

**ST. NICHOLAS**

**CHRISTMAS**

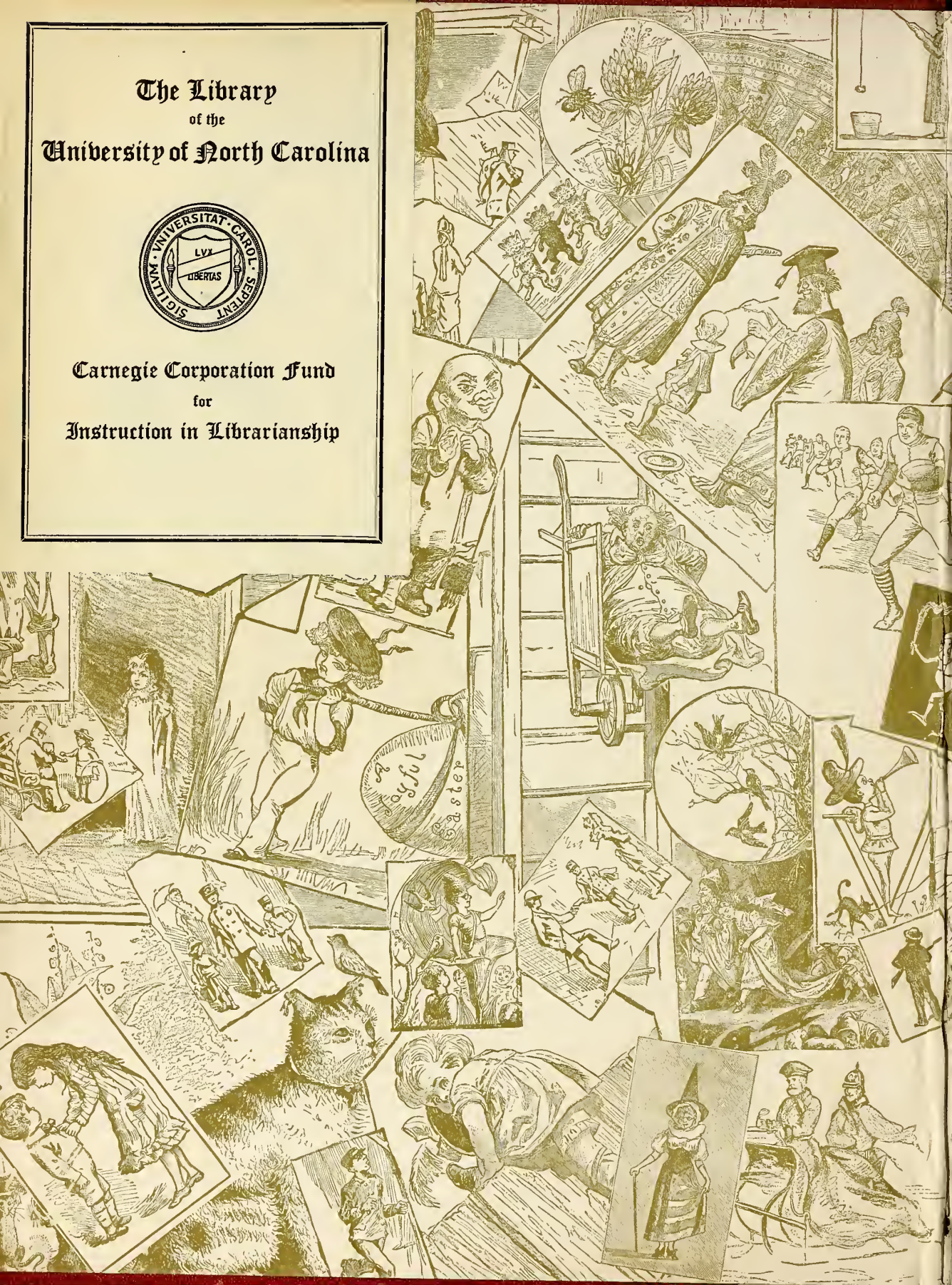
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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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PART I., NOVEMBER, 1897, TO APRIL, 1898.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXV.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1897, TO APRIL, 1898.



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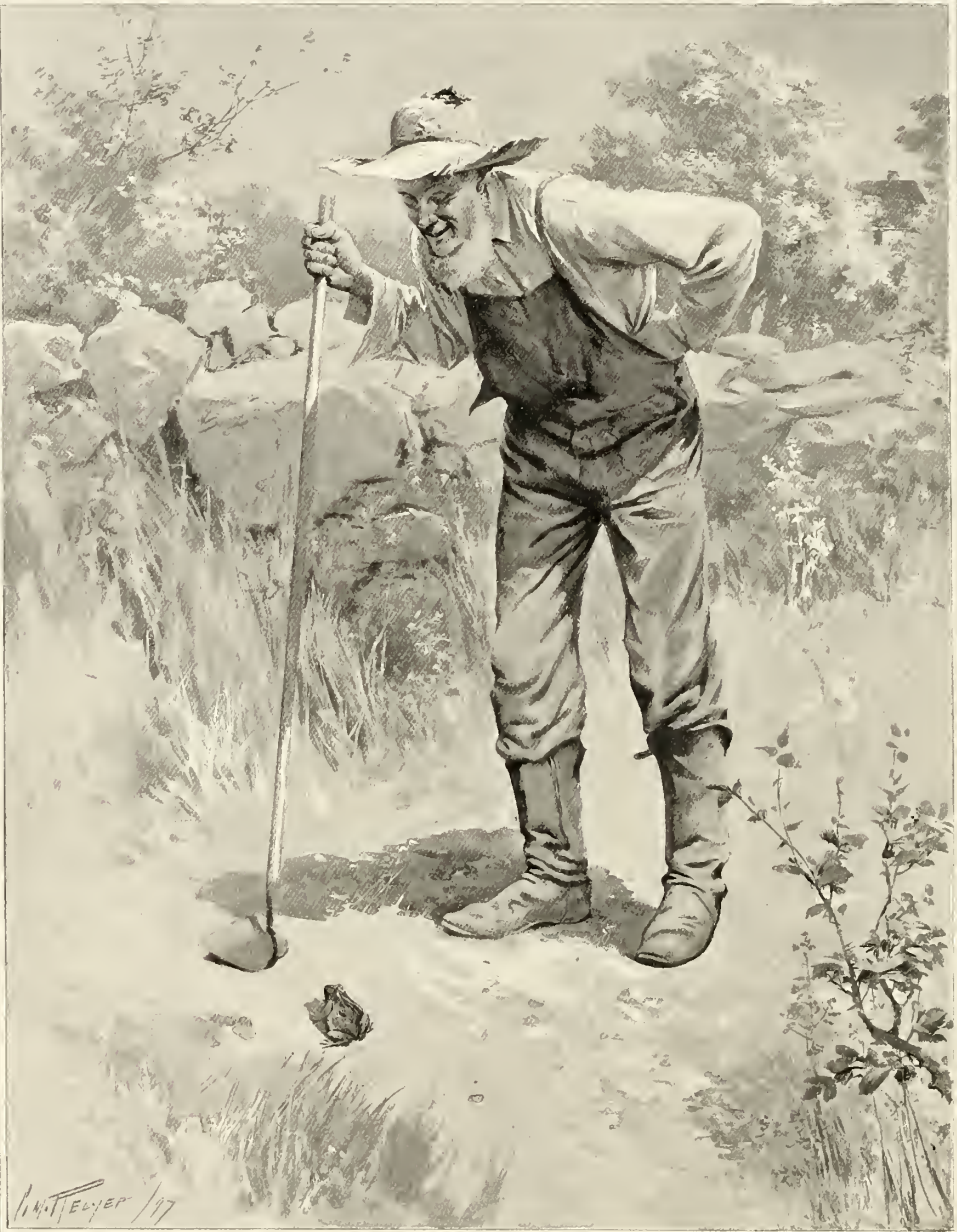
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*J. W. FLYER '17*

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad!-How-dee do!



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## MISTER HOP-TOAD.

[April, 1897.]

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

HOWDY, Mister Hop-Toad! Glad to see you out!  
Bin a month o' Sundays sence I seen you hereabout.  
Kind o' bin a-layin' in, from the frost and snow?  
Good to see you out ag'in, it 's bin so long ago!  
Plows like slicin' cheese, and sod 's loppin' over even;  
Loam 's like gingerbread, and clods 's softer 'n deceivin'—  
Mister Hop-Toad, honest-true — *Springtime* — don't you love it?  
You old rusty rascal you, at the bottom of it!

*Oh, oh, oh!*

*I grabs up my old hoe;*

*But I sees you,*

*And s' I, "Ooh-oo!"*

*Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee do!"*

Make yurse'f more comfo'bler—square round at your ease—  
Don't set saggin' slanchwise, with your nose below your knees.  
Swell that fat old throat o' yourn, and lemme see you swaller;  
Straighten up and h'ist your head! *You* don't owe a dollar!  
Hain't no mor'gage on *your* land—ner no taxes, nuther;  
You don't haf to work no roads, even ef you 'd ruther.  
'F I was you, and *fixed* like you, I raily would n't keer  
To swap fer life, and hop right in the presidential cheer!

*Oh, oh, oh!*

*I hauls back my old hoe;*

*But I sees you,*

*And s' I, "Ooh-oo!"*

*Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee do!"*

'Long about next Aprile, hoppin' down the furry,  
 Won't you mind I ast you what 'peared to be the hurry?  
 Won't you mind I hooked my hoe and hauled you back, and smiled?  
 W'y, bless you! Mister Hop-Toad, I love you like a child!  
 S'pose I 'd want to 'flict you any more 'n what you air?  
 S'pose I think you got no rights 'cept the warts you wear?  
 Hulk, sulk, and blink away, you old bloat-eyed rowdy!  
 Hain't you got a word to say? Won't you tell me, "Howdy?"

*Oh, oh, oh!*  
*I swish round my old hoe;*  
*But I sees you,*  
*And s' I, "Ooh-oo!"*  
*Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee do!"*

## THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BOLD BUCCANEERS.

WHEN I was a boy I strongly desired to be a pirate; and the reason for this was the absolute independence of that sort of life. Restrictions of all sorts had become onerous to me;

and in my reading of the adventures of the bold sea-rovers of the main, I had unconsciously selected those portions of a pirate's life which were attractive to me, and had totally disregarded all the rest.

In fact, I had a great desire to become what might be called a marine Robin Hood. I would take from the rich and give to the poor; I would run my long, low, black craft by the side of the merchantman, and when I had loaded my vessel with the rich stuffs and golden ingots which composed her cargo, I would sail away to some poor village, and make its inhabitants prosperous and happy for the rest of their lives by a judicious distribution of my booty.

I would always be as free as a sea-bird. My men would be devoted to me, and my word would be their law. I would decide for myself whether this or that proceeding would be proper, generous, and worthy of my unlimited

power; and when tired of sailing I would retire to my island,—the position of which, in a beautiful, semi-tropic ocean, would be known only to myself and to my crew,—and there I would pass happy days in the company of my books, my works of art, and all the various treasures I had taken from the mercenary vessels which I had overhauled.

Such was my notion of a pirate's life. I would kill nobody, for the very sight of my black flag would be sufficient to put an end to all thought of resistance on the part of my victims, who would no more think of fighting me than a fat bishop would have thought of lifting his hand against Robin Hood and his merry men, and I truly believe that I expected my conscience to have a great deal more to do in the way of approval of my actions than it had found necessary in the course of my ordinary school-boy life.

I mention these early impressions because I have a notion that a great many people—not only young people—have an idea of piracy not altogether different from that of my boyhood. They know that pirates are wicked men, and that, in fact, they are maritime murderers; but their bold and adventurous method of life, their bravery, daring, and the exciting character of their expeditions, give them something of the same charm and interest which belong to the robber-knights of the middle ages. The one mounts his mailed steed, and clanks his long sword against his iron stirrup, riding forth into the world with a feeling that he can do anything that pleases him, if he finds himself strong enough. The other springs into his rakish craft, spreads his sails to the wind, and dashes over the sparkling main with a feeling that he can do anything he pleases, provided he be strong enough.

In the series of papers which I intend to write concerning the pirates who made themselves so well known along our Atlantic coast, I propose to treat the subject very much in the same way as if I were reading the histories of these outlaws for my own benefit and entertainment. Whatever interests me I shall dwell upon, and a great deal that is unpleasant and repulsive I shall pass by with but little attention. We have to do that sort of thing

in this world. It is difficult for us to enjoy anything without discarding something of it. Whether we eat fruit or contemplate the conduct of great wars, we nearly always find something to which we object.

There is a great deal that is instructive and entertaining in the lives and doings of many of the American pirates; and there is so much of romance about some of their proceedings that we shall endeavor to enjoy their adventures and their traditions, without nauseating ourselves with their crimes and their inhumanities.

The first pirates who made themselves known in American waters were the famous buccaneers. These began their career in a very commonplace and unobjectionable manner, and the name by which they were known had originally no piratical significance. It was derived from the French word *boucanier*, signifying "a drier of beef."

Some of the West Indian Islands, especially San Domingo, were almost overrun with wild cattle of various kinds; and this was owing to the fact that the Spaniards had killed off nearly all the natives, and so had left the interior of the islands to the herds of cattle, which had increased rapidly. There were a few settlements on the sea-coast; but the Spaniards did not allow the inhabitants of these to trade with any nation but their own, and consequently the people were badly supplied with the necessaries of life.

But the trading-vessels which sailed from Europe to that part of the Caribbean Sea were manned by bold and daring sailors; and when they knew that San Domingo contained an abundance of beef cattle, they did not hesitate to stop at the little seaports to replenish their stores. The natives of the island were skilled in the art of preparing beef by smoking and drying it—very much in the same way in which our Indians prepare "jerked meat" for winter use.

But so many vessels came to San Domingo for beef, that there were not enough people on the island to do all the hunting and drying that was necessary, so these trading-vessels frequently anchored in some quiet cove, and the crews went on shore and devoted them-

selves to securing a cargo of beef—not only enough for their own use, but for trading purposes; and thus they became known as “beef-driers,” or buccaneers.

When the Spaniards heard of this new industry which had arisen within the limits of their possessions, they pursued the vessels of the buccaneers wherever they were seen, and relentlessly destroyed them and their crews. But there were not enough Spanish vessels to put down the trade in dried beef; more European vessels, generally English and French, stopped at San Domingo, and more bands of hunting sailors made their way into the interior. When these daring fellows knew that the Spaniards were determined to break up their trade, they became more determined that it should not be broken up; and they armed themselves and their vessels so that they might be able to make a defense against the Spanish men-of-war.

Thus gradually and almost imperceptibly a state of maritime warfare grew up in the waters of the West Indies between Spain and the beef-traders of other nations; and from being obliged to fight, the buccaneers became glad to fight, provided that it was Spain they fought. True to her policy of despotism and cruelty when dealing with her American possessions, Spain waged a bitter and bloody war against the buccaneers who dared to interfere with the commercial relations between herself and her West India colonies; and in return the buccaneers were just as bitter and savage in their warfare against Spain. From defending themselves against Spanish attacks, they began to attack Spaniards whenever there was any chance of success, at first only upon the sea, but afterward on land.

When a vessel, or a number of vessels, flying the flag of no nation in particular, and manned by fighting men who have taken the law into their own hands, swoop down upon merchantmen sailing the high seas, or capture and sack seaport towns and villages, the crews of those vessels become pirates; and this is what happened to the buccaneers. But they were very peculiar pirates. Their swords were not raised against all nations. They did not capture French, Dutch, or English vessels. The cruelty

and ferocity of Spanish rule had brought them into existence, and consequently it was against Spain and her possessions that the cruelty and ferocity which she had taught them were now directed.

When the buccaneers had begun to understand each other and to effect organizations among themselves, they adopted a general name—“The Brethren of the Coast.” The outside world, especially the Spanish world, called them “pirates,” “sea-robbers,” “buccaneers,”—any title which would express their lawless character; but in their own denomination of themselves they expressed only their fraternal relations; and for the greater part of their career they truly stood by each other like brothers.

## CHAPTER II.

### SOME MASTERS IN PIRACY.

FROM the very earliest days of history there have been pirates; and it is, therefore, not at all remarkable that in the early days of the history of this continent sea-robbers should have made themselves prominent; but the buccaneers of America differed in many ways from those pirates with whom the history of the Old World has made us acquainted.

It was very seldom that an armed vessel set out from a European port for the express purpose of sea-robbery in American waters. At first nearly all the noted buccaneers were traders. But the circumstances which surrounded them in the New World made of them pirates whose evil deeds have never been surpassed in any part of the globe.

These unusual circumstances and amazing temptations do not furnish an excuse for the exceptionally wicked careers of the early American pirates; but we are bound to remember these causes, or we could not understand the records of the settlement of the West Indies. The buccaneers were fierce and reckless fellows who pursued their daring occupation because it was profitable, because they had learned to like it, and because it enabled them to wreak a certain amount of vengeance upon the common enemy. But we must not assume that they began the piratical conquests and warfare which existed so long upon our Eastern sea-coasts.



"THE PIRATES, SEIZING EVERY ROPE OR PROJECTION ON WHICH THEY COULD LAY THEIR HANDS, CLIMBED UP THE SIDES OF THE MAN-OF-WAR." (SEE PAGE 14.)

Before the buccaneers began their careers, there had been great masters of piracy who had received their training in the Caribbean Sea; and in order that the condition of affairs in this country during parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be clearly understood, we will consider some of the very earliest noted pirates of the West Indies.

When we begin a judicial inquiry into the condition of our fellow-beings, we should try to be as courteous as we can, but we must be just; consequently a man's fame and position must not turn us aside when we are acting as historical investigators.

Therefore we shall be bold and speak the truth; and although we shall take off our hats and bow very respectfully, we must still assert that Christopher Columbus was the first who practised piracy in American waters.

When he sailed with his three little ships to discover unknown lands, she was an accredited explorer for the court of Spain, and was bravely sailing forth with an honest purpose, and with the same regard for law and justice as is possessed by any explorer of the present day. But when he discovered some unknown lands, rich in treasure, and outside of all legal restrictions, the views and ideas of the great discoverer gradually changed. Being now beyond the boundaries of civilization, he also placed himself beyond the boundaries of civilized law. Robbery, murder, and the destruction of property by the commanders of naval expeditions who have no warrant or commission for their conduct, is the same as piracy; and when Columbus ceased to be a legalized explorer, and when, against the expressed wishes, and even the prohibitions, of the royal personages who had sent him out on this expedition, he began to devastate the countries he had discovered, and to enslave and exterminate their peaceable natives, then he became a master in piracy, from whom the buccaneers afterward learned many a valuable lesson.

It is not necessary for us to enter very deeply into the consideration of the policy of Columbus toward the people of the islands of the West Indies. His second voyage was nothing more than an expedition for the sake of plunder. He had discovered gold and other riches

in the West Indies, and he had found that the people who inhabited the islands were simple-hearted, inoffensive creatures who did not know how to fight, and who did not want to fight. Therefore, as it was so easy to sail his ships into the harbors of the defenseless islands, to subjugate the natives, and to take away the products of their mines and soil, he commenced a veritable course of piracy.

The acquisition of gold and all sorts of plunder seemed to be the sole object of this Spanish expedition; and natives were enslaved and subjected to the greatest hardships, so that they died in great numbers. At one time three hundred of them were sent as slaves to Spain. A pack of bloodhounds, which Columbus had brought with him for the purpose, was used to hunt down the poor Indians when they endeavored to escape from the hands of the oppressors; and in every way the island of Haiti, the principal scene of the actions of Columbus, was treated as if its inhabitants had committed a dreadful crime by being in possession of the wealth which the Spaniards desired for themselves.

Queen Isabella was greatly opposed to these cruel and unjust proceedings. She sent back to their native land the slaves which Columbus had shipped to Spain; and she gave positive orders that no more of the inhabitants were to be enslaved, and that they were all to be treated with moderation and kindness. But the Atlantic is a wide ocean, and Columbus, far away from his royal patron, paid little attention to her wishes and commands; and without going further into the history of this period, we will simply mention the fact that it was on account of his alleged atrocities that Columbus was superseded in his command and sent back in chains to Spain.

Now I do not wish to say anything unnecessary against the great and glorious discoverer of our great and glorious country, but when we are entering upon the consideration and history of a body of interesting marauders who are guilty of violence and robbery upon the seas and upon the shores which Columbus discovered, and where he committed his violences and his robberies, we cannot but refer to the example which had been shown to the buccaneers, and to those

who succeeded them, by the great discoverer of 1492.

There was another noted personage, of the sixteenth century, who played the part of pirate in the New World, and thereby set a most shining example to the buccaneers of those regions. This was no other than Sir Francis Drake, one of England's greatest naval commanders.

It is probable that Drake, when he started out in life, was a man of very law-abiding and orderly disposition; for he was appointed by Queen Elizabeth a naval chaplain, and it is said, though there is some doubt about this, that he was subsequently vicar of a parish. But by nature he was a sailor, and nothing else; and after having made several voyages in which he showed himself a good fighter as well as a good commander, he undertook, in 1572, an expedition against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, for which he had no legal warrant whatever.

Spain was not at war with England; and when Drake sailed with four small ships into the port of the little town of Nombre de Dios in the middle of the night, the inhabitants of the town were as much astonished as the people of Perth Amboy would be if four armed vessels were to steam into Raritan Bay and endeavor to take possession of the town. The peaceful Spanish townspeople were not at war with any civilized nation, and they could not understand why bands of armed men should invade their streets, enter the market-place, fire their calivers, or muskets, into the air, and then sound a trumpet loud enough to wake up everybody in the place. Just outside of the town the invaders had left a number of their men; and when these heard the trumpet in the market-place, they also fired their guns. All this noise and hubbub so frightened the good people of the town that many of them jumped from their beds, and, without stopping to dress, fled away to the mountains. But all the citizens were not such cowards; and fourteen or fifteen of them armed themselves and went out to defend their town from the unknown invaders.

Beginners in any trade or profession, whether it be the playing of the piano, the painting of pictures, or the pursuit of piracy, are often timid and distrustful of themselves; so it happened on

this occasion with Francis Drake and his men, who were merely amateur pirates, and showed very plainly that they did not yet understand their business.

When the fifteen Spanish citizens came into the market-place and found there the little body of armed Englishmen, they immediately fired upon them, not knowing or caring who they were. This brave resistance seems to have frightened Drake and his men almost as much as their trumpets and guns had frightened the citizens, and the English immediately retreated from the town. When they reached the place where they had left the rest of their party, they found that these had already run away, and taken to the boats. Consequently Drake and his brave men were obliged partly to undress themselves and to wade out to the little ships. The Englishmen secured no booty whatever, and they killed only one Spaniard, and he was a man who had been looking out of a window to see what was the matter.

Whether or not Drake's conscience had anything to do with the bungling manner in which he made this first attempt at piracy, we cannot say; but he soon gave his conscience a holiday, and undertook some very successful robbing enterprises. He received information from some natives that a train of mules was coming across the isthmus of Panama, loaded with gold and silver bullion, and guarded only by their drivers; for the merchants who owned all this treasure had no idea that there was any one in that part of the world who would commit a robbery upon them. But Drake and his men soon proved that they could hold up a train of mules as easily as some of the masked robbers in our western country hold up a train of cars. All the gold was taken; but the silver was too heavy for the amateur pirates to carry.

Two days after that Drake and his men came to a place called "The House of Crosses," where they killed five or six peaceable merchants; but were greatly disappointed to find no gold, although the house was full of rich merchandise of various kinds. As his men had no means of carrying away heavy goods, he burned up the house and all its contents, and went to his ships and sailed away with the treasure he had already obtained.

Whatever this gallant ex-chaplain now thought of himself, he was considered by the Spaniards as an out-and-out pirate; and in this opinion they were quite correct. During his great voyage around the world, which he began in 1577, he came down upon the Spanish-American settlements like a storm from the sea. He attacked towns, carried off treasure, captured merchant vessels, and in fact showed himself to be a thoroughbred and accomplished pirate of the first class.

It was in consequence of the rich plunder with which his ships were now loaded that he made his voyage around the world. He was afraid to go back the way he came, for fear of capture; and so, having passed the Straits of Magellan, and having failed to find a way out of the Pacific in the neighborhood of California, he kept his course to the setting sun, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed along the western coast of Africa to European waters.

This grand piratical expedition excited great indignation in Spain, which country was still at peace with England; and, even in England, there were influential people who counseled the Queen that it would be wise and prudent to disavow Drake's actions, and compel him to restore to Spain the booty he had taken from its subjects. But Queen Elizabeth was not the woman to do that sort of thing. She liked brave men and brave deeds, and she was proud of Drake because of all he had done for the glory of England; and instead of punishing him, she honored him, and went to take dinner with him on board his ship, which lay at Deptford.

So Columbus does not stand alone as a grand master of piracy: the famous Sir Francis Drake, who became vice-admiral of the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada, was a worthy companion of the great Genoese.

These notable instances have been mentioned because it would be unjust to take up the history of those resolute traders who sailed from England, France, and Holland to the distant waters of the western world for the purpose of legitimate enterprise and commerce, and who afterward became thoroughgoing pirates,—without first trying to make it clear that they had shining examples in piracy for their notable actions.

### CHAPTER III.

#### PUPILS IN PIRACY.

AFTER the discoveries of Columbus, the Spanish mind seems to have been filled with the idea that the whole undiscovered world, wherever it might be, belonged to Spain, and that no other nation had any right whatever to discover anything on the other side of the Atlantic, or to make any use whatever of lands which had been discovered. In fact, the natives of the new countries, and the inhabitants of all old countries except her own, were considered by Spain as possessing no rights whatever. If the natives refused to pay tribute, or to spend their days toiling for gold for their masters, or if vessels from England or France touched at one of their settlements for purposes of trade, it was all the same to the Spaniards; and, as we have seen before, a war of attempted extermination was waged alike against the peaceful inhabitants of Hispaniola (now Haiti), and upon the bearded and hardy seamen from northern Europe. Under this treatment the natives weakened and gradually disappeared; but the buccaneers became more and more numerous and powerful.

The buccaneers were not unlike that class of men known in our western country as cow-boys. Young fellows of good families from England and France often determined to embrace a life of adventure, and possibly profit, and sailed out to the West Indies to get gold and hides, and to fight Spaniards. Frequently they dropped their family names and assumed others more suitable to roving freebooters; and, like the bold young fellows who ride over our western plains, driving cattle and shooting Indians, adopted a style of dress as free and easy, but probably not quite so picturesque, as that of the cow-boy. They soon became a very rough set of fellows in appearance as well as action, endeavoring in every way to let the people of the western world understand that they were absolutely free and independent of the manners and customs, as well as of the laws, of their native countries.

So well was this independence understood, that when the buccaneers became strong enough to inflict some serious injury upon the



settlements in the West Indies, and the Spanish court remonstrated with Queen Elizabeth on account of what had been done by some of her subjects, she replied that she had nothing to do with these buccaneers, who, although they had been born in England, had ceased for the time to be her subjects; and the Spaniards must defend themselves against them just as if they were an independent nation.

But it is impossible for men who have been brought up in civilized society, and who have been accustomed to obey laws, to rid themselves entirely of all ideas of propriety and morality as soon as they begin a life of lawlessness. So it happened that many of the buccaneers could not divest themselves of the notions of good behavior to which they had been accustomed from youth. For instance, we are told of a captain of buccaneers who, landing at a settlement on a Sunday, took his crew to church. As it is not at all probable that any of the buccaneering vessels carried chaplains, opportunities of attending services must have been rare. This captain seems to have wished to show that pirates in church know what they ought to do just as well as other people; and it was for this reason that when one of his men behaved himself in an improper and disorderly manner during the service, this proper-minded captain arose from his seat and shot the offender!

There was a Frenchman of that period who must have been a warm-hearted philanthropist, because, having read accounts of the terrible atrocities of the Spaniards in the western lands, he determined to leave his home and his family and become a buccaneer in order that he might do what he could for the suffering natives in the Spanish possessions. He entered into the great work which he had planned for himself with such enthusiasm and zeal that in the course of time he came to be known as "The Exterminator"; and if there had been more people of his philanthropic turn of mind, there would soon have been no inhabitants whatever upon the islands from which the Spaniards had driven out the Indians.

There was another person of that day, also a Frenchman, who became deeply involved in debt in his own country, and feeling that the

principles of honor forbade him to live upon and enjoy what was really the property of others, made up his mind to sail across the Atlantic and become a buccaneer. He hoped that if he should be successful in his new profession, and should be enabled to rob Spaniards for a term of years, he could return to France, pay off all his debts, and afterward live the life of a man of honor and respectability.

Other ideas which the buccaneers brought with them from their native countries soon showed themselves when these daring sailors began their lives as regular pirates. Of course it was hard to get a number of free and untrammelled crews to unite and obey the commands of a few officers. But in time the buccaneers had recognized leaders, and laws were made for concerted action. In consequence of this, the buccaneers became a formidable body of men, sometimes superior to the Spanish naval and military forces.

It must be remembered that the buccaneers lived in a very peculiar age. So far as the history of America is concerned, it might be called the age of blood and gold. In the newly discovered countries there were no laws which European nations or individuals cared to observe. In the West Indies and the adjacent mainland there were gold and silver, and there were also valuable products of other kinds; and when the Spaniards sailed to their part of the New World, these treasures were the things they came for. The natives were weak, and not able to defend themselves. All the Spaniards had to do was to take what they could find; and when they could not find enough, they made the poor Indians find it for them. Here was a part of the world, and an age of the world, wherein it was the custom for men to do what they pleased, provided they felt themselves strong enough; and it was not to be supposed that any one European nation could expect a monopoly of this state of mind. There were a great many people of that day who were poor both in principles and in money, and if they could not possess themselves of the treasures of the New World in one way, they were glad to do it in another.

Therefore it was that while the Spaniards robbed and ruined the natives of the lands

they discovered, the English, French, and Dutch buccaneers robbed the robbers. Great vessels were sent out from Spain, carrying nothing in the way of merchandise to America, but returning with all the precious metals and valuable products of the newly discovered regions which could in any way be taken from the unfortunate natives. The gold-mines of the New World had long been worked, and yielded handsome revenues; but the native method of operating them did not satisfy the Spaniards, who forced the poor Indians to labor incessantly at the difficult task of digging out the precious metals, until many of them died under the cruel oppression. We are told that sometimes the Indians were kept six months underground, working in the mines; and at one time, when it was found that the natives had died off, or had fled from the neighborhood of some of the rich gold deposits, it was proposed to send to Africa to get a cargo of negroes to work the mines.

Now it is easy to see that to many men all this made buccaneering a very tempting occupation. To capture a great treasure-ship, after the Spaniards had been at so much trouble to load it, was a grand thing, according to the pirates' point of view; and although it often required reckless bravery and almost superhuman energy to accomplish the feats necessary in this dangerous vocation, these were qualities which were possessed by nearly all the sea-robbers of our coast; and the stories of some of the most interesting of these wild and desperate fellows will be told in subsequent chapters.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PETER THE GREAT.

HAVING in the preceding chapters given my readers some idea of the growth and peculiarities of the buccaneers, together with some instances of their manners and customs, I shall now tell some stories of the more noted adventurers of our coasts—men who did not combine piracy with discoveries and explorations, but who were out-and-out sea-robbers, and gained in that way all the reputation they ever possessed.

Very prominent among the early regular buc-

canears was a Frenchman who came to be called "Peter the Great." This man seems to have been one of those adventurers who were never buccaneers in the earlier sense of the word; by which I mean they were not traders who touched at Spanish settlements to procure cattle and hides, and who were prepared to fight any Spaniards who might interfere with them, but were men who came from Europe on purpose to prey upon Spanish possessions, whether on land or sea. Some of them made a rough sort of settlement on the island of Tortuga; and then it was that Peter the Great seems to have come into prominence. He gathered about him a body of adherents; but although he had a great reputation as an individual pirate, it seems to have been a good while before he achieved any success as a leader.

The fortunes of Peter and his men must have been at a pretty low ebb when they found themselves cruising not far from the island of Hispaniola in a large, canoe-shaped boat. There were twenty-nine of them in all, and they were not able to procure a vessel suitable for their purpose. They had been a long time floating about in an aimless way, hoping to see some Spanish merchant vessel which they might attack and possibly capture; but no such vessel appeared. Their provisions began to give out, the men were hungry, discontented, and grumbling—in fact, they were in almost as bad a condition as were the sailors of Columbus just before they discovered signs of land after their long and weary voyage across the Atlantic.

When Peter and his men were almost on the point of despair they perceived, far away upon the still waters, a large ship. With a great jump, hope sprang up in the breast of every man. They seized the oars and pulled in the direction of the distant craft; but when they were near enough they saw that the vessel was not a merchantman, probably piled with gold and treasure, but a man-of-war belonging to the Spanish fleet—in fact, it was the vessel of the vice-admiral! This was an astonishing and disheartening state of things. It was very much as if a lion, hearing the approach of probable prey, had sprung from the thicket where he had been concealed, and had beheld

before him, not a fine, fat deer, but an immense and scrawny elephant.

But the twenty-nine buccaneers in the crew were very hungry. They had not come out upon those waters to attack men-of-war, but, more than that, they had not come out to perish by hunger and thirst. There could be no doubt that there was plenty to eat and drink on that tall Spanish vessel; and if they could not get food and water, they could not live more than a day or two longer.

Under the circumstances, it was not long before Peter the Great made up his mind that if his men would stand by him, he would endeavor to capture that Spanish war-vessel; and when he put the question to his crew, they all swore that they would follow him and obey his orders as long as life was left in their bodies. To attack a vessel armed with cannon and manned by a crew very much larger than their little party, seemed almost like throwing themselves upon certain death. But still there was a chance that in some way they might get the better of the Spaniards; whereas, if they rowed away again into the solitudes of the ocean, they would give up all chance of saving themselves from death by starvation. Steadily they pulled toward the Spanish vessel; and slowly — for there was but little wind — she approached them.

The people in the man-of-war did not fail to perceive the little boat far out on the ocean, and some of them sent to the captain and reported the fact. The news, however, did not interest him, for he was engaged in playing cards in his cabin; and it was not until an hour afterward that he consented to come on deck and look out toward the boat which had been sighted, and which was now much nearer.

Taking a good look at the boat, and perceiving that it was nothing more than a canoe, the captain laughed at the advice of some of his officers, who thought it would be well to fire a few cannon-shot and sink the little craft. The captain thought it would be a useless proceeding. He did not know anything about the people in the boat, and he did not very much care; but he remarked that if they should come near enough, it might be a good thing to put out some tackle and haul them and

their boat on deck, after which they might be examined and questioned whenever it should suit his convenience. Then he went down to his cards.

If Peter the Great and his men could have been sure that if they were to row alongside the Spanish vessel they would have been quietly hauled on deck and examined, they would have been delighted at the opportunity. With cutlasses, pistols, and knives, they were more than ready to demonstrate to the Spaniards what sort of fellows they were; and the captain would have found hungry pirates uncomfortable persons to question.

But it seemed to Peter and his crew a very difficult thing indeed to get themselves on board the man-of-war; so they curbed their ardor and enthusiasm, and waited until night-fall before approaching nearer. As soon as it became dark enough they slowly and quietly paddled toward the great ship, which was now almost becalmed. There were no lights in the boat, and the people on the deck of the vessel saw and heard nothing on the dark waters around them.

When they were very near the man-of-war, the captain of the buccaneers, according to the ancient accounts of this adventure, ordered his chirurgeon, or surgeon, to bore a large hole in the bottom of their canoe. It is probable that this officer, with his saws and other surgical instruments, was expected to do carpenter work when there were no duties for him to perform in the regular line of his profession. At any rate, he went to work, and noiselessly bored the hole.

This remarkable proceeding showed the desperate character of these pirates. A great, almost impossible, task was before them, and nothing but absolute recklessness could enable them to succeed. If his men should meet with strong opposition from the Spaniards in the proposed attack, and if any of them should become frightened and try to retreat to the boat, Peter knew that all would be lost; and consequently he determined to make it impossible for any man to get away in that boat. If they could not conquer the Spanish vessel, they must die on her decks.

When the half-sunken canoe touched the

sides of the vessel, the pirates, seizing every rope or projection on which they could lay their hands, climbed up the sides of the man-of-war as if they had been twenty-nine cats, and springing over the rail, dashed upon the sailors who were on deck. These men were utterly stupefied and astounded. They had seen nothing, they had heard nothing, and all of a sudden they were confronted with savage fellows with cutlasses and pistols.

Some of the crew looked over the side to see where these strange visitors had come from, but they saw nothing, for the canoe had gone to the bottom. Then they were filled with a superstitious horror, believing that the wild visitors were fiends who had risen from the sea, for there seemed no other place from which they could come. Making no attempt to defend themselves, the sailors, wild with terror, tumbled below and hid themselves, without even giving an alarm.

The Spanish captain was still playing cards; and whether he was winning or losing the old historians do not tell us; but very suddenly a newcomer took a hand in the game. This was Peter the Great, and he played the ace of trumps. With a great pistol in his hand, he called upon the Spanish captain to surrender. That noble commander glanced around. There was a savage pirate holding a pistol at the head of each of the officers at the table. He threw up his cards. The trick was won by Peter and his men.

The rest of the game was easy enough. When the pirates spread themselves over the vessel, the frightened crew got out of sight as well as they could. Some who attempted to seize their arms in order to defend themselves were ruthlessly cut down or shot; and when

the hatches had been securely fastened upon the sailors who had fled below, Peter the Great was captain and owner of that tall Spanish man-of-war.

It is quite certain that the first thing these pirates did to celebrate their victory was to eat a rousing good supper, and then they took charge of the vessel, and sailed her triumphantly over the waters, on which, not many hours before, they had feared that a little boat would soon be floating, filled with their lifeless bodies.

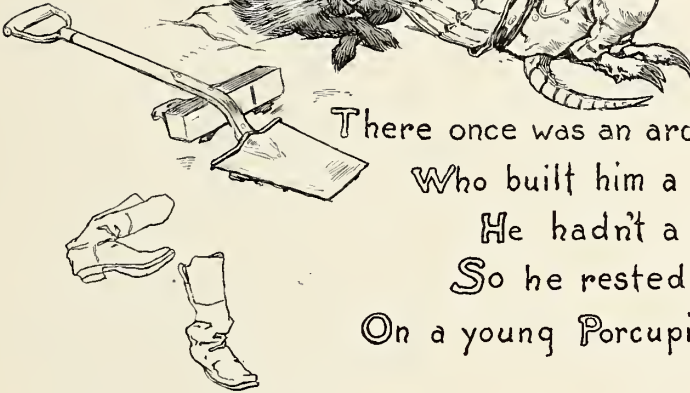
This most remarkable success of Peter the Great worked a great change, of course, in the circumstances of himself and his men; but it worked a greater change in the career, and possibly in the character, of the captain. He was now a very rich man, and all his followers had plenty of money. The Spanish vessel was amply supplied with provisions, and there was also on board a great quantity of gold bullion, which was to be shipped to Spain. In fact, Peter and his men had booty enough to satisfy any sensible pirate. Now we all know that sensible pirates, and people in any sphere of life who are satisfied when they have enough, are very rare indeed; and therefore it is not a little surprising that the bold buccaneer, whose story we are now telling, should have proved that he merited in a certain way the title his companions had given him.

Sailing his prize to the shores of Hispaniola, Peter put on shore all the Spaniards whose services he did not desire. The rest of his prisoners he compelled to help his men work the ship; and then, without delay, he sailed away to France, and there he retired entirely from the business of piracy, and set himself up as a gentleman of wealth and leisure.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE ARCH ARMADILLO.



There once was an arch ARMADILLO  
Who built him a hut 'neath a willow;  
He hadn't a bed.  
So he rested his head  
On a young Porcupine, for a pillow.

Carolyn Wells.

V.

## A THORN-APPLE TRIP.

OH, we went to the woods on a thorn-  
apple trip,  
For the apples that blaze from the low  
branch's tip!

For the sky was so blue,  
The white clouds peeping through,  
There was nothing to do

But to give all the world and its people  
the slip,  
And away to the woods on a thorn-apple  
trip!

Then the woodpecker bowed, in his gay  
scarlet hood,  
And the crow swung aloft in the tall cot-  
tonwood,

While he called his "Caw! caw!"  
To lay down the law  
To these strangers he saw.

Then down under the fence in the best  
way we could—  
And—all hail!—we're at last in the thorn-  
apple wood!

Then a rush for the trees—and a fall or  
a slip—

Up and onward again, with a laugh and a  
quip!

Now a toss of a stick,  
Or a limb shaken quick,  
And the apples fall thick

As the eager young robbers the bent branches  
strip,  
And hurrah for the woods and the thorn-  
apple trip!

For we went to the woods on a thorn-  
apple trip,

For the apples that blaze from the low  
branch's tip!

Then hurrah for the sun,  
And the laugh and the fun,—  
For the tumble and run;

And again with me join in a loyal hip,  
hip,  
Hurrah! for the woods and the thorn-ap-  
ple trip!

Mae Myrtle Cook.



## WHEN THE SEWING CLUB MEETS

BY  
ELSIE HILL

ON Fridays, after school is done, we're gratified to see

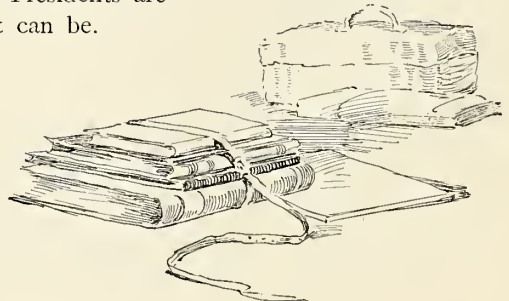
Our Margery make ready to attend the Sewing Bee;  
With pride we help to smooth her curls and fasten up her frock,  
And we hurry when she warns us that it "must be four o'clock!"

Her silken bag has vanished quite—"won't some one please to look?"  
And won't we hunt her thimble up, and find her needle-book?

Dear Mother bastes a seam or two till down the stair flies she  
To entertain the Sewing Club that meets at half-past three.

The President comes first, of course,—her smile is calm and bland;  
The Secretary follows with the "minutes" in her hand;  
The Treasurer is punctual—a careful child is she;  
And all the three Vice-Presidents are prompt as prompt can be.

And you should hear how merrily they chatter  
as they wait  
To greet the other member if she chances to be late.  
Small time they waste in gossiping—real work commences soon:  
I've known them hem *six* towels in a single afternoon!



They baste and whip and seam and snip and bravely work away  
For children more unfortunate who cannot run or play.  
And Patience keeps the stitches straight with Pity by her side,  
And loving thoughts flash brighter than the needles that they guide.



Then when they 've sewed an honest hour, and sometimes even more,  
They gather up the garments from the table and the floor;  
They smooth them out and fold them up—and hasten homeward? Oh!  
Perhaps you think a Sewing Club is just a club to sew!



But Mary Ann is wiser; for she spreads  
the snowy cloth,  
She brews the fragrant chocolate, and whips  
the cream to froth,

She brings the cups and saucers that are  
loveliest to see,  
Then runs and tells the Sewing Club 't is  
time to take its tea.





You've watched a hungry pussy when the  
 cream-jug's left alone;  
 You've seen "Prince Charlie" gaze upon  
 a dainty chicken-bone;  
 You know how bright-eyed robins look  
 when cherry-branches shake —  
 Did e'er you see a Sewing Club regard a  
 plate of cake?



Yet none the less I'm certain that you'll  
 travel far to find  
 A company more dignified, more courteous,  
 and kind.  
 Three cups are all that's proper; and I'm  
 truthful when I state  
 They always leave one macaroon politely  
 on the plate.

And yesterday, at Caroline's, the cookies  
 were so good  
 A noble zeal pervaded the entire sister-  
 hood;  
 And they solemnly considered, with a self-  
 devotion meek,  
 The strong advisability of meeting *twice* a  
 week!



## THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

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BY FRANK VALENTINE.

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OUR talk was of the far, far North,  
And Norway's sleepless sun;  
A bashful little voice piped forth,  
When other folks had done:

“How lovely it must look, Mama!”  
(Was Sidney's sage remark)  
“To see the sun, like some big star,  
A-shining *in the dark!*”

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## THE STORY OF A PINE BOARD.

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BY W. S. HARWOOD.

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ONE bright autumn day a hundred and sixty years ago, a tiny, shining black particle not larger than a mustard-seed, and bearing a slender, gossamer-like wing, slipped down into the dark, rich leaf-mold of a noble forest, and was lost to sight. It was in a far, foreign country where the tiny particle disappeared; and had it owned any political allegiance, it would have been owed to the beautiful banner of the land of France.

It was such a little thing, this black particle, so liable to be lost in the mold, so very small that a brown ant could seize it and carry it captive to his hilly home. And yet, despite its diminutive size, a wonderful power dwelt in this particle; indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say a marvelous power — a power which the kingliest monarch of the throne of France could not hope to wield — a power greater, from some points of view, than that which results in the most important achievements of man; for it was the power of life.

It was on the ridge of a vast continent where the tiny particle sank out of sight. The rivulets which found their way out of the forest and ran down through the swamps and out into the

open, and on to the wide, flower-bedecked prairies, flowed in two directions, one class of them to the north toward the icy seas, one to the rich, warm oceans of the tropics. It was the backbone of the continent, as sometimes it is called, about two thousand feet higher than the level of the mighty sea far to the eastward.

I have called it a foreign land, and so it was; for it was a part of that vast empire of the New World which, more than a half-century after the black particle disappeared from view, passed from the domain of Napoleon after being purchased by President Jefferson; and instead of the beautiful tricolor of France, there now waves over it the still more beautiful, as we think, flag of liberty, with its unchanging stripes and its steadfast stars.

The tiny particle had been nurtured and brought to life in the heart of a brown pine-cone. It was a pine-tree seed. It had drifted out from its brown home on the trembling tides of the wind, and now it lay in the warm, rich soil, while the songs were ringing from the throats of the birds in the branches of the great pines above it. At last the marvelous power within it moved, life came, a tiny root was put

forth, and then, after the winter passed and the summer came in warmth, a beautiful tuft of green rose above the pine-cone mold—the open-air life of the tiny particle had begun.

Washington was five years old when the green tuft came through the mold, and when he died the pine-tree which grew up from it must have been half a hundred feet high, a fine and sturdy trunk, straight as an arrow, and showing green and beautiful in its palm-like fronds a-wave in the sunshine. When the century was only three years old, it changed its allegiance from the lilies of France to the eagle

est sounds—the clear notes of the winter-time birds; the strange, sad sougling of the wind in the pine-tops—a sound unlike any other one, I think, to be heard in nature; the hissing of steam from the throat of the engine away over on the logging-railway where the train was being loaded with logs to be drawn down to the river-landing; the sharp chatter of a squirrel; the music of men singing in the distance; the sonorous reverberation of the falling pines. Now and then, for an instant, all the noises seemed to stop suddenly, and one could almost hear one's heart beat, so profoundly still it was.



SCENE IN A LOGGING CAMP.

of America, and since that time it steadily grew, adding each year a circle of fiber to its gradually enlarging trunk. One winter's day a century and sixty years from the time the black seed sank into the mold, I stood in the deep snow in the vast Northern forest, with the frost sparkling in the air, and the sun trying in vain to force its way through the cordon of clouds that had formed defiantly about the world. At last the sun conquered, drove back the cloud cordon, and sent in his bright messengers of light.

In these great forests I could hear the faint-

I had my eye on a grand old pine standing a little away from any of his fellows, a monarch in the forest. It must have been a hundred and forty feet, perhaps more, from the topmost point in its glossy green coronal down to the dead goldenrod in the snow at its base. It was about three feet in diameter at the ground, so tall, so strong, so straight, a noble tree indeed, in very truth a king of the forest. It was the result of the life which dwelt in the tiny black, winged seed which was lost to view more than a century and a half before.

While I was admiring the splendid propor-

tions of the tree, three men came toward me. One was a bright-eyed fellow, short of stature and swarthy of skin, looking like one of the Chippewa Indians whose home this forest had been nobody knows how many centuries. He looked the tree over sharply, stepping to this side and to that, eyed it critically from various points of view, and then with a small, sharp ax cut a keen gash in the trunk about a foot above the top of the dead goldenrod in the snow. He was an under-cutter, a man whose business it is to cut into the tree on the side on which it should fall, so that it may not be broken in the fall, or lodge in the crotch of another tree. The cut on the side of the tree is the guide for the sawyers.

The other men, bearing a big saw, began cutting down the pine, sawing steadily and powerfully through the fragrant yellowish-white trunk. Now and then the under-cutter would step up to them to see how they were progressing. When their saw had passed the heart of the pine he placed a small, bright steel wedge in the path of the saw, and drove it in.

"Look out there, now!" came the call of the under-cutter as he looked in my direction.

I made a quick scramble through the deep snow, nearly tumbling over a hidden log, and grabbing my camera as I went. I had no intention of staying in the immediate vicinity, for I had seen trees like this fall before, and I knew it was a risky thing to stand hard-by. The best-directed tree will sometimes veer a little in its fall, and woe to the one who stands below it. Many an experienced woodsman has been killed in just such a place; many a one has been caught and pinioned, perhaps to escape with only broken legs or ribs. In a second more the noble pine came crashing down through the branches of the other trees, falling upon the frozen earth with a noise which drowned all the other noises of the forest—a roar which echoed and reëchoed through the long, dim aisles of the forest like the booming of some mighty cannonade.

And do you know the first feeling that came to me, as I saw this noble pine lying so prone and helpless at my feet, was one of pity; indeed, I had a keen sense of sorrow that I am afraid passed on into indignation as I saw how ravenously the woods about were being de-

nuded of their trees. The men who were at work in the frosty winter afternoon were part of a crew associated in stripping this vast forest of all its standing pine. A logging-railroad had been built into the region, and from a central point side tracks ran out several miles in each direction to the camps where lived the men who made up the various gangs. The business of these men was to cut down the trees, load them upon the low, strongly built sledges, and haul them to the skidways, where they were loaded upon the great cars of the logging-trains and swiftly drawn down the river to the landing.

Aided by this logging-railway, the lumbermen were shipping an enormous number of trees. About four billion one hundred and sixty million feet of logs were cut in the season of 1895—that is to say, what is equivalent to four billion one hundred and sixty million pieces of board twelve inches square and one inch thick. I wonder if even the lumbermen themselves, and the log-cutters, and the manufacturers of lumber in the great mills, realize what an enormous amount of lumber this is. Why, it would build a house around the globe, with a main room ten feet high and a large attic, ceiling up the inside walls and roof with sweet, fragrant pine; it would put down a matched floor; and then, when the house was all completed, there would be left enough lumber to build tight board fences on either side of the house, three feet and a half high, the whole distance around the globe. Besides all this, there would be shingles enough for a good portion of such a house; and then, if the mighty builder of such a globe-girdling house wanted to fit it up a little more neatly, there would be a large supply of laths, and, I suppose, the plasterers could furnish him enough stucco and lime.

Or if he wanted to construct a roof-shelter for all the people on the globe, our mighty builder could accommodate them all, allowing to each man, woman, and child a clear space of two square feet in which to stand, and still have room left over for five hundred millions of men, with the same room in which to stand. And, to look at it in still another way, this same builder would have material to construct a bicycle-path of pine, a little over two feet wide,

from the earth to the moon; for there would be nearly eight hundred thousand miles of board a foot wide and an inch thick. In sawing this lumber up into the required length and thickness, there was a great waste in sawdust — so great, indeed that the sawdust pile would stand a hundred and twelve feet high on a city square, and five hundred feet square at the base; and

Minnesota; and at the rate the logs are being cut up, there will not be a piece of pine forest standing in all this vast region at the end of ten years, unless something is done by the government to put a stop to the ravages.

But let us not forget our noble pine lying so low in the winter snow.

I looked carefully at the yellowish circle of



THE OLD METHOD. HAULING LOGS TO THE ICE, WITH OXEN.

this is saying nothing about the vast amount of pieces of slabs which are split up into kindlings.

This enormous quantity of lumber represents merely the output of two forests — one in the northwestern part of the State of Wisconsin, and the other in the northern part of the State of

his base after he had fallen. I counted, as best I could, the rings of fiber, each one of which represented a year of its life; and so I learned how long it had been since that autumn day in the land of France when the little winged seed slipped down into the rich mold. Again



THE NEW METHOD. A LOGGING-TRAIN.

and again I counted the rings in other trees which were similar in size, and found them to be all practically of the same age.

In the study of our pine board we must not neglect the journey of the log down to the great mills. Time was when the logs were drawn over roads of snow and ice on the great rude sledges, to the banks of some river, drawn out on the ice, and left until the spring-time, when they would be floated down-stream to the mills. In some places the system is still in vogue, but in large measure all this has been changed. Logging-railroads have been built into the forests, enabling the owners of pine-lands to reach forests far from any stream. Spurs from the main branch of the road are built out like the fingers of an enormous hand clutching at the defenseless pines.

Our noble old tree was cut up into lengths

about twelve feet long. The rossers then went to work, rossing one side of the smaller end of the log—that is, cutting away the bark about three feet from the end, so that the log will slip easily when it is loaded upon the sledge. After a tortuous passage through the paths of the woods, the log is loaded upon the skidway—an incline leading down to the railway track. The skids are long, tough poles of tamarack, or some hard wood, placed about twenty feet apart. The logs easily roll down on these skids, and are drawn by horses up on the short, wide freight-cars, and as fast as one car is loaded, another takes its place, until a train of perhaps thirty cars is made up. The road is a very rough one, and the trains are supplied with the best of air-brakes; for the grades are steep, and great care must be exercised, or the trains will break in two, and disaster and possibly loss of life will follow if

a part of one of the trains breaks away and starts down the grade. "Mountain-climbers," the powerful engines in use in mining regions, are a part of the equipment of a logging-railroad.

The train draws the logs to the landing, which may be a hundred miles from the place where our pine was felled. The landing is the bank and surface of a large river, the Mississippi in its upper course affording fine landings.

Death is near at hand at the landing; indeed, it is near at hand always among the lumbermen from the time the tree is selected by the under-cutter until it gets the last touch of the pica-roon and is piled up in the lumber-yard of city, or town. In felling the trees, in loading them upon the big sledges, in rolling them down the skidways at the landing, on the drive down the river, in the mills, death comes often, and usually in a dreadful form. The landing is a particularly dangerous place. When the train-loads of logs are dumped from the wide cars, they tumble down an immense skid-way, perhaps sixty feet long,—an incline reaching to the ice-covered river. Load after load of logs is thrown down upon the ice, until the river is covered for a city square in width, and the logs extend perhaps a quarter of a mile away. There is thus an immense weight upon the ice, and the logs frequently press down so heavily that they crush through it, and at last rest upon the bottom of the river-bed. The logs may be piled up perhaps twice

as high as an ordinary city dwelling-house, over a hundred feet.

While the men are unloading the logs from the trains there is great danger that a "chaser" may get after them—that is, a log which suddenly springs down from the load, where it has been held by a chain, and, without warning, tumbles down the declivity of the skidway at a tremendous rate of speed. Woe to the logger who stands in the way of the chaser! Once in a while it may be necessary to dislodge a log which has become wedged in such a way among the other logs in the mass on the skid-



THE "ROSSER" AT WORK.

way that it must be released to allow the others to move. Getting out this log is called "killing the Dutchman." The men who clamber down



SAWING DOWN A TREE.



LOADING A CAR.



A LOG JAM.



HAULING LOGS IN THE BIG SLEDGE.



LOGS ON THE RIVER AT THE LANDING.



CUTTING LOGS INTO LENGTHS FOR CARS.



THE PILE OF LOGS AT THE LANDING.



the skidway, aided by their sharp-pointed peavies and cant-hooks, take their lives in their hands many a time when they go to dislodge this log — the key to the situation. Oftentimes when such a log is wedged into a great jam in the middle of the river after the spring drive has begun, dynamite must be used in dislodging it, so great is the pressure of the thousands of logs above it. "Killing the Dutchman" under such circumstances is a novel as well as a dangerous act.

In the sweet springtime our pine board is

shore, or here and there are jumping from log to log in mid-stream, in imminent danger, one would say, of rolling off and being drowned. The whole vast mass is moving at last; the annual drive has begun.

A "wannegan" is one of the essentials of the drive. It is a long, low, one-storied house-boat which accompanies the drive down the stream, and in which the men sleep and eat. Many days pass before the drive reaches the big, log-bound boom at the mills, where the hungry saws are waiting to perform the last act



LOG PASSING UP THE "SLIT" FROM THE BOOM.

resting in the center of a great log, one of many thousands, on its way down the broad-bosomed river. The logs have sunk lower and lower into the river-bed as the ice has slowly melted, until at last the stream is bank-full. Then come the rushing floods of the upper Mississippi, controlled by the great system of reservoirs which regulates the flow of the stream for hundreds of miles; the river rises; the logs pile in fantastic shapes; they rush swiftly down the channel. The lumbermen are watching the logs from the

in the life — or the death — of the tiny black seed which started on its long journey a century and a half before.

Up from the yellowish-brown depths of the slow-moving river, flowing so steadily on its way to the sea, comes a huge dark-brown thing with a shining, dripping coat. It is our log, entering upon its last stage. It passes at once up a long incline called the "slit" — a trench of wood about eight inches deep and two feet wide at the top, so hollowed out that the

largest log will lie in it securely as it is being drawn up the incline by the stout chains with which the slit is equipped. Projecting pieces of steel on this chain serve to keep the log

advances to the saw, and in a very few seconds its water-soaked sides have been trimmed by the sharp teeth. The carriage flies back to the starting-place with the swiftness of the wind; and



THE CIRCULAR SAW AT WORK, SHOWING THE CARRIAGE BEARING THE LOG.

steady, its great weight causing it to sink upon these pieces of steel, which are like sharp teeth. A workman, standing at the side of the slit, by means of a lever throws up two powerful steel-pointed arms which lift the logs out of the slit and throw them upon tables, from which they are rolled down to the carriage which leads to the saws. When the log reaches the carriage it is 'thrown upon the framework by the "nigger"—a long, ratcheted timber or piece of steel. This framework is like a section of an ordinary flat-car running on a regular railroad-track. Two men stand on the moving carriage, and at a signal from the head sawyer, who directs the cutting of the log, regulate the thickness of the plank or board by the levers of the carriage.

When the log has been adjusted it rapidly

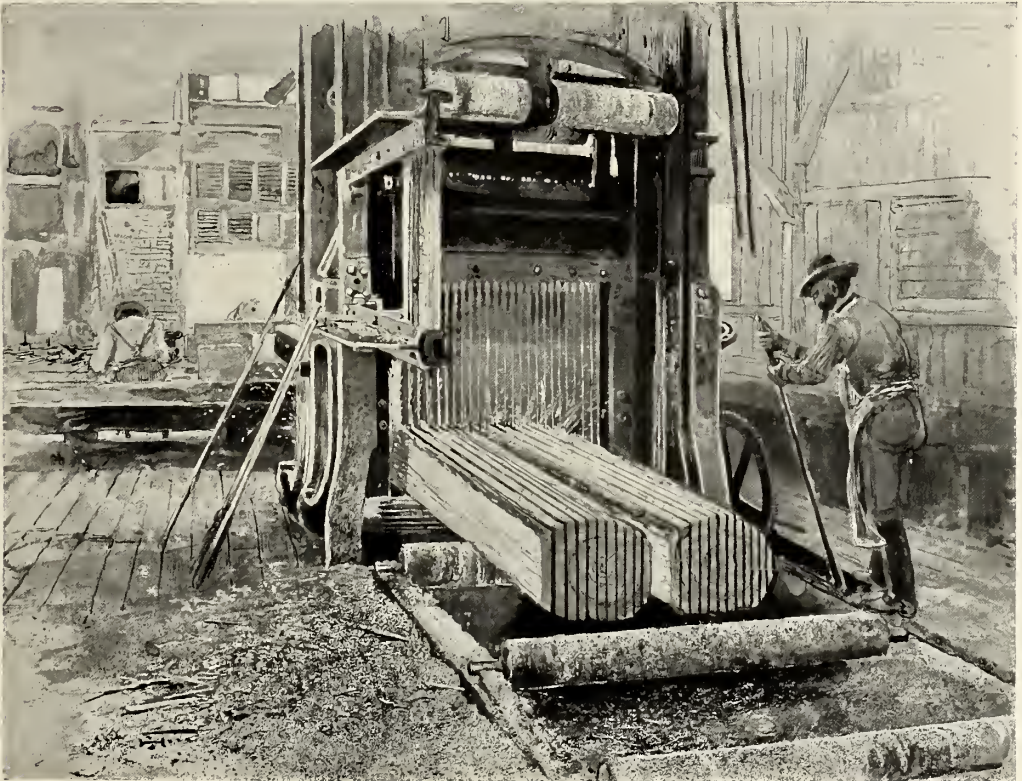
it is enough to make one shudder to see it go. You expect every instant that one of the men will be thrown off and terribly injured. They learn to balance themselves, however, though there are frequent accidents. One instant of inattention on the part of the head sawyer, who regulates the speed of the carriage by his lever, would send the carriage flying back to the end of the mill with tremendous force, and probably kill both of the men. One of the men on the carriage, called the "setter," fixes the width of the board to be sawed, on signal from the head sawyer; the other man is the second sawyer.

As I stood one day in one of these mills, watching the men flying forth and back on the narrow carriage, and almost expecting that one or both of them would be thrown off in the swiftness of their flight, I took out my watch

and timed them; and I found that they traveled on an average, on this little railroad not more than twenty feet long, one hundred and sixty-eight thousand feet a day, or about thirty-one miles.

At almost every point in this great mill there is danger: not alone on this flying carriage, but at other points all over the mill. The very log which contains our pine board may be near when a man is thrown from the carriage to his death, or caught under a turning log, or cut by the teeth of the saws, or sadly maimed by the splintered edge of a flying piece of slab. The utmost precaution on the part of mill-owners cannot prevent many fatalities where there is so much accident-inviting machinery. Let us hope

wheels, one above and one below the head of the sawyer; the circular, which is fed by another carriage flying back and forth like an enormous shuttle; and the gang-saw, which is the most rapid of all. The gang is in reality a series of short, straight saws set vertically, and at a distance apart corresponding to the width of the lumber to be sawn. Sometimes there are forty of them in a series, eating their way through the largest log in from five to seven minutes, and leaving a huge pile of yellow boards as a proof of their enormous cutting-power. The head sawyer at this saw—as, indeed, at all the saws—must be a man of sound judgment; for he is regulating the cutting of logs which represent many thousands of dollars,



THE GANG SAW, WHICH CUTS A LOG INTO MANY PLANKS AT ONE TIME.

that our pine board, as we watch it pass through the mill, may receive no stain of blood upon its fragrant surface.

Three main kinds of saws are used in the mills: the band, which is a belt of steel, about thirty feet long, passing around two broad

and if he is not able to tell at a glance into just what sizes of lumber the log should be cut in order to make it most profitable to the mill-owner, he will be an expensive man at any price. These head sawyers receive from seven to ten dollars per day for their work.



A MINNEAPOLIS SAWMILL. ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

A system of rollers carries the sawed lumber and the slabs from the saws to the distant end of the mill where the boards are trimmed and sorted. The rollers are revolving cylinders of steel raised just enough from the tables in which they are set to keep the lumber in motion.

Standing at the end of the roller-carriage, a blue-bloused workman with his sharp picaroon directs the board in any direction he wishes, the rough slabs being sent along one set of subordinate rollers to be shaved up into shingles or ripped into kindling for city consumption, while the boards pass up a broad, inclined table where whizzing little saws trim them and saw them into the requisite lengths. In a high cage near the top of the room a workman operates a series of levers like those in use in a railway switch-



LUMBER PILING.

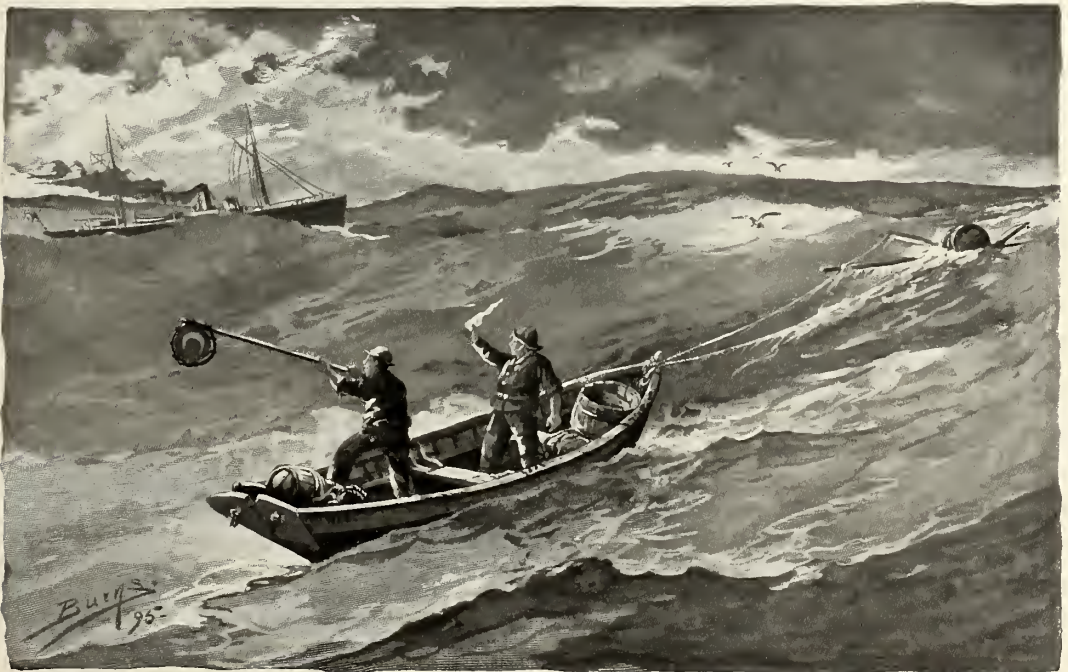
yard, directing the pieces of lumber as they pass up the incline. The lumber then tumbles down the other side of the incline, and is ready for piling.

So great is the demand upon these saws by this fierce tearing through the hearts of the great logs, that every few hours fresh saws take their places, and the dulled ones are sent to the filing-room. The filing is done by automatic, rapidly revolving emery-wheels, adjusted on high frames so that the saw moves along without direction from any one, the emery-wheel grinding down between the teeth as the saw passes along.

Some of the larger mills have a capacity of two hundred and twenty-five thousand feet per day. An ordinary mill will cut about one hundred and seventy-five thousand feet. The sawing begins in the early spring as soon as the logs come down from the drive, and continues

until late autumn, or even into the early winter if the season be an open one.

At last our pine board is piled up with many thousands of others in a high pile so arranged that it seems to be in danger of toppling over. Long alleys or streets run between the huge piles, and give room for the teams, heavily laden with more lumber from the saws, to pass in and unload. And the next time we shall see our pine board it may be in a house in some far Western city, or form part of a sidewalk in some country town; or perhaps it is nailed to a fence in some lonesome prairie region, or has been eastward, to be put to some one of the many uses which people find for this cheap and substantial lumber. Wherever it goes, we may be sure it right worthily fulfils the mission on which it started as a little winged seed a century and a half ago, down in the cone-brown mold of the land of France.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT. FISHERMEN, BLOWN OUT TO SEA IN A GALE, SIGNALING A STEAMSHIP FOR RESCUE.

# THE KITTEN AND THE BEAR.

(A True Story.)

BY LIEUT. CHARLES D. RHODES, U. S. A.

THE safest place for the big game of this country at present is within the limits of the beautiful Yellowstone Park. Here, protected from the rifle of the hunter by two troops of United States cavalry, immense herds of elk, deer, and antelope wander about as securely as before the march of civilization reduced their feeding-grounds to the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the great West. Here also the wilder animals — bears, panthers, and wolves — are protected by law, and have increased to such numbers as to be very much in evidence to dwellers in the park. Even a few buffalo, survivors of an almost extinct species, are seen now and then, their lives in constant peril, due to the high price paid at present for genuine buffalo-robos.

Even with the aid of the troops, patrolling in summer on horseback and in winter on snow-shoes, it is not possible entirely to prevent hunting. Poachers from the neighboring States,

Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, persist in defying the law, and repeatedly attempt to elude the vigilance of the patrols. Thanks to recent



"WITH A SNORT OF FEAR, BRUIN MADE FOR THE NEAREST TREE."

(SEE PAGE 34.)

severe laws, and to the admirable work of the superintendent of the park, poaching has almost ceased. When the park shall be so enlarged as to include feeding-grounds now outside its limits,—grounds to which the grazing animals are prone to wander, then will this magnificent game-preserve, this wonderland of nature, more nearly fulfil the purposes for which it was set aside.

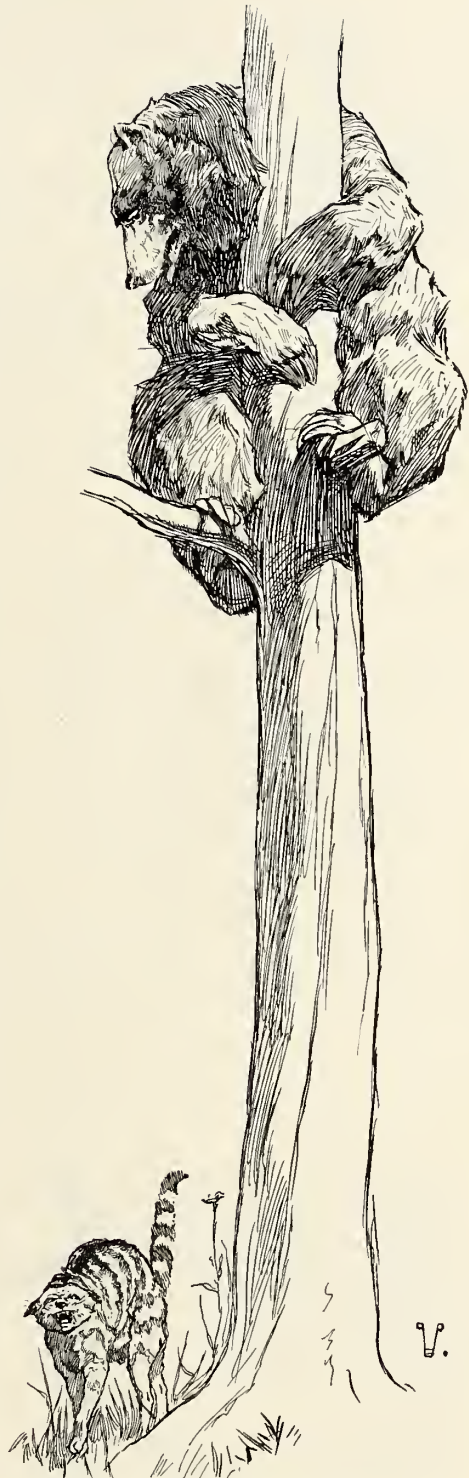
Naturally enough, with no legal hunting permitted, all the game has become very tame. Herds of deer and elk come constantly near the little army post, Fort Yellowstone; and as for bears, they have become so fearless as actually to wander down and eat the scraps thrown out from the hotels. One big fellow invaded the camp of a cavalry troop a short time ago, thrust his huge claws through a wall-tent containing the soldiers' beef ration, and was only driven away with a club wielded by the highly indignant troop-cook. Even in this paradise for wild animals the bears must be made to respect the laws against stealing.

It is about one particular black bear that I wish to tell.

Chris Burns, the veteran first-sergeant of Troop D, had a kitten which, during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser Basin, made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pair of army blankets, she defied the world in general, and dogs in particular. When the latter approached, she would elevate every bristle on her brave little back, her eyes would glow like live coals, and her tail would swell up threateningly. If dogs approached too near, she would hiss, and exhibit the usual signs of hostility, until the intruders had vanished from her neighborhood.

One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine, and every soldier in camp felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain-side, and, whether because he was in search of adventure or because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

Suddenly the kitten caught sight of him. Dogs by the score she had seen, but this particular "dog" was the largest and the hairiest dog she had ever seen. But she did not hesitate.



"THE KITTEN KEPT CLOSE GUARD OVER HER HUGE CAPTIVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away, and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches! Meanwhile the kitten stalked proudly about on the ground beneath, keeping close guard over her huge captive, her back still curved into a bow, and her hair still bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a

significant little wave, as if to say, "That's the way I settle impertinent bears."

The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents, could scarcely believe their eyes; but there was the bear in the tree, and the kitten below, and there were those who had seen the affair from beginning to end.

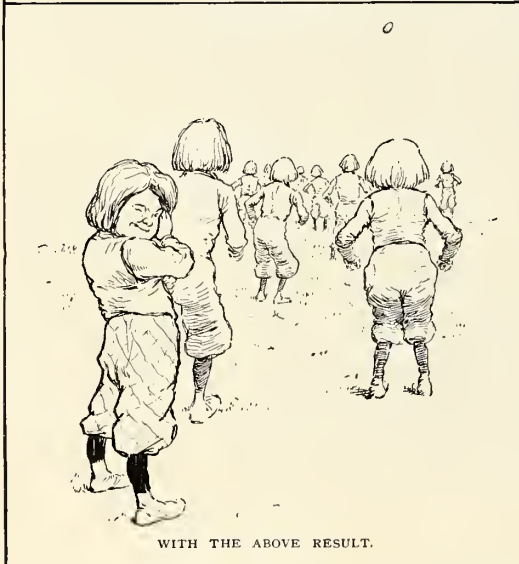
And perhaps the strangest part of it all was that the bear would not stir from his safe position in the branches until the kitten had been persuaded to leave her huge enemy a clear means of retreat! Then he slid shamefacedly down from his perch, and ambled hastily off toward the mountains.



TOMMY TRANSFERS THE GAS FROM BOBBY'S TOY-BALLOON TO HIS FOOT-BALL.



AND RUSHING ON THE FIELD MAKES A SUPERB DROP-KICK.

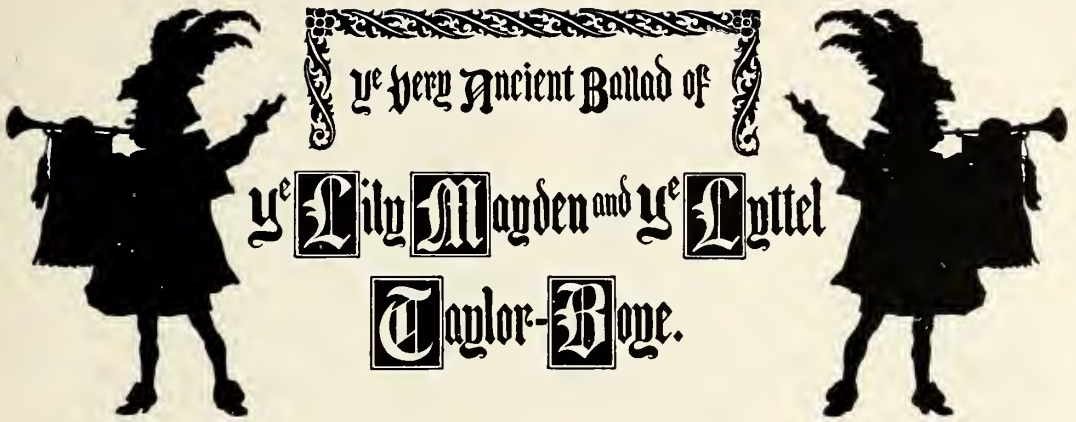


WITH THE ABOVE RESULT.



FINALE!





BY JOHN BENNETT.

CANTO I.

ONCE, on a merry summer's day,  
 Beneath the greenwood tree,  
 There stood a moated castle  
 By a long-forgotten sea,



Where dwelt a lovely Lily Maid,  
 Young and divinely fair:  
 She was a waxen figure  
 In a dime museum there.

Of wax her little double chin;  
 Of wax her rosy cheek;  
 Of wax her parted, laughing lips  
 That almost seemed to speak;  
 And, oh! she was so beautiful  
 That though one's heart were ice,  
 To be on earth near her was worth  
 The whole admission price.

A princess she of royal line  
 Without the least alloy,  
 Yet in her little waxen heart  
 She loved a Tailor Boy  
 Who kept a little clothing-store  
 Down in a dingy street,  
 And retailed ancient gabardines  
 In styles quite obsolete.

This Tailor loved the Lily Maid —  
 She was his guiding star!  
 He went to every matinée,  
 And worshiped from afar.  
 She looked at him; he looked at her;  
 Their courtship ended there:  
 The Princess could not speak her love;  
 The Tailor did not dare.

And so the days went gliding by  
 The livelong summer through;



"HE KEPT A LITTLE CLOTHING-STORE."

The sun came up, the sun went down,  
 As it is apt to do.  
 There came no clouds across the sky  
 To mar the peaceful blue;  
 But there was trouble brewing,  
 Just as troubles always brew.



## CANTO II.

Two robber Barons,  
 stuffed with straw,  
 In that museum  
 stood,



Within a gloomy  
 pasteboard  
 cave,  
 Deep in a  
 painted  
 wood.

With burnished armor made of tin,  
 And broadswords made of lath,  
 They frowned upon the scenery,  
 And bottled up their wrath.

For they despised the Tailor Boy  
 Who loved the Lily Maid,

And turned their haughty noses up  
 At folks who are in trade;  
 And held themselves so very high  
 That when they strutted round  
 They hardly ever touched the earth  
 Except on rising ground.

Mynheer Jan van der Swannigan,  
 Of high descent was he;  
 His father peddled pepper-pots  
 Along the Zuyder Zee.  
 Sir Launcelot de Id-i-otte  
 Of race was so refined,  
 In all the strain there was not brain  
 Enough to make one mind.

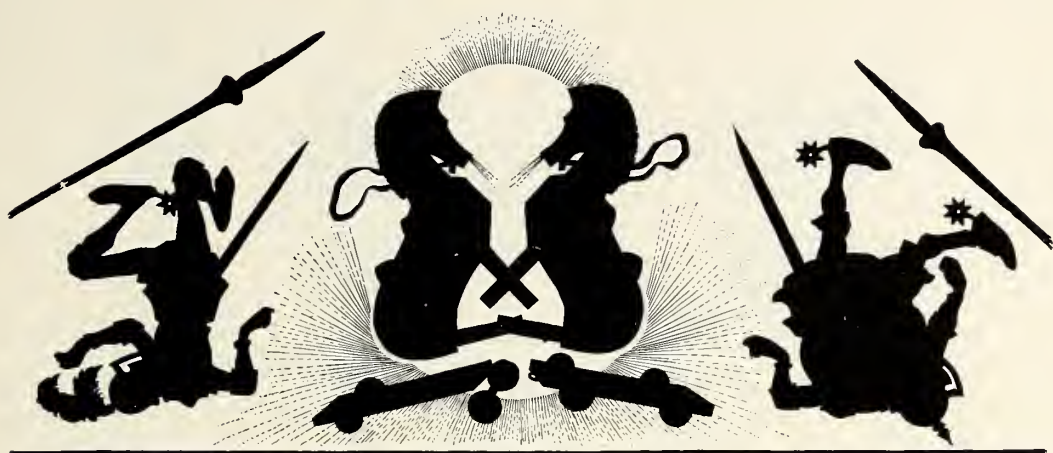
Both madly loved the Lily Maid,  
 And better to decoy  
 The other from her, each reviled  
 The little Tailor Boy;  
 And vowed a most tremendous vow,  
 By the great Google Tree,  
 Next matinée they would him slay,  
 And so revengèd be.

## CANTO III.

But two proud noses, turning up,  
 Oft turn each other down;  
 And foul blows sped at honest head  
 Oft crack each other's crown.  
 "Sir Launcelot," quoth Mynheer Jan,  
 While his mustache he twirled,  
 "My true love is the fairest maid  
 In all the wide, wide world."



"THEY HURTLÉD DOWN THE WIND."



"THEY CLANGED TOGETHER WITH A BANG!"

"Not so, I wot," cried Launcelot;

"Herr Jan, that cannot be;

For be she fair to thee, I swear

She is more fair to me."

"Now if to be less fair to me

Doth hint a covert slur,"

Cried Jan, "thou art a craven

And a common cockle-bur!"

"A cockle-bur?" cried Launcelot,

With fury in his eye.

"Thou painted waxen jig-a-bob,

Apologize or die!"

With which he launched a swinging blow

That touched a tender spot;

Whereat Herr Jan straightway began

To thump Sir Launcelot.

#### CANTO IV.

Soon each for lack of breath gave back,

And sprang upon his horse,

Girt up his gear and couched his spear

To lay his foe a corse;

And with mad roars, like two wild boars,

They hurtled down the wind;

So swiftly, too, their good steeds flew

They left their tails behind.

They clanged together with a bang

Like some tremendous drum!

\* \* \* \* \*

Their good steeds sat down suddenly,

And wished they had not come.

Their spears were split to kindling-wood;

And, oh, their heads did sing!

If any welkin had been there,

They would have made it ring.

But up got then those doughty men

From out the clouds of dust,

And drew their swords, whereat their steeds

Departed in disgust;



"CAITIFF, DIE!"



"IT DID THE SAME FOR HIM."

And all the view grew sulphur-blue  
With "Caitiff, die!" and such  
Irate back-handed compliments  
In medieval Dutch.

Till, waxing hot, Sir Launcelot  
In fearful fury flew,  
And at his foe let fly a blow  
That clave Herr Jan in two,  
And circled round with fearsome sound  
And such tremendous vim,  
It caught the hot Sir Launcelot  
And did the same for him!



"THEIR LEGS JUMPED UP AND RAN AWAY."

And as the white dust settled down  
Upon that luckless pair,  
Their legs jumped up and ran away,  
And left them sitting there.  
"Hold, hold!" cried both; "our legs  
are gone;  
We can no longer fight,  
Since we are four feet shorter  
Than we ought to be by right!  
"And, see! our legs have lost their heads  
And taken to their heels!  
Instead of only two feet off,  
Good luck! a glance reveals

They are a half  
a mile away;  
And since we  
cannot stand  
Without our feet,  
we surely  
have  
An awkward job  
on hand!"

CANTO V.

Just then the little  
Tailor Boy  
Came dancing  
down the way,

In Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes,  
Unto the matinée.  
"A boon, brave Tailor Boy," they cried —  
"A boon we crave of thee!"

The Tailor wink-  
ed the other  
eye —

"I 'm out of  
boons," quoth  
he.

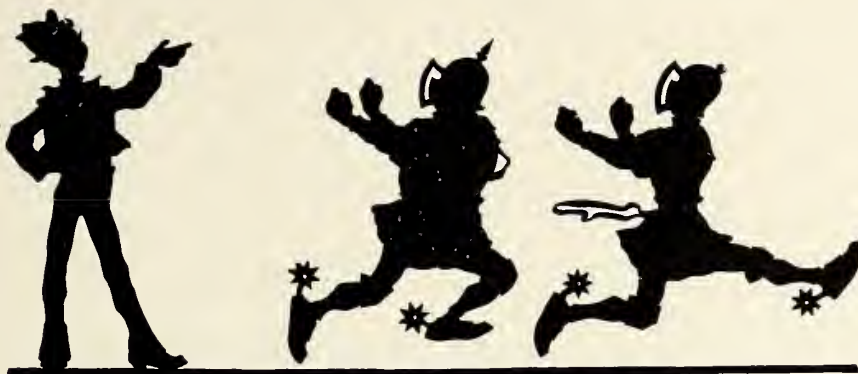
But by the Lily  
Maid they  
prayed,  
And all the  
almanac,  
Until in haste  
their legs he  
chased,

And brought them prancing back.  
Then with a beeswaxed basting-thread  
He sewed them round and round,  
And with his little needle stitched  
Till they were safe and sound.



"'I 'M OUT OF BOONS,'  
QUOTH HE."





“THE MORE THEY TRIED TO COME HIS WAY  
THEIR LEGS WENT LEAPING T’ OTHER.”

Then laughed the Tailor merrily.  
“Most noble sirs, i’ feggs,  
Ye are the biggest wooden-heads  
That ever stood on legs;  
For had ye but exhibited  
As legless twins,” quoth he,  
“Ye would have made more money  
Than the double Siamee!”

But he who saves such traitor knaves  
Saves vipers to destroy  
Himself; for at these words they sought  
To slay the Tailor Boy.  
But when the Tailor mended them,  
The armor which they wore  
So fooled him that he sewed their legs  
On after part before.

And when the villains sprang at him,—  
Turned this way and the other,—

The more they tried to come his way  
Their legs went leaping t’ other.  
“Come on!” cried heads, “Come off!”  
cried legs,  
As down the road they flew;  
And what became of those two knaves  
Nobody ever knew.

But the lovely Lily Maiden,  
To her everlasting joy,  
Was purchased for a dummy  
By the little Tailor Boy;  
And standeth in the window  
In the dingy little street,  
Among the ancient vestments  
Cut in fashions obsolete,  
With all her peerless beauty  
And aristocratic air,  
Although her crown and gaudy gown  
Are much the worse for wear.



—JOHN BENNETT—

## A FUNNY LITTLE SCHOOL.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

WHEN little Louizy-Lou began teaching her grandfather his letters, she had no idea of opening school on the plantation. It all came about in this way. When the little girl would come home from school in the long afternoons, while all the rest of the family were working in the fields, she would take her book out in the yard where old Uncle Sol, her grandfather, sat, and go over the day's lesson with him — he obediently following her guiding finger with delighted eyes.

It had never occurred to either of them that the old man would himself begin to learn, until one day, when she was spelling her words as usual, he stopped her. "H-h-hold on, honey," he began, and his voice choked up so that he could hardly speak; "hold on. I knowed dat word befo' you called it out. Dat's c-a-t, cat; an' here 's mo' cats all up an' down de page." And with trembling fingers he really found the word wherever it occurred in the lesson. He was very much excited. "Why, honey," he cried, "learnin' 's openin' up to me, sho 's you born."

The old man was so much elated that he made Louizy-Lou bring her book to the table in the cabin that night after supper, while he proved to the rest of the family that he was really "a-ketchin' on to education."

In a few days he knew not only *cats* at sight, but *bats* and *rats*, even when Louizy-Lou covered the pictures over with her hand, which was a very important test. But when he had learned these three words, and several smaller ones, such as o-n, on, u-p, up, he began to complain a little. "Why, Louizy-Lou, baby," he said one evening as he took off his spectacles and began wiping them slowly, "when is we gwine to study about some other sort o' creation? Look to me like de ups an' downs o' cats an' bats an' rats is mighty po' readin' for a Christian — dat is, to *keep on wid it*. An' dat

readin'-lesson I heerd you read about 'de pup bit de cow on de lip,' I would n't read it no mo', baby. I nuver knowed no little puppy to do sech a thing; an' even ef dis heah book-pup done it, I no doubt de cow she pestered him into it. But seem to me dat 's a mighty po' sort o' puppy to pick out to put in a book, when dey so many cunnin' ones roun' dis plantation wid manners an' sense. But for de cats an' rats, of co'se I ain't got nothin' ag'in' 'em, *in dey places*; but I 'm tired of 'em."

The little girl was very thoughtful for a moment.

"What sort o' words would you like to spell, gran'daddy?" she asked at length.

"Well, I ain't partic'lar; but, *ef I could*, I 'd like to spell Moses-leadin'-de-chillen-o'-Isrul-inde-wilderness. But, of co'se, dat mought be too hard. I know de wilderness is a bewilderin' place. But ef you has to start on dumb beas'es, I 'd be mightily tickled to spell out my ole dorg here, or my mule. See ef you can't find no Rovers or Nebuchadnezzars in de book, honey. Dat ole mule, Nebuchadnezzar, he 's dead an' gone, I know; but I loved dat mule. For seven yeahs I follered him wid de plow, an' ef I could see how he 'd look on de page, I 'd be mighty glad. A man loves a' ole beas' dat he walk beside so long."

They looked all through the primer, but there was no mule to be found, much less one named Nebuchadnezzar. They did presently find a plow, though, and after three nights of loving pursuit, the old man could spell "p-l-o-w, plow," and recognize the word anywhere.

Learning that he could learn was a most delightful discovery, and the learning itself, that was joy. The little grandchild learned much faster than the old man, and before the season was over she could read long lessons from beginning to end. And pieces? She could stand up before the fireplace and recite "with mo-

tions," "The Boy stood on the Burning Deck" and "Mary had a Little Lamb," And although Uncle Sol had n't gotten so far as The-Chillen-o'-Isrul-in-de-wilderness, he had learned a few words that were dear to his old heart. There was "Ann," for instance. Ann was the name of his old wife, who had been for ten long years waiting for him in heaven. When he first stumbled on her name, he was so much affected that he could not find his voice; but,

de way she used to tie her head-hankcher up in a little p'int, an' walk so biggity. Yo' gran'-mammy was a neat little 'oman, Louizy-Lou, honey. An' sometimes, when I looks at you an' see how nice you ties up yo' hair wid dem purty bows of a Sunday, I 'low you tooken it arter yo' gran'ma. Of co'se she raised yo' mammy, an' she 's a-raisin' you; an' dat 's de on'ies' way nice genteel ways has to be passed along."

It was in the second season of Louizy's



LOUIZY-LOU AND HER GRANDFATHER.

raising his finger, he said, "Sh-h-h!" and he would not let the little teacher say another word. For a long time he sat pointing to it, just thinking; and then he whispered softly to himself, "A-n-n, Ann—A-n-n, Ann;" over and over again. And presently he said, "Dat 's yo' gran'ma's name, baby: 'A-n-n, Ann.' An', somehow, when I sets an' studies over it, it sort o' looks like my ole 'oman—yas, it do. She was a short, thick-set little 'oman, Ann was—A-n-n, Ann. An' dat big A, it favors her consider'ble.

schooling,—when she was twelve years old, though she was so small that she seemed hardly ten,—as she and her grandfather were reading a very difficult lesson aloud to some old men who came to sit and talk at old Sol's door, that Daddy Conrad said, "Look heah, Louizy-Lou. What 's de reason you can't pass around some o' yo' book-learnin' to de rest of us, I like to know? Ef Br'er Sol kin learn, I'm sho' I kin."

"Dat 's what I say," put in Uncle Jake. "Ef Louizy-Lou kin learn Br'er Sol, she kin

learn de rest of us. What you say, Unc' Matusalem?"

"Don't you call me 'Matusalem,'" answered old Nimrod, chuckling. He was the oldest of the lot, and had n't a tooth in his head, and his voice was thin and high, as he added, "I bet you, ef I turns my secon' sight on a book, I'll find out what it 's got to say des as quick as de rest o' you ignunt know-nothin's; an' ef Louizy-Lou is gwine open school, she kin put my name on de books." He shook his old head decidedly as he spoke.

Daddy Conrad had proposed the school only in fun, but now he spoke in all seriousness:

"Sho' 'nough, now, Louizy-Lou is des give out dat she gwine quit school an' go in de field to pick cotton, an' I say, 'stid o' dat, she better open school for we-all. How much cotton kin you pick in a day, anyhow, gal?"

"I don't know, sir; but I 'm sho' I could pick right smart, an' dey payin' sixty cents a hund'ed, now."

Sixty cents for every hundred pounds picked was a good price, and many children even smaller than Louizy were already in the fields.

"Sixty cents a hund'ed," repeated Uncle Nimrod. "Well, now, listen to what I got to say. S'pos'n' we-all was to pay Louizy-Lou sixty cents a hund'ed for all de book-words she 'd learn us, how about dat?"

At this the little girl shook her head. "No, sir-ee," she laughed. "Don't ketch me dat-away. You-all too slow-minded." They all screamed with laughter at this.

"But s'pos'n' we is slow-minded," said Uncle Steve, who up to this time had kept quite still, "you 'd be teachin' a lot of us at oncet; an' even ef you picks cotton wid bofe hands, you can't pick but des *so much*; and ef we-all learns a word, you 'll collect on every one for de same word. See? Every time you calls out a word, it 'll have fo', five, six chances to find a lodg-mint."

There was a good deal of fun over this proposition, and old Nimrod said, "I declar', Steve, you ought to be a jedge in de co't-house. You argufies wiser 'n ole Solomon hisself. Huc-come you sets still an' let ole slim-shank Steve out-talk you in wisdom, Unc' Solomon?"

He turned to Sol.

"You forgits dat Br'er Sol is de gran'daddy o' de teacher," said Uncle Jake. "He done passed his wisdom on to de secon' gineration."

"Dat 's so," said Nimrod, "an' I 's proud to salute it." Lifting his brimless hat, he turned and made a low bow to the little girl sitting in their midst; and then, one by one, they all followed suit.

It was a funny little school—six old men and a white-haired woman, with a twelve-year-old girl for teacher. Old Susan was seventy, and was spoken of on the place as "child-minded"; but when she heard of the school she wanted to come in, and there was no one to hinder her. She had always been an early riser; but after she began going to school she got up every morning before day, and would wash her slate and sharpen her pencil until it seemed that they would be washed and sharpened away. Then, dressed in her best, with her slate under her arm, she would walk up and down before her cabin until Uncle Jake would come by, and she would join him. Jake was lame, but he always "allowed for it," and was very early. Then, presently, the others would hobble along; and last, old Solomon, looking very grave and important, with the trig little teacher beside him. She always carried the big brass bell in her hand, holding its tongue securely until she reached the church steps, when she would ring it loudly, although all her pupils were sitting on the steps waiting for her. She had to take the bell home to keep mischievous boys from ringing it between times.

School was held in the little room back of the church, commonly called the "mo'ners' room." They took this because, as all but Susan and the teacher were officers in the church, there was no permission to ask and no rent to pay.

If the little teacher was young, she made up for it in being strict and dignified. She had been to school herself, and she knew a thing or two.

When she first called the school to order she rose from her seat and made a little speech:

"Arms folded. Heads up. Feet down,"



she began, pausing for obedience after each order. And then when the long-limbed pupils on the low benches had scrambled into order, she went on to say, "Schools is made out o' three things—teachers an' scholars an' rules. An' rules is for teachers to make, an' for scholars to mind. An' I gwine give you des a few rules to begin wid. De fust rule is:

"No talkin' in school—widout commission." She meant permission, and they all understood it so.

"Secon' rule: No gum-chewin' in class."

"Third rule: No sassin' back—no time."

There were several drawbacks to the little school at first, such as, for instance, the scarcity of books. Louizy-Lou had her own primer. Steve bought a new one; but then Steve was rich—that is, he and his eighty-year-old mother had a pension of twelve dollars a month between them, left her by her old mistress. Uncle Tom had a flower-catalogue with a bright frontispiece of impossible pansies; but old Susan embarrassed him so, looking over his shoulder at it, that he finally tore it out and gave it to her. Susan had no book and no money to buy one. Indeed, there was absolutely no way for her to pay for her schooling; but as only those who learned should pay, this was not so serious a matter as it may seem. And her slate and her picture were very dear to her.

It was Tom's idea for all hands to collect letters from the advertising-placards along the roads, and for Louizy-Lou to show them how to paste them in order on the wall, and they very soon had a full alphabet in this way. And it was a most interesting one. The "T" printed on a scarlet tomato was pretty to look at and easy to remember, and there was scarcely a letter but had some beauty all its own that it could spare and still be itself.

To learn to repeat the alphabet by heart, with backs turned to the wall—this was Louizy-Lou's idea of a first step in the way of learning; and she had spent several days on this drill when she suddenly realized that she could not afford it. Only spelled words were to be paid for. But there was one thing she could do: she could hurry the class into spelling. Instead of saying A and B, why not say A-b, ab, and collect on it? This was the first exercise she gave

them, and she was just beginning to rejoice that several of them were learning it, when Susan asked—though of course, she could not know how clever the question was: "What *is* abs, anyhow? I ain't niver seen no abs in my life."

"Dat what I say," said Steve, quickly.

"An' me, too," added the others.

Louizy was puzzled, just for a minute. It happened that she could n't think of any abs in real life, either. But she quickly recovered herself.

"Well," she answered, "ef you-all ain't seen no abs, maybe you can spell b-a, ba. You know what a bay horse is, I reckon." And so b-a, ba, was the first word put down on the school bill; and when it was found that five of the six had it on their lists,—all kept by the teacher, of course,—she felt much encouraged. The fact that old Nimrod insisted on saying, "B-a, bay horse," did n't matter. If he took more than he paid for, that was his lookout. But when Susan said, "A-b, bay mule," it would n't do, though Susan could n't see why.

In a month there was quite a fine showing. All but Susan had a number of words charged against them. If some were only pieces of words like *ba*, which was made to do duty for *bay*, nobody knew it, and no account was disputed. As she had no reading-chart, Louizy-Lou taught most words orally, not even finding the letters until the scholars could repeat the words by rote. So, one day, she was saying, "A-l-e, ale; p-a-l-e, pale; b-a-l-e, bale; d-a-l-e, dale," when she added, "Stee-a-l-e, stale," and at this Steve stopped her.

"Hold on dar, teacher!" he cried; "hold on! Spell dat last word over ag'in, please."

Louizy repeated, "Stee-a-l-e, stale."

"Well, I wants to know what you gits dat letter *stee*." Steve was shaking his head emphatically. "I been heerd a heap o' white folks spell, an' I ain't niver heerd no sich letter as dat."

"Neither me," said old Susan.

This was trying. The little teacher spelled the word over to herself; but she could n't get out of it. "Stee-a-l-e," seemed the only way to spell "stale"; and yet, when she came to think about it, she did n't know about "stees" either. There seemed to be nothing to do about it but

to make the scholars keep still and talk less. She took her ruler and rapped loudly on the desk.

"Ef you-all knowed all yo' a-b-c's befo' you come to school, I don't see no use in comin'," she began.

"Dat 's so," her grandfather interrupted, kindly; "an' yit, 'stee' 's got a furrin soun' to it. S'pose you was to p'int it out to us in de line, baby."

"I 'clare, gran'daddy, you-all ain't got a bit o' patience. You 'spec' to know everything befo' you knows yo' a-b, abs, sca'cely." There was real distress in the little girl's voice.

"Dat 's so, of co'se, honey; but yit, I ricollec' you say dis letter 'stee' b'longs in 'stale'; an' ef dat 's all it b'longs in, I ain't gwine bother wid it. I nuver is had no use for no stale things, nohow. Don't it b'long to nothin' else?"

"Of co'se, gran'daddy, I see some'h'n' it b'longs in right now. Stee, double e, p-l-e, ple, steeple. See de church steeple?"

The old men looked at each other.

"Dat sho' has got de sound to it," said Uncle Nimrod; and then, turning to Steve, he added, "an' here 's old Steve. Ef my ear 's right, I s'picion it 's in him."

"Stee, double e, v-e, Steve," Louizy spelled in a twinkling. "Co'se it 's in 'Steve.'"

At this Steve grew very much excited, and shook his finger at Louizy.

"Ef it 's in me, you p'int it out on de line!" he screamed. "I done taken notice dat Tom an' Sol been spelt a week ago, an' it 's a' outrage dat I ain't been spelt long ago."

Louizy was greatly tried; but she was very courageous.

"Uncle Steve," she said firmly, "Tom an' Sol is easy names, an' I 'm a-learnin' you dese words by de hund'ed, an' I can't fool wid sech big names as Stephen tell you-all comes to 'em nachel. Wait tell you knows yo' a-b, abs, good, den I 'll learn you yo' punctuation-p'int, an' so-fo'ths, an' stees, an' all dat. An' ricollec' dat when you ask questions, you shows yo' ignorance. Questions is for teachers, an' answers is for scholars."

This seemed good reasoning, and the irate Steve, on thinking it over, even reluctantly consented to bide his time to be spelled.

"I knowed my name wa'n't no common name," he muttered to himself.

There was much that was trying in this sort of school-teaching besides the sad fact that, thus far, there had been very little money in it for the teacher. But there were perquisites. The old men brought presents of one sort or another to the little teacher nearly every day. The fact is that although they liked to argue with her, and did not always show the proper amount of "respect," they were very proud and fond of her, and they thought her a wonder. Even Steve, the difficult, loved to whittle out things for her. Indeed, it was he who made the cat-o'-nine-tails that hung beside her desk; and before he presented it to her, he had agreed with the others that if the time should come when any one of them should need it, the rest would stand by the teacher while she laid it on. Whipping was an important factor in their ideas of a school, and they were not to be defrauded of any needed discipline simply because the teacher was young—and little.

Steve himself was a giant in size, and although he was over sixty years old, he walked with a firm tread, and could, if occasion required, whip out the whole lot. He would have been at work in the field but for his mother's income.

But Steve was troublesome. He would talk out of turn, and he would n't hush when he was told. Louizy-Lou had long ago found out the secret of the "stee,"—that it was only s-t pronounced quickly,—and she would explain it in her own time. But Steve kept bringing it up; and finally it went so far that Louizy threatened to *make* him hush. This was pretty brave in a girl of twelve, and small of her age, to a man who stood six feet two in his bare feet. Her very bravery ought to have touched the old man, but it only angered him. Then he began to "sass back." For one thing, he called her a "little chit of a gal," and threatened her with a spanking.

This would never do, and neither would it do for Uncle Sol to interfere, he thought. And so he sat still, and Steve kept answering back.

Finally old Nimrod spoke up: "'Scuse me talkin' out o' turn, teacher," he said; "but ef

you 'll take Steve's own cat-o'-nine-tails to 'im, we-all 'll stan' by you."

"Yas, we will," answered the others, every one.

But the little teacher had her own ideas.

"Nem you mind, Unc' Nimrod," she said bravely. "I done listened to too much Scripture-readin' to fool wid you bald-heads long as dey shootin' bears in dese up-country woods. I ain't dat anxious to be e't up! But ef dat sassy ole long-leg, long-tongue Steve wants to

face saw a change come over it, and following the direction of his glance, they saw two figures approaching—Louzy-Lou's and another, which they instantly recognized as Steve's mother. She was a tiny little woman, very thin and almost doubled with age, but she carried herself as one who was sure.

When she reached the door, she walked to the center of the room and looked at her son, while Steve sank in his seat until he seemed scarcely half his size.



"IS YOU GWINE HUSH WHEN YOU SPOKE TO, OR IS I BOUND TO WHUP YOU BEFO' DE SCHOOL?"

find out who 's boss in dis school, him or me, *I'll show him!* Unc' Nimrod, you be monitor tell I come back."

While she spoke, she had risen from her seat, and before they knew it she had started across the field at a brisk pace, toward the quarters. The old men looked at each other as they watched her trim little figure moving away, but not a word was spoken. Even Steve only grunted his displeasure, but he looked grimly defiant, and did not turn his head.

Presently, however, those who watched his

She did not speak for fully a minute, and then she said: "I want to know ef you gwine hush when you told?"

Steve slid down until he seemed in danger of getting quite off the bench; but he did not answer.

"Open yo' mouf, an' talk," she continued. "Is you gwine hush when you spoke to, or is I bound to whup you befo' de school?"

Steve seemed unable to speak.

"Talk, I say!" she insisted. "Is you gwine hush?"

"Yas, 'm," he answered at last; "I gwine hush." And then he added desperately, "Please, mammy, go home, *for Gord sake!* I 'll be good."

This seems irreverent, perhaps; but when the old man said it, he did not mean it so, and the others understood, and they were very serious. A man who did n't honor his mother had little respect on the plantation; and, besides, old Granny Nancy, who lived on her income, who wore white aprons on week-days, — Granny Nancy who was always inquired for when any of the old people came to visit the plantation, and who could afford to send her sixty-three-year-old son to school, and to buy a new book for him, — was the first dignitary on the place, and he would be a brave man who would defy her.

When she had said her say, she turned, and before they realized it, she had disappeared; and looking out, they saw her slim, bent figure crossing the field.

There was no trouble with Steve after this. Indeed, the little teacher had so impressed all her pupils with her fearlessness and dignity that they obeyed her as if she had been a queen.

School lasted the rest of the season; but the old people did n't learn much. Silly Susan insisted that she had learned "I-go-up," which, indeed, she could say in the approved, measured way; but as she said it as well from one page as another, Louizy-Lou refused to make out a bill for it. Solomon declared that he would n't take anything for the little "insight" he had gotten, even though he had only learned a few names that it pleased his old eyes to ponder over.

On the last day, just before closing, Louizy rose from her seat and made a short parting speech, which she closed by saying: "When school is dismissed, I wants all de scholars to keep dey seats. I got some'h'n' to say." And then she immediately added: "School is dismissed."

And now, after first stepping down from her platform, she said:

"School is out an' done, now; an' we ain't no mo' teacher an' scholars. I ain't nothin' but

des Louizy-Lou, a little gal what you-all been knowin' all yo' life. An' you-all is five ole gentlemen — an' one ole lady," she added, looking at Susan; "an' I know dat, for a little gal o' my size, I is sometimes talked mighty sassy to you-all, an' I des want to tell you dat I did n't mean no harm by it." Her voice trembled so that she had to stop a minute; but she soon recovered herself, and went on: "An' I want to tell you, Unc' Steve, dat when I called you a long-leg, long-tongue, ole wo'e-out some'h'n' 'nother, you — you — you pervoked me to it; an' I did n't mean no onrespect. I ain't been raised to sass ole folks."

At this, she broke down completely, and had to raise her little apron to wipe her tears away. Old Solomon grunted, and looked at Steve. Then Tom grunted, and looked at the others. And then Daddy Conrad grunted, and shook his head; and Uncle Nimrod grunted, and shook *his* head, and said: "I sesso, too. It 's a *shame*, dat what it is, to pester de child de way we done; an' she doin' all she kin to open up education to us. It 's a plumb shame!"

And the heads all shook, and everybody grunted — all but Steve. Steve's heart was right, but he was stubborn. Finally, however, his better nature conquered. He stood up; and as he rose to his full height and looked down upon the little girl, his hand shook.

"Don't cry, honey," he began. "Don't cry. Ole Steve 's been mighty mean to you, baby; but he ain't gwine do it no mo'. You done shamed 'im out." Then, turning to his companions, he said: "An' befo' I sets down, I wants to ax pardon in de presence o' de school. I started in to pleg de little gal, des for fun; but I went too far. But you-all ain't niver is seen nobody wuss whupped out in yo' life 'n what I was when she sprung my mammy on me!

"An' you hush cryin' now, baby. An' ef anybody ever pesters you on dis plantation, *f'om now on*, you send 'im to ole long-leg, long-tongue Steve, an' he 'll whup 'im for you. Come, shek hands all round, now."

And so, with laughter and tears and handshakings, the funny little school was over.

## THE TUFTED TITMOUSE.

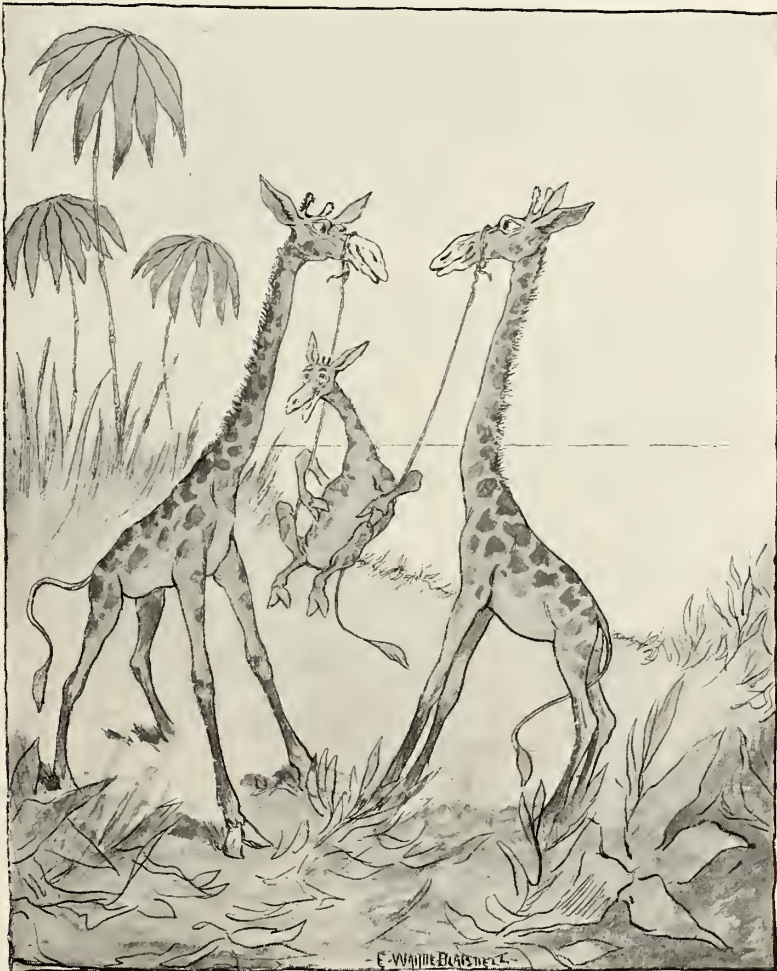
HIS coat is like a wintry sky  
When once the sun has set  
And in the west a single line  
Of red is smoldering yet.  
Above his black, courageous eye  
He wears a soldier's crest;  
No bitter, rude, nor screaming wind  
Can daunt his martial breast.

I met him in a leafy dell —  
A brook ran sweet and clear.

As if he called from paradise,  
He shouted, "Here, here!"  
In busy thought the moments flew;  
I pondered, "Then so near?"  
Far o'er a hill his voice replied,  
"'T is here, here, here!"

In winter's frost we met again,  
When every leaf was sear.  
"Where is your heavenly country now?"  
He answered, "Here, here!"

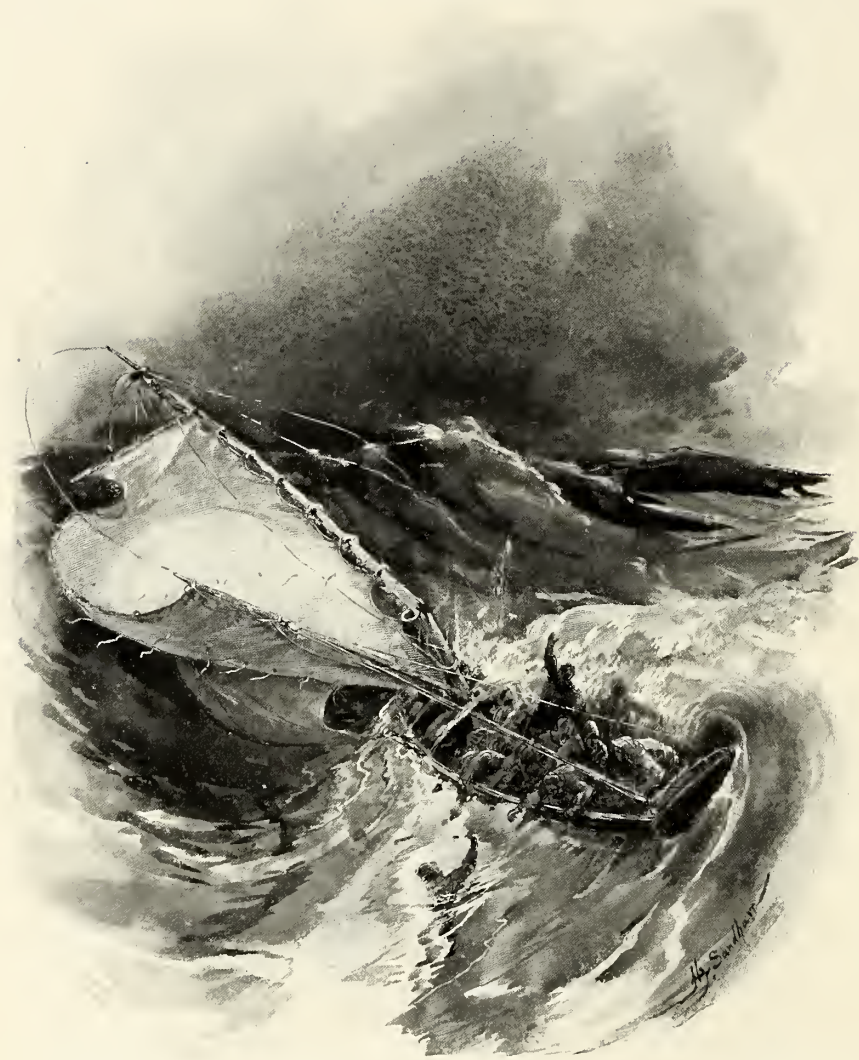
*W. C. M' Clelland.*



"ROCK-A-BYE-BABY" IN AFRICA.

# MY NARROWEST ESCAPE.

BY GEORGE KENNAN.



"THE LONG, HEAVY SPAR SWEEPED ACROSS THE BOAT FROM STARBOARD TO PORT, KNOCKING BOWSHER OVERBOARD AND CARRYING AWAY THE MAST."

EVERY traveler or explorer who goes into a wild, unknown part of the world to make scientific researches, to find a new route for commerce, or to gratify an innate love of adventure, has, now and then, an escape from a violent death which is so extraordinary that he classifies it under the head of "narrow." The peril that he incurs may be momentary in duration, or it may be prolonged for hours, or even days; but in any case, while it lasts it is imminent and deadly. It is something more than ordinary danger—it is peril in which the chances of death are a hundred, and of life only one. Such peril advances, as a rule, with terrifying swiftness and suddenness; and if one is unaccustomed to danger, he is liable to be beaten

down and overwhelmed by the quick and unexpected shock of the catastrophe. He has no time to rally his nervous forces, or to think how he will deal with the emergency. The crisis comes like an instantaneous "Vision of Sudden Death," which paralyzes all his faculties before he has a chance to exert them. Swift danger of this kind tests to the utmost a man's inherited or acquired capacity for instinctive and purely automatic action; but as it generally passes before it has been fairly comprehended, it is not so trying, I think, to the nerves and to the character as the danger that is prolonged to the point of full realization, and that cannot then be averted or lessened by any possible action. It is only when a man has time to understand and appreciate the impending catastrophe, and can do absolutely nothing to avert it, that he fully realizes the possibility of death. Action of any kind is tonic, and when a man can fight danger with his muscles or his brain, he is roused and excited by the struggle; but when he can do nothing except wait, watch the suspended sword of Damocles, and wonder how soon the stroke will come, he must have strong nerves long to endure the strain.

In the autumn of 1867, just after the abandonment of the Russian-American telegraph line, I had in northeastern Siberia an escape from death in which the peril came with great swiftness and suddenness, and was prolonged almost to the extreme limit of nervous endurance. It happened in this way:

When the attempt to build a telegraph line from America to Europe by way of Bering Strait was finally abandoned in consequence of the success of the Atlantic cable, Colonel Bulkley, the chief engineer of the line, sent the American bark "Onward" to the Siberian seaport of Gizhiga (Gée-zhee-gáh), with orders to bring back to San Francisco all of the company's employees and as much of its property as could be collected at such short notice and got on board the vessel. The *Onward* reached Gizhiga, where I was stationed, in the latter part of July; but as our working parties were scattered all along the coast of the Okhotsk (O-khótsk) Sea, over a distance of six or eight hundred miles, from the village of Okhotsk to the head of Penjinsk (Pén-zhinsk) Gulf, we

could not at once collect them, and the Siberian autumn was well advanced before we were ready to sail for home. On account of the lateness of the season and the rocky, precipitous, and extremely dangerous character of the coast in the vicinity of Gizhiga, the captain of the *Onward* had not deemed it prudent to run into the mouth of the Gizhiga River at the point of the long A-shaped Gizhiginski Gulf, but had anchored on a shoal off the western coast, at a distance from the beacon-tower of nearly twenty miles. From our point of view on land, the vessel was entirely out of sight; but I knew where she lay, and did not anticipate any difficulty in getting on board as soon as I should finish my work ashore.

I intended to go off to the ship with the last of Sandford's party on the morning of September 11; but I was detained unexpectedly by the presentation of a number of native claims and other unforeseen matters of business, and when I had finally settled and closed up everything it was four o'clock in the afternoon. In the high latitude of northeastern Siberia a September night shuts in early, and I felt some hesitation about setting out at such an hour, in an open boat, for a vessel lying twenty miles at sea; but I knew that the captain of the *Onward* was very nervous and anxious to get away from that dangerous coast. The wind, which was blowing a fresh breeze offshore, would soon take us down the gulf to the vessel's anchorage; and after a moment of indecision I gave the order to start. There were eight men of us, including Sandford, Bowsher, Heck, and four others whose names I cannot now recall.

Our boat was an open sloop-rigged sail-boat, about twenty-five feet in length, which we had bought from a Russian merchant named Phillipeus. I had not before that time paid much attention to her, but so far as I knew she was safe and seaworthy. There was some question, however, as to whether she carried ballast enough for her sail-area; and at the last moment, to make sure of being on the safe side, I had two of Sandford's men roll down and put on board two barrels of sugar from the company's storehouse. I then bade good-by to Dodd and Frost, the comrades who had shared with me so many hardships and perils,

took a seat in the stern-sheets of the little sloop, and we were off.

It was a dark, gloomy autumnal evening, and the stiff northeasterly breeze which came to us in freshening gusts over the snow-whitened crest of the Stanavoi (Stán-a-vóy) range had a keen edge, suggestive of approaching winter. The sea, however, was comparatively smooth, and until we got well out into the gulf the idea of possible danger never so much as suggested itself to me. But as we left the shelter of the high, iron-bound coast the wind seemed to increase in strength, the sea began to rise, and the sullen, darkening sky, as the gloom of night gathered about us, gave warning of heavy weather. It would have been prudent, while it was still light, to heave the sloop to and take a reef, if not a double reef, in the mainsail; but Heck, who was managing the boat, did not seem to think this necessary, and in another hour, when the necessity of reefing had become apparent to everybody, the sea was so high and dangerous that we did not dare to come about for fear of capsizing or shipping more green water than we could readily dispose of. So we staggered on before the rising gale, trusting to luck, and hoping every moment that we should catch sight of the Onward's lights.

It has always seemed to me that the most dangerous point of sailing in a small, open boat in a high, combing sea, is running dead before the wind. When you are sailing close-hauled you can luff up into a squall, if necessary, or meet a steep, dangerous sea bow on; but when you are scudding you are almost helpless. You can neither luff, nor spill the wind out of the sail by slackening off the sheet, nor put your boat in a position to take a heavy sea safely. The end of your long boom is liable to trip as you roll and wallow through the waves, and every time you rise on the crest of a big comber your rudder comes out of water, and your bow swings around until there is imminent danger of an accidental jibe.

Heck, who managed our sloop, was a fairly good sailor; but as the wind increased, the darkness thickened, and the sea grew higher and higher, it became evident to me that nothing but unusually good luck would enable

us to reach the bark in safety. We were not shipping any water, except now and then a bucketful of foam and spray blown from the crest of a wave; but the boat was yawing in a very dangerous way as she mounted the high, white-capped rollers, and I was afraid that sooner or later she would swing around so far that even with the most skilful steering a jibe would be inevitable.

It was very dark. I had lost sight of the land, and I don't know exactly in what part of the gulf we were when the dreaded catastrophe came. The sloop rose on the back of an exceptionally high, combing sea, hung poised for an instant on its crest, and then, with a wide yaw to starboard which the rudder was powerless to check, swooped down sideways into the hollow, rolling heavily to port, and pointing her boom high up into the gale. When I saw the dark outline of the leech of the mainsail waver for an instant, flap once or twice, and then suddenly collapse, I knew what was coming, and shouting at the top of my voice, "Look out, Heck! She 'll jibe!" I instinctively threw myself into the bottom of the boat to escape the boom. With a quick, sudden rush ending in a great crash, the long, heavy spar swept across the boat from starboard to port, knocking Bowsher overboard and carrying away the mast. The sloop swung around into the trough of the sea, in a tangle of sails, sheets, halyards, and standing rigging; and the next great comber came plump into her, filling her almost to the gunwales with a white smother of foam. I thought for a moment that she had swamped and was sinking; but as I rose to a crouching posture and rubbed the salt water out of my eyes, I saw that she was less than half full, and that if we did not ship another sea too soon, prompt and energetic bailing might yet keep her afloat.

"Bail her out, boys! For your lives! With your hats!" I shouted; and began scooping out the water with my fur malakhai (mál-a-kháí).\*

Eight men bailing for life, even with hats and caps, can throw a great deal of water out of a boat in a very short time; and within five or ten minutes the first imminent danger

\* A fox-skin or wolf-skin hood worn by the Siberian natives in winter.



of sinking was over. Bowsher, who was a good swimmer and had not been seriously hurt by the boom, climbed back into the boat; we cut away the standing rigging, freed the sloop from the tangle of cordage, and got the water-soaked mainsail on board; and then, tying a corner of this sail to the stump of the mast, we spread it as well as we could, so that it would catch a little wind and give the boat steerage-way. Under the influence of this scrap of canvas the sloop swung slowly around, across the seas, the water ceased to come into her, and wringing out our wet caps and clothing, we began to breathe more freely. When the first excitement of the crisis had passed, and I recovered my self-possession, I tried to estimate, as coolly as possible, our prospects and our chances. The situation seemed to me almost hopeless. We were in a dismantled boat, without oars, without a compass, without a morsel of food or a mouthful of water, and we were being blown out to sea in a heavy northeasterly gale. It was so dark that we could not see the land on either side of the constantly widening gulf; there was no sign of the Onward; and in all probability there was not another vessel in any part of the Okhotsk Sea. The nearest land was eight or ten miles distant; we were drifting farther and farther away from it; and in our disabled and helpless condition there was not the remotest chance of our reaching it. In all probability the sloop would not live through the night in such a gale; and even should she remain afloat until morning, we should then be far out at sea, with nothing to eat or drink, and with no prospect of being picked up. If the wind should hold in the direction in which it was blowing, it would carry us past the Onward at a distance of at least three miles; we had no lantern with which to attract the attention of the ship's watch, even should we happen to drift past her within sight; the captain did not know that we were coming off to the bark that night, and would not think of looking out for us; and so far as I could discover, there was not a ray of hope for us in any direction.

How long we drifted out in black darkness, and in that tumbling, threatening, foam-crested

sea, I do not know. It seemed to me many hours. I had a letter in my pocket which I had written the day before to my mother, and which I had intended to send down to San Francisco with the bark. In it I assured her that she need not feel any further anxiety about my safety, because the Russian-American telegraph line had been abandoned. I was to be landed by the Onward at Okhotsk; I was coming home by way of St. Petersburg over a good post-road; and I should not be exposed to any more dangers. As I sat there in the dismantled sloop, shivering with cold and drifting out to sea before a howling arctic gale, I remembered this letter, and wondered what my poor mother would think if she could read its contents and at the same time see in a mental vision the situation of its writer.

So far as I can remember, there was very little talking among the men during those long, dark hours of suspense. None of us, I think, had any hope; it was hard to make one's voice heard above the roaring of the wind, and we all sat or cowered in the bottom of the boat, waiting for an end which could not be very far away.

Now and then a heavy sea would break over the boat, and we would all begin bailing again with our hats; but aside from this, there was nothing to be done. It did not seem to me probable that the half-wrecked sloop would live more than three or four hours. The gale was constantly rising, and every few minutes we were lashed with stinging whips of icy spray, as a fierce squall struck the water to windward, scooped off the crests of the waves, and swept them horizontally in dense white clouds across the boat.

It must have been about nine o'clock when somebody in the bow suddenly shouted excitedly, "I see a light!"

"Where away?" I cried, half rising from the bottom of the boat in the stern-sheets.

"Three or four points on the lee bow," the voice replied.

"Are you sure?" I demanded.

"I 'm not quite sure, but I saw the twinkle of something away over on the Matuga Island side. It's gone now," the voice added, after a moment's pause; "but I saw something."

We all looked eagerly and anxiously in the direction indicated; but strain our vision as we might, we could not see the faintest gleam or twinkle in the impenetrable darkness to leeward. If there was a light visible in that or in any other direction, it could only be the anchor-light of the *Onward*, because both coasts of the gulf were uninhabited; but it seemed to me probable that the man had been deceived by a spark of phosphorescence or the gleam of a white foam-crest.

For fully five minutes no one spoke, but all stared into the thick gloom ahead. Then, suddenly, the same voice cried aloud in a tone of still greater excitement, assurance, and certainty:

"There it is again! I knew I saw it! It's a ship's light!"

In another moment I caught sight of it myself—a faint, distant, intermittent twinkle on the horizon nearly dead ahead.

"It's the anchor-light of the *Onward*!" I shouted in fierce excitement. "Spread the corner of the mainsail a little more, if you can, boys, so as to give her better steerage-way. We've got to make that ship! Hold her steady on the light, Heck, even if you have to put her in the trough of the sea. We might as well founder here as drift past!"

The men forward caught up the loose edges of the mainsail and extended it as widely as possible to the gale, clinging to the thwarts and the stump of the mast to avoid being jerked overboard by the bellying canvas. Heck brought the sloop's head around so that the light was under our bow, and on we staggered through the dark, squall-lashed turmoil of waters, shipping a sea now and then, but half sailing, half drifting toward the anchored bark. The wind came in such fierce gusts and squalls that one could hardly say from what quarter it was blowing; but as nearly as I could judge in the thick darkness, it had shifted three or four points to the westward. If such were the case, we had a fair chance of making the ship, which lay nearer the eastern than the western coast of the gulf.

"Don't let her head fall off any, Heck," I cried. "Jam her over to the eastward as much as you can, even if the sea comes into her. We can

keep her clear with our hats. If we drift past we're gone!"

As we approached the bark the light grew rapidly brighter; but I did not realize how near we were until the lantern, which was hanging in the ship's fore-rigging, swung for an instant behind the jib-stay, and the vessel's illuminated cordage suddenly came out in delicate tracery against the black sky, less than a hundred yards away.

"There she is!" shouted Sandford. "We're close on her!"

The bark was pitching furiously to her anchors, and as we drifted rapidly down upon her we could hear the hoarse roar of the gale through her rigging, and see a pale gleam of foam as the seas broke in sheets of spray against her bluff bows.

"Shall I try to round to abreast of her?" cried Heck to me; "or shall I go bang down on her?"

"Don't take any chances," I shouted. "Better strike her and go to pieces alongside, than miss her and drift past. Make ready now to hail her—all together—one, two, three!—Bark a-hoy! Again—one, two, three!—Bark a-ho-o-o-y! Stand by to throw us a line!"

But no sound came from the huge black shadow under the pitching lantern save the deep bass roar of the storm through the cordage.

We gave one more fierce, inarticulate cry as the dark outline of the bark rose on a sea high above our heads; and then, with a staggering shock and a great crash, the boat struck the ship's bow.

What happened in the next minute I hardly know. I have a confused recollection of being thrown violently across a thwart in a white smother of foam; of struggling to my feet and clutching frantically at a wet black wall; and of hearing some one shout in a wild, despairing voice, "Watch ahoy! We're sinking! For God's sake throw us a line!"—but that is all.

The water-logged sloop seesawed up and down past the bark's side, one moment rising on a huge comber until I could almost grasp the rail, and the next sinking into a deep hollow between the surges far below the line of the copper sheathing. We tore the ends of our

finger-nails off against the ship's side in trying to stop the boat's drift, and shouted despairingly again and again for help and a line; but our voices were drowned in the roar of the gale; there was no response; and the next sea carried us under the bark's counter. I made one last clutch at the smooth, wet planks; and then, as we drifted astern past the ship, I abandoned hope.

The sloop was now sinking rapidly,—I was already standing up to my knees in water,—and in thirty seconds more we should be out of sight of the bark, in the dark, tumbling sea to leeward, with no more chance of rescue than if we were drowning in mid-Atlantic. Suddenly a dark figure in the boat beside me—I learned afterward that it was Bowsher—tore off his coat and waistcoat and made a bold leap into the sea to windward. He knew that it was certain death to drift out of sight of the bark in that sinking sloop, and he hoped to be able to swim alongside until he should be picked up. I myself had not thought of this before, but I saw instantly that it offered a forlorn hope of escape, and I was just poised in the act of following his example when on the quarter-deck of the bark, already twenty feet away, a white, ghost-like figure appeared with uplifted arm, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Stand by to catch a line!"

It was the Onward's second mate. He had heard our cries in his state-room as we drifted under the ship's counter, and had instantly sprung from his berth and rushed on deck in his night-gown.

By the dim light of the binnacle I could just see the coil of rope unwind as it left his hand. But I could not see where it fell; I knew that there would be no time for another throw; and it seemed to me that my heart did not beat again until I heard from the bow of the sloop a

cheery shout of "All right! I've got the line! Slack off till I make it fast!"

In thirty seconds more we were safe. The second mate roused the watch, who had apparently taken refuge in the forecabin from the storm; the sloop was hauled up under the bark's stern; a second line was thrown to Bowsher, and one by one we were hoisted in a sort of improvised breeches-buoy to the Onward's quarter-deck. As I came aboard, coatless, hatless, and shivering from cold and excitement, the captain stared at me in amazement for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Good God! Mr. Kennan, is that you? What possessed you to come off to the ship such a night as this?"

"Well, captain," I replied, trying to force a smile, "it did n't blow in this way when we started; and we had an accident—carried our mast away."

"But," he remonstrated, "it has been blowing great guns ever since dark. I never thought of looking out for a boat. It's a mere chance that you found us here. We've got two anchors down, and we've been dragging them both. I finally had them buoyed, and told the mate that if they dragged again we'd slip the cables and run out to sea. You might not have found us here at all, and then where would you have been?"

"Probably at the bottom of the gulf," I replied. "I have n't expected anything else for the last three hours."

The ill-fated sloop from which we made this narrow escape was so crushed in her collision with the bark that the sea battered her to pieces in the course of the night; and when I went on deck the next morning, a few ribs and shattered planks, floating awash at the end of the line astern, were all of her that remained.

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## A BABY ELEPHANT.

By F. FITZ ROY DIXON.

THE infancy of animals, as all of us who have kept domestic pets are aware, is the most interesting part of their lives — chiefly, I suppose, from their utter helplessness, which appeals directly to us, and on account of their playfulness and mischievous tricks, which afford us endless amusement, especially if we ourselves are not very far advanced in years. Few people, however, have had the opportunity of watching the growth and development of a baby-elephant in its native land, as I did when living, some years ago, in the Island of Ceylon.

“Sidney,” for by this name she was known to the whole country-side, entered the civilized world just after the death of her mother, and how this came to pass it may be of interest to relate.

One day news was brought to a coffee-planter by an excited native that a herd of elephants had emerged from the forest and was feeding in a guinea-grass field at the top of the estate. Of course every man is anxious to have had the honor of shooting the biggest animal in existence, and so this planter at once set off, accompanied by a friend who happened to be at the bungalow at the time, both armed with rifles, and hoping to distinguish themselves.

Now, I must explain here that the government of Ceylon some fifteen or sixteen years ago passed a law forbidding the killing of elephants, as it was feared that they would become extinct. The result of this wise enactment has been that elephants have increased in numbers most astonishingly. In this law it was provided that any one might shoot a “rogue,” that is an elephant that has been expelled from a herd, and has become dangerous to the community; or that he might protect his property by killing any that trespassed or trampled his crops.

It will thus be understood how anxious these planters were to take the chance offered them.

Accordingly they approached the field very cautiously in such a direction that the wind should blow from it to themselves, for there is no animal possessed of so keen a sense of smell at a long distance as the elephant.

After a great deal of climbing rocks and ravines, crawling over exposed patches of land, and running hard where they could, the hunters managed to reach the edge of the field; but as they peered from behind a big boulder behind which they had hidden, they saw to their disgust that the herd had discovered their approach by some means, and were now in full flight and just entering the forest. But about a hundred yards off, midway between themselves and the herd, was a single animal which appeared to be moving along very slowly. This they at once determined to attack, and ran forward, one on each side of it. As they came near they saw, what the long grass had concealed from them, that there was a baby elephant toddling beside the other, which was its mother, and this made the progress of the pair very slow.

All wild animals are very brave when in defense of their young, and the more ferocious they are by nature, the more dangerous are they under these circumstances.

In the present instance, however, the planters were well armed, and knew how to take care of themselves; and it was as well that they did, for as soon as the mother elephant became aware that she was being followed, she wheeled round, getting between her calf and the pursuers, and trumpeted shrilly; then suddenly she charged straight down at them, but alas! this was just what they wanted; for when she was within a few yards of one of them they both fired, and without a groan she fell, dead, shot through the brain.

They had almost forgotten the existence of the calf, when suddenly a round, black object

dashed past them, and took up its position at the mother's side. There it stood, not knowing what had occurred, and swung its little trunk to and fro.

"It is a shame," said one of the men. "I am truly sorry for this. Anyhow, we 'll have to look after the baby."

Saying this, he approached it; but the little chap, which was not much bigger than a large Newfoundland dog, put down its little head and rushed at him, so that he had to jump aside. He caught it by the ear, and held on to it for a little while; but it was evident that it would require several men to manage it.

By this time two or three coolies appeared on the scene,—now that there was no danger,—and a gang of men and ropes were speedily brought into requisition, and after much struggling, screaming, and attempted charging, the little orphan was carried down to the bungalow.

The next question was, what was to be done with it? Being so young it would have to be fed on milk, of which, unfortunately, there was but a very limited supply. But on an estate, some fifteen miles away, a large number of cattle were kept, and the little captive was accordingly sent there in a bullock-cart.

A native bullock-cart is a somewhat awkward contrivance for the conveyance of an elephant, and the sides being very light it required great care to prevent her breaking out. Four coolies accompanied her; and it was very amusing to hear them coaxing her with fond terms of endearment, endeavoring to keep her quiet, rapidly changing their tune, however, when the obstreperous little animal made a more violent struggle than usual, and almost got away from them.

However, the journey was at last over, and Sidney was duly installed in a roomy stable, with plenty of sweet-smelling hay for her bed.

Upon first entering the stable her actions were very curious. She walked round and round the four walls, feeling everything with her little trunk, which indeed was to her just what fingers are to a child.

At first it required half a dozen coolies to take her out for a walk, guiding and keeping her in the right way; for of course her instinct prompted her to rush off and hide herself among the coffee-bushes; but after a little while she began to discover that everything was for her good, and she became quite docile, following her keeper about like a dog.

There was no prouder lad on the estate than Rengan the day he was informed that he was to be Sidney's keeper; and I think all his companions envied him. But he bore his honors well, and certainly looked after his charge devotedly, she, on the other hand, repaying his care with profound obedience and affection.

When Sidney was first brought over, virtually in order that she might be fed, the question naturally arose as to how she would take her nourishment. Of course the proper way for an adult elephant to take in water is by means of the trunk, which is furnished with two tubes



"THERE IT STOOD, NOT KNOWING WHAT HAD OCCURRED, AND SWUNG ITS LITTLE TRUNK TO AND FRO."

running its whole length. But when a bowl of milk was placed before the baby elephant she did not know what to do with it. She dipped the tip of her trunk into it, and the lookers on thought that there would be no difficulty about

her drinking at all since she recognized the scent of the nourishment she had been accustomed to. But she was quite at a loss, and set up a roar which seemed quite natural under the circumstances. Then some one suggested pouring it down her throat from a bottle, and this was accordingly tried; and after one or two ineffectual attempts she understood.

She was half starved when this was done, for she had had nothing to eat since the death of her mother, and her delight at being fed was most amusing. The only trouble was that it was difficult to satisfy her, and it was feared that the change of diet would disagree with her; but, fortunately, it had no ill effect.

One curious thing was that Sidney uttered the most tremendous roars whenever she was fed, and as long as she was in Ceylon she appeared never to get over the infantile habit. As she grew stronger and bigger her voice could be heard all over the country side, and strangers used to wonder what the noise was.

There was a village on the government road which ran quite close to the bungalow where she was fed, and the district church was situated just across the way, and it very often happened that during the service people's attention would be distracted by these awful sounds, and a quiet smile would go round the congregation as they realized that it was our orphan at breakfast.

It was not very long before her instinct guided her in the choice of food, and she showed a great partiality for guinea-grass. Her keeper used to take her up a disused road where this grass grew on both sides, and here she spent the day, happy and contented. But she seemed to know well enough when noon arrived, and if Rengan ever delayed taking her to the bungalow for her drink, she would become restless and refuse to eat.

Rengan was proud of the intelligence of his charge, and would always tell me what had taken place, whenever I passed in looking over the estate.

Of course it was only natural that we should all make a pet of her. I generally slipped a banana or a biscuit or something else eatable into my pocket, so that she learned to recognize me very soon, and when I came in sight would throw up her little trunk as if sniffing the air,

and then with a trumpeting sound she would trot down the road to meet me. Of course her keen scent at once told her where the banana was and her trunk would search for it; and I had many pockets torn by her efforts to extract what may have been in them.

Sidney had a peculiar caressing manner with her, with any one she knew. She would pass her trunk over them, and then lean against them, evidently with great pleasure to herself. I have often, when she has been pushing thus against me, endeavored to force her away, but so chunky and sturdy was she that it was like attempting to move some great boulder.

Another trick of hers was to twist her trunk around my leg near the ankle, and then suddenly to heave, lifting the foot into the air, as if uprooting a tree.

Sidney's restlessness was an extraordinary thing. She never seemed to be still for a moment, a restlessness, I fear, not confined solely to elephants, as many parents know. She was continually either shifting her weight from one foot to the other, or swaying from side to side, and when not feeding, her trunk would be swinging like a pendulum.

Her daily bath afforded her great enjoyment. A broad, shallow stream, with a sandy bottom, flowed through the estate, and in a large pool Rengan used to scrub her down every day. Of course he went into the water also, and she would lie down and roll, sometimes with all four legs in the air, but always keeping the tip of her trunk out of the water so that she might have air to breathe. When she had done enough of this sort of nonsense, according to Rengan's idea, he used to make her come out and lie down on a sand-bar, and then he would scrub her down,—a process of which she seemed highly to approve,—after which she would be once more washed down, and then she would trot off beside her keeper, both clean and glistening, and remain a short while in her stable, whilst he went off for his dinner. He used to bring her back a handful of boiled rice, usually rolled up in a banana leaf, which she received with great satisfaction.

With all her virtues Sidney had one weakness, and that was for the *pinnakku*, that is, oil-cake, upon which the working bullocks are fed. When

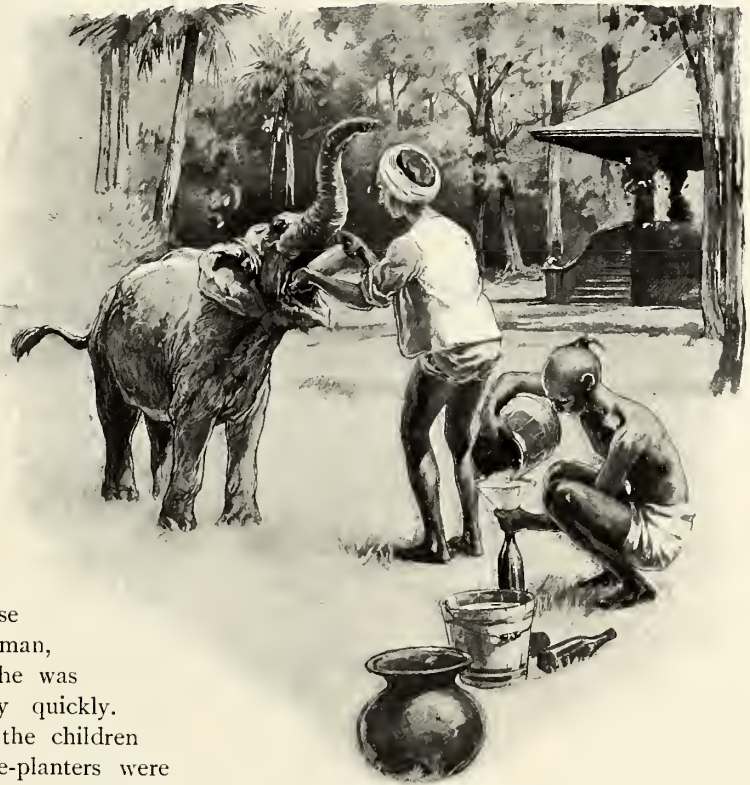
of good quality this is sweet and not unpleasant, and most nourishing for cattle. Tubs are placed near the cattle-sheds and filled up with water into which *pinnakku* has been previously soaked, and this is drunk by them in a porridge-like consistency. One fine day, Sidney, in the spirit of inquisitiveness, inserted her trunk into a tub, and fished out a lump of *pinnakku*, which she munched with great delight; and ever after that she would, on her way to bed, sneak off to the tubs, and take possession of them, keeping the bullocks at a distance until she had had what she wanted. The Indian bullocks have long, sharp horns, which they do not hesitate to use on occasion, and very few strangers would care to get between them and their food; but no such thought of fear ever entered the little elephant's heart, and she simply remained mistress of the situation. The cattle-keepers used to enjoy the fun and encourage her; but of course if the *kanghany*, the headman, came by and saw her she was packed off to bed very quickly.

As may be supposed, the children of the neighboring coffee-planters were very much interested in the little animal, and never lost an opportunity of visiting and feeding her. She took all these attentions with the greatest good nature, and would receive a banana from a child's little fingers with the utmost gentleness. Then of course the inevitable ride had to be taken by the little tots, who would afterward go away delighted with "dear Sidney."

Their greatest amusement was to watch the process of giving her milk, and their merry peals of laughter did one good to listen to. The ejaculations of the ayahs, who seemed to find

as much pleasure in watching this scene as did their little charges, were very characteristic; and their comments and by-talk to the children as the little lad who assisted Rengan handed him bottle after bottle were very funny. Certainly the opening of Sidney's cavernous jaws and the quantity of milk she swallowed were enough to amuse and astonish any one.

There was one thing that Sidney never got used to — and that was a dog. She disliked



"THE OPENING OF SIDNEY'S CAVERNOUS JAWS AND THE QUANTITY OF MILK SHE SWALLOWED WERE ENOUGH TO ASTONISH ANY ONE."

the whole tribe, possibly because they would come sniffing around her heels; but so long as one was there it was impossible to do anything with her. I have seen men who have come over with one or two fox-terriers get so nervous at the rage she would get into when they yelped and snapped at her that they would retire and take their dogs with them. But in her greatest fury (and she used to get very boisterous under such circumstances) she would never show the

slightest anger toward any one of us who knew her, and I have often taken her by the ear, and led her away without resistance when she was in the midst of one of her tantrums.

Four years passed by, and Sidney began to grow very big and heavy, and gave every promise of being a handsome animal, docile and tractable. When she was sent for to the bungalow, which was generally done when visitors were there, she began to know that it was for the purpose of being admired, and would unhesitatingly turn up the avenue leading to the garden and find her way up to the side veranda, where she was duly petted and fed.

Her extreme delicacy of skin was always a source of wonderment to us. It would appear very thick and fleshy when grasped at the folds, but upon the surface the scratch of a dead twig would leave a mark. Flies and mosquitos worried her very much, and it seemed a step beyond animal instinct to see her pick out a leafy branch, break it off and use it as a chowry for brushing them off her sides. The skin of the ears was most delicate, the veins rising in them plainly to the eye, and they were ever flapping to and fro, alive to the slightest sound.

The wonderful power of the trunk was a never-failing surprise to us. Its extreme sensitiveness, and yet its great strength, showed how well supplied it must have been with nerves. It was always moving, always feeling or smelling, or carrying something, and the little sort of finger-tip seemed the center of sensibility. I remember well that she would never allow us to touch it and she guarded it with great care folding it up if she thought it was in any danger. It is said by the natives that an elephant deprived of this



"THE CHILDREN OF THE NEIGHBORING COFFEE-PLANTERS NEVER LOST AN OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING AND FEEDING HER."

The amount of fruit she would eat was unknown; she never was known to refuse any. Generally some male visitor would show his agility by vaulting onto her back, a performance which never seemed to disturb her in the least.

Sidney's increased girth began to show painfully in the matter of doorways, as she found it difficult to squeeze her fat sides through when invited, as she was occasionally, to come in. Nothing seemed to disturb her, and she appeared to be quite as much at home taking a guava or avocado pear from the hand of her hostess at the tiffin table as accepting a banana from her keeper in the grass-field.

trunk-tip is like a man deprived of his sight, so helpless does it become.

But this happy state of things could not go on forever. One sad day a certain sea-captain who had heard of Sidney came up from the port of Colombo and offered her owner a substantial sum for her, and to the regret of every one she was marched off and taken on board his ship, to be sold, presumably, to some circus. Doubtless she now adorns some great show, and is the flower of the caravan. I have looked for her in vain so far, but some day she and I who knew each other so well in the distant palm-girt island of Ceylon, may meet unexpectedly among new scenes and faces.



# FIGURES OF SPEECH.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

WHILE Aunty was reading a story one night,  
To good little Oliver's smiling delight,  
She came upon something remarkably queer  
That good little Oliver wondered to hear.

And this was the something she placidly read :  
" Jane Ann then determined to enter the shed ;  
And cautiously dropping her eyes on the floor,  
They fell on the snake which had caught them  
before."

Interruption was rude, the dear child had  
been taught,

So he said not a word, but he thought, and  
he thought ;  
And the longer he pondered, the stranger  
it grew —  
The thing that Jane Ann was reported to do.

He felt of his eyes with mysterious doubt,  
And wondered how she could have taken  
hers out ;  
And how — this was really what puzzled  
him more —  
They could fall on a thing which had caught  
them before.



MELODY.



## PLANTS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

BY THOMAS H. KEARNEY, JR.



SPRAYS OF THREE VARIETIES OF THORN-BUSHES, SHOWING THORNS ON THE STEMS.

WE are often told how the creatures that people woodland and meadow, brook and bog, live always happily together, without strife or suffering; but we have only to open our eyes and look about us to see what a mistake this is. We soon discover that in the happy world of animals there is much cruelty and sorrow, just as there is in the happy world of men.

Watch yonder pretty butterfly, as he flits joyously about in the sunshine. What a careless, merry sort of life his seems to be! But wait a moment! Here comes a bird along and gobbles our poor butterfly in a twinkling. The small bird has hardly

time to swallow his prey when down swoops a fierce hawk and seizes him in turn. And so it is with all walking or flying or swimming crea-

tures, the rule being that the stronger and larger live at the expense of the smaller and weaker.

Yet Nature does not leave the least of her children quite unprotected. Instead, she sends them forth into the world, each with some kind of weapon or armor wherewith to defend itself. She has given the wasp a sting, and the rattlesnake poisoned fangs. Birds have sharp beaks, dogs strong teeth to bite withal, and cats have claws to scratch with. The armadillo goes about with a coat of mail on his back made of hard, bony plates, while the porcupine bristles with sharp-pointed quills.



LEAF FROM A BRAMBLE-BUSH, SHOWING THORNS ON THE STEMS AND ON THE CENTRAL RIB OF LEAF.

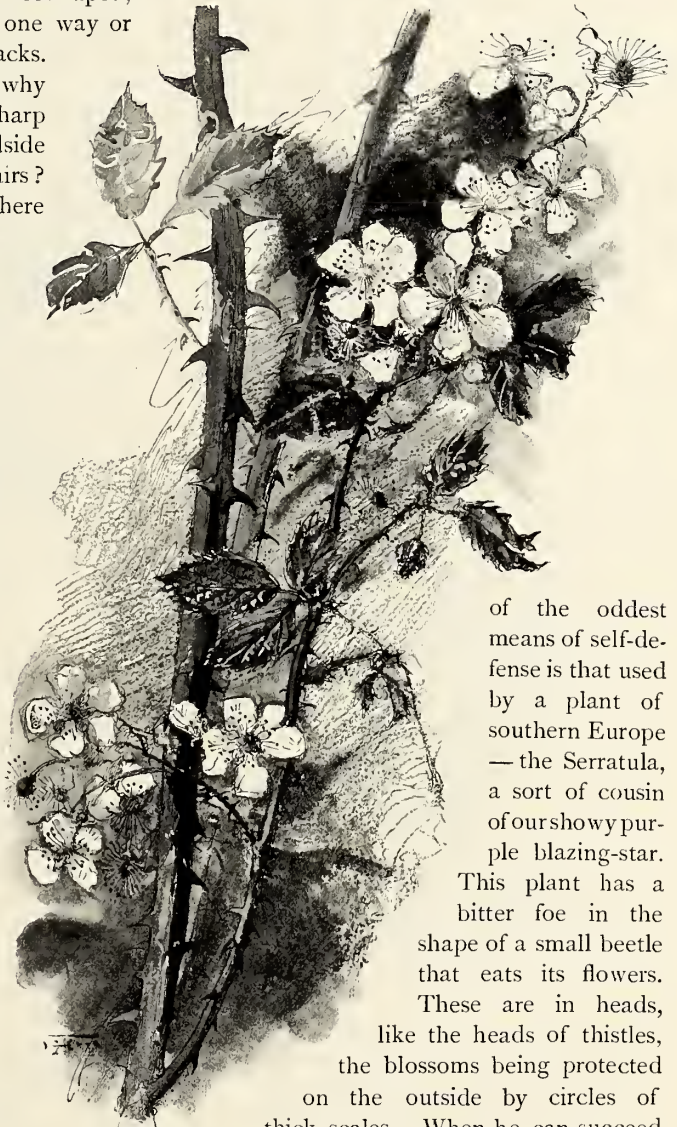
So much for the ways of animals. But have plants likewise their enemies? Yes, there are a thousand things that threaten the well-being, and even the life, of every tree and shrub and lowly herb. Too much heat, or too little, works great harm to plants. Then there are all manner of wasting diseases caused by other tiny plants called fungi and bacteria. Many large animals, as horses and cows and sheep, live by grazing the herbage and grass or browsing the foliage of trees and shrubs. Of course they greatly injure the plants they feed upon, and therefore many plants are in one way or another protected against such attacks.

Did you ever stop to think why thistles are so well armed with sharp prickles, or why the ugly roadside nettles are furnished with stinging hairs? Notice cattle grazing in a field where thistles or nettles grow; see how careful they are to let those disagreeable plants alone. That is the reason for the stings and the spines. See this honey-locust tree bristling with its horrid array of three-pointed thorns. What animal is brave enough to try to rob it of its leaves or great pods? Hawthorns, too, and rose-bushes and blackberry briars, all have their sharp little swords and daggers to defend themselves against browsing animals.

Out on the wide, hot deserts of Arizona and New Mexico those odd plants, the cacti, grow in great numbers. Some of them take strange shapes — tall, fluted columns, branching candelabra, or mere round balls, like the melon-cactus. They are almost the only plants that grow in some parts of that country, and there is always plenty of sap inside their tough skins. To the hungry and thirsty creatures that roam those dreary wastes in search of food and water they are very tempting. Were they not in some way protected, these cacti would soon be

entirely destroyed. But Nature has made them to be like strong forts or great armored battle-ships among plants. They are guarded by all sorts of sharp spines and prickles and fine hairs that burn when they get into the flesh.

Besides the large grazing animals, there are smaller enemies — insects and the like — that injure plants by eating holes in their leaves, or by feeding upon the delicate petals of the flower. Many are the ways plants have of guarding against these little destroyers. One



BLACK-BERRY VINE.

of the oddest means of self-defense is that used by a plant of southern Europe — the *Serratula*, a sort of cousin of our showy purple blazing-star.

This plant has a bitter foe in the shape of a small beetle that eats its flowers. These are in heads,

like the heads of thistles, the blossoms being protected

on the outside by circles of thick scales. When he can succeed in getting at them, the hungry beetle

bites right through the protecting scales and into the heart of the flowers.

While the plant is in blossom drops of sweet honey form on the scales. This attracts numbers of ants, who are very fond of it. But should a beetle come flying toward the flower-head, the ants stop feeding, rear upon their hind legs, and open their strong jaws, all ready for battle. Then Mr. Beetle usually finds he has important business in another direction, and takes himself off. Thus, instead of defending itself against robbers, the *Serratura* has a troop of soldiers to fight for it, and pays them for their services with honey.

Certain handsome acacias that grow in tropical countries guard themselves in like manner against insects that eat their leaves. These plants are armed with strong thorns, each thorn having a hole at its base. Near these hollows are tiny reservoirs of honey. A great, fierce ant lives in each hole, feeding upon the honey, and

ants and soon drive him away. Plants and insects, you see, make very fair alliances with each other.

The daintiest feeders in the insect-world are not satisfied with such poor fare as leaves and petals, but must live upon the honey and the pollen in the blossoms. Possibly some may ask here, "What is pollen?" Well, take a wild rose or an apple-blossom, and look at its golden heart. You will discover that it is made up of circles of what look like small yellow balls set upon slender white stalks. These yellow balls are the anthers. They are like tiny boxes divided into two compartments. This can be seen better in the lily, which has much larger anthers, and only six of them. Anthers



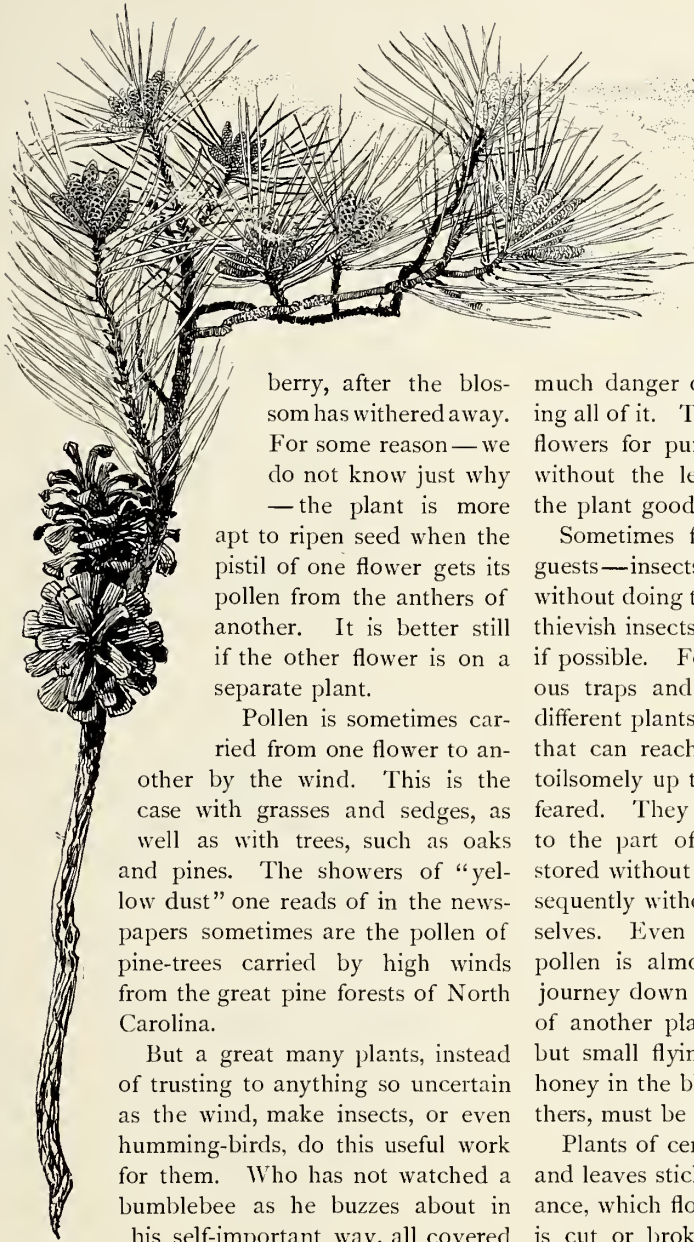
A GROUP OF CACTI, SHOWING THE SPINES AND NEEDLES BY WHICH THEY ARE PROTECTED.

altogether having a very good time of it. But should some other insect venture upon the plant in search of food, out pop the war-like



hold the pollen, which looks like a fine yellow dust. If you take a peep at a grain of pollen under the microscope, however, you will find it very different from a mere particle of dust; on the contrary, it is a living cell, more full of activity and motion than any other part of the plant.

Now, in order that a plant may ripen seeds, and so give rise to new plants, it is necessary that some of this pollen should fall upon the pistil. The pistil, or pistils,—for there are often more than one,—are in the very center of the flower. It is the lower part of the pistil that ripens into fruit, whether dry pod, or nut, or juicy



THE BLOOM  
AND FLYING  
POLLEN OF THE  
PINE-TREE.

berry, after the blossom has withered away. For some reason—we do not know just why—the plant is more apt to ripen seed when the pistil of one flower gets its pollen from the anthers of another. It is better still if the other flower is on a separate plant.

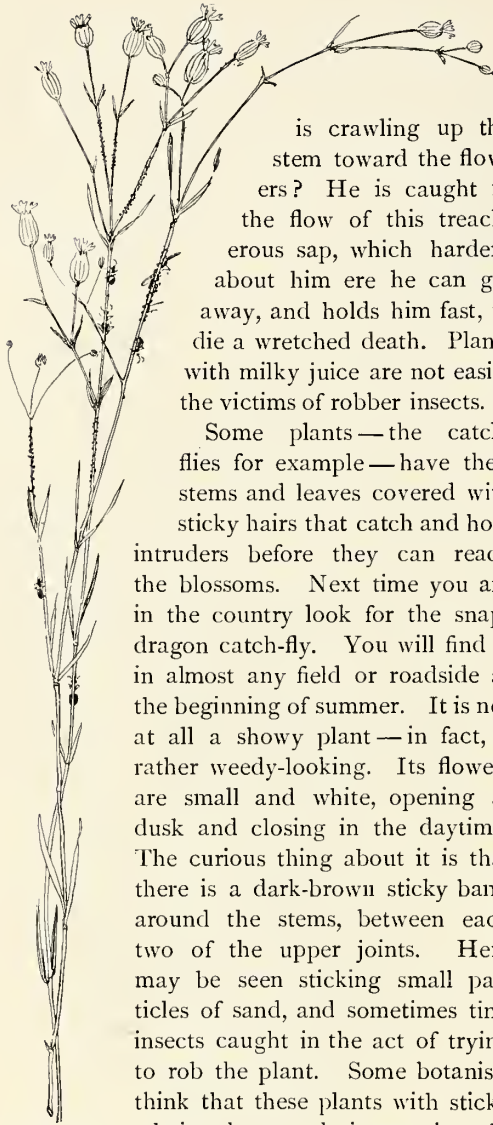
Pollen is sometimes carried from one flower to another by the wind. This is the case with grasses and sedges, as well as with trees, such as oaks and pines. The showers of “yellow dust” one reads of in the newspapers sometimes are the pollen of pine-trees carried by high winds from the great pine forests of North Carolina.

But a great many plants, instead of trusting to anything so uncertain as the wind, make insects, or even humming-birds, do this useful work for them. Who has not watched a bumblebee as he buzzes about in his self-important way, all covered with yellow pollen, like a dusty miller? Insects are much too shrewd to do this work without being paid for it. Something for nothing is not nature's rule. So each blossom that wishes to attract insects to carry its pollen keeps on hand a store of good, sweet honey of which they come in search. Sometimes the plant even lets its insect guests eat a little of its pollen, as there is not

much danger of their eating all of it. Thus, insects visit flowers for purely selfish reasons, without the least intention of doing the plant good by carrying its pollen.

Sometimes flowers are visited by uninvited guests—insects that rob them of honey or pollen, without doing them any service in return. Such thievish insects must be kept out of the flowers, if possible. For this purpose, all sorts of curious traps and safeguards are to be found in different plants. Wingless insects, such as ants, that can reach the blossoms only by crawling toilsomely up the stems, are usually most to be feared. They are so small that they can get to the part of the flower where the honey is stored without touching the anthers, and consequently without getting any pollen on themselves. Even if they should get dusted, the pollen is almost sure to be lost in the long journey down the stem and up to the flowers of another plant. Not only crawling insects, but small flying creatures that can reach the honey in the blossom without touching the anthers, must be guarded against.

Plants of certain families hold in their stems and leaves sticky juice of a milky-white appearance, which flows out plentifully when the stem is cut or broken, and soon hardens as it becomes exposed to the air. Of this character is the sap of the india-rubber tree, from which so many useful articles are made. The common wayside milkweed and the lettuce-plant are well supplied with such “milk.” Very slight wounds in the outer skin of the plant, such as the feet of small insects would make, are enough to cause a flow of this sticky fluid. What is the consequence to the unsuspecting visitor who



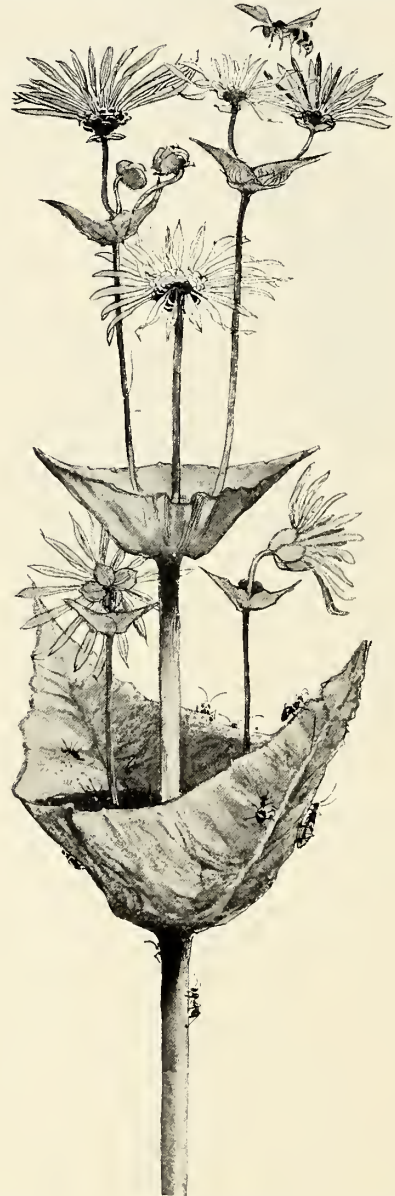
THE SNAP-DRAGON CATCH-FLY, SHOWING TINY INSECTS CAUGHT UPON THE STICKY BAND OF THE STEMS.

is crawling up the stem toward the flowers? He is caught in the flow of this treacherous sap, which hardens about him ere he can get away, and holds him fast, to die a wretched death. Plants with milky juice are not easily the victims of robber insects.

Some plants—the catch-flies for example—have their stems and leaves covered with sticky hairs that catch and hold intruders before they can reach the blossoms. Next time you are in the country look for the snap-dragon catch-fly. You will find it in almost any field or roadside at the beginning of summer. It is not at all a showy plant—in fact, is rather weedy-looking. Its flowers are small and white, opening at dusk and closing in the daytime. The curious thing about it is that there is a dark-brown sticky band around the stems, between each two of the upper joints. Here may be seen sticking small particles of sand, and sometimes tiny insects caught in the act of trying to rob the plant. Some botanists think that these plants with sticky hairs that catch insects in self-defense are a connecting link between ordinary plants and insect-feeders, such as the sundew and the Venus's fly-trap.

In September some of you may chance to come across the cup-plant, growing on river-banks and in rich bottom-lands. It is a tall, leafy plant with yellow flower-heads much like a sunflower. Look carefully at the upper leaves of the cup-plant, and you will see how it gets its name. These are set opposite one another on the stem, and are joined together by their

bases. In this way little basins or cups are formed that will hold rain-water a long time. Master Insect, out on a foraging trip, climbs up the stems of the cup-plant, expecting to find a good meal awaiting him in the flowers at the top. But as he gets near the end of his journey, unless he is very careful he tumbles into one of these cups of water, and then there is one thief less in the world. If you peep into



THE CUP-PLANT. THE CUP-SHAPED LEAVES, FILLED WITH WATER, CATCH AND DROWN THIEVING INSECTS.

the leafy cups, you are very apt to find dead insects in them, just as in the pitchers of the sidesaddle-flower. Only, so far as we know, the cup-plant does not feed upon the insects it drowns.

Often there are contrivances in the blossoms themselves for keeping out unwelcome visitors. Have you ever peeped into the pretty blossoms of the trailing arbutus? If so, you will have noticed that the "throat" of the flower, where the spreading border narrows into the slender tube, is practically closed by delicate hairs. Many different plants have some such arrangement of hairs in their blossoms. They are believed to be a means of keeping insects, not useful to the plant, from the honey-reservoirs.

Everybody knows the quaint orange and yellow flowers of the toad-flax—"butter-and-eggs" the country children call it. These blossoms have the throat closed by a curious orange-colored "palate." Now the large flying-insects that the toad-flax intends shall carry its pollen can pull down this palate without difficulty, and so reach the honey in the spur of the blossom, getting dusted with pollen as they pass the anthers. But the little crawling or flying creatures that seek to rob the flower can't get in at all, the palate being too heavy for their small strength. The quaint monkey-flower that grows in the marshes, the snapdragon so common in old-fashioned gardens, the blue skullcap, and numbers of other plants, have their flowers protected by palates.

A kind of jewel-weed that inhabits the mountains of India has learned a very clever way of keeping robber insects from its flowers. This wily plant provides little reservoirs of honey among its leaves. Consequently when an ant, for instance, starts up the stem, bent on filching honey from the blossoms, he finds he can get what he wants without going so far. People who have seen this plant as it grows in its native mountains say there are always numbers of ants around the honey-places among the leaves, while the blossoms are quite free from them.

Such are a few of the many wonderful ways plants have of defending themselves against their enemies. To tell of them all would fill the pages of St. NICHOLAS for months to come.



"BUTTER AND EGGS," OR TOAD-FLAX. THE BLOSSOMS ARE PROTECTED BY A "PALATE" WHICH MAY BE OPENED ONLY BY CERTAIN INSECTS WELCOME TO THE FLOWER.

For there is hardly a plant, from the loftiest tree to the lowliest herb, that has not some clever contrivance of its own for protecting itself against the enemies of its kind.

# WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE KING'S DEER.

THERE came a crashing sound, breaking the shadowy silence of Longwood forest.

Crash followed crash, at short intervals, like the snapping of dry twigs and bush branches, and then came ringing, clear and sweet, three notes of a hunting-horn.

Out into an open glade, where the sunlight fell upon the long, green grass of midsummer, there bounded a splendid stag — a stag royal, a stag of ten — fit to be the antlered monarch of the king's deer in Longwood.

Three leaps, and then the beautiful animal stood still; but as he turned, panting, and lowered his horns, it could be seen that he was wounded. The feather of an arrow in his flank told how deeply the shaft was driven.

He was at bay now, and splendid was his courage as he stood to battle with his pursuers.

Again, and nearer, nearer, sounded the horn; for the hunters were coming.

Out through the leafy barrier of the bushes at the edge of the glade bounded three eager deerhounds, one after another. Large dogs they were, brown-haired, lop-eared. Their baying had chimed in with the music of the horn. Better for them it were if one of the huntsmen had been there to hold them from their haste; for there is danger for any who rush rashly in upon a stag at bay.

Loud voices and the thud of galloping hoofs told that the hunters were close at hand; but they were too late in arriving. The foremost hound dashed fiercely on, his white teeth showing, and his eyes flashing with green light; but the ten-tined antlers passed under him and were lifted swiftly.

Away the hound was hurled, pierced fatally, and then a sudden side-stroke disabled the second of the four-footed assailants. The third

paused, lifting a fore foot doubtfully as he glanced from one to the other of his unlucky companions. A whizzing shaft passed over his head, and a cloth-yard arrow sped to its mark, inside the shoulder of the deer. The spreading antlers plowed the sod for a moment, and then all was over. A tall, powerful-looking man, who came riding up, sprang from his horse, and stood by the wounded dogs, exclaiming:

"These short-legged galloways have cost us two hounds! We had better stalk a deer than run him, unless we have swifter steeds."

"Stalking must serve our turn, now the dogs are gone," growled a shorter man who had come up and now stood beside him. "I would the legs of our nags had been longer!"

They were rough-looking men, and they spoke in the burred Saxon-English of Warwickshire five hundred years ago. It was another tongue from any now spoken in England.

The galloways, of whose legs they had complained, were the undersized and shaggy-maned horses they had ridden in that hunt. Such were plentiful then, but none other could be had save by those who could pay large prices.

"Fools are we," remarked another man. "And mayhap the horn-blast has gone to the wrong ears with token of our doings. That was thy blowing, Guy the Bow."

"And what care we?" responded the tall hunter. "'T is long since there has been a royal keeper in any wood of Arden Forest. Earl Warwick himself never hunts as far to the north as this. There's no harm in a horn, and I like well the sound, and the baying o' the dogs. We'll not again hear either very soon."

Others had now come up, but they said little. They lifted their game to the back of one of the galloways. The arrows were carefully extracted, cleaned, and restored to the quivers of their owners. The men were all stalwart fellows, and the bows they carried were tremen-



dous weapons. When unstrung, such a bow would rest upon a man's foot and touch his nose, and only a strong and practised arm could bend one. Besides the bows, they carried short, two-edged swords hanging at their belts, in which were also stuck broad-bladed knives or daggers. They wore no armor except light headpieces of steel, and their garments appeared to be made of leather. The body-coats were like leather blouses, soiled and worn. They wore leggings of deerskin, but several were barefooted.

when a loud shout came from under the nearest oaks.

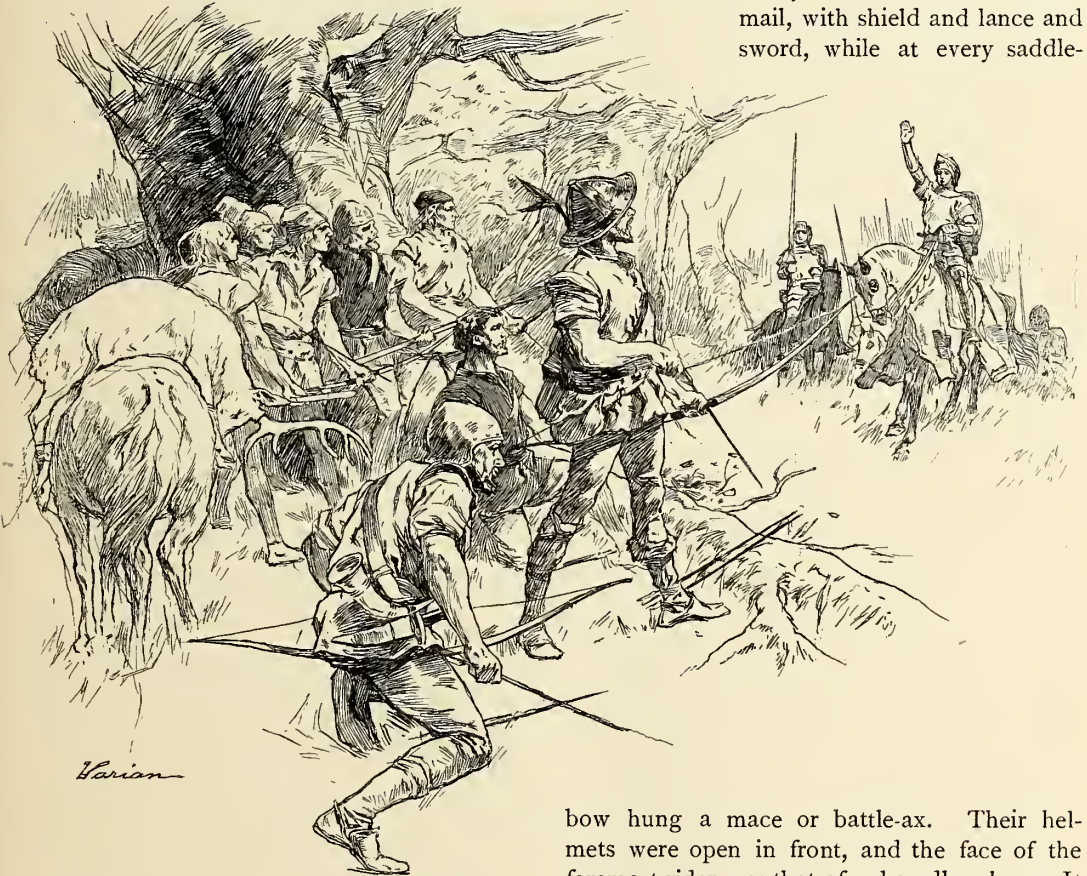
"Ho there! Halt! What do ye, killing the King's deer?"

"Stand for your lives, men!" exclaimed Guy the Bow. "I'll not be taken!"

"Nor I!" roared a burly hunter at his side; "but—it's young Neville of Wartmont. I could not strike him."

Only five men came riding out from under the trees, but they were all well mounted, and were better armed than were the hunters.

Every man of them wore linked mail, with shield and lance and sword, while at every saddle-



*Varian*

"IN THE KING'S NAME, WHAT DO YE?"

A brave-looking dozen were these hunters of Longwood. Their faces were not evil, and their talk was that of kindly men fond of adventure and of sport, but caring little whose deer they were taking.

The carcass of the stag had been bound to one of the horses, and the hunters were mounting,

bow hung a mace or battle-ax. Their helmets were open in front, and the face of the foremost rider was that of a beardless boy. It was a very resolute face, however, and he raised his hand as he again demanded:

"In the king's name, what do ye?"

"We be free men," said Guy, sturdily. "Little reason has thy father's son to question our acts."

"Why not?" came back. "Yonder stag is a death-warrant for every man of you!"

"Not so," exclaimed the burly hunter. "I

am Ben o' Coventry, and we all stand by Guy the Bow. Will thy mail shirt keep out a cloth-yard shaft, Richard Neville of Wartmont?"

An arrow was on every bowstring at that moment; but Guy the Bow spoke again.

"Thou art a boy, Richard Neville," he said. "I will tell thee somewhat thou shouldst know. Thou hast only the ruins of thy tower to dwell in; but when Earl Mortimer claimed thy father's barony, and sent his men to put his seneschal in holding, the yeomen of Wartmont and Longwood, and more from further on in Arden, stood by the Neville. The Mortimer raided our holdings, burning house and barn. He lost his head years on, and thy uncle is Earl of Warwick; but the bowmen of these parts had become used to taking Earl Mortimer's deer."

"They are the king's deer now," said Richard. "Ye know that well."

"They bear no mark," grumbled Ben, lowering his bow. "We 'll call that stag for Mortimer, this day, in spite of the Neville. Take us not. Go back to your tower."

"My young lord," was spoken in a low voice from among the men in mail behind him, "let them alone. They are thine own men. It's only a deer more or less. There are foes enough. Hark to Ben once more."

"I heard thee, sir," said Ben, gratefully. "He might do well to heed thy saying; but let him now hear what Guy may tell him."

"My young Lord of Wartmont," said Guy, "I had verily thought to go and see thee this day. Knowest thou not that Clod of Lee, the Club of Devon, has been heard from this side the Avon? He was one of Mortimer's men, and he hateth thee and thine. He is a wolf's head, by all law. He and his outlaws would find at Wartmont much that such as they would seek. Go in haste and hold thy tower against them, if thou canst, and bother not thyself with a free hunt and a nag-load of venison."

"Thou art no king's forester," added Ben of Coventry. "These are times when a man may let well enough alone."

"He speaks truly," whispered Richard's mailed adviser. "Ride we to the castle as fast as we may. Thy mother—"

"Not a dozen swordsmen are at the Mount!" exclaimed Richard. "My mother is unpro-

tected! Guy the Bow, I thank thee for thy warning. What care I for a few deer? Only, watch thou and thy men; for the earl sends soon to put this part of the shire under close forest law. None may escape if work like this go on then."

"Thou art right, my young lord," responded Guy; "but the yeomen of Longwood have no fellowship with the wolves of Devon and Cornwall. It is said, too, that there be savage Welsh among these outlaws that spare neither woman nor child. Ride thou with speed, and God be with thee! Well for thee that they are not bowmen, like thy neighbors."

"Haste, my lord!" cried another of Richard's men. "There are many women and there are children at the tower."

"On! On!" shouted Richard; but his face was white, as he wheeled his horse southward.

Very terrible was the name which had been won by some of the robber bands of England. They had been more numerous during the reign of Edward the Second. His son, Edward the Third, had been only fourteen years of age when he was crowned, and it was several years more before he became really king. Ever since then he had striven with only moderate success to restore order throughout his realm. Several notable bodies of savage marauders were still to be heard from only too frequently, while in many districts the yeomen paid as little attention to the forest laws as if they had been Robin Hood's merry men of Sherwood. This was not the case upon the lands of the great barons, but only where there was no armed force at hand to protect the game. The poachers were all the safer everywhere because of the strong popular feeling in their favor, and because any informer who should give the life of a man for that of a deer might thenceforth be careful how he ventured far into the woods. He was a mark for an arrow from a bush, and not many cared to risk the vengeance of the woodsmen.

On rode the young Neville and his four men-at-arms; but hardly had they disappeared among the forest glades before Ben of Coventry turned upon his galloway to ask:

"Guy the Bow, what thinkest thou? The Wartmont boy spoke not unkindly. There be

kith and kin of the forest men at the tower. What if the Club of Lee should reach the moat and find the gate open? 'T is a careless time."

"Hang up the stag and follow!" at once commanded Guy, captain of the hunt. "We have taken three the day. There will be venison at every hearth. If only for his father's sake —"

"We are not robbers, Guy the Bow," interrupted another of his followers. "We are true men. 'T will be a wolf hunt instead of a deer hunt. I like it well."

They strung up the stag to a bough of a tree, and then wheeled with a shout and galloped away as merrily as if they had started another hart royal.

Three long miles away, easterly from the glade where the stag had fallen, the forest ended; and beyond the scattered dignities of its mighty oaks lay a wide reach of farm-land. The fields were small, except some that seemed set aside for pastures and meadows. There were well-grown but not very well-kept hedges. There were a few farm-houses, with barns and ricks. Nearly in the center rose a craggy hill, and at the foot of this clustered a small hamlet. It was a sign of the troubles that Edward the Third had striven to quell that all along the outer border of the hamlet ran the tattered remnants of what once had been a strong line of palisades and a deep ditch.

