brigham, Albert Nichols, and Allie Ford.

Shelbyville, Mo., sends us seven lists: (I.) From "Shelbyville Select School": A. Mütter Priest, Del Grogg, Judie Grogg, Eva Stuart, Alma Flack, Hattie Glover, Mattie Dunn, Cora Priest, Sarah Ritter, Harry M. Levan, Willie Grogg, Allie M. Ewing, Mary E. Priest, Ella F. Engle, Carrie Vance, Mary West, Fanny Marquette, Annie King, Ellen C. Parsons, Alfred L. Graves, Lucy Manville, Jennie Douglass, Arthur Levan, Bertie Manville, Hannah Stuart, Emily K. Manville, Maggie Levan, Tommie Priest, Rust Manville, and Lillie Duncan.

(II.) Hattie Glover's list: C. W. Rust, Eliza A. Rust, Dora Engle, James Engle, Fannie Glover, Eliza Peck, W. H. Glover, Virginia Glover, Willie Glover, Albert Glover, and Nettie McDonald.

(III.) Eddie A. Burlingame's list: Alice J. Devin, Daisy E. Burlingame, Sarah S. Graves, Mrs. E. P. Burlingame, Alice Graves, Geo. L. Carley, E. P. Burlingame, Thomas P. White, John Riggs, Wm. T. McDaniel, Vernon L. Drain, Ethan Rmey, O. P. Devin, and Georgie Burlingame.

(IV.) Maggie Levan's list: Perry Reynolds, Nelly Hughes, Sam Reynolds, Walter Tolle, Rector Tolle, Ernest Reynolds, Dora Tolle, and Frank Biglow.

(V.) Mary West's list: Sarah Hiter, James Hiter, Jennie Melson, Louisa Sullivan, Mary D. Devin, Della Dobbin, Kate Chick, Laura Collier, Sallie Gunby, Minnie Grey, Mary E. McLeod, and Laura Dobbin.

(VI.) Ella Engle's list: Dora Turner, Lizzie S. Engle, Susie M. McMurry, Fannie W. McMurry, Susan Sonner, Mollie Priest, Rettie Priest, Susie Priest, Elizabeth Engle, Dee Shackelford, Ida Shackelford, Marmaduke Hillias, Katie Shackelford, Virgil Shackelford, Mattie Dines, Sarah Harvey, Robert McMurry, Sannie McMurry, Hattie Irwin, Kittie Irwin, Leonard Copenhagen, and Susie Burrus.

(VII.) Fannie Marquette's list: Katie Miller, Albert Turner, Sallie Turner, Lucy Marquette, Robert Hall, Bell Copenhagen, Fannie Smith, Sallie Oakes, Charles Copenhagen, Lizzie Miller, Emma Turner, Florence Smith, and Dora Turner.

Lizzie Hurlburt, of Oberlin, O., sends this list: Lizzie Hurlburt, Mrs. F. J. Hurlburt, H. E. Cole, F. B. Hurlburt, Charlie E. Hurlburt, Harry S. Hurlburt, Carrie M. Smith, Howard Smith, Kittie Thomas, Angie Thomas, Flora Arnold, Frankie Arnold, Gertie Morse, E. R. Cole, Hattie Worcester, Carrie E. Hendry, Anna Fisher, Jessie Russel, Susie Wallace, Minnie Edwards, Etta Moore, Gussie W. Platt, Emma Hamner, Mary Hunter, Charlie Reeves, and Mamie Whitney.

Albert E. Leach, of Mt. Vernon, N. H., sends the following list: Johnnie Bruce, Georgie F. Averill, Chester B. Averill, Johnnie Upton, Georgie E. Hill, Bertie F. Conant, Gracie Conant, Lullie E. Trevitt, May V. Trevitt, Lillie M. Dodge, Martha A. Green, Bridget Reilly, Mary Bell McCollom, Mary Ryan, Mary Reilly, Tommie Reilly, George Pike, Willie Fox, Richmond Smith, Jessie Carson, Willie Ryan, Willard Conant, Eunice A. Fox, Emma A. Bruce, and Belle Smith.

Jessie L. McDermut, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Jessie L. McDermut, Katie Lyons, Sarah Tinslow, Harry Jones, Minna Foster, Jennie Jones, Effie L. Smith, Mettie Pinkham, Annie M. Sheehan, Ida Pierce, Lizzie E. Kelly, Edith Holliday, Lillie Fowler, Emma Van Ness, Minnie Ellis, Grace Tobey, Minnie Miller, May Henry, Lillie Barnett, Nellie E. Fellows, E. P. Ellis, Nettie Richardson, Stella Johnson, and Nellie Richardson.

Lily F. Conkey, of Chicago, sends her *fourth* list: Robert Collyer, Maria P. Brace, Rose S. Wright, Helen L. Fast, Mrs. J. J. Glessner, Laura T. R. Kett, Georgie Glessner, D. F. Fast, Harry F. Kett, Frank C. Fast, Amanda Van Syckle, Geo. N. Van Houten, J. W. Hambleton, Hattie A. Edwards, Mme. Elise Luneau, I. U. Kirtland, Mamie Ely, Hattie Ely, Grace L. Whitehead, Clara Johnson, and Nellie Wright.

Hattie E. Woodward, of Big Flats, N. Y., sends this list: Mary L. Scofield, Jennie L. Lovell, Minnie Lovell, Hattie Johnson, Maggie Gildea, Mary Gildea, Altha G. Wormley, Bertha L. Wormley, Sarah M. Wormley, Celia Lucy, Lucy Lovell, Ella E. Peebles, Clara L. Scofield, Addie McNulty, Louisa McNulty, Katie Tiffi, Harris Bradshaw, Ella M. H. Van Gorder, Anna Ryan, Hattie E. Woodward.

From Jacob R. Smith, of Philadelphia, this list: Quita G. Barrett, Freddie J. Barrett, Eliza A. Kane, Kate Flumerfelt, Eliza J. Magee, Annie Simpson, Kate Green, Nellie Barrett, Laura Price, Susie Price, Annie Barrett, Irene M. Smith, May Gurnes, Frank G. Holbrook, Ed. Holbrook, George R. Magee, D. Jones, Lizzie Smith, William Rowen, and Jacob R. Smith.

George Scrogin, of Nicholasville, Ky., sends the following list: Willy Clemons, B. P. Campbell, Richard Curd, John Bronaugh, James Dorman, Betty Dorman, Frank Daniel, Florence Hutchinson, George Jelf, William Lear, James Lear, Wm. Scott, Clayton Smith, Mattie Smith, Mary Spilman, Waldern Smith, Charley Glass, Mattie Wallace, Herbert Scrogin, and Geo. Scrogin.

Maud Williams and Nellie Hamilton, of Hampton Beach, send this list: Jessie T. Swinburne, Annie J. Rogers, Amy Estcourt, Josie L. Moore, Lillian J. T. Allen, Fannie King, Sadie Snow, Minnie Lee, Kittie M. G. Darling, Belle R. Home, George T. Lewis, Ebenezer Clark, Edward S. Thompson, Ephraim Lausing, Peter Berry, Geo. T. S. De Forest, James Benjamin, and Sammy Smith.

"A Mother" in Rome, Ga., sends this list: Grace Panchen, Bessie Panchen, Ruth Norton, Marion Bones, Clyde Leland, Stockton Axson, Ernest West, Charlie West, Hattie Cleveland, Johnny Fain, Charlie Nagle, Eddie Colclough, Willie Terhune, Eddie Frost, Arthur Frost, Emma Green, Mamie Fain, and Flora Fain.

Mary C. Hutz, of Chambersburg, sends this list: Mary C. Hutz, Ida B. Hamsher, Willie E. Hamsher, Andrew Stepler, Charlie Budd, Anne R. Budd, James Hamilton, Sam Hamilton, Maggie Snyder, John Snyder, Martin Snyder, Kate Snyder, Amie Miller, Fannie Shatzley, Kate Fahnestack, Hattie Ashway, and Kate Ashway.

This list is from Belle Northrop, of Center Brook, Conn.: Lizzie S. Tillett, Mary L. Tillett, Annie C. Tillett, Hattie E. Hyde, Fannie R. Hyde, Abbie G. Wilcox, Emily Wright, Maria Blake, Carrie Gladding, Esther Champlin, Jessa Chapman, Annie Chapman, Alice Gladding, Minnie Plumber, Lena Knowles, Delfie Clark, and Belle Northrop.

Arthur E. Smith, of Union, N. Y., sends this list: Arthur E. Smith, William F. West, Austin B. Whittemore, Ernest E. Smith, Clair M. Mersereau, Herbert C. Guy, Clarence A. Hagadorn, J. Louis Knapp, Irvin S. Barton, Wm. S. Mersereau, Edgar J. Mersereau, Samuel J. Mason, Eddie K. Mersereau, Bertie C. Newell, S. Mack Smith, C. Oliver, and John D. Smith.

Susie A. Murray, of New York, sends this list: Susie A. Murray, Maggie Daly, Mary Osborn, John Martin, Frank Wheeler, Edna Wheeler, Martin Wheeler, Cora Wheeler, Tillie Rothschild, Ida Rothschild, Nina Henriques, Mary S. Murray, Tillie H. Murray, K. I. Murray, Sadie Cox, and Peter Cox.

Anna R. Prouty, of Chelsea, Mass., sends this list: Anna R. Prouty, Jennie Townsend, Hattie Ramsdale, Carrie Chansenkober, Etta S. Brooke, Hattie Knight, Grace Wilson, May Crooks, Dollie Curry, Flossie Tenney, Bridget Ryan, Katie Kent, and Willie Adams.

Walter N. P. Darrow, of Yorktown, N. Y., sends this list: John Gaughran, William Kear, Edward Kear, Thomas Phillips, George Sweeney, William Churchill, John Churchill, Walter N. P. Darrow, Wm. Coffey, Geo. Dekay, and Orin Smith.

Lizzie Gover, of Baltimore, sends these names: Lizzie Gover, Rosa Swain, Gussie Carter, Lizzie Gardner, Herbert Gardner, Tommy Perkins, Mamie Gover, Lucy Harding, Lizzie Hull, Nannie Walker, Mary Young, and E. Hews.

W. J. Eldridge, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Clinton J. Trout, Jr., Jennie S. Trout, May Fox, Horace Fox, Blanche E. Dexter, Henri Leone Dexter, Mary E. Supplee, Charlie Supplee, M. Myers, H. Homer Dalby, Lavinia E. Giles, Henry Giles, and Philip H. Rosenbach.

Helen E. Brown, of New York City, sends this list: Emma J. Bonner, Mamie Bonner, Carrie T. Burkam, Julia D. Brown, Issie D.

Brown, Orie D. Brown, Ethel D. Brown, Sarah J. Cobb, Ed. H. D. Brown, Robert I. Brown, Jr., and Helen E. Brown.

Lizzie Higgins, of Wolfville, sends this list: Ida Jones, Edna Gilmore, Allie Fitch, May Elder, Lena Freeman, Ernest Freeman, Kate Emming, Walter Higgins, Mockett Higgins, and Frank Higgins.

M. and S. Harvey, of Chicago, send this list: Margaret Harvey, Emma McLean, Maud Barnett, Julia Dickson, Lorena Morrell, Nellie Barnett, Milly Harvey, Lulu Fuller, James Harvey, Margaret Agnes Harvey, John Harvey, and Stuart Harvey.

