

ST. NICHOLAS

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXIV.

PART II.

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THE MAY-POLE DANCE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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The May Pole Dance

BY CORNELIA WALTER McCLEARY.

In and out,
In and out,
Weaving ribbons bright;
Round the May-pole children dance—
Such a pretty sight!
There are green and brown and red,
Held by Ben, and Joe, and Ned;
There are yellow, pink, and blue,
Held by Bella, May, and Sue.

In and out,
In and out,
Braiding ribbons tight;
All the girls go toward the left,
And the boys to right.
Pretty Bella nods her head
When she passes little Ned;
Sue and May smile back again,
As they trip by Joe and Ben.



THE MAY-POLE DANCE.

In and out,
 In and out,
 Plaiting colors bright;
 Boys and girls with one accord
 Sing with all their might.
 For their hearts are like the Spring,
 Young, and fresh, and blossoming —
 And their voices, sweet and clear,
 Say that May at last is here.

See! the May-pole standing there
 Suddenly has grown most fair!
 Now it makes a fine display,
 Decked in colors bright and gay;
 And it stands so straight and tall,
 Proudly looking down on all —
 On the children, whose young hands
 Hold the many-colored strands.

Now begin
 Out and in,
 Silken web and weft;
 Soon of all its loveliness
 Little will be left.
 Unwind yellow, pink, and blue,
 Dancing Bella, May, and Sue;
 Untwist green and brown and red,
 Laughing Ben and Joe and Ned.

In and out,
 In and out,
 Loos'ning ribbons bright;
 Now the boys go toward the left,
 And the girls to right.
 As the dancers lightly bound,
 All the streamers are unwound,
 Till they leave the May-pole bare
 'Neath its crown of flowers fair.



HOW COUSIN MARION HELPED.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

“ THEN you will tell Dean and Lucy that I shall expect them not only to dine and spend the evening, but as soon as they come from school? Now, don't shake your head, Cousin Agnes; it is Friday afternoon, so there will be no to-morrow's lessons in the way”; and young Mrs. Maxwell turned from her cousin's door as if the matter of her guests for dinner was fully settled. The mother of the guests in question evidently did not agree with her, for she hastened to remonstrate:

“ Why, Marion, you have been at home only three days, and your sister arrived but yesterday. Surely you ought not to trouble yourself so soon with the children.”

“ Trouble!” and then young Mrs. Maxwell laughed in merry protest. “ I thought you knew by this time, Cousin Agnes, that I look upon the twins in any light but that. As for Sister, she is as anxious to meet them as I am to have her do so. To tell the truth, she had not been in the house more than an hour or two when she inquired when she was to be presented to those wonderful twin cousins of whom I was always writing.”

“ Oh, Marion, you must have been drawing upon your imagination. Even I, their mother, would never think of Dean and Lucy as more than an ordinary boy and girl, though their twinship may have made them rather better comrades than some brothers and sisters — at least so I have thought till lately.”

Mrs. Maxwell looked up quickly.

“ Why, you don't mean that they have quarreled? ”

“ No, I should hardly call it by that word. It may be only a fancy, but since school began it has seemed as if something must have occurred; for several times I have found Lucy studying alone, and Dean has seemed to have various plans afoot that cause him to leave for school before Lucy, and return later. How-

ever, I presume if there is any trouble, you will soon find it out.”

“ Indeed I will, if it is possible”; and Mrs. Maxwell bade her cousin good morning and walked down the street with a serious look on her usually bright face.

“ Cousin Marion ” was an element which had been in combination with the lives of the Eliot twins for about a year and a half. When Dean had heard of the intended marriage of his cousin Jack, whom he regarded with the hero-worship that boyhood of twelve often offers to manhood of twice that age, he had been somewhat dismayed. But the new cousin came and was seen, and conquered; and not many weeks after his wife's advent Cousin Jack had declared his nose to be quite out of joint. Lucy's devotion was rather to be expected, but Dean had almost felt obliged to apologize for the rapid acquisition of his regard.

“ You see,” he had remarked to his mother, “ she is n't like most of them; she always has something to show a fellow, so he does n't have to think up what to talk about; and she 's read all the books I like, and remembers the parts I do; and she can play tennis like a shot, and — my eye! can't she make good doughnuts ! ”

Proud as Mrs. Maxwell was of the friendship of her young twin cousins, she was even prouder of their affection for each other. Shortly after making their acquaintance, she had written in a letter to her sister, “ You know I always used to say that I thought a twin brother was the choicest possession a small girl could have; and Dean and Lucy Eliot seem to prove that my notion was correct.”

And now that same sister had come to visit her and was to make the acquaintance of her boy and girl friends. It would certainly be too bad if a coolness between the brother and sister should occur at this time.

Consequently it was with a feeling nearly akin

to anxiety that Mrs. Maxwell awaited her afternoon guests. Her sister was lying down, so when Lucy arrived, a little after four, she found her hostess alone. In response to her cousin's question as to Dean's whereabouts, Lucy's answer was a careless, "He said he was not ready when I started, and would come later; and as I knew he would like it better, I came without him."

There was an unusual sharpness in the speaker's voice that caused Mrs. Maxwell to glance keenly into the face opposite as she asked:

"Is n't that rather a new idea?"

Lucy bit her lip, then said suddenly, "It *is* a new idea, Cousin Marion—at least it has been growing ever since school began. You know Dean and I have always been pretty even at school, except that he is better in mathematics than I, and Latin is a little easier for me, though last year there were only three months when my Latin mark was higher than his. This year it is all different, and I think I know the reason. Sam Crane has gone away to school. He and Dean used to try to beat each other, but now Dean just manages to slip along like the other two boys in the class; and we don't have any more nice times studying together, for I won't do that slipping, sliding way. Then there's tennis. You know how hard I practised while he was away last summer. When he came back I asked him to play with me just the way he would if I were a boy. I beat; and I have never known whether he let me or not. Now, if it had been Sam, Dean would have played him again the next day; but he has never asked me for another game, and he had better not, if he is going to give me such baby drop-serves!"

The scorn of that last sentence made Lucy's voice tremble, and she waited a second, then went on:

"I wonder if I ought to be willing to let things go on as they are. Perhaps some day I shall become used to it, and not mind hearing Dean make a remark like one Tom Jackson made last week. Kitty overheard him say that he didn't see what schoolgirls were good at, except looking pretty and taking up the time in recitation. Cousin Marion, what do *you* think I ought to do about it?"

Mrs. Maxwell looked serious enough to satisfy

even Lucy's notions of the state of affairs, as she answered:

"I am not quite sure that I had better give any advice till I have thought the matter over. Suppose we let it rest for a day or two, and perhaps some way in which I can help will suggest itself."

"Well, I don't want you to think I'm a goose, but I do want to ask you one question. When you were my age, did you ever think that boys were—sort of—" Lucy paused in perplexity, but her cousin came gaily to the rescue.

"A necessary evil? Is that what you wished to say? Let me see, you are just fourteen. Do you know that if it had not been for just one thing I might have had to answer 'yes' to your question? Did I ever tell you about the summer we spent in Oldport? No? Then suppose I do. It was the year I was twelve. Our home was to be remodeled, so the whole household was transported to Oldport. We children were highly delighted; for not only were we to live in a great-aunt's house where our mother had visited when a little girl, but we were also to be next door to a large family of cousins."

Just at this point the sound of steps on the staircase and the closing of a door in the next room brought the story to a sudden end, and Mrs. Maxwell rose, saying:

"There, I am afraid the story must wait, for I hear Sister Emily on the stairs, and Kate is coming with the tea."

Lucy gave a sigh of disappointment, and then asked quickly:

"Cousin Marion, won't you just tell me what the 'one thing' was?"

Mrs. Maxwell looked up from her work of arranging the table for the tea-tray, and had barely time to answer, with a comic smile of solemnity, the one word, "Cows!" before her sister entered the room.

"Emily, this is the girl-half of Jack's twin cousins; the boy will appear later."

Following this introduction, there came to Lucy a half-hour of unalloyed delight. Afternoon tea with Cousin Marion was always a pleasure; but on the present occasion the charm seemed doubled, and by the time she had finished her cup of tea and three macarons Lucy had quite decided that Miss Emily

was just what Cousin Marion's sister ought to be.

At length her hostess, who was seated by the window, exclaimed: "There comes Dean. Lucy, will you please ring the dining-room bell for Kate, and ask her to bring a plate of doughnuts?"

When Lucy returned from her errand, her brother had finished shaking hands with Miss Lisle, and the two were bending over a new

to run away to write two or three notes. Dean, I know you want to do more than look at the pictures in that book. Suppose we take it into the hall with these doughnuts. Sister Emily and Lucy can amuse each other. By the way, Lucy, she can tell you about that summer."

"What summer?" Miss Lisle asked.

"The one we spent in Oldport; and you are requested to dwell particularly upon the occasion when my notions of girls' superiority received such a blow. Do you remember?"

Miss Lisle looked puzzled for a second, then laughed.

"Am I to tell everything?"

"I shall leave that to your discretion,"

was Mrs. Maxwell's answer as she left the room.

Dean departed with his book and doughnuts, and Lucy turned to her entertainer with an air of delight.

"I am so glad. I have always wanted to know what kind of a little girl our Cousin

Marion was," she exclaimed.

"A rather lively kind, as I remember; and the time I am to tell about was when she was at her liveliest. How much had she told you?"

"Only that you spent the summer in a great-aunt's house, and that there were some cousins next door. Were they boys or girls?"

"Both. Some were grown up; but there were a boy, Ned, and a girl, Clara, very near our ages.



"COUSIN MARION, WHAT DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO DO ABOUT IT?"

book which the latter had brought downstairs.

A moment later, Kate appeared with the doughnuts. Mrs. Maxwell took the plate, and holding it out to Dean, said, "Now I am going

Besides these, there were two other cousins, Herbert and Carl, who came to visit us, and a boy named John, who lived in the house beyond Ned and Clara; so you see it was a



"HOIST WE DID WITH ALL OUR MIGHT." (SEE PAGE 538.)

question of three girls and four boys. Marion certainly was what people call a tomboy; but I remember mother's hunting all over New York, that spring, to find a certain stout gingham which she had made up into what she called 'climbing-dresses,' so I think we must have been expected to have a good time. My gown was sufficient for any demands I made upon it, but Marion's had to be patched more than once.

"How the rivalry between the boys and us began, I am not quite sure; but I think it was

over the Indian question. My uncle had been in the firearms business, and among my cousins' playthings were four full-sized wooden models of muskets. These just supplied the boys with weapons. They decided to be early settlers, the Indians to be merely imaginary.

"We girls were told that we could be the settlers' wives and stay in the fort while they went out to fight. That did not suit; and Marion announced that we would also be settlers and fight; but the boys declared we could n't, without guns. Finally we nobly offered to be Indians; but they only laughed and said we could n't be anything but squaws. That finished the discussion; we told them we would n't be old squaws, but real Indian chiefs, and we would fight them if they dared come near our camp, which would be in the choke-berry bushes at the top of one of the slopes in the fields back of the barn. The question of our weapons was settled by Clara's proposing bean-poles.

"I remember how exciting it was, as we crept along the further side of the stone wall till we were at the summit of the slope at the foot of which the four boys were holding a council, and then with a wild yell leaped over the wall and charged down upon them.

"They lifted their gun-stocks, and one of them shouted, 'Bang! There, Marion, you're dead!' But Marion called back, 'I'm not, either'; and charged on, her bean-pole at full tilt, and Clara and I yelling at her heels. 'You're not playing fair,' Ned called out; but somehow the advancing poles were too much for them, and they turned and ran. When Clara had proposed the bean-poles she had said, 'Of course we will only wave them in the air'; but Marion had calmly remarked, 'I wonder how much a little poke with one would hurt'; so I do not know, now, what would have happened had those boys stood firm.

"Then there was the 'shebang.' Those cousins of ours were the most inventive of boys and girls. In the case of the shebang their genius had been used in constructing and naming a most peculiar four-wheeled vehicle, in which they coasted down the slopes in the fields. It was steered by a rope tied to the axle of the front wheels. Before our family had arrived,

the shebang had been successfully taken down every slope but the steepest. Its name suggested its unusual fashion of reaching the foot of the hill. I tried it but once, on the mildest grade; but its wriggling career proved too much for my nerves, and I landed in an ignominious heap half-way down the slope. When Clara had discovered Marion's spirit of daring, one of the first things she asked was if she would take the shebang down Steep Hill, as they called this one; and take it down Marion did. I never shall forget the sensation in my knees as I saw her gather up the steering-rope. Clara gave a tremendous push that sent the thing rattling and

wobbling down the hill, while the boys stood by and grinned. Strange to say, the trip was accomplished in safety, and with a shout of triumph Marion climbed out half-way up the next slope."

Miss Lisle paused, but Lucy exclaimed with a long breath of delighted interest:

"Oh, please go on! Reminiscences are so interesting!"

"Let me see: what else came before the

Bushy Pond episode? Oh, yes!—there was the tree in the further meadow, which had a high limb from which only John had ever dared to drop to the ground; but Marion eclipsed his performance by hanging with one arm while Clara counted fifty before she let go of the limb. After a while the boys stopped planning to play with us,

which was not strange, as we did

put on rather provoking airs, and some-

times I am afraid we were almost mean. At length they

formed a society, and tried in

every way to prevent our finding out the time and place of their meet-

ings. However, one morning Clara was

too quick for them, and came racing over to

tell us she had made the discovery that the



famous society was holding its meeting in an empty room of the back barn.

"Five minutes after she had given the information we were stealing cautiously toward the barn. Clara had selected for our vantage-ground a position under a window that opened on what had once been the cow-yard. Our object was to listen until we heard something with which to tantalize the boys later on, and then to go away. With our skirts held closely about us, we succeeded in noiselessly climbing the rickety fence, and gained our place under the window, which was partly opened.

"John was addressing the meeting on some subject of a historical nature, for we heard him say something about 'when Gates made Burgoyne surrender, and saved New York from being invaded.' As we listened I saw Marion's lip curl. If there was one subject upon which she found it hard to keep silence, it was United States history; for she loved it dearly, and had read more in that line than most boys and girls of her age. In fact, one of the boys' grievances had been her beating them 'all to pieces' in a game where three minutes had been given for writing names and events in that history, beginning with each letter of the alphabet in turn. I knew that General Schuyler was one of Marion's prime favorites, and that any mention of Burgoyne's surrender without bringing in his name would make her wildly indignant; but, to my surprise, she suffered John to proceed until he shouted out something about 'when George Washington signed the Declaration of Independence.' Then she could stand it no longer, and turning to Clara and me, she whispered: 'Do you think you could hoist me up so I can reach the sill?' Hoist we did with all our might. With a mighty scratching and scrabbling, she went up, and the meeting was startled by her breathless, 'George Washington never signed the Declaration; he was too busy taking care of the army in New York; and if you are going to talk about Burgoyne's getting beaten, I think you had better say something about General Schuyler—' Just there the hoisting-power gave out, and Marion descended with a thump as one of the boys indignantly slammed down the window.

"All this was provoking enough; but when

it came to the question of the fastest runner, that was what tried the boys' souls. Over and over again they would propose a race from the barn to the house; but as sure as the race was finished, Marion would be first at the goal. To beat four boys, three of whom were older than herself, was something of which I think she had a right to be proud. She used to confide to me that John's steps seemed to come nearer every time they raced; but she managed to hold her own even to the last trial that took place the morning we left for home."

Miss Emily paused again, but Lucy's interest seemed unabated, so she went on:

"I really can think of nothing else but the Bushy Pond afternoon, and I must hurry with that, or Sister Marion will be back from her letters. One morning we found the boys whittling pine shingles. Marion and I knew better than to ask for what they were intended; but as soon as Clara appeared she took in the situation. They were making boats to sail on Bushy Pond, for she had heard her eldest brother say he was going there to sketch that afternoon, and her mother never let the younger ones go to the pond without him. She proposed that we go too; and though she did not know the way, the boys could not get off without our seeing them. Cousin Clara was a famous whittler, so there was no doubt that our boats would be quite equal to any of the boys' workmanship. They were not very elaborate: flat shingles whittled to a point at one end, with a single mast at the base of the point. The sails were half-sheets of commercial note-paper, with two slits through which the mast was slipped. Clara insisted on each of us being provided with a number of these sails. After dinner we prepared to keep a sharp watch. Clara was up by the barn, Marion at the back of the house, and I on the road in front. However, Fate seemed against us; for just as the boys showed themselves in the barn door, a girl caller for 'Clara and Clara's cousins' appeared. There was nothing to be done but to go to the house. As we reached the porch the boys and their boats disappeared behind the barn.

"I have always felt that our cordiality to that girl caller was not quite what it should

have been; for after a very short stay she announced that she had promised to be at home early. I hope she did not see any connection between her remark and my asking if she knew the way to Bushy Pond. Imagine our delight when she told us that it was near to the road on which she lived, and that she would show us the way if we would walk along with her! We accepted the invitation, and if I live to be one hundred I shall never forget those boys' faces when we appeared; but they were having too fine a time to stay long provoked. They even volunteered to cut for us the long branches that were used to poke our boats and to hook them in when they floated too far from shore. The object of each was to conduct his or her boat entirely around the pond without wetting the sail. It was no easy task, for a too vigorous poke from the guiding branch was sure to overturn the boat, and that meant a return to the starting-point and a fresh sail. We were getting along finely. My boat had been around twice, Clara and Marion had each finished their first successful voyage, when we were all suddenly startled by a prolonged 'Moo-o-o!' We looked up, and saw several cows gazing down in surprise on their usually quiet drinking-place.

"I had always imagined that Marion had no especial liking for cows, but neither my uncle's family nor ours kept any, and as we children seldom went out of the fields belonging to the two places, I had never seen my sister brought face to face with them. When I turned to look at her, I found she had gone over by Cousin Fred. Carl called out that her boat was floating out of reach, then turned to see why she did not answer. There was no mistaking the expression of Marion's face, and he shouted, 'Marion's 'fraid of the cows! 'Fore I'd be scared at a mooly—!'

That was almost more than Marion could stand, and she started back toward the pond; but the sight of three more pairs of horns sent her back to Cousin Fred, where she waited till one of the creatures, having finished drinking, turned in her direction. I saw her say something to Cousin Fred; but he only kept on sketching, and called out for one of the boys to drive the cow away, as Marion wanted to climb

up in the willow-tree. The boys looked amazed, and Ned asked, 'What does she want to roost there for?' but John, after one glance at Marion's white cheeks, dashed forward, held out his hand to help Marion down the bank, then walked beside her to the willow-tree, and before we could say Jack Robinson her blue sailor hat stuck out from the topmost branches.

At length the cows departed, and we did likewise. The boys teased Marion unmercifully all the way home, but she stood it nobly. That night, when we had gone up to our room, she confided to me that she deserved every bit of the teasing, and that she did n't know what she would have done if she and Clara and I had been at the pond alone. Then she suddenly asked me if it would be wrong if she should let John win the next race. I was too surprised to answer, so with the proudest look I had ever seen she proceeded to tell me that when John left us at his gate, that afternoon, he had told her that he did n't see why she need be so scared, that he guessed she could run faster than any cow she would ever meet. Before I had time to say a word she finished my surprise by declaring that she would rather *one* boy had said that about her running than to have it said by Clara and me and all the girls she had ever known, put together. However, we agreed that John was hardly the sort of boy to put up with a giveaway victory, so the result was, as I told you, that Marion held her own in the running line to the end of our visit."

"Well, those fellows must have had a queer set of legs!" was the exclamation from the doorway as Miss Lisle finished her story. There stood Dean, with the book in his hand, showing suspiciously few pages turned over.

"I always knew," he proceeded, "that Cousin Marion must have been a fine kind of a youngster; but I would n't give much for a fellow of fourteen who could n't beat a girl of twelve."

"What's up for discussion now?" asked a deep, jolly voice, and Cousin Jack appeared at the open porch door and came forward to where Dean was standing.

"Nothing, sir. Miss Emily was telling about Cousin Marion's beating some boys running

when she was a little girl, and I said I would n't give much for those boys' legs."

"Oh, you would n't, would n't you?" and Cousin Jack gave a comical, questioning glance

which I believe you have always admired. What are you going to do about it?"

Dean looked dumfounded, and Lucy gave a sudden bounce in her seat, exclaiming, "Miss Emily! Then that 'John' in the story was really our 'Cousin Jack'!"

Miss Lisle smiled assent, but Dean was the next to speak:

"All I can say, sir, is that you must have gone into the running business pretty lively since, if you could be beaten by a girl at fourteen."

"So I did; but let me tell you that it was no joke even to keep at that same girl's heels. It was owing to that experience that I made up my mind to be a good runner at any cost. I have often told Cousin Marion that all the prizes I ever received were really due to her."

"Not all, Cousin Jack," Lucy hastened to say; "because in a book of yours that Cousin Marion lent me the other day, was written that it was a prize for the best examination in United States history." Mr. Maxwell shook his head with a mock-melancholy air.

"She was at the bottom of that one, too, Lucy; for her history was as bad—or rather, as good—as her running; and my old master may be wondering yet what started me up into such a shining historical light that winter after the Lisles were in Oldport. He little knew that my chief motive was that I would not be beaten by—that clever little bundle of petticoats!" finished Cousin Jack as his wife came into the room.

All that evening Dean was unusually silent. Somehow he felt rather turned upside down in some of his notions. The silence lasted until



"'LUCE, ARE YOU AFRAID OF COWS?' ASKED DEAN SUDDENLY."

at Miss Lisle, who answered by a merry shake of her head. Whereupon Mr. Maxwell taking Dean by the shoulders, swung him round so that he faced a cabinet on the top shelf of which were displayed various cups and medals. Then he said impressively:

"Well, one of those despised pairs of legs belonged to me and won those cups and medals

the twins were half-way home, when he asked suddenly:

"Luce, are you afraid of cows?"

"I should rather say I was!" his sister replied. "Did n't you know that was the reason I would not go to Uncle Thomas's last summer?"

"Hm-m," was her brother's only comment. There was another silence, lasting until they reached the corner of their own street; then Dean spoke again:

"Say, have you done your 'Cæsar' for Monday?"

"Yes;" and there was a tone of suppressed wonder in the monosyllable.

"What do you make of the construction of 'veteris contumeliæ'?"

"I thought it was genitive after 'oblivisci,' meaning 'to forget the old injury.'"

"Hm-m; guess you 're right. Tried your Algebra?"

"Tried it? Yes; but I can't manage those problems. Don't you think they are hard?"

"They 're twisty, till you get the hang of them. I did four while I was waiting for Tom."

"Dean Eliot! Then you did them in less than twenty minutes, and I have worked three quarters of an hour already!"

"There 's only one puzzling point. Wait till to-morrow afternoon, and I guess I can fix things so you will see through them. I was n't going to do them all, but perhaps I might as well finish them up."

"Thank you," was all Lucy said, but it was spoken in her heartiest tone.

Surprise the second came several days later, in a proposal by Dean to play a set of tennis. The reason was stated thus:

"Tom Gaines has taught me a new 'serve'; he says a girl can't take it. I said you could, and I want to see how you will manage it."

The set was played, each game was "deuce," and the final score was seven to five in Dean's favor. Which of the twins, do you suppose, enjoyed that score the more?

"FRITZ."

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.



And not so very curly;
But he can run like everything,
And bark both late and early.

Sometimes he minds me very well;
And sometimes when I call,

HAS anybody seen
my "Fritz"?
You may not
think him
pretty,
But he 's the dog
that I love
best
In country or
in city.
His hair 's a
sort of grizzly
gray,

He only sits and wags his tail
And does not stir at all.

But the reason why he acts that way
Is very plain to see:

Fritz does n't know that he 's my dog—
He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense,
'T would be just like him, now,
To think that I 'm the one that 's lost,
And with a great bow-wow

To go off hunting
for *his* boy

Through alley,
lane, and street,
While I am asking
for *my* dog

Of every one I
meet.





THE MOUSE TO THE SLEEPING ANGORA CAT: "PEEK-A-BOO!"

A WHITE RED SQUIRREL.

BY EMILY G. HUNT, M. D.

SOME girl cousins of mine living in New Jersey have an odd pet. It is a white red squirrel.

You have all seen red squirrels—"chickarees" they call them, from the sounds of their chattering and scolding, as they drop nutshells on your head, or run down a tree-trunk by fits and starts, giving a little "chick" with each forward rush, while they watch you sharply.

Our little pet is like one of these in every way, except that he is so snowy white that the cleanest table-cloth looks dingy compared to him.

He was born in a cranberry-bog. Some men cutting brush there saw two strange little animals, one white, the other cream-colored.

They caught this white one by throwing a coat over him, but the creamy squirrel ran away.

When the captive was brought home all admired him greatly, for he was, as you may imagine, a very beautiful little creature, with his long bushy tail and bright woodland tricks.

But there is one really strange thing about him: his eyes are not red or pink, as are those of most white animals, but they are as black as any squirrel's could be. So my girl cousins call him "Beads."

When an animal belonging to a species commonly dark in color is born white instead, it is called an "albino." You have all seen albino

rabbits and rats and mice. Their eyes are pink. So that Beads is really a most uncommon fellow, a snowy squirrel with jet-black eyes.

Albino or not, he is at any rate a most winning little pet, and there is no end to his pretty ways. As a cat and a kitten live with the same family, he has to be kept in a squirrel-cage; but he is let out a long time each day. Then Beads is quite happy. He climbs up the back of the chair and nibbles the hair of the person seated in it, gnaws the flowers in the window-sill, rushes up the stems of the callas, and scratches in the earth until it flies on all sides. He will rub his head and face and all his body in the earth, until his clean white dress is a sight to behold. After that he hops to the floor, and rubs his face carefully upon the carpet.

He loves to retire to a corner or under a piece of furniture for his toilet, going in gray and coming out white. If you peep and watch him, it is great fun, for he scrubs and combs himself with his paws in the neatest way, washes his face just as a cat does, and then takes his big tail in his paws and uses it for a towel! One often hears people wonder why squirrels have such big tails. All know that they are useful as balancing-poles and blankets, and are charming as ornaments, but not many are in Beads's secret of their usefulness as towels.

Our pet was brought in from the woods and fields in winter, and taken into a warm room. Soon his kind mother Nature began to take off his cold-weather clothes by making him shed his fur in patches. But when he was hung in his cage in a room without a fire, the fur came on again as thick as ever.

Since he could no longer run up trees and keep his claws worn down, they grew so long as to catch in the carpet. His friends were afraid he might break his legs, so they held him and very carefully cut his nails.

Beads has his own notions about his food. He makes but one meal a day, eating very heartily of corn, taking the sweet kernels only, and throwing the rest away. He always keeps a nut or two soaking in his water-cup to soften and to save his teeth. He hides most of his store in his bed, always eating the nuts that have been in the water. Others he loves to hide all over the room, whence they come rolling down on one at unexpected moments.

He was presented with a big box of woods earth to dig in. In this he loves to hide a nut. Then he will begin his usual scratching, gradually clearing all away but just a column where his treasure is, as he supposes, hidden.



"BEADS."

One of his friends tried her new camera on Beads, and the picture shows you how he looks sitting on a wicker-chair back, nibbling the crisp edge of a beloved salt-cracker.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

BY A. T. SCHUMAN.

A GLINT of blue flits 'neath the sky,
Amid the merry May-time;
A living gem, light-winged and shy,
Enjoying its brief play-time.

Now perched upon an alder-spray
That bends beneath its lightness,
It gives unto the dewy day
A soft and sudden brightness.

And from its little throbbing throat
Comes "Twitter, twitter, twitter!"
A sweet, a swift, a slender note,
But never one that 's bitter.

A cheery voice that tells of Spring,
At rosy dawn and after;
The busy Blue-bird carolling
A song of love and laughter.



"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW."

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

NICK landed upon a pile of soft earth. It broke away under his feet and threw him forward upon his hands and knees. He got up, a little shaken but unhurt, and stood close to the wall, looking all about quickly. A party of gaily dressed gallants were haggling with the horse-boys at the sheds; but they did not even look at him. A passing carter stared up at the window, measuring the distance with his eye, whistled incredulously, and trudged on.

Nick listened a moment, but heard only the clamor of voices inside, and the zoon, zoon, zoon of the viol. He was trembling all over, and his heart was beating like a trip-hammer. He wanted to run, but was fearful of exciting suspicion. Heading straight for the river, he walked as fast as he could through the gardens and the trees, brushing the dirt from his hose as he went.

There was a wherry just pushing out from Old Marigold stairs with a single passenger, a gardener with a basket of truck.

"Holloa!" cried Nick, hurrying down; "will ye take me across?"

"For thrippence," said the boatman, hauling the wherry alongside again with his hook.

Thrippence? Nick stopped, dismayed. Master Carew had his gold rose-noble, and he had not thought of the fare. They would soon find that he was gone.

"Oh, I must be across, sir," he cried. "Can ye na take me free? I be little and not heavy; and I will help the gentleman with his basket."

The boatman's only reply was to drop his hook and push off with the oar.

But the gardener, touched by the boy's pitiful expression, to say nothing of being tickled

by Nick's calling him gentleman, spoke up: "Here, jack-sculler," said he; "I'll toss up wi' thee for it." He pulled a groat from his pocket and began spinning it in the air. "Come, thou lookest a gamesome fellow — cross he goes, pile he stays; best two in three flips — what sayst?"

"Done!" said the waterman. "Pop her up!"

Up went the groat.

Nick held his breath.

"Pile it is," said the gardener. "One for thee — and up she goes again!" The groat twirled in the air and came down *clink* upon the thwart.

"Aha!" cried the boatman, "'t is mine, or I'm a horse!"

"Nay, jack-sculler," laughed the gardener; "cross it is! Ka me, ka thee, my pretty groat — I never lose with this groat."

"Oh, sir, do be brisk!" begged Nick, fearing every instant to see the master-player and the bandy-legged man come running down the bank.

"More haste, worse speed," said the gardener; "only evil weeds grow fast!" and he rubbed the groat on his jerkin. "Now, jack-sculler, hold thy breath; for up she goes again!"

A man came running over the rise. Nick gave a little frightened cry. It was only a huckster's knave with a roll of fresh butter. The groat came down with a splash in the bottom of the wherry. The boatman picked it up out of the water and wiped it with his sleeve. "Here, boy, get aboard," said he, shoving off; "and be lively about it!"

The huckster's knave came running down the landing. He pushed Nick aside, and scrambled into the wherry, puffing for breath. The boat fell off into the current. Nick, making a plunge for it into the water, just managed to

catch the gunwale and get aboard, wet to the knees. But he did not care for that; for although there were people going up Paris Garden lane, and a crowd about the entrance of the Rose, he could not see Master Carew or the bandy-legged man anywhere. So he breathed a little freer, yet kept his eyes fast upon the play-house until the wherry bumped against Blackfriars stairs.

Picking up the basket of truck, he sprang ashore, and, dropping it upon the landing, took

a wicket-gate that was standing half ajar, and went through it into the old cloisters.

Everything there was still. He was glad of that, for the noise and the rush of the crowd outside confused him.

The place had once been a well kept garden-plot; but now was become a mere stack of odds and ends of boards, and beams, shavings, mortar, and broken brick. A long-legged fellow with a green patch over one eye was building a pair of stairs to a door beside which a sign read: "Playeres Here: None Elles."

Nick doffed his cap. "Good-day," said he; "is Master Will Shaksper in?"

The man put down his saw and sat back upon one of the trestles, staring stupidly: "Didst za-ay zummat?"

"I asked if Master Will Shaksper was in?"

The fellow scratched his head with a bit of shaving. "Noa, Muster Wull Zhacksper beant in."

Nick's heart stopped with a thump. "Where is he—do ye know?"

"A 's gone awa-ay," drawled the workman vaguely.

"Away? Whither?"

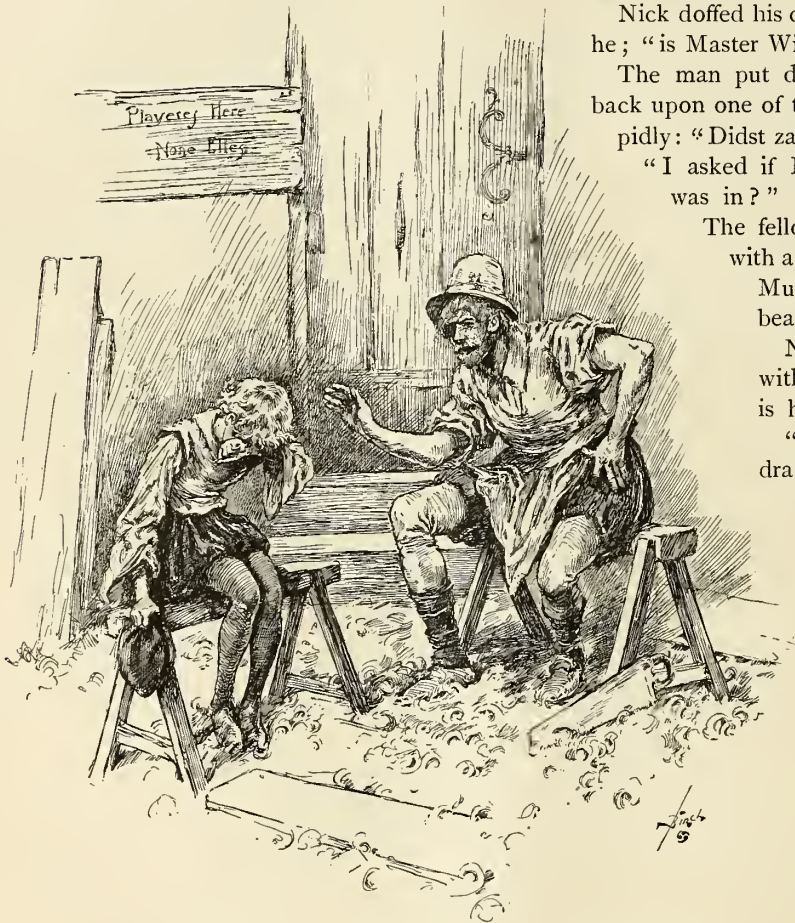
"A 's gone to Ztratvoard to-own, whur 's woife do li-ive—went a-yesterday."

Nick sat blindly down upon the other trestle. He did not put his cap on again: he had quite forgotten it.

Master Will Shaksper gone to Strat-

ford—and only the day before!

Too late—just one little day too late! It seemed like cruel mockery. Why, he might be almost home! The thought was more than he could bear: who could be brave in the face



"'ZTOP UN, ZTOP UN, DO NOW!' SAID THE WORKMAN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to his heels up the bank, without stopping to thank either gardener or boatman.

The gray walls of the old friary were just ahead, scarcely a stone's throw from the river. With heart beating high, he ran along the close, looking eagerly for the entrance. He came to

of such a blow? The bitter tears ran down his face again.

"Here, here, odzookens, lad!" grinned the workman stolidly, "thou 'lt vetch t' river up if weeps zo ha-ard. Ztop un, ztop un; do now."

Nick sat staring at the ground. A beetle was trying to crawl over a shaving. It was a curly shaving, and as fast as the beetle crept up to the top the shaving rolled over, and dropped the beetle upon its back in the dust; but it only got up and tried again. Nick looked up. "Is — is Master Richard Burbage here, then?"

Perhaps Burbage, who had been a Stratford man, would help him.

"Noa," drawled the carpenter; "Muster Babbage beant here; doan't want un, nuther — nuvver do moind a's owen business — always jawin' volks. A beant here, an' doan't want un, nuther."

Nick's heart went down. "And where is he?"

"Who? Muster Babbage? Whoy, a be-eth out to Zhoreditch, a-playin' at t' theater."

"And where may Shoreditch be?"

"Whur be Zhoreditch?" gaped the workman, vacantly. "Whoy — whoy, zummers over there a bit yon, zure"; and he waved his hand about in a way that pointed to nowhere at all.

"When will he be back?" asked Nick, desperately.

"Be ba-ack?" drawled the workman, slowly taking up his saw again; "back whur? — here? Whoy, a wun't pla-ay here no mo-ore avore next Martlemas."

Martinmas? That was almost mid-November. It was now but middle May.

Nick got up and went out at the wicket-gate. He was beginning to feel sick and a little faint. The rush in the street made him dizzy, and the sullen roar that came down on the wind from the town, mingled with the tramping of feet, the splash of oars, the bumping of boats along the wharves, and the shouts and cries of a thousand voices, stupefied him.

He was standing there motionless in the narrow way, as if dazed by a heavy fall, when Gaston Carew came running up from the river-front, with the bandy-legged man at his heels.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH THE CATHEDRAL BOYS.

AN old gray rat came out of its hole, ran swiftly across the floor, and, sitting up, crouched there, peering at Nick. He thought its bare, scaly tail was not a pleasant thing to see; yet he looked at it, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands.

He had been locked in for two days now. They had put in plenty of food, and he had eaten it all; for if he starved to death he would certainly never get home.

It was quite warm, and the boards had been taken from the window, so that there was plenty of light. The window faced the north, and in the night, wakened by some outcry in the street below, Nick had leaned his log-pillow against the wainscot, and climbing up, looked out into the sky. It was clear, for a wonder, and the stars were very bright. The moon, like a smoky golden platter, rose behind the eastern towers of the town, and in the north hung the Great Wain pointing at the polar star.

Somewhere underneath those stars was Stratford. The throstles would be singing in the orchard there now, when the sun was low and the cool wind came up from the river with a little whispering in the lane. The purple-gray doves, too, would be cooing softly in the elms over the cottage gable. In fancy he heard the whistle of their wings as they flew. But all the sound that came in over the roofs of London town was a hollow murmur as from a kennel of surly hounds.

"Nick! — oh, Nick!"

Cicely Carew was calling at the door. The rat scurried off to its hole in the wall.

"What there, Nick! Art thou within?" Cicely called again; but Nick made no reply.

"Nick, *dear* Nick, art crying?"

"No," said he; "I 'm not."

There was a short silence.

"Nick, I say, wilt thou be good if I open the door?"

"No."

"Then I will open it anyway; thou durst n't be bad to me!"

The bolts thumped, and then the heavy door swung slowly back.

"Why, where art thou?"

He was sitting in the corner behind the door.

"Here," said he.

She came in, but he did not look up.

"Nick," she asked earnestly, "why wilt thou be so bad, and try to run away from my father?"

"I hate thy father!" said he, and brought his fist down upon his knee.

"Hate him? Oh, Nick! Why?"

cool hand. She was a graceful child, and gentle in all her ways. "I am sorry thou dost not feel well, Nick. But my father will come presently, and he will heal thee soon. Don't cry any more."

"I 'm not crying," said Nick stoutly, though as he spoke a tear ran down his cheek, and fell upon his hand.

"Then it is the roof leaks," she said, looking up as if she had not seen his tear-blinded eyes.

"But, cheer up, Nick, and be a good boy — wilt thou not? 'T is dinner-time, and thy new clothes have come; and thou art to come down now and try them on."

When Nick came out of the tiring-room and found the master-player come, he knew not what to say or do. "Oh, brave, brave, brave!" cried Cicely, and danced around him, clapping her hands. "Why, it is a very prince — a king! Oh, Nick, thou art most beautiful to see!"

And Master Carew's own eyes sparkled; for truly it was a pleasant sight to see a fair young lad like Nick in such attire.

There was a fine white shirt of Holland

linen, and long hose of grayish-blue, with puffed and slashed trunks of velvet so blue as to be almost black. The sleeveless jerkin was of the same dark color, trellised with roses embroidered in silk, and loose from breast to broad lace collar so that the waistcoat of dull gold silk beneath it might show. A cloak of damask with a silver clasp, a buff-leather belt with a chubby purse hung to it by a chain, tan-



"OH, NICK, THOU ART MOST BEAUTIFUL TO SEE!" CRIED CICELY."

"If thou be asking whys," said Nick, bitterly, "why did he steal me away from my mother?"

"Oh, surely, Nick, that cannot be true — no, no, it cannot be true. Thou hast forgotten, or thou hast slept too hard and had bad dreams. My father would not steal a pin. It was a nightmare. Doth thine head hurt thee?" She came over and stroked his forehead with her

colored slippers, and a jaunty velvet cap with a short white plume, completed the array. Everything, too, had been laid down with perfume, so that from head to foot he smelt as sweet and clean as a drift of rose-mallows.

"My soul!" cried Carew, stepping back and snapping his fingers with delight. "Thou art the bravest skylark that ever broke a shell! Fine feathers—fine bird—my soul, how ye do set each other off!" He took Nick by the shoulders, twirled him around, and standing off again, stared at him like a man who has found two pound sterling in a cast-off coat.

"I can na pay for them, sir," said Nick slowly.

"There 's nought to pay — it is a gift."

Nick hung his head, much troubled. What could he say; what could he think? This man had stolen him from home,—ay, made him tremble for his very life a dozen times,—and with his whole heart he knew he hated him—yet here, a gift!

"Yes, Nick, it is a gift—and all because I love thee, lad."

"Love me?"

"Why, surely! Who could see thee without liking, or hear thy voice and not love thee? Love thee, Nick? Why, on my word and honour, lad, I love thee with all my heart."

"Thou hast chosen strange ways to show it, Master Carew," said Nick, and looked straight up into the master-player's eyes.

Carew turned upon his heel and ordered the dinner.

It was a good dinner: fat roast capon stuffed with spiced carrots; asparagus, biscuit, barley-cakes, and honey; and to end with, a flaky pie, and Spanish cordial sprinkled with burnt sugar. With such fare and a keen appetite, a marvellous brand-new suit of clothes, and Cicely chattering gaily by his side, Nick could not be sulky or doleful long. He was soon laughing; and Carew's spirits seemed to rise with the boy's.

"Here, here!" he cried, as Nick was served the third time to the pie; "art hollow to thy very toes? Why, thou 'lt eat us out of house and home—hey, Cicely? Marry come up, I think I 'd best take Ned Alleyn's five shillings for thine hire, after all! What! Five shillings?

Set me in earth and bowl me to death with boiled turnips!—do they think to play bob-fool with me? Five shillings! A fico for their five shillings—and this for them!" and he squeezed the end of his thumb between his fingers. "Cicely, what dost think?—Phil Henslowe had the face to match Jem Bristow with our Nick!"

"Why, daddy, Jem hath a face like a halibut!"

"And a voice like a husky crow. Why, Nick's mere shadow on the stage is worth a ton of Jemmy Bristows. 'T was casting pearls before swine, Nick, to offer thee to Henslowe and Alleyn; but we 've found a better trough than theirs—hey, Cicely Goldenheart, have n't we? Thou art to be one of Paul's boys."

"Paul who?"

Carew lay back in his chair and laughed. "Paul who? Why, Saint Paul, Nick,—'t is Paul's Cathedral boys I mean. Marry, what dost say to that?"

"I 'd like another barley-cake."

"You 'd *what*?" cried the master-player, letting the front legs of his chair come down on the floor with a thump.

"I 'd like another barley-cake," said Nick quietly, helping himself to the honey.

"Upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour!" ejaculated Carew. "Tell a man his fortune 's made, and he calls for barley-cakes! Why, thou'dst say 'Pooh!' to a cannon-ball! My faith, boy, dost understand what this doth mean?"

"Ay," said Nick; "that I be hungry."

"But, Nick, upon my soul, thou art to sing with the Children of Paul's; to play with the Cathedral company; to be a bright particular star in the sweetest galaxy that ever shone in English sky! Dost take me yet?"

"Ay," said Nick, and sopped the honey with his cake.

Carew played with his glass uneasily, and tapped his heel upon the floor. "And is that all thou hast to say—hast turned oyster? There 's no R in May—nobody will eat thee! Come, don't make a mouth as though the honey of the world were all turned gall upon thy tongue. 'T is the flood-tide of thy fortune, boy! Thou art to sing before the school

to-morrow, so that Master Nathaniel Gyles may take thy range and worth. Now, truly, thou wilt do thy very best?"

The bandy-legged man had brought water in a ewer, and poured some in a basin for Nick to wash his hands. There was a green ribbon in his ear, and the towel hung across his arm. Nick wiped his hands in silence.

"Come," said Master Carew, with an ugly sharpness in his voice, "thou'lt sing thy very best?"

"There's nothing else to do," replied Nick doggedly.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

MASTER NATHANIEL GYLES, Precentor of St. Paul's, had pipe-stem legs, and a face like an old parchment put in a box to keep. His sandy hair was thin and straggling, and his fine cloth hose wrinkled around his shrunken shanks; but his eye was sharp, and he wore about his neck a broad gold chain that marked him as no common man.

For Master Nathaniel Gyles was head of the Cathedral schools of acting and of music, and he stood upon his dignity.

"My duty is laid down," said he, "in most specific terms, sir,—*lex cathedralis*,—that is to say, by the laws of the cathedral; and has been, sir, since the reign of Richard the Third. *Primus Magister Scholarum, Custos Morum, Quartus Custos Rotulorum*,—so the title stands, sir; and I know my place."

He pushed Nick into the anteroom, and turned to Carew with an irritated air.

"I likewise know, sir, what is what. In plain words, Master Gaston Carew, ye have grossly misrepresented this boy to me, to the waste of much good time. Why, sir, he does not dance a step, and cannot act at all."

"Soft, Master Gyles—be not so fast!" said Carew haughtily, drawing himself up, with his hand on his poniard; "dost mean to tell me that I have lied to thee? Marry, sir, thy tongue will run thee into a blind alley! I told thee that the boy could sing, but not that he could act or dance."

"Pouf, sir,—words! I know my place: one peg below the dean, sir, nothing less: *Magis-*

ter, et cetera'—'t is so set down. And I tell thee, sir, he has no training, not a bit; can't tell a pricksong from a bottle of hay; does n't know a canon from a crocodile, or a fugue from a hole in the ground!"

"Oh, fol-de-riddle de fol-de-rol! What has that to do with it? I tell thee, sir, the boy can sing."

"And, sir, I say I know my place. Music does not grow like weeds."

"And fa-la-las don't make a voice."

"What! How? Wilt thou teach me?" The master's voice rose angrily. "Teach me, who learned descant and counterpoint in the Gallo-Belgic schools, sir; the best in all the world! Thou, who knowest not a staccato from a stick of liquorice!"

Carew shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Come, Master Gyles, this is fool play. I told thee that the boy could sing, and thou hast not yet heard him try. Thou knowest right well I am no such simple gull as to mistake a jay for a nightingale; and I tell thee, sir, upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour, he has the voice that thou dost need if thou wouldst win the favor of the Queen. He has the voice, and thou the thingumbobs to make the most of it. Don't be a fool, now; hear him sing. That's all I ask. Just hear him once. Thou'lt pawn thine ears to hear him twice."

The music-school stood within the old cathedral grounds. Through the windows came up distantly the murmur of the throng in Paul's Yard. It was mid-afternoon, quite warm; blundering flies buzzed up and down the lozenged panes, and through the dark hall crept the humming sound of childish voices reciting eagerly, with now and then a sharp, small cry as some one faltered in his lines, and had his fingers rapped. Somewhere else there were boyish voices running scales, now up, now down, without a stop, and other voices singing harmonies, two parts and three together, here and there a little flat from weariness.

The stairs were very dark, Nick thought, as they went up to another floor; but the long hall they came into there was quite bright with the sun.

At one end was a little stage, like the one

at the Rose play-house, with a small gallery for musicians above it; but everything here was painted white and gold, and was most scrupulously clean. The rush-strewn floor was filled with oaken benches, and there were paintings hanging upon the wall, portraits of old head-masters and precentors. Some of them were so dark with time that Nick wondered if they had been blackamoors.

Master Gyles closed the great door and pulled a cord that hung by the stage. A bell jangled faintly somewhere in the wall. Nick heard the muffled voices hush, and then a shuffling tramp of slipper feet came up the outer stair.

"Pouf!" said the precentor crustily.

"*Tempus fugit*—that is to say, we have no time to waste. So, marry, boy, *venite, exultemus*—in other words, if thou canst sing, be up and at it. Come, *cantate*—sing, I bid thee, and that instant— if thou canst sing at all."

The under-masters and monitors were pushing the boys into their seats. Carew pointed to the stage. "Thou'lt do thy level best!" he said in a low, hard tone, and something clashed beneath his cloak like steel on steel.

Nick went up the steps behind the screen. It seemed cold in the room; he had not noticed it before. Yet there were sweat-drops upon his forehead. He felt as if he were a jackanapes he had seen once at the Stratford

fair, which wore a crimson jerkin and a cap. The man who had the jackanapes played upon a pipe and a tabor; and when he said, "Dance!" the jackanapes danced, for it was sorely afraid of the man. Yet when Nick looked around and did not see the master-player anywhere in the hall, he felt exceedingly lonely all at once without him, though he both feared and hated him.

There still was a shuffling of feet and a low talking; but soon it became very quiet, and they all seemed to be waiting for him to begin. He did not care, but supposed he might as well: what else could he do?

There was a clock somewhere ticking quickly with its sharp, metallic ring. As he listened, lonely, his heart cried out for home.

In his fancy the wind seemed rippling over the Avon, and the elm-leaves rustled like rain upon the roof above his bed. There were red and

white wild-roses in the hedge, and in the air a smell of clover and of new-mown hay. The mowers would be working in the clover in the moonlight. He could almost see the sweep of the shining scythes, and hear the chink-a-chank, chink-a-chank of the whetstone on the long, curving blades. Chink-a-chank, chink-a-chank—'t was but the clock, and he in London town.

Carew, sitting there behind the carven prompter's-screen, put down his head between



"THAT VOICE, THAT VOICE!" NAT GYLES PANTED TO HIMSELF.

his hands and listened. There were murmurings a little while, then silence. Would the boy never begin? He pressed his knuckles into his temples and waited. Bow Bells rang out the hour; but the room was as still as a deep sleep. Would the boy never begin?

The precentor sniffed. It was a contemptuous, incredulous sniff. Carew looked up—his lips white, a fierce red spot in each cheek. He was talking to himself: "By the whistle of the Lord High Admiral!" he said—but there he stopped and held his breath. Nick was singing.

Only the old madrigal, with its half-forgotten words that other generations sang before they fell asleep. How queer it sounded there! It was a very simple tune, too; yet, as he sang, the old precentor started from his chair and pressed his wrinkled hands together against his breast. He quite forgot the sneer upon his face, and it went fading out like breath from a frosty pane.

He had twelve boys who could sing a hundred songs at sight from unfamiliar notes; who kept the beat and marked the time as if their throats were pendulums; could syncopate and floriate as readily as breathe. And this was only a common country song.

But—"That voice, that voice!" he panted to himself: for old Nat Gyles was music-mad; melody to him was like the very breath of life. And the boy's high, young voice, soft as a flute and silver clear, throbbed in the air as if his very heart were singing out of his body in the sound. And then, like the skylark rising, up, up it went, and up, up, up, till the older choristers held their breath and feared that the vibrant tone would break, so slender, film-like was the trembling thread of the boy's wild skylark song. But no; it trembled there, high, sweet, and clear, a moment in the air; and then came running, rippling, floating down, as though some one had set a song on fire in the sky, and dropped it quivering and bright into a shadow world. Then suddenly it was gone, and the long hall was still.

The old precentor stepped beyond the screen.

Gaston Carew's face was in his hands, and his shoulders shook convulsively: "I'll leave thee go, lad,—*ma foi*, I'll leave thee go. But, nay, I dare not leave thee go!"

Some one came and tapped him on the shoulder. It was the sub-precentor. "Master Gyles would speak with thee, sir," said he, in a low tone, as if half afraid of the sound of his own voice in the quiet that was in the hall.

Carew drew his hand hastily over his face, as if to take the old one off and put a new one on, then arose and followed the man.

The old precentor stood with his hand still clasped against his breast. "*Mirabile!*" he was saying with bated breath. "It is impossible, and I have dreamed! Yet *credo*—I believe—*quia impossibile est*—because it is impossible. Tell me, Carew, do I wake or dream—or, stay, was it a soul I heard? Ay, Carew, 't was a soul: the lad's own white, young soul. My faith, I said he was of no account! *Satis verborum*—say no more. *Humanum est errare*—I am a poor old fool; and there 's a sour bug flown in mine eye that makes it water so!" He wiped his eyes, for the tears were running down his cheeks.

"Thou 'lt take him, then?" asked Carew.

"Take him?" cried the old precentor, catching the master-player by the hand. "Marry, that will I; a voice like that grows not on every bush. Take him? Pouf! I know my place—he shall be entered on the rolls at once."

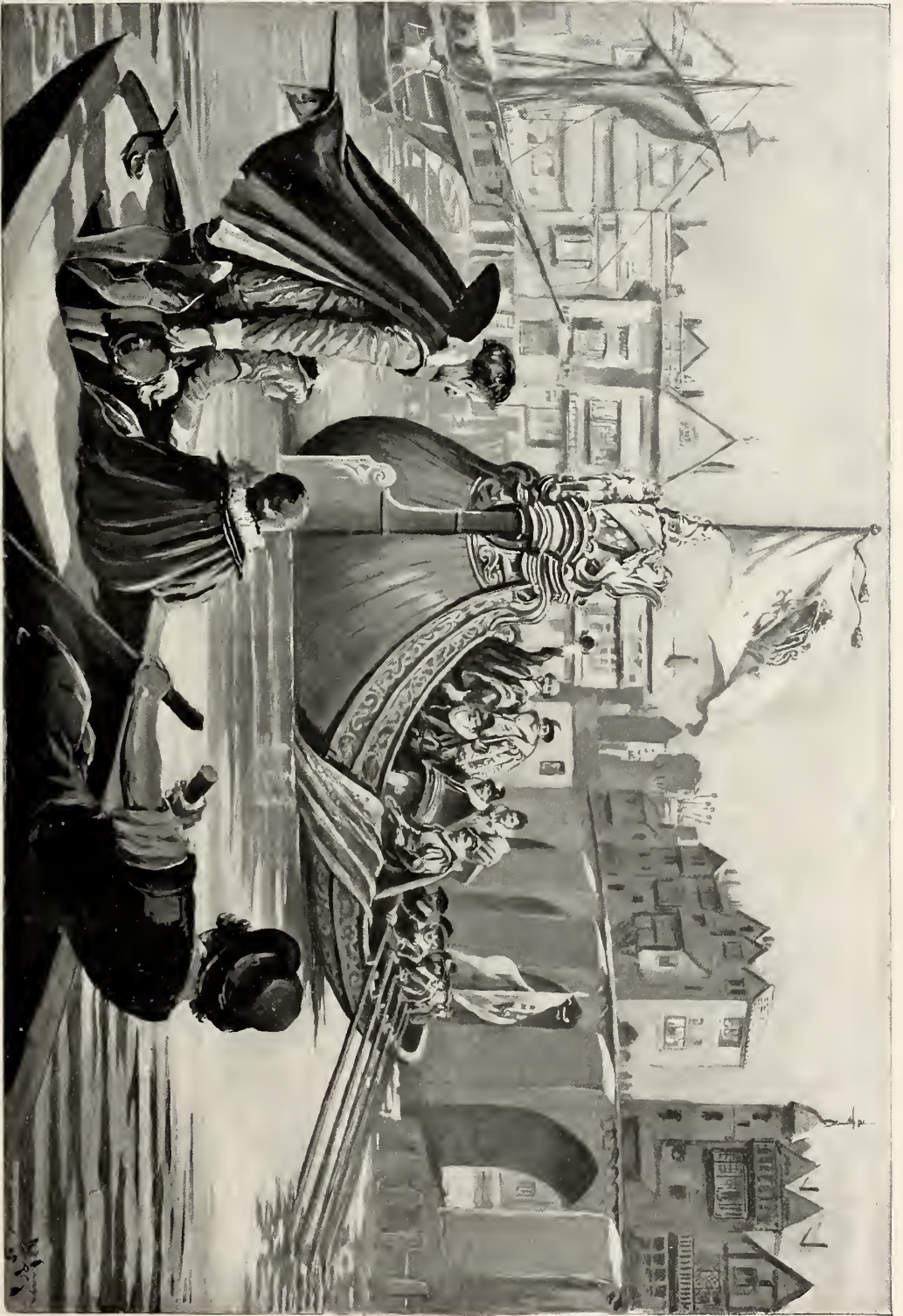
"Good!" said Carew. "I shall have him learn to dance, and teach him how to act myself. He stays with me, ye understand; thy school fare is miserly. I'll dress him, too; for these students' robes are shabby stuff. But for the rest—"

"Trust me," said Master Gyles; "he shall be the first singer of them all. He shall be taught—but who can teach the lark its song, and not do horrid murder on it? Faith, Carew, I'll teach the lad myself; ay, all I know. I studied in the best schools in the world."

"And, hark 'e, Master Gyles," said Carew sternly all at once; "thou 'lt come no royal placard and seizure on me—ye have sworn. The boy is mine to have and to hold, with all that he earns, in spite of thy prerogatives."

For the kings of old had given the masters of this school the right to take for St. Paul's choir whatever voices pleased them, wherever they might be found, by force if not by favor,

"AS THEY CAME AHEAD, CAREW, RISING, DOFFED HIS HAT, AND BOWED FOLLETLY TO THEM ALL."



barring only the royal singers at Windsor; and when men have such privileges it is best to be wary how one puts temptation in their way.

“Thou hadst mine oath before I even saw the boy,” said the precentor haughtily. “Dost think me perjured — *Primus Magister Scholarum, Custos Morum, Quartus Custos Rotularum?* Pof! I know my place. My oath’s my oath. But, soft; enough — here comes the boy. Who could have told a skylark in such popinjay attire?”

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW LIFE.

AND NOW a strange, new life began for Nicholas Attwood, in some things so grand and kind that he almost hated to dislike it.

It was different in every way from the simple, pinching round in Stratford, and full of all the comforts of richness and plenty that make life happy — excepting home and mother.

Master Gaston Carew would have nothing but the best, and what he wanted, whether he needed it or not; so with him money came like a summer rain, and went like water out of a sieve: for he was a wild blade.

They ate their breakfast when they pleased; dined at eleven, like the nobility; supped at five, as was the fashion of the court. They had wheatbread the whole week round, as only rich folk could afford, with fruit and berries in their season, and honey from the Surrey bee-farms that made one’s mouth water with the sight of it dripping from the flaky comb; and on Fridays spitchcocked eels, pickled herrings, and plums, with simnel-cakes, poached eggs and milk, cream cheese and cordial, like very kings; so that Nick could not help thriving.

The master-player very seldom left him by himself to mope or to be melancholy; but while ever vaguely promising to let him go, did everything in his power to make him rather wish to stay; so that Nick was constantly surprised by the free-handed kindness of this man whom he had every other reason in the world, he thought, for deeming his worst enemy.

When there were any new curiosities in Fleet Street, — wild men with rings in their noses, wondrous fishes, puppet-shows, or red-capped

baboons whirling on a pole, — Carew would have Nick see them as well as Cicely; and often took them both to Bartholomew’s Fair, where there was a giant eating raw beef and a man dancing upon a rope high over the heads of the people. He would have had Nick every Thursday to the bear-baiting in the Paris Garden circus besides; but one sight of that brutal sport made the boy so sick that they never went again, but to the stage-plays at the Rose instead, which Nick enjoyed immensely, for Carew himself acted most excellently, and Master Tom Heywood always came and spoke kindly to the lonely boy.

For, in spite of all, Nick’s heart ached so at times that he thought it would surely break with longing for his mother. And at night, when all the house was still and dark, and he alone in bed, all the little, unconsidered things of home — the beehives and the fragrant mint beside the kitchen door, the smell of the baking bread or frying carrots, the sound of the red-cheeked harvest apples dropping in the orchard, and the plump of the old bucket in the well — came back to him so vividly that many a time he cried himself to sleep, and could not have forgotten if he would.

On Midsummer Day there was a Triumph on the river at Westminster, with a sham-fight and a great shooting of guns and hurling of balls of wild-fire. The Queen was there, and the ambassadors of France and Venice, with the Duke of Lennox and the Earls of Arundel and Southampton. Master Carew took a wherry to Whitehall, and from the green there they watched the show.

The Thames was fairly hidden by the boats, and there was a grand state bark all trimmed with silk and velvet for the Queen to be in to see the pastime. But as for that, all Nick could make out was the high carved stern of the bark, painted with England’s golden lions, and the bark was so far away that he could not even tell which was the Queen.

Coming home by Somerset House, a large barge passed them with many watermen rowing, and fine carpets about the seats; and in it the old Lord Chamberlain and his son my Lord Hunsdon, who, it was said, was to be the Lord Chamberlain when his father died; for the old

lord was failing, and the Queen liked clever young men about her.

In the barge, besides their followers, were a company of richly dressed gentlemen, who were having a very gay time together, and seemed to please the old Lord Chamberlain exceedingly with the things they said. They were somebodies, as Nick could very well see from their carriage and address; and, so far as the barge allowed, they were all clustered about one fellow in the seat by my Lord Hunsdon. He seemed to be the chiefest spokesman of them all, and every one appeared very glad indeed to be friendly with him. My Lord Hunsdon himself made free with his nobility, and sat beside him arm in arm.

What he was saying they were too far away to hear in the shouting and splash; but those with him in the barge were listening as eagerly as children to a merry tale. Sometimes they laughed until they held their sides; and then again as suddenly they were very quiet, and played softly with their tankards and did not look at each other as he went gravely on telling his story. Then all at once he would wave his hand gaily and his smile would sparkle out, and the whole company, from the old Lord Chamberlain down, would brighten up again, as if a new dawn had come over the hills into their hearts from the light of his hazel eyes.

Nick made no doubt that this was some young earl rolling in wealth; for who else could have such listeners? Yet there was, nevertheless, something so familiar in his look that he could not help staring at him as the barge came thumping through the jam.

They passed along an oar's-length or two away; and as they came abeam, Carew, rising, doffed his hat, and bowed politely to them all.

In spite of his wild life, he was a striking, handsome man.

The old Lord Chamberlain said something to his son, and pointed with his hand. All the company in the barge turned round to look; and he who had been talking stood up quickly with his hand upon the young lord's arm, and smiling, waved his cap.

Nick gave a sharp cry.

Then the barge pushed through, and shot away down stream like a wild swan.

"Why, Nick," exclaimed Cicely, "how dreadful thou dost look!" and, frightened, she caught him by the hand. "Why, oh!—what is it, Nick—thou art not ill?"

"It was Will Shakspeare!" cried Nick, and sank into the bottom of the wherry with his head upon the master-player's knee. "Oh, Master Carew," he cried, "will ye never leave me go?"

Carew laid his hand upon the boy's head, and patted it gently.

"Why, Nick," said he, and cleared his throat, "is not this better than Stratford?"

"Oh, Master Carew—mother's there!" was the reply.

There was no sound but the thud of oars in the rowlocks and the hollow bubble of the water at the stern, for they had fallen out of the hurry and were coming down alone.

"Is thy mother a good woman, Nick?" asked Cicely.

Carew was staring out into the fading sky. "Ay, sweetheart," he answered in a queer, husky voice, suddenly putting his arm about her and the other around Nick's shoulders. "None but a good mother could have so good a son."

"Then thou wilt send him home, daddy?" asked Cicely.

Carew took her hand in his, but answered nothing.

They had come to the landing.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

BY GEORGE B. SMITH.

IN the month of August, in the year 1869, General Grant, having begun his first administration as President of the United States, and finding himself in need of recreation, determined to make a flying trip through the principal points of interest in the White Mountains. The weather elsewhere was hot, the mountains were cool, and he had never visited them.

The President accordingly started with a party of about twenty-five persons, and made a brief tour of the mountains, reaching the village of Bethlehem, eleven miles from the Profile House, on the 27th. He stayed at the St. Clair House, from which point he was to be conveyed to the Profile House by carriage. In those days there were no mountain railways to whirl one from point to point, and from one large hotel to another as now. Tourists went by stage and carriage from place to place. Every morning ten or twelve large "Concord" coaches were backed up to the portico of the Profile, six horses harnessed to each coach, awaiting the hour of starting, and when seven o'clock arrived, they departed, one for Lyttleton, one for Plymouth, another for the Crawford House, and so on. It was considered one of the amusements of the guests, to rise early and see the stages start. Touring with private coaches as practised now, with well appointed turnouts and teams of thoroughbreds, was almost unknown to the gentlemen of that day.

When General Grant reached Bethlehem, word was telegraphed to the Profile that he was waiting to be taken over. At that time a man by the name of Edward Cox carried people from the hotel to the Flume, one of the sights of the mountains. For this purpose he drove a large wagon, resembling a band-wagon, capable of seating fifteen persons. It was roomy, the springs were good, and it had a high box in

front, where Mr. Cox sat and held the reins, like a genuine Dan Phaeton.

Everybody at the Profile knew Cox, and all knew he was going over to Bethlehem for the President, and after dinner the writer walked out to the stables, where "Ed" was busy hitching up and getting ready to go for the general. Cox loved a good horse as a sculptor loves a fine piece of statuary or as a painter loves a beautiful picture.

And, liking the best of horses, he always had them. It was said there was a snug corner down in Vermont, known only to him, where a certain breed of thoroughbred colts could be had, and that Cox slipped down there each Spring and bought the choicest of them. So, in addition to his regular business of carrying sightseers to the Flume, and other points of interest, he turned a handsome penny each season by selling fine horses to wealthy buyers; and many a select pair was transferred from his stable to those of gentlemen in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia.

The eight beauties stood in their places before the Flume Chariot as the last finishing touches were being given preparatory to the start. And indeed they were a noble team. Each a bright bay, with head up and ears erect, with a coat glistening in the sunshine, and eyes full of life, they seemed to say, "We are going to bring the President." Mr. Cox valued the leaders at \$3000. Not a spot or blemish could be found on the entire team.

About three o'clock Cox started, and jogged along easily toward Bethlehem. It was one of the important occasions of his life, and he felt it. But he did not propose to wear out his steeds by useless haste, until the time came. It was eleven solid long mountain miles to Bethlehem, but, by judicious management, this

"OFF FOR THE PROFILE!" — MAKING A RECORD.



would be only the better for the animals, and fit them for the grand effort to come later.

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the Presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with the glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's seat, he said to Cox, "If you have no objections, I will get up there with you." "It is pretty rough riding up here, General," was the reply. "I can stand it if you can," said Grant, as he climbed to the place and settled himself. The President was dressed in high silk hat, black suit, and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothing as possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in the big, heavy wagon according to their ideas of comfort, and all was ready. Sixteen people were in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist!" and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph-operator at the Sinclair sat with finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely seven o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed" could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of my readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile, will remember Echo Lake, and the little cannon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water,

famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the Presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by, the gunner should fire the cannon, to announce the fact to the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal-gun, chatting, discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—*bang!* went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the President. "It cannot be!" "Look at the time!" "Some mistake has been made!" Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

The proprietor hurried a bell-boy to the lake, to ascertain why the gun was fired before the time. But it was the expected party. In what seemed an incredibly short time we heard the tramping of the flying steeds, and the rattle of the chariot; and in another moment they swept around the corner of the house into plain view.

Never will I forget the scene, as they swung into the large circular space before the building. Ed Cox stood up on the foot-board, with teeth set, eyes blazing, and every rein drawn tight in his hands. General Grant sat beside him, holding his hat on with one hand, the other grasping the seat. The eight horses were on the full run, with mouths wide open, ears back flat to their heads, and nostrils distended. They were covered with sweat and foam, yet all under perfect control of the magician on the box. As they made the circle and drew up in front of the hotel, Cox threw his weight on the brake and stopped at once. He had made the drive in precisely fifty-eight minutes.

In *The Century Magazine* for November, 1892, Mr. T. Suffern Tailer gave the result of a trial of speed in modern coaching. This journey was in France over roads kept in constant repair by strict enforcement of law, and the trial was under the direction of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which implies that every possible effort was made to insure quick time. The course was from the *Herald* office in Paris to Trouville, distant 140 miles. Horses stationed in advance were changed thirteen times, and driven, as Mr. Tailer himself shows, unsparingly. Nine people were in the party, and the time made was,

for the entire trip, ten hours and fifty minutes, or a little over twelve miles an hour, including changes, over macadamized French roads, comparatively level.

Contrast this showing of twelve miles in sixty minutes, with every advantage, and that of eleven miles in fifty-eight minutes, over mountain roads in the country, eight horses to be driven, with sixteen people to carry, and the



"GENERAL GRANT WAS HOLDING HIS HAT ON WITH ONE HAND, THE OTHER GRASPING THE SEAT."

reader can easily see which is the greater performance. It is probable that Mr. Cox's achievement has never been excelled, when everything is considered.

General Grant, as he dismounted from his lofty perch, was a curious spectacle. Covered with dust from head to foot, he had the appearance of a man who had been rolled in the road. Hat, hair, and whiskers had suffered alike, and including his clothing he was all dust color.

When the other carriages had come up, and the whole party was registered, it presented some names well known to our country. It included General Grant and Mrs. Grant, Miss Nelly Grant, and Master Jesse R. Grant; the Governor of New Hampshire, his wife and two daughters. Also one of the senators from New Hampshire, a former Minister to Switzerland, a president of a railroad, and others.

But to all these, one of the heroes of the occasion was Ed Cox. After driving to the stables and caring for the horses, he came into the office of the hotel. In reply to a question as to how the horses were, he said they were ready to make the same trip over again if called upon. But he held up his little fingers, showing that they were so stiff he could not bend them; he said they would ache all night.

After supper and an impromptu reception in the parlor, the President came down into the hotel office, where he entertained a few of those who happened to be present with a description of his ride. He said he supposed he had had as many opportunities of seeing fine driving as men in general, but that the manner in which Mr. Cox handled his big team surpassed anything he had ever witnessed. Nothing could be more skilful than the driver's avoidance of most of the ruts and gullies along the route. The President said that at no time on the journey was he uneasy. He saw they were getting over the ground, but did not realize the rapid gait at which they were going. The great soldier further said that the last three miles were enough to test the wind and endurance of any ordinary team, but that these horses traveled better the farther they went.

Such was General Grant's opinion of his wonderful drive from Bethlehem to the Profile House, on that evening in August, nearly twenty-eight years ago. And among the traditions of the Profile House that the old stage-drivers still love to relate, and over which they linger with fond recollection, is Ed Cox's great achievement of driving eight horses eleven miles in fifty-eight minutes over the mountain roads, with sixteen persons in the Flume Chariot, and with General Grant beside him on the box.

A SHIFTING BOUNDARY.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ST. NICHOLAS class in Geography, stand up! Big class, is n't it? Here is a problem for you in State boundaries:

Bound the State of Iowa for me. All together now!

"Minnesota on the north; Mississippi River on the east; Missouri on the south; South Dakota and the Missouri River on the west."

Are you quite unanimous?

"Quite."

Then you are quite unanimously wrong. Does your teacher say you are right? Does your geography say you are right? ST. NICHOLAS's compliments then to both, and both are wrong. Why? Because part of the State of Iowa lies west of the Missouri River: so it is bounded on the west by South Dakota, the Missouri River, *and* Nebraska. Now don't look for a large portion of Iowa west of the Missouri—a whole county, or anything of that sort. If there were several hundred square miles of it over there, your teachers would know all about it. You would n't have the fun of correcting them; neither would ST. NICHOLAS be obliged to set the geographers right. Besides, have n't your teachers always warned you to be correct in small things? There is at least enough of Iowa over there to have caused a serious trouble between Iowa and Nebraska, which, after no end of bickering and years of angry litigation, had to be settled at last by the wise men of the East—that is, by the Supreme Court at Washington, which finally decided that Iowa's claim to several miles of territory on the Nebraska side of the Missouri was perfectly valid.

Of course you've heard of the curious freaks of the Missouri River—the "Big Muddy": how the sudden, treacherous mountain waters roll down in mighty floods from Montana and Wyoming, ricochet from side to side of the broad valley they have eaten deep into the soft

prairies, and pour headlong into the Mississippi near St. Louis; how, night and day, winter and summer, the twisting torrent shifts its channel, cuts its banks, undermines railroads, astonishes the muskrats, keeps the fish studying guide-posts, worries the bridge guards, and sets the farmers crazy. For, just think of it: the Nebraska farmer whose land stretches along the river goes to bed thinking he will cut his broad acres of golden wheat in the morning; but lo! in the night that madcap river has entered his waving fields, and like snow they have melted away. Grain, fences, trees, buildings, land—are gone! And a great, sullen, yellow flood boils and eddies where his harvest smiled yesterday.

Next week, very likely, the reckless stream will make his neighbor across the river a present of a hundred or more acres, just because he does n't need them. Of course it was natural for a man who lost his land that way to look longingly across the river, and think, after a while, that the newly made land over there belonged to him; and many a wearisome lawsuit has been begun to recover title to "made" land which lies, maybe, exactly where the lost farm lay, but on the other side of the river. Perhaps there is some equity in such a claim; but the trouble is, that sort of thing is going on all the time, and the courts said they could n't keep track of such pranks; that lands acquired by accretion—mark that word—should belong to the farmer who owned the river-bank where they were thrown up; that if the river took your farm, you would have to fish it out of the stream you lost it in; at least, you need n't ask the courts to give you another for it.

I suppose an injunction *might* be issued commanding the Missouri River to stop stealing farms in that way; but that would be like trying to mandamus a comet. Suppose the river

paid no attention to the injunction? How could it be punished if it did swallow a township? And you know judges are very touchy on a question of contempt. So the unhappy farmer—the farmless farmer, so to speak—subsided, and the courts thought they were thought for good with the River Missouri.

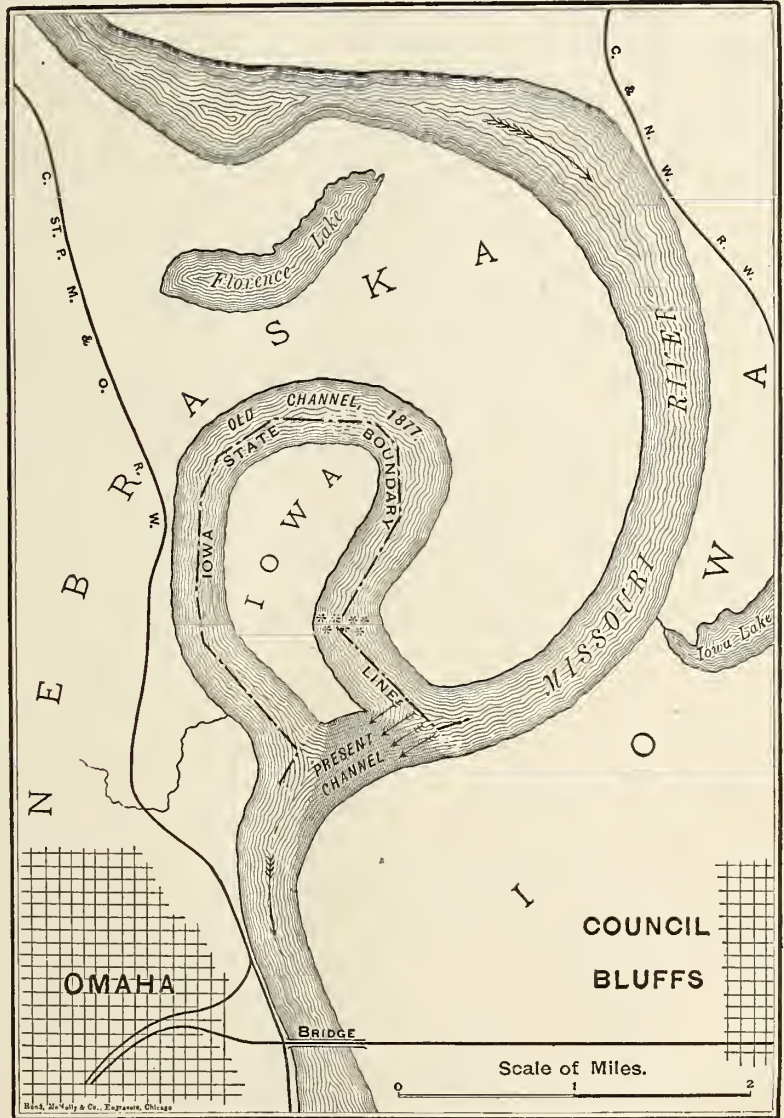
But they did n't begin to comprehend the disposition and the ability of that irresponsible stream to make trouble for the dwellers along its banks. Now, this is the way it tangled up a boundary line, set two friendly States at odds, and finally ran into the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, so to speak.

You must know that the real business of the Missouri is to carry the mountain waters east and south into the Gulf of Mexico. But in bounding from side to side of its valley through the tedious centuries, it has twisted and turned so many times that no doubt its head is confused. Carrying the quantity of mud it does, you would hardly expect it to be clear-headed. There is actually so much sand in the water that the fish all have sore eyes: some are totally blind—the saddest-looking creatures you ever caught.

A really fastidious trout or bass dropped into the Missouri would hang himself in despair—on a fish-hook.

Now the Missouri might be forgiven for

straying west once in a while; but what earthly excuse could it have for running right back north? Yet that is just what it used to do at a point just above Omaha. It almost “boxed the compass”—for it ran in nearly every direction. If you wish to see its course for yourself, look at this map of its bends at that place.



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE MISSOURI RIVER JUST ABOVE OMAHA.

Naturally, such an absurd caper was bound to cause comment—that was natural. Just across from Omaha a chain of great, beetling bluffs towers above the valley. Indians say

they stand there to keep the river from overflowing Iowa; and stern, silent, trusty sentinels they are. It was at their grassy feet that the big, painted warriors of the Omahas and the Kickapoos, the Sioux and the Pottawottomies, the Arapahoes and the Pawnees, used to gather in council many years ago. Well, those very bluffs — it was the red men who gave them the name Council Bluffs — fell to gossiping, one wild March night, with the East Wind about the way the River was carrying on. Very old people like to talk, and that East Wind is a great gossip anyway, especially in the spring. Of course, as soon as the East Wind knew of it, you might say everybody knew of it; and even the little brown owls in the Bad Lands smiled when they heard that the impetuous old Missouri had twisted itself into such a kink down at Omaha.

But how the river foamed! and oh, so mighty it is! How do you suppose it cut off that big bend?

Do you see on the map that row of little stars running across the river? Just above that point the river began throwing driftwood out on its margins and across the shallow sand-bars that shift uneasily over its bed. Little flakes of snow — frosty whispers of the north wind — froze like muddy nightcaps on the bars. Big cakes of ice swiftly plunging on the yellow current were lodged warily in that bend, just where they would lay hold of others whirling by.

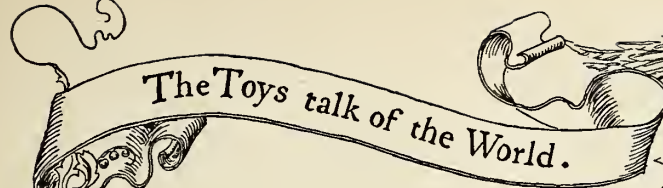
All night, with tireless anger, that river worked, until at daylight, when the bluffs rubbed the snow out of their eyes, all they could see was a bristling field of ice, with only a strip of water like a black thread through the middle, where the current seethed and foamed in a fury. Even while they stared in amazement, the river, dragging down a tremendous ice-floe torn from some mountain stream, hurled it straight into the boiling gap. Just a minute it tossed and crashed there, then a million ragged sheets of ice piled on it like a shower of rocks and sank it. Into that snapping, grinding funnel the river poured anchor-ice, big and little, so fast that suddenly it choked, and presto! a vast ice-jam, glittering,

heaving, crashing, groaning, rose far above the banks, and for an instant stopped the mighty Missouri. Behind the stubborn barrier the river churned and swelled in a dreadful rage, until at last, rearing above its banks, it poured a flood of tiny rivulets like wriggling snakes over the valley. One of them, following the path shown by the group of four arrows on the map, found the river-bed again away down stream, and the great lake that had formed above the ice-jam, coursing after that little stream, cut, little by little, then tore, with awful wrenches, a new channel right through that neck of land; and there the river has flowed ever since, leaving an old river-bed several miles long and full of all sorts of crabs and turtles — just fancy! — to be sold for the taxes.

But imagine how that night's work tangled up the Iowa-Nebraska boundary line! There was a big piece of Iowa torn right off — all that tract within the great bend. Lying close to Omaha, it was very valuable. It is nearly all dry land now and covered with a network of railroad tracks. Being on the Nebraska side after that night, Nebraska claimed it; but Iowa insisted it still belonged to her, and went right on taxing the property just as before. The people who lived on the disputed strip never could tell in which State they lived. It was absurd. One day they were asked to vote for somebody in Iowa, and the next for somebody in Nebraska. Of course there came a clash of authority before long, and into court went the two States, dragging the river after them, so to speak. Nebraska's lawyers reminded the court of all it had said about accretion; but Iowa's lawyers — just see now what it is to be clever — said the court would please distinguish between *accretion* and *avulsion*. Look up the difference between these two words in "The Century Dictionary" right away; for Iowa retained the title to that land by precisely that difference.


That is how Iowa happens to reach across the Missouri River at that point, and at no other.

Now, ST. NICHOLAS class in Geography, bound the State of Iowa!



The Toys talk of the World.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



SHOULD like," said the vase from the china-store,

"To have seen the world a little more.

"When they carried me here I was wrapped up tight,

But they say it is really a lovely sight."

"Yes," said a little plaster bird,

"That is exactly what *I* have heard;

"There are thousands of trees, and oh, what a sight
It must be when the candles are all alight."

The fat top rolled on his other side:

"It is not in the least like that," he cried.

"Except myself and the kite and ball,
None of you know of the world at all.

"There are houses, and pavements hard and red,
And everything spins around," he said;

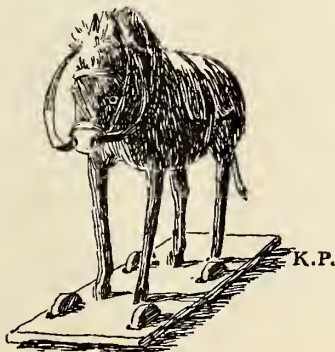
"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,
And often it stops with a bump at last."

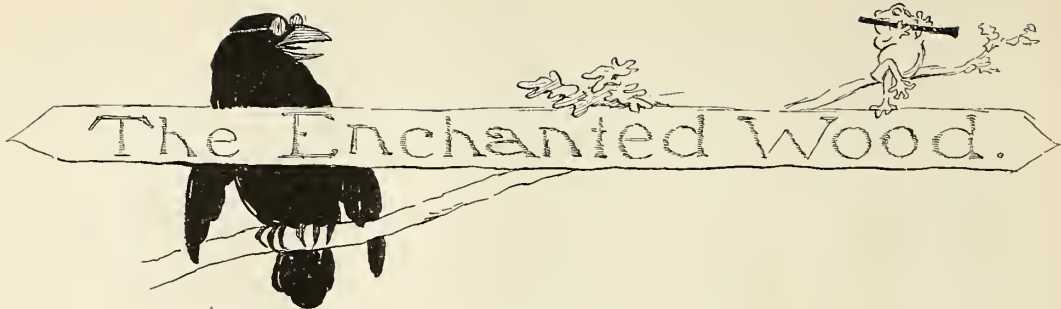
The wooden donkey nodded his head:

"I had heard the world was like that," he said.

The kite and the ball exchanged a smile,

But they did not speak; it was not worth while.





BY OLIVER HERFORD.

A DARK old Raven lived in a tree,
With a little Tree-frog for company,

The thrushes too gay, or the owls too glum;
And the squirrels—well, they were too
squirrelesome.

And as for the trees, *why* did they grow
In a wood, of all places?— he'd like to know.



In the midst of a forest so thick with trees
Only thin people could walk with ease.

Yet though the forest was dank and dark
The little Tree-frog was gay as a lark;

He piped and trilled the livelong day,
While the Raven was just the other way:

He grumbled and croaked from morn till
night,
And nothing in all the world was right.

The moon was too pale, or the sun too
bright;

The sky was too blue, or the snow too
white;



He divined of a sudden, by magic lore,
A thing I forgot to mention before:

That the forest and all that therein did
dwell
Owed their present shape to an ancient spell.

Now a spell, though a tiresome job to make,
Is the easiest thing in the world to break,

When you once know how to perform the
trick,
As Merlin did.

Waving his magic stick,

He cried, "Let this forest and everything
in it
Take its former shape!"

When lo! in a minute,

In place of the Raven, a stern old sage
All robed in black and all bent with age;

And where the little Tree-frog had been
Sat a goodly youth all dressed in green;

And around about was a flowery lawn
Where the forest had been.

Said the sage, with a yawn:

"I must have been dozing — well, to resume —
As I was saying, this world of gloom —"

"Oh, bother the world of gloom —
just hear

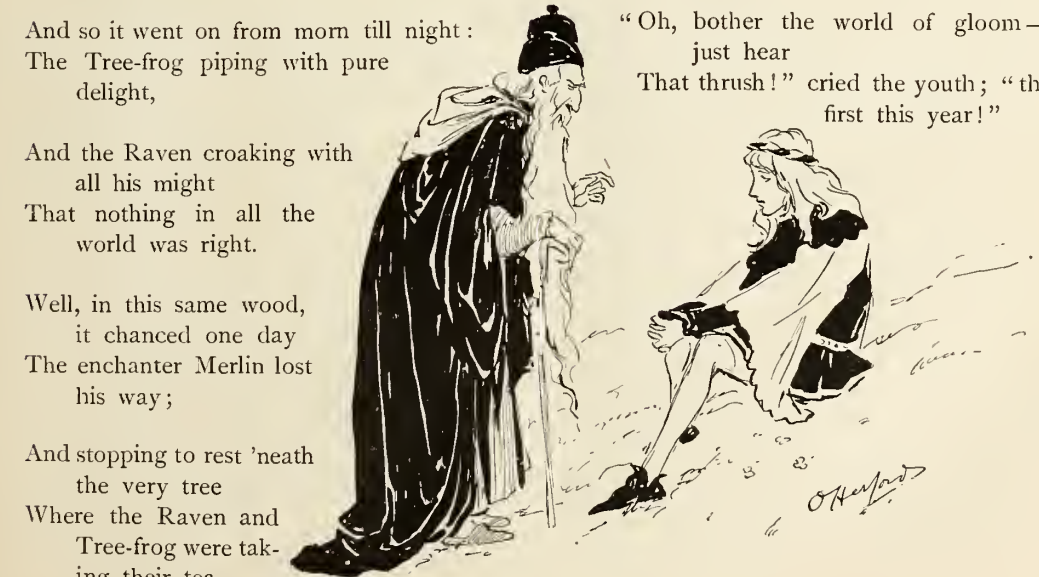
That thrush!" cried the youth; "the
first this year!"

And so it went on from morn till night:
The Tree-frog piping with pure
delight,

And the Raven croaking with
all his might
That nothing in all the
world was right.

Well, in this same wood,
it chanced one day
The enchanter Merlin lost
his way;

And stopping to rest 'neath
the very tree
Where the Raven and
Tree-frog were tak-
ing their tea,



THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE BEAR DISGRACED HIMSELF.

AT last the long winter came to an end. By the middle of March the warm sun and soft south winds begin to thaw the February snows. On such a day, when the afternoon sun beat with unusual warmth on the northern face of the mountain, the three soldiers stood together in front of the house, noting everywhere the joyful signs of the approach of spring. The snow, where it lay thickest in the hollows of the plateau, was soft and porous and grimy with dirt. There were bare spaces here and there on the ground, and where a stick or a stone showed through the thin crust the snow had retired around it as if it gave out a heat of its own. The melting icicles pendent from the eaves glittered in the sun and dripped into the channels alongside the walls.

They had, a great longing to see the grass and the leaves again and welcome the early birds of spring. As they looked about on these hopeful signs in the midst of the great stillness to which they had become used, a sudden deafening crash rang in their startled ears. The sound was like the explosion of a mine or the dull roar of a siege-mortar at a little distance away. It came from the Cove to the north, and the first crash was followed by lesser reports, and each sound was echoed back from the mountains beyond.

The first thought of the three soldiers was of the opening of a battle. Their first fear was that a great mass of earth and rock had fallen from the edge of the plateau to the base of the mountain. They made their way cautiously in the direction of the sound, almost distrusting the ground under their feet. The gnarled chestnuts on the edge of the cliff were as firmly

rooted as ever. When they had advanced to where Philip's sharp eyes caught the first view of the postmaster's cabin through the twisted tree-trunks, he remembered the words of Andy, the guide, on the night when they had waited for the moon to go down. He quickly caught the arms of his companions.

"It's the avalanche," he said: "the icicles and the ice falling into the Cove from the face of the great boulder."

They could see tiny figures standing about the cabin, and they shrank back lest they, too, might be seen by the people, who were evidently gazing with all their eyes at the top of the mountain.

Just then there was another deafening crash, and at intervals all day long they heard the falling of the ice.

"They are the opening guns of spring," said Lieutenant Coleman; and now that they knew what the sound was, they listened eagerly for each report.

Late on that very afternoon, as they sat together outside the house, they saw "Tumbler," the bear, shambling down the hillside in front of the house, and they had no doubt he had been awakened from his winter's nap by the roar of the avalanche. He was thin of flesh and ragged of fur, and so weak on his clumsy legs that he sat down at short intervals to rest. He made his way first to the branch, where he refreshed himself with a drink, and then came on with renewed vigor toward the house. He was such a very disreputable-looking bear, and had been gone so long, and must be so dangerously hungry, that the men stood up doubtfully at his approach until they saw a weak movement of his stumpy tail and the mild look in his brown eyes as he seated himself on the chips and lolled out his red tongue.

Philip brought him a handful of roast potatoes, which he devoured with a relish, and

then stood up so handsomely to ask for more that they rolled him raw ones until his hunger was satisfied, after which he waddled through the open door, and lay down for another nap in his old place by the fire, just as if he had gone out but yesterday, which was probably just what he thought he had done.

By this time the last page of the station journal had been used, and Lieutenant Coleman had added to it the five fly-leaves of the precious Blue Book, which he had cut out neatly with his knife. Paper was so scarce at last that on this March 16, which was the day the bear woke up, the circumstance of the avalanche alone was recorded, and that was entered after the date in the most wonderfully small and cramped letters you can imagine. Now, Philip was of the opinion that the return of the bear was of quite as much importance as the falling of the ice. It happened that he had in his breast-pocket a letter which had been written to him by his uncle. It was post-marked, "Piqua, Ohio," and addressed, "Philip Welton, Co. C, 2d Ohio Infy., Camp near Resaca, Ga." Philip had been looking over Coleman's shoulder as he made the cramped entry in the diary.

"Now look here," said he, taking up the quill as it was laid down. "If you don't choose to make a record of the bear, I will." So taking from his pocket the letter, he wrote across the top of the envelope :

WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN, March 16, 1865.

"Tumbler," the bear, woke up to-day.

Signed, PHILIP WELTON,
GEORGE BROMLEY,
FREDERICK HENRY COLEMAN.

"Well," said Coleman, "what are you going to do with that? Drop it over into the Cove?"

"Not a bit of it," said Philip. "I am just going to keep the record out of respect to the bear"; and with that, as it happened, he put the envelope back in one pocket and the letter in another. But a few weeks later, when the snow had quite gone and the buds were beginning to swell on the trees, Philip was chopping on the hill where the boulder side of the mountain joined the cliff above the spring; and as he grew warm with his work he cast off his cavalry

jacket, and it happened in some way that the envelope on which he had written fell out into the grass. Philip did not notice this loss at the time, and it was a week before he missed the envelope. He kept his loss to himself at first; but as he became alarmed lest it should blow over into the Cove and disclose their hiding-place, he confessed to Lieutenant Coleman what had happened.

The three soldiers searched everywhere for this dangerous paper, except in the snug place under the tuft of grass where it lay. It was suspected that Philip was repenting of the agreement he had made to remain on the mountain, and both Coleman and Bromley lectured him roundly for his carelessness. While Philip was still chafing under the suspicions of his comrades, all the more that he was conscious of his perfect loyalty to the old flag and to the compact they had made together for its sake, the bear was growing stronger every day and more mischievous. Although he had the whole plateau to roam over, nothing seemed to please Tumbler so much as to nose about and dig into the grave of the Old Man of the Mountain. He was such a wicked bear that the more they kicked and cuffed him away, the more stubbornly he came back to his unholy work; and then it appeared that the light soil of the mound had been taken possession of by a colony of ants. It was a temptation such as no hungry bear could resist, and the sacrilege was so offensive to the three soldiers that they resolved to remove the last remnant of the ant-hill and fill it in with clay in which no insect could live. It was after supper when they came to this resolution, and they fell to work at once with the wooden spade and a piece of tent-cloth, in which Philip carried the dirt a stone's-throw away and piled it into a new mound. The bear seemed to think this was all for his benefit, and while the work went merrily on he rooted into the new heap and wagged his stumpy tail with every evidence of gratitude and satisfaction.

It was a sufficiently disagreeable task for Coleman and Bromley, whose legs and bodies were bitten by the ants until they danced with pain. At the same time the little pests went up Philip's sleeves and came out on his neck.

Bad as the business was, they set their teeth and kept at work, determined to finish it now they had begun. Of course the colony was mostly near the surface of the ground; but when they had gone down three feet into the sandy soil there were still ants burrowing about.

Now, Bromley was a man of great resolution and perseverance, and although it was growing dark he had no thought of stopping work; so he called for a pine torch, which Coleman held on the bank above. When the earth gave way, the oak slab with the peculiar inscription, "One who wishes to be forgotten," was tenderly removed and leaned against the hut to be reverently reset the next day. Annoying as the ants were, the soldiers continued their work with that feeling of awe which always attends the disturbing of a grave; and as they dug they spoke with charity and tenderness of the Old Man of the Mountain. It made them think of the time when they themselves would be laid to rest in the same soil; and if they breathed any inward prayer, it was that their remains might sleep undisturbed. Although they were young, and death seemed a long way off, the thought came to them of the last survivor, and how lonely he would be, and how when he should die there would be no one left to bury his poor body in the ground.

"Whatever happens," said Philip, "I don't want to be the last."

The pine torch flared and smoked in the cool night wind, and lighted the solemn faces of the three soldiers as well as the hole in the earth, where Bromley still stood to his middle. There was yet a little loose earth to be thrown out before they left the work for the night, and Philip had brought some sticks of wood to lay over the grave lest in the morning the bear should begin to dig where they had left off. He had, in fact, come up and seated himself in the circle of light, and was looking on with great interest at their proceedings.

"I declare," said Bromley just then, straightening himself, "I have gone too far already. My spade struck on the coffin — that is, I think it did. Perhaps I had better see what condition it is in. What do you think, Fred?"

"No," said Philip; "cover it up."

"It will be as well," said Lieutenant Cole-

man, "now that we have the opportunity, to see that everything is all right. I can't help feeling that the old man's remains are in our care."

"Hold the light nearer, then," said Bromley, as he got down on his knees and commenced to paw away the loose earth with his hands.

Philip was silent, and, soldier though he was, his face blanched in the neighborhood of one poor coffin.

Both the men outside were staring intently into the open grave. The torch-light fell broadly on Bromley's back, and cast a black shadow from his bent body into the space below, where his hands were at work.

"Well, this is queer!" said he, straightening his back and showing a surprised face to the light. "I've struck the chime of a cask."

"No!" cried Coleman and Philip together.

"Yes, I have," said Bromley. "Hand me the spade."

Now the work of digging was begun in good earnest, and I am afraid with less awe than before of what lay below. Light as the soil was, the opening had to be enlarged, and it was hard upon midnight when the small beer-keg was free enough to be moved from its resting-place. With the first joggle Bromley gave it, there was a sound of chinking like coin.

"Do you hear that?" exclaimed Bromley. "That 's not the sound of bones."

"It 's money!" cried Philip.

Lieutenant Coleman said nothing, but jumping down to the aid of Bromley, they lifted it out on the grass, where it rolled gently down a little slope, chink-a-ty-chink, chink-a-ty-chink.

"Bring the ax!"

"No; let 's roll it into the house!"

"It 's money!"

"It 's nails!"

"Bring it in to the fire," said Lieutenant Coleman, going ahead with the torch. So they rolled the tough old cask, chink-a-ty-chink, around the cabin and up to the house, into the open door and across the earthen floor, and set it on end on the stone hearth. They were reeking with perspiration. Coleman threw the torch upon the smoldering logs, and by the time Bromley had the ax there was a ruddy light through the room.

"Stand back," he cried, as he swung the ax aloft.

Three times the ax rang on the head of the cask, the firelight glittering in the eyes of the soldiers, before the strong head gave way on one side, and three golden guineas bounced out on to the hearth. Bromley dropped the ax, and then all three, without deigning to notice the gold pieces upon the floor, thrust their hands deep down into the shining mass of gold coin.

All hustled and pushed one another at the opening. Philip was on the point of striking out right and left in sheer excitement; and in their scramble the cask was overturned so that the yellow pieces poured out upon the pine floor and the hearth, and some flopped into the fire, while others rolled here and there into the dark corners of the room. The golden guineas which first appeared were now covered with gold double-eagles, and it was discovered, when the top ones were removed, that there were silver coins of much variety beneath them.

The three soldiers hugged one another with delight.

"We are rich!" cried Philip.

"Let 's count our treasure," said Coleman. "The double-eagles first — fifty to a thousand."

Forgotten was the Old Man of the Mountain; forgotten were their weariness and the lateness of the hour, as they eagerly fell a-counting.

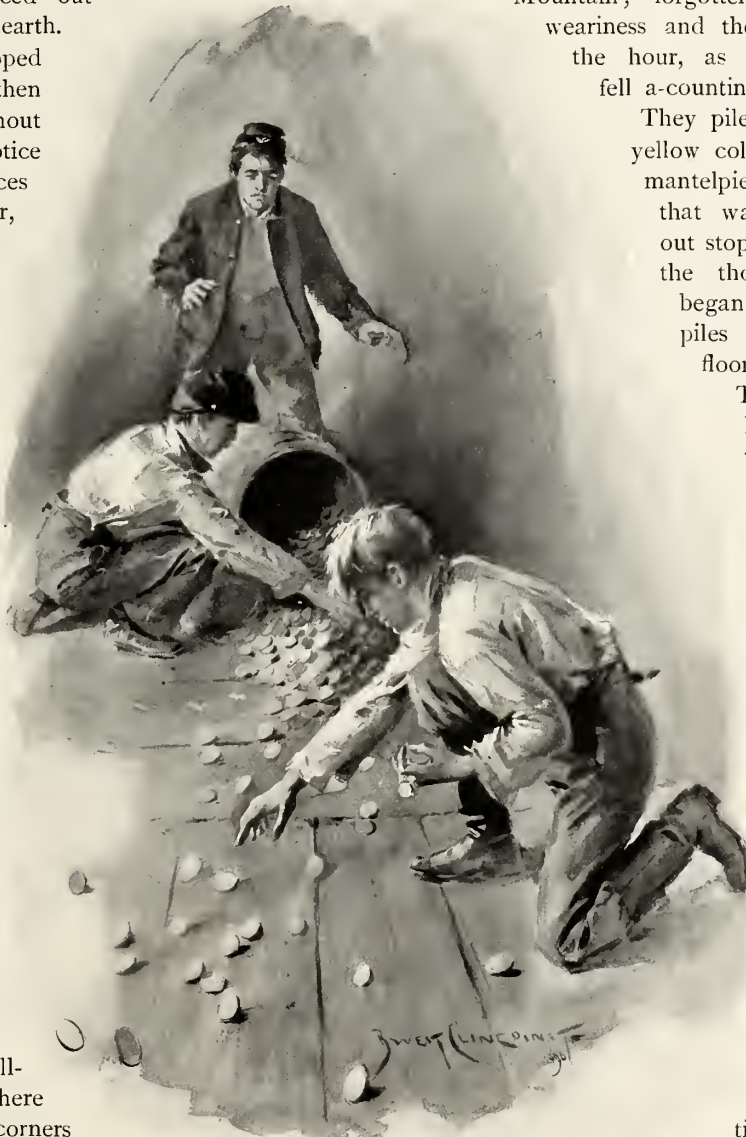
They piled the shining yellow columns on the mantelpiece; and when that was full, without stopping to count the thousands, they began bunches of piles on the hard floor.

They could hardly believe that such a treasure had fallen to their possession.

In their greedy delight they utterly forgot the old flag of the thirty - five stars and the total defeat of the Union armies, as they toiled and counted.

Philip was the first to yield to the mandate of tired nature.

With his hands full of gold, he sank down on his bunk and fell asleep. Lieutenant Coleman was the next; and as the cock began to crow at earliest dawn, Bromley bolted the door for the first time since the



"THE CASK WAS OVERTURNED SO THAT THE YELLOW PIECES
POURED OUT UPON THE PINE FLOOR."

house had been built, and crept exhausted into his blankets.

The treasure was found, as shown by the diary, on Friday, April 14, in the year 1865, on the very night of the murder of the good President whom the three soldiers believed to be living somewhere, a monument of failure and incapacity.

The entry was in a few brief words, and by the Sunday which followed, Lieutenant Coleman would not have exchanged the four blank leaves of the diary for the whole treasure they had dug up. After the first excitement of their discovery they began to realize that the yellow stamped pieces were of no value except as a medium of exchange, and that as there was nothing on the mountain for which to exchange them, they were of no value at all. If they had found a saucepan or a sack of coffee in the cask, they would have had some reason to rejoice.

So it fell out that within a week's time the gold was looked upon as so much lumber, and the cask which held it was kicked into a dark corner, neglected and despised. Some of the coins were even trodden under foot, and others lay among the chips at the door.

On the evening of the second Sunday after the discovery of the gold, they sat together outside the door of the house, and tried to think of some likely thing the cask might have held more useless than the guineas and double-eagles; and, hard as they tried, they could name nothing more worthless. The result was that they turned away to their beds, feeling poor and dissatisfied, and down on their luck.

Now it happened as the three soldiers lay asleep in their bunks that night, and while Tumbler slept too, with his nose and his hairy paws in the light, cool ashes of the fireplace (for the nights were warm now), there came up a brisk wind which blew across the mountain from the northwest. This rising wind went whistling on its way, tossing the tree-tops, up on the hill above the birches, whirling the dry leaves across the plateau, scattering them on the field below the ledge, and even dropping some stragglers away down into the Cove far below.

At first this wind only shook the tuft of grass

that overhung the lost envelope, and then, as it grew stronger, whirled it from its snug hiding-place, and tumbled it over and over among the dry chestnut-burs and the old, gray, dead limbs.

If the envelope came to a rest, this wind was never content to leave its plaything alone for long. When it landed the little paper against a stump and held it fluttering there until that particular gust was out of breath, the envelope fell to the ground of its own weight, only to be picked up again and tossed on, little by little, always in the same direction, until at last it lay exposed on the brow of the hill to a braver and stronger blast, which lifted it high into the air and sent it sailing over the roof of the house.

This envelope, with the names of the three soldiers and their hiding-place written out in a fair, round hand, might have sailed along on the northwest wind until it fell at the door of the post-office in the Cove but for the queer way it had of navigating the air. It would turn over and over on its way, or shoot up or dart to one side, or take some unexpected course; and so just as it was sailing smoothly above the house, its sharp edge turned in the wind, and with a backward dive it struck hard on the rock below Philip's leach. Just a breath of wind turned it over and over on the stone, until it fell noiselessly into the pool of lye.

Now, Lieutenant Coleman chanced to come out first in the morning; and when he saw the lost envelope floating on the dark-brown pool alongside a hen's egg, which had been placed there to test the strength of the liquid, he was glad it had blown no further. The paper had turned very yellow in the strong potash, and so he fished it out with a twig, and carried it across to the branch by the Slow-John, and dipped it into the water. When he picked it out it was still slimy to the touch, and the letters had faded a little. He brushed a word with his finger, and the letters dissolved under his eyes.

He gave a great cry of joy; for in that instant he saw the possibility of converting into blank paper, for keeping their records, the 594 pages of the Revised Army Regulations of 1863.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE BEAR DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF.

IF the Old Man of the Mountain was not in his grave, where was he? He had certainly not gone back to the world and left the buried treasure behind him. If the grave had been empty, the soldiers might have suspected foul play. Josiah Woodring, who had been his agent and provider, had already been five years in his own grave at the time they had arrived on the mountain. As long as they believed that the bones of the old man were quietly at rest under the oak slab in the garden spot, the condition of the hut, neglected and going to decay, was sufficient evidence that he had died there, and that no one had occupied it for more than five years before. With almost his last breath Josiah had announced his death to the doctor from the settlement; and under such solemn circumstances it was impossible to believe that he had stated anything but the truth. He had not mentioned, it is true, the precise time when the old man died.

After the night when the treasure was found, the three soldiers, to thoroughly satisfy themselves, had cleared away the earth down to the bedrock. Indeed, the cask itself was evidence enough that the bones of the old man were not below it, for he himself must have buried that. If Josiah had known of its existence, it would certainly have traveled down through the settlement in his two-steer cart, like any other honest cask, and neither cattle nor driver would have ever come back. After taking such a load to market, Josiah would have established himself in luxury in his ignorant way, and probably cut a great splurge in the country roundabout, with no end of pomp and vulgarity.

The three soldiers studied this problem with much care, weighing all the evidence for and against. They even hit upon a plan of determining when the old man came limping through the settlement of Cashiers behind Josiah's cart, covered with dust, and staggering under the weight of his leathern knapsack. They emptied out the little keg of gold on the earthen floor a second time, and began a search for the latest date on the coins. Some were remarkably old and badly worn. A few of the guinea pieces

bore the heads of the old Georges and "Dei gratia Rex," and 17— this and 17— that, and some of the figures were as smooth as the pate, and as blind as the eyes, of the king on the coin. The newest double-eagles — and there were quite a number of them — bore the date 1833, so it must have been in that year or the year following that the old man without a name had given up the world, and become a hermit on the mountain.

They decided that he must have had his own ideas about the vanity of riches, and that after doling out his gold, or, more likely, his small silver pieces, with exceeding stinginess to Josiah for the small services rendered him, when he saw his end approaching, he had buried the cask of treasure, and set up the slab above it, trusting to the superstition with which the mountain people regarded the desecration of a grave to protect the gold for all time. It would certainly have protected it from any examination by the soldiers but for the strange behavior of the bear, who had no delicate scruples. The old man had probably told Josiah, with a cunning leer in his eyes, that the empty grave was a blind to deceive any one who might climb to the top of the mountain, as the hunters had done long before, and very likely he had given him a great big silver half-dollar to wink at this little plan. When death did really come at last to claim its own, it was evident that Josiah, faithful to the old man's request, had either taken his remains down the mountain or buried them somewhere on the plateau without mound or slab to reveal the place, and, as likely as not, he had found enough small change in the old man's pockets to pay him for his trouble.

Thus the mystery of the Old Man of the Mountain was settled by the three soldiers, after much discussion, and the cask of gold was trundled back into the dark corner of the house, where they threw their waste, and such guineas and double-eagles as had joggled out upon the floor were kicked after it.

Directly after the lost envelope had turned up in the pool of lye, Lieutenant Coleman had made his arrangements for the manufacture of blank paper for the diary. The Blue Book was his personal property; but before commencing

its destruction he counseled with Bromley, who, as a man of letters, he felt under the circumstances, had an equal interest with himself in the fate of one half of their common library. Bromley, seated on the bank alongside the leach, was engaged at the time in making a birch broom, and as he threw down the bunch of twigs a shade of disappointment overspread his handsome face. He said that he had never thoroughly appreciated the work of the learned board of compilers until his present exile, and that it contained flights of eloquence and scraps of poetry — if you read between the lines.

“But, putting all joking aside,” said Bromley, “begin with a single leaf by way of experiment, and let us see first what will be the effect on the fiber of the paper; and then, if everything works well, we will first sacrifice the index and the extracts from the Acts of that renegade Congress whose imbecility has blotted a great nation from the map of the world.”

Lieutenant Coleman had more confidence in the result of the experiment they were about to make than had Bromley, for the increased length of his entry in the diary shows that he was no longer economizing paper:

April 26, 1865. Wednesday. We have cut out ten leaves of the index of the Blue Book, which we scattered loosely on the surface of the lye in the cavity of the rock. After twenty minutes I removed a leaf which had undergone no perceptible change in appearance, and washed it thoroughly in running water. While so doing I was pleased to find that with the lightest touch of my fingers the ink dissolved, leaving underneath only a faint trace of the letters, which would in no way interfere with my writing. It required much patience to cleanse the paper of the slimy deposit of potash.

Thursday, April 27, 1865. Of the leaves prepared yesterday, two, which were less carefully washed than the others, are somewhat yellowed by the potash and show signs of brittleness.

April 30. We have continued our paper-making experiments, and find that a longer bath in a weaker solution of lye has the same effect on the ink, and is less injurious to the fiber of the paper. Philip has burnt a lot of holes in one of the cracker-boxes, in which we place the leaves, leaving them to soak in the running water.

Thus it turned out that the dangerous envelope by a freak of the sportive wind was made to play an important part in the economy of the exiles, while the cask of gold stood neg-

lected in the corner, and the summer of 1865 began with no lack of paper on which to record its events. Both Philip and the bear had been in temporary disgrace, the one for losing the tell-tale envelope, and the other for disturbing the sacred quiet of a grave. Both cases of misbehavior had resulted in important discoveries, but the mishap of Philip had produced such superior benefits that the bear was fairly distanced in the race. This may have been the reason that prompted Tumbler to try his hand, or rather his paw, again, for he was a much cleverer bear than you would think to look at his small eyes and flat skull. At any rate, one hot morning in July, he put his foot in it once more and very handsomely, too, for the benefit of his masters.

It was Philip who caught the first view of him well up on the trunk of the tallest chestnut on the plateau, which, growing in a sheltered place under the northwest hill, had not been dwarfed and twisted by the winds like its fellows higher up. At the moment he was discovered, he was licking his paw in the most peaceful and contented way, while the air about his head was thick with a small cloud of angry bees, darting furiously among the limbs and thrusting their hot stings into his shaggy coat, seeming to disturb him no more than one small gnat can disturb an ox. The soldiers had been deprived of sweets since the last of the sugar had been used, in the early winter, and a supply of honey would just fit the cravings of their educated taste. Share and share alike, bear and man, was the unwritten law of Sherman Territory, and so while Philip shouted for the ax, he began to throw clubs at Tumbler, which were so much larger and more persuasive than the stings of the bees that the bear began promptly to back his way down the trunk of the tree.

Coleman and Bromley appeared in a jiffy, casting off their jackets and rolling up their sleeves as they came. When the chips began to fly, Tumbler sat down to watch, evidently feeling that some superior intelligence was at work for his benefit, while the stupid bees kept swarming about the hole above, except a few stray ones who had not yet got tired of burrowing into the shaggy coat of the bear, and these

now turned their attention to the men and were promptly knocked down by wisps of grass in the hands of Coleman and Philip, while Bromley plied the ax. If only they had had a supply of sulphur, by waiting until the bees were

tree. Then, too, if they had been in less of a hurry they might have waited until a frosty morning in November had benumbed the bees, but in that case Tumbler would have eaten all the honey he could reach with his paws.

As it was, the swarm extended so low that as soon as the ax opened the first view into the hollow trunk, the bees began to appear, and the opening had to be stuffed with grass, and a bucket of water which Philip brought did not come amiss before the chopping was done. All this time Tumbler licked his jaws, and kept his beady eyes fixed on the top of the tree, like a good coon dog, and never stirred his stumps until, with the last blow of the ax, the old tree creaked, and swayed at the top, and fell with a great crash down the hill.

The three soldiers ran off to a safe distance as soon as the tree began to fall, while Tumbler, after regarding their flight with a look of disgust, walked deliberately into the thick of the battle, and began to crunch the dripping comb as coolly as a pig eats corn. The brittle trunk of the old tree had split open as it fell, and for twenty feet of its length the mass of yellow honey lay exposed to the gaze of the men, while the infuriated bees darkened the air above it, and made a misty halo about the head of the happy bear.

So busy was he with the luscious honey-combs that one might have supposed he did not feel the sharp stings of the angry little bees, except that now and then he would roll about and claw vigorously at the sides of his head.

settled at night, they could have burned some in the opening made by the ax, and with the noxious fumes destroyed the last bee in the

The happiness of Tumbler was not alto-



"NOW AND THEN TUMBLER WOULD ROLL ABOUT AND CLAW VIGOROUSLY AT THE SIDES OF HIS HEAD."

gether uninterrupted, for the soldiers drove him off now and again with sticks and stones; but however far he retired from the tree, he was surrounded and defended by such an army of bees that it was quite out of the question to capture him. There was no end of the honey; but the worst of it was, the bear was eating the whitest and newest of the combs, and when at last his greedy appetite was satisfied, and he came of his own accord to the house, he brought such disagreeable company with him that the soldiers got out through the door and windows as best they could, leaving him in undisputed possession — very much as his lamented mother had held the fort on that night when her little cub, Tumbler, had slept in the ashes the year before.

There was nothing else to be done but to walk about for the rest of the day; for until nightfall there was a line of bees from the house to the tree. The soldiers secured the bear by closing the door and windows; but it was not yet clear how they could obtain the honey. Coleman and Bromley were city-bred, but Philip had been brought up in the country, and he had received some other things from his uncle besides kicks and cuffs and a knowledge of how to run a mill. He remembered the row of hives under the cherry-trees beyond the race, and how the new swarms had come out, and been sawed off with the limbs in great bunches, or called out of the air by drumming on tin pans, and how at last they had been enticed into a hive sprinkled inside with sweetened water.

So, under Philip's directions, a section of a hollow log was prepared, covered at the top and notched at the bottom, and pierced with cross sticks to support the comb. As a temporary bench for it to rest upon, they blocked up against the back wall of the house the oak slab, which they no longer respected as a gravestone.

After it became quite dark, the bees had so far settled that a few broken pieces of honeycomb, which had been tossed off into the grass from the falling tree were secured to sweeten the new hive, and it was finally propped up on the rubber poncho in front of the thickest bunch of bees. Tumbler was kept a close pris-

oner in the house, and early the next morning the bees began crowding after their queen into their new house, and by the afternoon they were carrying in the honey and wax on their legs. So it was the second night after cutting the bee-tree before the soldiers removed the hive, wrapped about with a blanket, to the bench behind the house, and got access to the honey in the broken log. There was so much of it that after filling every dish they could spare, they were forced to empty the gold on to the earthen floor, and fill the cask with some of the finest of the combs.

What remained was given up to the bear and the bees, who got on more pleasantly together than you can think; and in time these lovers of sweets cleaned out the old log and left it as clean as if it had been sandpapered.

During the remainder of the summer, the gold lay neglected in the corner together with certain wilted potatoes and fat pine-knots and the sweepings of the floor. If a shining coin turned up now and then in some unexpected place, it doubtless served to remind Coleman how handy these small tokens of exchange might be if there were any other person in all their world of whom they could buy an iron pot or an onion; or it may have suggested to the clever brain of Bromley some scheme of utilizing the pile as raw material. Worthless as the gold was in its present form, in the hands of the soldiers so fertile of resource and so clever in devices to accomplish their ends, it was not possible for so much good metal to remain altogether useless. They soon saw that if they had the appliances of a forge, they could tip their wooden spades with the silver or the gold, and make many dishes and household goods. So after the harvest they set to work in good earnest to build a smithy, and equip it in all respects as well as their ingenuity and limited resources would permit.

The first thing they did was to dig a charcoal pit, into which they piled several cords of dry chestnut wood, setting the sticks on end in a conical heap. Over this they placed a layer of turf and a thick outer covering of earth, leaving an opening at the top. Several holes for air were pierced about the base of the heap, and then some fat pine-knots which had been laid



MAKING A HUNDRED-DOLLAR CASTER.

in about the upper opening, or chimney, were set on fire. These burned briskly at first, and then died down to a wreath of smoke, which was left to sweat the wood for three days, after which the holes at the base were stopped and others made half-way up the pile. Late in November the dry warm earth about the charcoal pit was a favorite resort of Tumbler,

and he tried several times to dig into the smouldering mass, with results more amusing to the soldiers and less satisfactory to himself than those of any digging he had ever tried before.

When the smoke ceased to come out of these holes at the sides, they were closed up and others pierced lower down, and so on until the process was complete.

While this slow combustion was going on, a pen was built about the fireplace of the old hut and filled in with earth to a convenient height for the forge. The flue was narrowed down to a small opening for the proper draft, and a practical pumping-bellows, made of two pointed slabs of wood and the last rubber blanket, was hung in place. Besides nailing, the edges were made air-tight with a mixture of pitch and tarry sediment from the bottom of the charcoal pit, and the first nozzle of the bellows was a stick of elder, which was very soon replaced by a neat casting of gold.

Bromley was the smith, and his first pincers were rather weak contrivances of platted wire, but after half the barrel of one of the carbines had with the head of the hatchet been hammered out on a smooth stone into a steel plate to cover their small anvil block, it was possible to make of the iron that remained a few serviceable tools.

While they still had good reason to be sorry that the mass of gold was not iron, they were still thankful for their providential supply of the softer metal, and Bromley toiled and smelted and hammered and welded and riveted, in the smoke of the forge and the steam of the water vat, and turned out little golden appliances that would have made a barbaric king or a modern goldsmith green with envy. So it came about that, poor as they were, the three exiled soldiers, without friends or country they could call their own, sat on three-legged stools shod with hundred-dollar casters and drank spring water from massy golden cups fit for the dainty lips of a princess.

(To be continued.)



A MAY MORNING.

THE MEADOW-RUE AND THE BOBOLINKS.

THE COOKY-NUT TREES.

(*A Tale of the Pilliwinks.*)

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

OH, the Pilliwinks lived by the portals of Loo,
In the land of the Pullicum-wees,
Where gingerbread soldiers and elephants grew
On the top of the cooky-nut trees.
And the Pilliwinks gazed at them, wondering how
They could get at those goodies so brown;
But the ginger-men danced on the cooky-nut bough,
And the elephants would n't come down.

But along came a witch of the Pullicum-wees—
To the 'winks she was friendly, I guess—
For they said: "At the top of those cooky-nut trees
Are some treasures we 'd like to possess."
And she quickly replied, "I can show you the way
To obtain all the gingerbread men,
And the elephants, too; and this verse you may say,
And repeat it again and again.

"Pillicum, willicum, pullicum-wee,
Winkety, wankety, up in a tree;
Wankety, winkety, tippety top—
Down come the cooky-nuts, hippety hop!"

Then all of the Pilliwinks stood in a row,
And repeated this beautiful song,
Till the elephants eagerly hastened below,
And the soldiers marched down in a throng.
And for many long years by the portals of Loo
The Pilliwink people you 'd see
Enticing the gingerbread goodies that grew
At the top of the cooky-nut tree.

FROM THE MONKEYS' POINT OF VIEW.

BY W. C. McCLELLAND.

THE ostrich has wings, but he cannot fly; That the goat has horns which he cannot
The horse has only one toe; blow
Have you noticed the size of the elephant's And a beard that he cannot stroke.
eyes?
Or the pitch of the rooster's crow? I think this is quite the funniest world
That ever a wight could see,
The fox has a brush, but he does not paint. But the most ridiculous things of all
And I think it a capital joke Are the people who laugh at me!



BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

VI. CASAN.

CASAN was the name of a little Mongol Tartar who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century.

He was born in the eastern part of Asia, not far from the ancient city of Karakorum. His parents belonged to one of the barbarian hordes that owed allegiance to Genghis Khan, and Casan became a fierce though small warrior, and fought bravely under the banner of the great and mighty Mongol conqueror.

The exact height of this little dwarf is unknown. He was certainly not over three feet tall; but he was active and muscular, and, like all his race, could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue, and cold.

The Tartars were unexcelled in the management of their beautiful horses. The fleetest animals were trained to stop short in full career, and to face without flinching wild beast or formidable foe. Casan was a born soldier, and at an early age became expert in all the exercises that belonged to a Tartar education. He could manage a fiery courser with great skill, and could shoot an arrow or throw a lance with unerring aim, in full career, advancing or retreating.

Like many of those small in stature, he was anything but puny in spirit, and while yet a lad he gathered about him a troop of wild young

Tartar boys as reckless and daring as himself, of whom by common consent he became leader. He commanded his lawless young comrades with a strange mixture of dignity and energy, and they obeyed his orders with zeal and willingness. Sometimes they would go on long hunting expeditions, seldom failing to lay waste any lonely habitation they happened on. During one of these excursions they came to a wide river, and Casan ordered his troop to halt and build a wherry. They immediately set out in search of materials, and after a time succeeded in constructing a sort of raft made after the fashion of their ancestors the ancient Scythians.

They collected a number of the skins of wild animals, fastened these firmly together, and stretched them over a wooden framework. Upon this leather boat they placed their saddles and weapons, and after driving their horses into the stream, the young warriors sprang upon the oddly contrived float, seized the steeds by their tails, and were soon drawn by the swimming horses to the opposite bank. This feat was accomplished amid the noisiest shouts of the exulting boys.

Only Casan remained unmoved, simply remarking: "Very well done. I am quite satisfied with you, and to-morrow I shall think of something else to teach you."

He lay awake half the night devising plans and projects for the next day, and at early

dawn he assembled his followers and commanded them to be at a certain place at a certain hour. Like the noble Six Hundred, they seem not to have reasoned why, but to have done as they were bidden, and they met at the appointed time.

When they came together they found themselves on a greensward where a drove of magnificent horses, owned by one Tin Kin, was quietly pasturing. Casan curtly ordered each to mount a courser as quickly as possible, and to gain a neighboring plain at all speed.

The tiny dwarf set the example. Springing from the ground with great agility, he grasped a startled steed by its mane, and by a skilful manœuver was on its back in an instant. His comrades followed suit; the fleet-footed animals charged ahead, and soon all the Tartar boys were drawn up before their small leader. Here Casan, without saddle or bridle, put them through all the military exercises he could think of. "If we should ever be called upon to go to war," he remarked, "we should be found soldiers already trained for battle. A true warrior should manage his courser by word or touch, or even a glance."

Now, according to the Tartar code, the theft of a horse was punishable by death. Tin Kin, the owner of the herd, soon discovered that some of his choicest animals were missing, and off he started in hot pursuit, vowing vengeance on the miscreants. He soon came in sight of the evil-doers, but his rage gave place to astonishment when he found his superb steeds mounted by half-grown children who were going through various exercises, under the command of a dwarf. Before he had time to speak, Casan came charging to him, saying:

"We have not stolen your horses, as you may think. These are my soldiers. I wished to teach them to ride well, and in order to do so, I borrowed some of your coursers. You, who know their value best, can surely find nothing wrong in our actions; on the contrary, you should be pleased to have your animals appreciated, and I can assure you we have found them worthy the highest praise."

The owner was so taken aback at the dwarf's harangue that for a moment he stood speechless. He soon, however, regained possession

of his wits, and exclaimed: "You appear to be a queer character. Come to me with your comrades, and we will talk the matter over together."

The little cavaliers with one accord accepted the invitation, rode back to the tent of Tin Kin, breakfasted with him, and the result of it all was that a firm friendship was established between the Tartar horse-merchant and the reckless little dwarf and his followers.

For many years previous to this time, Genghis Khan, whose real name was Temuchin, had been having a great deal of trouble with the thirteen Mongol tribes that owed obedience to his father Yesukai. Yesukai died in 1175, when Temuchin was thirteen years old, and while Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus of France were quarreling with each other during their crusade to the Holy Land, Temuchin was engaged in constant warfare with one or another of the disobedient Mongol hordes.

At last, in 1206, his power seemed to be firmly established, and he concluded that the time had come for him to proclaim himself emperor. He accordingly called all the khans of his empire to meet at Karakorum, his capital, to do him homage. Casan was greatly excited when he heard the news, and he resolved to witness the coronation, and, if possible, to present himself to his emperor and to join his imperial army.

The small dwarf, by the help of his mother, managed to fit himself out in Tartar costume suitable to the occasion, and then he went to Tin Kin, told him his project, and asked the loan of one of his horses. Tin Kin was delighted, praised his little friend, and not only gave him one of his most beautiful coursers, but also presented him with an attendant to act as a sort of esquire or armor-bearer. Karakorum was soon reached. The different khans met on the appointed day. They were all clothed in white; and Temuchin, with a shining diadem upon his brow, advanced and seated himself on a throne erected for him. First he received congratulations from all the princes, then he stepped down and made a long speech, which I suppose must have been very eloquent, and after this he seated himself upon

a small black rug that was spread for him. For a long time this piece of carpet was revered and preserved as a sacred relic. No fewer than seven khans assisted him to rise, and conducted him back to the throne. Here, after a great deal of talk and mummery, he was finally proclaimed Lord of the Mongol Empire, and requested to adopt the name and title Genghis Khan, which, though spelled in at least seven different ways, yet has only one meaning—"Perfect Warrior."

The Tartar and Mongol chiefs and warriors now swarmed about him, all vying with one another to gain his attention. Casan began to think it was his time; and, no doubt saying to himself in Tartar dialect something that meant "Now or never!" he mounted his impatient horse, burst through the crowd, and rode straight up to Genghis Khan.

"Prince of the great empire," said he, "they tell me you are going to undertake a war against China which will make your glory eternal. Happy will be the captains who fight by your side and obey your orders. True, I am a dwarf, not favored by nature; but"—here he struck his breast with his tiny fist—"I feel within me a martial spirit equal to that of your greatest general. I already have command of a troop of young warriors all eager for battle. Try me, great Emperor. Permit me to join the army, and my actions shall prove the truth of my words."

Genghis Khan was now a man forty years old. He was stern and dignified, but a good judge of character; and the self-possession of the dwarf both pleased and amused him. He liked the confidence Casan appeared to have in himself, and he replied: "Well done, my fine little fellow. I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. When we set out on our journey to the Chinese Empire you shall join the army, and you shall have a captainship."

These words, falling from the lips of the Emperor, produced an effect upon Casan that it is difficult to describe. His little Mongol features became animated, his black eyes sparkled beneath their long lashes, and his small frame quivered with excitement. The bystanders at the court were filled with astonishment, and

his parents were thunderstruck when they heard the news.

Now it so happened that Genghis, in order to subdue the deserters from his father's tribes, had dethroned several princes or khans. These petty chiefs had been in the habit of paying tribute to the great sovereign of the Kin Empire in North China. This high and mighty potentate now demanded money from Genghis Khan, thereby rousing the ire of our Mongolian warrior, who announced that rather than pay one cent for tribute he would fight the whole Chinese kingdom. Preparations for war were at once begun, and Casan was delighted when he received orders to join the army. At last his dream was realized. He was going to fight real battles, and he was in command of a body of troops. He bade adieu to his family, and with a proud heart set out to meet his sovereign.

As a first step, Genghis Khan invaded Western Hea, captured several strongholds, and retired in the summer to a place called Lung Ting, in order to escape the great heat of the plains or steppes. While there, news reached him that several other khans were preparing for war. He thereupon descended from the heights, marched against his foes, and in a pitched battle on the river Irtish he overthrew them completely. Casan attracted a great deal of notice on this occasion. He was here, there, and everywhere. On his mettlesome charger he bounded into the thickest of the fight, hurling his lance with unerring aim, and displaying great courage.

After the fray he was summoned to appear before the conqueror, who complimented the dwarf, saying: "Thy valor and thy courage have completely justified thy promises. From this day forth thou shalt be a khan; thou shalt have command of a large body of troops, and shalt hereafter be my companion in arms."

Casan was so delighted that he could scarcely contain his small self, and he longed for another battle. He had not long to wait. From the very earliest period of history the Chinese had found their warlike neighbors very troublesome. The Tartars had made so many raids into the Celestial Empire that they were greatly dreaded; and to prevent their at-

tacks, the Chinese had made on their northern frontier the Great Wall of China. Built about two hundred years before the Christian era, its entire length was about fifteen hundred miles. It was carried over the ridges of the highest hills and into the depths of the deep-

ciplined armies into Western Hea, defeated the Kin army, and at last reached the Great Wall.

The small figure of the dwarf was conspicuous at the assault. Fierce as a lion, he managed to be one of the first upon the ramparts. Brandishing his sword, he shouted orders to his

men in a voice as deep and loud as any of the officers'. The fortification at last gave way, the immense army pushed through, and Genghis Khan, with Casan by his side, had captured the Wu-leang-hai pass, and penetrated the Great Wall. This was one of the greatest achievements in the life of the mighty conqueror.

Once established inside the Great Wall, the Tartar chief despatched three armies to overrun the Empire. Three of his sons commanded the right wing, his brothers led the left, while Genghis Khan, with a fourth son, and accompanied by Casan, directed the center column toward the southeast. As the troops marched on, cities and royal residences fell into their hands, and so they amassed great spoils.

At last, in the year 1214, Genghis halted in his triumphal career

before the city of Yenking, or Peking as it is now called. The members of the court here were greatly astonished and somewhat frightened when an envoy from their former vassal Temuchin demanded *from* them the



"CASAN RODE STRAIGHT UP TO GENGHIS KHAN."

est valleys; it crossed great rivers, being double in important passes. At distances of a hundred yards there were towers thirty-seven feet high, which measured forty-five feet at the base, while the wall itself was twenty-five feet thick. This stupendous piece of work had proved a safe barrier against the foes of China for fourteen hundred years.

After the battle of the Irtysh, victory after victory perched upon the banners of the Mongol conqueror. Again he poured his well dis-

tribute and obedience his father had formerly paid to them; and it is said that Casan, impatient to see the interior of the city, managed to make his way inside the gates along with the Emperor's messenger. At first the dwarf escaped notice, being taken for a child; but by an accident his identity was discovered, and he was carried before some mandarin judges and requested to explain his presence at the court of Peking. While the envoy was sent back to deliver a haughty answer to Genghis, Casan was held as a prisoner.

He was not badly treated, his table being well supplied with Chinese viands; but he became an object of great curiosity, and crowds came to see him. Among his numerous visitors was the daughter of one of the chief mandarins. Her name, according to an old French chronicle, was Tjiou-Tjeun Bendzine; and from her Casan found out that the whole court as well as the Chinese Emperor himself were in terror of the Tartar troops.

Casan was most anxious to escape and to carry to Genghis Khan the news of the dismay among the mandarins. He set his small wits to work on a plan of escape, and finally prevailed upon the princess with that long name to procure for him some opium and a Chinese costume suited to his small figure. By hook or by crook the fair Tjiou-Tjeun brought the needful articles, and that night little Casan presented his jailers with so much opium that they speedily fell asleep, and he, donning the national costume, made his way out of his prison.

Casan finally succeeded in escaping from the city, but he was exhausted when he presented himself before his sovereign. Casan accounted for his absence, told his chief all he had learned at the Peking court, and was praised for his courage and diplomacy.

Genghis now sent another message to the Kin Emperor saying: "By the decree of Heaven you are now as weak as I am strong, but I am willing to retire from my conquests. As a condition of my doing so, it will be necessary that you distribute largess to my officers and men to appease their fierce hostility."

The Kin Emperor eagerly accepted the terms of safety, and sent Genghis many prisoners and a tribute of gold and silk and other treasures.

As soon, however, as Genghis had passed beyond the Great Wall, the Chinese Emperor changed his residence and moved his court farther from the Mongol frontier. Genghis thought this meant a renewing of hostilities, so he turned himself and his army about, and did not stop till he had conquered and laid waste the whole empire.

It would take a long time to tell of all the wars of this great conqueror — one of the greatest the world has ever seen. Wherever he went and wherever he fought, the faithful little dwarf was at his side. Genghis carried on his victorious battles toward the west until he reached the territories of the mighty Sultan of Khwarezm. Here he halted, having no immediate desire to go beyond these limits. He sent envoys with presents and a peaceful message to Muhammad, the Shah, and but for an unfortunate occurrence the Mongol armies would probably never have entered Europe.

Soon after the interchange of civilities between the two sovereigns, some of the Sultan's subjects plundered a caravan of Tartar merchants, and Genghis demanded satisfaction for the outrage. Instead of giving up the chief offender, as Genghis required, the Shah beheaded the Mongol envoy and sent back his attendants without their beards. This was an insult that must be avenged, and soon the two empires began great preparations for war.

The Sultan was master of many countries, among which were Persia and much of India. He collected an enormous army, but in case of failure he had no other recruits to fall back upon. Genghis, with his overpowering troops, rushed on all parts of Khwarezm at once. They swept from city to city, leaving nothing behind them but ashes and ruins. The Sultan's armies were almost always defeated. Muhammad, driven from one extremity to another, escaped to an island in the Caspian Sea, where he died in sickness and despair, leaving what remained of his empire to his son Jalaluddin. Jalaluddin was brave and courageous, and did all that man could do to avenge his father's death and to prop up his tottering throne. Hemmed in by the loss of city after city, he was at last driven to the banks of the Indus. Here was fought a desperate battle. The Tartars, led

by Genghis Khan in person (whom little Casan always followed), far outnumbered the Turks. The mighty army of the Sultan had been reduced to a few hundred men, who fought with undaunted courage till forced to flee.

Jalaluddin, knowing that all was lost, stripped himself of his armor, threw away all his arms save his bow, quiver, and sword, and mounting a fresh horse, plunged into the river twenty feet below. With admiring gaze Genghis and Casan stood watching the fearless horseman.

In the middle of the stream he turned and emptied his quiver in defiance of his enemy, and soon after was seen to mount the opposite bank. He passed the night in a tree to keep clear of the wild beasts. Genghis sent men to pursue him, but he escaped to Delhi. He managed to recruit a few soldiers from the beaten Turks, but his spirit was broken. He could not endure exile, and after many misfortunes he returned to his own country and died in obscurity. More than six centuries have passed away, and still the ravages of the great Khwarezm war have not been entirely repaired.

After the great Mongolian had conquered China, Persia, and all Central Asia his empire became one of the most formidable ever established. It extended from the Pacific Ocean on the east to the river Dnieper in European Russia, and was a wider realm than Egyptian, Greek, or Roman conqueror ever knew. The kings of Armenia and Georgia, the emirs of Persia, the grand-dukes of Russia, and numerous other potentates were compelled to pay tribute to Genghis Khan, and they were all obliged to make the long journey to Karakorum in person or by their representatives.

This town, the capital of the largest empire that ever existed, was little more than a city of tents. It afterward became the residence of the famous Kublai Khan, as Marco Polo tells us, but every vestige of it has disappeared.

Genghis Khan at last retired from active service to lead a quiet life in the enjoyment of the wealth he had acquired at the expense of so much toil and blood. The numerous khans and generals were commanded to return; and they came back encumbered with the spoils of war. They all assembled on a vast plain some

twenty miles in extent, and, according to one historian, even this great field could scarcely contain all the tents of the countless hosts. The Emperor's quarters alone were six miles around. An enormous white tent capable of containing two thousand people was spread over his throne, on which was carefully placed the bit of black carpet used at his coronation.

During the ceremonies Casan was placed by the side of one of the sons of Genghis Khan; and when the time came for his children and grandchildren to kiss the monarch's hand, the dwarf was permitted the same privilege. Genghis accepted the presents bestowed upon him; and he who had spent his life despoiling others now gave rich gifts to his soldiers.

The little dwarf looked on with delight when five hundred captives from conquered countries came to make their obeisance before the conquering hero. His heart beat with pride, a martial spirit fired his small body, and, like Alexander, he longed for more worlds to conquer. This whole ceremonial concluded with a grand festival which lasted several days.

But all things have an end, and so had the life of the Mongolian chieftain. In the year 1227 he was seized with a fatal illness, and died in his traveling-palace on the bank of the river Sale in Mongolia. His death-bed was surrounded by his sons, and Casan stood beside them.

Poor little Casan adored his master, and bitterly mourned his loss. His spirit sank and his ambition vanished when the emperor breathed his last. After one or two expeditions into Russia and Poland with the sons of Genghis Khan, the tiny warrior returned to his native country, and pitched his luxurious tent in Karakorum.

Here he was treated with great respect by all the people. His abode was no ordinary affair. It was made of thick Persian carpets, and was placed on a gorgeous chariot drawn by gaily decked oxen. As he moved from place to place he received with dignity and modesty the honors that were shown him.

A dwarf in size, a giant in spirit, Casan did not long survive his beloved sovereign; and all signs of his last resting-place, like all traces of Genghis Khan's ancient capital, have long since vanished from the face of the earth.



The Whistling Giant



THERE came a giant in
 the Land,
 And lo! he whistled merrily;
 And all the folk joined hand in hand,
 And laughed and danced full
 cheerily.



They danced all day till day was
 gone—
 And still the Giant whistled on.
 And kings came down from lofty
 thrones,
 And wrapped their robes about
 their bones,

And capered with benignity;
 And doctors grave and judges grim,
 They danced for joy of hearing him,
 Unmindful of their dignity.
 The baker danced as he baked his bread,
 And the dominie danced when the lessons
 were said.
 The wagoner danced with his horses twain,
 And the horses danced with the laden wain.
 The little streams—that scarce have done—
 They rippled and danced in the morning
 sun.



And old folks say, who saw the sight,
 The stars danced softly every night.

But whether they hid or whether they shone,
 The whistling Giant whistled on.

| | |
|--|---|
| He whistled so hard and he breathed so deep | And when you dance you know not why, And can't help laughing though you try, Or smiling, then be sure you may |
| That the whistling Giant fell asleep. | The Giant is not far away. |
| And still on bright spring days, it seems, | And if aside all cares we lay, |
| The Giant whistles in his dreams; | I do believe — though I know not when — |
| Not as he whistled long ago, | The Giant will awake again. |
| But very soft and sweet and low; | |

Mae Elizabeth Haynes.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

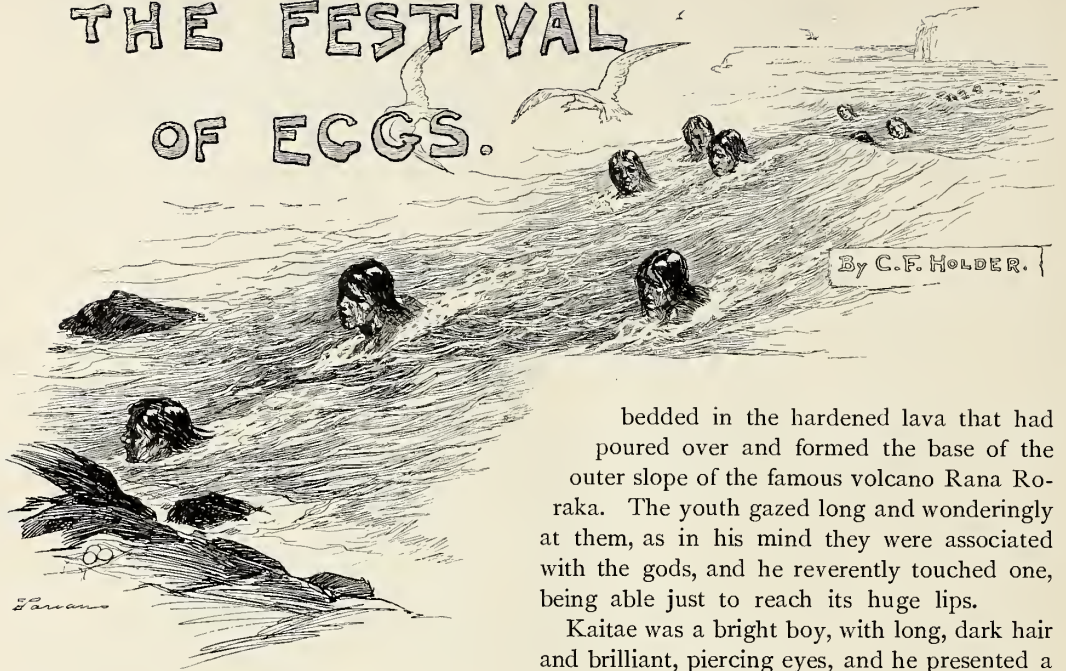
THERE was once a little maiden,
And she had a mirror bright;
It was rimmed about with silver;
'T was her pride and her delight.
But she found two fairy sisters
Lived within this pretty glass,
And very different faces showed,
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,
Why, it was sure to be
The *smiling* sister who looked out
Her happy face to see.
But if everything went criss-cross,
And she wore a frown or pout,
Alas! alas! within the glass
The *frowning* one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much
The smiling face to see,
That she resolved with all her heart
A happy child to be.
To grow more sweet and loving,
She tried with might and main,
Till the frowning sister went away,
And ne'er came back again.

But if she 's looking for a home,
As doubtless is the case,
She 'll try to find a little girl
Who has a gloomy face.
So be very, very careful,
If you own a mirror too,
That the frowning sister does n't come
And make her home with you.

THE FESTIVAL OF EGGS.



By C.F. HOLDER.

KAITAE was just sixteen years old. It was his birthday, and he rose bright and early, and was abroad before any of his companions; for, exhausted with the games and contests of the previous day, they were sleeping heavily in the curious caves or stone houses that even to this day mark the location of Orongo.

Kaitae was a prince, the lineal descendant of King Kaitae of Waihu, the strange volcanic island in the South Pacific better known as Easter Island.

The young prince, stepping lightly over two sleeping comrades, stole out of the cave and with a joyful heart bounded away. For some distance he ran quickly, then, coming to a large platform of stone, he stopped at last near a group of curious objects.

The sun was just rising over the sea, seeming to Kaitae to illumine the scene with a mysterious radiance. He stood upon the side of an ancient volcano, the steep slope of which fell precipitously a thousand feet to the sea; and before him were many faces of gigantic size, staring, gaunt, lifeless stone, their enormous eyes turned to the north. The great heads alone appeared, as if the bodies were em-

bedded in the hardened lava that had poured over and formed the base of the outer slope of the famous volcano Rana Roraka. The youth gazed long and wonderingly at them, as in his mind they were associated with the gods, and he reverently touched one, being able just to reach its huge lips.

Kaitae was a bright boy, with long, dark hair and brilliant, piercing eyes, and he presented a strange contrast to the wonderful old face that looked so steadfastly to the north. What was it looking at? what did it see? he asked himself; and climbing up to the brink of Rana Roraka, he gazed steadily to the north, then, turning, peered down into the vast crater of the volcano. The great abyss was nearly circular, a mile across, and its sides were deeply jagged. On the sides, half-way down, were other faces, lying in strange confusion, as if they had been hurriedly left, or thrown down by some convulsion of nature.

Kaitae had heard from his father that in ancient times Tro Kaiho, a son of King Mohuta Ariiki, had made the first of these images. Here they had been for ages, for all he knew, marking the spot where the remains of his ancestors lay.

Kaitae, however, was not abroad so early in the morning to study these strange monuments of his ancestors. It was a famous holiday-time,—the Festival of the Sea-birds' Eggs,—and the entire male population of Waihu was gathered at Orongo to celebrate it. The festival was an ancient custom, and the stone houses of Orongo had been built long in the past by these people to shelter them during this season.

The festival consisted of a race for the first gull's egg deposited upon the islands of Mutu Rankan and Mutu Nui, mere volcanic rocks which peered above the surface a few hundred yards from the rocky shore of the island of Orongo. The object was to reach the island first, secure an egg, and bring it back in safety. The one who accomplished this was greeted by the entire community as a hero; and, more important yet, the return with the unbroken egg was supposed to bring with it the approval of the great spirit Meke Meke; and the fortunate one was the recipient of many gifts from his fellows throughout the ensuing year.

There was keen rivalry among the young men and boys; and Kaitae had determined this year to be the first to discover gulls on the islands. Running down the slope of the volcano, past the great stone images weighing many tons, he made his way quickly to an observation tower, about thirty feet in height, resting upon a platform of rock over the tombs of his people. Here, in the season, the men watched for turtles and signaled to their fellows. From the top of this lookout Kaitae gazed over the blue water. There were the little islands below him, and — yes, about them hovered numbers of white objects, the long-looked-for gulls, which evidently had arrived during the night. With a joyous shout, Kaitae sprang down, and was soon bounding over the rocks to convey the news to the natives. At once they all came swarming out of

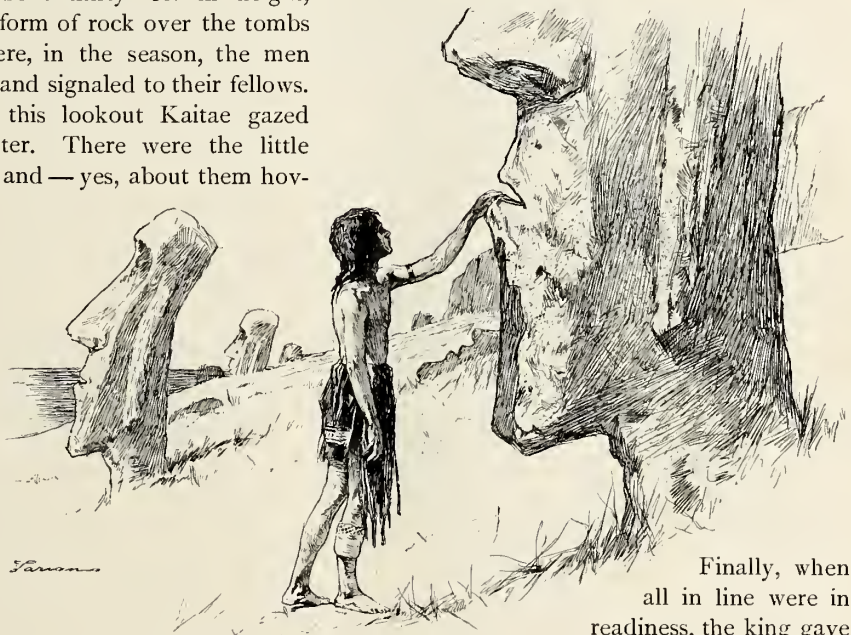
their stone burrows like ants, and before long began to move in the direction of the coast. When all had gathered at the cliff, the king addressed them, repeating the time-honored rules for the race.

At his word they were to start for the island,

and the one who returned to him first with an unbroken egg would have the especial favor of the great spirit Meke Meke.

The band of excited men and boys stood in various expectant postures, some with one foot in advance, others with arms eagerly stretched to the front, ready for the word from the king.

Kaitae stood near his father, his eyes flashing, and determination expressed in every motion. He had decided upon a dangerous course. The cliff where the start was made was a precipitous, jagged wall rising far above the sea, and breasting it with a bold front. From it numerous paths led down to the water; and Kaitae knew that many a fierce struggle would take place to reach the water's edge. He had determined to take the cliff jump, a perilous feat that had not been attempted since the king, his grandfather, a famous athlete, had performed it when a boy.



"KAITAE REVERENTLY TOUCHED ONE OF THE GREAT STONE FACES, BEING ABLE JUST TO REACH ITS HUGE LIPS."

Finally, when all in line were in readiness, the king gave the signal, and on rushed the crowd of islanders with loud cries and shouts. Out from among them shot the form of a boy, straight as an arrow, his long, black hair flying in the wind. Not to the lower beach, not to the narrow trails made by his ancestors, but directly to the brink of the precipice. The train of dusky figures paused breathless, and

the king rushed forward to see Kaitae dive out into space and gracefully disappear into the depths below. Up he soon came, a black spot on the waters, and before the astonished natives could recover from their excitement he was far on his way to the island.

Down the narrow trails worn in the lava swept the crowd, pushing one another over in their rush to the shore, diving, leaping, and hurling themselves into the sea in eager endeavor to reach the island. But Kaitae was far in advance; and before the crowd of egg-seekers were half-way over he had gained the rocky point of Mutu Nui, and amid the threatening cries of the birds had clambered up. Dozens of speckled eggs were strewn about. Seizing one, Kaitae placed it in his mouth as the safest place, and, springing again into the water, was homeward bound.

No one seemed discouraged because Kaitae was ahead. A hundred accidents might yet befall him. The current was strong against the return; the egg might break — it generally

into the sea. Altogether it was a scene strange and exciting, even to the king who had witnessed every race for many years. Some of the men broke their eggs and were obliged to return, while others could not find any, and were pecked at and buffeted by the enraged birds that filled the air with their cries, and swooped down to avenge this intrusion.

Kaitae reached the shore of Orongo well ahead of all except one man who had won the race more than once in former years — a daring climber, a rapid and powerful swimmer. But Kaitae drew himself up on the rocks carefully, that the egg might not be broken, then sped away up the face of the cliff. For days he had studied the steep ascent, and a score of times had scaled its rough face, but never before with a large egg in his mouth. When half-way up he was breathing hard. His mouth became dry and parched, and the egg seemed to be choking him. But still he held on, climbing higher and higher, spurred on by the shouts of his companions, who were now landing in large numbers.

One more effort, and he reached the top, and running forward, he held out the egg, unbroken, to the king. He was just in time, for his nearest rival, breathless Tahana, came rushing up the narrow trail, followed, a few moments later, by a score of disappointed contestants.

As victor, Kaitae was the center of interest for the remainder of the day. Many gifts and favors fell to him, and he sat in the seat of honor next to the king at the dance and the



"KAITAE HELD OUT THE EGG, UNBROKEN, TO THE KING."

did; he might slip on the rocks in the quick ascent; he might be injured, even killed—such things had been known. So the contestants swam on, and soon scores of dark forms could be seen crawling out from the water over the moss-covered rocks, slipping, sliding, falling; then darting this way and that in search of an egg. Having found one, each plunged quickly

merrymakings on that and succeeding nights.

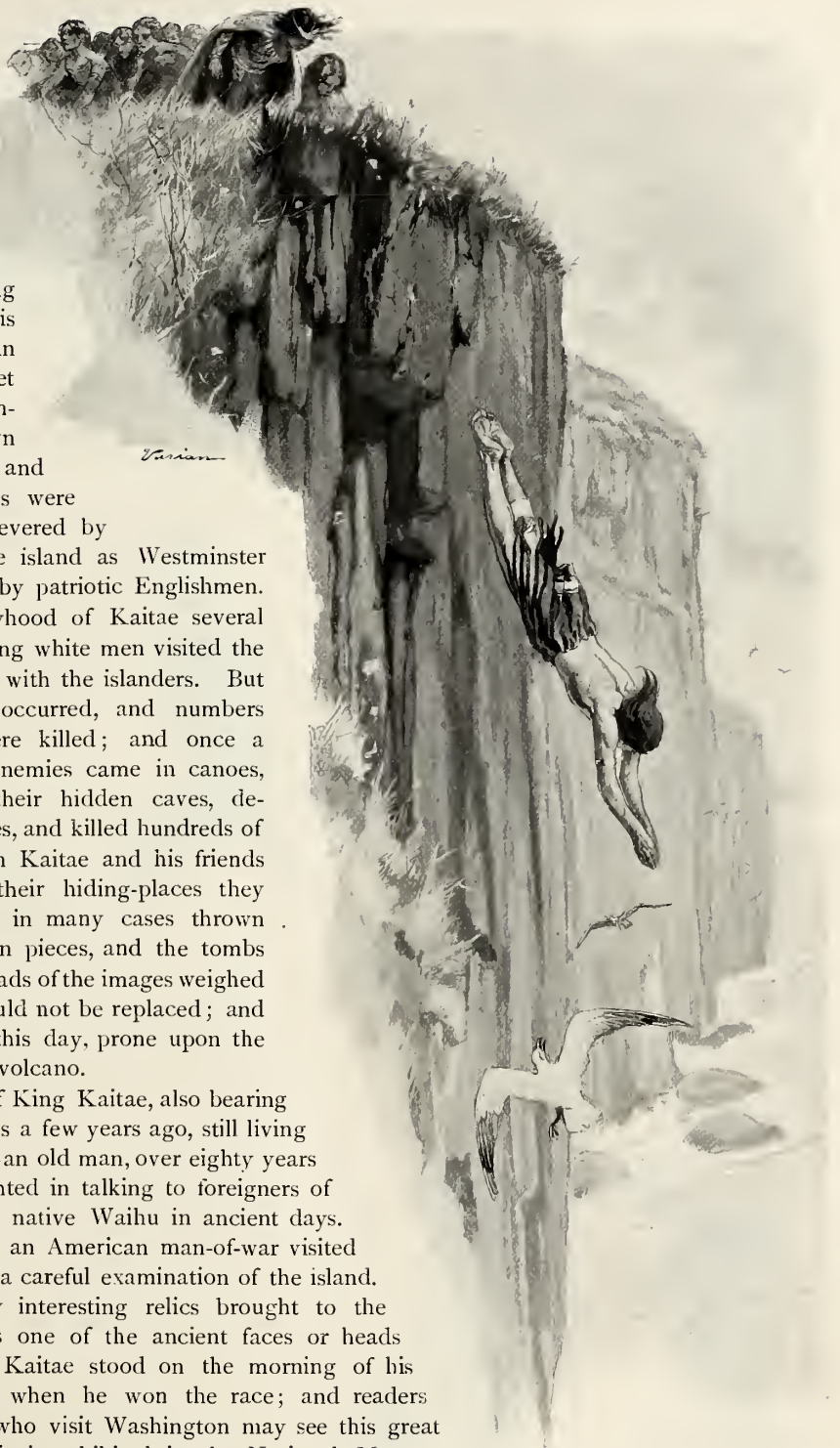
Kaitae was much more intelligent than many of his comrades, and while he joined in their games and pastimes he as much enjoyed listening to his elders when they related stories of the wonders of Waihu in the olden time. He learned that in those days the island was inhabited by many tribes of men, all under his

ancestor the king; and that the curious platforms and monuments that have since made Easter Island famous over the entire world were long before erected by his ancestors, just as in our parks we set up statues to commemorate our own distinguished men; and that the platforms were tombs as much revered by the natives of the island as Westminster Abbey is revered by patriotic Englishmen.

During the boyhood of Kaitae several strange ships bearing white men visited the island, and traded with the islanders. But some difficulties occurred, and numbers of his people were killed; and once a horde of native enemies came in canoes, drove them to their hidden caves, destroyed their homes, and killed hundreds of the people. When Kaitae and his friends came out from their hiding-places they found the statues in many cases thrown down or broken in pieces, and the tombs destroyed. The heads of the images weighed tons, and many could not be replaced; and there they lie, to this day, prone upon the side of the great volcano.

A descendant of King Kaitae, also bearing his name, is, or was a few years ago, still living at Easter Island—an old man, over eighty years of age, who delighted in talking to foreigners of the wonders of his native Waihu in ancient days.

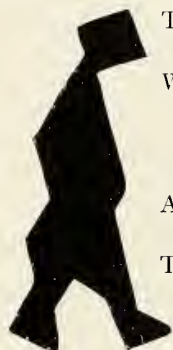
A few years ago an American man-of-war visited Waihu, and made a careful examination of the island. Among the many interesting relics brought to the United States was one of the ancient faces or heads by one of which Kaitae stood on the morning of his sixteenth birthday when he won the race; and readers of ST. NICHOLAS who visit Washington may see this great stone image, for it is exhibited in the National Museum.



KAITAE'S DIVE.

THE RHYME OF TRIANGULAR TOMMY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



TRIANGULAR TOMMY, one morn-
ing in May,
Went out for a walk on the
public highway.
Just here I will say
"T was a bright sunny day,
And the sky it was blue, and
the grass it was green,
The same sky and grass that
you've all of you seen;
And the birds in the trees sang
their usual song,
And Triangular Tommy went trudging along.

But I can tell you
He cared naught for the view.
He did just what small boys of his age al-
ways do:
He shouted out "Scat!"
At a wandering cat,
And he picked a big daisy to stick in his
hat;
The clovers he topped,
And the toadstools he croppped,
And sometimes he scuffled and sometimes
he hopped.

He took an old stick and poked at a worm,
And merrily chuckled to see the thing
squirm;
When he chanced to look up,

and in gorgeous array
Triangular Tilly
was coming
his way.
Triangular Tom
straightened
up in a jiff,



And put on his best
manner—exceed-
ingly stiff;
And as far as his an-
gular shape would
allow
Triangular Tom made
a beautiful bow.



Triangular Tilly went smil-
ingly by,
With a glance that was
friendly, but just a bit
shy.
And Tom so admired her
that after she passed,
A backward look over his
shoulder he cast.
And he said, "Though I
think many girls are
but silly,
I really admire that Triangular Tilly."

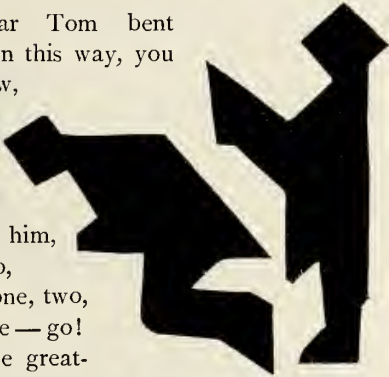


But soon all such thoughts were put out
of his head,
For who should come by but Triangular
Ted,
The very boy Tom had
been wishing to see!
"Hello!" said Triangular
Tommy, said he.
"Hello!" said Triangular
Ted, and away
Those two children scoot-
ed to frolic and play.
And they had, on
the green,
Where 't was all
dry and clean,



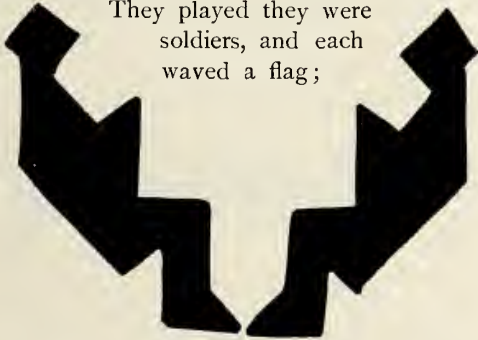
The best game of leap-frog that ever was
seen.

Triangular Tom bent
down this way, you
know,
And Tri-
angular
Ted
stood
beside him,
just so,
When one, two,
three — go!
With the great-
est gusto,
Ted flew over Tom in a manner not slow.



They played hide-and-seek, they played mar-
bles and tag;

They played they were
soldiers, and each
waved a flag;



Till at last they confessed
They wanted to rest;
So they sat down and chatted with laugh-
ter and jest;



When Schoolmaster Jones
they suddenly spied,
Come clumping along with his
pedagogue stride,
As usual, with manner quite
preoccupied;
With his hat on one
side,
And his shoe-lace un-
tied —

A surly old fellow, it can't
be denied;

And each wicked boy
Thought that he would enjoy
An occasion the thoughtful old man to an-
noy,
And all of his wise calculations destroy.
So they thought they'd employ
A means known to each boy.
And across the wide pavement they faste-
ned a twine
Exceedingly strong but exceedingly fine;
And Triangular Tommy laughed out in his
glee,
To think how upset the old master would
be!

Although very wicked, their mischievous
scheme
Was a perfect success; and with a loud
scream,
A horrible clash,
A thump and a smash,
Old Schoolmaster Jones came down with a
crash.



His hat rolled away, and his spectacles
broke,
And those dreadful boys thought it a howl-
ing good joke.
And they just doubled up in immoderate
glee,
Saying, "Look at the Schoolmaster! Tee-
hee! tee-hee!"



Tom gave a guffaw,
 And Ted roared a "haw-haw ;"
 But soon their diversion was turned into
 awe,
 For old Schoolmaster Jones was angry,
 they saw.

Triangular Ted
 Turned swiftly and fled,
 And far down the street like a reindeer he
 sped,



Leaving Tommy to
 face the old gen-
 tleman's rage,
 Who quickly jumped
 up,—he was brisk
 for his age,—
 And with just indig-
 nation portrayed
 on his face,

To Triangular Tommy
 he quickly gave
 chase.

And hearing his
 squeals
 And his frantic
 appeals,
 Triangular Tommy fast took to his heels.



Now Tommy was agile and Tommy was
 spry ;

He whizzed through the
 air— he just seemed
 to fly ;

He rushed madly on,
 until, dreadful to
 say !

He came where the rail-
 road was just in his
 way —

And alas! and alack!
 He tripped on the
 track !

And then with a terrible, sudden ker-thwack !
 Triangular Tommy sprawled flat on his
 back —

And the train came along with a crash,
 and a crack,

A din, and a clatter, a clang, and a clack,
 A toot, and a boom, and a roar, and a hiss,
 And chopped him all up into pieces like
 this —



If *you* cut out papers just like them, why,
 then

If you try, you can put him together again.

CÆSAR.

(A Charade.)

BY WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

MY monstrous first holds rude and ruthless sway
 Above three-fourths of all the globe, 't is reckoned :
 One-sixth of all remaining must obey
 The imperial bidding of my second.

And history tells us that in ancient time,
 When the known world was small —
 One scepter stretching over every clime —
 My whole subdued it all.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[*This story was begun in the February number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

NINA'S WANDERINGS.

LATE that afternoon, when Marian came home after a three hours' absence, and found that Nina had gone out alone, she made anxious inquiries of Mrs. Andrews.

"I don't know when she left. I must have been asleep. Why, what keeps her, Marian? Why did you go out?" said Mrs. Andrews.

"Why, you knew I was going, cousin."

"Yes, yes; of course. You don't think anything can have happened, do you, Marian? Oh, dear! That child! That child!"

Marian could not answer this question, but went to look about the neighborhood and make inquiries. Returning, she found Mrs. Andrews at the window in a state of increased anxiety, and with traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Why did I come to this hotel?" she exclaimed. "If I had gone somewhere else, perhaps she would n't have cared to go out. And why must you have chosen this afternoon to go out, of all afternoons! Why did n't I hire a carriage and take Nina to some place of amusement? Oh, dear! what *can* have become of her?"

"But, cousin, you were not well, and no one could have foreseen this prank of Nina's," said Marian, quietly.

"Send for the proprietor, Marian; employ a detective,—a dozen, if necessary,—and telegraph, telephone; do bring me some news soon, or I shall go distracted!" cried the agitated grandmother. "Look! all the lamps are lit, and Nina is wandering nobody knows where! Oh, why did I ever leave New York! If anything has happened to her, I shall never forgive myself."

Meanwhile Nina had not been without ad-

ventures. Once outside, she had found that London was not at all dull. She was, indeed, embarrassed by the many things that invited attention and examination. She was not aware that she herself was much stared at as she minced along under her parasol, turned here and there, or stood gazing into the shops. She was interested by the neat shops of the dignified butchers, by the cook- and bake-shops, very steamy and savory, and the drapers' establishments next door, perhaps, and the greengrocers' with some vegetables that she had never seen. Nina stepped into one of these shops and said to the stout woman seated behind the counter:

"I want four or five pineapples, if you are sure they are first rate; and hurry up and don't keep me waiting."

The woman stared.

"Four or five pines, do you mean, miss? It 's a large horder, and I 'm thinking we 'ave n't as many in the shop; but we can get them at once. What name and address, if you please, miss?" she said, rising.

Nina gave these.

"Thank you, miss; and if we might serve you regular, every pains would be took to give satisfaction. Four pounds, please, miss; and none finer to be 'ad this day in London."

"Twenty dollars!" cried Nina, having already learned the currency of the country. "What do you take me for? Now that 's 'cause I 'm an American. But you don't cheat *me!* You can just keep your old pineapples." She swept out of the shop indignantly, actually forgetting her parasol, for which she had to go back.

"Cheating, miss? What do you mean?" said the woman angrily. "It 's the regular price, and this is as respectable a shop as there is in all London, and over a hundred years in the business." But Nina would not stay to listen, nor did she dream that this was the truth.

She was staring in a fishmonger's at the new and wonderful members of the finny tribe displayed there, pointing out some cockles with her parasol, and saying, "What on earth 's that? Is it good to eat?" when a gay, childish voice fell upon her ear. Turning, she saw a very pretty but woefully ragged little French girl. In her hand was a tambourine, and this she shook while she made little forced, unmirthful leaps and bounds in the street, and sang a merry air with a mournful face. Nina laughed, and the child laughed and began capering again, this time with more spirit, and sang in her shrill treble:

*Je suis Polonaise, oui-da!
Je me nomme Lodoïska,
Je me nomme Lodo, Lois, Loka, Lodoïska,
Je suis née à Cracovie.*

*Je suis Polonaise, oui-da!
Je me nomme Lodoïska,
Je me nomme Lodo, Lois, Loka, Lodoïska.*

Highly diverted and pleased, Nina cried out, "Oh, how funny! That 's splendid!" and gave her a shilling, whereupon the little minstrel's face flushed with pleasure, and the next moment she capered away.

It had been Nina's intention, of course, to keep in the immediate neighborhood of the hotel. She unknowingly wandered off. "I 'll just see what there is down there," or "I 'll just go around the corner a minute," she had said. She had no idea, either, how time was running away, because she was amused, interested. Nor did she particularly notice a little man who went wherever she went, sometimes behind her, sometimes in front of her, sometimes on the opposite side of the street, now sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, not seeing anything apparently, now walking briskly as if on business of importance, but always keeping her in view.

Coming upon a boy trundling a small hand-cart heaped high with immense oranges, Nina stopped him and said: "Here! What do you ask for 'em? A pound apiece, I guess."

"Oh, no, miss, only a penny; and just be pleased to look at the size of 'em. Pumpkins, almost, and sweet and juicy—my heyes! 'Andle 'em, miss, if I may make so bold, and feel the weight of 'em," said the boy, and began

juggling with them, and giving out a fearfully shrill, discordant squawk, that only the initiated could have recognized as "Fi-i-ne Sicily oranges!"

"Very well, I 'll take six," said Nina, who was very fond of oranges; and she might have seen the little man brush by her as she opened her purse and paid for them. The little man could see that in the purse were three gold pieces and some half-crowns and shillings. Nina next walked through a small park or square filled with some stunted trees and shrubs, and thronged with nursery-maids and babies from the houses near by. Coming out, she turned to the left, then to the right, and was midway in an extremely long stretch of unbroken street bordered by handsome houses, when down came the rain,—never very far off in England. Dismayed, Nina looked up, around, about her, seeing nothing but the little man, who had still followed. He now advanced and said very civilly:

"If you 'll come up this way, miss, w'ich I am coachman to a fambly living right there in the third 'ouse, and I lives near by, me and my wife, you can have shelter, and welcome."

There was a hansom standing in front of the house he had pointed out. Grandy's parasol did not afford much shelter. Nina had on her best holiday attire. For a second she hesitated, and then said, with a sharp glance at him, "Go with you? No, indeed. I 'm not so stupid."

If she had looked back she would have seen that the bogus coachman was still lurking in the neighborhood. On and on she went. She tried to retrace the many turns she had made, but every moment became more confused. A plucky child, however, she did not get frightened even when, after about twenty minutes of walking, staring, and puzzling, she found herself in a short, narrow lane dimly lit by lamps, at the back of Portlington Crescent. Here she was suddenly confronted by the little man who had followed her.

"Well," said Nina coolly, "what do *you* want? Everybody I meet seems to want something." For answer there came a sudden blow on the head, her purse was snatched from her, and so was her parasol; but not until she had given the man a sharp return stroke with it.

Nina shrieked loudly and lustily for help. A policeman was not far away, and ran to her as the man ran away.

"Catch him! Hit him! Hold him! Never mind me!" cried Nina in great excitement, intent first on revenge. But what huge Policeman X did was to pick up her hat and the oranges, listen to her story, take her home, and turn her over to the wailing Mrs. Andrews.

Marian heard Nina's story, and tipped the good-hearted giant who had come to the rescue. He said respectfully, "Thank you. It ought never to have been allowed, miss"; and went his way.

This was what Marian thought, and it was she who heard all from the culprit, comforted her, and forbore to point any morals or tell any tales.

"Oh, Cousin Marian, this is the meanest, horriddest, wickedest, cheatingest place that ever was!" said Nina in conclusion. "I've lost my purse and my parasol, and that man hit me; and — just think! — those beautiful oranges that I bought had been *boiled* to make 'em all swell up and look big! That policeman and I threw them all away. *I've been fooled by these scamps!* Oh, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SIGHT-SEEING.

THE day after Nina's adventures in search of amusement had turned out so alarmingly, Mrs. Andrews, made worse by the anxiety she had undergone, desired Marian to send for the great Sir Wilkinson Jebb, whose fame, as physician to the Queen and half the royalties of Europe, had crossed the Atlantic.

A portly, fresh-faced, spectacled gentleman of about sixty, of the most dignified (not to say pompous) bearing, drove up to the hotel that afternoon in a brougham of much quiet elegance, and was duly announced to Mrs. Andrews. Having seated himself in the only comfortable chair the room boasted, he listened with the calmness of his profession to that lady's voluble account of herself. His expressionless eyes were fixed upon her face as she talked, and he fidgeted when, after the manner of some patients, she went into the history of her ailment, the opinions

of previous doctors, the similar and dissimilar cases of the same malady that had come under her notice; then, catching Marian's eye, he said with reserve that there seemed to be "a slight feverish tendency," rapidly wrote a prescription, ordered Mrs. Andrews to stay in bed and be absolutely quiet for several days, made a few courteous, stilted remarks about the weather and the topics of the day, and with a profoundly polite salaam was on his way downstairs when he met Nina.

"You still up, my child?" he said in surprise, on encountering Nina's fixed gaze. "How is it that you are not in bed? Anxious about your grandmother, I suppose. You need not be, I assure you. She is doing admirably. You may go to bed now."

"It is n't your business to send me to bed," said Miss Irrepressible, tartly.

"Ha, ha! Very good, very good! I'd be precious glad to put myself there, I know; but we doctors are like postmen, always on the move," said he. "But you should keep early hours, you know. You look fagged and delicate."

"Well, moving round does n't seem to make you look delicate. I like to be thin, and I'm very well, and one should n't make personal remarks," retorted Nina severely — and consistently.

Sir Wilkinson's face was a study on hearing this. Displeased astonishment at finding himself so familiarly accosted was followed by a puzzled expression, and that by an increase of color and a stiffening of the whole figure. "Oh, that is your opinion, is it?" he said to her huffily; and then to Marian at the door, "Your young friend is —" He did not finish the sentence, but brushed his hat with his hand, and with his head on one side gazed reflectively down upon Nina, smiled in a mechanical, professional sort of way, finally, and added: "Odd child, very! Delightful! Ah! Oh, yes. You will see that water is given with the mixture, Miss Brewster; but unless there should be some very decided development — ah! where is my cane? Ah! Good night."

In a few days Mrs. Andrews was better — that is, her fever had left her; but her convalescence proved a tedious affair, and being or-

dered to keep her room for some time, she proceeded to abandon herself to invalidism. She sent for some books, saying it would be a good time to read.

"It is dreadful my being laid up like this now, Marian," she said. "Everything seems to go wrong. However, now that we are here, you will have to take Nina about and show her everything that she cares to see. Find out what will interest her. I can't discover that she wants to see anything particularly."

Nothing loath, Marian sat down, got out her guide-books and maps, and made out a list of the most important sights.

"Does n't it sound delicious?" she said, after reading the list to Nina. "Now we shall see how good your eyes and ears are, Miss Nina! We are going to have a glorious time of it, a feast of sight-seeing. We are going to see London, and we are not going to kill ourselves, either, doing it, but to take it all systematically and quietly and pleasantly day by day. And in future just think what it will mean to us when somebody speaks of London!"

Accordingly, every day after this, after a comfortable breakfast, they "went into Committee of Two," as Marian said, and decided what particular plum they would take from this rich cake, as their share for that day. Then, having decided, they would start in high spirits and perfect accord to see this or that notable sight.

Nina had already had some experience of Marian's practical sagacity, and had felt, without being quite conscious of it, the patience, sympathy, comprehension, and justice that had marked her conduct throughout. She was now to feel the charm of association with a fine and cultured mind under circumstances that naturally brought out its breadth and resources—to say nothing of a sunny nature and a character in which strength and sweetness were combined in a most unusual degree.

Having settled upon the place they were to visit, Marian would thoroughly inform herself about it, or refresh her memory with regard to it, and then in the most clever and interesting way tell the important points for Nina's benefit, adding such spice in the way of romance, poetry, anecdotes, biography, as her wide know-

ledge of English history and literature suggested. "Stories," Nina called them all. Instead of tiring her with long, dry, technical accounts and details of places, people, and past events, she managed to make them exist, breathe, live again to the eager, imaginative child. When they stood in front of the Nelson monument, for instance, Marian stirred her heart by telling her of Nelson of the Nile, "saviour of the silver-coasted isle," and his battles, victories, and death, instead of dwelling on the style of architecture or the height of the column. At Apsley House the Great Duke was her text.

The tombs of the heroes in St. Paul's interested Nina more than anything else there. These, with the stained glass, the beautiful carvings by Grinling Gibbons, the crypt supporting such an immense weight, the fact that the towers could be seen at sea and as far west as Windsor, and that Sir Christopher Wren built it in thirty-five years on the site of an ancient Gothic cathedral destroyed in the Great Fire,—whereas St. Peter's at Rome, its only rival, was a hundred and fifty years in building,—and some stories about Howard and Heber, ever after stood for "St. Paul's" in her mind.