The hill was the Wart Mount, and on its crest were massive walls with a high, square tower at one corner. Viewed from a distance, they seemed to be a baronial stronghold. On a nearer approach, however, it could be seen that the beauty and strength of Wartmont had been marred by fire, and that much of it needed rebuilding. Some repairs had been made on the tower itself. Its gateway, with moat and bridge, was in fair condition for defense. More than one road led across the open country toward the castle; but the highway was from the east, and travelers thereon were hidden from sight by the hill.

There was a great stir in the village, for a man came riding at full speed from one of the farm-houses, shouting loudly as he passed the old palisades:

"To the hill! To the castle! The wolves

of Devon are nigh! They have wasted Black Tom's place, and have slain every soul!"

The warning had already traveled fast and far, and from each of the farm-houses loaded wains, droves of cattle, horses, sheep, were hurrying toward the hill. Women, with their children, came first, weeping and praying.

Far away, on the southerly horizon, arose a black cloud of smoke to tell of the end of Black Tom's wheat-stacks and hay-stacks.

"Aye! Aye!" mourned an old woman. "It 's gone wi' fire! Alas! And the good king is in Flanders the day, and his people are harried as if they had no king."

"It 's like the old time," said another, "when all the land was wasted. I mind the telling o' what the Scots did for the north counties till the king drave them across the border."

Well kept were the legends that were told from one generation to another in the days when there were no books or newspapers; and they were now rehearsed rapidly, while the affrighted farm-people fled from their threatened homes, as their ancestors had many a time been compelled to do. Still they all seemed to have great faith in the castle, and to believe that when once there, they would be safe.

The rider who brought the news did not pause in the village, but rode on, and dismounted at the bridge over the moat. Not stopping to hitch his panting horse, he strode into the open portal, sending his loud message of evil omen through the corridor beyond. Voice after voice took up the cry and carried it up through the tower and out into the castle-yard, till it seemed to find weird echoes among the half-ruined walls. At no place were these altogether broken down. There was no breach in them. Large parts of the old structures were still roofed over, and along the battlements there quickly appeared the forms of old and young, peering out eagerly to see whatever there might be to see upon the lowland.

There were very few men, apparently; but in the lower rooms of the tower there were quickly clanking sounds, as shields and weapons and armor were taken down from their places.

A large open area was included within the outer walls, and there was room for quadrupeds as well as for human beings. Still there was a

promise of close crowding, if all the fugitives on the roads were to be provided for.

Gathered now in the village street was a motley crowd of men. They were by no means badly armed, but they seemed to have no commander, and their hurried councils were of all sorts. Most seemed to favor a general retreat to the castle, but against this course was urged the fact that the marauders had not yet arrived, nor had all the people from the farms.

"Men!" exclaimed a portly woman with a scythe in her strong hands, "could ye not meet them at the palisades? Bar the gap with a wain. There are bows and crossbows among ye. Fight them there!"

"We could never hold them there," came doubtfully from one of the men. "They 'd find gaps enough. It 's only a stone wall can stop them."

"They 'll plunder the village," the woman said.

"Better that than the blood of us all," responded the man. "We are few. Would the young lord were here with his men-at-arms!"

"He rode to the north the morn," she was told. "Only four were with him. The rest are far away with the earl. A summons came, telling that the Scots were over the border."

"Could not the north counties care for themselves, without calling on the midlands?" grumbled the woman.

At that moment there came a terrified shriek from the road-gap in the palisades. The last of several wains was passing in, and all the street was thronged with cattle.

"They come! They come!" screamed the women by that wain. "Oh, that they gat so nigh, and none to see! It 's over with us the day! Yon is the Club, and his men are many!"

Partly mounted, but some of them on foot, a wild-looking throng of men came pouring across a stubble-field from the southward. It seemed as if they might be over a hundred strong. No marching order was observed. There was no uniformity in their arms. At the head of them strode a huge, black-haired, shaggy-bearded brute who bore a tremendous club of oak, bound at its heavier end with a thick ring of iron. He laughed and shouted as he came, as

if with a savage pleasure over the wild deeds he had done and the prospect before him.

"Short work!" he roared to those behind him. "Burn all ye cannot take. And then for the hills o' Wales! But we 'll harry as we go!"

Other things he said that sounded as if he had an especial grudge against the king and against all who, like the Nevilles, had been his strong personal adherents.

The castle gateway was thronged, so that getting in was slow, but the yard was already filling fast. So were the rooms of the tower, and such as remained of the ruined buildings. Everywhere were distress and terror, except upon one face just inside the portal.

Tall and stately was Maud Neville, the widowed lady of Wartmont Castle. Her hair was white, but she was as erect as a pine, and all who looked into her resolute face might well have taken courage. Some seemed to do so, and around her gathered a score of stalwart retainers, with shields, axes, and swords. Some who had bows were bidden to man the loopholes on the second floor, and bide their time. Here, at least, if not in the village, there was a captain, and she was obeyed.

"Men," she said, "you know well what wolves these are. If they force their way into the keep, not one of us will be left to tell the tale."

A chorus of loyal voices answered her, and the men gripped their weapons.

So was it on that side of the hill; but on the other, toward the east, the highway presented another picture. Whether they were friends or foemen, there was none to tell; but they were a warlike band of horsemen. They were not mounted upon low-built galloways, but upon steeds of size and strength. The horsemen themselves wore mail and carried lances, and several of them had vizored helmets. They were ten in number, riding two abreast, and one of the foremost pair carried a kind of standard—a flag upon a long, slender staff. It was a broad, square piece of blue silk bunting, embroidered with heraldic devices that required a skilled reader to interpret them.

Strangely enough, according to the ideas and customs of the times, the rabble that followed Clod the Club had also a banner. It was a somewhat tattered affair; but it must once have

been handsome. Its field was broad and white, and any eyes could see that its dimmed, worn blazon had been intended for three dragons. Perhaps the robber chief had reasons of his own for marching with a flag which must have been found in Wales. It may have aided him in keeping at his command some men who retained the old fierce hatred of the Welsh for the kings of England.

He and his savages had now reached the palisades. The village men retreated slowly up the street, while the remainder of those who could not fight passed across the drawbridge, and entered the castle gate. More than one sturdy woman, however, had picked up a pike or an ax or a fork, and stood among her kindred and her neighbors.

Not all the cattle nor all the wains could be cared for; and a shout from the portal summoned the villagers to make more haste, that the gate might be closed behind them. Part of them had been too brave and part too irresolute, and there was no soldiership in their manner of obeying. They were, indeed, almost afraid to turn their backs, for arrows were flying now.

Well it was for them that there seemed to be so few good archers among the outlaws; for down went man after man, in spite of shields or of such armor as they had. Better shooting was done by the men of Wartmont themselves, and the archers in the tower were also plying their bows. It was this that made the Club of Devon shout to his wolves to charge, for the shafts were doing deadly work.

With loud yells, on they rushed; and further retreat was impossible. The foremost fighters on each side closed in a desperate strife, and the Wartmont farmers showed both skill and strength. Half of them carried battle-axes or poleaxes, and they plied them for their lives. Had it not been for Clod himself, the rush might even have been checked; but nothing could stand before him. He fought like a wild beast, striking down foemen right and left, and making a pathway for his followers.

Victory for the outlaws would have been shortly gained but for the help that came to the villagers.

"Onward, my men!" shouted Lady Maud,

as she sprang across the narrow bridge. "Follow me! Save your kith and kin!"

"We will die with you," cried out her men, as they pushed forward, while the archers in the tower hurried down to join them.

Still they were too few; and the white head of the brave woman was quickly the center of a surging mass, her own men being almost surrounded by the horde of robbers.

No shout came up the road. There was no sound but the rapid thud of horses' feet; but suddenly five good lances charged furiously in among the wolves. The foremost horseman went clean through them, but his horse sank, groaning, as a Welsh pike stabbed him, and his rider barely gained his feet as the horse went down. Sword in hand, then, he turned to face his foes, but he spoke not to them.

"Mother!" he shouted, "I am here!"

"Thank God for thee, my son!" responded the brave woman. "Thou art but just in time!"

Dire had been her peril, at that moment, but Richard's presence gave courage to the defenders, while his charge had staggered the outlaws. He was more than a match, with three of his dismounted men-at-arms at his side, for the foes immediately in front of them. His fourth follower lay several yards away, with his steel cap beaten in by a blow of the terrible club.

"Hah! Hah! Hah!" yelled Clod as he turned from that victim to press his way toward young Neville. "Down with him! Out of my path! Give the youngster to me!"

"Face him, my son!" said Lady Maud. "And heaven's aid be with thee! Oh, for some o' the good king's men!"

"I have thee!" roared Clod, swinging high his club and preparing for a deadly blow.

Firm as a rock stood the young warrior, raising his shield to parry.

Down came the club, but forward flashed the sword with an under-thrust.

"Oh, my son!" burst from the lips of the Lady of Wartmont. "My son has fallen! Stand firm, men!"

Fallen, indeed, but so had Clod the Club, pierced through by the sword-thrust; and a fierce yell burst from his followers as they sprang forward to avenge him. They had been faring badly, but they were many and

they were desperate. They might even yet have broken through the men of the tower who had stepped in front of Richard while his mother knelt to lift him, but for another turn in the strange fortunes of the day.

There was no warning, and all were too intent on the fray to note the arrival of new-comers; but now there came a sudden dropping of the outer men of the throng of robbers. Shaft after shaft, unerring, strongly driven, pierced them from back to breast.

"Shoot close!" shouted a voice. "Miss not. Steady, men! Oh, Richard Neville of Wartmont, we are the killers of the king's deer!"

"Aye!" added Ben of Coventry. "We are with Guy the Bow, and 't is a wolf-hunt!"

They were not many, but their archery was terrible. Fast twanged the bows, and fast the outlaws fell.

"Closer, men! Spare not any!" commanded Guy the Bow, and the line of galloways wheeled nearer.

It was too much. The remaining robbers would have fled if they could, but they were between two fires.

"Oh, Richard!" murmured Lady Maud. "Thou art not dead?"

His fine dark eyes opened, just then, and a smile came faintly upon his lips as he replied:

"Only stunned, mother. The caitiff's club banged my shield down upon my head, but my steel cap bore it well, else my neck were broken. Did he go down?"

"He lies among the ruck," she said. "But oh, thank God! The archers of Longwood have come! The fight is won!"

It was won, indeed; for neither the archers nor the Wartmont men were showing any mercy to the staggering, bewildered remnants of the outlaw band which had been such a terror to the Welsh border, and was to other counties almost as far inland as was Warwick itself. Never more would any peaceful hamlet or lonely tower be left in ruins to tell of the ruthless barbarity of the wolves of Devon.

Why they were so called, none knew; but it might be because that fair county had at one time suffered most from their marauding, or because fierce Clod the Club and his wild followers came from Lee on the Devon shore.

"Bloody work, my young Lord of Wartmont! Bloody work, my lady!"

"Thank God for thee, Guy the Bow," she responded. "Alas, my neighbors! But who comes there? My son, yonder is the flag of Cornwall, and none may carry it but the prince himself. All ye stand fast, but those who care for the hurt ones."

There, indeed, were many, for the women and children were pouring down from the castle. With weeping and with wailing they were searching for their own among the dead and the wounded. But even the mourners stood almost still for a moment, as a knightly cavalcade came thundering up the street.

The foremost horseman drew rein in front of Lady Maud and her son, and the taller of them demanded:

"Oh, Lady Neville of Wartmont, what is this? The prince rides toward Warwick. I am Walter de Maunay."

"His highness is most welcome," she said, with calm dignity. "So art thou, Sir Walter. Around thee are the dead wolves of Devon. Some of our own people have fallen. Would thou wert here an hour the sooner. God save the king!"

Rapid were the questions and the answers, but the Black Prince himself, as he was called, left all the talking to Sir Walter, while he dismounted to study the meaning of the fray.

He had singularly keen, dark eyes, and they flashed swiftly hither and thither, as if they were seeking to know exactly how this small battle had been fought and won.

"And this is the famous Clod the Club?" he said. "By whose hand was this thrust?"

"'T was young Lord Richard," answered Guy the Bow. "Both went down, but the Neville was little hurt. 'T was bravely done!"

"Richard Neville," exclaimed the prince, "thou hast won honor in this. I would that I had slain him. Thou art a good sword. The king has need of thee."

"He shall go with me," added Sir Walter, admiringly, as he gazed down upon the massive form of the slain robber. "Madame, give the king thy son."

"Yea, and amen," she said. "He is the king's man. I would have him go. And I

will bide at Warwick Castle until he comes again. Speak thou, Richard!"

"I am the king's man," replied Richard, his face flushing. "Oh, my mother, bid me go

to refuse thee, after this gallant deed of arms."

"This work is less mine," said Richard, "than of Guy the Bow and my good forestmen."



"I HAVE THEE," ROARED CLOD, SWINGING HIGH HIS CLUB, AND PREPARING FOR A DEADLY BLOW."

with the prince. I would be a knight, as was my father, and win my spurs before the king; but I fain would ask one favor of his grace."

"Ask on," said the prince. "T were hard

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But I trow that some of them have found unlawful marks for other of their arrows. I ask for them the grace and pardon of the king."

"They have sinned against the king's deer,"

loudly laughed Sir Walter de Maunay. "There needs no promise. Thou hast not heard of his royal proclamation. Free pardon hath he proclaimed to all such men as thine, if they will march with him against the King of France. 'T is fair pay to every man, and the fortune of war beyond sea."

No voice responded for a moment, as the archers studied one another's faces.

"Richard," said his mother, "speak thou to them. They wait for thee."

"Oh, Guy the Bow," said Richard, "wilt thou come with me—thou and thy men?"

There was speech from man to man behind Guy; but it was Ben of Coventry who said:

"Tell thy prince, Guy the Bow, that two score and more of bows like thine will follow Richard Neville to fight for our good king."

To address the prince directly was more than Guy could do; but he spoke out right sturdily:

"My master of Wartmont, thou hearest the speech of Ben. 'T is mine also. We take the pardon, and we will take the pay; and we will go as one band, with thee for our captain."

"Aye," said another archer, "with the young Neville and Guy the Bow."

"Ye shall be the Neville's own company," responded the prince. "I like it well. So will they do best service."

"Aye, 't is the king's way, also," added Sir Walter de Maunay; and then the Lady of Wartmont led the way into the castle.

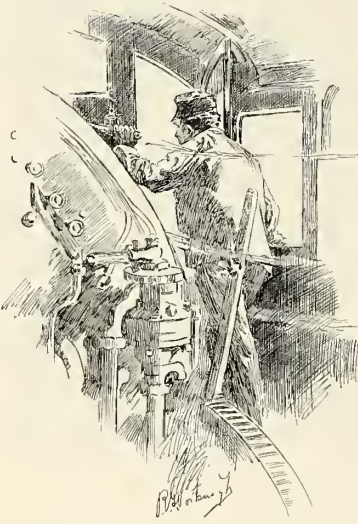
Richard went not forthwith, but conferred with his archers. He had care also for the injured and the dead, and to learn the harm done in the village and among the farms.

In a few minutes more, however, the banner of the prince was floating gaily from a corner of the tower, to tell to all who saw that the heir of the throne of England was under the Wartmont roof.

*(To be continued.)*

## RUNNING THE FAST EXPRESSES.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.



THE ENGINEER ON THE LOOKOUT.

WHEN the Empire State Express, or the Congressional Limited, rushes across the country at the rate of seventy miles an hour, making mile-posts and trees skip by in fantastic disorder, the mind of many a passenger is troubled by a question that continually

arises at every sharp sway or jolt of the cars: "Is there not danger in such rapid traveling?"

In his seat forward the engineer would reply grimly to this question with a negative shake of the head; and the general superintendent of the road, or the train-despatcher in his office at headquarters, would second this answer with a more emphatic "No."

But why? According to all the mathematical rules we learned at school and college, the faster a moving body swings along a certain course, the more difficult it is to swerve it from its path, and the more terrible is the collision if it should strike an obstacle.

Why, then, is not rapid running more dangerous than slow? "Because the engines used for this service are larger, better equipped, and better cared for than any others," the engineer would reply. "They are provided with every modern device to prevent accident; and though they fairly fly along the track, they are never beyond our immediate control. And then—we're more wide awake and alert for danger."



“The danger is less for the reason that everybody along the line is looking out for the rapid fliers,” would say the train-despatcher. “They have the right of way, and we always clear the tracks for the expresses. They are special favorites, and we give extra careful attention to them.”

For verification of these answers let us follow the two immediately responsible parties in their day's work—the engineer and the train-despatcher.

The former comes down to his post of duty nearly an hour before his train is scheduled to leave. All night long in the round-house the engine has been carefully watched; a wiper has spent the whole night rubbing down the panting, snorting iron horse until every rod and cylinder shines like gold or silver; the banked fire has been kept going, so that a little steam has been always in the boxes; and before he left at night the fireman put everything in perfect order inside the cab. The fireman appears first in the morning, and inspects the work of the round-house men; and if any part is not satisfactory, he makes it so. The engineer makes his inspection after the fireman, and thoroughly and carefully examines every part. All the bearings are then oiled, and the oil-cups are filled with oil. Next, the engine is run out of the round-house and tested. Fifteen minutes be-

fore the time to start, the engine is coupled to the train, and the steam- and air-brakes are tested. No race-horse was ever brought to his post better fitted for running the course than is the locomotive of the fast express. In addition to



IN THE ROUND-HOUSE. GROOMING THE ENGINE.

the tests already made, a mechanic goes from wheel to wheel, and upon every one strikes a sharp, resounding blow to ascertain if the wheel and axle are sound. Nuts and bolts are examined. The engineer and fireman are held

the tests already made, a mechanic goes from wheel to wheel, and upon every one strikes a sharp, resounding blow to ascertain if the wheel and axle are sound. Nuts and bolts are examined. The engineer and fireman are held



THE FAST EXPRESS. A "FLIER" HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY.

responsible for the perfect condition of the engine and cars before the start is made.

When the signal is given to start, the engine

is panting under the suppressed power that has been generated in her boilers, but she gives at first a pull so gentle that the train rolls smoothly

and noiselessly out of the depot. The run is comparatively slow until the city limits are passed, and then the speed is gradually increased, but so imperceptibly that the passengers can hardly tell when they are traveling a mile a minute. The fast fliers have few stops to make, and the high rate of speed is maintained for long periods without interruption.

The eyes of the engineer are on the clock and time-table before him, and he keeps a sharp lookout ahead. For various reasons he may fall a few minutes behindhand at one point, but he manages to make up the loss at another. He has certain stops to make, and he makes all speed possible between them. But he is not master of the road. At any moment a danger-signal along the line may confront him. He may be ordered to bring his train to a standstill at a small way-station, and there receive telegraphic orders to run on a siding. He asks no questions, but obeys orders. Five minutes later a "special" may rush past him, and then the signals are set again, warning the engineer of the express that he must make up for lost time.

To understand this delay, and the sudden changes made in the time-table, it will be necessary to go back to headquarters and to watch the general superintendent and the train-despatcher. Although many trains running on the line are hundreds of miles away, the exact position of every one, every second in the hour, is known and recorded. A telegraph-operator is working industriously in the office of the train-despatcher, receiving and sending orders. The running-orders of all the trains are directed from this office. Each engineer has orders to make a certain run according to the time-table, unless other orders from headquarters interfere.

If an accident happens on the road, the train-despatcher knows it almost as soon as the passengers. A breakdown of some local train

on the main line may upset all the calculations of the day. Immediately the expresses running on that line must be stopped before a collision occurs. A snow-storm may blockade a train on the northern branch of the road, and thereby make necessary a change in the regular schedule.

A train from the West is half an hour behind, perhaps, and this interferes with the regular running of the other trains. Arrangements must be made to let trains pass without accident. The express-trains nearly always have the right of way. A Western express may be behind time, and start out five minutes ahead of some special express. In this instance she must give the special the right of way, and she is forced upon some siding. The special express passes without losing a minute.

There are fifty trains coming and going, one behind time, another ahead, probably, and each crowding out another. The train-despatcher has to regulate this tangle and keep things running smoothly. Thus it is that the engineer of a flier may suddenly find himself side-tracked.

Should the train-despatcher make a mistake, or fail to make arrangements for two fast-moving trains, the block-signal system would probably prevent an accident. The block-towers are connected by telegraph-lines, and a bell-code enables the men to communicate directly with each other. They can stop a train at any moment by means of their signals, independent of orders from headquarters. Thus the engineer depends entirely upon others to keep the track clear, and he merely runs his train as near schedule time as possible, and keeps his iron steed in perfect condition.

It is owing to these many safeguards that rapid traveling is made as safe, if not safer, than slow traveling, especially on the best-equipped roads, where every modern device for avoiding accidents is employed.

# THE MAGIC SWORD.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

## NOTES TO AID IN ACTING THE PLAY.

THE jars of candy, Noah's Ark, and music-box for the first act are painted scenery, and should be in such proportion to the actors as the real ones would be to the toys — that is, five or six feet in height.

The doll's-house furniture in scenes second and third should be of the usual size, but copied as closely as possible from toy furniture.

The gestures and movements of the actors should be stiff and mechanical, as toys might be supposed to move.

The Bear's costume can be hired at a good costumer's; but if this is not convenient, a suit may be made of brown Canton flannel, sewed into a loose shape, somewhat like that of a little child's night-garment, the sleeves and legs ending in mittens and stockings of the same material. Make a mask of cardboard resembling in shape a blunt cornucopia, cover with Canton flannel and end it in a hood that draws over the head. Sew ears of flannel on in the proper places. A bearskin rug may be fastened

about the body over this costume, and the whole sewed up the back with large stitches that will rip easily.

Jack wears a mask, and in the first scene a harlequin suit and stiff, pointed cap. In the second scene he wears a long, narrow gown of checked calico, and a pointed cap of the same material, mask, and white beard.

Rosaline has a blonde wig; her cheeks are painted very red, and her eyebrows are painted, highly arched. Her costume for the first scene is a slip of white paper-muslin, trimmed with coarse lace, through which are run pink ribbons. In the second scene she wears a pale pink slip.

The Old Dolls are dressed in stiff, old-fashioned silk frocks, cheeks very red, eyebrows arched, and have smoothly banded black wigs.

The Toy Soldiers are costumed in imitation of the wooden soldiers that may be bought at any toy-shop.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Shelf in old Mother Candytop's toy-shop.

Jars of differently colored stick-candy, a Noah's Ark, and a music-box in the background. Wooden SOLDIERS are standing in a row. There is a harlequin JUMPING-JACK, and against the wall leans a beautiful DOLL, wrapped up as high as the arms in brown paper and twine.

A clock strikes twelve. For an instant afterward all remains as it was; then the music-box plays for a short time, the TOY SOLDIERS present arms, and the DOLL turns her head stiffly from side to side, and looks about her.

JUMPING-JACK. Now the mother of the toys is fast asleep in bed; the shop is shut up so that people could not come in to buy if they wished to; and we toys can have things all our own way. Hey, there! you soldiers, what are you about?

TOY CAPTAIN. Don't interrupt us. I must keep my soldiers in good drill, for who knows but that we may be sold almost any day?

JUMPING-JACK. Stupid things! Just as if it would make any difference if you were! You would have to keep just as still if you were in the nursery as you are here.

TOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Forward march!

[TOY SOLDIERS march off.]

JUMPING-JACK. How I hate them all! They are so stupid! Now I'll make a face at that doll, and scare her. (*Makes a face.*)

DOLL. (*Covering her face with her hands.*) Oh, oh! There is that dreadful Jumping-Jack again! I hate the sight of him! — Please stop making faces at me!

JUMPING-JACK. Then why don't you come and talk with me?

DOLL. You're so wicked that I'm afraid. You made such faces at the plaster cat that it split all down the back, and had to be thrown out on the ash-heap.

JUMPING-JACK. Then you'd better take care, or maybe I'll make faces at you.

DOLL. No, no; you must n't, you wicked toy!

JUMPING-JACK. (*Fiercely.*) Yes, I will — unless you talk with me.

[Enter the FAIRY PRINCE. He is dressed in a tunic of shimmering silk, and wears a sword at his side.]

FAIRY PRINCE. Star gleam,  
And moonbeam!

Quick as a flash I slip through the window, and here I am! But what a strange place it is! (*Looking at the Noah's Ark.*) Never before did I see a house like that—no bigger than a fairy's house might be. (*Examining the music-box, which plays for a moment or two.*) And such a queer chest, with music coming from inside of it! (*Sees the DOLL.*) Oh, you beautiful fairy! Who are you?

DOLL. I am a doll.

FAIRY PRINCE. A doll! What is a doll? Pray, tell me.

JUMPING-JACK. A poor thing made of wax and cloth and sawdust.

FAIRY PRINCE. Oh, beautiful Doll, come with me to the court of the Fairy Queen, and she will change you into a real fairy; and you shall be named Rosaline; for your cheeks are as pink as rose leaves, and not a fairy in all the court is so beautiful as you.

DOLL. Indeed, I will gladly go with you.

JUMPING-JACK. Ah, but wait a bit; for I shall have something to say to that first.

FAIRY PRINCE. You?

JUMPING-JACK. Yes, I, the Jumping-Jack of the toy-shelf! I have frightened the toy horse till he could not stand; I have made such a face at a toy cat that it split; and if you try to take the Doll away I will make a face at her, too; and then—Aha!

FAIRY PRINCE. Then out, my Magic Sword! (*He draws his Magic Sword, and points it at the JUMPING-JACK.*)

Magic blade, and hilt of gold,  
Work the charm as thou art  
told!

Let his face be stiff as if made  
wood, so that he cannot stretch  
or twist it!

JUMPING-JACK. Ow! Ow! He  
has bewitched me so that I cannot  
move my face at all!

FAIRY PRINCE. And now,  
beautiful Doll, let us away.

DOLL. Yes, but see! I am so wrapped up in  
paper and tied about with string that I cannot  
move.

FAIRY PRINCE. Then come once more, my  
Magic Sword!

[He cuts through the string, and lays the sword  
down beside him, while he helps the DOLL to

unwrap and step from the paper. Then he  
drops on one knee and takes her hand in his.  
At this moment the JUMPING-JACK creeps up  
toward them and steals the Magic Sword, hiding  
it behind him.

FAIRY PRINCE. There! You are free. And  
now away—away to the court of the Fairy Queen!

JUMPING-JACK. But first let me see if the  
Magic Sword will not work for me as well as you.  
(*Pointing it toward them.*)

Magic blade, and hilt of gold,  
Work the charm as thou art told!

Let the Doll sleep and forget everything until to-  
morrow night, when the toys awake again!

DOLL. Oh, I am going to sleep! I feel that  
I'm going to sleep. My eyelids weigh like lead.  
Farewell, Fairy Prince, farewell—farewell! (*She  
sleeps.*)

FAIRY PRINCE. (*Springing toward the JUMP-  
ING-JACK.*) Ah, wretched toy! Give me back  
my sword.

JUMPING-JACK. (*Pointing the sword at the  
Prince.*) Stop! (*The PRINCE stands, unable to  
move.*) What fate is there bad enough for you? You  
shall be changed into a mechanical bear; and in  
that shape you shall wander through the world  
until you hold the Fairy Sword in your hand once



more, and when that time comes you may turn  
its shining blade toward me. Ha, ha!

[The FAIRY PRINCE shrinks back, in dread;  
and the JUMPING-JACK stands, holding the  
Magic Sword triumphantly above him, while  
the music-box plays in the background.

(*End of Act First.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE.—The doll-house. The OLD DOLLS are sitting in a row in three red wooden chairs. The NEW DOLL, ROSALINE, sits in the rocking-chair beside the table. At one side of the room stands a large square chest covered with green-and-white checked paper, and fastened with a hook — like that of the well-known toy jack-in-the-box.

The cuckoo-clock is heard crying the hour of twelve in the nursery outside. There is a moment of silence, and then the OLD DOLLS rise stiffly, and the NEW DOLL turns her head from side to side, and looks about her.

NEW DOLL. Where am I?

OLD DOLLS. This is the doll-house.

NEW DOLL. And how did I come here?

OLD DOLLS. You were brought here all done up in paper, just as we were long ago; for yesterday was Christmas.

NEW DOLL. And am I to live here always?

OLD DOLLS. Yes, you will live here until you break; and you will be the mistress of the whole house, because you are so beautiful and new.

NEW DOLL. (*Sighing.*) Ah, me!

FIRST OLD DOLL. Why do you sigh?

NEW DOLL. I sigh when I think of the Fairy Prince, and how he, too, told me that I was beautiful.

FIRST OLD DOLL. We have never seen a Fairy Prince; but we have as neat and tidy a little doll-house as any one would wish to see.

SECOND OLD DOLL. Yes, and look at the little tables and chairs, and the little gilt clock that almost looks real.

NEW DOLL. Yes, it is very lovely. Ah, if the Fairy Prince could but see it!

FIRST DOLL. And look at the sideboard full of little china dishes, pink china ham, and china chicken, and shiny china bread.

NEW DOLL. And what is in that box over yonder?

SECOND DOLL. That we don't know. It was a Christmas present, too, and it does n't belong in the doll-house.

NEW DOLL. Then why was it put here?

SECOND DOLL. That we don't know, either.

NEW DOLL. Let us look in it. It may be that there is something in it that is more beautiful even than all the rest — something such as they do not have even in Fairyland.

OLD DOLLS. (*Anxiously.*) Better not open it.

JACK. (*Sings inside the box.*)

Open the lid! Open the lid!

Here inside of the box I'm hid.

Oh, what a wonderful sight you'll see,

If you only will open the lid for me!

NEW DOLL. Whatever it may be inside there, it is asking me to let it out.

OLD DOLLS. *Do not* open it!

JACK. (*Sings inside the box.*)

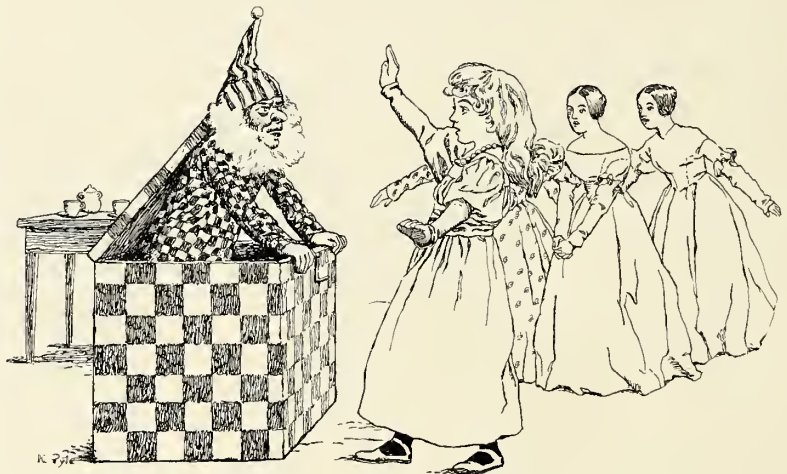
Everything in the house is thine.

Open, then, beautiful Rosaline!

NEW DOLL. Do you hear? Whoever it is is calling me by the name that the Fairy Prince gave me. And now indeed I must open it; for who knows but what it may be the Fairy Prince himself.

[She unhooks the lid. The JUMPING-JACK flies up with a squeak. The DOLLS shriek.

JACK. Not the Fairy Prince, beautiful Rosaline; but nevertheless it is one who carries the



Prince's Magic Sword. Don't you remember an old friend like me?

NEW DOLL. Alas! I remember you indeed. You are the Jumping-Jack.

JACK. Yes, the Jumping-Jack himself. With the Prince's sword I made myself a box, and fastened myself in and followed you here; and it was only necessary that you should let me out for me to have you in my power once more!

OLD DOLLS. Shut the lid! Oh, shut the lid, and fasten him in once more!

[JACK steps out of the box. He is dressed in a long, tight dress of green-and-white checked calico, and wears a pointed cap.

JACK. I can close the lid, and fasten it myself. (*Turning to the DOLL.*) Ah, lovely Doll, you thought you had escaped me; but it is not so easy to free yourself from Jumping-Jack, ugly and despised though he may be. (*The DOLLS hide their faces, trembling.*) Not quite so beautiful here as in the Fairy's court, perhaps; but still it will do as a makeshift. And we will live here always, just as the Dolls said, and you shall be my servants; for I am still the Master of the Magic Sword.

(*End of Act Second.*)

### ACT III.

SCENE.—The doll-house. JACK is eating at the table. The DOLLS are serving him.

JACK. (*Pushing back his chair.*) My spring and whiskers! but that was the best meal I've had for many a long day. A china ham, a china chicken, and a whole china loaf! Here, you lazy Dolls, you may put the dishes away now. (*Stretches and gapes.*) How sleepy I feel! Oh, what a soft sofa! Just the place for a nap; and, Rosaline, you shall sit at my head, and sing me to sleep.

[He stretches himself on the sofa. The NEW DOLL sits at his head and sings.

ROSALINE.

The shelf was gay, and the moon was bright,  
When I saw the Fairy Prince, one night.

Now sadly I think of him, and weep—  
Jumping-Jack, are you yet asleep?

(*JACK yawns.*)

His eyes were as bright as bright could be,  
Like the shining balls on the Christmas-tree;

But he vanished away while I slumbered deep—  
Jumping-Jack, are you yet asleep?

(*JACK snores.*)

[A soft knocking is heard at the door.

ROSALINE. Hark! Some one is knocking.

[Soft knocking again. The mechanical BEAR sings outside.

BEAR.

Black and grim in my hairy hide,

I wander over the nursery wide.

What care I if I sleep or wake?

Ah, if my stitches would but break!

VOL. XXV.—II.

ROSALINE. There is some one singing outside. Look from the window, and tell me who it is; but step softly, for the Jack is asleep!

FIRST DOLL. I see nothing but the great nursery window, and the mantelpiece high up above the housetop; and I hear nothing but the ticking of the cuckoo-clock in the nursery outside.

BEAR. (*Sings.*)

The nursery's dark and the nursery's wide,  
And my works they grumble and growl inside.  
Who would guess, as they look at me,  
How bright and slender I used to be?

ROSALINE. There! I hear it again. Look once more, and tell me do you still see nothing?

SECOND DOLL. I see nothing but the pattern of the nursery carpet, and the two great, black, hollow shoes that the child Ann took off last night.

BEAR. (*Sings.*)

As fair she was as a doll could be:  
Her cheeks were red, and she smiled at me.  
Would she know me under this hair of mine—  
The beautiful, waxen Rosaline?

ROSALINE. Now I can bear it no longer! I must see for myself who it is singing outside, even if the Jack should waken.

[She goes on tiptoe to the door and opens it. The mechanical BEAR stands without.

ROSALINE. Ah! What a terrible bear!

[She tries to shut the door, but he slips his hairy paw within so that it will not close.

BEAR. Wait but a moment, beautiful Rosaline.

ROSALINE. What do you want here?

BEAR. Only to come in and rest awhile.

ROSALINE. No, no; that you cannot do; for if my master were to waken and find you here, he would be in a fine rage.

BEAR. But I will step so softly on my padded feet that he will not so much as turn in his sleep.

ROSALINE. Then come in.

[She opens the door, and the BEAR enters.

OLD DOLLS. Oh, how ugly he is!

BEAR. Ah, I seemed fine enough to you, Rosaline, when we met on the shelf in the toy-shop!

ROSALINE. Who are you?

BEAR. Alas! Have you so soon forgotten the Fairy Prince?

ROSALINE. But you are not the Fairy Prince!

BEAR. Yes, I am he; and it was because of you that the wicked Jumping-Jack turned me into a mechanical bear.

ROSALINE. Alas! alas! that it should be so!

But fly, Fairy Prince; for the Jumping-Jack is here!

BEAR. Here?

ROSALINE. Yes; he is asleep on yonder sofa.

BEAR. (*Eagerly.*) Then he must have my Magic Sword with him.

ROSALINE. I have not seen it.

BEAR. We must look for it; for if I can only find it all may yet be well!

ROSALINE. But if he should waken!

BEAR. We will move about very softly.

[They all hunt about.

BEAR. What is in that chest?

ROSALINE. That is the chest the Jack came in.

and steps forth. JACK rises, and stands staring at him stupidly.

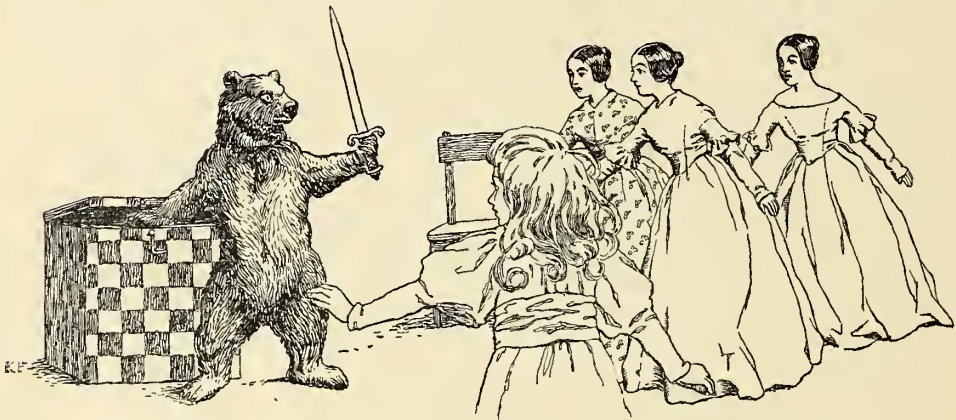
ALL. The Fairy Prince!

FAIRY PRINCE. And now let us see whether the Magic Sword will still serve me. (*He points it toward the JACK.*)

Magic blade, and hilt of gold,  
Work the charm as thou art told!

[The JACK springs toward him with a cry, and then stands as though bewitched.

FAIRY PRINCE. Henceforth you shall have no power to twist your face. You shall have no home but the chest; and you shall be known, not as the Jumping-Jack, but as the Jack-in-the-box.



[BEAR works and works at the lock with his hairy paws.

BEAR. Alas! I cannot unhook it with these clumsy paws.

[ROSALINE unhooks the box. The BEAR throws back the lid, and with a glad cry lifts from it his Magic Sword.

BEAR. My Magic Sword! My Magic Sword!  
And are you once more mine?

[The JACK begins to stir and waken.

ROSALINE. He is awakening! We are lost!

BEAR. Not yet. Quick! Take the Magic Sword, and rip up the stitches along my back!

ROSALINE. (*Shuddering.*) Ah, I cannot do that!

BEAR. Quick, or we are indeed lost!

[ROSALINE takes the sword and cuts the stitches.  
The FAIRY PRINCE throws aside the bearskin,

JACK. No, no!

FAIRY PRINCE. Now, into the box with you!

[Bewailing and ringing his hands, the JACK climbs into the box, where he stands stiff and motionless as plaster.

FAIRY PRINCE. And now, lovely Rosaline, let us away.

OLD DOLLS. But shall we never see you again?

ROSALINE. Yes, yes; when I am a fairy I will often come to see you. You will see me come slipping in through the window on a moonbeam, to tell you of the happy life in the Fairy world.

[A cock crows.

FAIRY PRINCE. Hark! The cock crows! The housemaid stirs, and the night-moth is looking for a hollow where he may hide.

PRINCE and ROSALINE. Away — away to Fairyland!

CURTAIN.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

## TOBY AND TRIP.



I.

TOBY AND TRIP MEANT TO BE GOOD,  
BUT WHEN PUSSY YOWLED—WHAT PUPPY DOG COULD!



III.

JUST AS THEY HOPED TO SEIZE THEIR PREY,  
AN IRON POST CAME IN THEIR WAY.



II.

AWAY THEY DASH! NOW, PUSSY, RUN—  
OR YOU 'LL PAY DEAR FOR YOUR LITTLE FUN!



IV.

WITH RIBBON TORN AND IN DISGRACE,  
THEY START FOR HOME, HOW SAD EACH FACE!

Bess Cox.

## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

### THE THRILLING STORY OF JOHNNY BUNN.

By H. H. BENNETT.

JOHNNY BUNN was a little boy

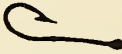
Who did not like his



He 'd rather go to  
catch a



With rod and line and



Away he 'd run, when school was  
done,

Till far from any



Then by the stream he 'd sit and  
dream,

As still as any



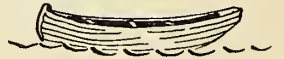
At last, one day, the bank gave  
way

While Johnny watched his



He nearly drowned; but he was  
found

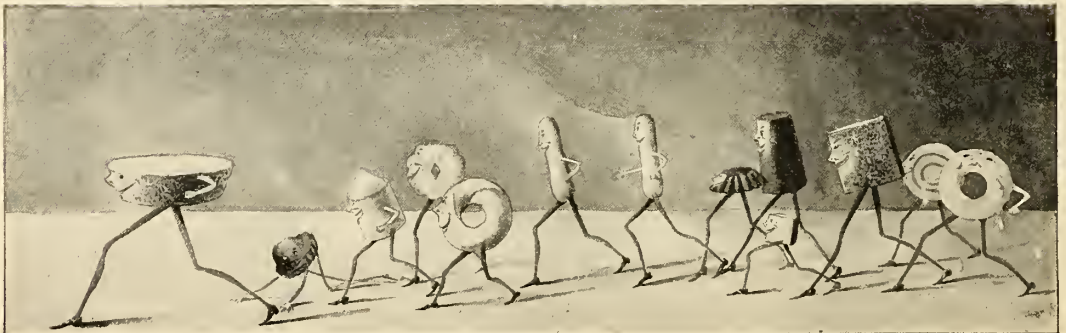
By two men in a



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## A CAKE-WALK.

SOME cakes go slowly, some go fast;  
In fact I 'm sure they never last.  
I never know which in the race  
Most swiftly wins the foremost place;  
But this I know: *No* cake is slow  
When Billy sees it—and says “*Oh-h!*”



## THE LETTER-BOX.

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BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you now for quite a while. I have a little story about the origin of "Hail, Columbia," which perhaps you would like to hear. Perhaps few people know that our national air "Hail, Columbia" was originally called "Washington's March," and was played for the first time on Trenton bridge, when Washington rode over it on his way to be inaugurated at New York; and during his administration it was always played on state occasions, or whenever Washington appeared in the box at the theater. It was composed by Peyles, the leader of the few violins and drums that passed for the orchestra. When Adams was President, Judge Hopkinson wrote, adapted to the music, the famous lines of "Hail, Columbia." After that it ceased to be known as "Washington's March," and assumed the name of "Hail, Columbia," which it has kept till the present day.

I remain your interested reader,

DANA SYLVESTER.

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WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a member of our family for nearly ten years, and during that time we have never missed a number. I have been very much interested lately in the letters which I have read in the "Letter-Box" condemning the check-rein. I heartily agree with the writers in thinking that it is an instrument of torture. There is one other part of a harness about which little is thought, and yet which, if not properly used, may cause nearly, if not quite, as much suffering as the check-rein—that is, the throat-latch. How often the poor horses are compelled to go with this strap buckled so tightly under their throats that they can hardly breathe, either through carelessness or ignorance on the part of their drivers! People should remember that even if the strap is not very tight when they start, it becomes tighter as the horse exercises and gets heated. It is a rare occurrence that any of our horses go out without my father stepping to their heads and passing his hand along the throat-latch to see if it is too tight. I have two horses of my own, and have been accustomed to riding and driving ever since I can remember.

With best wishes for your future, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I remain your sincere friend and reader,

HELEN T. MARKHAM.

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MONTEREY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and am staying at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey. This hotel is one of the most beautiful places in the world. The grounds are filled with rare plants and flowers, lofty trees, and some of most curious shapes, their branches growing down to the ground and forming arches. There are four tennis-courts, and a "maze." Do you know what that is? I did not, and walked into it, telling my mama I would be back in a few minutes. Well, I walked and walked, and could not get out! At last a gardener came to my rescue, and showed me the way out. A pleasant walk under trees takes you to the beach, where in summer they bathe in the Pacific Ocean. In winter they have tanks where the sea water is made warm, and children can learn to swim. Monterey, the oldest town in the history of California, is about one

mile from here. As early as 1602 the Spanish landed here, and one hundred and sixty-eight years after that Father Junipero Serra established the Mission of San Carlos de Monterey. A beautiful statue of the missionary has been erected on a high bluff overlooking the sea. It was a gift from Mrs. Leland Stanford. The first newspaper printed in the State—"The California," afterward "Alta California"—was issued in Monterey on August 15, 1846.

Hoping that other children may have the same pleasure in seeing this beautiful place,

Your faithful reader, ALICE L. B.—.

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SAG HARBOR, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years, and I like you very much; and I want to tell you about a clam-bake on Long Island that I went to.

Two men went to the beach and laid a bed of stones, and gathered some dry wood; and the next day sixteen of us—some in a wagon, and some in a boat—went to the place. The men built a fire on the stones, and kept it burning four hours, until the stones were very hot; then they raked the embers off, and swept the stones very clean. When this was done they put on a layer of clams, then crabs, then four large fish sewed in cloth; after this, corn wrapped in its own husks, and sweet and white potatoes, with their jackets on; last of all, spring chickens, wrapped in cloth to keep them clean. Then a large piece of canvas was thrown over all, and a wagon-load of seaweed on top, to keep the steam in. This was all cooked by the steam of the clam-juice. In one hour it was ready, and we all sat down to a rough table; and an hour and a half later we all declared that it was the best feast we ever had.

Yours truly, LOTHROP LEE BROWN.

---

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have two dogs and five cats. The dogs are "Shep," a collie, and "Judy," a pug.

One day last summer, as my father was going to business early in the morning, Shep met him at the door and held up to him his mouth, in which was a roll of four one-dollar bills.

We think that papa had dropped them while paying the man the night before, and Shep had found them in the morning, and known them to be his by the scent of his cigars. Your faithful reader, GEORGIE J.—.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you ever since I can remember; and as I have seen letters from other cities in California, I thought you might like a letter from the "City of the Golden Gate."

Nearly every summer we go to Lake Tahoe, and I have a splendid time. One year I learned to ride horse-back; and two years ago I could ride so well that they let me break in a pony. I have a little white pony, whom I call "Butterfly"; and I keep him on a ranch near Georgetown in winter, and a cow-boy brings him up to the lake in the summer. I also catch the dearest little

chipmunks, and after they are tamed they make very cunning little pets, and they are very affectionate, too. I had a chipmunk that I named "Fluff," and when I would let him run to the end of his string, in the vicinity of a certain pine-tree, there would be two baby chipmunks run down the tree, and come as near as they dared. I always thought they were Fluff's babies; so one morning I set my trap with a tempting morsel of apple, of which all chipmunks are passionately fond; and after three days I caught them both. I named one "Trilby" and the other "Little Billee"; but, sad to relate, Fluff and Trilby made their escape one night, and I had to content myself with Little Billee. He learned lots of tricks. I would take a white piece of apple, and first give him a taste of it, and then would put it in my pocket. He would hunt all over my skirt until he found the opening to my pocket, and then he would get the piece of apple, and perch on my shoulder or wrist to eat it. Coming down from Truckee on the "night train," I had the upper berth all to myself, and I hung my beloved Billee up on a hook (there was a string tied around his foot, and this cord was attached to the cage) close to my head. His cage was a small, light pine affair; and about 1 A. M. I was awakened with horrible suddenness from a deep sleep by screams that expressed more horror and anguish than pen can express, issuing from the next upper berth! Mr. Billee had gnawed through his cage, and climbed over the iron grill-work into the next berth, and there had sat pondering whether this apparition—this being of curl-papers and night-cap—was a reality or his imagination! To solve this problem, he had touched the sleeper's nose with the end of his tail; hence the piercing screams I had heard. San Francisco did not agree with my pet, and after filling our lives with merriment for the space of three months, he departed for what I believe is the Better World of Chipmunks.

I remain your fond reader, DOROTHY REED.

SANTA ELENA, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and I have read your magazine ever since I was four. I really don't know what I should do without you.

My papa is a mining engineer; and so, of course, we lead very wandering lives—in Europe one month and in Mexico the next. Just at present we are with papa at a mining camp in Mexico.

The Mexicans about here are very slow and lazy. When a Mexican is asked to do anything, the reply is always, "Oh, *mañana*" (to-morrow)! This is why Mexico is called "The Land of the *Mañana*." However, the Mexicans are quite picturesque at times; and we saw a Mexican girl on a donkey, playing a guitar.

Summer being the rainy season, it rains often here. The showers are sharp, but soon over.

I have a very clever little cat. She will stand on her hind legs for her milk, and she follows me about all day, and sleeps with me at night.

Cordially your reader, HELEN NICHOLSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been spending my vacation in the beautiful mountains of the Blue Ridge, near Cresco, Pa., and not far from Pocono Summit. I was interested in the birds. One day I saw a wren fly behind the woodpile and reappear with a fat worm. She repeated her visit, and brought forth a still more dainty morsel. This time I saw her feed her young, who were peeping out from their home under the eaves.

About a week earlier the boys had gathered some worms for bait. They put them in a tin can and hid

it under a box near the wood-pile. Imagine their surprise and disgust, on going for the worms, to find only three left out of fifty-nine! How did it happen? They could not have crawled out unless the can had been upset, which was not the case. There was no hole in the can. Many were the questions which arose in the boys' minds. At last the mystery was solved. The wren I saw going behind the wood-pile was the thief. She must have thought the worms were placed there for the benefit of her children.

I am your interested reader,  
EMILY SOLIS-COHEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I am not a subscriber, my father buys a copy of ST. NICHOLAS for me every month, and I enjoy it very much. I really do not know what I would do without you. Even papa and mama like to read you very much.

I am very much interested in "Miss Nina Barrow"; I think it is a charming story, and I think "June's Garden" and "The Last Three Soldiers" are delightful tales.

Washington is a beautiful city, and is a perfect paradise for the bicycle. It has been estimated that 15,400 people ride the bicycle in this city. I have a wheel and ride a great deal with my father, who also has a bicycle.

The large library at Washington is considered by many people to be the most beautiful building in the world. The entire building is of marble, and is frescoed and carved beautifully. The exterior of the dome of the library is of gold leaf. The interior of the dome is of white and gold; it is painted in gold, with white statuary. The halls of the library are painted in the most exquisite colors, and represent the lives of famous poets. In the gallery of the building are statues of the great men of the world. The doors of the library are of bronze, and there is a marble statue of "Liberty" at the entrance. It is truly a magnificent building.

Hoping this letter will be published, and wishing you all manner of success,

I am your sincere admirer and reader,  
MARGARET WAGNER.

STONY POINT, N. Y.

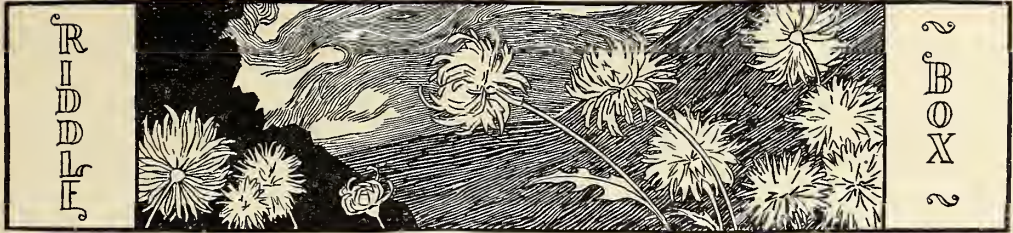
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, nine years old. I live on the Hudson River, quite near the place where the battle of Stony Point was fought in the Revolutionary War. You can see the ruins of an old fort there. There is a lighthouse on the Point, and we can see it from our house.

The house where Benedict Arnold hid the papers is on the road from Stony Point to Haverstraw, and it is called "Treason House"; about two years ago a cup with George Washington's name on it was found there.

New York State is going to buy for a national park the part of Stony Point where the battle was fought.

Good-by. Your reader, ETTIE TOMKINS.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Ernest Greuning, Alice K. Potter, Arthur Evans, Madeline P., "Helen and Sadie," Almeda B., Natalie Foote, Jack Wilmot Dondit, Ralph C. Babbidge, Bertha C. Meissner, Florence L. Forbes, Nellie H. Guines, Harold Harris, Sadie Scott, Clinton Squier, Kathryn H., Max Wald, Marion D. Ross, Alfred Morewood, Kenneth Pomeroy, Florence, Claude Money Hill, Nata Tschaikowsky, Mertie Cantrell, William K. Dart, Sydney S. Clark.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Roentgen. Cross-words: 1. Reckless. 2. Bohemian. 3. Creation. 4. Prandial. 5. Friction. 6. Portugal. 7. Forsaken. 8. Forsworn.

TRIANGLES CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. Loaf. 2. Oat. 3. At. 4. F. II. 1. Feat. 2. End. 3. Ad. 4. T. III. 1. Leaf. 2. Ella. 3. Alps. 4. Fast. IV. 1. Fret. 2. Rim. 3. Em. 4. P. V. 1. Tire. 2. Ire. 3. Re. 4. E.

DOUBLE SQUARE. I. 1. Sham. 2. Hire. 3. Arms. 4. Mesh. II. 1. Mesh. 2. Ella. 3. Slur. 4. Harm.

ZIGZAG. John Kendrick Bangs. Cross-words: 1. Jonah. 2. Koran. 3. Uther. 4. Arena. 5. Break. 6. Steer. 7. Bunch. 8. Edict. 9. Robin. 10. Libra. 11. Uncle. 12. Slake. 13. Squab. 14. Solar. 15. Minor. 16. Agony. 17. Seine.

DIAMOND. I. S. 2. Par. 3. Soler. 4. Polemic. 5. Saleratus. 6. Remanet. 7. Rites. 8. Cut. 9. S.

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.

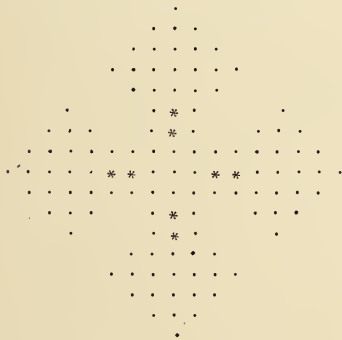
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from H. A. R. — Bessie Thayer and Co. — Josephine Sherwood — G. B. Dyer — "Buffalo Quartette" — "Jersey Quartette" — Paul Reese — Helen C. McCleary — "M. McG." — E. O. — Charlotte Baber — E. H. P. and T. McC. M. — C. B. Gottlieb — Nessie and Freddie — Evelyn Louise Swain — Tom and Alfred Morewood — "Class No. 19" — "Allil and Adi" — "Chiddingstone" — A. F. and N. Walton — Grace Edith Thallon — C. D. Lauer and Co. — Louise Ingham Adams — Mabel M. Johns — Katharine S. Doty — Sigourney Fay Nininger — "The Waumkeag Tribe" — Madeleine, Mabel, and Henri — "The Spencers."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Estelle F. Bragg, 1 — Wm. K. Dart, 1 — G. Jensen, 3 — Marian J. Homans, 8 — "Aisie," 1 — Frances Alice Cramp, 1 — Lucy H. Shaw, 5 — G. P. T. and R. G. P., 2 — Mae Chambers, 3 — Uncle Will, E. Everett J., and Goblins, 5 — "4-11-44," 3 — Mary K. Rake, 4 — Ruth Cartwright, 1 — Mary E. Meares, 1 — Arthur and Posie, 2 — L. O. K., 6 — Adele G. Bliss, 1 — Anna Bement, 1 — Edna Tompkins, 3 — Fred T. Kelsey, 5 — "Rosy and Posy," 6 — "Anony," 1 — E. E. W., 6 — Mary S. Detwiller, 1 — Sadie Scott, 1 — "Kearsarge," 2 — Arthur M. Lumley, 6 — Margaret Buckley, 4 — "Shelter Island Duet," 6 — Sigmund Spaeth, 5 — Calvert and Arthur, 6 — G. G. and Caroline, 7 — E. F. McGarrath and S. D. Pratt, 10 — Anna P. Seamon, 2 — Ada May Burt, 8 — Fred and Ed, 7 — Marguerite Sturdy, 10 — "Florence," 5 — J. E. S. et al., 7 — Clara A. Anthony, 9 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 7 — Frederic G. Foster, 1 — Mary H. and Ernest T. Rossiter, 10 — Florence and Edna, 4 — B. M. W., 8 — Two Little Brothers, 10 — Estelle Feldstein, 8 — Mary B. W. A., 6 — "Three Friends," 6 — Sumner Ford, 2 — E. Everett, Uncle Will, and F., 8 — "Run-Run Tiffy," 5 — J. R. Van Horne, 1 — Jermain Chanler, 1.

RIDDLE.

A WORD of eight letters,—divide it, and see  
How one half takes out,—  
The other shuts out,—  
The whole will a deputy be. E. R. BURNS.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A body of water. 3. Pungent. 4. An eminent German theologian. 5. Warmth. 6. Through. 7. In brethren.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Reynolds. 1. Rainbow. 2. Extinguisher. 3. Yak. 4. Night. 5. Ocean. 6. Lighthouse. 7. Desert. 8. Sunset.—LETTER CHARADE. Atlas.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ripe. 2. Ides. 3. Peep. 4. Espy.

BEHEADINGS. Dandelion. 1. Dread. 2. Avoid. 3. Nice. 4. Danger. 5. Eland. 6. Lash. 7. Ideal. 8. Open. 9. Nether.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. New York.

NINE DIAMONDS. I. 1. O. 2. Vat. 3. Oasis. 4. Tin. 5. S. II. 1. S. 2. Sty. 3. Steel. 4. Yes. 5. L. III. 1. L. 2. Sea. 3. Least. 4. Ass. 5. T. IV. 1. S. 2. Apt. 3. Spoil. 4. Tie. 5. L. V. 1. L. 2. Sit. 3. Light. 4. The. 5. T. VI. 1. T. 2. Sap. 3. Table. 4. Ply. 5. E. VII. 1. L. 2. Fib. 3. Limit. 4. Bit. 5. T. VIII. 1. T. 2. Shy. 3. Three. 4. Yet. 5. E. IX. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Evert. 4. Era. 5. T.

constellation. 3. A worm. 4. A noted American divine. 5. A substance used in making paints. 6. A pronoun. 7. In brethren.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A section of a circumference. 3. A passage. 4. A surname borne by four Scottish divines. 5. Curtails. 6. A being. 7. In brethren.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A sheltered place. 3. A feminine name. 4. A German Orientalist and historian. 5. A famous French inventor and maker of musical instruments. 6. A conjunction. 7. In brethren.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In brethren. 2. A plant. 3. A bird. 4. A British archbishop. 5. Endless ages. 6. Printers' measures. 7. In brethren. M. B. C.

RIDDLE.

(FILL the blanks with abbreviations of the names of States.)

A pretty maid went out one day  
To early —, to — her missal o'er;  
Across a little — she made her way,  
With — flowers strewn, as sweet as fabled —,  
But as she passed a field of waving —  
She met a young —, and cried, " — —  
— you help —? I feel so very —,  
My name is —; take me home to —."  
The mischief 's done; ere — o'clock, I —,  
The youth has lost his heart to that sweet —.

M. E. FLOYD.

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 celebrated American orator.

ROBERT PARKER.

RIDDLE.

(THIS riddle may be answered by two words, spelled differently, but pronounced alike.)

I labor on the land, am driven like a beast;  
I creep along the shore when the wind is in the east.  
While upon the solid earth, man is master then of me,  
But I am master of a man when we get out to sea.

L. E. J.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.

1. I STUDY 1-2-3-4 5-6 my arithmetic 1-2-3-4-5-6 than on any other.

2. The niece of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7, although she was so 1-2-3-4, 5-6-7 more than any one else at dinner.

A BICYCLE PUZZLE.

FRONT WHEEL: From 42 to 43, to elevate; 31 to 43, a building; 32 to 43, a constituent of the air; 33 to 43, an idler; 34 to 43, a tropical fruit; 35 to 43, a herd; 36 to 43, to obliterate; 37 to 43, a crevice; 38 to 43, a stupid person; 39 to 43, to wander; 40 to 43, to declaim; 41 to 43, sound.

Tire of front wheel, 42 to 41, a flower.

REAR WHEEL: From 12 to 22, a metal; 13 to 22, fairies; 14 to 22, byways; 15 to 22, curved shapes; 16 to 22, scents; 17 to 22, a game; 18 to 22, dwellings; 19 to

3. I would not like to have that 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 girl 1-2-3 4-5-6-7 or daughter.

4. When she saw the 1-2-3, 4-5-6 mother said, "Mary would 1-2-3-4-5-6 see a tiger."

5. Alas, for 1-2! 3-4-5 obliges us to give up the 1-2-3-4-5 of our youth.

6. I 1-2-3 4-5 a 1-2-3-4-5 chair.

7. When one of the Amazons performed a great 1-2-3-4, 5-6-7 people gave her a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 cloak.

8. She quitted the 1-2-3-4-5, and called a 1-2-3 4-5 a great hurry.

9. I saw her 1-2-3-4 5-6-7 knife, but I do not know 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 she killed the chicken.

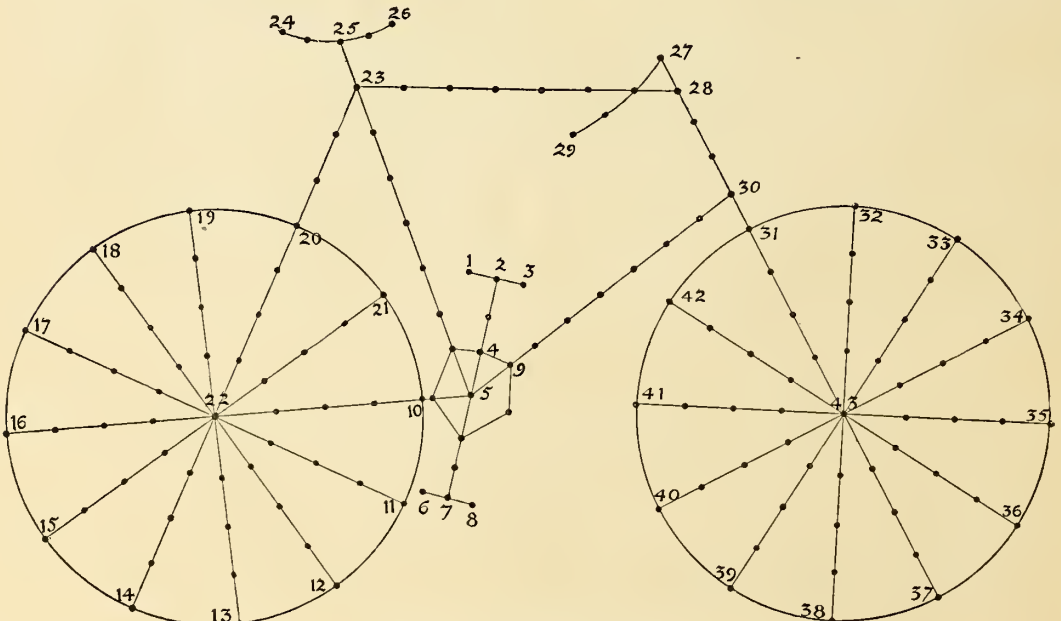
10. Bring me the oil, salt, and 1-2 3-4; I will 1-2-3-4 make a salad.

M. E. F.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. IN sedate. 2. A color. 3. A stream. 4. Broken. 5. Deduced. 6. Revision. 7. Wished. 8. Defied. 9. Guided. 10. In sedate.



CAROLYN WELLS.



Time is  
a small matter  
and a young  
womanhood  
is forever

Time is  
a small matter  
and a young  
womanhood  
is forever

Time is  
a small matter  
and a young  
womanhood  
is forever

The wife  
Nancy never was  
of last  
year's  
and she's  
gone to a  
young  
man

Time is  
a small matter  
and a young  
womanhood  
is forever

The wife  
Nancy never was  
of last  
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man



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 2.

## THE "JUST-SO" STORIES.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



SOME stories are meant to be read quietly and some stories are meant to be told aloud. Some stories are only proper for rainy mornings, and some for long, hot afternoons

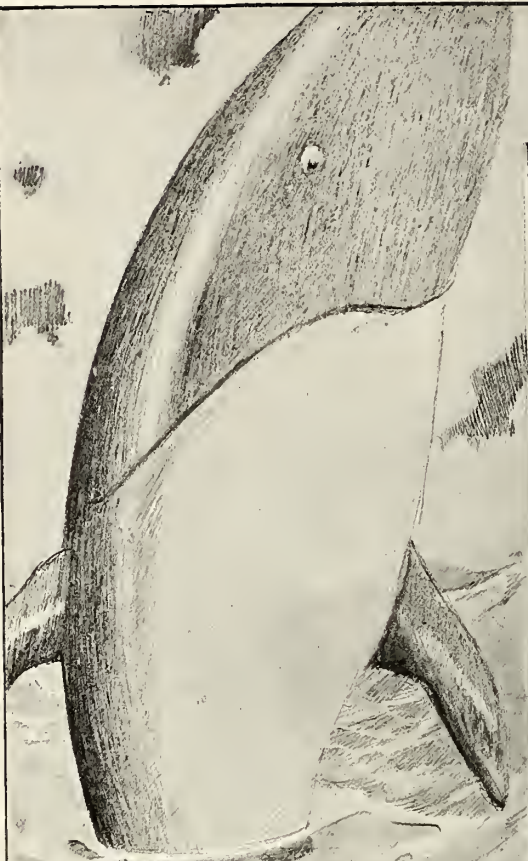
when one is lying in the open, and some stories are bedtime stories. All the Blue Skalalatoot stories are morning tales (I do not know why, but that is what Effie says). All the stories about Orvin Sylvester Woodsey, the left-over New England fairy who did not think it well-seen to fly, and who used patent labour-saving devices instead of charms, are afternoon stories because they were generally told in the shade of the woods. You could alter and change these tales as much as you pleased; but in the evening there were stories meant to put Effie to sleep, and you were not allowed to alter those by one single little word. They had to be told just so; or Effie would wake up and put back

the missing sentence. So at last they came to be like charms, all three of them,—the whale tale, the camel tale, and the rhinoceros tale. Of course little people are not alike, but I think if you catch some Effie rather tired and rather sleepy at the end of the day, and if you begin in a low voice and tell the tales precisely as I have written them down, you will find that that Effie will presently curl up and go to sleep.

Now, this is the first tale, and it tells how the whale got his tiny throat:—

Once upon a time there was a whale, and he lived in the sea and he ate fishes. He ate the starfish and the garfish, and the crab and the dab, and the plaice and the dace, and the skate and his mate, and the mackareel and the pickereel, and the really truly twirly-whirly eel. All the fishes he could find in all the sea he ate with his mouth—So! Till at last there was only one little fish left in all the sea, and he was an astute fish and he swam a little behind the whale's right ear so as to be out of harm's way. Then the whale stood up on his tail and

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said: "I'm hungry." And the little 'stute fish said in a little 'stute voice: "Noble and generous Cetacean, have you ever tried Man?"

"No," said the whale. "What is it like?"

"Nice," said the little 'stute fish. "Nice, but nubby."

"Then fetch me a dozen," said the whale, and he made the sea froth up with his tail.

"One at a time is enough," said the 'stute fish. "If you swim to latitude 41.42, longitude 36.36 (that is magic), you will find sitting *on* a raft, *in* the middle of the sea, with nothing on but a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must *not* forget the suspenders), and a jack-knife, one shipwrecked mariner, who, it is only fair to tell you, is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity."

So the whale swam and swam to latitude 41.42, longitude 36.37, as fast as he could swim; and *on* a raft *in* the middle of the sea, *with* nothing to wear except a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must particularly remember the suspenders)



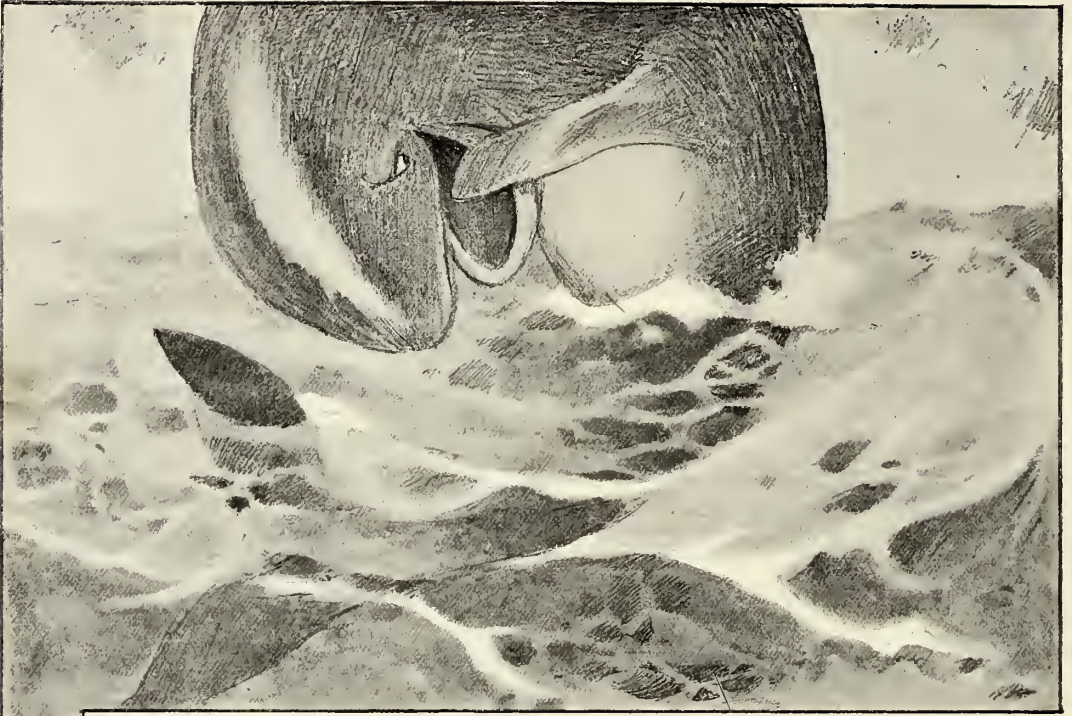
and a jack-knife, he found one single, solitary shipwrecked mariner trailing his toes in the water. (He had his mother's leave to paddle, or else he would never have done it, because he was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.)

Then the whale opened his mouth back and back and back till it nearly touched his tail; and he swallowed the shipwrecked mariner, and the raft he was sitting on, and his blue canvas breeches, and the suspenders (which you *must* not forget), and the jack-knife,— he swallowed them all down into his warm, dark inside cupboards, and then he smacked his lips— so, and turned round three times on his tail.

But as soon as the mariner, who was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, found himself in the whale's warm, dark inside cupboards, he hopped and he jumped and he thumped and he bumped, and he pranced and he danced, and he banged and he clanged, and he leaped and he creped, and he prowled and he howled, and he cried and he sighed, and he crawled



*Chapman*



and he bawled, and he danced hornpipes where he should n't, and the whale felt very unhappy indeed. (*Have* you forgotten the suspenders?)

So he said to the 'stute fish: "This man is truly very nubbly, and besides he is making me hiccough. What shall I do?"

"Tell him to come out," said the 'stute fish. So the whale called down his own throat to the shipwrecked mariner: "Come out and behave yourself. I've got the hiccoughs."

"Nay — nay," said the mariner. "Not so, but far otherwise. Take me to my natal shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and I'll think about it." And he began to dance again.

"You nad better humour him," said the 'stute fish to the whale. "I ought to have warned you that he is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity."

So the whale swam and swam and swam, with both flippers and his tail, as hard as he could for the hiccoughs; and at last he saw the mariner's natal shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and he rushed half-way up the beach, and opened his mouth wide and wide and wide, and said: "Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the *Fitchburg* road"; and just as he said "Fitch" the mariner walked out of his mouth. But while the whale had been swimming, the mariner, who was indeed a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, had taken his jack-knife and cut up the raft into a little square grating all running criss-cross, and he had tied it firm with his sus-



penders (*now* you know why you were not to forget the suspenders), and he dragged that grating good and tight into the whale's throat, and there it stuck. Then he recited the following *Sloka*, which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed to relate :

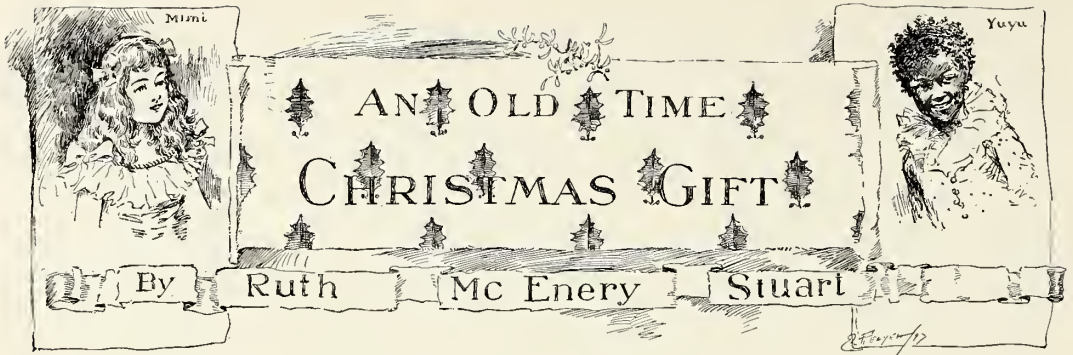
By means of a grating  
I have stopped your ating.

For the mariner he was also an Hi-ber-ni-an. And he stepped out on the shingle, and went home to his mother, who had given him leave to trail his toes in the water; and he married and lived happy ever afterward. So did the whale; but from that day on, the grating in his throat, which he could neither cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating anything except very, very small fish; and that is the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or boys or little girls.

The 'stute fish went and hid himself in the mud under the door-sills of the Equator. He was afraid the whale might be angry with him.

The sailor took the jack-knife home. He was wearing the blue-canvas breeches when he walked out on the shingle. The suspenders were left behind, you see, to tie the grating with; and that is the end of *that* tale.





MIMI was white, and Yuyu was black, and they belonged to each other. Of course these were not their real names: Mimi was christened Euphemia, and Yuyu's name was Julia.

The little girls were the same age, exactly; and on the very day they were born they were presented to each other. Of course the babies knew nothing about it at the time, as they were both asleep; and even if they had been awake, they would not have understood, as they had had no experience in the ways of the great world into which they had just come.

The presentation was a very pretty ceremony, although it was very slight.

It all happened in the old slavery days, on a Louisiana plantation.

When the mistress of the place heard that a little black daughter had come to one of her favorite slaves at the same hour that her own wee babe was laid in her arms, she sent for her husband and whispered something to him, and he smiled delightedly and called the black fellow Tom from the dining-room, and gave an order that sent him grinning out to the quarters. Then, presently, old Granny Milly came trudging into the great house, with a big gray bundle in her arms.

It was Christmas morning, but there were late honeysuckles in bloom and humming-birds at large. Still, it was thought prudent to wrap the new Christmas baby snugly in a soft wool shawl for her first little journey in the world.

Old Granny Milly was so fat that she could hardly walk, but she bore herself proudly as she carried the little slave-baby across the narrow field and through the garden up to the great house.

The "boy" Tom had told everybody he had

met on the way out, and by the time Granny had started there were many spectators at the cabin doors, and a flock of barefoot black children followed her even to the very limit of their range in the campus of the quarters.

It was a fine thing in those days for a slave-born baby to be chosen as maid to a young white mistress, and the old women who stood with their turbaned heads together watching, all agreed that "Sabina's chile" was "sho' born into luck."

When old Milly, short of breath from fat and importance, finally approached the great bed upon which the white mother and pink baby lay, the master of the house bade her place the children side by side, and then he gently opened their tiny right hands, and laying them one within the other, closed them for a moment. Then he lifted the white hand and placed it on the black baby's head. This last was of a double significance, and meant obedience on one side and protection on the other.

The joining hands meant simply that the children were pledged to lifelong friendship, and that they should stand by each other as long as they both should live.

The servants who had tiptoed into the room to see the presentation all declared that while they held hands both babes had smiled in their sleep, and it was considered a good omen.

The ceremony closed with a short thanksgiving and prayer, and the servants standing about the bed and out in the hall all bent their heads while the master asked that Heaven would bless the children to each other.

This was all. And then old Milly proudly took her tiny charge, wrapped again until it

looked like a gray cocoon, back to its mother in the cabin.

The babies did not meet again until the Sunday, a few weeks later, when they were both baptized in the great square parlor. They were to have six years to sleep and play and grow in before they should assume their relations. On every birthday there was a formal visit, when the little Mimi put into the growing

astride her hip, or sending her toddling on before her, as she grew older; and when Sabina would go in to confer with her mistress, she would send Yuyu to the nursery, saying, "Run along an' see yo' little mistus."

Mimi was a tiny child when her mother died — too young to understand. She only knew that every one seemed to suddenly love her more than usual, and that while they told her that beautiful things had happened to her dear mother, they would turn to each other and say, "Is n't it terrible?" Even the servants who brought her presents — birds, squirrels, and flowers from the wood — had a way of looking at her sorrowfully and begging her not to grieve. But after these strange words there was always the gift to divert her — and she was only five.

After that her father was away nearly all the time, traveling for his health, and her grandmother came to live on the plantation.

Her grandmother was tall and very deaf, and to the little child, who scarcely reached her waist, she seemed very remote.

"It seems to me that if I was to get on a step-ladder to talk to grandma, I could n't speak to her easy, because the higher I 'd climb, the taller she 'd get."

This is what she said to Yuyu one day, a short time after her grandmother came; but after a while she felt differently. There were tears in the stately woman's eyes sometimes when she kissed her little grandchild good-night; and when Mimi asked permission to do anything, she would always say, "Certainly." And then she would turn to one of the servants and say, "See that nothing hurts her."

Some weeks after her grandmother had come, Mimi and Yuyu were talking one day, again; and Mimi said: "Oh, yes, she 's jest as tall as ever, but she always says, 'Certain'y.' I 'd a heap rather have a high-up deaf grandma that says, 'Certain'y,' than a soft-lappy one that shook her head 'No' every time — would n't you?"

And Yuyu agreed that she would.

Mimi had never heard the word "deaf" until her grandmother came, and the colored people all pronounced it "deef." This was her



"OLD MILLY PROUDLY TOOK HER TINY CHARGE BACK TO ITS MOTHER IN THE CABIN."

Julia's hands a great bundle, so big and heavy that a strong hand had to support it during its passage.

This contained clothing enough for the coming year — a few new things, and such of milady's dainty cast-offs as the black baby could use.

The children often met in the intervals, naturally, as when Yuyu's mother, Sabina, would come to the house on an errand, bearing Yuyu

first impression, and all her life it seemed to her that "deef" persons were a great deal "deeper" than "deaf" ones. She always suspected that "deaf" folk could hear just a little. But her grandmother was really "deef." She was sure of that, for she afterward remembered how, in those first sad days, the minister used to come and read and pray in her ear-trumpet; and she would never forget the time that Tom had asked her, the first morning at breakfast, how she liked her coffee, and she had raised her trumpet, and Tom, misunderstanding, had poured the coffee into it. She also remembered how, when Tom saw his mistake, her grandmother had quietly told Tom that it did n't matter; and she made up her mind from that moment that her grandmother was a very superior person. This story has been told of some one else, but it really happened to Mimi's grandmother.

Although Yuyu lived with her own "mammy" in the cabin in the quarters, she spent nearly all her days with Mimi now, playing in the barn or the honeysuckle-arbor, or down at the spring in the cow-lot.

It was while the two were sitting together on the top rung of the ladder in the hay-loft, one day, that Yuyu said:

"Five comes after six, don't it, Mimi?"

And Mimi said: "Of course. Who does n't know that?"

And then said Yuyu: "Well, I dunno. We 's five now, an' seem like we ain't been six yit."

"What foolish talk, Yuyu! We 're five now, an' *nex' thing we know*, we 'll be six; an' then —"

But Yuyu interrupted her.

"But I wants to be six *now*. Do it make any diff'ence, you reckon, which comes fust,—five or six,—des so we gits 'em all in?"

"Why, of course, Yuyu. It would be cheatin'. What makes you ask such funny questions?"

"I was des a-studyin' dat ef it did n't make no diff'ence, we could git ole a heap quicker by one, two, three, fo', six, five; an' den I could come over to sleep *right away*. Ef I could be six tell I moves over, I would n't mind bein' five nex' year."

"Neither would I," said Mimi. "We could get even on seven, maybe; but it seems to me, Yuyu, that six an' five would always be cheatin'-spots. I tell you what le' 's do. Le' 's ask Grandma. Le' 's just ask her to let us start belongin' at five. It 'll be a heap honest; an' I 'm 'most sure she 'll say, 'Certain'y.'"

Just what the grandmother said is not recorded, but it probably was "Certainly"; for Yuyu was moved over, bag and baggage, the following week, and was regularly installed as maid to her little mistress, when they were both about a quarter to six.

Of course there was a grown servant to look after both children at first; but Mimi's grandmother had her own ideas of the fitness of things, and she thought it best that Yuyu should have some slight practice in serving from the beginning.

It seems an easy thing to simply stand behind a little lady's chair at table, to pick up her napkin when she dropped it, and not to pay any attention to the conversation; but really it was months before the mirthful Yuyu could do this last; and during the time of the great house-party, when all Mimi's city cousins came to enjoy the sugar-grinding season, there were many times when, at a funny story, Yuyu would snicker so loud and so contagiously that both she and Mimi would have to leave the dining-room in disgrace. But presently the two children would come back together,—little mistress and little maid,—quite restored to order. Yuyu would dutifully help Mimi back into her seat, push her into place, and quietly folding her slim brown hands on the back of her chair, bite both lips until they were quite out of sight, and look at the ceiling.

They were happy children, and there was scarcely an experience in their young lives in which both had not had a share. Indeed, Yuyu declared that she distinctly "ricollected" the day they had first met, although, as we have seen, she was asleep on that memorable occasion.

But Yuyu was not to be embarrassed by a little thing like that. Did n't people often remember what happened in their sleep?

"Cert'n'y I ricollec's, des as well as ef it was 'istiddy, when ole Granny Milly fotched





"TO STAND BEHIND A LITTLE LADY'S CHAIR AT TABLE."

me over to my little mistus, all wropped up in a big shawl. I did n't let on, des 'ca'ze I was too busy talkin' to a' angel." So she loved to tell the story.

Yuyu's grandmother had told her that when babies smiled in their sleep it was because they were talking to the angels, and she easily imagined that the story she had heard was a memory. It even pleased her inventive fancy, sometimes, to describe the angel who was supposed to have talked with her on that great day.

"He was a beauteous white-feathered angel wid a full-moon light behin' his head, an' a gol' harp in his han'," she would say to the plantation children, who loved to listen.

And sometimes they would question her, as when one asked:

"An' what did a little tar-baby like you have to say to a angel?"

The speaker was herself black, and so there was no discourtesy in this hint of her color.

"I did n't say much. I was born wid manners, I was. But I des said, 'Glory! Glory! Glory!'—three times. But we did n't talk wid our moufs—him an' me. We des spoke in sperit language—wid soul-speech."

"An' what make you say 'Glory!?'?" asked her hearers—two at once.

"I reckon you'd say 'Glory!' too, ef a shiny-headed angel was to drop down out o' heaven to hol' speech wid you. I say 'Glory!' des 'ca'ze my soul was satisfied—dat what."

At this all the children laughed.

"Des lis'n at Yuyu—how she run on!" said one. "What make yo' soul satisfied, Yuyu?"

"My soul was satisfied 'ca'ze I was sent to my little mistus—dat what make my soul satisfied." And then she added: "An' Mimi she said, 'Glory!' too. I heerd her. We was bofe tickled in de sperit to b'long to one 'n'er,—was n't we, Mimi?"

And truthful Mimi answered: "I am sure I must have been, if I knew it; but I don't remember."

To which Yuyu replied: "Well, it's good I ricollec', less 'n we'd bofe forgot."

"What was de color o' yo' angel, Yuyu?" asked a mischievous black fellow; and at this Yuyu raised herself loftily as she answered:

"He was *white*—dat what. He was des as

white as Mimi; and f'om de way dey favors, I 'spec' dey twins—dat is, ef dey *got* any twin angels."

Now, as such experiences in baby-life are not common, it is very easy to think of the little Yuyu as a terrible fib-teller; but this is n't quite fair. The writer of this story of the two maids knows a very intelligent woman, who has knowledge of many books and countries, who cannot, for the life of her, be quite sure whether some of the funny incidents of her childhood happened to her or to her older sister, they have so often been told and laughed over, with long intervals of silence between; and if this be true of an intelligent "grown-up," may we not believe that the little slave-child Yuyu, who had from her babyhood sat, night after night, with her old grandmother in the moonlight, and listened to her wonder-tales of imps and goblins, could easily have mistaken an impression for a memory?

This old grandmother had herself come from Africa, and she was full of uncanny beliefs, as well as some that were poetic and beautiful. Yuyu had owned, ever since she could remember, a curiously shaped fish-bone which she had tied around her neck, and a rabbit's foot in her pocket to keep off witches, or "hinnies," as her grandmother sometimes called them. The old woman was very wrinkled and thin, and her shriveled black face was surmounted by a thick mop of snowy wool that gleamed in the moonlight like a halo, beneath which her deep-set eyes shone like living coals. She could not read from books, but she declared that with her "in'ard eye o' faith" she could read prophecies without a book, just from her open hands; and sometimes, when the plantation was still, her cracked voice would float up to the great house from the wood-pile where she sat "prophesying," and it had a mournful sound.

With such an influence in her life, is it strange that, from the time she could remember, Yuyu had been afraid of the dark? Was it strange that when she would forget to notice the sun and stay too late at the quarters, rather than follow the foot-path through the narrow pine-wood she would dart across the potato-field and enter by way of a chicken-hole cut in the back-yard fence? She always dreaded to get

down on her stomach and draw herself through this little arch. It filled her with terror lest something should attack her either from behind or before, when she was half through; and so she always kicked and shouted aloud during the passage, and Mimi, hearing her cries, would say: "Listen to Yuyu comin' through the chicken-hole!" She would give an answering shout, and often reach her in time to help pull her through. There was a certain great red rooster in the poultry-yard that Yuyu always feared would peck at her eyes; but even more than the red rooster she dreaded the hiss of the great white goose. Her grandmother held the goose to be sacred, as the people of India do the peacock; and Yuyu always suspected that this pink-eyed, waddling fellow knew things he could tell if he would. If he should discover her half through the chicken-hole, he might rush up and begin to hiss and to prophesy right in her face, and she would have to listen. Is n't it strange how people stand in awe of superior wisdom? It is so the world over—even when wisdom is supposed to exist

thing was friendly and fragrant, and where nothing frightful ever came excepting her own foolish fears.

When the children were nine years old—somehow no one seemed to think of it before—it was decided that it was high time they should be learning something serious. This meant a governess for Mimi, and for Yuyu it meant mornings spent in the sewing-room, with a needle in her restless hand and long seam pinned to her knee. This was in the old days of long study-hours and short stitches, and the little girls got very tired sometimes. Still they had their afternoons to play together; and at night, when Miss Fay, the governess, would be sitting in the library, reading into the grandmother's ear-trumpet, Mimi would play governess and make Yuyu recite all the morning's lessons to her. Then Yuyu would be teacher, and Mimi would recite. And after a while these exercises really grew very interesting. For instance, Mimi would close her books and repeat as nearly as she could one of Miss Fay's

talks on any subject—on superstitions, for instance. She would say emphatically that they were *not true*; that only ignorant people believed in them; that there were no such things as "platties," or "ha'nts," or "hinnies"; that white geese could not prophesy; that rabbits' feet could not protect; that faith in a loving God was the only faith worthy of his children. Then she would ask Yuyu to repeat it all, word for word, and for a while Yuyu was afraid to do it.

"I'm 'feard dat ef I deny de ha'nts, dey 'll ha'nt me," she would say.

It was a long time before she could give up all this foolish superstition and stop wearing her rabbit's foot and magic fish-bone; but on the day that Mimi gave her a little Testament with her own



"EVEN MORE THAN THE RED ROOSTER SHE DREADED THE HISS OF THE GREAT WHITE GOOSE."

name in it, of her own accord she put these silly things away.

in the person of a goose. Ordinarily, one has not much respect for the goose, simply because he is not considered wise.

This way of getting home was attended with difficulties; but it was not so terrible as braving the unknown dangers of the lonely wood—a really sweet, pine-scented wood, where every-

Of course both children had their faults and their small vanities, and some of them are rather funny, as we look back at them.

Mimi's long flaxen hair was very straight, and she longed for curls; Yuyu's was hope-

Mimi's long flaxen hair was very straight, and she longed for curls; Yuyu's was hope-

lessly curly, and the desire of her heart was to get it straight! And so, at bedtime, Mimi would sit on a low stool while Yuyu put the long yellow strands in curl-papers, and then the little maids would change places. Yuyu would take the low seat, and Mimi would divide her kinky hair into sections, rub each lock with a bit of tallow candle, and wrap it round and round with strips of calico until not a kink of the entire mop was allowed to have its wilful way. When it was done, Yuyu would declare that it was all she could do to shut her eyes; and, indeed, her eyebrows did look pretty high, and she appeared very wide-awake. After this, both children would kneel and say their prayers, and Mimi, being mistress, would get first into her own little bed, while Yuyu tucked her in. And then Yuyu would say, "Good-night, little mistus." Or, perhaps, she would linger a while, and they would talk a little, as when, one night, Mimi said: "Yuyu, I been a-thinkin' that maybe it 's a sin for you and me to put our hair up this way."

"Which way?" asked the alert Yuyu. "Does you mean dat curls is a sin — or straightness?"

"I was just a-thinkin' about the *vainness*, Yuyu. Maybe God intended curls for you and straightness for me."

"Law, honey, Gord don't care — des so we do our juty an' don't tell lies."

"An' keep the Sabbath holy — eh, Yuyu? Well, good-night, then. My head feels awful bumpy, though, whether God cares or not." And Mimi yawned.

"Mine ain't got no feelin's *to* it,—no mo' 'n my foots when dey goes to sleep,—but I likes de way it feels when it ain't got no feelin', 'ca'ze I knows it 's a-stretchin'. Good-night. Sleep tight."

And by this time, unless Mimi were too far gone, she would answer: "Don't let the mosquitos bite."

And in about two minutes they would both be sound asleep.

When the war came, in 1861, the little girls were twelve years old. Of course the news made a stir in the place, but not more than other dangers that had threatened it in years

past; certainly no more than the annual overflow of the river, which flooded all the surrounding lowlands, and turned the plantation into an island. It could not be worse than the yellow fever that had come quite to its gates, or the cotton-worm that had traveled in an army across the country, sparing only beautiful Ridgewood — stately Ridgewood, that seemed to rise on its flowery knoll overlooking the river, and to defy all unworthy visitors to approach. If the mighty river or the fever or the army-worm could not come in, surely war would knock in vain for admittance!

It seemed, indeed, for a time that it was really to be so. It is true that Mimi's father had hurried home at the first gun, and had enlisted as a soldier. But he had often come for short visits before — come only, as now, to go again. What matter if he did this time march away at the head of a company, or that they all kept step as they marched to the beating of a drum? The plantation hands had more than once been marshaled out, two by two, armed with pickaxes and lanterns, or heavy sacks of strange-smelling powders, to reinforce the river-banks or to fight the worm. A "shot-gun quarantine" had kept out the fever.

Of course the war would not be let in!

From twelve to thirteen — to fourteen — to fifteen; from play to play-work — to real work; from pinafores to short frocks — to long skirts, — how easily do the children pass from one to the other, with only birthdays to mark the boundaries!

When our two little heroines were fifteen, the war seemed to them not yet really come. It was outside, and fighting to get in; and in the interval since it had begun several other enemies had been whipped out. But they were short-lived, these others,—the river, the worm, the fever; and if only held at bay until their mortal enemy, a freeze, should arrive, they must all succumb. But the war! The war was different. It could go on — and on — and on, reckless of wind or weather. And so, after a while, it seemed that war — that is, war-on-the-outside — was the natural thing. It had gotten to be the way for things to happen; it was the way for troubles to come. Instead of

losing fathers and uncles through sickness,—in bed, with medicine and doctors,—when there was war one lost them through NEWS. There were no funerals, even. Just NEWS. NEWS of

gate, Yuyu would run into Mimi's room and say in a mysterious stage-whisper :

"News, Missy!"

That was all; but it was enough.



Mimi would drop her book or pen, or her music, and hasten to her grandmother; and presently she would come back looking sad and pale. And sometimes the news that had come was to be kept secret, and Mimi would tell it to Yuyu in whispers. And Yuyu never told. She was an honest little maid, and worthy of her trust.

But one day, when news had come,—important news on horseback,—Mimi came out of the library with a new look in her face. She was smiling. Yuyu was waiting at the door for her, and when she saw her face she smiled too.

"Dey was n't no news dis time, was dey, Missy?" she said lightly. It never occurred to her that there might be good news.

"Yes, Yuyu, news — 'bad news,' the man called it; but it is such good news, too. It is *peace*, Yuyu!"

Yuyu's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, Yuyu, peace — and freedom!"

At this last word, Mimi noticed it, and it reminded her of something that startled her. Yuyu would be free! This must be great news to her. Mimi's voice was very low when she spoke again.

"Yes, freedom, Yuyu," she repeated.

Mimi's father's death; NEWS of the great battle that took her Uncle Alfred and her three cousins. NEWS. How the children grew to hate the word!—for so long it had meant only sorrow.

Many a time, seeing a stranger ride into the

"THE FULL MOON, RISING OVER THE PINES, SHONE IN THE DOORWAY, COVERING THE GIRLS WITH ITS SHAFT OF WHITE LIGHT." (SEE PAGE 102.)

"Freedom? How you mean, Missy?" Yuyu's voice was actually trembling.

"I mean that grandma says—that the man said—that all the letters said that all the colored people are free. But we must n't speak of it—not to-night. Grandma is feeling too weak this evening; but in the morning she is going down to the quarters, and the overseer is going to ring the bell to call the hands, and then grandmother is going to tell them herself. Are you glad, Yuyu?"

"Who? Me? I ain't gwine be free from *you*, Missy, is I?" she faltered.

Mimi could hardly answer, but she had a very high idea of the dignity of self-control: she had seen her grandmother bear everything in silence. And so she said:

"Yes, Yuyu,—from me—certainly. You are as free as I am now."

At this Yuyu sank upon the floor, dropped her head upon her lap, and began to sob.

Mimi was crying, too, by this time; but she kept still. Yuyu was first to speak again.

"An' you mean to say dat we don't n'er one of us b'long no mo'?" she wailed.

Mimi sat down flat on the floor beside her, and put her arm around her waist, but she did not speak for some time.

Then she said tenderly:

"If we are free, Yuyu, we can do as we please. And you are *free*—free, Yuyu! It is a great thing to be free. Grandma says it is."

"Ef a pusson *haf to be free*, whe'r or no, I don't call dat freedom. I calls dat cheatin'. I calls it freedom ef a pusson is free to *be* free ef dey *want* to be free! I like to know who sesso dat you an' me is free, anyhow?"

"It has been decided—by the war; it is the law now."

Yuyu sat in thought quite a long time. And then she said, sniffing still: "Seem to me dat ain't got nothin' to do wid *us*. I done heerd my gran'mammy talk, and she say dat freedom is for all dese heah bought-an'-sold niggers. But it ain't got nothin' to do wid Christmas gif's. I ain't never is *been* bought. Marster gimme to you, *de day I come*, for a Christmas gif', an' he ain't here to take me back!"

It was growing dark, and the full moon, rising over the pines, shone in the doorway, covering

the girls with its shaft of white light. They sat there a long time. Yuyu's sobbing grew less and less, until it ceased altogether; but Mimi's arm was still around her when she said:

"I tell you what I think, Yuyu. I think we 'd better consider it for a while. You are free to belong, you know, if we want to; and I want to—if you do."

"Well, ef *I* wants to, an' *you* wants to, I don't see no use considerin'. You know you can't git along widout me, Missy,—de way you forgits to pick up yo' frocks—an' yo' hair so straight an' obstropulous—an'—an'—an' heap o' times *I needs you*, too. Many a time I don't b'lieve I 'd o' ever lived to git th'ough de chicken-hole 'cep'n' for you a-pullin' me th'ough."

At this both girls got to laughing. It was a good thing for them, for it relieved the situation.

"Well, Yuyu, shall we say to-night—*now*—that we are going to keep on belonging, freedom or no freedom?"

"Of co'se, Missy. Dat 's des what I been a-tellin' you. Now you take a-holt o' my hand."

Mimi laid her white hand in Yuyu's black one.

"Dat 's it," said Yuyu. "Dis means dat we gwine stan' up for one n'er, des like marster said de fust time."

"As long as we live?" Mimi added.

"Yas, o' co'se, as long as we live," Yuyu repeated.

And then she added: "Now lay yo' han' on my head." She lowered her head as she spoke, but Mimi hesitated.

"Are you sure you want that part, Yuyu? You remember what it meant?"

"Co'se, I ricollec'. I ain't no half-way gal. It mean dat I 's yo' little nigger, an' you 's my little mistus—dat what it mean. *Lay it on.*"

Laughingly, but with a sob in her throat, Mimi laid her hand upon Yuyu's head.

"And it means, for my part, Yuyu, that I am going to try to be a better little mistress than I 've been; and—"

Yuyu laughed. "An' ef I gits ketched in trouble, you gwine pull me out ag'in—eh, Missy?"

"Yes, I 'll always pull you out if I can.

Just look at the moonlight, Yuyu. How bright it is! Why, it 's all over us!"

"I been lookin' at it — an' it 's a good sign. It 's a sign dat —"

"Never you mind about signs. It 's a sign that the moon is full — that 's all. But listen, Yuyu. Was n't that Mammy Mano's voice just now?"

"Yas, I 'spec' it was, 'ca'ze she done give out for all hands to come over to de wood-pile to-night. She say she got a big prophecy to read out 'er hand to-night. Yas, dat 's her a-readin' now."

"Would n't it be funny if she were to prophesy freedom, Yuyu?"

"Yas, to all but us. Come, le' 's go up an' listen."

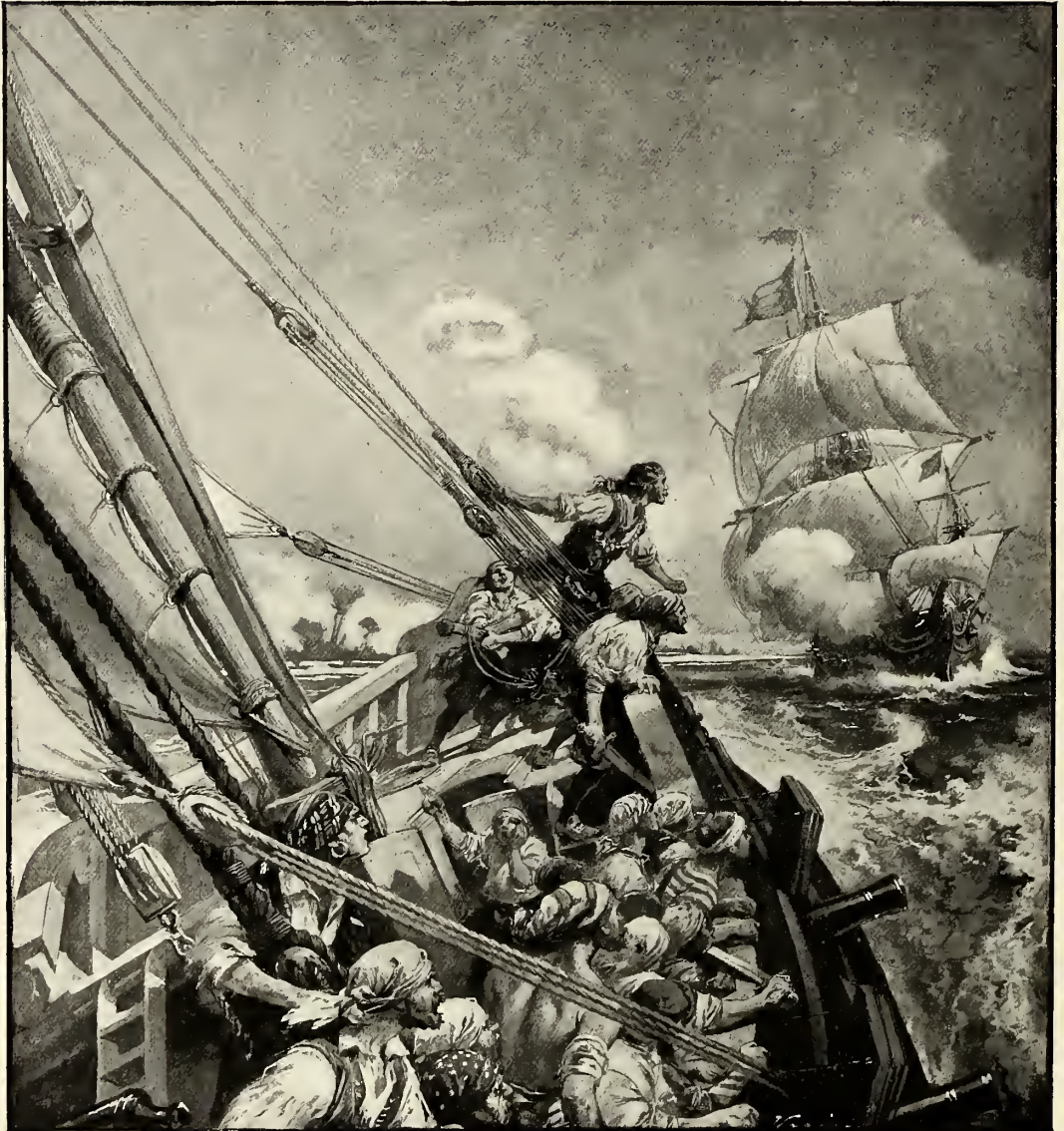
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More than thirty years have passed since the two little maids sat together in the moonlight, and agreed that even if all the world were free, they would always belong to each other; and although they are both grandmothers now, they say that they belong to each other yet. And so they do, in all the sweetest ways that "belonging" means. For many years they have lived in a big Southern city, — not in the same house, but near enough to be together on all important occasions of joy or of sorrow. Whenever there is a wedding in the family, "Aunt Yuyu," as she is called, sits bravely in line with her "white folks" in the reserved pew; but she is never so happy and important as at a christening when she carries the babies up the aisle in her arms.



# THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



“THEY SET ALL SAIL, AND THERE WAS A FINE SEA CHASE.”

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER V.

### THE STORY OF A PEARL-PIRATE.

THE ordinary story of the pirate, or the wicked man in general, no matter how success-

ful he may have been in his criminal career, nearly always ends disastrously, and in that way points a moral which doubtless has a good effect on a large class of people who would be very glad to do wrong, provided no harm was likely to come to them in consequence. But



the story of Peter the Great, which we have just told, contains no such moral. In fact, its influence upon the adventures of that period was most unwholesome.

When the wonderful success of Peter the Great became known, the buccaneering community at Tortuga was wildly excited. Every bushy-bearded fellow who could get possession of a small boat and induce a score of other bushy-bearded fellows to follow him, wanted to start out and capture a rich Spanish galleon, as the great ships, used alike for war and commerce, were then called.

But not only were the French and English sailors and traders who had become buccaneers excited and stimulated by the remarkable good fortune of their companion, but many people of adventurous mind, who had never thought of leaving England for purposes of piracy, now became firmly convinced that there was no business which promised better than that of a buccaneer; and some of them crossed the ocean for the express purpose of getting rich by capturing Spanish vessels homeward bound.

As there were not enough suitable vessels in Tortuga for the demands of the recently stimulated industry, the buccaneer settlers went to other parts of the West Indies to obtain suitable craft; and it is related that in about a month after the great victory of Peter the Great, two large Spanish vessels, loaded with silver bullion, and two other heavily laden merchantmen, were brought into Tortuga by the buccaneers.

One of the adventurers who set out about this time on a cruise after gold-laden vessels was a Frenchman who was known to his countrymen as Pierre François, and to the English as Peter Francis. He was a good sailor, and ready for any sort of a sea-fight; but for a long time he cruised about without seeing anything which it was worth while to attempt to capture. At last, when his provisions began to give out and his men to become somewhat discontented, Pierre made up his mind that rather than return to Tortuga empty-handed, he would make a bold and novel stroke for fortune.

At the mouth of one of the large rivers of the mainland the Spaniards had established a pearl-fishery; for there was no kind of wealth or treasure, on the land, underground, or at the

bottom of the sea, that the Spaniards did not get if it were possible.

Every year, at the proper season, a dozen or more vessels came to this pearl-bank, attended by a man-of-war to protect them from molestation. Pierre knew all about this; and as he could not find any Spanish merchantmen to rob, he thought he would go down and see what he could do with the pearl-fishers. This was something the buccaneers had not yet attempted, but no one knows what he can do until he tries, and it was very necessary that this buccaneer captain should try something immediately.

When he reached the coast near the mouth of the river, he took the masts out of his little vessel, and rowed quietly toward the pearl-fishing fleet, as if he had intended to join them on some entirely peaceable errand; and, in fact, there was no reason whatever why the Spaniards should suppose that a boat full of buccaneers should be rowing along that part of the coast.

The pearl-fishing vessels were all at anchor, and the people on board were quietly attending to their business. Out at sea, some distance from the mouth of the river, the man-of-war was lying becalmed. The native divers who went down to the bottom of the sea to bring up the shell-fish which contained the pearls, plunged into the water, and came up wet and shining in the sun, with no fear whatever of any sharks which might be swimming about in search of a dinner; and the people on the vessels opened the oysters and carefully searched for pearls, feeling as safe from harm as if they were picking olives in their native groves.

But something worse than a shark was quietly making its way over those tranquil waters, and no banditti who ever descended from Spanish mountains upon the quiet peasants of a village equaled in ferocity the savage fellows who were crouching in the little boat belonging to Pierre of Tortuga.

This innocent-looking craft, which the pearl-fishers probably thought was loaded with fruit or vegetables that somebody from the mainland desired to sell, was permitted, without being challenged or interfered with, to row up alongside the largest vessel of the fleet, on

which there were some armed men and a few cannon.

As soon as Pierre's boat touched the Spanish vessel, the buccaneers sprang on board with their pistols and cutlasses, and a savage fight began. The Spaniards were surprised; but there were a great many more of them than there were pirates, and they fought hard. However, the man who makes the attack, and who is at the same time desperate and hungry, has a great advantage, and it was not long before the buccaneers were masters of the vessel. Those of the Spaniards who were not killed were forced into the service of their captors, and Pierre found himself in command of a very good vessel.

Now, it so happened that the man-of-war was so far away that she knew nothing of this fight on board one of the fleet which she was there to watch; and if she had known of it, she would not have been able to give any assistance, for there was no wind by which she could sail to the mouth of the river. Therefore, so far as she was concerned, Pierre considered himself safe.

But although he had captured a Spanish ship, he was not so foolish as to haul down her flag and run up his own in its place. He had had very good success so far, but he was not satisfied. It was quite probable that there was a rich store of pearls on board the vessel he had taken; but on the other vessels of the fleet there were many more pearls, and these he wanted if he could get them. In fact, he conceived the grand idea of capturing the whole fleet!

But it would be impossible for Pierre to attempt anything on such a magnificent scale until he had first disposed of the man-of-war; and as he had now a good, strong ship, with a much larger crew than that with which he had set out,—for the Spanish prisoners would be obliged to man the guns and help him in every way to fight their countrymen,—Pierre determined to attack the man-of-war.

A land wind began to blow, which enabled him to make very fair headway out to sea. The Spanish colors were flying from his topmast, and he hoped to be able, without being suspected of any evil designs, to get so near to

the man-of-war that he might run alongside and boldly board her.

But something now happened which Pierre could not have expected. When the commander of the war-vessel perceived that one of the fleet under his charge was leaving her companions and putting out to sea, he could imagine no reason for such extraordinary conduct except that she was taking advantage of the fact that the wind had not yet reached his vessel, and was trying to run away with the pearls she had on board. From these ready suspicions we may imagine that, at that time, the robbers who robbed robbers were not all buccaneers.

Soon after the Spanish captain perceived that one of his fleet was making its way out of the river, the wind reached his vessel, and he immediately set all sail and started in pursuit of the rascals whom he supposed to be his dishonest countrymen.

The breeze freshened rapidly; and when Pierre and his men saw that the man-of-war was coming toward them at a good rate of speed, showing plainly that she had suspicions of them, they gave up all hope of running alongside of her and boarding her, and concluded that the best thing they could do would be to give up their plan of capturing the pearl-fishing fleet, and to get away with the ship they had taken, and whatever it had on board. So they set all sail, and there was a fine sea chase.

The now frightened buccaneers were too anxious to get away. They not only put on all the sail which the vessel could carry, but they put on more. The wind blew harder, and suddenly down came the mainmast with a crash. This stopped the chase, and the next act in the performance would have to be a sea-fight. Pierre and his buccaneers were good at that sort of thing, and when the man-of-war came up there was a terrible time on board those two vessels. But the Spaniards were the stronger, and the buccaneers were defeated.

There must have been something in the daring courage of this Frenchman and his little band of followers which gave him favor in the eyes of the Spanish captain; for there was no other reason for the good treatment which the buccaneers received.

They were not put to the sword, nor thrown overboard, nor sent on shore and made to work as slaves—three very common methods of treating prisoners in those days; but they were all set free, and put on land so that they might go where they pleased!

This unfortunate result of the bold enterprise undertaken by Pierre François was deeply deplored, not only at Tortuga, but in England and in France. If this bold buccaneer had captured the pearl-fleet, it would have been a victory that would have made a hero of him

on both sides of the Atlantic; but had he even been able to get away with the one vessel he had seized, he would have been a rich man, and might have retired to a life of ease and affluence. The vessel he had captured proved to be one of the richest-laden of the whole fleet; and not only in the hearts of Pierre and his men, but among his sympathizers in Europe and America, there was great disappointment at the loss of that mainmast, which until it cracked was carrying him forward to fame and fortune.

(To be continued.)



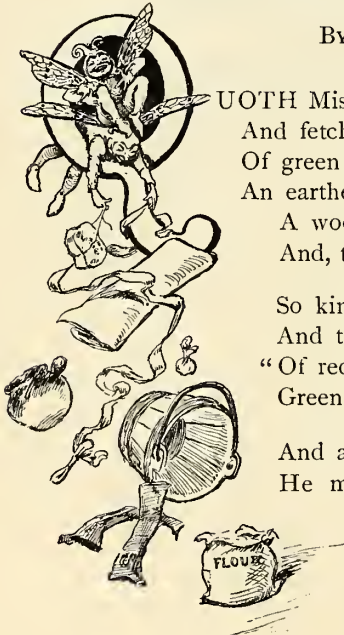
### A Needless Apprehension.

A shipwrecked Spoonbill always has a shock  
When he sees a Wigbird wading towards his rock.

# The Enviably of Errand Master Merrivein



BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.



BOTH Mistress Merrivein, one morn, "Go! Get ye forth right early,  
 And fetch a pound o' tea from out the market-place o' Durley;  
 Of green alpaca buy a yard, red ribbon for my muff,  
 An earthen crock, a skein of yarn, ha'penny worth o' snuff,  
 A wooden pail, a pair of mitts, and flour from the mill, sir;  
 And, that you may return full soon, go round by Hyburn Hill, sir."

So kindly Master Merrivein, he hied him forth right early;  
 And this is what he told himself upon the road to Durley:  
 "Of red alpaca buy a pound, a pail of tea, a muff;  
 Green mitts, a skein of flour, and a half a yard of snuff!"

And as he went down Hyburn Hill, a-whistling blithe and cheery,  
 He met the market-woman, who came out from County Kerry,  
 With basket balanced on her head, and panniers at her  
 side,

She bobbed to Master Merrivein; and this was what  
 she cried:

“Arrah, now, pretty gintleman! Coom,  
sthop awhile an’ buy!  
I ’ve spectacles to match the rogue  
a-twinklin’ in yer eye!  
Wid neckerchiefs an’ finger-rings — most  
beauchiful they ’re shinin’!  
To suit ye dacintly an’ grand, I ’ll  
ststraightway be divinin’.”

But Master Merrivein, the wise,  
he sagely shook his head,  
And to the market-woman these  
mysterious words he said:  
“Of red alpaca buy a pound;  
a yard of mitts and muff;  
Green flour in a wooden crock,  
and half a skein of snuff—”

“Begone!” that market-woman  
cried; “the likes of ye  
should know  
A dacint market-woman ’ll not be  
tr’ated so!”

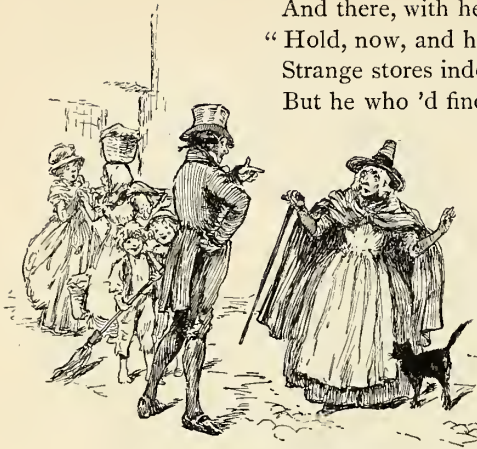


Down Hyburn Hill she followed him,  
with hard and furious pace,

Till nigh the hurrying through outside  
the Durley market-place.



And there, with her black cat, was Meg, the Witch o' Durley Green.  
 "Hold, now, and hearken, sir," cried she; "your fortune I have seen!  
 Strange stores indeed of gold and gear this day are waiting you;  
 But he who 'd find aright must buy my magic snake-tooth brew!"



But Master Merrivein the wise, he  
 sagely shook his head,  
 And to the Witch o' Durley Green these  
 mystic words he said:  
 "Of red alpaca buy a skein—a crock of  
 muffs and things;  
 Green spectacles, a pail of snuff, a pound  
 of finger-rings—"

"Hoots! Toots!" the Witch o' Durley cried,  
 'mid shouts and gibes and laughter,

As with her stick upraised in air she angrily sped after.  
 While Jake the Pieman, ran before, a-calling "Cake or tart, sir?"  
 And Moll, the gypsy, ran beside, a-crying, "Make you smart, sir,



“With laces, ribbons, yellow beads, and little looking-glasses!  
An’ you ’ll be finer than the lads, an’ fairer than the lasses!”  
But with his hands upon his ears good Merrivein, he sped,  
While they followed, in amazement at the queer words that he said.

“Of red alpaca buy a crock, a pail of rings, green muff;  
A half a pound of spectacles, a yard of snake-tooth snuff”—  
Oh, then he fled beyond their shouts, that nobody might  
find him;  
But buxom Bess, the squire’s maid, went running on  
behind him.



And Polly from the Ferrier’s, and Peggy from the hillside,  
And little Norah of Dunlea, and Nelly of the millside;  
And so they ran, and oh, they ran! a-joining hands together,  
Twixt Durley Hill and Durley Green, all in the windy weather.  
And there,—good Master Merrivein!—upon a stone they found him;  
And oh, they glanced, and oh, they pranced, and oh, they danced  
around him!

And Polly showed a crimson shoe,  
And Norah’s saucy eyes were blue,  
And Bess she wore a kerchief red, and Peggy had a yellow head,  
And Nelly like a lark did sing, as round they whirled them in a ring.



But through the song and laughter, and  
the tripping dance so gay,  
They heard good Master Merrivein's dis-  
jointed utterance say:

"'T was red alpaca in a pail . . . a pound of looking-glasses . . .  
Blue muffs and things . . . red finger-rings for little dancing-lasses . . .  
A skein of yellow beads and lace . . . a yard of snake-tooth tea . . ."  
Alack, poor Master Merrivein, in sorry plight was he!

Then mad they danced up Durley Hill, a-fitting back together  
Like butterflies, all in the glad and golden Durley weather.

But what good Master Merrivein fetched home that morning early —  
*Go ask of Mistress Merrivein, on t' other side of Durley!*





# COUSIN JANE'S MISTAKE



(A Christmas Story.)

COUSIN JANE was an elderly lady who had never married, and who had outlived all her near relatives. A few cousins, some young and some old, some poor and some well-to-do, were all her kinsfolk; and having more money than she chose to spend for herself, she was generous to these cousins on birthdays and holidays.

One Christmas-time she was putting up a number of parcels to be sent by express to a number of people. Through an interruption, which caused some confusion in her arrangements and some hurry in their completion, two of the packages were misdirected; the one intended for a certain Miss Martha Redfield being carefully addressed to Miss Mary Rutherford, while Mary's parcel was as plainly marked with Martha's name. In her haste, and in the darkness of the waning afternoon, cousin Jane had also, quite unconsciously, exchanged her presentation cards, so that the message meant for Martha went into the box meant for Mary; and *vice versa*.

In due time each parcel was delivered according to its direction, if not according to intention; and when Martha Redfield, a bright-eyed girl of fifteen, opened hers, she beheld a charming box decorated with painted flowers and bows of satin ribbon.

"A box of candy!" she exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

"Is that all?" asked her mother, in a tone of disappointment. "Well, dear," she added more cheerfully, "you don't often have a present of candy. It will be a treat for you."

"Of course it will," said Martha.

Still, in each face was a wondering and unsatisfied expression.

"I don't know what I expected," Martha remarked presently, with a half-laugh. "And Cousin Jane is so good to us that I ought to be pleased with *anything* she sends. But — somehow —"

"It seems as if, when she was spending so much as this thing must have cost," added Mrs. Redfield, "she might better have sent you something useful."

"Well, I don't know."

Martha turned about, with a sudden change of tone :

"I 'm not sure but I like this better, after all. Cousin Jane always has sent useful things, because she knew we needed them. But just for once to be treated as if she *didn't* know we needed them! — as if we had as good a right to eat real good candy as her *rich* cousins — eh, mother?"

"If you look at it that way —! But a beaver muff would keep your hands warmer."

"Never mind! We 've got the candy, and I 'm going to sample it right away. Which will you have — buttercups or violets? Here 's all kinds," cried Martha, defying her plurals recklessly. "Nut-caramels — heavenly! And nougats, and fig-paste — real lumps of delight! Help yourself, mother! It 's no use denying that a box of candy is exciting," she rattled on. "Did I ever have one before? Oh, what is this, I wonder?" as she spied a tiny box wedged between two candied apricots. "What do you think it is, mother? 'Something nice for Betsy Price'? But somehow," — her eyes shining with a new excitement, — "it does n't look — exactly — like a sugar-plum."

"It looks much more like a ring," said Mrs. Redfield.

"And so it is. Why, *mother!*"

Martha's eyes grew round as moons, for the lid of the little satin-lined case had sprung open and a lovely single pearl, set on a slim gold hoop, revealed itself.

"A pearl ring!" exclaimed Mrs. Redfield, equally excited. "Well, that *is* a surprise!"

Martha clasped her hands and rolled up her eyes like a tragedy queen. "The desire of my heart, the dream of my life!" she cried. "But it can't be true. I'm asleep in the middle of a fairy-tale. I shall wake up in the moonlight with a cold in my head, and the pearl will be a popcorn; I'm sure of it."

"Don't be silly," said her mother. "If it's a fairy-tale, Cousin Jane is the fairy — as usual. Here's her card."

She had found a slip of pasteboard with Cousin Jane's name on one side, and on the other, in her prim, old-fashioned writing:

Merry Christmas to my dear Cousin, with the hope that this little gift will prove useful and ornamental.

The package addressed to Miss Mary Rutherford was left at a very different-looking place from the plain little home of the Redfields. It was a delightful old red-brick house set in the midst of vines and shrubbery, and its big, sunny parlor, full of books and pictures and flowers and singing-birds and easy-chairs, was equally unlike the Redfield sitting-room, with its faded carpet and well-worn furniture. The mother and daughter were different also. Mary Rutherford was only a year older than Martha, but she was taller and prettier and better dressed, and looked like a young lady, while Martha looked like a school-girl. She had soft, white hands that had never been roughened by work, and sweet, graceful manners that made you certain she had always been shielded from disagreeable things. In fact, she looked like one of the lilies that toil not, neither do they spin. And her mother had the same air of gentle refinement.

"What has Cousin Jane sent you, my dear?" as the parcel was opened. "Something pretty, of course."

"Ye-s," was the daughter's rather hesitating

answer. "Pretty enough, I suppose. It seems to be a sort of work-bag."

Mrs. Rutherford raised her eyebrows.

"A work-bag? How curious! Let me see it."

Mary handed it to her mother, and they inspected it together. It was quite large, and made of plum-colored silk with a sky-blue lining and satin drawing-strings. A circle of little pockets were each ornamented with a motto embroidered in blue floss, and inside were a number of working-implements, — scissors, thimble-case, emery-cushion, and darning, — all handsomely mounted in silver. The pockets were filled with papers of needles and spools of silk and thread. It was a completely furnished work-bag, in short, and thoroughly satisfactory — as a work-bag. But as a present it seemed to be a failure.

Mrs. Rutherford looked curiously at the mottoes on the pockets.

"They seem to be very nicely worked," she said. "But I can't quite make them out. Can you?"

"Oh, yes, mama. One of them is, 'Never too late to mend.'"

"Very appropriate, I'm sure."

"But rather pointed, don't you think, mama? Another is, 'A stitch in time saves nine.' Does Cousin Jane think that I go in rags and tags, do you suppose?"

"Oh, it is only a decoration," said her mother. "It is the fashion nowadays to revive old-fashioned things."

"Here is one from the Bible," continued Mary. "'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' And here is another, from Proverbs, is n't it? 'She worketh willingly with her hands.' It is a bagful of good advice. I dare say I needed it."

"Did Cousin Jane's card come with it?" asked Mrs. Rutherford. "Perhaps she did not send it, after all. It would be much more like Grandmother Darrow."

"Oh, no! Dear old Grandmother Darrow sent me a bead reticule — don't you remember? And here's the card, besides: 'Kindest love to my dear Cousin, and wishing she may always possess the pearl of great price.' What has the pearl of great price got to do with a silk work-bag, mama?"

"I'm sure I don't know! Unless she thinks

that King Lemuel's is the only pattern for a perfect woman."

"It is not quite clear, even so," returned Mary. "But it is a handsome bag, at all events."

She took it quietly to her room, and no more was said about it. But in her heart she was mortified and disappointed. Cousin Jane's gifts to her, hitherto, had always seemed to confer, and imply, a sort of distinction. Her choicest books, the Parian statuettes on her mantel, the fine engravings that decorated her own room, the Florentine mosaics that were her prettiest ornaments,—all these were tokens of Cousin Jane's good taste, and tributes to her appreciation of it. She had never sent her anything commonplace before; and far from expecting it on this occasion, Mary had dreamed of something still more individual and significant. It was only a word of Cousin Jane's, a smiling allusion to her pretty hands, that gave her the idea. "But I thought," said Mary, as her pretty hands hung up the bag—"I did think she meant to send me a pearl ring!"

In due time Cousin Jane, who had never suspected her mistake, received two letters of acknowledgment. The first, from Martha, was overflowing with gratitude:

How can I thank you enough, you dear, *dear* Cousin Jane, for your beautiful gift? Ornamental? I never had anything so ornamental before! And useful, too, in a way that I feel better than I can express. How came you to guess at the wish of my heart? It's like a lovely dream come true. Thank you a thousand times, dear Cousin Jane, for your constant kindness to  
Your grateful, affectionate                    MARTHA.

The one from Mary Rutherford was cooler in its tone:

DEAR COUSIN JANE: Thank you very much for your kind gift. I hope it will help me to find "pearls of great price"—more than one of them, perhaps. I am ashamed to own that I have not been a diligent seeker after such treasure. But "it is never too late to mend," and some day I hope you will see that your suggestions have taken effect. With best love from mama and my brothers,  
Your always affectionate cousin,  
MARY RUTHERFORD.

These letters were rather puzzling to Cousin Jane. She read Mary's twice over, and laid it down with a sigh.

"I must say it is hardly what I expected from her," she soliloquized. "But poor little Martha is pleased, at any rate. She seems more delighted with her work-bag than Mary with her pearl ring. I took pains with that ring, too. It's a very fine pearl, whether she knows it or not. She never even mentions the candy, either, though I thought most girls were pleased with good candy in fancy boxes. Hopes I will see that my suggestions have taken effect—what does she mean by that, I wonder? I think I'll have to write and ask her."

But Cousin Jane was not given to letter-writing, except on business. She had considerable correspondence of that sort, and many other ways of using her time; so she never wrote to Mary, after all. Some months later, however, she had occasion to visit the distant city where the Rutherfords lived; and after settling her business affairs, she went to spend the night with her cousins.

It was always pleasant to visit them; for she liked the atmosphere of the house. Mrs. Rutherford was a very gracious lady, gentle and kindly; her sons were well-bred, intelligent young men; and Mary, who had been a lovely child always, seemed to her now quite the ideal young girl, pure and fair as a lily, without and within. Secretly, Cousin Jane had always been a little sentimental about Mary Rutherford. She never said so to any one; but in her heart she loved her best of all the cousins.

That evening, as she sat alone with Mary in her own room, she thought the young girl looked more like a lily than ever. Mary had asked her to come in for a bedtime talk after she had said good-night to the rest of the family; and Mary began the talk with a sweet seriousness that her cousin found charming.

"I've been wishing for a long time to see you all by myself," she said. "There were too many things to write, and I never can write a letter that satisfies me, either. But I did want you to know how much a certain present of yours had done for me."

"Really? I wonder you don't wear it, then?" for Cousin Jane had noticed with surprise that the pearl ring was not on her finger.

"I can't exactly *wear* it," Mary answered,

surprised in her turn; "but it has been about with me a great deal, I assure you. And without vanity, I think I can tell you that it has done a good work for an idle, self-indulgent girl."

"If you are the girl, I never heard you described by those adjectives," said Cousin Jane, warmly.

"Because every one has spoiled me. You were the first one to suggest to me that it was never too late to mend."

"That's news too," returned her cousin. "I never thought, myself, that you needed mending. What *do* you mean, child?"

"Why, the work-bag, you know. Don't you remember that beautiful silk bag, with the proverbs on the pockets, and the silver things inside? The card, too, with such a dear wish on it? Here it is, Cousin Jane, card and all. It has been my best friend ever since you sent it; though I am ashamed to confess that it was a disappointment—just at first."

She took the work-bag from its hook, as she spoke, and held it up before her cousin, who could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes.

"What are you doing with Martha's bag?" was her astonished outcry. "I never sent that thing to you. I sent it to Martha Redfield."

"To Martha Redfield?" Mary repeated, dropping the bag in her bewilderment. "What do you mean, Cousin Jane? *Who* is Martha Redfield?"

"One of my cousins. At least her father was. He is dead now, and she and her mother have none too much to live upon. Martha is in the High School, and means to teach as soon as she can?"

"And you sent the work-bag to *her*? You meant the mottoes for *her*? And the card too?"

"I never noticed that there were any mottoes," said Cousin Jane. "I bought the bag at the Woman's Exchange. It looked strong and serviceable, and I knew Martha would have plenty of use for such a thing. I put the silver scissors, and so forth, inside, to make it a little more festive. As for the card,"—holding it up to the light, and studying it through her spectacles,— "that has no business to be here.

It should have gone with the pearl ring, of course."

"The pearl ring?" exclaimed Mary, catching her breath sharply.

"Certainly. The ring that I sent you in a box of candy."

"A box of candy, too? *Cousin Jane!*"

Mary sat down hastily, and stared before her with an unusual look in her face. Her hands clenched themselves in her lap; she bit her lips to crush back rising tears; and presently she laughed hysterically.

"I hope," she sobbed, unable to control herself any longer—"I hope Martha Redfield is happy with my ring! It was the thing I *wanted* you to give me! And one does n't have a box of candy every day—but you like a little—to offer your girl-friends—"

She broke down with a sob; and Cousin Jane, seeing the truth at last, cried out indignantly:

"You shall have another box to-morrow! And Martha shall send back the ring. She might have known it was not meant for her! Never mind, my dear. I suppose I must have made a stupid mistake. I'm getting old, child! But it won't take long to settle this business. I'll stop and see Martha on my way home to-morrow."

"No, no, Cousin Jane! *Please don't!*"

Mary pulled herself together with a brave effort.

"I could n't bear to have that done," as she dashed away her tears. "Just fancy how she would feel! Oh, I know by myself. *Please don't!*"

"But I meant it for you," protested Cousin Jane, clasping Mary's hand and stroking it fondly. "This is just the dear little hand to wear pearls. They suit it, and they suit *you*."

"How sweet to have you say so!" And Mary blushed with pleasure, but persisted still: "Martha thinks you meant it for *her*, all this time; and how mortifying it would be to have to give it up to another girl now! It was foolish and babyish of me to cry about it. I am ashamed of myself; and really I *could n't* take it from her. I should always feel as if I had robbed her, and so would she. Besides,"—with a sunshiny smile, and a squeeze of Cousin



"DID COUSIN JANE'S CARD COME WITH IT?" ASKED MRS. RUTHERFORD.

Jane's hand,—“I should have to give up my beloved work-bag, don't you see? And I can't possibly part with that. You listen now till I tell you what a Moral Regenerator my bag has been.”

There was a long talk after this—the sort of talk that girls pour out sometimes to sympathetic older people who are not their mothers or sisters. Cousin Jane discovered that, sweet and lily-like as Mary always was, she had been in danger of growing up indolent, purposeless, even selfish; and that the work-bag and its pointed texts had opened her eyes to that fact. The inference that things were different nowadays followed naturally. It appeared that Mary's mother had been relieved of various household cares—“all the mending, for instance!”—and that the Moral Regenerator had been the leader in organizing a guild to work for the Children's Hospital, where just such work was needed. Mary was very simple and modest about it all, but very much in earnest, full of enthusiasm and self-forgetting interest. Listening to her, Cousin Jane thought that putting one's heart into such work might be one of the ways of seeking, and finding, “the pearl of great price.”

Late in the afternoon of another day, she stopped over a train on her way home, to call upon the Redfields. She had faithfully promised not to speak of the mistake which had been made; but after this talk with Mary, she was curious to see if the ring had a story to tell as well as the work-bag.

Fortunately, Mrs. Redfield was not at home. Martha sat alone in the little parlor, studying her lessons between firelight and twilight; but she sprang up to greet her visitor with evident delight.

“Cousin Jane! You are the person I was wishing for just this minute. It's like a fairy godmother that comes when you think of her.”

“Indeed? And why did you happen to think of a fairy godmother just now?” asked Cousin Jane, smiling as she took the easy-chair which Martha drew up to the grate for her.

“I don't know. I was trying to study my lessons, but the firelight kept shining on *this*,”—lifting up her ring-finger,—“and then I fell

to thinking of you, and wishing I could tell you something.”

“So you can, you see. I have come to listen to you.”

“I see you have! And it truly is like a fairy godmother,” cried Martha, her eyes dancing with happy excitement. “But it's been a sort of fairy-tale, you know, ever since I got my ring. Did you guess that it was going to make a real happy little girl, a real good little girl, out of cross-patch Martha?”

“Was n't she happy and good before?” asked Cousin Jane.

“Well—not much. Not always, anyhow.”

Martha laughed, and poked the fire till the sparks flew up.

“You see, it comes easy to some girls to be angels,” she continued; “but I'm not one of them.”

“Comes easy?—why? Because their lives are easy?”

“Partly. It's easier to be good, of course, when you're comfortable, and you know your mother is n't worrying about the house rent, or your winter clothes, or—‘any old thing’! But some girls are good in spite of all that. They have been born sweet, you see, and trials only make them sweeter. Little Martha was n't cut by their pattern.”

“What is Martha's pattern, then?” laughed Cousin Jane.

“She was cut on the bias, I'm afraid. And it made her pull the wrong way. She used to look at everything through blue glasses.”

“Used to? And what does she do now?”

“She looks through a big, beautiful pearl,” said Martha, gaily; “and it makes all the difference in the world.”

“Suppose you tell me about it,” returned Cousin Jane, very much interested. “I always liked the fairy-tale about pearls and toads.”

“It is n't quite so bad as that! But still it's bad enough. May I sit on the hassock at your feet while I tell you? And do you mind not having the gas lighted?”

“Not at all. I can see your face by the fire-light.”

“I think I did n't want you to see my face,” Martha replied, settling herself on the hassock.

"But no matter. I'm going to make an honest confession."

"That 's always good for the soul, my dear."

"Gip?" Cousin Jane looked puzzled.

"Spelled backward," repeated Martha.

"Oh!" And Cousin Jane understood.



"Yes, just so! As I remarked, you 've been awfully good to us, and *mother* has been grateful. She has welcomed the new gowns, and the old ones to make over. She has blessed you, with tears in her eyes, for the checks that carried her through tight places. As for me, I 've said in my heart every time, 'Cousin Jane treats us like paupers, and we *are* paupers; but I hate it—I hate it—I hate it! I wish she would ever send us something that we *did n't* need.'"

"Oh!" said Cousin Jane again.

And Martha said again, her cheeks red with honest blushes:

"Yes, just so! I was as mean as that, and I never, never deserved to be rewarded with this dear, lovely ring. But, all the same, it was a beautiful inspiration. What made you think of it, Cousin Jane? I wish you 'd tell me!"

"Impossible, my dear," replied Cousin Jane, remembering her promise to Mary. "Perhaps it was just a beautiful inspiration, as you say."

"'I THINK I DID N'T WANT YOU TO SEE MY FACE,' MARTHA REPLIED, SETTLING HERSELF ON THE HASSOCK."

"You 've been very good to mother and me, Cousin Jane. And my name is Gip," was Martha's beginning. "Only you have to spell it backward."

"It has been one to me, at all events. I don't know if I can make you understand, but it uplifted me, and it cast me down. It made me proud, and it made me ashamed."

"They were natural feelings," said Cousin Jane, kindly; "and both were wholesome."

"You think so? Oh, you *do* understand!" Martha exclaimed fervently. "How glad I am of the chance to talk it out with you! I'm not a shining light yet—far from it. But whenever I look at this pearl, I think of what I *ought* to be, and it gives me some of the right kind of thoughts—it truly does."

"I'm truly glad to hear it, Martha."

"I thought you'd like to know that it puts a kind of pearliness into all my views of life. And, on the other hand,"—with a twinkle of fun in her honest eyes,—“when the girls admire it, and envy me, it's no use denying that I do feel kind of biggety."

"Biggety?" repeated Cousin Jane; and Martha laughed, and explained.

"A little toploftical, I mean. There is n't a girl in class who has anything to compare with my ring; and it does make me feel so—becoming to myself."

"You foolish child!"

But Cousin Jane liked the foolishness, and sympathized with the girlish confidences, which were different from Mary Rutherford's, but as natural and innocent in their way.

Mrs. Redfield came in by and by, and the gas was lighted, and Martha ran off to make a cup of tea for her visitor. Afterward she went down to the railroad station with her; and Cousin Jane thought, as she kissed her good-by, that her mistake had done no one any harm. On the contrary, it had shown her, as she might never have seen it otherwise, the true natures of two lovable girls.

*Mary E. Bradley.*

## THE BROKEN TOY SOLDIER.

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

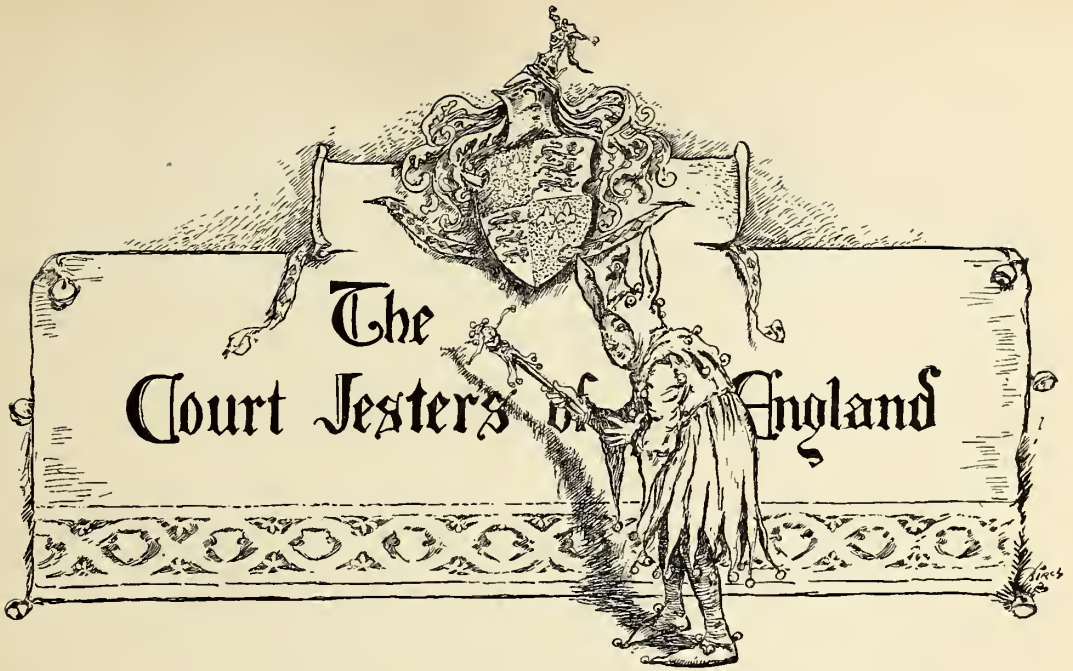
WE wear no medals on our breasts for gallant battles won;  
No pension-bureau offers us reward for service done.  
Yet no one of Napoleon's, nor one of Cæsar's host,  
Has made himself a record such as even I can boast.

Toy soldiers must work harder than real troops, you see;  
A march of fifty thousand miles is nothing much to me.  
I lost a leg at Marathon, an arm at Monterey;  
Was left for dead at Gettysburg—all on the self-same day.



And now that I'm forgotten and  
no longer fit to roam,  
I wish some kindly boy would found  
a poor Toy Soldiers' Home.





BY AMELIA WOFFORD.

THE kings and queens of England, for a long time, in common with many of their subjects, kept men whose business it was to amuse them. These men were the court fools, or jesters, and were either half-witted persons called "natural" fools, or really bright men with the gift of singing humorous songs, telling laughter-provoking stories, and making witty speeches, called jesters or "artificial" fools.

That he must make merry at the king's bidding, be the jester sad or gay, was the only flaw in the jester's life. As he was a man of talent, and often of education, he was his royal master's companion; he was the recipient of frequent gifts; and though of humble birth, he would speak to the king as not even the son of a hundred earls dared. "Harry," was Will Sommers's familiar way of addressing King Henry VIII.; Scogan made Edward IV. the victim of his practical jokes; and Tarleton told Queen Elizabeth "more of her faults than did most of her chaplains."

Yellow was the fool's true color. His coat was motley or party-colored, sometimes decorated with bells at the skirt and elbows, and confined at the waist in a belt or girdle, from

which hung a large purse or wallet to receive the reward some happy jest or "merrie gambol" might bring forth. His breeches and hose were tight, each leg being of a different color. His headgear might be a round hat smartened by a long, curling feather; and the poet makes one of them say:

By my troth, the thing that I desire most  
Is in my cappe to have a goodly feather.

Some wore a high-peaked cap like that worn by our clowns, or a monk's cowl winged with ass's ears, or terminating in the comb of a cock—from which fashion comes our word coxcomb, meaning a "vain, showy fellow."

The fool's official scepter, called his "bauble," was a short stick finished at the upper end with the figure of a fool's head, a puppet, or an inflated bladder, sometimes containing sand or dried peas. With this he would playfully belabor those that displeased him, or startle "inadvertent neighbors" by a clap from it; but, alas! it was sometimes used to chastise the fool himself when malapert.

Another dress that was also common in Shakspeare's time was the long tunic, or pet-

ticoat. This was originally worn by the "natural" fool, and was composed of sheepskin; but it was afterward adopted by the "artificial" fool, and made of some rich material.

Hitard, who was attached to Edmund Ironsides, is the first court jester of whom we have record. He owned the town of Walworth, a gift from the king. He held it through four succeeding reigns; and before leaving England for Rome, where he spent his last days, he presented it to the church, placing the deed upon the altar of the Cathedral of Canterbury.

Gallet, Galet, or Gollet, a native of Bayeux, was one of William the Conqueror's jesters. He was attached to William when only Duke of Normandy, and saved his master's life by disclosing a plot for his assassination. Berdic was another; he is enrolled in Domesday Book as *joculator regis*, and lord of three towns, all rent free, and five carucates\* in Gloucestershire. Rahere was jester to Henry I., and William Piculph, or Picol, jester to King John. "Master Henry," who, it is thought, may be identical with Henry of Avranches, the poet-laureate or versificator, was jester to Henry III.

Scogan, Scoggin, or Scogin, already mentioned, was principal jester to Edward IV. He is said to have come of a good Suffolk family, was a graduate of Oxford, and for a time was tutor there, but was dismissed on account of his irreligious spirit and unscrupulous conduct. Upon this, he presented himself to Sir William Neville, solicited the place of jester, and was accepted. Sir William was very proud of him, and, one day, wishing to show him off, took him to court and introduced him to the king. Edward was as pleased as Sir William could have wished. In fact, he was so enthusiastic, he was unwilling to have Scogan leave. The king's wish was all-powerful, and so Sir William left Scogan, receiving in compensation a house in Cheapside and a country mansion in Bury.

Scogan loved a practical joke, and one that he perpetrated on the king brings to mind the fun of our burnt-cork minstrels. He borrowed money of the king, and, when the day for payment came, was unable to make good his word.

He feared the king's anger, and decided to appease him by a joke. Feigning death, he had his friends carry his body before Edward. The king fell a ready victim to the deception, and in his lamentations over the supposed dead fool said he freely forgave the debt. Scogan immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "The news is so revivifying that it has called me back to life."

Henry VII. did not share the time-honored love of fools. He did not keep them, but his queen, the grave Elizabeth, had one, William.

With the reign of Henry VIII. began the heyday of the fool, and his disappearance dates from the rule of Cromwell.

Henry VIII. was a noted observer of the custom of keeping fools. Will Sommers, or Somers, was the best beloved of all the number. He is fully described in "A Nest of Ninnies," a quaint little book published in 1608, by Robert Armin, who had the honor of being an original performer in many of Shakspeare's plays.

Will Sommers, born in Shropshire, as some say,  
Was brought to Greenwich on a holy day,  
Presented to the king; which foole disdaind  
To shake him by the hand, or else asham'd:  
Howe'er it was, as ancient people say,  
With much adoe was wonne to it that day.  
Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all report,  
And stoop he did, too; yet in all the court  
Few men were more belov'd then was this foole,  
Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule.  
When he was sad, the king and he would rime:  
Thus Will exiled sadness many a time.

The king would ever grant when he would crave,  
For well he knew Will no exacting knave:  
But wist the king to doe good deeds great store,  
Which caus'd the court to love him more and more.

One of the good deeds that are credited to Sommers was done just before the king's death, and in favor of Sommers's old master, Richard Farmor, of Northamptonshire. Farmor had been found guilty of an offense against the king, although his deed was what we should consider an act of charity. To punish the offender, Henry seized his property, reducing him to great distress. The case touched Sommers's sympathy, and in the king's last illness he in-

\*A carucate is an old Norman measure for land, and was from 80 to 100 acres; the word comes from *caruca*, a plow or team of oxen.

fluenced him to restore to Farmor what was left of his estate.

Sommers, like Scogan, liked a practical joke, and one that he played on Cardinal Wolsey is thus quaintly told by Armin :

Of a time appointed the king dined at Windsor, in the Chappel yard at Cardinall Wolsey's at the same time when he was building that admirable work of his tombe ; at whose gate stood a number of poore people, to be served with alms when dinner was done within ; and, as Will passed by, they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes, and finding the king at dinner, and the cardinall by attending, to disgrace him that he never loved, Harry, sayes hee, lend me ten pounds. What to doe? saies the king. To pay three or foure of the cardinall's creditors, quoth hee, to whom my word is past, and they are now come for the money. That thou shalt, Will, quoth hee. Creditors of mine? saies the cardinall: Ile give your grace my head if any man can justly aske me a penny. No! saies Will. Lend me ten pounds; if I pay it not where thou owest it, Ile give thee twenty for it. Doe so, saies the king. That I will, my liege, saies thee cardinall, though I owe none. With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate, distributes it to the poore, and brought the empty bag. There is thy bag againe, saies hee; thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger. Who received? saies the king; the brewer or the baker? Neyther, Harry, saies Will Sommers. But, cardinall, answer me in one thing: to whom dost thou owe thy soule? To God, quoth hee. To whom thy wealth? To the poore, says hee. Take thy forfeit, Harry, sayes the foole; open confession, open penance: his head is thine, for to the poore at the gate I paid his debt, which hee yields is due: or if thy stony heart will not yield it so, save thy head by denying thy word, and lend it mee: thou knowest I am poore, and have neyther wealth nor wit, and what thou lendest to the poore God will pay thee ten fold; . . . The king laught at the jest, and so did the cardinall for a shew, but it grieved him to jest away ten pound so.

The precise date of Sommers's death is not known, but it is thought that he died not long before Armin's book, "A Nest of Ninnies," was published.

John Heywood, the poet and dramatist, sometimes styled "the Epigrammatist," was jester to Queen Mary. He had been a great favorite with her father, King Henry VIII., to whose court he was introduced by Sir Thomas More, and his acquaintance with Mary was from her childhood. In those early days he contributed considerably to the little princess's amusement. He was manager of a juvenile

company that played before her; he composed songs for her, sometimes making himself the subject, and on her eighteenth birthday he wrote a poem in her honor, in which she was flatteringly described.

On her marriage with Philip he composed a ballad for her; and at her coronation, when the grand procession, headed by the new queen clad in blue velvet and seated in her gilded chariot drawn by six horses, approached the palace, her old friend Heywood greeted her with an oration.

Heywood's influence with this morbid and sullen queen was most happy, and was undoubtedly due to long association and pleasant memories. He was often summoned to cheer her with his music and wit, and her last illness was lightened by his songs, recitations, and readings from his plays. "His merriments were so irresistible that they moved even the rigid muscles of Queen Mary," says one old writer, "and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes, and his jests."

Queen Elizabeth inherited much of her father's disposition; she was gay, fond of laughter and wit, and, like him, she surrounded herself with jesters. Tarleton was "the bright, particular star" of the number; Pace, Clod, and Chester were the lesser lights.

Tarleton was a native of Shropshire, and one day, while tending his father's swine, was met by an officer of the Earl of Leicester. The officer talked with him, and was so much pleased with his "happy unhappy answers" that he took him into his master's service, and from the Earl of Leicester's household he passed into the Queen's court.

Elizabeth was a very fond and indulgent mistress. She not only had him attend her at dinner, but when she dined abroad she took him to make sure of good entertainment; and "her highest favorites would in some cases go to Tarleton before they would go to the queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access to her. In a word, he told the queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians."

Besides being jester, Tarleton was also player to the queen, to which office he was appointed

in 1583. He had great fame as an actor, and appeared principally in rhyming compositions and jigs composed by himself, which he danced and sung. We would call him a comedian; it is said that his fun lay more in the telling than in the words, and that his mere appearance on the stage

tage thoroughly, but failed to discover the sheep. They were about to depart, when one of their number accidentally looked into the cradle, and — the stolen sheep lay there! The lad, who was supposed to be the thief, was brought before King James VI of Scotland. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to die. He began to plead with the king. He was a poor, ignorant fellow, he said; he had heard of the Bible and would like to read it through before he died. Would the king respite him until he did so? The king readily gave his consent, whereupon the culprit immediately said  
 ‘Then hang me



THE JESTER AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

with his squint would send the people into shouts of laughter.

Archee Armstrong was the well-beloved jester of King James VI. of Scotland, afterward James I. of England, and this is the traditional story of their introduction:

“One day a shepherd with the carcass of a sheep upon his shoulders was tracked to his cottage on the moorlands by the officers of justice. In the cottage they found a vacant-faced lad, rocking a cradle with more attention than a boy is accustomed to give that duty; this, however, did not arouse their suspicions. They searched the cot-

if I ever read a word o’ t, as lang as my een are open.’”

The witty reply captured the king. He pardoned the prisoner, and took him into his service as jester. In this capacity Archee was soon a prime favorite.

When James became James I. of England, he retained Archee as his jester, and besides made him a sort of gentleman groom of the king’s chamber.

Archee was also jester for James’s son, Charles I. In his boyhood, Charles treated Archee somewhat roughly, tossing the jester

in a blanket being a favorite diversion for him and his companions; but when he became king, he treated Archee with great generosity. Archee held the office of jester under Charles until 1637, when, for a too free use of his wit against Archbishop Laud, he was deposed and banished.

Of Muckle John, Archee's successor, little is known. It is said he "could not abide money," but he liked gay clothes, if an account of some articles of his wardrobe is taken as evidence:

A long coat and suit of scarlet-coloured serge, for Muckle John, £10 10s. 6d. One pair of crimson silk hose, and one pair of garters, and roses for Muckle John, 61s. For a pair of silk and silver garters, and roses and gloves suitable for Muckle John, 110s. For a hat covered with scarlet, and a band suitable, and for two rich feathers, one red, the other white, for Muckle John, 50s. Stag's-leather gloves, fringed with gold and silver. A hat band for Muckle John. One pair of perfumed gloves, lined with sables, 5s.

Muckle John was the last of the court jesters. Tom Killigrew, Master of the Revels, Groom of the Bedchamber, is often spoken of as jester to Charles II., but there is no authority to support this claim. He was a companion of the king, he used his tongue with the license of the jester of old, but he had never an official appointment to that office. Some effort was

made during Charles's reign to restore the jester, but it failed.

The protests of Sir Philip Sidney and other grave writers of his time against all fools were not without effect, but the rule of the Commonwealth was mainly responsible for the banishment of the court fool. They were especially against the fools of the stage, and so playwrights omitted them from their list of characters long before their disappearance from the court. Shadwell's play of "The Woman Captain" (1680) is probably the last in which a regular fool appears. The character of fool was well liked by the old playwrights, and in several of the old plays his disappearance is bewailed.

As has been said, the custom of keeping fools was common to all classes of society in England; but the court sets the fashion, and with the banishment of the court jester the fool disappeared from his other haunts.

The king is dead, but the jester lives! His stage and court are the saw-dust ring. His jokes and pranks are old; we jest at them, but his mere appearance in his powder and patches and fantastic garb never fails to bring a smile of welcome from old and young.

Long live our jester!



## THE CHRISTMAS SHIP.

BY H. H. BENNETT.

WHEN Dolly Stafford looked out of the door of the deck-house, that December morning, she saw miles and miles of ice — ice in sheets and ridges and hills; in one place there would be a smooth expanse, stretching away as far as she could see; in another direction the splintered heaps sent their jagged pinnacles up in the air like mountain peaks. The air was cold — very cold; little particles of frozen snow were driven through it by the keen wind, and stung the skin like needles. On the deck it was sheltered and free from the driving snow; but the cold wind searched out every corner, and Dolly, after one peep, was glad to run down the companion-way to the warm cabin below.

In the cabin sat Dolly's aunt and uncle: her uncle was Captain Ferry, and the cabin was that of his whaling vessel, the "Blackbird." The Blackbird was frozen in the ice, in the Arctic Ocean, north beyond the seventieth parallel of latitude, which is very far north indeed. In the summer the ship had sailed up through the Pacific Ocean, and stopped at Unalaska, that lonely port on Unalaska Island, which is the beginning of the Aleutian islands, the chain which stretches out toward Asia from the end of the Alaskan peninsula. After taking on coal and provisions the Blackbird sailed on through Behring Sea and Behring Strait, into the Arctic Ocean. As long as the short Arctic summer lasted Captain Ferry had cruised about in search of whales, sailing eastward, past Cape Barrow, along the desolate northern coast of Alaska and British Columbia, as far as Cape Bathurst, the rocky, barren end of which runs northward into the sea just west of the big and little islands which make up the frozen Arctic archipelago. When the summer was drawing to an end, and the time was close at hand when the long, northern night would put an end to looking for whales, the vessel's prow was turned westward, and Captain Ferry sailed

away to Herald Island, where he intended to stay all winter. When they got to the island Dolly found that it was nothing but a barren land of great rocks, covered with ice and snow; but in the little bay where the Blackbird's anchor was dropped, there were fourteen other ships, whose captains were going to winter there, just as Dolly's uncle meant to do. Everything about the ship was made snug; the sailors built a roof over the deck, and closed the sides, so that it was a house; then the snow fell and covered the ship, until it looked like a white hill, with pathways cut into it where the sailors came and went.

On the "Jennie Davis," one of the other ships, lived Jessie Condon, whose father was commander of the Jennie; and Jessie and her mother had come with him for a voyage in the almost unknown seas above the Arctic Circle. Some of the captains of the other ships were accompanied by their wives, but Dolly and Jessie were the only girls in the fleet,—the only white girls, perhaps, within the whole Arctic Circle. Jessie was eleven, just a year younger than Dolly; and the two soon became fast friends. When Jessie was not visiting Dolly on the Blackbird, Dolly was pretty sure to be on board the Jennie Davis with Jessie, until the captains and the captains' wives and the sailors said that they hardly knew to which ship the two girls belonged.

Dolly and Jessie found plenty of ways to play when the mercury did not drop down to forty degrees below zero, as it did, frequently, for days together. Sometimes the sailors bundled them up on Eskimo sledges, and hauled them for miles over the ice; at other times they went fishing, dropping their lines into holes which the sailors cut through thin places in the ice, where it was not more than three or four feet thick. There were Eskimo dogs on the ships, and the sailors trained them to act as

pack-mules; two bags were hung on each dog, one on each side, and the fish which were caught were put in these bags; then the dogs trotted along very carefully, so as not to drop the fish. When they got tired they would lie down on the ice to rest, and would get up and trot off without losing a fish. Sometimes the dogs were hitched to sledges, and the girls were whirled over the ice so fast that they clung to the sides of the sledge to keep from falling off.

When Dolly went outside the ship she looked more like a little Eskimo than like the girls at home. She wore the heaviest of woolen clothes in the cabin, but these were not enough to keep her warm when she and Jessie went on the sledges or went fishing. At such times she put on a coat of deerskin, which went to her feet; it was lined with flannel, and trimmed with fur, and had a hood which could be pulled over her head and face; the hood was lined with wool and trimmed with the fur of the wolverine. Woolen stockings and gloves covered her feet and hands, and on top of these she wore Eskimo boots of fur, and deerskin mittens lined with wool. Jessie dressed in the same way; but her coat was trimmed with mink, and her boots were of sealskin.

Out on one of the ice-hills, old Tom Barks, the boatswain of the Blackbird, who made it his special duty to look after Dolly and Jessie, made them a toboggan slide, down which their sledges would rush, to sweep far out on the ice-plain; then some of the sailors would haul them back and to the top again, for another swift, breathless dash down the glassy slope. In the mornings there were lessons to be learned and recited, for Dolly's aunt did not believe in "all play and no work"; so Dolly, and Jessie too, had geography and spelling, arithmetic and reading, just as though they were not hundreds of miles away from any school. Dolly studied French, also; and both of them were learning to play on the mandolin and guitar, for several of the captains' wives had their instruments with them, and were accomplished musicians.

One day Captain Ferry had killed a great white bear; and Dolly and Jessie had watched the whole hunt from the top of the deck-house,

and had been so excited that they nearly fell off. The bear had been prowling around the ships all the night before, and Captain Ferry said he was going after it because he wanted its shaggy, white-furred skin for a rug, and because it was a dangerous animal to be in the neighborhood of the ship. So in the morning he started off, going in a boat part of the way, for the wind had caused a wide crevasse to open in the ice not far from the ship. The bear was lying down behind a hummock of ice when the captain shot it; it did not seem to mind the bullet, but got up and started after the captain, who ran as hard as he could toward the boat, into which he jumped, and the sailors pushed off. The angry bear did not stop at the water, but plunged in and began to swim after the boat. The sailors had not got a good start, and the bear swam so fast that it got one paw on the boat before the captain could shoot it.

But Dolly was not thinking of the fishing, or lessons, or even of the bear-hunt, this morning, for her mind was full of plans for Christmas, which was only three days away. She and Jessie had determined, with the consent of her aunt and Jessie's mother, to have this Christmas different from other Christmases. This had been decided upon several weeks ago, and since that time the very air had been full of mystery; and the girls had gone about with faces which seemed to say that the two bore all the responsibility of the whole fleet on their shoulders. Mrs. Ferry had given them the use of one of the staterooms, into which no one but the girls was allowed to enter without permission; and they bustled in and out of it all day, smuggling in mysterious bundles and packages; and from the room came shouts of laughter or ecstatic squeals of delight as their plans seemed to be progressing to their satisfaction. They had held deep conferences with the boatswain; and old Tom had been called into the mysterious stateroom, and had emerged therefrom with his face purple with suppressed laughter.

Something seemed to be going wrong this morning, however, to judge by Dolly's face; and she had climbed up and down the companion-way three times, looking for Jessie, who

finally came, all muffled up until she seemed an animated bundle of furs.

"What are we going to do?" demanded Dolly, as soon as Jessie had taken off her wraps, and the two were in their own especial room. "We can't have any tree."

"Not have any tree?" said Jessie, her eyes growing big with astonishment. "Did your aunt say we should n't?"

"Why, no; of course not. We can do anything we please, so long as we don't set the ship on fire. But where are we going to get a tree?"

"Where?"

"Yes—where? Here we have been going ahead as if we could go down to the market and buy one; or else have some one chop down a tree out in the woods. And there are no woods!"

"I never thought of that."

"Neither did I, until I asked Tom if he would n't get us a tree; and he said there was n't a tree within six hundred miles."

"Oh, and we've gone and invited all the people, too;" and Jessie looked as though she were going to cry. For the girls had said that this was going to be their Christmas, because the older ones made Christmases for them at home, and they wanted to make Christmas for them up here, where everything was different.

"We must do something; we just *have* to do something. They'll all say we had to come to them for help, after all. I'm going to call Tom; and while I'm gone you think as hard as ever you can."

Dolly hurried out of the room; and Jessie, with her elbows on her knees and her chin on her palms, proceeded to think as deeply as she could. Her thinking did not seem to result in anything, for her face got longer and longer; and she was on the verge of tears and despair when Dolly came flying back, with the boatswain following her.

"Oh, Jessie, something perfectly splendid! And Tom says we can do it, too."

"What is it? Get a tree from the Mazinkas? Oh, Tom, can you?"

The Mazinkas were an Eskimo tribe, members of which had been hanging around the ships, begging for food, or knives, or old iron;

and the girls had learned to talk to them in their strange, guttural language; and had played with the funny little babies, which were carried in the hoods on the backs of their mothers' fur coats.

"No, miss; them poor Mazinkas can't get any more trees than we can," said the boatswain; "they'd have to make a mighty long trip to get to where anything like trees grow; and then they'd only be little bushes, not what we'd call trees."

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, it's lovely," said Dolly; "perfectly lovely. Is n't it, Tom?"

"Yes, I guess it is," chuckled Tom; "and Chips, he—"

"Don't talk so loud; they'll hear you. Come over here."

The two curly heads and the grizzled one came together in a corner; and Dolly unfolded her plan, interrupted by Jessie's exclamations of delight and the boatswain's chuckles and comments and advice, delivered in a rumbling whisper, his good-natured, weather-beaten face all wrinkled with laughter as at a good joke.

The next two days were busy ones for the girls. Lessons had been laid aside for the Christmas week, and they could devote all their time to their preparations. There was much going to and fro between the ships; frequent conferences with the boatswain, and with Chips, the ship's carpenter, who was called into consultations from which he came with a broad smile on his face; and he and the boatswain were busy with some mysterious work down below,—work which could not be done without frequent visits from Dolly and Jessie, and much chuckling on the part of the two old sailors. Then there were visits to the Mazinká village, made in Tom's charge, when much trading was done, and the girls gave pieces of iron, old knives, and gay-colored calico for various specimens of Eskimo handiwork. Sometimes they ventured into the curious, round huts of the villagers,—huts made of earth and stones, and entered by a tunnel-like way, through which the girls crawled on their hands and knees; but the huts were so dirty, and the stone lamps, which swung from the low roof and served both for heat and light, gave out





"THE DOOR SWUNG WIDE AND A SHIP CAME SAILING TOWARD THEM; CANDLES BURNED BRIGHTLY UPON EVERY MAST AND YARD." (SEE PAGE 130.)

such a fishy, oily smell that the girls preferred to do their trading in the open air.

On the day before Christmas the girls and Tom decorated the main cabin of the Blackbird. Evergreens were not to be had; not the smallest bit of greenery could they find in that desolate region; so they draped the walls with flags, of which each vessel had a plentiful store. Russian and German and English ensigns made a brilliant showing, but above them all and brighter than any was the Stars and Stripes, the brave old flag, which, to the two girls, thousands of miles from home, meant more than ever before; and Tom handled it with the touch that comes to those who have sailed under its folds or marched beneath it, for Tom had been a man-o'-war's man in days gone by, and the flag to him was home and friends and country.

When the decorating was all done, the girls asked Captain and Mrs. Ferry to go in their stateroom, and stay there for half-an-hour, saying that part of the Christmas had to come through the cabin, and that no one must see it until everything was ready. Then came most mysterious bumps and thumps on the companion-ladder, and a sound of hauling, followed by a subdued noise of hammering, and delighted exclamations from the girls, so that the captain and his wife wondered what was going on, and looked around with much curiosity when, at last, they were told that they might come out. But nothing rewarded their looking, for they could see nothing but the flags, and those they had seen before; and the two girls only laughed and skipped excitedly when asked what was going on.

The guests began to arrive before eight o'clock, and all of them were soon there; there were the captains of all the ships, and half-a-dozen women who sailed with their husbands, and, in the background, were the sailors of the Blackbird and the Jennie Davis, who had taken the girls fishing, or had hauled them on their sledges. All were in their best clothes, smiling broadly, and a little nervous at being in the cabin.

When all the guests had come, and the heavy coats and furs, the hoods and deer-skin mittens had been laid aside, Dolly, who, with

her aunt and Jessie, had been busy welcoming each new arrival, stood up by a chair; and, holding to the chair-back for courage, said: "You know this is Jessie's and my Christmas; and we 're very glad to see you all. We want it to be like Christmas eve at home, because home is so far away; and—and—now Jessie will recite 'The Three Kings.'" Dolly, blushing rosy red, sat down, while all clapped hands; and the big German Captain Amberg rumbled something in his great, flaxen beard about "mädchen" and "heimweh," and thought of the three girls across the wide seas, who, he knew, were thinking of their father at this Christmas time.

After Jessie had told how "Three kings came riding from far away, Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar," Captain Ferry got up, red and bashful at first, in spite of years of experience and danger, and reverently read: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given"; and, as he read, his great voice, which could roar out commands above the shrieking of a tempest, became low and hushed and gentle; and his strong, weatherbeaten face was tender as a mother's, so that a little hush fell on the captains and the sailors, who knew what it meant to "go down to the sea in ships" and witness the power and "wonders in the deep," and so have a knowledge above the learning of landmen.

Then came the soft chords of Dolly's and Jessie's guitars; and, from copies of the song which had been handed around by the girls, the guests all sang:

When shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone round.

When the sailors caught the tune they sang lustily, and the big German captain grumbled a ponderous bass, so that the cabin rang.

When the last note had died away, Dolly said: "Now, Tom!" and the boatswain disappeared within the mysterious stateroom. There was a moment of waiting. Then every one leaned forward to see what was coming.

The door swung wide, and a ship came sailing toward them: not a little ship, but a

ship so large that it could hardly pass through the door; candles burned brightly upon every mast and yard; gay ribbons took the place of ropes; flags fluttered bravely from every possible place, and ran in a rainbow from bow to stern. On a sea of blue canvas it sailed, but from beneath came a sound suspiciously like wooden wheels. On the deck were piled odd-looking packages and knobby bundles; and at the helm stood a most life-like steersman, which a second look showed to be one of Jessie's dolls.

A shout of laughter and applause went up, and every one crowded around to get a closer view of the mimic vessel.

"Dolly thought of it," said Jessie; "and Chips made it out of boards and canvas; and Tom helped."

"Jessie did lots, too," Dolly exclaimed, determined that Jessie should share in the glory; "and the presents are from her just as much as from me. Now, if you 'll all please sit down, we 'll hand 'round the things."

There proved to be a present for everybody; when the pile on deck gave out, the girls reached down into the inside of the ship and brought out more. There were neck-cloths and little bags of smoking tobacco and clasp-knives and pipes from the ship's stores for the sailors; match-safes, embroidered handkerchief-cases, neckties, little pads of shaving paper, dust-cloths, all sorts of gifts, funny or useful, for the others, made by Dolly and Jessie; or

queer articles of Eskimo manufacture, which they had bought from the Mazinkas.

Every one laughed and compared presents; and they all laughed more than ever when, with a look of utter amazement, the girls began to bring to light various packages on which their own names were written.

"We had our little secret, too," said Mrs. Ferry. "And Tom—"

"I did n't tell. Indeed I did n't," broke in Tom.

"Neither did I," asserted Chips. "Tom and I both kept mum, Miss Dolly."

"I just took the things and packed 'em away under the other bundles," the boatswain said. "I did n't let on a word."

And out of that wonderful ship's hold came presents for the girls from every vessel in the fleet; the captains' wives gave them pretty articles they had made themselves; the captains had all contrived to find some gift; and the sailors gave bits of carved walrus ivory, funny articles which they had whittled out of wood, and all manner of quaint things which they fished out of the depths of their sea-chests.

Then the sailors went to their own quarters, while the rest talked and laughed and sang, and almost forgot that they were so far from the Christmases of home. Then, suddenly, "Hush!" said Captain Ferry. Through the great silence of the Arctic night came the sound of bells, the bells of the ships, ringing midnight; and Christmas day came softly in.

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## CHRISTMAS TWICE A YEAR.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

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SOME children think that Christmas day  
Should come two times a year;  
But that is not at all the way  
That it should be, I fear.

For in the summer Christmas-trees  
Are very, very small;  
And all the games and toys one sees,  
They are not ripe at all!

The dolls are very tiny ones;  
The wagons will not go;  
The balls are littler than buns—  
It takes them months to grow!

The candy it is, oh, so sour!  
The guns they will not shoot;  
There 's need of many an autumn shower  
To ripen Christmas fruit!



"TUG."



"PUNK."



"SAWED-OFF."



"JUMBO."

## THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.



"B. J."



"SLEEPY."



"BOBBLES."

TWELVE of the boy-  
ishest boys that ever or-  
namented a dog's tail  
with a tin can, sprawled  
under a tree on the edge  
of a lake; and sulked.

Finally, one of them  
whined peevishly:

"Well, fellows, we  
might as well go and  
jump in the lake."

"And say, 'Here goes  
nothin'!'" groaned an-  
other.

Now, when one boy  
is gathered together, you  
expect just so much trou-  
ble—so many panes of  
glass to be replaced; so  
many neighbors to patch  
up peace with. When  
you see twelve boys'  
heads together you feel  
like calling out the fire  
department and the mili-  
tia.

But here are twelve of

the most harmless-looking young gentlemen  
outside of a wax-works. What can have punc-  
tured the tire of the round world for them?  
Listen.

"To think that those all-fired Greenville  
cadets should simply beat the life out of us like  
that!"

"Say, were we trying to play football—or  
marbles?"

"We could n't beat the Greenville school for  
girls, to say nothing of their military academy!"

So they played tennis with the blues, till one  
boy spoke up and changed the game. They  
called him Tug. And Tug said:

"You fellows talk like a lot of cry-babies.  
Just because you got licked once, do you think  
the world's coming to an end? Brace up!"

"It's all very well for you to talk, Tug, but  
you did n't play against those blamed Green-  
villains. You were in luck to get a sprained  
ankle just before the game, I can tell you.  
They gave me worse than that before I got  
through!" yowled one who looked like a leo-  
pard, when he went swimming; he had so  
many black and blue spots on him. But Tug  
persisted:

"You fellows deserved to get whipped."



"QUIZ."



"PRETTY."



"THE TWINS."



"HIST'RY."

"Why?" they all yelled, sitting up in anger and surprise.

"Because you did n't practise. You've got as good stuff in you as those cadets. But they spent their spare time working together, and every man watched his diet and made football his business. There was no fairy-story work about that game; they went in to win and they did it."

"Oh, it's all very easy for you to sit up and talk!" said a lanky boy called Punk, who had been captain of the defeated team, "but you'd talk out of the other side of your mouth if you had had the running of the team."

"Is that so?" answered Tug. "Well, I'll just bet I could fix up an eleven here that would lick the boots off 'em!"

"Well, why don't you?" said the old captain derisively.

"I'm not the captain" —

"Well, you can have my job right now."

"I'll take it! — that is, — no, of course, I don't want to shove myself in."

"Go on! You're all right! Take a shy at it," they all voted; and one cried: "Hooray for the new captain!"

A still small voice came from beneath a pug nose that bent under a pair of eye-glasses that gave him a wise look.

It was from the bookworm of the crowd, and he said:

"That reminds me of what they used to say, 'The King is dead! Long live the King!'"

"Dry up, Hist'ry, and give Tug a chance."

"Well, fellows, it takes a lot of nerve to grab Punk's place away from him like this" —

"You're quite welcome, I'm sure; and I wish you luck," said Punk with a very good grace.

"Put her there, Punk; you're a white man!" Tug had to exclaim, and the two captains shook hands without any of that silly jealousy that often mars athletics.

"When shall we begin practice? Monday? To-morrow?"

"Now!" cried Tug. "Every minute is a minute, and we've got fifteen of 'em before supper-time," and he leapt to his feet. "Hist'ry, you might be thinking up a good challenge to send them. We lost the game on our

home grounds. We've got to win it on theirs. Come ahead, boys!"

Tug's enthusiasm was as contagious as the mumps. In a moment he had his ten followers trailing out after him for a long run at a carefully regulated pace that began very slow, worked up to a good quick trot and a short spurt, and slowed down again to a jog.

An odd-looking dozen they make; an odds-and-ends dozen you might say, except that, next to bullying your smaller and putting tacks into bicycle paths, punning is the worst habit you can get into.

I won't give you the whole history of each of these fellows now — or ever — but some sort of a catalogue will be handy, if you are going far in their company.

I believe their fathers and mothers nicknamed them "Robert Williams" and "Clement Robinson" and "Thorndyke Pendleton" and such ridiculous things; but their real names were, of course, just what their chums chose to call them.

First came the new captain, Tug. His father when he was angry called him, "You-Clement-Robinson-come-here!" Every pound of flesh on him had to turn into muscle or get off. He was not a witty boy. He took everything earnestly, seriously, and ambitiously, his lessons as well as his games. He thought hard and fought hard and wrought hard. Such as he are the salt of the earth. Not the sugar, nor the pepper, nor the spice, but the salt. He was a born captain of men.

Close in the wake of him came Punk, the ex-captain, known to his teachers as Richard Malcolm. He was a fine fellow to obey and execute orders, but no man to invent them or see them obeyed. He was in the right place now. After him lumbered a boy so very tall that they called him "Sawed-Off," — his nickname was Thorndyke Pendleton. He managed not only to bruise Punk's heels, but also to bark the shins of the boy behind. And this was his particular chum, so tiny a rat that they called him "Jumbo"; the girls called him Billee Douglas. This minnow and this whale were the best friends of all "The Dozen."

After them came various boys of various sorts and sizes. One of them was dubbed

"B. J.," because that stands for bridge-jumper, and he had once dived off a railroad trestle about 'steen feet high, and had come up unconscious with mud oozing from his mouth and nose. They fished him out with a boat-hook, and his father, who was Henry Perkins, Senior, emptied him as if he were a hot-water bag, and afterward rolled him and kneaded him back to life and, let us hope, to more common sense.

In his footprints jogged a brick-top named "Reddy," and another one usually known as "Reddy's Brother," but also named "Heady," as like a pair of twins as ever puzzled strangers. In the family Bible they were written down on the same day as Ralph and Rolf Phillips. Then struggled along a lazy beggar named "Sleepy," sometimes called Charles Croft, by mistake; a living interrogation-point called "Quiz"—if you asked him he would say his real name was Clarence Randolph, but don't believe everything people tell you; a fellow named "Bobbles," alias Robert Williams, and one called "Pretty" (pronounced "Purty"); he had once been christened Edward Parker, but he had lived it down. And the twelfth was "Hist'ry."

In good season Tug brought them back to the tree, and all of them felt like dropping flat on the ground, but the captain forbade such rashness.

"It 's against all the rules of training," he said. "If we had a nice gymnasium we could take a cold shower-bath, or a plunge, and rub down well; but it 's too late even to go swimming. We 'd better be pegging for home."

"Those blamed Greenville fellows have a gymnasium that is a beauty," complained Bobbles. "How can we expect to win without any advantages?"

"It is n't so much advantages as grit that counts," said Tug. "If we 'll buckle to it we can— Here, you, Sleepy, get up from there! We 're going home now."

Sleepy had come in last of all, and had dropped to the ground like a bag of beans.

"Aw, let a fellow alone," he mumbled.

"I 've got a right to rest, I guess."

"Well," said Tug, bluntly, "you 've got a right to get off the team, too, I guess. If you are going to balk at the rules and run a risk of

catching cold and growing weaker instead of stronger after exercise, it 's time we knew it. There are plenty of other fellows in the High School just aching for a chance to play in your place."

"Who 's balkin'?" grumbled Sleepy, getting to his feet as quickly as if the grass had caught fire.

"Come along, then, fellows, and Hist'ry can read us his challenge as we go."

Then they set out at a brisk walk, all trying to read over History's shoulder at the same time, and all getting in the way of all.

This is what History read. (History's school-books had the name Willis Campbell written in them, though I can't imagine why.) He knew many big words by name, but his spelling was a bit shaky.

*The Managers and Members of the  
Greenville Military Academy  
Football Association.*

*Gentlemen:*

*Whereas your magnificent aggeration of physical and mental champions have administered a crushing defeat to the Lakerims, we the undersigned respectfully request the honor of an opportunity of retrieving our lost laurels—*

"What 's 'laurels'?" said Quiz who was eternally asking questions.

"Why, laurels," said History, "are things the Greeks used to wear in their hair. They grow on a tree, and—"

"Go on with the letter!" said ten voices at once, and the explanation was postponed.

*— retrieving our lost laurels. We will play you on your own arena—or any place you may designate. We would respectfully suggest two (2) weeks from tomorrow (Saturday) as a suitable date.*

*Yours very truly,*

*The Lakerim High School Football  
Association.*

"That 's great!" said Sawed-Off envying History his education.

"But you 'd better send a dictionary with it," put in Jumbo.

"I presume they will comprehend it," answered History scornfully.

And it seems that they did comprehend it, for an acceptance came promptly, proposing that three fourths of the gate-receipts should go to the winner and one fourth to the loser. This was satisfactory.

The fateful Saturday saw the Lakerim team bundling into an omnibus bound for the neighboring town of Greenville. Everybody else that could get away from the village of Lakerim followed after, on bicycles and tandems and in carriages, buckboards, wagons — almost everything but sleighs and flying-machines. The

But Tug did n't believe in coddling a useless regret, so he braced up and said in a stout voice:

"Boys, we have n't any colors of our own, but we 'll make those purple flags look sick before the game is over — or die trying, eh?"

"That 's what!" the rest barked, taking on a new determination.

Tug had had little time to train his team — only the recesses of school-hours, the late afternoons and Saturdays — but he had done wonders with his materials, considering the time he

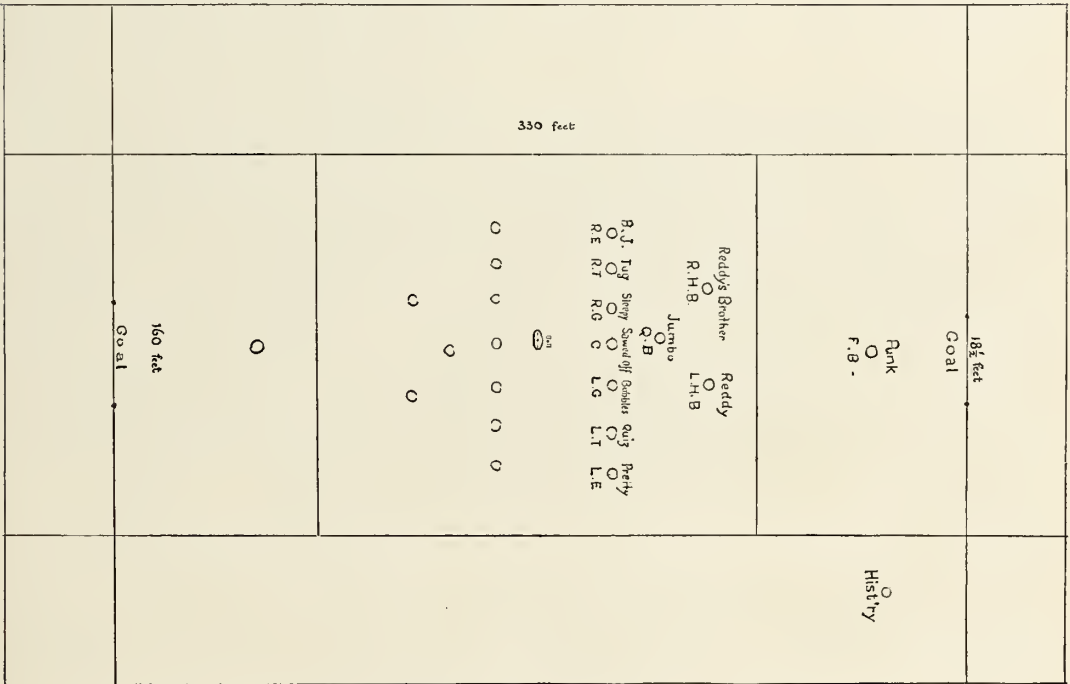


DIAGRAM OF THE FIELD AND THE POSITIONS OF THE DOZEN.

team was not sorry that most of the Lakerim beauties were in the crowd, and Pretty, who was a great ladies' man, wanted to get out and ride in one of the carryalls, but his jealous rivals held him back. When they arrived at Greenville and saw the good, well-fenced athletic field, with the pretty grand-stand, and the crowds of Greenville fathers and mothers and sweethearts covered with the Academy colors, Lakerim grew sick at heart, for our boys had no distinctive colors. They had neat uniforms, but these had no particular meaning.

had. He had enjoyed the aid of no professional coaches, nor any aid at all except a little advice from Mr. Bronson, one of the teachers of the High School, who had seen a few Yale games once. Tug knew nothing of the present condition of his rivals. He hoped that they had had their heads so turned by their easy victory before, that they had trained little. He hoped it and he did n't hope it, because he wanted a good hard battle to make the victory worth while or soothe the sting of defeat.