Lillie V. Ladd, of Plymouth, N. H., sends this list: Renie Ladd, Maud Whitter, Hattie Chase, Katie Smith, Freddie Smith, Harry Blake, Laura Connel, Eva Blaisdel, Lillie Chase, Nettie Armstrong, and Lillie Ladd.

From J. D. Grant, of Newark, Ohio, this list: J. D. Grant, J. A. Grant, Eddie Grant, Frankie Kibler, Davie Cordray, Frankie Martin, Jessie Giffen, Hattie Evans, Willard Moul, and Eddie Wolring.

Nellie B. Wright, of Portville, sends this list: Nellie B. Wright, Mary D. Bartlett, Kate Bartlett, Nettie Ann Scofield, Belle Colwell, Frank H. Wright, Libbie Weston, Charlie B. Bennie, Kate Magavise, Frank Bartlett, and Wallie Weston.

Eva Elderkin, of Pueblo, Colorado, sends this list: Curtis Ellis, Johnnie Ellis, Annie Elderkin, Katie Stout, Lily Stanchfield, Anna Jenkins, Louis Brown, Addie Brown, Fred Bateman, Warry Weaver, and Eva Elderkin.

R. T. French, of Brooklyn, sends these names: R. T. French, Jr., Charles Hubbell, Horace Chichester, Otto Van Campen, E. Chapman, Frank Knapp, Frank French, James Reilly, and Frank Reilly.

John G. Jack sends these names of members of a "Bird-defending family": John G. Jack, May Jack, Annie Jack, Mary Jack, Willie Jack, Jamie Jack, Stanton Jack, Norman Jack, and Hope Jack.

Horace Wylie, of Washington, sends this list: Horace Wylie, Andrew Wylie, Mary Caroline Wylie, Mary Thomas Bryan, Lithea Winston, Jas. Burke, Mary Burke, Frank Duncan, Martha Stewart, and Ada Chinn.

Herbert G. Nichols, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Herbert G. Nichols, Frank Terry; Eddie Ray, James Moore, Helen Paul, Mirabel Ray, Paul R. Nichols, Eva K. Terry, Minnie C. Nichols, and Frank L. Nichols.

Madeline Palmer, of Catskill, N. Y., sends these names: Helen Gavit, Anna M. Jenkins, Harry Jenkins, Fannie Gavit, Attie Gavit, Isabelle Fassett, Fred Fassett, Jennie Gilbert, and Anna Gilbert.

James B. Cox, of Middletown, N. Y., sends this list: John Collins, Frank Low, Theodore Cox, Willie Friend, Allie Munce, Jessie Cox, Anna Gummerson, and Janie Munce.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Carrie Wills, David Wills, Priscilla Reed, Maude Draper, Rosie Moore, Edgar Mahan, John Moore, and Hattie Lusk.

Mary L. Davis, of Lexington, Ky., sends these names: Mary L. Davis, Emma Farnau, John Gunn, Robt. T. Gunn, Mary D. Gunn, Fannie A. Gunn, Alie R. Hunt, and Katie Hunt.

Katy S. Billings, of New York, sends this list: Katy F. Billings, Georgie Alley, D. M. Stimson, M. L. Roberts, Abram Wakeman, Katie W. Price, and Martha Evans.

Washington, D. C., sends this list: Willie Chandlee, Eddie Chandlee, May W. R. Chandlee, Kitty A. Loomis, Mamie C. P. Chapman, Jessie Randall, and Grace Chandlee.

Willie Corson, of Hartford, Conn., sends this list: Daisy Corson, Mary Brainard, Charlie Brainard, Hatty Day, Kate Fellowes, Anna Day, and Willie Corson.

Thomas Hunt sends a list as follows: Allen Cammack, Emanuel Patterson, Cornelia Gilson, Charlie Gaines, Morrison Rea, Margaret McCooley, and Thomas Hunt.

Charles G. Moon, of Montrose, sends this list: Charles G. Moon, Willie J. Moon, Alfred Moon, Nellie A. Moon, May Moon, and Edwin Moon.

"Pearl," of Chicago, sends this list: Belle Hollister, Louise Kellogg, Emma Flagle, Jennie Eastman, Annie Eastman, and Gertie Eastman.

Annie Holden, of Batavia, sends this list: Fred Worthington, Ned Smith, Hattie Holden, Annie Russell, Georgie Holden, and Annie Holden.

Newton, Mass., sends this list: Winnie H. Burr, Frank Potter, Bertie Brackett, Fred W. Emerson, Willie O. Edmonds, and Willie O. Underwood.

Edward Markell, of Lutherville, sends a list as follows: Edward Markell, Alice Markell, Jennie H. Markell, Montgomery B. Corkran, Charles E. Corkran, and Frank Terry.

W. A. Farnsworth, of East Saginaw, Mich., sends this list: Fred Bridgeman, Geo. Glynn, Sheldon Lee, and Sarah Lee.

"Olive," of Hastings, N. Y., sends these names: Bertha Blanchard, Johnnie Blanchard, Marie Blanchard, Kate Conklyn, and Mary Hagerty.

Charlie W. Balestier, of Brattleboro, Vt., sends this list: Mrs. J. N. Thorn, Mrs. A. T. Balestier, Frank A. Thorn, Miss N. J. Bullock, B. Fitzgerald, Laura Richards, Minnie Spencer, and Laura Lucas.

Fred C. Morehouse, of Milwaukee, Wis., sends this list: Fred C. Morehouse, Lizzie P. Morehouse, Howard L. Morehouse, Jennie L. Morehouse, and Mary L. Morehouse.

Emma K. Armstrong, of Salem, Va., sends this list: Mary Ferguson, Mattie Ferguson, Nettie Stafford, Fannie Armstrong, and Emma K. Armstrong.

Here is a list from Newton, Mass.: Freddie W. Emerson, Winnie M. Burr, Willie O. Edmonds, Bertie Brackett, Frankie Potter, and Willie Underwood.

Maud King sends this list: Annie Hobson, Lizzie Surette, Eva Gay, Hattie Gay, Helen Geer, Mary Keyes, Eddie Surette, Eddie Barrett, Mary Mitchell, and Maud King.

Augusta L. De Vinne, of Linden, sends this list: Lizzie S. Winans, Emma J. Hackett, Mamie L. Winans, Amy M. Wood, Emma T. Ormandy, Rebecca J. Shamp, Lillie Shamp, and Eddie E. De Vinne.

May McDougall sends these names: Charlie S. Raymond, Annie Carter, F. N. West, Clara Yale, Nellie Eastman, May McDougall.

Olive Wilcoxon, of Richmond, Ind., sends this list: Alice Towle, Fanny Crawford, Miltie Overman, Elmer Towle, and O. Wilcoxon.

Clara L. Coldren, of Verdi, Nevada, sends this list: Clara L. Coldren, Helen F. Coldren, and Ettie L. Coldren.

Brookville, Pa., sends this list: Frances Rodgers, Kate Rodgers, Alfred Rodgers, Mary Rodgers, and Mrs. Rodgers.

Other lists have been received as follows:

Kittie E. Lewis, Mattie Lewis, Mary Lewis, and Margaret Lewis. Walter McDonald, Dick Durgin, Eddie Filkins, and Eddie Durgin.

Linda Bergin, Mamie Moore, Daisy Hunt, and Fannie Hunt. Charlie Willard, John Bates, Evie Styles, and Frank Troup.

Mrs. Annie Dalmas, Carrie Dalmas, Nannie Dalmas, and Philip Dalmas.

E. Grant Keen, Florence Sheeler, Emily Keen, and Lillie M. Keen. F. J. Kellogg, M. C. Buck, and Villa Kellogg.

Inez Simms, Willie C. Houghton, and Herbie R. Houghton.

Eddie Field, Josie Field, and Lottie Field.

Maggie T. Jakes, Sadie C. Barnard, and Maggie Barnard.

Cynthia Murdock, Lizzie Smith, and Alice Murdock.

Bennie P. Holbrook, Fred L. Sweetser, and Charlie E. Holbrook.

Addie Soliss, Johnnie Soliss, and Daisy Soliss.

Benny S. Cooke, Clement Cooke, and Hannah M. Cooke.

Charlie W. Pittenger, Fred Pittenger, and Annie M. Pittenger.

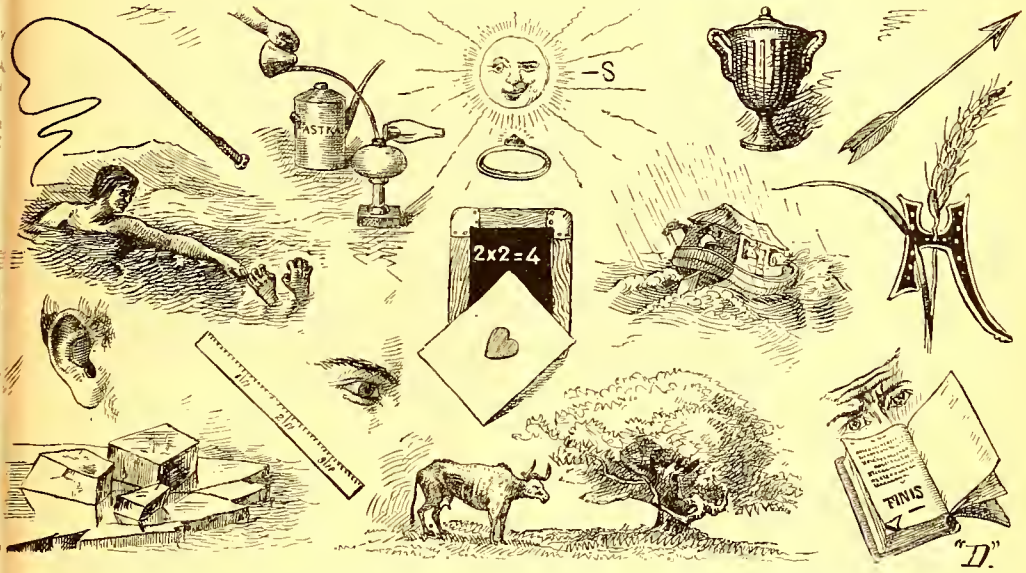
Ellie S. Fannin, Ernst A. Fannin, and O. Porter Fannin, Jr.