The Tower was not to be seen in one visit, or even in the three they made to it; and its great ghosts and its two little ones—those of the murdered princes—were very visible to these travelers, and as real as themselves. Full of interest and enthusiasm herself, Marian easily inspired the child with both; and together they walked through the silent rooms that are yet so eloquent of the tears, sighs, prayers, woes of so many souls; together walked over Tower Green, red with the blood of so many of England's noblest and bravest; together lingered in the Chapel, so full of shadows actual and historical; admired the crown jewels, and discussed in turn the long line of British monarchs and warriors in full armor, mounted on their war steeds in separate stalls of the Horse Armory; and having enjoyed fully every feature of the palace-citadel, passed through the terrible Traitors' Gate, and went home by water, "just to see what it was like in Warwick's time."

The "storied urns" and marble busts and no longer animated dust of the Abbey gave them so much to see and talk over that, alone,

it would have been worth a voyage across the Atlantic. The Temple Church and Gardens were another delight; and no matter where they went, stories, poems, quotations, dates, facts, came thronging to Marian's mind; and Nina hanging on her arm, her eyes bright with excitement, her cheeks flushed, more than once with lips trembling and eyes full of tears, eagerly heard them all, with even more intelligence and sympathy than Marian had given her credit for. She could not hear enough, indeed, about Blondel and the Lion-heart, Elizabeth and Mary, Lady Jane Grey, Warwick the King-maker, and many, many more.

Her interest showed itself in some characteristic ways. The rabbit-faced, anxious verger at the Abbey, finding her brandishing her umbrella fiercely about Queen Elizabeth's head in a way that would have endangered her own a few centuries back, went up to her in great haste to ask, "Whatever are you doing? — defacing the monuments?"

"Ugh-h!" said Nina, still looking at her imperious majesty, and making an atrocious grimace, intended to be expressive of the utmost hatred and contempt, taking no notice of him whatever. "You hateful, red-headed old fright of a tyrant, who killed that sweet, lovely, beautiful cousin who trusted you! I'd like to send you to the Tower forever, and never give you anything to eat, and never let you read your letters. And I would, too, if I only had you in New York!"

The startled verger stared with all his eyes on hearing this, but before he could say more Nina had turned to him quickly, saying, "I'm so sorry she's dead! I'd like to punish her, I would.—What do you wear that black night-gown for?"

When he could collect his senses he made answer gruffly: "'Er Majesty Queen Helizabeth was the greatest sovering Hengland's ever 'ad, miss, and so was 'er reign; and you 're actin' suspicious and talkin' in a way that can't be allowed 'ere, a-showin' disrespect to the crown in estronny langwidge and threatenin' violence. Please to walk on, and not stop behind again, miss; and give over that umbrella to me. I did n't notice it. As to my gown, it's what all vergers wears; and I'm not to be made game

of, I can tell you, by *none* in my own Habbey! The dean hisself would n't think of it. The harches in this chapel, you will observe — " and so on.

Marian was amused to hear his voice rise to its usual rasping professional level at the close of his sentence, and taking Nina's hand, she led her away to the Poet's Corner.

The particular Beefeater who chanced to be on duty at the Tower, and fell to their lot, had likewise a misunderstanding with Nina.

"Do you belong to a circus?" Nina demanded of him when she found an opportunity.

"Belong to a circus, miss? Well, I should say not. I'm a soldier. I've served in Canada and India and Afghanistan, and won a medal in the Kaffir troubles; and they gave me this place, although there were others that wanted it. I belonged to the 79th Lowlanders. And I've got two brothers in the 'Black Watch,'" said he with evident pride.

"I never saw a black watch. Are they for colored people?" said Nina.

"Not they, miss! Never! Nor nothin' to do with 'em. They are as white as you or me, — excuse me mentionin' you so freely, — and better soldiers never followed a flag nor heard a drum," said the veteran with pardonable pride. "And what you mean by a circus I can't make out."

"Well, there's a whole lot of you over here, in houses and on the carriages and round everywhere, that look to me as if a circus was around. But never mind. If I were you, though, I'd be ashamed to stay here, and keep on putting people in here and locking them up and treating them shamefully — even when you don't kill them — if I were a soldier."

"Oh, miss, there is n't any of that now — not a bit, bless you! — excuse me blessin' you — and you're quite right. I've said the same to myself many a time. If I had been living and had taken the Queen's shilling then, — I mean enlisted, Miss, — I do believe I would have deserted. A soldier is n't a butcher, and butchers was what was wanted then."

This established pleasanter relations between them, and before parting he gave her a bit of wood from an old beam recently torn out of the White Tower in the course of some repairs that

had been made, saying, "You 'd like that, miss, would n't you? A tale it could tell, and no mistake, if it had a tongue like yours. Excuse me mentionin' it. I give it to you because you 're from the States; and I served out in Canada myself."

"Thank you, awfully," said Nina, and looked, as she felt, highly pleased.

This souvenir, with a flower from the Temple Gardens, "right from the very spot where they began to quarrel like cats and dogs, and had the War of the Roses," as Nina used afterward to explain, became the beginning of a large collection of interesting mementos, and helped to fix in her mind a large amount of "historical information" not called by that official and forbidding title. When they came home, after they had rested and dined Marian would laughingly question Nina as to what she had seen. At first she had been so little trained to observation that she could mention only two or three things that had impressed her, and could give no clear account of those; but it was wonderful to see how her memory improved.

That she might do so, Marian would, "for the fun of it," suggest that she should walk past a shop-window at her usual pace, and then reckon up what she had seen. The list grew and grew, to Nina's delight, until it embraced a truly extraordinary number and variety of objects.

In the same way she soon learned to use her eyes and memory, as they dashed through the streets in a hansom, or walked in the park, and found the greatest amusement in it. Very soon she was even giving detailed descriptions of the people whom she passed in this casual way, the streets and the shops — and capital object-lessons they made. And all this was a great help when it came to seeing the features of the "commercial capital of the world." In intelligent interest, in the power of grasping and retaining the knowledge she acquired, she made most satisfactory progress; and Marian was confirmed in her belief as to Nina's cleverness, and the necessity of filling her empty little head with something better than idle talk or foolish, hurtful gossip. If Nina had been told that this was being "educated" no less than if she had been set to work out problems in algebra,

she would have laughed the idea to scorn. She thought it delightful, while to be "educated" had meant to her long, stupid lessons and close rooms and headache — "chains and slavery."

"It is the nicest thing going about with you," she once said to Marian. "You know all about everything, you 're not a bit poky, and that Dickens's history and the Gilbert à Becket's are not a bit like the histories we studied at our school. And you read such lovely stories about things, and you never get mad with me, and — you 're just splendid!"

Marian had told in her own words the story of "Ivanhoe," and all about Warwick and his followers, "stories" from Shakspeare, "stories" about Temple Bar and the traitors' heads that used to be fixed above it, "stories" about the celebrities they saw at the wax-works. She read Nina bits from Ainsworth's "London"; she showed her the pictures in the "Comic History of England"; she repeated Aytoun's and Macaulay's lays to her; she picked out bits of Froissart to read aloud; she told her of Sidney, of Chevalier Bayard, of Drake, of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of Sir Thomas More — something interesting at every turn. And Nina took it in with all her eyes as well as ears.

With the National Gallery it was the same thing, and so with the old inns of London, the old churches, Fleet Street, the Strand, Trafalgar Square.

And there was so much honest, merry fun in Marian that, not content with these, she would repeat Thackeray's ballads — "Eliza Davis" and "Three Sailors of Bristol City" — or the "Bab Ballads" and the "Ingoldsby Legends." She was, indeed, far more interested herself in all about her than Nina, keeping a sharp lookout for Dickens's characters, reveling in all that was seen and suggested.

"Oh, there 's Sam Weller!" she would cry out; or "I 'm sure the Dolls' Dressmaker lives in that dark, fusty little shop"; or "Here come Mr. Pickwick and Miss Flite!" And then of course Nina would be all questions, and there would be more stories. There never were three weeks more brimful of all pleasantness.

Only once was Nina a little unruly. It was the day they went down to the Horse Guards,

Fascinated by the mounted sentries, chosen from the Household cavalry, on guard in the stone alcoves of the arched roadway leading to St. James's Park, and apparently as immovable as if also carved out of stone, Nina stared and stared. "Are you sure they are alive?" she said. "If I had a bonnet-pin I'd try it on the calf of that one's leg, and see. *I'd* make him jump!" Here a thought struck her. Groping in her pocket, she took out a metal tape-measure that happened to be there, and with a jerk of the arm sent it right across the sentry's face, so that it just grazed his nose.

"Oh, Cousin Marian! He looked right straight ahead, just the same! He did n't move a single mite! He only winked!" she cried. "What would he do if there should be an earthquake?" whereupon Marian exclaimed, "Nina!" and begged the sentry's pardon for her, and got another wink of forgiveness from the mountain of military trappings set in his niche like the god of war.

As they walked away, Marian told Nina of the Roman soldier who would not leave his post when Pompeii was buried under burning lava, to show her to what perfection discipline could be carried, and what a soldier's idea of duty is. "He could die, but he could n't be unfaithful," she concluded. "Was it not a fine, brave, beautiful thing?"

On the day that they went to the Hospital for Sick Children, it happened that as they entered the chief ward, the first child they saw had propped herself up on her elbow and was looking out of the window trying to peep at the Punch and Judy show in the street below. "I can't see it. It's so far away. And I'm so tired of lying here and being ill; and the dog is like my dog I used to have," she complained, and weeping, fell back on her little pillow.

"Never mind, dearie. As soon as you are well enough you shall go out and see one. There! there! Don't fret," said the nurse, a comely, middle-aged person with a pleasant face and cheerful voice.

"She's had to wear an iron brace for a year past, and she gets restless sometimes, poor child," she explained in a low tone.

"Can she go down?" asked Nina. "I'll take her. I wish I'd brought Beelzebub to show her; he's just about the loveliest fright that anybody ever saw. Goodness! what a lot of little beds! And are all the children in irons, like this one? Why don't you let the poor little thing go down if she wants to? I'd hop right out of that bed and go anyway, if I lived here."

"Oh, no, you would n't. You could n't move; you know we have to keep them quiet," said the nurse.

"Then why don't you have it come up here?" said Nina. "Why, that's it! Poor little things! I'll pay him. I'll run and get him for them right now."

She was about to dart off. The nurse gently detained her.

"It is a capital idea. We never thought of that, and it would be a very great pleasure to them, and it is very kind of you to think of it. Would you allow it?" she asked, looking at Marian.

"Oh, she's got nothing to do with it. It's *my* money, and I've got plenty of it, and I'm going to spend it just as I please," said Nina; then catching sight of Marian's face, she hastily added, "You don't care? You'd like me to do it, would n't you, Cousin Marian?"

"Yes, I should," agreed Marian.

"Very well, then. It is most kind of the young lady, and I'll send down if I can get permission. I'll go and see." She went off.

"I did n't mean a thing when I said that about the money," whispered Nina; "only, everything's 'permission' in England. I never saw such a place."

But in five minutes the smiling nurse was back again, followed by the show and the showman. "This young lady from America kindly wishes you to play for the children," she said to him; but she was scarcely heard for the delighted cries of the children, nearly all of whom rose up in their beds and turned toward the show like so many little sunflowers turning toward the sun, while he dexterously set up his miniature theater, and shook out Judy's skirts, and prepared Punch for his labors.

Seldom at any theater have actors given half so much pleasure to an audience. Some of the

children laughed, shrieked, rolled about on their beds, thumped their pillows, were doubled up with the ecstasy of the entertainment. It was pathetic to see the wan little faces flush, the sunken eyes brighten, to hear the feeble attempts at laughter. And Nina, in the midst of them, enjoyed it, too, immensely, and secretly determined to get up a private "Punch and Judy" of her own, with Beelzebub cast as "Toby." When it was all over, the good-natured proprietor of the puppets laid them away in their boxes, and then took the trouble to make his Toby show off some of his tricks, such as jumping through a ring, picking the knave of diamonds out of a pack of cards, and waltzing in a giddy, sprawling fashion that was very comical. He would take no money for this, saying, "So the poor young uns be pleased, it's all I wants; and pleased they be, ma'am."

Nina made the rounds of the ward, and heard the names of the children and something of their histories. She promised to see them again, and was delighted when one of them cried out, "Come again soon, won't you?" and so took her leave.

"That was delightful, dear, was n't it?" said Marian. "I am so glad you thought of it. Is n't it a joyful thing to have given all that pleasure? It was money well spent, dear; and you will be the richer and happier for what you spend in such ways, all your life long."

Both in the doing and the remembering, this experience was the nicest of all the London adventures, although Nina greatly enjoyed the "Zoo," the Crystal Palace, the flowers at the Royal Botanic and Horticultural gardens, and the charming jaunts to Kew, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor, that Marian proposed. Nina had never been so good, so busy, so happy, in all her life. She was as brisk as a swallow, and chattered like a magpie, and quite forgot to be troublesome, wilful, or naughty, for the time being.

"I really do think we have seen everything, — a little of it, anyway, — except Jobson's mother. I did want to see Jobson's mother. She lives on some sort of green or common. I have forgotten the name of it."

England had long before they landed been "the home of Jobson's mother" to Nina.

The very first day that Mrs. Andrews could get out, though, they went shopping, and the original Nina cropped out again. She kept her Grandy standing for a full hour while she chose no less than six dresses, and gave her own orders about them to an astonished young "person," in one of the great shops. Mrs. Andrews tried to order a mantle for herself, while Nina was buying other things; but Nina came up, joined in the conversation, advised, ridiculed her taste, informed her that *she* could settle it all in five minutes, and said to the saleswoman as they were leaving, "And you hurry up as fast as ever you can with *my* things. Send them first." And with small ceremony she hustled out of the shop and into her cab.

"I have n't a suitable dinner-gown to wear at Aubrey Court; and I really need my mantle at once," complained Mrs. Andrews peevishly to Marian. "But Nina has so much to be done that I'll have to wait for weeks, I suppose, for either."

"I don't see that at all, cousin," said Marian; and going to her room, she wrote a note politely requesting the dressmaker to send Mrs. Andrews's gown and cloak down to the country as soon as possible, and to finish Nina's at her convenience afterward. But after some reflection she tore up this note.

"I will see what responsibility will do toward steadying her and making her unselfish. She shall write it herself; that is the best way," said Marian.

Then she called Nina.

"Just sit down, dear, and send a line to Wyman & Freebody asking them to send Mrs. Andrews's things at once," she said to Nina. "You would n't like her to be inconvenienced, I know; and you don't need your things as much. And if you did, you would willingly wait for them, of course, rather than that *she* should."

Nina, much surprised, looked at Marian sharply. Marian went on calmly: "If you try, dear, you can save your grandmother much trouble about such matters — make suggestions, carry out her wishes nicely, and see that she has just what she needs and likes, without her being put to any trouble. You are going to take excellent care of her, I know, when you

are grown, and make her the happiest old lady in New York."

Nina flushed, went and got her portfolio, and seating herself, rapidly wrote a highly imperative note, very eccentric as to spelling and doubtful as to tenses, but unmistakably ordering all possible haste and industry to be made with Mrs. Andrews's gown and mantle. She showed it to Marian, and sent Claudine out to put it in the nearest pillar-post at once. She found this feeling of responsibility so pleasant, indeed, that she proceeded to exercise it still further that afternoon. After luncheon she was dressing her pug up in various garments that she had made for him, to her own and Claudine's great amusement, when he suddenly fell down as she was tying a bonnet rather tightly under his chin, and rolled over in a kind of fit, the result of over-feeding. Marian, as it happened, was out.

"Oh! he 's going to have another! I 'm going to send for Sir Wilkinson right away," cried Nina. "He shall come and give my darling Beelzebub something to cure him. Here, Claudine, run and bring my portfolio."

Nina selected a sheet, and in very round text wrote this note:

SIR WILKINSON: Please come the minute you get this. He 's dying.

Your friend,

NINA G. BARROW.

P. S. Don't wait for anything, but jump right in your cab and come.

NINA G. BARROW.

P. S. Bring something for fits.

NINA G. BARROW,

NEW YORK,

UNITED STATES.

She was much pleased with this missive when she read it over. She addressed it to "Mr. Sir Wilkinson Jebb, in Harley Street, London, England," and sent it by a messenger who had previously carried notes to the house.

Sir Wilkinson was in, as it happened, scruti-

nized the address of the note, read it hurriedly, could not quite make it out, but concluded that Mrs. Andrews was dying, and exclaimed, "Good heavens! What *can* have made that old lady go off like that? She seemed all right enough. This poor child is evidently left alone with her, and frightened to death."

So he gave up his luncheon, and getting into his carriage, bade the coachman drive to the hotel as quickly as possible. When he arrived at Mrs. Andrews's rooms, puffing and breathless from making the ascent of a long flight of steps, he was met at the door by Nina.

"Where is she? How is she? I got your note, my poor child, and came at once," he said, looking around, surprised not to see Mrs. Andrews. She was in Marian's room and, of



"SIR WILKINSON COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS SENSES."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

course, knew nothing of what thoughtless Nina had done.

"Did you bring anything for fits?" asked Nina briskly, not at all surprised to see the Doctor, and not dreaming of thanking him for what she considered a matter of course.

"Yes, I have something here, and my lancet;

and my assistant is with me. Where is she? There is no time to be lost."

"She? He's had two of the awfullest fits you ever saw, Sir Wilkinson; but he's better now, and I guess you can cure him up all right," replied Nina.

"Him?" repeated Sir Wilkinson, utterly at sea. "Of whom are you talking—your grandmother—your governess—the maid?"

"Goodness, no! Grandy's all right, and Cousin Marian's gone out walking, and Claudine's fluting her caps, I guess. It's Beelzebub that's sick. Here he is on the sofa. He's gone to sleep, now, dear little thing! But you just ought to have seen him. He would have scared you well!—his eyes all rolling, and kind of shivering all over, don't you know, and his legs jerking like anything. Poor, darling, blessed, little mite of a thing!" explained Nina, turning down the corner of her grandmother's sealskin cloak, in which she had wrapped the interesting sufferer. "Here he is."

Sir Wilkinson stared. Sir Wilkinson glared. Sir Wilkinson could not believe his senses; he was struck speechless by the unparalleled audacity of the act; he turned positively purple.

"And do you mean to say that you have *dared*—that you have *presumed*—that you have had the consummate *impudence* to send for *me* to prescribe for your *pug*?"

The violence of his emotion was so great, the capacity of his sonorous lungs so unusual, that "pug" did not seem a word at all, but sounded like a rocket exploding hissingly in mid-air. Sir Wilkinson was never nearer having a fit himself; and, aware of the fact, he became his own patient, hastily loosening his cravat a little, and dashing up the window with a bang that shook the room, and brought Mrs. Andrews in, trembling with nervousness.

"Yes, I did," said Nina, who was no coward, to begin with, and did not consider herself in the least at fault. "Of course I did. I was not going to let my darling doggie die, for you or anybody! And if you're sorry you came, you can just go away again. Ain't you paid for coming? What are you making such a fuss about?"

"A *pug*! A *pug*! I called in to a *pug*!" shouted Sir Wilkinson, striding furiously up and down the room. "It is the most *impudent*—the most *preposterous*—the most *outrageous* proceeding that was ever heard of! Did you know of this, madam?" wheeling and facing Mrs. Andrews, who was petrified with amazement. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on: "Very well, madam; I have the honor to wish you and your charming granddaughter a *very* good morning. It may be customary in the States for respectable physicians to attend *pugs*; but it is not the case in *England*, allow me to inform you." And with a truly awful mien, Sir Wilkinson took his departure, stumbling over his assistant at the door, hastening down-stairs, and flinging himself into his brougham.

Next morning's post brought Sir Wilkinson's bill. It was enormous, even for him.

"Look at it, Marian!" Mrs. Andrews cried out. "And there is no knowing what our hotel bill will be! We must go to-morrow."

Go they did. Nina, cheerful and utterly unconcerned to the last, laughed outright when she saw the long line of affectionately attentive candidates for "tips" assembled in the hall to bid them farewell.

"Is this *all* the family? Where are the others?" she asked mockingly of them, and gave nobody anything, nor so much as wished them "good-by" as she ran past.

(To be continued.)

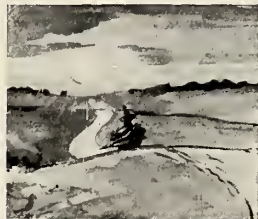


THE KING'S HIGH WAY.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.



THE morning was bright when the country clown
Thus spake to a courtier just leaving the town:
“My lord, you enjoy the King’s highway,
It is pleasant and easy and fair—”
But the courtier broke out, “That is easy to say,
But, young man, you are quite wrong there.
For when one has been told, without rhyme or reason,
He must do this or that—to refuse is high treason.
When one must never a question raise—
But sugar his tongue with words of praise,
Though snubbed, neglected, scorned, or scolded,
While all his will to another’s is molded;
And if, after this, he gets the sack,
Is told to leave and never come back,
He knows how I’ve been treated to-day.
Oh, I’ve had quite enough of the King’s high way.”



The Big Booboo and The Little Booboo



BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

AND one morning Robbie's father stood by Robbie's bed, and Robbie was sleeping, and sleeping, and sleeping.

"Boo — boo!" said Robbie's father. Robbie opened his eyes and sat up. "Boo — boo!" he answered sleepily. "Boo — boo!" said his father again, and jumped at him.

"Boo — boo!" answered Robbie, but now his eyes were wide open.

Then the big Booboo took the little Booboo up in his arms and carried him down to the garden — for they lived much of the time in summer in the garden, and only slept in the house.

And the garden was full of roses, and daisies, and pinks, and many, many flowers besides.

In the shade of a great big tree was a tiny little lake. And what do you think? The little Booboo took off his nightgown and waded out into the lake!

He had his bath in the little lake in the garden — not in a bath-tub at all, but in the little lake in the garden!

The water came up, up, up to his chin, but he was n't a bit afraid.

"I'm a fish! I'm a fish!" he shouted and down he splashed and swam like a fish.

He was only four years old — the little Booboo, but he could certainly, certainly do a great many things for his age. He could swim as well as his father.



LITTLE BOOBOO IN THE LITTLE LAKE.

And the big Booboo sat on a rock and watched him.

He often swam in the lake himself, and knew what fun it was.

And little maid Annie came down the walk and told them that breakfast was ready.

So out of the water Robbie came, and soon had his legs in his trousers.

For the little Booboo wore trousers too, and a coat, and a pair of suspenders — just like his father's!

And then they went over to breakfast, on the other side of the garden,—they always ate in the garden.

But before they sat down to the table the big Booboo stood on his head! On the smooth green lawn he stood on his head! It was a way he had, when he was glad, of surprising the little Booboo.

The table was set where the roses grew all over a shady arbor.

And little maid Annie brought out the cakes, and the toast, and the chocolate too.

Then when big Booboo was seated at the table, and little Booboo was seated at the table, big Booboo in a big chair, and little Booboo in a little chair, Mama, all dressed in blue and white, jumped out into sight from behind a bush, and said:

“Boo — boo! Who knew? — Not you. I've been all the time in the garden. I saw you taking your bath!”

And the big Booboo laughed, “Ha! ha!”

And the little Booboo laughed, “He! he! Did you see me?”



“BOO — BOO! WHO KNEW? — NOT YOU.”

And so the day began — a happy, happy day.

For the big Booboo and the little Booboo always were thinking of things to do, and having the best of times.

JEMIMA.

BY HARRIET CLARK MCLEAR.



SHE stands up straight before me,
With her prim old-fashioned air,
With her ancient dress and buckled shoes,
And quaint, cold, wooden stare.
The little modern maidens
Think her "queer" and "old" and "slow,"
But most dear was she to one fond heart,
Just ninety years ago.

Time has not dimmed the brightness
Of her black, well-painted eyes,
Nor stolen the roses from her cheeks;
But looks of grim surprise
Replace the loving glances
Which she must have given, we know,
When she saw her little mother's face,
Just ninety years ago.

Her arms are made of linen,
But the rest is all of wood;
And she stands up very stiff and straight,
As well-bred ladies should.
She likes to stand up always,
For she thinks it best to show
To the ill-bred modern dolls the ways
Of ninety years ago.

No hair has she had ever,
So she quite despises curls,
And she thinks them fit for giddy pates
Of frivolous doll-girls.
She thinks hair is not needed;
For she says 't was never so
In the good old days when she was young,
Just ninety years ago.

She wears three caps as always
Made, the innermost, of lace,
And the outermost with ruffles wide,
Which come about her face.
The middle one of cambric;
They were all once white as snow,
But have browned with age since they were made
Just ninety years ago.



Her dress was fine and dainty,
Of a blue and white, 't would seem,
But the blue is now a faded plum,
The white is like rich cream.
The skirt her ankles reaches,
And the neck is rather low ;
But 't was in the height of style, when new,
Just ninety years ago.

Her little hose were snow-white,
And were tied with ribbons blue,
And she has small silken slippers,
Which were bright pink when new.
She wears her red shoes, always,
With the silver buckles, though
She has lost one buckle — careless she,
Just ninety years ago.

She always wears a necklace
Of small beads of shining green.
Her little mother strung those beads
With loving thoughts between.
You plainly see that they are glass ;
But you must not tell her so,
For they played that they were emeralds, once,
Just ninety years ago.



Her rosy cheeks are wrinkled,
There are cracks across her brow,
And her quaint old dress is thin and worn ;
She is never played with now.
She dreams of days when no one
Thought her "queer," or "old," or "slow,"
And she longs to be once more beloved
As ninety years ago.





THE ROBIN.

BY ANNA CHASE DAVIS.

I AM going to tell you a story about the robin. All the children love him and know him by his pretty red breast.

He comes to see us in the spring. We are glad to hear his sweet song.

We are sure then that the warm days are near.

His little mate and he choose a place for their home.

Then they build their nest.

Do they build in a high tree or a low bush?

Watch them and you will see.

It is such hard work for them.

See how busy they are.

They have to carry everything in their beaks and claws.

Would you like to help them?

I will tell you how you can do it.

Cut some pieces of string about six inches long.

Measure six inches and you will see how long that is.

Scatter the pieces of string on the grass.

Now watch the robins.

They will soon find the string.

They like it to put in their nest.

If you find an old nest some day, you will see some bits of string in it.

See how well it is made.

Could you make one like it?

Who teaches the birds to build their nests?

The robin's nest is lined with mud. To make it smooth and round, the mother-bird gets into the nest. Then she turns round and round. She uses her breast for this. Now the nest is finished.

What does the mother-bird do next?

She lays her eggs in the nest.

What color are they?

How many are there?

Does the mother-bird leave the eggs? No; she sits on them to keep them warm. She flies off for food. She stays only a short time.



WATCHING THE ROBINS.

Soon the feathers grow longer and thicker. Now they are strong enough to fly.

They stand on the edge of the nest. They are *so* afraid!

The father and mother fly about them. They chirp and call to them.

I suppose they tell the little ones not to be afraid.

Soon they will fly away.

Robins are of the kind of birds called "perchers."

See how many toes they have. How many in front? how many behind?

Their feet are made to hop from twig to twig. They perch on the branches. Their claws are long so that they can clasp the branch. What color are the robins? Are the mother-bird and father-bird the same color? Watch them and see.

Soon little baby-birds will come out of those eggs. If the eggs should get cold the baby-birds would die.

The father-bird comes and sings to the mother-bird. She is very patient. Day after day she sits there.

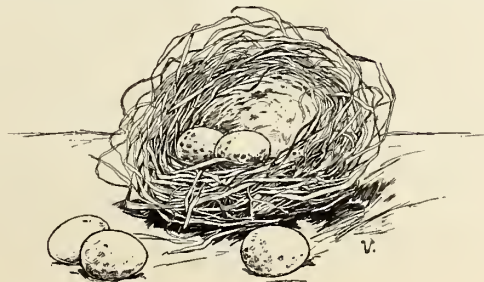
In about two weeks she hears a little pecking sound. The baby-birds are knocking to come out. Soon the shells crack and the birds are in the nest.

How glad the old birds are! They are busy now getting food for their babies. See how they get the worms for their breakfast.

The young birds grow stronger every day. They are not pretty when they are little.



FINDING THE BITS OF STRING.



TWO NEW MEMORY-RHYMES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

BESIDES the ever-useful "Thirty days hath September," there are several less known rhymes that are often in the minds of certain classes of men. There are the sailors' rules of the road, of which the best known version is:

Both side lights you see ahead,
Port your helm and show your red.
Green to green and red to red,
Perfect safety. Go ahead.
If on your starboard red appear,
It is your duty to keep clear,
To act with judgment, think it proper
To port or starboard, back, or stop her.
Both in safety, but in doubt,
Always keep a good lookout.
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her, turn her, go astern.

And the rider's rule:

Keep up your head and your heart;
Your hands and your heels keep down;
Press your knees close to your horse's sides
And your elbows close to your own.

And the driver's (in England):

The law of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along;
If you go to the left, you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you are wrong.

And the schoolboy's Latin one about prepositions governing the ablative:

A, ab, abs, absque, de,
Coram, palam, cum, ex, e,
Sine, tenus, pro, and præ.

Brewer, in his "Reader's Handbook," gives a rhyme he composed for remembering the "Seven Wise Men of Greece":

First *Solon*, who made the Athenian laws;
While *Chilo*, in Sparta, was famed for his saws;
In Milétos did *Thales* astronomy teach;
Bias used in Priène his morals to preach;

Cleobulos, of Lindos, was handsome and wise;
Mitylene 'gainst thralldom saw *Pittacos* rise;
Periander is said to have gained through his court
The title that Myson, the Chenian, ought.

And this for the "Seven Wonders":

The pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;
Next, Babylon's garden for Amytis made;
Then Mausolos's tomb of affection and guilt;
Fourth, the Temple of Dian, in Ephesus built;
The colossos of Rhodes cast in brass to the sun;
Sixth, Jupiter's statue by Phidias done;
The pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old,
Or palace of Cyrus cemented with gold.

In learning history a number of rhymes have been used; but only one is fairly well known. That is the one about the kings and queens of England:

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
Next Henry Third, Edwards One, Two, and Three;
Again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Next Jamie the Scot; then Charles, whom they slew,
Then Oliver Cromwell, another Charles, too;
Then James, called the Second, ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary, and William alone;
Then Anne, Georges four, fourth William, all passed—
God sent then Victoria—may she long be the last!

Now, this is a good rhyme in certain respects; but it is open to several objections. First, it is confusing to the memory, as there is nothing to lead from one line to another excepting the rhymes. Second, in order to get the full titles of many of the sovereigns one must count their order—as in the cases of the "two Edwards" and "two Henrys." Third, there is no suggestion of the different royal "houses"—a matter often very important.

Now, here is a new one, only two lines longer, in which I have tried to remedy these defects:

After Williams First and Second, Henry and Stephen must be reckoned.
 These Normans four, do not forget, bring in eight Plantagenet:
 Henry Second, Richard, John, with Henry Third leading on
 To the Edwards, One, Two, Three, and Richard Second—eight, you see.
 After come the three Lancaster, then three York kings each is master:
 Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, the Henrys came; Fourth and Fifth of Edward's name;
 Richard Third, at Bosworth slain, makes way for the Tudors' reign:
 Henry Seven, Henry Eight, Sixth Edward, Mary, "Bess" the Great.
 Stuarts follow Good Queen Bess—James and Charles; then war's distress
 Makes Oliver Cromwell England's Lord till Charles the Second is restored;
 But James the Second soon gave way to William Third and Mary's sway.
 She died; he reigned till came Queen Anne; next the Brunswick House began:
 Georges, One, Two, Three, and Four; then William Fourth; yet none of yore
 So long as Queen Victoria reigned, and none has truer glory gained.

I have found these lines easy to learn, and more important still in a memory-rhyme, easy to recall when not *quite* committed to memory.

The first line gives all the Norman kings; the third and fourth lines give the Plantagenet kings, and end with a *Richard*. Lines five and six give in two even divisions the three Lancastrian and the three Yorkist kings, and also lead up to a *Richard*. He suggests Bosworth, and this leads to "slain" and "Tudors' reign." The Tudors just fill one line; and the peculiar use of "Bess" suggests the beginning of the Stuart lines, which (except for Cromwell, who is recalled by "war's distress" rhyming to "Bess") continue till the rhyme for Anne foretells the Brunswick house "began." The concluding lines record the new fact that this year Victoria attained the longest reign.

It is impossible to foretell the fate of a memory-rhyme. Only experience can determine whether it will serve a useful purpose; but I hope this one will be an aid in disentangling the skein of Henrys, Edwards, and Williams who have reigned in England.

There have been some attempts to make a memory-rhyme of the Presidents, but none has reached a wide circulation. Here is my attempt to make a short bit of verse which, while it is not absolute nonsense, is mainly intended to give the initials of the Presidents' surnames in their order. Hence all the initials are capitals:

We Are Just Men, Men All Judged Vast.
 Held True, Praised Too; Few Put Brains Last.
 Judged Great, Held Good; All Chiefs High Classed.

It is easier to pick flaws in this than to remedy them in the same space. It is enough to say that the lines are very easy to remember, and that they enable one to name the Presidents without much difficulty.

For convenience of comparison, here is the list of names:

First line: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren.
 Second line: Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln.
 Third line: Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland.

As for Mr. McKinley, he can be added without difficulty by the youngest. There are eight presidents in each line—so Lincoln was the sixteenth. The two T's in the second line may be confusing, but if you will remember that Harrison was called "Tippecanoe," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" is a rhyme that will put Tyler after Harrison, and Taylor after Polk.

Another and final rhyme which has long served young whist players, but is now made useless by the many new leads, is that which is given by Pole, beginning:

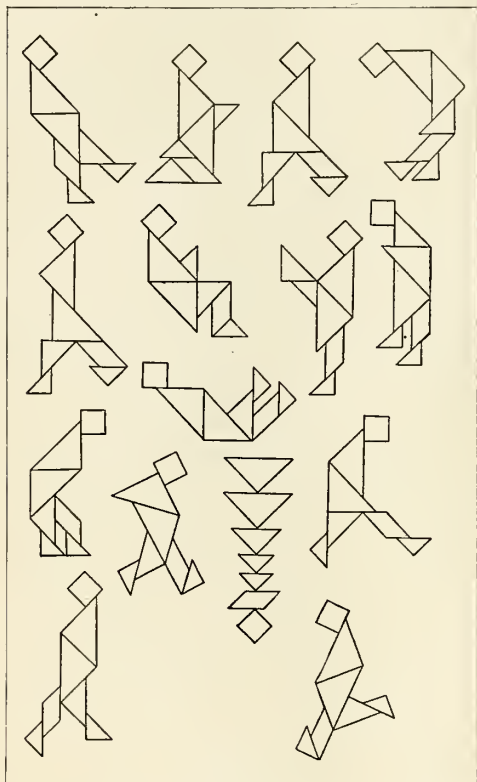
If you the modern game of Whist would know
 From this great principle its precepts flow.
 Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
 And play not one alone but both combined.

And so on; but my attempts to recall the lines meant to regulate the leads during whist-playing have usually been futile, for fear of keeping the others waiting.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR readers will be interested by the clever ballad, "Triangular Tommy," written by Miss Carolyn Wells, and its amusing illustrations. We print upon a smaller scale, but in correct proportion, diagrams showing how the pictures are to be made—each, it will be noticed, contains all the pieces. The diagrams are not in regular order, but all the figures are shown. In the illustration where "Tommy" and "Teddy" are sitting down to rest, one figure is merely a reversal of the other:



IN the "Letter-Box" of the ST. NICHOLAS for February, we published a letter from Mr. W. H. Nearpass concerning the old Revolutionary soldier Jabez Rockwell. Mr. C. F. Rockwell, of Honesdale, Pa., a grandson of Jabez Rockwell, writes to us to correct an error of date and of name in Mr. Nearpass's letter, and we gladly make the correction. The date of Lafayette's last visit to this country should have been printed 1824, and not 1829; and the name of one of the three old soldiers who walked with Jabez Rockwell from Milford, Pa., to New York to see Lafayette, should have been Samuel Whitehead, instead of Samuel Whittaker.

Mr. Rockwell adds, as an additional item of interest,

that "the Rockwell family is the only one in which there are three living children of a Revolutionary soldier." These are the daughters of Jabez Rockwell: Mrs. Phœbe Gainford, of Ellenville, N. Y., aged ninety-one, and Mrs. Catherine Bowden and Mrs. Lucinda Valentine, of Stroudsburg, Pa., both over eighty years of age.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Ilissos river, generally but a little rippling brook, became swollen a few days ago, by one of the hardest rains Greece has seen, into a rushing torrent, and carried away about one hundred houses and damaged many more. Rumor put the number of dead as high as one hundred and fifty; but the probable number is about fifty.

The day after the rain my father and I went down to the Piræus, which is the seaport of Athens. We went through on the first train that had been able to make the trip between Athens and the Piræus for forty-eight hours; but we did not know that fact until we had already arrived in the Piræus.

After the rain the whole plain between Athens and the Piræus was like an inland sea, and when we went down on the train it had somewhat that aspect still. One house, scarcely a month old, was all in ruins, and the new woodwork was strewn about. We saw a hat and numerous mattresses in tree-tops, floated there while the flood was high, and left high and dry when the flood had receded.

In one house some people woke up in the night to find the floor all under water, and when they tried to get out of the house they could not, because the doors were swollen. They had to stay in water up to their necks until they were rescued, four hours later. Your interested reader,

GARDNER A. RICHARDSON.

WOODSBURG, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my trip to the West Indies. My doctor and a lawyer were going, and mama let me go with them. I was away two weeks, and was not homesick once. I am nearly ten years old, and it was the first time I was away from home without mama, and she thought I would be; but there were so many new things to see I did not have time to get homesick. We sailed from Boston November 10, with fine weather. After we had passed Cape Cod Light we had to stop an hour to fix the boiler. The next two days we had what the captain called fresh breezes and head seas; and the doctor was very seasick, the rest of us feeling bad.

We saw San Salvador Lighthouse Saturday night, the 14th, but the first land I saw was on Sunday morning. It seemed all hills. Then some of the Bahama Islands. My log-book reads: "Nov. 15. One Island. Two hills. One lighthouse."

We next passed around the long coast of Cuba, which seems very hilly in places. Arrived at Port Antonio at 7 A. M. We landed, and took a long ride. Sailed at noon, and arrived at Port Morant at 4 P. M., where we took in bananas and oranges. Then we sailed to Morant Bay, where we took in more bananas and oranges and also some cocoanuts. The crew worked all night.

We sailed for Kingston at 5 A. M., and arrived there at 8:30 A. M. We went for a long ride in the morning, and in the afternoon we went to Mr. Miles' house. There are multitudes of colored people in the West Indies,—

it seemed to me a hundred to one white. At 5 p. m. we started for Port Morant again, and then home. I saw a great many flying-fishes and also some porpoises. I liked the captain, who told me a great many stories, although I don't know whether he was in earnest in all of them or not. I know I did not see all the animals and things he said he had seen.

We brought home some coconuts just as they grow in the West Indies and also a young coconut-tree, which mama has in the dining-room. The bananas down there are very sweet; and the trees and flowers were lovely. I should like to go again.

HOWARD T. HEWLETT.

HERE is a very clever rhyme by a little girl nine years old, who also drew the picture that illustrates it:



“IF ONLY—”

“OH, dear! oh, dear!” said little Jim,
 “It always is this way!
 If only that old wind would blow,
 I’d sail my kite to-day!”

PAULINE JENKS.

GODERICH, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little Canadians, and we thought we would like to write to tell you that we think you are the loveliest magazine that is published.

From the 20th to the 25th of the month we make repeated visits to see if you have come; and if you are not here, you should see the faces we make.

There are two old cannons here with the date 1803 on them. They were brought here after the Crimean War,—1855. They are all banged and battered, and in the center of each is carved a crown and the monogram V R—at least, that is what we think it is. On all the bolts is a funny little mark like this, Δ . We should like very much to know what that means.

The place we live in used to be an Indian settlement, and was called Meneasetung. Once some arrow-heads were dug up on a farm near here. We wish we could have seen them.

From your loving Canadian friends,

MABEL and CLAIRE.

The mark stamped on the bolts is no doubt the “broad arrow,” the sign of British Government stores. It was originally, says The Century Dictionary, the cognizance of Henry, Viscount Sidney, Earl of Romney, who was Master-General of Ordnance from 1693 to 1702.

We print with pleasure this little fairy story by a young contributor:

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

THERE was a feud between the Sun and the Fairies. What it was all about I don't quite know, and I don't believe the Sun or the Fairies quite knew either. But there was a feud, I say, between them, and they did not forget it.

The Sun had decreed that if any of the fairies were seen by day, they should instantly become mortals. And this to a fairy seemed very terrible. Now the Moon was the fairies' friend and she issued a similar proclamation, saying that if any of the sunbeams were seen by night, they should become mortals. So the fairies kept their revels by moonlight; and, as the first tints of coming dawn touched the sky, scampered away to hide in some secret dell till night should come.

The birthday of the Queen of the Fairies was always celebrated with a great deal of splendor; it was kept for a week, and the Moon always shone her brightest on this occasion. The people on earth called it a Harvest Moon; but the fairies knew that all its brightness was for their Queen.

But it is the happenings of a certain birthday which I am going to tell you about.

When the Sun gave up his reign, on this day, he descended as a great ball of fire; for he had no other way to show his anger.

The fairies had chosen a beautiful place for their revels. It was in the heart of the forest; close by ran a tiny brooklet, which the moonlight changed to silver. A large mushroom, covered with a cloth of silver, formed the throne. Soon the guests began to arrive: fairy princes from the neighboring kingdoms, princesses, and their attendants. Then came the Moon's messengers, all with some gift for Queen Marguerite.

Last of all came the fairy Queen. In the far distance were heard sounds as of the tinkling of silver bells. Nearer and nearer it came; soon the sound of singing was carried to the assembled guests by the summer breeze; and next the Queen's attendants appeared, dancing and swinging their stalks of bluebells as they came; then the Queen, in her chariot of silver drawn by two enormous fireflies. The Queen was dressed in a gown of pure white, embroidered with diamonds. Her favorite attendant, Amaryllis, sat beside her, dressed in a gown of pink gauze, caught on the shoulder with a single star, silver, like every other ornament among the fairies, since gold, the Sun's color, was forbidden. After the Queen had alighted she was escorted to her throne, where she was presented with the gifts, which were many and beautiful. Then the merrymaking began, with dances, games, and songs, and, in fact, everything that could be devised to amuse Queen Marguerite.

When the revelers grew tired, they were served with sherbets and cakes, which were passed around in cups and saucers made of acorns. By and by the Queen herself grew tired; and then the guests departed, each accepting an invitation for the following evening. Marguerite then dismissed her attendants, excepting Amaryllis.

“Is your Highness very tired?” she questioned.

“Yes,” answered the Queen.

"Perhaps," said Amaryllis, "you could sleep if I had your hammock swung here."

"If the dawn is not too near, I will," said the Queen, looking toward the sky.

The Queen struck her wand on the ground, and soon appeared a troop of spiders, who set busily to work to weave a hammock of silver threads. It was soon completed, and the Queen sank wearily into it.

Amaryllis sat near, singing:

"Softly the shades of night
Fold round my Queen.
May she by mortal eyes
Never be seen.
Lest it should injure her
Let none draw nigh;
Friends of the forest,
Join in her lullaby."

Finishing, she rose, and, making sure that the Queen was fast asleep, she took the wand from the fingers that loosely clasped it, and slipped noiselessly away. Turning once, she said, looking on the sleeping Queen: "Sleep well, my lady, for you shall not wake till the first streak of dawn, and then, without your wand, you are powerless. To-morrow night I shall be queen!" and laughing heartlessly, she ran away.

The Queen slept on, unmindful that the Moon had sunk behind the hill, unmindful of the feathered songsters who gathered about her, trying in vain to wake her before the Sun should rise.

Soon the Sun's great gold chariot was seen ascending the sky. Very soon he discovered the poor little Queen, who was queen no longer, and choosing the swiftest of his sunbeams, sent him to wake her. As the little sunbeam crept over Marguerite's forehead, she slowly opened her eyes; unused to the glare and brightness, she started up, calling to the faithless Amaryllis. She soon saw what had happened, and cried to the Sun for mercy; but he only laughed, and drove his gold chariot higher in the sky. She looked at her dress; the diamonds changed to dewdrops, quickly melted before the Sun's fierce gaze, and the rich material of her dress had become the commonest of cotton stuff. Stooping toward the brook, she saw with joy that her face remained unchanged, and that she was as beautiful as ever. She sank down on the mossy bank. "What shall I do?" she murmured.

"Follow my course," said the babbling brook.

"Follow me on from nook to nook,
Until the Moon rises o'er yonder hill.

Then, little Queen, make known your will."

Marguerite started up joyfully, and followed the brook's course, as bidden, till, growing hungry, she stooped toward the brook, and said, "Little brook, I am hungry; what shall I eat?"

"In the thicket hard by,
Some berries you 'll spy;
Those you may eat
For they are very sweet,"

responded the brook. After Marguerite had eaten the berries, she fell asleep; and when she awoke, it was to find the kindly face of the Moon peeping at her through the trees. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. The adventures of the day seemed like some terrible dream; but, no, it was true. She still wore the cotton dress, and was still unattended.

"Friend Moon," she said, "tell me what shall I do? Amaryllis has stolen my wand, and you know that whoever possesses that wand has all power, even to make my most faithful attendants forget me. I wish to regain my kingdom, but how shall I do it?"

The Moon looked at her thoughtfully for a few minutes, then answered: "To-night will be only the second of the celebration of your birthday. Do not attempt to return to-night, but sleep here, and I will guard you. To-morrow, follow the course of the brook back the way you came; but take care no one sees you. When you reach the place where the revels are to be held, hide till night. Then, when the revelry is at its height, come forward. Amaryllis will not recognize you, but, thinking you are some peasant girl who has lost her way, will ask if you can sing. Answer, 'Yes'; and after you have finished she will be so pleased that she will promise to grant you any favor you may ask. Ask her to let you hold, for a second only, the silver wand which she has in her hand. She will be frightened; but, as a fairy never breaks a promise, she will give it to you, little thinking that you know how to use it. As soon as you have it, wish yourself Queen again. You may then punish Amaryllis as you think wise. Now good night, and good luck to you, Marguerite!" and, smiling kindly, the Moon sank out of sight.

Marguerite did as the Moon advised. The next day she found her way back to the fairies' appointed place. No one saw her, and, creeping into the thicket near by, she hid herself till nightfall, when all happened as the Moon had predicted. Amaryllis asked Marguerite to sing, promising to grant any reward she would ask; and as Marguerite finished, she made her request. Amaryllis was at first very much frightened, but one of her attendants whispered that a poor peasant girl could not possibly know what the wand was, since she called it simply a rod. Then Amaryllis, laughing, gave her the wand, asking what good it would do her to hold it.

Marguerite soon showed not only Amaryllis, but all the assembled guests, why she wished the wand; and, as soon as the other fairies saw and realized the disloyalty of Amaryllis, no punishment seemed enough for her. Some wished her banished, and others—but it would take too long to tell all the punishments they wished to inflict on poor Amaryllis, who knelt at the Queen's feet, beseeching her forgiveness. The Queen quite forgave Amaryllis, and after this the reveling went on as before. As the Queen had forgiven her, the other fairies, at the request of the Queen, also forgave her. And every night for the rest of the week the Moon's jovial face lit up the evening parties.

Next day the Sun did not appear at all, but hid his sulking face behind the clouds. And the people on earth said: "We are going to have rain."

ELSIE C. H. DE FESTETICS.

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Jack Miller, John Alden Hall, Adele R. Hager, Eleanor E. Butler, Frank D. T., Edward Taylor, Harriet Meng and Mildred Clune, Gladys Childers, Philip Burt Fisher, Robert P. Lawrence, Clarence Barfoot, Yvonne Emma Shepard, Emma Sweet Danoe, Edwin Clark, Lillian N. Morris, Mary Wormser, W. P. S., Paul Nathaniel Pittenger, Eleanor Whidden, Kathleen Grey, Ethel Fisher, Catherine E. Victory, Edward Bell, Sydney Eadie, Robert Mills, E. Davies, Helen Jewell, Imogen Clark, Lily Page, Cecy Hall, Bertie B. Regester, B. C. Hall, M. Coleman, Frank J. Lange, Alice Louise Hope, Edith Knowles, Helen McCurdy, Fannie M. O'Brien, Katharine Keeler, Margery W., Mary F. Crosby, Mary Isabel Brooks, Harriet Ainley, Maude E. Wallace, Antoinette H., Edith Rose Moore, Clark Hulings, Lucile Rosenberg, Chester Sumner, Charles S. Baxter, Mary S. Aylett, Laurence E., Louise Reid, Josephine L. M. Hungerford, Eric M. N., Harry Sargeant, Louise Rice, Madeline S. French, Constance Stowell, Mildred H. and Evelyn S., Gertrude Hicks, Ethel D.

RIDDLE

THE

BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE: 1. Rites. 2. Inert. 3. Tenor. 4. Erode. 5. Strew. — CHARADE. Trip-li-cate.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Keats. 1. Clock. 2. Bugle. 3. Llama. 4. Cleat. 5. Mavis.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Sail. 2. Acre. 3. Iris. 4. Lest. II. 1. Isle. 2. Stay. 3. Late. 4. Eyed. III. 1. Tear. 2. Edge. 3. Ages. 4. Rest.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

GEOGRAPHICAL FINAL ACROSTIC. Seine. 1. Paris. 2. Rhine. 3. Delhi. 4. Oregon. 5. France.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Cloth. 2. Levee. 3. Ovens. 4. Tents. 5. Hesse. II. 1. Ducat. 2. Ukase. 3. Cabin. 4. Aside. 5. Tenet. III. 1. Eclat. 2. Chide. 3. Linen. 4. Adept. 5. Tents. IV. 1. Treat. 2. Ranch. 3. Ennui. 4. Acute. 5. Thief. V. 1. Sinew. 2. Inane. 3. Nasal. 4. Enact. 5. Welts.

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

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from L. O. E.—M. McG.—"Jersey Quartette."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Helen W. Smith, 1—F. Jock, 1—John C. Dallas, 1—Charles Smith, 1—"Alsie," 1—Ruth Metcalf, 1—Paul Reese, 5—Jean H. Fremwith and Aline L. Peters, 2—August Blochley, 1—G. B. B., 1—Willie Kiernan, 4—Louise Ruggles, 1—Jessie M. Valdez, 1—Josie Valdez, 1—Mildred H. Schrenkeisen, 2—Mary K. Rake, 3—Maude Gladwin, 2—"Herr Yci Revir," 3—Frederic G. Foster, 2—Ethel M. Farrell, 1—No name, Savannah, 3—Dick Rice, 1—"The H. Twins," 1—"Qui Legit Regit," 3—Marjorie S., 1—Katie Richardson, 1—Robert Parker, 6—"Honor Bright," 1—No name, Canton, Pa., 2—"Puzzled Puzzler," 4—"The Trio," 7—Nathan Newman, 2—Robert and Sarah, 4—Ada M. Burt, 8—E. T. W., 2—Allil and Adi, 13—Lee Underhill, 9—Emily R. Henderson, 4—Emily Solis Cohen, 11—Stephen and his friends, 13—Glenn K. Dorrington, 4—Helen Lorraine Enos, 3—"Class No. 19," 6—Marguerite Sturdy, 11—Bessie Thayer, 12—Florence and Edna, 4—Joe and I, 13—Agatha S. Craik, 1—Paul Rowley, 13—No name, Savannah, 1—G. B. Dyer, 11—"Merry and Co.," 6—Clara Anthony, 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 10—Mabel M. Johns, 13—Irving Olds, 2—Herbert Bloch and Leopold Levy, 2—Roger Hale Wellington, 10—Edwin Clark, 3—Herbert S. Gelpcke, 4—Uncle Will, Fannie, and E. Everett, 7—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 11—Herman Rabin, 2.

WORD SQUARES.

I. 1. To acquire. 2. A religious superior. 3. A wading bird. 4. The surname of a famous caricaturist.
II. 1. A common metal. 2. A kind of seed fed to cage-birds. 3. A precious stone. 4. A feminine nickname.

III. 1. A horned animal. 2. A vegetable. 3. One of a swarthy race. 4. Parts of a head-dress.

ELISE WALKER.

CHARADE.

My *first* voracious is, and fierce;
My *second* holds him fast;
My *whole*, though found mid rugged rocks,
Shines bright and fair at last. E. B. H.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-eight letters, and am a quotation from one of the greatest of writers.

My 42-3-13-34 is a table for the use of students. My 17-47-30-24-32-64 is easy. My 25-18-70-33-65 is implied, but not expressed. My 19 61-71-50 59 is to push forward. My 85-83-44-31 is lofty. My 4-9-37-51-79 is a feminine name. My 86-7-16-23 is the god of love. My 87-48-40-81-46-54-72-43-74 is without a name. My 10-53-12-57-78 is to shelter under a roof. My 2-82-21-66-39 is a kind of grain. My 75-73-62-36 is upright. My

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 11, W. M. Thackeray; 12 to 22, Henry Esmond; 23 to 33, The Newcomes. From 1 to 12, worth; 2 to 13, Maine; 3 to 14, train; 4 to 15, Homer; 5 to 16, always; 6 to 17, crime; 7 to 18, keeps; 8 to 19, Etham; 9 to 20, ratio; 10 to 21, adorn; 11 to 22, yield; 12 to 23, Hamlet; 13 to 24, enrich; 14 to 25, nestle; 15 to 26, retain; 16 to 27, yaffle; 17 to 28, eschew; 18 to 29, scenic; 19 to 30, merino; 20 to 31, Oldham; 21 to 32, native; 22 to 33, doves.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Pollux; finals, Castor. Cross-words: 1. Physic. 2. Odessa. 3. Labors. 4. Latest. 5. Ultimo. 6. Xyster.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Carlyle. 1. Cake. 2. Lace. 3. Harp. 4. Ball. 5. Keys. 6. Clam. 7. Ewer.

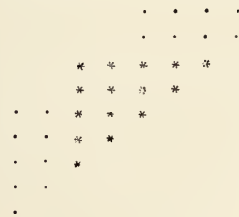
DOUBLE DIAMOND. I. Across: 1. C. 2. Cid. 3. Latin. 4. Cabinet. 5. Dazed. 6. Led. 7. N. II. Across: 1. M. 2. Rat. 3. Canes. 4. Jacanas. 5. Petty. 6. Des(k). 7. E. III. Across: 1. L. 2. Led. 3. Raved. 4. Reversed. 5. Derry. 6. Rey. 7. T.

POETICAL ENIGMA. Cook, Browning, Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Lowell, Hood.

58-8-69-67 is to shed tears. My 1-77-38-41-22 is to take an oath. My 45-6-88 63 is a woman of refined manners. My 28-29-49-76-55-56-84 is fruitful. My 15-11-60 is often crossed. My 20-35-68-80-5-26 is truth. My 52-14-27 is recent.

MARIAN J. HOMANS.

CONNECTED TRIANGLES.



I. UPPER TRIANGLE: 1. Evident. 2. Slender. 3. To take food. 4. An article. 5. In leather.

II. MIDDLE TRIANGLE: 1. Distinguished. 2. A color. 3. Part of the head. 4. A common article. 5. In leather.

III. LOWER TRIANGLE: 1. To speak profanely. 2. To alienate the affections of. 3. To corrode. 4. A common little word. 5. In leather. H. W. E.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

His 3-2-1-4 was sad, his garments poor ;
 He shivered 2-1 the pavement wet ;
 He showed me 3-4-1 fine fish he said
 He 'd caught that morning with his 1-4 3.
 "And 1-2-3-4 how fine they are !" he cried ;
 "Will you 1-2-3 buy 2-1-4, Miss ?" I sighed ;
 "Not if you had a 3-2-1," I said,
 And 3-2 my home I quickly sped.
 (I had 1-2 money, you must know,
 And that was why I left him so.)

ERLMAH L. P.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished American.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the surname of a well-known author.

CROSS-WORDS : 1. A famous battle fought in 1870. 2. A name borne by many kings. 3. An evil spirit. 4. Little. 5. Capable of flowing. 6. A fragment. 7. To urge on. 8. To extort by violence. 9. To get the better of. J. M. DOHAN.

RHYMING BLANKS.

(THE missing words all rhyme with the first missing word.)

As the king rode along on his — steed, an old —, who had been sitting on a —, waiting for him, ran forward, and with many a — and — told him of her wrongs. The wind had — her gray hair into disorder, and the shawl that she had — over her shoulders was torn and ragged. Her distress as she fell — on

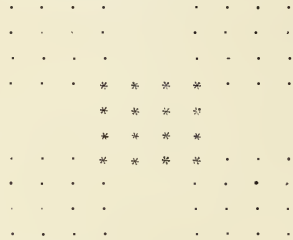
the earth before him, and the sad — in which she told her pitiful tale, soon touched the king's heart.

"Oh, be merciful, your Majesty!" she exclaimed; "for you only can help me, a poor — woman. I had two sons of my —, but now I have —. One has been — down by the reaper Death, and the other has been cruelly exiled to the frigid — for a crime he never committed. I have — feeble in his absence, and have worked my fingers to the — to get food, but I can do it no longer."

The king's face — with pity and kindness. "You shall have gold," he said; "an ounce for every — on yonder pine-tree, and your son shall be recalled."

Thankfully the woman rose from the ground on which autumn leaves were — and exclaimed, "May blessings come to you, as many in number as the birds that have — into this tree!" Then the king rode on to his palace and ascended the — to attend to the affairs of state. ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A geometrical figure. 2. A sign. 3. To require. 4. Extremities.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Small animals. 2. A chill. 3. Air. 4. Observed.
- III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Transgressions. 2. A fancy. 3. Low. 4. Undermines.
- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Long periods of time. 2. A small insect. 3. Comfort. 4. To make progress against.
- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Discerned. 2. Extreme verge. 3. Urges on. 4. A cosy place. MARJORIE W. D.

DIAMOND.

- I. IN subordinate. 2. An insect. 3. A poet. 4. An animal. 5. In subordinate. "HERCULES."

WHO WERE THEY?

- 1. WHO was called "Well-beloved"?
- 2. Who was called "The Just"?
- 3. Who was called "The Black Prince"?
- 4. Who was called "The Apostate"?
- 5. Who was called "The Protector"?
- 6. Who was called "The Little Corporal"?
- 7. Who was called "The Venerable"?
- 8. Who was called "The Tyrant"?
- 9. Who was called "Queen of the East"?
- 10. Who was called "The Golden-mouthed"?
- 11. Who was called "Longshanks"?
- 12. Who was called "The Lion-hearted"?
- 13. Who was called "Rufus"? Why?
- 14. Who was called "The Bloody Queen"?
- 15. Who was called "The Madman of the North"?
- 16. Who was called "The Semiramis of the North"?
- 17. Who was called "The Great Reformer"?
- 18. Who was called "The Father of his Country"? JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



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MOTHER AND CHILD.

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" FROM MADAME LEBRUN'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF AND HER DAUGHTER.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

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LADDIE'S FISHING.

BY REV. W. H. WOODS.

THE oriole whistles his nesting song ;
The bees, as they jostle the clover,
Are humming, " It 's June, June ! " all day long
To the same note, over and over.
The listening winds lift the chorus high,
Till the corn blades rustle and quiver,
And a bit of a tune the lad's lips try
As he hies away to the river.
The bees they are humming, " It 's June, June, June ! "
And what is there more to be wishing,
When Youth and the year are chiming high noon,
And Laddie is going a-fishing ?

He casts him his line in the glassy pool
At the foot of the gnarled old willow,
And, sitting there, dreams he is done with school—
He 's a hunter, or plows the billow ;
But a sliver of bark comes floating by,—
And, not now of the fish is he thinking,
He feigns it a ship, and the pebbles fly,
Till he has the enemy sinking !
The bees they keep humming, " It 's June, it 's June ! "
And what is there left to be wishing,
When Youth and the year together chime noon,
And Laddie is busy a-fishing ?



“AND, SITTING THERE, DREAMS HE IS DONE WITH SCHOOL—
HE’S A HUNTER, OR PLOWS THE BILLOW.”

A locust is singing in yonder vine —
 No! 'T is the reel that is whirring!
 And something is tugging hard at the line
 That would set even old blood stirring.
 Ah! there he leaps upward in silvery curve!
 He 's a big one—hold hard and steady!
 And now he comes downward—Beware! Take a swerve,
 And reel in—but always be ready!
*The world all around him is June, glad June;
 And what can there be to be wishing,
 When the reel is whirring its jubilant tune,
 And Laddie is wild with the fishing!"*

But over the meadows a clear voice calls —
 It 's Nannie, her turkey-broods cooping;
 And out of the west, as the twilight falls,
 The night-hawks come screaming and swooping.
 Reel up, my lad, it is time to be done;
 And anon, in the wayside grasses,
 The gossiping rabbits like shadows run
 As the fisherman whistling passes.
*Oh, Youth and summer are over too soon,
 And somewhat is left to be wishing;
 But fair in the young night shines a new moon,—
 And Laddie is home from the fishing!*



MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MAKING OF A PLAYER.

MASTER WILL SHAKSPERE was in London town!

The thought ran through Nick Attwood's head like a half-remembered tune. Once or twice he had all but sung it instead of the words of his part. Master Will Shakspeare was in town!

Could he but just find Master Shakspeare, all his trouble would be over; for the husband of his mother's own cousin would see justice done him in spite of the master-player and the bandy-legged man with the ribbon in his ear — of that he was sure.

But there seemed small chance of its coming about; for the doors of Gaston Carew's house were locked and barred by day and by night, as much to keep Nick in as to keep thieves out; and all day long, when Carew was away, the servants went about the lower halls, and Gregory Goole's uncanny face peered after him from every shadowy corner; and when he went with Carew anywhere, the master-player watched him like a hawk, while always at his heels he could hear the clump, clump, clump of the bandy-legged man following after him.

Even were he free to go as he pleased, he knew not where to turn; for the Lord Chamberlain's Company would not be at the Blackfriars play-house until Martinmas; and before that time to look for even Master Will Shakspeare at random in London town would be worse than hunting for a needle in a haystack.

To be sure, he knew that the Lord Chamberlain's men were still playing at the theater in Shoreditch; for Master Carew had taken Cicely there to see the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." But just where Shoreditch was, Nick had only the faintest idea,—somewhere away off by Fins-

bury Fields, beyond the city walls to the north of London town,—and all the wide world seemed north of London town; and the way thither lay through a bewildering tangle of streets in which the din and the rush of the crowd were never still.

From a hopeless chase like that Nick shrank back like a snail into its shell. He was not too young to know that there were worse things than to be locked in Gaston Carew's house. It were better to be a safe-kept prisoner there than to be lost in the sinks of London. And so, knowing this, he made the best of it.

But Master Shakspeare was come back to town, and that was something. It seemed somehow less lonely just to think of it.

Yet in truth he had but little time to think of it; for the master-player kept him closely at his strange, new work, and taught him daily with the most amazing patience.

He had Nick learn no end of stage parts off by heart, with their cues and "business," entrances and exits; and worked fully as hard as his pupil, reading over every sentence twenty times until Nick had the accent perfectly. He would have him stamp, too, and turn about, and gesture in accordance with the speech, until the boy's arms ached, going with him through the motions one by one, over and over again, unsatisfied, but patient to the last, until Nick wondered. "Nick, my lad," he would often say, with a tired but determined smile, "one little thing done wrong may spoil the finest play, as one bad apple rots the barrelful. We'll have it right, or not at all, if it takes a month o' Sundays."

So often he kept Nick before a mirror for an hour at a time, making faces while he spoke his lines, smiling, frowning, or grimacing, as best seemed to fit the part, until the boy grew fairly weary of his own looks. Then sometimes, more often as the time slipped by, Carew

would clap his hands with a boyish laugh, and have a pie brought and a cup of Spanish cordial for them both, declaring that he loved the lad with all his heart, upon the remnant of his honour: from which Nick knew that he was coming on.

Cicely Carew's governess was a Mistress Agnes Anstey. By birth she had been a Harcourt, of Ankerwyke, and therefore she was everywhere esteemed fit by birth and breeding to teach the young mind when to bow and when to beckon. She came each morning to the house, and Carew paid her double shillings to see to it that Nick learned such little tricks of cap and cloak as a lady's page need have, the carriage best fitted for his place, and how to come into a room where great folks were. Moreover, how to back out again, bowing, and not fall over the stools — which was no little art, until Nick caught the knack of peeping slyly between his legs when he bowed.

His hair, too, was allowed to grow long, and was combed carefully every day by the tiring-woman; and soon, as it was naturally curly, it fell in rolling waves about his neck.

On the heels of the governess came M'sieu' De Fleury, who, it was said, had been dancing-master to Hatton, the late Lord Chancellor of Eng-

land, and had taught him those tricks with his nimble heels which had capered him into the Queen's good graces, and so got him the chancellorship. M'sieu' spoke dreadful English, but danced like the essence of agility, and taught both Nick and Cicely the latest

Italian coranto, playing the tune upon his queer little fiddle.

Cicely already danced like a pixie, and laughed merrily at her comrade's first awkward antics, until he flushed with embarrassment. At that she instantly became grave, and, when M'sieu' had gone, came across the room, and putting her arm about Nick, said repentantly, "Don't thou mind me, Nick. Father saith the French all laugh too soon at nothing; and I have caught it from my mother's blood. A boy is not good friends with his feet as a girl is; but thou wilt do beautifully, I know; and M'sieu' shall teach us the galliard together."

And often, after the lesson was over and M'sieu' departed, she would have Nick try his steps over and over again in the great room, while she stood upon the stool to make her tall, and cried, "Sa — sa!" as the master did,



M'SIEU' DE FLEURY TEACHES NICK TO DANCE AND TO BOW.

scolding and praising him by turns, or jumping down in pretty impatience to tuck up her little silken skirts and show him the step herself; while the cook's knave and the scullery-maids peeped at the door and cried: "La, now, look 'e, Moll!" at every coupee.

It made a picture quaint and pretty to see them dancing there. The smoky light, stealing in through the narrow casements over the woodwork dark with age, dropped in little yellow checkers upon old chests of oak, of walnut, and of strange, purple-black wood from foreign lands, giving a weird life to the griffins and twisted traceries carved upon their sides. High-backed, narrow chairs stood along the wall, with cushioned stools inlaid with shell. Twink-

strong and well, and in those days the very air was full of hope, and no man knew what might betide with the rising of to-morrow's sun.

Every day, from two till three o'clock, he was in Master Gyles's private singing-room at the old cathedral school, learning to read music at sight, and to sing offhand the second, third, and fourth parts of queer intermingled fugues or wonderfully constructed canons.

At first his head felt stuffed like a feasted



"IT MADE A PICTURE QUAIN AND PRETTY TO SEE THEM DANCING THERE."

lings of light glistened from the brass candlesticks. On the wall above the wainscot the faded hangings wavered in the draft, crusted thickly with strange embroidered flowers. And dancing there together in the semi-gloom, the children seemed quaint little figures stepped down from the tapestry at the touch of a magic wand.

And so the time went slipping by, very pleasantly upon the whole, and Nick's young heart grew stout again within his breast; for he was

glutton with all the learning that the old precentor poured into it; but by and by he found it plain enough, and no very difficult thing to follow up the prickings in the paper with his voice, and to sing parts written at fifths and fourths and thirds with other voices as easily as to carry a song alone. But still he sang best his own unpointed songs, the call and challenge of the throstle and the merle, the morning glory of the lark, songs that were impossible to write. And those were the songs that the precentor

was at the greatest pains to have him sing in perfect tones, making him open his mouth like a little round o and let the music float out of itself.

Like the master-player, nothing short of perfection pleased old Nathaniel Gyles, and Nick's voice often wavered with sheer weariness as he ran his endless scales and sang absurd fa-la-las while his exacting teacher beat the time in the air with his lean forefinger like a grim automaton.

The old man, too, was chary of his praise, though Nick tried hard to please him, and it was only by little things he told his satisfaction. He touzed the ears of the other boys, and sometimes smartly thumped their crowns; but with Nick he only nipped his ruddy cheek between his thumb and finger, or laid his hand upon his shoulder when the hard day's work was done, saying, "*Satis cantorum* — it is enough. Now be off to thy nest, sir; and see thou dost not forget to wash thy throat with good cold water every day."

All this time the busy sand kept running in the glass. July was gone, and August at its heels. The hot breath of the summer had cooled, and the sun no longer burned the face when it came in through the windows. Nick often shut his eyes and let the warm light fall upon his closed lids. It made a ruddy glow like the wild red poppies that grow in the pale green rye. In fancy he could almost smell the queer, rancid odor of the crimson bloom crushed beneath the feet of the farmers' boys who cut the butter-yellow mustard from among the bearded grain.

"Heigho and alackaday!" thought Nick. "It is better in the country than in town!" For there was no smell in all the town like the clean, sweet smell of the open fields just after a summer rain, no colors like the bright heart's-ease and none-so-pretty, or the honeysuckle over the cottage door, and no song ever to be heard among the sooty chimney-pots like the song of the throstle piping to the daisies on the hill.

But he had little time to dream such dreams, for every day from four to six o'clock the children's company played and sang in public,

at their own school-hall, or in the courtyard of the Mitre Inn on Bread street near St. Paul's.

They were the pets of London town, and their playing-place was thronged day after day. For the bright young faces and sweet, unbroken voices of the richly costumed lads made a spot in sordid London life like a pot of posies in a window on a dark street; so that both the high and the low, the rich and the poor, came in to see them play and dance, to hear them sing, and to laugh again at the witty things which were written for them to say.

The songs that were set for Nick to sing were always short, sweet, simple things that even the dull-eyed, toil-worn folk upon the rough plank benches in the pit could understand. Many a silver shilling came clinking down at the heels of the other boys from the galleries of the inn, where the people of the better classes, wealthy merchants, ladies and their dashing gallants, watched the children's company; but when Nick's songs were done the common people down below seemed all gone daft. They tossed red apples after him, ripe yellow pears, fat purple plums by handfuls, called him by name and brought him back, and cried for more and more and more, until the old precentor shook his head behind the prompter's screen, and waved Nick off with a forbidding frown. Yet all the while he chuckled to himself until it seemed as if his dry old ribs would rattle in his sides; and every day, before Nick sang, he had him up to his little room for a broken egg and a cup of rosy cordial.

"To clear thy voice and to cheer the cockles of thine heart," said he; "and to tune that pretty throat of thine *ad gustum Reginae* — which is to say, 'to the Queen's own taste,' — God bless her Majesty!"

The other boys were fain to play women's parts, for women never acted then; and a queer sight it was for Nick to see his fellows in great farthingales of taffeta and starchy cambric that rustled as they walked, with popinjay blue ribbons in their hair, and flowered stomachers sparkling with paste jewels.

And, truth, it was no easy thing to tell them from the real affair, or to guess the made from

the maiden, so slender and so graceful were they all, with their ruffs and their muffs and their feathered fans, and all the airs and mincing graces of the daintiest young miss.

But old Nat Gyles would never have Nick Attwood play the girl. "The lad is good enough for me just as he is," said he; and that was all there was of it.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WANING OF THE YEAR.

IN September the Lord Admiral's Company made a tour of the Midlands during the great English fairing-time; but Carew did not go with them. For, though still by name master-player with Henslowe and Alleyn, his business with them had come to be but little more than pocketing his share of the profits; and for the rest, nothing but to take Nick daily to and from St. Paul's, and to draw his wages week by week.

Of those wages Nick saw never a penny: Carew took good care of that. Yet he gave him everything that any boy could need, and bought him whatever he fancied the instant he so much as expressed a wish for anything: which, in truth, was not often; for Nick had lived in only a country town, and knew not many things to want.

But with money a-plenty thus coming so easily into his hands,—money for dicing, for luxuries, for all his wild sports, money for Cicely, money for keeps, money to play chuckie-stones with if he chose,—there was no bridle to Gaston Carew's wild career. His boon companions were spendthrifts and gamesters, dissolute fellows, of whom the least said soonest mended; and with them he was brawling early and late, very often all night long. And though money came in fast, he wasted it faster, so that matters went from bad to worse. Duns came spying about his door, and bailiffs hunted after him around the town with unpaid tradesmen's bills. Yet still he laughed and clapped his hand upon his poniard in the old bold way.

September faded away in wistful haze along the Hampstead hills. The Admiral's men came riding back with keen October ringing at their

heels, and all the stalls were full of red-cheeked apples striped with emerald and gold. November followed, with its nipping frost, and all St. George's merry green fields turned brown and purple-gray. The old year was waning fast.

The Queen's Day was but a poor holiday, in spite of the shut-up shops; for it was grown so cold with sleet and rain, that it was hard to get about, the gutters and streets being very foul, and the by-lanes impassable. And now the Children of Paul's gave no more plays in the yard of the Mitre Inn, but sang in their own warm hall; for winter was at hand.

There came black nights when an ugly wind moaned in the shivering chimneys and howled across the peaked roofs, nights when there was no playing at the Rose, but it was hearty to be by the fire. Then sometimes Carew sat at home all evening long, with Cicely upon his knee, and told strange tales of lands across the sea, where he had traveled when he was young, and where none spoke English but chance travelers, and even the loudest shouting could not serve to make the people understand.

While he spun these wondrous yarns Nick would curl up on the hearth and blow the crackling fire, sometimes staring at the master-player's stories, sometimes laughing to himself at the funny faces carved upon the sides of the chubby Dutch bellows, and sometimes neither laughing nor listening, but thinking silently of home. Then Carew, looking at him there, would quickly turn his face away and tell another tale.

But oftener the master-player stayed all night at the Falcon Inn with Dick Jones, Tom Hearne, Humphrey Jeffs, and other reckless roisterers, dicing, and snapping shillings at shovel-board until his finger-nails were sore. Then Nick would read aloud to Cicely out of the "Hundred Merry Tales," or pop old riddles at her puzzled head until she, laughing, cried, "Enough!" But most of all he liked the story of brave Guy of Warwick, and would tell it again and again, with other legends of Arden Wood, till bedtime came.

In the gray of the morning Carew would come home, unshaven and leaden-eyed, with his bandy-legged varlet trotting like a watch-

dog at his heels; and then, if the gaming had gone well, he was a lord, an earl, a duke, at least, so merry and so sprightly would he be withal; but if the dice had fallen wrong, he would by turns be raving mad or sodden as a sunken pie.

glare and choking the frozen drains; and there was trouble and want among the poor in the wretched alleys near Carew's house: for fuel was high and food scarce, and there were many deaths, so that the knell was tolling constantly.

Cicely' cried until her eyes were red for the very sadness of it all, since she might do nothing for them, and hated the sound of the sullen bell.

"Pshaw, Cicely!" said Nick; "why should ye cry? Ye do na know them; so ye need na care."

"But, Nick," said she, "*no-body* seems to care! And, sure, *somebody* ought to care; for it may be someone's mother that is dead."

At that Nick felt a very queer choking in his own throat, and did not rest quite easy in his mind until he had given the silver buckle from his cloak to a boy who stood crying with cold and hunger in the street, and begged a farthing for the love of Nick for the love of the good God.

Then came a thaw, with mist and fog so thick that people were lost in their own streets, and knocked at their next-door neighbor's gate to ask the way home. All day long, down by the Thames drums beat upon the wharves and bells ding-donged to guide the watermen ashore; but most of those who

Yet, be his temper what it might, he was but one thing always to Cicely, and doffed ill-humor like a shabby hat when she came running to meet him in the shadows of the hall; so that when he came into the lighted room with her upon his shoulder, his face was smiles, his step a frolic, and his bearing that of a happy boy.

But day by day the weather grew worse, with snow and ice paving the streets with a glassy

needs must fare abroad went over London Bridge, because there, although they might in no wise see, it felt, at least, as if the world were still beneath their feet.



"NICK GAVE THE SILVER BUCKLE FROM HIS CLOAK TO A BOY WHO STOOD CRYING WITH COLD AND HUNGER IN THE STREET."

At noon the air was muddy brown, with a bitter taste like watered smoke; at night it was a blinding pall; and though, after mid-December, by order of the Council, every alderman and burgess hung a light before his door, torches, links, and candles only sputtered feebly in the gloom, of no more use than jack-o'-lanterns gone astray, and none but blind men knew the roads.

The city watch was doubled everywhere; and all night long their shouts went up and down — "'T is what o'clock, and a foggy night!" — and right and left their hurrying staves came thumping helplessly along the walls to answer cries of "Murder!" and of "Help! Watch! Help!" For under cover of the fog great gangs of thieves came down from Hampstead Heath, and robberies were done in the most frequented thoroughfares, between the very lights set up by the corporation; so that it was dangerous to go about save armed and wary as a cat in a crowd.

While such foul days endured there was no singing at St. Paul's, nor stage-plays anywhere, save at Blackfriars play-house, which was roofed against the weather. And even there at last the fog crept in through cracks and crannies until the players seemed but moving shadows talking through a choking cloud; and Master Will Shakspeare's famous new piece, "Romeo and Juliet," which had been playing to crowded houses, taking ten pound twelve the day, was fairly smothered off the boards.

Nick was eager to be out in all this blind-man's holiday; but, "Nay," said Carew; "not so much as thy nose. A fog like this would steal the croak from a raven's throat, let alone the sweetness from a honey-pot like thine — and bottom crust is the end of pie!" With which, bang went the door, creak went the key, and Carew was off to the Falcon Inn.

So went the winter weather, and so went Carew; for there was no denying that both had fallen into a very bad way. Yet another change came creeping over Carew all unaware.

Nick's face had from the first attracted him; and now, living with the boy day after day, housed up, a prisoner, yet cheerful through it all, the master-player began to feel what in a

better man had been the prick of conscience, but in him was only an indefinite uneasiness like a blunted cockle-bur. For the lad's patient perseverance at his work, his delight in singing, and the tone of longing threaded through his voice, crept into the master-player's heart in spite of him; and Nick's gentle ways with Cicely touched him more than all the rest: for if there was one thing in all the world that Gaston Carew truly loved, it was his daughter Cicely. So for her sake, as well as for Nick's own, the master-player came to love the lad. And this was shown in queer ways.

In the wainscot of the dining-hall there was a carven panel just above the Spanish chest. At night, when the house was still and all the rest asleep, Carew often came and stood before this panel, with a queer, hesitating look upon his hard, bold face; and stretching out his hand, would press upon the head of a cherub cut in the bevel edge. Whereupon the panel slipped away within the wainscot, leaving a little closet in the hollow of the wall, in which a few strange things were stowed: an inlaid rosewood box, a little slipper, and a dusty gittern with its strings all snapped and a faded ribbon tied about its neck.

The rosewood box he would take down, and with it open in his lap would sit beside the fire like a man within a dream, until the hearth grew white and cold, and the draught had blown the ashes out in streaks across the floor. In the box were a woman's riding-glove and a miniature upon ivory, Cicely's mother's face, painted at Paris in other days.

One night, while they were sitting all together by the fire, Nick and Cicely snug in the chimney-seat, Carew spoke up suddenly out of a little silence which had fallen upon them all. "Nick," said he quite softly, with a look on his face as if he were thinking of other things, "I wonder if thou couldst play?"

"What, sir?" asked Nick; "a game?" and made the bellows whistle in his mouth.

"Nay, lad; a gittern."

Nick and Cicely looked up, for his manner was very odd.

"Why, sir, I do na know. I could try. I ha' heard one played, and it is passing sweet."

"Ay, Nick, 't is passing sweet," said Carew

quickly — and no more ; but spoke of France, how the lilies grow in the ditches there, and the tall trees stand like soldiers by the road that runs to the land of sunny hills and wine ; and of the radiant women there, with hair like night and eyes like the summer stars. Then all at once he stopped as if some one had clapped

and the silken shoulder ribbon was faded and worn.

Nick stopped, then put out both his hands as if to touch it, yet did not, being half afraid.

“Tut, take it up!” said Carew sharply, though he had not seemed to heed. “Take it up — it is for thee.”



“WE 'RE GOING TO COURT! WE 'RE GOING TO COURT!” THE LADS WERE SHOUTING AS IF POSSESSED.” (SEE PAGE 631.)

a hand upon his mouth, and sat and stared into the fire.

But in the morning at breakfast there was a gittern at Nick's place — a rare old yellow gittern, with silver scrolls about the tail-piece, ivory pegs, and a head that ended in an angel's face. It was strung with bright new silver strings, but near the bridge of it there was a little rut worn into the wood by the tips of the fingers that had rested there while playing,

“For me?” cried Nick — “not for mine own?”

Carew turned and struck the table with his hand, as if suddenly wroth. “Why should I say it was for thee, if it were not to be thine own?”

“But, Master Carew —” Nick began.

“Master Carew' fiddlesticks! Hold thy prate. Do I know my own mind, or do I filter my wits through thee? Did I not say that

it is thine? Good, then — 't is thine, although it were thrice somebody else's; and thrice as much thy very own through having other owners. Dost hear? Well, then, enough — we 'll have no words about it!"

Rising abruptly as he spoke, he clapped his hat upon his head and left the room, Nick standing there beside the table, staring after him, with the gittern in his hands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TO SING BEFORE THE QUEEN.

"SIR FLY hangs dead on the window-pane;
The frost doth wind his shroud;
Through the halls of his little summer house
The north wind cries aloud.
We will bury his bones in the mouldy wall,
And mourn for the noble slain:
A southerly wind and a sunny sky —
Buzz! up he comes again!
Oh, Master Fly!"

NICK looked up from the music-rack and shivered. He had forgotten the fire in studying his song, and the blackened ends of the burnt-out logs lay smouldering on the hearth. The draught, too, whistled shrilly under the door, in spite of the rushes that he had piled along the crack.

The fog had been gone for a week. It was snapping cold; and through the peep-holes he had thawed upon the window-pane with his breath, he could see the hoar-frost lying in the shadow of the wall in the court below.

How forlorn the green old dial looked out there alone in the cold, with the winter dust whirling around it in little eddies upon the wind! The dial was fringed with icicles like an old man's beard; and even the creeping shadow on its face, which told mid-afternoon, seemed frozen where it fell.

Mid-afternoon already, and he so much to do! Nick pulled his cloak about him, and turned to his song again:

"Sir Fly hangs dead on the window-pane;
The frost doth wind his shroud —"

But there he stopped; for the boys were singing in the great hall below, and the whole house rang with the sound of the roaring chorus:

"Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry down-a-down!"

Nick put his fingers in his ears, and began all over again:

"Sir Fly hangs dead on the window-pane;
The frost doth wind his shroud;
Through the halls of his little summer house
The north wind cries aloud."

But it was no use, all he could hear was:

"Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry down-a-down!"

How could a fellow study in a noise like that? He gave it up in despair, and kicking the chunks together, stood upon the hearth, warming his hands by the gathering blaze while he listened to the song:

"Cold 's the wind, and wet 's the rain;
Saint Hugh, be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

"Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry down-a-down!"

He could hear Colley Warren above them all. What a voice the boy had! Like a golden horn blowing in the fresh of a morning breeze. It made Nick tingle, he could not tell why. He and Colley often sang together, and their voices made a quivering in the air like the ringing of a bell. And often, while they sang, the viols standing in the corner of the room would sound aloud a deep, soft note in harmony with them, although nobody had touched the strings; so that the others cried out that the instruments were bewitched, and would not let the boys sing any more. Colley Warren was Nick's best friend—a dark-eyed, quiet lad, as gentle as a girl, and with a mouth like a girl's mouth, for which the others sometimes mocked him, though they loved him none the less.

It was not because his voice was loud that it could be so distinctly heard; but it was nothing like the rest, and came through all the others like sunshine through a mist. Nick pulled the stool up closer, and sat down in the chimney corner, humming a second to the tune, and blowing little glory-holes in the embers with the

bellows. He liked the smell of a wood fire, and liked to toast his toes. He was a trifle drowsy, too, now that he was warm again to the marrow of his bones; perhaps he dozed a little.

But suddenly he came to himself again with a sense of a great stillness fallen over everything — no singing in the room below, and silence everywhere but in the court, where there was a trampling as of horses standing at the gates. And while he was still lazily wondering, a great cheer broke out in the room below, and there was a stamping of feet like cattle galloping over a bridge; and then, all at once, the door opened into the hallway at the foot of the stair and the sound burst out as fire bursts from the cock-loft window of a burning barn, and through the noise and over it Colley Warren's voice calling him by name: "Skylark! Nick Skylark! Ho there, Nick! where art thou?"

He sprang to the door and kicked the rushes away. All the hall was full of voices, laughing, shouting, singing, and cheering. There were footsteps coming up the stair. "What there, Skylark! Ho, boy! Nick, where art thou?" he could hear Colley calling above them all. Out he popped his nose: "Here I am, Colley — what 's to do? *Whatever in the world!*" and he ducked his head like a mandarin; for whizz — flap! two books came whirling up the stair and thumped against the panel by his ears.

"The news — the news, Nick! Have ye heard the news?" the lads were shouting as if possessed. "We 're going to court! Hurrah, hurrah!" And some, with their arms about each other, went whirling out at the door and around the windy close like very madcaps, cutting such capers that the horses standing at the gate kicked up their heels, and jerked the horse-boys right and left like bundles of hay.

Nick leaned over the railing and stared.

"Come down and help us sing!" they cried. "Come down and shout with us in the street!"

"I can na come down — there 's work to do."

"Thy 'can na' be hanged, and thy work likewise! Come down and sing, or we 'll fetch thee down. The Queen hath sent for us!"

"The Queen — hath sent — for us?"

"Ay, sent for us to come to court and play on Christmas day! Hurrah for Queen Bess!"

At that shrill cheer the startled horses fairly plunged into the street, and the carts that were passing along the way were jammed against the opposite wall. The carriers bellowed, the horse-boys bawled, the people came running to see the row, and the apprentices flew out of the shops bare-headed, waving their dirty aprons and cheering lustily, just for the fun of the chance to cheer.

"It 's true!" called Colley, his dark eyes dancing like stars on the sea. "Come down, Nick, and sing in the street with us all! We are going to Greenwich Palace on Christmas day to play before the Queen and the court — for the first time, Nick, in a good six years; and we 're not to work till the new masque comes from the Master of the Revels! Come down, Nick, and sing with us out in the street; for we 're going to court, we 're going to court to sing before the Queen! Hurrah, hurrah!"

"Hurrah for good Queen Bess!" cried Nick; and up went his cap and down went he on the baluster-rail like a runaway sled, head first into the crowd, who caught him laughing as he came. Then all together they cantered out like a parcel of colts in a fresh, green field, and sang in the street before the school till the people cheered themselves hoarse to hear such music on such a wintry day; sang until there was no other business on all the thoroughfare but just to listen to their songs; sang until the under-masters came out with their staves and drove them into the school again, to keep them from straining their throats by singing so loudly and so long in the frosty open air.

But a fig for staves and for under-masters! The boys clapped fast the gates behind them, and barred the under-masters out in the street, singing twice as loudly as before, and mocking at them with wry faces through the bars; and then trooped off up the old precentor's private stair and sang at his door until the old man could not hear his own ears, and came out storming and grim as grief.

But when he saw the boys all there, and heard them cheering him three times three, he could not storm to save his life, but only stood there, black and thin against the yellow square

of light, smiling a quaint smile that half was wrinkles and half was pride, shaking his lean forefinger at them as if he were beating time, and nodding until his head seemed almost nodding off.

"Hurrah for Master Nathaniel Gyles!" they shouted.

"*Primus Magister Scholarum, Custos Morum, Quartus Custos Rotulorum,*" said the old man softly to himself, the firelight from behind him falling in a glory on his thin white hair. "Be off, ye rogues! Ye are not fit to waste good language on; or, faith, I'd Latin ye all as dumb as fishes in the depths of the briny sea!"

"Hurrah for the fishes in the sea!"

"Soft, ye knaves! Save thy throats for good Queen Bess!"

"Hurrah for good Queen Bess!"

"Be still, I say, ye good-for-nothing varlets; or ye sha'n't have pie and ale to-night. But marry, now, ye *shall* have pie—ay, pie and ale without stint; for ye are good lads, and have pleased the Queen at last; and I am as proud of ye as a peacock is of his own tail!"

(To be continued.)

"Hurrah for the Queen—and the pie—and the ale! Hurrah for the peacock and his tail!" shouted the boys; and straightway, seeing that they had made a rhyme, they gave a cheer shriller and longer than all the others put together, and went clattering down the stairway, singing at the top of their lungs:

Hurrah for the Queen, and the pie and the ale!
Hurrah for the peacock, hurrah for his tail!
Hurrah for hurrah, and hurrah we say—
We're going to court on Christmas day
To sing before the Queen!

"Good lads, good lads!" said the old precursor to himself, as he turned back into his little room. His eyes were shining proudly in the candle-light, yet the tears were running down his cheeks.

A queer old man, Nat Gyles, and dead this many a long, long year; yet that night no man was happier than he.

But Master Gaston Carew, who had come for Nick, stood in the gathering dusk by the gate below, and stared up at the yellow square of light with a troubled look upon his reckless face.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUESTS.

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

I HAD three friends. I asked one day
That they would dine with me;
But when they came I found that they
Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We, at best,
But five can hope to dine.
Send one away." I did. The rest
Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried.
He left at once, and then,
Although to count but eight I tried,
There were remaining ten.

"Go call them back!" my wife implored;
"I fear the third may go,

And leave behind, to share our board,
Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned;
As might have been expected,
He, with the ten, we quickly learned,
Eleven made. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he,
With all the rest, turned round,
And there, behold! were my friends three,
Though six they still were found.

(For those of you who yet may find
My riddle too complex,
I'll say the friends I had in mind
Were "S" and "I" and "X.")

STEERING WITHOUT A COMPASS.

BY GUSTAV KOBÉ.



STEERING BY THE POLE-STAR. (SEE PAGE 630.)

The two stars at the right and near the top of the picture are the "pointers."

THE degree of "A. B." is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means "able-bodied" seaman.

Every nautical A. B. knows how to "box the compass" and how to steer by it; but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among those "other things" are the horizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars, the soundings, and the line of the surf when running along the coast. And so the able-bodied seaman, when a greenhorn takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the

helm to him with this caution: "Keep your head out of the binnacle!"

I am speaking of sailing-vessels. Steamers, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They "run their courses" from point to point—from lighthouse to lighthouse, light-ship, day-mark, buoy, bell, or fog-whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course, and try never to pass the "signal" at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next "run" or course. This is called

“running the time and distance.” I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog from Cape Cod down. One morning the captain said to me:

“We ought to pick up Sambro in half an hour.”

Surely enough, about half an hour later we heard, through the fog, a cannon-shot, the distinguishing fog-signal of the Sambro light-station on the Nova Scotian coast.

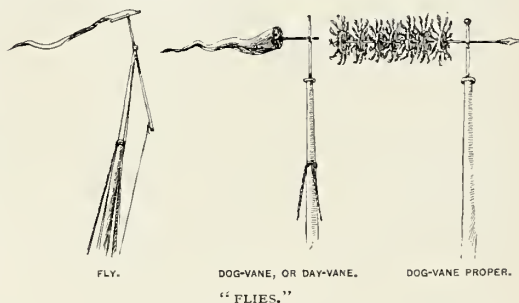
Real sailors—the Jack tars that man sailing-vessels—actually prefer, as I have said, to steer by signs rather than by compass; and there are times when the steamer-pilots have to.

You’ve heard of a “landlubber”; but have you ever heard of a “lubber’s point”? Every compass has one; and it is n’t a point either, but a line—a fixed line in the compass that runs exactly in the same direction as the vessel’s keel. Sailors poke a great lot of fun at a landlubber; but they have great respect for the lubber’s point. Without it they could n’t tell, when steering by compass, whether the vessel was keeping on her course or not; for instance, if the vessel is to be kept on a northeasterly course, the “N. E.” mark on the compass must lie directly over the lubber’s point, which thus is a kind of lubber that amounts to something in the world. In heavy or rolling seas the compass is often so badly shaken up that the point on which the helmsman has been directed to keep the vessel won’t remain over the lubber’s point, and he has to steer by other signs. Often, too, in very calm, smooth water the compass becomes, as the sailors say, “sluggish” and “dead,” and has to be shaken to set it moving. Now, it’s just as much trouble to stop and shake a compass that’s misbehaving itself as it is to stop and shake a bad boy, provided you can catch him; and the sailor, if other signs are handy, prefers to keep on his course by them, without paying any attention to the compass’s doldrums. In electric storms the needle is apt to behave pretty badly. It will “go crazy,” and fly all around so that no one can tell on what point the ship is steering. Castaways, as the fishermen on the Banks who while out in their dories find themselves separated from their ship in a heavy fog, and who often have no compass with them, could

never lay a general course for land unless they had certain signs to steer by.

Of these various signs the horizon is the readiest to hand. It is right out there over the ocean. Every sailing-vessel has a tendency to “come up into the wind”—to swing toward the direction from which the wind is blowing. For instance, if the wind is from the east, the vessel’s bow, instead of pointing steadily in the direction in which the helmsman steers, has a tendency to sweep over toward the east. By keeping his eye on the horizon, the man at the helm can detect the sweep of the bow along the horizon line, and check or correct it—keep the ship “off”—by a turn of the wheel; or he may detect this “to” or “off” motion by watching a sluggish cloud, if one happens to be dead-ahead.

The “fly” at the masthead is often used as a sign to steer by. It revolves on a pivot, and hence, like a weather-vane, shows the direction



from which the wind is blowing; whereas a flag attached to a halyard streams directly astern, or at an angle more or less affected by the speed and course of the vessel. A glance at the fly having shown the wind’s direction, a glance at the binnacle shows from what point of the compass it comes. Then, by watching the fly, and thus keeping the ship always at the same angle to the wind, you are able to keep her on her course.

The ships of different nations have distinctive flies. The American and the English fly is a little triangular pennon. German ships often have a small tapering bag at the masthead, and French vessels a “dog-vane”—a line of corks with colored feathers on a wire. The steamers of the French Line from New York to Havre have a dog-vane at each

masthead—it is one of their distinguishing marks.

Steering by the fly is one way of steering by the wind, but there are other tricks for finding the wind-point. A sailor can find the point of a stiff breeze by simply letting it blow against his face. In a light air, almost a calm, he lifts his cap and turns his head until he feels the cool breath on his moist brow, which is far more sensitive than his sun-tanned face; or he moistens the edge of his hand, and turning it toward the wind, waves it gently back and forth and to and fro until the coolness of the air is felt on one side of that narrow surface and not on the other. In heavier airs he will moisten the palm of the hand and hold it flat to the wind. The wind-point being found, the ship is sailed as close to the wind as possible, the helmsman keeping his eye on the sail-leech. The least quiver, and a turn of the wheel keeps her off enough to fill her sails; but with an experienced hand on the wheel there will be no quiver along the leech. For an "A. B." can tell by the "feel" of the helm when the ship is about to come up into the wind; as a vessel "comes up" the strain on the rudder is lessened, and by quickly checking her he keeps the sails "rap full and asleep"—keeps them from quivering—and holds her on her course without so much as a glance at the compass.

Sailors also steer by the wake of the ship. When a vessel is running free—that is, with the wind dead-astern—she must leave a straight wake or she is not running a straight course. When she is "on the wind," her canvas full, not shivering,—when she is

As near as she will lie
By keeping full and bye,—

her wake will be at an angle greater or less according to the force of the wind and the speed of the vessel. This angle measures what we call the ship's "leeway"—that which she loses from a true course. With a vessel hove to in a gale, the leeway becomes very large, and is called the "drift."

Coasting-craft steer by the line of white surf on the shore, or in thick weather by its roar as it breaks on the beach or rocks. They haul in to catch the sound, then keep off until they

lose it, and then haul in again to a central line and maintain it. An old sea-dog once told me that one thick night, coming up along the coast with a head wind so that they had to tack in and off shore, they sailed their tacks, or ran their "legs," by candles—running offshore long enough to burn out two candles, but burning only one for the inshore leg, so as to avoid standing in too close.

The Alaska steamers on the inside route between the main coast and numerous outlying islands steer, even in running through the narrowest channels, by the varying echoes of the paddles from the shores.

A given course can also be run by soundings, or, rather, by a line of soundings. In entering New York harbor, keep in say fifteen, twenty, forty fathoms, no less, until you get ten fathoms. If then the lead shows fine white sand, look out for Sandy Hook light-ship. Coarse yellow sand will land you on Fire Island.

That sailors prefer not to steer by compass must have struck you as one curious fact. Here is another. A steersman can keep his ship better on her course at night, if it be clear, than during the day. "Look ahead, get a star, and steady her head by it." So says the A. B. of the ocean to the sailor who has not yet won his degree. For to the helmsman the stars are like the pillar of fire in Scripture. They are the hands on the dial of the night. They twinkle "good-evening" to poor Jack as he sits up aloft or stands at the helm, and wink "good-morning" and "good-by" to him with daylight. It is obvious that the "to" or "off" movement of a vessel can be more quickly detected by a small, bright object like a star dead-ahead than by the monotonous sweep of the horizon, or by peering into the compass-box. The same ancient mariner who told me about measuring the length of the off and in shore legs by the life of candles, told me that once, when the oil in the binnacle-lamps gave out and he was steering by a star, he occasionally struck a match and looked at the compass "to see if the star had moved any." He was a genuine "sea-cook," this ancient mariner, being steward of the vessel on which I was sailing; and he would bob up out of the cook's galley

amidships like a seal bobbing up through a hole in the ice, and proceed to spin yarns.

When the lookout sings out, "Land ho!" and has replied to the officer's "Where away?" a star over the rock or other danger may be noted and brought down in line with the point on the compass, and its proper bearing obtained.

"The stars," said a sea-captain to me, "move apparently from east to west, so that when we find our first star will no longer do, we select another. This is the case with all but the north or pole star, which is in line with two certain stars in the Great Bear or Dipper, and the orbit is so small that it is a good guide for all night; and we can even detect errors of the compass by it."

The north star is of course as true as, or even truer than, the most accurate compass. To the "other things" that sailors steer by, the compass is, however, what steam is to electricity.

To produce an electric light you require a dynamo; to run the dynamo you need steam. You may feel the wind on your moist brow or hand; but the direction from which it blows you can—except in case of the regular trade winds, or unless you are up in sea-lore—tell only from the compass. Then by sailing close to the wind you can keep on that course without looking at the compass. But sailors naturally have a large accumulation of weather-lore; and in addition to the "trades" there are, except in case of violent storms, certain regularities in the winds in certain parts of the ocean, and certain other recurring signs, which the helmsman can utilize, and which often enable him to dispense with the compass altogether. For instance, if in standing south to round the Horn, you see the "Magellanic Clouds" (bright patches in the Milky Way) directly above the ship, change your course for the Straits of Magellan.



THE COUNTRY ROAD.

BY GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

FROM the busy fields of farmer-folk

It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill, and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Then, past the mill with its water-wheel,
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store,
And the church, with its spire so high.

You would never think that the country
road,

From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
And another boy to see.

You can never dream how short it is

From the farm to the frozen pond,
Nor how very much farther it always is
To the school-house just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling
brook,

To the toiling, rushing town.
But, best of it all, when you're tired and sick
Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.



A Three-sided Question.

A WOODLAND COMEDY.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

SCENE: A hollow tree in the woods. TIME: December, evening. PERSONS: Mr. Owl, Mr. Sparrow, Mr. Bear.



And went about my breakfast to prepare.
I should keep better hours; I declare
Before I got to bed 't was broad daylight!
That must be why I 'm getting up to-night
With such a sleepy feeling in my head.
Heigho! Heigho! (*Yawns.*)

Enter MR. SPARROW.

MR. SPARROW: Why don't you go to bed,
If you 're so very sleepy? — it 's high time!
The sun has set an hour ago, and I 'm
Going home myself as fast as I can trot.
Night is the time for sleep.

MR. OWL: The time for *what*?
The time for *sleep*, you say?

MR. SPARROW: That 's what I said.

MR. OWL:
Well, my dear bird, your reason must have fled!

MR. SPARROW (*icily*):
I do not catch your meaning quite, I fear.

MR. OWL:
I mean you 're talking nonsense. Is that clear?

MR. SPARROW (*angrily*):
Say that again — again, sir, if you dare!
Say it again!

MR. OWL: As often as you care.
You 're talking nonsense — stuff and nonsense —
there!

MR. SPARROW (*hopping one twig higher up*):
You are a coward, sir, and *impolite*!
(*Hopping on a still higher twig*)
And if you were n't beneath me I would fight.

MR. OWL:
I *am* beneath you, true enough, my friend,
By just two branches. Will you not descend?
Or shall I—



MR. SPARROW (*hastily*):
No, don't rise. Tell me instead
What was the nonsense that you thought I
said.

MR. OWL :

It may be wrong, but if I heard aright,
You said the proper time for sleep was night.

MR. SPARROW :

That 's what I said, and I repeat it too !

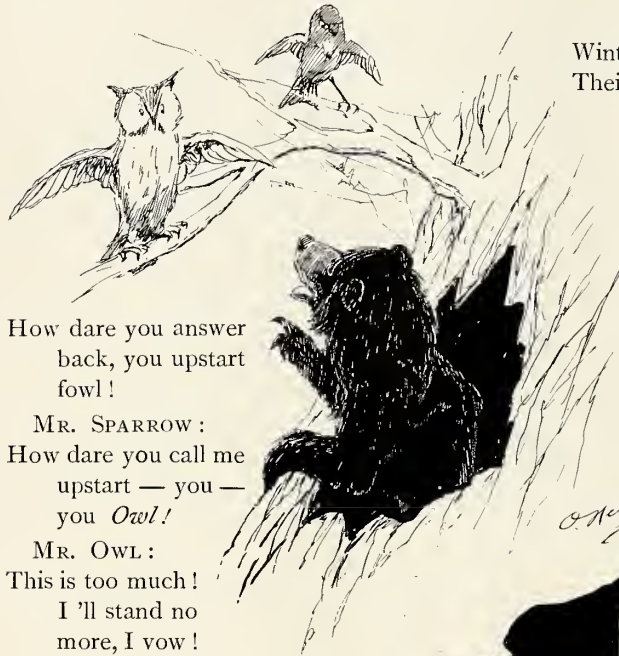
MR. OWL :

Then you repeat a thing that is not true.
Day is the time for sleep, not *night*.

MR. SPARROW : Absurd !

Who 's talking nonsense now ?

MR. OWL : Impudent bird !



How dare you answer
back, you upstart
fowl !

MR. SPARROW :

How dare you call me
upstart — you —
you *Owl* !

MR. OWL :

This is too much !
I 'll stand no
more, I vow !
Defend yourself !

MR. BEAR (*looking out of hol-
low tree*) :

Come, neighbors, stop that row !
What you 're about I 'm
sure I cannot think.
I only know I have n't
had one wink
Of sleep. Indeed, I 've borne it
long enough.
'T would put the mildest temper in a
huff ;
And I am but a bear. Why don't you
go
To bed like other folks, I 'd like to know ?
Summer is long enough to keep awake —



Winter 's the time when honest people take
Their three months' sleep.

MR. SPARROW : That settles me !
I fly !

Dear Mr. Owl and Mr. Bear, good-
by ! [Exit.

MR. OWL :

I must go too, to find another wood.
Every one 's mad in this queer
neighborhood !

It is not safe such company to keep.
Good evening, Mr. Bear. [Exit.

MR. BEAR : *Now* I shall sleep.

CURTAIN.



THE RISKS OF A FIREMAN'S LIFE.

BY C. T. HILL.

THE risks and dangers that firemen face in the discharge of their duty are known to very few. The outside world — the public at large — hears little or nothing of them. Fires, in a large city like New York, are of such common occurrence that the newspapers rarely give them more than a paragraphic notice; and, in fact, all accounts of fires to-day are condensed so as to occupy the smallest possible space. Of course, conflagrations of any magnitude receive their share of recognition in the columns of the daily papers; and reporters are never stinting in the praise they give the firemen for the brave and skilful work that they perform; but the fire departments throughout all our large cities are so perfectly organized to-day that the "large fire" does not often occur, and detailed accounts are therefore seldom found in the papers.

When we see a fire company dashing on its way in answer to an alarm, we stop to admire the stirring picture that they present. Instinctively we look in the direction that they are proceeding for the appearance of smoke if it be daytime, or the glare of the flames if it be at night, to indicate the location of the fire. We perhaps see none, and pass on our way; and in the whirl of city life this incident is soon forgotten. And yet this company may return with many of its members bruised and sore, while others are perhaps conveyed to near-by hospitals, mortally wounded. It is not always the fire that makes the biggest show that is the hardest to fight. The fire that goes roaring through the roof of a building, lighting up the city for miles around, is sometimes much more easily subdued than the dull, smoky cellar or sub-cellar fire that forces the men to face the severest kind of "punishment," the effects of which are felt for weeks afterward, before it is controlled.

A few years ago, on lower Broadway, I saw over a dozen men laid out on the sidewalk, overcome by the smoke. A gruesome sight it was, too, with the dim figures of the ambulance surgeons, lanterns in hand, working over them, and the thick smoke for a background.

These were brave fellows who had dashed in with the lines of hose, only to be dragged out afterward by their comrades, nearly suffocated by the thick, stifling smoke that poured in volumes from every opening in the basement. Over one hundred and fifty feet of "dead-lights," or grating, over the sidewalk had to be broken in that night before the cellars were relieved sufficiently of the smoke with which they were charged, to allow the men to go in and extinguish the fire. This required the combined work of the crews of five hook-and-ladder companies, who broke in the iron-work with the butt-ends of their axes — the hardest kind of work. But the newspapers the following morning merely gave this fire a ten- or twelve-line notice, mentioning the location and the estimated loss, and adding that "it was a severe fire to subdue." No word of the punishment and suffering the men were forced to face before this fire was under control; no mention of the dash after dash into the cellar with the heavy line of hose, only to be driven back to the street by the smoke, or to be dragged out afterward nearly unconscious; nor of the thud after thud with the heavy axes on the thick iron grating that required twenty or thirty blows before any impression could be made on it. This was muscle-straining, lung-taxing work that the average man has to face only once in a lifetime; but the firemen in a large city have it always before them; and each tap on the telegraph may mean the signal to summon them to a task that requires the utmost strength and nerve.

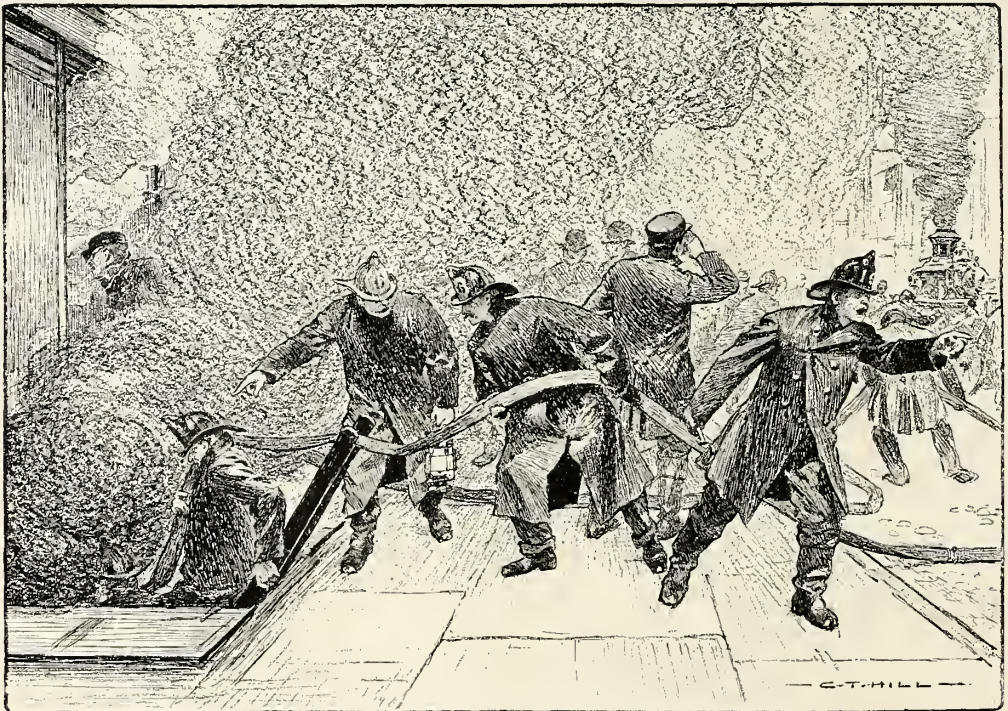
At a sub-cellar fire that occurred one night,

While speaking of cellar fires, let me relate

an incident that happened to some companies in the down-town district at a fire of this description. It occurred in Barclay street, in the sub-cellar of a crockery and glass warehouse, amid the straw used to pack the glassware. It sent forth a dense, stifling smoke, and was an ugly fire to fight. I will relate it in the rather characteristic way in which it was told me by a fireman in one of the companies that were summoned to subdue it. The story gives an idea of what the firemen in the business part of a big city may have to face at any time.

"The station came in one night at 11:30. We rolled, and found the fire in Barclay street in a crockery warehouse. Burning straw, jute, excelsior, and all that sort of stuff in the sub-cellar. Smoke? I never saw such smoke since I've been in the business. We went through the building, and found the fire had n't got above the cellar. We tried to get the line down the cellar stairs, but it was no use. No one could live on that stairway for a minute. The chief then divided us up, sent out a second [a second alarm], and we sailed in to

drown it out; 27 engine got the rear; 7 engine the stairway, to keep it from coming up; and our company, 29, got the front. We pried open the iron cellar-doors on the pavement, only to find that the elevator, used to carry freight to the bottom, had been run up to the top. Here were four inches of Georgia pine to cut through! And phew! *such* work in *such* smoke! Well, we got through this, opened it up, and — out it all came! No flames, just smoke, and with force enough to suffocate a man in a second. We backed out to the gutter and got a little fresh air in our lungs, and went at it again. We brought a 35-foot ladder over from the truck and lowered it through this opening, and found we *could n't touch bottom!* A 45-foot ladder was put down, and only three rungs remained above the sidewalk; this showed that there was over forty feet of cellar and sub-cellar! And down in this place we had to go with the line. Well, the sooner we got at it the sooner it was over; so, shifting the line over the top rung of the ladder, so it would n't get caught, down we started. It was



ATTACKING A FIRE IN A SUB-CELLAR.



A FALLING WALL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

only forty feet, but I can tell you it seemed like three hundred and forty before we got to the bottom. Of course, when we got there it was n't so bad; the smoke lifted, and gave us a corner in the cellar shaft where we could work, and we soon drove the fire away to the rear and out; but going down we got a dose of smoke we 'll all remember to our last days."

The company working in the rear fared even worse than the other. They had to descend into a narrow court only four feet wide, about twenty-five feet long (the width of the building), and forty feet deep, merely a shaft to give light and air to the cellar and sub-cellar. When the company in the front got to work, they drove the fire to the rear with such violence that this company was compelled to ascend rapidly to the street floor to save their lives.

Next to a dangerous cellar fire nothing is more dreaded by the men than what is known in their own language as the "back-draft." This is a sudden veering of the flames, usually caused by the burning away of some portion

of the building that gives the fire renewed draft, and changes its course completely.

The firemen arrive and find the whole second or third floor of a building in flames. Axes in hand, they smash open the doors, and with the hose dash up the stairway. This is all afire, and the flames are rolling above like a red pall. With the engine at work and good pressure on the line, the battle between the two elements, fire and water, begins. Inch by inch the men fight their way up the stairway, now to retreat as the fire gains upon them, and now to advance as it rolls away for a moment. The encouraging words of the commanding officer are heard behind them urging them on: "Now, get in, boys! That 's it—get in—get in! Make the next landing! Hit it up, boys!" and all the other words of encouragement that he usually gives.

They finally reach the landing. They are on the floor with the fire. It rolls away from them. They drive it further back. Encouraged by their seeming victory, they drag up more of the

heavy hose to make a final dash at it, when suddenly something falls in at the rear of the fire that gives it renewed draft. It rolls toward them, an impenetrable wall of fire—the deadly back-draft! Their only chance of escape is to throw themselves upon their faces, in hope that it may roll over them, or to hurl themselves down the stairs up which they have so gallantly fought their way. Better a broken leg or arm than death by roasting; and the water of fifty engines could never stay the progress of that awful wave of flame.

Many a brave fellow has lost his life in this manner; and very often all the members of a company return with their eyebrows, hair, and beard singed off, bearing evidence that they have been “ketched,” as they express it, by a less terrible form of this deadly draft.

Another kind of back-draft that is greatly dreaded takes the form of an explosion, and is usually met with in fires in storage-houses and large warehouses that have been closed up tight for some time. A fire breaks out in such a building, and, as a rule, has been smoldering for some time before it is discovered. The firemen are summoned, and raising a ladder, they pry open an iron shutter or break in a door to get at the fire. The combustion going on within the building has generated a gas; and the moment the air gets to this, through the breaking open of the door or window, the mixture ignites. An explosion follows, and a portion or the whole of the front of the building is blown out. Several accidents of this kind have occurred in New York—one in a storage-warehouse in West Thirty-ninth street a few years ago, when the whole front was blown out, hurling the firemen from the ladders, and severely injuring a large number. Another accident of the same nature occurred shortly after this, in a large wholesale flour-warehouse downtown. In this case it was supposed that particles of flour in the air inside the warehouse became ignited and exploded; but it was practically another case of the back-draft. Several firemen were maimed and injured in this case.

Now much greater caution is exercised in “opening up” buildings of this kind when a fire breaks out in them; and to-day the back-

draft is of rare occurrence, though any alarm may bring the firemen face to face with it.

The falling wall is another danger with which the firemen have to contend in fighting a fire, although it can truly be said that, like the big fire, this difficulty is not often met with to-day. Modern buildings do not crumble away as some used to in the fires of ten or fifteen years ago, and the up-to-date fire-proof building may be entirely gutted inside while the walls remain intact. It may seem strange to speak of a fire-proof building being burned out, but experience has taught the firemen not to put too much confidence in such structures, for it has been shown that many of them are really not so “fire-proof” as their builders had imagined.

There are several kinds of falling walls, and the fireman of experience knows them well, and what to expect from each. There is one kind that breaks first at the bottom and comes down almost straight, somewhat like a curtain. This makes a big noise, but is not very much to be dreaded. Then there is another that bulges or “buckles” in the middle at first, and makes a sort of curve as it descends. This is a little more serious than the first, and has caused many fatalities. Then there is one that breaks at the bottom and comes straight out, reaching clear across the street, and remaining almost solid until it strikes; and, as an old-time fireman once remarked: “That’s the kind you want to dodge.”

This kind of “falling wall” has caused more of the deaths in the department than any other danger the firemen have to contend with. It has killed horses as well as men, and destroyed apparatus; and it is so rapid in its descent, and covers so much space, that to escape it the men have to be quick indeed.

The advent of winter brings with it additional dangers and hardships for the firemen. Fires are much more numerous during extremely cold weather, and fire-duty is usually very trying throughout the winter months. This excess of fires can be traced to overheated furnaces and stoves, fires being built carelessly and in places not much used, and attempts made to warm apartments that it would perhaps not be necessary to heat at any other time. The fire record during an unusu-

ally cold spell goes up to from twenty-five to forty fires per day in New York City, and this keeps the firemen on the jump all the time.

All the serious fires seem to occur on bitterly cold days or nights, and the suffering of the men working at such fires is very great. To work

fraught with danger; for it is so incrustated with ice that it is almost impossible to get a solid foothold, and a misstep would hurl you to the ground, forty feet below.

Such is the experience of nearly every fireman during the winter months; and although



GOING TO A FIRE IN A BLIZZARD.

out of doors in a freezing temperature is not very pleasant under any circumstances; but to work *in water* and *with water* in the bitter cold is doubly disagreeable.

To stand upon the peak of a ladder at perhaps the third or fourth story of a building, directing the stream of water at the blazing interior, while the thermometer is at about its lowest point, is not a comfortable task. Perhaps another stream is playing over your head, and you stand in an icy spray. Icicles hang from every point of your fire-hat, and the rubber coat is frozen to your back; and the water that is falling about you freezes as fast as it falls. Every movement upon the ladder is

“ladder-work” has been done away with to some extent of late years in the big cities, still the men are likely to be called upon to perform such work at almost any severe fire, should the construction of the building require it.

Broken glass and melted lead are among the other dangers that firemen are compelled to face at bad fires. The former occurs at almost every fire, and is caused by the flames bursting through the windows, or by the efforts of the men to make an opening in the building. The latter is caused by the burning away of metal cornices and ornamental iron-work at the top of buildings in which an immense amount of solder is used to hold parts together. When the roar-

ing flames pour out of the top-story windows of a building and curl up against this metal-crouching inside the window-frames. "Top-story fires" may not have the disadvantages and discomforts of a cellar fire in the way of smoke, but they make up for it with the numerous petty dangers of this kind.



LADDER-WORK IN ZERO WEATHER.

work with the force of a blast-furnace, a perfect rain of molten metal pours down, with an occasional piece of red-hot tin or zinc for variety. Men working upon ladders or on fire-escapes underneath have to stand this red-hot shower while it burns great holes in their rubber coats, or protect themselves as best they can by

large pieces of glass come sliding down the ladder, and if the men are not quick will cut them across the back of the hand. Many have been severely injured in this manner, the muscles that control the fingers being severed, practically maiming them for life.

There is something weird and at the same

There is scarcely a fire at which some one is not injured by the broken glass, sometimes seriously. There are scores of men in the New York department today bearing the marks of cuts by glass; and many have been maimed in this manner. They usually receive their injuries while standing on or going up the ladders. A window bursts open, or some one will break it open with an ax or with a hook, and

time exciting in watching the men making a night attack upon a smoky fire. The hoarse shouts and commands of the officers are heard; while the dim figures of the men, some carrying lanterns, others dragging the lines of hose into position, dash in and out. Within can be heard the dull chug, chug of the heavy ax making an opening through some door or partition that keeps the men from the seat of the fire. The thick smoke rolls down at times and shuts everything from view, only to lift the next moment and clear away as if the fire had suddenly stopped. The next instant it settles down again, forming an inky pall through which it is impossible to see clearly for more than a foot away. In the midst of this there comes a crash from above, and a perfect avalanche of glass descends: a window has been broken by the heat or by the men within to give them air. Those working beneath who are unable to escape this shower, stand perfectly still with their hands drawn closely to their sides, while the pieces rattle around them. The thick leather fire-hat, with its broad protecting leaf at the back, saves them from injury. This is a characteristic position that the men take when in the midst of falling debris; and the leather hat, with its stout ridges or "spines" on the top, protects their heads from many a serious cut or bruise.

When entering a strange building filled with smoke, the officers' first thought (and the men's as well) is how to escape should anything happen while they are working within. More correctly speaking, this is a supposed rule, not written down, that is observed by the men for their own protection. But in the excitement and hurry of making an attack upon a fire it is seldom thought of, and men often find themselves lost in a building,

groping about, searching for some way of escape, while the smoke gets so thick that their lanterns are extinguished. Their only hope in this case is to find the line of hose that has been brought in, and, on finding it, follow it along to the street. By keeping their faces low down, close to the hose, they will usually find a current of fresh air, especially if the line is charged with water, and this will perhaps save them from suffocation.

At the school of instruction the firemen are taught, before they enter the service, how to



A HOT PLACE.

use their hooks as a means of self-protection when in smoky fires. The instructor tells them that by pushing the hook ahead of them as they are advancing in a strange building, it will give warning of their approach to open hatchways, partitions, etc. Falls through open bulkheads and open hatchways when working in thick,

heavy smoke, are quite frequent, and form another of the many dangers the firemen have to encounter.

To move about quickly and with safety in the dark through a building that one is thoroughly acquainted with is difficult enough; but when we combine a heavy smoke with the darkness, and add a building that we know nothing about, it can be seen that the task of the exploring fireman is anything but an easy one.

Falls from roofs and extensions of buildings occur frequently, and form another menace of



“TAKING” A SHOWER OF FALLING GLASS.

the calling. When walking on slippery roofs, sometimes covered with ice and snow, getting the lines of hose into position, or raising ladders to get at taller buildings, the firemen work under great difficulties; and it is remarkable that there are not more accidents than do occur. The water that they are using only adds to the dangerous condition of the roofs, sometimes forming a sheet of ice in cold weather; and as everything is done in a hurry, the escapes that they sometimes have are little short of miraculous.

Though their life is full of uncertainties and

risks, the firemen find their own amusement and pleasure in the very dangers that they have to face. There is scarcely a serious fire that does not have a humorous side to it; and they often laugh and joke afterward at the discomforts and trials that they have just gone through; or if not at their own, then at those of some fellow-member who has been in a particularly disagreeable position.

An incident that happened at a large cotton-fire in the lower part of New York, some years ago, had its comic side, and was the means of the firemen discovering the main body of the fire, which for some time they had been endeavoring in vain to locate.

The smoke was pouring out of nearly every part of the building; and although several entrances had been made, it had been impossible to find the seat of the fire. The chief in charge ordered some windows on the third floor to be “opened up,” and a ladder was accordingly raised, and a fireman ascended. With the aid of a hook he pried open the iron shutters, and, lamp in hand, stepped in — and disappeared! His companion upon the ladder, wondering why he had so suddenly vanished from sight, peered in, and found that he had stepped into the elevator-shaft that was directly under this window, and had fallen through to the basement. Hastily descending, he alarmed the others, and forcing an entrance, they made their way to the cellar. Here they found their comrade in a sitting position upon a bale of cotton, partly stunned and dazed from the shock of the fall, but otherwise uninjured. In his hand he still held the wire handle of his lamp, — all that remained of it, — while in front of him, further in the basement, blazing merrily, was the fire they had been endeavoring to find. His fall had led him directly to it. On afterward examining the hatchway, or shaft, through which he had fallen, they found that it had bars running diagonally across at each floor, and in some marvelous way he had escaped each one on his downward flight.

In relating his experience afterward, he seemed to think it was a particularly good joke, and that it was especially funny his not getting a “bump” from the cross-bars on his way down; though I must confess I could not

see anything so very amusing in falling four floors through a burning building, and bringing up right in the heart of a fire.

Considering the exposure that men in this business have to endure: jumping out of a warm bed on a bitter cold night to answer an alarm; tearing through the streets, in the face of a biting wind, bareheaded and coatless, finishing their dressing as they dash along; working in water-soaked clothing in a freezing temperature; and having long spells of fatiguing work at a time,—considering all these, the mortality among the firemen is very light. They are usually of strong build physically, and able to stand exposures that would kill the ordinary man in private life two or three times over, if such a thing were possible. As a rule, they are fond of their calling; and the true fireman is as enthusiastic about his work, and as full of spirit in executing it, as the soldier or sailor. The very dangers and uncertainties of which his life is so full add a kind of fascinating interest to it, and he is always ready for the unexpected—which usually happens.

I witnessed a little incident at the burning of the big American Exchange Stable in New York, last summer, that was a striking illustration of the pluck of our firemen at a critical moment, and their reluctance to desert "the line" even when great danger threatens them.

The building was located on Broadway, and extended eastward, along Fiftieth street, to Seventh Avenue. The fire was a big one, and as at one time it seemed that the flames might extend to other buildings, five alarms were sent out. Twenty or thirty minutes after the outbreak, the Fifty-first street side was pretty well burned away, and the walls on that side had fallen, leaving great gaps through which streams

of water were being poured on the blazing interior. On the corner of Broadway and Fifty-first street there was a corner piece of the wall still standing, about two stories high, and surmounted by an ornamental piece of stonework. This bit of ruined wall swayed to and fro as the timbers and beams burned away and fell with great crashes within.



PASSING THE ORDER "START YOUR WATER!"

Almost directly in front of this remaining tower of wall, among the steaming bricks and smoldering woodwork, were crouched a little group of firemen directing a heavy stream of water into the roaring furnace facing them. Their engine was working at full pressure, and the line was a hard one to control. Here it may be explained that when these big fire-engines are working at full speed and forcing

from 500 to 800 gallons of water per minute through the hose, the pressure of the nozzle is all upward and backward. In order to control and direct the stream, the firemen throw their full weight upon the line and nozzle, and it usually takes from four to six men to manage such a stream.

Such was the little group that I describe. Behind crouched their captain, directing and encouraging them just as an officer upon the

houses opposite. Glancing back as they ran, they were horror-stricken to see that the little group of firemen had made no effort to escape, but were still kneeling in the same position, as if awaiting their fate. The crash came. The street fairly shook, and volumes of red dust filled the air and obscured the view, while the flames for a moment leaped higher and higher, as if glorying in their victory over the few brave fellows who had been battling against them.



DODGING A FALLING WALL.

battle-field stands behind his men directing a deadly fire into the enemy's ranks.

Suddenly a heavier crash than usual came from behind this tall chimney-like piece of wall. It quivered for a moment, and then began to fall straight outward, and, it seemed, directly over the little group in the street. As it began to totter, the few privileged spectators standing on the opposite side of the street ran in dismay in every direction; for it looked as if it would reach clear across and crash into the

The crowd returned, sickened with the expectation of finding the little crowd of fire-fighters buried beneath the smoking debris; but when the smoke and dust cleared away, there was the little band crouching over the hose as before, and facing the fire as if nothing at all had happened. Their captain bent over them in the same position, uttering a word of encouragement now and then, while the powerful stream was directed at some more effective point exposed by the falling of the wall.

They had watched it as it fell, and had gauged its distance. By a quick movement all at once, they had shifted the hose far enough to one side to dodge the wall as it came down, and had taken their chances of getting hit by a stray brick or two rather than desert the line at this critical moment. To have done so would have meant almost certain death to one or more of their number, for a heavily charged line of hose, when beyond control, twists about in a serpent-like manner with frightful force, and a blow from it is sufficient to kill a man.

They had hung together and faced the danger as one man, and it was a glorious exhibition of perfect discipline and indomitable pluck. The crowd, realizing the nerve that it required to stay in such a perilous place, gave vent to a hoarse murmur of approval. If the firemen heard it, they never gave any sign that they did, but went calmly on with their work. Turning their heads neither to the one side nor to the other, but looking grimly ahead, they slashed the water here and there in the blazing structure that was slowly turning to a blackened, smoking mass of ruins.

When two or three companies are making an attack upon a fire, and getting their lines of hose into position, mingled with the hoarse shouts and orders of the officers will come the familiar cry of "Start your water!" followed by number of the company to which the order is passed. This might almost be called the battle-cry of the men, for it signals the opening of the attack upon the fire, and is a demand for their only protection and ammunition—water.

With a "good charged pipe" as they call it, the firemen will venture anywhere, and attack a mass of fire, no matter how formidable it may seem; but without the aid of this important element they are utterly helpless, and many a company has been forced to desert the hose and flee for their lives because of a bursted length in the line or the sudden stoppage of the supply from some unknown cause.

In order to facilitate the placing of lines of hose in position, the water is very often not started until they have reached the seat of the fire, especially if it is a hard one to locate. The hose itself is heavy enough to drag to the

required position, without the added weight of water; and if it has to be taken up three or four flights of stairs, or up a fire-escape or ladder, it is the hardest kind of labor, and tugging at a heavy and unwieldy 2½-inch hose in a smoky atmosphere, and in the excitement and hurry of getting to work, is not the most agreeable of work.

But when the line is in position and the blaze is at last reached, the order is quickly passed "Start your water!" This order is passed along the line, sometimes shouted from a window and taken up in the street and shouted from one to another until it reaches the engineer, who, opening a "gate" or valve on the engine, transforms the flat, flabby mass of hose into a quivering thing of life, pulsating with every throb of the engine and hurling at the heart of the fire its welcome ton or more of water every minute.

Accustomed as the firemen are to fight fire in all its different forms, they become inured to its dangers, and will dash into the most perilous position, taking the greatest personal risk, without giving it a second thought. Perhaps if they stopped to think, they would not be good firemen.

One of the rules of the New York Fire Department cautions the officers not to expose their men to unnecessary dangers or to jeopardize their lives in any way in extinguishing fires; and they are not supposed to order the men into any position where they, the officers, cannot go themselves. Although the rule is generally observed, still, in the excitement of making an attack upon a fire, especially if it is gaining headway, all such rules are forgotten, and almost any risk or chance is taken to reach a good position and get the water applied effectively. Very often the men themselves, in their eagerness to attack their natural enemy and "get a belt at it with the pipe," as they say in their own parlance, or to beat some other company into position and win "first water," will expose themselves to great danger; and before they actually realize it, they are surrounded on all sides by flames, with all escape seemingly cut off. When caught in a "box" like this, I have heard them remark afterward that they would mentally vow that if they escaped

alive they would resign from the business the next day; but when all danger was passed the vow was forgotten, and they laughed at their own fears, and were ready to jump into a place equally hazardous.

Sometimes they are ordered to the roof of a building on fire to "ventilate," as they call it,—break open sky-lights and bulkheads to relieve the smoke inside, perhaps to drag into position lines of hose that have been brought up from adjoining roofs. The fire may have been burning in the building longer than the officer in command knows. This has weakened the supports of the roof, and it needs only the added weight of the men to cause it to collapse. forcing them to jump to adjoining roofs, slide down the hose or ladders, or make their escape in any way possible.

I once saw a very exciting incident of this kind at an East Side factory fire, some years ago, when a company of men with a line of hose had scarcely reached the roof when nearly all the roof and part of the rear side wall collapsed, leaving them hanging or clinging to the coping and the part of the roof still remaining. They were forced to jump to the roof of a side building some twenty feet below; and but for the heroic work of some of their com-

rades, who climbed up and rescued those clinging to the shaky piece of roof that remained, they would have soon fallen directly into the main body of the fire.

At the big Bleeker street fire, some two years ago, the firemen had an experience they will never forget. Six companies were working in the big Manhattan Bank building on the corner opposite the fire, trying to prevent the flames from getting a foothold there. The intense heat generated by the fire opposite caused the iron piers or beams on the side to twist and warp, and they gave way, carrying down two floors. The firemen inside, panic-stricken, not knowing what moment the whole structure would collapse, had to make their escape as best they could, jumping down the place where the stairs had been (the stairs were carried away by the falling of the floors), or sliding down the hose on the outside of the building from the fifth and sixth floors!

Many men were injured in escaping in this manner; and the only wonder was that a number were not killed. The experience the men had at this fire will last them a lifetime; but it is only another example of the risks and dangers that firemen may have to face at any moment in fighting fire in a large city.



A Bird of Letters.

ABC, ABC, ABC!"
The parrot cried, proud as could be.
"We birds who know letters
Are surely your betters,"
He called to the birds in the tree

But the birds in the tree-top at play
All chirped in the jolliest way,
"We dont know ABC's,
But were quite at our ease
In these higher branches," said they.

Bridsman.

The Queen's Jewels

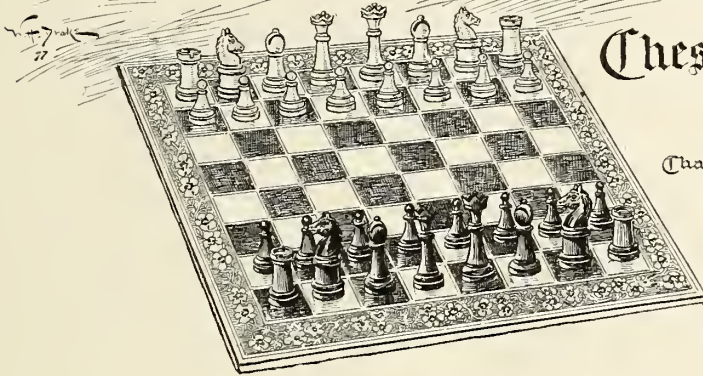
A Nonsense Rhyme

for

Chess Players

by

Charles Love Benjamin



IN Chess-board Land there dwelt a ♔,

And he was quite forlorn

Because his mate the ♚, had been

Obliged her jewels to ♜

(As Isabel of Castile did

Long, long ere you were born).

And so, unchecked, the ♚ she grieved

Within the ♖ walls;

She gave up theater-going,

She never went to balls;

“And say I ’m not at home,” said she,

Unless the ♜ calls.”

The ♜ called upon the ♚,

He brought with him a ♞ —

I don’t remember clearly —

Now, was he black, or white?

But, anyway, he said that he

Could get the jewels bright.

“But can we trust him,” said the ♚;

“With gems so rich and rare?

These ♞ ♞, alas, lead checkered lives,

One must proceed with care.”

This ♜, wretched punster, said

This ♞ was “on the square.”

“Go then, and quickly!” said the ♚;

So forth the brave ♞ set:

But how his tour was ended

I really quite forget.

Perhaps he found the gems at last —

Perhaps he ’s riding yet.

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOLDEN MILL.

THREE years have come and gone since the forge was built, and the three misguided patriots, still loyal to their vow and to the thirty-five stars on their dear old flag, are sitting on the steps of the golden mill. Tumbler the bear is sleeping comfortably on the dusty path that winds away to the house. Coleman's tawny and curly beard and the black hair on Bromley's face have grown long and thick, and the down which beforetime was on Philip's lip and chin now flares out from his neck and jaws like a weak red flame. Philip sits a little apart from the others, with the telescope in its leathern case strapped on his back, and there is a look of sadness in his face.

Three years have wrought great changes in the plateau. The harvests have been abundant, and, purple grapes hang in great clusters from the vines which have been grown from cuttings of that solitary plant which overhung the branch when they first came down its bank with the captain and Andy the guide.

The building of the mill has been a work of time, and it is not yet a month since Bromley emptied the first yellow grist into the flaring hopper. Two long years were spent in shaping the upper and the nether stones, and the new mill was rightly called "golden," for five thousand guineas from the mints of George the Fourth and Queen Victoria were melted in the forge and beaten into straps and bolts and rings and bands for the wooden machinery. Gold glistens in the joints of the dripping-wheel, and gleams in the darkness at the bottom of the hopper, where the half of a priceless cavalry-boot leg distributes the corn between the grinding-stones. The hopper itself is

rimmed with gold, and the circular wooden box, rough hewn, that covers the stones is bolted and belted with the metal elsewhere called precious; and from the half roof of oak shingles to the slab floor, gold without stint enriches and solidifies the structure. It plates the handle and caps the top of the pole that shifts the water on to the wheel, and the half door which shuts out Tumbler the bear swings on golden hinges and shuts with a golden hasp.

Healthy living and abundance of food have rounded the lusty brown limbs of the three soldiers, and charged their veins with good red blood; but alas! they are pitiful objects to look upon as they sit together there in the sunlight. The smart uniforms with yellow facings are gone, and the long cavalry boots, and the jaunty caps with cross-sabers above the flat vizors, and little remains of their former clothing.

Lieutenant Coleman has some rags of blue flannel hanging about his broad shoulders, which flutter in the soft wind where they are not gathered under the waistband of a pair of new and badly made canvas trousers having the letters "U. S." half lost in the clumsy seam of the right leg and a great "A" on the back; which sufficiently indicates that they have been made from the stiff cloth of the tent called "A," and that, if required, they could easily stand alone. Such as they are, these trousers, on account of their newness and great durability, seem to be the pride of the colony. They are certainly much smarter than Philip's, which are open with rents and patched with rags of various shades of blue, and tied about his legs with strings, and finally hung from his bare, tanned shoulders, by a single strip of canvas.

All three of the men have hard, bare feet, and the tunic or gown of faded blue cloth which hangs from Bromley's neck shows by its age that the overcoat-capes which were sacrificed to make it were given up long ago. This

what-you-may-call-it is girded in at the waist by a coil of young grape-vine covered with tender green leaves, and fringed at bottom with mingled tatters of blue cloth and old yellow lining. And this, except some ends of trousers which hang about his knees like embroidered pantalets, completes the costume of the dignified corporal who enlisted from Harvard.

With all their poverty of apparel, the persons of the three soldiers, and their clothing as far as practicable, are sweet and clean; which shows that at least two of them have lost none of that pride which kept them on the mountain, and which still keeps up their courage in the autumn of '69. Now let us see what it is that ails Philip.

Many entries in the diary for the fifth summer on the mountain, which is just over, indicate that the conduct of Philip was shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery. So early as March 12, 1869, we find it recorded:

Philip spends all his unemployed time in observations with the telescope.

In the following April and May, entries touching on this subject are most frequent, and Coleman and Bromley have many conversations about Welton's peculiar conduct, and record many evidences of a state of mind which causes them much annoyance and some amusement.

May 12. Requested Philip to remove one of the beegums to the new bench. Instead of complying with my request, he plugged the holes with grass, removed the stone and board from the top, and emptied a wooden bowl of lye into the hive, destroying both swarm and honey. After this act of vandalism he entered the house, took down the telescope, and slinging it over his shoulder, walked away in the direction of the Point of Rocks, whistling a merry tune as he went.

At another time he was asked to set the Slow John in motion to crack a mess of hominy, and instead of spreading the corn on the rock he covered its surface with a layer of eggs, and hung the bucket on the long arm of the lever.

Such evidences of a profound absence of mind were constantly occurring; and if they were not indications of his desire to return to the world, his secret observations with the telescope made it plain enough that he was absorbed in events outside the borders of Sherman Territory. If questioned, he assigned all sorts

of imaginary reasons for his conduct, and at the same time he held himself more and more aloof from his companions, to wander about the plateau alone.

During the previous winter, Philip had reported that one of the four young girls removed by the Confederates at the time of the capture of the officers had reappeared in the vicinity of the burned house. This fact was soon forgotten by Coleman and Bromley, who were working like beavers, pecking the stones for the mill; but to Philip it was an event of absorbing interest. Where were the others? What sufferings and what indignities had the returned wanderer endured in her long absence, and what hardships and dangers had not she braved to reach her native valley again?

He watched Jones and the kindly neighbors (not including Shifless) clearing away the wreckage and rebuilding the Smith house between the sturdy stone chimneys.

In the diary for July 6, Lieutenant Coleman writes:

An unspeakable calamity has fallen on the dwellers in Sherman Territory. Reason has been blotted out in the mind of our companion Philip, and now we are but two, though in the company of an amiable lunatic.

All that summer, when his expert advice was sorely needed, poor infatuated Philip took no more interest in the construction of the golden mill than he took in the spots on the moon.

So week after week, and month after month, through the long summer and into the sad autumn days, his companions kept a melancholy watch on Philip, who wandered to and fro on the mountain, with the telescope in its leathern case strapped over his bare shoulders, as we saw him first in the shadow of the golden mill.

Scantly as the three soldiers were clad at that time, they still had their long blue overcoats to protect them from the cold of winter, and broken shoes to cover their feet; and so in the short December days poor Philip, grown nervous and haggard with want of sleep, strapped the telescope outside his coat, and wandered about the Point of Rocks.

The morning of January 10, as it dawned on the three forgotten soldiers,—if it may be said

to have dawned at all,— cast a singular light on the mountain-top. It had come on to thaw, and the time of the winter avalanches was at hand. The sky overhead was of a colorless density which was no longer a dome; and it seemed to Philip, while he stood on the rocks, as if he could stretch out his hand and touch it. Somewhere in its depth the sun was blotted out. Ragged clouds settled below the mountain-top, and then, borne on an imperceptible wind, a sea of fog swallowed up the clouds and blotted out the valley and the ranges beyond, even as it had blotted out the sun, leaving Sherman Territory an island drifting through space.

With a moan Philip closed the telescope, and replaced it in its leathern case. Even the trees on the island, and the rocks heaped in ledges, grew gray and indistinct, and presently the thick mist resolved itself into a vertical rain falling gently on the melting snow. The strokes of an ax in the direction of the house had a muffled sound, like an automatic buoy far out at sea. Philip turned with another sigh, and took the familiar path in the direction of the ax, groping his way in the mist as a mountaineer feels the trail in the night with his feet.

The sound of the chopping ceases, and a great stillness broods on the mountain. Evidently the chopper has sought shelter from the rain. Brown leaves begin to show where the snow has disappeared on the path, so familiar to the feet of the wanderer that no sound should be needed to toll him home. He throws his arms out and presses his temples with his clenched hands, and mutters with a choking sound, as he walks. He does not know that the rain is falling on his upturned face. He turns to go back. He changes his mind and advances. He is no longer in the path. He has no thought of where he goes. The blades of dead grass, and the dry seeds and fragments of leaves, cling thick upon the sodden surface of his tattered boots. He strides on absently over the ground, parting the fog and cooling his feverish face in the rain; and every step leads him nearer to the boulder face of the mountain where the great avalanches are getting ready to fall a thousand feet into the Cove below. He is no longer the cheerful, happy Philip of other years, but a weakened, distracted shadow of

that other Philip, staggering on through the rain.

He has forgotten his soldier comrades, and the meaning of his life on the mountain. He has forgotten even his patriotism and the existence of the flag with thirty-five stars. Sherman Territory is receding under his feet, and the grief that he has created for himself so industriously and nursed so patiently is leading him on.

A blotch of shadows to the right assumes the ghostly form of spreading trees. The naked branches blended softly in the blanket of the fog. The gnarled chestnuts that looked like berry-bushes while on that first night they waited at the deserted cabin for the moon to go down, give no voice of warning, and Philip comes steadily on, with the telescope strapped to his back and the load in his heart. Under his heedless feet the dead weeds and the sodden leaves give way to the slippery rock.

For a moment the slender figure crossed by the telescope is massed against the mist overhanging the Cove. Then there is a despairing cry and a futile clutching at the cruel ledge, and, in the silence that follows, the vertical rain, out of the blanket of the fog, goes on shivering its tiny lances on the slippery rocks.

CHAPTER XV.

WHICH SHOWS THAT A MISHAP IS NOT ALWAYS A MISFORTUNE.

It was still early in the day when Philip fell over the boulder face of the mountain; and when the chopping which he had heard through the fog ceased at the house, Bromley had indeed gone in, but not for shelter from the rain. He had gone to warn Lieutenant Coleman of the absence of their half-demented comrade and of the peril he ran by wandering about on the mountain in the fog. They felt so sure of finding him near the Point of Rocks that they went together in that direction; but before they started Philip had wandered from the path, and by the time they reached the rocks he had put the house behind him and was walking in the direction of the Cove. Finding no trace of him there, and seeing the dense mist that covered the valley and made observation impossible, they separated and went off in opposite ways,

calling him by name, "Philip! Philip!" and as they got farther and farther from each other, "Philip! Philip!" came back to each faintly through the fog and the rain. They made their way to such points as might have afforded him shelter, but their calls brought no response. They knew that in his peculiar state of mind he might hear their voices and make no reply, and in this, as they continued their search, was at last their only hope of his safety.

At twelve o'clock a wind set in from the east, redoubling the rain, but rapidly dispelling the fog. In an hour every place where he could possibly have concealed himself had been searched, and with one mind they came back to the Point of Rocks. They lay out on the wet ledge and looked over with fear and trembling, half expecting to see his mangled body below. They could see clearly to the foot of the precipice, and there was nothing there but the smooth, trackless snow; and then when they drew back they looked in each other's faces and knew for the first time how much they loved Philip and how much each was to the other.

They were almost certain now that he had fallen over one face of the mountain or the other. Yesterday they could have followed his track in the thin snow, but now the rain, which was still falling heavily, had beaten out the track and melted what remained of the snow. They went together down the ladders, and for its whole length along the base of that ledge. When they returned to the plateau, Lieutenant Coleman and Bromley were tired and soaked with the rain and crushed with the awful certainty that Philip had fallen over the great rock face into the Cove. They could neither eat nor sleep as long as there was a possibility of discovering any clue to his fate; and so in time they came to the slippery rock in front of the station, where the heel of his boot or the sharp edge of the telescope had made a scratch on the stone that the rain was powerless to wash out.

It was no use to call his name after that dreadful plunge, the very thought of which so tied their tongues that the two men stood in silence over their discovery; and when they could learn no more they came away hand in hand, without uttering a word.

This was indeed the point where Philip had gone over the great rock; but by a strange good fortune his body had plunged into a mass of rotten snow fifty feet from the brink of the precipice. It was the snow of the avalanche making ready to fall; and through this first bank his body broke its way, falling from point to point for another fifty feet, until he lay unconscious over the roots of the great icicles which hung free from the rounded ledge below him, dripping their substance nine hundred feet into the cove.

When he came to himself, chilled and sore after his great fall, the moon was shining softly on the snow about him and sparkling on the ice below. He had no recollection of his fall, and but the vaguest remembrance of what had gone before. It was rather as if he had dreamed that he had fallen upon the avalanche, and when he had first opened his eyes upon the snow about him and above him, he tried to reason with himself that no dream could be so real.

He remembered vaguely the autumn days by the golden mill, and he knew that it was not winter at all; and yet this was real snow in which he lay bruised and helpless. He realized that he was almost frozen, and his clothing, that had been wet, was now stiffening on his limbs. The great shock had restored his shattered mind, leaving, it is true, a wide blank to be filled in for the best part of the year that was past. He was now himself again, but where, it was not at first so clear. There was nothing to be seen above beyond the snow which hung over him; but when he turned his sore body so as to look away from the mountain-side, his eyes rested on the long, white roof of the Cove post-office, as he had seen it often before from the top of the plateau. Philip knew now that he was in the very heart of the avalanche. He lay on the outer brink of the ice which might fall with the heat of another day's sun. At first he began to cry for help; but his voice was such a small thing in the mass of snow against the great rock! And then he thought of the people from the hills who would come at noon of the next day to watch by the post-office to see him fall—him, Philip Welton! And then he thought of

Coleman and Bromley, who must have given him up for dead; and even of his uncle at the old mill, with more of love than he had ever felt for him before. He tried to drag himself a little from the icy brink; but his legs and arms were numb and stiffened with the cold. He began to clap his nerveless hands and to stimulate the circulation of his blood by such movements as he could make. He had an instinctive feeling that the avalanche had been trembling yesterday where it clung to the great, black vertical stain on the face of the boulder just below the trees that looked like berry-bushes from the road in the Cove. He knew that it would not fall during the night. He had no recollection of the rain. He knew that more heat of the sun was yet required to loosen it for the great plunge. It was freezing now, and every hour added solidity to the surface of the snow; and yet as he gained the power he feared to move, as the workman distrusts the strong scaffold about the tall steeple because of its great height from the ground.

Above him, ten feet away, he could see the hole in the snow through which he knew he must have fallen; and as he thought of the fearful shoot his body would have made, clearing even the great ledge of icicles, if the surface of that bank had not been rotted by some cause, his limbs were almost paralyzed with terror. The thought helped to stir the sluggish blood in his veins, and he shrank, rather than moved, a little from the awful brink where he lay. Gradually he rose to his feet and looked about him. The Cove post-office, showing its white roof through the naked trees that looked like berry-bushes in their turn, far, far below him, fascinated him until he felt a mad impulse to leap over the icicles to oblivion. Instead of yielding to this impulse, however, he covered his eyes with his hands until he found strength to turn his back on the tiny object that terrified him. If he cried out, his voice, against the rock for a sounding-board, might awaken the sleeping postmaster before his comrades on the plateau. Even in that case no help could reach him from below across the bridgeless gorge; and even if his comrades were above him on the rocks, they could do nothing for him.

Should he wait there to meet certain death

in the avalanche to-morrow or the next day? He thought of the cool courage of Bromley, and wondered what he would do if he were there in his place. As long as there was a foothold to be gained, he knew Bromley would climb higher, if it were only to fall the farther, and he felt a thrill of pride in the dauntless nerve of his comrade. This thought prompted him to do something for himself, and he began by whipping his arms around his body, keeping his back resolutely on the small post-office, and trying to forget its dizzy distance below him. As he grew warmer and stronger, he felt more courage. It was impossible to reach the hole in the snow through which he had come, for the broken sides separated in the wrong way from the perpendicular. He was not a fly to crawl on a ceiling.

A few yards to his right, as he stood facing the mountain, the bank through which his body had broken its way made a smooth curve to the ledge where the icicles began. As he looked at the great polished surface of the snow, the thought came to him that nothing in all the world but the soft moonlight could cling there. Hopeless as the passage by the bank was, he could reach it; and the feeling that it led away to the region above prompted him to pick his way along the narrow ledge until he could touch with his hand the smooth surface of the bank. He could only touch it with his hand, for the edge curved over his head as he stood alongside it. He felt that the bank was hard. He was unable to break its crust with his hand, and he knew that every moment it was growing harder. His strong knife was in his pocket. He drew out this and opened it with his stiff fingers. Then he began to cut his way under the bank. Beyond the first surface the snow yielded readily to his efforts; and as it fell under his feet he made his way diagonally upward until at the end of half an hour, as it seemed to him, he broke the crust of the great bank, and pushed his head through into the fair moonlight. He looked up at the glaring steep above him, and it was beyond his power not to take one look back at the tiny post-office below him. If he had not been safely wedged in the bank, it would have been his last look in life. As it



PHILIP ON THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.



"PHILIP COULD SEE THE HOLE IN THE SNOW THROUGH WHICH HE KNEW HE MUST HAVE FALLEN." (SEE PAGE 656.)

was, he shrank trembling into the snow, and for a whole minute he never moved a muscle.

Fortunately for his shattered nerves, it was

not necessary to go out upon the surface of the bank, which was considerably less than perpendicular. He had only to cut away the crust with his knife, and so gradually work his way upward in a soft trench, leaving only his head and shoulders above the crust.

Philip felt a strange exultation in this new power to advance upward, and all his sturdy strength came to his aid in his extremity. He felt no disposition to look back at the trail he knew he was leaving in the snow. He was certain now of gaining the top of the bank, but what lay beyond he knew not. Half the distance he had fallen would still be above him. He was almost up now; but at the very top of the bank there was another curl of the snow, and once more he had to burrow under like a mole.

When Philip's head did appear again on the surface, it was not so light as before, and with his first glance around he saw that the moon was already sinking below the opposite ridge. He was almost within reach of another hole to his left; and by its appearance, and by the

distance he had come, he knew it was not the one that he had seen from below; and beside this opening the last rays of the moon glinted

on the brass barrel of the telescope attached to its broken strap. How it had come there he had no idea, any more than he knew how he had come to be lying on the ledge above the icicles where he had found himself a few hours before. It was the old familiar telescope of the station, through which the three soldiers had looked at the prisoners and at old Shifless in the valley, and it made him glad as if he had met an old friend. He stretched out his hand to draw it to him. Instead of securing it, his clumsy fingers rolled it from him on the smooth snow, and, as he looked at it, the telescope turned on end and disappeared through the hole in the bank. In the awful stillness on the side of the mountain, he heard it strike twice. It was nothing to Philip now whether it fell in advance or waited to go down with the avalanche. And just as this thought had passed through his mind, and as he turned his eyes to the side of the cliff above him, the far-away sound of metal striking on stone broke sharply on his ear, and he knew that the telescope had been smashed to atoms on the rocks in the Cove bottom.

From where he crouched now on the snow he could see the edge of the plateau above him, and, as near as he could judge, it was rather less than fifty feet away. The smooth rock was cased in thin ice—so thin that he believed he could see the black storm-stain underneath. It was growing dark now, and after all his toil and hope he had gained only a little higher seat on the back of the avalanche. He saw with half a glance that it would be impossible to climb higher. He heard the wind whistle through the branches of the dwarfed old chestnut-trees over his head; and as the cold was so still about him, he knew that it was an east wind. He could go nearer to the ledge, but he could gain no foothold on the rock. In the midst of his cruel disappointment and his awful dread of the sun which would come to melt the snow next day, he felt a greater terror than he had felt when he had first found himself down below. His companions might have gone mad and thrown him over the rock,—it was all a dark mystery to poor Philip. He could barely see about him now. Even the sun would be better than this darkness. It might be cold to-mor-

row. At any rate, it would be afternoon before the sun, however warm, could get in its deadly work on the avalanche. It never occurred to him that he was nearly famished; and he must have slept some while he lay in the snow; for he dreamed that the people were gathered at the post-office to see him fall, and a crash like the roar of battle brought him to his senses with a start. The next time he awoke, the bright sun was indeed shining, and he was stiff with the cold, as he had found himself at first. He was hungry, too, as he had never been hungry before, and the fear of starvation seemed more dreadful to him than the dread of the avalanche.

As he lay there in his weakened state, his ears were alert for the faintest sound. He thought he heard a movement on the ledge above him, and then he heard voices, clear and distinct. They were the voices of Coleman and Bromley.

“Poor Philip!” he heard them say.

At first he was unable to speak in his excitement, but in a moment he raised his voice with all the strength of his lungs, and cried, “Help! Help!”

“Is that you, Philip?”

“Yes, George! Yes! Help!”

By questioning him they learned what his situation was, and the distance he lay from the top of the ledge; for they could gain no position whence they could see him. They bade him keep up his courage until they came back. It was indeed a long time before he heard their voices again speaking to him, and then down over the icy rock came a knotted rope made of strings of the canvas that remained of the “A” tent. At the end of the life-line, as it dangled nearer and nearer, were two strong loops like a breeches-buoy. Philip felt strong again when he had the line in his hand, and thrusting his legs through the loops, he called out to haul away. As he went up, up, he clung fast with his hands to the canvas; but he was too weak to keep himself away from the rock with his feet, so he bumped against it until he was drawn over the surface of the same stone he had slipped on the morning before. He saw the kind faces of his two comrades, and then he sank unconscious on the firm earth at their feet.

PLANTS THAT FEED UPON INSECTS.

BY THOMAS H. KEARNEY, JR.

PLANTS, like animals, must eat to live. They cannot grow unless they have food. Even the very young plant in the seed is supplied with nourishment upon which it lives until it has become strong enough to care for itself. Open a

the two little leaves. The two halves of a large seed, as an acorn or a bean, are really leaves, stored full of starch, whereon the seedling may feed until it has taken hold upon the ground. It is just as the chick in an egg is nourished by the yolk until it is hatched.

Most plants are content to draw their food from the air through their leaves, and from the soil through their roots. But there are some dainty feeders that are not satisfied with the simple diet of other plants, but like richer and better prepared food. Among these the most wonderful are what are called insectivorous plants, such as feed upon insects. It seems a cruel thing that plants should be fitted to prey upon flies or beetles. But when we come to see the curious ways in which some of these insect-feeding plants are fitted to catch and live upon their quarry, we cannot but admire them.

Perhaps some of the readers of *St. Nicholas* have noticed the little plants called sundews, that dwell in bogs in almost every part of the world. The commonest of these in the United States and in England is the round-leaved sundew, which has a rosette of roundish leaves on slender stalks. Out of the midst of them rises a leafless stem, bearing a number of small white flowers, that open one by one when the sun is shining. The leaves are fringed and covered on the upper side with small, dark-red bodies, called glands, borne on slender stalks, like tiny, round-headed nails. On each of these little glands may be seen a drop of clear, sticky liquid that glistens in the sunlight. And this appearance earns for the plant its pretty name of "sundew."

When an insect—a small fly, for example, or a gnat—alights upon a sundew leaf, he is caught and held by the sticky fluid on the glands under him. Then the stalks of the glands near the edges of the leaf begin to bend in toward the spot where the little intruder is



THE SUNDEW.

morning-glory seed and you will find the tiny beginning of the morning-glory vine inside, with a clear substance like jelly packed around



VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.

fastened, at the same time pouring out an extraordinary quantity of their sticky fluid. It is like a puppy whose mouth waters when he catches sight of a bone. This movement of the gland-stalks is very slow, and it takes many hours for the outer ones to close down on the poor little victim. When they are at last completely bent, it is a number of days before they once more begin to spread.

Meantime the fluid which they pour upon the body of the insect actually digests all the eatable part of him, leaving the hard shell or the thin wings behind, when the glands return to their places. Sundews will digest tiny bits of meat if placed upon the leaves. There is no doubt that the plants are better for an occasional meal upon an insect, for those that do not obtain such food once in a while thrive less than the plants that succeed in securing it.

Near the city of Wilmington, in eastern North Carolina, there grows a wonderful plant,

the Venus's Fly-Trap, a cousin of the sundew. It inhabits the moist, sandy pine woods along the Cape Fear River, and is also found in other places along the coast of North and South Carolina, but grows nowhere else in the world. Sometimes it is cultivated in greenhouses.

The Venus's Fly-Trap is like the sundew in having a tuft of leaves with a flower-stalk growing up among them. The blossoms are larger, and are white. The leaves, which spread out on the ground, are the marvelous part of the plant. They are of two parts—a narrow-winged stalk and a wider portion which is called the blade. The blade is hinged in the middle, so that the two halves can close together. The edges are fringed with stiff prickles, like a row of sharp spikes. On the upper side of the blade are a few delicate bristles, usually three on each half. These are very sensitive, so that if you touch one of them ever so lightly the two halves of the leaf close together quickly.

Now, when an insect crawls up on one of



THE PITCHER-PLANT.

these leaves from the ground, or alights upon it to rest after flying, he is very apt to touch one of the bristles. Instantly the blade folds together and catches the unlucky visitor, while the spikes around the edges interlock and keep him from getting out that way. However, the spikes do not fit together very closely, so that tiny insects, the small fry that it is not worth while for the plant to digest, can escape by the openings between them.

The leaf remains folded until all the eatable part of the beetle or butterfly has been swallowed, which takes several days. Then it opens again and is ready for the next comer, unless it happens that it has eaten more than is good for it, and then it sometimes dies. The Venus's Fly-Trap is often spoken of as the most wonderfully fashioned plant in the world, and perhaps it deserves to be so called. There are not many animals that are better fitted for capturing their prey than is this small member of the vegetable kingdom.

A relative of the Catchfly lives in the water, and catches very small shell-fish and other little water creatures. It is called Aldrovanda, and is a native of Europe, India, and Australia. Its leaves are never spread out flat, but are open about as far as an oyster-shell is held when the oyster is alive.

There is a quaint plant, and a very pretty one, quite common in the Northern States, that grows in peat-bogs. It has large flowers with an odd, umbrella-like shield in the center. The shape of this has given it the name of Side-saddle Flower, but it does not look very much like a side-saddle. The most familiar name for the plant is Pitcher-Plant, and it is sometimes called Huntsman's Cup, or Purple Trumpet-Leaf.

This Pitcher-Plant has leaves shaped like open cups, that stand up from the ground in a cluster. They are generally about half full of rain-water, in which many insects are drowned. It is probable that these serve as food for the plant. The pitchers are gaily colored — green with dark-red or purple veining, and sometimes purple all over.

Down south, in the sandy pine-barrens that border the North and South Carolina and Florida coasts, there are other Trumpet-Leafs, or

Pitcher-Plants, some of them even more cleverly contrived as fly-traps than the Northern one. Two of these have the tops of the pitchers protected by lids, to keep the rain-water out. The insects that get into these pitchers are drowned in a liquid produced by the plant itself and held in the bottoms of the leaves. Along one side of the pitcher is a narrow wing, which often bears a trace of honey. This serves to entice insects from the ground up along the wing to the mouth of the pitcher. If one of these pitchers is cut open, the bottom is found to be filled with the remains of unhappy creatures that have perished there. They make us think of the bones that strew the grim old ogre's castle in the fairy tale.

California has a Trumpet-Leaf still more remarkable than those that grow in the East. It is the *Darlingtonia*, named for Dr. Darlington, a famous botanist who lived near Philadelphia many years ago. In the mountains where it grows the people call it "Calf's Head," from the shape of the pitchers. These are sometimes three feet tall, and are covered at top by a sort of hood that bends down over the mouth. The hood ends in two spreading wings that give it the look of a fish's tail. Like the other Trumpet-Leafs, *Darlingtonia* has its pitchers brightly colored, so as to catch the eyes of flying insects and lure them to their destruction. Around the mouth of the pitcher, along the "fish-tail," and often down the wing on one side, there is a little of the sweetish, sticky substance that offers a bait to the visitor, tempting him to come always a little farther in search of more.

The upper side of the fish-tail and the inside of the pitchers are covered with stiff hairs that point downward. Master Insect finds it easy work to crawl down into the pitcher, but if he gets frightened by the darkness at the bottom and tries to return as he came, he finds these hairs very much in his way. So at length, worn out by his vain efforts to climb up, he usually falls into the well beneath him.

But even if he is strong enough to get past the hairs, he is not likely to find his way to the opening; for that is quite dark, while the hood covering the pitcher is lighted up by thin yellow dots scattered over it, much like the oil-paper that people covered their windows with

in the old days before glass was common. The poor prisoner beats around inside the hood, like a wasp on a window-pane, until he is tired out and drops to the bottom. This California insect-catcher sets its trap for big game. Grasshoppers, bees, hornets, butterflies, and now and then a snail are captured by it, besides many a smaller morsel. It is one of the hungriest of the insect-eating plants.

Doubtless many of us have seen those tropical plants called *Nepenthes*, often cultivated in greenhouses. They are natives of the Malay Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and a few kinds are also found in Northern Australia. They are mostly climbing plants, in their native forests sometimes reaching the tops of tall trees. The leaves are very curious objects. First there is a flat blade, much like any ordinary leaf. The tip of this is drawn out into a long stalk, like a tendril, that aids the plant to climb by twisting around the stems of shrubs and the branches of trees. At the end of this stalk rests a pitcher, standing upright, with a well-shaped lid covering its wide mouth.

The smaller *Nepenthes* pitchers look something like cream-jugs. In the larger kinds the pitchers are sometimes over a foot high. The rims of the pitchers and the under side of the lid give out a sweet fluid like honey, that attracts insects. The inside of the pitchers, just below the rim, is smooth and polished, so that the unwary visitor who crawls over the rim finds no hold for his little

feet and goes tumbling down into the fluid at the bottom of the pitcher. Once there, he cannot get out, but is drowned and digested, as happens in our own Trumpet-Leaf.

Sometimes the rim bears a circle of sharp spikes, pointing downward, that are said now and then to catch small birds that seek insects in the bottom of the pitcher. In some *Nepenthes* there are two kinds of pitchers. The young ones rest on the ground, and are fitted to catch crawling insects, while those that are



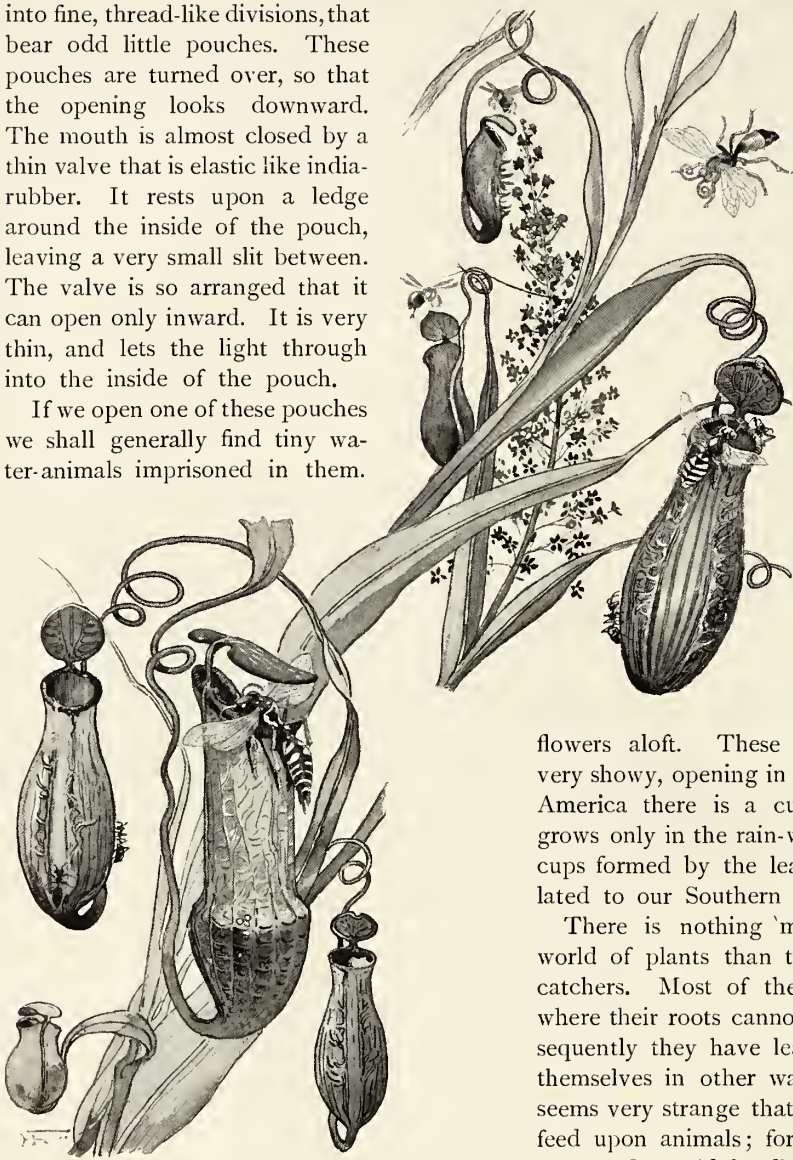
THE DARLINGTONIA, CALIFORNIA.

formed later stand out in the air and set their traps for creatures that fly.

The bladderworts are plants growing usually in the stagnant water of ditches and pools. Most of the common ones have their leaves cut

into fine, thread-like divisions, that bear odd little pouches. These pouches are turned over, so that the opening looks downward. The mouth is almost closed by a thin valve that is elastic like india-rubber. It rests upon a ledge around the inside of the pouch, leaving a very small slit between. The valve is so arranged that it can open only inward. It is very thin, and lets the light through into the inside of the pouch.

If we open one of these pouches we shall generally find tiny water-animals imprisoned in them.



NEPENTHES.

These creatures have found it easy to open the valve and enter into the trap; but, once inside, all their efforts to get out have been unavailing, and at length they have died miser-

ably in their prison. Around the opening are a number of long bristles that are supposed to serve in keeping away larger animals that might tear the pouches if caught.

One of the prettiest of the bladderworts grows in ponds along the coast. It has thread-like leaves under water which bear many pouches. The upper leaves, however, are in a circle, and rest upon the surface of the pond.

Their stalks are swollen and very light, making a little float that bears the

flowers aloft. These are bright yellow and very showy, opening in the sunlight. In South America there is a curious bladderwort that grows only in the rain-water that gathers in the cups formed by the leaves of an air-plant related to our Southern hanging-moss.

There is nothing more interesting in the world of plants than the life of these insect-catchers. Most of them grow in sandy soil, where their roots cannot find much food; consequently they have learned to look out for themselves in other ways. None the less, it seems very strange that plants should come to feed upon animals; for it is usually the other way. We could hardly find a better example of how Nature looks out for all her children. If she places them in the midst of the most unfavorable surroundings, she straightway betakes herself to the task of fitting them to make the most of whatever is within their reach.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[*This story was begun in the February number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

AUBREY, which had been the home of the Aubreys for many generations, was as interesting and beautiful a home as could have been found in all England, although it would have been easy to discover far finer and more imposing show-places of vast dimensions, with the façade and grounds of a palace, museums, picture-galleries, miles of conservatories—the whole kept up with regal state and splendor—without going outside of the county of Limeshire. It was indeed a delicious old Elizabethan manor-house, warm-hued, gabled, turreted, irregular in sky-line, and having three terraces in front of it that melted at last into the river flowing below, set in a country of velvety meadows, daisy-starred, cattle-dotted, of royal oaks, of gracious glades and dewy dells, of fair and fertile fields, of cathedral towers and church spires and clustering villages, of lovely lanes, steep-roofed cottages, and smock-frocked laborers—in short, the heart of rural England. Our American travelers were enchanted with it, each after her fashion: Mrs. Andrews feebly excited, confused, interested as much by the least as by the most interesting objects in view, and quite delighted to find an American advertisement among those posted at the station; Nina all eyes and ears and untrained observation; Marian alone really seeing and feeling all that was to be seen, and all that it suggested.

It had been agreed by letter that they should take the 10:20 train from London, and everything had been arranged on that basis; but Mrs. Andrews had reckoned without her grandchild. Nina, when the day came, flatly de-

clined “to start so awful early.” She wanted to make some last purchases of bonbons and toys and games for her cousins, she said. She had been sent out to buy them the day before, but had concluded to go to the park instead. Nina was obstinate, and Mrs. Andrews yielded. They took an afternoon train, consequently, and arriving at Stoke-Pottleton much later than they had appointed, found no carriage or communication from Aubrey. Mrs. Andrews, feeble and tired, exclaimed:

“I told you how it would be! They are not expecting us, and they will be offended; and they will think we have come from the backwoods, and don’t know any better. What *will* they think? What *shall* I say?”

“It does n’t make any difference when we get there. And if I don’t like it, I ’m not going to stay, either. They can’t do anything to us, if they *are* mad. We are Americans, and we can go right straight back to New York, and leave the old English behind, if we want to,” said Nina.

Then Nina ran off to join Marian, who was talking to the station-master, and had found out that there was no train anywhere for three hours, for Stoke-Pottleton was a cabless station, there was no hotel, and Aubrey was seven miles away.

“Well, now, look here! You ’ve just got to get us a carriage right off, and that ’s all about it,” put in Nina, pertly interrupting Marian.

The station-master did not see how this was to be managed at first, and was as dubious as respectful. Nina, tired and hungry and cross, broke out with, “What ’s the use of stations and station-masters? What do you English *expect* people to do when you have n’t any way to take care of them, or to send them on, or *anything*?” The station-master made no answer to this, but walked away.

Seeing how troubled “the young lady with

the old lady and child on her hands" looked, however, he relented, came back, and said he would see what could be done, but feared they were "in for it."

When Mrs. Andrews was nearly ready to fall from the bench through sheer fatigue, and it was quite dusk, he came to say that a farmer going that way had consented to take Mrs. Andrews to Aubrey in his gig. The others would have to wait until they could be sent for. So Mrs. Andrews, well wrapped up, was put into the gig, and rolled away in the cart of the jolly, amiable Briton. The hours wore on, Marian quiet and patient outwardly, though really nervous and uncomfortable, and Nina fuming about a dozen things, and blaming everybody except herself for the state of affairs.

She was heartily sick of the delay and thoroughly wearied when a dog-cart from Aubrey drove up and took them away at last. Bowling briskly along the road, Nina's head fell on Marian's shoulder.

"Poor child!" said Marian to Claudine, "another time she will see the necessity of keeping one's appointments. I only hope we have not given as much trouble and annoyance as we have suffered."

She spoke gently, and putting a traveling-pillow under Nina's head, covered her warmly with her plaid, drew her affectionately to her side; and Nina, who was sleepy, but not yet asleep, at last sorry and ashamed, whispered: "It *was* horrid of me, Cousin Marian. I just must be horrid sometimes. I guess I'm naturally bad. Grandy thinks so, I'm afraid."

"No, dear; you are not. You are naturally good, I think, though often very thoughtless, and too fond of having your own way, and sometimes not as considerate of the comfort and feelings of others as you might be. I must say, Nina, you can't be really good or kind or well bred unless you are unselfish. But you will learn, I know; won't you?" To which Nina sighed out a contrite, "Yes, Cousin Marian. And I'm so sorry; you are all tired out, but you have n't said a word."

She kissed Marian affectionately, and then fell fast asleep in five minutes.

Meanwhile at Aubrey luncheon had been delayed. The carriage and luggage-carts re-

turned empty from the station, and the non-appearance of the party was not at all understood. It was set down to every cause except the real one, which never could have entered their minds. So it was a surprise that night when a gig rolled past the gates of the lodge and up to the front door, where farmers' gigs were not wont to stop, and Farmer Hodge being challenged by a haughty footman at the door with a "Wotever are you doin, 'ere?" it came out that "a lady for Aubrey" had arrived at that hour and in that fashion. John Thomas and his fellow-footmen with decorous haste instantly conveyed the news to their master, and then condescended to assist Mrs. Andrews from her high perch.

The poor old lady was as rigid as a wax-work figure from the long drive in the chilly night air, and had as many wrappers about her as a mummy; for there were rugs about her feet, shawls and cloaks above these, and a nubia and two veils around her head.

The darkness except for the light from the open door, the strangeness of the surroundings, the consciousness that she had failed to come when she was expected and had got there when she was n't, so embarrassed her that she did not know how she got up the steps. And she was standing there, quite dazed and bewildered by more lights, more footmen, a vista of beautiful rooms opening into the lofty hall, wax-lights, flowers, colors, servants, when a tall, fair lady in evening dress came running up to her, followed by her husband and a troop of young people. Mrs. Andrews found herself embraced, exclaimed over, taken possession of, welcomed with the utmost hospitality and kindness.

"Only think of it! Only fancy! How *was* it? I have been so worried lest my letter had stupidly missed you! So miserable for you, and uncomfortable! Such a drive, sitting upright in a gig! in the night air, too! Come in. Come this way. Take my arm. I hope you've taken no harm. Dear! dear! I fear you are utterly exhausted, dear Mrs. Andrews. Sit here — no, here."