All that was in his power he had done. He

had made his men work, and work with system. They had taken their exercise and their meals regularly, and had solemnly promised to eat no candies or pies, and to keep strictly in training. He had labored with his players, separately and in the mass, till he was sure they could work together like one man, and every member of that one man would do the best that was in him — provided they did n't all get rattled.

But Tug had done such wonders for the team that when his men came out on the "grid-iron" they felt too great confidence in themselves, and almost believed that they could almost win by staring the other team out of conscience,— as they say one can stare an angry bull into subjection by the power of his eye — though I advise you to practise it first through a telescope.

After a little preliminary warming-up, in which the men practised falling on the ball and passing it, and got the general lay of the land, time was called. The captains met, and tossed up a very important penny. Tug won, and chose the northern goal because the wind was in his favor. It might change before the second half, and be in his favor again. At any rate Tug was always cautious, and believed that a wind in your favor is worth two in the almanac.

How they lined up is shown by the diagram on page 135.

The football was put in the exact center of the field, where it looked as interesting as if it were an egg the roc had laid there. The Lakerim line drew back ten yards and waited. After a while of breathless pause, the Greenville boys dashed forward. There was the sudden thump of the kick-off, and the ball went up in the air as if it slid on the grooves of a rainbow. It soared slowly up and came leisurely down. Beneath it was a pretty struggle. Tug's men blocked the onset as well as could be expected; but two or three hungry wolves got through the hedge and came leaping toward Punk, who, as full-back, waited with open arms and mouth for the ball. It seemed that it never would come down; but at last it did. He made a clean catch of it, but preferred a run to a return kick.

Hugging the ball to him as if it were a very

precious and very breakable baby, he jumped away from the leap of the first cadet tackler, and dug out for the far-off goal. The second tackler he knocked aside with one quick open-handed, straight-from-the-shoulder lunge. Then he was up with his own line, and here — thanks to Tug's especial study of the art of protection, or "interference," as they call it oftener — he ran on unhindered by the Greenvillers, who were bunted and shunted off like waves from a sharp prow. But just as Punk was getting well past the center line and invading Greenville's territory, Nesbitt, their captain, darted around behind Punk's bodyguard, and came down on his back like a grizzly bear. Punk went to ground instanter. But he could hear the wild applause of the Lakerim faction of the spectators over his great run.

There was a quick line-up. Sawed-Off snapped the ball back to Jumbo, and he shot it left to Reddy, who dashed toward the right end. All the Lakerims went the same way; and all the Greenvillers rushed over to stop the run. But as Reddy passed his brother he slipped the ball back to him; and before the helpless cadets could stop themselves, they saw Brother scooting unobstructed round the left end, and far down the field. They had n't expected the old "criss-cross" so early in the game, and they were disgusted.

The Greenville full-back was waiting for Heady, however, and he wrapped his arms lovingly about him as if he had come to stay. Heady was pulled down to his knees, but, like every wise player, he tugged and hunched forward for every precious inch he could make before he was held fast.

On the next line-up the goal was only twelve yards away. The Greenvillers expected another end-run, and were not braced for the shock that split their line when the ball went back to the hands of Punk, who came plunging like a tomahawk straight through a suitable hole prepared by Sawed-Off and Bobbles right between the center and the right guard of the enemy.

There was no stopping him for eight yards, and to the complete chagrin of all Greenville the very same man went through the very same place the very same way for four yards more.



When Punk picked himself up he was on the right side of the enemy's goal-line.

The Lakerimmers in the audience could hardly believe that their team had scored a touch-down so soon, and each one of them acted like a grasshopper on a griddle till Punk kicked a perfect goal. Then each one acted like two grasshoppers on a griddle.

Score: Lakerims — 6; Greenvilles — 0.

"They're too easy," said Punk.

"Wait," said Tug.

Nothing succeeds like success, they say; but

The man that caught it was downed by Tug at once, but the first plunge of the Greenvilles bowled Sawed-Off over like a king-pin, and went through the Lakerim line like an elephant, for fifteen yards. It might have been going yet, had not Tug thrown himself flat on his back and helped to pull the whole pile down on himself like a house of cards — though it felt more like almost anything else.

When the Lakerims picked themselves piecemeal out of the scrambled legs, they were as much confused as if they had got the wrong



"LAKERIM SLIPS THROUGH THE CADET INTERFERENCE AND TACKLES LOW AND HARD, RARELY LOSING A MAN OR AN INCH."

sometimes nothing is so demoralizing. The poor Lakerims were so overcome with the change in their condition from defeated and despised villagers to irresistible victors, that they felt as if they were ready to meet the All-America team.

But the blood of the amazed cadets was up now, and when they had the kick-off again, Punk, who was a whit rattled at being suddenly hailed and hugged as a hero, made a fumbling catch, tried for a kick, and punted a sickly one that went up almost straight, and came down in his own territory.

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pieces. The next time Greenville bucked the line they went over like straw men. The third time they simply hung on the cadet rushers as if they were a big turtle, and rode! — rode under their own goal-posts, too, and later saw the ball nicely kicked through for a goal. Score: Greenville — 6; Lakerim — 6.

The next kick-off fell to Tug's men, and it was a miserable fluke. It went barely the necessary ten yards, and fell into the clutch of a cadet who took it on the run and forgot how to stop till he reached Tug's 25-yard line. Here one of the Greenville half-backs returned the

compliment of the criss-cross while the Lakerims looked over their left shoulders like helpless dolts and watched Punk slam him to the ground on the 10-yard line. They lined-up again; just as a formality, it seemed, for they were too polite — or something — to prevent a cadet from cutting through between Sleepy and Sawed-Off for six yards more. Here they managed to gain strength enough from despair to hold Greenville fast for three downs. But when they got the ball, Jumbo was so nervous that he threw it wildly to the all-too-zealous Reddy, who fumbled it and was swept off his feet before he could blurt out “Down!” and shoved back over his own goal-line for a safety. Score: Greenville — 8; Lakerim — 6.

It was a disconsolate lot of Lakerims that hobbled out now to the 25-yard line, and they got little encouragement from the kick-out, which went off on the bias and out of bounds to the left. It was brought back for another try. This time Punk punted it out of bounds to the right. This gave the ball to Greenville again at Lakerim’s 25-yard line. After a run past Pretty for eight yards, Tug thought he foresaw a try for a goal from the field, so he made a furious dash for his rival, Captain Nesbitt, who was coolly dropping the ball for his kick; but the cadet opposite Tug, a brawny left tackle, struck him a blinding blow in the face and throttled him. Of course, the umpire did not see this, and Tug simply swallowed the foul in patience. He was above retaliation, and, later, when Sleepy was about to complain of a foul blow given him, Tug silenced him with a blunt “Don’t be a cry-baby! Take your punishment and pay it back — after the game, if you want to. Don’t risk any foul plays. We can’t afford it.”

Tug was too much dazed to watch Nesbitt’s drop-kick, but he knew from the wild derisive yells of the Greenville rooters — a suggestive word sometimes — that the cadets had scored again.

“Thirteen to six!” he groaned; “that ’s an unlucky number — for us.”

But he went doggedly to his place, muttered a few sharp words to his men, and saw with delight that the kick-off was a good long one. This time the cadet full-back answered with a

long punt. Punk had passed from the stupor of triumph to the stupor of dismal failure, and he brought himself out of this now into a healthy state of cool resolve. He caught the cadet punt fairly, and sent it back with his compliments. The wind was in his favor and helped his inferior strength. But the Greenville man was determined to win the honors of the battle, and there ensued one of the prettiest sights imaginable: a duel between two full-backs, the ball soaring in graceful curves to and fro like a carrier-pigeon, and the twenty anxious men darting here and there beneath. The Greenvilles’ captain, seeing that he was rather losing than gaining advantage, ordered his full-back to bring up the ball on a run, and he came tearing in breathlessly.

Just as Sawed-Off fell on him he passed the ball back to Nesbitt, and Nesbitt went down the field like a comet with a Lakerim man for a tail. Jumbo dashed across to head him off — the ant would waylay a camel! He tripped and fell just before he reached his prey, but reached out and clutched Nesbitt’s flying ankles and brought the proud captain down with a bloody nose. But the umpire called it a foul, — properly enough, since the tackle was below the knees, — and gave Greenville fifteen yards. This was a hard blow to Tug, but it was nothing to the blow he got when a Greenville “revolving tandem” beat him to the ground and went through him and his men for a touch-down. The touch-down was far to the side, however, and though Nesbitt made a noble effort, the wind carried the ball away from the posts, and he failed of goal. Score: Greenville — 17; Lakerim — 6.

There followed some hard mass-plays on both sides, with little gain to either. And then time was up, for the faculties of the two schools wisely forbade the boys to play more than twenty-five-minute halves.

When the Lakerims gathered at their quarters they were a blue lot. They had no trainers to rub them down with alcohol and tone them up with advice. But Tug arose and waving a towel, instead of a manuscript, made the following oration:

“Men, we have n’t done ourselves justice. We can take the starch out of these cadets if

we try hard enough. But you — we — got the big-head after that first touch-down and played like crazy men. Now, all you 've got to do is to be steady and cautious. Don't lose any good chances, but don't take any big risks. And two things we can do, and have got to do. We can hold that line if we do our best, and we can buck it if we do our best. Boys,— er — men,— we 've *got* to win this game, and we 're *going* to win it."

They cheered him gaily, and came back to the struggle, rested, refreshed, and heartened.

This time the kick-off is Lakerim's. The ball shoots like an arrow on a clean long arc.

The Greenvilles are upset by their long lead and do not expect the vim they find in the Lakerim dash. Their full-back is slammed to earth, almost in his tracks, by Tug, who has slashed through interference like a sword. The cadets now try a run round the end, but their runner can go only sidewise and is soon pushed out of bounds. Second down; five yards to gain. A wedge fails to split Tug and B. J. Third down; five yards to gain. A line-up, a snap-back, a toss to the left half-back, Tug is boosted over the shoulders of the crouching left tackle, and slaps the half-back to turf before he can move.

Lakerim's ball. "8-17-33-9!" A wedge between Greenville's left tackle and guard. No gain. Second down, five yards to gain. A different signal for the same wedge on Greenville's left tackle and guard. Third down, five yards to gain. Same wedge, same place. Through the exhausted Greenville men the plow makes a furrow of ten yards.

Line-up again. Tug gives the old signal "8-17-33-9." It sounds familiar. Nesbitt cries, "Brace that left tackle!" but he did not catch a slight difference in Tug's intonation, and has the pleasure of seeing Reddy going like a fire-brand in a cyclone round the unguarded right end.

He is stopped thirty yards from home. Tug sends another wedge into the exhausted left tackle, and says as they pick themselves up some yards further down the field:

"You will throttle me, will you?"

He goes on bucking the line; vainly sometimes; oftener with success, till his stout-hearted

rams have butted their way across the line again, and seen another goal nicely kicked. Score: Greenville — 17; Lakerim — 12.

This success is meat and drink to the Lakerim lads, and when they get the ball after the next kick-off they follow Tug into the line with resistless force, hurling their own bodies like sledge-hammers against their rivals till they have pounded them back again to their twenty-five-yard line.

The ball is lost at times, but not through fumbles; and everywhere Greenville tests the line she finds a wall piled up suddenly there in waves of stone. Lakerim slips through the cadet interference and tackles low and hard, rarely losing a man or an inch. Lakerim's own interference is as hard to pierce as a Greek phalanx.

"Now you 're playing football," says Tug.

Once inside Greenville's 25-yard line, Punk begs for a chance to try a goal from the field, but Tug refuses.

"If you should make it, we 'd only tie the score; and the wind 's against you. No, sir; we 've got 'em on the run, and I would n't give 'em the ball for a thousand dollars!"

There was a long, tough fight in front of that beautiful goal. Once or twice Tug's men lost the ball on downs, but Greenville was afraid to give it up with a kick, and could not break his line; so the ball came back. Many, many were the bruises, and twice there was a pause for an injured player. Both times it was Tug, but he would not be dragged out of the game. He shook off his pain and daze, and always bucked the line; till finally, like a tidal wave, his men broke over the Greenville reef into the lagoon beyond the goal. Punk's toe was true again, and the score was Lakerim 18 — Greenville 17.

The Lakerims were, after all, only half-trained High School boys, and they could not stand everything. So they let up a little, and before long realized that Greenville was awake and desperate now, and that she was backing them toward their own goal, spasmodically but surely. In vain Tug coached and inspired his men. In vain they welled up against Greenville wedges. In vain they tried the Greenville line and the ends of the line. Tug felt that the time-keeper was his only salvation now, and hoped only to

hold Greenville where she was. But back he was forced; back, always back; till finally the goal-posts were just over the heads of the twins.

"Hold hard, boys! We've *got* to hold 'em," he pleaded; and he whispered to B. J., "I'm going through that line, or die!"

First down—no gain. That's good. Do it again. Second down—three yards gained. Third down—no gain.

If they make that two yards now, Lakerim is done for.

Nesbitt has his men well up. The ball is to go to the full-back for a last assault on the enemy's left; but just as the full-back catches the leathern prize, there is a rip and a swish and a swoop, and Tug is through the line and on him, the dumfounded cadet has fallen over backward and dropped the ball, Tug has shot past and scooped it up, and is off for the far-away, far-away goal! He is all out of breath; but there is no one in front of him, and he gasps and runs like a hunted animal. There is a wild mob after him, and his heart acts as if it would bounce out of his mouth, and his parched lungs feel that all the air is withdrawn from the world; but still he runs, and finally when everything has grown dazzlingly, blindingly scarlet before him, he bumps into something hard, and knows it is a goal-post, and drops to the ground stunned, gasping, utterly

beaten out. And he is crying a little, perhaps; but heroes can afford to cry.

Of course Punk could n't miss the goal after that, and time was up that minute; so the score stood, 24 to 17.

There is no use telling anything more about the blissful crowd that went back to Lakerim, the fireworks, and all that.

When the team was riding home that night, in moonlight as pure as their own happiness, every boy had an arm or two around some other boy.

Again Bobbles piped up: "If we only had a gymnasium, and a field and colors—"

"And the earth with a fence around it," grunted Sawed-Off.

But Bobbles went on: "Now, I've been thinking—"

"You'll hurt yourself some of these days," said Junbo.

"I've been thinking," Bobbles persisted, "of a way we can get all these things. My scheme is this: We made \$44.50 as our share of the gate receipts. Well, now, we'll salt that away and—"

"Lakerim! All out!" called the driver of their omnibus.

"I'll tell you about it later," said Bobbles, as eleven tired sleepyheads separated to go home to their well-earned pillows and sweet dreams of victory.

*(To be continued.)*

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## FOR "SPECIAL DELIVERY."

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

---

'T WAS a dainty pink epistle in the bottom of the box

(The mail-box on the corner where resides Miss Polly Knox);

And it turned and "wriggle-twisted" to get nearer to the top,

While more letters kept a-dropping, till it thought they'd never stop.

"Oh, please wait a bit," it chirruped; "for I really *must* have air;

And to elbow one so little does n't seem exactly fair,

Though I'm sure you do not mean it as a rudeness; I'd be pleased

If you'd boost me up a little where I would n't be so squeezed."

But the big, bluff Business Letter and the U. S. Document,

And the Postal Cards prosaic, said they did n't "care one cent";



That they  
would  
not  
"budge  
a frac-  
tion of a  
quarter of an  
inch!"

And a spiteful Dun-  
ning Letter gave a  
pert and painful  
pinch.

"If you knew," piped  
Polly's letter, with  
a quaver in its  
voice,

"What delightful news  
I carry it would  
make your hearts  
rejoice!

I am going, just as  
fast as Uncle Sam  
can carry me,

To invite Louisa Jenkins to a charming Polly  
Tea.

"Now this poor Louisa Jenkins seldom has  
one bit of fun;  
And my dearest Mistress Polly (who is like  
a little sun,  
With her face so bright and beaming)  
wants to cheer her up, you see,  
And has sent the invitation (and I'm  
proud of it!) by me.

"There will be three kinds of ice-  
cream, angel-cake, and maca-  
roons  
(You should see our Polly's tea-set  
with the pretty silver spoons!);  
Lemonade, and pinks and roses, dolls  
and strawberries and cream!  
(Wish that I could only be there, just  
to see Louisa beam!)"

Then the big, bluff Business Letter said,  
"You voice my sentiments";  
And the spiteful Dunning Letter beamed  
with bland benevolence;  
And all joined unanimously with the U. S.  
Document

In declaring 't was essential such a letter  
should be sent

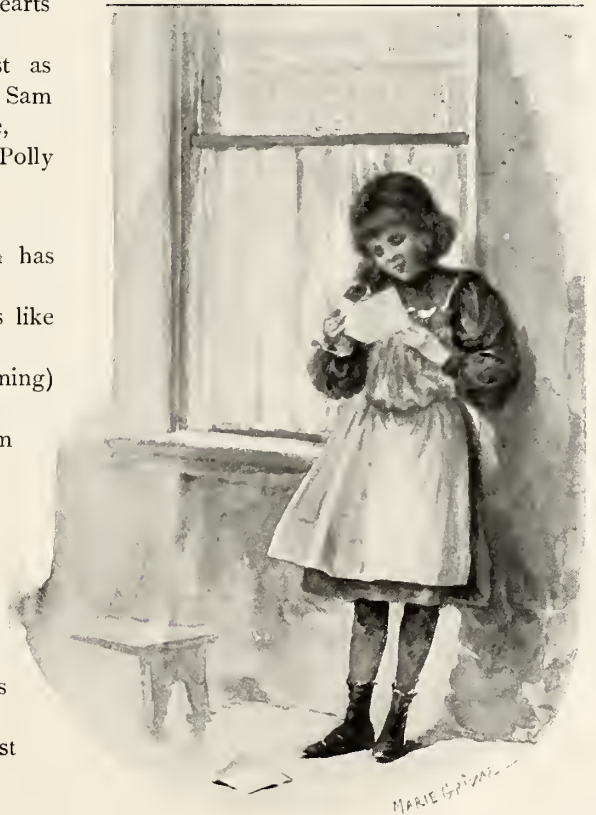
On its way with special honors, and arrive  
in tip-top style;

And each Postal Card beamed broadly,  
with a thin, but cheerful smile.

Then they helped the Little Letter to an  
airy upper station,

And treated it, as it deserved, with marked  
consideration,

And formed its body-guard until it reached  
its destination.



## TWO BIDDICUT BOYS, (*And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.*)

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### I.

#### ON THE LAKE-SHORE.

THE boys were putting on their clothes in the shadow of the ice-house, when a young man, walking along the edge of the railroad embankment, sauntered down to the shore, followed by a dog. The man had on a narrow-brimmed, speckled straw hat, and a loose sack-coat, and he carried a short stick jauntily in his hand.

He did n't seem to observe the boys, but the boys observed him.

"Looks like a lightning-rod man off on a vacation," said Cliff Chantry. "The one that rodded our new barn had just such a free and easy, I-own-the-earth sort of swagger."

"Bright-looking cur he 's got," said Ike Ingalls, tugging at a stocking half-way on his wet foot.

"It 's an Irish terrier," said Dick Swan, hoping on one foot to jar the water out of his ear.

"That 's no terrier," said the tallest of the boys, as he stood buttoning his shirt-collar, with his elbows spread, his chin up, and a prominent nose high in the air. "It 's some sort of a spaniel; don't you see the ears?"—lowering his chin and glancing in the direction of the dog and his master. "His legs are too long for any Irish terrier's."

"A spaniel it is, then; when Quint Whistler says a thing, that makes it so!"

Having uttered this sarcasm, Dick hopped on the other foot, to jounce the water out of his other ear.

Quint paid no attention to the taunt, but pulled down his wristbands under his coat-cuffs, and remarked dryly:

"What 's that he has in his hand?—I mean the man, not the dog. It 's too big for a tooth-pick, but not big enough for a walking-stick."

"I 'll tell you," suggested Cliff Chantry. "He 's the leader of a band, and that 's his band-stick. Don't you know?"—and he stopped combing his wet hair with his fingers to make fantastic motions with an imaginary baton. "He 's waving it now. See?"

"The dog 's his band. He 's waving it for him," said Quint. "There!"

The stick went splashing into the water a few rods from shore, and the dog went plunging and paddling after it.

"I knew he was a water-dog," said Quint.

"That 's no sign," Cliff replied. "A terrier could do that. I 'll ask him. I say, mister, what sort of a whelp is that?"

The young man waited until the dog brought him the stick, then turned to the boys coming down the slope and buttoning their last buttons.

"What sort of a whelp?" he repeated. "He 's a sparkler. Did n't you ever see a sparkler?"

"Can't say I ever did," Cliff replied. "Never heard of one. What 's a sparkler like?"

"As much like the animal you see here as your two thumbs are like each other. See him, and you see a sparkler. Hear him,"—at a motion of the stick the dog barked,—“and you hear a sparkler. Did you ever read Shakspeare?"

"I know the dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in the 'Advanced Speaker,'" Cliff replied. "I acted Cassius once, at a school exhibition, to this fellow's Brutus." He turned, and with a smile looked up at Quint Whistler, who was the last to come down to the shore, buttoning his vest by the way.

"Brutus—Marcus Brutus—this slab-sided chap with the gambrel-roof nose?" cried the dog's owner, with a laugh which infected the whole crowd of boys, except Quint himself.

He had, as has been suggested, an exceptionally bold nasal protuberance; and there was a break in the high slope of it, somewhat suggestive of the roof in question. Cliff's nose, on the contrary, was short, but shapely, belonging to a frank, freckled, mirthful face—the face of a farmer's boy about sixteen years old. He was of medium height, and rather stocky. Quint was perhaps a year older, fully a head taller, lank of face and bony of frame. His countenance was grave almost to sternness at this moment, as if he did not altogether relish the personal nature of the young man's remarks.

The young man confronted the two, looking from one to the other, with an air of lively satisfaction at having made their acquaintance. The boys' companions, half a dozen or more, gathered about them in a group, to listen to the conversation.

"Brutus has got the most nose, but Cassius knows the most," the stranger rattled on gaily. "Though it's easier to decide about the nose than about the knowledge. If I could see you two act Brutus and Cassius, that might help settle the question."

Quint kept his frowning countenance, but Cliff answered laughingly:

"He's great as Brutus! You should see him once! He used to step up on the teacher's platform to spout, 'When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous'; then when he got to,— 'Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts! dash him to pieces!'—he would jump down on the floor with a jar that made the old school-house shake. Cassius was nowhere! But what has Shakspeare, and Brutus and Cassius, to do with your pup?"

"That's what I was coming to," replied the pup's master, holding the stick again, ready to throw. "In one of the plays is a heroine, 'created,' as her lover says, 'of every creature's best.' That can't always be true. But it applies exactly to my dog. He is *multum in parvo, e pluribus unum, ne plus ultra*. He's a land-dog and a water-dog, a sheep-dog and a watch-dog; as honest a dog as ever you saw steal a sausage, and the cunningest trick-dog in the wide world; as sly as a fox, and as amusing as a monkey. Sparkler's his name, and Spark-

ler's his nature. Young gentlemen, that paragon is for sale, and I invite you to make an offer for him."

He threw the stick, and as the "paragon" went splashing after it, he added:

"What'll you give, Brutus? Name a figure, Cassius? Don't be bashful because I happen to be a stranger."

"I should n't think you would want to sell such a perfect creature as that," remarked Cliff Chantry.

"My young friend, you're right. Nothing but dire necessity could ever induce me to part with him. Necessity is a hard mistress; she'll part a good boy and his gran'ma, often a man and his money, sometimes a man and his dog. Have you a silver half-dollar, Brutus? You, Cassius, a quarter? I'd like to flip it into the lake, for you to see him paddle out and find it—dive to the bottom for it, and bring it ashore. Anybody got a piece of bright money?"

Brutus lifted his eyebrows at Cassius with a droll expression. Cassius drew down one side of his face with a sagacious wink. The other boys likewise winked and smiled, and two or three of them might have been observed to press their hands prudently on their pockets. Bright pieces with which to strew the bottom of the lake were not forthcoming.

"I am pained to perceive an air of incredulity among some of you," said the stranger. "But to convince you—" He put his hand into his own pocket, and asked, "How deep is it out where he is now?"

"About up to your neck," said Cliff.

"That's all right. This is the last quarter that remains to me out of a small fortune; but to show you the confidence I have in the sagacity of my four-footed friend—Here, Sparkler!"

Sparkler dropped the stick on the sand, put his nose to the coin, and yelped wishfully.

"Watch carefully!" his owner said to the boys. "Look alive, Sparkler!" And he tossed the coin boldly out into the lake, where it sank in a circle of ripples.

The dog swam swiftly after it, put down his head into the clear water two or three times as he neared the spot, and finally went down altogether. He seemed to be gone a long

while: a few seconds seem a long while when you are watching a feat of that sort.

"I bet you he does n't bring up any silver quarter," said Cliff Chantry.

"How much will you bet?" cried the dog's owner eagerly. "Any fellow here wants to make a bet? You, Brutus? Put up some money, some of you!"

"But you 've no money to put up," said Quint Whistler.

"I 've that quarter —"

"At the bottom of the lake!" Cliff laughed excitedly.

"I 'll bet the dog! The dog against a dollar! That 's a hundred to one! Quick!" cried the young man. "There he comes! Will you take the wager, on what he 's got in his mouth?"

"I 'm not in the habit of backing up my opinions with bets," remarked Quint Whistler. "All I can say is, I 'm glad 't was n't my quarter you flung."

"He 's got his mouth shut," said Ike Ingalls. "It was open when he swam out."

"He 's got a pebble in it! He 's got his mouth full of sand! Ho, ho!" The boys clamored and jeered, at the same time watching with eager curiosity the dog paddling shoreward.

"Boys," said the young man, gaily, "you are a squad of young Solomons! You 'll sprout wisdom when you get free from your mothers' apron-strings! Is n't that so, Sparkler?"—as the dog came dripping out of the lake, and dropped into his master's open palm, along with some gravel, before the eyes of the intensely interested spectators, the recovered piece of money!

## II.

### A ROMANTIC STORY.

"THAT 'S nothing to what he can do," said the young man, dipping the coin in the water and then wiping it with his handkerchief before returning it to his pocket. "Shake yourself, Sparkler!"

Sparkler shook himself, sending a shower of spray into the faces of the recoiling and backward tumbling boys. Quint Whistler alone stood his ground, receiving the drops on his

nose with an equanimity that amused the stranger.

"Now I see what that gambrel-roof is for— to shed water! My object, young gentlemen, was not to get the water on to you, as you may perhaps imagine, but to get it off from Sparkler, and reduce his weight by so much liquid; for now I am going to show you how he can jump. Sparkler!"

The young man held out the stick horizontally, about eighteen inches from the ground, and the dog leaped over it. He raised it six inches, and the dog went over it again. So he kept raising it, and the dog continued to jump over it, until it was finally placed across the top of Ike Ingalls's head.

Ike shut his eyes, giggling nervously, and holding himself still, while the dog, just touching his shoulder lightly, went over the stick, and came down on the grass beyond.

"He 's a regular trick-dog," said the stranger. "Now let me suggest a scheme. Brutus and Cassius will buy him for twenty-five dollars, and star the country with him. See? Play Shakspeare and exhibit the dog! Can Mr. Whistler whistle?" He had heard the boys call Quint by his full name. "Can either of you sing a comic song? If you can, your fortune is made!"

"I can whistle," said Quint, "like an empty jug. And we can both sing like a couple of cats on a back shed at two o'clock in the morning. But I 'm afraid that sort of whistling and singing would n't be popular, let alone our Shakspeare!" Everybody laughed, except Quint himself, who looked up with an appearance of mild surprise, as if to see where the fun came in.

"The dog alone will be attraction enough," said the stranger. "See what else he can do." He took off his coat and laid it on the grass. "Watch it, Sparkler!"

The dog lay down beside it, with his paws on the collar.

"Now, would any of you young gentlemen like to earn a quarter? If so, bring away that coat, and the lucre is yours."

"I don't care for the quarter, but I can get that coat," said Dick Swan, stepping carefully toward it, undeterred by the growls of Sparkler.

All watched with excited interest till he made



a sudden snatch at it. But before his hand grasped the garment, Sparkler's teeth were fast in his sleeve — so fast, indeed, that as he sprang back he left a piece of his cuff in the dog's mouth, amidst the loud laughter of his companions.

"He can do a hundred things," said the stranger. "Here 's one."

And without hesitation the dog picked it up and brought it to him.

"Now, Brutus, what will you have?"

"I say the thing that 's under the hat," Quint replied.

"Very well; the money that 's under the hat," said the master. Whereupon Sparkler tipped the hat over with his nose, nipped daintily at the



"SPARKLER'S" FIRST APPEARANCE.

Beside his coat on the grass he placed his handkerchief; beside that he laid his stick, and near that the silver quarter; then over the quarter he turned his hat.

"Now, boys," he said stepping back a few paces, "which of those articles shall he bring to me?"

"The handkerchief," said Cliff.

"You hear, Sparkler," said the master; "the handkerchief."

coin, which, together with some grass, he took up and dropped into the young man's extended hand.

"That 's judgmatical!" said Quint.

And Cliff exclaimed, "He 's great! Why don't you exhibit him yourself?"

"That 's what I am doing at this moment," said the dog's owner; "and that 's what I 've done to hundreds of delighted spectators.

Sparkler never fails to sparkle. But to pass around the hat — that 's another question. If I 've a weak point, it 's my modesty."

"Your modesty is as plain as a gambrel-roof nose," said Quint Whistler solemnly.

"Brutus," said the young man, laughing good-naturedly with the rest, "we 're even. You owed me one, and you have paid it." He put on his coat, and proceeded: "I am the son of a distinguished lawyer, lately deceased; and I am now on my way to the bedside of a sick mother in Michigan, who has sent for me, without knowing that I have no money for the journey."

Cliff fondled the dog's wet head, and inquired: "How do you happen to be out of money so far from home?"

The young man pulled down his cuffs under his coat-sleeves, and smilingly answered:

"That 's a long story; but it can be briefly told. I was employed as clerk in the big hotel in Bennington — the Stark Hotel, which was burnt two weeks ago. What? you did n't hear of that big fire? Well, you *would* have heard of it if you had been in town that night. 'T was a clean sweep! The guests lost about everything — barely escaped with their lives. I was so busy getting out the hotel books, and helping the women and children, that I could not give any time to my own personal effects; so I lost all my clothing, except what I had on my back, and all my books and private papers. I had some money in my pocket, but I 've spent that waiting to get my back salary from the proprietor. He owes me seven hundred dollars; but I could n't get it, because he had n't settled with the insurance companies. I was lucky in one thing — I saved my dog. I threw him from a three-story window."

"Seems to me that 's a three-story kind of a story," observed Quint.

"Wait till I tell you," said the young man, not at all disconcerted. "That was twelve o'clock at night. Think of it! He saw I was in danger — would stick to my heels, you know, while I was rousing the guests; he really helped me, by barking up and down the corridors, till I tumbled a feather-bed out of a window, and dropped him on it."

"I don't see how you *can* part with him!"

Cliff exclaimed, caressing the wonderful quadruped.

"Necessity — sheer necessity!" answered the young man. "To be perfectly frank with you, I shall sell him conditionally, if at all, — with the privilege of buying him back, at double the price, any time within three months. Give me twenty-five dollars for him, and if I don't pay you fifty within ninety days, the dog is yours. I 'm willing to put that in writing."

"I have n't got twenty-five dollars in the world," said Cliff, his eyes glistening with excitement as he looked appealingly at his companions. "And I know I could n't raise so much."

"How much can you raise?"

"I don't know."

Cliff walked aside with Quint, two or three others following.

"You don't really think of buying him, do you?" said Ike Ingalls.

"I would, in a minute, if I could," said Cliff. "He 's just wonderful! Say, Quint! what do you say to going in with me?"

"I 'm afraid 't would n't work well for two boys to own one dog," replied Quint. "But I should like to see you own him; and I 'll lend you a little money, if you like."

"Will you?" said Cliff eagerly.

"Yes, but let me give you something else first: that 's advice. You are worked up now. You are more excitable than I am. You 'd better wait till you 've had time to think it over and ask your folks. You want to do a thing like this when your head is cool."

"My head is cool enough," said Cliff. "But, cool or hot, I want that dog! As for my folks, I know they would n't consent if I should ask them. But if I take him home, show his tricks, and let out by degrees that I 've bought 'him conditionally, to double my money when the owner comes for him, — if he ever does come: I shall hope he won't! — I don't think they 'll say much."

"Well, you know best about it," said Quint. "I 've got four or five dollars at home I can let you have."

"I can lend you three dollars," Ike Ingalls whispered, eager to see the sale go on.

Dick Swan, likewise interested in seeing so

wonderful a dog brought into the neighborhood, offered to advance two more.

"Now, don't you appear too anxious!" Quint warned his enthusiastic friend.

"Oh, no!" said Cliff, with flushed cheeks and suffused eyes. "I'm as cool as a cucumber in an ice-house!"

### III.

#### THE STRANGER AND HIS DOG PART COMPANY.

WHEN the friends went back to where the dog was, they found him sitting up in a comical attitude, with his fore paws pointing at the handkerchief thrown over the top of the stick, which was stuck in the turf.

"He feels a little chilly after his bath, and he is warming his hands," his master explained. "You may think it's rather a cold fire; but that's nothing to a dog that has a little imagination. Don't burn your fingers, Sparkler!"

The dog actually drew his paws back a little, showing his teeth and winking with his pleasant brown eyes, as if he enjoyed the humor of the situation.

"That will do. Now put out the fire."

The dog pulled the handkerchief from the stick, and put his paws upon it.

"You see what he is," cried the owner, turning to Cliff. "What do you say?"

Cliff was more than ever determined to possess so marvelous a creature. But keeping in mind his friend's caution, and remembering how he had seen shrewd jockeys swap horses, he assumed an indifferent air, and answered diplomatically:

"I can't raise the money; I told you before."

"How did you come by the dog?" Quint inquired.

"That's a part of the story I believe I did n't tell," replied the young man. "He was a puppy one of the hostlers had in the hotel stables. I saw there was good stuff in him, bought him for a six-bladed jack-knife with a corkscrew and a gimlet, and gave my leisure time to training him."

Quint stooped to look at the dog's collar, and remarked that it bore no name or number.

"Has he ever been licensed?" he inquired.

"Licensed? yes," said the young man, with a smile of amusement at the simplicity of the question. "But in country places, where every dog is known, the law requiring names and license numbers on dogs' collars is apt to be a dead letter." He turned to Cliff. "How much can you raise?"

"I can raise five dollars; I'll give that for the dog," said Cliff, with a composed expression, such as he had noticed on the faces of horse-traders, but with a wildly throbbing heart.

The owner regarded him with a sad and pitying smile.

"I gave you credit for being a well-intentioned young man," he said; "and I supposed any one who had ever taken the great part of Cassius would have too high an appreciation of good acting to make such an offer for such a performer as my dog Sparkler. Why, sir, it would make him blush, it would make him hang his head for shame, to be sold for a paltry sum like that!"

It certainly made Cliff ashamed to have the pettiness of his offer held up to contempt in this way, and he would have blushed if his face had not been so very red before. He murmured something about having no more money.

"But your friends will lend you some; I see it in their eyes. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I believe you'll be a kind master; and I saw when you were stroking him that he had taken a liking to you. He knows a good dog-lover when he sees one, and he picked you out of the crowd. Give me twenty dollars, and the privilege of buying him back at forty, and he's yours."

"I'll give you ten," said Cliff quickly. "That's all I will give."

The other boys looked eagerly from his face to that of the young man, in which they saw signs of relenting. As Cliff could n't be moved to raise his offer, the owner finally said:

"And I hold the right to buy him back?"

"Yes," replied Cliff, "at double the price."

The young man laughed, and shrugged.

"On the whole," he said, "I think that will be as well for me. I shall save money when I come to reclaim him; and the ten dollars will take me as far as Buffalo, where I have friends who will help me over the rest of the journey. I

would n't have sold him outright if you had offered a hundred."

He took a small cord from his pocket, which he made fast to the dog's collar.

"This is hardly necessary," he observed; "for if I tell him to go with you he will go.

But it will be safer to place him under some restraint until I get well out of the way.

I shall hurry down to the Junction, and take the first west-bound train."

He stood ready to put the loose end of the cord into Cliff's hand. "Now where 's your ten dollars, young man?"

"These boys are going to get it for me," said Cliff; "they live nearer here than I do. You 'll give me a bill of sale?"

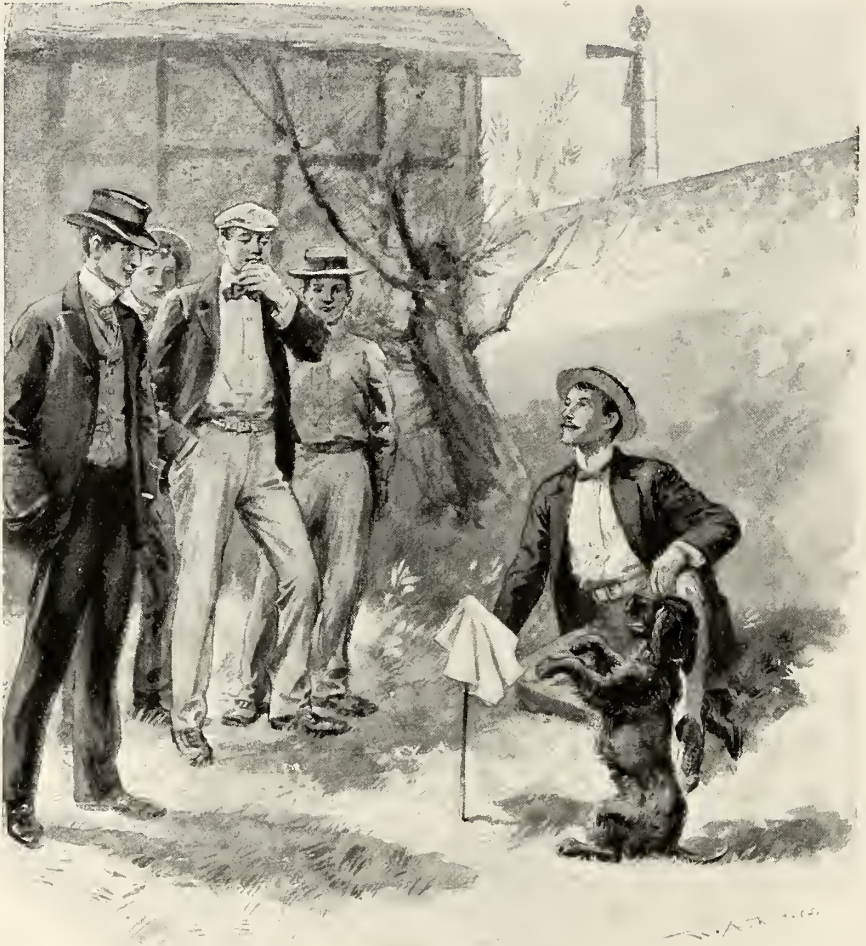
"Certainly, if you require it. Hurry up, and I 'll wait here."

Some of the boys went off with Cliff and

Quint, while the rest remained in the delightful company of the performing dog and his master. In a short time those who had departed came running back, Cliff at their head and Quint lagging in the rear; and Cliff, out of breath, paid with trembling hands his borrowed money.

He received in return the end of the cord, and a leaf torn from the stranger's note-book. On this was penciled a memorandum of the transaction, signed "A. K. Winslow."

"My usual signature," said the dog's late owner. "Though I may as well tell you that



"THEY FOUND SPARKLER SITTING UP IN A COMICAL ATTITUDE, WITH HIS FORE PAWS POINTING AT THE HANDKERCHIEF."

the A. stands for Algernon and the K. for Knight, and that my address will be Battle Creek, Michigan, till further notice. That is your receipted bill, with the redemption clause inserted. Now here is something for you to sign for my protection."

He held out his open note-book, in which Cliff read, on a penciled page :

"Purchased of A. K. Winslow, for ten dollars (\$10), his trick-dog Sparkler, which I agree to re-deliver to him, or to his order, on the payment of twice that sum (\$20), any time within three months."

This, like the bill of sale, was duly dated; and Cliff, after consulting with Quint, who thought it "judgmatical," attached his signature.

"I keep this, you keep that, and these friends of yours are our witnesses," said Algernon Knight Winslow, in the best of spirits, notwithstanding the present necessity of parting from his four-footed companion. "Sparkler! look alive!"

The dog sat up, with fore legs lifted and paws drooping, while his late master addressed him, with one forefinger pointed impressively :

"Sparkler, sharer of my fortunes, will you go with this young gentleman who holds you by the cord, stay with him faithfully, serve him obediently, and perform tricks for him as you would for me, till I send or come myself to claim you? Answer!"

Sparkler regarded him with half-closed, sleepy-looking eyes, and dropped one paw.

"That means 'yes,'" said Algernon K. Winslow. "And now you have him."

"You don't mean to say he takes in all you've been saying?" Cliff queried wonderingly.

"He takes in the gist of it as well as any of you. Now, with regard to his tricks." And Mr. Winslow went on to give Cliff some useful hints on that all-important subject.

The dog was never to be whipped under any circumstances, but always to be treated kindly, and rewarded with nice bits from the table after each performance.

"And I advise you to feed him as soon as you get home; for he has been on rather short allowance lately. Now, good-by. Farewell! Adieu! Au revoir! Till we meet again!" cried A. K. Winslow gaily.

Cliff had still some questions to ask regarding the tricks, which being obligingly answered, he said, "Come, Sparkler!" and set off, cord in hand, accompanied by the dog, who went as readily as if he had been acting one of his well-understood parts. Cliff was overjoyed; and his friends, running beside him and the leashed

animal, were almost as jubilant as he. Next to owning a trick-dog is the pleasure of having a friend own one.

"By-by!" Algernon K. Winslow called after them, waving his hand, as he turned and walked smilingly away.

#### IV.

##### CLIFF BRINGS HOME HIS PURCHASE.

"LAND's sake alive! What 's up?" exclaimed Mrs. Chantry, looking from the window of the old Chantry farm-house, and seeing a rabble of boys, headed by her son Clifford leading a strange dog, turn in at the gate.

On their way through the village the original party of six or seven had been joined by other boys eager to hear about the dog; and now two more, younger brothers of Cliff, ran out from the barn to meet the astonishing procession.

"What you got there? Where 'd you get that dog?" cried the younger brothers, aged twelve and ten, almost with one voice.

"Bought him!" replied Cliff, walking proudly in, followed by his rabble.

"Where? What did you give? What 's he good for?" clamored the younger brothers, falling into the ranks.

"He 's a trick-dog, and he 's worth a hundred dollars!" replied Sparkler's new owner. "Say, just keep quiet, and let me get him tied up in the wood-house, before you scare him to death. I'll tell you all about it in a minute, ma!" he cried, passing on to the rear of the house, regardless of his mother's expostulations.

She intercepted him at the back door.

"Tell me now! Stop right where you are!" she commanded him. "Have you been buying a dog without permission from your father or me?"

"I did n't have time to get permission; 't would n't do to let such a chance slip. He 's just the knowingest dog you ever saw or heard of! You and pa will both say it 's all right when I tell you," said Cliff, leading his prize and his mob of boys into the wood-shed, a barn-like addition to the house, with one large door opening into the back yard, and a smaller one within, communicating with the kitchen.

"The boy 's out of his head!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed. "I should think they had all broken out of bedlam! Amos and Trafton have

run wild with the rest. Where are *you* going, Susie?"

"I want to see the dog," said Susie, a fourteen-year-old sister of Cliff's.

"I declare, you're crazy too! Did n't anybody ever see a dog before?" cried the mother impatiently, but not ill-naturedly, for she was one of the indulgent sort. "Run and find your father, and tell him if he does n't want his wood-house turned into a pandemonium, he'd better come quick!"

Having got Sparkler into the wood-shed, and fastened him by his cord to the leg of a grindstone, Cliff told his brothers they might "just stroke his ears a little," but not to "fool with him," and charged Quint Whistler to look out for the other boys, who were crowding around; then he went bustling into the kitchen, calling out, "What can I feed him? Say, ma, what can I give my dog to eat?"

"That's a strange how-d'e-do!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed; "before you've told me what dog it is, or how you came by him! As if I was your servant, to feed any stray creetur' you choose to bring into the house!"

"He is n't a stray creetur'!" cried Cliff, "and I don't ask you to feed him; I'll do that myself. The man I had him of said cold chicken was particularly nice for him."

He was already on his way to the cellar, where the cold victuals were kept.

Having relieved her feelings by scolding him for his folly, his mother helped him prepare a bountiful repast for Sparkler. She even showed her interest in his strange purchase so far as to go and stand in the doorway that opened from the kitchen into the wood-shed, and see the "stray creetur'" fed.

There she was found by Susie, returning from the errand to her father.

"You are not going to be crazy too, are you, ma?" said the girl mischievously.

The good woman's countenance, which she endeavored to keep severe, beamed with kindness and curiosity.

"Law, no, child!" she said; "but I want to see that good victuals ain't wasted. I don't wonder you are surprised, father!"

"Father" was the father of the children, a sturdy, red-faced farmer, with a shaven chin

hedged by long side-whiskers, who had just appeared at the outer door of the wood-shed. This door had been shut to prevent the possible escape of the dog; but he opened it to the width of his broad shoulders, and looked in with a scowl of humorous amazement.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "I should think Barnum's 'Greatest Show on Earth' had settled itself on my premises!" Over the heads of the smaller boys he saw tall Quint Whistler standing by the grindstone, keeping back the crowd while the dog ate. "That your dog, Quint?"

"No; I don't own so much as a wag of his tail! Wish I did!" said Quint.

"He's got a mortgage on him; so have I," said Ike Ingalls. "He's a trick-dog, and a wonder!"

Just then Cliff got up from the floor.

"He's my dog," he said, turning only the side of his flushed face toward the outer door, without venturing to look at his father. "He's been trained to do almost anything. There's no end to the tricks that he can perform. And he's a good watch-dog,—look at Dick's coat-sleeve! He got that trying to pull a coat away from him after he had been told to guard it."

The mouth between the long side-whiskers worked with grim humor, and said sarcastically:

"There seems to be another thing he can do pretty well—dispose of a plate of victuals! Did you pick him up in the street?"

"No, I did n't; you can't pick up such dogs as this in the street, nor anywhere else," Cliff replied with spirit.

"He bought him," spoke up his younger brother Amos, his face in a broad grin.

All eyes turned again to the father in the doorway, who gave a pull at the fleece of his left whisker, and exclaimed:

"You did n't pay money for a mangy cur like that, I hope!"

"He is n't a mangy cur!" Cliff declared indignantly. He did n't know just what "mangy" meant, but inferred that it must be something discreditable. "He's just as nice as he can be. Here, ma, take the plate. He has licked it clean of everything but the cold potato. Now stand a little further off, boys, and I'll show you his tricks."



DISTRIBUTION OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT A CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY SCHOOL.

"WHICH ONE SHALL I TAKE?" (SEE PAGE 173.)



HENRY IHLEFELD.  
7

SNOW DAYS.

"CLEAR THE TRACK FOR THE DOUBLE-RUNNER!"



## SNOW DAYS.

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Oh, the children love the snow, and they  
never grumble over it!  
Old Winter snaps, but in their wraps they  
toss and tumble over it.  
In a laughing, jolly jumble,  
Through a snow-drift first they stumble;  
Then a snow-man, like a dough-man  
(Though he really looks like no man),  
They freeze stiff as any Roman,  
Ere he has a chance to crumble.  
So, hallo! who loves the snow,  
Let him out a-playing go!

On the road it makes a cushion so the  
wheels can't rattle over it;  
But all the girls in merry whirls they romp  
and battle over it;  
Then the boys, with many a tumble,  
Climb the hill without a grumble.  
"Ho, for coasting!" Upward posting,  
Every one of speed a-boasting,  
Down the slope they all go coasting,  
With a jounce and bounce and tumble.  
So, hallo! who loves the snow,  
Let him out a-playing go!

*Martha Burr Banks.*

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## WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

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BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

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[*Begun in the November number.*]

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE SEA-FIGHT.

"THOU art no seaman!" laughed the prince.  
"I think thou wouldst learn to love the sea, as  
do all true English hearts. Go thou on board  
forthwith. The admiral has given thee one  
Piers Fleming for thy shipmaster."

Profoundly respectful was the answer of Rich-  
ard Neville, for his friend was also his prince  
and his commander; he said, "'T is but a brief  
passage, and there will be no fighting."

"Count not on that," replied the prince.  
"We are warned of many French rovers, from  
Calais and elsewhere, on the watch for strag-  
glers. Word comes that the king is safely at  
La Hogue, in Normandy, and not, as some  
think, in Guienne. There will soon be enough  
of fighting on land, but watch thou for a chance  
to gain honor on the sea. We must win our  
spurs before we return to Merry England."

The two young men, neither of them yet  
eighteen, were standing on the height above  
Portsmouth, gazing down upon the harbor and

out upon the sea. In all directions there were  
swarms of vessels of all sizes, sailing or at  
anchor; for it was said that King Edward the Third  
had gathered over a thousand ships to convey  
his army across the Channel for his quarrel  
with Philip of France.

It was the largest English fleet yet assem-  
bled, and the army going on board was also  
the best with which any English king had ever  
put to sea. It consisted of picked men only.  
Of these four thousand were men-at-arms, six  
thousand were Irish, twelve thousand were  
Welsh; but the most carefully trained and  
disciplined part of the force consisted of ten  
thousand bowmen. During a whole year had  
Edward and his son and his generals toiled to  
select and prepare the men and the weapons  
with which they were to meet the highly famed  
chivalry of the Continent. An army selected  
from a nation of, perhaps four millions of peo-  
ple was to contend with an army collected  
from France with her twenty millions, and  
from such allies of hers as Germany and Bo-  
hemia, reinforced by large numbers of paid  
mercenaries. Among these latter were the  
crossbowmen of Genoa sold to Philip by the

masters of that Italian oligarchy. Edward's adventure had a seeming of great rashness, for already it was reported that the French king had mustered a hundred thousand men. Full many a gallant cavalier in armor of proof may well have wondered to hear, moreover, that Edward the Third, accounted the foremost general of his time, proposed to meet superior numbers of the best lances of Europe with lightly armored men on foot. They knew not yet of the new era that was dawning upon the science of war. Edward and his bowmen were to teach the world more than one new lesson before that memorable campaign was over. Before this, he had shown what deeds might be wrought upon the sea by ships prepared and manned and led by himself. He had so crippled the naval power of his enemies that there was now no hostile fleet strong enough to prevent his present undertaking, although Philip had managed to send out some scores of cruisers to do whatever harm they could.

The prince was clad in a full suit of the plain black armor from which his popular name had been given him. His vizor was up, and his resolute, intelligent face wore a dignity beyond his years.

The stature of the young hero of England was nearly that of full-grown manhood; and if Richard was not quite so tall, he was both older and stronger than when he had faced the Club of Devon in the village street of Wartmont.

A brilliant company of men-at-arms stood around them, many of whom were famous knights and mighty barons. Richard was now receiving his final instructions, and in a few minutes more he bowed low and departed.

Half-way down the hill he was awaited by a party of stalwart-looking men; and to one of these he said:

"Haste thee now, Guy the Bow. Let us have the sails up and get out of the harbor. Almost the entire army is already on board."

"Ay, my lord," responded the bowman; "I have been all over our ship. The sailors are good men and true; but I like not the captain, and we shall be crowded like sheep in a pen."

"'T is but for a day," said Richard; "and the weather is good. We are warned of foes by the way."

"We shall be ready for them," said Guy; then he added, "A page from my lord the Earl of Warwick brought this."

It was a letter, and quickly it came open.

"It is from my mother! The saints be with her!" exclaimed Richard. "She is well. I will read it fully after we are on board. Thanks to the good earl."

Down the hill they went together, and on to a long pier, at the outer end of which was moored a two-masted vessel apparently of about four hundred tons' burden—a large vessel for those days, very high at bow and stern, but low amidships, as if she were planned to carry a kind of wooden fort at each end.

She was ready to cast off as soon as the young commander came on board; and he was greeted by loud cheers from her crowded decks.

"She is thronged to the full," said Richard.

The sailing-master stood before him.

He was a square-built man, of middle age, with a red face and small, greenish-gray eyes. His beard and hair were closely cropped and stiff; he wore a steel body-coat and head-piece, but his feet were bare. An unpleasant man to look upon was Piers Fleming; and behind him stood one not more than half as old, but of the same pattern, so like he needed not to say that he was the master's son, as well as mate of the "Golden Horn."

"The wind is fair, sir," said Fleming. "We go out with the tide, but a fog is coming up the Channel."

"Cast off," said Richard. "Yonder on the height is the prince, with his lords and gentlemen, watching the going."

"Ay, ay!" responded Fleming. "He shall see the Golden Horn go out."

She cleared the harbor in gallant style, with her sails full spread, while Richard busied himself among his men. The crew was thirty strong, mostly Englishmen.

"I have but twenty men-at-arms," said Richard to himself, at the end of his inspection; "but there are two hundred and more of bowmen, and over a hundred Irish pikemen, besides the Welshmen. What bones those Irish are made with! I will serve out axes among them without delay. Fine chopping should be done by such brawny axmen as they."

"Richard Neville," whispered an eager voice at his elbow, "I pray thee harken. One of the sailors, a Londoner, understands Flemish. He hath heard the captain and his son have speech with one on the pier. There is treason afoot, my lord. Watch thou, and I will pass the word among the men."

"Tell all," said Richard, with a hot flush on his face; but there was little enough to tell. It could be but a warning, a cause for suspicion and for care.

"Guy the Bow," said Richard, at the end of their brief talk, "seek among the sailors for a true Englishman, fit to take the helm if I smite off the head of this Piers Fleming. Let thy man keep near me if a foe appears."

Yet stronger blew the south wind, and, as Piers had said, with it came a thick, bluish mist that hid the ships from one another, and made it impossible for any landsman on board of them to more than guess in what direction he might be going. It was therefore not thought of by Richard as of any importance that the Golden Horn was speeding full before the wind. She was going northerly, instead of taking a tack toward La Hogue. Right with her blew the mist, and hour after hour went by. Several times hoarse hails were heard and answered but all were in the hearty voices of loyal Englishmen, and Richard said to one of his men-at-arms:

"We are with the fleet, and all is well."

Most of them had put aside their armor, as being too heavy to wear needlessly during so sultry a day; for it was the 2d of July, 1346, and the summer was a warm one; the bowmen and pikemen also had taken off their heavy buff-coats and laid aside their arms.

But among the groups passed some of Richard's Longwood archers, talking low; and all the while, without attracting attention, sheaves of arrows, extra spears, with poleaxes and battle-axes and shields, were being handed up from the store of weapons in the hold.

Piers Fleming was at the helm, and near him stood his son. There were grim smiles on their faces while they glanced up at the rigging and out into the mist, and noted the compass and the direction of the wind.

"Son Hans," at last muttered the old man,

"it cannot be long now. Some of the Calais craft are sure to be hereabout. We will lay this tubful of English pirates alongside right speedily, if so be it is a large ship of good strength."

"They will be caught napping," growled Hans. "'T will be a fine prize, for the hold is packed to tightness."

"Well blows the wind," said Piers, "and the Golden Horn has now no company."

At the forward end of the low waist of the ship stood Richard among his men.

"Ye do know well," he said, "and all must know, that they would show no quarter. Every man fights for his life, for who is taken goes overboard, dead or alive."

"Ay," responded Ben o' Coventry; "'t is a cut-throat business. I think there would be small room for any Frenchman on the Golden Horn, if one should come aboard."

"Room enough in the sea," said the red-haired O'Rourke, who was captain of the Irish; and he turned then to talk to his gigantic kerns in their own tongue. So did a man named David Griffith talk to a throng of broad-shouldered Welshmen who were also on board, armed with short swords, daggers, and spears or darts. Of the latter several bundles now lay amidships.

Back toward the stern strode Richard slowly, and after him, as if they were drifting about without special intention, strolled three rugged-looking seamen from the old port of London.

The waves ran not too high for a gay summer cruise, and the Golden Horn rode them steadily. She was a fast sailor, for all her breadth of beam. Suddenly her course was changed, and her sails swung in a little; for a command from Captain Fleming sent men to haul on the sheets. Just then a long-drawn, vibrating whistle had been heard, and it sounded thrice, from the very direction the ship was taking.

Richard stood now on the high after-deck: and a wave of his hand could be seen by his men below. There was little apparent stir among them, but buff-coats were quickly donned, bows were strung, sheaves of arrows were cut open and distributed, while the men-at-arms made ready, and the Irish made sure of their grip upon pikes and axes.

"We will speak that ship, my lord Neville," said Fleming, very respectfully. "I have orders to report all craft we meet at sea."

"Ay, speak to her," said Richard; but he loosened his sword in its sheath, and he knew that Guy the Bow had an arrow on the string.

great cruisers. I have bidden them that we surrender."

He was steering straight for the huge vessel which now swept toward them, looking larger through the cloud of vapor; but ere he made reply Richard's sword was drawn.



"THE SAILING-MASTER STOOD BEFORE HIM."

Loudly came a hail from out of the fog; the speaker was a Frenchman, and hardly had his utterance ceased before it was followed by a tumult of fierce, triumphant cheering on board the strange vessel.

Piers Fleming sent back a hoarse reply, speaking French; and then he turned to Richard.

"She comes, my lord!" he exclaimed, as if much affrighted. "'T is one of King Philip's

"Thou art a traitor!" he shouted. "Jack of London, take thou the helm!"

"Never!" cried Fleming. "Resistance were madness! We are almost alongside of her. Ho! Monsieur de Gaines! We surrender!"

Richard's sword flashed like lightning, but even before it fell had sped the arrow of Guy the Bow. The strong hands of the ready English mariner caught the tiller as the traitorous sailing-master fell gasping to the deck. His

son Hans had been standing hard by him, pike in hand. He was taken by surprise for a moment, but he made a quick thrust at Richard. There had been deadly peril in that thrust, but that a poleax in the hand of an Irishman came down and cleft the traitor to the eyes.

The great French ship came on majestically, but Richard had given careful orders beforehand, and the Golden Horn did not avoid closing with her.

"Let them board us," he had said, and Ben o' Coventry had replied to him: "Ay, my lord o' Wartmont, and we will slay as many as we may upon our own decks before we finish upon theirs."

So little thought had the English but that they should win, no matter who came.

Louder and louder now arose the exulting yells and shouts from the swarms of armed men surging to and fro upon the fore and after forts and in the waist of "La Belle Calaise," as her grapnels were thrown out to fasten upon the Golden Horn. She was much the taller and larger vessel, and even her tops and rigging were full of men.

Alas for these! Had they been so many squirrels in the trees of Longwood, they could not have dropped faster, as the English archers plied their deadly bows. Of the latter, too, some were in the cup-like tops of the Golden Horn; and their shafts were seeking marks among the French knights and men-at-arms. It was a fearful moment, for the boarders were ready as the two ships crashed against each other.

"Steady, men! Stand fast!" shouted Richard. "Let them come on, but slay them as they come! Take the knights first; aim at the arm-holes. Waste no shaft. St. George for Merry England! For the king and for the prince!"

"For the king and for Richard of Wartmont!" shouted Ben o' Coventry.

Twang! went his bow as he spoke, and a tall knight in full armor pitched heavily forward upon the deck of the Golden Horn, shouting, "St. Denis!" as he fell. His sword had been lifted, and the gray goose shaft had taken him in the arm-pit. He would strike no more.

The Frenchmen were brave enough, and they did not seem to be dismayed even by the

dire carnage which was thinning them out so rapidly. The worst thing against them was that all this was so entirely unexpected. They had counted upon taking the English ship by surprise, aided by the treachery of Piers Fleming and his son. The Golden Horn had been steered by them many a long mile out of her proper course, and the same trick may have been played upon others of King Edward's transports; for he had been compelled to employ sailors of all the nationalities along the Channel and the North Sea, excepting a few that favored the Frenchmen.

The fighting force on La Belle Calaise was not only double the number of that on the Golden Horn, but it contained five times as many men-at-arms. There the advantage ended, however; for the rest of it consisted of a motley mob of all sorts, woefully inferior in arms, discipline, and even in bodily strength, to the chosen fighters who were commanded by Richard of Wartmont.

For a few minutes he had kept his post on the high deck at the stern, that he might better see how the fight was going. Then, however, with his score of men in full armor, he went down in the waist, stepping forward to meet the onset of the French knights who dashed in to avenge their fallen leader. He had not been their only commander, evidently; for now in their front there stood a knight whose splendid arms and jeweled crest marked him as a noble of high rank.

"God and St. Denis!" he shouted. "Down with the dogs of England!"

"St. George and King Edward! I am Richard Neville of Wartmont. Who art thou?"

Their swords were crossing as the Frenchman responded, "Antoine, Count De Renly! Down with thee, thou of Wartmont! I will give an account of thee to thy boy Black Prince."

"I am another boy, as he is," was the reply from the young lord; for his antagonist was certainly not taller than himself, and they were not badly matched.

All around them the fierce *mêlée* went on. Arrows whizzed; the spears of the Welshmen flew; there was hard hammering of sword and ax on helm and shield. One fact came out which men of knightly degree might otherwise

have doubted. It was seen that a strong Irishman, with only his buff-coat for armor or for weight, could swing a weapon more freely and with better effect than could a brave knight a head shorter, of lighter bones, weighed down by armor of proof and a steel-faced shield. Fierce was the wild Irish war-cry with which these brawny men of Ulster and Connaught rushed forward, and their swinging blows were as the stroke of death. Shields were dashed aside, helmets and mail were cloven through. Slain they were, a number of them; but they had not fallen uselessly — there were not now so many Frenchmen in full armor.

Richard and De Renly were skilled swordsmen, and for a time neither of them seemed able to gain any advantage. The youthful Frenchman was a knight of renown, however, and it angered him to be checked by a mere youngster, a boy, a squire only, from the household of the Black Prince. He lost his temper, and pushed forward rashly, forgetting that he was not now upon firm land. The wind still blew, and the waves were lifting the ships, grinding them one against the other with shocks that were staggering. There was blood upon the deck at the spot where the mailed foot of the count was pressed. He slipped as he struck, and the sword of the English boy smote hard upon his crest.

A rush, another slip, another blow, and De Renly lay upon the deck, with the point of Richard's blade at the bars of his helmet.

"Yield thee, De Renly!" he shouted, "rescue or no rescue. Yield, or thou diest!"

"I yield!" came hoarsely back; "but myself only, not my ship."

"Yield thee!" said Richard, taking away his sword. "We will care for thy boat."

Loudly laughed the O'Rourke at Neville's triumph; and he smote down a man-at-arms right across the fallen De Renly.

"Hout! my lord of Wartmont!" he shouted. "Thou art a good sword! On, Ulster and Connaught! Ireland forever! Hew them down, ye men of the fens! We have a doughty captain!"

Even in that boast it was shown that some of Richard's men — not those of Longwood — had doubted him on account of his youth, in

spite of the tale of his victory over Clod the Club.

The rush of the French boarders was checked, but not repelled, so many they were and so desperate; but they met now another force. A cunning man was Ben o' Coventry, and fit to be a captain; for he had drawn away a number of Welsh and Irish and some bowmen, for whom there was no room in the waist of the ship. He led them to the prow, which was almost bare of men, save a few archers. It had swung away at first, but now it was hugging closely the high forecastle of La Belle Calaise.

"Forward, my men!" he shouted. "It is our turn to board! Slay as ye go!"

They rushed against a cluster of mere sailormen, half armed, who had been posted there to keep them out of the way. They were hardly soldiers, although they were fierce enough; and they were mere cattle before the rush of Ben o' Coventry and his mighty followers. The Welshmen spared none of them; and soon the French in the deep waist of La Belle Calaise, pressing forward to reinforce their half-defeated boarders, were suddenly startled by a deadly shower of darts and arrows that fell upon them from their own forecastle. Then, as they turned in dismay, they shouted to their comrades upon the Golden Horn:

"Back! back! lest our own ship be lost! The English have boarded us!"

There was a moment of hesitation; and so at that critical moment no help came to the remaining Frenchmen in the waist of the Golden Horn. They were even outnumbered, since all the archers in the wooden forts fore and aft, twanging their deadly bows almost in safety, counted against the bewildered boarders. No more knights came down from La Belle Calaise. The common men were falling like corn before the reaper.

"On!" shouted Richard. "It is our fight now! Short work is good work!"

The O'Rourke yelled something in the old Erse tongue, and his giants followed him as he fought his way to the side of Richard Neville; but David Griffith summoned his remaining Welshmen, and was followed also by two score of Kentish bowmen, as he hastened forward to join Ben o' Coventry and his daring

fellows on the forecastle of La Belle Calaise. It was time, for there were good French knights yet left to lead in a desperate attempt to dislodge them. It was, however, as if the deck or roof of that wooden fort, made with bulwarks and barricades to protect it against all enemies of France, had been just as well prepared to be held by an English garrison. Moreover, all manner of weapons had been put there, ready for use; and among these were pikes and lances with which the Welshmen could thrust at the men who tried to climb the ladders from the waist, while the archers shot for dear life, unerringly.

"My Lord Beaumont," shouted one of the French men-at-arms, "all of our boarders on the English ship are down or taken. Not one is left. Here come the Neville and his tigers. God and St. Denis! We are lost!"

"Courage!" returned Beaumont. "Fight on. We shall overcome them yet!"

But a heavy mace, hurled by a big Cornishman on the forecastle, at that moment smote him on the helm. He fell stunned, while his dismayed comrades shrank back from the storm of English arrows and from the mad rush of Richard and his men-at-arms and the O'Rourke and his Irish axmen.

The French were actually beaten in detail, their greater numbers at no time doing them any good.

In each part of the fight they had had fewer men at the front, and the few that now remained fit to fight seemed to be in a manner surrounded.

"Quarter, if thou wilt surrender!" cried Richard to a knight with closed vizor, with whom he was crossing swords.

"Quarter!" came faintly back. "Surrender—" and then he sank upon one knee, for he was wounded by an arrow in the thigh.

"All good knights yield themselves to me!" again shouted Richard in French. "They who hold out are lost!"

More than one of them still fought on in a kind of despair, but others laid down their swords at the feet of Richard. As for any other of the defenders of La Belle Calaise, it was sad to seek them; for the Golden Horn had no man left on board of her, save Jack of London at

the helm, and the English pikes were everywhere plying mercilessly.

"Leave not one!" shouted the O'Rourke, hoarsely, to his kerns. "Not one of us had they spared, if we had been taken. Let Lord Wartmont care for his gentlemen. They will all pay ransom."

So quickly all was over; and all that was left of the force which that morning had crowded the deck under the brave Monsieur de Gaines was less than half of his brave gentlemen, hardly one of them without a wound.

The Sieur de Beaumont had now recovered his senses; but as he arose and looked around him, he exclaimed:

"Brave Richard of Wartmont, I would thou wouldst show me the mercy to throw me into the sea. How shall I face my king after such a disgrace as this!"

"'T was not thy fault, brave sir," said Richard courteously. "It is the fortune of war. Say to thy king, from me, that thy ship was lost when the Comte de Gaines tumbled so many of his force into the Golden Horn. I trow that he knew not how ready were we to meet him."

"The traitorous Fleming—" began the count, but Richard interrupted him.

"Not traitor to thee," he said. "He is dead, indeed; and his trap caught not us, but thee and thy commander. How art thou, now, Sieur De Renly? I thank thee for slipping well, else thy good sword had done thee better service."

Like a true gentleman, the brave youth spoke kindly to them all, and their hurts were cared for. The several ransoms for each knight were agreed upon; but they had now no further need for armor, and they were soon appareled only in clothing of wool and linen, or silk and leather, as the case might be.

As for the ships, they had sustained small injury in the fight. Now that it was over, the grapplings were cast off, and each rode the waves on its own account. It was hard to provide skilled crews for both, but a shift was made by dividing the seamen, and by such selections as could be had from among the soldiery. Jack of London was made the sailing-master of the Golden Horn, and a seafaring man from Hull was in like manner put in charge of La Belle Calaise.

There was now no crowding of men upon either ship ; but there was much care to be given to so many scores of wounded.

The fog had cleared away, and the Golden Horn, with her prize, could make a pretty straight course for La Hogue, thanks to a change in the wind.

“ Art thou hurt at all ? ” asked Guy the Bow, when he next met his young commander.

“ Nay,” said Richard, “ unless bruises and a sore head may count for hurts. But we have lost a third part of our force, killed or wounded.”

“ Well that we lost not all, and our own lives,” said Guy. “ ’T was close work for a while. Glad am I that our lady of Wartmont is to hear no bad news.”

“ Ay,” said Richard ; “ and now I will tell thee, thou true man, when I write to her, I will bear thee witness that to thee and Ben o’ Coventry is it due that she hath not lost her son.”

“ I would like her to think well of me,” said Guy, smiling with pleasure ; “ but I pray thee speak well to the Prince of the O’Rourke and his long-legged kerns, and of David Griffith. They deserve well of the king.”

“ Trust me for that,” said Richard. “ And now, ere the dark hour, I must read my mother’s letter. Truth to tell, I could not so much as look at it while I was watching that traitor Fleming, and preparing for what I thought might come. I have already thanked all the men and visited my prisoners. Brave ransom will some of them pay.”

“ And the prize-money for us all,” added Guy, with a chuckle. “ We may be rich when we return from France.”

So he went forward, and Richard sat down to his letter, to read the good words his mother sent him, and to dream of Wartmont and of Longwood, and of the old days before the war.

Then there was sleeping, save for those who could not sleep for their hurts or their misfortunes. It was well on in the forenoon of the following day before the Golden Horn and her captive companion sailed gaily in among the forest of masts that had gathered at La Hogue.

Only a short hour later the young lord of Wartmont, with some of his chosen followers

and those of his prisoners that were highest in rank, stood in an open space among the camps of King Edward’s army.

The king himself was there, and with him were earls and knights and captains not a few. By his side stood the brave Black Prince ; but it was to the king that Richard and those who were with him bent the knee, while the young man made his report of the taking of La Belle Calaise.

He was modest enough ; but the bright eyes of the prince kindled finely as he heard it, and he said in a low voice to his father :

“ Did I not tell thee I was right to intrust a ship to him ? ”

“ The boy did well,” said the king dryly ; for he was a man hard to please. “ Thou Richard of Wartmont, honor to thee and thy merry men all ! Thou and the Prince are to win spurs of knighthood, side by side, ere we sail again for England. Sir Walter de Maunay will bid thee where to go.”

Richard bent low, and rose to his feet. Sir Walter stepped forward to speak to the Sieur De Renly and the other captured knights. The archers and men-at-arms of Richard’s command stood still where they were, waiting for orders ; but the Black Prince beckoned Richard aside to get from him the full particulars of a fray so gallantly fought and won.

“ I envy thee,” he said ; “ thy hand-to-hand close with De Renly. Thou hast fine war-fortune with thee ; and the king is ever better pleased than he will tell.”

It must have been so, for at that moment King Edward was turning to a noble-looking knight who stood near him.

“ Cousin John Beauchamp of Warwick,” he said, “ thou mayest be proud of thy young kinsman. Those of thy blood are apt to make good captains.”

“ Thanks, sire,” responded the Earl of Warwick, flushing with pride. “ I trust there may never fail thee plenty of stout Beauchamps and Nevilles to stand in the front rank of the gallant men of England. But I pray thee mark how the boy handled his archers and his Irishmen — ”

“ And how he watched the traitors and trapped the treason,” laughed a gray-bearded



warrior at his side. "He has his wits about him."

"Yea, Norfolk," said the king, with a gloom upon his face; "the men who are to defend

against Philip of Valois are all from our own islands. Not a man below a man-at-arms can even speak French."

So the king's wisdom spoke for itself, while



"YIELD THEE, DE RENLY!" HE SHOUTED, "RESCUE OR NO RESCUE. YIELD, OR THOU DIEST!"

England and defeat her enemies must watch against treason by night and by day. 'T was a Fleming that set the trap for the Golden Horn; and the men who are to march with us

Sir Walter de Maunay and the prince sent Richard Neville and his brave men to the camp where they were to pass the night; for the whole army was to march away next morning.

## SOME RUSSIAN GAMES.

BY P. KITTY KONDACHEFF.

THERE are many outdoor Russian games, but as they are now seldom played, except by village children, or in the schools of far-away

account of the constant hopping of one of the players, or from the way in which the wooden "cone" is made to jump up and fly, is not

known. The players may amount to any number, but five or six is the best combination, so as not to keep the others waiting too long while the "striker" and "hopper," as I will call them, are at work. A circle of about six feet in diameter is traced on the ground, in the center of which is deposited the so-called tchijick, or finch, a round stick of wood, six inches long, having each end shaped something like a cone. It is either placed across a small hollow in the ground, or with one end resting on a bit of stick or stone an inch or two high.

The players, armed with short, stout sticks, then draw lots so as



RUSSIAN BOYS PLAYING TCHIJICK.

eastern provinces bordering on Siberia, where tennis and foot-ball have not as yet taken root, they are little known to outsiders. Some, however, are still popular, and are found over all the great Russian Empire. I will try to describe several of those best known and most indulged in, such as *Tchijick*, *Lapta*, and *Gorodki*.

### TCHIJICK.

THE game is like your game "tip cat." The word *Tchijick*, properly translated, means "finch"; and whether the game is so called on

to determine by chance who is to begin the first service, and who is to do the hopping; the others range themselves in order around the circle, the striker taking his place near the finch. The signal given, the striker serves the finch,—that is, he gives it a smart rap with his stick over one end, so as to make it jump high up,—and while in midair follows this with one or more sharp raps, sending it as far out of the circle as possible—the farther the better. The hopper then sets off, and must arrive at the exact place where the finch falls, hopping along

on one foot. Lifting it up from the ground, he must send it back, with the aid of his stick, into the circle again. If it fall on the line, it is reckoned *in*. Should he fail in doing this, or in arriving safely on one foot to where the finch lies and back to his place again, he remains hopper to the next service. If, however, he passes both ordeals safely, he takes his place among the players again, while the striker turns hopper, the boy next in order taking his place. The score is reckoned in the following way: A certain number is fixed upon previous to beginning the game,—say, twenty-five. Each time the striker hits the finch he scores one. Now, good players manage to touch it several times while in midair, short, jerky cuts from the wrist following swiftly on each other; sometimes as many as five raps are given in quick succession, the striker always remaining within the limits of the circle. He scores the number of raps given, and the player who first reaches the number previously agreed upon wins.



THE "TCHIJICK" OR FINCH.

The striker is thus changed after each service, while the hopper, unless he has good muscles and a sure aim, often has to go through the hopping process during many turns, thereby sometimes missing his own turn of serving. If the stakes are nuts, candy, or anything of that sort, then each boy loses to the winner as many as are wanting in his score to make up the twenty-five.

## LAPTA.

HERE, again, the number of players, divided into two camps, is indefinite. The "leader"—that is, the boy who begins the game—stands between the two "homes" (which are as far apart as space conveniently allows—say, from fifty to one hundred feet or more), and flings a common rubber ball high into the air. As soon as the ball has left his hand, the whole of his side rush forward toward the enemy's home. They must reach this, and get back to

their own home again while the ball is still flying. The enemy lie in wait to catch the ball, and if caught before the runners have reached their home, it is sent after them, and should it hit any player, he is reckoned *out*, and takes no more part in the proceedings. Next the other side "leads," and so on; the number of runs made deciding the victory. Of course the "leader" ought to be first-rate at flinging a ball high, so as to give time to all his partners to accomplish the runs; and he may also, by



DIAGRAM OF LAPTA GROUND.

catching the ball himself as it falls to the ground, prevent its being taken by the enemy. As to the runners, they should scatter all over the field, for when they are running in a mass it will prove much easier to hit them with the ball. But a great deal depends on the leader; for if he be not up to the mark, the game is often a failure on account of the many hits which are made, for these cripple the forces and reduce them greatly in number.

## GORODKI.

*Gorodok* (plural *Gorodki*) means "a small town, citadel, or fort." The players, divided into two sides or camps, may again amount to any even number, and the accessories required are eighteen smooth sticks of wood, six inches long by one inch thick, besides the "hurling-stick," or



THE GORODKI IMPLEMENTS.

bat, with which each player is equipped. Two circles, each four feet in diameter, are traced upon the ground, about sixty feet apart, and these represent the opposing forts. A dividing-line is drawn between, at an equal distance from each gorodok.



THE SALAZKYS ATTACHED TO A SLEIGH.

In the center of each fort the sticks are built up just in front of his own gorodok, and hurls his bat at the enemy's tower. If he strikes it, but required, provided only it represents a compact mass. Then the sides draw lots and play in turn, the purpose being to knock the enemy's tower out of bounds. Let us say that player No. 1 of Fort A begins. He takes his stand

just in front of his own gorodok, and hurls his bat at the enemy's tower. If he strikes it, but does not send it, or part of it, out of the circle, the sticks remain just as they fall, and are not replaced before the end of the game. If he manages to send even one stick out of bounds, it gives him the privilege, when next he plays,

THE RUSSIAN WINTER SPORT, "NOIDALKA," "IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP ONE'S HOLD UPON THE SLED FOR MORE THAN A FEW ROUNDS."



of standing at the half-line. Should a stick fall across the gorodok-line, it is placed upright where it fell, and is called a "pop." Next plays No. 2, of Fort B; then again a member from A; and so on, until one of the citadels is razed to the ground, which makes the other side winner by the number of sticks remaining within its own gorodok.

This is the single game; but a whole set of games is generally played, with a previously fixed number of points, as in the tchijick. Gorodki is a very entertaining, though sometimes a rather dangerous game; and the players of both sides ought to stand well out of harm's way and at a good distance from the server, as the bats, being wont to swerve, especially when hurled by an unpractised hand, often go spinning in an utterly unlooked-for direction and may do harm.

#### SALAZKY. NOÏDALKA.

AND NOW I will tell you of two favorite amusements, not games, indulged in by both boys and girls in winter-time. The first is this: Three or four horses are harnessed to a big sleigh, large enough for several persons, and to the hind part of this sleigh a small sled, called *Salazky*, and resembling your American toboggan, is hitched. A second is tied to the first, and when the young people have all taken their seats on these *salazkys*,—generally crowding them terribly,—away they go!

In the country, when the roads are good, the track just wide enough for a large-sized sleigh to pass, with soft, white snow walls on either hand, and three fresh, strong horses to pull, the fun is great, especially where the road turns! Of course the driver does not go any the slower at the sharp corners because he has a youthful crew hanging on behind. On the contrary, he just cracks his whip and lets the horses fly, with the natural result. The small sledges behind, going off in a half-circle, upset with an accompaniment of shouts and laughter, pitching the youngsters into the snow!

It used to be the custom formerly, during the carnival merrymakings, to set out with six or eight horses, going first to some neighbor, who

would hitch on a diminutive sleigh; thence to some other friend, who would do likewise; and so on, until sometimes as many as fifteen could be seen skimming over the roads in Indian file. This, however, has been given up now, it being a rather perilous experiment—as a fall out of a real sleigh can never prove as harmless as the toppling over of a *salazky*. But it was great fun, nevertheless.

The second pastime is more local, belonging chiefly to Southern, or Little, Russia. It is called *Noïdalka* and resembles somewhat a merry-go-round, only it is a thousand times better fun. When Jack Frost (or, to give him his Russian name and title, "Moros Krasninos"\*) has taken the lake, pond, or river well in hand, covering it with a solid sheet of ice more than a yard thick, a stake is fixed firmly in, and on this stake an old wagon-wheel is placed, as on its axle. Two thin poles, some twenty-five feet long or more, are then tied by one end to the wheel, and at the other end of each pole a *salazky* is firmly attached.

A wide circle is cleared of all snow, and then some of the party, thrusting strong poles in between the spokes of the wheel, run around it, giving it a rotary movement, and making the *salazkys* spin along at a tremendous rate. The fun consists in letting one's self drop, or rather slip, off when in full career and glide away over the ice. Anyway, it is quite impossible to keep one's hold for more than a few rounds; and I remember, years ago, doing my utmost to remain on, nearly lying flat on the sled, and clutching on to it for dear life,—all in vain! If you do not drop off of your own free will, choosing your time and place for the final slide, at a given moment, *nolens volens*, you have to let go your hold! You are forcibly torn from the *salazky* by a strength far superior to your own, and are made to slide away at a tangent,—away from the *noïdalka*, along the smooth ice, to a great distance; sometimes on your side, often sprawling on your back, or sitting in a dignified posture until you reach the limits of the cleared space and the snow-wall beyond, when—up you fly, like a rocket, all dignity thrown to the winds, heels in the air, head fore-

\* "Morose Red-nose"—so called on account of the frost's tingeing people's noses such lovely shades of pink, red, and even purple!

most, into the snow — as though you were taking a header!

Of all the winter pleasures I know,— and we have many in Russia, where the cold season lasts some five months,— I believe none is more glorious or more invigorating than the noïdalka! Snow in your sleeves and down your collar, snow in your ears and mouth sometimes,— the smooth sliding, the rough headers, the laughter, fun, and joy! No; most decidedly, no other frolic,—pure frolic,—such as one loves “just for the fun of it all,” can compare with this!

But should any of you, my friends, wish to

try it, do not forget that the ice must be *very* thick, and *very* smooth also, otherwise you will be black and blue with bruises before you have time to name your own “Jack Robinson”; and remember also that the force which sends you along after having torn you from your sled is tremendous, and will take you away to a good distance over the ice; so it is a matter of serious import that no holes or fissures in the ice, ridges or other obstructions, be near.

Try the noïdalka, my friends. I am sure you will enjoy it, as I used ages ago; but pray be careful and take no unnecessary risks.

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## “OLD DOLLY.”

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

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“NEW DOLLY” came on Christmas,  
 Upon the Christmas tree;  
 And Mama Polly danced and pranced,  
 And capered wild with glee.  
 She thought this fairest child the flower  
 Of all her family.

New Dolly’s curls were flaxen,  
 New Dolly’s eyes were blue;  
 New Dolly’s cheeks were waxen,  
 New Dolly’s gown was — new!  
 Her little feet were silken-socked,  
 And each in satin shoe.

“Old Dolly” looked *so* shabby  
 Beside New Dolly’s clothes!  
 Her arms were thin and flabby,  
 The paint was off her nose;  
 And once she hit the sidewalk hard,  
 And parted with her toes.

She lay there in the doll-house,  
 A poor forlorn old scrap!  
 And if her heart *was* sawdust,  
 It ached a bit, mayhap,  
 To see New Dolly in her place  
 On Mama Polly’s lap.

But Polly’s own dear mother,—  
 The dollies’ grandmama,—  
 Just three days after Christmas  
 She laughed a soft “Ha, ha!”



For in that doll-house corner  
 A wondrous thing was shown:  
 Forgotten quite, and stiff with spite,  
 New Dolly sat alone!  
 While safe and snug in Polly’s arms  
 Old Dolly held her throne.

## "OLD DOLLY"

Old Dolly's limbs were limber;  
 New Dolly's joints — were n't right.  
 Old Dolly's clothes were "offs and ons,"  
 New Dolly's sewed on tight.  
 Old Dolly fitted box and crib,  
 New Dolly would n't — quite.

Old Dolly's head was fashioned  
 Of smoothest chinaware;  
 She could be scrubbed with "really soap,"—  
 New Dolly had "live hair,"  
 And after *she* was washed her cheeks  
 Stuck fast to Polly's chair!

So evenings, when the Sandman  
 Steals out from Sleepy Town,  
 And rockers rock before the fire,  
 It flickers up and down,  
 Upon Old Dolly's china pate,  
 And Polly's tumbled crown!

And when the small girl's mother  
 Tucks Polly into bed,  
 And kisses on the pillow  
 That little tired head,—  
 That head whose curls try vainly  
*Another* head to hide,—  
 She softly pulls the curtains,  
 And leaves them side by side,—  
 Dear Polly's eyes a-dreaming,  
 Old Dolly's watching wide!







"FATHER TIME WAS AT HIS WITS' END TO KNOW WHAT TO DO." (SEE PAGE 171.)

## THE PURLOINED CHRISTMAS.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

NONE of the Vernal Months had heard anything, for they had slept too soundly in their pink spring beds on the ground floor. They were a dimpled, blushing trio, the youngest and gayest daughters of old Father Time. Mistress May had twined arbutus around their room, and little April had spread the floor with pussy-willow; so soft that one could hear never a footfall.

The Summer Sisters, too, had heard no one

enter, but had purred musically, the whole night through, in their rose-hung apartments on the second floor of the House of Annum. Augusta had heard absolutely nothing. But, then, every one knew she was a very sleepy maid.

Nor were the Autumnal Virgins aware of the robbery, and the Winter Months had not awakened. And yet a great misfortune had fallen upon the house where dwelt the twelve

Maiden Months in the four suites of the Seasons; thieves had entered during the night, and six of the most valuable possessions of the household had been stolen! Six precious days had been filched from the calendar of the House of Annum! February had lost her fourteenth, and May her first day. July's fourth was missing. October looked in vain for her last day, while November could find but three Thursdays in her set. But, worst of all, *the 25th of December was gone!* How was the year to be carried on? What *could* be done without Christmas?

Old Father Time was furious. The other holidays might be supplied somehow; if only some movable holiday had been stolen, now, almost any of the days near it might have been used, and no one but a few almanac-makers would have been the wiser. It would be pretty hard to keep the loss of the 4th of July quiet; but as for Christmas, it was simply impossible to conceal its absence; the Year would be disgraced unless the 25th of December was brought back on time!

There was no time to be lost, either; for the earth was bowling along around the sun as if nothing had happened; and the Signs of the Zodiac were calling at frequent intervals. The news of the burglary soon spread up the Decade, through the Nineteenth Century, and it became known before long all over the Christian Era! The chief customers began to arrive at the House of Annum, and Father Time could hardly stand still with the worry. St. Valentine was highly incensed — there could, would, and should be no love-making until the 14th of February was found! The halls fairly shimmered with ghosts and hobgoblins asking for news of All-Hallowe'en. The Hobby-horse bewailed the loss of May-day — the only time of the year when he could get any exercise.

The turkeys were, in fact, the only things that did not regret the larceny. They thought that they might get along one year without Thanksgiving day, and do their own gobbling.

So Father Time called his daughters together in the great hall of the House of Annum, and they came down to him, Season by Season, robed in pink and white and brown and golden-red. And they talked and talked and

talked, as folk will over a burglary. January was very cool, indeed; for she had lost nothing. Miss March blustered and blew into a temper; and April alternately wept and laughed hysterically. Augusta was hot with anger at the outrage; and the melancholy November was sullen, and her countenance was overcast.

At last, after many inquiries, Father Time found among the servants an old Equinox who had been kept awake by the gossiping whispers of the Autumnal Maidens; she had seen a mortal in the House of Annum! And then the Summer Solstice confessed, with tears of contrition, that she had, the evening before, let in a beautiful beggar-maid with long hair and eyes of brook-hazel!

Then all the Months cried, and St. Valentine cried, "Oh, it is the Princess Pittipums that has stolen the days! None else so fair, and none else so clever, as to gain entrance into the House of Annum, and find the most precious of our holidays!" For Pittipums had played mischievously with the universe before this, and at one time had even stolen a star to wear in her hair!

So Father Time despatched messengers forthwith to go and summon the pretty culprit, and restore the missing days to their proper places in the calendar. And they found the Princess Pittipums on a little throne, playing with May-day, queening herself with a thousand playful fancies. So they haled her back into the hall, crying, and the Maiden Months reproached her. And as she was a fickle baggage, she confessed her sinlets with a great show of penitence, and told them where the days were hid.

The 14th of February she had hidden in the heart of a crusty old bachelor, a scoffer at lovers' follies. Who would have dreamed of looking there? The 4th of July she had concealed in the crown of the Queen of England; surely, no one could have thought of that place! The last day of October she had been naughty enough to tuck into the globe of an electric light, so that no ghost might ever find it; and as for Thanksgiving day, the turkeys stood guard over that, where it was buried in the northeast corner of her uncle's barnyard.

So after much trouble the purloined days

were recovered at last, just in time for them to be used (and, indeed, Thanksgiving day was dug up a little late, and did n't begin till five o'clock of the morning) — all except Christmas day, which the naughty Pittipums absolutely refused to return! It got to be late and later, and Father Time was at his wits' end to know what to do. The 21st was already finished, the 22d was taken down and used,—the 23d,—and at last came the 24th, and the Princess was still obstinate! Was the whole world to skip Christmas day for her perversity? Every one in the House of Annum was cast down; never since the world began had the Year been in such danger. The Virgin Months offered her the pick of the weather for a whole year; she should have any days stretched to fit her pleasure, or shrunk if they went on wrong, if she would *only* return the 25th!

Santa Claus was in despair, but, hoping against hope, he packed his toys with an anxious face, and prepared for his ride, ready to start on the instant, should Pittipums relent. His reindeer stood whinnying at the gate, but he dared not start on his rounds, for fear the stroke of midnight should launch him into the day *after* Christmas. It got to be six o'clock, eight o'clock,—eleven o'clock,—and Father Time was just about to take the 26th day out of the cupboard, when the Lady December came

weeping to the Princess Pittipums for a last appeal.

"Oh, Pittipums," said December, "I pray you, spare me my disgrace, and return my 25th, that the little children may keep Christmas day!"

Then the Princess Pittipums peered out of the window of the great House of Annum, and far down below upon the earth she beheld a million little children in their little beds, and their stockings, and all—dreaming of Santa Claus. "It really is too bad," she said; "but the fact is, the 25th is my birthday, and I want to keep it out of the Year, so that I may never grow any older!"

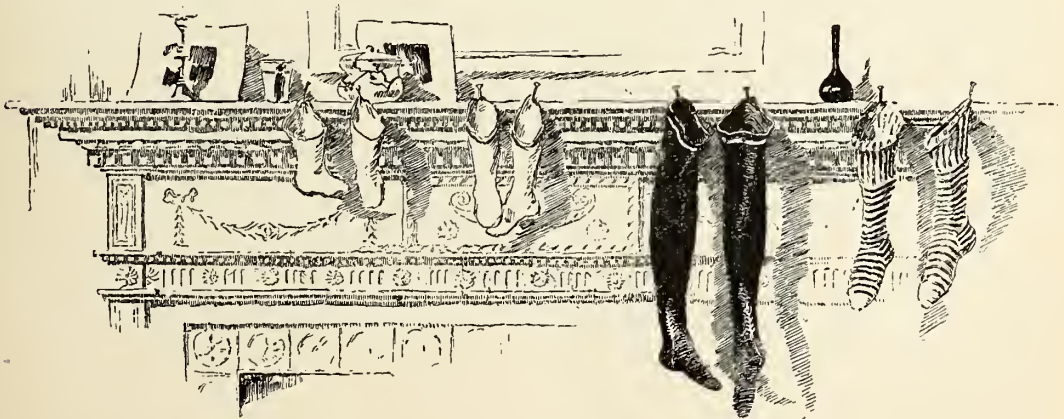
Then all the Maiden Months cried, and Father Time cried, "But no one grows *older* on Christmas day; indeed, every one grows *younger*!"

"What!—really?" said the Princess.

"Oh, surely!" said Father Time. "It has been that way for nearly nineteen hundred years, now."

"Why, then, here 's the day; for of course I don't need it," said Pittipums; and she took a very merry Christmas out of her sleeve, where it had been safe and warm all the time. It was now exactly one half-minute to twelve.

With a whoop, Santa Claus jumped into his sleigh, slashed at the reindeer, and was off, pell-mell!



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE winsome little maid who welcomes our readers upon the threshold of this Christmas number needs no introduction, and the handful of Christmas stockings needs no explanation. We hope ST. NICHOLAS young folks will also like the decorative garland that typifies the circle of the year, and the chosen quotations that poetically name and describe the months. Here is the floral setting in the border: January, the Holly; February, the Pussy-willow; March, the Crocus; April, the Violet; May, the Apple-blossom; June, the Rose; July, the Clover; August, the Oxeye daisy; September, Wheat; October, Autumn leaves; November, bare branches; December, the Mistletoe.

This brings us around to the beginning of the ring, so that the holly and the mistletoe come together at the top — as they should.

To the quotations for the months, we will add here Whittier's beautiful lines about the year, from his poem, "The Last Walk in Autumn":

"Rich gift of God! A year of time!  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,

What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round  
been ours!"

The sports described in the article in the present number entitled "Some Russian Games" will, no doubt, interest American boys and girls, who will probably find the lively merry-go-round called "Noïdalka" especially to their liking.

This game of the whirling sleds must be a very spirited one, and it would not surprise us to hear that it had been tried and adopted by many youngsters in our country.

The author has already warned her readers that in playing "Noïdalka" the ice must be smooth and clear for a long distance around the wheel, and we wish to make the warning more emphatic.

When flung from the whirling sled the player flies so swiftly over the ice that even a bit of roughened ice might do serious damage — as any skater who has fallen while going at full speed will testify.

See, therefore, that the ice is clear and glassy for several hundred yards in every direction, before trying this exciting sport.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS We have taken you for nearly nine years. I like you very much. You very seldom print any letters from Japan. I am an American. There are very few American girls here. They are mostly English.

I have a bicycle and love to ride.

In the July number of 1897 I saw a story about M. de Lafayette. I like old-time stories very much. I wish some one would write about George Washington. I like him very much. I have a book, and every picture I get of Washington I put in it. I have a good many.

I have done quite a lot of traveling. I was born out here and went to New York when I was four years old. I have been to England, Scotland, China, Japan, and America. I like to go on a steamer very much, although I do get sick sometimes.

I am your loving reader, LILLIAN M. MORSE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, but I have never written to you before. My mama when she was a little girl took the "Young Folks," which was afterward merged in ST. NICHOLAS.

My home is in Chicago, Ill., but I have been visiting an aunt and uncle at Fort Logan, Col., and I am going to tell you of my lovely visit there.

If any of your readers have ever been to a fort they know how very interesting it is. In the morning the cannon booms at six o'clock (which used to wake me up). Then at eleven they have guard-mount — that is what they call it, but I do not see why, because they do

not mount horses or anything else. The band plays and the soldiers have a long, fine drill. They all wear white hats and white gloves. Saturday they have inspection. The cavalry have a very pretty uniform. Their helmets have long yellow plumes, and their uniform has gold braid and gold buttons on it, and of course their trousers have yellow stripes. Their horses are very pretty, and they are all the same color except the two trumpeters' or buglers' horses, which are white. The trappings are kept very clean, and the bridles shine very brightly in this lovely clear sunshine, for it is only on the clear, lovely days that they have dress parade; on the other days they wear their ordinary uniforms. There are about sixteen men in the guard-house or the fort prison. They have to do a good deal of work about the fort, but with every two men there is a guard with loaded gun or rifle; and if a prisoner should try to run away the guard might shoot him.

The men make up very funny rhymes to some of the bugle-calls. Every night when the sun goes down they lower the flag, the band plays the national air, the cannon booms (and scares me), and they call the roll, and if any of the men are not there when their names are read they have a pretty hard time of it.

So ends a very lovely day at Fort Logan and my letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving friend and reader,  
HENRIETTA HOLMES.

RAMONA CONVENT, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a young Spanish girl — that is, my father came from Spain, but I was born here

in California. I like your magazine very much, and have taken it for eight years.

I would like to tell you about the rancho, which is my home during the school vacations. Papa owns about three hundred acres of orange-grove and vineyard on the San Gabriel River.

Our house is in the center of a large grove of orange-trees, and at Christmas time the air is heavy with the perfume of the blossoms. The orchard is beautiful then with the golden fruit and snowy blossoms hiding in the dark-green foliage of the trees.

I am being educated at a convent about twenty miles from the rancho. I like it very much, except that I sometimes get homesick, even though the nuns are very kind. There are about fifty girls here, and we have fine times, though of course there is a regular routine as there is at all boarding-schools. In the morning we have our book studies, and in the afternoon our fancy-work, music, and drawing. Then after that we, with several nuns to look after us, go out for our tennis or croquet or anything else we like.

I remain your affectionate reader,

ROWENA ACOSTA.

CAMDEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A party of five, myself included, took a trip to Washington, our famous capital, last summer. We had a delightful time, visiting the Capitol, the White House, the Washington Monument, the new Congressional Library, and many other places of interest.

I think the Library is the most magnificent and wonderful structure I ever beheld, although I have not traveled to any great extent. It is one solid mass of marble inside and out, with wonderful paintings and statues to represent many of the world's greatest poets, dramatists, and others of note.

By means of some new invention which I do not quite understand, books can be sent from the Library to the Capitol in a very few minutes.

The monument is also very interesting. It is an obelisk. Its height from floor of entrance to tip is 555 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The monument is the highest work of masonry in the world, and is exceeded in height only by the Eiffel Tower, of iron. The interior is lighted by electricity, which affords opportunity of seeing the memorial stones, which are set in the inner face of the monument. The 179 stones were contributed from various sources as tributes to Washington, and many of them are notable for their beauty, elaborate carving, or origin.

I hope the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be interested in my letter, as I have been very much pleased with some of theirs.

Your enthusiastic reader,

EDNA LANE PYLE.

LITTLE BAY, MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you of a very interesting thing I saw last summer. My brother and I had captured a large blue crab, and we sat down to watch it. Pretty soon we saw it begin to move its claws in a strange way. After a little while we noticed that it was trying to crawl out of its shell. First one claw and then another drew slowly out; then the whole shell seemed to be sliding off its back. At last it was entirely out, and we noticed that the new shell was very soft; indeed, it seemed more like a skin, and was a beautiful blue in color. Soon after the crab died.

I have a pony of which I am very fond, and he knows me so well that he whinnies whenever he hears my voice or my step.

We once had a great big gray horse, who had a very thick skin, and when they were put out in the paddock together the pony would stand back to "Noel," for that

was the horse's name, and kick, but it made no difference to the big horse, who stood there calmly until the pony was tired, only giving him now and then a gentle, fatherly nip. It was very funny.

I am twelve years old, and have taken ST. NICHOLAS for a long time, and it is always a happy day when I hear that ST. NICHOLAS has come. Good-by. From your devoted reader,

CATHARINE GARDNER.

PAPOOSE ISLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on an island in the St. Lawrence River. It is called Papoose because it is so small. It is near Grindstone Island.

I have a brother and also a sister. My brother's name is Fellowes. He is eight. I have a sister whose name is Pauline. Fellowes read the story about the boy who had a wind-mill; he lived in a forest with his mother and sister, and his father had gone to the village. Fellowes thought he would like to have a wind-mill too; so he asked our boatman to show him how to make them. He has four now — one on each side of the island. They all go very fast, and they all have weathercocks.

I have a bookcase, and I have one shelf for the ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain your faithful reader, BEATRICE MORGAN.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers might like to hear about my bird. We open his cage-door, and he hops out. If you call him he comes and sits on your head. Sometimes he flies on mother's dresser, and sings to the bird in the glass. He also will sit on your finger.

I am your loving reader,

MABEL K—.

OUASI, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the State of Florida, Orange County. The county's name was once very appropriate; but since the freeze of 1895 we have had very few oranges. We have just been up in North Carolina. We got a lot of curious stones, and many Indian arrow and spear-heads. We also found two tomahawks.

I celebrated my eleventh birthday on the top of a high hill called Goldview. I could see about thirty miles. The highest mountain I saw was Bald, which is next to Mount Mitchell in height. I think your story about "Floating Fire-engines" is very interesting. I never saw a fire-boat, but I have seen the land engines. I always admired the horses — they are so large and strong and swift. I liked that little note about the check-rein. I have read "Black Beauty"; and I think that checking should be stopped. We have two horses, but they do not wear them. I think horses are very intelligent animals, and sometimes are wiser than their masters. When we were in California we had a gentle black horse, called "Neddie." He always stopped short whenever any of his harness came loose. We did not know this when we first got him. So one day when papa was driving him he stopped, for the trace had come down. Papa saw no cause for him to stop, so he said, "Go on"; but Neddie stood still. So papa, who had not yet seen the trace, said, "Get up!" again. This time he did go on, and by chance stepped on the dragging trace, and a piece snapped off. So after that papa knew that Ned had his reasons for stopping; and when he did stop papa always looked to see what was unfastened.

I remain your devoted reader and admirer,

PLEASAUNCE BAKER.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in your September number the article about bubbles. I at once began to

blow soap-bubbles, and succeeded in finding a way to make a bubble inside a bubble. I took a mug and put a little soapsuds and water in it; then I blew a bubble which filled the mug and came a little above it. I then took my pipe and got it ready to make another bubble, but put the bowl of the pipe into the other bubble before I blew; then I blew, and made a bubble inside a bubble. Wet the inside of the mug first of all. A little practice and you can do it.

Your friend,  
NOEL BLEECKER VAN WAGENEN.

DURRAN HILL HOUSE, CARLISLE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you about a bicycle gymkhana\* that my sisters went to a few days ago. There were all sorts of races and competitions; and there was music going on, which made it bright and jolly. One of the things they did, and for which my sister won the third prize, was this: There were flower-pots placed in a row about two feet apart, down one side of the lawn, and people had to ride in and out between the pots without knocking them over. In the same race, as they rode back, they had to ride between tennis-balls, which were placed in twos in a line down the other side of the lawn. The space between the two balls was just sufficient for the bicycle wheel to pass through easily. They also had a very funny race—at least, it was funny when we tried to do it afterward at home; but there they did it properly. They rode to a post some way off where there were tennis-balls on the ground. Only two people rode this race at a time. Then they dismounted, and each had to pick up a tennis-ball in a sauce-*spoon*—the sauce-spoons were oval-shaped, so it was *very* difficult to get the ball in and keep it there while they remounted and then rode home as fast as they could, without dropping the ball. If any one did drop it he had to get off his bicycle, and pick it up again with the spoon. My sister won the first prize for that race. All the prizes given were books.

I like your magazine so much, and think that "Master Skylark" is the prettiest story I have read for a long time. Your "Letter-box" is also very interesting. It is great fun to read the letters of children from all over the world.

My youngest brother, who is nearly nine years old, is very fond of playing at being a "Red Indian." He is the chief of a tribe, and calls himself "Eagle-Feather." Some of the other brothers belong to the tribe; but other tribes and enemies he has to pretend.

We all went to a fancy-dress ball near here last month. It was great fun; and there were lots of pretty dresses. My two sisters and a friend, who was staying with us, and myself went as the Four Seasons. My eldest brother went as a Spanish peasant. There were two men there dressed as savages. I think they were South Africans. They were blacked, and wore skins of animals. I wonder any one danced with them!

With every good wish for your prosperity, believe me,  
Your interested reader,  
ELEANOR ELIZABETH M. BUTLER.

CHÂTEAU BEAUCAILLOU,  
PAR ST. JULIEN, MÉDOC, GIRONDE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a French girl, thirteen years old, and live with my parents at our old home near Bordeaux, in the vine district of France. Our house is situated close to the river on which the commercial ships go up and down. Every year in the month of Septem-

ber the vintage takes place; and it is a pretty sight to watch the women and girls in their gaily colored sun-bonnets and aprons gathering in the grapes, and emptying their load into two big barrels, which are dragged by two patient-looking oxen.

I have just come home from a tour in Switzerland with my father and mother. We went to St. Moritz, in the Engadine. It is a lovely spot surrounded with snowy peaks and mountains, and several beautiful lakes. It is one of the prettiest places in the country, very high up (1850 meters); but unluckily the climate is not very pleasant, as there is a good deal of wind.

I have been receiving your magazine for two or three years, and find it very interesting.

I remain your interested reader,  
KATHLEEN JOHNSTON.

STAUNTON HILL, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two cousins, and have taken your splendid magazine for a long time. We live on a Virginia plantation, not very far from the homes of Patrick Henry and John Randolph. We went up to Red Hill, which is the name of Patrick Henry's place, last summer. It is a wooden house with a porch in front, and surrounded by box bushes. Patrick Henry's grave is a little way off from the house at the back of the flower-garden. It has a heavy stone over it, and the ground about it is covered with periwinkle. We broke a twig from the side of his grave, and keep it among our treasures.

We have two horses. Their names are "Prince" and "Judy"; and have also a little pug dog, named "Pagan," who was lost the other day, and it was a long time before he was found; and when he was discovered he was lying down in front of our neighbor's door, fast asleep, evidently enjoying himself.

We look forward to the 25th of each month with a great deal of pleasure, as we love to read the stories.

Long life to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS!

We are your interested readers,  
S. EVELYN BAYLOR,  
KATHLEEN EVELETH BRUCE.

NOVA FRIBURGO,  
ESTADO DO RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see you have letters from every clime, so I thought I would send one from Brazil.

Nova Friburgo is about 2700 feet above the sea level, and is surrounded by mountains and hills.

I was born in Brazil; but I claim to be an American because my name is registered in the American Consulate. We celebrated July 4th, and invited our school-mates. We put up fireworks, and had speeches.

I like the "Last Three Soldiers" best.

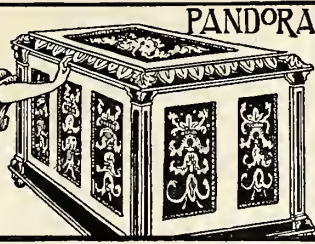
I am your interested reader,  
TAYLOR BAGBY.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Fred W., Isabel A. Guilbert, A. G. and A. B., Howard M. Robertson, Rhea Garfield Clemens, Mary Louise Logan, Victoria Carlton, Evelyn Rosamond Hanbury, William Kernan Dart, Josephine Taber Johnson, Katharine Morton Sawin, Virginie and Jeanne Beaulieu, Alma Cutter, Kate Bogle, Luther Davis, Dorothy M., and H. B. G.

\* *Gymkhana* is a word of recent origin, probably invented in Bombay, India, by English residents. *Khana* means "house," and *gend* means "ball," and the Hindus called the racket-court a *gendkhana*. Possibly the change of *gend* to *gym* is due to the word *gymnasium*, for *gymkhana* in India was applied to a building or grounds used for athletic sports, and then to meetings or contests held at such places. For a fuller account of the word we refer inquirers to Yule and Burnell's "Anglo-Indian Glossary."



# OUR RIDDLE BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RIDDLE. Dele-gate.  
 DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. I. I. N. 2. Sea. 3. Sharp. 4. Neander. 5. Ardor. 6. Per. 7. R. II. I. B. 2. Leo. 3. Leech. 4. Beecher. 5. Ocher. 6. Her. 7. R. III. I. E. 2. Arc. 3. Aisle. 4. Erskine. 5. Clips. 6. Ems. 7. E. IV. I. N. 2. Lee. 3. Laura. 4. Neumann. 5. Erard. 6. And. 7. N. V. I. N. 2. Pea. 3. Pewee. 4. Newcome. 5. Aeons. 6. Ems. 7. E.

RIDDLE. Mass., Conn., Del., Ga., Ind., R. I., Md., O., La., Kan., Me., Ill., Ida., Pa., Tenn., Wis., Miss.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Henry (Patrick). 1. Horse. 2. Heart. 3. Banjo. 4. Stork. 5. Holly.

RIDDLE. Serf, surf.  
 OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Red. 3. River. 4. Severed. 5. Derived. 6. Revisal. 7. Desired. 8. Dared. 9. Led. 10. D.

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 SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Paul Reese—"Jersey Quartette"—Josephine Sherwood—"Class No. 12"—"Buffalo Quartette"—"Naum-ke-ag Tribe"—Allil and Adi—Mabel M. Johns—C. D. Laurer and Co.—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Grace Edith Thallon—Nessie and Freddie—"Tod and Yam"—Sigourney Fay Ninger.

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### MISSING WORDS.

WHEN the missing words in the following rhyme have been rightly supplied, the initials of the nine words will spell a common word.

What though the earth be cold and —  
 And snow lies thick on field and —  
 Smooth frozen are the lake and —  
 And we can think of nothing —  
 Whatever comes, we're happy —  
 With cheer and laugh our voices —  
 Down on the river by the —  
 We'll skate and skate, though all —  
 And shout a merry greeting —

L. E. J.

### HIDDEN GENERALS.

1. ON a pole on the barn the old flag is in sight.
2. How grandly on the breeze it is swelling to-night!
3. This is her mansion, four stories high.
4. Give her a glance as you're passing by.
5. Where is the usher? I dangle here too long.
6. Stay, lorn beggar, friends you are among.
7. Without a dog or donkey where would you be?
8. The dog ran to his master, under the tree.
9. How well that fire burns! I declare 't is fine.
10. 'T is better than Cockney can do in that line.

E. R. BURNS.

### PROS AND CONS.

(EXAMPLE: For, deep; against, to confuse. Answer, pro-found, con-found.)

1. For, an advance; against, a formal assembly.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS. 1. Lesson. 2. Primate. 3. Forward. 4. Rather. 5. Usage. 6. Satin. 7. Feather. 8. Cabin. 9. Whether. 10. Soon.

A BICYCLE PUZZLE. From 42 to 43, raise; 31 to 43, house; 32 to 43, ozone; 33 to 43, drone; 34 to 43, olive; 35 to 43, drove; 36 to 43, erase; 37 to 43, niche; 38 to 43, dunce; 39 to 43, range; 40 to 43, orate; 41 to 43, noise; 42 to 41, rhododendron; 12 to 22, brass; 13 to 22, elves; 14 to 22, lanes; 15 to 22, ovals; 16 to 22, odors; 17 to 22, chess; 18 to 22, homes; 19 to 22, ideas; 20 to 22, sages; 21 to 22, traps; 10 to 22, ashes; 11 to 22, names; 12 to 11, Beloochistan; 23 to 28, memorial; 5 to 30, shipwreck; 25 to 5, immolates; 27 to 43, blockhouse; 23 to 22, messages; 1 to 3, aft; 6 to 8, red; 2 to 7, forsake; 24 to 26, spine; 29 to 27, crab; 9 to 4, healer; 5 to 22, slashes.

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2. For, that which is yielded; against, to promote.
3. For, to prolong; against, to make smaller.
4. For, cause of resentment; against, convention.
5. For, an old word meaning progression; against, a sweetmeat.
6. For, to shoot forward; against, an old word meaning to throw.
7. For, result; against, behavior.
8. For, to avow openly; against, to acknowledge.
9. For, to vow; against, to vie.
10. For, liberal to excess; against, to perplex.

THEODORE LEON REDFORD.

### CHARADE.

MEN roasted my *first*  
 Whenever they could.  
 Well served they should be,  
 They are always so good.

The best point of time  
 To appear, is my *next*,  
 Yet if 't were in China,  
 I think you 'd be vexed.

My *third* is nothing—  
 I must confess it.  
 Alas, for my *last*!  
 You'll surely guess it.

My *whole* is witty  
 And wise and queer;  
 We greet it gladly,  
 And hold it dear.

CHARLOTTE OSGOOD CARTER.

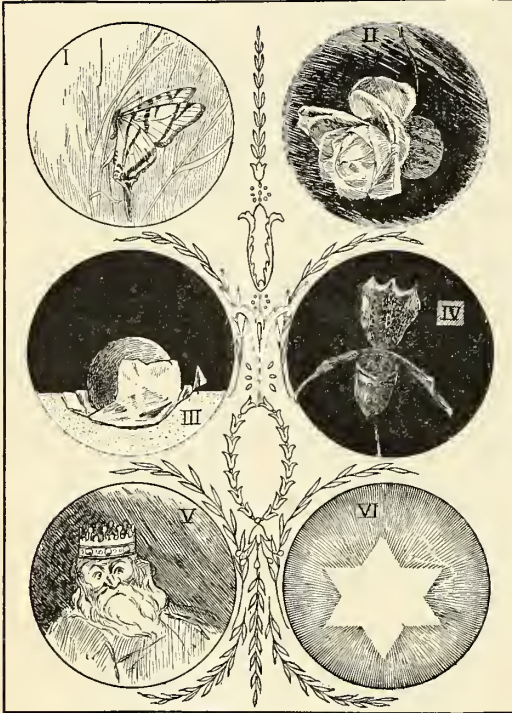
**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

ALL 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 central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous American.

- CROSSWORDS: 1. Unhackneyed. 2. To command.  
3. A bird similar to the swallow. 4. The goddess of the hearth. 5. A South American mammal. 6. A measure of weight.

HERBERT J. SIDDONS.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**



EACH of the six 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 famous American who was greatly beloved.

**RIDDLE.**

A LETTER and a morsel,  
Or a tail and joiner's tool,  
Will make an ancient measure  
That is seldom taught at school.

A. M. P.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and form a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 54-19-1-31 is the den of a wild animal. My 48-61-32-21 are parts of the body. My 2-41-63-34 is a wise woman of Norse mythology. My 17-58-37-67-6-51-23-45 is one of Shakspeare's heroines. My 42-62-9-27 is a mythical being. My 13 is a very important letter to everyone. My 52-24-50 is everything. My 11-53-68-14 is an Egyptian goddess. My 3-22-64-

46-7 is an article of dress. My 57-10-18-33-4 is an exclamation of contempt. My 43-39-25-5-65 was a famous woman of ancient times. My 35-69-8-56-47-44-20 is the Greek goddess of nature. My 15-49-12-59-38-40-26-29-55 is the element of all religions. My 60-16-28 is an embrace. My 66-30-36 is to silence forcibly.

M.

**WORD-SQUARES.**

I. 1. To halt. 2. A small light. 3. A fruit. 4. A feminine name. 5. A vision.

II. 1. A quadruped. 2. A Western city. 3. An instrument for cutting. 4. Inadequate. 5. A planet.  
I. C. N.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**

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I. 1. IN Hawthorne. 2. Conducted. 3. Performance. 4. A brilliant American statesman. 5. Loved overmuch. 6. A color. 7. IN Hawthorne.

II. 1. IN Hawthorne. 2. The initial letters of a famous British association. 3. A German composer. 4. A brilliant British statesman. 5. A descendant. 6. A feminine name. 7. IN Hawthorne. M. B. C.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

IN the primals and finals of cross-words concealed,  
Find a season, and fit decoration, revealed.

**CROSS-WORDS.**

- "I AM going to the circus to-morrow," he said,  
"And that is the reason I stand on my head."
- "You may balance," she answered, "the map on your thumbs,  
And hunt for Cathay till the elephant comes."
- "There's a fellow that rattles," he joyfully cried;  
"You had better say wrestles," she sweetly replied.
- "There'll be lions and tigers," he said, "on the ground,  
And no end of side-shows in tents all around."
- "Will you please sign a letter I've written to say  
That you'll cheerfully grant us one more holiday?"
- "When the ferret can fly, and the sword-fish can speak,  
Then certainly school will be closed for a week."
- "But go to the circus," she said with a smile,  
"And I'll mark etymology papers a while."
- "If you see a plaid parrot, you'll say, I suspect,  
He's a poll or a polly, which is n't correct."
- "Do no pushing, nor rushing, nor crushing, lest harm  
Might come to your neighbors and cause an alarm."  
ANNA M. PRATT.







BY PERMISSION OF BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK AND PARIS.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

(ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, FROM THE PAINTING BY MURILLO, IN THE PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 3.

## THROUGH THE EARTH



BY

CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ

YK

“**W**HAT do I think of it? Why, doctor, the whole scheme is impossible from beginning to end, and I am surprised that a scientist like yourself should entertain it a single moment.”

“But, James, you surely cannot understand my plan fully, or you would see that, so far from being impossible, it is most feasible, if I can only secure the necessary capital.”

“Either you must be dreaming, doctor, or else I do not altogether understand you. From what you tell me, I gather that your idea is to open a rapid-transit line between Australia and the United States. You propose to bore a hole through the earth, and then to drop into it baggage, people, and what not, and let them fall to the other side.”

“Yes,” said Dr. Giles, tranquilly; “that is my plan. What objections do you find to it?”

“What objections? Only one—namely, that it is impossible,” said James, conclusively.

“My young friend,” said the doctor, “do you know what the word ‘impossible’ means? It means simply something that has not yet been done. Everything is impossible until some one does it, and then it becomes, on the contrary, astonishingly easy. If we take any other definition for this word, we must admit that there is only one impossibility.”

“And that is?”

“And that is, to know that anything is impossible. But tell me, James, what it is you find difficult in the scheme.”

“Certainly, if you wish it. In the first place, how will you bore through the earth?”

“Just as I should dig a well,” replied the doctor. “But, to expedite matters, I shall be obliged to devise special machinery.”

“And how, pray, will you prevent the walls from caving in?”

“Simply enough. As fast as I dig, I shall have a stout metal tube cast, of the size of my well, and let it down to support the walls.”

"Well, admitting that you can dig your well down through the solid portion, how will you manage as you approach the center, where the materials are one mass of liquid fire, eh?"

"How do you know the earth is a mass of liquid fire at the center?" inquired the doctor.

"How do I know it? Why, all the great authorities concede the fact."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it. On the contrary, I thought that our most profound thinkers all rejected this theory."

"But in mines the deeper you go, the warmer the temperature becomes."

"True; but the increase varies considerably in different parts of the earth. Moreover, it is also true that the temperature becomes colder as we go higher in the air; but this by no means proves that the cold becomes more intense if we ascend to an infinite height."

"But does not the existence of volcanoes prove that there is a central fire?"

"It proves that there are certain incandescent masses in the interior of the earth, but not that the whole interior is incandescent. In fact, if the earth were liquid at the center, the incandescent matter, or sea of fire, would have tides just as our oceans of water have. Consequently, every active volcano would have each day two high and two low tides, whereas nothing of the sort happens. Indeed, all the manifestations accord more closely with a belief in a solid earth, than one containing a sea of molten matter."

"Well, doctor, granting that you could bore through the center of the earth, even then your scheme seems impossible. For anything dropped into the hole, would merely fall to the center of the earth, and stop there."

"Not a bit of it," retorted the doctor. "You forget that the speed of a falling body constantly increases. The first second of its fall it goes sixteen feet, the next second forty-eight feet, and the third second eighty feet, there being an increase of about thirty-two feet per second at the start. You will therefore see that by the time the body reached the center of the earth it would be going at such a frightful velocity that it could not stop, but would be carried right on past the center, and almost up to the surface on the other side. In fact,

if there were no air in the tube, the laws of physics teach us that the body dropped into the hole here in Australia, would go completely through to the United States."

"Yes, that 's true enough; but when the body reached the United States it would simply fall back again, and keep on falling backward and forward in the tube until it finally came to a complete rest at the center of the earth."

"So it would, if we allowed it to fall back; but you must remember that before it can fall back it must come to a complete stop; and what prevents us from having suitable catches in the tube to hold it fast and prevent its return? If it stopped short of its destination, as it probably would, it could be hauled up the last part of the tube by some electric device."

"Well, even admitting your plan for the baggage, how about the people you would drop through? A man cannot breathe while falling at this frightful speed; and by the time he had fallen his eight thousand miles, and reached the opposite side of the earth, he would find himself—dead, so to speak."

"Not at all. You forget that every man on this earth is continually moving at the rate of about sixty thousand miles an hour, this being the speed at which the earth revolves around the sun, and yet we find means to breathe comfortably."

"Yes, because our air travels with us."

"So it would with my passengers, for I should put them safely in a closed car, with plenty of air stored up for the trip."

"Even so, the air in the tube would greatly retard the passage of the car, so that it would never reach the opposite side of the earth; and, moreover, this air would create such friction as to melt up both the car and its passengers."

"Certainly it would if I left it there; but of course I should take the precaution first to exhaust the tube of air."

"But—"

"My dear friend," interposed the doctor calmly, "you must remember that I have been studying over this problem for the last ten years; you must remember I have carefully considered every detail of the operation, and that there is not a single difficulty which I do not think I can overcome; you must admit that

the scheme is not altogether so impossible as it appears to you.

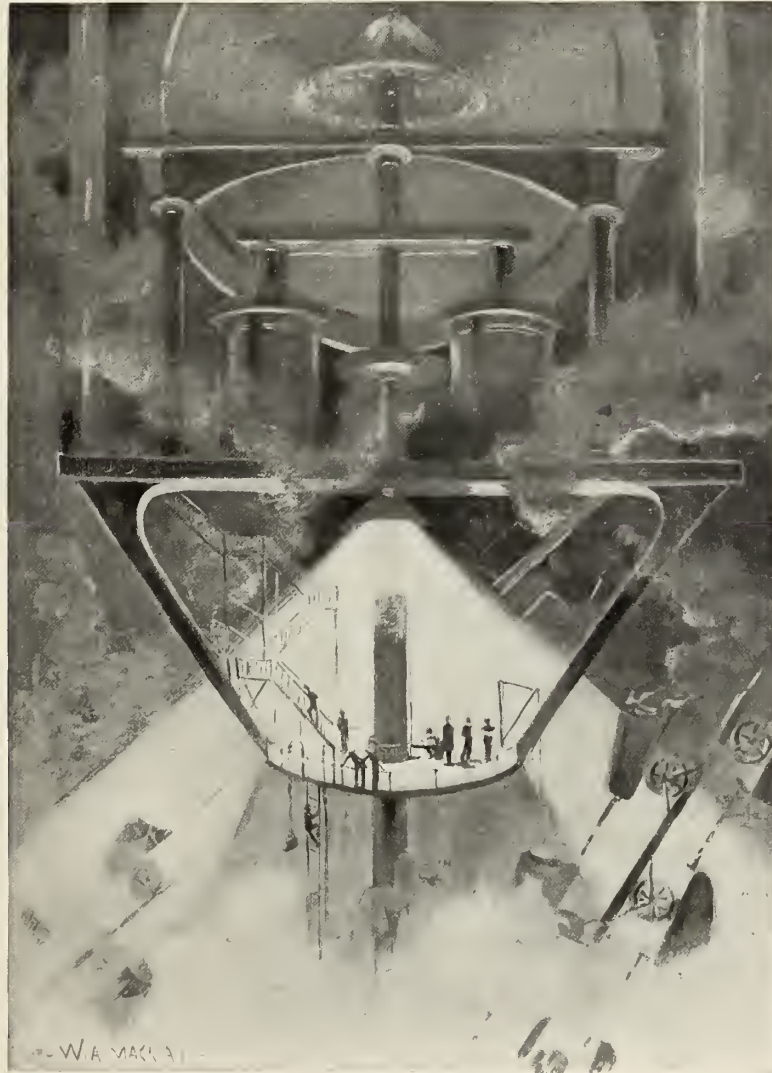
"If I can obtain sufficient capital, we shall before long have this through-the-earth tunnel,—if I may use the term,—and man, who can now in his fastest locomotives travel only a couple

traffic. No, sir; I hope to live to see the whole earth honeycombed by a multitude of these tunnels, destined to facilitate the communication of the different nations. It seems a pity to think that man, although traveling a million and a half miles in space every day, cannot travel

even two or three thousand miles on the earth itself in the same time. The only problem of any difficulty that I see is the securing of sufficient capital to carry out the undertaking; but goodness knows that there is no lack of free capital in the world, and our business men are sufficiently enterprising to risk it gladly in a work of this sort."

The conversation was dropped here, but the following morning the whole civilized world was startled by the announcement that its foremost scientist, Dr. Joshua Giles, was planning to construct a railroad through the center of the earth, and that he required five billion dollars for the undertaking.

To the surprise of everybody, the project became popular, and the capital came pouring in; so that in an incredibly short space of time the stupendous sum required for this



"THE GIGANTIC MACHINE DEvised FOR BORING THROUGH THE EARTH WAS A VERITABLE MASTERPIECE OF INVENTION." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of hundred miles an hour, will then be able to travel some ten thousand miles in the same time, without noise or jolting. Surely that ought to be some inducement, to say nothing of the cheapness of the transportation, the earth furnishing an inexhaustible motive power for our

strange enterprise was more than subscribed. Of course a large number of the capitalists looked upon their money as entirely lost, and gave merely in the interests of science; but there were many who gave with the confident hope that the enterprise would prove a profitable investment.

As for the doctor, he rubbed his hands gleefully at the thought that before long the products of the United States would reach Australia on the very day of their manufacture, and vice versa. Surely this would be the grandest achievement science had yet witnessed!

The great, and in fact the only, difficulty toward putting the plan in operation was the boring of the hole. Imagine digging a well eight thousand miles deep! It was indeed a perplexing problem; and it had required all the doctor's ingenuity to devise a machine that would do the work expeditiously and well. But Dr. Giles had carefully prepared his plans and patterns beforehand; and as soon as the capital began to come in, he set about having the necessary machinery constructed.

To save time, he commenced operations simultaneously in Australia and New York, so that the digging might proceed in both directions at once. For reasons that will shortly be mentioned, the starting-point on both sides was in the very ocean itself, about two hundred miles from shore.

To make the two holes meet in the center of terrestrial attraction was a problem the difficulty of which none but an engineer can conceive. But special instruments of almost incredible delicacy of operation had been constructed; and so carefully was the work done that the discrepancy came well within the margin of error for which the doctor had made allowance.

As regards the gigantic machine devised for boring through the earth, it was a masterpiece of invention, but so complicated in operation that it is impossible to give more than a general idea of its effects. The device used for excavating the first few hundred miles was somewhat in the style of an immense auger, which, by its rapid revolutions, loosened the earth and transported it automatically to the surface, where, after being carefully scrutinized by a geologist for its mineral wealth, it was dumped into the ocean to form a new island. To the great joy of the capitalists who had invested in the enterprise, it was found that the returns obtained from the sale of the mineral wealth brought up more than covered the daily expenses of the digging, while considerable valuable knowledge

was gained as to the internal structure of the earth. Some idea of the immensity of the work undertaken will be gained from the doctor's calculations that the amount of material to be excavated in each hemisphere was about one tenth of a cubic mile.

It was partly in order to have a convenient dumping-place for all this material that the doctor had commenced his operations in the ocean itself, instead of beginning the work on land; but there were other still more important reasons that decided him in his choice. What these were will be seen later.

The point selected for the operation in the eastern hemisphere was at about  $40^{\circ}$  south latitude and  $110^{\circ}$  longitude east of Greenwich, near the southwestern coast of the Australian continent; while on the American side the point selected was at about  $40^{\circ}$  north latitude and  $70^{\circ}$  longitude west of Greenwich—in other words, not far from the city of New York.

The work was commenced in an immense chamber constructed under water; and to prevent the caving in of the walls of the hole as the digging progressed, a tube of considerable thickness and wonderful strength, made of the new metal carbonite, was used. This metal, discovered—or, more properly speaking, invented—by the doctor, possessed all the qualities necessary for the purpose; for, while obtainable in large quantities and easy to work, it had a strength compared to which the strength of the best steel was virtually nothing.

As it would have been out of the question to cast an eight-thousand-mile tube in a single piece, or, even if cast, to insert it afterward into the hole, some other plan had to be devised for accomplishing the desired result. But Dr. Giles had carefully studied out this part of the work, and by an admirable contrivance he had arranged to cast the tube little by little, immediately over the hole, and let it down as the boring progressed. In this way the top of the tube was always in a state of fusion, although the bottom was perfectly cold. The tube could thus be made of any desired length in a single piece.

As regards the boring-auger previously mentioned, it was so constructed that it continually descended as the hole deepened, so that it was

soon working far below the surface of the earth, the power that caused it to revolve being transmitted from above by means of electrical conductors.

Fastened to the bottom of the carbonite tube was an endless chain of buckets which received

at the top each time the length of the tube was increased.

The work of excavation progressed at an astonishing speed, for the machinery was kept in splendid running order, and was so cunningly devised that any part which broke could at once

be replaced by a new one, without its being necessary to stop the machine even for an instant.

The power required for the work had been furnished by the ocean itself, whose tides were "harnessed up" and pressed into service. This was the cheapest motive power that could be obtained, and it was withal efficient, easy to handle, and ample to perform many tasks like the one set it. As before mentioned, this power was converted into electricity and then carried down into the tube along wires to the points where it was required.

As the work advanced the difficulties increased. The greatest obstacle seemed to come from the internal heat of the earth; for in spite of what the doctor had said, the temperature rose with every mile's progress. But, like a prudent general, he had taken



"DR. GILES TOOK UP HIS POST WHERE HE COULD KEEP SHARP WATCH ON THE FLUCTUATIONS OF THE INSTRUMENTS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the loose material thrown up by the auger and emptied it into a second chain of buckets fastened somewhat higher up in the tube; and these emptied into a third chain, and so on until the loose material finally reached the surface of the earth; a new chain of buckets was added

his precautions beforehand for any emergency of the sort that might arise, and had provided his carbonite tube with internal passages through which he forced refrigerating agents of extraordinary power; for he had discovered the long-sought process of accumulating cold. By

means of his patent accumulator there was almost no limit to the degree of cold that might be produced; for a gallon of water passing through the instrument at say 50° Fahrenheit, absorbed one degree of heat from the preparation used, and came out of the instrument at a temperature of 51°.

This result occurred, whatever the temperature to which the refrigerating mixture were lowered; so that if ten gallons of water were passed through, these would each absorb one degree of heat from the preparation, and leave it therefore ten degrees colder than before. And the greater the amount of water the colder would the preparation become, until an utterly inconceivable degree of cold was produced, the only limit being the point of absolute cold—in other words, the point where there would be a complete absence of all heat. Thus Dr. Giles was able to reduce his preparations to so great a degree of cold that they could be used with great effect as refrigerating agents, and he apprehended no trouble whatever on this score.

Of course, for the doctor's purpose a considerable amount of refrigeration was necessary, not only in the tube itself, but also in the boring-instruments, the friction of which would otherwise have raised the temperature of their metal to so high a point as seriously to have injured the machinery. It had, moreover, been found advisable, for the first few hundred miles of the digging, to use artificial heat at the bottom of the tube to soften the rocks and so facilitate the work of the auger; and the refrigerating agents were therefore doubly necessary to preserve the machinery itself from this heat.

Instruments of the greatest delicacy indicated to those above the earth just how the work was progressing, and what were the conditions at the bottom of the hole, the fluctuations in the currents of electricity showing as plainly as articulate speech the changes that occurred every minute. Dr. Giles watched these currents with the greatest anxiety; and as the well increased in depth, the furrow in the doctor's brow deepened also, and he took up his post where, night and day, he could keep sharp watch on the fluctuations of the instruments. He felt that he was now reaching a

critical period in his experiment, and he proceeded to take certain precautions which to his assistants seemed uncalled for, but which he knew were absolutely necessary. Among other things, he constructed a number of strong submarine habitations at different places in the neighborhood of the tube.

Nor were these precautions superfluous, for on January 17, 19—, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a large volume of smoke and gases of all kinds was ejected from the tube, and this was accompanied by a rumbling and trembling in the earth that was felt for miles around.

For several hours these gases escaped, but finally the pocket that contained them was so far exhausted that the pressure was no longer sufficient to hold back the greater forces underneath; and, with a report like thunder, these gave themselves a vent, and the boring-screw, carried upward by a furious column of lava, was thrown high into the air, whence it fell back into the ocean a considerable distance from the mouth of the tube, accompanied by a seething and hissing of the water most wonderful to behold.

The workmen, warned beforehand, had barely time to take refuge in the submarine houses before the flood of liquid fire was upon them.

"Well, Dr. Giles, what can we do now?" inquired the chief engineer, astonished beyond measure at the turn affairs were taking.

"We can wait, out of harm's way, until the eruption is over," replied the doctor, quietly.

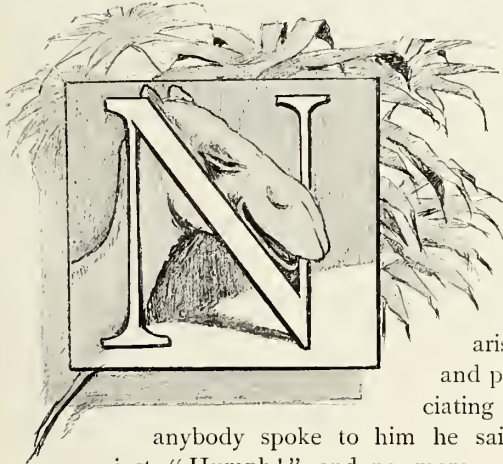
"Indeed! And how long will that be, pray?"

"I know no more than you do," answered the doctor. "I have tried to figure out the probabilities; but there are so many conditions of which we are totally ignorant, that such a calculation is beyond our powers. If the molten mass is in pockets, and the pocket we have struck is a small one, the eruption will be over in short order—perhaps in a few weeks. If, however, we have been unfortunate, it may be years before the eruption ceases. Many volcanoes have had an uninterrupted flow since prehistoric times, and what we have here is simply a new volcano. All we can do is to keep the tube from melting by increasing the cold of the refrigerating agents, and the rest we must leave to time."



# THE "JUST-SO" STORIES.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



## II. HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP.

OW this is the second tale, and it tells how the camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work. So he ate sticks and thorns and tam-

arisk and milkweed and prickles, most 'scru-ciating idle; and when

anybody spoke to him he said, "Humph!" — just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him one Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said: "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said: "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with a yoke on his neck, and said: "Camel, O Camel, come and plow like the rest of us."

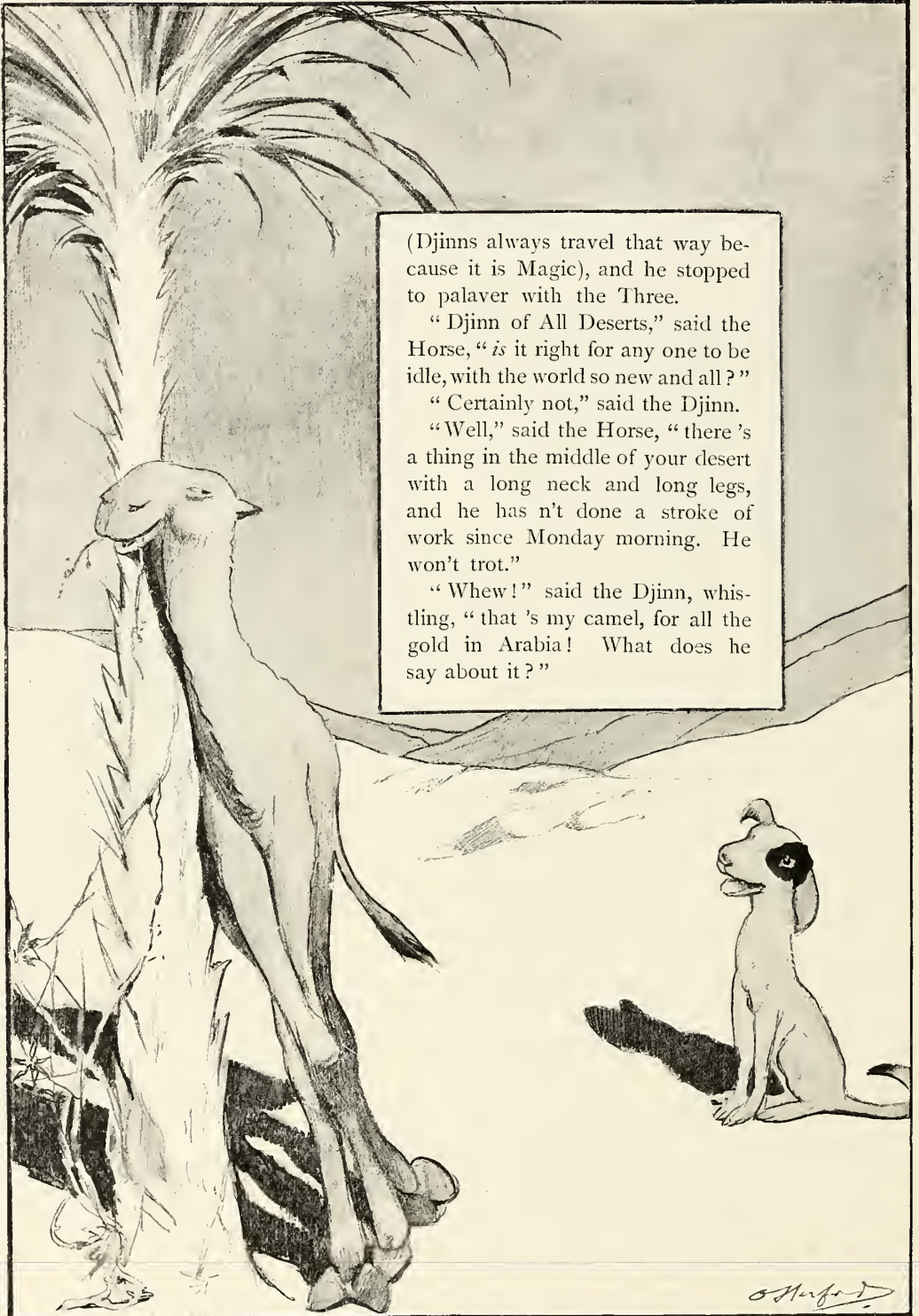
"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said: "Three, O Three, I 'm very sorry for you, with the world so new and all; but that Humph-thing in the desert can't work or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work double time to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry, with the world so new and all, and they held a palaver on the edge of the desert; and the Camel came chewing milkweed *most* 'scru-ciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said, "Humph!" and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust





(Djinn always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver with the Three.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "is it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new and all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your desert with a long neck and long legs, and he has n't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, "that's my camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?"



“He says ‘Humph!’” said the Dog; “and he won’t fetch and carry.”

“Did he say anything else?”

“Only ‘Humph’; and he won’t plow,” said the Ox.

“Very good,” said the Djinn. “I’ll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute.”

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the Desert, and found the Camel most ‘scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

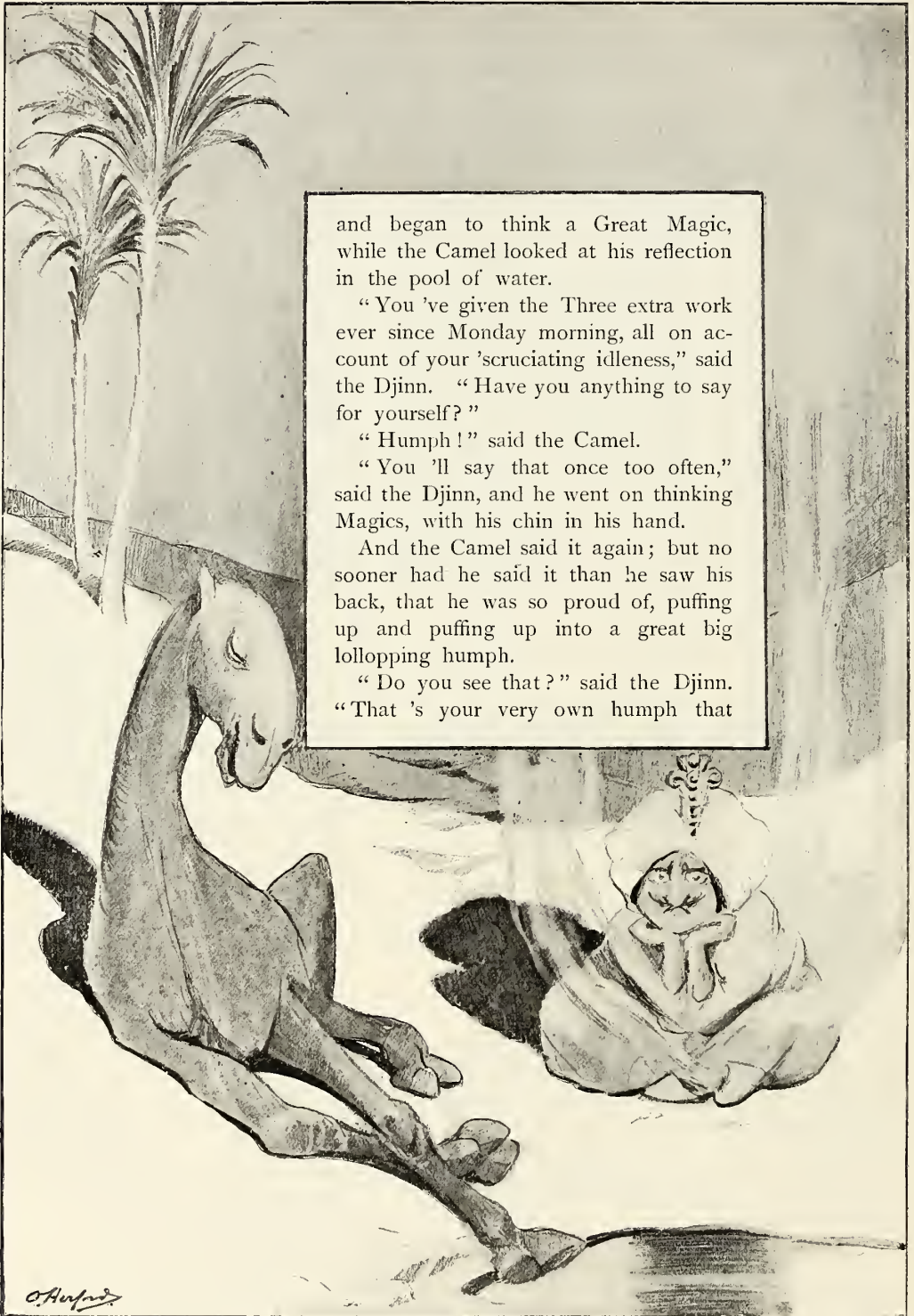
“Come hither, my tall friend,” said the Djinn.

“What’s this I hear of your doing no work, with the world so new and all?”

“Humph!” said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand,





and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his reflection in the pool of water.

"You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness," said the Djinn. "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Humph!" said the Camel.

"You'll say that once too often," said the Djinn, and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

And the Camel said it again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping hump.

"Do you see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own hump that



you've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work."

"How can I," said the Camel, "with this humph on my back?"

"That's made a-purpose," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say

I never did anything for you. Come out of the desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!"

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (they call it "humph" now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned to behave.

## A BIRD'S STOREHOUSE; OR THE CARPENTER-BIRD.

BY FRED. A. OBER.

HE is a handsome bird, and if there were not so many of his species he would attract a great deal of attention. He has a bright red head, black-and-white body, and a needle-pointed tail. The tail supports him in a perpendicular position on the side of a tree, while he is hammering, or rather chiseling, a hole in its bark.

Now, all woodpeckers, having sharp-pointed beaks and very strong muscles in their necks and heads, can drive a deep hole into the side of a tree or stump; but this California woodpecker is said to surpass them all as a hole-digger; and he not only digs the hole, but he fills it up with a nut or an acorn.

This is the strangest part of his performance; for while a great many other birds have the hole-digging instinct, there are very few of them that possess the hole-filling instinct. The blue jays and the squirrels have a habit of accumulating supplies in the shape of nuts and acorns, and you may see them, almost any day in autumn, snatching the acorns from twigs and branches. The same instinct prompts this woodpecker to lay in his stores of acorns. Some people say, however, that he never resorts to these supplies again, but just lays them up without a thought as to the future at all. But this is not the way with Nature. She does not work blindly, but always with some wise purpose in view.

At any rate, this bird can drill a hole in the very hardest wood, and at this business he is employed almost all the time. The holes are usually made in rows, at regular distances apart, each about the size of an acorn. He is never discouraged, and never gives up a task, even though it may seem most formidable. He has been known to surround a giant redwood-tree, over twenty feet in circumference, with rings of holes one above another, from the root

to the topmost limb, for over two hundred feet. I say "he" did it, but I mean, of course, generation after generation of them, for many, many years.

After he has got the hole or holes to his liking, he flies off to the nearest oak-tree and secures an acorn, which he brings to the storehouse tree and places in the little "safety-deposit" he has made for it. It fits exactly, and so, inserting it sharp end first, he hits it repeatedly with his beak and drives it in to stay till needed.

So long as the woodpecker confines his harvesting to the acorns, no one except the Indians, who frequently store them up for winter food, will have anything to say. But this he does not do. It is said that he likes nuts as well, and a story is told of a family of woodpeckers that completely stripped a small grove of almond-trees. The owner of the grove thought he must have a good crop, and when the time came to gather it he went to do so, and lo, there was not a nut on any tree!

But one of his boys, in foraging about, found an immense old oak which was partly decayed, and riddled with holes from top to bottom. And in each hole was an almond! So the tree was cut down, and the man secured several bushels of almonds, after all; but the woodpeckers scolded him loudly.

Down in Mexico there lives a similar woodpecker, who stores his nuts and acorns in the hollow stalks of the yuccas and magueys. These hollow stalks are separated by joints into several cavities, and the sagacious bird has somehow found this out, and bores a hole at the upper end of each joint, and another at the lower, through which to extract the acorns when wanted. Then it fills up the stalks solidly, and leaves its stores there until needed, safe from the depredations



THE WOODPECKERS' STOREHOUSE.

of any other thievish bird or four-footed animal.

The first place in which this curious habit was observed was on a hill in the midst of a desert. The hill was covered with yuccas and magueys, but the nearest oak trees were thirty miles away; and so, it was calculated, these industrious birds had to make a flight of sixty miles for each acorn stowed thus in the stalks!

An observer of birds remarks: "There are several strange features to be noticed in these facts: the provident instinct which prompts this bird to lay by stores of provisions for the winter; the great distance traversed to collect a kind of food so unusual for its race; and its seeking, in a place so remote from its natural abode, a storehouse so remarkable."

Can instinct alone teach, or have experience and reason taught, these birds that, far better than the bark of trees or crevices in rocks, or any other hiding-place, are these hidden cavities they make for themselves within the hollow stems of distant plants?

This we cannot answer. But we do know that one of the most remarkable birds in our country is this California woodpecker, and that he is well entitled to his Mexican name of *El Carpintero* — the Carpenter-Bird.



"ST. NICHOLAS CRIED, 'I HEARD YOUR VOW; AND LADY LORRAINE SHALL BE MY BRIDE, NOW!'" (SEE PAGE 195.)



## THE LAY OF THE LADY LORRAINE.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THE Lady Lorraine was sweet and fair;  
The Lady Lorraine was young;  
She had wonderful eyes and glorious hair,  
And a voice of a cadence rich and rare;  
Oh, she was a lady beyond compare —  
By all were her praises sung,  
Till valley and plain  
Took up the refrain,  
And rang with the praise of the Lady Lor-  
raine.

And besides all charms of form and face,  
There were other attractions about Her  
Grace;

Besides her delicate, lily-white hands,  
She had rolling acres and broad, rich lands;  
Besides her patrician coat of arms,  
She had far-reaching forests and fertile farms;  
And of many an ancient and wide domain  
The beautiful lady was châtelaine.

So of course at her door  
There were suitors galore;  
They came by the dozen, and came by the  
score.

They came in droves, and they came in  
hordes,  
Titled nobility,— princes, lords,  
Dukes and marquises, viscounts and peers,  
Ambassadors, marshals, grandees, grenadiers,  
Barons and baronets, earls and esquires,  
Illustrious sons of illustrious sires:

But 't was ever in vain  
They sought to attain  
The heart and the hand of the Lady Lor-  
raine.

And day after day  
They turned sadly away;  
For the Lady Lorraine continued to say,  
Decidedly, certainly, stubbornly, "Nay!"  
She cared not for wreaths of laurel or bay,

Their titles or rent-rolls or uniforms gay,  
Their medals or ribbons or gaudy display,  
Their splendid equipment, demeanor, or  
bearing;  
She observed not their manners, nor what  
they were wearing;  
Their marvelous exploits for her had no  
charms:  
Their prowess in tourney, their valor at  
arms;  
Their wondrous achievements of brawn or of  
brain,—

All, all were as naught to the Lady Lor-  
raine.

To each suitor she 'd say, with her hand  
on her heart,  
"Sir, I ask of you only that you will depart."

In vain they entreated, they begged and  
they plead,  
They coaxed and besought, and they sul-  
lenly said  
That she was hard-hearted, unfeeling, and  
cruel.

They challenged each other to many a duel;  
They scowled and they scolded, they  
sulked and they sighed,  
But they could not win Lady Lorraine for  
a bride.

Now the reason for this, as you may have  
divined,  
Was because in her maidenly heart was  
enshrined

The image of one who was just to her mind:  
Who was loving and kind,

To whose faults she was blind,—  
The lord of her heart, and the love of her life,  
To whom she had promised to be a fond wife.  
Her Highness was happy, for even now he  
Was hastening to her across the blue sea.

He had written to say he was then on the  
way,  
And would greet his fair lady on Christmas  
day.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T was Christmas eve. In the old oak hall  
Preparations were made for the Christmas  
ball.

Gay garlands were hung from ceiling and  
wall;

The Yule log was laid, the tables arrayed,  
And the Lady Lorraine and her whole  
cavalcade,

From the pompous old steward to the scul-  
lery-maid,

Were all in a fluster,

Excitement and bluster,

And everything shone with a marvelous  
luster.

Such savory viands the larders presented;  
Such wondrous confections the bakers in-  
vented;

Such pasties and cates of eccentric design;  
Such sparkling decanters of rarest old wine;  
And ready at hand was the great wassail-  
bowl,

And the jolly old boar's head, with lemon,  
so droll.

The nook for musicians was carefully  
planned,

And carols and glees would be played by  
the band.

At last all was ready. The workmen were  
done;

And awaiting the jollity, mirth and frivolity,  
The games and the dancing, the feasting  
and fun,

The old hall was empty,—save only for  
one—

The Lady Lorraine, who surveyed it with  
pride,

And said, "It is worthy of Lord Cecil's  
bride!"

Then a bright smile illumined her happy  
young face,

Her roguish eyes twinkled, and gaily Her  
Grace

Crossed the old polished floor with a step  
light and quick,  
And her high slipper-heels went clickety-click.  
She looked cautiously round,—she was all  
by herself;

Like a mischievous elf,

She took from a shelf

A mistletoe spray with its berries like pearls;  
Then tossing her head and shaking her curls,  
In a manner half daring and yet half afraid,  
The madcap maid, with a smile that betrayed  
Expectant thoughts of her lover dear,  
Fastened the spray to the chandelier.

Then in a merry, fanciful mood,

Inspired by the time and the solitude,

The Lady Lorraine,

In whimsical vein,

Said, "On Christmas eve, 'neath this mis-  
tletoe bough,

I 'll solemnly make an immutable vow."

With a glance at the portraits that hung on  
the wall,

She said, "I adjure ye to witness, all:

I vow by the names that I've long revered,—  
By my great-great-grandfather's great gray  
beard,

By my father's sword, by my uncle's hat,

By my spinster aunt's Angora cat,

By my ancient grandame's buckled shoes,

By my uncle Gregory's marvelous brews,

By Sir Sydney's wig,

And his ruff so big,—

Indeed, by his whole preposterous rig,—

By the scutcheon and crest, and all the rest

Of the signs of my house, I vow this vow:

That whoever beneath this mistletoe bough

Shall first kiss me, he—none but he—

My partner for life shall henceforth be."

She had scarcely ceased when she heard a  
sound.

She looked around,

And, startled, found

From the old oak chimney-place it came.

For there, as if in an old oak frame,

A figure quaint, yet familiar too,

Met her astonished, bewildered view.

Of aspect merry, yet something weird,

With kind blue eyes and a long white beard,

Fur-trimmed cloak, and a peaked cap,  
Rosy cheeks,— a jolly old chap;  
And, though surprised, she recognized  
St. Nicholas, dear to her childhood days,  
And she met his smile with a welcome gaze.

The jolly old man beheld Her Grace,  
With her laughing eyes and her winsome face;  
He could n't resist her,—  
Indeed, who could?—  
And he heartily kissed her  
Where she stood!

And exultingly cried, "I heard your vow;  
And Lady Lorraine shall be *my* bride, now!"

The lady trembled, as in a daze;  
With a startled gaze of blank amaze,  
She looked at the figure who stood by her  
side  
And audaciously claimed her for his bride.

Then she bowed her head,  
And the color fled  
From the cheeks that his kiss had flushed  
rosy red.  
Her heart was filled with a sad despair  
As she thought of her lover, Lord Cecil  
Clare,  
And his dire dismay  
When on Christmas day  
He should ride up gaily in brave array,  
And find his sweetheart stolen away.

But the honor and pride of her race were  
at stake;  
And for conscience' sake  
She dared not break  
Her solemn vow, though her heart might  
ache.  
To be true to her word, her sire had taught  
her,  
And she was a loyal, obedient daughter.  
She appealed to the portraits of squires and  
dames,  
Who looked sternly down from their gilded  
frames;  
But they seemed to say, "There must ne'er  
be broken  
A promise or vow a Lorraine has spoken."

With stifled sighs, and with tears in her eyes,  
Though she tried to assume a cheerful guise,  
She turned to the suitor who stood apart,  
Awaiting the gift of her hand and heart;  
And she said with a gentle, dignified air:

"My heart belongs to Lord Cecil Clare;  
But my fatal vow,  
Though I rue it now,  
I dare not break. So, at your command,  
I fulfil it! On you I bestow my hand."

"O noble lady!" her suitor cried,

"'T was only a merry test I tried.

Full well I knew

That your heart was true.

Behold your lover, my bonny bride!

I assumed this guise for a Christmas joke."

And as he spoke,

He threw off his cloak,

He flung to the floor his peaked hood,

And a gallant knight before her stood!

He doffed his wig and his long white beard;  
All signs of St. Nicholas disappeared;  
And smiling there, in the firelight's glare,  
Was the gay and noble Lord Cecil Clare!

The lady marveled—a glad surprise  
Betokened itself in her lovely eyes;  
And with her merriment quite restored,  
She said, "You are welcome home, my lord;  
And I 'm thankful, now,  
That I kept my vow."

Lord Cecil raised her hand to his lips,  
And gallantly kissed her finger-tips;  
While the squires and dames  
Looked down from their frames,  
And "Bless you, my children!" they seemed  
to say.

Then the band appeared, and began to play;  
The guests arrived, and without delay  
The fun commenced, and the old oak hall  
Never had known such a Christmas ball!

The feast was spread,

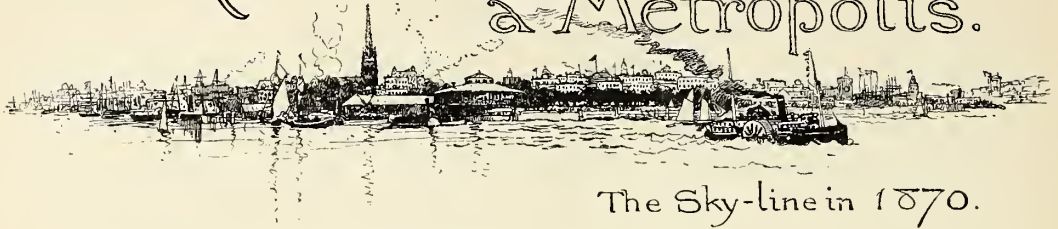
And the dance was led

By the knight and the lady, and every one  
said,

With a shout that rent the midnight air,

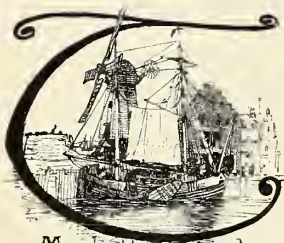
"Long live Lord Cecil and Lady Clare!"

# Reasoning out a Metropolis.



The Sky-line in 1870.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



Manhattan Island  
bought by the Dutch  
for \$24

HE people of New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and certain near-by northern towns resolved to join themselves together into one city, which is now the Greater New York. It embraces

three hundred and forty-one square miles of territory, and includes a population of nearly three million four hundred thousand.

Besides these, at least another million people dwell on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, quite as near and as closely identified with the great city on Manhattan Island as are those of the northern and eastern suburbs. This makes a population of nearly four and a half millions which may be said to belong to New York, making it not only by far the largest center of human life and interests in America, but, excepting only London, the most populous spot on the globe.

How has it happened that this vast city has grown up where it stands? Why did not the American metropolis arise somewhere else? Is its position all an accident, or does history show sound reasons for its situation?

The earliest settlement here was merely a trading-station that gradually became a small seaport, like a dozen others along the coast. Before the year 1700 these were so nearly alike

that he would have been a wise prophet who truly foretold which would thrive. Indeed, many men of that day firmly believed that Newport and Annapolis were to be the two great American seaports.

Great cities arise at the points where the greatest number of people find it convenient to meet at first for business, and later for pleasure. You cannot force a city to grow in an unnatural or unsuitable situation; and it is no easier to prevent a city from growing in its proper place. But the conditions that change a village into a big town, and expand the town into a city or metropolis, are not the same in different parts of the globe, and vary with the march of the centuries; so that now many an ancient world-market, like Nineveh or Memphis, has totally disappeared; while towns like Berlin have lately increased with amazing rapidity, after a long history as small and insignificant places. As for New York, it has never halted nor gone backward for a moment since it was fairly started on its career in 1623.

Let us see how matters stood when people began to write "1800" at the top of their letters. Montreal and Quebec were then large towns, but making no progress; nothing had come of the expected cities along the coast of Maine; old Salem had been outstripped by Boston, which already numbered 30,000 citizens; Newport, New London, and New Haven were still disappointingly small and sleepy; New York, which had borne the brunt of the Revolutionary war, included only some 60,000



## Sky-line to-day

inhabitants; while Philadelphia, unharmed by the war, was flourishing, and led the list with a population numbering over 81,000. Farther south, Baltimore, with about 27,000 people; Charleston, with 20,000; and New Orleans (then in French territory), with 10,000, were the only coast towns worth mentioning. Civilization had scarcely found its way across the Alleghanies, Chicago did not exist, and Oswego, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburg and Cincinnati, were mere frontier villages or Indian trading-posts. New England and eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland were dotted with villages, but the largest inland towns were those of northern New Jersey and the valley of the Hudson, where Newburg, Kingston, and Albany took the lead of all.

Let us see what happened during the next thirty years.

As soon as peace and a firm, united government were gained by the war for independence, we Americans began to think about finding out and making use of the wealth of our new country, first by setting as many persons as possible to clearing away the forests and planting fields; and great numbers from the older States, and from Europe, moved west, and received from the government tracts of land, for which the only pay asked was a promise to stay and cultivate them.

But it was plain that there was no use in farming, no matter how cheap and fertile the soil, nor in cutting timber or digging minerals, no matter how accessible and abundant, unless the pioneers had some way to send the grain they grew or their timber or minerals to market. Roads were therefore of the first importance. Nobody but a hunter or an explorer could travel into the heavily wooded interior, except

along some navigable river, and at first only the valleys of these rivers were cultivated. Next, a few roads were laid out connecting the coast and riverside towns; but none penetrated inland very far, and these were mostly mere tracks for pack-horses. All frontier goods were carried by horses until almost the beginning of this century — as they are yet in remote parts of the far West. This method is exceedingly expensive. It cost, for instance, \$249 a ton, or about twelve and a half cents a pound, to carry merchandise by pack-horses from Philadelphia to Erie in 1784; and when, in 1789, the first wagon-road was opened over the Pennsylvania mountains, the cost of freightage was three dollars a ton for that part alone — about 140 miles. It was not until 1804 that the first through line of stages was established from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, making the trip in seven days.

These things show how gradual, but how sure, was the advance of civilization westward.

More and more young men and young families were pushing toward the new western country from the coast States; and every year a larger and larger host of immigrants came from Europe, until in 1830 the number reached 12,000 a year. Most of these foreigners landed at New York. This was due to several causes.

The merchants of New York sent to the continent of Europe more ships than the merchants of other cities, who traded mainly with Great Britain, so that this city was better known throughout Europe, and her vessels were the handiest for emigrants from France, Germany, and Holland. Agents of the New York merchants and of the government who were seeking and encouraging immigration, could show that this port was the most advantageous landing-place

for a man who was going on West; and the sea-captains explained that it was the safest and quickest port to make, because the course lay south of the stormy, foggy region north of Cape Cod, and the city was much closer to the open sea than either Philadelphia or Baltimore. At any rate, immigration increased in favor of New York as time went on; and the stream of incoming people swelled until in the decade from 1884 to 1894 it amounted to about half a million of immigrants a year, 590,666 arriving in 1890 alone, not counting those from Canada and Mexico.

Now, the greater part of these foreigners hastened westward by the quickest and cheapest road, which in early times was up the Hudson and Mohawk, and so out to the Lakes at Buffalo, where they could take a steamboat for the remainder of the journey. That this traffic contributed to the growth of the city appeared in the Census Reports of 1830, which showed that New York, overtaking and passing Philadelphia, had then risen to first rank in population. The score stood thus:

	1800	1810	1820	1830
Philadelphia . . .	81,009	111,210	137,097	188,961
New York . . . . .	60,489	96,373	123,706	203,007

How could New York double its population in fifteen years, and beat its great rival, Philadelphia, when the latter was surrounded by a far wider belt of rich farms and populous towns?

It was due primarily to the fact that Robert Fulton brought here his steamboat, and that New York men knew how to take advantage of the invention. Philadelphia, also, had the steamboat, you will reply. Yes; but she did not have the Hudson River.

The Hudson had from the first been an advantage to New York, because it afforded a highway for 150 miles inland, and thus had greatly aided in the early settlement of the interior of the State and of western New England. By the improvement of the steamboat, river-travel at once became so cheap and speedy that the country dealers and the farmers themselves could go straight down to New York to buy goods or do their shopping at first hand. This brought a great deal of new

business, both wholesale and retail, to New York, some of which was taken away from its rival cities.

Moreover, the steamboats and towboats lessened the cost of bringing building materials, grain, hay, meat, and all the country-grown food found in city markets, and therefore lessened the expense and increased the comfort of living and working here.

It was another great benefit to the townsman that cheaper freight assured him cheap and plentiful fuel. In 1824 a canal was opened between the coal-regions of northern Pennsylvania and Rondout on the Hudson; and boats loaded with coal at the mines could float straight to New York, and then go back laden with merchandise forwarded exceedingly cheaply. Coal was already coming around by way of Amboy, and presently a third canal was dug straight across northern New Jersey, and the boats on this also brought great quantities of iron ore.

The rivalry of these routes reduced the price of coal, iron, building materials, etc., and began to make New York a center of many important manufactures. These industries attracted a constantly increasing number of artisans and mechanics, and the workers in turn called for more and more house-room, food, and clothing, and thus gave employment to an ever-growing multitude of men engaged in commerce, domestic trade, market-keeping, and the learned professions.

But the greatest of all the influences that assisted New York to reach first place was the Erie Canal.

The first quarter of this century was the era of canal-building. No matter how fine the turnpikes may be, horses can haul in wagons only high-priced merchandise, in comparatively small quantities and for short distances, unless the cargo is to cost for transportation more than it is worth. Men found out in Europe and Asia, long ago, that for moving grain, coal, timber, ore, and similar bulky or heavy goods, where speed was not especially important, a ship or boat was the only practicable method. If a river were not convenient, then an artificial waterway called a canal—that is, channel—must be made. When in any country something of this kind cannot be done, that

country must remain undeveloped and thinly populated, like the Sahara.

Why is a canal so much better than a good road for commercial purposes? Because, while two horses and one man can haul on a hard, level road perhaps two tons, the same driver with two horses harnessed to a canal-boat can move twenty tons nearly as quickly; that is, the same force and expense for pay and food of men and horses accomplish ten times as much in result, which really makes the goods ten times cheaper at the end of the route.

Hence, before the invention of railroads, it was necessary in any growing country to dig canals to serve as the highways of commerce; and this the young United States hastened to do. New York, as usual, moved among the foremost. She planned and constructed, besides some lesser ones, that great waterway, four hundred miles long, from Albany to Buffalo, which was called the Erie Canal and connected the Hudson with the Great Lakes.

This canal was finished in 1825, and immensely stimulated the growth not only of the western part of New York State but of the whole region of the Great Lakes; for now farmers in the Northwest could send their grain and fruit and cattle, and the miners their ore, and the lumbermen their ship-timber and boards and staves, to the seaboard at profitable rates; and in return they could obtain the imports, merchandise, and manufactures of sea-coast cities at a fair cost. A fleet of vessels on the Lakes came and went, bringing from farm, mine, and forest, cargoes which were loaded into the canal-boats and sent east, often to be transferred to vessels for foreign ports without ever touching land at all. And back went supplies for the interior of New York State, and for settlers in Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and beyond, who could never have lived and worked in those distant parts except for this means of cheap communication. To them also, every summer, went thousands of new settlers from New England and Old England and all Europe, who needed no longer to spend weeks and weeks in traveling in wagons before reaching their new homes.

Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia had canals, it is true, which, connecting with Ohio's

canals, reached Lake Erie; but they never accomplished so much for Philadelphia and Baltimore as did the Erie Canal for New York. In the first place, they were longer, and had to cross big mountains by means of locks, forcing the boatmen to lose time, and thus compelling the owners to charge high rates, so that a great deal of through traffic avoided them since both time and money could be saved by going to New York's canal. This ran through an almost level series of valleys, and could therefore afford to do the service at a less price, and yet promise quicker delivery. In the second place, the mountainous, sterile character of the country along a large part of the southern canals prevented much settlement by their banks; while the fertile valleys of New York State soon teemed with a prosperous population, and along the whole length of the Erie Canal towns sprang up which furnished a profitable local traffic, helped to pay expenses, and thus reduced the charges for through carriage.

All of these people and all of this business contributed to the advancement of the great seaport at the mouth of the Hudson, which was the real end of the route; and notwithstanding occasional pestilences, great fires, and business set-backs, New York grew steadily, and kept far ahead of all rivals.

Here, naturally, were the finest shops, the best hotels, the freshest novelties, and the gayest amusements. These depend upon a crowd, but they also attract a greater crowd; and as the biggest city has the most money, hither came the richest men in order to find other rich men to join with them in those operations by which business men carry on commerce, organize and conduct factories, construct railroads, and so forth. These enterprises always come to the largest and most flourishing city, because there they can find nearest and best the materials, supplies, and trained men which they need; and the money they spend and the outside help they bring in are valuable additions to a city's wealth and population, and constantly increase its importance and power in an ever-growing ratio, just as a rolling snowball will pick up more and more snow the larger it grows.

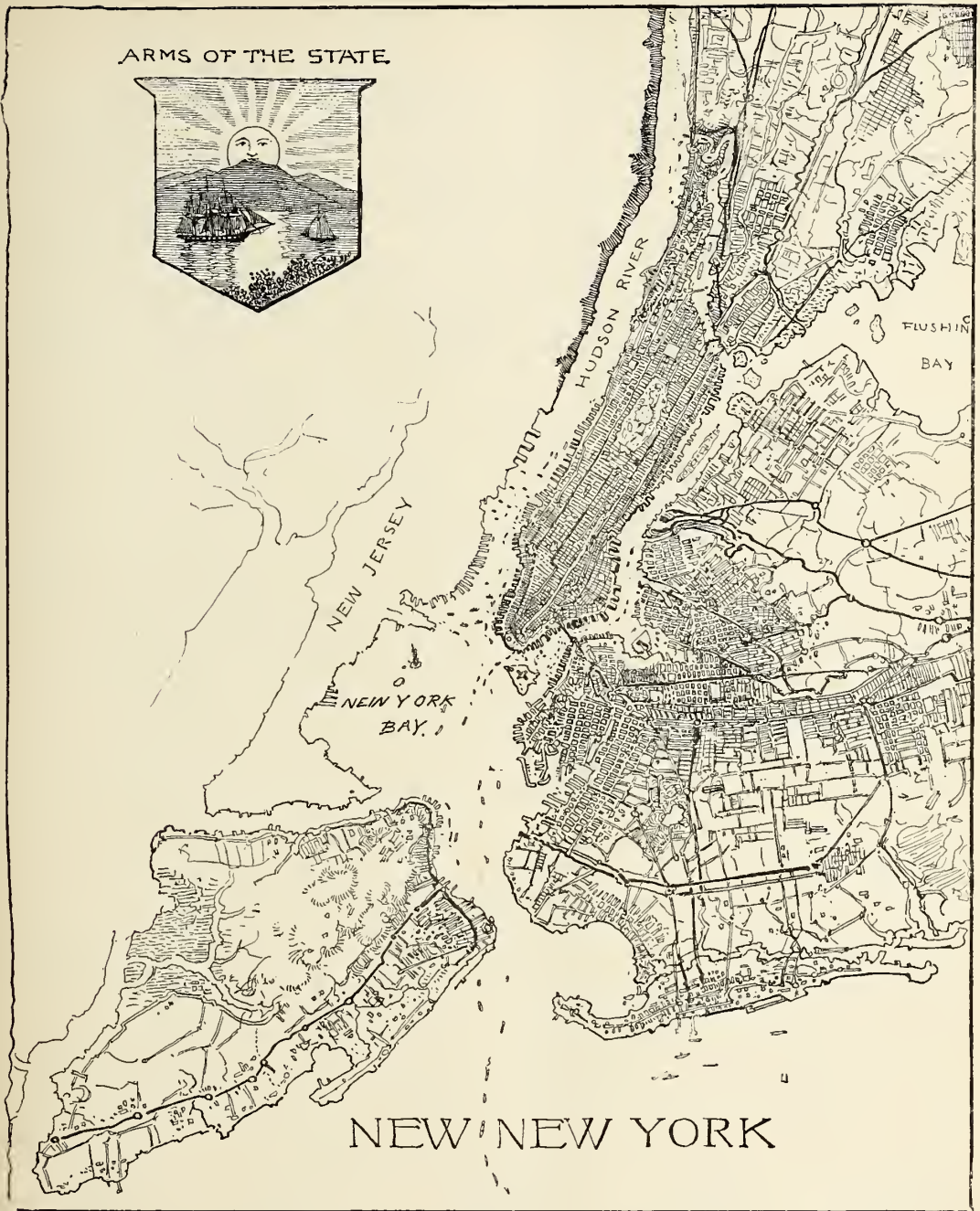
Railroads began to be built about 1830,



and the New Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west, and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other

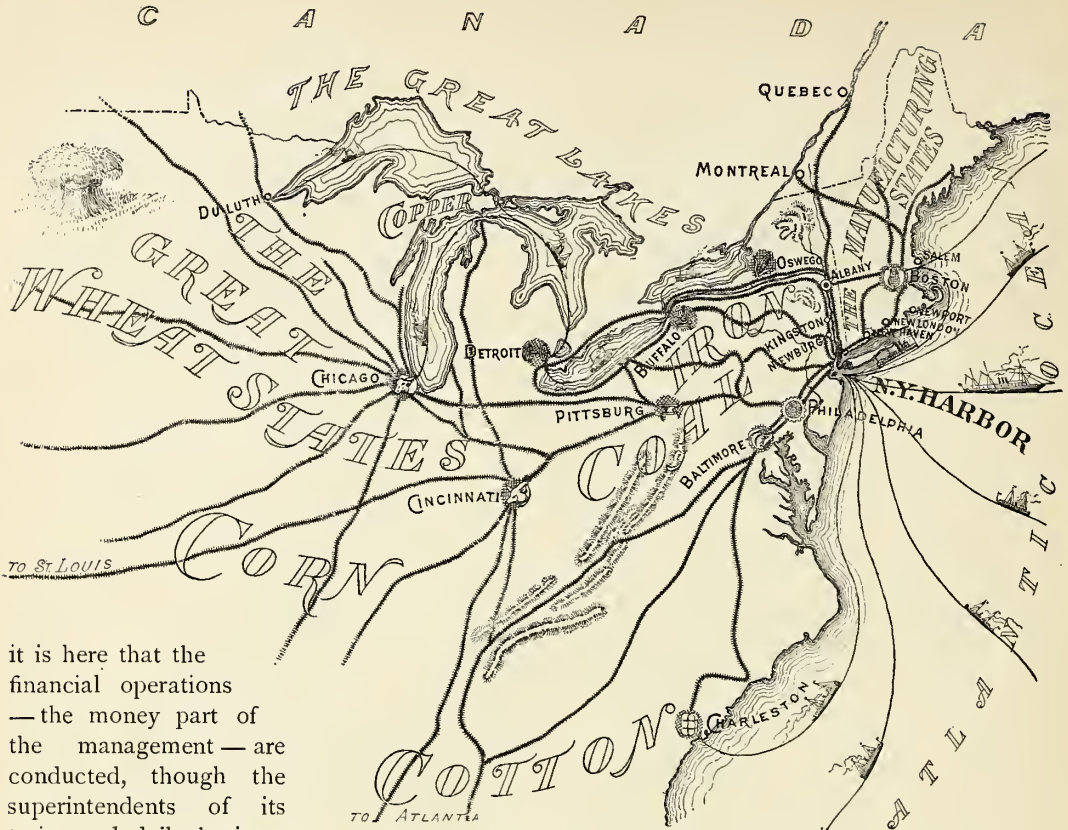
cities did the same; but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central West and East could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads built or aided by the Baltimore men





to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeeded, therefore, until they had been pushed on to New York, where the volume

of commerce was coming to be as great as, or greater than, that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important railway system in the United States; that is,



"THE RESOURCES OF A GREAT COUNTRY FLOW NATURALLY TOWARD HER COFFERS. IN FRONT OF HER IS THE OCEAN GATEWAY."

it is here that the financial operations — the money part of the management — are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their offices somewhere else.

The secret, then, of New York's proud greatness,—why she is and always will be the Imperial City of North America, in wealth and influence and commercial power, even though some other town may some time in the future count a few more inhabitants, is found in the word *transportation*.

New York stands in the best place for the distribution of people and things: the raw material for manufactures, the products of mills and furnaces and shops, the yield of farms and mines and forests, and the goods going and

coming across the seas. Valleys that form easy and natural roads open out south, west, north, and northeast, like the folds of a fan, and the resources of a great country flow naturally along them toward her coffers. In front of her is the ocean gateway, open to the fleets of the world.

New York is New York because she stands where the wealth of the New World and the treasures of the Old World most easily and naturally meet. And she will be grander and ever more splendid as time rolls on!



NEW YORK CITY IN 1673.



"JUMBO."



"BOBBLES."



"PUNK."



"SAWED-OFF."



"TUG."

## THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

### II.

ALL correct history-books will tell you that a watched pot has never been known to boil; but they are strangely silent as to whether or no a watched lake ever puts on ice.

So, when the calendar got well on into December, the Dozen, as they were known to local fame, stood gazing long and hard at the lake. They were waiting for the water to freeze.

Thirteen is an unlucky number when Jack Frost is the thirteenth. And here he certainly was. He kept out of sight himself, but he dabbed red paint on the noses of the Twelve, and drove tacks into their finger-tips and toes, and ran his cold hands up and down their backbones as if they were washboards.

Still they stood, weeping with the chill, and shivering and sniveling and sniffing and shuffling to keep cold. But the ripples on the lake danced even more than they did: as if, indeed, old Daddy Winter had found a sign "No Thoroughfare" when he came that way.

"I say, let 's go in swimmin'," spoke up the tiny Jumbo.

"We might as well have rollers put on our

skates," the huge Sawed-Off spoke down. "This lake 's forgot how to freeze."

But, much as they poked sarcasm at it, it only laughed back with blue eyes and giggling ripples. It simply would not be bullied into becoming a skating-rink for anybody. So these bodies must e'en wait. So they waited.



"PRETTY."



"HIST'RY."

At length, being sensible boys, they gave up longing for what they could not get, and turned to gloating over what they had. And their memories were cheery as a camp-fire.

After the glorious victory won over the football team of the Greenville Military Academy, they had adopted Punk's suggestion and definitely organized themselves into a club, which they called after their native city. If the lake grew famous only through the town of Lakerim,



"SLEEPY."



"B. J."



"THE TWINS."



"QUIZ."

the town of Lakerim grew famous chiefly through the wonderful High School athletes, who were organized, as the circus-posters would say, into the only and original consolidated and accumulated aggregation of unprecedented luminaries of the athletic and gymnastic arena; imported and domesticated at enormous expense, and traveling in their own gorgeous argosy of palatial private cars! Any individual marvel is alone worth the price of admission! Don't forget the name!

THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB!

Come one, come all! Admission only twenty-five cents. Old folks half-price! Peanuts and lemonade for sale at reduced rates. Avoid all servile imitators!