Besides the above, the following names have been received: Wm. H. Hotchkiss, Walter B. Hotchkiss, Winnie Howells, Johnnie Howells, Frank Tatum, Willie Tatum, Belle A. Sites, Leslie H. Ingham, Tommie Napier, Johnnie Napier, Georgiana P. Hays, Helen A. Hays, C. Burr Grinstead, W. Stanley Grinstead, Francis B. Sanborn, V. C. Sanborn, Fay Granberry, Ella Granberry, Lizzie Wallace, Willie Wallace, J. Lauriston, Willie C. Stone, Annie Robinson, Willie Robinson, Alfred Wallace, Mary F. Wallace, Minnie Gould, Orin B. Gould, Thomas Hunt, Edward Livingston Hunt, Rosaie M. Bemis, Ida A. Bemis, Harry H. M. Johnson, Duncan S. Merwin, Susie R. Duryee, Clifford H. Holcombe, Mattie Sever, Annie F. Mills, James N. Ballantine, Nellie Croul, Ransom L. Maynard, Louisa P. Morgan, H. F. J. Hockenberger, Elmer Willison, Howard Knewels, Mary S. Turnure, Thomas R. Harris, Mollie Brounson, Helena W. Chamberlain, Mary S. Beauvais, Nellie C. Beckwith, Mary C. Eastman, George O. Brot, Louis M. Sawdon, Heywood Cuthbert, Johnny Baker, Charles H. Chapman, Willie A. Lewis, Gracie Bigelow, Ollie Godfrey, Jennie Dorr, Joseph Evan Detwiler, Richard Aldrich, Josie R. Ingalls, Jennie Willard, E. Lucky Williams, Neville Castle, Frederic R. King, Edward A. Williams, Lizette H. Fisher, Amy Waters, Arthur D. Cross, William H. Atkinson, Robert W. Atkinson, Lida A. Clark, Jimmie Crowell, Ella Crowell, Helen Wilson, Julian Wilson, Gilbert Wilson, Edith L. Strays, Mamie Barris, Julia Perry, Bessie F. Hooper, Mary Kuhn, Addie Kuhn, Edmund S. Smith, Francis H. Smith, Walstein G. Smith, Calvin Cicero Littlejohn, Margaret H. Wyman, Jeanie Dwight, Theodore Dwight, Georgie Maxwell, Nellie De Rhodes, and Hattie C. D. De Rhodes.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(With a certain prefix of two letters make a word of each of these designs.)



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of a famous story-teller, and the finals those whom he loved. 1. An Eastern language. 2. A noted Bible character. 3. A city of India. 4. The opposite of good. 5. A king of England. 6. A precious metal. 7. A part of the day. 8. A famous conqueror.

L. W. H.

EASY CROSS-WORD.

My first is in May, but not in June;
 My second is in air, but not in tune;
 My third is in bun, but not in cake;
 My fourth is in sleep, and also in wake;
 My fifth is in wild, but not in tame;
 My whole, you will find, is a little girl's name.

M.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter stands opposite any object, it destroys something. 2. A letter by cooking raises a quarrel. 3. Military officers appear when a letter appends its name to a document. 4. Give a letter a certain rank and it becomes consolidated. 5. Attach a letter to part of a ship, and it becomes part of the body. 6. When a letter imitates an animal, it is preparing to travel. 7. A letter when a sailor, becomes a disease. 8. When a letter is more certain, it will be a miser. 9. Sometimes a letter forms parts of speech by being mischievous. 10. When a letter chastises, pleasure carries aboard.

RUTH.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

My left slope was a transformed king, who upheld the heavens. My right is a stone. My center, exhalations. My first, a vowel. My second, a steam-vessel. My third, an undeveloped insect. My fourth, a vegetable coloring matter. My fifth, a kind of stone.

J. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I AM glad that — was left in the —. 2. I will — that bird if it — near me. 3. I — his opinion about the —. 4. Thy Russian leather called — has a — smell. 5. The fracture was — the —. 6. — are taken from a bird, but a — is an animal. 7. You have trained that — in an — manner. 8. Will they — the decree when they — its hidden meaning.

RUTH.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to come together; reverse, and find to abound. 2. To boast; reverse, and find clothing. 3. Winged animals; reverse, and find to stick with a knife. 4. A timid animal; reverse, and find a marsh plant. 5. A blot; reverse, and find lids. 6. Kitchen utensils; reverse, and find a garden vegetable. 7. A voyage; reverse, and find frisky.

C. C.

SQUARE-WORD.

My first is sought beneath the sea,
 An ornament for you or me;
 On some high cliff or towering tree,
 My next the hunter bold may see;
 My third, the rose to you will give,
 Long as its blushing petals live;
 My fourth, each little twig may be,
 When frost has silvered shrub and tree;
 My fifth serves, in the printer's art,
 To keep the crowded lines apart.

B.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. RICH I lived, but poor I die. 2. The ape runs up the tree. 3. Put a hat on your head, or you will take cold. 4. Such I named it, at any rate. 5. Yes, hide it, papa, lest I never cease to look at it.

M. W. and T. S.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other designs are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY METAGRAM.—Sot, cot, Lot, rot, not, hot, dot, jot
 BEHEADED RHYMES —Start, tart, art—Plate, late, ate.
 RIDDLE.—Kingfisher. 1. Fish. 2. Shiner. 3. Fin. 4. Fresh. 5. Keg. 6. Knife. 7. Fries. 8. Fire. 9. Fisher. 10. Sinkers.
 TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Tailor. 2. Dentist. 3. Doctor. 4. Milliner. 5. Drug-store. 6. Groceries. 7. Post-office. 8. Cash-store. 9. Dry-goods.
 ENIGMA.—Alfred Tennyson.
 CHARADE, No. 1.—Indian Turnip (Jack-in-the-Pulpit)
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC —America, England.
 A —ppl— E
 M —a— N
 E —ndin— G
 R —aphae— L
 I —ow— A
 C —anaa— N
 A —n— D
 REBUS.—
 "He showed a tent
 A stone-shot off; we entered in, and there,
 Among piled arms and rough accouterments,
 Pitiful sight, wrapt in a soldier's cloak,
 Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
 And pushed by rude hands from its pedestal."
 CHARADE, No. 2.—Together.

WORD-SQUARE.
 D A I S Y
 A R O M A
 I O N I C
 S M I T H
 Y A C H T
 ELLIPSES.—1. Florence. 2. Olive. 3. Anna. 4. Laura. 5. Rose. 6. Abigail. 7. Persis. 8. Sally. 9. Eugenia. 10. Viola. 11. Sibyl. 12. Grace. 13. Victoria.
 DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE. S
 L A R
 M A T E D
 T I T U L A R
 C A M E R A T E D
 P I R A T E D
 C A T E S
 L E D
 D
 CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bird-defenders.
 HIDDEN SQUARE.—
 H O M E
 O P A L
 M A I L
 E L L A
 ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.—Catherine-wheel window. 1. Lancet window. 2. Arch. 3. Niche. 4. Tower. 5. Arcade.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from George W. Broun, Clinton B. Poe, Grace C., Florence E. Hyde, Alice M. Hyde, Harry Nyce, Mary C. Goodwin, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mary J. Tilghman, Charley Gartrell, Louise M., Rosie Draper, Nettie E. Stevens, Laurens T. Postell, T. F. Sykes, Olin Boggess, Katie G. Bolster, Jennie S. Leh, Clement A. Walker, Jr., Charlie B. Bennett, A. F. S., Allie H. Smith, Mary E. Chandlee, "E. and F., Ida Christiancy, Clelia D. Mosher, Marcia A. Lamphier, "A Clover Blossom," Nathaniel Haven, C. W. Coleman, Willie L. Young, Mary C. Foster, "5-11," Helen Reese, Robt. M. Reese, "Little Bird," J. P. Gilchrist, Carrie Simpson, "Little Nell," Charlie W. Balestier, Nellie S. Smith, Edith L. Shays, Nellie B. Wright, Kitty A. Loomis, Eugene L. Lockwood, "Olive," Cynthia Murdock, "Puck and Pansy," W. H. Rowe, "Bowie," Jesse R. Lerch, Wm. H. Healy, "Nimpo," M. H. Rochester, "Ovid," Leila Delano, Charley W. Rice, Rachel Hutchins, Alice W. Ques, Susie A. Murray, E. S. M. and R. B. M., Lizzie Merrill, Etta B. Singleton, Charles H. Delanoy, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Frank H. Belknap, Russell Fearon, Ernest Wilmarth, Hattie D. C. De Rhodes, and Julia D. Hunter.

THE ARMY OF BIRD-DEFENDERS.

GENERAL ORDER, NO. I.

Head-quarters, Army of Bird-Defenders, in the Field.

to the Gallant Volunteers of the Grand Army:

The General-in-Chief congratulates the Grand Army. But little over one year ago the first proclamation was issued, calling for volunteers in defense of our feathered friends. Nobly have you responded to the call. The avowed enemies of bird persecution, torture, and murder have enrolled themselves under the Defenders' banner, from all parts of our own country, and from distant climes. We may well be proud of this work, but more is to be done.

Comrades and fellow-soldiers, the Spring campaign is opened. In every thicket the enemy is skulking, in every field he is marching upon our friends. Be alert, be active, to dissuade him from his designs. Fire at him with pleadings, with argument, with philosophy. Measure up scraps of information on the usefulness, the wisdom, and the ingenuity of the little birds, and shoot them at him as if they were shot and shell and grape. Stand steadfast in the cause of justice, and right, and mercy, and save the birds by all lawful and proper effort. Our allies are aiding us. During the past Winter the Legislatures of several of the States have discussed the question of bird protection, and some of these have already passed laws in their behalf.

Let every soldier in the Grand Army aid in filling the ranks with volunteers. Form new squads and companies and regiments, and report to ST. NICHOLAS at once. The pheasant is drumming, and the larks and quails are piping; whole regimental bands are calling for recruits. Rally! rally! and victory must perch on our banner.

By order of

C. C. HASKINS, Commander-in-Chief

GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

May Flint, Alvin P. Johnson, Charley Graham, Philip S. M., Jessie F.-I, and "Toodles, or real name, H. M. T."

Hugh F. Berry, Edward Barbour, M. S. Newton, W. Van Buren, Willie Sams, Nat Sanders, George Anthony, Robert Prather, W. P. Buren, Howard A. Kenner, Bennie Prather, Frankie Prather, Frank E. Johnson, O. D. Johnson, Noah U. S. Johnson, Johnnie Moody, Allie A. Powe, Bell Berry, Ella Sams, Fannie Richmond, Cener Sanders, Bell Parks, Selina Copeland, Minda Bohannon, Allie Moody, Bettie Polk, Clint Kenner.

John W. Smith, Fred L. B., Louis Mitchell, Edward Halloway, Lily Graves, "Rosal," "Ned," Jessie A. Hall, Jennie Brown, Susie Brown, Jennie Fleischmann, Cora Wallace, Fred L. Bancroft.

Mary Morris, Katie Bachert, Lizzie Hill, J. M. Sholty, Cora Walcutt, Eva Ingram, Clara Palmer, Susie Kugler, Gracie Ballard, Elta Essig, C. W. Chapman, Ella S. Flohr, Lizzie C. Foreman, Annie M. Foreman, Mollie K. Frederick, Flora B. Becher, Edwin Smith, Orpha Stanley, Lettie C. Ingram, Katie Hayhurst, Maggie J. Becher, Nettie Skelton, Ernest Bachert, Willie Bachert, Harry Hill, Fannie Bachert, W. G. Owen, Anna Robinson, Mary P. Morris, Sallie Robinson.

Theodore Kirkland, Fred Stevens, Walter Walker, Harry Miller, Gussie Gautert, Harry Wright, Freddie Howe, Neddie Hadley, Willie Ahers, Jonnie Drown, Eddie Atherton, Louis Horner, Harry Knight, Willie Devine, Willie Nash, Fred Hastings, Marie Austin, Hollie Reed, Jimmie Moran, Eddie Curtis, Merab Kellogg, Emma Fay, Nellie Goodrich, Mary Brown, Ann E. Brown, A. S. Higginson, L. S. Higginson, S. M. Bradley, J. P. Miles, Katharine Miles, E. B. Howland, S. C. Wells, M. E. Wells, P. S. Cutts, Mamie Howard, Lizzie F. Schuster, Lillie Brooks, Alice Brooks, Annie Wyman, Emma Houghton, Emily Bradley, W. C. Bradley, J. D. Bradley, R. C. Bradley, C. F. Schuster, Lina Holbrook, Ida Curtis, Addie Foster, Emma Dickinson, Lillie Ketting, Frederika Horner, Esther Thomas, Lucy Atherton, Minnie Baker, Mamie Howe, Emma Horner, Belle Smith, Hattie Alden, Fannie Guild, Katie Austin, Belle Guild, Louise Dennison, Annie Buggel, Nettie J. Knight.