All was exclaimed in a breath, and to her timid, distrustful nature the relief was so great that she burst into tears and murmured: "I could n't help it. It was n't my fault. I knew

how it would be. I told her so. I am so sorry it happened—so mortified. It was Nina. She would n't come by that train."

"Poor dear! She is quite overcome. Not a word more, dear Mrs. Andrews. Don't explain. You are here safely, and that is the only thing that matters in the least," said Mrs. Aubrey warmly; and kneeling down by her, fell to chafing her hands, and begging her not to distress herself. Mabel brought a foot-stool; Arthur shaded the light of the nearest lamp; footmen hovered everywhere in the background, ready to do anything, but respectfully awaiting direction. Orders were rapidly given for a fire to be lit in her room, lest she should be chilled; and word was sent to the stables that the dog-cart should be sent to the station for the others.

In short, in the next half-hour more "fuss," as Nina would have said, was made over Mrs. Andrews, more care taken of her, more concern shown for her comfort, more eager desire to consult her tastes and carry out her wishes, than she could recall in the whole course of her past life. It was all very gratifying to Mrs. Andrews, but puzzling, surprising. She was learning for the first time what a delightful thing it is to be old in England—receiving the privileges, respect, reverence, so freely accorded to old age by common consent there. When she was calmer, a handsome young officer staying in the house offered his arm and escorted her upstairs as carefully, deferentially, as if she had been the proverbial basket of eggs, or the loveliest girl in the world. She was asked by Mrs. Aubrey whether she liked a room with the morning sun, such as her host had chosen for her, "thinking it so very cheery."

She did like it, and was taken into it, and found it the largest, prettiest, gayest room in the house, done up in pink chintz and gray satin. The fire had been lit, and glowed in delicious welcome to her; a large easy-chair was pulled for her close to it, and another foot-stool provided; two rosy, brisk housemaids were bringing last things—hot-water cans, a taper-light, a hand-bell. Soon the butler knocked, presenting Mr. Aubrey's compliments and a dainty cordial made from his own recipe.

Mrs. Aubrey's deft French maid was summoned, and Mrs. Andrews was in all ways made comfortable. A supper-tray followed, flanked by a glass of Mr. Aubrey's famous port. Then came bed, after many more last loving-kindnesses and friendly speeches, and "good-nights," and injunctions about "not *dreaming* of getting up to her breakfast," in the midst of which Fraulein Hochzeiter, a spectacled, clever-looking governess, entered. She was introduced; was all concern, too, lest there should have been "some shock to the system of madame"; and offered a homeopathic remedy for insuring profound sleep, which was accepted. Then more "good-nights," and Mrs. Andrews was left to darkness and her own thoughts—if the confused but agreeable impressions left by so much kindness can be called thoughts.

Nina and Marian were welcomed with equal cordiality, if with much less demonstration, when they arrived. Marian privately made such explanation and apology as she could for what had happened, and gave Mrs. Aubrey a kind and yet a true impression of the child's character in so doing. That lady said, "Oh, *really!*" adding, "It is very sad and a great injustice to her that she should have been so foolishly indulged." But, none the less, she was very nice to Nina; hoped she would be happy at Aubrey; said she should let Mabel show Nina into her room after presiding over their supper; and kept an arm about the child as she talked kindly to her for some time. Mr. Aubrey was very playful with her; Arthur, the eldest lad, quietly civil; Mabel, the eldest daughter, shyly observant and eager to be alone with the new cousin. Mrs. Aubrey, perceiving this, said: "You must go up now, dear. Half-past eight is her usual hour, and it is long past," she said to Nina. "Bid papa good night, and see that your cousin is entirely comfortable. But remember not to stay talking longer than ten minutes. You will have to-morrow and all the days that follow to chatter in, you know; and you must be fit for your duties, you know, love."

"Yes, mama," said Mabel, rising instantly. She said good night, and then turning to Nina, asked, "Will you come with me?" looking

shyly at Nina, and blushing very much over the ordeal of making acquaintance with her.

"Where 's grandy? I want to see grandy first," said Nina, who had begun to recover from the plunge into strange waters.

"Oh, she 's fast asleep by this time, and must on no account be disturbed," said Mrs. Aubrey, gently but decidedly. "Miss Brewster's room opens into yours, and she will be at hand should you feel sleepless or nervous."

"You 'll not get much 'beauty sleep' as it is, Nina," said Mr. Aubrey genially from behind his magazine. "And look here. If you are not happy at Aubrey, do you come straight to your Uncle Edward's den in the east wing, and lodge your complaints; and—by the beard of the Prophet!—if it is the fault of my youngsters, they shall all be popped in a sack and dropped into the river as a mild mark of my displeasure. Give us a kiss now, and be off with you, girls."

He then said quickly, "Arthur!" and that young gentleman rose precipitately from his seat with a blush, and a "What is it, sir?" But he did not need an explanation, for, following the direction of his father's glance, he hastened to open the door for the two girls, and going over to a little table, chose two bedroom candlesticks, lit the candles, offered one, with a bow and a "Good night, Miss Barrow," to Nina, handed the other to Mabel, and returned to the drawing-room. Nina, overawed for once by the strangeness of her surroundings and the formality of her cousins, did not dare to urge again her wish to see her grandmother.

When Mabel reached her room, she set down the light, and Nina could see that it was a small but extremely cozy little room, with a rosebud paper on the wall, a brass bedstead, white dimity curtains, a moss-green carpet, a long book-case full of books. In a small alcove there was a pretty little desk and a low chair. Over the fireplace, in old English text, was "East or West, Home 's best." A great bowl of lovely flowers stood on the dainty dressing-table.

"Oh, how cute this is! What a lovely little room!" Nina cried.

"Do you truly like it? I am so delighted! I gathered and arranged the flowers for you

myself this afternoon. And I asked mama to let me hang my favorite picture—this one—in here during your stay. I hoped you would be pleased with it," said Mabel, blushing rosily as she spoke, but still quite composed. "I hope everything is as you would like it."

Together they wandered around the room and inspected everything. When they came to the fireplace, Mabel said, "We all have a liking for mottos at Aubrey, and have them all about. I did this one and the one over the front door. Papa chose it from 'Don Quixote,'—'Under my cloak, a fig for the king,'—and some for the school-room and nurseries. Papa illuminates beautifully; you will see some of his missal lettering to-morrow. I am trying to learn it, but I am very dull about it. I think we may sit down for a bit."

They sat down, and very soon all stiffness, embarrassment, was gone, and they were chattering away like a pair of magpies, exchanging experiences, making plans—in a full flow of feeling and reminiscence—with their arms around each other, indeed, when Mabel caught sight of the clock, and gave a guilty start. "Dear! dear! Only look! I've overstayed my time by fifteen minutes! I must go at once! You heard mama."

"Well, what if you have? What if she did? Sit down!" said Nina. "It's all perfect nonsense! Stay. We are not a bit sleepy."

"Oh, no; I can't! It is one of mama's rules. A positive command. And I've promised, besides. I'd like to, of course, immensely. Good night. Come down the corridor to the day-nursery when you are dressed in the morning, won't you?—third door to the left. One more kiss! It is so nice to have an American cousin. You will find my Prayer-book over there on the table, if your own should not be unpacked, and you should wish to read your Psalm. Good night!"

She hurried away, and Nina lay awake thinking of her—of her blue eyes, her beautiful golden hair in rich waves to her waist, her rosy cheeks, her large waist and "queer clothes," her soft voice, her "curious" way of speaking, her manner, what she had said and what she had meant by it—until she fell asleep.

She did not stir or wake when Marian came

up, but the maid came in to prepare her bath at seven next morning, and she rose with the greatest alacrity, feeling that the day would be full of novel sensations and experiences. She recalled Mabel's conversation with vivid interest. Who was "Don Quixote"? Why did "America" as pronounced by Mabel sound as if it were quite another country than the America Nina knew? What did Mabel mean about the Psalm? How kind and affectionate she had been! "I'm going to give her the biggest box of bonbons," she thought.

Accordingly, without waiting until she was dressed, Nina flew over to her trunk and got out all the parcels and opened them. The bonbons were very good—the best—and perfectly fresh and tempting; indeed, so tempting were they, that on reflection it seemed an altogether better arrangement to eat the contents of the biggest box herself, and to give the *next* biggest to Mabel. With one shoe and stocking on, she carried the big box over to the alcove, took a chair, and then and there ate most of the contents in a very short time, although it was indeed a big box. After this she naturally felt indifferent about breakfast, and hurried only that she might see what was to be seen, and might have the pleasure of distributing her presents.

"It was very good of you to remember them all," said Marian, coming in as Nina was leaving the room, her arms full of bundles. "To select gifts always in just the right time, to give them in just the right spirit and way, choosing the right thing for the right person, is the best part of giving, dear Nina. The wish to give pleasure was generous; but was it quite just to give pleasure at your grandmother's expense? Have you seen her this morning? No? Well, when you do, tell her that another time you will be more mindful of her comfort, as I know you will. How pleased the cousins will be with the things you have brought!"

Nina had scarcely got out in the hall before she saw Mabel tiptoeing past Mrs. Andrews's door. "Good morning," Mabel said in a low voice, and kissed Nina affectionately. "Come down this corridor. Now we can talk."

"Where are you going?" asked Nina.

"To the day-nursery," said Mabel. "What have you there? I beg pardon!—it was rude to ask, I know."

"Things for the children. Let's go downstairs and put them on their plates," said Nina.

"Really? How very kind of you, Nina! But they don't go downstairs. We have our meals upstairs with Fräulein and Nurse, all but Arthur, who is rather beyond that now. On Sunday I dine with papa and mama, and am allowed down every evening at dessert. You see, I am only seventeen, although I seem older, and of course I can't expect more until I am quite out of the school-room and a full-fledged young lady," said Mabel.

"And do you suppose that I am going to eat at the second table with the nurses?" asked Nina angrily. "You can if you want to, but I just *won't*, not for anybody! I always sit at the first table, same as anybody; and order whatever I've a mind to eat on the whole bill of fare, and send out for anything I want that is n't there, too. I never heard of such a thing." She stopped, and regarded Mabel with a heightened color.

"Do you, *really*? How very, very odd! Well, I will speak to mama about it. But I should think you would rather be with us. It's lots jollier. And as to eating with the nurses, you really must be careful not to say anything about that where Nurse can hear it. She is a most respectable, intelligent woman, very refined for her station, and she would n't understand; and I can't think why you should mind in the least. Mama often dines with us when papa is away and there are no guests, and *we* think dear old Har—Nurse's name is Mrs. Harbottle—fit company for the Queen. I should have thought that in America, a republic, there could n't be such a feeling. Come along, and see for yourself, Nina, do! You don't know what fun we all have together. Hark! What a noise they are all making!" replied Mabel, and opened a door into a long, light, bright room, simply but comfortably furnished, having an air of perfect order and cleanliness, a long window stretching across one end, book-shelves, bird-cages, glass cases containing the "collections" of the Aubrey children, racks on which were disposed hats, bats, rackets, rods, and nets

of various kinds. In the center was a long table around which were gathered six girls and four boys. Behind the tea-tray sat enthroned a stout, florid woman,—Mrs. Harbottle, or “Nurse,”—pleasant-faced, wearing an air of importance, dressed in the freshest of print dresses, wearing a spotless, neatly embroidered apron and a fluted cap with purple bows. Jane, the school-room maid, as freshly dressed in lilac print, apron, and cap— young, rosy, deft, and meek, stood behind her chair waiting for orders. The hubbub of voices ceased at once.

“Put your parcels here,” said Mabel, taking them from Nina. “They would not be allowed to open them now, of course. I beg pardon for being late, Nurse. This is my cousin from America. Where shall she sit? Here they are, Nina, all except the little chicks.” She named them rapidly. Twelve pairs of eyes fastened upon Nina greedily. Jane curtsied on general principles. Jane always curtsied when in doubt. Nurse rose and officially welcomed the new arrival. “We are glad to see you here, miss,” she said. “The children have talked of nothing else for three days. Sit here.”

They all seated themselves. Nurse looked at little Agnes, the youngest child present. The dear little soul, who looked like a blonde cherub, bent her head, cast down her sweet eyes, folded her hands in front of her,—all the others did the same,—and grace was said. Breakfast began. Nina now had time to look about her and make her own observations. There was a great yellow bowl of field flowers in the middle of the table. The linen and silver were of the finest and handsomest. All this was very well as far as it went; but where was the great essential of all breakfasts, the food, the dishes that she naturally expected to see, elaborate, numerous, various? Not on the table, clearly. Perhaps they would come later. She waited to see. A cottage loaf there was, a bowl of porridge, a pat of butter. In front of Mabel’s plate was set a little dish containing four thin rashers of breakfast bacon. Presently Jane placed in front of the ten children ten bowls of bread and milk; she was bringing Nina one when she motioned it away, saying, “I don’t want any breakfast,” and thinking, “and I don’t see any if I *did* want it.”

“Ah, miss, I fear you are over-tired,” said Nurse kindly. “Perhaps, just for once, you ’d like a little of my tea, weakened, and a bit of dry toast. Jane, bring the toast.”

“No, thank you,” jerked out Nina tartly.

“Jane, put Miss Barrow’s bowl of bread and milk aside for her. You can’t eat it now, miss, can you? I’ve had the children like that before now. Perhaps you could manage a bit of bacon?” said Nurse, willing to make every concession. To the surprise of the Aubreys, Nina declined all these dainties,—bacon, dry toast,—would not have even an egg. And to Nina’s surprise, they all fell to upon their bread and milk with one accord and the best appetites possible; and two of the boys begged for “another help,” and Catherine, being asked if she wasn’t trifling with hers, said, “Oh, no, Nurse. It’s most delicious, thank you.” The meal went on. Mabel, even, had only hot-water tea, with a good deal of milk in it and very little tea. The empty bowls were removed. Nurse now cut a great pyramid of slices from the cottage loaf, buttering each slice before she cut it; and the children devoured from three to seven slices of it, as an accompaniment to one single egg each, which even the youngest managed to break and eat with perfect propriety. Any lapse from propriety in their table manners was immediately observed and corrected by Mrs. Harbottle, whose authority was evidently unquestioned and absolute so far as it went.

Nina could not make it out at all. She, who had always been coaxed, entreated, to find something that she would condescend to eat, who often missed a meal altogether, rarely ate heartily, could not get over her amazement at the provision made for her cousins, their attitude of subjection to Nurse, the restraints laid upon them, the appetites that seemed only the more ravenous. She had thought the table bare, to begin with. It was certainly so when the little Aubreys had satisfied themselves; and whatever she might think of the kind or lack of variety of the food provided, she could not doubt that a quantity of it had been disposed of with the greatest possible relish.

“Well, perhaps they ’ll have something for dinner,” she thought, when they all rose from the table. There had been almost no talking.

The Aubrey children seemed to be suffering from an acute and unconquerable fit of shyness, and could only stare in a round-eyed way at Nina. The presents, however, broke or thawed all the ice. The party became at once friendly, the children delighted, Nina pleased and flattered by their pleasure.

There was a remarkable contrast in the dress of the children. Nina wore a silk and cashmere frock, trimmed, silk stockings, French shoes, and a gold watch pendent from a chataine. All the Aubrey girls wore plain stuff dresses, and brown holland pinafores, loose in the waist, adapted to any amount of running, playing, climbing, cut and made by Nurse and her nursery-maids, neat, comfortable, warranted to wear and "be serviceable." Their boots were thick. Their stockings were knitted of Scotch wool. The effect of the whole, rather clumsy and ungraceful, was redeemed by the

bright youth, the perfect health, the brilliant bloom that went with it.

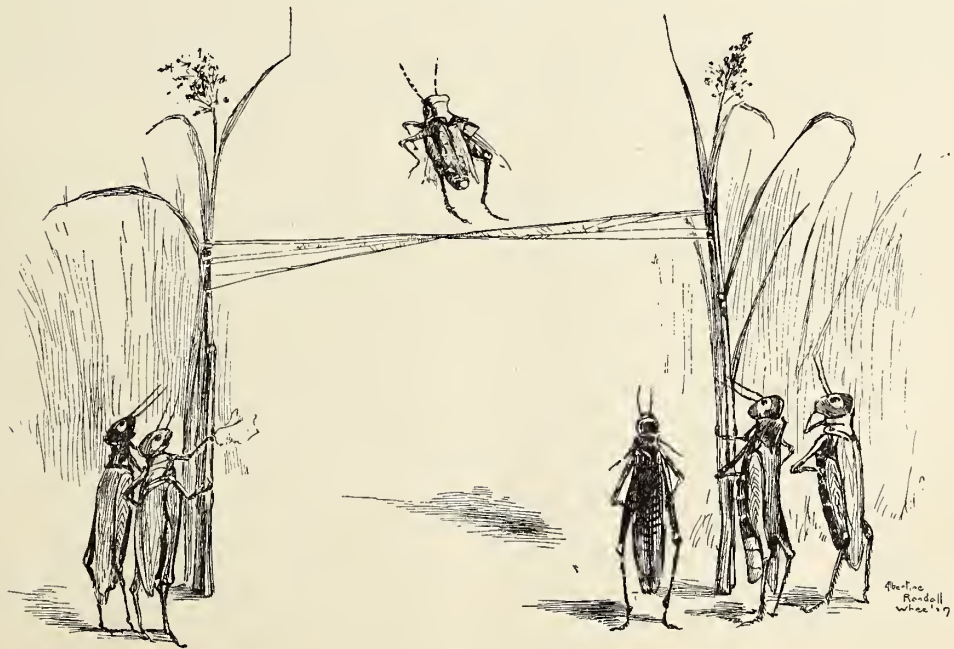
The bonbons distributed, Nurse, to Nina's intense surprise and chagrin, doled out three apiece all round, and locked the remainder up, saying, "I can't have you making yourselves ill, and spoiling your appetites and digestions. You shall have three every day, after breakfast, until they are gone." They made no protest, at least, though to Nina's mind tyranny could no further go.

"It was very kind of her; but is n't she the oddest-looking creature—our cousin? How extraordinarily she is dressed; and did you see her *jewelry!*" said Catherine, when Nina had left them, in almost an awe-struck whisper.

"They are nice when they stop staring and get *limbered*, Cousin Marian," said Nina; "but the funniest children I ever saw. Mercy! Such clothes! Just like an orphan-asylum!"

(To be continued.)

JUNE ATHLETICS.



BREAKING A RECORD AT THE STANDING HIGH JUMP.

NATURE'S CYCLE-PATH.

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN.

ONE of the best things the bicycle has done for us is that it has carried us into regions we have never before visited, and of which we have scarcely heard. Thus it has acquainted us with many interesting ways and things before unknown.

Most of us, at one time or another, have basked for a while upon some sandy beach of ocean or lake; we have bathed in the surf, gathered shells upon the shore, and thus whiled away many idle hours. But it was reserved for the bicycle to make us really acquainted with those stretches of beach and shore which seem to have been purposely prepared by kind Mother Nature as a glorious cycle-path. Whether or not she originally intended it for wheels, she certainly spends a great deal of her time in keeping the path in repair; and those active servants of hers, Wind and Wave, Rain and Sun, are kept very busy at work upon it all the time.

This long and varied path stretches in its entirety hundreds of miles along our ocean shores and around the borders of our great lakes; but the particular bit with which we became familiar during happy summer weeks, and to a share in whose delights I would tempt others, is a comparatively small portion on the southern shore of Lake Erie. It begins with the extreme end of Cedar Point, which with its long arm holds in a portion of Sandusky Bay, and extends eastward fifteen miles or more up the shore. This sandy shore continues all the way to Cleveland and beyond; but because of some intervening piles of rock one cannot ride the whole fifty or sixty miles. The shorter distance is, however, enough for a summer day's ride, especially if one takes it comfortably and leisurely, and appropriates to himself the countless joys spread before him.

For a first ride the best time is a morning after a hard three days' blow from the north-

east. The waves have pounded and beaten the sands into a hard, smooth floor, and now the wind has died away, though the sun has not yet dissipated the crisp freshness of the air. The storm has so stirred the shallow waters that they are yellow out beyond the second bar, and then merge into a delicious green. The long after-swell comes rolling in, breaking in foam upon the shore at whose extreme edge you skim along like one of the gulls which hover and circle over the water. There is a fascination in those on-coming, curling waves. You wonder how far up the sand the next one will wash, and you swerve away just in time to escape a wetting; or else, miscalculating, your wheel cuts through the wave, sending a dash of spray well over you.

One of the special delights of this shore ride is that there is no monotony in it. Not in the length of a whole summer will you have two rides exactly alike. There will always be a changing pathway, for the shore-line varies with every breeze from water or land; and a storm produces such changes in the shifting sand as to make the shore almost unrecognizable. Even on the same day, the different hours bring novelties and fresh attractions.

What better beginning could be imagined for a summer day than an early-morning ride as the sun is rising and sending its first pink rays over the land, and touching the water while yet the pale blueness of night lingers everywhere! You feel confident that later on the day will be, like many that have passed, too warm for riding or for any exertion; and the sun of other days has so dried and loosened the sand that it will be impossible to ride after the lake breeze springs up and brings the water-line higher. But all night the breeze has been offshore,—a thing to be surely depended upon in this region,—and now there is at the water's edge a strip, narrow, but wide enough for a

wheel, which is hard and wet. If the night breeze has been strong the water has receded beyond the first sand-bar, and a string of little sandy islands peeps up to greet the morning sunlight. Nature is still asleep, and there is as yet no sound to disturb your meditations. Perhaps, though, it is only a feigned sleep which she has assumed in order to try to cheat the daytime world; for all along the shore is written a silent record of the doings of the night—a record composed of bird-tracks and curving trails, the path of the little brown turtle, and other evidences of midnight promenades.

All is quiet now, however, and the water is so still and glassy that it reflects almost in exact tone the sky above it, and not a ripple breaks the line where sky and water meet. It is hard

channel open; but later in the summer they partly dry up, leaving wide marshy borders, and so tiny a stream that it cannot force itself through the sand-bar which every blow heaps higher. These little coves serve as very convenient landmarks or mile-stones to the bicyclist; and as they are always luxuriant with their growth of marsh-plants, they are most charming spots at which to stop and sketch if you are an artist, to study natural history if you are inclined that way, or simply to rest and refresh your spirit with beauty if you are lazy or have no particular bent.

At the entrance to some of these coves the landowners have built out little docks, to protect their shore from being washed away. Although you must dismount and climb over them, you will not be disposed to quarrel with



WHEELING BY THE LAKE.

to realize that there is a horizon-line anywhere; and as you fly so swiftly along you almost feel that you are a winged creature soaring through endless space. So noiseless are you in your flight that the slender-legged snipe which "teeters" along the shore, seeking to pick up an early breakfast, does not hear you until you are close upon him, and then he flies upward with a curious, frightened cry as you dart past.

The shore-line of Lake Erie is broken at frequent intervals by little coves or creeks, with names as picturesque as their appearance. These do not ordinarily impede the progress of the rider; for, except in an unusually wet season, they are for the most part separated by a strip of dry sand from the lake. In the early spring and in wet seasons the creeks are so high that a sufficiently strong current keeps a

them,—unless, perchance, you are that foolish person who rides for a record rather than for enjoyment,—for they are most picturesque little affairs, with grass and vines and even tiny shrubs growing up between the stones.

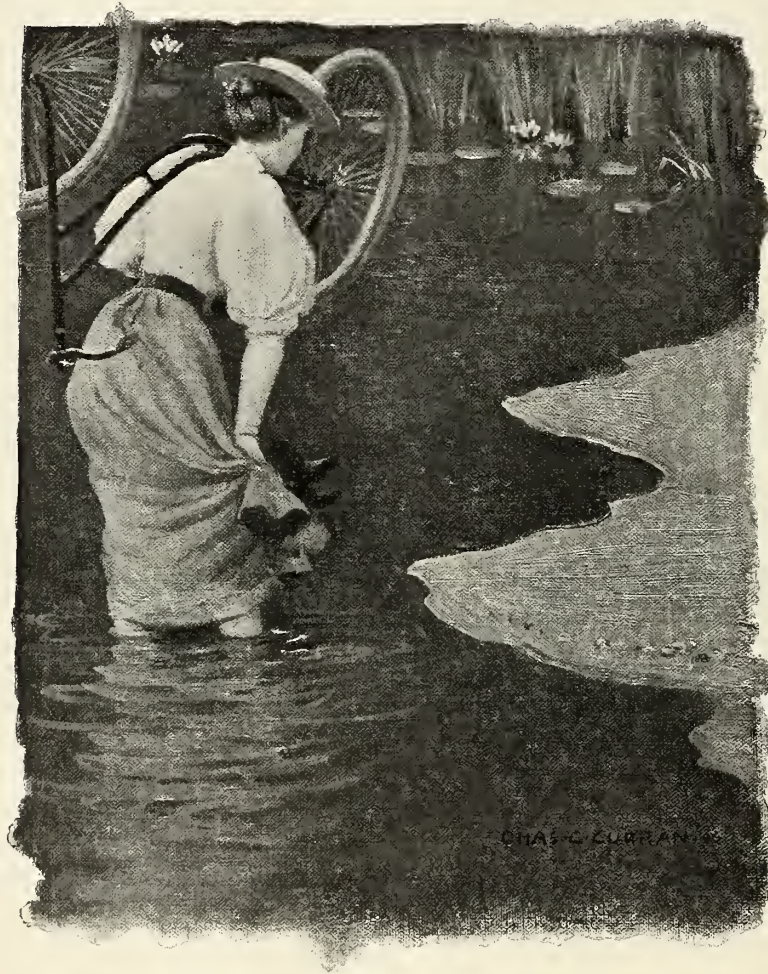
They are very pleasant resting-places, too, though there is no lack of comfortable seats along the shore in the shape of logs and other drift. Nor is the soft, yellow sand to be despised when no other seat offers. It is even to be preferred, as it affords opportunity for much interesting study in the large numbers of small creatures which make their home in it. Dozens of little toads will come hopping about; brilliantly colored flies will alight near by; and, regardless of the presence of an onlooker, the curious little sand-bees, in color so like the sand, and yet with a glint of green in the sun-

light, will continue the burrowing out of the little holes that sometimes for long distances make the sand look as if it had been shot with small bullets.

The best-known and most beautiful of the coves hereabouts is Old Woman's Creek, where

borders of the stream the pink marshmallows lend a glowing presence, and still farther on, the wild morning-glory and grape-vines clamber up the banks and over every projecting branch, rock, or shrub.

It was just here, at the spot where this creek empties itself into the lake, that we learned by experience of the changing character of our wheel-path. Some days before we had gone up the shore to Cedar Point,—a good twelve-mile ride,—and there had taken a boat across the bay to Sandusky, for a short visit. In the meantime a storm had come up; but it had somewhat subsided, so that on the return trip we found the beach hard and smooth, until we arrived at Old Woman's Creek, within three miles of home. The rain and the waves together had opened up the channel, and here we were suddenly brought to a standstill by a broad stream of water, not deep, to be sure, but impassable for wheels. We could go back a half or three-quarters of a mile, and take to the road, making a circuit round the marsh; but



"WE SHOULDERED OUR WHEELS AND BRAVELY WADED THROUGH."

marsh and water plants grow in unchecked luxuriance, from the white water-lily which floats upon the surface to the wild-rice in the background, which tosses its plumes in the breeze, inviting chattering swarms of birds to partake of its abundance. The lotus spreads broad, velvety blue-green leaves in wide masses, and the huge, pale-yellow blossoms lift their queenly heads on high, and breathe forth on the air a delicate fragrance. To the marshy

we were tired, and the prospect of climbing up the bank over the brush and tangle was not alluring, and besides, the rain, which had made our shore path so hard and firm, had cut up the road into ruts and heavy clods. "Necessity" has ever been "the mother of invention," and it was not many minutes before we had doffed shoes and leggings, shouldered our wheels, and bravely waded through.

There are some useful little points to be

learned about shore riding. For one thing, it is much easier to ride if the tires are not pumped up as hard as for road riding. If they are very hard they cut into the sand, whereas if they are softer they spread out flatter, and less resistance is offered, and the sand is sufficiently yielding so that the rim is not endangered. Sometimes a strip of apparently hard sand will be found to be very soft, owing to a quicksand or bed of gravel underneath. It is better then to take to the strip of gravel or pebbles next the water, or farther back, whichever it chance to be. There is no danger of puncture, for the pebbles on this shore are almost invariably flat and worn very smooth, and are not at all unpleasant to ride over. The only things to avoid, in fear of puncture, are the occasional shells and the dead fish which lie scattered on the shore, washed in by the waves. A sharp bone might prove very disastrous. It is also wise, if the sand is soft and wet, not to lay the wheel down while resting. If even a little of the sand once gets into the bearings, a complete overhauling will be necessary.

The prettiest ride of all is the one at sunset. Any one who has dwelt for even a short time

beside a large body of water, and is possessed of an observant eye, knows how varying are the sunsets, how each evening brings a new experience, a fresh surprise; but I do not think this is realized to the fullest extent until one has ridden a wheel right into the midst of the glory, as it were. For when you are flying along at the edge of the shore, the color of the sky is reflected in the water, and brought to your very feet with nothing between you and it, until you really feel as if you had entered into and appropriated it to yourself. The same sensation is felt when you float on the bosom of a lake in a small boat; but on a wheel there is an added enjoyment in the sense of security, the feel of the solid earth beneath, even if waves dash high beside you. The tops of the waves reflect the rose hue of the sky, while underneath they curl over in a deep, rich green, and finally break into a mass of turquoise-blue foam. The wet sand from which the water has receded here and there catches glints of brilliant orange or glowing crimson, and though you speed ever so rapidly, you do not leave any of the beauty behind; it is always there until the sunlight fades from the sky and the blue shadows of night creep over the water.

A CITY IN A VOLCANO.

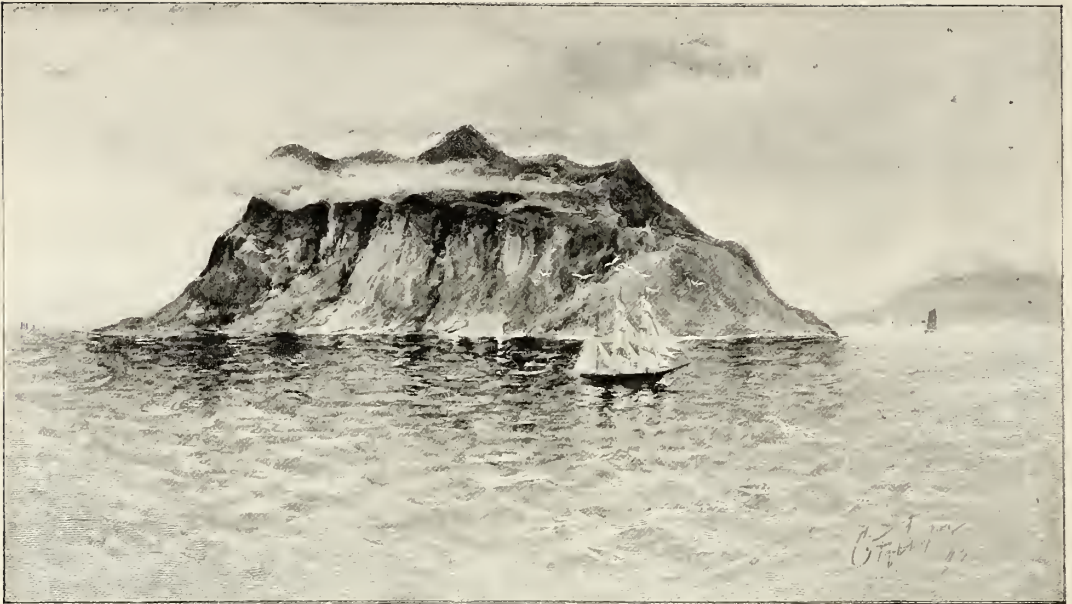
BY A. H. VERRILL.

IF you will take down your geographies and look on the map of the West Indies, you will notice, between the islands of Santa Cruz and St. Christopher, two small islets which, unless your map is an unusually large and complete one, will have no names given. These two islands belong to the Dutch, and the most northerly and westerly of them is called Saba.

The Dutch are noted for their odd and quaint customs and for their perseverance, Holland being sometimes called the "Land of Pluck"; but I doubt if anywhere in all their possessions

have these curious people shown their queer and eccentric habits to greater advantage than in the little out-of-the-way island of Saba.

The island is small, its greatest diameter being not over two and one half miles, and it is nothing more than an isolated mountain-top rising out of the sea. The sides are very steep and high, rising in places for a sheer 2000 feet. There is no harbor, no beach, no safe anchorage, and no large trees on the island. Although Saba has a population of over 2500, yet you might sail all around it without seeing



SABA ISLAND SEEN FROM THE SEA.

any signs of houses or settlements. If you wished to land, or "go aboard" as the Sabans say, you would have to do so on a shelving rock on the southern side of the island; here you would find a steep, winding flight of stone steps leading up the rocky mountain-side.



THE TOWN IN THE CRATER.

Following these steps, which number eight hundred and are called "The Ladder," you at last reach the top of the mountain, and looking inland, see a small, grassy plain covered with neat white, red-roofed houses, the whole surrounded on every side by towering peaks and precipices covered with beautiful tree-ferns, bamboos, and wild plantains. This little town, the only one on the island, is known as "The Bottom"—a curious name, surely; but it is well named, nevertheless, for the plain on which it is built is nothing more than the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano.

Descending the slope into this queerest of queer towns, you find the streets simply narrow paths walled with stone, higher in places than your head, while every inch of earth is cultivated with true Dutch thrift and industry. Here and there small patches of sugar-cane, yams, and arrowroot are side by side with beans, corn, and potatoes, with palm and banana trees rising over all. The population consists of whites and negroes in nearly equal numbers, while the blue-eyed and tow-headed children play with black-skinned and curly-haired piccaninnies; but all are Dutch in speech, manners, and looks. The houses, shops, gardens—everything is Dutch. The people are friendly, quiet, industrious, and religious, and, above all, think their little town and island the fairest spot on earth; and although many of the men are sailors, and see every quarter of the globe, yet they always return to Saba to spend their old age. You wonder what these people do for a living: surely they cannot make a livelihood from their miniature garden-plots; but you would never guess what the real and practically the only occupation of these out-of-the-world people is, so I will tell you at once. It is boat-building!

Think of it!—boats built in a crater a thousand feet above the sea, in a place to be reached only by a hard climb up the narrowest of steep stone stairways, or by a still steeper and almost impassable ravine—where every timber and plank used in their construction has to be brought from the shore on men's heads!

Our Dutch West-Indian friends, however, do



THE LANDING-PLACE, AND "THE LADDER" OF EIGHT HUNDRED STEPS.

not bother themselves about getting their little craft down the stairs or ravine. When the boat is finished they haul it to the brink of the precipice; and when all is ready, and the sea smooth and favorable, they calmly lower it over the edge, exactly as if their island were a ship and they were launching a life-boat. Strangely enough, these crater-built boats are noted throughout the West Indies for their speed, strength, and stanchness, and always bring a high price from the people of the other islands.



A JUNE DAY OF LONG AGO.

WHAT IS TOLD BY THE BELL.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

NOTHING in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines, and boilers become old, and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world, and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching; and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history, the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute each a silver coin to be melted and molded into a bell which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in her future career. Often the people of the city or State after which a man-of-war is named may present to her a magnificent bell appropriately ornamented and inscribed with words of good-will and good wishes. Such a bell is usually presented with ceremony after the ship goes into commission.

Ships' bells in general are made of bronze, like other bells. The addition of silver in their composition gives them a peculiarly clear and musical tone. They are placed in such a position on the upper deck that they may be heard from one end of the ship to the other; and are usually near the mainmast or at the break of the forecastle. One peculiarity exists in a ship's bell which is necessary on account of her motion at sea. The tongue is hung so that it can swing in only one direction. If it were not so the bell would be continually ringing as the ship rolled and pitched. The direction in which the tongue can swing is another impor-

tant point. If it were athwartships the bell would ring at every heavy roll of the ship; and if it were fore and aft the bell would ring at every deep pitch; so the direction in which the tongue can swing is nearly half-way around between these two.

The ship's bell is the regulator of all her daily routine. It rings out to her officers and crew that the time has come for them to do certain things. It tells when it is time to make the ship tidy for inspection, and when it is time to go to drills; it tells the navigator when to take his sights, and the watch-officers when to go on watch; it tells the portion of the crew below decks when to come on deck, and those on deck when they may go below to rest or sleep. It is struck by hand whenever the ship's clock marks the hour or half-hour; but it is struck in a peculiar way.

On board ship the twenty-four hours of the day are divided up into periods of four hours each, called *watches*. Beginning at eight o'clock in the evening, the four hours from then till midnight make the *first watch*; the four from midnight until four o'clock in the morning make the *mid-watch*; the four from four until eight o'clock in the morning make the *morning watch*; the four from eight o'clock in the morning until noon make the *forenoon watch*; the four from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon make the *afternoon watch*; and the four from then till eight in the evening make the *dog-watches*.

The crew of a ship is usually divided into two parts, also called *watches*; and at sea one watch is on deck and on duty for four hours while the other is below, resting or sleeping. At the end of four hours they exchange places. They are named for distinction the *starboard watch* and the *port watch*. When not at sea all hands are on deck, and each watch does the work during the day on its own side of the

ship, except a few special men who stand in watches as at sea.

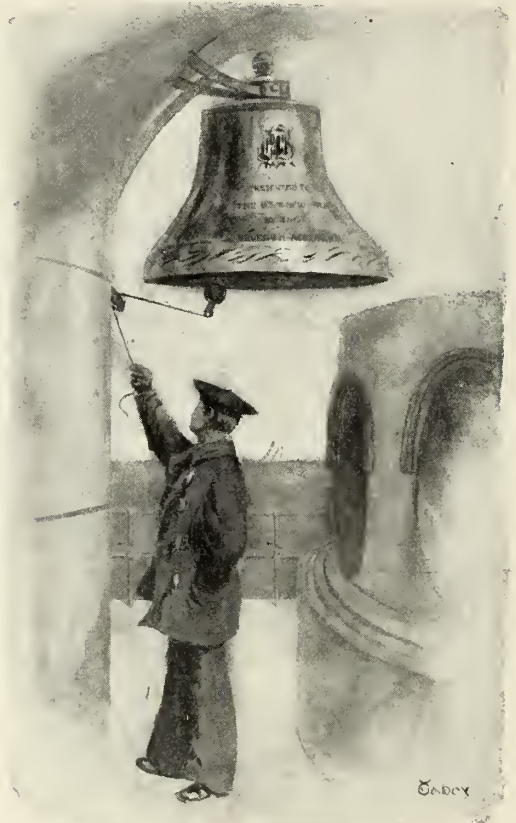
You can easily see that, since there are six watch periods in a day and two watches of men, the same men would have the same period of watch every day. This is prevented by dividing the watch from four in the afternoon to eight into two equal parts called the *first dog-watch* and the *second dog-watch*. That makes an odd number of watches in each day, and changes the rotation for the men.

The day being divided into watches, the strokes of the bell tell off the hours and half-hours of the watches. Thus at the end of the first half-hour of the watch the bell is struck once, at the end of the full hour twice, at the end of the next half-hour three times, and so on until at the end of the fourth hour it is struck eight times. Then it begins over again for the next watch. You will notice that all the odd numbers of strokes are on half-hours, and all the even numbers on the hours. If you ask a sailorman on board what time it is, he will not tell you in hours and minutes, but in bells. Thus if he says, "It has gone seven bells, sir," you will be pretty sure to know what portion of the day it is in, and can tell at once whether he means half-past eleven, half-past three, or half-past seven. The bells are struck from one to eight through the dog-watches, the same as in any other watch.

On a war-ship the bell is struck by the messenger-boy of the officer on watch. He takes the clapper in his hand and makes the strokes in groups of two, struck quickly, with a slight pause between, and the odd bell, if it is a half-hour, is struck last. Thus five bells are struck *ting-ting, ting-ting, ting*; six bells, *ting-ting, ting-ting, ting-ting*; and so forth.

Only once a year do they strike more than eight bells on board ship, and that is at midnight on New Year's Eve. When twelve o'clock is announced that night the officer of the watch calls out, "Strike eight bells!" then, "Strike eight more for the new year!" Sixteen bells then ring out in loud vibration, arousing every soul by their unusual number, and announcing to everybody, from the captain down to the ship's cook, that the old year is gone and they have entered upon a new year.

The ship's bell is sometimes used for other than routine purposes. When a ship is lying at anchor in a fog the bell is struck frequently as a warning of her presence, so that vessels



"THE BELL IS STRUCK BY THE MESSENGER-BOY OF THE OFFICER ON WATCH."

under way may hear, and keep clear of her. On a man-of-war three strokes each time are given, the odd stroke being made first in order to make the ringing different from the third half-hour of the watch. Thus the fog-bell of a war-vessel rings out *ting, ting-ting* every two or three minutes while the fog lasts. Merchant vessels simply ring the bell rapidly five or six times, then stop, then ring the same way again after a few minutes' pause; but on board of a man-of-war this would mean "Fire!" and would bring her whole crew rushing on deck, leading out hose, grabbing buckets, and starting pumps. This fire-signal is rung on our naval vessels at least once a week for drill,

and all the officers and men have regular stations at hose and pumps, to which they go as fast as they can, and start streams of water flowing just as if there were a real fire. In these drills officers' servants usually form a line with buckets to take water from a deck-pump and throw it on the fire. Of course when there is no real fire the streams from the hose are pointed over the side, and the buckets are passed along and emptied overboard.

On a certain man-of-war on the Pacific station a few years ago the officers had Chinese servants; and although they could scarcely speak a word of English, they were quick to learn what was shown to them, and soon did like clockwork the fire-drill with buckets. One day there was a real fire. Volumes of smoke poured up from the fore hold, and it took several streams of water nearly an hour to put out the flames. When the fire was under control some one thought of the Chinamen; and behold! there they were, ranged in line and in plain sight of the smoking hatchway, rapidly passing their buckets along, but *emptying them over the ship's side* as they had been taught to do!

On Sundays when divine service is held on board a man-of-war the bell is tolled slowly,

one tap at a time, before the service begins, to let the officers and men know that it is church-time. During the service a long white pennant on which is a blue cross is kept flying over the ship's flag. The bell is also tolled in the same way during burials at sea.

Other bells which give information to those who navigate ships at sea are the fog-bells of lighthouses. Nearly every lighthouse has its fog-bell, so that when the coast is hidden by fog in the daytime, or the rays of the lighthouse lamp are shrouded by fog at night, the great bell is set going by clockwork to ring out a warning to passing vessels and make them keep clear. Some lighthouses have a big steam fog-horn instead of a fog-bell. When one of our men-of-war passes near a lighthouse in the daytime, its keeper strikes the fog-bell three times as a salute, and the man-of-war returns it by blowing three whistles.

At the entrance to harbors there is often a buoy with a bell on top which rings incessantly with every lurch as the buoy is rocked by the waves, so that in a fog or in the darkness of the night vessels can find it by the sound, and then know that they are at the mouth of the channel which leads to a safe anchorage.

Bells thus play an important part at sea.

BLOSSOM-TIME.

BY AGNES LEWIS MITCHILL.

HIGH above in the cherry-tree
The bees are holding a jubilee.
The time is May, and the trees abloom,
And the air is sweet with the rare perfume.

"We need not wait for the fruit to grow,"
The bees hum busily as they go.
"The blossoms are sweet, and the Wind is sly:
He 's sure to scatter them by and by!"

High up among the blossoms gay,
The bees are gathering sweets to-day.
And Robin wisely shakes his head:
"They 're welcome;— I 'll wait for the cherries red!"

A GREAT POET AND A LITTLE GIRL.

(*A Sketch from Life.*)

BY EDITH M. NICHOLL.

It happened in the Isle of Wight, far back in the days of the Crimean War, and it is a true story, for I have heard my mother tell it many times.

The Little Girl was only three years old; in fact she was celebrating her third birthday. Her mother was with her, and her brother, a beautiful five-year-old, in a holland blouse. The picture of the children, as they looked all those long years ago, hangs in the home of the writer's parents, so that it is easy for her to describe their appearance. They were slender children, with blue eyes, pink cheeks, and bright curls.

On that August day in the far past the Little Girl's curls were snooded with a blue ribbon and crowned with a wreath of blue speedwells and forget-me-nots, because it was her birthday, and because the young mother thought the flowers matched her eyes. She wore a blue frock and a pinafore of fine white lawn.

The birthday feast was spread on the top of a low haystack in the barn-yard of the farmhouse in which the children and their parents were spending the summer. There was a birthday cake and other goodies — "Isle o' Wight doughnuts," of course, and "Isle o' Wight junket." You have never tasted junket as these islanders make it. It is a glorified clabber, covered an inch deep with thick, yellow cream, and scattered with "Hundreds and Thousands." These wonderful little red and blue pellets, so tiny that you cannot count them, do not grow on this side of the ocean, but on the other side they were the sweet delight of the children of the long ago.

The snowy table-cloth was strewn with wild flowers, because the feast took place in the Island of Flowers. A blue awning protected the heads of the revelers from the old-fashioned August sun; and beyond the green of the rab-

bit-warren and the rush-grown common they could see the rolling downs and the white cliffs and the blue and shining sea.

There was only one drawback to the children's enjoyment, and that was a flock of geese that jabbered and stretched their long necks at them. The children did not like geese. They had run away from them, hand in hand, too often — running for their lives, as they almost believed in those days. However, their mother was with them this time; and, after all, though the neck of a goose is terribly long, it cannot quite reach to the top of a stack.

Suddenly there appeared in the barn-yard a tall man with flowing black hair. He wore a black sombrero, and a blue cloak with a velvet collar. His eyes were certainly of the near-sighted kind, but they were dark and lustrous, and his clean-shaven, beautiful mouth was curved with one of the sweetest of smiles.

The mother of the children had never seen the poet before, although her husband had met him; but she knew Alfred Tennyson at once.

A voice gruff but not unattractive accosted her thus:

"Pray who are you? And how did you get up there?"

"I am G—— B——'s wife, and these are our children. We climbed up here, and we are having a feast because it is our little girl's third birthday."

He laughed and said, "Hold up the child that I may see her."

The proud young mother obeyed, and then he stretched out his arms and cried, "Drop her down! Don't be afraid! Mrs. Tennyson and the babies are in the carriage. She can't get out, so come down and see her."

So the Little Girl was dropped into the poet's arms, and he said:

"Little maid, how old are you to-day?"

"Thwee," quoth she.

"Then you and I have a birthday between us. I am forty-five to-day, and you are three. Perhaps when you are a woman and I am an old man you will remember that we had one birthday once."

Meantime the mother had slipped down the other side of the stack with "Wa-Wa," as the little boy was sometimes called.

At the yard gate was a carriage, and in it a lovely lady. She was fair-skinned and dressed all in white; her large dark eyes beamed kindly, as she received us with a welcoming smile. There were two boys with her, one a baby on his nurse's lap.

After a while the poet said, "Now, Emily, you have talked enough. Come, Hallam, take the Little Girl's hand, and walk together. We will go indoors and see if we cannot find her father."

And as he spoke the father came out to greet the visitors.

Hallam Tennyson was a striking child, with long, fair curls and solemn brown eyes—a grave, self-possessed boy, picturesquely attired in a velvet blouse with a wide lace collar.

This was the son of whom the poet wrote to Mr. Gladstone many years later: "I do not think any man ever had a better son than I have in him."

Hallam took the Little Girl's hand, and said in a slow voice: "How old are you?"

"I 'm thwee. This is my birthday."

"Then we have birthdays together. I 'm thwee in four days," said the little boy.

Then the poet went into the tiny sitting-room occupied by the children's parents. The table was littered with books, volumes of his own poems among them. He took up some of the military books, and "Maud," and talked about the war, and about the poem, which had just come out. Later he and the children's

father walked home to Farringford over the Beacon Down, one of the poet's favorite walks.

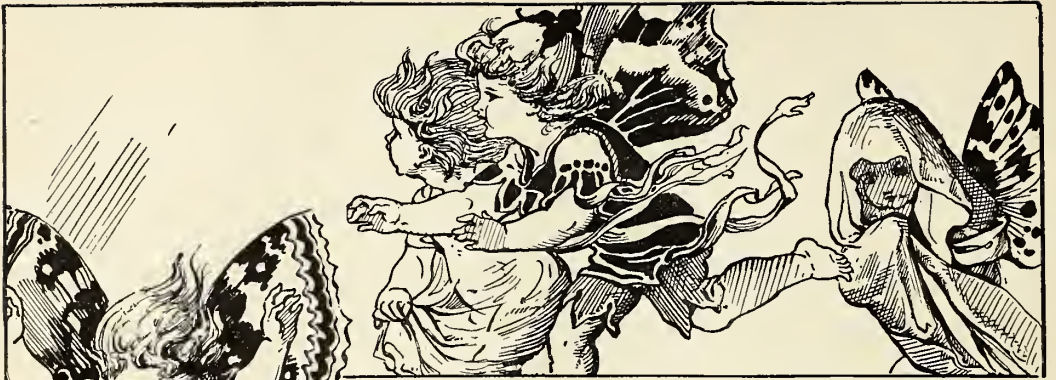
In the forty years to come of intimacy between the two families he often read his poems aloud to his friends; and in the earlier days "Maud" especially, begging that they would never hear his "pet bantling abused without defending her." In later days he constantly alluded to the abuse the poem received on its first publication, since amply atoned for.

Once, when Lear, the artist and musician, known to many children as the author of the celebrated "Book of Nonsense," was at Farringford, he went to the piano and began improvising a musical setting to "Maud," singing most of the poem through. This delighted Mr. Tennyson, and he marched up and down the drawing-room, occasionally adding his voice to that of the singer, and exclaiming, "Lear, you have revealed more of my 'Maud' to myself!"

Some lady tried to improve on Lear's improvisation, and write out the music, but the formal setting fell short of the original, and the poet was never satisfied with it.

This is the story of a Little Girl's birthday. There were many other birthdays celebrated in the Isle of Wight, and little sisters came into the world to spend it with her; but that third birthday was the most important of all. From that day, during the long weeks passed every summer and winter in the Isle of Wight, where the Little Girl's father soon built himself a home, the children of the two families were constant companions, playing in the big house or the wide grounds of Farringford, or galloping over the downs together on their ponies; and as men and women grown continuing the friendship of childhood's days, though but one of the poet's two sons remains, the younger having died while still a young man.





AN·AFTERNOON·CALL.

"WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE INDOOR-
 -ELVES,
 THE OUT-DOOR FAIRIES SAY.
 THEY LIVE IN BOOKS IN NURSERY
 -TOWN;
 WE'RE SURE WE KNOW THE WAY
 TO NURSERY-TOWN, AND BOOK-
 SHELF STREET,
 AND VOLUME NUMBER THREE.
 WE WONDER HOW THEY'RE
 GETTING ON,
 SUPPOSE WE GO AND SEE."

E·BLOMFIELD.



M·BOWLEY

TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THEMSELVES.

BY MRS. M. BERNARD.

III. HOW THE BLOOD CARRIES SUPPLIES.

WHY do you eat and drink? What an easy question this seems to answer. I suppose that almost every one of you will feel sure you can answer it, and will say, "Of course we eat and drink because we are hungry and thirsty." Yes, that is quite true, but I want to go a little further than that and tell you why it is that you feel hungry and thirsty, and help you to understand what your food does for your body.

First, let us see why you feel hungry and thirsty. You do not always feel hungry and thirsty, do you? For some time after your breakfast you feel comfortable, and then, perhaps, you learn your lessons; or, if it is holiday time, you run about and play or take a long walk, and after some hours you begin to feel those curious and uncomfortable feelings which we call hunger and thirst, and you are very glad when you sit down to dinner. In all your running and walking you have been using your muscles, and in doing your lessons you have been using your brain, and other parts of your body have been used without your knowing anything about it; some things in your body have, in fact, been used up, and you have, without knowing it, lost something from your body, and so you need to take something into your body to mend it, as it were, and to make up for what you have lost.

Let me give you an example of how you are always using up the material of your body without knowing it. When you breathe upon a looking-glass, as you no doubt have often done, the glass does not remain as clear as before; it soon becomes cloudy, and if you touch it you find that it is wet. Why? Because there is moisture in your breath; and it is known that some water always is breathed out with the air. Then again, when you run, in hot weather, you perspire a great deal, that is, your skin

gets wet with water which is squeezed out through tiny holes in the skin. Your face may even get so wet with perspiration that the water will roll down it in streams. Here, again, water is used up. This kind of loss is always going on; even when you are fast asleep, your gentle breathing carries out some moisture with it to the air around you.

So it is with food also; you need supplies to make up for what has been used up and lost; you need fresh air for the same reason, but of that we shall talk another time.

Your body is like a steam engine which, after working a long time and using up all its coal, has to take in a fresh supply. You will learn later, that the food and drink you take into your body are really a kind of fuel; without them the body could no more work than a locomotive could keep running without coal to replace what is burned in its fire.

We next have to see what becomes of the food and drink you take in, so that you may understand how it takes the place of what has been lost.

What do you do with the food you put into your mouth? You bite it, of course, and cut it up with your teeth into very small pieces, the moisture in the mouth helping you by mixing with it and making it soft. When it is bitten up, you swallow it, sending it down from your throat through a tube, called the gullet, into your stomach.

By a process called digestion, the stomach and other internal organs prepare the food so that it may be taken up by the blood, and conveyed to whatever part of the body may need new supplies. For your feet and hands, which are far away from the interior, need feeding as much as any other part of your body; and the food material has to get to them.

There are some special things which your

body needs to feed it. Meat contains something that is needful, bread something else, milk and sugar contain other things; and you eat a number of kinds of food, so as to make the right mixture needed for keeping you well. Sometimes you do not take the right kinds of food, or you take too much of one kind, and then you may feel ill.

Now, remembering that the useful part of your food passes into your blood, let us find out how it is carried about to all parts of the body.

Well, the heart which lies in the chest, and is no bigger than your own fist, is a powerful pumping-machine. It is like an elastic bag divided into four parts. All the blood in the two divisions of the one side is red, and all that in the other side is blue. You must think of the red blood as the good, pure sort, and of the blue as the used up portion. The muscles in the walls of your heart are very strong, and when they draw together—that is, contract, they drive the red blood with a great rush into a large blood-vessel, which soon divides into two, one going to the upper part of your body and one going to the lower part. These large vessels give off rather smaller branches to different parts of your body, and these smaller vessels at last break up into the very fine hair-like vessels which make up the fine network which supplies every part of your body with blood. Each of the tiny islands of flesh surrounded by blood-vessels takes through their thin walls all that it needs of the blood to feed it, and also empties into the vessels all the used material it no longer needs.

These fine hair-like veins soon join others and so form larger ones, and still larger ones, till all join in one great vessel, which, however, returns to the pumping-machine, running into that half of the heart which contains blue blood. In our next talk we shall see how the blue or used blood is cleaned and changed into red blood, and then returns to the other side of the heart.

And how long do you think your blood takes to make this great round—to run through the very tips of your fingers and your toes and to get back again? Only as long as you take to count thirty slowly—that is, only half a minute. Just try to fancy this constant rush of

blood round and round that is going on inside you without your perceiving anything of it! Is it not wonderful? You can feel something of it, if you like. Put the finger of one hand on the wrist of the other, just below the thumb; then you can feel the beating of a pulse—that is, you can feel a blood-vessel swelling up with the rush of blood that is sent out of the heart in great jerks every time the muscles squeeze it up so tight as to empty the side that contains the red blood. You can feel your heart beat—that is, you can feel its pointed end tap against the inner wall of your chest when those same muscles contract and draw it up out of its lower place. You can feel pulses in other parts of your body besides your wrist; as in the neck, for instance; and you may try to find out for yourselves how many times in a minute your pulse or your heart beats, if some one will start you counting when a minute begins on the clock, and tell you when it is over.

In each one of you, then, this rushing blood is carrying good food through the body, and every part of the body is drinking in this food through the thin walls of the vessels; and so every part is being fed. So the tired and used up parts are freshened and strengthened, and the food replaces what has been lost.

But besides carrying food to all parts of the body, your blood has, as we saw a little while ago, to carry something away from all the parts it visits. All the used-up stuff, which has no more goodness in it, and is not wanted any more, and which would only make you feel ill, if it were not carried away, oozes through the walls of the vessels into the blood, and is taken by it to special parts of your body which are like machines arranged for cleaning the blood, such as the lungs and the skin. You have already heard how the skin gets rid of water, which, as perspiration, carries other things we cannot see with it, and we shall see in our next talk how the lungs do their work.

So your blood takes away what is used from the body at the same time that it carries the supplies furnished by your food and drink.

But most of you boys and girls eat and drink far more than is needed to make up for what gets used up and lost in your bodies. You *ought* to eat more, and all healthy children do; for your

food has not only to feed you in the same way as the food of grown-up people has to feed them, but it has to make you grow bigger. You know that you are growing every day; you do not notice it much, perhaps, but when you are measured, you find that you are an inch or two taller than you were a year ago; and if you try to put on the boots that you wore last year you find that they will not go on, for your foot is larger than it was, and what fitted you a year ago will only fit a younger child now. You have grown taller and bigger in every way; your bones have grown larger, your muscles have grown thicker and stronger, and your skin has grown in order to cover the larger bones and thicker muscles. You have

had plenty of good food to eat, and so this has all come about without any difficulty to you. Your bones, muscles, and skin, are all made of tiny masses of that wonderful living stuff we mentioned in our first talk; and when these little masses, which are called cells, are well fed, each can divide into two cells, and so the whole bone or muscle grows bigger. If you eat and drink even more than is needed for your mending and growth, then the extra food may go to make fat, and you become plump little people. But those of you who are growing very fast are usually thin, for your growth takes up so much of your food that little is left to make fat.

So here is one of the most important things that your food does — it helps you *to grow*.

(To be continued.)



NED'S GIFT.

BY CLARA SHERWOOD ROLLINS.

THIS is the tale of Little Ned,
Who laughed with glee in his wee white bed,
And then sat up in the silent night
To open his hand, that was closed so tight,
Over a shining dollar bright.
He laughed as he thought of all 't would
buy,
The candy and marbles and tops piled high
Before his imaginative eye!

For to-morrow would open the County Fair;
The early morning should see him there.
And a silver dollar, shining and smart,
That seemed to him like the wheel of a cart,
His mother had given to him to spend —
For a very good boy was our little friend.

So when the day dawned clear and bright,
He started forth with a heart as light
As a new balloon, or his favorite kite.



NED STARTS FOR THE FAIR.

His lunch in a basket hung from his hand;
He knew it was good — by his mother
planned;
For who could put everything “just so”
But a fellow’s mother, I ’d like to know.

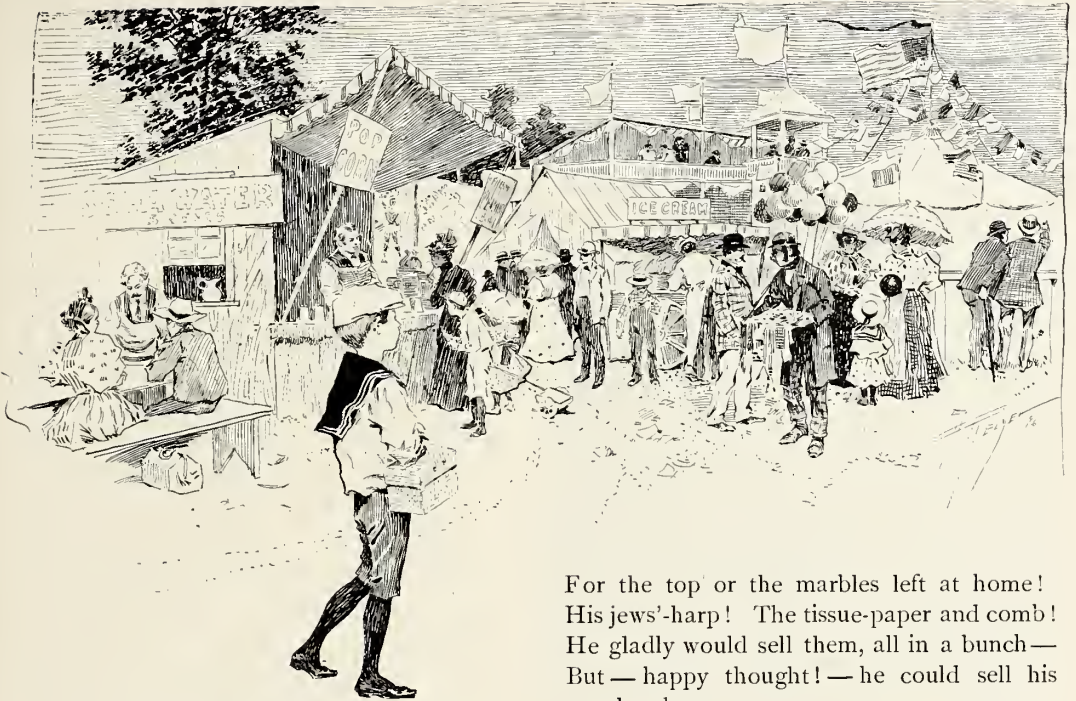
So, full of joy to his finger-tips,
With a quick “good-bye,” away he skips;
His hand in his pocket, now and then,
And oh, the feeling of richness when
He lifted his dollar and dropped it again!

At last he was there. The County Fair
Is a wonderful thing, I do declare,—
And Ned’s brown eyes were round with
surprise,
Though he looked about with an air quite
wise.

And there he saw, the very first thing,
A man with a beautiful diamond ring —
A beautiful man, with mustaches black,
Who stood in a crowd beyond the track.
The crowd just parted close to the gate,
The man looked toward him and seemed to
wait,
So Ned drew close to hear — ’t was fate.

“Just let me show yer,” the man went on,
“The thing you will set yer hearts upon
As soon as you see it, Ladies and Gents,
For just one dollar and fifteen cents!”
And then he proceeded to show a pin
Of wonderful twisted gold, set in
With beautiful stones of green and red —
“Emeralds and rubies,” the dark man said;
And they dazzled the eyes of Little Ned.

He pushed to the front of the listless crowd;
The man continued his discourse loud:
“Why them there rubies,” he cried, “alone
Are worth the price, when all ’s said and
done.
A Empress would grace such jewels; why
them ’s
The very finest of all the gems.



“AT LAST HE WAS THERE—THE COUNTY FAIR!”

And think of the bargain, Ladies and Gents :
This pin for a dollar and fifteen cents !”

Then Ned’s eyes burned, and his heart beat
fast ;
He thought of his mother, and visions
passed

Before him of her, whom he held so dear,
Wearing that pin. He could almost hear
Her voice, as she looked in the box to see
His gift (and he knew what her smile would
be) —

“ Why, Ned, is this *beautiful* pin for me ?”

The man went on : “ I say it ’s the chance
Of a lifetime. You can see at a glance
These gems are beauties, Ladies and Gents,
And all for a dollar and fifteen cents !”

That settled Ned. He made up his mind,
If he could borrow, or beg, or find
A dime and a nickel—the dollar was there.
But what did he own, from his boots to his
hair,
Worth three whole nickels ? His kerchief ? No ;
His mother embroidered the letters. Oh !

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For the top or the marbles left at home !
His jews’-harp ! The tissue-paper and comb !
He gladly would sell them, all in a bunch—
But—happy thought !—he could sell his
lunch.

And there, by good luck, was cross-eyed Pete,
Always hungry, and ready to eat.
Ned called, as Pete lazily passed the tents :
“ Say, want my luncheon for fifteen cents ?”
The fat boy eagerly looked it through.
There were cinnamon rolls and crullers, too ;
And hungry and hungrier he grew.

He searched his pockets many a time,
But all he could find was a little dime.
The voice of the man grew loud and high ;
But he watched from the corner of his eye
To see if the youngster meant to buy.

At last he called, in a jocular way :
“ Look here, you, sonny, come here, I say ;
I see that you want this pin ; well, then,
“ I ’ll sell it to *you* for a dollar ten.”

’T was done. Pete took the lunch and was off.
The man was seized with a sudden cough,
As he put the dollar and ten-cent piece
In a wallet, by no means free from grease.
And he held the pin in the sun’s bright rays
Till every gem seemed to flash and blaze
Before little Ned’s enchanted gaze.



"I'LL SELL IT TO YOU FOR A DOLLAR TEN."

He wrapped it neatly in cotton
wool,
Placed in a box. Ned's heart
was full
Of pride as he took it, and
thought how glad
His mother would be when she
saw what he had.

The day grew warmer, and noon-
tide came.
The booths were set in a luscious
frame
Of fruit; and the sandwiches, in
between
The rows of berries and leaves
cool green,

Would have tempted the appetite of a
queen.

The printed signs in letters of frost,
Like "Ice Cream Soda" and "Ice Cream,"
cost

Our Ned a pang; and the lemonade;
But though thirsty and hungry, he felt re-
paid

By the thought of the bargain he had made.

So he slaked his thirst at a public pump,
With the chained tin cup that many a thump
Had dented and marked. It was streaked
with rust,

But Ned drank close to the handle, just
Where every boy drinks, although all seem
To think that nobody knows the scheme.

He came to a Punch and Judy show
In a tent, but you had to pay to go;
And a Merry-go-round where you could
ride

A fiery steed, or sit inside
A canopied coach, and be whirled around
To the tune of a popular waltz, or the sound



"BUT THOUGH THIRSTY AND HUNGRY, HE FELT REPAID,
BY THE THOUGHT OF THE BARGAIN HE HAD MADE."

Of the latest song, from an organ ground.
 Only five cents for a thrilling spin!
 Ned sighed, but smiled as he felt the pin
 Quite safe in his pocket; for, after all,
 At the thought of his gift even *this* seemed
 small.

At last, in the heat of the afternoon,
 Ned traveled homeward an hour too soon —
 Tired and hungry, and dusty and hot,
 And *cross* he might have been were it not
 For the beautiful gift all ready to give, —
 It seemed to him he could hardly live
 To place his offering in her hand.

She saw him coming, so burned and tanned,
 Fully an hour before he had planned,
 And threw him a kiss from where she sat
 On the broad piazza. He waved his hat
 And smiled — dear heart — such a radiant
 smile!

Taking his pin from the box the while,
 He hurried on till he reached her side,
 Dropped the pin in her lap, and tried
 His breathless expectancy to hide.

What is it she 's saying? What does he
 hear?

“A breastpin? Was anything ever so queer?
 Found in your popcorn, was it, dear?”

His popcorn! She thought it a common
 prize!

He winked to keep the tears from his eyes.
 “Why, mother dearest, the pin is gold,
 And those are rubies and emeralds. Hold
 It here in the sun. See how they shine.
 Is n't it beautiful? Are n't they fine?”

His mother smiled as she said, “They 're
 glass,
 Dear lad; and the pin is only brass.”

“It can't be, mother” — his face flushed red —
 “‘T was fit for an empress,’ the big man said.”

“What man, my deary? What do you
 mean?”

“The man at the fair;” and he tried to screen
 His face from her gaze; “but when he knew
 That I wanted to buy the pin for you

He gave it to me for a dollar ten.
 I thought he was very kind — but —” Then
 The tears gushed forth, and the sobs began
 To choke the disheartened little man.

His mother tried to soothe him in vain.
 “He cheated!” he cried again and again,
 And threw himself full length on the grass.
 “To think, to think, it is only brass!
 And I sold my luncheon to greedy Pete,
 And I have n't had — anything — to — eat!”

This was of straws the very last;
 His mother's arms now held him fast.



“Dear heart,” she said at last — “dear lad,
 Don't think I am crying because I 'm sad;
 It 's only because I am very glad.

“This beautiful pin will always be
 More precious than rubies and gold to me,
 And I 'll always keep it; for, don't you see,
 That of all great gifts there 's no greater one
 Than the tender love of my little son.”

A HOUSE-MOVING HOLIDAY.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

ONE beautiful morning in the month of May, last year, when the school children of the city of Minneapolis awoke, their eyes were eagerly turned to the east for a token of the weather; for should the day be fine, they were to take part in an event unique in all their school life. Indeed, it is not likely that any children the world over ever engaged in so strange an enterprise. They were to move with their own hands an old dwelling-house—the first one erected in their city—from its site to a city park five miles away. For weeks they had been planning for the event, which was to be in the nature of a public celebration. The project was the result of the enterprise of a newspaper,—one of the evening papers of Minneapolis,—and the whole city had entered into the plan with interest. The publishers of the paper had bought the building some time before, and had given it to the city. Following this, the novel plan was proposed of having the school children of the city, between the ages of nine and eighteen years, draw the building to its final home in a park at Minnehaha Falls, the beautiful little cataract so happily described in Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."

The mayor of the city declared a public fête-day; the municipal offices, the public library, and the like, were closed; and the public-school children had a holiday. If it had rained on the morning of the moving, five great steam-whistles in as many parts of the city were to be blown loud and long to notify the children of a postponement; but the weather was favorable, and more than ten thousand young people gathered at the school buildings in various parts of the city at fifteen minutes after eight o'clock, and then marched to their appointed stations. Many other thousands who would have liked to help pull assembled along the line of march; they would have assisted in the drawing of the building had it not been that not more than

ten thousand could be utilized, and the first applicants were selected.

The relays were from one thousand to fifteen hundred strong. They were distributed along the course so that no relay would travel further than suited the strength of the scholars.

The old house had been mounted upon wide moving-trucks, whose broad wheels would easily roll over the pavements. To spare the strength of the children, eight sturdy horses were attached to the wagon upon which the building had been loaded; but save as they aided in giving the proper direction and in steadying the movement of the line, they were not needed. In fact, there were several times when the children pulled the house fairly upon the haunches of the horses, and the drivers were at their wits' ends to guide their steeds.

Two ropes, each six hundred feet long, were attached to the ends of the wagon-poles of the teams; a double row of children, representing the first relay, formed in line under direction of the teachers of their schools; a stirring blast from the horn of a bugler rang out; and just at the stroke of nine the children gave a tremendous pull, and the old house moved off as handsomely and as royally as though it had been the chariot of a king. Thousands of people gathered along the route as the strange procession passed; and yet, while there were thousands of children, besides those who did the pulling, hurrying and scurrying along in a whirl of excitement, not an accident occurred.

Once in a while the children at the ropes would get so excited by the novelty of the whole affair that before the drivers would be able to check the movement, the children would pull the horses into a trot, and then there was great tumult and many cries and loud yells from the policemen along the route; and sometimes it took heroic measures to stay the youngsters in their mad course. At the

extreme head of the procession two other teams of horses were attached to the ends of the ropes to give direction to the line, though there was much more likelihood of the horses being run over than of their doing much good.

Many of the schools had banners to carry at the head of their lines, and all the children of the schools of the city had received badges which entitled them to the freedom of the street-car lines of the city for the entire day. As rapidly as one relay completed its part of the course, the children stepped back, at a signal

walls should stand,—a reminder of the days when the population of the city consisted of the builder of the house and his family. The man who erected the building, Colonel J. H. Stevens, is yet alive, and but for illness would have been present at the celebration.

The building was erected forty-six years ago—not so long a time in the Eastern States, but a quite extended period for a city in the newer West. The house was built on the banks of the Mississippi River, within sound of the roar of the Falls of St. Anthony, now the motive-power



MOVING THE OLDEST HOUSE. THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT THE ROPES.

from the bugler, and the waiting relay advanced and seized the ropes.

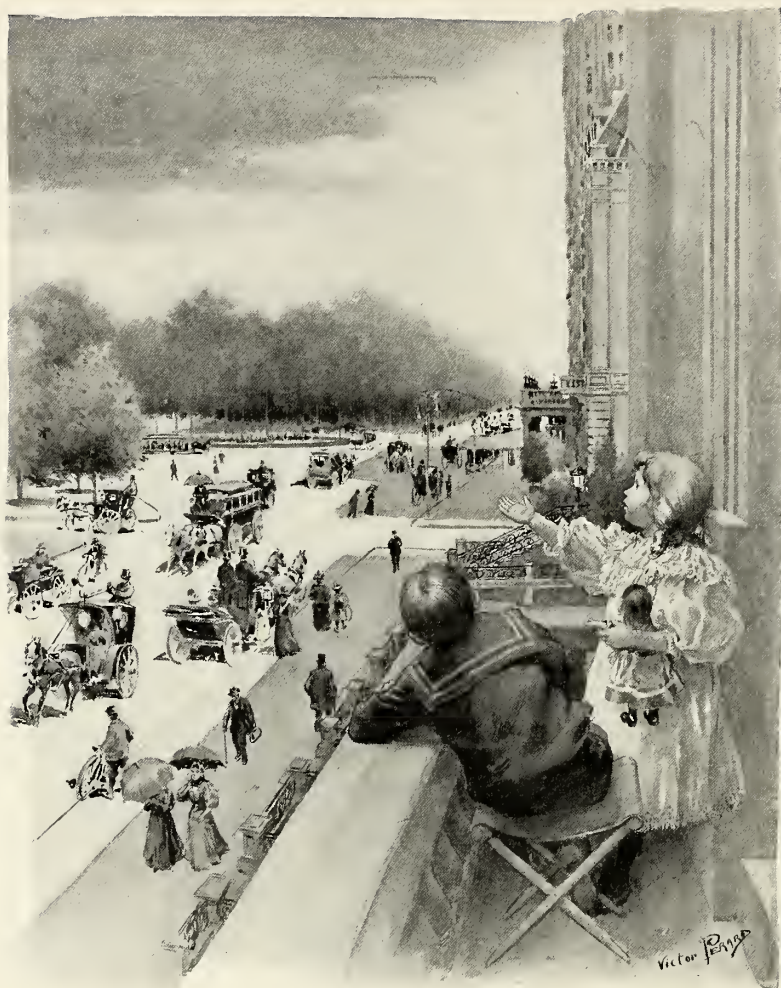
The relay thus relieved then took the cars for the park, and there awaited the building.

At the end of five hours the odd procession reached the beautiful park. Here the mayor of the city, the members of the board of park commissioners, and representatives of other departments of the city, formally received the old house, and it was turned over to the park board to be maintained as a home for various interesting relics as long as its weather-beaten

for the mills of the largest flour-manufacturing center in the world.

It will be many days before the children of the schools of Minneapolis forget the time when, ten thousand strong, with banners flying and cheers resounding, and the stirring notes of the bugler's horn ringing out on the soft May air, they moved this humble but historic building to its last peaceful resting-place,

Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.



NELLY (ON THE BALCONY): "I DON'T CARE IF IT DOES RAIN A LITTLE—NURSE AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE DOLLY TO SEE THE COACHING-PARADE."

IN MAY.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

IN May the gardener goes around
And with his spade he digs the ground.
He makes our front-yard garden-plot,
Then plants in it forget-me-not;
Pansies, too, with faces shy —
Always peeking at the sky —
And while he works with all his might
I watch and make him do it right.

Now with my iron spade and rake,
I, too, a garden-plot can make.
My flowers very seldom grow
(I do not know the reason though);
And if I work the whole day through
The gardener cares not what I do.
He does not seem to think that he
Can learn a single thing from me.

BAKING-DAY.

ON Saturdays we always bake
Biscuits and tarts and jelly-cake,
Or else a pudding rich and good,
Or pies and other kinds of food.

I help mama with right good will,
And make-believe my stove to fill
With wood and paper laid just so,
To bake my tins all filled with dough.

It matters not how hard I try,
My dough burns black — I wonder why?
But when papa comes home, you see,
I have my table set for tea.

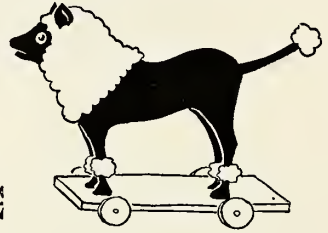
He says that everything is "prime,"
And helps himself a second time;
But, do you know, I half believe
He slips the pieces up his sleeve!

Annie Willis McCullough.



THE STRANGE ADVENTURES

of the HOBBY-HORSE and the WOOLLY DOG.



BY H. H. BENNETT.

*Listen all and straight I'll tell
Of strange adventures that once befell.*



ONE night when the house was dark and still,
These adventures did begin,
Of the hobby-horse and the woolly dog,
And the trumpeter made of tin:
What time they went a-hunting,
For to see what they could win.

Slyly through the door went they,
Slyly through the house,
Hoping they might find a deer;
But found, instead, a mouse.

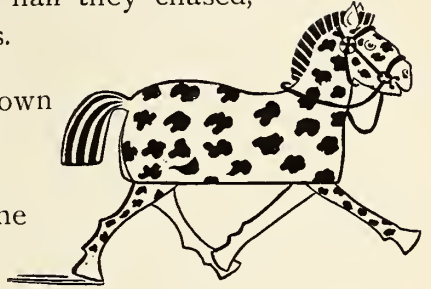
“Now let us hunt!” the dog he barked;
The hobby-horse ran fast;
The trumpeter raised up his horn,
And blew a merry blast.

The dog he barked; the horse
he ran;
The trumpeter blew his horn;
And over the house they hunted the mouse
From midnight until morn.

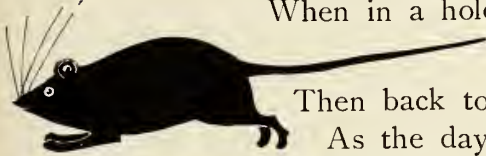


Through kitchen and through dining-room,—
 For woods they had the chairs,—
 Through parlor and through hall they chased,
 And down the cellar stairs.

The hobby-horse knocked down
 a chair;
 The dog fell in a pail;
 The trumpeter reached for the
 mouse,
 But only touched its tail!



They hunted the mouse all over the house,
 Until they nearly dropped:
 They thought at last they had it fast,
 When in a hole it popped!

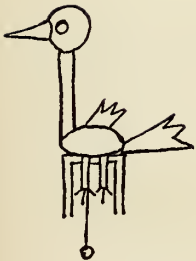


Then back to the nursery they crept,
 As the day was coming in—
 The hobby-horse and the woolly dog
 And the trumpeter made of tin.

*This is the tale I heard them tell
 Of a strange adventure that once befell.*

THE PROUD BIRD OF GENEVA.

THE bird of Geneva sits up on his perch
 (He is carved out of pieces of wood),
 He holds his head up on his very long neck,
 And he looks far more proud than he should.



But you just pull a string that 's
 attached to his leg,
 And he changes his dignified mien.

His head and his tail tumble flipperty flop—
 He 's the sorriest bird ever seen.



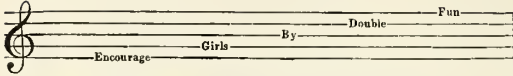
The End.

THE STAFF.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

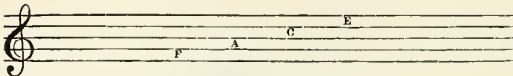
I.

THE lines upon the treble clef
Are lettered E, G, B, D, F.



“Encourage girls by double fun”
When all their practising is done.

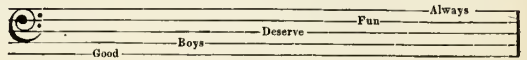
The treble clef has furthermore
The letters, on its spaces four,
For spelling “F A C E, face.”



(Put F upon the lowest space.)

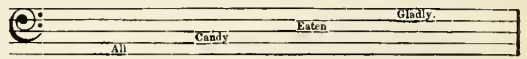
II.

Bass-clef lines, G, B, D, F, A,—
Please put them in your mind to stay :
“Good boys deserve fun always.” Now!



The boys will learn that anyhow.

The bass-clef spaces — lettered thus :
A, C, E, G—won't trouble us ;
Upon the first space put the “A” —
“All Candy Eaten Gladly,” say.



Con well this lesson o'er and o'er ;
The staff will puzzle you no more.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT FIGURES.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

IF the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like something curious in figures, here it is :

Choose *any* number, either in hundreds, thousands, or tens of thousands, and write it down.

Add the figures composing this number together. Subtract their sum from the first number written.

Now add together the figures of this remainder : you will find that they *always* amount either to 9, or to a multiple of 9. Let us take a number by way of example :

Suppose you take 8357

These figures, added together, make . 23

—
8334

Now add these last figures, and you get 18—
or twice 9.

This curious fact is the basis of a very pretty puzzle, with which one can mystify those who are not acquainted with it.

It is done thus : Ask any one to write down a number without telling you the figures. Then tell him to add the figures and to subtract, as above. Now ask him to strike out *one* figure from the answer last obtained. Ask him to add the remaining figures, and give you the sum of them.

You will be able at once to name the figure struck out, in this way : Take the sum just given, for example. Suppose the 8 was struck out ; then the sum of the other three figures is 10. When you are told that 10 is the sum of the figures remaining, you know that 8 is the figure that will bring the whole amount to the

next higher multiple of 9. If some other figures had been written down, and you had been told that the sum of the remaining figures was 20, for instance, you would be certain that the next higher multiple of 9 was 27, and that therefore 7 would be the figure struck out — as follows:

$$\begin{array}{r} 8790 \\ 24 = \text{sum of above figures.} \\ \hline 8766 \text{ — these figures amount to 20.} \end{array}$$

The fact that you do not know the figures chosen, or any of the answers, and that you ask for only the sum of the remaining figures, renders this a very puzzling feat.

One thing more: do not let any one strike out ciphers — always figures.

Here is another curious fact about figures: Write down in a row all the numerals except the number 8, thus:

12345679

Now choose any one of these numerals and multiply it by 9. Suppose we choose 2, which multiplied by 9 will of course give us 18.

Then multiply your row of figures by this 18, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ 18 \\ \hline 98765432 \\ 12345679 \\ \hline 22222222 \end{array}$$

The answer, you see, is all 2's. If you had chosen 3, the answer then would have been all 3's — and so on with each number chosen.

Another curious fact is that if you write down any sum in three different figures, and then reverse those figures and subtract the lesser amount, you will find that the middle figure of the answer is *always* 9. Try it, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Write} 763 \\ \text{Now reverse that} 367 \\ \hline 396 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Now reverse again, but this time} \\ \text{add the amounts} 693 \\ \hline 1089 \end{array}$$

Your answer will *always* be the same, 1089, except in one instance: if the first two figures you write are alike, as 778, and the last figure next in regular order, as 887, 776, 998. In that case you will get 99 for your answer; but by again adding this, and then adding the sum reversed, you come back to your 1089. Example:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Reversed . . .} 776 \text{ subtracted.} \\ \hline 99 \\ \text{" . . .} 99 \text{ added.} \\ \hline 198 \\ \text{" . . .} 891 \text{ added.} \\ \hline 1089 \end{array}$$



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

AN exceptionally well-informed correspondent, Mrs. F. F. Knous, of New Haven, Conn., who is the author of an address concerning the hiding of the Charter of the Connecticut colony in the famous "Charter Oak," very obligingly writes to remove the uncertainties evident in the answers to the sixteenth question in the "Thanksgiving-day Problem," and referred to on page 434 of the March St. NICHOLAS.

Mrs. Knous assures us it is not a mere tradition, but a historical fact that the charter was abstracted from the council-table by Captain *Joseph Wadsworth*, on All Hallowe'en (October 31), 1687, and was hidden in the oak known to the Indians as the "Treaty Oak," and since called the "Charter Oak," where the precious document remained until news came to America, some time in 1689, of the accession of William and Mary. The oak fell August 21, 1856; but two young trees in Bushnell Park, Hartford, have been grown from its acorns.

Mrs. Knous, who traces her ancestral line to Captain Joseph Wadsworth, and also to John Allyn, Secretary to the Council, both actors in the stirring drama of the Charter, also says that John Wadsworth, Joseph's half-brother, was one of the Council.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was born and live in West Point. Of course your readers know about West Point.

My father is professor of drawing, and he is teaching me to draw. There are nearly 350 cadets here, and I know many of them. I am nearly twelve now, and I have been here all that time, except in the summer. I belong to the "Junior League Club" in New York, and last year I drew a picture for a prize in a competition, but I did not get the prize; a boy of fifteen got it.

I have been taking you for nearly four years, and I like you very much. I have read nearly all the continued stories, and I like "A Boy of the First Empire" best so far.

I have a brother and a sister, both younger than I am, but I like them very much. I and the rest of the boys on the post have lots of fun, and I should like to play foot-ball, but cannot on account of a lame knee.

Your faithful reader,
PAUL A. LARNED.

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just had an interview with our Chinese cook, and I succeeded in persuading him to tell me the legend of the pretty narcissus flower, or Chinese lily, which perfumes my whole room, and which he presented to me a short time ago. This is what he told me:

Once upon a time, there was a very rich Chinaman who had two wives, and each wife had a son. At the father's death, instead of being equally divided, his property was taken possession of by his elder boy, son of

the head wife. The younger received only a very small, stony valley, which he could not possibly sell or do anything with.

The boy's mother wept and prayed for months continually, which conduct at the end did some good; for Confucius had pity on her, and scattered from heaven some lily-bulbs through the little valley. These took root and grew, and they were the first ever seen on earth.

It was just before the Chinese New Year when the flowers came out in full bloom, and the boy took some down to the market for sale, and in a short time they were in great demand.

In a few years he became very rich, and lived happily all the rest of his days with his mother.

It is needless to say that the bad brother lost his property and died in misery.

With best wishes, I remain your interested reader,
LEONORA SCOTT MUSE.

COTATI RANCH, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I and my brothers and sisters live on a big ranch that my grandpapa owned before my papa was born. All of us except three were born on the ranch.

My oldest brother took ST. NICHOLAS until he was twelve years old, and now my brother Roy takes it. Last winter we lived in San Francisco, but we were all glad to get back to the ranch again, and to see our pony and our dogs. We love our pony "Dot" very much, and we often take rides on his back or drives in the little "Dot-cart."

This is the first letter that I have written to ST. NICHOLAS, and I hope you will like it.

EDITH ANITA PAGE.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before, but I love to read you, and am always very glad to see you come to our house.

I have a new puppy—a Scotch terrier. He is as fat as a butter-ball. He did not receive a Christmas present, so the next day he got even with the world by eating two chickens the cook had prepared for dinner.

On Christmas Eve I had a beautiful tree, and about twenty of my little friends were present, and the tree bore fruit for each guest. We had a fine time. Santa Claus surprised us very much by coming in through the window, and I think he was just the nicest, jolliest old fellow in the world. Mama said he was a success in every sense of the word.

We had a flash-light picture taken of the tree, Old Santa, and all the children.

I have a beautiful doll about as large as myself, so you may know I am a girl. My doll's name is Beatrice, and papa built such a nice play-house, just like a sure-enough house; but somehow I never use it—I like a make-believe house better. I mean, papa had carpenters build the house.

I am nearly eight years old. Uncle David says I am "a quarter to eight."

Mama tells me that first letters, like first calls, must not be too long.

Your interested little reader and admirer,
MARGUERITE HALL BECK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Southern girl nearly thirteen years of age. I have often visited the North, and I like it very much; but the South is so warm and sunny that the cold, bleak North does not make me feel at home.

I have two brothers, both younger than myself, and one little baby sister one year and a half. My brothers and sister are very fond of pets, but I do not care much for them.

I love to read and practise on the piano. I have been taking music-lessons for four years, and I am very fond of it.

Charleston is a queer old town, very much like English towns, my father says. The streets are narrow, and the city is not very big, still it holds many things that we Charlestonians love.

My grandmother has been giving you to me for nearly two years, and I just love you. My brothers also enjoy you very much. Wishing you success, believe me to be, as ever, your true reader,

MARGARET A. WILLIAMS.

NILES, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have decided to tell you something about our town, as it is the birthplace of our new President, William McKinley.

The town is much larger and busier than it was when McKinley was a boy. It is a manufacturing town, and contains about 7000 inhabitants.

The old frame building in which our President was born was situated in the business part of the city. It has been torn down and taken to a beautiful little summer-resort called Riverside Park, a few miles out of town.

One old gentleman loves to tell stories about the boyhood of young William, and tells how he used to play "I-spy" in his woodshed with the other boys of the neighborhood. Your interested reader,

MARY C.—

CABOONBAH, NEAR ESK, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of my sisters wrote to you some time ago, and as she told you nothing about our home, I thought you would like to hear a little about it. We came down here in 1890, just after a big flood, and had been here only three years when there was another big flood, and it broke over a flat on one side of us, and ran into the same river again on the other side of us; so that we were on an island.

I did not tell you that we lived on the Brisbane River, just below where another river, called the Stanley, joins it; and the Brisbane River comes down on one side, gives a bend, meets the Stanley, and comes down on the other side of us. It was the Stanley that was the highest in the first 1893 flood; and it could n't get away down the Brisbane River, so it went up it, and we could see them fighting from the house. At last the Brisbane had to give in, and rushed right across the flat quite close to the house. We went out to see it falling over a cliff into a big gully called Sapphire Gully; and the water shook the ground that we were standing on just as if it was going to fall. The gully was called Sapphire Gully because our grandfather found a sapphire there.

There are six of us—five girls and a boy. There are two older than myself, and three younger. Doris, the youngest little girl, was born in the beginning of the 1893 flood. The Christmas before last "Dad-da" put up two swings and a giant's stride for a present to us all, and we have had a lot of fun on them both. Perhaps you don't know what a giant's stride is, so I will try to explain. It is a long post standing straight up, with any number of ropes you like hanging from the

top of it (ours has four ropes), and the piece that the ropes are joined on to is something like a crown. This top piece is on a pivot, so you can hang to the ropes and swing after running around the pole until you are swung free of the ground.

I am twelve years old, my eldest sister is sixteen, and my little brother is one.

I remain your loving reader,

CHRISTIANA SOMERSET.

FORT ADAMS, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since I was able to read, but have never written to you. I like all the stories in ST. NICHOLAS; but I think I like mama's story—"Danny and the 'Major'"—and "June's Garden" best. At Christmas-time we each had to learn a Christmas piece or poem; and I chose "The Picture," from ST. NICHOLAS, for I thought it was very pretty. I read about Helen Keller, and I think she must be lovely.

With a great deal of love, I am your constant reader,
ANNA GREBLE.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't know whether you accept letters from non-subscribers or not; but this Christmas I bought a ST. NICHOLAS, and was so delighted with it and so interested in the letters that I thought I would like to write one too. I intend to become a subscriber very soon. I am a native of Manitoba, having lived there all my life, with the exception of the last two years, which I have spent in Vancouver; quite a change from the former country, with all its ice and snow and skating, tobogganing, and snow-shoeing, while here the weather is always mild, we having snow but seldom; and the principal amusements are sailing and bathing. During all the summer, every day the beach at English Bay is thronged with pleasure-seekers bent on bathing or rowing; and great fun we have splashing about in the water, for not many can swim. I am learning, and can go a little way. In the summer I go down at six o'clock every morning with my father and brother. I collect stamps, but have not many yet.

Your devoted admirer,
KATHLEEN HOOPER.

AREQUIPA, PERU, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters to you from Peru, so I think I will tell you about this place.

It took us about twenty-five days to get here by steamer from New York. We are at an American observatory, a branch of Harvard College Observatory. It is about 8000 feet above the level of the sea. We are two and one half miles away from the city of Arequipa. There are three great mountains near us. The highest is about 20,500 feet high. Another is a volcano, about 19,000 feet high. The third is about 17,000 feet high, and is named Pichupichu. El Misti, the volcano, is the most interesting. It is a perfect cone, and has two craters, one inside of the other. The inner one is slightly active; but the other is dead. Once in a great while a little smoke rises from the inner crater. On the very summit this observatory has a meteorological station which is the highest in the world.

The people here call themselves "The Children of the Misti." The lower class live in stone huts with thatched roofs. The huts have neither windows nor chimneys. The chickens and dogs live in them with the people.

There are only a few animals here that are not familiar to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. The llamas are

the strangest. They are called "the little camels of Peru," and it is a very good name, too, as a llama looks a great deal like a camel, except that it has no hump on its back. They have long necks, and their feet are padded, I think, because when walking on cobblestones they make scarcely any noise. When they are irritated they spit at the offender.

Arequipa is situated on the little river Chili, which flows through a barren and almost rainless country. Smaller streams, called *acequias*, are conducted along terraces which are built on either side of the river to irrigate the valley. From these still smaller ones branch; and on certain days the water is allowed to flow through certain fields, to keep the vegetation from drying up through lack of rain.

A little over one hundred years ago there were some severe earthquakes, and more smoke than usual rose from El Misti. The people of Arequipa were frightened, so some priests undertook to keep El Misti from eruption. They took a large iron cross, which, it is said, was taken from a convent that was destroyed by an earthquake, and finally succeeded in getting it to the top of the mountain. There they set it up, believing that the cross would quiet El Misti, and keep it from eruption. The cross is there yet, close by the station, though somewhat bent by the wind.

Your admiring ten-year-old reader,
ELEANOR S. UPTON.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have a fine toboggan hill right by the side of our house, and it is all ice, and very fine. I have just been reading some stories in a Minneapolis paper about gophers. All natives of Minnesota are nicknamed "gophers."

I have two pet cats. One's name is "Brighteye," and the other's is "Punch," and I dress them up in doll's clothes. I go to the Murry School, and I am in the B third grade. I like the story about "Master Skylark," and liked the two stories about Lincoln and Tad and Willie Lincoln.

We had an amaryllis last year, and we measured it from Lincoln's birthday until a week after, and it grew an inch a day.

I am writing this on my papa's typewriter. I think it is lots of fun to write on a typewriter; and I suppose you do not get many little girls' letters written on typewriters. Do you?

Your little friend,
DOROTHY L. HARWOOD.

GIBSON, SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for a long time. Yes, and I should miss it very much if I did not get it.

I live in Ouray, Colorado, but I visited my grandpa and grandma last winter. I go to school. I am eleven years old.

Colorado is a mining country. My papa is a mine inspector, and sometimes he takes me down in the mine with him. We go down in a cage. Once when I was in the mine they were blasting, and the explosion blew out our candles, and it was so very dark. The noise was so great that we had to put our fingers in our ears. They have cars down there, and they fill them with ore and put them on the cage, and hoist them up to the top of the shaft, and the ore is taken to the mill.

We often have snow-slides. Not long ago some men were killed in a snow-slide.

We have burros in Colorado. I was riding one once, and it tried to buck me off, but did not succeed.

Mama and papa enjoy the magazine as much as I do. They think it is good for old and young. I should like to write a story to the ST. NICHOLAS when I get older. I think it would be a great honor.

They make a great deal of maple-syrup and sugar in Susquehanna County. Grandpa and I went out and tapped some trees. When we get the syrup how we shall enjoy it on some buckwheat cakes!

With sincere love, your constant reader,
MAE H. BURROWS.

OLD AND YOUNG.

BY DELIA HART STONE.

SHE sat intent upon her book
With such a serious air;—
A charming young folks' magazine,
Profuse with pictures rare.

"How do you like it, Bessie dear?"
I asked this maid of eight,
Who looked mature beyond her years,
And wore a look sedate.

"I like it very much," she said,
"It's nice as it can be;
But"—with a self-complacent air—
"It's 'most too young for me."

Good Grandma Gay's a happy dame
Who lives upon our street;
She has a bright and genial face,
And so serene and sweet.

I saw her read this magazine,—
She sat and smiled and smiled
At some quaint fairy-stories there,
As pleased as any child.

"It's such a pleasant book," she said,
"And always bright and smart.
How many of their clever rhymes
I've learned to say by heart!"

"But then, in all this reading fine,
There's surely bound to be
Some things, you know, among the rest,
Almost too old for me!"

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Lillian Oliver Shiff, Gladys Atkins, Mildred Smith Merrill, Eva Bessie Bailey, Lillian Elizabeth L., Fanny M. J., Lila Hedges, Glenn Southwell, L. and M., Carmelita H. S., Elsie Gemmill, Nelson Sutro Greensfelder, Alice L. Radcliff, George W. H. Allen, Lillie Bernard, Laura O. Snyder, Stella Newberg, Willie Damon, Marion Tufts, E. Read Vail, Lucie Elinor Fox, Bennett Styles, H. F., F. Constance Folsom, D. R. G., Dorothy M. Smith, Kenneth Van Wagenen, Joseph B. Townsend, Edith, Anna L. Clarkson, Norton H. Kirkpatrick, Frank A. Moses, Jr., Ralph W. E. Smalley, Robert W. Wilson, Priscilla Mills, E. Heller, Edith Barry, Eloise M. Tyler, Henry Kent Hewitt, Helen Sloan, Pierre W. Wildey, Farrell S. Durment, Bertha M. Telfer, Ethel W., Alexander R. Skinker.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Gain. 2. Abba. 3. Ibis. 4. Nast. II. 1. Iron. 2. Rape. 3. Opal. 4. Nell. III. 1. Goat. 2. Okra. 3. Arab. 4. Tabs.

CHARADE. Gar-net.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

CONNECTED TRIANGLES. I. 1. Clear. 2. Lean. 3. Eat. 4. An. 5. R. II. 1. Great. 2. Roan. 3. Ear. 4. An. 5. T. III. 1. Swear. 2. Wean. 3. Eat. 4. An. 5. R.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Note.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Grant. 1. Gun. 2. Revolver. 3. Armor. 4. Noose. 5. Tomahawk.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Du Maurier. 1. Sedan. 2. Louis. 3. Demon. 4. Small. 5. Fluid. 6. Scrap. 7. Drive. 8. Wrest. 9. Worst.

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

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from M. McG.—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Josephine Sherwood—Paul Reese—"Jersey Quartette"—Madeline, Mabel, and Henri—Helen C. McCleary—Allil and Adi—Grace Edith Thallon—Jo and I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "Little Sisters," 2—Maud R. Everett, 2—F. Dub, 4—Edith J. Haas, 2—Margaret Whittemore, 1—Gladys Block, 1—Kent Shaffer, 1—Carroll Shaffer, 1—F. Tack, 2—"Oodle," 2—Helen W. Fassett, 1—Millie Papenbrock, 1—Mary A. Taber, 2—Lawrence E., 2—Frances Rogers, 2—D. E. S. Wishart, 2—"One or Two," 2—Marion E. MacArthur, 3—Lesley S. Johnson, 1—Dorothy Kendall, 3—"King Philip," 6—Adelaide M. Gaither, 2—Fanny R., 3—Sam Slawitsky, 6—Elsie Gemmill, 4—Rosalie A. Sampson, 5—Guy M. Grandin, 3—"Posie and Louise," 5—No name, Phila., 3—"Rikki-tikki-tavi," 4—Eleanor Vilas, 2—Sylvester D. Matteson, 1—Mabel Sammons, 2—Irving and Mama, 10—Willie R. Wheeler, 1—Eugene T. Walter, 3—Frederic G. Foster, 2—Ruth Ewing, 2—"Class No. 19," 9—Mabel, Blanche, and Violet Thompson, 5—Edward Lincoln, 4—Mary L. Crosby, 1—Adelaide Devine, 1—Mary K. Rake, 2—"The Trio," 7—Mary H. and Ernest T. Rossiter, 8—No name, Daytona, 2—Esther Miles, 1—Ethel Winifred Graham, 3—"Two Little Brothers," 9—"Bryantite," 3—Paul Rowley, 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Daniel Hardin and Co., 7—S. Hankovitch, Jr., 4—Donna Margaret Drew, 1—Mary E. Meares, 1—Roger Hale Wellington, 10—C. D. Lauer and Co., 9—E. Everett, J., and "Gobolinks," 6—Frederick T. Kelsey, 4—"Merry and Co.," 6—Arthur and Louise, 4—E. S. Eastman, 10—Clara A. Anthony, 8—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 10—Dana and Mabel Waldron, 8.

CUBE.

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FROM 1 to 2, crafty device; 1 to 3, devoted; 2 to 4, wages; 3 to 4, close, dark prisons; 5 to 6, chewing the cud; 5 to 7, netlike; 6 to 8, assuaged; 7 to 8, an old-fashioned yellow flower; 1 to 5, at a distance; 2 to 6, formerly; 4 to 8, an ornamental knob; 3 to 7, to estimate.

PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER.

ADDITIONS.

1. ADD fifty to a girl's name, and make a marine product. 2. Add fifty to a young child, and make a scene of noise and confusion. 3. Add fifty to a fruit, and make a kind of type. 4. Add fifty to the ancient capital

RHYMING BLANKS. Roan, crone, stone, groan, moan, blown, thrown, prone, tone, lone, own, none, mown, zone, grown, bone, shone, cone, strown, flown, throne.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Cone. 2. Omen. 3. Need. 4. Ends. II. 1. Bats. 2. Ague. 3. Tune. 4. Seen. III. 1. Sins. 2. Idea. 3. Neap. 4. Saps. IV. 1. Ages. 2. Gnat. 3. Ease. 4. Stem. V. 1. Seen. 2. Edge. 3. Eggs. 4. Nest.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Bug. 3. Burns. 4. Gnu. 5. S.

WHO WERE THEY? 1. Charles VI. of France. 2. Aristides. 3. Son of Edward III. of England. 4. Julian. 5. Oliver Cromwell. 6. Napoleon I. 7. Bede, the historian. 8. Dionysius. 9. Zenobia. 10. St. Chrysostom. 11. Edward I. of England. 12. Richard I. of England. 13. William II. of England, because he had red hair. 14. Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. 15. Charles XII. of Sweden. 16. Catharine of Russia. 17. Martin Luther. 18. George Washington.

of Navarre, and make a man's name. 5. Add fifty to a mist, and make a nut. 6. Add fifty to a common dog, and make to move in a spiral. 7. Add fifty to part of the body, and make a nobleman. E. G.

OMITTED ANAGRAMS.

THE letters in the first omitted word in each sentence may be transformed so as to form the four remaining omissions.

1. The horses in the driver's * * * * * which he uses for peddling * * * * * are * * * * * and he * * * * * them so well they are not afraid of * * * * * vehicles.

2. The lad cannot * * * * * time to * * * * * his lesson, but he * * * * * from his neighbor's trees with a * * * * * shaped instrument.

3. One of the * * * * * in favor of the girl's beauty is that the color * * * * * into her cheeks, and after a * * * * * of time * * * * * again till they are like the * * * * * of a lily.

4. The boy does not hesitate in the * * * * * to write upon his * * * * * compositions which he will * * * * * from * * * * * that are * * * * * from much repetition.

5. One of the * * * * * of news is, that if you * * * * * the earth a certain number of * * * * * it * * * * * a swarm of * * * * * .



"OH, MONSIEUR,' I SAID, 'YOU KISSED YOUR OWN FACE!'"

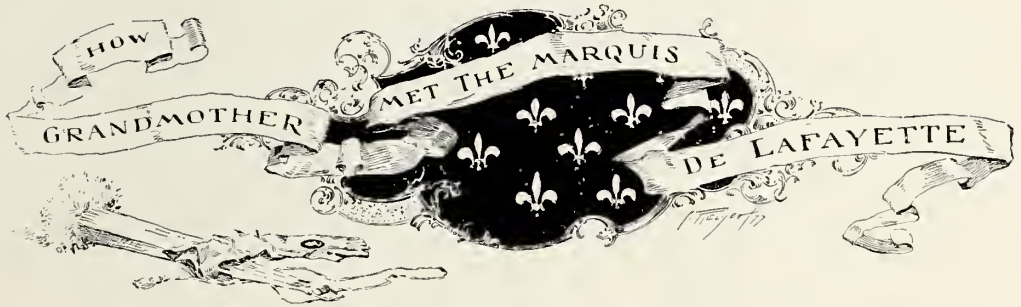
(SEE PAGE 709.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

JULY, 1897.

No. 9.



(A true story.)

BY ELLA SHEARMAN PARTRIDGE.

“Yes, dear; it is a queer-looking old glove with that little portrait on the back; and you are quite right in saying that it is a picture of the Marquis de Lafayette. It is just seventy-two years ago this year that I wore that glove with its mate at the ball given by the city of Philadelphia in honor of the return of the Marquis, who was visiting again the country he had helped many years before to wrest from the King of England.

“The whole country went quite wild with enthusiasm over the brave young man who had proved himself to be such a trusty friend to our beloved Washington; and when my honored father came home from the court-house one afternoon, and told mother to get the girls’

dresses ready for the ball, and to spare no expense, as there might be a possibility of one of them being chosen by the Marquis for a dance or a promenade, my little heart beat high with anticipation. But, alas! I was reminded that I was only a very small child,—only twelve years old,—and as I could not even make a proper courtesy, I would certainly have to stay at home. So I accepted my bitter disappointment as a necessity, and watched the great preparations made by the rest of the family with much interest and not a little envy.

“The girls practised their steps dutifully, and made graceful courtesies before the long mirrors in the drawing-room, until I could stand it no longer; and I rushed away to the prim old

garden, and there, in the privacy of that retreat, I bobbed and bowed, imitating the sweet smiles and coy glances I had watched so closely in the house. Then, when I felt that I could bow and smile at the same time, not forgetting the one in the exertion required for the other, I stole quietly into father's study, and climbing up on the arm of his chair, I coaxed to be allowed to go. I finally assured him that I could make a most beautiful courtesy, and I showed him.

To my great delight, he caught me in his arms, and laughing merrily, he cried:

"You shall certainly go to the ball; and if the Marquis can resist that—that salutation, he is not a Frenchman!"

"The girls 'fied' at me when they knew it; but my dear little mother had a simple muslin made for me, in which, with the dainty rosebud trimming, I felt quite as fine as my sisters in their gorgeous silks and their powdered hair; and, to make my happiness complete, just before we started for the ball mother gave each of us a pair of white kid gloves with the portrait of the Marquis de Lafayette printed on the back. And the one you are holding is the one—but wait, I am going too fast.

"Ah, I can see him now, with his courtly grace and elegant manner, as he bent low over the hand of every lady presented to him;

and I watched curiously to see if he noticed the decoration on their gloves: but he did not seem to at all.

"I had been placed in the corner of the room, and was told to keep very quiet, as it



"IN THE PRIM OLD GARDEN I BOBBED AND BOWED."

was a most unusual thing for young folks to appear in so public a place. So after the

dancing began I looked eagerly at couple after couple as they glided slowly past me, marveling at the magnificent gowns, the gaiety of it all, and keeping time with my restless slippered feet to the rhythm of the music. Presently, before I could notice who they were, two gentlemen stepped just in front of me, and began discussing the beautiful scene before them. When, quite accidentally, I caught a glimpse of the face of one of them, and saw it was the Marquis, I uttered an exclamation of delight at being able to see him so closely. I think he must have heard me, for he turned quickly, and noticing that he was obstructing my view of the room, came hastily toward me, and holding out his hand, said :

“Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons! I did not see you. And I really believe I have not yet been presented to you. Permit me.’ And with that he raised my hand to his lips and kissed it. I barely remembered in time

the courtesy that I had practised so long in the garden, to the edification of the box-trees and holly-bushes ; but, as he kissed the glove, a mischievous idea caused me to smile, and he asked :

“‘What amuses mademoiselle?’

“‘Oh, monsieur,’ I said, with a little laugh, ‘you kissed your own face!’ and I showed him the portrait on my glove, which he regarded gravely.

“‘What a mistake!’ he remarked; and, looking down at me quizzically, he added, ‘I must correct it.’

“Then — then — well, I was only a little girl, you know ; and — yes, you may kiss me too, if you like. It was right on this cheek”; — and after all these years grandmother’s face flushed prettily at the remembrance.

“And my father always insisted it was the courtesy which made the Marquis dare to do it; and that thereby he only proved himself to be the most gallant of Frenchmen.”

A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE grass is green upon the hill ;
 The sea is blue below.
 Beneath the summer sky we watch
 The white sails come and go.

And some are sails of sturdy ships
 That roam the ocean o’er,
 And some of little pleasure-boats
 That hover near the shore.

And I, so old and full of care,
 Am like the ships that roam ;
 While you, a little pleasure craft,
 Are safer near at home.

The grass is green ; and blue the sea ;
 The boats go sailing by ;
 And no one here but you and me,
 And overhead the sky.

THE

LAST OF THE DRUMS

BY CON MARRAST PERKINS,
*First Lieutenant United States Marine
Corps.*



the story of Abigail and Elizabeth, the sisters of Newburyport, who during the Revolution repelled alone an attack of the British by beating furiously an old drum and blowing a fife.* The British troops, who were about to land, hurried back to their ships, thinking a whole army lay in ambush to repulse them!

Thus did a fife and a drum drive off the enemy, and save a town from pillage and ruin.

The military drum is supposed to have been introduced in Europe by the Moors and Saracens, during the middle ages, and was quickly adopted by armies. The drum of to-day differs little, and in appearance only, from the earliest form. It consists, as every boy knows, of two pieces of parchment, or batter-heads, stretched over the ends of a hollow cylinder, and struck with sticks. For ages this instrument has been known among savage tribes and barbaric nations, who use its weird music to accompany their religious rites, as well as for war purposes.

The tom-tom of the Sioux Indian is a good example of a primitive drum.

In civilized warfare the drum has ever been connected with deeds of martial valor, and its voice is dear to the heart of the soldier who has followed its pulsing into the deadly fire of battle, or even in reviews and military parades, when rank upon rank sweep up a street keeping perfect alignment and step to the drum's inspiring beat.

It has found a place in history through the daring bravery of more than one beardless boy who has sounded at the critical moment the

T

THINK few know that of all the time-honored equipments of war which these days of military progress have left to us, the drum is the oldest; but, like the sword and the bayonet, the drum is fast disappearing. Its companion the fife, hallowed by traditions of valor even in our own history, from Lexington to Gettysburg, is already gone, and another decade will still forever the inspiring martial music of the drum.

What boy has not felt his pulses thrill and his heart swell with patriotic pride and martial ardor while gazing upon the well-known picture of the Revolution, the "Minute Men of '76" forsaking the plowshare and flying to take down the old flintlock at the tocsin of war—the throbbing of the drum and the shrill screaming of the fife, sounded by two scarred veterans, bare-headed, white-haired, and in their shirt-sleeves, marching through fields and along the roads, calling the patriots to arms!

Every New England schoolboy has read

* The story is told in *St. NICHOLAS* for July, 1874.

pas de charge or "rally" just in time to turn the tide of battle.

Johnny Clem, the "drummer-boy of Shiloh," who beat the rally *without orders* when his regiment had broken, panic-stricken, and thus helped to save the day, was made an officer for his heroism, and is now a major in the United States army.

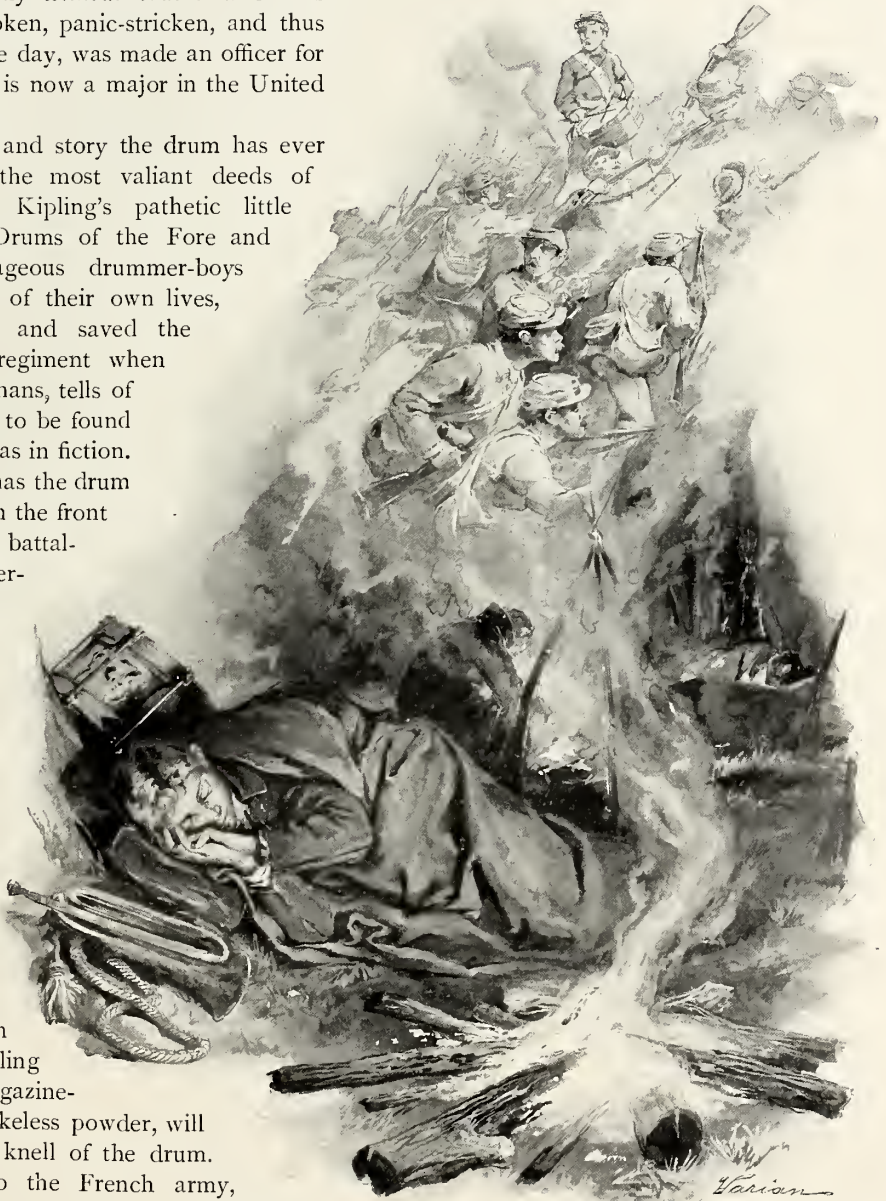
In fable, song, and story the drum has ever kept pace with the most valiant deeds of men. Rudyard Kipling's pathetic little story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," two courageous drummer-boys who, at the cost of their own lives, led the charge and saved the honor of their regiment when routed by the Afghans, tells of a deed such as is to be found in history as well as in fiction. More than once has the drum claimed a place in the front rank of storming battalions, or led desperate charges in the van of a victorious army.

What wonder, then, that we look sorrowfully into the future, when battling will no longer be inspired by the "war-drum's throb"; for we know that the advance of military science, with all its death-dealing machine-guns, magazine-rifles and its smokeless powder, will surely sound the knell of the drum.

Ten years ago the French army, whose imperial legions under Ney, Soult, and Macdonald, Napoleon's most valorous marshals, had so often been led to victory by the drum, decided to abolish it.

It is related that upon news of the decree of the Minister of War reaching the army, a vet-

eran drummer of Napoleon's Old Guard, who, as a boy, had sounded the *pas de charge* at Austerlitz and Jena, died of a broken heart.



THE DRUMMER-BOY'S DREAM.

The Emperor himself dearly loved the rataplan of the drum, and is said always to have had the reveille beaten to awaken him each morning.

Of all the regular organizations in the United



THE MIDNIGHT BEAT TO
"QUARTERS."

States service, the Marine Corps, the oldest, last retains the drum; and though it is surely doomed in the future as a "relic of barbarism," still wherever the stars and stripes float over a vessel of our navy abroad can yet be heard the drum's inspiring roll.

In the navy as well as in the army the drum is hallowed and glorified by traditions of victory; and from the day Paul Jones ran up the first flag of our country, with its liberty-tree and its motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," down to the present, a man-of-war's drummer, though the smallest mite on board, has always played an important part in the daily routine of our nation's floating bulwarks.

From the rolling of "gun bright-work" in the morning, and the long-drawn, solemn beat

to "quarters," to the last incident of the day,—“taps,” or “extinguish lights,”—the drum retains its place here; and the little Marine-drummer, with his baby face and red coat, is the last to carry his drum proudly at the head of marching men, and to blend its martial rattle with the blare of the trumpet, which has usurped the place of the fife.

These boys are enlisted at Washington, and are taught in the music-school at Marine headquarters, after which they are drafted to the several Marine stations at navy-yards, or

distributed to vessels in commission all over the world.

They are enlisted at from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and are bound over to serve in the Marine Corps until twenty-one, when they are honorably discharged.

While serving on men-of-war, they swing in hammocks and mess with the Marine Guard, and in all respects are treated as if they are men; in action they serve at the great guns as powder-boys,—“powder-monkeys” as they are sometimes called. The duty of a powder-boy is to pass charges from the magazine to the battery.

Drummers are distinguished from the private soldiers of the Marine Guard in full-dress uniform by a scarlet tunic with white facings and shoulder knots—the only dress in our service like the traditional red coat of “Tommy Atkins,” the British soldier, which has been worn by the army for nearly three hundred years. As a joke upon this distinctively un-American uniform, it is related that when the British were seen approaching Bladensburg, during the war of 1812, a wag in the American ranks shouted, “Great Scott! boys, here comes the *music*. I guess I won't wait for the *army*!”

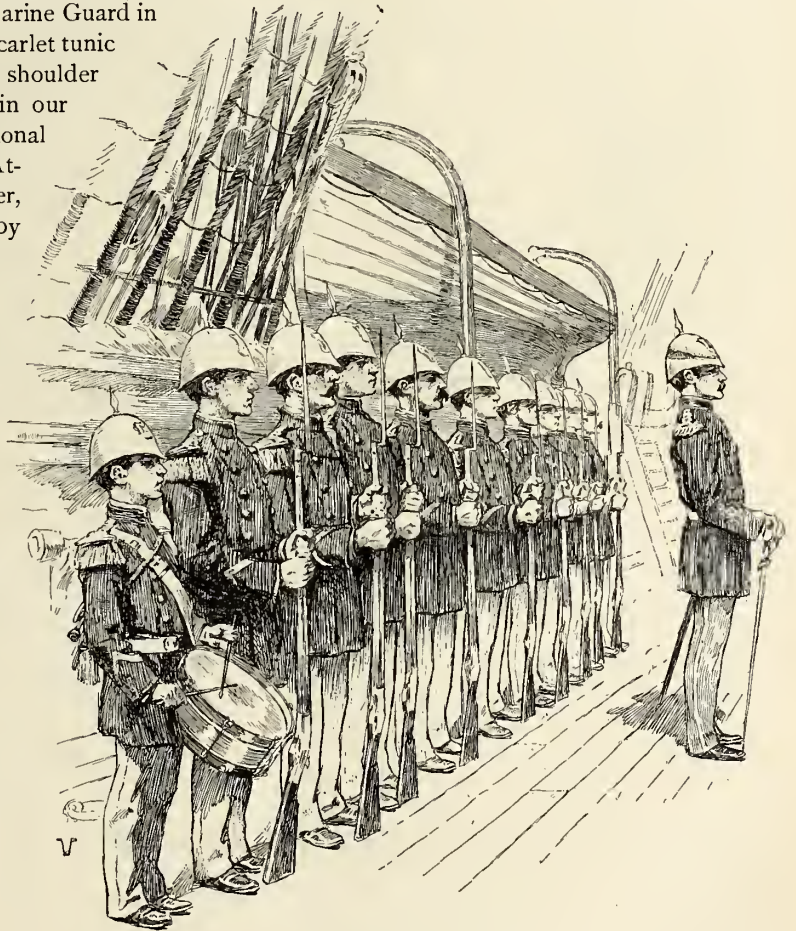
The pay of the drummer was the same as that of a private—\$13.00 per month, with rations and clothing, and the right to be sent back to the place of enlistment without cost to themselves, when the time of service is ended.

Let me describe a little incident to show the use of the drum on board a man-of-war.

The ship is lying at anchor in a distant port; it is night, and nothing is heard but the tramp of the sentry on the forecastle and the ripple of water at the gangway.

Only the officer of the deck, the quartermaster, and the guard are awake. The entire crew are below decks and dreaming in their hammocks.

The cabin door opens, and the captain steps forth softly, fully dressed, and wearing his sword and revolver. He speaks in a low tone to the officer of the deck, who sends an orderly forward with a message. In a moment the orderly



THE MARINE GUARD—SUNDAY INSPECTION.

returns bringing with him the drummer, who stands silently at the mast, drumsticks in hand, watching the commander.

"Eight bells"—midnight—is struck. At a silent signal from the commanding officer, the drummer poises his sticks an instant, then sounds the long roll, or "alarm," which is at once followed by the quick beat to "general quarters."

Instantly the scene changes to one of, apparently, the utmost confusion. Four hundred men leap from their hammocks; passing

a few turns of the lashings around them, they throw them into their "nettings," then spring to their stations at the batteries, and cast loose the guns.

A moment more, and a bright flash and roar from the fore-castle pivot gun bursts upon the stillness and gloom of the night, followed quickly by the broad-side battery.

Each gun is fired once, a blank charge, but enough to show that the gun is in good order and ready for service.



DRUMMER, MARINE GUARD.

As suddenly the pandemonium subsides; confusion gives place to silence and order, and not a sound is heard; but the battle-lanterns flashing along the crowded deck reveal the well-disciplined crew standing at their quarters, every man equipped with cutlas and pistol, silent and alert. Sponges, rammers, supply-boxes, and battle axes litter the deck; everything is provided and ready as for action; while the captain, accompanied by the executive officer (the first lieutenant), with an orderly bearing a lantern, makes a thorough inspection fore and aft and below, including the powder-division, magazines, and shell-rooms, to see that nothing is lacking which would be required in real action.

At the touch of the drum the ship has been changed from deathlike stillness to readiness for battle, every officer and man at his sta-

tion, armed, silent, expectant,—and all in less than *three minutes!*

Truly, then, can it be wondered that after generations of such experiences in real war, we regret to give up the drum, at whose magic touch such changes can be wrought? Could the beating of a gong (more barbarous yet than the drum), the ringing of a bell, or can even the piercing notes of the bugle, quite fill its place, and bring that same suppressed though exhilarated excitement and readiness for action to those who know its power? I fear not.

There is in the notes of the drum something unlike any other music in the world. How it sets the heart to throbbing and the blood to coursing through the veins, as it falls upon the ear! To what stirring scenes has its beating been the prelude, and what unspeakable sights have men seen within the sound of its rollings!

In its music there is something that sweeps away the sluggishness of every-day life, and gives a feeling that is akin to inspiration. No matter whether it be the long roll, breathing alarm as it is beaten by startled drummers in the stillness of the night, or the softer beats when the snares are muffled and men march with arms reversed and bowed heads behind the bier of a comrade who has left the ranks forever, the voice of the drum speaks to the heart and thrills it with courage or sorrow.

Every one has at some time in life felt something within him stir in sympathy with the drum. If one has ever heard it in the furious beating of the "rally," when ranks are broken, and regiments are fading away under fire, it is something to remember through life—forever. Perhaps it sets to glowing that spark of heroism or savagery latent in every human breast, and the spark that bursts forth into flame when men grapple hand-to-hand for home and liberty.

What matters it if, as musicians say, its music is barbarous—so barbarous that it has but one note? After all, it is the music of the soldier, whether it comes from the metal kettle-drums glittering as they swing in the sun at the head of close columns of helmeted men, or from the tom-tom of savage tepees amidst the cold snows and dark days of Northern winters, or amidst cactus-covered desert sands glowing with the fierce heat of tropic suns. Soldiers

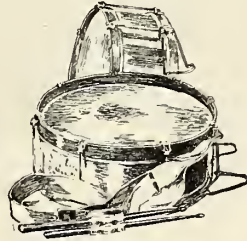
and warriors all, be they red or white, love its fierce alarum, and not one will die the less bravely for the dreams that the drummers and their drums have conjured up.

The glory of the drum is passing away. Of all the regular soldiers to-day, the Marines are the last to keep a drum-corps as their field music.

After a thousand years' service as the most warlike instrument in the armies of Europe and America, the drum must now take a secondary part; and with it will soon go the bay-

onet and the sword, those heroic relics of the days when the ranks of foemen advanced to look into one another's eyes before firing, or waited for the inspiring roll of the drum to urge them to battle.

The drum will soon sound its own requiem. With muffled snares and arms reversed, let us sadly and sorrowfully follow it to the grave, where with bended knee we reverently lay upon it the laurel wreath of fame. The last volley rings out its farewell tribute, and the bugle sounds the soldiers' last "good-night"!



GROWTH.

BY SARAH E. WINSLOW.

I.

YES, build your dam as high as you can;
 You think I 'm small, but I 'll tell you all
 I 'll get over it — over just so,
 And make your wheel buzz down below.
 You can't stop me while water flows;
 I may be a river yet — who knows?

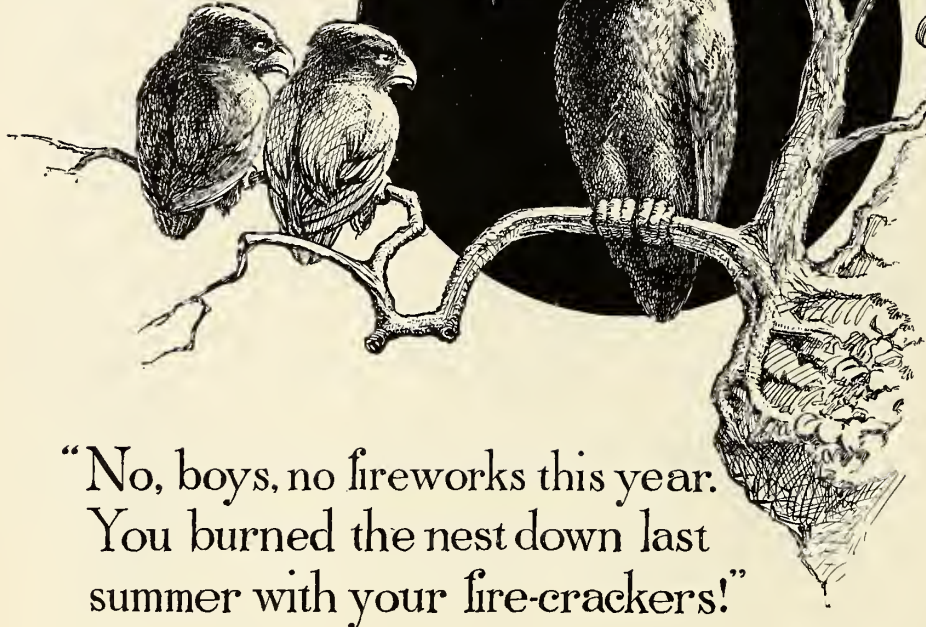
II.

See how the brown mold over me sifts;
 Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts;
 Forget I 'm here, deep out of sight
 Where it is dark — as dark as night.
 You can't hide me while acorns grow:
 I 'll be an oak-tree the next you know.

III.

Keep me in dresses and play I 'm a girl;
 Keep my long hair nicely in curl:
 But I 'm a boy — doubt that who can?
 And some bright day I 'll be a man.
 The world will know me — that 's what I said;
 For I 've a thinker in my head.

The Fourth in Eagle-ville.



“No, boys, no fireworks this year.
You burned the nest down last
summer with your fire-crackers!”

HOME MEASUREMENTS.

BY NELL KIMBERLY McELHONE.

SISTER measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way,—
One and two and three.

“Oh, you 're a Cheshire cat,” said she.
Father said: “That 's no sin.”
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: “Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown.”

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE QUEEN'S PLAISANCE.

IT was a frosty morning when they all marched down to the boats that bumped along Paul's wharf.

The roofs of London were white with frost and rosy with the dawn. In the shadow of the walls the air lay in still pools of smoky blue; and in the east the horizon stretched like a swamp of fire. The winking lights on London Bridge were pale. The bridge itself stood cold and gray, mysterious and dim as the stream below, but here and there along its crest red-hot with a touch of flame from the burning eastern sky. Out of the river, running inland with the tide, came steamy shreds that drifted here and there. Then over the roofs of London town the sun sprang up like a thing of life, and the veil of twilight vanished in bright day with a million sparkles rippling on the stream.

Warm with piping roast and cordial, keen with excitement, and blithe with the sharp, fresh air, the red-cheeked lads skipped and chattered along the landing like a flock of sparrows lit by chance in a land of crumbs.

"Into the wherries, every one!" cried the old precentor. "*Ad unum omnes*, great and small!"

"Into the wherries!" echoed the under-masters.

"Into the wherries, my bullies!" roared old Brueton the boatman, fending off with a rusty hook as red as his bristling beard. "Into the wherries, yarely all, and we'll catch the turn o' the tide! 'T is gone high water now!"

Then away they went, three wherries full, and Master Gyles behind them in a brisk six-penny tilt-boat, resplendent in new ash-col-

ored hose, a cloak of black velvet fringed with gold, and a brand-new periwig curled and frizzed like a brush-heap in a gale of wind.

How they had worked for the last few days! New songs, new dances, new lines to learn; gallant compliments for the Queen, who was as fond of flattery as a girl; new clothes, new slippers and caps to try, and a thousand what-nots more. The school had hummed like a busy mill from morning until night. And now that the grinding was done and they had come at last to their reward,—the hoped-for summons to the court, which had been sought so long in vain,—the boys of St. Paul's bubbled with glee until the under-masters were in a cold sweat for fear their precious charges would pop from the wherries into the Thames, like so many exuberant corks.

They cheered with delight as London Bridge was shot and the boats went flying down the Pool, past Billingsgate and the oystermen, the White Tower and the Traitors' Gate, past the shipping, where brown, foreign-looking faces stared at them above sea-battered bulwarks.

The sun was bright and the wind was keen; the air sparkled, and all the world was full of life. Hammers beat in the builders' yards; wild bargees sang hoarsely as they drifted down to the Isle of Dogs; and from slow ships that crept away to catch the wind in the open stream below, with tawny sails drooping and rimmed with frost, they heard the hail of salty mariners.

The tide ran strong, and the steady oars carried them swiftly down. London passed; then solitary hamlets here and there; then dun fields running to the river's edge like thirsty deer.

In Deptford Reach some lords who were coming down by water passed them, racing with a little Dutch boat from Deptford to the turn. Their boats had holly-bushes at their prows and holiday garlands along their sides.

They were all shouting gaily, and the stream was bright with their scarlet cloaks, Lincoln-green jerkins, and gold embroidery. But they were very badly beaten, at which they laughed, and threw the Dutchmen a handful of silver pennies. Thereupon the Dutchmen stood up in their boat and bowed like jointed ninepins; and the lords, not to be outdone, stood up likewise in their boats and bowed very low in return, with their hands upon their breasts. Then everybody on the river laughed, and the boys gave three cheers for the merry lords and three more for the sturdy Dutchmen. The Dutchmen shouted back, "Goot Yule!" and bowed and bowed until their boat turned round and went stern foremost down the stream, so that they were bowing to the opposite bank, where was no one at all. At this everyone laughed again till their sides ached, and cheered them twice as much as they had before.

And while they were cheering and waving their caps, the boatmen rested upon their oars and let the boats swing with the tide, which thereabouts set strong against the shore, and a trumpeter in the Earl of Arundel's barge stood up and blew upon a long horn bound with a banner of blue and gold.

Instantly he had blown, another trumpet answered from the south, and when Nick turned the shore was gay with men in brilliant livery. Beyond was a wood of chestnut-trees as blue and leafless as a grove of spears; and in the plain between the river and the wood stood a great palace of gray stone, with turrets, pinnacles, and battlemented walls, over the topmost tower of which a broad flag whipped the winter wind, blazoned with golden lions and silver lilies square for square. Amid a group of towers large and small a lofty stack poured out a plume of sea-coal smoke, against the milky sky, and on the countless windows in the wall the sunlight flashed with dazzling radiance.

There were people on the battlements, and at the port between two towers where the Queen went in and out the press was so thick that men's heads looked like the cobbles in the street.

The shore was stayed with piling and with timbers like a wharf, so that a hundred boats might lie there cheek by jowl and scarcely

rub their paint. The lords made way and the children players came ashore through an aisle of uplifted oars. They were met by the yeomen of the guard, tall, brawny fellows clad in red, with golden roses on their breasts and backs, and were marched up to the postern two and two, with Master Gyles the last of all, as haughty as a Spanish don come courting fair Queen Bess.

A smoking dinner was waiting them, of white-bait with red pepper, and a yellow juice so sour that Nick's mouth drew up in a knot; but it was very good. There were besides silver dishes full of sugared red currants, and heaps of comfits and sweetmeats, which Master Gyles would not allow them even to touch, and saffron cakes with raisins in them, and spiced hot cordial out of tiny silver cups. Bareheaded pages clad in silk and silver lace waited upon them as if they were fledgling kings; but the boys were too hungry to care for that or to try to put on airs, and waded into the meat and drink as if they had been starved for a fortnight.

But when they were done Nick saw that the table off which they had eaten was inlaid with pearl and silver filigree, and that the table-cloth was of silk with woven metal-work and gems set in it worth more than a thousand crowns. He was very glad he had eaten first, for such wonderful service would have taken away his appetite.

And truly a wonderful palace was the Queen's Plaisance, as Greenwich House was called. Elizabeth was born in it, and so loved it most of all. There she pleased oftenest to receive and grant audiences to envoys from foreign courts. And there, on that account, as was always her proud, jealous way, she made a blinding show of glory and of wealth, of science, art, and power, that England, to the eyes which saw her there, might stand in second place to no dominion in the world, however rich or great.

It was a very house of gold.

Over the door where the lads marched in was the Queen's device, a golden rose, with a motto set below in letters of gold, "Dieu et mon droit"; and upon the walls were blazoned coats of noble arms on branching golden trees, of pure gold and finest silk, costly beyond com-

pare. The royal presence-chamber shone with tapestries of gold, of silver, and of oriental silks, of as many shifting colors as the birds of paradise, and wrought in exquisite design. The throne was set with diamonds, with rubies, garnets, and sapphires, glittering like a pastry-crust of stars, and garnished with gold-lace work, pearls, and ornament; and under the velvet canopy which hung above the throne was embroidered in seed-pearls, "Vivat Regina Eliza-

the under side by their feet, like flies upon the ceiling. How they stuck was more than Nick could make out; and where they landed if they chanced to slip and fall, troubled him a deal, until in the sheer multiplication of wonders he could not wonder any more.

When they came to rehearse in the afternoon the stage was hung with stiff, rich silks that had come in costly cedar chests from the looms of old Cathay; and the curtain behind which the

players came and went was broidered with gold thread in flowers and birds like meteors for splendor. The gallery, too, where the musicians sat was draped with silk and damask.

Some of the lads would have made out by their great airs as if this were all a common thing to them; but Nick stared honestly with round eyes, and went about with cautious feet, chary of touching things, and feeling very much out of place and shy.

It was all too grand, — amazing to look upon, no doubt, and good to outface foreign envy with, but not to be endured every day nor lived with comfortably.

And as the day went by, each passing mo-



"THEY WERE MET BY THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, AND WERE MARCHED UP TO THE POSTERN TWO AND TWO."

betha!" There was no door without a gorgeous usher there, no room without a page, no corridor without a guard, no post without a man of noble birth to fill it.

On the walls of the great gallery were masterly paintings of great folk, globes showing all the stars fast in the sky, and drawings of the world and all its parts, so real that one could see the savages in the New World hanging to

ment with new marvels, Nick grew more and more uneasy for some simple little nook where he might just sit down and be quiet for a while, as one could do at home, without fine pages peering at him from the screens, or splendid guards patrolling at his heels wherever he went, or obsequious ushers bowing to the floor at every turn, and asking him what he might be pleased to wish. And by the time night fell

and the attendant came to light them to their beds, he felt like a fly on the rim of a wheel that went so fast he could scarcely get his breath or see what passed him by, yet of which he durst not let go.

The palace was much too much for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHRISTMAS WITH QUEEN BESS.

CHRISTMAS morning came and went as if on swallow-wings, in a gale of royal merriment. Four hundred sat to dinner that day in Greenwich halls, and all the palace streamed with banners and green garlands.

Within the courtyard two hundred horses neighed and stamped around a water-fountain playing in a bowl of ice and evergreen. Grooms and pages, hostlers and dames, went hurry-scurrying to and fro; cooks, bakers, and scullions steamed about, leaving hot, mouth-watering streaks of fragrance in the air; bluff men-at-arms went whistling here and there; and serving-maids with rosy cheeks ran breathlessly up and down the winding stairways.

The palace stirred like a mighty pot that boils to its utmost verge, for the hour of the revelries was come.

Over the beech-wood and far across the black heath where Jack Cade marshaled the men of Kent, the wind trembled with the boom of the castle bell. Within the walls of the palace its clang was muffled by a sound of voices that rose and fell like the wind upon the sea.

The ambassadors of Venice and of France were there, with their courtly trains. The Lord High Constable of England was come to sit below the Queen. The earls, too, of Southampton, Montgomery, Pembroke, and Huntington were there; and William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the Queen's High Treasurer, to smooth his care-lined forehead with a Yuletide jest.

Up from the entry ports came shouts of "Room — room! room for my Lord Strange! Room for the Duke of Devonshire!" and about the outer gates there was a tumult like the cheering of a great crowd.

The palace corridors were lined with guards. Gentlemen pensioners under arms went flash-

ing to and fro. Now and then through the inner throng some handsome page with wind-blown hair and rainbow-coloured cloak pushed to the great door, calling: "Way, sirs, way for my Lord! — way for my Lady of Alderstone!" and one by one, or in blithe groups, the courtiers, clad in silks and satins, velvets, jewels, and lace of gold, came up through the lofty folding-doors to their places in the hall.

There, where the Usher of the Black Rod stood, and the gentlemen of the chamber came and went with golden chains about their necks, was bowing and scraping without stint, and reverent civility; for men that were wise and noble were passing by, men that were handsome and brave; and ladies sweet as a summer day, and as fair to see as spring, laughed by their sides and chatted behind their fans, or daintily nibbled comfits, lacking anything to say.

The windows were all curtained in, making a night-time in midday; and from the walls and galleries flaring links and great bouquets of candles threw an eddying flood of yellow light across the stirring scene. From clump to clump above the banner-staves and burnished arms, spiked above the wainscot, garlands of red-berried holly, spruce, and mistletoe were twined across the tapestry, till all the room was bound about with a chain of living green.

There were sweet odors floating through the air, and hazy threads of fragrant smoke from perfumes burning in rich braziers; and under foot was the crisp, clean rustle of new rushes.

From time to time, above the hum of voices, came the sound of music from a room beyond — cornets and flutes, fifes, lutes, and harps, with an organ exquisitely played, and voices singing to it; and from behind the players' curtain, swaying slowly on its rings at the back of the stage, came a murmur of whispering childish voices, now high in eager questioning, now low, rehearsing some doubtful fragment of a song.

Behind the curtain it was dark — not total darkness, but twilight; for a dull glow came down overhead from the lights in the hall without, and faint yellow bars went up and down the dusk from crevices in the screen. The boys stood here and there in nervous groups. Now



“‘MASTER SKYLARK, THOU SHALT HAVE THY WISH,’ SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH.”

and then a sharp complaint was heard from the tirewoman when an impatient lad would not stand still to be dressed.

Master Gyles went to and fro, twisting the manuscript of the Revel in his hands, or pausing kindly to pat some faltering lad upon the back. Nick and Colley were peeping by turns through a hole in the screen at the throng in the audience-chamber.

They could see a confusion of fans, jewels, and faces, and now and again could hear a burst of subdued laughter over the steadily increasing buzz of voices. Then from the gallery above, all at once there came a murmur of instruments tuning together; a voice in the corridor was heard calling, "Way here, way here!" in masterful tones; the tall folding-doors at the side of the hall swung wide, and eight dapper pages in white and gold came in with the Master of Revels. After them came fifty ladies and noblemen clad in white and gold, and a guard of gentlemen pensioners with glittering halberds.

There was a sharp rustle. Every head in the audience-chamber louted low. Nick's heart gave a jump — for the Queen was there!

She came with an air that was at once serious and royal, bearing herself haughtily, yet with a certain grace and sprightliness that became her very well. She was quite tall and well made, and her quickly changing face was long and fair, though wrinkled and no longer young. Her complexion was clear and of an olive hue; her nose was a little hooked; her firm lips were thin; and her small black eyes, though keen and bright, were pleasant and merry withal. Her hair was a coppery, tawny red, and false, moreover. In her ears hung two great pearls; and there was a fine small crown studded with diamonds upon her head, besides a necklace of exceeding fine gold and jewels about her neck. She was attired in a white silk gown bordered with pearls the size of beans, and over it wore a mantle of black silk, cunningly shot with silver threads. Her ruff was vast, her farthingale vaster; and her train, which was very long, was borne by a marchioness who made more ado about it than Elizabeth did of ruling her realm.

"The Queen!" gasped Colley.

"Dost think I did na know it?" answered Nick, his heart beginning to beat tattoo as he stared through the peep-hole in the screen.

He saw the great folk bowing like a gardenful of flowers in a storm, and in their midst Elizabeth erect, speaking to those about her in a lively and good-humoured way, and addressing all the foreigners according to their tongue — in French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch; but hers was funny Dutch, and while she spoke she smiled and made a joke upon it in Latin, at which they all laughed heartily, whether they understood what it meant or not. Then, with her ladies in waiting, she passed to a dais near the stage, and stood a moment, stately, fair, and proud, while all her nobles made obeisance, then sat and gave a signal for the players to begin.

"Rafe Fullerton!" the prompter whispered shrilly; and out from behind the screen slipped Rafe, the smallest of them all, and down the stage to speak the foreword of the piece. He was frightened, and his voice shook as he spoke, but every one was smiling, so he took new heart.

"It is a Masque of Summer-time and Spring," said he, "wherein both claim to be best-loved, and have their say of wit and humour, and each her part of songs and dances suited to her time, the sprightly galliard and the nimble jig for Spring, the slow pavone — the stately peacock dance, for Summer-time. And win who may, fair Summer-time or merry Spring, the winner is but that beside our Queen!" — with which he snapped his fingers in the faces of them all — "God save Queen Bess!"

At that the Queen's eyes twinkled, and she nodded, highly pleased, so that every one clapped mightily.

The play soon ran its course amid great laughter and applause. Spring won. The English ever loved her best, and the quick-paced galliard took their fancy, too. "Up and be doing!" was its tune, and it gave one a chance to cut fine capers with his heels.

Then the stage stood empty and the music stopped.

At this strange end a whisper of surprise ran through the hall. The Queen tapped with the inner side of her rings upon the broad arm of

her chair. From the look on her face, she was whetting her tongue. But before she could speak, Nick and Colley, dressed as a farmer boy and girl, with a garland of house-grown flowers about them, came down the stage from the ar-
 ras, hand in hand, bowing.

The audience-chamber grew very still — *this* was something new. Nick felt a swallowing in his throat, and Colley's hand winced in his grip. There was no sound but a silky rustling in the room.

Then suddenly the boys behind the players' curtain laughed together, not loud, but such a jolly little laugh that all the people smiled to hear it. After the laughter came a hush.

Then the pipes overhead made a merry sound as of shepherds piping on oaten straws in new grass where there are daisies; and there was a little elfish laughter of clarionets, and a fluttering among the cool flutes like spring wind blowing through crisp young leaves in April. The harps began to pulse and throb with a soft cadence like raindrops falling into a clear pool where brown leaves lie upon the bottom and bubbles float above green stones and smooth white pebbles. Nick lifted up his head and sang.

It was a happy little song of the coming and the triumph of the spring. The words were all forgotten long ago. They were not much: enough to serve the turn, no more; but the notes to which they went were like barn-swallows twittering under the eaves, goldfinches clinking in purple weeds beside old roads, and robins singing in common gardens at dawn. And wherever Nick's voice ran, Colley's followed, the pipes laughing after them a note or two below; while the flutes kept gurgling softly to themselves as a hill brook gurgles through the woods, and the harps ran gently up and down like rain among the daffodils. One voice called, the other answered; there were echo-like refrains; and as they sang Nick's heart grew full. He cared not a stiver for the crowd, the golden palace, or the great folk there — the Queen no more — he only listened for Colley's voice coming up lovingly after his own and running away when he followed it down, like a lad and a lass through the bloom of the May. And Colley was singing as if his heart would

leap out of his round mouth for joy to follow after the song they sung, till they came to the end and the skylark's song.

There Colley ceased, and Nick went singing on alone, forgetting, caring for, heeding naught but the song that was in his throat.

The Queen's fan dropped from her hand upon the floor. No one saw it or picked it up. The Venetian ambassador scarcely breathed.

Nick came down the stage, his hands before him, lifted as if he saw the very lark he followed with his song, up, up, up into the sun. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were wet, though his voice was a song and a laugh in one.

Then they were gone behind the curtain, into the shadow and the twilight there, Colley with his arms about Nick's neck, not quite laughing, not quite sobbing. The manuscript of the Revel lay torn in two upon the floor, and Master Gyles had a foot upon each piece.

In the hall beyond the curtain was a silence that was deeper than a hush, a stillness rising from the hearts of men.

Then Elizabeth turned in the chair where she sat. Her eyes were as bright as a blaze. And out of the sides of her eyes she looked at the Venetian ambassador. He was sitting far out on the edge of his chair, and his lips had fallen apart. She laughed to herself. "It is a good song, signor," said she, and those about her started at the sound of her voice. "*Chi tace confessa* — it is so! There are no songs like English songs — there is no spring like an English spring — there is no land like England, *my* England!" She clapped her hands. "I will speak with those lads," said she.

Straightway certain pages ran through the press and came behind the curtain where Nick and Colley stood together, still trembling with the music not yet gone out of them, and brought them through the hall to where the Queen sat, every one whispering, "Look!" as they passed.

On the dais they knelt together, bowing, side by side. Elizabeth, with a kindly smile, leaning a little forward, raised them with her slender hand. "Stand, dear lads," said she heartily. "Be lifted up by thine own singing, as our hearts have been uplifted by thy song.

And name me the price of that same song — 't was sweeter than the sweetest song we ever heard before."

"Or ever shall hear again," said the Venetian ambassador under his breath, rubbing his forehead as if just wakening out of a dream.

"Come," said Elizabeth, tapping Colley's cheek with her fan, "what wilt thou have of me, fair maid?"

Colley turned red, then very pale. "That I may stay in the palace forever and sing for your Majesty," said he. His fingers shivered in Nick's.

"Now that is right prettily asked," she cried, and was well pleased. "Thou shalt indeed stay for a singing page in our household — a voice and a face like thine are merry things upon a rainy Monday. And thou, Master Lark," said she, fanning the hair back from Nick's forehead with her perfumed fan — "thou that comest up out of the field with a song like the angels sing — what wilt thou have: that thou mayst sing in our choir and play on the lute for us?"

Nick looked up at the torches on the wall, drawing a deep, long breath. When he looked down again his eyes were dazzled and he could not see the Queen.

"What wilt thou have?" he heard her ask.

"Let me go home," said he.

There were red and green spots in the air. He tried to count them, since he could see nothing else, and everything was very still; but they all ran into one purple spot which came and went like a firefly's glow, and in the middle of the purple spot he saw the Queen's face coming and going.

"Surely, boy, that is an ill-considered speech," said she, "or thou dost deem us very poor, or most exceeding stingy!" Nick hung his head, for the walls seemed tapestried with staring eyes. "Or else this home of thine must be a very famous place."

The maids of honor tittered. Further off somebody laughed. Nick looked up, and squared his shoulders.

They had rubbed the cat the wrong way.

It is hard to be a stranger in a palace, young, country-bred, and laughed at all at once; but down in Nick Attwood's heart was a stubborn streak that all the flattery on earth could not

cajole nor ridicule efface. He might be simple, shy, and slow, but what he loved he loved: that much he knew; and when they laughed at him for loving home they seemed to mock not him, but home — and *that* touched the fighting-spot.

"I would rather be there than here," said he.

The Queen's face flushed.

"Thou art more curt than courteous," said she. "Is it not good enough for thee here?"

"I could na live in such a place."

The Queen's eyes snapped. "In such a place? Marry, art thou so choice? These others find no fault with the life."

"Then they be born to it," said Nick, "or they could abide no more than I — they would na fit."

"Haw, haw!" said the Lord High Constable.

The Queen shot one quick glance at him. "Old pegs have been made to fit new holes before to-day," said she; "and the trick can be done again." The Constable smothered the rest of that laugh in his hand. "But come, boy, speak up; what hath put thee so out of conceit with our best-beloved palace?"

"There is na one thing likes me here. I can na bide in a place so fine, for there's not so much as a corner in it feels like home. I could na sleep in the bed last night."

"What! How? We commanded good beds!" exclaimed Elizabeth angrily, for the Venetian ambassador was smiling in his beard. "This shall be seen to."

"Oh, it *was* a good bed — a very good bed indeed, your Majesty!" cried Nick. "But the mattress puffed up like a cloud in a bag, and almost smothered me; and it was so soft and so hot that it gave me a fever."

Elizabeth leaned back in her chair and laughed. The Lord High Constable hastily finished the laugh that he had hidden in his hand. Everybody laughed. "Upon my word," said the Queen, "it is an odd skylark cannot sleep in feathers! What didst thou do, forsooth?"

"I slept in the coverlid on the floor," said Nick. "It was na hurt, — I dusted the place well, — and I slept like a top."

"Now verily," laughed Elizabeth, "if it be

floors that thou dost desire, we have acres to spare—thou shalt have thy pick of the lot. Come, we are ill used to begging people to be favored—thou 'lt stay?"

Nick shook his head.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Queen, "it is a queer fancy makes a face at such a pleasant dwelling! What is it sticks in thy throat?"

Nick stood silent. What was there to say? If he came here he never would see Stratford town again; and *this* was no abiding-place for him.

They would not even let him go to the fountain himself to draw water with which to

hangs ripening on thy tongue. Consider well. Come, thou wilt accept?"

Nick slowly shook his head.

"Go then, if thou wilt go!" said she; and as she spoke she shrugged her shoulders, ill pleased, and turning toward Colley, took him by the hand and drew him closer to her, smiling at his guise. "Thy comrade hath more wit."

"He hath no mother," Nick said quietly, loosing his hold at last on Colley's hand. "I would rather have my mother than his wit."

Elizabeth turned sharply back. Her keen eyes were sparkling, yet soft.

"Thou art no fool," said she.

A little murmur ran through the room.

She sat a moment, silent, studying his face.

"Or if thou art, upon my word I like the breed.

It is a stubborn, forward dog; but Hold-fast is his name. Ay, sirs,"

she said, and sat up very straight, looking into the

faces of her court, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-

fast is better. A lad

who so loves his mother

makes a man who loveth

his native land—and it is

no bad streak in the blood. Master Skylark, thou shalt have thy wish; to London thou shalt go

this very night."

"I do na live in London," Nick began.

"What matters the place?" said she. "Live wheresoever thine heart doth please. It is enough—so. Thou mayst kiss our hand."

She held out her hand, bright with jewels. He knelt and kissed it as if it were all a doing

in a dream, or in some unlikely story he had read. But a long while after he could smell the

perfume from her slender fingers on his lips.

Then a page standing by him touched his arm as he arose, and bowing backward from the throne, came with him to the curtain and the rest. Old Master Gyles was standing there



"SO NICK RODE HOME UPON THE BACK OF THE EARL OF ARUNDEL'S MAN-AT-ARMS."

wash, but fetched it, three at a time, in a

silver ewer and a copper basin, with towels and a flask of perfume.

Elizabeth was tapping with her fan. "Thou art bedazzled like," she said. "Think twice—preferment does not gooseberry on the hedge-row every day; and this is a rare chance which

apart. It was too dark to see his face, but he laid his hand upon Nick's head.

"Thy cake is burned to a coal," said he.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BACK TO GASTON CAREW.

So they marched back out of the palace gates, down to the landing-place, the last red sunlight gleaming on the basinet of the tall halberdiers who marched on either side.

Nick looked out toward London, where the river lay like a serpent, bristling with masts; and beyond the river and the town to the forests of Epping and Hainault; and beyond the forests to the hills, where the waning day still lingered in a mist of frosty blue. At their back, midway of the Queen's park, stood up the old square tower Mirefleur, and on its top, one yellow light like the flame of a gigantic candle. The day seemed builded of memories strange and untrue.

A belated gull flapped by them heavily, and the red sun went down. England was growing lonely. A great barge laden with straw came out of the dusk, and was gone without a sound, its ghostly sail drawing in a wind that the wherry sat too low to feel. Nick held his breath as the barge went by: it was unreal, fantastical.

Then the river dropped between its banks, and the woods and the hills were gone. The tide ran heavily against the shore, and the wake of the wherry broke the floating stars into cold white streaks and zigzag rippings of raveled light that ran unsteadily after them. The craft at anchor in the Pool had swung about upon the flow, and pointed down to Greenwich. A hush had fallen upon the never-ending bustle of the town; the air was full of a gray, uncanny afterglow which seemed to come up out of the water, for the sky was grown quite dark.

They were all wrapped in their boat-cloaks, tired and silent. Now and then Nick dipped his fingers into the cold water over the gunwale.

This was the end of the glory.

He wished the boat would go a little faster. Yet when they came to the landing he was sorry.

The man-at-arms who went with him to

Master Carew's house was one of the Earl of Arundel's men, in a stiff-wadded jacket of heron-blue, with the earl's colors richly worked upon its back, and his badge upon the sleeves. Prowlers gave way before him in the streets, for he was broad and tall and mighty, and the fear of any man was not in the look of his eye.

As they came up the slow hill, Nick sighed, for the long-legged man-at-arms walked fast. "What there!" said he, and clapped Nick on the shoulder with his bony hand; "art far spent, lad? Why, marry, get thee upon my back. I'll jog thee home in the shake of a black sheep's tail."

So Nick rode home upon the back of the Earl of Arundel's man-at-arms; and that, too, seemed a dream like all the rest.

When they came to Master Carew's house the street was dark, and Nick's foot was asleep. He stamped it, tingling, upon the step, and the empty passage echoed with the sound. Then the earl's man beat the door with the pommel of his dagger-hilt, and stood with his hands upon his hips, carelessly whistling a little tune.

Nick heard a sound of some one coming through the hall, and felt that at last the day was done. A tired wonder awakened in his heart at how so much had come to pass in such a little while; yet more he wondered why it had ever come to pass at all. And what was the worth of it, anyway, now it was done.

Then the door opened, and he went in.

Master Gaston Carew himself had come to the door, walking quickly through the hallway, with a queer, nervous twitching in his face. But when he made out through the dusk that it was Nick, he seemed in no wise moved, and said quite simply, as he gave the man-at-arms a penny: "Oh, is it thou? Why, we have heard somewhat of thee; and upon my word, I thought, since thou wert grown so great, thou wouldst come home in a coach-and-four, all blowing horns!"

Nevertheless he drew Nick quickly in, and kissed him thrice; and after he had kissed him kept fast hold of his hand until they came together through the hall into the great room where Cicely was sitting quite dismally in the chimney-seat alone.

"There, Nick," said he; "tell her thyself

that thou hast come back. She thought she had lost thee for good and all, and hath sung, 'Hey ho, my heart is full of woe!' the whole twilight, and would not be comforted. Come, Cicely, doff thy doleful willow—the proverb lies. 'Out of sight, out of mind'—fudge! the boy's come back again! A plague take provverbs, anyway!"

But when the children were both long since abed, and all the house was still save for the scamper of rats in the wall, the heavy door of Nick's room opened stealthily, with a little grating upon the uneven sill, and Master Carew stood there, peeping in, his hand upon the bolt outside. He held a rush-light in the other. Its glimmer fell across the bed upon Nick's tousled hair; and when the master-player saw the boy's head upon the pillow he started eagerly, with brightening eyes. "My soul!" he whispered to himself, a little quaver in his tone, "I would have sworn my own wish lied to me, and that he had not come at all! It cannot be—yet, verily, I am not blind. *Ma foi!* it passeth understanding—a freed skylark come back to its cage! I thought we had lost him forever."

Nick stirred in his sleep. Carew set the light on the floor. "Thou fool!" said he, and he fumbled at his pouch; "thou dear-belovéd little fool! To catch the skirts of glory in thine hand, and tread the heels of happy chance, and yet come back again to ill-starred twilight—and to me! Ai, lad, I would thou wert my son—mine own, own son; yet Heaven forbid thee father such as I! For, Nick, I love thee. Yet thou dost hate me like a poison thing. And still I love thee, on my word, and on the remnant of mine honour!" His voice was husky. "Let thee go?—send thee back?—eat my sweet and have it too?—how? Nay, nay; thy happy cake would be my dough—it will not serve." He shook his head, and looked about to see that all was fast. "Yet, Nick, I say I love thee, on my soul!"

Slipping to the bedside with stealthy step, he laid a fat little Banbury cheese and some brown sweet cakes beside Nick's pillow; then came out hurriedly and barred the door.

The fire in the great hall had gone out, and the room was growing cold. The table stood

by the chimney-side, where supper had been laid. Carew brought a napkin from the linen-chest, and spread it upon the board. Then he went to the server's screen and looked behind it, and tried the latches of the doors; and having thus made sure that all was safe, came back to the table again, and setting the rush-light there, turned the contents of his purse into the napkin.

There were both gold and silver. The silver he put back into the purse again; the gold he counted carefully; and as he counted, laying the pieces one by one in little heaps upon the cloth, he muttered under his breath, like a small boy adding up his sums in school, saying over and over again, "One for me, and one for thee, and two for Cicely Carew. One for me, and one for thee, and two for Cicely Carew"; and told the coins off in keeping with the count, so that the last pile was as large as both the others put together. Then slowly ending, "None for me, and one for thee, and two for Cicely Carew," he laid the last three nobles with the rest.

Then he arose and stood a moment listening to the silence in the house. An old he rat that was gnawing a rind on the hearth looked up, and ran a little nearer to his hole. "Tsst! come back," said Carew; "I'm no cat!" and from the sliding panel in the wall he took out a buckskin bag tied like a meal-sack with a string.

As he slipped the knot the throat of the bag sagged down, and a gold piece jangled on the floor. Carew started as if all his nerves had leaped within him at the unexpected sound, and closed the panel like a flash. Then, setting his foot upon the fallen coin, he stopped its spinning, and with one hand on his poniard, peering right and left, he blew the candle out.

A little while he stood and listened in the dark; a little while his feet went to and fro in the darkness. The wind cried in the chimney. Now and then the casements shivered. The timbers in the wall creaked with the cold, and the boards in the stairway cracked. Then the old he rat came back to his rind, and his mate came out of the crack in the wall, working her whiskers hungrily and snuffing the smell of the candle-drip; for there was no sound, and the coast of rat-land was clear.

AUNT PORTIA
AND THE BOYS

BY Mary A Gillette.



“Now listen,” said Aunt Portia ;
“When Fourth of July comes,
Can such a noise of trumpets,
Of cannon, bells, and drums,
Be in this age of culture
The very wisest way —”

“Why!” cried the boys,
“Without a noise
What ’s Independence Day?”

“Dear boys,” rejoined Aunt Portia,
 “I doubt if such a waste
 Of powder and of money
 Is in the best of taste.
 The bells might ring, the band might play,
 But not a single gun—”

“Fourth o’ July,”
 Dismayed they cry,
 “Without a bit of fun!”

“But crackers and torpedoes—
 Those shocking things,” said she;
 “’T is time they were discarded.
 Some new device might be
 Discovered or invented.
 Now, don’t you think so, boys?”

“Why, something new,”
 They said, “might do,
 If it would *make more noise.*”



THE SPRITE OF THE HILLTOP.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WHEN noons are hot and very still,
 It 's ho for the sprite that lives on the hill!
 Stealing along from nook to nook,
 Over the stones in the mountain brook,
 Along the path where the cattle go,
 On shyest ways that the hill-folk know;
 Through sunny open and leafy alley—
 Down he hies him into the valley.
 Then the thistle-wheel round and round
 Goes rolling and rolling without a sound,
 And a silver shimmer runs over the pond,
 And he runs after, and, on beyond,
 Swings the wild cherries asleep by the wall,

Ruffs the fur of a squirrel, and that is all.
 A whiff of sweet from the wood or the meadow!
 He is here again on the back of a shadow,
 And it 's crinkle on crinkle along the track
 His quick feet make on the shadow's back.
 Off he jumps, and, whisking up,
 Spills sunshine out of a buttercup,
 And yellow bugs, all shiny and lazy,
 Tumbles headlong off the daisy.
 He tickles the rib of a fat old toad;
 He smothers the mulleins with smoke of the road.
 The fun 's just beginning—still! all still!
 The sprite has gone home to the top of the hill.

THE CHESAPEAKE MILL.

BY WILLIAM ABBATT.

IF there is a naval fight in our history about which every school-boy ought to know,—to use an expression of which historians are rather fond,—it is the sea-fight between our man-of-war “Chesapeake” and the British “Shannon,” off Boston harbor, on the first of June, 1813. It has been so often told that I will not tell it over again except in the briefest way. The Chesapeake was captured, chiefly or altogether through the mutinous conduct of part of her crew, who refused to work the cannon on her lower deck at all. Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were killed, or, to be exact, the captain died of his wounds four days after the loss of his ship, and the Shannon took her prize into the harbor of Halifax, where her arrival caused the greatest rejoicing.

The dying words of Lawrence, as he was carried from the deck, “Don’t give up the ship!” have been familiar to our boys and girls for more than eighty years. It is these words that make the combat most memorable. They are a good motto in every trouble of life. Don’t give up the ship — don’t despair, lose heart, surrender, but take courage, and, like General Grant, “Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.”

With the Chesapeake’s entrance into Halifax harbor all trace of her disappears from our smaller histories. Some years after the war of 1812 was over, the English naval authorities decided that the Shannon was useless, and had her broken up. I think, if they had realized how much romance was in after years to attach to the story of the fight, they might have kept the old ship in repair, as Admiral Nelson’s old “Victory” has been preserved. The Chesapeake was sent to England, where she must have been an object of great interest; but in 1820 she, too, was taken to pieces. This was

probably done in the harbor of Southampton, for her timbers were sold to one John Prior, the owner of a flour-mill in the little town of Wickham, near Southampton. He pulled down his mill, and used the great beams of the American frigate in building a new one. The great deck-timbers, thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, served for floor-beams in the mill, and the smaller ones for uprights, all without being cut or altered in any way. Of course many of them were full of the shot fired by the Shannon in the fight, and the shot are there still.

When I learned of the strange end of the old ship, the story of which I had read as a boy with no less interest, I hope, than do the boys of to-day, I determined to secure a picture of the mill built of her timbers,—and here it is.

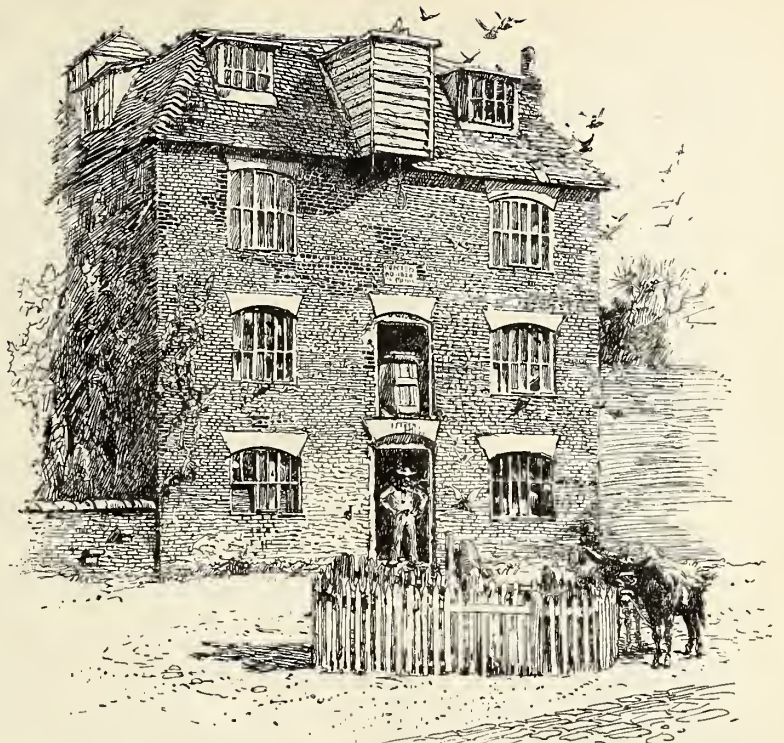
It is not so impressive as some other pictures in the world, for the mill is not very large. Several like it could be put inside any one of the great mills at Minneapolis, and still leave plenty of room for work; but then, it is the *Chesapeake Mill* (that is the name it has always gone by), and, so far as I know, this is the only picture of it ever made, and certainly the only one in America. I wanted especially a photograph of the interior, but the photographer declared the place was so dark, and so full of machinery, that it was impossible to take a satisfactory picture. I think a Yankee with a kodak, however, would try it, and I hope one will before long. As you see, the building is a squat, brick affair, without a sign of beauty about it; but it will always be of interest to patriotic Americans.

Many years ago, a life of Captain Broke, the commander of the Shannon during the action, was published in England, and from it we may make an extract describing the mill:

Nothing ship-like or of the sea was to be seen from the outside [of the mill]. A large cigar-box made of the polished pine of the ship, and bearing the word "Chesapeake" in brass nails, stood upon a table. The beams were marked in many places by grape-shot. The mill was merrily going, but as I stood there I remembered that on one of those planks Captain Lawrence fell, mortally wounded, Captain Broke almost so, and the first lieutenant of the Shannon and the third of the Chesapeake died. Thus pondering, I stood, and still the busy hum of the peaceful mill went on.

The cigar-box spoken of has disappeared, and the present owner of the mill knows nothing of its whereabouts. The old mill is likely to stand for

many years, the only visible reminder of the great sea-fight of 1813, except the tomb of the gallant Captain Lawrence in Trinity Church-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

THE CHESAPEAKE MILL.

yard, New York, on which are deeply cut a brief story of the battle, and the young captain's immortal words, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

WHEN WE GO FISHING.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

WHEN we go fishing in the brook,
 Joey and Cicely and I,
 A crooked pin 's our only hook.
 That catches 'em! Sometimes we tie
 The string tight to a willow limb
 Just where the biggest minnows swim.

Then we lie down there in the shade,
 And watch our bobs that tip and float;
 And once a bridge of rocks we made,
 And built a castle and a moat;
 But just as sure as we begin,
 Why, Joey goes and tumbles in.

Then all the frightened fish they hide
 Beneath the rocks and in the pool.
 There 's not a minnow to be spied!
 The water settles clear and cool
 With bubbles 'tween the rocks, and foam;
 But then we must take Joey home.

Of course he cries at mama's look.
 She says: "Is this the only fish
 That you can catch in Silver Brook?"
 She knows, though, we 'd get all she 'd wish,
 With just our string and pail and pin—
 If Joey would n't tumble in!



Hunting for Shells.

FROM THE ISLAND OF CEYLON TO THE DRY TORTUGAS.

BY H. D. SMITH,

Captain in the United States Revenue Cutter Service.



AS a relief from the routine of life on shipboard, the writer has often rambled over miles of wild sea beach and stretches of smooth, shifting sand. There is great pleasure in listening to the deep-toned breakers, and in watching the ever-changing tints of the opaline waters. The solitude is unbroken save by the deep breathing or pulsations of old Ocean and an occasional complaining note from some sea-fowl. During such rambles an interest in shells began. The many bright-colored treasures along the beach must arouse in the hearts of the most indifferent at least a recognition of their beautiful shapes and wonderful colors.

The result of my study of shells has been a collection of shells representing many parts of the globe, and the sight of some of the shells recalls a day of adventure, or such a little "yarn" as is always relished by the youthful listener.

Of course my interest in shells has led me to study the science of shells—conchology—and to notice interesting items upon the subject wherever met with.

The researches of the famous English cruiser "Challenger" revealed many secrets held long

concealed by old Ocean; and while exploring the bed of the Atlantic for the pathway of the cable, shelled animals were obtained at a depth of 1900 fathoms, or about two miles, and specimens have been secured in 2425 fathoms, or nearly three miles.

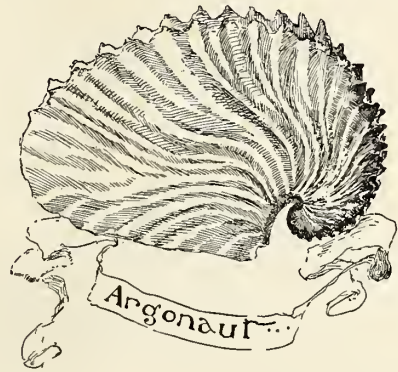
Probably the finest shells known come from the isles of the South Seas, cast up on the sloping beaches of these ever green emeralds of the ocean by the breakers of the mighty Pacific. At Cebu, in the Philippine Islands, the writer has found some of the rarest shells in his collection, and has bought shell cups and spoons made from the univalve shells. When they are cut, cleaned, and polished the interior shows a vivid orange tint mingled with a pearly coating.

Strewn along the beaches of numerous South Pacific islets, all but unknown to the average navigator, is found the Pearly Nautilus, supposed by seamen to be furnished with a membrane which serves as a sail. There are four species to be seen living. Here too the beautiful Natica, a species of marine gastropod, with its glassy shell regularly streaked with yellow bars, is found in its sandy hiding-place. Here also is the beautifully polished and tinted Oliva. Fine specimens of mother-of-pearl may be found, and a perfect kaleidoscope of intermingling color greets the eye at every step.

On one of the countless islands of the South Pacific, while gathering shells, not noticing that the sun had nearly set and deep shadows were creeping out from the banana and cocoa palms, I heard an unusual commotion among a combined party of monkeys and parroquets that were in a beautiful fan-palm whose branches reached to within a few feet of the feathery, tumbling surf. The search for shells would have led directly under the rustling foliage, and but for the noise made by the birds and monkeys this story about shells would probably never have been written.

Coiled amid the thick leaves and vines was a big snake, I think a boa-constrictor, whose flashing eyes and great jaws came into view as I cautiously advanced. One glance was sufficient. I had no weapons, and I made a retreat to the little boat on the beach. The island was left in a hurry, and the rapidly growing darkness, coming at once after the tropical sunset, effectually shut out all objects from view. But the lesson taught by that meeting was not forgotten; and from that day, whenever indulging in a ramble on unknown ground, I have carried a gun.

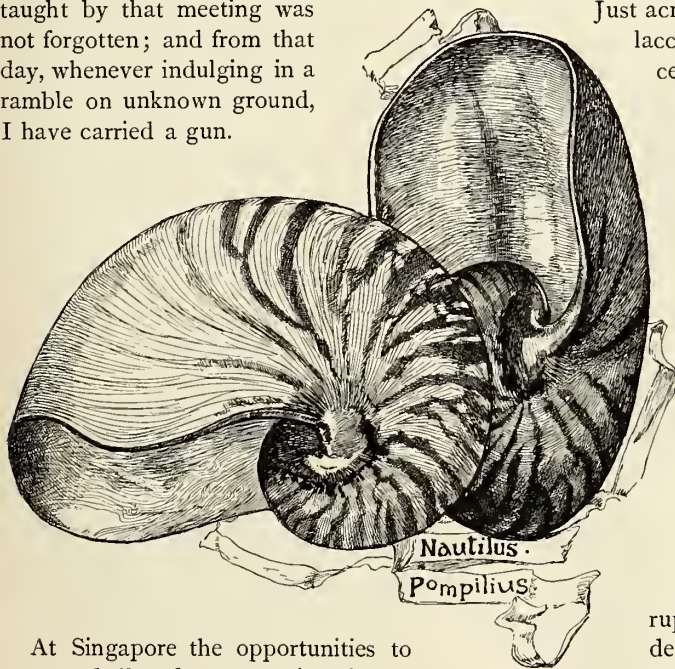
of-pearl comes here almost entirely from Borneo and the Southwestern Archipelago. The minute flash shells of Ceylon, scarcely larger than a grain of sand, but as perfectly formed as



the nautilus or spider-shell, are obtained here, and are considered curiosities. They are of all shapes and forms, resembling baskets, stars, and diamonds, but none is to be found larger than a pin's head.

Just across the famous old Straits of Malacca is the sultanate of Johore. Receiving permission to view the little Malay country, the writer, assisted by two trained and armed shikarries, improved the opportunity to secure some shells. Engaging the shikarries was a wise precaution, as the shell district at one point borders on the confines of a dense jungle where tigers were known to lurk.

There were many beautiful specimens of tree-shells as well as of "green snail," a strictly land species of short, spiral form, in color a pale, green-lemon tint, suffused with yellow. Suddenly my labors were interrupted by the elder shikarry, whose deep guttural exclamation and eyes flashing with excitement attracted



At Singapore the opportunities to secure shells of great variety in colors, forms, and sizes are not surpassed at any point in India. Here may be found specimens from all parts of the Malayan Archipelago, the coasts of Siam, Burma, Ceylon, and China. Mother-

my attention.

"Hist, sahib!—be wary," he whispered. "Look, there is Kya! Kya!" (Tiger).

I must confess this startling piece of news

was more than I had really expected when I left the spacious bungalow of the Sultan. Moving back a pace or two beyond the shadow of the thickly interlaced underbrush, I took from the shikarry's hand the heavy rifle he always carried.