12—WONDERS OF THE WORLD—12

After defeating Greenville, it had been necessary, of course, to play a rubber; so the Greenvilles came over to Lakerim like lions seeking whom they might devour, and went back like lambs fleeing lest they get devoured. Then the Lakerims fell into the habit of winning games from almost all the teams they played with. As Tug put it, "They had hit their gait." And they came out at the end of the season with a score of six games won to two lost, a neat percentage of seventy-five.

"How is the treasury this cold day?" the living interrogation-mark inquired.

"Well," said Punk, taking a paper out of his pocket, "I've been making out a statement for the next club meeting."

"Let's have it now," some one suggested; and as everybody agreed, and there was nothing else to do, the Lakerim Athletic Club met in solemn conclave, right where it stood in the snow; for the club, as a club, had no roof to shelter it from the wintry blast.

"Ahem!" coughed President Tug, with so much dignity that the lake almost froze up with a snap. "The club will please come to order."

Coming to order consisted in ceasing to stamp half-frozen-feet and trying to keep the chattering teeth from making rattle-bones out of themselves.

"We will dispense with the minutes of the previous meeting," the President began, "and permit the Secretary to postpone writing the minutes of this till he gets home." Which was a good thing, because Secretary Jumbo's fingers felt more like breaking off than holding a pencil.

"Shall we hear the report of the Treasurer?" Every member meant to say, "Ay"; but he was so cold that he voted several times with an "Ay — ay — ay!" like story-book sailors.

"The T-t-reasurerrrr has the f-floor," said the President coldly.

Every one looked down at the floor and grinned, for the floor was snow-white and came up to the Treasurer's ankles.

"Mr. President," said Punk, "I beg to make the following statement of moneys collected and held by me in the club's name in the Lakerim Savings Bank."

You must admit that Punk's language was very fine (it ought to be; for, just between you and me and the lamp-post, he got it out of a book). His statement, condensed, and with punctuation-marks made by the cold omitted, was as follows:

First game of the year, Lakerim vs. Greenville, played at Lakerim, no charge for admission .. \$	0.00
Second game, Lakerim vs. Greenville, played at Greenville. Our share of the gate receipts, $\frac{3}{4}$	44.50
Third game, Lakerim vs. Greenville, played at Lakerim Fair Grounds. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	18.39
Fourth game, played with Brownsville School for Boys. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	39.15
Fifth game, played with Charleston Preparatory School. Our share, $\frac{1}{4}$ .....	26.56
Sixth game, played with Troy Latin School. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	31.20
Seventh game, played with Kingston Academy. Our share, $\frac{1}{4}$ .....	9.00
Eighth game, played with Charleston Preparatory School. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	33.32
Total .....	\$202.12

This was not so bad; and as they—and their parents—had agreed that every man was to pay his own expenses, every cent of this was to go to bringing that club-house somewhere nearer than Spain. But none of the boys had much idea of the size of the contract they had taken.

By the time the Treasurer's report was read

and approved, however, everybody was so cold that everybody moved to ad-d-d-j-j-jourrrn, and everybody s-s-s-secondeded the m-m-motion, and so it was carried without much trouble, and every mother's son skedaddled for home and fireside.

That night the mercury crawled far down the thermometer in a vain attempt to keep warm, and the lake gave up the fight and put on a thin mask of ice. In a few days this was thick enough to bear tons of weight, and the boys got out their well-rusted skates and well-seasoned hockey-clubs and proceeded to crack one another's shins and sit all over themselves to their hearts' content. But hard as they fell, the lake always seemed to say, like B. J.'s heroes, in a hollow voice:

"I can stand it if you can."

In time shin-bones learned to quit aching and keep out of the way, and in time the boys were all skating with last winter's skill and handling their shinny-clubs with some show of reason and agility.

Little Jumbo was by far the best skater of the lot. Sawed-Off said he ought to be, because he had less distance to fall than any one else.

However that may be, Jumbo seemed absolutely fearless and perfectly at home on his steel soles. He was an adept at fancy work, and could do "Mohawks" and "Maltese crosses" and "figure 8's" and "grape-vines" and "Philadelphias," and about everything you could think of. He wrote his curves with the ease and grace of a teacher of penmanship, and could work out his Latin exercises with his skates — almost.

It so fell about — speaking of skating, that is a very fit expression — it so fell about, I say, that Jumbo had visited in Canada the winter before, and had fallen deeply in love with the game of hockey as it is played up there. When he heard how it was being taken up in all the American cities, he proposed that the Lake-rims give it the final honor of their high and mighty attention.

"Aw!" growled Sleepy, who objected to everything on principle, "what do you want to borrow anything from the Canucks for?"

"Yes," said Tug, who was very patriotic, "I

think we 've got enough games of our own, without being snobs."

"Snobs nothin'," said Jumbo. "The only sensible and really patriotic way to act is to study other nations, and if they have anything better than we have, to borrow it and improve on it."

"Jumbo 's right," Sawed-Off said, looking round to see if anybody wanted to fight the two of them. "If you 're going to be so blamed exclusive, you 'd better drop football and tennis and rowing and skating, and about everything else —"

"Except baseball," drawled Sleepy.

"Yes, that 's our own, right enough; but we can't play it all the year round."

After some wrangling they finally voted to take up the new game; and there was nothing to do but elect Jumbo teacher, trainer, coacher, captain, and general cook and bottle-washer.

Jumbo then delivered a scholarly lecture on the game. He said: "Canadian hockey takes seven men on a side. Each side has a goal at the end of a field that can be any length you want, but must n't be less than a hundred and twenty feet. The goal is two posts, and they 're four feet high and six feet apart, and they have no cross-bar. They have an imaginary one, though, across the top; and to score a goal you 've got to shoot the puck under it."

"The puck! What 's a puck?" they all cried.

History scornfully answered: "Why, don't you know? — Puck is a character in one of Shakspeare's plays, — 'The Merry Wives of Mr. Winder,' I think."

Jumbo only grinned at the Knowing One, and took out of his pocket a disk of solid vulcanized rubber, three inches in diameter and an inch thick.

"What 's that?" said History, still beaming with pride.

"That 's a puck," said Jumbo; and History's face fell half-way to the ground. "I got it in Canada. They use it instead of a ball or a block."

"Or a tin can," added Sleepy.

"Does n't seem to me you could knock it very far," said Pretty.

"You can't, and you don't want to. The

game is to carry it and coax it along with your hockey-stick."

"Don't you ever knock it?" said Bobbles.

"Well, not exactly. But sometimes you lift it."

"What's lifting it?" said Quiz.

"Well, it takes a knack to do that. You give your club a kind of a sort of a twist, and a lift, and the puck goes flying through the air. Some experts can send it sixty feet at a lift."

"Well, what if it hits you?" said Pretty, thinking of his fine teeth.

"Well, you'll wish it had n't," said Jumbo, thinking of a certain gap in his ivories.

"That does n't sound very promising," said Pretty.

"Every game we play is risky. You can break bones in all of 'em — lawn-tennis included. But you'll have no fun and accomplish nothing in this world if you're always stopping to think of your bones."

"It takes seven men, you say?" was Bobbles' way of returning to the muttons.

"Yes; first there's the 'goal-keeper,' who never leaves his goal, but stands inside and stops the puck with his stick, his skate, his hand, or his whole body. In front of him is another defender called the 'point.' In front of him a fellow called the 'cover-point.' He attacks and defends, both. And in front of him are four 'forwards,' who attack."

"How do they attack?" said Quiz. "With their clubs?"

"No; you must n't lift your club above your shoulder, and you don't lift it at all except when you want to check a man."

"What is it to check a man?" said Quiz.

"When you scrape the puck away from his club with your own. Then there's the body-check, where you bunt him with your shoulder, and stop him."

"But what if he's skating pretty hard?" said Sleepy anxiously.

"Well, you get a kind of a jolt," said Jumbo, meaningly.

"And do you sit down hard?" Sleepy persisted.

"If the ice does n't rise up and hit you first," answered Jumbo, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Um-m!" pondered Sleepy; "I guess I don't care much about that game."

"No," said Tug, scornfully. "It might keep you up." Sleepy only yawned for reply, and dawdled off home.

"You see," Jumbo began again, "the game is one that takes a skater who is sure-footed, and not afraid. And it takes a good dodger to juke it."

"'Juke' it!" yelled Quiz. "What does that beautiful word mean?"

"Why," exclaimed History, superciliously, "did n't you ever read about the Juke of York, with 20,000 men, who marched up the hill —"

"And took the elevator down again?" Jumbo finished for him. "Well, this is another kind of a Juke. This consists in carrying the ball right through the enemy, dodging this way and that, and bringing it 'way down toward the goal."

"It's like the great run you made through the line in that third Greenville football game," said Tug.

"Well, something," Jumbo admitted, with a blush; and Sawed-Off blushed, too, with equal pride.

"Hockey is a good deal like football, anyway," Jumbo went on. "Off-side playing is watched closer, though, and punished more. Every player who is ahead of the man with the puck is off-side till some one of the opponents touches the puck. All he can do is to wait for his own man to come up with him, or for one of the other side to get it. So the forwards usually play pretty well spread out in a line, and pass the puck sideways to one another to keep it out of the way of the enemy. You can't pass it forward to your own men — only at right angles to the side-line, or backward. And you can't score, as you can in football, by taking it over the goal-line — it's got to go through the posts. And — and — I guess that's enough to begin practising on."

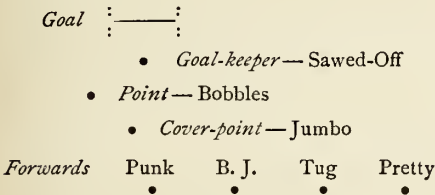
Ten of the fellows followed Jumbo to a clear space on the lake. Sleepy was dozing on his way home, and History had sat on his spectacles and broken them so often that his parents forbade his skating.

The ten survivors were not much interested in the game till they had got the hang of it

pretty well. Then they were all enthusiasts, and before long Jumbo was ready to choose his men. And "We are Seven" was one of their mottos, and "All for Lakerim" was their other.

One good-looking morning a crowd of young fellows from the Preparatory School at Charleston-on-the-Lake came skating that way to mop up the ice with anything they could find at Lakerim. They brought hockey-clubs for mop-sticks; and after some banter an informal game was set going.

A narrow inlet of the lake made a good hockey-rink; and the positions of the Lakerims were these:



In just the same arrangement inverted, the Charleston seven faced them.

This was the formal arrangement, though in reality the boys were rarely just so placed. B. J. usually played back a little to return the puck to the forwards, or, as they say, to "feed it in." And the rest scurried hither and thither, according to the change of each moment.

A referee was selected and sides were chosen by toss. The referee skated to the center of the field and put the puck on the ice; Tug and one of the Charleston forwards took positions to "face it off." They put their clubs down against either side of the puck and stood as taut as a mainsheet in a good wind, and waited for the referee's whistle. After they had paused with eyes staring at the puck till they began to think that he had forgotten them altogether or had evaporated, the shrill signal came, and the game was on.

Tug and his rival jabbed and scraped at the puck till it finally came out of the scrimmage between Tug's heels, for his opponent was the more skilful of the two. Tug had a mighty ado to disentangle himself from the persistent puck; but finally the Charleston man poked it out and shoved past.

Then B. J. confronted him with ready stick,

and swiped at the puck, only to see it scoot swiftly to the left, where another Charleston forward gathered it in and dashed down the right of the Lakerim field. Him Jumbo cut off, but not before he had sent the puck merrily to his left, where a third forward got it. He shot down the left of the field until Bobbles headed him off. And just as Bobbles called the puck his own, it was clear across the ice and on the stick of another Charleston forward who had an unobstructed field at the right. He dashed for the posts, and when he was near enough gave a quick, twisting lift and shot the puck straight for a goal.

But Sawed-Off was waiting with a wild glare, and he caught the puck with his left hand, flung it down, and with a quick blow of the club knocked it spinning sidewise.

All the Lakerims were of course off-side, and must wait till the dashing Charlestonian started back for another try at goal. Then they took him in hand, and there was a charming scrimmage. Four or five of the players came together at that point at the same time, and promptly lifted their feet in air and sat down to think it over. Some one of them was sitting on the puck, and all were jabbed and prodded unmercifully till they scrambled to their feet and restored the long-lost puck to the light of day.

After some lively give and take, Jumbo scooped it and passed it across to Bobbles; but he was n't looking for it, and a Charlestonian swept it away and brought it to Sawed-Off's door again.

Lakerim was quite bewildered at the swift changes of the game as handled by trained players. The puck was here, there, and everywhere at the same time.

"Now you see it, and now you don't," gasped Pretty.

Sawed-Off filled enough of the goal-space to block the second attempt at goal. He simply moved his big body, and though the puck stung, it dropped to the ice and he shot it far to the right. But a Charleston forward was playing well over and waiting for it. He had it back in the center instanter, and there was a fierce mix-up in front of goal. The Lakerims could not get the puck away from Charleston, however, and the third quick shot for goal found a

cranny, somewhere where Sawed-Off was not, and the scoring had begun.

"Boys," said Jumbo, "it's team work that counts in this game, not grand-stand plays. Keep your eye on the puck, and always be ready to get it on a pass, or to pass it when it is in danger. Let every man know where every other man is."

After the second face-off, the Lakerims, by concerted action among the forwards, managed to get the puck down into Charleston, but only for a moment now and then. After zigzagging it back and forth for some time, a Charlestonian suddenly gave it a beautiful lift. It flew high in the air, and came down on the edge, and rolled at Bobbles, who stopped it with his skate.

He made that fatal mistake, however, a slow start; and before he could recover any of the ground gained through the lift, two of the Charleston forwards were on him. As the first of them went by, he gave a fierce blow at the puck with his club. It came down hard on Bobbles' right hand, and he dropped his stick with a loud "Ouch!" Before he could recover it, the puck was in the elbow of a Charleston club, and jogging gaily down the ice.

Sawed-Off grew impatient at all this, deserted his sentry-post, and started forward to stop the advance. But the Charleston man simply gave a sudden swerve to the right, and then one to the left, and lo! he was past Sawed-Off, and through the goal-posts before you could say, "The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us." Score: Charleston — 2; Lakerim — 0.

Then Jumbo skated toward Sawed-Off, and from his little height looked up at his gigantic chum, and threatened to put a head on him if he left the goal-posts again.

Sawed-Off looked down at Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and meekly promised to resist all temptations.

At the third face-off Tug carried away the honors and the puck; and by a quick pass to Pretty saw it advanced well into Charleston territory. Pretty disappeared into a wild scrimmage, and the puck came out in the enemy's charge. Tug met the onrushing player with a vigorous body-check that nearly shook his teeth loose.

But more to Tug's delight, it shook the puck

loose, and he took the little misplaced discus under his own wing. He dodged one Charlestonian, but saw himself about to fall prey to another, and passed the puck across to B. J., who took it forward until the opposing cover-point fell foul of him, when he sent it to Punk, who got past the Charleston point, but lost it there to the enemy. Jumbo came up with a bird-like swoop, however, and picked it out of the tangle of clubs and feet, and shot it between the legs of the goal-keeper for a goal. Score: Charleston — 2; Lakerim — 1.

The game went on, with changes as sudden and complete as those of a twirled kaleidoscope; but when the twenty minutes of the first half was over, the foreigners had coined another goal. Score: Charleston — 3; Lakerim — 1.

Friends furnished overcoats, and the players gathered round a fire on shore. There was only one fire, so Jumbo invited his visitors to join them, and borrowed some wraps, overcoats, and girls' cloaks. He had no chance to coach his men, except indirectly, and, as it were, over the shoulders of the enemy.

"You fellows are the right stuff," he said hospitably. "We don't know the game very well here. I don't mean to say you could n't beat us even if we did; but we might make it more interesting for you. Your team-play is simply great. I wish our boys would work together better. They are too blamed anxious to do it all by their lonesomes. We've got some good material, though, don't you think?"

"Well, there are no flies on *you*," their captain said to Jumbo. "I wish you 'd come over to Charleston to school. We 'd make a star player out of you in no time."

Jumbo was sorry now that he had spoken, and he blushed modestly and guessed he 'd just as soon stay at home. And when the ten-minute rest was up, he went among his men, with words of suggestion and encouragement.

Charleston began the next half with a speedily gained goal due to a combination of mischances that left Lakerim badly muddled. Jumbo only set his teeth hard, and decided that if the game were to be kept from going from the very bad of 4 to 1 to something still worse, it was time to begin. He hung about all the scrim-



mages, waiting for a chance at the puck; but he was always checked or off-side at the critical moment, till the battle was worked far into his own country, and close to his goal.

Then he saw his chance, and pulled the puck away from an opponent, and set sail for foreign parts. He had all the Charleston forwards but one in front of him. And people still talk of the beautiful way he juked it through the swarm of his enemies. A corkscrew could n't have gone through them better. He gave a sudden

The Charleston goal-keeper alone opposed him. Jumbo gave the puck a good high lift. It struck the man in the mouth, and brought out a growl of pain. When it dropped to the ground, and before the keeper could shove it aside, Jumbo shot it past his right knee for goal. Score: Charleston — 4; Lakerim — 2.

For the next attack he sent his forwards along in open order, with special instructions to be quick in passing the puck from one to the other. He followed right at their heels as



JUMBO MAKING THE GOAL.

leap to the right to avoid this forward, and a jump to the left to pass that one, and a sudden stop and swish round the last one. He led the cover-point a fine chase, and suddenly dug his skate into the ice, stopped short, and let the fellow pass him like a cannon-ball. Then he came full-tilt on the Charleston point, who waited, expecting to check him.

But just as a sloop would save herself from collision with a man-of-war, he suddenly luffed up, and was alongside when he should have been across the bows, and was astern when he should have been sinking.

feeder, and after some close calls saw Pretty send the puck between the goal-posts. Score: Charleston — 4; Lakerim — 3.

Then, try as they would, they could n't hold the Charllestons. Jumbo fought so hard that he was twice caught playing off-side, and had the misery of giving the enemy the puck and a line-up at that point, with the Lakerims put five feet back. And much as Sawed-Off tried literally to fill his place, the puck got past him and the Charllestons were again two goals ahead, the score being 5-3.

Then Jumbo saw a Charleston forward pre-

paring to lift the puck past his forwards, and he bent his knees and waited till it flew over his head; then he straightened his wiry little legs and shot up in the air after it. His left hand struck it and brought it down. Jumbo sprawled on the ice when he lit, but knocked the puck to Tug, who had hurried back to him, and watched it go zigzagging down the ice for another goal at Pretty's hands.

Now the referee announced that there was only a little time left, and Jumbo saw that his only hope lay in tying the score, which would compel a lengthening of the time.

He outlined his plan of action as they went for the next face-off. He spoke to his best men, and bided his time. At length the opportunity came, Tug got the puck, and Jumbo, who was just behind him, gave him the word. Tug gave the puck a magnificent lift down the field, but well to one side where there were no Charleston men. Jumbo dashed forward like a bullet, and reached the puck before any of the opposing men could get there. Tug followed at his very heels, and when Jumbo gave another fine lift over Charleston heads to the other side, he was up and away and had the puck before the enemy got near it. When they dashed for him, he drove the puck for a beautiful pass across again to Jumbo, who made goal with it, and tied the score just as the referee opened his mouth to shout, "Time!"

It was now necessary to play a supplement, and give the game to the team that made the first goal. By various passes exciting to watch, but tedious to tell, the now hopeful and determined Lakerims managed to work the puck Charleston way, and finally Jumbo got it near one of the banks of the lake (these were the only side-lines they had).

He dodged here and there to get through the Charleston forwards, but his way was blocked everywhere, till a sudden idea struck him. He dashed straight at the Charlestonian who guarded the edge, and just as he reached him, shot the puck hard to the right and went round to the left. The Charlestonian looked aghast at seeing the puck go one way and the player another; but when he saw the puck strike a shelving bank of stone and carom off behind

him into the loving clutches of Jumbo, he looked aghaster. He recognized that Jumbo had brought a trick of the rinks outdoors, and a moment later he recognized a Jumboesque lift on the puck going through his own goal. And he recognized the end of the game, and the voices of Lakerim people cheering the victors, who were even more surprised than their victims.

By this time the Charlestonians were so sick of hockey and the ice in general that they had no heart to limp home on skates. So they arranged for a return game in the rink in their city, hired a Lakerim carryall, and went home ignominiously on wheels.

As they disappeared, History, who knew about as much Latin as a drug-clerk, went out on the scene of victory, waved Jumbo's shinnyclub in air, and cried:

"In hockey signo vinces!"

Whereupon Pretty very properly pushed his feet out from under him, and when he hit the ice he saw more stars than his astronomy textbook ever dreamed of.

The fellows that had not played, now felt strong enough to skate a little, and came out on the ice with girls from the crowd of spectators. They chose, of course, the rosiest-checked — and, I must admit, rosiest-nosed — maids, and went gliding in couples as if the ice were as good as any ball-room floor, as indeed it was. So they glided — or should I say "glode"? — and filled their lungs with a wholesome air, and their muscles with a wholesome weariness.

But Heady, as he went to ask his particular fancy to glide with him, was pounced on by a great, overgrown fat girl who had never learned to skate.

"Oh, hello!" she cried. "I 'm going to let you teach me."

"Thanks," said Heady; "but I —"

"Oh, you two boys skate so well that my father told me I must be sure to get you to teach me."

Heady did n't just see what her father had to say about it, but he could n't skate around her, and he was afraid to try breaking away from her clutches, lest she should fall; so he surrendered as gracefully as possible, and led her out on the ice, expecting to hear it crack under them.

"Which of the twins are you?" she asked.

Heady wished he had been the other; but he did n't say so. He found, to his glad disappointment, that she was quick to learn, and very light on her feet for all her weight, and had a better balance than many a thinner person. She was much like a top, in fact, and they were soon spinning about right merrily.

At length they encountered the weary but high-hearted Jumbo, who had not stopped to rest, but was giving one of his men a few points he had picked up from studying Charleston methods.

As soon as she saw him, the fat girl halloed to him, and left Heady completely in the lurch while she showered congratulations on the hero of the day, which did n't please Heady altogether.

"One of the twins has just taught me how to skate, and you must skate with me," she cried.

"I 'm afraid I 'm too tired," said Jumbo, appalled at the thought of dragging such a weight around the lake.

"Oh, that does n't matter," the girl exclaimed; "it 'll do you good."

She was dragging Jumbo along as a captive, when he thought of a way of escape, and said: "I 'll tell you, let 's skate for home. You live on the other side of town, too, and I know a short cut around that little point."

The girl gaily agreed, and they struck out together—the tug-boat towing the ocean-liner. When they rounded the wooded point, they found the ice quite deserted. The neck of land hid all the crowd they had left behind. But

he knew the way, and she had no fears. So, tired as he was, he went skating backward, dragging the heavy girl after him. He was too dead tired to look round much, and the girl was too busy enjoying the speed and ease of her glide to notice where they went.

But suddenly there was a loud rattle and clatter and boom, and the ice crashed under and all around them. The fat girl flung her arms about Jumbo's neck; and hard as he



"HE WENT SKATING BACKWARD, DRAGGING THE HEAVY GIRL AFTER HIM."

strove to tread water and find support, she bore him down; and the ice splintered and sank with him as he grasped at it.

The bitter cold water sent a chill through his flesh, but he felt the cold clear to the marrow of his bones when his wild eyes saw not a living soul or a possible rescuer on the whole surface of the lake. And then his head went under, and the water filled the mouth of the terrified girl as she tried to scream for help.

# THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

[*This series was begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARTHOLEMY PORTUGUEZ.

As we have seen that the buccaneers were mainly English, French, and Dutch sailors who were united to make a common piratical warfare upon the Spaniards in the West Indies, it may seem a little strange to find a man from Portugal who seemed to be on the wrong side of this peculiar fight which was going on in the New World between the sailors of northern and southern Europe. But although Portugal is such a close neighbor of Spain, the two countries have often been at war with each other, and their interests are by no means the same. The only advantages that Portugal could expect from the newly discovered treasures of the West were those which her seafaring men, acting with the seafaring men of other nations, should wrest from Spanish vessels homeward bound.

Consequently there were Portuguese among the pirates of those days. Among these was a man named Bartholemy Portuguese, a famous "flibustier." It may be here remarked that the name "buccaneer" was chiefly affected by the English adventurers on our coast, while the French members of the profession often preferred the name of "flibustier." This word, which has since been corrupted into our familiar "flibuster," is said to have been originally a corruption, being nothing more than the French method of pronouncing the word "freebooters," which title had long been used for independent robbers.

Thus, although Bartholemy called himself a flibustier, he was the same as a buccaneer, and his name came to be known all over the Caribbean Sea. From the accounts we have of him, it appears that he did not start out on

his career of piracy as a poor man. He had some capital to invest in the business, and when he went over to the West Indies he took with him a small ship armed with four small cannon and manned by a crew of picked men, many of them, no doubt, professional pirates, and the others anxious for practice in that most alluring vocation; for the gold-fields of California were never more attractive to the bold and hardy adventurers of our country than were the gold-fields of the sea to the buccaneers and flibustiers of the seventeenth century.

When Bartholemy reached the Caribbean Sea he probably touched first at Tortuga, the pirates' headquarters, and then sailed out very much as if he had been a fisherman going forth to see what he could catch on the sea. He cruised about on the track generally taken by treasure-ships going from the mainland to the Havanas or the island of Hispaniola; and when at last he sighted a vessel in the distance, it was not long before he and his men had made up their minds that if they were to have any sport that day, it would be with what might be called most decidedly a game fish, for the ship slowly sailing toward them was a large Spanish vessel, and from her port-holes there protruded the muzzles of at least twenty cannon. Of course they knew that such a vessel would have a much larger crew than their own, and altogether Bartholemy was very much in the position of a man who should go out to harpoon a sturgeon, and who should find himself confronted by a vicious sword-fish.

The Spanish merchantmen of that day were generally well armed; for getting home safely across the Atlantic was often the most difficult part of the treasure-seeking. There were many of these ships which, although they did not belong to the Spanish navy, might almost be designated as men-of-war; and it was one of these with which our flibustier now met.



"THE BEST MARKSMEN, CROUCHING CLOSE TO THE DECK, FIRED AND FIRED WHENEVER A SPANISH HEAD WAS TO BE SEEN."

But pirates and fishermen cannot afford to pick and choose. They must take what comes to them, and make the best of it; and this is exactly the way in which the matter presented itself to Bartholemy and his men. They held one of their councils around the mast, and after an address from their leader they decided that come what may, they must attack that Spanish vessel.

So the little pirate sailed boldly toward the big Spaniard, and the latter vessel, utterly astonished at the audacity of this attack,—for the pirates' flag was flying,—lay to, head to the wind, and waited, the gunners standing by their cannon. When the pirates had come near enough to see and understand the size and power of the vessel they had thought of attacking, they did not, as might have been expected, put about and sail away at the best of their vessel's speed, but they kept straight on their course, as if they were about to fall upon a great, unwieldy merchantman manned by common sailors.

Perceiving the foolhardiness of the little vessel, the Spanish commander determined to give it a lesson which would teach its captain to understand better the relative power of great vessels and little ones; so as soon as the pirates' vessel was near enough, he ordered a broadside fired upon it. The Spanish ship had a great many people on board. It had a crew of seventy men, and besides these there were some passengers and regular marines; and knowing that the captain had determined to fire upon the approaching vessel, everybody had gathered on deck to see the little pirate ship go down.

But the ten great cannon-balls which were shot out at Bartholemy's little craft all missed their aim, and before the guns could be re-loaded, or the great ship be got around so as to deliver her other broadside, the pirate vessel was alongside of her. Bartholemy had fired none of his cannon. Such guns were useless against so huge a foe. What he was after was a hand-to-hand combat on the deck of the Spanish ship.

The pirates were all ready for hot work. They had thrown aside their coats and shirts, as if each of them were going into a prize-fight,

and with their cutlasses in their hands, and their pistols and knives in their belts, they scrambled like monkeys up the sides of the great ship. But Spaniards are brave men and good fighters, there were more than twice as many of them as there were of the pirates; and it was not long before the latter found out that they could not capture that vessel by boarding it. So over the side they tumbled as fast as they could go, leaving some of their number dead and wounded behind them. They jumped into their own vessel, and then they put off to a short distance to take breath and get ready for a different kind of fight. The triumphant Spaniards now prepared to get rid of this boat-load of half-naked wild beasts, which they could easily do if they took better aim with their cannon than they had done before.

But, to their amazement, they soon found that they could do nothing with the guns, nor were they able to work their ship so as to get it into position for effectual shots. Bartholemy and his men laid aside their cutlasses and their pistols, and took up muskets, with which they were well provided. Their vessel lay within very short range of the Spanish ship, and whenever a man could be seen through the port-holes, or showed himself in the rigging or anywhere else where it was necessary to go in order to work the ship, he made himself a target for the good aim of the pirates. The pirate vessel could move about as it pleased, for it required but a few men to manage it, and so it kept out of the way of the Spanish guns, and its best marksmen, crouching close to the deck, fired and fired whenever a Spanish head was to be seen.

For five long hours this unequal contest was kept up. It might have reminded one of a man with a slender rod and a long, delicate line, who had hooked a big salmon. The man could not pull in the salmon; but, on the other hand, the salmon could not hurt the man, and in the course of time the big fish would be tired out, and the man would get out his landing-net and scoop him in.

Now, Bartholemy thought he could scoop in the Spanish vessel. So many of her men had been shot that the two crews would be more nearly equal. So he boldly ran his vessel along-

side the big ship, and again boarded her. Then there was another great fight on the decks. The Spaniards had ceased to be triumphant; but they had become desperate, and in the furious combat ten of the pirates were killed and four wounded. But the Spaniards fared worse than that: more than half of the men who had not been shot by the pirates went down before their cutlasses and pistols; and it was not long before Bartholemy had captured the great Spanish ship.

It was a fearful and a costly victory he had gained. A great part of his own men were lying dead or helpless on the deck; and of the Spaniards only forty were left alive, and these, it appears from the accounts, must have been nearly all wounded or disabled.

It was a common habit among the buccaneers, as well as among the Spaniards, to kill all prisoners who were not able to work for them; but Bartholemy does not seem to have arrived at the stage of depravity necessary for this. So he determined not to kill his prisoners, but he put them all into a boat and let them go where they pleased; and then he was left with fifteen men to work a great vessel which really required a crew of five times that number.

But the men who could conquer and capture a ship against such enormous odds felt themselves fully capable of working her, even with their little crew. Before doing anything in the way of navigation, they cleared the decks of the dead bodies, taking from them all watches, trinkets, and money, and then went below to see what sort of a prize they had gained. They found it a very good one indeed. There were seventy-five thousand crowns in money, besides a cargo of cocoa worth five thousand more; and this, combined with the value of the ship and all its fittings, was a very great fortune for those days.

When the victorious pirates had counted their gains and had mended the sails and rigging of their new ship, they took what they wanted out of their own vessel, and left her to sink or to float, as she pleased; and then they sailed away in the direction of the island of Jamaica; but the winds did not suit them, and as their crew was so very small, they could not

take advantage of light breezes as they could have done if they had had men enough. Consequently they were obliged to stop to get water before they reached the friendly vicinity of Jamaica.

They cast anchor at Cape St. Anthony, on the west end of Cuba. After a considerable delay at this place, they started out again to resume their voyage; but it was not long before they perceived, to their dismay, three Spanish vessels coming toward them. It was impossible for a very large ship, manned by an extremely small crew, to sail away from these fully equipped vessels; and as to an attempt to defend themselves against the overwhelming power of the antagonists, that was too absurd to be thought of even by such a reckless fellow as Bartholemy. So when the ship was hailed by the Spanish vessels he lay to, and waited until a boat's crew boarded him. With the eye of a nautical man, the Spanish captain of one of the ships perceived that something was the matter with this vessel; for its rigging and sails were terribly cut up in the long fight through which it had passed, and of course he wanted to know what had happened. When he found that the great ship was in the possession of a very small body of pirates, Bartholemy and his men were immediately made prisoners, were taken on board the Spanish ship, were stripped of everything they possessed, even their clothes, and were shut up in the hold. A crew from the Spanish ships was sent to man the vessel which had been captured, and then the little fleet set sail for San Francisco in Campeachy.

An hour had worked a very great change in the fortunes of Bartholemy and his men. In the fine cabin of their grand prize they had feasted and sung, and had gloried over their wonderful success; and now, in the vessel of their captor, they were shut up in the dark, to be enslaved, or perhaps executed!

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PIRATE WHO COULD NOT SWIM.

WHEN the little fleet of Spanish vessels, including the one which had been captured by Bartholemy Portuguez and his men, were on

their way to Campeachy, they met with very stormy weather, so that they were separated, and the ship which contained Bartholemy and his companions arrived first at the port for which they were bound.

The captain who had Bartholemy and the others in charge did not know what an important capture he had made; he supposed that these pirates were ordinary buccaneers, and it appears that it was his intention to keep them as his own private prisoners; for as they were all very able-bodied men, they would be extremely useful on a ship. But when his vessel was safely moored, and it became known in the town that he had a company of pirates on board, a great many people came from shore to see these savage men, who were probably looked upon very much as if they were a menagerie of wild beasts brought from foreign lands.

Among the sight-seers who came to the ship was a merchant of the town who had seen Bartholemy before, and who had heard of his various exploits. He therefore went to the captain of the vessel, and informed him that he had on board one of the very worst pirates in the whole world, whose wicked deeds were well known in various parts of the West Indies, and who ought immediately to be delivered up to the civil authorities. This proposal, however, met with no favor from the Spanish captain, who found Bartholemy a very quiet man, and could see that he was a very strong one, and he did not at all desire to give up such a valuable addition to his crew. But the merchant grew very angry, for he knew that Bartholemy had inflicted great injury on Spanish commerce; and as the captain would not listen to him, he went to the governor of the town and reported the case. When this dignitary heard the story he immediately sent a party of officers to the ship, and commanded the captain to deliver the pirate leader into their charge. The other men were left where they were, but Bartholemy was taken away and confined in another ship. The merchant, who seemed to know a great deal about him, informed the authorities that this terrible pirate had been captured several times, but that he had always managed to escape, and therefore he was put in irons, and preparations were made to execute

him on the next day, for from what he had heard, the governor considered that this pirate was no better than a wild beast, and that he should be put to death without even the formality of a trial.

But there was a Spanish soldier on board the ship who seemed to have had some pity, or perhaps some admiration, for the daring pirate; and he thought that if he were to be hung the next day, it was no more than right to let him know it, so that when he went in to take some food to Bartholemy, he told him what was to happen.

Now, this pirate captain was a man who always wanted to have a share in what was to happen, and he immediately racked his brain to find out what he could do in this case. He had never been in a more desperate situation, but he did not lose heart, and immediately set to work to free himself from his irons, which were probably very clumsy affairs. At last, caring little how much he scratched and tore his skin, he succeeded in getting rid of his fetters, and could move about as freely as a tiger in a cage. To get out of this cage was Bartholemy's first object. It would be comparatively easy, because in the course of time some one would come into the hold, and the athletic buccaneer thought that he could easily get the better of whoever might open the hatch.

But the next act in this truly melodramatic performance would be much more difficult, for in order to escape from the ship, it would be absolutely necessary for Bartholemy to swim to shore, and he did not know how to swim, which seems a strange failing in a hardy sailor with so many other nautical accomplishments. In the rough hold where he was shut up, our pirate, peering about, anxious and earnest, found two large earthen jars in which wine had been brought from Spain, and with these he determined to make a sort of life-preserver. He found some pieces of oiled cloth, which he tied tightly over the open mouths of the jars and then fastened these coverings with cords. He was satisfied that this unwieldy contrivance would support him in the water.

Among the things he had found in his rummagings about the hold was an old knife, and with this in his hand he now sat waiting for a



good opportunity to attack his sentinel. This came soon after nightfall; a man descended with a lantern to see that the prisoner was still secure (and let us hope that it was not the soldier who had kindly informed him of his fate), and as soon as he was fairly in the hold Bartholemy sprang upon him. There was a fierce struggle, but the pirate was quick and powerful, and soon overcame the sentinel. Then, carrying his two jars, Bartholemy climbed swiftly and noiselessly up the short ladder, came out on deck in the darkness, made a rush toward the side of the ship, and leaped overboard. For a moment he sank below the surface, but the two air-tight jars quickly rose and bore him up. There was a bustle on board the ship, there was some random firing of muskets in the direction of the splashing which the watch had heard; but none of the balls struck the pirate or his jars, and he soon floated out of sight and hearing. Kicking out with his legs, and paddling as well as he could with one hand, while he held on to the jars with the other, he at last managed to reach the land, and ran as fast as he could into the dark woods beyond the town.

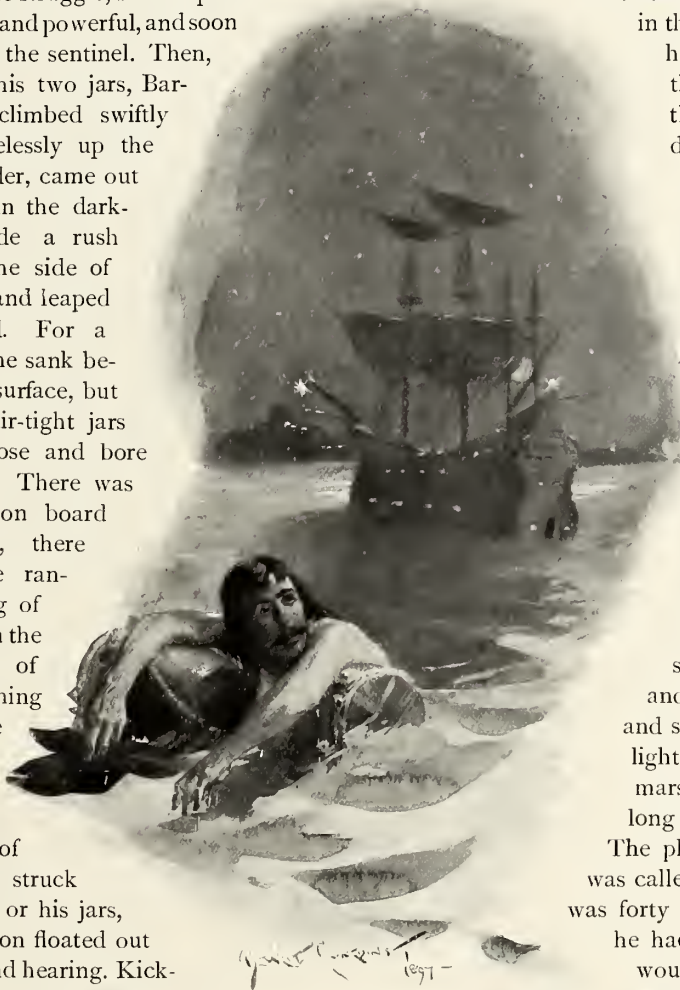
Bartholemy was now greatly in fear that when his escape was discovered he would be tracked by bloodhounds, for these dogs were much used by the Spaniards in pursuing es-

caping slaves or prisoners, and he therefore did not feel safe in immediately making his way along the coast, which was what he wished to do. If the hounds should get upon his trail, he was a lost man. The desperate pirate therefore determined to give the bloodhounds no chance to follow him, and for three days he remained in a marshy forest, in the dark recesses of which he could hide, and where the water which covered the ground prevented the dogs from following his scent. He had nothing to eat except a few roots of water-plants; but he was accustomed to privation, and these kept him alive. Often he heard the hounds baying on the dry land adjoining the marsh, and sometimes he saw at night distant torches, which he was sure were carried by men who were hunting for him.

But at last the pursuit seemed to be given up, and hearing no more dogs and seeing no more flickering lights, Bartholemy left the marsh and set out on his long journey down the coast. The place he wished to reach was called Golpho Triste, which was forty leagues away, but there he had reason to suppose he would find some friends. When he came out from among the trees he mounted

a small hill and looked back upon the town. The public square was lighted, and there, in the middle of it, he saw the gallows which had been erected for his execution, and this sight doubtless animated him very much during the first part of his long journey.

The terrible trials and hardships which Bartholemy experienced during his tramp along



"THE PIRATE SOON FLOATED OUT OF SIGHT AND HEARING."

the coast were such as could have been endured only by one of the strongest and toughest of men. He had found in the marsh an old gourd, which he had filled with fresh water; and he had nothing but the raw shell-fish which he found upon the rocks. But after a diet of roots, shell-fish must have been a very agreeable change, and they gave him all the strength and vigor he needed. Very often he found streams and inlets which he was obliged to ford; and as he could see that they were always filled with alligators, the passage of them was not very pleasant. His method of getting across one of these narrow streams was to hurl rocks into the water until he had frightened away the alligators immediately in front of him, and then, he would dash in and hurry across.

At other times great forests stretched down to the very coast, and through these he was obliged to make his way, although he could hear the roars and screams of wild beasts all about him. But he was bound for Golpho Triste, and was not to be stopped on his way by anything alive.

But at last he came to something, not alive, which seemed to be an obstacle which would certainly get the better of him. This was a wide river flowing through the inland country into the sea. He made his way up the shore of this river for a considerable distance, but it grew but little narrower, and he could see no chance of getting across. He could not swim, and if he had been able to swim, he would probably have been eaten up by alligators soon after he left the shore. But he would not give up; he had done so much that he was ready to do more if he could only find out what to do.

Now a piece of very good fortune happened to him, although to an ordinary traveler it might have been considered a matter of no importance whatever. On the edge of the shore, where it had floated down from some region higher up the river, Bartholemy perceived an old board in which were some long and heavy rusty nails. Greatly encouraged by this discovery, Bartholemy carefully knocked all the nails out of the board, and then, finding a large flat stone, he rubbed down each one of them until he had formed it into the shape of a

rude knife-blade, which he made as sharp as he could. Then with these tools he undertook the construction of a raft. With the nails which he had sharpened, he cut down a number of small trees, and when he had enough of these slender trunks he bound them together with reeds and osiers which he found on the river-bank.

Thus after infinite labor and trial he constructed a raft which would bear him on the surface of the water. When he had launched this he got upon it, gathering up his legs so as to keep them out of reach of the alligators, and with a long pole pushed himself off from shore. Sometimes paddling and sometimes pushing his pole against the bottom, he at last got across the river and took up his journey upon dry land.

But our pirate had not progressed very far upon the other side of the river before he met with a new difficulty of a very formidable character. This was a great forest of mangrove trees, which grow in muddy and watery places, and which have many roots, some coming down from the branches, and some extending themselves in a hopeless tangle in the water and mud. It would have been impossible for even a stork to walk through this forest; but as there was no way of getting around it, Bartholemy determined to go through it, even if he could not walk. No athlete of the present day, could reasonably expect to perform the feat which this bold pirate successfully accomplished. For five or six leagues he went through that mangrove forest, never once setting his foot upon the ground,—by swinging himself by his hands and arms from branch to branch, as if he had been a great ape, resting only occasionally, drawing himself up on a stout limb where he might sit for a while and get his breath. If he had slipped while he was swinging from one limb to another, and had gone down into the mire and roots beneath him, it is likely that he would never have been able to get out alive. But he made no slips.

He might not have exhibited the agility and grace of a trapeze-performer, but his grasp was powerful and his arms were strong, and so he swung and clutched, and clutched and swung, until he had gone entirely through the forest and had come out on the open coast.

## TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

*And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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

### V.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "DOGGED."

A SPACE was cleared for the first exhibition of Cliff's wonderful trick-dog. Some of the spectators climbed upon the piled wood; one stood on the frame of the grindstone, another on the chopping-block, two or three sat on a board placed across the tops of empty barrels, and the rest of the boys filled up the ring.

In the midst stood Quint Whistler and Ike Ingalls, in the distinguished capacity of Cliff's counselors and assistants: thus favored because they had advanced money for the purchase. Dick Swan's mother had refused to let him lend his money, greatly to his disappointment; but he had the next place, on account of the good-will he had shown.

In the kitchen-door stood smiling Mrs. Chantry, with Susie clinging excitedly to her elbow. Amos and Trafton were on the steps below. The father's broad shoulders and straight-brimmed straw hat were defined against the afternoon light in the partly opened wood-shed door, the sarcastic smile still playing about his mouth.

Cliff held in one hand the end of the cord, which he had detached from the leg of the grindstone, and in the other a thin stick of pine kindlings. At his feet was the dog, couched on his paws, with his tongue out, looking complacent after his meal.

"Make him jump the first thing," said Ike Ingalls, proud of his part in the show. Then, turning to Mr. Chantry, Ike added: "He can jump over my head. He did it down on the shore."

"Get up, Sparkler!" Cliff commanded.

Sparkler lolled, without any apparent thought of stirring from his comfortable position.

"Say 'Look alive,'" Quint suggested, in a low voice.

"Look alive!" Cliff repeated, in a tone of authority.

As the trick-dog showed no disposition to obey, he gave the cord a jerk, which brought him to his feet.

"Now jump!" he said, holding his stick about eighteen inches from the floor, while Ike Ingalls made the nearest boys take a step or two backward, to give ample room for the leap.

But it was a useless trouble. Sparkler never moved.

"You hold it too high to begin with," said Quint.

So Cliff lowered the stick a few inches, and again commanded: "Jump now!" with no better result.

"Lower yet!" whispered Quint.

Cliff did so, and repeated his commands, at the same time jerking the cord, to rouse the wonderful trick-dog from his indifference. But Sparkler only lolled and looked stupid.

"Lay the stick on the floor," came from the whiskered face in the doorway. "Maybe he 'll walk over it."

The spectators began to titter. Cliff, confused, covered with perspiration and blushes, pulled the cord and knocked the dog's paws with the stick, repeating sharply, "Jump, I say!" But Sparkler hung back.

The mother's face wore a look of disappointment and of pity for her son's humiliation; but the whiskered visage in the doorway was wreathed with ironic smiles.

"He *can* jump, but he won't," said Ike Ingalls. "He 's balky."

"He 's showing us the origin of the word *dogged*," said the amused farmer.

"He did n't like it because you yanked him by the cord," Quint Whistler argued.

"Don't you remember his owner said you must never be rough with him?"

"I did n't think I was rough," Cliff replied.

He found a handkerchief somewhere in his pockets, and wiped his forehead, still looking down, with a face of perplexity and disgust, at the disobedient beast.

"Another thing he said, too, which I 'd forgotten," Quint proceeded—"he said he must be fed after a performance, not before. You could n't expect him to jump after a full meal."

"That 's so!" Cliff assented, with a long breath.

"Try making him sit up," said Dick Swan.

Cliff was averse to the attempt, in the present state of the canine appetite; but as Dick's suggestion was clamorously backed up by the crowd of boys, and there was still a possibility of the dog's redeeming his reputation, he stroked and coaxed him; and finally, remembering the late owner's word and gesture, threw up the hand that held the stick, and cried out cheerily:

"Look alive now! look alive, Sparkler!"

Sparkler looked anything but alive; on the contrary, he looked quite asleep, as he stretched himself out, closing his languid eyes, by the leg of the grindstone.

"What a wonderful dog! Oh, Cliff!" jeered the boys who had previously been most envious of his purchase. "Why don't you brag some more about him?"

"There, there, boys! don't make fun," said Mrs. Chantry. "And don't feel bad, my son. The best of us are liable to be deceived in a bargain."

"Say, Cliff! How much did you give?" asked his brother Amos.

The father laughed pitilessly.

"If he gave ten cents, he got swindled," was his cruel comment. "Now quit your nonsense, and come and help me mend the pig-pen. When I said you could go in swimming, I did n't expect you to bring home a beggarly pup to fool with all the afternoon."

Cliff stood for some moments with bent brows, eying the "dogged" dog with extreme discontent. When he raised his head, his father's unwelcome face had disappeared, and his mother

had drawn Susie back into the kitchen. The crowd was beginning to disperse, some laughing as they went, others lingering to hear what Cliff would have to say.

One lingered from a different motive: that was Ike Ingalls.

"If you 'd just as lieves pay me the three dollars and a half I lent you,"—he began, in a low voice, at Cliff's ear.

Cliff turned upon him a scornful scowl.

"I 'll pay you so quick it 'll make your head swim!" he exclaimed, loud enough for all to hear. "You were glad enough to lend it, and help me buy the dog, and you felt easy enough about it till you began to think I 'd been cheated. Ame, go up to my room and get my money-pouch out of the till of my chest; and say nothing to anybody."

"Don't mind about paying me," said Quint. "I would n't ask for my money even if I knew you 'd bought a worthless dog; but I don't believe you have. You could n't expect him to perform tricks in a crowd of strangers, before he 'd got well acquainted with you."

"No, he has n't got used to his new master," said Dick Swan, encouragingly. "I would n't come down on you for *my* money, would I? I 'm sorrier 'n I was before, ma would n't let me lend it to you."

"*You* 're all right, Dick; so is Quint," Cliff replied, his brows clearing. "So am I! I don't give him up as a bad job—not yet! His dinner made him logy; that 's what 's the matter. Then again, father looking on the way he did, made me nervous. I knew he was just waiting to laugh at me. Ten cents!" the boy repeated, with a dismal laugh.

"You never must be nervous when you are training an animal," Quint remarked. "That 's so with horses, and it must be so with dogs. He 'll come out all right, I know! If he don't, you need n't pay me back more than half my money; for it was partly my fault, your buying him."

"By jingo, Quint!" Cliff exclaimed, with a burst of grateful feeling, "you are a whole load of bricks! But I shall pay you every cent, all the same; some time, if not to-day. Give it here, Ame";—to the boy bringing the pouch of money.

Cliff untied the string, and began to count out silver half-dollars.

Ike, meanwhile, feeling that his eagerness to receive back his loan contrasted unfavorably with Quint's more generous conduct, and with what Dick would likewise have done in his place, looked furtively around for evidences of his own waning popularity on the faces of his companions.

"Here, Ike!" said Cliff, jingling seven half-dollars in his extended palm.

Ike was conscious of a chilly social atmosphere surrounding him; but he was nevertheless glad to see his money again.

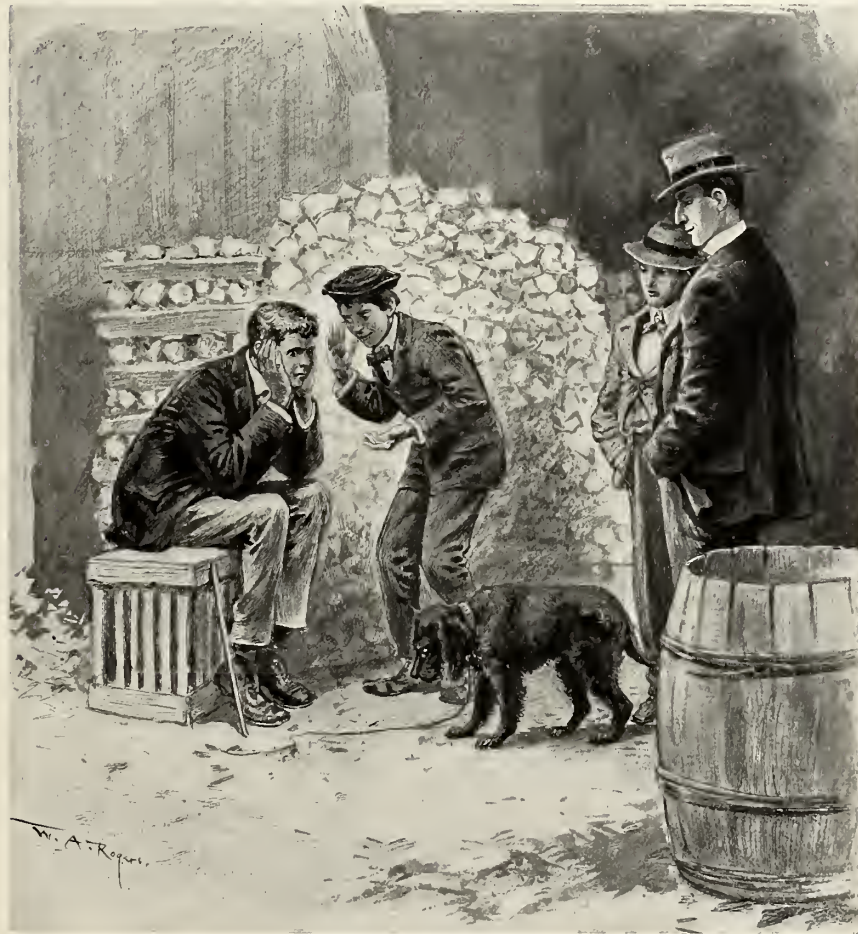
"That 's all right, Ike," said Cliff, without any show of resentment. "I can give you a part of yours, Quint,—"

"No, leave it now," replied Quint. "Or—just as you say." And Cliff insisting, he took the last of the silver which Cliff withdrew from the pouch. "And don't worry about the rest; let it go till—what 's his name?—A. K. Winslow buys back his dog," he added, with a droll smile.

"Not a word, boys, about this money," Cliff cautioned his brothers. "I prefer to tell father myself. Now, fellows, I 've got to shut up here; sorry to turn you out, but—" tying the dog's cord again firmly to the leg of the grindstone — "father wants me, and I 'm going to leave Master Sparkler to meditate upon his disgraceful conduct."

Having got the last of the boys out of the wood - shed, and shut the large outer door, he beckoned Quint to remain, and said to him confidentially:

"Can't you come around this evening? When everything is quiet, and he has digested his dinner, I am going to try him again, and



SPARKLER IN DISGRACE.

"I did n't want you to think I was in any hurry for my pay," he said, as he reached out his hand for it. "I thought —"

see if he 'll do his tricks any better on an empty stomach."

Quint readily agreed to come.

## VI.

“DID N'T I TELL YOU SO?”

WHILE the two were at work repairing the pig-pen, Mr. Chantry forbore to ask any questions regarding the “beggarly pup” his son had brought home.

“What he has to say about that will keep,” Cliff reflected ruefully, remembering that the paternal remarks never lost any of their sharpness by being well thought over. That they were in preparation he could see by an occasional quiet smile in which his father indulged; but he was glad to have them kept in for the present.

“After I ’ve had another chance to try Sparkler,” the boy said to himself, “then he may ask questions and have his joke.”

Mr. Chantry was particularly fond of a joke at his children’s expense. He never struck them, but his stinging ridicule was often worse than a whip.

“If Sparkler does n’t sparkle next time, and I have to tell what I paid for him, won’t I get it!” thought Cliff, watching the satirical quirk of the mouth in its parenthesis of long, fine whiskers.

The afternoon waned, they finished their work, and the subject uppermost in one mind, if not in both, was not once mentioned. At the supper-table Susie and the younger boys could talk of nothing but the dog in the woodshed; and the mother scolded about it in her mild way, alternately blaming Cliff for bringing the creetur’ home, and blaming the creetur’ for ungratefully refusing to perform his tricks after he had been fed so bountifully.

“He’s been asleep almost ever since you left him,” said Amos. “I should n’t think he ’d had any more sleep than victuals lately. He would n’t even open his eyes for me.”

“I told you not to go near him,” said Cliff, severely.

“I had to go there for an armful of wood,” was the younger brother’s excuse. “You ’ll have to put him into a bandbox, if he ’s too precious to be looked at or spoken to; or hang him in the well, as we do butter in hot weather, when we are out of ice.”

The youngster’s grin was a very good reduced copy of the father’s amused, ironic smile.

Father and son were much alike, but for the paternal whiskers, and a difference of some thirty years in their ages.

After supper the cows were to be milked, and other evening chores to be done; and all the while the dog was left to his dreams and reflections in the darkening wood-shed. It was deep dusk when Quint Whistler strolled in at the front gate, and Cliff went out to meet him.

“How ’s your ten-cent pup?” Quint inquired.

“He ’s humble, and I hope penitent,” said Cliff. “Now, if we can have him by ourselves, we ’ll see whether he can perform tricks, or whether we ’ve dreamed it.”

He let Quint into the wood-shed, and went to the kitchen for a lamp. This he brought, followed by the younger boys, whom he cautioned to “keep quiet and hold their tongues,” if they wanted to see the show.

“Now, Sparkler,” he said, proceeding to remove the cord from the collar, “remember what you promised Mr. Winslow, and be a good dog. Treat me well, and I ’ll treat you well.”

“I believe he understands,” said Quint. “See how knowing he looks! I believe he ’s laughing!”

“We ’ll all laugh soon,” Cliff exclaimed hopefully, looking for a suitable stick in the pile of kindling-wood. “Shut that door, Susie!”

“Father says bring the dog in,” replied the girl, looking down from the kitchen doorway.

“Jehu! I can’t do that,” Cliff muttered. “It ’ll spoil everything. Tell him I don’t want to—just yet.”

Susie disappeared, but returned with a peremptory message.

“He says bring him in, whether you want to or not. If there ’s a show, he wants to see it.”

“There won’t be any show if I have him looking on and making fun,” Cliff growled. “I suppose I shall have to, though. When he says a thing like that, he means it. You come too, Quint, and back me up. I know Sparkler won’t do a thing!” And he threw down the stick in bitter discouragement.

To his surprise, Sparkler picked it up, and stood, with wagging tail, ready to follow him.

"See that! See that!" cried Amos and Trafton together. "He 's going to perform!"

"It looks more like it — sure!" said Cliff, thrilled with joyous expectation. "Out of the way, boys!" Then to Susie: "Have all the doors shut in there, for it 's a strange place, and there 's no knowing what he may do."

Preceded by the boys, and followed by Sparkler bearing the stick, Cliff entered the large, old-fashioned, lamp-lighted kitchen, Quint lagging awkwardly behind.

Mrs. Chantry at the same time came in from a room beyond, with a half-knitted stocking in her hand. The bright needles shone in the lamp-light, and a dark thread of yarn meandered down across her white apron to a pocket, a bulge in which showed where the ball was lodged. The kindly face was crinkled with smiles of anticipation, as she saw Sparkler trotting along with the stick in his teeth.

Backed up toward a corner under the clock sat Mr. Chantry in a splint-bottomed rocker, parting his long, fleecy side-whiskers away from his shaven mouth and chin with the fingers of both hands, as his frequent habit was when preparing for a little pleasantry at the expense of the youngsters. Cliff, without looking at him, perceived the motion, and knew that his father's lips were twitching and his eyes twinkling in a manner that boded mischief. But he determined not to be disconcerted.

"Come along, Quint!" he cried, with an air of confidence. "Ame, give him a chair."

"I 'm all right," said Quint, placing a flat stick across a corner of the wood-box, and sitting on it.

With his hat removed, exposing a high, robust forehead, he was a good-looking fellow, notwithstanding his disproportionate nose. He held his hat on his knee, and put an arm around Trafton, the youngest boy, who was standing at his side.

Cliff made his mother sit down, and placed a chair for himself beside the table. There was a hush of suspense, in which the old clock was heard ticking loudly, and the farmer's chair squeaking, as he rocked gently.

Cliff sat down, with the dog at his feet, and looking up inquiringly into his face.

"Sparkler," said he, "what are you going to do with that stick?"

Immediately Sparkler got on his hind legs, holding up the stick before his new master. The youngsters shrieked with delight.

"I declare, that 's complete!" said the mother, staying her hands, which had begun to ply the knitting-needles vigorously.

Mr. Chantry stopped rocking; he even stopped stroking his whiskers.

Trembling with joy, yet almost afraid to ask anything else of the dog, Cliff took the stick. Sparkler sat erect, with his fore paws at his breast, his bright, soft eyes wistfully studying his young master's face.

"Are you going to jump for me?" Cliff asked, in a tone of affectionate comradeship.

The dog's whole body gave an eager start, his tail wagged, and one paw dropped.

"That means 'yes,'" Quint interpreted, from his seat on the wood-box.

Cliff could hardly keep from hugging the animal, so intense was his delight.

"Jump, then!" he said, holding out the stick. Sparkler leaped over it. "Higher!" he cried, suiting the action to the word. "Higher yet! Higher!" At each command, with its accompanying upward movement of the stick, the dog leaped to and fro with extraordinary liveliness, describing at each rebound a loftier curve.

"Did n't I tell you so?" cried Cliff, triumphantly, with tears of pride and joy shining in his eyes. "He could jump over Ame's head, but I won't have him try on this hard floor."

"Oh, yes, let him," said Amos. "I never had a dog jump over my head."

"Well, bring a rug for him to come down on," said Cliff.

But, seeing that Sparkler was panting, Quint suggested that he should be allowed to rest a minute.

"Winslow," he said, "always let him rest between his tricks. He 's a beauty, is n't he, boys!"

Mrs. Chantry joined with the children in praising Sparkler's nimbleness and docility. Her husband forgot his whiskers, forgot his sarcasms, and leaned forward, with his arms on the arms of the chair, hardly less interested than the rest, although still wary of committing him-

self by any word of approval. The dog might yet make a failure, and give him an opportunity to get in some of his cutting remarks.

## VII.

## CLIFF TRIUMPHANT.

THE rug being put in place, and Sparkler having recovered his breath, he made the leap over Ame's head, in a manner that elicited applause from everybody but the non-committal farmer.

"Now roll over!" said Cliff; which Sparkler promptly did, choosing the rug for his performance. Then Cliff cried, "Look alive!" and Sparkler was erect before him in a moment. "Give me a handkerchief, somebody!"

Susie gave him hers, and he wrapped it around the end of the stick, which he set up between his feet.

"That's supposed to be a fire, and he's going to warm his hands. Warm your hands, Sparkler!" — which the dog did, sitting erect before the handkerchief, and holding up his paws before it, with amusing mimicry.

"How's that for a ten-cent pup?" Quint asked in his dry way, as soon as the tumult of admiring exclamations had subsided.

"Ten cents!" exclaimed Mrs. Chantry. "You don't mean to say that's what you paid?"

Cliff said nothing, but sat patting Sparkler's head, and breathing fast with excitement.

"That's the price father guessed, and he

told Cliff he got cheated if he paid it," tittered Amos, while the father smiled, and watched the dog.

"Now I'll try his great trick, though I'm by no means sure it will succeed," said Cliff. "How is it, Sparkler?" Sparkler sat up. "Will you do your best?"

He dropped one of his fore paws affirmatively; and the children cried out in jubilant chorus: "He will! He says he will!"

Then Cliff laid in a row on the floor, before



"CLIFF GAVE HIM THE RUG TO LIE ON, AND MADE HIM FAST TO THE FRAME OF THE GRINDSTONE."

the kitchen sink, the handkerchief, the stick, and one of the boy's hats, calling each article by name as he placed it.



"Now, father," he said, when all was arranged, "which shall he fetch?"

Before Mr. Chantry could speak—the boys clamored for the hat; and Mrs. Chantry said: "Yes, Cliff, I 'd like to see him fetch the hat."

Sparkler looked up inquiringly at Cliff.

"Fetch the hat," said Cliff; and the dog brought the hat and put it into his hands.

"It is past belief!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed. "There 's witchery in it!"

"The witchery is in his superior knowingness," said Cliff proudly. "You 've no idea how bright he is. Fetch the stick, Sparkler!"

Sparkler brought the stick. Then Cliff replaced all the articles, and asked his father for a piece of money. Mr. Chantry hesitated, lifting his brows quizzically; but finally produced a half-dollar. Cliff took it and placed it under the hat.

"He 'll go for that, of course," said Amos.

"You 'll see," Cliff answered. "Ask for anything else."

So Amos named the handkerchief, which Sparkler brought, after waiting for his master to repeat the order. Then Cliff said, "Fetch the money"—which the dog did, after some trouble in getting the coin between his teeth.

Then Mr. Chantry for the first time opened his lips; not, however, to utter sarcasms.

"How did you say you came by that dog?"

"A man named Winslow sold him to me, this afternoon, down by Gibson's ice-house."

"I can't conceive of the owner selling a dog like that for any such price as a boy like you is likely to give," said Mr. Chantry gravely. "There must be some hidden reason."

"Oh, he told us the reason," Cliff replied.

"He was out of money; and he was on his way to his mother in Michigan. He was clerk in the big hotel in Bennington when it was burned, two weeks ago; he lost everything by the fire, and was obliged to part with the dog."

"Big hotel in Bennington?"

"Yes; the Stark Hotel, was n't it, Quint?"

"Stark Hotel in Bennington?" pondered the farmer. "There may be a Stark Hotel there, for General Stark was in the battle of Bennington. Yet that 's a small town, and I don't know what they should want of a big hotel there."

"Maybe for summer boarders," Mrs. Chantry suggested.

"Possibly. But if any such great hotel has been burned lately, we should have seen something of it in the papers. And if he was on his way to Michigan, what brought him here?" Mr. Chantry argued. "This is out of his way."

"He did n't explain that," said Cliff. "Oh, I remember!—he was going to stop in Buffalo, where he has friends."

"That does n't better the matter. I 'm afraid there 's some crookedness in the business. Ah!" Mr. Chantry had taken hold of the dog's collar, and was examining it. "No name, but here 's a place for one."

The strap was of maroon-colored leather, ornamented with a row of nickel studs set about an inch and a half apart. There were, however, two vacancies in this row: one where the collar buckled at the throat, the other where, instead of the studs, there were two rivet-holes in the leather.

"I noticed those holes," said Quint; "and I supposed two of the studs had been lost out."

"It looks to me," said the farmer, "as if there had been a name-plate here, and as if it had been picked off. I 'll wager something, the fellow stole the dog!"

"I can't think that," exclaimed Cliff. "He was very particular to put it into the bargain that he was to have the privilege of buying him back. He made me give that to him in writing."

"And did he give you any writing?"

"Yes; a regular bill of sale."

"Let me see it."

The paper was produced. Mr. Chantry read the writing carefully, and mused.

"So you gave ten dollars in cash?" he said, lifting his eyes, and looking straight at Cliff.

"Is n't he worth it?"

"I should say he was, and a good deal more. I don't at all approve of you buying him without my advice and consent; but 't was a temptation, and I sha'n't whale you for it." All the children laughed at what appealed to them as a good joke,—Mr. Chantry not being in the habit of "whaling" his boys. "Did you have money enough to pay for him?"

"I still owe a little that I borrowed of Quint," Cliff answered.

"Pay it up," said his father, taking out his pocket-book.

But Cliff declined the proffered assistance.

"Quint is willing to wait," he said. "And I don't want anybody to have a claim on the dog except me—and Mr. Winslow. All I'm afraid of is that he'll come to get him back."

"I guess you'd better feed him a little now, had n't you?" said his mother. "He can have some bread and milk as well as not."

"Let's have some more tricks first!" pleaded the youngsters.

"Well, just one or two, to please the children," she assented.

"Oh, ma!" Susie laughed, "you want to see the tricks just as much as we do!"

Cliff was glad to put Sparkler again through some of his performances. Then the dog was petted and fed, and taken back to the woodshed. Cliff gave him the rug to lie on, and patted him, and talked to him, as he slipped the cord once more through his collar, and made him fast to the frame of the grindstone.

"I sha'n't have to do this many times more," he said to his friend Quint, standing by. "But for a while it's best to be on the safe side. Forgive me, Sparkler."

Taking affectionate leave of the dog, who licked his hand, he went out with Quint, and walked home with him, and they talked for half an hour longer, standing at Quint's gate.

"Well, good-night, Quint!" Cliff said at parting. "Has n't it been a great day? I owe ever so much to you!"

Then he returned home. He took a last peep at his prize curled up on the rug in the woodshed; saw that everything was quiet, and all doors fast; said "Good-night" to his mother in a voice thrilling with happiness, received from her hand a candle she had lighted for him, and went up-stairs to bed. He was soon asleep, and dreaming of dogs that could swim in the air and balance poles on their noses.

### VIII.

#### ONE OF SPARKLER'S TRICKS.

WHEN Cliff awoke in the morning, Sparkler was the first thing in his thoughts. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and hastened down-

stairs, eager to learn how his pet had passed the night; also to assure himself that the wonderful creature was a reality, and not a part of his vanished dreams.

He was astonished to meet Amos at the foot of the stairs. The boy was frightened, and hardly able to speak.

"What's the matter?" Cliff demanded.

"Gone!" Amos whimpered.

"Who's gone? What's gone?"

"The dog!"

"Not my trick-dog—not Sparkler?" Cliff exclaimed, in wild consternation.

"Yes! skedaddled!" said Amos. "I was hurrying to tell you."

"Who let him go?" Cliff asked fiercely, rushing past him.

"I did n't mean to," whined Amos. "I thought he was tied. I just opened the door to look at him, and he ran into the kitchen. That door was open, and he ran out."

"He *was* tied! Who untied him? Where is he?"

Cliff was already out of the house. At the corner of the woodshed he met his mother, pale with excitement.

"Which way did he go?" he demanded, hardly pausing for her reply as he ran past her.

"Down the road—toward the village," she answered, catching her breath. "He had a piece of the cord tied to his collar."

"A piece of it?" cried Cliff, turning back.

"Yes; just a few inches. I was standing by the stove when he went by me like a flash; in at one door and out of the other, in an instant. I had just time to follow and get another glimpse of him before he was out of sight."

Cliff hurried to the woodshed to examine the cord. He found one end tied to the grindstone, as he had left it; but Sparkler was off with the end fastened to his collar.

"He has gnawed it in two!" Cliff moaned.

Much the longer piece remained attached to the grindstone. With sudden resolution he untied it, twisted it into a loose ball, and thrust it into his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" his mother asked, as he was hurrying from the woodshed.

"Follow him! Find him and bring him back!"

"Eat your breakfast first," she entreated.

"I have n't a minute's time!" he declared.

"You may be away longer than you think. I'll give you something to put in your pocket."

"Hurry up, then!"

He went with her into the kitchen, and came out presently with a piece of berry-pie in his hand, and his pockets bulging. He met his father approaching from the barn.

"What 's the trouble?" cried the farmer. "What 's the matter now?"

"My dog!" said Cliff. "He has gnawed off his cord and got away. Ame opened the door."

"Bah!" exclaimed his father. "That 's one of his tricks his owner did n't tell you of. You never 'll see him again."

"Yes, I will. He won't go farther than the Junction, where Winslow was to take the train. Or, if he does, I can trace him."

"Let me go too!" Amos entreated. "I can leg it as fast as Cliff can."

"No, no!" said Mr. Chantry. "It 's bad enough to have one boy start off on such a wild-goose chase. You 'd better not go far, Cliff." But Cliff was out of hearing, past the gate. "I would n't have had it happen for a good deal; I took quite a notion to that dog. Come, Amos. You must help about the chores."

"I let him out, and I ought to go and help find him," said Amos, making a merit of his share in the accident.

Just then the youngest son appeared, with hair uncombed, staring wildly, and highly incensed because he had been allowed to sleep at a time of such excitement.

"Any other morning I 'd have been called six times!" he complained. "Why did n't you ketch him, ma, when he shot by you?"

"I might as well have tried to ketch a streak of lightning by the tail," replied his mother. "I just heard a pattering sound, and he was out in a jiffy. He 's a mile away by this time, I warrant!"

## IX.

### CLIFF IN PURSUIT.

CLIFF ran fast until he came in sight of Quint Whistler's home, on the outskirts of the village, and saw Quint himself standing in the

open barn door. Quint's father, a mason and contractor, had just driven away to look after some business in an adjoining town, leaving Quint to shut up the barn and take care of the premises.

"Quint! Quint!" called Cliff from the street. "My dog has got away!"

"Got away!" Quint called back, beginning to walk fast toward the gate. "Which way did he go!"

"Right past your place here; at least he started this way. He 'll most likely go straight to the shore where he saw his master last, and then try to track him." Cliff stopped to gather breath, and added, "I 'm so glad I've found you. Come along, won't you, and help me hunt him?"

"I don't know," said Quint doubtfully. "As I was off yesterday afternoon, I 'm expected to do some hoeing in the garden this morning. That 's the order, and it seems only reasonable."

"So was I expected to work to-day," said Cliff. "But I can make it up; and I 'll help you for all the time you lose. We may overhaul him in an hour."

"And it may take all day. Besides, I have n't had my breakfast," was Quint's objection.

"Neither have I! Take a bite in your hand and something in your pocket, as I have," said Cliff.

As he spoke, Cliff seemed to remember the wedge of pie he carried, which he had n't yet thought of eating. He took a deep mouthful, staining his lips with the juice of the berries with which it was filled; while Quint, as deliberate in thought and action as his friend was impetuous, balanced considerations.

"Of course I must help you out of this," he said at length. "I 'll be with you in a minute."

He entered the house, and presently came out, stuffing the side pockets of his coat with doughnuts.

"Whether it 's to be a long or a short chase," he said, "you can count me in. I helped you buy him, and I 'll stick by you as long as there 's a chance of running him down."

And the chase began.



BY JOHN BENNETT.

“HULLEE, hullo!” cried little John,  
 “It is a Monday morn.  
 I see the sheep upon the hill;  
 I hear the shepherd’s horn.  
 I’ll take my good long bow of yew;  
 I’ll take my arrows bright;  
 I’ll find some merry tale to tell  
 Before the fall of night.”

Then he hath donned his garb of green,  
 And to the woods is gone —  
 All underneath the merry greenwood  
 Went sturdy Little John.

Away he went by field and fen,  
 By hollow and by hill;  
 The dun deer in the green fern  
 Lay shivering and still.  
 He had not gone through merry Sherwood  
 Two miles or scarcely three,

When he was ’ware of a little young maid  
 Weeping against a tree.  
 She was clad all in linen white,  
 A ribboned stave she bore,  
 A rose-garland was on her head,  
 Yet still she weepeth sore.

“Why dost thou weep, sweetheart?” he cried,  
 “And wash thy cheeks away?  
 Why dost thou weep so bitterly  
 On such a bonny day?”  
 Her heart stood still with deadly fear,  
 She scanned him o’er and o’er;  
 But when she saw his merry blue eye  
 She feared that man no more.  
 “I was the Queen of May,” she said,  
 “But all the rest are gone;  
 And who can play at queens alone?”  
 Then up spake Little John:



LITTLE JOHN MEETS THE LITTLE MAID.

“Cheer up, sweetheart; the sun doth shine;  
It is the month of May;  
Take no more thought on bitterness  
Till thou art old and gray.  
If thou wouldst play at being queen,  
Then make no more ado:  
I am the Khan of Tartary,  
And I will play with you.  
We ’ll hunt the deer on hill and dale;  
I ’ll fly a shaft for thee;  
We ’ll rest beside a little brown brook  
Beneath the greenwood tree.”

Then he hath taken her in his arms,  
Like a little bird to his breast,  
And smileth behind his yellow beard  
At such a merry jest;  
For never a sight like this was seen  
Beneath the greenwood tree —  
Bold Little John a-serving gone,  
A nursemaid for to be!  
“Who is thy father, sweetheart?  
And who is thy good dame?”  
“My father is Sheriff of Nottingham,  
And Nell is my mother’s name.”

Now Little John’s brown face is grim,  
And he hath grasped his knife;  
For the proud Sheriff of Nottingham  
Hath sworn to have his life.  
But up spake then the Sheriff’s daughter,  
And leaned upon his knee:  
“Art thou afeard of the wild outlaws  
That in the forest be?”

Then loud laughed sturdy Little John —  
Then loud and long laughed he:  
“I do not fear the wild outlaws,  
No more than they fear me.”

“I fear bold Robin Hood so,” she said,  
“I dare not sleep at night;  
And when I dream of Little John,  
I waken in affright.”  
Then loud laughed sturdy Little John —  
Then loud and long laughed he:  
“Have no more fear of Little John  
Than thou hast fear of me.  
He is a stout and sturdy knave,  
But no more wild than I;  
And if it did not bite him first  
He would not harm a fly.

“And of bold Robin Hood,”  
said he,  
“Now be no more adrad;  
For a kinder heart than Robin Hood’s  
No woman ever had.”  
Now they are gone by sunny dale,  
By green and leafy nook;



HE TALKS WITH HER.



THEY DANCE AMONG THE DAFFODILS.



HE TALKS OF ROBIN HOOD.

They dance among the daffodils  
That smile beside the brook.  
Through Sherwood forest deep and green  
Together they are gone :  
The dun deer on the uplands stood  
And stared at Little John.

He made a horse of his broad back  
And pranced along the bank ;  
He made a bowl of his tall hat,  
And out of it she drank.  
He made a throne of ferns and moss ;  
He wove a primrose crown ;  
And bound his baldric for a sash  
About her linen gown.  
He gathered sweet-flag in the brook,  
And spice-roots in the wood ;  
He sat beside her in the grass,  
And talked of Robin Hood.

“ I never had such a good playmate  
In all the  
world be-  
side !

“ Wilt thou not  
come to  
my father's  
house,  
And be  
my father's  
man ? ”

“ Nay, I must  
return to  
Tartary,  
And conquer  
Ispahan.

Two hundred merry men there be  
Who follow in my train,



HE BLOWS HIS BUGLE-HORN.



NOTTINGHAM FOLK WERE ALL ASTIR.

All rich in cloth of gold and green  
 As any don in Spain.  
 My army is of Tartars fierce,  
 Three hundred thousand strong.  
 Five thousand camels all are mine —  
 Unless I count them wrong.

“The under side of all the sea  
 Is mine — when it gets dry.”  
 The Sheriff’s daughter looked at him,  
 And doubt was in her eye.  
 “Upon my word,” cried Little John,—  
 And wondrous grave he grew,—  
 “If I be Khan of Tartary,  
 I ’ll swear the rest is true!”  
 Then straight he took his bugle-horn,  
 And loud began to blow,  
 Until a score of outlaws bold  
 Came running in a row.

Out rang the bells of Nottingham;  
 Astir was all the town;

The women wept;  
 the cripples  
 crept;  
 The men ran  
 up and down.  
 Some shouted  
 here; some  
 shouted  
 there;  
 Some went with  
 bated breath:  
 For the Sheriff of  
 Nottingham’s  
 daughter was  
 lost,  
 And the Sheriff  
 was pale as  
 death.

And he hath offered a golden horn  
 And a purse of an hundred pound  
 To whoso findeth his daughter dear  
 And bringeth her safe and sound.

Now the warder stands at the city  
 gate,  
 With his hand above his eye:  
 A band is coming from merry Sherwood,  
 As straight as a crow can fly.

“What ho! thou  
 warder of  
 Nottingham!  
 Bring hither  
 thy Sheriff to  
 me.”

The Sheriff is  
 come to the  
 city gate,  
 With all of his  
 company.

“Who calls for the  
 Sheriff of  
 Nottingham?  
 Who calls for  
 the Sheriff so  
 keen?”

Out stepped a  
 sturdy yeo-  
 man,  
 Clad all in Lincoln green.

Clad all in Lincoln green was he,  
 And his face was fair and bold;  
 A long brown sword hung by his side,  
 And its hilt was wound with gold.  
 “Now who art thou?” the Sheriff  
 cries,  
 And his lips are white with foam.  
 “I am the Khan of Tartary,  
 Bringing thy daughter home.”



THE SHERIFF COMES TO THE GATE.



OUT STEPPED A STURDY YEOMAN.



THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER RIDES IN STATE.



THE SHERIFF GREETS THE "KHAN OF TARTARY."

Then out stepped two tall bowmen,  
Clad all in gold and green,  
With their long bows over their shoulders,  
And a litter swung between.

"My daughter!" cried the Sheriff,  
"Oh, tell me she is not dead!"  
Up rose the Sheriff's daughter,  
With a garland upon her head.  
"Why do ye weep, dear father?  
And why so pale?" she cried,  
"And why do ye come to the city gate,  
With your company by your side?  
I have been the Queen of the merry  
May,  
All under the greenwood tree;  
I have been to the court of Prester John  
With the Khan of Tartary!"

Now the Sheriff hath come to the outer  
gate,  
And the Sheriff can hardly stand:  
He hath met with the Khan of Tartary,  
And hath taken him by the hand;

And he feareth that he shall have tasted  
death  
Ere he go through that gate again;  
For the hand that he holdeth is Little  
John's,  
And the men are Robin Hood's men.  
"How now, Sir Sheriff! Why tremble  
so?  
And why so woe-begone?  
It is not bale for a man to look  
In the face of Little John."

The sun hath set; the twilight falls;  
The birds have gone to rest;  
The Sheriff of Nottingham sits by the  
fire,  
His daughter held fast to his breast.  
"I have been the Queen of the May," she  
sighs,—  
His face she cannot see,—



THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER HOME AGAIN.

"I have been to the court of Prester John  
With the Khan of Tartary."  
The dun deer run in merry Sherwood;  
Yet ere the week is gone  
There cometh a purse and a golden horn  
From the Sheriff to Little John.



# BABOUSCKA

A RUSSIAN LEGEND

OF CHRISTMAS.

She hears a knocking at the door,  
So late — who can it be?  
She hastes to lift the wooden latch  
(No thought of fear has she);  
The wind-blown candle in her hand  
Shines out on strangers three.

Their beards are white with age, and snow  
That in the darkness flies;  
Their floating locks are long and white,  
But kindly are the eyes  
That sparkle underneath their brows,  
Like stars in frosty skies.

BY  
EDITH M. THOMAS.



ABOUSCKA sits be-  
fore the fire,  
Upon a winter's  
night.

The driving winds  
heap up the  
snow,  
Her hut is snug  
and tight;

The howling winds, they only make  
Babouscka's fire more bright!

"Babouscka, we have come from far;  
We tarry but to say,  
A little Prince is born this night  
Who all the world shall sway.  
Come join the search; come, go with us  
Who go these gifts to pay."

Babouscka shivers at the door:  
"I would I might behold  
The little Prince who shall be King;  
But ah, the night is cold,



The wind so fierce, the snow so deep,  
And I, good sirs, am old!"

The strangers three, no word they speak,  
But fade in snowy space. . . .

Babouscka sits before the fire,  
And looks with wistful face:

"I wish that I had questioned them,  
So I the way might trace!

"When morning comes, with blessed light,  
I 'll early be awake.

My staff in hand, I 'll go — perchance,  
Those strangers overtake.

And for the Child, some little toys  
I 'll carry for his sake."

The morning came, and, staff in hand,  
She wandered in the snow;

And asked the way of all she met,  
But none the way could show.  
"It must be farther yet," she sighed;  
"Then farther will I go."

And still, 't is said, on Christmas eve,  
When high the drifts are piled,  
With staff, and basket on her arm,  
Babouscka seeks the Child.  
At every door her face is seen —  
Her wistful face and mild!

At every door her gifts she leaves,  
And bends, and murmurs low,  
Above each little face half hid  
By pillows white as snow:  
"And is *He* here?" — then softly sighs:  
"Nay; farther must I go!"

## THEIR COLORS.

BY ETHEL PARTON.

THEY perched in a row on the garden-  
gate,

Little lads two and one little maid,  
Bobby and Benny and serious Kate,  
Thoughtfully watching a rainbow fade.

"Which of the colors do you like best?"

Serious Kate in the silence said.  
Bob's round eyes followed from east to  
west  
The marvelous arch, and he answered,  
"Red;

"Because it 's the brightest. Which do  
you!"

Kate considered; but Ben replied,  
"Blue 's the prettiest — I like blue;  
And mother *says* it 's the best, beside.

"The sea and the sky are both of 'em blue,  
And the prettiest flowers, and the baby's  
eyes;  
So she likes it best, and I like it too —  
And it 's better than red," says Ben  
the wise.

But then spoke Kate with a long, long  
stare —

A puzzled stare — at the fading bow:  
"The color I like best is n't there —  
*My* color is eatable brown, you know."

"Your color is *what?*" cried Bobby and  
Ben,

Forgetting the claims of blue and red,  
And "eatable brown," said Kate again,  
"Like m'lasses candy and gingerbread,—

“And fried potatoes, and buckwheat cakes,  
And maple sugar and chocolate creams,  
And the crispy cookies that gran'ma makes,  
And buns, and crullers. It almost seems

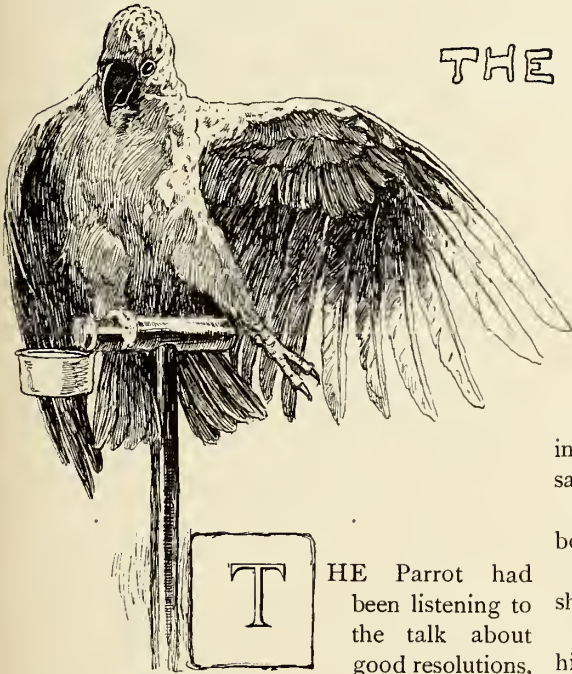
“As if goodies were *always* brown,” said  
she —

Kate with the soulful eyes and sweet,

“And that 's why I like it the best, you see —  
Because it 's the color that 's nice to eat!”

One little maiden and little lads two  
Solemnly all from the gate climbed down;  
Forgotten the claims of the red and the  
blue,—

They raided the pantry for eatable brown.



## THE PARROT'S RESOLUTION.

It was a week after Christmas. The children were good too, for they had made a resolution not to quarrel; and everything was pleasant in the nursery, where the parrot's cage hung.

But the next day Harry teased Kitty by taking away her playthings. Kitty was cross, and said, “Stop! You 're horrid!”

Then Harry pulled away her new picture-book and sat on it.

“I'll tell mama,” she said. “Ma-ar-mar!” she roared, “make Harry stop!”

“Telltale!” said Harry. Then Kitty slapped him so that it hurt, and both began to cry.

The parrot listened in surprise. Then, seeing that they had broken their resolution, he thought he must do the same (for parrots can only imitate people). So he began to scream out: “Stop! Horrid thing! Telltale! Boo-ho-oo! Ma-ar-mar!”

“What is all this?” said mama, coming in. “I thought you promised not to quarrel.”

The children were much ashamed. They stopped crying and made up with each other.

But the parrot kept on screaming: “Horrid! Stop! Boo-hoo! Mar-mar! Horrid! Stop! Boo-hoo! Mar-mar!” till everybody was tired of hearing him.

But of course *he* did n't know any better.

*Helen F. Lovett.*

**T**HE Parrot had been listening to the talk about good resolutions, for everybody had been making some for the New Year. Now, parrots always try to imitate people, so he made one, too. That is what he was thinking of as he smoothed his beak with his claw.

“I won't scream or say any ugly words,” he said to himself. “I will say only nice, funny things. Then they won't threaten to send me away.”

So all New Year's day and part of the next he kept saying, “Happy New Year!” “Glad to see you!” “Polly wants a cracker.” “Get up, horsey!” and tried to say, “'T was the night before Christmas,” which he had been taught — for of course he could n't know that really

# WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

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

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CASTLE OF BRUYERRE.

SPLENDID to look upon was the advance of King Edward's army, with its banners, its mail-clad horsemen, its winding rivers of shields, and the flashing of the sunlight on helmets, and on points of polished steel.

The roads were dusty, but their dryness gave good footing, and all wagon-wheels rolled well. There was a hindrance in the narrowness of all the Normandy highways and byways, for it compelled Edward to divide his forces and send them forward by several lines of march. His being there could not be known to Philip of France, at once, for the great French army was in Gascony, beleaguering the stout Earl of Derby and his forces. There was, therefore, no power to block the progress of the English invaders, but each of their divisions had somewhat to contend with. There were walled towns and there were fortresses. In some of these were not only garrisons, but much plunder, and their taking was required by the military plans of the king. His generalship was greatly exhibited in this, that by landing so unexpectedly in Normandy, and by then marching straight across country, as if his aim were to take Paris, he compelled Philip to loosen his grip upon the army of the Earl of Derby, and to march his mighty host with all speed to the saving of his own capital.

Town after town surrendered to Edward, and many castles opened their gates without a fight, yet not all. The country people suffered sorely, for the army required much in the way of provisions, but the scourge of war fell most heavily upon the rich, and on such as made resistance.

As for Richard Neville, he was now hon-

ored with the command of a goodly detachment. With him, as before on the *Golden Horn*, were men-at-arms and footmen of every kind, for so had the king ordered for all parts of his advance.

It was many days after the landing at La Hogue that the heir of Wartmont found himself so far separated from the main body of the king's army that it was almost as if he were invading that part of Normandy by himself, in command of a small army of his own.

"My lord," said a man-at-arms who rode at his side, "if thou wilt permit the question, art thou sure of thy direction? Were we to stray too far, we might meet with reproof or worse."

"This is the road that Sir Geoffrey Harcourt bade me take," replied Richard. "But I would we had a guide."

They were well in advance of their little column, and they rode out over the brow of a low hill and from under the shadow of over-arching trees.

"My lord of Wartmont!" loudly exclaimed the man-at-arms, "look yonder. Shall we not push forward?"

Before them lay a deep, narrow valley, with many cots and vineyards scattered up and down the stream which wandered through it. Directly across the hollow, however, there was a sight worth seeing. High and rock-bordered was that northward hillside, but on its crown was a fortress that was half a church, with a walled town beyond the foot of the castle. High and precipitous were the granite cliffs, high were the towers of the castle, but into the sunset light above them all arose the cross-tipped steeple of the church.

On the side of the outer wall of the town on the hill was a great gate, and over it floated, as also on the donjon keep of the castle, near the town gate, the golden lilies of the royal standard of France, streaming out against the sky.

"We will not go forward," said Richard. "We will halt, rather. No force like ours can do aught with a fort like that. Nor shall we now surprise them. Some captain of high rank is in command, for there is the *fleur-de-lis* flag."

"My lord, there was the blast of a horn!" said Ben o' Coventry, from the archer ranks.

"Thou hast keen hearing," Richard replied, as again the mellow music came faintly up the road; "that horn calls us to wait for the force that follows."

At the word of command, the horsemen drew rein and the footmen stood at rest. They had not long to wait.

A splendid black horse, and on him a rider in black armor came spurring along the narrow highway accompanied only by a page.

"It is the Prince!" exclaimed Richard. "What does he here alone?"

So loudly was it spoken, and so near was the young royal hero of England, that the answer came from his own lips.

"Not alone am I, Richard Neville, but I have outridden Wakeham to speed on and warn thee not to show thyself beyond the ridge, lest thou warn the warders of Bruyerre that we are at hand. Halt, thou and thine!"

"My lord Prince Edward, we are halted, with that very thought in mind," respectfully answered Richard. "But is yonder place Bruyerre?"

"It is, indeed," said the Prince. "'T is a stronghold since the days of Norman Rollo. Duke Robert also was besieged there once."

"How, then, shall we take it?" came regretfully from Richard's lips. "It were not well to leave it untaken."

"That will we not," said Edward, "and glad am I to have thee with me. For that end we sent thee ahead. Sir Henry and I had few enough of men, and they are mostly men-at-arms. We need thy Irish kerns,\* and thy Welsh, and thy bowmen."

"Here they come, my lord!" Guy the Bow announced from among the archers. "They all are riding hard as if for a charge."

A brave array of knights and gentlemen in full armor came fast through dust-clouds of

their own raising. Beside the foremost horseman rode one who carried no arms at all. On his head was the plain cap of a tradesman, and from under it long, white hair came down to his shoulders. He rode firmly, despite his years, however, and there was a kind of eager light upon his deeply wrinkled face.

"All is well!" he exclaimed. "My lord of Wakeham, the Prince reached them in time, and they are halted."

"Ay, and I would there were more of them," replied Sir Henry. "Our own footmen are long miles behind and the day is waning."

"We need night, not day, for the taking of Bruyerre," said the old man, gloomily. "Even now we were wise to get into some safe hiding. There is a forest glen to the right of where the Prince is waiting."

In a few minutes more, Sir Henry rode to the side of the Prince and held out a hand to Richard.

"Thy men are in good condition," he said. "And that is as it should be, for they have sharp work before them."

"Ready are we," said Richard, but his eyes were upon the face of the white-haired man.

He sat in silence, gazing across the valley at the towers and walls of the fortress, and he seemed moved by strong emotions.

"What sayest thou, Giles Monson?" asked the Prince. "Are there changes?"

"In me, my Prince," responded Giles, "but not in yonder town. A Christian man am I, this day, and it is not given me to judge, but I am true Englishman. With an honest heart and in good faith did I bring steel wares from Sheffield to the wicked Lord of Bruyerre. False and cruel was he, a robber and a villain. He laughed at me, when once I was in his power. Fourteen years was I a prisoner in yonder keep, and I grew old before my time. Behold the scars of fetters on my wrists. Then was I a beggar and a starveling in the town for three years more, watched always and beaten oft. But I learned every inch of yonder hill, and at last I made my escape. By the path along which I left Bruyerre, can I guide this army in. But there must be ladders stronger than the cord I came down upon."

\*The kern was a light-armed foot-soldier, who usually carried a spear and knife.

"A dozen are with our own foot-soldiers," said Sir Walter. "But haste now, lest we be discovered from the castle."

All riders were dismounting, and Richard went into the woods with his forestmen to seek the glen spoken of by Giles. It was not far to find, and it led on down into the valley.

The forest growth was old and dense, and, once the soldiery marched well in, they were completely hidden. Only a strong guard waited at the wayside to intercept all passengers and here at last came Richard, just as the sun went down.

"The Prince's foot-soldiers will arrive soon," said the young leader to Guy the Bow. Ben o' Coventry was peering over the ridge of the hill and he came back hastily.

"Men from the castle, my captain," he exclaimed. "A knight, I should say by his crest, and four esquires, with mounted serving men, a half dozen. The knight, I noted, rides with visor up."

"Thinking not of any foe," Richard answered. "We will hide under the trees and let them go by. Then will we close behind them."

"We could smite them as they come," said Guy.

"Nay," replied Richard, "lest even so much as one on horseback escape to warn the town."

Word was sent to the Prince and soon he was there, having posted his troops in the glen, and with him came Sir Henry of Wakeham. It was no moment for speech, for the French cavalcade came gaily over the hill.

Silent and motionless, the English in their ambush almost held their breath until the party from Bruyere was a bowshot past them. Then out into the road they poured, as silently, and the trap was set.

"They will meet our foot right soon," said Sir Walter, "but they will not risk a charge upon five hundred men. They will come back."

"Sir Thomas Gifford will render a good account of them, if they do not," replied the Prince.

Not more than half a mile down the road and around a bend of it, at that hour, pressed on the English foot. At their head rode one knight only, with a few men-at-arms, and not far be-

hind him strode a brawny, red-haired man, who shouted back to those behind him, in Irish:

"Forward, now, ye men of the fens, of Connaught and of Ulster. Yet a little and we shall be with our brave boy of the *Golden Horn* and of *La Belle Calaise*, and with the Prince and Sir Henry."

It was the O'Rourke himself, promoted to a better command, with full leave to arm his giants with axes, in honor of his feats in the sea-fight. In like manner the rearguard was led by David Griffith, and the weapons of the Welshmen were such as those with which their ancestors had fought the Roman legions of Cæsar and the Saxons of Harold the King.

"Who comes?" exclaimed Sir Thomas; for at that moment the party of French from Bruyere had seen his banner and his ranks, and they had promptly turned round to speed back to the castle.

"The English!" they shouted. "The pirates of Albion! Back to the town!"

They had no dreams of aught but a swift, unhindered escape; and the greater was their astonishment to find their way blocked below the hill ridge by a dense mass of pikemen and bowmen, in front of whom stood a dozen armored knights. There was no use in either flight or fighting; and their leader reversed his lance, and rode forward.

"Yield thee!" rang out in English. "I am Sir Henry of Wakeham."

"Needs must," responded the knight in Norman French. "I am Guilbert, Sieur de Cluse. I had visited with Raoul de Bruyere, my kinsman, and I was but riding homeward. Alas, the day!"

He and his party dismounted and were disarmed. They were doubly astonished at meeting the Prince himself, with what seemed so small a force, and the Sieur de Cluse remarked with something of bitterness:

"Little ye know of the nut ye think to crack. De Bruyere hath gathered three thousand men, and he is provisioned for a siege."

"Not more than that?" exclaimed the Prince. "Glad am I of thy news. I had feared he had greater force. I trow we have almost half that number of our own. The castle and the town are ours!"

The prisoners were led under the trees, and now the night came on, and it was fairly sure that there would be no more wayfarers. Little more could be learned, except that all the townspeople were as well armed and ready as the garrison.

Every plan had been well laid beforehand. Only an hour after sunset dense clouds covered the sky, insuring perfect darkness. Out, down the glen, swept David Griffith and his Welshmen, to seize all roads leading to the castle gate. Along the highway itself rode the Prince and his mounted force — a hundred and thirty steel-clad horsemen. Behind them marched the greater part of the English foot; but by another path went Sir Henry of Wakeham, Richard Neville, and Sir Thomas Gifford. With them were the O'Rourke and two hundred Irish, and two hundred bowmen of Warwick and Kent. The scaling-ladders were with these.

Away to the right, across fields and through vineyards, Giles Monson led the way. He was still unarmed, save for a stout "Sheffield whittle," a foot long, sheathed, in his belt. Hardly a word he spoke until his companions found themselves at the foot of a perpendicular crag.

"There is a break twenty feet up," he said, "and a flat place. From that point our peril begins. Silence, all!"

A ladder was placed, and up he went like a squirrel. A low whistle was heard as he reached the top of the ladder; the signal came from Richard, just behind him. Next came a clang of steel, for the heir of Wartmont had smitten down a half-slumbering sentinel.

Up poured the English, headed by Sir Henry; they brought a second ladder with them, and others were placing it at the foot of the crag.

"A shorter ladder will do for this next mounting," whispered Giles Monson. "Then there is a wall, but sentries are seldom posted there."

Hardly had he spoken before a voice above them hailed in French:

"Who comes there?"

A flight of arrows answered him, and no second question came down. Up went the ladder and on it the English climbed fast. The wall, when they reached it, was but a dozen

feet high, and was hardly an obstacle. Beyond it Sir Henry halted until many men stood beside him. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"Pass the word," he said. "Pause not for aught, but follow me to the castle and the town gate. We must win that and let in the Prince, though all die who are here."

He strode forward then, and ever in front of him went Giles Monson, his cap in his hand and his white hair flying.

Few lights were burning in any of the buildings, for it was long after curfew. There were no wayfarers along the narrow, winding streets through which, avoiding the middle of the town, Giles Monson guided the English. Hardly a weapon clanged and no word was spoken, for every man knew that if an alarm were given too soon, so small a force would be overwhelmed and all must die.

"Yon is the gate," whispered Giles, at last. "'T is a fort of itself, and it needs must have a strong guard."\*

"On the watch for foes from without," said Sir Henry. "Richard Neville, show thyself a warrior! Charge in at yonder portal with thy Irish, and we will form behind thee and press on to open the town gates and hold them."

The O'Rourke heard the command and he whistled shrilly to his men; still in front of Richard, through the deep gloom, flitted the white-haired guide, for the portal at which Sir Henry pointed, to the left, was the open gate of the great tower, the donjon keep, the citadel of Bruyerre. A moat there was, but the bridge was in place, and the guards in armor were lolling lazily.

"Charge! For the King!" shouted Richard, as he sprang swiftly along the bridge; he dashed past the guards and was within the portal before they could draw their swords. Down they went, under the Irish axes, and so the entrance to the keep was won. Then the fighting began, for there were many brave men in the citadel of Bruyerre and they were awaking. But they came out of their quarters in sudden bewilderment, singly or in squads, and in the dim light they at first hardly knew friend from foe. Scores were smitten in utter darkness, by unseen hands, and everywhere were panic and confusion among the defenders.

"On!" shouted Giles Monson. "My lord of Wartmont, I lead thee to the chamber of De Bruyerre!"

They were at the head of a flight of stairs, and before them was a long passage, lit by hanging lamps. Into the passage had rushed out — from the sleeping rooms on either side — a dozen swordsmen, and some of them had bucklers. Well was it for Richard then that Guy the Bow and the Longwood foresters had believed it their duty to follow their own young captain, for otherwise he had been almost alone. From the archers whizzed shaft after shaft, and hardly did he cross swords with any knight before the Frenchman's blade fell from his hand.

One towering form in a long blue robe was behind the others.

"Who are ye, in Heaven's name?" he had shouted. "St. Denis! they are fiends!"

"My lord Raoul de Bruyerre," fiercely responded Giles Monson, "'t is the vengeance of Heaven upon thy false heart and thy cruelty. I am thy Sheffield man, thou robber!"

"Yield thee, my lord of Bruyerre," shouted Richard; but along the passage darted Giles Monson, bent on revenge.

"Thou art the traitor!" cried De Bruyerre; and drawing his sword he sprang to strike down the advancing Englishman. Too eager to heed his own safety, Giles Monson leaped upon the French knight, and struck fiercely with his long dagger.

Both weapons reached their marks.

"Thou villain, thou hast slain the knight!" cried Richard. "He must have surrendered."

But Giles Monson had fallen beneath the sword of his victim, and would never speak more.

"Stay not here!" Richard commanded. "Follow me! The keep is not half taken."

It was but the truth, and yet the remaining fight was only to make all sure. One strong party of French soldiers was beaten because they rallied in the great hall and were helplessly penned in as soon as the massive doors were shut and braced on the outside.

"Rats in a trap!" said Ben o' Coventry, as he forced down a thick plank to hold a door. "We need not slay one of them."

"I would I knew how it fares with the Prince,"

said Richard. "Light every lamp and beacon. I will go to the portal."

Prince Edward and they who were with him were men certain to give a good account of themselves, but they had been none too many. The warden at the town-wall gate had been small hindrance. The moment the huge oaken wings swung back upon their hinges, up went the portcullis, out shot the bridge across the deep, black moat, and the blast of Sir Henry's horn was answered by the rapid thud of hoofs as the Prince led on his men-at-arms.

"Straight for the middle square!" he shouted. "Onward to the keep!"

"It is ours if Richard Neville be still living," calmly returned the knight. "Hark! the shouts — the uproar!"

"Sir Thomas Gifford," commanded the Prince, "Go to him. Take ten men-at-arms. We must win the keep!"

On then he led his gallant men, along the street, but when they reached the central square the French also were pouring into it from all sides. Save for their utter surprise they would have made a better fight, but at the first onset the English lances scattered their hasty array like chaff. Horsemen they had almost none, and their knights who fought on foot were but half-armed.

Now, also, David Griffith and his Welshmen had arrived within the walls; and it seemed to the defenders of Bruyerre that their foemen were a multitude. A band of mercenaries from Alsace, three hundred strong, penned in a side street, surrendered without a blow at the first whizzing of the English arrows.

Sir Thomas Gifford was standing at the portal of the castle, and he saw a man in armor come hastily out into a light that shone beyond.

"Richard Neville," he asked, "how is it with thee? Art thou beaten?"

"The keep is ours," called back Richard; "but I have too many prisoners. There were six hundred men."

"St. George for England!" cried the astonished knight. "Thou hast done a noble deed of arms!"

"But Raoul de Bruyerre is dead and so is Giles Monson, he who guided us," continued Richard. "How fares the Prince?"





"UP WENT THE LADDER, AND THE ENGLISH CLIMBED FAST."

"Go thou to him, with thy good news," replied Sir Thomas. "I will take command here and finish thy work."

"Let us not remain with Sir Thomas," exclaimed the O'Rourke, behind Richard, "if there is to be more fighting."

"Nay, thou and thy kerns are garrison of the keep," said Sir Thomas.

So the hot-headed Irish chieftain had to bide behind stone walls, to his great chagrin, while Richard went out gladly, with but a small party, to hunt for the Prince through the shadowy, tumultuous streets of the half-mad town of Bruyere.

There were faces at window-crevices, and there were men and women in half-opened doorways. Richard continually announced to them, as had been the general order of the Prince:

"In! In! Quarter to all who keep their houses, and death to all who come out!"

Brave as might be the burghers of Bruyere, not many of those who heard cared to rush out alone, to be speared or cut down.

Before this, nevertheless, enough had gathered at one point to feel some courage; and into this band Richard was compelled to charge.

With him were barely a dozen axmen and bowmen, yet he shouted in Norman French, as if to some larger force behind:

"Onward, men of Kent! forward quickly! Bid the Irish hasten! St. George for England! For the King!"

The burghers had no captain, and they hardly knew their own number in the gloom. 'T was a hot rush of desperate men against those who were irresolute. The burghers broke and fled to their houses, and on went Richard, having lost only a few of his small force.

The garrison had rallied faster and faster, and now almost surrounded in the square were the Prince and his knights. Little they cared. Indeed, Sir Henry of Wakeham had said:

"What do you advise, my lord Prince? We might even cut our way back to the castle, if we were sure of it. If we have that, we have command of the town."

"Hold your own here," replied the Prince, "I think they give way, somewhat."

Just then a band of bowmen who had cleared out a side street came forth as Richard went by.

"With me!" he called to them. "Let us join the Prince. Beware how ye send your shafts into yonder mêlée, lest ye harm a friend!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "It is Richard Neville! They have beaten him. Where can Sir Thomas be? I fear there is black tidings!"

"Fight on!" replied the Prince. "At all events he bringeth us some help."

Closely aimed arrows, well-thrown spears, cleaving of sword and ax, were help indeed; but better than all was the clear, ringing voice of Richard, in English first, and then in Norman French:

"My lord the Prince, we have the keep and castle! Sir Thomas Gifford holds it. De Bruyere is killed! His men are dead or taken! Bid these fools here surrender. They have naught for which to fight."

"God and St. George for England!" roared Sir Henry of Wakeham.

"Hail to thee, Richard Neville!" sang out the Prince. "Victory! The town is ours! Bruyere is taken!"

All the Frenchmen heard, as well as all the English. What was joy to one party was utter discouragement to the other.

"Surrender!" commanded the Prince. "The fool who fights now has his blood upon his own head!"

Spears were lowered, swords were sheathed, cross-bows were dropped, brave men-at-arms gave their names to Sir Henry and his knights; and the peril in the great square was over.

"Well for us," coolly remarked Sir Henry. "The guards from the ramparts were arriving. My lord of Cluse did not rightly number the garrison."

Nor had the English believed that so many townsmen could turn out so speedily. Nevertheless, when arms were given up the Frenchmen were no longer soldiers, and their numbers were of no more value.

"Richard Neville, I will well commend thee

to my father! I think he will give thee thy spurs."

So spake the Prince, with his hands on the shoulders of his friend, and looking into his face admiringly.

"Prince Edward," broke out the heir of Wartmont warmly, "I have done little. The taking of Bruyerre is thine. It was all thy plan."

"Mine? Nay," said the Prince. "The best of it was prepared by Raoul de Bruyerre, when he held Giles Monson wickedly, that now an Englishman might be ready to let us in. So did his evil deed come back to his ruin."

"Ay," said Sir Henry; "but the dawn is in the sky, and the troops must be stationed fast. We will not stay to sack the town; but there are stores to gather, and there are knights of high degree to put to ransom. We have work to do."

So, quickly and wisely, went out the commands of the English captains, and the prize was made secure before the sun was an hour high.

Bitter enough was then the shame and wrath of knights and nobles of the garrison, as they learned by how small a force their great stronghold had been surprised and taken. It should have been held for a year, they said, against all the army of King Edward.

All that bright summer day the business of sending away the garrison and of securing the best plunder of Bruyerre went industriously forward; but it was not in the hands of the Black Prince. Hardly had he finished eating a good repast in the castle, after having had courteous speech with Madame of Bruyerre and her household, before he gave command:

"Sir Robert Clifton, I appoint thee to the care of this place until I send thee orders from the king. He is now twelve miles away, and I must give him a report of this affair. Sir Henry and Gifford and Neville will go with me."

It was to horse and mount, then, while Robert Clifton cared for Bruyerre. The sun was looking down upon the midday halting of King Edward's own division of his army, when his son and his companions stood before him to tell him what they had done, and how.

Close and searching, as became a good general, were the questions of the king; but when all was done Sir Henry of Wakeham spoke boldly:

"Sire, is it not to be said that thy son and Richard Neville have in this feat of arms well earned their spurs and chain of knighthood?"

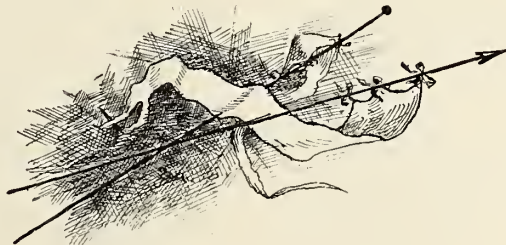
"Truly!" came low but earnestly from Richard's uncle, the Earl of Warwick.

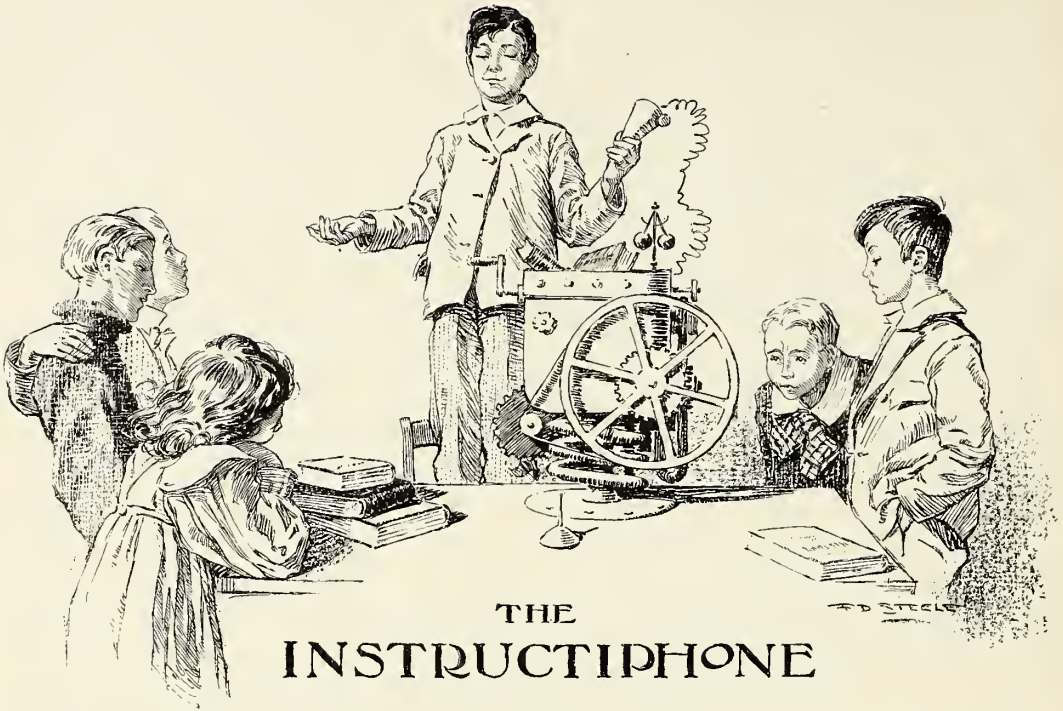
There was no smile upon the firm lips of the king, whatever his proud eyes might seem to say, and he replied:

"Not so, my good companion in arms. Think of thine own battles, many and hard fought. It were not well to forward them too fast. Neither my Edward nor Richard of Wartmont shall wear spurs until they have stood the brunt of one great passage of arms. Leave but a fair garrison in Bruyerre, for none will trouble them. We will march on to seek the field where we may meet the host of Philip of Valois. Word has arrived that he is coming with all haste."

Forward, therefore, moved the forces of the king, and with them rode the two young companions in arms as simple squires; but the mighty field whereon they were to win their spurs was only a few days in the future.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE INSTRUCTIPHONE

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THERE was a youthful genius once, a boy  
of thirteen years,  
Named Cyrus Franklin Edison Lavoisier  
De Squeers.

To study he was not inclined, for fun he  
had a bent;  
But there was just one article he wanted  
to invent.

“It’s a sort of a contraption which will  
work itself,” he said;

“And, without studying, will put my lessons  
in my head.”

He thought and puzzled o’er his plan, he  
worked with might and main  
To utilize the wondrous schemes within his  
fertile brain:

Until at last the thing was done, and to  
his friends said he:

“It is the Wonder of the Age! Success I  
can foresee!

My great invention is complete, and—’t is  
no idle vaunt—  
I’m sure that my Instructiphone will fill a  
long-felt want.

“The action is quite simple—I will try to  
make it clear:

This funnel-shaped receiver I apply to my  
right ear;

Then in this hopper I will put whate’er I  
wish to learn,—

A page of history or of Greek,—and then  
this crank I’ll turn.

“The topic goes into this tube, a sort of  
phonograph

Which acts directly on my mind—it *does*,  
you need n’t laugh!

I do not have to think at all, for as I  
pull this chain,

My wonderful machine transmits the know-  
ledge to my brain.”

The plan was good, the works were fine,  
 and yet there was a flaw;  
 When Cyrus turned the crank around, the  
 neighbors watched with awe.  
 He confidently pulled the chain with mo-  
 tion quick and deft;  
*If* knowledge entered his right ear — it  
 came out at his left!

He tried again,—a page of Greek; he tried  
 a theme occult,—  
 A message and an errand,—every time the  
 same result!

Then Cyrus knew that somehow his machine  
 had missed its aim;

For though the works ran smoothly, it was  
 always just the same:

No matter what the book might be, or  
 what it was about,  
 It would go in at one ear,—at the other  
 't would come out!

So, in his laboratory, baffled Cyrus, sitting  
 lone,  
 Strives to correct the sad defect in his  
 Instructiphone.

But it is my opinion, there 's no fault in  
 the machine:

The trouble is that Cyrus is like other  
 boys I 've seen.




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## THEIR NICKNAMES.

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BY B. D. S.

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SOME children that I know, possess  
 Of nicknames half a score;  
 One is "Theo" — "Teddy" — "Ted,"  
 Though christened —.

The next is scarcely called aright  
 By any haps or chances;—  
 'T is "Fanny" — "Frankie" — "Frank" and  
 "Fan,"  
 Though her real name is —.

Then "Larry" — "Laurie" — "Lanty" comes  
 (Though he always writes it —);  
 And his sister twin, whom most address  
 As "Flo" or "Floy" for —.

The last is "Lizzie" — "Betty" — "Bess"  
 "Bettina" — and "Elspeth"—  
 "Betsy" — "Lisa" — "Beth" — "Bet"—  
 "Lib" —  
 And she 's —.



# Johnny and the Giant

By  
J. R. Webster

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago, there lived near the town of Groton a mighty giant. He lived so many, many years ago that nobody who lives in the town now remembers anything about him. But the other day, when out walking, I met a very old man with white hair and a white beard, who said that his grandfather used to tell him stories about this giant when he himself was a very little boy indeed. When I heard the old man with white hair say this, you may be sure I asked him whether he could n't remember some of the stories which his grandfather used to tell. At first he shook his head; but I kept on asking and asking, until finally he invited me into his little house, gave me a seat by the blazing fire, and told me what I am now about to tell you.

You must know that a long time ago there were not nearly so many buildings in Groton as there are now. There was no Groton school at all, and in the village there were only nine houses and no town hall. No, there was n't even a railroad station; for as there were no railroads then, of course no stations were needed. Do you want to know the names of the people who lived in the village?

Well, there was a Mr. Cobb who kept cows, and a Mr. Dobb who kept hens, and a Mr. Bobb who kept sheep. Then there was a Mr. Nagg who raised sweet-potatoes, a Mr. Bragg who raised strawberries, and a Mr. Gagg who did n't raise anything but a rumpus whenever he had the chance. There was also a Mr. Coon who had a fine big apple-orchard, a Mr. Moon who sold sweet-peas, and a Mr. Loon who could n't walk because he could never make both his feet point the same way. On account of his inability to walk, Mr. Loon used to ride about in a wheelbarrow pulled by a big dog, in which he could n't go very fast because the legs of the wheelbarrow were so near the ground that they used to bump into everything, or sometimes stick fast in the mud; and as the roads were always uneven and muddy, Mr. Loon had a hard time in getting anywhere.

And now, to sum it up, these were the names of the families in the village: The Cobbs, the Dobbs, and the Bobbs; the Naggs, the Braggs, and the Gaggs; the Coons, the Moons, and the Loons; and then, on the top of Gibbet Hill, half a mile away, lived somebody else. Who do you think it was? Why, it was the Giant himself, of course! He did n't have any name, though. People just called him "the Giant," and that was enough.

What a tremendous fellow he was!

His head was as big as a haystack—and, indeed, looked very like one, for his hair was

stiff and of the color of straw. He never wore any hat.

His body was so big that his clothes had to be made of carpets cut out and sewed together, for no pieces of cloth were thick enough or big enough. His Sunday waistcoat was cut out of a Turkish rug. If he had laid his hand flat on the ground, you could n't have jumped over one of his fingers. His legs were so long that he went rods at every step; and his feet were as big as freight-cars. On them he wore blue boots, which he polished up every day with bluing.

The Giant's principal food consisted of sweet-potatoes. He bought these from Mr. Nagg, who had acres and acres of land planted with nothing else. Every day the Giant would come down to Mr. Nagg's from his big stone house on Gibbet Hill with ten empty sacks, and when he went home again he carried back all the sacks full of sweet-potatoes.

Now, it happened one day that Johnny Nagg, the little six-year-old son of Mr. Nagg, had gone out walking alone, and had not come back again in time for dinner. What a time there was then in the village! Everybody thought that the little boy was lost, and all were out hunting for him. Mr. Nagg ran up and down the street, asking every teamster he met whether anything had been seen of Johnny. Mrs. Nagg was terribly anxious, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. Poor Mr. Moon wanted to be of some help, so he sent her a huge bunch of sweet-peas from his garden. When she received them Mrs. Nagg felt a little better, but not very much. Mr. Bragg stopped picking his strawberries and went to the big white church, where he began to ring the bell violently, in order that everybody might know that something terrible had happened. Mr. Dobb told Mr. Nagg that some of his hens had been crowing all day, so that he had felt sure that something was the matter. Mr. Cobb said that he had thought so too, for one of his cows had that morning neighed like a horse. Mr. Bobb said yes, and that three of his sheep had barked like dogs.

Mr. Gagg during all this time had been riding about on a large white horse and shouting; but what he said nobody could understand, since

everybody else was shouting too. Mr. Loon — who, you remember, could n't walk — came riding along in his wheelbarrow, pulled by his big black dog, and said he was willing to join in the hunt as best he could. After thanking him for his kindness, Mr. Nagg had to pull the legs of the wheelbarrow out of the mud in which they had stuck when the dog stopped.

At this the children would have laughed, had they been there to see; but they were all running about the streets, shouting, "Johnny, Johnny! where are you?" as loud as they could.

And in the midst of all the crying and the shouting and bell-ringing, the Giant came striding along. In his hand he carried a walking-stick made of a tall pine-tree with all the branches left on, and on his feet he wore his famous blue boots which he polished up with bluing every day. As he did n't seem to be troubled about anything at all, every one stopped talking and looked at him, in the hope that he could give them some help. I have forgotten to say that this Groton Giant was a jolly and kind one, and was always ready to do all he could for everybody.

He first looked down on the crowd in silence. Then he shouted out in a voice like thunder:

"What is the matter, and why are you all shouting and yelling and ringing that old church bell?"

"Oh, Mr. Giant!" cried out Johnny Nagg's father, "my little boy is lost, and nobody knows where to find him, and I don't know what in the world to do!"

"How long has he been lost?" inquired the Giant.

"Five hours," sobbed Mrs. Nagg, taking her handkerchief away from her eyes for just a few moments, and smelling of the bunch of sweet-peas.

"What direction was he going in when he was last seen?"

Nobody spoke for several moments, for nobody seemed to know. At last a little girl came out from among the rest of the children and said:

"Oh, Mr. Giant, I saw little Johnny Nagg early this morning. He was running across the fields as hard as he could go, over there"; and

she pointed away toward a hill in the distance, far on the other side of the Giant's house.

"Aha, now I know where he is!" shouted the Giant, pounding the ground with his pine-

delight. Mr. Nagg was at their head, and Mrs. Nagg, who had stopped crying, came along behind. Mr. Loon drove along as best he might in his wheelbarrow; but Mr. Coon, with his furry

hair, and Mr. Moon, with his big round face, had to help him and his dog over fences and stone walls. Ahead of all still was Mr. Nagg riding his white horse — ahead of them all except the Giant, who, of course, could walk faster than any horse could trot. Stride after stride the Giant took, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He led them across the tops of high hills and down across valleys, over stone walls and through brooks, until everybody had become so wet and so tired that it seemed as if no one could go a step more. The Giant by this time was far in the lead. Last of all in the line following him were Mr. Loon, Mr. Coon, and Mr. Moon, who had all tried to ride together in the wheelbarrow, and had stuck fast in a swamp.

Finally the Giant stopped short, and waited until those who were running had come



"HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LOST?" INQUIRED THE GIANT."

tree staff, so that the earth shook for miles around — "now I know where he is!" and he strode off across the fields in the direction which the little girl had given.

All the people followed as fast as they could. The children ran screaming and whooping with

up to him; then he roared out, "Look over there!" and as he spoke pointed with his pine-tree.

Everybody looked, and far away in the distance they could see something like a big pole stuck into the ground. On its top was to be



faintly made out a little figure that was waving its arms wildly.

"That 's Johnny—that 's Johnny! I am sure that 's Johnny!" cried out Mrs. Nagg, so excited that she dropped her bunch of sweet-peas.

"Yes, that is Johnny," roared out the Giant, stooping and picking up the sweet-peas, which he handed to Mrs. Nagg with a bow.

"But what is he doing on top of that pole?" said Mr. Nagg anxiously. "It looks miles high, and I am afraid he 'll fall."

"Pole? What pole, sir?" roared the Giant. "That is n't any pole, but a tall tower that I made years and years ago." And he set off again, as before, with everybody running after him. The nearer they came to the tower, the higher and higher it seemed to grow, until at last, when they reached its foot, it was found to be many times as high as the Giant himself.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny," screamed Mrs. Nagg, "do be careful, and don't fall! And how in the world did you get up there?"

"A big bird flew away with me up here, and left me," shouted Johnny from the flat top of the tower, looking very glad to see his father and mother again.

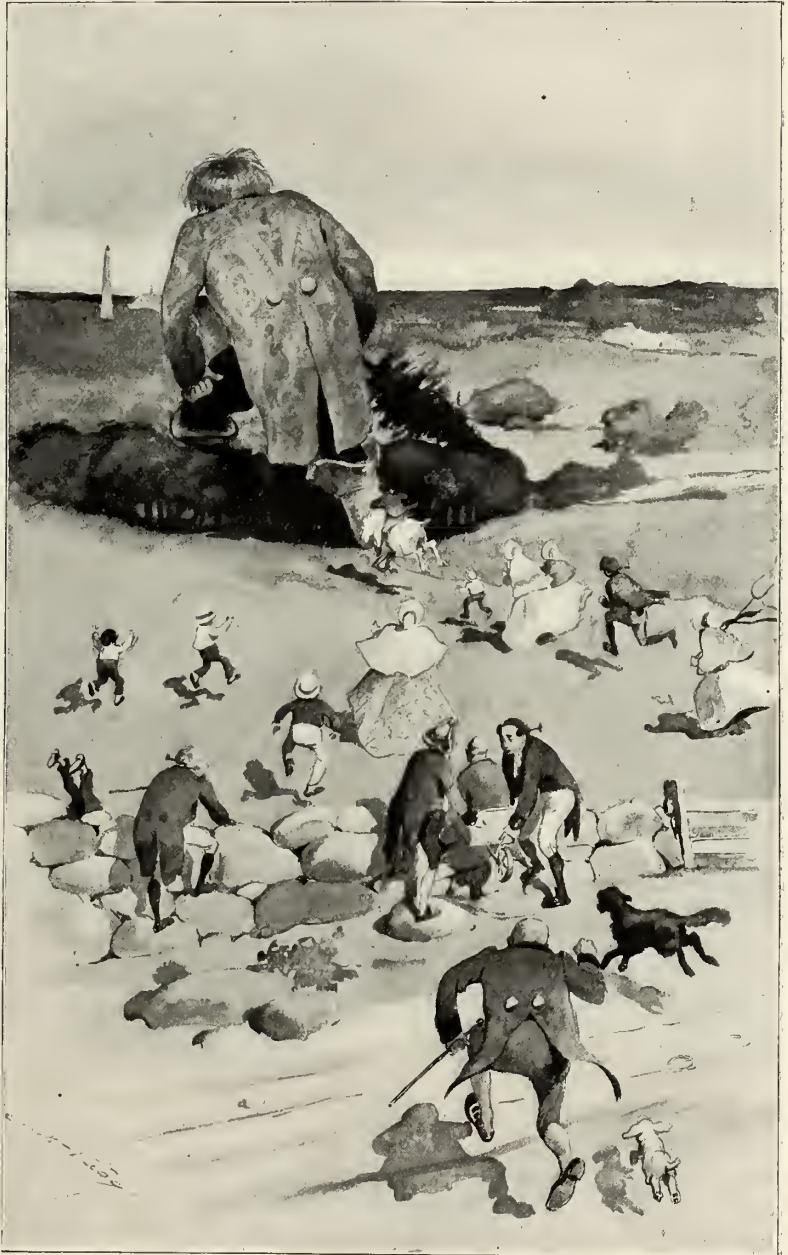
"I know what big

bird it was," said the Giant. "It was my pet eagle. He is always picking things up and

leaving them on top of the tower; so I expected to find Johnny here."

"But how in the world is Johnny to get down?" asked Mr. Nagg.

True enough! There seemed to be no way



"HE LED THEM OVER STONE WALLS AND BROOKS."

either for him to get down from the Giant's tower, or for anybody else to get up.

"Just wait a minute!" roared the Giant; and he set off on the run toward his house.

Now, when a giant runs you may be sure that it does not take long for him to get anywhere; and although his stone house would have been a long way off for you or for me, the Giant was there and back again in a few seconds.

What do you suppose he brought back with him from his stone house?

The Giant now took his pine-tree staff and began to go up the ladder. He was so heavy that he had to go very slowly, for fear he would fall. When he reached the top round of the ladder he stood still. Then, taking hold of the pine-tree by the butt-end, he pushed up the top with its branches to where Johnny was, and at last everybody on the ground saw what the Giant was going to do.

"Climb into the pine-tree and hold on



"HE POINTED THE TREE STRAIGHT AT HER."

A long ladder.

He put the ladder up against the tower, and all the children cheered. Then the ladder was seen to be not long enough, and everybody groaned.

"What 's the matter?" roared the Giant; and everybody kept quiet.

tight," said the Giant, in a firm but pleasant voice.

Little Johnny obeyed. Although he was very much scared, he wanted to get back to his father and mother so much that he lost no time in climbing into the very top of the pine-tree, where he hung on for dear life.

Then the Giant slowly, slowly went down the ladder again. When he reached the ground he bowed to Mrs. Nagg, and said:

"Madam, I have the honor of returning to you a very nice little boy."

So speaking, he pointed the pine-tree straight at her. Little Johnny scrambled out of its top, and fell into his mother's arms. How he

and his father and mother laughed and cried for joy! And how the throng of little children cheered!

When they were all so tired of hurraing that they could n't hurrah any more, the Giant roared out:

"Let 's go home to dinner!"

And they all went.

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## UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

BY BELLE MOSES.

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HE was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys, and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels, and wore a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation

trip. He could n't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round, and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel, and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow! he was born that way. We would n't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here 's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.

## GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

By R. E. PHILLIPS.

“GOOD-NIGHT, little trees!”  
My little man says when the Sandman comes.  
And the soft-swaying breeze  
In the listening trees  
Wafts the answer, “Good-night, little man,  
Good-night!”

“Good-night, little star!”  
My little man says when the Sandman comes.  
And a bright little star,  
In the heavens so far,  
Blinks the answer, “Good-night, little man,  
Good-night!”



SHELTERED FROM THE STORM.



## “THE LITTLE CHINA DOG ’S ON GUARD.”

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

ALL ’s quiet among the children —  
 The nursery door ’s not barred;  
 But you ’d best be looking out if you have  
 to move about,  
 For the little china dog ’s on guard!

*The little china dog ’s on guard!*  
*The little china dog ’s on guard!*  
*And you ’d best be looking out if you have*  
*to move about,*  
*For the little china dog ’s on guard!*

We don’t know what the dolls would do  
 If it were not for him.  
 He is so stalwart and so true —  
 He is so firm of limb;  
 And all night long his eyes of blue  
 Confront the shadows grim —  
 The shadows, shadows, shadows, shadows,  
 Shadows, shadows dim.

We know beside the bed there is  
 A little sword of tin;  
 The bugle lying on the floor  
 Would make a rousing din;

The soldiers sleeping on their arms  
 Would “rally” and “fall in,”  
 And the little china dog ’s on guard, on  
 guard —  
 And the little china dog ’s on guard!

We don’t know anything about  
 The dangers faced by him,  
 When all the children are asleep  
 And all the lights are dim,  
 And only he alone confronts  
 The lurking shadows grim,—  
 The shadows, shadows, shadows, shadows,  
 Shadows, shadows dim.

All ’s quiet among the children —  
 The nursery door ’s not barred;  
 But you ’d best be looking out if you have  
 to move about,  
 For the little china dog ’s on guard!

*The little china dog ’s on guard!*  
*The little china dog ’s on guard!*  
*And you ’d best be looking out if you have*  
*to move about,*  
*For the little china dog ’s on guard!*

# CHRISTMAS EVE AT MOTHER HUBBARD'S.

(A Christmas Play for School or Parlor Entertainment.)

By S. J. D.

## CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET,	JILL,
LITTLE JACK HORNER,	MISTRESS MARY,
LITTLE BOY BLUE,	SIMPLE SIMON,
LITTLE BO PEEP,	AND MOTHER HUBBARD,
JACK,	SANTA CLAUS.

SCENE.—A room at Mother Hubbard's; two doors, one supposed to open to the outer air, the other to lead into another part of the house; also a cupboard with closed door.

[LITTLE MISS MUFFET and JACK HORNER dis-  
closed, seated, as the curtain rises.

MISS MUFFET. Can you tell me, Jack Horner, why so many of us have been asked to come here to Old Mother Hubbard's to-night? What does she want of us? What is she going to have us do?

JACK HORNER. Do? Why, I thought it was a sort of a party, perhaps,—forfeits, and dancing, and stage coach, and so on. And afterward—well, I have been wondering whether we shall have ice-cream and cake, or nuts and raisins and apples. (*Rising and walking about discontentedly.*) I declare, it 's a shame, Miss Muffet. Do you know I am not to have any Christmas pie this year?

MISS MUFFET. Why not?

JACK HORNER. Oh, well, you know that old trick of mine about the plums; my folks thought it bad manners, and so I am to go without my pie. (*Sits down again, moodily.*) And what 's Jack Horner without a Christmas pie?

MISS MUFFET. Well, I have n't any curds or whey, either; but it was a *very* old-fashioned dish, and doing without it does away with the spider, so I am very well pleased. Boys are so queer, always hungry, always thinking of something to eat!

JACK HORNER. And girls are so *very* queer—afraid of spiders, shrieking at a mouse! When a fellow is asked out of an evening, I don't think it at all queer he should expect a little something in the way of refreshments.

MISS MUFFET. But this is n't to be a party. We were asked here to help about something. And then to expect ice-cream at Mother Hub-

bard's! Why, she can't—It is n't nice to speak of it, but you know that pitiful story about her dog.

JACK HORNER. Oh, well, there are better times now. Yes, I know the old story. And that 's the very cupboard over there. (*Rising, with curiosity.*) I've a good mind to just go peep into that cupboard, and see if it really is bare.

MISS MUFFET (*speaking as he tiptoes across the room*). What sort of manners do you call it, Jack Horner, to go prying into other folks' cupboards?

[As JACK lays his hand on the cupboard door a horn is heard without, and he jumps back guiltily.

MISS MUFFET. Who 's afraid *now*, I'd like to know?

JACK HORNER. Who can it be?

[The horn sounds again, and LITTLE BOY BLUE enters.

BOY BLUE. Hallo! here are two of you before me,—old friends, of course; but I have n't met any Mother Goose people in so long a time that I 'm afraid I sha'n't know you all. Now, who are you, ma'am, if I may be allowed to ask?

MISS MUFFET. I am Little Miss Muffet.

BOY BLUE. Oh, yes,—who sat on a tuffet. Well, then, now 's my chance to ask you about something that has always puzzled me tremendously. *What* is a tuffet?

MISS MUFFET (*jumping up from her stool and placing it before him*). *That* is a tuffet!

BOY BLUE. That? Why, that 's nothing but a little footstool! What makes them call it a tuffet!

MISS MUFFET. Because tuffet rhymes with Muffet, stupid, and footstool does n't!

JACK HORNER. No, nor hassock, nor ottoman. To be puzzled over an easy thing like that! Where are your wits, Boy Blue? Are they under the haymow, fast asleep?

BOY BLUE (*good-naturedly*). Well, Jack, my boy, you will be pretending next that you are always sitting about in a corner so as to make yourself rhyme with Horner. Now, is n't it be-

cause you are just a *little* bit lazy, and a *little* bit afraid of the weather?

JACK HORNER (*jumping up testily*). See here, Boy Blue, I don't like that!

MISS MUFFET. Oh, dear! if you boys go to quarrelling and fussing, it will spoil our whole evening.

BO PEEP knocks at the door with her crook, and then enters.

BOY BLUE (*advancing with a smile*). I called for you, Bo Peep, and you had already gone.

BO PEEP. Yes, I stopped for Jill, but she and Jack could n't start for a little while yet, and I came on alone.

JACK HORNER. Won't you take my chair, Miss Bo Peep. Was it snowing when you came in?

BO PEEP. Oh, it is glorious winter weather. How I do love the frost and cold! It makes me feel ready for anything! Where 's Mother Hubbard?

MISS MUFFET. She was called away just after Jack Horner and I came, and she has n't been in the room since. Why do you carry your crook in winter, Bo Peep?

BO PEEP. I like to have it when I 'm skating; and then it 's pleasant to carry it—it reminds me of the summer-time.

JACK HORNER. Then you like the summer better than winter? So do I.

BO PEEP. Well, I like the autumn better still; and springtime—that 's the best of all.

BOY BLUE. You and I love all the seasons, Bo Peep, because we live so much outdoors. We know them all so well, and all their good times. As I was coming along through the snow just now, I found myself humming that "May Song" of yours.

MISS MUFFET. Oh, Bo Peep, sing it for us, won't you?

BO PEEP. Why, I will, if Boy Blue does his part, too.

BOY BLUE. All right. You begin.

#### MAY SONG.

(For music, see page 172, "St. Nicholas Songs.")

BO PEEP.

Light is the heart of the young country lass  
When May smiles "good-day" through the wicket;  
Blossoms a-bloom in the tender green grass,  
Birds all a-tune in the thicket.

Up and away! at the first ray of morn,

Out where the sunbeams are playing!

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,

For we would be early a-Maying—

(*Horn*) Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,

For we would be early a-Maying—

(*Horn*) Tra la, tra la la, tra la la la.

BOY BLUE.

Gay is the lot of the young country lad  
When decked is the May-pole for dancing,

Fiddlers all there and a-fiddling like mad,  
Every one skipping and prancing.

Hie! what a feast we shall have on the green,

Candy and cake and no paying.

BO PEEP.

Oh, me, one would be like a king or a queen

If one could be always a-Maying—

Tra la la, etc.

But lassies and laddies must work, it is true;

All is not pleasure and funning.

There 's baking and churning

BOY BLUE.

and plowing to do,

BO PEEP.

And errands to keep one a-running.

BOY BLUE.

Cows to be tended and kept from the corn;

BO PEEP.

Sheep that forever are straying:

So at sunrise, Boy Blue, come blow us your horn;

We 'll to work, and have time left for playing—

(*Horn*) Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la!

There 'll be plenty of time left for playing—

(*Horn*) Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la!

[At the close of the song, a heavy fall and a commotion are heard outside. Little MISS MUFFET runs to the door, crying, "What can be the matter?" JACK and JILL enter, the former hobbling, and holding his head with a wry face.

BO PEEP. Why, it 's Jack, and you too, Jill! How 's this? Have you had another tumble?

JILL. Oh, Jack had to go and fall on a little, slippery place near the door. Trust Jack for finding the slippery places!

JACK. Well, Mother Hubbard asked me to *drop in* this evening, and I was trying to oblige her. Only I dropped too soon. I was n't quite *in*. Whew! did n't I give my head a crack, though!

JILL. Jack wants to join a baseball nine, but I tell him he 's too good a tumbler to make a good pitcher.

JACK HORNER (*trying to look important*). Pooh, pooh! Baseball, indeed! That 's out of date, and lawn-tennis, too. Golf 's your game! Golf 's the game for me!

BOY BLUE (*patting him on the back*). There, there, sonny! you 'll grow up to them all. Croquet and ring-toss are better for you, at your age!

JACK. Well, Jill will have her joke. And it 's better to laugh than cry, say I.

JILL. Sing them that song you composed about all your tumbles. It will make you forget your headache.

JACK. Oh, it 's too long. It has forty-eight verses, each about a separate accident, and then three or four in which I give a sort of summing up and a moral.

BOY BLUE (*hastily*). Just give us the summing up. Never mind about the other forty-eight verses.

#### JACK'S SONG.

(See page 128, "St. Nicholas Songs." "There was a little girl," etc.)

If I 'm walking on a level  
Where you 'd think that I might revel  
In the comfort and the safety of the way,  
Then I 'm bound to stub my toe,  
And the first thing that you know,  
Jack is on his back again, alackaday!

(Repeat first verse of music.)

Oh, I 've broken both my shoulders,  
And the very smallest boulders  
Are enough to twist my ankles all awry;  
Where the others dance and skip,  
I am always sure to trip,  
Dislocate my collar-bone and bruise my thigh!

(Last verse of tune.)

But it does n't so much matter  
Just how many bones I shatter,  
Nor how oft the nickname "Buttertoes" I 've heard;  
For our Jill says (bless her soul!)  
That I keep my temper whole,  
And I never twist the truth or break my word!

BO PEEP. Well, Jack, I like that song. It 's just fine!

BOY BLUE. So say I!

JACK (*rubbing his head ruefully*). Singing it did n't improve my head any.

MISS MUFFET. Poor boy! Let me take you to find Mother Hubbard, and she will have you lie down a little while, and give Jill something to bathe the sore spot.

[The three go out, leaving inner door open.

[A gentle knock, and MISTRESS MARY enters at other door. BO PEEP is facing the door, and the newcomer holds her hands out toward her with a smile. BO PEEP takes them.

BO PEEP. I feel as if you must be an old and dear friend, and yet I cannot tell your name.

MISTRESS MARY. Why, I am Mistress Mary the kindergartner. And if you would like to know how my garden grows, I shall be delighted to tell you all about it.

JACK HORNER (*surprised*). You Mistress Mary? And you look so pleasant and so cheery! I thought they used to say you were — well, sort of — oh, you know —

BOY BLUE. Contrary? Why, Jack, my fine fellow, where are your wits? That is just to rhyme with Mary. *Contrary* rhymes with Mary, and *pleasant* does n't, nor *charming*.

MISTRESS MARY. No, they really thought me contrary, and very, very queer — "cranky," I think they would call it nowadays. But that was only because they did n't understand the Froebel system. They were n't familiar with the "gifts and occupations," and they could n't see what silver bells or cockle-shells or balls or cubes or cylinders had to do with the training of the little maids in my Kindergarten. By the way, they did n't stand in a row at all, my little maids, but in a circle, as they do to-day.

BOY BLUE. But if I may make bold to ask, what *have* silver bells and cockle-shells to do with schooling?

MISTRESS MARY. I can tell you best in a little song we have made about them, if you would like to have me sing it to you.

BO PEEP. Please do. That will be delightful.

#### MISTRESS MARY'S SONG.

(For music, see "St. Nicholas Songs," page 110. "The Singaway Bird.")

Now list while I tell  
Of the small silver bell  
That rings in the year's early morning;  
The first flower we see,  
It 's a-quiver with glee  
As it gives to the others their warning:  
"Ting-ting, it is Spring, ting-a-ling!  
Ting-ting, ting-a-ling, it is Spring!"  
Up come the flowers at the jubilant knell  
Of this small rising bell — silver bell.

And this fair cockle-shell,  
Once so happy to dwell  
At the edge of the murmuring billow,  
It will sound at your ear,  
In a voice that you hear  
As through dreams on a wave-cradled pillow:  
"List! list! the sea murmuring!  
List! list! the sea whispering."  
It has tales that are wondrous to tell,  
In its dream-talk, this fair cockle-shell.

So the bell from the lea,  
And the shell from the sea,  
Hold marvels we fain would be knowing;  
And they tell each in turn  
What 't is lovely to learn,  
Little maids, in my Child Garden growing.  
"Ting, ting! hear me ring, — ting-a-ling!"  
"List, list, to the sea whispering!"  
Whisper, fair shell; ring for us, silver bell;  
For your message is fair, — fair to hear, fair to tell!



BOY BLUE. I think I would n't mind belonging to your school myself.

BO PEEP. I would join it in a minute if I was n't so big.

JACK HORNER. Here comes Mother Hubbard, and who 's that with her?

BOY BLUE. Why, it 's Simple Simon! There 's a scholar for you, Mistress Mary! Even you could not drum any wisdom into him.

MISTRESS MARY. If I had had him young enough, I could have done it.

[SIMON enters shuffling and sheepishly.

MISTRESS MARY. Good evening, Simon.

BO PEEP. Was n't Mother Hubbard with you in the passage?

SIMPLE SIMON. She was — she was — she assuredly was. But just at the door here she heard the telusphone-bell ring, and so she ran away again — ran — away again.

JACK HORNER. And how did you get into the house without our seeing you?

SIMPLE SIMON. I don't know. I must have mistook the back door for the front. I reckon — 'pears to me —

BOY BLUE. I believe you saw some pies through the kitchen window, and just *went* for them.

JACK HORNER. Pies? Pies? Say, I want one! Has Simon got them?

SIMPLE SIMON. Indeed, I have n't any.

BOY BLUE. So we 've heard before.

MISTRESS MARY. Now, boys, don't tease Simon; and, Jack, don't be so greedy. What I want to ask Simon is this: Has Mother Hubbard told you what we are all to do for her here to-night?

SIMPLE SIMON. No, she has not, — assuredly not. She said to me: "Simon, you 've come in the wrong door." And I says: "Yes, ma'am; thank you kindly, ma'am." And she says: "Come, Simon; I 'll show you where the others are. I 'm ready to go to them now, poor things!" And then in the hall she heard the telusphone-bell, and she said: "Oh, deary me! Get them to sing another song, Simon. You sing a song with them, Simon; and I 'll be there in a minute," — in a minute.

ALL. A song! Simon will sing a song!

BOY BLUE. Yes; and we 'll join in.

#### SIMON'S SONG.

(For music, see "Mother Goose Melodies," by J. W. Elliott, page 58. "The Jolly Tester.")

If I had a penny,—

A single, little penny,—

I would go at once and buy a pie,—buy a pie.

But I 've just got a nickel—

OTHERS (*jestingly*).

Well, you *are* in a pickle!

SIMON (*seriously*).

Yes, a nickel 's not the price of a pie.

OTHERS.

From your nickel take a penny,  
And buy one pie or many.

SIMON.

Oh, no, no! 't is a sum too hard and high!

I never learned subtraction,

And before I 'd solve a fraction

I 'd go for weeks without a taste of pie,— oh, my!

OTHERS (*laughing*).

Ho, ho! but this is funny;

You 'll never spend your money

Unless you have a piece that 's just the price!

SIMON (*triumphantly*).

Yes, I 've a plan, my sages,—

I 'll ask for penny wages!

And that 'll be so handy and so nice,—so very nice!

[MOTHER HUBBARD enters at last, followed by JACK, JILL, and LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

MOTHER HUBBARD. Well, boys and girls, how do you do? It is just too bad I have had to keep you waiting so long. But I heard you singing, and knew you were having a good time; and when I heard Mistress Mary's sweet voice I felt quite easy, for I was sure she would n't let you get into any mischief.

BOY BLUE. We have been amusing ourselves very well, Mother Hubbard.

BO PEEP. Yes, but we are *dying* to know why you have asked us all to meet here to-night.

MOTHER HUBBARD. Can't any of you guess? Jack Horner, now, he 's a keen lad. What does he think?

JACK HORNER (*dubiously*). It is n't—it could n't—it has n't anything to do with can—candy, has it?

MOTHER HUBBARD. Oho! So that 's the way your mind runs, is it? (*She looks at him sharply, and then at the cupboard, toward which she goes a step or two.*) There has n't any one been peeping into my cupboard, has there?

JACK HORNER (*slipping behind* MISTRESS MARY). I—I have n't! It 's locked!

MISTRESS MARY (*laughing and patting* JACK'S head). You know we would n't expect to find anything *there*, Mother Hubbard!

MOTHER HUBBARD. You would n't, eh? Well, there 's something better than bones in that closet to-night. Children, what night is this?

[They look at each other, and MISS MUFFET cries, "Christmas eve!" and they all echo in chorus, "Christmas eve!"

MOTHER HUBBARD. And who is it comes visiting about on Christmas eve?

[All look at each other again, and BOY BLUE cries, "SANTA CLAUS!" whereat all echo again, "SANTA CLAUS!"

MOTHER HUBBARD. Exactly so. And now let me tell you he will be here, in this house, in this room, in a very few minutes. (*Sensation.*) There has been some delay, and I have been telephoning and telegraphing to him all the evening. At six o'clock he left the North Pole, at seven he was rushing along through Canada, at eight he had visited all the Northern United States, and by this time he is coming straight for this house.

BOY BLUE. But I thought he did n't let any one see him on his trips.

MOTHER HUBBARD. No, not ordinary people, my boy; but Mother Goose people are not ordinary people; and, besides, you have all been asked to come here to help him.

BO PEEP. To help him? Help Santa Claus? How could *we* help Santa Claus?

MOTHER HUBBARD. That he will tell you himself when he comes. Hark! did I hear bells?

MISTRESS MARY. I hear nothing yet. Let us sing a song of welcome to help bring him.

ALL *sing.*

Santa Claus is coming!  
Joyful is the cry.  
Spread by happy voices,  
How the tidings fly!  
All the air is humming  
With the glad refrain,  
Santa Claus is coming!  
Shout it once again!

(For music, see "Mother Goose Melodies," page 32. "Sing a Song of Sixpence.")

[A faint sound of sleigh-bells grows nearer and nearer. A voice is heard without, above the bells: "Whoa there, Donner! Hold up, Blitzen! Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Prancer! Here we are!" SANTA CLAUS enters.

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, here we are at old Mother Hubbard's; and here are all the lads and lassies come to meet us!

MISTRESS MARY. And to help you, Santa Claus. Mother Hubbard says we can help you.

SANTA CLAUS. And so you can—so you can. Bless your sweet face! Now, here 's a likely lad. (*Laying hold of JACK, who has kept close to MIS-*

TRESS MARY.) He can help, I know. And what would you like for Christmas, my fine fellow?

JACK HORNER. A large Christmas pie, sir, very full of plums.

SANTA CLAUS. Ho, ho!—a modest wish, surely, for one of your size! But, boys and girls, *your* presents are to come last. You shall have them all in good time, but first comes what you are to do for me. And now I want you all to come near and listen very seriously, for I am going to tell you a sad, sad thing. (*All gather about him with breathless attention; and after surveying them with a mournful shake of the head, SANTA CLAUS bends toward them and says solemnly:*) Santa Claus is growing old!

[They start back, surprised, and look at each other doubtfully a moment.

BOY BLUE (*bluntly*). Why, Santa Claus, we thought you always *were* old.

SANTA CLAUS (*feigning indignation*). Hey? what d' ye say? Always old, indeed! Who would have thought of such impertinence!

BO PEEP (*defending BOY BLUE*). I am sure your hair and beard have always been as white as they are now.

SANTA CLAUS. And what of that? My hair turned white when I was a mere stripling, just with the care and brain-fag of inventing new Christmas toys every year for all you boys and girls. But lately I have felt I am really growing old, because,—now, don't go telling this to everybody,—because I am not so spry as I used to be. It takes me a few minutes longer every year to make my rounds—which is *most* mortifying to my pride.

BOY BLUE. But there are more children and chimneys than there used to be, Santa Claus.

BO PEEP. And so many more toys for you to carry.

SANTA CLAUS (*delighted*). Why, bless your hearts, so there are! The lad is a well-spoken lad, after all. He'll not be caught napping under a haystack or anywhere else again, I warrant you; and this little lady does n't go wool-gathering nowadays, I'll be bound. Yes, there *are* more chimneys, and a heavier pack means a stronger back; and both my back and legs get a little shaky now at Christmas. Last year it took me the whole of January, tucked up in bed, to get over my jaunt on Christmas eve. And so, boys and girls, I have sent for you this year to help me do my work.

ALL. How? How?

BOY BLUE. Won't it be fun? Hurrah!

BO PEEP (*hurriedly*). What shall we do first? Where shall we begin?

SANTA CLAUS. Softly, softly. No hurry, no excitement! I have been all through the North, visited the Eskimos and the Frozen Northites —

JACK. Oh, Santa Claus, *do* tell us! *Who* lives at the North Pole, and how do you get there? There are so many people who want to know!

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, yes, I know all about your Pearys and your Nansens and your Andréés, and all who have tried to find the Pole since the days Kane was not able. Brave men they, but deluded — deluded. Now, you can just tell any one who would really like to know (*the boys have drawn near, attentively*), that I live at the North Pole, and I *never gossip about my neighbors!* And as for the way to get there, the only way to be *sure* of reaching the Pole is (*close attention again from the boys*) to go behind a team of reindeer *just* like mine; and *mine* are *not* for sale! (*Crestfallen looks while SANTA CLAUS wags his head triumphantly.*) Now, what I was about to say was this: you boys and girls are to go with me the rest of the way to-night, and help me distribute my pack — be so many feet and fingers for me.

ALL. What fun! Hurrah!

JACK. How will you take us all?

SANTA CLAUS. In my sleigh. Where there's room for a million or more of Christmas gifts a few boys and girls won't count.

BOY BLUE. Hurrah! Where shall we go first?

SANTA CLAUS. We must finish the United States. There are all the coast towns to do, and a perfect grist of Sunday-schools in every one of them. We'll do those first. And I have laid up a special little store of presents for them here at Mother Hubbard's. Now, Mother Hubbard, if you have the key we will take a look into that cupboard of yours.

MOTHER HUBBARD (*advancing proudly and smilingly, key in hand*). Yes, the presents are in my cupboard, children. It is bare no longer. (*Throws open the door, and shows the shelves filled with parcels.*) What do you think of that?

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, what do you say to that? I say it's worth a song.

JACK and JILL. A song! A song!

MISTRESS MARY. A song for Mother Hubbard!

MISS MUFFET. Let me join in the chorus.

SIMPLE SIMON. We'll *all* sing — all of it — sharps, flats, accidentals, and all.

JACK HORNER. Sing it to *my* tune.

BO PEEP (*impatently*). But have we time — have we time, Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS. Time? Let me tell you, my girl, when Santa Claus stops on Christmas eve, and just so long as he stops, all the clocks stop, too. They would n't dare get ahead of him that way.

BOY BLUE. All right, then. A song for Mother Hubbard, to Jack Horner's tune!

(See page 22, "Mother Goose Melodies.")

Old Mother Hubbard  
Goes to the cupboard  
To look for her Christmas store.  
She puts in the key,  
As proud as can be,  
And cries, "It is empty no more!"

SANTA CLAUS. Now all go and get your loads.

[They crowd about the cupboard, and MOTHER HUBBARD fills their arms with packages, books, boxes of candy, etc.

MISTRESS MARY (*during this distribution*). Another verse!

Old Mother Hubbard  
Shows us the cupboard,  
Full from the bottom to top.  
She loads all the boys  
And girls with her toys,  
Till they cry, "Mother Hubbard, pray stop!"

SANTA CLAUS. All out? All loaded? All ready? Then let us make for the sleigh. Form a line, youngsters. Sha'n't we have a jolly time! All down the coast — over to Europe — Asia — Isia — Osia, and Africa! What a night of it!

MOTHER HUBBARD. And where first?

SANTA CLAUS. First to (*here may be inserted a reference to the school or other company before which the play is presented*). Some of this special lot of bundles is for them. Forward, march!

MISTRESS MARY. One minute, boys! First a song for Santa!

BOY BLUE. Santa Claus forever!

JACK HORNER. Hurrah!

(See "Mother Goose Melodies," page 20. "Whittington for ever.")

Santa Claus for ever,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
Friend of the children,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

CURTAIN.

[Afterward SANTA CLAUS and his assistants descend among the audience and distribute the gifts prepared for them.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

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KNOWLE, BOVEY TRACEY, S. DEVON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about some tadpoles that I kept for a while last summer.

I had several in a square glass aquarium, and I used often to spend some time watching them. One day, while I was looking at them, I noticed one tadpole come to a place on the glass which was rather thickly covered with the green slime which comes on the sides of an aquarium when the water is not often changed, and begin to feed eagerly. Presently he swam off to speak to a friend who was passing, and meanwhile another tadpole came and began to eat at the same place. The first tadpole saw him trespassing, and instantly left his friend and swam as fast as he could toward the second tadpole. Having come up to him, the first tadpole seized the other one by the under lip, dragged him off the patch of slime to the opposite side of the aquarium, and then returned to finish his meal.

I think this shows that tadpoles have characters both good and otherwise, just like other people. Certainly this one must have taken for his motto, "First come, first served"; and he carried it out, too, though it was very selfish!

Your devoted reader, MARJORIE N. GOULD.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was a very little girl, before I could read, I used to take the ST. NICK (as I called it), and would carry it around under my arm; but now I am ten years old, and can read every word in it.

A few years ago, while in the country, a very funny thing happened which I thought I would like to tell my friends who read the ST. NICHOLAS.

One day my grandma, who wears little lace caps, washed a piece of fine, narrow lace and put it on the grass near the back porch to bleach and dry.

When she went to look for it she could not find it anywhere, and finally gave it up for lost; and now where do you think she found it in the fall? Near the porch was a large tree in which an old robin used to build her nest every year. One rainy, windy day in the fall I stood by the window, watching the rain and wind blow the boughs about, when I noticed that the robin's nest had blown down and lay by the side of the porch.

After the rain was over I went out and picked it up and brought it into the house, and when it was dry I was examining the fine workmanship when I discovered, woven in among the straws, something white which looked like some of grandma's silvery hair, but on closer investigation I found it was bits of lace, and at once the thought came to me, "This is grandma's lost lace!"

Was n't that a funny place to find the lace?

Your little friend, ELIZABETH B. ADAMS.

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PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine ever since I could read, and that was when I was about seven. I am now thirteen, and I have nine nice big scarlet-bound volumes in my book-case.

We have been abroad twice. The first time I was so little I can't remember anything about it, but the last time was in 1895.

We traveled a good deal in France, Germany, Hol-

land, and Switzerland; but the country I enjoyed most was Switzerland. We went up Mount Rigi, and I would like to describe it to you. Unfortunately, it was a rainy day; but still we enjoyed it immensely. The side we went up was covered with a great many beautiful flowers. We would have liked to get out and get some, and I guess we could, the train went so slowly; but of course the guard would n't let us, so we could n't get any, because when we reached the top there was n't a flower to be seen anywhere.

The sides of the mountain had many beautiful cascades, leaping or falling from a great height.

When we reached the top it was pouring, but we went to the hotel (there is a very big one up there), and had our dinner. Then we got some souvenirs and prepared to come down. While descending the mountain it cleared, and we saw a most magnificent view. Below us was the lake (I forget the name), surrounded by high mountains, some snow-capped, with the city of Lucerne beyond. I can tell you it was fine!

But now I am afraid I am making my letter too long, although I would like to tell you more of our trip, and of my dog and pony; but I should like to see this letter printed *very*, very much.

I join, ST. NICHOLAS, with all your other readers who wish you long life and happiness, and remain ever your "ready reader,"

ANNIE L. JENNINGS.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine more than a year, and am much interested in it. I read all the letters of the little friends with much pleasure.

I would like to have been at Ralph Emerson's cat party. Mama often tells me of her old white cats "Tip" and "Dick," who weighed sixteen pounds each, and lived to be sixteen years old. I wonder if any of the papas or mamas of the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS know the old Van Fleet white cats of Michigan?

We drive our "Black Beauty" with a check-rein (not an over check); but it does not hurt him, for he holds his head very high.

I was nine years old in June. Your little friend,

LOUISE MANSFIELD COWDERY.

---

PINEHURST, WEST PERTH,  
WEST AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and have taken ST. NICHOLAS for only a little while, but I think it is a lovely magazine. I think I like reading the "Letter-Box" best, especially the letters from Australia, although I have never seen one from West Australia.

On Monday morning my sister Dolly and I walked out with some of our friends to the Karakatta encampment. It is about four miles out of Perth, and all the volunteers of West Australia camp out there at Easter for a few days. We had our lunch, and then we went over to the camp. It looked very pretty, with all the white tents dotted about, and one large green one for the governor. We watched them drill, and then they took down their tents, as they were all going home that day; and then the soldiers were picked who were going to England for the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. We came back by train, and instead of six be-

ing in our compartment, there were twenty! The train was simply packed, but all the same it was fine fun.

I remain your affectionate reader,

D. COURTHOPE.

---

REDCLIFFE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I should like to write and tell you how our dog "Mac" saved our kitten from being drowned. One day my little brother Donald was walking by the mill-stream that runs close to our house, with our little kitten in his arms. It somehow struggled from him and fell in the water. Donald called loudly for help, and soon Basil, our eldest brother, came rushing up; but before he could reach the spot Mac came bounding to him and plunged into the stream, soon returning, with the kitten in his mouth, to land. For days after the little thing was too ill to move, but it finally got well, and has now grown into a fine cat. It is very devoted to Mac, and he to it. Roy, to whom the dog belongs, prizes Mac more than ever; and the other day a friend of his offered him £5 for the dog, but he did not take the offer, so proud was he of Mac's bravery.

My brothers Francis and Vivian and myself have taken St. NICHOLAS for three years, and think it very interesting.

Yours faithfully,

CLIFFORD KING.

---

A CORRESPONDENT from New England has a pleasant suggestion to make about the article on "Bugle Calls," published in ST. NICHOLAS about a year ago:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You published, a year or so ago, in your periodical the "Bugle Calls," prettily illustrated, and our children have used them with so much satisfaction that I want to suggest that the calls might be used by other families.

When gathering for any meal, throw open the parlor to the dining-room and let some one open the piano and play the call for meals, and another accompany the call by the humorous ditty that accompanies it. Children never tire of it. You will be surprised to see how much and how long it will be enjoyed.

Yours very truly,

S. G. BUCKINGHAM.

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SOUTHINGTON, CT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few weeks ago a boy took his grandfather's horse, and we went to ride. The horse used to be a racer, and so we thought we would try him in the trotting-park. I went in the judges' stand to ring the bell for them to start. When the horse started he went so fast that the boy thought he was running away, and he tried to stop him, but could not. It is a half-mile course; and when he came around once he kept on to make out the mile. When he came in at last he whinnied, because he liked it so much. It was great sport for all of us.

Your friend,

HOMER C. NEAL.

---

CANDES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are Americans living in Paris. I am a little girl ten years old, and I have two brothers, aged thirteen and six, and a sister of eight. We were all born in Antwerp except my sister. She was born in Italy. We have all been to America several times for a visit.

We are spending our vacation in Candes — a quaint little French village situated at the junction of the rivers Loire and Vienne. We all have bicycles, and the roads here are fine for cycling. We have two boats, and we enjoy sailing and rowing very much, also fishing and bathing. But our greatest pleasure is with our little donkey. His name is "Kiki." We often go out for rides in his little cart and on his back. While we are seated at the table eating he likes to come in the dining-room, and go from one to the other begging for bread, sugar, or fruit. He is very gentle, and is careful not to bite us. He is our dearest pet. Besides him we have two dogs and a lot of birds.

We speak English at home, French in school, and German with our German maid.

We have taken you for five years. We have no time to read during school months, so we save you up until vacation, when we take turns reading aloud, and in that way you help us in learning English. We were very much interested in "The Last Three Soldiers" and in "Miss Nina Barrow."

We have two months' vacation; and when the schools begin, early in October, our happy vacation comes to an end. Your little friend,

ANNA WELLES.

---

KOKSILAH, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen a letter in your paper from so far west, so we thought you might like to hear from us.

Indians live all around Koksilah; and in winter they have large dances in the ranches. Sometimes they allow you to watch them. I went to a large one two years ago. The ranch is one large room with an earth floor, and in the middle they had six huge fires. The Indians sat all around, and wailed and beat bones on boards; then an Indian got up and danced all in and out of the fires. It is a very pretty dance. Sometimes they keep up a dance for three days without stopping.

We go out camping every summer, at the foot of some of the hills close by our ranch. We live forty-seven miles from Victoria. We ride and drive a great deal here. I have a pony and cart, and Evelyn has a bicycle. We enjoy you so much, and do not think we could get on without you. My favorite story was "Lady Jane"; and Evelyn liked "Decatur and Somers."

Hoping to see this in print, we remain ever your loving readers,

EDITH M. D—— and EVELYN F. T——.

---

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about some of my experiences during my trip abroad.

I live in New York, and came over to Italy, landing at Naples. We stayed at Gibraltar for about four hours. It was very interesting. We saw the Cameron Regiment of Highlanders. They are very funny with part of their legs bare. Even the officers wear this costume. I saw the Governor-General. I saluted him, and he saluted me in return. The streets in the old part of the town are very narrow. You see a lot of Arabs walking around in them.

Naples is very interesting. All the horses are very little, like ponies, and the carriages are the same. The drivers snap their whips all the time, so that it is very noisy. I think it is more noisy than New York. We went in a big boat from Naples to an island named Capri. We went around to a side of the island where there were cliffs, in front of which we stopped. We saw

a lot of little boats, with men rowing them, crowd around the ship. We got into one of these — they held only two passengers — and rowed toward the cliff. As we came nearer we saw a hole low down in the cliff that was covered up with water when a big wave came. We were going in this hole. When we went in we had to lie down in the bottom of the boat because the hole was only about three feet high. When we got in, it was a big cave, and everything was a very light blue, the water and the rocks. We could see the hole where we came in, and see the big waves come rushing in. We had to try two or three times to get out, because each time the waves washed us in again. The name of the cave is the "Blue Grotto."

In Amalfi, a town near Capri, all the boys wear long trousers, or have bare legs. When I went out with short trousers, they followed me all around, and all the people stared at me.

We went to Pompeii, which was very interesting. There are a lot of little green and brown lizards there; it is very funny to chase them.

We were in Rome at the time when a man tried to kill the king. I saw the king and queen very often. There are a lot of peasant children who sell flowers, and stand as models for artists. I used to spin tops with them.

In Florence I saw a lot of Italian soldiers. One kind had a big bunch of cock's feathers on their hats. They are the fastest marching soldiers in Europe. They say that a great many of them die, they have to march so fast.

In Venice, there are a lot of pigeons in St. Mark's Square. They are very tame — so tame that, if you stand still, they will fly up and light on one of your hands and eat out of it. I had six on one arm at once. There were two very interesting ships in the harbor; one was the American cruiser "Minneapolis," and the other was the king of Siam's ship. We went on board the Minneapolis, and it was very nice to see all the jack-tars. We went past the Siamese ship in going to our cruiser, and I wrote down its name: it is "Maha Chakkri." I cannot pronounce it, — can you? I saw the king of Siam on the Grand Canal afterward. He is very short and looks like a Japanese, but is darker. When any of the Siamese sailors went ashore they were followed by a great crowd of Italians looking at them.

In our house in Lucerne, Switzerland, there was a very funny dog. His mouth and tongue were all black, just like his fur. He looked very funny when he sat with his tongue out. His name was "Chow-Chow."

At Grindelwald I climbed up a glacier with a guide. He had a rope around my waist and the other end was around his. He and I both had sticks with an ax on the end; one side was shaped like an end of a pickax. He cut places in the ice for us to put our feet in, with his ax, while I waited. We had to walk on narrow planks over crevasses and on little sharp ridges with a crevasse on each side. It was great fun.

In Germany we have seen a lot of storks' nests with storks in them, especially in Strasburg. There were a great many soldiers in Strasburg, too.

It is very nice here in Heidelberg. The castle is very beautiful, and the walks around the city are very pretty. Inside the castle there is a tremendous tun; there is a flight of stairs going up and a large platform on the top. I have been there. In the same room there is a clock with a handle on the bottom. If you pull this handle, the front of the clock opens and a fox-tail flies out and hits you in the face.

The students in the university here fight duels, and you see many of them with scars on their faces. I saw

a duel once; it was pretty bad. One man was cut on the forehead.

It was very funny on the Fourth of July not to hear any noise.

There are not many soldiers here compared with Strasburg; but you see a regiment marching through the streets very often. When the soldiers have a band you always see a crowd of small boys marching along in front — the same way they do in America.

When a ST. NICHOLAS comes my cousin and I take turns in reading the continued stories. We are greatly delighted when it comes.

Your interested reader,

RICHMOND LENNOX BROWN.

---

THE SEASONS.

A LITTLE girl asked me one day last fall —  
Which time of the year I loved best of all.

I looked at the trees, all dressed in gold,  
"And sure it is autumn," that I told.

But the winter came with the pure white snow,  
And "It 's winter, now quite surely I know!"

Then spring came, when all things awake from their  
rest,  
"Now it 's flowers and spring time, I love the best!"

The summer came with all things bright,  
And "I 'm sure it is summer I love best to-night."

But I thought, on the morrow, of months gone by —  
And which one I loved best, and wondered why —

And now I know surely the time I love best,  
For it 's summer, and winter, and then — all the  
rest!

SADIE KING SMITH (11 years old).

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LONGWOOD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about our kitty and a little squirrel.

Where I live there are a great many gray squirrels. We have a cat we call "Mr. Kit"; and he likes to play with them. One morning when we were at breakfast a little squirrel jumped upon the window-sill, and looked in at the window. I went upstairs and brought Kit down; but the squirrel did not jump down; instead of that he put his nose right against the window, and Kit did the same, and they looked at each other through the glass. So I let Kit out, and they played together for a long while; then I let the squirrel in, and he curled up on my sister's bed and slept until dinner-time.

Your interested little reader,

ALICE BOIT.

---

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Hazle and Bessie Raynor, Kendall Morse, Lucille Owen, Leigh Gibson Newell, Mary Fitzgerald, Myrtie Cantrell, Leila Gifford, Tom Barry, Lidie Hurst Oliver, Edna Mason, Gwendolin Gilen, Dorothy Wells, Marion Polk Angellotti, Eunice Burton, William H. Zinser, Jr., Anna and Katharine Gardiner, Marion Grace Allison.

# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

**MISSING WORDS.** Christmas, chill, hill, rill, ill, still, thrill, mill, achill, shrill.—**RIDDLE.** Cubit.

**HIDDEN GENERALS.** 1. Napoleon. 2. Wellington. 3. Sherman. 4. Raglan. 5. Sheridan. 6. Taylor. 7. Gordon. 8. Grant. 9. Burnside. 10. Hancock.

**PROS. AND CONS.** 1. Progress, congress. 2. Produce, conduce. 3. Protract, contract. 4. Provocation, convocation. 5. Profession, confection. 6. Project, coniect. 7. Product, conduct. 8. Profess, confess. 9. Protest, contest. 10. Profuse, confuse.

**CHARADE.** St. Nicholas.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Centrals, Edison. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Fresh. 2. Order. 3. Swift. 4. Vesta. 5. Sloth. 6. Ounce.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Brooks (Phillips). 1. Butterfly. 2. Rose. 3. Orange. 4. Orchid. 5. King. 6. Star.

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.

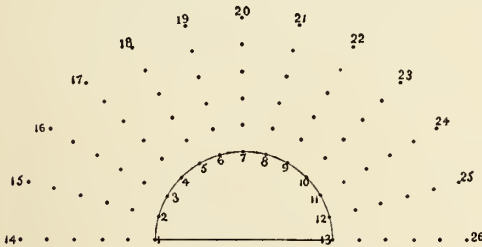
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. McG.—"Buffalo Quartette"—Josephine Sherwood—Stanley and the "Freak"—Louise Ingham Adams—Willoughby B. Dobbs—Katharine S. Doty—H. A. R.—"Four Weeks in Kane"—"Class No. 19"—Paul Reese—"Bessie Thayer and Co."—Tom and Alfred Morewood—Grace Edith Thallon—Two Little Brothers—Paul Rowley—Allid and Adi—Belle Miller Waddell—Nessie and Freddie—"Merry and Co."—Mabel M. Johns—C. D. Lauer and Co.—Sigourney Fay Nininger.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from B. B. B., 1—Frederic Giraud Foster, 2—C. Shreve, 1—Marian J. Homans, 9—William K. Dart, 2—"Anonymous Three," 3—W. L., 9—"The Trio," 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 9—No name, Hackensack, 9—"Brownie Band," 10—"The Kids," 6—"Butterflies," 6—"Three Friends," 2—E. H. R., 8—K. B. E. T., 7—Estelle Feldstein, 9—Theodora B. Dennis, 6—William C. Kerr, 9—Fred Kelsey and Roger Hoyt, 10—Madeleine, Mabel and Henri, 10—Kent Shaffer, 1.

### DIAMOND.

1. In candy. 2. To injure. 3. Virtuous. 4. A company of pilgrims. 5. Uttered in frenzy. 6. A boy. 7. In candy. "CLASS NO. 19."

### "SUN" PUZZLE.



FROM 14 TO 1, twin sons of Jupiter, whose sanctuary was an asylum for runaway slaves; from 15 to 2, the sun-god of Homer; from 16 to 3, a mixture of honey, water, vinegar, and spice, boiled to a syrup; from 17 to 4, one of Dido's names; from 18 to 5, the "Athens of America"; from 19 to 6, in Norse mythology, the dwelling-place of a giant; from 20 to 7, a brilliant Roman general; from 21 to 8, was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 896 A. D.; from 22 to 9, one of the Pleiades; from 23 to 10, daughter of the river-god Cebren; from 24 to 11, an evergreen shrub consecrated to Apollo; from 25 to 12, one of the sons of Demaratus; from 26 to 13, the principal Egyptian god.

From 14 to 26, the sun-god, one of the greatest divinities of the Greeks; from 1 to 13, his birthplace.

M. B. CARY.

### RHOMBOID.

**READING ACROSS:** 1. Celtic minstrels. 2. Virtuous. 3. A kind of cat. 4. Subject to a penalty. 5. A long strip of leather.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."  
KING HENRY VIII. Act III. Sc. 1.

**WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Stand. 2. Taper. 3. Apple. 4. Nella. 5. Dream. II. 1. Horse. 2. Omaha. 3. Razor. 4. Short. 5. Earth.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** I. 1. W. 2. Led. 3. Labor. 4. Webster. 5. Doted. 6. Red. 7. R. II. 1. E. 2. F. R. S. 3. Pesca. 4. Erskine. 5. Scion. 6. Ann. 7. E.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Christmas; finals, Mistletoe. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Custom. 2. Hayti. 3. Restless. 4. Intent. 5. Signal. 6. Thence. 7. Market. 8. Apollo. 9. Shingle.

**DOWNWARD:** 1. In plumber. 2. A verb. 3. A fabulous bird. 4. To fall in drops. 5. Rescues. 6. A solemn season. 7. A seaman. 8. A musical tone. 9. In plumber. FRED KELSEY AND ROGER HOYT.

### A CHRISTMAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. The answer to each question is given in the letters, represented by numbers, which follow it.

1. What is the chilly season when right merry you hope to be?  
27-10-17-12-29-5.
2. And when the Christmas eve is here, what do you long to see?  
7-20-31-10-15-12-2-19-11-12-31-3-26.
3. How do you feel when your tasks are o'er, and the holiday time is here?  
8-16-23-22-28.
4. And what is the lovely emblem of this season of joy and cheer?  
11-12-30-4.
5. What do you hope in your stocking to find in a beautiful, bountiful horn?  
7-21-25-18-24.
6. How do you feel when, with shouts of glee, you welcome the Christmas morn?  
13-29-9-4-24.
7. And what is the day when your friends you meet, with wishes loving and kind?  
17-3-27-6-29-14-9-15-18-1-28.

Now put these letters together, and there our greeting sincere you 'll find.

J. S.

**WORD-SQUARES.**

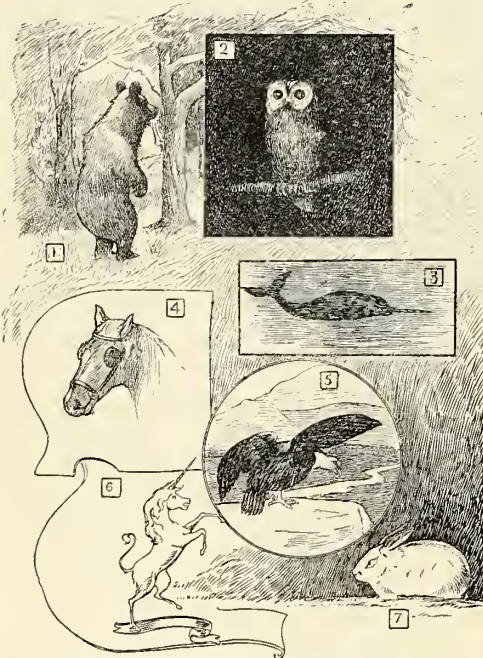
- I. 1. A FRUIT. 2. Comfort. 3. Requests. 4. Repose.  
 II. 1. Small, round masses of lead. 2. Rent. 3. A genus of trees including the olive. 4. A kind of wood.  
 III. 1. A young animal. 2. The century plant. 3. A deep trench around a castle. 4. Wagers.  
 IV. 1. A mound. 2. Surface. 3. Clean. 4. A feminine name.  
 V. 1. A narrow opening. 2. Crippled. 3. An augury. 4. A rude covering. FREDERICK T. KELSEY.

**CHARADE.**

My *first* is very good indeed;  
 You like it with your eggs;  
 My *second* any child will use  
 When he a favor begs.  
 My *whole*,—a word of meaning double,  
 A prince's name who knew great trouble;  
 Also it means a village small,—  
 A few poor dwellings,— that is all.

J. M. JONES.

**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 the name of a famous artist.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and form a couplet from Pope's "Essay on Man."  
 My 35-43-65-26-7-31-62-10 are hanging draperies.  
 My 4-24-2-18-33-57-51-47 is an instrument to measure distance.  
 My 1-63-5-44-27 is a nymph of paradise.  
 My 22-29-66-41 is one alone.  
 My 9-28-23 is a Spanish noble.  
 My 69-67-3-19-53-30 is a wicked person.  
 My

60-64-59 is a tint.  
 My 15-34-56-40 is a season of the year.  
 My 52-46-36 is a small animal.  
 My 50-42-8-38 is an oil-stone.  
 My 11-17-14 is an agricultural implement.  
 My 48-16-61-37 is to believe.  
 My 21-20-6-68 is the inner part.  
 My 32-55-25-45 is to stumble.  
 My 13-54-39-49 is a substance used in brewing.  
 My 58-12 is an exclamation.

HELEN MURPHY.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

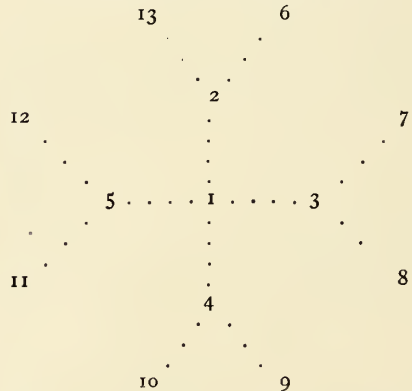
My primals and finals will bring to your mind  
 Two beginnings, the same, yet they differ, you find.

**CROSS-WORDS.**

- Jack took up his music and warbled to Jill,  
 With a jerk in his voice which he thought was a trill.
- He thrummed and he strummed until Jill wondered whether  
 The quavers and crochets had wrangled together.
- He sang of an arrow he 'd shot in the air,  
 Till the shivers ran down to the ends of her hair.
- Then he said: "Duty calls me; it beckons me on";  
 And she answered: "Don't shun it; you ought to be gone."
- Without more ado he departed with speed,  
 Maliciously spurring his dapple-gray steed.
- He crossed the Atlantic, and later Jill heard  
 That he sang to the Prussians and French like a bird.
- And when Kenyon de Ruyter from Europe comes back,  
 Then Jill will need glasses to recognize Jack.

ANNA M. PRATT.

**THE MEETING OF THE WISE.**



FROM 2 to 1, King of Pylos, renowned for his wisdom;  
 3 to 1, a man who was called by Jeffrey "The most Shaksperian of our great divines";  
 4 to 1, a great American statesman;  
 5 to 1, the surname of "Fighting Joe";  
 13 to 2, one of the Seven Sages;  
 6 to 2, a great philosopher of the Elizabethan period;  
 7 to 3, a very famous author;  
 8 to 3, a celebrated satirist and man of letters;  
 9 to 4, the author of the line, "The poetry of earth is never dead";  
 10 to 4, a great Scotch poet;  
 11 to 5, a great American tragedian;  
 12 to 5, the author of our national hymn.