Meta Gage, Edward Seaman, Hattie E. Alvord, Edith K. Harris, Mary A. Harris, Frank A. Taber, John Fremont, Laura A. Freeman, Roy Wright, Henry L. Morris, A. L. Williams, Edith Carpen-

ter, Fanny Burton, Annie C. Pearson, Jeanie S. Pearson, Nellie E. Lucas, Minna Käsehagen, H. Sedgwick Stallknecht, Wally Stallknecht, Josie Stallknecht, Eddie H. Eckel.

Mr. Haskins' list of boys' and girls' names, pupils of male and female high schools of New Albany, Ind.: Frank H. Gohman, A. L. Douglas, Charles G. Wilson, G. W. Haskins, Frank M. Worrall, Daniel S. Trinler, Daniel R. E. Doherty, Edward W. Faucett, Alex. Lowestellose Wells, Jr., Charles Lloyd, John T. Robinson, Hartie H. Depen, John Steele Davis, Jr., C. Filch, R. Byrn, Harry Linnon, Frank Miller, C. H. Gard, Charles N. Pitt, J. M. Stotsenburg, J. F. McCulloch, W. P. Lewis, Wm. P. Tuley, John J. Tighe, John E. Payne, Charles Greene, W. Leach, Eugene Swift, James Lewis, Charlie A. Haskins, Hettie R. Smith, Alice White, Amanda Newbanks, Nannie A. Windell, Belle Lane, Lydia M. Littell, Mattie Matheny, Lillie Austin, Lilian F. Moore, Ella Harbeson, Sallie I. McCulloch, Addie Bader, Becca Byrn, Lydia Townsend, H. H. Franck, Jennie Day, Rosallda Kent, Katie Hurtle, Mary Schofield, Emma Dowerman, Nannie Andrews, Nannie Royer, Maggie Baldwin, Grace M. Lee, Laura E. Johnston, Mary Kelso, Gertie E. Jackson, Gertie Forse, Mamie Wilson, Ella M. Hill, Augusta Tising, Josie Jasper, Ida M. Sackett, Zora White, Annie Nichols, Lina Shelton, Anna Doen, Mary Ewing, Hattie L. Stout, Lizzie Pearson, Hattie Deeble, Sallie King, Eva Matheny, Ella Applegate, Estelle Neat, Alice Tuley, Mary Robellaz, Louisa Goetz, Caddie Conner, Kittie Davis, P. A. Rager, Lillie M. Tuley, Sarah A. Sinex, Laura Johnson, Maggie M. Hall, Emma J. Noyes, Anna Draper, Lottie Cogswell, and A. M. Thurman.

Ella Christopher, A. A. Fays, Josie Philips, Ida Holmes, and Emma Bours.

Minnie Thomas, Wilson Farrand, Marion W., Fred A. Norton, Arthur D. Percy, Allan Preston, Robert Nichols, Harry Duncan, Herbert Irwin, Charlie Irwin, Harry Lewis, Fred W. Ellis, Bertie S. Ellis, James Moore, Fred Moore, Charlie Moore, Edgar D. Austin

Edwin Howard, Arthur Willard, Charlie S. Willard, Ernest Leslie, Fred Leslie, Robert Stearns, Jamie F. Carleton, Alfred P. Curtis, Harry W. Curtis, Percy S. Clifford, Eddie F. Graham, Charlie Warren, Emma G. Lyon, Percy Lyon, Harold A. Lyon, Bertie E. Lyon, Lilian Lyon, Marian Lyon, Minnie Merwin, Ethel S. Percy, Alma Lewis, Edith F. Willard, Grace Ellis, Allie Morse, Jessie S. Austin, Stella C. Nichols, Gerrie E. Nichols, Florence Irwin, Hattie W. Osborne, Mabel W. Irwin, Bessie R. Allen, Carrie F. Dana, Allie K. Bertram, Cora Kendall, Nettie S. Elliott, Bertie L., Louise S., R. B. Corey, B. Waterman, C. E. Sweet, Maggie Lippincott, Frank Ratch, Rollie Bates, Horace S. Kephart, Willie Boucher Jones, Roderick E. Jerald, Ora L. Dowty, Walter C. Pierce, Leonard M. Daggett, and Ernest G. Dumas.

Lulie M. French, Fordie M. French, Ambrose Matson, James T. Wood, Homer Matson, Tillie B. French, Haidee Ottman, Mary A. Moore, Ellen Clark, Elizabeth Scott, Lily Wilson, Rosa Scott, Nancy E. Moore, Nettie Bedinger, Jennie Wood, Maggie E. Wood, Harriet Bedinger, Lizzie Wilson, and Delila Moore.

Mattie Brinner, Adonia Quin, Sue Cooper, Nellie Franklin, Mary Cardier, Alice Clarke, Mariam Waller, Jessie Earhart, Nora Nesbit, Dora Earhart, Ada Hahn, Minnie Benjamin, Eliza Procter, Ettie Earhart, Eliza Smith, Sadie McCune, Fannie Crook, Bertha Hahn, Mary Quin, May Landon, Anna Welsh, Katie Welsh, Minnie Nesbit, Jessie Floyd, Minnie Schletzbaum, Ida Hahn, Mary Grace, Katy Mulenax, Dora Wright, Eby Brenner, Julia Dale, Jennie Price, Ellie Earhart, Lucy Cooper, Willie Franklin, George Quin, Teddie Hadnal, Eddie Franklin, Isaiah Monhollon, George Waller, Hugh McCrum, Willie Ege, Truman Floyd, Geo. Crook, and John A. Sea.

James S. Newton, Sarah W. Putnam, Robin Flanders and Mella Bueb, S. C. Merrill, Julian A. Hallock, Kittie Child, Bessie Child, Alice Child, Richard Aldrich, Edward B. Cushing, L. A. Freeman, Prissie Fergus, Samuel Fergus, Ida Swindler, Frankie Freeman, Woodie Freeman, George M. Reese, Stephen Penrose, Henry A. Hippler, Ethel Fox, Mary and Henry Babetta, Helen Wordsworth, Milly Fairfax, Willie W. Nisbet, Anna Frazer, May and Jacob Bockee, Anna Buckland, Annie Kettler, Alice Buckland, Mary Buckland, Thomas A. Buckland, Johnnie Buckland, Sadie Buckland, Lee McNichols, Willie Williams, Charlie Williams, Josie Williams, M. P. Norris, Eddy C. Wiltstach, Lulu Paine, Sarah E. Brown, Nellie Paine, Maggie Graham, Eddie Wilson, David Plumb, W. H. Stratford, C. H. Salter, Frank D. Rapelyea, Bruno Tuma, John L. Salter, Willie Graham, Fred A. Pratt and his little brother, Louise F. Olmstead, Kitty B. Whipple, Agnes P. Roberts, M. L. Cross, Minnie Fisher, Carrie Fisher, Alice and Fanny Eddy, S. P. Hutchinson, Bertie L. Colby, Harry M. Reynand, Nellie S. Colby, and W. V. A. Catron.

Richard L. Hovey, Helen T. Brown, Joseph S. Steele, Charles Corey, Ella Moore, Anna J. Ewing, Howard B. Smith, Gerrie Bradley, Frank H. Burt, Emma C. Preston, Carrie A. Johnson, John Sturtevant, Oscar Hale, George C. Parker, Lidie V. R. Parker, John W. Parker, Jimmy Rogers, Lulu and Willie Habirshaw, Alexander Wiley, Harry Brandt, Ira Coover, Luke Herring, Bertha E. Salmarsh, Willie H. Frost, Edwin C. Frost, Charles C. McLaughlin, Frank Collins, Carlos Collins, Eddie Lindeman Davenport, Libbie Vocum, T. Miller, Laura Vocum, Nannie Vocum, J. H. Vocum, W. C. Miller, Emily Miller, Kleyda Richardson, and Elliott Verne Richardson.

Jessie A. Hall, Allie F. Chapin, A. M. Billings, Clara Coates, Fannie Deane, Lizzie Z. Whitney, Nina Z. Hall, Mary H. Pratt, Mira Thornton, Albert T. Hall, Frank J. Pratt, George Thompson, Miss Mattie E. Lucy, and Mrs. E. A. Hall.

Mary C. Ayers, Edith E. Ayers, Morton H. Ayers, Theodore May, Oscar May, Frank T. Bowman, Bessie J. Bowman, Florence A. Bowman, and George H. Bowman.

Edw. W. Robinson, Joseph Greenhall, Joseph Strausser, Sol Kayser, John Smith, Henry Lafor, John H. Hanan, Louis Vogler, Lewis Robertson, Sam Manheimer, David Manheimer, Julius Lamack, Adam Fox, Andy Acker, Frederick Acker, Emanuel Bach, Henry A. Van Praag, Edward Dennerlein, Emil Nehl, and Moses Berg.

Katie Bachert, Mary Morris, Sarah Barnett, Julia Floyd, Maggie Wolfe, Annie Hundertmark, Minnie Hundertmark, Emma Schyslar, Sophie Schyslar, Wm. Geltz, Mrs. B. Bachert, Jno. M. Bachert, Lizzie Kline, Fannie Robinson, Laura Roberts, Carrie Brightman, Louise Elmer, and Flora Lloyd.

Ambrose Morris, Willis Earnshaw, Charley Remillet, Willie

Shower, Willie Rogers, M. A. Earnshaw, George Best, August Land, Charley E. Wilson, E. H. Morris, Cary Roberts, Norviel Earnshaw, Willie Yant, James Wherry, Frankie Singer, Patrick W. and Levite Best.

William H. Terry, George E. Carpenter, Lines Groo, Jock Sw James Newkirk, Willie L. Cox, David C. Winfield, Harry C. Land, Eddie Jessup, Eddie Boyd, William H. Bell, Charles Wint H. Wiggins, Richard Abbot, Robert F. Brown, Harry Og Edward Dekay, Lewis Stivers, John Stivers, John Bowin, Will Mullock, Squire Woodward, Ashabel Prenk, Willie Henry, W Stevenson, George Bull, Fannie P. Cowin, Laura Adams, Jey Gaudener, Jennie Duryea, Ella Quick, Fannie Graves, Fannie Bey Allie Wickham, Mary Rogers, Eva Brett, Prue March, Flora Palh Katie Bell, Sadie Banker, Etta Sweet, Emma Miller, Millie M Jennie Lord, Mimi Wickham, Jessie Harney, Birdie Harney, James B. Cox.

Jake and May Bockee, Clifton B. Dare, Arthur L. Raym Isabel D. Raymond, Helen W. Raymond, Win. F. Raymond, F G. Raymond, Bertie S. Raymond, Alma G. Raymond, Ethel Austin, Harry N. Austin, Louie E. Austin, Allie G. Raymo C. Finley Hersman, Emma Wetmore, William H. Wetmore, H. Boardman, Mary Louise Webster, Mary Ella Ritter, C. V. B ner, Lizzie Laning, Klyda Richardson, Geo. R. Marill, and Fara and Rosa Marrell.