The next instant out stalked a tiger, who came clear of the shrubbery, swaggering along with the peculiar gait of a tiger when he is on the prowl. The raising of the cumbersome

glanced along the sights, and with the report a low, menacing growl issued from the muscular throat, as with a mighty bound the powerful brute disappeared within the depths of the dark, drowsy jungle. I had missed him in the hurry and excitement of a first shot, and, somewhat abashed, shell-hunting was abandoned for that day. The shikarries probably had a quiet laugh at my expense, but of course they were too well trained to exhibit the slightest trace of levity in presence of their master's guest.

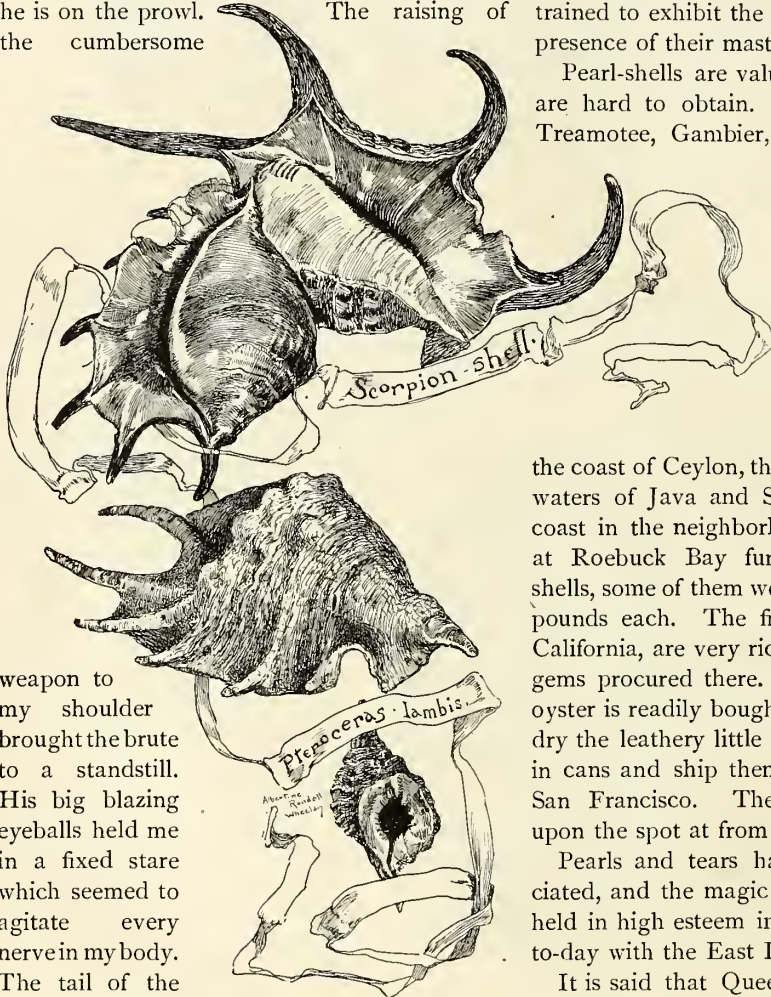
Pearl-shells are valuable, and fine specimens are hard to obtain. They are found in the Treamotee, Gambier, and Trihual groups of islands. The choicest come from Macassar; these are the white-edged shells, worth \$800 a ton, and from these the finest pearl buttons are manufactured.

The most celebrated pearl-fisheries lie near the coast of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and in the waters of Java and Sumatra. The Australian coast in the neighborhood of Shank's Bay and at Roebuck Bay furnishes some very large shells, some of them weighing from two to three pounds each. The fisheries of Baja, Gulf of California, are very rich, France controlling the gems procured there. The meat of the pearl-oyster is readily bought by the Chinamen, who dry the leathery little bivalves or seal them up in cans and ship them to their countrymen in San Francisco. The pearl-shells readily sell upon the spot at from \$1.50 to \$5 per pound.

Pearls and tears have for ages been associated, and the magic virtues of the pearl were held in high esteem in early times, as they are to-day with the East Indians.

It is said that Queen Margaret Tudor, consort of James IV. of Scotland, previous to the battle of Flodden Field had many presentiments of the disastrous issue of that conflict, owing to a dream she had three nights in succession, that jewels and sparkling coronets were suddenly turned into pearls—which the superstitious believed were a sign of coming widowhood and of tears.

weapon to my shoulder brought the brute to a standstill. His big blazing eyeballs held me in a fixed stare which seemed to agitate every nerve in my body. The tail of the tiger switched nervously from side to side, while one huge paw remained uplifted, as if he was undecided just what action to take. Not a muscle in the natives quivered; motionless as statues, they stood in the rear, their spotless turbans gleaming in the flood of sunshine, leaving all to the superior prowess of the white man. Hastily my eye



Pearls are of various colors, and in India the red pearls were highly prized by the Buddhists, who used them in adorning their temples. Pearls are formed to protect the shell-fish. They are due to a secretion of shelly substance around some irritating particle, and their composition is the same as that of mother-of-pearl.

From the bright-tinted islands of the vast Pacific, the spice-laden breezes and deep-hued waters of Ceylon, the rich, glowing hills of Borneo and Sumatra, we will turn to the low-lying shores and sand-girt keys of the Gulf of Mexico.

Though lacking the gorgeous tropical surroundings and picturesque scenery of the Orient, the shimmering, sandy surfaces, scarcely peeping above the foam-capped billows, have been found rich in brightly tinted and peculiarly shaped shells. The scene, too, along the Gulf Coast is by no means devoid of beauty and novelty.

At Hurricane Island, the entrance to St. Andrew's Sound on the west coast of Florida, a few pretty-colored Ark, Cockle, Drill, and Naiad shells have been secured. Here also is found the exquisitely polished Oliva shell, varying from a light drab to a deep, rich mot-

and is rapidly disappearing before the savage assaults of thundering breakers, and before long the blue waters of the Gulf will sweep over it.

At St. Joseph's Bay, a few miles to the eastward of Hurricane Island, a safe and commodious harbor is formed by a narrow arm of sand-dunes. Along their glistening shores a variety



FISHERMEN'S SHACKS. ST. JOSEPH'S BAY, FLORIDA.

of delicate and pretty shells has been gathered. Thrown on the sloping borders by the restless waves, nestle the peculiar-shaped Sinistral, the clean-cut Turbinella, the cone-shaped Virnestas, and innumerable Winkles, which destroy large numbers of oysters by drilling their shells and sucking their juices.

On the same beach my son, while quietly selecting a few choice, colored mollusks, was startled by a sudden, vicious grunt, and glancing up, was startled by the spectacle of a genuine Florida hog, a "razor-back," charging down upon him at full speed. With back arched, stiff bristles standing erect with rage, long, curved tusks protruding from the foam-flecked snout, and villainous eyes snapping with rage, the angry beast came on. Altogether he was a formidable-appearing brute, and in point of ferocity not to be trifled with. Startled by the sudden attack, the young man retreated precipitately into the water, the only means of escape open to him, where, waist-deep, he opened fire from a heavy navy-revolver. Not long afterward, in the petty-officers' mess, there was a glorious banquet on wild hog.

Along the Florida reefs, once the home of



EGMONT KEY.

tled brown. It leaves only a slight trail in the fluffy sand where it burrows for a hiding-place, and it requires a sharp and practised eye to discover its lurking-place. Hurricane Isl-

the daring and wicked wrecker, beautiful shells are thrown up by the waves of the Gulf; while along the chain of little keys or islands jutting out to the westward from Key West toward Tortugas, where towers Fort Jefferson, the celebrated solitary fortress of the Gulf, are found the pretty brown-mottled shells that cling to submerged roots of thick and tangled mangrove bushes, the natural haunt and home of the water-moccasin.

At Tortugas a number of Conchs, King and Queen, were secured in the surf; also many delicate patterns of sea-ferns, brilliant in many colors. At Sanibal Island is found the right-handed fan-shell, said to be obtainable at only three or four places in the world. This shell, the spiral being reversed, is mentioned as a rarity by Jules Verne in his interesting book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

Upon many of the lone and desolate sand-islets, where tradition says that the pirates and buccaneers of old once found a congenial haunt, are beaches rich in shell treasures, but they have been thoroughly tramped over by collectors.

Reminiscences of boat adventures in the rolling lines of breakers on the coast of Africa, or while hunting for the brilliant Abalones in the Gulf of California, or in seeking for mother-of-pearl on the wild coast of Australia, with happenings that include sharks, a narrow escape from the black natives of New Zealand, and a battle with monkeys on the Coromandel coast, might be included in this description of shell-hunting; but possibly sufficient has been recounted to convince the reader that even in so tame a pursuit as shell-gathering one may now and again happen upon exciting situations.



A MARVEL.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

AN old astronomer there was
 Who livèd up in a tower;
 Named Ptolemy Copernicus
 Flammarion McGower.
 He said: "I can prognosticate
 With estimates correct;
 And when the skies I contemplate,
 I know what to expect.
 When dark'ning clouds obscure my sight,
 I think perhaps 't will rain;
 And when the stars are shining bright,
 I know 't is clear again."
 And then abstractedly he scanned
 The heavens, hour by hour,
 Old Ptolemy Copernicus
 Flammarion McGower.

LOST HIS POCKET-KNIFE!

Oct 7th 1779

Dear Sir

I have lost & cannot
 tell how an old & favourite
 penknife & am much distressed
 for want of one - if you have
 any in your store please to
 send me one - if you have not
 be so good as to call on me
 directly. - perhaps Mr Bayley
 could furnish me. - one with
 two blades I should prefer,
 where choice can be had

I am D^r Sir

Y^r most Obed^t

George Washington

As there may be some difficulty in making out parts of the old letter shown on page 737, here are the words in plain print:

October 7th, 1779.

DEAR SIR

I have lost — & cannot tell how — an old & favourite penknife & am much distressed for want of one — if you have any in your stores please to send me one — if you have not be so good as to get one immediately. — perhaps Mr. Bayley could furnish me. — one with two blades I should prefer where choice can be had.

I am D^r Sir

Y^r Most Obed^t

G. WASHINGTON.

Even so prudent and careful a man as General George Washington may lose a knife, as if he were the youngest boy in the Red Schoolhouse!

The General knew the value of a good knife, for he says it is “an old favourite,” and that he is “much distressed for want of one.” The army was not in active service just then, for the fighting was chiefly in the southern colonies; so the Commander-in-Chief probably needed his knife to mend his pens. Quill-pens were always wearing down, and had to be repointed; in-

deed, schoolmasters in those days were kept busy in mending their scholars' pens. I wonder if the boys did not sometimes blunt the pens on purpose when tired of writing.

You will notice that the picture shows the edges of the letter to have been scraped. This is because an inscription was once put on the letter saying that it was carried in a procession on Washington's Birthday, 1832 — a hundred years after his birth.

The letter was presented in 1837 by Robert Desilver, who was a stationer and publisher in Walnut street, Philadelphia, to Constant Guillou, who was a lawyer; and by him to Dr. Charles F. Guillou, assistant surgeon United States Navy, the present owner, April 16, 1889.

The owner of the letter believes that it was addressed to Major Gibbs, then paymaster to the Commander and his staff.

How little did General Washington, “much distressed” by the loss of his knife, dream of the pleasure the letter would give to nineteenth-century young folks! — among the rest to two little grandsons of the owner of the letter, who is now eighty-four years old.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

BY MARY LILLIAN HERR.

THE American people are so jealous of the fame of Washington that they have found in a hundred years but one worthy to stand beside him — the Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln.

Yet in many respects these two great Americans were strangely unlike, for Washington was trained according to English ideas of reserve and dignity; while Lincoln was a product of the frontier settlement, and accustomed to meet all men as having equal rights — and no more.

Here is a true story of Lincoln that shows

his simple cordiality and freedom from false dignity.

On his inaugural journey to Washington in 1861, the train stopped a little time in the town of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new President. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled; but the crowd was so noisy he did not try to speak to them.

Very near to the platform stood a workman, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls, and carrying a dinner-pail. Like the rest he had stopped hoping to see Mr. Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size, and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall; and, encouraged by the friendly face, the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head, and called out:

"Hi, there, Abe Lincoln!—I'm taller than you—yes, a sight taller!"

This loud speech silenced the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward with a good-humored smile, said quietly:

"Myman, I doubt it; in fact, I'm sure I am the taller. However, come up, and let's measure."

The crowd made way; the workman climbed to the platform, and stood back to back with the President-elect. Each put up a hand

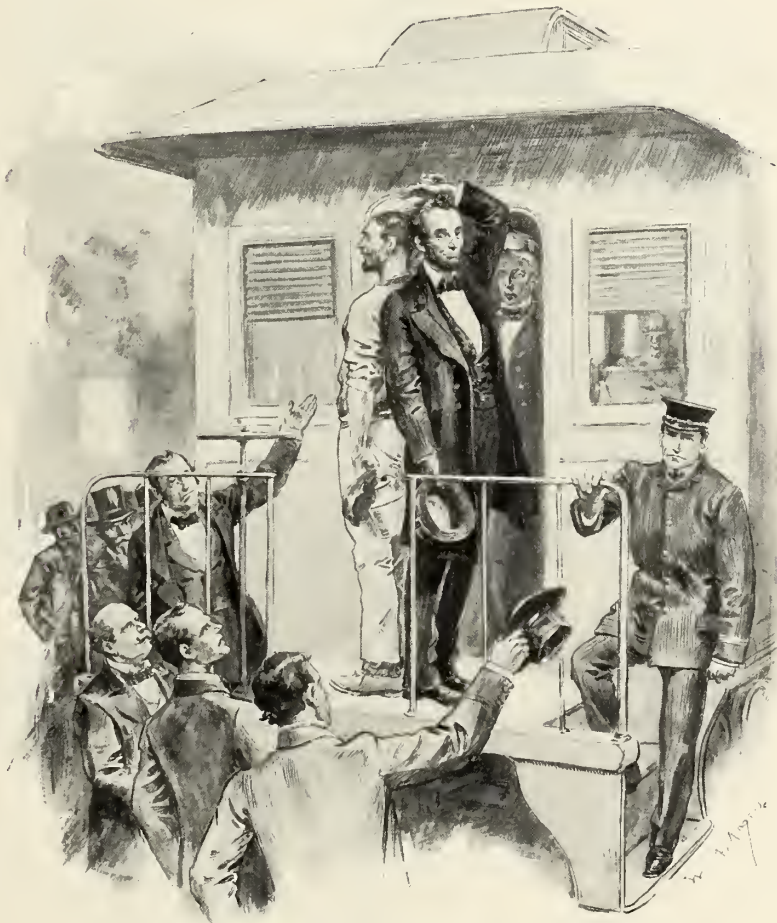
to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor; for with a smile of satisfaction, he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right; but I wished to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, are n't we?"

Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip, the workman replied heartily:

"Yes, Abe Lincoln; as long as I live!"

No pretended familiarity could have won this reply. The man who was to proclaim freedom to the slaves felt himself the equal of any man—be it a great statesman or a private soldier.



"THE WORKMAN STOOD BACK TO BACK WITH THE PRESIDENT-ELECT."

He received the ambassador of a nation with no more embarrassment than he felt in measuring his height against the Allegheny workman; for he neither valued himself too much nor too little; and in the White House or on the frontier he always recognized the truth of Burns's oft quoted lines:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
A man 's a man for a' that.



THE WOODPECKER'S TONGUE. (EXTENDED.)

THE LITTLE DRUMMER OF THE WOODS.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

PROBABLY there are few readers of ST. NICHOLAS living in the country who have not seen a woodpecker; but how many can tell, I wonder, how woodpeckers differ from other birds, from a crow, for instance? A crow is black, but so are some woodpeckers. A crow is large, but there are woodpeckers that equal it in size; so that neither color nor size has anything to do with the answer. The notes and habits of these birds are unlike, it is true, but my question relates rather to difference in form.

Now, if we had a woodpecker in our hands we should see, in the beginning, that its bill is not slightly hooked, with the upper mandible turned down at its end and overlapping the under mandible, as in the

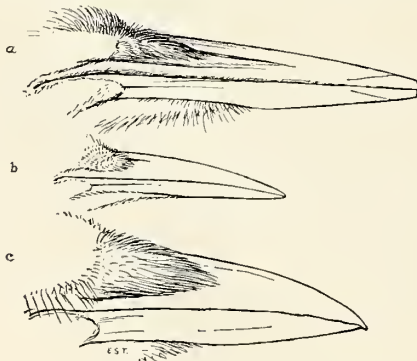
crow and other birds that "pick up a living," but that both mandibles are of equal length, and cut squarely off at the tip. It is therefore like a wedge or chisel.



A TAIL-FEATHER OF THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.



A TAIL-FEATHER OF THE CROW.



a. BILL OF PILEATED WOODPECKER.
b. BILL OF FLICKER.
c. BILL OF CROW.

Perhaps the tip of the bird's tongue will be seen appearing through its nearly closed mandibles, and our attention is at once attracted by its peculiar shape. We discover that it is remarkably long, and when fully extended reaches almost if not quite an inch beyond the point of the bill. It is not flat, like the crow's, but round and fleshy, and has a sharp, horny point which, by looking at it very closely, we see has a series of barbs on both sides.

In the meantime our hands have doubtless been pricked by the bird's tail-feathers, each feather being stiff, bristly, and pointed at the end. Some of the larger woodpeckers — the pileated and ivorybill, for instance — have this singular kind of tail-feather highly developed. The main stem or shaft of the feather is much

larger than usual, and each barb growing from this shaft is curved downward and inward, and is strong and pointed. Comparing this feather with the flat tail-feather of a crow, we see at once how different it is in form.

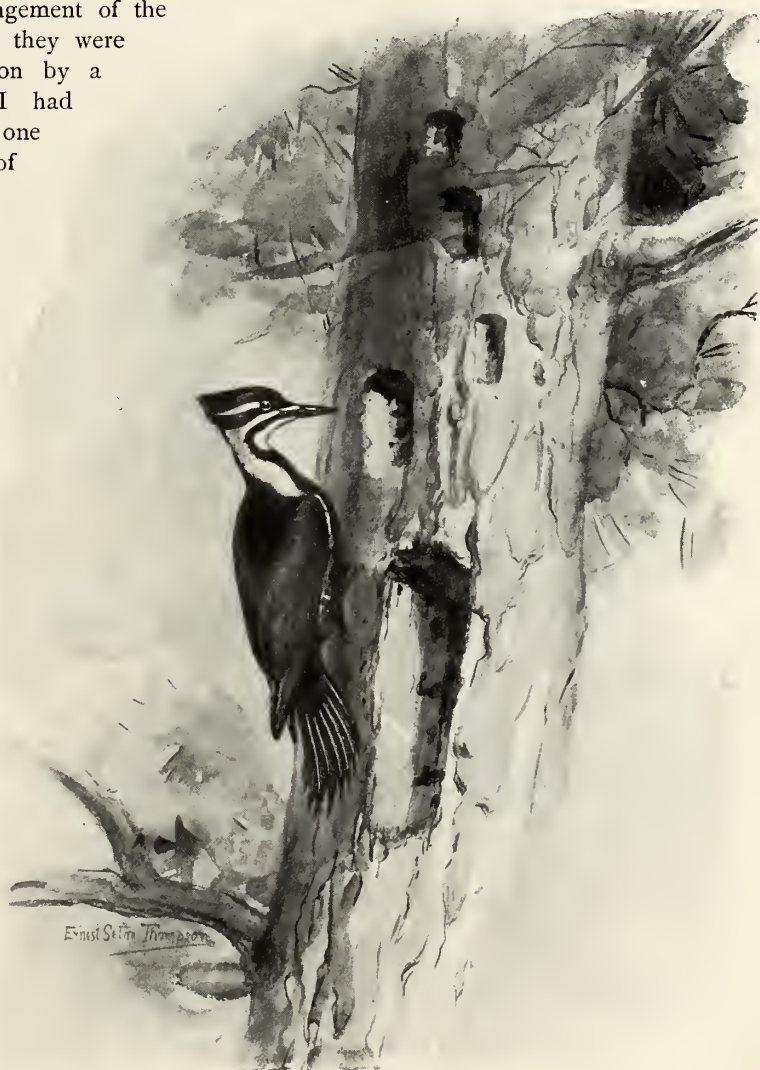
The wings do not impress us as in any way unusual; they are neither very long nor very short, but the arrangement of the toes is so peculiar that they were at once commented upon by a blind girl, to whom I had handed a specimen of one of these birds. Instead of the disposition common to most birds, three toes directed forward and one backward, we discover two front toes and two hind ones, and we will note also that each toe is armed with a strong curved nail.

Here, then, we have four easily observable characters: a chisel-shaped bill, long, spear-tipped tongue, pointed, stiffened tail-feathers, and what ornithologists term "zygodactyl," or yoked, toes. With few exceptions these are possessed by all woodpeckers; and although we may find other birds with similar tail-feathers and others still with yoked toes, we may be sure that when all the four characters mentioned appear in one bird, that bird is a woodpecker.

In color woodpeckers differ greatly; black, brown, green, yellow, and red are found in varying proportions and combinations, but a family mark, worn by most of the three hundred odd members of this tribe, is a red band, cap, or crest, on the crown or nape.

This, if we may believe Longfellow, was bestowed by Hiawatha on the ancestor of all woodpeckers when the bird had told him of Megissogwon's vulnerable spot:

Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,



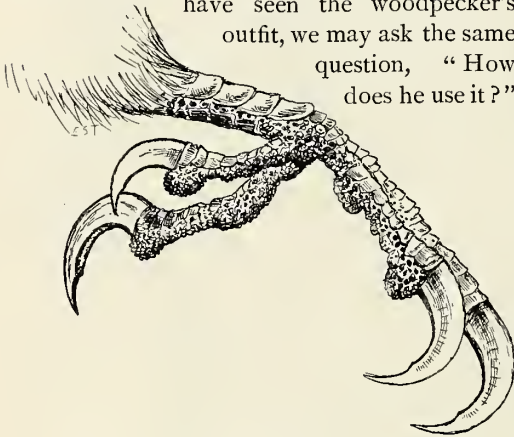
THE WOODPECKER AT WORK.

Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their root, the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded.

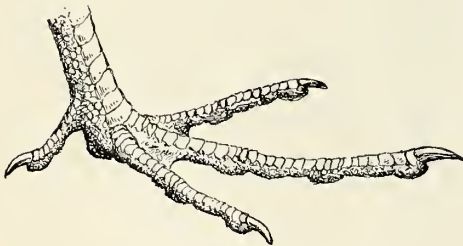
After the contest, when the great Pearl-feather, "mightiest of magicians," lay lifeless at Hiawatha's feet:

Then the grateful Hiawatha
 Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
 From his perch among the branches
 Of the melancholy pine-tree,
 And, in honor of his service,
 Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
 On the little head of Mama;
 Even to this day he wears it,
 Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
 As a symbol of his service.

After examining some unfamiliar tool or machine our first question, naturally enough, is, "Well, how is it used?" And now that we have seen the woodpecker's outfit, we may ask the same question, "How does he use it?"



THE LEFT FOOT OF THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.



THE LEFT FOOT OF A QUAIL.

Come with me to the woods and let the birds answer you.

It is a May morning. The air is ringing with the songs of birds. The voices of thrushes, vireos, tanagers, grosbeaks, warblers, and of many other songsters, form a chorus which goes straight to the heart of the lover of nature. If you listen closely you may hear now and then a singular, resonant roll, which resembles the tone of a loosely-snared drum. It also suggests the call of a tree-toad, and some people

will tell you that it is the warning note of that little weather-prophet. Now, right here you have an opportunity to exhibit the two most important traits of the successful field naturalist—caution and patience. "Seeing's believing"; never trust another person's eyes when you can use your own. You may walk the woods for years without happening to see how this rolling sound is made; and in the meantime you will be wrongly ascribing it to the tree-toads, whose reputation as foretellers of rain you will for this reason doubtless refuse to accept.

A few minutes' search reveals the drummer, who proves to be our common downy woodpecker—a black and white bird nearly seven inches long. He is clinging to a dry, dead limb; and as you watch him his head suddenly disappears in a series of hazy heads, while with his bill he strikes the echoing wood with such rapidity that the sound of the blows is fused in one continuous roll. It is his love-song; his contribution to the spring-time chorus. Probably he fancies it quite as pleasing as the thrush's most liquid notes. Indeed, he seems proud of his performance, and after each roll he looks about him in a defiant kind of way as though delivering a challenge to the world. Changing his position he also changes his key, making it higher or lower, muffled or more resonant, according to the size and nature of his drum. Occasionally woodpeckers discover the sound-producing qualities of tin gutters and leaders, upon which, it is recorded, they hammer with evident satisfaction. Thus one of the woodpecker's so-called "tools" proves, unexpectedly enough, to be also a musical instrument.

By this time the uses of the tail and feet are also quite evident, for we have seen that our bird does not perch on a limb as does the crow or thrush, but climbs or creeps along it. Doubtless his yoked toes are of especial service to him here, still it does not follow that all climbing birds have two toes directed forward and two backward, or that all birds having two front toes and two hind ones are climbers. On the contrary, some large families of climbing-birds have three toes in front and one behind, and there is even a woodpecker having toes arranged in this way. On the other hand many

birds, all the cuckoos for instance, have yoked toes but do not climb; in fact, one of the cuckoos — the road-runner — is celebrated for his speed on foot, as his name implies.

The question of toes is one of the puzzles of ornithology. There are numerous other forms and arrangements besides those I have mentioned. In some cases, for example, the webbed foot of a duck, the relation to habit is obvious, and there is surely a reason for every shape, whether it is apparent to us or not. However, the woodpecker's strong sharp toe-nails are an evident necessity, and we find them highly developed in most climbing animals, whether bird, mammal, or reptile. With them, he retains his hold on the upright trunk of even a very smooth-barked tree.

In assuming this position the woodpecker is also greatly aided by his tail. With most birds the tail serves as a rudder in flight and balancer while perching. It is also used to express emotion and may be wagged, quickly opened and closed, or spread and erected as in the peacock and turkey. The woodpecker's tail, however, is far too important a member to be used simply for display or needless wagging. It may truly be said to be its owner's chief support, and while the eight long toe-nails are gripping the bark the pointed, bristly feathers are pressed closely to its surface, forming a capital brace for the bird's body. This type of feather is probably without question a result of habit. It is found in varying degrees among birds which to a greater or less extent use their tails as props when perching. Our brown creeper, for example, has somewhat similar tail-feathers, and the numerous wood-hewers or wood-climbers of South America have adopted the same style. Even the bobolink, and some other reed-haunting birds that use the tail as a brace when trying to keep their balance on a swaying reed, show in their pointed tail-feathers the effect of this habit. Then there is the chimney-swift; the midrib or shaft of his tail-feathers projects far beyond the vane or feather part, forming what is known as a spring tail, an admirable organ to aid the bird in clinging to the walls of chimneys. Still, you will remember the nuthatch. Surely he is a climber, and his tail-feathers are not only rather short but

their ends are as soft as a bluebird's. But if you watch the nuthatch you will see that he runs downward quite as easily as upward, and that the end of his tail does not press the bark while he is climbing.

In the meantime our woodpecker has stopped "singing," and has flown to a nearby dead tree on whose soft, decayed limbs he has begun to rap in a manner quite unlike that which produced the rolling drum-call. Now he is pecking away in a most business-like manner, and evidently with a definite object in view. The



SECTION OF A TREE SHOWING HOLES MADE BY A WOODPECKER.

pithy chips fall steadily, and we not only see the use of his chisel-shaped bill, but learn an additional reason for the strong, bristly tail.

Have you ever seen a "lineman" repairing a telegraph wire at the top of a pole, or an electric-light man changing the sticks of carbon in the arc-light globes? Have n't you noticed how they sometimes place a strap loosely about themselves and the pole, and then lean back in it while working? Well, a woodpecker uses his legs and tail for practically

the same purpose, and it is in this way that he is able to deliver his blows with so much strength.

If you doubt the force of his blows, watch the effect of them. It is true the bird on the dead tree has a comparatively easy task before him, but the accompanying photograph of a section of a white-pine tree will convince you that woodpeckers fully deserve their Spanish name of *los carpinteros*, the carpenters. I found this tree one day in a Vermont forest. It had fallen, but for the most part was perfectly sound. It contained no less than twelve cavities of varying size, which I recognized as the work of the pileated woodpecker. The largest of these is shown in the photograph. It is twelve inches long, four inches wide at the mouth, and eight inches deep. For comparison I have placed a mounted specimen of the pileated woodpecker beside it. This hole was made in sound, solid wood, and you may well ask why the bird had expended so much energy with so little apparent hope of reward. But if you could see the bottom of the hole you would admit that the pileated woodpecker knows a thing or two about trees and their insect inhabitants which the tree-owner could learn with profit. At some time during the history of the pine-tree, it had been attacked by a colony of "borers," the larvæ of certain beetles, that, giving no visible sign of existence, were eating its heart out.

Now a pileated woodpecker chanced to alight on the bark of this tree, and his sharp ears no doubt soon told him of what was going on inside. He evidently had the faith of conviction, and straightway began operations which were to result in the grubs' extermination. The result you see, and I know you will share my satisfaction in learning that the bird's industry was probably rewarded by the discovery of a veritable mine of grubs. But I have

not told you yet just how he secured them. The chiseling was only part of the performance, for after their retreats were exposed they had to be speared and drawn out. The woodpecker's spear, as you will readily guess, is his tongue. The strong muscles by which it is controlled, the fact that it can be extended far beyond the tip of the bill, and its horny, barbed point, make it an ideal weapon for the woodpecker's use. Consequently we find our woodpecker is equipped with a drumstick, a set of "climbers," a bracket-like support or brace, a chisel, and a spear—by no means a poor outfit for a bird.

Yet the first woodpecker you examine after reading this article may be a golden-winged woodpecker, commonly known as the flicker, or high-hole; and when you see its tongue you will perhaps be surprised to find that its tip is nearly, if not entirely, without barbs; and will wonder how this tongue can be used as a spear. Remember those two words, "caution and patience," and don't jump to conclusions.

Look at the flicker's bill; it is more slender, somewhat curved, and less chisel-shaped than that of the downy or pileated. Watch the bird feeding, and you will see that he passes a large part of his time on the ground, where you will learn he is probing ants' nests, with his long, smooth tongue, which is covered with a sticky secretion to which the ants adhere.

Or you may see a yellow-bellied woodpecker, known also as the sapsucker, whose tongue is not barbed at the tip, but covered with fine bristles—a kind of brush with which he doubtless gathers sap from the rows of shallow holes he makes in the bark of trees.

And so as with "caution and patience" you study nature, you will find that every object, even an old log in the woods, can teach a lesson well worth learning.





“OH, MR. FAIRY, PLEASE.”

Oh, Mr. Fairy, please
Don't go away!
I am just a little girl
Come out to play.

Just me, all by myself;
Jack's gone to school.
You need n't hide away
Behind that stool.

Oh, Mr. Fairy-man,
Don't go away—
I've heard of you before;
Do come and play!



THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

WHEN Philip awoke, after having swooned at the feet of his comrades when his rescue was accomplished, he lay in the delicious warmth of his bunk. The late afternoon sun streamed in at the window over his head, and Coleman sat watching at his side. Bromley was stirring the fire, which was burning briskly on the hearth, and the smell of gruel was in the room. The station flags and the crossed sabers brightened the space above the chimney-piece. The map hung on the opposite wall, and over it the old flag with thirty-five stars seemed to have been draped just where it would first catch his waking eye.

Strangely enough, the immediate cause that awoke Philip was a dull boom which made the faces of his comrades turn pale, and which was nothing else than the fall of the avalanche on which he had passed the night and the best part of the previous day.

Philip, if he heard the sound at all, was not sufficiently awake at the time to understand its awful meaning; and without noticing the pallor of his comrades, he weakly put out his hand, which Coleman took in his own with a warm pressure; and Bromley came over to the side of the bunk and looked doubtfully into his face. Neither of his comrades uttered a word.

"Give me the gruel," said Philip. "I was never so hungry before; and don't look at me so, George. I'm not crazy."

After he had eaten, he talked so rationally that Coleman and Bromley shook each other's hands and laughed immoderately at every slightest excuse for merriment, but said not a word of the delusion which had so lately darkened Philip's mind. They were so very jolly that Philip himself laughed weakly by infection, and

then he asked them to tell him how he had fallen over the mountain without knowing it.

In reply to this question, Coleman told him that he had been sick, and that he must have walked off the great rock in the thick fog.

Philip was silent for a space, as if trying to digest this strange information, and then with some animation he said:

"Look here, Fred! The funniest part of this whole dark business was when I had climbed up to the top of the great bank. There, alongside a hole in the snow, lay our telescope. When I put out my hand to take it, it rolled away through the opening in the snow; and, heaven forgive me, fellows, I heard it ring on the rocks at the bottom of the Cove."

With this long speech, and without waiting for a reply, Philip fell into a gentle doze.

Coleman and Bromley, having no doubt now that Philip's mind was restored because he seemed to have no recollection of his strange behavior on the mountain for the year that was past, were very happy at this change in his condition. As to the telescope, they regarded its fall as perhaps a dangerous matter, and a catastrophe which might bring them some unwelcome visitors. But, then, it was possible that it had fallen among inaccessible rocks, and would never be found at all. If any one should come to disturb them, they might hear of some unpleasant facts of which they had rather remain in ignorance. Now that nearly five years had passed since the great war, they thought that whoever came would not exult over them in an unbearable way. They knew that some of the mountaineers had been Union men; and although they would never seek communication with them, a connection formed against their will might result to their advantage. They had a good supply of the double eagles left. Somebody held title to the mountain, they knew; and if the telescope did

bring them visitors, they could buy the plateau from the deep gorge up, and pay in gold for it handsomely too. Also, they could send down their measures to a tailor and have new uniforms made to the buttons they had saved—that is, if the tailor was not too hot-headed a secessionist to soil his hands with the uniform of the old, mutilated, and disgraced Union. Then, too, they could buy seeds and books and a great many comforts to make their lives more enjoyable on the mountain.

And so it came about that, when month after month passed and nobody came, the three soldiers were rather disappointed. They resolved to save what remained of their minted and milled coins against any unforeseen chance they might have to put them in circulation; and now that they thought of it, it would have been much wiser to have melted the coins of the United States and saved the English guineas. If, however, the world had not changed greatly since they left it, they believed the natives in the valley below would accept good red gold no matter what face or design was stamped on the coin.

When Philip was quite himself again, by reason of his knowledge of milling he took entire control of the golden mill. In the cold weather his old overcoat was dusty with meal, as a miller's should be; and in the summer days plenty of the yellow grains clung to his arms, and to his thin red beard.

It is a Sunday morning in September again, and, to be exact with the date,—for it was a very important one in their history,—it is the fourth day of the month in the year '70. The three soldiers are standing together by the door of the mill, dressed very much as when we last saw them there, and engaged in an animated conversation.

“An egg,” said Lieutenant Coleman, facing his two comrades, and crossing his hands unconsciously over the great “A” on the back of his canvas trousers, “as an article of food may be considered as the connecting-link between the animal and the vegetable. If we had to kill the hen to get the egg, I should consider it a sin to eat it. What we have to do, and that right briskly, is to eat the eggs to prevent the fowls from increasing until they are

numerous enough to devour every green thing on the mountain.”

“I am not so sure of that,” said Philip, toying with his one dusty suspender; “we could feed the eggs to the bear.”

“We could, but we won't,” said Bromley, shaking some crumbs from the front of his gown. “When nature prompts a hen to cackle, do you think we are expected to look the other way? Why, Philip, you will be going back on honey next, because bees make it. We are vegetarians because we no longer think it right to destroy animal life. We not only think it wrong to destroy, but we believe it to be our duty to preserve it wherever we find it. Don't we spread corn on the snow in the winter for the coons and squirrels? Come, now! We are not vegetarians at all. We are simply humane to a degree that leaves us to choose between vegetable diet and starvation. Now, then,” said Bromley, spreading out his bare arms and shrugging his shoulders, “of the two, I choose a vegetable diet; but if I could eat half a broiled chicken without injury to the bird, I'd do it. That's the sort of vegetarian I am.”

“Nonsense!” said Philip. “You're a dabster at splitting hairs, you are. It was uphill work making a vegetarian of you, George; but we have got you there at last, and you can't squirm out of it.”

“Give it to him, Phil!” cried Coleman. “Remind him of the salt!”

“Exactly!” continued Philip, taking a swallow of water from a golden cup, and addressing himself to Bromley. “When the salt was gone you thought you'd never enjoy another meal, did n't you?—and how is it now? You are honest enough to admit that you never knew what a keen razor-edge taste was before. I'll bet you a quart of double-eagles, George, that you get more flavor out of a dish of common—”

At that moment a bag of sand fell through the branches of the tree which shaded the three soldiers as they talked. There was a dark shadow moving over the sunlit ground, and a rushing sound in the air above. Their own conversation, and the noise of the water pouring from the trough over the idle wheel

and splashing on the stones, must have prevented their hearing human voices close at hand. Rushing out from under the trees, they saw a huge balloon sweeping over their heads. The enormous bag of silk, swaying and pulsating in the meshes of the netting, was a hundred feet above the plateau; but the willow basket, in which two men and one woman were seated, was not more than half that distance from the ground. The surprise, the whistling of the monster through the air, the snapping and rending of the drag-rope with its iron hook, which was tearing up the turf, and which in an instant more scattered the shingles on the roof of their house like chaff, and carried off some of their bedding which was airing there—all these things were so startling, and came upon them so suddenly, that they had but little opportunity to observe the human beings who came so near them.

Brief as was the time, the faces of the three strangers were indelibly impressed upon their memory, and no portion of their dress seen above the rim of the basket escaped their observation. The woman, who appeared to be perfectly calm and self-possessed, kissed her hand with a smile so enchanting, lighting a face which seemed to the soldiers to be a face of such angelic beauty, that they half doubted if she could really belong to the race of earthly women they had once known so well. The men were not in like manner attractive to their eyes, but seemed to be of that oily-haired, waxy-mustached, be-ringed and "professorish" variety which suggested ring-masters or small theatrical managers.

Notwithstanding the rushing and creaking of the cordage, the voices of the men in the balloon had that peculiar quality of distinctness that sound has on a lowery morning before a storm. Indeed, each voice above them had a vibration of its own which enabled the soldiers to hear all commingled and yet to hear each separately and distinctly. The hurried orders for the management of the balloon were given in subdued tones, and uttered with less excitement than might have been expected under the circumstances, yet the words came to the earth with startling distinctness.

When they saw the soldiers, the taller of the

men, who wore the larger diamond in his shirt-front, put his hand to his mouth and cried in deafening tones:

"'Ariel,' from Charleston, 3:30 yesterday."

At the same time the beautiful lady, laying her hand on her breast as if to indicate herself, uttered twice the words:

"New York! New York!"

Even while they spoke, their voices grew softer as the balloon sped on, the great gas-bag inclined forward by the action of the drag-rope, its shadow flying beneath it over the surface of the plateau. As soon as the two professors saw the danger which threatened the log-house, they began to throw out sand-bags from both sides of the car, and the lady clung with both hands to the guy-ropes. It was too late, however, to prevent the contact, and the lurch given to the basket by the momentary hold which the grappling-hook took in the roof of the house threw several objects to the ground; and on its release the balloon rose higher in the air, carrying a "U. S." blanket streaming back from the end of the drag-rope. The property they were bearing away was seen by the men in the car, and the rope was taken in with all speed; but a fresh breeze having set in from the east, the balloon was swept rapidly along, so that it was well beyond the plateau when the blanket fluttered loose from the hook.

The soldiers ran after it with outstretched arms until they came to the edge of the great boulder, where they saw their good woolen blanket again, still drifting downward with funny antics through the air, until it fell noiselessly at the very door of the Cove post-master.

The balloon itself was by this time soaring above the mountains beyond the Cove, and they kept their eyes on the receding ball until it was only a speck among the clouds and then vanished altogether into the pale blue of the horizon.

The soldiers had not seen the objects tumble out of the car when the drag-rope caught in the shingles of their house, and the thoughts of their wrecked roof and the lost blanket had for the moment power to displace even the image of the beautiful lady, whom they could

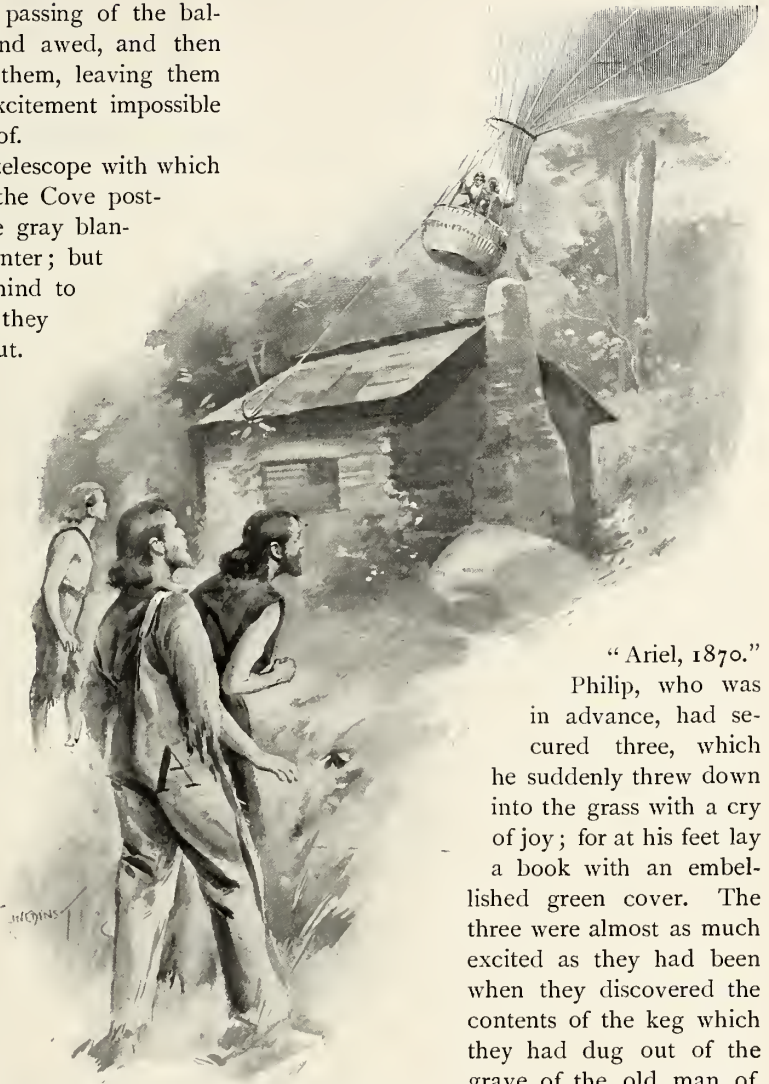
never, never forget. The passing of the balloon had at first dazed and awed, and then charmed and bewildered them, leaving them in a state of trembling excitement impossible for the reader to conceive of.

They no longer had the telescope with which to observe the surprise of the Cove post-master when he found the gray blanket with "U. S." in the center; but they had the presence of mind to hide behind trees, where they waited until he came out.

He looked very small in the distance when he came at last, but they could see that the object was a man. It was evident, from his not having been out before, that he had not seen the balloon pass over. He seemed to stoop down and raise the blanket, and then to drop it and stand erect, and by a tiny flash of light which each of the soldiers saw and knew must be the reflection of the sun on his spectacles, they were sure he was looking at the top of the mountain and thinking of the east wind. There was no help for it; and when he disappeared into the office with their blanket, they clinked the

gold in their pockets; for they carried coin with them now, and thought that an opportunity might soon come for them to spend it. As they moved away in the direction of the house, they were sorry that the drag-rope of the balloon had not fastened its hook in the plateau; for they believed they were rich enough to buy the coats off the backs of the two men, and the diamonds in their shirt-fronts if they had cared for them.

As the three soldiers neared the house, they began to pick up the sand-bags stenciled



"RUSHING OUT FROM UNDER THE TREES, THEY SAW A HUGE BALLOON SWEEPING OVER THEIR HEADS."

"Ariel, 1870."

Philip, who was in advance, had secured three, which he suddenly threw down into the grass with a cry of joy; for at his feet lay a book with an embellished green cover. The three were almost as much excited as they had been when they discovered the contents of the keg which they had dug out of the grave of the old man of the mountain, and instantly had their heads together,

believing that they were about to learn something of the condition of the old United States, and even fearing they might read that they no longer existed at all. They were so nervous that they fumbled at the covers and hindered each other; and between them, in their haste, they dropped it on the ground. When they had secured it again and got their six eyes on the title-page, imagine their surprise and disgust when they read, "A Treatise on Deep-Sea Fishing"!

"Bother deep-sea fishing!" exclaimed Philip.

"Hum!" said Coleman, "it will work up into paper for the diary."

Bromley said nothing, but looked more disgusted than either of his comrades, and gave the book, which they had dropped again, a kick with his foot.

Their disappointment was somewhat relieved presently, for in the chips by the door of the house they found a small hand-bag of alligator leather, marked with three silver letters, "E. Q. R." The key was attached to the lock by a ribbon; and as soon as the bag could be opened, Coleman seized upon another small book which was called "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The author was one Francis Bret Harte, of whom they had never before heard. The book was a new one, for it bore "1870" on the title-page, and the leaves were uncut except at a particular story entitled "Miggles."

Besides this book the bag contained numerous little trinkets, among which the most useful article was a pair of scissors. They found three dainty linen handkerchiefs with monograms, a cut-glass vinaigrette containing salts of ammonia, a bit of chamois-skin dusty with a white powder, a tooth-brush, and a box of the tooth-powder aforesaid, a brush and comb, a box of bonbons, a pair of tan-colored gloves, a button-hook, and an opened letter addressed to a lady in New York City.

The letter bore the post-mark, "Liverpool, August 13," and was stamped at the New York office, "Aug. 20, 2 P. M." Here was evidence of progress. *Seven days from Liverpool to New York!*

The envelope had been torn off at the lower right-hand corner in opening, so that it was impossible to tell whether the letters "U. S." or "C. S." had been below "New York." The soldiers cut the leaves of the book, and glanced hurriedly over the pages without finding anything to clear up the mystery which interested them most. They sat down on the wood-pile, sorely disappointed, to talk over the events of the day; and presently they began clipping off their long beards with the scissors, and using the brush and comb, to which their heads had so long been strangers. The experience was all so strange that but for the treasures left behind, not counting the treatise on deep-sea fishing,

they might have doubted the reality of the passage of their aerial visitor.

When it came to a division of the trifles from the hand-bag, they had just a handkerchief apiece. Bromley accepted the tooth-brush and the button-hook as useless keepsakes. The vinaigrette fell to Philip, while Lieutenant Coleman, more practical than the others, took for his share the bit of chamois-skin and the box of what they believed to be tooth-powder.

The letter found in the bag was a subject of heated discussion, and from motives of chivalrous delicacy remained for a long time unopened. George Bromley contended that its contents might throw some light on the subject which the books had left in obscurity, while Lieutenant Coleman shrank from offering such an indignity to the memory of the angelic lady of the air. It was finally agreed that Bromley might examine and then destroy it, Lieutenant Coleman declining to be made acquainted with its contents.

They never quite understood the association of the beautiful lady with the two men, of whom they had but a poor opinion. When Bromley suggested that to their starved eyes a cook might seem a princess, his comrades were sufficiently indignant, and reminded him of her literary taste, as shown by the quality of the new book found in the bag.

After all, they had learned nothing of the great secret that vexed their lives. Was there still in existence a starry flag bearing any semblance to this one which was now floating over the mountain? Was it still loved in the land and respected on the sea?

To men who had seen it bent forward under the eagles of the old republic, gray in the stifling powder-clouds, falling and rising in the storm of battle, a pale ghost of a flag, fluttering colorless on the plain or climbing the stubborn mountain, human lives falling like leaves for its upholding — this was the burning question.

When the nine small gunny-sacks marked "Ariel, 1870," were emptied on the floor of the house, the creatures of the Atlantic's sands had found a resting-place on the summit of Whiteside Mountain, and might yet furnish evidence to some grave scientist of the future

to prove beyond a doubt that the sea at no very remote period had surged above the peaks of the Blue Ridge. Starfish, shells, and bones, and fragments of the legs of spider-crabs, horse-shoe-crabs, and crayfish, and some very active sand-fleas afforded much scientific amusement to our exiles, and brought vividly to mind the boom of the sea and the whitebait and whales that wiggle-waggle in its depth.

Neither the telescope nor the army blanket with "U. S." in the center, nor the two combined, had brought any visitors to the three soldiers, nor any information of the real state of affairs in the United States, which would quickly have terminated their exile.

The very pathetic and amusing volume of stories found in the alligator-skin bag caused more tears and healthy laughter than the soldiers had given way to since their great disappointment, and actually brought about such neglect of the October work on the plantation that more than half the potato crop rotted in the ground.

On the 21st of that month in this very balloon year, the area of Sherman Territory was extended by the addition of half an acre of rocks and brambles on the boulder side of the mountain, and afterward of much more, as will be shown in due time.

The twenty-first day of October in the year '70, then, was a lowery day. A strong, humid wind was blowing steadily across the mountain and sighing in the boughs of the pines, while the low clouds, westward bound, flew in ragged rifts overhead. It was a pleasant wind to feel, and the rising and falling cadence of its song reminded the soldiers of a wind from the sea. In the successive seasons they had gleaned the grove so thoroughly, even cutting the dry limbs from the trees, that they were now obliged to search under the carpet of needles for the fat pine-knots which formerly lay in abundance on the surface.

At the extreme southern end of the tongue of land on which the pines grew, a solitary stump clung in the base of the cliff. The outer fiber of the wood had crumbled away, leaving the resinous heart and the tough roots firmly

bedded in the soil. They had been chopping and digging for an hour before they loosened and removed the central mass. Continuing their quest for one of the great roots which ran into the earth under the cliff, George dealt a vigorous stroke on the rotten stone and earth behind, which yielded so unexpectedly that he lost his footing and at the same time his hold on the ax, which promptly disappeared into the bowels of the earth. They heard it ring upon the rocks below with strange echoes, as if it had fallen into a subterranean cavern. At the same time the wind rushed through the opening in a current warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and brought with it a strong, stifling smell, as if they had entered a menagerie in August. As soon as the soldiers recovered from their surprise, they set vigorously to work for the recovery of the ax, attacking the loose earth with their gold-tipped shovel and with the tough oaken handspike with which they had been prying at the stump. Their efforts rapidly enlarged the opening, and presently the great root itself tumbled in after the ax. Philip ran to the house for a light, and by the time he returned with a blazing torch, Coleman and Bromley had enlarged the opening under the cliff until it was wide enough to admit their bodies easily. All was darkness, even blackness, within, and the rank animal smell was as offensive as ever, so that Philip held his nose in disgust.

By passing the torch into the opening of the cavern they could see the ax lying on the earthen floor ten feet below, and to the right the overlapping strata of granite seemed to offer a rude stairway for their descent. George entered at once, with the torch in one hand, and in the other the handspike with which to test his footing in advance. In another moment he stood on the hard floor by the ax, and the light of his torch revealed the rocky sides of a cavern stretching away to the south along the side of the mountain. Coleman provided himself with one of the fattest of the pine-knots, and immediately descended into the cavern after Bromley. With some hesitation Philip followed.

(To be continued.)



GIRLHOOD DAYS OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

BY JAMES CASSIDY

ON a dark day in November, 1817, died Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., and heiress to the British throne.

A year and a half passed away, and there dawned a happier day for the saddened nation. It was the birthday of the baby daughter of the Duke of Kent, one of the uncles of the Princess Charlotte. This Duke of Kent left England and had been living on the Continent as a soldier.

He returned to England with his wife, the Duchess, in 1819, when he was quite a middle-aged man; and not long after his coming their daughter was born on British soil.

It was in Kensington Palace that the baby-girl was born. The Duchess, a German lady, was a widow when the Duke of Kent married her, and she had two children living on the Continent, so that the infant Princess had a half-sister and a half-brother.

"Take care of her," her father frequently used to say; "for she will be Queen of England some day."

When the child was a few months old she was christened; and the christening was a very grand affair. No common marble or stone font was used: a gold font was thought necessary. And so a gold font was brought from

the Tower of London, where it had been kept for safety.

One of her sponsors was Czar Alexander of Russia; and hence it was that the name chosen for the baby was Alexandrina Victoria, the second name being that of her mother.

A fine, healthy, lively child, with blue eyes and fair hair, was the Princess, and it seems she suffered little from the trials of infancy.

When she was about six months old, the Duke decided to cheat the winter by removing his little daughter to the beautiful county of Devon, with its mild and salubrious air. A pretty cottage at Woolbrook Glen, near Sidmouth, East Devon, was rented; and thither the Duke and Duchess, their baby, and a few household servants repaired. Every day a careful nurse carried the little girl out for an airing. Sometimes she kept quite close to the house; at others she ventured farther afield.

One day when she was walking little Victoria about near the cottage, a bullet whizzed within an inch or so of the child's head. It was sent by a careless school-boy who was amusing himself by shooting a little distance away. The lad was quickly brought before the Duke; but receiving nothing worse than a severe reprimand for his carelessness, he left the Duke's presence promising to be careful in future, and rejoicing that his recklessness had done no harm.

Beautiful county as Devonshire is, it does not escape heavy rains. It happened that Duke Edward was out in the lanes upon one of these soaking days, and took a severe cold, which ultimately developed into an illness that resulted in his death, so within a few days the Princess was fatherless.

When the Duke knew that he was dying he had his will drawn up, and by it he named and appointed his "beloved wife, Victoire, Duchess of Kent, sole guardian of our dear child, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria."

The Duchess returned to Kensington. She knew that in the carrying out of her late husband's wishes great sacrifices would be entailed upon her. She would be called upon to give up all idea of returning to her own land and her other children; for "little 'Drina," as the infant Princess was at this time called, must be brought up and educated in England. Writing

to her brother Leopold to ask his assistance, she set about getting ready, without loss of time, for the journey to London.

As Uncle Leopold looked down into the cradle of his little niece, he promised his bereaved sister to be a father to her fatherless baby; and he was faithful to his word. He sometimes called her his "adopted daughter," and ever showed her the tenderest affection and kindness.

The Duke of Kent, who had always received from his father a smaller allowance than his elder brothers, died in debt; and the brave Duchess, with her brother's help, struggled hard to pay her husband's debts, for she knew that the Duke had made every effort to pay them, and would have wished her to do so. Therefore during some years it was necessary for her and her little daughter to live very frugally, considering their high rank.

The good William Wilberforce tells that he was upon one occasion invited to the presence of the Duchess of Kent. "She received me," he wrote, "with her fine, animated child on the floor by her side, busy with its playthings — of which I soon became one!" Indeed, throughout 'Drina's childish days we find her never far from her mother's side.

On her fourth birthday the child received a present from King George IV. — "Uncle King" she had been taught to call him. It was a miniature portrait of himself, richly set in diamonds. The King also gave a state dinner-party to the Duchess and her little daughter.

Until Victoria was five years old the only money her mother received upon which to bring up and educate the child was that generously allowed her by "Uncle Leopold." But when the child was five, George IV. sent a message to Parliament asking that a suitable allowance be made. Not long afterward Parliament voted the yearly payment of £6000 (\$30,000) to the Duchess for the proper bringing up of the Princess; but not even then did her mother's brother withdraw his generous allowance.

It was only when he became King of the Belgians in 1831, and thought it right to forego the £35,000 (\$175,000) a year allowed him by England, that he ceased to allow his sister £3000 (\$15,000), as he had done for years.

The tutor chosen by 'Drina's mother for her daughter was Dr. Davys, and nobly this good man did his work. Her governess was a very accomplished lady, the Baroness Lehzen.

A Mr. Knight who was on one occasion passing through Kensington Gardens has told us that he observed "at some distance a party consisting of several ladies, a young child, and two men-servants, having in charge a donkey gaily caparisoned with blue ribbons and accoutred for the use of the infant. On approaching them, the little one replied, to my respectful recognition with a pleasant 'Good morning,' and I noted that she was equally polite to all who politely greeted her."

There was an occupation in which the wee woman of seven years, wearing a simple white gown and large straw hat, was frequently seen engaged. It was watering the garden plants. One of those who saw her said that as he sometimes watched her intently at work, he wondered which would get the most water, the plants or her own little feet!

The Princess was an early riser, getting up at seven, frequently earlier in the summer, and breakfasting at eight o'clock. Her breakfast was just such as any well-cared-for little girl, who was not a princess, might be expected to enjoy: bread-and-milk and fruit, placed on a small table by her mother's side.

When breakfast was finished the little Princess went for a walk or a drive, while her half-sister, Feodore, her almost constant companion, studied with her governess. From ten to twelve the Duchess instructed 'Drina, after which she was at liberty to wander at will through the rooms, or to play with her many costly toys.

Two o'clock was the dinner-hour of the Princess, though the luncheon-hour of the Duchess. Plain food, nicely cooked, was placed before the little girl; and she did it justice, for she was healthy and strong, and enjoyed her meals. After dinner she received assistance in her studies till four o'clock, when she was taken by her mother to visit a friend, or perhaps to walk or drive, or she was permitted to ride a donkey in the gardens.

At the dinner-hour of the Duchess her little girl supped, seated next to her mother. Then came a romp with her nurse, Mrs. Brock. By

the time the romp was finished the house-party would be at their dessert, and then the Princess would be called in to join them.

Nine o'clock was bedtime, and she never prolonged her day beyond that hour. No matter whether she was at home or at the house of a friend, "nine-o'clock bedtime was rigidly enforced." Her little bed was placed beside her mother's larger bed, so that by day and night mother and daughter were never far apart.

Regular study, regular exercise, simple food, and plenty of time out of doors, plenty of play and plenty of sleep, distinguished the up-bringing of England's future Queen.

Sometimes during the summer months the maiden and her mother partook of breakfast on one of the lawns in Kensington Gardens. One who saw them at this early hour wrote thus about it: "As I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air, a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance; the matron looking on with eye of love, while the fair, soft face is bright with smiles."

There is a short story connected with one of 'Drina's visits which you may like to read.

While she and her mother were visiting Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth House, it is said that she found great delight in running alone in the garden and shrubberies.

One morning, when the ground was very wet, she was thus disporting herself when the old gardener, unaware of the little visitor's name and rank, noticed that she intended to run down a treacherous piece of ground. Anxious to prevent a tumble, he called out: "Be careful, missie! it's *slape*" (this being the Yorkshire word for "slippery"). The new word struck the ear of the Princess, and turning round quickly, she asked: "What 's *slape*?" At that moment her feet flew from under her, and down she fell. Up ran the old gardener, carefully assisting her to rise, and saying slowly as he did so, "*That 's slape, miss.*" Another version of the story adds that Earl Fitzwilliam called out: "Now your Royal Highness has an explana-

tion of the term 'slape.' " "Yes, my lord," the Princess replied; "I think I have. I shall never forget the word 'slape.'"

Although 'Drina was permitted to enjoy plenty of play, nothing was allowed to interfere with her studies, for by this time it had become pretty evident to all who were interested in the question of the succession, that the little Princess was likely at no distant day to become England's Queen. King George IV., who was old, had no children; and his next brother, who afterward became King under the title of William IV.,—"the Sailor King," as people called him,—had lost his children; so that after her two uncles, George and William, Alexandrina Victoria, daughter of the deceased Duke of Kent, had clearly the right of succession. The Duchess never lost sight of this right; and the child's education was such as befitted a future Queen, though throughout her early childhood she was kept in ignorance of the high position that probably would be hers.

When she had studied for six years under the direction of her mother, tutor, and governess, and various visiting masters and mistresses, she could speak fluently French, German, and Italian. She could also have put to shame many a modern school-boy by her easy reading of Virgil and Horace. She had begun Greek and studied mathematics, in which difficult science she had made good progress. Nor had she neglected music and drawing.

There were in the life of the Princess days when she longed for companions of her own age. Her mother, guessing this longing, was very tender and gentle with her, and considered often how best to make up for this lack. Once the Duchess, it is said, thinking to please her daughter, "sent for a noted child-performer of the day, called 'Lyra,' that she might amuse 'Drina with some remarkable performances on the harp. On one occasion," writes the biographer, "while the young musician was playing one of her favorite airs, the Duchess, perceiving how deeply her daughter's attention was engrossed with the music, left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found the harp deserted. The heiress of England had beguiled the juvenile minstrel from her instru-

ment by the display of some of her costly toys, and the children were discovered, seated side by side on the hearth-rug, in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the Princess's playthings, from which she was making the most liberal selections for the acceptance of poor little Lyra."

There was one visitor at Kensington Palace whom 'Drina loved to see—a visitor who took her on his knee and told her all sorts of wonderful things about familiar plants, and rambled with her about the gardens and fields to find specimens for object-lessons. This kindly visitor was her Uncle Leopold. He took the deepest interest in her education; it was probably for him that the Baroness Lehzen kept a daily journal of her pupil's studies, submitting it once a month for his inspection. Uncle Leopold was an accomplished gentleman, and his little niece learned a great deal from his conversation and teaching. This true friend never flattered her. He knew her to be good and attractive, but was not blind to her childish imperfections. He recognized that she was impulsive, and sometimes wilful and imperious; but he trusted to her affectionate nature and the excellent training she was receiving to correct these faults.

He detected, too, a fine sense of justice in her nature, which always led her readily to acknowledge her fault, and to ask forgiveness of those whom she had in any way wronged.

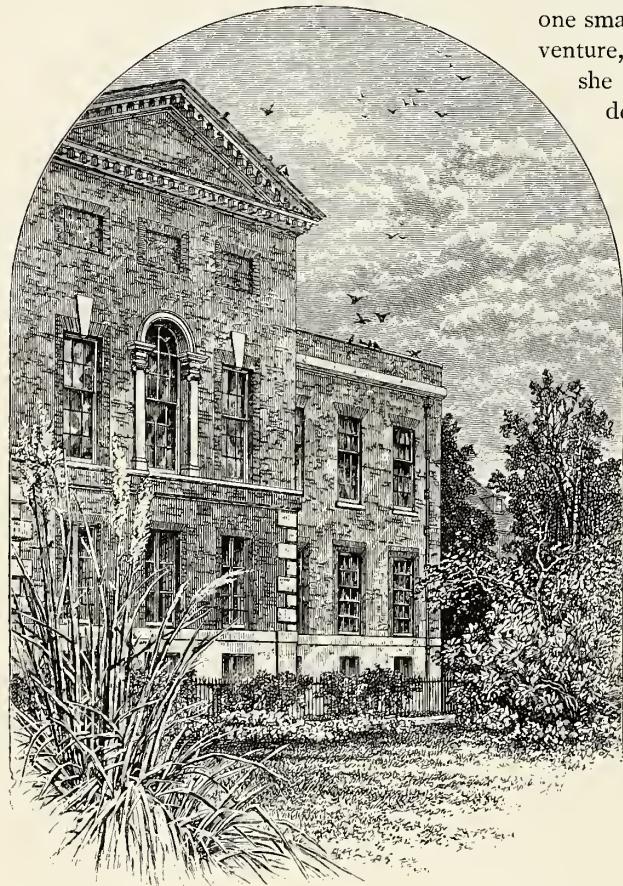
Her favorite outdoor exercise was riding, and a kind little mistress she was to the pony given her by her uncle the Duke of York. She petted it and showed it the greatest consideration. She had always been fond of animals. Donkeys, ponies, horses, dogs, birds, and even some wilder creatures, were among her pets.

The happiest days of the Queen's childhood, as she herself has testified, were spent at Claremont—the beautiful home of Uncle Leopold. The older 'Drina grew, the deeper became her affection for her good uncle. It was sad news to the child that a proposal had been made to place him on the throne of Greece, and she was very glad when the project fell through, for she did not wish her dear uncle to leave England.

Turning over the pages of the Queen's "Jour-

nal," we find a reference to a visit paid to Claremont in 1842, five years after her accession. She was then accompanied by Prince Albert, her husband, and her own little girl, and her Uncle Leopold was at Brussels. She wrote to him :

This place brings back recollections of my otherwise dull childhood days, when I experienced such kindness from you, dearest Uncle. Victoria plays with my old



A WING OF KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WAS BORN.

bricks, and I see her running and jumping in the flower-garden, as old (though I feel still *little*) Victoria of former days used to do.

Claremont was not the only place visited by the Princess. We find stories of journeyings to Sidmouth, Malvern, Ramsgate, Tunbridge Wells, Broadstairs, and elsewhere.

On a road in Malvern named, out of compliment to her Majesty, the Queen's Road, there stood, and maybe now stands, a large house

where the Princess and the Duchess stayed for a time. The young lady was a "great romp and a rattle," we are assured by those who should know. Nor did she confine her exploits to the level ground. She liked to climb walls and trees. It is told that one day, while staying at Malvern, she climbed an apple-tree. That was easy enough; but next came the harder task of descending. In vain she placed one small foot before the other: she dared not venture, though again and again she tried. So she did what, most likely, you would have done had you been in her sorry plight: she began to cry. Her cries drew to the spot a gardener, named Davis; and he, fetching a ladder, soon brought her safely down from her dangerous position. For his trouble a reward of a guinea was given him, and this coin, the reward for rescuing the Princess, may still be seen by the curious, neatly framed.

A certain story associated with Tunbridge Wells illustrates how sensibly she was treated. At a bazaar in that town the little girl had spent all her money—most unselfishly it must be admitted, for she had been buying presents for her friends. A pretty box arrested her attention, and she said to her governess:

"How I should like to buy that box for so-and-so",—whom she mentioned by name,—"but it is half a crown, and I've spent all my money!"

The saleswoman, saying, "That is of no consequence," proposed to inclose it with the other articles.

The Baroness Lehzen objected, as the Princess was not allowed to buy upon credit, but only for ready money. The saleswoman immediately offered to put by the box for her, and this was gladly agreed to. It was quite early one morning, some time afterward, when the young Princess, mounted on a donkey, appeared at the shop. She had received her allowance, and had come to buy the coveted treasure!

At Brighton and Ramsgate the Duchess and

her daughter seem to have experienced a great deal of rudeness; for the people flocked together to stare at them, and wherever they went there came crowds as if determined to deny them the peace of privacy. One pleasant incident is connected with the Ramsgate visit. A kind and very wealthy Hebrew gentleman, Sir Moses Montefiore, who owned a magnificent estate, sent the Princess a golden key that admitted her to his private grounds. Thither she could retire, from the rude, eagerly pressing crowds when she wished to take unobserved a walk for her health.

This kind and loyal gentleman lived to be over a hundred years old, and to the last he had the most loyal affection for his Queen.

Sometimes the Duchess and her child received invitations to the famous and beautiful country-seats of the English nobility; and these were often gladly accepted, to the delight of the Princess.

Some of the early years of Victoria — for by this name she preferred to be known, desiring that her mother's name should be second to none — were passed pleasantly at Norris Castle; and it was here that she first acquired her love of ships and the sea. The yacht in which she, with the Duchess, cruised about was the "Emerald"; and in that little vessel they visited various parts of the coast of the Isle of Wight, venturing at times to places as far remote as Plymouth and Torquay. On board this small craft the Princess had a narrow escape from what might have proved a serious accident.

She was standing on deck when a long spar, with sail attached, fell; and had not the pilot shown sufficient presence of mind to hurry the Princess aside, she must have been severely wounded, if not permanently disabled or killed.

On the thirteenth birthday of the Princess Victoria she was taken to a party given in her honor by the King and Queen. At the party she behaved so sweetly and unaffectedly, and thought so much more of others than of herself, that every one was charmed with her. Yet even a state party was no excuse for late hours, and the young lady retired to rest at her usual time. Three years later, at the Marquis of Exeter's, the Princess was sent to bed after the first dance. Thus, even as late as sixteen years

of age we find her cheerfully obedient to her mother's strict discipline.

"I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen," was one of her sayings to her daughter. How well she succeeded the whole civilized world is witness.

There was another lady who assisted largely in the education of the Princess and the formation of her character. This was the Duchess of Northumberland, a noble-hearted and cultivated Englishwoman of the county of Kent. The accomplishments of the Duchess of Northumberland were many, and her influence over her pupil was strong and of the highest kind. She was assisted by the Baroness Lehzen, already mentioned.

Another of Victoria's instructors was her singing-master, Lablache. The Princess had a sweet, clear voice, and under Lablache's tuition she learned to sing charmingly, and with expression.

We are sure you would like to read Mrs. Oliphant's account of the personal appearance of the little Princess. Many have written more enthusiastically about her, but perhaps none more truthfully and calmly. She writes:

I do not suppose the Queen was ever *beautiful*, though that is a word which is used to describe many persons whose features would not bear any severe test of beauty; but yet her face was one which you would have remarked anywhere had she been only *Miss* Victoria. She had not much color in her youth, and it was a time of simplicity, when girls wore their pretty hair in a natural way, without swelling it out by artificial means, or building it up like towers on their heads, and when their dresses were very simple, almost childish, in their plainness.

All this increased the appearance of youth and naturalness and innocence in the young Queen, and I remember very distinctly when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still, looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness, quite practical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose she was at all aware of this, for the Queen does not take credit for being so calmly royal; but this is how she looked to a fanciful girl seeing her Majesty for the first time.

It was not until the Princess Victoria was over twelve that she was made aware of her

place in the succession, and informed how near she stood to becoming heiress of the British crown. But the Baroness Lehzen shall tell the story of the informing of her pupil upon this important point. Writing to the Queen, in the evening of her days, from her own country, whither she had returned after her years of faithful service, the ex-governess says :

I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was still in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Dr. Davys [the instructor of the Princess, and afterward Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess again opened the book, as usual, and noticing the additional paper, said: "I never saw that before."

"It was not thought necessary you should, Princess," I answered.

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought."

"So it is, Madam," I said.

After some moments the Princess resumed: "Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but much responsibility."

The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her little hand, saying, "I will be good, dear Lehzen, I will be good," I then said, "But your Aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children; and of course they will ascend the throne after their father William IV., and not you, Princess."

The Princess answered: "And if that were so, I should never feel disappointed; for I know, by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me, how fond she is of children."

When Queen Adelaide lost her last daughter, she wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "My children are dead, but your child lives, and she is mine also."

Glancing at the page of Sir Walter Scott's diary for May 19, 1828, the Princess being nine years of age at that time, we read the following entry :

Dined with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly received by Prince Leopold, and presented to the little Victoria—the heir apparent to the crown, as things now stand. The little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are the heir of England."

A tender consideration for others always distinguished the Princess, as it has ever characterized the Queen. There are many stories

told illustrative of this good trait. The following is one of the best :

The Princess "was in the habit of amusing herself by going incognito in a carriage to dif-



THE DUKE OF KENT, QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER.

ferent shops, and not only making purchases herself, but observing with interest the movements of others." One day she entered a London jeweler's. "There came into the jeweler's a young and intelligent lady, who was engaged in looking over different gold chains for the neck. She at length fixed upon one, but finding the price more than she expected, she regarded the chain very wistfully. 'Could it not be offered cheaper?' she inquired. 'Impossible,' was the reply. Reluctantly the disappointed young lady gave up all idea of the chain, and purchased a cheaper article.

"After she had left, the Princess, who had observed everything, inquired of the jeweler who she was; and on receiving satisfactory information, she ordered the much-admired chain to be packed up and sent to the young lady. A card was forwarded with it, with the intimation that the Princess Victoria had observed her prudence against strong temptation to the contrary, and that she desired her acceptance of the beautiful thing, and hoped that she would always persevere in purchasing only what she could afford."

Was the good Princess thinking of her own

early exercises in keeping within her income? Did she remember the pretty box at Ramsgate bazaar, and the judicious decision of her governess in the matter?

The little Victoria was no dull-witted child. When she was about twelve years old she had been reading, as a classical lesson, the well-known story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi: how upon an occasion she presented to the proud and ostentatious Roman dame who was wearing a wonderful array of diamonds and precious stones, her sons, with the words, "These are my jewels."

"She should have said my Cornelians," was Victoria's mischievous comment.

It was in May, 1836, that visitors from the continent arrived at Kensington Palace. They were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, an uncle of the Princess, and his two sons, Ernest and Albert, cousins of Victoria. A pleasant month they spent in England — a month of "splendor and excitement," very different from the usual months passed in their own quiet home.

The following May was even more magnificent; for it was upon the twenty-fourth of that month, in the year 1837, that the Princess became legally of age, attaining her seventeenth birthday; and the whole nation rejoiced over the glad event.

The King himself was very ill; but kind messages were sent from Windsor, accompanied by the present of a beautiful piano, to the acknowledged "heir apparent." There was a state-ball that night at St. James's Palace. The King, of course, could not attend; and Queen Adelaide would not leave her husband's side.

The Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne upon the death of her uncle William IV., and

was crowned the next year, at the age of nineteen. Since her coronation the story of her happy reign has been part of the history of England.

The year 1897 celebrates the diamond jubilee of the reign of Britain's beloved Queen. For sixty years she has swayed the royal scepter with dignity and graciousness, and her name



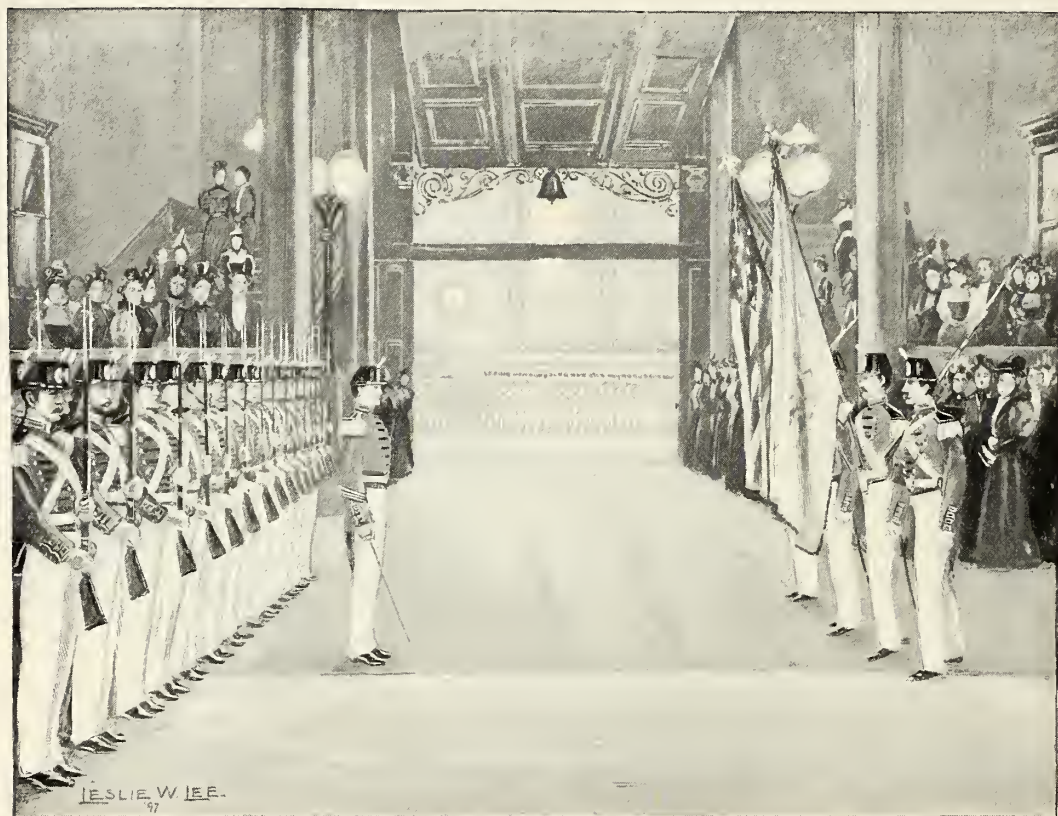
LEOPOLD I, KING OF THE BELGIANS — PRINCESS VICTORIA'S
"UNCLE LEOPOLD."

is honored and beloved throughout the length and the breadth of the British Empire. It is upon an occasion such as this that we fondly look back to the child-life of Victoria, when, as the young daughter of the widowed Duchess, she was so wisely trained for her great life-work.



HONORS TO THE FLAG IN CAMP AND ARMORY.

BY CHARLES SYDNEY CLARK.



GUARD SALUTING THE COLORS IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY, NEW YORK.

WHEN the tide of summer travel is flowing steadily up and down the beautiful Hudson, there are few boys and girls with sharp eyes who fail to notice, as they stand on the deck of the day-boat, two flags waving above the tree-tops at the right of the southern entrance to the Highlands. If their curiosity is aroused, and they borrow field-glasses and examine the flags more closely, they see under them gleams of white between the trees which indicate the presence of tents, and then they know they are looking at the famous State Camp of Instruction of the New York National Guard.

Here, for six weeks in summer, thousands of

young men live under canvas, learning how to defend their country in time of need. Their life in camp has often been described, and it is not of that I wish to tell, but of the lesson in patriotism and respect for their Colors which is taught to them every day of the time they spend there — a lesson which no American boy or girl can too soon learn.

There are few prettier sights anywhere than the parade which every evening, rain or shine, Sunday or week-day, occurs at the camp while it is open. In front of the city of tents, and to the south of it, running to the edge of the high bluff which abuts on Annsville Creek, is a wide

green plain; and there, every day, just before sunset, the line is formed. There are often in the camp from 1000 to 1200 men, a force four times as large as that usually stationed at an army post or at West Point, so that very few people in this country ever see a parade of so many soldiers at any other military post. As the troops march out of their company streets by columns of fours, in full-dress uniform with white trousers, every button and belt-plate and gun-barrel glittering, and form battalions, and then regimental or brigade line, the visitors who come from far and near to see the ceremony always seem to be delighted with the beauty of the picture before them.

Well they may be, for even in our own beautiful land there are not many landscapes more beautiful than that which forms the background. Behind the troops the Highlands tower up, darkly blue, and between them can be seen glimpses of the shining river. Just over the crest of the highest hill is the red orb of the setting sun, and the sunset hues paint with red, white, and blue the white tents closer at hand. Silence, unbroken except by the twitter of birds going to rest, and the mellow tones of the "Angelus" sounding out across the bay from a neighboring church, is over all. The plain seems like a great stage set with beautiful scenery for an impressive ceremony which man and nature await in silence.

And now the actors begin their parts. The sun's disk dips a little behind the mountain.

"Sir, bring your battalion to parade rest," commands the adjutant to the senior major, and then tells the drum-major to "sound off." The great band, with the field-music behind it, marches up and down the line, playing before the Colors, as of old minstrels played before the king. As soon as the band has returned to its place the drums and fifes strike up a sad, sweet air which long, long ago was sung in Scotland when war had taken away their bravest and best; and when this mournful air is finished the bugles play that beautiful "Retreat" which, like Great Britain's gun-fire, goes around the world every night; for it is played wherever our army or war-ships may be.

Meanwhile, three men from the guard have approached each flag-pole, and have loosened

the halyards ready to lower the garrison Colors and State ensign floating gently in the evening air over the heads of the troops. The sun disappears behind the mountain, the strains of "Retreat" die away, and "Fire!" cries an artillery sergeant. The big brass gun on the bluff spits out fire, a report like a peal of thunder echoes and reëchoes among the hills, and an answering roar from West Point, ten miles away, awakens the echoes up the river.

And now begins that part of the ceremony to which all the preceding has been a prelude. The troops are there, the band is there, the generals have all come from their tents, to honor the Colors.

The band begins "The Star-Spangled Banner." "Battalions, attention!" orders the adjutant. Instantly every man in the camp, except those in the line and on guard, rises and uncovers his head. All around the camp, as far as one can see, every sentry faces outward and presents arms. Slowly, inch by inch, the Colors glide down the staffs, out of the evening glow into the shadow of the mountains, and as the notes accompanying the words "the home of the brave" are reached by the band, touch the hands of the waiting guard. The military day is over. There are few men and women or boys and girls there who will not always feel, after they have seen that farewell to the Flag, that they understand as they never did before why men will die to uphold a sentiment—to protect a "piece of bunting."

It is not only at parade that our citizen-soldiers show respect to their Colors: they do so on all proper occasions. Sometimes at State camps, and always at temporary camps, a color-line is located in front of the camp. A line of stacks of rifles is made, and across the two center stacks are laid the Regimental Colors. A guard of picked sentries is placed near the color-line, and they require every one, be he soldier or civilian, who crosses the line to remove his hat. Any one who does not is likely to have his hat knocked off, or to be arrested. Sentries always pay honors to "the Colors passing," in camp or armory; and officers and men not under arms always uncover when the Flag is carried past by other troops. An officer reviewing a regiment uncovers when passing the Col-

ors, and when the Colors pass him. Bringing the Colors to a regiment from the colonel's quarters is always an occasion of great ceremony. Sometimes an entire company is sent as escort, and when it returns the regiment presents arms, and the field-music plays "to the Colors." It stands at attention again when the Colors are taken back to the colonel.

In some regiments a ceremony is performed called "Swearing Allegiance to the Colors." The Flag is brought in by an escort, and placed in the center of a hollow square. Then the colonel speaks to the regiment of the duty it owes to the Flag; and at a signal each officer

less or ignorant people who have never realized what the Flag stands for. A few years ago, when St. NICHOLAS told of "Honors to the Flag,"* a man or woman in New York who rose in an armory at "retreat," or who saluted a regimental flag, would have been remarked. Now any one who does not do these things will soon be considered as unmannerly as a man who should wear his hat in the house or in church. Our boys and girls are taught in the public schools to "salute the Flag" at the opening exercises; and even the little Polish and Italian children, recently from Europe, bring up their little hands in salute when they see the Flag.



LOWERING THE COLORS. THE CEREMONY OF "RETREAT," IN THE STATE CAMP AT PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

and man takes off his helmet, raises his hand, and swears to honor and defend the Flag. This ceremony is usually performed when a large number of recruits are for the first time in the ranks, and never fails to bring tears to the eyes of many—tears of which they should be proud.

All these evidences of honor and respect to the Colors make upon civilians an impression which is very deep; and gradually the Army and the National Guard are educating thought-

Sir Walter Besant, the eminent English novelist, said, when he went back to England after a visit here, that nothing he saw in America impressed him so deeply as the devotion of our young people to their Flag; that nowhere except among British soldiers had he seen such affection and respect for a national emblem; and that a nation which as a whole felt as we seemed to feel about our Colors from the time we left our mothers' knees, was one that could withstand the world in arms.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1891.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[*This story was begun in the February number.*]

CHAPTER X.

DAYS AT AUBREY.

THE bell Nina had heard was for prayers, and the nursery emptied itself into the hall straightway, Nina borne along with the other children. Other currents flowed in from the different parts of the house and offices, and up from the basement, so that when they all reached the library—a fine old room with a Gothic ceiling, wainscoted, fairly lined with books, and having a window of stained glass at the end, setting forth richly the family arms—they found themselves quite a congregation. Nina was all eyes and ears. A brief, simple service followed, conducted by the head of the household, in which all joined. The servants then disappeared. The children also departed, after some pleasant talk with their parents.

“We go into the school-room now,” said Catherine to Nina, as she drew on a pair of leather cuffs. “We all wear these to protect our pinafores—we rub out our elbows so dreadfully, you know, that we keep poor Har’s nose to the grindstone as it is; but Mabel is excused this morning that she may do the honors of our dear Aubrey, and show you about. And this afternoon we are all going over to Ferneylea, a beautiful walk; and we shall stop at the Meadow Farm and drink new milk, and the boys will bring their butterfly-nets. It will be such fun! You have n’t seen our collections yet, have you? Reggie collects birds and birds’ eggs, and has got a specimen of nearly every one in Great Britain. He has been offered a lot of money for it; but, of course, he would n’t sell it for the world. And Herbert collects shells from all over, everywhere. Some of them are most lovely! And dear little Teddy has begun to collect seaweed

—he ’s only six. And Mabel, who is the most industrious and painstaking of us all, has got a herbarium that is thought uncommonly well selected and full. She always took to botany more than any of us, though we all like it, because we study it in the open air with papa. I do hope he will be able to come with us this afternoon. It is so delightful having him to spy out everything, and tell us about it. I collect crystals—much the most interesting of them all, I think; and mama gave me Ruskin’s ‘Ethics of the Dust’ last week for my birthday. I hope we sha’n’t quite tear you to pieces among us. We shall all like showing off our things to a cousin. It was so kind of you, dear Nina, to remember us; for some of us are n’t your cousins at all—only Arthur and Mabel and Herbert and I, really. But I was so amused! Winifred insists that she *will* be your cousin. Have you got us all straight yet? I ’m sure you have n’t. This is the way we come: first, Arthur, who is quite grown; then Mabel, who is seventeen; then I come, sixteen; and Herbert, fourteen; then the boy twins, Reggie and Jack, eleven; Maude is ten; Winifred, eight; Gwen,—Gwendolen, of course,—seven; Teddy, six; Agnes, five; the girl twins in the nursery, Dinah and Deborah, are three; and darling baby, only four months old. Half of us are dark and half fair. You have n’t seen the little ones yet, have you?”

“My goodness gracious alive! What a family!” ejaculated Nina.

“Oh, do you think so? We are not reckoned a large family. Papa was one of eighteen, and our Carter cousins in Buckinghamshire were twenty-three, papa says; there were nineteen of them living together in the house at one time—which *is* unusual,” said Catherine. “Oh, I must show you baby. You never saw anything so dear as he is; his eyes are so blue, and his hair curls so sweetly, and he knows me

quite well. I long to do him a jacket, and Fräulein has kindly offered to help me; but I have n't got the money to buy the materials yet. My allowance is two shillings a week, and I don't have to keep myself in ribbons and gloves as the younger girls do; but somehow it does so run away! The more one gets, the more one wants. And we are all saving now for mama's birthday, which comes at Michaelmas. We've got our eye on a desk—a perfect beauty—but it is such a sum! Five-and-twenty shillings! I don't know that we shall be able to manage it."

"Well, your father must be poor, or else just as mean as they're made," commented Nina. "Why, that's nothing at all! Is that all you get? Why, I give a dollar a pound for candy when I'm at home, sometimes more; and I get just as much of it as ever I want. And I gave twenty-five dollars for my Paris doll, and fifteen dollars for my Berlin doll; and ten dollars does n't last *me* a week, sometimes. I buy whatever I want, and don't ask anybody. And it's a perfect shame of them to treat you so! I would n't stand it one single minute. Grandy would n't like to try it. And dressing you so, too! I guess it's all because she's your step-mother. Making you wear those plain dresses and long aprons! I'd like to see her get 'em on *me*!"

"Are you speaking of *mama*?" asked Catherine, aghast; and added with dignity, if heat, "because if you are, *mama* is the dearest, kindest, best mother that anybody ever had, and I can't allow you to say such things, if you *are* my cousin. And I can't think what you mean by talking so of my dress, my allowance. Papa is most generous to us. I have all that is suitable or needful for my age and station—that other girls of my rank have. I have two school-room frocks, one for church wear, two afternoon walking-dresses, one for tennis, one for the evening and little parties. What more could one want? I am not a dressmaker's doll, and have no wish to dress like one. I am a lady, and a lady is not judged by her dress—though my dress *is* that of a lady. Papa is *not* poor. He is the richest man in the county, and has three places besides this. But that is no reason for bringing us up to be wasteful

and extravagant. Next to being good women, papa's great wish is that we should be useful and helpful and practical ones. Besides, if we were to spend everything on ourselves, how should we be able to help others, pray? Mabel has only just got her first silk gown, and will have no more than we until she comes out regularly, and is presented to the Queen."

"Why, *I've* got thirty-two dresses in all," said Nina; "and twenty-six pairs of silk stockings, and three dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, and two elegant lace ones, and five fans,—two of them ostrich feathers just like Miss Miller's,—and just stacks of jewelry and things."

"Oh! Nina, how vul—" Catherine stopped, clapped her hand impulsively over her mouth, and blushed furiously. An embarrassing silence followed. She went on hesitatingly, "I can't think what you want with them—do with them—a child like you! What more could you have when you get to be a young lady, or a married woman? Mabel will have mama's laces when she marries, and they are immensely old and valuable; and I am to have my Grandmother Gordon's jewels, which are valued at twelve thousand pounds, and are quite magnificent; but we should never dream of wearing such things now: most of them will be laid aside until we marry, if we do marry. Do all American children dress so—richly?"

"No, indeed! They have n't the money, most of them; and some have mothers like Louise Compton's, who won't let them wear things. But I guess you'd be stylish if you could, Catherine. Belle Dixon—she's a girl at our school—I hate her—we don't speak; and yet she gives it up that I'm the most stylish girl in school. And so I am, and I always mean to be. I don't care what anybody says—the English or anybody else," said Nina, who had not been deaf to Catherine's reserves of disapproval, or blind to the fact that she was a critic criticized.

"If by 'stylish' you mean in the very latest fashion, you are mistaken. I shall never greatly care for that. If I am not conspicuous or untidy, it is all that matters, *mama* says. There's Fräulein; I must go. I hope you won't be dull by yourself. Mabel will come

to you as soon as she has written out her German verb. But we 've very nearly quarreled, have n't we? And all about nothing. Good-by," replied Catherine, smiling quite good-naturedly again.

Nina went to her room, and soon after it began to occur to her that she was hungry; so she gave the bell-rope a brisk jerk that landed Jane in front of her as abruptly and quickly as if it had been a fishing-line, and the maid a fish already on the hook.

"Jane," said Nina, "bring me some ice-cream right away — a plateful. I like vanilla best. And some cake. And hurry up; I 'm hungry."

"If you please, miss, what was you pleased to horder?" said Jane, curtsying of course, and looking quite as puzzled as she really was. Nina repeated her sentence.

"Will I bring your bowl of bread and milk now?" asked Jane, still at sea.

"No," said Nina shortly.

"Beggin' pardon, miss, what was the name I was to hask for?" said Jane, completely perplexed. Nina again repeated the order.

"Thank you, miss," said Jane, catching the word this time, and not understanding any more than at first, but not daring to ask any more questions.

"What are you thanking me for? I 'm sure I have n't given you anything," said Nina; but Jane was gone on her quest. And a quest it was.

First she spoke to the upper housemaid, who consulted Nurse, who advised speaking to one of the under footmen, who referred it to another, who laid the matter before the butler, who solemnly went into secret session with the housekeeper, who submitted the question to Mrs. Aubrey. "Collins thinks, ma'am, as the young lady means ices," said the housekeeper; "and there 's none in the house, nor likely to be soon, there being no large dinners to prepare for, unless ordered special. And what would you wish done about it?"

"Oh, let Jane take her up some cake. Stay, Nurse has a nice wholesome seed-cake for the children; she will send up a couple of slices if Jane asks her to," suggested the mistress. This suggestion was carried out.

"Where 's my ice-cream?" said Nina, when Jane reappeared.

"If you please, miss, there ain't any, which Mrs. Browser she do say as 'ow it 's *hices* you mean, and them not made or thought of in the house, never, at this hour," said Jane, respectfully.

"Then why don't you send somebody to town and get some?" said Nina, to whom ice-cream was as daily bread, not at all unusual, but a staple article of food.

"To Stoke-Pottleton, miss?" asked Jane in astonishment.

"Yes, of course. How far is it?"

"Seven miles, miss; some says seven and a 'arf."

"All right. Send somebody."

"I 'll harsk about it, miss. Will you be pleased to 'ave a slice of this cake?"

"No, I won't. What 's it made of? It looks horrid. I want a great big slice of fruit-cake."

"Miss?"

"*Fruit-cake! Fruit-cake!* Did you never hear of fruit-cake before?"

"Not to my knowledge, miss. I 'll go see; thank you."

"What are you thanking me for *now*?"

"Miss?"

"Oh, go along!" cried Nina, exasperated.

"Thank you, miss," said Jane, and went along. Fresh consultations followed. She returned. "If you please, miss, it 's not to be thought of, my mistress says — she 's very sorry — all that way just for hices, and not to be 'ad then, as like as not. I was to say as your dinner would be served punctual at one; and there 's bread and butter, and cold porridge and milk, if you 'd like it and are really 'ungry. And if it 's black cake you mean, there 's not a slice in the 'ouse, and most unwholesome w'en 'ere."

"I don't want them! *Bread! Milk! Porridge!* You must be crazy, Jane. I want something fit to eat. I never saw such a place as England, never! What *do* you live on?"

"Miss?"

"What are you standing there for? Go away!" said Nina angrily, and Jane obeyed; and Nina ran off to see her grandy, whom she

found still in bed, with a lovely bouquet beside her, sent up by Donaldson the gardener, and a beautiful basket of fruit, which Nina promptly devoured for her. Her grandy was all sympathy with her woes, and said: "I can't understand it. Everything that I could desire is prepared for me so kindly and cheerfully, and everybody so attentive. I never saw anything like it. But don't complain, darling. Pass it over,—won't you?—and I'll get a big fruit-cake from Stoke-Pottleton as soon as I can, and keep it in here, and give you as much as you want, without your needing to ask anybody."

When Mabel was free to do so, she came for Nina and took her about to see the place. First they went around in front to get the stately effect of the façade; then to the rose-garden, the Pleasance, where Nina soon lost herself in a most ingeniously constructed maze, out of which there was no getting without the clue; then to the fish-pond; then to feed the peacocks, to paddle about on the lake in a pretty white-and-gold boat called the "Daisy," to stroll awhile on the edge of the park, to see the children's numerous pets, from Shetland ponies to white mice; and at last to the hothouse, where Mabel, being anxious to look after some plants of her own, left Nina to her own devices for about fifteen minutes.

What was her horror, on returning, to find Nina with a circle of Donaldson's choicest flowers stuck all around her hat, in the band, and a huge bunch of his most sacred grapes in her hand, half consumed! She stopped short in sheer amazement.

"Here, I'll get you a bunch; they're good. This is my third," said Nina; and jumping up as she spoke, she seized the vine, tearing it away from some of its supports, and breaking off a fourth fine cluster, she held it out to her cousin with the utmost nonchalance, saying: "I'll get you another presently."

"Oh! Nina! Stop! Stop! Don't! What have you done? What *will* Donaldson say? *Papa* would n't dare, scarcely! Four, did you say? Oh, dear! How dreadful! There he comes now." She half turned to fly, and looked thoroughly disturbed, while Nina composedly held her ground, saying:

"Why, what are they for, but to eat? They

are not Donaldson's, are they? It's none of his business, as far as I see."

"No, of course not; except that he is in charge of everything here, and it is his business to see that nothing is touched or cut, except by himself. Dear me! I hope mama will not think me in fault, bringing you here. It is n't Donaldson I mind,—it's papa!"

"Uncle Edward, here's Mabel making a great fuss because I took a few grapes and flowers. And they are yours, are n't they? And you don't care, do you? It's all nonsense, is n't it? Why, we give bushels upon bushels of grapes and melons away to all our neighbors in America; and the peaches are so thick on the ground that even the pigs can't eat them all. And I never heard of such a thing; and if you don't like it, I'll go home again where there's plenty for everybody, and leave England, where nobody's got anything but somebody that can't have anything, like you. I don't see what good it all does you, if you are afraid to enjoy it; and it might as well not be yours at all. And I'm mad as fire with Mabel for being so mean, when I thought she was so nice. And I would n't treat *her* this way if she was in *my* country. And I don't care if I did!" blurted out Nina vehemently and rather tearfully toward the close of her speech.

Mr. Aubrey looked at the two girls, took in the situation, having been in America and being, besides, a most genial and kindly man, and soon made it right for both. "Oh, never mind, never mind! I see how it is. I will explain to Donaldson," he said. He then kissed Nina, and told her that she should have fruit when she wanted it, only, another time, it must come through certain channels, for good reasons; and when she pressed him to explain, and learned that she had consumed forty shillings' worth of grapes, five of peaches, and had rare blossoms to the value of three pounds at that moment in her garden-hat, even Nina perceived that in the matter of some fruits and flowers England was not America. But she was angry, and made no sort of apology. She resentfully snatched the lovely orchids out of her hat and threw them away, saying:

"I don't want your old flowers! I can *buy*

fifty times as many, and lots prettier, if I want them!" and ran with angry haste back into the house. Mabel went after her good-naturedly, and when peace was made sight-seeing was resumed. They saw the picture-gallery, the family portraits, tapestries, wood-carving, art treasures; the old square entrance-hall with the huge fireplace about which the men-at-arms and servants used to gather; and the enormous leather, silver-rimmed flagons above it, out of which they used to drink ale; and above that again, a demand for the surrender of Aubrey from Cromwell; "Prince Rupert's Room," "Queen Catherine's Room," and all the notable features of the old place; and the small but beautiful chapel which was being restored.

"Oh, papa, you were so good! I can't think how she *could* do it. And she is as vexed as though *we* were in fault! I was never so mortified," said Mabel to her father, that evening.

"Well, well, the child is spoiled, no doubt about that; but she does not understand that there is such a proverb as *Autre pays autres mœurs*. Everything abounds so in America, and they are such a generous, lavish people, that she cannot imagine how different it is in England. And, undisciplined as she is, there is something very winning about her. Come, let's have a look at the kennels," he replied, and met Donaldson there, who bore the awful news fairly well, and being told of American abundance, said:

"Ech! What a *wicked* country to live in! I'd not live in seech a place for the world; it's warse than the Garden of Eden, sir, for gardeners."

The day was destined to be a failure for Nina throughout. Dinner came, indeed; but not the meal she had expected. Fräulein took the head of the table, and beamed kindly upon everybody through her tinted glasses. Nurse took the foot, supported as usual by Jane, while one of the footmen, in the handsome livery of the family, condescended to light up the other end of the apartment, evidently under protest. The dinner consisted of a plain roast of mutton and two vegetables, followed by a simple pudding, the whole served with all possible formality and refinement. Sweet little

Agnes said grace, as at breakfast; and the children waited patiently to be served, each in turn, ate as heartily as before, found no fault, were very meek about asking for "a second help" of gravy, and were required to eat their crusts by Nurse, who would allow no pudding to Winifred because she would not eat the more solid part of her meal "properly." There was not much talk, and no noise. Little Dinah and Deborah, in two high chairs, used their forks and spoons with the grace of little ladies of twenty.

Marian, who was present, was curious to see how Nina would be affected by all this, and noticed that she sat up very straight, and was very stiff and ill at ease, but cleverly adapted her own highly eccentric table-manners to those of her neighbors, and ate a reasonable share of what was provided. The dinner, if plain, was well cooked; and Nina, really hungry now, and harnessed like a fractious Eskimo dog in a team of sober Trays, gave in for the time, and did as her neighbors were doing without protest or comment. "Maybe they'll have something good for supper," she thought, meaning something rich.

"Arthur is going with us," Catherine whispered to her as they rose from the table. "And papa and mama, too. Is n't that jolly? And Di and Deb too, dear little things!"

When Nina was ready she went down-stairs to join the party, which consisted of the whole family, except the baby. She saw Mabel and Catherine exchange glances as she stood on the step putting on her six-button mousquetaire gloves, and wrinkling them down about the wrists, and arranging her bangle bracelets outside. She wore a silk dress, carried a parasol, and was generally got up as for a stroll on a city avenue. Her boots were of the finest French kid, and had high French, Louis Quatorze heels. Her hat was a Leghorn with a long white plume in it. The cousins wore plain serge frocks and water-proof jackets. Their boots were stout, thick-soled, with low, flat heels; their hats, of plain straw, trimmed with simple ribbons; their gloves, stout gauntlets made in the village. Nina thought they had "no style at all," and "wondered how they could dress so." She would have been sur-

prised to know that they were wondering exactly the same thing about her.

"The Americans are all lazy, and can't walk a bit. You won't get far, got up in that swagger suit, Nina," said Teddy mockingly to her as he passed by and glanced at her.

"The Americans can walk as well as the English — as well as *anybody*," said Nina, flushing angrily; "and they are *not* lazy at all! And you'll see if I don't keep up, that's all!"

"Dapple," a donkey with panniers, was now brought round. Di and Deb were brought down by Nurse, and packed into them, and given into the charge of the nursery-maid. Arthur lounged out languidly when all the children were assembled, eager, excited, noisy, armed with baskets and butterfly-nets; Reggie mounted on his bicycle, because, as he declared, it was the only thing that made Dapple go. Fräulein and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey now joined the party. The latter looked a little involuntary surprise when she saw Nina; and noticing it, Nina said testily:

"What is it, aunt?"

"Nothing, dear; only your dress — I really fear it may be spoiled. It is very nice — very nice indeed for some occasions, but not quite the thing for country walks; however —" She and Mr. Aubrey started, taking the lead.

"Come walk with me, Nina," said Arthur kindly; and she did so.

Dapple put his ears forward and walked off in a low-spirited way until he heard Reggie's bicycle behind him, when he trotted away in the briskest possible fashion, amid the children's laughter and cheers.

"I should like to hear Dapple's opinion of children," said Mrs. Aubrey.

The walk had begun. For some time Nina found it very pleasant to be of the large, merry party. Fräulein and Mrs. Aubrey and Arthur and Mabel all chatted agreeably. The boys caught not only butterflies, but a great variety of insects of one kind or other. Di and Deb were full of prattle and pretty ways, and Nina had quite fallen in love with them. Mr. Aubrey was always finding some stone, or plant, or flower, or other object which was of interest, or which he contrived to make so, and would take out a good hand-microscope, while

the children all gathered around him, and talk to them with great spirit and intelligence of the wonders and beauties it made visible, in the simplest and most genial way in the world.

Arthur asked many questions about America and Nina's life there, and told her of himself, and helped her over the stiles, and showed himself as kindly and considerate as he was modest and manly. Nina noticed many things with all her own keenness: the children seemed to know and love every foot of the country; to have eyes for spying out birds' nests, snake-holes, rabbit-warrens, flowers, grasses, mosses, lichens, fungi, and what not. They seemed to know so much about them, too, and were surprised when Nina asked what kind of a tree an elm was; for they knew every tree in the wood, and most of the bushes and shrubs. Admirable order was preserved, for all their gaiety.

For either parent it was evidently necessary only to speak to be obeyed; and their wishes were as binding as commands. Indeed, to be allowed to "carry mama's shawl," "hold papa's hand," walk with or near them, share in or hear their talk, was regarded, she could see, as a privilege; and much she marveled. And yet there was no stiffness or gloom, only a wholesome restraint, and the greatest activity, cheerfulness, mutual good-will, and exchange of little helpful courtesies between all the party. All was law and order in the Aubrey household; but all was love, too, and the result was a kind of liberty and happiness such as can be found only where these are combined, and of which Nina, alas! had had no experience. She had thought her cousins quite rustic and primitive — amazingly so, when their surroundings and advantages were considered — compared with herself; but as she observed and listened, she was forced, rather unwillingly, to accord them her respect. It was impossible not to like them, too. Mabel was so pretty and pleasant; Arthur so polite; Catherine so kind and well-bred; Winifred so jolly; the boys so full of fun, and yet such little gentlemen withal; the twins so irresistible. Even Fräulein Hochzeiter was most amiable; and although Mrs. Aubrey was no more "stylish" than her daughters, and had her hair brushed back plainly from her temples, and wore generally plain dark silks with-

out so much as a bit of lace, and linen collars, she was "just perfectly lovely," Nina said to herself.

And who could be more friendly and jolly and kind and clever than Uncle Edward — delightful Uncle Edward! So, as I have said, she found it pleasant to be with them; but after they had walked and walked and walked, she began to feel tired. It was no joke to go "teetering" along on two tall pegs of heels over country roads, across plowed fields and meadows, down lanes, over uplands, up-hill, down-hill, around hills, tramp, tramp, tramping on, and on, and on, and on! But she was ashamed to say so, and she kept on, getting more lame every moment, and groaning inwardly in spirit. But she was pluckily determined that she would not be beaten. All the others seemed as fresh as when they had started; and at last she felt that she must know how much more there would be to endure.

"Have n't we almost got there?" she asked of Arthur, as if merely desirous of knowing as a matter of general information.

"Oh, no; we've come only about two and a half miles. Let me see; that copse ahead is about half-way — it is a good five to Ferney-lea," replied Arthur cheerfully. It never once occurred to him that anybody could be tired after "a little walk of two or three miles." And Teddy was close by, and had heard. Poor Nina could only plod on. It seemed to her that they would simply never stop; and after that she walked all the rest of the way in great pain, grim, silent, her face set and flushed, her mouth rigid — she would not give in after what had happened, "not if I die for it!" she thought, with her usual exaggeration. At last they pushed through a hedge, and came to a halt in the orchard of Meadow Farm; and Nina sank down on the grass with unspeakable thankfulness, and heard with unspeakable wonder Winifred bantering Catherine for a race. The children, delighted, scattered all over the place. Nina could hardly move. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey went in to have a word with their tenant.

"Come to the barn-yard! Come see the cows! Come gather flowers! Come romp in the haycocks! If we behave properly, we are always allowed to gather the eggs, and go

in the dairy, and feed the poultry!" they cried to her; but Nina only asked to be left where she had dropped. "Come see the mastiff!" they cried from afar. "Oh, Nina, we can see the bees making honey!" But she did not stir. Wild with delight, they ran here and there and everywhere. Arthur put Di and Deb up in the cherry-trees. He carried Agnes around pickaback and on all fours. He rigged up in no time a boat for Teddy to launch in the brook. He made flower-chains for three of them. He played "rounders" with the boys, and fed Dapple with carrots. He joked and chaffed, and was no longer the dignified young gentleman who had been talking of Oxford.

Nina, somehow, felt as sore in mind as in body, while she looked on; felt out in the cold, deserted, although it was by her own wish that she had been abandoned. It began raining as she lay there, and before Arthur could come dashing up from a far pasture, where he was looking at a colt, and wrap her in his mackintosh, she was cold and chilled, her dress and parasol were "all spotted and spoiled," and her fine feathers "all uncurled and perfectly absurd," she told herself. No one else seemed to mind the rain a whit more than the walk, and it was quite half an hour before there was any talk of going home.

Mrs. Hodge, the farmer's neat little wife, then came out, and was followed by all the party into the barn-yard, where "Buttercup," the handsome, straight-backed cow, was milked.

"Come get a glass of new milk, Nina," called Catherine, in last appeal; and finding she did not respond even to this, Herbert good-naturedly ran across with a glass for her, saying:

"Only see, how delicious! All foaming! Just milked! Is n't it a treat?"

"No, it is n't; *a glass of milk!*" said Nina, with fine scorn. "Are you going to stay here all night? *I'm* not going to, I can tell you; and I've had the horriest, stupidest time that ever was!"

Herbert said he was sorry. She heard the others rapturously praising the new milk as if it had been nectar, and thanking Mrs. Hodge warmly for being so kind. She felt as cross as two sticks; but Arthur came up just then,

handsome and smiling, and saying, "Nina, you are looking *tired*, do you know? You are not to walk home. Dapple could almost carry us all, and I 'll just put you between the chicks and make you comfortable." This he did, and walked beside her all the way, talking cheerily.

But for all that, it was a desperately tired, crumpled, vexed Nina that arrived at Aubrey just before dark; and when Catherine cried out, "Oh, Nurse, such a nice little walk and delightful afternoon it 's been!"

Nina could scarcely believe her ears. If that was their idea of a little walk, what would they call a long one? And a nice afternoon, truly!

"Perhaps we can have another to-morrow, children," said Mrs. Aubrey as she went indoors; and there was a general answering chorus of "*Thank you, mama!*"

And, finally, there was only bread and milk and porridge and "treacle" for tea, with an egg for Nina, if she liked, which she did n't. She thought it dreadful, and she so hungry, too!

She pouted visibly, and Nurse said politely, "I 'm afraid we 've not got what you like, miss."

"No, you have n't. I want something that 's fit to eat, something *nice*,—lobster-salad with mayonnaise sauce, or deviled crabs, or plum-pudding, or *something!*" burst out Nina hotly. "I 'm perfectly starved!"

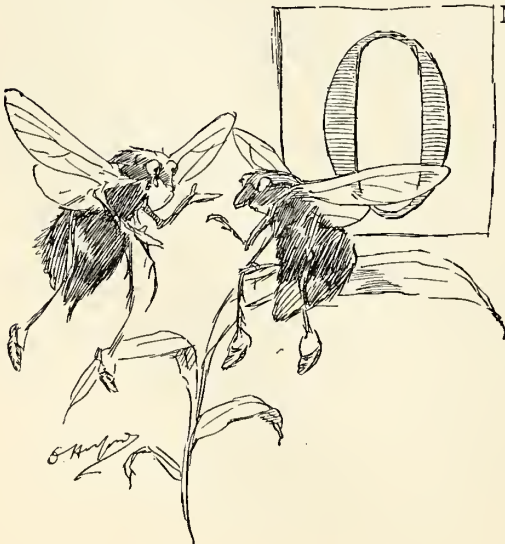
The children, electrified by this stupendous demand, stared as if Nina had suddenly developed horns and cloven hoofs.

"My word, miss! Lobster-salad! Plum-pudding! For you—at this time of night?" exclaimed Nurse. "You must be mad! Lobster-salad! Plum-pudding for a child going to bed shortly! It 's perfectly wicked to mention it, and you 'll get nothing of the sort in this house, I can tell you. And it 's amazed I am that you should ask for the like. I 'd as lief give you poison! Plum-pudding! Lobster-salad, indeed! Poison! Fiddlesticks!" cried horrified Nurse.

(*To be continued.*)

A FATUOUS FLOWER.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



NICE on a time a Bumblebee
Addressed a Sunflower. Said he:
"Dear Sunflower, tell me is it true
What everybody says of you?"

Replied the Sunflower: "Tell me, pray,
How should I know what people say?
Why should I even care? No doubt
'T is some ill-natured tale without
A word of truth; but tell me, Bee,
What *is* it people say of me?"
"Oh, no!" the Bee made haste to add;
"T is really not so very bad.
I got it from the Ant. She said
She 'd *heard* the Sun had turned your head,
And that whene'er he walks the skies
You follow him with all your eyes
From morn till eve—"



“Oh, what a shame!”
Exclaimed the Sunflower,
afame,



I turn away my head until
I fear my stalk will break; and still
He tags along from morn till night,
Starting as soon as it is light,
And never takes his eyes off me
Until it is too dark to see!
They really ought to be ashamed.
Soon they 'll be saying I was named
For him, when well they know 't was he
Who took the name of Sun from me.”

The Sunflower paused, with anger dumb.
The Bee said naught, but murmured,
“*H'm!*”

'T was very evident that he
Was much impressed — this Bumblebee.
He spread his wings at once and flew
To tell some other bees he knew,
Who, being also much impressed,
Said, “*H'm!*” and flew to tell the rest.

“To say such things of me! They *know*
The very opposite is so.

“They know full well that it is *he* —
The *Sun* — who always follows me.

And now if you should chance to see,
In field or grove, a Bumblebee,
And hear him murmur, “*H'm!*” then you
Will know what he 's alluding to.

THE ROUND GLASS PITCHER.

BY CONDIT CRANE.



THE September sun shone powerfully on a tranquil and beautiful scene as Harry Maine rested on the wooded knoll that crowned Mr. Alderman De Lancey's country-seat beyond the village of Greenwich, and thought over the exciting scenes of the past week. In his ears still reverberated the booming which had come from the English men-of-war now in view at anchor in the Hudson River, and the rumble which had swept over the sweet fields from the fleet lying in Kip's Bay. In his eyes still lingered the glitter of bayonets and pipe-clay, and the vivid hues of red which had seemed to burn them as he had watched horse, foot, cannon, and all march down the Bouwerie road into the good town of New York.

Oh, if he were only a man, like his father! Then during the past summer he too might have been a member of Washington's family, and have clanked in and out of the headquarters, near by, important with despatches, instead of having played around the grounds on sufferance as a boy. Oh, if he were only a man, like his father! He might now be with the patriot army on Harlem Heights, instead of being left behind with his grandfather, good old Gabriel Maine, the Quaker preacher, whom Whig

and Tory alike loved, and whom the Alderman himself had promised to protect.

Well, well, it was a comfort to be under the care of Ruth's father, fussy old loyalist though he was. And Aunt Tabitha *was* kind, though she never looked as if she intended to be, and even Mary the maid was good-natured, though she did give herself such airs. And could days be happier than those which Ruth and he were spending together, free to roam through her father's plantation and the deserted headquarters, with all the tumults of the city as far removed as the smoke on the horizon?

But yet, why should n't a boy be able to do something in this time of noble action? Though strength was lacking, were not his wits nimble? Had not his former tutor often called him an "Interrogation Point," and, even while teasing, had he not praised the desire to gain and use knowledge? "That 's right, Harry," the wise man had said. "Remember in this universe every effect has its cause, every question its answer. The sun shines and the birds sing, though eyes and ears be closed."

"Harry! oh, Harry!" came a clear call from the garden's maze.

"Here am I, Ruth," responded the lad, springing to his feet, with rest and reverie alike forgotten; and a moment later a pretty little colonial maid with eyes wide-spread from excitement came panting up the slope.

"Oh, Harry," cried Ruth De Lancey, "I fear there is trouble over at the cottage. I saw a British sergeant stop there a few moments ago, and father says he 's looking for quarters."

"But your father promised to protect grandfather," began Harry indignantly.

"And so he would, if he could. Father is so distressed; he says the conduct of the British troops is enough to make all good citizens forget their allegiance. They act as if New York were a conquered rather than a loyal town;

and though he has protested, he is only laughed at."

"My father would say," retorted Harry proudly, "that the time for protests hath gone by. But come, Ruth, I must to the house. Think of poor grandfather with a common soldier among his books! Think of Aunt Tabitha's spotless sheets and curtains!" And away the children ran, down the shady incline, through the garden, quaint yet elegant, and past the mansion wherein the worthy Alderman found rural peace. Across the lane was a vine-clad cottage, nestling among oak and chestnut trees.

"Wait, Ruth," said Harry stoutly; "for you might get frightened."

But Ruth only tossed her curls, and tripped by his side.

There on the porch, and as clean and shining as a dairy-pan,

lazy hunks of a Britisher quartered in the best room, and you are out mooning through the lanes. Fetch the man some fresh water from the spring. He looks as if he needed it."

Harry took the round glass pitcher, and obeyed without a word, aghast at the misfortune which had come on that quiet household. A British soldier in the "best" room, wherein Ruth and he had never ventured, though once and again through the half-open door they had peered on its twilight-toned and lavender-scented order! Would this dauntless man dare to disturb the precision of its furniture, or the slant of its closely drawn blinds?

Up the stairs the children stole, and rapped on the front room door. "Come in," answered a voice, rough but not churlish; and as they entered, with Ruth clinging timidly to Harry's sleeve, this is what they saw:

The front and side windows were wide open, letting in through the former a rush of air, and through the latter a glare of sunlight. Not far from an overturned chair—oh, poor, distraught Aunt Tabitha!—was lying a heavy knapsack. Upon the lounge a red-faced man, stalwart and soldierly, was carelessly reclining, with his belts and leggings loosened. On the

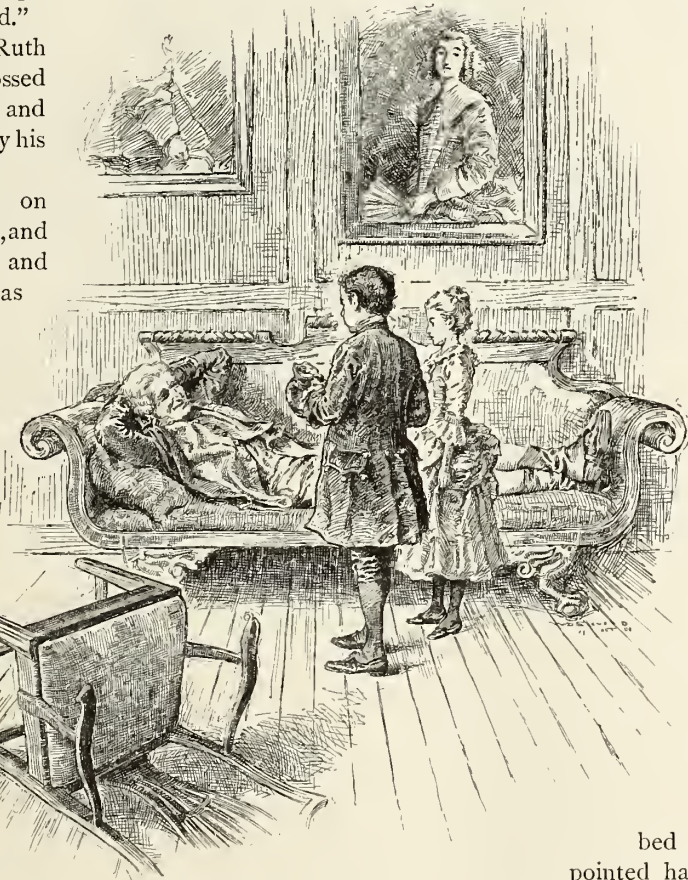
bed opposite was his high, pointed hat, with regimental symbol and number; and across the foot,

his ponderous musket, polished and oiled as if fresh from the armory.

stood Aunt Tabitha, her hair drawn all the tauter for trouble.

"Here, boy; you are never around when you are wanted," she snapped. "There 's a great

With a true boy's sharpness of interest, Harry noticed that the flint had been removed; but he saw at the same time that there was powder



"UPON THE LOUNGE A RED-FACED MAN, STALWART AND SOLDIERLY, WAS CARELESSLY RECLINING."

about the priming-pan. The piece was evidently loaded. The drum playing the good old tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away"?

"I've brought some fresh water for you, Harry and Ruth sprang upon the bench and sir," faltered the lad.

The soldier looked up drowsily, yet good-naturedly. "All right, younker," he growled. "Set it down somewhere—oh, anywhere. I'm that fagged I must snooze, now that air and sunlight have got the stuffiness out of these 'ere desirable quarters. So run along, youngsters, and don't bother, and keep quiet, so I can get a nap."

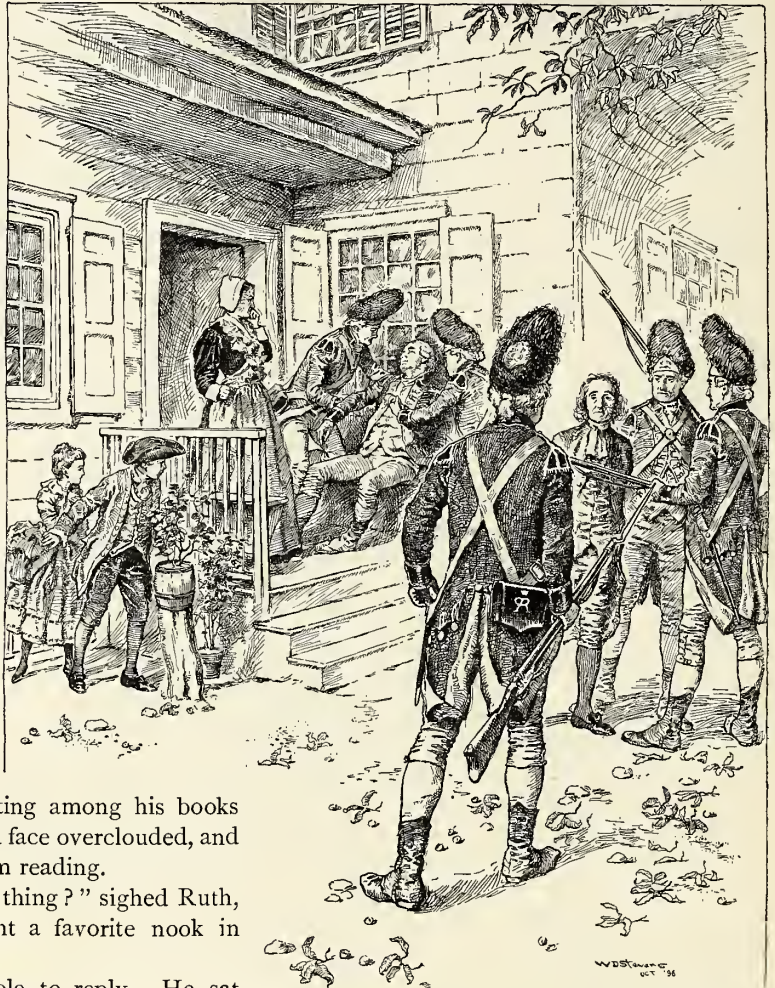
Harry placed the pitcher on the projecting end of the mantel nearest to the side window, drew Ruth close to his side, and hurried from the rude presence. As the children passed through the corridor, they caught a glimpse of the good old Quaker sitting among his books in the rear room, his mild face overclouded, and his eyes dim, but not from reading.

"Is n't war a dreadful thing?" sighed Ruth, as they dejectedly sought a favorite nook in the orchard.

Harry was too miserable to reply. He sat on the bench, with his head on his arm, vainly thinking how he might help his grandfather and aunt in their stress. But what could he—what indeed could the Continental army—do against the mighty power of the British? They were here and there and everywhere. Out in the harbor lay their great ships; in the churches and college buildings their garrisons were quartered; and now they were occupying private houses, and driving women and children from their homes; and even here, out in the country, the song of the birds was stilled by their martial notes; for—hark! was not that the fife and

the drum playing the good old tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away"?

Harry and Ruth sprang upon the bench and



"SURROUNDED BY THE THREATENING SOLDIERS, THE GOOD QUAKER REMAINED CALM IN THE PRESENCE OF DANGER."

looked. There, marching blithely along the lane was a company of redcoats, with the colors of their accoutrements smartly contrasting.

"They're bound to Washington's former headquarters," said Ruth. "'T is there your sergeant belongs."

"You may have some of them quartered in your house," reflected Harry gloomily.

Shrilly piped the fife and bravely rattled the drum as the troops paced on. The dust of their raising had just settled in front of the cot-

tage, the children were about to climb down, when there came a report — sudden, sharp, and single. The music ceased; the soldiers, to quick commands, faced about, for a moment stood expectant, and then, as loud cries reëchoed, broke into a run for the Quaker's dwelling. The children looked at each other with faces pale from an unknown dread, and then, without a word, hurried hand in hand to the scene of confusion.

But a moment had been this delay, and yet much had occurred. On the porch stood poor Aunt Tabitha wringing her hands and murmuring in distress. Near by, supported by two comrades, was the sergeant, with a deep, dingy drip of red from his left shoulder, while, surrounded by the threatening soldiers, the good old Quaker remained calm in the presence of danger.

"Fall in!" came the command. The ranks of a hollow square were quickly formed, with the prisoner and the wounded man in the center; bayonets were fixed and threatened from every side; and off marched the company.

"Oh, auntie," sobbed Harry, "what has happened? What has grandfather done?"

"Done? — the innocent lamb!" moaned the spinster; "naught save to bind the wounds of the afflicted. He heard that report, and rushed into the room only to be accused of having shot his guest. Done? Don't ask me. When has he done aught but strive to love his enemy and render good for evil?" and she hurried away.

From Mary, the maid, the children learned that the sergeant's story to his comrades was that he had fallen asleep, and had been awakened by the report and pain to find himself wounded in the shoulder, and his host standing over him with the smoking gun in his hands. "Of course," continued the girl, "poor, dear master had picked up the horrid thing on entering the room, in his amazement at not catching sight or sound of the assassin."

"But there was no flint," stammered the bewildered Harry.

"Nonsense!" retorted Mary; and "Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Alderman De Lancey that night when the distressful story was told to him. "Guns don't fire themselves," he concluded sagely; "the fellow was drunk, in all probability, and shot himself; but he'll stick to

his accusation of good brother Maine, and for a civilian to assault a soldier means sharp, quick punishment. I'll see what I can do; but I fear 't is little."

There was little sleep in either house that night, and the news which the Alderman gained in the morning brought slight relief. The old Quaker was to be tried by military commission the following day. His character, so the commanding officer had said, but aggravated his offense. There was need of an example, that the disaffected might know how terrible was the weight of Britain's right arm.

Again the children met in the orchard, Harry deep in thought, Ruth ready with sympathy.

"Oh, why can't I do something?" the boy kept repeating. "There must be some explanation for what happened. The soldier was wounded, the gun was fired, and it did n't fire itself; and grandfather never did such a thing, though it was smoking in his hands. There can be no effect without a cause, my tutor used to say; oh, why can't I find out that cause?"

"What else used he to say?" asked Ruth, chiefly to keep Harry talking.

"Why, he said that there should be no such thing as a mystery; for whatever happened would be sure to happen again under the same circumstances."

"And all that means, dear Harry —?"

"Why," the boy answered slowly, "if the day was the same, and the room was the same, and the gun and grandpa there, and the sergeant asleep — why, then — why, then, the shot would be fired."

"But the day is the same," replied Ruth eagerly; "just as bright and hot as yesterday. And we can fix the room precisely as it was. Why should n't we go up there and see if then something would n't happen?" And so the two children, strong in simple faith and a desire to be helpful, crept up unnoticed into the room.

Aunt Tabitha had already been there, too good a housekeeper to let grief interfere with duty, and the room had been darkened. Harry threw open the sashes and blinds, and in streamed the sunlight and in rushed the breeze.

"Now, Ruth," he said, "you sit there on the bed where the gun rested, while I lie down in the soldier's place; for if any one is going to

be hurt, I must be that one. Of course the musket is n't here, but that can't be helped. But is everything else the same?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, after a careful look—"that is, no. Don't you remember you brought the round glass pitcher full of spring water?"

"Why, so I did. Aunt Tabitha must have taken it down-stairs. I'll be back in a jiffy"; and away rushed Harry, to return with the identical pitcher, which he set on the projecting edge of the mantel by the side window.

"Now, Ruth," he urged, "we'll keep quiet for a while, and see if anything will happen."

"But I can't keep quiet," replied the little girl, half crying; "it burns, it smarts so. See!" And lo, on her hand, which rested where the stock of the gun had lain, there shone a spark!

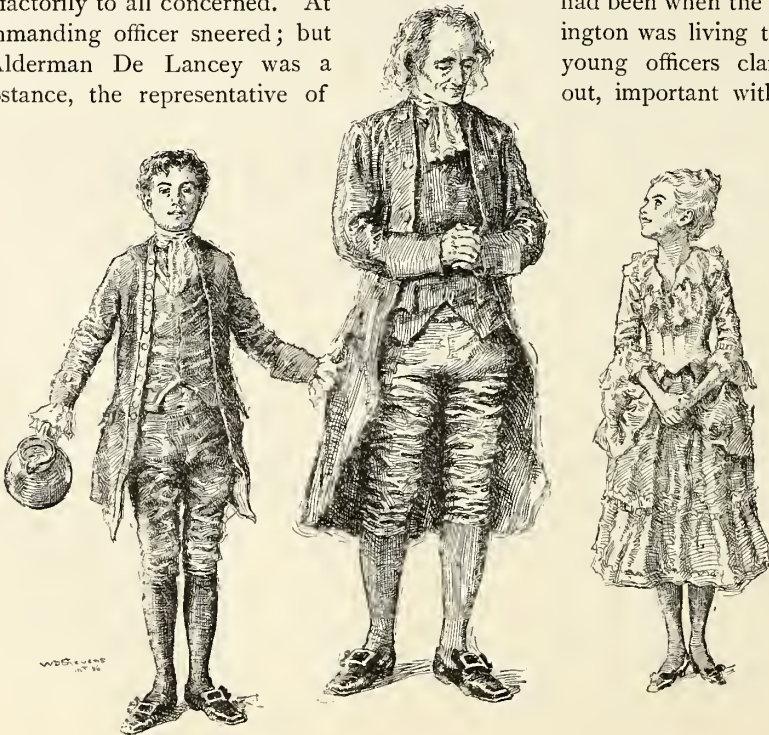
"I do see!" cried Harry in wild excitement, dancing about the room. "It's the sunlight coming through the pitcher. Why, it makes a regular fire-glass! Come, Ruth; let's find the Alderman, and we'll prove to him—yes, and to the old Commission too—that if a gun can't fire itself, it *can* go off with the aid of the sun."

And indeed the mystery was soon explained satisfactorily to all concerned. At first the commanding officer sneered; but then Mr. Alderman De Lancey was a man of substance, the representative of

a class that had suffered much for the King. The old Quaker, too, was generally beloved, and there was something absurd in pressing a charge of bloodshed against a man of peace. So on the first sunshiny day Aunt Tabitha's prejudices had to endure another armed invasion of her best room, rebelliously too, though her heart prayed for the success of the experiment.

Grave officers patiently waited as the windows were arranged, the round glass pitcher set, and the gun, loaded only with powder, laid on the bed. Again that spark of fire appeared; it traveled deliberately along the snowy spread; it touched the stock; it progressed toward the lock; it rested for an instant on the priming-pan. There was a flash, a report, a dense smoke, and the British were taught that in a war for independence even Nature herself might take sides against them.

They were not sulky in their defeat, however, but made all possible amends of kindly treatment to the good old Quaker, the gruff sergeant especially seeming unable to do too much for him. As for the children, they were ever as welcome at headquarters as they had been when the stately Washington was living there, and his young officers clanked in and out, important with despatches.





BROWNIES OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY A. HYATT VERRILL.



WHAT are they? This is doubtless the question which will arise in the minds of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS when they see the picture at the top of this page. Are any of

Mr. Cox's Brownies quainter or more droll than these queer, spectacled creatures with their outlandish head-gear? Nor are these little elfin-like beings inventions of the imagination. From the time when the first green leaves burst forth in spring until the keen, frosty air of autumn ends their strange existence, they live and thrive under our very eyes.

The little people created in Palmer Cox's brain never wore a greater variety of dress than do the Leaf-Hoppers; for these droll little faces are nothing more nor less than the heads of the common insects called Leaf-Hoppers as they appear when viewed through a magnifying-glass. There are more than one hundred species of these little insects found in the eastern United States alone, no two of which are alike. Some are brown, others green, blue, white, or mottled in various colors and patterns; while one patriotic little fellow goes so far as to wear our national

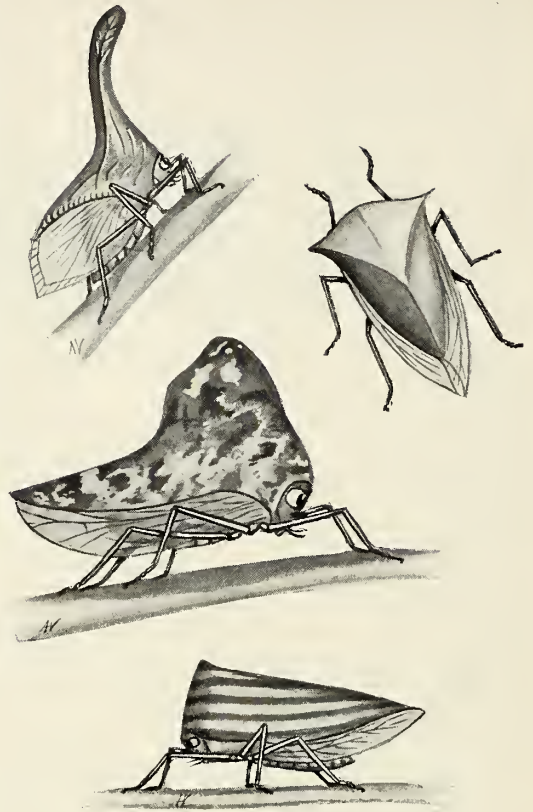
colors in stripes of red, white, and blue upon his roof-shaped back.

The Leaf-Hoppers are as erratic in their movements as the Brownies themselves, and could easily give hints to those favorites of the children in regard to traveling through space; for although these insect-Brownies possess wings and moderate powers of flight, yet their usual method of traveling is by sudden, elastic leaps, often covering as much as six feet, or over five hundred times their own length, in a single bound. If man could move in this manner, there would be little need of express trains, for in two jumps a person could travel a mile!

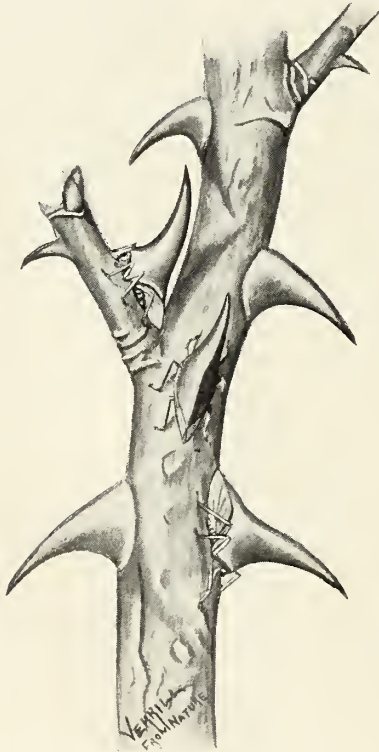
A favorite resort for these insects is among the stems and leaves of the grape-vine and Virginia creeper. If you look in these places on any warm summer's day, you will find them with their bodies lying close to the surface on which they may be resting, while their pointed caps look like small protuberances of the bark.

These queer-shaped humps are not alone for ornament, but, like everything else in nature, have their use. The little fellow with the tall, peaked cap on the extreme left of the picture lives on rose-bushes, and his cap, of a dull olive color, appears so much like one of the thorns that you will have to look sharp to find him.

After you find your Leaf-Hopper, approach with great care; for no matter how cautiously you move, he will see you with those sharp goggle-eyes, and if you are approaching him from the side or rear, will wheel quickly about until he faces you, and slightly raising the forward portion of his body, will watch your every move. Now make a quick motion or extend your hand as though to touch him. Quick as a flash, he will take a short backward step and be up and away with a lightning-like spring, as though hurled from a miniature catapult, and the chances are you will never see him again. The Leaf-Hoppers, like their cousins the common plant-lice, or aphides, are sap-eaters (or more properly sap-suckers), and, like them, many species secrete a sweetish substance called "honey-dew." This secretion is considered a great delicacy by the ants, and if you look carefully you may often see a pro-



THE LEAF-HOPPERS IN THEIR SPRING BONNETS.



THE LEAF-HOPPERS MASQUERADE AS THORNS ON A ROSE-BUSH.

cession of small ants passing up and down a plant on which the little hoppers are feeding. At first sight the ants seem to be eating the

little creatures, but if you examine them with a lens it will be seen that they are merely feeding on the honey-dew. In fact, the Leaf-Hoppers and aphides are utilized as cows by the ants. They take excellent care of their cattle, too, watching over and guarding them constantly. In the autumn the ants take the eggs of the aphides or Leaf-Hoppers into their own nests, where they keep them through the winter.

In the spring, when the eggs hatch, they carry the young and nearly helpless brood to some plant where they can feed; and if the plant dries up or dies, they carry the little sap-suckers to better feeding-grounds. In some cases the ants even build tiny sheds over their herds to protect them from the weather. When they desire the honey-dew, the ants gently stroke the backs of the insects with their antennæ, when the little creatures immediately expel a drop of the coveted fluid.

The Leaf-Hoppers belong to the order of



WELCOMED TO THE BROWNIE BAND.
(From a sketch drawn by permission of Mr. Palmer Cox.)

insects known as Hemiptera, and, like the other members of their order, do not pass through a grub or caterpillar state as do the butterflies and many other insects. The young, when first hatched, look much like their parents, with the exception of the wings, which do not appear until the first change of skin. With each suc-

cessive molt the wings increase in size until fully formed. Although the existence of the most of the Leaf-Hoppers ends with the falling leaves, yet quite a number live over winter, passing the long, cold months in a sort of sleep beneath dead leaves, straw, or any other rubbish that will keep out the cold.



FAIRY TIMEKEEPERS TO THE FLOWERS: "FOUR O' CLOCK! TIME TO SHUT UP SHOP!"

THE GOOD BEHAVIOR OF NANCY LEE.

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.



CHRISTINE was a little girl whose father had been a sea-captain. He once commanded a ship that made voyages from New York to Norway, where the Captain was born. Now he did not go to sea any more, but owned a little sail-boat in which he often sailed from his home on Long Island to New York.

Christine had a doll, and when she was naming it her father said "Nancy Lee" was a good

name for a doll belonging to a sailor's daughter; so she called the doll by that name.

One morning Nancy was asleep under a foot-stool when Christine danced in, singing:

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be—
Yo, ho! oh, ho!

As soon as Christine saw Nancy she stooped and caught her up from the floor, saying:

"Ah, there you are, you sleepy child! Come, we are going on a voyage with the Captain. You must learn to go to sea, Nancy, for you know you *may* marry a sailor some day!"

Just then Christine heard her father calling, and without waiting to find Nancy's hat or sack she ran down-stairs.

"Come, Chris," called the Captain; "the bell has rung 'all aboard,' the wind is right, and we must n't keep the ship waiting!"

Only stopping to catch up her broad-brimmed hat, Christine ran down to the little landing. Her father lifted her into the stern of the sail-boat, hoisted the big sail, and they swung in a wide curve out into the Sound, the little waves rippling from under the boat with a pattering and slapping.

"Don't talk to the man at the wheel," was one of the early lessons the Captain had taught his daughter, and so she gave her attention to making Nancy comfortable, and teaching her about sailing a boat.

"The big white cloth, Nancy, is the sail; but it is n't a sheet. For aboard ship sheets are ropes, my dear. The sail takes hold of the wind, and pulls the boat along; and the Captain makes it go where he likes, Nancy, by pushing the tiller. The tiller moves a flat piece in the water, and makes the boat pull harder on one side, so it goes slower on that side. But, Nancy, you are too young to understand much, and this is your first voyage."

Nancy did not interrupt; she seemed to listen quietly, and she looked straight before her, like a very good girl in school.

"We are going to see New York, my child, and that is a big, big city. You never saw a big city before, did you?"

Now, Nancy was a French doll, and so she had crossed the ocean, and *had* seen a big city, for she had come from Paris; but she was a very young doll when in Europe, she did n't really remember her ocean trip, and she had not learned to talk English—except to say "Papa" and "Mama," and even that was broken—and she made no reply.

But Christine did not wait for one. Just then the Captain told her she might steer, and Christine was too proud of holding the tiller to think of Nancy Lee. Nancy, indeed, thought

so little of being left alone that when the boat leaned over she sank gently down on the seat.

As she lay down, her eyes closed at once,—it was always so with Nancy,—and she slept until Christine raised her suddenly, and said:

"Land ho!—Nancy Lee, wake up! We are going ashore now, for this is New York."

But Christine's father said there should be somebody to watch the boat.

"Leave Nancy on guard while we go shopping."

Christine covered Nancy with a bit of sail-cloth, and propped her up where she was well sheltered. And there sat Nancy on the watch all the time the Captain and crew were ashore; and she never even winked once.

When they returned, Christine told Nancy of the shops they had visited; of the luncheon at a restaurant, where a very black waiter brought Chris some very white ice-cream; and of the pretty things in the shop-windows. Not at all envious though she had been left in the boat without a thing to eat, Nancy only smiled sweetly.

At first the breeze was very light as they set sail for home; the sun shone warmly, and they sailed slowly. It was a drowsy time, and Chris fell asleep, with her curly head on the Captain's arm; but Nancy Lee kept wide awake.

While Chris slept, the breeze freshened; and at length the boat leaned far over, and the Captain had to move about so that Chris was awakened. But they were nearly home, and before Chris was fully awake again they were at the dock.

As Christine lifted Nancy to carry her up the path to the house, she said: "Nancy Lee, I am afraid you will never be a sailor's wife. My child, you were asleep nearly all the voyage."

And was n't it good of Nancy not to remind Christine how long she had been kept on watch while Christine and the Captain were ashore, and how Christine herself had slept soundly during the only exciting part of the sail?

Nancy Lee still smiled sweetly, and never lost her temper nor said an unpleasant word. And yet no sooner had Christine put her in bed than Nancy's eyes shut tight, and never opened till Christine lifted her the next morning.

How pleasant it would be if all passengers were as patient and quiet as Nancy Lee!

From Our Scrap-Book



HOW THE TURKS CAME BY THEIR CRESCENT.

WHEN Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon, then new or in crescent, shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was after that adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium they found the crescent in every public place, and believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.

A CHAPEL BELL.

THE largest bell in the world is the one called "King of Bells," in Moscow, Russia. It was cast in 1733, but fell during a fire, and remained buried in the earth till 1836. It is more than three times as high as a man, being over nineteen feet high, and weighs as much as two hundred and twenty common cart-loads of coal. There is a large piece broken out of one side, so that it cannot be rung as a bell; but it is set upon a stone foundation, and used as a chapel, of which the broken place is the door.

TEN THOUSAND TELEGRAMS AT ONCE.

IN 1871, at a celebration held in New York in honor of Professor Morse, the original instrument invented by him was exhibited, connected at that moment by wire with every one of the ten thousand instruments then in use in the country. At a signal a message from the inventor was sent vibrating throughout the United States, and was read at the same time in every city from New York to New Orleans and San Francisco.

THE TRUE "REBECCA."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S model for the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" was a young Jewish lady in Philadelphia, named Rebecca Gratz. She was beautiful, and noted for her devotion to the Jewish faith. One of the most intimate friends of her family was Washington Irving. Irving visited Scott, and spoke of Miss Gratz, her beauty and her devotion. Scott was deeply impressed, and planned the story of "Ivanhoe," naming his heroine Rebecca.

AUSTERLITZ PLANNED BY JOHN MILTON.

NAPOLEON declared to Sir Colin Campbell, who had charge of the exile on the isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and that he had read it to some purpose. He said further that he had borrowed the idea or plan of the battle of Austerlitz

from the sixth book of that poem, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his angelic host with such dire effect:

"Training his devilish enginery impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep to
hide the fraud."

PRETTY NAMES FOR BOOKS.

THE following are some of the curious titles of old English books:

1. "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at."
2. "Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."
3. "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel known among men by the name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned).
4. "Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant and Boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take ye out and eat."
5. "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin."
6. "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."

Most of these were published in the time of Cromwell.

ORIGIN OF "BOZ."

CHARLES DICKENS signed the name "Boz" to his earliest articles. It was a nickname which he had given to his younger brother, whom for fun he called Moses, pronouncing it through his nose, like "Boses," and then shortening it to "Boz."

ICELAND'S MILLENNIAL.

IN 1874 Iceland celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of its colonization. At the same time it became independent of Denmark, though still subject to the king as head of the government. Its new government is thoroughly republican in spirit, all citizens having equal rights and perfect religious liberty. There are in Iceland no officers answering to our policemen, and no prisons.

A CRIPPLED CONQUEROR.

TAMERLANE was called the "Prince of Destruction." His real name was Timour, but, being lame, he was called "Timour lane," which means "lame Timour," and it be-

came corrupted into the name by which we know him. He was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived, and it is said no other conqueror won by the sword so large a part of the world.

WHY GONDOLAS ARE BLACK.

IN former times the nobles of Venice spent such immense sums in decorating their gondolas that the government passed a law that all should be alike, and all have since been painted black. Some gondolas have been on the lakes of Central Park, and many were used in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair.

WHY "BEACON" STREET?

BEACON STREET, in Boston, derives its name from a beacon which stood on the summit of the hill so that, in case of an invasion, the country could be roused by setting fire to a barrel of tar kept there. The beacon was blown down by the violence of the wind in 1789. Beacon Hill was the highest of the three hills which gave Boston its original name, Trimountain.

FOUNDING OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The General Court of Massachusetts voted in 1636 to give £400 to found a college at Newtown, afterward called Cambridge. It is said that "this was the first legislative assembly in which the people, through their representatives, gave their own money to found a place of education."

A WILLOW FROM NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

OVER the grave of Cotton Mather in Copp's burying-ground (near Bunker Hill, Boston) is a weeping-willow tree which was grown from a cutting of the willow-tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

MICHELANGELO AS ARCHITECT.

THE great artist Michelangelo was as famous an architect or designer as he was a painter. He designed the church of St. Peter at Rome, which is built in the form of a Latin cross. He also designed another church in Rome, and, besides these, planned a number of famous structures.

THE PEACOCK AT HOME.

THE real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock-hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail, and are called the tail-coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible: Job mentions them, and they are mentioned too in 1 Kings, 10. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

"THE MISSISSIPPI OF STREETS."

BROADWAY is five miles long, with nearly half its line as straight as an arrow flies, so that the eye may look

upward from the quaint little Bowling Green near the Battery to the graceful spire of Grace Church — almost up to Union Square. From this point it turns from its straight course, and nearly two miles beyond reaches Central Park, from which, under the name of the Boulevard, it is prolonged nine miles farther. It was with reason that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called this the "lengthy Mississippi of streets."

ST. CLEMENTE, ROME.

THERE is a church in Rome, called St. Clemente, which is a very curious building. Here we find four buildings, one on top of the other. The uppermost one is the present church, built in 1108. There is another below this which was the church of the early Christians, and first mentioned in 392. Below this one are the remains of an old Roman building of the time of the emperors; and still below this are great walls belonging to a building of the time of the Roman republic.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, IN ANCIENT TIMES.

WINCKELMANN, quoting the comedies of Plautus and Terence, says that Grecian doors opened outward, so that a person leaving the house knocked first within, lest he should open the door in the face of a passer-by. Hinges were not then in use, and at Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum doors have at top and bottom pivots which turn in sockets.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

THE Revolutionary War, from its first outbreak at Lexington, April 19, 1775, to the final disbanding of the army, April 19, 1783, lasted *just eight years* to a day.

THE Second Epistle of St. John is a letter to a lady.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, the great painter, who painted the famous picture of the Last Supper, is said to have invented the wheelbarrow.

SAMUEL ADAMS first originated the idea of declaring the American colonies independent of Great Britain.

THE tusks of the elephant never stop growing till the animal dies.

THE goldfish is a native of China, and was seen in England first in 1691.

ANCIENT soldiers were taught to fight equally well with either hand.

IN France St. Nicholas's day is the fête-day for boys, and St. Catherine's day is the fête-day for girls.

CARTHAGE was destroyed 146 B. C. It was twenty-four miles in circumference, and is said to have been burning seventeen days.

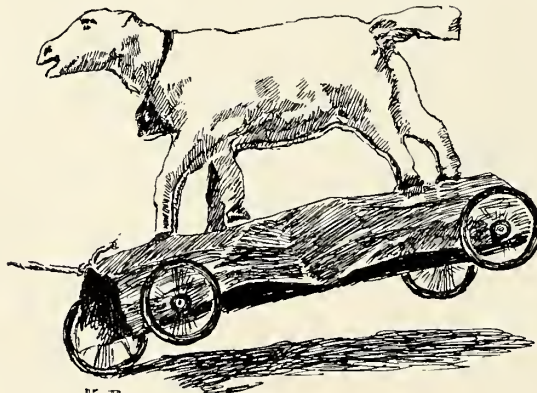
IN winding up the clock of Trinity Church, New York, it is said that the crank or handle has to be turned round eight hundred and fifty times.

THE OLD TIN SHEEP.



“CREAK!” said the old tin sheep on wheels;
“I’m growing old, and down my back
I’m very sure there’s a dreadful crack.
There’s nobody knows,” said the old tin sheep, “till he’s old how an old toy feels.
“I used to trundle about the floor;
But that was when I was young and new;
It’s something that now I could not do.
No; I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door.
“Creak!” said the sheep; “what’s gone amiss?
Some one is taking me out, I know.
They’re pulling my string, and away I go.
Stop! oh, stop!” cried the old tin sheep; “I never can go like this!”
But Tommy pulled the sheep around;
About the nursery it went so fast
The floor beneath seemed flying past,
While creakety-creakety-creak! the wheels went round with a doleful sound.
Then Tommy left it there on its side;
The wheels moved slowly and stopped with a creak,
And the wax doll heard it faintly speak.
“There’s nobody knows what he can do,” said the sheep, “till he has tried.”

Katharine Pyle.



K.P.

The Button Family.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

You might not think it, but no toys
Are pleasanter at play
Than the buttons in the button-box
Aunt Jane keeps put away.

The little-brother buttons
Are never rude or rough;
And though the box is very full,
There 's always room enough.

There 's a fat, round mother button,
And a father button, too;
And a set of sister buttons —
White china speckled with blue.

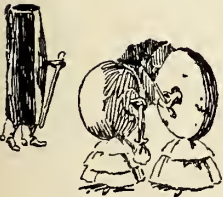
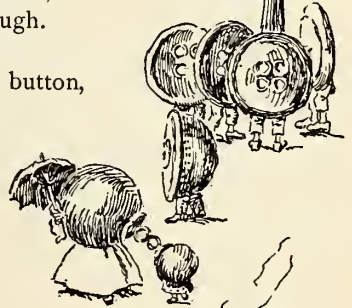
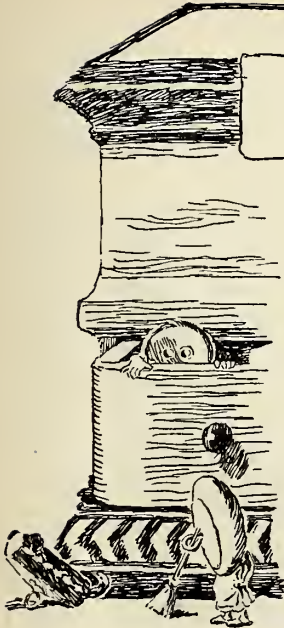
There 's a bright brass-button uncle,
Who truly went to war;
Though he 's lost his shank, he twinkles
As brightly as before.

But, big or little buttons,
There 's one they love the best —
A baby button, tinier
Than any of the rest.

The little baby button
Is very sweet and bright.
You 'd almost think it was a pearl,
So smooth it is, and white.

One day the button-box upset,
And all fell on the ground;
Then how the little button skipped
And spun and ran around!

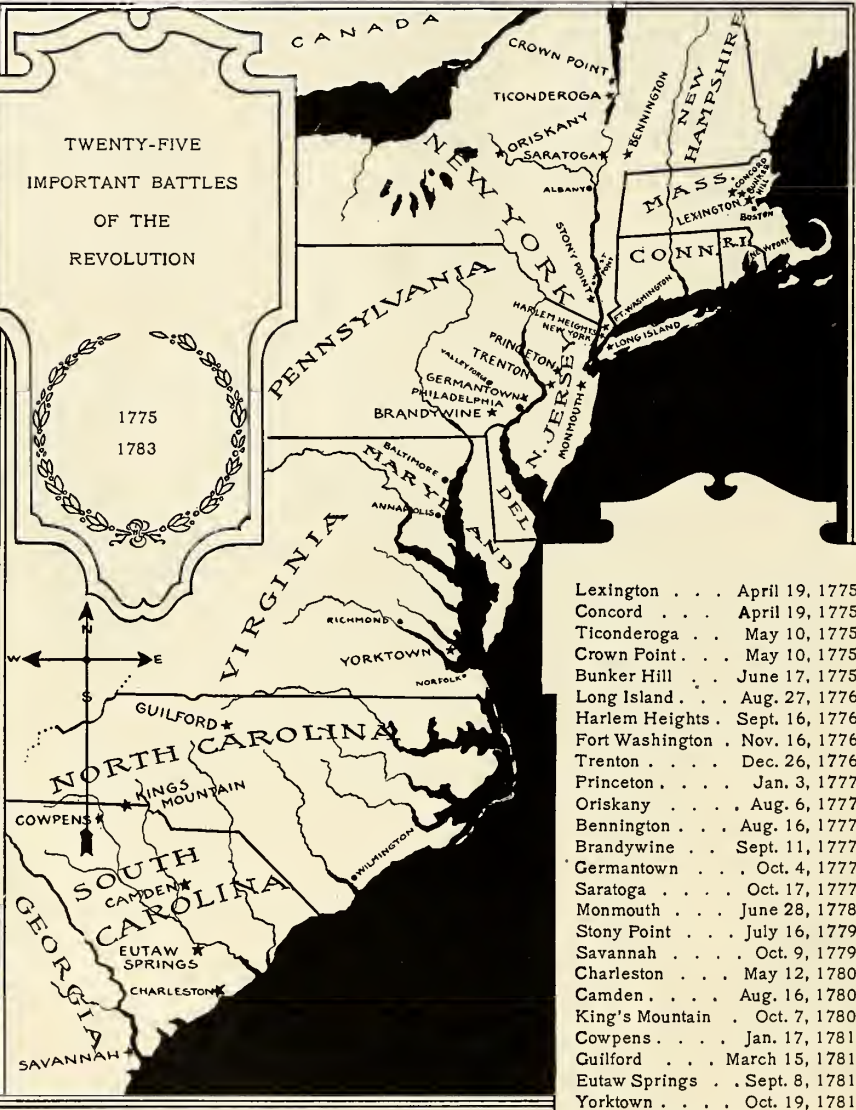
And when they all were gathered up,
And safely home once more,
They cried, "Oh, did n't we have fun
Out on the nursery floor!"



K.P.

TWENTY-FIVE
IMPORTANT BATTLES
OF THE
REVOLUTION

1775
1783



- Lexington . . . April 19, 1775
- Concord . . . April 19, 1775
- Ticonderoga . . . May 10, 1775
- Crown Point . . . May 10, 1775
- Bunker Hill . . . June 17, 1775
- Long Island . . . Aug. 27, 1776
- Harlem Heights . . . Sept. 16, 1776
- Fort Washington . . . Nov. 16, 1776
- Trenton . . . Dec. 26, 1776
- Princeton . . . Jan. 3, 1777
- Oriskany . . . Aug. 6, 1777
- Bennington . . . Aug. 16, 1777
- Brandywine . . . Sept. 11, 1777
- Germantown . . . Oct. 4, 1777
- Saratoga . . . Oct. 17, 1777
- Monmouth . . . June 28, 1778
- Stony Point . . . July 16, 1779
- Savannah . . . Oct. 9, 1779
- Charleston . . . May 12, 1780
- Camden . . . Aug. 16, 1780
- King's Mountain . . . Oct. 7, 1780
- Cowpens . . . Jan. 17, 1781
- Guilford . . . March 15, 1781
- Eutaw Springs . . . Sept. 8, 1781
- Yorktown . . . Oct. 19, 1781

Peace declared,
September 3, 1783.

REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE, "A CENTURY OF PRESIDENTS."

THE "Century of Presidents," printed during March, the inauguration month, brought forth almost a thousand answers.

This puzzle was more difficult to solve than similar puzzles previously printed; and, therefore, a much longer time than usual was allowed for its solution. But it was none too long for some of our correspondents, who asserted that they barely completed their solutions in time; and the great number received on the last two days of the competition was additional evidence of this.

Lists prettily decorated with various patriotic devices were received from Caroline Sewall, Harold W. Bynner, Floretta G. Elmore, Bertha M. Wheeler, Ellen B. Townsend, Selma Schricker, Amy J. Einstein, Claude Hoen, and Dorothea Faraday.

Several careful correspondents have called attention to the misstatement in No. 34. Caleb Cushing was called "Secretary" because he had been a member of a President's cabinet: strictly speaking, however, an Attorney-General is not a "Secretary." He was sent, in 1843, as "Commissioner" to negotiate a treaty between the United States and China.

The correct list of names is as follows:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. James Buchanan. | 14. Jefferson Davis. | 27. Chester Alan Arthur. |
| 2. William Learned Marcy. | 15. Thomas Jefferson. | 28. Franklin Pierce. |
| 3. John Adams. | 16. William Henry Seward. | 29. Daniel Webster. |
| 4. Lewis Cass. | 17. George Bancroft. | 30. Abraham Lincoln. |
| 5. James Abram Garfield. | 18. Andrew Jackson. | 31. James Madison. |
| 6. Albert Gallatin. | 19. George Washington. | 32. William Wirt. |
| 7. William Henry Harrison. | 20. Grover Cleveland. | 33. Andrew Johnson. |
| 8. Edward Everett. | 21. James Knox Polk. | 34. William Harris Crawford. |
| 9. Rutherford Birchard Hayes. | 22. John Quincy Adams. | 35. Henry Clay. |
| 10. Salmon Portland Chase. | 23. Caleb Cushing. | 36. Benjamin Harrison. |
| 11. Martin Van Buren. | 24. Zachary Taylor. | 37. Ulysses Simpson Grant. |
| 12. John Tyler. | 25. John Caldwell Calhoun. | 38. John Marshall. |
| 13. James Monroe. | 26. Millard Fillmore. | |

A large proportion of the solutions were accompanied by friendly letters. This is one of the pleasantest features of the ST. NICHOLAS competitions, and it seems only fair to share a few of these letters with our readers.

"Whenever I see a new puzzle in your delightful magazine I almost shout for joy, I am so glad. This last puzzle has been particularly interesting and difficult. I am sure I have looked over more than fifty books in search of information. I am so proud of the thirty crimson books — ST. NICHOLAS — which decorate my shelf."

"I live twenty-five miles from a town, and have nothing to get my answers from but 'Barnes' Brief History of the United States,' and a 'Life of Jackson'; but I hope they are all right."

"I wish to express my interest and pleasure in the good work your prize puzzles are doing. My daughter

sent in her answers yesterday, and the amount of help which the effort has given her, for future use, is very great. She has proved for herself how many difficult and apparently impossible things may be learned by persistent inquiry and searching; and I feel very grateful to you, inasmuch as through you she is developing qualities which are not very prominent yet — those of patience and perseverance. We have delighted in your magazine many years. This year it seems better than ever."

"When I took up the March number I could not answer more than one or two questions. This puzzle has shown me how much I do *not* know about United States history."

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

First Prize, Five Dollars: Floretta G. Elmore.

Two Second Prizes of Four Dollars each: Marshall Coxe and Blanche Huffman.

Five Third Prizes of Three Dollars each: J. Watson Dwight, Boyd Marshall, Florence McKusick, Edmund Bassett, and Edwin Jones Carleton.

Ten Prizes of Two Dollars each: Townsend King Wellington, Sara A. Wardwell, Abbot A. Thayer, Milly G. Sykes, Ada Claire, Francis Randall Appleton, Jr., Charles Lanier Appleton, Karl Donald Kimball, Clara M. Lathrop, and Louise McDonald.

Twelve Prizes of One Dollar each: Daniel C. Fitz, Will Allis, Ruth Peirce, Ethel Alton Rockwell, Grace Matthews, Helen M. Wallace, Gladys W. Baldwin, Edith R. Hill, Bess Kelly, Ariel Parish, Bradford Sturtevant, and Mary F. Kneeland.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Sixty-one correct solutions were received. Out of these the Committee of Judges selected the thirty that showed the most accurate and painstaking work, and to these the prizes are awarded. It will be seen, therefore, that all those whose names follow have done work of special excellence.

Louisa L. Burrows, Charles McCausland, Willie L. Kiernan, Aldrich Durant, Mary R. Bergstrom, Carl H. Phillips, Elizabeth B. Piper, Annie E. Thacher, Hazel R. Hyde, Grace Van Ingen, Joseph B. Eastman, Lucia K. Dwight, John L. Stettimus, Jr., Deane Edwards, Marguerite A. Marney, Julia M. Hoyt, Chauncey B. Garver, Agnes B. Wylie, Seth E. Hodge, Grace C. Norton, Helen R. Coggeshall, Ralph W. Deacon, Anna V. Kisinger, Anne V. L. Orvis, Lewis H. Tooker, Clarence H. Sutherland, Margaret Spencer Wilson, Helen M. Stott, John C. Parish, Sadie Donaldson, and Walter Clark.

Margaret D. Rodes, Susan D. Williams, Mary Stockton, Charles D. Harmon, Margaret W. Stone, Frederic H. Taber, Albert H. Pratt, Morgan W. Jopling, Marguerite Stott, Florence A. Wilson, Marie L. Slack, James J. Forstall, Harold W. Bynner, Nellis M. Crouse, Frank S. Preston, Harold J. Staples, Elma M. Eaton, Lois A. Reed, Harry F. Morris, Eunice Wead, Ethel Pike, Janet Dana, Rachel Phipps, Hilda K. White, Dorothy Wright, Gertrude G. Vroom, Julia B. Thomas, Norman G. Conner, Kenneth White, John C. More, Emma J. Pratt, Annie P. Weekes, Edward L. Lincoln, Esther L. Swartz, Charles E. Moore, Bertha Carleton, Rex G. Post, Ona C. Gibson, Alice E. Dyar, Jessie McClatchey, Kathryn A. Fisher, Charles S. Pillsbury, Edna L. MacLellan, Lucy A. Maling, Elsie Green, Mamie Johnson, E. E. Kimmel, Henrietta W. Drury, Mamie Blaikie, Ruth Farley, Dellie R. Bartlett, and Evelyn Jenkins.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CITY OF MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Texas boy twelve years old. We are now visiting in Mexico. This is a beautiful city, and we have seen many wonderful things. The old Cathedral, which is said to be built on the ruins of an Aztec temple, cost millions of dollars. We go there nearly every day to see the crowds and hear the music. It is filled with kneeling beggars, mostly women and children.

The flowers here are very beautiful, and at the flower market on Zocalo Square you can get nearly every kind of flower that grows.

We went to a bull-fight, but we stayed only till the second bull was killed. I would have stayed till it was over, but mama could not stand it. I have a banderillo that was used in a bull-fight.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS all our lives.

We saw the statue of Charles IV. It is the largest equestrian statue in the world. It is said they killed the sculptor to keep him from making another one.

I remain your interested reader,

FRANK B. ELSER.

BERWICK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father was a soldier in the late war, and I went with him to the encampment at Louisville in 1895. From there we went to some of the old battle-grounds, namely: The battle-field of Nashville, where my father fought. From there we went to Chattanooga; there we went over the battle-field of Chickamauga. This is a very large battle-ground. It

took us all day to ride over it and Missionary Ridge. We went up the incline on Lookout Mountain. There we could look over the city of Chattanooga, which was a very pretty sight. From there we went to Atlanta. I saw where the six Andrews Railway Raiders were hung, and went to the Exposition at Atlanta. From Atlanta we went to Charlestown, where I saw the ocean. We went out ten miles to Sullivan's Island, and saw Fort Sumter and went through Fort Moultrie. We saw where the famous Indian warrior Osceola was buried, and from Charlestown we came home.

From your friend,

SYLVESTER D. MATTESON.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. I write to tell you about our cats. We have three. One is "Pompey," aged six, "Tito," aged three, "Binco," aged six months. Pompey had a birthday March 20, and we celebrated it by giving him a party. We had a little table for them to eat on and boxes to sit on. There were plates heaped with stewed kidneys and liver and a small cake with six candles. We invited in some girl friends to see the fun. Each cat sat with his fore-paws on the table, and ate down the dainties as fast as they could. The small kitten did not have as good manners as the others, and now and then would retire under the table to gulp down a particularly large morsel, but most of them behaved very well. I forgot to say that

the black cat had a red ribbon, the gray cat had a blue ribbon, and the white kitten had a pink one. The cake was cut and passed to the friends, also some tea in doll's cups. Everybody, cats included, thought it a great success.

We have taken you for nine years, and even my big brother, who is sixteen, likes you better than any other magazine. Your devoted reader,

RALPH DE P. EMERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly two years, and I like you very much. I am not a regular subscriber, but my father gets your magazine here. We have a large garden on top of a hill, and we have a fine view of San Francisco Bay. We can sit for hours watching the boats go and come. In the evenings I sit down and read your magazine, then at half-past seven o'clock I study my lessons till eight o'clock, when I go to bed. I remain your reader,

ROBERT A. McLEAN.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and don't see how I can ever do without you. I always look forward with great pleasure to the twenty-fifth of each month, for that is the day on which you are published. I am just back from the Inauguration. Never had I seen so many soldiers at once before; and they all marched so erect and straight in their lines. The part I liked the best in the parade was the regiment of the little Butler Zouaves — tiny, little fellows, the oldest not more than ten. The daughter of their regiment was a pretty little girl of about eleven, attired as "Liberty." She kept step very well, and looked around smilingly as the people cheered her.

Long life to you, ST. NICHOLAS! I remain ever your interested reader,

GRACE B. WADE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was with a great deal of pleasure that I saw in your number for April a little essay on that villainous habit of checking horses. I have a pony and a donkey; and I would rather see them shot than see them driven with that instrument of torture.

Two or three weeks ago I saw a very bad accident. A team of very high-spirited horses were hitched to a light brougham. One of the horses got his hind leg over the pole. He kicked about at a great rate. Now I am sure what made him kick was that he was checked up very high. If he had been able to put his head down and could have turned it around and seen what the trouble was, I am sure he could have got his leg out all right. As it was they had to cut both pole-straps. This did no good, as it was one of those poles that do not let down. When that was done, both horses started off as fast as they could go. They crashed into a lamp-post, and one of the horses fell down, while the other got his hind leg wedged in between the front wheel and the dash-board. When they got the fallen horse up he was given to me to hold. I led him off a little way as he seemed to be very much excited. I then uncheckd him and he quieted right down, showing that what made him so excited and nervous was not being able to have free use of his neck and head. Finally they had to take the front wheel off so as to get the other horse's leg out.

I wish it could be made a misdemeanor to check a horse. Very truly,

NATHANIEL M. NILES.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mardi Gras has passed from New Orleans until 1898, and now New Orleans has gone back to sackcloth and ashes once more. But I am going to tell you about Mardi Gras.

Monday, March 1, 1897, all the military companies in the city turned out. The police headed the procession. The ex-mayor of New Orleans, Mr. Fitzpatrick, came next. Next came some carriages containing Mayor Flower of New Orleans, and the officers of the "Texas," and "Maine," and two French ships that are here; then came the Washington Artillery and three other companies. After the sailors of the Texas and Maine came "Rex," the King of the Carnival. The night parade of Proteus was fine; it had twenty floats. The parade of Rex was Tuesday's parade. The Phunny Phorthy Phellows followed Rex. The night parade of Tuesday was Comus. The subject of Proteus was "Orlando Furioso"; the subject of Comus was Homer's "Odyssey"; the subject of Rex was, "On the Water—Real and Fanciful"; the subject of the Phunny Phorthy Phellows was "Songs That Never Die."

Your affectionate reader, WILLIAM K. DART.

OAK PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of eleven. We take you, and I like you very much. I read you a great deal. I saw a letter yesterday, written to you by Ethel Finney telling of her visit to Switzerland, and about seeing the Jungfrau Mountain. Papa and mama went to Switzerland and Germany, and all about in those places in 1894. And right below the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger Mountains there was a little trunk-store, and papa and mama went in to buy a trunk, and they saw two Angora kittens and their mother. They bought them, and brought them home. On the steamer coming home they were offered forty dollars for the two kittens; but they would not sell them. "Eiger" is mine, and "Mönch" was my sister Theo's; but poor Mönch died in January, 1896, when he was one year and four months old. And "Jungfrau" now has two baby kittens.

Your loving friend,

MARGARET THANKFUL CRATTY.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. My brother has been taking the ST. NICHOLAS ever since he was four years old, and he now is seventeen.

There are a good many children here.

I have two sisters and three brothers, and we go riding nearly every Saturday. I do not use a saddle yet, but I ride bareback.

My father is an army officer in the cavalry.

On the first day of April the soldiers here had a tug-of-war, and running and jumping matches; and we all wanted to stay home from school to see them.

I go to school in Carondelet. Your little friend,
HELEN C. HUNTER.

DELHI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of your ST. NICHOLAS.

I went to Europe last summer with my papa, mama, and my brother. While we were there we met Princess Marie of Denmark, and my papa promised her an American cow-girl saddle. He has had it made since we came home, in his factory at Cincinnati. It is made of white buckskin and fair leather. The seat, and where the white buckskin was used, were embroidered in the white rose of Denmark and the lily of France. Papa says it is the finest saddle ever made in the country, and as he has seen a good many, I think he must know. Papa has sent the saddle to the princess and expects an answer soon.

I am eight years old, and I hope you will publish this letter.
WILTON D. CAMPBELL.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber to your magazine, and like it very much. I like the story of "The Last Three Soldiers" best of all in the magazine.

I am a little boy. I shall soon be eight years old. I live in a hilly and a red-clay country. I go to school every day it does n't rain; I have a long walk, nearly two miles, and go all by myself. I study Geography, History, Spelling, the Fifth Reader, and Arithmetic. I am nearly through fractions. I love my teacher. I have two little brothers, Ben and Floyd.

Wishing you good luck, yours truly,

JOHN RAINSFORD.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy you very much. It was two years ago last November that my father presented you to me, on my tenth birthday.

I will tell you about the house-moving in our city. Colonel Stevens was the first man to build a house in Minneapolis. It is a small wood-frame house with four rooms—two rooms up and two downstairs. The park board of Minneapolis decided to move the house to Minnehaha Park, and keep it as a relic. They gave all the school children a holiday, and all those above third grade, car fare being furnished free, helped to move the house by pulling long ropes fastened to the house. They had twelve horses hitched on, though, who really did all the work while we had all the fun. Of course so many children could not pull at once, so the different schools took turns, each pulling for two or three blocks.

The different schools wore badges, numbered, and our school, the Schiller, was Relay No. 5. The badges bore a little picture of the house and the following inscription:

SOUVENIR CARD.

RELAY No. 5.

Moved to Minnehaha Park by Scholars of
Minneapolis,

May 28, 1896,

Minnehaha Ave. and 34th St., 12 M.,
Colonel John H. Stevens' House, Built in 1840-50.

First house built in Minneapolis.

We had a lovely day at the park, which is very beautiful, and we children sang and laughed all the way out and back in the cars. There were so many more children than grown folks, that no one thought of making us behave. From your faithful reader,

CATHARINE DEHAVEN.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a breeze from the West—the best part of North America. Formerly I lived in Westport, a suburb of Kansas City, in an old-style Southern house. Many are the houses of this kind in Westport. There is one old house in Westport that is exactly like General Lee's old home in Virginia, and one that was once the headquarters of General Jubal Early. Near Westport is a large wood in which snakes abound. It is undermined by innumerable caves and tunnels, some of which are said to contain buried treasure.

An old Indian called "Indian Juan," who lives somewhere in the forest, claimed, last summer, to have found an old cave in which were buried \$16,000,000, in gold, and silver, and jewels. He alleged that the treasure was buried years and years ago by some of the many Spanish

and Mexican robbers that then thronged around the town, and whose occupation was to plunder the rich caravans from Mexico. He claimed, also, to have located another cave in which a very large sum of money was supposed to have been buried by Quantrell's band.

I remain your devoted reader,

HARRY S. JAMISON.

BAYOU GOULA, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a plantation. Papa is a planter, and raises sugar-cane.

I have four sisters and two brothers. Sometimes we go out crayfishing. We went out in the woods once this year on horseback to crayfish. Papa rode on one horse and I rode on the other, and we each took some one behind us. We did not catch many crayfish. I think the negroes had been there before us.

I am thirteen years old, and my name is

JANIE RANDOLPH.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it began—many years before I was born.

I noticed a letter in the March number mentioning deer on Tamalpais, so I thought I would tell you my experience with them on the north slope of that mountain. We have a little cabin there to which we went last summer. I went hunting several times without any success, usually seeing only does. But one day a man asked me to go hunting with him the next day. He had two quite good dogs, so I said I would go with him.

We hunted all the morning without seeing a deer; so we stopped at a spring to get our lunch. We decided to go a little farther to some willows, and if we did not find any there to go home.

We sent the dogs into the shrubbery, and then we separated. In a few minutes we heard a great rustling and yapping, and out came a fine buck followed by one of the dogs. He passed right by the man who only got one shot and missed the deer; then he came toward me. I shot at him five times. He ran a little way, and then fell. I had the head stuffed, and the skin cured.

I remain your interested reader,

HENRY R. SANDER.

CHEVY CHASE, MONTGOMERY CO., MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father used to be in the army, but he was retired on account of illness that he had from time to time, so he could not march.

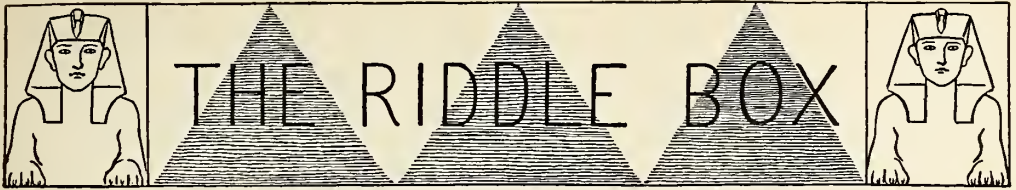
We go away nearly every summer, and one summer when we went to a place in Virginia, three of my brothers and myself were lost in a cave for two hours and a half. It was pitch dark in there, as I suppose every cave is, so we took two boxes of matches in with us, and some sticks; but they all were used up; and when we got out there were only four matches left.

I have four brothers and no sisters. We all have bicycles, excepting the youngest, who is only four, and he is going to get a velocipede.