M. B. C.







COASTING IN CENTRAL PARK.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 4.

## HOW "THE BROWNIE" PUT ON WEIGHT.

BY AMBROSE COLLYER DEARBORN.

THERE is a time each year in every academy and college when the students suddenly become amazingly well behaved. It is the time just between Thanksgiving and Christmas. If there are any "old fogies" on the faculty, they are considerably puzzled by this sudden earnestness, but the younger instructors know it is only because the foot-ball season has closed and it is yet too early for ice-polo. So they listen with a smile while ready answers come from all over the lecture-room, instead of "Not prepared, sir," or the hazy answers of the shock-headed eleven who know that they will be warned by the faculty if some sort of a recitation is not ready. This attention to work wears off after the ponds are frozen, and then the boys divide their devotion between books and polo.

At Melden Academy that year, however, there was not the usual reaction after foot-ball. The school polo-team had the year before won the interscholastic cup offered by Harvard; and that year, in addition, Harvard had put up a banner to be played for by the winners of their own league and of Yale's interscholastic league. Stonefield Academy was practically sure of the cup in this last series, and Melden sought revenge upon her ancient rival for the foot-ball defeat in the fall.

So, as soon as foot-ball was over, and long before the skating season was on, the Melden

polo captain every afternoon led a little crowd down to the tennis-court back of the lecture-hall. Here he instructed his men in the fine points of passing, juggling, blocking, and driving, until by the time the season opened they were, as the captain said exultingly, "as hard as nails and twice as sharp." This preliminary practice was a new idea of his own, and he was proud of it.

One of the best features of the game of ice-polo is the fact that weight is of no special advantage to a player. It is the boy who can skate fastest, dodge quickest, and use his brain to the best advantage who makes the best player.

And that is why among the boys who daily passed and drove for goal on the tennis-court were "Big" Marsh, who tipped the gymnasium scales at 188 pounds, and "Brownie" Graham, who stood five feet three on his skates. Marsh could encircle the Brownie's ankle with his thumb and finger.

"Hi, there, Brownie! What do you think you 're doing?" yelled one of his classmates, when he first appeared with his polo-stick.

"Putting on weight," replied the Brownie gravely.

The academy correspondent of a city newspaper had been responsible for this nickname. In one of his articles about the foot-ball eleven he had written: "Graham, '99, who has been

playing quarter on the second eleven, looks like a diminutive Brownie. He is quick and sandy, but his 120 pounds of weight make him too light to be of much use in tackling."

This paragraph met the eye of his elder brother, "Pud" Graham, as he looked over the morning paper in his room at Harvard.

"Little lunatic!" he growled. "'Brownie!' I should say so. Why, the Kid never weighed one hundred and five in his life, and some one has persuaded that newspaper man to push his weight up. I'll soon rout him out of that!" And in disregard of the bell which began to call him to his ten-o'clock lecture, he sat down and wrote a letter which began, "Dear Kid," and ended something like this, "So, as I want to see you live long enough to try for a 'Varsity eleven after you have a little more 'beef' and a good deal more sense, you just get right out of that squad as soon as you can. Don't drop the game, but play it in your own class for a while."

Pud Graham heard no more of his youthful brother until three weeks later, when he received a paper addressed in a sprawly handwriting. It was the *Melden Academy Weekly*, and this item was marked around in ink:

The final game in the Inter-house Foot-ball League was played yesterday between the Berkeley street team and Mrs. Lane's. Berkeley won — 12 to 4. Graham of the Berkeley team broke his nose soon after the second half began, but played out the game.

"Not so bad," said the elder brother, in an indifferent way which could not quite cover his pride, as he tossed the paper over to his roommate. "The Kid has plenty of pluck."

That was exactly what the captain of the Melden eleven said when he heard of it; and, two days later, meeting the Berkeley quarter in the yard with his eyes shining from behind a huge nose-mask, he asked kindly:

"How 's the nose, Graham? Better? That 's good. You get some weight on, and we might have room for you next fall." That last sentence had been food for the Brownie by day and sleep by night; and as his first step in the putting on of weight, he began to try for the polo team.

The captain of the team played first rush, but there were a half-dozen boys who were try-

ing for the position of second rush. By and by, as the pond froze and the team could get its practice on ice, this number was slowly cut down until Marsh and the Brownie were the only survivors to fight it out. The big fellow was not an unusually fast skater, but he was by far the cleverest boy on the pond in "juggling" the ball, and some of his moves in keeping the ball away from the enemy were marvelous. But he was slow in passing and in getting down the surface, whereas the Brownie could skate around even the captain. The younger boy, though, was not so skilful in keeping the ball as his bulky rival, and so honors were about even.

The cup was retained by the Melden team against their rivals in the league, without an effort. The tennis-court practice had pulled the team together amazingly, and they were a month ahead of the other schools in knowledge of the game. The two rival second rushers had equal chances in these games, but at the close of the series the place was still unsettled for the great game with Stonefield, which had now become a certainty.

Three days before the game the captain caught up with the Brownie as the team were walking briskly out to the pond for their regular practice, and said:

"Oh, I guess we 'll give you a show on Saturday, old man. I hear Stonefield's half-back is quick as a cat, and if we make a goal it will have to be on a pass. Marsh would try to poke it in alone, as he always does, and their half-back would get the ball away before he knew what was up." That afternoon the Brownie played as never before.

But Mr. Brooks, one of the young instructors who had taught the team several new tricks, was provoked when he heard of the captain's intention. He was a graduate of Wilmouth, which believes in weight first, last, and always for its teams. He flatly refused to have anything more to do with the team unless Marsh were to play.

"Graham is the cleverest little player I ever saw," he said; "but he can never last through a game against that big Stonefield team. They will just smother him by sheer weight." So the captain, as many school captains have done

before him, gave in against his own judgment, and it was settled that Marsh was to play.

"You 'll see your 'whirligig' go to smash, though," said the captain.

"I 'll risk it," the coach replied, with a rather uneasy laugh.

Now the "whirligig" was the pet trick of the Melden team and the product of Brooks's brain.

the pass accurate and quick, nine times out of ten the first rush could shoot the ball through the unprotected part of the goal before the goal-tend could get back to that side.

It was a clever trick, and the Brownie and the captain played it like clockwork. Marsh was too big to wheel quickly, and in consequence half the time he failed on it.



"THE BALL SHOT FROM HIS STICK IN THROUGH THE GOAL." (SEE PAGE 271.)

It was worked in this way: The second rusher carried the ball down the left-hand side of the surface, while the first rush kept on down the right-hand side. Just before the second rusher came within reach of the opposing half-back's stick he made a feint for a back-hand shot at the goal. This of course brought the half-back and goal-tend over to the left-hand side of the goal to block off the shot. But instead of making the drive, the second rusher wheeled short around as he lifted his stick, and snapped the ball in the same movement over to the first rush, who had taken his place on the right hand of the goal. If the feint was clever and

The noon train on Saturday brought up to Melden the Stonefield team, with a crowd of backers, and also a small group of Harvard men who had come up to see "the boys fight it out." Pud Graham was among them. He went at once to Berkeley street, and there found a very disconsolate small boy curled up in a chair.

"Hullo, Pud!" he called out; "I 'm glad you came up. Oh, say, is n't it tough luck? They 're not going to let me play, after all. Mr. Brooks thinks I 'm too small."

"Never mind, Kid," said his brother, consolingly. "Perhaps that big Marsh will fall over himself and break his neck."

"No such luck!" said the small boy ruefully, as he hunted out his skates. "Let's go over to Commons now, and we can go up to the pond from there."

"Where are your shin-guards?" Pud asked, as they left the house.

"Never wear 'em," the Brownie replied shortly. "Can't move my legs fast enough when they're all tied up."

Two hours later the polo surface of the Melden pond was marked out by a black rectangle of excited boys. The ice was faultless, and the ten players glided over the smooth playing-surface, stamping on their skates to settle them firmly, or now and then kneeling to tighten a loosening strap.

"They'll go at us with a rush," said the Melden captain, as he collected his team a minute before the game began. "We'll have to play a steady and careful game till their spurt is letting up, and then we'll take our turn."

The first half was rather uneventful. As expected, the Stonefield rushers bombarded the Melden goal at long and short range, and after five minutes of fierce scrimmaging the ball dribbled slowly between the stones of the Melden goal, and a wild yell announced the first goal for the visitors.

Three times during the rest of the half the Melden rushers got under way with the ball, three times the captain sang out, "Quickly!" the signal for the "whirligig," and three times Marsh tried the quick feint and whirl, but each time he had hung fire a bit, and in that instant the Stonefield half-back, who proved to be even quicker than a cat, had neatly hooked the ball away and sent it off to one side.

A minute before time was up, however, the Melden center, in defiance of all customs of the game, sailed up to the Stonefield goal entirely alone, and drove with all his might. The ball struck the goal-tend's skate, but by the greatest luck caromed through the goal instead of away, and the score was tied.

The second half had hardly begun when Marsh, who was piloting the ball skilfully up the side, although beset by the two Stonefield rushers, skated too near the crowd. His skate caught in the stick of one of the excited substitutes in the front rank, and he pitched heavily

forward. His forehead struck the skate of one of the Stonefield players, and a red stain appeared upon the ice below his head. A dozen skates began chipping up ice, and an icy bandage was soon around his head; but the bruise upon his forehead swelled so as to close one eye, and when he tried to rise his legs failed him. Even Mr. Brooks saw that Marsh, though not much hurt, could not go on; and the wounded player was made comfortable upon a pile of overcoats.

"Come on, Graham!" sang out the captain.

And then out on the glassy surface glided the Brownie. His round red cheeks were not quite so red as usual, but his eyes were bright, and the broad crimson collar of his sweater flapped confidently up and down on his sturdy little shoulders. His unprotected black legs looked ridiculously small beside the immense padded shin-guards of the rest of the players.

But the Brownie's *début* was not exactly a success. He had been on the surface hardly a minute when an unsuccessful shot of his captain's sent the ball back of the Stonefield goal. The Brownie went to bring it in; but instead of passing it back on the outside, he sent it in his excitement directly through the goal, but in the wrong direction. Now, this is a capital offense in ice-polo; and when five Stonefield voices yelled, "Foul!" the referee allowed the claim.

"Oh, Brownie," groaned the captain, "I'm afraid that's the game!" For by the rules, when the game ends in a tie, the team making the least number of fouls wins.

And now began the hottest playing of the game. Melden was desperate; and the Brownie and his captain flashed up and down the ice, juggling, passing, driving, smashing, following the ball as though tied to it. Time and again they swept down on the opposing goal together, using every trick in their knowledge; but the obstinate Stonefield defense was too much.

Even the "whirligig" failed; for the Stonefield men had learned the signal "Quickly!" and kept their eyes on the captain, disregarding the Brownie's clever feint.

Excitement rose as the half drew near an end. Up and down the surface rushed the ball; but

go where it would, a crimson sweater was near it, and a red-tipped polo-stick was tapping it.

"Two minutes more!" shouted the referee; and for an instant there was a lull. The ball was now near the Melden goal, in the Brownie's possession.

"Now, Brownie, make up for the foul!" squeaked a mite of a first-year boy in the front row, and the crowd laughed. The laugh grew into a roar as the Melden second rush dug his sharp skate-toe into the ice, and was off down the left-hand side of the surface.

Right at his side strained a Stonefield rusher in a vain effort to reach the ball; but as they flew down the surface, neck and neck, the Stonefield center blocked the path, and smashed furiously at the ball.

The stick fell, not on the ball, but on the poor, unpadded shins of the Brownie; for the instant before he had jerked the ball swiftly across the surface to his captain, who was now speeding along with it unmolesated.

"It's our last chance," thought the captain; and as he pushed the ball with long, even strokes he shouted, "Quickly, Brownie, quickly!"

The Brownie never heeded the terrific blow on his shins. With a little spring he cleared the stick, and worked his short legs like mad, with a cry of "Let her come!"

The return pass of the captain across the surface was easy; and now, with the ball dancing ahead of him, the Brownie raced down upon the goal, his little face blazing, his yellow hair flying out beneath his red toque, and the short *clip, clip*, of his skate-blades sending out showers of ice-chips.

The Stonefield team had heard the familiar signal, and were ready for the play. The half-back and goal-tend crouched low, with one eye on the Brownie and the other on the captain, and they edged over a bit to the captain's side. The rushers and center were skating down like mad to intercept the pass.

And now the Brownie was almost at the goal. With a sharp whirl of steel he made his back-hand feint, and wheeled to make the pass. But quick as was his whirl, his eye was quicker, and even as his stick was raised for the pass he saw three men between him and the cap-

tain; but he saw, too, that the goal for about a foot on his side was unguarded.

Hardly realizing what he did, he raised his stick a bit higher, and in the midst of his wheel drove the ball, not to the captain, but hard and quick at the narrow strip of clear ice.

Like a red flash, the ball shot from his stick in through the goal, and the millionth part of a second later the goal-tend's skate came up against the stone of the goal with a vicious click. But he had seen the new move too late. By this time the red ball was speeding merrily over the ice back of the goal, and the Brownie was gliding down the surface on one leg, with his other foot in the air, as high as his head.

The polo captain wanted to hug the Brownie, but instead he went and tried to make the dancing, howling crowd clear the surface. It took him five minutes to do this, but he thought he was lucky to accomplish the task even in that time. The remaining minute and few seconds were played out, of course, and then no one tried to stop the rush of the frantic boys.

"Here, let me have him for a minute, will you, please?" said a man with a business-like voice, as he fought his way to where the Brownie's breath was being pounded out of him by friendly thumps. He was a sketch-artist sent up by the newspaper to get some "breezy bits of the game," and he knew what these were when he saw them.

"I'm not Palmer Cox," he said to the admiring circle of youngsters, as he sketched in rapidly the outlines of the winner of the game, who leaned upon his stick and beamed on the assembly; "but I rather imagine I can make up a neat little bit out of *this* young Brownie."

That evening, in Berkeley street, the Brownie chuckled to himself as he pulled off his stockings.

"Look here, Pud," he said. "What do you think about my putting on weight? Are n't these good for two pounds apiece?" And he stretched out his sturdy legs, each of which was adorned with a black-and-blue lump.

"I don't care about your legs swelling," his brother replied. "It's your head I'm troubled about. You won't be able to put your hat on to-morrow after you read the paper."

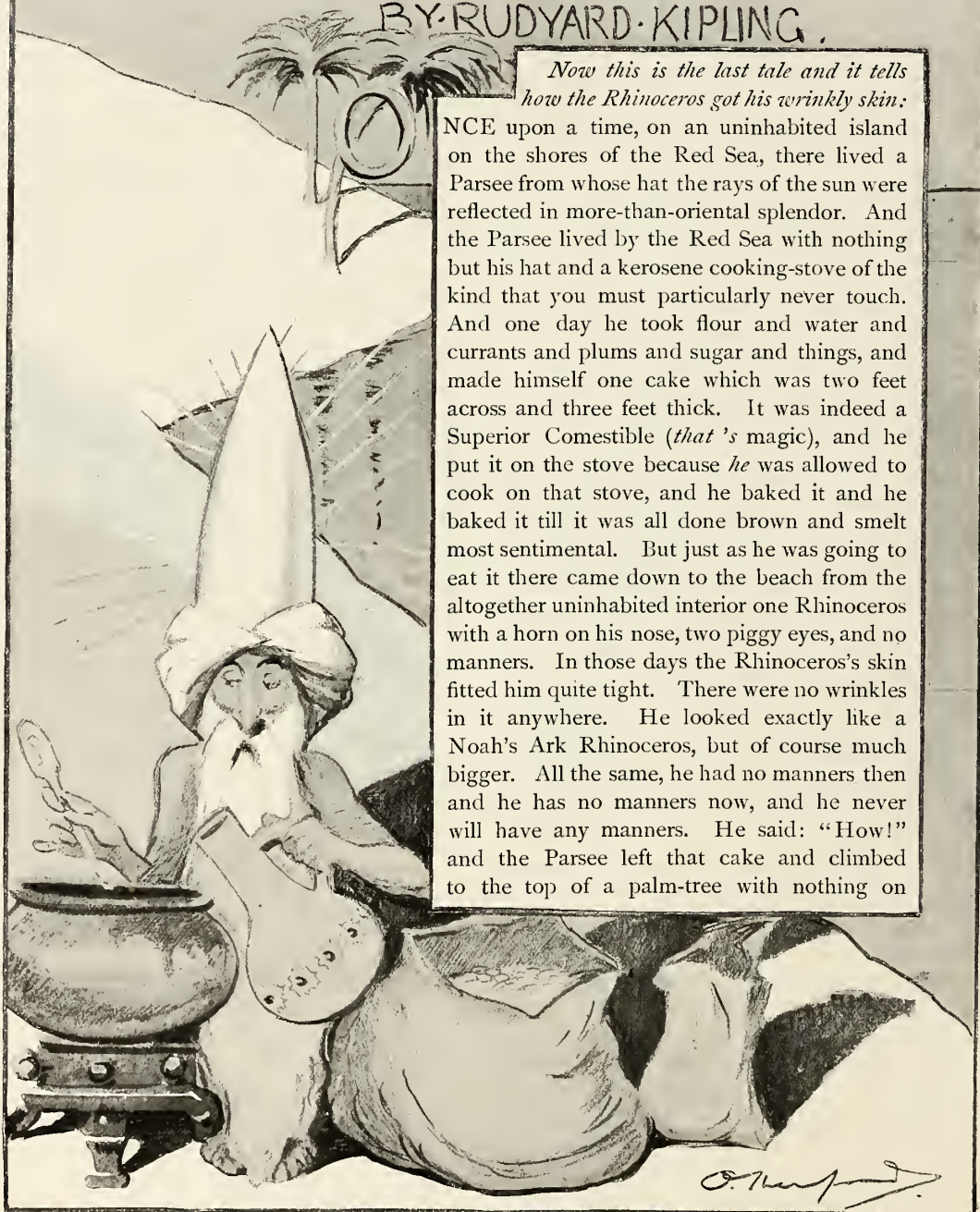
But the Brownie only grinned.

# “Just So” Stories

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Now this is the last tale and it tells how the Rhinoceros got his wrinkly skin:*

NCE upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and a kerosene cooking-stove of the kind that you must particularly never touch. And one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (*that's magic*), and he put it on the stove because *he* was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the altogether uninhabited interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and no manners. In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said: "How!" and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm-tree with nothing on





but his hat from  
always reflected in  
the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake  
rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn on his  
nose, and he ate it and he went away, waving his tail, to the des-  
olate and exclusively uninhabited interior which abuts on the isl-  
ands of Mazanderan, Socotra and the Promontories of the Larger  
Equinox. Then the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and  
put the stove on its legs and recited the following *Sloka* which  
as you have not heard I will now proceed to relate :

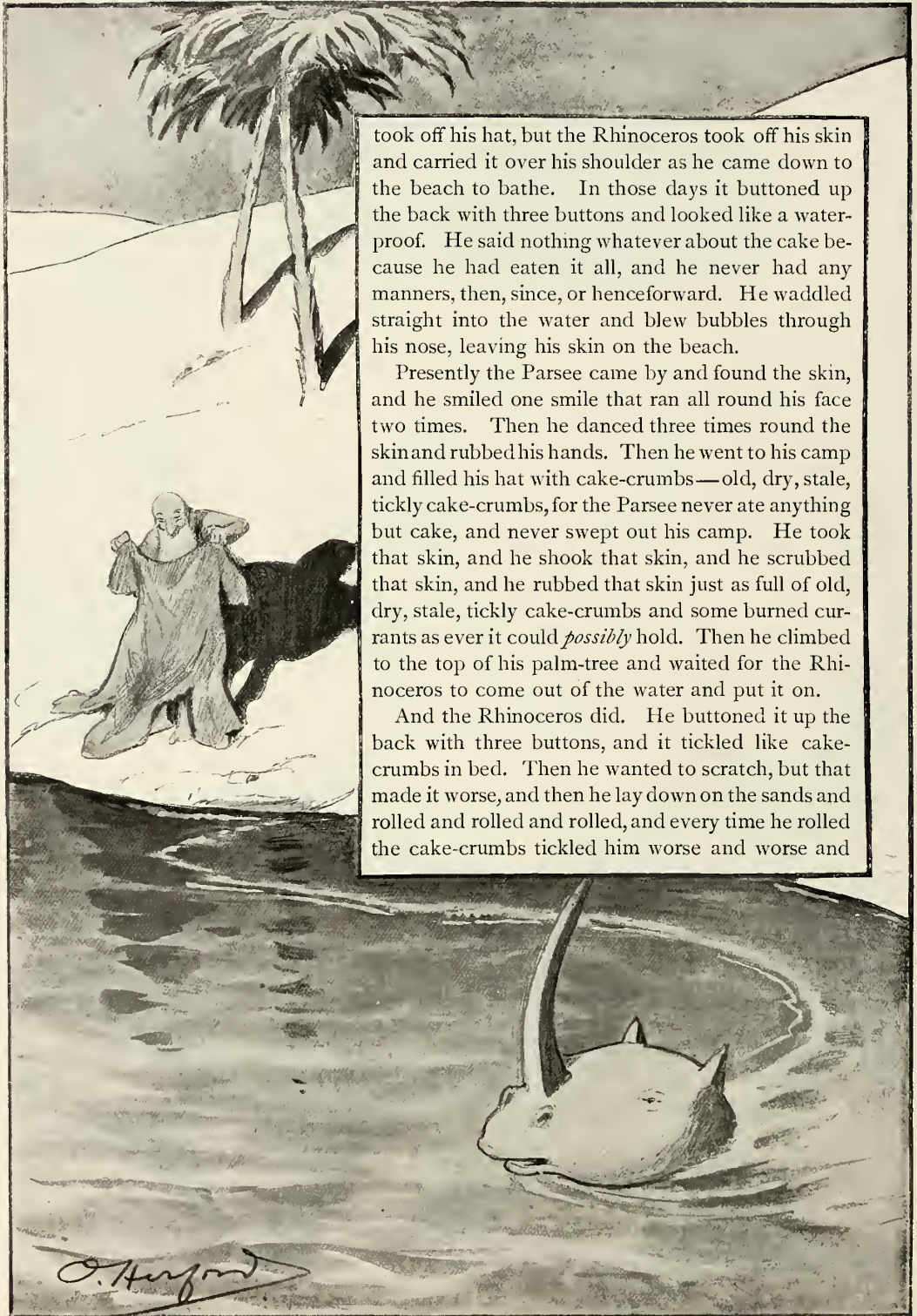
Them that take cakes  
Make dreadful mistakes.

And there was a great deal more in that than would meet the  
Casual Eye !

*Because*, five weeks later, there was a heat-wave in the Red  
Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee



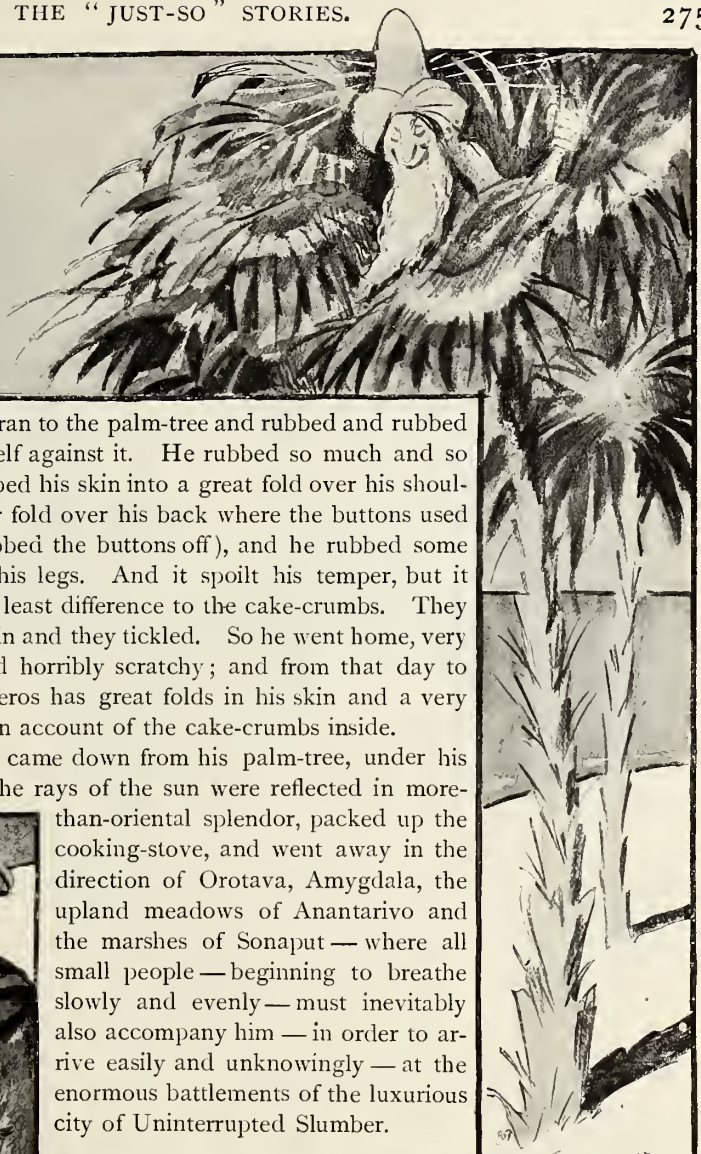
*O. Herford*



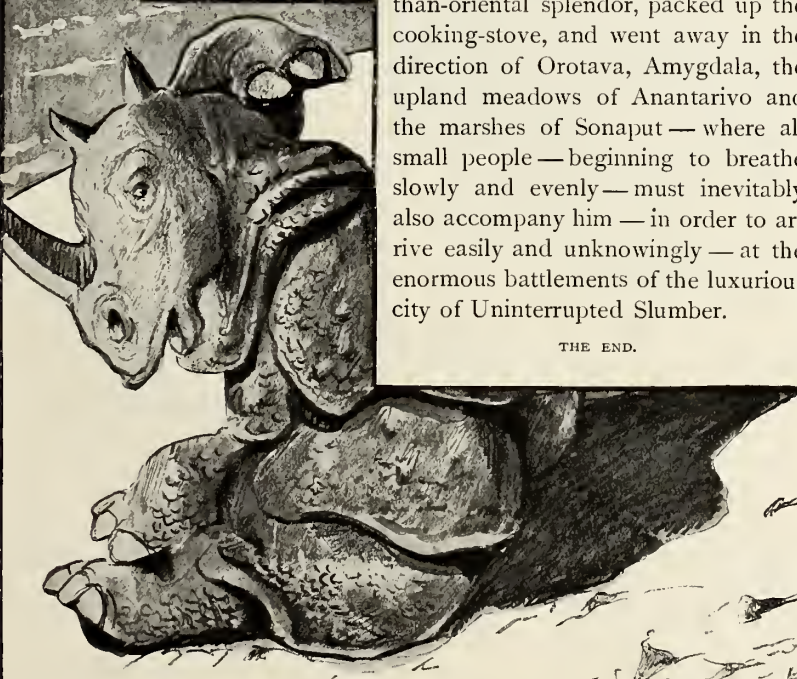
took off his hat, but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned up the back with three buttons and looked like a waterproof. He said nothing whatever about the cake because he had eaten it all, and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He waddled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times round the skin and rubbed his hands. Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs—old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept out his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could *possibly* hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up the back with three buttons, and it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse, and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake-crumbs tickled him worse and worse and



worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold over his back where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoilt his temper, but it did n't make the least difference to the cake-crums. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crums inside.



But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, under his hat from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor, packed up the cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotava, Amygdala, the upland meadows of Anantarivo and the marshes of Sonaput — where all small people — beginning to breathe slowly and evenly — must inevitably also accompany him — in order to arrive easily and unknowingly — at the enormous battlements of the luxurious city of Uninterrupted Slumber.

THE END.

*J. Hanford*



## Rhyme of the King and the Rose

BY ELSIE HILL.



*KEEP closer, closer, little  
brown fawn,  
The quivering fern be-  
tween!  
The King and all his  
gentlemen  
Are clad in hunting-  
green.*

*Cruelly cries the clanging horn,  
While yet the dawn is gray —  
The King and all his gentlemen  
Ride forth to hunt to-day!*

Hard at his heels, behind him there,  
Brave Herluin rode, and bold Guilbert,  
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

Laughing and jesting, swept the train,  
With jingle of stirrup and bridle-rein.  
Tinkle of hawk-bell and tercel-chain.

Blind was the trail they had chanced upon;  
No glimmer of sun through the thick leaves  
shone;  
And their hearts grew chill as they galloped on.

Through the wild New Forest, at break of morn,  
By paths untrodden and ways unworn,  
Went William of England, Norman-born.

“For beware,” quoth one, “what mischiefs dwell  
In lonely dingle and haunted dell,  
Since the Saxon witch cast her evil spell:

“‘Who knoweth,’ she said, ‘no pitying grace,  
Shall find this wood an enchanted place,  
Fatal to him and to all his race!’”

Then a terror settled upon them there,—  
On Herluin brave and bold Guilbert,  
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

Then the King laughed loud: “Yet I’d venture still  
More huts to burn over heath and hill,  
So my good red deer might roam at will!”

But the soul of a king their leader hath:  
“Speak, elfin thing!” he storms in wrath,  
“Why dost thou block our palfrey’s path?”



“‘PRAY YOU, GO BACK AS YOU CAME!’ SHE SAID.”

Scarce had they trembled the boast to hear,  
When his brave horse shuddered, and  
stopped for fear  
Of the cry which smote on his startled ear,

Sweet and shrill as a troubled bird,  
Chilling the hearts of those that heard,  
“Back — oh, back!” came its warning word.

She stepped from the screen of a friendly tree,  
And “No elf am I, fair sir,” said she,  
“But Peter the Plowman’s Margery!”

“Your path leads straight through my garden-  
bed —  
You will trample my roses, white and red.  
Pray you, go back as you came!” she said.

Then swift fear changeth to wonder there  
In Herluin brave and bold Guilbert,  
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

But none dared smile while his master  
frowned:

“How should a garden-bed be found  
Deep in the forest’s gloomy bound?”

“If it please my lord,”—and she curtsied fair,  
While an idle sunbeam wandering there  
Made fairy gold of her Saxon hair,—

“Years ago, when the days were good,  
Many a happy cottage stood  
Here, on the edge of the lovely wood.

“Forests threescore had our lord the King,  
Yet lacked he one more for his pleasuring  
(Truly it seemeth a bitter thing!).

“They burned our homes over moor and fen.  
My father fell with the Hampshire men,  
And my mother died, for sorrowing, then.

“Under her rose-tree’s sheltering shade  
Peter the Plowman found me laid,—  
Oft have I heard it,—a tiny maid.

“And my mother’s roses, year by year,  
Whisper a message none else can hear,  
Save the shy wild creatures that venture near.

“For her sweet sake they grow tall and fine;  
And on Mary-days, for a tender sign,  
They bloom at the convent’s  
sacred shrine.”

The King looked down on her musingly.  
She answered his gaze with a glance as free.  
“Pray you, go back as you came!” said she.

He shook the bird from his royal wrist:  
“Since the Saxon’s curse I yet have missed,  
For the gift of a rose I seal the tryst.”

Where the store of the rose-trees bent them  
low,  
She broke him a branch like drifted snow,  
And fastened it brave at his saddle-bow.

They turned about, and they left her there,  
Sir Herluin brave, and bold Guilbert,  
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

That night King William sat stern and cold;  
But Maud, the Queen,—so the tale is told,—  
Wore an English rose in her girdle’s gold.

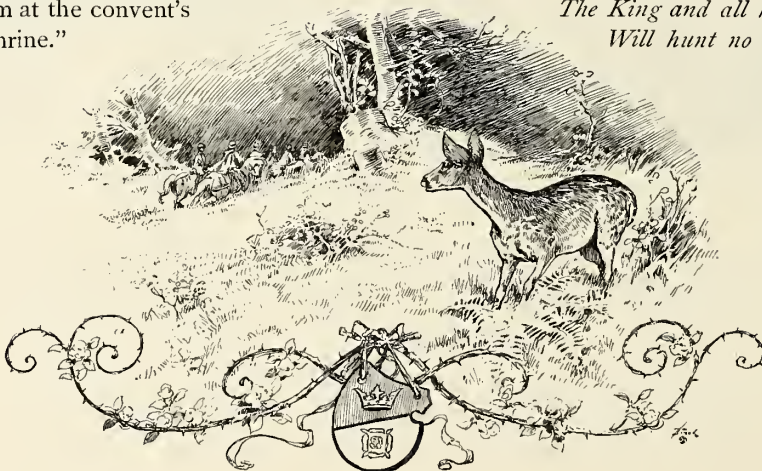
And Taillefer, ere the curfew chime,  
Wove the tale in a courtly rhyme,  
That men might hear, in the after-time,

How the Conqueror great, in joys and woes  
Haughty alike to friends and foes,  
Turned aside for a child’s white rose!

*Now freely, freely, little brown fawn,  
The dim glades thou shalt roam—  
The King and all his gentlemen  
Are winding slowly home.*

*Merrily laughs the silver horn  
Ere yet the dusk is gray—*

*The King and all his gentlemen  
Will hunt no more to-day!*



# THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

[*This series was begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW BARTHOLEMY RESTED HIMSELF.



HERE were full two weeks from the time that Bartholemy began his most adventurous and difficult journey before he reached the little town of Golpho Triste, where, as he had hoped, he found

some of his buccaneer friends. Now that his hardships were over, it might have been supposed that Bartholemy would have given himself a long rest; but this hardy pirate had no desire for a vacation at this time. Instead of being worn out and exhausted, he arrived among his friends vigorous and energetic, and exceedingly anxious to recommence business as soon as possible. He told them of all that had happened, and astonished his piratical friends by asking them to furnish him with a small vessel and about twenty men, in order that he might go back and revenge himself.

To do daring and astounding deeds is part of the business of a pirate, and although it was an uncommonly bold enterprise that Bartholemy contemplated, he secured his vessel and his men, and away he sailed. After a voyage of about eight days, he came in sight of the little seaport town, and, sailing slowly along the coast, he waited until nightfall before entering the harbor.

Anchored at a considerable distance from shore was the great Spanish ship on which he had been a prisoner; the sight of the vessel filled his soul with a savage eagerness to revenge himself.

As the little vessel slowly approached the great ship, the people on board the latter

thought it was a trading-vessel from shore, and allowed it to come alongside, such small craft seldom coming from the sea. But the moment Bartholemy reached the ship, he scrambled up its side almost as rapidly as he had jumped down from it with his two wine-jars a few weeks before; and every one of his crew, leaving their own vessel to take care of itself, scrambled up after him.

Nobody on board was prepared to defend the ship. It was the same old story: resting quietly in a peaceful harbor, what danger had they to expect? As usual, the pirates had everything their own way; they were ready to fight, and the others were not; and they were led by a man who was determined to take that ship without giving even a thought to the ordinary alternative of dying in the attempt. The resistance was not worth mentioning, for there were people on board who did not know what was taking place until the vessel had been captured.

As soon as Bartholemy was master of the great vessel, he gave orders to slip the cable and hoist the sails, for he was anxious to get out of that harbor as quickly as possible. The fight had apparently attracted no attention in the town, but there were ships in the port whose company the bold buccaneer did not desire.

Now indeed was Bartholemy triumphant; the ship he had captured was a finer one and a richer one than that other vessel which had been taken from him. It was loaded with valuable merchandise, and we may here remark that, for some reason or other, all Spanish vessels of that day which were taken by pirates seemed to be richly laden.

If our bold pirate had sung wild pirate songs with his crew in the cabin of the Spanish vessel he had first captured, he now sang wilder songs. If Bartholemy could have communicated his great good fortune to the other buccaneers in the West Indies, there would have been a boom in piracy which would have threatened great dan-

## CHAPTER IX.

A PIRATE AUTHOR.

ger to the honesty and integrity of the sea-faring men of that region. But nobody, not even a pirate, has any way of finding out what is going to happen next; and if Bartholemy had had an idea of the fluctuations which were about to occur in the market in which he had made his investments, he would have been in a great hurry to sell all his stock very much below par. The fluctuations referred to occurred on the ocean, near the island of Pinos, and came in the shape of great storm-waves, which blew the Spanish vessel, with all its rich cargo and its triumphant pirate crew, high up on the cruel rocks, and wrecked it absolutely and utterly. Bartholemy and his men barely managed to get into a little boat and row themselves away.

All the wealth and treasure which had come to them with the capture of that great Spanish vessel, all the power which the possession of that vessel gave them, and all the wild joy which came to them with riches and power, were lost in as short a space of time as it had taken to gain them.

In the way of well-defined and conspicuous ups and downs, few lives have surpassed that of Bartholemy. He had many adventures after the desperate affair in the Bay of Campeachy, but they must all have turned out badly for him, and consequently very fortunately for divers and sundry Spanish vessels; and during the rest of his life he bore the reputation of an unfortunate pirate. He was one of those men whose success seemed to have depended entirely upon his own exertions. If there happened to be the least chance of his doing anything, he generally did it. Spanish cannon, well-armed Spanish crews, manacles, imprisonment, the dangers of the ocean to a man who could not swim, bloodhounds, alligators, wild beasts, awful forests impenetrable to common men,—all were bravely met and triumphed over by Bartholemy. Yet when it came to ordinary good fortune, such as any pirate might expect, Bartholemy the Portuguese found that he had no chance at all. But he was not a common pirate, and was, therefore, obliged to be content with his uncommon career.

He eventually settled in the island of Jamaica, but nobody knows what became of him.

IN the days which we are considering there were all sorts of pirates, some of whom gained much reputation in one way and some in another; but there was one of them who had a disposition different from that of any of his fellows. He was a regular pirate, but it is not likely that he ever did much fighting; for as he took great pride in the brave deeds of the Brethren of the Coast, he would have been sure to tell us of his own if he had ever performed any. He was a mild-mannered man, and although he was a pirate, he eventually laid aside the pistol, the musket, and the cutlass, and took up the pen—a very uncommon weapon for a buccaneer.

This man was John Esquemeling, supposed by some to be a Dutchman, and by others a native of France. He sailed to the West Indies in the year 1666, in the service of the French West Indian Company. He went out as a peaceable clerk, and had no more idea of becoming a pirate than he had of going into literature, although he finally did both.

At that time the French West Indian Company had a colonial establishment on the island of Tortuga, which was principally inhabited, as we have seen before, by buccaneers in all their various grades and stages, from beef-driers to pirates. The French authorities undertook to supply these lawless people with the goods and provisions which they needed, and built store-houses with everything necessary for carrying on the trade. There were plenty of purchasers, for the buccaneers were willing to buy everything which could be brought from Europe. They were fond of good wine, good groceries, good firearms and ammunition, fine cutlasses, and, very often, good clothes in which they could disport themselves when on shore. But they had peculiar customs and manners; and although they were willing to buy as much as the French traders had to sell, they could not be prevailed upon to pay their bills. A pirate is not generally the sort of man who cares to pay his bills. When he gets goods at a store, he wants them charged.

That this was the state of feeling on the island of Tortuga was discovered before very



long by the French mercantile agents, who then applied to the mother-country for assistance in collecting the debts due them; and a body of men, who might be called collectors,

and after a time the work of endeavoring to collect debts from pirates was given up, and as there was no profit in carrying on business in this way, the mercantile agency was also



"IN A SMALL BOAT FILLED WITH SOME OF HIS TRUSTY MEN ROC ROWED QUIETLY INTO THE PORT." (SEE PAGE 284.)

or deputy sheriffs, was sent out to the island. But although these officers were armed with pistols and swords, as well as with authority, they could do nothing against the buccaneers;

given up, and its officials were ordered to sell out everything they had on hand, and to come home. There was, therefore, a sale for which cash payments were demanded, and there was

a great bargain-day on the island of Tortuga. Everything was disposed of: the stock of merchandise on hand, the tables, the desks, the stationery, the bookkeepers, the clerks, and the errand-boys. The living items of the stock on hand were considered to be property and were sold as slaves.

John Esquemeling was bought by one of the French officials who had been left on the island, and he described his new master as a veritable fiend. He was worked hard, half fed, treated cruelly in many ways; and, to add to his misery, his master tantalized him by offering to set him free upon the payment of about three hundred dollars. It might as well have been three million dollars, for he had not a penny.

At last he was so fortunate as to fall sick, and his master, as avaricious as he was cruel, fearing that this creature which he owned might die, sold him to a surgeon as one might sell a sick horse to a veterinary surgeon, on the principle that he might make something by curing him.

His new master treated Esquemeling very well, and after he had taken medicine and food enough to set him upon his legs, and had worked for the surgeon about a year, that kind master offered him his liberty if he would promise, as soon as he could earn the money, to pay one hundred dollars, which would be a fair profit to his owner, who had paid but seventy dollars for him. This offer, of course, Esquemeling accepted with delight; and having made the bargain, he stepped forth upon the warm sands of the island of Tortuga, a free and happy man. But he was as poor as a church mouse. He had nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, and at last he came to the conclusion that there was only one way by which to make a living, and he determined to enter into "the wicked order of pirates or robbers at sea."

It must have been a strange thing for a man accustomed to pens and ink, to yard-sticks and scales, to offer to enroll himself in a company of bloody, big-bearded pirates; but a man must eat, and buccaneering was the only profession open to our ex-clerk. For some reason or other, certainly not on account of his bravery and daring, Esquemeling was very well received by the pirates of Tortuga. Perhaps they liked

him because he was a mild-mannered man, and so different from themselves.

As for Esquemeling himself, he soon came to entertain the highest opinions of his pirate companions. He looked upon the buccaneers who had distinguished themselves, as great heroes; and it must have been extremely gratifying to those savage fellows to tell Esquemeling all the wonderful things they had done. Esquemeling might have earned a salary as a listener.

It was not long before his intense admiration of the buccaneers and their performances began to produce in him the feeling that these great exploits should not be lost to the world; and so he set about writing their lives and adventures.

He remained with the pirates for several years, and during that time worked very industriously getting together material for his history. When he returned to his own country in 1672, he there completed a book which he called, "The Buccaneers of America; or, The True Account of the Most Remarkable Assaults Committed of Late Years upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers, etc. By John Esquemeling, One of the Buccaneers, Who Was Present at Those Tragedies."

From this title it is probable that, in the capacity of reporter, our literary pirate accompanied his comrades on their various voyages and assaults; and although he states he was present at many of "those tragedies," he makes no reference to any deeds of valor or cruelty performed by himself, which shows him to have been a wonderfully conscientious historian. There are persons, however, who doubt his impartiality, because, as he liked the French, he always gave the pirates of that nationality the credit for most of the bravery displayed on their expeditions, and all of the magnanimity and courtesy, if there happened to be any; while the surliness, brutality, and extraordinary wickedness were all ascribed to the English. But be this as it may, Esquemeling's history was a success. It contained a great deal of information regarding buccaneering in general; and most of the stories of pirates which we have already told, and many of the surprising narrations which are to come, have been taken from the book of this buccaneer historian.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE STORY OF ROC THE BRAZILIAN.

HAVING given the history of a very plain and quiet buccaneer who was a reporter and writer, we will pass to the consideration of a regular out-and-out pirate, from whose mast-head would have floated the black flag with its skull and cross-bones if that emblematic piece of bunting had been then in use.

This famous buccaneer was called Roc because he had to have a name, and his own was unknown or suppressed, and "the Brazilian" because he was born in Brazil—though his parents were Dutch.

Unlike most of his fellow-practitioners, he did not gradually become a pirate. From his early youth he never had an intention of being anything else. As soon as he grew to be a man he became one of the buccaneers, and at the first opportunity he joined a pirate crew, and had made but a few voyages when it was perceived by his companions that he was destined to become a most remarkable sea-robber. He was put in command of a ship, and in a very short time after he had set out on his first independent cruise, he fell in with a Spanish ship loaded with silver bullion. Having captured this, he sailed with his prize to Jamaica, which was one of the great resorts of the English buccaneers. There his success delighted the community, and soon he was generally acknowledged as the head pirate of the West Indies.

As for Esquemeling, he simply reveled in the deeds of the great Brazilian desperado. If he had been writing the life and times of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, or Mr. Gladstone, he could not have been more enthusiastic in his praises. And as in "The Arabian Nights" the roc is described as the greatest of birds, so, in the eyes of the buccaneer biographer, this Roc was the greatest of pirates.

This renowned pirate from Brazil must have been a terrible fellow to look at. He was strong and brawny, his face was short and very wide, with high cheek-bones, and his countenance probably resembled that of a pug dog. It was his custom in the day-time to walk about carrying a drawn cutlass resting easily upon his

arm, edge up, very much as a fine gentleman carries his high silk hat.

He was a man who insisted upon being obeyed instantly. But although he was so strict and exacting during the business sessions of his piratical year,—by which I mean when he was cruising around after prizes,—he was very much more disagreeable when he was taking a vacation. On his return to Jamaica from one of his expeditions, it was his habit to give himself some relaxation after the hardships and dangers through which he had passed; and on such occasions, with his cutlass waving high in the air, he would often rush into the street, and take a whack at every one whom he met. As far as was possible the citizens allowed him to have the street to himself, and it was not at all likely that his visits to Jamaica were looked forward to with any eager anticipation.

As we have seen, the hatred of the Spaniards by the buccaneers began very early in the settlement of the West Indies, and in fact it is very likely that if there had been no Spaniards there would never have been any buccaneers; but in all the instances of ferocious enmity toward the Spaniards there has been nothing to equal the feelings of Roc the Brazilian upon that subject. His dislike to everything Spanish arose, he declared, from cruelties which had been practised upon his parents by people of that nation, and his main principle of action throughout all his piratical career seems to have been that there was nothing too bad for a Spaniard. The object of his life was to wage bitter war against Spanish ships and Spanish settlements. He was a typical pirate.

Roc was very successful in his enterprises, and took a great deal of valuable merchandise to Jamaica but although he and his crew were always rich men when they went on shore, they did not remain in that condition very long. The buccaneers of that day were all very extravagant, and, moreover, they were great gamblers, and it was not uncommon for them to lose everything they possessed before they had been on shore a week. Then there was nothing for them to do but to go on board their vessels, and put out to sea in search of some fresh prize. So far Roc's career had not been very different from those of many other com-

panions of the coast, differing from them only in respect to intensity and force; but he was a clever man with ideas, and was able to adapt himself to circumstances.

He was cruising about Campeachy without seeing any craft that were worth capturing when he thought that it would be very well for him to go out on a sort of marine scouting-expedition, and find out whether there were then any Spanish vessels in the bay which were well laden, and which were likely soon to come out. So in a small boat filled with some of his trusty men he rowed quietly into the port to see what he could discover. If he had had Esquemeling with him, and had sent that mild-mannered observer into the harbor to investigate into the state of affairs and come back with a report, it would have been a great deal better for the pirate captain; but he chose to go himself, and he came to grief.

No sooner did the people on the ships lying in the harbor behold a boat approaching with a big-browed, broad-jawed mariner sitting in the stern, and with many more broad-backed mariners than were necessary pulling at the oars, than they gave the alarm. The well-known pirate was recognized, and it was not long before he was captured. Roc must have had a great deal of confidence in his own powers, or perhaps he relied somewhat upon the fear which his very presence evoked. But he made a mistake this time. He had run into the lion's jaws, and the lion closed his teeth upon him.

When the pirate captain and his companions were brought before the governor he made no pretense of putting them upon trial. So Roc and his men were thrown into a dungeon and condemned to be executed.

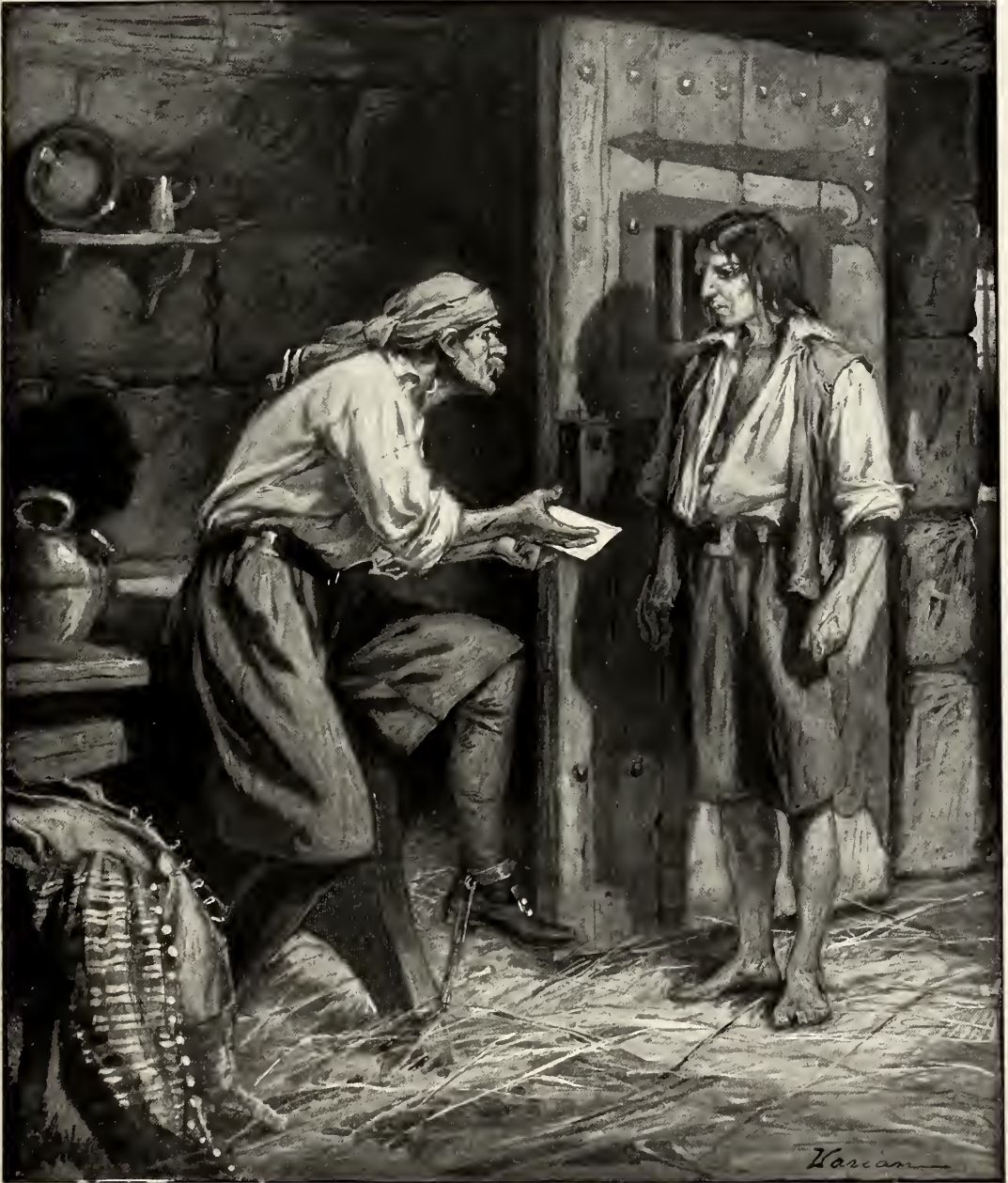
During the time that preparations were going on for making examples of these impertinent pirates, who had dared to enter the port of Campeachy, Roc was racking his brains to find some method of getting out of the terrible scrape into which he had fallen. This was a branch of the business in which a capable pirate was obliged to be proficient; if he could not get himself out of scrapes he could not expect to be successful. In this case there was no chance of disposing of sentinels, or jumping

overboard with a couple of wine-jars for a life-preserver, or of trying any of those ordinary things which pirates were in the habit of doing when escaping from their captors. Roc and his men were in a dungeon on land, inside of a fortress, and if they escaped from this they would find themselves unarmed in the midst of a body of Spanish soldiers. Their stout arms and their stout hearts were of no use to them now, and they were obliged to depend upon their wits, if they had any. Roc had plenty of wit, and he used it well; there was a slave, probably some European who had been made prisoner, who came in to bring him food and drink, and by means of this man the pirate hoped to play a trick upon the governor. He promised the slave that if he would help him,—and he said it would be very easy to do so,—he would give him money enough to buy his freedom and to return to his friends; and this, of course, was a great inducement to the poor fellow, who may have been an Englishman or a Frenchman in good circumstances at home. The slave agreed to the proposals, and the first thing he did was to bring some writing-materials to Roc, who thereupon began the composition of a letter upon which he based all his hopes of life and freedom.

When he was coming into the bay Roc had noticed a large French vessel that was lying at some distance from the town, and he wrote his letter as if it had come from the captain of this ship. In the character of this French captain he addressed his letter to the governor of the town, and in it he stated that he had understood that certain companions of the coast, for whom he had great sympathy,—for the French and the buccaneers were always good friends,—had been captured by the governor, who, he heard, had threatened to execute them.

The French captain, by the hand of Roc, went on to say that if harm should come to these brave men, who had been taken and imprisoned when they were doing no harm to anybody, he would swear, in his most solemn manner, that never, for the rest of his life, would he give quarter to any Spaniard who might fall into his hands, and he moreover threatened that any kind of vengeance which should become possible for the buccaneers and French

united to inflict upon the Spanish ships, or upon the town of Campeachy, should be taken as soon as possible after he should hear of any Roc, the letter was given to him with very particular directions as to what he was to do with it. He was to disguise himself as much as



"WHEN THE SLAVE CAME BACK TO ROC, THE LETTER WAS GIVEN TO HIM WITH VERY PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS."

injury that might be inflicted upon the unfortunate men who were then lying imprisoned in the fortress. When the slave came back to possible, so that he should not be recognized by the people of the place, and then in the night he was to make his way out of the town, and

early in the morning was to return as if he had been walking along the shore of the harbor, when he was to state that he had been put on shore from the French vessel in the offing with a letter which he was ordered to present to the governor.

The slave performed his part of the business very well. The next day, wet and bedraggled from making his way through the weeds and mud of the coast, he presented himself at the fortress with his letter, and when he was allowed to take it to the governor no one suspected that he was a person employed about the place. Having fulfilled his mission, he departed, and when seen again he was the same servant whose business it was to carry food to the prisoners.

The governor read the letter with a disquieted mind; he knew that the French ship, which was lying outside the harbor, was a powerful vessel, and he did not like French ships anyway. The town had once been taken and very badly treated by a little fleet of French and English buccaneers, and he was very anxious that nothing of the kind should happen again.

There was no effective Spanish force in the harbor at that time, and he did not know how many buccaneering vessels might be able to gather together in the bay if it should become known that the great pirate Roc had been put to death in Campeachy.

It was unusual for a prisoner to have powerful friends so near by, and the governor took Roc's case into most earnest consideration. A few hours' reflection was sufficient to convince him that it would be very unsafe to take risks with such a dangerous prize as the pirate Roc, and he determined to get rid of him as soon as possible. He felt himself in the position of a man who has stolen a baby-bear, and who hears through the woods the roar of an approaching parent: to throw away the cub and walk off as though he had no idea there were any bears in that forest would be the inclination of a man so situated; and to get rid of the great pirate without provoking the vengeance of his friends was the natural inclination of the governor.

Now, Roc and his men were treated well,

and having been brought before the governor, were told that in consequence of their having committed no overt act of disorder, they would be set at liberty and shipped to Spain, upon the single condition that they would abandon piracy, and agree to become quiet citizens.

To these terms Roc and his men agreed without argument. They declared they would retire from the buccaneering business, and that nothing would suit them better than to return to the ways of civilization and virtue. There was a ship about to depart for Spain, and on this the governor gave Roc and his men free passage to the other side of the ocean. There is no doubt that our buccaneers would have much preferred to have been put on board the French vessel; but Roc made no suggestion of the kind, knowing how astonished the French captain would be if the governor were to communicate with him on the subject.

On the voyage to Spain, Roc was on his good behavior; and he was a man who knew how to behave very well when it was absolutely necessary; no doubt there must have been many dull days on board ship, but Roc showed himself to be such an able-bodied and willing sailor that the captain allowed him to serve as one of the crew.

Roc knew how to do many things; not only could he fight and rob, but he knew how to turn an honest penny when there was no other way of filling his purse. He had learned among the Indians how to shoot fish with a bow and arrows, and on this voyage across the Atlantic he occupied all his spare time in sitting in the rigging and shooting the fish which disported themselves about the vessel. These fish he sold to the officers; and we are told that in this way he earned no less than five hundred crowns—perhaps that many dollars. If this account is true, fish must have been very costly in those days; but it showed plainly that if Roc had desired to get into an honest business he would have found fish-shooting a profitable occupation. In every way Roc behaved so well that for his sake all his men were treated kindly and allowed many privileges.

But when this party of reformed pirates reached Spain and were allowed to go where

they pleased, they thought no more of the promise they had made to abandon piracy than they thought of the reckless boasts which they had uttered when strolling about on the island of Jamaica.

They had no ship and not enough money to buy one, but as soon as they could manage it they sailed back to the West Indies, and soon found themselves in Jamaica, as bold and as bloody buccaneers as ever.

Not only did Roc cast from him every thought of reformation and a respectable life, but he determined to begin the business of piracy on a grander scale than ever before. He made a compact with an old French buccaneer named Tributor, and with a large company of buccaneers he actually set out to take a town. Having lost everything, our doughty pirate now desired to make a grand strike, and if he could take a town and pillage it of everything valuable it contained, he would make a good fortune in a short time and might retire and be rich thereafter.

The town which Roc and Tributor had determined to attack was Merida, in Yucatan; and although this was a bold and rash undertaking, the two pirates were bold and rash enough for anything. Roc had been a prisoner in Merida, and on account of his knowledge of the town he believed that he and his followers could land upon the coast, and then rush upon the unsuspecting garrison, and having annihilated these, make themselves masters of the place.

But their plans did not work very well; they were discovered after they had landed, by some Indians, who hurried to Merida and gave notice of the approach of the buccaneers. Consequently, when Roc and his companions reached the town they found the garrison prepared for them, cannons loaded, and all the approaches guarded. Still the pirates did not hesitate; they advanced fiercely to the attack, just as they were accustomed to do when they were boarding a Spanish vessel, but they soon found that fighting on land was very different from fighting at sea. In a marine combat it is seldom that a party of boarders is attacked in the rear by the enemy, but on land such methods of warfare should always be expected. Now

Roc and Tributor did not expect anything of the kind, and they were, therefore, greatly dismayed when a party of horsemen from the town, who had made a wide detour through the woods, suddenly charged upon their rear. Between the guns of the garrison and the sabers of the horsemen the buccaneers had a very hard time, and it was not long before they were completely defeated. Tributor and a great many of the pirates were killed or taken, and Roc the Brazilian had a terrible fall.

This most memorable fall occurred in the estimation of John Esquemeling, who knew all about the attack on Merida and who wrote the account of it. But he had never expected to be called upon to record that his great hero, Roc the Brazilian, saved his life, after the utter defeat of himself and his companions, by ignominiously running away. The loyal chronicler had a firm belief in the absolute inability of his hero to fly from danger, and Esquemeling could scarcely believe that Roc had retreated from his enemies, deserted his friends, and turned his back upon the principles which he had always proclaimed.

But this downfall of a hero simply shows that Esquemeling, although he was a member of the piratical body, and was proud to consider himself a buccaneer, did not understand the true nature of a pirate. Under the brutality, the cruelty, the dishonesty, and the recklessness of the sea-robbers of those days, there was nearly always meanness and cowardice. Roc, as we have said in the beginning of this sketch, was a typical pirate; under certain circumstances he showed himself to have all those brave and savage qualities which Esquemeling esteemed and revered, and under other circumstances he showed those other qualities which Esquemeling despised, but which are necessary to make up the true pirate.

The historian John seems to have been very much cut up by the manner in which his favorite hero had rounded off his piratical career, and after that he ignored Roc entirely.

This out-and-out pirate was afterward living in Jamaica, but Esquemeling would have nothing more to do with him, nor with the history of his deeds.



BY CARRIE CLARK NOTTINGHAM.

GRANDMA was going to have a birthday, and Mirabel was thinking. She had her chin propped by her two plump fists, and her elbows rested on her knees. Her fair little forehead was all in a pucker, and between her eyes were two straight up-and-down lines which brought the brows very close together, quite after the fashion of grown folks when they think unpleasant thoughts.

Not that birthdays are unpleasant; by no means. Mirabel always wished that hers would hurry up, and come two or three times in a year, each time attended by a frosted cake and candles, and a present, too.

To receive a present from some one who loves you is a very easy and delightful act. To give one to quite the dearest grandma in all the world is a much more serious matter—a great puzzle, in fact.

Mirabel unclasped one fat fist, and anxiously regarded the two pennies it contained. She

counted them slowly and carefully. Then she turned them over, and counted them again. She studied the Indian's stolid features, stood him on his head, and counted once more. It did n't do a bit of good, however. She had just two pennies, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

No one had told Mirabel that grandma was to have a birthday. Nobody knew that she was old enough to care for any birthday but her own. But she had seen Aunt Dora working, day after day, on a piece of fine white linen with violets sprinkled all over it. And when Aunt Dora had put the very last stitch into the very last flower, and made it look almost as beautiful as the real ones that grow and have a perfume, she had said to mama, "I wonder if mother will like her birthday gift?" And mama had said, "Why, Dora, how could she help it?"

Then she had watched mama pack a neat wooden box with quite the prettiest preserve-



jars imaginable. Her mouth watered when she heard mama telling Aunt Dora what was in them.

Then mama had said:

"I should like to send mother something else for her birthday, but this is the best I can do this time."

And Aunt Dora had exclaimed, "Why, sister, she will be delighted, and very proud of you besides!"

Mirabel wished that she could make grandma delighted and very proud of *her*. But two pennies were so very few. The only thing she could think of that mama ever bought with two cents was a cake of yeast, and of course a cake of yeast would n't do for grandma's birthday.

"I'll just have to tell her that I love her," thought Mirabel, rather sadly. "That 's all that I can do. Mama says that even when people know that we love them, they like to be told about it. I'll spend my two cents for a postage-stamp."

So she asked Aunt Dora to help her with the spelling, and spent nearly all one afternoon "getting her love ready to send to grandma," as she put it.

When her birthday came the postman brought grandma a little letter that made her wipe her eyes several times before she could see to read it all.

"Dear Grandma," it said, "I love you ever so much—bushels and bushels. I wanted to send you something nice for your birthday, but I only had two cents. They would n't buy anything nice enough for my grandma. I can't

make anything pretty, either. I can only tell you that I love you, and spend the pennies for a postage-stamp to send the letter.

"With lots and lots of love and hugs and kisses.  
"MIRABEL."

"Well! well!" said grandma, and her lips trembled a little as she spoke. "Bless the dear child! That's the sweetest thing she could have done."

Grandma was indeed delighted with mama's fine preserves, and proudly arranged them well to the front on the lowest shelf in her preserve-closet.

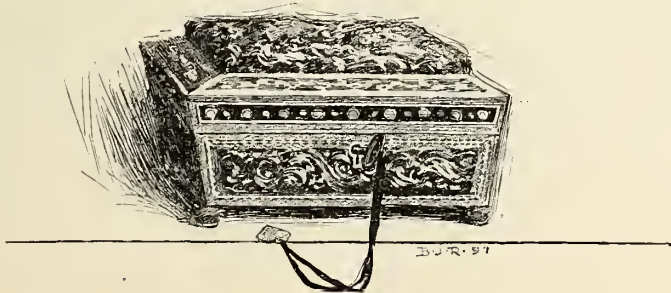
Aunt Dora's beautiful embroidery she carefully laid away with her best table-linen, a sprig of lavender in its folds.

But when it came to finding a place for her third gift,—Mirabel's letter,—she got out the carved sandalwood box.

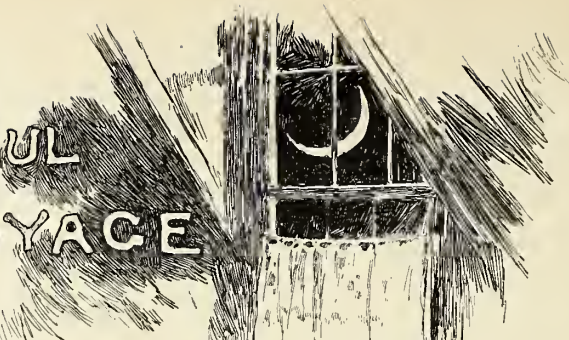
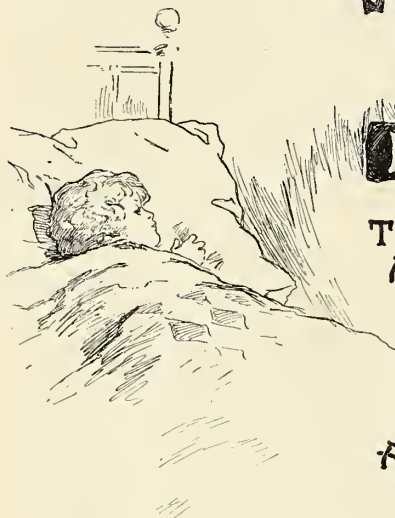
Mirabel would have clapped her hands if she could have seen this; for only grandma's dearest treasures went into that box.

Grandma looked with tender eyes at the faded old letter in which, so many years before, grandpa had asked her to be his wife. She stroked with loving fingers the fair, bright curl which had belonged to her dear little son who had died. She smiled at a tiny bit of sewing, the very first stitches that mama had ever taken. Then she kissed Mirabel's letter, put it in with the other treasures, and safely locked the box.

So one little girl, who thought that she could not do anything at all for grandma's birthday, had sent her grandma the very sweetest gift that she received.

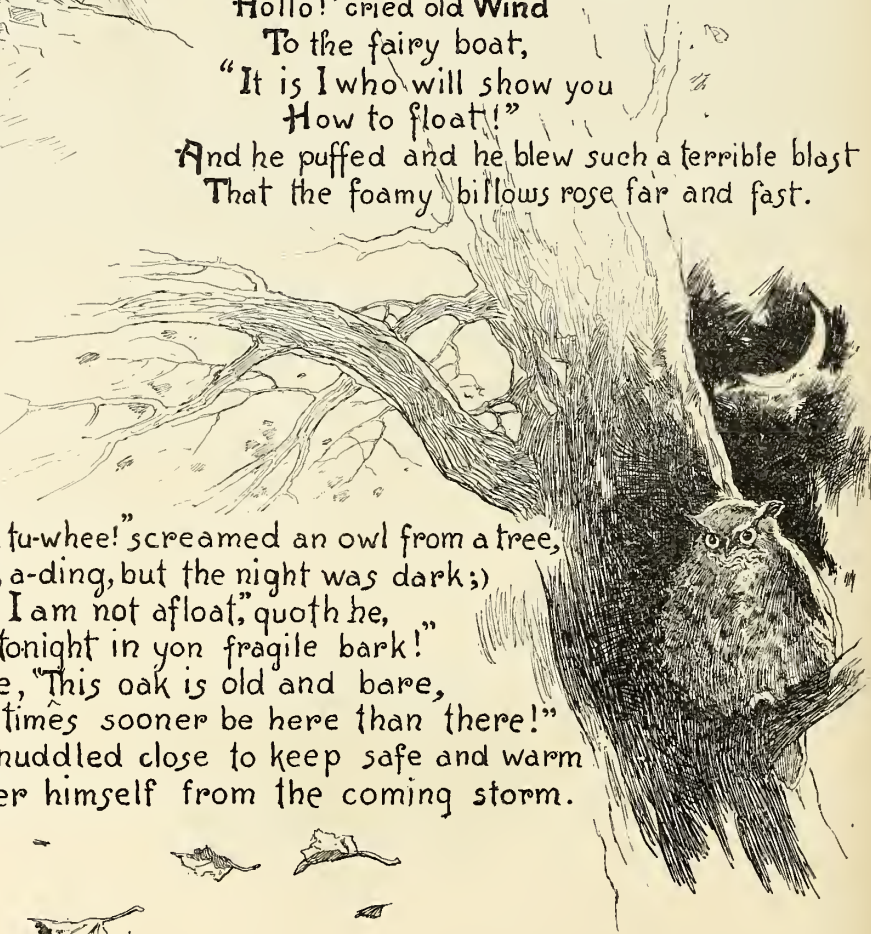


# A WONDERFUL VOYAGE



**I** saw a wonderful voyage last night,—  
(A-ring, a-ding, when the sun went down;)  
The ship was o'gold and glittered bright,  
And a-hey and a-ho it sailed high o'er town.

“Hollo!” cried old Wind  
To the fairy boat,  
“It is I who will show you  
How to float!”  
And he puffed and he blew such a terrible blast  
That the foamy billows rose far and fast.



“Tu-whit, tu-whee!” screamed an owl from a tree,  
(A-ring, a-ding, but the night was dark;)  
“I am glad I am not afloat,” quoth he,  
“Afloat tonight in yon fragile bark!”  
Quoth he, “This oak is old and bare,  
But I'd ten times sooner be here than there!”  
And he huddled close to keep safe and warm  
And shelter himself from the coming storm.

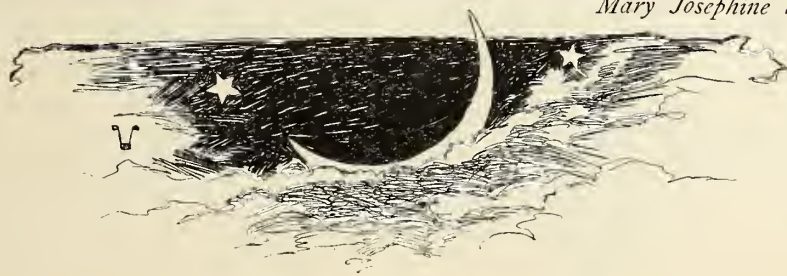
**B**ut the gay little boat sailed merry and brave—  
 Now leaving behind it a track of light,  
 And now sinking deep in the trough of the wave,  
 Till, a-hey and a-ho, it has vanished from sight  
 And I thought as I saw it  
     fall  
         and  
             fall.

Now, surely this is the end of all—  
 That little gold boat can never again  
 Rise to the top of the tempest tossed main!



**W**hen lo! up, up, would she lightly float,  
 (A-ring a-ding, on the waves' high crest)  
 Now, give me a name for this little boat  
 As she plows her way from the east to the west?  
 "A name? It is given, O soon, so soon—  
     For the little gold boat  
     Is the crescent moon,  
 The stormy sea is the wintry sky,  
 And the clouds are the billows mountains high!"

*Mary Josephine Shannon.*



# The Battle of Durley



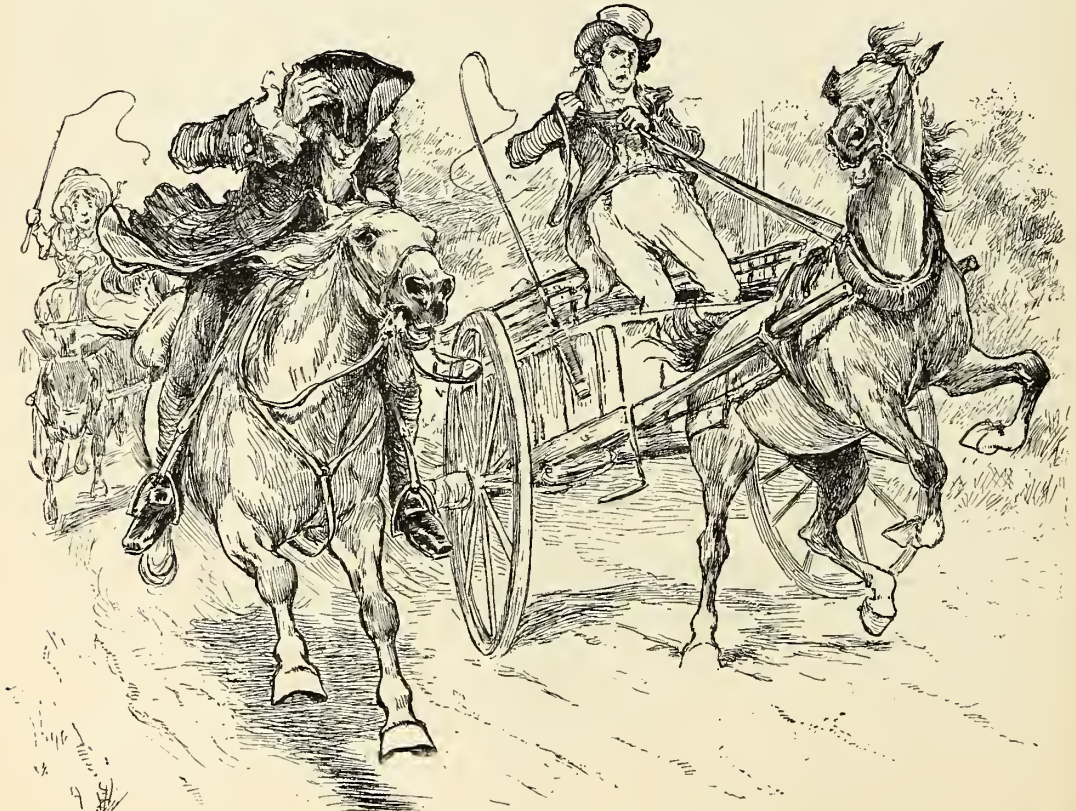
BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

QUOTH Master Merrivein, one morn, unto his wife: "I hear  
The mill on Durley River bank hath been besieged, my dear —"  
"Besieged!" cried Mistress Merrivein. "What news! Oh, lack-a-day!"  
And off she flew to tell the news to Mistress Dolly Gay.

Meanwhile, good Master Merrivein, with not a care or frown,

Whistling, had packed his market-cart and started off for town.  
But nigh half-way, a-gallop, came the doctor and his nag;  
And, hard behind, the donkey-cart of good Dame Featherbag.

Lo! at the crooked turnstile, a-running as for life,  
The fiddler and the blacksmith, the dominie and wife;



"A-GALLOP, CAME THE DOCTOR AND HIS NAG."



"THE DOMINIE AND WIFE."

A-followed  
by the  
shrimp-man,  
who, panting,  
breathless, said:

"There 's fighting up at Durley Town, and  
much blood hath been shed!"

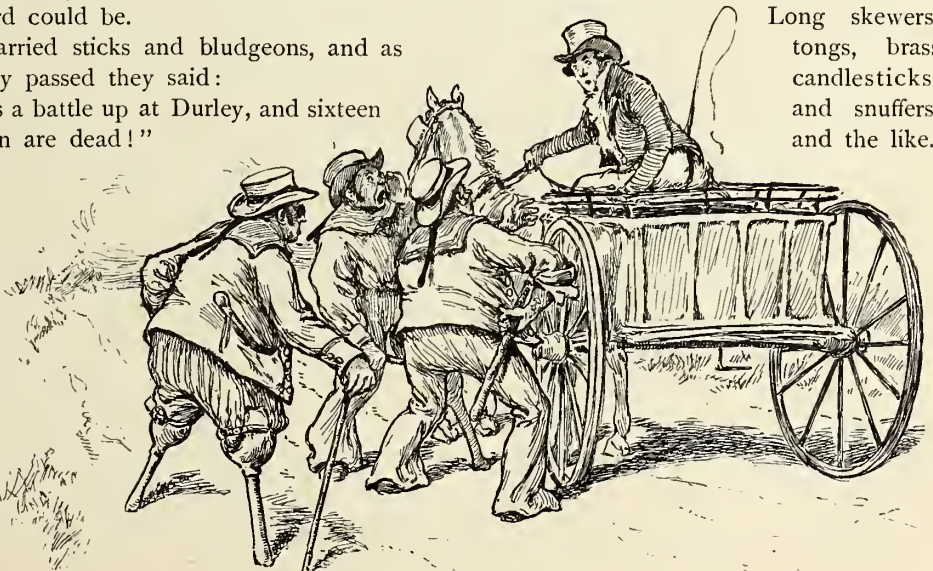
And on the yellow highway he met with  
sailors three,  
A-hobbling up to Durley Town, as hard as  
hard could be.

They carried sticks and bludgeons, and as  
they passed they said:

"There 's a battle up at Durley, and sixteen  
men are dead!"

Upon the bridge the innkeeper was driv-  
ing like the wind,  
And all his family in a cart were coming  
on behind;  
And they flourished warlike implements, all  
threatening to strike—

Long skewers,  
tongs, brass  
candlesticks,  
and snuffers,  
and the like.



"HE MET WITH SAILORS THREE."



“THE INN-KEEPER AND HIS FAMILY.”

And out upon the highway — the strangest  
sight, I ween! —  
A throng of frightened village folk a-march  
from Durley Green,  
Equipped with ancient musketry — equipped  
from toe to crown —  
To battle for their neighbors at beleaguered  
Durley Town.

And they shouted as they hastened by, each  
with a right good will:  
“The soldiers are upon us, and they ’ve fired  
Durley Mill!”  
And lastly came the cannon, with the  
beadle on before;  
And he shouted, “Haste and help us,  
for there ’s going to be a WAR!”



“A THROG OF FRIGHTENED VILLAGE FOLK.”

So away went Master Merrivein, and followed them all down  
 To fight for suffering neighbors at beleaguered Durley Town.  
 But lo! what sight did meet his eyes as he drove round  
 the hill?  
 All peacefully against the skies stood good old Durley Mill!



"AND LASTLY CAME THE CANNON, WITH THE BEADLE ON BEFORE."

And thick about it there was drawn a  
 strange and motley crew,  
 A-talking and a-clamoring, and making a  
 to-do  
 Around the startled miller, who, with coun-  
 tenance benign,  
 Of enemy or bloodshed had seen nor trace  
 nor sign!

And lo! on Master Merrivein they turned,  
 as he drew nigh,  
 And his wife advanced with wrathful mien  
 and anger-flashing eye:  
 "What is this thing you've done, sir! What  
*do* you mean, I say,  
 By telling me that Durley Mill hath been  
 besieged this day?"



“ HIS WIFE ADVANCED WITH WRATHFUL MIEN.”

“ Ay, ay!” cried all the neighbors, and the beadle wagged his head.  
 “ Explain, sir! Ay, explain, sir!” right furiously he said.  
 And kindly Master Merrivein, full wondering, spake he,

While all the birds round Durley Hill listened in every tree:  
 “ I *tried* to tell my wife, good friends,— mayhap she ’ll make it plain,—  
 That Durley Mill ’s besieged *by mice!*”  
 quoth Master Merrivein.







I WONDER if the ST. NICHOLAS readers realize what a story of the vast extent of our country is told by its rivers?

Every variety of river in the world seems to have a cousin in our collection. What other country on the face of the globe affords such an assortment of streams for fishing and boating and swimming and skating — besides having any number of streams on which you can do none of these things? One can hardly imagine rivers like that; but we have them, plenty of them, as you shall see.

As for fishing, the American boy may cast his flies for salmon in the Arctic circle, or angle for sharks under a tropical sun in Florida, without leaving the domain of the American flag. But the fishing-rivers are not the most curious, nor the most instructive as to diversity of climate, soil, and that sort of thing — physical geography, the teacher calls it.

For instance, if you want to get a good idea of what tropical heat and moisture will do for a country, slip your canoe from a Florida steamer into the Ocklawaha River. It is as odd as its name, and appears to be hopelessly undecided as to whether it had better continue in the fish and alligator and drainage business, or devote

itself to raising live-oak and cypress trees, with Spanish moss for mattresses as a side product.

In this fickle-minded state it does a little of all these things, so that when you are really on the river you think you are lost in the woods; and when you actually get lost in the woods, you are quite confident your canoe is at last on the river. This confusion is due to the low, flat country, and the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

To say that such a river overflows its banks would hardly be correct; for that would imply that it was not behaving itself; besides, it has n't any banks — or, at least, very few! The fact is, those peaceful Florida rivers seem to wander pretty much where they like over the pretty peninsula without giving offense; but if Jack Frost takes such a liberty — presto! you should see how the people get after *him* with weather-bulletins and danger-signals and formidable smudges. So the Ocklawaha River and a score of its kind roam through the woods, — or maybe it is the woods that roam through them, — and the moss sways from the live-oaks, and the cypress trees stick their knees up through the water in the oddest way imaginable.

In Florida one may have another odd experi-

ence: a river ride in an ox-cart. Florida rivers are usually shallow, and when the water is high you can travel for miles across country behind oxen, with more or less river under you all the way. There are ancient jokes about Florida steamboats that travel on heavy dews, and use spades for paddle-wheels.

But those of you who have been on its rivers know there is but one Florida, with its bearded oaks and fronded palms; its dusky woods, carpeted with glassy waters; its cypress bays, where lonely cranes pose, silently thoughtful (of stray polliwogs); and its birds of wondrous plumage that rise with startled splash when the noiseless canoe glides down upon their haunts.

Every strange fowl and every hideous reptile, every singular plant and every tangled jungle, will tell the American boy how far he is to the south. Florida is, in fact, his corner of the tropics; and the clear waters of its rivers, stained to brown and wine-color with the juices of a tropical vegetation, will tell him, if he reads nature's book, how different the sandy soil of the South is from the yellow mold of the great Western plains.

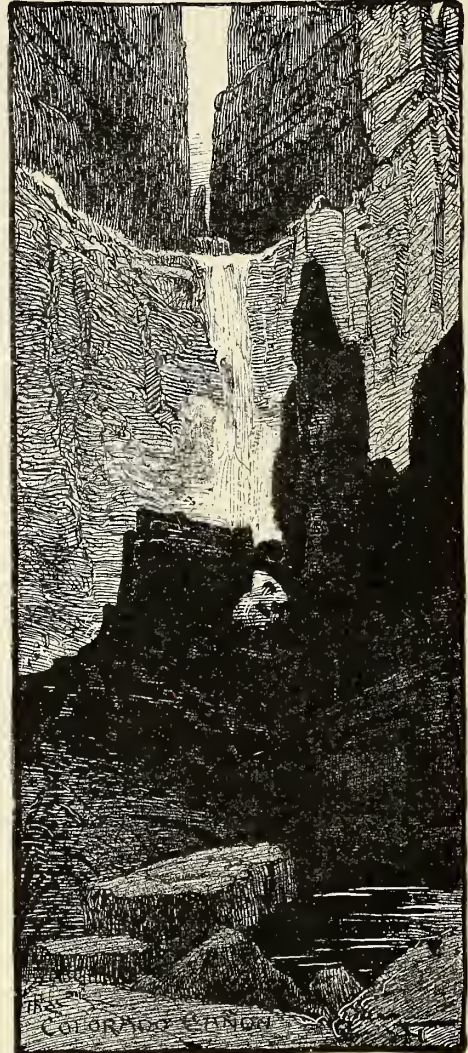
Such a boy hardly need ask the conductor how far west he is if he can catch a glimpse of one of the rivers. All the rivers of the plains are alike full of yellow mud, because the soil of the plains melts at the touch of water. These are our spendthrift rivers, full to the banks at times, but most of the year desperately in need of water. It is only with the greatest effort that they can keep their places in the summer: there is just a scanty thread of water strung along a great, rambling bed of sand, to restrain Dame Nature from revoking their licenses to run and turning them into cattle-ranches.

No wonder that respectable fish refuse to have anything to do with such streams, and refuse tempting offers of free worms, free transportation, and protection from the fatal nets. Fancy trying to raise a family of little fish, and not knowing one day where water is coming from the next!

Not but what there is water enough at times; only, those rivers of the great plains, like the Platte and the Kansas and the Arkansas, are so wasteful of their supply in the spring that by July they are gasping for a shower. So, part

of the year they revel in luxury, and during the rest they go shabby — like shiftless people.

But the irrigation engineers have lately discovered something wonderful about even these despised rivers. During the very driest seasons, when the stream is apparently quite dry, there is still a great body of water running in



the sand. Like a vast sponge, the sand holds the water, yet it flows continually, just as if it were in plain sight, but more slowly of course. The volume may be estimated by the depth and breadth of the sand. One pint of it will hold three quarters of a pint of water. This is called the underground flow, and is peculiar to this

class of rivers. By means of ditches this water may be brought to the surface for irrigation.

Scattered among the foot-hills of the Rockies are rivers still more wilful in their habits. Instead of keeping to their duties in a methodical way, they rush their annual work through in a month or two; then they take long vacations. For months together they carry no water at all; and one may plant and build and live and sleep in their deserted beds—but beware! Without warning, they resume active business. Maybe on a Sunday, or in the middle of the night, a storm-cloud visits the mountains. There is a roar, a tearing, a crashing, and down comes a terrible wall of water, sweeping away houses and barns and people. No fishing, no boating, no swimming, no skating on those treacherous rivers; only surprise and shock and disaster!

So different that they seem to belong in a different world are the great inter-mountain streams, like the Yellowstone and the Colorado.

They flow through landscapes of desolate grandeur, vast expanses compassed by endless mountain-ranges that chill the bright skies with never-melting snows. The countless peaks look down on the clouds, while far below the clouds wind valleys that the sunlight never reaches. Twisting in gloomy dusk through these valleys, a gaping cañon yawns. Peering fearfully into its black, forbidding depths, an echo reaches the ear. It is the fury of a mighty river, so far below that only a sullen roar rises to the light of day. With frightful velocity it rushes through a channel cut during centuries of patience deep into the stubborn rock. Now mad with whirlpools, now silently awful with stretches of green water, that wait to lure the boatman to death, the mighty river rushes darkly through the Grand Colorado Cañon.

No sport, no fun, no frolic there. Here are only awe-inspiring gloom and grandeur, and dangers so hideous that only a handful of men have ever braved them—fewer still survived.

Grandest of American rivers though it is, you will be glad to get away from it to a noble stream like the Columbia, to a headstrong

flood like the Missouri, or an inland sea like the Mississippi; on them at least you can draw a full breath and speak aloud without a feeling that the silent mountains may fall on you or the raging river swallow you up.

In the vast territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean the rivers are fast being harnessed for a work that will one day make the most barren spots fertile. Irrigation is claiming every year more of the flow of Western rivers. Even the tricky old Missouri is contributing somewhat to irrigation, but in the queerest possible way.

With all its other eccentricities, the Missouri River leaks badly; for you know there are leaky rivers as well as leaky boats. The government engineers once measured the flow of the Missouri away up in Montana, and again some hundred miles further down stream. To their surprise, they found that the Missouri, instead of growing bigger down stream, as every rational river should, was actually 20,000 second-feet\* smaller at the lower point.

Now, while 20,000 second-feet could be spared from such a tremendous river, that amount of water makes a considerable stream of itself. Many very celebrated rivers never had so much water in their lives. Hence there was great amazement when the discrepancy was discovered. But of late years Dakota farmers away to the south and east of those points on the Missouri, sinking artesian wells, found immense volumes of water where the geologists said there would n't be any. So it is believed that the farmers have tapped the water leaking from that big hole in the Missouri River away up in Montana; and from these wells they irrigate large tracts of land, and, naturally, they don't want the river-bed mended. Fancy what a blessing it is, when the weather is dry, to have a river boiling out of your well, ready to flow where you want it over the wheat-fields! For of all manner of work that a river can be put to, irrigation is, I think, the most useful. But is n't that a queer way for the Missouri to wander about underneath the ground?

\* The volume of rivers is measured by the number of cubic feet of water flowing past a given point every second. The breadth of the river is multiplied by its average depth, and the ascertained speed of the current gives the number of cubic feet of water flowing by the point of measurement each second. This will explain the term second-feet.



# THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.



[This story was begun in the December number.]

### III.

WHEN Jumbo's head sank beneath the water it did not take him more than twenty minutes to realize that unless he could free himself from the girl's despairing clutches, he would be what the poets call "a goner." He gave a desperate wrench, and tore her arms from about his neck and thrust her away from him. Then he came to the surface, feeling fully fifteen times lighter, and proceeded to scramble for safety. But just as he found a piece of ice strong enough to clamber on, he bethought him of the cowardice of leaving the girl to drown. Without hesitation he dropped back in the water, and in a stroke or two he had swum round behind her. He put his two hands under her arms, and set to treading water violently.

By desperate efforts he managed to keep her head up, though his own sank frequently. He screamed for help until he dared not spend any more of his precious breath, and then fought silently and furiously for life.

For whole long minutes he trampled the water under him as if he were climbing some hateful stairway whose steps slid always away be-

neath him. No one was to be seen anywhere within the rim of the great wheel of the horizon, and at length he was too tired and too weak to struggle any more. He gave up the fight and resigned himself to die, like a man—like a man who gives his life pluckily, trying to save a woman's. He stopped his frantic treading, and let himself sink away as if to sleep. And the water closed triumphantly over his head.

Artemus Ward told once of a man who was put in a dungeon for life; after staying there sixteen weary years a bright idea struck him. He raised the window and got out. Now, Jumbo had skated backward until he was near the shore and right over a long sand-bar. He had trodden water with bent knees, and the fat girl had doubled herself up in a terrified way that had made it all the harder for Jumbo to keep her afloat, heavy as she was. Now, when he yielded to his fate like a philosopher and a hero, and let himself sink, he was surprised to find how soon his feet touched bottom. Instinctively he straightened his knees, and stood upright! And found his head above water! Consequently he was safe. But nevertheless he could n't tell whether he was more delighted or disgusted.



"B. J."



"SAWED-OFF."



"SLEEPY."



"PUNK."



"JUMBO."



"TUG."

When he had straightened the hysterical girl to her feet, he climbed on the ice, and dragged her on it, where it was extra strong. She wanted to stop and have a good cry, but he grabbed her by the hand and started for home on a dead run, hauling her after him. He left her in front of her own gate, when he saw some one coming from the house, and started



"PRETTY."



"BOBBLES."

for his own home and fireside. He was so tired when he got there that he never knew precisely what they did to him.

Then began a procession of doctors, and apothecaries' boys, and friends and nurses, cold baths and hot baths and medicines, till the two in their separate homes almost wished themselves in the lake again.

But they came out of the ordeal without pneumonia, or any of the other things everybody predicted, and took up life again, as before. Only thereafter, the girl, whose name, it is time to tell, was Carrie Shields, appropriated Jumbo for her very own; and he decided that if the girl was worth risking life for, she must be a pretty fine girl. Besides, he felt very much at home in her company, because her size reminded him of the size of his sworn chum, Sawed-Off.

## IV.

JUST as Jumbo was restored to his friends, several cases of diphtheria made their appearance in the High School, and the School Board decided it prudent to discontinue the sessions and grant a vacation of at least a week. Fond as I am of these twelve young gentlemen, I cannot so stretch the truth as to say that any of them were sorry for the vacation, except possibly History, who shone chiefly in the school-room. The rest of them would probably

have given three cheers if the school-house had burned down.

Saturday morning the Dozen drifted together, and began to wonder what they were going to do with all of their spare time.

"I move we go strawberry-picking," said Sawed-Off.

Pretty, who was always scheming to bring girls into the pastimes of the Twelve, proposed a moonlight sleigh-ride.

"But we can't stay sleigh-riding for a week," said Punk. "We might begin with a snow fort."

"Oh, we don't want any of those baby sports," said B. J. "I'd just as lief skip rope as play those!"

"Baby sports, eh?" said Reddy. "Well, if you'd hear my father argue with my uncle about Fort Donelson and Vicksburg, you would n't think taking a fort was any child's play."

"You see my—our dad," said Heady, "was a Union man, and my—our uncle was a Johnny Reb."

Then Tug broke in: "Well, if we could have something like a real battle—"

"Why not?" said Reddy and his brother with one voice. "Dad and uncle could coach us."

"The two sides ought to be evenly matched," said Punk. "How would it do to have the twins command opposite sides as rival captains?"



"HIST'RY."



"QUIZ."

"Great scheme!" the rest shouted, and the twins were elected on the spot.

After a deal of talking and wrangling, it was decided that they should go about the matter in an elaborate manner that would make the battle one worth remembering. They tossed up a penny, and it decided that Heady should command the fort and build it wherever he

pleased, and take two days for building it; that the war should open Wednesday morning, and that if the fort were not captured by Saturday noon, Heady should be granted the victory.

It was decided that the twins should be called generals, that each of the remaining ten should be a colonel, and should have the power to recruit no more than ten men from the rest of the school to serve under him. They had no difficulty in recruiting men from the school, and two armies were soon in the field, forty privates on one side and sixty on the other. This made quite a lively battle out of it, and one such as had never been seen in Lakerim before.

Reddy was to have six colonels, and his brother only four; but the brother was to have the first choice. He chose Tug; then Reddy chose Punk. Then his brother chose Bobbles, and Reddy chose Jumbo. Sawed-Off being picked out next, Reddy took B. J. Heady chose Quiz, and Reddy, Pretty. This left Sleepy and History to Reddy, but he chose Sleepy as the lesser of two evils, and offered to present History to the other side. Heady said that History had good hands for making snowballs, and accepted him.

A wail went up from Jumbo and Sawed-Off, who did not want to be on opposite sides; they threatened not to fight at all, or to fight then and there. Heady declined to have Sawed-Off outside the fort, for fear he would reach over the walls and capture it alone; so a compromise was finally made after a terrible dispute, and Heady traded Tug for Jumbo.

Now there was another quarrel about the choice of flags; both of the generals wanted the American flag, and neither would take any other; so History finally suggested that they use two Revolutionary emblems, one with a pine-tree and one with a rattlesnake. Heady chose the former as appropriate for a fort, and girl friends were only too glad to make the two standards. The roster of officers then was as follows:

<i>General Reddy.</i>	<i>General Heady.</i>
Brigadier Tug.	Colonel Bobbles.
Colonel Punk.	“ Sawed-Off.
“ B. J.	“ Jumbo.
“ Pretty.	“ Quiz.
“ Sleepy.	History, Orderly.

Colonel Tug commanded two regiments of ten men each; for, while Reddy presented his brother with History, he did not present him with the ten men. So Tug was really a brigadier-general, and History was not even a corporal. But Heady made him his orderly, and he was not enough interested in what he called their childishness to be dissatisfied.

Early one morning, Heady and Bobbles sneaked off into the woods to find a good place for a fort. An ideal spot was at length discovered. Back of a thick grove was a ravine, through which ran a little brook. The bank of this was steep and gullied. A rail fence ran about the top of the crest; beyond this was a steep mound known as the Hawk's Nest. It ended at a long cliff that went almost straight down to the lake below. This height, indeed, was much like the half of a gigantic chocolate drop cut in two from top to bottom.

Heady and Bobbles went home in a round-about way, and told no one of their discovery.

Monday morning, after breakfast, the army that was to build and defend Fort Lakerim formed in line and marched in good order in a direction directly opposite to their real destination. Reddy was too busy collecting his men and whipping them into shape to pay any heed for the moment to the movements of Heady. By the time he got round to it, the army of defense had disappeared to the westward.

Heady led his fearless men by a long détour round to the chosen battleground. Both he and Reddy had almost questioned the lives out of their uncle and father, and had learned many things of value. When Heady entered the grove in front of the Hawk's Nest, he scattered through the woods a few men for picket duty. He led the rest of his forces across the little brook, which was frozen, up the gully, and through the fence. And now he set about the task of building the fort.

While it is not now considered a good plan to build a star-shaped fort, Heady realized that a battle with snowballs is very different from a war with artillery and other deadly weapons. So he built his fort in the shape of half a star; in front of it he threw up three redans, A, B, and C, and he reinforced the rail

fence in certain spots with a light wall of snow. The walls of the fort and the redans were made as high as was convenient for throwing. They were packed hard with spades, and at night water was brought from the brook by a bucket-brigade, and poured over them, so that on Wednesday morning they were frozen into a very respectable kind of masonry.

Realizing that one of the advantages of a snow battle is in having unlimited ammunition all about your feet, Heady had his men roll what snow was left on the mound, after the building of the fortifications, into the fort, where it was piled into an enormous pyramid. In this way he proved himself a good general, according to two great principles of war, which are: first, to provide and protect your own supplies; and second, to hinder the enemy in the matter of his.

The ground was too hard for digging trenches; the mound, in fact, was no more than rock with a thin covering of turf. To allow the walls of the fort to be as high as possible, Heady built a platform of stones, picked up off the field, all around their inside. In this way it was possible to make them higher than the heads of any attacking party.

There was in the fort a gate taken bodily from a rail-fence some distance away, and protected with sharp branches and sticks until it was a regular *chevaux-de-frise*. About the front of the fort Heady intended to build an abatis of logs and sharp-pointed brush; but fearing that the enemy might find it of more use than hindrance, he decided not to build it.

Inside the fort he had a number of huge snowballs, and provided for them little inclined railroads of saplings, upon which they could be rolled up to the walls and tipped over upon the heads of the enemy. He had a number of men at work making great heaps of snowballs, which he stored in pyramids in the redans and in the fort. And he provided himself with a number of ice-cream scoops, which could be dug into the snow pyramids, bringing out just a good handful which, with one quick pat, could be made into a ball of fine possibilities.

The three redans were so placed as to command the approach to the mound, and they were too far from the fort to be of use as

counter-forts for the enemy if they were captured.

Monday evening Heady led his weary men home by the same roundabout way, and dismissed them for the night. Tuesday morning early they met, formed in line, and returned to the field secretly. By Tuesday night everything was ready for a stubborn defense.

Reddy was so busy drilling his men that he did not feel able to send out any scouts upon a reconnoissance until Tuesday afternoon. These men followed the footprints of Heady's army, and after a long, roundabout chase finally came upon the picket-line in the woods, but were driven away before they could make any discoveries of value, or get even a glimpse of the fort.

Reddy instructed his men in marching and countermarching, training them principally in open-order drill, teaching them to assemble upon their colonel at the command, and rally quickly about him at the signal. The movements by the right and left flank, "column left" and "right," "to the rear — march!" and "fours right" and "left," were about all the movements necessary. The men were trained to do all these in double, as well as in quick, time.

He gave his men good practice, too, in throwing at a mark, and taught them to answer promptly and in unison to the three commands, "load!" (which meant make a snowball), "ready!" and "fire!" Each man was directed to provide himself with a lunch-pouch, a canteen of cold tea, and a large bag, like a newsboy's, for ammunition.

Reddy thought he would telegraph for one or two baseball-pitching machines, and use them as artillery, and his brother agreed to this when they talked it over at home on Monday night, and decided that he would have a couple himself. But the father and the uncle objected, and the plan was dropped.

Early Wednesday morning, Heady's men entered their fort, and erected in the center of the parapet the flag of the pine-tree. They brought their lunches along. Their war-cry was "Rah, rah, rah! — Steady!" Reddy's battle-cry was "Hurrah, hurrah! — Ready!"

At eleven o'clock Reddy's scouts were halted

by Heady's picket-line in the woods. The advance guard came up; there was a short skirmish, and the pickets fell back. A brief stand was made at the brook, and then Heady withdrew his men behind the rail-fence, or the "outworks," as he called it.

Reddy made charge after charge up to the rail-fence, but Heady had drilled his men to throw hard and straight till the snowballs in their bags were exhausted, and then to drop back and refill them while the reserve men in the rear rushed forward with fresh ammunition. So he resisted all the charges.

Reddy sent his men up, all along the line, only to see them driven back. He concentrated his attack on various spots, but owing to the difficulty of throwing when the men were crowded together, he found that this only gave the enemy a target they could not miss.

It was a steep climb up the embankment, and the men had to retire and rest long between charges, for there was nothing for them to lie down behind. But at length, at about five o'clock, he led a furious assault in person. He found the enemy's available ammunition almost exhausted; he called up his reserves, and these were too much for Heady's men. They did great execution with their last few snowballs, but could not stand the pelting of Reddy's soldiers; and finally, in spite of Heady's exhortations, broke and sought refuge in the redans.

By the time Reddy's men had clambered over the fence, Heady's men had climbed the gullies and were safely ensconced behind snow fortifications which Reddy saw it was of no use to attack with weary troops. So he sent forward Colonel Sleepy with a flag of truce and a proposal for an armistice. He could not have chosen a more convincing man to carry a message asking for a rest, and the opposing general rejoiced the Colonel's heart by agreeing to the armistice.

The two armies marched home in good order, all except a few unhappy wretches who were left as sentinels to protect the fort until ten o'clock. They did n't particularly enjoy the prospect, but being threatened with court-martial, decided to stay. It was well they did, for two of the privates of Reddy's army, without asking Reddy's permission, sneaked back

after dark, intending to punch a few holes in the fort and pitch the great pyramid of ammunition over the precipice. But they were captured by the sentinels, who felt inclined to hang the spies on one of the pine-trees, but decided to run them downhill instead. And the two guerillas limped home — "foiled again," as one of B. J.'s heroes would have said.

Thursday morning a big crowd of townspeople came to see the famous battle; they stood just outside the woods on the other side of the brook, and watched with great interest and in perfect safety a first attempt Reddy's men made to climb the ravine and gain a foothold at the top. But the bullets from the redans fell in a merciless shower, and one particularly promising assault was met with a gigantic snowball that came crashing down, caught Colonel Punk's regiment on the flank and bowled it over like a house of cards. The regiment picked itself up at the bottom of the gully, and retired to get the snow out of the back of its neck.

Hard was the battle before those redans, and many a noble scramble up ended only in an ignoble tumble down. The mortality was frightful, and the tearing of clothes and the bruising of hands sickening to see. At half-past five the defenders proposed an armistice for the night, but Reddy was so furious over his failure to gain ground all day that he refused to respect any flag of truce, and used language very unbecoming in a correspondence between two famous generals. He wrote on a piece of paper torn from a composition-book:

"My terms are unconditional surrender. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes me all night."

History told Heady at the council of war that he did not believe those words were entirely original with Reddy. He thought that General Jackson had sent them to General Braddock at the battle of Gettysburg. But Heady said he did n't care where Reddy got the words; he would treat them with scorn if they had been written by George Washington.

Indeed, he stepped on the angle of the central redan and hurled a loud defiance at Reddy. He borrowed most of it from one of the recitations he frequently delivered Friday afternoons,





REDDY'S FORCES MAKING AN ATTACK UPON THE FORT COMMANDED BY HEADY.

but it was none the less effective for its familiarity. But when the audience broke out in applause, it reminded him of his usual stage fright, and he dropped out of view in great embarrassment.

There are many different kinds of fear, however, and his was for anything but battle. He told his undaunted men that they were to sup on the remnants of their midday rations, and they acquiesced with good grace, though they wished they had eaten less voraciously at one o'clock, and had not thrown so many crumbs over the cliff.

The moon was well up that night before the sun was well down, and the battle was soon resumed.

After one or two futile assaults, Reddy concentrated on the redan on the extreme left (A). In the darkness he was able to send a strong detachment by a roundabout route up to a height where he could make a flank attack on the redan, which of course offered the defenders no protection except from the front. The soldiers in redan A were taken completely by surprise, and their commander, Colonel Quiz, could not hold them.

Heady saw with chagrin that Reddy had turned his flank, and that he could not long hold his position. But he contested every inch of the ground, until he saw himself in danger of being surrounded and cut off from his fort.

After his brother's army had retreated in good order to the fort, however, Reddy found himself at the top of the hill without ammunition. What missiles had fallen into his hands were not enough to supply his men; and finding that the builders of the fort had swept the mound so clean of snow that he could forage no ammunition there, he was unable to press his advantage, much as he desired to make a quick assault on the fort at a time when the enemy were in confusion and could hardly be suitably assigned to their posts to protect the walls. The redans were made of snow frozen too hard to yield to the fingers of his men, and he was forced to propose a cessation of hostilities till the next day.

You, with all your generalship, have doubtless noted a very foolish blunder on Reddy's

part; when he flanked redan A, he should, of course, have swooped down on the unprotected fort at once. The capture would have been easy. But Reddy's motto was that of General Grant, to find the enemy and fight him. It simply never occurred to him that he could take the fort with one rush. But the greatest of generals have made blunders as bad as that of these two warriors.

Had Heady known how nearly unarmed the assaulting army was, he would have made a furious sortie from the fort, with the pouches of his men reloaded from the reserve supply inside; but the moonlight was too indistinct for him to make out the condition of the opposing hosts, and his men were so cold, hungry, and tired that he accepted the armistice without parley.

The long day's fighting had so exhausted the officers and men that almost all of them overslept the next morning; and while Reddy was up bright and early, he could not get his men into line before half-past one Friday afternoon. Heady's forces made no better showing.

When Reddy's army moved out to take its place just inside the captured redans, it brought along several wheelbarrows full of snowballs, and a number of spades. Reddy detailed some men to chip the redans with the spades; to make balls of ice out of the frozen part, and ordinary ammunition out of the softer snow inside. To fight with these ice-balls was hardly fair; but while one or two of Heady's men were scratched with them, they shot them back with interest, and, being protected by the walls, inflicted so much damage on Reddy's men that Reddy soon gave orders to use no more such boomerangs on the enemy.

After some cautious feeling of the way and several attempts to draw out a heavy fire from the fort on a few skirmishers, Reddy saw that his brother had provided too much ammunition to be much weakened by such manoeuvres.

The commander of the fort viewed with grief the demolition of the redans he had built with so much pains, and sent out a strong force under the command of Jumbo and Sawed-Off. But Reddy had a presence of mind like Hanni-

bal's, and ordered his right wing to fall back. This deluded the two colonels into thinking they were winning an easy victory, when, to their amazement and horror, they saw Reddy's left wing sweeping round to cut them off at the rear.

Colonel Sawed-Off gave the quick command, "To the rear—march! Double time!" but met the brunt of the onset before he could get inside the walls.

He saw Jumbo slip and fall, and three of the enemy pounce on him to drag him away. Sawed-Off leaped for them, sent them sprawling, and, laying hold of Jumbo, fought his way single-handed through the enemy with his right fist, and managed to drag his chum inside the gate of the fort just before it closed with a snap.

Half of the two companies that had made the brilliant attack were left as prisoners in the enemy's hands. The defenders' forces were thus reduced to thirty privates.

Heady now felt justified in ordering two or three of his most accurate sharpshooters to keep their eye on General Reddy, and to pick him off, if possible. In consequence, when General Reddy led a fiery charge against the fort, a snowball took him in the left eye; and before he could see what had struck him, another snowball closed his right optic, and he fell over backward, and was dragged to safety by his panic-stricken followers.

This infuriated him so much that as soon as he could see daylight again, he said a few fiery words to his men, and ordered a grand movement on the works. He was speechless with rage when he had the same eye-closing operation worked on him again, and found himself blinded at the very foot of the enemy's walls. Worse yet, when he came to his senses back in the redan, they told him that one of his men had perished nobly on the field of honor.

Colonel Sleepy had brought his men up to the right angle of the fort, and was too lazy to retreat, preferring to stay there and fight his way over the walls; but just as he had some chance of scaling them, a gigantic snowball loomed up and fell on him. When the two of them struck ground it was hard to tell which was which. There was not much of Sleepy to

be seen but a hand and a nose and a foot or two. His men fled in terror, and a corporal's guard rushed quickly out of the fort, and rolled him inside the walls. There they picked him out of the snowball, discovered they had captured a colonel, and informed him that he was a prisoner. They prepared to tie his hands and feet, but when he told them he was perfectly willing to remain quiet just as he was, they knew him well enough to believe him, and accepted his parole. And he began to take more pleasure than ever out of the battle, being now only a spectator, and from a choice position.

Reddy's army was sadly demoralized. The colonels could not get the men to keep a good line when they moved on the works, or to keep that line closed up.

Brigadier-General Tug now led a vicious assault on the left salient of the fort; but being repulsed there, swung round to the right and made a quick lunge to the center. Some of his shots struck the flag-pole, which was only a fishing-rod in times of peace, and the pine-tree standard broke and toppled outside. There was great dismay inside the fort, and greater surprise when who should leap over the walls but Orderly History—the despised History! He caught up the flag-staff, and handed it to a soldier on the wall just before Tug's men leaped on him, and hustled him away as a prisoner. It was a noble sacrifice, and Heady said feelingly:

"You can't always sometimes most generally tell beforehand what any man's going to be worth in battle!"

Nevertheless, when Reddy sent an offer to exchange Orderly History for Colonel Sleepy, Heady sent back a contemptuous reply to the effect that he could well afford to lose History, and did not care to make any exchange, much as Reddy evidently needed Sleepy.

Reddy was so mad with rage and humiliation that he ate a half-dozen snowballs, more or less, before he knew what he was doing; and then he had a stomach-ache, like Napoleon's at Waterloo. And he weakly consented to postpone further battle until Saturday morning.

That night at the dinner-table the opposing

general felt called upon to crack a few jokes at the expense of Reddy, who sat opposite him, with no appetite for the well-cooked beefsteak on his plate, and no pride in the two pieces of raw steak that were to be bound on his black eyes. He left the table in a huff, vowing re-

trepid warriors. They made a sharp dash for the redan, and, while six of them trundled the barrows speedily back to the fort, the rest covered them, and resisted what little attack Reddy could organize in time.

Reddy now brought into play plan No. 1.

He called his colonels together and gave them a few brief instructions, which they doled out to their men. And now his army moved out in two long lines. It went as far as was safe, quite deliberately; then, on entering the zone of fire, broke into double-time. Reddy's brother noticed that the first line was only lightly armed, soon spent its ammunition, and then ran low to the ground. Observing this curious action, he suspected some dark plot, and ordered his men to hold their fire.

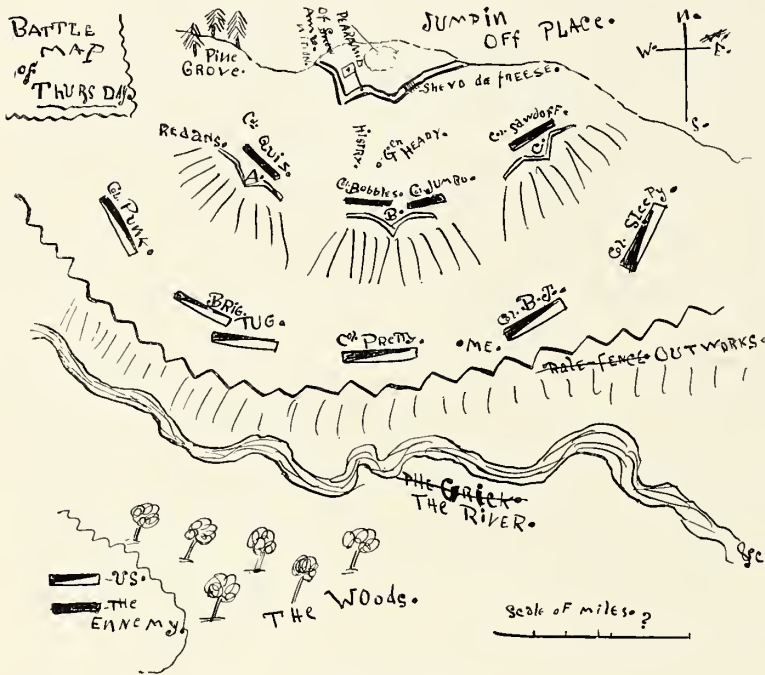
Reddy's first line reached the fort untouched, dropped to its

knees, and bent its backs turtle-fashion. On this platform the second line leaped and delivered a furious volley right in the faces of the defenders. This was answered by a return volley of equal force. But in the teeth of this, Reddy's men began to scale the walls.

Now Heady gave a command with a wild yell, and four huge, waiting snowballs were sent flying up the sapling tracks. They smote Reddy's line irresistibly, and bowled the enemy over like ninepins, carrying them clear to the ground, and almost breaking the backs of the turtles below.

Reddy reorganized his lines, and called another council of war. There was a furious debate. Time was getting short, and every plan he could devise seemed to be met with superior skill by his brother. After dropping many schemes, he said:

"Men, the only way that fort can be taken



REDDY'S WAR-MAP.

venge and terrible defeat on the morrow; and he sat up late that night planning new stratagems on a war-map he had drawn. On this page is a facsimile of the war-map.

Saturday morning Reddy, breathing fire, ordered a determined charge to be made on the left salient of Heady's fort, and to make sure of success, sent into it every available man. But the fort was so high that though his men fought their way through a rain of missiles, they could not climb the walls and get inside. So Reddy ordered a leisurely retreat, that he might prepare for a bit of grand tactics.

As Reddy's army returned to its base, he was horrified to see that his brother had made another sortie. The fort's ammunition was getting low, and the sight of several wheelbarrows full of snowballs in Reddy's right redan was too tempting to resist. He had sent Jumbo and Sawed-Off out again with a picked body of in-

is by an attack from the rear and the front at the same time."

"But no one can climb that cliff at the back, especially in winter," said Brigadier Tug.

"Well, I 'm going to try it," cried General Reddy, and he called for volunteers. Almost every one responded zealously, eager to risk anything for victory. Out of these Reddy picked a handful of brave spirits. Under cover of an assault all along the line, they stole away down the gully, and around to a place about half-way up the precipice.

Here he led his men inch by inch. They dared not speak aloud, and hardly dared to fall, for fear the noise would alarm the enemy at the top. They hardly dared to fall for another reason, and that was because of the dizzy height. But this latter reason was not so strong in their hearts as the former.

So they climbed, seizing a root here, digging a foothold there with a knife, stepping across great gaps their legs could barely span, climbing on hands and knees, brushing snow away from some sharp, cold rock, gripping it fiercely and drawing themselves up on it with terrible effort. Thus they climbed and climbed, and many a time Reddy slipped and fell backward, to be caught and saved by the men behind him just before his weight pushed them all over.

The men carried pouches full of snowballs swung at their backs, and these were an added

hindrance; but they were necessary. At the place where they had begun the climb, Reddy had left a man, another was stationed half-way to the redans, and behind one of the redans was waiting a third. This was to be the telegraph-line; and when, after an agony of climbing, Reddy found himself almost at the top of the cliff, and on a little ledge where he

could gather his regiment, and where he could hear the voices of the men in the fort. Heady had no thought of danger from the seemingly impregnable rear, and would not waste a sentinel on it.

This was just the mistake made by the French at Quebec.

Reddy now took out a pocket-mirror and flashed a heliographic signal to the next station, and this signal was passed along to the redan where the regiment under Brigadier Tug was waiting. Tug immediately gave a loud command, and with a wild cry the whole long line of his troops charged fiercely upon the fort.

The turtle-back was worked again, and the defenders had no more huge snowballs to meet it with. But they took the shock bravely, none the less, and there was a pretty hand-to-hand combat there at the edge of the walls.

In the midst of their defense, however, they heard a mad yell behind them, and could not resist the temptation to turn, and could not control the panic they felt on seeing General Reddy and a regiment of the enemy appearing at a place where they had thought none but birds



REDDY AND HEADY AT THE  
EDGE OF THE CLIFF. (SEE  
PAGE 310.)

or moles could arrive. Instinctively, many of them whirled about to meet this attack, and on the instant many of Tug's men were over the walls. General Reddy leaped upon General Heady, and cried: "We 're in! Now surrender!"

But Heady was not born with red hair for nothing, and he howled: "Surrender nothin'! You 're in, but we 'll put you out again!"

He yelled to his men to oust the invaders, and there ensued a general wrestling-match.

Reddy and Heady were of the sort of brothers that are always fighting, in spite of their affection; and it was no new thing to see them wrestling desperately, so the army returned to its task, keeping out those that were out, and trying to throw out the intruders. Reddy flung his brother to the ground, but his brother rolled him over. Then he was himself whirled under. So they wrestled on the hard, snowy

ground, trampled on by their own men, and lost sight of in a wholesale scrimmage

At length they had struggled to the very rim of the cliff, and Heady managed by a sudden wriggle to throw Reddy over the edge, where he hung, clinging for dear life to his brother's coat.

Heady was as wild as any wildcat, and he gasped:

"Surrender, or I 'll drop you over the cliff!"

But Reddy was one of those who die rather than surrender, and he only muttered:

"If I go, you go with me!"

Then the mad little fools began to struggle again on the very brink of the precipice; and, finally, Reddy was dragging Heady over inch by inch, and could gain no foothold himself. Then a sudden wave of the battle going on above them brushed them off like flies.

*(To be continued.)*



### A VALENTINE.

"WHAT shall I do, alack, alack!  
With this great burden on my back?  
Ah! I know what I can do.  
Won't you let me give it you?"



## A LEARNED DISCOURSE.

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I WENT to hear a speaker new whom some think deep and fluent too,—  
I listened closely on that day, and this is what he seemed to say  
(And though I cannot parse it quite, perhaps some learned reader might):—

“My friends, although of course indeed,  
On either hand, and anyway,  
However much or little, still,  
It may not, yet again it may—

“On further thought, I say, my friends,  
But whether that, in fact, or no,  
Whichever way, whatever mode,  
It is, to say the least, as though,—

“Forthwith from first to last, perchance,—  
Yes, how and whither, whence and where,  
’T is ne’ertheless as, so to speak,  
You must admit, both then and there.

“If so, why not, alas, dear friends?  
And yet, to put it plain, in truth,  
Nay, even notwithstanding thus,  
Perhaps because no doubt forsooth.”

B. D. S.

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## TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

*And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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

X.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE CHASE.

THE boys walked fast through the village, and broke into a run as they approached the lake-shore, where they hoped to find Sparkler looking for his master. But no dog was anywhere in sight.

Two men were loading ice into a wagon backed up against the ice-house. Cliff called out to them.

“Yes!” one called back, in reply to his inquiries. “We saw a dog come down to the pond just a little while ago. He snuffed around, and capered up and down for a while, then started off down the railroad track as fast as he could clip it.”

“He seemed to have a little piece of rope,

or something, dangling from his neck,” said the other man.

“That ’s my dog! He ’s gone straight to the Junction!” Cliff said confidently to his companion, as they hurried on.

It was nearly a mile to the Junction; they kept the railroad track all the way, but saw nothing of the fugitive. On the platform they found the station-master checking a trunk; and Cliff accosted him breathlessly.

“No,” he said; “I have n’t noticed any such dog.”

“That is strange,” said Cliff. “Did you sell a ticket yesterday afternoon, at about four o’clock, to a young man—who had on a narrow-brimmed hat, kind of a checkered straw?”

The station-master remembered him very well; he had sold him a ticket, and noticed that he had no baggage, not even a gripsack, when he stepped aboard the train.

"That 's all right," cried Cliff. "That man sold me a dog yesterday; he was a trick-dog, and he got away this morning."

The station-master called a switch-tender, who said:

"Yes, I saw that very dog, half or three quarters of an hour ago. He snuffed about the platform, then all of a sudden he seemed to remember a previous engagement, and put

"No; he bought a ticket for Kilbird." Kilbird was the first station beyond Tressel.

"He said he was going West!"

"No matter what he said, he boarded the east-bound accommodation train, sure!"

It took Cliff a moment to recover from his bewilderment; then he turned to Quint and said:

"I 'd like your company ever so much, and

## HOTEL.



"'HERE 'S OUR FRIEND'S NAME, CLIFF; DID YOU NOTICE IT?'"

out toward Tressel, with a full head of steam on!"

Tressel was a station a mile or more beyond.

"Come on," cried Cliff eagerly. "He 's going the wrong direction to find Winslow. He 'll fetch up somewhere."

But Quint was deliberating. "Wait a minute! I want to be sure of a thing or two. You say that man bought a ticket. Was it to go West?"

I don't know what I shall do without you; you think of more things than I do, and look further ahead. But I 'm afraid this is going to be a long pull; and I know I ought not to drag you along."

"If you call it dragging, why, I 'll turn back," said Quint. "I know I 'm slow."

"I don't mean that!" cried Cliff. "But I 've no right to ask so much of you; that 's what I meant to say."



"Then don't say it again!" Quint replied, starting off resolutely on the road to Tressel and Kilbird. "Come along!"

The boys now settled down to a fast walk, discussing by the way Sparkler's chances of re-joining his late master. On reaching Tressel, they met three boys who gave them some interesting information. They had seen the dog with the dangling piece of cord pass through the village in the direction of Kilbird; and one of them reported having seen, the day before, a man offering to sell just such a dog to a teamster who had stopped to water his horses at the wayside trough.

Quint thought a moment, then observed:

"It's all plain to me. Winslow came from Kilbird, or some place around there, yesterday; he took the train to Kilbird after selling you the dog, and now the dog has gone back there to meet him. See?"

Cliff did see, greatly to his chagrin and vexation. Just then a locomotive whistled.

"Here comes the down-train," he exclaimed. "How would it do for one of us to board it for Kilbird, and try heading him off that way, while the other keeps the road?"

"That's judgmatial," said Quint. "We've just time to buy a ticket. Have you got any money?"

"Jehu! I forgot all about money," cried Cliff.

"Never mind," said Quint, consolingly. "The dog will be in Kilbird before the train will, if he is n't there already. It will be better for us to keep together."

The dangling cord was a fortunate circumstance; for it attracted attention to the runaway, and rendered the pursuit for a while comparatively easy.

They had been walking some time on a lonely country road, without meeting any one of whom they could make inquiries, when Cliff said: "There comes a team. We'll ask the driver."

Quint stopped suddenly, and stood staring straight before him down the turnpike. "By hokey, Cliff," he exclaimed, "I know that horse, for I harnessed him this morning! The wagon is our carryall, and the driver is my father."

Mr. Whistler was much surprised to meet his

own boy and a neighbor's, traveling that dusty road, so far from home. He listened with amused interest to Quint's story of the runaway dog.

"Did he bite you both, and give you the running-away distemper?" he asked. "Get into the wagon, and ride back with me, both of you. That's the wisest thing you can do."

"Quint can. I guess it's the wisest thing for him," said Cliff; "but I shall keep on till I find the dog, or drop down in my tracks."

"Get up here, Quint! No more nonsense!" the elder Whistler commanded. "Cliff can do as he likes."

"He would like to borrow a little money of you, anyway," said Quint. "We have both come away without any."

Mr. Whistler demurred. "I don't know what his father'll say to my lending him money for such a tom-fool expedition."

"My father knows what I am doing, and he'll be obliged to you for giving me a little help," Cliff put in.

"Well, about how much do you want?" said the mason and contractor, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Enough to take me home from Kilbird by the train, anyway," said Cliff, "and maybe a little over."

"Enough to take us both home," Quint added, "if I go with him."

"It's a foolish business," Mr. Whistler commented; "but if Cliff's father approves, I don't know why I should stand out." Leaning over the wagon side, he reached down a handful of small change. "Will this do?"

"Oh, yes; ever so much obliged!" cried Cliff delightedly, pocketing the money. "If you see any of my folks, please tell 'em—"

"I'll tell 'em that I saw you going off in company with another lunatic," said the elder Whistler, driving on.

## XI.

### ANOTHER DOG-HUNTER.

THE boys resumed their tramp, keeping up their inquiries for Sparkler. Nobody on that part of the highway had seen a dog with a cord

dangling from his collar, nor, indeed, any stray dog.

"He may have turned off on some other road, or taken to the fields," said Cliff at length. "What shall we do?"

"I believe our best way is to keep straight on to Kilbird," said Quint. "If we don't strike his trail there, we may at least hear from Winslow."

"There comes some one we can ask," said Cliff; for a man on horseback was approaching along a by-road. The horse was a heavy, hard-trotting animal, and the rider a stout little man, who at every jolt went up and down like a bouncing ball. The boys stopped to speak with him.

Before they could accost him he called out, with the jolts in his voice, as the animal's ponderous trot broke to a walk:

"Say—have—you—seen—a—stray—dog—along—here—anywheres?"

It seemed almost as if he must have known their business, and that he was a joker, who took this means of heading off their expected inquiries.

Quint gave Cliff a nudge, and said, with a droll twist of his mouth:

"It seems to be a pretty good day for stray dogs!"

"A rather small dog," said the man. "Kind of curly brown hair; a sort of spani'l. Had on a collar fastened with a buckle; sort of reddish-brown leather with bright studs in it."

The boys listened with astonishment, the description fitted Sparkler so exactly.

"What do you want of that dog?" Cliff demanded. "Does he belong to you?"

"He ought ter belong to me, for I bought him. Day before ye's'day. A man brought him along and offered him for sale. I give a five-dollar bill for him! He wanted twenty-five, but I beat him down to five. My name is Miller; I live over in Wormwood."

Cliff's throat had become so dry that he could n't utter another word. Quint took up the colloquy.

"How did he get away from you?"

Mr. Miller eased his position by leaning sideways on his horse, and explained.

"The man advised me to keep him shet up

for a day or two, and I put him in the barn. I fed him well, and he seemed as contented as if I'd always owned him. A couple of hours later I went to look at him. It was kind o' dusky in the barn,—I could n't see him no-wheres; so I spoke to him, and opened the door jest a crack wider—swish! he zipped past my legs, and out o' that door like a kicked foot-ball! That 's the last I've seen of him. But half an hour ago a neighbor come over to say he 'd seen that dog this morning, over by the Lippitt place, this side of Tressel. He tried to head him off, but he took to the woods, and he lost sight of him. So I jest throws a blanket on old Bob, and jogs off to hunt him up. You hain't seen no such animal around anywheres?" Mr. Miller continued, talking down to the boys.

"Not to-day," Quint replied; "but I saw that very dog yesterday afternoon. A man offered him for sale, over in Biddicut, and a neighbor of mine bought him for ten dollars. He got cheated more than you did."

"Yes, he did, for he bought my dog! Where is he?"

"The boy or the dog?" Quint inquired.

"Both," said Mr. Miller.

"The boy is right here before you," said Quint, laying his hand on Cliff's shoulder. "But where the dog is, we're as anxious to know as you are. He got away this morning, and we tracked him a good piece this side of Tressel village,—to about where your neighbor saw him, I should say."

Mr. Miller thereupon kicked his clumsy heels into the horse's ribs, slapped him with the looped end of the reins, clucked like a hen, threw up his arms like wings, and started off on his hard-trotting beast.

"Well, Cliff!" Quint said, with a strange smile.

Cliff was so astounded by the proof of Winslow's bad faith, that he made two or three attempts to speak before he finally replied:

"Quint, it's no use! We may as well turn around and go home."

"How do you work that out?" Quint inquired.

"Don't you see? I've no claim on that dog, anyway! If Winslow had a right to sell

him, he belongs to Miller, who bought him before I did."

"I can't help laughing!" Quint suddenly broke forth. "Algernon K. Winslow is a man of genius. He has invented a new business — selling a dog! Who knows how many times he had sold him, before he sold him to Miller? Your title is probably as good as Miller's."

"It may be, and yet not be worth taking this tramp for."

"I beg to differ with you. If we get that dog," Quint continued, "we can hold him till somebody shows a better claim; and if the rightful owner turns up, I'm sure he'll be willing to pay your ten-dollar mortgage on him, and other expenses. There's no discount on that dog, Cliff; the discount is all on Winslow."

Cliff's face brightened. "There's a good deal in what you say, Quint."

"It's judgmental," said Quint.

He gave a last look at the disappearing horseman, and said smilingly:

"Mr. Miller is welcome to all the satisfaction he will get from his trip to the Lippitt place; we'll hunt for both man and dog at Kilbird. And it's my humble opinion that the man will be about as well worth catching as the dog. I'll squeeze your ten dollars out of him!" he concluded, clenching his fist, while his strong features settled into an expression of grim resolution.

## XII.

### THE VILLAGE LANDLADY.

AT Kilbird the boys traced their man to a hotel where he had been staying, and put their questions to the landlady, who came out on the porch to speak with them.

"Why, yes," she said; "you mean Mr. Knight? — a very nice man! And the wonderfulest dog I ever did see! He spent the night here last night, and the night before. He has n't been gone much more than half an hour."

"Gone?" Cliff gasped out, standing with one foot on the porch step. "And the dog — did he have the dog?"

"I'll tell you about that," replied the land-

lady. "He lost the dog some way, yesterday, and came back last evening without him. The dog did n't come till this morning; Mr. Knight seemed to be waiting for him. He said the dog had a bad trick of straying off, but that he always turned up again."

Cliff stepped up on the porch floor, and said earnestly:

"The man you call Mr. Knight told me his name was Algernon Knight Winslow; and he sold me that very same dog yesterday for ten dollars."

The landlady expressed a great deal of surprise and sympathy, and invited the boys to sit down and rest on a bench inside the cool porch.

"You look kind of beat out," she said, noticing that they were flushed and covered with dust.

But Cliff said they were not tired; they could n't stop; they were bound to follow Winslow. And he asked:

"Did he take a train?"

"No; he hired my husband to drive him over to Corliss in his buggy."

Quint inquired, "Did he have any baggage?"

"Only a small linen bag, which he left here when he was off on excursions. But he took it with him this morning, saying he did n't expect to come back."

The landlady became exceedingly friendly and sympathetic, and insisted on opening a bottle of spruce beer for the wayfarers, while they rested on the shaded bench. It was a welcome refreshment, and Cliff offered to pay for it, but she laughingly told him to "put up his money." Then perceiving that they nibbled furtively at something they brought out from their pockets, between sips, she entered the house, and presently reappeared with two generous sandwiches, consisting of slices of excellent buttered bread, lined with cold sliced ham.

"You are taking too much trouble!" Cliff exclaimed, with hearty gratitude.

"You seem to be proper nice boys," she replied; "and I'm very glad to give you a little treat, after you have been so imposed upon. I shall want you to write your names

in our book. I'll bring it right out here, with a pen, so you can be eating all the while."

"Cliff," said Quint, glancing over his shoulder, to see that she was out of hearing,—he held his glass in one hand and his bitten sandwich in the other,—“if I was n't already fitted out with a tolerably good mother, I know where I'd go to adopt one!”

Cliff nodded and winked, and whispered, as he lifted his glass to his lips, “She's coming back.”

She brought the hotel register, which was not a large one, and laying it open on Cliff's knees, offered him a freshly dipped pen.

“You write for both,” said Quint.

Cliff wrote in a fair round hand, “J. Q. A. Whistler,” saying as he raised the pen, “That small regiment of initials stands for John Quincy Adams; I was afraid there would n't be ink enough to write out the name in full, and I did n't want to keep you running to the inkstand.”

Then Cliff wrote his own name, “Clifford P. Chantry,” made a flourish against both names, and at the right of it put the address — “Bid-dicut.”

“I declare!” exclaimed the landlady, looking down over the end of the bench. “I know your mother! She was Lucinda Clifford, and she married Jonathan Chantry. We were school-girls together, and I was at her wedding. Tell her you have made the acquaintance of Emmeline Small that was, now Mrs. Robert Grover; and that my husband keeps the Grover House, here in Kilbird.”

“She'll be pleased enough,” said Cliff. “And when I tell her how you treated two strange boys, it is n't going to make her sorry she ever knew you.”

She offered to remove the hotel book, but Quint asked to look at it.

“Just a second,” he said. “Here's our friend's name, Cliff; did you notice it? A little twisted,—*A. W. Knight*,—with a flourish as long as the cord he gave you to lead the dog by!”

“Burlington!” Cliff exclaimed, reading the address. “He told us Bennington; and here it is as plain as print,”—slapping the register,—“Burlington, Vermont!”

“The trouble with that man is, he forgets,” said Quint. “He'll forget us, if we don't hurry along and overhaul him.”

### XIII.

#### A NICE PET FOR AN OLD COUPLE.

FROM Mrs. Grover's husband, whom they soon met, and from other persons of whom they made inquiries, they gained all needful information regarding the movements of Winslow and the dog. They followed fast, and in a little more than an hour, hot with haste, but high in hope, they entered a small village, to which they had traced the fugitives.

It was a village of scattered houses, in front of one of which they found a bare-headed man leaning over a gate. His back was toward them, and he seemed to be gazing very intently up the street. Farther on were other people in doorways or front yards, or standing in the street, all gazing in the same direction. By his leather apron and the sign over his door, the boys perceived that the man leaning on the gate was a shoemaker.

“What's the show?” Quint asked.

“Show!” said the man, turning upon them a look of disgust. “There's no show! And I've been fooled out of five dollars! Clean as a whistle!”

Cliff asked how that had come about, and the man told his story to an intensely interested audience of two.

“A man come along here about an hour ago, and stepped into my shop, to git me to rasp a nail out of his boot. He had a dog he bragged about, and made him do some tricks. We hain't got no children, and we'd been wishin' for some kind of a pet; and when my wife heard the man say he had got out of money, and would have to part with his dog, she looked at me, and I nodded, and then she says, ‘How much do you ask for him?’ she says. When he said, ‘Twenty dollars,’ I thought of course 't wa'n't no use for us to think of buyin' him; but as he wanted me to make him an offer, I looked at my wife, and she nodded to me, and I says, ‘I'll give three,’ I says, without the least idea he'd take me up. He did n't, exactly, but he come down to ten dol-

lars, then to seven, then said he 'd split the difference; and I looked at my wife and she winked to me, and I says, 'All right,' I says, 'I'll give ye five,' though I wish to gracious now I 'd stuck to my first bid."

"Where 's the dog now?" Cliff asked, although he knew well enough already.

The man pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction in which he and the other villagers had been gazing.

rheumatiz, and can't run; but she rushed out. There she comes now!"

"Without the dog!" said Cliff, gazing eagerly.

The shoemaker's wife had to run the gauntlet of questions from all her neighbors, as she returned with excited looks and panting breath to her husband.

"I never see the beat on 't!" she said. "He went off like a sky-rocket, and it 's my belief that we never shall see him again."



"'THERE 'S YOUR MAN WITH HIS DOG.'" (SEE PAGE 320.)

"Skipped!" he said. "Skipped like a hopper! We 'd fed him in the shop, with the doors closed; and he was so nice and quiet, my wife wanted to have him a little while in the kitchen; and I said, 'Yes, but keep him shet in for the present,' I said; for the owner advised us to do that till he 'd had time to get well out of the way. There was just a window open, over the kitchen sink; but we did n't think nothin' about that, and he did n't seem to, neither; till all to once — whish! — he was up on that sink and out o' that winder 'fore the scream was out of her mouth. I 've got the

The boys asked for water, which she brought in a tin dipper, with a trembling hand. It was cold from the pump; and having drunk and condoled with the worthy couple for their loss, they resumed their tramp, without deeming it necessary to proclaim their own personal and peculiar interest in the many-times-sold dog.

#### XIV.

##### AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

THE chase had become exciting, and our Biddicut boys gave little heed to the circum-

stance that it was taking them farther and farther from home.

"Winslow will be waiting somewhere for Sparkler to come up with him," Quint observed. "Then he 'll be trying to sell him again; so we shall be gaining on him all the while."

Soon a team overtook them — a real "team" this time, consisting of a span of horses harnessed to an empty and clattering farm-wagon. The wayfarers turned up sweaty and appealing faces to the driver; and, pulling reins, he invited them to "hop in." It was a welcome change to the boys, enabling them not only to rest their limbs, but also to get over the road faster than they could have done on foot.

They told their story, while the driver, a farmer of the neighborhood, drove them on a mile or more farther to his own house. There a boy came out, and met them with the exciting news that a man with a thin linen bag had stopped at the door, a little while before, to ask for a glass of milk.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Cliff's eager questions; "the man had n't been gone long when a dog came. We should n't have noticed him, only he ran into the yard and out again, and snuffed around, as if he was following the man."

"That 's great news!" Quint exclaimed. "T was a judgmatical idea of Winslow's, that glass of milk!" he said aside to Cliff. "I should n't object to sampling the pan myself."

"By the way," the farmer called to them as they were hurrying on, "would n't *you* like a glass of milk, or a bowl of milk, or a bowl of bread-and-milk? I 'm just sitting down to my dinner, and I guess we can give you a plate of boiled victuals too, if you have time to eat it."

"We should n't have time for that," Quint replied. "But bread-and-milk and I are good friends. What do you say, Cliff?"

"We are in an awful hurry," said Cliff; "but — such an offer as that!"

They did, however, take time to give their hands and faces a much-needed washing, and to brush their dusty clothes on the back porch. Meanwhile the farmer's daughters — two merry young girls, whose bright eyes made our Biddicut boys feel untidy and awkward — placed

bread-and-milk on the table opposite the single plate set for their father's late dinner; his family having dined in his absence.

They were profuse in their thanks at parting. But the farmer said:

"You are quite welcome. If you come back this way, stop in. My name is Mills. You may want another bite by that time; and I shall want to hear how you make out dog-hunting."

"Was n't that bread-and-milk a godsend!" said Cliff, when they were once more on the road. "That meal may have to last us till we get home to supper."

"Home to supper!" Quint replied, with a laugh. "I gave that up hours ago. We shall be lucky if our folks see us at breakfast-time tomorrow — or dinner! We 're in for it, Cliff! — did you know it?"

"The worst of it is," said Cliff, "we 're beginning to look like a couple of tramps; anyhow, that 's the way I feel."

"Was it the pretty girls back there that made you feel so?" Quint queried.

"I could n't help looking at myself with their eyes, and wishing I had better clothes on," Cliff blushingly acknowledged. "And I wish we had more money. I 'm afraid we sha'n't have enough to get home with."

"Winslow is our bank," replied Quint. "The farther we go, the more need there is of our catching him. We can't turn back."

They walked fast again, being sure of their trail, and soon got news of Winslow and the dog traveling together. It was easy to trace them; for as he went on through the well-settled but open country, Winslow offered the dog to almost everybody he met, stopping to talk often; so that our Biddicut boys felt at length that they had the trick-dog merchant almost within view.

They were unaccustomed to such journeys; their legs were beginning to ache. Cliff suffered from a pain in his side, Quint was unpleasantly reminded that his shoe hurt him, and both discovered that bread-and-milk, and the few berries they picked by the wayside, were a diet deficient in staying qualities. But now, inspired by the certain nearness of their game, they forgot soreness and fatigue; and

Quint, whose breath held out better than Cliff's, proposed that they should try a trot.

"A *dog-trot*," he said, with a laugh. "Think you can stand it?"

"Yes, if my confounded side-ache does n't take me again," replied Cliff.

They set their hands to their hips, each with his coat hooked on one arm, and jogged on in silence, Quint always a pace or two ahead.

"I'm getting my second wind," he said presently. "I feel more like running than I did two or three hours ago. Don't you?"

"Y-e-s!" said Cliff, admiring his companion's easy and steady lope. "We ought to get sight of 'em—from the top—of that knoll!" speaking with difficulty.

"Hello!" said Quint, "there's a crossing that 's going to bother us."

Crossings and forks were their chief source of delay and vexation, but for which they must have overtaken the fugitives long before. This one, however, hindered them hardly long enough to enable Cliff to recover breath. Fresh dog-tracks were discovered, and a little further on they saw a man mowing briars by the roadside fence.

Yes, he had seen a man and a dog pass ten or fifteen minutes before.

"Did he want to sell his dog?"

"No; he just asked how far it was to the Snelling farm. That 's a great stock-farm, where they have all sorts of live critters. You can see it from the top of the hill above here; a spread of buildings, with a tall windmill and a red-painted water-tank."

Wild roses in bloom, and raspberry bushes in full bearing, were the briars the man was cutting. The boys hurriedly picked and ate the berries while they talked.

"It seems too bad to cut them," said Quint.

"They spread into the fields," replied the man. "Wild roses don't do no good, and I never git none of the berries."

He slashed away at the briars, while the boys hastened on.

"Wild roses don't do no good!" Quint repeated disdainfully. "And he cuts the raspberries because he never gets none! A good man enough, I guess, but not exactly my style."

He had cut off a spray of the wild roses,

which he stuck in his hat-band. Cliff carried a raspberry branch, plucking and eating the berries as they pushed on.

They were soon at the summit of the hill, gazing down upon a long stretch of open road; and near by, on the left, the orchards and buildings and windmill of the great Snelling farm.

"No such need of hurrying now," said Quint, wiping his forehead. "We must save our wind for emergencies. If he 's there, he 'll stay till we come. Then there 's no knowing what will happen!" He laughed grimly.

They put on their coats, and talked in low tones, as they walked, still at a brisk pace, under the shelter of some orchard trees growing near the street.

"You look out for the dog; get hold of him the first thing, and leave me to deal with Winslow," said Quint. "Keep cool!" for he saw that Cliff was excited.

They came in sight of the great granite posts of the Snelling gateway, before entering which they stopped to wait for a carriage coming toward them along the road beyond. The driver answered their concise inquiries without drawing rein. He had met no man and dog.

"Then he 's here!" Quint said to his companion, as with all their senses alert they turned in at the open gate.

One branch of a broad driveway curved in toward the front of the house; the other led to the rear, and to the farm-buildings beyond. This the boys followed, keeping close to a thick border of Norway spruces that thrust out heavy boughs above their heads. So they came to an open coach-house in the doorway of which an old coachman in overalls was polishing the brass mountings of a handsome harness.

"Have you seen a man and a dog come into the place lately?" Cliff asked, in a low voice, which he could n't keep from trembling.

"I have, not many minutes ago," replied the old coachman. "He inquired for Mr. Snelling, and they have just gone into the yards together."

"The yards?—where are they?"

The old coachman dropped his polishing-brush on a chair, dusted his fingers on his overalls, and said, "Come along." The boys were

careful to keep a little behind him, and partially concealed by his broad shoulders, as he passed the gate toward an open shed between two barns. There was a sound of voices in that direction, and presently the old man said:

"There 's Mr. Snelling, patting the cow's neck, and there 's your man with his dog."

The little group was in an angle of the shed, not twenty yards away. The boys peered over the shoulders of their guide, eager to command the situation, yet cautious of exposing themselves to view. He had stopped; they stopped too, in sudden amazement.

The man in the shed with Mr. Snelling was putting a rope on the cow's horns. He was an Irish laborer, and his dog was an ugly bull-terrier!

"Was n't there another man?" Cliff gasped.

The old coachman had seen no other, and no other dog. Quint was utterly dismayed. But he soon recovered his equanimity, and questioned the Irish laborer.

The man had been sent for the cow from a farm about two miles away; and it appeared that he had come by the cross-road at the

corner of which the boys had last stopped to look for tracks, and found them, although they were probably those of the wrong dog.

"Well, Quint, what now?" said Cliff, almost ready to cry with disappointment and vexation.

"What time is it?" Quint asked, turning to the coachman, who pulled out a big silver watch, and obligingly turned the full moon of its rimmed face toward the boys. "Thank you," said Quint. "Only half-past two. Earlier than I thought."

"We might get home to-night, if we start now," said Cliff. "We 've lost the trail."

"But we may pick it up again," replied Quint. "If you are tuckered out and discouraged, you can rest here, while I start out alone to make discoveries."

"If you keep on, I shall," said Cliff. "It was partly on your account I felt we ought to take the shortest cut home."

Quint answered with a droll smile: "As for me, I 'm just finding out what my gambrel-roof nose is for; it 's to follow through thick and thin the man who named it. Come on!"

(To be continued.)



## THE GRANDILOQUENT GOAT.

**A** very grandiloquent **GOAT**  
Sat down to a gay table d'hôte;  
He ate all the corks,  
The knives and the forks,  
Remarking: "On these things I dote."

**W**hen before his repast he began,  
While pausing the menu to scan,  
He said: "Corn, if you please,  
And tomatoes and pease,  
I'd like to have served in the can."

Carolyn Wells.



## THE QUICK HORSE.

BY F. S. DELLENBAUGH.



“DAN” AND “JOE” AT FULL SPEED.

MANKIND loves the horse, for the horse has been one of man's most valuable aids and companions in all countries and in all ages. But there are preferences among horses. Some are prized for their steady working-qualities — their ability to draw heavy loads. From time immemorial the quality of speed has thrilled humanity and found an echo in many a stirring poem. “How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix” makes the blood tingle in one's finger-tips, and we follow brave Roland across the dawn-kissed Belgian landscape with swift anxiety. When Browning tells us how “Muléykeh's” master, rather than win back his beautiful favorite by defeating her in the pursuit, shouts to the fleeing thief telling him how to call forth her highest

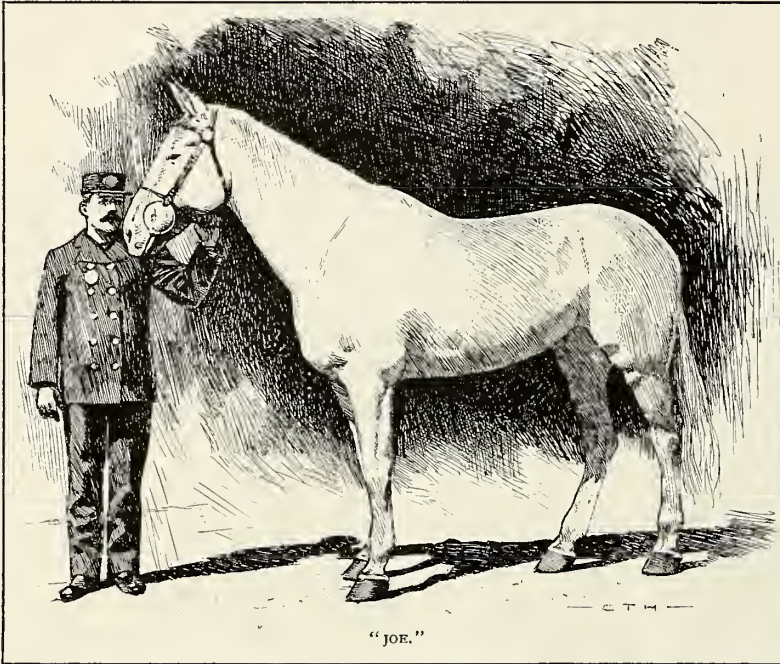
speed, our hearts go out to him in sympathy as his pet steed in consequence vanishes forever from his fond sight. “Sheridan's Ride” wakes us up till the thunder of hoofs is mingled with the rattle of musketry and the cheer of the rallying troops as the gallant commander spurs on to the front. In other ballads we dash with Kit Carson over the crisp dry prairies with the roaring fire-demon in hot pursuit, or we shoot our animal in “Lasca,” that stirring poem by Frank Desprez, and take refuge from the stampeded cattle beneath his poor body.

But it is only within recent years that *quick* horses have been developed and appreciated and admired, and the poet has not yet attempted to sing the praises of this more pro-

saic but noble animal. Yet, after all, to one who carefully examines the matter, the quick and, especially, began to yell; and the volunteer firemen of that

time, being in the service for the excitement of it, joined in the yell and started out the old hand-engine from its solemn repose, while the foreman running ahead shouted innumerable orders hoarsely through his trumpet, to the great delight of hundreds of small boys panting to keep up in the glorious race.

The fire—that was altogether a secondary matter; and when they all finally got there, they went to work with more or less efficiency.

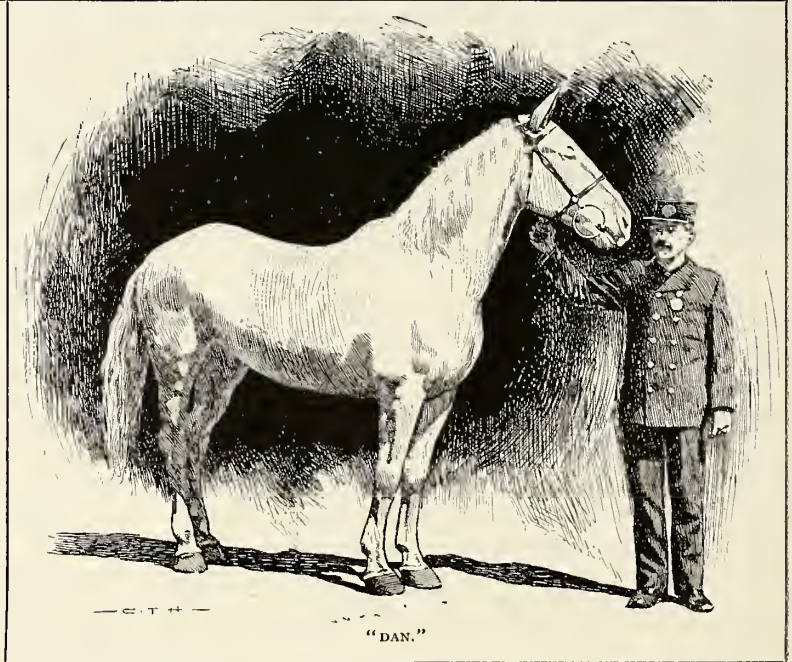


"JOE."

horse appears to have quite as good, if not a better, claim upon our admiration and sympathy and encouragement. The swift horse wins the race; and in these days he may cause considerable money to change hands, in which there is certainly nothing that is commendable. But the quick horse I write about saves life, saves property, and under modern conditions of life is essential to our safety and general well-being. He is the result indirectly of poor building—an outgrowth of our

skilful American Fire Departments, which could not now exist without him.

Not so very many years ago, when a fire



"DAN."

There was a great deal of fun in the business, but fires were not extinguished. Our cities in the early days were not built to prevent fires,

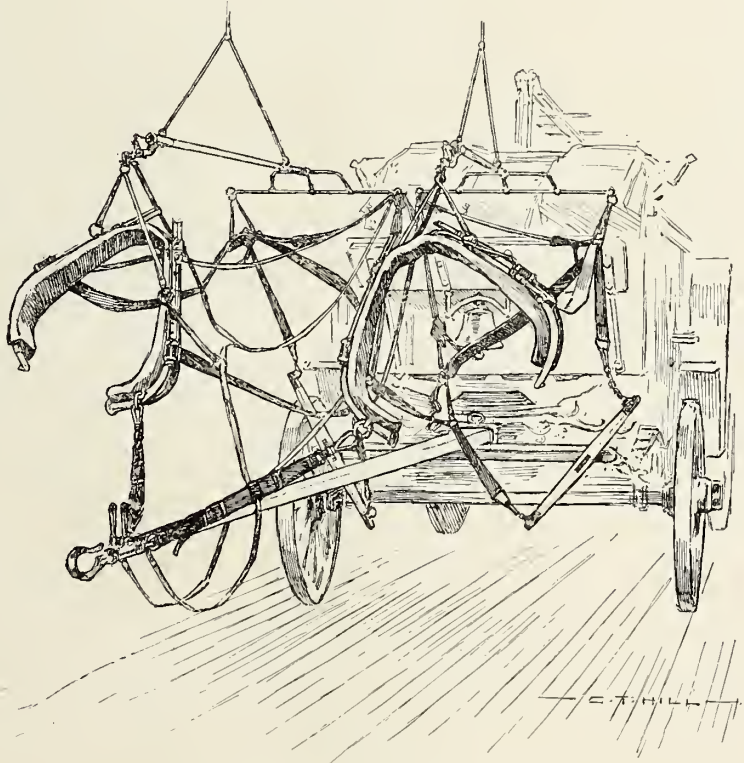
but seemed, if anything, rather built to encourage them.

In France we may well be amused as we watch the *pompiers* trundle its bath-tub on wheels to the scene of the conflagration, and deliberately fill its compartments with water dipped up from the gutter, whence it is thrown by a little pump upon the flames, because we know much of the architecture there is solid, and if the fire is not extinguished it will soon burn itself out. But in our country, a mere spark may in a few seconds become a devouring furnace, and destroy house after house and block after block. Many buildings are tinder-boxes, and our dry climate adds to their inflammability, while the ever-present careless or lazy workman by improper construction gives the fire its first opportunity.

When, therefore, a fire breaks out in America, it is necessary to reach it *at once*. The telegraph was brought into service in sending the alarm. In Munich some years ago the method in vogue was to hang out a red flag by day and a red lantern by night from the top of one of the Frauenkirche towers, on the side in the direction of the fire; but in America such a system would have resulted in the destruction of the whole town. The telegraph is the only thing for us.

But it is not enough to know immediately the exact location of a fire; it is also necessary to reach it immediately. The steam fire-engine was a splendid machine, with steam always up and everything in readiness for instant departure, but how to secure this instant departure was a question. Horses were kept standing in their stalls with the harness on, but this was not quick enough. Each second's delay meant loss

of life or possibly millions of property destroyed. So the first swinging harness was invented: a harness contrived in such a way that, while always attached to the engine or other apparatus, it could be made to drop instantly on the horse's back and fasten there. This seemed to solve the question, but there remained one more step, and this was the training of the *quick* horse. Not only must the engine and the harness and the men and the horses be ready, but the horses must be in the harness at once—the operation



AN EARLY MODEL OF THE SWINGING HARNESS.

must be as nearly instantaneous as human ingenuity and brute intelligence together could contrive. In every fire-engine house in the United States to-day, therefore, we may see and admire the "quick" horse, sleek-limbed, clear-eyed, with an alert, intelligent air, standing not far from the machine of which he is the moving power.

The casual visitor saunters in. He thinks the life of a fireman is a quiet and easy one, judging from the appearance of the quarters.

All is serene. The machines are immaculate in polished brass and red paint. Some of the men are reading, others are playing a game of checkers.

Suddenly there is a tinkling somewhere, and the stroke of a gong. A snap, a click,—and through the wide-open doors the various machines fly, one after another, until the visitor views in astonishment an empty house. It is like magic—a wonderful “transformation-scene.” He gazes up and down the street, but the galloping procession has vanished as if it were a dream.

The quick horse has done his duty, and once more exhibited the power of organization and training. Within the time required by the fireman of the olden time to throw open the engine-house doors, the complicated machines of to-day are throwing water on the flames, and the brave firemen, having scaled the building with the agility of acrobats, are dealing well-considered blows against the fire foe.

In almost every city there is a practice-drill at least once a day in the engine-houses, and the visitor may have an opportunity of inspecting the admirable development of the American fire system and the fine horses so splendidly trained. And he may also have an opportunity at the same time of lamenting that other branches of our public service are not conducted with equal efficiency.

The quickest horses in the world were at one time in Kansas City, at the headquarters of its fire-department, directly under the office of the chief, Mr. George C. Hale. To Mr. Hale's genius, more than to any other factor, the quick horse owed his first development; for Mr. Hale is the inventor of the earliest swinging-harness—which made the quick horse possible. When Mr. Henry M. Stanley and his wife were in this country, they witnessed an exhibition-drill of the Kansas City Fire Department. The drill so impressed the visitors that an account of it was published in a London journal, and this English article brought an invitation to Mr. Hale to visit England as the representative of the American Fire Service at the International Fire Tournament.

Mr. Hale and a picked corps went to England, taking with them the remarkably quick horses “Joe” and “Dan,” those shown on page 322, and they became world-famous. As the

quickest harnessing time of the London Fire Brigade is one minute seventeen and one half seconds, and the Kansas City horses were harnessed in one and three quarters seconds, and were out of the engine-house in less than eight seconds, there could be no competition. In Kansas City, four fine bays were harnessed to the hook-and-ladder truck almost as quickly as even Joe and Dan could jump into their harnesses. It was a pretty sight to see these four well-kept horses spring to their places at the stroke of the gong, and in two or three seconds stand ready to run with the apparatus. Joe was killed by an accident; but Dan, with a new mate, is still in service, and as quick as ever.

The record for quickest time from the engine-house to the throwing of water on the fire is held by a Kansas City company. In this instance the horses were harnessed, a run of 2,194 feet (a little less than half a mile) was made, and water thrown from the hose in the wonderfully brief time of one minute thirty-one and one half seconds.

All the various fire-brigades of the United States are efficient, and the men are proud of their work and enthusiastic; above all, they are faithful and brave. Most of the apparatus used has been invented within a comparatively recent period, and the water-tower, another invention of Mr. Hale's, and the fire ladders now owned by every large city, are essential aids in fighting the fires which in the flimsier buildings of our cities so soon reach appalling magnitude. To be of service, the firemen must be on the ground within a very few minutes after the beginning of a fire, or they will find it a roaring furnace. Even with the wonderful speed and efficiency of our service, fires frequently get the upper hand of the brave men, and efforts are then directed to confining it to one building.

It is the quick horse, however, that enables the firemen to get to work promptly; without him the present rapidity would be almost impossible, so the speedy horse no longer bears the palm alone. Let us hope that some good poet will ere long immortalize the willing steeds which spring at the stroke of the gong into their collars, and dash eagerly away with their ponderous load to save human life and property.

# WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



[This story was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GREAT DAY OF CRÉCY.

"'T is yet an hour before the tide will be out, but I believe that horsemen might cross now."

The speaker was a clownish-looking man wearing the wooden shoes and coarse blouse of a French peasant. He stood at the stirrup of a knight in black armor, whose questions he was answering.

"Sir William of Wakeham," the Prince said, "send in thy men-at-arms. Post thy archers

on the bank, right and left. We shall soon see if Godemar du Fay can bar the Somme against us."

"The archers are already posted," replied Sir William; "Neville and his Warwickshire men hold the right. The men of Suffolk and Kent are on the left."

"Forward, in the King's name!" commanded the young general, for his royal father had given him charge of the advance.

It was a critical moment, for if the ford of Blanche Taque should not be forced, the entire English army would be hemmed in between the river Somme and the hosts of France. It was but little after sunrise, and Edward had sent orders to all his captains to move forward.

The river Somme was wider here than in its deeper channels, above and below. The opposite bank was held by a force that was evidently strong, but its numbers were of less account at the outset. Only a few from either side could contend for the passage of Blanche Taque.

Therefore these were the chosen knights of all England who now rode into the water, finding it nearly up to their horse-girths.

Forward from the other shore rode in the men-at-arms of Godemar du Fay to hold the ford for Philip of Valois.

"Now is our time!" shouted Richard to his archers. "Guy the Bow, let every archer draw his arrow to the head!"

Ill fared it then for the French riders when among them, aimed at horses rather than at men, flew the fatal messengers of the marksmen from the forest of Arden. Lances were fiercely thrust, maces and swords rang heavily upon helm and shield; but soon the French column fell into confusion. Its front rank failed of support and was driven steadily back. It was almost as if the English champions went on without pausing; and in a few minutes they were pushing forward and widening their front upon the land.

Blanche Taque was taken, for of Godemar du Fay's twelve thousand, only a thousand were men-at-arms. When the regular ranks of these were broken, his ill-disciplined infantry took to flight and the battle was over. All the while the tide was running out.

"Stand fast, O'Rourke!" called Richard, to the impatient Irish chieftain, who was striding angrily back and forth in front of his line of axmen.

"Ay, but, my lord of Wartmont," returned the O'Rourke, "there is fighting and we are not in the battle. Hark!"

"Neville, advance! Thou and all thine to the front, seeking Wakeham. In the King's name, forward!"

A knight in bright armor had drawn rein at a little distance, and he pointed toward the ford as he spoke. It was crowded still by Sir Thomas Gifford's men-at-arms, but the battle on the other shore had drifted far away.

"Forward, O'Rourke!" shouted Richard. "Forward, Guy the Bow! Forward, David Griffith! Good fortune is with us! We are to be under the Prince's own command!"

Loud cheers replied, and with much laughter and full of courage Richard's force waded into the shallow Somme.

It was easy crossing now for all, with none to hinder. Then, as the last flags of the English rearguard fluttered upon the left bank of the Somme, good eyes might have discovered on the horizon the banners of the foremost horsemen of King Philip. He had marched fast and far that morning, and once more the English army-seemed barely to have escaped him.

"A cunning hunter is our good lord the King," remarked Ben o' Coventry, to his fellows as they pushed on.

"Thou art ever malapert," said Guy the Bow. "What knowest thou of the thoughts of thy betters?"

"He who runs may read," said Ben. "Can a Frenchman live without eating?"

"I trow not," responded Guy. "What is thy riddle?"

"Did we not waste the land as we came?" said Ben. "Hath not Philip, these three days, marched through the waste? I tell thee that when he is over the Somme he must fight or starve. Well for us, and thanks to the King, that we are to meet a host that is both footsore and half famished. I can put down a hungry man, any day."

Deep, indeed, had been the wisdom of the King, and his army encamped that Thursday

night, without fear of an attack, and the next morning they again went on.

Edward himself rode forward in the advance, after the noontide of Friday, and during the whole march he seemed to be searching the land with his eyes.

"Sir John of Chandos," he exclaimed, at last; "see yon windmill on the hill. This is the place, I sought. Ride thou with me." The hill was not very high, and its sides sloped away gently. The King dismounted at the door of the mill, and gazed in all directions.

"They will come from the west," he said, "with the sun in their eyes. Yon is our battlefield. Here we will bide their onset. Chandos, knowest thou that I am to fight Philip of Valois on mine own land?"

"The village over there is called Crécy," replied Sir John. "Truly, the crown of France is thine, rather than Philip's."

"Ay, so," said Edward, "whether or no he can keep it from me; but this broad vale and the village and the chateaux are my inheritance from my grandmother. Seest thou that ditch, to the right, with its fellow on the left? I trust they have good depth. 'T is a field prepared!"

After that he rode slowly, with his son and a gallant company, throughout the camps, talking kindly and familiarly with high and low alike, and bidding all to trust God and be sure of victory. Brave men were they and well did they love their King, but it was good for their courage that they should see his face and hear his voice and assure their hearts that they had a great captain for their commander.

In number, they were about as many as had sailed at the first from England, small losses by the way, and the absence of those left as garrisons of strongholds captured in Normandy, having been made good by later arrivals.

This first duty done, the King went to his quarters in the neighboring castle of La Broye, and here he gave a grand entertainment to all his captains and gentlemen of note. There was much music at the royal feast, and every man was inspired to do his best on the morrow. All the instruments sounded together loudly, at the close, when the warriors, who were so soon to fight to the death, arose to their feet and stood thus in silence, while the King and the Prince

turned away and walked out of the hall together, no man following.

"Whither go they?" whispered the Earl of Hereford to Sir John Chandos.

"As it doth well become our King at this hour," replied Sir John. "They go to the chapel of La Broye to pray for victory. 'T will do our men no harm to be told that the King and the Prince are on their knees."

"Verily, my men shall know," said Richard Neville to Sir Thomas Gifford.

All of Edward's army, save the watchers and sentries, slept soundly that night. It was wonderful how little uncertainty they had about the result of the battle.

The morning came, but there were clouds in the sky and the air was sultry. It was Saturday, the 26th of August, 1346.

Edward the King posted himself at the windmill. On the slope and below it were a third of his men-at-arms and a strong body of footmen. This was the reserve. In front thereof, the remainder of the army was placed in the form of a great harrow, with its point — a blunt one enough — toward the hill, and its beams marked by the ditch lines.

The right beam of this English harrow was commanded by the Black Prince in person, and with him were the Earls of Warwick and Hereford, Geoffrey of Harcourt, and Sir John Chandos, with many another famous knight. This force was less than a thousand men-at-arms, with Irish and Welsh, but they were especially strong in bowmen, for the King retained few archers with him.

But little less was the strength of the left beam of the harrow, commanded by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel.

"Fortune has favored us!" exclaimed one of the men-at-arms to his young commander; "we are well placed here at the right. We shall be among the first to face the French!"

"Here cometh the Prince," responded Richard, "with his Red Dragon banner of Wales. The royal standard is with the King at the mill."

Reviewing the lines with care, and giving many orders as he came, the Prince rode up, clad in his plain black armor and wearing the helmet of a simple esquire.

"Richard Neville," he said, as he drew near, "see that thou dost thy devoir, this day."

Richard's head bowed low as the Prince wheeled away; as he again sat erect upon his war-horse, a voice near him muttered:

slowly by. At length the King ordered that every man should be supplied with food and drink, that they might not fight fasting.

Darker grew the clouds until they hung low over all the sky. Blue flashes of lightning were

followed by deafening thunder-peals, and then there fell a deluge of warm rain.

The English archers were posted in the front ranks, along the harrow beams, but the rain harmed not their bows. Every bow-string was as yet in its case, with its hard spun-silk securely dry.

"Harken well, all," said Richard, addressing his men. "The Prince orders that there shall be no shouting. Fight with shut lips, and send forth no shaft without a sure mark."

"We are to bite and not to bark," said Ben o' Coventry in a low voice. Then he added aloud: "Yon marshy level is better for the rain. A horse might sink to his pasterns."

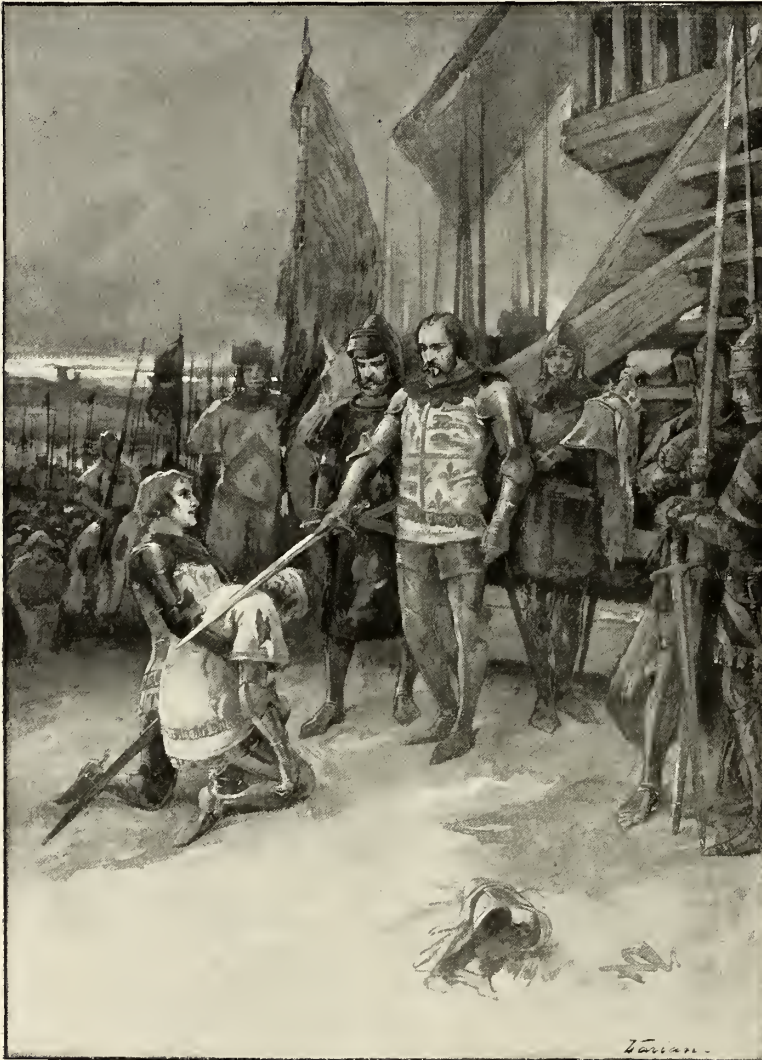
"The ditch runs full," said Richard. "The King chose his battleground wisely."

"We are put behind the archery, now," said David Griffith to his Welshmen. "So are the Irish; but our

time to fight will come soon enough."

Most of the men-at-arms belonging to each beam of the harrow were drawn up at the inner end, ready to mount and ride, but wasting no effort, now, of horse or man.

"The very rain has fought for England," remarked the Prince to his knights, as at the front



"HE HEARD BUT FAINTLY THE WORDS THAT MADE HIM A KNIGHT: 'ARISE, SIR RICHARD OF WARTMONT!'" (SEE PAGE 332.)

"Ho! Seest thou? The French are coming!" Richard looked, and in the distance he could see a glittering and a flag, but after a long gaze he replied:

"It is too soon. Those are but a band of skirmishers."

So it proved; and the long, hot hours went



they wheeled for their return. "There will be hard marching for the host of Philip of Valois."

"They must come through deep mud and tangled country, my lord the Prince," replied the Earl of Warwick. "His huge rabble of horse and foot will be sore crowded and well wearied."

Moreover, there was much free speech among the knights concerning the difference between the opposing armies as to their training and discipline.

King Philip willed to begin the fight with an advance of his Genoese crossbowmen, fifteen thousand strong. It was bolts against arrows. The Genoese might have done better on another day, for their fame was great; but at this hour they were at the end of a forced march of six leagues, each man carrying his cumbersome weapon with its sheaf of bolts. This had weakened their muscles and diminished their ardor; besides, the sudden rain had soaked their bow-strings. The cords stretched when the strain of the winding winch was put upon them, and had lost their spring, so that they would not throw with good force. Their captains nevertheless drove them forward, at the French king's command.

From his post at the mill-foot the royal general of England surveyed the field.

"The day waneth," he said to his earls; "but the waiting is over. The sun is low and sends the stronger glare into their eyes. Mark you how closely packed is that hedge of men-at-arms and lances behind the Genoese? Philip is mad!"

On pushed the crossbowmen, until they were well within the beams of the broad harrow, but there they halted, to do somewhat with their bolts, if they could; and they sent up a great shout. No answer came, for the English archers stood silent, holding each a clothyard arrow ready for the string.

Small harm was done by the feebly shot crossbow-bolts, and the Genoese were ordered to go nearer. They made a threatening rush, indeed; but then of their own accord they halted again and shouted, thinking perhaps to terrify the English army.

Steady as statues stood the archers until the Earl of Hereford, at a word from the Prince,

rode out to where he could be seen by all and waved his truncheon.

Up came the bows, along the serried lines, while each man chose his mark as if he were shooting for a prize upon a holiday in Merry England.

Those of the enemy who escaped to tell the tale said afterward that then it seemed as if it snowed arrows, so swiftly twanged the strings and sped the white shafts.

With yells of terror, the stricken Genoese broke and fled; for by reason of Edward's order of battle they were in a cross-fire from the two beams of the harrow, and few shots failed of a target among them.

Some of them even cut the damp strings of their useless crossbows as they went, lest they should be bidden to turn and fight again. They were now, however, only a pell-mell mob, and it was impossible to command them.

Behind the advance of the Genoese had been the splendid array of King Philip's men-at-arms, a forest of lances. In a fair field, and handled well, they were numerous enough to ride down the entire force of King Edward. Against such an attack the English king had cunningly provided. At no great distance in the view of his knights rode Philip himself, with kings and princes for his company; and fierce was his wrath over the unexpected discomfiture of his luckless crossbowmen.

"Slay me these cowardly scoundrels!" he shouted to his knights. "Charge through them, smiting as ye go!"

Forward rode the thousands of the chivalry of France and Germany and Bohemia, every mailed warrior among them being full of contempt for the thin barrier of English foot-soldiers. All they now needed, it seemed to them, was to disentangle their panoplied war-horses from that crowd of panic-stricken Genoese. It would also be well if they could pass the wet ground, and avoid plunging against one another in the hurly-burly.

But now was to be noted another proof of the wise forethought of the English king. He had had prepared, and the Prince had placed at short intervals along the battle-line a number of the new machines called "bombards." These were short, hollow tubes, made either of thick

oaken staves, bound together with strong straps of iron, or (as was said of some of them), the staves themselves were bars of iron. Before this day, none knew exactly when, there had been discovered by the alchemists a curious compound that, packed into the bombards, would explode with force when touched by fire, and hurl an iron ball to a great distance. It would hurt whatever thing it might alight upon; but the King's thought was rather that the loud explosions and the flying missiles might affright the mettled horses of the French men-at-arms.

Soon the air was full of the roaring of these bombards; and they served somewhat the King's purpose. But so little was then thought of this use of gunpowder at Crécy that some who chronicled the battle, not having been there to see and hear, failed even to mention it.

The fine array of the gallant knights was now confused indeed. They vainly sought to restore their broken order. Not only the manner of the flight of the Genoese, and the greater force and longer line of the right beam of the English harrow invited them to urge their steeds in that direction, but there also floated the Red Dragon banner of the Prince of Wales. Well did each good knight know that there was beating the heart of the great battle.

Worse than the noisy wrath of bombards came now at the command of the Prince. To right and left, plying their bows as they went, wheeled orderly sections of the archery lines, that through those gaps might pass the fierce rush of the wild Welshmen. They were ordered forward, not to contend with knights in armor of proof, but to slay the horses with their javelins.

Terrible was the work they did, darting lightly to and fro; and it was pitiful to see so many gallant knights rolled helplessly upon the ground, encumbered by their armor. Nevertheless, many kept their saddles, and broke through the Welsh to find themselves forced to draw rein in front of the deep ditches that guarded the archery, who were ever plying their deadly bows.

"Down lances!" shouted the Black Prince to his men-at-arms, at the head of the harrow.

"For England! For the King! St. George! Charge!"

More than two thousand mailed horsemen, of England's best, struck their spurs deep as the royal trumpet sounded. Riders and horses were fresh and unwearied.

There was the thunder of many hoofs, a crash of splintering lances, and they were hand-to-hand with King Philip's disordered chivalry. Well for him and his if he had then sounded a recall, so that his shattered forces might be re-arranged; but instead he poured forward his reserves, thereby increasing the pressure and the tumult, while the English archers ever plied their bows with deadly effect.

It was then that the blind King of Bohemia, the ally of Philip in this war, was told how the day was going. At his side rode several of his nobles, and he said to them:

"I pray and beseech you that you lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one blow with this sword of mine."

He had been accounted a knight of worth in his youth, and the spirit of battle was yet strong upon him, neither did there yet seem to be good reason why his request should not be granted. Therefore his friends, on either hand, fastened the bridle-bits of their horses on a line with his own, and they rode bravely forward together.

Right hard was the strife that now went on, especially between the beams of the harrow and toward the right. In the midst of it floated the Red Dragon flag, and here the Prince and his companions-in-arms were contending against the greater numbers of their assailants. Here was the center toward which all were pressing, and here, it was seen, the fate of the battle was to be decided. For this very reason the pressure was less upon the left beam of the harrow, and its captains could the better observe the marvelous passage at arms around the Prince.

"Sir Thomas Norwich," spoke the Earl of Northampton, "we must all go forward and do our best. Ride thou to the King, and crave of him that he send help with speed. We fear it is full time for the reserves to move, if it be not even now too late."

Then the Earl of Arundel and other knights lowered their lances and setting spurs to their horses charged into the thickest press.

Away spurred the knight of Norwich, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, he gave the message to the King at the foot of the wind-mill. For there had the King been standing all the while watching the course of the battle with better perception than could be had by any of those who were in it. He could, therefore, discern in what manner Philip of Valois was defeating himself, crushing his own forces.

"Is my son dead, or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?" he calmly inquired of the messenger.

"No, sire," responded Norwich; "but he is in a hard passage at arms, and sorely needs your help."

"Return thou, Sir Thomas, to those who sent thee," said the King, "and bid them not to send to me so long as my son lives. Let the boy win his spurs; for, if God so order it, I will that the day may be his, and that the honor may be with him and with them to whom I gave it in charge."

No more could the good knight say, and back he rode without company.

There were those who thought it hard of the King, but better it was that he should hold his reserves for utter need.

Nevertheless, the aspect seemed to be growing darker to the true English hearts that were fighting in the press. They saw not, as the King did, that owing to his cunning plan of battle, more in number of the English than of the enemy were at any instant actually smiting, save at the center, around the Prince himself.

Dark as was the seeming, the heart of none was failing.

"To the Prince! To the Prince!" shouted Richard Neville, as the space in front of him was cleared somewhat of foemen. "Follow me!" Forward he went, and loudly rang out behind him the battle-shouts of his men. They were fewer than at the beginning; but boldly and loyally they had closed up shoulder to shoulder.

Richard's horse was slain under him, by a thrust from a German pike; but the rider was lifted to his feet in time to meet the rush of the King of Bohemia and his friends. Their horses were sadly hampered by that hitching together of bridles, and were rearing, plunging, unman-

ageable. More than one blow had the old, blind hero given that day, as he had willed. None knew now by whose arrows his horse and those of his comrades went down, but after they were unhorsed the wild tide of the battle passed over them, for none of them rose again.

"To the Prince!" shouted Richard, fiercely. "I saw his crest go down!"

The arrows and darts flew fast as the young hero of Wartmont fought his way in amid the crash of swords and lances.

"Now, Heaven be praised!" he cried out. "I see the Prince! He lives!"

He said no more, for before him stood a tall knight with a golden wing upon his helmet, and wielding a battle-ax.

Clang, clang, followed blow on blow between those twain. It had been harder for Richard, but that his foe was wearied with the heat and the long combat. Well and valorously did each hold his own, but a blow from another blade fell upon Richard's bosom, cleaving his breast-plate. Then, even as he sank, across him strode what seemed some giant, and a wild cry in the Irish tongue went up as the O'Rourke's pole-ax fell upon the shoulder of the knight of the golden wing.

"On!" shouted the furious chief. "On, men of the fens! Forward, Connaught and Ulster! Vengeance for our young lord! Down with the French!"

Hundreds of strong Irish had followed their leader, and timely indeed was their coming, for the sun was sinking and need was to win the victory speedily.

"Alas!" said Guy the Bow, as he bent over Richard. "I pray thee, tell me, art thou deadly hurt, my lord?"

"Lift me!" gasped Richard. "Put me upon my feet. I would fight on and fall with the Prince."

Quickly they lifted him, but he staggered faintly and leaned upon Guy the Bow.

"I fear he is sore hurt," muttered Guy.

But at that moment there arose a great shouting. It began among the reserves who were with the King on the slope of the hill.

"They fly! The foe are breaking! The day is ours! The field is won! God and St. George for England, and for the King!"

It was true, for the army of the king of France could bear no more. All things were against them. They could neither fight in ranks nor flee from the clothyard shafts.

The Prince came near the group around Richard, and pausing from giving swift orders to his knights he stepped forward.

"T is Richard of Wartmont!" he exclaimed. "Is he dying?"

Straight up stood Richard, raising his visor. He was ghastly pale, but his voice had partly come back to him.

"I think not, Prince Edward," he faltered. "But I thank Heaven that thou art safe!"

"Courage," said the Prince. "The field is ours, and thou hast won honor this day. Bear him with me to the King."

Here and there, brave fragments of what had been the mighty host of France held out and still fought on; but they were not enough. All others sought to save themselves as best they might from the pitiless following of the English. Those in the rear who fled at once were safe enough, and the sunset and the evening shadows were good friends to many more of the French. Most fortunate were such horsemen as had not been able to get into the harrow, for only about twelve hundred knights were slain. With them, however, fell eleven princes and the King of Bohemia, and thirty thousand footmen. The King of France himself was a fugitive that night, seeking where he might hide his head.