Emily M. Bullard, Lizzie M. Knapp, Mary C. Knapp, Fran E. Weidlon, Ella Holcomb, Hattie Chapman, Lizzie C. Young, Janie A. Sunderland, Amie W. Lester, Edith A. Lutz, Belle L. Larop, Carrie E. Brainard, Ida L. Thompson, Minnie B. Welch, Ma Bundy, Lottie E. Smith, Louisa E. Heine, M. Annie Bostwick Adelle T. Peck, Jennie C. Gale, Nellie Costello, Hattie Bill, Jear L. Penfield, Clara Pratt, Sarah Goldsmith, Annie Riley, Mary Wel Lizzie C. Wright, Jennie T. Pelton, Huldah H. Knok, Julia Heublein, Prudey V. Townsend, Cora I. Nott, Hattie A. McKa Mary J. Martin, Hattie R. Wade, Lita R. Heussler, Carrie Lili Sykes, Lizzie O. Hatch, Florence Peltier, Carrie A. Humphrey, and Lizzie E. Ranney.

William M. Smith, Frank I. Prentice, Leviat S. Knok, Fred Williams, Moses J. White, Royal T. G. Brown, A. E. Richardson Alfred Clay, Willis G. Braley, Harry W. Cushman, Charles H. W lard, Wilbur Hale, W. Goodrich, W. Poll, William Dunbar, Fran Forbes, Louis H. Hutchinson, Lewis Pease, George Senk, Edwa Clay, Frederick E. Cook, Nathaniel K. Morgan, Albert N. Daniel George C. Bill, Robert R. Henderson, Gussie H. Bullard, and Frank F. Clapp.

Charles W. Winstandley, Chester Winstandley, and Halle C. Parker.

Winnie Pierson, Emma Alverson, Minnie Durkee, Ellis Pierson Jemie Catlin, Fred Chase, Therese Dulon, Estella Satterthwaite Helen Ludlow, Lena Robinson, Anna Allen, Minnie Brando, Minni Sutton, Eddie Yawger, Jimmie Hammond, Tommy Hammond, Mary Utt, Nellie Tompkins, Anna Mosher, Frankie Everett, Nellie Larson, Belle Connor, Emma Howland, Nellie Shank, Dannie Catlin, Willie Yawger, E. Strawn, Willard Hoff, and Satie Satterthwaite.

Mattie B. Locke, Eddie J. Thuring, Arthur R. Colby, C. P. M. Colby, Freddie M. Sawyer, Jerry O'Brien, John McDonald, William Dunn, A. E. Porter, Samuel Blake, Tracey Getchel, Charles Morrill, Robt. S. Fielden, H. W. Batchelder, Allen Risteene, G. C. Dearborn Henry True, Mikel Quinn, Frank Dennett, Frank Lee, Eddie Clint Eddie Duckworth, Willie Chase, H. L. Bailey, Olive B. Sanborn, Mary Brown, Flory E. Rose, Annie L. Bailey, Annie S. Bahan, Carrie Dennett, Mary Hessian, May W. Felch, Ida F. Tibbetts, Addie Rand, Millie A. Williams, Anna R. Carswell, Katie Hassett, Mary A. Learner, Nellie E. Jaques, Mary Cummings, Ellie Menen, Bridget Lanner, Barbara H. Pow, Laura Aldrich, Effie Lane, Lena Livingston, Nettie Morrill, Mary McNalty, Hannah Burk, Charles Nichols, Charles H. Miler, John Cullenane, Oliver W. Titcomb, George Lee, Willie Brooks, Mary L. Heritage, Carrie C. Chase, Lizzie E. Chase, Nellie H. Rowed, Winnie Cadieu, Etta R. Woodman, Jennie F. Jaques, Nellie Maloney, Hannah Maloney, Mary Hoggen, Susie M. Batchelder, Susie W. Brown, Susie E. Bagley, Mamie L. Tucker, Cora L. Godsoe, Mary McDonnall, Susie A. Osgood, Mary J. O'Leary, Susie H. Brown, Clara T. Foss, Carrie J. Greeves, Ann O. Conner, Maggie E. Conner, Della Kline, and Willie Locke.

Josie E. Purdy, R. A. Van Voorhis, Katie A. Demarest, Fannie M. Losee, Sarah Hill, Jeannette Seymour, Ella J. Rollins, Ida Van

ren, Rebecca Tracy, Ettie C. Burge, Sarah E. Mott, Mary Con-
Gussie Bartholomew, Maggie Conner, Tillie Delacroix, Josie
son, Lessie Curman, Addie Young, Julia Henderson, Annie E.
nks, Cornelia V. Deal, M. H. Ganse, Bessie P. Ganse, Memie P.
Stover, Jennie Stoppuni, Josie R. Halsey, Electa H. Spacler,
rence H. Farrell, Josie Finkenaur, Geo. H. Bell, C. R. Burke,
ter Wright, H. W. Dunshee, Walter B. Styles, Frank Yeury,
W. Campbell, Nicholas Schultz, Alexander Clark, Alexander
rin, Edwin J. Hanks, William D. Koster, James L. Hewlett,
eph B. Carss, Charles H. Styles, Andrew De Wilde, William
dy, John Purdy, T. H. Cleverley, F. W. Ganse, Fred H. Ganse,
Annie De Waele Hanks.

Llice E. Bates, Anna E. Ayres, K. L. Meech, M. A. Conkey,
lic French, Mary Felton, Lilla Toscott, J. F. Brace, Grace
uglas, Mary L. Banks, Mattie A. Montgomery, S. B. Hambleton,
nie Scantlebury, Mary V. Edwards, and Lily F. Conkey.
Minnie Bunner, Maude Estes, Mattie Cole, Gussie Cole, Etta Cole,
u Carmen, Lulu Perry, Frank Carmen, and Edwin S. Belknap.
Addie Aston, Laura E. Tomkins, Dwight Tomkins, George P.
y, Jr., Hannah J. Powell, Burritt J. May, Valeria F. Penrose,
Finley Hersman, Clifton B. Dare, Augusta L. De Vinne, May L.
sa, Grace Lurena, Jennie French, Lizzie French, F. O. Newton,
Lizzie Laning, Fannie H. Smith, Charles E. Bush, Lillie D. Howe,
uth Howe, Winnie D. Wheeler, Hattie V. Wheeler, Emma G.
eeler, Carrie A. Dana, Laura A. Wilson, Lillie J. Studbaker,
bert Rundell, Charlie Heller, Carrie Heller, and Lulu Wood-
ry.

Lucy Williams, Jessie Cook, Bessie Gilbert, Maggie Gilbert, Sadie
bert, Josie Gilbert, Clara Gilbert, Fannie Prouty, Lizzie Welch,
Lillie Hackett, Ida Spence, Mary Bardwell, Lucinda Bardwell, Judca
rdwell, Lillie Meramvill, Lucy Williams, and Mary Welch.

May Ogden, John F. Ogden, Fannie M. Griswold, Florence
tier, Anna M. Glover, Maggie Detrick, Jimmie H. Detrick,
ttie Carman, Charlie Carman, Johnnie Carman, Jennie Carman,
Lizzie Park, Alice I. Paine, Katie R. Paine, Eny E. Paine, Mary C.
ine, Fannie D. Murden, Maude Cheney, Alice Angell, Eva Dodds,
annie Stockdale, Willie C. N. Bond, Arthur H. Clarke, Arthur L.
oman, William F. Darrah, Rufus E. Darrah, Robert Staigg, Chas.
Griffith, B. C. Weaver, Bessie Severance, Mary Severance, John
Severance, Allen Severance, Annie Severance, Julia Severance,
rtha Hunt, Grace Murray, Fannie Laurie, John F. Hays, Herbert
aw Forman, Lulu F. Potter, Tony Foot, and Thomas P. Sanborn.
William J. Eldridge, John J. Eldridge, Lizzie H. Eldridge, Alice
Troth, and Lillian S. Troth.

Bertha J. Rickoff, Fanny Beckwith, Alice Burrows, Annie Bur-
rows, Maud Hanna, Anna Shipherd, Nellie Runcy, Lillian Har-
wood, Florence Hyde, Mabel Allen, Tilly Huntington, Maggie
anington, Annie Smith, Albina Sanders, Willie Rickoff, and Bell
Watterson.

Libbie M. Butler, Minnie Clements, Ella Van Patten, Gertie Lay-
ler, and Jennie Butler.

Clinton B. Poe, Sam K. Poe, Robert A. Gregory, Arthur Kimrcly,
Marrie Johnson, Waldo Morgan, and Jennie Lawrence.

Charlie J. Bigelow, Frank Dingman, Willie Randall, Charlie
Randall, Willie Ebberlie, Nellie Burton, Sarah Pompenella, and
Mattie Sullivan.

Florence B. Lockwood, Katie Radford, Conchita Cisneros, Cle-
cencia Mestre, E. J. Tiemann, M. C. Murray, and Benoni Lock-
wood.

Lily F. Conkey, Cornelia W. Smith, Minnie Adams, Nellie Wilkin-
son, Helen Kellogg, Willie Dane, Minnie Ashley, Flora Page, Selina
Reinitz, N. J. Spur, and Frank L. Douglass.

John C. Howard, Sally F. Bailey, Fred N. Luther, Mamie Beach,
Lillie McGregor, Will E. Brayton, F. Green, George S. Brown,
Weaver, Minnie L. Sherman, Rob R. Sherman, Katie T. Hughes,
Lillie Hughes, Harry Winn, Lizzie M. Bennett, Henry K. Gilman,
Leath and Mabel Davison, George F. Pease, Frankie L. Jones,
Mabel W. Baldwin, Henry O. Riddell, Harry N. Covell, A. R.
Diamond, Willie G. Foote, and Lincoln Righter.

Hollie Paxson, Anna Dougherty, Katie Stanley, Lizzie Waters,
Mattie Cheming, Anna Seibert, Mary Henderson, Lizzie Thomas,
Etta Winer, Flora Robinson, Nellie Stanley, Lizzie Stanley, Lizzie
did, Lizzie Elston, Gussie Richardson, C. Rose, George Steward,
Lizzie Lesin, Anna Dinkhorn, Martha Walker, Hannah Lusting,
Anna Ohero, M. Levinberger, Maria Gunn, Nellie Mortz, Jesse
Dowe, Gussie Minor, Martha Brothers, Lottie Degroodt, Lulu Allen,

Annie Smith, Hettie Walker, Tennie Degroodt, Willie Paxson,
Freddie Paxson, Emma McGinnes, Kate Rice, Nonia Glenn, D. Cor-
storphen, Bella Hering, Ella Stephenson, Mollie Parker, Fannie
Keney, S. Reynolds, C. Riley, T. Osborne, Mollie Murphy, L.
Worack, Flora Worack, and Harry Livenberger.

Katie H. Allan, Hannah A. Seabury, Carrie W. Crandall, Fannie
G. Gladding, Lizzie H. Vernon, Mary M. Swinburne, Eloise P.
Hazard, Anna C. Kelley, Annie M. Wilcox, Lillie C. Kenyon,
Mattie B. Simmons, Maria J. Barker, Nellie L. Bryer, Bessie S.
Allan, Mamie L. Allan, Mattie A. Stevens, Mamie M. Engs, Minnie
C. Tracy, Susie L. Griffith, and Ella L. Peckham.