Very truly your reader,

ANNIE P. T.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Horace W. Wright, Elsie Rose, Elizabeth Y. L., Griselda and Faustina Van D., Margaret Lyall, Margherita E. Welling, Susie Hill, Robert Amory, Jr., Walter Bell Whittlesey, Fanny R. Holmes, Elsie Adams Seeger, Teddie Arbuthnot, Rosamond C., Marie Halsted, Edythe Stewart, Marguerite Bradley, Helen M. Burton, Fred Swedenborg, Eva M. Blatchford, Rowena M. Newton, May D., Ruth and Elsie Schlaefer, Paul Peters, Kathleen.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, artifice; 1 to 3, addicted; 2 to 4, earnings; 3 to 4, dungeons; 5 to 6, ruminant; 5 to 7, retiform; 6 to 8, tempered; 7 to 8, marigold; 1 to 5, afar; 2 to 6, erst; 4 to 8, stud; 3 to 7, deem.

ADDITIONS. 1. Cora-l. 2. Babe-l. 3. Pear-l. 4. Pau-l. 5. Haze-l. 6. Cur-l. 7. Ear-l.

OMITTED ANAGRAMS. 1. Teams, meats, mates, tames, steam. 2. Spare, parse, reaps, pears, spear. 3. Pleas, leaps, lapse, pales, sepal. 4. Least, slate, steal, tales, stale. 5. Items, smite, times, emits, mites.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Victoria. 1. Violin. 2. Ibis. 3. Crown. 4. Tambourine. 5. Obelisk. 6. Revolver. 7. Indian. 8. Abacus.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Usage. 2. Solon. 3. Alert. 4. Gorge. 5. Enter.

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

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from M. McG.—Helen C. McCleary—"Jersey Quartette"—Marguerite Sturdy—Mary and Gertrude Wharton—Allie and Adi—Paul Reese—Josephine Sherwood—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Frank G. Sayre—Nessie and Freddie—Lillian S. and Emily R. Burt—"Two Little Brothers,"—"The Buffalo Quartette"—"Epsilon Digamma,"—A. F. and H. Walton—Anna L. Van Wickle—C. D. Lauer Co.—A. M. Cooch—Jo and I—Grace Edith Thallon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Catherine Wilbur, 1—Carroll Shaffer, 1—Kent Shaffer, 1—Jean Cragin, 7—W. L., 11—Mary E. Meares, 1—"We, Us, and Co.," 7—Eugene Thorne Walter, 5—John Scudder Dunham, 3—G. B. Dyer, 11—"Sea-Spray," 2—Mary Morgan, 5—Florence and Edna, 8—"Puzzleite from Posersville," 1—Marguerite Bradley, 1—"The Four T.s," 9—"Midget," 3—"Will O. Tree," 6—Viola Ethel Hope, 1—Aunt Kate and Leo, 8—"Class No. 19," 9—Dorothea Macvane, 1—"R. P. W. and Trio," 9—Frederic G. Foster, 1—Katharine S. Frost, 7—Elsie Birdsong, 2—Mabel M. Johns, 11—Karl E. Schwarz, 1—William C. Kerr, 10—"Rikki-tikki-tavi," 1—Clara A. Anthony, 11—E. Everett and Gobelinks, 7—Theodora B. Dennis, 10—"Merry and Co.," 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 6—Belle Miller Waddell, 9—Willie Wilbur, 1—Fredenck J. Kelsey, 9.

PATRIOTIC PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. MEN, once enslaved, enjoy my first to-day.
 2. My second, nations free resist alway.
 3. My third, the secret of our country's strength.
 4. King George provoked our grandsires to this step, at length.
 5. We called those loyal to King George this name.
 6. We called "Celestials" thus when first they came.
 7. The seventh all greedy politicians seek to seize.
 8. The eighth o'er all our land floats on the breeze.
 9. My ninth we hope to find in courts of law.
 10. My tenth, our country's title, without flaw.
 11. To win the eleventh our grandsires long did fight.
 12. The red-skins gave this name to people white.
- This day we celebrate with noise and fire,
While patriotic thoughts our hearts inspire.

FRANCES AMORY.

HEXAGONS.

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|----|---|----|---|
| 1 | . | 2 | |
| | 3 | . | 4 |
| 5 | . | 6 | . |
| | 8 | . | 9 |
| 10 | . | 11 | |

I. FROM 1 to 2, a dwelling; from 3 to 4, affection; from 5 to 7, to profit; from 8 to 9, an animal; from 10 to 11, an insect; from 1 to 6, a tippet; from 2 to 6, a feminine name; from 11 to 6, an age; from 10 to 6, the cry of an animal.

II. From 1 to 2, to sever; from 3 to 4, compositions for two; from 5 to 7, a newspaper; from 8 to 9, a min-

SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Foxes, foes. 2. Sold, sod. 3. Creek, reek. 4. Visit, sit. 5. Play, pay. 6. Shove, shoe. 7. Place, pace. 8. Draft, raft. 9. Paint, pant. 10. Dear, ear.

CHARADE. Door-step.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Hole. 2. Over. 3. Lets. 4. Erst. II. 1. Emus. 2. Mint. 3. Undo. 4. Stop. III. 1. This. 2. Hoot. 3. Iota. 4. Stay. IV. 1. Mass. 2. Abet. 3. Sere. 4. Stem. V. 1. Yale. 2. Ales. 3. Leap. 4. Espy.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Mathematics.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. O. 2. Ape. 3. Opera. 4. Erose. 5. Aside. 6. Edict. 7. Eclat. 8. Tabor. 9. Token. 10. Refer. 11. Newel. 12. Red. 13. L.

ANAGRAMS. 1. James Russell Lowell. 2. Charles Dickens. 3. Alfred Tennyson. 4. Alfred Austin. 5. William Makepeace Thackeray. 6. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

eral; from 10 to 11, a poetic contraction; from 1 to 6, a hint; from 2 to 6, part of the body; from 11 to 6, a deer; from 10 to 6, before.

G. B. DYER.

RIDDLE.

NEITHER flesh nor fowl, though I have legs;
Laid freshly each day, though I am not eggs;
Neither flower nor fruit, though I've leaves a-many;
And without me for food you might not get any.

L. E. JOHNSON.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1. LITTLE Gerty was so 1-2-3 4-5-6 1-2-3-4-5-6 used to call her Dame Dumpling.

2. Please 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 to that 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 lay over there.

3. Eva asked her sisters 1-2 3-4-5 6-7-8 a new hat, and they all went 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

4. If I could hear you make your 1-2-3-4 I am 5-6-7-8 it would give me 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

5. Katie dropped her 1-2-3-4-5 doll, and broke its 1-2-3-4 5 while ago.

6. Oh, Jennie! About the ribbon I asked you 1-2-3, please 4-5-6 it, if you do not 1-2-3-4-5-6 to.

7. Look at the 1-2-3, my 4-5-6; it has not looked so beautiful this 1-2-3-4-5-6.

8. I wish you to 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 the idea of having 1 2-3-4-5 6-7 your new skirt.

9. I have a perfect 1-2-3-4-5-6 for that 1-2-3,—4-5-6 is not becoming to me.

10. What will that old 1-2-3 4-5-6 if he is lucky enough to hit the 1-2-3-4-5-6?

M. E. FLOYD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a notable invention.
 CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A small table.
 2. To hold out. 3. Allowed by law 4. Dominion. 5.
 Idle talk. 6. To like the flavor of. 7. A person with
 white hair and pink eyes. 8. A place of restraint. 9.
 To stick at small matters. A. C. BANNING.

CHARADE.

My *second* on the ear doth fall;
 My *whole* before my *third* doth stand;
 Goes forth the gray old sentinel
 And draws him in with eager hand.
 The best is given of meat and wine,
 The warmest corner by the fire,
 Welcome my *whole* to young and old,
 To highborn dame and lowly squire.
 He tells of knights and ladies fair,
 Of ghost and goblin, spells and charms—
 Of gallant knight who was my *first*;
 Then comes a tale of war's alarms.
 My *whole* has on his listeners reckoned
 To smile or weep, to hope or fear;
 They long to crown him with my *second*,
 And sound his praises far and near.

CHARLOTTE OSGOOD CARTER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell a name borne by two famous Americans.

COUNTRIES IN DISGUISE.

FILL each blank with the name of a country. The words printed in italics suggest the name to be applied. "Turkey" fills the first blank, and "Hungary" the second.
 For my *Thanksgiving dinner* to — I would hie;
 In search of an *appetite* to — I would fly;
 For *another helping* to — I would wend;
 But simply for a *lunch* to the — I'd send;

If I were *overheated* to — I'd repair;
 But to *renew my ardor*, I'd seek — air;
 To don a *garb of cheerfulness*, I'd land on —;
 If *regretfully demented* in — I would mope;
 In — I'd find an outlet to all my *pent-up* grief;
 And on the shores of — to my *anger* give relief;
 If very fond of *music*, in — I would stay;
 And if my wheel were *creaky*, to — I'd haste away;
 For a *simple dwelling* I'd make — my home;
 But for more *regal* quarters to — I would roam.

J. A. H.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

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I. A VEHICLE. 2. An esculent root. 3. Bad. 4. Delicate. 5. Pertaining to the skin. 6. A Spanish city. 7. A fungus. 8. Wealthier. 9. One who lives in solitude. 10. Something a man had rather buy than have given to him. 11. A sinew. 12. To give. 13. Masticated. EUGENE T. WALTER.

DIAMOND.

I. In hinder. 2. A chariot of war or of triumph. 3. A masculine name. 4. A district on the west coast of Africa. 5. A Nile boat. 6. A small but famous river. 7. The chief officer of a municipal corporation. 8. Three-fourths of a tear. 9. In hinder. E. C. W.

DIAGONALS.

I. THE diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, a beautiful shrub.
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. An inn. 2. Uneven. 3. A young mare. 4. Weak or light-minded conduct. 5. To gather together.
 II. Diagonal, something often on the breakfast-table.
 CROSSWORDS: 1. Not plain. 2. Wandering tribes. 3. To disparage. 4. A measure of length, being the distance from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger. 5. Melodious. FLOYD.

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.

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I * * * * * 17
2 * * * * * 16
3 * * * * * 15
4 * * * * * 14
5
13 * * * * * 6
12 * * * * * 7
II * * * * * 8
10 * * * * * 9

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FROM 1 to 9 and from 10 to 17 each name a valuable invention.
 CROSSWORDS: 1. The same as from 1 to 9. 2. To surround. 3. A place of restraint. 4. An abbreviation for one of the books of the New Testament. 5. A letter from Europe. 6. A German pronoun. 7. The same thing. 8. The monoceros. 9. The same as from 10 to 17. A. C. B.



"GOOD-MORROW, MASTER EARLY-BIRD!' A MERRY VOICE CALLED UP TO HIM, AND A NOSEGAY DROPPED ON THE WINDOW-LEDGE."

(SEE PAGE 818.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 10.

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A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

IN a corner by the wall
Stood a Four-leaved Clover,
Trying hard to grow so high
That she might peep over.
Discontented? No, not she!
Pleasant world she found it;
Only thought she 'd like to see
What might be beyond it.

Apple-tree at noonday threw
Shadows cool above her.
Every creature in the field
Could not choose but love her.
Beetles gliding through the grass,
Birds that fluttered over,
Breeze and butterfly and bee
Stopped to chat with Clover.

Came an early Sunbeam down
In the morning quiet:
"Clover, dear, your hair is wet —
Shall I help you dry it?
Slept without your night-cap? Ah,
But you must not do it.
Soon your hair will lose its curl,
Then how you will rue it!"

Came a roaming Bumble-bee,
Pockets full of money:
"Ah, good morning, Clover sweet,
What's the price of honey?"
"Help yourself, sir," Clover laughed;
"Bumble, you 're too funny!
Never clover yet so poor
She must sell her honey."

Came a whirring Humming-bird,
All alive and busy:
"Clover, I 'm so glad to-day,
I am fairly dizzy.
Listen, quick! I have no time
To be still and restful;
Our young birds have cracked the shell —
Such a pretty nest-full!"

Came a Squirrel, on the wall
Close beside her lingering.
Little brown three-cornered nut
He 's fumbling and fingering:
"Cracking nuts is easy, quite,
If you only knew it.
Clover, shall I show you how?
You could learn to do it."

Came an anxious Mother Hen
 With cackling and with clucking:
 "Have you seen my thirteenth chick?
 Everywhere I 'm looking."
 "Yes; I saw a downy ball
 From the others wander —
 Chasing a green grasshopper
 In the tall grass yonder."

Came on tiptoe through the trees
 Whispering Breezes cheery:
 "Dusty is the day and warm;
 Are you tired, deary?"

Shall we beckon yonder cloud,
 Bid him hurry over,
 Scatter cooling rain-drops down?"
 "Do, my friend," said Clover.

So through every long, bright day
 Of the long, bright summer,
 Friendly words and kind she heard
 From each friendly comer.
 Grasshopper and butterfly,
 Birds that fluttered over,
 Every creature loved her well,
 Little Four-leaved Clover.



“PETER SPOTS”—FIREMAN.

By C. T. HILL.

THIS is how Joe, the driver of the engine, told me the story of Peter Spots:

“How did we get him?—well, I don’t remember exactly. Let me see. It was about three years ago or more—may be more—and—oh, yes, Billy has it right. He was chased in here one night by a lot of boys. Now I *do* remember, and mighty well too. Bob was on watch that night. You see Bob’s my partner, or relief, as we call it. He drives the engine when I am on my day off or out at my meals. We always have at least two drivers, sometimes more, both for the engine and tender, in case one is off, or out of the house, when we get a ‘run,’ as we call an alarm of fire.

“Yes, Bob was on watch, and he and I and Billy were standing over there beside the ‘trip’ talking. Billy was telling us one of his yarns.

He’s the oracle of the Company, and an old-timer from the days of the old volunteers. Born and raised up the State somewhere, he belonged to the fire brigade in his native town before he came to New York. In those days all the apparatus they had to fight a fire with was a few buckets and a sponge. The sponge was used to cool the boys off when they got too excited in having arguments as to who was to put out the fire—at least that’s what Billy says. Then Billy came to the city, and joined the old volunteers; and when this Department was organized in 1864, he drifted in with the rest of the old-timers, and has been a fixture ever since. But he is pretty well worn out now, he’s been overcome with smoke so many times, had his arms and legs broken in several places, falling down hatchways and off ladders, and

such like; and he 's taken the 'dose' so much he is full of rheumatism.

"The 'dose' is what we call getting chuck full of smoke in a cellar-fire, or getting soaked with water while doing ladder-work in the winter time. Standing at the peak of a ladder with a heavy stream working over your head, you get the drippings of that stream for two or three hours, and maybe the full force of it, once in a while, and you won't have a dry stitch on you; and if the thermometer is down about zero, it 'll be apt to leave you with a touch of rheumatism. That 's the way Billy got his. But I am getting away from my story about Peter. Yes, Billy was telling one of his old yarns, something about his company, the Pioneer Hose, washing Big Six in the days of the old department.

"Big Six was one of the crack companies at the time; and 'washing' consisted of pumping more water into a rival company's engine than they could pump out, and the boys were as proud of having washed a rival's engine in those days as we are to-day in beating another company in their own territory and getting 'first water' over them, which we take great pride in doing.

"Well, Billy was telling us this yarn — we 'd only heard it about forty or fifty times before; but we did n't say anything, only made believe it was all new to us; for it did n't do *us* any harm to listen to it, and it gave *him* a great deal of pleasure to tell it, and he had told it so many times I guess he half began to think it really happened; but I did n't take much stock in it myself. All of a sudden there came a ki-yi-ing of a dog out in the street, and a hollering of a lot of boys, and something came flying in through the open doors and took refuge over there, in a corner of the 'hose-tower.' 'A mad dog!' says Billy; and with that a crowd of boys ran up to the doorway and began waving sticks and a-shouting and hollering like mad; and I really think if we had n't been there they would have marched right in and yanked the poor fellow out. As it was, one leaned over the chain and shied a stone at the corner where he was hiding, and I shouted, 'Clear out o' here, you rapscallions!' But bless you, sir, *they* did n't mind that — not much. They were a

hard lot from down the avenue a bit; and we have a good deal of trouble with them. It is only luck that we have n't run over half a dozen or more of them when we are turning out. Seeing that did n't have any effect on them, I reached for my whip on the engine, and started for the crowd; and you ought to have seen them dust! Why, when I got to the pavement there was n't a sign of them anywhere. They disappeared like the wind. I then came back, and putting the whip up in place again, I went over to see what kind of a dog it was. Billy calls out: 'Look out, Joe! Maybe he 's mad.' But I says: 'Not much; only frightened a bit.' And I knelt down beside him. He was crouching in the corner, licking a place on his hind leg where one of the rascals had hit him with a stone. At first he growled a little; but I spoke kindly to him, and seeing he was n't going to get hurt, he began wagging his tail and shaking his head back and forth as if he knew me.

"Billy came over, and looking at him says: 'Why, he 's a coach-dog, and not a bad-looking fellow either, only he has n't seen a square meal for some time. I 'll bet those varmints of boys have scairt the life half out o' him. Say, Joe, he would be a good dog for the house. Why, I remember when I was down in 17 Engine —' but just then the Captain came in and I was spared another one of Billy's yarns.

"'Captain,' says I, 'would you like a dog?'

"'No, I guess not,' says he, slowly; 'we have killed all the dogs we ever had — run over them; and then, he would be getting in the way of the horses when we 're turning out, and —'

"'No,' said Billy. 'He 's a coach-dog and used to horses; he would n't be in the way.'

"'Where did you get him?' says the Captain.

"'He ran in here a few moments ago. Some boys chased him in,' says I.

"'Well, he 'll run out again, the first chance he gets,' replied the Captain.

"'I don't think so,' says I. 'He 's been badly treated, and if we give him something to eat and treat him right he will stay with us, I think; and if anybody wants to come and claim him, and can prove that he is theirs, they can have him.'

"By this time the Captain was interested,



"WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FIREMAN'S DOG?"

and he 's as good-hearted a man as ever wore a leather hat, and fond of horses and dogs, so he leans over and says to Peter, who was sitting there looking so solemn: 'Would you like to be a fireman's dog?'

"I 'll eat my hat if I don't think he knew what the Captain said, for he put his two front paws forward and rubbed his nose up and down between them, as much as to say: 'Yes.'

"'What 's his name?' says the Captain.

"Billy and I shook our heads, and I says, 'We don't know.'

"'What 's your name?' says the Captain, looking right at him.

"He looked back as if he wanted to speak, and opened his mouth and moved his tongue from one side to another as if trying to say something.

"'That 's not loud enough,' hollers the Captain, laughing. 'What 's your name?'

"This time the dog gave one short bark.

"'That sounds like Pete,' said Billy; 'there's only one syllable in it!'—Billy 's a smart one even if he is an old-timer.

"'Well, Pete it is,' says the Captain. 'All right, boys, take care of him—and Joe, see that you don't run over him. And Bob,'—

giving a wink to me (Bob was sitting at the desk),—'put him down in the house-journal as a new member, and see that he responds on the floor at roll-call in the morning;—and Billy, here,'—he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a quarter, and tossed it to him,—'go around to McNally's restaurant and get him something to eat — we can't let a new member go hungry, can we, boys?'

"That was just like the Captain; he would n't let any one go hungry—least of all a poor dumb animal.

"Bob had opened the book and was putting him down in the journal, as serious as a judge.

"'Fireman of the third grade, Captain?' he sung out.

"'Yes,' says the Captain, 'fireman of the third grade.'

"'Peter—' and then Bob stopped. 'Peter what?' says he.

"'I don't know,' says the Captain, and he looked at me.

"'Well,' chimes in Billy, 'he 's all over black spots. I 'd call him Peter Spots!'



PETER ON "HOUSE WATCH."

"That 's right,' says the Captain; 'Billy, you 're a jewel; Peter Spots it is. And now, go and get him something to eat, or he 'll starve to death before we get him down in the journal.'

"And down he went in the books as 'Peter Spots, new member,' and that 's how he came to join our company.

"The first night he was with us we did n't have any 'calls,' and after getting a good meal from what Billy brought back he crawled over there behind one of the stalls and went to sleep — the first good night's sleep, I guess, he 'd had for a long while. The next morning he was up early, as frisky as could be, playing with the man on watch and a-cutting up high jinks all around here, for you see he was a young dog and playful like. Just then a station came in — the gong began to hit — and we came piling down from above. The horses rushed out, and the racket kind o' scared him,—it came so sudden,—and he went sneaking off to the back of the house with his tail hanging down as if he was afraid he 'd knocked something over and caused all the hubbub.

"The station did n't touch us, though, and we did n't go — that is, not on the first alarm, but it was one of our second-alarm stations, and while we were waiting, for we always keep the horses hitched up and wait on the floor for ten minutes on all stations that we are 'due on' on the second alarm, the Captain says: "Where 's the new member?' but nobody knew, so we all shook our heads.

"The house-watchman said the last he saw of him, he was skipping off toward the back of the floor when the 'joker' began to ring, and we looked all over, but could n't find him anywhere, and the Captain declared he 'd run away, just as he said he would. But finally, about twenty minutes after, when we got the 'test call,' — which is eleven taps that we get every morning at 8 o'clock, from headquarters, to see that the wires are all in working order, and which also serves as the 'roll call' of the company, and is the beginning of another day's 'watches,' — he came crawling out of the furnace of that spare engine, that we keep over there in the corner, where he had hid himself, and sneaking along the stalls he came over to us,

looking very sheepish and ashamed. The Captain, winking at me, hollered at him: 'You 're a nice fireman, you are. If you don't respond in better order at roll-call in the morning after this, we 'll have you up before the Commissioners, and have you fined five days' pay!'

"But Billy spoke up and took his part, and said:

"Don't be hard on him, Captain. He 's a new member, and new members are always nervous. Why, that gong would give most any one the heart-disease, hearing it the first time, it comes so suddint! Why, I remember when I was down in 5 Truck, we had a new member on, an' the first time he '— but the Captain cut him short, saying, 'You 'd better go to breakfast, Billy; you 're the first one off this morning,' and so another one of Billy's stories was spoiled.

"The first run we made after getting him, he did n't go with us, and we were wondering when we were rolling home whether we would find him in the engine-house on our return, or whether he *had* turned out with us and we had lost him on the way to the fire; for we 're not over particular in taking notice of things around us when we are getting out when an alarm of fire comes in. The first idea is to get out, and that as quickly as possible; and as we had all become interested in Peter, we were anxious to see whether he had deserted us or not; but when we opened the door of the house, out he came bounding, jumping up at all of us, and barking away, as much as to say: 'Well, did you put out the fire? Sorry I was n't with you,' or something like that; for to me he is so smart that I think he is trying to talk all the time in his own way. And now — well, bless you, sir, he 's the first one out of the house. The instant the gong begins to ring, he takes his position right there under the front truck of the engine, and there he stands. Eyes wide open, ears up, and tail sticking right straight out, he watches *me*. The moment *I* start for the seat, *he* 's off like a shot for the end of the pole between the horses, barking like mad; for he knows we are going out, or I would n't jump for the seat. When the doors open, out he goes like a bullet out of a gun; and if there is any one passing or standing outside, he clears them

away in short order; and there 's very little danger of running over any one as long as we have him ahead of us, for he clears the way better than two or three men could. On he keeps, all the way to the fire, and half a block or more in front of the engine.

"And now let me tell you how smart he is; for no matter how rough the street may be, no matter how dirty, muddy, or slushy it is, nor how the stones may hurt his feet, on he goes, and never leaves it; but when we are coming home, bless your life! the street is n't good enough for him, and you can't get him into it, no matter how you may coax. No, sir; he takes the sidewalk back, and walks along as quiet and dignified as can be, scarcely ever noticing any other dog on his way; for I think he feels that he is much more important than they are, and that they are not in his class at all. And he won't stop when we get to the fire; but he follows us right in the building, down a basement, or up a ladder — ah, now I see you are laughing, and don't believe what I am telling you, but it is a fact. He can climb a ladder with the best of us, providing it ain't too high a one, and he follows us right in with the line; but he can't come *down* a ladder; he has n't the knack of that yet, and that 's where the trouble comes in. Many 's the time we 've gone up and brought him out overcome with smoke, and carrying him down, laid him in the wagon to get over it.

"And many 's the time the Chief has said to us: 'Some of you fellows will be losing your lives yet with that dog!' But, pshaw! sir, we would as soon think of leaving one of the company behind as leaving Peter; for he *is* one of the company, although he 's only a dog.

"And he 's taken his dose with the best of us. Got full of smoke lots of times, and soaked with water over and over again. Came home one night with his tail frozen stiff. Got drenched at a cellar-fire, and as it was a bitter cold night it froze on him on his way back. He was on the sick list for a long while after that, and we had him tied up in the cellar near the furnace, thawing out, and all done up in bandages; but he came out all right. Then we knocked him out of a window, one night, with a line. He was standing on the sill, and we were making a

quick movement to get from one room to another. There was good pressure on, and we had a heavy stream to handle; and just as we made a quick turn to get a 'belt' at another room that was blazing up lively, we hit Peter, standing on the window-sill, square with the stream. Out he went sailing clear into the middle of the street, just as if he 'd been shot from a cannon. We thought he was done for that time, sure; but when we 'backed out,' about twenty minutes after, there he was, a little lame, but nearly as lively as ever. There was considerable snow in the street, and that saved him.

"And burns? Well, say, his back is all tattooed from the burns he 's caught. What with falling plaster and bits of burning wood, he is all covered with bare places where the hair will never grow again, but those are service marks, and, I tell you, he 's a veteran and proud of them.

"But poor Peter got into disrepute one day and was 'suspended from active duty.' I must tell you about it, for it is one of the events of his life and shows that a dog never forgets.

"It came about in this way: we always had a reputation for being a lively company — for turning out in good order and quickly, for keeping all stations that we were due on first, and not losing any of them to the other companies above or below us through slowness, and for always being found in a 'good position' by the Chief when he arrived at the fire — something our Captain has taken a great deal of pride in; but there came a time when everything went wrong with us, and Peter, without meaning any harm, helped it along. We got a new team of horses for the engine and were breaking them in; they were pretty slow at first, and it was quite a job, and it was as much as I could do to get a 'run' out of them, and Peter got in a bad habit of jumping up at them and biting at their chests when we were on our way to a fire. I suppose he thought he would make them go faster by doing this; but this only made matters worse, and instead of increasing their speed they would balk and stop altogether.

"I tried to break him of it; but it was no use. I fixed a long lash to my whip and would touch him with it, but it did n't make any difference, and I knew there would be trouble if he did n't



PETER ON DUTY.

stop, for we kept losing fires that were easily ours, and to save Peter I kept blaming it on the horses, and told the Captain it would be all right when we got the team broken in. Finally there came a day when everything went against us.

"We received an alarm of fire from a station above here that should have been ours without any trouble. You see, sir, there is a great deal of rivalry among the companies about getting to a fire, when an alarm comes in. The next company above here lies about eighteen blocks away; the next one below, about fifteen blocks. We claim everything half the distance either way. If we can hitch up a little quicker than they can, and make better time we can get fires away from either of the other companies, for the first company to arrive 'gets the fire,' that is, gets 'first water' as we call it, and there is a great deal of 'crowing' done when we beat another company in their own territory, and we feel very cheap when we get beaten ourselves.

"Well, that 's the way it was on the day that Peter got suspended. The alarm came in from a station that was in our half of the territory. A fire that ought to have been ours easily, but the harness got 'jammed,'— would not come down on the horses,— then when we started the horses shied, and we came near killing our lieutenant, who was opening the doors. This got the engine crooked, so that we could not get through the doorway, and we had to back her before we could get out, and I tell you, everything went wrong. We only lost a few seconds by these mishaps, but it was enough to lose us the station.

"When we finally got out and were going up the avenue, I tried to make up for lost time by giving the horses all the rein I could, and giving them the whip once in a while, but Peter was so excited by this time at the delay, that he began jumping at the horses' chests and biting at them, and they balked so they would n't go at all. I suppose he meant well enough, and wanted them to go faster, but he only made matters worse; and when I got to the fire there was our rival company at work, — line stretched in — and making all kinds of mean remarks as we pulled at a hydrant. Even the Chief was there, and he gave our Captain an

awful lecture — wanted to know 'if we were all asleep down at our quarters'; and 'if we thought we were going to a funeral, that we took so much time!' This almost broke the old man's heart, and I tell you I never felt so cheap in all my life as I did when I found how late we were.

"When we got back to quarters again we all got a lecture from the Captain, and then he took me aside and said:

"'Joe, I don't like to do it, but we must get rid of Peter. He 's bothering the horses a good deal, and I cannot take any more chances like that to-day. If I lose any more fires, you know what will happen.' And he looked at me hard, and I nodded my head; for I knew that meant a transfer for him to another company. Then he went on to say: 'We must give him to some nice fellow — some one who will take good care of him — and it must be some one who lives at a distance from here. You know, if we give him to any one in the neighborhood he 'll be back in fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, he is not to turn out with us any more. So tie him up until you find some one to take him.' And so Peter was suspended from active duty.

"It happened that I knew the very person to turn him over to. There was a baker who delivered bread to some of the houses around here, and whose shop was quite a way from here, — about thirty or forty blocks, — and in a street we were not apt to go through. He had taken a great liking to Peter, and had offered to buy him several times, and, of course, we had always refused. Peter had also come to like the baker very much, for he brought Peter, every once in a while, an odd kind of bread that Peter was very fond of. So that night, at my supper-hour, I took Peter down to his bake-shop, and transferred the smartest dog in the fire department from an engine-house to a bakery — a big come-down, I tell you.

"At first we missed him a good deal; but in a large fire department you get so used to changes and transfers from one company to another that in time you get so you don't miss anything or anybody. So it was with Peter; and though we all liked him, we knew he was with some one who would take good care of him. I went down to see him whenever I had a chance,

and found he was getting along nicely, although I could see he was broken in spirit; and no wonder. Think of it! After the excitement of life in a fire-engine-house, with the gongs a-hitting, the horses a-prancing, and the men a-shouting, to have to knuckle down to life in a dry, old bakery, with nothing but a lazy Dutchman and a lot of crullers and cream-puffs for company, is enough to break any one's spirit; and I felt sorry for Peter.

"We had almost forgotten about Peter, and got used to not having him around, when one day a 'third alarm' came in that took us out; and in getting to the station I had to drive through the street the baker's place was on. I never thought of it myself, but, on my word, Peter had n't forgotten *us*; and when we made our appearance he showed up pretty quick. The baker told me all about it afterward, and this was the way it happened: Peter was lying asleep beside the stove in the center of the bake-shop, when all of a sudden he pricked up one ear, and then jumped on his feet and gave a bark. The baker was making out some bills behind the counter, and thought nothing of it until the next moment Peter gave one jump, and was in the show-window among the pies and cakes and such like. The baker hollered to him to get out; but Peter began to claw at the window, and bark and howl. You see he could hear our whistle and bell and had recognized us. Then the baker made up his mind that the dog had gone mad, and got frightened and got up on a chair, and began to holler himself; and what with the baker and Peter, there was a high old time in that bake-shop for a while. Every time Peter gave a kick he knocked a pie or a plate full of cakes out of the window until he had it clear of everything. Then we hove in sight; and through the side of the show-window he saw us and recognized me in the seat, and that settled it — no bake-shop would hold him then. He jumped back in the store, braced himself plumb in front of the pane of glass in the door, and when we were just about opposite he gave one last howl, and crash! out he came through glass and all!

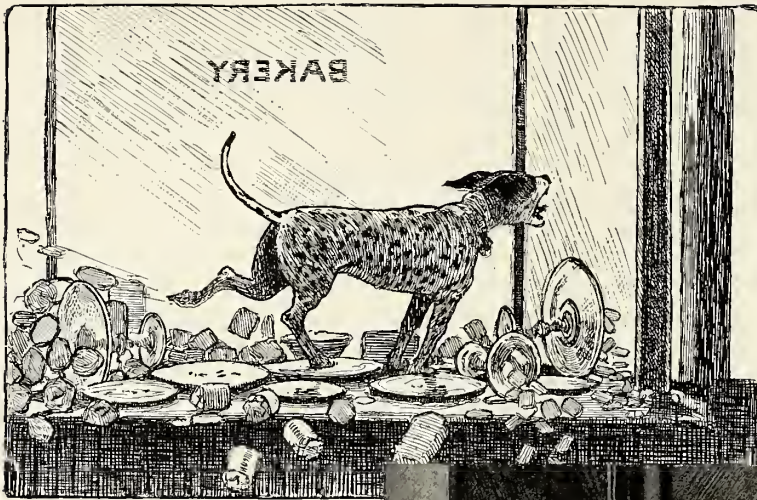
"I heard the racket, and turned my head just in time to see him come flying out. I understood it all in a moment, and expected to

see him roll over dead in the gutter; but not much! He came through so quick he scarcely got a scratch; and away he went, down the street ahead of us, barking at every one, and clearing the way just as he used to, and running around in a circle and jumping high in the air and cutting up gymnastics — and happy? — well, I just guess he was happy! Even the Captain heard him in all the racket behind the engine, and let up on the whistle long enough to holler ahead to me to look out and not run over him; but there was small fear of that, for he beat us by half a block all the way to the fire.

"When we got there we 'stretched in and stood fast,' as we call it, which means we stretched in the hose, and got ready to go to work when so ordered; but they did n't need us, for the fire was pretty well out then, and the third alarm had only been sent out as a sort of precaution; so in a few moments the Chief ordered us back to quarters.

"When we were 'picking up,' or putting the hose back in the wagon, Peter was around among us like old times, and every one of the 'gang' had a kind word for him. He was cut a bit about the back with glass, so the Captain says: 'Throw him in the wagon, boys, and we'll take him back to the house, and mend him up. I'll put him on probation; and if he acts right he can stay with us as long as he wants.' And then he adds: 'But you fellows will have to chip in and pay for that pane of glass.' And we all laughed; for we were willing to pay for a whole show-window to get Peter back again.

"Well, I guess I've tired you almost out, telling you about Peter's trials and troubles; but you see, sir, we are all so fond of him we never get tired talking about him to any one who cares to hear. Now he's settled down and come to be a regular fixture — no more pranks or tricks — steady as an old-timer. He got all over bothering the horses; never did so after we got him back; and anyway, he does n't get much chance now. We've got one of the quickest teams in the business, and they can race a mile with that old five tons of machinery behind as fast as any other team in the department; and Peter has all he can do to keep from getting run over; so he gives them a wide



"EVERY TIME PETER GAVE A KICK, HE KNOCKED A PIE OR A PLATE FULL OF CAKES OUT OF THE WINDOW."

berth. When we catch a fire in a butcher-shop he takes full charge, and we always turn it right over to him. He's very busy then. But when we strike a fire in a bakery — not much! You could n't get him to go near it for love or money. He always gets right up in the hose-wagon, on the driver's seat, and won't budge for any one; and if you go near him, after the fire is out, and make believe you're going to grab him and carry him in the bakery, maybe he won't growl and show his teeth! — well, I just guess! He is n't going to take any more chances of getting shut up with crullers and cakes for company.

"Smart? Well, I should say so — why, when Dauchey's wagon drives up now (that's the baker who had him for a while) and Peter sees it, he has important business down in the cellar, and nothing can get him out of there except an alarm of fire. He knows that wagon well. I do believe if he was to meet

to a fire he would go away around the block to dodge it. Why, say — I think —"

But I never heard what Joe thought, for at that instant a gong began to ring, — a dozen men seemed to drop from the very sky, — horses rushed past me, — there was a shout here and there, and a voice yelled: "632. Seventy-fourth street and



"CRASH! OUT HE CAME — THROUGH GLASS AND ALL!"

it on the way before I could recover my senses the engine

rolled by me with Peter's historian in the seat and two figures clinging on behind. The engine left a streak of steam and a strong smell of burning oil as it rolled out, and I could see one of the figures dash a great burning mass into the furnace. The next instant a wagon full of partly dressed men dashed by me, and I was alone in the big house, the gong beating away with a peculiar jerking "bang, bang," and a thin stream of steam rising from the steam-pipe in the floor, over which the "five tons of machinery" had stood a quarter of a minute before.

A hat and coat and a halter-strap, thrown here and there on the floor, were all the evidence left of the fifteen or sixteen living, breath-

ing creatures—men and horses—that had stood around me a few seconds before. The change had come so quickly I could scarcely realize it, and as I stepped outside, while a kindly neighbor closed the massive doors, I unconsciously looked about me for my friend and for Peter. But they were gone—had vanished from the street as quickly as they had from the house; and all that remained was a thin haze of smoke that filled the air with an odd, pungent smell. In the distance I could hear the clang of a bell, the shrieks of a whistle gradually dying away, and above all the shrill barks of a dog—cries so sharp and penetrating that I shall never forget them.

That was Peter Spots, fireman, on duty.



THE CLOUDS.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

IN summer-time, when earth is warm,
I lie upon the grass
And watch the white clouds in the sky
As on and on they pass.

The distant clouds—those tipped with gold—
Seem islands fair to me;
The little ones, like white-sailed ships,
Speed o'er the deep blue sea.

I'd like to climb up to the sky,
And sail in ships so white;
But knowing not the way by day
I go in dreams by night.

THE

FAIRIES' FROLICS



BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.

THE world is full of Fairies,
As all the children know;
They patter in the raindrops;
They float on flakes of
snow.

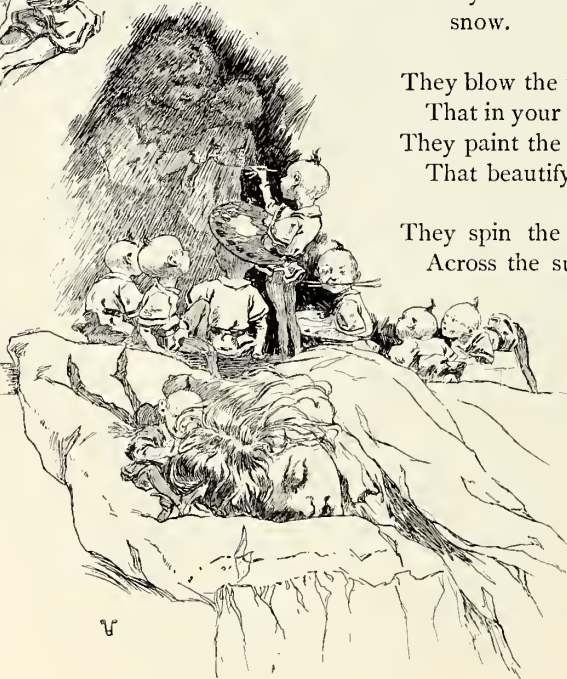
They blow the fickle bubbles
That in your goblet gleam;
They paint the lovely fancies
That beautify your dream;

They spin the cobweb curtains
Across the summer grass,
And fill the
thirsty
flower-cups
With dewdrops as they pass.



"THEY FILL THE THIRSTY
FLOWER-CUPS."

By day you cannot see them,
But only what they do,
Because they wear a magic
cloak
That hides them from your
view.



"THEY PAINT THE LOVELY FANCIES THAT BEAUTIFY YOUR DREAM."

In winter, when the
flowers
And foliage are
lost,
The Fairies' own
court-painter—
They 've christened him Jack
Frost—



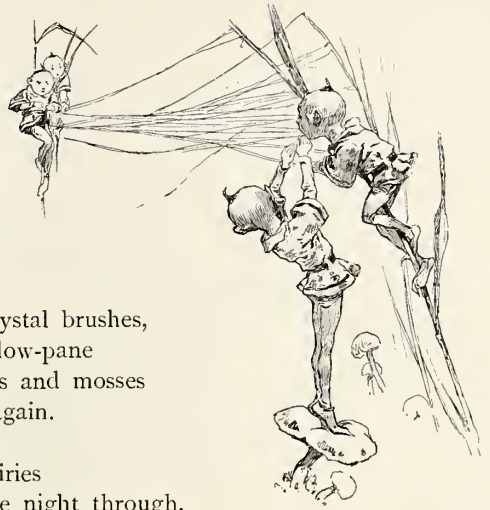
"THE FAIRIES' OWN COURT-PAINTER."

Then brings his crystal brushes,
And on the window-pane
He draws the ferns and mosses
And leafy trees again.

Romantic little Fairies
Will sit the whole night through,
And watch the moonbeams glisten
Upon a drop of dew.

At midnight in the forest,
Beneath the quiet moon,
They gather round the Fairy Queen
And sing a merry tune;

And all the bluebells tinkle,
And all the harebells chime,
And columbines and violets
They nod and sway in time,—



"THEY SPIN THE COBWEB CURTAINS
ACROSS THE SUMMER GRASS."



"ROMANTIC LITTLE FAIRIES."

Oh, I often pause to listen
 For the song the Fairies sing ;
 And I wish that I could see them
 A-dancing in a ring !



MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXX.

AT THE FALCON INN.

And then there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold ;
 And ice mast-high came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

So says that wonder-ballad of the sea.

But over London came a gale that made the chimneys rock ; and after it came ice and snow, sharp, stinging sleet, and thumping hail, with sickening winds from the gray west, sour yellow fogs, and plunging rain, till all the world was weary of the winter and the cold.

But winter could not last forever. March crept onward, and the streets of London came up out of the slush again with a glad surprise of cobblestones. The sickly mist no longer hung along the river ; and sometimes upon a breezy afternoon it was pleasant and fair, the sun shone warmly on one's back, and the rusty sky grew bluer overhead. The trees in Paris Garden put out buds ; the lilac-tips began to swell ; there was a stirring in the roadside grass, and now and then a questing bird went by upon the wind, piping a little silver thread of song. Nick's heart grew hungry for the woods of Arden, and the gathering rush of the waking water-brooks among the old dead leaves.

The rain beat in at his window ; but he did

not care for that, and kept it open day and night; for when he wakened in the dark he loved to feel the fingers of the wind across his face.

Sometimes the moonlight through the ragged clouds came in upon the floor, and in the hurry of the wind he almost fancied he could hear the Avon, bank-full, rushing under the old mill bridge.

Then one day there came a shower with a warm south wind, sweet and healthful and serene; and through the shower, out of the breaking clouds, a sun-gleam like a path of gold straight down to the heart of London town; and on the south wind, down that path of gold, came April.

That night the wind in the chimney fluted a glad, new tune; and when Nick looked out at his casement the free stars danced before him in the sky. And when he felt that fluting wind blow warm and cool together on his cheek, the chimneys seemed to mock him, and the town was hideous.

It fell upon an April night, when the moon was at its full, that Master Carew had come to the Falcon Inn, on the Southwark side of the river, and had brought Nick with him for the air. Master Heywood was along, and it was very pleasant there.

The night breeze smelled of green fields, and the inn was thronged with company. The windows were bright, and the air was full of voices. Tables had been brought out into the garden, and set beneath the arbor toward the riverside. The vines upon the arbor were shooting forth their first pink-velvet leaves, and in the moonlight their shadows fell like lace-work across the linen cloths, blurred by the glow of the lanterns hung upon the posts.

The folds in the linen marked the table-tops with squares like a checker-board, and Nick stood watching from the tap-room door, as if it were a game. Not that he cared for any game; but that watching dulled the teeth of the hunger in his heart to be out of the town and back among the hills of Warwickshire, now that the spring was there.

"What there! — a pot of sack!" cried one gay fellow with a silver-bordered cloak. "A

pot of sack?" cried out another with a feather like a rose-bush in his cap; "two pots ye mean, my buck!" "Oddsfish my skin!" bawled out a third — "oddsfish my skin! Two pots of beggarly sack on a Saturday night and a moon like this? Three pots, say I — and make it malmsey, at my cost! What there, knave! the table full of pots — I 'll pay the score."

At that they all began to laugh and to slap each other on the back, and to pound with their fists upon the board until the pewter tankards hopped; and when the tapster's knave came back they were singing at the top of their lungs, for the spring had gotten into their wits, and they were beside themselves with merriment.

Master Tom Heywood had a little table to himself off in a corner, and was writing busily upon a new play. "A sheet a day," said he, "doth a wonder in a year"; so he was always at it.

Gaston Carew sat beyond, dicing with a silky rogue who had the coldest, hardest face that Nick had ever seen. His eyes were black and beady as a rat's, and were circled about by a myriad of little crow-foot lines; and his hooked nose lay across his thin blue lips like a finger across a slit in a dried pie. His long, slim hands were white as any woman's; and his fingers slipped among the laces at his cuffs like a weasel in a tangle-patch.

They had been playing for an hour, and the game had gone beyond all reason. The other players had put aside the dice to watch the two, and the nook in which their table stood was ringed with curious faces. A lantern had been hung above, but Carew had commanded it taken down, as its bottom made a shadow on the board. Carew's face was red and white by turns; but the face of the other had no more color than candle-wax.

At the end of the arbor some one was strumming upon a gittern. It was strung in a different key from that in which the men were singing, and the jangle made Nick feel all puckered up inside. By and by the playing ceased, and the singers came to the end of their song. In the brief hush the sharp rattle of the dice sounded like the patter of cold hail against the shutter in the lull of a winter storm.

Then there came a great shouting outside, and, looking through the arbor, Nick saw two couriers on galloway nags come galloping over the bowling-green to the arbor-side, calling for ale. They drank it in their saddles, while their panting horses sniffed at the fresh young grass. Then they galloped on. Through the vines, as he looked after them, Nick could see the towers of London glittering strangely in the moonlight. It was nearly high tide, and up from the river came a sound of women's voices and laughter, with the pulse-like throb of oars and the hoarse calling of the watermen.

In the great room of the inn behind him the gallants were taking their snuff in little silver ladles, and talking of princesses they had met, and of whose coach they had ridden home in last from tennis at my lord's. Some were eating, some were drinking, and some were puffing at long clay pipes, while others, by twos, locked arm in arm, went swaggering up and down the room, with a huge talking of foreign lands which they had never so much as seen.

"A murrain on the luck!" cried Carew suddenly. "Can I throw nothing but threes and fours?"

A muffled stir ran round. Nick turned from the glare of the open door, and looked out into the moonlight. It seemed quite dark at first. The master-player's face was bitter white, and his fingers were tapping a queer staccato upon the table-top.

"A plague on the bedlam dice!" said he. "I think they are bewitched."

"Huff, ruff, and snuff!" the other replied. "Don't get the mubble-fubbles, Carew; there's naught the matter with the dice."

A man came down from the tap-room door. Nick stepped aside to let him pass. He was a player, by his air.

He wore a riding-cloak of Holland cloth, neither so good nor so bad as a riding-cloak might be, but under it a handsome jerkin overlaid with lace, and belted with a buff girdle in which was a light Spanish rapier. His boots were russet cordovan, mid-thigh tall, and the rowels of his clinking spurs were silver stars. He was large of frame, and his curly hair was short and brown; so was his pointed beard. His eyes were singularly bright and fearless,

and bluff self-satisfaction marked his stride; but his under lip was petulant, and he flicked his boot with his riding-whip as he shouldered his way along.

"Ye cannot miss the place, sir," called the tapster after him. "'T is just beyond Ned Al-leyn's, by the ditch. Ye 'll never mistake the ditch, sir — Billingsgate is roses to it!"

"Oh, I 'll find it fast enough," the stranger answered; "but he should have sent to meet me, knowing I might come at any hour. 'T is a felon place for thieves; and I 've not the heart to skewer a goose on such a night as this."

At the sudden breaking of voices upon the silence, Carew looked up, with a quarrel ripe for picking in his eye. But seeing who spoke, such a smile came rippling from the corners of his mouth across his dark, unhappy face that it was as if a lamp of welcome had been lighted there. "What, Ben!" he cried; "thou here? Why, bless thine heart, old gossip, 't is good to see an honest face amid this pack of rogues!"

There was a surly muttering in the crowd. Carew threw his head back haughtily and set his knuckles to his hip. "A pack of rogues, I say," he repeated, sharply; "and a fig for the whole pack!" There was a certain wildness in his eyes. No one stirred or made reply.

"Good! Gaston," laughed the stranger, with a shrug; "picking thy company still, I see, for quantity, and not for quality. No, thank 'e; none of the tap for me. My Lord Hunsdon was made chamberlain in his father's stead to-day, and I 'm off hot-foot with the news to Will's."

He gathered his cloak about him, and was gone.

"Ye 've lost," said the man who was dicing with Carew.

Nick stepped down from the tap-room door. His ears were tingling with the sound: "I 'm off hot-foot with the news to Will's."

"Hot-foot with the news to Will's?"

To "Will's"? "Will" who?

The man was a player, by his air.

Nick hurriedly looked around. Carew's wild eyes were frozen upon the dice. The bandy-legged man was drinking at a table near the door. The crimson ribbon in his ear looked like a spot of blood.

He saw Nick looking at him, and made a horrible face. He would have sworn likewise, but there was half a quart of ale in his can; so he turned it up and drank instead. It was a long, long drink, and half his face was buried in the pot.

When he put it down the boy was gone.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE.

IN a garden near the old bear-yard, among tall rose-trees which would soon be in bloom, a merry company of men were sitting around a table which stood in the angle of a quick-set hedge beside a path graveled with white stones and bordered with mussel-shells.

There was a house hard by with creamy-white walls, green-shuttered windows, and a red-tiled roof. The door of the house was open, showing a little ruddy fire upon a great hearth, kindled to drive away the damp; and in the windows facing the garden there were lights shining warmly out among the rose-trees.

The table was spread with a red damask cloth, on which were a tray of raisins and nuts and a small rally of silver cups. Above the table an apple-tree nodded its new leaves, and from an overhanging bough a lantern hung glowing like a great yellow bee.

There was a young fellow with a white apron and a jolly little whisper of a whistle on his puckered lips going around with a plate of cakes and a tray of honey-bowls; and the men were eating and drinking and chatting together so gaily, and seemed to be all such good friends, that it was a pleasant thing just to see them sitting there in their comfortable leather-bottomed chairs, taking life easily because the spring had come again.

One tall fellow was smoking a pipe. He held the bowl in one hand, and kept tamping down the loose tobacco with his forefinger. Now and again he would be so eagerly talking he would forget that his finger was in the bowl, and it would be burned. He would take it out with a look of quaint surprise, whereat the rest all roared. Another was a fat, round man who chuckled constantly to himself, as if this life were all a joke; and there was a quite se-

vere, important-seeming, oldish man who said, "Hem—hem!" from time to time, as if about to speak forthwith, yet never spoke a word. There was also among the rest a raw-boned, lanky fellow who had bitten the heart out of an oat-cake and held the rim of it in his fingers like a new moon, waving it around while he talked, until the little man beside him popped it deftly out of his grasp and ate it before the other saw where it was gone. But when he made out what was become of that oat-cake he rose up solemnly, took the little man by the collar as a huntsman takes a pup, and laid him softly in the grass without a word.

What a laughing and going-on was then! It was as if they all were growing young again. And in the middle of the row a head popped over the quick-set hedge, and a most stentorian voice called out, "Here, here! Go slow—I want a piece of that!"

They all looked up, and, the moment they spied that laughing face and cloak of Holland cloth, raised a shout of "What there! Well met! Come in, Ben. Where hast thou tarried so long?" and the like; while the waiter ran to open the gate and let the stranger in.

A quiet man, with a little chestnut-colored beard and hazel eyes which lit up quickly at sight of the stranger over the hedge, arose from his place by the table and went down the path with hands outstretched to greet him. "Welcome, welcome, hurly-burly Ben," said he. "We've missed thee from the feast. Art well? And what's the good word?"

"Ah, Will, thou gentle rogue!" the other cried, catching the hands of the quiet man and holding him off while he looked at him there. "How thou stealest one's heart with the glance of thine eye! I was going to give thee a piece of my mind; but a plague, old heart, who could chide thee to thy face? Am I well? Ay, exceedingly well. And the news? Jove! the best that was baked at the Queen's to-day, and straight from the oven-door! The thing is done—huff, puff, and away we go! But come on—this needs telling to the rest."

They came up the path together, the big man crunching the mussel-shells beneath his sturdy tread, and so into the circle of yellow light that came down from the lantern among the apple-

leaves, the big man with his arm around the quiet man's shoulders, holding his hand; for the quiet man was not so large as the other, although withal no little man himself, and very well built and straight.

His tabard was black, without sleeves, and his doublet was scarlet silk. His collar and wrist-bands were white Holland linen turned loosely back, and his face was frank and fair and free. He was not old, but his hair was thin upon his brow. His nose and his full, high forehead were as cleanly cut as a finely chiseled stone; and his sensitive mouth had a curve that was tender and sad, though he smiled all the while, a glimpse of his white teeth showing through, and his little mustache twitching with the ripple of his long upper lip. His flowing hair was chestnut-colored, like his beard, and curly at the ends; and his melancholy eyelids told of study and of thought; but under them the kindly eyes were bright with pleasant fancy.

"What there, all of you!" said he; "a good investment for your ears!"

"Out with it, Will!" they cried, and whirled around.

"The Queen hath made Lord Hunsdon chamberlain," the big man said.

An instant's hush fell on the garden. No one spoke; but they caught each other by the hand, and, suddenly, the silence there seemed somehow louder than a shout.

"We 'll build the new Globe play-house, lads, and sweep the Bankside clean from end to end!" a sturdy voice broke sharply on the hush. And then they cheered — a cheer so loud that people on the river stopped their boats, and came ashore asking where the fire was. And over all the cheering rose the big man's voice; for the quiet man was silent, and the big man cheered for two.

"Pull up thy rose-bushes, Will," cried one, "and set out laurels in their stead — thou 'lt need them all for crowns."

"Ay, Will, our savor is not gone — Queen Bess knows salt!"

"With Will and Ben for meat and crust, and the rest of us for seasoning, the court shall say it never ate such master pie!"

"We 'll make the walls of Whitehall ring

come New Year next, or Twelfth Night and Shrove Tuesday."

"Ay, that we will, old gossip! Here 's to thee!"

"Here 's to the company, all of us!"

"And a health to the new Lord Chamberlain!"

"God save the Queen!"

With that, they shook each other's hands, as merry as men could be, and laughed, because their hearts ran short of words; for these were young Lord Hunsdon's men, late players to the Queen in the old Lord Chamberlain's troupe; who, for a while deprived of favor by *his* death, were now, by this succession of his son, restored to prestige at the court, and such preferment as none beside them ever won, not even the Earl of Pembroke's company.

There was Kemp, the stout tragedian; gray John Lowin, the walking-man; Diccon Burbage, and Cuthbert his brother, master-players and managers; Robin Armin, the humorsome jester; droll Dick Tarlton, the king of fools. There was Blount, and Pope, and Hemynge, and Thomas Greene, and Joey Taylor, the acting-boy, deep in the heart of a honey-bowl, yet who one day was to play the part of "Hamlet" as no man ever has played it since. And there were others, whose names and doings have vanished with them; and beside these — "What, merry hearts!" the big man cried, and clapped his neighbor on the back; "we 'll have a supper at the Mermaid Inn. We 'll feast on reason, reason on the feast, toast the company with wit, and company the wit with toast — why, pshaw, we are good fellows all!" He laughed, and they laughed with him. *That* was "rare Ben Jonson's" way.

"There 's some one knocking, master," said the boy.

A quick tap-tapping rattled on the wicket-gate.

"Who is it?" asked the quiet man.

"'T is Edmund with the news," cried one.

"I 've dished him," said Ben Jonson.

"'T is Condell come to raise our wages," said Robin Armin, with a grin.

"Thou 'lt raise more hopes than wages, Rob," said Tarlton mockingly.

"It is a boy," the waiter said, "who saith that he must see thee, master, on his life."

The quiet man arose.

"Sit down, Will," said Greene; "he 'll pick thy pocket with a doleful lie."

"There 's nothing in it, Tom, to pick."

"Then give him no more than half," said Armin soberly; "lest he squander it!"

"He saith he comes from Stratford town," the boy went on.

"Then tell him to go back again," said Master Ben Jonson; "we 've sucked the sweet from Stratford town—be off with his seedy dregs!"

"Go bring him in," said the quiet man.

"Nay, Will, don't have him in. This makes the third within the month—wilt father all the strays from Stratford town? Here, Ned, give him this shilling, and tell him to be off to his cony-burrow as fast as his legs can trot."

"We 'll see him first," said the quiet man, stopping the other's shilling with his hand.

"Oh, Willy-nilly!" the big man cried; "wilt be a kite to float all the drabble-tails that flutter down from Warwickshire?"

"Why, Ben," replied the quiet man, "'t is not the kite that floats the tail, but the wind which floats both kite and tail. Thank God, we 've caught the rising wind; and so, hey for drabble-tails!—we 'll take up all we can."

The waiter was coming up the path, and by his side, a little back, bareheaded and flushed with running, came Nicholas Attwood. He had followed the big man through the fields from the gates of the Falcon Inn.

He stopped at the edge of the lantern's glow and looked around uncertain, for the light was in his eyes.

"Come, boy, what is it?" asked Ben Jonson.

Nick peered through the brightness. "Master Will Shakspeare!" he gasped.

"Well, my lad," said the quiet man; "what will you have of me?"

Nick Attwood had come to his fellow-townsmen at last.

Over the hedge where the lantern shone through the green of the apple-leaves came a sound of voices talking fast, a listening hush, then a clapping of hands, with mingled cries of "Good boy!" "Right, lad; do not leave her

till thou must!" and at the last, "What! take thee home to thy mother, lad? Ay, marry, that will I!" And the *last* was the voice of the quiet man.

Then followed laughter and scraps of song, merry talking, and good cheer, for they all made glad together.

Across the fields beyond the hedge the pathway ran through Paris Garden, stark and clear in the white moonshine, save here and there where the fog from the marsh crept down to meet the river-mist, and blotted out the landscape as it went. To the north lay London, stirring like a troubled sea. In the south was drowsy silence, save for the crowing of the cocks, and now and then the baying of a hound far off. The smell of bears was on the air; the river-wind breathed kennels. The Swan play-house stood up, a great, blue blank against the sky. The sound of voices was remote. The river made a constant murmur in the murk beyond the landing-place; the trees moved softly.

Low in the west, the lights of the Falcon Inn were shrunk to pin-pricks in the dark. They seemed to wink and to shut their eyes. It was too far to see the people passing by.

On a sudden one light winked and did not open any more; and through the night a faint, far cry came drifting down the river-wind—a long, thin cry, like the wavering screech of an owl—a shrill, high, ugly sound; the lights began to wink, wink, wink, to dance, to shift, to gather into one red star. Out of the darkness came a wisp of something moving in the path.

Where the moonlight lay it scudded like the shadow of a windy cloud, now lost to sight, now seen again. Out of the shadow came a man, with hands outstretched and cap awry, running as if he were mad. As he ran he looked from side to side, and turned his head for the keener ear; he was panting hard.

When he reached the ditch he paused in fault, ran on a step or two, went back, stood hesitating there, clenching his hands in the empty wind, listening; for the mist was grown so thick that he could scarcely see.

But as he stood there doubtfully, uncertain of the way, catching the wind in his nervous

hands, and turning about in a little space like an animal in a cage, over the hedge through the apple-boughs a boy's clear voice rose suddenly, singing a rollicking tune, with a snapping of fingers and tapping of feet in time to its merry lilt.

Then the man in the mist, when he heard that clear, high voice, turned swiftly to it, crying out, "The Skylark! Zooks! It is the place!" and ran through the fog to where the lantern glimmered through the hedge. The light fell in a yellow stream across his face. He was pale as a ghost. "What there, within! What there!" he panted. "Shakspeare! Jonson! Any one!"

The song stopped short.

"Who 's there?" called the voice of the quiet man.

"'T is I, Tom Heywood. There 's to-do for players at the Falcon Inn. Gaston Carew hath stabbed Fulk Sandells, for cheating at the dice, as dead as a door-nail, and hath been taken by the watch!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LAST OF GASTON CAREW.

IT was Monday morning, and a beautiful day.

Master Will Shakspeare was reading a new play to Masters Ben Jonson and Diccon Burbage at the Mermaid Inn.

Thomas Pope, the player, and Peter Hemynge, the manager, were there with them at the table under the little window. The play was a comedy of a wicked money-lender named Shylock; but it was a comedy that made Nick shudder as he sat on the bench by the door and listened to it through happy thoughts of going home.

Sunday had passed like a wondrous dream. He was free. Master Carew was done for. On Saturday morning Master Will Shakspeare would set out on the journey to Stratford town, for his regular summer visit there; and Nick was going with him — going to Stratford — going home!

The comedy-reading went on. Master Burbage, his moving face alive, leaned forward on his elbows, nodding now and then, and saying,

"Fine, fine!" under his breath. Master Pope was making faces suited to the words, not knowing that he did so. Nick watched him, fascinated.

A man came hurrying down Cheapside, and peered in at the open door. It was Master Dick Jones of the Admiral's Company. He looked worried and as if he had not slept. His hair was uncombed, and the skin under his eyes hung in little bags. He squinted so that he might see from the broad daylight outside into the darker room.

"Gaston Carew wants to see thee, Skylark," said he quickly, seeing Nick beside the door.

Nick drew back. It seemed as if the master-player must be lying in wait outside to catch him if he stirred abroad.

"He says that he must see thee without fail, and that straightway. He is in Newgate prison. Wilt come?"

Nick shook his head.

"But he says indeed he *must* see thee. Come, Skylark, I will bring thee back. I am no kidnapper. Why, it is the last thing he will ever ask of thee. 'T is hard to refuse so small a favor to a doomed man."

"Thou 'lt surely fetch me back?"

"Here, Master Will Shakspeare," called the Admiral's player; "I am to fetch the boy to Carew in Newgate on an urgent matter. My name is Jones — Dick Jones, of Henslowe's Company. Burbage knows me. I 'll bring him back."

Master Shakspeare nodded, reading on; and Burbage waved his hand, impatient of interruption. Nick arose and went with Jones.

As they came up Newgate street to the crossing of Giltspur and the Old Bailey, the black arch of the ancient gate loomed grimly against the sky, its squinting window-slits peering down like the eyes of an old ogre. The bell of St. Sepulchre's was tolling, and there was a crowd about the door, which opened, letting out a black cart in which was a priest praying and a man in irons going to be hanged on Tyburn Hill. His sweating face was ashen gray; and when the cart came to the church door they gave him mockingly a great bunch of fresh, bright flowers. Nick could not bear to watch.

The turnkey at the prison gate was a crop-

headed fellow with jowls like a bull-dog, and no more mercy in his face than a chopping-block. "Gaston Carew, the player?" he growled. "Ye can't come in without a permit from the warden."

"We must," said Jones.

"Must?" said the turnkey. "I am the only one who says 'must' in Newgate!" and slammed the door in their faces.

The player clinked a shilling on the bar.

"It was a boy he said would come," growled the turnkey through the wicket, pocketing the shilling; "so just the boy goes up. A shilling's worth, ye mind, and not another wink." He drew Nick in, and dropped the bars behind him.

It was a foul, dark place, and full of evil smells. Drops of water stood on the cold stone walls, and a green mold crept along the floor. The air was heavy and dank, and it began to be hard for Nick to breathe.

"Up with thee," said the turnkey gruffly, unlocking the door to the stairs.

The common room above was packed with miserable wretches. The strongest kept the window-ledges near light and air by sheer main force, and were dicing on the dirty sill. The turnkey pushed and banged his way through them, Nick clinging desperately to his jerkin.

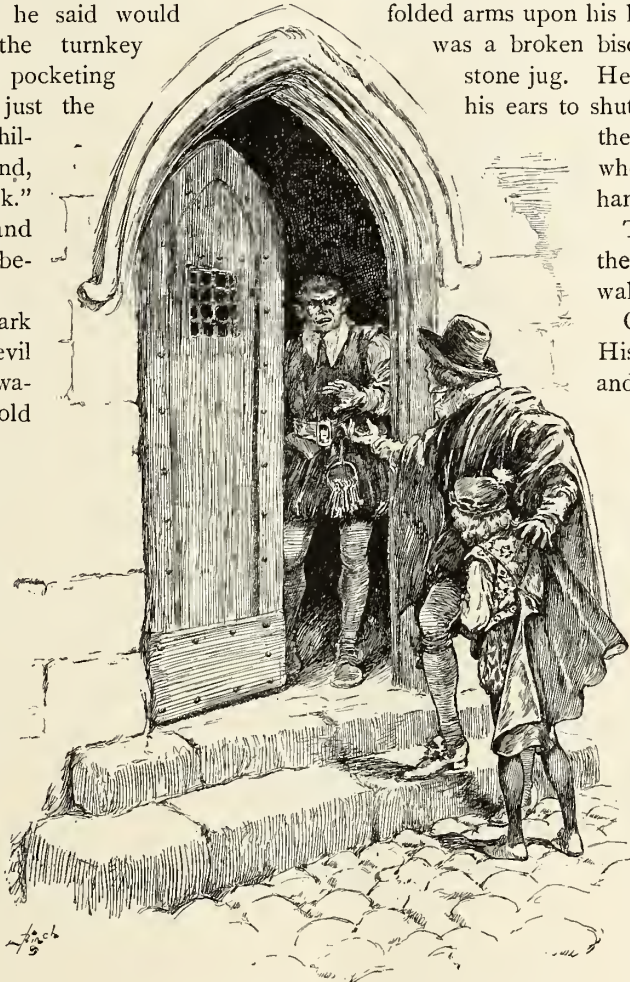
In a cell at the end of the corridor there was a Spanish renegade who railed at the light when

the door was opened, and railed at the darkness when it closed. "Cesare el Moro, Cesare el Moro," he was saying over and over again to himself, as if he feared that he might forget his own name.

Carew was in the middle cell, ironed hand and foot. He had torn his sleeves and tucked the lace under the rough edges of the metal to keep them from chafing the skin. He sat on a pile of dirty straw, with his face in his folded arms upon his knees. By his side was a broken biscuit and an empty stone jug. He had his fingers in his ears to shut out the tolling of the knell for the man who had gone to be hanged.

The turnkey shook the bars. "Here, wake up!" he said.

Carew looked up. His eyes were swollen, and his face was covered with a two-days' beard. He had slept in his clothes, and they were full of broken straw and creases. But his haggard face lit up when he saw the boy, and he came to the grating with an eager exclamation: "And thou hast truly come? To the man thou dost hate so bitterly, but will not hate any more. Come, Nick, thou wilt not hate me



"'YE CAN'T COME IN WITHOUT A PERMIT FROM THE WARDEN,'
THE TURNKEY GROWLED."

any more. 'T will not be worth thy while, Nick; the night is coming fast."

"Why, sir," said Nick, "it is not so dark outside—'t is scarcely noon; and thou wilt soon be out."

"Out? Ay, on Tyburn Hill," said the master-

player quietly. "I 've spent my whole life for a bit of hempen cord. I 've taken my last cue. Last night, at twelve o'clock, I heard the bellman under the prison walls call my name with those of the already condemned. The play is nearly out, Nick, and the people will be going home. It has been a wild play, Nick, and ill played."

"Here, if ye 've anything to say, be saying it," said the turnkey. "'T is a shilling's-worth, ye mind."

Carew lifted up his head in the old haughty way, and clapped his shackled hand to his hip—they had taken his poniard when he came into the prison. A queer look came over his face; taking his hand away, he wiped it hurriedly upon his jerkin. There were dark stains upon the silk.

"Ye sent for me, sir," said Nick.

Carew passed his hand across his brow. "Yes, yes, I sent for thee. I have something to tell thee, Nick." He hesitated, and looked through the bars at the boy, as if to read his thoughts. "Thou 'lt be good and true to Cicely—thou 'lt deal fairly with my girl? Why, surely, yes." He paused again, as if irresolute. "I 'll trust thee, Nick. We 've taken money, thou and I; good gold and silver—tsst! what 's that?" He stopped suddenly.

Nick heard no sound but the Spaniard's exclamations.

"'T is my fancy," Carew said. "Well, then, we 've taken much good money, Nick; and I have not squandered all of it. Hark 'e—thou knowest the old oak wainscot in the dining-hall, and the carven panel by the Spanish chest? Good, then! Upon the panel is a cherubin, and—tsst! what 's that, I say?"

There was a stealthy rustling in the right-hand cell. The fellow in it had his ear pressed close against the bars. "He is listening," said Nick.

The fellow muttered and shook his fist, and then, when Master Carew dropped his voice and would have gone on whispering, set up so loud a howling and clanking of his chains that the lad could not make out one word the master-player said.

"Peace, thou dog!" cried Carew, and kicked the grating.

But the fellow only yelled the louder.

Carew looked sorely troubled. "I dare not let him hear," said he. "The very walls of Newgate leak."

"*Yah, yah, yah, thou gallows-bird!*"

"Yet I must tell thee, Nick."

"*Yah, yah, dangle-rope!*"

"Stay! would Will Shakspeare come? Why, here, I 'll send him word. He 'll come—Will Shakspeare never bore a grudge; and I shall so soon go where are no grudges, envy, storms, or noise, but silence and the soft lap of everlasting sleep. He 'll come—Nick, bid him come, upon his life, to the Old Bailey when I am taken up."

Nick nodded. It was strange to have his master beg.

Carew was looking up at a thin streak of light that came in through the narrow window at the stair. "Nick," said he huskily, "last night I dreamed I heard thee singing; but 't was where there was a sweet, green field and a stream flowing through a little wood. Methought 't was on the road past Warwick toward Coventry. Thou 'lt go there some day and remember Gaston Carew, wilt not, lad? And, Nick, for thine own mother's sake, do not altogether hate him; he was not so bad a man as he might easily have been."

"Come," growled the turnkey, who was pacing up and down like a surly bear; "have done. 'T is a fat shilling's worth."

"'T was there I first heard thee sing, Nick," said Carew, holding to the boy's hands through the bars. "I 'll never hear thee sing again—I 'll never hear thee sing again."

"Why, sir, I 'll sing for thee now," said Nick, choking.

The turnkey was coming back when Nick began suddenly to sing. He looked up, staring. Such a thing dumfounded him. He had never heard a song like that in Newgate. There were rules in prison. "Here, here," he cried, "be still!" But Nick sang on.

The groaning, quarreling, and cursing were silent all at once. The guard outside, who had been sharpening his pike upon the windowledge, stopped the shrieking sound. Silence like a restful sleep fell upon the weary place. Through dark corridors and down the milk-dewed stairs the quaint old song went floating

as a childhood memory into an old man's dream; and to Gaston Carew's ear it seemed as if the melody of earth had all been gathered in that little song — all but the sound of the voice of his daughter Cicely.

It ceased, and yet a gentle murmur seemed to steal through the moldy walls, of birds and flowers, sunlight, and the open air, of once-loved mothers, and of long-forgotten homes. The renegade had ceased his cursing, and was whispering a fragment of a Spanish prayer he had not heard for many a day.

Carew muttered to himself. "And now old cares are locked in charmed sleep, and new griefs lose their bitterness, to hear thee sing — to hear thee sing. God bless thee, Nick!"

"'T is three good shillings' worth o' time," the turnkey growled, and fumbled with the keys. "All for one shilling, too," said he, and kicked the door-post sulkily. "But a plague, I say; a plague! 'T is no one's business but mine. I've a good two shillings' worth in my ears. 'T is thirty year since I ha' heard the like o' that. But what 's a gaol for? — man's delight? Nay, nay. Here, boy, time 's up! Come out o' that." But he spoke so low that he scarcely heard himself; and going to the end of the corridor, he marked upon the wall.

"Oh, Nick, I love thee," said the master-player, holding the boy's hands with a bitter grip. "Dost thou not love me just a little? Come, lad, say that thou lovest me."

"Nay, Master Carew," Nick answered soberly, "I do na love thee, and I will na say I do, sir; but I pity thee with all my heart. And, sir, if thy being out would keep me stolen, still I think I 'd wish thee out — for Cicely. But, Master Carew, do na break my hands."

The master-player loosed his grasp. "I will not seek to be excused to thee," he said, huskily. "I 've prisoned thee as that clod prisons me; but, Nick, the play is almost out, down comes the curtain on my heels, and thy just blame will find no mark. Yet, Nick, now that I am fast and thou art free, it makes my heart ache to feel that 't was not I who



“WHY, SIR, I 'LL SING FOR THEE NOW,” SAID NICK, CHOKING.”

set thee free. Thou canst go when pleaseth thee, and thank me nothing for it. And, Nick, as my sins be forgiven me, I truly meant to set thee free, and send thee home. I did, upon my word and on the remnant of mine honour!”

"Time 's good and up, sirs," said the turnkey, coming back.

Carew thrust his hand into his breast.

"I must be going, sir," said Nick.

"Ay, so thou must — all things must go. Oh, Nick, be friendly with me now, if thou wert never friend before. Kiss me, lad. There — now thy hand." The master-player clasped it closely in his own, and pressing something into the palm, shut down the fingers over it. "Quick! Keep it hid," he whispered. "'T is the chain I had from Stratford's burgesses, to some good usage come at last."

"Must I come and fetch thee out?" growled the turnkey.

"I be coming, sir."

"Thou 'lt send Will Shakspeare? And, oh, Nick," cried Carew, holding him yet a little longer, "thou 'lt keep my Cicely from harm?"

"I 'll do my best," said Nick, his own eyes full.

The turnkey raised his heavy bunch of keys. "I 'll ding thee out o' this," said he.

And the last Nick Attwood saw of Gaston Carew was his wistful eyes hunting down the stairway after him, and his hand, with its torn fine laces, waving at him through the bars.

And when he came to the Mermaid Inn Master Shakspeare's comedy was done, and Master Ben Jonson was telling a merry tale that made the tapster sick with laughing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CICELY DISAPPEARS.

WHEN Master Shakspeare's house was still, and all had said good-by, Nick doffed his clothes and laid him down to sleep in peace. Yet he often wakened in the night, because his heart was dancing so.

In the morning, when the world began to stir outside, and the early light came in at the window, he slipped out of bed across the floor, and threw the casement wide. Over the river, and over the town, and over the hills that lay blue in the north, was Stratford!

The damp, cool air from the garden below seemed a primrose whiff from the lane behind his father's house. He could hear the cocks crowing in Surrey, and the lowing of the kine. There was a robin singing in a bush under the

window, and there was some one in the garden with a pair of pruning-shears. Snip-snip! snip-snip! he heard them going. The light in the east was pink as a peach-bloom and too intense to bear.

"Good-morrow, Master Early-bird!" a merry voice called up to him, and a nosegay dropped on the window-ledge at his side. He looked down. There in the path among the rose-trees was Master Will Shakspeare, laughing. He had on an ancient leathern jacket and a hat with a hole in its crown; and the skirts of the jacket were dripping with dew from the bushes.

"Good-morrow, sir," said Nick, and bowed. "It is a lovely day."

"Most beautiful indeed! How comes the sun?"

"Just up, sir; the river is afire with it now. O-oh!" Nick held his breath, and watched the light creep down the wall, darting long bars of rosy gold through the snowy bloom of the apple-trees, until it rested upon Master Shakspeare's face, and made a fleeting glory there.

Then Master Shakspeare stretched himself a little in the sun, laughing softly, and said, "It is the sweetest music in the world — morning, spring, and God's dear sunshine; it starteth kindness brewing in the heart, like sap in a withered bud. What sayest, lad? We 'll fetch the little maid to-day; and then — away for Stratford town!"

But when Master Shakspeare and Nicholas Attwood came to Gaston Carew's house, the constables had taken charge, the servants were scattering hither and thither, and Cicely Carew was gone.

The bandy-legged man, the butler said, had come on Sunday in great haste, and packing up his goods, without a word of what had befallen his master, had gone away, no one knew whither, and had taken Cicely with him. Nor had any of them dared to question what he did, for indeed they all feared the rogue, and judged him to have authority.

Nick caught a moment at the lintel of the door. The house was full of voices, and the sound of trampling feet went up and down from room to room; but all Nick heard was Gaston Carew's worn voice, saying, "Thou 'lt keep my Cicely from harm?"



A VACATION SCHOOL.

TOM.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

“WHAT do you think was done for me,
By Tom the bootblack, on the quay?
Well, sir, you see, my pa and I
Went down to see the yachts go by;
An’ I fell in, an’ like to drowned,
An’ *might*, if Tom had not been ’round.

“Well, Tom, he broke his arm, you see,—
An’ all just on account of me,—
So my pa said that he must go
An’ live with us,—be folks, you know.
An’ Tom, he says it ’s jolly prime,
An’ he ’ll save me ’most any time.”

Timmy Top-notch



BY REV. FELIX J. O'NEILL.

YOUNG Tim was as clever as clever could be;
No boy, to his mind, was as skilful as he.
He claimed the first place 'mid the girls and
the boys;

He bragged of his work and his play and
his toys,

Till his playmates grew weary of hearing him
cry

That they were so low and that he was so
high,

That *his* work was perfect, and *theirs* was a
botch —

So they gave him the nickname of "Timmy
Top-notch."

For whatever *he* did,
And whatever *he* said,
And whatever *he* had — was *best*.

His fish were the biggest a boy ever caught;
His fights were the bravest a boy ever fought;
His batting was surest to score a home-run;
His catches no other but he could have done;
His jokes were the funniest cracked in the
town;

His pony the safest for up-hill and down;
His rifle was better; his aim was more true;
He could shoot on the wing as no other
could do;

His skates were the brightest and smoothest
to glide;
His sled was the swiftest that skimmed the
hillside;
His bicycle-wheels were more round than the
rest;
His clothes were cut better and fitted the
best.

For whatever *he did*,
And whatever *he said*,
And whatever
he had—
was *best*.

But Tim made a visit
outside his own
town,

Where the girls and
the boys made
his swagger come
down;

For Bessie Brown beat
him with cycle and
bow,

And Gertie Green gave
him some points
how to row;

Maud Milner outshot
him at birds on
the wing—

'T was a shame to be
beaten by that lit-
tle thing!

He dared Rosie Russell
to skate him on ice;
Before he was half
across, Rosie cross-
ed twice!

Lilly Loon "spelled
him down" at the
school spelling-bee;
And Billy Boone taught
him to shin up a
tree.

He wrestled Sam Sum-
mers, and went
down ker-flop!—

Brave Timmy was under and Sam was on top.
Peter Powers had a rifle that charmed Timmy's
eyes:

Timmy shot against Peter and Pete won the prize!
Barney Burns caught a pickerel as big as
Tim's nine—

Tim said that they "coaxed it away" from
his line.

He went to the bat and he always struck out,
And he wondered what all the boys giggled about.
When John Jones swam farther and stayed
longer down.

Then Timmy got lonesome and cried to go home,



Where whatever *he did*,
And whatever *he said*,
And whatever *he had*—was *best*.



PLENTY OF TIME.

PRISCILLA'S FAIRY GODMOTHER.

(A fairy story that came true.)

BY GERTRUDE HALLADAY.



PRISCILLA walked slowly along the piazza, dragging her feet and scowling. She had been down on the beach all the afternoon with Ethel and Margaret, having a delightful time. It was not there she had found the cause for her discontent; indeed, she had there been able for a time to forget her trouble. For Priscilla had a trouble, crushing and inevitable—in three days she must leave the beach and the river, the bathing and sailing, and all the summer fun, and go back to Boston. The shock had been great enough when she had suddenly discovered there were only two weeks more to stay; but now, when the last precious days were slipping by so painfully fast, she told herself that no little girl of eleven ought to be expected to bear it.

How early the sun was setting to-night! The clouds in the West were all red and gold already. If it only would n't go down so soon, and bring supper-time! Priscilla turned the door-handle slowly, and went in. The door opened directly into the sitting-room, and there sat her mama talking to her Fairy Godmother. Her mama had a little disturbed wrinkle between her eyes, very much like the one on Priscilla's own forehead; and she was saying:

"Truly, Alice, I don't know what to do with her. She is perfectly miserable about leaving the beach, and it really is lonely for her at home. We have no near neighbors—"

Here she stopped suddenly, for she and the Fairy Godmother had just seen Priscilla. The

Fairy Godmother was really Priscilla's aunt; but she had helped her topsy-turvy little niece out of so many troubles, just as the fairy godmothers do for the princesses in the story-books, that everybody who knew her called her by that name. That was why she smiled encouragingly when she saw such a very stormy expression on the rebellious face in the doorway. She knew she should have to begin to smooth away this present difficulty in a minute; but she did n't yet know just how.

The smile was too much for poor Priscilla. Her troubles rose in a big lump in her throat, and her words came tumbling out like a little torrent:

"I suppose you think I'm very childish, and I dare say I am; but it does seem too cruel that we have to go away and leave the beach, and the other children, and everything. It's so lonely at home, and I hate to ride in the horrid steam-cars, and the summer is going away! Of course I know it is n't your fault, mama—" and here Priscilla caught her breath, and swallowed a very large sob.

Poor Mrs. Blake lay back in her chair and looked distressed; but the Fairy Godmother sat up straight, with very bright eyes, and Priscilla crossed over to her and went down on her knees suddenly, hiding her face in her aunt's lap. Priscilla was dreadfully ashamed to be seen crying. Nobody spoke for a moment, and then a smothered voice went on: "They ought to send people steamer-letters, the same as on ocean voyages, when they have to sit for hours and hours in stuffy trains."

Aunt Alice was going to Boston the very next day to sail for Europe with some friends, and some one had been writing her a letter in separate parts, one to be opened each day of the voyage. Priscilla had been much interested in the idea, and now she was trying to

make a little joke about it, so that she need not feel so embarrassed when she lifted a very tear-stained face from the Fairy Godmother's knees.

Aunt Alice had been looking puzzled. She had had in her mind for some time part of a plan for helping her lonely little niece; but the moment she heard the word "steamer-letter" a



"PRISCILLA WALKED SLOWLY ALONG THE PIAZZA, DRAGGING HER FEET AND SCOWLING."

new idea popped into her head. She clapped her hands, just like a story-book fairy when she summons her sprites, and lifted up Priscilla's surprised face.

"Now," she said gleefully, "the Fairy Godmother is going to come to the rescue of the unfortunate Princess." Priscilla could n't help feeling better immediately. Even her mama

looked relieved. That was the way fairy godmothers always spoke before they helped princesses out of their troubles. "Now, Princess," she went on, "sit down beside me on the rug, and I'll explain. You know, of course, in the books, when princesses are in distress their godmothers always send them on journeys. There are orders that must be obeyed very carefully, and there are always fairy messengers in unexpected shapes and places; then at the end they find a fairy prince, or a treasure, which is much better when they are not grown-up princesses. Well, Princess,"—and Aunt Alice laughed mischievously,— "I am going to do that for you; and I promise you, if you obey my commands, that all these troubles will vanish"; and then she kissed Priscilla quite gravely, although her eyes were twinkling, and Priscilla could n't help believing her. She would not say another word, however; only quite soon after supper she went away to her room, although her trunks were already packed; and when her small niece, burning with curiosity, went in to kiss her good-night, she whisked a handkerchief over some papers on her table as mysteriously as if it were Christmas-time.

The next morning, before she drove away, she presented Priscilla with a most extraordinary envelope. It was very large and thick, especially in the middle, where you could feel something small and hard. It was addressed to: "Her Highness the Princess Priscilla. To be opened at Kittery Point, September twenty-third."

"Her Highness" looked quite frightened. She knew that Kittery was not many miles away. She remembered seeing the name on the station when they had come down from Boston.

"Have I got to go there?" she stammered.

"Certainly," answered her Fairy Godmother teasingly. "Does n't it say it must be opened there?"

"But how can I?" cried Priscilla, helplessly.

"When does it say it must be opened?" asked her mother quietly; "is n't it day after to-morrow?"

"Why, that is the day we go home—oh, of course we go through there on the cars. I see—and I can open it then. What fun,

Aunt Alice!" She was whirling on her toes by this time. "But what shall I do then? You won't be here—" Indeed, the depot-carriage was coming up the driveway at this very moment. Priscilla suddenly realized that Aunt Alice was going far away.

"You forget that I have messengers." That was all the answer there was time to give; and then for a few minutes there were good-bys and waving of hands, the Fairy Godmother disappeared from their sight in a cloud of dust, and the princess was left behind with the mysterious envelope in her hand.

Margaret, her blue eyes wide with excitement. "Suppose you found it directed that you had to go through a big dark wood all filled with ogres!"

"Pooh! I should n't care," said Priscilla loftily. "I shall have to go to Africa—or anywhere—if it says so."

"Of course your mama would n't let you go off to Africa all by yourself," said Ethel scornfully. She was thirteen, and felt rather superior. "But what do you suppose the treasure will be?" she added.

Priscilla shook her head. "It feels only



"PRISCILLA TOLD ETHEL AND MARGARET ALL ABOUT IT, AND THEY WERE MUCH INTERESTED."

The enchantment seemed to take effect immediately, for Priscilla could now hardly wait for the day she had been dreading so much; and, instead of being unhappy, she dreamed day and night of strange messengers and wonderful treasures. She did not take the envelope to the beach when she went down there to play with Ethel and Margaret; but she told them all about it, and they were very much interested, and played fairy games all the morning in the sand.

"I should think you would be afraid," said

about as big as a bean," she said. "I've felt and felt, but the paper is so thick I can't make out the shape of it very plainly."

"Well," said Ethel wisely, "maybe that is n't the treasure at all. Maybe that is a wishing-stone, or something."

Priscilla jumped with excitement. She had not thought of that possibility. "Of course it is!" she cried. Her black eyes looked rounder than ever, and her words tumbled over each other in her eagerness. "Of course it must be that. And I've almost worn out my brain

trying to think what treasure could be so little. Oh, I *wonder* what it will be!"

"A bag filled with gold?" ventured Margaret, doubtfully, after a long pause.

"How silly!" said the scornful Ethel. "It will probably be a gold watch, or a beautiful ring —"

"Pooh! I don't want a watch, and rings are no good," interrupted Priscilla, regardless of Margaret's injured expression. "I want a pony, and a sail-boat, and a bicycle, and a dog,

forgot it was to have been the most heart-breaking day of her life.

By the time they got into the cars, Priscilla's cheeks were fiery red, her eyes were big and black, and her short brown curls seemed to be standing out straight with excitement.

Mr. Blake turned a seat over, so that she could sit opposite him and her mama. "Will you be seated, your Royal Highness?" he said, with a low bow. "Your mama and I feel duly honored to be traveling with so exalted a personage."

But Priscilla only laughed. She felt exactly like a princess, even if she did n't look like those in her story-books.

Luckily it was not long to wait. Kittery Point station came in sight at last. Priscilla gave one long look at the big envelope:

"Her Highness the Princess Priscilla. To be opened at Kittery Point, September twenty-third."

Yes, it was September twenty-third, and this was Kittery Point. In went an eager forefinger, tearing the top of the envelope in big jagged scallops. Priscilla held her breath, and pulled out — another envelope a little smaller than the first! Her royal heart gave a throb of disappointment. She certainly had n't expected this. Her mama and papa were watching her.

"Read what is written on it," said

Mrs. Blake.

"Why, it's only poetry," said Priscilla. She did n't care very much for poetry.

"I thought fairy godmothers always gave their commands in rhymes," suggested Mr. Blake.

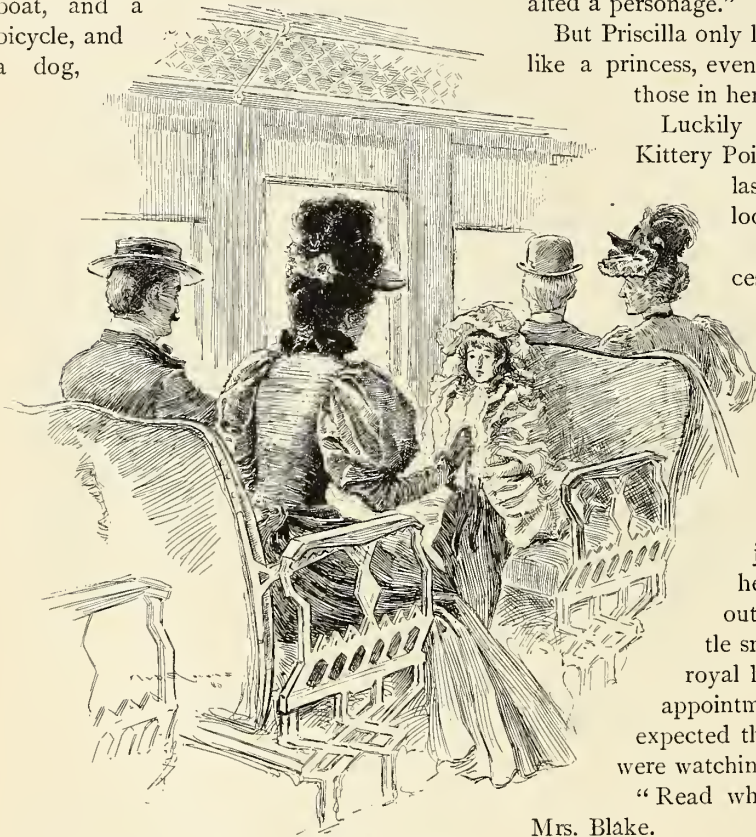
"Why, of course," cried Priscilla joyfully; and this is what she read:

Go, Princess, straight to Portsmouth town.

'T is there a big gray cat you 'll see.

Look for her sharply up and down —

She is a messenger from me.



"MR. BLAKE TURNED A SEAT OVER, SO THAT PRISCILLA COULD SIT OPPOSITE HIM AND HER MAMA."

and a canoe, and —" she stopped, not for want of ideas, but of breath.

After all, it was of no use to wonder; but Priscilla did wonder and wonder all through that day and the next. She was delighted when her papa arrived from Boston, for that meant they would start the next day; and even when at last the time came, and all the good-bys had to be said, she was so excited that she entirely

Until you see her yellow eye,
To open this you must not try.

Priscilla had heard of Portsmouth often; indeed, she had sailed over there once during the summer. But how should she get there now?

"Mama," she said, sitting up very straight, "I have to go to Portsmouth to see my godmother's cat. Will you and papa take me there? Shall we get off at the next station?"

Mr. Blake laughed at her excited face.

"Certainly, your Royal Highness," he answered, with another bow; "we are entirely at your disposal; but don't you think the second or third station will do?"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Blake; "you should not tease her. Portsmouth is the second or third station beyond here, Priscilla. We change cars there."

"Why, is n't that lucky!" said the delighted princess; and she could n't understand why her "royal" parents laughed.

It was not long before they rolled into the dingy, covered depot; and, sure enough, out they all got. Priscilla pulled at her father's hand, her eyes traveling in every direction. There was a confusion of trains and people, baggage-men and express-carts. Where could they find a cat, in all this bustle?

"Oh, papa!" cried the agonized princess, "where do you suppose she is? Don't you think we had better go out into the street?"

Mr. Blake did not answer, but he led Priscilla over to the door of the station restaurant. He had been to Portsmouth a great many times, and so had Aunt Alice; and so, perhaps, his little daughter was more surprised than they would have been to see on one of the windowsills a huge gray cat fast asleep in the sun. And when Priscilla, with a little scream of delight, ran over to her, she opened her big yellow eyes, and looked so wise that it seemed as if she surely must understand. "Oh, pussy, I am obeying my instructions beautifully," whispered the little girl; and then added rather timidly: "Are you really a fairy, pussy?" But the big cat blinked her eyes like any ordinary cat, and would not answer a word.

"Come, dear," said her father; "we must get into the car now"; and she was led away all

too soon; but, as her papa said, "Trains will not wait, even for princesses."

As soon as they were once more settled, Priscilla opened the envelope with the verses outside. Out came another envelope, and more poetry. How exciting it was! Where should she have to go next? This was what the rhyme said:

Be patient, Princess; watch and wait.

Another messenger I'm sending.

There's far to go and much to do

Before your task can have its ending.

There is a boy in Hampton town--

I've told him near the track to hover,

And wave his hat (he *may* forget),

To tell you when to break this cover.

"I never heard of Hampton town," cried Priscilla. "How can I go there, papa?"

Mr. Blake took the packet and read.

"Well," said he teasingly, "these instructions tell you to 'watch and wait.' Perhaps Hampton town will come to you, if you sit still."

But Mrs. Blake could never bear to see her small daughter teased, though Priscilla herself did n't mind it at all. "This train goes through Hampton," she explained; "we shall be there in a very few moments."

Then a new idea occurred to Priscilla. "I do believe this train will go to all the places," cried she, "so that I can get to them faster."

"I should n't be surprised," said her father, with a smile.

"Fairy godmothers do arrange things so beautifully!"—and the princess sighed happily.

When the train had passed North Hampton station, and they were really in "Hampton town," even Mrs. Blake and her husband found themselves looking for "the boy." The country slid along past the windows: sunlit fields and scattered houses, salt-marshes dotted with haystacks, once in a while a man or woman, but never a boy. It was not until they drew up at Hampton station that the princess gave a start of delight and clapped her hands. "Oh, there he is!" she cried; and, sure enough, there he was, a jolly-faced country boy, leaning against the station wall, with his hands in his pockets. The car stopped so that Pris-

cilla's window was almost opposite him; and though he did n't wave his hat, he looked up and grinned at her in the most knowing way. It really was n't surprising, she was nodding and smiling at him in such a friendly manner; but it filled Priscilla with the wildest excitement. "Oh, mama," she cried, "may n't I open the window and ask him if he really knows Aunt Alice?"

But Mr. Blake laughed at her suggestion, and Priscilla sat down, with her face very red.

"Well," said she rather soberly, "of course I know he does n't; but, somehow, it seems as if he must."

And then her father begged her Highness's pardon very humbly, and admitted that the boy had seemed remarkably friendly. "Only," he added mischievously, "it does seem queer for a fairy messenger to be chewing gum." And then her highness deigned to smile once more.

Priscilla was not surprised to find another envelope inside the last one. This one was the size of an ordinary note, and it said:

Now, Princess, see you listen well!

From this time on, without cessation,

Count all the horses on the road

Until you reach the Ipswich station;

For when you 've done so 't is the token,

That there this cover may be broken.

Priscilla curled herself up close to the window. No horse on the road that day could have escaped her sharp eyes. She saw ever so many,—brown, black, and white ones,—and all the time she kept wondering which one was the fairy messenger.

"I never saw the child so still," said Mrs. Blake softly. "She is usually so restless on a journey that she wears me out."

"But this is an enchanted journey," said her husband; and it really seemed so to Priscilla.

It seemed hardly any time at all before they passed Ipswich, and she could look for her next message:

Well, Princess, there 's a little dog

Somewhere between this place and Lynn.

Your task is done when him you find.

Then look this envelope within,

And lo! you 'll see there at your pleasure

The key which will reveal the treasure.

Priscilla sighed with satisfaction. A key!—of course it was a key! Now that the larger envelopes were gone, she could feel the shape of it distinctly.

While she watched for the dog messenger, she busied her brain trying to think what sort of treasure could be locked up with so very small a key. It was such a puzzling question that for a long time she did not realize that no dog was coming in sight. Then suddenly she heard her mother say: "Why, George, we are almost at Lynn, and I actually have n't seen a dog. I've been so interested I have watched all the way along."

It was certainly strange. What had happened to all the dogs, big and little, that afternoon, nobody knows; but in spite of the most anxious watching, the train steamed presently into the dark Lynn station, and never a dog had they spied. It seemed as if even a fairy godmother's well-laid plans could fail.

Poor Priscilla, who had not lost hope up to the very last moment, was quivering with distress and excitement. When the train really came to a standstill, her papa, almost as disappointed as she, took her out upon the platform, and they walked along, looking anxiously in every direction. But it was all of no avail!

When they heard the brakeman shout, "All aboard!" and Mr. Blake lifted his little daughter into the car again, her heart seemed ready to break. Then, just at that last instant, they suddenly heard the sound of a dog barking—a short, sharp, puppy bark! It seemed to come from inside the station.

Priscilla nearly tumbled off the car in her excitement. "I must go back, papa!" she cried; "I must go back!"

But it was impossible; the train was going too fast already, and never a glimpse of a nose or a tail could they see, though they could still hear that sharp, excited barking until they were really off and away.

Priscilla sat up very straight and still. Her eyes were suspiciously bright.

Mr. Blake took the envelope, and read the fated message over again. "It 's my opinion," said he very gravely, without looking at the pathetic little figure opposite, "that, for some reason best known to himself, that fairy messen-

ger did n't wish to be seen. Now see here, Princess," he continued; "this does n't say 'when him you see'; it says, 'when him you find.' He really was there, you know; and since we heard him, I should think you might be said to have really found him."

Priscilla looked a little relieved. "Do you truly think so?" she asked doubtfully. Then suddenly she clapped her hands. "But," she cried, "if I tried to take out the key when my task was n't done, it would disappear, or something, would n't it?"

"They certainly do in fairy books," said her father gravely. So Priscilla held her breath, and opened the last envelope. It was only when she had unwound some folds of thin paper and held the little key in her hand that she felt satisfied all must be well.

Now, what did the key unlock? That was the next question.

"It says something on the tissue-paper," said her mama; "but don't read it now. Wait until we are in the electric cars." And then Priscilla realized all of a sudden that the people in the train were taking down their bundles from the racks, and putting on their coats. In a moment more they would be in the station. Priscilla looked so astonished that her mother stooped down and kissed her. "Fairy journeys are shorter than ordinary ones, are n't they?" asked Priscilla's mother, with a smile.

All the way out in the street-cars to their home in the Boston suburbs, Priscilla pondered over these words:

When you have passed within the door,
Find what you never saw before.

You need not seek it in a box,
But yet in what this key unlocks.
'T is yours; and though it cannot speak,
'T will comfort you from week to week,
And be your friend while I 'm afar.

Your loving

FAIRY GODMAMA.

"Do you suppose that means the front door at home?" asked Priscilla; "and oh! what do you suppose it is?" But the only answer was, "Wait and see."

Fortunately she did n't have long to wait. The very instant Mr. Blake's key turned in the front door, Priscilla heard a queer, scrambling noise, and into the front hall rushed pell-mell the finest fox-terrier puppy you ever saw.

"Oh!" screamed the happy Princess, "it 's my Treasure! How did he get here, the darling thing?"

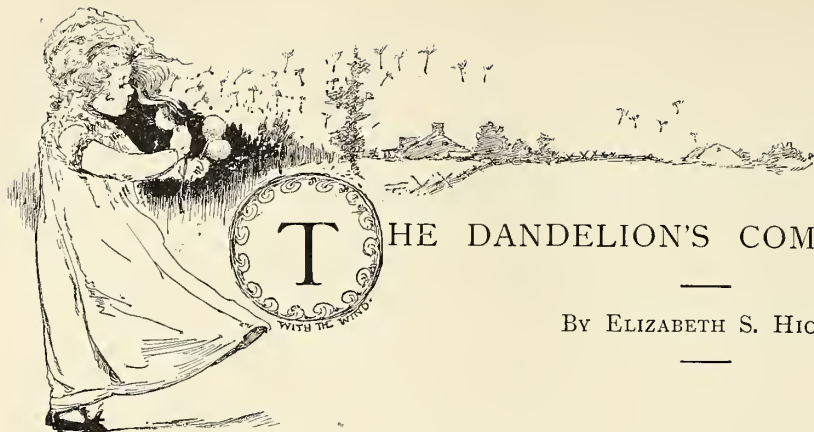
"He came by express—" began her mother.

"From Fairyland, I presume," finished her father, smiling down on her.

Priscilla sat down on the floor, and hugged him ecstatically. Then she tried the fairy key in his shining new collar. Of course it fitted exactly, although it was hard work putting it in, he squirmed so. First he licked her face madly, wagging his short tail; then he began to bark. Priscilla's eyes fairly popped. "It is—it is the same bark that we heard in Lynn!" she cried. "That 's why he would n't come out to give me the fairy message. He did n't want me to see him too soon."

And to this day, in spite of everything, Priscilla can't help believing in her secret heart that this was so.





THE DANDELION'S COMPLAINT.

BY ELIZABETH S. HICOK.

OH dear! Oh dear!
How strange I must appear!
My head is so bare,
That every one will stare
At me now.

Once like a golden star
I shone out from afar;
Then a light fleecy down
Made a lovely crown
On my head.

But this morning — oh dear!
It all seems so queer —
There came a little lass,
And paused upon the grass
By my side.

She wished something, very low,
And then began to blow,
And my soft, silky hair
Went floating through the air
All around.

“I blow them all away
And wish,” I heard her say,
But I know I shall take cold,
And it makes me look so old —
Oh, dear!





A PHILOSOPHER.

A LITTLE lad sat by the sounding sea,
Flat on the damp, damp ground,
And seeing a ship sail over the edge,
He cried, "The world is round."

"I know it must be so, because
I study geography now,
And the book declares that's one of the proofs.
But I 'm sure I don't see how!"

Tudor Jenks.

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAVE OF THE BATS.

THE resinous smoke of the torches relieved the subterranean atmosphere somewhat of its offensive animal odor, and the flames flooded the walls and ceiling with light. Their voices, calling to each other as they advanced, sounded abnormally loud, and seemed to fill the space about them with a cavernous ring in which they detected no side echoes that would indicate lateral chambers branching off from the main passage. By the current of air flaring the torches back toward the opening they had made, they knew that the passage itself must be open to the day at its other end. The roof seemed to be about eight feet above their heads,

although at times it drew nearer, and occasionally it retired to a greater altitude, but never beyond the searching illumination of their torches.

Presently, as they advanced, their attention was drawn to brown masses of something like fungi clinging to the rock overhead, but partaking so closely of the color and texture of the stone that they seemed, after all, to be but flinty lumps on the roof. As Bromley, who was in front, came to a point where the ceiling swung so low as to be within reach, he swept the flame of his torch across one of these brown patches, and straightway the stifling air was filled with a squeaking, unearthly chorus, and with the beating of innumerable wings. Scorched by the flame and blinded by the light, many of these disabled creatures, which proved to be a colony of bats, fluttered to the

floor, and dashed against the bare feet of the soldiers with a clammy touch that made cold chills rise in their hair. This was too much for Philip, who turned back to join Tumbler in the open air at the mouth of the cavern.

At the same time, however, the offensive odor was accounted for, and they had no further fear of meeting larger animals as they advanced. As a lover of animals, George was shocked at the cruel consequences of his rash action; as a bold explorer, however, he pushed on into the gruesome darkness at a pace that soon left Coleman's prudent feet far behind. The latter had a wholesome fear of treading on some yielding crust which might precipitate him to other and more terrible depths.

The way seemed to turn somewhat as they advanced; for at times the light of George's torch vanished behind the projection of one or the other wall, and at such times Coleman called eagerly to him to wait. Bromley's cheery voice, evidently advancing, came ringing back so distinctly that his companion was reassured by his seeming nearness. Once, when the darkness had continued for a long time in front, Coleman began to be alarmed at the thought that Bromley's torch must have gone out, and then the fear that he might have fallen into some fissure in the rocks made him cold about the heart.

Lieutenant Coleman was now picking his way more gingerly than ever, and holding his light high above his head, when, to add to his terror, he thought he heard something approaching behind him. Sure enough, when he turned about, in the darkness of the cavern just beyond the illumination of his torch he saw two gleaming eyes. The eyes were fixed upon him, and the head of the animal moved from side to side, but came no nearer. He would have given worlds for the carbine. His blood ran cold in his veins at the thought of his terrible situation. He was utterly helpless, hemmed in by the rocks. It was impossible to go back. He could only go forward.' He remembered then that the fiercest of wild animals, even lions and tigers, kept back in the darkness and glared all night with their hungry eyes at the fires of hunters. He was safe, then, to go on, but a dreadful conflict was in store for the two men

if the animal should follow them out of the cave.

Bromley's torch now reappeared in the distance. Coleman was too terrified to call, but instead moved on in silence, occasionally flaring his torch behind him, and always seeing the gleaming eyes when he looked back. Try as he would, he could get no farther from them. There were occasional stumbling-blocks in the way, and once or twice he encountered rocks around which he was obliged to pass. Whenever Coleman turned and waved the torch, the animal whined as if he too were in fear.

Terrified as Lieutenant Coleman was, he could not help noticing that the brown colonies of bats now appeared more frequently on the stone ceiling, and presently the air grew perceptibly fresher as he advanced. He began to realize the presence of a gray light apart from that of his torch; and finally coming sharply around a projecting rock, he saw the welcome light of day streaming in through a wide opening in the rocks, and at one side, thrust into a crevice, George's torch was flaring and smoking in the wind. Coleman placed his torch with the other, hoping that the lights would continue to protect them from the animal, and then he sprang out of the cavern into the sweet open air, with that joyous feeling of relief which can be understood only by one who has passed through a similar experience.

George was standing in the dry grass, with a great stone in each hand, as if he already knew their danger and was prepared; but when Coleman told him in hurried words what they had to expect, he dropped the stones, and they began to look about for a place of safety. It was not far to a high rock on to which they both scrambled, and then Bromley let himself down again, and passed up a number of angular stones for ammunition. Whatever the mysterious beast might be, they could keep him off from the rock for a time, but they were not prepared for a siege. They had little to say to each other, and that in whispers, as they strained their eyes to look into the entrance to the cavern. Bromley, however, was softly humming a tune, and just as Coleman looked up at him in astonishment he dropped the stones from his hands and burst into laughter;

and sure enough, there in the mouth of the cavern stood their tame bear, Tumbler, wag- ing his chops after the feast he had made on some of the bats which had been dislodged.



EXPLORING THE CAVE OF THE BATS. (SEE PAGE 831.)

Lieutenant Coleman had been so alarmed at first, and then afterward so gratified at the happy outcome of his adventure, that he had not noticed the character of the stones which Bromley had been handling. It was not until his attention was called to a flake of mica that he looked around him along the ground and discovered there many blocks and flakes of what is commonly called isinglass. The soldiers could now have something far better than old wooden shutters for the windows of the cabin.

By a certain gnarled chestnut which overhung the cliff above them, growing out of the hill above the spring, they estimated the length of the subterranean passage to be not less than a quarter of a mile. The sun, which had broken through the clouds, indicated by the angle

of his rays that the afternoon was well past. They now thought it advisable to retrace their steps through the unsavory cavern. In view of the stifling passage, Coleman inhaled deep draughts of the sweet outer air, and shuddered involuntarily at the necessity of repeating the experience,

they should succeed in striking it with their flints, they had no means of carrying it a hundred yards into the darkness.

The situation was frightful. Outside, the perpendicular cliff rose a matter of sixty feet to the overhanging trees of the plateau, and close to the south ledge, which towered above it. The two men and the bear were prisoners on this barren shelf of rocks, with a quarter of a mile of subterraneous darkness separating them from food and shelter — from life itself. Was it their destiny, Coleman thought, to die of starvation among these inhospitable rocks, hung like a speck between the plateau and the valley, watched by the circling eagles and by the patient buzzards, who would perch on the nearer tree-tops to await their dissolution? The very thought of the situation unmanned him.

Lieutenant Coleman was not a man to shrink from enemies whom he could see; but the darkness and the dangers of the half-explored cavern terrified him. Corporal Bromley, on the other hand, was only made angry by the loss of the torches; and the livid expression of his face reminded his comrade of the morning when they had received the news of General Sherman's death before the works at Atlanta. In a moment, however, he was calm. Without a word, he walked away among the rocks, and when he came back he held in his hands a lithe pole ten or twelve feet long.

"Not a very interesting outlook, Fred, for a man who would rather be eating his supper," said George, trying the strength of his pole; "but you must be patient and amuse yourself as best you can."

Lieutenant Coleman stared at him in speechless amazement as he disappeared into the cavern, carrying the pole across his breast. It was something less than courage — it was the utter absence of the instinct of fear which the others had so often noticed in his character. Would he succeed the better for the very want of this quality with which the All-Wise has armed animal life for its protection? Perhaps.

The bear was snuffing about Coleman as if he were trying to understand why he remained; and when he failed to attract his attention, he turned about and shambled after Bromley.

Although Coleman was deeply concerned by



"BEYOND THE ILLUMINATION OF HIS TORCH, HE SAW TWO GLEAMING EYES."

George handed him a piece of the mica to carry, and his careless, happy mood indicated that he returned to the subterraneous passage as gaily as if it were a pleasant walk overland. As they drew near the entrance to the cavern, with the bear shambling at their heels, an indefinable dread of trouble ahead took possession of Coleman. It might have been the absence of the resinous smell of the torches. At all events, they were presently standing in the gruesome half-light before the empty crevice, through which they could see their pine-knots still burning fifty feet below in an inner cavern. As their torches had burned to the edge of the rock they had fallen through the opening. They were without fire, and if

even when he knew the animal now following him was only stupid old Tumbler.

the dangers which threatened his comrade, he reasoned with certainty that wherever Bromley was, he was as calm as an oyster, regarding his progress as only a question of time and some bruises.

To keep his mind away from the cavern, he rose mechanically, and began to gather up the fragments of mica and heap them together. For an hour he threaded his way among the rocks, thus employed. The glittering heap grew larger, for the supply was quite inexhaustible, and he discovered fresh deposits on every hand.

It was now grown quite dark, and he made his way to the mouth of the cavern, vainly hoping to see a star advancing in the darkness, but only to meet a flight of bats wheeling out into the night. Carefully he crept back and seated himself on a smooth stone by the side of his store of mica, and imagined himself a hunter in the middle of a trackless desert, dying for a drop of water beside a princely fortune in accumulated elephants' tusks. When he looked up the dark mass of the tree-crowned cliff cut softly against a lighter gloom; but when he turned his eyes away from the mountain, the sky or the clouds, or whatever it might be, seemed to surround him and press upon him. Oh, for one star in the distance to lift the sky from his head; or, better yet, the calm face of the moon, and the touch of its yellow light on tree and stone! Instead of anything so cheerful, a patter of raindrops met his upturned face, as if in mockery of his wish; and then the rain increased to a steady downpour, beating from the east, and he knew the autumnal equinox was upon them. He reflected that George might never feel the rain. Miserable thought! What if he were to perish in the darkness, separated from him and from Philip, after having lived so long together! Coleman might have sought shelter in the mouth of the cavern; but he was indifferent to the rain falling on his bare back and canvas trousers.

How long he had been waiting — two hours or three — he had no means of telling. His watch had long since ceased to run. Up on the plateau they had noon-marks at the house and at the mill, and at night, when it was clear, they went out and looked at the seven stars. He was thoroughly drenched by the rain, which

had now been falling for a long time. Certainly George should have returned before this, if all had gone well with him. And then his mind returned to the contemplation of that other possibility with a perverseness over which he could exercise no control. He saw him lost in some undiscovered byway of the subterranean passage, groping his way hopelessly into the center of the mountain; knowing that he was lost when, go which way he would, his pole no longer reached the walls. He saw him retracing his steps, now going this way, now that, but always going he knew not whither, too brave to yield to despair.

Then he fancied him in a lower cavern, where he had fallen through the floor, groping about the rough walls with bleeding hands and staring eyes, patiently searching for a foothold, his indomitable pluck never failing him. Horrible as these fancies were, others more dreadful oppressed his half-wakeful mind; for he was so tired that in spite of the rain he lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, in which he dreamed that the roof of that suffocating cavern, covered with the brown blotches of bats, was settling slowly upon George, until he could no longer walk erect. Lower, lower it came in its fearful descent, until it bumped his head as he crawled. Now the roof grazes his back as he writhes on the ground like a snake.

“Fred! Old boy! Fred!”

And there stood Bromley in the flesh, as calm as if nothing unusual had happened, the raindrops hissing in the flame of his torch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS AND THE PRISMATIC FOWLS.

OWING to the difficulties of the passage through the cave of the bats, and the utter barrenness of the rocky half-acre which lay at its other end, the three soldiers never entered it again during the fall and winter which followed its discovery. The two blocks of isinglass which they had brought away on their first visit were ample for their purposes; and as soon as they had secured their supply of fat pine-knots for light in the long winter evenings, they set about constructing two windows to take the

place of the sliding boards which closed those openings in the cold, snowy days. It is true, they could not look out through the new windows, but much light could enter where all had been darkness before. Time was nothing to the soldiers in these late autumn days; and, indeed, the more of it they could spend on any work they undertook, the more such work contributed to their contentment and happiness. They wished to have their windows ornamental as well as useful; and it was Philip's suggestion that they should try an imitation of stained glass.

They had some of the carbine cartridges left; and as they no longer killed any creatures, the bullets would supply them with lead to unite the small pieces of isinglass, and outline their designs. One of the mica blocks chanced to be of a pale-green color, and they made many experiments to produce reds and blues. Oxide of iron, or the common red iron-rust, gave a rich carmine powder, which, mixed with the white of an egg, adhered to the inner side of the small panes. They found a few dried huckleberries, from which they extracted a strong blue by boiling. They could procure yellow only by beating a small bit of gold to the thinnest leaf, which they pasted upon the flake of mica. The red and blue, as they applied them, were of course water-colors; but the inner side of the windows was not exposed to the rain. After the one square window, which looked toward the Cove and consequently let in the afternoon sun, was finished in a fantastic arrangement of the three rich colors, bordered by pale-green, it was decided, with great enthusiasm, to reproduce in the opposite window their dear old flag with its thirty-five stars. To do this, they cut away the logs on one side until they had doubled the area of the opening. They managed to stiffen the frame on the inner side with strips of dogwood which made a single cross against the light, leaving the blue field of stars unobstructed.

It was a great comfort to their patriotic hearts to see the sun glowing on their United States window when they awoke in the morning; or to see the ruddy firelight dancing on the old flag, if one of them came in from the mill or the branch in the evening. In fact,

when this work was finished, the three soldiers, wrapped in their faded blue overcoats, were never tired of walking about outside their house, in the chilly November evenings, to admire their first art-work illuminated by the torch-light within. Their tough, bare feet, insensible to the sharp stones and the gray hoar-frost, wore away the withered grass opposite to each of their stained-glass windows; but the patch of trodden earth outside the window which showed the glowing stripes and gleaming stars of the old flag was much the larger.

Otherwise their prospects for the winter were by no means so brilliant as their windows; for besides the failure in the potato crop, the white grubs had made sad havoc with their corn in two successive plantings, and the yield in October had been alarmingly light. Even the chestnuts had been subject to a blight; and altogether it was what the farmers would call "a bad year." The fowls had increased to an alarming extent, considering the necessity of feeding so many, and as winter approached their eggs were fewer than ever. The case was not so bad that it would be necessary to shorten their rations, as they had done before the harvest of the first year; but with so many mouths to feed, there was danger that they would find themselves without seed for the next planting. Then, too, there was a very grave danger that before spring these stubborn vegetarians would be forced to resort to broiled chicken, spiced with gunpowder, a thing nearly as repulsive to their minds as leaving the mountain, and going down into a triumphant Confederacy.

The bear, at least, would require no feeding, and with the very first snow, old Tumbler disappeared as usual, making the soldiers rather wish that, for this particular winter, the winter sleep could be practised by human animals as well as by bears.

After Christmas the weather became unusually cold, and the winds swept with terrific force across the top of the mountain. The snow was so deep that the path they dug to the mill was banked above their heads as they walked in it, and the mill itself showed only its half-roof of shingles and its long water-trough above the surface of the snow. From the trough huge icicles were pendent, and it was

ornamented with great curves of snow; and when Philip set the wheels in motion, a gray dust rose above the bank, and the whir of the grinding as heard at the house was subdued and muffled like the very ghost of a sound. The soldiers dug open spaces to give light, outside the stained-glass windows, and through these the evening firelight repeated the gorgeous colors on the snow.

From the path to the mill they dug a branch path to the forge and tunneled a passage to the water, from which they broke the ice every day. Short as was their supply of corn, they were obliged to feed it to the fowls with a lavish hand, as long as the deep snow remained. This kept them busy shelling the ears by the fire in the warm house, after they had brought them in from the mill or the forge, and half a gunny-sack of corn was thrown out on the snow at the morning and evening feeding. Since the hut of the Old Man of the Mountain had been made into a forge, the fowls had roosted in the branches of the old chestnuts and had got on very well, even in the winters that were past. With full crops, they seemed to be thriving equally well during the severe cold which attended the period of deep snow.

The fifteenth of January in the new year, which was 1871, was the first of a four-days' thaw. The sun beamed with unusual heat on the mountain, and under his rays the snow rapidly disappeared, and the ground came to light again, with its store of dry seeds. The three-pronged tracks of the fowls were printed everywhere in the soft top-soil, where they scampered about in pursuit of grubs and worms. On the fourth day the avalanche fell from the great boulder into the Cove, with the usual mid-winter crashes and reverberations, and the sound of its fall reminded Philip of his narrow escape the winter before.

On the evening of this fourth day, the thaw was followed by a light rain, which froze as it fell, and developed into a regular ice-storm during the night. When the three soldiers looked out on the morning of the nineteenth, they found their house coated with ice, and the mountain-top a scene of glittering enchantment. Every tree and bush was coated with a transparent armor of glass. The lithe limbs of the

birches and young chestnuts were bent downward in graceful curves by the weight of the ice, which, under the rays of the rising sun glittered and scintillated with all the colors of the rainbow. Every rock and stone had its separate casing, and every weed and blade of grass was stiffened with a tiny shining overcoat. The stalks on the plantation stood up like a glittering field of pikes.

Despite the difficulty of walking over the uneven ground and the slippery rocks, they made their way, not without occasional falls, to the western side of the plateau to observe the effect in the Cove. Philip was in raptures over the prismatic variety of colors, picking out and naming the tints with a childish glee and with a subtle appreciation of color that far outran the limited vision of his comrades, and made them think that Sherman Territory had possibly defrauded the world below of a first-rate artist.

As they turned back toward the house Bromley remarked that it was strange they had not been awakened as usual by the crowing of the cocks. Indeed, the stillness of the hour was remarkable. It was strange that while they had lain in their bunks after daybreak, they had not heard the cocks answering one another from one end of the plateau to the other.

Usually they heard first the clear, ringing note of some knowing old bird burst loud and shrill from under the very window, and then the pert reply of some upstart youngster who had not yet learned to manage his crow, drifting faintly back from the rocks to the west; then straightway all the crowsers of all ages, and of every condition of shrillness and hoarseness, tried for five mortal minutes to crow one another down; and when one weak, far-away chicken seemed to have had the last word, another would break the stillness, and the strident contest would begin again.

In leaving the house, they had been so enchanted by the hues of the ice-storm that they now remembered they had not so much as turned their eyes in the direction of the mill. When they came upon the brow of the hill which overlooked the mill,—which was a silver mill now,—the limbs of the trees which stretched along the bank beyond were crowded with the fowls, at least four hundred of them, sitting

still on their perches. Philip, who fell down in his eagerness, and rolled over on the ice, remarked as he got upon his feet that it was too knowing a flock of birds to leave the sure hold it had on the limbs, to come down onto the slippery ground.

As the soldiers came nearer, however, they noticed that their fowls in the sunlight were quite the most brilliant objects they had seen; for their red combs and parti-colored feathers made a rich showing through a transparent coating of ice which enveloped them like shells and held them fast to the limbs where they sat. Whether they had been frozen stiff, or smothered by the icy envelope, they were unable to determine; but they could see that all the fowls had met with a very beautiful death, except five or six of the toughest old roosters, who had managed to crack the icy winding sheet about their bills. One of these, who had more life in him than the others, made a dismal attempt to crow when he caught sight of the soldiers coming to the rescue.

Bromley hastened to get from the mill the ladder and the hatchet, and wherever a living bird was to be seen, he put up the ladder regardless of the dead ones, which broke off and fell down, and chipping the ice about its claws, removed it tenderly to the ground. In the end the three soldiers carried just two apiece, one under each arm, of the tough old veterans into the house, and, not daring to bring them near the fire, set them up to thaw gradually against the inner side of the door. Then they made a pot of "hasty pudding" for their own breakfast; but before they touched it themselves they fed a little of it steaming hot to each reviving old bird. In fact, the poor fowls looked so much like colored glass images, when tilted against the door, that fearing at any moment they might topple over and break into fragments, they laid each rooster carefully on his side, where the ice melted by degrees into sloppy pools on the floor.

The soldiers looked on full of sympathy, and fed their patients now and then with a small portion of warm pudding, and finally, remembering their medicine-chest, which they had never yet had occasion to use, they waited patiently until the ice melted so that they could

handle the fowls without danger of breaking them, and then they held each old bird up by the neck, and carefully dosed him with a fitting restorative.

And now, having done their duty by the living, they went outside to look at the dead, which were if possible more beautiful than ever. The sun was unusually warm, and by this time everything was dripping and glittering in the light, which was half-blinding, and the thin ice was snapping everywhere as the lightened limbs sought to regain their natural positions. As to the dead fowls, a few of them had fallen to the ground, but most of them remained rigidly perched on the great limbs, dripping a shower of rain-drops upon the ice below. Here and there, where a few rays of the sun had found passage, a section of the icy coating had turned so that a half dozen fowls hung heads downward.

By afternoon they began to fall off the branches like ripened fruit, and to drop on the ground with a dull blow like apples in an orchard on a windy day. It was a dismal sound in the ears of the three soldiers, and a sad sight to see the heaps of dead fowls as they accumulated on the ground.

The military training of these young men had taught them to make the most of every reverse, and if possible to turn a defeat into victory, and so they fell to work and plucked off a great quantity of soft feathers, and all the next day was spent in skinning the breasts, which they would find some way to cure and make into covers for their beds, or even garments. A portion of the bodies they tried out over the fire, and made a brave supply of oil for the mill, and then the poor remains were thrown over the cliff.

The loss of the fowls brought with it only one evident advantage—it left plenty of corn for planting.

The six old roosters remained alive in a crippled and deformed condition, the most dismal looking fowls that can be imagined. But when the warm days came after this trying winter, it was a queer sight to see the three soldiers walking about the top of the mountain with the sad survivors of their poultry-yard wabbling at their heels.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

THE long cold winter of 1870, which froze all the fowls except the six sad roosters, and followed the failure of the potato and corn



"HE WAS DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES UPON THE TURF." (SEE PAGE 841.)

crop, was disastrous to the bees also. The gums had increased to a fine long row in the years that followed the capture of the first swarm discovered by Tumbler, the bear, and the honey had been a welcome addition to the soldiers' simple fare; but the cold weather had destroyed every swarm, leaving only bee-bread

and some half consumed old combs from which the dead bees had fallen in a dry mass upon the bench below.

While Coleman and Bromley were engaged in planting, Philip was making an effort to find a new bee-tree. He had noticed some bees buzzing about the wild flowers on the ridge by the old flagging-station, and he determined to "line" them by a method he had seen his uncle practise when he was a boy in Ohio. He made him a little box with a sliding cover, into which he put a small honey-comb, and taking the old yellow rooster under one arm for company,—or perhaps for luck,—he went over to where the flowers grew near the northern end of the plateau. He set down the old rooster on the ground and opened the box on a stone in front of him, and waited, watching his bait.

It was something like fishing in the old mill-pond, of which he had once been fond, and he found a singular fascination about watching the opening in the box as he used to watch his bobber. The June weather on the mountain was like May in the Ohio valley, and the sweet smell of the flowers carried his mind back to his old home. He had no longer to wait for the first nibble than he had waited in the old days for the first stir of his cork and the spreading ring on the water. A bee lighted on the lid and then made his way down into the box. After loading his legs with honey, the bee reappeared, and rising into the air flew away to the south. Philip followed the small insect with his eyes, and then picking up the old rooster he went on for a hundred yards in the same direction, and set his bait as before. This time he had two bees in his box at once, and when they had loaded themselves they flew

away in the same direction as the first had taken. They disappeared so soon above the tree-tops that he thought the swarm was not far away, but every time he advanced, the loaded bees continued to fly south, until he had moved the paralyzed old rooster by easy stages the whole length of the plateau; and the bees, which came in greater numbers now, rose into the air and flew in a "bee-line" over the top of the southern cliff.

Philip was as disgusted at this issue of his bee-hunt, as any fisherman, after wading to his middle in a cold river to humor a

worms, and saved the crumbs that fell from the table.

It appeared possible to the minds of the soldiers that the liver-colored slabs of fungus which grew out of the sides of the chestnut-trees and the birches might be as palatable and nourishing as mushrooms. One day they broke off one of these pieces, which was shaped like the half of an inverted saucer, and was moist and clammy on the under side. They had a suspicion that such things were poison. They had never heard of any one eating the like, and after they had

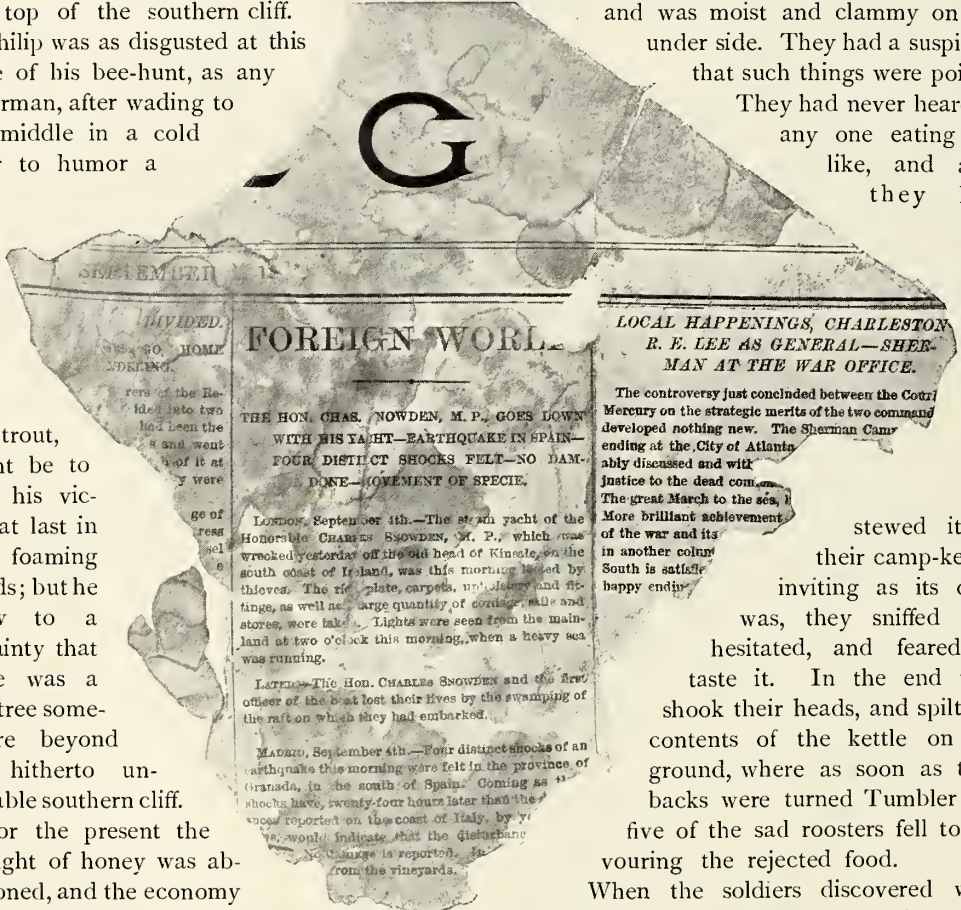
fine trout, might be to lose his victim at last in the foaming rapids; but he knew to a certainty that there was a bee-tree somewhere beyond the hitherto unscalable southern cliff.

For the present the thought of honey was abandoned, and the economy of the camp, where food was now alarmingly low, was cunningly exercised to discover edible things in lieu of the corn, which, after the planting, was all stored in the nine gunny sacks that had fallen from the balloon. The sacks were piled one upon another in a small heap behind the hopper in the mill, and the sad roosters had to shift for themselves as best they could, except the old fellow who was paralyzed, and for him they gathered grubs and

stewed it in their camp-kettle, inviting as its odor was, they sniffed and hesitated, and feared to taste it. In the end they shook their heads, and spilt the contents of the kettle on the ground, where as soon as their backs were turned Tumbler and five of the sad roosters fell to devouring the rejected food.

When the soldiers discovered what their domestic animals were about, the bear was licking his chops and the old roosters were waltzing about in the grass picking up the last morsels of the feast. They regretted their carelessness, and rather expected that before night the old paralyzed rooster would be their only living companion on the mountain.

When, however, the bear and the five sad roosters survived the test, and seemed rather to flourish on the new food, the soldiers took



THE SCRAP OF PAPER.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

heart, and found the fungus not only good but so much like meat that it was quite startling to their vegetarian palates.

After eating all of this peculiar food-product that grew on the plateau, they gleaned the field above the deep gorge, and as a last resort they made a hunting expedition to the half acre of rocks and brambles where they had found the mica. Terrible as the passage through the cavern had at first seemed to the mind of Lieutenant Coleman, the lapse of time and a better acquaintance with the interior of the subterranean tunnel made it but a commonplace covered way to the field of mica. Not that the soldiers had any further use for the mineral wealth which was so lavishly strewn among the rocks. It was as valueless to them now, as the buttonhook found in the handbag of alligator-skin. To go now and then through the underground passage, however, if only for the purpose of looking at the world outside from the view-point of their newest territorial possession, was a temptation which no landed proprietors could resist. The little shelf afforded them a glimpse to the south of the Cove road, which on account of certain intervening trees was not to be had from the plateau above. Several cabins with smoking chimneys could be seen in the small clearings which surrounded them, but since the telescope had gone into the avalanche with Philip, there was but poor satisfaction in looking at them.

They found a single piece of the liver-colored fungus growing on the root of a half decayed old chestnut, and even this they regarded as well worth their journey. They spent some time wandering about the mica shelf, and when Lieutenant Coleman and Philip were boring their torches into the ground, one after the other, to rid them of the dead coal, and getting ready for the start back, Bromley, who had been poking about among the rocks, called to them in a tone of voice that indicated a very important discovery of some kind. He was down on his hands and knees upon the turf, and as his comrades approached him, he exclaimed excitedly :

"I have n't touched it yet. Just come here and look!"

Naturally, Coleman and Philip thought he

had found some curious reptile. Instead, however, of this being the case, Bromley was kneeling over a scrap of newspaper which was impaled on a dead twig under the shelter of a rock where neither the sun nor the rain could reach it. The torn fragment was scarcely larger than the palm of one's hand, and snugly as it was now protected from the weather, it was yellow from former exposure, and the print was much faded, so that parts of it were illegible. It was possible, however, to decipher enough of the small advertisements on the exposed side to show that it was a Charleston paper, and they knew of course that it must have come by the balloon almost a year before. Undoubtedly it had lain for a long time on the plateau above, exposed to the storms before the wind had tossed it over the cliff and landed it in such a wonderful way on the twig under the cover of the rock.

On the reverse side most of the print was fairly legible. The scrap was torn from the top of the paper and had on it a capital G, which was the only letter left of the name of the paper. The line below read "September (day of month gone), 18—." The center column was headed :

FOREIGN WORL

The Hon. Charles Snowden, M. P., goes down with his yacht — Earthquake in Spain; four distinct shocks felt — No damage done — Movement of specie.

London, September 4th. The steam-yacht of the Honorable Charles Snowden, M. P., which was wrecked yesterday off the old Head of Kinsale on the south coast of Ireland, was this morning looted by thieves. The rigging, plate, carpets, upholstery and fittings, as well as a large quantity of storage, sails and stores, were taken. Lights were seen from the main land at two o'clock this morning, when a heavy sea was running.

Later. The Hon. Charles Snowden and the first officer of the boat lost their lives by the swamping of the raft on which they had embarked.

Madrid, September 4th. Four distinct shocks of an earthquake this morning were felt in the province of Granada, in the south of Spain. Coming as these shocks have, twenty-four hours later than the ones reported on the coast of Italy by the same authorities, would indicate that the disturbance

No damage is reported. In some parts from the vineyards.

What remained of the right-hand column bore, to the soldiers, these surprising words, in sentences and parts of sentences :

LOCAL HAPPENINGS, CHARLESTON
R. E. LEE AS GENERAL—SHER-
MAN AT THE WAR OFFICE.

The controversy just concluded between the Couri Mercury on the strategic merits of the two command developed nothing new. The Sherman Cam ending at the city of Atlanta ably discussed and with justice to the dead Comma the great March to the sea b More brilliant achievement of the war and its in another colum South is satisfie happy endin

When Coleman and Philip caught the first glimpse of the scrap of paper, tattered and yellow, they believed it to be some fragment of the Blue Book, which they themselves had discarded. The exposed surface was almost as free of print as if it had been treated with potash, and looked as insignificant as a dried leaf, or a section of corn-husk. Bromley, on the other hand, had examined it more closely, and just as Coleman began to laugh at him, he put out his hand and removed the scrap of paper from the twig that held it fast; and as he turned it over to the light, he was nearly as much surprised as his companions.

The three were down on their knees in an instant, eagerly devouring the words of the headlines; and Philip being on the right, it happened that his eyes were the first to fall on the name of General Sherman.

“‘Sherman at the War Office!’” he cried. “What does that mean?”

“It means we have been deceived,” said Coleman. “I —”

“Hurrah!” cried Philip, leaping up and dancing about until the rags of his tattered clothing fluttered in the sunlight. “Hurrah! Uncle Billy is alive! He never was killed at all! If that message was false, they were all false — all lies! lies! What fools we have been? We must leave the mountain to-morrow — to-night.”

“We have been the victims of an infamous

deception!” exclaimed Lieutenant Coleman. “Let us get back to the house at once, and determine what is to be done.”

Against undue haste Bromley remonstrated feebly, for he himself was laboring under unusual excitement. His eyes were so dimmed by a suffusion of something very like tears — tears of anger — that he could read no further for the moment, so he put the paper carefully into his pocket, and picked up his torch and followed his comrades sulkily into the cavern.

Upon Bromley’s peculiar character, this new revelation had a depressing effect. He still entertained doubts. If the new hope was finally realized, his joy would be as deep and sincere as that of the others. For the present, the thought that they might all along have been deceived angered him. He had an inclination to stop even then and examine the paper more fully by torchlight; but the underground passage was long, and the pine-knot he carried was burning low. He felt obliged to hasten on after Coleman and Philip, who were now considerably in advance. They were still in view, however, and as he held the torch to one side, that which he saw far up the narrowing cavern had a softening effect on his conflicting emotions. He even laughed at the grotesque exhibition; for the small figures of Coleman and Philip were dancing and hugging each other and dashing their torches against the rocks in a way that made them look like mad salamanders in the circling flames and sparks.

Such reckless enthusiasm was a condition of mind which George could not understand; but the possibility occurred to him that in their wild excitement they might set fire to the house as a beacon-light to the people in the valley; for they could never get away from the plateau without help from beyond the deep gorge.

To prevent, if possible, any rash action on the part of his more excited comrades, Bromley hurried his pace, and in the effort to overtake them, soon found himself leaping over obstacles and dodging corners of the rocky wall in a wild race, which tended to excite even his phlegmatic nature. As he ran on, that magical sentence, “Sherman at the War Office,” stood out in black letters before his eyes. What war office? If the paper referred to the war office

of the United States, it would have certainly so designated a department of a foreign government. If there were two governments, it would be necessary to say which war office was meant. If the old government in whose military service he had enlisted as a boy had regained its own, the phrase "Sherman at the War Office" would be natural and correct; and with this triumphant conviction he ran on the faster. On the other hand, if the Confederacy had gained everything!—at the sickening thought, his feet became so heavy that his speed relapsed into a labored walk, and the oppressive air of the cavern seemed to stifle him.

He would reach his companions as soon as possible, and compel them to examine the scrap of paper, and weigh its every word. It was beginning to dawn on Bromley that they had all acted like children; and when he finally came out at the entrance to the cave of the bats into the subdued light under the dark pines, he found Philip and Coleman waiting for him, and clamoring for another look at the scrap of paper.

There was not much to read in the fraction of a column that interested them most, but Philip and Coleman were determined to twist the meager context to the support of their new hopes, and Bromley naturally took the opposite view, heartily wishing that the others might prove him mistaken. There was something in the reading of the broken sentences that tended to quiet the enthusiasm of Lieutenant Coleman, and when Bromley could make himself heard, he called attention to the second sentence, "The Sherman Campaign ending at the — Atlanta, ably discussed," and "Justice to the *dead commander*." What dead commander, if not General Sherman? If he had lived, his campaign would not have ended at Atlanta. It was evident that there had been a newspaper controversy in Charleston on the merits of two campaigns by Sherman and Lee—The Atlanta Campaign and the March to the Sea—whatever that might be. The latter, Bromley thought, was clearly some achievement of Lee's. And then he remembered a prophecy he had made on the night when they had changed the name of the plateau to Sherman Territory.

"It proves," cried Bromley, "just what I

foresaw: that after the capture of Washington, Lee led his army across Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, living on the country, to meet the foreign allies of the Confederacy in the harbor of New York. It was certainly a brilliant military movement. Look," he cried, when the others were silent, "'South is satisfied—happy ending—'"

"But," said Philip, still obstinate, "what do you make of those five words 'Sherman at the War Office?' How do you get around that?"

"Why, my dear boy," said Bromley, "this is only the heading of a newspaper article. It does not mean that General Sherman was at the war office in person. It simply refers to General Sherman's record in the War Department."

After all their excitement, Coleman and Philip were obliged to give way to the convincing evidence revealed in the broken sentences. They were too tired by this time to consider the bits of foreign news, or notice the dates, and it was quite dark when they reached the house and went dejected and supperless to bed.

The next morning they got down the map, and looked ruefully at the States which Lee must have devastated in his triumphant march. With the consent of the others, Bromley took a pen and traced the probable route by Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Trenton to the Jersey coast of New York harbor. Bromley was determined to lay out the line of march by Harrisburg, and was only restrained by physical force, which resulted in blotting the map at the point where his clumsy line was arrested. They agreed, however, that Lee's victorious army had undoubtedly camped on the lower bay and along the Raritan river, in the country between Perth Amboy and the old battlefield of Monmouth. They were convinced that the map was utterly wrong, for after such a march it was doubtful if there were any United States at all. The disaster appeared more overwhelming than ever, and they hung the map back on the wall—in another place, however, for it was discovered that the rain had beaten through the logs and run down across the Pacific side. Poor as the map was, they were determined to preserve it.

THE PRINCE'S CAKE.

A Fairy-tale with
a variety of
morals.

BY ELSIE HILL.



“Nay, but,” she whispered, “naught is mine

Save a handful of wheat-flour white and fine,

The gray hen’s egg,

And the milk I beg,

Morning and night, from Columbine.

“T will be plain,” she sighed, “for a prince — yet stay!” —

And she clapped her hands — “I found, to-day,

By the old south wall,

Where the grass grows tall,

Such sweet wild strawberries hidden away!”

THERE was joy at the court of Nevergrow-old:

Thirteen summers the Prince had told.

Drums were drumming,

Guests were coming,

And the birthday-cake was just getting cold,

When — oh! that such a mishap should befall! —

Cook was away with the watch-boy tall,

And the forester’s hound

Leaped in with a bound,

And gobbled the cake up, candles and all!

Cried the kind little kitchen-maid, “Oh and oh!

If they find it out, they will *beat* him so!

Though Cook’s to blame, —

Poor, cross old dame, —

I’ll make one myself, and none shall know!

So she beat a marvelous batter,
Baked it (that was a serious matter!),



“I’LL MAKE ONE MYSELF, AND NONE SHALL KNOW!”



"SAID HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS: 'THIS IS CAKE!'"

And a proud little page
In silver and sage,
Bore it away on a golden platter.

But, try as they would,
Not one of them could
Hit on a cake that was "half so nice."

Said his Royal Highness, "This *is* cake!
My regards to Cook, and tell her to bake
Straightway another
Just like the other,
And serve it for breakfast,
without mistake."

And whenever a loaf to the Prince was sent,
"T was very good, as far as it went,"
He 'd politely say,
As they took it away,—
"But not in the least like the cake
I meant!"

Which she did: but it was n't
the same, you see;
And the Prince was vexed as
a prince could be,
Since never a crumb
Of pound-cake or plum
Followed the little maid's recipe.



Dainties none but a prince may
eat:
Honey like sunshine, warm and
sweet;
Grapes in dusky
Clusters, and
musky
Citron born of trop-
ical heat;

Dozens of cooks appeared in a trice,
Armed with raisins, sugar, and spice;



"DOZENS OF COOKS APPEARED IN A TRICE."



“HE ’S WAN AND PALE,
AND THIN AS A RAIL,
MY POOR, UNFORTUNATE, STARVING CHILD!”



“HASTE, YE HERALDS!”

All things costly and rich and rare
From the ends of the earth they brought
with care;
But the berries sweet
At their very feet—
Nobody even knew they were there!

And the Prince grew silent, and *never*
smiled,
Till his Queen mama was nearly wild.

“He ’s wan and pale,
And thin as a rail,
My poor, unfortunate, starving child!

“Haste, ye heralds, and quick!” she cried;
“To every king’s daughter, far and wide,
Proclaim that the one
Who cures my son
Shall share his kingdom, a blissful bride.”



Then he looked at the little maid trembling there.

She was n't a princess born, 't was true,
Though her eyes were a princess's, brave
and blue;

But—he glanced at the cake,
And said he: "I'll take
Her for my Queen without more ado!"

"IF YOU PLEASE, I'LL BAKE
FOR OUR PRINCE A CAKE!"

And one could dance like a thistledown-
wing;

And one could play, and a third
could sing;

But of pastry-cooks
Or cookery-books

Nobody ever had taught them a
thing:

Till down in the scullery, half
afraid,

Sudden upspoke a dear little maid:

"If you please, I'll bake
For our Prince a cake!"

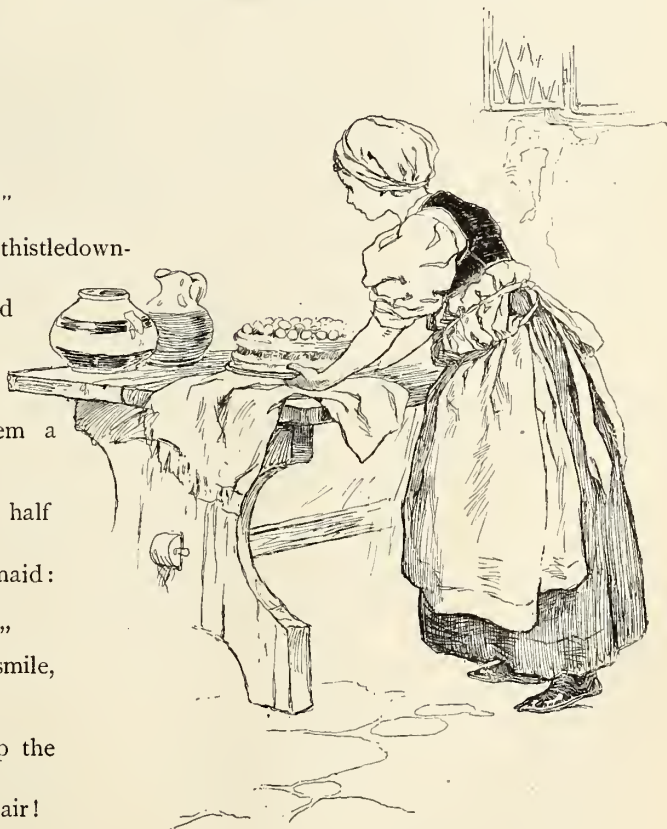
With a curtsy shy, and a smile,
she said.

And lo! when she carried it up the
stair

Ah, what a fragrance filled the air!

The Prince in delight

Took just — one — bite;



So once more the court knew the peace and quiet
 Of happy hearts—and a wholesome diet;
 And the King and the Queen
 Lived long, I ween;
 And their wedding-cake?—no, they *did n't* buy it!



THEY 'RE HIS.

BY A. L. BUNNER.

WHEN I go to bed at night,
 You'd wonder that I dare
 To go into the room at all—
 If I told you what was there.

There's an elephant and a tiger,
 And a monkey and a bear;

A lion with a shaggy mane
 And most ferocious air.

But I think perhaps my bravery
 Will not excite surprise
 When I tell you that their master
 In a crib beside them lies.

SOME COMMON BEES, AND HOW THEY LIVE.

BY A. HYATT VERRILL.



HAT reader of ST. NICHOLAS is not acquainted with the Bumblebee, that happy-go-lucky, clumsy rover, the very mention of whose name brings up visions of summer skies, broad fields

pink with clover, or meadows golden with buttercups, from which comes the ceaseless, hot, sleepy sound of her droning? But well known as she is, how many know how our busy black-and-yellow friend lives?

In early spring, when the meadows first take on a tinge of green, and the apple-trees put forth their rosy buds, we may often see a single large Bumblebee flying low and swiftly back and forth across the lawns or pastures.

These great bees are the queens who have just awakened from their long winter's sleep, and are now seeking some favored spot wherein to commence housekeeping and found a colony; for these insects, like their cousin the Honey-bees, live in colonies consisting of three classes, or castes — "drones," or males; "queens," or females; and "workers." When our big queen has at last discovered a satisfactory building-site, usually a deserted mouse-hole, she cleans it of all rubbish and litter, and places within a ball of pollen, in which she lays her eggs. The young grubs hatch out possessed with enormous appetites, and, feeding on the pollen, eat into it in all directions. At last, when fully grown and their craving for food is satisfied, they spin cocoons of silk in the remains of the pollen, and change to pupæ. While her family is thus

sleeping quietly within their silken cells, the old queen is constantly at work building up and strengthening the cocoons with wax.

Finally, their sleep being over, the pupa-cases burst, and the young bees come forth in all their glory of black-and-golden livery and gauzy wings.

This first brood consists entirely of workers, who immediately fall to and relieve their tired mother-queen of all work and duties, with the exception of laying eggs. They fly hither and thither, always busy and industrious, now plunging into the center of a gorgeous hollyhock or a sunny dandelion, or buzzing about among the modest daisies, or diving head first into some sweet-scented, aristocratic lily or rose, always emerging from their quest for honey covered with the golden dust of pollen. The honey and the pollen thus gathered are stored away, and the eggs laid in the waxy cells from which the workers issued; and the next brood, composed of drones and young queens, feed upon this store of nectar.

Unlike the Honey-bees, the Bumblebee queens, to their credit be it said, are not of a jealous disposition, but live peacefully together in one nest until in the autumn the family breaks up, the old queens, workers, and drones perishing, while the young queens, forsaken and alone, crawl away to some protected spot, wherein to pass the winter and reappear in the spring and found another colony.

If you should examine a Bumblebee's nest, you would probably find among our busy, hard-working friends a number of individuals who never labor for their living; and although they come and go with perfect freedom, never bring pollen or honey, nor aid in making wax. These are the "Guest-bees," or Inquilines, a species which depend on their host the Bumblebee to furnish them board and rooms rent free.

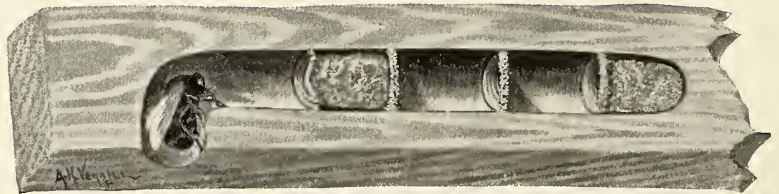
The Inquilines, like the European cuckoo or the American cow-bunting among birds, lay their

eggs by stealth in the Bumblebees' nests. The young, when hatched, are cared for by their foster-parents, and when full-grown are treated with as much consideration as though they were guests of honor. Why the Bumblebees should permit their uninvited visitors to remain with them is a mystery; for although some species closely resemble their hosts in size and color, others are quite different. It can hardly be supposed, therefore, that they are mistaken for rightful members of the colony. On this account many naturalists have thought that they perform some important service in return for their hospitable reception; but of what this duty, if any, consists has never been discovered.

If you will look carefully along the under side of the ledge on any old board fence, you will probably be rewarded by finding one or more round holes, about half an inch in diameter, and as true and smooth as though bored with an auger. By placing your ear close to the wood you may often hear a low, buzzing sound issuing from within. If you are patient, and will watch the hole for a short time or strike the wood in its vicinity a sharp blow, a large black-and-yellow insect will come tumbling forth, and fly buzzing away. "A Bumblebee!" you exclaim. "What was he doing in there?" But, nevertheless, you are mistaken; for although in general appearance she certainly does resemble our Bumblebee friends, yet should you compare the two, you would find them quite different. In our new acquaintance the stripes are pale ocher-yellow instead of the rich golden color of the Bumblebee; and the yellow pollen-baskets on the hind legs of the latter are replaced by a brush of coarse, stiff hairs.

This insect is the "large Carpenter-bee," and well named she is too, for no human carpenter could bore neater holes, or chisel out the wood to form a dry and cozy home better than does this little creature with no tools save those Nature furnished in the form of sharp, horny mandibles or jaws. After boring the hole to a depth of about an inch, the Carpenter-

bee turns at right angles to the entrance, and patiently cuts a long tunnel, a foot or more in length, parallel to the surface of the wood. The completion of this long, dry chamber necessitates hard, unceasing labor for several weeks, and then the little carpenter combines business with pleasure by taking frequent excursions to sunny fields and gardens, to gather honey and pollen from the flowers' store. From the nectar thus obtained she forms a paste which is packed closely in the end of her newly built house, and on it lays a single egg. Next, small chips, made in boring the hole, are brought, and mixing them with a secretion from her mouth, she fastens them on the sides of the tunnel, working round and round in a spiral, each turn of which reaches nearer the center; until, finally, a thin wooden partition is formed, walling off the egg and its little store of honey-paste. Against this wall more honey is packed, another egg laid, a partition built, and the operation repeated until the chamber is completely filled. The first egg laid is the first to hatch, and the tiny white grub comes forth and at once commences to feast upon the food so providentially placed within his little chamber. Finally he goes to sleep, and while he slumbers his skin grows hard and brown, while ridges and protuberances appear upon its surface. At last the little pupa bursts open, and a perfect bee comes forth, with his shining black head close to the dainty wall his mother built. This, all unmindful of her toil, he immediately tears down, only to find his way to freedom checked by his next younger brother or



SECTION OF NEST OF CARPENTER-BEE.

sister, still asleep in its pupa-case. After waiting patiently the pupa which bars his progress hatches out into another bee, who tears down the wall to his own cell, to find another pupa barring his way, when both are compelled to remain by the pupa beyond. Finally, the last



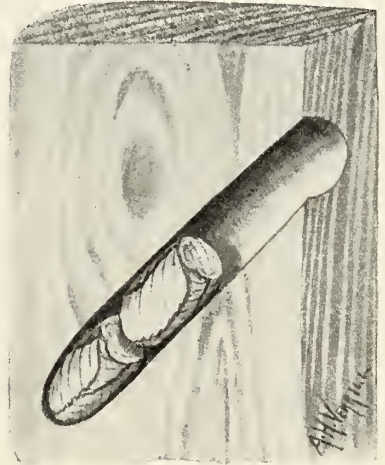
LEAF-CUTTING BEE AT WORK ON A SPRAY OF ROSE-LEAVES.

bee is hatched, and, breaking down the barrier which hides the world of flowers and freedom from his view, the whole brood swarms forth to try their restless, gauzy wings in the bright sunshine.

Perhaps some of my readers may have noticed on their rose-bushes a number of leaves in which neat round or oblong holes were cut. This is the work of the Leaf-cutting Bee, a pretty little insect looking much like the common Honey-bee, but with stout orange-red legs and metallic-green reflections about the head. Although the mutilated leaves are all too common, the nest for which they are sacrificed is seldom seen; for this little bee is a carpenter as well as a leaf-cutter, and hides her home away deep in the heart of some old post or board. The hole is

much like that of her busy relative, the Carpenter-bee, but smaller, and instead of forming a tunnel at right angles to the entrance, penetrates directly into the wood. When the hole is drilled to her satisfaction, our little friend stops carpenter-work, and flying to the nearest rose-bush, selects a tender, perfect leaf. From this she cuts oblong pieces, which are carried to the nest and formed into a thimble-shaped tube at its bottom. This tube is next filled with pollen and honey, on which a tiny egg is placed. Another trip is taken to the rose-bush, and this time perfectly circular pieces a trifle larger than the diameter of the tube are cut. These the little worker forces into the upper end of the tube, forming a tightly fitting stopper. These operations are repeated until the hole is filled with

tubes, one above another. The lowest eggs hatch first, and each young bee waits for the one beyond to go forth, in the same manner as the young of the large Carpenter-bee.



SECTION OF NEST OF A LEAF-CUTTING BEE.

ON THE GRAND BANKS AND ELSEWHERE.

BY GUSTAV KOBÉ.

MANY a fishing-schooner that sails out of Gloucester with her ensign fluttering gaily from the "main truck" comes in by Cape Ann, on her return from the "Banks," with her colors at half-mast. A dory or two lost in the fog

or run down in thick weather by an ocean greyhound that no more felt the collision than if it crushed an egg-shell—at all events, a couple of men or more for Davy Jones's locker—such is only too often the tale brought back



A DORY LOST IN A FOG ON THE GRAND BANKS.

from the fishing-grounds to Gloucester, our chief fishing-port. Tears at parting, weeks of anxious suspense, and, when the ship comes home tears again for a lost husband, son, or brother—that story is common enough on Massachusetts Bay. And even if neighbors say, “Don’t cry, dearie! Perhaps some ship has picked him up, and he ’ll come back to you,” the hope is short-lived. “Lost at sea” is a familiar line in the death-columns of the Gloucester papers.

The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are the great fishing-ground on this side of the Atlantic. Other fishing-grounds near these are Western Bank and Quiro; but all the year round you will see vessels on the Grand Banks. If you have ever crossed the ocean on a swift liner, you will have noticed that when about two days out you ran into a chilly fog. You were off Cape Race, Newfoundland, crossing the Banks. It is usually cold and foggy there, and in winter frequent gales and snow-storms add to the dreariness and danger.

Western Bank is near Sable Island, a long sand-bar off the coast of Nova Scotia, and an ocean graveyard, literally strewn with wrecks.

The English Government placed a flock of sheep there because there had been instances of sailors wrecked on the island starving to death; but the sheep died. The island was too barren even for them. A herd of ponies was tried, and these hardy creatures flourished, but became in time so wild as to be unapproachable; and a shipwrecked sailor hardly has the strength to scamper after a wild pony. Now, however, there are several lighthouses and life-saving stations on the island, and in the spring innumerable gulls nest in the sand and lay their eggs. In May it is not unusual for dories belonging to the Western Bank fleet to get lost—at least for a while; for the gulls’ eggs are good eating during that month. I once asked an old fisherman if he had ever been on Sable Island. He told me he had landed there once when he’d been lost in a dory.

“How did you get lost?” I asked.

“On purpose, I guess,” he answered.

Needless to say it had been in May.

The American fishing-vessels are schooners. You can tell them by the dories which, when not in use, are “nested”—set one inside the

other—on deck. An ordinary ship's-boat usually has a ring in the bow and stern, into which the ropes by which it is hoisted aboard are hooked. A dory, however, has a long eye in the painter (the rope at the bow), and in the stern a "becket"—a loop formed by passing a rope through two holes.

There are five dories to the average fishing-vessel, and two men to a dory, besides the captain and the cook, who remain aboard while the dories are out. The first thing the dories do is to "run their gear"—set their trawls. A trawl is a line, about a mile long, from which a thousand hooks hang by smaller lines. At each end of the trawl is a keg-float. The kegs of different vessels are identified by distinctive little flags, and marked with the vessel's name. The kegs are anchored, and that part of the line to which hooks are attached rests on the bottom.

On a forenoon in fine weather the dories will

"under-run" the trawls—will begin taking them up at one end, and as fast as they take a fish off the hook, will rebait and throw the line over, hook by hook. But in the evening they take up the entire trawl, return with it to the vessel, bait up aboard, and set the trawl again.

Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing-vessels are much larger than ours, and include even barks. Instead of dories they carry sail-boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl-keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away



SPEARING SWORDFISH FROM THE BOWSPRIT OF A FISHING-SCHOONER, OFF NANTUCKET.



THE FISHERMAN.

course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply under-running their trawls. Our fishermen set theirs where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor, cruises about where she put the dories over.

The great "Yankee" fishermen are mostly Nova Scotians, but the captains of our fishing-vessels are, as a rule, Americans—hardy, self-reliant, quick to think and to act, and ready for any emergency. While the dories are out, the captain, with the aid of the cook, handles the ship and keeps his weather eye on the horizon. If he sees danger in sky or sea, he sets a signal—usually a basket hoisted in the forestaysail halyards—to recall the dories. Only too often, though, the gale comes up with such suddenness that the dories to leeward cannot get back. A dory with the bodies of two fishermen in it, or, more frequently, empty or tossed bot-

tom-up by the waves, tells the story. Yet in spite of the danger of starvation, a jug of water usually constitutes all the provision aboard a dory, and a compass is a rare bird.

The trawlers are generally found on the Grand Banks, the hand-liners on the Western Bank and Quiro. These hand-liners are smaller vessels with fewer dories, and the men fish with hand-lines, one man and two lines to a dory. The hand-liner sits in the middle of his dory, with a compartment in its stern and another in its bow for his catch. When you see the bow sticking far up in the air, you know the fisherman has his stern-load. Then, as fish after fish flashes into the other compartment, the bow settles, and when the dory is on an even keel the hand-liner pulls back to the vessel.

The trawlers bait with fresh herring, mackerel, and squid; the hand-liners with salt clams. The catch of both is split and salted, and the vessel has a full "fare," or catch, when she has "wet her salt"—that is, used up all her salt—

and is full of fish. A trawler's voyage lasts about eight weeks; a hand-liner's, eleven.

A trawler's crew receives no wages, but fishes on shares. First, the captain gets a percentage; of the remainder one half goes to the vessel, which "finds," that is, supplies the gear, stores, salt, and half the bait; and the other half to the captain and crew in equal shares, which run from \$110 to \$150, and even to \$250.

But among the hand-liners each man is paid according to what he catches, the "fare" from each dory being weighed as it is taken aboard. This stimulates competition. There is judgment in knowing where to fish, or how long to stay over a certain spot; and even the quickness with which a line is hauled in will make a perceptible difference at the end of a day's fishing. It means something to be "high line," as they call the best fisherman, at the end of a voyage, and those who win this distinction

time and again, as some do, become known as "killers" and "big fishermen."

The main catch on the Banks is cod and halibut. There is also a fleet of small American vessels which pursues the merry swordfish. Swordfishing is good sport — whaling on a small scale. A man, dart in hand, stands in the vessel's bow, supported by a semicircular iron brace. When near enough to the fish, he lets fly the dart. A swordfish may weigh three hundred and fifty pounds. One can tow a dory a mile, and a piece of the sword has been found driven through the bottom of a pilot-boat.

Oystering is peaceful compared with fishing on the Banks; but it is a great industry along nearly our entire coast. From rowboats the oysterman rakes the oyster-beds with long-handled, long-toothed rakes, or dredges from small sailing-craft.



OYSTER-TONGING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.



READY FOR HER FIRST DIP IN THE BIG OCEAN.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[*This story was begun in the February number.*]

CHAPTER XI.

NINA AND THE AUBREY CHILDREN.

IT was a blow to Nina when she discovered that, with few variations, the nursery table would always be "coldly furnished forth" as she had seen it. If the "relish" for breakfast on Monday was one new-laid egg each,—over which the little Aubreys were as enthusiastic as if it had been invented expressly for their benefit,—on Tuesday it might be a scant supply of bacon, which was regarded as too rich for some of the children, and was given sparingly to the others. If on Wednesday there was a roast of mutton and potatoes and vegetable-marrow and rice pudding, on Thursday there would be a rib of beef, nicely rolled and served with a plentiful supply of silver skewers, just potatoes enough to go around, and Brussels sprouts, and a plain pudding, or an apple-dumpling.

All the children were healthy and hungry, and therefore much interested in whatever was served, and prepared to do it full justice; and they all had that respect for food which is observable in the old countries. So rigidly were they confined to plain and wholesome dishes that they intensely enjoyed the occasional deviations from this rule—the fig, or half of an orange, or three filberts, to which they were treated when summoned to dessert with their parents; the hot cross-buns of Good Friday, the pancakes of Shrove Tuesday, the goose at Michaelmas. As for the Christmas pudding, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it lasted them the year round, being talked of and enjoyed in anticipation for the six months before that feast, and in recollection for the six months after. It was served at the time with much ceremony, in small quantities, and they

had it cold for a week afterward with sauce; and as all pleasures, especially those of the palate, are the keener for being sipped rather than gulped, that pudding represented a prolonged joy, the mere remembrance of which often overcame Reggie altogether at midsummer; and the children were never tired of trying to determine whether it was best hot or cold, with or without sauce. The sight of the burning brandy when the solemn moment came for Thomas to receive the blazing pudding from Jane at the door always threw them into an ecstasy of enthusiasm.

But to Nina, who, when she breakfasted at the hotel tables, had a circle of dishes ranged in front of her, and several kinds of hot bread, and every dainty besides that struck her as desirable—to Nina who habitually ate anything and everything that was highly spiced, seasoned, and rich, and to whom plum-pudding was no more than brown bread was to the English children, this state of affairs was a puzzle.

The more she saw of the Aubrey family, the more they surprised her. She could not reconcile the ideas of their wealth and social position with the simplicity and plainness of their way of living. She saw that the Aubreys could have spent money lavishly, and yet chose to regulate their expenditures by a curious system that exercised the utmost thrift, care, and economy in some directions, and permitted much state and luxury in others. That the children should wear serge frocks and brown-holland pinafores and cobbled boots, count their pennies, live frugally, work diligently, in much the grandest establishment she had ever seen, was wonderful to her. That with thirty servants of one kind or another about the place her cousins were still made to do much for themselves amazed her. *She* stepped out of her clothes at night, and left them on the floor for Claudine to pick up. She put away, took care of, valued no-

thing. The very smallest Aubrey child folded up its garments nightly and put them in a neat pile on a chair, placed its shoes beneath, turned its stockings "just ready to put on,"—in short, left all its belongings in perfect order. If they got out a game, took down a book from the shelf, or a cloak from its peg, they were made to replace it. If they left anything about, they were fined; punished, if they persisted in being careless. They were not allowed to injure or deface, much less to destroy, anything.

"Why don't you make the servants do so and so?" Nina would ask.

"Why should I call them off from their work, when I should and can do it myself? I should be quite ashamed. And I am not allowed to give orders. Mama would never permit it. They are here to do their own proper work, not to make us lazy and self-indulgent, she says; and she has forbidden them to molly-coddle us," Catherine would answer.

"Goodness! What are you doing with those old things? Why don't you throw them in the fire and buy new ones?" Nina exclaimed when she found Mabel with a pot of paste and some paper mending the school-books of the family one morning.

"Why should I throw them away, pray, when I can save them by an hour's work and a little trouble? Only see how neat they look," Mabel replied good-humoredly. "It would be abominably wasteful, and some of them were Mama's. Just run, like a dear Nina, into the drawing-room and bring me that sonatina of Winnie's that she tore last night, won't you? Next week I am to do all the music."

"What are you doing with those old stockings? Come along and play," Nina would say to Winifred, finding her sitting in a woe-begone way in the sewing-corner of the day-nursery.

"I should love to, Nina, but I may n't, indeed. This is Saturday, and I am running the heels and toes of my new stockings before wearing them, and we have to look over our things and mend them for the coming week on Saturday, and darn our stockings and help Nurse with those of the younger ones. I have Reggie's to do, and he regularly rubs his knees against a grater, I do believe! 'Who tears, mends,' mama's rule says; but he's a boy and

can't mend, and, poor dear boy, I am so sorry for him, I don't mind the holes being big a bit. I always look out for Reggie, and Mabel for Arthur."

This amused Nina, and she said, "Well, you do have an awful time, all of you. Mabel, even, always has something to do. And what if your stockings *do* wear out?"

"Why, you would n't expect us to have no duties, would you? I am never happy unless I am busy," said Winnie, primly and reprovingly; and Nurse, overhearing her and knowing her to be naturally lazy and much opposed to doing anything, called out jokingly, "Oh, indeed, Miss! Then maybe you'd like to sew down this long seam I have to do?" at which Winnie had the grace to blush.

But, as a rule, when the Aubrey children worked, they worked; and when they played, they played—doing both with more zest and the better for this fact. The first week, Nina, who was in the habit, as we know, of idling away an immense amount of time, which kept her in a state of limp discontent and general listlessness, felt herself neglected, and said to Catherine, "Why can't we do something—have some fun—some excitement?"

"Very well, we will. Let's go up to the nursery and have a game of blindman's-buff, or battledore and shuttlecock. That will be fun," agreed Catherine, brightly.

"Do you call *that* fun?" asked Nina disdainfully. "Those silly, simple games? I meant, why don't you go to London or to Liverpool, or some place where there's lots to do? I'd take you out to the theaters in a minute, if Aunt would let you go; and we could give theater-parties, and it would be just splendid. Or if they won't let you do that, why don't you give a party here?"

"Oh! Nina, we must n't think of town for *ages* yet! We've got to get good constitutions, and educations, and grow up first, before we dream of going to *town*. But it would be a beautiful treat—thank you all the same. What is a theater-party? I've been to a pantomime, and it was most delightful. I long to see another. I am afraid you *are* dull here, and Mama charged us, too, to see that you were not lonely. But Mabel and I have a plan

for this week — you will see! Delightful,” said Catherine, looking important.

Nina’s busy, clever little brain was always at work on this problem of the life of these English children, nor did it occur to her that she was quite as great a study to her cousins. They often stared at her till she was embarrassed — this bold, fascinating, daring, dashing cousin who carried as much money in her purse as their mama, and wore more dresses; who owned a watch and bracelets and rings; who was “tired of plum-pudding”; who ignored her grandmother, and knew no law; who “answered back”; whose talk was “so curious”; who imperiously ordered the Stoke-Pottleton tradesmen to “send to Paris” for a fan which she meant to give mama on her birthday, when Nina found that they “had n’t anything worth buying” in a shop full of the things the young Aubreys coveted; who had laid hands on the gardener’s “Espiritu Santo” orchid, and appropriated his fruit without a qualm of concern; who had “set her opinion up against papa’s.”

The stable, the kitchen, the servants’ hall, the nursery, the school-room, the drawing-room, fairly buzzed with reports and sensations and rumors about Nina. Public opinion was divided about her. Thomas, one of the footmen, a fretful soul, disliked her for ridiculing him and calling him “a what-do-you-call-it” and “a parrot,” in allusion to his green livery; and for laughing at his powdered head; and for going in, twice, when the table was laid for dinner, and taking as much fruit and nuts and sweets as she wanted, and then distributing them among the little ones in the nursery. He came in to his mistress, the second time, very white and in a subdued fury, the head butler stroking his whiskers in the background, there to corroborate the awful particulars and to give his moral support. “Would you come and see for yourself, mem!” said Thomas, in conclusion. “Only look! — all pulled about — the like I ’ve never seen since I ’ve been in livery; and will you be pleased to give horders accordin’, mem, for when my table ’s laid, it ’s laid, and never no fault to be found with it, when young American misses is made to stay in the nursery where all children *belongs* — igscuse me saying so, mem.”

Nina disliked Thomas for making “a ridiculous fuss about nothing,” as she called this last complaint; for pouncing upon Beelzebub when she took him to the table one day, and bearing him away, saying, “Dogs is not allowed at table in *this* ’ouse, Miss”; for always thwarting her and slighting her, as she thought, either with “This is Hengland, Miss, I ’ll ’ave you to know,” or, “You are not in Hamerica *now*, Miss,” which made her furious.

Jane was all meekness to her face, but commented freely behind Nina’s back.

“I believe if I was to cuff Jane, she ’d say, ‘Thank you’; and I just mean to try some day, pretending I did n’t mean to. She ’s just a sneak, I know,” said Nina, who disliked Jane’s subserviency, and did “try,” in a pretended romp with Gwen, and was thanked — at which all the children laughed.

“The dear young lady gave me a pound for mother when she ’eard she was blind, she ’s that good-’earted, bless her!” said one of the kitchen-maids. “She never comes to the stables without something for the ’orses, and is no more afraid of ’em than as it might be a fly; she ’s all over and around ’em. She ’s a *plucky* one, certain,” said one of the grooms.

“She ’s been brought up as never was! — with her ‘plum-puddings’ and ‘lobster salads,’ and she going to bed that minute! and other unwholesome stuff at all hours, and no regular hours, and thin shoes, and hardly a sensible garment. And she ’s too free with her tongue, and no respect for them that ’s set over her; and such hours — I never! up till midnight, night after night, if you ’ll believe me, and she a young growing thing that ought to get her sleep no matter *what* happens; and no breakfast, as like as not, and then, maybe, pounds of almonds! Through having her own way, every bit of it! But she ’s wonderful with the twins. She packs them around no end, and plays with them by the hour, and is very patient when they cry, and ready to give and do for them always. And a clever child — my word! To hear her talk of London and New York and all the places where she ’s been, and the people she ’s met everywhere — there ’s grown young ladies as could n’t entertain you half as well. And generous ain’t the word, to all, and ready

to take the head off her shoulders for them she loves, is what she 'll be all her life long," said Nurse.

"Miss Barrow has been greatly indulged, that one sees. Some children of America have much liberty, but all do not their own will so entirely as this one, for, in the contrary, are many of them so good children as there could not be better, says the excellent Miss Brewster," said Fräulein Hochzeiter, "and her observation is all-trustworthy, I am sure."

"I've been obliged to forbid Nina's spending any more money on the children. She thinks nothing of lavishing costly gifts on them. And she has evidently got quite beyond her grandmother's control. But Miss Brewster is uncommonly intelligent, and now that she has charge, there is sure to be a marked improvement. I must say, too, that with all her faults of training, Nina seems to have few faults of character of a dangerous sort; and her follies are, most of them, things that one can readily forgive. There is something lovable about her, as you say; but I could not have imagined a creature so undisciplined," said Mrs. Aubrey to her husband. "It seems curious, too, to think that the little princes and princesses of Europe have not the freedom, the indulgence, the exemption from practical training and duties, allowed to this child. And yet America is a country in which money has wings; and it is a cruelty to bring a child up in that pampered way, when it may be exposed to the rude surroundings and bitter straits of poverty. What if Nina should have to earn her own bread some day, through some reverse of fortune? She has such a good heart, full of kind, natural impulses; but it is all impulse, emotion, with her, not fixed principle and habit. Miss Brewster tells me that she has had plenty of instruction of a sort, but very little true education—that of the heart and soul, which concerns itself with motives rather than conduct."

"Precisely," replied Mr. Aubrey. "I like Americans, as I have proved; but I like them grown. I have seen charming children there, of course; but they were like charming children anywhere else. Nina, I hold a brief for. She has been left to a doting grandmother. She has never known firm, wise, loving control.

She has had unlimited opportunities for turning out a bad child, and she is nothing of the sort, if I can read character at all. Headstrong, wilful, openly naughty; but frank, truthful, generous, and most affectionate, and therefore sure, with half a chance, to come out all right. But what a thread-paper, nervous creature she is, compared with our girls! I'd like to give her the British Constitution, in spite of the Declaration of Independence. I threw a box of that everlasting 'candy' into the fire this morning, to her great astonishment. She's had two attacks of illness already; and her Grandy can't bear to deny her, forsooth! I got down my books and showed her what she was doing, and she stopped crying at once, and listened like a *savant*, and said: 'I see the reason why, now, Uncle; and I declare I won't eat scarcely any—not more than two pounds a week.' I told her she might as well eat a hundred, and make a quicker job of it at once, and arrange about the funeral now. And then she laughed and promised to buy only a pound, and share that. As to her money—there's no danger. Lots of it, and safely invested, I am told."

Meanwhile, Nina was not at a loss for words when she "talked over" the Aubreys and their household with Marian. "One minute I think they have n't got a cent, Cousin Marian, and the next minute I think they are rich as cream. They are always saying they can't do this and can't do that, though it costs a few shillings. Aunt's breakfast dress did n't have a speck of trimming on it, and Herbert has to have his shoes half-soled, and Mabel, she can't have another pair of gloves this quarter and has to clean her old ones with benzine, and Catherine's got a patch on her schoolroom frock and can't have but so many pieces in the wash, and they never have anything really good to eat. I declare, I just feel as if I were eating up everything on the table all the time—it's perfectly horrid! And you ought to just see them at dessert! Why, they can't say a word, hardly; or get a thing, scarcely. And living in a house like this, too, with servants that whisper so you can't hear a word they say, and walk around on eggs all the time. I wonder they don't get *thin* carrying around big silver dishes

with six potatoes, or three woodcock, in the middle! Thomas is thin, and no wonder; and if you want any more, you are ashamed to ask for it, and you would n't get it if you did. Why, they won't even let you have a whole bunch of grapes! I took one, and that Thomas lifted them right off my plate and cut me off six with the scissors. And when Aunt went out to dinner the other night, she had on just thousands of pounds. John Thomas said so, 'cause she wore the family jewels. And they own three other estates, and lots of money, Catherine says; and I would n't be English for anything on earth!"