From his place on the hill, King Edward of England watched the closing of the great

day of Crécy, and now before him stood a strange array. Shorn plumes, cloven crests or none, battered and bloody armor, broken swords, shivered lances, battle-worn faces, lighted somewhat by pride of victory, were arrayed before him. All were on foot and each man bowed the knee.

Few, but weighty and noble with thanks and honor, were the words of the King. More he would say, he told them, when he should better know each man's meed of praise.

At length the Black Prince came forward, and he knelt before his father, to rise a knight, for he had won his spurs.

"Richard of Wartmont!" cheerily spoke the King. "Come thou!"

"Sore wounded, sire," said Sir Henry of Wakeham; "but I will aid."

"Not so," exclaimed the Prince. "I will bring him myself."

When Richard was brought before King Edward, he heard but faintly the words that made him a knight:

"Arise, Sir Richard of Wartmont!"

All strength and life that were yet in Richard had helped him to lean upon the Prince's arm, to kneel, to rise again, and to hear, almost without hearing, the good words of the King. Then he stepped backward, and Guy the Bow put an arm around him and said lovingly:

"Sir Richard of Wartmont! Proud will thy lady mother be. I trow the war is over. When thy wounds are well healed, we will take thee home to her."

THE END.

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## THE SAD LITTLE BREEZE.

BY LIDA S. PRICE.

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As I wandered in the park to-day, I met a little breeze,  
And sadly it came sighing through the gray, dismantled trees;

For it said:

"Oh, I long for the violets to grow!

I am tired of bare branches, ice, and snow;

I want to kiss the buttercups and make them shake their heads;

I want to hunt for arbutus, tucked snugly in their beds;

I want to carry miles and miles the scent of clover sweet;  
And scatter clouds of blossoms at your feet."

As I listened to this plaint it ceased, with one last mournful sigh,  
And seemed then to be harkening for me to make reply.

So I said:

"Oh, the winter-time will soon pass away!

And ere long will come the summer's lengthened day;  
But you cannot play with snowflakes then, and toss them in the air;  
You cannot scud across the ice now stretched so smooth and fair.

You should try to be content, my dear, with the blessings that are nigh."  
(And to myself I added, "So should I.")

## ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

(Visible in every house where this copy of ST. NICHOLAS goes.)

*Directions for observing Eclipse by* CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN. *Chart by* WILLIAM B. BRIDGE.

IF with this old Astronomer  
The moon's eclipse you 'd view,  
This picture hold a foot or more  
Right straight in front of you.  
The left eye shut, and fix the right  
Upon the old man's head.

Then *slowly* toward you bring the page  
(Mind now what I have said!).  
For if you follow closely  
The directions given here,  
You 'll find that at a certain point  
The moon *will disappear!*



# TWO KINDS OF CLOCKS

BY TUDOR JENKS.



"You 're never right," growled  
the grandfather clock,  
To the clock from over the  
sea ;

"When not too fast, you 're very  
slow.  
Why don't you go by me?"

"You *do* keep time," said the little  
clock,

"For that all look to you.  
It 's enough for me that the  
children love  
To hear my soft, 'cuckoo!'"



# Petit Paul Pierrot.

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.



PAUL PIERROT is a man  
*Très petit* — that 's very small.  
He will not be eight years old  
Till *l'automne* — that means  
the fall ;  
But he knows well how  
to do

Courteous acts — *les actes gracieux*.

When he says, "*Bonjour, monsieur!*"

Just the way he speaks

Brings a sunny summer smile

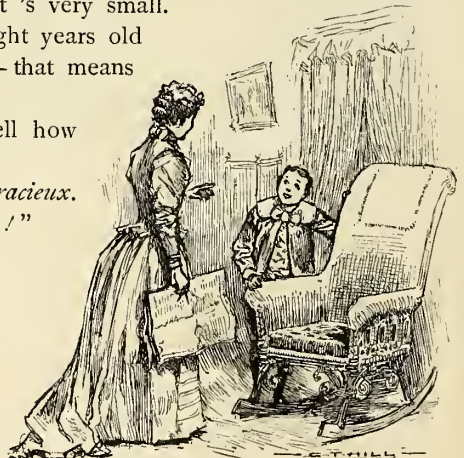
To Grandpa's winter cheeks.

When he brings his mama's chair —

Which he loves to do —

Mama says, "*Merci, mon cher.*"

*Ça comprenez-vous ?*



# How a Woman

# Saved an Army



BY H. A. OGDEN.

It was in the winter of 1777-78, during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British troops, that a patriot woman inside of the enemy's lines performed an act of great service to her country. Not far away, at Whitemarsh, General Washington's army was encamped. It had recently suffered defeat in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and the outlook was most discouraging. In Philadelphia the British soldiers, commanded by General Howe, were quartered in comfortable barracks, while their officers had selected the most

commodious and elegant houses in which to enjoy the winter. In one of these houses lived a Quaker gentleman named Darrah, his wife Lydia, and their younger children; their oldest son was an officer in the patriot army. With them General Howe's adjutant-general took up his quarters, and secured a back room in which private councils could be held.

Just before one of these councils, in the early part of December, Lydia Darrah was told to retire early with her family, as the British officers would require the room at seven o'clock,



THE BRITISH OFFICERS IN COUNCIL.



LYDIA DARRAH OVERHEARS THE PLAN.

and would remain late. The adjutant-general added that the officers would send for her to let them out and to extinguish the fire and candles.

feigned to be asleep. When one of the officers knocked at the door, she did not reply until the summons had been several times repeated.

After the departure of the officers she hardly knew what to do, in order to get word of the intended surprise to Washington. She knew it lay in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen. She dared not consult even her husband. She decided to go herself and convey the information. The Darrahs' stock of flour being almost out, and it being customary in those days for people to send or go to the mills themselves, Lydia told her husband that she would go for more. He wanted his wife to send their servant, or to take a companion, but Lydia insisted on going alone.

As the mill was some distance from the city, a pass through the British lines must be obtained; and Lydia's first step was to procure



“‘WE MARCHED BACK LIKE A PARCEL OF FOOLS!’ SAID THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL.”  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Now, as the officer was so particular, Lydia suspected that some expedition against the patriot army was to be arranged.

She sent all the family to bed, and, taking off her shoes, crept softly back and listened at the door. By this piece of eavesdropping, which the zealous woman no doubt felt was entirely justified as a war expedient, she learned it was decided to issue an order that all the British troops should march out, late on the fourth of December, to surprise General Washington and his army.

Having learned this important decision, Mrs. Darrah retired to her room, and, lying down,

the document from General Howe. Having secured the pass, she made her way over the snowy roads, and reached the mill. Leaving her flour-bag to be filled, she hurried on in the direction of the American camp, and before long met a party of patriot cavalymen commanded by an officer whom she knew. He inquired where she was going. Mrs. Darrah said she was going to see her son, one of his comrades; at the same time she begged him to dismount and walk with her. Ordering his troops to remain within sight, he did so. She then told her important secret, after his promise not to betray his source of information, lest



her life might be forfeited thereby. Conducting her to a house near at hand, and seeing that she had some refreshment, the American officer galloped off to headquarters, where General Washington was at once informed of the intended attack. The necessary preparations were of course made for receiving and repelling the enemy's "surprise."

Returning home with her flour, Lydia sat up alone, to watch the intended movement of the British. The regular tramp of feet passed the door, then all was silence; nor was her anxiety to know the result at an end until the officers' return, a day or two later. Although she did not dare to ask a question, imagine her alarm when the adjutant-general told her that he wished to ask her some questions; she felt sure that she either had been betrayed or was suspected. He inquired very particularly whether her husband or any of the children were up on the night they had held their last consultation. Lydia replied: "The family all retired at seven o'clock, as you requested." He then remarked: "I know *you* were asleep;

for I knocked on your door at least three times before you answered me. We are entirely at a

loss to understand who could have given Washington information of our proposed attack, unless these walls could speak. When we arrived near their encampment we found all their cannon in position, and their troops ready for us; and not being prepared for a regular



LYDIA DARRAH GIVES WARNING OF THE BRITISH ATTACK.

battle with the Americans, we marched back — like a parcel of fools!"



"DAY AND NIGHT THE VOLCANIC FIRES STREAMED FROM THE MIGHTY TUBE."

## THROUGH THE EARTH.

BY CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

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

### II.

#### THE START.

DAY and night the stream of noxious vapors and molten matter poured forth from the newly created volcano, and a most magnificent spectacle it formed. Day and night the volcanic fires streamed from the mighty tube. But, beautiful as it was to watch these stupendous fireworks, there was not one who did not ardently desire the display to stop, that the work of digging the tunnel might be resumed.

Dr. Giles had with great foresight provided a number of submarine boats, and it was consequently possible for the men to journey to and from the mainland as they pleased. As for the doctor himself, he had refused to quit the place. He wished to be at hand to attend to the important point of keeping the supply of refrigerating agents circulating in the tube. This duty he would confide to no one, except to his chief engineer during the intervals of time when he himself was obliged to sleep; and then it was only with a strict order that he should be awakened at the least sign of

anything wrong in the working of the pumping-machines on either side — for special wires kept him in constant communication with the New York end of the tube.

To be obliged to wait thus with folded arms until the volcanic activities had quieted down was exceedingly discouraging; and the only hopeful sign the doctor saw was that a large proportion of vapor mingled with the molten matter hurled forth by the volcano. This led him to believe that only a pocket had been struck. Such, indeed, seemed to be the case; for after four months of weary waiting, the eruption gradually subsided.

Dr. Giles, who had been fast losing hope, was greatly relieved at this turn of affairs, not only because he could go on with his work, but also because he feared that if the eruption continued, earthquakes might be looked for in various parts of the world as the crust of the earth settled into place.

Fortunately, the amount of matter thrown forth was relatively small, and nothing of the kind occurred. Work was therefore resumed and pushed to completion with the utmost rapidity. It was somewhat discouraging to be

obliged to do over again what had already been done, but there was no help for it; so the tube was cleared of the molten matter that had gathered there, and then the work of digging was continued with instruments of still greater complexity than before, to meet the new conditions in the tube.

Day and night did the work continue, there being six relays of workmen, each serving for four hours at a time, assisted by dynamos of undreamed-of power; and as fast as the hole was bored the tube was lengthened and lowered. Every possible precaution was taken, and less than five years after the first eruption the two tubes met together in the center of the earth — or, more properly speaking, in the center of terrestrial attraction, since it had been found that the earth was not of the same density in all its parts.

Of course there had been many minor accidents in the course of so stupendous a task; but at last victory had crowned the efforts of the intrepid doctor, and this was all that the most hopeful person could have asked. Even James Curtis, the skeptic of whom we have already spoken, was forced to acknowledge that the word "impossible" was one which deserved to be stricken from the dictionaries of the twentieth century.

To weld the two tubes together at the ends was a most delicate undertaking, but the work was performed with all the care it demanded. Then the instruments were withdrawn, and specially constructed pumps were set in oper-

ation to exhaust the tube of air; this work was supplemented by the use of ingenious chemical processes to absorb the greater part of the rarefied air which the pumps and other apparatus were unable to remove.

This precaution was absolutely necessary, for, as already stated, air presents an enormous resistance to objects which are traveling at a great velocity.

Air remaining in the tube would not only have retarded the car considerably in its passage, and have prevented it from reaching the opposite side of the earth, but would have produced an



"WELL, MY BOY," SAID THE DOCTOR, "SINCE YOU ARE DETERMINED UPON GOING, I DON'T SEE BUT THAT I SHALL HAVE TO LET YOU TAKE THE TRIP." (SEE PAGE 343)

amount of heat sufficient to damage the vehicle seriously.

Along with the boring of the hole, the construction of the car had occupied the doctor's attention. Fortunately, there was nothing very

difficult in this part of the work, for any closed vessel whatever would have answered the purpose. Nevertheless, there were certain points that required to be taken into consideration. In the first place, as, in spite of the precautions taken for obtaining a perfect vacuum, there would always remain a small amount of air in the tube, it would be well to construct the car of such a shape as to offer the least possible resistance in its passage. Secondly, in order to avoid the inconvenience of having the car turn around during the trip, it was desirable to construct it of a uniform weight on all sides.

The doctor finally decided to build the body of the car cylindrical, but tapering to a point at both the top and the bottom. The height of the car was about twenty feet, and its width about fifteen; consequently, as the hole was thirty feet in diameter, there was little fear of the vehicle striking the sides, even though it should turn around during its journey.

As to the furnishing of the interior of the car, it is needless to say that the doctor had omitted nothing that would conduce either to the comfort or convenience of the passengers.

Everything being thus in readiness, Dr. Giles announced far and wide that the first trip through the earth would be made the following week, and offered a reward of one hundred pounds to whoever would consent to go as a passenger. He himself would have gladly embarked in his novel ship, had it not been that the illness of the chief engineer rendered it necessary for him to attend to the important work of keeping the refrigerating agents circulating through the walls of the tube.

To the doctor's great surprise, as well as disappointment, no one presented himself in answer to the advertisement. There was something appalling in the thought of dropping eight thousand miles, and not a man could be found willing to undertake the strange voyage.

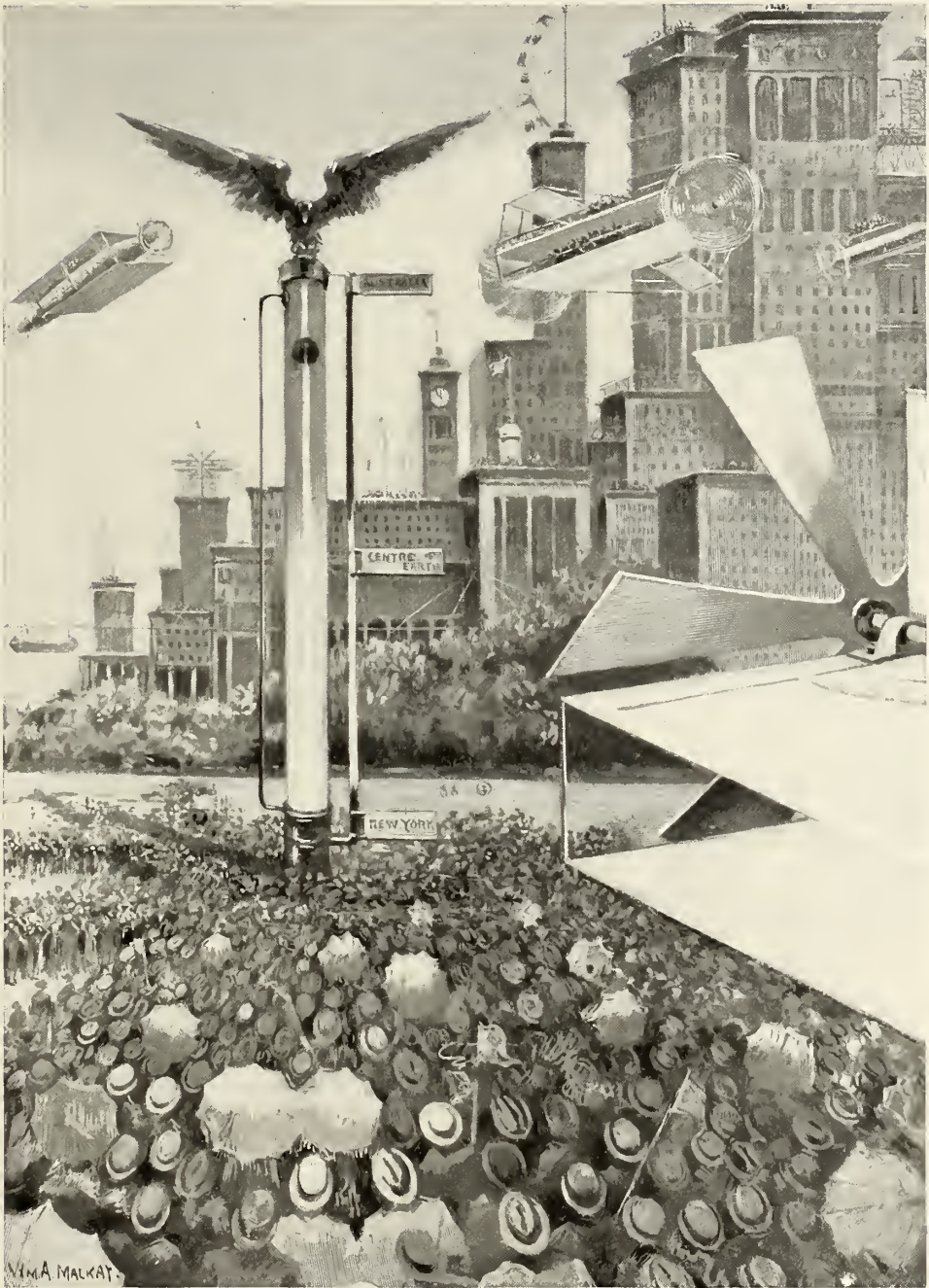
"What a pack of cowards they are!" the doctor exclaimed angrily; "if I could only trust these machines with some one else, I should n't hesitate an instant to go myself! At a pinch, I might let my assistant engineer manage the refrigerating-pumps, but there will be another and far more delicate task to accomplish in regulating the flow of repellent elec-

tricity that it will be necessary to send down the eastern side of the tube to counteract the effects of the centrifugal force of the earth. The least inadvertence or error on the part of the operator would jeopardize the success of the whole undertaking."

"I am not quite sure that I understand what you mean," said his friend James, to whom these words were addressed. "What would the centrifugal force of the earth have to do with the matter?"

"Why, simply this: the earth, as you know, turns around on its axis once in twenty-four hours. To do this, every particle of matter on the surface of the earth, save at the very poles, must travel much faster than the matter in the center of the earth. In fact, every person in Australia here, and every object,—the car included,—is traveling toward the east at the rate of several hundred miles an hour. Consequently, even though I dropped this car down into the very middle of the tube, it would tend to retain this motion; and as, the further down it went, the less would be the speed of the portions of the earth which it was passing, the car would in its entire passage through the earth continually scrape against the eastern side of the tube. To prevent this I have been obliged to charge the car with negative electricity, and also to send a strong negative current down the eastern side of the tube. As two similar electricities repel each other, the car will be thus prevented from touching the side of the tube; in fact, by increasing or diminishing the current according to circumstances, I shall be able to keep the car always well in the center of the tube. But, as you see, it is a very delicate operation; and although I have arranged it so as to be automatically controlled, as much as possible, by the very position of the car, I feel my presence necessary here, in case the slightest thing should go wrong. Do you understand now?"

"Perfectly," replied James; "and I must confess that, for my part, I am not at all surprised that no one should be willing to run the risks. Not only is there, as you say, the danger of being killed by striking against the side of the tube, but the very rapidity of the passenger's fall would, as I have already said,



"SPECIAL APPLIANCES HAD BEEN ERECTED IN EVERY CITY OF THE WORLD FOR RENDERING VISIBLE THE COURSE OF THE CAR DURING ITS PASSAGE THROUGH THE EARTH." (SEE PAGE 344)

prevent him from breathing ; so that even if he were not smashed into fragments or burned to a cinder, he would still be suffocated before he reached even the center of the earth."

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor. "As I have already told you, we all of us are traveling much faster than any speed this car will acquire, and there would consequently not be

the slightest danger. A child could undertake the trip; and, now that we are discussing the subject, I am surprised, James, that you do not go."

"Oh, thank you, doctor; but although, as you say, I might go without danger, I am enough of a child to prefer my life to the fun of falling down a bottomless pit."

"Well, that being the case, there is nothing for me to do but submit to the humiliating necessity of sending the car through without any passengers. And I regret this all the more, as there will be many interesting physical experiences for the passenger to undergo during the trip, and I should very much like to have an account of them. There is one more chance left. I told my agents to wait in Australia until the last moment, and not to leave the continent without doing everything possible to secure a passenger. That is my last hope. So far they have telephoned me that they have been unsuccessful, but it is now only half-past five; they have half an hour more before sailing, and—who knows?—perhaps at the last moment something may turn up."

The minutes passed by, and soon there were but five left. At this moment the instrument in the doctor's office began to ring.

"Ah," said he, "if that could but be a passenger!" He rushed to the instrument and listened to the message. It was most laconic:

"Boy of sixteen wants to go as passenger. Shall we bring him?"

A few seconds later the answer was returned: "Bring him anyway."

That was all, but it meant volumes.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock there was a knock at the doctor's private office, and with a bound the worthy man was at the door. A boy entered—a young lad with a pleasant face, but evidently belonging to the poorer classes; for while there were no holes in his clothing, it was full of patches of different colors. But, in spite of this, he had an indescribable air of neatness about his person. Evidently he had seen better days.

A shade of disappointment passed over the doctor's face as he gazed searchingly upon the lad. It was the boy who first broke the silence, and it was easy to see, from his brisk, business-

like manner, that he knew thoroughly how to take care of himself.

"Do I understand, sir," he said, going at once to the subject in his mind—"do I understand that a reward of one hundred pounds is offered to whoever will take passage in the car that is about to be dropped through the earth?"

"Yes, my boy, that *is* the offer; but you appear somewhat young to try an experiment which so many older heads are afraid to risk."

"I beg of you to let me go, sir," said the boy earnestly; "for that one hundred pounds means life or death to my poor mother."

"What is your name, my boy?" the doctor asked kindly.

"William Swindon, sir."

"Well, William, do you not see what a responsibility I should be taking if I were to allow you, a minor, to go on this trip? Suppose anything should happen to you, could I ever forgive myself for letting you go?"

"I will gladly take the risks," exclaimed William eagerly; "and pray do not believe that because I am only sixteen, I do not know how to take care of myself. On the contrary, I have had more practical experience than many young men of twenty-one."

"You have not always been poor, William. I can see that by your speech and manners."

"No, sir; only two years ago we had everything we wanted. In fact, I was destined to become a mechanical engineer, and was studying with that view when my father died. Somehow, his partner, in settling up the business, managed to keep everything for himself, and left nothing for us."

"Could n't you sue him?"

"That is, unfortunately, what my mother did; and she spent what little money we had in trying to get the rest back. But the result was, she lost all. Then I was taken from college and sent to work in a shop at very low wages, while my mother tried to give private lessons and do sewing at home. Our friends helped us a little at first, but soon became tired of doing so. And then mother fell sick, and we gradually ran into debt.

"The crisis came yesterday. When I went to work in the morning I found my employer

had failed, and that thenceforward I was without a position. When our landlord, to whom we owe about ten pounds, heard this, and saw that even the small income we had was thus cut off, he declared he could wait no longer for his money, and yesterday noon turned us out into the street, although poor mother is yet far from well.

"I should not like to pass through yesterday's experiences again! All the afternoon we tramped about, asking for work or for lodging on credit, but nothing could we find. Finally, as night came on, we went to one of the public parks, and passed the night on the benches there. Poor mother! it was the first time in her life she had not had a roof to rest under; and although she tried to bear up bravely for my sake, I could hear her sobs as we sat there waiting for the daylight. Ah, thank Heaven, yesterday can never dawn again! I should go wild if it did!"

"Who knows?" said the doctor, smiling inwardly; "perhaps if yesterday did dawn again, it might be ten times happier than the happiest day you have ever known so far. Besides, how do you know that to-morrow may not be many times worse?"

"If you would only let me go on this journey, I feel sure that we should never want again. The one hundred pounds would enable us to pay all our debts, and would, with what I could earn, keep us alive for at least a year; and during that time I feel sure I could find some good position — one that would enable the two of us to live."

Doctor Giles felt the tears coming to his eyes at this simple tale. With a voice that had a slight tremor in it, he said:

"Well, my boy, since you are determined upon going, I don't see but that I'll have to let you take the trip. If there were any real danger, of course I could not think of doing such a thing; but, as a matter of fact, you ran more risks in coming here on the ship than you will in going through the earth. But, being something out of the ordinary, this voyage, of course, frightens people more than a greater danger with which they are already familiar.

"As for the one hundred pounds reward, that shall be at once sent to your mother, with

a second one hundred that I will add to the amount. But where can we find her?"

"I left her in the park early this morning, sir, while I went out to look for work, and I told her I would be back at noon, if possible; or, if I found something to do, at seven o'clock to-night. I will write her a line to inclose with the money, and believe me, sir, I am truly grateful to you for your kindness."

"Not at all," replied the worthy doctor, pressing his hand. "You seem to be a plucky boy, William; and you are displaying a courage to-day of which a man might well be proud. But it will be necessary to make haste, for the car is scheduled to leave at eleven o'clock sharp, and the inhabitants of the whole world are now gathering to see the start. Of course they cannot witness the real descent, but by means of electrical devices they will see it indirectly."

William hastily scribbled a few lines, and then took leave of the doctor.

"Everything is now ready for the start, William," said that worthy, as he led the boy to the door. "Be of good courage, and remember that there is but little real danger. You will find that I have attended to everything necessary for the comfort and safety of the passengers. I have also placed full instructions how to act on signs hung around the interior of the car. Follow the instructions *to the letter*, and I will guarantee that you will make a safe and speedy trip. But, however strange the directions may seem to you, it is absolutely essential that you should *follow them exactly*."

"Remember, too, that while there will be no possibility of communicating with us during the journey, as I have not yet completed the inductive telephone through the tube, we shall yet know just where you are, and whether all is well or not, for I have here instruments of your greatest delicacy which will inform me of your exact position, and the conditions of heat, cold, and so on, that you are experiencing. During the entire journey I shall not take my eyes from the instruments for a moment, and in case of any emergency you can count upon us to aid you by all the means in our power. And now, good-by, my boy, and mark my words: You will never regret the step you have taken, and

I promise you that you will be back here, safe and sound, before nightfall."

The doctor spoke too confidently. Little did he dream as he made this promise that it was destined to be weeks before our hero set foot on his native land again.

A moment later William passed into a closed chamber at the top of the tube, made his way into the car, and carefully locked himself in the strange vehicle. Then the suction-pumps were set to work, this upper chamber was exhausted of air, and the car was ready to start on its strange journey.

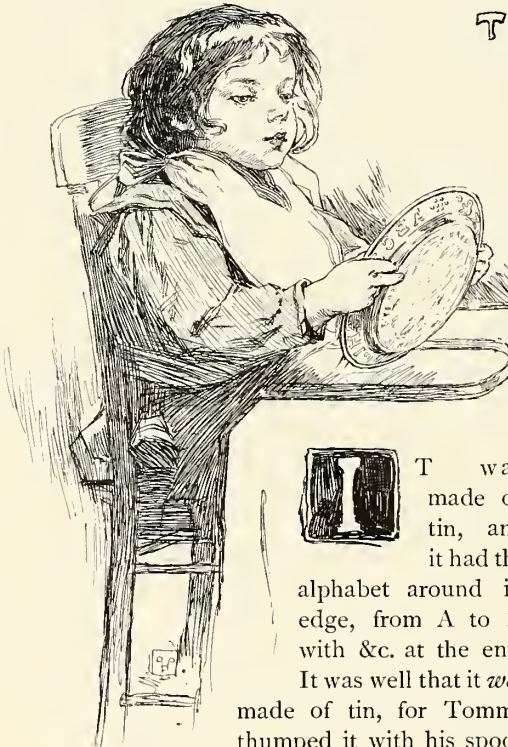
While these events were passing, immense crowds had gathered around special appliances that had been erected in every city of the world, for rendering visible the course of the car during its passage through the earth. The news

had already spread that at the last moment a passenger had been found to undertake the journey, and hence public interest was excited to the highest pitch.

At the same moment an electric bell in each of these places sounded a warning ring for a few seconds, and then suddenly ceased; while at the instant of cessation, a ball placed in a tall glass tube began slowly falling downward. This ball was in electric communication with the carbonite tube itself; and by an ingenious arrangement it measured and made manifest to the spectators the exact speed and position of the car at every stage of its rapid fall through the earth.

The die was cast! Our hero had started on his novel journey. And novel it was destined to be, beyond anything he had ever imagined!

(To be continued.)



## THE LITTLE ROUND PLATE.

By MARY L. B. BRANCH.

and dented it with his knife and fork, and dropped it on the floor.

"Oh, be careful of your pretty plate, Tommy!" grandma used to say. She liked to see children careful.

"I want a plate like sister's," Tommy would reply.

Now sister Libbie was eight years old. *She* was careful of plates, and she had a blue and white one with a picture in the middle.

"When you can treat a plate as well as Libbie does, you may have a china one, too," said mama.

But Tommy could n't, and the tin plate had to put up with a great deal. Perhaps it liked lively times.



It was made of tin, and it had the alphabet around its edge, from A to Z, with &c. at the end. It was well that it *was* made of tin, for Tommy thumped it with his spoon



Once Libbie had a party, and the party wanted to play "Twirl the Platter."

"Please go and get a plate, Libbie," said Rose Dean.

"Will it break it?" asked Libbie.

"We broke four at *our* party!" said Will Dean.

"Take mine!—mine won't break!" shouted Tommy.

So the tin plate was brought, and it twirled beautifully. Tommy grew proud of it as it whirled about like a big bright top. It went so fast that you could not see the A B C on it.

"That 's *my* plate!" Tommy said when it spun an unusually long time. When the children turned to other games, he picked up his plate and put it where it would not be stepped upon.

But next day, when there was no party, Tommy grew tired of his plate again. He could not spin it so well as the older children did, and when he tried it on the steps it rolled out on the sidewalk. So he tried it on the sidewalk just as Rose Dean was coming along on her way from school. He wanted it to spin well, but instead of that it started down hill and rolled and rolled like a wheel, going faster and faster till it was a wonder it did not fall flat on its face.

"It 's running away!" cried Rose, clapping her hands.

"I don't care!" said Tommy; and they watched the plate going over and over till it rolled quite out of sight where the hill dipped down in the hollow.

That night Tommy ate from a white earthen

plate, and he was very careful of it. So he was the next day, very careful indeed; and his mother said:

"I do believe Tommy can be trusted with a china plate."

So she bought him a pink-and-white china plate, as pretty as Libbie's.

Tommy was well satisfied now; somehow he felt older with a china plate, and behaved better at the table.

"Nothing like a sense of responsibility," said papa, wisely.

That same day, as Tommy sat out on the front steps toward evening, a little boy in a kilt dress came toiling up the hill with something shiny in his hands. He was almost out of breath when he reached Tommy, but he managed to say:

"Here 's your *beautiful* little round plate that says A B C. It rolled into my yard, and I picked it up and brought it in; but mama said I must give it back because you would hate to lose it."

"Oh! never mind, little boy!" said Tommy kindly. "Keep it if you like it. I have a china plate now."

"Oh-h!" said the little boy, "I think it is *beautiful*!"

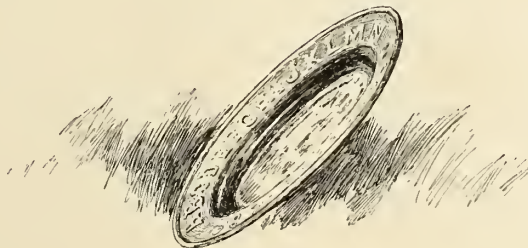
He held it fast and started down hill, but was stopped by Tommy's voice.

"Little boy, what do you say?"

The little boy turned about at once, and, bobbing his head, said:

"Thank you!"

Then, as that was perfectly satisfactory, he took his course down hill again, clasping tightly the little round tin plate.



# Three Little Bears



BY M. C. McNEILL.

(For Very Little Folks.)

THREE little bears came into the town.  
"How do you do?" said everybody.  
Their faces were smiling, with never a frown.  
"How sweet!" said everybody.  
The three little bears made three little bows.  
"How very polite!" said everybody.  
They bowed as boys bow  
in dancing-school.  
"What airs and what  
grace!" said everybody.

One little bear had a little  
red coat.  
"How smart!" said every-  
body.

One had a tippet all made of soft down.  
"How cozy and warm!" said everybody.  
And one was a fiddler of great renown.  
"What charming music!" said everybody.

The three little bears began then to dance.  
"How cute!" said everybody.

"What do you want, you little  
black bears  
With manners so nice?"  
said everybody.

"I don't like to be a fool, so  
I want to go to school,"  
Said the red-coated bear  
to everybody.

Then Tommy Perkins, mak-  
ing a bow,

Right in front of everybody,  
Took down his book and his slate as well,  
And began to explain to everybody

Just what the little black bears should do  
To read and to cipher like everybody.

"Sit up quite straight, and mind your stops;  
Say, 'A, B, C,' for everybody."

"A, B, C," said the three little bears,  
All in one voice, to every-  
body.

"A, B, C! What fiddle-dee-  
dee!"

Was whispered aloud by  
everybody.

"I want to count," said one  
little bear.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" shouted  
everybody.



"We're not at all deaf!" said the three  
little bears.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said everybody.

"We'd like to learn manners," said the three  
little bears;

"And we'd like to learn from everybody,  
But every one has n't fine manners," they said.

"Some have very bad manners," said  
everybody.



“What manners you have may be better than ours,”

Said the three little bears to everybody;

“For we live in the wood—which no manners requires.”

“Then how did you learn?” said everybody.

“For when you came in you were quite as polite

As Tommy Perkins,” said everybody.

“You bowed and you danced, while we all sat entranced,

So sweet were the notes,” said everybody.

“You wanted to learn to say, ‘A, B, C,’

Like good little bears,” said everybody.

“And when we exclaimed, ‘Such fiddle-dee-dee!’

No notice you took,” said everybody.

“And when we all shouted out, ‘One! Two! Three! Four!’

Instead of roaring,” said everybody,

“You gently reminded us all that in school We must not be noisy,” said everybody.

“If you won’t teach us manners, We’re going back home,”

Said the three little bears to everybody.

“For after the night falls it won’t do to roam; So we’ll say our farewells to everybody.”

Then they stood up and bowed, and held out their paws,

And shook hands all round with everybody.

“We’ll dance all the way, for we know how to play,”

Said the three little bears to everybody.

“And with our best compliments we wish you good-day.”

“Good-day, and good-luck!” said everybody.



## THE SNOWMAN.

By W. W. ELLSWORTH.

ONE day we built a snowman.  
We made him out of snow;  
You 'd ought to see how fine he was,—  
All white from top to toe!

We poured some water on him,  
And froze him, legs and ears;  
And when we went indoors to bed  
I said he 'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind  
Of wind began to blow,  
And winter cried and ran away,  
And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went  
To bid our friend good-day,  
There was n't any snowman there;—  
*Everything* 'd runned away!

## THE LETTER-BOX.

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BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family have taken you for five or more years, and in that time it never occurred to me to write to you until to-day.

This magazine is really intended for my sister, but I am always on the lookout for it, and as soon as it arrives I get hold of it and call Hal, my brother, and we run outside and read it in a place where our sister is not likely to get hold of us.

I live on a ranch in Texas. We raise sheep, cows, and horses. I like the horses best. I have five horses of my own, and Hal has seven. One of my ponies, called "Lightning," is a racer. I can ride him bareback without saddle or bridle, and steer him with my feet. For instance, if I wish him to go to the left, I knock his left side with my foot, and if I want him to go to the right, I knock his right side. Lightning is a fine jumper. Once, on a holiday when there were a lot of races and jumping-matches, Lightning and I took part in a jumping-match, and won the second prize.

My little sister, Lou, has a pony that can beat Lightning in both racing and jumping. He is all black with the exception of one hoof, which is white. Lou calls him "Thunder Cloud." I have offered to swap Lightning and two other horses — "Jack" and "Jarlow," for him, but Lou says she would not trade Thunder Cloud for a million dollars!

I am going to tell you about our journey from Texas to Boston. To begin with, we rode horseback to the railroad station, which was a long way off. I did not mind that, for horseback riding never tires me; and then, beside, Hal, Lou, and I had races all the way. Arriving at the station late in the afternoon, we entered the train, which did not start for half an hour. I had never been in a train of cars before, and I never want to be in one again.

Then at night I could not sleep a wink, for the air in the sleeping-car was very close, and there was that awful racket a train always makes. I was very glad to hear when we arrived at Galveston that the rest of the long journey before us would be made by sea.

Hal and I had a state-room together. It was small and smelt fishy, but we did not mind that, for outside it was cool and clear, and a fresh sea breeze was blowing.

We started a few minutes before supper, and I slept well, pleased with the ship and its surroundings.

The next morning I woke up feeling sick and dizzy. I started to get up and dress, but my head swam so that I was glad to get into my bunk again. Hal said he felt the same, but despite his dizziness, he dressed and went to breakfast, saying that after a hearty meal and a whiff of the fresh sea air he would be all right. I did not see him again until late in the morning, when he came into the state-room where I lay, horribly sick, and urged me to dress and go out on deck. He said he felt all right, only much better than he had ever felt before.

I did get up in the afternoon. I managed to tumble into my clothes, and with Hal's help I got out on deck. Once on deck, with the fresh sea air blowing about me, I soon felt much better, and in an hour or so I felt as well as ever, and was able to eat a hearty supper.

One old sailor told me that the best cure for sea-sickness was to be out on deck as much as possible, to eat hearty meals, and to take invigorating exercise. I enjoyed the rest of the journey very much.

On the whole, I was glad when our long journey was over, and we had arrived safely at our cousin's house in Boston, though I had been very sorry to part with some of the passengers on the "Austin," and also with the crew, who had been jolly fellows, and very kind.

I think Boston is a jolly place, with its theaters, shops, electric cars, and its "zoo," — all of these things being perfectly new to Hal, Lou, and me, — and the fun one has when it snows, and the sport of coasting and skating.

But I shall not be sorry when our pleasant visit comes to an end, and I am once more cantering through the gate on Lightning's back, and up the familiar ten-mile driveway to our own house and home!

Your faithful reader, PHILBY.

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HERE is a letter from a fierce little five-year-old, who means to hunt in earnest:

HARTWOOD, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ned and I took out two spoon-hooks. Edward is my brother.

There is a little dog that lives back of our house, and we made a little stable and a wild-cat lived there and "Nixie" wounded him.

Next year I am going to write for a cow-boy's hat and a pistol and blank cartridges, and a 22-caliber rifle, and a real revolver seven-shooter, and a two-barreled gun, and a belt of cartridges and two boxes of plain-sized cartridges.

And the wild-cat used to yell, and one night he got up on our window-sill and scratched.

Next year I am going up here hunting with Mr. Townley. I stuck a dart made of wood up in the ground that I whittled out with my knife, and we're going to shoot him. I am only going to have my pistol and blank cartridges revolver and cartridges here next summer.

I am an American. I am five years old. I am going to Yale and Oxford. I am going to have my hatchet too.

GEORGE DIMOCK, JR.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family have taken you for seventeen years, and in all that time none of us have written you a letter to tell you how much we enjoy you, and how we can hardly wait for each number. I am fifteen years old, and live in one of the suburbs of the city, and on a road which was originally an Indian trail.

The road is very hilly and curves a great deal; and as it is on one of the high hills which border the river, there are many beautiful views of the valley, which is called Turkey Bottom on account of the many wild turkeys which used to be found there.

We live near the end of the road, which ends abruptly on a hill; and a little distance from our house and very close to the road is an Indian mound.

This fall the President, on his way to Canton to vote, visited one of our neighbors. We saw him many times driving in the carriage, and he always took off his hat when we bowed to him. But one afternoon — we shall never forget it — he drove up the road in a carriage with three other gentlemen; he took off his hat to us, but

while the carriage went on up the road, we rushed into the house and brought out a large American flag which had been in the war, and when he drove back we stood around it and cheered. Mr. McKinley leaned forward in the carriage and waved his hat out of the window. Don't you think that was thrilling? Right away we thought of that article in your magazine, "Honors to the Flag." But of all the stories, I love "Master Skylark" best. Wishing you luck, I remain your devoted reader,  
CLARA C. MENDENHALL.

—  
RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fifteen years old, and live in Richmond, the old Confederate capital. It is a beautiful city filled with relics of bygone days and the war. It is called "Modern Rome" because it is built on seven hills. They are Church Hill, Libby Hill, Sluzcko Hill, Navy Hill, Chestnut Hill, Oregon Hill, and Gambles Hill. It contains the White House of the Confederacy; the old State capitol, over one hundred years old (the plans for building it were brought over from Europe by Thomas Jefferson when he was minister to France); also the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Near and around here are numerous battle-fields. The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, was fought only nine miles from Richmond. I have a pet dog named "Bruno"; he is very smart; he can climb a ladder, beg, and sing. Maybe none of you ever heard a dog sing. It is very comical; first he goes soft, then loud, then soft. When my father comes home, Bruno barks furiously, as much as to say, "Take me for a run"; then away they go, papa on his wheel and Bruno beside him. As fast as papa goes he can go; he is a beautiful pacer. I am ever your devoted reader,  
KATE JAMES CHRISTIAN.

—  
OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine for—well, ever since I can remember; and the more I get it, the more I like it. I am at present writing on your December number—that is, my paper is resting on it. We are just now getting ready for our Exposition, and from what I hear day by day, it must be going to be beautiful.

They have an artesian well which spouts fifty-eight gallons a minute. They have a lagoon which is very deep, and in 1898 will be dotted with gondolas. In short, it is a veritable World's Fair, only twenty times prettier. They think of moving the State building of Illinois for it. I have n't been out there yet (and don't think I shall go, either). We have a new post-office, and also a new depot which is very beautiful. In one of the store windows here there is a plaster-of-Paris model of the station. It is furnished just like a palace, inside, and has a long sidewalk going spirally down to the cars.

Well, good-by. I must n't write any longer.

Your very loving reader,

MARGARET ESTELLE WHITNEY.

—  
HJO, SWEDEN, EUROPE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thinking that a letter from the land of Nansen might be of interest to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I herewith send you a few lines. My father is a metallurgical engineer from Sweden, and my mother is of English descent, as her forefather was Governor Edward Winslow, first governor at Plymouth, Mass.; but as I was born in Georgia, I am really an American by birth, of which I am very proud. We lived in the United States until I was seven years old; since then we have lived in Nova Scotia, and are now moving to Montreal, which is a lovely city.

This is my second trip to my father's native country; but being older this time, I am better able to appreciate all I have seen than when I was here before. We were two weeks in Stockholm last June, visiting the Exposition, which was very fine, indeed, and did great credit to this little country's energy and progress, representing, as your readers doubtless know, not only the industrial progress of Sweden, but also of Norway, Denmark, Finland, and Russia. Among the finest features were the Art Hall, Industrial Hall, the Army and Navy exhibits, which were very interesting, and the many iron exhibits, which were truly wonderful, on which latter my father has written a number of long articles in the *Iron Age*. We went through the royal palace, and also out to Drottningholm, a beautiful summer residence of the king's, and Grippsholm, an old castle built in 1387. There are said to be two hundred odd rooms; and there have been at different times four kings there as prisoners.

The city of Stockholm is most beautiful; and as it is built on seven islands, the many little steamers which run from one to another are a great attraction. There are also so many lovely gardens in which to sit and hear very good music that altogether it has many attractions. On our way home next spring, we shall again visit England and Scotland, which will be very enjoyable; but, as far as I have seen, I prefer living in America to living in Europe.

I am very much interested in collecting stamps, and have at present over eight hundred and fifty; and I get a great deal of valuable information from ST. NICHOLAS, which I have had for six years,—ever since I was eight years old,—and I do not think I could do without it; as it is always interesting, and as I am very fond of reading, it is read through from cover to cover.

Sincerely yours,

LOTTIE SJÖSTEDT.

—  
MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are a good many children in our house; and we look forward to every twenty-fifth of the month, for that is the time of your coming.

The outskirts of our city are full of old batteries, and places where skirmishes were fought during the Civil War. There is a Union and Confederate cemetery here, too. Among all the graves in the Union cemetery with names and rank on them, there are two which are merely numbered—172 and 173. The Confederate graves have no names on them at all, but simply little square pieces of stone at the head, and a monument of a soldier with bowed form, arms reversed, inscribed: "To the Unknown Dead." I think they are very pathetic.

Wishing you a long life,

IRENE R. TUCKER.

—  
HUENEME, VENTURA COUNTY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been thinking of writing to you for some time. Our younger sisters wrote a few weeks ago, and are very anxious to see their letter in print. We hope ours will be printed also.

This is a very small town, but there is a great deal of shipping done. This summer there was so much grain carried to the warehouses that they could not hold it. No vessels would come for it, as they were all chartered for the Klondike, so there was a new one built.

We live about a half a mile apart, and see each other almost every day. This summer we have been playing tennis. We like it very much, and as we each have a court, can practise whenever we wish to. While we were in Nordhoff, a little village in the mountains not far from here, last May, we saw a tennis tournament between this county and Los Angeles county, and our county came off victorious.

We are very fond of reading. Lately we have been reading Scott's novels, and think them very interesting. Our favorite so far is "Kenilworth." Some of our favorite authors are Miss Alcott, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Henty, Molly Elliot Seawell, Charles Kingsley, and Kirk Munroe.

Nellie's eldest sister started last October for a trip around the world. She was in India during the terrible plague. Her letters describing the Oriental countries were very interesting.

Mary's eldest sister is at boarding-school with one of Nellie's sisters, and perhaps we shall go next year. Nellie has one younger sister at home, and Mary two sisters and two brothers, all younger than herself.

Mary is collecting coins, and has two or three hundred. Nellie collects stamps, and has quite a number.

We are very fond of horseback-riding and bicycling; but the roads about here are not very good for the latter.

We have a great deal to say, but think this is enough for this time.

NELLIE MCK. GREGG and MARY L. BARD.

JACKSON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend sends you every year for a Christmas present. So every twenty-fifth of December I have the best magazine in the world.

I have a small publishing house and have issued ready for the Christmas trade a book entitled "Young America's Standard." I do all the setting of the type myself,

and also the printing and binding. Several pages are devoted to a list of the titles of good stories to read. Many are from St. NICHOLAS. I also issue a small paper, "The Newsboy." I and my two brothers raised twenty bushels of potatoes on a vacant lot that we own outside of the city.

My grandfather was out here to visit us recently. He was a surgeon in the Civil War. He told us many stories of the battle of Chancellorsville, in which he took part. The soldiers, after battle, having found an old brick house, tore it down and made an oven and baked an immense number of loaves of bread from the barrels of flour that had been sent as supplies.

Your reader,

HOLMES KIMBALL.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Paul B. Detwiler, Amy O., Cecelia V. Read, Barbara Burr, Margaret Graham Findlay, Mabel M. Johns, Mary W. Rittenhouse, Mabel C. Bovill, Van Leer Kirkman, Jr., Rosamund Gray, Ethel Cliff, Bessie M. Humphrey, Shirley H. Storm, M. Gruening, Joan Olive Bryden, Walter J. Rose, Wm. T. Bostwick, Lewis G. Carpenter, Polly Curtiss, Rachel Norton, Mary W. Nason, Lottie Morrison, Jennie Pearce, Kingsley Martin, John Akiu Branch, Alice B. Helmet, Grace Crane, Lydia Marshall, Hazel Chapman, Almira Richardson Wilcox, Otto W. Budd, Emily Forbes Stewart, Lathrop Bartlett Lovell, George A. Richardson, Helen B. Hewitt, Harry Hays, Chester O. Reed.

## To Let.

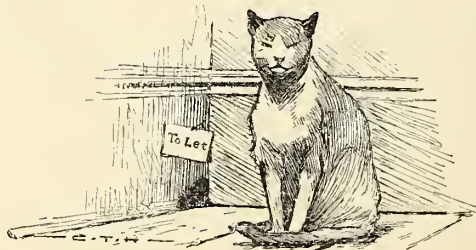
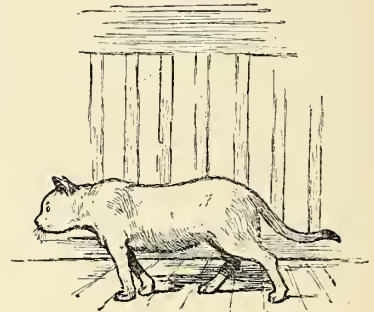
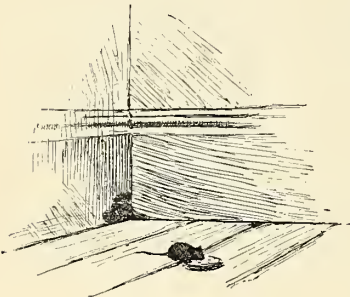
BY MARY VAN DERBURGH.

A LITTLE gray mouse  
Came out of his house,  
That looked to the south.

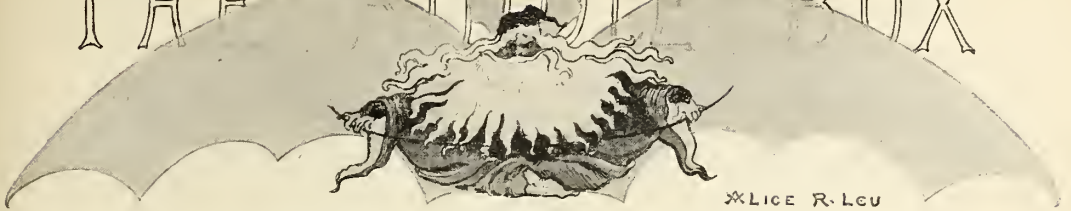
A cat came forth  
To walk on her porch,  
That looked to the north.

Wee-e-e! Mi-mieouw! —  
Where 's the little mouse now?

There 's a sign "To Let"  
On the wee little house  
That looked to the south.



# THE RIDDLE BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Mar. 3. Moral. 4. Caravan. 5. Raved. 6. Lad. 7. N.

"SUN" PUZZLE. From 14 to 1, Palici; 15 to 2, Helios; 16 to 3, Oxymel; 17 to 4, Elissa; 18 to 5, Boston; 19 to 6, Utgard; 20 to 7, Scipio; 21 to 8, Arnulf; 22 to 9, Pleiad; 23 to 10, Oenone; 24 to 11, Laurel; 25 to 12, Lucumo; 26 to 13, Osiris. From 14 to 26, Phoebus Apollo; from 1 to 13, Island of Delos.

RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Bards. 2. Moral. 3. Civet. 4. Penal. 5. Strap.

A CHRISTMAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Pear. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. II. 1. Shot. 2. Hole. 3. Olea. 4. Teak. III. 1. Lamb. 2. Aloe. 3. Moat. 4. Bets. IV. 1. Bank. 2. Area. 3. Neat. 4. Kate. V. 1. Slot. 2. Lame. 3. Omen. 4. Tent.

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 NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Four Weeks in Kane" — Josephine Sherwood — M. McG. — Tom and Alfred Morewood — "Class No. 10" — Clara A. Anthony — Paul Reese — Nessie and Freddie — "Allil and Adi" — Mabel M. Johns — Louise Ingham Adams — Sigourney Fay Nininger — Howard B. Peterson — "Midwood" — "May and 79."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Edith Sergeant Clark, 1 — Edna A. Webb, 1 — Mary E. Mearns, 1 — W. L., 7 — William Kernan Dart, 1 — "Buffalo Quartette," 7 — Elise Julia Rhoads, 1 — Morse Delplaine and Rose J. Rolfs, 1 — Addison B. Blake, 1 — J. K. E., 5 — Fred B. Hallock, 1 — Belle Miller Waddell, 7 — Betty and Etta, 6 — F. G. Sayre, 5 — Frank Stanley and the "Freak," 7 — Edgar Stanton, 1 — Mary K. Rake, 1 — Morgan Buffington and his mother, 7 — Estelle Feldstein, 4 — F. S. Cole, 7 — "The Brownie Band," 3 — C. E. H. and Dannat Pell, 3 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 6 — "Three Friends," 3 — "The Trio," 6 — "Two Little Brothers," 7 — "C. D. Lauer Co.," 7 — Katharine S. Doty, 7 — Musgrove Hyde, 1 — "Merry and Co.," 4 — Marguerite Sturdy, 5.

## TWELVE HIDDEN INSECTS.

Two children of Lynn, loving nature, wanted to play in the woods; and their mother, who had been reared amid gentle woodland scenes, was pleased to permit them to trifle awhile. So, with stout sticks, a mesh or net for catching insects, and in plain garb, ugly but neat, they ran over the grass, hoppershop, and may we all be as successful as they were.

ALLIL AND ADI.

## OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

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1. In pitchfork. 2. Indistinct. 3. Better. 4. Ore. 5. Fast. 6. Exists. 7. Part of the Nile. 8. A pile. 9. A unit. 10. In pitchfork. M. E. FLOYD.

## 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 and country of "The Madman of the North."

CHARADE. Ham-let.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Bonheur. 1. Bear. 2. Owl. 3. Narwhal. 4. Horse. 5. Eagle. 6. Unicorn. 7. Rabbit.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Honour and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part — there all the honour lies.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, January; finals, New Year. Cross-words: 1. Jerkin. 2. Angle. 3. Narrow. 4. Unity. 5. Apple. 6. Russia. 7. Yonder.

THE MEETING OF THE WISE. From 2 to 1, Nestor; 3 to 1, Taylor; 4 to 1, Sumner; 5 to 1, Hooker; 13 to 2, Solon; 6 to 2, Bacon; 7 to 3, Scott; 8 to 3, Swift; 9 to 4, Keats; 10 to 4, Burns; 11 to 5, Booth; 12 to 5, Smith.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A four-wheeled pleasure or state carriage. 2. A kind of goat. 3. Vexation. 4. Barren. 5. Ability. 6. An edible, hard-shelled crustacean. 7. Agents. 8. To vie with. 9. Groups. 10. To plunge under water. 11. To confide. 12. Clumsy. 13. A ruler. 14. To raise to a higher station. 15. Laborious attempts. 16. To praise unduly. 17. Eats noisily. 18. A sharp, harsh, ringing sound. 19. The chief officer of a county. 20. To dim. 21. Writes illegibly. 22. Exact. 23. A busybody. 24. A city of Ireland. 25. Aborigines. SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

## CHARADE.

THE river was hurrying down to the ocean,  
And rushing along with a frolicsome motion;  
It flashed through the woodland, it dashed through the mead;  
My first it encountered, and checked was its speed.  
No more useless racing, no more idle play,  
To work it was put, and at work it must stay.  
Perhaps you may second if this were quite fair,  
For water is said to be free, like the air.  
Of course it's all right, for man has dominion  
O'er all things on earth, — or, that's my opinion.  
Pray, is there a lovelier flower that grows  
Than the one we all know as a fair *one two* rose?  
Or is there a trustier weapon e'er made  
Than the one men approve as a good *one two* blade?  
With fine *one two* linen I would I were able  
To daintily cover, at meal-time, my table;  
And could I afford it, of one thing I'm certain —  
I'd hang at my window a fine *one two* curtain.

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

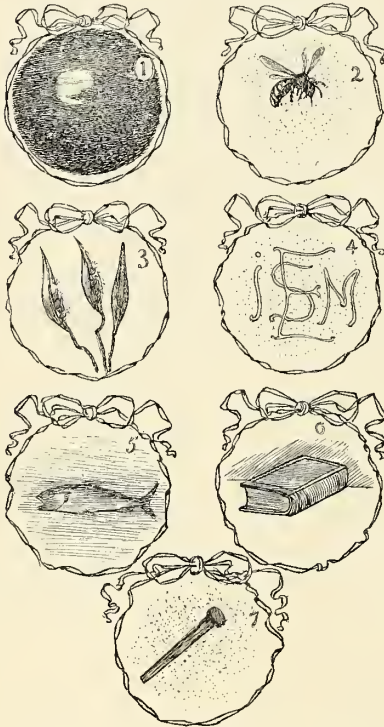
If you are successful in searching, you 'll say  
The primals will go to the finals some day.

**CROSS-WORDS.**

1. "You give inspiration, sweet creature, to me,"
2. Said the very tall owl to the very short flea.
3. "My voice always pleases as well as a harp;
4. I 'm seldom, if ever, a semitone sharp."
5. "You have an extremely strong throat," said the flea;
6. "Your breath rushes forth like a cyclone at sea;
7. In rapid legato you have not a peer;
8. Success as an orator waits for you, dear.
9. Great critics, 't is true, like the robin's sweet flute;
10. But you 're most artistic of all in your hoot."

ANNA M. PRATT.

**ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.**



ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell a name once famous in political circles.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. BLACK. 2. A hard substance. 3. At one time.  
4. Lack.

H. E. A.

**TRIPLETS.**

EXAMPLE: Change sharp to a yellow substance and then to a thin substance. Answer: Bitter, butter, batter.

1. Change a dance to a ball and then to a note.
2. Change a grain to a fish and then to a hammer.

3. Change a pill to a bed and then to a fowl.
4. Change a ruler to a gathering and then to a title.
5. Change an epistle to clutter and then to an end one.
6. Change a gleaner to gather and then to a folder.

E. H. H.

**MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL.**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of one of the Muses.

CROSSWORDS: 1. The Furies. 2. One of the Gorgons. 3. A name belonging to Diana. 4. The name of a rash youth who drove his father's chariot and set the world on fire. 5. The Goddess of Wisdom. 6. The mother of Amphion. 7. The wife of Ceux.

ALLIL AND ADL.

**CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.**

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- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE.
1. The fogs which prognosticate rain.
  2. The end that we strive to attain.
  3. Found in artist's supplies.
  4. Of use to brush flies.
  5. In the sleeves of Elizabeth's reign.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE.
1. A general term for a boat.
  2. First name of a writer of note.
  3. To muddle the wits.
  4. One who great crime commits.
  5. The name of a river remote.

- III. CENTRAL SQUARE.
1. Much used on St. Valentine's day.
  2. A mistake, or a blunder, we 'll say.
  3. Ascended or rose.
  4. Used on violin bows.
  5. Direction or course of a way.

- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE.
1. A wind which makes sail-boats careen.
  2. A carpenter's turning-machine.
  3. An essence of rose.
  4. Deceits that impose.
  5. Incisive, compact, short and keen.

- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE.
1. A motion in time with a tune.
  2. To decorate, trim or festoon.
  3. Observed, or renowned.
  4. Isle near Greece's bound.
  5. What morning must be, when it 's noon.

CAROLYN WELLS.







A MILK-MAID OF DORDRECHT, HOLLAND.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE GREAT LAKES.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

If you have never stood at the bow of a big lake steamer as it passed through the green-blue waters of one of the noble chain of lakes which stretches across so great a part of the continent, watching the slim prow cleave the dark waters and churn them into white and emerald foam, while the wind, midsummer though it be, blows fresh and strong across the wide expanse, making your greatcoat and winter wraps none too warm a covering,—if you have not so stood, and have not day and night watched the ever-changing scenes of this beautiful lake voyage, you have an experience in store for you of surpassing interest—an experience to remember all your days.

Have you ever thought much about this lake system of the United States, how vast a system it is, how it differs from and surpasses any other system of lakes in the world? If you look on the map of the United States and Canada, you may get some idea of the size of the system, and some impression—though at best but a meager impression—of the extent of this, the most magnificent chain of fresh-water lakes in the world.

I may only outline the fascinating story of the great American lakes. It is a story whose many chapters will repay richly a liberal reading on the part of any one interested in the resources, the possibilities, the immensity, and the beauty of the physical part of our country.

There is much of thrilling interest, much of romance, much of daring surrounding the shores of these lakes, much in a study of the early periods of their history, for the historian or the novelist. A long time ago,—so long it seems like ancient history to us,—the first white man, probably about the middle of the sixteenth century, saw these lakes. It is not so easy to fix a date for this event, but we know that as early as 1530 to 1540 the French priests, the voyageurs and the *coureurs de bois*, the trappers and adventurers of the day, visited the eastern lake region on the north. They came with two messages: one bore tidings of the commerce, and proved that the French nation was alive to the value of the new country; the other told the story of the Christian religion. It were well, perhaps, to mention another message—a more or less baleful one—brought by the adventurers; for there were adventurers among these early discoverers,—men who had no other motive than to seek the strange and the exciting, and to spend their days in the alluring and profitless occupation of seeing how many hairbreadth escapes they could enjoy, in how many scenes of pillage and robbery they could take part.

Those who have written so gracefully and elegantly of the early history of the regions surrounding the northern portions of the Great Lakes have but begun to tell the tales which will be told with more and more freedom of inven-

tion as the writers of the future come to appreciate more and more what a splendid storehouse of material lies in this Northland.

All that region to the north of the lakes and immediately skirting them from Quebec to Lake Nipigon, and around to and beyond old Fort William, was the exploring-ground of the French. It was their new country,—the place where they were to found a mighty empire, their “Nova Francia,” or New France. The French explorers and the French priests believed, and their belief was strengthened and supported by the tales of the Indians, that away beyond the Kitichi Gummi, or Big Lake,—our present Superior,—there was a vast salt sea. It is hardly possible in these days to understand how little they knew of that region. They talked about a northwest passage to Cathay; and they not only talked about it, but they wrote learned and laborious treatises,

whose mighty course led to a mighty sea which was certainly not more than fifteen hundred miles from Japan!

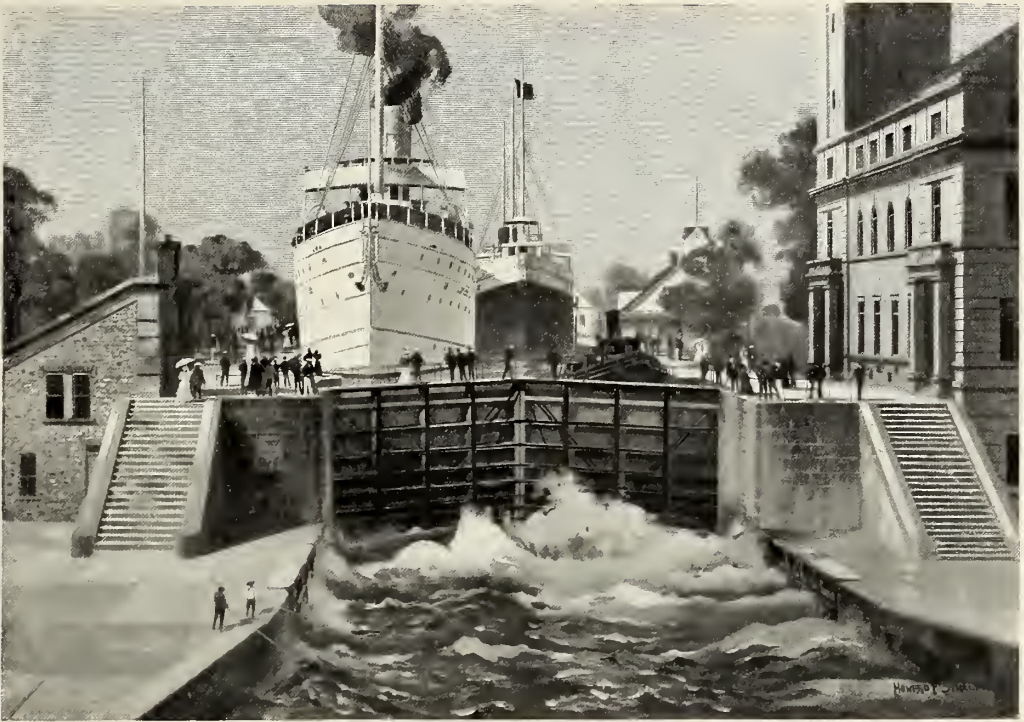
Jacques Cartier, who shipped from St. Malo in 1534, explored the coast of Newfoundland and made the circuit of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and he did much else, too, for New France, in opening up negotiations with the many tribes of Indians who thronged thousands strong, and friendly, from all the regions in and about Quebec and Montreal and Ottawa and Kingston. Another mariner of St. Malo—Francis Greve—began the colonization of the land. About 1570, in France, Samuel de Champlain was born; and when he reached the age of early manhood he, too, joined in the New-World exploration in the region above the Great Lakes. The kings of France were much interested in the new land, and did all in their



ON THE DETROIT RIVER.

and spoiled many valuable reams of paper, and made very many amusing volumes, in their efforts to prove that just beyond the head of Lake Superior there was a great and short river

power not only to explore the region, but to colonize and develop it. Champlain, in 1615, made an expedition up the Ottawa River and penetrated as far as into Georgian Bay, thus



STEAMBOATS PASSING THROUGH THE SOO LOCKS.

touching on the waters of Lake Huron. In 1618, Étienne Brule, an old interpreter, came into Champlain's camp with the news of the discovery of Lake Superior. Lake Erie, with Ontario, was probably discovered some time earlier than this. Nicollet, in 1634, started in a canoe from the head of Georgian Bay, skirted the eastern and northern shores of Huron, and at last found himself at Sault Sainte Marie, or the Falls of St. Mary, now shortened to "Soo"—the first white man, it is believed, to reach this key to the noble lake beyond. He went as far as Green Bay, on Lake Michigan; and so the various lakes at last came into the actual knowledge of the explorers, and were no longer myths.

But as these French explorers continued to develop new and hitherto undreamed of possibilities of empire, the English began to take deep interest in the region,—an interest little less marked than that they were then taking in their schemes of colonization in Virginia and Massachusetts. Again and again through the years that follow, the threads cross and recross, not weaving a beautiful garment of harmony, but

tangling in a wretched snarl, a patchwork of disputes between the nations.

Entanglement followed entanglement, wars harassed the land, until at last the English were masters of the northern lake region for all time—unless some day we shall see the Stars and Stripes floating from the heights of Quebec.

While waiting for my steamer to be carried through canal-locks of the Soo, I stood one summer day, near a hill on which now stands Fort Brady, overlooking the rapids of the the Soo as they flow from Lake Superior down into the St. Mary's River, and so on to join at last the waters of Huron. On the top of this hill, as nearly as I could decide from the topography of the country, was witnessed, two centuries and a quarter ago, one of the most remarkable,—one of the most significant—scenes in the history of the New World. It has been brilliantly described, and I may but mention it.

On June 14, 1671, a strange body of men was assembled on this hill. It was composed of four classes—the official representatives of

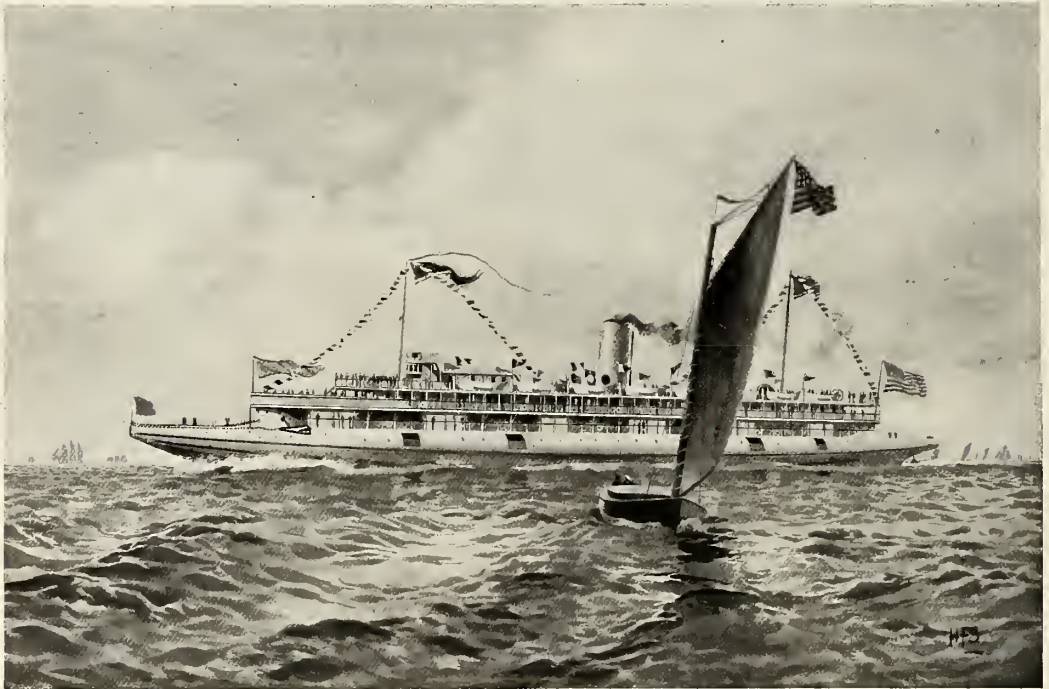
the King of France, the Catholic missionaries, the voyageurs, and the Indians. Weeks before, word had been sent out to the chiefs of fourteen of the different tribes of Indians in the region to meet at the Soo on the date mentioned. An immense cross of wood was made and carried to the top of the hill overlooking the swift-flowing rapids. A stout timber with an engraved plate upon it was set up near the deep hole in the ground which was to hold the foot of the cross.

When all had assembled, St. Lusson, the representative of the king, lifted in one hand a clod of earth, and in the other his naked sword; and in the name of his most Christian Majesty the

paint. As the cross assumed position, the priests intoned a stately chant of the seventeenth century; then the French exclaimed, "*Vive le Roi!*" while, as one historian puts it, "the Indians howled in concert."

The plate upon the smaller timber bore an engraved inscription denoting the king's possession of the land.

It is of interest to note that the early explorers made many and most honest maps of the lake region, some of them grotesque in their absurdities, some of them showing no little knowledge of map-drawing. One of the histories of the day, written by Peter Heylyn, which contained many of these maps, is a



A "WHALEBACK" PASSENGER STEAMER.

King of France took possession of the land, embracing in his assumption "all the region from the north to the south sea, and extending to the ocean on the west." The cross was then raised before the motley throng — the representatives of the government in their most gorgeous suits, the priests in their rich vestments, the voyageurs in their hunting-garb of skins, the Indians in their most fantastic feathers and

most interesting volume, and well worth studying. He calls it:

A *Cosmographie* in four Bookes, Contayning the Chorographie & Historie of the Whole World, and all the Principall Kingdomes, Provinces, Seas, and the Isles Thereof.

One brief reference to the contents of the work, a partial description of the lake region,



A "WHALEBACK" FREIGHT STEAMER.

will suffice to show something of the crudeness of some of these writers, and the honesty of their intentions.

Nova Francia [Heylyn says], specially so named, is situated on the South of Corterialis, and on the North of the great river of Canada, towards the East; but on both sides of it, in the Western and more In-land parts. The Countrie is naturally full of Stags, Bears, Hares, Martens, and Foxes, whose flesh the people did eat raw (till more civilized) having first dried it in the Smoake or Sun, as they do their fish. They also have Store of Conies, Fowl and Fish in great plenty; one fish more memorable than the rest, which they call *Adothnel*, whose body and head is like that of a Grey-hound. But their greatest jewels are their chains of *Esergnie*, a Shell-fish of the whitest Colours excellent for the Stanching of blood: which they fashion into Beads and Bracelets, and so wear, or sell them. Not very plentiful of Fruits or fit for Tillage; yet it breedeth some Corn, and of Pulse good and plenty. The Air, more cold than in other Countries of like Height, partly by reason of the greatness of the River, which, being wholly of fresh Water, and so large withall, chilleth the Air on both sides of it; partly because of the abundance of Ice, and those Hills of Snow which the North-wind passeth over in the way to this Countrie. The people when the French first discovered them were very rude and Barbarous; few of them furnished with Houses, but removing from one

place to another, as their Food decayed; and carrying all their Food with them (a thing easily done) upon those removes. Such as lived toward the Sea or the greater Rivers, somewhat better housed. For in the Day-time they fish in their Boats, which they draw onto the Land at Night and, turning them upside down, sleep under them. Some of them had their heads quite Shaven, excepting one Bush of hair on the top of the Crown, which they Suffer to grow to the length of an Horse's tail, tied up with Leather-strings in a knot. The women labor more than the men, both in fishing and husbandry: Digging the Ground instead of Ploughing, with certain pieces of Wood, where they sow their *Maiz* (A Plant of which they make their Bread in most parts of America).

To one who has been accustomed to such short excursion trips as may be made on any of the beautiful little inland lakes in the various parts of the United States, it may seem at first almost impossible that you may sail for a whole week on a fairly fast steamer down the Great Lakes, passing over a thousand miles in one continuous course, all on the freshest of fresh water, and all within the limits of our own country. And to Europeans, accustomed as they are to what seem to them great lakes,—such lakes as Ladoga and Onega in Finland,

or Baikal in Asia, or Geneva in Switzerland,— it might seem like a mere wonder-story to tell them that there was a continuous lake-system in America larger than all of the fresh-water

It is, to begin with, the largest body of fresh water in the world. It is water of wonderful purity which it holds, too; and some time — and in the not very distant future, either — the peo-



AFTER A DECEMBER BLOW — STEAMBOATS KEEPING TOGETHER.

lakes of the Old World gathered together from all quarters and poured into a common basin on the plains of Europe. Lake Baikal in Southern Siberia, however, makes up for its smaller surface, in comparison with Superior, by the wonderful capacity of its basin; for though it has only 9000 square miles of surface, it has an average depth of over 4000 feet, while Superior's average depth is nearly 1000 feet. Still, 1000 feet straight down in this blue water is a long distance, especially when you consider that the lake is over 350 miles long, and has a shoreline of 1500 miles, with an area of 31,400 square miles.

Before we leave this noble lake let me tell you some other facts about it which may be of interest to you, if you do not happen to know of them already.

ple who live in the large cities to the west and south will come to this lake to get the water for their homes. It will not be so remarkable an engineering feat to pipe the water of this lake, pure and sparkling and fresh from its cold depths, to these cities which are now struggling with the question of their water-supply, and meeting all sorts of difficulties in their efforts to get water fit to drink.

All down through this thousand feet of blue water there is a peculiar coldness. At the very most, the temperature varies through winter and summer not more than six degrees. Winter and summer, this great lake never changes to any appreciable extent, so that if you dip your finger-tips in the blue surface on a day in July, or if you test it some day in early winter when you have been out on some belated, ice-mailed



fishing-smack, or when you have gone out to watch the fishermen spearing their supplies through the thick ice in mid-January, you will find but a trifling difference in the temperature. Away down at the bottom, too, there is but little variation in the temperature, for it stands at nearly forty degrees Fahrenheit at the bottom, and varies from forty to forty-six degrees, winter and summer, at the surface. The other lakes, though cold, are not in this respect like Superior.

The whole bottom of the lake is believed to be a strong rock basin, though it would seem that there must be great springs at the bottom to help keep up the enormous volume of water. From the north there is a large amount of water pouring into the lake year in and year out; the swift-rushing, narrow-banked Nipigon and other streams furnishing no small part of the supply. These streams in a large measure make up the loss from the surface. One of the

of Superior, with the headlands and inlets and glossy green bluffs of that most picturesque shore in full view, that the theory that the lake was slowly going down in size was true. He maintained that he could tell from certain landmarks along the shores, with which he is as familiar as he would be with the streets of his old Scottish birthplace, that the lake was slowly — very slowly — but surely receding. However, it will be some centuries yet before there will be any noticeable lowering of the Great Lakes, so that we need not be concerned.

Strange as it may seem, the lake has tides, too, well-defined tides, discovered in 1860. It is what is called a self-registering tide, with a regular flux and reflux wave, caused, so the scientific men say, by the sun and moon. The average rise and fall every twenty-four hours is one fourteen-hundredth of a foot; the maximum tide at new and full moon is one twenty-eight-hundredth of a foot.



AT NIGHT, ON LAKE ERIE.

old lake captains, a bronzed, kindly-faced man who had been for thirty-five years on the lakes, and had faced death many a time in the frightful storms which sometimes sweep across these beautiful bodies of water, told me, as we were passing along one day near the north coast

Another very interesting, and very sad, thing about this lake is that it never gives up its dead. Whoever encounters terrible disaster — happily infrequent in the tourist season — and goes down in the angry, beautiful blue waters, never comes up again. From those earliest

days when the daring French voyageurs in their trim birch-bark canoes skirted the picturesque shores of this noble but relentless lake, down to this present moment, those who have met their deaths in mid-Superior still lie at the stone-paved bottom. It may be that, so very cold is the water, some of their bodies may have been preserved through the centuries. Sometimes, not far from the shore, the bodies of people who have been wrecked from fishing-smacks or from pleasure-boats overtaken by a cruel squall have been recovered, but only after the most heroic efforts with drag-net or by the diver. Once, on a trip down the lakes I met a clergyman who, as we passed a point of land some miles before entering the narrowing of the lake at the Soo,

down with her, and the only reason his body is not at the bottom to-day, with the other thirty-eight that were lost, is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessel, and could not sink."

The following little table contains, in small space, much that is of value in studying the Great Lakes :

	Area. Sq. miles.	Length in miles.	Height of Surface above sea-level.	Mean depth.
Lake Superior ..	31,400	355	609.40	1000
Lake Michigan ..	25,600	340	589.15	990
Lake Huron ..	23,800	280	589.15	350
Lake Erie ..	10,000	250	573.08	120
Lake Ontario ..	7,300	190	250	606

It will be seen that there is a lake distance, from the head of Superior to the point where the St. Lawrence takes its flood from Ontario, of over fourteen hundred miles, while the area of lakes is nearly one hundred thousand square miles—a vast kingdom of beautiful blue water.

Geologists point out the fact that this chain of lakes has not always been as it now is; that there was a time when all the lakes were blended into one, having, probably, the Mississippi River for its outlet to the Gulf on the south. One geologist takes a somewhat more scientific, but not less earnest, view of the lowering of the lakes than did my old lake captain, when he says :

Every day sees something taken from the rocky barrier of Niagara; and, geologically speaking, at no very remote time our great lakes will have shared the fate of those which once existed in the great Far West. Already they have been reduced to less than one half their former area, and the water-level has been depressed three hundred feet or more. This process is pretty sure to go on until they are completely emptied. The cities that stand upon their banks will, ere that time, have grown colossal in size, then gray with age, then have fallen into decadence, and their sites be long forgotten; but in the sediments that are now accumulating in these lake-basins will lie many a wreck and skeleton, tree-trunk and floated leaf. Near the city sites and old river-mouths these sediments will be full of relics that will illustrate and explain the mingled comedy and tragedy of life.

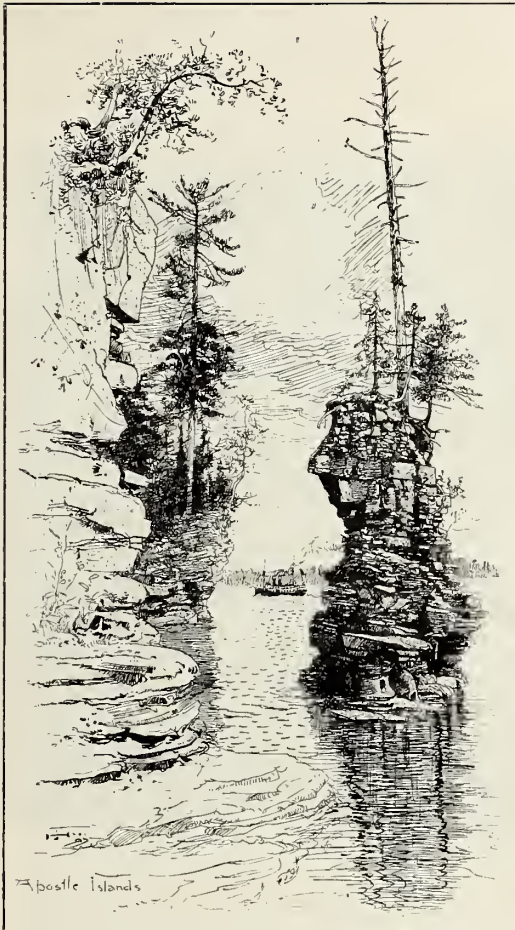
In a certain sense these lakes form one mighty river draining a region of over 525,000



TEMPLE ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.

pointed out the place where the ill-fated "Al-goma" went down on the reef some eight years ago; and as he looked, he said slowly :

"I was at the funeral of one man who went



AMONG THE APOSTLE ISLANDS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

square miles, and finding an outlet for their overflowing water through the swift St. Mary's River at the east end of Superior; through Huron and the St. Clair River and Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River; through Erie and Niagara and Ontario and the St. Lawrence, on to the vast ocean beyond.

It is interesting to note that the bottom of Lake Superior, the highest of the lakes, is about four hundred feet below the surface of the sea at New York harbor.

Volumes might be written about the importance of the lakes from the standpoint of health and pleasure and commerce and national defense. It is not beyond the bounds of reason to say that there is not another such voyage to be found in the world as the one from Buffalo to Duluth and return; and the many shorter

trips of a few hundred miles are full of rare beauty. The shores of the lake are not only prolific in wonderfully picturesque scenery, but they are rich in historic memories. In mid-summer, when the cities are sweltering in heat, the lakes are cool and delightful, and the trip upon their surface is one of the most pleasurable ones in the world. It is a strange thing that there is not more knowledge of this delightful voyage. It would be the most interesting event in the travels of Americans in Europe if such a trip could be taken while they are on the farther side of the ocean. Strange that it is not more appreciated on this side!

The commerce of the lakes is enormous. The outlet from Lake Superior to Lake Huron had always been a serious obstacle to commerce, in that it was not deep enough to allow the larger freight and passenger boats to pass comfortably through. Locks have been built at government expense, at the cost of



LONE ROCK, APOSTLE ISLANDS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

many millions of dollars, which now allow the passage of large boats; and two more locks are being built,—one by the Canadians, and one by the Americans,—which will still further

increase commerce. The new lock on the American side is larger than the old, and, when completed, will be one of the most wonderful pieces of masonry to be found in the country. It will

on the other lakes, to be exchanged for other supplies for points also below the Soo. Year by year this immense traffic is growing. From the great West there come, to the gateway



LEAVING BUFFALO FOR THE TOUR OF THE LAKES.

allow the passage of vessels drawing twenty-one feet of water. It has cost several millions of dollars, and will not be completed for a year or two.

For many years the great Suez Canal was looked upon as the most wonderful piece of commercial engineering in the world, carrying enormous cargoes through its gateway from the East. But in this newer land the commerce of the lakes has dwarfed the Suez Canal. The total tonnage of the Soo during the year 1897 was 16,500,000. The tonnage of the Suez Canal in 1896 was 7,000,000. This tonnage of the Soo does not by any means represent the entire commerce of the great lakes; it is only a portion of it. Hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise and supplies of all kinds are shipped annually up from Lake Michigan points through the Straits of Mackinac eastward, which do not pass through the Soo; and many thousands more go eastward from points below the Soo

of the Soo, wheat and flour and lumber and iron ore—all the natural products from a vast area of country, drawn to the lake route because it is so much cheaper to move goods by water than by rail. In return, the East sends the West vast quantities of manufactured goods, and immense supplies of hard and soft coal. The West furnishes raw materials; the East manufactures these materials and sends back the products of her factories and mills. There were received at the ports of Duluth and Superior during the year 1896—that is, during the lake season—1,775,712 tons of coal.

On the margins of these lakes, particularly on the shores of Superior, there are ore-bearing rocks containing iron, silver, copper, and gold. The iron ore is of remarkable commercial value, and practically inexhaustible in amount. Immediately tributary to Lake Superior, in some cases on its very banks, are iron-mines the output of which rivals that of any mines in the

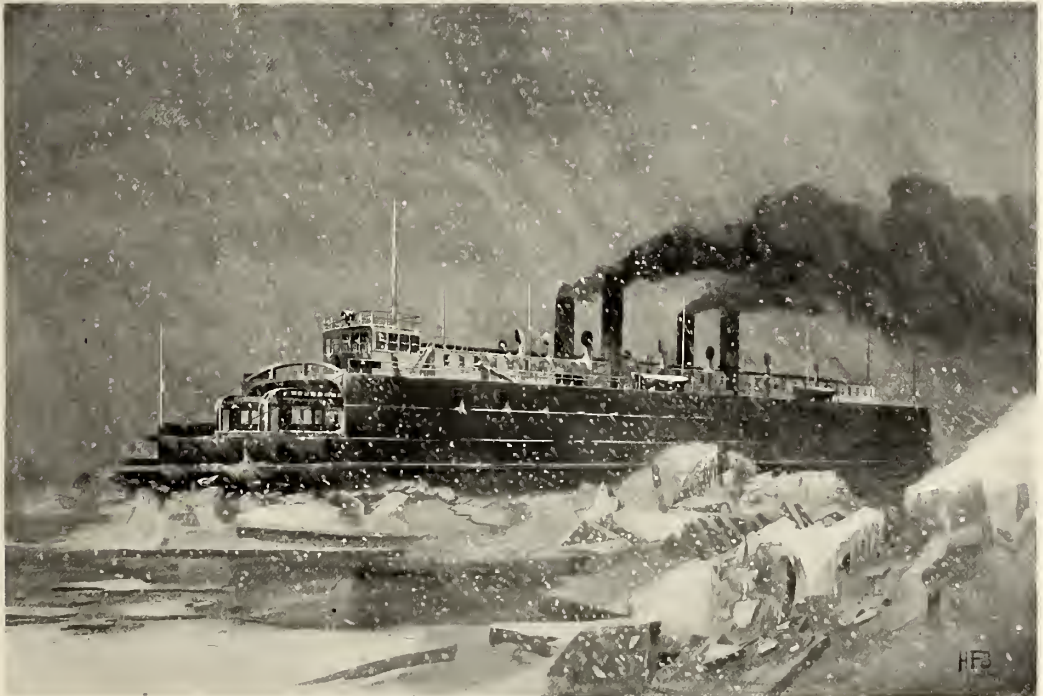
world, and the supply in "sight," as the miners say, will furnish the world with iron for centuries to come.

Some of the lumber which goes east by way of the lakes is sent away on to South American points without separation, taking first a journey of perhaps several hundred miles, down the rivers to the mills, then a thousand miles and more on the lakes to the St. Lawrence, passing through the Welland Canal to get to Ontario, and then trying a few thousand miles of salt water — a picturesque voyage indeed.

In years gone by, the commerce at the Soo passed through one lock, which could not afford room for enough traffic, and so the locks referred to above are being made at enormous expense; but this does not by any means represent the total expense for improving the Soo.

tiful scenes, the Canadian shore, near at hand on the one side, dotted with comfortable farm-houses; the American shore, bleak and uninhabited for the most part, a section of the northeastern portion of the upper peninsula of Michigan, on the other. In order to gain an hour's time in the course down the river and make a better exit for the boats, a channel was dredged,—the Hay Lake Channel it is called,—at government expense and at the cost of millions of dollars—a piece of work just completed in time for the season of 1894.

In winter time, of course, the lakes are closed to all navigation. The freighters, however, keep on running until well into December if the season be at all favorable, though they encounter terrible storms at this season of the year, and there is occasional loss of life and cargo.



STEAMER "MARIE" PLOWING HER WAY THROUGH THE ICE.

The outlet of Lake Superior, the St. Mary's River, leaves the lake in rushing, tumbling rapids, quieting down after some distance into the placid but deep and swift-flowing St. Mary's. The river, some sixty miles long, winds in and out among picturesque and beau-

The passenger-boats, some of which rival in elegance, equipment, and speed the finest ocean vessels, begin running early in June, and continue until the end of September. Some of the boats make the journey from Buffalo to Duluth in fifty hours, though the larger num-

ber are slower, taking about five days and a half for the trip.

Some years ago it was decided by the United States Signal-Service Bureau in Washington to make an earnest effort to find out if there were not regular currents in the Great Lakes which

partment in Washington was shown to be correct; for, with very few exceptions, the bottles all took one general direction, and that eastward to the St. Lawrence. Some of the bottles were found a hundred miles from the place where they were thrown overboard.



THE ORE DOCKS AT DULUTH.

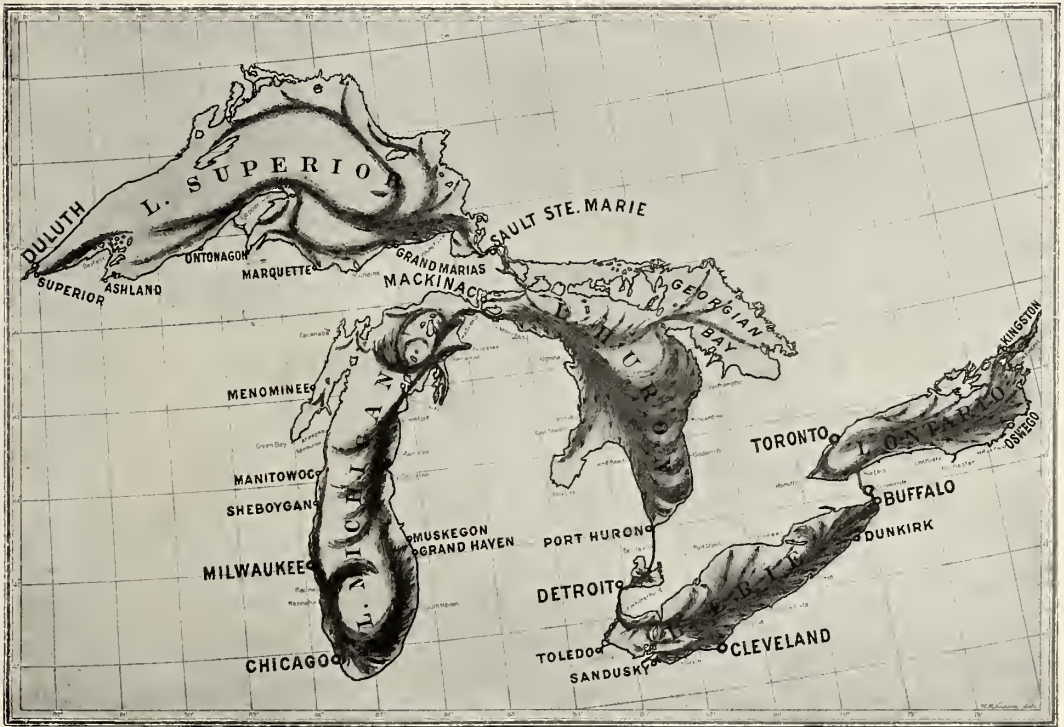
might be followed in their trips by the boats of the lake. A curious plan was followed. Small amber-colored glass bottles, about six inches high and an inch and a half in diameter at all points, were made by the thousand. These bore, blown into the glass, the name of the Signal-Service Bureau.

Hundreds of them were given out to captains on all sorts of lake craft. The lakes, of course, are marked off into sections or divisions on the maps of the government issues, so that when the captains threw overboard the bottles, which was their part of the experiment, it was easy for the government to indicate on the maps to be made in the future where the various bottles were put into the water. Each captain would uncork his bottle, put a paper inside bearing his name, the name of his boat, the date, and the locality in which he threw the bottle overboard, cork it up tightly, and set it adrift.

In the paper accompanying the bottle, there were instructions to any person finding it to forward the contents of the bottle at once to the Signal-Service Office in Washington, with a note telling where the bottle was found. It was not long before results began to come in from the experiment, and they have been very satisfactory. The bottles were picked up all along the shores of the Great Lakes from Duluth to the St. Lawrence. The belief of the de-

The maps which the government has but lately issued, showing the courses of the bottles, are interesting to study. They show that the main currents are along the southern shore of Superior, the eastern shore of Michigan, the western shore of Huron, and the southern shores of Erie and Ontario. Of course it would be important if the speed of the currents could be known; but the investigators have found this difficult, as so many things interfered; still they have found out that in the larger number of cases the currents flow from four to twelve miles a day, and in special cases from thirty to forty miles a day. One strange thing about the current in Lake Michigan is that if a bottle is thrown overboard along the western shore, say fifty or seventy-five miles above Chicago, it goes southward until it reaches the southern point of the lake, when it changes its course and passes on north along the eastern shore of the lake toward the Straits of Mackinac.

There is another matter in which the government has been interesting itself—the wrecks on the lakes. Many more things conspire to wreck a boat on the lakes, it would seem, than on the ocean. The shores of the lakes have been the scenes of many disastrous wrecks, and many lives have been lost. The government now has a carefully prepared system of registering these wrecks, their location, the name and description of the vessel, the amount of the



MAP SHOWING CURRENTS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

loss, and the number of lives destroyed. The Signal-Service is of great aid to the sailors of the lakes in advising them in advance of coming storms. I well remember escaping a large part of a terrible storm on the lakes by the information the captain secured as to the storm's duration, which enabled him to put into a harbor in time to escape the fury of the wind. The next morning after we anchored in the little lonesome bay, where there usually were no signs of life but the nets of the fishermen, who make their living by seining whitefish, we saw that twenty-six other boats — all sorts of craft, from a stout little tug towing a lumber-raft, up to the biggest lake steamers — had entered the

same harbor we had found, and they waited with us the subsiding of the storm.

A careful report made by the department in Washington shows that from December 17, 1885, to November 15, 1893, there were two hundred and twenty-seven wrecks on the lakes, involving a total estimated loss of almost \$5,000,000, and the destruction of four hundred and twenty lives.

From whatever point of view we approach the Great Lakes of America, we shall be more and more deeply impressed with their rare beauty, their significance in time of war, their wonderful sanitary elements, and with their vast commercial importance.



SHIPS FROZEN IN AT DULUTH AND UNABLE TO REACH THEIR DOCKS.



THE SNAIL'S  
DREAM

By OLIVER HERFORD.

A SNAIL who had a way,  
it seems,  
Of dreaming very curious  
dreams  
Once dreamed he was —  
you 'll never guess! —  
The Lightning  
Limited Express!

LOOK OUT FOR THE  
SNAILWAY TRAIN

O Herford



## KATHARINE'S TEA-PARTY.

BY BELLE MOSES.

THERE was quite a flutter among Katharine's twelve particular friends, when each received a dainty note of invitation to her tea-party. They felt sure that a treat was in store for them, though they were puzzled, as well as pleased, for all had been asked to bring their aprons, and, of course, they wondered why.

But Katharine was very mysterious when they asked questions, so there was nothing to do but wait patiently for the day.

It came at last, and they assembled in the Gardiners' big dining-room. There was a general unfolding of aprons and tying of strings, mingled with merry girlish clatter, as the guests looked curiously about them. Katharine stood beside a small table, which held a large bowl filled to the brim with tea-leaves, a pair of scales, and a measuring cup.

The long dining-table was laid for twelve, with the oddest kind of tableware; at each place were a pair of scissors, a mucilage pot and brush, a pile of brown paper neatly cut in large squares, a ball of twine, and a lead pencil.

Amazement was so plainly written on every face, that Mrs. Gardiner, who viewed the scene from an adjoining room, said to her daughter:

"Tell them about it, Kathy, and then you can go to work with a will."

So Katharine raised an imperative hand, and a hush fell upon the little company.

"I want to tell you about my tea-party, girls," she began. "It got into my head the other day, that a dreadful lot of tea-leaves were thrown away in our house,—nice tea-leaves, too,—that could stand a few more steepings, and still make good tea; so I thought I'd try an experiment. I collected all the leaves we had used during the week, and each day's portion I dried carefully on a board. What you see in this bowl is what we would have thrown away in a fortnight's time: enough to make good tea for poor people who would like to have it, but can't afford to buy it. Mama has

promised me all her waste tea-leaves, and I thought perhaps you might like my plan, and join me in this new tea business, for I am sure there is a lot wasted in your houses too. It's no trouble to dry the leaves, and we'll have great fun besides, for mama is going to show us how to make the bags, and we can fill them and tie them up, and mark them with the names and addresses of all the poor people we can think of, and mama will have them delivered every fortnight. We've been talking over this plan for a long time, and we both agreed that it would be a very good thing—far better, if we want it for real charity—than a sewing-circle, where the girls meet to talk and have fun, and make the most dreadful things for the poor people, who have to say 'Thank you!' all the same. We can meet every week at each other's houses, and bring our tea-leaves. Now, all in favor of the plan please say 'ay!'"

There was a unanimous response.

"Contrary-minded, 'no.'"

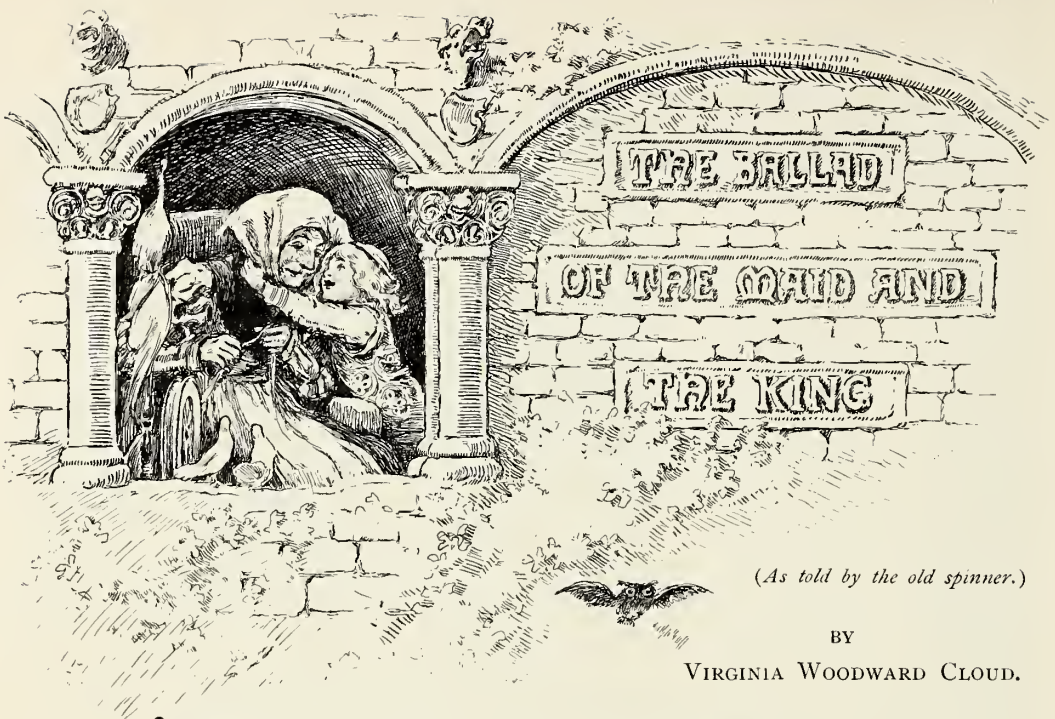
Dead silence.

"Very well, then, the motion is carried; now for work."

And such jolly work it was! The bags fell into shape, in the most wonderful way, under Mrs. Gardiner's instructions, and Katharine filled them with the skill of a practised shop-keeper, until only a small handful of tea-leaves was left in the bottom of the bowl.

"We'll keep these, to drink the health of the new enterprise," said Mrs. Gardiner, putting them into a big tea-pot, and ringing for hot water.

The girls drank their tea enthusiastically, pronouncing it the best they had ever tasted, and doing full justice to the cunning little cakes and candies that popped into view in some mysterious way; and they all agreed, as they trooped happily home that evening, that they had enjoyed themselves immensely, and that Katharine's Tea-party was a decided success.



(As told by the old spinner.)

BY

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

**T**HE king and his men to the castle came;  
*Turn, my wheel, turn!*  
 The sun was setting, in blood-like flame;  
*Turn, my wheel, turn!*  
 The flags o' the tower were red to the west,  
 The dove i' the turret had sought its nest,  
 And I did 'broider a silken vest —  
*Turn, my wheel, turn!*

Clanged the horseshoe and rang the spur  
 In courtyard and hall;  
 Owls flew forth with hoot and whir  
 From the tower wall;  
 And out by the moat they frightened ran,  
 Warder and scullion, maid and  
 man —  
 Fled they all.

Only I in the tower was  
 left —  
 A maid, half-grown.  
 My lord of his household  
 all bereft —  
 Hearts of stone!  
 My good, gray lord was  
 hiding there;  
 Only his little maid knew  
 where  
 He lurked alone.



Strode the king to the tower door—  
 "Open here!"

Fell my 'broidery down to the floor.  
 Loud and clear,  
 Men in mail smote the tower wall;  
 Burst the door, and the king stood tall,  
 With helm and spear.

"But my lord's is his own!" quoth she,  
 court'sying.

"Lead thou on to his hiding-place,  
 Or I burn the castle before thy face!  
 I level the castle from turret to ground  
 Unless thy lord be straightway found!"  
 Cried the king to the maid.

Swarmed his men up the narrow  
 stair,

Soldier and knight.  
 Found only a maiden with  
 yellow hair,  
 And a face milk-white—  
 Only a maid (and  
 that maid I)—  
 Spears and helmets  
 they thronged  
 them nigh  
 In the sun's red  
 light.

"Now who is this  
 who hath stayed  
 alone?"

Spake the king to  
 the maid.

"Warder o' castle and  
 keeper o' stone!"

'T was thus she  
 said.

"All men's places  
 I'm left to fill—  
 Soldier and scullion,  
 too, an ye will—  
 For all are fled!"

Oh, then the laughter  
 rose harsh and  
 loud;

And words they buzzed like bees in a cloud!  
 But I marked the great king's angry eye,  
 Which sought where my good, gray lord  
 might lie.

"Where is thy lord?" quoth the king to  
 the maid;

"Point the place, or thou 'lt lose thy head!"

"My life may be thine," said the maid to  
 the king;

She stamped her foot on the pavement  
 stone—

She defied the King.

"Wouldst threaten a maiden left alone?"  
 How scorn can sting!

"A captive thou in a dungeon low,"

Said the king to the maid,

"Unless his hiding-place thou 'lt show,  
 Where he lurks in dread!"



"BURST THE DOOR, AND THE KING STOOD TALL, WITH HELM AND SPEAR."



“FORTH FROM THE CASTLE, WITH CLAMOR AND SPEED, RODE THE KING AND HIS MEN.”

Spake the maid: “The great king I obey!  
*Mine* be my life! I shall lead the way  
 To where my lord hath hid him this  
 day!”

These words she said.

“Bravely pledged! An’ thou ’lt play me true!  
 Or thy life is the price, and the deed thou ’lt  
 rue,

I vow to thee!”

Oh, stern spake he.

“If I show not where he is hid this day,  
 My life is the forfeit that I shall pay!”

And thus spake she.

Forth from the castle, with clamor and  
 speed,

Rode the king and his men;

One in advance on a fiery steed,

Urging me onward to point the way  
 To where my dear lord, good and gray,  
 Had striven to save his life that day.

Then, oh, then

They rode abreast and they rode in state  
 At a maiden’s word;

Out by the courtyard and castle gate,  
 Where swallows whirred;

Up the highway and over the hill,  
 Past the river, with desperate will,

Was our galloping heard.

Into the forest, and dusk at last

Fell quick, so quick!

The dead leaves swept in a cloud as we  
 passed,

Thick, so thick!

The dark crept round like a smoky shroud;  
 The horses they panted hard and loud —

“If thou play false,” said the king, “beware!”

"T is well," said she of the flaxen hair;  
 "If I lead not where he hath hid this day  
 My life is the forfeit, an' that I'll pay!"

Over the river and past the moat,  
 Drawbridge, ferry, and lagging boat;  
 Swift they unhorsed them, each and all,  
 And stood without a turreted wall.  
 Through the postern, soldier and knight,  
 Blades made ready and torches alight,

*Listen!* Only a maid was there,  
 Flitting before them up the stair—  
*The selfsame stair they had trodden o'er,  
 The selfsame castle they'd searched before!*  
*Listen! Oh, listen!*

How that maiden laughed as she upward  
 sped  
 To the empty tower room o'erhead!  
 But the king he shouted in baffled rage,



"BLADES FLASHED HIGH IN THE TORCHES' GLARE, A PROTECTING RING O'ER THAT MAIDEN THERE!"

Following whither that maiden bid,  
 To where her good, gray lord was hid.

Within those portals,—silence all.  
 Torches wavered on cornice and hall.

And they trembled—soldier, knight, and  
 page,

But not the maid.  
 She sprang to the room in the turret high,  
 And faced them all with a flashing eye;

And the torches flamed: but she laughed  
 the more  
 At an upturned stone in the paved floor—  
 At a stairway dark and steep and low,  
 Where into the depths a man might go.

“Behold my dear lord’s hiding-place!”

Cried the maid to the king.

“I led thee to ’t with a right good grace,”

Quoth she, court’sying.

“Thou didst leave him hiding beneath this  
 stone;

And now my lord is away and gone!

Thou didst go by the courtyard and come  
 by the moat;

Thou didst go in the saddle and come by  
 the boat;

Thou hast been all round my lord’s domain,—  
 Round his castle and back again,—

And he fled when ye left him—my good,  
 gray lord!

And my life I yield to the great king’s  
 sword!”

Said the maid to the king.

“And by my sword thou shalt straightway die!”

Spake the king to the maid.

“Strike!” I cried (for the maid was I—

A slip of a girl, with yellow hair).

Flashed his furious blade in air,—

But lo! what a protest burst anigh!

All his knights with their swords on high!

Every soldier with flaming eye!

Blades flashed bright in the torches’ glare,  
 A protecting ring o’er that maiden there!  
 No tyrant’s sword could pierce that wall—  
 Not one drop of her blood might fall!

Beyond the yawning portal-stone

The great king stood, and he stood alone,  
 With never a man to call his own;

Gazing, amazed, at the swords held high  
 O’er a slip of a maid—

And that maid I!

I sit and I spin in my tower room;

*Turn, my wheel, turn!*

The year blows in with the apple-bloom;

*Turn, my wheel, turn!*

But listen! When, wailing, the year fades  
 out,

And dead, dry leaves they whirl them  
 about,

And the sun lies red on the turret and wall,  
 I hear once more the trumpet call;

The clamor arises, the rage, the din,  
 As dusk, the merciful, darkens in,

And a slim, young maid with a milk-white  
 face

Rides through the night at a fearful pace—  
 Leads to her good lord’s hiding-place—

Faces the furious king anigh:

I am old, I am old!—

*But that maid was I!*



## “LEWIS CARROLL.”

(See page 436.)

THIS was that brave adventurer  
Upon an unknown sea,  
Who found the far, fair Wonderland—  
His galleon by an eager band  
Of little children featly manned,  
All laughing out in glee.

Far, far away his vessel sailed,  
Throughout a single night,  
Until it reached that magic shore  
No man had ever seen before;  
The children's land forevermore  
He gave them as their right.

And since that voyage venturesome  
On every night and day  
That pilot with a shipful new

Of happy children for his crew—  
Of grown-up folk a favored few—  
Has sailed the Wonder-Way.

And if upon to-morrow's ship  
No Pilot should appear,  
So many children everywhere  
Have learned from him the thoroughfare  
To Wonderland, they still will dare  
To sail without a fear.

But oh! their little hearts will ache,  
And oh! their eyes will dim;  
And, as the ship sails mile by mile,  
Each child will sit a little while,  
And, thinking, will forget to smile—  
For sailing without him.

*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

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## THROUGH THE EARTH.

BY CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

### III. DOWNWARD HO!\*

WHILE the whole civilized world was thus watching, as it were, the fall of the car, let us see how William was faring within it.

His first sensation, on entering the car, had been one of surprise, for the internal arrangements were really striking. The fact is, that the room, if such it may be called, was nearly cylindrical in shape, and the walls were lined throughout with thick, soft cushions of a reddish color. Even the door by which he entered, and which he now carefully closed and locked behind him, was padded with similar cushions.

“Evidently,” thought William, “the doctor does n't wish me to get hurt in case my car

strikes against something on the way. It was very thoughtful of him to arrange matters so comfortably, and I 'll have to profit by his kindness and have some good gymnastic exercises on the journey.”

He little dreamed of the variety of gymnastics that was in store for him!

The car was illuminated by a diffused light, fully equal to that of a bright day, and all objects were therefore in plain view. But what especially amazed our hero was the furniture. Fastened to the floor at one side of the room were a lounge, two chairs, and a table with a few books secured to it. There was nothing extraordinary in this, but on casting up his eyes, what was William's astonishment to see fastened to the ceiling, upside down, duplicates of these pieces of furniture! Two strong handles were

\* It may be well to state that the curious physical effects during the fall of the car have been very carefully calculated, with the kind assistance of the professor of Applied Mechanics in one of our leading colleges. Hence, however startling and improbable our hero's experiences may seem, they may be taken as a fair representation of what might happen under the conditions given.—THE AUTHOR.

affixed to each of the chairs and lounges, thus adding not a little to their singularity.

“What in the name of the Seven Wonders can that furniture be doing up there on the ceiling!” said William to himself, greatly puzzled by this sight. “The chair and sofa look comfortable enough, but, up there, I really don’t see of what use they can be,—unless,” he added, an idea striking him, “they may be useful after I pass the center of the earth, when the attraction of gravitation will pull in the opposite direction; or perhaps they are intended only for the use of those passengers who come from the New York side.” Neither of these surmises was, however, completely correct.

William’s first surprise being over, he gazed around at the various instruments on the wall, the uses of which he readily understood from the printed notices below each. But what specially interested our hero was a number of curious inscriptions printed in large letters upon the cushions of the car. These notices were so extraordinary that it may not be amiss to give the reader a few specimens:

STAND ON YOUR HEAD AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE DURING THE ENTIRE TRIP.

DO NOT TOUCH THE SIDES OF THE CAR UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

BE CAREFUL NOT TO SPIN AROUND TOO QUICKLY.

ALWAYS STRIKE THE CAR WITH YOUR FEET RATHER THAN WITH YOUR HEAD.

DO NOT LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOWS OF THE CAR UNLESS UNAVOIDABLE.

DO NOT SWIM TOO NEAR THE INSTRUMENTS.

IN CASE OF DANGER, TURN ON THE COLD.

“Well, I never!” exclaimed William, hugely astonished. “So, I must stand on my head, eh? And I must n’t spin around too quickly? Rather superfluous advice, I should think, for I have n’t the least desire to take a spin, and I could n’t very easily, even if I would. Moreover, why does the doctor tell me to strike the car with my feet rather than with my head? Does he think I am such a ninny as to want

to strike it at all? And why in the world does he speak of swimming, when there ’s not enough water in the car for a cat to swim in? I declare I am almost ready to believe that he is crazy, and this whole scheme of his a humbug, when I see that furniture dangling from the ceiling.”

As he said these words he came to another sign, which read:

TO START THE CAR, CLIMB BY THE STRAPS TO THE CEILING, AND THEN LET YOURSELF DROP, HEAD DOWNWARD.

“Good gracious!” exclaimed our hero, looking upward in astonishment; “that ’s a drop of about fifteen feet. In spite of the cushions I ’d get a pretty rough blow if I tried that kind of diving! On the other hand, the doctor told me to be sure to follow exactly the directions given, and he did n’t look as though he wanted to kill me. Perhaps, after all, I ’d better follow his advice.”

And lightly climbing up to the ceiling William caught hold of the two handles that were swinging from the top.

At this moment, the clock struck eleven.

“Time ’s up!” said he. “Well, good-by, Australia. Take good care of yourself while I ’m away!” and with these words he swung himself out into mid-air, turned head downward, and let himself drop. As he did so, a slight click was borne to his ear, and then all was silence again.

Occupied though he was in trying to break his fall, our hero could not help feeling that, through some accident or other, the car had failed to start, and he felt a pang of disappointment at the thought. But a fresh surprise was in store for him, for, although he felt that he was continually falling, he did not seem to be any nearer the bottom of the car than before, but was suspended head downward in mid-air!

A whole minute passed, and still there was no change in the conditions, nor did William feel in the least uncomfortable in his awkward position, although he was completely at a loss for an explanation.

Wishing for some definite information, he screwed his head around until he could see the telemeter on the side of the car, and there, to



his surprise, he saw the needle of the instrument descending rapidly from the top to the bottom of the first glass tube.

"Sure enough!" said William, "we have started. And we're going pretty rapidly, too, if that instrument is correct, though, to look at the car, I should n't for a moment imagine that it was moving."

Then the truth flashed over him: "I see it all!" he exclaimed. "I understand now how it is that I don't get any nearer the bottom of the car, but stay up in the air here like a balloon. Although I am falling at enormous speed, the car is falling just as fast as I am. Consequently I can never reach the bottom, and, unless something happens, I shall remain up here, floating about in mid-air until I reach New York. Well, I'm sure I can't complain, for this cushion of air is about as soft as any feather-bed I ever lay on, but I feel decidedly queer to be thus continually falling without ever getting anywhere."

He was interrupted in his scientific meditations by a fly, which had in some queer manner found its way into the car and now came and alighted upon his nose. William slapped it violently away with his right hand, but as he did so, he noticed that the motion had thrown his body somewhat out of the perpendicular. But if William was surprised at this, his astonishment may be imagined when he perceived that his body kept on turning around so that he soon found himself lying horizontally in the air, and a little later found that he was standing upright—if any one can be said to stand when resting on nothing but air.

"Good gracious," said he, "I'm turning around in a circle!" It was but too true; and as he had studied mechanics at college, it did not take him long to understand the cause of this curious motion. He knew that no action can take place without a corresponding reaction, and that the force used in moving his hand to brush away the fly, working against the resistance offered by the rest of his body, had been sufficient, now that his movements were unimpeded by the attraction of gravitation, to set him turning around as if on a pivot, the resistance of the air being insufficient to stop him. In fact, he found it necessary to throw up his other arm in order to stop himself.

William amused himself for a little time by thus making his body revolve, like a wheel, first in one direction and then in another, and found it a most novel experience. He enjoyed it immensely, but after a while it became monotonous; in fact, worse than that, he began to feel the first symptoms of sea-sickness, and wished he could reach the bottom of the car.



"HE TURNED HEAD DOWNWARD AND LET HIMSELF DROP."

"I don't know how it is," he said, "but my head feels queer—as though this spinning around had sent all the blood into it." He did not reflect that, besides this, there was the added fact that his blood was no longer attracted downward into his legs by gravitation, and that

this, too, aided in sending an undue flow to his head.

How to get down to the floor was the problem which now preoccupied our hero, and it did not take him long to find the solution. He understood full well that, without some point of resistance against which to work, he could not alter the position of his center of gravity in the least. He could spin around in all directions, but he could not get an inch nearer the top or bottom of the car or approach either side. But a point of resistance was offered him by the air in the car, and glad enough he was of the presence of this element, for, had there been no air in the car, he would have been obliged to remain suspended in space like Mahomet's coffin.

"Yes," said William to himself, "there's only one way in which I can manage to reach the walls of the car, and that's by swimming through the air!"

And, suiting the action to the word, he turned head downward again, and proceeded literally to swim toward the bottom of the car.

He was right in his surmise, and was pleased to find that his exertions were gradually bringing him nearer the bottom of the car. But his progress was slow, and it was some time before he was finally able to catch hold of the handle of the lounge and pull himself down.

"This is hot work," said he, as he let go of the handle, and remained lying about ten inches above the sofa. "It's hot work, but it's glorious fun! I wonder if I'll be able to swim up again? Of course, in going up, I shall have to work my way against the attraction of gravitation, and that will make it much harder to swim up than it has been to swim down. I am much like a fish in a basket that is floating down a river. So long as the fish remains perfectly still he won't get any nearer the ends of the basket, but if he wants to swim he will find it easier to swim down with the current to the lower end of the basket than to swim against the current to the upper end."

William's simile of the fish in the wicker-work basket was in some ways correct, but there happened to be a serious flaw in his deductions; and this error was the cause of his meet-

ing with a new experience, which might have turned out rather unpleasantly, for William decided to try to swim up to the ceiling, but in order to get a good start, he put his feet down against the sofa, and gave himself a strong upward push, letting go of the handle at the same time.

The result of this action was a positive surprise to him, for, contrary to his expectations, he not only mounted to the ceiling, but, owing to his bent position at the start, instead of going straight up, he found himself turning a series of somersaults as he rose in the air.

In vain he tried to stop himself. The impetus he had acquired was too great, and up he went, spinning like a top. Fortunately, the trip was not long, and he soon reached the ceiling, but, to his surprise, instead of stopping there, he struck against the cushions, and then bounced back toward the floor again, still spinning quite rapidly.

Poor William was highly alarmed at this completely unexpected turn of affairs. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "I shall keep on bouncing up and down and spinning round and round until I am stopped by the resistance of the air and the elasticity of the cushions. This will never do, because I already begin to feel terribly dizzy."

How matters would have ended it is impossible to say, had not William made one supreme effort, and managed to grasp the back of the lounge, and so stop himself.

"Gracious!" said he, as he pressed his hand to his throbbing head; "it's lucky I managed to catch hold of that lounge, or I should surely have had an apoplectic stroke, with all that blood running to my head. And the only way I see to get it down again is to stand on my head for a while, for as I am falling faster and faster every second, the inertia of my blood will send it slowly up into my feet. Besides, the doctor recommended an upside-down position, and the further I go, the more I see that he knew what he was about when he put up those signs on the wall."

Accordingly William turned himself head downward, and in a few moments the dizzy feeling passed away. But at this juncture another idea struck him.



THE ONLY  
OTHER  
PASSENGER.  
(Life-size.)

"As the earth has no longer any attraction for bodies in the car," said he, "or rather, as it can produce no change in their position in the car, it must follow that if there were any loose objects here, they would be attracted toward me, and follow me around wherever I went. The car itself would n't attract them, because, being somewhat spherical the attraction would be about the same on all sides, and so neutralize itself."

Eager to see if this were not the case, William took his penknife from his pocket, and placed it in the air beside him, while he prepared to take a trip to the top of the car. But he had learned a lesson by experience, and this time, instead of trying to jump up, he adopted the slower, but safer, method of swimming. Fortunately, in spite of his first impression, it was no more difficult to swim up toward the top of the car than to swim down, and William had no difficulty in making the trip. When he reached the top and turned around to look at his penknife he was not surprised to find that it had disappeared.

"Evidently," said he, "it must be following me." But in this he was mistaken, for he soon saw the knife flying about in all directions through the air.

"Gracious!" exclaimed our hero, after gazing at it an instant. "It seems astonishing, but the slight wind I make in swimming blows that knife

about as though it were a feather. I'll have to wait until the wind stops before I can expect gravitation to attract it to me."

He accordingly waited a few minutes, but to his surprise, even after the air had become still



"UP HE WENT, SPINNING LIKE A TOP."

again, the knife remained suspended in mid-air at a distance of six feet from him.

"I can't understand it at all," said William, considerably puzzled. "Of course, I know it won't fall toward me as fast as a knife usually

falls to the ground, but it ought to fall toward me at some speed. The rule they taught us at the Institute was that the attraction of bodies is directly as their masses. Now, the earth must

up!' as our German professor used to say. A trillion seconds represent many thousands of years, so, that if I want to wait until the knife falls to me, I should have to stay here thousands upon thousands of years, and I'm afraid I have n't the time to spare, just at present."

In spite of the joking manner in which he took it, William was, nevertheless, it must be confessed, highly disappointed at this turn of affairs; for it would have been most amusing to swim around the car with all the loose objects in it following after him. But this being out of the question, he turned his thoughts to another idea which seemed more promising. He unfastened all the furniture that was in the car, and piling the articles one on top of another, with a pretended display of strength, he held out this weight of two hundred pounds or more at arm's length, being careful however to first slip his foot under one of the straps at the bottom of the car,—a necessary precaution to prevent him from rising with his load.

"Here you are, ladies and gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Walk right up and view the modern Samson! I can lift anything you give me, and

not half try! Walk right up! Admission only five cents or half a dime! Only a nickel, ladies and gentlemen! Walk right up!"

It was really quite amusing. But our hero



"HE HELD OUT THIS WEIGHT AT ARM'S LENGTH."

weigh at least a trillion times as much as I do: hence, if it took a second for the knife to fall to the ground, it would take—a trillion seconds for it to fall toward me. Ah, ' Now goes me a light

had forgotten one very important thing; namely, to tie the furniture together, for the pieces on top, acquiring a certain momentum, ascended slowly to the ceiling, and would have bounced down again in all directions had they not been stopped by the elasticity of the cushions. As it was, William was obliged to swim up after them, bring them down again, and fasten them in place at the bottom of the car.

These matters having been attended to, the young man gave a casual glance at the clock. The hands pointed to fifteen minutes past eleven.

"Let me see," said he, "I ought soon to be at the center of the earth. They taught us at school that a body falls sixteen feet the first second, forty-eight feet the second, eighty the third, and so on, falling thirty-two feet more each second. Now, the distance to the center

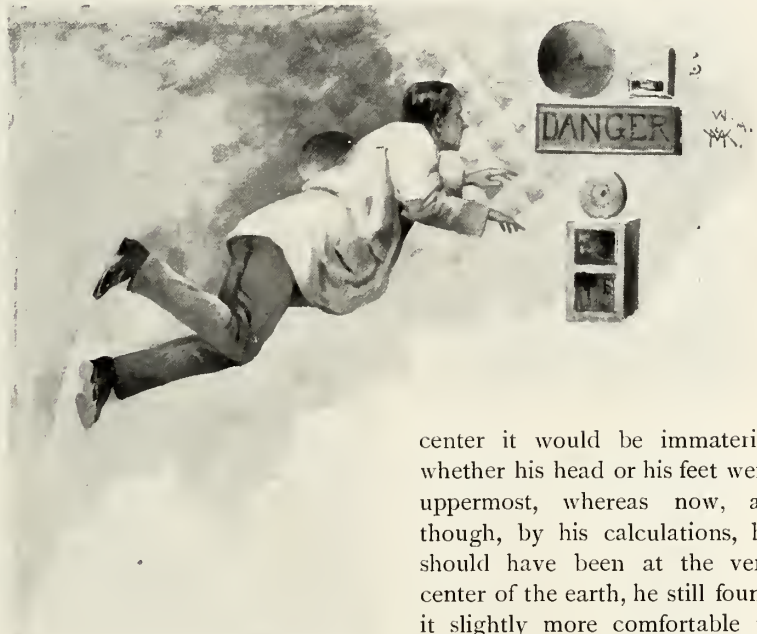
of the earth being about 4000 miles, it would take, let me see, a little over nineteen minutes to get there. In about two minutes more I shall be at the center of the earth."

With these words he turned to look at the telemeter. What was his consternation to find that the needle was nowhere near the point that indicated the center of the earth!

The cold sweat covered his brow as the full significance of this fact struck him.

"I am lost!" he exclaimed, in despair. "There must have been more air in the tube than the doctor calculated, and now it has kept the car back so much that I shall never come anywhere near New York, but will keep falling backward and forward in the tube until I finally come to a stop in the center, and there I may have to remain several days before the doctor can devise some means of fishing me out—dead or alive!"

There was but one hope left, and this was that the telemeter might be wrong. But, if the instrument were wrong, was there no other way in which our hero could ascertain whether or no he was at the center of the earth? Alas! yes, there was a way; for at the



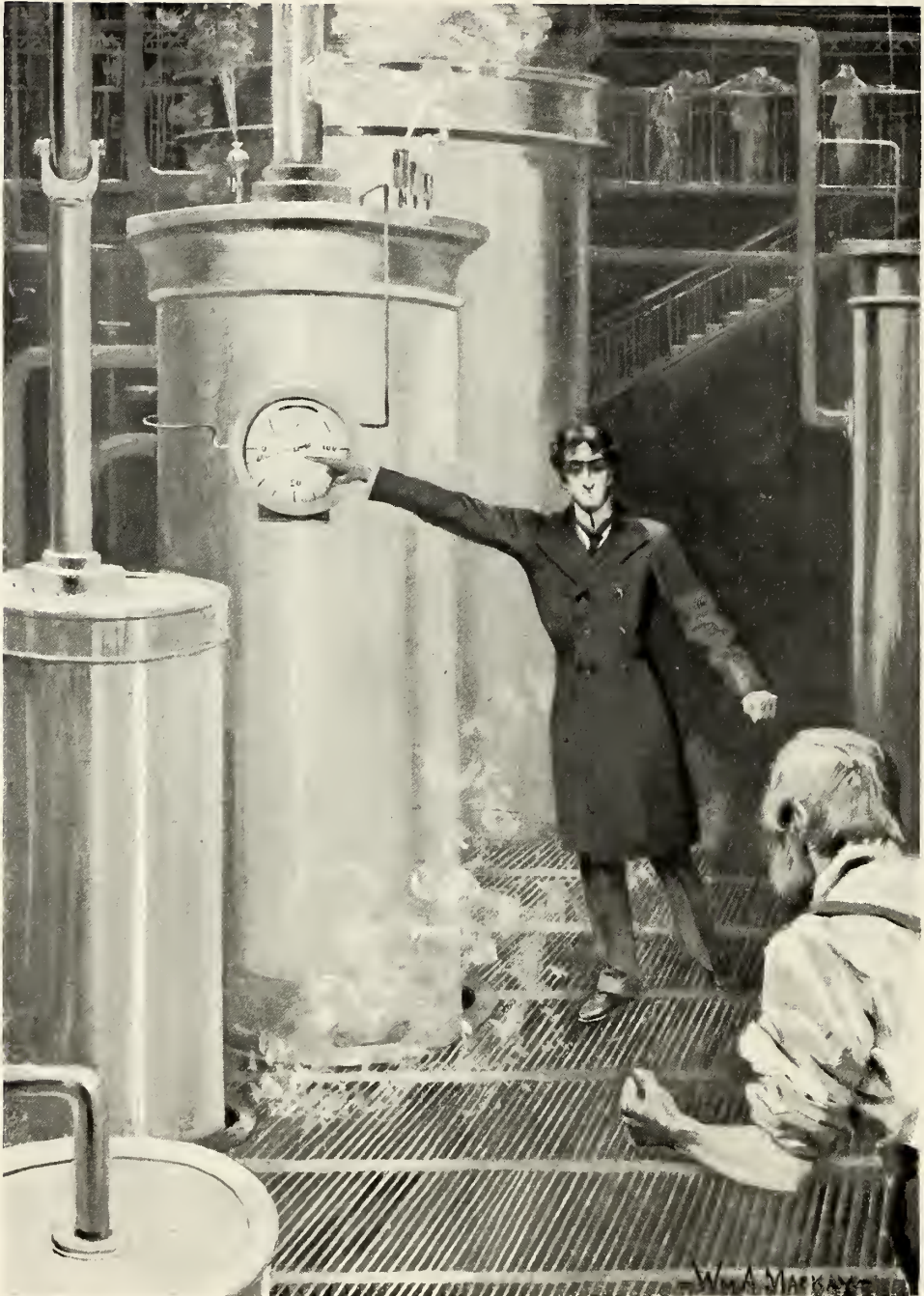
"A WARNING SIGN APPEARED BEARING IN LARGE BLACK LETTERS THE WORD, 'DANGER!'"

center it would be immaterial whether his head or his feet were uppermost, whereas now, although, by his calculations, he should have been at the very center of the earth, he still found it slightly more comfortable to remain head downward. This showed that his velocity was still increasing every second, and hence that he had not yet reached the center of the earth. The telemeter was evidently correct, and it soon showed that he was only two hundred miles from the center of the earth, and was now falling at the frightful velocity of five and a half miles per second!

At this moment our hero was startled by the violent ringing of an electric bell fastened to one of the instruments, while at the same time a warning sign appeared, bearing in large black letters the word:

DANGER!

A microphone attached to the side of the car at the same moment began working, and to William's ears was borne an ominous rumbling and grumbling, like the muttering of distant thunder. He understood but too well the significance of that sound. It meant that some



““THERE IS BUT ONE HOPE,” SAID THE DOCTOR GRAVELY. ‘IF THE TUBE CAN ONLY HOLD OUT FOR A SHORT TIME LONGER, ALL MAY YET BE WELL!’”

mighty internal commotion was taking place in the interior of the earth, and that it portended danger to him!

At the same moment, on the Australian island,

the ominous rumble was brought to Doctor Giles's ears, and closely following it, he noticed an irregularity in the working of the pump that served to force the refrigerating agents into the tube.

The whole truth flashed upon him in an instant. Something must have happened to the tube!

A portion of the passages for conducting the refrigerating agents, under the combined influence of the excessive heat and the excessive cold, must have become clogged up at some point, and the liquid was thus shut off from certain portions of the tube.

The doctor's face blanched as he realized the full meaning of these signs. Evidently,

if the refrigerating agents could not circulate, the carbonite tube would soon melt, and what would then become of the brave boy who had dared this unknown danger for the sake of his mother?

"There is but one hope," said the doctor gravely. "If the tube can only hold out for a short time longer, all may yet be well. As it is, however, I am absolutely powerless here, and can only stand idly by and let matters take their course!"

*(To be concluded.)*

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## LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF AN "ANIMAL-ARTIST."

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

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WHEN one commences to sketch a cow that animal invariably takes her departure, the sleeping lions at Central Park always wake up after a few strokes of the pencil, and even the sluggish snail becomes imbued with an amazing degree of swiftness if an attempt is made to sketch him. At least, this is the way it seems to the "animal-artist." A Baltimore oriole acquaintance of mine used repeatedly to come to the edge of the cardboard on which I was drawing, and eye the rapidly moving pen with the greatest interest; but if I attempted to sketch him, he would fly away immediately. True, I was once fortunate enough to catch the bright bird at his bath, when he was so thoroughly engaged in spattering water over everything as to be totally unaware of my presence. "An impression" made on that occasion is shown on the following page. Some animals are comparatively easy to sketch, and some very difficult. The great elephant belongs to this latter class. He always appears to be in a state of perpetual motion.

However, it is the numerous little creatures that have been with me in the studio from time to time that I wish especially to speak of—little folks that have posed for many a picture for ST. NICHOLAS. The bull-frog has been

one of these frequent visitors, and I have learned from sketching him that he is far from being the stupid animal he looks. For instance, an old bull-frog friend of mine was missing from his globe one afternoon, and being busy, I forgot all about him until the next day, when I was considerably surprised to find him in his usual quarters.

Concluding I was mistaken in thinking he had absented himself in the first place, I determined nevertheless to see what would happen when next he should go visiting. An opportunity came four days later, when with a vigorous splash the frog leaped out of the globe, stayed away for two days,—where, I do not know—and on the morning of the third, to my astonishment, had returned to his globe again. How he returned, and by what means, mystified me then, and has puzzled me ever since.

Again and again I watched closely in hopes of seeing him accomplish this feat, but always without success. In contrast to this great bull-frog, one of the prized treasures of the studio was a delicate little tree-toad that used to feed from the end of my pencil. A more dainty and delightful little pet it would be hard to imagine; and when I used to play with him



after lamp-light, he was often exceedingly lively. Some of these pets, or rather models, for they all posed, were most grotesque, as, for instance, a quaint baby owl which would blink at visitors in the most comical manner, or a hermit-crab,

which would scamper over the table, wondering what kind of a world it had been brought into. At other times a baby alligator would run into the portfolios, and claw over the clean white paper; or a very pugnacious bird would



furiously attack a poor little stuffed sparrow, making it look more stuffed than ever.

The funniest model in my experience was a cub bear; and during his visit to the studio we laughed more than we worked. While his antics were very amusing, it was the indescribably funny expression he always wore which kept the studio in such a state of hilarity. "Unbeknown" to us, one day he got out; and, walking along on his hind legs in a ridiculous shuffle, effectually blockaded the hallway, until we came to the rescue of the frightened people. It was not the only time he fell into trouble. When we first came into possession of little Bruin we sent the studio boy with a large market-basket to bring the treasure up-town. The boy was cautioned to be very careful of his charge—in fact, he was cautioned too much. On the elevated railroad train that boy fairly ached to get a look at the bear, and so opened the lid the tiniest bit, and peeped in. Instantly the animal thrust his whole head out, to the great astonishment of the lady passengers, among whom he created a small panic. It is needless to say that both bear and boy were put off at the first stopping-place.

Sometimes a model will not pose at all, no matter what inducements one may hold out for good behavior, and this is frequently caused by too much familiarity, as witness the sketch showing Little Chick under my hand while drawing. No matter how hard I tried to make Little Chick do otherwise he always insisted on staying under my hand. The movement of the pen seemed to attract his attention; for all I know he may have thought it was the claw of an old hen scratching for him.

To come back to the big folks again, there was an elephant in the Jardin-des-Plantes that would not pose unless he were paid for it, and paid in advance. Then he took payment in buns and pie, but if these were not forthcoming, he would deliberately walk to the farther end of the enclosure and turn his back. The only way to get a drawing of this big fellow was to engage some one to feed him meanwhile.

In the same gardens I saw an unusually interesting sight one morning. A little sun-bear

with a large marrow-bone in his shaggy paws was resorting to all sorts of bear devices to get the sweet marrow. Suddenly he lay down on his back, placed one end of the bone in his jaws, and with his hind paws tipped the other end of the bone so high up that the choice morsel slipped into his mouth. If the animal could only have understood the shouts of approval that greeted this performance, I think it would have turned his head. In one of the sketches you will see how this feat was accomplished.

As a rule I find the models very good natured. True, they keep a sharp eye on me for the first few days, but after that are generally quite friendly. Of course, there are some parts of the business they do not like. The oriole never was happy when I held him in my hand for close inspection, but a beautiful cat which rebelled when I first placed her in a bird-cage—to keep her in front of me—grew so fond of being there, that after I finished my drawing she cried and cried to be put back into the cage.

Intense curiosity is the great characteristic of animals when in the studio. They are as much interested in you and the surroundings as you are in them. This is especially the case with birds. Leave the studio but a few minutes, and these two-legged fellows are hopping into everything. Of course they inspect the paper on which you have been drawing, and the paints, and the brushes, and occasionally vary these proceedings by taking a bath in the water-bowl.

As I hurriedly turn over the leaves of my sketch-book, my mind wanders back to my friends of the past, and I can't help wondering what has become of them all. It was impossible to keep more than one or two in the studio at the same time for fear of serious disagreements, so when I was through I either gave them away, or returned them to their respective owners.

The frog, who pleased me so much by jumping in and out of the globe, I placed in a quiet lake in Central Park, so that he might enjoy himself for the rest of his days.

# THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

*[This series was begun in the November number.]*

## CHAPTER XI.

### A BUCCANEER BOOM.

THE condition of affairs in the West Indies was becoming very serious in the eyes of the Spanish rulers. They had discovered a new country, they had taken possession of it, and they had found great wealth of various kinds, of which they were much in need. This wealth was being carried to Spain as fast as it could be taken from the unfortunate natives and gathered together for transportation, and everything would have gone on very well indeed had it not been for the most culpable and unwarranted interference of that lawless party of men, who might almost be said to amount to a nationality, and were continually on the alert to take from Spain everything she could take from America. The English, French, and Dutch governments were generally at peace with Spain, but they sat by quietly and saw their sailor subjects band themselves together and make war upon Spanish commerce, a very one-sided commerce, it is true.

It was of no use for Spain to complain to her sister maritime nations of the buccaneers. It is not certain that they could have done anything to interfere with the operations of the sea-robbers who originally sailed from their coasts, but it is certain they did not try to do anything. Whatever was to be done, Spain must do herself. The pirates were as slippery as they were savage, and although the Spaniards made a regular naval war upon them, they seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Every time that a Spanish merchantman was taken, and its gold and silver and valuable goods carried off to Tortuga or Jamaica, and divided among a lot of savage and rollicking fellows, the greater became the en-

thusiasm among the Brethren of the Coast and the wider spread the buccaneering boom. More ships laden almost entirely with stalwart men, well provided with arms, and very badly furnished with principles, came from England and France, and the Spanish ships of war in the West Indies found that they were confronted by what was, in many respects, a regular naval force.

The buccaneers were afraid of nothing. They paid no attention to the rules of war. A little ship would attack a big one without the slightest hesitation, and, more than that, would generally take it, and in every way Spain was beginning to feel as if she were acting the part of provider to the pirate seamen of every nation.

Finding that she could do nothing to diminish the number of the buccaneering vessels, Spain determined that she would not have so many richly laden ships of her own upon these dangerous seas; consequently, a change was made in regard to the shipping of merchandise and the valuable metals from America to her home ports. The cargoes were concentrated, and what had previously been placed upon three ships was crowded into the holds and between the decks of one great vessel, which was so well-armed and defended as to make it almost impossible for any pirate ship to capture it. In some respects this plan worked very well, although when the buccaneers did happen to pounce upon one of these richly laden vessels in such numbers and with such swift ferocity that they were able to capture it, they rejoiced over a prize far more valuable than anything the pirate soul had ever dreamed of before. But it was not often that one of these great ships was taken, and for a time the results of Spanish robbery and cruelty were safely carried to Spain.

But it was very hard to get the better of the

buccaneers; their lives and their fortunes depended upon this boom, and if in one way they could not get the gold out of the Spaniards, which the latter got out of the natives, they would try another. When the miners in the gold-fields find they can no longer wash out with their pans a paying quantity of the precious metal, they go to work on the rocks and break them into pieces and crush them into dust; so, when the buccaneers found it did not pay to devote themselves to capturing Spanish gold on its transit across the ocean, many of them changed their methods of operation and boldly planned to seize the treasures of their enemy before it was put upon the ships. Consequently the buccaneers formed themselves into larger bodies commanded by noted leaders, and made attacks upon the Spanish settlements and towns. Many of these were found nearly defenseless, and even those which boasted fortifications often fell before the reckless charges of the buccaneers. The pillage, the burning, and the cruelty on shore exceeded that which had hitherto been known on the sea. There is generally a great deal more in a town than there is in a ship, and the buccaneers proved themselves to be among the most outrageous, exacting, and cruel conquerors ever known in this world. They were governed by no laws of warfare; whatever they chose to do they did. They respected nobody, not even themselves, and acted like wild beasts, without the disposition which is generally shown by a wild beast, to lie down and go to sleep when it has had enough.

There were times when it seemed as though it would be safer for a man who had a regard for his life and comfort to sail upon a pirate ship instead of a Spanish galleon, or to take up his residence in one of the uncivilized communities of Tortuga or Jamaica, instead of settling in a well-ordered Spanish-American town with its mayor, its officials, and its garrison.

It was a very strange nation of marine bandits which had thus sprung into existence on these far-away waters; it was a nation of grown-up men, who existed only for the purpose of carrying off that which other people were taking away; it was a nation of second-hand robbers, who carried their operations to

such an extent that they threatened to do away entirely with that series of primary robberies to which Spain had devoted herself. I do not know that there were any companies formed in those days for the prosecution of buccaneering, but I am quite sure that if there had been their stocks would have gone to a high figure.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE STORY OF L'OLONNOIS THE CRUEL.

WE have seen that the buccaneers became so formidable that it was dangerous for a Spanish ship, laden with treasure, to attempt to get out of the Caribbean Sea into the Atlantic, and that thus, failing to find richly laden vessels, the buccaneers were forced to make some change in their methods. Instead of capturing Spanish galleons, they formed themselves into well organized bodies, and attacked towns.

Among the buccaneer leaders who distinguished themselves as land pirates was Francis L'Olonnois, a Frenchman. In those days it was the custom to enforce servitude upon people who were not able to take care of themselves; unfortunate debtors and paupers of all classes were sold to people who had need of their services. Boys and girls were sold for a term of years, somewhat as if they had been apprentices; and it so happened that the boy L'Olonnois was sold to a master who took him to the West Indies. There he led the life of a slave until he was of age; and then, being no longer subject to ownership, he became one of the freest and most independent persons who ever walked this earth. He began his career on the island of Hispaniola, where he took up the business of hunting and butchering cattle, but he soon became a pirate, and enlisted as a common sailor on one of their ships. Here he gave signs of being so brave and unscrupulous that one of the leading pirates on the island of Tortuga gave him a ship and a crew, and set him up in business. The career of L'Olonnois was much like that of other buccaneers of the day except that he was abominably cruel to his Spanish prisoners.

All the barbarities attributed to the pirates of the world were united in the career of this wretch, who does not appear to be so good

an example of the true pirate as Roc, the Brazilian. He was not so brave, he was not so able, and it would be impossible for any one to look upon him as a hero. After having attained in a short time the reputation of being the wickedest pirate of his day, L'Olonnois was unfortunate enough to be wrecked upon the coast near Campeachy. He and his crew came safely to shore, but it was not long before their presence was discovered by the people of the town, and the Spanish soldiers attacked them. There was a fierce fight, but the Spaniards were stronger, and the buccaneers were utterly defeated. Many were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

Among the wounded was L'Olonnois, and when the Spaniards walked over the battle-field he was looked upon as killed. When the soldiers had retired, he stealthily arose and made his way into the woods, where he stayed until his wounds were well enough for him to walk about. He divested himself of his great boots, his pistol-belt, and the rest of his piratical costume, and adding to his scanty raiment a cloak and hat which he had stolen from a poor cottage, he boldly approached the town and entered it. He looked like a very ordinary person and no notice was taken of him by the authorities. Here he found shelter and something to eat, and he soon began to make himself very much at home in the streets of Campeachy.

It was a gay time in the town, and as everybody seemed to be happy, L'Olonnois was very glad to join in the rejoicing; and these hilarities gave him particular pleasure when he found out that he was the cause of them. The buccaneers who were imprisoned in the fortress had been questioned over and over again by the Spanish officials in regard to their commander, and as they had invariably answered that L'Olonnois had been killed, the Spanish were forced to believe the glad tidings, and they celebrated the death of the monster as the greatest good fortune which could come to their community. They built bonfires, and they sang songs of rejoicing over the death of the famous buccaneer.

But L'Olonnois did not waste all his time chuckling over these baseless rejoicings. He

made himself acquainted with some of the white slaves, and finding many of them very much discontented, he ventured to tell them he was a pirate who had escaped, and offered them riches and liberty if they would join him in a scheme he had concocted. It would have been easy enough for him to get away from the town by himself, but this would have been of no use to him unless he obtained some sort of a vessel, and some men to help him navigate it. So he proposed to the slaves that they should steal a small boat belonging to the master of one of them; and in this, under cover of the night, the little party safely left Campeachy, and set sail for Tortuga, which, as we have told, was then the headquarters of the buccaneers.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### L'OLONNOIS HIMSELF AGAIN.

WHEN L'Olonnois arrived at Tortuga he had no money; but by the exercise of his crafty abilities he managed to get possession of a ship, which he manned with a crew of about a score of dare-devils anxious to mend their fortunes.

Having become fond of land-fighting he did not go out in search of ships, but sailed to a little village, called De los Cayos, on the coast of Cuba. This village was the abode of industrious people, traders in tobacco, hides, and sugar, who were obliged to carry on their traffic in a peculiar manner. The sea near their town was shallow, so that large ships could not approach, and the villagers were kept busy carrying goods and supplies in small boats between the town and the vessels. As L'Olonnois could not sail a ship directly up to the town, he cruised about the coast at some distance from De los Cayos, trying to procure two small boats in which to approach the town; but his vessel was discovered by some fishermen. They knew that it was a pirate ship, and some of them who had seen L'Olonnois recognized him. Word of the impending danger was sent to the town, and the people there immediately sent a message by land to Havana begging the governor for aid.

It was almost impossible for the governor to believe their story true. The good news of

the death of L'Olonnois had come from Campeachy to Havana; and the people of the latter town also rejoiced greatly. To be now told that this scourge of the West Indies was alive, and about to fall upon a peaceful little village on the island over which he ruled, filled the governor with rage as well as amazement; and he ordered a well-armed ship, with a large crew of fighting men to sail immediately for De los Cayos, giving the captain express orders that he was to destroy the whole of the wretched gang, with the exception of the leader, who was to be brought to Havana to be treated as the governor should see fit.

By the time the war-vessel had arrived at De los Cayos, L'Olonnois had made his preparations to attack the place. But after the ship had come there was a change in the state of affairs, and he was obliged to alter his plans.

Of course L'Olonnois could not now row leisurely up to the town and begin to pillage it as he had intended; but no intention of giving up his project entered his mind. As the Spanish vessel was in his way, he would attack her and get her out of his way, if the thing could be done. He was obliged to devise some stratagem; and he also needed a larger force. He therefore captured some fishermen to help row his canoes. Then by night he proceeded slowly in the direction of the Spanish vessel. The man-of-war was anchored not far from the town; and when, about two o'clock in the morning, the watch on deck saw some canoes approaching, they naturally supposed them to be boats from shore.

The canoes were hailed, and after having given an account of themselves they were asked if they knew anything about the pirate ship upon the coast. L'Olonnois made one of his prisoner fishermen answer that they had not seen a pirate vessel, and say that it must have sailed away when its captain heard the Spanish ship was coming. Then the canoes were allowed to go.

They rowed off into the darkness, and waited until nearly daybreak; then they boldly made for the man-of-war, one canoe attacking her on one side and the second on the other. Before the Spanish could comprehend what had happened, there were more

than twenty pirates upon their decks, the dreaded L'Olonnois at their head.

The pirates had the advantage; they had overpowered the watch, and were defending the deck against all comers from below. It requires a brave sailor to stick his head out of a hatchway when he sees enemies on deck armed with cutlasses. But there was some stout fighting on board; the officers came out of their cabins, and some of the men were able to force their way into the struggle. The pirates, however, fought, each scoundrel of them, like three men, and the savage fight ended by every Spanish sailor or officer, who was not killed or wounded, being forced to stay below decks, with the hatches securely fastened.

L'Olonnois now stood, a proud victor on the deck of his prize, and ordered the prisoners to be sent up from below. As soon as each prisoner was standing before L'Olonnois the pirate slew him, and he thus killed nearly a hundred.

Soon there was not a Spaniard left on board the great ship except one man, who had been preserved because L'Olonnois needed a messenger to carry a letter. The pirate captain went into the cabin and composed a letter to the governor of Havana, a part of which read as follows:

I shall never henceforward give quarter unto any Spaniard whatsoever. And I have great hopes that I shall execute on your own person the very same punishment I have done to them you sent against me. Thus I have retaliated the kindness you designed unto me and my companions.

When this message was received by the governor of Cuba, he stormed and fairly foamed at the mouth. In the presence of many of his officials and attendants he declared that he would never again give quarter to any buccaneer.

But when the inhabitants of Havana and the surrounding villages heard of this they represented to the governor that his plan of vengeance would work most disastrously for the Spanish settlers, since the buccaneers could do far more damage to them than he could possibly do to these dreadful Brethren of the Coast; and they begged that, unless he wished

to bring upon them troubles greater than those of famine or pestilence, he would retract his threat.

The governor saw that there was sense in this view, and he consequently felt obliged to give up his purpose.

L'Olonnois was now the possessor of a fine vessel. But his little crew was insufficient to work such a ship upon an important cruise on the high seas, and he also discovered, much to his surprise, that there were very few provisions on board; for when the vessel was sent from Havana it was supposed she would make but a very short cruise. This savage swinger of the cutlass thereupon concluded that he would not try to do any great thing for the present, but having obtained some booty and men from the defenseless town of De los Cayos, he sailed away, touching at several other small ports for the purpose of pillage, and finally anchoring at Tortuga.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE BUCCANEERS ASHORE.

WHEN L'Olonnois landed he was received with acclamation. He had not only taken a fine Spanish ship, he had not only bearded the governor of Havana in his den, but he had slain ninety prisoners with his own hand.

Grand and ambitious ideas began to swell the head of this champion, and he conceived the plan of getting up a grand expedition to go forth and capture the important town of Maracaibo, in New Venezuela. He set himself to work to enlist a large number of men and to equip a fleet of vessels.

But money was necessary, and L'Olonnois thought himself lucky when he succeeded in interesting the principal piratical capitalist of Tortuga in his undertaking. This was an old and seasoned buccaneer by the name of Michael de Basco, who had made money enough by his piratical exploits to retire from business and live on his income. He held the position of major of the island and was an important man. When de Basco heard of the great expedition which L'Olonnois was about to undertake, his whole soul was fired, and he offered to assist L'Olonnois with funds and join in the expedition if he

were made commander of the land forces. This offer was accepted gladly, for de Basco had a great reputation.

When everything had been made ready, L'Olonnois set sail with a fleet of eight ships. On the way they captured two Spanish vessels, both of which were rich prizes, and at last arrived before the town.

Maracaibo was a prosperous place of three or four thousand inhabitants; they were rich people, living in fine houses, and many of them had plantations which extended out into the country. Being such an important place, of course it had important defenses. On an island in the harbor was a strong fort, or castle, and on another island a little further from the town, was a tall watch-tower, where a sentinel was posted night and day to give notice of any approaching enemy. Between these two islands was the only channel from the sea.

L'Olonnois sailed into a fresh-water lake at some distance from the town, and out of sight of the tower. There L'Olonnois landed, and advancing upon the fort from the rear, easily crossed over to the little island and marched upon the fort. It was in the early morning, the garrison was utterly amazed by this attack from land, and although they fought bravely for three hours, they were obliged to give up.

L'Olonnois now took possession of the fort, and then, with the greater part of his men he returned to his ships, brought them around to the entrance of the bay, and boldly, sailed with his whole fleet under the very noses of the cannon and anchored in the harbor.

When the citizens of Maracaibo heard that the fort had been taken, they were filled with horror and dismay, for they had no further means of defense. As many as possible hurried away into the woods and the surrounding country with such valuables as they could carry.

As soon as the pirates had landed they devoted themselves entirely to eating and drinking, and making themselves merry. They had been on short commons during the latter part of their voyage, and they had a royal time with the food and wine in the houses. The next day, however, parties of pirates were sent out into the surrounding country to find the people who had run away, and to take from

them the treasures they had carried off. But, although many of the unfortunate citizens were captured, there was found upon them little money and few jewels or ornaments. And now L'Olonnois began to prove how much worse his presence was than any other misfortune which could have happened to the town. He tortured all the prisoners—men, women, and children—to make them tell where they had hidden their treasures.

After two weeks the pirates were able to get little out of the town, and they therefore determined to go somewhere else.

At the southern end of Lake Maracaibo, about forty leagues from the town which the pirates had just desolated, lay Gibraltar, and for this place L'Olonnois and his fleet set sail, but news of their terrible doings had gone before them. When they approached they saw the flag flying from the fort, and they knew that every preparation had been made for defense. The Spaniards had perhaps a thousand soldiers, and the pirates three hundred and eighty; but L'Olonnois did not hesitate. At the first convenient spot he landed all his men, and made them a speech. He assured them that pirates were so much in the habit of conquering Spaniards that if they all would do their best, he was certain that he could take the town. He assured them that it would be ignoble to give up such a grand enterprise simply because they found the enemy strong and so well prepared to meet them. Whereupon the pirates all shook hands and promised they would follow wherever he might lead.

This they truly did; and L'Olonnois, not knowing the way to the town, led them into a bog, where the rascals found themselves up to their knees in mud and water, and for a long time they were not able to get out. In this plight a body of horsemen from the town began firing upon them. But these fellows were bloody buccaneers, each one of them a great deal harder to kill than a cat, and they did not propose to stay in the bog to be shot down. With their cutlasses they hewed off branches of trees and threw these down in the bog, making a sort of rude road-way, by means of which they were able to get out on solid

ground. But here they found themselves confronted by a large body of Spaniards, entrenched behind earthworks. Cannon and musket were opened upon the buccaneers, and the noise and smoke were so terrible they could scarcely see one another or hear the commands of their leaders.

Soon the Spaniards charged, and L'Olonnois and his men were actually obliged to fly. If he could have found any way of retreating to his ships, L'Olonnois would doubtless have done so, but the Spaniards had felled trees and had made a barricade between the pirates and their ships. The buccaneers were now in a tight place. Every now and then a buccaneer would fall, and L'Olonnois saw that charging the barricade would be useless, and that he must resort to some sort of trickery or lose the battle.

Suddenly he passed the word for every man to turn his back and run away as fast as he could. Away scampered the pirates, and from the valiant Spaniards there came a shout of victory. The soldiers could not be restrained from following the fugitives.

Away went the buccaneers, and after them, hot and furious, came the soldiers. But as soon as the Spaniards were so far away from their intrenchments that they could not get back, the crafty L'Olonnois called a halt, his men turned, formed in battle array, and began an onslaught upon their pursuing enemy. We are told that over two hundred Spaniards perished in a short time. Soon the Spaniards who were left alive broke and ran into the woods.

The buccaneers formed into a body and marched toward the town, which surrendered without firing a gun, and L'Olonnois and his men now marched boldly into the town, pulled down the Spanish flag, and hoisted their own in its place.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A JUST REWARD.

THE greater part of the inhabitants had fled; but there were many left, and these were made prisoners. They were all forced to go into the great church, and then the pirates, fearing that

the Spaniards outside of the town might be reinforced, and come back again to attack them, carried a number of cannon into the church, and fortified the building. Not only did these wretched men steal everything valuable they could find, but, as at Maracaibo, they tortured their helpless prisoners, in order to make them tell where more treasures were concealed. When the town had been thoroughly searched and sifted, the pirates sent men out into the little villages and plantations in the country; and even hunters and small farmers were captured and made to give up everything they possessed which was worth taking.

After L'Olonnois and his friends had been in possession of Gibraltar for about a month, they sent messages to the Spaniards concealed in the forests that unless a ransom of ten thousand pieces of eight was paid, they would burn the town. Two days having passed without the payment of the ransom, the pirates carried out their threat, and set the town on fire. When the poor Spaniards saw they were about to lose even their homes, they promised to pay the money; but a quarter of the town was entirely burned, and a fine church reduced to ashes.

Then the eight ships with their demon crews sailed away from the harbor.

They did not go directly to Tortuga, however, but stopped at Maracaibo, extorting more money from its wretched inhabitants; and then made another stop at a little island near Hispaniola which was inhabited by French buccaneers, for the purpose of dividing their booty. When all their wickedly gained property had been divided, the pirates sailed to Tortuga, where they proceeded, without loss of time, to get rid of the wealth they had amassed. They ate, they drank, they sold valuable merchandise for a twentieth part of its value, and having rioted for about three weeks, most of L'Olonnois's rascally crew found themselves as poor as when they had started. It had taken them almost as long to divide their spoils as it did to get rid of them.

As these precious rascals had now nothing left to live upon, it was necessary to start out again and commit some more acts of robbery and ruin, and L'Olonnois projected an expedi-

tion to Nicaragua. His reputation as a successful commander was now so high that more men offered themselves than he could take.

The voyage was a very long one, they were beset by calms, and instead of reaching Nicaragua, they drifted into the Gulf of Honduras. Here they found themselves nearly out of provisions and were obliged to land to find something to eat. Leaving their ships they began a land march. They robbed Indians, they robbed villages, they devastated little towns, taking everything that they cared for and burning what they did not want. They would take everything they could find and then try to make the people confess where other things were hidden. They frequently met ambuscades of Spaniards, but the pirates were too strong and too savage to be successfully resisted.

At last they captured a town called San Pedro. But the capture of this town did not supply provisions enough to feed the men. Their supplies ran low and they were in danger of starvation. They made their way to the coast, thinking that if they could find nothing else, they might at least catch fish. On their way every rascal of them prepared himself a fish-net made out of plant fiber.

After a time the buccaneers got back to their fleet and remained on the coast about three months, waiting for some expected Spanish ships, which they hoped to capture. They met one, and after a great deal of ordinary fighting and stratagem they boarded and took her, but found her of little value.

Now L'Olonnois proposed to his men that they should sail for Guatemala; but the buccaneers, who had expected to make great fortunes in this expedition, were hungry and disappointed and wanted to go home, and the great majority of them declined to follow L'Olonnois any further. But some declared that they would rather die than go home to Tortuga as poor as when they left it, and so remained with L'Olonnois on the biggest ship of the fleet, which he commanded. The smaller vessels now departed for Tortuga, and L'Olonnois sailed for the islands of de las Pertas. Here he ran his big vessel aground.

As it was impossible to get their great vessel off the sand banks the pirates set to work to





THE CHIEF BUCCANEER DIVIDING THE BOOTY.

break her up and build a boat out of her planks. But when they began the work they had no idea it would take so long to build a boat. It was months before the unwieldy craft was finished, and they occupied part of the time in gardening, planting French beans, which were ripe in about six weeks, and gave them some fresh vegetables. They also had some of the ship's stores and made bread, thus managing to live very well.

L'Olonnois was never intended by nature to

be a boat-builder, and when the boat was finished it was discovered that it had been planned so badly that it would not hold them all, so they drew lots to see who should embark in her, for one half of them would have to stay until the others came back. Of course L'Olonnois went in the boat, and he reached the mouth of the Nicaragua River. There his party was attacked by some Spaniards and Indians, who killed more than half of them and prevented the others from landing. L'Olonnois and the rest of his

men got safely away, and they might have sailed back to the island where they had left their comrades, for there was now room enough for them all. But instead they went to the coast of Cartagena.

The pirates left on the island by their heartless companions were rescued by a buccaneering vessel, but L'Olonnois had now reached the end of his wicked career.

On the shores where he landed he did not find prosperous villages and peaceful inhabitants to be robbed, but instead of these he came upon a fierce tribe of Indians, who were called

by the Spaniards "Bravos," or wild men. These people would never have anything to do with the whites. It was impossible to conquer them or to pacify them. They hated white men. They had heard of L'Olonnois and his buccaneers, and when they found this notorious pirate upon their shores they were filled with a fury such as they had never felt toward any others of his race.

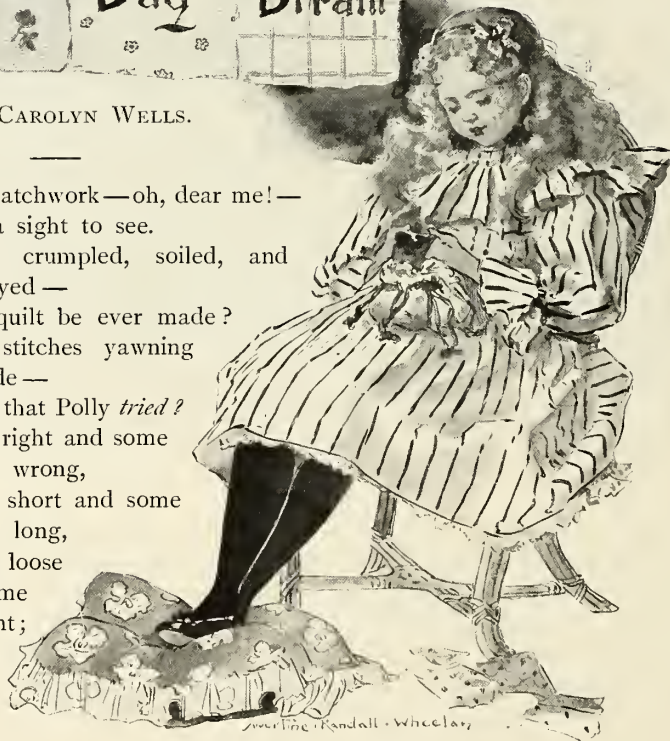
Nearly all of the buccaneers were killed, and L'Olonnois, being taken prisoner, was put to death with most cruel tortures — a fate of which he had no right to complain.

(To be continued.)

## A Day Dream

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

POLLY'S patchwork — oh, dear me! —  
Truly is a sight to see.  
Rumpled, crumpled, soiled, and  
frayed —  
Will the quilt be ever made?  
See the stitches yawning  
wide —  
Can it be that Polly *tried*?  
Some are right and some  
are wrong,  
Some too short and some  
too long,  
Some too loose  
and some  
too tight;



Grimy smudges on the white,  
And a tiny spot of red  
Where poor Polly's finger bled.

Strange such pretty, dainty blocks —  
Bits of Polly's summer frocks —  
Should have proved so hard to sew,  
And the cause of so much woe!

One day it was *very* hot,  
And the thread got in a knot,  
Drew the seam up in a heap —  
Polly calmly fell asleep.  
Then she had a lovely dream:  
Straight and even was the seam,  
Pure and spotless was the white;  
All the blocks were finished quite —  
Each joined to another one.  
Lo, behold! the quilt was done,—  
Lined and quilted,—and it seemed  
To cover Polly as she dreamed!



# THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

## IV.



FOR ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain, the serial story's peculiar. After leaving a boy and a girl soaking in ice-water for one whole month,

I have left two young gentlemen falling over a cliff for thirty days, which is three times as long as Mr. John Milton let his angels fall from heaven.

After they had been swept over the edge of the precipice, the soldiers whom they had so ably generated fought on furiously for the citadel. Only about half of General Reddy's attacking forces had been able to get in, and they were having a very hard time of it staying in, when suddenly Colonel Sawed-Off observed in dismay that his doughty general had disappeared. The rest of the defenders observed it at the same time, and a panic ensued.

But just at this very moment the attacking army discovered that its noble leader had also turned up missing, and it was smitten with equal confusion. The bravest army becomes a mob without a leader; every hero turns coward, and gets in the way of every other hero turned coward.

So now a curious thing befell these two mighty hosts. The defenders of the fort, thinking their general slain or dragged off to perish in a dungeon, began to plead for mercy. At the same time the attacking party, without pausing to study what kind of evaporation

could have carried off their leader, began also to plead for mercy, and to scramble for home and safety.

With both parties trying to surrender, naturally neither succeeded, and the battle ended in as perfect a draw as was ever drawn.

The deep wonderment at the disappearance of the generals now found time to assert itself. Jumbo, having scoured the hillside, the retreating enemy, the trees, the clouds, and the blue sky, with a piercing gaze at length glanced idly over the cliff, not that he expected to see anything there, but because there was no place else to look. He was so astounded at what he saw, that he would probably have jumped overboard had the ever-present Sawed-Off not caught him by the arm.

Those of you who have lived long enough and traveled far enough, may at some place have seen that wonderful sight—a hat-rack with an overcoat hung on it. If you can remember how that coat looked, you will have a fairly good picture of the heroic appearance of these two famous generals.

When the twins were pushed over the edge of the cliff, Reddy went first, pulling Heady after him. They shot down at a sickening velocity, and seemed to be "checked through" for the rocks at the foot of the cliff. After scorching down the air thus for a few minutes—as it seemed to them—Reddy struck the top branches of an old tree growing in a gash in the cliff. They broke the force of his fall, but he could not stop till Heady, who was following after like a dutiful brother, came crashing after him. Their four arms caught over a stout lower bough, and there they hung like two Kilkenny cats over a clothes-line.

They were brought up with a suddenness that nearly shook their eyebrows loose, and there they stuck. And since their arms were strong, and he and Reddy had a good grip on each other when they fell, they were safe for the moment.

And there they hung, too scared to speak or cry out, unable to see above, and afraid to look below, and wondered how long they could hang.

When Tug and Jumbo saw their two generals waving in air o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave, it did not take them long to determine what steps were necessary for relief. The twins were caught in a place where the cliff was so sheer that it was impossible for them to gain a footing or to climb back to safety as Reddy had climbed up to the fort. Plainly the only way to save them was to rope them in.

While the rest of the fellows were shouting encouragement to the exhausted generals below, Tug and Quiz, who were both good runners, set off for a neighboring farm-house at

The rope was tied under the arms of Bobbles, who had insisted upon the privilege of making the descent. The huge Sawed-Off appointed himself anchor, and a line of other men formed behind him to steady the rope. Bobbles was let down as rapidly as possible, and soon appeared, like a rescuer from the skies, at the side of the twins.

Each wanted him to take the other up first, and they came near letting go and resuming the battle; but Bobbles snatched Reddy out of the fray. The first ascent was made without difficulty, and Bobbles was lowered away again. He got a good grip upon the absolutely exhausted Heady, and signaled for the men above to heave away. They were brought up with a jerk and a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together; then the rope began to creak omin-



the top of their speed. There they did not stop to say "By your leave, Madam!" but cut down two or three clothes-lines, while the farmer's wife tried in vain to "sick" a large but sleepy dog on them.

Then they decided that the clothes-line would be too weak, and went to the old-fashioned well and cut loose the cable, dragged it up dripping, and started back for the fort. They would have run as fast as they could, anyway; but the fact that the farmer and his two sons came after them with pitchforks made them run even faster than they could. They finally reached the fort, panting and exhausted, and while the rest of the boys took care of the farmers, hastened to turn over the rope to the rescuers.



BOBBLES LEAVES THE CONSPIRATORS BEHIND. (SEE PAGE 402.)

ously, and in one place a sharp rock caught it and began to gnaw it.

Desperately Bobbles watched that rope, and begged it to hold out. Desperately he clung

to the jaded Heady. Seeing the sure failure of the cable, Tug dropped down to the first ledge and tried to ease it where it was fraying; even the rotten old rope seemed to grit its own strands together, and it managed to eke its own strength out until it had its double burden over the ledge. Then it parted with a thump, and all its work would have been in vain, and the two would have gone over backward, had not Tug steadied them and saved their balance.

The terror of the ordeal sent the three boys home very faint, and badly bruised. Neither Reddy nor Heady had won the battle,—I mean, both had won it,—so honors were even, and peace was declared.

And thus ended one of the greatest battles of modern times!

Then came more snow, and the hill of the Hawk's Nest was once more white and slippery. Now that it had been brought into such prominence, it suddenly dawned upon all Lakerim that it was as magnificent a spot for the peaceful delights of coasting as for the grim game of war.

Sleepy and Quiz were struck with an idea—a thing that occurred to them about once a year. They decided to introduce into the benighted town of Lakerim the foreign luxury of the toboggan. They determined to make this toboggan themselves.

About this time they read one of those beautiful articles that teach boys how to make things at home. As usual with these articles, it required only the skill of a regular mechanic and twice as much money as the article would cost at any store.

But Sleepy and Quiz were undeterred. At a lumber-yard they found, and purchased at great expense, a long, broad plank. After trying to smooth it for themselves, and succeeding only in dulling the blades of the plane of an indignant carpenter, and gouging the board almost beyond recognition, they concluded to have this done by the carpenter. After an experiment or two they also had a blacksmith make them a couple of flat iron runners.

It only remained to curl up the head of the toboggan. This was a very simple thing to do

—according to the article, which said that all you had to do was to steam it.

Quiz and Sleepy knew very little about steaming lumber, and after much pondering, decided that it consisted in pouring boiling water on the wood. So one bitter cold night they brought the board out to Sleepy's kitchen door, and poured upon it three kettlefuls of boiling water. It froze almost as soon as it struck. Then they got down on their knees, and pulled and tugged at the refractory plank, which showed about as much inclination to curl as Sleepy's hair did. Pull and wrench as they would, the board clung to its beautiful flatness.

At length Quiz looked at Sleepy and said:

"I don't think much of tobogganning."

And Sleepy looked at Quiz and said: "It's all out of style, anyway."

So they bade each other good night and went home to bed.

And that was the end of tobogganning at Lakerim.

The rest of the boys never knew what a surprise they missed when this great Toboggan Trust went bankrupt. They found compensation, however, in the oldtime coasting of their fathers. But their acquaintance with the Hawk's Nest left them dissatisfied with the hills that had in previous winters given them so much delight.

Coasting tracks that had been thought steep and long now looked tame and puny.

Finally, Bobbles, who was the best coaster of the dozen, got them together, and led them out to the Hawk's Nest, dragging their twelve sleds after them. They trudged through the thickets, floundered through the snowdrifts, and made a careful survey of the whole territory.

Bobbles planned a course to perfect which required only a half-day's work, and they fell to it with a will. It was only necessary to take out a section of the rail-fence, and hide the rails where the farmers could not find them to put them back, clear away the brush and undergrowth, move a few sharp rocks out of the path, and build a bridge or two of stone and snow. When this was done there was a right royal hippodrome. It started from the fort, and included all sorts of tests of sledding skill, from long inclines to sudden descents, from great

arcs to sharp swerves, from heavy tracks of sodden snow to the glassy channel of the little brook. There were ravines to cross on narrow tracks; there were hurdles to jump, and little unbridged gaps to overleap; there was even one hill to climb with the impetus gained before; there was a loop to make around a little knoll, and then, at the last, a giddy declivity that shot down for a long run out on the lake. As the hawk, whose nest gave his name to the promontory, would have swooped from the beginning of the course to the end thereof, it would have been a good half mile. With all the turns and windings and doublings back upon the path, it was three times the distance.

The dozen were rapturous over their new course, and believed that nothing in the world had ever been so fine. They saw nothing to envy in the joys of bird-life or the speed of express trains, and spent on the course all the time they could get, legitimately or otherwise, from school hours. It was even so dear to them that they did not begrudge the long, long climb they had to pay in advance for the short luxury of the descent; this is the final test of a coasting-place.

Sledding with these boys was something more than starting off, trusting to reach the bottom and letting the sled do the rest. Some had as fine and scientific theories about the building and the best lines of a sled as any Herreshoff about the lines of a yacht. They would not leave the matter to the choice of their parents, and take any sled they happened to find in their stockings Christmas morning. They argued over their pet models, and rode hobbies in sled-manufacture with more ardor than they ever discussed the Magna Charta or the Emancipation Proclamation. At the stores they drove the dealers almost crazy with their fine points on sled-architecture, and had out everything on runners in the town for inspection.

The most scientific of them all was Bobbles. Sledding with him was a serious business—an art. His sled was a beautiful sylph!—long and slim, yet stout and low. It was not painted with the disgraceful curlicues and hideous scenery usually put on sleds. The natural grain of the wood was just varnished and left in its own beauty. The only painting on it was

the name, and this was in small letters on the inside of one of the runners, where it would not be seen. That name was “Betsy.”

There was only one girl in town who had that name, and it may have been only a coincidence, for Bobbles had not told her that it was on the sled, and he was always very much flustered and embarrassed in her presence. He was more at ease with any of the girls than with her.

And yet he always chose her as his partner when his own sled carried double; and when he steered the long bob-sled full of girls and boys down the hill, he always made her sit next to him, and advised her to hold on to him very tight.

But after a number of mishaps on the Hawk's Nest course the girls began to fight shy of the place, and left the boys to contests of skill and speed among themselves. Bobbles almost always won when there was no accident, and he was generally looked on as the champion coaster of Lakerim.

When, then, as a final wind-up of the season of snow, he proposed a grand race, they insisted that it should be a handicap, and that he should be the scratch man. He modestly said that he knew they could beat him, but he made no objections to the outrageous handicap imposed upon him. The order in which they were placed at the start was this:

At the scratch stood the champion, Bobbles, with “Betsy.” Five yards down the course stood Tug, with a good low sled; and five yards further was Punk, also well equipped. At the 15-yard line, Jumbo and Sawed-Off waited for the signal. They did not belong in the same class, but refused to be separated. At the 25-yard line B. J. stood, as nervous as one of the desperadoes in his dime novels, when the all-powerful hero has a bead on him. His noble steed was named the “Red Rover,” and it was as black as one of the “low, rakish crafts” his pet pirates sailed in. Two and one half yards further down, Pretty was waiting, with a gorgeously painted sled covered with flowers and bluebirds.

At the 35-yard mark Reddy and Heady were stationed, with sleds that could not be told apart. At 40 yards was Quiz. Almost in-

visible in the distance was Sleepy, leaning against a tree with a heavy wooden contrivance at his feet. Its runners were all rusty, and he had hired a small boy to tote it up the hill for him. He paid the boy with a knife,—when he got to the top of the hill,—and then the boy discovered that one of its blades was broken.

second plump himself on his sled at the mark. Two shots in quick succession were to mean a false start, and a return for a re-trial. Inspectors were placed at each of the starting-points, except History's, which was out of sight around the cliff.

At the first shot Bobbles, who stood far back



“THE GALE THREATENED EVERY MOMENT TO TAKE THE MAST RIGHT OUT OF HER.” (SEE PAGE 404.)

Quite invisible from the starting-point was History, with fifty yards to his advantage. His sled was a high, rickety affair with wickerwork runners.

The regulations of the course could be summarized something like this:

Each man was to stand as far back from his starting-point as he wished. At the first shot of a pistol he was to run forward, and at the

of the scratch-line, dashed forward so zealously that he failed to discover a stone in the way, and tripped. Two shots rang out, and brought back the contestants, much to Sleepy's disgust, and to the entire indifference of History, who was too much absorbed in thinking about some puzzling big words, to notice the recall. He sat himself down cross-legged on the back of his sled, and went serenely on his way.



On the second start the men got off beautifully. Bobbles made a long, swift run, and flung himself and his sled to the ground with a beautiful impetus. For a few yards from the starting-point the grade was easy. Then the track ran out on a ridge where one of the redans had been. It dropped suddenly down the ravine.

There Bobbles flew past a pair of heels which he recognized as Sleepy's, for that wideawake knight had drifted head foremost into a deep snowbank. Perhaps he thought it looked like a feather-bed. When he extricated himself, he resumed his place on his sled, and struggled on at the tail of the procession.

Bobbles saw Sleepy's plight without regret, and, like the Count of Monte Cristo, simply murmured: "One!"

Tug and Punk had passed Jumbo and Sawed-Off, and when Bobbles shot over one of the snow arches that bridged the deep ditch, he came up with the misfit chums. These two had cooked up a scheme to prevent Bobbles' winning the race. They tried an old jockey trick, and with Jumbo a little ahead, and Sawed-Off just at his side, Bobbles found himself tightly boxed, and unable to pass either. He expressed his opinion of such a manœuvre in very vigorous language; but the two conspirators simply laughed at him, and guyed him. These "Three Musketeers" jogged along together thus at a fine rate until they passed Pretty, whose sled was too handsome to go very fast. Bobbles gave him only a glance, and put him in the catalogue of defeated competitors, with the one word, "Two!"

A sharp swish round a sharp curve unhorsed Punk, who had been going beautifully; and he barely managed to roll out of the way before they ran him down. His empty sled bounded along like a runaway till it banged into a bowlder, and lost one runner.

And Punk made Three.

The course now entered the glassy surface of the brook, and the sleds bowled along like a winter wind. To make sure that the cage in which they kept Bobbles should not be broken, Sawed-Off reached out one of his long arms, and hung on to Jumbo's sled.

Bobbles howled, "Foul!" "Murder!" and

"Police!" in furious rage; but the trio were hid in the channel of the brook from the sight of any of the judges; and Sawed-Off and Jumbo almost fell off their sleds with snickering.

A little further on, the brook grew very shallow, and went over a bed of stones, so that the race-course had to make a quick turn to the right. The turn was too quick for B. J. He was pretending he was a noble Western scout, with a beautiful white lady, whom he had rescued from the Indians, seated behind him on a swift mustang. This distracted his attention, and he found himself and his mustang jolting and scraping among the jagged stones. When he came to himself, and got back to the course, one runner—I should say, one leg of his bronco—was broken, and he could only yell his encouragement to the three boon companions, Jumbo and Sawed-Off and the captive Bobbles.

"Four!" said Bobbles.

Looking past the legs of Jumbo, Bobbles descried Quiz loping along ahead. Quiz was asking himself how long he could keep up his splendid speed, when he saw ahead of him a gap in the road. He tried to leap it, but was lying too far back on his sled, and slammed against the opposite edge, and fell backward. He had read of a boy that lay flat on the railroad track while an express train passed harmlessly above him. So he remained where he lay, and saw the three sleds leap over him and take the ditch beautifully.

Bobbles' toe almost took off Quiz's nose, but he only looked down at his prostrate rival, and mentally cut another notch on an imaginary stick.

The Fifth man was out of the way.

Bobbles ran along with his unwelcome escorts, and thought he never should shake loose from them. Just as he had determined on the desperate ruse of applying the brake,—that is, dragging his heel along the snow,—and letting the two rivals get on ahead, so that he could extricate himself and try to pass them on the outside, a log hove in sight. Sawed-Off balked at this hurdle, his runners jabbed into it, and he floundered off to one side. Jumbo lifted the head of his sled just at the right moment, and bounded over, with Bobbles at his heels.

Instead of going on with the race, however, Jumbo ran himself into a buffer of a snowdrift, and went back to see what was the matter with Sawed-Off.

Bobbles, finding that his bitter foes were thus dispersed, found himself at Sixes and Sevens.

This left four more men to beat, and a glance at the surrounding country showed him that he was coming into the last quarter of the track. Now that he was free from the hindrance of Jumbo, he sailed along at his old speed. The course soon returned to the brook for a stretch of about a hundred yards. Just before he turned into it he saw Tug's hind foot disappearing around the curve. When he came out on the ice there was as pretty a contest as a body could wish to see.

Bobbles gained slowly but surely upon the fleeting Tug, and when they had reached the loop he was within a yard or two of Tug's heels. This annoying little distance he cut down as they swept round the circle, until at the end of the loop he was almost alongside. Then he bethought him of the trick of the chariot-drivers, and seeing a chance to make a slight gain, tried to cut inside Tug's course; but, by a slight miscalculation, he drove the prow of his sled into his rival's rudder, and swung him off his path until the enraged Tug could only save himself from jamming into an oak-tree by going clear round the loop once more.

Tug was furious over his misfortune, but he was not a cry-baby, and would not report the foul to the judges.

Bobbles could not stop to think how far he had driven Tug aside, for the next curve brought on his horizon the Twins. They were going it neck and neck, each one trying to kick the other off his sled, and the other challenging each to get off and fight. They were too much engaged in these brotherly exchanges of courtesy to pay much heed to their coasting, and when they reached the hill they had very little impetus to take them up it.

Their sleds slackened up on the ascent, and, with what B. J. would have called "one fell swoop," Bobbles was upon them.

But Bobbles' delight over this sudden gain

was diminished when his own fiery charger began to slow up. All the terrific speed he had gathered on the preceding mile was lost in a sudden inclination of his steed to turn into a snail. It began to look as if he would never reach the top of the hill, and he wiggled and squirmed despairingly. The ardor of his flight barely managed to live until he had crept to the last inch of the ascent, and there it flickered out. He was, however, so well up that the ends of his runners stuck out beyond the edge, and by sliding his weight forward he was able to bend the sled over and resume the race.

Reddy and Heady were stalled hopelessly just six inches from the beginning of the long stretch down to the lake. They slid off their sleds into each other's arms, and proceeded to pummel and kick until both had just breath enough to exclaim:

"'Nough!"

But to Bobbles, speeding onward, they were only Nine and Ten.

All of his rivals were left in the lurch but History, and Bobbles looked in contempt at the puny rival ahead.

But History was going down the long steep of the home-stretch, and could see the girls waiting anxiously in the distance. He was the most surprised of them all that he was in the lead. He gave one glance back at Bobbles rushing down upon him, and shifted his position to as good an imitation of Bobbles as he could make. His sleigh leaped forward with a gain of speed that scared him half to death. But as it would have been more risky to drop off than to stick on, he had nothing to do but to fight it out.