Allie G. Raymond, Dana Ellery, Allie Fay, Hattie L. Kendall,
Connie S. Weston, Raymond G., Hal S. Howard, Charlie H. How-
ard, Emma F. Howard, Minnie G. Howard, Percy D. Stuart, Harold
F. Garson, Jamie Ross, Katie Ellis, Arthur Elliot, Charlie Elliot,
Lolo D. Warren, Carrie Preston, Cora S. Ashton, Mabel G. Ashton,
Fred Bell, Gertie H. Norton, Irwin Percy, Arthur Percy, Nellie R.
Harris, Allan H. Sherwin, Bertie G. Sherwin, Edie L. Sherwin,
Robbie G. Fielding, Lily Stanton, Daisy Stanton, Bessie H. Carleton,
Ernest C. Duncan, Fred S. Duncan, Harry L. Duncan, Florence G.
Kingsley, Edith F. Willis, Clifford A. Parker, Leslie Bartlett, Alfred
Stearns, Sylvie D. Bertram, Helen G. Lewis, Howard E. Allison,
Edgar Loring, Winthrop J. Nicholson, Alice W. Denham, and Eth-
elwyn Rossiter.

Daisy Lee, Eunice Cecil, Blanche Clifford, Ida Lee, Carrie Bell,
Lily Bell, Robbie Clifford, Launcelot Lee, Georgie Clark, and Lilla
Clark.

J. N. Moore, Eddie Soper, James Dodd, George Scroder, John
Murphy, Earnest Rouse, Clarence Esterbrook, C. Leland, Carrie
Heim, Belle Bird, Mollie Smith, Nettie Castle, Belle Henry, Ella
Young, and Nettie Berglar.

Emma, Eugene, Maggie, and Dannie Van Vleck, C. M. Lewis,
Irving Fish, A. A. Caemmerer, O. E. Keunir, Fannie M. MacDonald,
Theodore M. Purdy, C. C. Anthony, Lenie J. Olmsted, Katie M.
Olmsted, Mamie Doud, Charlie Lupton, Kate P. Lupton, Bettie Ped-
dicord, Mina K. Goddard, Alonzo E. Locke, Newton Wyckoff, and
Gerty Wyckoff.

Edwin S. Belknap, Emma Lumbard, Frank Harrison, Henry
French, Joe E. Toy, William A. Smith, Thomas O. Farjon, Henry
A. Millar, James K. Hyland, Frank E. Waters, Arthur F. Waters,
Henry Perry, Alexander Cohen, Percy Cohen, Joseph R. Smith,
Ben O. Smith, Frank E. Smith, Oscar J. Lund, Harry Lund, James
R. Haste, Charles Morhardt, Robert McElroy, Walter Cole, Ralph
O. Thomas, Obe Thomas, George F. O'Learey, Isaac B. Dutard,
George Singer, Albert F. Sawyer, Eddie Henry, Edmund D. Cooke,
George H. Bly, John S. Kibbie, Frank B. Allery, John T. Allery,
Edmund C. Battledon, Frank Battledon, John H. McStrue, Colin
McGregory, Walter Wilding, Jennie Cooke, Carrie F. Harrison,
Ettie Lombard, Fannie Hare, Jennie B. Widley, Mary M. Griffin,
Tillie S. Vaughan, Susan R. Hopley, Bella S. Chaplain, Fannie T.
Keene, Lottie D. Rummell, Florence G. Grinshaw, Gertie B. Plum,
Delia Sherman, Minnie K. Peese, Katie F. Cutter, Mattie R.
Hughes, Mary Fenton, Lulu De Chrells, Katie L. Cummings, Louisa
T. Lee, Mary Jackson, Annie R. Lloyd, Carrie S. Smith, A. Susan
Smith, Alice Andrews, Maria Ford, Jennie H. Haskins, Sarah L.
Sylvester, Minnie F. Bly, Etta M. Peck, Jennie D. Peck, Bessie A.
Walton, Gussie D. Walton, Carrie E. Grant, Effie T. Wahl, Mary J.
Toy, Millie Dirrell, and Nellie Lovejoy.

Hattie E. Buell, Mary B. Beverly, Kate D. Hanson, Aggie
Clement, Kittie Schuyler, Ida I. Van Denburgh, Mary M. Dailey,
Lavinia D. Scrafford, Hattie Morgan, Mary L. Apps, Celia W. Ten-
broeck, Mollie Hallenbeck, Julia Ruoff, Theresa E. Quill, Ritie S.
Brooks, Libbie D. Sibley, Lillian G. King, Emma Clute, Augusta
Oothout, Jennie Hoyt, Emma Planck, Lillie I. Jennings, Anna Miller,
Gertie A. Fuller, Kittie Van Nostrand, Bessie Barker, Clara Hannah,
Susie Sprague, Mamie Yates, Anna Wemple, Susie C. Vedder, Katie
Fuller, Anna M. Lee, Alice D. Stevens, Nettie Knapp, Lizzie King,
Addie Richardson, A. Y. Schermerhorn, John L. Wilkie, Mynard
Veeder, Alvina Myers, James Vedder, and Lewis Peissner.

Julia C. Roeder, Mary M. De Veny, Addie L. Cooke, Addie L.
Patterson, Rosa Zucker, Fannie E. O'Marah, Dora O'Marah,
Johnnie O'Marah, Nellie O'Marah, Leticia Lawrence, Bertha P.
Smith, Lizzie E. Weidenkopf, Annie E. Rudy, Emma T. Holt, Lena
M. Bankhardt, Loey M. Davey, Mary Taylor, Eva Lane, Sarah
Venning, Lola Hord, Emma L. Yost, Florence Harris, Eva Brainard,
Annie E. Warner, Jennie M. Roberts, Florence Robinson, Lucy

Robinson, Willie Robinson, Mamie J. Purdie, Annie Purdie, James J. Purdie, Charlie A. Lyman, J. D. Campbell, Marian A. Campbell, and M. M. De Veny.

Allen S. Jamison, Carrie Jamison, Jennie Jamison, Lucie Jamison, Florence Knight, Lilly Weiss, Ida Englman, Alfred Weiss, Harold Rankins, William Black, and Frank Knight.

Pansie Dudley, Maudie Bishop, Lillie Dunten, Fannie Lansing, Minnie Yates, Leah Moore, Dora Conklin, and Blanche Wilkinson.

Bryant Beecher, Abbie Beecher, Alice Beecher, Morie Sampson, Willie Sampson, Minnie Sampson, Eddie Sampson, Otto Stewart, Charlie Stewart, Cassius Stewart, Maggie McGuire, Frankie Howland, James Howland, Johnny Howland, and Willie Howland.

Belle Fawcett, Elsie Smith, Libbie Smith, Issie Smith, Lena Adams, and Mary Eddy.

Julia D. Elliott, Lessie Gay Adams, Carrie Matthews, Jessie Shortridge, Eben. Bradesyle, Olive Bradesyle, May Bradesyle, and Russell Bradesyle.

Nellie Beale, Ida Vallette, Fred J. Beale, Julia G. Beale, Florence W. Ryder, Clara Louise Ryder, Nettie Myers, Hattie E. Edwards, Alice W. Edwards, Carrie Hurd, May Keith, John W. Cary, Jr., J. Brayton, Parmelee, Ella C. Parmelee, Lillie B. Coggeshall, Katie S. Baker, Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary Wilcox, Reinette Ford, Alma Sterling, Edith Sterling, Hildegard Sterling, Mary Manley, Edith Manley, Romeo G. Brown, Harry Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Lillie Bartholomew, May Bartholomew, Mollie E. Church, H. J. Rowland, Eugene Rowland, A. B. Smith, Mills Clark, Minnie M. Denny, Fannie L. Clark, Helen R. Mtenger, Ida Diserens, Lemmie Bryant, Hattie Bryant, Edward K. Titus, Carrie James, Arthur James, and Carrie M. Hapgood.

Clinton B. Poe, Louis P. Sledge, Frank Thayer, Harry Samson, William Jackson, Fred Mestry, Edward Wells, Fred Lane, Nat. Lane, Ed. Palmer, Harry Wood, Will Chase, Will Perry, Harry Brower, John Brower, Charles Bogert, Sam Bell, Joseph Bell, David Bell, Will Gordon, Fred Norton, Gus Wells, Jamsie Cohen, Angus McKenzie, Malcolm McKenzie, Spencer McKenzie, Hetty Seixers, Emma Scott, Susan Huntoon, Lizzie Gregory, Winnie Gregory, Nettie Gregory, Aggie Scott, Lizzie Scott, Minnie Samson, Flora Scott, Pauline Unger, Mildred McKibbin, Jane Clooney, Kate Clooney, Mary Bannen, Carrie McGinnis, Georgiana Armond, Susie O'Brien, Cynthia Wells, Lottie Kip, Pussy Keyes, Grace Cabot, Winnie Norton, Susy White, Etta Palmer, Gracie Howard.

Eulalie Guthrie, Gertrude Butch, Minnie De Rush, Flora De Rush, Mabel Boes, Kate John, Carrie John, Ella John, Dolly Rush, Lilly John, Sarah Coppess, Sydney Miller, Sarah Miller, Nettie Boes, Ellen Johnson, Mary A. Johnson, Mary A. Coppess, Ella Stephens, Dora McFarland, William Sheffel, Solomon Sheffel, Alonzo Boes, John Deming, Willie Deming, John Brown, Samuel Brown, William Brown, James Brown, John McKahn, Charlie Coppess, Otwell McCowan, William McCowan, Elmer Collins, Bowen John, William John, David Reagle, Isaac Stephens, Milton John, Samuel Morrison.

John Carter Baker, George Henry Packard, Arthur Howard Dingley, Joseph Bixby Lesner, Johnny Lanagan, Albert Nye Cleveland, James Everett Small, Frank Albert Huntington, Joseph Henry Cheetham, Arthur Brown Towle, Geo. Wood, Wesley Miller, Geo. Emmet Lynch, Nealy Clifford, L. E. Elder, Patsy Lahey, Emma Watson Litchfield, Abba Ardell Washburn, Luella Robbins, Effie May Pratt, Rosa D. Nealy, Belle Manning Baker, Winifred E. Nason, Emma Frances Cobb, Hattie May Whitney, and Lizzie T. Sargent.

Lewis Hilles, Davis Grubb, D. W. Jordan, G. B. Hittinger, C. H. Hittinger, Edwin Cooling, Paul Birnie, W. M. Barrelle, Norrie Robinson, L. F. Eckel, George R. Groff, Zachary T. Guthrie, Edwin S. Farra, Robert E. Sayers, Eddie Canby, J. B. Grubb, Walter L. Butler, Eddie A. Ryon, Richard W. Gilpin, Willie S. Mitchell, Cyrus P. Enos, Willie Beggs, James Hile, David P. Michner, N. Dushane Cloward, and John J. Britt.

Florence P. Spofford, Helen Nicolay, Lizzie M. Junken, Emily Snowden, Flora Freyhold, Mattie W. Garges, Annie Beers, Blanche Jordan, Emma Stewart, Laura Seymour, Susie Hartwell, Florence P. Spofford, R. A. Ware, John F. Clark, Dan' l Clark, Charles S. Jones, and Harry Morton.

Katy E. Gilligan, Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Balcazer, Constance M. Burke, Nellie Gilligan, John D. Stephens, Robert M. Stephens, Minnie W. Stephens, Norma L. Freeman, Ada G. Marsh, Emily B. Giroff, Belle McKeage, and Lillie Coward.