There were some other differences of opinion among the children. Nina, with all her own cleverness, devised a capital Punch and Judy show of her own, with a difference. Every day added more incidents to the original play, and the Aubrey children were perfectly amazed and delighted by the ingenuity and talents of the stage-manager. Nina was further inspired to write an equally remarkable play for them to figure in, dressed them for it with Claudine's help, made them capital wigs of wool and masks of pasteboard, drilled them diligently and imperiously, and this time astonished the elders as well as the children by a public performance in the schoolroom that was "really most entertaining," her aunt said.

Her cousins having chanced to suggest a Royal Levee one day, Nina's imagination at once took fire. That is, she liked the idea. But she absolutely declined to go into it, or further it, unless she could be queen. "*Of course* I'm going to be queen."

That point yielded, she prepared a dais and took her grandmother's cashmere shawl to cover it. She sent for a picture of the Queen and studied it. "I'll have to take Grandy's black silk, I guess, and I've told Claudine to rip up my white ermine set and sew them down the front where they'll be seen, and I'm going to make the crown as tall as I can, and stick in all Grandy's diamonds somehow, and make them carry my train, and sit up as stiff as a ramrod, and hold my head back this way, and just sort of blink a little, and look haughty, and I just know I'm going to be perfectly splendid!" said Nina confidently.

When the levee was held, she exhibited a haughtiness, not to say ill-temper, that would have been alarming had she been a medieval despot — was perfectly lofty and unapproachable, indeed; made her cousins lout low before her repeatedly, and all walk behind her in a solemn procession while she swept again and again around the nursery.

Indeed, before Nina was through with her playing at royalty, she became involved in a fierce dispute with Herbert over the question of whether it was better to have a queen or a president. Both children said unpleasant things, and separated in serious anger.

It was artful Mr. Aubrey who, after having a good laugh over the encounter, sent Herbert up to apologize. This he did with perfect frankness and good humor, honestly concluding with "And of course I've not changed my opinion, Nina," which very nearly touched off the gunpowder again, and would have done so had he not added, "We're all to go out with papa in the drag this afternoon, and you are to have the box-seat." She was a good deal more frightened than flattered by the proposal when she got downstairs and saw the height of her seat, and the dancing, prancing horses whose heads were being held by the grooms.

She looked so disconcerted that Reggie said teasingly:

"They don't have drags in America, 'I guess,' and Nina's frightened of the box-seat."

"They do; dozens upon dozens of them," said Nina; "and I'm not scared at all. I'm a little nervous, that's all"; and with great dignity she mounted to her perch, and gave no further sign of her real feelings, although it made her dizzy to sit there, and miserable, too.

When her uncle called out, "Give them their heads," the grooms sprang aside, the horses plunged forward, and they went swinging down the old avenue at a pace that made the coach plunge like a shying horse.

Nina would not even hold the railing. "They will think Americans are cowards," she thought, and heroically sat bolt upright, a set look upon her face, her teeth clenched to keep them from chattering. After a while she got more used to it, and finally enjoyed the dashing

drive over the downs and into the towns, clattering through the villages and down the lovely lanes, winding the horn, making merry with the cousins, who, packed away like the children of the old woman who lived in a shoe, peeped out everywhere.

"Look at this," said Catherine, with an air of joyous mystery, handing her a note. Nina opened it. It was addressed to Louise Compton, and ran as follows:

DEAR LOUISE: Mama kindly allows us to ask you over to a party we are giving on Gwen's birthday, and we hope you will come. Such fun as it will be! There will be ten of us girls, and the boys have promised to fetch plenty of water-cresses for tea, and there will be lots of plum-cake and cocoa, and we always have as many helps as we like on birthdays. And afterwards romps and games. And after that we are to be allowed to dance in the schoolroom for an hour. Fräulein will play for us. Don't disappoint us, pray. And come early, for of course it will be all over by eight, and that does come so early. Sincerely yours,

CATHERINE MAUDE AUBREY.

"Is n't it too jolly for anything, to think of having such a party? What fun we 'll have!" said Catherine. "Is n't it delightful? We've been planning it for a fortnight, but we did n't tell you of it before, dear, because of course we could n't be quite sure that Mama would agree to it until she had quite decided."

"We did n't like to raise your hopes too high — for it is chiefly for you, Nina, though, Gwen's birthday coming just now, we thought it would be nice to choose that day rather than some other," said Mabel. "Was n't it good of dear mama?"

"And we 'll come in and finish off the plum-cake. Hip! hip! hurrah for the party!" cried the boys, with riotous enthusiasm and a rousing cheer.

"That 's nice, is n't it?" asked Uncle Edward, who had heard, and Fräulein beamed benevolence and pleasant anticipation from the back seat.

Altogether, Nina did not see her way to saying what she thought about such a party. She determined, though, to open their eyes when the occasion should present itself, and she did so very effectually if not quite in the way she had expected.

She looked on in a perfectly listless and pat-

ronizing fashion when the day and the children came, and marveled at the enjoyment they seemed to find in drinking endless cups of nursery tea or cocoa, eating piles of bread and butter, water-cresses, and, though Nurse said it was certainly a risk, two slices of plum-cake all around. She did not join in their shrieks of laughter over the games that seemed to her insipid, or their delight in dancing with each other in what seemed to her a most clumsy and ungainly fashion; or in the noise and jests and cheery fun of the whole affair, in which Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey and Arthur joined with as much glee as the children. Louise Compton played Mendelssohn for them when the dancing was over, and being a really remarkable little musician for her years, astonished them by her natural gift and excellent technic.

"None of my girls play like that," said Mrs. Aubrey, "although they have had the best advantages. And what a very well-bred and lovely child she is altogether. She is sweetly pretty and so nice! Are the Americans very musical? Surely it must be a very uncommon thing to hear a child of her age play as she does. Do you play, Nina?"

"No, I can't play. I never would practise, Aunt, and that 's a fact. I despise practising. It 's perfectly horrid, and I just would n't sit up on that old stool and play the same old tune by the hour, for anybody. But most of the girls at home play, and some do it better than Louise. She 's nothing much. They *all* could play if they wanted to.

"I 'm not like most American girls. I can't do anything, hardly. That 's because I don't care to. If I wanted to, I think I could. I guess I will, some day, if I don't get tired first. I guess I 'll paint — like Landseer, when I 'm ready. His dogs are just too splendid for anything! Louise can talk three languages. She 's more like an American, a great deal, than I am," said poor Nina, eager to abase herself and exalt her country at any cost to her self-love. She had discovered that her cousins made up in accomplishments what they lacked, according to her standards, in dress; and she was determined that America should be creditably represented all around. It was this motive that led her, later, when Catherine sank down by her

exclaiming, "Oh, Nina, has n't it been the greatest fun! Just delightful!" to say:

"Well, I suppose you think so, but it is n't what *we* call a party in *my* country, I can tell you."

The children gathered around, and she forthwith launched into a long and fluent account of various entertainments that she had given and attended — of large parties where there was a band, "and a girl would n't dance with a girl, but would go home first," and an elaborate supper; and sometimes she did n't get to bed till nearly one o'clock, and the programs were printed on satin, and the favors for the german cost ever so much! — of a little girl's "pink tea,"

for which the flowers alone cost twenty dollars, and everybody got an elegant present from Paris; — of Maud Billings's "yellow lunch," with twelve courses, and all the girls dressed to match, and they had perfectly beautiful silver bonbonnières at every plate, and "everything just elegant." Nina thought that these stories were very impressive.

Judge of her anger when Reggie laughed scornfully, and blurted out, "If you think we believe all those tremendous stories that you've been telling us, Nina, you're mistaken, that's all. The Americans are not such fools; and if I were you, I'd be ashamed to try to make them out perfect lunatics."

(To be continued.)

A JINGLE-JANGLE

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS



There was a small maid
played "do-re" —

For two hours day after day,
What relief it will be

When she once gets to "mi" —
Groaned Miss Scribbler

from over the way.

TWIDDLEDETWIT.

BY MARTHA FINLEY.
(*Author of The Elsie Stories.*)

ONCE there was a woman who lived in a little house by the side of a wood. Her husband was dead, so she was a widow, and lived alone with her two children—a little boy named Billy and a baby. This woman was poor, and had to work very hard to earn enough money to buy food and clothes for herself and Billy and the baby. She used to spin yarn for people, and they would pay her for it with money or with things to eat or to wear.

One day she had a great deal of spinning to do; but first she wanted to clean up her house and put everything in its proper place; for she liked to have it look very nice and neat. So she set to work to sweep and dust and scrub; but she had hardly begun when the baby began to cry, cry, cry, wanting its mama to take it.

“Oh, baby, dear, hush, hush!” she said; “mama has not time to stop and take you—she must do her work.” But the baby would not hush; it just kept on cry, cry, crying as hard and loud as ever it could, never stopping to listen when its mother talked to it or sang to it; and though Billy jumped and danced about to please it, whistled and clapped his hands, it took no notice, but just screamed the louder, and held out its arms for its mother to take it.

So at last the mother did. She picked it up, and sat down on a chair with it on her lap, and hugged it up close and kissed it, and did everything she could think of to please it and put it in a good humor. It stopped crying after a while; but the minute its mother put it down to begin her work again, it began to scream and cry just as it did before, and to hold out its arms to her.

The mother loved her baby—she could hardly bear to hear it cry so; but she must do her work. So for a while she went on doing it, and let the baby cry; but it cried so hard that at last she could not stand it any longer.

She left her work and took the baby and sat down with it on her lap.

But it did not stop crying that time; it kept right on screaming, while the tears ran down its cheeks.

And soon the mother began to cry too. Then Billy cried to see his mother cry. So the mother cried, and Billy cried, and the baby cried, and they were all crying there together, when all at once there came a rap, tap, tap at the door.

At that the mother took up the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. “Somebody is knocking, Billy,” she said; “run and open the door, dear, and see who is there.”

Billy had stopped crying too, and wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve. He ran and opened the door.

A little old woman stood on the step. Oh, such a funny-looking old woman as she was! She looked at Billy, and Billy looked back at her again.

“Will you please to walk in, ma’am?” he said.

Then the little old woman walked in, and went to the other side of the room where the mother sat crying over her cross baby.

“What ’s the matter, dame?” she asked.

“Matter enough,” sobbed the mother; “my baby is so cross this morning that I can’t do a thing. She wants me to hold her all the time, and I can’t do my work. And I’ve got ever and ever so much work to do! My house is all dusty and dirty, everything out of its proper place, and I ought to be cleaning it up this minute. Besides all that, I have ever so much spinning to do. If I don’t do the spinning, there won’t be any money to buy bread for me and my children to eat; and we ’ll starve to death—boo-hoo-hoo!”

The mother and the baby and Billy were all three crying again as hard as they could cry.

"There, there!" said the little old woman; "don't cry any more, children; don't cry, dame; I'll do your spinning, and you can mind your baby and put it to sleep, and then clean up your house. Don't fret about the spinning — I'll do that."

"Yes, but you'll want me to pay you ever so much money for doing it, and I can't. I have n't got it to give you," said the mother.

"No, no," said the little old woman; "I'll not ask you for a penny — not any money;

go there and see what it is, just as easy as anything."

So she took a piece of chalk out of her cupboard, and went to the mantelpiece and wrote on it in big letters — "Twiddledetwit."

"There," she said, as she stood back a little to look at the queer word; "I'll be sure not to forget it."

"And I'll do your spinning," the old woman said again, and picked up the bundle of wool that was to be spun into yarn. "I'll bring it



THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN COMES TO DO THE SPINNING.

only you must remember my name; and if you don't remember it, why, then I'm to have your baby."

"Remember your name?" said the mother. "Only tell me what it is, and I'll remember it fast enough. What is your name?"

"Twiddledetwit."

"What a funny name! But I'll remember it," cried the mother. "I'll write it down on the mantelpiece yonder; then, if I forget it, I can

home when it is done. Then if you can't tell me my name, I'm to have your baby." And away she went.

Billy looked scared. "Oh, mother," he said, "don't let that old woman have our baby."

"No, Billy; no, indeed!" said his mother, hugging the baby close, and kissing it many times. "We could never spare her, even if she does sometimes cry a little — we could n't spare precious little pet — could we, Billy?"

"No, mother; I should say not. 'Sides, I'm 'fraid that old woman would n't be good to her if she got her away from us."

"But she sha'n't get her away, Billy," the mother said. "She can't take away my baby if I remember her name; and I won't forget it. Don't you see I've got it set down on the mantelpiece?"

"Oh, yes; and the little old woman sha'n't have our baby. We'll just keep her ourselves, won't we, mother?"

"Yes, yes, indeed! I would n't lose my baby for all the world," said the mother, hugging it tight and kissing it all over its face.

"But, oh, I am so glad I have n't any spinning to do to-day; for now I can take time to put her to sleep, and then clean up the house. Go out of doors to play, Billy, so that your noise won't keep her awake."

"I will, mother," Billy said, putting on his cap. "I want to build a little dam in the brook out there."

"Run along, then; but don't go out of sight," his mother said; and away he went.

Billy was a good boy. He tried every day to help his mother. He would pick up sticks and chips to make a fire to boil the kettle with, and every night and morning he drove home the cow for his mother to milk.

When he had gone his mother sang the baby to sleep, and put it in its cradle. Then she got her broom and swept the house, and put all the things in their proper places.

After that she dusted the chairs, the table, and the mantelpiece too; but she was very careful not to rub out even one letter of the old woman's name that she had written on it.

And all the time she was doing her work she kept saying to herself, "Oh, I am so glad I have n't any spinning to do to-day!"

When the baby awoke the house was all nice and clean, and its mama had time to hold it on her lap; so there was no more crying that day, but the mother and Billy and the baby were all very happy.

After supper Billy drove the cow to the door, and the mother fed her and milked her. Then she strained the milk and put it away, washed the dishes, and put them into the cupboard. After that she undressed Billy and the baby

and put them to bed. Then she shut the doors and windows and went to bed herself.

And all the while she was thinking, "Oh, I am so glad I have n't any spinning to do! And that old woman sha'n't have my baby, either; for I'll not forget her name. How should I, when it is written on the mantelpiece? If I do forget, I'll just go and look at the writing. Maybe I *might* forget it if it was n't there, for it's such a funny name."

That was what she said to herself as she laid her head down on her pillow.

Billy and the baby were both asleep, and



"SHE LIFTED THE LATCH OF THE DOOR VERY, VERY SOFTLY, AND GAVE THE DOOR A LITTLE PUSH." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

soon the mother was fast asleep too. They were all in the bedroom up-stairs.

The mantelpiece with the old woman's name

on it was down-stairs in the room where the mother and Billy and the baby stayed in the daytime. Now there was nobody in that room, and nobody awake in all the house.

Then the little old woman came again. She listened outside at the door, and all was so quiet that soon she felt quite sure that everybody in that house must be fast asleep. Then she lifted the latch of the door very, very softly, and gave the door a little push. It opened, and she slipped in and stole across the floor on tip-toe, not making the least bit of noise.

She remembered just where the mantelpiece was, so that she could find it in the dark. Soon she was close beside it. Then she rubbed her hand over it, across and across and across, till she was sure every letter of her name was rubbed out. Then she stole out of the house and shut the door behind her just as softly as she did when she came in. There was not any noise at all. The mother and Billy and the baby were all still fast asleep, and did not know that anybody had been in the house.

The old woman laughed to herself and nodded her head as she went back to the wood where she had come from.

"We'll see what we shall see in the morning," she said. "I don't spin for nothing. I'll have that baby sure as anything, so I will!"

When the mother woke from her sleep the sun was up. "Oh, I am so glad I have n't any spinning to do to-day!" she said right out loud.

"And you won't let that old woman have our baby, either, will you, mother?" asked Billy, from his little bed.

"No, child; no, indeed! But what's her name? I can't think. Can you?"

"No, mother, I can't. But you wrote it on the mantel, you know."

"Yes, so I did, and we'll see what it is when we go downstairs. So she'll have no chance to get my baby away from me. Jump up, Billy. We'll all get dressed and go downstairs and have our breakfast."

The mother was putting on her clothes as fast as she could, for she was in a great hurry to see what that old woman's name was. She dressed herself and the baby, and helped Billy to dress; then they all went downstairs and right to the mantelpiece to look for that queer name.

But in a minute they saw that it was all rubbed out — not one letter of it left.

"Oh, mother, it's all gone!" cried Billy. "Who can have done it?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know; and I can't remember that old woman's name!" cried the mother, and the tears ran fast down her face. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, Billy, Billy, can't you think what it is?"

"No, mother; not a bit. It's such a funny name, how could anybody 'member it?" and the tears came into his eyes too, for he did not want to lose the baby — his only little sister.

Then the mother began to cry out loud, "Oh, that old woman will get my baby — that old woman will get my baby!"

She hugged the baby tight, and said those words over and over, crying hard all the time as she said them.

And Billy and the baby were crying too. They all cried and cried and cried for a long while.

But at last the mother remembered that the children must have some breakfast; so she said, "Well, Billy, you'll have to go and look for the cow."

"Yes, mother," Billy said, and put on his cap and went.

The cow was not near the house, as she almost always had been before when it was time for her to be milked and fed. So Billy went further and further into the wood looking for her.

He had not found her yet when he heard a very queer noise. He could not tell what it was or where it came from, and he went this way and that way, peeping behind bushes and trees.

At last he looked up into a big tree, and there among the great branches there was a little old woman with a little spinning-wheel. She was spinning very fast indeed, and singing a song at the same time.

Billy opened his eyes very wide, and looked and looked at her. He had never in all his life seen anything like that sight. He forgot all about the cow, and stood at the foot of the tree looking and listening; and presently he could make out the words of the little old woman's song. This was it:

“Little does my dame know that my name 's Twiddle-dedewit ;
Little does my dame know that my name 's Twiddle-dedewit !”

Billy did n't stop to hear any more, or to look farther for the cow. He did n't think of her at all. He started for home, and ran all the way. When he got there he went rushing into the room where his mother and the baby were, crying out, “Oh, mother, mother! you can't think what I've seen! I was in the woods looking all about for the cow, and I heard the very funniest noise. I could n't think what it was, and I stopped looking for old 'Brindle,' and looked this way and that way to find out what made that noise. I peeped behind the bushes and under the trees, and everywhere. At last I looked up into a great big tree, and there on a great big branch sat a little old woman with a little

bit of a spinning-wheel, and she was spinning away ever so fast, and singing:

“Little does my dame know that my name 's Twiddle-dedewit !

Little does my dame know that my name 's Twiddle-dedewit !”

“There! that's the old woman's name—the very name she told me; and now she will not get my baby!” cried the mother, jumping up and setting the baby down on the floor to clap

her hands for joy. “No, indeed, she shall not have her—the dear little pet!”

Billy clapped his hands too, and jumped and shouted and laughed because he was so glad he was not to lose his dear baby sister. The baby thought he was doing it all to make fun for

her, so she laughed too and clapped her little fat hands.

Just then there came again a rap, tap, tap at the door, and at once in walked the little old woman with the spinning in her hand.

“There's your spinning, dame,” she said, throwing it down; “it's all done. Now give me your baby.”

“No, indeed! I'll not give you my baby!” cried the mother; and she snatched it up in a great hurry and held it fast in her arms, as if she would never, never let anybody take it from her.

“Why, what's my name?” screamed

the little old woman. “You know I'm to have your baby if you can't remember my name. What is it?”

“Twiddle-dedewit—that's your name, and you sha'n't have my baby,” said the mother; and she laughed and held the baby close.

At that the little old woman was oh, so angry! She stamped her foot at the baby's mother, while her wicked black eyes snapped; then she bounced out of the house and slammed the door. “I'll never do any more spinning for that woman as long as I live!” she said; and away she went, and never came back.



“A LITTLE OLD WOMAN WITH A LITTLE SPINNING-WHEEL.”



WHEN KING KIJOLLY FARMING GOES

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.

WHEN King Kijolly goes a-farming
 To keep the birds his crops from harming
 He puts his scarecrows round;
 And feathered flocks from far and near,
 That came to feed and have good cheer,—
 He shoos them off the ground.

For, from the sacks piled high and dry,
 He feeds them golden grain.

When walking goes good King Kijolly,
 His heart is touched with melancholy,
 To hear these birds complain;
 So, to the royal barn he'll hie,
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,
 He'll straightway still their plaintive cry;



MY MUSICAL MOUSE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

(With drawings from life by Frank Verbeck.)



IN one of my school readers — McGuffey's third or fourth, I think — there was the story of a musical mouse.

As a child I read this tale with wondering interest. A little later in life I was to see it verified.

I was a boy of perhaps sixteen when I learned to play a few chords and melodies on the guitar. As I had mastered these for my own amusement, and suspected that my pleasure was not always shared by other members of the family, I often retired to my own upstairs room to enjoy it alone. Here at length I found one listener, at least, who was attracted by my performance. Perhaps his ear for music was not very refined.

In one end of my room there was an old fireplace about which there lived a few mice — not many, for we had a band of cats that roamed over the house at will. One night, as I sat playing, I heard a slight noise on the hearth. Glancing down, I saw a very small and meager-looking mouse. It was crouched as if ready to spring. It faced me, and its eyes shone like small black buttons. As I stopped playing, it moved its head about uneasily, and seemed uncertain what to do. Presently it ran back into the wall, stopping every few inches as if to listen.

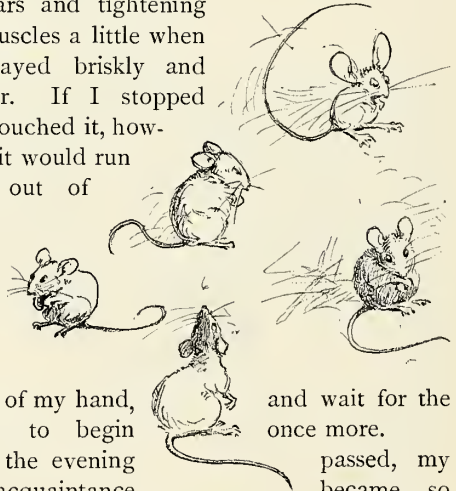


I watched where it had disappeared, and began playing again. In a few moments I saw the glint of its eager eyes. Then it crept out, little by little, crouching in its former position on the hearth. I played on softly, and sat very still. It crept closer and closer, and pretty soon sat upright, its fore paws crossed, and its head tipped a little to one side, in a pose that was both comic and pathetic. I struck a few

louder chords, and it perked up instantly in an attitude of extreme attention. I mellowed the music, and continued playing. Then it dropped down on all fours, and drew nearer until it reached my foot. Here it hesitated a moment, and looked up at me, or rather at the guitar, eagerly. I sat perfectly still, and made the best music I could produce.

Slowly, very slowly, it climbed up, clinging to my trousers leg. When it had reached my knee it once more sat erect, staring straight ahead. It did not appear to see me at all. I stopped playing for a moment, and it seemed uneasy and half dazed, but did not offer to escape until I finally touched it with my hand. Then it ran away, though with evident reluctance.

As soon as I began playing it returned, and this time I allowed it to creep up my coat and out on my sleeve. Here it sat for a long time very still, only pricking its ears and tightening its muscles a little when I played briskly and louder. If I stopped and touched it, however, it would run just out of



reach of my hand, and wait for the music to begin once more.

As the evening passed, my new acquaintance became so bold, or rather so indifferent to my presence, that I could stroke it; and it was only when I took it between my fingers and thumb that



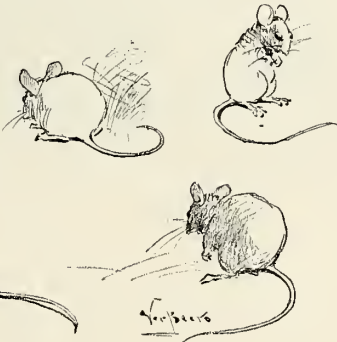
it struggled weakly for freedom. It seemed so small and puny that I concluded it must be sick or half starved. At bed-time I drove it gently back

to its den near the fireplace.

The next evening I came prepared with food ; but when it crept out again, as it did almost as soon as I began playing, it only nibbled a little at the cheese, and dropped it a moment later to listen. I decided that it was the musical genius of some family of mice, and that food to it was of less importance than the enjoyment of tune and harmony. So far as I know, no other member of its family ever interested itself in my playing. Perhaps the others even deserted the fireplace and left my little friend alone.

As time passed I grew very fond of this tiny mouse. Sometimes during the day I pushed bits of bread and cheese into its den, and in time it became very tame, and would come out and act in so many cunning

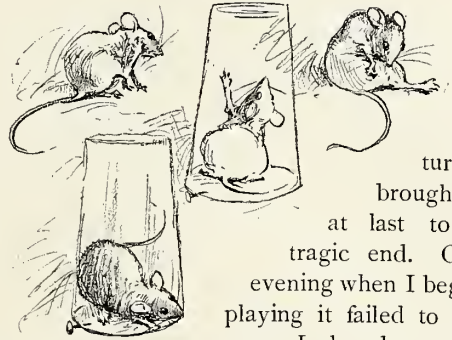
ways that I passed many delightful hours in its society. Once I placed it under a glass tumbler, with a



tack beneath the edge to give it air. It did not enjoy its captivity, and at last succeeded in overturning its prison. Sometimes it would scratch itself with its hind foot or with its tiny teeth in a manner that was as interesting as it was amusing. The moment I

began playing, however, all antics ceased, and it would creep up as close to the guitar as possible.

I fear the fact of its becoming so adven-



urous brought it at last to a tragic end. One evening when I began playing it failed to appear. I played over the

things it had seemed to like best, softly, at first, and then louder, thinking that it might be in some remote part of the wall and out of hearing. Still it did not come, though I played over and over all the pieces I knew, sometimes kneeling down and striking the strings close to the entrance of its little house, while I waited eagerly for its appearance. Finally I went to bed discouraged.

Early the next morning I played again in front of its dwelling, but it did not appear. At breakfast I mentioned the matter to my mother. She was silent for a few moments ; then she said :

“ If your room door was open yesterday, I am afraid you will not see your little friend any more. I saw ‘ Pug ’ coming downstairs during the afternoon.”

Pug was our largest gray cat. He was at that moment sleeping contentedly before the fire. I choked down my breakfast as best I could. Then I went to my room and played softly, and cried ; for, after all, I was only a boy of perhaps sixteen.



SHOPPING.



I'VE COME TO BUY A FROCK TODAY FOR MY

MATILDA JANE.

(I THINK SHE'S JUST A LOVELY DOLL, THOUGH FATHER CALLS HER PLAIN!)

IT MUST BE SOMETHING PRETTY - A KIND OF PINK, OR BLUE,

YES - THAT IS REALLY *VERY SWEET*; I THINK THAT IT WILL DO.

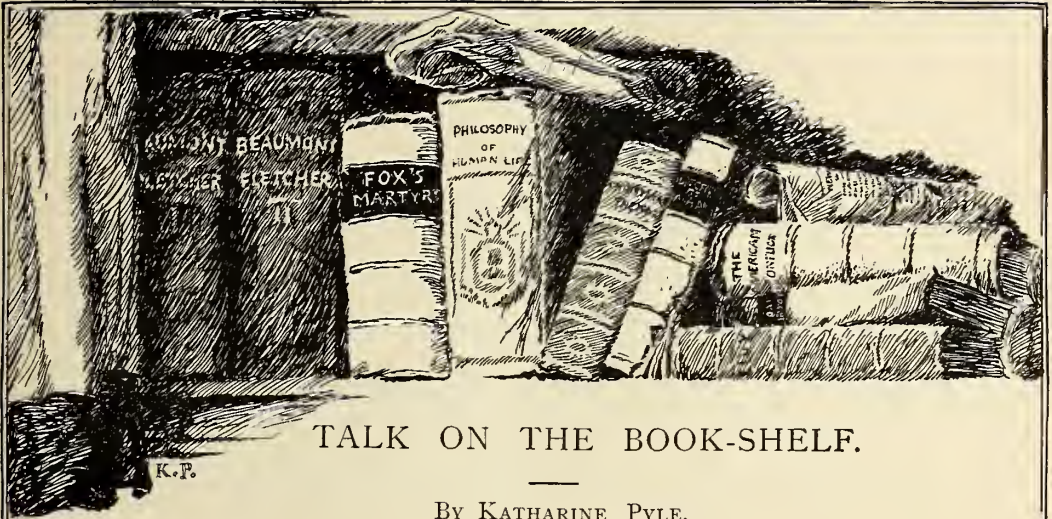
THERE'S NOTHING MORE I WANT TODAY. (I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO DEAR!)

O YES I'LL PAY YOU FOR IT NOW; I'VE GOT THE MONEY HERE.

PLEASE WRAP IT UP IN PAPER AND PUT IT IN THE TRAIN.

COME BABY DEAR, I THINK WE MUST BE GETTING HOME AGAIN.

W. W. GIBSON.



TALK ON THE BOOK-SHELF.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

THE little toy shepherdess lookèd up
Where the books stood in a row.

"I wish I could hear them talk," she said;
"For it must be fine, I know."

"Ah, yes," the wooden soldier said;
"They are quiet enough all day;
But I've heard when the children are all abed
They talk in a wonderful way."

And now it was twilight in the room;
And on the book-case shelves
The books began to stretch their backs,
And to talk among themselves.

"I wish," cried a peevish little book,
"That you would not crowd me so;
You're always poking me in the back
Because I am small, I know."

"It's not my fault," said a fat thick voice.
"I'm crowded so myself
I can hardly breathe. You little books
Should be kept off the shelf."

"Oh, dear! my stories," another said,
"Kept buzzing so inside

That I hardly got a wink of sleep
Last night, though I tried and tried."

"Oh, go to sleep," cried a lesson-book;
"It's enough to work all day.
Without your quarreling, too, at night;
So get to sleep, I say."

"Ah!" the shepherdess sighed, "they
are going to sleep!
How lovely their dreams must be!
I wish that I were a book, to live
Up there on the shelf," said she.



MOTHER GOOSE SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

BY MRS. JOHN ORTH.

JACK AND JILL.

Brightly.

mf

Soa.

p

mf *cresc.* *f*

The musical score for 'Jack and Jill' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Brightly.' and 'mf'. The second system is marked 'Soa.' and 'p'. The third system is marked '...loco.' and 'mf', with dynamics increasing to 'cresc.' and 'f' towards the end.

DING DONG BELL.

Slowly.

mf *mp* *f*

dim. *p* *mf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

The musical score for 'Ding Dong Bell' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Slowly.' and 'mf', with dynamics increasing to 'mp' and 'f'. The second system is marked 'dim.', 'p', 'mf', 'p', 'rit.', and 'pp'.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO.

With spirit.

f *mf* *f* *mp*

The musical score for 'Cock-a-doodle-do' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. It consists of one system of piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'With spirit.' and the dynamics are 'f', 'mf', 'f', and 'mp'.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Not too fast.

p *cresc.* *p* *mf*

This musical score is for 'The Queen of Hearts' and is written in 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The second system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

MY SON JOHN.

Quietly.

p *rit.* *a tempo.* *mf* *f*

This musical score is for 'My Son John' and is written in 4/8 time. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked *Quietly.* and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, ending with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The second system begins with a *a tempo.* marking and features dynamics of mezzo-forte (*mf*) and forte (*f*). The music is a simple, rhythmic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

THE KING OF FRANCE.

March time.

f

This musical score is for 'The King of France' and is written in 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The music is a simple, rhythmic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in St. Petersburg. It is very cold in winter; the river gets frozen up so that we can drive over it. We skate nearly every day when it is not too cold. The finest church in St. Petersburg is St. Isaac's. The icons are made of precious stones, rubies, and diamonds. There is a beautiful statue of Peter the Great opposite the Senate or Parliament. We think the nicest of the stories in this year's magazine is "June's Garden."

From your loving friends
MARGARET WHISHAW,
M. VERA MCCALLUM.

"Icons" are the sacred pictures.

FORDHAM, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I reside, as you see above, in Fordham, which is a part of New York City. It was here that one of America's greatest poets, Edgar Allan Poe, lived for a time. I read in a newspaper not long ago that the city had bought the house in which he lived, and that the Department of Public Parks intend to move it across the road into a park which will be set aside for this old relic. In front of the cottage they will erect a statue of Poe sitting in a chair, and upon his shoulder will be perched the famous Raven.

I am your constant reader,
EUGENE THORNE WALTER.

SUMMIT HILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and I have taken you for nearly five years, and enjoy your stories very much.

I have been to Wisconsin twice, and I think it is a very nice State.

I will tell you about the town I live in. It is a very small town, but it is noted for its coal-mines. It contains one of the largest veins of coal in the world. We have a mine here that caught fire from an explosion, and it has been burning for thirty-five years. An excursion road runs in here. It is called the Switch-back; and coming back on its return trip it has to go up two high places. The first, Mt. Pisgah, is a great many feet high, while Mt. Jefferson is 1662 feet above sea-level.

I remain your constant reader, RUSSELL WALTON.

RUSSELL, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My name is Winifred Hall, and I am twelve years old. We take ST. NICHOLAS, and our family took it before I or Harry was born. Ever since I can remember it has come on the 25th of each month. I can hardly wait till the 25th comes, and then I cannot rest till I have read the magazine. I like it more and more, and think it has improved each year.

I am near-sighted and have to wear glasses. Sometimes my eyes hurt, and I cannot use them; but that never happens on the 25th. I have a folio that I call

the ST. NICHOLAS folio, and I keep all the pictures in the front of ST. NICHOLAS. Some of them are beautiful.

I have a ten-year-old cousin named Leland Copeland. We buy tablets with large colored pictures on the cover, and then we make up stories about them, and write them in it. My last story is about "The Queen of Dwarf-land." We both have rubber Brownie stamps, and we print them. Sometimes we write poetry too. One of my poems is "No Thanksgiving Day."

We have one room in Leland's or my house where we have a play-house. We build cities out of the blocks, and have dolls to represent people. First we had Washington, the capital of the United States, and McKinley, Hobart, Bryan, Sewall, the Capitol, White House, stores, hotels, depot, and other places. Now we have a place we call Snowhill; and we built a palace, and have my Eskimo doll dressed up for the Sultan. He has a silver sword and servants and children. We always have stores and other things too. Good-by.

From your friend,
WINIFRED HALL.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before; but I have taken you for five years, and before that time a friend lent me your bound volumes to read.

I am at present living in Berlin; but until quite lately I was staying at the picturesque little town of Vevey in Switzerland. I am an enthusiastic mountain-climber, and have made some fairly difficult ascensions while in Switzerland. One mountain that I climbed—the Diablon—was nearly 14,000 feet high. I went in company with a friend and two guides. It was a very rough scramble. We stayed that summer in a big hotel situated in a valley about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. All about us lay the great glaciers and some of the highest peaks of the Swiss Alps. One had to cross a very difficult pass to get to Zermatt; the day after we left an English lady was killed there.

Once we made an excursion from this place to a hut of refuge of the Swiss Alpine Club which overlooked a glorious glacier. To reach the hut we had to walk several hours on this glacier, once even cutting steps in the ice—and all in the month of July!

The summer before this I was in Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc.

However, last summer I made my crowning and last excursion to the Dent (tooth) of Barmaz, 7500 feet high. I made this ascent with one guide, from the north side, which had until then been accomplished only twice, so that I was the third.

We started in the afternoon, and slept that night in a chalet on a mountain. The next morning at 3 A. M. we started with a lantern, for it was so dark one could scarcely see anything. It was quite a difficult climb, first, for one hour up a steep slant of black ice (with rocks below) into which we had to cut steps with our ice-axes, and then for a long while over rocks to the summit. We were roped together for almost three hours. During the descent, which we made on the side, we came sud-

denly upon a chamois buck, which, however, bounded away very rapidly. I am an American boy, fifteen years old, and have been on the Continent four years. Last August I visited the Geneva Exhibition.

I am your devoted reader,

B. Y. R.

STUTTGART, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little German girl—that is to say, I was born in London and lived there till I was eleven, when we came here. I have read your nice magazine with much pleasure, and enjoy reading the stories very much. I especially like “A Boy of the First Empire,” “June’s Garden,” and “Master Skylark.” I also enjoy your lovely illustrations, especially those of Varian, Birch, and Relyea. As I draw a great deal myself, I often copy them, especially the horses, as I like to draw them best. I read with much interest the letter by Margaret Hitchcock, as I *hate* bearing-reins (as they are called in England). I have also read “Black Beauty,” which is my favorite book; besides that, I have five other books about horses. I do as much as I can to make people leave off using bearing-reins. I have already written about it to a great many people, known and unknown.

I belong to a children’s society in England, called “The Children’s Order of Chivalry,” which has a department called *Companions*, edited by Mr. Sambrook. This appears every month in the weekly agricultural paper of Lord Winchelsea called *The Cable*. To *The Cable* I once wrote a letter about bearing-reins, and I received a great many interesting answers. I hope it will soon get out of fashion, as it tortures the poor creatures so; it is especially tightly used in London, which is a great shame, I think. We used to have horses in England too, and they *never* had one.

It is very pretty in Stuttgart, as it is surrounded on all sides with hills covered with vineyards and woods; there are lovely woods here, into which we often take walks. We have a little dog called “Waldmann,” of which we are all very fond. He is a “dachshund,” as they call them here; once he nearly caught a hare in the woods. He is very watchful and a dear little fellow. Now I must close, as I still have to do my lessons; besides, I will tire you with so much news about an unknown little reader.

Your constant reader and admirer,

SOPHIE EISENLOHR (age 13).

ERIE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On my birthday all my Brownies came to dinner. My mama called it a “Brownie Banquet.” In the center of the table there was a high dish with paper flowers on it, and paper Brownies peeping out around the flowers; there was a plaster-jointed Brownie at the bottom of the dish, inside of the standard, looking through the glass.

For dinner we had roast duck, brown bread, Brownie and graham crackers, brown cookies, candy, and chocolate ice-cream, because it was brown. There were ribbons from the chandelier coming down to each corner of the table, and they were brown and white, with little packages of brown candy, wrapped up in brown papers, with Brownies printed on them, and pinned on to the ribbon. These were our favors.

Yours truly,

WALTER A. CRANCH.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been very much disappointed in our spring vacation this year, for it has rained all the week, and we have found it hard to find

something to do. But at last we hit upon the brilliant idea of having a theatre.

Of course you all have been to the play and know what fun it is, but perhaps you don’t all know what fun it is to go on the stage yourself.

The usual difficulty in this game is the want of costumes, scenery, and so on. Costumes can easily be cooked up out of old clothes, and scenery is almost as easy. In a forest scene, I remember, we had the old Christmas tree without its ornaments, and some pine boughs. It really looked quite natural. A darkened stage with chains hanging about makes a cell, a few flower-pots and garden-seats, a fine garden, and a curtain with a hole in it, and the leading lady on a stepladder behind, makes a window, underneath which any number of serenades may be sung.

But some may have more trouble with the curtain than with anything else.

Of course it will be easy to make it slide on a rod or string, but that ’s not always just right. It ’s so much better to have the curtain rise.

We fix ours with a slanting row of rings from the lower right hand corner to the upper left hand one (or the other way) and run a string through them. You must be sure to have the string strong enough to bear the weight of the curtain, or it will break and the curtain will come down. Then if you tie the string together the knot will catch in one of the rings.

There are small accidents that always happen, such as losing love-letters, daggers, or poison, at the last minute; actors failing to appear when their time comes, and so on. Hoping that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will discover what fun it is to act,

I am, DIANA ASHBURNHAM.

A MIXED-UP FARM YARD.

MOTHER: “What does the cow say, baby dear?”

BABY: “Meow, meow.”

MOTHER: “What does the cat say, baby?”

BABY: “Moo, moo.”

MOTHER: “What does the horse say?”

BABY: “Bow, wow, wow.”

MOTHER: “What does the dog say?”

BABY: “Neigh, neigh.”

MOTHER: “And what does Baby say?”

BABY: “Tick tock.”

MOTHER: “And what does the clock say, clever child?”

BABY: “Boohoo, boohoo!”

DOROTHY JENKS.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A dear friend you have been to us “ever since I was a little girl.”

I am sorry I am a little girl no longer; but I thank you for remembering me every month, just as if I were, and for the delightful visits I have from you.

I am much “interested” in that boy and monkey of “A Winter Evening Problem,” in the February number.

I have propounded the problems at dinner, to older and wiser heads, and both old and young have enjoyed the merriment from the mental perplexity that always follows.

I argue it in this way:

If, as is stated by the “school boy,” the monkey keeps his face toward the boy, the monkey’s natural position on the pole, would be, as illustrated, *on the opposite side of the pole to the boy!* If the monkey is on the opposite side of the pole to the boy, and moves as the boy moves, so that they retain that position toward each other, *of course* the boy does not go around the monkey, but both

monkey and boy go around the pole — *the pole being between the monkey and the boy*. It might as well be a house between them, around which both are going, it seems to me.

If the monkey is on the same side of the pole on which the boy is, but manages to twist his face around toward the boy, and retains that position toward the boy, they go around the pole together and at the same time.

If you try to go around a house, and the house starts and moves with you, so that you see but one side of the house, you have not been around the house. The house has turned around on its foundation, and you have walked around its foundation, with the house as it moved.

Or, if two jockeys are riding their trotters about a race-course, and the two horses keep "neck and neck" (although the one may make the extreme inner circle, and the other the extreme outer circle of the track, yet if one keeps opposite the other, if they move together), will they not both have gone around the track, but neither around the other?

If a platform, circular in shape, was placed at the top of the pole, and the monkey walked on the extreme edge of the platform, and the boy described a smaller circle below, and they kept apace, could the monkey be said to walk around the boy?

P. S. It just occurs to me: The circle that the boy describes goes around the pole with the small one the monkey describes in his struggles to keep opposite the boy; and, after the boy's manly and conquering footsteps have formed the outer circle, that circle is around the inner circle of the monkey's manœuvres, and *around the monkey*.

But the boy did not conquer the monkey — the monkey faced him, and the monkey had the boy at an advantage; he was *above* the boy, in thought and action — that time.

If you walk around a mountain, you may walk at its summit or at its base. But if the summit of that mountain decides to turn on its center, and you walk around its base, *while the summit turns with you*, you have not walked around the summit, have you?

It seems to me the *boy did not* go around the monkey.

Humbly your friend,

ELINA RUTH HUBBARD.

MAY we suggest to our bright correspondent that the solution to the puzzle lies in the words "walked around"? This phrase may mean either "described a path about," or "was upon all sides of"; and as we take one meaning or the other in the different cases suggested, we shall decide that the boy has or has not walked around the monkey. In other words, the puzzle is really a "catch" or play upon words.

We print with pleasure three poems written by a young friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Miss Florence R. Langworthy. The poems were written when the author was thirteen years of age.

"I AM WELL."

"AH, good morning, Jones; how are you, pray tell?"
 "Thanks, Mr. Smith; I am well — very well.
 But there 's a stitch in the small of my back,
 I 've a sore foot where I stepped on a tack,
 And I must confess that both my ears ache,
 And then my head feels as though it would break;
 I broke my arm as I slipped on the floor,
 And then bumped my shin on a nail in the door;
 And I made my neck stiff by a bad fall;
 My stomach is n't in order at all;

My cold has made me as hoarse as a crow,
 So I 'm prescribed for wherever I go;
 I had a very bad toothache last night,
 So my cheek 's swelled as though I 'd had a fight.
 Aside from these, which are too small to tell,
 I 'm well, Mr. Smith; exceedingly well!"

ARBOR DAY.

COME, children, come,
 Sing a merry lay;
 For it is spring,
 And 't is Arbor Day.

Chorus:

Sing, children, sing,
 For it is spring;
 Sing, children, sing
 This Arbor Day.

Children, be glad,
 For birds now have come,
 And flowerets
 To perfume our home.

Chorus.

Come, children, come;
 To the woods we 'll go —
 Yes, to the woods
 Where the flowers grow.

Chorus.

Sing, children, sing;
 Oh, happy are we
 That spring has come!
 Let us thankful be.

HOW SAD!

'T is sad to see our hopes depart,
 Our earthly treasures go;
 But sadder still it is to see
 My dear, sweet papa mow.

LINDA VISTA TERRACE, OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for about four or five years. We all enjoy it very much. I have a little canary bird that we call "Jennie."

One night about nine years ago, my oldest sister was looking out of the window when she saw what she thought was a little white dove in a tree. My papa went out and caught it, and found it was a little yellow canary bird. He brought it in, and ever since it has been a great pet in the family. It does so many tricks that I must tell you about them. It loves to play house with us. It will lie in a bed and pretend to be asleep. When we say, "Wake up," it will kick off the covers and jump up. It jumps over a stick, and will lie in my hand and pretend to be dead.

Your little friend,

FLORENCE TAYLOR.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Isabel M. Gates, Arthur P. Payson, L. G. C., Louise "C. A. T.," S. C. H., Marietta Edwards, Jack Rose Troup, May Stone, Noel B. Van Wagenen, Eva Louise Nottingham, Swift Trow, John P. Reynolds, Dorothy Green, Francis Bayard Rives, Gerald S. Couzens, Ethel P. Slocum, Hanford B., Elsie B. M., Willie Walker, Florence Taibot, Rhoda E. Peter, Arthur Betts, Elizabeth Johnston, Jack Miller, Frances C. Reed, Ethel Land, Vera Ingram, Edith E. Maxon, Helen S. Lawrason, Felice Marshall Safford.



OUR RIDDLE BOX

KAY WOHMATH



PANDORA



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

PATRIOTIC PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Fourth of July. 1. Franchise. 2. Oppression. 3. Union. 4. Revolution. 5. Tory. 6. "Heathen Chinese." 7. Office. 8. Flag. 9. Justice. 10 United States. 11. Liberty. 12. Yankee.

HEXAGONS. I. From 1 to 2, bye; 3 to 4, love; 5 to 7, avail; 8 to 9, hart; 10 to 11, bee. II. From 1 to 2, cut; 3 to 4, duos; 5 to 7, sheet; 8 to 9, iron; 10 to 11, e'er.

RIDDLE. A table.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS. 1. Father. 2. Handsome. 3. Together. 4. Pleasure. 5. China. 6. Forget. 7. Season. 8. Abandon. 9. Hatred. 10. Target.

DIAMOND. 1. D. 2. Car. 3. Nahum. 4. Calabar. 5. Dahi-biyeh. 6. Rubicon. 7. Mayor. 8. Ren(t). 9. H.

DIAGONALS. I. Holly; 1. Hotel. 2 Rough. 3. Filly. 4. Folly. 5. Rally. II. Fruit: 1. Fancy. 2. Arabs. 3. Abuse. 4. Cubit. 5. Sweet.

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

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from G. B. Dyer—W. L.—Josephine Sherwood—Walter and Eleanor Furman—"Class No. 19"—Louise Ingham Adams—"The Buffalo Quartette"—Mabel M. Johns—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Madeline, Mabel, and Henri—Katharine S. Doty—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 15th, from Francis Tack, 1—Mary B. Smith, 1—Mary Taber, 2—We, Us, and Co., 8—Helen C. Gross, 1—Bessie and Cornwall, 2—Irwin Tucker, 1—W. A. K., 1—"Spooks," 2—Margaret D. Latta, 1—Margaret Lyall, 1—Blanche Shoemaker, 1—Florence Freiler, 1—Thomas Ellis Robins, 2—Kent Shafter, 1—Alma L. Knapp, 1—Wm. K. Dart, 3—Elizabeth W., 6—D. H. D., 1—"Honor Bright," 3—John W. Brotherton, 3—John de Koven Bowen, 2—Arthur and Fossie, 3—Gertrude Brown, 1—"Queen Mab," 2—"Jersey Quartette," 10—"Two Little Brothers," 10—Mary Helen Lynch, 1—Marston Boughner, 2—Rhoda E. Peter, 2—Vera M. Freeman, 1—"Two Little Sisters," 1—Marion Hackett, 4—"G. G." and Caroline, 8—John P. Reynolds, 3rd, 1—Allil and Adi, 10—"V. V. V.," 2—Minnie Armans, 3—Frederick G. Foster, 2—"The Duet," 7—"Big Headed," 3—Marion E. Larkspur, 3—Ada M. Burt, 6—Marjorie V. Smith, 2—Sunner Ford, 1—Theodora B. Dennis, 7—"Kikki-tikki-tavi," 4—"Femci," 7—"Thistle," 3—Emily Foster, 3—Margaret Buckley, 2—"Frenze," 4—Roderick A. Dorman, 1—Paul Reese, 10—"The Trio," 8—Howard B. Peterson, 10—E. Everett, Uncle Will, and Fannie, 7—Truda G. Vroom, 5—Grace Levy, 10—Jo and I, 10—Winnifred Hanns, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—"Ermyntude," 2—Mary E. Meares, 1—C. D. Lauer Co., 10—Belle Miller Waddell, 10—Helen and Louise A. Little, 3—Howard Lothrop, 10—"The Bright Puzzlers," 9—Clara A. Anthony, 9—Florence and Edna, 7—Daniel Hardin and Co., 9—Helen S. Grant, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MASCULINE nickname. 2. To roam. 3. Level.
4. A deep mark. NICHOLAS C. BLEECKER.

OMITTED FRUITS.

D D.

If a certain fruit you place
Between these letters, in the space
Where you see a line that 's dotted,
You will always find it spotted.

S S.

If a fruit is placed aright
'Twixt these letters, for the fight
You will be well armed, and so,
It would seem, will be your foe.

E. R. BURNS.

AN ANAGRAM STORY.

(1) TERICABE'S (2) DOYHLIA.

ONE bright summer day Mr. (3) Sandvoid walked into the (4) clorohomos and said to his (5) hatgerud, "Tericabe, would you like to take a doyhlia and go with me to the (6) pemidphoro?"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Telegraph; finals, Telephone. Cross-words: 1. Tablet. 2. Endure. 3. Lawful. 4. Empire. 5. Gossip. 6. Relish. 7. Albino. 8. Prison. 9. Haggie.

CHARADE. Troubadour.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Hancock,—John and Winfield Scott. 1. Horn. 2. Acorn. 3. Nut. 4. Canoe. 5. Obelisk. 6. Coat. 7. Kangaroo.

COUNTRIES IN DISGUISE. Turkey, Hungary, Samoa, Sandwich Isles, Chili, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Roumania, Wales, Ireland, Tunis, Greece, Ashantee, Queensland.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. 1. Car. 2. Carrot. 3. Rotten. 4. Tender. 5. Dermal. 6. Malaga. 7. Agaric. 8. Richer. 9. Hermit. 10. Mitten. 11. Tendron. 12. Donate. 13. Ate.

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS. From 1 to 9, Telephone; 10 to 17, Audiophone. Cross-words: 1. Telephone. 2. Environ. 3. Limbo. 4. Eph. 5. P. 6. Ich. 7. Ditto. 8. Unicorn. 9. Audiophone.

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply. "I will get my (7) quaces and be ready at once."

"Very well," said the (8) tannelmeg, "and take a (9) slapoar with you; I have an (10) aulmerlb, so we will be prepared, whatever the (11) hawtree may be.

They started off with (12) tenrimmer and (13) thultrage, and after a short (14) rujenyo they came to the pemidphoro. It was in a large (15) lignbiud and Tericabe was a little (16) fetherding when the (17) sailman roared.

And, too, there were so many on (18) teniboxihi that it seemed like (19) hintgader a (20) nyrbhiat.

But Mr. Sandvoid only (21) hagulle, and said it was (22) ubosivo his hadgerut was a (23) yeechnop.

After a (24) loquocyl with one of the (25) tedtantans, he told Tericabe that the (26) soollisac (27) ornieschor was the largest ever (28) hurtbog to this (29) yurnoat, and as the (30) herbod of the (31) ructrace was (32) moon-sure, Tericabe could well believe the (33) tststsiaci.

After they had seen all the (34) dunflower (35) beisixth, they took their places to behold the (36) campoferren, and such (37) salvorume feats did the (38) scotarab perform that Tericabe almost (39) demraces out in (40) mix-ettence.

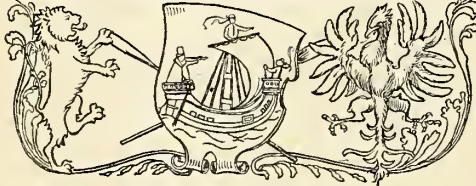
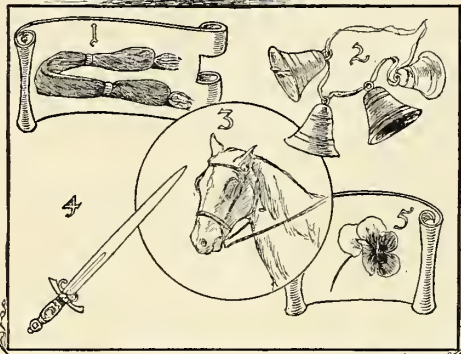
In the (41) vinegen there was a (42) thoneyprice display, and the (43) spelwhine and (44) creskot afforded a great (45) paulreecast feast. Mr. Sandvoid (46) ende-raras all Tericabe's (47) tingnoose with (48) capiteen, and they went home with (49) lastepan (50) rommesie of their doyhlia.

CAROLYN WELLS.

RIDDLE.

It is sleek, and it 's lithe, and it rubs round your knee;
 It swims, and it also sails over the sea;
 It warbles and trills in the top of the tree;
 Sometimes it has one tail, sometimes it has nine;
 Come, tell me the name of this strange beast of mine.
 L. E. JOHNSON.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a man who won a famous victory early in the present century.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

AN 1-2-3-4-5-6 1-2 3-4-5-6, 4-5-6 1 2-3-4-5-6-7-8
 no one when I say that a person born and bred in New
 York is an 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.
 ANNA M. PRATT.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a very famous man.

CROSSWORDS: 1. Signification. 2. A geometrical figure. 3. To answer. 4. Inflicted. 5. A very great number. 6. One who holds erroneous opinions. 7.

An incorporated town. 8. To unite. 9. Frisks. 10. A full suit of defensive armor. 11. One who ponders studiously. 12. Wonderful. 13. A small anchor. 14. A layer. 15. Evaded. 16. Part of an arrow. 17. To exasperate.
 J. M. C.

CHARADE.

WITHOUT my *first* the clergy would despair;
 Without it where were conscience? self-control?
 Consistency? contrition of the soul?
 Yet, but for it, conversion, I declare,
 Were a translation. Blind of heart, beware!
 Behold the swine in *second*, "cheek by jowl";
 Or else recall the saying, quaint and droll—
 "It 's in your eye," and look for *second* there.
 'T is but a step to *third*, for it is, too.
 Shun *fourth*! shun *fourth*! yet do not ask me why.
 Is thy *whole* broken? Then I pity thee.
 Thou may'st repair; thou canst not make anew.
 Oh, *whole*! for thee well might brave freemen die,
 Thou guardian of our priceless liberty.
 T. F. COLLIER.

DIAMOND.

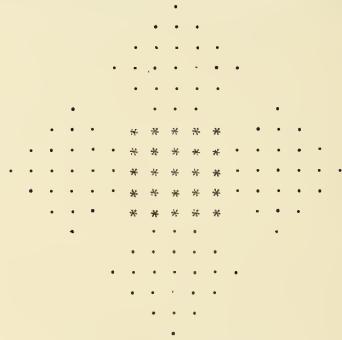
1. IN ST. NICHOLAS. 2. An imposition. 3. The chief of the fallen angels. 4. Certain fruits. 5. A kind of raft or float. 6. Administered. 7. The nostrils. 8. Downcast. 9. IN ST. NICHOLAS.
 E. C. W.

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC.

WHEN each of the six following groups of letters has been correctly rearranged, it will form one word; and when these six words have been written one below another, in the order here given, the initial letters will form a word meaning to respond, and the final letters will form a word meaning to yield.

1. Heanort. 2. Taraner. 3. Schalet. 4. Cemowle. 5. Aserten. 6. Precite.
 H. W. E.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In tragical. 2. A couch. 3. Ruins. 4. Middle. 5. A county of England. 6. To utter. 7. In tragical.

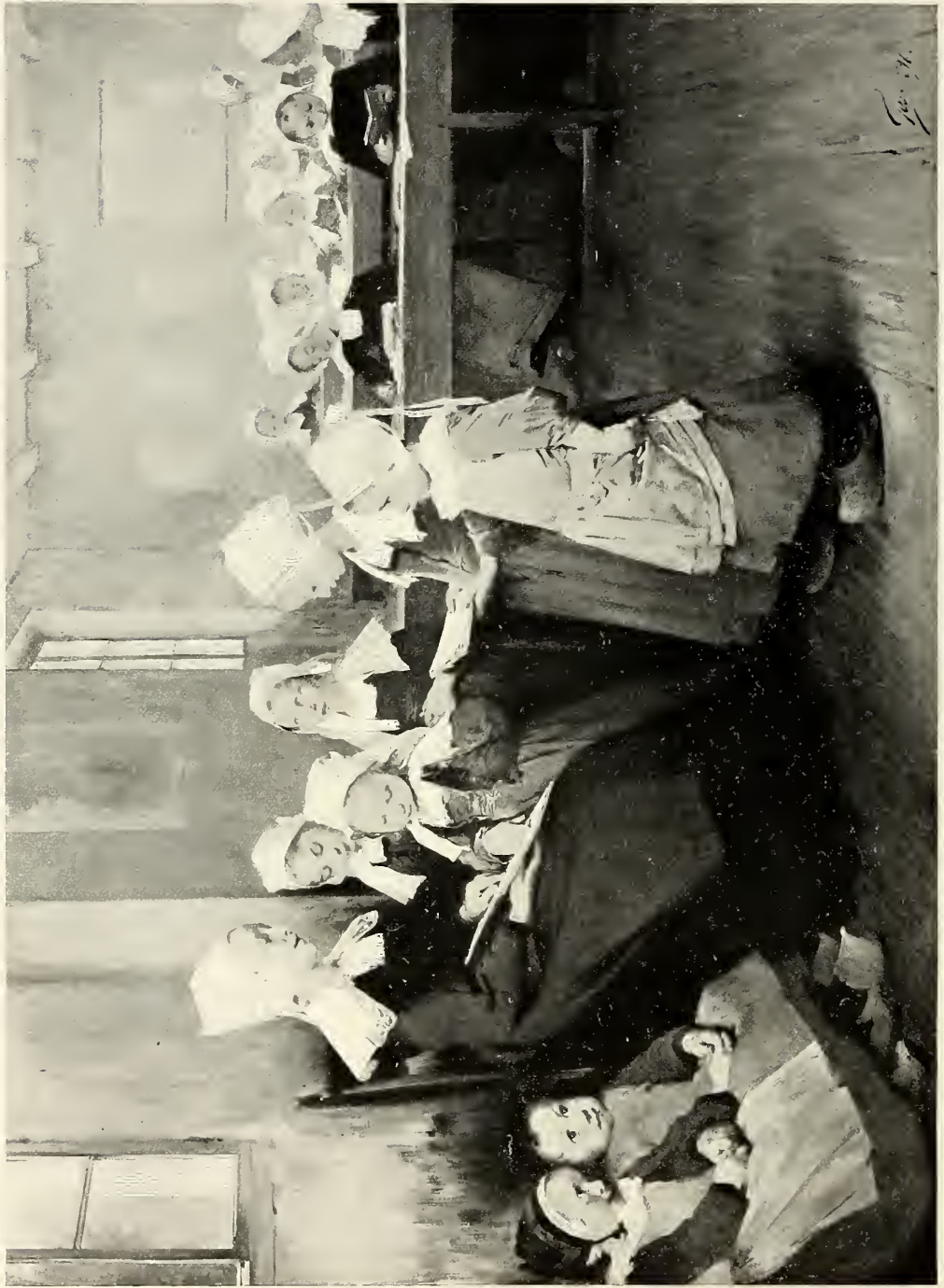
II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tragical. 2. Cunning. 3. Fright. 4. Step by step. 5. A very desirable card. 6. A chart. 7. In tragical.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Large bundles of goods. 2. An old word meaning "to let fall." 3. A large basin. 4. The French word for "pupil." 5. Withers.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tragical. 2. A weight. 3. A body of soldiers. 4. A barnyard fowl. 5. One who takes notice. 6. By. 7. In tragical.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In tragical. 2. A very open fabric. 3. A Roman historian. 4. To fold again. 5. To warm thoroughly. 6. To rest. 7. In tragical.

ROGER HOYT AND FRED KELSEY.



FROM A PAINTING BY GEOFFROY.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN BRITTANY.

BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

NO. 11.



OVER Winchester town long lines of rain fell steadily one July day more than three hundred years ago.

The afternoon was wearing away, when Rosamund, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Master Richard Walton, the learned tutor, sat at a window in her father's house and watched the gray clouds blowing across the sky, above the cathedral spires, above the great Episcopal palace where the Queen's Majesty was now lodged, and above the wet roofs of all the houses in town.

Drip, drip, the rain-drops fell past the window, and scratch, scratch, with very much less regularity, went the goose-quill of Rosamund's brother Ned, who, with a big sheet of paper before him, sat at a desk in the room.

"A plague upon it!" he suddenly exclaimed, looking up from his work. "The plain truth is, Rose, that I was never meant for a poet."

"But you will try," said Rosamund encouragingly. "Our father would be so much disappointed if you had not the honor, along with the other boys, of reciting before the Queen and the Spanish Prince. And, Ned, you know, you *can* make very good verses sometimes."

"Well, so I can," said Ned, flattered by this praise. "But rhymes, and specially Latin ones, are wicked things, say I. Now that I want them so much, the obstinate things refuse to come into my head. I have sat here nigh the whole day, with ink-horn and quill in most clerkly manner, and this is all I have done."

He read aloud his Latin verses, sure of being understood, for Master Walton had taught Latin to his daughter as well as to his son, merely for the pleasure of instructing so apt a pupil.

"Why, that is good," said Rosamund, who had listened attentively; "but—"

"Ay, *but!* I would I had your wits, Rose, or that you, and not I, had the writing of this; for I think you must be almost as clever as they say the Princess Elizabeth is. But even the elements make against me. A marriage-poem

at the gates, and you can see everything from our house!"

"Why, I thought the Queen had sent word they would not come till to-morrow, because of the weather," said Ned, jumping up from the table.

"So she did," answered Bess. "I saw the messenger when he rode away. But the Spanish Prince hath pressed on, and the mayor and aldermen are even now on their way to meet him at the gates; so you must be quick. And my father bade me say he will be most happy if Master Walton will come, too."

Some five minutes thereafter, our four young people, with Master Walton, were outside, and hurrying through the wet grayness of the afternoon.

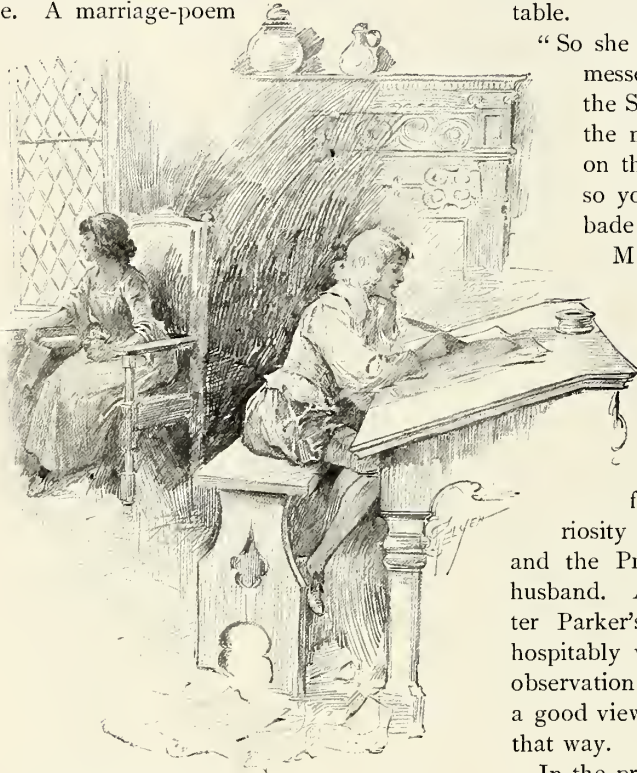
The crowds in the streets increased ever as they went on, for nothing could dampen the curiosity of the people to see the Spaniards and the Prince who was to be the Queen's husband. A short walk brought them to Master Parker's house, where the Waltons were hospitably welcomed and invited to posts of observation from which they might hope to get a good view of Prince Philip as he should pass that way.

In the presence of their elders the boys and girls were very quiet and respectful, as they were expected to be. They listened to the talk in the room, which was all about the Queen's marriage.

"I had heard Prince Philip was not over-well liked in Flanders," said Master Parker; "but my brother, who rode from Southampton but yesterday, saith he hath the character there of a most gracious and affable prince, and that in many of his customs he is like an Englishman."

"I hear he is very pious and devout," said Master Walton, who had always been a good Catholic himself.

"Ay, since this Spanish marriage is to be, we may as well make the best of it," said Master Parker's brother, entering the room at that moment. "I am right glad that the Prince seemeth so well disposed toward us. He showeth more favor to Englishmen than is altogether



"ROSAMUND'S BROTHER NED SAT AT A DESK IN THE ROOM."

should be a joyous composition — and how can one write joyously on a day like this?"

"There, you had best stop now," said Rosamund, laughing. "You are tired; you will be getting cross next, and woe betide your 'joyous composition' then! Why, here come Bess and Thomas Parker!" she exclaimed, as she turned to the window once more; "and I do believe they are coming in here."

Surely enough, a boy and girl, wrapped in long cloaks, which the wind blew about them, came running to the street-door below. A moment later there was an eager rush up the stairs, and a pair of excited young people ran into the room.

"Oh, Rose, get on your cloak and come, quick: — you and Ned, too. They are almost

pleasing to his Spanish followers." And he laughed heartily.

Presently there was no more talking, for the shouting in the street announced that Prince Philip was at hand, and every one thought only of seeing as much of the pageant as he could.

In bright sunshine it would have been a fine sight — for there were nobles of England, Spain, and the Netherlands, in their rich costumes; archers, who, in compliment to Philip, wore the red and yellow livery of Aragon; the mayor and aldermen of the city, in their scarlet robes; not to mention the great numbers of people who had joined the Prince's retinue along the road. But soaking wet, spattered with mud, and fatigued with the journey, the notables all looked tolerably forlorn, and of the Prince himself all that could be seen was his broad hat and red felt cloak, though it was evident that he was doing his best to respond affably to the cheering which greeted him.

Nevertheless, Ned and Rosamund would not have missed it for anything; and as they went home, they planned with their father to go out the next day to watch the procession through the streets when Prince Philip should pay his first public visit to the Queen.

But alas! the next morning Rosamund woke with a sore throat; and old Mistress Walton, her grandmother, who had taken charge of her since she was a very little girl, said she must lie abed all day and be properly cared for.

It was almost as much of a disappointment to Ned as it was to Rosamund; but both knew there was no help for it, and Ned went off without her, telling her she must be sure to get well

to-day, so she could go to see the royal marriage on the morrow.

There came to Rosamund, lying alone in her little room, the far-off cheering of the people and the joyful music that was played before Prince Philip on his way to the palace.

The music made Rosamund think of the Latin marriage-poem which Ned, like the other bright lads of Winchester School, had been bidden to write. She hoped so very much that it would be found good enough to recite before the Queen.

Then suddenly it came into her mind to make a poem herself, it was so easy.



PRINCE PHILIP ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE.

The verses seemed to come to her of their own accord, and the stately, sonorous Latin words seemed to take on a new grace and freshness, as she put them together in courtly sentences, to welcome the Prince to England, and to express, as simply and naturally as she could, the

good wishes she really felt for the Queen. She repeated the stanzas aloud, and was fairly well satisfied with them.

At all events, they had served to pass away a lonely hour or two. Presently Ned and her father returned with their account of the procession, and then Bess Parker paid Rosamund a visit; and so the day slipped by.

That night Ned came into her room with some sheets of paper in his hand.

"Would you like to hear my *completed* verses?" he asked. "To-day when I came home I thought how the poem should go, and now I have read it to father, and he declares that I need not be ashamed of it."

Of course Rosamund would like to hear them; so Ned proceeded to read what was really a very creditable bit of verse for a lad of his age, while to the admiring little sister the poem seemed even more than that.

"I am sure the Queen will think it is the most beautiful of all!" she declared.

"Did I not say it was the weather that was the matter yesterday?" demanded Ned, in triumph.

"So you did; and—Ned, what do you think? I have composed a marriage poem, an epithalamium—to give it the grand Latin name—too, but it is not so good as yours. I did it to amuse myself to-day while you were gone."

"Did you? Well, you must say it to me. That is fair, for I have read you mine."

Rosamund repeated it.

For a few moments after she ended, Ned was silent. Boy as he was, he recognized the ring of true poetry in her few simple verses, and though he had always considered his sister very clever, yet he was astonished by her poetical skill.

"Why, Rosamund," he said presently, "that is ever so much better than mine. I wish *you* were to recite it to their Majesties."

"No, indeed; it is not better than yours," said Rosamund; but she blushed a rosy red at Ned's praise.

"Yes, but it is. Mine shows that it has been *made-up*—well made enough, it may be, but still made-up; while yours sounds as if it had come of itself; and I am sure that it is real

poetry. Thou must say it to father, Rose; he will be so pleased."

Indeed, Master Walton did feel prouder than usual (if that were possible) of his clever little daughter, as she walked between him and her grandmother to Winchester Cathedral on the morrow. For Rosamund had obeyed Ned's behest, and got well; and she was one of the great concourse of people who looked on for nearly four hours while Bishop Gardiner and his assistant prelates made Philip of Spain and Mary of England man and wife.

Her father pointed out to her the principal persons in the royal suite, and long, long afterward, when Rosamund described the scene to her grandchildren, she told them how she had seen the stern Duke of Alva, and the brave Flemish Count Egmont, the victor of Gravelines, who stood near the duke, handsome and frank of bearing, and dreaming not at all of the fatal influence which his neighbor would one day exercise over his fate.

But naturally Rosamund, like every one else, looked most at the royal bride and bridegroom. They sat under a canopy with an altar between them, and both were resplendent in white satin richly ornamented with jewels; but Mary's black-velvet mantle, and the little red slippers which peeped out from under the skirt of her robe, would probably be considered very strange in a bridal costume nowadays.

There was some embarrassment when it was time to give the bride away, for, strangely enough, no one had thought who should do it; but at last it was settled by the Marquis of Winchester and the Earls of Derby and Pembroke, who stepped forward and gave her away, in the name of the English nation; whereat there was much cheering by the people, and the ceremony went on.

At last it was all over, and then Ned, who had sat near his sister in the cathedral, went off at once to the Episcopal palace to wait there, with the other boys who had composed marriage-poems, till the Queen could hear them recite.

That was not till after dinner; and so they waited during the banquet among the crowds of servants and musicians in the lower part of the hall. But at last the summons came; they



"ROSAMUND STOOD UP, AND RECITED HER SIMPLE VERSES, NOT KNOWING WHAT A PRETTY PICTURE SHE MADE."
(SEE PAGE 888.)

were conducted to the dais where Mary and Philip had dined, with only each other and Bishop Gardiner for company. When they found themselves in the presence of royalty, every boy felt his heart beat faster, and had a sudden fear lest now, at the critical moment, his tongue should cleave to the roof of his mouth, and the laboriously composed Latin verses go unrecited, after all.

However, they all managed to get through fairly well; and Mary was too radiantly happy to be very critical. Philip, too, who wished to find favor with his wife's subjects, was pleased to express his approval; and so all the boys were liberally rewarded for their efforts, and doubtless went away feeling themselves to be geniuses of the first water.

All but Ned. He recited last of all, and somehow, when he had finished, the Queen spoke so kindly and encouragingly that, almost without his knowing what he said, the words slipped out:

"Oh, Madam, if you could but hear my sister's poem!"

The next instant he was frightened at his boldness; but the Queen was smiling, and evidently not at all displeased.

"Ah!" she said, "so you have a sister, and she also hath composed some verses in honor of our marriage? I should like greatly to hear them."

"They are beautiful!" said Ned with enthusiasm. "They are much better than any of ours."

Mary turned to Philip, and with a smile said something in the Castilian tongue. "We must really hear that," she said, turning to Ned once more. "Suppose you fetch hither that clever sister. Tell her we would fain hear her epithalamium too."

Rosamund could scarcely believe it, when Ned came rushing in and told her that she, too, must go and recite before the Queen. The quick walk through the streets with her father and Ned seemed like a dream to her. So, too, did the arrival at the Bishop's palace, and the great hall where the long tables were spread, and where the English and Spanish courts were, for the present, making the best of each

other, though regarding with ill-concealed distaste each other's foreign looks and ways.

Presently, Rosamund had reached the dais, and had kissed the hand of her sovereign, and of the King of Naples: for such had Prince Philip been created by his father, according to a paper read aloud that morning in the cathedral.

"Thy name, my little maiden?" the Queen's deep tones were saying.

"Rosamund Walton, your Majesty," answered Rosamund, scarcely recognizing the sound of her own voice.

"Thy brother saith thou hast composed certain lines in honor of our marriage, Rosamund; and the King and I would gladly hear them. Canst thou say them to us?"

Rosamund looked up, glanced from Mary's radiant face with its dark, shining eyes, to Philip's, cold and mysterious, and wearing a forced smile; and, somehow, she felt very sorry for the Queen. This feeling made her forget her embarrassment, and added a thrill to her voice; and so she stood up straight and recited her simple verses, not knowing what a pretty picture she made, nor that all eyes in the hall were fixed on her.

And when she finished speaking, there was first a little pause, such as Ned had made when she had recited it to him; and then the Queen bent forward to say, cordially, "Thank you, my dear"; and a buzz of praise was heard to pass around.

Philip spoke in Spanish, and Mary turned to Rosamund again.

"The King is very much pleased with thy verses," she said, as if there were no higher praise in all the world than that. "He says the English maids are as clever as they are fair; and he gives thee this jewel to thank thee for thy fine poesy. And this," she added, taking a very beautiful and valuable bracelet from her own arm, "I hope thou wilt wear sometimes to keep thee in mind of how much Queen Mary was delighted by thy poem upon her wedding-day."

She spoke also some kind and encouraging words to Master Walton, and then the audience was over.

In the pages of the historians — or of some

of them—it is written how the boys of Winchester were allowed to come in and recite their Latin verses before the Queen and Philip; but of the one girl there is no mention made. Rosamund, however, had no thought of the historians when she composed her verses, so it would have grieved her little to know she was to be

ignored by them. Philip's jewel was afterward sold for a sum which was a fair dowry for her when she married, but the bracelet Rosamund kept all her life; and upon the Queen for whom so many had cruel words in the days that came after, she never pronounced a harsher judgment than, "Poor lady!"

FLOATING FIRE-ENGINES.

BY C. T. HILL.

WITH the growth of a large city, the protection of the water-front from the ravages of fire becomes an important study, almost as important as the study of fire protection for the city itself. Nearly every large city in the United States owes its growth to its nearness to some body of water, either lake, river, or sea, which offers exceptional advantages for the transportation of immense quantities of merchandise, and also provides harborage for all manner of craft engaged in this work.

This merchandise has to be stored somewhere during the process of loading and unloading these vessels, and the big warehouses and wharf-buildings along the water-front serve this purpose; but very often the most valuable cargoes are stored for a time in the flimsiest kind of buildings, needing but a spark to start a destructive conflagration.

As a city increases in size its importance as a freight-center grows in proportion; and the value of freight and merchandise stored along shore, during transit, in a big city like New York, can only be imagined. No reasonable valuation can be given, for we should have to dive too deeply into the amounts of imports and exports to get anywhere near the truth; but it is safe to say that one hundred millions would scarcely cover the property exposed to the danger of fire, in a single day, among the piers and wharves of New York City.

Nor is this danger confined to piers and wharf-buildings alone, but vessels in the act of

loading and unloading valuable cargoes, the big bonded warehouses along the river-front, the docks for great ocean-steamers, and the freight stations of many big railroads are also exposed to this risk, and need to be well protected, for a serious fire among them would destroy more valuable property than perhaps a fire of the same extent in the very heart of the city.

Fires along shore are difficult ones to handle. There is always more or less wind near the water; if a gale is blowing it seems to have twice as much force on the water-front, and a fire once started here spreads very rapidly. Then fires on the piers, or in the wharf buildings, are usually very hard to fight;—although there is plenty of water all around, it is difficult to apply it to good effect. The land forces can only fight such a fire from one position—the street side; and if the wind is blowing inland it drives the smoke and fire directly at them, and makes it nearly impossible to hold this position. It is here that the floating fire-engine or fire-boat can do its valuable work; and New York possesses a fleet of such vessels—three boats that are fully able to cope with a fire of almost any size, whether it be among the shipping, along-shore, or anywhere in the harbor.

Foremost among these vessels stands the fire-boat "New Yorker" (officially known as Engine Co. No. 57), as she is without doubt the most powerful fire-boat afloat. The New Yorker's berth is at the Battery, where she lies beside a

tasteful building erected by the Fire Department as a housing for her crew or company. This building is fitted up with all the requirements of an engine-house—bunk-room upstairs, sliding-poles to make a quick descent to the ground floor, and a complete set of telegraph instruments, to inform the company of all alarms throughout the city. She lies with steam up, at all times ready to respond in an instant to any alarm, whether it be by telegraph or a cry for assistance from a burning boat in mid-river. She will dash up the river to attack a burning pier or warehouse, or down the bay to meet an incoming steamship with its cargo afire, with the same activity. Her powerful pumps make her almost invincible in any kind of marine fire, and she is also a valuable assistant to the land-forces.

As she lies at her berth by the Battery she attracts a great deal of attention from all new arrivals in the harbor, and on account of her formidable appearance she is usually put down as some new-fangled torpedo-throwing addition to our navy, for with the rows of brass-headed hose-connections along the side of the deck-house, and the vicious-looking stand-pipes, or "monitor-nozzles" as they are called, mounted fore and aft, she certainly has a defiant and business-like appearance.

In build she looks like a rather handsome tug. She is 125 feet long, 26 feet wide, and draws about 13 feet of water. She is built of steel and iron throughout, making her thoroughly fire-proof, even the top of the wheel-house and cabin being made of a kind of cement as hard as stone. There is little wood-work about her to ignite, and she is thus enabled to approach very close to a fire and deliver her powerful streams at short range. She has two very large boilers and four sets (eight in all) of vertical, double-acting steam-pumps, and one additional small direct-acting pump.

These pumps have a throwing capacity of fully 10,000 gallons of water every minute, and under the best conditions they have been known to reach 12,000 gallons a minute,—over 6000 gallons more than any other fire-boat afloat. The water is drawn in through the sides of the boat, below the water-line, into what is

known as the "suction-bay," making an inner reservoir from which the pumps are fed.

There are about 10,000 little holes, $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch in diameter, bored in the sides of the boat just outside these suction-bays, and through these holes the water is drawn in, and filtered so that no foreign substance may get into the pumps. From the pumps it is forced into an air-chamber, thus equalizing the pressure all around, and then into a veritable water-main 12 inches in diameter, which runs all around the boat, between decks, and supplies the various outlets. There are forty-two of these outlets (including the four stand-pipes or monitor-nozzles), and they vary in size from 6 inches in diameter down to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches (the size of the regulation fire-hose). Two of the monitor nozzles are mounted aft, on top of the cabin, and a big and a small one on top of the wheel-house. The two stand-pipes aft have $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch nozzles, the big one on the wheel-house, having a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch opening. From the latter a solid $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stream can be thrown a distance of 320 feet, and if necessary this can be increased to a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch opening, and a mighty stream of water, having that width, can be sent thundering out into space over 200 feet. If you could hear this immense stream as its pours into the bay, like a miniature cataract, you could better appreciate the power of this remarkable boat.

No body of fire could very long withstand a deluge like this, and it requires only a few dashes of this massive stream to effectively quench a fire in the rigging or in the upper works of a ship. The small monitor nozzle, mounted on the other side of the wheel-house, has a $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch opening, and a powerful stream can also be thrown from this, and, of course, to a much greater distance, for, as the stream is reduced in diameter, it can go a great deal farther.

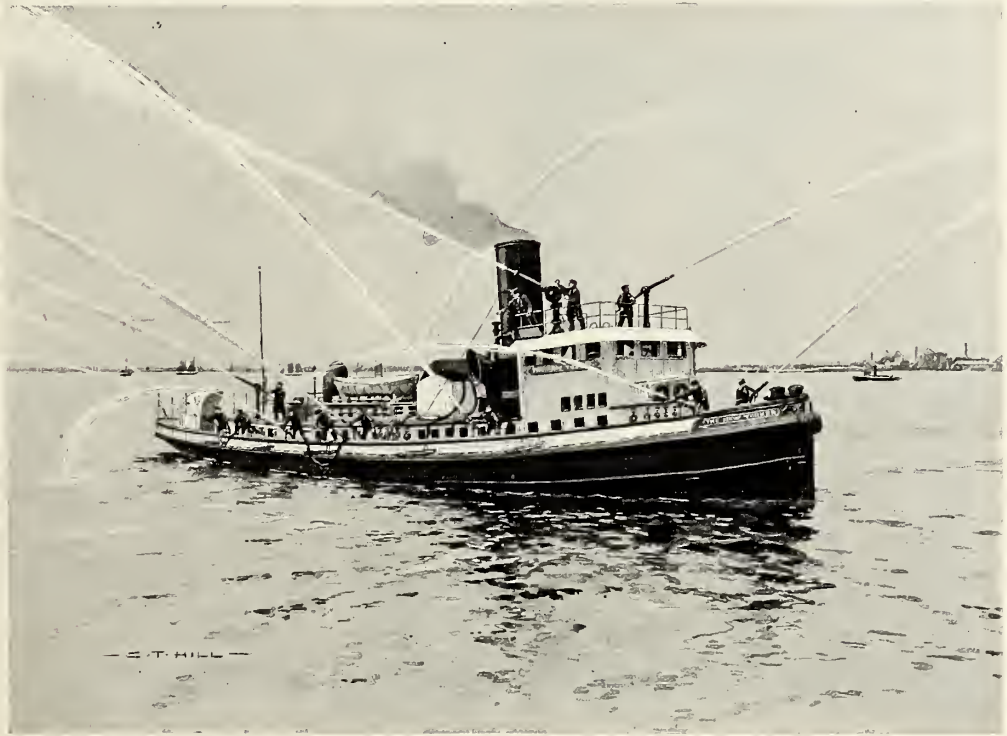
To the outlets along the side of the deck-house and at the bow and stern are attached short lengths of hose, to fight fire at close range. The pumps of the New Yorker are so powerful, and the pressure at these outlets is so great, that it would be impossible for men to handle these lines if there were not some sort of machinery to aid them, and therefore an appliance known as a "rail-pipe" is brought into play.

This is something like a big rowlock, and is set in the gunwale in the same manner that a rowlock is set in the rail of a row-boat. It is fastened beneath the rail with a pin, and between the forks is swung an iron connection, oar-fashion, pivoted at the sides. The short length of hose is attached to one end of this connection, and a nozzle to the other, and with this device one man is able to control and direct the heaviest stream with ease. The monitor nozzles also can be managed by one man each.

The fire-proof construction of the New

two thicknesses of corrugated iron, with an air space between, thus preventing the inner lining from becoming heated. They are arched at the top, and in shape are somewhat like the shields used to protect the gunners while working at the rapid-firing guns on our modern men-of-war.

There is an opening at the bottom of these shields for the nozzles of the rail-pipes to project through, and an oblong slot above for the fireman to look through and direct the water. With the aid of this protection for the men and because of her own salamander-like construc-



THE "NEW YORKER" AT FIRE-DRILL.

Yorker makes it possible to get very near a fire and deliver the powerful side streams at short range; and should the heat become so intense that the men are not able to stand by the "rail-pipes," protecting shields are brought into use behind which they can direct the streams with comfort. These shields slide along, inside the rail, on a kind of railway, so they can be placed at any part of the boat; and there is one on each side. They are made of

tion, the New Yorker is able to sail up close to a burning vessel or pier and deliver a broadside of powerful streams where the ordinary wooden fire-tug could not come within fighting distance; and her ability to do this, and her immense pumps, make her without a doubt the most complete and effective marine fire-engine ever built.

A curious application of one of our national laws governing river boats is found in the New

Yorker. Although she is thoroughly fire-proof in construction, and has ample appliances for throwing water in every direction, yet she is compelled to carry a number of the regulation

sides of the deck-house, and by the aid of reducing connections can be reduced in size, as the lines are stretched in to the fire, until they reach the regulation sizes—two and one half or three inches at the nozzle end. She can supply six of these powerful streams effectively at a distance of one third of a mile from her location; and at big fires she becomes a valuable aid to the land force.

The New Yorker made her earliest appearance as a fire fighter at the burning of the Sound steamer "City of Richmond" at her pier, foot of Peck Slip, on March 7, 1891.

She was called from her berth at the Battery and, sailing up the East River, "opened fire" on the burning boat with a monitor nozzle while still in mid-stream. The stream struck the boat with terrific force, knocking the woodwork in every direction and breaking off strong uprights and supports as if they had been pipestems. There were several land companies working on the boat at the time, both engine and hook and ladder, and they dropped their hose and tools and fled in dismay at the beginning of this liquid bombardment, fearing for their lives.

The Chief in command at the fire rushed to the end of the pier and signaled to the New

Yorker to shut off the stream that was creating such a panic. For a moment the order was misunderstood, and, thinking the stream was wanted in another position, it was shifted. In doing so it hit the end of the pier and almost lifted the roof of the wharf building at the end. Finally it was understood on board the New Yorker that the big stream was not wanted, six smaller lines were substituted by her crew, and these greatly assisted the land forces in getting the fire under control.

There is no need for these floating fire-engines



GIANT MONITOR NOZZLE ON THE FIRE-BOAT "NEW YORKER."

fire-buckets, just as if she were an ordinary river or coast-wise boat. To make an exception in her case a new law would have to be passed to cover her case alone.

At fires in buildings along the river-front, or in streets near the river, the New Yorker can lie at a dock near by and supply twenty effective streams; and, in fact, in capacity she is equal to that number of land engines. If the fire is some distance from the water-front, immense lengths of hose, six inches in diameter, can be attached to the outlets of that size in the

to carry "truck" companies along to "open up" for them so they can get at the seat of the fire, as with the land companies. One blow from one of these powerful streams, or even from one of the smaller streams, is sufficient to make a hole in anything, even an ordinary brick wall. When we know that a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stream can be thrown a distance of 320 feet, or a 2- or $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stream nearly 400 feet, we can easily imagine what terrific force such a stream must have at a distance of, say, 50 feet; and I fear that the wall of bricks and cement has not been put up that could long withstand an onslaught from a hydraulic battery like this.

Next to the New Yorker comes the fire-boat "Zophar Mills," a graceful-looking boat that lies at Pier 58, North River (near the West Fourteenth street ferry). She is older than the New Yorker in build by about eight years, being put in service in 1882, while the latter boat was not built until 1890. In appearance she has the trim lines of a handsome river-boat, and does not look unlike one of the graceful river-

tugs that we often see gliding up the Hudson with a procession of small boats in tow. She is painted white; and were it not for the formidable monitor nozzles mounted in the bow and on top of the cabin and the wheel-house, we should never suspect her to be capable of the active work of a floating fire-engine.

She is 125 feet long, 25 feet wide, and draws about 11 feet of water. Her pumps consist of two duplex and one single pump, and they have a capacity of 2,400 gallons of water every minute, and under favorable circumstances have reached over 3000 gallons per minute. She can supply fourteen streams effectively, and from the stand-pipes at the bow and on the cabin, with a $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch nozzle, she can throw the water 300 feet. The rail-pipes are used on the Zophar Mills as on the New Yorker. She also can supply powerful streams at land fires. At an experiment which was tried several years ago, in what is known as the "dry-goods district" (one of the most valuable of the business districts of New York City), when there was



FIRE-BOAT "ZOPHAR MILLS."

danger of a water-famine, the Zophar Mills pumped enough water into a portable water-tank, situated a mile away from her location, to supply four land engines. This proved that with an aid like the Zophar Mills or the New Yorker it would be possible to extinguish fires in this district, even though the water in the city's mains was too low to supply the engines.

The Zophar Mills has seen active service and has been of great use in extinguishing several large fires. At the burning of a big wall-paper factory in West Forty-second street, a few years ago, she lay at the end of a long pier at the foot of that street and sent a powerful stream, through 2100 feet of hose, to the fire. At a serious factory fire, last summer, in Greenwich street, I saw a stream from this boat at work, and it was really fascinating to watch the mighty power of it. It took six or eight men to control the stream, and you could hear it thundering and crashing in the building, as it knocked packing-cases about and crashed through partitions and woodwork.

The crew of the boat are housed aboard in a bunk-room in the forward part of the cabin. There is a building on the dock beside which she lies; but this contains only an office, with the instruments for receiving the alarms; and part of it is used as a store-room for supplies, etc. This building is left in charge of the "house-watchman" when the boat responds to an alarm.

The Mills covers the North River in answer to signals from Fifty-ninth street down to the Battery. She goes above Fifty-ninth street as far as the city limits on special calls. The New Yorker comes up the North River as far as Twenty-third street on the first alarm. They both respond very often to the same box. The New Yorker goes also up the East River to Grand street on the first alarm, where the third vessel of the fleet lies—the "Wm. F. Havemeyer." This latter vessel covers the whole of the East River from Whitehall street to the Harlem River, a distance of about nine miles.

The "Havemeyer" is the oldest of the three vessels, having been built in 1875. She is 106 feet long, 22 feet wide, and draws ten feet of water. In appearance she looks like the ordinary harbor tug; and although she has seen

twenty-two years of service she is still in excellent condition. She is fitted with four duplex fire-pumps that have a capacity of about 2400 gallons of water a minute. She can deliver this water through stand-pipes and different sizes of hose, with nozzles varying from 1 inch to 3½ inches in diameter. She has been a valuable and efficient aid to the land companies, and has extinguished a large number of fires among the shipping.

These boats serve a double purpose, for they are not only effective water-throwing engines, but powerful tugs as well. When a fire is discovered on a ship lying among other vessels, a line is fastened to her, and she is towed out into mid-stream, where she cannot spread destruction about her. A few dashes from the powerful monitor nozzle soon put out any fire in the rigging and upper works. If the fire has spread to the hold or has eaten in among the cargo, she is towed down to the mud flats, near Liberty Island, or to the sand bars south of Governor's Island, and beached. Then the big lengths of hose are passed aboard, large metal connections are fastened to the ends, and these are thrust into the hold, or into any compartment where there is fire, and she is soon pumped full of water and the fire drowned out. If a boat like the New Yorker has charge of this work it is quickly accomplished.

This saves the hull of the vessel and lessens the damage considerably, for the owners can have her pumped out afterward, and, the hull remaining intact, there is nothing but the burned interior to repair. If she were scuttled in mid-stream, the hull would interfere with navigation, and it would cost a large amount to raise the vessel; so it can be seen that these boats can render other services than that of extinguishing fires.

In fires on vessels loaded with cotton (they make ugly fires to handle), a lighter is usually brought alongside, and after the worst of the fire has been subdued the bales are hoisted out, one by one, and extinguished as they are brought out. By this means part of the cargo is saved, for only the surfaces of the bales are on fire, and they can be picked over and re-baled, and sold again; while to fill the vessel full of water and drown out the fire would de-

stroy the whole cargo; and a cotton fire might burn for months if fought in any other way.

On these boats the men's life is about the same as in the land companies. Two men are kept on watch at all times—one a "house-watch" and the other a "deck-watch." The house-watchman keeps track of the alarms and special calls, and the going and coming of members of the company to and from meals, and has charge of the "house journal." The deck-watch sees that other boats do not run into his vessel, and also keeps a sharp lookout for fires along the

ered with a thick coating of ice, is risky business; but, as one of the crew of the Zophar Mills remarked philosophically, "You have to take it as it comes—the fat and the lean together."

Brooklyn has two very efficient fire-boats, the "David A. Boody" and the "Seth Low." The first has a capacity of 5500 gallons per minute, and the second is capable of throwing nearly 4000 gallons of water in the same time. With the consolidation of the two cities under the Greater New York charter, which takes effect January 1, 1898, all these vessels will practically



THE FIRE-BOAT, "WM. F. HAVEMEYER," BEGINNING WORK ON A BURNING PIER.

river. In the summer, when there are few fires, a position on the fire-boat is a pleasant berth, for there is plenty of outdoor life and sunshine; but in winter, when a keen nor'wester is blowing and every bit of spray freezes hard wherever it strikes, the land companies no doubt have the advantage.

Fighting fire along the water-front in mid-winter has all the dangers and the suffering of fire-duty ashore; and climbing up the sides of vessels and upon wharfs and piers, getting lines into position, when every bit of surface is cov-

belong to the same Fire Department, so that the "greater city" will have a fleet of six powerful fire-boats (there is one now in course of construction for the New York Department), with a combined water-throwing capacity of over 35,000 gallons of water per minute (estimating about 8000 capacity for the new boat)—a veritable deluge!

But when we stand on the Brooklyn Bridge and can see the forest of vessels lying in Erie Basin, and look up and down the East River at the fringe of boats lying at both the Brooklyn



THE "NEW YORKER" AND "ZOPHAR MILLS" AT WORK UPON A BURNING SHIP.

and New York sides, with the thousands of craft coming and going every moment through this busy stream, we can easily imagine what dreadful havoc a serious conflagration would cause if it should once get any headway among this mass of shipping.

There are about eighteen miles of water-front on both sides of Manhattan Island, and about the same distance on the Brooklyn side, count-

ing from Long Island City to Fort Hamilton — a big surface exposed to the dangers of fire, and a large territory to cover effectually; but when he reflects upon the protection given by the efficient fleet of floating fire-engines that I have just described, I am sure the average skipper need not be unduly anxious when lying at anchor or tied to a pier in the harbor of Greater New York.

A WARNING.

BY MARY A. WEBBER.

I KNOW a young girl who can speak
 French, German, and Latin and Greek.
 I see her each day,
 And it grieves me to say
 That her English is painfully weak!

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BANDY-LEGGED MAN.

UNTIL night fell they sought the town over for a trace of Cicely; but all to no avail. The second day likewise.

The third day passed, and still there were no tidings. Master Shakspeare's face grew very grave, and Nick's heart sickened till he quite forgot that he was going home.

But on the morning of the fourth day, which chanced to be the first of May, as he was standing in the door of a printer's stall in St. Paul's Churchyard, watching the gaily-dressed holiday crowds go up and down, while Robin Dexter's apprentices bound white-thorn boughs about the brazen serpent overhead, he spied the bandy-legged man among the rout that passed the north gate by St. Martin's Le Grand.

He had a yellow ribbon in his ear, and wore a bright plum-colored cloak at sight of which Nick cried aloud; for it was the very cloak which Master Gaston Carew wore when Nick first met him in the Warwick road. The rogue was making for the way which ran from Cheapside to the river, and was walking very fast.

"Master Shakspeare! Master Shakspeare!" Nick called out. But Master Shakspeare was deep in the proofs of a newly printed play, and did not hear.

The yellow ribbon fluttered in the sun — was gone behind the churchyard wall.

"Quick, Master Shakspeare, quick!" Nick cried; but the master-writer was frowning over the inky page, for the light in the printer's shop was dim, and the proof was very bad.

The ribbon was gone down the river-way — and with it the hope of finding Cicely. Nick shot one look into the stall. Master Shak-

speare, deep in his proofs, was deaf to the world outside. Nick ran to the gate at the top of his speed. In the crowd afar off a yellow spot went fluttering like a butterfly along a country road. Without a single second thought he followed it as fast as his legs could go.

Twice he lost it in the throng; but the yellow patch bobbed up again in the sunlight far beyond, and led him on, and on, and on, a breathless chase, down empty lanes and alleyways, through unfrequented courts, among the warehouses and wharf-sheds along the river-front, into the kennels of Billingsgate, where the only sky was a ragged slit between the leaning roofs. His heart sank low and lower as they went, for only thieves and runagates, who dared not face the day in honest streets, were gathered in wards like these.

In a filthy purlieu under Fish Street Hill, where mackerel-heads and herring strewed the drains, and sour kits of whitebait stood fermenting in the sun, the bandy-legged man turned suddenly into a dingy court, and when Nick reached the corner of the entry-way, was gone, as though the earth had swallowed him.

Nick stopped, dismayed, and looked about. His forehead was wet and his breath was gone. He had no idea where he was; but it was a dismal hole. Six forbidding doorways led off from the unkempt court, and a rotting stairway sagged along the wall. A crop-eared dog, that lay in the sun beside a broken cart, sprang up with its hair all pointing to its head, and snarled at him with a vicious grin. "Begone, thou cur!" he cried, and let drive with a stone. The dog ran under the cart and crouched there, barking at him.

Through an open door beyond there came a sound of voices as of people in some further thoroughfare. Perchance the bandy-legged man had passed that way. He ran across the court and up the steps, but came back faster than he

went; for the passage-way there was blind and black, a place unspeakable for dirt, and filled with people past description. A woman peered out after him with red eyes blinking in the sun. "Odbobs!" she croaked; "a pretty thing! Come hither, knave; I want the buckle off thy cloak."

Nick, shuddering, started for the street. But just as he reached the entry-port a door in the courtyard opened and the bandy-legged man came out with a bag upon his back, leading Cicely by the hand.

Seeing Nick, he gave a cry, believing himself pursued, and made for the open door again; but almost instantly perceiving the boy to be alone, slammed shut the door and followed him instead, dragging Cicely over the stones, and shouting hoarsely, "Stop there! stop!"

Nick's heart came up in his very throat. His legs went water-weak. He ran for the open thoroughfare without once looking back. Yet while he ran he heard Cicely cry out suddenly, in pain: "Oh, Gregory, Gregory, thou art hurting me so!" and at the sound the voice of Gaston Carew rang like a bugle in his ears: "Thou 'lt keep my Cicely from harm?" He stopped as short as if he had butted his head against a wall, whirled on his heel, stood fast, though he was much afraid. And standing there, his head thrown back and his fists tight clenched, as though someone had struck him in the face, he waited until they came to where he was.

"Thou hulking, cowardly rogue!" said he to the bandy-legged man.

But the bandy-legged man caught him fast by the arm and hurried on into the street, scanning it swiftly up and down. "Two birds with one stone, by hen!" he chuckled, when he saw that the coast was clear. "They 'll fetch a pretty penny by-and-by."

Poor Cicely smiled through her tears at Nick. "I knew thou wouldst come for me soon," said she. "But where is my father?"

"He 's dead as a herring," snarled Gregory.

"That 's a lie," said Nick stoutly. "He is na dead."

"Don't call me a liar, knave. By hen! I 'll put a stopper on thy voice!"

"Thou wilt na put a stopper on a jug!"

cried Nick, his heart so hot for Cicely that he quite forgot himself. "I 'd sing so well without a voice—it would butter thy bread for thee! Loose my arm, thou rogue."

"Not for a thousand golden crowns! I 'm no tom-noddy, to be gulled. And hark'e, be less glib with that 'rogue' of thine, or I 'll baste thy back for thee."

"Oh, don't beat Nick!" gasped Cicely.

"Do na fret for me," said Nick. "I be na feared of the cowardly rogue."

Crack! the man struck him across the face. Nick's eyes flashed hot as a fire-coal. He set his teeth, but he did not flinch.

"Do na thou strike me again, *thou rogue!*" said he.

As he spoke, on a sudden his heart leaped up, and his fear was utterly gone. In its place was a something fierce and strange, a bitter gladness, a joy that stung and thrilled him like great music in the night. A tingling ran from head to foot; the little hairs of his flesh stood up; he trampled the stones as he hurried on. In his breast his heart was beating like a bell; his breath came hotly, deep, and slow; the whole world widened on his gaze. Oh, what a thing is the heart of a boy! How quickly great things are done therein! One instant, put him to the touch—the thing is done, and he is never more the same. Like a keen, cold wind that blows through a window in the night, life's courage had breathed on Nick Attwood's heart: the *man* that slept in the heart of the boy awoke, and was aware. The old song roared in Nick's ears:

Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world,
Round the world, round the world;
John Hawkins fought the "Victory,"
And we ha' beaten Spain!

Whither they were going he did not know. Whither they were going he did not care. He was English; this was England still! He set his teeth and threw back his shoulders. "I be na feared of him," said he.

"But my father will come for us soon, won't he, Nick?" faltered Cicely.

"Eigh! just don't he wish that he might!" laughed Goole.

"Oh, ay," said she, and nodded bravely

to herself. "He may be very busy now, and so he cannot come. But presently he will come for me and fetch me home again." She gave a joyous little skip. "To fetch me home again — ay, surely, my father will come for me anon."

At that a lump came up in Nick Attwood's throat.

"But what hath he done to thee, Cicely, and where is thy pretty gown?" he asked, as they hurried on through the crooked way; for the gown she wore was in rags.

Cicely choked down a sob. "He hath kept me locked up in a horrible place, where an old witch came in the night and stole my clothes away. And he says that if money doth not come for me soon he will turn me out to starve."

"To starve? Nay, Cicely, I will na leave thee starve. I 'll go with thee wherever he taketh thee. I 'll fend for thee with all my might and main; and none shall harm thee if I can help. So cheer up — we will get away! Thou needst na gripe me so, thou rogue! I am going wherever she goes."

"I 'll see that ye do," growled the bandy-legged man. "But take the other hand off her, thou jackanapes, and fetch a better pace than this — I 'll not be followed again."

His tone was bold, but his eyes were not; for they were faring through the slums toward Whitechapel way, and the hungry crowd eyed Nick's silk cloak greedily. One burly rascal, with a scar across his face, turned back and snatched at it. For his own safety's sake the bandy-legged man struck up into a better thoroughfare, where he skulked along like a fox overtaken by dawn, fearing to meet some dog he knew.

"Oh, Gregory, go slow!" pleaded Cicely, panting for breath, and stumbling over the cobblestones. Goole's only answer was a scowl. Nick trotted on sturdily, holding her hand, and butting his shoulder against the crowd, so that she might not be jostled; for the press grew thick and thicker as they went. All London was a-Maying, and the foreigners from Soho, too. Up in the belfries, as they passed, the bells were clanging, until the whole town rang like a smithy on the eve of war; for madcap appren-

tices had the ropes and were ringing for exercise.

Thicker and thicker grew the throng, as though the sea were sweeping through the town. Then, at the corner of Mincing Lane, where the cloth-workers' shops were thick, all at once there came up an uproarious din of men's voices, singing together:

"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Beneath the gallows-tree!"

And before the bandy-legged man could chance upon a doorway in which to stand out of the rush, they were pressed against the wall, flat as cakes, by a crowd of bold apprentices in holiday attire going out to a wager of archery, to be shot in Finsbury Fields.

At first, all Nick could see was legs: red legs, yellow legs, blue legs, green legs, long legs, strong legs — in truth, a very many of all sorts of legs, all stepping out together like a hundred-bladed shears; for these were the Saddlers of Cheapside and the Cutters of Mincing Lane — tall, ruddy-faced fellows, all armed with clubs, which they twirled and tossed and thwacked each other with in sport. Some wore straw hats with steeple crowns, and some flat caps of green and white, or red and orange-tawny. Some had long yew bows and sheaves of arrows decked with garlands; and they were all exceedingly daubed in the face with dripping cherry-juice and with cheese, which they munched as they strode along.

"What, there, Tom Webster, I say," cried one, catching sight of Cicely's face; "here is a Queen o' the May for thee!"

His broad-shouldered comrade stopped in the way, and with him all the rest. "My faith, Jem Armstrong, 't is the truth for once in thy life!" quoth he, and stared at Cicely. Her cheeks were flushed, and her panting red lips were fallen apart, so that her little white teeth showed through. Her long, dark lashes cast shadow-circles under her eyes; her curly hair in elfin locks tossed all about her face, and through it was tied a crimson ribbon, mocking the quick color of the blood which came and went beneath her delicate skin.

"My faith!" cried Tommy Webster; "her face be as fair as a K in a copy-book! Hey, bullies, what? let's make her Queen!"

"A Queen?" "What Queen?" "Where is a Queen?" "I granny! Tom Webster hath

"Stand back, ye rogues, and let us pass!"

But alas and alack for the bandy-legged man! He could not ruffle and swagger it off as Gaston Carew had done of old—a London apprentice was harder nuts than his cowardly heart could crack.

"Stand back, ye rogues!" he cried again.

"Rogues? Rogues? Who calls us rogues? Hi, Martin Allston, crack me his crown!"

"Good masters," faltered Gregory, seeing that bluster would not serve, "I meant ye no offense. I prythee do not keep a father and his children from their dying mother's bed!"

"Nay—is that so?" asked Webster, sobering instantly. "Here lads, give way—their mother be a-dying."

The crowd fell back.

"Ah, sirs!" whined Goole, scarce hiding the joy in his face, "she'll thank thee with her dying breath. Get on, thou knave!" he muttered fiercely in Nick's ear.

But Nick stood fast and caught Tom Webster by the arm: "The fellow lieth in his throat," said he. "My mother is in Stratford town; and Cicely's mother is dead."

"Thou whelp!" cried the bandy-legged man,

and aimed a sudden blow at Nick; "I'll teach thee to hold thy tongue."

"Oh, no, ye won't," quoth Thomas Webster, interposing his long oak staff and thrusting the fellow away so hard that he thumped against the wall. "There is no school on holidays! Thou'llt teach nobody here to hold his tongue but thine own self—and start at that straight-



"DO NA THOU STRIKE ME AGAIN, THOU ROGUE!" SAID NICK.

caught a Queen!" "Where is she, Tom?" "Up with her, mate, and let a fellow see!"

"Hands off, there!" snarled the bandy-legged man.

"Up with her, Tom," cried out the strapping fellow at his back. "A Queen it is; and a right good smacking toll all round—I have not bussed a maid this day! Up with her, Tom!"

way. Dost take me? — say? Now, Jacky Sprat, what 's all the coil about? Hath this sweet fellow kidnapped thee?"

"Nay, sir; not me, but Cicely — and do na leave him take her, sir, for he treats her very ill!"

"The little rascal lies," sneered Goole, though his lips were the color of lead; "I am her legal guardian."

"What! How? Thou wast her father but a moment since!"

"Nay, nay," Goole stammered, turning a sickly hue. "Her father's nearest friend, I said; — he gave her in my charge."

"My father's friend!" cried Cicely. "Thou? Thou? His common groom! Why, he would not give my finger in thy charge."

"He is the wiser daddy, then!" laughed Jemmy Armstrong, "for the fellow hath a T, for Tyburn, writ upon his face."

The eyes of the bandy-legged man began to shift from side to side; but still he put a bold front on. "Stand off," said he, and tried to thrust Tom Webster back. "Thou 'lt pay the piper dear for this! The knave is a lying vagabond. He hath stolen this pack of goods."

"Why, fie for shame!" cried Cicely, and stamped her little foot. "Nick doth not steal, and thou knowest it, Gregory Goole! It is thou who hast stolen my pretty clothes, and the wine from my father's house!"

"Good, sweetheart!" quoth Tom Webster, eying the bandy-legged man with a curious snap in his honest eyes. "So the rascal hath stolen other things than thee? I thought that yellow bow of his was tied tremendous high! Why, mates, the dog is a branded rogue — that bit of ribbon is tied through the hole in his ear!"

Gregory Goole made a dash through the throng where the press was least.

Thump! went Tommy Webster's club, and a little puff of dust flew up from Gregory's purple cloak. But he was off so sharply and dodged with such amazing skill that most of the blows aimed at his head hummed through the empty air, or thwacked some stout apprentice in the ribs as they all went whooping after him. He was out of the press and away like a deer down a covert lane between two

shops ere one could say "Jack, Robin's son," and left the stout apprentices at every flying leap. So presently they all gave over the chase and came back, with the bag he had dropped as he ran; and were so well pleased with themselves for what they had done that they gave three cheers for all the Cloth-workers and Saddlers in London, and then three more for Cicely and Nick. They would no doubt have gone right on and given three for the bag likewise, being strongly in the humour of it; but "Hi, Tom Webster!" shouted one who could hardly speak for cherries and cheese and puffing; "what 's gone with the Queen we 're to have so fast, and the toll that we 're to take?"

Tom Webster pulled at his yellow beard, for he saw that Cicely was no common child and of gentler birth than they: "I do not think she 'll bide the toll," said he, in half apology.

"What! is there anything to pay?" she asked, with a rueful quaver in her voice. "Oh, Nick, there is to pay!"

"We have no money, sirs," said Nick. "I be very sorry."

"If my father were here," said Cicely, "he would give thee a handful of silver; but I have not a penny to my name." She looked up into Tom Webster's face. "But, sir," said she, and laid her hand upon his arm, "if ye care, I will kiss thee upon the cheek."

"Why, marry come up! My faith!" quoth he, and suddenly blushed — to his own surprise the most of all. "Why, what? Who 'd want a sweeter penny for his pains?" But, "Here — nay, nay!" the others cried; "ye 've left us out. Fair play! Fair play!"

All she could see was a forest of legs that filled the lane from wall to wall, and six great fellows towering over her. "Why, sirs," cried Cicely, confusedly, while her face grew rosy red, "ye all shall kiss my hand — if — if —"

"If what?" they roared.

"If ye will but wipe your faces clean!"

At the shout of laughter they sent up the constable of the Cloth-men's ward awoke from a sudden dream of war and bloody insurrection, and came down Cheapside, bawling: "Peace, in the name of the Queen!" But when he found it was only the apprentices of Mincing Lane out Maying, he stole away

around a shop and made as if it were some other fellow.

They took the humor of it like a jolly lot of bears, and all came crowding around about, wiping their mouths with a lick and a promise, on what came first,—kerchief, doublet, as it chanced,—laughing and shouldering each to be first. “Up with the little maid, there, Tom!” they roared lustily.

Cicely gave him both her hands, and — “Upsydaisy!” she was on the top of the corner-post, where she stood with one hand on his brawny shoulder, to steady herself, like a flower growing by a wall, bowing gravely all about, and holding out her hand to be kissed, with as graceful an air as a princess born, and withal a sweet, quaint dignity that abashed the wildest there.

Some one or two came blustering, as if her hand were not enough; but Jemmy Armstrong rapped them so sharply over the pate, with “Soft, ye loons; her hand!” that they dabbed at her little finger-tips and were out of his reach in a jiffy, rubbing their polls with a sheepish grin: for Jemmy Armstrong’s love-pats would have cracked a hazel-nut.

Some came again, a second time. One came even a third. But Cicely knew him by his steeple-hat, and tucked her hand behind her, saying: “Fie, sir, thou art greedy!” Whereupon the others laughed and punched him in the ribs with their clubs until he bellowed “Quits! We ’ll all be late to the archery if we be not trotting on.”

Nick’s face fell at the merry shout of “Finsbury, Finsbury ho!” “I dare na try to take her home alone,” said he; “that rogue may lie in wait for us.”

“Oh, Nick, he is not coming back?” cried Cicely, and with that she threw her arms around Tom Webster’s neck. “Oh, take us with thee, sir; don’t leave us all alone!”

Webster pulled his yellow beard. “Nay, lass, it would not do,” said he. “We ’ll be mad larks by evening. But, there, sweetheart, don’t weep no more! That rogue shall not catch thee again, I promise that.”

“Why, Tom,” quoth Armstrong, “what ’s the coil? We ’ll leave them at the Boar’s Head Inn, with sixpence each, until their friends can come for them. Hey, mates, up

Great East Cheap!” And off they marched to the Boar’s Head Inn.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SUDDEN RESOLVE.

NICK and Cicely were sitting on a bench in the sun beside the tap-room door, munching a savory mutton-pie which Tommy Webster had bought for them. Beside them, over the window-sill, the tapster twirled his spigot cheerfully; and in the door the carrier was bidding the serving-maids good-by.

Around the inn-yard stood a row of heavy canvas-covered wains and lumbering two-wheeled carts, each surmounted by a well-armed guard and drawn by six strong horses, with harness strong as cannon-leathers. The hostlers stood at the horses’ heads, chewing at wisps of barley-straw, as though their other fare was scant, which from their sleek rotundity was difficult to believe. The stable-boy, with a pot of slush, and a head of hair like a last year’s hay-cock, was hastily greasing a forgotten wheel; while, out of the room where the servants ate, the drivers came stumbling down the steps, with a mighty smell of onions and brawn. The weekly train from London into the North was ready to be off.

A portly, well-clad countryman with a shrewd but good-humored countenance, and a wife beside him round and rosy of face as he, came bustling out of the private door. “How far yet, Master John?” he asked, as he buckled on his cloak.

“Forty-two miles to Oxford, sir,” replied the carrier. “We must be off if we ’re to lie at Uxbridge over night; for there hath been rain beyond, sir, and the roads be werry deep.”

Nick stared at the man for Oxford. Forty-two miles to Oxford! And Oxford lay to the south of Stratford fifty miles and two. Ninety-four miles from Stratford town! Ninety-four miles from home!

“When will my father come for us, Nick?” asked Cicely, turning her hand in the sun to see the red along the edges of her fingers.

“Indeed, I can na tell,” said Nick. “Master Will Shakspeare is coming anon, and I shall go with him.”

"And leave me by myself?"

"Nay, thou shalt go too. Thou 'lt love to see his garden and the rose-trees—it is like a very country-place. He is a merry gentleman, and oh, so kind! He is going to take me home."

"But my father will take us home when he comes."

"To Stratford town, I mean."

"Away from daddy and me? Why, Nick!"

"But my mother is in Stratford town."

Cicely was silent. "Then I think I would go too," she said, quite softly, looking down as if there were a picture on the ground. "When one's mother is gone there is a hurting-place that naught doth ever come into any more—excepting daddy, and—and thee. We shall miss thee, Nick, at supper-times. Thou 'lt come back soon?"

"I am na coming back."

"Not coming back!" she laid the mutton-pie down on the bench.

"No—I am na coming back."

"Never?"

"Never."

She looked at him as if she had not altogether understood.

Nick turned away. A strange uneasiness had come upon him, as if someone were staring at him fixedly. But no one was. There was a Dutchman in the gate who had not been there just before. "He must have sprung up out of the ground," thought Nick, "or else he is a very sudden Dutchman!" He had on breeches like two great meal-sacks, and a Flemish sea-cloth jacket full of wrinkles, as if it had been lying in a chest. His back was turned, and Nick could not help smiling, for the fellow's shanks came out of his breeches-bottoms like the legs of a letter A. He looked like a pudding on two skewers.

Cicely slowly took up the mutton-pie once more, but did not eat.

"Is na the pasty good?" asked Nick.

"Not now," said she.

Nick turned away again.

The Dutchman was not in the gate. He had crossed the inn-yard suddenly and was sitting close within the shadow of the wall, though the sunny side was pleasanter by far.

His wig was hanging down about his face, and he was talking with the tapster's knave, a hungry-looking fellow, clad in rusty black as if someone were dead, although it was a holiday and he had neither kith nor kin. The knave was biting his under lip, and staring straight at Nick.

"And will I never see thee more?" asked Cicely.

"Oh, yes," said Nick; "oh, yes."

But he did not know whether she ever would or no.

"Gee-wup, Dobbin! Yoicks, Ned! Tschk—tschk!" The leading cart rolled slowly through the gate; a second followed it. The drivers made a cracking with their whips, and all the guests came out to see them off. But the Dutchman, as the rest came out, arose, and with the tapster's knave went in at a narrow entrance beyond the tap-room steps.

"And when will Master Shakspeare come for thee?" asked Cicely once more, the cold pie lying in her lap.

"I do na know. How can I tell? Do na bother me so!" cried Nick, and dug his heels into the cracks between the paving-stones; for, after all that had come to pass, the starting of the baggage train had made him sick for home.

Cicely looked up at him. She thought she had not heard aright. He was staring after the last cart as it rolled through the inn-yard gate. His throat was working, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Nick," said she, "art crying?"

"Nay," said he; "but very near"—and dashed his hand across his face. "Everything doth happen so all at once—and I am na big enough, Cicely. Oh, Cicely, I would I were a mighty king! I 'd make it all up different, somehow."

"Perhaps thou wilt be, some day, Nick," she answered quietly. "Thou 'dst make a very lovely king. I could be queen, and daddy should be Lord Admiral, and own the finest play-house in the town."

But Nick was staring at the tap-room door. A voice somewhere had startled him. The guests were gone, and none was left but the tapster's knave, leaning against the inner wall.

"Thy mother should come to live with us,

and thy father, and all thy kin," said Cicely, dreamily smiling; "and the people would love us, there would be no more war, and we should be happy forevermore."

But Nick was listening — not to her — and his face was a little pale. He felt a strange, uneasy sense of some one staring at his back. He whirled about — and looked in at the tap-room window. For an instant a peering face was there. Then it was gone; there was only the Dutchman's frowsy wig and striped wool-len cap. But the voice he had heard and the face he had seen were the voice and the face of Gregory Goole!

"I should love to see thy mother, Nick," said Cicely.

He got up steadily, though his heart was jolting his very ribs. "Thou shalt, right speedily," said he.

The carts were standing in a line. The carrier came down the steps with his stirrup-cup in hand. Nick's heart gave a sudden, wild, resolute leap, and he touched the carrier on the arm. "What will ye charge to carry two as far as Stratford town?" he asked. His mouth was dry as a dusty road, for the Dutchman had risen from his seat, and was coming toward the door.

"I do na haul past Oxford," said the man.

"To Oxford, then — how much? Be quick?" Nick thrust his hand into his breast, where he carried the burgess's chain.

"Eightpence the day, for three days out — two shilling 't is — and find yourself. It is an honest fare."

The tapster's knave came down the steps; the Dutchman stood within the shadow of the door.

"Wilt carry us for this?" Nick cried, and thrust the chain into the fellow's hands.

He gasped and almost let it fall. "Beshrew my heart! Gadzooks!" said he. "Art thou a prince in hiding, boy? 'T would buy me, horses, wains, and all. Why, man alive, 't is but a nip o' this!"

"Good, then," said Nick joyfully. "'T is done — we 'll go. Come, Cicely, we 're going home!"

Staring, the carrier followed him, weighing the chain in his hairy hand. "Who art thou,

boy?" he cried again. "This matter hath a queer look."

"'T was honestly come by, sir," cried Nick, no longer able to conceal a quiver in his voice; "and my name is Nicholas Attwood. I come from Stratford town."

"Stratford-on-Avon? Why, art kin to tanner Simon Attwood there — Attwood of Old-town?"

"He is my father, sir. Oh, leave us go with thee — take the whole chain!"

Slap went the carrier's cap in the dirt! "Leave thee go wi' me? Gadzooks!" he cried, "My name be John Saddler — why, what? my daddy liveth in Chapel Lane behind Will Underhill's. I stole thy father's apples fifteen years. What? go wi' me? Get on the wain, thou little fool — get on all the wains I own, and a plague upon thine eightpence, lad! Why, here, Hal telled me thou wert dead, or lost, or some such fairy-tale! Up on the sheepskin, both o' ye!"

The Dutchman came from the tap-room door and spoke to the tapster's knave; but the words which he spoke to that tapster's knave were anything but Dutch.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WAYFARING HOME.

AT Kensington watering-place, five miles from London town, Nick held the pail for the horses of the Oxford man.

"Hello, my buck!" quoth he, and stared at Nick; "where under the sun didst pop from all at once?" and, looking up, he spied Cicely upon the carrier's wain. "What, John!" he shouted, "thou saidst there were no more!"

"No more there were n't, sir," said John, "but there be now"; and out with the whole story.

"Well, I ha' farmed for fifty year," cried honest Roger Clout, "yet never have I seen the mate to yonder little maid, nor heard the like o' such a tale! Wife, wife!" he cried, in a voice as round and full of hearty cheer as one who calls his own cattle home, across his own fat fields. "Come hither, Moll — here 's company for thee. For sure, John, they 'll ride wi' Moll and I — 't is god-send, angels on a bag-

gage-cart! Moll ha' lost her only one, and the little maid will warm the cockles o' her heart, say naught about mine own. La, now, she is na feared o' me; God bless thee, child! Look at her, Moll, as sweet as honey and the cream o' the brindle cow."

the morning there was nothing to pay, for Roger Clout had footed all the score.

Then on again through Beaconsfield and High Wycombe, into and over the Chiltern Hills in Buckinghamshire. In parts the land was passing fair, with sheep in flocks upon



"'WILT CARRY US FOR THIS?' NICK CRIED, AND THRUST THE CHAIN INTO THE FELLOW'S HANDS."

So they rode with kindly Roger Clout and his good wife, by Hanwell, Hillingdon Hill, and Uxbridge, where they rested at the inn near old St. Margaret's, Cicely with Mistress Clout, and Nick with her good man. And in

the hills and cattle knee-deep in the grass; but otherwise the way was wild, with bogs and moss in all the deeps, and dense beech-forests on the heights; and more than once the guards made ready their match-locks warily.

But stout John Saddler's train was no soft cakes for thieves, and they came up through Bucks scot-free.

At times it drizzled fitfully, and the road was rough and bad; but the third day was a fair, sweet day, and most exceeding bright and fresh. The shepherds whistled on the hills, and the milkmaids sang in the winding lanes among the white-thorn hedges, the smell of which was everywhere. The singing, the merry voices calling, the comfortable lowing of the kine, the bleating of the sheep, the clinking of the bridle-chains, and the heavy rattle of the carts filled the air with life and cheer. The wind was blowing both warm and cool; and oh, the blithe breeze of the English spring-time! Nick went up the green hills, and down the white dells like a leaf in the wind, now ahead and now behind the winding train, or off into the woods and over the fields for a posy-bunch for Cicely, calling and laughing back at her, and filling her lap with flowers and ferns until the cart was all one great sweet-smelling bower.

As for Cicely, Nick was there, so she was very well content. She had never gone a-visiting in all her life before; and she would see Nick's mother, and the flowers in the yard, the well, and that wondrous stream, the Avon, of which Nick talked so much. "Stratford is a fair, fair town, though very full of fools," her father often said. But she had nothing to do with the fools, and daddy would come for her again; so her laughter bubbled like a little spring throughout the livelong day.

As the sun went down in the yellow west they came into Oxford from the south on the easterly side. The Cherwell burned with the orange light reflected from the sky, and the towers of the famous town of olden schools and scholars stood up black-purple against the western glow, with rims of gold on every roof and spire.

Up the High street into the corn-market rolled the tired train, and turned into the rambling square of the old Crown Inn, near Carfax church, a large, substantial hostelry, one of merry England's best, clean-chambered, home-like, full of honest cheer.

There was a shout of greeting everywhere. The hostlers came to walk the horses till they

cooled, and to rub them down before they fed, for they were all afoam. Master Davenant himself saw to the storing of the wains; and Mistress Davenant, a comely dame with smooth brown hair and ruddy cheeks, and no less wit than sprightly grace, was in the porch to meet the company. "Well, good Dame Clout," said she, "art home again? What tales we 'll have! Didst see Tom Lane? No? Pshaw! But buss me, Moll, we 've missed thy butter par-lously." And then, quite free, she kissed both Nick and Cicely.

"What there, Dame Davenant!" cried Roger Clout; "art passing them around?"—and laughed. "Do na forget me."

"Nay, nay," she answered; "but I am out. Here, Nan," she called to the smutty-faced scullery-maid, "a buss for Master Clout. His own Moll's busses be na fine enough since he hath been to town."

So, joking, laughing, they went in; while plain John Saddler backed out of the porch as sooty Nan came up, for fear the jilt might offer somewhat of the sort to him, and was off in haste to see to his teams. "There 's no leaving it to the boys," said he, "for they 'd rub 'em down wi' a water-pail, and give 'em straw to drink."

When the guests all came to the four-penny table to sup, Nick spoke to Master Roger Clout. "Ye 've done enough for us, sir. Thank ye with all my heart; but I 've a turn will serve us here; and, sir, I 'd rather stand on my own legs. Ye will na mind?" And when they all were seated at the board, he rose up stoutly at the end, and called out, brave and clear: "Sirs, and good dames all, will ye be pleased to have some music while ye eat? For, if ye will, the little maid and I will sing you the latest song from London town—a merry thing, with a fine trolly-lolly, sirs, to glad your hearts with hearing."

Would they have music? To be sure! Who would not have music while he ate must be a Flemish dunderkopf, said they. So Nick and Cicely stood at one side of the room, upon a bench by the server's board, and sang together, while he played upon Mistress Davenant's gittern:

"Hey, laddie, hark to the merry, merry lark!
How high he singeth clear:

'Oh, a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!'
Oh, a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!

"Ring, ting! it is the merry spring-time;
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey trolly lolly, oh, to live is to be jolly
When spring-time cometh with the summer at
her heels!

"God save us all, my jolly gentlemen,
We'll merry be to-day;
For the cuckoo sings till the greenwood rings,
And it is the month of May!
For the cuckoo sings till the greenwood rings,
And it is the month of May!"

Then the men at the table all waved their
pewter pots and thumped upon the board, roar-
ing "Hey trolly lolly, oh, to live is to be jolly!"
until the rafters rang.

"What, lad!" cried good Dame Davenant;
"come, stay with me all year and sing, thou
and this little maid o' thine. 'T will cost thee
neither cash nor care. Why, thou 'dst fill the
house with such a throng as it hath never
seen!" And in the morning she would not
take a penny for their lodging nor their keep.
"Nay, nay," said she; "they ha' brought good
custom to the house, and left me a brave little
tale to tell for many a good long year. We
inns-folk be not common penny-grabbers;
marry, no!" and furthermore, she made interest
with a carrier to give them a lift to Woodstock
on their way.

When they came to Woodstock the carrier
set them down by the gates of a park built
round by a high stone wall, over which they
could not see, and with his wain went in at the
gate, leaving them to journey on together
through a little rain-shower.

The land grew fatter than before. There
were few trees upon the hills and scarcely any
springs at which to drink; but much tender
grass, with countless sheep nibbling everywhere.
The shower was soon blown away, the sun
came out, and a pleasant wind sprang up out
of the south. Here and there, beside some
cottage wall, the lilacs bloomed and the later
orchard trees were apple-pink and cherry-white
with May.

They came to a puddle in the road where

there was a dance of butterflies. Cicely clapped
her hands with glee. A goldfinch dipped
across the path like a little yellow streak of
laughter in the sun. "Oh, Nick, what is it?"
she cried. "A bird," said he. "A truly bird?"
and she clasped her hands. "Will it ever come
again?" "Again? Oh, yes, or, la! another
one — there 's plenty in the weeds."

And so they fared all afternoon, until at dusk
they came to Chipping-Norton across the fields
— a short cut to where the thin blue supper-
smoke curled up. The mists were rising from
the meadows; earth and sky were blending on
the hills; a little silver sickle-moon hung, in the
fading violet, low in the western sky. Under
an old oak in a green place a fiddler and a
piper were playing, and youths and maidens
were dancing in the brown light. Some little
chaps were playing blindman's-buff near-by;
and the older folk were gathered by the tree.

Nick came straight to where they stood;
and bowing, he and Cicely together, doffed his
cap, and said in his most London tone, "We
bid ye all good e'en, good folk."

His courtly speech and manner, as well as
his clothes and Cicely's jaunty gown, no little
daunted the simple country folk. Nobody
spoke, but, standing silent, all stared at the
two quaint little vagabonds as mild kine stare
at passing sheep in a quiet lane.

"We need somewhat to eat this night, and
we want a place to sleep," said Nick. "The
beds must be right clean — we have good ap-
petites. If ye can do for us, we will dance for
you anything that ye may desire — the Queen's
Own Measure, La Donsella, the new Alle-
mand of My Lord Pembroke, a pavone or a
tinternell, or the Galliard of Savoy. Which
doth it please you, mistresses?" and he bowed
to the huddling young women, who scarcely
knew what to make of it.

"La! Joan," whispered one, "he calleth thee
'mistress!' Speak up, wench." But Joan
stoutly held her peace.

"Or, if ye will, the little maid will dance the
coranto for you, straight from My Lord Chan-
cellor's dancing-master; and while she dances
I will sing."

"Why, hark 'e, Rob," spoke out one mo-
therly dame, "they two do look clean-like.

Children, too — who 'd gi' them stones when they beg for bread? I 'll do for them this night myself; and thou, the good man, and Kit can sleep in the hutch. So there, dears; now let 's see the Lord Chancellor's tantrums."

Nick took his place at the side of the ring. "Now, Cicely!" said he.

"Thou 'lt call 'Sa—sa!' and give me the time of the coup d'archet?" she whispered, timidly hesitant, as she stepped to the midst of the ring.



"OH, NICK, WHAT IS IT?'" SHE CRIED."

"'T is not a tantrums, Goody," said Nick politely, "but a coranto."

"La, young master, what 's the odds, just so we sees it done? Some folks calls whittles 'knives,' and thinks 't wun not cut theys fingers!"

"Ay, then," said he. "'T is off; 't is off!" and struck up a lively tune, snapping his fingers for the time. Cicely, bowing all about her, slowly began to dance.

It was a pretty sight to see: her big eyes wide and earnest, her cheeks a little flushed,

her short hair curling, and her crimson gown fluttering about her as she danced the quaint, running step forward and back across the grass, balancing archly with her hands upon her hips and a little smile upon her lips, in the swaying motion of the coupee, curtsying gracefully as one tiny slippered foot peeped out from her rustling skirt, tapping on the turf, now in front and now behind. Nick sang like a blackbird in the hedge. And how those country lads and lasses stared to see such winsome, dainty grace! "La me!" gaped one; "'t is fairy folk — she doth na even touch the ground!"

"The pretty dear," the mothers said. "Doll, why canst thou na do the like, thou lum-mox?"

"Tut!" sighed the buxom Doll; "I have na wingses on my feet!"

Then Cicely, breathless, bowed, and ran to Nick's side, asking:

"Was it all right, Nick?"

"Right!" said he, and stroked her hair; "'t was better than thou didst ever dance it for M'sieu'."

"For why?" said she, and flushed, with a quick light in her eyes; "for why — because this time I danced for thee."

The country-folk, enchanted, called for more and more. Nick sang another song, and he and Cicely danced the Galliard together, while the piper piped and the fiddler fiddled away like mad, and the moon went down, and the cottage doors grew ruddy with the light inside. Then Dame Pettiford gave them milk and oat-cakes in a bowl, a bit of honey in the comb, and a cup of strawberries; and Cicely fell fast asleep with the last of the strawberries in her hand.

So they came up out of the south through Shipston-on-Stour, in the main-travelled way, and with every mile Nick felt home growing nearer. Streams sprang up in the meadowlands, with sedgy islands, and lines of silvery willows bordering their banks. Flocks and herds cropped beneath tofts of ash and elm and beech. Snug homes peeped out of hazel copses by the road. The passing carts had a familiar

look; and at Alderminster, Nick saw a man he thought he recognized.

Before he knew that he was there, they topped Edge Hill.

There lay Stratford! as he had left it lying; not one stick or stack or stone but he could put his finger on, and say, "This place I know!" Green pastures, grassy levels, streams, groves, mills, the old grange and the manor-house, the road that forked in three, and the hills of Arden beyond it all. There was the tower of the Guild Hall Chapel above the clustering, dun-thatched roofs among the green and blossom white; to left, the spire of Holy Trinity sprang up beside the shining Avon. Bull Lane he made out dimly, and a red-tiled roof among the trees.

"There, Cicely," he said. "*There, there!*" and laughed a queer, little shaky laugh next door to crying for joy.

Wat Raven was sweeping Clopton Bridge.

"Hullo, there, Wat! I be come home again!" Nick cried. Wat stared but did not know him.

Around the corner and down High Street. Fynes Morrison burst in at the Guild School door: "Nick Attwood's home!" he shouted; and his eyes were like two plates.

Then the last lane — and the smoke from his father's house!

The garden gate stood open, and there was someone working in the yard.

"It is my father, Cicely"; he laughed. "Father!" he cried, and hurried in the lane.

Simon Attwood straightened up and looked across the fence. His arms were held a little out, and his hands hung down, with bits of moist earth clinging to them. His brows were darker than a year before, and his hair was grown more gray; his back, too, stooped.

"Art thou a-calling me?" he asked.

Nick laughed. "Why, father, do ye na know me?" he cried out. "'T is I — 't is Nick — come home!"

Two steps the stern old tanner took — two steps to the latchet-gate. Not one word did he speak; but he set his hand to the latchet-gate and closed it in Nick's face!

A BRAVE LITTLE COWARD.

BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.



“A WALL OF FLAME LICKED HUNGRILY AT THE RANK BROWN GRASS.” (SEE PAGE 912.)

“IF I was such a coward as you are, I’d stay in the house, behind the door, all day!” said Joe Simmons, scornfully, to Lizzie Warner, as the two walked home from school.

“But, Joe,” expostulated Lizzie, casting fearful glances at the dried grasses and sunflowers along the road, “I never was afraid when we lived in Lincolnville; but since we moved ’way out on the prairie here, where people live so far apart, and everything is so still and lonesome, and I have heard your awful stories about coyotes and Indians, I feel all the time as if something dreadful was chasing me, or waiting in the sunflowers to jump at me.”

Joe laughed derisively. Then, looking down the mile of road yet before Lizzie, he pointed to a little hillock by the roadside, about half the way, and exclaimed excitedly:

“D’ye see those sunflowers shaking? I’ll bet a cent there’s a wildcat waiting for you in there. You can’t tell when a wildcat or a coyote will jump out at you; but if you scoot past real quick, you may get home all right.”

And, with a mocking grin, the boy ran into his house, while poor Lizzie, with throbbing heart, ran down the road, panting and half sobbing, feeling that every step was menaced by dangerous and unknown foes.

For the twelve years of her life she had lived in Illinois, and had come to western Kansas with her parents but a few months before. She thought Kansas a land teeming with Indians and buffalo, as well as with all the wild animals known to North America. When they reached their destination, and she looked out upon vast, treeless stretches of valley and undu-

lating hills, she was confirmed in her dread. The corn-fields and dried sunflower stalks were, in her mind, but lurking-places for Indians; and the high-banked river near-by, with its narrow strip of trees and bushes, seemed created to shelter wild beasts.

So she suffered in secret, until the little school-house, two miles away, opened its doors. Then Joe Simmons, living half-way on her road, became her daily companion. He was amused by her fear, and made himself her authority on the dangers of Kansas. By his thrilling stories of Indians and wild beasts, he had thoughtlessly played upon Lizzie's weakness until her days were full of dread.

The next morning, at the end of her first mile, Joe stood waiting for Lizzie. It was a windy day, the grass and weeds bending before the ever-recurring southern blasts. The sky was of a solid, dusty color, betokening continued wind, and the sun shone dimly.

By Joe's side, clinging closely to his hand, was his four-year-old sister, little flaxen-haired Susie, whose chubby face was beaming with delight in anticipation of a visit to school.

"Do you think there's any danger of a hurricane to-day, Joe?" queried Lizzie, anxiously scanning the weird sky and landscape.

"Should n't be surprised," answered the boy, grasping his opportunity. "And if one comes, she'll be a terror. Never saw a Kansas hurricane, did you? It's worse than anything else except a Kansas cyclone. One minute you don't know anything's going to happen; and then — biff! bang! whoop! — you're flattened out on the ground, with about ten tons of lumber and dead cattle on top of you."

"Oh-h, my!"

Lizzie shuddered as she exclaimed, and Joe was just about to follow up his advantage when his eye caught the southern horizon.

"Sa-ay," he exclaimed, "just you look over there!"

Lizzie looked, but saw only the undulating hills.

But Joe's practised eyes saw, besides, the gray of smoke low in the sky — the smoke of distant burning prairies.

"Don't you see?" he asked, rather disgustfully. "You would if you was n't such a ten-

derfoot. The hills this side of the Mulberry River have burned off. They are too far away to look black; but that's what the smoke means. I'll bet lots of barns and stock have been burned."

"What dreadful things prairie-fires must be!" said Lizzie. "The only one I ever saw was when papa burned off our pasture."

"Twenty acres don't make a prairie fire," responded Joe, contemptuously. "Wait till you see a fire run twenty miles. That's what one did that came over here from the Mulberry hills several years ago; and it's what this one would do if the people between here and there did n't watch their fire-guards."

The air was oppressive and hazy, and school-work dragged. Joe, for the edification of Susie, to whom the enforced quiet was tedious, drew wonderful pictures on his slate. The rest of the school indulged in shufflings and whisperings, unrebuked by the teacher, for she too seemed to feel the spirit of the day. Lizzie, overcome by some undefined fear, divided her time between her book and the strange, and to her ominous, sky without, where the sun hung, halfway up the heavens, a hazy ball, too sullen to rebuke the inquiring eye.

The school-house stood at the foot of the first of the hills that bounded the river-valley. Just behind the little building the ground sloped upward gently for a short distance, before rising into a single steep, round hill, a little apart from the continuous succession of hills that ran into each other without a break to the little Mulberry River, twenty miles away. To the north the ground sloped into a valley that extended for miles up the course of the winding river, as far as the eye could reach.

The noon intermission had come, and dinner-pails were being produced by the hungry children, when one of the larger boys rushed into the room with frightened face.

"Fire!" he gasped. "The prairies are afire!"

There was stir and trampling among the children, and all huddled toward the door. On top of the hill that rose from the playground, seemingly poisoning an instant before swooping down on the school-house and the defenseless children, was a towering wall of flame, sending billows of smoke into the air, and shooting forked

tongues of fire aloft, as it licked hungrily at the rank brown grass. From the south to the north, and for many miles to the east, the valley would be swept clean, except where the isolated homes were surrounded by fire-guards or plowed fields. To the east, in front of the school-house, ran the wagon-road through the grass, and there lay their only safety, for on the side of the next hill was the nearest house—a dugout, with ample fire-guards about it.

little flock reached the plowed guards ahead of them, and were saved.

As they hurried into the yard, panting and breathless, Joe raised a frightened cry and sprang to meet them.

“Susie! Susie! — where are you?”

Pupils and teacher looked at each other in anguished dismay, and began a distracted counting of the children.

“And where ’s Lizzie Warner?” piped a childish voice.

All turned and gazed shudderingly on the scene from which they had just fled. The fire had swept over the school-house, and was already far down the valley, leaving blackness behind it. The feet of the children had worn away the grass about the house, leaving no place for the fire to catch in the lower part of the building; but as the billows of flame had rolled over the roof, its apex had caught and held a little tongue of flame; and now the whole roof was rapidly disappearing under spurts of red and rolling clouds of black.

Were the missing children lying suffocated beneath the burning roof, or were they



“SAFE ON THE WINDWARD SIDE OF THE SMOKE WAS SUSIE SIMMONS, AND BY HER SIDE KNELT LIZZIE.”

Down this road the teacher hurried the children, keeping ever behind them. The larger scholars ran ahead, too terror-stricken to think of anything but their own safety, and were soon out of danger; but only the short distance saved the smaller ones as, protected and urged by their teacher, they pattered down the road, with eyes and throats smarting from the smoke that swirled about them. Behind them roared and crackled the flames, but everyone of the

blistered and blackened lying on the prairie, caught in futile flight?

Leaving the little ones behind, the teacher scattered the others over the prairie, not knowing in which direction the bewildered children might have fled, and with Joe, now wildly sobbing, hurried toward the burning building. The smoke and heat from the charred grass were stifling, but not more so than the terror that seemed to keep their hearts at a standstill as

they ran, their only thought the possible rescue of the bodies from the now partly consumed building.

They dashed through the smoke that poured over the tottering walls toward the entrance, which was on the opposite side. Once around the building, the two stopped suddenly, unable to move from the reaction that followed the tension which both had been enduring.

On the ground, leaning against some of the fallen sticks of the woodpile, close to the well-curb, and safe on the windward side of the smoke, was Susie Simmons, conscious and unharmed, but blackened and limp. By her side knelt Lizzie, striving, with a grimy handkerchief, to wash the soot from the little one's face.

After a moment of silence, Joe flung himself by his sister, and caught her in his arms, with wild endearments and renewed sobbings — a breach of his idea of manly behavior of which he would not have been guilty under less exciting conditions, while the teacher, scarcely less relieved, lifted Lizzie to a seat by her side to learn of her escape.

So engrossed had she been in the welfare of the smaller child that her own condition and appearance had not occurred to her. Her clothes dripping, her hair singed, her face disfigured by smoke and paths of perspiration, her eyes wide and scared, trembling and half crying, she told her story.

"I should have been with you and the children, but after we had started I remembered that I had heard Joe tell Susie to sit still till he came back; but that was before he knew what was the matter, and I knew he had forgotten her when he saw the fire, so I ran into the house for her. I thought, maybe, I could get her out before the fire came; but I was no more than inside when a flame and a lot of smoke sucked in after me. I slammed the door, and dragged Susie to the water-pail; for I had heard about firemen breathing through wet cloths, and I dipped our handkerchiefs into the water, and held them to our faces. It must have been only a minute, but it seemed to me an hour, that the fire was over us, and it was dreadful!

We could n't breathe, the room was so hot and so full of smoke, and every window seemed full of red and black snakes. Then the window-panes began to crack, and I thought the fire would fill the house in another minute; and then, just as we could see light and a bit of the sky, we seemed to fall down, down, ever so far. But as I fell I caught the water-pail, and the cold water fell all over me, and kept me awake. Then I heard the fire crackle in the roof, so I got Susie out here, and brought out your papers and all the books I could get out before the smoke was too thick for me to go in. And it's made me feel — rather — tired."

She concluded weakly, and leaned against the sticks of wood behind her, for she was out of breath. Then Joe, the bluff, the severe, the scoffer at "sissy-boys," did a strange thing. He went across to Lizzie, threw his arms about her, and kissed her, not once only, but twice, on her grimy cheek.

"I've made fun of you and called you a coward lots of times, and felt like a hero myself; but to-day, when I forgot Susie, and you came back and stayed through the fire with her, it showed which was the coward and which the hero. And I'll tell you now that there have n't been any Indians or wildcats here for years, and the coyotes won't fight, and there has never been a cyclone in this country; so I've been making up yarns just to scare you. Don't ever speak to me again if you don't want to."

Which, taken altogether, was quite the most correct, eloquent, and touching speech that Joe had ever made.

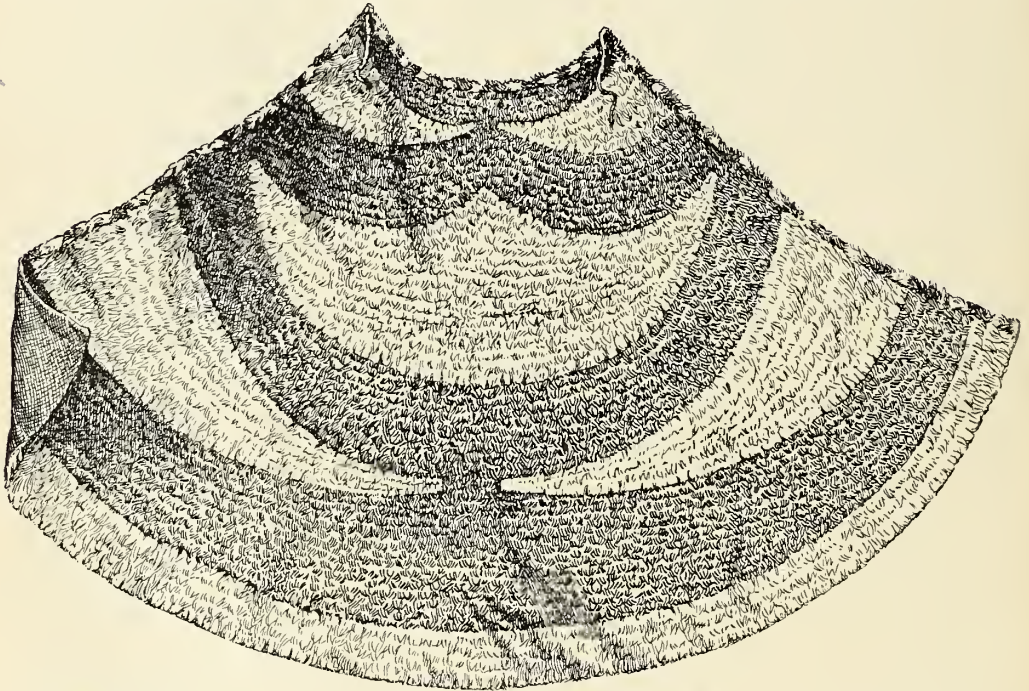
"Don't tell me not to speak to you," returned Lizzie, with spirit; "for I shall, lots of times. Still, I am glad, all the same, that I don't need to dread Indians and wildcats and cyclones any more, for the prairie fire was so awful when it came. But," she added reflectively, "I'm glad that I thought to come back and stay with Susie, for she'd have either smothered or burned up; and I am glad, too, to have us both know that real things don't frighten me as much as imaginary ones do."

A RIGHT ROYAL ROBE.

BY FREDERIC A. LUCAS.

A MILLION dollars seems a pretty round sum to pay for a cloak; and probably even Worth never dreamed of asking so fabulous a price for the most elaborate of his garments. And yet in the National Museum at Washington is a cloak the cost of which cannot be reckoned at

the court were forced to content themselves with feather-boas, as we should call them, known as "leis." These capes and collars were made from the yellow, red, and black feathers of a few species of small birds peculiar to the Sandwich Islands, and called, from their habits,



FEATHER CLOAK FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

less than this vast amount; and ladies may be pleased to learn that it was not a woman, but a man, who was guilty of such a piece of extravagance.

Long years ago, when the Hawaiian Islands, small as they are, supported not one but several flourishing kingdoms, the kings, chiefs, and nobles, whenever they appeared in public on state occasions, wore, instead of the purple and ermine of more civilized potentates, capes and cloaks of brilliant feathers. The ladies of

honey-suckers. Fashion ruled even in those days, and as the yellow feathers were scarcer than the red, yellow was the fashionable color; and the more powerful the chief the more yellow was his robe of state. These yellow feathers were found only on two or three species of birds, the finest coming from a bird called in the native language "mamo," and known as *Drepanis pacifica* by ornithologists.

These birds, with their striking black-and-yellow plumage, were as dear to the hearts of

the Hawaiian monarchs as they might be today to the hearts of patriotic Princeton students, and were sought for far and near throughout the islands. The populace paid poll-taxes in golden feathers instead of golden dollars, and as each bird furnished but a few feathers, the taxes may be considered as having been high. Some estimate of the value of the feathers may be formed from the prices paid in later times, when a piece of nankeen cloth valued at a dollar and a half was the equivalent of five feathers; but, after all, the great element in the cost of these cloaks was time and labor, since the making of a single cloak required from fifty to a hundred years.

As the feathers obtained for taxes were very far from supplying the demand, the chiefs were accustomed to employ a regular staff of bird-catchers, much as a medieval baron had his staff of falconers. These skilled foresters prepared a sort of bird-lime from the gum of the fragrant "olapa," mixed with the juice of the breadfruit-tree, and with it smeared the branches of the flowering trees frequented by the honey-suckers.

One species of bird, adorned with two tufts of yellow feathers only, could be released after these had been plucked; but the coveted feathers of the mamo grew upon the body, and to obtain them the life of the bird was sacrificed. And just as year by year the fur-seal legions have been thinned, so year by year the mamo disappeared before the dusky goddess of fashion until the last one was trapped, and the bird

lived only in the name mamo, which had been applied to the robes made from its feathers.

Truly regal they were in appearance, the finest gleaming in the sunlight like mantles of gold, while those made of red and yellow feathers had a barbaric splendor of their own. The groundwork of these cloaks is a rather coarse network into which the feathers are woven with a skill that, like the bird, has passed away and is a lost art.

The great war-cloak of Kamehameha I. was the work of years; during the reigns of eight preceding monarchs it grew beneath the hands of cunning craftsmen, until in all its fair proportions it became the property of Kamehameha the Powerful, the outward badge of the sovereignty which claimed sway over all the surrounding islands.

This cloak, made entirely of yellow feathers, is four feet in length, and nearly twelve around the bottom — about the same size as the one in the National Museum, although this last is a trifle more than half composed of red feathers from a more plebeian bird which science has aptly named *Vestiaria coccinea*, or "clothed in scarlet." The cloak was once the property of the powerful chief Kekuaskalami, who forfeited it, together with his life, in a rebellion having for its purpose the restoration of the ancient religion of Hawaii. It next came into the hands of Kamehameha III., by whom it was presented to Commodore J. H. Aulick, and finally it was deposited in the National Museum by the Commodore's grandson, Mr. R. O. Aulick.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

ONE day wee Willie and his dog
Sprawled on the nursery floor.
He had a florist's catalogue,
And turned the pages o'er,

Till all at once he gave a spring.
"Hurrah!" he cried with joy;
"Mama, here 's just the very thing
To give your little boy!

"For when we fellows go to school,
We lose our things, you know;
And in that little vestibule
They do get mixed up so.

"And as you often say you can't
Take care of 'em for me,
Why don't you buy a *rubber plant*
And an *umbrella tree*?"



THE poet's daughter sat on a toadstool at sunset by the great sea, and ate her bowl of porridge. And while she was dazzling her eyes watching the setting sun, a flying-dragon came crawling up over the rocks. He fanned the little girl with his wing, and when she thanked him politely he begged her not to mention it. So she finished eating her porridge very comfortably, and when he saw that it was gone he cleared his throat and said timidly:

"Do you ever play Twenty Questions?"

"Yes, indeed," said the poet's daughter.

"Do you want to play now?"

"I should like it very much."

Then the dragon was full of joy, for he was fond of the game, and had not played for two hundred years.

"You think of something," said he eagerly, "and I'll ask the questions. Are you ready? Yes? Animal, mineral, or vegetable?"

"Neither," said the poet's daughter.

"Is it something you can see?" "Yes."

"Hear?" "Yes."

"Living?" "No."

"Is it something men make?" "Yes."

"Is it useful?" "Ye-e-s."

"Ornamental?" "Yes."

"Has it any color?" "No."

"Something you can see and hear, that men make, is useful and ornamental, and has no color," said the dragon, thoughtfully. "Hum! Let me think." He put his head under his wing and thought for three minutes. "Can you play it?"

"No," said the poet's daughter, shaking her head and laughing.

"Then," said the dragon, "not a game or music? Hum! Is it used for saying things?" "Yes."

"Made by men — that makes ten," said the dragon, puzzled. "Did you ever make one?" "Yes."

"Have I?"

"Yes!" she said laughing, "just now!"

"It must be something one can say," the dragon said, after thinking a minute. "Is it something I made by speaking?"

“Yes.”

“Is it a sentence?”

“No.”

“Is it a question?”

“No.”

“Is it made of words?”

“Yes.”

“This,” said the dragon, “is really not easy! I must be very slow, but, really, I don’t know. Have I made more than one?”

“Yes,” said the poet’s daughter, laughing.

“Is it any sort of a mistake?”

“No.”

“Is it any sort of a try — like a guess or question?”

“No.”

“One more makes the score. Is it any sort of a story?”

“No!”

“Now I have three guesses,” said the dragon, wrinkling his eyebrows. “Is it any sort of a remark or observation? Or a joke? Or a — oh, I see! I have it now! It is a —”

And this time he was right!

But it *was* a hard one, for he made three of them before he knew what it was!

The Ingenious Little Old Man

A little old man
of the sea

Went out in a
boat for a
sail:

The water came
in

Almost up to his chin

And he had nothing with

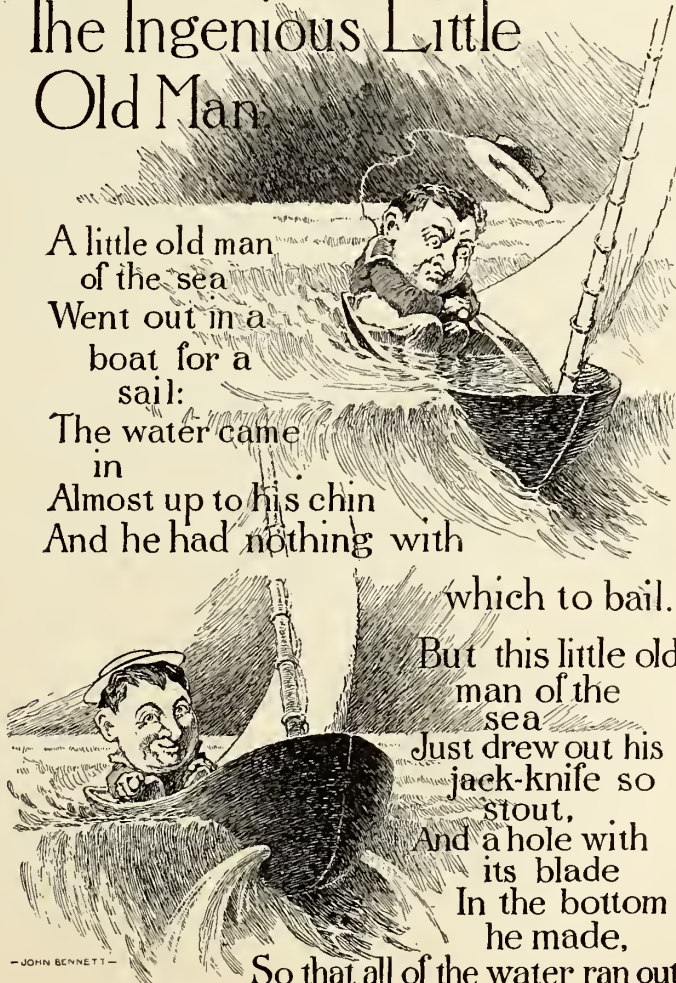
which to bail.

But this little old
man of the
sea

Just drew out his
jack-knife so
stout,

And a hole with
its blade
In the bottom
he made,

So that all of the water ran out.



THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

DISCOVERIES.

IT was not until late in the afternoon of the day on which they had altered the map that the three soldiers returned to the examination of the scrap of paper which they had agreed from the first could have reached the mountain-top only by falling from the balloon the year before.

"How is this?" cried Coleman, pointing excitedly to the dates of the foreign telegrams. "This piece of newspaper could not have come by the balloon. The balloon passed over the mountain on September 5, having left the city of Charleston, as declared by the tall aëronaut, at 3:30 o'clock of the afternoon before, which was the 4th of September. Look at the dates for yourself," he continued, handing the paper to Bromley. "Was n't the Honorable M. P. drowned on the morning of September 4? Can't you read there that the earthquake in Spain was on the 4th?"

"What of that?" said Bromley; "you can't make out the date of the paper."

"I don't care what the date of publication was," replied Coleman. "If it came by the balloon it was published before September 5. Now please tell me how it could bring European news of the 4th?"

"Hum!" said Bromley, somewhat puzzled. "If it had been published on the 3d, it could not bring news of the 4th — that 's certain."

"I have it," cried Philip; "Fred has got the dates of the diary more than a week out of the way. We thought the balloon passed on September 5. It was nearer the 15th."

"No," exclaimed Coleman, glaring at Philip; "there is no mistake in the record; not a date is omitted. In leap-year a day was added to February when it came around. I make a

mistake in the date! No, sir! There is no mistake. Whatever happens, I will stand on the rec—"

"You are right, old man," cried Bromley, interrupting him; "and the paper proves it. Don't you see the point? They have got the Atlantic cable down at last, and working to a charm. The paper was published on the 4th of September. It was an afternoon paper, and this piece fell from the balloon on the 5th of September."

They agreed that this was wonderful as explaining without doubt what at first seemed impossible, and at the same time verifying the accuracy of the dates in the diary which Lieutenant Coleman had conducted for more than six years at the time the balloon passed. Coleman and Bromley remembered distinctly the unsuccessful attempts at laying the Atlantic cable in the summer of 1858, and the fame of Cyrus Field as its projector; and now by the discovery of this scrap of yellow and tattered paper they were made aware that the great project had been continued to a successful issue. Possibly they were the more keenly interested by this evidence of progress in the world below from having been themselves connected with telegraphing in a modest way. At all events, they regarded the yellow messenger as one of their most significant possessions, and skewered it against the chimney through the very hole made by the dry twig which had held it so long for their inspection under the cover of the rock.

It was near the end of July now, and the spears of corn which had thrust their tiny dark-green lances out of the mellow earth had first turned yellow, and then withered and died. A few plants here and there had escaped the ravages of the grubs, but the yield would be insignificant, and they were good enough farmers by this time to know that to plant more would

be only a waste of the small store of food they had left. If the lives of the fowls had been spared, it might have been different. At the time the ground had been spaded the few sad roosters had done all that lay in their power to exterminate the grubs, but their capacity was not the capacity of the four hundred fowls.

The potatoes had suffered, though less, from the same hidden enemy; but unless something could be done to increase their food-supply, the three soldiers would be reduced to the verge of starvation before another winter came around. They might yet be forced to abandon their vegetarian principles and eat the bear and the six old roosters. Rather than do anything so inhuman, they declared they would find some way to open communication with the people in the valley. They might easily have planted a larger area in former years, and stored up corn against a failure in the crop, but of this they had never thought.

The morning after they had discovered the scrap of paper on the mica shelf, they all went solemnly to the mill and watched Philip set the machinery in motion and grind the first of the nine small sacks of corn. The whir of the wheels and the hum of the stones in the midst of the splashing of the water outside made the sweetest of music in their ears, but the song of the mill was of brief duration. When the last kernels began to dance on the old cavalry boot-leg in the bottom of the hopper, the miller shut off the water, and in the silence that followed the three soldiers looked ruefully at the small heap of yellow meal on the floor of the dusty bin. It was not more than enough to keep themselves and the paralyzed old rooster alive for a week. If they relied upon the meal alone, in nine weeks they would be out of bread, and the golden mill would be a useless possession.

Discovery was their only hope for further subsistence. They had made some remarkable finds in the past, but at the beginning of their eighth year on the mountain it would seem that no secrets of the plateau had escaped the prying eyes of these enterprising young men. Philip reminded his comrades of the bee-tree, which was undoubtedly stored with honey, beyond the southern cliff; but this they had always

regarded as impassable. From the mica shelf they could see that it was a narrow ledge, and not a higher level; and although the small shelf extended a trifle beyond it, the soldiers had seen no way of scaling the rocks which rose from the brambles and mica, so as to reach the level beyond the southern ledge.

They had never seen these rocks from above, nor any part of the brambly half-acre, for the reason that the edge of the plateau shelved off in a dangerous incline of smooth granite, which it was not possible to look over. Otherwise they might have discovered the outside half-acre long before they found the cavernous path which led to it. Bromley now proposed to be lowered to the outer edge of the shelving rock by means of the breeches-buoy which had lifted Philip from his perilous seat on the avalanche. It was not at all a dangerous experiment, and as soon as he was in a position to examine the rocks below the base of the southern cliff, he saw a narrow ledge which would afford a sure foothold, and which led away upward until it was lost behind the rocks. Although invisible from below, it could be reached by their longest ladder.

Whether the path along the ledge would enable them to reach the top of the mountain to the south remained to be determined. They were all on fire with the fever of exploration; and they had no doubt that the rich bee-tree would reward their efforts with new stores of honey. That night, by means of the canvas strap, they lowered their ladder over the ledge until it rested on the mica shelf.

Next morning, bright and early, Philip got out his small honey-box, and would have taken the old paralytic rooster along, but for the heavy implements it was necessary to carry. Besides their torches in passing through the cavern, their hands would be full with the ax and a pail for water, and another in which to bring back the honey.

It was a clear July day, with a soft south wind breathing on the mountain; and when the three soldiers arrived on their brambly half-acre they found their ladder leaning safely against the rocks where they had lowered it. After they had smothered their torches and laid them by to await their return, they tried the ladder,

which proved to be too short by about two rungs to reach the path on the cliff. At first they thought they should be obliged to return and make a longer one, but Lieutenant Coleman was something of an engineer on fortifications, and under his directions they fell to work building a platform of stones and timber, which afforded the ladder a secure foundation and raised it safely to the brow of the ledge.

Bromley went ahead with the ax, and Coleman and Philip followed with the pails. The soldiers had brought along their overcoats for the fight with the bees; and when they put them on after the rough exercise of handling the stones, they found them rather oppressive to their brown shoulders, whose summer covering usually consisted of one suspender. Bromley was very red in the face as he pushed along on the rocky path, cutting away a root or an overhanging limb which obstructed their passage.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

THE path up which the three soldiers were climbing was not a path at all in the sense of its having been worn by the feet of men or animals. It was at first a narrow ledge, and then the dry bed of a watercourse, which overflowed for a few days when the snows melted in the spring. It was walled in by an outer ledge, and turned upward at an easy incline which offered no serious obstacle to the progress of the explorers. The soldiers halted midway, and took off their oppressive overcoats and wiped their red faces.

The top of the mountain beyond the southern wall was about half the area of their own plateau, and to the consternation of the three soldiers, in the very center of the tract stood a log-house flanked by some tumbledown sheds! This unexpected discovery was so startling that they retreated below the bank for consultation. They had no doubt that the bees Philip had seen came from the hives of these people. If there were a bee-tree at all, they would not be allowed to cut it. Lieutenant Coleman was in favor of returning without revealing themselves to the strangers. Their curiosity, however, was so roused, and their desire was so

great to learn something of their neighbors, that the three soldiers crept back until only their heads were above the edge of the bank, and their wondering eyes fixed on the house. They talked in husky whispers as they stared through the bushes, expecting every moment to see some one come out for a pail of water or an armful of wood.

"There 's a man down there by the shed," whispered Philip; and so timid of their kind had the soldiers become after seven years of seclusion, during which they had not spoken to a human being, that they ducked their three heads in a tremble of excitement. Presently Bromley looked again, and almost laughed out loud; for the man was only a stump with something lying over it that stirred with the wind.

There was no smoke from the chimney; but it was midway between breakfast and dinner, and fire was not to be expected at that hour in midsummer. There were no clothes hung out to dry, and no growing crops in sight; but there were small stacks of corn-stalks at different points on the field, and these were in every stage of decay, from the conical heap overgrown with vines to the flat mound of gray stalks through which the young chestnuts had sprouted and grown to a thrifty height. A forest of hop-vines grew over the eaves of the house, flaunting their green tendrils in the soft south wind, and giving an unmistakably homelike air to the place. As no one appeared after an hour's watching, it was more than likely that the family was absent for the day or asleep inside. The longer the soldiers waited, the greater their curiosity became, and then they remembered their scarcity of food, and felt the gold coins in their pockets. It would be foolish to return without buying something from these neighbor-people. Their vow was not to go down from the mountain; and if they neglected this opportunity to supply their wants, starvation would soon drive them into the Confederacy, vow or no vow.

Bromley, as usual, was the first to come to a decision; and then all three climbed boldly out upon the bank and prepared to visit the house. As they advanced over the grass they buttoned their overcoats more closely about their throats, and jingled the coins in their pockets to keep

up their courage. They looked down at their bare feet and legs, which naturally made them timid at the prospect of meeting people, and so, huddled together for support, they crossed the dry chip dirt, and came around the corner of the house. The door stood open above the smooth stone step, and Bromley struck it with his knuckles, while his comrades waited behind him, feeling instinctively, in their momentary embarrassment, for their collars and wristbands. If they had been less embarrassed they would have noticed the utter absence of all signs of habitation outside the house, and that the door itself was sagging inward from its rusty hinges. The interior, darkened by the sliding boards which closed the windows, gave forth a musty, earthy smell.

"There's nobody lives here," said Bromley in his strong, natural voice, at which Coleman and Philip were startled into a small spasm of feeling again for their shirt-collars; and then, as he gave a kick to the lurching door, they dropped their nervous fingers and followed him in. Bromley opened one of the windows, which let in but a dim light because of the thick mat of hop-vines which had overgrown it. The first object that caught the eyes of the soldiers was a considerable library of books crowded together on three shelves above the fireplace.

Philip had his hand at once on the familiar cover of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Bromley took down a faded volume of the "Anti-Slavery Record" for the year 1836; and Coleman went outside the door to examine a small book which bore in gilded letters on the cover, "The Branded Hand." On the title-page there was a woodcut of a hand with two S's on the open palm. The story was of the trial and imprisonment of Jonathan Waller, or Walker, at Pensa-

cola, Florida; and, a few pages on, the author was shown undergoing the punishment of the pillory. This book had been published in 1845, and Lieutenant Coleman dropped it on the door-step and hastened back to find something more modern. In fact, the three soldiers were



"THE THREE SOLDIERS CREPT BACK."

moved by the same desire to find something — anything — that had been printed since the year 1864. So it was with the greatest disgust that they took from the lower shelf and threw down, one after another, such ancient history as "Captain Carnot; or, Twenty Years of an African Slaver," 1854; "The Alton Riots," by Henry Ward Beecher, 1838; "Abolition a Sedition," 1839; "Memoir of Rev. Elijah Love-

joy," 1838; and "Slavery Unmasked," 1856. There were other curious works on the same subject, bearing dates equally remote.

On the second shelf there was a mixed collection of thin periodicals in blue, yellow, and gray covers, such as the "Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine," "The Emancipator," and "The Slave's Friend," and several volumes of speeches and papers by William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, bearing date as late as 1858.

The upper shelf was filled with small books and pamphlets on temperance and prohibition, not one of which had been published since the year 1852.

Lieutenant Coleman and Bromley were so keenly disappointed at finding among so many books nothing that threw any light on the state of the country since their arrival on the mountain, that they were almost tempted to throw the library into the fireplace and burn it up by starting a fire with their flints.

The perfect order in which the books had been arranged was strangely in contrast with the otherwise wrecked condition of the room. The excitement of the soldiers on seeing the library had prevented them from noticing that the hearthstone had been wrenched from its original position, and that the earth had been dug out to some depth beneath it, and thrown in a heap against the edge of the single bunk by the south wall. Stones had been pried from the back of the chimney, and there was abundant evidence that some person had been hunting for treasure. The rusty spade with which the digging had been done lay in the fireplace, where it had been thrown by the baffled robber. The bed-tick had been ripped open with a knife, and the straw with which it had been filled was scattered over the dry earth on the floor. The blankets and everything of value in the house had been carried away. It might be that murder had been committed here as well as robbery. As there was no stain of blood on the mattress or on the floor, Lieutenant Coleman concluded that the robber was only a cowardly thief who had stolen the property from the deserted cabin. It would seem, however, that this man had had some knowledge of the dead mountaineer which had caused him to

suspect that there was hidden treasure in the house. Possibly he had found what he sought.

The discovery of the house and its contents was so startling that the soldiers forgot all about the bee-tree of which they had come in search. The absence of everything in the nature of food forced itself upon their minds, as they felt the coins in their pockets. There might be corn in one of the tumbledown old sheds. Both were sadly decayed and broken by the winds and storms to which the strong walls and good roof of the house had not yet yielded. The first shed contained a small heap of wood and a rusty ax, and the other, they thought, had been used as a cow-stall.

The paths were overgrown with grass, which indicated that years had passed since the place had been inhabited. The good order in which the books had been left led the soldiers to doubt if the place had been visited since the robber had gone away. It was true that the library was of a character that would be undesirable in a slave-holding Confederacy; and if any one had seen it since the robbery, it was strange that he had not destroyed the objectionable books.

This state of things was so puzzling to Lieutenant Coleman and his comrades that they set out at once to make the circuit of this small tract on the mountain-top, which they naturally believed must be somewhat difficult of access. There must be a road that led to it. The robber might have climbed over the rocks, through some difficult pass, and so might the owner of the house; but the cow-shed showed that domestic animals had been driven up from the valley. The western front was the boulder-side of the mountain, and as unapproachable here as on their own plateau. After the most careful exploration, the remaining sides were found to be of the same character as the Cashier's valley side beyond the dividing cliff. This smaller tract of mountain-top was supported by sheer ledges which rose above the forest below. There might be some point in the wall where a man could scale it with the help of a long ladder, but it was evident that no cow had ever fed in that stall.

It was past noon now, and the soldiers sat down on a rock in the mild sunlight which

poured over the dividing ledge, and talked of the strange situation.

"There have been human beings here," said Bromley; "at least two of them: the fellow who lived in that house, and the robber who looted it. Now I am not much of a detective, but it is certainly our business to find out how they got here and how they got away."

"How the *robber* got away," suggested Coleman; "for there is no doubt in my mind that the man who lived here was his victim."

"Yes," said Philip, "I am certain there was a murder committed here. Don't you see that if the murderer had carried off the books, they would have been evidence against him sufficient to have convicted him of the crime?"

This view of Philip's was so plausible that the others adopted it. They assumed that the unfortunate victim had been shot in the open field, and buried where he fell. If the crime had been committed so long ago that the grass had found time to take root in the hard paths, it would have long since overgrown the shallow grave. Then it occurred to the soldiers, who had helped to bury the dead on more than one battle-field, that as time passes a shallow grave has a way of sinking. The murderer would have been careful not to raise a mound, and the very place of his crime should by this time be plainly marked by a long grassy hollow.

They started at once to search for the grave, but they were thirsty, not to say hungry, after their exertions of the morning, and so they went first to a spring which they had seen near the head of the path where they had climbed up. It was a large bubbling spring, and flowed under the rocks so nearly opposite to where the branch appeared on the other side that they knew it was the source of their own supply. It was not pleasant to think how easily their neighbor in his lifetime might have turned it in some other direction, thus stopping the wheels of their mill, possibly leaving them to perish of thirst.

After they had lain down on the ground and drunk from the spring, they turned in the direction of the lonely house, flattering themselves that they were, after all, pretty clever detectives. By putting together the facts, which they had now determined and proved, they had made a rather

shrewd beginning at the discovery of a crime. They agreed, as they went along, that nothing further should be disturbed within or without the house until they should have unraveled the history of the foul murder. That was, they believed, the method observed by the best detectives and coroners. They might not establish their theory to-day or to-morrow, but they could go and come by the new path they had found, and sooner or later they would force the secret from the mute objects in the midst of which the crime had been committed.

As they arrived at this united and enthusiastic decision, they were approaching the house on the opposite side to that which they had passed on their first coming. The turf was so firmly rooted here that it was not easy to determine whether there had or had not been a garden on this side. A thick clump of young chestnut-trees had grown up since cultivation had been suspended, and as the three soldiers turned around these, they came suddenly upon something which put an end to all their fine-spun theories.

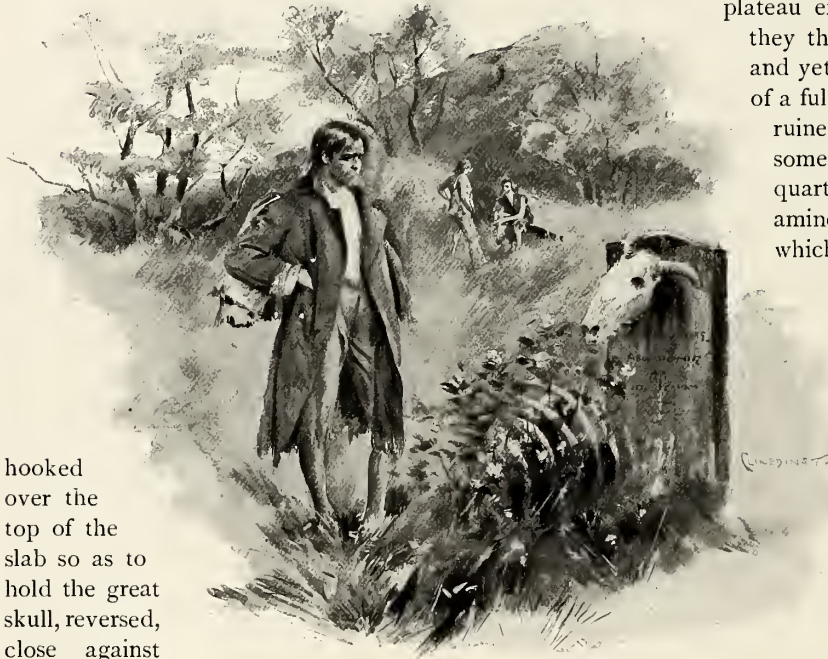
It was nothing less than a grave with an uncommonly high mound above it, and marked at the head by a broad slab of oak. Beside the wild rose-bush which grew out of the matted grass on the mound, there was another object which staggered the soldiers more than the grave itself. On the upper part of the head-board the following inscription was deeply cut:

HERE
REST THE BONES
OF
HEZEKIAH WALLSTOW
ABOLITIONIST
AND
APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE
WHO DIED

Here ended the letters, which were cut with a knife, evidently by the said Hezekiah himself, with the expenditure of much time and patience. Below, the inscription was continued by three lines of rude letters daubed with black paint, half in written and half in printed letters, in one ungrammatical and badly spelled sentence:

Hit war sumwhar betune
April 26 & Juin the 4,
1858.

The "other object," found lying across the grave, was the skeleton of the cow, whose crumpled horns were attached to the bleached skull, and whose white ribs provided a trellis for the rose-bush. Strangest of all strange things in this mysterious affair, one horn of the skeleton was



THE GRAVE OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

hooked over the top of the slab so as to hold the great skull, reversed, close against the headboard on the side opposite to the inscription. Evidently the faithful creature had died of starvation during the winter which followed the death of her master. By accident or through a singular exhibition of affection, she had lain down to die on the hard snow which was banked high above the grave, and when warm weather came and the snow melted, the head of the cow had lodged in this remarkable position.