Meanwhile Bobbles was making a beautiful race. He lay out on his left side with the left leg curled up under him, and his right thrown out at the back as a rudder. His left arm stretched out along the left runner of his coaster. His speed grew with the steepness—or should I say "stept"?—of the mountain-side, and he flew along as swift as a gull in the wind. There was no resisting his skill and his speed, and he was soon almost neck and neck with History, for whom Nature and the law of gravity were doing more than their share.

Fly as he would, wriggle as he would, however, Bobbles could not push past his despised rival. The shore of the lake and the finishing-line were only a few seconds away, and Bobbles grew sick at heart to think that he should be beaten or tied by—History above all! It would have been hard enough if it had been Tug or Jumbo,—but History!

There seemed to be no escaping this humiliation, however, until History thought he had an inspiration. He determined to win the victory and cover himself with glory. He had never won an athletic prize. Now was his chance. He had a pair of skates slung round his shoulders, and his bulging pockets were filled with heavy school-books. These he quickly threw off into the snow, and flung after them even his spectacles, and dashed on, now unable to see ten feet before him.

But History had never been a very brilliant student in physics, and his idea was his own undoing. For, by lightening his weight, he had also by just that much taken off the hold of his friend Gravity. Bobbles, being thus the gainer in comparative weight, had now the superior inertia.

The law of gravity carried him just a little faster than History, and to his complete delight he found himself creeping past his despised and feared rival. History was a whole length to the rear when the race-course ran out on the lake. His sled struck a bump and slipped off to one side, and went out upon the lake far from the finishing-line. And when it finally stopped and he waited blindly for the expected ovation, he heard far off to one side the cheers that greeted Bobbles as he darted across the line and won almost without competitors. For the others had either had to take a second start, or came in long after Bobbles.

There was unlimited hilarity when Bobbles was presented with the prize. Since everybody had expected him to win, and had prophesied his victory, everybody could tell everybody else, "I told you so." Accordingly, everybody was happy.

But the very happiest of all was the girl Betsy, and Bobbles was so glad that she was so glad, that when no one was looking he lifted up the winning sled and showed her her

name on the runner, and told her she was his mascot, and had really won the race.

After the first joy of winning, Bobbles noted that Tug was a very bad second in the race. He began to think things over, and suddenly walked up to his disgruntled rival, stuck out the silver loving-cup they had given him for a prize, and said: "This belongs to you by rights, Tug. I guess I fouled you."

Immediately Tug's anger vanished, and he said: "Get out, Bobbles! You had me beaten anyway. You were right on my heels. I'll punch your head if you say anything more."

So Bobbles said nothing more.

When Lakerim had beaten the proud students of the Charleston Academy so handily at hockey, they had promised to go over to Charleston and give their victims a chance to return the compliment. They were particularly anxious to do this because Charleston was city enough to support an inclosed skating-rink of artificial ice. This made it possible to charge an admission fee, and as the Lakerim Athletic Club was out for money to build its clubhouse, it seized the first opportunity to descend like wolves upon the fold of the Charleston Academy.

The first opportunity came on Washington's Birthday, which was a holiday. The Dozen very wisely thought that the most patriotic thing any good American could do to celebrate the memory of that glorious victor was to win some battle from some enemy.

The morning of the 22d of February found them ready for the journey. Several of the boys had built a large ice-boat, and had stepped into it a mast from a sloop owned by Bobbles's father—and lent to the Club by Bobbles while his father was out of town. This gave them a mainsail that was too big even for the big ice-boat, and caused its capsizing many a time.

But the Dozen scorned such light things as bumped heads and ripped clothes, and scorned even to reef in the sail as it needed.

The wind was light the morning these hardy mariners sailed, and they reached Charleston barely in time to keep a large and excited audience from demanding their money back.

You have already read one long account of

the way the Lakerims played hockey, and you need not fear another. It must suffice to say that practice had improved their team-play, as well as their individual skill, until they had no need to rely on luck for a victory.

They won an exciting game by a score of 6-3, and started home with seventy-eight dollars and seventy-six cents as their share of the gate-receipts.

When they came out of the rink the afternoon was well advanced toward night, and a light snow was sifting down. The weather looked ominous, and a mean wind was running amuck through the streets of Charleston. The boys buttoned their overcoats tightly round their magnificent chests, and set out for the wharf at a brisk trot.

There they found the ice-boat creaking under the wind and complaining to be off and home again. By the time they had made sail and worked well out into the lake, the snow was falling fast and thick, and the wind was whipping it so hard that the flakes stung like needles of ice.

The wind swept the floor of the lake clean, but drove the snow in drifts against the banks. B. J. was the skipper.

The whirling snow hid the banks of the lake, and the black sky had never a star to guide the confused mariners. Things were beginning to look dark for the men, and they had long ceased whistling to keep up their courage. The wind was doing whistling enough for all of them, and its tune was not encouraging.

"Brrr!" said Tug. "If we don't get somewhere pretty soon, we're goners. Where are we, anyway, Captain?"

B. J. was more aware of their danger than they, for he had completely lost his bearings.

He took the compliment without any pleasure, and said as bravely as he could, "We should be passing Buzzard's Rock about now."

Buzzard's Rock was a little point of stone that stuck up in the middle of the lake, and had barely soil enough to hold the roots of a dead tree. It was the home of the ancient buzzard who gave the place its name.

"If we get lost out here," said Bobbles, "there will be nothing to do but freeze; and it won't take much longer to do that."

B. J. ordered his crew to make another attempt to reef sail, but the deck was so slippery, their speed was so dizzy, and their hands and arms were so numb with chill, that they had to give it up, though the gale threatened every moment to take the mast right out of her.

All B. J. could do was to stick to the tiller, and hope to reach home before they froze, or the mast broke and left them out in a blizzard.

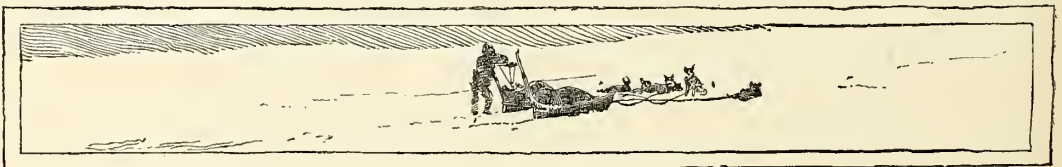
One or two of the boys had already announced that they were no longer cold, but were very sleepy; and knowing what that meant, the rest of the boys were pounding them and pleading with them to keep them awake. Bobbles had just started to sing, with the idea that he might cheer up their flagging hearts, when out of the blackness ahead there loomed a deeper blackness.

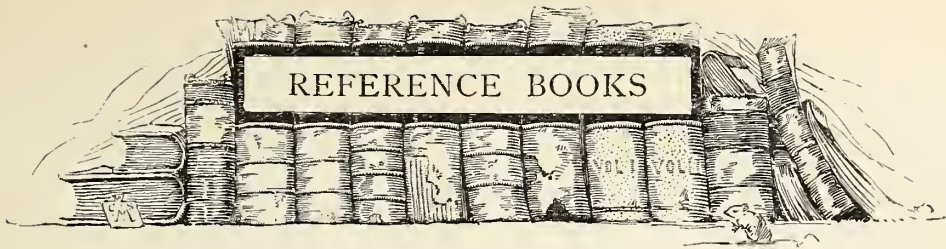
With a terrible crash and jar, the ice-boat struck and broke up, and the mast and sail went by the board.

The shock was enough to waken the sleepiest of them from his lethargy; and when they had picked themselves up, doubly aching with cold and bruises, they made out the gnarled trunk of a dead tree.

And Bobbles gave a ghostly cry: "Buzzard's Rock!"

*(To be continued.)*





## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

OLD Dr. Johnson, who is as well known to modern generations as any man of his time, because of the biography written by Boswell, said a great many wise things that were none the less wise because they were said in big words. A good joke at his expense was made by Oliver Goldsmith when he said that if Dr. Johnson were to make little fishes talk, he would make them talk like whales. One of the most frequently quoted sayings by this wise doctor is that in which he said there were two kinds of knowledge, "knowing a thing, and knowing where to find it."

School is a place for teaching children how to know things, rather than for providing them with knowledge; and after children leave school they are tempted to think they have thrown away a great deal of time because they have forgotten much over which they have spent many hours. For instance, after once leaving school, a boy may never in his life be called upon to draw a map, and he may, therefore, think that map-drawing is a useless study.

To which branch of knowledge, as it is divided by Dr. Johnson, does map-drawing belong? You would naturally think, at first, that when you drew a map of North America the object was to learn the shape of the continent and the boundaries of the natural and political divisions. But a little thought will show you how unlikely it would be that a man would ever need to refer only to his memory for such information. Unless he happened to be wrecked upon a desert island or becalmed upon a yacht, it would take him only a few moments to refer to an atlas; and in an atlas he would find a map a hundred times better drawn than any he could construct without its aid. If, therefore, map-

drawing was meant only to provide the student with a mental atlas, it would be a great waste of time. The real object of such a study is to teach the pupil what map-drawing really is — what the lines mean, how the facts are put down, and, in general, the language used for expressing geographical facts on paper. Having drawn a map, the other maps become intelligible.

There are certain things, however, which one ought not to have to look up. Two simple instances are the multiplication-table and the spelling of common words. The time spent upon these in school is given to acquiring knowledge; for if one had to refer to the table or to the dictionary to solve the easy questions that come up in keeping accounts or in writing a letter, each of these little questions would cause a serious delay. These instances will illustrate clearly the difference between knowledge which should be carried in the head, and knowledge which may safely be sought elsewhere. It is to be feared that teachers often fail in giving the proper amount of time and attention to instructing their pupils in regard to knowledge which is not to be memorized. Mr. William Hawley Smith, in the "New York School Journal," makes the plea that "schools should teach children not books themselves, but the right use of them." He says, addressing his grown-up reader: "You, in your library, desire information in chemistry or history, and you reach out your hand, and, upon due search, you find what you want and utilize it according to your needs; and doing this, you have used books to advantage. But your son who is in school, though he has this same book, will be set to memorize it from first

to last. . . .” Yet, “if when he gets into the field of actual work he needs knowledge which this book contains, he can go to it and utilize it as you do now.”

All readers, speakers, editors, and other public teachers need to consult books of facts continually. Without these books they would be nearly helpless, except, possibly, in one or two fields; for instance, one man might know the history of a single country, another might be fully informed in one part of a science, and so on. Yet, even in these special instances the knowledge of one man could not for a moment compare in fullness or accuracy with that contained in a volume costing, perhaps, a dollar, and not larger than he could easily tuck into a pigeonhole, or even put into his pocket. It is easy to see, therefore, why the desk of a journalist, the library of a minister or a doctor, the table of a professional writer, will contain a selected set of books of facts. These books, of course, will vary with the man's work. A naturalist making a special study of birds will have the best authorities upon his own subject; the politician will have tables of votes, copies of laws, maps of political divisions, and so on. Whatever men have to do, if it be any but the merest hand labor, they need the printed report of what has been done by other men before them, or the helps that have been made by workers in the same field to save time and trouble.

It is certain that the children who are to succeed their fathers and mothers in doing the work of the world will have to use these books, which are called “books of reference,” continually; and yet it is unusual to see a young boy or girl who is aware of how easy it is to keep a great storehouse of knowledge at command. Even the majority of grown people have very little idea how to go to work to answer their own questions. The daily newspapers and other periodicals give up much space to answering questions which might be solved, with only the slightest trouble, by those who ask them. In fact, nearly every editorial office must devote considerable time to finding answers to questions for people who should be ashamed not to do this work for themselves.

Suppose, for instance, a little boy is reading

a story, and he comes to the word “*châtelaine*.” It may seem to him an interesting bit of language. He thinks he would like to know what it means. Consequently, he shuts his book, keeping his finger in the place, and runs downstairs to where his father is busy in the study preparing a speech upon the coming school election. “Father,” he says, “what is a *châtelaine*?”

We will suppose that his father is a man who has sufficient information to give a general answer to the question.

“A *châtelaine*,” he may say, “is the lady who is the presiding mistress of a castle.”

The boy opens his book, and reads again the sentence in which he found the word. Then he giggles.

“That can't be right,” he says; “for here it speaks of a lady who ‘hung a *châtelaine* to her belt.’ Besides, it says that the *châtelaine* was made of hammered silver; so it can't be a lady who is mistress of a castle.”

“Oh,” his father replies, “that is different. There the word means a little contrivance ladies wear at their belts to hold chains from which they suspend keys and tablets, pin-boxes, and such things.”

“Then how did you come to make such a mistake?” the boy asks.

“It was not a mistake,” his father replies. “The word means what I said, too.”

“It is queer that it should mean two such different things. How does it happen?” the boy asks.

Then the father—if he happens to be the right kind of a father—puts aside his work and says, “Bring me the dictionary.”

The dictionary is brought, and opened to the word, and father and son devote a few moments to the inquiry how a single word can have two meanings apparently so different. They find that “*châtelaine*” comes from the French, and was at first spelled *chastelaine*, but that the *s* has disappeared, leaving only a little footprint in the shape of an accent over the *a*. Then it is discovered that *châtelaine* is really a form of the word *castellan*, a short form of the Latin word *castellanus*, meaning a man who is the keeper or owner of a *castellum*, or castle. And then the dictionary says “*v. castle*,” so

they turn back to castle. They find that castle comes from *castel* or *chastel*, which is the same word, in a different form, that now appears as "château," and that it comes from the Latin *castrum*, meaning a camp, while *castrum* comes from *casa*, the Latin for hut, a word still in the same form in Italian. (A curious instance of this word is seen in the name of the boy who stood upon the burning deck, Casabianca, which is simply "Whitehouse".) *Casa* is the same word as "case," or cover,—that is, a covering from the weather,—and that comes from the Sanskrit root *chhad*, which means a cover. Also from the same root come "cassock," "chasuble," and "casino," which, it may surprise you to learn, are relatives of the châtelaine with which we started. Now, when we come to the meaning of châtelaine, we see that it meant, at first, the mistress of a castle—that is, a keeper of the keys to its supplies and stores—the housekeeper or housewife; and that her name was applied to the little bunch of keys carried at her belt, just as in English we speak of a "housewife," meaning a little case or box that contains needles, thread, scissors, thimble, and so on. So now we can see exactly how the same word can mean "a lady who is mistress of a castle," and "a little contrivance for carrying at the belt keys and other useful things."

After the boy has learned all these things, he turns to his father a little scornfully, and says, "Humph! if I had known you were going to look in the dictionary, I could have done that myself." Then, if his father does n't say, "Why did n't you?" we ourselves may add that little moral to the fable.

Would it not have been better if the small boy had been taught from the beginning to use the dictionary? Not only would it have been a relief to his father, but a benefit to himself.

Nearly all the questions that suggest themselves to a child can be answered by three kinds of reference books: the dictionary, the encyclopedia, and the atlas. Each of these books covers a distinct field. The dictionary tells what is meant by words, and how words have come to mean what they are used to mean; the encyclopedia gives facts and happenings; and the atlas tells where things take

place, and the relations of these places to one another. Just what sort of books you need depends entirely upon yourself. If you know enough to ask questions that require long and minute answers, you will need books that are full enough and complete enough to cover the subjects in detail. While you are young, and can ask only simple questions, you will find elementary books sufficient to answer them. But just as you need carry in your mind only the few facts that come up again and again, you will need to have at your side only the books which will answer the first simple questions; for when you wish to go deeper into a subject you can go to your father's library, or to the public library, in pursuit of the desired information. It would not be well to name particular books, as each child will find some especial book best suited to his own mind. It will be enough to say, in general, that one should own, and be in the habit of consulting, a *good* dictionary; and by this is not meant any of the very small school dictionaries, which are really little more than spelling-books. Their definitions are worse than useless, and one might even say that until within a recent time there have been no useful popular dictionaries. For instance, let us try a dictionary published in 1775, and a very good one for its time. Take the simple word "ship." The definition is, "a vessel made to pass over the sea, with sails." It is not necessary to point out to any intelligent boy that this description gives absolutely no idea of what the word "ship" means. It covers both too little and too much. Not everything to which these words would apply is a ship; so they mean too much. They do not tell enough to explain the meaning of the word; and so they say too little. If you will look at the definition of the same word in any big modern dictionary, you will be able to see plainly the difference between defining a word and merely writing down a loose explanation of it.

In fact, modern dictionaries give, in their own line, a great deal that used to be found only in encyclopedias. It is best to have a good dictionary from the beginning, as daily use of any reference book soon teaches the user where to find the information it contains, and how to secure the most advantage from it.

In the old days, the small atlases were not good for much, as there was little care used in making them. But nowadays, by photography, large maps can be reduced to fill a small page, and consequently there are a large number of tiny atlases which yet contain good and clear little maps. If at the end of the book there is a good index of places, it will, for young readers, take the place of a gazetteer, especially if the encyclopedia used gives good descriptions of towns. The gazetteer, or list of places giving particulars as to number of inhabitants, and a statement of the principal buildings in cities, and so on, is, however, well worth having.

In regard to an encyclopedia — to most people the word always means one of the bulky publications in twenty or more thick volumes, each of them heavy and difficult to handle. But there are also what are called single-volume encyclopedias, costing not more than a dollar or two apiece, and yet containing nearly all that is required for quick reference. If it is necessary to go further into particulars, it is always easy to consult larger books.

One or two other books are also quite as useful, even if not so necessary. Roget's "Thesaurus" is very helpful to one who wishes to express ideas exactly as they should be put. It groups words together according to their meaning, instead of alphabetically. For instance, if you wish to speak of some sort of trap, or costume, or vessel, by referring to the thesaurus you will be able to find the word which exactly expresses your meaning, even if you do not remember it sufficiently to be able to use the dictionary. By all means you should own a good Bible, containing the usual "Helps," such as a concordance, notes, and indexes. Every educated person must know the Bible, and only by constant use will it become familiar. When old enough to read Shakspeare, a good edition with notes will be needed for your reference shelf. Besides these, you will have the books your special taste requires.

The important thing is to learn how much may be found out by examining a reference book whenever you meet with a new expression, or one that is not thoroughly understood. If the boy whose father looked up the word "châte-

laine" for him had been curious to know exactly what was meant by the "Sanskrit" root, he would turn either to his dictionary or encyclopedia, and there, under the word "Sanskrit," he would find a very interesting story of a lost language which has been recovered by the study of words in other languages. He would also learn that the recovery of the language has taught wise men so much of the story of the ancient people who spoke it that they have found, embedded in pieces of words, the history of a forgotten period. In learning of their life, we shall find reference to the parts of the earth where these people lived. Then the atlas will show us not only where these regions were, but will teach us how it is that their language traveled throughout Europe and became the foundation of the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.

It is not very difficult to use reference books. A little practice will soon teach any intelligent boy or girl where to find the facts he considers so interesting when he meets them in his reading. English literature is a storehouse of riches beside which Ali Baba's cave is no more than a poor-house; and every one may possess the "open sesame" by which to roll the rock away from its entrance. Once within, you will stand like Ali Baba, only puzzled to know which bag of gems is best worth rifling. Not only is there enough for you, but you may invite all your neighbors, and, in fact, all the world, to share the treasure with you, since it increases by use.

The key to all these riches consists in knowing where to look for information, and this is best learned by turning to those silent teachers, books of reference, which are never impatient, never unwilling to answer questions, never too busy, but always slaves to the magic lamp of knowledge. See to it, therefore, that you make a beginning. Own and keep under your hand a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and an atlas. It is not necessary to advise as to buying any particular ones. Begin with any good ones, and you will soon find which ones suit you best. They will prove to be a school which you will delight to attend, which is open only when you choose, and in which the studies are left entirely to your own taste and discretion.





M. HOWELLS.

## GOING TOO FAR.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

A WOMAN who lived in Holland, of old,  
Polished her brass till it shone like gold.  
She washed her pig after all his meals,  
In spite of his energetic squeals.  
She scrubbed her doorstep into the ground,

She thought they were really neater so!  
Then her passion for cleaning quickly grew,  
And she scrubbed and polished the village  
through,



"SHE POLISHED THEIR FEATURES OFF THEIR FACES."

And the children's faces, pink and round,  
She washed so hard that in several cases  
She polished their features off their faces —  
Which gave them an odd appearance, though



"UP AND UP IN THE AIR SO HIGH."

Until, to the rage of all the people,  
 She cleaned the weather-vane off the steeple.  
 As she looked at the sky one summer's night,  
 She thought that the stars shone out less  
 bright;

And she said, with a sigh, "If *I* were there,  
 I'd rub them up till the world should stare."  
 That night a storm began to brew,  
 And a wind from the ocean blew and blew

Till, when she came to her door next day,  
 It whisked her up, and blew her away—  
 Up and up in the air so high  
 That she vanished, at last, in the stormy sky.

Since then it's said that each twinkling star,  
 And the big white moon, shine brighter far.  
 But the neighbors shake their heads in fear  
 She may rub so hard they will disappear!



## A QUESTION OF SPELLING.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THEY were looking through their book  
 With pictures of the Zoo;  
 Both too young to read the text,  
 But each the pictures knew.

Will was three, and Ray was five—  
 And five years old is *old!*  
 When his wiser brother spoke,  
 Will did as he was told!

"Look! I've found the *efalunt!*"  
 "Don't say *efalunt*," said Ray.  
 Said their mother: "You should tell  
 Little brother what to say."

"Don't say *efalunt*—that's wrong;  
 It's *efalint!*" said Ray.  
 "*Efalint!*" said little Will,  
 In his confiding way.

## TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

*And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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

### XV.

#### "AN ENGLISH LORD WITH SIX TRUNKS."

THE cook of the Star Grove Hotel was old and lame and cross, and she was put into specially ill humor that afternoon by being called upon to broil a beefsteak for a late-arriving traveler.

"He 's just as pleasant as he can be," said light-footed Jenny Ray, a college girl turned waitress for the summer, coming from the dining-room, after serving the traveler. "He told me to give this to the only cook he has found since he has been in the States who knows how to broil a beefsteak."

The old woman had seated herself in the broad-roofed, open passage connecting the dining-room and the summer kitchen, and was cooling her flushed face and heated temper in the breeze that blew freshly through.

"Huh!" she said, looking at the coin which Jenny dropped into her hand. "Since he has been in the States? He 's an English gentleman, I 'll be bound. Is there anything else he would like? There 's a little of that sherbet left in the freezer."

The English gentleman *would* like the sherbet, and it was served accordingly.

"I hope he has come for the rest of the season," the old cook muttered to herself. "Well, what do *you* want?"

Two tired, dusty, forlorn-looking boys came around a corner of the hotel, and stood waiting to have a word with her.

"We don't find anybody in the office," said the younger of the two.

"The office generally runs itself from now till the five-o'clock coach arrives," she replied. "What might you be wanting in the office?"

"We are looking for an acquaintance," said the older boy, who was also the taller, and had a well-developed nose on a strong, honest face. "We thought he might have come to this hotel."

"He had on a loose-fitting brown coat, and he had a dog with him, the last we heard," said the younger boy — Cliff Chantry, in short.

"There 's been no such person here, with or without a dog," said the old woman sourly. "There 's been no arrival this afternoon, but an English gentleman, about an hour ago."

Cliff's face wore a hopeless expression; it seemed useless to pursue the inquiry. But Quint queried:

"An English gentleman?"

"An English gentleman," she repeated haughtily. "He is n't the first one that 's honored this house, and I hope he won't be the last. We had an English lord here once, and I 'm thinking this is another."

That she was not to prove a treasury of obliging information was evident enough. But Quint said:

"Did he — your English lord — come afoot, and carry a linen grip-sack; was his shirt-collar just the least mite frayed about the edges?"

With her other excellent qualities the old cook possessed a bold imagination, to which she now gave free rein.

"He came in a carriage from the station, and he has six trunks coming this evening. He engaged the two best rooms in the house by letter, and ordered a beefsteak by telegraph. Not at all the sort of gentleman you claim as an acquaintance. Frayed shirt-collar, indeed!"

The glowering look with which she said this discouraged further questions. The boys stepped aside for a brief consultation.

It was now two hours since they had lost Winslow's trail; and they had worn out their

strength and patience in the vain endeavor to pick it up again. Since the bread-and-milk they had had at the Mills farm-house, they had tasted nothing but cold water and wayside berries, and they were faint with hunger. At the close of their whispered consultation Quint said :

"Beefsteaks are not exactly in our line; but if you can give us a couple of sandwiches, we'll be glad to pay you for your trouble."

The old cook answered tartly, "The Star Grove Hotel ain't a sandwich-shop, I'd have you know. There's a grocery in the village."

"I gave them a string of yarns as long as a kite-tail!" the old woman chuckled with malicious glee, as they disappeared around the corner of the hotel.

"But why did you?" said Jenny. "They seemed to be honest boys."

"Claiming any guest of this house as a friend of theirs, and asking for sandwiches!" scoffed the cook. "Of course they never expected to pay for 'em. An English lord—he, he! And six trunks!"

Meanwhile the possible British nobleman strolled into the reading-room, where he glanced at the newspapers for a few minutes; then he took a turn or two on the long hotel piazza, and finally came around to the roofed passage where the cook still sat at her ease cooling her round face in the refreshing breeze.

She was rather unpleasantly reminded of the two boys' description of their "friend," when she noticed the singular coincidence that this foreign tourist also had on a loosely fitting brown coat, and a standing shirt-collar, frayed about the edges.

In suavity of manner, however, he was all that Jenny's words and her own fancy had painted him. With an ingratiating smile he inquired :

"Have you, madam, seen a stray dog about here anywhere, while I have been in the dining-room?"

This was another remarkable coincidence. Without waiting for a reply, he went on glibly :

"Mine chased a squirrel into some woods back here, and I left him barking up a tree. He'll turn up before long; and if he does n't find me the first thing, he'll make for the kitchen

door. That's a rule of his: a moral principle." He laughed and looked about him. "Your hotel is delightfully situated. That shady retreat is very inviting."

He walked back into the hotel, and presently reappearing with a light duster on, strolled out into the grove.

The old cook watched him with a curiously puzzled expression.

"An English lord with six trunks!" she repeated to herself with a derisive titter. "I suppose I ought to have told him his friends are looking for him; but that's none of my business. See the cheek of him now," she suddenly exclaimed; "stretching himself in Mrs. Mayhew's hammock, that she's so awful particular about! But that's not my affair, either. I've something else to think of, from now till supper-time."

## XVI.

### THE HOT BOX.

ON their way to the grocery the boys noticed three or four wagons halted on a side street, and a group of men and boys standing near one of them. After they had provided themselves with a luncheon of crackers and cheese, Quint left Cliff sitting on the grocery steps, and went to speak with the teamsters.

An axle-box of a heavy draft-wagon loaded with wood had become heated by friction, and the wheel had ceased to revolve. It was a rear wheel, and three men were lifting that corner of the load by means of a plank used as a lever. Two others were swinging upon the wheel thus raised a few inches from the ground, while the one they were aiding gripped the spokes opposite the hub. One of the bystanders was holding a stick and a pot of grease, ready to give the axle the necessary oiling as soon as it was exposed.

Seeing the wheel loosening a little, Quint also laid hold of the spokes, and forgetting how weary he was from his all-day tramp, helped pull it off.

"You've a pretty good grip, young man!" the teamster said to him. "I'm much obliged to everybody."

Then, while the grease was being applied,

Quint introduced his own business to a remarkably well-disposed audience. The driver of a light carryall remarked:

"Your man was a slim-waisted party, not above three or four and twenty?—and the dog looked like some kind of a spaniel?—had on a collar with nickel-headed studs on it?"

"The very same!" cried Quint.

"That party," said the driver of the light carryall, "begged a ride of me this afternoon, and took his dog with him into the wagon."

where I had business with a man by the name of Ames. I left your chap there trying to sell his dog. I am driving right back in that direction. I can take you along and show you the house."

"I jump at that!" Quint exclaimed. "Only please wait till I can speak to my chum."

Cliff, as he confessed afterward, was feeling that he could never get up from those grocery steps, when Quint came hurrying toward him with the exciting news. He was off the steps



"'THE DOG WAS HERE ONLY A LITTLE WHILE AGO,' SHE TOLD THEM." (SEE PAGE 415)

From the information he proceeded to give, Quint concluded that Winslow and Sparkler had been taken up not far from the crossing where he and Cliff lost track of them. The driver of the light carryall had come from that direction, and was now on his way back.

"How far did you carry them?" Quint inquired.

"May be a couple of miles in this direction, and then half a mile off on the Fulton road,

in an instant, quite forgetting that he had ever known fatigue; and in three minutes they were riding away with their new friend. He was sociable and had a good deal to say about Winslow; among other things this:

"Before he got into my wagon, he took a long, glossy duster out of a bag, whipped the dust from his shoulders with it, and then put it on over his coat. There did n't seem to be much left in the bag; so he just made a roll of

it, which he held in his lap, or under his arm. His dog lay in the bottom of the wagon, where he would n't be much noticed."

"That accounts for our losing trace of them so suddenly," said Cliff. "For we made inquiries all along that road."

They related their adventures, and Quint asked the driver if he knew the Mills farmhouse, where they were treated to bread and milk, and were laughed at by two bright girls.

"I rather think I do!" the man replied, with a broadening smile. "My name is Putney. If you had mentioned it, those girls might have told you I won my wife in that house. She is their eldest sister."

The boys were delighted to hear this, and went on praising the hospitality of the Mills household in a way that caused their new friend to take to them more and more.

"It is n't over three quarters of a mile from my house to theirs, across country," he said. "Now, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll drive you to Ames's; then if you find you 've missed your man again, and don't see much chance of catching him or the dog, I 'll put you on the way to my father-in-law's, where I advise you to pass the night; or I 'll keep you over myself. Then you can start out fresh in the morning."

The boys were touched by the kindness of this proposal, and impressed by the wisdom of the advice. To Cliff particularly it seemed as if it would be the most blissful thing imaginable to settle down in some quiet farm-house for the night, talk over their adventures after a good supper, and then go to bed. He felt, as he told Quint afterward, as if he would like to sleep about forty hours out of the next twenty-four. He almost hoped that, if they did n't come upon Winslow or Sparkler, they might not get any encouraging news of them, so that they would not feel obliged to bestir themselves further in the thankless business.

The road was smooth, the country pleasant, the sun low, and the air cool; and the boys were enjoying greatly their restful mode of travel, when Quint suddenly threw up his hands, and uttered a startling cry.

"There! Look! Hold on!" — at the same time making an instinctive clutch at the reins.

Cliff looked, and saw before them, coming on the roadside, running fast, a dog — the dog they sought — there could be no doubt of it — the trick-dog Sparkler!

## XVII.

### A MEETING AND A PARTING.

"OH, jingo!" Cliff exclaimed. "Stop him! Stop him!"

Whether he meant to "stop the horse," or "stop the dog," he himself could not have told. Before the wagon came to a halt, the boys tumbled themselves down over the wheel and foot-board, and rushed with outstretched hands to head off the fugitive. Sparkler was running directly toward them; and Cliff almost hoped for a moment that his pet was hastening to meet him, equally eager for their reunion.

But the dog's conduct quickly dispelled that fond fancy. There dangled from his collar just such a piece of cord as he started with in the morning, as if he had been running with it all day. He passed so near that Cliff actually reached down to clutch it, at the same time calling and coaxing, "Sparkler! Come, Sparkler!" when the animal turned suddenly aside, darted between the horse's legs, escaped under the wagon, and was rods away before the boys were fully aware what had happened.

"That 's the dog," said Mr. Putney.

"Of course it is!" cried Cliff, wildly excited. "He has been sold again!"

"And has gnawed his rope," said Quint.

"What will you do?" their new friend asked — "follow him, or drive on with me, and see if you can find his master?"

"His master has gone in the direction the dog took," said Quint. "Following one, we follow both."

"We can trace the dog more easily now, as we did in the morning, with the flying piece of cord to attract attention," cried Cliff, once more full of the ardor of pursuit.

"Sorry to bid you and your carryall good-by, Mr. Putney," said Quint; "but you see how it is." And the boys shouted back their thanks and good-bys as they ran.

The tide of human life, which had been at its lowest ebb when the Biddicut boys first touched

at the Star Grove Hotel, was by this time rising again, in and about that favorite summer resort.

"Where 's my maid?" cried a bustling and important woman, coming out upon the piazza. "Where 's Betsy? Betsy!" as the maid appeared, trundling a baby-carriage. "Who is that man lounging in my new hammock? Go at once!—say you have orders to take the hammock in, as its owner thinks it will rain. Dear me, what dog is that? How strangely he acts! Don't dare to touch him, Philip! He may be mad."

The dog, just arrived, had a short piece of cord attached to his collar, and he was acting strangely indeed. There was n't the slightest danger of Philip Mayhew or any other boy touching him, although two or three were soon trying to lay hold of the cord.

He ran in at the door and out again, darted between two of his pursuers, who bumped heads as he slipped through their fingers, capered around the corner of the hotel toward the kitchen, occasionally dropping his nose to the ground, and finally ran into the grove, where he jumped joyously upon the trousers of the stranger, who, at Betsy's request, was just then rolling out of the hammock.

"That your dog, mister?" cried Philip.

"He is mine—he is everybody's; at least, everybody seems to think so. What were you boys chasing him for?" said the stranger.

"I thought he had got away from somebody; I saw the rope on his neck," replied Philip.

"That cord is very useful in the performance of one of his favorite tricks," said the owner, with a peculiar laugh—stooping, however, and quickly removing the cord from the dog's collar. "He can do things that will astonish you. If enough of the boarders were interested, I could show you, right here in the grove, or on the hotel piazza, what a wonderful dog he is."

"Show us his tricks! Oh, mister, show us some of his tricks!" clamored the boys.

"Get some men—some ladies—somebody that can appreciate the most intelligent canine creature in the world," said the owner, looking around on his not very satisfactory audience of nurses and children. Just then the hotel gong

sounded. "It 's of no use now. Perhaps after supper—" He stooped again and caressed the dog. "Look alive now!"

The animal sat up immediately, raising his fore paws, to the delight of the boys and nurses.

"What do you want? Food?"

The dog made no motion, but watched his master with bright, intelligent eyes.

"No; he has been fed, and so have I. Walk? take a walk?" The dog dropped one of his lifted paws. "That means 'yes'; he would like to take a walk and see something of the beautiful country around here. I approve of his judgment. You see what sort of a prodigy he is, and you 'll know what to expect if I am back in time to show you some of his tricks this evening."

About half an hour after this our two Biddicut boys came panting up the Star Grove driveway. They had had more trouble than they expected in following Sparkler, having lost track of him in consequence of an unexpected turn he had made; and had learned to their bewilderment, that such a dog had been seen going toward the very hotel they had so lately visited.

Eager to verify this report, they hastened up the piazza steps and met the office-clerk in the doorway. Yes, he said, a dog with a cord hanging from his collar had been dodging about there a little while ago, and he had last seen him running around the corner of the hotel pursued by some boys.

Where were the boys? At supper. Which corner of the hotel? He told them; and a minute later Quint and Cliff were standing on the spot where they had interviewed the crusty-tempered old cook.

The cook was no longer there, but presently Jenny Ray appeared, with some dishes on a tray, between the dining-room and the kitchen. She recognized them, and smiled at their question.

"The dog was here only a little while ago," she told them, "and I believe that the man himself was in the dining-room at the very time you were inquiring for him."

"The English lord!" exclaimed Cliff.

Jenny laughed. "The cook told me how she fooled you. It was too bad!"

"I'd like to fan her with her own gridiron!" said Quint indignantly. "Where is he now — the man who was in the dining-room?"

"I don't know; he was in the grove till his dog came and found him. But I can't stop longer!" And Jenny went on into the kitchen.



"'HULLO!' SAID THE DOG-SELLER; 'WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?'" (SEE PAGE 418.)

The boys hastened to the grove, where they found a nurse with two small children, and learned from her that Winslow had gone off with his dog shortly after the supper-gong sounded.

She showed the way he had taken through the grove, and they started in pursuit.

## XVIII.

## THE WAYSIDE SHED.

A DRIVEWAY skirting the grove in the rear of the hotel led to an open road not far beyond. This the boys soon reached, and they

were fortunate in hearing of Winslow and the dog before much time was lost in looking for tracks along the road.

They found themselves in a beautiful upland, with the grove on their left, a rolling farm region on the other side, and before them a pleasant road stretching away to the westward, across a cool valley, toward distant wooded hills. The sun was not yet setting, but masses of black cloud with wondrously illumined edges surging up in a wild sky cast a strange gloom over all the landscape.

"There's rain-water in that cloud," said Quint, "and thunder and lightning. I've felt a storm brewing all the afternoon."

"Do you believe it will come here?" Cliff asked.

"If it keeps on the way it is moving, we shall get it," Quint replied. "The lightning is having a circus!"

as the black face of the cloud crinkled with sudden flashes.

At no time during the day had they felt more certain hope of coming up with their game. If Winslow did not turn back on his course, or lose time by offering Sparkler for sale, and so allow them to gain upon him, he



must soon, they reasoned, seek shelter from the coming storm; and they determined not to pass a wayside house without stopping to make inquiries.

These stops caused some delay; but they succeeded in keeping his trail, and came at length to a gloomy hollow, where there was a solitary farm-house a little back from the street, and an open wagon-shed on the roadside. A short distance beyond this the road made a fork, arrived at which they were again puzzled, as they had been similarly so many times in the course of that day's adventure. Although it was not yet night, the shadow of the advancing storm was gathering so fast that they would hardly have been able to detect footprints, even if any had been impressed in the hard, gravelly road-bed.

"Well! what now, Quint?" said Cliff, his face showing pale and anxious in a gleam of lightning which just then lit up the landscape.

"I 'll go ahead on this left-hand road, which shows most travel," Quint replied, "while you wait here, or perhaps go as far as the first farm-house on the other branch. Whether we find out anything or not, we 'll both come back here; and the one who comes first will wait for the other under that shed. That will be as good a shelter as any when the storm breaks."

A feeling of dread came over Cliff at the thought of parting from his friend, even for a brief interval, at such a crisis. The increasing darkness, the dazzling lightning, the far-off thunder rolling ever nearer, and the utter loneliness of their strange surroundings, filled him with vague forebodings. But without breathing a syllable of his shuddering fears, he agreed to Quint's plan. So they separated at the fork, and hurried on their separate ways, bushy and hilly fields soon hiding each from the other's view.

Cliff had not gone far before he came to a farm-house, where he was assured no such man as he inquired for had been seen. A little farther on he met a wagon, the driver of which pulled up his horses reluctantly, shook his head sullenly, and with an anxious look at the sky, whipped his horses on again.

Cliff did not stop long to consider what he should do. A dazzling zigzag rift running across the blackness of the heavens, followed by an appalling crash of thunder and splashes of rain, put an end to all irresolution.

"By jingo!" he exclaimed aloud, with thrills of fear crawling all over him, "I am going back!"

He hoped to find Quint in the shed before him; but it was empty. It was a most desolate place, but he was glad to have a roof between him and the lightning-riven sky and echoing thunder. He stood at the great opening and looked out, straining his eyes in the obscurity, or blinking at the glare, and listening for footsteps, caring little now for Winslow, but longing for Quint to come. He seemed to think that, whatever happened, it would n't be half so bad if his friend were present; such comfort is companionship in times of trouble.

He explored the shed. At one end was an old tip-cart, while nearer the center was a farm wagon, run in diagonally with the neap pushed into the vacant corner above a manger at the rear. He discovered, to his satisfaction, that the manger contained bundles of straw. This he gathered up, and made a bed of it on the ground against the end of the shed. Then again he stood in the opening, looking, listening, longing for his friend. A wind was rising, and the gusts blew whiffs of rain into his face, causing him to draw farther back beneath the roof.

"Wishing won't fetch him, and worrying won't do any good," he said; and yielding to a sense of overpowering weariness, he lay down upon his bed of straw.

He remembered how often, under the attic roof at home, he had been lulled to rest by the mild music of the wind and rain. Something like the same influence stole over him now, and he thought what comfort it would be to cuddle down there, forgetting Winslow and Sparkler and all anxiety and care, and sink into blissful slumber!

But where all the while was Quint?

It was darker again, but still light enough for him to perceive anybody who might be passing on the road. He still thought of Winslow, but his chief solicitude was to see the tall lank form of his friend appear at the opening. Had some

accident happened to him? What could keep him so long? It had not rained hard at first, but now the torrents came down with a rushing sound.

He tried to console himself with the reflection that Quint had sought shelter in some farmhouse; but that would n't be like Quint. All at once the tired boy stopped thinking altogether. A whole procession of dogs and Winslows might have passed; Quint's mysterious absence, his own pains and fatigues and disappointments, thunder and lightning and wind and rain—he was sweetly oblivious of all, fast asleep on his bed of straw.

### XIX.

“WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?”

QUINT proceeded some distance, making fruitless inquiries at farm-houses, and meeting no travelers. At length he came to a cross-road presenting the usual difficulties, and he saw the uselessness of keeping on.

“Cross-roads, I should say!” he muttered, as he stood and gazed off in the three directions, any one of which Winslow might have taken. “They make *me* cross enough. Well! that 's rather sharp!”

It was a frightful flash of lightning, with its quickly following peal. Still he stood deliberating, holding out his hand to catch the rain-drops.

It was a lonely situation, surrounded by barren and bushy fields, except on one side, where a clump of dark woods straggled down to the very corner of the cross-roads. He stood among the scattered trees,—stunted oaks and hard pines,—and strained his every nerve to watch and listen.

He was on the point of turning reluctantly back, when he heard quick footsteps, and presently perceived, a little way before him, the figure of a man walking fast in the middle of the road. Quint stepped out from the way-side to accost him.

“Good evening, stranger,” he began, and stopped.

No need to put the inquiry that was on his lips. A lightning flash just then flooded heaven and earth, and poured its white instan-

taneous glare on the two human figures facing each other in that terrible solitude.

“Hullo!” said the dog-seller, skipping aside with an exceedingly alert movement, very much as if he had been stopped by a highwayman. “What do you want of me?”

Quint also took a step, so that he still confronted him. “You know pretty well what I want! I see you remember me.”

“Remember you?” cried Winslow with a light laugh. “Brutus—or Cassius?—which is it? Brutus, I believe. Well, Marcus Brutus, what can I do for you? This is really like meeting an old friend!”

Quint had many times rehearsed to himself what he would do and say upon the chance of falling in with Winslow; but the present occasion was so different from any he had foreseen, that he hardly knew how he alone was to deal with the swindler. But his wits did not desert him. Cliff was too far away to be called to his assistance; he must then try to take Winslow to Cliff.

“If you don't object,” he said, “I'll walk along with you.”

“All right!” said Winslow. “But you seemed to be going in the opposite direction.”

“You were going in that direction too, a short time ago,” said Quint, falling in by his side.

“I was out for a little walk,” said Winslow. “Now I am going back.”

“Just my case,” said Quint. “I was out for a walk, and now I am going back.”

“And I've got to hurry, for I don't care to get wet,” said Winslow, quickening his step.

“Just my case every time,” said Quint, keeping at his side. “I don't fancy a wetting.”

“I shall be drenched before I get back to the Star Grove Hotel, if I don't run for it!” And Winslow broke into a light trot.

“That 's a nice house—worth running for,” observed Quint, always within easy clutching distance of the dog-seller's right arm. And he calculated, with secret glee, that their present rate of speed would in five minutes bring them to the shed where Cliff would soon be, if he was n't there already.

It seemed as if Winslow must have read his mind. He was certainly suspicious of Quint's

too evident willingness to accompany him in that direction. All at once he stopped.

"It is too far," he said. "It will pour before I get half-way there. I am going back to a house I passed just before I saw you."

"There's a house only a little farther on," replied Quint; "and just beyond the forks of the road is a shed we can wait under till the shower is over."

Winslow turned and faced him with a sarcastic grin.

"The shed would n't be big enough for us both. I am going back."

"I'm afraid it will be lonesome there without you; guess I'll go back, too"; and turning as Winslow turned, Quint still kept close by his side.

"Now, look here, young man!" cried Winslow. "This is a great country—big as all outdoors! It almost seems as if there was room in it for me and you and your gambrel-roof nose without crowding."

"I'll try not to crowd you," Quint answered; "but the fact is, poor company is better than none on such a night as this."

"My amiable friend," cried Winslow, his tones growing hard and sharp and menacing, "does n't it appeal to your common sense that a person has a right to choose his own company in this land of the free and home of the brave?"

"That's just what I think," said Quint; "and I choose yours."

For a moment Winslow made no response as he walked fast back toward the crossing, Quint's elbow constantly close to his own.

Quint would have yelled for Cliff, but he was n't sure Cliff was within hearing; and he hoped Winslow would yet conclude to return to the Star Grove Hotel. Upon one thing the boy from Biddicut was fully determined—to stick to him until, with or without Cliff's assistance, he had got back Cliff's money. The dog was not with his master; but Quint cared little for that often-sold animal.

Their hurried footsteps were the only sounds on that lonely road; but now and then the thunder tumbled down the cloudy crags of heaven, and the leaping lightning severed the gloom of the storm and night. On reaching

the wooded corner, Winslow turned sharply on his unwelcome companion.

"I'm inclined to the opinion," he said, "that it's about time for you and me to come to some sort of an understanding."

"This seems to be a good place for it," Quint replied, sternly regarding him. "We need n't be afraid of an interruption."

"Then have the kindness to inform me just why you dog my footsteps in this way," said Winslow threateningly.

"Because I can't *dog* them in any other," Quint replied. "I'm not a Sparkler."

"I see the point," remarked Winslow. "State your case, and we'll settle it on the spot. If not in one way, then in another. A very good spot, as you say!"

"You know the case perfectly well," said Quint, without heeding the threat. "You go about the country selling that dog. You have sold him once too often. That's my case, Mr. Algernon Knight Winslow!"

"I never sold him to you!" Winslow retorted, insolent and defiant. "You are not Cassius."

"Cassius and I are solid in this business," said Quint. "You have got back your dog; now we want our money."

"How much?" Winslow asked, as coolly as if he had been prepared to fork out millions.

All the while the rain was slowly pattering, and the lightning was winking at them as they confronted each other on the edge of the lonely woods.

For a moment Quint had hope of bringing the dog-seller to an easy settlement.

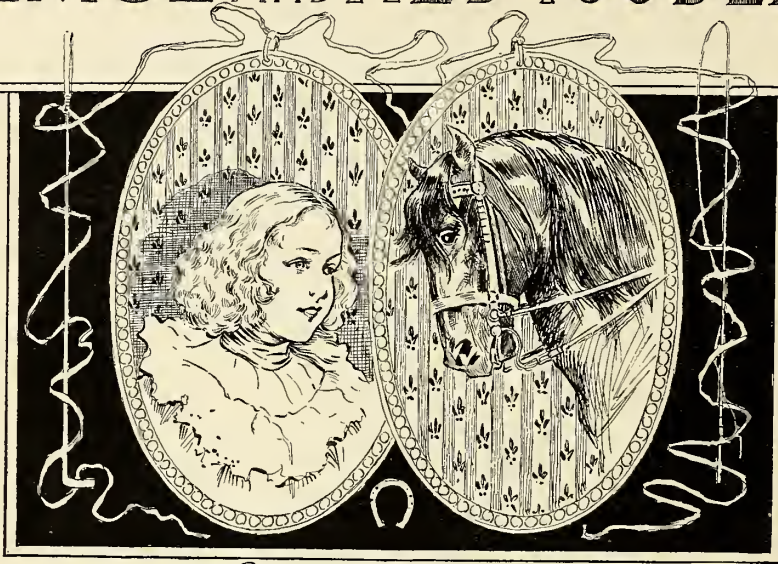
"You remember the agreement you put your name to. We gave you ten dollars. I want the twenty you promised." And he held out his hand.

"Was that the bargain? Show me the paper you say I signed. Business is business," said Winslow.

"Come with me," Quint replied, "and I'll show you the paper in the presence of witnesses."

"Bring on your witnesses. I'll wait here," said Winslow, stepping under the trees on the dreary roadside, and placing his back against one of the largest trunks.

# A YEAR WITH DENISE AND NED TODDLES



BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

(A True Story.)

## CHAPTER I.

### A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

MANY years ago (so many that the writer's little daughter, when told how many, asked: "Mama, are you a hundred years old yet?") there lived in a pretty town on the banks of the Hudson River, not many miles from New York, a little girl named—well, we will call her Denise. That was not her real name, but some one who is very closely related to her now bears it, and so we will give it to her.

She had neither brother nor sister, and was sometimes a little bit lonely, even though she had a number of pets, including dogs, kittens, rabbits, birds, and a beautiful big goat named "Tan" to drive about in a little carriage. Tan loved her dearly, and, when not harnessed to his carriage, would follow her about like her big Newfoundland dog, "Sailor." No matter where Denise went, the goat "was sure to go," until people used to laugh and say, "Here come Tan and Denise," instead of "Denise and Tan."

The little girl loved her pets as dearly as they loved her; but the dream and desire of her life was to have a dear little pony to ride and drive, and—last but by no means least—to love; her fondness for horses amounted to a passion, and with them she was absolutely fearless. They, in turn, seemed to love and comprehend her to a wonderful degree, responding to her voice and submitting to her caresses when they were often fractious and quite unruly with others.

So it seemed a very gratifying ending to the long-cherished wish, when, on her tenth birthday, one bright October morning, her father said to her:

"Many happy returns of the day, my pet! Run to Mama, and ask her to dress you for a walk. I've a surprise at the end of it for both her and you."

"Another surprise!" exclaimed Denise. "Why, I thought I'd seen all the surprises before breakfast!"

"No, dear; I've another. It's a little thing,

and if you don't like it you may tell it to just run away, as you have no place for it."

"Now, what *can* it be?" thought Denise, as she hurried up-stairs, and, bursting into Mama's room, cried, "Oh, Mama, dress me quickly, please, for Papa has a walk at the end of a surprise, and you 're not to know a thing about it, either!"

Never were curls made tidy so quickly, or clothes scabbled on in such a hurry. Before Papa had time to find hat, gloves, or cane, a very excited little girl stood before him crying: "If you don't start quickly, I just know my head will fly off—like a bottle of soda-water that 's all fizz!"

About thirty minutes' walk along the shore of the beautiful river, whose waters seemed to dance and sparkle in sympathy with Denise as she pranced and skipped along, brought them to the village, where Papa turned down a side street which led to a livery and boarding-stable. Denise's heart began to beat so loudly that she felt sure it could be heard, and her brown eyes to sparkle as though some one had dropped a little diamond into each.

"Oh, me!" she whispered to herself. "I just *know* it 's a new carriage and set of harness for Tan! Papa has asked Mr. Andrews to get it for me because he heard me say that the old ones were getting very shabby for such a handsome goat."

Tan, by the way, was an unusually large specimen of his kind, measuring quite thirty-two inches at the shoulders, and boasting a head and pair of horns that were the admiration of all who saw them. He was named Tan because of the color of his hair, which was a bright tan, and shone like satin when well brushed by John, the coachman. So the prospect of a new harness and carriage for Tan was quite enough to set Denise's heart dancing.

At last the stable was reached, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was a beautiful little phaëton with bright yellow wheels, and a shining top that could be raised and lowered, "just like big folks'."

In the bottom, for her feet to rest upon, was a little yellow Angora-wool rug, to match the color of the wheels. On the seat was a soft, white wool blanket, bound with yellow silk, and

in one corner was fastened a big blanket-pin that was certainly intended to pin that blanket snugly around something's throat. Over the shining dashboard was folded a handsome fur robe, made of a leopard's skin, and trimmed all round the edges with wildcat's fur.

The leopard's head looked very fierce, as it stared at Denise with big glass eyes; but I hardly think that a live leopard would have made much impression on her, so speechless and dumb had this fascinating sight turned her.

But when she went closer, and took out the exquisite little whip which stood in the whip-socket, and read her own initials on the gold band which held the dainty ivory handle to the snake-wood stick, her joy began to pour forth in a torrent of words which quite drowned the remark of old John, who stood by, enjoying it all as though the whole thing had been planned for one of his own little Johns at home.

"Whisht, darlint! while I roon and fitch up the little horse that fits insoide," said he, as he disappeared through a side door.

Presently Denise's ears heard a patter, patter! patter, patter! Looking behind her, she beheld the dearest, darlingest little pony that any one ever saw!

He was black as a crow from the tip of his saucy little nose to the end of the long silky tail that dragged on the ground behind him, except one little white moon just back of his right eye, which seemed to have been put there on purpose to kiss, it was so soft and round.

For a moment Denise did not move or speak, and then, with a cry of delight which amply repaid her father for his long weeks of searching and planning for this perfect little turnout, she flung her arms around the pony's neck and laughed and cried and kissed him until the poor little fellow was quite bewildered, and did not know whether his new mistress was one to be desired or avoided.

Presently, however, he decided that it was all right, and, with a little neigh, he thrust his soft nose into her hands, pressed his face close to hers, searched her pockets for sugar, and tried to say as plainly as a horse could:

"This is my new little mistress, and as she seems to love me already, I 'm going to show her how much *I* can love her."

Then John produced the harness that fitted the "little hoorse" which "fitted insoide," and before many minutes the new pony was harnessed to the phaëton that had been made to his measure.

No words can express the rapture of that drive. To hold the pretty reins and feel the prompt response given by the well-trained little animal; to watch his pranks and antics as he dashed along, apparently trying to show how graceful he could be in order to convince his new mistress that he left nothing to be desired — it really seemed too good to be true, and Denise feared that it might all be a dream from which she would waken and find that pony and all had vanished!

The little feet fairly flew over the ground, and the drive home was quite the shortest she had ever known.

Mama stood on the piazza, watching for the surprise to come; and when she saw the handsome pony and the carriage with her husband and her own little daughter sitting in it come dashing up the driveway, she was as much pleased as mothers usually are when they know that their little girls' dearest wishes are realized.

The entire household had to be summoned to see and admire this pony, which was surely more wonderful than any pony that had ever lived; and the charming little fellow was talked to and caressed and petted and fed with apples and sugar until he was in a very fair way to be made ill.

"And now," said Denise, "what shall we name him, Mama?"

"You must name him yourself, darling," answered Mama, "for he is all your very own, to love and care for."

"Well," said Denise, in a tone which settled the matter beyond all question, "I'm going to call him 'Ned Toodles'; 'Ned' because he is as black as old darky Ned who comes for the ashes, and 'Toodles' because he is so little and round and roly-poly."

So "Ned Toodles" was the name given to the dear little pony, who thenceforth figured very conspicuously in the life and pranks of his mistress, and now and again caused many a twinge of jealousy among the other pets.

At last Denise was persuaded to let Ned be led away to his new quarters, John exclaiming as he marched off with his small charge in tow, "Faith! howiver am I to clane sooch a shcrap of a thing as this? I'll have to be hootin' up a big box to shtand him on!"

And, sure enough, that was exactly what he had to do, and it took but a short time for the intelligent little animal to learn just what the box was for; as soon as his stall was opened, he would march out, get upon the box, stand very still while he was curried, and then lift first one dainty little foot and then each of the others to have it properly cleaned and washed.

Nothing gave John greater satisfaction than to brush the beautiful coat until it shone like moleskin, and to comb the silky mane and tail until each particular hair seemed to stand out for very pride.

Ned soon grew to love his little mistress very dearly, and to answer with a loud neigh the queer, piping whistle by which she always called to him.

No pen can describe the delightful drives of the charming autumn days. Jack Frost seemed particularly gracious that year, and painted the trees more gorgeously than ever before. At least, it seemed so to Denise; but perhaps, seeing it all from her own little carriage as she drove along in the golden sunshine, singing to Ned a certain little song of which he never seemed to tire, gave an added charm to everything.

This song was all about a "poor little robin," whose name was "Toodle-de-too"; and Ned seemed to think that it had been composed especially for him, and would invariably go very slowly as soon as Denise began to sing it, and would turn back one ear, as though to hear it better.

When the song was ended he would give a funny little jump of approval, and then trot on again.

And so the happy autumn days sped by, and the longer she owned him the more certain little Denise felt that there never had been so happy an introduction before as that which made her acquainted with her sagacious affectionate pony, Ned Toodles.

## CHAPTER II.

"SOME DAYS MUST BE DARK AND DREARY."

THE days slipped quickly by. Each crisp, frosty morning Denise drove Papa to the station, and each evening went to fetch him home. At first Ned did not know what to make of the big iron horse that came snorting and panting into the depot, and was strongly tempted to jump and run. But Denise was too good a horsewoman to permit such pranks, and it was not long before she quieted his fears, and in a short time he was ready to follow her right up to the engine and touch it with his nose wherever she laid her hand upon it, let it pant and puff as hard as it could.

The engineer seemed to consider it a good joke, and often came down out of his cab to speak to Denise and stroke little Ned's soft nose.

Many years have passed, but the engineer is still at his post, running engine 274, and never fails to have a kind word and smile for the little Denise who now skips and dances beside the one whose pony he used to pet and helped to teach that locomotives were not going to run off their tracks just to chase small horses.

The confidence Ned grew to feel in his little mistress was wonderful to witness, and there was simply nothing she could not do with him, or induce him to do for her. Each morning brought its lessons with her governess, Miss Meredith, and from nine until twelve o'clock Master Ned had to amuse himself by watching John or the big horses, and telling his adventures to them in horse language.

He was very happy in his new home, and surely never was pony more beloved and petted.

So we cannot wonder that Denise felt as though her heart must break when, one evening in November, Papa said that it would be necessary for them to go to town for two or three months, and the house would have to be closed and left in the charge of the servants.

"But, Papa," said Denise, "surely, you will not leave *Ned* behind?"

"I fear we must, little daughter," was the reply. "We shall have no place in town to keep him; and even had we, I should not like

my little girl to drive through the city streets, and we shall not be near the park."

Denise was not a model child, and did not possess a submissive spirit by any means; but she had been taught one thing, and taught thoroughly, and it was that teasing is selfish and inconsiderate especially when once a wise reason has been given.

The reason was always forthcoming, and she was encouraged to look upon a question from all sides, and consequently many a wretched hour and trying scene was spared.

So now she struggled against the tears which would well up in spite of her bravest efforts, and said:

"Please, Papa, may I come sometimes to see him and the other children?" For her pets seemed like children to her, which must be loved and taught as she herself was by Papa and Mama, whom she considered the very wisest and best that had ever lived.

"Darling, let me tell you something," said Papa, drawing her to him and holding her close. "I do not wish to promise something I may be unable to fulfil, and so I'll tell you at once that it is very improbable that you will get out to see 'the children' before our return in March. But I want my little girl to try to be patient, as the months will soon slip away and I hardly think she will regret it in the end. Ned will be well cared for during your absence, for John is very fond of his small charge, and will never forget his morning lump of sugar, nor the tid-bits for the other pets."

All too soon came the morning when all was ready for the short journey to the city. It was a gloomy, showery morning, as though the weather was in sympathy with Denise and was glad to feel dismal too.

The pets were all visited for the last time. The rabbits had their parsley, the kittens their saucer of milk, Sailor a bone saved from breakfast, and Tan his carrot.

The four birds and "Beauty Buttons"—the little black-and-tan terrier—were to accompany the family to town, so only Ned and the big horses remained to be bidden farewell.

Into the great box-stalls went Denise with her sugar, for the little girl was perfectly fear-

less, and knew that the horses loved her too dearly to harm her in any way.

Their big silky heads were thrust down beside her face, and the great intelligent eyes looked at her as though trying to express their love and good-by in a language we can soon understand if we are fond of the beautiful, dumb creatures.

"Good-by, 'Sunshine,'" said Denise, holding the warm muzzle close to her face. "Be a good horse and don't forget me."

Then going into the adjoining stall, she laid her face against "Flash's" silky neck, and the great beast, although well meriting his name, was as quiet as a lamb.

Good-by, dear old horse. I'll come back just the very minute I can, and give you and Sunshine such lots of sugar to pay up for all you'll miss while I'm gone."

Last of all came the good-by to Ned, and it was more than Denise could endure; so putting her arms around the soft, warm neck, she hid her face in the shaggy mane and sobbed as hard as she could sob.

"Oh, Ned, Ned, Ned! how am I *ever* to get on without you?" she cried. And the little fellow seemed to realize that something was very, very wrong, for he laid his head on her shoulder and gave a soft, subdued little whinny, very unlike those he usually gave his little mistress, as though he was trying to comfort her.

It was a comfort, for after a time the bitter sobs ceased, and Denise kissed him again and again, and at last left him to good John, who was much affected by the pathetic little scene, and vowed a mighty vow in his kind, Irish heart that "thot shmall hoorse should be afther havin' the best attintion John Noonan could give him."

When Denise joined her father and mother, the traces of tears told them how hard the parting had been for their little girl.

"Poor little thing," whispered Mama; "I really believe she has suffered as keenly as you or I would, were we called upon to part with a dear friend, for Ned has become a part of her very existence."

"Well," answered Papa, "if it is within my power, I shall make it up to her in some way,

for she has yielded without a murmur and made her sacrifice very bravely, dear little body! But I have a plan in my head, which, with a little help from you, dear, I think, will make her return home such a happy one that she will never regret having been so considerate of us."

Presently all were on the train speeding toward New York; and as they flew along, going further and further from the beloved pony, Papa and Mama talked over the plan in a tone too low for Denise to guess that *she* was the subject of the conversation, or ever to dream of the wonderful plan which was being turned about for her happiness.

So her little moan was made; and at the end of a few hours she found herself established in a big hotel in the city, with enough noise and bustle all about her to keep both eyes and ears busy, and help her forget for a time a pert little head and pair of soft brown eyes far away up the river.

But only for a short time; for often during the three months in town she felt as though she *must* run away for one hug and one kiss on the tiny white moon beside Ned Toodles's right eye.

Good reports, however, came from John, for the faithful creature nearly paralyzed his fingers in his endeavors to keep Denise well informed; and before she realized it December had nearly passed, and Christmas, with its innumerable pleasures, surprises, and what not, was at hand; and Christmas to Denise usually meant a great deal, and brought with it enough to keep eyes, ears, and hands busy for several months.

This year was to be no exception, for Ned must figure in all the plans, and how he fared must be told in another chapter.

### CHAPTER III.

#### NED'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"MAMA," said Denise one morning, shortly before Christmas, "what *can* I get for Ned's Christmas present? He does n't need a new blanket, or anything of that sort, so what shall it be?"

"Surely he must have something, and who





THE NEW PONY. "IT REALLY SEEMED TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE."

shall say what?" answered Mama, who usually entered heart and hand into her little girl's plans.

"Seems to me he has just everything now, and I can't think of a single thing for him," said Denise in despair.

"Suppose we ask Papa to help us answer so weighty a question," suggested her mother.

"Just the thing!" cried Denise; and when Papa arrived the problem was given to him to solve.

"Something for Ned? Have n't you forgotten that little black scamp?" said he, pinching Denise's cheek.

"*Forgotten Ned!* As though I *could* forget him for one half minute," exclaimed Ned's mistress indignantly.

"And he must have something, must he? Why not send him a little stick and have it fastened up in his stall to act as a hint for good behavior?"

"You're not to tease me another bit, but just sit down in that chair, so"—pushing him into the easy chair—"and let me crawl into your lap, so"—curling herself into a little round ball like a kitten—"and think as hard as ever you can think."

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"—a very little one!" said Papa laughing. "That ever I should have to sit down and think seriously of what I should give a *horse* for his Christmas, you small tyrant! Well, there, suppose we take a walk to-morrow A. M. to a store I happen to know of, and we will see what can be found."

"I just believe you've ordered something already," said Denise; "and have talked all this nonsense to make me believe you had n't thought a thing of it."

"You do 'muchee thinkee,' as Sam Sing said to me a few days since, when I asked him how he managed to keep track of all his laundry work. That little head of yours should n't be able to 'muchee think' at Christmas-tide, don't you know that?" was her father's answer.

Bright and early the next morning the trio started out, Papa leading the way to a big harness-store on Broadway, which he entered as though he were no stranger to the place.

"How is my order coming on, Mr. Lenox?" was the first question put.

"Finely, sir; what do you think of it?" said the salesman, bringing from a case a beautiful little side-saddle, bridle, and whip.

Denise clapped her hands and exclaimed, "I knew it! I knew it!" but whether she meant the saddle or whip was not explained.

"Is this the young lady who is to mount this saddle?" asked Mr. Lenox. "Suppose we try how it sits, little miss"; and he placed it upon a small wooden horse standing at hand. After adjusting everything properly, he lifted Denise to her seat and placed the reins and whip in her hands.

"Oh, if it were only Ned Toodles!" said she. "It would be simply perfect! Do you think it will fit, Papa?"

"I should n't wonder if it did, for Ned sent me his waist measure and told me he preferred gray castor to brown for the seat."

"I'm going to write to John the very minute I get home, and ask him to tell Ned all about it. He'll understand and be delighted, I know," said Denise, half beside herself with pleasure.

But, as often happens, one acquisition necessitates number two, and it was soon discovered that a saddle and bridle without a habit were very like a cart without a horse; and the next question to be answered was, What shall the habit be?

"That," said Papa, "is not in my line, and I'll leave it to Mama and you."

"Then my suggestion," said Mama when the question was submitted, "would be a brown habit, brown hat, and brown gloves to match brown eyes and brown hair. What do you say to it?"

So, brown it was; and in due time all was completed, and it was only necessary for spring to come in order to try the effect of saddle, bridle, habit, and all.

Christmas morning dawned bright and frosty, and "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" sounded back and forth from Denise's room and Papa's and Mama's; for sleep was quite out of the question, when a big tree with plenty of pretty things on it, and bundles galore lying beneath, stood just beyond a closed door in Mama's sitting-room. So instead of forty extra

winks for a holiday it was many less, and the dressing was done in short order.

Denise could scarcely swallow her breakfast, so eager was she to see the gifts. And well she might be, for few little girls were more gen-

First, a wonderful dolly with a wardrobe which might have served as a model for any society belle, and a perfect little trunk in which to keep the charming toilets. This was Papa's gift. From Mama came the entire set of Miss Alcott's stories, prettily bound, and ready for Denise's little library at home. Aunt Helen sent a bedroom set for the young lady doll, consisting of bureau, bed, wash-stand, table, and chairs, and also a dear little sideboard for the dishes at home. Then, too, there were games and all sorts of pretty remembrances from friends far away who never forgot her, no matter how great the distance that separated them.

Of course the dolly had to be named, and Denise usually managed to think out some name befitting the recipient. In this case it happened to be Rosamund Marie Lombard; and all agreed that it suited the young lady admirably. Every costume had to be tried on and admired and criticized by the assembled family. But after many trials the lavender satin ball dress was pronounced the "loveliest," and the young lady wore it the entire day, to the great distress of the other dolls, who felt decidedly cast into the shade by hersplendor.

erously remembered than this fortunate little one whose true story I am telling you. But at last the breakfast was disposed of, and to Denise it seemed as though Papa had never eaten so heartily or so slowly.

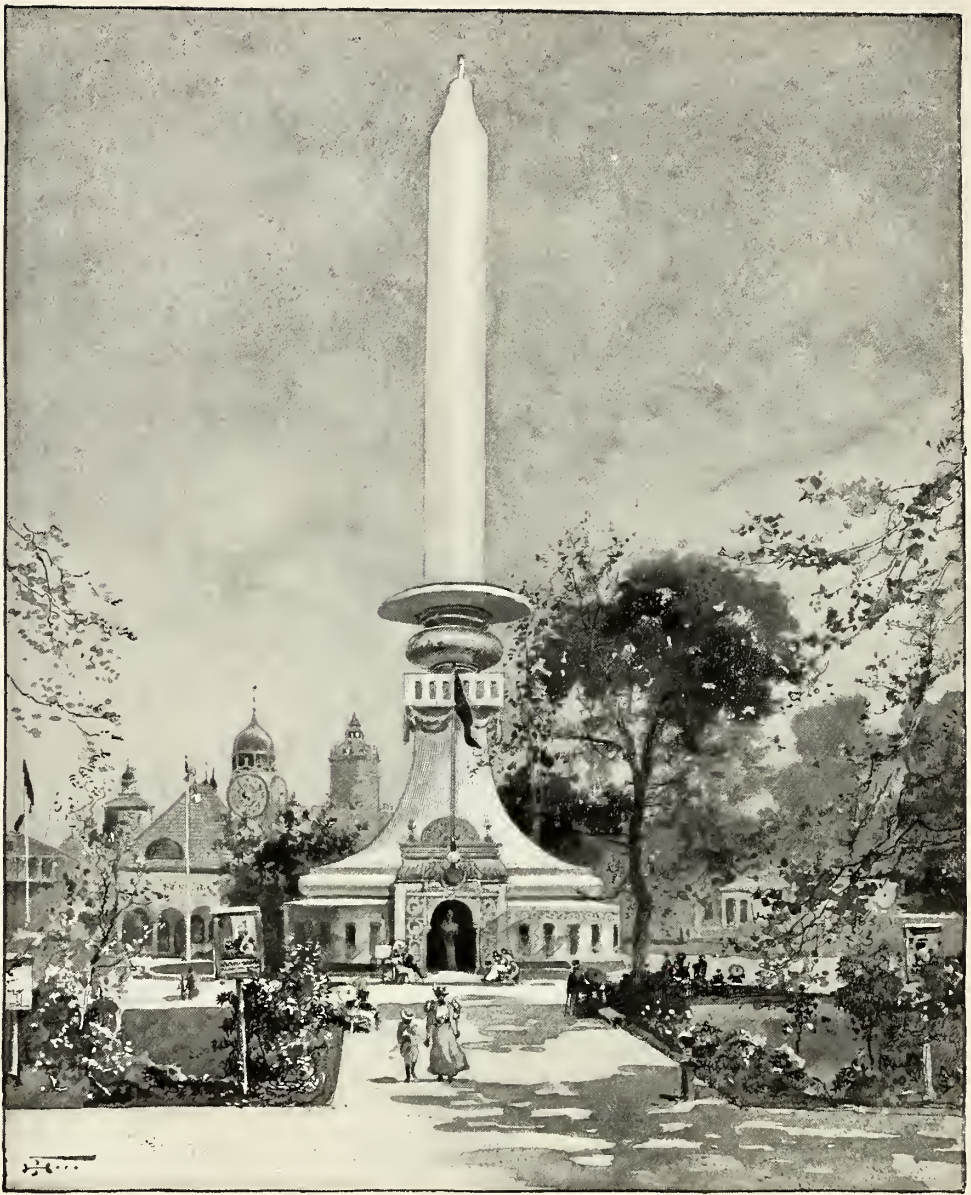
But all things come to an end, and in time Papa's appetite was appeased, and he was ready to distribute the pretties.

It was no wonder that, with so much to read and play with, the days after Christmas slipped away so quickly that February crept upon them before Denise could realize it. Soon there were only weeks, then only days to be counted before it would be time to pack the trunks for the homeward journey. These, too, soon slipped by, and the grand day itself arrived.

(To be continued.)



"LAST OF ALL CAME THE GOOD-BYE TO NED, AND IT WAS MORE THAN DENISE COULD ENDURE."



## A GIANT CANDLE.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

WHAT would you think of a candle one hundred and twenty feet high, about twenty feet in diameter, with a light that shed its brilliancy abroad for many miles at night? Truly a giant among candles, you must admit; and yet for many weeks during the summer of 1897 I saw this candle with my own eyes nearly every day, and very frequently at night, when

it sent forth a wonderful glow that was so bright your eyes would be blinded if you looked long at it.

There was no sky-high giant at hand to trim and care for the candle; but at about eleven o'clock an unseen hand put out the light in the smallest fraction of a second, and the tall white candle stood silent and spectral against the blue of a northern sky. For, really, the sky was blue all night in the middle of the summer.

The candle was made of steel and staff—staff being the material of which were made the buildings of the World's Fair at Chicago.

And the light which glowed at night was not from the burning of a monstrous wick in the throat of the candle, but from an immense electric search-light which threw its steady, beautiful cone of light over the wide expanse of the Exposition grounds in the city of Stockholm. Sometimes it would rest on the great green pine-trees of the neighboring islands (for the city of Stockholm is built on six or seven islands in the midst of a beautiful lake tributary to the Baltic); sometimes the light would strike a pleasure craft in the dusk of the night, sailing upon the blue Malar, and follow it slowly along, keeping the gaily decorated craft in the full glow for a long distance; and sometimes it would be turned down the beautiful Strandvagan, one of the picturesque streets of the Swedish capital, and then it would illumine the beautiful buildings until they appeared a part of some scene from fairyland.

On the fifteenth day of July, or rather on the evening of that day, the people of Stockholm all appear on the streets of the city for a great promenade and all kinds of jollity. On that evening the streets are illuminated for the first time during the summer, the city being so far

north that the summer nights are very long up to that date, and one can see with no need of the artificial light of the city.

The reason the enormous candle was reared so high on the Exposition grounds was that the people of Sweden are the greatest candle-using nation in the world, and an enterprising firm of candle-makers had erected this giant candle and placed a search-light in its high top as an advertisement of their wares. The candles made by the large firms in Sweden are usually snowy white, and so this great candle was as white as staff and paint could make it.

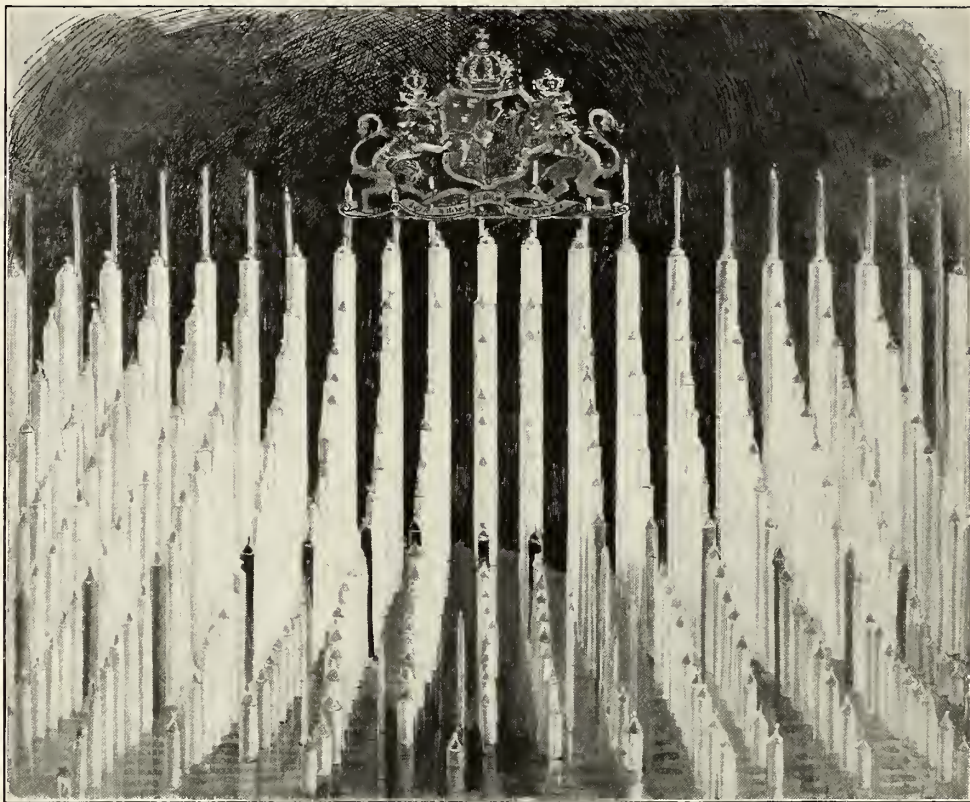
It seems strange in this day of electricity that there can be found in a part of the world where civilization has gone a people who are so generally given over to candle-light as are the inhabitants of Sweden. In one year one firm in Sweden manufactures, for the trade of Sweden almost exclusively, twenty-one millions of candles of all sizes, from two or three inches in height up to seven feet. In spite of the introduction of electricity into the cities, the people keep on using candles, and they even seem to think them a necessary part of their household effects.

During the weeks from the latter part of May to the first of July you will rarely find any one during the night using an artificial light of any kind, for the nights are almost as bright as day. If you choose to stay up all night during the period of longest days, you can read the finest print with ease at any



"AN ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT THREW ITS CONE OF BRIGHTNESS OVER THE GROUNDS."

time in the twenty-four hours, and you can make photographs, if you so wish, all the night long, with capital results. Up in Lapland, as late as the twenty-fifth of July, I had excellent results in making photographs at twelve o'clock at night, and at one and two o'clock in the



THE "LONG AND THE SHORT" OF THE CANDLES MADE IN SWEDEN—FROM TWO INCHES TO SEVEN FEET HIGH.

morning; and the only failure I had was in one case when I gave even too much time to the exposure.

The candles of Sweden are not "dipped" in the old-fashioned way, but are made on what might be called scientific principles, after the experience of a good many centuries has told the makers just what materials will produce the best results. They are not "run" in hand-held molds, at the risk of burning somebody's fingers or spotting the kitchen floor with splashes of tallow. Tallow in its crude state is indeed used in the manufacture of these Swedish candles; but it must pass through a long treatment before it yields up the pure stearin from which the snowy candles are made.

Some of this tallow reaches Sweden after long ship-journeying from South America, while some of the stearin does not come from tallow at all, but from palm-oil gathered by the natives of South Africa; and still another supply of stearin is secured in a curious way—

from insects shipped from China. The insects, in dying, turn into a wax very rich in stearin.

When the stearin is ready for the mixing it is nearly pure white in color, a clear liquid that has the hue and consistency of melted white sugar. In the factory the attendants fill their large, wide-lipped zinc pitchers with the liquid stearin, step to a long row of candle-molds, and pour in the melted stearin. The molds are in sections, twelve candles to a section of the smaller-sized candles. The wicks for the candles have first been twisted from threads into the proper size and threaded through the molds by machinery.

As soon as the stearin has cooled around the wicks, a keen knife passes under and cuts the ends of the wicks, the candles in the section are lifted out, and another set of wicks, all threaded through another set of molds, stands ready for the next pouring. Swiftly breaking the candles apart, the attendant passes them on in a box to another workwoman, who sends

them whizzing through a trimming and polishing machine, from which they go to the counting-table.

I watched a young woman who was at work one day in a factory in Sweden (and the factory, by the way, was located in the candlestick of the Giant Candle), counting these candles—a small kind it happened to be that they then were making, perhaps five inches in length. With a deftness which was quite extraordinary she thrust her hands into a pile of candles and unerringly drew forth twenty-four—never more, never less. All day long she stands at this counter, and not once in a thousand times, so I was told by the superintendent, would she draw out other than twenty-four. I suppose it had become a matter of intuition, so to speak. She knew exactly how many candles would be included in a grasp of her hands, and she practically never made a mistake.

From her hands, after she had thrust the two

and then packed the neat bundle of candles away in a box for shipment.

Of course the greater number of candles are sent to the market still white, but there are very many which are colored most brilliantly. In Sweden there is one color which belongs to the crown prince alone, I was told—a beautiful deep yellow; and the superintendent told me that they made in their factory no yellow candles for any one else but the crown prince, some day to succeed his aged father.

During the Christmas season and at various festivals through the winter great numbers of candles are used in the churches, and some of them are of great size—as high as seven feet sometimes—and give out much light for a candle.

In front of the Great Candle on the grounds of the Exposition in Stockholm I noticed, one day, a fine white bust of the king. It was a long time before I found out that the “marble” bust of the king was made of stearin such as is



IN A SWEDISH CANDLE-FACTORY. FILLING THE MOLDS WITH MELTED STEARIN.

dozen into a blue paper cover, they went to another girl who sealed up the ends of the paper

used in the manufacture of the millions of candles of taper-lighted Sweden.



A MARCH FANTASY.  
*(Drawn by I. Taber.)*



## TRUZZLES.

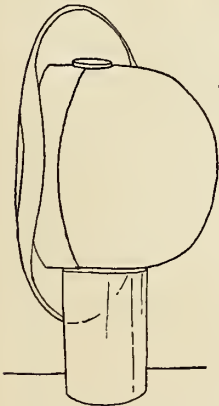
BY NORMAN D. GRAY.

TRICKS and puzzles are always in order during Winter's indoor hours, but it is hard to find anything new. Here are a few little feats that may have the charm of novelty for many boys and girls. The experiments are neither tricks nor puzzles in the full sense, though they combine something of each. Our old friend Lewis Carroll would no doubt have arrived at "truzzles" through trying to say both words at once. One might do worse than to follow his example. All may be done with cents, or, if you will persist in so calling them, "pennies."

"In the first experiment on our program, ladies and gentlemen, we employ a copper cent, an ordinary glass tumbler, and a very ordinary derby hat." The poor quality of the last-named article must be insisted upon, as it is to receive hard usage. Place the hat over the tumbler, and the cent upon the hat, as in the picture. The trick, or the puzzle, or the

truzzle, now is to strike the hat from under the cent with a smart blow of the hand, allowing the coin to drop into the tumbler. It seems to be easy, but skip the next paragraph until you have tried it.

To do this successfully, which with practice may be done before an audience without discovery, place the hat between yourself and the company, with the crown away from you. Make several feints

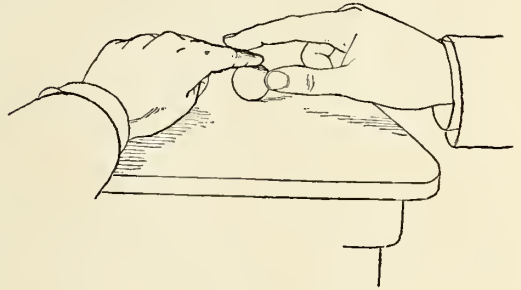


THE COIN AND TUMBLER.

as though about to strike the outside of the brim on your right (if you are right-handed); but when the final quick blow is delivered, the inside of the brim on your left is the place to be hit. If this little trick is neatly performed, the audience will believe the outside of the hat to

have been struck, and the copper will fall nicely into the tumbler. The spectator may puzzle his brain for some time before he can solve and successfully perform this truzzle.

A second truzzle, very mysterious, is the magic spinning of a coin without evident impact. This sounds impossible, and really appears to be so when seen. The coin is held on edge by the first finger of the left hand, in the ordinary position for a snap spin. The right forefinger is now laid across the left, and passed



THE SPINNER.

repeatedly from knuckle to tip,—“to produce magnetism,” you may say to the onlookers,—and finally swept quickly off the end of the finger, apparently without touching the coin. The latter, however, bounds merrily to the middle of the table, and there spins contentedly, as if of its own accord.

The accompanying illustration will make the trick of this truzzle clear. When the final stroke is given with the right finger, the thumb assumes the position shown, and is allowed to strike the edge of the coin, unseen by the spectators, and thus set it spinning.

While dealing with single coins, there is another clever puzzle which must be included, even at the risk of straining a point to raise it to the dignity of a truzzle—though, on second thought, there is something of the trick about it, after all. Cut a circular hole, about

nine sixteenths of an inch in diameter, in a sheet of writing-paper. Through this opening, without tearing or cutting the paper in any way, a cent may be readily passed (when one knows how), although the diameter of the coin is considerably greater than that of the hole.

Place the cent over the hole, and fold the paper without creasing, so that the coin is in a kind of pocket, and partly projecting edge-wise through the opening. Grasp the paper firmly, so that it cannot slip, and bend it slowly along the edges of the coin, though not forcibly enough to tear the paper, lengthening the diameter of the hole in the direction of the fold until it will allow the coin to drop quietly through upon the table. This result is surprising even to the operator, and furnishes a very interesting question for discussion. How is it possible for a solid coin to pass through an opening very much smaller than itself, and that without actually enlarging the aperture one iota? Who can answer it?

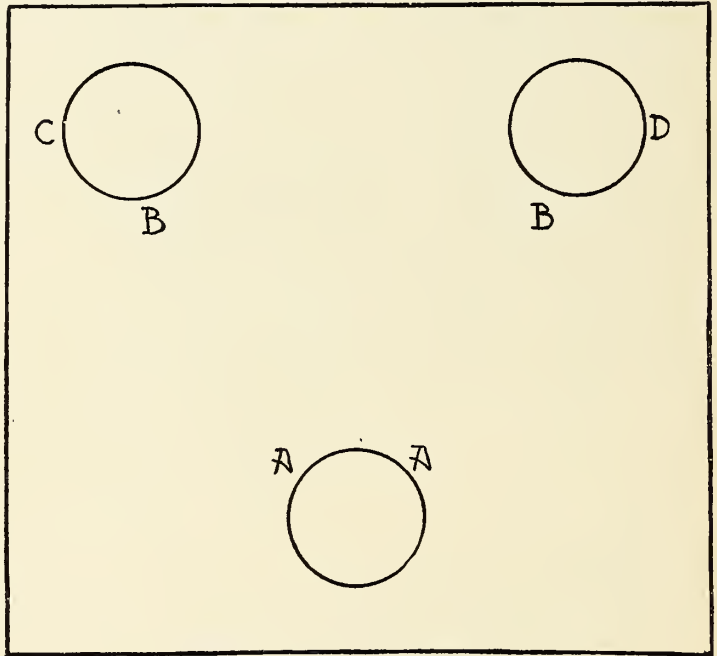
But here is something over which you need not bother your brains to such an extent. What would you think of being asked to drive a needle completely through a copper coin? Impossible? Well, it does seem so, and yet it may be done without hurting the needle in the least.

As for the method: First you select a cork a trifle shorter than the needle you mean to use. Push the needle through this cork until its point just appears at the other end, and break off the needle below the eye flush with the cork; then, holding "the business end" of the cork firmly against the coin, which must rest upon or against a rigid surface, strike it a fairly hard blow with a hammer. Examine the result, and profit by what you see.

Having now tested the brain and hand, suppose an eye-test be attempted. Here is a form

of optical delusion, which shows how very difficult it is to measure distances accurately with the eye when there is the slightest thing to confuse the judgment. The following test is neither a trick nor a puzzle, and so naturally must fall in the third division, and take rank under the head of the present article. Place two coppers, a few inches apart, on a clean sheet of paper. The truzzle is to place a third copper below these, as in the diagram (judging entirely by the eye), so that the inside measurement, AB, shall be exactly equal to the outside measurement, CD. Draw a circle where the coin has rested, and mark it with your initials. Others may then try, and it will be interesting to compare results.

You will notice that the coin is invariably placed much nearer to the others than it should be, unless, of course, the tendency to error is



THE COINS IN A TRIANGLE.

known beforehand. One may attain some accuracy in the following way: Imagine the coin resting on the paper so that the inside distances are equal, and then judge the width of two coins from the farther edge of the one you have imagined to be placed. The point thus obtained, provided that your eye is "good,"

will be found to coincide very nearly with the true one.

Put two coins side by side upon the table so that they touch each other, and take a third one in hand. The first you may touch, but not move; the second you may move but not touch; the third you may both touch and move. The object is to place the third coin between the other two.

Place your finger upon the first coin, and hold it tightly. Snap the third against this one, when the second, which was to be moved but not touched, will bound away far enough to leave room between itself and number one, which was to be touched but not moved, for coin number three.

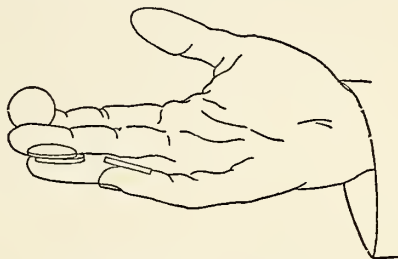
Before leaving the subject of truzzles with coins, there should be mentioned three feats of skill in manipulation which furnish opportunity for practice in spare time. The first is an old trick, or knack, but must be new to some of you. Bend the arm, with the hand palm-upward, over the shoulder until the forearm is horizontal. Place a coin upon the elbow, and make a quick snatch at it with the same hand. It is a surprise to find it securely held in the fist.

With practice, a pile of coins may be caught in this way as easily as one, the whole secret being to treat them exactly as though they rested in the air, and to give no thought whatever to the arm on which they rest.

The second truzzle of pure skill is more difficult to attain than the first, and, therefore, one experiences a proportionately greater satisfaction when able to perform it neatly. Place four coins on the back of the hand, letting the last rest on the wrist. Now toss them upward, being careful that they preserve their relative positions, and, with the same hand, catch them, in quick succession, before they can fall to the floor.

This is by no means easy to accomplish, and had best be practised first with two coins, and then with three, before attempting four. The secret of the knack is in the toss and *start*. Give them a steady, sweeping throw, not a jerky one, and (here is the important point) start to catch them—securing at least the first coin—before they begin to fall. Keep cool, have patience, and success will follow.

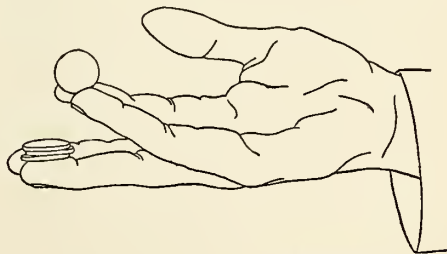
And now for the last and best of all—the finger truzzle with four “pennies.” It had nearly been called “the four-cent finger truzzle,” but there is a certain suggestion of cheapness about that phrase entirely unworthy of the feat. With the palm of the hand up,



TRAVELING COINS. FIRST MOVEMENT.

place a cent upon the tip of each of the four fingers, and without the use of the thumb, or of the other hand, without any aid whatever other than the fingers, pile all four coins upon the tip of the third finger of the same hand. It would be hard to find a more perfect example of the true truzzle. First, one must discover how to do it (for it can probably be done in only one way), and, secondly, one must acquire the necessary deftness or skill for its accomplishment.

It is a pity if the illustrations have silently given you too broad a hint before you have had a chance to try this truzzle for yourselves. However, knowledge of the method is but half the battle won. The pictures will explain themselves. The first move is from the second finger to the third, the coin being slipped over with the assistance of the fore-



TRAVELING COINS. LAST MOVEMENT.

finger. The coin from the first finger must now be tilted on to the second (as in Fig. 1), to be then slipped to the third finger in the same

way that coin number one was moved. The third coin is the most difficult to manoeuvre. Tilt it from the little finger to the forefinger (as in Fig. 2), after which it follows the course of coin number two. In general, it will be found conducive to success to hold the hand low, keeping the forearm nearly horizontal, and to have no support for the elbow. Practice will enable one to perform this feat with much

apparent ease and dexterity. It is very effective, and more than pays for the trouble of learning it.

With this the coin truzzles shall be brought to a close. These will doubtless suggest others to the bright members of the party, and so the hours will pass by like the silent ghost of an express train, as hours have a knack of doing when one is busily employed.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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MISS ABBIE FARWELL BROWN'S poem on page 375 of the present number of *ST. NICHOLAS* will have special interest to all readers who are familiar with "Alice in Wonderland," and other books by Lewis Carroll, whose real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

Surely the two names represent two very different men: one, an English clergyman and for twenty-six years lecturer on mathematics at Christ Church college, Oxford, author of many volumes on his special subject, honored by his fellows, and peer of England's distinguished men of learning—the other, the merriest, quaintest of story-tellers, whose name is known everywhere by thousands of English-speaking readers, young and old.

Dear Lewis Carroll! bright, delightful, preposterous, gifted with a wonderful imagination, yet so modest and shy that he told almost in a whisper the story of "Alice in Wonderland" that made all England shake with laughter. "Through the Looking Glass" was issued, one may say, as a profound public secret, and he sent bashfully, secretly, into the world "The Hunting of the Snark," one of the jolliest, most audacious little books ever written. To the very last, their author shrank from any mention of these delightful works as though they were an offense to his other self—that profound, serious scholar, whose discourses, lectures, and bewildering mathematical problems would have sent Lewis Carroll scampering into the first hiding-place in Wonderland.

One day, about ten years ago, the writer accompanied by a friend, stood in the large somber study of Mr. Dodgson, in Christ Church college. As we entered the room we could see at first only the heavy table with piles of pamphlets and great leather volumes upon it; and, around it books, books, and more books—ponderous and worm-eaten (we felt sure they were worm-eaten). Then a slight but stately figure rose from somewhere in

the shadow behind an open volume. With a nervous little cough he came forward, bowing so stiffly, and with so slight a show of surprised delight at our coming, that for an instant we felt awed and subdued. Next we realized that he was bashful, actually timid! But, later, his gentle voice, his grave, kindly eyes, and his gracious words satisfied us that he really was the man whose genial letter, crossing the seas, had made us regard him as a friend. Among other subjects, he spoke pleasantly of *ST. NICHOLAS*, and of young Americans; but when, in the most delicate manner possible, we ventured an allusion to "Alice in Wonderland," instantly his brow clouded; there came a sudden reserve of manner, a silent, dignified "Spare me!" that changed the conversation, like magic. We realized that we were speaking to the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, of Oxford University, England, and not to Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice's Adventures"—and "Through the Looking-Glass." Yes, it was the great thinker—the scholar and mathematician—whom we were visiting, and who, when our pleasant call was over, solemnly bade us good-by. And there was no thought of the "March Hare" or of "Father William" in our minds as we went softly down the dark stairway, out into the sunlight of the grand old quadrangle of Christ Church college.

And yet—do you know?—we felt inwardly sure that in some brisk Jabberwocky way Mr. Dodgson secretly loved little Alice and her adventures, and at heart was not sorry, after all, that he had written them.

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THE first chapter of the new serial which begins in this number, "Denise and Ned Toodles," appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS*, in 1896, as a short story; but that chapter is reprinted so that all our readers may begin at the same point in their acquaintance with the heroine and her pony.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR OLD ST. NICK: I have been taking you for about nine or ten years, although papa has bought you each month for some time on account of our traveling; and it would seem a queer month that had no ST. NICHOLAS forthcoming. The first one of you I ever received was in Des Moines, my dear old birthplace, but since then I think I can safely say, I have received one of you in *almost* every State of our glorious Union. I have read ST. NICHOLAS among the beautiful scenery of Colorado, in the orange groves of Florida, the glorious State of California, on delightful Cape Cod, and even in a dirty little Mexican town, where the only nice place is an English Hotel way up on a high cliff away from the town itself. The first day we got there, I think the Mexican villagers hoisted every Mexican flag they could get, just to spite a poor little American girl who could n't defend herself one particle on account of no American flag (no matter how small) being allowed on public view.

At about five o'clock, the next morning, I was startled out of a sound sleep by tooty-toot-toot-tooty-tooty-tooty from the village. Well, I was scared to death, and tearing to the window discovered a company of Mexican soldiers blowing away on bugles and beating drums for dear life in front of a house, which I afterward learned was the governor's house. This performance was repeated at 5 A. M., noon, and 4 and 9 P. M. every day.

I was only too glad to get back to the United States once more, where they don't blow bugles at all unearthly hours, but let people sleep.

I am afraid my letter is too long, but I hope it will be printed as it is my first one to you.

Your ardent admirer,

LAURAINÉ H—

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you but one year, and you were one of my Christmas presents. I like to read you very much. I have a brother ten years old, and a baby sister nearly five months; I am eleven years old. Our dancing-school teacher gave us a fancy-dress ball, which we all enjoyed very much. The little tots all looked charming in their fancy costumes; and acted like ladies and gentlemen. We have a horse; his name is "Captain." When we go out riding in the carriage, and the horse stops, the baby begins to cry, but when he starts she is all right. We make a great pet of our baby because she was a novelty. I can hardly wait until the 25th of each month comes.

I remain your true reader,

HORTENSE HERMAN.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Sioux City, and so I thought I would write and tell you about the carnival we had in October.

It lasted one week, and the days were set apart for different uses.

Monday was Indian day and opening day also; Tuesday was trades day; Wednesday was bicycle day; Thursday was women's day; Friday was woodmen's day; Saturday was everything combined, and Saturday night was "All Fools' Night."

I believe I liked Wednesday and Thursday best because the bicycle and float trimmings were so pretty.

Saturday night the people had all the fun they could have, and the policemen could not do anything; people, masked, threw oatmeal, cornmeal, flour, corn, and everything they could get of that kind.

That night it rained, and you can imagine the looks of the sidewalks and streets (they are paved with asphalt), and the people who had fronts on Fourth Street had hard work to clean their sidewalks.

I remain your interested reader,

MYRA BOWMAN.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I receive you as a Christmas present. We have taken you five years and could not get along without you.

The Nez Percé Agency is quite near here, and many Indians come here to trade.

One time my father and little brother were in a neighboring town. As they were walking along the street they met some Indians. One of them said to papa, "Dat you' little papoose?" One time I saw an Indian woman or squaw riding on a pony with one baby in front of her, one behind, and one papoose on a board hanging to the saddle-horn.

We have all the ST. NICHOLAS volumes filed away, and I love to get them out and read stories which I have read once but cannot entirely recall.

I remain your devoted reader,

SARA A. GHORMLEY.

AROS HOUSE, ISLAND OF MULL, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from the Highlands of Scotland in your magazine, so I hope you will print mine. I live in the Island of Mull which is one of the Inner Hebrides, and is separated from the mainland of Scotland by the Sound of Mull. The mountains here are not so high as those in the Island of Skye, but the scenery is very fine. Our house stands between the lovely bay of Tobermory, which is one of the best harbors in the West Highlands, and a little fresh-water loch, whose name in Gaelic means "The Crouching Loch," because it lies low between high wooded cliffs. In summer there are a great many water-lilies round its edges, and in some seasons good trout-fishing.

We do a great deal of boating in summer as our village, which is the capital of Mull, stands on the opposite side of the bay, and we often row to church on Sunday. The service begins at two, which is rather a funny hour, but the eleven-o'clock service is always in Gaelic, which the Highlanders call "the other language." They say it is so ancient that Adam and Eve spoke it in the Garden of Eden!

We have two small sailing-boats, one so little that my brother and I can go out in her alone. This summer there were a great many "lythe," as we call pollock, about the rocks in the Sound, and we had some very jolly fishing. One day I caught a 9-pounder. There is a kind of fish here called "saihe," which weigh from about a half a pound to four or five pounds. When we go to fish for them we start about eight o'clock on a dead calm summer evening, and pull out a long way. Then we row about, waiting for the fish to play, which they do about 10 P. M. All of a sudden the water seems to "boil," hundreds of fish are jumping right out of the

water. It is a wonderful sight, and quite exciting, for we have each two rods with a couple of flies, and when they are taking well one is simply pulling them in as fast as one can. One night we came home sitting up to our ankles in fish, having caught about two hundred. At that season there is much phosphorus and one sees it shining in the wake of the boat.

When the Spanish Armada was driven by storms round the west coast of Scotland, the "Florida," one of the ships, was lost in Tobermory Bay, which is close to our house. Years afterwards divers brought up some of her timbers, which were used to build a house in the village. On the house being pulled down a few years ago, my father got some of the wood, which we have still. A Spanish princess who was on board was drowned, and the people say that her spirit, dressed in lovely clothes and with her long hair dripping wet, still haunts a path which runs along the face of a cliff near the bay.

I think *ST. NICHOLAS* is a most delightful magazine, and have a great many volumes of it, several of which I bound myself. I remain your interested reader,

SHEILA E. ALLAN.

MOOSE JAW, B. C.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school every day I can. We have a library in our school. And we take the *ST. NICHOLAS*. I have read stories in your magazine, and I think they are very interesting. I think the story "A Funny Little School" is a very nice one.

Moose Jaw lies in a valley in the Northwest Territories of Canada. It is supposed that a man went out traveling along one day, and the wheel of his cart broke, so he mended it with a moose's jaw, and that is why the town is called Moose Jaw.

It is very cold here in winter, and very hot in summer. In winter the days are short; in summer we have daylight from four in the morning till nine o'clock at night.

There are lots of ducks, geese, prairie-chicken, and antelope here, also hundreds of little prairie dogs and gophers and badgers.

Yours truly,  
JOHN HORACE NEELAND.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: My brother has been taking you for two years and we like you very much. We live in the Queen city of the Southwest.

Seven trunk lines of railway run into our town. We are right on the border of Mexico and New Mexico, and we have the nicest climate in the world.

The fruit grown in our valley equals that of California, but we have not enough water, and the Mexican and the United States Government propose to make the International Dam above the city. We have one horse of our own, and another that we ride all the time. Their names are "Buckskin Joe" and "Lawn."

The Juarez Fiesta is now in session. It is just across the river. They have bull-fights which are very interesting, but bloody and cruel. Stands where you get refreshments stand near. Many strangers visit the bull-fight just to say they saw one, as it will soon be stopped.

We have a very nice Military Reservation about six miles out of town. We also have six public schools; one for the Mexicans, one for the negroes, and the others for the white children.

Yours respectfully, WALTER S. KOHLBERG.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Though I have seen descriptions of many strange scenes in your magazine. I have never seen the description of a scene such as I witnessed last summer.

We were staying at Wood's Holl, Mass., and one

morning we started for a sail of about five miles, to West Falmouth. We started in a little sloop, with a fair breeze, and when we had gone about three miles a dead calm struck us and we concluded to eat our lunch. While doing so, we saw, on the horizon, a queer, funnel-shaped cloud which was a waterspout, which joined the sea and clouds.

The men were considerably frightened, but the ladies did not appreciate the danger. While it was raining so hard a few miles behind us, the sun was shining brightly where we were. In a moment, however, it clouded over, and huge drops of rain began to fall. Suddenly, the order was given to lower the sails, and we were struck by a severe squall. When we emerged from this, it began to hail, and in about ten minutes another squall struck us. In about a quarter of an hour we were making for a safe harbor, and the scene was one I never will forget. On one side the sky was inky black, and the water the most peculiar shade of green I ever saw.

We were invited into a cottage to get dry, and we then started for home. There were an elderly lady, three young ladies, and three young men, and I myself, thirteen in the party. The men sailed the boat safely home, and the ladies went in the train. As the women had no hats, and all wore short skirts and sweaters, we must have made a funny sight as we filed into the train.

We arrived home about seven o'clock, very tired, and very merry. Do you not think this was adventure enough for one day? I do.

I remain your devoted reader,

MARGARET MCCONWAY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I have taken the *ST. NICHOLAS* for three years. I like it very much, especially the Christmas number.

I have a pair of skates and think it delightful fun to skate. My brother and father taught me how to skate. We live right near Forest Park. We often go to the Park and take our lunch.

I am your reader, MARY ARMSTRONG.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am an American girl, but we are spending this winter in Paris.

I spent New Year in a French chateau, and I had great fun. I went to the stag hunt. It is very pretty to see all the huntsmen in red. New Year's day after dinner there was a small Christmas tree. Unfortunately it was not freezing, so we had no skating. We only stayed six days and now I am back in Paris and my lessons again.

I think Paris is very large and very interesting. I like to go and see old churches and museums. Two months ago we took a little trip in Touraine. It was very funny to see old chateaux that had been built so many years ago. One of them had hung up on the wall the remains of an animal belonging to Noah's ark. We could not believe it. There is an old ruin we saw near Tours named Chinon; it is where Jeanne d'Arc first saw the king. I saw the cages where some poor men were prisoners for years and where they died. In some of the rooms there is beautiful tapestry too.

DOROTHY KANE.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Kathryn McCarey, Eleanor Schmoll, Leila Burnett, T. Armitage Larremore, Mary Redfield Adam, Emily E. C., Donald Annis, Melissa Jones, "Sadie Stanforth," W. X. Y., John Murphy, Jr., Gertrude Tice, Avis K. O., M. Ernst, Edward Morse, Anna Louise Hiatt, Eric Smith, Dorothy James, Baby Ruth.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

TWELVE HIDDEN INSECTS. 1. Fly. 2. Gnat. 3. Ant. 4. Moth. 5. Bee. 6. Midge. 7. Wasp. 8. Flea. 9. Tick. 10. Hornet. 11. Bug. 12. Grasshopper.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. F. 2. Dim. 3. Finer. 4. Metal. 5. Rapid. 6. Lives. 7. Delta. 8. Stack. 9. Ace. 10. K.

ZIGZAG. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. 1. Chariot. 2. Chamois. 3. Chagrin. 4. Sterile. 5. Faculty. 6. Lobster. 7. Factors. 8. Emulate. 9. Bunches. 10. Immerse. 11. Entrust. 12. Awkward. 13. Emperor. 14. Elevate. 15. Efforts. 16. Flatter. 17. Munches. 18. Clangor. 19. Sheriff. 20. Tarnish. 21. Scrawls. 22. Literal. 23. Meddler. 24. Belfast. 25. Natives.

CHARADE. Damask.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Valentines; finals, Sweetheart. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Veins. 2. Allow. 3. Lease. 4.

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 PUZZLE IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Paul Reese—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Bessie Thayer and Co.—"Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Charles Lacey Hall, 1—Ruth Preble Hall, 1—Walter S. Marvin, 1—Alex B. Morris, 1—Mildred Schrenkeiser, 1—Margaret Estelle Whitney, 1—Hazel Chapman, 1—Lottie Morrison, 1—Star Hanford Lloyd, 3—Musgrove Hyde, 8—Glenn K. Dorrington, 3—Albert Faught, 4—A. M. W., 1—F. S. Cole, 7—Ena Brach, 1—Mary K. Rake, 1—"Chiddingstone," 10—W. Putnam, 7—"Three Friends," 4—Betty and Etta, 6—Sally W. Bliss, 1—"The Nutshell Quartette," 8—Mabel M. Johns, 10—Clara R. Crosby, 1—Alberta Pagima, 6—Fred Kelsey and Roger Hoyt, 5—"Class No. 19," 5—"The Trio," 8—Belle Miller Waddell, 8—Josephine Sherwood, 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 7—Two Little Brothers, 10—C. D. Lauer and Co., 10—"May and '79," 10—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 10—Clara A. Anthony, 8—Carrie Janson and Audry Wigram, 10.

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A MASCULINE name. 2. To terrify. 3. A song of praise. 4. Fragrance. 5. Provision for successive relief.

II. 1. A kingdom. 2. To supply with. 3. To decorate. 4. Wan. 5. Repairs.

III. 1. To gaze earnestly. 2. To depart. 3. Fertile spots in a desert. 4. To turn aside. 5. Petulant.

IV. 1. A month. 2. Cerulean. 3. Relating to the country. 4. To beseech. 5. The name of a very beautiful woman.

GRACE L.

### CHARADE.

YOURSELF, whoever you may be,  
Is still my *first*, as you will see;  
A little number is my *second*  
By which are many thousands reckoned;  
My *third* you tread beneath your feet  
As, in and out, on errands fleet,  
You pass. Now how to tell my *whole*?  
'T is daily used by every soul,—  
By seamstress, carpenter, and cook,  
By student, scribbling at his book:  
I had it in my hand, but now  
I lay it down and make my bow.

M. E. FLOYD.

### SHAKSPERIAN CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the names alluded to contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of one of Shakspeare's heroines.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A character in "The Winter's Tale." 2. The heroine of one of Shakspeare's plays. 3.

Erase. 5. Next. 6. Thrush. 7. Idle. 8. Nora. 9. Ether. 10. Start.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Madison. 1. Moon. 2. Wasp. 3. Pods. 4. Semi. 5. Fish. 6. Book. 7. Nail.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ebon. 2. Bone. 3. Once. 4. Need.

TRIPLETS. 1. Ballet, bullet, billet. 2. Millet, mullet, mallet. 3. Pellet, pallet, pullet. 4. Master, muster, mister. 5. Letter, litter, latter. 6. Picker, pucker, packer.

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL. Euterpe. Cross-words: 1. Erinyes. 2. Euryale. 3. Artemis. 4. Phaeton. 5. Minerva. 6. Antiope. 7. Alcyone.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Mists. 2. Ideal. 3. Sepia. 4. Tails. 5. Slash. II. 1. Craft. 2. Rider. 3. Addle. 4. Felon. 5. Trent. III. 1. Heart. 2. Error. 3. Arose. 4. Rosin. 5. Trend. IV. 1. Blast. 2. Lathe. 3. Attar. 4. Shams. 5. Terse. V. 1. Dance. 2. Adorn. 3. Noted. 4. Crete. 5. Ended.

One of the conspirators against Julius Cæsar. 4. A Scottish nobleman. 5. A Venetian gentleman. 6. The native country of one of Shakspeare's heroes. 7. A Venetian merchant. 8. The king of Sicilia. 9. The wife of Oberon.

J. G. WEEKS.

### A DIAGONAL.

I	.	.	.	.	.	7
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.	.	3	.	5	.	.
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A movable light. 2. To incapacitate. 3. A certain picturesque pleasure-boat. 4. A college officer.

From I to 7 will spell one whose name "will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals."

MARY D. KITTREDGE.

### RIDDLE.

I AM found in the kingdoms three,  
But though next to him, man I can't be;  
For with a body, I have no head,  
And though I die, I am never dead;  
I oft have a nap, yet never sleep;  
I am kept in folds, yet I am not sheep.  
Bolted in yards, I am often shown;  
Neither fruit nor grain, I am often sown;  
Not a top, though spun; not a hoop, though rolled;  
Not crushed, though undone; nor fooled when sold;  
I may shrink from washing and yet be clean;  
And when I am pressed I am glad to be seen;  
I could send thee my card, but I'll leave thee to guess  
My name and my number to make the address.

L. E. JOHNSON.

**DIAMOND.**

1. IN society. 2. To perform. 3. To reverence. 4. A dizziness in the head. 5. A city visited by St. Paul. 6. A river of Germany. 7. In society.

ALLIL AND ADI.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**



EACH of the six 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 poet.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

MY primals name a daughter of one of the Seven Sages, celebrated for her skill in riddles; my finals name a famous rhetorician of Phaselis who often won prizes for his skill in propounding enigmas.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The family name of one of Shakspeare's heroines. 2. An ancient city of Judah taken by Sennacherib on his way to Egypt. 3. The daughter of

Icarius. 4. A play by Shakspeare. 5. To attack with shells. 6. Offense. 7. Concise. 8. To occupy. 9. A daughter of Pelops. 10. Once an important city on the coast of Asia Minor. M. B. C.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

SEARCH well for the primals and finals; they form Some well-known precursors of calm and of storm.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. SHE went to the party in pale velveteen
2. And the coral I bid her wear,
3. 'Neath a bergamot torchlight she danced on the green,
4. With a celluloid bar on her hair.

ANNA M. PRATT.

**Pi.**

WHIT girnshu dwins dan mogloy kisses  
 Het kard dan brotsnub twiner side:  
 Raf-fof, nunsee, grispn flaytn sirce.  
 Dingdib reh earlsite clidh sarie:  
 Charm.

**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 famous English poet and essayist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To grieve. 2. Auctions. 3. Certain raptorial birds. 4. A connected series. 5. Slowness. 6. A horse. 7. Spread abroad. 8. Fractions. 9. A fresh-water fish. 10. To make void. 11. To bend over. 12. Trite. 13. Quality.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

**A LADDER PUZZLE.**

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12 . . . . .	24
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2 . . . . .	14
.	.
1 . . . . .	13
.	.

FROM 1 to 13, soundness of body; from 2 to 14, pertaining to a wedding; from 3 to 15, tortured; from 4 to 16, a system; from 5 to 17, a painting on plaster; from 6 to 18, a poetic foot consisting of a short syllable followed by a long one; from 7 to 19, Apollo's mother; from 8 to 20, a spice; from 9 to 21, a marine animal; from 10 to 22, an Italian patriot of the fourteenth century.

Left side, reading upward, and right side reading upward each name a poem by Longfellow. M. B. C.







CYCLING IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE STORY OF THE WHEEL.

BY FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

*Hamlet, iii. 2.*

It has been often said that "to trace the origin of the bicycle we must go back to the beginning of the century"; and as this has not been denied it is probably true. I shall try to show that the bicycle grew from experiments in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that the *Célérier*, first invented in 1690, was the earliest form of the "safety" of to-day. The first attempts to ride wheels date back as far as the fifteenth century. True, the machines then made were crude, clumsy, and imperfect; yet they deserve mention, for they were a distinct step in the history of the wheel. The first of these was a heavy carriage driven by means of ropes attached to and wound round its axle-tree. To the other end of the ropes a pole was tied, and this pole was used as a lever in front of the vehicle; and by this means it was slowly drawn forward.

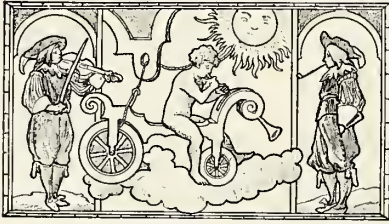
Little was done in the century following; yet in the "Memoirs of Henry Fetherstone" it is told that a Jesuit missionary named Ricius, who was traveling down the Ganges, having missed a boat that plied at regular intervals between points he was to visit in his journey, made up for lost time by building a small carriage propelled by levers. Because so few details are told, the truth of the author's account has been doubted or discredited by many.

In one of England's older churches — St. Giles' at Stoke Pogis — is a window of stained-glass on which may be seen a cherub astride of a hobby-horse, or wooden "wheel." At the sides, in separate panels, as if to fix the date of the design, stand two young men attired in Puritan dress, one playing the violin, the other, with hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe. Is it from this design that the first thought of the hobby-horse of other days was taken?

Before the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1693, Ozanam read a paper describing a vehicle driven by the pedaling of a footman, who stood in a box behind, and rested his hands on a bar, level with his chin, attached to the back of an awning above the rider in the conveyance. This may prove that Fetherstone's account was not untrue. Ozanam's vehicle was followed by another, built on a somewhat similar plan, by an Englishman named Ovenden about 1761, for a description of the machine then appeared in the "Universal Magazine." The vehicle was said to be "the best that has hitherto been invented." The distance covered "with ease" by this rude vehicle is stated to have been six miles an hour; with a "peculiar exertion," nine or ten miles. The steering was done with a pair of reins.

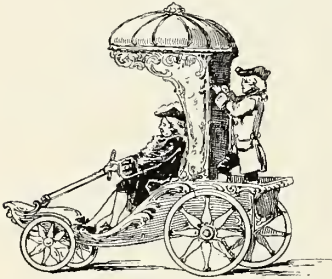
It is to the seventeenth century that we must

look for the first actual "wheel" or bicycle. In the year 1690, M. de Sivrac, a Frenchman,



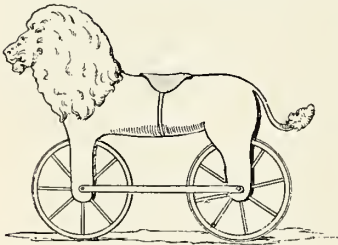
STAINED GLASS WINDOW FROM ST. GILES' CHURCH AT STOKE POGIS.

saddle on a wooden beam to which two cross-



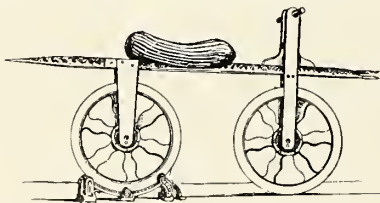
OZANAM'S VEHICLE.

pieces were firmly fixed. At the ends of these cross-



CÉLÉRIFÈRE WITH FRAME REPRESENTING A LION.

vault into the saddle. Once the machine had

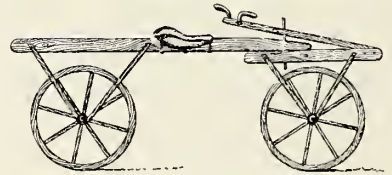


CÉLÉRIFÈRE WITH FRAME REPRESENTING A SNAKE.

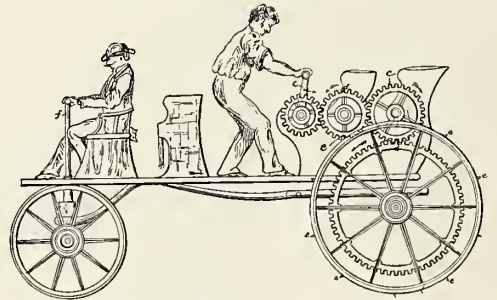
draw them up, bending his knees, and without

further effort could travel some distance. When the pace slackened the rider had to repeat the pushing, and so continue his journey. Much ground was covered in this way on level roads, and especially down-hill, in a short space of time; but it was hard to go up-hill.

It has been claimed by some that the Célérifère was the invention of another Frenchman named Blanchard, whom Louis XVI. once commanded to perform before him on this vehicle, in July, 1779. Beyond the fact that such a performance took place, on that and other occasions in public,



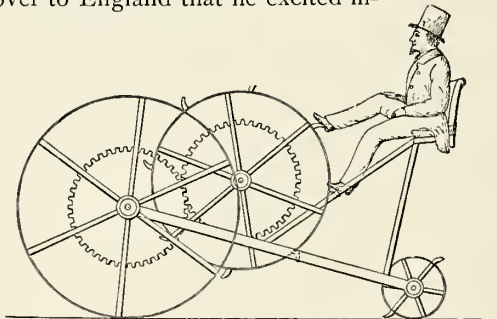
THE DRAISINE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



THE BOLTON MACHINE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

(This cut and the one below are from "Cycling Art, Energy and Locomotion," by Robert P. Scott. By permission of J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.)

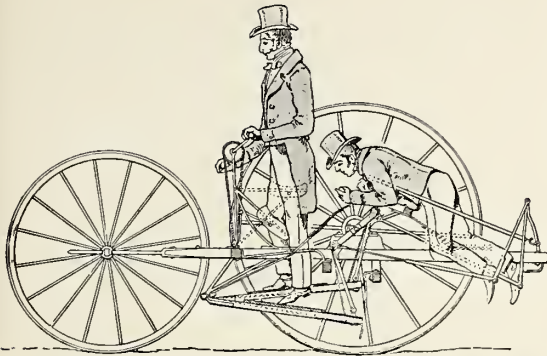
there is nothing to support this claim. In fact, it was not until Blanchard had crossed over to England that he excited in-



M. JULIEN'S "EVERLASTING TREADMILL." (SEE PAGE 446.)

terest; once there, however, he was favored by the Duke of York, and began to attract atten-

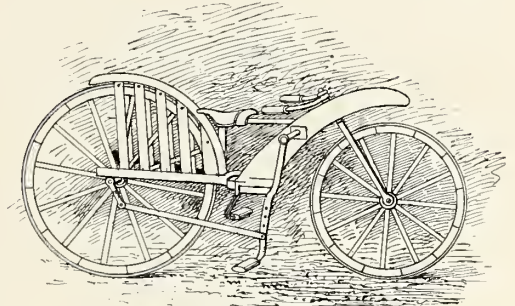
\* The first five illustrations on this page are copied, by permission, from "Le Cyclisme, Théorique et Pratique," by L. Baudry de Saunier, published by La Librairie Illustrée, Paris.



PARKER AND BRAMLEY'S VEHICLE, 1830. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)  
(From "Le Cyclisme.")

favor at the Gardens of the Tivoli; this was the *Draisine*, named from its inventor.

To Baron von Bade, commonly known as



DALZELL'S MACHINE. (SEE PAGE 448.)

tion. Under the fostering care of royalty the *Célérifère*, then known as the "Dandy-horse," became popular among the English, who took to it with enthusiasm, but were soon laughed out of their fancy by jokers and cartoonists.

Drais von Sauerbron, we owe this first bicycle *with a steering-wheel*. It was built at Mannheim. The *Draisine* was propelled like the *Vélocifère* and *Célérifère*; but the front wheel turned on a pivot and might be moved by a handle-bar, so this vehicle could be easily guided in any direction — a great improvement.



"HOBBY HORSE" OF 1818, ONCE OWNED BY THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.  
(By courtesy of the Stanley Club, England.)

In the year 1805 a strange two-wheeled vehicle was offered to the American public by an inventive genius named Bolton. This was a marvel of cog-wheels, moved by a crank turned by hand. The operator stood on a narrow plank connecting the two wheels. Over the front or steering-wheel sat another rider, whose only occupation was to steer the carriage in its course.

But by this time the principle of balancing the wheel was understood, and the task of developing the crude vehicle of M. de Sivrac was begun. It was not long, however, before this machine was replaced by another, or was, perhaps, only renamed. During the French Revolution a new form was introduced under the name of *Vélocifère*; and its riders became known as *Vélocipèdes*. In the year 1808 one of these vehicles, shown at the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris, was much used. Eight years later another wheel of similar form came into France and gained popular



GOY'S "HOBBY HORSE," 1820.  
(By courtesy of the Stanley Club, England.)

In 1818, Dennis Johnson, an English coach-maker, made the Draisine lighter and provided it with an elbow and body rest, decidedly improving the vehicle. Further changes made by Louis Gompertz, in 1821, enabled the rider to propel this vehicle with his hands, but he still had to keep himself upright by the use of his feet and legs. A cogged wheel fixed to the side of the front hub and a gearing moved by a lever were the means of driving the wheel, and the lever also did service as a steering-bar.

So popular did the Draisine become that forms of it continued in use until 1855, but the

by the new way of traveling while visiting the continent, that he thought of using the cheaper iron of his own country for making the Draisine. Shortly after it came to England this machine was changed from the crude and heavy wheel of Baron Drais von Sauerbron; it became a light, elegant, and reliable machine capable of being skilfully ridden.

To M. Julien the French Government in 1830 granted a patent for what has been called "an everlasting staircase or tread-mill." How it worked it is difficult to say, for a couple of spikes, meant to prevent the running back of the machine when it was going up-hill, look as if they would prevent any forward motion.

Somewhat later in the same year, two Englishmen, named Parker and Bramley, built an elaborate vehicle having three wheels (only two of which are shown in the picture), that may be claimed to be the first hint of the modern tandem. The machine was complicated, and the positions of the two riders — the one who steered stood upright, while his unlucky



THE MODERN SPINNING-WHEEL.

later form was built of iron instead of wood. This change was brought about by an English contractor named Knight, who was so pleased

partner had to lie down like a swimmer — were enough to make it a failure.

Following closely on this came Alexander

Cochrane's road-machine, in which, for the first time, the rowing motion of an oarsman was used. The propellers were long levers, which, being connected with the machinery at the hub, drove the carriage forward.

It is claimed by some writers that the absurd drawings made by the artist Cruikshank, poking fun at the Draisine, or the "Hobby-horse" as the English called it, did much to prevent any progress; and, in fact, an American writer states that this vehicle was "killed" thereby in England in 1818. In the year following, however, he says that it was introduced into the United States. Notwithstanding the fun made of it, the hobby-horse became very popular with very fashionable London. Among the rich it was considered quite the correct thing to devote some hours daily to so pleasant a pastime as "draisining"; and it was no uncommon thing to find a bevy of girls, with their attendants and a crowd of young dandies, gathered together at Johnson's Riding Academy in Golden Square, eager to prove their skill upon the Draisine, the idol of the hour.

The caricatures of Cruikshank and others, though at first they discouraged a pastime that had come to stay, failed in the long run to have any but a good effect on the new industry; for we may trace to them the origin of the tandem, which may have come from a comic drawing of that period in which a young couple are shown upon a hobby-horse; and possibly, too, the idea of the tricycle, which, it is said, was suggested by a drawing of an apparatus having three wheels with a place for baggage.

The first American appearance of the Draisine was made in New York City. The people of the New World eagerly welcomed the new

sport. Small manufactories sprang up all over town; but the demand for wheels far exceeded the supply. Near Bowling Green these vehicles were first exhibited. Around City Hall Park and along the Bowery, at all times of the



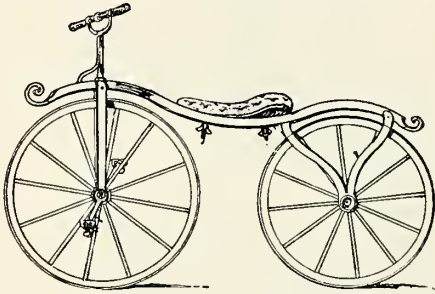
TEN MILES BEFORE BREAKFAST.

day, riders might be seen. The craze—for craze it was—soon spread over the land, and the principal cities each had wheels. However, a reaction soon set in, and as suddenly as the Draisine had risen into favor so suddenly did it fall from grace.

Though for many years after the coming of this vehicle, different forms with three, four, five, and sometimes six wheels were made, the means of driving still remained the same. Lalsalle, a French carriage-builder, invented a "giant wheel," through which an axle-tree ex-

tended some distance on each side. This vehicle, known as the *Pédocadère*, carried two passengers, one on each side of the wheel at the extreme end of the axle. Revis, of Cambridge, and B. Smith, of Liverpool, both thought of driving the wheels by the feet instead of by the hands; and each brought out a wheel—the former named his wheel the *Alleopode*; the latter chose the name *Facilitator*. These inventions enjoyed only a brief existence; but the *Draisine* held its own in Europe nearly thirty years.

It has been recently stated that the first velocipede in America was built in the year 1823,



A "MICHAUX" WHEEL OF 1860.  
(From "Le Cyclisme.")

by a young mechanic of Troy, N. Y.; but the statement is doubtful, and there appears to be no trace of the machine, which is stated to have caused much wonder at the time.

In 1840, a Scotchman named McMillan invented a driving-gear of rods, which, six years later, was improved by one of his fellow-countrymen, Gavin Dalzell, of Lesmahogaw, Lanarkshire, a cooper by trade. Dalzell's machine has long been considered the first two-wheeled, "one-track" vehicle in which the rider was lifted clear of the ground and provided with a true driving and steering mechanism.

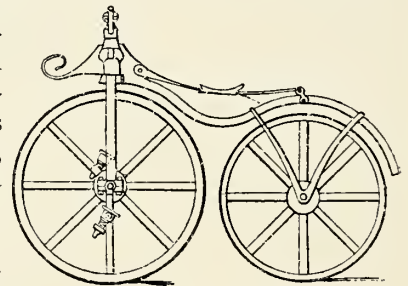
It will repay us to look a moment at Dalzell's creation, which is not only still in existence, but is to-day in good working order. The wheels, like the entire machine, are principally of wood, with metal fittings and tires. The rear wheel—that is, the driving-wheel of our modern safety—is forty inches in diameter, while the front or steering-wheel measures but thirty inches. The front forks, like those of the safety of to-day, have a backward slope. The handle-bars are fashioned after the style now in

vogue. The dirt-guard, or protector, though clumsy in the extreme, is not unlike the dress-guard recently used. The entire frame, in fact, has some resemblance to a modern "woman's safety." The rear wheel is propelled by cranks and levers from pedals, each consisting of a single bar bent at right angles from its lever.

The next, and a far more important, step in the perfection of the wheel was taken in 1855. Ernest Michaux, born at Bar-le-Duc in 1842, the son of a French locksmith, when but thirteen years of age invented the crank and pedal, without which wheeling to-day would be still in its infancy. Michaux's chief duty in his father's workshop was to take care of the tools. One day a *Draisine* was brought in for repairs. Young Michaux had long coveted one, and no sooner was the *Draisine* in the shop than he set out to ride it. For some hours he enjoyed the new pastime. But the new toy did not long keep the speed his feet gave it, so he determined to invent something by which he could drive the wheel without touching the ground.

Remembering that the grindstone at which he worked daily was made to turn by a crank and a pedal, he thought of applying the same principle to the *Draisine*. He found an iron rod, bent it at the forge, and attached it to the axle of the front wheel. Again he mounted, but was disappointed at the result, for he shot

out of the saddle—time upon time. Despite his many falls, he had resolved to succeed; and, going more carefully at the



LALLEMENT'S BICYCLE.  
(From "Le Cyclisme.")

work, he so improved his original invention that he soon triumphed. Ernest Michaux's inventive skill was of such great service to his father that the latter soon found himself at the head of a large factory.

Some years passed before any improvements were made in Michaux's crank and pedal. In



the meantime, hearing reports of fortunes rapidly made in the New World, Peter Lallement,



ERNEST MICHAUX IN 1868; REPRODUCED FROM A DRAWING OF THE ONLY EXISTING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CELEBRATED INVENTOR. (From "Le Cyclisme.")

one of the workmen in the Michaux factory, started for America, hoping to be able to find some capitalist to join him in making and selling the velocipede. He set out for Ansonia, Connecticut, and may be credited with having been the first manufacturer of this type of machine in the United States.

Soon after his arrival he became associated with one James Carrol, and his dreams were in a fair way to come true. On November 20, 1866, he took out a patent for improvements in the velocipede. Several of these improvements, however, were those of young Michaux and of the Michaux factory, which the workman had taken without permission. Success did not reward his efforts, and, pressed for money, he assigned his rights in this patent to Carrol, who later disposed of them and of the patent to Calvin Witty, a shrewd New Yorker. Mr. Witty, foreseeing a wheel craze, made ready to meet the great demand which he expected.

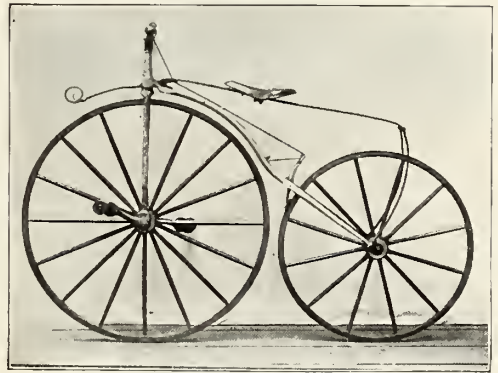
Five years before this, an American named

Landis had patented a traveling rocking-horse which, being mounted on wheels while the rear end of the rocker was cranked, enabled the rider to move forward on working a very long lever attached by a crank to the front wheel.

Having settled his debts, Lallement returned to France, arriving in Paris, at the opening of the Paris Exposition of 1867, to find that Michaux (who, thanks to the help of the Olivier brothers, had been more fortunate) was exhibiting his machines there. The price of these wheels was quoted at 600 francs (about \$120) apiece. Lallement decided to enter into competition, and, having more money than conscience, began to make velocipedes on Michaux's original patent, the American rights of which he had bought through Carrol.

By the year 1869 marked progress had been made in this wheel, which, thanks to the enterprise of another Frenchman,—M. Magee,—was then first manufactured of iron.

The records of the United States Patent Office for 1869 show that over fifty patents for velocipedes were granted during January. The

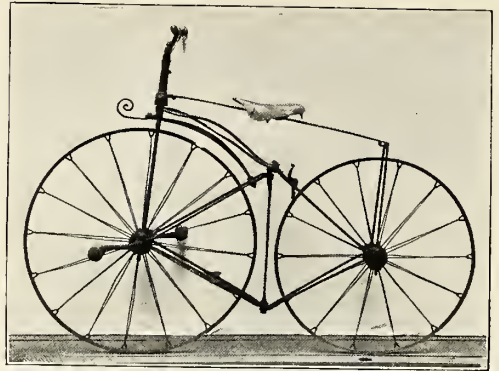


A MICHAUX WHEEL OF 1867. (By courtesy of the Stanley Club, England.)

spring of 1869 found the wheel craze universal. Carriage-builders were led to add to their factories plants for the manufacturing of velocipedes. Over one thousand of these machines were turned out every week, while orders were pouring in by the tens of thousands. To quote from a newspaper of about that time: "As an indication of the extent to which the manufacture of velocipedes was carried on, it may be mentioned that Mr. Calvin Witty, the purchaser of the Lallement patent, employed the resources of



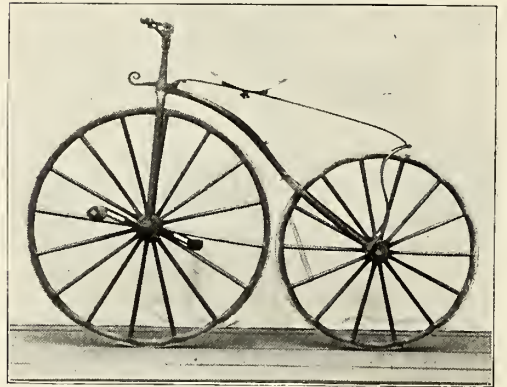
THE "BECK"; WOODEN WHEELS AND LARGE RUBBER TIRES. 1869 OR 1870.\*



THE "PHANTOM," PROBABLY THE FIRST "COMMERCIAL" SUSPENSION WHEEL WITH RUBBER TIRES (MISSING) PUT ON THE MARKET. NOTE DUPLEX STEERING ARRANGEMENT.



TENSION BICYCLE. JOHN O'GROAT'S "SPARROW," MAKER, OR COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO. 1870 OR 1871.



A "BONESHAKER," RUBBER TIRES NAILED TO WOODEN FELLIES. 1870.



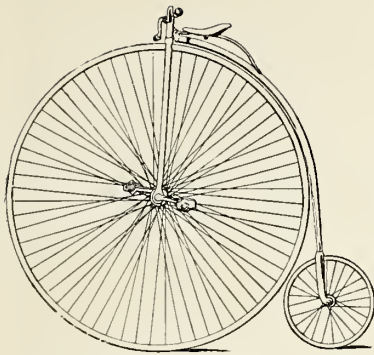
TENSION-WHEELED BONESHAKER, METAL RIMS AND RUBBER TIRES. THE "MISSING LINK" BETWEEN THE BONESHAKER AND THE ORDINARY. 1870.



GROAT'S TENSION. ONE OF THE FIRST (AND BEST) RUBBER-TIRED TENSION-WHEELED BICYCLES PUT ON THE MARKET; NOTE DOUBLE STEP AND JOINTED BOW-SPRING; BRAKE CORD, ACTING ON HIND WHEEL, IS BROKEN.

seven large carriage-makers, and kept their establishments busy day and night. He had seventy men at work in one establishment in New York, and he also kept men actively employed in two factories in Connecticut, one in Wilmington, Del., and one in Newark, N. J."

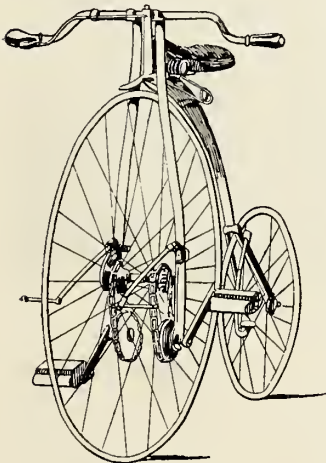
\* The illustrations on this page are here reproduced by the courtesy of the Stanley Club, England.



EARLY HIGH WHEEL: "ORDINARY," WITH TANGENT SPOKES. STARLEY, 1873. (From "Le Cyclisme.")

hibited their skill on the velocipede in public were the Hanlon brothers. They used a somewhat clumsy type of wheel from France. These, at best, were but heavy things, which were soon improved upon by American makers.

Schools for teaching learners to ride were quickly opened; and that of Frank Pearsall, the well-known New York photographer, was perhaps the first of these. His school was on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street. Together with his brother, he turned out upward of three hundred well-taught riders within two months. Three months later nearly fifty bicycle-schools thrived in New York and Brooklyn. These schools vied one with the



THE "KANGAROO." (From "Le Cyclisme.")

In England makers vied with one another in improving the velocipede. One increased the size of the front or driving wheel; another reduced

But few people had expected that the mania for this new style of wheeled vehicles would be so great.

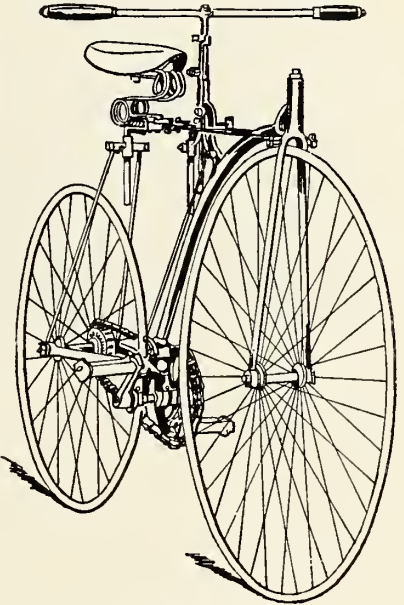
Among the earliest who ex-

hibited their skill on the velocipede in public were the Hanlon brothers. They used a somewhat clumsy type of wheel from France. These, at best, were but heavy things, which were soon improved upon by American makers. Schools for teaching learners to ride were quickly opened; and that of Frank Pearsall, the well-known New York photographer, was perhaps the first of these. His school was on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street. Together with his brother, he turned out upward of three hundred well-taught riders within two months. Three months later nearly fifty bicycle-schools thrived in New York and Brooklyn. These schools vied one with the other in high-sounding names. One was the "Amphicyclotheatrus," another the "Gymnocyclidium," etc. The cost of tuition was fifteen dollars each; but this amount carried with it the right to use a velocipede and to practice in the hall for one month.

that of the rear wheel; a third adopted solid wire spokes; while a fourth fitted rubber tires to the wheel-rims; a fifth invented a hollow steel rim, a sixth hollow spokes, until at last the old machine had undergone a complete transformation, and the bicycle proper, or "ordinary," as it is now called, was evolved.

With the opening of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, the manufacture of velocipedes in France came to a standstill, while across the Channel, colonies where the industry was later to find a lodgment were now springing up. At the historic old city of Coventry, then the central point for all the silk and ribbon trades, and where the clock-makers had settled long before, "wheeldom" took up its quarters.

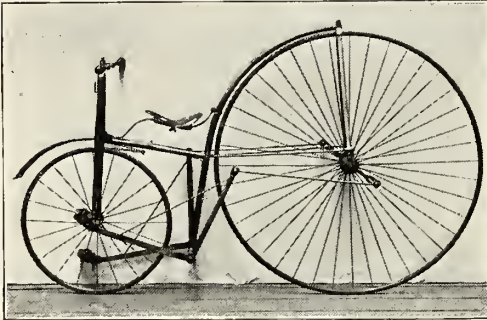
Among the better-known bicycle-makers James K. Starley, Thomas Humber, and Newton Wilson may be named. To J. K. Starley belongs the credit of making the first bicycle. The first of these machines, which he built in 1873, was of great height when compared with the wheels of its time. The front wheel was nearly twice as high as any that had been seen theretofore. It was at once the driving and steering wheel. Though this type of machine held its place in public favor for about fifteen years, it at last gave way to a safer form of machine known as the "Kangaroo." After entering into partnership with a Mr. Sutton, Starley continued to make wheels, but turned his



THE "ROVER." (From "Le Cyclisme.")

attention to the tricycle, and also invented the "Rover," a model that for a time became immensely popular with middle-aged men. In this machine he first used his principle of gearing—that now commonly used on all modern bicycles. It should be stated here that Mr. Starley first carried out the idea of applying a multiplying gear, consisting of sprockets and an endless chain, to the front-driving safety bicycle of former years. The application of this feat-

award—a gold medal; for this was awarded to the "Invincible Bicycle Manufactory" of London. The front wheel of M. Renard's machine measured 78 inches; that of the "Invincible" factory, about 58 inches. This machine was fitted with the "Invincible" double hollow rim, and two hundred swaged-wire spokes, butted at the rim, were fitted to the front wheel, and seventy were fixed to the back wheel. Both wheels had "Invincible" ball-bearings.



LAWSON REAR-DRIVING SAFETY. 1877.  
(By courtesy of the Stanley Club, England.)

The danger of headers from the "good old ordinary" debarred elderly persons from making use of the machine; and in this same year (1878) a new form of wheel, invented by Mr. Lawson of the "Singer Bicycle Factory" of Coventry, England, was placed on the market. This vehicle was a "safety" in every respect, and the rider's feet being only a few inches from the ground, he could easily dismount in any emergency. The first of these machines was made for Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke.

ure to the rear wheel of our modern safety has completely made over the realm of wheeldom.

Though there were improvements in the inner parts of the ordinary bicycle, little change took place in its outward appearance during the next five years. Inwardly, first the "open

Of Mr. Humber we know that, having started a thriving business, he soon entered into partnership with Messrs. Marriott and Cooper, the former a practical business man, the latter an adept in the art of bicycle-racing. It is largely due to the efforts of the racing-partner that the Humber bicycles came to the front, and that these machines gained a lasting reputation.

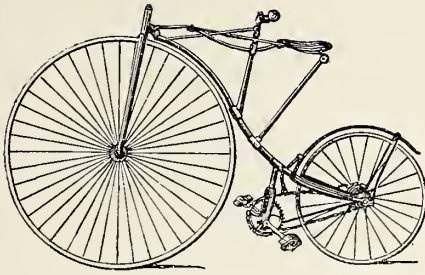


LAWSON SAFETY, 1878.  
(By courtesy of the Stanley Club, England.)

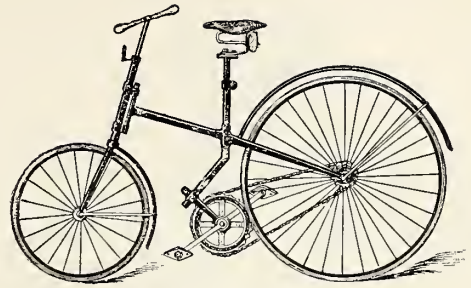
Before examining further the progress made with the wheel, the sad end of the Michaux father and son should be recorded. Struggling vainly against aggressive competitors, with fortune broken and reason impaired, Ernest Michaux spent the last of his days in the asylum at Bicêtre, near Paris, while his father, reduced to abject poverty, died in a home for the aged in 1883.

In 1875 M. Truffault invented the hollow rim, and at the Paris Exposition of 1878 a wheel made by M. Renard received much admiration, but did not obtain the coveted

head" was superseded by the "Stanley head," one closed on all sides but one, and therefore to a great extent dust-proof; the number of spokes in the front wheel, which had varied all the way from fifty to two hundred, was fixed on a sensible basis, seventy-five being the average number. Cone and parallel bearings were replaced by ball-bearings—a change that helped to lower records by increasing speed-power.



THE FIRST GEARED-SAFETY, 1880.  
(From "Le Cyclisme.")



THE "PIONEER," 1885.

At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, the first bicycles of foreign manufacture were exhibited. Machines of the "ordinary" type were built in the United States the following year, the "Standard Columbia" being first made in 1879. During 1880 ball-bearings were fitted to this machine, which immediately became popular.

The most promising of the earlier safety bicycles was one known as the "Kangaroo." This vehicle, which was first built in 1883, consisted of a dwarf "ordinary" bicycle the front wheel of which was driven by a gear consisting of sprockets and an endless chain. Great speed was attained by ordinary riders on this type of machine. The danger of serious accidents from falls was almost removed, as in almost every case the rider could touch the ground with his feet while comfortably astride his wheel. The life of this little wonder was short, for it gave way to the forerunner of the modern safety.

The first rear-driving, geared "safety" was built in the workshops of the Coventry Machinists' Company at Coventry, England, in 1880. As will be seen from a glance at the illustration,

the rear wheel of this make was fitted with a sprocket, gear, and chain, and thus was made the driving-wheel; the front wheel still remained large. J. H. Pausey, of Clapham Common, London, determined to improve upon this model, and reduced the size of the front wheel until it became the smaller. But this made the steering difficult; and as by experiment he found that increasing the size of this wheel overcame this drawback, he gradually enlarged it until it was but two inches smaller than the driving-wheel. Pausey did not live to enjoy the fruits of his experiments, for while coasting down a hill on the Brighton Road, some thirty miles from London, he met with an accident which cost him his life.

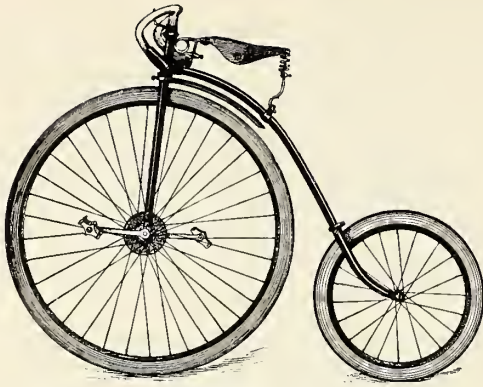
Others improved on Pausey's idea, making both wheels of a size, and thus the modern safety resulted. Among the first rear-driving safeties in the United States were the "Victor" and the "Veloce Columbia," built in 1888. At that time solid tires and hollow metal rims were popular; nowadays we seem to be returning to the old order of things, for wooden rims are now favored almost universally. The greatest



SAFETY, SOLID TIRES, 1887.



A MODERN SAFETY, DIAMOND FRAME, PNEUMATIC TIRES.  
(From "Le Cyclisme.")



THE "CRYPTO," 1883.

changes in the modern type of wheel have been the adoption of the diamond frame and the invention of pneumatic tires. The pneumatic tire, that has done so much for the comfort and speed of wheelmen and is now a necessity of every well-appointed wheel, was the invention of an Irish veterinary, named Dunlop. Beginning his experiments in 1889, he perfected the pneumatic tire in time for the opening of the wheeling season of the following year, and thereby earned the gratitude of all cyclists.

To sum up, wheeling, both as an industry of importance and as a delightful pastime, has taken a firm hold on American soil. In these United States there are over two thousand factories where only bicycles are made. Although the inventive Yankee, "Uncle Sam," was not the pioneer in this field of manufacture, he has already added so many useful features, and modified and improved upon European creations to such an extent, that he may justly rank side by side with his brothers, "John Bull" and "Jean Crapeau."

About the time that the Coventry Machinists' Co. was experimenting in chain rear-driving gears, another firm of bicycle-makers was busy applying the principle of multiplication gear to the front wheel of the dwarf patent bicycle. The result of this was the "Crypto," whose success was only short-lived.

During the past year bicycle manufacturers in England, France, and the United States have all been making experiments with a view to producing a rear-driving safety bicycle that shall be chainless.

The chief objections to the chain are that (1) it is the weak part of the chain-and-sprocket bicycle; (2) it causes loss of power when slack; (3) it is liable to catch the skirts of women riders; (4) it is hard to keep clean.

A measurable amount of success has been achieved in this direction by the manufacturers of the "Quadrant," an English type; the "Acacene Metropole," a French type; and the "Columbia," an American type.

The mechanism of each of these bicycles is somewhat the same, and consists of a pair of gear wheels at the crank bracket and another pair at the back hub, with a connecting rod that rotates on ball bearings, and runs near the stationary back arm of the bicycle. The gear wheels are furnished with roller-bearing pegs or teeth which engage each other nearly at right angles. This mechanism is what is commonly called the bevel gear, and, being incased, has many advantages over the chain-driven wheel.

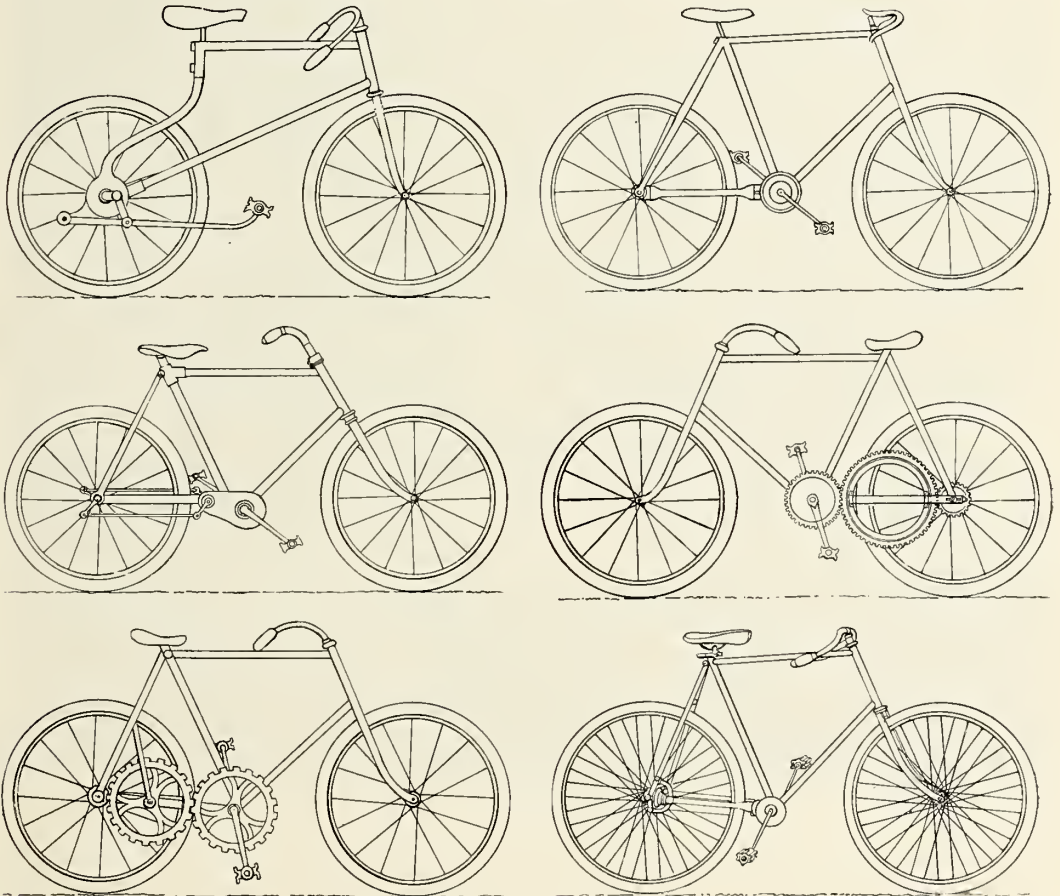
There are besides this other mechanisms, such as the spur sprocket and the so-called piston-driven "chainless." The spur-sprocket bicycle, as will be seen from the illustration, obtains its power by the interlocking of cogs in three spur-wheels. That cog which revolves with the crank communicates power to the intermediate wheel, which in turn causes the one on the rear hub to rotate.

In the "Quaker City" a spur-gear wheel having three connecting sprockets in tandem alignment has been turned out. This should not be confused with one having three spur-tooth sprockets. The two forward sprockets of the Philadelphian wheel are of the same size; the middle one revolves on an axle of its own, instead of having only its rim revolve on bearings, as is the case with the other.

In Ohio the popular form of "chainless" mechanism is on the piston principle; but this principle, although so called, is not truly "chainless." It is true that twin driving-rods, which act as do the pistons on a locomotive, are employed to transmit power; but a short chain is used between two ordinary sprockets before the power is given to the driving-rods for transmission. An outward view shows only the rods and an oval-shaped box at the crank hanger. Inside this box is a sprocket

similar to that used on the chain-driven bicycle; behind it is a smaller sprocket whose axle-center is just three and one half inches from that of the larger sprocket; a chain runs between these, and it is the axle of the smaller sprocket that sets the driving-rods in motion. Outside the box is a small lever arm attached

prove that their own particular inventions are the best. One firm, I am told, has engaged the services of a well-known clubman who has undertaken to ride a "century" on every day throughout this year. If he should succeed in his task, he will probably have covered a greater distance than any other wheelman.



RECENT FORMS OF CHAINLESS BICYCLES.

to either end of this secondary sprocket axle, and the rods, which are each connected with this arm, run on ball bearings. At the axle of the rear wheel the driving-rods are similarly connected.

Manufacturers of chainless bicycles generally are resorting to all sorts of methods to

Thirty-six thousand five hundred miles on a "chainless" is an achievement requiring no ordinary amount of determination and perseverance.

The chainless wheel is still in its infancy, and it is probable that several years must pass before it attains perfection.

# THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



HENRY MORGAN'S CREW SEIZING THE FRENCH PIRATES. (SEE PAGE 460.)

[This series was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A PIRATE POTENTATE.

SOMETIME in the first half of the seventeenth century, on a secluded Welsh farm, was born a little boy. His father was a farmer, and his mother churned, and tended the cows and the chickens, and there was no reason to imagine that this baby, born and reared in rural solitude, would become a rover of the seas and one of the most formidable pirates that the world ever knew. Yet such proved to be the case.

The baby's name was Henry Morgan, and as he grew a distaste for farming grew with him. So strong was this dislike that when he became a young man he ran away to be a sailor. He found a ship bound for the West Indies, and in this he started on his life's career. He had no money to pay his passage, and he therefore followed a usual custom of those days and sold himself for a term of three years to an agent who was taking a number of men to work on the plantations. These men when enlisted were termed servants, but when they had been set ashore in the New World they were generally called slaves, and certainly treated as such.



When young Morgan reached the Barbadoes he was resold to a planter, and during his term of office he probably worked a good deal harder, and was treated much more roughly, than any of the laborers on his father's farm. But as soon as he was a free man he went to Jamaica, and there were few places where a young man could be more free and more independent than this lawless island.

Here were rollicking and blustering "flibustiers," and here the young man determined to study piracy. He was not a sailor and a hunter who by the force of circumstances gradually became a buccaneer, but he deliberately selected his profession, and immediately set to work to acquire a knowledge of its practice. There was a buccaneer ship about to sail from Jamaica, and on this Morgan enlisted. He was a clever fellow, and very soon showed himself to be a brave and able sailor.

After three or four voyages he acquired a reputation for remarkable coolness, and showed unusual ability to take advantage of favorable circumstances. These traits became the foundation of his success. He was also a good business man, and having saved considerable money, he joined with other buccaneers and bought a ship, of which he took command. This ship soon made itself a scourge in the Spanish seas; no other buccaneering vessel was so widely known and so greatly feared, but the English people in those regions were as proud of the dashing young Captain Morgan as if he had been a regularly commissioned admiral, on a lawful cruise.

Before long he was recognized as buccaneer-in-chief of the West Indies, and he very soon gathered together twelve ships and seven hundred men. Everything was now made ready to sail, and the only thing left to be done was to decide what particular place they should favor with a visit.

After several suggestions had been made, at last a deserter from the Spanish army, who had joined them, came forward with a good idea. He told the pirates that he knew of a town in Cuba named Port-au-Prince, which was situated so far inland that it had never been sacked. When the pirates heard this, they were as delighted as if they had been school-boys

just told of a tree full of ripe apples that had been overlooked by the harvesters.

When the fleet arrived at the nearest harbor Morgan landed his men and marched toward the town, but he did not succeed in making a secret attack, as he had hoped. A Spanish prisoner had let himself drop overboard, and, swimming ashore, had warned the governor of the attack. Thus prepared, this able commander marched a body of soldiers along the road by which the pirates must come, and when he found a suitable spot he built a formidable barricade. Behind this his soldiers were posted with their muskets and their cannon.

But when Morgan came within sight of this barricade, he considered that it would be entirely unnecessary to attempt to disturb this admirable defense, so he marched his men into the woods, led them entirely around the barricade, and came out upon a wide plain before the town.

Here he found that he would have to fight his way into the city, and probably much to his surprise his men were presently charged by a body of cavalry.

The pirates routed the horsemen, and, after a fight of about four hours, took possession of the town. Here they captured a great many prisoners, whom they shut up in the churches, and then sent detachments out into the country to look for those who had run away. Then these utterly debased and cruel men took their usual course after capturing a town: they pillaged, feasted, and rioted. Even when the poor citizens seemed to have given up everything they owned, they were told that if they did not pay two heavy ransoms they would be carried away into slavery, and that their town would be burned.

For two weeks the pirates waited for the unfortunate people to go out into the country and find some of their fellow-citizens who had escaped with a portion of their treasure. In those days people did not keep their wealth in banks as they do now, but every man was the custodian of most of his own possessions, and when they fled from the visitation of an enemy they took with them everything of value that they could carry. Before the citizens returned Morgan made a discovery; a negro was taken

who was carrying letters from the governor of Santiago, a neighboring city, to some of the citizens of Port-au-Prince, telling them not to be in too great a hurry to pay the ransom, because he was coming with a strong force to their assistance. When Morgan read these letters, he changed his mind and thought it would be a wise thing not to stay in that region any longer than could be helped. So he decided not to wait for the unfortunate citizens to collect the heavy ransom he demanded, but told them that if they would furnish him with five hundred head of cattle, and also supply salt and help prepare the meat for shipment, he would make no further demands upon them. This, of course, the citizens were glad enough to do, and the buccaneers sailed away.

Morgan directed the course of the fleet to a small island on which he wished to land in order that they might divide their stealings. But his men were not satisfied with his division. Morgan said the total amount of the booty was about fifty thousand dollars, and when this was divided, many of the men complained that it would not give them enough to pay their debts in Jamaica. They were utterly astonished that after having sacked an entirely fresh town they should have so little; and no doubt many believed that their leader was enriching himself, while he gave his followers barely enough to keep them quiet.

There was, however, another cause of discontent among a large body of the men. It appears that some were fond of marrow-bones, and while they were yet at Port-au-Prince, and the prisoners were salting the meat which was to go on the ships, the buccaneers went about among them and took the marrow-bones, which they cooked and ate while they were fresh. One of the men, a Frenchman, had selected a very fine bone, and had put it by his side to enjoy at his leisure, when an Englishman came along, picked up the bone, and carried it away. The Frenchman challenged the Englishman, who, being a mean scoundrel, unfairly stabbed the Frenchman in the back and killed him.

Now all the Frenchmen in the company rose in furious protest, and Morgan, wishing to pacify them, had the English assassin put in

chains, and promised that he would take him to Jamaica and deliver him to justice. But the Frenchmen declined to be satisfied, and the greater part of them deliberately deserted Morgan, who was obliged to go back to Jamaica with not more than half his regular force.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOW MORGAN MADE HIS PRISONERS USEFUL.

WHEN the Welsh buccaneer started out on another expedition his company consisted entirely of Englishmen, and was not nearly so large as it had been; and when he announced that he meant to attack the fortified town of Porto Bello, on the mainland, there was a general murmuring, for Porto Bello was so strong that the buccaneers did not believe their comparatively small force could take it. But Morgan made a speech and encouraged them. One of his strongest arguments was that as they were but a few, each man's share of the booty would be the larger. This touched the souls of the pirates, who vowed to follow wherever he might take them.

The buccaneers found Porto Bello a hard nut to crack; they landed and marched upon the town, which was defended by several forts or castles. Even when one of these had been captured by assault, and blown up with all its garrison, who had been taken prisoners, still the town was not intimidated. The governor vowed he would never surrender, but would die fighting to the last. In vain the pirates made desperate efforts to capture the principal fort, and Morgan began to despair. The garrison was strong and well commanded, and whenever the pirates attempted to scale the wall they were shot down, or fire-pots full of powder mixed with stones and other missiles were hurled upon them.

At last the wily Morgan had an idea. He set his men to work to make some ladders long enough to reach the top of the walls, and wide enough to allow three or four men to go up abreast. If he could get these properly set up, his crew of desperate tiger-cats could make a combined rush, and get over the walls. But it was not Morgan's plan that his men should lose their lives in setting up these ladders. He had

captured some convents in the suburbs of the town, with a number of nuns and monks, and he now ordered these poor creatures, the women as well as the men, to place the ladders against the walls, believing that the Spanish governor would not allow his soldiers to fire upon these innocent persons.

But the governor was determined to defend the town no matter who had to suffer, and so the soldiers fired at the nuns and the monks just as though they were buccaneers or any other enemies. The poor creatures cried out in terror, and begged their friends not to fire upon them, but the soldiers obeyed the command of the governor, and the pirates were close behind them, and threatening them with their pistols, and so the poor nuns and monks had to press forward, many of them dropping dead or wounded. They continued their work until the ladders were placed, and then over the walls went the pirates with yells and howls of triumph, and it was not long after that the town was taken. The brave governor died fighting in the principal fort, and the citizens and soldiers all united in the most vigorous defense, but it was useless.

When the fighting was over the second act in the horrible drama took place as usual. Before the ransom was paid, the governor of Panama sent a force to the assistance of Porto Bello, but this time the buccaneers did not hastily retreat. Morgan knew of a narrow defile through which the Spanish forces must pass, and there he posted a number of his men, who defended the pass so well that the Spaniards were obliged to retreat. This governor must have been a student of military science; he was utterly astounded when he heard that this pirate leader, with less than four hundred men, had captured the redoubtable town of Porto Bello, defended by a strong garrison and inhabited by citizens who were brave and accustomed to fighting, and being anxious to increase his knowledge of improved methods of warfare, he sent a messenger to Morgan "desiring him to send him some small pattern of those arms wherewith he had taken with such violence so great a city." The pirate leader received the messenger with much courtesy, and sent to the governor a pistol and a few balls, "desiring him to accept that slender pat-

tern of the arms wherewith he had taken Porto Bello, and keep them for a twelvemonth; after which time he promised to come to Panama and fetch them away."

This courteous correspondence was continued by the governor returning the pistol and balls with thanks, and also sending Morgan a handsome gold ring with the message that he need not trouble himself to come to Panama; for if he should he would meet with very different fortune from that which had come to him at Porto Bello.

Morgan put the ring on his finger and postponed his reply, and as soon as the ransom was paid he put his booty on board his ships and departed. When the spoils of Porto Bello came to be counted it was found that they were of great value, and each man received a lordly share.

When Captain Morgan was ready to set out on another expedition he found plenty of pirates ready to join him, and he commanded all the ships and men whom he enlisted rendezvous at a place called the Isle of Cows. A fine, large English ship had recently come to Jamaica from New England, and this vessel also joined Morgan's forces on the island. The pirate leader took it as his own, since it was by far the finest and largest of the fleet.

Besides the ships belonging to Morgan, there was in the harbor a very fine vessel belonging to some French buccaneers, and Morgan desired that this vessel should join him; but the French still cherished hard feelings against the English, and they refused.

Although Morgan was brave, his meanness was equal to his courage, and determining to be revenged upon these Frenchmen, he played a malicious trick upon them. Sometime before, this French vessel, being out of provisions when upon the high seas, had met an English vessel and had taken from her such supplies as it had needed. The captain did not pay for these, being out of money as well as food,—not an uncommon thing among buccaneers,—but he gave the English some notes of exchange payable in Jamaica. As these notes were never honored, the English had never been paid for their provisions.

This affair properly arranged in Morgan's

mind, he sent a very polite note to the captain of the French fleet and some of his officers, inviting them to dine on his own fine vessel. The French accepted the invitation; but when Morgan received them on board his ship, instead of conducting them down to dinner, he began to upbraid them for the manner in which they had treated an English crew, and then he ordered them to be imprisoned in the hold. Greatly elated by this sly vengeance, he and his officers sat down to the grand feast.

The pirates, about to set forth on an important expedition, celebrated the occasion by eating, drinking, firing guns, and all manner of riotous hilarity. In the midst of the wild festivities a spark of fire got into the powder-magazine, nobody knew how, and the ship blew up, sending three hundred English sailors, and the French prisoners, high into the air. The only persons on board who escaped death were Morgan and his officers, who were in the cabin close to the stern of the vessel and at some distance from the magazine.

This terrible accident threw the pirate fleet into great confusion for a time, but Morgan soon recovered himself, and casting about to see what was the best thing to be said, he took the ground that the French prisoners had thrown a lighted match into the magazine, wishing thus to revenge themselves even at the cost of their own lives. The people of the French ship bitterly protested, but it availed nothing. Morgan sprang upon them and their ship, and sent them to Jamaica, where, upon his false charge, they were shut up in prison and so remained for a long time.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ROBBING THE ALREADY ROBBED.

MORGAN'S destination was the isle of Savona, near which a great Spanish fleet was expected to pass, and here he hoped to make some rich prizes. But when he arrived at Savona he found at least one half of his men and ships had not arrived. With his small force he could not set out to attack a Spanish fleet, therefore he was glad to accept the suggestion made to him by a man who had been with L'Olonnois two years before, when that bloody pirate had

sacked the towns of Maracaibo and Gibraltar; he had made himself perfectly familiar with the fortifications and defenses of these towns, and he told Morgan that it would be easy to take them. Although Morgan could not go to these towns with the expectation of reaping a full harvest, he might at least gather an aftermath that would pay him for his trouble.

So away sailed this horde of ravenous scoundrels for Maracaibo and Gibraltar. Landing in the night, they marched on one of the forts. Here the career of Morgan came very near closing forever. The Spaniards had discovered the approach of the pirates, and this fort had been converted into a great trap in which the citizens hoped to capture and destroy the pirate leader and his men. Everybody had left the fort, the gates were open, and a slow match communicating with the powder-magazine had been lighted just before the last Spaniard had left.

But the wisest of rats would be less difficult to entrap than was the wily Morgan. When he entered the open gates of the fort and found everything in perfect order, he suspected a trick, and looking about him, he soon saw the smoldering match. Instantly he made a dash at it, seized it, and extinguished the fire. Had this discovery been delayed a few minutes longer, he and his men would have been blown to pieces along with the fort.

Then the pirates pressed on toward the town, but they met with no resistance. The Spaniards, having failed to blow up their dreaded enemies, had left the town, retreating into the surrounding country. The triumphant pirates spread themselves everywhere.

For three weeks Morgan and his men held Maracaibo. To tell of the cruelties which they inflicted upon the people whom they dragged from their hiding-places would do only harm. When they could do no more evil they sailed away up the lake for Gibraltar. When Morgan arrived there he found it also entirely deserted.

The pirates undertook the most difficult expeditions to find the people and their treasures, and although they obtained much booty they met with many misfortunes. Some were drowned in swollen streams, and others lost much of their stolen property by rains and storms.

At last, having closed his vile proceedings in the ordinary pirate fashion by threatening to burn the town if he were not paid a ransom, Morgan thought it time to depart; for if the Spaniards should collect a sufficient force at Maracaibo to keep him from getting out of the lake, he might be caught in a trap. The ransom was partly paid and partly promised, and Morgan and his men departed, carrying with them some hostages.

When Morgan and his fleet arrived at Maracaibo they found the town still deserted, but they also discovered that they were caught in the trap they had feared and out of which they saw no way of escaping. Three large men-of-war now lay in the channel below the town which led from the lake into the sea. And, more than this, the castle which defended the entrance to the lake, and which the pirates had found empty when they arrived, was well manned and supplied with a great many cannon, so that for once in their lives these wicked buccaneers were almost discouraged. Their little ships could not stand against the men-of-war, and in any case they could not pass the castle.

But in the midst of these disheartening circumstances the pirate leader showed what a blustering rogue he was; for, instead of admitting his discomfiture and trying to make terms with the Spaniards, he sent a letter to the admiral of the ships, in which he stated that if he was not allowed a free passage out to sea he would burn every house in Maracaibo. To this insolent threat the Spanish admiral replied in a long letter, in which he told Morgan that if he attempted to leave the lake he would fire upon his ships, and, if necessary, follow them out to sea until not a stick should be left. But in the great magnanimity of his soul he declared that he would allow Morgan to sail away freely, provided he would deliver all the booty he had captured, together with the prisoners and slaves, and promise to go home and abandon buccaneering forever. If he declined these terms the admiral declared he would come up the channel in boats filled with his soldiers and put every pirate to the sword.

When Morgan received this letter he called his men together in the public square of the

town and asked them what they would do, and when these fellows heard that they were asked to give up all their booty, they unanimously voted that they would perish rather than do such an unmanly thing as that. So it was agreed that they would fight their way out or die there.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A TIGHT PLACE FOR MORGAN.

AT this important crisis again turned up the man with an idea; this was an inventive buccaneer who proposed to Morgan that they should take a medium-sized ship which they had captured at the other end of the lake and make a fire-ship of her, fitting her up like one of the pirate vessels so that the Spaniards would try to capture her.

Morgan was pleased with this plan, and the fire-ship was prepared. Pitch, tar, and brimstone were put on board of her, together with other combustibles. On the deck were placed logs of wood, which were dressed up in coats and hats to look like men, and by their sides were muskets and cutlasses. Portholes were made, and in these were placed other logs to represent cannon. The rest of the fleet was made ready, the valuables and prisoners and slaves were put on board, and they all sailed boldly down toward the Spanish vessels, the fire-ship in front.

When the Spanish admiral saw this insignificant fleet approaching he made ready to sink it to the bottom, and when the leading vessel made its way directly toward his own ship, as if with the impudent intention of boarding her, he did not fire at her, but let her come on. The few pirates on board the fire-ship ran her up against the side of the great man-of-war, and after making her fast and applying their matches, they slipped overboard and swam to one of their own vessels before the Spaniards had an idea what had happened. The fire-ship was all ablaze, and as the flames quickly spread the large vessel took fire, and the people on board had scarcely time to get out of her before she sank.

The commander of one of the other ships was so much frightened by what had occurred in so short a space of time that he ran his ves-

sel aground and wrecked her, her men jumping out into the water and making for the land. As for the other ship, the pirates boldly attacked her and captured her; and as she was a very fine vessel, Morgan left his own small vessel, in which he had been commanding his fleet, and took possession of her. Thus, in a short time, the Spaniards had no ships at all and Morgan was in command of a fine vessel, in which he led his triumphant fleet.

Morgan and his men spent days in trying to recover the money and plate which were on board the sunken Spanish ships, although they had not the slightest idea how they were to pass the castle and get away with the plunder. When the wrecks had been stripped of everything of value the time came for demanding a ransom for not burning the town and hanging the prisoners; and as the poor citizens knew very well what they might expect, they sent word to the admiral, who had escaped to the castle, begging him to accede to the demands of Morgan and to let the wretched pirates go. But the admiral, Don Alonzo, was a thorough-bred Spaniard, and he would listen to no such cowardly suggestion. He would consent to no ransom being paid, and on no account would he allow the pirates to pass the channel. The citizens, however, who knew what was good for them, raised the money and paid the ransom in coin and cattle, and Morgan declared that if the admiral would not let him out of the lake he would have to attend to the matter himself.

But before he made another bold stroke against the enemy his stingy and suspicious spirit urged him to defend himself against his friends, and before endeavoring to leave he ordered a division of the spoils. The booty from every ship was brought on board his big, fine vessel, and every man was obliged to prove that he had not kept back any money or jewels. The value of the plunder was very great, and when it had been divided, according to the scale which Morgan had adopted, the pirate leader felt safer.

The question of getting away was a very serious one; the greater part of his fleet consisted of small vessels which could not defy the guns of the fort, and Morgan was obliged to

fall back upon his own brains; therefore, he planned a trick.

When everything had been prepared for departure Morgan anchored his fleet at a distance from the castle, but not so far away that the Spaniards could not observe his movements. Then he loaded some boats with armed men, and had them rowed ashore on the side of the channel on which the castle stood. The boats landed behind a little wood, and there the men, instead of getting out, crouched closely down in the bottom of the boats so that they should not be seen. Then the boats, apparently empty, were rowed back to the pirate ships, and in a short time, again full of men sitting upright, with their muskets and cutlasses, they went to the shore and soon afterward returned apparently empty as before.

This performance was repeated over and over again until the people in the castle were convinced that Morgan was putting his men on shore in order to make a land attack upon the rear of the castle during the night. But the Spanish admiral thought he was not to be caught by any such clumsy stratagem as that, and therefore, in great haste, he had his big cannon moved to the land side of the fort, and posted there the greater part of his garrison in order that when the pirates made their assault in the dead of the night they would meet with a reception for which they had not bargained.

When it was dark and the tide began to run out the pirate vessels weighed anchor and they all drifted down toward the castle.

But the Spaniards did not perceive the approach of the drifting fleet, for they were intrepidly waiting at the back of the castle to make it very hot for the pirates when they should arrive. Slowly past the great walls of the fort drifted the fleet of the buccaneers, and then, at a signal, every vessel hoisted its sails, and with a good wind sailed rapidly toward the open sea. The last pirate vessel had scarcely passed the fort when the Spaniards discovered what was going on, and in great haste they rolled their cannon back to the water side of the fort and began firing furiously, but it was of no use.

The pirates sailed on until they were out of danger, and then they anchored and arranged

for putting on shore the greater number of their prisoners, who were only an encumbrance to them. Then, as a parting insult, Morgan fired seven or eight of his largest guns at the castle, whose humiliated occupants did not reply by a single shot.

In order to understand what thoroughly contemptible scoundrels these pirates were, it may be stated that when Morgan and his men reached Jamaica, after a good deal of storm and trouble on the way, they found there many of their comrades who had not been able to join them at their rendezvous at Savona. These unfortunate fellows, who had not known where Morgan had gone and were unable to join him, in endeavoring to do some piratical business of their own, had had very little luck and a great many misfortunes. Morgan's men, with their pockets full of money, jeered and sneered at their poor comrades who had had such hard times, and, without any thought of sharing with them the least portion of their own vile gains, they treated them with contempt and derision.

The buccaneer, Captain Henry Morgan, was now a very great personage; but with his next expedition, which was a very important one, and in its extent resembled warfare rather than piracy, we shall have little to do, because his exploits in this case were not performed on our Atlantic coasts, but over the isthmus, on the shores of the Pacific.

Morgan raised a great fleet, carrying a little army of two thousand men, and with this he made his way to the other side of the isthmus and attacked the city of Panama, which, of course, he captured. His terrible deeds at this place resembled those which he performed after the capture of the smaller towns which we have been considering, except that they were on a scale of greater magnitude. Nearly the whole of the town of Panama was burned, and the excesses, cruelties, and pillages of the conquerors were something almost without parallel.

Before marching overland to Panama, Morgan had recaptured the island of St. Catherine, which was a very valuable station for his purposes, and had also taken the castle of Chagres on the mainland, near by; and on his return from the conquest and pillage of the unfortu-

nate city he and his forces gathered together at Chagres in order to divide the spoils.

Now came great dissatisfaction and trouble; many of the buccaneers loudly declared that Morgan was taking for himself everything that was really valuable, and, indeed, the sum of about two hundred dollars apiece was all that Morgan's men received after the pillage of a very rich town.

The murmurings against Morgan became louder and more frequent, and at last that wily Welshman, silently and quietly one night, in his large ship, sailed away for Jamaica, followed by only a few other vessels containing some of his favored companions.

But the other pirates could not follow—Morgan had taken great care that this should not happen. Their ships were out of order, and they had been left very short of provisions and of ammunition.

Poor Esquemeling, the literary pirate, was one of those who were left behind, and in his doleful state he made the following reflection, which we quote from his book:

Captain Morgan left us all in such a miserable condition as might serve for a lively representation of what rewards attend wickedness at the latter end of life. Whence we ought to have learned how to regulate and amend our actions for the future.

After Morgan had safely reached Jamaica with all his booty, the idea renewed itself in his mind of returning to St. Catherine, fortifying the place, and putting it in complete order, and then occupying it as a station for all pirates, with himself the supreme governor and king of the buccaneers. But before he had completed his arrangements for doing this there was a change in the affairs at Jamaica; the king of England, having listened to the complaints of the Spanish crown, recalled the former governor and put him on trial to answer for the manner in which he had allowed the island to be used by the pirates for their wicked purposes against a friendly nation, and sent a new governor with orders to allow no buccaneers in Jamaica, and in every way to suppress piracy in those parts.

Not long afterward Morgan saw that his present business was likely to become a very undesirable one, and he accordingly determined

to give it up. Having brutally pillaged and most cruelly treated the Spaniards as long as he was able to do so, and having cheated and defrauded his friends and companions to the utmost extent possible, he made up his mind to reform, and a more thoroughly base and contemptible reformed scoundrel was never seen on the face of the earth.

Morgan was now a rich man, and he lost no time in becoming very respectable. He endeavored to win favor with the new governor, and was so successful that when that official was obliged to return to England on account of his health, he left the ex-pirate in charge of the affairs of the island in the capacity of deputy-governor. More than this, King Charles, who apparently had heard of Morgan's great bravery and ability, and had not cared to listen to anything else about him,

knighted him, and this preëminent and inhuman water-thief became Sir Henry Morgan.

In his new official capacity Morgan was very severe upon his former associates, and when any of them were captured and brought before him, he condemned some to be imprisoned and some to be hung, and in every way apparently endeavored to break up the unlawful business of buccaneering.

About this time John Esquemeling betook himself to Europe with all possible despatch. He got away safely and he wrote his book.

Even during the time that he was deputy-governor, Morgan was suspected of sharing in the gains of some buccaneers at the same time that he punished others; and after the death of Charles II. he was sent to England and imprisoned. What eventually became of him we do not know.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE NORTH POLE LAND.

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

Oh, the North Pole Land! The North Pole Land!—  
 With its wondrous, whitened midnight and its glowing, swirling band;  
     Where the snow-flake fairies dwell,  
     And no human foot e'er fell;  
     It is only in our dreaming  
     We can see the fitful gleaming  
 Of the stately, icy castles in the North Pole Land.

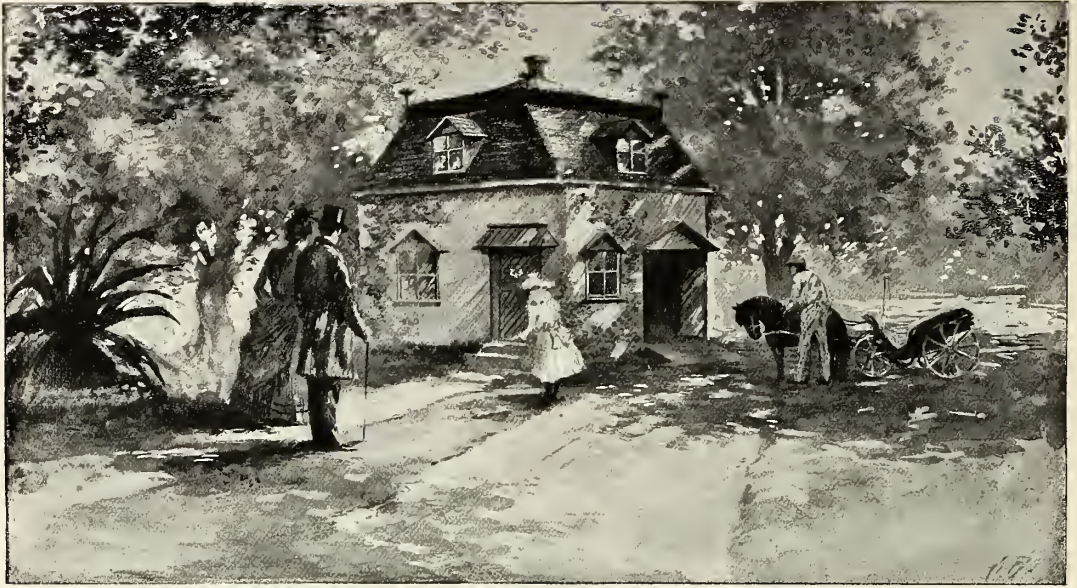
Oh, the North Pole Land! The North Pole Land!—  
 Where, by shining stars in heaven, a silent world is spanned;  
     Till, again, the snow-flakes fall,  
     Sing and whisper, sigh and call,  
     And a sudden, icy laughter  
     Follows clinking, tinkling after,  
 And there 's strange, unearthly music in the North Pole Land.