Sidney M. Prince, Nelson Bodine, Jennie Bodine, Mattie Lester, Mary Lester, Garra Lester, George G. Prince, Cora L. Frink, George

L. Dancer, Clelie L. Dancer, Eugene Dancer, Jason S. Dancer, Alvin Dancer.

Emily T. Carow, Kitty Waldo, Carrie Sutton, Genie Dart, S. Kunhardt, Madline Smith, Kitty C. Pratt, Corinna Smith, E. Marshall, Alice Towle, Addie Cloce, Annie Cloce, and Laura Agn. Charles H. Mathewson, Edwin L. Mathewson, Charles B. Ty S. Mason Tyler, Charles Mason, Howard Budlong, William Barb and Irving Hicks.

C. Burton Jones, George N. Thompson, Jennie A. Chidsey, S. Woodruff, Belle A. Woodruff, John R. Crawley, Bertha J. Woodruff, Horace L. Judd, and Charlie C. Judd.

Sadie D. Morrison, Annie Brace, Mary A. Flanner, Mary Gard Emma B. Harwood, Emma J. Hubble, Mary E. Kaneen, and Ne Underwood.

Fannie R. Rose, Kittie A. Comstock, Belle Northrop, Nellie Knowles, Chickie M. Bull, and Julia S. Savage.

Dolly W. Kirk, Maggie Prieto, Josephine Prieto, Madeline Prieto Margaret Sharp, and Irene Givens.

Hannah J. Powell, Annie E. Eaton, George E. Eaton, Stew Eaton, Maud Eaton, Mattie Eaton, and George J. Powell.

Charlie Balestier, Carrie Balestier, Josephine Balestier, Beatty Balestier, and Bella Hartz.

Delia M. Conkling, Alice E. Palmer, Francine M. Yale, Nata B. Conkling, and Ollie H. Palmer.

Willie H. Patten, May Elizabeth Patten, Jessie Allen, and Emm Vandusen.

George De Lorenzo Burton, Effie Thompson, Charles R. Baldwin, Belle Baldwin, Ella G. McSwaly, Willie H. McSwaly, Johnny Flag, Annie Louise Wright, Winnie Louise Bryant, Mac Moorhead, At E. Campbell, J. B. Parmelee, Lolie C. Hoy, Arthur I. Clymer, N. thaniel Haven, Daisy Haven, Charles B. Davis, Richard H. Davi Freddie H. Shelton, Lulu Conrad, Fred B. Nickerson, Willie I. Nickerson, Edward L. Anderson, Grace Nunemacher, J. Chas Florence Ballantine, Eddie L. Heydecker, Zuilec Hubbard, Katy I Gilligan, Mamie A. Johnson, Katie S. West, Susie H. West, Fra N. West, Mabel Williston, Emily Williston, Constance B. Williston Alice M. Williston, Willie Sberwood, and Nellie Reynolds.

The above list gives the names of the Bird-defenders which have been printed from month to month in ST. NICHOLAS.

Below will be found the names of

THE NEW VOLUNTEERS

received since the May number of the magazine was made up. There are hundreds of them, and they gallantly fall into the ranks of the Grand Army.

First of all comes this troupe of Cleveland children: Anna Bach, Gertrude Oakley, Robert Bruce, Adela Knisley, Mary Heuby, Alice Miller, Lillie Munsell, Nora Weeks, Nellie Willcutt, Nettie Sieha, Jessie Norton, Millie Holt, Sidney Johnson, Jessie Somers, Anna Fowler, Sibbie Fowler, Carrie Cowdery, Lizzie Oglevee, Annie Freddimann, Addie Strong, Nettie Shepek, Amelia Weber, Carrie Price, Harry Davis, Daisy James, Katie Seelig, Charles Dreber, Emily Squires, Willie Rabe, Joseph Mahah, Albert Schafer, Herbert Colebrook, Susie Brown, Minnie Parker, Nellie French, Luella Hopp, Clara Squires, Minnie Holt, Nina Ballou, Cora Patterson, Freddy Adams, Sarah Carter, Carrie Goss, Myra Fisk, Lizzie Crick, Minnie Drake, Lizzie Gore, Nellie Smith, Herbert Pearn, Amy Goss, Annie Davis, Barbary Pescolor, Sarah Mark, Howard Kiblee, Willie Jarvis, Annie Hudsova, Minnie Stone, Deloss Losbough, Harry Mansur, Walter McCurdy, Arthur Snich, Fannie Sataransky, Gertrude Morgan, Sarah Breyley, Suna Fenton, Harriett Butcher, Florence Crowell, Minnie Huggard, Lovey Harris, Emma Westlake, Ehner Herbert, Charlie Gerling, Hannah Neber, Sadie Amy, Viola McCloud, Ida Seib, Ella Mecker, Florence Amidon, Walter Massey, Freddie Pearn, Charlie Gerroty, Milton Boyd, Natie Kendall, Gudley Hmedl, Frank Eggert, Freddy Massey, Alice Zwicker, Ella Krause, James Warnock, Lizzy Carter, George Herbert, Annie Hathaway, Maud Mansur, Amelia Stanley, Eugene E. Stevens, and Gertie James.

And just from the shores of the Great Salt Lake come these boys and girls together—forty! fifty! seventy-five of them!—and all led

a little girl named Snow, who is anxious, at least, to defend her unesakes, the snow-birds: Bertie Snow, Elliott Snow, Wm. Ensign, Sarah Council, Hyrum Standing, Leonard Standing, Charles Lutz, Harriet Standing, Agnes Standing, Willis Beardsley, William Lee ykes, Orson Arnold, Elizabeth Standing, Josephine Taylor, Joseph Vincent, John Calder, Jennie Calder, Alice Freeze, Maggie Freeze,ulu Hardy, Martha Hardy, Nettie Leeker, Hannah Lutz, Nellie owing, Clara Arnold, Daniel Calder, Samuel Calder, Basil Green, Charles Green, Louisa Chapman, Walter Bowring, William Bowring, liver Young, Adolph Young, Charles Brewer, Joseph Caine, Wm. White, Edgar Druce, Anna Simms, Solomon Angell, Frederic Zebb, Wilfred Webb, Louis Webb, Albert Webb, Harriet Taft, Annie Lindsay, James Caine, William Jack, Robert Jack, Joseph Jack, Jane Jack, Minnie Jack, David Midgeley, George Pyper, W. Angell, Edward Wood, and Gershon Wells.

And here is a Jamestown company, just falling into line, with rank I. Evens at its head: Orton Taylor, Lillian Taylor, Minnie Taylor, Grant Cory, Bertha Cory, Frank Cory, Scott S. Kelly, Tellavans, Howard Smith, Gertrude Smith, Emmet Smith, Anna Smith, George Burch, Fred Shepard, Charlie Shepard, Oly Smith, Frank Smith, Trand Davis, Fred Smith, Fred Willson, Walter Willson, Lewis Willson, Edwin Willson, Nettie Smith, Liddie Juden, Mary uden, Archie Mambirt, Russia Mambirt, Horace Aplin, Jay Rawry, Charles Taylor, Charlie Willson, Ana Willson, Harriet Smith, Sarah Thomas, Morris Bernus, Nettie Robison, Jennie Robison, Male Burch, Clarence Burch, Sewil Washburn, and Flory Washburn.

And here are some Kentucky volunteers, enlisted by Buford Henrick: Sam Bull, Thomas Averill, Craik Jackson, Julian Tilford, John Murphy, Willie Lindsey, Willie Macklin, Julian Jackson, Geo. Nesbitt, Crittenden Todd, Benny Dudley, John Glanton, Sam Miles, Ambrose Parker, Egbert Stephens, Charley Stephens, Sam Knoder, Hugh Gay, Kenner Taylor, James Todd, Noble Lindsey, Dudley Watson, Thos. B. Macklin, Tom McDowell, Willie McDowell, John Grant, Alec Grant, Rebecca Averill, Ruby Macklin, Nannie Hiner, Maria Lindsey, Bonnie Todd, Kittie Todd, Josie Murphy, Fannie Murphy, Nellie Theobald, Nellie Dudley, Allie Todd, Mary Johnson, Maggie Dudley, and Antoinette Lindsey.

And now Gertie May Perry, leading a company from Maine: Jessie Chadwick, Mamie Mulnix, Lottie Ricker, Mamie Higgins, Nellie Roberts, Josie Sawyer, Susie Smith, Jennie Hillman, Ida Ball, Katie Berry, Mary Day, Gracie Lovitt, Eva Morse, Eliza Floyd, Annie A. Frost, Florence Ellis, Bertie Rich, Willie Lovitt, Willie Maher, Freddie Hall, John Ripley, Seth Hersey, Fred Ricker, Henry Thomas, Miltie Hicks, Stevie Morse, Willard Norton, Johnnie Latham, Harry Higgins, Georgie Smarden, Charlie Aimes, and Bertie Ridlon.

Then a troop of children, with Amy Williams first: Ellen Hooston, Kate Hooston, Grace Foot, Nellie Howe, Willie Howe, Charlie Howe, Mary Hunt, Bertha Osgood, Harry Osgood, Sadie Hall, Alice Decamy, Rose Baker, Mary Scott, Esther Scott, Frank Newcome, Charley Newcome, Edward Young, George Broswell, Carrie Broswell, Hattie Coals, Mattie Phillips, Arthur Phillips, Frank Phillips, Rose Stete, Lillie Stete, Amy Mason, George Mason, Henry Mason, Charlie Fraler.

And then Alma Williams' Illinois band: Julia Williams, Bernard Williams, May Briggs, Kate Sprague, May Sprague, Anna Wilson, Joseph Wilson, Charley Montgomery, Cora May, Amy Williams, Anaíta May, Frank Howell, Jane Howell, Dora Dean, Jimmie Dean, Alma Dean, Kate Bowen, Obe Bowen, Edgar Bowen, George Baker, Nancy Baker, Booth Ayres, Julia Ayres, Emma Sprague, Anna and Erastus Dye, Edgar Sommell, Lucy Sommell, and Edith Sommell.

Then comes Harvey B. Dale and his mates, from the Wisconsin lakes: Blanche Osborn, Carrie Smith, Annie Edwards, Lillie Rudd, Louise Kirkham, Mary Allen, Cora Elsemore, Ina Finney, Lizzie Babcock, Annie Stille, Henry Yentner, George Kirkham, Willie Edwards, Grant Gilf, Albert Harshaw, Decatur Robbins, Robert Servey, Elbert Hall, Frank Kolf, John McCabe, Frank Worden, Walter Reed, Henry Diacon, and Mortie Heath.

New York sends a company, too, under Captain Peter Studdiford: Bertie Shearman, Tommie Shearman, Percy Powell, Jerome Brady, Bernard Gregory, Libbie Gregory, Mamie Shearman, Ada Shearman, Mabel Jenks, May Powel, Nettie McClay, Hattie Hillard, Lillie Fletcher, Dora McChesny, Carrie Studdiford, Clara Studdiford, Hattie Studdiford, Katie Stroud, Sissy Stroud, Jennie Gregory, Emma Ruckel, Lillie Hillard, Grace Banker, Louisa Cooper, Marie Day, and C. Sallie Day.