"Well," said Philip, with a sigh for his pet theory, "whoever he was and however he came here, his name was Hezekiah Wallstow, and there was no murder — unless a third man came to bury him."

"That 's all settled," said Bromley, resign-

edly; "but how about the cow? Did she come here in a balloon?"

"My dear fellow," said Lieutenant Coleman, "we have not yet found how the men got here. When we learn that, it may make all the rest plain."

Without entering the house again, the soldiers made a second circuit of the field, examining carefully every foot of the cliffs. They were absolutely certain now that there was no road or path leading to this smaller plateau except that by which they themselves had come; and yet here were the bones of a full-grown cow and the ruined stall which had at some time been her winter quarters. They next examined the heaps of stalks, which were sixteen in number, and represented that many harvests; but the older ones were little more than a thin layer of decayed litter through which the grass and bushes had grown up. There might have been many others of an earlier date, all traces of

which had long since disappeared. At first it seemed strange that a cow should have starved, even in the deepest snow, in the midst of such surroundings. On a closer examination, however, it appeared that the tops of the two larger stacks had been much torn, and the stiff stalks cropped bare of leaves. It was plain enough that the lean cow had wandered here on the hard crust of the snow and scattered the stalks as she fed. Even now these could be seen lying all about in the grass where they had lodged when the snow melted. Under one of the stacks another skull was found, the owner of which must have died before the cow, or have been killed for beef. Instead of one, two

domestic animals, then, had cropped the grass and switched at the flies on this plateau which was surrounded by inaccessible cliffs. How did they come there?

By sunset the soldiers were no nearer to a solution of this difficult problem, and so they filled their two pails with anti-slavery books and returned to ponder and wonder in the society of the bear and the six sad roosters.

They could sleep but little after a day of such excitement, and they were scarcely refreshed by their night's rest when they returned on the following day to the deserted house. This time they left their overcoats at home and took with them a loaf of corn-bread for luncheon, and the pails, in which they intended to bring back more books.

They halted again before the oak slab bearing the name of "Hezekiah Wallstow, apostle of temperance," and crowned by the mourning skull of the cow, as if to assure themselves of the reality of what they had seen, and then they walked humbly into the house. They could think of no guiding clue to start them in the solution of the problem of the cattle, and so they weakly yielded to their curiosity about the books. Bromley cut away the thicket of hop-vines which darkened the two windows, and in the improved light they fell to examining the coarse woodcuts of runaway slaves with their small belongings tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, which headed certain advertisements as they were copied in the periodicals. "The Adventures of Captain Carnot" was a thick book with numerous illustrations. They hoped to find an account-book or a diary, but there was nothing of the sort on the shelves beyond one or two entries in pencil on a fly-leaf of the "Memoirs of Elijah P. Lovejoy," acknowledging the receipt of payment for a cask of meal and a quarter of lamb.

Following their first visit, the three soldiers returned during four successive days to the deserted house and the field surrounding it. By this time they had carried home the last of the books by pailsful, making the long journey through the cave of the bats by torchlight; but they had arrived no nearer to the solution of the riddle of the cattle. In fact, so long as any part of the library remained where they had

found it, they had come to wander aimlessly in the early morning along the ledges which upheld the smaller plateau, and then retire to the cool house to read.

After the books had been removed to their own side of the dividing cliff, they found it so hard to leave them that they stayed at home for a whole week, reading by turns and worrying themselves thin about the bones of the cattle. They had abundant need at this time to keep their flesh and spirits, for two more of the nine sacks of corn had been ground in the mill, and the prospect for the future was more dismal than ever. The end of this week of inaction, however, found the three soldiers in the early morning again standing by the deserted house.

Lieutenant Coleman had a systematic, military mind, and, now the diverting books were out of their reach, he stated the problem to his companions in this direct and concise way:

"We know that two cattle have lived and died on this field."

"Undoubtedly," replied Bromley and Philip.

"We have examined three sides of the field, and found that the cattle could not have come from either of those directions. Is not that so?"

"It is absolutely certain," said the others.

"Therefore," continued Lieutenant Coleman, "they must have come by the fourth side."

This conclusion was admitted to be logical; but it provoked a storm of argument, in the course of which the soldiers got wild-eyed and red in the face. In the end, however, they consented to trim out the bushes which formed a thicket along the base of the ledge. It seemed to Lieutenant Coleman that they must find some passage here; and, sure enough, not far from the middle of this natural wall they came upon a low-browed opening, which presently narrowed down to a space not much more than five feet square. The farther end of this tunnel was closed by a pile of loose earth, which was spread out at the base, and had every appearance of having been thrown in from the other side. The rusty shovel was brought from the fireplace of the house, and after a few minutes of vigorous digging, a ray of light broke through the roots and grass near the roof of

the hole. The soldiers gave a wild cheer, and rushed out into the fresh air to cool off.

"That settles it," said Lieutenant Coleman. "Hezekiah Wallstow was the Old Man of the Mountain, and after Josiah Woodring buried him he filled up this passage. The treasure he was searching for was the very cask of gold we dug out of the fake grave — thanks to the sacrilegious behavior of the bear."

"But how about the cattle?" said Bromley, still skeptical.

"Easy enough," said Coleman, triumphantly. "They brought two young calves up the ladder."

This unsuspected passage through the ledge made everything clear. It had evidently been wide open during all the years the old man had lived on the mountain. It might have been screened by bushes, so that any chance visitors, like the hunters who came over the bridge, would be easily deceived, and not disposed to look farther than the ruined cabin and the non-committal gravestone.

It was not strange that the three soldiers had never suspected that there was an opening here through the rocks, for a four-pronged chestnut had taken firm root in the grassy bank which Josiah had thrown up, and the old man had been dead six years when they first arrived on the mountain. How soon after the burial the passageway had been closed, it was not so easy to determine; but numerous hollows which were afterward found near certain trees and rocks on the smaller plateau, made it look as if Josiah had spent a good many moonlight nights in digging for the treasure before he gave it up altogether.

According to the story told by Andy, the guide, Josiah himself must have died soon after his strange patron, and most likely he closed the entrance to the passage in despair when he felt his last illness approaching. There was still much for the soldiers to learn about the motive of the hermit in burying his surplus gold. The comforts with which he had surrounded himself would indicate that he was no miser, and his devotion to the cause of the slave made it extremely probable that he had willed his treasure to some emancipation society, which had not succeeded in reclaiming it before the war, and

which, for plenty of reasons, had not been able to secure it since.

After the soldiers had reopened the passage through the dividing cliff so that they could pass readily from one plateau to the other, they suspended further investigation and yielded to the luxury of reading, which had been denied them so long. The more they read of this peculiar literature from the library left by Hezekiah Wallstow, the more interested they became in the cause of the slave, who, as they thought, had been made free on paper by the impotent proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, only to have his fetters more firmly riveted than ever by the success of the Confederate arms.

Among the other books there was one entitled "Two-fold Slavery of the United States." This book had been published in London in the year 1854, and contained as a frontispiece a black-and-white map, which, so far west as it extended, was remarkably like the one which hung on the wall of their house. Philip shed new tears over the pathetic lives of Uncle Tom and little Eva, and Lieutenant Coleman and George Bromley grew more and more indignant as they read of the sufferings of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, and the self-confessed cruelties of Captain Carnot. However much the soldiers were wrought up by these books, it was left to the mass of pamphlets and periodicals to fill their hearts with an unspeakable bitterness toward the institution which the united efforts of their comrades in arms had failed to overthrow.

It was evident that the old man had kept up some sort of communication by mail with the Boston Abolitionists, and that his agent, Josiah, had yielded his views, if he had any, to a liberal supply of gold; for up to the time of his death he had continued to receive these periodicals. As long as he received such dangerous publications, he must have maintained correspondence with their editors; and the more the soldiers became imbued by their reading with the ideas which had made a hermit of Hezekiah Wallstow, the more certain they became that he had willed his money to the cause of abolition, or perhaps that he only held it in trust from the first. Otherwise, why should he have adopted such a crafty method of hiding it from Josiah?

To speculate on the cunning of these two men became a favorite occupation of Coleman and Bromley when their eyes were worn out with reading. They were sure that every fresh lot of pamphlets had come through the settlement and up the mountain at the bottom of a cask of meal. The old man had no mill or other means of grinding his corn, which he must have cultivated for his cattle, relying upon Josiah for most of his food. Undoubtedly the very keg which the hunters had seen Josiah carrying up by moonlight, and which they believed was filled with whiskey, contained seditious literature enough, if the mountaineers had ever found it, to have put them to the unpleasant necessity of hanging the bearer to the nearest limb.

So the soldiers continued to read, to the neglect of every other duty, through the entire month of August, except that Lieutenant Cole-

man made a brief entry in the diary each morning, and, when they were out of food, Philip laid by his book long enough to grind another sack of the corn. The few ears which had shown themselves on the plantation had been eaten green, and the yellow and shriveled stalks which had escaped the grub at the root, stood in thin, sickly rows. It was an off-year even for the chestnuts. When, in addition to this, it was found in September that the potato-crop had rotted in the ground, the reading was brought to a sudden end, and the soldiers found themselves face to face with a condition which threatened starvation, and that before the winter began. They remembered the beehive, and took up the line where Philip had left it, at the edge of the cliff, only to find that the bees flew on toward some tree in the forest below and beyond the plateau.

(To be continued.)



A SAILOR'S YARN.



THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

A WAGON UP A TREE.

BY JOHN A. LINDSEY.

SOME years ago, with another young man, I took a wagon-ride through the Cumberland Mountains, in southeastern Kentucky. We carried a camping outfit, our guns, and tackle, and meant to eke out our provisions by hunting and fishing.

We soon found that we needed a cover for our wagon, and an experienced guide. A farmer at whose house we stayed during the first night supplied both needs, for he made a wagon-top of hickory-saplings and a wagon-sheet, and concluded that he would like to join our "little party. He knew the country, for he had been one of a band of Confederate guerrillas who fought in that region during the war. We found him an excellent guide and a good story-teller, which made our trip all the pleasanter. He told us many incidents of the exciting struggle between the forces of General Garfield and of Humphrey Marshall, whom Garfield at length drove from the contested ground, saving it to the Union.

Under the guidance of the "Squire," as we called him, we drove through the woods, admiring the enormous poplars, oaks, and walnuts, fishing for perch in the brooks, shooting such game as we could find, and between times listening to the Squire's war-stories.

At length we arrived one evening at a house near the foot of the mountains, having descended by a splendid road that wound round the side of the mountain on a good grade. Above and below us rose great trees that awakened our admiration by their majestic size and the luxuriant growth of their wide-spread branches.

At the house were four young men of from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, who, though they had spent all their lives within fifty miles of a railroad, had never seen one; and, what is stranger, they had never seen a carriage. They were delighted with the springs on our wagon, which seemed to them a marvel of luxury!

Early in the evening we went to bed to enjoy the sound sleep the day's exercise in the fresh air brought to us. Glancing out of the window, for it was a bright moonlight night, we saw "the boys" still gathered about the wagon. We were soon lost in a dreamless sleep.

About daybreak we were awakened by our host walking into our room and calling us. Turning lazily over, we asked what was wanted. In a hesitating way he said, solemnly:

"I have bad news for you."

I sleepily asked, "What is it?"

He shook his head, and said, in a more solemn voice, "It's too bad to tell!"

Startled out of drowsiness, I asked again, "What is it?"

"Oh," he said, "it's too bad! I have n't the heart to tell you!"

With visions of guerrillas, shootings, and what-not dancing through our heads, we sprang from bed, and, catching him by his arms, demanded together, "Tell us what it is?"

His frightened face and shaking form filled us with further fears, till he gasped:

"Your wagon's broke!"

"Is that all?"

As we burst into an almost hysterical laugh at the relief his answer gave, his jaw fell, and he stared open-mouthed at our ill-timed merriment.

At last we inquired: "Where is the wagon?"

We were startled by the reply: "In the top of an oak-tree!"

Now we stared at him, wondering if he were sane; but to all of our questions he answered only: "It's in the top of an oak-tree!"

We dressed, and started out. At the door we passed six or eight young men, who looked uneasy. When we had followed our guide along the mountain-road for about a mile, he pointed upward, and there, in the top of an oak-tree, was our luckless wagon, with the body resting on the

wide-spread branches, the wheels standing up in the air, the tires shining brightly in the morning sun!

How did it get there?

The "boys" had followed us, and it was from them we learned the explanation. They told us that after we had retired, the night before, leaving them still admiring the wagon, they had

a ride in it. Instantly all were fired with the same desire. From wishing, they proceeded to action. Securing a rope, they dragged the wagon to the top of the mountain; then, with the rope tied to the end of the pole to hold it up, and (as they hoped) to guide the wagon, all climbed in and started down the road. Going slowly at first, they began to go faster and

faster as the wagon gained momentum. The well-worn ruts in the road, cut by heavily laden wagons, kept the wheels in place, though the speed grew greater and greater. Down the steep mountain-side they were whirled with ever increasing rapidity. Their fears redoubled with the speed; for the top, which to us had been such a comfort, to them was a trap, keeping them from jumping out, as they now longed to do; but the only opening was in front, and it would have been madness to spring in front of the swift-running vehicle. Holding their breath, and chilled with fear, they could but await with dread the end of their perilous ride!



"HE POINTED UPWARD, AND THERE, IN THE TOP OF AN OAK-TREE, WAS OUR LUCKLESS WAGON."

thought it would be a treat to their friends to see such a miracle of luxury; and so they had gone to different neighbors, the nearest of whom was three miles away, and had brought four more boys of about their own ages, to share in their pleasure.

After returning, and fully admiring the wagon, one enthusiastic boy expressed a wish to have

in the road stood a large stump on the lower side; this stump caught the end of the pole, shattering the tough hickory to splinters; the wagon was raised at the back, and flew out into the air with the wheels upward. Out over the steep mountain-side it went with its living freight, till a giant oak with spreading arms caught the fallen wagon in its leafy top!

It soon came.

At a sharp curve

The frightened boys, entangled in the cover of the wagon, which was firmly held in place by the stout hickory bows, clutching at whatever came to hand, miraculously escaped serious injury. One had his wrist put out of place, and another sprained his ankle.

As soon as they realized where they were, they began to slide, one by one, down the tree. Accustomed to all kinds of climbing, this was to them an easy matter.

Reaching the road again, they looked out at the wagon in its queer resting-place, and debated what was to be done next. They concluded

to do the manly thing, and bravely returned to the house and told of their adventure.

We asked how we were to get the wagon down. The boys were prepared for that, having brought ropes along. They climbed the tree, pulled up the ropes, took off the wheels and lowered them; then, cutting away some branches, they attached the ropes to the body of the wagon, and slowly lowered it to the ground. Nor did they leave us until they had dragged the wagon six miles to a blacksmith's. They saw it repaired, and then gave us a cheer as we turned toward home.

"I CARE FOR NOBODY—NO, NOT I!"

(A little word-catch.)

By G. F. J.

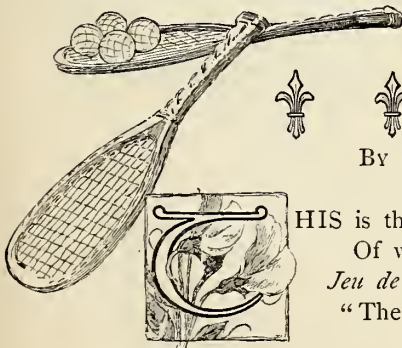
Who cares for nobody cares for none;
And nobody need suppose,
If nobody cares for nobody, one
Need care,—if nobody knows.

If nobody knows that nobody cares—
And nobody cares to know
That nobody cares for nobody—where 's
The good of minding it so!

The Maid of Hainault

A Song of Court Tennis

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.



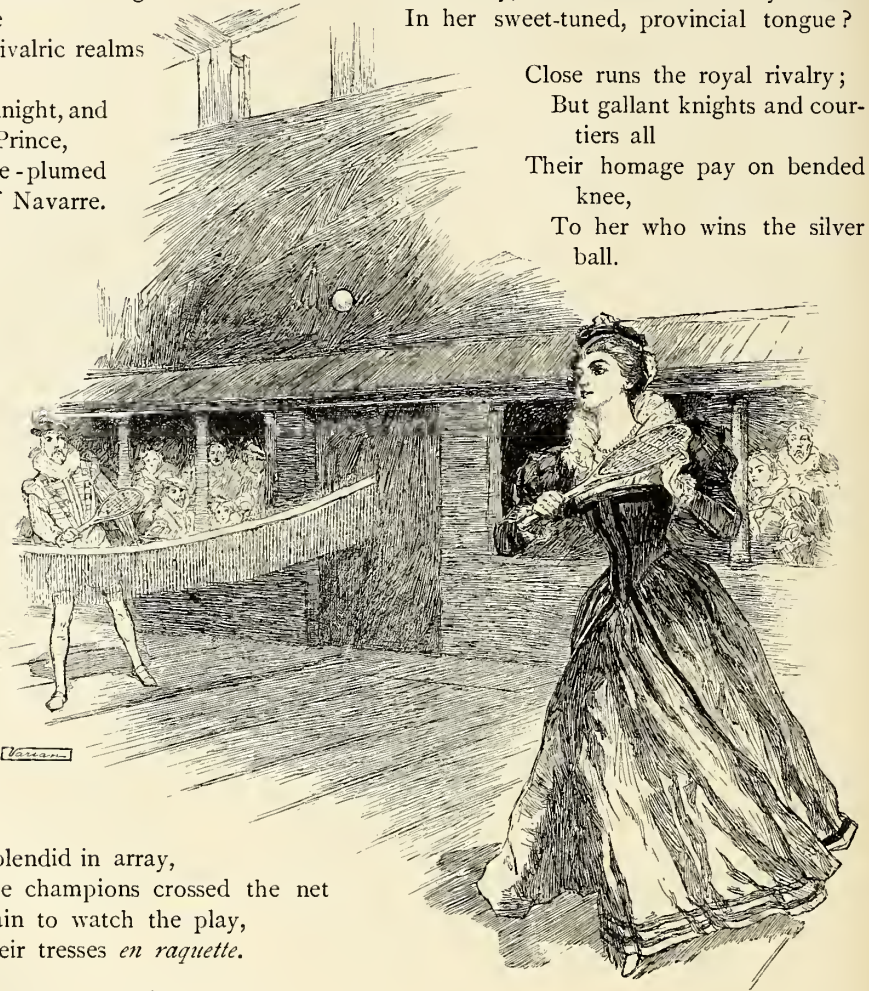
HIS is the blithesome sport and bold
Of which the crownèd poet sings;
Jeu de la paume, the pastime old,
"The king of games, the game of kings."

The sport they held of great renown,
In olden days, at Hampton Hall,
When merry monarchs doffed the crown,
And lightly tossed the tennis ball.



The game that bluff King Henry played
 With his imperial German guest;
 Sharp points in statecraft, too, they made,
 And kept the score with royal zest.

The game beloved long
 ages since
 In those chivalric realms
 afar,
 By Norman Knight, and
 Orleans Prince,
 And white-plumed
 Henry of Navarre.



With pearls around her white throat set,
 And silken puffs upon her sleeves.
 From court to lofty wall above,
 The swift rebounding balls were flung;—
 Did she cry, "Deuce!" and "Forty love!"
 In her sweet-tuned, provincial tongue?

Close runs the royal rivalry;
 But gallant knights and cour-
 tiers all
 Their homage pay on bended
 knee,
 To her who wins the silver
 ball.

Then ladies, splendid in array,
 Where noble champions crossed the net
 Did not disdain to watch the play,
 Or wear their tresses *en raquette*.

And from the heart of Hainault came
 A maid, whose praises rang afar,
 Who won from king and prince their fame,
 In stately halls of Saint Lazare.

The fair Margot! We see her yet,
 As fancy still the picture weaves,

Faint in our ears, the plaudit rings,
 Of old so sweet; yet still we know
 "The king of games, the game of kings,"
 Once had its queen—the fair Margot!

THE BOY

AND THE

SEA-GULL.

So odd a ballad as that sung
by a boy who 'd run away.
He thought he 'd love the life at
sea, but soon the poor lad found
There were, for men, advantages
about the solid ground."

"Why won't you sing the song?" I
asked.

"All right," said he; "I will."

And thus he sang the song for me — a little
through his bill:

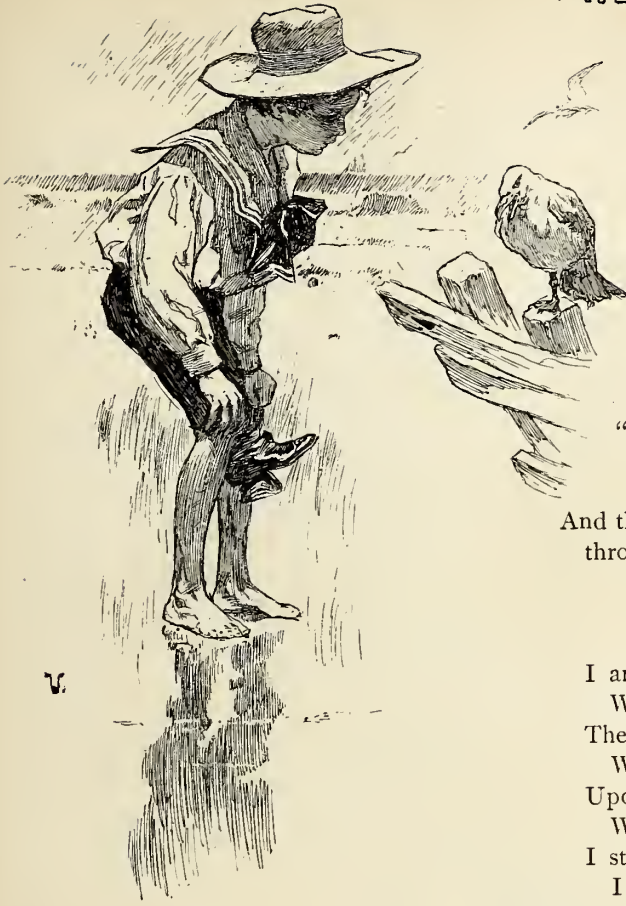
RAN AWAY TO SEA.

I am a merry sailor-boy,
With a yo-heave-ho, belay!
The dark-blue sea it is my joy,
With a heave-ho, haul away.
Upon the main top gallant yard,
With a yo-ho, 'vast, ahoy,
I stand and furl the halyards hard.
I am a sailor-boy.

At least that 's what I mean to do,
With a yo-heave-ho, belay!
When once I 'm entered in the crew,
For I 've just joined to-day.
Just now, when'er the ship does heave,
With an Oh, my! — there she goes!
I 'm tempted to resign and leave;
My head unsteady grows.

Oh, Captain, let me go ashore,
No matter what the cost.
I 'll promise to return no more,
I 'm sure the ship is lost!
My father keeps a hardware-shop —
I wish I were at home!
Why can't they make this rolling stop?
Why did I ever roam?

They say the pilot still is here,
Oh, joy! — I can return.



I MET a friendly Sea-gull one day upon the
shore.

We sat to watch the sunset, and hear the
billows roar.

The Sea-gull perched upon a wreck.

"Good day to you," I said.

He looked as if he 'd like to smile, but
had to bow instead.

"You 've seen some curious things," said I,
"while skimming o'er the sea.

This is vacation-time, you know; come,
spin a yarn for me."

The Sea-gull stretched his snowy wing be-
fore he said a word,

And then he laughed, as Sea-gulls laugh,
and said: "I 've often heard

Most curious things in many climes; but
never, till to-day,

I must go now, or cruise a year,
 No more I wish to learn.
 They 've lowered me into the boat,
 Good-by! — now, shove away!
 For life ashore I cast my vote
 For the solid earth — Hurray!

“That 's very sweet,” was my remark, as soon
 as he was through.

“I 'm glad you 're pleased,” the Gull re-
 plied. “Now won't you sing one, too?”
 So, not to be outdone, you see, by any liv-
 ing bird,

I thought awhile, then raised my voice, and
 this is what he heard:

A GULL ABOARD.

I am a gull, a young Sea-gull,
 Whose home is on the breeze;
 I go where ocean steamships sail,
 I fly where'er I please.

I laugh at man, who dreads the sea —
 I make him feed me, too.
 Just out of reach I skim the air;
 There 's nothing I
 can't do!

He flings a dainty bit of meat,
 I swoop and seize it — so!
 A hook inside has caught my beak —
 Oh, sailor, let me go!

And now I 'm hauled aboard the ship —
 I never learned to walk!
 I 'm like a goose — a waddling goose!
 My voice is but a squawk!

The line has broken — and I 'm free!
 I float once more in air!
 To meddle with the bait again
 I 'm sure I 'll never dare.

My song was done. The Sea-gull turned
 on me a solemn eye.
 I asked him how he liked my song. He
 made me no reply,
 But spread his wings and shot away till on
 the distant rim,
 Where sky met sea, a faint white spot was
 all I saw of him.

But if he must poke fun at boys who run
 away to sea,

Why should n't I poke
 fun at gulls?

That 's what oc-
 curred to me.

Tudor Jenks.



A SOAP-BUBBLE AND ITS SECRETS.

BY JACOB F. BUCHER.

MANY readers of ST. NICHOLAS have spent hours over those delicately colored wonders, the soap-bubbles. Most of us have wondered how to explain their beauty and form; or, while idly blowing these balloons, we have connected them with some fairy fancy, and have been led to think of charms and enchantments. Many of us believe still, as we believed when children, that no gem surpasses a soap-bubble in beauty; and one cannot help feeling really sorry when each exquisite plaything bursts.

Nor do children alone mourn over their short existence. Sir Isaac Newton, who sought out the secret that a falling apple hinted, said of the soap-bubble that a man or child who could blow one that would last would confer a great benefit upon mankind. You will wonder at this saying, but the truth of it will soon be apparent.

No one yet has been able to make a soap-bubble that will not burst, but by care we can make one that lasts for some time. Its length of life will depend largely upon the mixture used in blowing it, and the care we take in protecting it from drafts. Perhaps some of you do not know how to make a good soap-bubble mixture, so I will give you directions for preparing one.

Put into a pint-bottle two ounces of best white Castile soap, cut into thin shavings, and fill the bottle with cold water which has been first boiled and then left to cool. Shake well together, and allow the bottle to stand until the upper part of the solution is clear. Decant now of this clear solution two parts, and add one part of glycerin, and you will have a soap-bubble mixture very much like one suggested by Professor J. P. Cook of Harvard College.

Some of you may wonder why bubbles cannot be blown from water alone. It is because the particles do not possess sufficient attraction

for one another to form a film. Mysteriously, the soap increases this attraction, even if the quantity be as small as one-hundredth part of the solution. We add the glycerin to make the film more gorgeous by bringing about a greater play of colors. Bear in mind that a carefully prepared mixture will save you much disappointment.

The solution now being at hand, we use the ordinary clay tobacco-pipe in blowing. Always use a new one, for one in which tobacco has been smoked is poisoned. With a little practice, and a moderate amount of patience, bubbles measuring eight or ten inches in diameter may be produced, and even larger ones if the lungs be refilled. The pipe, of course, should be held steadily, and the breath forced into the bubble evenly. In order to watch a bubble carefully, we may wish to support it in some way. A common table-goblet will make a good stand if its edge is first dipped into melted paraffin, or well soaped, which prevents it from cutting into the film.

Now as to the soap-bubble being a sphere. We find that all bubbles and drops are round. All liquids, when free to act, tend to take on the spherical form. So it is with milk when it falls upon a buttered plate, a rain-drop when it descends, or the dew that glistens so beautifully in the morning sun. In each case the drop is composed of tiny particles that are equally attracted by a central particle, and as they cling regularly around it give the drop a round shape. Your school-books have told you that this attraction that causes all things to try to come together is gravitation. Here is a pretty little stanza written by Samuel Rogers, teaching this truth :

That very law which molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course.

In the case of the soap-bubble the case is reversed. The particles of air within press with equal force outward upon the film in all directions, producing the curved surface and making a hollow sphere. If the room is free from drafts, the bubble will be a perfect one, and will teach us the principles that underlie the making of a sphere. This perfect form, however, is seen only when the bubble floats. When resting upon the goblet, it appears very much like an orange — that is, an oblate spheroid, the true shape of the earth. Putting it into the simplest language, the form of a bubble is due to the holding together of the soap solution, to the outward pushing of the air within and the resistance of the film.

If the air in the room is moderately cool, the bubble will float like a tiny balloon. The mouth and lungs at all times having a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees, the air blown into the toy bubbles is warmer, and consequently lighter than the air which surrounds them; therefore they float, and it is their lightness and grace that, with their beauty, give them such a charm. As soon as the air within the bubble cools, it slowly sinks till it reaches the floor, and the jar of its contact usually ruptures the film.

The extreme thinness of the bubble is indeed wonderful. It is estimated that the film in some places is only *three-millionths* of an inch in thickness. Probably few of us can conceive of such thinness. Let me express it in another way. The Old and the New Testament contain some three millions of letters. Now one three-millionth is such a part of an inch as the first letter of the Bible is a part of the sum of all of its letters.

The bubble, however, is not of equal thickness at all points, and it is for this reason that it has the various colors. For instance, wherever the film is orange-red it measures about three one-millionths of an inch; where it is blue, eighty one-millionths of an inch; and at a point where lemon-yellow is prominent, about twenty one-millionths of an inch. Perhaps you wonder why the colors change from one part of the soap-

bubble to another. This is because the film of the soap-bubble evaporates and grows thinner, but unequally so at different portions. A greenish blue with a pale rose-red spot near it indicates an extreme thinness, and at such a point the film is ready to give way at the least jar.

You will be glad to know the source of the beautiful colors. Every one is delighted with them, even if not interested by the explanation of their origin. We may say that they come from the light. Light gives color to all objects, but not exactly as it does to the soap-bubble. White light from the sun can be broken into the seven colors which we have seen in the rainbow. In that instance the raindrops separate it into its parts. A glass prism will do the same, as you may prove by looking through a glass pendant from a hanging lamp. When the light reaches the surface of the soap-bubble a part is reflected from it, and we see images on its surface as if it were a curved mirror. Another portion of the light, however, enters the film and is separated so that a part of the seven colors are thrown into the bubble, and we can see them at various portions of the opposite surface. Another part of the light, after being broken by the film, is reflected by its inner surface back to our eyes, so that we see colors at the point where the light enters.

After you have observed these things to which I have referred, you may learn very many more by consulting a work on physics and studying light and the laws that govern it. If you care to, you can study the composition of water, soap, and air by reading of these substances in some work on chemistry. Such a simple line of investigation as the study of a mere soap-bubble has often awakened the natural liking for some particular group of studies, and thereby started a boy or girl properly upon a life work.

It is our supposed familiarity with common things that frequently robs them of the study and interest that might otherwise be profitably bestowed upon them.



FLOWER OF THE ALMOND
AND FRUIT OF THE FIG

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THERE is a garden on a hill-slope between the snows of the Sierra Nevada and the warm, rich valleys of the coast. It is in that region of Northern California where the pine-belt and the fruit-belt interlace. Both pine and fruit trees grow in that mountain garden, and there, in the new moon of February, six young Almond trees burst into flower.

The Peach and Plum trees in the upper garden felt a glow of sympathy with their forward sisters of the south, but the matronly Cherry trees shook their heads at such an untimely show of blossoms. They foresaw the trouble to come.

"The Almond trees," they said, "will lose their fruit-buds this year, as they did last and the year before. Poor things, they are so emotional! The first whisper of spring that wanders up the foot-hills sets them all aflame; out they rush, with their hearts upon their sleeves, for the frosts to peck at. But what can one do? If you try to reason with them, 'Our parents and grandparents always bloomed in

February,' they will tell you, 'and *they* did not lose their fruit-buds.'"

"The Almond trees come of very ancient stock," said the Normandy Pear, who herself bore one of the oldest names in France. "Inherited tendencies are strong in people of good blood. One of their ancestors, I have heard, was born in a queen's garden in Persia, a thousand years ago; and beautiful women, whose faces the sun never shone upon, wore its blossoms in their hair. And, as you probably know, their forefathers are spoken of in the Bible."

"A number of persons, my dear, are spoken of in the Bible who were no better than they should be," said the eldest Apple tree. "We go back to the 'Mayflower'; that is far enough for us; and none of our family ever dreamed of putting on white and pink in February. It would be flying in the face of Providence."

"White and pink are for Easter," said the Pear tree, whose grandparents were raised in a

bishop's garden. "I should not wish to put my blossoms on in Lent."

The Apple tree straightened herself stiffly.

"We do not keep the church fasts and feasts," she said; "but every one knows that faith without works is dead. What are these vain blossoms that we put forth for a few days in the spring, without the harvest that comes after?"

"Now the Apple tree is going to preach," said the light-hearted Peach tree, stepping on the Plum tree's toes. "If we must have preaching, I had rather listen to the Pines. They, at least, have good voices."

"Those misguided Almonds are putting out all their strength in fleshly flowers," the Apple tree continued; "but how, when the gardener comes to look for his crop? We all know, as the Cherry trees said, what happened last year and the year before. It cannot be expected that the Master of the Garden will have patience with them forever."

"The Master of the Garden!" Four young Fig trees who stood apart and listened in sorrowful silence to this talk of blossoms, repeated the words with fear and trembling.

"How long — how much longer," they asked themselves, "will he have patience with us?"

It was now the third spring since they had been planted, but not one of the four sisters had yet produced a single flower. With deep, shy desire they longed to know what the flower of the fig might be like. They were all of one age, and they had no parent tree to tell them. They knew nothing of their own nature or race or history. Two seasons in succession, a strange, distressful change had come upon them. They had felt the spring thrills, and the sap mounting in their veins; but instead of breaking out into pink and white flowers, like the happy trees around them, ugly little hard green knobs had crept out of their tender bark, and these had swollen and increased in size till they were bowed with the burden of their deformity. Fruit this could not be, for they had seen that fruit comes from a flower, and no sign of a blossom or a bud had ever been vouchsafed them. When inquisitive hands came groping and feeling of the purple excrescences upon their limbs, they covered them up in shame, and tried to

hide them with their broad green leaves. In time they were mercifully eased of this affliction; but then the frosts came, and the winter's dull suspense, and then another spring's awakening to hope and fear.

"Perhaps we were not old enough before," they whispered encouragement to one another. "Blossoms no doubt are a great responsibility. Had we had them earlier, we might have been foolish and brought ourselves to blame, like the Almond trees. Let us not be impatient; the sun is warm, but the nights are cold. Do not despair, dear sisters; we may have flowers yet. And when they do come, no doubt they will be fair enough to reward us for our long waiting."

They passed the word on softly, even to the littlest Fig tree sister that stood in rocky ground close to the wall that shut the garden in from the pine-wood at its back. The Pines were always chanting and singing anthems in the wood; but though the sound was beautiful, it oppressed the little Fig tree, and filled her with melancholy. Moreover, it was very dry in the ground where she stood, and a Fig tree must have drink.

"Sisters, I am very thirsty," she cried. "Have you a little — a very little water that you could spare?"

The sister Fig trees had not much of anything to spare; they were spreading and growing fast, and their own soil was coarse and stony. The water that had so delicious a sound in coming seemed to leak away before their eager rootlets had more than tasted it; still they would have shared what they had, could they have passed it to their weaker sister. But the water would not go uphill; it ran away down, instead, and the Peach and Plum and Pear trees grew fat with what the Fig trees lacked.

"Courage, little sister!" they called to the fainting young tree by the wall. "The morning sun is strong, but soon the shadow of the wood will reach us. Cover thy face and keep a good heart. When our turn shall come, it will be thy turn too; one of us will not bloom without the others."

It was only February, and the Almond trees stood alone, without a rival in their beauty.

They stood in the proudest place in the garden, in full view both from the road and from a high gallery that ran across the front of the house where the Master of the Garden lived. The house faced the west, and whenever the people came out to look at the sunset they admired the beauty of the Almond trees, with their upright shoots, tipped and starred with luminous blossoms, against the deep, rich colors in the west; and when the west faded, as it did every evening, a lamp on a high post by the gate, bigger and brighter than the brightest star, was set burning — “for what purpose,” thought the Almond trees, “but to show our beauty in the night?” So they watched through the dark hours, and felt the intoxication of the keen light upon them, and marveled at their own shadows on the grass.

They were somewhat troubled because so many of their blossoms were being picked; but the tree that stood nearest the house windows rose on tiptoe, and, behold! each gathered spray had been kept for especial honor. Some were grouped in vases in the room, or massed against the chimney-piece; others were set in a silver bowl in the center of a white table, under a shaded lamp, where a circle of people gazed at them, and every one praised their delicate, sumptuous beauty.

But peepers as well as listeners sometimes learn unpleasant truths about themselves.

“Are n't we picking too many of these blossoms?” asked the lady of the house. “I'm afraid we are wasting our almond crop.”

“Almond trees will never bear in this climate,” said the Master of the Garden. “Better make the most of the blossoms while they last. The frost will catch them in a week or two.”

So the mother and children gathered the blossoms recklessly — to save them, they said. Then a snow-flaw came, and those that had been left on the trees were whiter than ever for one day, and the next day they were dead. Each had died with a black spot at its core, which means the death that has no resurrection in the fruit to come.

After the snow came rain and frost, and snow again. The white Sierra descended and shook its storm-cloak in the face of laughing Spring,

and she fled away downward into the warm valleys. Alas, the flatterer! But the Almond trees alone had trusted her, and again their hope of fruit was lost.

“Did we not say so?” muttered the Apple tree between her chattering teeth. She was the most crabbed and censorious of the sisters, and by her talk of fruit one might have supposed her own to be of the finest quality; but this was not the case, and the gardener only that year had been threatening, though she did not know it, to cut off her top and graft her with a sweeter kind.

The leaves of the Almond tree are not beautiful, neither is her shape a thing to boast of. When Spring did at last come back to stay, the Almonds were the plainest of all the trees. Their blossoms were like bright candles burned to the socket, that would light no more; their “corruptible crown” of beauty had passed to other heads. No one looked at them, no one pitied them, except the Fig trees, who wondered which had most cause to mourn: they, who had never had a blossom, or the Almond trees who had risked theirs and lost them all before the time of blossoms came.

The Fig trees' reproach had not been taken away. While every tree around them was dressed in the pride of the crop to come, they stood flowerless and leafless, and burned with shame through all their barren shoots.

When the Master of the Garden came with his children to look at them, they hung their heads and were afraid.

“When will they blossom like the other trees,” the children asked, “and what sort of a flower will *they* bear?”

The Fig trees held their breath to hear the answer.

“A fig tree has no flower like the other fruit trees,” said the Master of the Garden. “Its blossom is contained in the fruit. You cannot see it unless you cut open the budding figs, and then you would not know it was a flower.”

“What is the use of having blossoms if no one ever sees them?” one of the children asked.

“What is the use of doing good, unless we tell everybody and brag about it beforehand?” the father questioned, smiling.

"I thought the best way was — you know — to do it in secret," said the child.

"That's what we are taught; and some persons do good in that way, and cover it up as if they were ashamed of it. And so the Fig tree does n't tell anybody when it is going to bear fruit."

The Fig trees had heard their doom. To the words that followed they had not listened; nor would they have understood much more of it than the child of its father's meaning.

"What is this he calls our fruit?" they asked each other in fear and loathing. "Was *that* our fruit, those green and purple swellings; that unspeakable weight of ugliness? Will it come, year after year, and shall we never have a flower? The burden without the honor, without the love and praise, that beauty brings: that is the beginning and the end with us. Little sister, thou art happier than we, for soon thy burden-bearing will be done. Uncover thy head and let the sunbeams slay thee, for why should such as we encumber the ground!"

Trees that grow in gardens may have long memories, and nature teaches them a few things by degrees, but they can know little of what goes on in the dwellings or the brains of men, or why one man should plant and call it good, and later another come and dig up the first man's planting. But so it happened in this garden.

The stone which the builders rejected, the same was made the head of the corner.

"These little Fig trees, with their strange, great leaves — why were they put off here by themselves, I wonder?" A lady spoke, who had lately come to the cottage. She was the wife of the new Master of the Garden. "I wish we had them where we could see them from the house," she said. "All the other trees are commonplace beside them."

"They are not doing well here at all," said her husband. "This one, you see, is nearly dead. They must be transplanted, or we shall lose them all."

Then followed talk which set the Fig trees a-tremble with doubt and amazement and joy. They were to be moved from that arid spot — where, they knew not, but to some place

of high distinction! They — the little aliens who had stood nearest the wall and thirsted for a bare existence — were to be called to the front of the garden and have honor in the presence of all! The despised burden which they had called their deformity they heard spoken of as the rarest fruit of the garden, and themselves outvalued beyond all the other trees: for that having so little, they had done so much.

Beauty, too, was theirs, it appeared, as well as excellence, though they could scarcely believe what their own ears told them; and they had a history and a family as old as those of the Almond tree, who can remember nothing that did not happen a thousand years ago, and so has never learned anything in the present.

But the Fig trees would have been deeply troubled at their promotion, could they have known what it was to cost their neighbors the Almond trees.

"Two we will keep for the sake of their flowers; but the others must go and give room for the Figs." So said the new Master, and so it was done. The unfruitful Almond trees were dug up and thrown over the wall — all but the two whom their sisters had ransomed with their lives; for beauty has its price in this world, and there must be some one to pay it.

When another spring came round, it was the little Fig tree that stood in the bright corner where the splendor of the road-lamp shone upon its leaves all night. Its leaves were now as broad as a man's outspread hand, and its fruit was twice the size it had been the season before.

Its sister trees stood round and interlaced their boughs about it.

"Lean on us, little one," they said, regarding it with pride.

"But you have your own load to bear."

"We scarcely feel it," said the happy trees.

This was true; for the burden that had seemed beyond their strength when their hearts were heavy with shame and despondency, they could bear up lightly now, since they had learned its meaning and its worth.

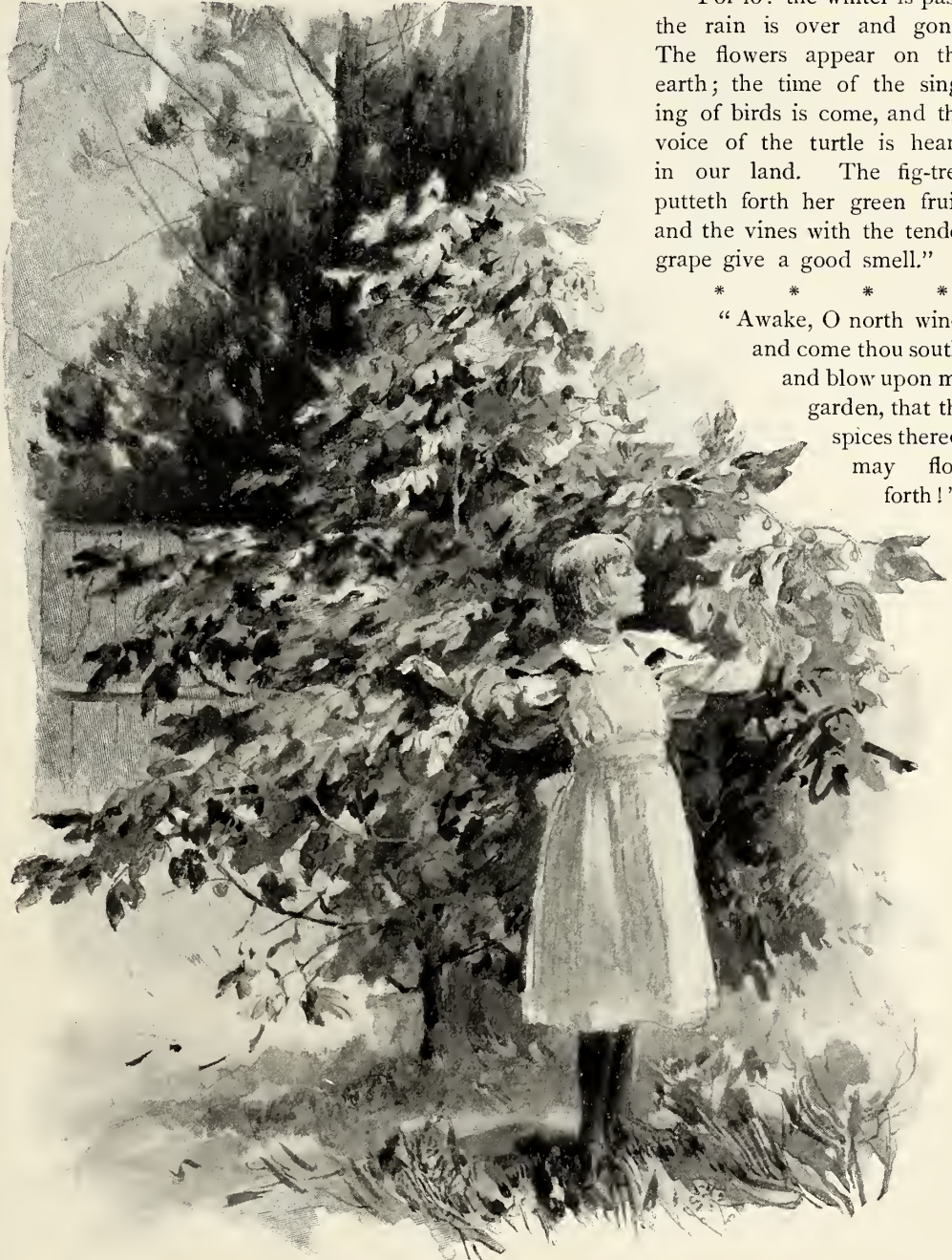
The new Master's children were so full of the joy of spring in that mountain garden — for they, too, like the little Fig trees, had been transplanted from arid ground — they had no

words of their own in which to utter it. So song as old, almost, as the oldest garden their mother taught them some words from a that was ever planted.

“For lo! the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the
earth; the time of the sing-
ing of birds is come, and the
voice of the turtle is heard
in our land. The fig-tree
putteth forth her green fruit,
and the vines with the tender
grape give a good smell.”

* * * *

“Awake, O north wind,
and come thou south,
and blow upon my
garden, that the
spices thereof
may flow
forth!”



BY THE LITTLE FIG TREE.



THE LAST MORNING AT THE SEASHORE. "SCHOOL BEGINS ON MONDAY."

THE STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

IN the great city of Constantinople there are very many things which are strange and wonderful to the traveler, from wherever he may come; but I doubt very much whether any of the street sights of this city on the Bosphorus would so interest the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, if they care for animals at all, as the spectacle of its street dogs. I say street dogs, because there are hardly any others to be seen in Constantinople than these poor, neglected waifs who lie on the rough pavement or wander about day and night. It is a rare sight indeed to see the well-bred and well-behaved English fox-terrier, or bull-terrier, following his master down the street, holding his head very high, and plainly proud of having a master and of being so clean and well kept.

If the poor native dogs, who follow en-

viously these disdainful foreigners with their sad, hungry eyes, could but talk to us, I am sure that they would tell us that they, too, would like to have the bright collars and warm blankets that these strangers wear, just as poor, ragged boys envy the boy who has a warm coat for winter; but they would also tell us, I think, that there is a story among them of which the very wise old dogs, who know the city well, are very fond of informing any one who will listen. Long, long ago, they say their ancestors too wore coats — coats of the finest silk, beautifully embroidered. That, however, was when all people were differently dressed, and there were only Greeks in Constantinople, and no people from Europe to be seen on the streets. Nowadays the Turks think otherwise about the dogs, and I feel sure that these poor little wanderers miss something more than blankets and clean brass collars—the kind words and loving treatment which most American dogs receive. You can tell that from the look in their eyes when you speak to some tired out old fellow lying on the hard pavement, or play with the jolly little puppy across the way, who is just waiting for some one, man or dog, to frolic with. It is a nicer look and a much more grateful one than you get when you throw them a piece of bread.

The reason why there are so few dogs who have homes and masters is not hard to find. It is because the Turks have a queer idea — it is part of their queer religion — that dogs are such unclean animals that they must never be allowed to enter a house. On the street, however, they feed them and even pet them; and when a man knows that he has done something wrong, he will often try to make up for it by feeding all the dogs he can find. Sometimes when rich Turks die they leave sums of money to be spent in feeding the street dogs, just as in America people leave money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Turks never strike or hurt a dog; so if, as sometimes happens in Constantinople, you see a man kicking or beating some poor, howling animal, you may be very sure that he is a Greek or an Armenian. Nor do the Turks ever kill va-grant dogs, but think it right to allow them to exist as best they can.

So there have come to be in the streets of Constantinople hundreds and hundreds of wolf-like dogs, about the size of small setters or pointers, but different from them in that they have narrow, long heads. Yellow dogs, black dogs, brown dogs, and white dogs, you see them everywhere — on the sidewalks, in the gutters, on the doorsteps, under the carriages, in every corner or hole into which a dog can creep and curl himself up into a round bunch. All day long they lie huddled up or stretched out on their sides, fast asleep, no matter how much noise goes on about them. In the busiest business streets they lie by twos and threes in the middle of the sidewalk, where hundreds of patient people step over them, or go around them, and never think of making them get out of the way. In the side streets and small squares there are often assemblages of twenty or twenty-five sleeping in the greatest peace and harmony, until some dog from another street ventures in, when there is at once a great deal of barking, and sometimes severe fighting; for even if these dogs have no homes, they have certain districts, or places, which they consider their own, and will permit no one not belonging to their particular set to enter. Thus the street of butchers in Pera, the nicest quarter of Constantinople, has some twenty or more dogs who are always to be found there. I saw two dogs lying day after day in front of one of the great banks; and one fond mother-dog brought up four puppies in an uncovered box at the gateway of the British Embassy.

Although many of these patient animals are lame, and sick with mange or some other sickness to which dogs are liable, though some have no tails and others but one ear, it can at least be said that the majority look fat and hearty, as if they had plenty to eat. As soon as it is dark and the shops begin to close, the dogs commence to wander in search of food. The butcher, shutting up his shop, throws into the street the bits of meat which fell from the cleaver, and the restaurant or coffee-room keeper does the same with the bits of vegetables and bread he has left over. In the early morning the house-servants put the kitchen sweepings and the ash-barrels outside for the ash-carts, and there are always dogs on hand at once to

search the barrels for a stray bone. That is not quite the kind of food that we should like our pets to eat, but still it helps these canines to keep alive and even well and hearty. Often,

dog or two nosing about the hydrant, and licking up the few drops that leak out.

The instinct which enables these poor tramps to tell time is the most astonishing thing about



FEEDING THE STREET DOGS.

too, some kind-hearted Turk or European will regularly give them water to drink, and a bone or a bit of bread every morning. Water is harder for them to find than food; so when the streets are watered there is sure to be a

these dogs — I mean their being on hand, day after day, at regular hours when the scraps are thrown out, and their never being much too early or too late. The superintendent of one of the great railway lines ending in Constantinople

told me the most remarkable case of this I have yet heard. The Oriental Express, the famous train from Paris to Constantinople, arrives, it seems, three times a week, at a certain hour in the afternoon. When the train comes in there are always many dogs ready to receive it. Before the passengers have had time to get out, the dogs jump into the carriages and search everywhere under the seats and in the corners for the scraps of luncheon left by the passengers; and when they have found all the pieces they go away. The remarkable thing is that they never come at any time except when the Oriental Express is due; that they never make a mistake in the day, and always remember that between Friday and Monday there are two days, and not one. They pay no attention to local trains because little or no food is left in them owing to the short rides the passengers take. Exactly this same knowledge of the time-table and of the difference between local and long-distance trains has been noticed at the station of the Asiatic railways in Scutari, across the Bosphorus.

At night-time there is a great deal of noise and barking in the streets, so that people who visit Constantinople often have trouble in getting to sleep. Indeed, there is often likely to be considerable canine discussion when two or three hungry dogs find the same bone at once. Sometimes this discussion goes beyond the "I got here first." "No, you did n't; it's my bone!" style of talking, and what follows is often the reason why some dogs have but three serviceable legs, or noses that are torn and scratched. When morning comes they are back in their old places, or trying what seems like a soft stone on the sidewalk of the next street, ready for another day's sleep — from the mother who has been looking for food for her puppies, to the gay young dogs who would have you believe that they have been all about the town in a few hours, and been in a great many desperate fights indeed.

In summer, when the sidewalks become hot they look for shady places, regretting that dogs are so very attractive to the flies, which relentlessly torment them. Unlike many of our dogs, they are never troubled by muzzles, even in the hottest weather, cases of madness among them being rare indeed, and they never seem to attack people, however often they attack each other. It is in winter, however, that they suffer most, when the streets are covered with snow or when they are deep with mud. Then their thick, shaggy coats give little protection from the cold, and are heavily matted with dirt and constantly wet. They snuggle up against one another more than ever, the mother does her best to keep the little ones warm, and every dog protects his nose from the cold by covering it with his paws or by putting it against his friend and neighbor. Of course they don't sleep all the time, and when they are awake I'm sure they talk a great deal to each other.

The old dogs whine about the hard times, and say that things were different when they were young, and shake their heads when they add that they don't know what is to become of them — but that, you know, is the privilege of all old folks. The younger dogs, if they listen at all, cock their ears and wink at each other in the most disrespectful manner; for they feel perfectly sure that they will be able to find their breakfast and lunch and dinner, all in one, as soon as the sun goes down. If the times are hard, they say, there are still a great many who succeed in getting so fat and lazy that they hardly deign to get out of the way of the horse-cars. And the proof that the young dogs are right is that if you could go to Constantinople and take a walk down one of the main streets with me, we could count more than two hundred and fifty dogs in twenty minutes; and I can promise you that two hundred and forty-nine and a half out of that number would undoubtedly be sound asleep. The other half would be wagging its tail.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[*This story was begun in the February number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

LAST DAYS WITH THE AUBREYS.

MRS. AUBREY'S dressing-room was the visible center of the establishment, and in it she was wont to sit, calm and capable, holding every thread of the web of the daily life in one pair of small hands. She was a woman who could have governed a kingdom, so great was her administrative ability, and she did govern her woman's kingdom with infinite tact and success. To see her when the housekeeper came with her bills, or Fräulein with reports or complaints of the children, or the nurse with her budget about the babies, or the servants with their grievances, or the children with their squabbles, or the boys with their lessons, was to see what a mistress and mother can be — ordering, arranging, contriving, harmonizing, suggesting, pacifying; firm yet very kind, calm but never indifferent as to what was said or done; holding her scales like a judge for justice, loving but never weakly indulgent; providing for the comfort and happiness of every member of the great household, from the scullion up to the master; thoughtful, unselfish, "a perfect woman, nobly planned." And it was wonderful what she accomplished. She found time to do a great deal of mothering, with all her religious, social, and charitable duties. She took an active part in the kindergarten methods of Fräulein Hochzeiter, a clever and most enthusiastic pupil of Fröbel and Pestalozzi. She read aloud to her children an hour every evening.

She examined into the children's progress in their studies, and every Saturday gave them a little feast and holiday, at which their exercises for the week — French letters, German compo-

sitions, maps, drawings — were shown, and poems were recited, and their duets and solos were played.

Every Friday her girls gathered about her, and sewed for the poor of the parish for two hours, after which they put up two large boxes of flowers in wet moss, and sent them off to the London hospitals, took dainties to the sick of the estate or the neighborhood, read to the old and blind people in the cottages, and generally observed their duty to their neighbor. She walked with her children, talked to them, made a study of their characters, knew the peculiarities, temptations, virtues of each one, and watched the development of each child as carefully as if it had been the only one.

It was a pretty sight to see them clustered about her for a talk, a story, or games; a prettier to see the rows of flaxen polls and brown heads in the family pew, going through their devotions with so much quietness and reverence. Reverence and a respect for authority she had contrived to implant in them very early. "I don't wish you to behave well at church from the lowest motive, but from the highest. It is extremely ill-bred to misbehave in church, but far better to remember that the place is sacred," she had told them.

Into this system, as I have said, Nina was soon absorbed. Marian shared Fräulein's labors, and took certain classes — drawing, mathematics, English literature. The example and influence of the cousins made Nina first docile; then her interest was aroused, and at last her ambition. And soon Marian had the satisfaction of seeing her study as she had never studied in her life; indeed, she had to cut down Nina's tasks and regulate her feverish industry before long, so determined was Nina "not to let the English get ahead of the Americans." She amazed her aunt, too, by her cleverness with

her needle. "Who taught you to sew, dear? I never saw a child use a needle so cleverly as you do."

"Oh, I just picked it up all around from everybody, because I liked it. I would n't have learned it if I had been taught. I know I should have just hated it," replied Nina.

At first Nina was quite willing to assist by giving money, but not by doing work. But Marian said, "No, dear Nina; don't give of that which costs you nothing. Do something, yourself, for the poor." Nina willingly agreed to join the sewing-class. She took the patterns for baby clothes that her aunt kept for the benefit of needy infants, and, without a word to anybody, cut out various garments and made them up with great neatness and surprising despatch. It was work after her own heart.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" she would say, as she folded up the little garments. "It just sha'n't go cold and all shivering and horrid! It shall just have the prettiest, sweetest, warmest, cutest clothes that a baby can have — my baby shall." She said "my baby" because there was a certain amount of rivalry among the girls in their work, and needy babies were only too plentiful.

She bought a quantity of flannel and cotton for them all, one day when she was at Stoke-Pottleton; and when Jane brought in the huge parcel Nina said, "That 's all right, Aunt. I got it, and got it good, too. Not stuff that you can see through. Poor little things!"

She was surprised at their surprise when, on Mrs. Aubrey's saying: "It is beautiful and warm, and will make up nicely; so good of Mrs. Andrews," she replied: "Oh, Grandy did n't have anything to do with it! Grandy does n't know anything about shopping. She never knows what she wants, and never likes what she gets; and it 's the easiest thing in the world to fool her. I bought them. And I told the man I was an American, and they wanted the best of everything always, or none at all. And he brought me first some cottony stuff, and I just got a match and lit it, and showed him how it burned, and told him if he had n't some that was real good, all wool, fit for babies, I guess there were other stores

that had. And then he got out that you see there, and I took it."

"Was that at Mifford and Dobins's?" asked Mabel. "Oh, dear Nina, how did you know? How could you? And these trimmings, surely they are not for the babies — poor children like those?"

"Well, I 'd like to know why not!" replied Nina, with warmth. "It does n't hurt poor children to have decent things, does it?"

In the same way she greatly enjoyed gathering and picking the flowers for the hospitals. She would have liked to strip the Aubrey green-houses for the purpose, and scandalized Donaldson by asking him why he did n't send his choicest ferns and roses there.

"I guess if you were poor and sick and sad you 'd like a fine rose. What if it is a fine rose? It 's none too good for a poor, dying woman to smell, Donaldson; but, if you could, you 'd give her a turnip to remind her of the country. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I 'll get them some beautiful flowers this very day at Stowarth, and send them off. See if I don't! You can keep your old ferns and roses," she said to him; and all because he had said, "Send my fine roses to the likes of them, Miss?"

It was on Monday of the following week that Nina ran down to the garden, and then to the dear old Pleasaunce, where she took a seat on a bench, and looked about the sunny, lovely spot with much satisfaction as she ate a nectarine. She was just beginning on a fresh fruit when she saw approaching her from a verdant alley a small man clad in black, and walking with his hands clasped behind him.

"I guess he 's another sort of one. They do have the funniest servants over here! Mercy, what a funny apron! And he 's got on black-silk stockings and knee-breeches like Thomas's. I wonder what *he* does?" Nina thought.

He was near her by this time, and after an amiable smile and greeting, sat down by her, saying: "I suppose there is room for me here, is n't there?"

"Yes, if I do the crowding," replied Nina, pertly, with a sharp look at her companion. "I don't suppose you can stay long, can you? You 'll have to go in, won't you? But maybe

you 're like Thomas. You know Thomas, don't you? He 's just as horrid as he can be. I just *despise* him! And he takes time to do whatever he wants to do. Maybe you do, too?"

"When I take time I have always taken it from something else that ought to have consumed it," said her companion.

"What *do* you do, anyway? I have n't seen you before, around," inquired Nina.

"Do? It would be much easier to tell you what I don't do. But why do you ask?" said he.

"Oh, nothing. Only, you 're a new sort — different from the others, and I thought I 'd like to know. Oh, *I know!* You 're the Groom of the Chambers. I never heard of such a thing till I came here; but Catherine said one was coming before the Bishop did. Arthur says the Bishop 's a good man, but the dullest old preacher in the Church of England," said Nina, who was in a genial and communicative mood, and quite enjoyed giving her impressions of things and people at such times. "Arthur says the whole family have got to get into a strait-waistcoat while he 's here, and he says *he* does n't mind; but he 's afraid it won't please some of the fellows he 's got down here from Oxford — having the Bishop round. And Catherine 's going to be confirmed."

"Oh, indeed! And are you going to be confirmed, too?" asked her companion, with rather a peculiar smile.

"No. I have n't been baptized yet. I don't know yet what church to like the best."

"And do you really mean to say that you have not been baptized? That it rests with *you* to choose a religion? I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life," said he.

"Why, that 's nothing. Grandy 's been fussing at me for a perfect age about that. But I 'm only twelve, and there 's no hurry."

She then gave him a history of the people she knew and their various beliefs, and reiterated that she was only twelve and had n't made up her mind.

"*Only* twelve! Why, it 's perfectly heathenish! It is dreadful!" thought he. "Who *are* you, and where do you come from?" said he, scrutinizing her closely as he spoke.

"My name 's Nina Barrow, and I came from

New York. I guess you know where New York is, if you know anything," said she.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he replied, and gave her another long look. Then he laughed.

"Who are you?" she asked with asperity. "What 's *your* name? You are a sort of servant, are n't you?"

"I am, my dear; but not quite what you think. My name is William Thynne," he replied very simply and good-humoredly. "You never heard it before, did you?"

"No, and it 's an awfully funny name." She laughed heartily as she spoke, and added, "But it suits you, for you *are* thin."

Nina had thought him ugly at first, but the more she looked at his face the better it pleased her, the expression was so kindly and gentle.

"Are you fond of reading, my dear?" he now asked, and produced a book from behind him. "This is rather dry even for me; but I hope you are fond of it. A taste for reading is one of the best gifts that fairy godmothers can give when they come to a christening. Let me see. I 've read some of your American tales — Cooper was the name, I think. Do you know his stories? There was one — ah, — 'Leatherstocking,' that I particularly remember to have enjoyed. You 've read Miss Edgeworth's stories, of course, and Mrs. Trimmer's; and Scott?"

"No, I have n't read those. But I 've read lots of books — stacks of 'em; the 'Wide, Wide World,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and 'Rose in Bloom,' and the creepy half of 'Oliver Twist,' and almost all of 'Romola,' and every word in 'Little Women,' and bits out of 'Plutarch's Lives,' and — I forget the rest. Oh, yes, when Miss Miller went away once, she left 'Gil Blas,' and I read that; and I read lots about John Wesley when I was getting over the measles, and then I 've read all about Sherlock Holmes, you know. And Cousin Marian taught me the 'Ode to the Skylark,' by heart, and 'The May-Queen,' and lots of pieces, and read to me plenty of Scott, and I just adore King Richard the Lionheart."

Nina poured out this sentence almost without a pause, and was extremely surprised when her companion gave her a strange look, and in tones of perfect horror exclaimed, "Such books for a child of your age! Goodness me!" and

rising as if to shake off the insupportable thought, left her to her own reflections and walked briskly toward the house. His gait was shambling and awkward, his whole person slight and insignificant; and she was still looking after him and feeling offended, when Mr. Carter, the curate in charge of Aubrey church, came hurrying toward her.

"Have you seen the Bishop? I was told he was in the garden," he said.

"No, I have n't. One of the chief servants who's just come was out here a minute ago, but he's gone in to his work now," said Nina.

"Well, suppose we have a look at the rose-bushes," said Mr. Carter blandly. "I dare say I'm too early for the Bishop. I fear to disturb him." Nina rose, and they went off amicably together. "I hope and think we've got everything just as the Bishop would like it. I've been run off my legs, almost, getting everything settled."

"Well, I hope you have got it nicer than it was," said Nina emphatically. "It's so black and dark and dusty. We would n't have such a church in America. Why don't you liven it up and make it pretty? If you'd give it a good coat of whitewash and paint it red inside, and clean it up, and get some flowers and lights and things, it would be just as good as new. I'll buy you a cross and some candlesticks for it if you want me to."

"*Whitewash* Aubrey church!" said Mr. Carter, as if Nina had bidden him murder the Queen. "And as to crosses and candlesticks — never!"

"Well, why not? I don't know what you mean, but I guess there's no harm in having a church nice and pretty — specially when all the houses around are just elegant, and the church looks as if it was built by Noah — as old as the hills, and rain coming through the roof, and Browser with her umbrella up to keep it off, last Sunday. Umbrellas are as bad as crosses in churches, I guess, and you'd get forgiveness for *cleaning* it up, anyway," replied Nina with all her own pertness.

"Ahem! You don't understand these things, Nina," replied Mr. Carter, with reserve, after which they made the rounds of the garden, and a few moments later returned to the house.

Marian thought she had never seen a lovelier sight than the group of fair young English girls who filled the main body of Aubrey church that day, clad in white and wearing white veils; and the service brought tears to her eyes, as she followed in imagination all these tender young lives.

Nina sat next to Arthur in the family pew, and when the Bishop, fully robed, advanced and took his seat, Arthur was surprised to hear her exclaim under her breath: "Mercy!"

"What's the matter?" he whispered; to which she replied, "Nothing." She had recognized her friend the "Groom of the Chambers," that was all; and was actually, for once, abashed. The Bishop's sermon was short and simple and earnest, and it was meant for the parents and children before him.

The good man's face glowed with a lovely light as he spoke, and Mrs. Aubrey's gentle face reflected it all.

As luck would have it, that very evening, Arthur, after dinner, drifted over to a seat next the Bishop, and from sheer shyness rather than from any insincerity happened to say that he had liked to hear him preach that morning.

"Though I am the dullest preacher in the Church of England?" asked the Bishop, with a smile. Poor Arthur almost sank through the floor, and was covered with confusion, and crimson with blushes. The Bishop put out his hand, and laid it gently on his shoulder.

"Don't make yourself unhappy about it, my dear boy," he said affectionately. "It is the truth. I am not eloquent, and never preached a sermon in my life that I did not prepare with difficulty, and deliver with a halting tongue, and a keen sense of all its defects. But we must each do what we can."

Touched to the quick by this most powerful of all sermons — the sweet humility and goodness of the man — Arthur earnestly begged pardon for his idle speech. It was freely and fully accorded; and they were still talking of life at Oxford, when the door opened and Nina came in. She caught the Bishop's eye, and sank blushing into the first seat she could find. But she was not allowed to stay there, for he called pleasantly, "Come over here, little American, by me"; and Nina went.

"It was the apron that did it, and the knee-breeches. I am sorry. I was dreadfully rude. I did n't mean to be, *indeed* I did n't," she said confidently, inspired by the kind look on the dear old face.

"Never mind, my dear, never mind. It was the most natural mistake in the world, and, as I told you, not really a mistake at all," said the Bishop, kindly. "I am a servant, and I hope one worthy of my Master. Come now, tell me something of your life at home."

This was the prelude to a long talk between them, and Nina said afterward of him to Marian, "He 's just as nice as he can be; he 's a lovely old gentleman, and I do wish he was an American! And, Cousin Marian, I guess I won't be quite so smart next time. Mabel would n't have talked so."

Nina liked all the cousins, but especially admired and loved Mabel, who was worthy of all admiration. And Marian smiled at this characteristic expression of penitence. She had said to herself twenty times, "This is just the place, these the surroundings, for Nina. She has liberty, but no license; kindness and affection, but she has to submit to authority; and she has begun to think, to study, to work for others. My task is wonderfully simplified — she is wonderfully improved, and the improvement has not all been on her side either. She has brightened and improved these English cousins of hers, in more ways than one. Mrs. Aubrey told me so yesterday. What a woman she is! She seems to have drawn an invisible circle about her children. As long as they keep within its bounds — and it is large enough to give them plenty of freedom — they do not know that it is there. But when they touch it in any direction, or try to break through, they are soon made aware that they must keep within it. She has the great secret, in fact, of managing children — the magnetism of love."

Nina for the next six weeks studied, it is not too much to say, furiously. She won the prize that Fräulein had offered for French. She rode with Mabel and her uncle to hounds, and great was her pluck. She had had some lessons in a riding-school, having been willing to take these few lessons only "because they were n't lessons." But she felt that she must not flinch,

and, with her heart in her mouth at first, bravely jumped hurdles, ditches, fences, because she had told Reggie that "she was an American, and that the Americans could ride as well as anybody." Finally she came to show a dash and recklessness that got her into trouble with her uncle more than once.

"My head was just spinning, and I felt as if I were going over Trinity Church, but I did n't care! I was n't going to let the English beat an American jumping, or anything, Cousin Marian, of course I was n't," Nina said. "And now I go over like a bird, and don't mind a bit. I like it. I 'd give anything to ride to hounds and take away the brush from the English once! So I will, too, when I 'm grown up."

She taught four of the little Aubreys to dance, and very funny it was to see her do it. She pushed, she pulled, she hauled them about here and there; she buzzed about them like an angry wasp, patience not being her forte; she showed them over and over again "the way to do it," whisked around through the steps like a danseuse, in neat black-satin boots and silk stockings that seemed made for the stage.

At last she burst out with, "You can't waltz any more than a wardrobe! What *is* the matter with you, anyway? You are all corners, and yet you are just meal-bags and don't know tune from tune! You should just see American girls dance. They don't have to learn. They just *dance* naturally. Mercy! Look at Gwen galumphing! I *can't* teach her unless somebody holds her. She 's fallen three times and knocked down all the others and stepped on my toes; and I guess we 'd better not try indoors. There is n't room enough indoors for the English dancing. We 'd better go out on the grass. I give up!"

But she was really so good-natured, and they took her gibes so amiably, that she did go on with her labors, in spite of these sarcasms; and, as Reggie said, "licked them into shape like a regular frog-eater," before she was done, and actually put them through the lancers before the assembled household.

Even Thomas conceded that she was "wonderful when it come to the figure-dances"; and Mrs. Aubrey thanked her, and Mabel told her

she was "a dear to take so much trouble," and Nurse hustled her brood off into a warmer room, saying, "And it's to be hoped as you've thanked your cousin and will teach the others as they grow up, and won't get cooled off too sudden, and wish you'd let well enough alone."

Nurse was always a double-faced person when there were consequences to look for; but a more single-hearted old woman never lived. If they could learn dancing without its affecting their health and morals, well and good; but if it *should* prove dangerous or demoralizing, nobody need expect her to be surprised. She always said of herself that "she was prepared for everything and for anything."

But she was not prepared at all for what happened the night of their dance. When she had got them all into bed, and left Jane on guard, she went off to the housekeeper's room "for a word," as was her custom. Jane remembered something that was needed in the nursery, went downstairs, and stayed there talking.

Nina, coming upstairs ten minutes later, was for an instant's time paralyzed by seeing a little figure of flame rushing down the corridor toward her. The next, she bravely rushed forward, seized little Ethel, dragged the felt table-cloth from the school-room table with one hand while she held the child with the other, wrapped it tightly around her, and so saved the little one's life.

The hubbub that ensued when this was known is past description—the shrieks, the tears, the explanations of the servants, the terror and gratitude of Mrs. Aubrey, the excitement of the children, the praises lavished upon Nina, and the tenderness with which she and Ethel were ministered to!—for Nina's lashes and brows were burned off, her hair and hands had suffered seriously, and Ethel was even more badly burned.

"Oh, Nina, how *could* you do it?" said Catherine, when the excitement was over and she could be heard. "I should have run away, I know I should. I am so frightened of fire! How could you?"

"Americans can do anything that's got to be done," said the poor child proudly. "Americans *never* run away; but all I thought of was poor little Ethel being burned up. Just like

that,"—waving her hand before her face,— "I remembered Jobson's sister's husband saving his wife's cousin with a rug. Before you could say Jack Robinson it was all over, and I had got her put out. Oh, Cousin Marian!" Here, half fainting, Nina was borne off to bed, where she spent some time, and was almost canonized for gallant behavior. Ethel—poor little soul!—was confined to her room for two months, and paid very dearly for one of those small naughtinesses often so productive of grave consequences.

"I just wished to light *one* match, and Nurse would n't hear of it," she said, whimpering.

And so it came about that Nina, who had come to Aubrey under conditions that brought her into something like contempt, left the place, when the time came, not only loved but really honored by everybody in the household. She was very reluctant to go, but was actually a sufficiently reformed young person to give in cheerfully when Marian and Mrs. Andrews decided that the time had come for them to go to the Continent.

"You can do whatever you want to do, Grandy," she said; "and we can come back before we go home, can't we? I don't want to go, a bit. I just love my cousins. When the English are nice, they are like the little girl with the curl,—very, very nice,—and when they are n't, oh, are n't they horrid! But the Aubreys are half American, and I have n't ever had anybody so nice to play with—and such dozens upon dozens of them! If you can't get along with some, there are always the others; and the twins are perfectly sweet. But I'll go any day you choose, Grandy, and not make a bit of fuss."

"I don't want to go, either," said Grandy. "I'm sure I've never had the kind attention anywhere that I've had here. There are worse places than England."

"And there's a better one, too, for Americans, Grandy," Nina hastened to say, "and that's America."

It was just before Nina left Aubrey that Herbert came in one day, red and resolute. "I want to tell you, Nina, that I said all sorts of things about you when you came to Aubrey," he burst out. "I am going to tell you just

what I said. I said you were a hateful little Yankee. And I said you were shoppy, because you *were* got up most awfully, you know, for a child. And I said you were a perfect limb, and had an awful temper, I could see. And I said you were a coward, that day we went out in the drag. And I said I was precious sorry you were my cousin. And I said I was going to get all I could out of you. And I've come to tell you, and to beg your pardon, and to ask you to forgive me, and to tell you that you are just as brave as Robert Bruce, if you *are* a girl; and I'm proud to have you for a cousin, and I have made a regular idiot of myself. And I hope you'll shake hands with me and bear me no malice."

"I can't shake hands yet —" began Nina.

"Oh, what a brute I am, not to have remembered your poor hands!" exclaimed Herbert, in real distress. "I've been most awfully unhappy and ashamed ever since you saved Ethel's life so pluckily, and I could n't rest till I told you."

Nina's pale face had flushed very much. "Well, don't you worry, Herbert. I guess there are lots of English that are as hateful as anybody. And I've said horrid things about *you* to Cousin Marian, and never would have told you, either, if you had n't first. And it's made me

change my mind about you, for I do hate a sneak of all things. And we've *got* to be cousins, so I guess we'd better try to be friends; so you can kiss me on the forehead, if you like. We won't go around backbiting any more, and when I come back to England I'm going on a walking-tour with you and Arthur. He says an American can't stand it, but I'll show him!"

Herbert did kiss her, and there were tears in his honest blue eyes, and then he laughed noisily and said: "You do look a queer one. You look as if you had put on the gloves for a round. There, I've put my foot into it again — laughing at you. Only you know I *would n't*."

"Yes, I know. You are a very nice boy, Herbert. I wish you were an American," sighed Nina.

"You ought to be an English girl, Nina; it would be so nice. You'd be up to everything," said Herbert. "Reg and I are going to teach you cricket when you come back, and you can go anywhere with us that you like, and do everything that we do, though we don't let the other girls come bothering around. You are sure you have quite forgiven me, are n't you now?"

"Yes, I am; and it's awfully nice, forgiving — specially when there is n't much to forgive."

(To be concluded in the next number.)



OUR LATEST BICYCLE CLUB — THE "GET-THERES."



BY MARIE A. MILLIE.

It was our good fortune to be present at an important meeting of the "Kheddah," at Chila on the banks of the Ganges, where the Nepalese Government had sent down their magnificent troop of tame elephants, for the chase of the wild ones. They were about one hundred and fifty in number — magnificent, noble creatures!

The two finest among them were the "kings" of the troop, and were called "Bijli Prasad" and "Narain Gaj Prasad." Bijli Prasad, which means, "Lord of Lightning," was such a grand fellow! The width of his brows was so great that he could not put his head through our hall-door; and he knows to the smallest point what a mighty creature he is.

He and his companion, Narain Gaj Prasad, which means "The Peerless Lord," are provided with two slave-elephants, and the only duty of the latter is to fetch and provide fodder for Bijli and Narain Gaj. They do their duty right well. At early dawn, their mahouts, or drivers, drive them into their jungles, and they work like real slaves. They collect the sweet sugar-canes, tearing them up by their roots, the young succulent grasses, and tender leaves, and heap them up in masses which weigh about three hundred pounds each. These loads are put on their backs, and thrice a day they gladly carry

in their burdens and lay them at the feet of their lords.

We went out by moonlight to see the latter fed, and any child would enjoy the strange sight. First of all, the mahout makes a great big camp-fire of twigs and brushwood, and on it he places a large flat iron dish, supported on two bricks. Then he takes wheat-flour and kneads it with water into great round flat cakes, about an inch thick and twice the circumference of a soup-plate. These cakes he bakes on the iron dish.

We were anxious to taste them, and we found them very good. We punched out with our fingers all the nice brown spots, and ate them, piping hot. And to make up to Bijli and Narain for taking part of their supper, we had prepared a treat, of which they are particularly fond. From the bazaar we had brought great balls of sugar-cane juice boiled down and made solid, called "goor" in that country. Each ball was twice the size of a tennis-ball, and in each wheat-cake or "chapati" we rolled a lump of this molasses. You should have seen how the big beasts enjoyed their feed — how their great trunks rested down on our shoulders, always upturned for the forthcoming delicacy!

Next morning we went down to the river-

banks to see them bathe. The mahouts took them into the stream and bade them lie down on their sides, which they did most obediently; then, with a *brick-bat*, the men scrubbed them vigorously. They did not mind one bit. They knew the bath meant a day's comfort; and they submitted like good little children. When one remembered how, if they but chose, they could in a moment pulverize the mahouts, one wondered at their mute obedience — and whether they are ignorant of their colossal strength.

The Prime Minister of Nepal with the court were at that time in holy Hardwar, in order to bathe in the sacred Ganges, and perform their pilgrimage to the "Hur Ki Pyree," or "Steps to Heaven"; and for their benefit, the elephants were made to go in procession through the sacred town.

Can any child picture a procession of a hundred and fifty tame elephants in single file, headed by Bijli, and with Narain bringing up the rear? It was truly a grand sight. They covered a mile and a quarter of road, and were as orderly as soldiers in a marching regiment. Through the town they marched, each beast in its place, in no way disconcerted by the populace, or by the screaming children, who joined in singing their nursery rhymes at each turn of the road. They think that Guneshin, the god of wisdom, has his existence in an elephant's body, and so they venerate the colossal beast immensely. Their little voices, pitched at the highest, sang out the couplet:

Elephant, O elephant! give us a hair of your tail!
Or, instead thereof, a sword of gold!

It was such a quaint, queer sight! The old town with its mosques and minarets; the "sacred stairs of Vishnu," leading down to the blue water's edge; the priests on the steps in gay sulphur-colored garments, feeding the sacred fish, while the sacred monkeys were swarming everywhere, swinging from branch to branch of the trees, feeding on the house-tops, screaming and playing. Below marched undisturbed the imposing procession of elephants, all bent on obedience, and wending their way, regardless of all distractions.

The chase for wild elephants began next day at early dawn. We had heard of a wild herd

being seen in the Chila Valley, and we mounted on an elephant to see the hunt. Mr. Bagshawe, the Conservator of Forests, was in command of the party, and Bijli Prasad was the most responsible elephant.

For two long days they hunted their wild brethren through the deepest jungle; and in some places the pampas and other grasses waved four and five feet higher than our heads, even while we were riding on the elephant.

Once, on the second day, the quest seemed hopeless. Through bungling, or owing to the dense jungle, the herd had escaped; and the ladies of the party halted for luncheon in a deep ravine. After an hour's interval, we heard the reports of guns, and the roaring and thundering stampede of the "chasers." Imagine our feelings in the ravine! — never knowing when the herd would be on us, trampling us over, or whether there was the faintest hope of our being "in at the death." After a suspense of an hour, such as few of us would like to suffer again, we decided to mount and try to rejoin the hunters.

As luck would have it, from the next hill we had a view of the whole valley below.

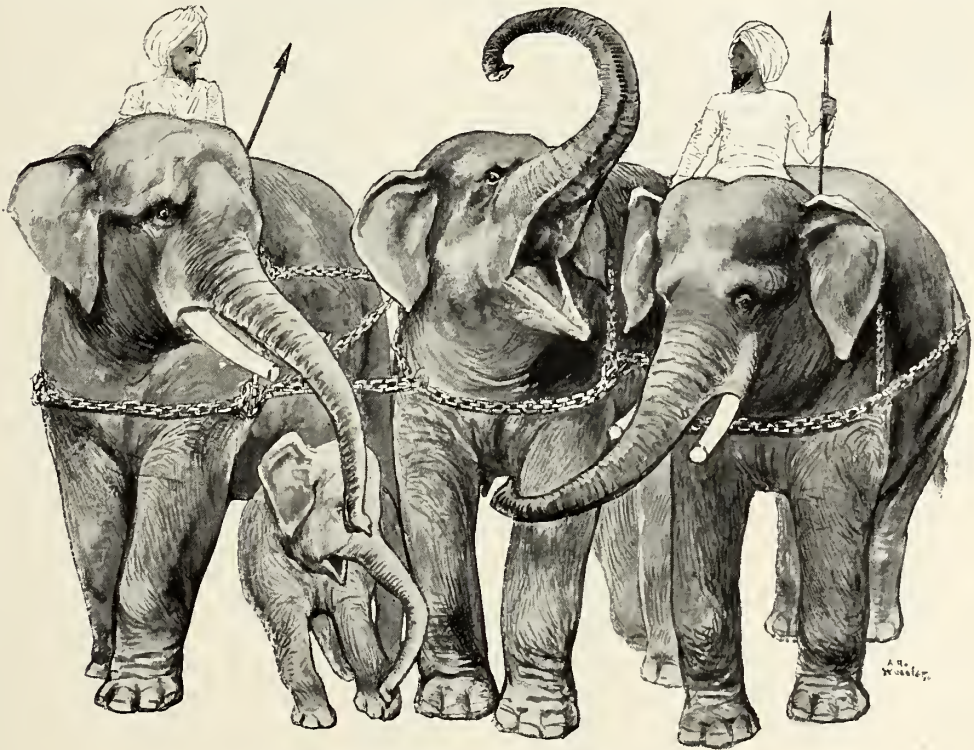
Eight wild elephants had been hunted by the tame ones into the valley, and there they were, two of them being magnificent tuskers, tired to death, with no hope of escape. A firm stockade of trunks of trees was built to close every way out. Each hill was occupied by tame elephants and their riders; but still the gallant beasts made a noble fight for freedom. It was really distressing to see their uneasiness and trouble, particularly that of one poor mother, who had such a dear little baby, not more than three and a half feet high. She was overcome the first, and was led off, attached by chains to two big tuskers; and it was most interesting to see the captors' intelligence in dealing with the poor baby elephant. They gently forced it in between them to the mother's side; every move it made was most closely observed and checked, but never one bit of roughness did they show it. And so it was led off into camp, the trumpeting of the mother making us feel most tearfully sympathetic. There was a most exciting fight with the others; they were simply ridden down by the tame ones, and overpowered only

when thoroughly faint and, exhausted. The biggest among them—a splendid tusker—resisted to the last. For nearly a week he had been hunted, without a chance to eat or drink, but he still remained defiant, not yielding to any of the many champions who went forth to fight him.

At last it was decided that Bijli alone should enter the field against him, and we held our breath in anxious suspense. The poor captive seemed to recognize that his last hope was gone when his magnificent antagonist appeared; and

strength was too much for the poor, tired, worn-out beast. At the first sign of yielding, four magnificent tame elephants, with mahouts on their backs, rushed into the field. Nooses of iron chains were flung round the huge body, and proud Bijli headed the sad procession. The captive was secured to two elephants on each side, with chains on each leg, and so led into camp.

It is impossible not to feel sorry for captured elephants. They seem to have the spirit of American Indians, and resolutely refuse com-



THE CAPTURE OF THE MOTHER ELEPHANT AND HER BABY.

we watched keenly to see how he measured the other's proportions before their first rush of attack.

How can I describe the thundering stampede, and the shock like the burst of a cannon when the two mighty heads met in the first charge, the firing of guns, the screams and cheering from the mahouts, the trumpeting of the wild elephants already captives, who still hoped for the freedom of their leader?

But it was of no avail! Bijli's enormous

fort. All food is rejected, and so they remain, starving and thoroughly broken-hearted. It takes a fortnight or more to gain obedience from them, and it is most interesting to see how gently and gradually the tame elephants "let them down," and teach them how to perform their duties.

As a rule, each captive is coupled to two tame elephants, who insist firmly on his sharing the day's work. No shirking is allowed—if he refuses, they try to coerce him gently; if

gentleness fails, they fight him till he obeys, and finally the victory is won.

They are broken-hearted, but yield to the inevitable at last through hunger and coercion,

particularly devoted to her, and invariably shared his meal of fruit or flour-cakes with his dumb friend. On a particularly hot day, the chaprasi, to my surprise, placed his tiny child of six

months at the elephant's feet, warning her expressively that the infant was in her charge, and was to be cared for till his return. I myself was an eyewitness of her wonderful sagacity. Large banana-trees and fig-trees grew around, and, to my surprise, the elephant broke off one of the former's spreading leaves, held it like a fan in her trunk, and from time to time gracefully waved it over the slumbering



“THE TWO MIGHTY HEADS MET IN THE FIRST CHARGE.”

and in the years to come they will take their share in capturing their brethren. The baby was the only one who made himself happy and at home, but even after three weeks of captivity it was great fun to see him charging the wild-looking Nepalese, who tried to attach him to a pole, in order to feed him with rice and milk.

Some time before the elephant-hunt I have described, my husband was at a station in Bengal. His work kept him out nearly all day, and, being ill, I used to lie for hours in a long garden-chair on the veranda, too weak to read, or enjoy any more exciting amusement than my eyes supplied to me.

We had three elephants for our tents and baggage; and one dear creature used to feed from my hands every day, and seemed as gentle as any pet dog or cat.

One of our government *chaprasis* was par-

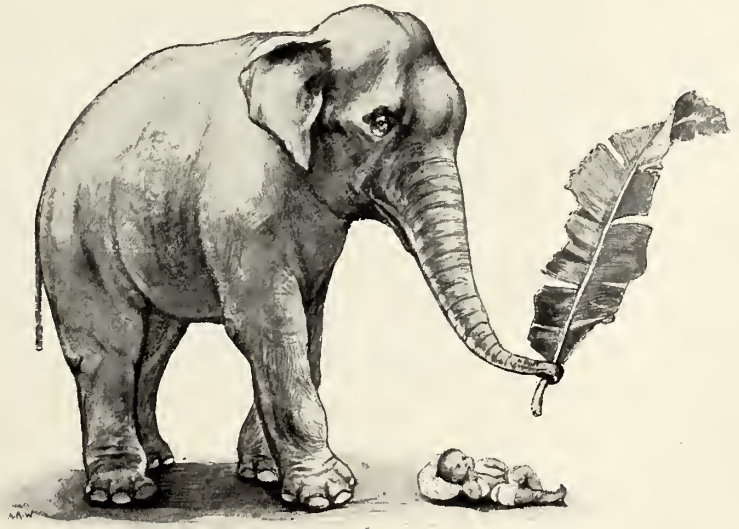
child, whether to temper the heat of the atmosphere or to keep off flies, I am unable to say. The gentle way in which she moved her feet over the child, and across to each side, astounded me. I sent for a white loaf and some oranges, and calling her by name (she was never chained), tried in vain to tempt her to my side on the low veranda. Nothing would induce her to leave her charge. The warm air and monotonous wave of the swinging fan overpowered me with drowsiness, to which I yielded; and, after a sleep of some duration, I was awakened by quiet, subdued snorts beside me. To my surprise, I found that the chaprasi had just returned to his offspring, and the elephant stood near the veranda beside me, patiently awaiting and gently asking for the tempting dainties so bravely withstood for over two hours.

Of their marvelous mathematical precision

and ability to count, no doubt can exist in the mind of any one who has ever visited Mandalay, in Upper Burma. There large forests of teak are cultivated by the government, for building purposes; and the squared timbers are placed and secured one above another, till a raft is formed to float down the Irrawaddy, for conveyance to various other stations. Elephants do the whole of this work. They convey the enormous logs down to the water's edge, and pile them one above another, both lengthwise and across, till a perfect cube is formed. They show an intelligence and interest in their work that seems human, as any eye-witness can affirm who has watched an elephant at his loading, and then has seen him move a few paces to one side, in order to judge of the effect of his work. If the appearance of the heap is not quite symmetrical, two elephants force the logs one way or the other with their trunks till they get the desired result; and the perfect evenness and symmetry of the finished cube is astonishing. They never miscalculate the number required for each cube, and never overweight it.

I will conclude with a single instance of the elephant's conception of a practical joke. In 1870, a near relative of mine was head of the Indian Military Police, and his winter circuit comprised the Looshai country and hill tracts. Herds of wild elephants abounded in the district, which contained two important Kheddahs. The greater part of our tour was made by water; and once we were detained several days in

them lay high and dry; but the office-boat, which consisted of a single cabin, with large doors fore and aft, was in the stream. My friend sat in this cabin, absorbed in official correspondence, while we explored the shores. Suddenly looking up, he was dismayed to find a herd of about forty wild elephants, headed by a vicious-looking leader, gazing steadily at the boat and its solitary occupant. Stout soldier as he was, he watched the leader with considerable trepidation; for on his action depended that to be adopted by the herd. To his immense relief, after a trumpet or two, the leader turned disdainfully, and crossed the stream. He breathed a sigh of relief, and had forgotten his lucky escape in the absorption of work — when, swish! through the cabin came dash after dash of water. On the opposite side stood the leader and his herd, with well-filled trunks. One after the other administered the shower-bath, and then retreated, leaving my friend thoroughly ducked, and very rueful over the damp condition of his government papers and



“THE ELEPHANT GRACEFULLY WAVED THE LEAF OVER THE SLUMBERING CHILD.”

the bed of a river, through the insufficiency surroundings; but thankful for his escape from water for the draft of our boats. Some of a worse fate than a wetting.

A FAIRY-RING INHABITED.

BY HENRY HAWTHORNE.

I 'm glad mama did n't call me back, 'cause I saw a Fairy-Ring this morning, over by that great tremendous tree, and I 'm going to hide there, and see the fairies dance to-night. I wonder why big people like mama never think there are fairies? I 'm always going to, 'cause I know there are, else books would n't say so. Oh! what a big tree it is! I wonder if they live up there? But I guess not; I guess they just fly all around everywhere, as birds do. Is n't it getting dark! But fairies are never afraid of night, so I 'm not going to be. I wonder if they 'd laugh at me if I was afraid? Hallo! that 's a tree-toad. That means it 's getting time for the fairies to come; it always does. And just see how big the moon is now! I 'm glad of *that!*

There goes another toad! I think three have to be heard, and then a night-hawk flies round, and then the fairies come suddenly and dance. I wonder how long they 'll stay? I guess, till the moon goes down. How nice and smooth the Fairy-Ring is — just like velvet! They must plant fairy-grass on it. No, I guess they do it by magic.

Fairies never have to go to school. Suppose they did, and they got mad, and threw their books 'round, and made faces at the school-master! I 'm glad they don't. They would n't seem a bit like fairies if they did.

There 's the last toad! Now hurry up, old hawk, and fly round; everything else is all ready, and just waiting for *you*. If I were magic I 'd make him come pretty quick. I 'd just wave my gold wand, and say a magic word; and would n't that hawk come out? I wonder if they 'll be dressed in beautiful clothes, as they were in the last story mama read me? I wonder if they like boys? Supposing they don't? But I guess they can't see me in this grass, unless they thought of — Hi—ie! that 's the hawk! Whew! but I must be still

now. I hope they won't hear me *think!* What a beautiful night it is, and how bright and big the moon has grown; I never saw it so very big before. And how quiet everything is; not a thing is moving or singing. It must be fairy-time.

See that big cobweb in the branches! No, that is n't a cobweb, it 's moving; it 's coming down. Why, it 's a lot of dragon-flies! What are they carrying? Oh! I know; they 're the music band; that 's what the book said. Yes, there are the trumpets and drums and other things, made out of flowers. I never saw such big dragon-flies in the daytime. How beautifully their wings shine — but how slowly they are coming down. Why, they 're playing music! I can just hear it. That must be why they 're so long getting down.

I wonder if the fairies are behind them? No, they 're all alone. But I know the fairies will be here soon, now. I wonder how they 'll look? See those big dragon-flies — they 're all by the ring now, and putting up their music-flowers. How quickly they do things! Everything seems ready now. I hope —

Oh! *I 've seen fairies!* Yes! there they come! All through the leaves and branches, riding on big fire-flies and all kinds of things! How splendid! And see, there 's the King and Queen, drawn by those ten green beetles! What a beautiful chariot they 're sitting in! I guess it 's a pearl-shell. And see that lovely little fairy riding beside them! She 's got a crown on, too. Oh! that 's the Princess, I guess. *What* long hair! And see all those others coming behind!

I *knew* there were fairies. Just as if books could think them up! I wonder what mama 'll say *now*. They 're all here. Don't they move quick? There are the King and Queen getting out. Why, they 're out already! I never *saw* things move so fast. See! the dragon-

flies are beginning to play. How loud the music is now! Just see that one beating the drum! And it's only a flower, too! I guess they're going to dance now — see! they are all in rows. Yes; now they're dancing. My! they hardly touch the ground. How beautifully they go in and out, and *how* beautiful the girl-fairies' dresses are!

I don't see the King and Queen with the others. Why, they're not

I guess that's why. See! she won't dance with that little man-fairy. Look at him down on his knees! I'm glad she won't. I wonder if she'd dance with me if I were a fairy? Now there's

another fairy asking her. How fine he looks! I think he's a Prince. See him stamping his foot! I guess the Princess does not want him, either. No — off he goes. How mad he looks! I wonder what's the matter with the Princess that she won't dance with any of

them? Maybe it's something *more* than dancing that they want; maybe they want to be her knights, and fight for her, and wear gloves, or something

on their caps, just as real big knights do. And I guess before one of them could marry her he'd have to do wonderful things — maybe kill big dragons with poisonous breath, or bring the King some great pearls from under the sea; I guess even more than that. Perhaps he'd have to get a secret from the Man in the Moon.

What's that light? Oh, another firefly! How quick it's coming! It carries a fairy on



"THE FAIRY KING AND QUEEN, DRAWN BY TEN GREEN BEETLES."

dancing! See! they're sitting together, and looking on. There's the King clapping his hands and laughing. What a tiny laugh! I wonder why he's laughing? There's the Princess — oh!

its back! *That's* a Prince! Look at that purple robe! And what a splendid sword! The King and Queen, see, are standing up, and there is the Princess with them. I guess he *is* a Prince. Look at him bowing before them, and see all the other fairies watching him! He must be proud. I wish I could understand what they're saying. There! He's taking her by the hand to dance. How she's smiling! There are the King and Queen coming down to dance, too. What a beautiful dance! *How* beautiful the Prince and Princess look together! I wish I were he! I suppose he's

done all kinds of magic things that no one else could do, and is now back to marry her, as most likely the King promised that he should.

How monstrous the moon's got! I can see the fairies — Why, they're gone! — the fairies; every one has disappeared! And look at the moon — it's getting bigger!

Ha! There comes the Princess back — right toward me. I never saw anything so sweet. Is n't she small! I wish I could move. I guess she sees me. Yes; she's smiling again — at me! There — why, it's *mama!*



PARASOLS.

THIS morning in the wood I found
A lot of lovely parasols —
Such darling red and yellow ones,
And just the size to suit my dolls.

I gathered, oh! such heaps and heaps,
And meant to take them home with me,
When Nursey came, and broke them all,
And was as scared as scared could be!

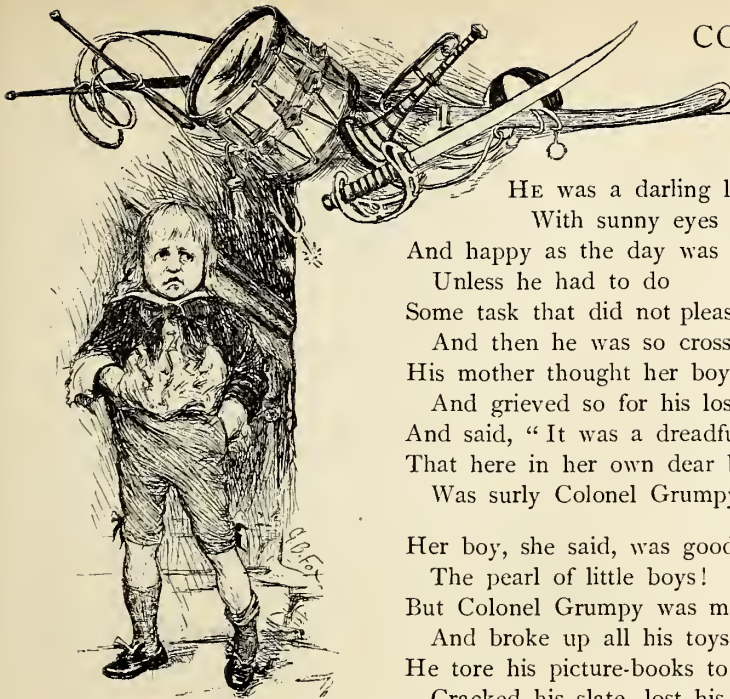
She said that they would poison me,
And they would make me very dead
If I should eat them, though they looked
So very pretty — pink and red.

And now there is n't any left —
Not even one for my best doll.
How very stupid Nursey is! —
As if I'd eat a parasol!

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

COLONEL GRUMPY.

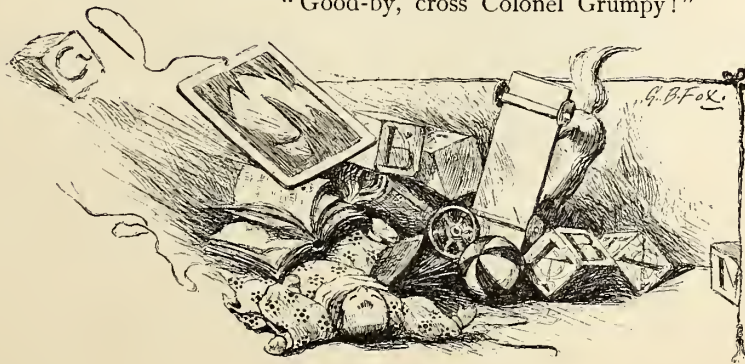
BY JANE CAMPBELL.



HE was a darling little boy,
With sunny eyes of blue,
And happy as the day was long
Unless he had to do
Some task that did not please him much,
And then he was so cross,
His mother thought her boy was gone,
And grieved so for his loss,
And said, "It was a dreadful case,
That here in her own dear boy's place
Was surly Colonel Grumpy."

Her boy, she said, was good and sweet—
The pearl of little boys!
But Colonel Grumpy was most rude,
And broke up all his toys;
He tore his picture-books to bits,
Cracked his slate, lost his hat,
Pulled his little sister's hair,
And teased the pussy-cat.
She wished he 'd go away, and then
She 'd have her own sweet boy again
Instead of Colonel Grumpy.

"That Colonel Grumpy 's not my boy
I 'm sure is very plain,
And so I 'd better send him off
To-day in all the rain.
So, Colonel Grumpy, go away
In spite of wind and wet!
I want my boy who does not sulk,
Nor does he scold or fret!"
A little sob, two pleading eyes,
Then, clasped tight in her arms, he cries:
"Good-by, cross Colonel Grumpy!"



THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO
BY CARL KIEFEN.

WORDS FROM "MASTER SKYLARK";
AIR BY JOHN BENNETT.

Allegro.

1. Hey! lad-die, hark, to the
2. God save us all, my

mer-ry, mer-ry lark, How high he sing-eth clear. Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweetest
jol - ly gen - tle - men! We'll mer-ry be to - day; For the cuc - koo sings till the greenwood

thing That cometh in all the year: Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet-est thing That
rings, And it is the month of May: For the cuc - koo sings till the greenwood rings, And

com-eth in all the year! }
it is the month of May! } Ring! Ting! It is the mer - ry

Ped.

REFRAIN. *Vivace*

Spring - time. How full of heart a bod - y feels! Sing hey trol - ly

Repeat Refrain after 2d Stanza.

lol - ly! O to live is to be jol - ly, When Spring-time cometh with the Summer at her heels!



"OH, DEAR, OH, DEAR!—DO THEY SPELL COMPOSITION WITH A C OR A K?"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

GEOFFROY, the painter of the picture from which this month's frontispiece is taken, has no equal in rendering the expressions of children, and every face and attitude of the scholars in this "village school" will repay careful study. The quaint linen caps and collars worn by teacher and pupils are parts of the costume of the peasantry. It would seem strange to us if the inhabitants of each county or State should wear a distinctive hat!—but the result in Brittany, at least, is picturesque.

It is interesting to recall that Brittany received its name from the Britons who settled there, when driven from Cornwall, England, by their Anglo-Saxon enemies, and that the modern Bretons are descendants of those exiles from the southwestern part of England.

THE author of the poem "The Maid of Hainault," on page 931 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS, sends some explanatory notes about the game of court-tennis. Our readers will be interested in her account of the ancient game.

The historic game of court-tennis, of which our lawn-tennis is a modern adaptation, had its origin many centuries ago. It was the favorite sport of the kings and nobles of France during the Middle Ages, and was then confined exclusively to court circles. The game was called *jeu de la paume* or "game of the hand," probably because at first the hand was used, instead of the racket, in serving the ball. Among the famous royal players of France were Louis XI., Louis XII., Francis I., Charles IX., Henry II., and Henry IV.; and the ladies of the court of Catherine de' Medici, during the reign of Henry II., adopted the fashion of braiding their hair, in imitation of tennis-rackets with their interlaced strings, which fashion was termed *la coiffure en raquette*.

Court-tennis was introduced into England early in the sixteenth century; and the celebrated tennis hall at the palace of Hampton Court was built by Henry VIII. in 1526. This monarch and his successors, especially the kings of the house of Stuart, were enthusiastic devotees of this ancient game. There are now several halls for court-tennis in London and Paris. There is also one at Versailles, which is still called the Hall of the Jeu de Paume; and a fine structure, known as Hunniwell Court, is owned by the Court Tennis Club of Boston. The rules of the game are substantially the same as they were four centuries ago. The ball is served against the wall of the court, and, as it rebounds or "caroms" at various angles, very skilful and scientific playing is required. In the fifteenth century the most famous tennis-court of Paris was in the Rue Grenier St. Lazare; and it was here that Mademoiselle Margot, a charming young girl from the province of Hainault, distinguished herself at the royal game, and won the first prize, a silver ball.

For the benefit of the younger readers some of the references in the poem are here explained.

"The crownèd poet"—Shakspeare frequently mentions the game of court-tennis. See "Henry V.," Act 1, Scene 2, where the French Dauphin sends a gift of tennis-balls to King Henry V., and the latter replies:

"His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have matchèd our rackets to these balls
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

By the "Merry Monarchs" the Stuarts are meant. It is said that Charles I., in 1610, paid twenty pounds for tennis-balls and rackets, and Charles II. was a very expert player.

"Bluff King Henry" is, of course, Henry VIII. of England, and by "His imperial German guest" Emperor Charles V. of Germany is referred to; he made a friendly and diplomatic visit to King Henry's court in 1521.

Henry II. was the best player among the French kings. He had his favorite court at the Louvre. Queen Elizabeth of England also was very fond of watching the game.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little girls who have taken you for some time, and look forward at the end of every month to your arrival. A few summers ago two of us went out West with our father and mother. There were a pony and donkey there, and we were on a large farm, and rode to town once in a while; but it was several miles away.

I went to a dog and pony show one day while there, and the ponies were very small. I also rode on one of the smallest when the show was over. It was in a tent, something like a circus, only much smaller.

We saw a hound supposed to be the highest jumper in the world. The man piled chairs and tables on top of one another, nearly up to the top of the tent, and the dog would jump over them.

We stayed in Indiana a month or so, and on the way home stopped at Chicago two or three days, and then went to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Albany, and New York.

We were at last glad to come home again and get settled down.

From your loving readers,
MARY K., CARMELITA, and WILHELMINA S.—

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you about six months, and find you the most interesting magazine I have ever read. I live in Alexandria, Va., and I suppose everybody has heard of that ancient town. The church here to which Washington went is a quaint old structure, made of rough brick, and it has a tall wooden steeple with blinds on the sides of it. There is also here the house where Gen. Braddock stopped (Braddock House). On the corner opposite it is the Carlyle House, where Washington stayed. The steps where he has often trod are made of pure mahogany; and at the top

of these stairs are two places for statues, but they have never been occupied. There are about twenty rooms in the Carlyle House; but the prettiest is the Blue Room, or "Washington's Library." They also danced in this room; for there still remain two large stones with long wooden handles, with which they waxed the floor.

About eight miles from Alexandria is Mount Vernon, Washington's home. It is a large, picturesque house with low porches and beautiful trees surrounding it. It is a delightful ride there on the electric cars. I suppose visitors coming to Alexandria expect to find a beautiful old city with stately old mansions filling it; but if they expect this they will be disappointed, I think, for it is a busy, hard-working little town. But of course it has some beautiful houses, such as the Marshalls' and Smoot's. On the corner of Washington Street is a monument erected to the dead Confederates.

Alexandria is situated on the Potomac River, and we have a fine view of Maryland, and often go over there in row-boats and sail-boats. At one end of the city there is a dangerous rocky point, called Jones's Point, which has a lighthouse on it. Girls and boys often go there fishing and sketching.

From your constant reader,
ALICE V. LINDSEY.

JOHNSONVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never had much to write about, but now I have a little.

Father and I get up very early nearly every morning. On one occasion we went out for a walk, and I saw a little bird hopping about as if it could not fly. I went after it and caught it. As we went along, I saw another bird fluttering about, caught that also, and brought them both home. I hunted up an old bird-cage and put them both in it. I named them "Dick" and "Belle." They prospered finely for a time, and I took them both out every day, trying to teach them to fly. The first thing I knew Dick had flown away to a tree. I kept Belle a little longer, and one day I was cleaning out her cage and the cat jumped at her; and that was the end of Belle.

My kitten that caused the death of poor Belle regretted it five minutes later; for with the help of a shingle my hand served to quicken her memory not to do so again. The kitten I named "Rosette," because her paws look like a rosette.

I have taken you for about three years, and could not do without you. I have a bicycle, and can ride it with my two brothers on behind me. They each occupy half of the saddle while I stand up and ride.

Your earnest reader,
SARAH S. WILKINSON.

ANGORA STATION, W. PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl from the Church Home School. We have about one hundred and eight children here. Our home is out in the country, and we are all very glad when spring comes.

In the woods we find hepaticas, spring beauties, partridge berries, and anemones.

In the schoolroom we read the letters at the back of ST. NICHOLAS and find the city and country they come from, and have it as a geography lesson. We have never seen a letter yet from Angora.

Your constant letter reader,
KATE JURETICH.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you. I have taken you for several years, and like you very much. This winter we have been traveling about Europe. We have been to Spain, Africa, Italy, France, and now we are in England. Perhaps you

would like to hear of the trip I made with my father down to the docks.

We went down in the morning, and went into a great many different warehouses, where the men were packing up ivory, wine, and different kinds of spices to be sent to other countries.

The wine warehouse was underground, so we had to carry little lamps, which were on the end of sticks.

The ivory warehouse was full of elephants' tusks from Africa and India. One of the tusks was over seven feet high, and cost over four hundred dollars.

When we came into the spice warehouse we could hardly breathe on account of the strong smell of the spices. One of the men showed me the nutmeg in its different states. When they pick it off the bush it has a little red skin, which they sell, and people use it in flavoring soups. Then the skin is taken off, and there is a hard black shell; under this is the kernel—and this is the nutmeg. When we had seen the warehouses we walked a little farther out on the docks, and watched some ships being unloaded. The men were unloading cork and bark, which they were taking up into the warehouses.

We took lunch at a little mission-house which was for the sailors. On the walls of this mission-house were little prayers and sermons for the sailors to read. The lunch was very good, and consisted of soup, bread, and milk, and some coffee. The meal cost only five cents.

Your interested reader,

HARRIET GREELEY.

KENOSHA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I are two little girls visiting at a farm about fifty miles from Chicago, and it seems as if we had come into a truly Babyland. There are so many little calves, little pigs, puppies, lambs, chickens, and turkeys; and to little girls who have lived nearly all their lives in the city, they seem very interesting. We wish there were some others of the ST. NICHOLAS little boys and girls here to enjoy them with us.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS only since Christmas, and we think we could not do without it now.

Truly your little friend,
MILDRED WINSLOW.

ALLEGHENY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a great friend to me for two years; and if I did not have a copy of you every month I should miss you very much. For some time I have been wanting to write you a letter telling you about my pets—a dog and a canary-bird. I hardly know which I like better; but I like that I like my dog. Perhaps it is because I have had her longer; and then I taught her all the tricks that she knows. Before I tell you any of her tricks I will tell you how she came to me.

My uncle, while out West, bought and sent her to me. She came in a box by express. She was two days on the road, and on the box was tacked a card, which said: "Please give me a drink of water." I suppose the men on the train gave her water and food, for she arrived safely. The first thing that I taught her was to shake hands. Then I taught her to sit up, "speak," and jump. Afterward she learned to take off my hat when I came into the house. But what I enjoy most is dressing her up in a baby's short dress and a little mull hat. She puts her paws through the sleeves, and I button the dress down the back; then, when the hat is tied under her chin, she looks quite comical. She, too, seems to like it; for if I hold her paws, she will walk all through the house on her hind legs. Sometimes two or three of us play "Ring-around-a-rosy"; and when we go down, "Nelly" goes down with us.

And now for the bird. We got him just before the returns of the election, and decided to name him for the successful candidate. As "McKinley" was too long and awkward a name for a bird, we thought "Major" would be better. He is very tame for a bird. He will eat from my hand, and come out of the cage and walk around my shoulders. If I poke my finger in the cage he will raise his wings and fly at me, pretending to fight.

I remain, your faithful reader,

RALPH E. MANNHEIMER.

FORT MISSOULA, MONTANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have come to our house for quite a long while, and there never has been another magazine which we liked better. I like all the stories that are published; but I think "A Boy of the First Empire" was one of the best. I like all army and navy stories very much. My father is in the army, so of course I find all army stories very interesting. In one of the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS there was an article entitled "What the Bugle Tells on a War-ship." I found I knew a great many of the calls.

I shall be very sorry when we have to go away from here. It is the prettiest little post I ever was at. The mountains are all around us.

Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I remain your most interested reader,

MARGARET EDWARDS.

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about a little incident which happened on our porch last summer.

One day I was sitting on the porch for a little fresh air when a wasp flew unintentionally into the web of a large spider. The spider came up as usual to bind and carry off his prey; but the wasp knew better than to allow himself to be carried away, so he fought and struggled to get free. Meanwhile the spider tried to spin a little web around the wasp, and entrap him. They fought for ten minutes with equal strength, till at last the wasp reached out his sting, and caught the spider square in the body. This seemed to make the spider very tired, for he immediately dropped all claim to the wasp, and slowly moved to a corner of his web. Meanwhile the wasp struggled, and with some difficulty got loose from the web, and flew away in triumph.

I am, yours respectfully,

WALDBURG HEWITT.

MERIDEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is a newspaper man, and in consequence our home is literally filled with magazines and other publications; but I like ST. NICHOLAS the best of all. It is always instructive as well as entertaining; and its illustrations are superb. I wish every boy and girl in the land could see you each month in the year.

I wonder if all of your readers are bicycle riders, or does the wheel fail to follow your circulation to all parts of the civilized world? I have been a wheel girl for nearly a year, and enjoy the exercise very much. Mama thinks that bicycles interfere too much with school studies and music. She fears that they may prove detrimental to some young people on that account.

Some time ago a number of scholars in the school which I attend formed a district branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. While we may

not do much toward preventing others from being cruel, the organization inculcates the spirit of kindness among its members, which leads them to think of others.

Your appreciative reader,
ISABEL LEE SMITH.

RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the June number to-day. It was my turn to read it first. You see my older sister and I take turns in reading it first, I one month, she another.

Yesterday my brothers caught a gopher; but it got away this morning. Papa made us the nicest cage for gophers. One large box is filled with ground for the gophers to burrow in, and the other has a screen on the front and a sliding-door at the back.

Last summer we had four of the cutest little gophers. One of them died from eating something injurious. Three of them were called "Spry," "Spy," and "Sky."

Perhaps you remember I am the little girl who sent you a story—"Alvon and the Stone Ring"—about two years ago. I remain, yours,

EMMA STUVER.

DODGEVILLE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are taking you in our school, and think you are delightful. Miss Jones, our teacher, is reading us a story out of you, called "Master Skylark." We all enjoy it.

Now I will tell you about the time when I went picking flowers. A girl friend of mine and myself started from home and went out into the woods. We first started to pick violets, and then to pick some yellow flowers which grew in marshy places. I spied some water-cresses and wanted some. There was a stick across the stream, and I stepped on it to get some, and the stick broke, and of course you know where I went to. I was all muddy and wet. My friend took my shoes and stockings off, and washed them in a clear part of the stream, and then we went home. I was questioned a great deal, and I thought I would never go again. I am going to take you when I can, and I will read every story in you. I won't finish my letter yet, but will tell you a little story that I have read. There was once a little girl named Alice, who dreamed the queerest things you ever heard of. She dreamed that she was down in a rabbit-hole, which led to a beautiful hall all lit up and elegantly furnished. There she saw a little table with a bottle on it; and it said on the bottle, "Drink me"; so she drank it, and she began to grow smaller. She feared she would get so little that there would not be anything left of her. She went a little further and saw a bottle on another little table, which said, "Drink me." She drank it, and began to grow larger. She had to stoop in order to walk.

Well, if I told you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, how much this little Alice dreamed, I would write a whole book full. From your true friend,

ANNIE CHANDLER.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Dorothy Jocelyn, Marie A. Gwynne, Robert Henry Fairlamb, H., Julia Frances O'Connell, Ethel B. Fleming, Eugenia Greenough, J. Louis Cobb, Emily G. Porter, Helen L. R. Glover, Lambourne Smith, Bessie C. Andrews, E. K. C., Mary Grace Allmutt, "Young New Zealand," T. H. McHatton, H. M. H., E. H. J., E. C. H., M. D. H., Wm. Malcolm Harris, Deane King, Robert W. Wilson.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE: 1. Fred. 2. Rove. 3. Even. 4. Dent.

OMITTED FRUITS. 1. Apple. 2. Pear.

AN ANAGRAM STORY. 1. Beatrice's. 2. Holiday. 3. Davidson. 4. Schoolroom. 5. Daughter. 6. Hippodrome. 7. Sacque. 8. Gentleman. 9. Parasol. 10. Umbrella. 11. Weather. 12. Merriment. 13. Laughter. 14. Journey. 15. Building. 16. Frightened. 17. Animals. 18. Exhibition. 19. Threading. 20. Labyrinth. 21. Laughed. 22. Obvious. 23. Neophyte. 24. Colloquy. 25. Attendants. 26. Colossal. 27. Rhinoceros. 28. Brought. 29. Country. 30. Breadth. 31. Creature. 32. Enormous. 33. Statistics. 34. Wonderful. 35. Exhibits. 36. Performance. 37. Marvelous. 38. Acrobats. 39. Screamed. 40. Excitement. 41. Evening. 42. Pyrotechnic. 43. Pinwheels. 44. Rockets. 45. Spectacular. 46. Answered. 47. Questions. 48. Patience. 49. Pleasant. 50. Memories.

RIDDLE. Cat. Cat-fish. Cat-boat. Cat-bird. Cat-o'-nine-tails.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Perry. 1. Purse. 2. Bells. 3. Horse. 4. Sword. 5. Pansy.

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

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from W. L. — Helen C. McCleary — M. McG. — Madeline, Mabel, and Henri — Two Little Brothers — "Jersey Quartette" — Josephine Sherwood — "Toodles" — "Midwood" — "Four Weeks in Kane" — Wm. A. Lochren and his Uncle — Jo and I — No Name, Katonah, N. Y. — "Class No. 19" — Katharine S. Doty — Mabel M. Johns — Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from G. B. Dyer, 10 — Maria W. Smith, 3 — Ethel P. Slocum, 1 — R. H. D., 1 — Bezie A. Timlin, 1 — Mary K. Rake, 1 — Sara B. Cole, 9 — "Epsilon Lambda Pi," 6 — P. and B. Pfeiffer, 1 — Kent and Carroll Shaffer, 4 — M. E. Meares, 1 — "Lafayette Club," 1 — Paul Reese, 8 — Edna H. Frishmuth, 1 — F. Goyeneche, 2 — Sarah Lewisson, 3 — G. P. Y. and R. G. P., 3 — "Chiddorstone," 10 — Waldron M. Ward, 1 — Mary Morgan, 4 — Frederic Giraud Foster, 2 — J. B. P. M. H., 5 — Lucile M. Dyas, 2 — Theodora B. Dennis, 7 — Alma L. Knapp, 1 — Nicholas Blecker, 9 — Mai Elmendorf, Hackstaff, 8 — Helen Lorraine Enos, 4 — Mildred W. Remare, 3 — No Name, Milton, Mass., 4 — Hazel M. Farr, 2 — Florence and Edna, 8 — Clara A. Anthony, 10 — H. G. E. and A. E., 6 — Belle Miller Waddell, 7 — Marguerite Sturdy, 9 — "Trio," 7 — "Rikki-tikki-tavi," 3 — Betty K. Reilly, 4 — Uncle Will, E. Everett, and Fannie J., 5 — Sigourney Fay Nininger, 10 — Katharine Parnly, 3 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 7 — Howard B. Peterson, 10.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters, and am a saying of John Quincy Adams.

My 10-20-7-17 is a companion. My 21-1-18-15 is a missile. My 4-16-24-12 is a pronoun. My 3-2-6-11-9 is a South American animal. My 5-14-13-22 is an abode. My 19-6-8-23 is to cripple.

SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Islander.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Napoleon Bonaparte. 1. Meaning. 2. Hexagon. 3. Respond. 4. Imposed. 5. Million. 6. Heretic. 7. Borough. 8. Connect. 9. Gambols. 10. Panoply. 11. Thinker. 12. Strange. 13. Grapnel. 14. Stratam. 15. Shirked. 16. Feather. 17. Incense.

CHARADE. Con-sti-tution.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Bam. 3. Satan. 4. Bananas. 5. Cata-maran. 6. Managed. 7. Nares. 8. Sad. 9. N.

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC. Primals, Answer; finals, Relent. Cross-words: 1. Another. 2. Narrate. 3. Satchel. 4. Welcome. 5. Eastern. 6. Receipt.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. I. C. 2. Bed. 3. Banes. 4. Central. 5. Derby. 6. Say. 7. L. II. I. G. 2. Art. 3. Alarm. 4. Gradual. 5. Trump. 6. Map. 7. L. III. I. Bales. 2. Avale. 3. Laver. 4. Elève. 5. Seres. 6. Per. 7. R. V. I. R. 2. Net. 3. Nepos. 4. Replait. 5. Toast. 6. Sit. 7. T.

upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous French painter.

CONUNDRUM CHARADE.

WHY are feathers like a field?
My *first* will ready answer yield.

Why is a blacksmith like a ban?
Answer this my *second* can.

Why is a well-laid carpet
Like to an honest man?
For the answer to this last,
You my *whole* must scan.

L. E. J.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1. THE old sailor with the lame 1-2-3 4-5-6-7 his days in the almshouse, and tells 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 to the children.

2. In reading Washington's 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 we find that 1-2-3 4-5-6-7 enemies were very bitter.

3. In the fairy tale, the queen lost 1-2-3 4-5-6-7, and the cook found it in a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

4. We put 1-2-3-4-5-6 garments on the line, and let the 1-2-3 4-5-6 them.

5. I am 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 that it must have been a 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 that the English people called "Long-shanks."

6. I don't like that 1-2-3-4; 5-6-7 me paint it white; it is perfectly 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

7. I 2-3-4-5-6 the ranch around, and bring me the finest 1-2-3-4-5-6 you can find.

8. The mighty 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 who was so 1-2-3-4-5-6, 7-8-9 some poisonous substance, and died.

9. See the poor sick 1-2-3 4-5-6 the green 1-2-3-4-5-6.

M. E. FLOYD.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

My first and fourth rows, reading downward, spell the name of a popular author.

CROSSWORDS (of equal length): 1. With vigorous growth. 2. Premature. 3. To variegate. 4. A color. 5. To ratify. 6. The handle of a printing-press. 7. A weapon. "RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI."

RIDDLE.

By the brooklet blooming sweet;
Flying from some tower or spire;
Leading army, leading fleet,
Through the foeman's hottest fire.
Bringing cars to halt complete;
Helping you across the mire;—
Though with uses I 'm replete,
Yet, whate'er I do, I tire.

L. E. J.

CURIOUS ZOÖLOGICAL CHANGES.

(EXAMPLE: Give a new head to a small dog, and make an insect. Answer, Pug, bug.)

1. Give a new head to a domestic animal, and make a sea-fowl.
2. Give a new head to a wild animal, and make a wild or domestic fowl.
3. Give a new head to a sort of deer, and make another sort of deer.
4. Give a new head to a wild animal, and make a wild or domestic fowl.
5. Give a new head to a rodent, and make its worst enemy.
6. Give a new head to a wild animal, and make a beast of burden.
7. Give a new head to a water animal, and make a water-fowl.
8. Give a new head to a certain domestic animal, and make another domestic animal.
9. Give a new head to a rodent, and make a tiny insect found on plants.
10. Give a new head to a species of rail, and leave a domestic fowl.

L. E. JOHNSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To send by water.
2. A beloved spot.
3. Little demons.
4. A plague.

LEONARD HODGSON.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

(Many lands.)

1. O HOME of the muses! thy temples so fair,
Most lovely in ruin, still rise in the air.
2. Great empire of old! of the earth thou wast queen,
The like of thy glory the world has ne'er seen.
3. Enthroned 'mid the deserts for thousands of years,
The tales of thy marvels astonish our ears.
4. Through thy great wilderness, driven by wrong,
Wandered the children of Israel long.
5. The fez and the scimitar, crescent and horn,
Thy emblem, O land by atrocities torn!
6. Deep, vast are thy forests, O country so new!
Thy jewels are brilliant, thy comforts are few.
7. Thy rulers despotic, O land of the north,
Thy rich and thy poor oft to exile send forth.
8. Fair Emerald Isle, where the witty are born,
With struggles 'twixt landlord and tenant so torn.
9. From thee, far away from the civilized world,
Have hordes of wild horsemen on Europe been hurled.
10. Thee, haunt of the seal, by an Autocrat sold,
A young country bought for a bag full of gold.

11. Neath sweet sunny skies, land of art and of song,
In cities of treasures our stay we 'd prolong.
12. Thy fords and thy glaciers we pass on the way
To where winter is night, and the summer is day.

These primals will spell a great country of earth,
Renowned for her power, possessions, and worth.

FRANCES AMORY.

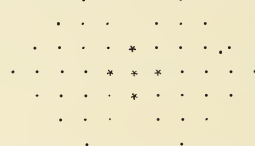
A CIRCULAR PUZZLE.



EACH of the above pictures may be described by one word. By beginning at the right picture, the initial letters of the nine words will spell the name of an American naval officer.

PAUL PAESCHKE.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



- I. 1. In quartz. 2. A lyric poem. 3. A town in the province of Toledo, Spain. 4. A mineral. 5. To decree. 6. An insect. 7. In quartz.
- II. 1. In quartz. 2. An insect. 3. The surname of a general who served in the Waterloo campaign. 4. A wise Trojan who advised the surrender of Helen. 5. Purport. 6. A conjunction. 7. In quartz.

M. B. C.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the surname of a well-known American.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A military officer. 2. A serpent. 3. Young quadrupeds. 4. A part. 5. A soft composition. 6. A South American ruminant. 7. To go at an easy gait. 8. Weeds. 9. Approaches. 10. Mentions. 11. A light carriage. 12. To compose. 13. Weary. 14. A military firearm. 15. A country of Asia. 16. A color. 17. A young lady of superior beauty and attractions. 18. A range of mountains.

ROGER HOYT AND FRED KELSEY.



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

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THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY PAULUS MOREELSE, IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 12.

THE TWO VICTORIES.

BY MARGARET JACKSON.

IT was a splendid day for the games. The sky had never seemed so bright, the grass so green, nor the water so blue and sparkling. The people were gathered around the oval, row behind row, and tier above tier; the trees behind them were putting on their first touches of crimson and gold, and in the Sound, beyond, the white-winged yachts moved slowly into port, dropped anchor, and ran up all their signal-flags, as if to add one more touch of color to the already brilliant scene.

Hal felt this was indeed the day he had lived ten years to see. He gazed at his program, with its emblem of a winged foot on the outside and its entry within —

1000-YARD RUN.

19 .. Philip Montgomery .. Yale University .. Scratch — and felt sure that if only his uncle could win that race, nothing in the years to come would ever surpass the 26th of September, 189—.

The band played the most inspiring, enticing airs, and at last the athletes came out, and the fun began. The shorter races came first — the dashes, breathless from start to finish, where a world's record was broken before the spectators could realize what was happening; then

the pole-jumping, which was so fascinating that Hal almost forgot the great event of the afternoon for which he and all those other people had come.

Now the bar was ten feet, and all the contestants had cleared it; now it was raised, and the tall man from the N. Y. A. C. knocked it with his knees. Next the boy with the crimson band tried it, hung poised in mid-air over it for a second, then dropped gracefully on his feet. It was so prettily done that Hal had to cheer with the crowd even if Harvard *was* coming out ahead.

But hark! There was the herald calling, "The next event on the program will be that on page 82 — the 1000-yards race," and the men were taking their places at the other end of the field. Uncle Phil was "scratch," and Hal burned with indignation to see the other men placed ten, twenty, and thirty yards in the track ahead of him. He knew it was really fair, but just then it did n't seem so. At last the pistol sounded, and they were off. Now Uncle Phil had reached the red jersey, now the blue. Ah! they would be in front of the grand stand in a minute. Still he was a length behind No. 14. Could n't he run just a little faster?

Past the judges' stand again, and the second round. Now they were running even, neck and neck, and the crowd around were shouting. "Montgomery!" "Kilmarnock!" "Mont-

steeplechase. There it was the greatest fun, for one of the men could n't manage that jump. He could clear the fences and wriggle over the stone wall, but the water-jump was too much



THE FINISH. "THREE YARDS AHEAD."

gomery!" "Kilmarnock!" Hal stood on the seat waving his Yale banner and shouting too; only he said, "Uncle Phil! Oh, Uncle Phil!" over and over again. Now the tape was stretched, and Hal was not to be disappointed. His uncle's long legs stretched forward as if the winged sandals were on his feet, and right under his little nephew's sight he shot ahead, touched the tape three yards ahead of No. 14, and fell into his chum's outstretched arms as the judge said, "Two minutes, 15 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds." Then Hal's cup of joy was full.

His uncle came up the field, raised his cap to Hal's mother, and, nodding to him, said: "Well, old chap, we've managed to keep the blue on top." His father and mother now said they must go; but Uncle Phil asked that Hal might stay, promising he would look after him, and took him around to the water-jump in the

for him every time; and in he would go splashing, and out he would come dripping, in the best possible humor, while the people laughed, and the band played provokingly consoling airs.

But the best of good times will come to an end, and Hal found himself with his uncle and three of his friends, all ready for the ride home. He was rather surprised to see that one of his uncle's companions was the vanquished "No. 14," and that another was the Harvard man (who finally had won the pole-jump); but he found little time for reflection on the queerness of grown-ups in their choice of friends, for it was all he could do to keep his wheel abreast of the others in their ride across to the Hudson for the ferry to the Jersey shore. Once landed at the foot of the Palisades, the boys were prepared to push their wheels up the steep road that led to Mr. Montgomery's house on the hill;

but as they turned the boat-house corner a funny sight met their eyes. An old, white-haired negro stood beside his donkey-cart. He had covered it with blue calico, and wound strips of the same in and out of the harness, while between the little donkey's ears waved the stars and stripes. The man's head was in perpetual motion from his efforts to feast his eyes on his handiwork and to watch for the ferry-boat. He now took off his hat respectfully.

"I 'lowed you was gwine to come by dis boat, Marse Phil," he said; "an' I done brought Balaam down 'kase I had an idee you might ride up, and res' a'ter your prodijus runnin'.

Philip looked at the remarkable trimmings, and duly praised them; but excused himself from driving, saying he feared he would be heavy for the donkey to pull that long distance. At this the old negro looked absolutely crestfallen.

"Oh, Marse Phil," he said, "when you was a babby and done got tired, you used ter let Ole Solomon carry you pickaback. I 'm an ole, ole man now, suh, an' you 're gwine back to de 'varsity, and maybe I won't live to see you come home. Ef you 'd des let Balaam carry you dis time, it would be somet'ing w'at I could recollec' all de res' of my lifetime. It would



"'IT WOULD BE A GREAT HONOR TO US BOF, SUH.'"

Marse Montgomery he say it wuz mighty fine vict'ry, suh. I reckon I done seed no sech cause for rejoicin' sence I wuz wid de udder darkies down in Georgia a'ter de wah."

be a great occasion fo' Balaam and me — a great honor to us bof, suh."

And Philip Montgomery jumped into that cart and gathered up the reins, while the old

darky walked proudly alongside with the bicycle, and his friends brought up the rear and chatted of the games, as if successful athletes driving in cramped-up donkey-carts were an every-day sight.

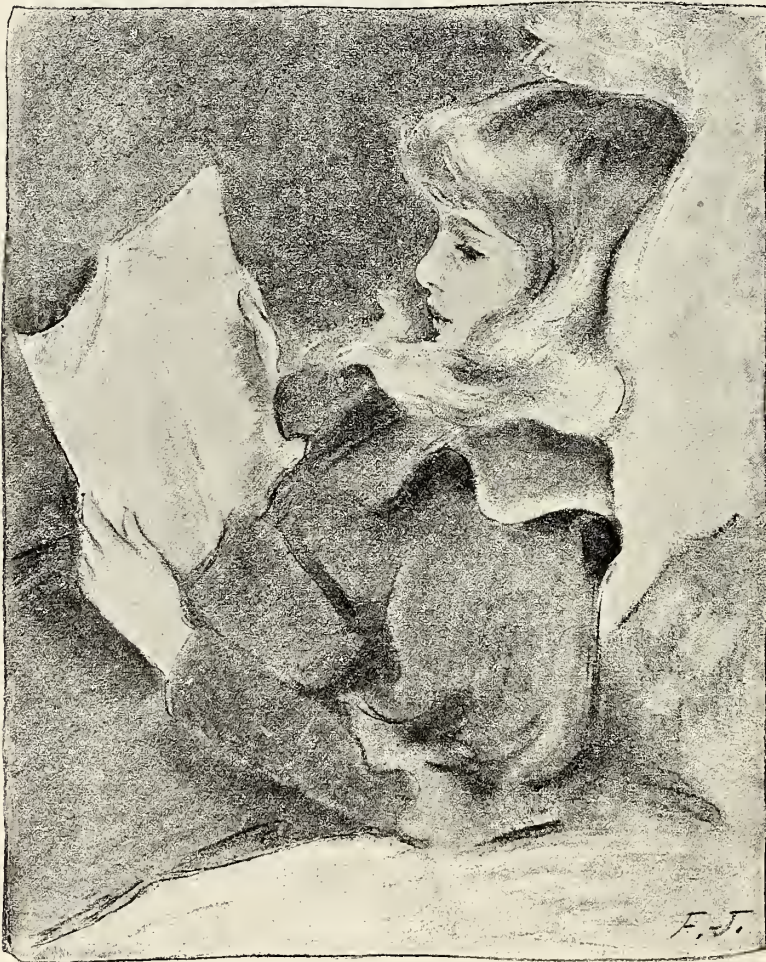
Mrs. Montgomery came to give Hal a last look that night, and found him staring with wide-open eyes at the ceiling.

"What! awake yet, my boy! Was the excitement this afternoon too much for you? But"—and she bent over and kissed him—

"it was a glorious victory, was n't it, Hal? Is that what you are thinking about?"

"Yes, mother, that — and something else; and I want your opinion about it all. I know Uncle Phil hated to ride in that donkey-cart, and I'm sure he knew just how funny he looked; but he would n't disappoint Old Solomon when he saw how he felt about it. And I think it was just as big a thing to do that as to win the race. What do you think?"

"My son, I know it was a far greater thing," gently answered his mother.



"OH, DEAR! THE SERIAL STORIES ALL END IN THIS NUMBER!"



AFTER VACATION.

BY A. F. BROWN.

BEFORE they had arithmetic,
Or telescopes, or chalk,
Or blackboards, maps, and copy-books —
When they could only *talk*:

Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boys
Who went to school like me?

There was n't any grammar then,
They could n't read or spell,
For books were not invented yet.
I think 't was just as well.

There were not any rows of dates,
Or laws, or wars, or kings,
Or generals, or victories,
Or any of those things.

There could n't have been much to learn;
There was n't much to know.
'T was nice to be a little boy
Ten thousand years ago!

For history had not begun,
The world was very new,
And in the schools, I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now, always there is more to learn,—
How history does grow!—
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this
I 'm glad I live to-day,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!

A DISAPPOINTED DAUGHTER

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE.

"MAMA, the girls at
our school,
For our Colonial Tea
Say quaint old gowns will
be the rule;
So some came home
with me.

They're all the *latest style that's out*—
What *everybody* wears!

"There is our grand French ancestress,
Madame la Comtesse B——.
I thought, of course, her bridal dress
Would be the thing for me.

"You're 'Dame' and 'Daugh-
ter' both, you see;

And all my schoolmates know
Our attic's full as it can be
Of gowns worn long ago.

"I chose an armful—just about,
To show the girls down-
stairs.



"I shook it out and brought it down.
 Mama, to my dismay,
 'T was just a white silk Empire gown —
 One sees them every day!

"And so we don't know what to do;
 'T would vex a very saint!
 How, when things century-old look new,
 Can we be odd or quaint?"



THE FIRE PATROL.

BY C. T. HILL.

THE annual loss by fire in the United States amounts to over one hundred millions of dollars, and fully one half of this loss is caused by the water used in extinguishing the fires. Before the introduction in 1872 of controlling or shut-off nozzles used on the fire-hose, the percentage of loss by water was even greater — at least two thirds of the total loss. Previous to the introduction of this much-needed device, there was used what was known as an "open pipe," a plain, open nozzle with no contrivance for shutting off the water. When it was necessary to shut off, the order had to be passed to the engineer, sometimes a long distance from the fire; and unless the nozzle could be thrust from a convenient window, the water would go pouring out, spreading destruction in all directions. In small fires, especially in "up-stairs" fires in private dwellings, or in business houses stocked with perishable goods, such as feathers, silks, etc., the unnecessary destruction of property was very great.

To-day, fires are fought much more scientifically, and with a great deal more system, than

were those of ten or twenty years ago; and officers in command of engine companies are usually very careful not to use any more water than is absolutely necessary. Nearly every hose-wagon in the New York Fire Department to-day carries three sizes of hose — the regulation size, 2½-inch, used at all ordinary fires; 3-inch (known as "third alarm hose," and only used at fires of considerable magnitude), and a small hose carried on a reel under the wagon. This hose is 1½ inches in diameter, and very easy to handle, and, on account of the ease with which any number of lengths of it can be carried about, it is that oftenest used at small fires in dwelling-houses, office-buildings, and flats. With a controlling nozzle on the end, the fireman can dash up several flights of stairs and into a bedroom or closet, and extinguish a small fire before it has time to spread, using the water only where it is absolutely needed. To drag the regulation size (it weighs about eighty pounds to the length) up and around winding stair-ways, etc., would take much longer, and perhaps give a fire time to get just

beyond the point of easy control; besides, when the water is finally started, a great deal more is used by this hose than is necessary, especially in the case of a small fire. It has been practically demonstrated that a considerable amount of fire can be extinguished with a small amount of water applied effectively, and the use of the small hose has done much to reduce the damage by water at fires in dwellings and flats.

Then the "Chemical Engine," used considerably in the fire departments of several cities, has aided materially in lowering the loss by water at small fires. The preparation carried in the tanks of these engines has a double advantage; not only does it extinguish a large body of fire with the use of a small amount of water, but the liquid itself evaporates quickly,

The hose is coiled around a reel on top of the engine, and always connected with the tanks, so when the firemen arrive at a fire all they have to do is to run off as much hose as they need, dash upstairs with the line, give the order to "dump" one of the tanks (there are two, carrying sixty gallons each), and they are all ready to go to work. The Chemical Engine, a picture of which is shown on this page, has extinguished more than twenty-five fires of considerable size since it has been in service in the New York Department, a little over a year. It is stationed on the upper west side of the city, where there are a great number of dwellings and flats, and it has aided materially in keeping down the fire losses in that part of New York.

With the use of improved methods such as I

have described, the losses by water at fires have undoubtedly been greatly reduced in the past few years in our larger cities, but it is also due to the efficiency of a separate organization entirely independent of the Fire Department that an immense amount of property is



THE CHEMICAL ENGINE.

leaving very little "drip" in the apartments or floors underneath the fire.

The tanks of these engines are charged with a solution of bi-carbonate of soda (baking soda) and water, with a small cylinder of sulphuric acid suspended at the top. When the tank is inverted, this acid is emptied into the soda and water, and the mixture at once generates carbonic-acid gas at a great pressure. Charging the liquid with this gas gives it the necessary pressure to drive it a considerable distance.

saved annually from destruction by water and by fire as well.

No doubt many people have noticed, when an alarm of fire has been sounded and the fire apparatus arrives, a big red wagon dashing up, filled with men wearing red fire-hats and white rubber coats. They seem to be part of the regular Fire Department, and yet are not. They are dressed to all appearances like the regulation firemen, but their work is different, and few people know that they represent a separate

branch of the fire service, and one entirely unconnected with the regular department.

In New York the organization is known as the "Fire Patrol," and it is controlled and supported by the Board of Fire Underwriters, acting for the various fire-insurance companies.

Practically, this detachment of the Fire Patrol, that responds at every alarm of fire, is simply the representatives of all the insurance companies put together. The companies are assessed proportionally for the support of this Patrol, and the immense amount of property saved annually by this efficient body of men proves that the money is well spent. This organization is found in nearly every large city in the United States, and is known variously under such names as Fire Patrol, Protective Department, and Salvage Corps; but their work in each city is practically the same.

The history of the New York branch of this novel addition to the fire service is not uninteresting, for its establishment dates back to the beginning of the present century, at which time it was known as the "Mutual Assistance Bag Company."

Originally this was a banding together of New York merchants for mutual protection at fires. Each member of the above "company" wore a "badge of distinction" at fires, consisting of a round hat with a black rim and a white crown bearing the initial letters of the organization "M. A." on the front. He was also armed with two stout canvas bags about two by three feet in size, having upon the outside his name in full and the letters M. A. surrounded by a circle. At each alarm of fire the members of the company responded with hat and bags; and, if a fellow-member's property was in danger, saved what they could, and conveyed it in these bags to some place of safety.

We find among the list of members of this organization in 1803 such names as Beekman, Bleecker, Cruger, Cutting, De Peyster, Roosevelt, Stuyvesant, and others as well known; showing that many of the pioneer merchants of New York City were incorporators of this mutual fire-protective association. It is extremely interesting to picture to the mind a group of these sturdy old Knickerbockers, working energetically amid the exciting surroundings of a

fire, stowing goods and chattels away in canvas bags bearing names that have since become historically famous or prominently identified with the growth of old Manhattan.

In 1839 the present Fire Patrol was organized, practically evolving, so far as records show, from this same Mutual Bag Company. Their headquarters were on Dutch Street, where a small wagon, pulled by hand, was kept stored on the top floor of a building. This wagon was lowered to the street each evening at 7 P. M., and hoisted back again at 5 A. M.; between these hours the fire patrolmen were on duty. Later the service was increased by the addition of another wagon and more men; and in 1870 the patrol was re-organized and put upon a more substantial and more effective basis.

Three stations were opened in different parts of the city and the companies, under command of three officers, were taken from the regular Fire Department. The most approved wagons and the best telegraphic instruments were introduced, and the finest horses obtainable were purchased for the service.

It is a question whether any branch of the regular Fire Department responded so quickly as the detachments from these different stations; and they presented a stirring picture as they thundered along on their way to a fire.

The service in New York has been still further enlarged, and to-day there are five stations, each containing two sections or two complete companies; so when one section responds to an alarm, another complete section (officer, men, and wagon) is left in quarters. Each station is manned by a captain, a lieutenant, a sergeant and from sixteen to twenty-four permanent men, and is further strengthened at night by the addition of ten auxiliary men who can be called upon at any moment for service. These are men who work during the day at various other occupations and are paid only for the time they are at fires. The permanent force is also recruited from these "auxiliary men."

A section of this Patrol responds to every alarm of fire in New York City. They are entirely independent of the department system, their only connection being a telegraphic one by which they get all alarms from fire head-



THE FIRE PATROL.

quarters. When they arrive at a fire their duty is to save property and protect it from damage by water. This they do by removing it when possible, or by covering it in the buildings with immense oil skin or tarpaulin covers. Twenty-four of these covers are carried in each wagon, and each measures fourteen by twenty feet. This makes 6,720 square feet of covering material, and a great deal of furniture, household goods, or valuable stock can be protected from water with the first wagon-load of covers. When more are needed, another wagon is sent for.

These covers are not only spread over goods upon counters, tables, and so on, but they are fastened up at the sides of stores to protect property on the shelves. They can be hung over perishable goods in such a manner as to keep them practically intact while a serious fire is extinguished in the building above them. The Fire Patrol men also take charge of a building after a fire and clean out all the rubbish and water. They also board up broken windows and openings made in the dead-lights over cellars, cover roofs that have been either burnt or cut away during the fire, and leave a

man in charge until the losses have been adjusted with the insurance companies.

They work in perfect harmony with the regular Fire Department, and very often are of great assistance to the latter, helping them to make openings in the buildings so as to get the lines of hose in position, and aiding the regular firemen in other ways. Their record of life-saving at fires is a brilliant one, several of the most daring rescues having been performed by members of the Fire Patrol.

Some of the wagons carry a complete set of life-saving appliances, such as scaling-ladders and life-nets, and the wagons also contain a large assortment of the tools used at fires. Small fires are frequently extinguished by the Patrol men, for they are very often the first company to arrive, and with the two portable fire-extinguishers, carried on each wagon, a small fire can be put out before the arrival of the engines. Thus it can be seen that their value as an aid to the regular Fire Department is not to be underestimated.

Nor is it to be imagined for a moment that their work at fires is free from danger. They sometimes perform their special line of work



A WATER TOWER AT WORK.

under even more trying circumstances than do the firemen. At "top story" or "upstairs" fires in big warehouses filled with perishable goods, or in some of the big business buildings on Broadway (especially in the "Dry Goods District"), while the firemen are working above,

or on a line with the fire, the fire patrolmen are working *underneath* making the most heroic efforts to save a stock sometimes fifteen or twenty times the value of that being consumed by the fire. They work in a smoke-charged atmosphere, spreading and hanging their covers while a scalding deluge of water blisters their hands, faces, and necks; for the tons of water being poured upon the flames have to pass through the fire before they descend and often come down almost boiling.

An incident that occurred at a severe fire in a big business house some two years ago will give an idea of what the members of these protective departments have to face at times in order to save property. The fire broke out about midnight in the basement of an immense fireproof building on Greene Street, extending a whole block from West Fourth Street to Washington Place. When the firemen arrived, half the basement, or practically half the block, was in flames, but on account of the fireproof construction of the building the fire was confined to the basement part. The fire was burning so fiercely that the shutters of the basement windows were almost red-hot and the dead-lights over the sidewalk were so heated that the tar around the glass was bubbling and running in streams across the walk to the gutter. The construction of the building was very substantial, and it was almost impossible for the firemen to make an entrance; indeed, the windows and dead-lights had to be broken in before they could secure access to the building and get to work.

The basement was occupied by a straw-hat manufacturer, and the captain of No. 2 Fire

Patrol (one of the first companies to arrive) felt sure there must be a sub-cellar stored with a most perishable stock. How to reach it before the firemen began to throw water upon the fire was the question. It seemed well nigh impossible to get into the basement through the regular entrances, and to venture in while the fire was raging as it was seemed almost foolhardy,



FIRE-PATROL MEN CARRYING COVERS INTO A BURNING STORE.

but he determined to reach the cellar at any cost and find out what it contained. After considerable effort he succeeded in making an entrance on the north side of the building (the main body of fire was on the south end), and groping his way through the smoke and dark-

ness, lantern in hand, he found himself in the basement. The heat was intense and the air stifling. Ahead of him in the corner of the basement he could see the flames rolling about, crackling and roaring as they devoured case after case of goods. Peering through the thick atmosphere, it was some time before he could discover anything that looked like the entrance to the cellar; but finally he spied a door about midway in the basement that he felt sure must lead to the sub-cellar. It was dangerously near the roaring furnace ahead of him, and he thought to himself: "Can I reach that and get into the cellar and back again before the fire cuts me off?" He made up his mind at least to make the effort. So he walked cautiously across the basement floor toward the door, keeping his eye on the fire all the time. It grew hotter and hotter as he advanced, and the perspiration was pouring from his face in great beads, and he was almost suffocated when his hand finally rested on the knob of the door. He opened it and stepped inside. What a relief! The transformation was almost marvelous, for the change from the heated atmosphere of the basement to the cool air of the cellar was like stepping out of a red-hot oven into an ice-box.

He descended the cellar stairs rapidly, and holding his lantern aloft, looked about him. It was as he had suspected. The cellar was filled with immense cases of straw hats, and although, owing to the fire-proof floor, the fire probably could not descend, when the many streams got to work, the damage by water would be enormous.

He hastily ascended; peering cautiously out of the door, he found the fire had not advanced any further. He then made his way quickly through the dense smoke to the street.

He reported to the Superintendent of the Patrol, who had arrived by this time, the fact that he had been in the basement and his discovery in the cellar, and told him he could do a great deal of good if he could only take the men down, and cover up the stock. The superintendent was at first loth to let him do so, for the situation looked too dangerous, but finally he gave permission and the captain gathered his patrolmen about him, and armed with covers they followed him to the sub-cellar to "cover up."

By this time the companies that had responded to the second and third alarms sent out were at work, as well as the companies that had been ordered into the basement; and the air in the cellar was not as pleasant as when the captain had first descended. The fire had begun to "settle," and the sub-cellar was filled with a thick, murky smoke, while a constant, scalding drip was falling from the ceiling.

In this dim, stifling atmosphere the patrolmen went to work with a will, spreading their waterproof covers over case after case of valuable stock, while overhead they could hear the roaring and crackling of the flames, the splashing of the many streams as they were dashed about, and now and then a dull crash as some heavy piece of masonry was crumbled away by the heat. These were conditions under which few men would care to labor, and yet the members of the Patrol were working energetically, scarcely giving a thought to the danger that hung above them.

At any moment the fire raging in the basement over their heads might get beyond the control of the firemen battling with it, and, spreading, cut off all means of escape, or the steel and iron structure of the building, warped and twisted by the dreadful heat it was being subjected to, might give way and send floor after floor loaded with heavy merchandise crashing down upon them. This and a hundred other possibilities menaced them while they labored in the murky cellar; and when the work was done 101 covers had been spread and property valued at over a hundred thousand dollars had been saved from destruction.

When No. 2 Patrol returned to quarters the next morning (for it was nearly morning before they were through), there was scarcely a member whose neck, hands, and wrists were not scalded and blistered to a painful degree, for they had worked during *nine hours* in a veritable shower-bath of *boiling water*, from which there was no escape.

Nor do they always get off so easily as in this case; many members have been maimed and injured at fires while in their endeavor to protect property. This little clipping, taken from a New York paper during 1893, tells how one brave man lost his life in the ser-

vice, and the history of the organization has many similar cases.

FIRE PATROLMAN KILLED.

August Milner of Fire Patrol No. 1 was killed while on duty at a fire last night at No. 436 Pearl Street. The building, a picture-frame factory, was stored with naphtha and varnish, which made a fierce blaze. Patrolmen Milner, Albert Donovan, James Burnett, George W.

reaching Milner, who was completely covered. His would-be rescuers had to retreat to save their own lives, leaving him to his fate. It was said by Milner's comrade that he must have been killed by the falling debris.

At fires in the homes of the poor these detachments of the Patrol work just as earnestly and conscientiously to save property as they would in the expensively furnished mansions of the rich. At tenement-house fires they are of great service. First they aid in getting the people out; then, gathering the goods together, the patrolmen protect them from water with tarpaulin covers. The majority of these fires break out in the basements or cellars; then, following the air- and light-shafts to the top floor, they spread, and do the greatest damage in the upper stories. To extinguish these fires, the other floors below have to be flooded, and were it not for the Fire Patrol in many cases the poor families would lose everything they owned. As one of the captains of the Patrol remarked: "Why, it would do your heart good if you could hear how profuse these poor people are in their thanks, and the blessings they shower on us when they find we've saved their things. They go running around, wringing their hands and crying: 'Everything's lost! Everything's lost!' and then, when the fire is out, we lead them back and show them their things, as dry as a chip under the covers, and—well,

Waddy, and Theodore F. Alling, all members of No. 1 Patrol, were at work on the ground-floor covering up costly picture-frames with tarpaulin, when the ceiling came down, together with a lot of picture-frames stacked against the wall. Milner was pinned down by the debris with Donovan.

The flames were spreading rapidly, but the members of hook and ladder company No. 10 rushed to the rescue. Frank Orgne of No. 10 pulled Donovan out. The hose was turned on the debris to prevent the flames from

say — there is n't anything they would n't do for us! Half the time they're not insured, and it is n't our business to protect people who are not; but we're not supposed to know everything, and our orders are to protect property first and find out whether it is insured afterwards; and it is not our fault if we save the little all of a lot of poor creatures who half the



IN THE CELLAR WITH THE FIRE.

time have n't a change of clothes to their back. You bet, we get to work just as quick in a tenement-house fire as in a big house on Fifth Avenue, and we do the same work in both places, no matter whether it's for the rich or the poor."

At serious fires in the dry-goods district, or in big buildings and stores filled with valuable stock, the efficient work performed by the Patrol can scarcely be estimated. Most of these fires also spread to the upper floors, and about the only thing that can extinguish them effectively is the "water-tower." This appliance is the greatest friend and the greatest enemy that the insurance companies have; for while it puts out a big fire quickly, at the same time it destroys valuable property with water. When a fire is raging in the upper part of a high building the water-tower can throw an immense stream practically on a line with the fire, and it can be driven clear through a floor or loft, really washing the fire out; but the tons of water descending through the floors below play sad havoc with a valuable stock; and in a structure filled with silks, laces, dry goods, upholstery materials, or similar commodities, it can be readily seen what an immense amount of damage would be done if it were not for the quick covering of goods by the Patrol. There is no doubt that the annual saving to the insurance companies by the New York organization amounts to millions of dollars, so it can be seen that its existence is not in vain.

In the picture on page 981 the water-tower is seen at work at a recent big fire in New

York; and the picture also shows the stand-pipe or monitor-nozzle at the end of the wagon that carries the tower. Two "street-lines" are also at work, striking the fifth and sixth floors respectively. While more or less of the water sent from the street-lines is spent on the outside of the building, the stream from the tower goes straight in through the fifth-story window, and very little of the water is lost outside. At a rough estimate, there are about 10,000 gallons a minute passing through these four streams, and some idea of the drip within the building can be formed from the miniature Niagara pouring off the shed outside. Had the lower part of the building been filled with dry goods or other perishable stock, the loss would have been enormous; but as it was filled with wines and liquors in cases, the loss, though heavy, was light in comparison with the amount of water used.

With a perfect Fire Department such as New York possesses to-day, and an efficient auxiliary force in the Fire Patrol that I have just described, the wholesale losses by fire of former years ought to be soon a thing of the past in this great city. With the two forces combined, we have undoubtedly before us the greatest fire-service of any city in the world. Yet, when we consider that in 1896 there were 4309 alarms of fire in New York city, and that out of this number 3890 were actual fires, we can easily realize that there must be a perfect organization to combat such a foe. That New York possesses such an organization I firmly believe.



THE WATER-TOWER ON ITS WAY TO A FIRE.

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TURNED ADRIFT.

DOWN the path and under the gate the rains had washed a shallow rut in the earth. Two pebbles, loosened by the closing of the gate, rolled down the rut and out upon the little spreading fan of sand that whitened in the grass.

There was the house with the black beams checkering its yellow walls. There was the old bench by the door, and the lettuce in the garden-bed. There were the beehives, and the bees humming among the orchard boughs.

"Why, father, what!" cried Nick, "dost na know me yet? See, 't is I — Nick, thy son."

A strange look came into the tanner's face. "I do na know thee, boy," he answered heavily; "thou canst na enter here."

"But, father, indeed 't is I!"

Simon Attwood looked across the town, yet he did not see the town; across the town into the sky, yet he did not see the sky, nor the drifting banks of cloud, nor the sunlight shining on the clouds. "I say I do na know thee," he replied; "be off to the place whence ye ha' come."

Nick's hand was almost on the latch. He stopped. He looked up into his father's face. "Why, father, I 've come home!" he gasped.

The gate shook in the tanner's grip. "Have I na telled thee twice I do na know thee, boy? No house o' mine shall e'er be home for thee. Thou hast no part or parcel here. Get thee out o' my sight."

"Oh, father, father, what do ye mean?" cried Nick, his lips scarcely able to shape the words.

"Do na ye 'father' me no more," said Simon Attwood, bitterly; "I be na father to stage-playing, vagabond rogues. And begone, I say.

Dost hear? Must I e'en thrust thee forth?" He raised his hand as if to strike.

Nick fell away from the latchet-gate, dumb-stricken with amazement, shame, and grief.

"Oh, Nick," cried Cicely, "come away — the wicked, wicked man!"

"It is my father, Cicely."

She stared at him. "And thou dost hate *my* father so? Oh, Nick! oh, Nick!"

"Will ye be gone?" called Simon Attwood, half opening the gate; "must I set constables on thee?"

Nick did not move. A numbness had crept over him like palsy. Cicely caught him by the hand. "Come, let us go back to *my* father," she said. "He will not turn us out."

Scarcely knowing what he did, he followed her, stumbling in the level path as though he were half blind or had been beaten upon the head. He did not cry. This was past all crying. He let himself be led along — it made no matter where.

In Chapel lane there was a crowd along the Great House wall; and on the wall Ned Lane and Martin Addenbroke were sitting. There were heads of people moving on the porch and in the court, and the yard was all a-bustle and to-do. But there was nobody in the street, and no one looked at Nick and Cicely.

The Great House looked very fair in the sun of that May day, with its homely gables of warm red brick and sunburnt timber, its cheery roof of Holland tile, and the sunlight flashing from the diamond panes that were leaded into the sashes of the great bay-window on the eastern garden side.

In the garden all was stir-about and merry voices. There was a little green court before the house, and a pleasant lawn coming down to the lane from the doorway porch. The house stood to the left of the entry-drive, and the barn-yard to the right was loud with the

blithe crowing of the cocks. But the high brick wall shut out the street where Nick and Cicely trudged dolefully along, and to Nick the lane seemed very full of broken crockery and dirt, and the sunlight all a mockery. The whole of the year had not yet been so dark as this, for there had ever been the dream of coming home. But *now*—he suffered himself to be led along; that was enough.

They had come past the Great House up from Chapel street, when a girl came out of the western gate, and with her hand above her eyes looked after them. She seemed in doubt, but looked again, quite searchingly; then, as one who is not sure, but does not wish to miss a chance, called out, "Nick Attwood! Nick Attwood!"

Cicely looked back to see who called. She did not know the girl, but saw her beckon. "There is some one calling, Nick," said she.

Nick stopped in a hopeless sort of way, and looked back down the street.

When he had turned so that the girl at the gate could see his face, she left the gate wide open behind her, and came running quickly up the street after them. As she drew nearer he saw that it was Susannah Shakspeare, though she was very much grown since he had seen her last. He watched her running after them as if it were none of his affair. But when she had caught up with them, she took him by the shoulder smartly and drew him back toward the gate. "Why, Nicholas Attwood," she cried, all out of breath, "come straightway into the house with me. My father hath been hunting after thee the whole way up from London town!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A STRANGE DAY.

THERE in the Great House garden under the mulberry-trees stood Master Will Shakspeare, with Masters Jonson, Burbage, Hemynge, Condell, and a goodly number more, who had just come up from London town, as well as Alderman Henry Walker of Stratford, good old John Combe of the college, and Michael Drayton, the poet of Warwick. For Master Shakspeare had that morning bought the Great House,

with its gardens and barns, of Master William Underhill, for sixty pounds sterling, and was making a great feast for all his friends to celebrate the day.

The London players all clapped their hands as Nick and Cicely came up the garden-path, and, "Upon my word, Will," declared Master Jonson, "the lad is a credit to this old town of thine. A plucky fellow, I say,—a right plucky fellow. Found the lass and brought her home all safe and sound—why, 't is done like a true knight-errant!"

Master Shakspeare met them with outstretched hands. "Thou young rogue," said he, smiling, "how thou hast forestalled us! Why, here we have been weeping for thee as lost, strayed, or stolen; and all the while thou wert nestling in the bosom of thine own sweet home. How doth the beloved little mother?"

"I ha' na seen my mother," faltered Nick. "Father will na let me in."

"What? How?"

"My father will na have me any more, sir—saith I shall never be his son again. Oh, Master Shakspeare, why did they steal me from home?"

They were all crowding about now, and Master Shakspeare had hold of the boy. "Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "What on earth has happened?"

Between the two children, in broken words, the story came out.

"Why, this is a sorry tale!" said Master Shakspeare. "Does the man not know that thou wert stolen, that thou wert kept against thy will, that thou hast trudged half-way from London for thy mother's sake?"

"He will na leave me tell him, sir. He would na even listen to me!"

"The muckle shrew!" quoth Master Jonson. "Why, I'll have this out with him! By Jupiter, I'll read him reason with a vengeance!" With a clink of his rapier, he made as if to be off at once.

"Nay, Ben," said Master Shakspeare; "cool thy blood—a quarrel will not serve. This tanner is a bitter-minded, heavy-handed man—he'd only throw thee in a pickling-vat."

"What! Then he'd never tan another hide!"



“‘WILL YE BE GONE?’ CALLED SIMON ATTWOOD, HALF OPENING THE GATE; ‘MUST I SET CONSTABLES ON THEE?’”

“And would that serve the purpose, Ben? The cure should better the disease — the children must be thought about.”

“The children? Why, as for them,” said Master Jonson, in his blunt, outspoken way, “I ’ll think thee a thought offhand to serve the

turn. What? Why, this tanner calls us vagabonds. Vagabonds, forsooth! Yet vagabonds are gallows-birds, and gallows-birds are ravens. And ravens, men say, do foster forlorn children. Take my point? Good, then; let us ravenous vagabonds take these two children for our own, Will,—thou one, I t' other,—and by praiseworthy fostering singe this fellow's very brain with shame."

"Why, here, here, Ben Jonson," spoke up Master Burbage, "this is all very well for Will and thee; but, pray, where do Hemynge, Condell, and I come in upon the bill? Come, man, 't is a pity if we cannot all stand together in this real play as well as in all the make-believe."

"That 's my sort!" cried Master Hemynge. "Why, what? Here is a player's daughter who has no father, and a player whose father will not have him,—orphaned by fate, and disinherited by folly,—common stock with us all! Marry, 't is a sort of stock I want some of. Kind hearts are trumps, my honest Ben—make it a stock company, and let us all be in."

"That 's no bad fancy," added Condell, slowly, for John Condell was a cold, shrewd man. "There 's merit in the lad beside his voice—*that* cannot keep its sweetness long; but his figure 's good, his wit is quick, and he has a very taking style. It would be worth while, Dick. And, Will," said he, turning to Master Shakspeare, who listened with half a smile to all that the others said, "he 'll make a better *Rosalind* than Roger Prynne for thy new play."

"So he would," said Master Shakspeare; "but before we put him into 'As You Like It,' suppose we ask him how he does like it? Nick, thou hast heard what all these gentlemen have said—what hast thou to say, my lad?"

"Why, sirs, ye are all kind," answered Nick unsteadily, his voice beginning to tremble, "very, very kind indeed, sirs; but—I—I want my mother—oh, masters, I do want my mother!"

At that John Combe turned on his heel and walked out of the gate. Out of the garden gate walked he, and down the dirty lane, setting his cane down stoutly as he went, past gravel-pits

and pens, to Southam's lane, and in at the door of Simon Attwood's tannery.

It was noon when he went in; yet the hour struck, and no one came or went from the tannery. Mistress Attwood's dinner grew cold upon the board, and Dame Combe looked vainly across the fields toward the town.

But about the middle of the afternoon John Combe came out of the tannery door, and Simon Attwood came behind him. And as John Combe came down the cobbled way, a trail of brown vat-liquor followed him, dripping from his clothes, for he was soaked to the skin. His long gray hair had partly dried in strings about his ears, and his fine lace collar was a drabbed shame; but there was a singular untroubled smile upon his plain old face.

Simon Attwood stayed to lock the door, fumbling his keys as if his sight had failed; but when the heavy bolt was shut, he turned and called after John Combe, so that the old man stopped in the way and dripped a puddle until the tanner came up to where he stood. And as he came up Attwood asked, in such a tone as none had ever heard from his mouth before, "Combe, John Combe, what 's done 's done,—and oh, John, the pity of it!—yet will ye still shake hands wi' me, John, afore ye go?"

John Combe took Simon Attwood's bony hand and wrung it hard in his stout old grip, and looked the tanner squarely in the eyes; then, still smiling serenely to himself, and setting his cane down stoutly as he walked, dripped home, and got himself into dry clothes without a word.

But Simon Attwood went down to the river, and sat upon a flat stone under some pollard willows, and looked into the water.

What his thoughts were no one knew, nor ever shall know; but he was fighting with himself, and more than once groaned bitterly. At first he only shut his teeth and held his temples in his hands; but after a while he began to cry to himself over and over again, "O Absalom, my son, my son! O my son Absalom!" and then only "My son, my son!" And when the day began to wane above the woods of Arden, he arose, and came up from the river, walking swiftly; and, looking neither to the

right nor to the left, came to the Great House garden, and went in at the gate.

At the door the servant met him, but saw his face, and let him pass without a word; for he looked like a desperate man whom there was no stopping.

So, with a grim light burning in his eyes, his hat in his hand, and his clothes all drabbed with the liquor from his vats, the tanner strode into the dining-hall.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

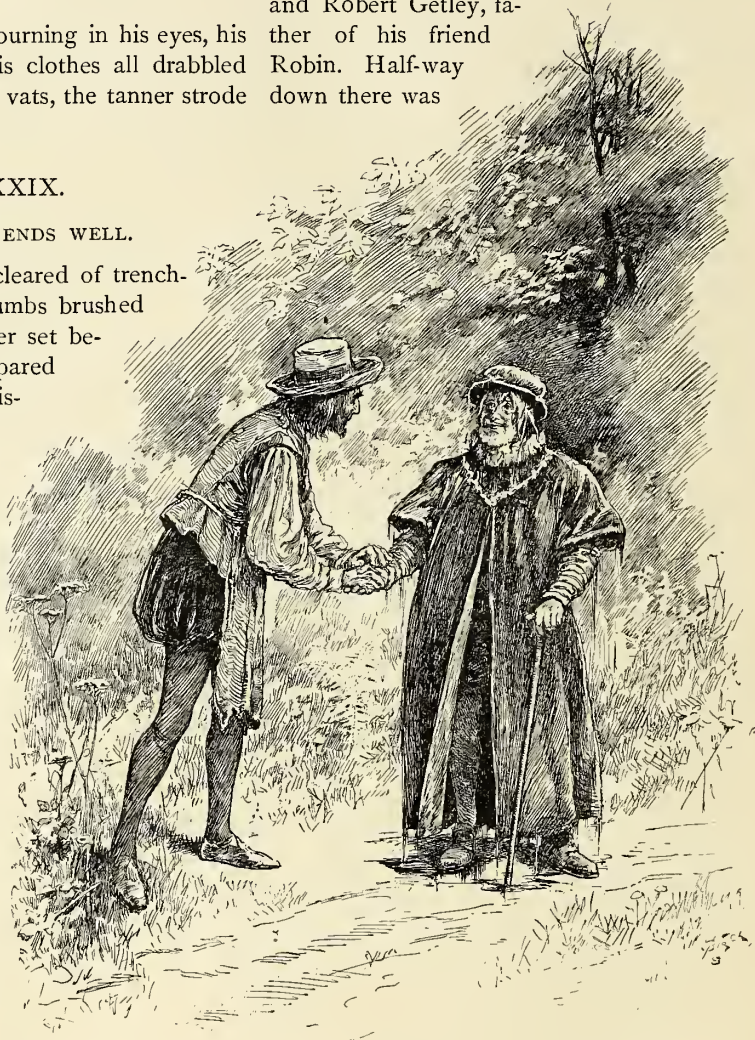
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE table had been cleared of trenchers and napkins, the crumbs brushed away, and a clean platter set before each guest, with pared cheese, fresh cherries, biscuit, caraways, and wine.

There were about the long table, beside Master Shakspeare himself, who sat at the head of the board, Masters Richard and Cuthbert Burbage, John Condell, and Peter Hemynge, Master Shakspeare's partners; Master Ben Jonson, his dearest friend; Thomas Pope, who played his finest parts; John Lowin, Samuel Gilburne, Robert Nash, and William Kemp, players of the Lord Chamberlain's Company; Edmund Shakspeare, the actor, who was Master William Shakspeare's younger brother, and Master John Shakspeare, his father; Michael Drayton, the Midland bard; Burgess Robert Getley, Alderman Henry Walker, and William Hart, the Stratford hatter, brother-in-law to Master Shakspeare.

On one side of the table, between Master Jonson and Master Richard Burbage, Cicely

was seated upon a high chair, with a wreath of early crimson roses in her hair, attired in the gown in which Nick saw her first a year before. On the other side of the table Nick had a place between Master Drayton and Robert Getley, father of his friend Robin. Half-way down there was



“JOHN COMBE TOOK SIMON ATTWOOD'S HAND, AND WRUNG IT IN HIS STOUT OLD GRIP.”

an empty chair: Master John Combe was absent.

That was no common party. In all England better company could not have been found. Some few of them the whole round world could not have matched then, and could not match now.

It would be worth a fortune to know the

things they said,—the quips, the jests, the merry tales that went round that board,—but time has left too little of what such men said and did.

'T was Master Shakspeare on his feet, welcoming his friends to his "New Place" with quiet words that made them glad to live and to be there, when suddenly he stopped, his hands upon the table by his chair, and stared.

The tanner stood there, silent, in the doorway.

Nick's face turned pale. Cicely clung to Master Jonson's arm.

Simon Attwood stepped into the room, and Master Shakspeare went quickly to meet him in the middle of the floor.

"Master Will Shakspeare," said the tanner, hoarsely, "I ha' come about a matter." There he stopped, not knowing what to say, for he was overwrought.

"Out with it, sir," said Master Shakspeare, sternly. "There is much here to be said."

The tanner wrung his hat within his hands, and looked about the ring of cold, averted faces. Soft words with him were few; he had forgotten tender things; and, indeed, what he meant to do was no easy thing for any man.

"Come, say what thou hast to say," said Master Shakspeare, resolutely; "and say it quickly, that we may have done."

"There 's nought that I can say," said Simon Attwood, "but that I be sorry, and I want my son! Nick—Nick!" he faltered brokenly, "I be wrung for thee. Will ye na come home—just for thy mother's sake, Nick, if ye will na come for mine?"

Nick started from his seat with a glad cry—then stopped. "But Cicely?" he said.

The tanner wrung his hat within his hands, and his face was dark with trouble. Master Shakspeare looked at Master Jonson.

Nick stood hesitating between Cicely and his father, faithful to his promise, though his heart was sick for home.

An odd light had been struggling dimly in Simon Attwood's troubled eyes. Then all at once it shone out bright and clear, and he clapped his bony hand upon the stout oak chair. "Bring her along," he said. "I ha' little enough, but I will do the best I can.

Maybe 't will somehow right the wrong I ha' done," he added huskily. "And, neighbors, I'll go surety to the Council that she shall na fall a pauper or a burden to the town. My trade is ill enough, but, sirs, it will stand for forty pound the year at a fair cast up. Bring the lass wi' thee, Nick—we 'll make out, lad, we 'll make out. God will na let it all go wrong."

Master Jonson and Master Shakspeare had been nodding and talking together in a low tone, smiling like men very well pleased about something, and straightway Master Shakspeare left the room.

"Wilt thou come, lad?" asked the tanner, holding out his hands.

"Oh, father!" cried Nick; then he choked so that he could say no more, and his eyes were so full of mist that he could scarcely find his father where he stood.

But there was no need of more; Simon Attwood was answered.

Voices buzzed about the room. The servants whispered in the hall. Nick held his father's gnarled hand in his own, and looked curiously up into his face, as if for the first time knowing what it was to have a father.

"Well, lad, what be it?" asked the tanner, huskily, laying his hand on his son's curly head, which was nearly up to his shoulder now.

"Nothing," said Nick, with a happy smile, "only mother will be glad to have Cicely—won't she?"

Master Shakspeare came into the room with something in his hand, and walking to the table, laid it down.

It was a heavy buckskin bag, tied tightly with a silken cord, and sealed with red wax stamped with the seals of Master Shakspeare and Master Jonson.

Every one was watching him intently, and one or two of the gentlemen from London were smiling in a very knowing way.

He broke the seals, and loosening the thong which closed the bag, took out two other bags, one of which was just double its companion's size. They also were tied with silken cord and sealed with the two seals on red wax. There was something printed roughly with a quill pen upon each bag, but Master Shakspeare kept

that side turned toward himself so that the others could not see.

"Come, come, Will," broke in Master Jonson, "don't be all day about it!"

"The more haste the worse speed, Ben," said Master Shakspeare, quietly. "I have a little story to tell ye all."

So they all listened.

"When Gaston Carew, lately master-player of the Lord High Admiral's company, was arraigned before my Lord Justice for the killing of that rascal Fulk Sandells, there was not a man of his own company had the grace to lend him even so much as sympathy. But there were still some in London who would not leave him totally friendless in such straits."

"Some?" interrupted Master Jonson, bluntly; "then o-n-e spells 'some.' The names of them all were Will Shakspeare."

"Tut, tut, Ben!" said Master Shakspeare, and went on: "But when the indictment was read, and those against him showed their hand, it was easy to see that the game was up. None saw this sooner than Carew himself; yet he carried himself like a man, and confessed the charge without a quiver. They brought him the book, to read a verse and save his neck, perhaps, by pleading benefit of clergy. But he knew the temper of those against him, and that nothing might avail; so he refused the plea, quietly, saying, 'I am no clerk, sirs. All I wish to read in this case is what my own hand wrote upon that scoundrel Sandells.' It was soon over. When the judge pronounced his doom, all Carew asked for was a friend to speak with a little while aside. This the court allowed; so he sent for me—we played together with Henslowe, he and I, ye know. He had not much to say—for once in his life,"—here Master Shakspeare smiled with gentle pity,— "but he sent his love forever to his only daughter Cicely."

Cicely was sitting up, listening with wide eyes, and eagerly nodded her head, as if to say, "Of course."

"He also begged of Nicholas Attwood that he would forgive him whatever wrong he had done him."

"Why, that I will, sir," choked Nick,

brokenly; "he was wondrous kind to me, except that he would na leave me go."

"After that," continued Master Shakspeare, "he made known to me a sliding panel in the wainscot of his house, wherein was hidden all he had on earth to leave to those he loved the best, and who, he hoped, loved him."

"Everybody loves my father," said Cicely, smiling and nodding again. Master Jonson put his arm around the back of her chair, and she leaned her head upon it.