And here is Theresa Hays with her comrades. See how the line lengthens out: Alice Maud Lambert, Annie D. Richmond, Belle Doolittle, Carrie Hays, Edith Ashley, Fannie Hays, Fannie Rosenberg, Frankie Merell, Hattie Galusha, Irene Hays, Jennie Rosenberg, Jennie Delmotter, Lillie Delmotter, Lulu Skinner, Nellie Van Voorhis, Nettie T. Lambert, Stella Stettheimer, Carrie Stettheimer, Walter Hays, and Annie Delmotter.

More yet! For now we have a Berkshire band, led by Sophie Olivier: Laura H. Olivier, Louise H. Olivier, Ophelia S. Brown, Dora A. Brown, Romeo W. Brown, Clements A. Brown, Mary L. Eldredge, Richard L. Eldredge, Mary H. Prentice, Jennie Ballou, Charlie Ballou, Charlie Mayor, Eliza Chappins, Emma Chappins, and Clinton Marsh, who says that he will defend small birds, but will not promise for large ones, for once in a while he kills a crow. But the crows overheard that, and will look out for him!

And here is another company from Salt Lake City, with Willard Young as leader: Arthur Pratt, Ernest Pratt, Arthur Park, Cornelius Campbell, James Campbell, Maria Wooley, Rosetta Groo, George Morris, Rhoda Young, Annie Taylor, Mary Shumway, Mabel Park, Lizzie Musser, Martha Pickard, Annie Heath, and Lizzie Thatcher.

Now comes Willie S. Burns with seventeen more: Sadie Ellas, Jenny Woodruff, Lizzie Felcher, Samuel Scott, John Scott, Jenny Scott, Nelly Scott, Lucy Scott, Katy Quigly, Jenny Quigly, Jenny Poole, James Poole, James Lindsay, Tom Nichols, Willy McKenna, Sophie Burns, and Willie Burns.

Mamie E. Wolverton leads a Pennsylvania band: Willie M. Wolverton, Willie P. Walter, Katie Martin, Tommie Martin, Mamie C. Lesher, Nellie Stotzer, Annie Wippler, Annie Hilliard, Sue E. Kahler, Maggie McIlhany, Lizzie King, Mary Kolb, Mamie Dachrodt, and Sallie Heinen.

And then Lily F. Conkey, of Chicago,—a true Bird-defender and a determined recruiting officer,—brings up her *third* company: Prof. David Swing, Mrs. David Swing, Mrs. J. Sloan, Emily M. B. Felt, Hattie E. Root, Sadie Magill, Minnie M. Norton, Jessie Campbell, W. R. Eaton, Ella J. Felton, Daisy L. Burdick, Louise C. Schiffer, Olga Steinetz, Hattie A. Russell, and William Sweasy.

Next Edward H. Cole forms his band from Albany: Anna Merce, Ida Wygant, Lilly Miller, Nellie Miller, Lena Young, Daisy Carroll, W. Walter Cole, Frank Andes, Frank S. Strickland, Frank W. Seaman, Daniel J. Coughlin, Timothy Manion, Elmer Wygant, Willie Sarant, and Terrance Carol.

From Vermont comes Annie Waters, with Lizzie Lander, Maggie Lander, Lizzie Davie, Ellen Davie, Gussie Webster, Annie Spencer, Ethel Paige, Emma Larma, Agnes Rogers, Jennie Parks, Jennie Dudley, Arthur F. Stone, Matthew Robinson, and Henry Robinson.

And next to them, May Reese forms her little company: Sophia Sawyer, Jessie Shurtleff, Kittie De Graff, Josie Hunt, Susie Alden, Kittie Little, Katie Wing, Carrie Pinn, Anna Underdown, Ellen Banka, Sadie Mandler, and Enna Plopper.

Massachusetts sends Nellie Chase and a dozen others: Annie S. Page, Maud F. Allen, Kittie L. Bowles, Jessie A. Benton, Nellie Lincoln, Hattie Emerson, Florence A. Stone, Fannie L. Richardson, Jennie Loring, Sallie Chase, Nellie Chase, John C. Abbott, and Robby L. Bowles.

Then comes a band of girls from New Hamburg: Meta M. Reese, Lily F. Swords, May Swords, Alice Reese, Maria Reese, Charley Swords, W. Willis Reese, B. F. Carroll, and Jessie Wetmore.

And now, crowding upon each other, so that we can hardly tell who comes first, and falling in almost before we know it, are all these: Marie P. Lawrence, Emily P. Lawrence, Ellie Welsh, Maggie E. Burke, Maggie Graham, Lizzie Graham, Hallie A. Linn, Andrew M. Linn, Henry H. Linn, Charles F. Linn, Geo. T. Linn, Annie E. Powers, Lizzie Kiernan, Lizzie J. Concklin, Hattie Littell, Anna Littell, Mary Littell, Agnes Levin, H. T. Vanderbilt, John Stephenson, Thomas MacMahon, Julius De Graffe, George Thule, Francine M. Yale, Alice E. Palmer, Oliver H. Palmer, Gertie Weil, Clara Weil, Robbie Weil, Carrie E. Campbell, Fannie Campbell, Nettie Campbell, Mary W. Church, Lillie M. Church, Addie S. Church, Mattie L. Woodworth, Kate A. Chew, Arthur S. Gerish, Jeanie A. Gerish, Ida Anderson, Katie Anderson, Florence A. Pusey, Harry Gardner, Burt Gardner, Nettie W. Pierce, Willie W. Pierce, Cora Hubbell, Bessie Guthrie, Willie A. Crocker, Mamie H. Crocker, Willie Holmes, Gertrude Holmes, Katie G. Bolster, Willie S. Mott, Edward Robins, Harry F. Tilge, George M. Reese, Tracy Lion,

George P. Carey, Grace M., Carleton, Frank Noyes, John T. Plummer, F. L. Brown, Mabel Hoskins, Harry Noel, Frank H. Briggs, May P. Fitch, Louis Akin, Kitty L. Waldo, Willie M. Fullerton, John W. Vivian, Charles R. Fultz, Louis Chandler, Willie Weightman Walker, Lillie D. Howe, Belle Brown, Mattie Brown, Lucy Fletcher, Albert Fletcher, Agnes Fletcher, Frederick L. Coggeshall, Florence Coggeshall, John Hoffman, Chrissie Hoffman, May Stillman, Katie N. Stillman, Clara Carter, Lillie Carter, Bud Gaddis, Mary Gaddis, Mollie E. Church, Samuel F. Berry, Charles F. Berry, Nellie Goodhue, Lullie Schock, W. W. Runyon, Ada Louise Cooke, Harry H. Cooke, Allan J. Abbe, Henry T. Abbe, Lizzie P. Abbe, Fred R. Abbe, Jr., Abbie M. Chase, Fannie Hardy, Willie Hardy, Alice Hardy, Lansing O. Kellogg, Carl Kellogg, Ellen Soewell, Harold D. Howell, Herbert C. Emerson, Willie F. Emerson, Hallie Goodwin, Hattie H. Williams, Carrie W. Fellowes, Ned C. Fellowes, Bertha Campbell, James H. Campbell, Flora Holt Byron Holt, Susie Scofield, Lissie Haydn, Willie A. Durnett, Bessie Durnett, Leonard F. Aphorpe, Lewis J. Powers, Jr., Mary Sawyer, Eddie Sawyer, Cornelia Mawry, Helen Cary, Mary L. Robinson, Charlie B. Cole, Mary Henck, Jennie Sieber, Lizzie Higgins, Annie F. Drake, Mrs. S. C. Graves, Belle Burns, Emma McGregor, Maggie Scholten, Lucy Owen, Fannie Owen, Mrs. S. R. Owen,

Mary E. Andrews, Stella Byron, Nina Byron, Clara Byron, Ad Byron, Ollie Byron, Arla Budd Byron, Percy Byron, Gordon Byron, Harold Byron, Agnes Otwell, Alfred W. Putnam, John Woodruff, Ogden B. Woodruff, Lulu C. Woodruff, Irenæus P. Woodruff, Willie R. Woodruff, Joseph W. Woodruff, Francis S. Woodruff, Minnie Stowell, Eddie Tuttle, Amelia Tuttle, Belle Meeker, May Bragdon, Claude F. Bragdon, Elsie Johnson, Harry Johnson, Frank S. Billings, Ida J. Weber, Louise Calvin, Bessie L. Gray, Arnold Guyo, Cameron, Frank H. Belknap, Willie V. Belknap, Dugald C. Jackson, Nattie Rutter, Hattie Rutter, Frank Baker, Bessie Rutter, Geo. H. Dale, Louise Ketchum Snow, Emily Ida Snow, William Josiah Snow, Ida E. Decker, Helen Jackson, Sarah M. Gallaudet, Henry R. Baker, F. Savidge, Henry Carver, Fannie R. Kilham, Nettie B. Kilham, Lizzie P. Studley, Kittie W. Studley, Ella J. Tuck, Abby C. Wells, Clara L. Remmonds, Nellie A. Moulton, Annie B. Chapman, Clara Swasey, Susie P. Foster, Stella Mabel Baldwin, Minnie Ella Littlefield, Grace E. Weston, Grace Quimby, Susie A. Wells, Ethel Lane, Katy Chadwick, Florence Hatch, Mary Gertrude Foster, Gertrude Russ, Alice Victoria Blake, Annie Franklin Blake, Hattie Lewis Blake, William A. Ryan, Emma F. Ryan, Frederick Ryan, Lulu Ryan, Fred S. Goodwin, Fannie C. Goodwin, Sadie E. Milliken, and Isabelle Wheelwright.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the history of the Army of Bird-defenders, we here give a reprint of Mr. C. C. Haskins' article, originally published in the number of *ST. NICHOLAS* for December, 1873, and the real basis of the organization.

FOR THE BIRDS.

BY C. C. HASKINS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have been thinking for a long time of writing a plea for a large family of our friends who are wantonly destroyed and abused by impulsive persons without good reason, and, very often, thoughtlessly. These friends are constantly at work for our good, and are doing much to cheer and enliven our every-day lives. If they were suddenly exterminated, we should sadly miss them, and regret their absence. They are the birds—all of them—from the eagle and the vulture down to the tiniest humming-bird that pokes his little needle bill into the depths of our delicate flowers, and makes an ample dinner on less than a drop of honey. *ST. NICHOLAS* and I have had some correspondence on the subject of the abuse of birds, and we have devised a plan for their protection. How do you think we propose doing this? We are going to raise an army of defense, without guns, and carry war right into the enemy's camp. We shall use example and argument and facts, instead of powder, and we must try to carry on the war until we conquer, and the birds have perfect peace.



Before we can do much we must drum up our volunteers. We want all the boys, and the girls also, to form themselves into companies. But if any of the good fathers and mothers desire to join our young folks' army, we shall be heartily glad to have them do so.

Through *ST. NICHOLAS* we will be enabled to learn the plans of our commanders, and the movements of the enemy; in it we can urge the claims of the birds, and answer all the false logic of any who dare oppose us.

There have been, at different times, in some parts of Europe, societies organized for the extermination of particular kinds of birds, because they were said to destroy fruits and grains. At an annual meeting of one of these, in the county of Sussex, England, the report of the bird-murderers showed that this club alone had put to death *seventeen thousand sparrows!* This was only in one county. Other counties encouraged the same sort of slaughter. In France, too, the same outrageous killing was encouraged, and poisoned grain was sown, year after year, until the rapid increase of noxious insects completely