"Carew said that he had marked upon the bags which were within the panel the names of the persons to whom they were to go, and had me swear, upon my faith as a Christian man, that I would see them safely delivered according to his wish. This being done, and the end come, he kissed me on both cheeks, and standing bravely up, spoke to them all, saying that for a man such as he had been it was easier to end even so than to go on. I never saw him again."

The great writer of plays paused a moment, and his lips moved as if he were saying a prayer. Master Burbage crossed himself.

"The bags were found within the wall, as he had said, and were sealed by Ben Jonson and myself until we should find the legatees; for they had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had gaped and swallowed them. But, by the Father's grace, we have found them safe and sound at last; and all 's well that ends well!"

Here he turned the buckskin-bags around.

On one, in Master Carew's school-boy scrawl, was printed, "For myne Onelie Beeloved Doghter, Cicely Carew"; on the other, "For Nicholas Attewode, alias Mastre Skie-lark, whom I, Gaston Carew, Player, Stole Away from Stratford Toune, Anno Domini 1596."

Nick stared; Cicely clapped her hands; and Simon Attwood sat down dizzily.

"There," said Master Shakspeare, pointing to the second bag, "are one hundred and fifty gold rose-nobles. In the other, just three hundred more. Neighbor Attwood, we shall have no paupers here."

Everybody laughed then and clapped his hands, and the London players gave a rousing cheer. Master Ben Jonson's shout might have been heard in Market Square.



"MASTER SHAKSPERE MET THEM WITH OUTSTRETCHED HANDS."

At this tremendous uproar the servants peeped at the doors and windows; and Tom Turnspit, peering in from the buttery hall, and seeing the two round money-bags plumping on the table, crept away with such a look of amazement upon his face that Mollikins, the scullery-maid, thought he had seen a ghost, and fled precipitately into the pantry.

"And what 's more, Neighbor Tanner," said Master Richard Burbage, "had Carew's daughter not sixpence to her name, we 'vagabond players,' as ye have had the scanty grace to dub us, would have cared for her for the honour of the craft, and reared her gently in some quiet place where there never falls even the shadow of such evil things as have been the end of many a right good fellow beside old Kit Marlowe and Gaston Carew."

"And to that end, Neighbor Attwood," Master Shakspeare added, "we have, through my young Lord Hunsdon, who has just been made State Chamberlain, Her Majesty's gracious permission to hold this money in trust for the little maid as guardians under the law."

Cicely stared around, perplexed. "Won't Nick be there?" she asked. "Why, then I will not go—they shall not take thee from me, Nick!" and she threw her arms around him. "I 'm going to stay with thee till daddy comes, and be thine own sister forever."

Master Jonson laughed gently, not his usual roaring laugh, but one that was as tender as his own bluff heart. "Why, good enough, good enough! The woman who mothered a lad like Master Skylark here is surely fit to rear the little maid."

The London players thumped the table. "Why, 't is the very trick," said Hemynge. "Marry, this is better than a play."

"It is indeed," quoth Condell. "See the plot come out!"

"Thou 'lt do it, Attwood—why, of course thou 'lt do it," said Master Shakspeare. "'T is an excellent good plan. These funds we hold in trust will keep thee easy-minded, and warrant thee in doing well by both our little folks. And what 's more," he cried, for the thought had just come in his head, "I have ever heard thee called an honest man; hard, indeed, perhaps too hard, but honest as the day is long.

Now I need a tenant for this New Place of mine—some married man with a good housewife, and children to be delving in the posy-beds outside. What sayst thou, Simon Attwood? They tell me thy prentice, Job Hortop, is to marry in July—he 'll take thine old house at a fair rental. Why, here, neighbor Attwood, thou toil-worn, time-damaged tanner, bless thy hard old heart, man, come, be at ease—thou hast ground thy soul out long enough! Come, take me at mine offer—be my fellow. The rent shall trickle off thy fingertips as easily as water off a duck's back!"

Simon Attwood arose from the chair where he had been sitting. There was a bewildered look upon his face, and he was twisting his horny fingers together until the knuckles were white. His lips parted as if to speak, but he only swallowed very hard once or twice instead, and looked around at them all. "Why, sir," he said at length, looking at Master Shakspeare, "why, sirs, all of ye, I ha' been a hard man, and summat of a fool, ay, sirs, a very fool. I ha' misthought and miscalled ye foully many a time, and many a time. God knows I be sorry for it from the bottom o' my heart!" And with that he sat down and buried his face in his arms among the dishes on the buffet.

"Nay, Simon Attwood," said Master Shakspeare, going to his side and putting his hand upon the tanner's shoulder, "thou hast only been mistaken, that is all. Come, sit thee up. To see thyself mistaken is but to be the wiser. Why, never the wisest man but saw himself a fool a thousand times. Come, I have mistaken thee more than thou hast me; for, on my word, I thought thou hadst no heart at all—and that 's far worse than having one which has but gone astray. Come, Neighbor Attwood, sit thee up and eat with us."

"Nay, I 'll go home," said the tanner, turning his face away that they might not see his tears. "I be a spoil-sport and a mar-feast here."

"Why, by Jupiter, man!" cried Master Jonson, bringing his fist down upon the board with a thump that made the spoons all clink, "thou art the very merrymaker of the feast. A full heart 's better than a surfeit any day. Don't let him go, Will—this sort of thing doth make

the whole world kin! Come, Master Attwood, sit thee down, and make thyself at home. 'T is not my house, but 't is my friend's, and so 't is all the same in the Lowlands. Be free of us and welcome."

"I thank ye, sirs," said the tanner, slowly, turning to the table with rough dignity. "Ye ha' been good to my boy. I 'll ne'er forget ye while I live. Truly, sirs, there be kind hearts in the world that I had na dreamed of. But, masters, I ha' said my say, and know na more. Your pleasure wunnot be my pleasure, sirs, for I be only a common man. I will go home to my wife. There be things to say before my boy comes home and I ha' muckle need to tell her that I love her — I ha' na done so these many years."

"Why, Neighbor Tanner," cried Master Jonson, with flushing cheeks, "thou art a right good fellow! And here was I, no later than this morning, red-hot to spit thee upon my bilbo like a Michaelmas goose!" He laughed a boyish laugh that it did one's heart good to hear.

"Ay," said Master Shakspeare, smiling, as he and Simon Attwood looked into each other's eyes. "Come, neighbor, I know thou art my man — so do not go until thou drinkest one good toast with us, for we are all good friends and true from this day forth. Come, Ben, a toast to fit the cue."

"Why, then," replied Master Jonson, in a good round voice, rising in his place, "*here 's to all kind hearts!*"

"Wherever they may be!" said Master Shakspeare, softly. "It is a good toast, and we all will drink it together."

And so they did. And Simon Attwood went away with a warmth and a tingling in his heart he had never known before.

"Margaret," said he, coming quickly in at the door, as she went silently about the house with a heavy heart, preparing the supper, "Margaret."

She dropped the platter upon the board, and came to him hurriedly, fearing evil tidings.

He took her by the hands. This, even more than his unusual manner, alarmed her. "Why, Simon," she cried, "what is it? What has come over thee?"

"Nought," he replied, looking down at her, his hard face quivering; "but I love thee, Margaret."

"Simon, what dost thou mean?" faltered Mistress Attwood, her heart going down like lead.

"Nought, sweetheart, but that I love thee, Margaret, and that our lad is coming home!"

Her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Margaret," said he, huskily, "I do love thee, lass. Is it too late to tell thee so?"

"Nay, Simon," answered his wife, simply; "'t is never too late to mend." And with that she laughed — but in the middle of her laughing a tear ran down her cheek.

From the windows of the New Place there came a great sound of men singing together, and this was the quaint old song they sang:

"Then here 's a health to all kind hearts
Wherever they may be;
For kindly hearts make but one kin
Of all humanity.
And here 's a rouse to all kind hearts
Wherever they be found;
For it is the throb of kindred hearts
Doth make the world go round!"

"Why, Will," said Master Burbage, slowly setting down his glass, "'t is altogether a mid-summer night's dream."

"So it is, Dick," answered Master Shakspeare, with a smile, and a far-away look in his eyes. "Come, Nicholas, wilt thou not sing for us just the last few lines of 'When Thou Wakest,' out of the play?"

Then Nick stood up quietly, for they all were his good friends there, and Master Drayton held his hand while he sang:

"Every man shall take his own,
In your waking shall be shown,
Jack shall have Jill,
Nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again,
and all shall be well!"

They were very still for a little while after he had done, and the setting sun shone in at the windows across the table. Then Master Shakspeare said gently, "It is a good place to end."

"Ay," said Master Jonson, "it is."

So they all got up softly and went out into the garden, where there were seats under the trees, and talked quietly among themselves, saying not much, yet meaning a great deal.

But Nick and Cicely said "Good-night, sirs," to them all, and bowed; and Master Shakspeare himself let them out at the gate, the others shaking Nick by the hand with many kind wishes, and throwing kisses to Cicely until they went out of sight around the chapel corner.

When the children came to the garden-gate in front of Nick's father's house, the red roses still twined in Cicely's hair, Simon Attwood and his wife Margaret were sitting together upon the old oaken settle by the door, looking out into the sunset. And when they saw the children coming, they arose and came through the garden, to meet them, Nick's mother with outstretched hands, and her face bright with the setting sun. And when she came to where he was, the whole of that long, bitter year was nothing any more to Nick.

For then — ah! then — a lad and his mother, a son come home! — the wandering ended, and the sorrow done!

She took him to her breast as though he were a baby still. Her tears ran down upon his

face; yet she was smiling — a smile like which there is no other in all the world — a mother's smile upon her only son, who was astray, but has come home again.

Oh, the love of a lad for his mother! — the love of a mother for her son! — unchanged, unchanging, for right, for wrong, through grief and shame, in joy, in peace, in absence, in sickness, and in the shadow of death — oh, mother-love, beyond all understanding, so holy that words but make it common!

"My boy!" was all she said; and then, "My boy — my little boy!"

And after a while, "Mother," said he, and took her face between his strong young hands, and looked into her happy eyes, "mother, dear, I ha' been to London town, I ha' been to the palace, and I ha' seen the Queen; but, mother," he said, with a little tremble in his voice, for all he smiled so bravely, "I ha' never seen the place where I would rather be than just where thou art, mother dear!"

The soft gray twilight gathered in the little garden; far-off voices drifted faintly from the town. The day was done. Cool and still and filled with gentle peace the starlit night came down from the dewy hills; and Cicely lay fast asleep in Simon Attwood's arms.

THE END.

HELEN KELLER AND TOMMY STRINGER.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A LITTLE child lived in black silence. There never was midnight so dense as the darkness that enveloped his mind. Sight and hearing were gone utterly and forever. The child knew absolutely nothing, except that sometimes from somewhere Something put food into his mouth, and moved him about when necessary. His world was limited by as much of his little crib as he could feel with his hands, and by

the touch of this Something that cared for his wants.

The merest babe knows the sunlight and its mother's voice and face. Five years had passed over this little boy as he lay on his hospital cot, but he knew less than a month-old infant — less, indeed, than the least of the beasts of the field. He was completely shut up in a living tomb of flesh, with no communication between

himself and the great world about him. Yet within that prison was a healthy brain, open to all the possibilities of life.

Since the terrible sickness that had come to him in infancy, little Tommy Stringer had lain thus among strangers. His mother was dead; his father could not help him. From his birth-place in Washington, Pennsylvania, the helpless sufferer had been removed to a hospital in Allegheny. But no institution wanted this troublesome charge, who would require the constant attention of a teacher. So the almshouse seemed the only haven for Tommy. There at least he could find a shelter.

But it was not to be so. Light was ahead—the glorious light of knowledge. One who had been similarly shut in by the walls of a triple affliction was to lead Tommy Stringer out into the bright light that she herself enjoyed. It was during the summer of 1890 that the news of Tommy's sad plight came to Helen Keller. The sensitive soul of this ten-year-old girl was deeply affected. *She*, if no one else, would save the poor boy.

Thenceforth Tommy became the burden of Helen's thought and conversation. She talked about him to her friends; she wrote letter upon letter asking aid for him. At this time occurred a pathetic incident that was the means of turning toward the little blind boy the kindly interest and generous gifts that accomplished his rescue.

The pet and playmate of Helen when she was at home was a beautiful Newfoundland dog. Through a foolish blunder, this animal was shot by a policeman. When the news came to Helen, she had no word of reproach, but simply said, with beautiful charity, "I am sure they never could have done it if they had only known what a dear, good dog 'Lioness' was."

The story of her loss was published widely, and from far and near—even from across the ocean—came to Helen offers of money or another dog. The little girl had only one answer to all these kind expressions: she was grateful, but she did not care for another dog to take the

place of Lioness. Nevertheless, the gift would be accepted, if the donor so desired, on behalf of a little deaf, dumb, and blind boy for whom she was trying to raise money enough to bring him to Boston to be educated.

In every direction Helen sent this message, always in a specially written personal letter that was marked by the sweet simplicity and remarkable ability of the author. For a long



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. MARSHALL.

Helen A. Keller

time these letters averaged eight a day, and a marvelously versatile and eloquent little pleader Helen showed herself. She also wrote for newspapers articles addressed to children, as well as general appeals—never any two precisely alike. Helen instituted for herself a rigorous course of self-denial (abstinence from soda-water and other prized luxuries), that she might save money for her one great object. The re-

sult of all this effort was the securing of sufficient funds to insure Tommy at least two years of education at the Kindergarten for the Blind, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Thither, on April 10, 1891, came "Baby Tom," as Helen called this five-year-old child. It was a pitiful spectacle that greeted his Boston friends when the boy was brought to the kindergarten. His life had been spent mostly in bed (it was the easiest place to care for him), and he could not walk at all, nor even stand with confidence. Of signs for indicating his wants he had none. He was as a little beast, tearing and destroying his own clothes and all else destructible that was within his reach. His temper and stubbornness were fearful.

To the appalling task of giving the first rays of light to this child, Helen and her teacher set themselves until a permanent instructor could be secured. With almost inconceivable patience and love, kind friends began the education of this untutored mind. The lessons of discipline, regular habits, and obedience had to precede and accompany the teaching of manual speech.

How could this child, who had not the remotest conception of any sort of language, be taught to talk?

The method, simply stated, was this: Every time that bread was given to him the letters "b-r-e-a-d" were formed in the manual alphabet on the boy's own fingers, and also in his hand, by the fingers of his teacher. Again and again this was repeated, thousands of times. It was slow work. The mind had lain too long without knowledge to receive easily the idea of speech. Even after the teachers were sure that Tom understood the definite connection between the word "bread," and those finger-motions, he refused to use his knowledge, because of his strange perversity. At last, after nine months of teaching and waiting, the little fingers voluntarily spelled "b-r-e-a-d," and the beginning had been made.

Other words soon followed, and ere long the mystery of speech was comprehended. Tom took his place in the kindergarten classes and learned all that was taught the other boys. Reading, writing, arithmetic, sloyd, gymnastics, and other studies were undertaken; and to-day,

in almost all respects save such as are entirely dependent upon eye and ear, he is as well educated as the average boy of his years.

Helen remained only a short time at the kindergarten, assisting in the teaching of her charge. Before very long she removed to another city, and while her interest in him continued unabated, she was unable to be with him or to meet him.

Now, after a separation of some years, Helen has again met her little protégé; but it was not the Tommy Stringer whom she rescued from a black and living tomb five years ago. That was a fearsome, weak, and untrained child —

An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

Physically and mentally he was as pitiful a spectacle as one's eyes would care to behold. Scarcely able to walk, knowing no word or sign, he was less than an animal, save for his soul and the possibilities within him.

The Tom Stringer who now sat by Helen Keller's side, his fingers nimbly speaking to hers, his face lighted up by a smile of happy intelligence, was a new boy—a ransomed soul. The trembling limbs and attitude of fear had been supplanted by a confident, manly carriage and a sturdy, robust physique. Once the boy's mind was an utter blank; but now fingers and tongue could not move rapidly enough to ask all the questions of his inquiring brain, or to convey the messages that his full soul longed to speak. Then all was ignorance; now few other boys of ten can surpass in many lines the knowledge of Tom Stringer.

But it is of the meeting of these two wonderful children that I would here write. Helen had been for weeks longing to see her little friend, and to many verbal messages had added her own written invitation to Tom and his teachers to visit her at her Cambridge home. Tom himself, although recalling little or nothing of his past acquaintance with Helen, and altogether ignorant of the debt he owed her, had begun to look forward with pleasure to the visit.

I fear that Helen's greetings to her old friends, Tom's teachers, were not so protracted as they

otherwise would have been ; for all the while that she was welcoming them in feminine fashion, her hand was quietly moving about to discover, if possible, her long-desired visitor. When she did touch his head, her fingers ran over it lightly for an instant, and then her arms were about his neck. The expressive features of the blind girl lighted up with a rare joy, and throughout the visit her countenance was shining.

“What a fine *big* boy he is ! The dear *little* fellow !” was her contradictory exclamation of delight when at last she found her voice. Then her swift-moving fingers began to spell messages of affection into Tom’s chubby fist. All this time she was running her other hand over his face, or lifting up his hands to her own face and curls. Tom’s comment of pleasure on touching her soft hair delighted her.

It was many moments before Miss Sullivan, Helen’s devoted friend and teacher, could persuade her pupil, with the small company of friends, to be seated. The two blind and deaf children, by some subtle instinct, seemed to know at once their community of interest, and together they sat in a wide window-seat, talking with eagerness and ease, and absorbed in each other.

This is not the place to report fully the merry chatter and eager words of these two souls that so marvelously dwell apart from the world in their realm of innocence.

Tom’s originality is a keen delight to his friends ; and one of his latest fancies is the building of a mythical “pleasure house” for himself. It is to contain ninety-four rooms, which he has peopled with imaginary characters. This he needs must describe at length to Helen, to her amusement and enjoyment. As one fancy after another was revealed to her, she broke out into exclamations of wonderment and pleasure. “What a romantic name !” she commented, when Tom told her that “New Garden” was to be the site of his great abode. Of course, New Garden, like the names of many of the people who are to share Tom’s mansion, is entirely a fiction of his own brain. Helen’s interest in this story was unabated from beginning to end, and she interrupted the narrative several times to remark on it or to ask

questions. Throughout, it was punctuated by the spontaneous laughter that is one of Helen’s most beautiful characteristics.

The strangeness of their meeting impressed her deeply. She stopped her conversation with Tom long enough to speak of this. She had been reading Tom’s hand, following the movements of his fingers, as he spelled out the words with a rapidity that would make an inexperienced onlooker dizzy, by keeping her own hand partly closed over his. “I suppose Tom is not used to having people read his hand in this way,” she suggested.

When Tom’s teacher mentioned to Helen that perhaps he would give her a nickname, as is his custom with other intimate friends, Helen was delighted, and asked many questions about this fancy of his. Tom long ago became possessed of the strange notion of applying the names of animals to his teachers and other companions, and he has adhered to it consistently ever since, never misplacing a name. One teacher he calls “Fly,” another “Toad,” another “Cow,” another “Horse,” etc. He himself is “Rabbit.” So when Helen spoke into his hand her request, he promptly named her “Blackbird.” At this she was filled with wonderment. “Do you suppose he thinks I have on a black dress ?” she asked me. Tom’s reasons are not to be found out, and I could not answer, being as much in the dark as to the connection between Helen Keller and a blackbird as the rest of the company. It was Helen herself who suggested the likeliest reason—if there was any particular reason. “Don’t you think this is it ?” raising her hand to her throat, where a golden bird was fastened as a brooch. “He felt this, and must have connected a bird with me because of it.” None the less, she was highly flattered to be honored with a special name of her own by the little fellow.

The progress that Tom had made since Helen last met him amazed and charmed her. In answer to an inquiry concerning Tom’s education in articulation, his teacher asked him to speak to her with his lips. The strange picture that was then presented I shall never forget. The children sat together, facing each other, each countenance illumined with an animation that the possession of every faculty could not

have increased. The older one's accomplishments are remarkable, so that in all things save the senses of sight and hearing she is not one whit behind the most cultured and favored of young women. The other child is following close after her, along the same pathway that she has pursued, knowing not his deficiencies even as much as his companion knows hers,



TOMMY STRINGER.

and withal richly encompassed by her tender sympathy.

There they sit, neither having seen since babyhood a ray of light, or having heard the slightest sound, and *yet speaking together in articulate, audible words* that all present could understand, yet which were not heard by either of the speakers!

One finger of Helen's delicate hand touched

Tom's lips, and her thumb rested lightly upon his throat near the chin. He spoke to her sentence after sentence, and she repeated aloud after him the words that he uttered, answering them with her fingers. The significance, the marvelousness of it all, was overwhelming. I doubt if the world has ever seen a greater triumph of education.

Helen's teacher here brought to her two small tokens, and told her that she might give them to Tom as keepsakes, whereat the girl manifested a fresh enthusiasm and eagerness. The first was a tiny and delicate Swiss chalet, carved in wood, which she handed to him with a few words, explaining that it was her gift to him, and in her zeal touching his hand upon her own breast and then upon his to reinforce her meaning. She expressed doubt as to his ability to discover the nature of the ornament—so slight and elaborate was it. When Tom promptly pronounced it a "house," adding further information about the barn and stairs and fence, her delight knew no bounds, and she fairly trembled with pleasure.

While Tom proceeded with a minute examination of his new possession, Helen sat impatiently waiting to offer the other gift—a small glass mug incased in silver. She asked me if Tom liked flowers, and suggested that he might keep some in this vessel. Then, laughing softly, she said that she would give the object to him upside down, so as to puzzle him as to its nature; but Tom instantly righted it, and told what it was, adding that it was like a soda-water glass from which he had drunk that afternoon. Helen was mightily pleased, and laughed over Tom's fondness for soda-water, confessing to the same taste herself.

Just before farewells were spoken, Helen turned to the friend seated beside her, and remarked, "What a wonderful boy Tom is! I am very proud of him. I love him dearly, and I hope he will learn to love me." Who can doubt his gratitude to her? It will be a worthy study to watch the developing friendship of these two children, who even now have been drawn together so strangely.

“P. ABBOTT.”

(*A Tradition of Westminster Abbey. See page 1052.*)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

’T is a saying that stolen sweets are sweeter,
And so with my hero it was, I think,
“P. Abbott”—if Philip, or Paul, or Peter
’T will never be known; there ’s a missing link.

The legend declares (without praise or censure)
A youth had been challenged to sleep all night
In the gray old Abbey; a madcap adventure,
But madcap adventures were his delight.

In the Chapel of Kings, in Westminster Abbey,
You may see the stone that was brought from Scone,
And above it, the armchair, old and shabby,
Where every king has *once* had his throne.

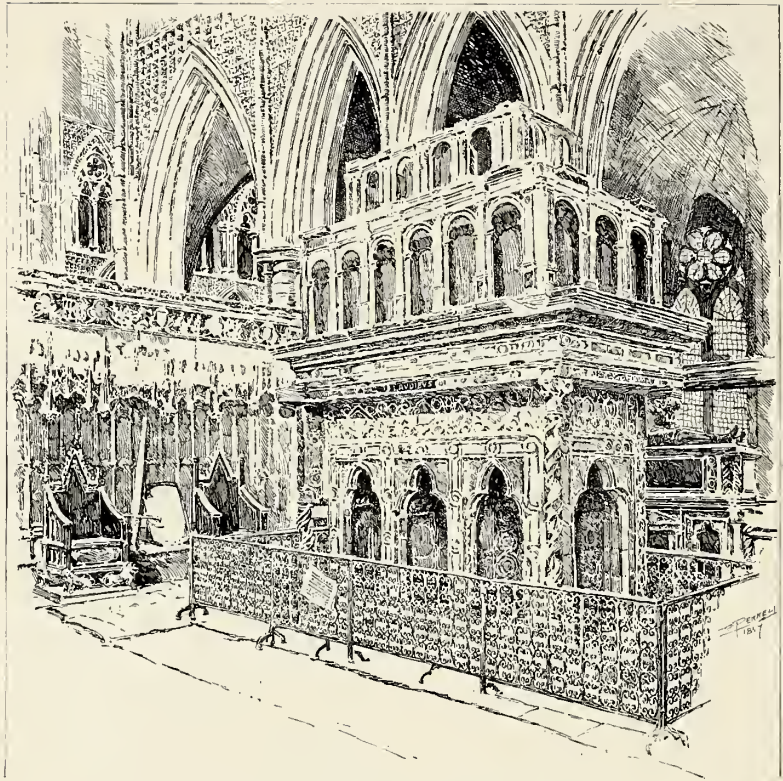
Monarchs in marble, greater or lesser,
And at least three queens of the English land—
In a circle they lie, round the good Confessor,
Crown on the head and scepter in hand.

Gone from his tomb are the wondrous riches
It once did hold, both of gems and gold;
But you still may see the Gothic niches
Where the sick awaited the cure, of old.

Beggar or lord, poor drudge or duchess,
Alike might they hope for the good saint’s aid;
And they left their jewels, or dropped their crutches,
As token that not in vain had they prayed.

’T was St. Edward’s Day, and the throng, glad-hearted
With the blessing of peace, had gone its way;
The last red beam of the sun had departed,
And twilight spread through the chapel gray.

And the marble kings on their marble couches
Once more they are lying in state, alone
Save for a nimble shadow that crouches
Behind the stone that was brought from Scone;



"IN THE CHAPEL OF KINGS, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

And the aged verger was never the wiser,
 As he passed that stone and the oaken chair;
 Though watchful was he as watchful miser,
 He never discovered my hero was there.

When the keys at his leather girdle jingled,
 How loud did they sound in young Abbott's ear!
 And when they were still, how the silence tingled!
 How dim was the light!—yet why should he fear?

The night was before him, the shadows were dreary,
 As forth from his hiding-place he crept.
 There was nothing to do; his eyelids grew weary,
 And into the chair he crept, and slept.

Never before, and nevermore since then,
 Hath any but royalty sat in that chair;
 But my hero himself, I hold, was a prince then
 Of the Realm of Youth and of dreams most fair!

But with the dawn his slumbers were broken,
 And, rubbing his eyes, he sat bolt upright.

"'T were folly," he cried, "if I left no token
To prove that I stayed in the Abbey all night!"

So he carved his name, and carved it quaintly,
As pleased him best, on that ancient seat.
And the sculptured kings in the dawn smiled faintly —
But never a one forbade the feat!

Then, somehow and somewhere, discreetly he flitted;
And when the old verger returned for the day,
"I warrant," he muttered, with bent brows knitted,
"Something uncanny hath passed this way!"

With the record of things and of statesmen and sages,
This of a mischievous youth is shown:
"P. Abbott" — a name that has lasted for ages,
Nicked on the seat of that oaken throne!

MY DOLLY.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

WE went to the party, my dolly and I;
The neighbors all smiled at us fluttering by,
White ruffles, pink sashes, and little pink shoes —
We were dressed just alike, not a ribbon to choose!

My dolly was prettiest, though, and so clever —
The little girls wondered, and said, "Did you ever?"
And, "Oh, what a dear!" when I just let them see
How charming and cunning the darling could be.

For she did what I told her, as quick as you please;
She sang like a bird, and she talked like a breeze;
She danced, too — oh, yes! like a leaf in the air —
There was no doll, I tell you, like *my* dolly there!

And you need n't look sniffety — need n't say, "Pooh!
That sort of a fairy-tale does n't fool *you*;
For you 're certainly sure that no doll ever did,
Ever *could*, sing and dance just because it was bid."

She did, though! Now listen, and you shall confess
'T is the truth I am telling, no more and no less.
The doll at the party, so clever and jolly,
Was my own little, dear little, live sister — Dolly!

THE PROUD MISS O'HAGGIN.

BY JOHN BENNETT.



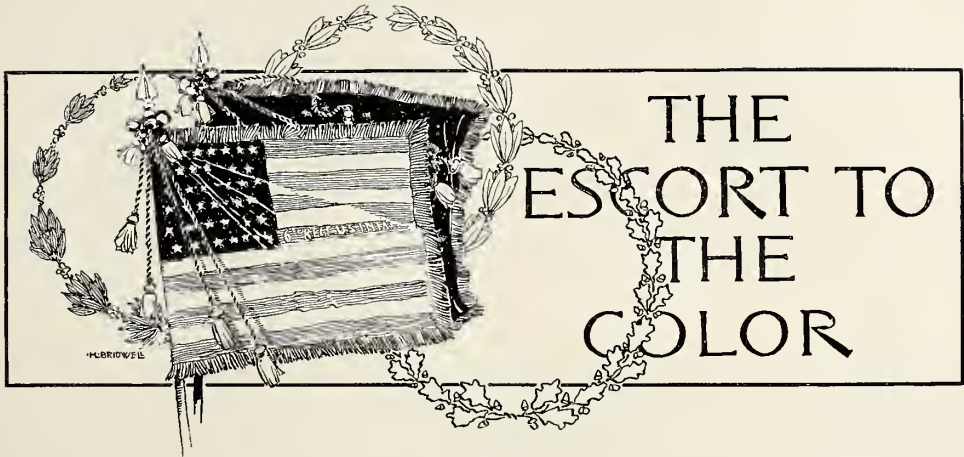
THE proud Miss O'Haggin
May ride in her wagon,
Her landau, or drag, in
The park all the day;

But she'd give all her leisure
And wealth beyond measure
For one half the pleasure
Down Haggerty's way,

When young Danny Gilligan
Drives Maggie Milligan
Down Murphy's hill ag'in
In his "coopay."



— JOHN BENNETT —



BY LIEUTENANT B. W. ATKINSON, U. S. A.

THE new cadet at the National Military Academy, whether he has come from the little country school with its home-made flag and staff, or from the city school where floats sometimes a flag big enough to cover half the roof of the other school, has been taught to respect the beautiful emblem of his country; but he will learn at West Point, as soon as he begins his career as a future officer of the army, how thoroughly he is to be trained to honor it in his daily life. The laughing school-boy salute he has perhaps given the Flag from time to time now becomes a matter of sober ceremony, so rigidly required and handsomely ordered that it at once sets him to thinking; and the good, sound patriotism that was in him all along soon envelops every glimpse and ceremony of the Colors with a sacredness that will deepen day by day.

One of his first lessons is to doff his cap each time he passes the "Color-line" where the Color is guarded by a sentinel. Every summer the cadets pass several months in camp on the lovely banks of the Hudson, and beneath the grand old trees of the academy grounds.

During certain hours of the day a long line of stacked rifles extends along the front of the camp. Across the two stacks in the center of the line is laid the Color, rolled about its staff. Up and down by this flag marches a natty

cadet sentinel, and woe be unto the unlucky cadet who tries to pass this sacred trust without raising his cap.

So during his life at the academy this lesson of respect is continued, and when he has "doffed the cadet and donned the brevet, and changed the gray for the blue," and reported for duty with his regiment, he finds the same lessons being taught the enlisted men, and then probably for the first time does he realize the full importance of those early lessons taught in that far-away school-house.

There is nothing that more conduces to make a good, true, and loyal soldier than to inculcate in him love and respect for the Flag he has sworn to uphold and defend. To bring about this end, there are certain ceremonies in the army that are intended to impress the wearers of the uniform with the dignity of the Flag. One of these ceremonies is called the "Escort to the Color," and it is the finest and most impressive of all military observances. Every regiment carries two flags: one the National, the other the Regimental, which carries the number and name of the regiment. These flags are kept at the residential quarters of the colonel, or at his office, where they are zealously cared for. It is when the regiment parades, and these flags are to be brought to the troops, that the Escort to the Color is carried out.

When the regiment has formed line on the parade, the colonel details a company to bring the Colors and escort them to their place in the line. The company marches in column of platoons, headed by the band, which does not play as the march down the front of the line is made. The two color-sergeants, old and faithful soldiers appointed to these desired places by reason of long service and military bearing, march between the two platoons. Upon arriving in front of the building where the flags are kept, line is formed, the band standing on the right of the escort.

The first lieutenant, with drawn sword, and the two color-sergeants, or color-bearers, who are followed by a sergeant armed with a rifle, enter the building and receive the flags. When the color-bearers appear, followed by the lieutenant and the sergeant, they halt at the entrance and form line, facing the escort. Arms are presented, and from the field music (the trumpeters) comes a thrilling call named "to the Color," during the sound of which all stand motionless with arms at the present. After the sounding of the Color has ended, arms are brought to the order, and then column of platoons is reformed, the two color-sergeants taking places between the two platoons; and, thus guarded, the march is taken up, the band playing a spirited air.

Around the shady main avenue of the post marches the escort, each soldier erect and appearing as if he felt that the flags were entrusted to him alone instead of to the company of which he forms so small a part. How each man steps out to the strains of the march, probably Sousa's inspiring "Stars and Stripes Forever!" Down past the officers' quarters, the porches of which are filled with the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of the officers parading, goes the escort. The respect shown for the Flag is not confined to the wearers of the army blue; for as the escort passes each house, these true and loyal women cease their talk, and stand quietly till the Flag has passed, when the interesting discussion or the latest news is resumed. Past a group of enlisted men not required to attend the parade marches the escort. Each man stands at "attention," and removes his cap. A group of small

boys at play is next passed. Every one, a true soldier's son, stands, cap in hand, till Old Glory has passed. I have seen this same small boy grow up, pass through the "Point," and command one of the platoons in the escort after graduation, and maybe in the same company commanded by his father. This march around the post has at last brought the escort opposite the right of the line of paraded troops, when the colonel commands attention, and down the line passes the glittering guard.

On reaching a point in the front of the center of the paraded command, the escort forms line facing the regiment, the two color-sergeants marching to the front till twelve paces in front of the colonel and his staff. Arms are then presented to the Flags by command of the colonel, and while the trumpeters again sound "to the Color" the Flags are allowed to fly to the breeze, the lances are lowered in acknowledgment of the "present," and now the moment is one to fill the soul of every lover of his country with a thrill that is indescribable. The silk and tasseled flags, caught by the rays of the sun, shine and glisten in front of the solid ranks of blue-and-gold uniforms massed across the deep green sward of the parade-ground—a picture difficult for any pen to portray.

After the sounding of the Color, the two sergeants march to their places in the parade; and the escorting company, having faithfully carried out its sacred duty, now wheels into column of platoons, and headed by the band with inspiring music, proceeds on down the line and around in the rear of the regiment, whence, without music, it goes to its proper place in the line, and the formal dress-parade is begun. After parade the Color-guard escorts the Flags to the place where they are preserved.

There is in the army no ceremony so imposing, nor any that is watched with so much interest by the visitor to the army post, as the one described, nor one so much liked by those whose pleasant duty it is to perform it.

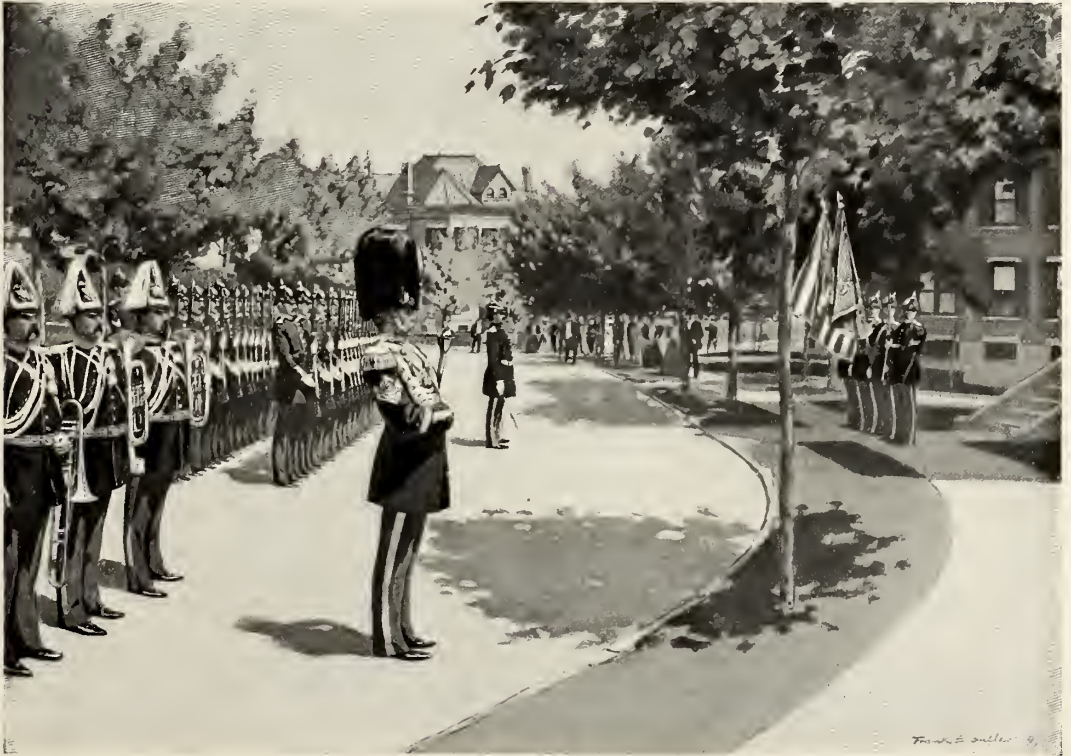
There is another ceremony that, while not so formal as that described, is but little less impressive, and a very beautiful one. At sundown the trumpeters assemble, and when the companies on their barrack esplanades have assumed the "parade rest" the "retreat" is

sounded. At the last note the corporal, who has been standing ready with lanyard drawn taut, fires the evening gun; and as its report sounds through the garrison, the full band, standing at the foot of the flag-staff, strikes up the "Star-Spangled Banner," which is played slowly till the Flag has reached the foot of the staff and is gathered in by the guard, ready to escort it to the guard-house. Here it is kept till "reveille," when, at the sound of the morning gun, it again mounts to the top of the staff.

The writer knows of one regiment in our

the flag has existed, and history records many instances where the displaying of the flag or standard has turned what was almost a defeat into a victory. It is not strange, then, that this love for the standard of a regiment should exist, or that the old flags retired from use should be safely guarded and highly prized.

In the writer's regiment there are several old flags most highly prized and most carefully preserved in a glass case in the colonel's office, where they are shown to visitors to the post. Among these are several that were carried



"THE SALUTE TO THE COLOR."

army in which the Colors are kept at the quarters of the colonel. When the escort arrives at the door, the Flags are handed to the sergeants by the colonel's wife, who considers this her sacred privilege; and in another regiment the colonel's daughter assumes the care of the Flags, and none else may touch them. Thus we see that this love and veneration for the Flag is not confined to those of the garrison who wear the army uniform.

From time almost immemorial this love for

through the Civil War, and on their silken folds are painted the names of the battles in which the regiment fought. One tattered old flag, carried in the Mexican war, bears the marks of thirty-five bullets received within twenty-five yards of the enemy's fort.

To some who witness the ceremonies where so much honor is paid the Flag, they may seem but idle drills; but to those who take part they have a greater significance, and always cause an exultant thrill to pass through the soldier.

A Magician for One Day

By
Eudor Jenks



deeds and the big key of the front-door, and very politely said in his letter that he hoped I would enjoy my visit more than he had enjoyed his.

My great-grandfather lived to a remarkable age. The last time I saw him he looked as if his rosy face had been wrapped in white cotton-wool to preserve it, so fluffy and snowy were his beard and hair. It was when I went to visit him in Calabria that I saw him for the last time, and I was then a small boy in kilts, so I do not remember much that happened.

All I recall distinctly is the impression made upon me by the castle in which he lived—a great gray stone structure perched high upon a cliff that overhung the sea, while the curlews whirled and sang their strange wild songs several rods nearer the beetling waves, that ever gnawed at the foundations of those large and worthless crags. I think they were curlews, though, now I mention it, they do seem large for curlews at that time of year.

But all this has little to do with the story. If they had been puffins I should have acted in precisely the same way. When my great-grandfather died I was the only surviving relative, and consequently, after the proper legal steps had been taken, I was told that I must enter upon the ownership of the Calabrian castle. My lawyer wrote to me, inclosing the title

This remark I did not understand until afterward; I believed that he had found the journey unpleasant, or had been unable to secure proper lodgings at the castle itself.

I was surprised that my attorney had not told me something about my great-grandfather's affairs, for I had long been curious as to how he passed his time. But not a word threw light upon my late venerable relative's business or pursuits.

All this made me anxious to waste no time in claiming my inheritance. I was an artist, and living in Rome at the time; and, feeling rich because of the fortune I hoped to secure from my great-grandfather's estate, I chartered a small sail-boat, loaded it with the necessary stores and supplies, and, glad of even so short a holiday, set sail without delay for the Calabrian coast.

In ten days we had reached the Lipari Islands, and soon after anchored in a little bay that abounded with curlews—or whatever they were. This bay was but a mile or two from the rugged mountain-path that led up the cliff whereon I could see the walls of my great-grandfather's castle—that is, of *my* castle. As it was late in

the evening, I decided to pass the night in the boat, ascending to my castle next day.

So, bright and early I arose, and carrying only a small wallet containing my lunch, I began to make the ascent. About half-way to the top I met a picturesque young shepherd, who was watching his goats and whiling away the time by slinging stones at the birds — the curlews. I stopped and asked him the nearest path to the castle, that is, to the front-door.

He listened until he clearly understood what I had said, and then, crying out "Corpo di Baccho!" at the top of his voice, he went bounding away over the rocks so fast that even the goats looked after him with anxiety.

"Pretty manners these Italian peasants have!" said I to myself; but there was no use in crying over lost shepherds, and I resumed my upward climb, longing for an elevator.

Just as I came out upon the level sward that lay before the castle, I heard a scrambling behind me, and turned, expecting to see that the shepherd-boy had repented of his rudeness. But instead of the boy I saw one of the goats — a gray-bearded old patriarch of the flock, who in some weird way reminded me of my great-grandfather.

The goat wore a sad expression; and, as I faced him, he raised his right fore leg and pointed at the castle, at the same time saying, in excellent Italian, though with a strong Calabrian accent :

"Are you going into the castle?"

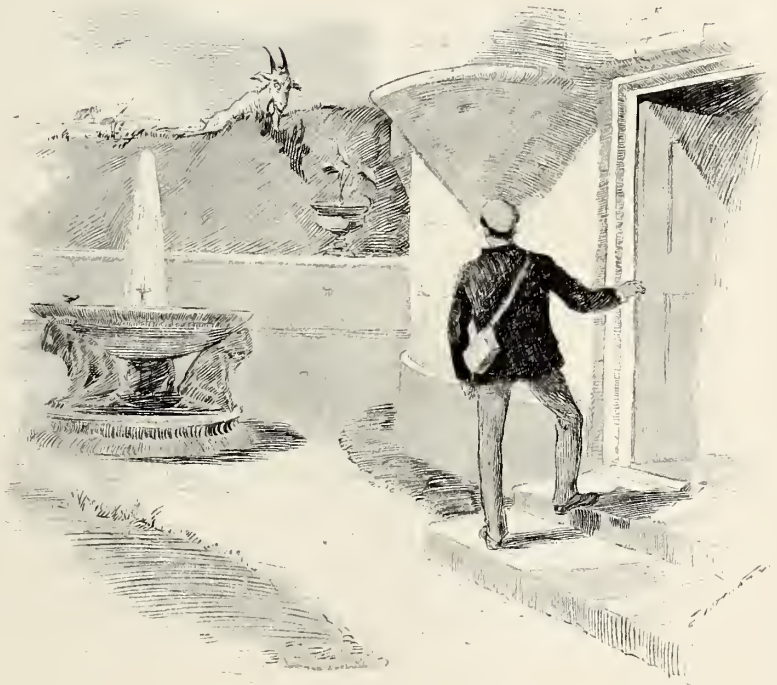
"Yes," I replied, hardly realizing for the

moment that goats do not speak Italian every day.

"Well, if you take my advice," said the goat, shaking his head solemnly, "you won't go. That is all I wish to say. Take my advice, and give it up. I am older than you are."

I am no judge of the age of goats; even the little ones have beards that are sometimes white, so that was no proof. I felt rather irritated at being told I was younger than a goat, though, now I can think it over calmly, I don't see why I should have minded. Very likely it was true; at all events, the advice was good, as I found out later. But while I was uncertain how to continue the conversation, the goat turned in a dignified manner and disappeared over the crest of the mountain-path, wagging his tail warningly.

I stood for a moment in doubt, and then



"TAKE MY ADVICE, AND GIVE IT UP," SAID THE GOAT."

turned again toward the lofty gateway of the castle, now only a few rods distant. Grasping the big door-key, I walked bravely across the drawbridge, which creaked and shook under me.

Finding the keyhole without difficulty, I inserted the end of the key in the lock.

With a grating and growling the bolt moved, the gate swung open, and I found myself in a narrow passage leading beneath two archways and into an open courtyard. Passing through the arches, I entered the yard—a very pleasant place. The sun was now high enough to shine upon the lawn; birds—not curlews, this time—were quarreling cheerfully in the trees; a fountain was playing in its marble basin; and all things breathed peace and quiet.

“Come,” I said to myself, “there is nothing so far to frighten even a weak-minded goat. I wonder if he *was* older than I am! I see no reason for being scared by the flight of an ignorant boy, and by the talk of— But it is queer, too, when you think of it, that a goat should talk!”

I made up my mind to put aside all foolish thoughts, and to inspect my new inheritance; especially as it was time I should find a place where I could rest and take some of the lunch from my wallet, for my climb had made me both hungry and thirsty.

I turned back toward the entrance to the courtyard, having noticed there a flight of steps that led up into the castle, and had no sooner reached the open front door than I saw the head of that important old goat peering at me from the edge of the plateau.

“You ’d better come out,” he bleated. “I ’m older—”

But I had lost my patience with him, and, picking up a bit of plaster from the pavement, I let drive at his head. He bobbed down, and I never saw him again.

Then I climbed the winding stair, and found myself in a corridor over the gateway. This led me into a prettily furnished reception-room, from which opened a dining-hall. From the dining-hall I went on into a gallery of paintings—ancestors, I suppose; for at the end of the gallery was a fresh-looking and very natural portrait of my great-grandfather.

As I stood gazing upon his lineaments, I thought the left eye of the picture winked at me. Then, as I still gazed, I was assured that the portrait had winked, for it did it again, and again;—that is, unless I am mistaken, the por-

trait of my lately deceased great-grandfather winked three times with its left eye.

This was becoming serious. If a shepherd-boy runs away, that is nothing remarkable. A goat who speaks Italian is certainly unusual; but when to these is added an ancestor’s portrait that winks three times at you with its left eye, then you begin to be aware that something may be confidently expected. But I am not easily abashed, and I reasoned with myself.

“What is all this?” I said. “A running boy, a talking goat, a winking ancestor;—what are these, to disturb a man with a good conscience? What do they signify? Nothing, nothing whatever! A truce to idle fears!”

Thus reassured, I went calmly on with my examination of the great rooms, seeking a convenient place in which to lunch.

I came at length to the library, or such it seemed to be—an apartment in a tower, with windows on four sides, rows of book-shelves about a large table in the middle, a stuffed crocodile hanging overhead, and other signs of literary pursuits, from which I argued that this was my ancestor’s work-room or study. His high-backed chair was still by the table, and I seated myself, opened my wallet, and arranged my simple repast before me. When I was about half-through, I heard a sepulchral groan.

“Ah,” I exclaimed, “the goat again!” and I thought no more of the matter until there came a wild scream.

“Aha,” said I, “the curlews!” But this time I was not quite so sure that it was a curlew. I know no more of curlews than I do of goats; and yet, somehow, that cry was not the sort of thing one imagines a curlew would make.

Before inquiring further into these noises, however, I resolved to finish my lunch; and so I ate the last crumbs of bread, cheese, and Neapolitan doughnuts without being further disturbed. Then, much refreshed, I resolved to examine the contents of the study.

Beside me upon the table was a curious ink-stand. It was of brass, or gold, possibly, and had two receptacles for the ink. Between these wells was a carved figure representing such an odd little gnome as one may often see upon penwipers, clocks, and paperweights—a hump-backed creature in a jerkin, hose, and peaked

hat. His hands held a tiny hammer, and this was raised as if he were about to strike a bell that hung beside him.

"A very pretty device," I said; and I reached out, seized the little hammer, drew it back, and let it go.

Clang! there came a deep, muffled sound as of a cathedral bell far away.

"Singular tone the bell has," I remarked; and I struck it again.

Clang! It seemed much deeper and louder than before. Again I struck it.

CLANG!

The third time there rolled out a clamorous resounding peal that almost stunned me; and then —

I might have been warned by the boy, and the goat, and the wink, and I should have been prudent enough to reflect that ringing the bell

porous smoke drifted in, the windows flew back again, the smoke became rolled together into a cloud and began to take upon itself a form. This form soon resolved itself into a very slim but gentlemanly fellow who was dressed in an old-fashioned costume all of snuff-color. When he appeared he was seated cross-legged, like a tailor, upon the table in front of me.

We gazed upon each other with mutual surprise. He did not seem to know me, and I certainly had never been introduced to him.

"What game are you up to now?" he suddenly asked me, putting on a pair of eye-glasses and examining me very closely. "I don't think much of this new shape of yours."

"Are n't you rather — familiar?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, with a smile. "That 's my business."

"Being familiar is your business?"



"WHAT GAME ARE YOU UP TO NOW?" HE SUDDENLY ASKED ME.

twice was all that any cautious man should do. Three is such a dangerous number!

As the bell rang for the third time, the four windows of the tower flew inward, a heavy va-

"Being *a* familiar," he said, correcting me.

"And what is a familiar?" I inquired.

"Where 's the old gentleman?" he asked suddenly, ignoring my question.



"SUDDENLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM I SAW A TALL MAN DRESSED IN A MOORISH COSTUME."

"He is n't, any more," I said — "that is, he's dead, you know."

"My!" said he; asking, after a moment, "who told you so?"

"His lawyer."

"Well, well," said my queer visitor, "then I suppose it must be so. But it is very thoughtless of him, and very inconvenient. What am I to do, then, with Grufflebub?"

"Who or what is Grufflebub?" I asked.

"Grufflebub," said he, "is the Enchanter. I have him here. Grufflebub, appear!"

He waved his hand as he spoke, and suddenly in the middle of the room I saw a tall man dressed in a Moorish costume, standing with his hands tied behind him, guarded by a small and ugly Dwarf who carried a battle-ax.

Then my visitor went on:

"You called the old man your great-grandfather, so I suppose you must be his heir and successor, if he is, as you say, dead."

I nodded, and waited further information.

"Then I'll introduce myself. I am your great-grandfather's Familiar, or assistant spirit. I aided him — served him, in fact, in his business. You knew that, did n't you?"

"Not at all," I answered. "I thought my great-grandfather was a man of letters or a student. I never thought he —"

"Was a magician? Why, certainly, and very distinguished. One of the last things he did was to send me after Grufflebub."

"And why?" I asked.

"Grufflebub was also in the same business. He was an Enchanter,—and is yet, for that matter,—but a thoroughly bad one."

"You surprise me," I observed, looking reproachfully at the Moor, who defiantly sniffed at me. "What did he do?"

"All sorts of mischief. He had four princes, two princesses, several druggists, one schoolmaster, and a piano-tuner shut up in dungeons at the time I captured him."

"That was certainly wrong," I remarked,

and I frowned at him; but the Moorish Enchanter simply began to whistle, to show that he did n't care. At this the Familiar said to the Dwarf:

"Make him stop that!"

The Dwarf raised his battle-ax, and cut off the Enchanter's head, whereupon the head flew up to the ceiling and went sailing about like a toy-balloon. I noticed that there was no more blood shed than if a doll's head had been cut off. In fact, the Enchanter seemed to be stuffed with something that looked like pink cottonwool.

"Does n't that hurt him?" I asked.

"Not at all," answered the Familiar; "but he does n't like it. You see, he can't talk or whistle until we put his head on again. You don't know much about magic, do you?"

"Nothing whatever," I replied. "In fact, when I touched the bell here, it was entirely by accident. Do you always appear when the bell sounds?"

"Yes," answered the Familiar; "I have to."

"And how can one make you disappear?" I asked innocently.

"By means of a wave of your grandfather's wand," said the Familiar. "It is probably in the drawer of the table there."

I opened the drawer, and saw a black stick about as long as my fore-arm.

"Is this it?" I asked, showing it.

"Yes," the Familiar replied; "that indeed is the very same—"

But I had waved the wand before he could end his sentence, shouting, "Away with you all!" and no sooner were the words pronounced than Familiar, Enchanter, and Dwarf were gone, and I was again alone.

"I am well rid of them," I said to myself. "To think of being associated with such creatures! My great-grandfather must have had peculiar tastes. I am surprised to think of his being a magician. What a sly old fellow he must have been! I should like to talk with him about it. I wish his picture was alive, could talk, and would appear here now."

There I was with the magic wand in my hand, making a wish without a thought of the consequences! No sooner were the words pronounced than the portrait or image of my

great-grandfather glided through one of the closed windows and stood on the other side of the table.

"You have summoned me," said the figure from the portrait.

"Quite by accident," I replied coolly. "But now you are here, I should like to ask you a few questions."

"They shall be answered," said he.

"Are you really dead?" I asked.

"Quite so," he replied.

"Do you mean to stay so?" was my next question.

"Can't help myself," replied the portrait, with an unpleasant smile.

"Very well," I remarked, somewhat relieved. "Now, is there anything you would like me to attend to—in winding up your affairs?"

"There *are* a few matters I had to leave unfinished," said the image; "but I'm afraid you will find them rather troublesome. In the first place, there's a giant down in the cellar whom I had meant to finish off the first rainy day. You might slay him."

"Slay him!" I exclaimed, greatly shocked. "How can I slay him? Why, I don't know anything against him. It would be cold-blooded cruelty."

"But you can't release him," the figure insisted, but without any emotion, "for he would do an enormous amount of damage."

"Bother the giant!" I exclaimed, perplexed by this argument. "Why can't he just die of his own accord? I wish he would—that would save me a lot of trouble!"

"He is dead," said my great-grandfather's likeness.

"How do you know?" I asked in surprise.

"Because you have wished it," replied he. "Anything you wish will happen, while you hold that wand in your hand."

I gazed at the little stick, and turned it about in my hands. Then I again addressed the speaking likeness.

"What else did you wish to see me about?" I inquired.

"About carrying on the business here."

"What business?"

"The Magic business. I don't know of any one else to attend to it."

"But," I objected, "I have no talent for it, and I don't like it. What good does it do?"

"Heaps of good," he answered readily. "Now, for instance, I know of a charming young man who is just starting out to seek his fortune. Soon he will come to a city where there is a beautiful princess, who declares she will never marry. He will fall desperately in love with her at first sight. Then she will tell him she has vowed never to marry any man who does not bring her a feather from the wing of the great golden swan that once a year visits the highest peak of the Calabrian Mountains."

"Well?" I asked, as the ghost paused.

"Well, you can get it for him, and charge him well for it."

"But I don't care to," I answered coolly. "If the princess does n't wish to marry, she prefers to be single, no doubt."

"But, my dear boy—"

"I wish you 'd go back to your frame," I said impatiently; and he did. I was alone again.

"What a number of people there are," I reflected, "who like to bother themselves with other people's business! What have I to do with all these creatures? For my part, I wish—"

But I stopped myself just in time. I still held the wand in my hand, and I remembered that I must be careful.

"It is certainly very pleasant to think that I can have whatever I choose to call for," I said, turning the little wand over in my fingers. "I suppose I might be rich, or beautiful, or accomplished, or learned, good at repartee, or wise. Which shall I choose?"

I began to revolve in my mind the various things I had longed for; but I could n't fix my choice on any of them. I desired to be a little cautious, for sometimes we don't like the things we think we shall like. At length, before making trial of the wand's power, I resolved to see a little more of my new castle.

I wandered at will through the lofty rooms, examined the queer old furniture and tapestries, opened windows, stood upon balconies, went up long flights of stairs, and poked about in dusty nooks to my heart's content.

Gradually I forgot my recent annoyances, and began to take pleasure in the quaintness of this medieval castle. So wandering, I came

at length to an octagon room at the top of a lookout tower, projecting from an angle of the walls—one of the highest points of the castle.

The view was exquisite. Against the afternoon sky were purple mountain peaks; near at hand were broad fields and gnarled forests; and here and there I saw, as I leaned from the window, broad roads leading far away.

"Charming!" I exclaimed, entirely absorbed in my admiration of the scene. "One might be happy here for years. I wish I had a coach and four here, and then I might drive—"

I said no more, for I was suddenly jammed against the window-sill with a bang, and a terrible commotion began in the small room behind me. Crash! smash! rickety-slam-whack! There they were—the coach and four horses, crammed into the octagon room, and all the frightened team kicking like circus mules, trying to reduce the coach to splinters, and succeeding only too well.

I feared every moment that I should be reduced to smithereens, and instantly remembered my wand.

"I wish I was out of this room!" I yelled.

And I was—out of the window, and falling like a stone! If the tower had been lower, that would have been the end of my adventures; but it was very high, and before I had fallen more than five or six stories, I gasped out:

"I wish I might stop falling!"

I stopped instantly—so quickly that the wand dropped from my hand, and I remained hung up in the air, about twenty feet away from the castle wall.

It was better than being smashed, but exceedingly inconvenient. There I was, out of reach of everything but thin air. There was n't a creature in the castle, so far as I knew, nor any likelihood of passers-by. I thought of balloons, but dismissed the idea as useless; even a parachute would not have served me, for I could n't fall if I tried.

For some minutes I was helpless; but at last, noticing that there was a light breeze blowing, I spread out my coat, and to my joy perceived that I was moving. The wind, however, carried me away from the castle, and toward the open country.

I floated along comfortably enough, keeping

a sharp lookout below, and after about half an hour perceived, to my delight, a small boy who was flying a kite. I called to him :



“I WAS OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND FALLING LIKE A STONE.”

“Hi, there, Johnny!”

He looked all around, but did n't see me.

“Below, there, Bub!” I called.

This time he saw me, and, to my great surprise, began to laugh.

“What are you laughing at?” I asked.

“To see a man flying,” was his answer, as he became sobered; for my tone was very severe.

“That's nothing to laugh at,” I said; “on the contrary, it's very unpleasant.”

“What do you do it for, then?” he asked.

“Little boys should n't ask questions,” was my reply, for I did n't care to answer. “If I wish to fly — why, what is that to you?”

He made no answer, but sat down on a rock.

“Now, little boy,” I said, “I just sailed out from the castle by the sea, and I dropped something when I started. I want you to get it for me. If you do the errand quickly and well, I will give you a lira.”

“It is n't enough,” said the boy, closing his eyes and mouth, and shaking his head hard.

“I will give you ten,” I shouted.

“I'll do it,” he answered, jumping up.

I explained to him that I wanted a little black stick that I had dropped, and told him about where he would find it; then I added :

“But you must let me keep your kite for you while you are gone.”

I said this for two reasons: I wanted to be sure he would come back, and I meant to make the kite useful when he returned.

He hauled in on the string until the kite was nearer the ground, and then brought the line into such a position that I could grasp it. As soon as I had taken hold the boy let go, and started at full speed for the castle.

But I had forgotten my strange condition! No sooner did the boy let go, than the kite began to rise in the air, taking me with it. You see, I had no weight — for I could n't fall.

Away I went, dragged along through the air, and so scared that for a time I did n't know what to do. Then my common sense returned. I let the cord run through my fingers when the wind blew hard, and held on lightly when the wind slackened.

But despite all I could do, I was carried nearly a mile away by the time the boy returned, and would, no doubt, have gone farther but that the end of the string caught in a tree and held fast, just about the time I saw, looking back, that the boy had returned. He stood for a moment waving his hands in the air, and then, with the swiftness of light, I shot back to my starting-point, and remained hanging in the air above the little fellow's head.

I did n't understand this at the time; but now I see that the boy must have wished, with the wand in hand, that I would return. My rapid flight had torn the kite to bits, but luckily I still had the string.

“Now,” I cried, “tie the stick to the string, and let me haul it up.”

“Where's my kite?” asked the boy.

“It's broken,” I answered, “but I will get —”

“Well, that's mean! I wish —” the boy began, angrily.

But luckily I stopped him. I gave such a shout that he was frightened into silence.

“Don't you say a word!” I yelled. “Here is

your money,"— and I threw down the coins,—
"send me the stick, quick!"

He picked up the money, pocketed it, and then tied the wand to the string. I drew it up breathlessly; and, no sooner was it safely in my possession, than I cried, "Now I wish I was safe and sound, and happily and comfortably back in my Roman studio!"

And there I was, with nothing to remind me of my strange experience but the little black wand.

I found myself seated in my favorite easy-chair, and quite contented in mind. I looked at the wand, and wondered what it was best to do with it. After a while my mind was made up.

"I wish the castle was sold, and the money safely in my trunk," I said, quite calmly. Then, never letting go of the wand, I went to the trunk and opened it. There was a large package of banknotes in one corner.

"Excellent!" said I, closing the trunk and locking it. Returning to my easy-chair, I prepared to make my last wish.

Taking a long breath, I said, slowly and solemnly: "I wish that hereafter there shall be no magic at all!"

The wand disappeared.

"Good!" I exclaimed; "I am rid of all temptation!" and I went out to dinner.

For a few days I walked about as usual, only occasionally reflecting upon my strange experiences; and at the end of the week there came a letter from the same lawyer who had written to me before.

His letter informed me that, hearing nothing from me, he had sent one of his clerks to examine the old castle. The clerk had returned with the astonishing intelligence that the whole cliff upon which the castle had stood was gone—having apparently slipped away into the sea!

"Well, well!" I exclaimed, upon reading of this remarkable occurrence; "so the whole affair was a bit of magic—boy, goat, curlews, castle, and all! It was lucky I sold it!"

But just then an idea struck me. I ran to my trunk, unlocked the lid, and threw it open. Alas!—it was empty!

The money had been magic, too!

Since then I have never longed for anything that comes without effort—for whatever is worth having is worth working for; but whenever I hear an Italian curlew or meet a talking goat, I think of my one day as a magician.

THE

HAPPY HYENA.

There once was a happy HYENA
Who played on an old concertina.
He dressed very well
And in his lapel,
He carelessly stuck a verbena.

Carolyn Wells.



How an Elf set up Housekeeping



BY ANNE CLEVE.

A STURDY young elf was skipping along through the queen's garden one day, with his hands in his trousers-pockets, whistling an air then very much in vogue among elves, when he chanced to espy a glorious calla broken from the stem, and standing upside down in the middle of the walk. There it stood snowy and crisp, where some rude, boisterous wind had tossed it, after having snapped it clean from the mother stalk.

Now you must know the elf was an infinitesimal atom of fairy flesh and blood no taller than a small-sized butterfly when it stands on its head; and to him this capsized calla looked for all the world like a great white tent, glistening with dew-diamonds in the morning sun. The elf stopped skipping and whistling to steal wondering near. Drawing his hands out of his trousers-pockets, he folded back one side of the

white petal, and peered in. All was cool, fragrant emptiness, save for the golden pistil which the elf thought was the tent-pole. Then he stepped in, and gave a low chuckle of complete satisfaction as he breathed the sweet purity, and gazed upward through the white stillness to the pointed, shadowy roof.

Nowhere could a more daintily perfect domicile be found for an elf than this; and he resolved straightway to set up housekeeping in a tent. But how should he remove his new piece of property to some shadier and more retired nook in the woods? For an elf to set up an establishment in the queen's garden would be not only audacious, but most imprudent; for might not a vigilant gardener brush away elf, shelter, and all some fine morning? Or might not her majesty's robe trail over his roof as she strayed up and down the flower-bordered walk?

Or perchance an officious maid of honor might fleck it away from her satin shoe-tip, or a gallant courtier beat it down with a wanton blow of his riding-whip. Surely it behooved the elf to convey his treasure to some safer spot; but how? Then he bethought him of his patrician friend the peacock, who just now came with stately strut down the broad path.

"Good morrow, my lord," quoth the elf. "In sooth I am in a sorry plight."

"And what may be the cause of your vexation?" asked the noble bird, looking down with a grand sort of kindness at the perplexed little man and his overturned calla.

"My lord," answered our hero, "I have found this most delightful tent, which seems to be of no service here to any one, and I would fain pitch it in the woodlands yonder, hard by the brook, but my strength is not great enough to convey it thither."

Then the cunning elf looked very humble and very miserable, so that his great friend and patron took compassion upon him, and, bidding him follow, lifted the tent daintily in his beak, and bore it through the great garden, across the broad park, to the woods beyond, according to the elf's wish. The little fellow was profuse in his thanks, and his lordship the peacock strutted away much puffed up with the consciousness of having done a handsome thing — a very handsome thing, indeed.

Ah! the elf was a happy fellow as he stood off and surveyed the graceful outlines of this fairy structure, perched upon the brink of the purling beck near a forest of rushes.

A wish and a fulfilment cause another wish, and, as the elf leaned in his tent-door, he saw not far away his friend the spider, spinning in the sun. Her silver threads shone against a background of dark leaves, as she busily wove them in and out, in and out, after a wonderful fashion.

"Ho, there, my good dame!" called the elf; "pr'y thee, make me a curtain to hang before my door, that all the prying eyes of the wood may not see into my home. Weave it close of silver threads, and I will catch you a goodly meal of flies if it be done before nightfall."

The rather sour-visaged grandam signified her willingness to fulfil his behest, and the en-

terprising manikin then determined that he would go in search of something to serve as a bed; for night would come, and there would be nothing to lie upon but the ground; moreover, his home looked barren without furniture or household goods of any kind.

As he hopped airily along, he glanced backward proudly, every now and then, at his pretty abode, and hugged himself by way of congratulation. He was thus hopping and looking backward when he stumbled and fell sprawling over a pebble; whereupon he uttered so loudly an exclamation of disgust that it awakened his friend the owl, who sat napping on a bough above him. Seeing the elf's ludicrous plight, she gave a sleepy laugh, which was well meant but rather grating, especially to the nerves of the fallen elf, who looked up, saying sharply, "Oh, Mother Owl, 't is you, I see. It takes wisdom like yours to see the fun in a fall." But he was a merry manikin, and, picking himself up, he too laughed and told the owl of his new home, and how he was trying to set up housekeeping. Mother Owl blinked sagely — so sagely that the elf thought possibly she might have some suggestion to offer as to where he was to procure the wished-for bed. The elf was right; the old mother assured him that if he would walk along the highway until he came to a patch of meadow-land to the left, he would find one living there called Mistress Thistle, who was a good, sensible body, though somewhat difficult to approach, and doubtless she would help him. "For," said the owl, "my friend the ass has often spoken of her to me, and he knows her to be a lovable old soul, though rather coarse, my dear elf, rather coarse."

"So she helps me to a fine bed, good mother, I care not how coarse she may be," replied the elf. "I will seek out this Mistress Thistle and ply my powers of persuasion. Good day to you, mother! Your wisdom is matched only by the sweetness of your voice"; and off tripped this arch flatterer, with a funny little twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"Pooh-hoo!" said the owl, and straightway fell a-napping.

As the elf pursued his way, he met many of his friends, little creatures of the wood going

about their different ways in the sunshiny morning, like the good, honest little folk they were; and all had a kindly greeting for the elf, whose jolly countenance was well known and well liked in all the country round.

He soon came to the meadow, and there sat Mistress Thistle with an astonishing purple cap on her broad head. As the elf approached, he doffed his own cap to her, and called up a very respectful "Good morrow" from where he stood beneath her in the meadow.

"Sweet Mistress Thistle," said he, with a sober gallantry which sat funnily enough upon his mischievous face and elfin figure, "I was advised by that dame of wise repute, Mother Owl, to come to you this morning to make an earnest request, she having assured me of your benevolence and willingness to serve your fellow-creatures. I am fitting up a new home for myself, yonder in the woods, and I have naught to lay my weary bones upon at night save the ground, which is somewhat damp in that locality; and as a creature of your sense well knows —"

"There! child, say no more!" cried the homely but warm-hearted thistle; "I have that which will protect your blessed bones from the dampness, and cause you to slumber soundly withal." Thereupon she shook down to him a shower of the fluffiest buff-colored down, deliciously soft, which fell in a generous heap at his feet.

"By my faith, Mistress Thistle, 't is a goodly gift, and one for which I am most grateful," said the elf heartily, as he bowed his thanks.

Just then a bee flew past them, loitering la-

zily, and the thistle nodded her head to him, calling, "Tarry one moment, I pray you, good Master Bee, and if your bag be empty I would have you lend it to this little gentleman who is fain to carry this down of my making to his home in the woods yonder; for he will have much ado about it if you be not so good as to help him."



"PERCHANCE YOU CAN SPARE ME A STOOL?" SAID THE ELF TO THE TOAD.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Marry, that will I!" returned the bee in his hearty bass; "not only will I help him with the use of my bag, but I myself will carry his bundle to the wood; for the sun is now well up, and our friend here might find his burden irksome in the noonday heat."

The elf protested, but the jolly old bee would hear of no other plan, and quickly stuffing his bag with the down, he flew off over the mea-

dow and away in the direction of the wood, leaving the elf to bid adieu to the thistle, and bow himself off with smiling thanks.

As the elf strolled homeward through the noontide heat, he came to a neat little green house in the woods, made all of rushes; here lived his friend the toad, who now sat before the door in a dingy old spotted dressing-gown, looking like a drowsy Dutchman. He had eaten altogether too hearty a breakfast, and in consequence was feeling and looking very stupid. His mouth drooped and his eyes goggled at the elf, who greeted him as an old friend, and seated himself in the shade of the porch.

"Here is pleasant news for you, friend Toad," said he. "I have pitched a tent not a dozen of your hops away from here, and shall henceforth be your neighbor."

"H'm!" grunted the toad, with a lazy lack of enthusiasm which might have disconcerted anything except an elf; but elves are happy-go-lucky little beings who believe that a very kindly meaning may lurk under many an odd mode of expression, and an elf has a way of twisting the bright side of things outward as breezes turn birch leaves silver-side up.

Thus our tiny man took the toad's grunt as an expression of entire satisfaction and approval. "And by the way," cried he, as a new thought struck him, "you may prove yourself at once to be of a right neighborly spirit by giving me one of those excellent stools for which you are so famous. Perchance you can spare one out of all your thrifty store?"

The toad nodded and signed to him to walk in and help himself. Nothing loath, the elf disappeared under the rush roof, and soon came forth bearing the tiniest toadstool, very white and soft, and fit to be a fairy queen's foot-stool.

"What could be better," quoth he, "for my new household? Let me know, my good friend, when I can be of service to you, and you will find me not forgetful of this favor."

"H'm!" grunted the toad again; "better take another, a larger one, for a table."

This was a happy idea, and the delighted elf at once acted upon it.

As he was bidding adieu to the toad, his friend the humming-bird darted by; but seeing the elf, he turned back and poised with airy

grace upon a birchen spray. He was dressed with all his gorgeous elegance, wearing a rich coat of crimson velvet and a jaunty cap of green. Rubies and topaz gleamed here and there, and he had an air of ease and refinement which proved at once that he was a frequenter of courts, though somewhat of a gay and dainty Bohemian. With careless good humor, he offered to bear one of the elf's burdens; and the latter, after thanking him cordially, told him of the tent and all the morning's success. Then they started off, the elf trudging slowly beneath his table, and the bird flying with languid grace, balancing the toadstool upon his back.

"How go matters at court?" asked the elf, as they went through the sun-flecks and shadows.

"Oh, not so well as one might wish," replied the bird. "But one's heart need not break for all that. Doubtless you have heard of that rusty-coated young minstrel who has but lately made his way to court, and beguiled the queen's favor with the witchery of his voice. A shabby plebeian, as you would say yourself, should you happen to meet him in daylight."

Here the humming-bird surveyed his own elegance with satisfaction, and hummed lightly:

"If the rose-queen turn away her face,
Hath not the gentle primrose grace?"

and the elf saw that condolences were not needed by this cavalier, who was even now flashing aside to greet a saucy cardinal-flower.

"A sweet maid," said the humming-bird, as he rejoined his companion, and together they reached the tent.

Dame Spider had already completed her work, and there floated a soft curtain of silver shewn before the elf's door.

When he entered, courteously bidding the bird to do likewise, he found that the bee had piled in one corner the fluffy heap of down, and had left also a little pat of honey wrapped in a wild-rose petal—a delicate attention fully appreciated by the elf, who had a sweet tooth. And some kindly creature had brought a great golden buttercup-bowl filled with morning dew, and set it down beside the honey. The elf invited his friend to sit at his table and share the noontide repast, which the bird readily consented to do, and a merry meal they made of it.

During the rest of the day the elf was so busy receiving his cordial neighbors, who called to bid him welcome to his new home, that when night came he was glad to draw his curtain, slip off his clothes, and jump into bed. As he lay thinking over the events of the day, a firefly came to the door, offering him the use of his lamp; but the elf called out sleepily that he had no need of it, yet thanked him heartily all the same. In the distance, off toward the meadow, his friends the crickets were gathering for a moonlight dance. Their fiddles were squeaking blithely, and the elf thought, as he heard the merry little din, "Who would dream that those sober, black-coated crickets were such jolly fellows, carousing thus night after night? A festive life they lead of it. Now, my friends the frogs take life too seriously; 't is a dismal tune they have, one tone for all times. Ah, well! 't would be a funny world, filled all

with fiddle-squeaks and dancing crickets. There goes my friend the firefly, swinging his lantern — a genial soul, but given to late hours. Ah, Mistress Thistle, my dream should be of you! In sooth, 't is a comforting couch. What a pleasant world is this! — not one of my fellow-creatures so selfish he cannot pause to hear another's hopes and plans; not one so stingy he cannot give something from his store to help a brother's need." Then the nightingale's song floated in to him, through the golden moonlight, from the queen's garden. "Ah!" sighed the sleepy manikin, "yonder minstrel has a tuneful throat, though my friend Sir Skylark says his method is miserable. Ah, well! his music satisfies *her* heart, and the favor of one rose is enough for a bird's life, or an elf's either. In sooth, a sweet lulla — lulla-by — by — by —" and the elf was fast asleep in his little white tent.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[*This story was begun in the February number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION

THERE were a good many tears shed, and much emotion was shown on both sides, when the day of departure came. Grandy was very lachrymose, and not being able to change her mind, changed her traveling-dress three times, to Claudine's intense annoyance. Donaldson cut for her a bouquet of his choicest exotics. Fräulein had crocheted her a shawl. Mabel had made her a tea-cozy, and Catherine a foot-warmer. Mrs. Aubrey gave her a lovely sketch of the place, framed in flowers from the garden. Arthur had turned her out an ebony book-rest in the carpenter's shop in the basement, being really fond of the timid, gentle old lady. Grandy almost wept over each present in turn.

Nina had some lovely gifts also, and there were some things said to her that greatly

touched and pleased the wayward, generous child. She went with all the cousins to say good-by to the peacocks, the Pleasaunce, the lake, the swans. She went to see the cottagers, and told them all they had better come to America — "just the best country that ever was in the world." She begged the cousins to do this, also; making many plans for the future.

When in the carriage, she sprang out to give another fervent embrace to Mabel and "those darling twins," Di and Deb, who looked on placidly at the leave-taking. She hugged "dear Uncle Aubrey," whom she immensely admired. She left Louise Compton on the terrace with her cousins, and was half-way down the avenue when Herbert came tearing up and thrust in at the window something that looked like a ham, shouting, "Take it, Nina; it's my new tennis-racket," and dashed away again.

"The young lady were weeping when she passed through the lodge gates, that she were.

I see her as plain as could be," reported the wife of the keeper, when next she saw Mabel. "Dear, dear Nina!" was Mabel's comment.

Nina's English adventures ended here— at least such of them as I have been able to record; but great events were soon to follow. It is impossible to give them or their consequences in detail; and indeed it is very painful to say anything about the next four years of her life, for the suffering and discipline that were to make of her the noble woman that she is to-day had begun.

They had been only a few weeks on the Continent when Mrs. Andrews received letters from home that deeply agitated her. A fatal illness developed, and it was painful to see the way in which, during the week afterward, her eyes followed Nina's every movement. And no wonder; for she had heard that her trustee, the respectable and respected Mr. Foster, had lost Nina's fortune in speculation, and made his escape to a foreign country. In ten days poor unhappy Mrs. Andrews died. In a fortnight after that Marian and Nina were on their way home. Arriving in New York, they made some stay there, in the course of which it became clear that Nina's large fortune had really vanished as completely as morning mists disappear before the rising sun.

Poor Marian was fairly terrified to think of her position. "She has not been used to the least self-denial," she thought, "and she must exercise the greatest. Out of mistaken love, they have exposed her to all the worst risks of poverty, without having done anything to teach her the right use of wealth. She has always gratified her every whim, at whatever cost. How will she learn to do without, not luxuries, but necessities? Poor, poor child! She can't even braid her own hair, and has hardly so much as put on her own shoes and stockings in her life. And she has n't a cent! How wise of the Aubreys to give their children either a profession or a trade, although they are the children of rich parents, and will be rich some day. What *is* to become of poor Nina?"

And that very day it was that Nina complained of her back for the first time—the poor little back that was to ache so long and so

wearily! She became worse, and Marian, seeing her so nerveless and languid and unlike herself, sent for their family physician. He came. He made a careful examination. "There is a slight lateral distortion of the spinal column," he said; and then afterward, when alone with Marian: "I should not have been surprised to see her bent half double. You must know that I have known Nina since she was five years old, when I saw her for the first time one night at the theater, where she had fallen asleep with her head lying on the balcony railing. A lovely little thing she was, and I could not help wondering what fool had brought her there, and wishing I could send her to bed. Later, I was called in to attend her, and I knew all about her. Her dress, habits, amusements, have been alike senseless. She has been on the go from morning till night, but has had no proper exercise. She has eaten irregularly and taken food that would have taxed the digestive powers of an ostrich. She has worn thin shoes (with high heels coming out of the middle of her foot) in midwinter, by way of protecting herself from cold, and has put on outer wraps or no wraps, according to her fancy. She has kept late hours, such as would have tried the health of a strong adult, and risen early by way of recruiting her nervous energies and waste of forces. Her mind has been stimulated into premature activity by her surroundings—not by her studies; and, what is far worse, she has been brought up in a hot-bed of emotional excitement. I see this sort of thing every day. You need not trouble yourself to tell me her symptoms—that her growth has been arrested, that she is excitable, exhausted by any exertion, always tired and peevish and ailing. Parents bring such cases to me constantly, and say: 'Doctor, we cannot *imagine* what is the matter with Lucy, or John'; and on inquiring, I find out these facts. Then I tell them sarcastically that is just the way to produce sound minds in sound bodies; to get strong, well-knit frames, firm muscles, sound organs of digestion, vigorous and healthy functions, mental and physical—when I don't lose my temper and tell the truth brutally."

He then entered into the treatment of Nina's case, and told Marian what to do for her.

When he had gone, Marian sat down and wept for thinking of Nina's troubles. What could, what should she do for her? — how tell her? She took a week to decide what her duty was in the matter. It finally was found out that, to get rid of an importunate insurance agent, Mrs. Andrews had five years before taken out a policy for a few thousands; and this little sum, or rather the interest on it, was now all that Nina had. Marian felt that it was a great mercy that she had even that. It then became a question of whether she could live on a few hundred dollars a year, and where. The first question remained to be put to the test of a trial; but while much sympathy was expressed for the child's singularly friendless state and terrible reverse of fortune, nobody came forward to offer Nina a home. There were no near relatives, no friends who cared to assume such responsibilities. There was no fairy godmother. So, as they were at considerable expense where they were staying, and the small sum in Mrs. Andrews's possession when the crash came was almost exhausted, Marian took Nina's hand one day, and held it fast in hers, while she explained the complete change in all the circumstances and conditions of her life. She concluded by saying, "I see nothing for it, dear, except for you to go home with me to Maryland. We own our little home there, and living is cheap; and I can get teaching in the neighborhood, and you shall help me to keep the boys in order, and with the housekeeping. Do you think you can be happy with us? It would be luxury to me to be at home, even if I had to do the grates and knives and boots. For you it will be a great — I fear a very trying — change from anything you have ever known, for we are poor. But then you have to learn to be poor, too, now, you know; and if you have the 'dinner of herbs,' you will be 'where love is.' We will go to work briskly, and you shall learn something that will qualify you to earn an honorable and useful living — something congenial to you, too, into which you can put all your heart. Will you come?"

Of course Nina answered yes. There was nothing else to say or to do. She was vaguely aghast at finding herself poor. It felt "so queer, somehow," she said. But as yet it was only a word, and signified to her mind nothing

worse than "old clothes, and peppermint candy, and cabbage for dinner," as she told Marian, who both laughed and sighed to hear her. She sat on Marian's lap a long while with her arms around Marian's neck, and when other plans were suggested, would only reply appealingly, "Oh, Marian, let me stay with you, for I do love you so."

To Maryland they went, then — to a quiet neighborhood, to a small, shabbily-furnished house, to a family consisting of five healthy, happy, merry boys (whom Marian had by superhuman efforts kept together), and two old aunties, one white and one black, and both as good as gold — Miss Maynard, the sister of Marian's mother, and old Aunt Hebe, blackest, best of factotums, an ex-slave, and, according to her own account, "deir mudder's nurse befo' dey was born, any one of 'em."

Aunt Hebe cooked, cleaned, and waited at table, where, in her own imperious and grotesque fashion, she furtively lectured the children on their manners. "Manners gwine take you funder 'n money, and don't you forgit dat," she would say in an undertone, with an awful roll of her eyes; or "*Fetch* widout *please* don' bring no bread, chile"; or "Elbows off de table, buttercakes on de plate"; and as she was in a position to enforce her hints, she was more successful than most mentors, especially as, after the fashion of Southern family servants, she did not hesitate to make much more direct appeals to them. "Yo' ma lef' you to me, and I 's gwine to bring you up like all de fambly, to be *quality*," she always told them.

Well, Miss Maynard patched and mended, and nominally managed the house that Aunt Hebe really ruled like a benevolent despot. And Marian walked through all weathers to her pupils, and Nina never even knew, until years afterward, that she took in sewing in order to be able to keep Nina there and provide her with some comforts.

The next two years were trying to the poor child. It was impossible to screen her altogether from the hardships that all suffered in common, and the change had come so suddenly — she was so utterly unprepared for it in body and mind — that she could not reconcile

herself to it, and her thin face took on a pensive look that was very sad to see.

It was not until Marian's tender love and beautiful unselfishness and patience penetrated the garment of heaviness in which Nina had wrapped herself, that she at all realized what pain she was giving by her fretfulness, discontent, and sadness. From that moment a light dawned in her soul. She tried to be patient for Marian's sake, to be content with what they could give her, to bear her deprivations bravely. Then she grew observant of the self-sacrifice, the tenderness, and the goodness that she had before accepted as a matter of course; and the light was brighter and brighter, though there were dark days, when the food, and the noise of the boys, and the loneliness while Marian was away at work, seemed insupportable.

Marian was most ingenious and clever in devising work that would occupy and not tire Nina — work by which she should earn some money. Five-dollar bills had been as plentiful with her as "leaves in Vallombrosa," almost; and now she had to work for a month to earn one such greenback. She was fond of dress, and she had to go shabby. She longed for ices and fruits and delicacies, and she had dry bread and a glass of milk for her supper, and often little else when things were at the worst. The days when she had money to throw away on anything and everything seemed like a dream. The shoes she earned for herself, and that cost two dollars and wore out so much too soon, were not much like the rows of satin-lined, fur-topped, patent-leather affairs that she used to throw around and abuse as "ugly, horrid things." She would very gladly have tried on dresses now, if there had been a Norah McFarlane to make them.

The Aubreys often wrote to her. They offered her aid with much delicacy, but Nina looked fierce over the letter first, and then burst into a perfect passion of tears.

"I 'li *starve* before I 'll let the *English* sup-

port me, if they *are* my half-cousins," she cried, and was not to be soothed until Marian agreed that the kind offer should be gently but definitely refused. It was hard, terrible for her. But there is no teacher like adversity, and she gradually learned the lesson set her, and Marian was an angel of goodness to her. She would not let Nina's mind prey upon itself, nor her education suffer; but read to her, talked to her, and ever fixed her thoughts on a brighter future for which she must fit herself. And that future came, and found her ready for it. An influential friend of Marian's induced her to take up kindergarten work, for which she was naturally fitted, and in which she found full scope for her unusual abilities. And Nina, who had undertaken to assist Marian, became a very different girl from the child she had been: a girl with every one of her noble and attractive qualities purified and perfected by years of self-denial, development, and discipline, ready to take her place in the world and to make it a little better, brighter, and sweeter place because of her life in it.

Marian is at the head of a "Free Kindergarten" in one of our Eastern cities; and Nina's loving heart, her bright intelligence, her great love of children, her natural nobility of character, make her a most valuable and valued assistant in this work, in which she delights.

I saw her not long since with fully a dozen little ones clinging about her skirts, her face still keen and intellectual in expression, but full of a new power and sweetness and meaning. I asked her how she liked the system and her work — for I have known her all her life.

"Like it? I love it! If there is anything for which I am profoundly grateful, it is my work — that, and Marian, and the loss of my money, but for which I should have lived and died a spoiled darling," she answered earnestly.

"You always were, and always will be, a darling!" said Marian, putting one arm around Nina, and drawing her close.



BEAN-BAG SONG.

By Christopher Valentine.

Bean-bag, bean-bag, flying through the sky,
Come and let me catch you —
Do not fly too high!
Now I send you back again;
Do not fly too low,
Fall into my hands, and then
Up again you go!

Bean-bag, bean-bag, sailing in the sun,
Why do you come down so soon
When your flight 's begun?
Spread your wings and fly away!
I 'd change you to a bird
Were I a fairy who could say
The secret, magic word!

Bean-bag, bean-bag, would n't it be funny
If I were but a princess,
And you a bag of money?
But if you fell upon her nose
'T would make the princess scold!
Beans are safer, I suppose,
Than silver or than gold!

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

WHEN it was quite settled that they would have no supplies for the winter unless they bought them from the people in the valley with their gold pieces, as the old man had done before them, they settled down to their reading again, foraging by turns for every edible thing they could find, and putting off the evil hour when they should be forced to reveal themselves. The more they read of the abolition periodicals the more they loathed their neighbors in the valley, and shrank from communicating with them. They knew that these people in the mountains seldom owned slaves themselves; but they felt that they were in full sympathy with all the cruelties of which the yellow and blue-covered pamphlets treated. If the guineas in the hoard of Hezekiah Wallstow meant anything, they represented the proportion of the gold which had been contributed by anti-slavery societies in England; and they began seriously to consider their moral obligation to return the entire sum to its rightful owners. In order to accomplish this just purpose, their lives must be preserved during the approaching winter, and seeds secured for another planting. After that, they would find means to replace with iron the gold they had used in the construction of the mill, and of various household contrivances, and when the treasure was again restored to the cask, they would find some way to open communication with the benevolent anti-slavery societies.

By the end of October they had eaten the last of their meal. There were a few clusters of purple grapes on the vines, and to these they turned for food, still dreading, with a dread which was born of the pamphlets they were reading, to make any signs to their enemies. For

two days more they stained their hands and faces with the juice of the grapes, until an exclusive fruit diet, and meditation day and night on the awful wickedness of men, had weakened their bodies and began to affect their minds.

The dread hour had finally come, and they could no longer delay making signs of their distress. To this end they collected a pile of dry wood, and heaped it on the point of rocks, in full view of the settlement of Cashiers. It was growing dusk when everything was ready to start the fire, and Philip had come from the house with a lighted torch. At the moment he was about to touch it to the dry wood, Bromley snatched the torch from his hand and extinguished it in the dirt. Coleman and Philip tried to prevent this rash act of their comrade, and in their weakness gave free expression to their anger; but Bromley stamped out the last spark of the fire without paying any heed to their bad language and frantic gestures.

"Are you mad?" he then cried, retreating a little from what threatened to be an assault. "What do you think will be our fate at the hands of these people, when we are found in possession of such books as we have been reading? We should be imprisoned like Lovejoy, or branded like Walker. We might pay with our lives for your recklessness to-night."

Philip and Coleman were shocked at the danger they had so narrowly escaped, and thanked Bromley for his forethought and his prompt action.

Of course they must bury the books, but they would have all of the next day to attend to that; and with many expressions of thankfulness they returned to the house and crept into their bunks. When morning came they were weak and hungry, with nothing whatever to eat; but in spite of all this they heaped the anti-slavery books and pamphlets on the earthen floor, carefully separating them from the works

on temperance. They had come to regard these books as little less than sacred, and they naturally shrank from burying them in the ground. Happy thought! — there was the Cave of the Bats. So, packing them into the pails, the soldiers carried the books in two toilsome journeys by torchlight to the middle of the cavernous passage, and laid them carefully together on the stone floor. They were well-nigh exhausted by this exertion; but after a rest they found strength to close the entrance with brush and earth, and to cover their work with pine-needles.

Half-famished as Lieutenant Coleman and his comrades were, they could only drink from the branch, and wait patiently for night. The poor old paralyzed rooster, sitting in the chips by the door, looked so forlorn and hungry that Philip set him out among the dry weeds, and lay down on the ground beside him, so as to be ready to turn him about and set him along when he had plucked the few seeds in his front. As for the bear and the five crippled roosters, they shambled and hobbled about, and shifted bravely for themselves.

There were still many things to consider as to how they would be received by these people, and what success they would have in exchanging United States gold-pieces for food and clothing. Perhaps they would be obliged to buy Confederate notes at ruinous rates of exchange. Perhaps their visitors would confiscate their gold-pieces at sight, and take themselves down the mountain as state prisoners. They must keep some coins in their pockets for barter, which was their object in summoning their dubious neighbors; but it would certainly be prudent to conceal the bulk of their money. So the last thing the soldiers did on this November afternoon was to dump the gold that remained in the cask into a hole in the ground, and cover it up.

As soon as it began to grow dark on the mountain they set fire to the pile of wood, which was presently a great tower of flame, lighting up the rocks and trees, and forming a beacon which must be seen from valley and mountain for miles around. At that hour, and in the glare of their own fire, they could see nothing of its effect in the settlement; but they

were sure it would be watched by the families outside every cabin; and in this belief they moved about to the right and left of the flames, waving their arms in token of their distress.

Surely a fire on this mountain-top, where no native had set foot for seven long years, would excite the wonder of the people below. It could be kindled only by human hands, and they would be eager to know to whom the hands belonged.

In the morning, the three soldiers crept out to the smoldering remains of their fire, which was still sending up a thin wreath of smoke. On the distant road through the valley they could see groups of tiny people, evidently watching and wondering. They could come no nearer than the bridgeless gorge, and so, weak as the soldiers were, after they had made every effort to show themselves in the smoke, they made their way to the head of the ladders and climbed down to the field below. Philip stopped behind to run up the old flag on the pole; for, whatever effect that emblem might have on their neighbors, they were determined to stand by their colors. They found a few chestnuts and dried berries in the old field, which they devoured with wolfish hunger as they crept along toward the gorge.

They hoped to see human faces on the opposite bank when they arrived; but there was no one there to meet them. They were not greatly disappointed, for it was still early in the day, and the people had a much longer journey to make from the valley. There was the same old-time stillness on that part of the mountain: the tinkling brook in the bottom of the gorge, and the southing of the wind in the tops of the tall pines on the other side. There were still some sticks of the old bridge wedged in the top of the dead basswood — the bridge that had served the old abolitionist in his lifetime, and the destruction of which had served the purpose of the soldiers equally well.

The mild November sunshine lay bright on the faded landscape, and the soldiers sat down on the dry grass to await the coming of their deliverers. If one of the tall pines had been standing on their own side of the gorge they would have used their last strength to cut it down and fell it across the chasm. They had

put on their old blue overcoats, to make a decent appearance before the people when they arrived; but hour after hour crept slowly by, and nobody came except Tumbler the bear, waiters. Why did no one come to their relief? They knew that their fire had been seen where the presence of a human being would be regarded as little less than a miracle by the dwellers in the valley.



"THEY SET FIRE TO THE PILE OF WOOD."

who had backed down the ladders and shambled across the field to join them. By the sun it was past noon when he came; and as he seated himself silently in the gloomy circle, he made but a sorry addition to the anxious

time was to be lost in gathering wood for another fire. There was still hope that relief would come before dark, and Philip was left to watch with the bear, while Coleman and Bromley returned to the plateau.

What if they had accepted it as a miracle altogether, and avoided the place accordingly? They were ignorant people, and therefore probably superstitious; or else they were a people as cruel and heartless as they were described to be in the "Weekly Emancipator."

The rustling wind in the tree-tops, and the occasional tapping of a woodpecker in the forest beyond, became hateful sounds to their impatient ears. Bromley, who was the strongest of the three, and the more indignant that no one came to their relief, wandered back upon the old field, where he found a few more chestnuts, which he divided equally with his half-famished comrades. Every mouthful of food helped to keep up their strength and courage; and now the slanting rays of the afternoon sun reminded them that they must repeat their signal, and that no

The postmaster in the Cove might be less superstitious, they thought, or less hard-hearted than the people in the valley. If their strength held out they would have two fires that night. No chance should be neglected. As Coleman and Bromley dragged together a few dead limbs upon the edge of the great boulder, they hoped that the postmaster had found the remains of the telescope, as they knew he had found the army-blanket which fell from the balloon, so that when he saw their fire he would connect it, in his mind, with the other objects which had come flying down from the mountain.

It was after sunset when Philip and Tumbler appeared on the plateau. No one had come even so far as the gorge; and Philip helped to carry the last of their wood to the rocky point where the blackened embers of the first fire lay in the thin ashes. Coleman and Philip remained to kindle this beacon, while Bromley went to the Cove side with a lighted torch and a bundle of fat pine-knots. When Bromley saw the first smoke of the other fire across the ridge, no light had yet appeared in the windows of the small post-office. Moreover, with his strong eyes, he was sure he saw some object moving along the road in the direction of the office.

He waited a little while, waving his torch, and then he applied it to the dry leaves and sticks at the base of the pile, which flashed quickly into a blaze. Bromley was not content to move about in the light replenishing his fire, but, as often as a fat pine-knot had become enveloped in flame, he separated it from the pile and poked it over the edge of the great smooth rock, to flare against the black storm-stains as it fell, and perhaps to start a new fire in the cove bottom. A brisk east wind was blowing across the mountain, which carried the smoke and sparks over the long roof of the post-office.

Bromley remained late in the night at his work; but at last his strength and his will-power yielded to the weakness that comes with hunger. An overpowering drowsiness compelled him to leave the fire and go stumbling over the hill to the house, where he found Coleman and Philip already asleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RESCUE.

WHEN the three soldiers awoke on the morning which followed the kindling of the two fires, Philip was too ill to leave his bunk, and Lieutenant Coleman and Bromley were too weak to drag themselves as far as the rocks where the embers were still smoking. The sun was shining on their United States window, and when they looked out at the door, the old flag of thirty-five stars was floating bravely on the fresh wind.

"Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, and for Sherman Territory!" cried Bromley, and the weak cheers so exhausted the two men that they sat down on the wooden bench in a state of collapse. Faint as they were from hunger, they were still fainter from thirst, and after a moment's rest they staggered over to the branch and drank their fill of the cool water, and laved their feverish faces in the stream. They brought a cup of the water to Philip, who lay quietly in his bunk, and was altogether so weak that they were obliged to hold him up while he drank.

"There, there," said Coleman, as they eased him back on his pillow. "You must keep a good heart, for some one will surely come to us to-day."

Philip looked brighter for the draught of water, but he only smiled in reply. The sun was warm outside, but the act of drinking, while it had greatly revived and encouraged Coleman and Bromley, had so chilled their starved bodies that they put on their overcoats and buttoned them up to the throat. They could do no more in the way of calling for help than they had already done. Men had died of starvation before, and it might be their fate to perish of hunger, but they felt a strong faith that the fires they had built for two nights on this uninhabited mountain would bring some one to their relief. They regretted now that the reading of the abolition books had influenced them to delay so long their appeal for help. To reach them their rescuers must fell one or more of the tall pines across the bridgeless gorge, but they were too weak to go down the ladders, and what wind there was blew across the moun-

tain in the direction of the gorge, so that they would not hear the sound of an ax a mile away.

Time had never dragged so slowly. The sun came in at the open door, and by the marks they had made on the floor, as well as by the shadows cast by the trees outside, they could judge closely of the hour. They could hardly believe that it was only ten o'clock in the morning, when it seemed as if they had already passed a whole day in vain hope of relief.

It was such a terrible thing to await starvation in the oppressive stillness of the mountain, that Bromley, almost desperate with listening, went to the branch and hung the bucket on the arm of the old Slow John, which presently began to pound and splash in its measured way. Dismal as the sound was, it gave them something to count, and relieved their tired ears of the monotonous flapping of the flag and of the rustling of the barren corn-stalks.

They talked of the old man who had died alone on the other plateau. He, too, might have died of starvation. There were no signs of food in the deserted house when they had discovered it. They had never thought of it before, but his cunning agent might have been a villain after all. He might have grown weary at last of lugging casks up the mountain by moonlight, and getting the old man's gold by slow doles. He must have had some knowledge of the treasure for which he dug so persistently afterward, and in his greed to possess it he might have deliberately starved the old abolitionist. They thought of Hezekiah Wallstow burning beacon fires in his extremity, when there was a good bridge to connect the mountain-top with the valley, and yet he was left to die alone. The thought was not encouraging to Coleman and Bromley in their weakened, nervous condition, and tended to make them more than ever distrustful of the natives to whom they had appealed.

They withheld these disturbing suspicions from Philip, but the more they pondered on the subject the more they were convinced of the barbarity of the Confederates and of their determination to leave them to their fate.

Lieutenant Coleman wrote what he believed to be the last entry in the diary. It was November 7, 1871; and on the cleansed paper

of the book which treated of deep-sea fishing he stated briefly their starving condition and their fruitless efforts to summon relief. They still had the tin box in which the adamantine candles had been stored, and into this Bromley helped to pack the leaves of the diary, already neatly tied in separate packages, and labeled for each year. If he had had a little more strength he would have carried it to the forge, and sealed the cover of the box which contained the record of their lives. As it was, they set it on the mantelpiece under the trophy formed of the station flags and the swords and carbines, and laid a weight on the lid.

After this was accomplished, Lieutenant Coleman lay down and turned his face to the wall, and Bromley seated himself on the bench outside the door, too stubborn to give up all hope of relief. The warm sun lighted the chip dirt at his feet, and seemed to glorify the bright colors of the old flag as it floated from the staff. He forgot his desperate situation for a moment, as his mind turned back to the battle-days, when he had seen it waving in the sulphurous smoke. It gave him no comfort, however, to think of his old comrades and the dead generals and the cause that was lost; and when his eyes fell on the ground at his feet, he tried to keep them fixed on a tiny ant which came out of a crumbling log. The small thing was so full of life, darting and halting and turning this way and that! Now it disappeared under the log, and then it came out again, rolling a kernel of corn, climbing up on one side, to fall ignominiously down on the other. Bromley was just about to pounce on the grain of corn and crush it between his teeth, when he heard a sound on the hill, and, raising his eyes, he saw two men coming on toward the house.

They carried long bird-rifles on their shoulders, and to his starved vision they looked to be of gigantic size against the sky.

He could only cry out, "Fred! Fred! Here they come!"

These electric words brought Coleman's haggard face to the door, and even Philip turned in his blankets.

The strange dress and wild appearance of the two soldiers, one clinging to the door of the house, and the fantastic effect of the afternoon

sun on the stained-glass window, as if the interior were on fire, so startled the strangers that they lowered their rifles to a position for defense, and turned from the direct approach, until they had gained a position among the rustling corn-stalks in front of the door. The various buildings and the evidence of cultivation on the mountain-top staggered the visitors, and the haggard faces of Coleman and Bromley led them to believe that they had come upon a camp of the fabled wild men of the woods. They had never before seen a stained-glass window, which to their minds suggested some infernal magic, and so the two valley-men stood elbow to elbow, in an attitude for defense, and waited for the others to speak.

"Come on, neighbors," said Bromley, holding out his empty hands. "We are only three starving men."

One of the valley-men was tall and lank, and the other was sturdily built; and at these pacific words of Bromley they advanced, still keeping close together.

"We don't see but two," said the stout man, coming to a halt again. "Where 's the other one at?"

"He 's too weak to get out of his bunk," said Lieutenant Coleman. "For pity's sake, have you brought us food?"

"That 's just what we have," said the rosy-faced, stout man, who came on without any further hesitation. "We 've brought ye a corn-pone. We 'lowed there might be some human critters starvin' up here." With that he whisked about the thin man and snatched a corn loaf from the haversack on his back.

"How did you all ever git here?" said the thin man. "Hit 's seven year since the old bridge tumbled into the gorge."

There was no reply to this question, for Bromley was devouring his bread like a starved wolf, while Coleman had turned away to share his piece with Philip.

The eagerness with which they ate seemed to please the two valley-men, who were willing enough to wait a reasonable time for the information they sought. It was a good opportunity to give some account of themselves, and the rosy-faced man made good use of it.

"We 're plumb friendly," he said, "and

mighty glad we brought along the bread, ain't we, Tom? Might n't 'a' done it if hit had n't 'a' been for my old woman insistin'. She 'lowed some hunter fellers had got up here and could n't git down ag'in, and she hild fast to that idea while she was a-bakin' last night, time your fire was a-burnin'. Hit certainly takes women folks to git the rights o' things, don't it, Tom? My name is Riley Hooper, and this yer friend o' mine is Tom Zachery, and we 're nothin' if we ain't friendly."

Poor Philip was unable to swallow the dry bread, and Coleman came to the door with the golden cup in his hand, and begged one of the men to bring a cup of water from the branch. Tom Zachery hurried off on this mission of mercy.

"Hit 's a wonder," he exclaimed, when he came back with the dripping cup, "that you all ain't been pizened afore this, drinkin' out o' brass gourds. That 's what ailed Colum, long time he had the green sickness. But his woman was cookin' into a brass kittle, and that might 'a' made some difference."

The two men now pressed into the house to see Philip; and Bromley, whose hands were at last empty, and whose strength was fast returning, came after them.

"I 'm jest nacherly put out," said Hooper, when he saw the condition of Philip, "that I did n't bring along somethin' to warm up a cold stomic. Poor feller! Say, where 's your fryin'-pan at? I 'll fix a dose for him. Here, Tom, wake up! Fill this skillet with water out o' the branch 'thout no flavor o' brass into it," and as he spoke he whisked Tom around again and took the haversack from his shoulders. "No, ye don't," said he to Bromley, who came forward for more bread. "No, ye don't, my boy. I 've viewed starvin' humans afore. What you want to do is to go slow. A dose o' gruel is jest the ticket for this yer whole outfit."

The rosy-faced man was too busy with the fire and the gruel, and too eager to improve the condition of the men he had rescued, to ask any disturbing questions, and Tom Zachery was so considerate, in the presence of actual starvation, that he seated himself on a three-legged stool, and stared at the stained-glass windows and the flags and the curious map on

the wall. It was just as well that Bromley had removed the golden castors, years before, from the legs of the stools, when they were found to make ruts and furrows in the earthen

still prevented the visitors from asking questions, it was a dread of overwhelming bad news that sealed the soldiers' lips. They had become so settled in their convictions, and so confirmed in their strange blindness, that they shrank from hearing the mortifying particulars. So the five men sat staring at one another, each party waiting for the other to begin.

"Sojer coats," said the lean man, nudging his companion.

"And cavalry guns and swords," said the rosy-faced one, casting his eyes on the trophy.

"And my affyda-vid," said the tall one, "if them ain't the reg'lar old signal-flags — one, two, one."

Lieutenant Coleman was thankful that his visitors had said nothing disagreeable thus far, but he feared every moment that they would make some insulting remarks about the old flag, which they could see through the doorway.

Bromley restrained himself as long as he could, and then, in reply to the three mild observations, in which he thought he



"THE STRANGERS LOWERED THEIR RIFLES TO A POSITION FOR DEFENSE."

floor. Tom Zachery would have been more astonished than ever if he had found himself rolling about on double eagles.

When the hot gruel had been served, Philip was so much revived as to be able to sit up on the edge of his bunk. If it was delicacy that

detected a shade of sarcasm, he exclaimed:

"Well, what of it? We are not ashamed of our uniform or of our arms."

"There ain't no reason why ye should be, my buck," said the rosy-faced man. "Soldier-in' is as good a trade as any other."

"Hit 's better 'n some," said the tall one.

"Gentlemen," said Lieutenant Coleman, who began to fear remarks more personal, "you have saved our lives to-day. We shall never forget your kindness, or cease to feel ourselves your debtors. You see our destitute situation. We need food for the coming winter, and seed for another year, for which we are able to pay; and if you know who owns this mountain-top, we shall be glad to arrange, through you, to buy it."

"Well, now, I 'll be switched," said the rosy-faced man, "if he ain't a thoroughbred as soon 's he gits fed up a little. Wants to buy these yer rocks, does he? Tom, who do you reckon owns this mounting?"

"Dunno," said Tom, with a grin, "if you don't own it."

"Well, I do," said Hooper, expanding himself with an air of proprietorship, "and there hain't nobody never disputed my title to this upper kentry."

"Are you willing to sell it?" said Lieutenant Coleman.

"I 'll sell anything I 've got," said Hooper, looking more rosy and smiling than ever, "so I git my figger."

"Very well," said Coleman. "If we take the mountain-top, from the deep gorge up, at what price would you value it?"

"Well, now," said Hooper, "if you really mean business, this yer trac' ain't worth a fortune'. Timber-land in these parts brings a dollar an acre when hit brings anything. Rock-land like this, without no timber onto it, is worth fifty cents; but, considerin' the improvements and the buildin's," he continued, "I reckon seventy-five would be dirt cheap. Hit ain't ever been surveyed, but I 'low there 's two hundred acres above the gorge."

Lieutenant Coleman already had his hand in the pocket of his canvas trousers, and, bringing out two double-eagles, he handed them to the rosy-faced proprietor as a first payment. Hooper jumped up from his seat and took the two yellow coins in his hands, and chinked them together, and tossed them about as if he feared they might burn his palms.

"Hanged if hit ain't United States gold money, Tom," he exclaimed, passing one of

the coins to Zachery, who was equally excited. "We hain't viewed that kind o' money for seven years in these parts, have we, Tom?"

Tom indorsed his companion's statement in pretty strong language, and Lieutenant Coleman hastened to say that if the money was not satisfactory, they could probably agree upon some rate of exchange. At this point of the conversation, the two mountaineers exchanged some words in a whisper, and the soldiers believed they were agreeing upon the discount between United States and Confederate money. To fill up this awkward break in the conversation, Lieutenant Coleman began again to express his gratitude to his rescuers.

"Now, hold on, Captain," exclaimed Hooper, facing about. "Whatsoever me and Tom has done, we have done willin', and nobody will-in'er, and we 're goin' to stand by ye to the end; but we ain't goin' no further in this business till you tell us how ye got here. The way we study hit out, you ain't treatin' me and Tom fair."

"Pardon me, my good friends," said Lieutenant Coleman. "I had no intention of being unfair. We came here in the summer of 1864, in the line of our duty as Union soldiers, and when the war ended with the success of the Confederate army—"

"What!" cried the two men together, gasping in amazement at what they heard; and then they burst into peals of laughter. "Whoop!" cried the rosy-faced man, slapping his leg and throwing his wool hat to the floor as if it had been a brickbat. "If that ain't the jolliest thing I ever heard, and hit 's kind o' serious-like, too. Why, man, there *ain't* no Confederacy! The Confederacy was played out long ago. Hit 's the old United States, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean clear across to the Pacific."

"And General Sherman—?" gasped Philip.

"He 's ginerol of the army up in Washington right now, and Ginerol Grant is President," cried the rosy-faced man.

Somehow the interior of the house grew vague and misty, as if a sea-fog had swept in through the windows. Everything and everybody danced and reeled about, until the soldiers fell away from the embrace of their de-

liverers, quite exhausted by the excitement over the news they had heard.

While all this was going on, Philip lay back on his blanket and shed tears of joy over the wonderful news. In fact, there was n't a dry eye in the room. Even the eyes of the men from Cashiers glistened with moisture, as they vied with each other in discharging facts, like cannon-balls, into the ears of the astonished soldiers. They gave them a brief history of the end of the great war, of the tragic death of Lincoln, and of some of the events which had since taken place in the United States.

"There were thirty-five stars on the old flag when we came here," cried Lieutenant Coleman.

"There are thirty-eight now," said Hooper.

"Thirty-eight!" repeated the soldiers, looking at each other in amazement. "Thirty-eight!"

The soldiers ate some more of the bread from the haversack, and with renewed strength they went out into the afternoon sunlight, Coleman and Bromley supporting Philip, and all five sat down under the old flag. And as they sat there together like brothers, the soldiers told the others why they had first come to the mountain, and the bad news sent to them by flag, and the resolution they had made, and all that had come of it. And when they had done speaking, Tom Zachery, whose face had grown longer and sadder as he listened to their story, said he had something to tell them for which he hoped they would forgive him.

"I was only a boy in the war-time," said Tom, "and I lived with my kin-folks in a settlement at the foot of the tenth mountain. General Thomas commanded the Home Guard brigade, with headquarters at Quallatown, in the Cherokee kentry, and he had signal-flag men like you all, and 'mongst the rest there was one named Bud Bryson. Now, Bud was mighty peart, and he boasted as how he could study out any cipher that ever was made, if only he had time enough. So when the General heard that there was a Yankee station on that mountain, he sent Bud with a spy-glass to make out the cipher and read the telegrafts for him. Many 's the day I stayed out on the South Ridge with Bud, and wrote down the letters as he read 'em off, and, turn 'em which

way we would, we could never make head or tail of 'em. It was m - z - q - j - g and such fool letters, and after two weeks' hard work Bud Bryson was no nearer to makin' sense of the letters than when he began, though he did always say that if they had only give him time, he would 'a' studied out the trick.

"But the General got tired o' waitin' on Bud, and one day he sent a squad of fifteen cavalry soldiers to capture the stations. The soldiers started up the mountain in the early morning, with Bud to guide 'em and give 'em points. I went up with the rest, just to see the fun, and when we got to the top, the soldiers rushed in on two sets o' men sawin' the air with their flags and sendin' messages both ways. Lieutenant Swann was the officer's name, a big red man, and mighty mad he was when the soldiers took him. They searched him from head to foot, and 'mongst the papers on him they found the secret cipher Bud had been workin' for.

"What with guardin' the prisoners and the prospect of capturin' more, fifteen troopers was too scant a crowd to divide into two squads, and so the Captain ordered Bud to stay on the mountain and give the stations ahead enough news to keep 'em quiet until he come back.

"That game suited Bud mighty well, and havin' nobody to help him, he made me stay with him to take down the letters. We had the camp just as they left it, with plenty o' rations and coffee to drink such as we had n't tasted for years, and every time Bud looked at the flags he burst out laughin'. It was somewhere near the end of July when we took the mountain, and that same afternoon Bud began to figger the letters of his first message crooked, accordin' to the cipher, and git it ready to send on. 'Tom,' he says to me with a grin, 'I reckon we better kill off General Sherman first'; and then he rolled over on the blankets.

"Next mornin' he sent the message, and when the telegraft come back to know if the news was true, he sent word it was, 'honor bright,' and signed the Lieutenant's name, 'James Swann.' Hit was three weeks before the squad got back from Chattanooga way, and all the time Bud kept sendin' lies about great Confederate victories. He was keerful what he sent, too, and figgered on the dates, and

kept all the messages he had sent before wrote down in order, so he would n't get mixed. When we got all ready to leave Bear Clift, which was the tenth station, Bud flagged an order to hold on — that relief was comin'.

"Now, after we started east, we picked up a station every morning; and as soon as Bud got his hands on the flags, he begun to lie more than ever, closin' up the war with a dash. We had over fifty prisoners when we took the three men off from Upper Bald, and there havin' been six on every other station, we nat'rally thought we had found the last; and the cavalry went away with their prisoners to Quallatown."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER the straightforward story of Tom Zachery, which explained the cunning method by which Lieutenant Coleman and his comrades had been deceived by the flag-messages, the soldiers could feel no resentment toward Tom. They were so happy in the possession of all the good news they had heard that they would have shaken hands with Bud Bryson himself, if he had been one of their rescuers.

"Now, I reckon," said the rosy-faced man as he got on his feet to go down the mountain, "considerin' the way things has turned out, you won't keer about investin' in property in this upper kentry; and I'll give ye back your money," he continued, looking fondly at the two yellow coins.

Coleman and Bromley, however, insisted that a bargain was a bargain, and that they wanted the land more than ever. They should go away, they said, the next day if Philip was able to make the journey; and Lieutenant Coleman pressed more coin upon Hooper, for which he was to bring them a supply of clothing, which they could wear as far as Asheville.

It all seemed like a dream to the three belated soldiers when their visitors had gone; but Bromley, who was the more practical, reminded his comrades that the anti-slavery societies must long since have been disbanded, and that the gold was their own by right of discovery. So, after making a supper of the corn-bread from the haversack, Coleman and

Bromley fell to work with a will, stripping the mill of its golden bands and hinges and hasps; and late into the night the windows of the forge glowed and beamed, and the ruddy fire-light streamed out through the cracks in the logs, where Bromley, the goldsmith, was smelting and hammering the precious metal into bars, and beating into each, while it was soft, the impress of a double-eagle, reversed.

When all the gold was repacked in the very cask in which they had found it, and so wedged and padded with leaves of the temperance books



FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN.

that it no longer chinked when it was moved, a book-cover was nailed on the head, and the package was addressed to "Lieutenant Frederick Henry Coleman, U. S. A., Washington, D. C."

The tin box containing the diary, and the flags and swords and such books as they wished to keep, were gathered together and packed for transportation before the men came back the next day. Old Tumbler, the bear, became the property of Tom Zachery, who had taken a great fancy to him. The rosy-faced Hooper, who was to have charge of their landed pro-

perty on the mountain, had brought his steercart as far as the gorge to take down Philip and the baggage.

When the three soldiers got out of their tattered clothing, and into the butternut and gray suits which had been borrowed for them from the neighbor folk, the misfits were such that they looked hardly less comical than before. Philip's hat was a bell-crowned beaver, and he carried in his hand the alligator-skin bag which had belonged to the beautiful lady of the balloon.

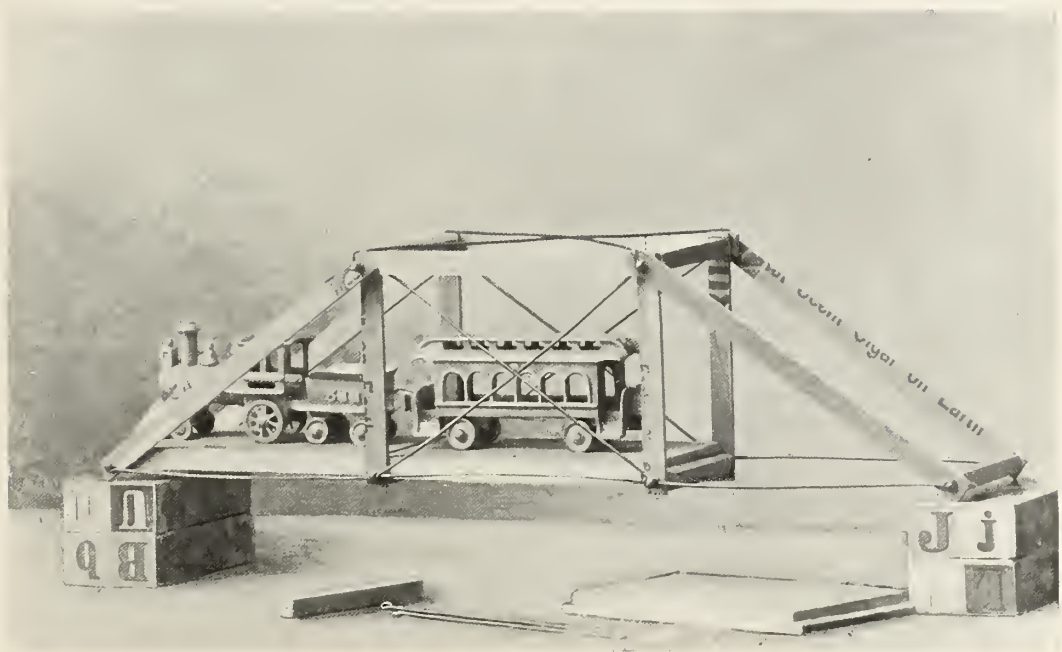
On the other side of the gorge they met the postmaster and more of the people from Cashiers, who had come up to escort them down the mountain; and they were all more jolly than you can think, the people giving information, and the soldiers learning something new and surprising at every step of their progress to the village.

And so ends the history of the three soldiers, who remained in voluntary exile for seven years, and were happily rescued at last.

THE END.



"OH, DO KEEP STILL, PUSSY! YOU 'RE WORSE THAN PAPA!"



A SCIENTIFIC TOY BRIDGE.

BY E. J. PRINDLE.

HAVING been asked by a youngster in whom I am interested to build a toy bridge, it occurred to me to teach him the principles on which a railroad "truss-bridge" is constructed, so that the building of the toy would be an object-lesson in engineering.

The materials used were a cigar-box, some soft iron wire, and a piece of half-inch board. The cigar-box was cut up into half-inch strips, and a hole was burned with the wire near each end of each strip. The four inclined wooden "end posts" have holes eight and a half inches apart; the four vertical posts have holes five inches apart; and the two "upper chords" have holes seven inches apart. The six lower wires, or "bottom chords," have loops or "eyes" at seven inches' distance; the four "cross-braces" of wire on the sides have eyes eight and five eighths inches apart. The six floor

and upper beams are half an inch square and four inches long. The flooring consists of three pieces of the half-inch board, which are four inches wide, seven inches long, and which are cut out on the ends (as may be seen in the illustration where one of the pieces of flooring lies on the table, lower side up) to fit the floor beams. The wires that form the top braces are easily fitted after the other parts are in place. Screws hold the bridge at the joints, and the parts are easily put together by noticing their relation in the picture. It will be seen that the parts of the bridge are all *hinged* together — that is, they are not rigidly fastened, but are free to turn on the screws which unite them. This makes it certain that each member shall be subjected only to a simple push or a simple pull, to either compression alone or tension alone; and for this reason the

wooden parts are called "compression members," while the wire parts are called "tension members." This arrangement, so that each part shall have no twisting or bending to resist, makes the strongest possible bridge out of a given amount of material.

All bridges of this class depend upon a property of the triangle: that it is impossible to change its shape without lengthening or shortening one of its sides. Of four-sided figures this is not true. On examining the sides of this bridge, it will be found that they are entirely made up of triangles fastened together by the screws, although the same wire or piece of wood sometimes belongs at the same time to

two triangles. These triangles depend upon and support one another, so that if one member of one triangle should break, the whole structure might fall.

In planning real bridges, it is found by calculation which of the members will be under compression, and which will have to stand tension; and they are made of wood, or of cast-iron columns, or of metal rods accordingly.

In a bridge constructed on these principles the material is used to the best advantage, so that a comparatively light structure possesses great strength. The little bridge from which the illustration was made sustained a weight of twenty-five pounds.

DEER-MICE, AS PETS.

BY G. RAFAEL O'REILLY.

WHILE rambling one evening in the woods, I sat down on a rock close by a shaded bank all overgrown with soft green moss and feathery ferns. Not far away there was an ancient tree-stump, with a hole running in underneath it; and what should I see peeping out from the hole, but the head of a little reddish-brown animal. At first sight I took it to be a chipmunk. Its large black eyes seemed full of apprehension, and as I moved it drew back out of sight.

On rolling over the stump, I discovered beneath it some withered grass carefully rolled into a globular nest. Cautiously drawing my handkerchief around this, I tied it up, with whatever it contained, and hurried homeward with my treasure. On emptying the handkerchief into a box covered with wire gauze, I found that I had captured two beautifully delicate and elegant creatures, somewhat larger than mice. Their fur was thick and soft, a rich velvet of reddish-brown on the back, and snowy white beneath. Their feet also were white. But their chief beauty lay in their eyes—great, black, liquid orbs half protruding from the head. No gazelle ever had eyes half so lovely.

They soon became quite tame, and without showing any fear would allow me to put my hand into their cage to give them fruits and berries. They carried their nest into a corner of the cage and reconstructed it there.

After about two weeks I procured a large cocoanut, sawed it in two, and taking one half of it, made in it a little doorway. When I put this into their cage, turned mouth down, they seemed to go wild with the excitement of delight. In and out they ran through the little doorway a hundred times in succession. Sometimes they would jump up on top of the cocoanut and survey it all over; and then, after "washing their faces" with their delicate white paws, jump down, and again run inside. Soon they made up their minds to take possession of it as their home. Their nest in the corner they pulled to pieces, and carried it off mouthful by mouthful into the little cocoanut hut. There they have lived ever since.

During the daytime they sleep; but when evening comes on they busy themselves running and jumping about the cage; and they have never once in three years tried to gnaw their way out.

They take nuts from my fingers now; and it is ridiculously amusing to see one of them running off with a large walnut, almost as big as himself, rolling and pushing it with his little paws, striving to force it in through the door in the cocoanut; and when the mouse finds that he cannot push it in from the outside, he himself gets inside, and putting out his head, tries to pull the nut in after him with his teeth.

Their favorite food is nuts, which of course they cannot crack, and yet they get at the inside very cleverly; for with their sharp chisel-teeth they dexterously gnaw a hole through the hard shell, and then scoop out the meat from the interior. In a hazelnut they make only one hole; but they know that there is a division in a hickory-nut, so in that they make two holes, one on each side. They understand too, somehow or other, that in a walnut there are several divisions, so for each of the compartments they make a separate opening. A bad nut they will very seldom take the trouble to look into. How they divine that it is bad is a mystery, but they can nearly always tell.

They are fond of nice pears and apples, and one such fruit will last them both for a week. They get no water; the pear or apple does for drink.

It is a pretty sight to see one of them sitting up on its haunches on top of a large rosy apple, holding a filbert between its fore paws, while with its long lower teeth it greedily scoops out the savory kernel. Sometimes the other one will come over to take away the filbert from the one that has opened it, and then they have a contention, and they frequently chase one another around the cage, while the coveted filbert many times changes owners.

In summer they spend very little time in their cocoanut, preferring to sleep outside in the coolness, generally perching high up on a branch placed in the cage for the purpose. They run up this branch as nimbly as squirrels, and usually squat there all through the heat of the day, close together on one of the thicker twigs,

coming down whenever they feel thirsty, to take a bite at the juicy apple.

Every year, when October comes around, they make themselves wondrously busy, carrying all the nuts they can find into their cocoanut dwelling. When that is filled they pile them around the door, and store others in the corner of the cage. But no matter how many they may have, they will always eagerly take more



A FAMILY OF DEER-MICE.

from my fingers when I offer them, and will add them to the store.

A few times, while I was brushing out their cage, they have jumped out into the room and hidden themselves away among my books; but invariably when I go and sit quiet in my chair they go back to their cage, with its snug cocoa-

nut habitation and tempting store of juicy apple and luscious nuts.

The country people call this pretty little creature "Deermouse," on account of its color and beautiful eyes. Naturalists call it *Hesperomys*, which means "evening mouse"—a prettier name, although it is a shame to use the word *mouse* in speaking of them, for they are much more like squirrels in their charming ways.

They are apparently fond of music; for if I whistle a little tune they will come out of their nest and appear to listen with great interest. Any unusual object or strange movement excites their curiosity. The artist who made the picture, not being good at whistling, used to move the fingers of his left hand, so that they might watch it and sit still, while his right hand was busy with the pencil.

SQUIRREL TOWN.

BY ALIX THORN.

WHERE the oak-trees tall and stately
 Stretch great branches to the sky,
 Where the green leaves toss and flutter,
 As the summer days go by,
 Dwell a crowd of little people
 Ever racing, up and down—
 Bright eyes glancing, gray tails whisking—
 This is known as Squirrel Town.

Bless me, what a rush and bustle,
 As the happy hours speed by!
 Chitter, chatter—chatter, chitter,
 Underneath the azure sky.
 Laughs the brook to hear the clamor;
 Chirps the sparrow gay and brown:
 "Welcome! Welcome, everybody!—
 Jolly place, this Squirrel Town."

Honey-bees the fields are roaming;
 Daisies nod, and lilies blow;
 Soon Jack Frost,—the saucy fellow,—
 Hurrying, will come, I know.
 Crimson leaves will light the woodland,
 And the nuts come pattering down;
 Winter store they all must gather—
 Busy place then, Squirrel Town.

Blowing, blustering, sweeps the north wind—
 See! The snow is flying fast.
 Hushed the brook, and hushed the sparrow,
 For the summer-time is past.
 Yet these merry little fellows
 Do not fear old Winter's frown;
 Snug in hollow trees they 're hiding—
 Quiet place is Squirrel Town.

ANOTHER DANDY.

(Sequel to "The Three Dogs," written by the same author, and printed in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1895.)

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

IT seemed to "Mop's" master, after the passing away of Mop, that the master's earthly account with dogs was closed.

The pain of parting was too great to be endured. But another Dandy came to him, one Christmas morning, to fill the aching void; and for a time again his life is not a dogless one.

The present ruler of the household has a

of very many of the best friends humanity ever had.

Mop's successor answers to the name of Roy — when he answers to anything at all. He is young, very wilful, and a little hard of hearing, of which latter affliction he makes the most. He always understands when he is invited to go out. He is stone-deaf, invariably, when he

is told to come back. But he is full of affection, and he has a keen sense of humor. In the face he looks like Thomas Carlyle, and Professor John Weir declares that his body is all out of drawing!

At times, his devotion to his mistress is beautiful and touching. It is another case of "Mary and the Lamb," you know. If his mistress is not visible, he waits patiently about, and he is sure to go wherever she goes. It makes the children of the neighborhood laugh and play. But it is severe upon the master, who does most of the training, while the mistress gets most of the devotion. That is the way with lambs, and with dogs, and with some folks!

Roy is quite as much of a fighter as was any one of the



ANOTHER DANDY.

pedigree much longer and straighter than his own front legs. Although he comes from a distinguished line of prize-winning thoroughbreds, he never will be permitted to compete for a medal on his own behalf. The Dog Show should be suppressed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dogs. It has ruined the dispositions and broken the hearts

three other dogs; but he is a little more particular in his likes and his dislikes. He fights all the dogs in Tannersville; he fights the Drislers' Gyp almost every time he meets him; he fights the Beckwiths' Blennie only when either one of them trespasses on the domestic porch of the other (Blennie, who is very pretty, looks like old portraits of Mrs. Brown-

ing, with the curls hanging on each side of the face); and Roy never fights Laddie Pruyn or Jack Ropes at all. Jack Ropes is the hero whom he worships, the beau ideal to him of everything a dog should be. He follows Jack in all respects; and he pays Jack the sincere flattery of imitation. Jack, an Irish setter,

ever Jack does, that does Roy; and Jack knows it, and he gives Roy hard things to do. He leads Roy to the summit of high rocks, and then he jumps down, realizing that Roy is too small to take the leap. But he always waits until Roy, yelping with mortification, comes back by the way they both went. He wades through puddles



"He waits patiently about."



"He pretends he has forgotten all about it."



"He tries very hard to look pleasant."



"He poses willingly and steadily."



"He is stone-deaf when he is asked to come back."

is a thorough gentleman in form, in action, and in thought. Some years Roy's senior, he submits patiently to the playful capers of the younger dog; and he even accepts little nips at his legs or his ears. It is pleasant to watch the two friends during an afternoon walk. What-

up to his own knees, but over Roy's head; and then he trots cheerfully away, far in advance, while Roy has to stop long enough to shake himself dry. But it was Roy's turn once! He traversed a long and not very clean drain, which was just large enough to give free passage to

his own small body; and Jack went rushing after. Jack got through; but he was a spectacle to behold. And there are creditable eye-witnesses who are ready to testify that Roy took Jack home, and sat on the steps and laughed while Jack was being washed.

Each laughed on the wrong side of his mouth, however,—Jack from agony, and Roy from sympathy,—when Jack, a little later, had his unfortunate adventure with the loose-quilled, fretful Onteora porcupine. It nearly cost Jack his life and his reason; and for some time he was a helpless, suffering invalid. Doctors were called in, chloroform was administered, and many delicate surgical operations were performed before Jack was on his feet again; and for the while each tail was drooped. Happily for Roy, he did not go to the top of the Hill-of-the-Sky that unlucky day, and so he escaped the porcupine. But Roy does not care much for porcupines, anyway, and he never did. Other dogs are porcupiney enough for him!

Roy's association with Jack Ropes is a liberal education to him in more ways than one. Jack is so big and so strong and so brave, and so gentle withal, and so refined in manners and intellectual in mind, that Roy, even if he would, could not resist the healthful influence. Jack never quarrels except when Roy quarrels; and whether Roy is in the right or in the wrong, the aggressor or the attacked (and generally he begins it), Jack invariably interferes on Roy's behalf, in a good-natured, big-brother, what-a-bother sort of way that will not permit Roy to be the under dog in any fight. Part of Roy's dislike of Blennie — Blennie is short for Blenheim — consists in the fact that while Blennie is nice enough in his way, it is not Roy's way. Blennie likes to sit on laps, to bark out of windows—at a safe distance. He wears a little sleigh-bell on his collar. Under no circumstances does he play follow-my-leader, as Jack does. He does not try to do stunts; and, above all, he does not care to go in swimming.

The greatest event, perhaps, in Roy's young life was his first swim. He did not know he could swim. He did not know what it was to swim. He had never seen a sheet of water larger than a roadside puddle or than the stationary wash-tubs of his own laundry at home.

He would not have anything to do with the Pond, at first, except for drinking purposes; and he would not enter the water until Jack went in, and then nothing would induce him to come out of the water—until Jack was tired. His surprise and his pride at being able to take care of himself in an entirely unknown and unexplored element were very great. But when he swam ashore the trouble began. Jack, in a truly well-bred manner, dried himself in the long grass on the banks. Roy dried *himself* in the deep yellow dust of the road—a medium which was quicker and more effective, no doubt, but not so pleasant for those about him; for he was so enthusiastic over his performance that he jumped upon everybody's knickerbockers, or upon the skirts of everybody's gown, for the sake of a lick at somebody's hand and a pat of appreciation and applause.

Another startling and never-to-be-forgotten experience of Roy's was his introduction to the partridge. He met the partridge casually one afternoon in the woods, and he paid no particular attention to it. He looked upon it as a plain, barnyard chicken a little out of place; but when the partridge whirled and whizzed and boomed itself into the air, Roy put all his feet together, and jumped, like a bucking horse, at the lowest estimate four times as high as his own head. He thought it was a porcupine! He had heard a great deal about porcupines, although he had never seen one; and he fancied that that was the way porcupines always went off!

Roy likes and picks blackberries—the green as well as the ripe; and he does not mind having his portrait painted. Mr. Beckwith considers Roy one of the best models he ever had. Roy does not have to be posed; he poses himself, willingly and patiently, so long as he can pose himself very close to his master; and he always places his fore legs, which he knows to be his strong point, in the immediate foreground. He tries very hard to look pleasant, as if he saw a chipmunk on the bark of a tree, or as if he thought Mr. Beckwith was squeezing little worms of white paint out of little tubes just for his amusement. And if he really does see a chipmunk on a tree, he rushes off to bark

at the chipmunk ; and then he comes back and resumes his original position, and waits for Mr. Beckwith to go on painting again. Once in a while, when he feels that Mr. Beckwith has made a peculiarly happy remark, or an unusually happy stroke of the brush, Roy applauds

his own feet stepped on, or by sitting so close to their chairs that they rock on his tail. He has been known to hold two persons literally spellbound for minutes, with his tail under the rocker of one chair and both ears under the rocker of another one. Roy's greatest faults

are barking at horses' heels and running away. This last is very serious, and often it is annoying; but there is always some excuse for it. He generally runs away to the Williamses', which is the summer home of his John and his Sarah. He knows that the Williamses themselves do not want too much of him, no matter how John and Sarah may feel on the subject; and he knows that his own family wishes him to stay more at home; but, for all that, he runs away. He slips off at every opportunity. He pretends that he is only going down to the road to see what time it is, or that he is simply setting out for a blackberry or the afternoon's mail; and when he is brought reluctantly home, he makes believe that he



ROY AND HIS MASTER. FROM A PAINTING BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

tumultuously and loudly with his tail, against the seat of the bench or the side of the house. Roy has two distinct wags—the perpendicular and the horizontal; and in his many moments of enthusiasm he never neglects to use that particular wag which is likely to make the most noise.

Roy has his faults; but his evil, as a rule, is wrought by want of thought rather than by want of heart. He shows his affection for his friends by walking under their feet and getting

has forgotten all about it; and he naps on the top step, or in the doorway, in the most guileless and natural manner; and then, when nobody is looking, he dashes off, barking at an imaginary ox-cart, in wild, unrestrainable impetuosity, generally in the direction of the Williamses' cottage, and bringing up, almost invariably, under the Williamses' kitchen stove.

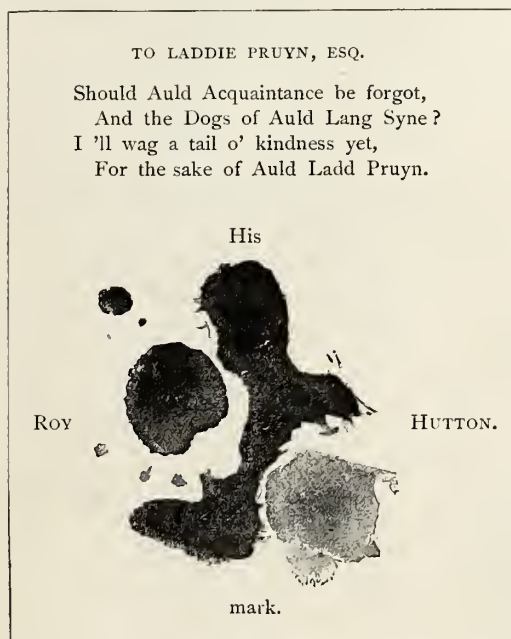
Several autograph letters of Roy's, in verse, in blank verse, and in plain, hard prose, signed with his own mark,—a fore paw dipped in an

ink-bottle and stamped upon the paper,— were sold by Mrs. Custer, at varying prices, during a fair for the benefit of the Onteora Chapel Fund, in 1896.

His latest poetical effort was the result of his affection for a Scottish collie, in his neighborhood, and was indited

TO LADDIE PRUYN, ESQ.

Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot,
And the Dogs of Auld Lang Syne?
I 'll wag a tail o' kindness yet,
For the sake of Auld Ladd Pruyne.



Roy's is a complex character. There is little medium about Roy. He is very good when he is good, and he is very horrid indeed when he is bad. He is a strange admixture of absolute devotion and of utter inconstancy. Nothing will entice him away from John on one day, neither threats nor persuasion. The next day he will cut John dead in the road, with

no sign of recognition. He sees John, and he goes slowly and deliberately out of his way to pass John by, without a look or a sniff. He comes upstairs every morning when his master's shaving-water is brought. He will torment his master sometimes for hours to be taken out to walk; he will interrupt his master's work, disturb his master's afternoon nap, and refuse all invitations to run away for a walk on his own account. And the moment he and his master have started, he will join the first absolute stranger he meets, and walk off with that stranger in the opposite direction, and in the most confidential manner possible!

There are days when he will do everything he should do, everything he is told to do, everything he is wanted to do. There are days and days together when he does nothing that is right, when he is disobedient, disrespectful, disobliging, even disagreeable; and all this on purpose!

It is hard to know what to do with Roy: how to treat him; how to bring him up. He may improve as he grows older. Perhaps to his unfortunate infirmity may be ascribed his uncertainty and his variability of temper and disposition. It is possible that he cannot hear even what he wants to hear. It is not impossible that he is making-believe all the time. One great good thing can be said for Roy: he is never really cross; he never snaps; he never snarls; he never bites his human friends, no matter how great the provocation may be. Roy is a canine enigma, the most eccentric of characters. His family cannot determine whether he is a gump or a genius. But they know he is nice; and they like him!

IN THE WALNUT GROVE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

SWAY, branches of the walnut-tree, sway gently to and fro;
And chatter, squirrel, down to me, as back and forth you go;
And blow, you winds, from out the south; and shine, you setting sun!
And I will be your willing guest until the day is done.

THE BIG BOOBOO AND THE LITTLE BOOBOO.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

AND one day the wind was blowing — the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and the little Booboo went out in the garden to ride.

He rode on the big Booboo's shoulder,

white little new hat, too, but he never saw it again!

And the big silver poplar tree that grew by the garden gate shook in the wind, and bent in the wind, and quivered its shining leaves.

And the two little cherry-trees that grew by the side of the lake shook in the wind, and bent in the wind, and quivered their shining leaves.

And all of the roses on all of the bushes nodded and bowed in the wind.

Everything that grew in the garden was moving and twisting and dancing and turning about in the wind. It was very exciting to Robbie.

"I'll catch the wind and hold it!" he cried. "The roses do not like to shake. The trees will be tired, papa!" And he threw out his little arms and tried to catch the wind.

His father laughed.

"The wind says: 'Woo! woo! I'll catch you, little Booboo, and toss you about like a leaf. But there's not a boy or a man or a giant can get his arms around me!'"

And Robbie rode on his father's shoulder out through the gate, and down the lane, and into the apple orchard. And all the apples that grew on the trees shook in the wind, and bobbed in the wind, and fell with a bounce to the ground. The ground was covered with apples; all over the ground the apples lay.

And the little Booboo ran about under the trees, and picked up apples and put



and held very tight to his ear, for he was afraid the wind would blow him away; and it did blow his hat away — up — up, and away and away. It was a nice little

them in a basket; and the big Booboo ran about under the trees, and picked up apples and put them in a basket.



And a big apple fell with a bounce on the big Booboo's head, and a big apple fell with a bounce on the little Booboo's head.

And the big Booboo said: "I wonder who will cry for a big, big bump on his head?"

And the little Booboo said, "I'll not cry for a big, big bump on my head."

He looked up and smiled, but the tears rolled down his cheeks!

And mama came out with a basket and picked up apples too. And she said:

"Who ever, ever knew the wind to blow like this?"

And all at once Robbie's father looked around and said:

"Where is our little boy?"

And all at once Robbie's mother looked around and said:

"Where is our little boy?"

Robbie was nowhere in sight!

And his father said:

"I'm afraid he has blown away!"

And his mother said:

"I'm sure he has blown away!"

And they looked and they looked and they looked and they looked, but nowhere could they find him!

All of the time Robbie was hid in one of the largest baskets — deep down in one of the baskets! He hid there just for fun.

And oh, how frightened his father was, and oh, how frightened his mother was, when he popped up his head and cried:

"Boo! boo! I see you looking for me. I did n't blow away!"



WHO KNOWS?

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

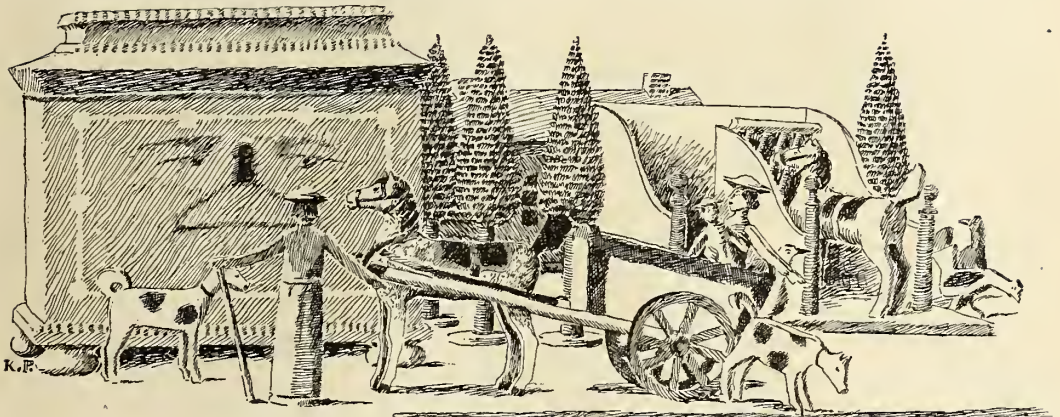


I WONDER why, I wonder why,
Though a little boy may try,
He can never keep his look
Fixed on any lesson-book
While the other boys without
Run and romp, and laugh and shout,
And the sun is never still
On the school-room window-sill,
And the sky just sparkles blue —
I wonder why he can't — don't you?

I wonder how — it 's stranger yet —
Though a little girl may get
All her lessons learned, nor stir,
Looking straight ahead of her,
Turning neither left nor right,
Those great eyes, so clear and bright,
She can just as plainly see
Through that window there, as he,
Watch the games and frolic, too, —
I wonder how she can — don't you?

THE KEY TO THE BOX.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



“WHAT would you do,” said the little key,
To the teak-wood box, “except for me?”

The teak-wood box gave a gentle creak
To the little key; but it did not speak.

“I believe,” said the key, “that I will
hide
In the crack, down there by the chimney-
side,

“Just so this proud old box may see
How little it 's worth except for me.”

It was long, long afterward, in the crack
They found the key, and they brought it
back.

And it said, as it
chuckled and
laughed to it-
self,

“Now I 'll be good
to the box on
the shelf.”

But the little key
stopped, with
a shiver and
shock;

For there was a
bright new key in the lock.

And the old box said: “I am sorry, you see;
But the place is filled, my poor little key.”



HER QUESTION.

BY ANGELINE E. ANDREWS.

As every one asked her the question,
Dear little curly-haired May,
Of course she thought it the nicest
Of all polite things to say.

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So when her bald-headed uncle
Was leaving, she asked, with a sigh,
“Won't you please give me one of your curls,
Just to remember you by?”

From Our Scrap-Book



LANTERNS INVENTED BY A KING.

KING ALFRED of England, having no means of measuring time, noted the hours by the burning of candles marked with circular lines of different colors, which served as hour-lines. To prevent the wind from blowing out the candles, he had them incased in horn scraped so thin as to be transparent. Glass was then little, if at all, known in England. Thus lanterns may be said to be the invention of a king.

GLASS 3000 YEARS OLD.

GLASS was early known. Glass beads were found on the bodies of mummies over three thousand years old.

A STRANGE DERIVATION.

THE interrogation-point is said to be formed from the first and last letters of the Latin word *quaestio* (an asking), placed one over the other, thus: q ; the exclamation-point, from the Greek word *io*, signifying joy, placed in the same way: ! .

THE SUN IN DECEMBER.

IT seems hard for us to understand that the distance of the earth from the sun is about 3,000,000 miles less in December than it is in June — but it is true.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

THOUGH Rome is called "the Eternal City," the name by right belongs to the city of Damascus in Syria, which is the oldest city in the world. As long as man has had written records the city of Damascus has been known.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IT is a curious fact that George Washington drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the week, in the last month of the year, in the last century, dying on Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, December 14, 1799.

JUST EIGHT YEARS.

THE Revolutionary War, from its first outbreak at Lexington, April 19, 1775, to the final disbanding of the army, April 19, 1783, lasted *just eight years* to a day.

NEVER BEATEN.

THE following three great generals were never defeated: Alexander the Great, who died 300 B. C.; Julius Cæsar, who died 44 B. C.; the Duke of Wellington, hero of Waterloo, who died 1852.

THE SEA HORSE.

THE sea horse is a small, bony fish with a head much like that of a horse, found on the Atlantic coast, in size from three to six inches long; but a California species is often eight to ten inches long. It looks as though its body was covered with tiny spangles, and it shines like silver. It always swims erect, carrying its head with the neck curved like that of a proud horse. Its two eyes have the power of being independent of each other, gazing two ways at once.

NAPOLEON IN VENICE.

IN May, 1797, Napoleon Bonaparte rode to the top of the bell-tower or campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, on horseback, that he might signal to his fleet the surrender of the city.

AN ODD TITLE.

LUXEBURG, the great French soldier, was called "the Upholsterer of Notre Dame" from the number of captured flags he sent to be hung as trophies in that cathedral.

ANIMALS IN PARADISE.

ACCORDING to the Mohammedan creed, ten animals beside man are admitted into Paradise. These ten are: 1, the dog; 2, Balaam's ass; 3, Solomon's ant; 4, Jonah's whale; 5, the ram of Ishmael; 6, the Queen of Sheba's ass; 7, the camel of Salet; 8, the cuckoo of Belkis; 9, the ox of Moses; 10, the animal called Al Borak, which conveyed Mohammed to heaven.

A BEE-LINE.

THE eyes of bees are made to see great distances. When absent from their hive they go up in the air till they see their home, and then fly toward it in a straight line and with great speed. The shortest line between two places is sometimes called a "bee-line."

SCHOOL A PLACE OF LEISURE.

OUR word "school" is derived from a Greek word meaning "leisure." The education of men was obtained, not so much from books in ancient Greece as from lectures on philosophy, the public assembly, the theater, the games, and the law-courts, where most of their unoccupied time was spent.

THE GRAVE OF "PETER THE HEADSTRONG."

THE church known as "St. Mark's in the Bowery," New York, contains an ancient colonial shrine inclosing the tomb of Petrus Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors of New York.

AN ACRE.

AN acre was originally as much as a yoke of oxen could plow in a day, but in the thirteenth century it was made by law of its present size. The word "acre" is from the Latin *ager*, a cultivated field.

THE PILGRIM'S SCALLOP.

THE scallop abounds on the coast of Palestine, and in old times pilgrims returning from the Holy Land used to wear one on their hats to show that they had been there.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.

AMONG the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was one most beautiful one: When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song; and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wing nor close its eye until it had flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost one.

VENEZUELA.

WHEN Columbus discovered South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco, the Spaniards found an Indian village built over the water on piles. As it reminded them of Venice, they called it Venezuela, or "little Venice."

HOW A MEDICINE WAS NAMED.

QUININE is made from Peruvian bark—the outer part of a medicinal plant, called cinchona. It was so named from the wife of Count Cinchon of Peru, in the seventh century, who, by its use was cured of intermittent fever.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

THE scent of the camel for water is said to be very keen. He can smell it a great way off; and oftentimes the travelers who are suffering for water will let the camel take his own way, and he will take them often to a place where water may be found.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

WE are indebted to John Adams for our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." While he was minister to England, Sir John Prestwick suggested

it to Mr. Adams as a good motto to indicate the union of the colonies. It was submitted to Congress, and adopted by Act of Congress, June, 1782. The eagle in its beak bears a ribbon on which is the motto. In the early days of its use the eagle bore also in its talons a bundle of thirteen arrows; but when in 1841 a new seal was made to take the place of the old one, which had become worn, only six arrows were placed in the talons. Whether this change was ordered by law or not is not known. The old Latin motto was in use in England as far back as 1730 on the "Gentleman's Magazine."

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

IN winter the skylark of England does not sing; but in the early days of spring the great flocks of these birds break up, and then go in pairs to look for places to build their nests and rear their young ones. And then the charming song of the skylark is heard in all its sweetness. While the mother bird is brooding over her eggs to warm them, her mate often rises into the air, and then with quivering wings mounts vertically upward so far that he looks like a mere speck in the sky, and all the time pouring forth his rich and beautiful song, but at last ceases his song before descending again to the nest. One of the most beautiful poems in the English language is Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark."

HOW FISHES BREATHE.

WATER has mixed with it a good deal of air, or fishes could not live in it. They breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid gas, and the carbonic acid gas is used up, and oxygen given out by the sea plants, the same as is done by plants on land. If there were no plants in the sea the carbonic acid gas would increase so as to kill all the fishes and other animals living in it.

A LONG WALK.

IF any one were to undertake to walk, one way only, through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2600 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of the distance one would have to go to see thoroughly even the greater part of the city of London—the largest city in the world.

ITEMS.

IT is estimated that Australia contains nearly seven thousand species of plants not found elsewhere.

HARD or anthracite coal was not discovered till 1790. This bed of Pennsylvania hard coal is the richest in the world.

THE Bible was written by degrees during a period of 1600 years. It was anciently called "The Books," but for the past 700 years the "Bible."

THE great Thirty Years' War began at Prague and ended at Prague.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE FRONTISPIECE to this number shows a little Dutch Princess in her very best starched ruff and party dress. She lived in Holland probably about the time the "Pilgrim Fathers" were building the first house in Plymouth.

Paulus Moreelse, the painter of the portrait, was a musician, poet, and architect besides being good-looking and witty. His little sitter looks as if she were about to smile at one of the artist's funny sayings. We are not surprised to learn all the great ladies were eager to have their portraits painted by the skilful hand of Paulus Moreelse; and that he was popular with his brother-artists may be assumed from his becoming Master of the Guild of Painters in Utrecht.

OUR READERS will recall that the exploit of "P. Abbott," which Miss Thomas celebrates in her poem, has already been told in *ST. NICHOLAS* for September, 1896. Mr. Thrasher's article, "Out-of-the-Way Corners in Westminster Abbey," relates the incident, which is there illustrated by a full-page picture. Miss Thomas writes, in her note sent with the poem, "I saw the name myself in the seat of the old Coronation Chair."

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am a girl of eleven. Your interesting magazine was a Christmas present. We all like it very much indeed. I like "The Last Three Soldiers" and "Master Skylark" best. Upon the next square to me stands the Connecticut capitol—a very fine building, built of granite, and the dome is gold-leafed.

I think that Nathaniel Niles is right about checking horses. We have a horse; he is a large black beauty. When we are out riding, I sometimes get out and walk down the road a little way, pluck a handful of grass, and call him. Papa does not make him go fast. Every morning I cut up some potatoes. I take them out and feed them to the horse.

One afternoon, when we had come in from riding, I went to the barn, and entered his stall to give him his hay. He would not let me come in the door at first, and I did not know what to make of it. So I stood still, and he came up, rubbed his nose against me, and went to his manger. I like horses very much. I have a wheel, too; and I and some of my playmates go off for a ride. I take much delight in reading *ST. NICHOLAS*.

From your faithful reader,
CHRISSE GARVIS.

ISLAND OF LOBOS DE AFUERA, PERU.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: You have never received a letter from this place, I am very sure, for it is an island off the coast of Peru. The nearest port is Pacasmayo, between which place and the island a little steamer runs

every week to carry the mail. We have been here only a short time; but I know what the life is, as I lived for more than two years at another such island in Chile. It is a very lonely life; nevertheless I enjoy it, as I have plenty to do. I love animals very much, so I always have many pets.

As in many other places of Peru, there is supposed to be buried treasure on the island. The story is that some pirates brought thirteen boxes, containing 20,000,000 Spanish ounces, and buried them here. Several people have searched for this money; but it has not been found as yet, and probably never will be.

The word "Lobos" means seals. The island is well named, for there are many of these creatures about here. They make a noise which is very human. One day, while out walking, we heard it, and I could hardly be convinced that it was not a man's voice. There are also many pelicans. They are such ugly birds, and always appear to me as if they think they know all there is to learn in the world. Pelicans must have very keen sight, for when flying some distance from the water, they will suddenly dive down, like an arrow, after some poor little fish they have seen.

Living in these lonely places, your magazine is a great comfort to me. I enjoy reading the stories very much, as they are always so interesting.

I remain your devoted reader,
E. ELENA CHASE.

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am an army boy, seven years old. My papa is in the 7th Cavalry. I am on a visit home to see dear grandma. This is the first *ST. NICHOLAS* I have ever had. I shall get it every month if I don't tease my little brother. He squeals very easy. Your magazine is very nice. Last year I was out in Arizona, where we had real Indians. One's name was Rabbit. I am umpire in a baseball team.

Your faithful reader,
MARION P. VESTAL.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am a little girl eleven years old. We live on a beautiful lawn, sloping down to the river. I am the second one of five girls; and there are two little twins ten months old. We have been taking you five years, and enjoy you very much.

I must tell you a funny saying of one of my little cousins, a little girl three years old. Her mother reproved her one day at the table for being naughty. Crossing her hands, and casting down her eyes, she replied: "I know I'm weak and sinful."

Hoping that we may take you many years longer, I am your little friend,
SUSIE LEE SCHMELZ.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: How often I have wished to write to you, but kept putting it off. I want to tell you a story about my little sister Carol.

My mother had allowed Carol to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Carol was taken out to lunch at a friend's house; and the friend,

never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed some before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. Carol gazed at the milk in silence for a while, and then astonished her hostess by remarking disdainfully: "I are no cat!"

Carol is nearly four years old, and I am eight. We were born in Wiltshire, at a little town called Warminster, England. Your loving little reader, JAMIE RYAN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Plainfield, N. J., and I used to live in Union, N. Y.: but moved July 1. We have a horse, so we drove through. The distance is about 219 miles, and we drove it in about five days.

We drove through the Delaware Water Gap. I will tell you about it as it may be interesting to some of your readers. A long while ago the country back of the Gap was all a large lake, having been formed by the Delaware river which here came against a ridge of rock; of course it could not flow any farther than the rock, and the water flowing in all the time made it a very large lake. After a while the water got so strong that it broke this rock, and found its way to the ocean. This has been proved in one very good way—that is, that rocks like those on the Gap have been found thirty and forty miles down the river.

I can hardly wait for you to come each month, because I am in a hurry to read the continued stories.

Yours truly, DON DEWEY.

JEWISH ORPHAN ASYLUM, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our kind and benevolent superintendent, Dr. S. Wolfenstein, has taken your instructive and interesting magazine for us orphans the past nine months, and we enjoy the reading and appreciate his kindness very much. My favorite story is "Master Skylark."

The scenery surrounding this asylum is very beautiful; there is a large lawn with shade, fruit-trees, and green, velvety grass in front; the green-house has vegetables planted in rows on one side; a small ravine with trees and grass in it, besides the ruins of a barn, makes it look country-like on the other side; and in the rear is our play-ground. There are many things in this yard to make it look pretty; but that which I think makes it look most so is another large ravine which winds in a half circle around it. In this ravine—we call it hill—are trees of great height, grass, bushes, and flowers. On the opposite side of the ravine are our neighbors' houses, which are built of wood, with the exception of one, which is of red bricks. They are all very small, some not more than two stories high, and have small lawns in front of them. After a rainy day, when the sun shines brightly, looking out of a window from the highest story of our school-house upon this ravine, the water there looks like a small silvery river, winding in and out among bushes, grass, and trees. I think that this ground on which the Orphan Asylum now stands was once the Indians' burial-ground, because an Indian tombstone is in the ravine.

Your enthusiastic reader, PAULINE SURIA.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old; and I have no mother, and I go to St. Gabriel's school.

It is not like other boarding-schools, because it is more of a home for children. Only children under ten years can come, but can stay until they graduate.

There are two boys, one baby-girl, and myself.

The name of the owner of this school is Miss Bishop.

She is just like a mother to us. There was a little baby-boy, named Franklin, that came to the school, and he was a very sweet baby. The little baby that lives here now is Faith. She is only ten months old. She does a great many sweet things, and we all love her very much. We are staying in the country for the summer.

I have taken you for two years, and I enjoy you very much. I have read "Miss Nina Barrow." I have read most of the letters in the "Letter-box." I will send you one of our books, so that you will know what a nice place it is. It is quite cool to-day.

I remain your faithful admirer, IRENE C. CHASE.

NANKING, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two sisters eleven and seven years old. We have taken you for several years, and we could not do without you. We both were born in China. Our papa is a medical missionary. Nanking was the capital of the empire in the time of the Mings, five hundred years ago. The tomb of the founder of the Ming dynasty is here, and we often go to see it. Nanking is still an important city, and it is the home of the Viceroy who governs three large provinces and more people than are in the United States.

One day not long ago a Chinese official came to see papa, and he said that Lady Liu, the Viceroy's wife, had invited us two girls to make a visit to her. Mama thought it was only Chinese politeness, but in a few days he came again and set a time for us to go. We rode in a chair with four bearers. Behind us was our amah, or nurse, in a chair and a man on horseback to take care of us. Beside the gates of the Yamen we noticed the large bright-colored pictures of the guardian deities of the gate. Our chairs were carried through two gates and two courts and set down in a large open building. We sat in them while our card was taken in. Then we were conducted through a wide doorway and a narrow passage-way to the garden, where the official who had brought us the invitation met us.

The garden is a large plot of ground that is very pretty. The Judas-trees, peach-trees, apple-trees, and camellias were all in blossom, and there was a little grove of bamboo near the wall. In one corner there was a bank of the purple wild-radish and of the yellow oil-plant that looked very beautiful. In one part of the garden there was a small lake. In the lake there was a large stone junk, and a bridge with railings on the side of it led to the boat. Across a narrow part of the lake was a winding bridge that was very pretty. There were geese swimming in the water, and they looked like swans. There was a great deal of rock-work in the garden. Some rocks were piled up so as to make gateways, others were made into stone steps leading up to little platforms with railings around them. There were several little pavilions also with seats in them, where one could rest and take a cup of tea, and there was one large pavilion with steps leading to it and winding porches about it for the entertainment of guests. In the walks white pebbles were placed among the stones in designs of stars and other ornamental patterns. Before we left to see the ladies of the Yamen, the official promised us that on our return we might fish in the lake. We now were taken to see the Viceroy. He is an old man with gray hair, and he shook hands with us and seemed glad to see us. As no man except the Viceroy is allowed to enter the ladies' apartment the official told us to go with the amah who had come out to meet us. She took us to a room for refreshments, and there we met the women of the Viceroy's household. The ladies wore fine clothing of bright-colored silk and satin, and their feet were exceedingly small. There were two little boys, grandsons of the Viceroy, five and four years

old. They were not allowed to walk, but were carried everywhere by their amahs. They all seemed to think that we were great curiosities, and they felt of our hair and our hands and our clothes, and talked about us as if they had never seen a foreigner before.

For refreshments we had lotus-seed soup, Chinese vermicelli cooked in chicken soup, salted pork, sponge-cake, and biscuit. Then we were shown the private rooms of the ladies, and we had a visit with the Viceroy. He seemed to enjoy the picture books that we had given to his grandchildren. After this we went to the garden and fished in the lake. We caught one fish, and others caught three more and gave them to us to bring home. One of us had to leave our fishing to go and see the little grandson who was crying for us. After he stopped crying the ladies gave us each a fringed and embroidered silk handkerchief and a fan, as souvenirs of our visit. At three o'clock the ladies had their dinner.

When the ladies were coming into the garden there was a great commotion and a cry of "*Tai tai lai liao! Tai tai lai liao! Tseu! Tseu!*" which meant "The ladies are coming! The ladies are coming! Go out! Go out!" and all the men immediately hurried out of the garden. When it was time for us to go home, one of the amahs told us that the ladies were very sorry that they had not treated us with more politeness, and that they hoped that we would come again. We said that we could not wish for greater politeness and that we should be very glad to come again. Then we were taken to our chairs and carried away, having spent a very pleasant afternoon.

Your friends,

JOSEETE AND MARGARET BEEBE.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE YACHTS AT NEWPORT.

ALL those who have been to Newport during the month of August and have seen the beautiful illumination of the yachts of the New York Yacht Club have seen something to remember. We were staying at Saunderson-town, a small place on the west side of Narragansett Bay, about three miles from Newport. Jamestown is situated opposite Newport, on Conanicut Island, and a ferry connects the two places. The town reaches from one side of the island to the other. On the west side is another ferry, which runs to Saunderson-town. One of these ferryboats a jolly party of about fifty people chartered, and at half-past five o'clock, on the evening of August 6 (the night of the illumination), we started. We went down Narragansett Bay and around the end of Conanicut Island, which is called Beaver Tail, from its resemblance to the tail of a beaver.

The moment we came in sight of Newport a dazzling mass of colored lights met our gaze. Rockets were whirring in every direction, illuminated flags were flying, and all kinds of fireworks were being set off on the roofs of the houses. Entering the harbor a large black mass loomed up before us, which we soon discovered to be a French war-ship. She had two search-lights going, one on each side. The sailors on board gave us nine lusty cheers as we passed. The huge breakwater at the mouth of the harbor was covered with Japanese lanterns, and numerous searchlights in the harbor made it very bright all around. On one house on the shore they had an immense pin-wheel some ten feet in diameter; on another house a huge star. Everywhere you looked were beautiful colored lights and fireworks. The boats themselves were brilliantly dressed. One yacht had a line of red, white, and blue lights extending from the bowsprit to the top of the fore-mast, then to the main-mast, and from thence to the stern. These lights were turned on and off alternately. The Fall River boats

were covered with colored lights, making a most beautiful spectacle. The Naval College was decorated in a very unique manner, the square building and each window being outlined by electric lights. At the torpedo station a large flag was suspended high in air with a search-light turned on it—a most impressive sight.

During the evening there was a beautiful little parade of boats. It was headed by a small steam-launch dressed with white canvas in the shape of a swan, covered with colored lights. This came from the French man-of-war, and won the first prize. Another was a flat-boat with a miniature lighthouse on it with a large lamp on the top. Some of the boats contained bands of music, and from many of them fireworks were being constantly set off.

The entire display was wonderfully brilliant, and some of our party who had seen the carnival at Venice and other exhibitions in this country and abroad said they had never seen this one at Newport equaled.

Toward midnight the lights began to diminish, and we turned our faces homeward, leaving the harbor very reluctantly.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you one year, and I hope I shall always be able to take you, for I could not get along without you.

I live in the midst of a twenty-acre orange orchard; and we have very many birds, for a great deal of the surrounding country that is not irrigated is barren desert. The quails, that usually live in the chaparral, at nesting-time come right into the orchards to build their homes, my papa says for protection from wild animals.

In May I was in Los Angeles visiting my Auntie Jean, and papa and mama and little sister Gladys went into the mountains for a short camping trip. The house was left entirely alone, and a pair of quails built a nest under a lantana bush not more than fifteen feet from the front door. They are not Bob White, but the California blue quail, and they have a different call, like this: "Kit-kit, kee-ow. Kit-kat, kee-ow."

When we were all home again the old quail was not frightened, but came every day to lay an egg, until she had thirteen; then she began to sit. She left the nest for a little while every morning, as soon as it began to get light, long before sunrise, and then later in the day her mate would come to some place near by and call, when she would always go to him. I suppose he knew where there was something nice for her to eat. She had been sitting about two weeks when one day we heard her mate calling her for a much longer time than usual. He generally gave only two or three calls, when she immediately went to him; but now he called a great many times, sometimes coaxing, and sometimes commanding, and then he flew up into an Australian fern-tree, a little way off, where he could see better, and kept calling. Mama said they were the most human sounds she had ever heard a bird make, and she knew something must be wrong, so papa went out to the nest, and there he found a little heap of feathers, and one egg of the thirteen broken—but no quail. And the poor papa-quail sat out in the tree, and called in such a distressed way. We supposed a coyote that had come unusually near the house in the night must have caught the poor bird. I am sure the other ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls will like to hear about it.

Very truly yours,

BOYNTON MORRIS GREEN.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Ruth R. Armstrong, Edith Medora Hyde, Helen Garrison, Joe B. Roberts, Charlotte F. Babcock, Emily Albert, George Henry Searle.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "All that I am my mother made me." ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Corot. 1. Crown. 2. Conch. 3. Coral. 4. Canoe. 5. Cleat. CONUNDRUM CHARADE. Downright. PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. 1. Legends. 2. History. 3. Herring. 4. Sundry. 5. Thinking. 6. Scarlet. 7. Orange. 8. Potentate. 9. Catnip. NOVEL ACROSTIC. Rudyard Kipling. Cross-words: 1. Rankly. 2. Unripe. 3. Dapple. 4. Yellow. 5. Affirm. 6. Rounce. 7. Dagger.—RIDDLE. Flag. CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL CHANGES. 1. Bull, gull. 2. Buck, duck. 3. Roe, doe. 4. Moose, goose. 5. Rat, cat. 6. Monkey, donkey. 7. Seal, teal. 8. Dog, hog. 9. Mouse, louse. 10. Crane, drake.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Great Britain. 1. Greece. 2. Rome. 3. Egypt. 4. Arabia. 5. Turkey. 6. Brazil. 7. Russia. 8. Ireland. 9. Tartary. 10. Alaska. 11. Italy. 12. Norway. A CIRCULAR PUZZLE. Paul Jones. 1. Pipes. 2. Acorn. 3. Umbrella. 4. Locust. 5. Jug. 6. Obelisk. 7. Nest. 8. Elephant. 9. Skate. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. I. 1. A. 2. Ode. 3. Ocana. 4. Adamant. 5. Enact. 6. Ant. 7. T. II. 1. A. 2. Ant. 3. Alten. 4. Antenor. 5. Tenor. 6. Nor. 7. R.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ship. 2. Home. 3. Imps. 4. Pest. To OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. James Abram Garfield. Crosswords: 1. Major. 2. Snake. 3. Lambs. 4. Piece. 5. Paste. 6. Llama. 7. Amble. 8. Tares. 9. Nears. 10. Names. 11. Buggy. 12. Frame. 13. Tired. 14. Rifle. 15. China. 16. Green. 17. Belle. 18. Andes.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from No Name—Two Little Brothers—"Jersey Quartette"—"Buffalo Quartette"—"M. McG."—Nessie and Freddie—Josephine Sherwood.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Agnes La Boyteaux, 1—Mary K. Rake, 1—"The Trio," 10—Violet Millis, 1—Betty, 5—"Class No. 19," 9—Theodore Leon Redford, 4—Emma Drake, 10—Lucille Dyas, 3—Frederic Giraud Foster, 2—G. Berman Dyer, 9—Sabra Scovill, 1—G. P. T. and R. G. P., 1—F. Tack, 1—Roberta C. Whitelock, 1—Florence Freiler, 1—Paul Reese, 9—Sightourney Fay Nininger, 10—C. D. Lauer and Co., 8—Katharine S. Doty, 11—"Merry and Co.," 11—Wm. A. Lochren and Uncle, 7—Alfred C. Finney, 4—Mattie E. Sutherland and Margaret H. Aiken, 4—J. B. P. M. H., 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—Morgan Buffington, 7—Mabel M. Johns, 9—E. E. Washburn, 3—Allil and Adi, 8—"President of the O. Club," 6—Florence and Edna, 6.

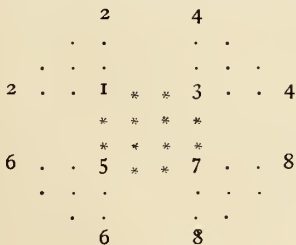
DIAGONAL.

THE diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a scientific man who has made himself very famous.

CROSSWORDS: 1. Utterly careless or heedless. 2. Unconventional. 3. Formation. 4. Pertaining to a rest. 5. Attrition. 6. A country of Europe. 7. Deserted. 8. Denied upon oath.

"THE BUFFALO QUARTETTE."

TRIANGLES CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1 (From 1 to 2). To spend time in idleness. 2. A cereal grass. 3. A preposition. 4. In feat.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1 (From 3 to 4). An exploit. 2. To close. 3. A Latin preposition. 4. In feat.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Part of a book. 2. A feminine name. 3. A range of mountains. 4. To go hungry.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1 (From 5 to

6). To worry. 2. Margin. 3. A feminine nickname. 4. In feat.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1 (From 7 to 8). Part of a bicycle. 2. Wrath. 3. A musical note. 4. In feat. THEODORE LEON REDFORD.

DOUBLE SQUARE.



I. 1. A FRAUD. 2. To engage for wages. 3. Furnishes with means of defense. 4. Network.

II. 1. The opening inclosed by the threads of a net. 2. A feminine name. 3. To pass over lightly. 4. Mischief. "P. KNUZZT."

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a popular American author.

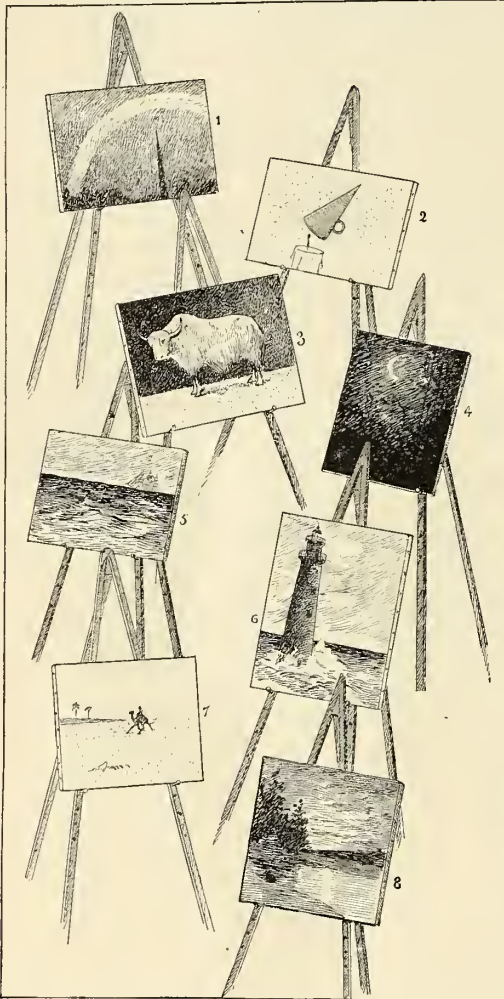
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Hebrew prophet. 2. The Scriptures of the Mohammedans. 3. The father of King Arthur. 4. Part of an amphitheater. 5. To sever. 6. To guide. 7. A cluster. 8. A decree. 9. A bird. 10. One of the signs of the zodiac. 11. A relative. 12. To quench. 13. A young pigeon. 14. Pertaining to the sun. 15. Less. 16. Anguish. 17. A river of France.

LAURA M. ZINSER.

DIAMOND.

1. IN ST. NICHOLAS. 2. Equal value. 3. A loft or garret. 4. A controversialist. 5. A substance often combined with cream of tartar. 6. A postponed case. 7. Solemn ceremonies. 8. A stroke with a whip. 9. In ST. NICHOLAS. E. C. W.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the eight small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of one whom Ruskin called the "swiftest of painters and gentlest of companions."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. MATURE. 2. Certain days in the Roman calendar. 3. To look forth from concealment. 4. To catch sight of. "AUNT MARY."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD fear, and leave to peruse. 2. Behead to shun, and leave empty. 3. Behead fastidious, and leave

a dessert. 4. Behead peril, and leave wrath. 5. Behead a large animal, and leave to capture. 6. Behead to whip, and leave a tree. 7. Behead imaginary, and leave to distribute. 8. Behead to uncloset, and leave an enclosure. 9. Behead having a lower position, and leave thin air.

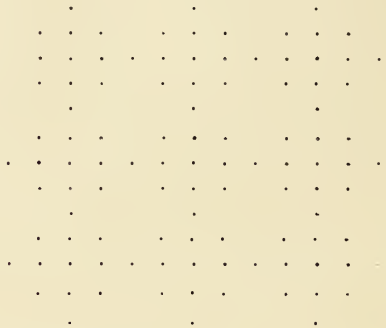
The beheaded letters will spell the name of a flower. EDITH CHESTER.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in run, but not in walk;
 My second, in cackle, but not in squawk;
 My third is in walk, but not in run;
 My fourth is in bayonet, not in gun;
 My fifth is in comb, but not in wig;
 My sixth is in carriage, but not in gig;
 My seventh, in luck, but not in fates;
 My whole is one of forty-five states.

ARMOUR PAYSON.

NINE DIAMONDS.



(Reading across.)

- I. 1. In stole. 2. A large tank. 3. A fertile spot in a desert. 4. A metal. 5. In stole.
- II. 1. In stole. 2. An inclosure for swine. 3. A hard metal. 4. An affirmation. 5. In stole.
- III. 1. In stole. 2. A body of water. 3. The most unimportant. 4. A beast of burden. 5. In stole.
- IV. 1. In stole. 2. Likely. 3. To destroy. 4. A bond of union. 5. In stole.
- V. 1. In stole. 2. To rest. 3. Airy. 4. A common article. 5. In stole.
- VI. 1. In stole. 2. The juice of plants. 3. An article of furniture. 4. To urge importunately. 5. In stole.
- VII. 1. In stole. 2. A falsehood. 3. Border. 4. Part of a harness. 5. In stole.
- VIII. 1. In stole. 2. Reserved. 3. A number. 4. Still. 5. In stole.
- IX. 1. In stole. 2. A famous woman. 3. To overthrow. 4. Epoch. 5. In stole. HAROLD HODGE.

LETTER CHARADE.

My first is an article which we all use;
 My second, a drink which we never refuse;
 My third is a measure,—no very great length;
 My fifth is a letter—you'll find it in "strength";
 My fourth is a vowel, found in "apparition."
 My first with my second, a small preposition;
 My third, fourth, and fifth are one very charming;
 My whole was a man, in strength most alarming.
 Though my whole is a mountain of very great height,
 Yet my whole you may find in my whole, if 't is right.
 SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.