Oh, the North Pole Land! The North Pole Land!—  
 Who can picture all the splendors where the crowding icebergs stand?  
     Of its beauty who can tell?  
     For, to feel its mighty spell  
     You must see it, in the night-time—  
     Down the dream-ways of the night-time—  
 Oh, the shining, icy castles of the North Pole Land!





"IN THE NORTH POLE LAND."



“A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOUSE HAD BEEN BUILT IN THE YARD.”

## DENISE AND NED TODDLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[*Begun in the March number.*]

### CHAPTER IV.

#### HOW DENISE AND NED SET UP HOUSEKEEPING.

ON the way home Denise felt as if she must shout and sing for very joy. It was simply a physical impossibility to keep still, when the prospect of meeting Ned Toodles was so near at hand; and her fellow-travelers smiled from sheer sympathy when they caught sight of her happy face and heard the incessant chatter of the excited little maid.

As the train drew into the station, Denise's eyes swept the driveway at one glance.

“Oh! I see him! I see him!” she shouted; “John has brought him to meet me!” and she almost plunged headlong upon the platform.

Sure enough, there was little Mr. Ned, as perky as ever, with both ears pointing forward to hear her voice, which he at once recognized and answered with a loud and joyous neigh.

Such a happy meeting! It was difficult to tell which was the happier, Denise or Ned, for

he whinnied and snorted and “hoo-hoed,” and made all sorts of remarkable sounds. He put his head first on one and then on the other side of Denise's face. It was plain that he wished her to know that he had not forgotten her.

Little did Denise dream of what had happened during her absence, or what a delightful surprise awaited her at the end of the drive.

The first thing that caught Denise's eye as she drove into their own pretty grounds was a beautiful little house that had been built in the yard near the stable. A pretty little French-roofed affair it was, with a window on every side both upstairs and down, and two doors, one of which looked very like the front door of a house, and the other decidedly like a stable-door.

“Now, whatever can that be?” thought she. “Surely it can't be for John and his family, for it is n't big enough for them. Why have they built that funny little house in our grounds?”

Meanwhile her father and mother had left their carriage and had walked over to this remarkable house; so Denise drove over to them, for a branch road from the main driveway led

most invitingly to it. On the door was a little brass plate, and upon it was engraved :

MISS DENISE LOMBARD AND MR. NED TOODLES.
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“Papa,” exclaimed Denise, “you’ve had a play-house built for Ned and me! Oh! oh! oh! was *ever* anything so sweet!” and she spun around in a perfect ecstasy.

“May we walk into your parlor?” asked Mama. “Here’s the key.” Denise took it as if it were something that might vanish if roughly handled, and opened the door.

She stood transfixed upon the threshold, too astounded to go further. The front door opened into a little room fitted up like a dining-room. On the hard-wood floor lay a pretty rug, upon which stood the dolls’ extension-table, with table-cloth and dishes all laid for dinner. In one corner stood Aunt Helen’s present, the little sideboard, which had been sent on with the other luggage a few days before.

Two chairs stood beside it — chairs that had never been made for big people, although quite strong enough to hold them, if necessary.

A door from this room led to another just beyond, which was evidently the kitchen, for there stood the little cooking-stove, and in it crackled and snapped a fire of charcoal, while a little coal-hod stood beside it, filled with fuel to keep the stove well supplied.

Poker, shovel, and holder were handy by, on the hooks; and upon shelves stood all the things needed in a complete kitchen. The table stood waiting to be used, and even the tiny kitchen-apron was not forgotten.

As soon as she could move, Denise rushed from one thing to another, nearly beside herself with excitement, while the authors of this charming plan stood reaping their reward for all the thought and care spent upon the happiness of their little girl.

“You precious, precious Moddie!” cried Denise, throwing her arms about her mother’s neck; “you did all this for me, and I don’t know how I’m ever to thank you hard enough!”

“But, darling,” said Mama, as she unwound the little arms, “it was not *I* alone. You must

let dear Papa and Miss Alcott share the thanks, for it took all three to bring about this pleasure for you. Papa thought of one part, I another; and when we read ‘Little Men’ this winter, Aunt Jo’s kitchen for Daisy and Nan suggested this one for you. And I want my little girl to use hers as carefully and wisely as they used theirs, and to become as skilful a little cook; and Ned Toodles is to be your company, for he is close by. Now, dear, open this door, and find out to what it leads.”

## CHAPTER V.

### GENTLEMAN NED’S QUARTERS.

DENISE crossed the kitchen, and opening the door, found herself in a complete miniature stable. Before her stood the phaëton, and also a new wagon of the sort called a “depot-wagon.” It had two seats, and was certainly built for service. Just beyond was a big closet with a glass door, through which could be seen the harness, the blankets, and a shining new collar to be used with the depot-wagon.

There, too, hung the saddle and bridle, and a dozen other things necessary for a well-bred and self-respecting pony. At the further side of the room were two dainty box-stalls — one, with two wooden bars across, for a day-stall; the other with a door balanced by heavy weights so that it would raise and lower like a window-sash. The bars on the day-stall were held in place by wooden pegs, which fact led to serious mischief a few months later.

The weights that balanced the door of the night-stall hung down on the inside; and the door was as easily raised and lowered as a well-hung window. Directly in the center a hole had been cut in which to place the hand to raise the door; and peeping through that hole Denise saw a big, brown eye, while through the door came the unspellable sound horses make when they welcome you — “Hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo!” It meant, as plainly as words could have said it, “I want to come out.”

While Denise had been admiring her play-house, John had unharnessed Ned, and tucked him safely away; for he was more than anxious that all should be in proper shape to receive the little mistress’s first visit.

"Hush!" whispered Denise. "Let 's make believe we don't hear him."

Presently a great bang, banging began; for, failing to attract his share of attention by snorting, Ned decided to resort to more active measures, and set about slamming the weights against the side of his stall by poking them with his saucy little nose.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Denise. "He will bang the door down!" and she flew to open it.

Out walked the young scamp, as serenely as though slamming weights about had never entered his head.

Stopping for a moment to take a good look at his guests, he decided that they were his friends, that this was his own domicile, and that the bin of oats was his own property.

Walking over to it, he proceeded to get at the contents by calmly raising the lid with his teeth, and then prepared to eat his fill.

"Well," said Papa, "you *are* a young fellow of resources. When did you learn *that* trick?"

"Faith," said John, "he 'll just be afther doin' that iviry chance he gets; and he *niver* has to *learn* anything. He knows it alriddy."

"Well, we can't have him up to such pranks, or he will eat till he kills himself. John, you must put a fastening on this bin. And *you*," he added, as he dragged Ned away by his forelock, "just toddle back to your stall!"

But Master Ned had no notion of being shut up in his stall again, and with a saucy shake of his head and funny little jumps, he went straight over to the barrel of soft feed which stood beside the pail of water, and lifting off the lid, plunged his nose into the meal, which flew in all directions.

It was funny beyond words to watch the sagacious little pony.

"I declare he is worse than a monkey!" cried Papa, as he made a second dive for the marauder.

When at last he was safely bestowed in his day-stall, he promptly turned his back upon his visitors, and acted as if he would have nothing further to say to them.

"John," said Papa, as they were about to leave the stable, "I think you had better have combination locks put on everything, and then we shall be safe — at least till Ned Toodles learns the combination."

Returning to the play-house, they mounted the pretty staircase that led up aloft, and came to a little bedroom with all Denise's furniture and dollies. Off this was a small room in which were placed her various toys and treasures. A partition divided this from the "upstairs" which belonged to Ned's side, and Denise said it was a mercy that he had not learned to climb steps during their absence, or he would dispose of the provisions stowed away for him here.

"Am I really to play here and have it all for my very own?" asked Denise, as if it were too delightful to be true, and must hold some conditions to make it really, truly hers.

"It is really your very own, my pet," said Papa. "Mama and I have done this because you have always given us both that which we would rather receive than all the costly gifts you could find — cheerful obedience. It was hard to leave the new pet last fall, we know, and we were both grieved to compel you to do so, but you did so without a murmur; and we chose this way to prove how much we appreciated it."

Denise's eyes filled with tears, and she clung tightly to the dear ones whom she loved so tenderly, feeling that her reward was more than she merited.

But the sunshine soon came back, and was all the brighter for the tender little shower.

So there was the complete little play-house, and next door was the tiny stable which held the dearest little playfellow one could desire.

Of course the other pets had to be visited before Denise could tear herself away long enough to go into the big house to lay aside her belongings.

All were happy to welcome her home, and each showed joy in its own peculiar manner. Tan, the goat, bleated and licked her hand. Sailor, the Newfoundland, threatened to upset her at every step by rubbing against her and getting under her feet. The pussies purred and mewed and jumped into her lap and on her shoulder. Even the bunnies seemed to realize that their little mistress had come home, and all came hurrying up to the fence when she called to them, their ears flapping and noses wriggling in bunny fashion.

John had to answer at least fifty questions regarding the condition and behavior of the

family, and was never weary extolling their exemplary conduct—especially Ned's, for Toodles, he declared, was "the best and jolliest little baste he iver had the curryin' of.

"Wud ye belave it, he larnt how to turn on

At last the excitement subsided, and all went indoors. Papa said he believed the arrival of a circus could not have caused a greater commotion, and certainly no circus could have had a pony who could learn more cleverly than lit-



"FUNNIEST OF ALL WERE THE DINNERS GIVEN TO NED, TAN, AND THE DOGS."

the wather-spigot when the hose-poipe is on; and may I be bate if he don't take the ind of the poipe in his mouth and dhrink like a sojer! Come now till ye see him"; and he led the way into the stable.

After fastening on the short hose-pipe, he let it lie on the floor, and then went over to Ned's stall and took down the bars. Out came the small atom of horseflesh, and walking over to the hydrant, turned the little handle that started the water running. When it came flowing out at the end of the hose he deliberately picked up the spout with his teeth and sucked away till he had all he wanted, when he let the hose fall and marched back to his stall. Shouts of laughter from all greeted this performance, and Ned seemed quite gratified.

tle Mr. Ned, although his training had but just begun, as later events and association with his bright and original little mistress proved.

## CHAPTER VI.

### COOKING, HOUSEKEEPING, AND "POKEY."

How am I ever to tell all that took place that spring? I don't believe I can remember one half, and if I could, I doubt whether the lads and lassies who read this would think it true. But they must; for, if they wish, they can go to that town and see the very house where it all happened.

The old apple trees still stand there, and I dare say the blossoms are just as sweet as they were that spring when they showered white

flakes on Denise as she sat beneath them in her hammock, or climbed up into the branches where John had nailed seats and fastened a box, all nicely covered with oilcloth, to hold her books and treasures safe from wind and rain.

Of course the lessons filled the mornings from nine to one o'clock till vacation came in June; but the afternoons were given up to Ned and the "Bird's Nest," as the play-house was named.

Every Saturday morning Mama donned a big gingham apron and went out to the Nest to give lessons in cooking; for this delightful play had been planned not wholly for amusement, but that Denise might learn in the pleasantest way imaginable how to become a skilful little cook. And, years after, she often had cause to thank the good, thoughtful mother who so wisely combined lessons and pleasure that one forgot all about the labor, and saw only the fun. So bread was baked, and biscuits were made, although the latter might at first have served for bullets, had such been required. But that occurred only when the pretended "Bridget" forgot so trifling a matter as baking powder. Then there were cakes that rose nearly to the top of the oven, and pies that smelt so deliciously that they caused old Sailor to act as Denise's devoted attendant till she had to drive him off by threats with the rolling-pin.

It was funny to see the serious way in which she went about her housekeeping. No staid old housekeeper ever felt weightier responsibility than Denise found in the care of this tiny house; for besides the cooking-lessons, there were sweeping, dusting, bed-making, and mending to be learned. People who keep house properly, and have families on their hands, have, of course, to know all these things.

Funniest of all were the dinners given to Ned, Tan, and the dogs. After some delectable mess had been prepared, the table was set, and the viands were placed thereon. Then Denise would whistle, and in would walk Master Ned, followed by old Tan.

In they would come; and Denise, leading first one and then the other to his place at the table, would admonish them not to touch a thing till she helped them. Nor would they, although they looked with longing eyes at the cakes and other tempting things, and Sailor

and Beauty stood beside her, with tongues fairly lolling out of their mouths.

Then Denise would place something on each little plate, and when *that* point was reached animal forbearance could stand it no longer, and the dainty would vanish in one gulp. The articles of diet which found their way down those animals' throats I should n't dare name.

To see the little girl seated at her table in her tiny dining-room, with a shaggy black pony standing at one end, a big tan-colored goat at the other, and a dog at either hand, made a picture which still dwells in the minds of many of the neighbors who often came to witness the funny spectacle. To this day her very original and remarkable performances are talked of, and amusing tales are told of this peculiar child whose parents sanctioned such extraordinary conduct so long as the lessons were never neglected and absolute obedience given them in return for any happiness they could give to her.

Although utterly unselfish, Denise usually liked best to play alone with her pets. Her intense love for them seemed to give her a keener understanding of animals' natures than children usually feel, and she and they had a common language.

While other children might not be actually unkind to them, they sometimes could not resist teasing them a little; and that was more than Denise could tolerate. In Denise their confidence was boundless; but, at the same time, they understood that they must obey her, and her word could always guide or control them. So, with the exception of a few young friends who sometimes came, and a little girl from Brooklyn who visited her every summer, she rarely had other playmates than her four-footed ones, and was as happy as the day was long, and sang like a lark from morning till night. But she and the city friend, who were probably as unlike as two children well could be, always got on capitally together, and the date of her arrival was eagerly looked forward to. The welcome was invariably a warm one, and the wildest pranks were reserved for her visit. So no wonder that Denise should count the days that must pass before July could come and bring with it her beloved "Pokey," for by this name, which fitted her so exactly, the boon

companion was called. None could have suited her better, for she was never quite ready for anything; and breakfast, luncheon, and dinner always found her just a little behind time, but invariably amiable.

Pokey was a thin slip of a girl with big blue eyes, light brown hair which fell far below her waist, and delicate, nervous features, and an expression that appealed to all, as it always seemed asking for affection, and rarely failed to win it, despite her sensitive nerves and many blunders. For Pokey certainly was a blunderer. How she ever managed to survive her many mishaps, no one ever attempted to guess, but accepted it as a matter of course that Pokey would come out all right, somehow.

But July, like March, came at last; and, one bright, sunny afternoon, Denise drove to the depot to welcome her beloved Pokey. No princess could have felt greater pride than Denise, as she sat in her pretty little phaëton, awaiting the arrival of the train.

Ned was looking his best, for John had brushed and groomed him until he shone like satin, and his little owner, dressed in a dainty white gown, with blue sash, and blue feathers bobbing on a big white straw hat, lovingly greeted the astonished Pokey when Papa assisted her from the train.

After a rapturous meeting, Pokey was comfortably established in the phaëton, and Denise's pent-up feelings found vent in holding forth upon the innumerable good qualities of Ned. "Is n't he just all I wrote about him, and lots more?" she asked.

"Yes, he is sweet; but does he always go so fast and bounce about so much?" asked Pokey, whose experience with ponies in general

was very limited. She had some misgivings about the conduct of this particular one.

"Bounce!" exclaimed Denise. "You don't call *that* bouncing, do you? Why, he is n't going fast *now*. Shall I make him, just to show you how well he *can* trot?"

"Mercy, *no!*" cried Pokey; for the ground seemed fairly to fly under them, and she fancied that Ned had a particularly mischievous sort of gait.

"Would you like to drive him a little way?" asked Denise, a moment later. "He has a lovely mouth, and you can guide him with the slightest touch."

"Drive him!" cried Pokey, in dismay. "I would n't drive him — not for — not for — well — pounds of candy! You must drive *always*; and don't you *ever* get out of the carriage and leave me in it, or I shall have a fit, right off!"

Denise's laugh rang out sweet and clear, and Papa called back from the big carriage to know if the fun had already commenced.

"Oh, yes; you will learn to drive, too. By and by you will get so fond of him that you will love him as dearly as I do."

"Maybe," was the skeptical reply; "but I don't believe I'll *ever* drive him." And she never did, but was perfectly content to sit quietly beside Denise and enjoy it all in her own subdued way.

These were blissful days for Pokey, and all the rest of the year was as a blank compared to the time spent in the country with the friends who always had such a warm welcome for her, and were so quick to appreciate her truly lovable character that with them all that was sweetest in their little visitor was drawn forth as sunshine draws the perfume from the violet.

(To be continued.)

## A DAFFODIL'S SERMON.

"OH Daffy-down-dilly, the air is so chilly,  
How can you keep warm, you bright  
little thing?"

"Oh, is it so chilly?" said Daffy-down-dilly;  
"I thought it was warm, for you know it  
is spring.

"If *I* should once shiver, the lilies would  
quiver;

The birds then would see us, and they  
would not sing.

My *heart* is not chilly," said Daffy-down-dilly,  
"And that is the reason I think it is spring."

M. M. C.

## AN EASTER SNOW-STORM.

(*A story of Russian life, founded on fact.*)

BY P. KITTY KOUDACHEFF.

It was a dull, lead-colored morning in March. The snow still covered the ground, and the small village of Viska lay cozily wrapped in its soft white covering, as if fast asleep.

fuel, piled up the fire, and grumbled at what they called a "White Easter." It was the end of Holy Week, and most Russian housewives were busily employed baking, roasting, dyeing

eggs, and generally preparing for the great feast. For in Russia, during the seven weeks of Lent, a severe fasting is strictly observed — that is, an abstinence from all but fish and vegetable products, even butter being forbidden; and it is the custom to prepare a great treat wherewith to greet Easter, or the Great Day, as it is generally called in Southern or Small Russia.

There were busy hands in every house in Viska on that Friday morning in Lent; even the small children helped. What with running errands, washing the raisins, dyeing the eggs crimson, purple, and yellow — what with getting the dye all over their hands and faces, and then scrubbing each other clean again, there was a great deal of work to be got through, both for great and small. Widow Smirnof alone seemed to be idle. Her cleanly swept hearth showed no sign of either baking or cooking, and she seemed making ready to go on some distant errand. Her sheepskin coat, tightly bound with a green sash around her waist, her thick felt top-boots on, she was just in the act of slinging a large



"MOTHER AND SON WERE TRUDGING BRAVELY THROUGH THE SNOW."

Some croakers, casting dubious glances eastward up at the sky, and presaging a heavy fall of snow, looked to their cattle, brought in more

bundle over her arm, when Maxim, her rosy-cheeked, five-year-old boy, ventured one last appeal that he might accompany her.



“Oh, mother, do take me with you! I can walk ten *versts*\* quite easily in my little felt boots. I promise not to get tired, and I ’d feel so lonely all by myself without you.”

“But, *goloubtchick* [little dove], you will not be alone. You will spend the day at neighbor Petroff’s. You will help them with the eggs, and I ’ll be back by night.”

“No, no, mother; I cannot stay. They all tease me, and ask why I do not color my own eggs, and why we are so poor. And they want to know what you have baked and prepared for the Great Day; and — and —” tears were glistening in the big brown eyes, and the poor mother felt very sorry for his childish trouble — “and you know, mamma, if I go with you, we can pass the night at good old Trina’s, and start early to-morrow for home, and be here in time to get all the good things ready; and I should be so happy — so happy!”

The pleading eyes were looking up into hers, and the mother’s heart was melted.

“Well, then, by spending the night at Trina’s I suppose you could manage the ten *versts*, little boy. So get on your things, and we ’ll start out at once.” †

A quarter of an hour later, mother and son were trudging bravely through the snow, and out of the village, along the straight white road, edged here and there by deep ditches. They just stopped a moment on their way out to say a few words to old Stepan.

“Oh, ho! so the youngster goes with you to-day, neighbor?” said he. “Won’t it be too much for his short legs?”

“We ’ll stay at Mirgorod over night, Stepan, and be back by to-morrow noon. Be sure you have those eggs and things ready against the time we pass.”

“All right, Dame. By the bye, I shall possibly be going to Mirgorod myself to-morrow morning, so I can give you a lift home in my sleigh. Good-day to you, and good luck selling your *boublicks*!”

Now, the contents of the bundle carried by Widow Smirnoff would have surprised young Americans if they had seen it. It was a quantity

of hard-baked biscuits, or rather bread, shaped like rings about the size of large bracelets, and strung, some ten or twelve together, on bits of yarn. Of these giant necklaces she carried some two or three dozen, carefully wrapped up in a clean white cloth. These boublicks are a very popular accompaniment to tea; and though they are far and widely known, it is not every one who can make them the right way.

I have but a vague idea concerning their manufacture, and all I know is that they are made without any leaven, and first boiled in water and then baked, which gives them a crisp exterior, and insures their remaining fresh and good to eat for a whole fortnight.

It is quite a specialty, knowing how to make them; and Widow Smirnoff possessed this knowledge to a high degree. Her boublicks were renowned far and near; and since her husband’s death she had baked and sold them, and, with an odd job now and then, she was living and bringing up her little boy on the earnings of this industry. For she was very poor. She was not of the village where they lived, but had settled there with her husband when Maxim was but a baby — the husband working as farm laborer; and when he died she had stayed on and on, renting a small cottage, selling her boublicks, and trying hard to earn enough money to take her and her child back to her own distant home on the Volga.

That is why there was no baking nor cooking going on at their home, and why she was trudging toward Mirgorod, a small garrison-town, — rather village than town, — with her bundle over her arm. The officers and men were her chief customers; but the winter had been so severe this year that she had not been able to walk over very often: so her purse was empty, and unless this time she sold her whole stock, little Maxim would have to do without his Easter treat.

On and on they walked, the boy insisting on helping his mother, and carrying a string or two of boublicks slung over his shoulder. Sometimes he would beg her to hold them a minute, while he slapped his hands together

\* A *verst* is nearly two thirds of a mile.

† Small peasant children often travel more than thirty *versts*, or twenty miles, a day, when accompanying their parents on some long journey.

till he made the fingers tingle; and then, bravely taking his load up again, and holding on to his mother's sheepskin, he would babble away, in his gay, childish fashion, of all he would be and do when he grew up to be a man.

They had been walking for a long time, it seemed to Maxim, but he was not tired — not he! He only wondered why his mother had suddenly become silent; why she was forever looking up to the sky, with an anxious expression on her face; and why she took hold of his hand and held it so tight. Then it began to snow; and it snowed in such a funny, crazy sort of way, Maxim thought. It first blew into his face; then from behind; then again it seemed snowing from down below, the flakes flying up his nose and making him sneeze,—and all the while his mother's hand closed tighter and tighter over his small fingers.

"I can't see my way, mother," said he, at last. "The snow is coming from all sides at once; and you know, dear, I am not really *tired* a bit, but I should so like to take just a wee bit of rest. I think I should walk quicker after, if I did."

The widow did not answer, but, stooping down, she took her boy in her arms, and silently plodded on through the ever-thickening snow-storm. She did not seem to mind the added weight, but hurried on. Little Maxim's head gradually bent lower and lower, till it lay at last on her shoulder.

"Thank you, mother; this is good. I shall be all right in a minute, for I am not really *tired*, only just a little bit sleepy," he said.

And still she hurried on. She must be near her journey's end, surely! They had been walking three hours at least, and the steeple of Mirgorod would probably have been in view were it not for the storm. She could not have missed her way; she knew it so well, and besides, were there not ditches nearly all along the road? True, the snow was blowing furiously into her face, but still she could not have passed over the ditch without falling in.

On and on she plodded. The wind grew ever fiercer; the snow was whirling and drifting, then flying high up from the ground again in a kind of twirling, revolving column; then suddenly careering along the white surface, to

be finally merged into another snow-laden gust, and piled up high against any obstruction it might chance to meet in its wild race. The poor mother struggled through the blinding snow, little Maxim fast asleep on her shoulder. What with the weight in her arms, the howling of the wind, and the furiously raging storm around her, and the faintness and dizziness she had been trying to conquer, the widow was beginning to lose heart, when suddenly her foot slipped, and she felt herself sliding down a soft, sloping surface.

"Strange!" she muttered; "there ought not to be any ditch on this side of the road. I must have mistaken my way, after all. But, anyhow, we'll be more sheltered down here, and in an hour or so the storm is sure to calm down. I may as well rest a bit."

So she carefully put down her bundle of boublicks, hollowed out a kind of niche, something like an arm-chair, in the snow, and she dropped down into this seat, and fell to thinking of when she should get to Mirgorod; and how little Maxim would manage the rest of the way; and whether neighbor Stepan would have the things in readiness for her next morning; and how strange that such a storm should have come on in March; and how foolish of her to have taken Maxim; and then — and then —

"Mother, wake up! Mother, I am afraid! Where are we?" And the little boy wriggled in her arms. "Are we at Mirgorod, mother, — and how did we get here?"

With a start, the widow SmirnofF opened her eyes, but all around was dark.

"I must have fallen asleep, *douchka* [little soul]," she answered; "but how could I have slept so long? The storm is over, however; I do not hear it roar, and the air seems quite warm."

She tried to get up, but knocked her head against something. Trying to move her arms, she encountered the same soft barrier all around her. On every side, and above her head, her hands touched the cool snowy walls. She shuddered as the thought flashed through her head that they were buried alive! With a beating heart the widow again and again moved

her hands carefully in all directions, meeting ever the same cool surface, till, sick at heart, she had to own the terrible truth — “Snowed in!”

When she had fallen asleep it had kept on snowing, now gently sweeping over them, now drifting with a gust of wind; and so regularly had the snow been swept into the ditch and against its sides, that it ended by filling the ditch, and covering them entirely. The warmth of their breath and bodies had thawed the snow about their heads; but the white walls, rising gradually higher and higher, had met at last overhead, roofing them in, so to say, as the storm raged on.

Imagine the mother’s despair! She tried to stand up, but the weight of the snow was too great. The cramped position she was in was hard to endure; but, happily, neither she nor little Maxim was cold. It is always quite warm under a thick coating of snow, and, refreshed by his sleep, the little fellow was feeling quite cheerful. When the widow explained where and how they were situated, and that they should probably have to remain snowed up for some hours, he greatly relieved her anxieties by proving himself to be a true “son of the steppes,” hardy and brave under difficulties.

He was in a queer position, and experiencing something quite new; but then, was not his mother with him, and had not she always proved able to help him through all his difficulties and struggles in life? He was very hungry, though, and gladly set to nibbling at a boublick, while his mother began working for their release. Roadside ditches in Russia are generally very deep, for most of the roads being unpaved, the ditches must hold great quantities of water produced by autumn rains and the thawing of the snow in spring. These ditches, therefore, sometimes reach five or six feet in depth, and are about four feet wide at the top, growing narrower toward the bottom. They are bordered sometimes by a hedge of thistles or other wild, brushy growth, which helps to arrest the snow, and after a storm they usually look like long, white walls.

The only way to get out was to burrow out, and this the widow set to work to do, scooping the snow with her hands. This proved slow work at best, as she had to rest often; and

after a time she again took little Maxim in her arms, and told him he was a brave boy, and must now try and take some rest. She knew there could be no danger of a chill for the child sleeping under the snow. It was quite warm, and she hoped that a few hours’ more work, when perfectly rested, would bring them to the surface again.

“Mother, I wonder is it to-morrow yet?” asked Maxim, with a puzzled intonation in his voice; “we have been down here so long, and we have slept and worked a good deal, and I feel quite mixed in my head. Oh, I only hope it is not Easter yet! Fancy how sad it would be, spending it here, in this old ditch, and missing the night service at church, and the singing, and the game of eggs, and all the glorious pleasures of the Great Day! I do not mind staying here with you, Mother, but would n’t it be dreadful to miss it all!” “Come, goloubtchick, do not grieve! I am sure we shall soon be free; and if we work hard, who knows but we may still sell our boublicks in Mirgorod, and be at home again in time for Easter?” So they said their prayers together, as they had done every night ever since Maxim first learned to speak, and the little boy was soon sleeping peacefully in his mother’s arms. But it was long before the widow, though spent with her late exertions and the anxiety she had hidden from her boy, could follow his example. What if more snow fell, followed by a severe frost, as sometimes will happen in March, just before the real thawing sets in? They had boublicks enough to last them many days, but would her strength hold out? And if she gave way, what would become of Maxim? So she thought and thought, until at last her weary eyelids closed, and she, too, was safe in the Land of Nod.

She was roused from her sleep by a regular thump, thump, thump, as of a shovel at work overhead. She knew, then, that rescue was at hand, and seizing Maxim, who had also been awakened, in her arms, she lifted him on to her shoulder, bidding him ply his hands sturdily at the roof of their prison. Great was the boy’s impatience to be free, and scarcely did he feel himself lifted up, than he began banging his head against the snow, and exclaiming: “Come down, old wretch! You’ve had us locked up

long enough! Take that, and that!" A white avalanche suddenly rushed down, nearly knocking Maxim off his perch, going down his throat, and into his eyes, and nearly choking him; and with it — oh, welcome sight! — a stream of sunshine!

Widow Smirnoff had to shut her eyes a moment to avoid the welcome glare, but Maxim's shrill "Hurrah!" made her look up next moment, to see him bodily snatched out of her arms, and safely deposited on the road beyond; then all was dark again. When she recovered from her swoon, it was to find herself lying on the road, just by the side of the ditch, with old Stepan's friendly face beaming over her, while Maxim was capering wildly around.

"So, neighbor, is that the way you manage your affairs?" he asked, when she was quite herself again. "Well, well, every one to his taste, but I should have preferred spending the night at old Trina's, had I been you! And you have not sold a single boublick, I declare!" as he caught sight of the bundle, half buried in snow at the bottom of the ditch. Thereupon he scrambled down, and brought it up, still grumbling as he gave it a shake or two. But he was very kind, with all that, and helped the widow and Maxim into his sleigh.

"Of all places to be snowed up in, I should just like to know why you chose this, almost in the streets of Mirgorod!" he continued; and, sure enough, the first houses of the small town were only about a stone's throw from their white prison.

"Now, I suppose I shall have to turn back into town again, so as to let you dispose of your goods! Always the same, you women-folk! You'll be getting snowed up in your own yard next time, I warrant!"

With these words, he turned his horse's head toward the officers' quarters; but before they entered the principal street they were met by a whole party of men with shovels and spades coming toward them.

"All right!" shouted Stepan, triumphantly

waving his whip, as he caught sight of them. "I've got them safe! They're both all right!"

The men gave a cheer, and then came a whole string of questions and answers, all jumbled together, and hard to make head or tail of in the general din. When the widow's story was told, she heard how old Stepan had stopped for her that morning at Trina's, and, on being told that she had not been there, had hastened over to the barracks. She had neither been seen nor heard of there, whereupon, madly rushing to those of the inhabitants he knew, and summoning them all to lend a hand in the search, he had set off in advance with his sleigh and a shovel. Attracted by some inequalities on the surface of the snow beside the ditch, he had begun shoveling away, and with what happy result has been seen.

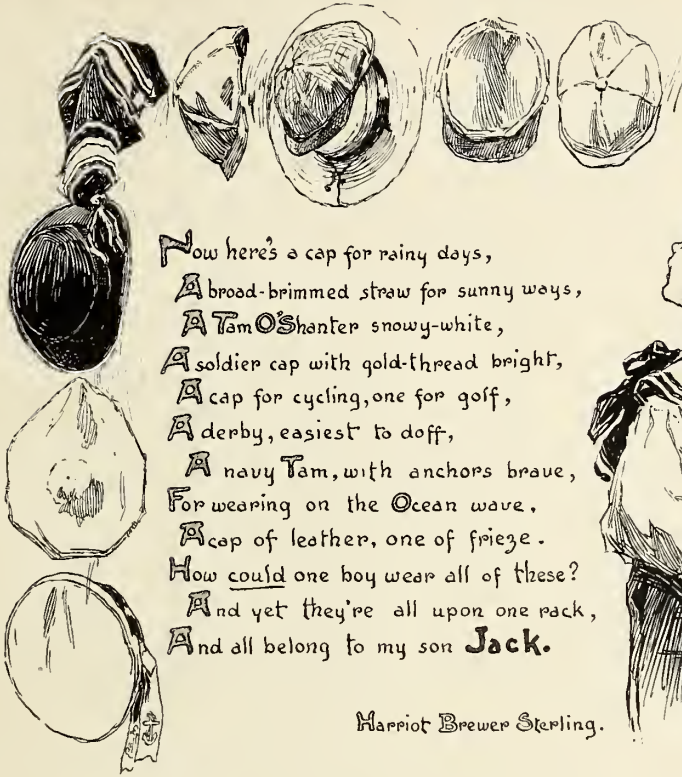
All Mirgorod was on foot to welcome the rescued pair, and though the boublicks were not very good, after twenty-four hours spent in the snow, every one of them was bought, and late in the afternoon Maxim and his mother were being driven swiftly over the same road they had plodded along with such difficulty the day before.

On reaching home, they found that neighbor Stepan had been before them; on the table, all in a row, stood, first, a high, tower-shaped cake with a sugar coating, and a big paper flower stuck on the top. Beside it was the *pascha*, or Easter cheese, with fat raisins to be seen sticking out here and there; there was also a large piece of bacon, and last, but not least, a plateful of bright red and yellow hard-boiled eggs!

How Maxim clapped his little hands for joy, and how he danced round and around the table in an ecstasy of delight, until he fell asleep on the wooden settee, holding an egg in each hand, his glossy curls resting on his arms!

His mother put him to bed without waking him, and he slept right through the night and late into Easter morning, while his mother gave thanks with a heart overflowing with a great love and gratitude for their preservation.

# CAP JINGLE.



Now here's a cap for rainy days,  
A broad-brimmed straw for sunny ways,  
A Tam O'Shanter snowy-white,  
A soldier cap with gold-thread bright,  
A cap for cycling, one for golf,  
A derby, easiest to doff,  
A navy Tam, with anchors brave,  
For wearing on the Ocean wave.  
A cap of leather, one of frieze.  
How could one boy wear all of these?  
And yet they're all upon one rack,  
And all belong to my son **Jack**.

Harriet Brewer Sterling.



THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

"SAY, MISTER, I 'M LOST. WILL YOU PLEASE SHOW ME THE WAY TO FARMER JONES'S BARN-YARD?"



## THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

### V.

IF a great detective had seen seven boys huddling together on the windward shore of a bleak rock in the middle of a lake and in the middle of the night and in the middle of a wild snow-storm and wind-storm and in the middle of the wreck of an ice-boat, it is "dollars to crullers," as B. J. said, that that great detective would come to the conclusion, after he had thought the matter over, that those seven boys were not out there on a picnic.

To get at the real dialect spoken by those frigid young gentlemen it would be necessary to multiply all the consonants by five and divide the vowels by two. Or, as an organist might say, you must pull out the tremolo stop.

But B. J. felt almost warm as he thought of some of his pet heroes, and murmured blissfully to himself: "Wrecked on a desert isle!"

"T-t-to-morrow morning," chattered Pretty, "there 'll be just seven icic—sick icicles left for our fathers and mothers to cry over!"

"When a ship is in distress," said B. J., "she always sends up rockets. Now if we only had some rockets —"

"Yes," said Jumbo scornfully; "or a Pullman palace-car to ride home in —"

"Or if this Buzzard's Rock here were only our new club-house, with a beautiful grate fire and all the comforts of home!" Sawed-Off added.

A more miserable crowd of young men was never seen on sea or land than this champion crew of hockey-players stranded on a lake in a snow-storm. At length Tug spoke up and said:

"Well, instead of freezing here like a pack of fools, we might as well go round on the lee side of this rock and freeze comfortably."

Tug, however, who always preferred to do the hardest thing possible, did not go round on the ice, but clambered over the rock. Then he stumbled into a snowdrift that covered him up to his neck. He was too tired to climb out immediately. After resting there for a moment, he cried out delightedly:

"Geewhilikins, fellows! It 's almost warm in here!"

From this accident he took an inspiration. Under his orders the comrades soon found the sail, which had blown against the ancient tree, and dragged it round to the lee side of the rock. They found that the wind was mainly to blame for the cold, and that the quiet air was not altogether unbearable.

Seeing that the rocks had obligingly split the ice-boat into kindling-wood, they made kindling-wood of it, and managed, after using up all of their matches, to get a fire going. This they replenished with brush and boughs broken from the old tree. Then they dug with their hands a sort of oven in the great snowdrift, and spreading the sail inside for a combined sheet and comforter, crawled in feet first, so that their heads should be in the air; and drew the canvas as closely around them as they could.

The snow and the sail and the warmth of their young blood, and the fact that they were packed together like sardines, made them feel almost as cozy as if they had been at home. And so they fell asleep.

There were some fathers and mothers in Lakerim who did not sleep easily that night. There was nothing to do, however, but wait and worry until the morning.

The first streaks of dawn wakened the Seven

Sleepers to the fact that they were still alive. They crawled out of their cozy bunk, clamped on the skates that had borne them to victory in the hockey game, and made ready to set out for home.

Bobbles said that if his father came back to Lakerim and found the sail of his sloop not only borrowed but left behind on a deserted island, there would be trouble for at least one member of the Lakerim Athletic Club.

So they decided, after much grumbling, that it would be necessary to take the sail along, as well as the mast from which they had stripped it. The burden was not so unwelcome when they were once more in the hands of the wind; for they found that by taking the heavy mast over their fourteen shoulders and letting part of the sail hang down behind, the wind carried them along at a booming speed, without effort of their own.

Thus they got home in time to break all records for buckwheat cakes. And the next day the Charlestonians sent them one hundred and forty-seven dollars as their share of the receipts.

That storm was the last gasp of winter. By noon the sun had gained a glorious victory and was melting all the snow that had been so liberally piled up. Every day thereafter he strengthened his grip on the earth; and Spring came skipping in across the soggy ground.

## VI.

MUDDY roads and cold spring winds had no terrors for one or two of the Lakerim bicycle maniacs. Quiz and Punk were the most rabid of these, and they hardly waited for the snow to leave the ground before they had their wheels out. During the winter, indeed, they had kept in practice in the empty loft of a huge barn, where they had tried every kind of caper and dido imaginable.

Quiz was by all odds the best wheelman at Lakerim. He was light and lithe, and his thin legs were like steel. When he was in racing trim and curved far over the handle-bars, he was more like a human interrogation-point than ever.

You will never get me to tell all the amazing

things he could do with a bicycle. Without letting it fall, and without touching the ground, he could climb through it in almost every conceivable way except possibly through the spokes. He could sit it almost anywhere or anyhow. He could ride it backward—and even forward! He could whirl the front wheel around as he rode, or ride with it in air like a rearing horse.

Fat old men who tried in vain to conquer a bicycle looked upon Quiz as nothing short of a wizard. They picked themselves up out of the gutters and bramble-bushes, and from under the hoofs of horses they had tried to avoid with the usual result of making directly for them, and they decided that the bicycle was nothing but a boomerang—an infernal machine. Then they watched Quiz juggling with it as if it were a toy, and they could only think of lion-tamers and “bronco-busters.”

About this time the Lakerim Athletic Club began to wonder how it could earn more money. It was too early for track athletics, or for any of the summer games. Quiz suggested a bicycle race, but Sleepy grunted that no one would pay money for the privilege of sitting out on an open grand-stand and shivering, for the best bicycle-riders in the world.\* Some indoor amusement must be provided, if people were to be separated from their money. After considering many schemes, and finding that they were all of the church-sociable order, Quiz jumped as if some one had run a pin into him.

“I’ll tell you what—” he began.

“Well, what?” asked the others.

“Let’s get up a bicycle-polo game and challenge the Charleston Academy.”

“But none of us can play bicycle polo,” commented Sleepy.

“Punk and I can,” Quiz answered. “We have been practising all winter, and I’m sure we can give a couple of those Charlestonians a lively evening!”

“Well, where do the rest of us come in?” said Tug.

“Oh, you may come in at the front door—if you have the price,” said Quiz coolly.

At Charleston the inclosed ice-rink that had seen the hockey contest had now been turned

into a roller-skating rink, and the smooth floor of this was selected for the bicycle-polo game.

The prowess of the Lakerim athletes had grown into sudden prominence among the neighboring cities. This fact, and the fact that bicycle polo was a novelty, brought out so large a crowd of Charlestonians that Quiz and Punk both vowed they would win the greater part of the receipts, or perish nobly in the attempt.

Some genius had discovered that if he would give the wheel of his bicycle a sudden jerk, it would propel a polo-ball in any direction desired. The game of polo for bicycles was the result—a game in which an expert rider could take a very lively part, and yet be saved by his skill from anything worse than a collision that might buckle his wheel or take out a few spokes. These are damages that can be repaired without great expense, though they necessitate having extra bicycles for the luckless players. Rough riding and intentional jostling are, of course, forbidden by the rules.

The goals are two small boxes placed at each end of the rink. In the front of each box is an open space through which the polo-ball, if driven correctly, enters and rings a small bell. It is against the rules to drive the ball with hand or foot or anything but the wheel.

Shortly before the beginning of the game, Punk and Quiz rode into the rink and circled it several times to get the "lay of the land."

Punk was goal-keeper for Lakerim, and Quiz was outrider or forward. The Charleston forward was named Boggs, and the goal-keeper's name was Haddock.

The four men mounted their wheels and rode about as cautiously as they could until the referee gave the command to play. The polo-ball was placed in the center of the ring, and at the command to play, Punk, who had won the toss, made a dash for the ball and gave it a smart shot, intending to send it a little to the right of the opposing forward.

With a quick dart, however, Boggs got his front wheel far enough up to return it with interest. It scuttled past Quiz, who had followed closely after it, and fell prey to Punk, who sent it back to the left near Quiz.

Quiz and Boggs each made beautifully short turns, and went for the ball, neck and neck.

They reached it at the same time, and struck at it again, the result being that they sprawled in opposite directions, while the ball went joyously on until Haddock fed it back to Boggs, who had remounted instantly.

Boggs got it safely past Quiz, and bowled it along merrily toward Punk. Punk watched it coming as he had watched many a base-ball sailing straight across the plate.

As the boys said, Punk had "a good eye," and just at the proper time he swung his front wheel, caught the polo-ball, and batted it back the way it had come.

Here Quiz took it and sent it further on its way rejoicing, and followed it wildly.

Haddock stopped it with his rear wheel just before it made the goal. He was so placed, however, that he could not get back to it with his front wheel; but he held himself steady until Quiz was alongside. After some wobbling, both had to ride away and leave the polo-ball on the threshold of the goal. Boggs was the first one to reach it, and he coaxed it swiftly down the rink.

Punk went out to meet him. With a neat turn, Boggs evaded him completely, and with a sharp jerk of his front wheel sent the ball tinkling into the goal—which caused several hundred Charlestonians to behave in a most undignified manner.

Score: Charleston, one goal; Lakerim, none.

Once more the ball was put in the center, and once more it was harried back and forth, this side and that, in a way much pleasanter to see than to read about. It was not long before Punk had let the ball past him for two more goals, thanks to his slowness in covering ground. And Quiz realized with bitterness that if the day were to be saved, he must play for two men.

Now, there was in the audience a Lakerim girl who was attending a seminary in Charleston. During the summer vacations it was always she who occupied the seat of honor on Quiz's tandem. She was very pretty, but was very plump and very lazy, too; yet Quiz, who was forever complaining of any shirking on the part of the boy who rode tandem with him, seemed to be perfectly contented to do the work when this girl, Cecily Brown, was in front



of him. And she seemed perfectly willing to have him do it.

On the front fork she planted her two little feet, which she thought too dainty to spoil by hard work, and coasted — always coasted, whether the road went up hill or down.

Cecily had seemed to be very proud of Quiz when he rode into the ring, and bowed and smiled to him ostentatiously. But he noted, to his bitter chagrin, that she was now showing greater pride in the achievements of the Charlestonians, and applauding their good plays enthusiastically.

Quiz set his teeth hard, and determined to win back her pride to Lakerim. A few of the Dozen had come over to see to their share of the cheering, and they yelled encouragement to him with the same ardor, whichever way the game went. That was some help.

Quiz went in to win with such a dash that before many minutes he had jammed the ball into the goal at the cost of four spokes for Boggs, and for himself a twisted front wheel that looked like a wilted collar.

He and Boggs were supplied at once with fresh bicycles, however, and the game went madly on. Quiz spared himself no struggle to keep the ball in Charleston territory. He would not risk anything more on Punk's slowness. By the fire and fury of his speed, and the skill with which he held his wheel still, or backed it, or used it for a buffer or a bat, he managed to keep both Boggs and Haddock flying.

Twice or thrice he came as close to scoring goals as the striking of the box, but he was able to get at the ball again only after a beautiful display of skill, in which he nursed the ball along the side wall, twisting his wheel in front of it or behind it according as he wished



BICYCLE POLO. A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR THE LAKERIM TEAM.

to ward off Charleston or to propel the ball. So he worked it far around the circle behind the box before he had the chance he wished and found Boggs and Haddock so placed that they could not check him in a straight drive for the goal, and the bell jangled in a key new to the town of Charleston.

The score stood: Charleston, 3; Lakerim, 2.

There was a fine scramble and scurry now, as Charleston realized the mettle of its opponent. In spite of their most violent parrying, however, Quiz, with the aid of luck and a courage that hesitated at no risk where there was a chance of driving the ball, banged the ball home for a tie.

He looked up among the audience now, and saw that the fair and fickle Cecily was in a sad plight. Not knowing which side was going to win, she had no resource but to keep silent.

As the first part of the game ended with the score at a tie, her misery lasted long. She would have found some comfort in the company of Quiz, but that dignified young gentleman kept far from the sound of her voice or the beckoning of her eye.

The next half opened with both sides refreshed. Quiz had had a chance to preach a little sermon to Punk about the evil effects that always followed when a young man of his age wandered far from home. Punk took the hint, and the next half he hung about the goal box as if he were a watch-dog and the goal box a casket of jewels and the audience a band of thieves. Owing to this caution, Charleston failed to score in spite of frequent brilliant dashes.

Boggs and Haddock had also had a conversation in the intermission, and determined, if the worst came, to make use of a bold play that depended for its success entirely upon its audacity. The goal-keeper suddenly left his goal entirely uncovered and dashed down the field, zigzagging the ball into Boggs' hands and receiving it back in a way that made the lone, lorn Quiz dizzy to behold and helpless to prevent. Whenever he darted to one side, the ball was sure to be on the other. By the time he got back the ball had exchanged places with him.

The four players soon found themselves tied in a true-lover's-knot back of the goal boxes. They fell off and remounted, or hopped off their low seats and hopped back again like so many frogs. The audience, being unable to tell which from t' other, applauded indiscriminately, sure that whichever set got the applause deserved it.

At length the two Charlestonians managed to get out of the scrimmage with the ball in

their possession. They worked it around to the right and drove it toward the goal, while Punk nearly snapped his pedals off trying to beat the ball to the box.

By a hair's breadth he did it. He gave a desperate slash that tumbled him off the wheel and over the box, which rang up a goal that had n't been earned. But he had started the ball mightily on a bee-line for the unprotected Charleston goal.

Just as the Charlestonians realized the outcome of their rashness, and put out for home and fireside from the right side, Quiz shot out from the left. Boggs was a head ahead of him, and the way they annihilated space was a caution to humming-birds. Neither could gain an inch on the other, though both gained on the flying ball.

Quiz saw that Boggs would succeed in heading it off, and knowing that time was about to be called, he flung prudence to the wind, and when Boggs landed in front of the goal just in time to stop the ball, Quiz swept up alongside.

The ball bounded off Boggs' front wheel, struck the front wheel of Quiz, and stopped. Quiz went on until he struck the rear wheel of Boggs, against which his front one smashed to flinders. As he fell, however, Quiz gave a desperate lurch that made a very bucking bronco out of his bicycle. He smote the ball with his *rear* wheel and sent it under the pedals of Boggs' wreck of a wheel and "slammed it home" for the winning goal. The bell was a knell to Charleston's hopes, for time was soon up.

Even the hostile audience lost their heads at the splendor of Quiz's achievement; and many of the spectators broke over the low barrier. Among them was Cecily Brown, who had ruined her gloves applauding her hero's courage. Seeing that he would not come to her, she meekly came to him.

Quiz took home two battered wheels by train that night, but he was so proud and happy that he had to ride out on the rear platform, where his joy could extend far back to the horizon. In his left pocket he carried one hundred and twenty-five dollars, the Lakerims' share of the receipts. Besides that money he felt that he had won something still more precious — the admiration of Cecily Brown.

## VII.

IN a few days after this victory the newspapers were full of a great test of the value of the bicycle in war, which General Miles was to make.

He was going to have a message carried from Chicago to Boston by relays. The time scheduled would require the utmost exertion of every rider. Most of the participants were to be men of mature strength, well-known speed, and endurance. The Lakerims' motto was "Try everything; fear nothing," and the Dozen had the—the "impudence," some called it, to make application for permission to carry the packet part way.

They were accorded the privilege of carrying it only through the county of which Lakerim was the county-seat. Much blame was cast upon the executive committee that intrusted so important a matter to young boys; but the lack of a large bicycle-club near the town made it hard to find better material.

After much deliberation it was determined that the whole matter should be intrusted to Punk and Quiz.

The clerk of the Weather Bureau seems to have been down on the scheme, for during the week of the great relay the weather was rainy and sleety and cold and windy and foggy and everything else that anybody could imagine and nobody desire.

From the very beginning the relay riders sent up one wail. The telegraphic reports were full of dismal accounts of obstacles—of spring floods, broken bridges, and general unpleasantness—that kept half of the relay riders behind their schedule, and put the crack riders to their utmost to make up what had been lost before. As for doing what they had all hoped to do,—to complete the distance in twenty hours less than the schedule,—that seemed quite hopeless.

As the packet came nearer and nearer to Lakerim, State by State, Quiz and Punk grew more serious. The eyes of the whole country would be upon them. Being merely boys, they would be picked out for especial ridicule if they caused any loss of time.

The day before the packet was expected they went out to their respective posts. Punk had

the further to go, and he was to carry it over a fairly decent stretch of country that extended from the city of Charleston half-way to the town of Lakerim.

Quiz was to take the message from him and carry it into Lakerim, where the fastest rider of the State was to take it over a magnificent level road to the borders of the next State.

The day on which the packet was expected, the clouds seemed to be broken to pieces under the flails of the lightning.

By an almost superhuman effort, the rider just preceding Punk managed to get the packet to him only fifteen minutes late. He had made up thirty.

There was some delay and fumbling on the part of Punk when he took the packet, and he got a bad start. Then he disappeared into the fog of the early afternoon. Punk's ride was uneventful, except that he set himself too slow a pace and hung on to it doggedly, fearing to take time even to look at his watch.

At the station where he was to deliver up his trust, Quiz was waiting and ready an hour before the time. Though it was not yet dark, he had his lantern well filled, his wick well trimmed, his match-box well provided, and the lantern lighted and turned low. His wheel had been polished and dusted and oiled, the chain graphited, the bearings inspected, the handle-bars lowered so that he could bend over and offer the least possible resistance to the wind. His watch had been carefully regulated and set. He was clad as warmly and as lightly as could be. In his pockets were the only weights he permitted himself—a few sizable cobblestones which he meant to throw at any dog that might harass him.

At first he hoped that the message might come to him ahead of time. As the minutes dragged on with no sign of Punk on the horizon, he began to despair. As the hour of the schedule came, he grew more solemn. Fifteen minutes went by, then twenty, then thirty, and he was as restless as a caged panther.

At last he caught sight of a little speck in the distance. It grew slowly into the semblance of a bicyclist.

It was Punk, exhausted, and ignorant of the thirty-five minutes' handicap he had given Quiz.

Quiz went out to meet him, and rode alongside, taking the precious parcel as they went. He flung it over his shoulder and darted away, leaving Punk to fall off into a convenient soft spot and regain his breath at his leisure.

rough country, it is best to apply the strength where it will give the best results.

So he pumped and drove his pedals round and round, as if he were on some heavy treadmill. He strove till every muscle in his legs

was an ache and every breath like a knife in his lungs. It seemed that the hill was never to end. But, wavering and beaten out, he finally made the crest in wonderful time, and giving himself a good start over it, planted his weary feet on the coasters and let the wheel do the rest. His speed grew and grew till he was a regular comet. He flew into ruts that threatened to fling him, struck rocks that tried to give him headers, and swept around curves that promised to lay his careening wheel on its side. But his courage did not fail, and he made no appeal to the brake.

The descent was as short and swift and refreshing as the ascent had been long and tedious and wearing. And when his wheel bounded out upon the plain at the foot of the great hill with the speed of an express train, he had gained fourteen minutes clear on the schedule.



"THE FELLOW LEAPED UP FROM A FENCE-CORNER TO HEAD HIM OFF."

Punk was alarmed at the speed with which Quiz began his relay, for a long, steep hill confronted him. He yelled out a word advising him to go slow at first and save himself; but Quiz knew that hills have both ups and downs, and he knew that, especially in relay-racing over

Now the fog and drizzle, under the spite of a sudden squall, turned to a vicious storm of wind and rain. The long slants of water lashed his face and hands as if they had been the knots of a cat-o'-nine-tails, and the wind made onsets upon him as if it were a giant trying

to shoulder him from his wheel. Still he pushed on, and his pluck outrode the wrath of the storm.

Then he regretted even the blustering companionship of wind and rain in the dismal solitude of some deep woods. They held a twilight even through the noon of bright days, and now, in an hour when the open prairies were without the glimmer of sun or star, this forest seemed a ghostly jungle, filled with a blackness like night, and with horrible possibilities from hobgoblins, human and otherwise.

But the courage and determination of Quiz were greater even than the vague terror he had of the gloomy cañon where night seemed to be as thick and impenetrable as granite. He rode into many a pool and many a deep bog that oozed out beneath his wheel and brought him down. But he floundered out and shook off the mire and groped his way along on the turf by the rail fence until he could find a spot dry enough to ride on.

The merry eye of his lantern saved him from a grievous collision with a great tree that had fallen across the road in the storm, and he had to clamber through its branches as if his wheel were a flying-machine instead of a bicycle.

As he neared the edge of the wood his blood suddenly froze, for out of the darkness came, without warning, the gruff yell of a tramp. The fellow, seeing that Quiz was not going to stop, leaped up from a fence-corner to head him off, and made a fierce grab for him.

But Quiz escaped him by the skin of his teeth, and escaped also the club the tramp sent hurtling after him. Quiz was rejoicing at his escape when his heart fell again as it dawned upon him that the road curved round upon itself, and that a run of a few yards through a neck of the woods would place the tramp right in his way. The tramp seemed to know this, too, for as Quiz came around the bend he saw himself confronted. But he was taking all chances desperately this night, and at the risk of any villainy he determined to do the only thing that could save him from the footpad. He thrust his right hand into his pocket and drew out one of the jagged stones he had stored up against canine attack. He had not expected to use it against so mean or so dangerous a cur as now threatened him in this lonely place.

With a cry of warning he rode full tilt at the tramp. Just as the man reached out to drag Quiz from his wheel the boy let fly the stone. It caught the tramp fair in the face, and sent him over backward. While Quiz's right hand was doing such execution, the left hand was pilot, and with a sudden swerve it carried Quiz around and beyond the tramp. And he flew on his way rejoicing.

At the next obstacle that caused him to dismount, he took a look at his watch by the light of his lantern, and reckoned that he had made up almost all of the time Punk had lost.

It would not be enough merely to deliver the package without delay. Lakerim must make up something on the loss of those older riders who had gone before, and give in the packet ahead of time. He fairly hurled himself into his seat and struck out with new strength. Then the road grew rough, and he caught in a deep, hard rut that threw him to the ground.

When he rose he found that his handle-bars had been twisted to one side. Rather than stop to take out his tool-bag and repair the injury, Quiz resolved to ride with them as they were. It was no easy matter to keep correct his calculations on the bias, but the road was kind to him now, and the handle-bars stuck fast in their position. He could ride swiftly without touching his handle-bars at all, and so, resting none of his weight upon them, he made fine progress.

Soon he found himself nearing Lakerim, and he thought he could make out against the sky the nob of the Hawk's Nest. The thought of home was spurs to his steed. Then, suddenly, at an easy bump in the road his lantern joggled out.

Quiz thought, however, that he knew the road well enough to make it safe for him to wheel on without delaying to revive "the light that failed." He found his way in the double dark as well as a blind man on a familiar path.

Hope was burning now more brightly than the lantern had burned before. It illuminated his task, and he felt that he had saved the day for Lakerim. A little chuckle of pride and joy ended when he heard a sharp explosion as of a pistol. The chuckle was changed to a dismal:

"Punctured!"



## THE LITTLE JAPANESE AT HOME.

BY IDA TIGNER HODNETT.

“A JOYOUS heart is always pure,” say the Japanese, and they encourage and take part in the amusements of their little ones with a zest that shows their belief. The Japanese are naturally a gentle and childlike race, fond of gaiety, while brave and chivalrous in action and earnest in study. The boys and girls while at play romp, laugh, and shout, and have a “royal good time,” but travelers say they do not see among them quarrels nor angry words and gestures. Score this to the credit of our dark-eyed little cousins in the land of the “sun’s source.”

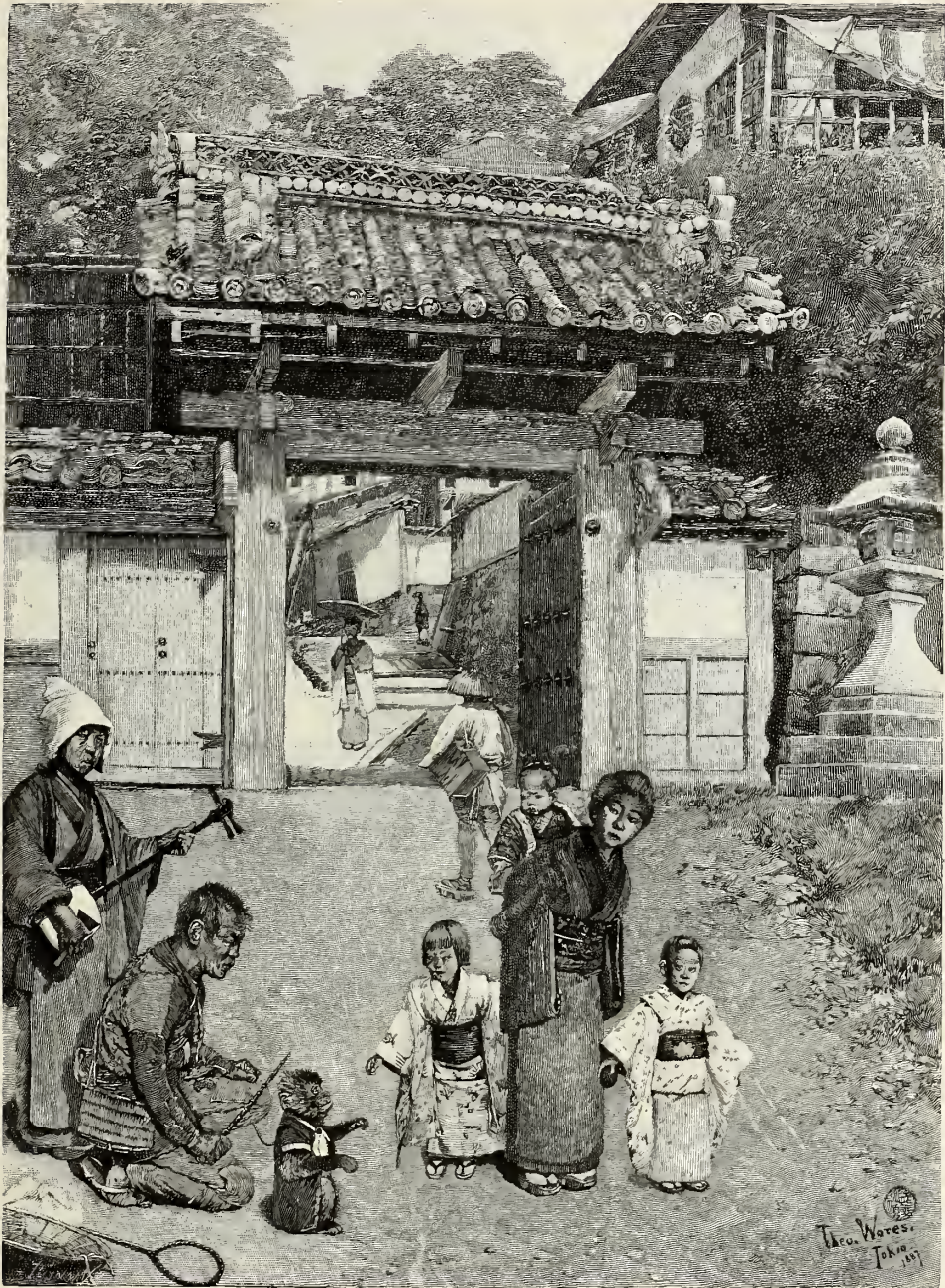
They have the advantage of being loosely and warmly dressed, and of being out a great deal in the open air. In their homes there is but little furniture to tumble over, and there are few useless ornaments which they are told “not to touch.”

The climate, of course, varies in different parts; even in the mid-country the cold is intense in winter, and the heat intense in summer, yet both cold and heat are somewhat lessened by the surrounding ocean. To strangers it seems odd

to see orange-trees bright with golden fruit, and at the same time icicles glittering in the morning sun, but this is one of the strange sights presented to the view.

In their dwellings shelter from the rain, shade from the sun, and free circulation of air are mainly sought by the Japanese, who, as a rule, seem to be able to endure much cold. Even on winter days their houses are seen entirely open to the morning sun, and in this respect they set a good example to their Western brethren. Then, too, these houses must be such as will not be readily shaken to the ground in an earthquake, for Japan is a land of earthquakes.

For security against this danger, the house is put together in a very simple way. All parts of the structure are held together, one author says, by a system of “dovetailing,” neither nails nor screws being used in their production, except for ornament. It is not made fast to the ground, but stands upon wooden legs or columns, which are merely placed



A STREET SCENE IN TOKIO, JAPAN.

upon stones high enough to keep the ends out of water. Then, when an earthquake occurs, the building moves to and fro, and settles down again after the vibration has ceased. It is believed that most of the damage from

earthquakes in Japanese cities has occurred with houses having tiled roofs, as the tiles are easily shaken loose, and, being heavy, cause destruction in their fall. Buildings with roofs of wood or thatch generally escape damage.

It is thought that the use of tiled roofs arose from the dread of fire. Although many roofs are made of stone tiles, the majority are of wood, bamboo, or thatch. Thatch is much used in the poorer villages; but even temples, as well as dwellings, have been known to be thatched. On the ridge of this thatched roof the iris is frequently planted; and when in bloom, its dark velvety-purple blossoms and light green leaves give the house a picturesque appearance. Seen from a distance, the village looks as if there were little gardens on the tops of the houses.

preserved the Mikado's rare treasures of ages, is fully twelve hundred years old. This is a large, oblong building made of logs of *keaki* (kee-ah-kee), a reddish-brown wood, put together in the log-cabin style, and it is supported merely on wooden legs resting upon loose stones, as in the case of the ordinary house described above. No part of the building has been renewed except the roof, and this has been put on only three times. The present roof is made of tiles, and is about one hundred and fifty years old. This is, in all probability, the oldest wooden building in the world,



A WAYSIDE TEA-HOUSE IN CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME.

The old castles which were the homes of the daimio princes were built of stone; but these, too, were constructed so as to offer as little resistance as possible to earthquake shocks. The walls slant from the base to the roof, and are supported within by immense timbers, the inward slope itself being a safeguard against danger from earthquakes. Buildings erected according to the Japanese idea of what is necessary to give security against earthquakes have stood for centuries. Some wooden pagodas of great height are known to have been in existence for seven hundred years; and the old wooden museum at Nara, in which are

and it is certainly a notable example of the almost imperishable nature of some Japanese woods.

Most dwellings are but one story high. When the roof and framework are made, it remains to arrange for the outside walls and the partitions of the rooms. Most foreigners regard the outside walls as huge windows, for they are merely light wooden latticework frames covered with a stiff, semi-transparent paper. These frames slide in grooves, so that they can be taken out at pleasure, leaving the whole house open to the cool breezes. At night they are covered with *amado*, or wooden shutters, which also slide in grooves along the edge



of the veranda or a projection of the floor, and so shut in the house. In the daytime the shutters are pushed back so as to form ornamental sidepieces. This kind of wall and window in one is another of the needs of building in an earthquake land, where the use of glass would be dangerous and costly.

The rooms are made by means of sliding partitions of woven bamboo, or else of paper-covered latticework similar to the outside walls, fitted into grooves in the ceiling. The ceiling and all the frames for outside and inside walls are of unpainted wood, and all parts of the house are generally kept perfectly clean.

In the principal room of every Japanese house built by rule there is a slightly raised platform sometimes so arranged that it can be entirely inclosed. This dais is the "sacred niche" where the Mikado would sit should he ever enter the house. It is still the rule there that the subject must not look down upon the Mikado. In the days, not very long past, when it was unlawful even to look upon his face, he would have sat entirely shut off from view, and his food would have been served through a side opening so placed as to prevent a sight of his sacred countenance. The royal inclosure is looked upon as an altar. With it the whole house must be in keeping, and it is here that some grouping of flowers or leaves, some beautiful work of art, is always to be seen. The spot is itself a sample of excellent work, and here the little children learn from infancy to revere and love the beautiful and the good in nature and in art.

The love of the beautiful seems, indeed, to be inborn in the Japanese race. Pictures on the wall are changed every month, according to the season of the year. Clusters of favorite flowers are gracefully disposed around the house in huge pots or vases, and are a source of pleasure to young and old. In the open space at the rear of the house, no matter how small, a garden is made in which a tiny landscape is skilfully planned.

It is one of the national customs to go out on excursions, in parties of two or three families, to view the flowering trees and plants in their season. The Japanese love all flowers, but prefer

those to which they look up — the flowers of trees. They visit the plum blossoms in February or early March; the cherry, especially beloved, in April; the lotus in July; azaleas during the summer; chrysanthemums in the autumn; and camellias in December. In the pleasure-grounds connected with every temple there are always magnificent collections of flowers. An expedition especially to see the flowers is called a *hanami*, or flower view. The bank of the Sumida River, which crosses the city of Tokio, is covered with cherry-trees. These give a pleasant shade, and the spot is a favorite promenade for the citizens all the year round, but in time of "cherry bloom" the crowds that throng the avenue are larger than ever. It is crowded on moonlight nights, and also when the snow lies freshly fallen.

Being fully alive to the beauty of their country, wherever there is a point from which a picturesque view may be obtained the Japanese will build a pavilion, or a tea-house, or some simple place of repose, from which the eyes may feast on the lovely landscape. In the family picnics or excursions, which are frequent, some place of beautiful situation from which there is a good view either of land or sea is always selected.

These expeditions are not discontinued even when the cold of winter comes. Snow scenes are greatly enjoyed, and when the freshly fallen snow is lying on the ground numerous parties are seen at points commanding a fine view. The children are never excluded, but accompany their elders on all such occasions.

For pets the children have a kind of tiny rabbits and a queer breed of cats. The cats have white fur with black and yellow spots, and do not have tails. Tiny dogs also are sometimes seen. In the houses of families in moderate circumstances there is usually an aquarium well stocked with beautiful and curious varieties of fish, gold, silver, and crimson, some as round as a ball, some with spreading fins as fine as gauze. Another pet is the large katydid, whose piercing note is very much enjoyed by the children. The katydids are very numerous in certain places in the summer. As a residence for these treasures they have bamboo cages, built like tiny houses, in which they daily

arrange beds of fresh flowers or leaves for the minstrels. Gaily colored butterflies are sometimes kept in the same kind of cage upon beds of flowers. Butterflies have been seen to alight voluntarily on children's hands; and in Japan, birds, too, show that they are not afraid of man or child.

Mothers and nursemaids carry the babies fastened upon their backs. This is a secure place for baby, and the small burden is carried there with less fatigue than in the arms; the mode has the further advantage of leaving the arms free.



HOW THE BABY IS CARRIED.

In the new civilization which Japan has chosen and is still acquiring, children have been benefited in many ways. But whatever benefits they reap for themselves and their children from foreign lands, teachers, and inventions, Japan's people cling with heart and soul to their own home, the "Land of the Rising Sun."

#### JAPANESE BOY LIFE AND SPORTS.

It is the custom in Japan, when a boy has been born in any household, to hoist on a bamboo pole in front of the house an immense paper fish representing a carp. The carp is displayed in the month of May succeeding the boy's birthday.

The carp is chosen, it is said, because it is venturesome and strong, can leap over waterfalls, and is said to be an emblem of good luck. The image is hollow, and being painted in natural colors, when the wind puffs out the sides it

looks very much like the real carp swimming in the water.

When the baby is thirty days old, his presentation in the temple takes place, and there he receives his first name, selected thus: the father gives the bosan, or priest, a note containing three names; the priest copies the names on three slips of paper, and, praying in a loud voice, throws them into the air; the name on the slip that first touches the floor is the one supposed to be chosen by the divinity of the temple. This way of naming the child is usual among those who keep the ancient religion, which most of the Japanese of course do. Presents are given to the priest, and the child's name is entered on the books. It is written also on holy paper, which is given to the parents as a name-charm for the child. Then follows a family festival at home, to which relatives and friends are invited, and at which many presents including money are given to Master Baby.

When he is three years old, he begins to wear the *obi*, a girdle, three inches wide, which confines the *kimono*, a loose sort of garment, and the main part of the Japanese national dress for both children and grown people. The putting on of the *obi* is the occasion of another family feast; and a very important garment it is, for it corresponds to pockets in an American boy's first trousers. The front part of the kimono, above the *obi*, is also used as a pocket; and the long, wide sleeves, sewed up at the lower end, make two very big ones.

When fifteen years old, the boy becomes of age, and a third family festival occurs. Another name is given him, and his hair is allowed to grow all over the head like a man's. Previous to this time the head is shaved so as to allow the hair to grow only in spots or tufts, the place of the tufts varying up to the age of ten, when the crown only is shaved. At this festival celebrating his majority the manner of friends and relatives changes toward him, and while the day before he was still addressed as a child, now he is addressed in the ceremonious forms required by Japanese etiquette. The title of respect, *san*, is henceforth affixed to his name, even by those nearest and dearest. These titles, *san*, *sama*, always follow the name, and are never prefixed as with our "Mr." For example, a

boy whose name is Kiyoshi will be called Kiyoshi-san. In his responses to the kind speeches made to him, the boy shows that he understands the new honors that have come upon him, and that he is now ready to apply himself to the serious business of life.

It used to be a great thing to be born a *samurai* (sah-moo-ri) boy baby in Japan. The samurai were soldiers and scholars, and were entirely apart from and above the ordinary people. They could not engage in any business, nor could they marry into another class. This has all been changed since the Japanese revolution of 1867-68. The people are now divided into two large classes,—the *heimin* (hā-meen), or commoners, the *shizoku* (shee-zo-koo), or gentry,—and all have equal rights under the law. The average boy's success in life depends upon his own abilities, and the use he makes of the teaching he may have.

The first thing the samurai baby needed after he was put in his nurse's arms was a sword. Rather a queer thing for a baby to have, but then this baby was a samurai! No matter if the tiny hand could not grasp the handle, his nurse carried it for him; and when the obi became a part of his dress, the sword was fastened to it, and hung by his side. To be sure, it was a wooden sword, but what of that? It was the badge of his rank, and must go wherever he did all day long, and when he went to bed it was laid close by. "The sword is the soul of the samurai" is an old Japanese saying, and it was thus early fastened to his side that he might become used to grasping it from infancy.

When our young samurai reached the age of seven, it was a day of great rejoicing. At the family festival two real metal swords were fastened to the obi, one on each side. The edges, however, were blunt, and accidents were further guarded against by having the swords so fastened in their sheaths that the young swordsman could not draw them out. These were now his constant companions until, at the age of fifteen, the weapons handed down in his family took their place.

The toy-shops are exceedingly numerous in all parts of Japan. Even the smallest hamlets contain them, and the boys and girls are plentifully supplied with playthings from early in-

fancy. Large numbers of people make a living in the business of amusing children, and among these are street jugglers, acrobats, singers, dancers, and story-tellers, and traveling puppet-showmen.

On festival days the streets leading to the temples are filled with stands showing the gay toys, and with showmen ready to amuse both young and old.

The indoor sports and amusements for evenings at home are mainly card games and story-telling. The father tells his sons the tales of the mighty heroes of past ages, relates Japanese history, and teaches reverence and obedience to the Mikado, the "heaven-appointed ruler"; or the grandmother, gathering the little ones in a circle around the brazier filled with hot coals, tells them the wonderful fox-stories, the stories of demons and gnomes, and the clever fables about animals.

Their game of goman is like our checkers, but it requires three hundred and sixty pieces instead of twenty-four. It is played on a raised stand. In the game of chess they have forty pieces. There are several ways of playing backgammon, and it is very popular. Private theatricals are a very common form of amusement among both boys and girls, and, like most of their sports, are frequently shared by their elders. As the children are often taken to the theater, they readily imitate what they have seen there.

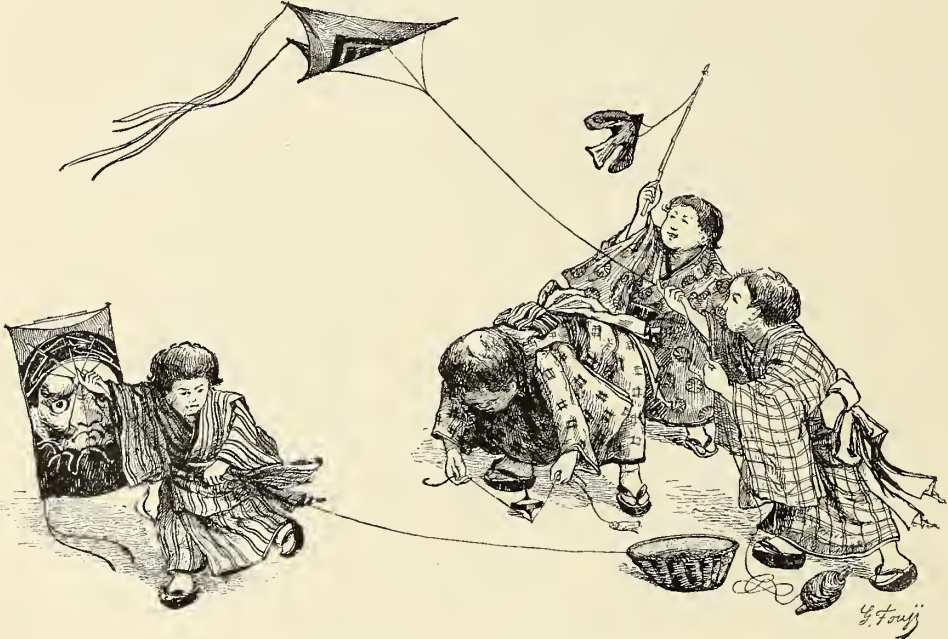
Among the outdoor sports, one of the most popular is kite-flying, varied in many ways, and very fascinating to all. When their New Year comes, then does the sport of kite-flying give great delight to little boys, big boys,—yes, and to the grown-up boys as well. The kites are made of very tough paper on a frame of bamboo. Various shapes are made—round, oblong, oval, but generally rectangular. Sometimes fantastic shapes, representing birds, beasts, men, or children, are made. On the more ordinary shapes are painted or sketched pictures of various kinds. Pictures of beautiful women, of the heroes of ancient Japanese history, of the many species of dragon, the ideal monster, all serve to make the kites attractive. The humming kite is a favorite one and sometimes the air is filled with the musical sounds made by a swarm of them. These kites are

made with a thin piece of bamboo or whale-bone stretched across, placed so as to vibrate in the wind. The vibration makes a humming noise somewhat like the sound of an æolian harp.

In the provinces where snow remains long on the ground, the winter outdoor sports are much the same as in such places in America. Build-

are general favorites, and the whipping-top also is known.

A flag game was very much played by boys at school, or in towns and districts, until it was forbidden by the government on account of its injurious effects upon many boys. It was a mock fight, and was called the "Genji and Heiki," from the same two celebrated rival



LITTLE JAPANESE BOYS, WITH KITES AND A TOP

ing snow-forts and snow-men, fighting with snowballs, coasting, and sliding on the ice make up the principal sports.

Boys become very skilful in the use of stilts, on which they run races, and even wrestle.

Poppuns and blowguns, dear to the hearts of all little noise-makers, are well known to them.

Mimic fights with tops are common. Two players wind and throw their tops so that they will come into collision, and he whose top is damaged or stopped from spinning is the loser. The tops for these fights are made of very hard wood, and are iron-clad with a heavy metal ring. Some of the more ordinary spinning-tops are of light make. A singular kind of top is made of a one-valve shell filled with wax. Musical tops, made to produce notes in different keys,

families before mentioned. The boys divided themselves into two parties, one side with white flags, the other with red. The white flags belonged to the Genji, the red to the Heiki. At the tap of a drum, the two sides marched toward each other, each party endeavoring to capture the enemy's flags, and the side which captured the most flags won the victory. Sometimes the fight was changed in this way: the flags were put upon the backs of the boys, and each wore fastened on his head a round, flat piece of earthenware, and carried in his hand a bamboo stick for a sword. When the number engaged in the game was large, the boys were arranged in squadrons; and then, as before, at the beat of the drum the two sides advanced toward each other, the object now being to break, with the bamboo sword, the

round disk on the head of the enemy. When a disk was broken, the wearer had to retire from the field, and the side having the most disks broken lost the battle.

In a nation whose chief glory in the past was in its warrior class, it is natural that flags should play a chief part in the sports and displays of the children. The Flag Festival, which is celebrated on the fifth day of the fifth month, is the great day of the year for boys. All the toys displayed in the shops for some time previous are especially for them. Flags and banners, toy weapons of all kinds, with images of horse-soldiers, foot-soldiers, generals, and the national heroes, are widely sold. Among the samurai families it was the custom to buy a complete set of these toys for each son born, and on this feast-day these sets are brought out and displayed with great magnificence in the chief room of the house. In the streets bamboo poles are planted at intervals, with a ball of gilded paper on top, and from each long paper streamers of every color float. Many of the banners are adorned with family names and coats of arms, some with national mottos, and others with pictures of heroes. Before most houses is seen the pole bearing the carp of straw or paper, to show either that a boy has been born during the year, or that there are boys in the family. Boys in festival dress go

up and down the streets, some wearing two little swords in the obi, some carrying small banners, and others bearing large wooden swords tied with gay ribbons on their shoulders. It is a beautiful and inspiring sight, and it is a day to make the young masculine heart beat high with pride and joy.

The game of football was played in the Emperor's palace grounds until foreigners entered into Japan; but since then it has become quite general, and much the fashion. Leap-frog, jumping, wrestling, running races, are among the athletic sports; but Japanese boys do not show as much endurance in these exercises as American and English boys show. Thirty minutes at football will fatigue the average boy; but for all that, he has great perseverance.

The ever-present bamboo pole proves to be a useful aid in many sports. The boys turn somersaults on them, and sometimes even the very little fellows become skilful in walking on them.

At the festival of the New Year all children, both boys and girls, play games in the middle of the street. This is the greatest festival of the year, but is not exclusively for children, though the masking and comical disguises common on this day are for the purpose of amusing them, and the first places among the spectators around sports and exhibitions is kept for them.

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## AN ALICE ALPHABET.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

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A is for Alice, who wrote to her feet.

B is the Bandersnatch, frumious and fleet.

C is the Cheshire Cat, who slowly appears.

D is the Duchess who boxed the Queen's ears.

E is the Eaglet who barred out long words.

F, the Flamingo, the queerest of birds.

G is the Gryphon, loquacious and gay.

H, Humpty-Dumpty in gorgeous array.

I for the Insects with curious names.

J is the Jabberwock, breathing forth flames.

K is the King who was whizzed through the air.

L is the Lobster who sugared his hair.

M, the Mock Turtle, whose tears freely flowed.

N is for Nobody, seen on the road.

O is for Oysters, with shoes on their legs.

P is for Pigeon who guarded its eggs.

Q is for Queen who breathlessly ran.

R is the Rabbit who hunted his fan.

S is the Sheep, on her knitting intent.

T, Tweedledum, with his noisy lament.

U is the Unicorn, valiant in feud.

V is the Violet, saucy and rude.

W 's the Walrus with appetite keen.

X the Executioner employed by the Queen.

Y is the Youth Father William surveyed.

Z is the Zigzag the Mouse's tale made.



TOWER OF SAN ZENONE, VERONA.

## THE BELL-TOWERS OF ITALY.

BY JOHN WARD.

WE know how important a place was held by towers in the church and city architecture of the Middle Ages. In those days they served a double purpose, beauty and use. Now their air of romance has a peculiar charm. As we look up at these grand old towers, on which were lavished the genius and the wealth of the Middle Ages, we are impressed by their strength, their grace, and their nobility; while, within, it seems as if the spirit of the Old World still lived and moved among the empty spaces. The winding staircase, seeming to have no end, reaches far above us. The dust of centuries lies thick on the rough stone walls. We climb upward through the dark tower, until light dawns again, and we find ourselves in a large space with great timbers around and overhead.

This is where the huge bells hang; some are rung from below with a cord or chain, others are struck by hand from above. They are the watchmen of the tower; they call men to their duties, they warn of perils, they proclaim victories; they live on from century to century far above the changes in the world below. When the wind howls through these lonely places at night, the beams groan, the enormous clappers swing to and fro, and the great bells sway slowly from side to side. Then at dawn comes the thundering peal of the bells, the ancient walls vibrate to the deafening sound, and we know that their mighty music has floated far away over the plains in ever-lessening waves of harmony, and is heard by the peasant tending his flock on the distant hillsides.

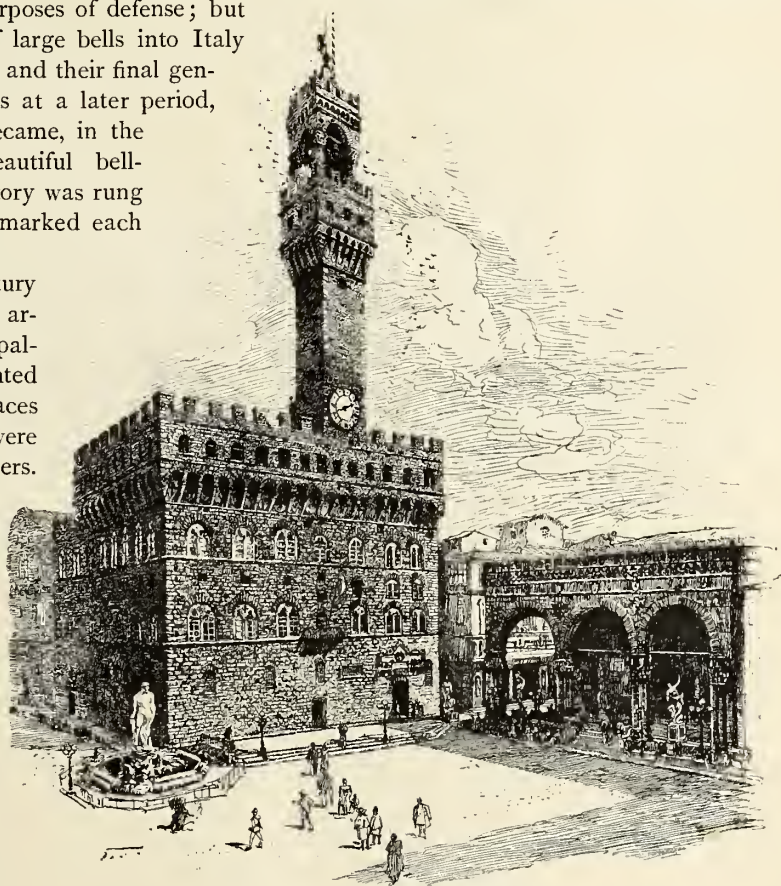
The towers of Italy are celebrated the world over. Every important church is made more beautiful by its tall *campanile* or bell-tower; every town of the plains can be espied from the far distance by its finger pointing upward; every village among the hills has its tower perched on the highest point.

There are two classes of towers in Italy—church towers and civil towers. Of these the church towers are by far the more beautiful, and are, besides, the oldest; they are always connected with some cathedral or church, and usually rise a little to one side of the main building, although sometimes they are attached to an angle of the front. In the early centuries of the Christian era they were used as watch-towers and for purposes of defense; but after the introduction of large bells into Italy during the sixth century, and their final general use by the churches at a later period, the tower of defense became, in the eighth century, the beautiful bell-tower. From the top story was rung the peal of bells which marked each hour of public worship.

In the eleventh century began the period of civil architecture. Communal palaces with battlemented towers, and private palaces with towers for defense, were then built in large numbers. The palaces of the nobles were often flanked by a stone or brick tower, and we even see tall, massive towers standing out alone in the market-place, the pride of some noble family.

Most of the towers of Italy were built during the Middle Ages, that is, from four to twelve centuries ago. Almost all are square, though some have six or eight sides, and a few are circular like those connected with the two churches of San Apollinare inside

and outside the city of Ravenna. The earliest are without ornament, and built of stone or brick; they are heavy and massive, and have either very few windows or the walls are merely pierced with small loop-holes through which little light can enter. At a later time the windows became larger, especially in the upper story, or belfry stage, and were generally arched and decorated with moldings and colonnettes—that is, small columns. The body of the tower was also ornamented with false arcades composed of flat pilasters and arches placed on the outer surface of the stonework. Afterward many changes were introduced in the construction and finish of the tower: the number and size of the windows



PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

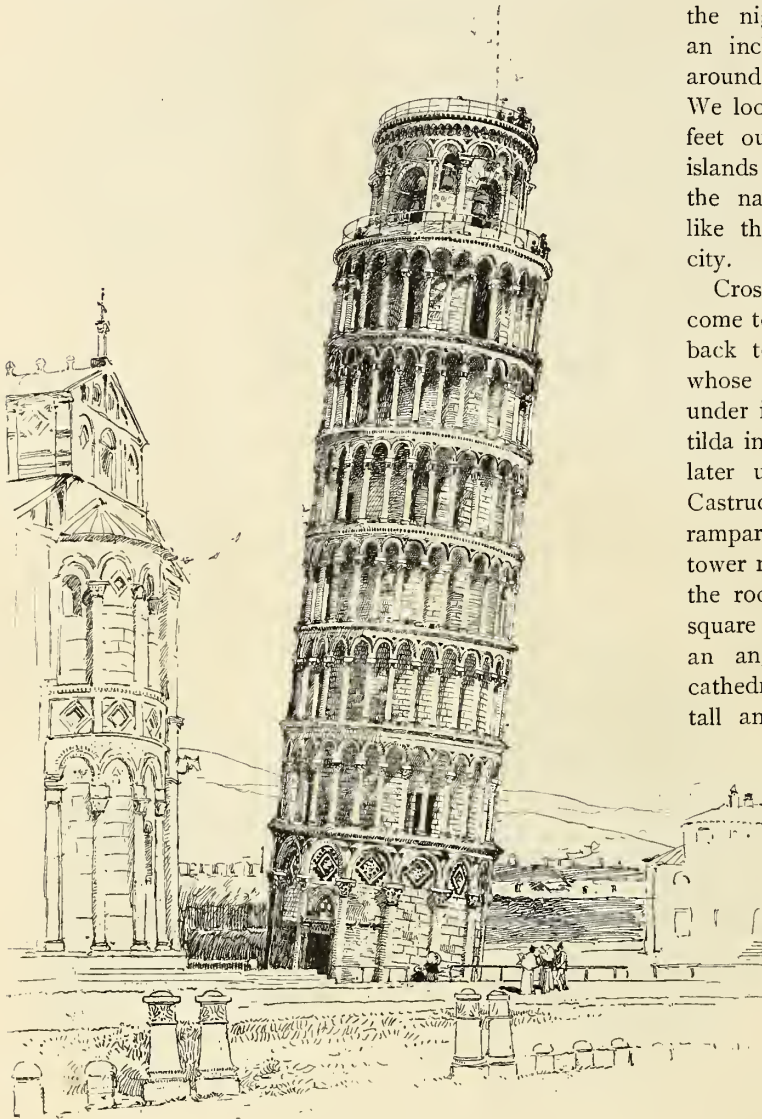
were increased, so that instead of being in only the two upper stories, they filled the sides from top to bottom; many ornaments were used and

sculptures and even mosaic-work and elaborate stone-carving decorated the surface.

Let us first make a tour together among the church *campanili* of Italy, and glance at some of the most famous. We may begin with Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic." The traveler glides noiselessly through the cool,

soon finds himself standing in the noble square of St. Mark's church. Near the cathedral with its many domes, rises the massive tower built on wooden piles reaching deep down into the lagoon. It is impressive from its great height and simplicity. To reach the belfry stage, where a watchman is stationed to strike the huge bell at each hour of the night and day, we ascend an inclined plane which winds around an inner hollow tower. We look from the height of 325 feet out over the sea and the islands dotted here and there and the narrow canals which seem like threads drawn through the city.

Crossing the Apennines, we come to Lucca, a town that dates back to old Roman times, and whose influence was powerful under its "great countess" Matilda in the eleventh century, and later under its talented leader Castruccio. Standing on the old ramparts, one can see tower after tower rising on every side above the roofs of the churches. The square bell-tower which stands at an angle of the front of the cathedral is very noble. It is tall and strong-looking, and its five stories of arched windows are simple and beautiful. Another even more interesting tower is that of the Church of San Frediano. What makes it unusual is the oblong ground-plan, and the double set of windows on the two wide sides. These windows are separated into several divisions by slender colonnettes.



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

dimly lighted canals, in the romantic gondola, to the sound of the soft-splashing water, and

ers are of stone and are surmounted by battlements; and in both the windows in-



crease in size and in the number of their divisions as they reach the top stories. We would like to linger among these grand old towers of Lucca, but we have yet to visit the two most celebrated towers, those of Pisa and Florence.

Pisa seems like a sleeping city, as she lies so quietly and silently along the two borders of the river Arno. She fell asleep several hundred years ago, after she had struggled valiantly for her independence and had won renown during the fierce contests between the Guelphs (partizans of the Pope) and the Ghibellines (partizans of the Emperor). Though Pisa has long since forgotten the days of her greatness, the world cannot forget them when it looks upon that wondrously beautiful group of four marble-white buildings standing apart in the sacred corner: the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo (or Burial-ground), and, what interests us most of all, the remarkable Campanile, so well known



SAN MARCO AND THE CAMPANILE, VENICE.

as the "Leaning Tower." This famous tower was built in 1174. Its construction is peculiar: there is in the center a hollow brick tube or cylinder; around this plain round tower the architects built eight stories of open galleries, with beautiful, slender columns of white marble supporting semicircular arches. The general effect is one of great delicacy and lightness, a fairy-like tower of wonderful grace. The summit is 179 feet from the ground. As you all know, the tower leans thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, and looks as if it would surely

fall over at any moment; but, as the center of gravity is still within its base, it is as safe as if it were erect. The foundations were probably imperfectly built at the start, for the tower began to lean before it was half finished; and we can see where at one point the builders tried to bring it back as much as possible to the vertical line by making the columns on the low side higher than the others. The walls, too, are strengthened with iron bars. Fancy the consternation of the architects when they saw their beautiful tower leaning over, and its foundations

sinking in the ground! It requires very steady nerves to carry us to the top, and we find ourselves clinging to the wall when we are on the leaning side.

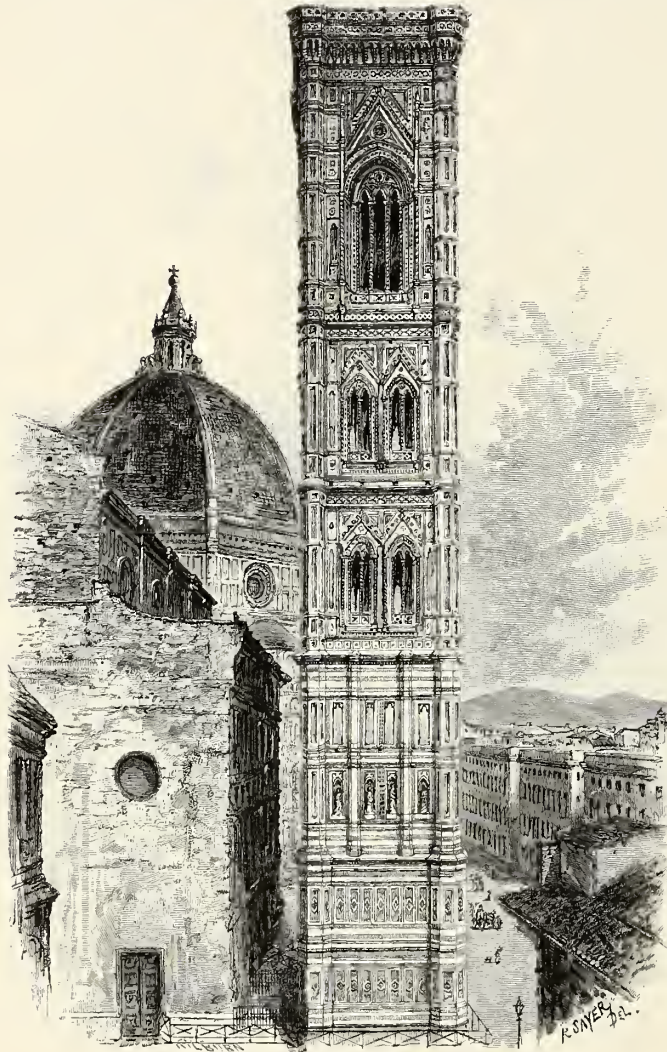
This is what Charles Dickens says about the tower in his "Pictures from Italy": "In the

startling; and I saw a nervous traveler hold on to the Tower involuntarily, after glancing down, as if he had some idea of propping it up."

When we reach the summit we must not forget that this was where the great astronomer Galileo watched the stars, experimented on the fall of bodies, and studied the law of gravitation. Here, too, in the upper story, hang the six bells, the largest of which weighs more than 12,000 pounds. The bell-founders of Pisa had a wide reputation for casting bells of beautiful tone, sonorous and harmonious. They lavished on them all their art and their talent.

The *Pasquarea* (the Paschal bell), the most famous of the Pisan bells, the one which was tolled when criminals were taken to execution, is ornamented with a figure of the Virgin and the devices of Pisa, and has a rich, full tone.

And now we come to Pisa's great rival, the beautiful Florence — "*Firenze la bella*," the home of Giotto. This great and well-beloved artist, who was at once painter, poet, sculptor, and architect, was popularly supposed to have been a shepherd. Tradition tells us that as he daily tended his flock in the pasture, one little lamb was ever by his side, showing him the most touching affection. When at last the little lamb was about to die, it spoke in verse to the shepherd, telling him that its spirit would remain with him always, in the form of a fairy, and that through its favor he was to become a great artist. At all events, the prophecy came true, for Giotto became an artist



GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE, OR BELL-TOWER, IN FLORENCE.

course of the ascent to the top the inclination is not very apparent; but at the summit it becomes so, and gives one the sensation of being in a ship that has heeled over through the action of an ebb-tide. The effect upon the low side, so to speak, looking over from the gallery, and seeing the shaft recede to its base, is very

artist of world-wide fame, and he built a tower in Florence known as Giotto's Campanile. It is said that here the fairy has dwelt ever since, among the bells, flitting through the silent spaces.

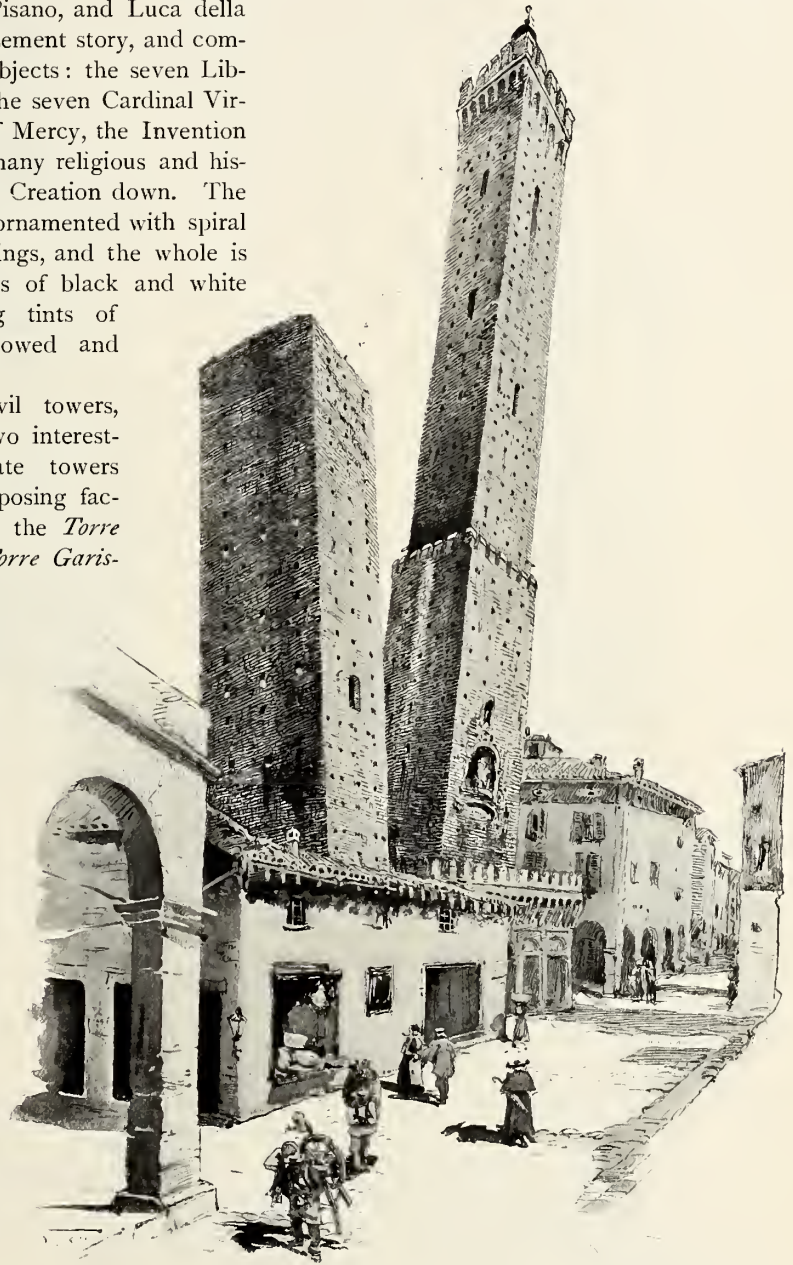
Giotto, commanded by the city to build an edifice which in height and richness was to surpass any previous structure in the world's his-

tory, in 1334 laid the corner-stone of his great tower. No expense was spared, and some of the greatest artists worked upon it. Sculptures by Donatello, Andrea Pisano, and Luca della Robbia decorate the basement story, and comprise several series of subjects: the seven Liberal Arts and Sciences, the seven Cardinal Virtues, the seven Works of Mercy, the Invention of Navigation, besides many religious and historical subjects from the Creation down. The upper three stories are ornamented with spiral shafts and carved moldings, and the whole is built in alternate courses of black and white marble, the contrasting tints of which have been mellowed and softened by time.

Turning now to civil towers, there are, at Bologna, two interesting examples of private towers erected by nobles of opposing factions. They are called the *Torre degli Asinelli* and the *Torre Garisenda*, and were named after the two great families who built them. They are both leaning towers, and, strangely enough, they lean in opposite directions. This seems the more surprising as the tipping was caused by an earthquake.

In Rome, also, there existed in former times scores of civil towers, a large number of which were destroyed long since. The two most important ones among those still standing are the *Torre de' Conti* and the *Torre delle Milizie*, on the Quirinal Hill; they are huge brick structures of great solidity, and must have served as veritable fortresses in the troubled times which were so frequent during the Middle Ages.

In the cities of the free Italian republics, the central point of activity, the heart of social and



THE LEANING TOWERS OF BOLOGNA.

political life, the seat of government, and the place for public meetings, fêtes, and races, was the large square, flanked on one side by the

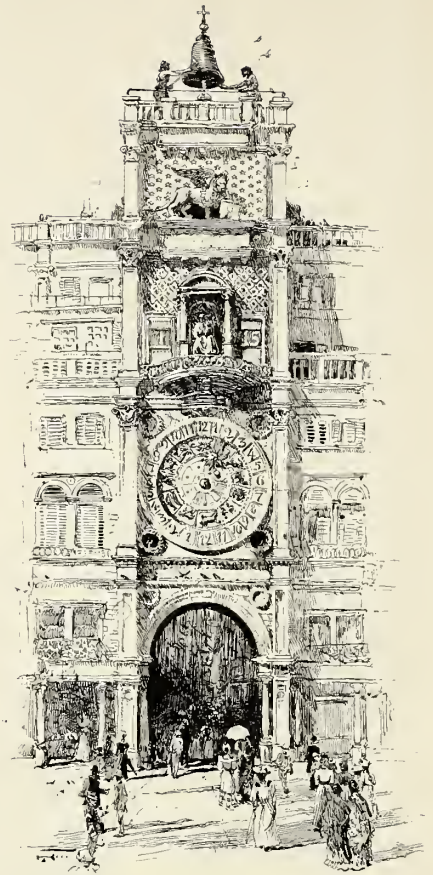
great communal palace or town hall. Here were the residences of the *Gonfaloniere* and the *Priori*, the superior magistracy of the republic. These palaces, which in years gone by were the seats of the great nobles and rulers and princes of Italy, are now usually given up to public offices, or even to theaters and prisons. One of the most striking features of the communal palace of the Middle Ages is the bold and lofty tower, wherein hangs the huge bell which was rung to call citizens to arms.

The *Piazza della Signoria* in Florence was the scene of a great popular uprising on the 19th of July, 1378. It was a strike of the *ciompi* or the lowest of the people, against the *grandi*, or the nobles who held the civic offices.

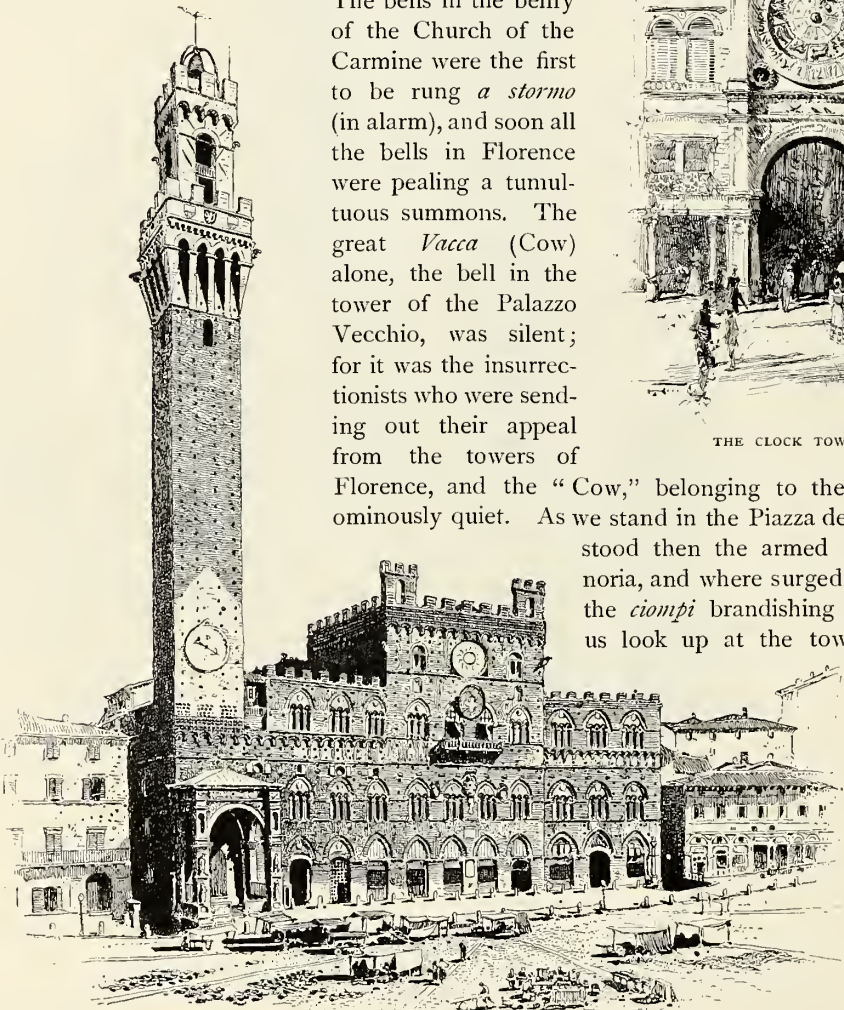
The bells in the belfry of the Church of the Carmine were the first to be rung *a stormo* (in alarm), and soon all the bells in Florence were pealing a tumultuous summons. The great *Vacca* (Cow) alone, the bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, was silent; for it was the insurrectionists who were sending out their appeal from the towers of

Florence, and the "Cow," belonging to the government, was ominously quiet. As we stand in the *Piazza della Signoria*, where stood then the armed guard of the *Signoria*, and where surged the angry mass of the *ciompi* brandishing their weapons, let us look up at the tower of the Palazzo

Vecchio, which local proverb has called "a tower built in the air." The saying seems almost true, for the massive structure rests, not on the walls of the palace, but on the deep, over-



THE CLOCK TOWER, VENICE.



TOWER OF THE MANGIA, SIENA.

hanging battlements. What a noble shaft it is, so full of strength and dignity! Four heavy columns support the arches of the upper story and high up on the tower one may see large escutcheons, or shields, corresponding to many more escutcheons on the walls of the palace itself. These are the heraldic bearings of the ancient republic, and of the wards and quarters into which the city was divided. The palace was erected in the year 1298, but the tower had formed a part of an earlier structure, and was altered and incorporated by the architect Arnolfo into his noble town hall.

Another noble example is the *Torre della Mangia*, rising from the angle of the *Palazzo Pubblico* in Siena. It was built in 1325, and from its lofty height has looked down upon the changes of more than five centuries. In the large semicircular, sloping square below, of which Dante speaks in the "Purgatorio," and which measures in its circuit a full 1000 feet, and looks like the floor of an ancient theater, it has seen many popular tumults during the Middle Ages; it has seen the famous *Palio*,\* or horse-race, celebrated century after century; and it sees the picturesque market of fish, game, and vegetables.

Later than all of these civil towers is the curious Clock Tower in the square of San Marco in Venice, gorgeous with its dial in gold and blue. The twelve signs of the zodiac are there resplendent, and the suns on the hands of the clock travel twice round the great face in the twenty-four hours. On the top of the tower stand two bronze figures of men on either side of a huge bell. They hold heavy hammers in their hands as if ready to

strike the hour upon the bell with dignified solemnity. One of these bronze Moors is said by tradition to have been guilty of murder; for with a swing of its hammer it hurled a poor, innocent workman over the edge of the parapet. As the



TOWER OF SAN MARTINO, LUCCA.

deal a blow and as each hour arrives, the figures in bronze, who have been called "Moors,"

hour of two is struck upon the bell, the air is darkened by a sudden gathering of all the clans of the sacred pigeons of San Marco. It

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1896.

is the hour when they are fed. You have heard about the great flocks of gentle pigeons which have lived since time immemorial among the spires of San Marco, and which come daily to be fed and to patter in and out between our feet upon the pavement below, with the simple confidence of little children. The superstition of the Venetians has with

jealous care kept them undisturbed through the years.

It is impossible, within this short space, even to tell in the briefest way the stories of the most celebrated towers of Italy; and the tragic legend of the Tower of Famine in Pisa, the gentler memories of Hilda's Tower in Rome, with a host of others, must be left untold.



A LIVELY TANDEM.



## DOLLY TAKES TEA.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

WHEN dolly sits down to the table,  
And ev'rything 's ready, you see—  
With cookies and water for Mabel,  
And water and cookies for me,  
  
We nibble and chatter with dolly,  
And offer her "tea" from a spoon,  
And often our meal is so jolly  
It lasts through the whole afternoon.  
  
Till Mabel jumps up in a hurry  
And says that she really must go,  
And I say, "Oh, truly, I 'm sorry,  
And dolly 's enjoyed it, I know."  
  
Then gaily we clear off the table  
When dolly has finished her tea,  
With cookies and water for Mabel,  
And water and cookies for me.

## TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

*And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.*

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



“‘IT WAS A HAT!’”

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

### CHAPTER XX.

#### A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

QUINT also stepped aside under the trees and stood facing him.

The dark woodland beyond looked impenetrably dense until lighted up by a vivid flash that showed each silent trunk distinct in its space, and quiet saplings ranged on each side of a broken and ruined wayside wall. The utter solitude, the surrounding desolation, the fitful gleams and peals, the on-coming night

and storm, might well have tried the nerves of one older and more experienced than Quint, but no one could have been more determined.

“I can wait here as long as you can,” he said; coolly adding, “I don’t think there’s going to be much of a shower.”

Winslow moved to a fallen tree-trunk and sat down upon it. Quint guessed there was room for two, and sat down beside him.

“How long have you been following me?” The dog-seller’s tone was quite friendly now.

“All day,” Quint replied. “Cassius and I have been on the war-path ever since the dog got away this morning.”



"Seems to me you are giving yourselves a deal of trouble for a small matter," Winslow remarked sarcastically.

"It's no small matter to us, let me tell you," Quint replied. "Ten dollars is a big sum to a poor country boy. It's more than my chum had saved up in all his life; that's why he borrowed of me. Now we are bound to have it back, with something for our trouble."

"You are a precious pair of country bumpkins!" said Winslow laughing. "But I rather like your pluck. Come now, be reasonable. What will you settle for?"

"Twenty dollars," Quint responded in a direct and quiet tone.

"That's absurd! I have n't got so much money as that."

"You've got more than that, Mr. Winslow. Before you sold that dog to us you sold him to Mr. Miller in the town of Wormwood. Today you sold him first to an old shoemaker, then again to somebody else, just before you went to the Star Grove Hotel, and you've sold him again this evening. How many more times you have sold him," Quint went on, "you know better than I do. You certainly have money, and the best thing in the world for you to do, Mr. Winslow, is to hand out mine." And he looked squarely at the dog-seller over four feet of pine log between them.

"And what if I decline to give up to you my hard-earned profits?" sneered Winslow.

"Then I'll see that you don't earn any more in that way; I'll see that you are put where even your dog can't find you! That's the size of it, Mr. Winslow."

The dog-seller laughed derisively.

"You imagine you can make people believe your absurd story? I deny every word of it. I never sold you and Cassius a dog. Never sold anybody a dog. My dog is not for sale; he is with my mother in Michigan. Besides, I never had a dog. If you have a paper signed with my name it's a forgery. I don't sign my name to papers. More than all that, my name is not Winslow."

He rattled this off with bewildering volubility, and taking a knife from his pocket, opened it with a peculiar motion, and began to stick the blade into the log they sat on — merely to

display his weapon, Quint thought. It was not so dark but that Quint could see that the blade was long and bright. He also took out his knife and began to stab the log.

"It's funny, then," said he, "what we have hunted you all day for!"

"I know what for," cried Winslow. "You have trumped up false charges against me, and think you'll force me to buy you off. That's what I say and what I'll maintain."

"And the other people you've swindled,— I know just where to find some of them,— how will it be when they come to tell their stories?" Quint demanded.

"Brutus!" said the dog-seller, snapping his knife shut and putting it into his pocket, "I'll give you five dollars, and you shall go your way and I'll go mine."

Quint quietly closed and pocketed his own knife, and asked dryly:

"You will submit, then, to our 'false charges' as you call them?"

"I'll submit to anything for a dry skin. We're a couple of fools to sit here and palaver when our little affair can be compromised so easily."

"So I think. But five dollars won't compromise it," said Quint.

"Very well, then!" exclaimed Winslow, a blaze of lightning showing a sinister resolution on his keen face; "we'll sit it out. I've got on a waterproof; I think I can stand it, if you can!"

"I've got a better waterproof than that," said Quint, with ominously set lips. "I'm going to get mad by and by; that will keep me from caring about the weather. You'd better not put off settling too long."

The thunder was terrific. Then, between the peals, a rushing and roaring sound could be heard, distant and faint at first, then nearer and louder, and they knew that the storm, with tempest and down-pouring and fracas of tossing boughs, was sweeping toward them over the woods and fields. The lightning shot through fringes of the coming rain, and shone in the large, near, slant-streaking drops.

Winslow turned up the collar of his duster, or waterproof, and pulled the flaps over his exposed knees. Quint likewise turned up his

coat-collar, and buttoned the top button, remarking coolly :

"When this tree gets wet through, we can move under another."

The pleasantry did not appeal to Winslow's sense of humor. He sprang to his feet with an outburst of unquotable adjectives, threw down his head against the gusts, and exclaiming, "I'm going to get out of this!" started to run.

Quint started at the same time, catching him by the arm.

"Hands off!" Winslow yelled, in the turmoil of rain and wind and thrashing boughs. "Don't stop me! or I'll— Take that— on your gambrel-roof nose!" with which half-stifled ejaculation, he whirled and aimed a furious blow at Quint's head.

Quint ducked in time to receive only a glancing stroke on his crown. Then throwing up an elbow to parry a second blow, he made a headlong dive at Winslow's waist; he closed with him, and in a minute the two were engaged in a desperate struggle.

They were about equally matched as to weight; but the lank Biddicut boy was the taller and longer-limbed of the two. He had had some school-boy practice at scuffling and wrestling; and his mates had usually found him what they termed a "tough customer" in their rough-and-tumble contests. If one attempted to lift him from the ground, his feet seemed to stick to it, as if they had glue on them, and his sinewy legs to stretch out like legs of india-rubber.

He gripped Winslow firmly about the waist, at first with the sole idea of holding him, and of shielding his own head and face from the blows. With his right arm he managed to secure his favorite under-hold, while his left fought, and finally grappled, Winslow's right.

Though slight of build, Winslow was lithe and athletic, and a more formidable adversary than he appeared. Forced to desist from his blows, he cried in a lull of the scuffle :

"Will you let go now and go your way, while I go mine?"

"Your way will be mine till you give me my money!" Quint replied.

"I'll give you a broken back over that

log!" Winslow snarled. And the struggle recommenced, both settling down to business.

They tugged, and wrenched, and lifted, Winslow trying to throw Quint over the log; Quint avoiding it, and at the same time doing his utmost to get Winslow on his hip, fling him, and fall upon him.

Suddenly Winslow, freeing one hand, got it inside his waterproof, and into his trousers' pocket. But before he could fairly grasp the knife he was evidently reaching for, his arm was clutched again, he was forced violently backward; in another moment he was tripped over the log, and falling, both went down together.

## XXI.

### CLIFF'S AMAZING DISCOVERIES.

THROUGH all the tumult of the storm Cliff slumbered on his heap of straw, to be at last awakened by something like a blow grazing his cheek and striking him full upon the breast. He started from his dreams and put out his hand.

He thought he was in his bed at home, and that he had been hit by his brother Amos tumbling about in his sleep. Then it seemed as if something was moving in the room; he heard a rustling sound, and the hand he put out for his brother touched straw.

It was not so dark but that he could see the great open front of the shed, the overhanging roof, and the dim shape of the farm-wagon under it. Recollection returned with a shock, and he was terrified to find that he had fallen asleep while waiting for his friend; he could not imagine how long ago. It might have been hours.

"Hullo!" he cried out, in the wild hope that the movements he had heard were those of Quint, who might perhaps have returned.

No answer. But the movements continued. There was some live creature close behind him. The straw rustled at his very side. He started up, thrilled through and through with horrid fear.

Suddenly the blow on his breast was repeated, and a dark object came between him and the light. Something wet touched his

hands; something warm and moist flashed, so to speak, across his face.

His companion in the shed was a dog. The wagging tail thumped his arm; the caressing tongue lapped his face. He uttered a sudden cry—something between a gasp of astonishment and a cry of joy.

“Sparkler! Oh, my gracious Jehu! Sparkler! Quint! Quint!” he called; “I’ve got him!”—as if Quint were near.

Securing a hold of the collar, he hugged the wet creature to his heart.

“You don’t get away from me again, you rogue!” he said, in a tremor of excitement, as he pulled from his pocket the cord he had carried all day, slipped one end of it about the dog’s collar, and fastened it with a firm knot. “Now this never goes out of my hand!”

Sparkler did not even try to get away; he seemed, on the contrary, to recognize Cliff with pleasure, to which his smiting tail gave vivacious expression.

“Why did you run away from me? Why did you come back? How did you find me here?” said the boy, talking as if his dumb companion could comprehend. “Oh, Sparkler, I wish you could speak! What a story you could tell!”

The exciting occurrence diverted his mind for a minute from its anxieties about Quint. But now he thought of him again with growing amazement and alarm at his mysterious absence. He stilled the dog’s movements, and knelt upon the straw, listening and wondering; then advanced to the opening of the shed.

The storm was over; the few drops that fell upon his hand and shoulder came from the still dripping eaves. He went out upon the wet roadside, the dog capering at the end of his cord, and gazed up and down, feeling sure that some dreadful thing had befallen his friend.

“Oh, Sparkler!” he exclaimed in his misery, “can’t you tell me what to do?”

The dog had at first seemed averse to quitting the dark corner of the shed, even bounding back toward the manger when Cliff pulled him away. But now, on the open road, as if he had understood the boy’s appeal, he began to tug at the cord in the direction in which Cliff was himself inclined to go.

“Go ahead!” cried Cliff, with sudden hope and confidence. “I’ll trust you!”

He was still full of imaginary fears; but he was comforted by the companionship of the dog; and occasionally, through all his troubles, would break a gleam of pure joy at the thought of Sparkler once more in his possession.

At the same time the world was growing lighter and still lighter; and he perceived that the western sky was clearing. A bright star appeared beneath the edge of broken and low-hanging clouds, and shone with inexpressible beauty and purity in the opening rift. Then all at once a flood of white radiance filled the night. Cliff looked up, and there, almost overhead in the wild sky, was the moon. It peered over the edge of a great black rampart of cloud, as if to reassure the storm-buffeted sphere with its cold, placid smile.

Cliff kept on, often pausing, and taxing every sense to discern signs of his lost comrade, until suddenly Sparkler jumped up on the roadside, jerking at the cord. They were on the outskirts of a wood-lot, and a passing gust of wind shook down pattering drops from the branches overhead. The moonlight slanting through the boughs and silvering the undergrowth showed a dark log on the ground, toward which Sparkler led the way.

Near the log was a dark-gray object at which Sparkler was presently sniffing. Cliff ran to it, stooped over it, caught it up and examined it with astonishment which quickly became consternation. It was a hat—a common felt hat, of a well-worn appearance, with a narrow rim and shapeless crown, crushed as if it had been trampled on, yet just such a hat as his friend had worn; and there, as if more certainly to identify it, was a spray of wild roses, such as Quint had stuck under the band that afternoon.

Cliff’s fears were thus confirmed. Quint had certainly had an encounter with the desperate character they were pursuing; and that he had not had the best of it seemed proved by the fact that his hat, and not Winslow’s, was left on the field.

But what had happened to him since? In continuing the struggle, he might have met with some terrible mishap, and Cliff’s excited

imagination pictured his friend lying on the ground, somewhere in the woods, disabled — possibly worse.

He stood in the edge of the moonlit woodland, and called with all his force of throat and lungs.

“Hello-o-o, Quint! Hello-o-o!”

His voice died away in the depths of the forest, and not even an echo came back. A curdling terror crept through his veins.

Sparkler meanwhile tugged at his leash, and sniffed along the ground. The drenching shower must have carried away, for the most part, such evidences of his master's presence as his delicate canine scent would otherwise have been quick to detect and follow; but he was strangely uneasy.

“Oh, Sparkler!” Cliff pleaded, “seek — seek him!” — in the fond belief that, by pursuing Winslow, the dog might help him find his friend.

Sparkler's nose stopped at something half-buried in a clump of moss. It was a bright object, with a shining edge turned up in the moonlight. Cliff darted to pick it up.

“Only a piece of knife-handle!” he exclaimed. “Have they been breaking knives?” he wondered. It appeared to have been trodden into the moss.

He would have thrown it away as something worthless, but for the possibility of its affording some clue to the harrowing mystery.

It was about the size and shape of the thing he took it for; but unlike any knife he had ever seen in Quint's hands. He was carefully scrutinizing it, holding it up in the moonlight with one hand,—the end of the cord in the other, along with Quint's hat,—wholly forgetting Sparkler in that moment of intense thought, when he was reminded of the dog in an unpleasantly surprising manner.

Sparkler, who had been sniffing again about his feet, gave a sudden bounce, the cord was jerked from Cliff's relaxed hold, and in an instant the dog darted away in the checkered moonshine, with the cord flying like a faint streak at his heels.

“He 's gone!” said Cliff, in rage and despair. “Let him go! I don't care if I never see him again! I wish I had never seen him!”

## XXII.

## CAPTOR OR CAPTIVE?

QUINT's hat had been knocked off by the first glancing blow from Winslow's fist; and when, in the final struggle, he plunged after Winslow over the log, he struck his unprotected head against the root of a tree. Though partially stunned, he was on his feet again almost immediately, but only in time to see a dim figure dart away in the rain, in the direction of the cross-road.

Without waiting to recover his hat or to search for the knife, which he thought flew from Winslow's pocket when he seized his arm, he started at once in pursuit, stumblingly at first, then with more certain steps as he rallied from the effect of his fall.

It was a strange race, in the midst of the mad storm, gusts of wind, rain that came down in veiling sheets, lightning gleams and crashes of thunder. A flash at a critical instant showed the fugitive taking the southern branch of the cross-road; and from that time Quint had little difficulty in following him.

At first the distance between them seemed to increase, then for a while to continue about the same. Each had started out with breath spent by the scuffle, and Quint was put to a still further disadvantage by his dive against the tree. Then gradually his forces returned; he drew deep breaths as he ran, and with the sense of restored power, the fury of his resolution came back.

So, though a fair match for him in a wrestling bout, the dog-seller soon found that he could n't compete with the tall Biddicut boy in a foot-race. His breath was utterly gone, when, hearing Quint close at his heels, he turned and faced him.

“Are n't we a couple of fools!” he articulated pantingly.

“If you are speaking for yourself, I don't know of anybody that will dispute you,” Quint replied, in much better breath and voice.

He did n't offer to lay hands on Winslow; but, bareheaded, his hair disordered, his features dripping in the rain, and showing a ghastly streak caused by the blow upon the left temple, he confronted the swindler.

"What do you intend to do now?" said the dog-seller.

"Stick by you," said Quint grimly.

"Had n't you better go back and pick up your hat? You seem to have come off in a hurry," said Winslow, walking on.

His own duster, or waterproof, had been torn open in the scuffle, and he was holding it together over his breast.

"I've more important business just now," Quint answered, again keeping close to his side.

How extremely anxious he was to go back, he was careful not to betray. Not for his hat, indeed; but in following Winslow he was going farther and farther away from Cliff, of whose assistance he was in desperate need. But he would not go back without his captive, and he could not devise any means of taking his captive with him.

It was a singular dilemma—the captive leading away the captor! But there seemed to be no help for it, unless he abandoned his purpose; and this he had no thought of doing, although far more apprehensive than he appeared as to the outcome of the amazing adventure.

Winslow would no doubt have offered more liberal terms of settlement if he had known what sort of a boy was behind the "gambrel-roof nose." But a rogue may have pride as well as an honest man; and he was not one to give up his ill-gotten "profits" at the demand of a seventeen-year-old "country bumpkin." He knew no more than Quint did how the affair was to end; but he would trust to luck and his sharp wits to carry him through. While Quint was "sticking" to him, he was watching for an opportunity to get rid of Quint.

The thunder and lightning ceased, or became distant, but it rained steadily, and the darkness was increasing.

The road ran at right angles with the one to which Quint would gladly have returned. But he shrewdly guessed that it would soon strike one parallel to that, perhaps the main thoroughfare that traversed the village where he had bought crackers and cheese with Cliff, and had helped the teamsters with their hot box.

The two walked on without speaking, and before many minutes came to the very street of Quint's conjecture. The cross-road ended

there, and a broader highway stretched away in the darkness to the right and left. To the right it led into an unknown region; to the left, it led back to the village Quint knew. There were no lights visible, except in the windows of a few scattered houses.

"Here 's a lamp-post," said Winslow, stopping on a corner. "Why is there no light?"

"Because there is supposed to be a moon," replied Quint. "That 's the way it is in Biddicut; no matter how dark and stormy the nights are, the street lamps are never lighted, if there happens to be a moon in the almanac."

"Do you know where we are?" Winslow inquired.

"We are about a mile and a half from the Star Grove Hotel, which lies in this direction," Quint answered, pointing.

"That 's according to my calculation," Winslow remarked, as he turned the corner in the direction of the village, to the immense but secret satisfaction of his captor.

Another long silence. They were rapidly approaching the village.

"Are we going to keep this up all night?" the dog-seller inquired.

"That 's for you to say," Quint replied. "If you walk, I walk. After the shower is over, exercise will dry us."

Another silence. Then Winslow asked:

"Where 's Cassius all this time?"

"He 's getting rested, so he 'll be fresh for hooking on to you, if I find the thing growing monotonous."

"Well," said Winslow, decisively, "I 'm going to the Star Grove Hotel!"—the lights of which were now visible, over the village roofs and trees. "I 've engaged a room there."

"I 'm with you," Quint remarked cheerfully.

"The hotel will be a good place to call a convention of the people you 've sold your dog to."

"That 's what you 're after, is it?" Winslow retorted.

"I 'm not after anything. What I do will depend on you. I 've only one plan—to get my money back, or to see you locked up. That 's the kind of country bumpkin I am."

"You want to try that game?" cried Winslow defiantly. "Here 's your chance!"

It was a chance Quint had been eagerly looking for, with but little hope, however, that he would be allowed to take advantage of it.

They had reached the center of the village, which he recognized, although its aspect was changed from what it had been when he and Cliff passed and repassed through its principal streets that afternoon. They were now plashy and deserted, and doors were closed against the storm. A little off from the corner, not far ahead, was the broadly lighted front window of the grocery, on the steps of which Cliff had rested and munched his crackers and cheese while Quint went to join the teamsters around the hot box.

On another corner, still nearer, was an establishment in which Quint was more intensely interested just now. This was the police station. Here he had stopped with Cliff to make inquiries, while following Sparkler back through the village, and had told enough of their story to insure him a ready hearing, he believed, if he could now succeed in taking Winslow to the door.

He had hardly expected to bring him even within sight of it; for Winslow probably knew the town as well as he did, and that was one of the places which persons of his character are usually solicitous to avoid. Perhaps he had not been so quick as Quint, to recognize the situation; but he certainly recognized it now. For there, right across the way, on a broad transparency lighted from within, were the conspicuous letters — POLICE.

Winslow perceived the sign as soon as Quint did; but instead of retreating or hurrying by, he put on a bold front and repeated:

"Here 's your chance! Think I 'm afraid of that?"

Fearing some trick, but holding himself ready to fling himself upon Winslow the instant he should attempt any suspicious action, Quint answered promptly:

"All right! Cross over with me!"

"I 'll do that," said Winslow, "and we 'll soon see what your trumped-up charges will amount to."

So saying, he crossed over with Quint to the door of the station. It was closed, but the light from the window shone mistily upon them

as they stood there a moment in the rain, alert, suspicious, each eager to fathom the other's intentions.

"Why don't you go ahead?" said Winslow, with an ironic smile.

"The elder first; age before beauty," Quint replied.

"Come along, then!" said the dog-seller, with an air of bravado, mounting the two steps that led to the door.

Quint was so intent upon getting him into the station and cutting off his retreat in case he should turn back at the last moment, that he was wholly unprepared for what followed.

"Come along!" Winslow repeated, raising his voice as he threw open the door, at the same time clutching the astonished Biddicut boy by the collar and dragging him forward over the threshold. "Police!" he cried, "I 've brought you a highway robber!"

Captor and captive had all at once changed places.

### XXIII.

#### "A PRODIGIOUS BLUNDER."

THERE was but one person in the room — a sturdy Americanized Irishman. Unfortunately he was not the officer of whom the boys had made inquiries that afternoon. He was writing at a desk, in a little railed-off space, with his broad back toward the door, when it was burst open in this extraordinary manner.

He stepped promptly outside the rail, and seized hold of Quint, who was struggling with Winslow.

"Be quiet, will you!" Then to the pretended captor: "What has he done?"

"Stopped me on the street!" Winslow exclaimed, showing his thin outer garment torn open at the breast. "Snatched my watch and ran! I caught him, and he flung it away — a few rods back here."

Quint meanwhile was holding fast to Winslow and trying to speak. His bare head, his drenched hair and garments, his rain-streaked features, showing the effects of his wearisome all-day tramp and of the present excitement, — rendered ghastly, moreover, by an ugly bruise on the temple, — all combined to give him the aspect of a desperate and disreputable character.

"Be quiet, or I'll quiet you!" said the officer roughly. "Take away your hand!"

Quint relaxed his hold upon Winslow.

"I'll be quiet," he said; "only allow me to tell my story."

"You'll have time for that," said the officer, quickly slipping a pair of handcuffs on the astounded prisoner.

"Wait till I pick up my watch; I know just where he dropped it," said Winslow.

"Keep him! keep him! Don't let him go!" Quint fairly howled.

But Winslow, without awaiting an answer, was already out of the station.

Even with the handcuffs on his wrists Quint would have rushed out in pursuit if the officer had not detained him.

"*He* is the robber! Let me go!" he cried, trying to get away.

"Will you quit?" demanded the officer, holding him firmly by one manacled wrist.

"I'll quit if I must," Quint replied fiercely. "But I never thought it was the business of the police to help the rogues instead of the honest men."

"We'll see who is the rogue in this case," said the officer, slightly disconcerted by Winslow's sudden disappearance, and by the prisoner's vehement protest; "when he comes back with the watch."

"There was no watch!" Quint declared. "He won't come back! If he does, you may believe I am the robber, and not that *he* has got *my* money."

It is not probable that the deliberate Biddicut boy had ever before spoken so volubly and vehemently. Fully roused, furiously indignant, he turned from gazing after the banished figure, and glared upon the officer.

Only the pouring rain was heard outside the open door. The sound of fleeing footsteps had died away. No figure groping along the ground in search of a watch, nor any other moving object, was visible in the rainy street. After looking out and listening a moment, the officer addressed his prisoner:

"What were you resisting for?"

"I was n't resisting. I was only trying to hold on to him, while you were letting him go. Could n't you see what he was up to?" said

Quint, his grim face wrathfully glowering. "I had brought *him* in, instead of his having brought me!"

"It did n't look so," said the officer, incredulously, but evidently disturbed. "He was dragging you after him."

"I'll tell you how that was," said Quint. "The minute I got him to the door, and was making him come in first, he grabbed me by the collar and snaked me over the top step so suddenly I stumbled; then you thought I was fighting to get away, when I was only keeping *him* from getting away."

The officer was all the while looking out for the returning watch-hunter, and frowning dubiously. Again he turned and looked Quint carefully over.

"It's an improbable story you tell," he declared. "You could n't capture and bring in a man like him. Impossible!"

"Would it be any more possible for him to bring me in?" Quint retorted, standing at his full height, and looking sternly into the eyes of the officer, who, though a good-sized man, was hardly taller than he.

"You are bigger than I thought, when you came sprawling in."

"You thought then I was big enough to play the highway-robber. I own I could n't have brought him here, if he had n't been willing, any more than he could have brought me. I had been following him all day — I had just caught him — and then to have the *police* help him get away!"

Quint crushed some angry word in his teeth, and his ghastly features worked with repressed emotion.

"How had he robbed you?" the officer demanded.

Quint told something of the dog-seller's operations, and went on:

"We followed him all the way from Biddicut through I don't know how many towns. I was alone when I fell in with him this evening. He tried to shake me off, and we had a squabble. But I stuck to him till we came in sight of your station. Then I should have called for help, if he had n't himself proposed to come in. He must have had this rascally trick of his already planned."

"Did he give you that blow on the forehead?" the officer inquired.

Quint put up his hand. "I did n't know I had one! He struck me three or four times. But I must have got this when we fell over a log together, and my head tried to occupy the same place with the butt of a tree!" he explained solemnly.

The officer, evidently no longer expectant of Winslow, kept glancing up at the clock. He had told Quint he could sit down, but Quint remained standing.

"The chief will be here in a few minutes," the man said. "Then if we find you are telling a straight story, we 'll see what we can do for you."

"You can't do anything now," Quint answered sullenly. "Unless you take off these bracelets. They are n't comfortable, and they are n't ornamental, and they happen to be on the wrong pair of wrists. The other pair is far enough out of your reach by this time. After all the trouble we 'd had!" He choked a little. "Nobody is going to follow him again as we followed him!"

Footsteps were heard approaching along the wooden sidewalk. They had a heavier sound than would have been made by the tread of the light-heeled young dog-seller.

Another officer stepped up on the threshold. Quint recognized him as the one of whom he and Cliff had made inquiries that afternoon, but he at first said nothing.

The new-comer regarded the Biddicut boy with astonishment, recognizing him only after an effort of puzzled reflection.

"Hello!" he said, "what has happened to you?"

"Ask him!" Quint replied, with morose wrath.

"What is it, Terry?" the chief demanded, turning to the officer.

Terry told his story. Then Quint related all that was necessary of his. An expression of disgust settled upon the face of the chief—a much more refined and intelligent face than that of the subordinate.

"Terry," he said, "it 's a prodigious blunder. This boy's story corresponds with what he and his chum told me this afternoon. That

fellow won't find any watch; 't is n't a good night for finding watches. Take off that pair of rings!"

Terry quickly removed the handcuffs.

"Now go out and see if you can find anything of the other party to this affair," said his superior. "I 'll give you fifteen minutes to produce him, with or without the watch. If he does n't put in an appearance by that time, we shall know he 's a fraud."

With a sarcastic smile he watched Terry's departure on his ridiculous errand; then looked at Quint, silent, surly, his pale face rain-streaked and blood-stained, his wet clothes beginning to steam as they were dried in the warm air of the station.

"You may as well sit down, and take it easy," the chief said kindly, pushing a stool toward him.

"I 'm too mad to sit down," said Quint. "Besides, my partner is waiting for me in that cart-shed, if he has n't already started hunting for me. I must put out and find him, so soon as you make up your minds that I 'm not a highwayman."

He seated himself on the stool, nevertheless, with a strangely haggard aspect.

"You 've had a pretty hard time," observed the chief, regarding him curiously.

"I have n't had leisure to think of that," Quint replied. "If I had kept the fellow, that would have rested me for all my life! I should n't mind anything,—lost hat, empty stomach, broken head, wet skin! As it is—" he could say no more, for he choked up again with rage and grief.

"I 'll dry you off," said the chief, stooping to open the door of an air-tight stove.

There were kindlings laid in it ready for lighting. He touched a match to them; and in a few seconds it was roaring and crackling close behind the boy's wet back.

"I wish — Cliff — was here!" Quint murmured, with a long-drawn sigh. Even he was breaking down at last.

Considerably within the allotted fifteen minutes, Terry returned, disconsolate, and obliged to confess that his watch-hunter was still missing.

"But he looked so respectable compared



with —” he glanced at poor Quint as he spoke — “anybody might have made the mistake.”

“Anyhow, it has been made,” said the chief; “and now we must see what can be done to

couragement, the reaction from his late terrible excitement, his want of substantial food, and now the stifling heat of the stove and the odor of his own steaming garments, were producing



“‘POLICE,’ HE CRIED, ‘I’VE BROUGHT YOU A HIGHWAY ROBBER!’”

rectify it. We can’t catch the scamp — not to-night, anyway; but we may do something for this boy. It’s high time that we were thinking of that.”

It was time indeed. His weariness and dis-

an alarming effect upon the boy from Biddicut. He turned sick and dizzy, and the chief had but just time to spring to his support, when he reeled sidewise, tumbling limply from the stool into the officer’s outstretched arms.

*(To be continued.)*

# THROUGH THE EARTH.

BY CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

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

## IV.

### THE LAST MOMENTS.

ONLY imagine William's feelings as he floated in the center of the car and listened to the ominous warning of the microphone! A hundred conflicting thoughts rushed through his mind, but he felt the need of prompt decision, and resolved above all things that he must reach the walls of the car in order to be ready for action when the time came. But, wishing first to make sure where the trouble lay, he swam up toward the top of the car and proceeded to throw open the metal shutter that guarded the glass window. As he did so, a glance at the telemeter showed him that he was at the very center of the earth—that spot so long a mystery to the human race—and it showed him, moreover, that he was traveling at the frightful velocity of six miles per second.

The clock now pointed to twenty-one minutes past eleven. It had taken him only twenty-one minutes to fall to the center of the earth! He was only one and one half minutes behind what he had figured out as the schedule time, but this difference, slight though it may appear, would be sufficient to keep him from arriving within six hundred miles of his destination, and thus his fate seemed sealed.

But he had no time to think of these things, for a much more imminent danger menaced him. Holding himself in position by one of the swinging handles at the top of the car, he glanced through the window along the tube. And there, directly above him (or more properly speaking, below him, since he had passed the center of the earth), he beheld a most startling sight. The carbonite tube was red-hot, and was evidently yielding to a pressure exerted from without, for, even as he gazed, it gave way with a crash, and a mass of molten

matter issued forth into the tunnel. But, to William's surprise, the igneous stream, instead of approaching him, seemed to be going in the opposite direction.

He was not long in realizing the true state of affairs. "No wonder the molten matter seems to be going the other way," said he, "for I am falling so fast now, nearly six miles every second, that nothing can catch up with me. But unfortunately my speed is continually slacking up, as I have passed the center of attraction, while the liquid fire will probably keep on just as fast as it is going at present, so it will sooner or later catch up with me, especially when the car comes to a stop and begins to fall back again. I'm a gone coon, whatever happens! However, I'll fight for my life as long as possible; and that reminds me that the signs mentioned something about what to do in case of danger. I'd better go down and see what they said."

He accordingly started to pull himself down by means of the straps below him on the side of the car, the same straps, in fact, by means of which he had climbed to the top of the car before the start.

But a fresh surprise was in store for him, for, in pulling himself down he at the same time pulled the car in the opposite direction, and it began to spin slowly around, while he himself went flying through the air until he struck the walls on the other side, when the mere fact of grasping the straps brought both him and the car to a stop.

"Well, this beats everything!" he exclaimed. "Both the car and myself seem to be in the spinning line to-day. If I was like a fish in a basket before, I'm now more like a squirrel in a rotary cage, and could keep the car spinning around all day by climbing around the inside. At present, however, I'm not much in the humor for anything of the sort. I think I'll take a drink of water to cool off."

This last idea was suggested to him by the

sight of a reservoir close at hand, bearing the word "water." Suiting the action to the word, our hero turned on the faucet, but to his surprise, no water came out.

"H'm, this is pleasant," he said. "The Doctor must have forgotten to fill the reservoir."

Wishing to make assurance doubly sure, he lifted off the cover of the reservoir, but in doing this left the faucet open, and also neglected to keep hold of the strap on the side of the car, and to these omis-

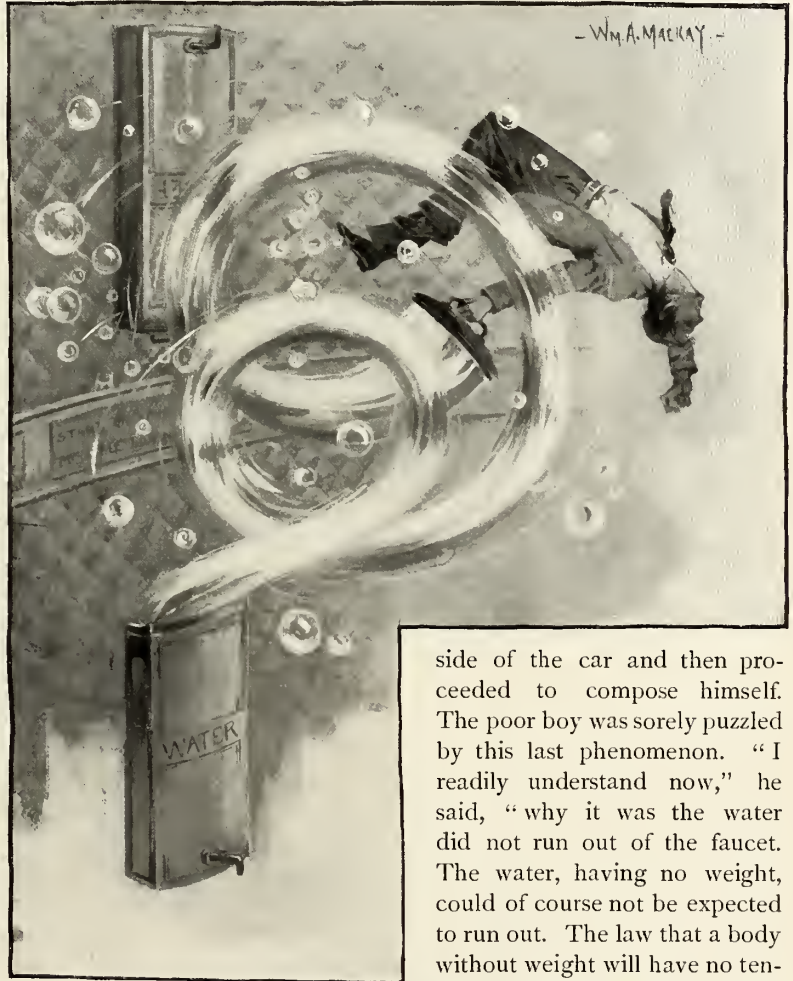
sions he owed a new and rather disagreeable experience, for in his effort to lift off the lid, he was obliged to use the side of the car as a point of resistance. The consequence was that when the cover did come off, the force of his exertions sent him flying through the air, still clutching the cover, and as usual in his flights, he began to spin around, this time securing a new sensation by turning all his somersaults backwards. But this was not the worst of the matter, for, the faucet having been left open, the cover acted as a sort of piston, and sucked up all the water in the reservoir after it, and this water accordingly went spinning around with William in his strange flight, so that the poor boy was soaked through and through, while the

water by his violent movements was scattered to all sides of the room as spray, and was either absorbed by the cushions, or rebounded from the instruments at the side of the car and came flying back, some portions of the liquid remain-

ing suspended in glittering drops in mid-air, as though supported by invisible spider-webs.

But this was not all. Blinded and spluttering from his unexpected shower-bath, William did not notice just where he was going, and he went crashing against one of the delicate instruments on the side of the car, breaking it into a thousand fragments.

This last incident brought him to his senses, and he hastily grasped one of the straps by the



"THE FORCE OF HIS EXERTIONS SENT HIM FLYING THROUGH THE AIR."

side of the car and then proceeded to compose himself. The poor boy was sorely puzzled by this last phenomenon. "I readily understand now," he said, "why it was the water did not run out of the faucet. The water, having no weight, could of course not be expected to run out. The law that a body without weight will have no tendency to fall applies to liquids as well as to solids. And I un-

derstand, too, how it followed the cover and deluged me so completely. I left the faucet open, and there was consequently a pressure on the water, from below, of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Consequently, when I lifted up

the cover a partial vacuum was formed, and this vacuum sufficed, now that the water had no weight to overcome, to cause the liquid to follow the cover. But what I can't see is how I was able to smash that instrument. I have no weight now, and consequently it seems to me I should have bounced right back from the glass, however delicate it might be, without injuring it in the least."

He forgot that momentum has nothing to do with weight, being the product of mass and velocity, and that hence a body in the car would do as much damage as on the surface of the earth if moving at the same speed.

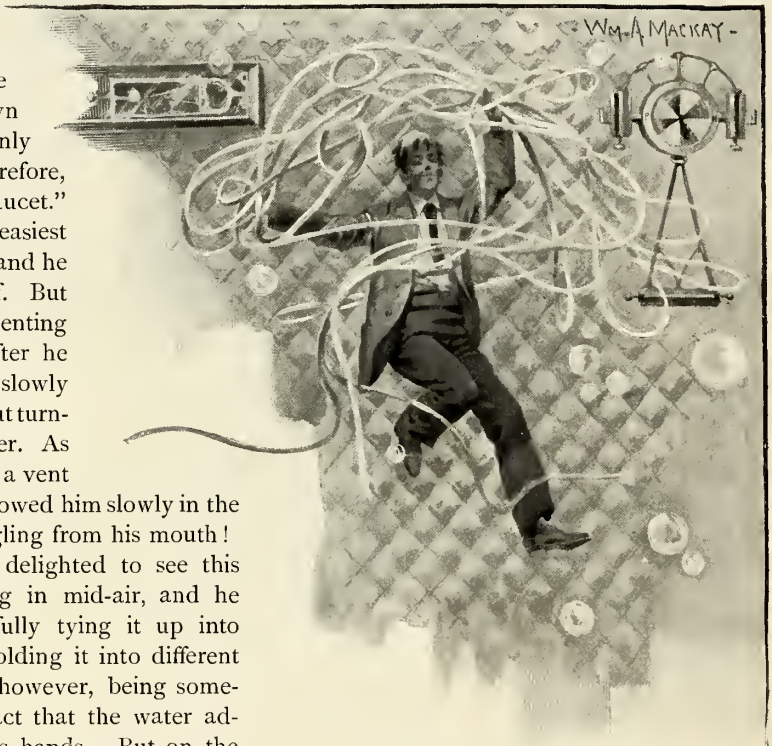
Our hero was still thirsty, and having noticed a second reservoir of water fastened upside down in the car, he set to work to obtain a drink. He had, however, learned a lesson by experience and reflected carefully before acting. "Even if I could fill a tumbler with water," said he, "I should n't be able to drink it, as the water would n't run down into my mouth. The only thing for me to do, therefore, is to suck it from the faucet."

This was, in fact, the easiest method at his command, and he had soon refreshed himself. But his passion for experimenting had not left him, and after he had drunk his fill he swam slowly back from the faucet without turning off the flow of the water. As he had previously opened a vent in the cover, the water followed him slowly in the form of a long rope, dangling from his mouth!

William was perfectly delighted to see this long rope of water lying in mid-air, and he amused himself by carefully tying it up into various knots, and by molding it into different shapes, his plastic skill, however, being somewhat hindered by the fact that the water adhered considerably to his hands. But on the whole it was quite a novel experience. Finally, when our hero tired of the sport, he wondered what to do with all this water. By striking it in all directions it would of course be absorbed by the cushions like the first lot, but he did not

care to wet them any more than they were already, so he gathered up the mass of water in his hands and slowly swam with it to the empty reservoir, and with considerable difficulty put it in and closed the cover upon it.

Our hero was only too glad to have something to do to divert his attention from his perilous situation, but his exercises with the water had tended to make him dizzy again, and he now found it more agreeable to keep his head toward the top of the car instead of toward the bottom as at the start. The explanation of this fact was simple. At the start his velocity had increased each second, and consequently the succession of slight shocks he experienced tended to send the blood upward, that is, to say, toward the top of the car, but now that his velocity was decreasing every second, the shocks tended to send his blood in



"WILLIAM AMUSED HIMSELF BY TYING THIS LONG ROPE OF WATER INTO VARIOUS KNOTS AND DIFFERENT SHAPES."

the opposite direction, namely, toward the bottom of the car. In fact, the rule continued

here, as at the beginning of the journey: "Keep your head as much as possible toward the center of the earth."

It is true that the change in the velocity was at present small, and the shocks consequently almost imperceptible, but they were increasing every second.

Our hero saw by the telemeter that the speed of the car was decreasing rapidly, and his mind being thus brought back to the reality, he again opened the shutter at the top of the car and looked out. To his intense relief, the molten matter that was following him in the tube had now dwindled to a mere speck of light.

He was greatly pleased at the turn of affairs, as it would considerably retard the final catastrophe, and always "while there's life there's hope." But, forgetting the doctor's admonition, William chanced to look back at the side of the tube near the car, and with a cry of pain clasped his hand over his eyes, for he was falling with such frightful rapidity that the light of the car reflected from the walls of the tube almost blinded him.

As soon as he could bear to use his eyes again, he with infinite precautions gazed up the tube, and what was his consternation to notice that the speck of fire was gradually growing larger. The molten matter was evidently gaining on him!

He glanced hurriedly at the telemeter and then at the clock. The time was twenty-five minutes to twelve.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "I must have made a mistake somewhere in my calculations. Let me see." And he hurriedly went over his figures. But now a light dawned on him. "I am saved!" he shouted. "I forgot that it was only *above* the earth that the velocity of a falling body increases thirty-two feet every second. As it approaches the center of the earth the increase is less until it finally becomes nothing at all. Consequently, when I calculated that it would only take me thirty-nine minutes to go through the earth I was wrong. It would really take a trifle longer than this. I am saved! Hurrah! Instead of stopping six hundred miles short of my destination and falling back to be roasted alive, I may yet reach the New York side safely if I can keep ahead of this liquid fire only a few minutes more."

Curiously enough, now that the danger had diminished, the anxiety of our hero had in-



"THE TUBE GAVE WAY WITH A CRASH, AND A MASS OF MOLTEN MATTER ISSUED FORTH INTO THE TUNNEL."

creased. The reason was that, before, hope seemed altogether out of the question, while now there was a small chance of escape.

It was a race for life or death, and our hero did not leave the window for an instant. To his dismay, the liquid mass of fire came every minute nearer, while the telemeter, on the contrary, showed that the car's speed was decreasing every second.

At this moment a phonographic alarm fastened to the side of the car began to speak. "In one minute more," it said, "you will arrive in port. Lie down on the sofa on the ceiling and grasp the

handles tightly. You will thus avoid all shock when the car comes to a stop."

But William had other things to think of just then than the means of preventing the slight



"MAKE HASTE!" SAID THE  
MAN. "FOLLOW ME!"

had recurred to him: "In case of danger, turn on the cold!" These words, at which he had scoffed, now proved an inspiration. If the molten matter caught up with him, he could hope to save his life only by producing a very low temperature in the metallic shell of the car.

He accordingly swam down to the reservoir which contained the cold-making agents, and pressed the releasing device. An intense cold was distributed to the outside surface of the car, a cold so intense that our hero, in spite of the protection afforded by the non-conducting walls of the car, was chilled to the marrow and hastily turned on the artificial heat inside. Then he started to swim for the sofa, but he was too late, for a sudden click showed him that he had arrived in port, while at the same moment he was thrown down to what had formerly been the bot-

tom of the car, and then fell heavily to the top (now really the bottom, since it was the end nearest the center of the earth), bruising himself somewhat in his fall, notwithstanding the elasticity of the cushions. But when he looked up at the telemeter he was surprised to see that he was still two miles from the surface.

"Evidently," said he, "although Dr. Giles did his best to get all the air out of the tube, he was not able to make a perfect vacuum, and what little air was left has retarded the car somewhat and so prevented it from going the whole distance. Still, I have passed through the earth in just about forty-two minutes, which is pretty good time for eight thousand miles."

Scarcely were these words well out of his mouth, when he felt another shock, and perceived that the car was in motion again. A sudden fear arose in his mind. "The molten matter has caught up with me," he exclaimed, and he instinctively tried to swim up through the air to get as far away from it as possible. But he was not able to lift himself an inch. Then he tried to jump up, but was not more successful in this, for he rose only a couple of feet and then fell back again.

"What a dunce I am," he exclaimed. "Of course I can't jump or bounce any more now that I'm no longer falling. I must return to primitive methods and climb up by the straps. No fear now of setting the car spinning!"

This was indeed true, for the car was now being rapidly drawn up by means of an electrically actuated cable.

A few minutes later he felt another shock, and the door of the car was hurriedly thrown open, when he found himself face to face with a workman. But to his surprise, it was nighttime, and the stars were shining brightly in the sky above.

"Make haste!" said the man. "Follow me, or the liquid fire will be upon us before we can reach a place of safety."

"But ——," said William.

"No *but's*; you will have plenty of time to talk after we are safely in the submarine boat."

The man was right—there was not a moment to lose; for before the boat had gone more than a couple of miles, the expected catastrophe arrived. The molten matter in the tube, launched

forth by the enormous pressures in mid-earth, flew up to a great height, while the hissing of the mass of fire as it fell into the water warned our friends that their boat would do well to seek a greater depth.

When the danger passed, William said to his companion.

"Really, I don't know whether I am awake or dreaming. I should not be surprised to learn that the time which has seemed to me minutes has really been years. What time is it?"

"It is nearly midnight," replied the man.

"Nearly midnight!" repeated our hero, astounded. "Why it seems to me barely an hour ago since I started this morning." Then a new idea struck him. "What day is it?"

"October the second," replied the man.

"October the second," exclaimed William, aghast. "Why, I must have been gone a whole year; I started on October the third."

But his fears were now thoroughly aroused.

"In what year are we?" he demanded eagerly.

"Why, 19—, of course," replied the man, gazing at him in astonishment. "It seems a strange question to ask."

"October second, 19—?" repeated William, "Come, you are joking with me. At midnight on October second, 19—, I was sleeping on one of the benches in an Australian park. I sha'n't forget the date in a hurry; it's

marked in my memory with the blackest of black inks."

"You forget," said the man, "that, as you have come from Australia, you have gained twelve hours. You have traveled faster than the sun, and have consequently arrived here eleven hours *before* you started from the other side. You are now having yesterday, October the second, over again."

It was exactly true. William had left the Australian side at eleven o'clock on the morn-



"MAGNIFICENT PAGEANTS OF AIR-SHIPS, BEARING WONDERFUL ELECTRIC-LIGHTS, WERE ARRANGED IN HONOR OF THE INTREPID YOUTH!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ing of October third, and had arrived at the New York end of the tube at about twelve o'clock of the night before. He could hardly recover from his surprise.

At this juncture, the boat, which was now sailing on the surface of the ocean, was hailed from another, which soon came alongside, and a young man stepped on board.

"Is this Mr. William Swindon?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, that 's my name," said William.

"Well, I am the representative of the Universal Press Association. I should like a full account of your trip, and will pay you a hundred thousand dollars cash for the exclusive right to use it throughout the globe. Will you consent?"

Would he consent? This last stroke of fortune completely unnerved him.

The rest of our story is soon told. Our hero, after sending the tale of his adventures to the papers, telephoned to his mother to let her know that he was safe, and then leisurely made his way

home, stopping at all the interesting countries on his long journey.

Wherever William went he was hailed as a hero. Magnificent pageants of air-ships bearing wonderful electric lights, were arranged in honor of the intrepid youth who had dared to make the first journey through the earth.

One hour had sufficed to make the trip going, but it took him over a month to return. He was rich now, and neither he nor his mother need ever fear want again.

As for the transportation company Dr. Giles had organized, I regret to say that it was dissolved, as the dangers from the central heat of the earth were now found to be too great to be risked with impunity.

But Dr. Giles always deeply regretted the failure of his enterprise.

THE END.



"WE 'RE HAVING WINDY WEATHER, MR. HARE!"

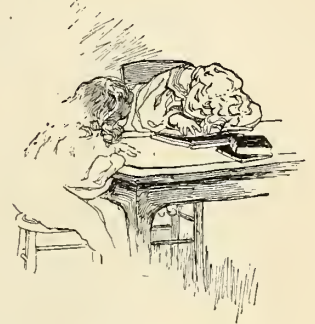


# A RIDDLE



By  
Elsie B. Wesson.

Now what am I, the riddle unfold?  
Tell me my name when my story is told:  
Handsome I cannot hope to be,  
For this a reason you may see.  
At times I 'm a castle lofty and strong,  
Battered through sieges fierce and long,  
A wigwam next, or an Arab's tent;  
Then, upturned, I find I 'm meant  
To serve as the sleigh for Santa Claus  
Which a team of reindeer swiftly draws.  
Then I 'm a ship, with four tall masts,  
Which the sea on some cannibal's island casts.  
My back is marked with curious spots  
Can it be ink that has made these blots?  
When little curly-heads nod in sleep  
I try, as well as I can, to keep  
From feeling as hard as a plank, you know,  
For long lessons bother the little  
heads so!  
But when I am robed in linen so  
white,  
Decked with flowers and silver bright,  
While laughing faces about me beam,  
I am sure you would never, never dream  
How I 've suffered from blows, and bruises and bumps,  
How I 've received such careless thumps!  
My life has its changes, but I 'm glad I 'm able  
To do my part as a —



Nursery Table.



## THAT "LITTLE GIRL'S" BROTHER.

(A true piece of looking-glass poetry.)

BY TUDOR JENKS.

A BOY in your town  
Had a horrid little frown,  
That fitted in the middle of his forehead.  
Whenever he smiled  
He looked very, very mild;  
But whenever he frowned, he looked posi-  
tively homely and disagreeable.

[You know he did!]

## A. Queer. Little. Cobbler.

By

Kate Cameron.



**A**

QUEER little cobbler, I've heard people say,  
Sat stitching and stitching the whole live-long day.  
"It is very hard work, but no matter," quoth he;  
"For the shoes of the people depend upon me.  
Though the leather be tough, there's but one thing to do:  
I'll pull and I'll push till the needle goes through!"

His queer little wife came and coaxed him: "My dear,  
With leather like that it will take you a year."  
And the folks in the street stopped and said: "My good sir,  
You may pull and may push, but your needle won't stir."  
But the cobbler stitched on; "And whatever I do,"  
He said, "I shall work till this needle goes through!"

He sat on his bench till it verged upon night;  
His wife lit a candle and brought it for light.  
"T is at times rather hard," with a sigh remarked he,  
"That the shoes of the people depend upon me.  
But since it is so, there 's but one thing to do!"  
So he pulled — and he pushed — *and the needle went through!*

"And the  
needle  
went  
through!"




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### TOMMY'S EXPLANATION.

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

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THEY were perfect little gentlemen. Oh, that was plain to see;  
And I said: "Your mother teaches you politeness, does n't she?"  
"No, ma'am," blithely answered Tommy; "never teaches us a mite!  
But—well—somehow, when she smiles and speaks it makes us *feel* polite."

## THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I take the liberty to dispute an assertion made by one of your correspondents. In the Letter-Box of the February number Lottie Sjöstedt writes to you from Sweden and calls *that country* "the land of Nansen."

According to the "Century Cyclopaedia," and other authorities, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen was born IN NORWAY, near Christiania. And he would, like all his valiant countrymen, either famous or unknown, surely be displaced at being called anything but what he is, a patriotic Norwegian!

With heartiest wishes to you for a long and prosperous life, I remain one of your most devoted readers,

A. E. LEWIS.

FIR VALE, BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My big brother has taken you for twelve years, and now I have begun to take you, and we are always so glad to see you. I am only nine and he is sixteen.

You are so clever and can answer so many questions we wonder whether you will tell us something about bees and wasps. Somebody told us that they die directly after they sting. Father says he does not think it is true, but he thinks they sting only once. We thought you would be able to settle it for us, as we want to know.

The "Brownie" tales were awfully jolly, and we often look at them. Father says he thinks the best thing he ever saw was the Aztec Fragment about the naughty big brother, with "Behold his father cometh with a lath."

Bournemouth is such a jolly place to live in. I like the Winter Gardens and Dan Godfrey's band, and mother has given me a season ticket, and this Christmas I had a real guard's drum for a present, so I shall be able to play "Boom—tidera—da—boom" properly, because the drummer is going to teach me. Do you remember "Boom—tidera—da—boom" in 1891, page 877?

DOUGLAS E. BRIDGE.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother Sidney and I have had the ST. NICHOLAS sent us for three years. We enjoy it very much. We like stories about trains the best. We have been collecting railroad time-tables for about a year. We have 156 of them, and are going to get some more. We have learned a good deal of geography in studying them.

Your interested reader, THORN DICKINSON.

"BERESFORD," NO. 1 WEST 81ST STREET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your interesting magazine since I was able to understand the English language, and I enjoy your stories now as much as ever, even though I am thirteen. I think that the best story that was ever published was "A Boy of the First Empire." As far as I have gotten in your new story "Two Biddicut Boys," I like it second best.

A friend of mine and myself gave an entertainment for the poor, and we gained clear of expense \$11.00. I saw in your January number a small play called "Christmas Eve at Mother Hubbard's," which I think would be very nice to give for the poor. So I decided to submit it to the club, and will await their decision as to whether we shall play it or not. My father gave me a graphophone for a Christmas present, and I want to tell you what

a wonderful thing it is. All you have to do is to speak into it, and a very fine little instrument called the "recorder" etches your voice on a little wax cylinder. Then you change the recorder, and put on another very fine little instrument called the "Reproducer," which fits into very small grooves made by the recorder so that the vibration causes the sound.

I might as well tell you also that I have all my ST. NICHOLASES all bound, and I consider them some of the finest books I have. Sometimes I take out the old ones and read the stories over again.

Your interested reader, ARTHUR H. OSBORN.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seldom seen a letter from Toronto I thought I would write to you. My sister and I got you for a Christmas present last year and we liked you so much that you were given to us this year. Quite a wonderful thing happened last night; we had a thunderstorm with a very heavy thunder shower. It seems very disagreeable to have rain instead of snow in January. We only had about three weeks' sleighing and the skating is very much interrupted.

I have read with great interest "With the Black Prince," and also the serial "Through the Earth." I am also much interested in the Stamp department, and I have got a set of our own Canada Jubilee Stamps up to fifty cents, and a set of Newfoundland Cabot Issue.

Your interested reader, GLYNN ELLIS.

LIMASSOL, CYPRUS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have letters from all parts of the world, so I send you one from Cyprus. I was born in London (England), and came to live here with my father and mother four years ago.

Nicosia is the principal town in Cyprus, and I have a sister who is married and lives there. I also have a brother who lives in Nicaragua. Limassol is a seaport, and I like to go down to the pier and see the steamers come in.

I am very fond of ST. NICHOLAS. I have just got the Christmas number and I think it is simply splendid. I like Rudyard Kipling's first "Just-So" story, it is such fun!

I must not forget to tell you how much I liked "The Last Three Soldiers," and how greatly I enjoyed the adventures of "Miss Nina Barrow." I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your admiring reader,

ARTHUR THOMAS SAVELL GRIGSBY.

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have an old horse who was famous in his younger days as the "Branch" race horse. A man named Branch owned him, and that's the way he got the name of Branch. He will be twenty-five in April, so we call him "Old Branch." I went to Washington, D. C., in the summer of '94. We left Raleigh at 11.45 A. M. and got to Portsmouth, Va., at 6 P. M. Here we took the steamer and reached Washington at 7 A. M. next morning. We had to go on to New York, so we did not stay but one day. First we went to the Capitol. It is a very large building made of stone. We saw the rooms where the Senate and House of Representatives meet. I wrote my name on a typewriter in the office of General Cox, secretary of the United States Senate. It was then time to go to dinner, so we took a street car to a suburban restaurant about one mile in the country. They had Japanese napkins made of tissue-paper with different figures printed on

them. I brought one of them home. On the way back we saw the White House where Mr. Cleveland was then living. Good-by. I am,

Your loving, faithful reader,  
PAUL NATHANIEL PITTENGER.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are little gophers from the Gopher State, and we thought we would write and tell you about our ponies. We have two Welsh ponies. Their names are "Bessie" and "Buttons." We have a little two-seated cart and drive a great deal in the summer time. We have not taken you very long, but since we have we have read every story. We are very anxious to know how the story of "The Two Biddicut Boys" comes out. Your loving readers,

RALPH B. LAKE, DORRIS E. LAKE, LYNN E. LAKE.

We gladly print these pretty verses by a young friend of ST. NICHOLAS:

#### RECIPE FOR A SUNSET.

BY FAITH BRADFORD.

TAKE some gold from the buttercup's heart,  
Some blue from the heavens free,  
Some green from the crest of a curling wave,  
That 's filched from the changing sea.

Mix well with a flush of the coral's pink,  
Add a bit of the pansy's hue,  
Then hang it up in the western sky,  
And let the sun shine through.

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. There are several other islands in the group, and they are called the Hawaiian Islands. Captain Cook discovered them in the year 1776. The mountains on Oahu are quite high, and most of them are covered with the shrub which is called "lantana." In other countries this shrub is raised in hothouses with the greatest care, while here it grows wild all over the mountains.

The natives are dark, and have straight, black hair. They are very kind-hearted and hospitable, and also superstitious. There are a great many legends and myths of Hawaii. In olden times they worshiped different gods and goddesses. "Pele" is the name of the goddess of fire. They say she lives in Kilauaea.

Kilauaea is the largest active volcano in the world. The Hawaiians carved their gods out of wood, and took them out in their boats when they went fishing. Their boats are made very long and narrow, and are called "canoes."

It is very wet outdoors to-day, so we thought we would pass our time in writing a letter to you.

We remain your devoted readers,  
ELSE AND LINDA S.—

MARGATE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, although I am one of your admirers. I have never seen any letters from this part of England. Margate is a pretty town, though rather dull.

Last November, on the 29th, there was a furious gale, which was general over nearly all the kingdom, and which did considerable damage here. It washed away a great part of the sea-wall near the harbor, and did damage to the amount of almost ten thousand pounds. The gale also cost nine lives, the surf-boat being capsized by the surf when going out.

Margate, as you may know, is in Kent, in the Isle of Thanet. I am not a southerner by birth, however, having been born in Yorkshire. I am just over thirteen.

Hoping that you will print this, I remain yours sincerely,  
ROBERT HEALY.



#### MISS DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

BY LILIAN COGGESHALL.

SHE went out without leave to walk in the rain—  
Did Miss Daffy-down-dilly of Petticoat Lane;  
But she prudently carried a parasol,  
And declared that she did n't get wet at all.

CANTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer I went to Provincetown with a friend who had a summer cottage there, and we had a fine time. While we were there three United States war-ships, the "Iowa" the "Brooklyn," and "Texas," besides a torpedo-boat, anchored just outside the harbor. We went out to visit the Iowa in a sail-boat. She is a very handsome and imposing ship. She is three hundred and sixty feet long, and cost \$3,010,000. The crew is composed of four hundred and fifty men and forty-five officers. The common sailors were dressed in white, with black ties and round hats. The middies and lieutenants were dressed in blue uniforms. The Iowa had just received her commission in June, so everything about the ship was immaculate. The sailors were all very polite, and showed us around

the ship. One sailor showed us in a book his designs for tattooing, and said he made a lot of money selling them. We got so interested that we came near being left, and the captain of the sail-boat had to hunt us up. The sailors gave us a number of souvenirs, and to one of the girls was given a bug that came from Montevideo, which she had set in a stick pin.

During my stay I visited three lighthouses. The largest was Highland Light. Thirteen people can stand in it. Another one that I saw had a red revolving light. I also went to two life-saving stations. The largest one, at Wood End, had been built only a year. There was a tower in which one man had to be on the lookout all the time. I asked him if there had been any wrecks, and he said only one. The captain of the station was very nice, and gave us some of his brass buttons, which we had made into hat-pins. The men at the station had a workshop, and one of them made me a ship. One of the captains at Provincetown had a pretty sail-boat without a name, and his wife asked me if she could name it after me. I was only too delighted; so it was christened "Daphne."  
DAPHNE FRENCH DUNBAR.

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SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for fifteen years. My brother took you before I was born. I am twelve years old, and live out in the country. I liked the story of the "Black Prince" very much. There is snow on the ground, and I hope it will last, as we have had so little this winter.

I have two sisters and two brothers. My brothers are away at boarding-school.

Wishing you a long life, I am your faithful reader,  
LOUISE L. KOBBE.

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PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you as a Christmas gift, and was very much pleased. I am very fond of all kinds of pets, but I think dogs are the nicest. I have had a great many cats at different times, but have none now.

Not long ago you published a short story about "Honors to the Flag," and told about the salute at sunset in camp at Peekskill. I have seen it more than once, and it is very beautiful.

I wish you a long and prosperous life. I am your interested reader,  
MARION L. COLE.

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LIGHTHOUSE STATION, STATEN ISLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy seven years old, and my mama will write this letter for me because I do not write well. My papa is the inspector for the 3d Lighthouse District, and the depot is at Staten Island, where we live. Our house is an old one—some parts of it are nearly a hundred years old; but it is a pretty one, and our garden and grounds are just lovely. We keep one hundred and fifty hens, two cows, and three cats and a dog. The station is like a navy-yard, with a high stone wall all around it, and guarded by watchmen. It reaches down to the water, where the docks and wharves are, and where the lighthouse tenders stay. These are the steamers to supply lighthouses with all the coal, wood, and oil they use; and they sail out to take care of the buoys; and they take old ones up and

put new ones down. On the docks are big buoys—gas, electric, and spar buoys. My friends and I have lots of fun hiding inside of the whistling buoys and bell buoys. These are the reserve buoys that are used when the other buoys get lost; and some are wrecked buoys, too.

Every year my papa has to go out inspecting lighthouses; and he took me with him last year. We sailed in the tender "John Rodgers," and visited every lighthouse on the Sound. We climbed up to the top of high lighthouses, and had a lovely trip, anyway. At one place, called Stratford Point, the lightkeeper gave me a dear little black water-spaniel; and his bark sounded so much like saying "Boo!" I named him "Boo."

I have lots more to say, but am afraid my letter is too long. I like ST. NICHOLAS.  
SYDNEY SNOW.

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THE GROVE, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't suppose many of your readers have as many pets as my sister and I have. We have 25 foreign birds. Here is a list of them: 4 Java sparrows, 1 Virginia nightingale, 8 canaries, 2 bullfinches, 2 silverbills, 2 zebra waxbills, 2 cutthroats, 1 tiger-finch, 2 St. Helena finches, and 1 Madagascan love-bird. They live in a large aviary cage, and we let them fly often in our big school-room, which mother says is given up to birds and mice (who come after the seed). Our animals have so increased lately that it has been found necessary to build a large shed to contain them all. There are white Angora rabbits, some with sweet little smoky-colored noses, ears, tails, and paws. We have also many Angora guinea-pigs with hair sweeping the ground. These are allowed to run about all over the shed. The rabbits are in large hutches; and in the summer we let them out in the field. It is so pretty to see them running and jumping high in the air.

Besides these we have a lot of pigeons—tumblers, jacobins, chequers, and blue-rocks; but lately we have been annoyed by rats, who suck the eggs and carry off the young birds.

We each have a cob, and love riding them. We have also bicycles, and go for long rides, a family party of us. The holidays are over now, so we don't see so much of our pets.

I should so love to see my letter in the "Letter-box" at the end of your magazine. We have taken you for seventeen years.

Your devoted reader,  
BARBARA C. R.—  
(aged twelve).

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Mollie Naylor, Polly and Elsie Holmes, Dorothy Kane, Ralph D. Flint, Elsa A. Schoen, Wm. K. Dart, Harry Smith, Launce F. Wilson, Nannie C. Carr, Irene Paris, Dorothea M. C., Glenn Southwell, Lucille L., Walter L. Smith, Rachel Holmes, Will Walker, Catherine Armstrong, John Little, Gaylord Ball, Elizabeth Tompkins, Gordon Thompson, Arthur Hopp, Helen Thomas, Ellen Allen Reading, Herbert Weil, Malcolm L. Nichols, Alice Ferguson Lee, Grace Truscott, Kathleen L. H., Lila F. Chiltern, Winifred La Tourette, Lillian Isabella Dunlee, Kathryn Sarah Cahill, Katharine Beecher Stetson, E. Clifford Williams, Mary Swigert Hendrick, Thalia S. A. Joerg, Helen Lathrop, Horace K. Corbin, Bennet Sullivan, Pauline Luria, Rosamond Bates.



# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Oscar. 2. Scare. 3. Carol. 4. Aroma. 5. Relay. II. 1. Realm. 2. Endue. 3. Adorn. 4. Lurid. 5. Mends. III. 1. Gloat. 2. Leave. 3. Oases. 4. Avert. 5. Testy. IV. 1. March. 2. Azure. 3. Rural. 4. Crave. 5. Helen.

CHARADE. Utensil.

SHAKSPERIAN CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Desdemona. Cross-words: 1. Perdita. 2. Ophelia. 3. Cassius. 4. Macduff. 5. Lorenzo. 6. Denmark. 7. Antonio. 8. Leontes. 9. Titania.

A DIAGONAL. From 1 to 7, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Lantern. 2. Disable. 3. Gondola. 4. Proctor.

RIDDLE. Cloth.

DIAMOND. I. S. 2. Act. 3. Adore. 4. Scotomy. 5. Troas. 6. Ems. 7. Y.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Dryden. 1. Dumb-bells. 2. Retort. 3. Yacht. 4. Dromedary. 5. Equestrian. 6. Nippers.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cleobuline; finals, Theodectes.

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 JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Bessie Thayer and Co. — M. McG. — "Dondy Small" — Paul Reese — Helen C. McCleary — "Buffalo Quartette" — Tom and Alfred Morewood — Marian J. Homans — "Two Little Brothers" — Josephine Sherwood — Edward A. Lyon — "Class No. 19" — "Four Weeks in Kane" — "Allil and Adi" — Sigourney Fay Nininger — No name, Hackensack — C. D. Lauer and Co. — Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Edith Van Buren Chapman, 1 — Mollie Spicer, 2 — Mary Cecelia Timlin, 1 — Ethel R. Lowenthal, 1 — Betty and Etta, 5 — Bertha Bollinger, 1 — "Will O. Tree," 8 — Clara and Mary Crosby, 1 — Paul Keller, 1 — Harriet Murray, 4 — Lucile Barry, 5 — Drew and Constance Warren, 1 — L. B., 3 — Emily N. Vaux, 2 — Charles Lacey Hall, 1 — Frieda Priestley, 1 — Margaret Buckley, 2 — Edgar B. Drake, Jr., 8 — Edmund and Hermann James, 4 — Marguerite La Mont, 7 — Mary K. Rake, 2 — Alberta Pagina, 9 — Hazel M. Farr, 3 — Katharine Baird, 2 — "Don Carlos," 4 — "The Trio," 7 — Katharine Woodward, 2 — "Three Friends," 8 — Kate Graham, 2 — "B. and two J.'s," 6 — Edith Gunn, 3 — William C. Kerr, 9 — F. S. Cole, 7 — George Worthington, 4 — Mabel M. Johns, 9 — "The Nutshell Quartette," 9 — Frederic Giraud Foster, 3 — Marie E. Weisse, 1 — Marguerite Sturdy, 9 — "Merry and Co.," 8 — Marion T. Cole, 1 — Mildred H. Schrenkeisen, 3 — A. H. Vernain, Jr., 1 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 7 — Lilian F. Boynton, 3 — "The Butterflies," 8 — Mary H. Rossiter, 8 — "Hane," 3 — Fred Kelsey and Roger Hoyt, 7 — Stephen R. Wing, 6 — No name, Paris, 1 — Paul Arnold, 1.

### DIAMOND.

1. In merriment. 2. Wet soil. 3. Benevolent spirits. 4. An integument. 5. To clamor against. 6. Insidious. 7. In merriment.

ALLIL AND ADI.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals form the name of an English author.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. A round body. 2. Offensive to the sight. 3. Following all the rest. 4. To remain stationary till the arrival of some person. 5. A sound reflected from an opposing surface, and repeated to the ear of a listener. 6. To fall in drops.

#### CUBE.

EUGENIA H. M.

	I	*	*	*	*	2
	*	*	*	*	*	*
5	*	*	*	*	*	6
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	3	*	*	*	*	4
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
7	*	*	*	*	*	8

FROM 1 to 2, to subject to discipline; from 1 to 3, specimen; from 2 to 4, a migratory insect; from 3 to 4,

Cross-words: 1. Capulet. 2. Lachish. 3. Erigone. 4. Othello. 5. Bombard. 6. Umbrage. 7. Laconic. 8. Inhabit. 9. Nicippe. 10. Ephesus.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Lamb; finals, Lion. Cross-words: 1. Level. 2. Alibi. 3. Motto. 4. Baron.

Pt. With rushing winds and gloomy skies  
The dark and stubborn Winter dies:  
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,  
Bidding her earliest child arise:

March!

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

ZIGZAG. Matthew Arnold. Cross-words: 1. Mourn. 2. Sales. 3. Kites. 4. Suite. 5. Sloth. 6. Steed. 7. Sowed. 8. Parts. 9. Roach. 10. Annul. 11. Stoop. 12. Stale. 13. Brand.

A LADDER PUZZLE. Left side, "The Birds of Killingworth"; right side, "The Ladder of St. Augustine." From 1 to 13, health; 2 to 14, bridal; 3 to 15, racked; 4 to 16, scheme; 5 to 17, fresco; 6 to 18, iambus; 7 to 19, Latona; 8 to 20, nutmeg; 9 to 21, walrus; 10 to 22, Rienzi.

a masculine name; from 5 to 6, perfumed ointment; from 5 to 7, a collection of rays; from 6 to 8, to make beloved; from 7 to 8, something often used by painters; from 1 to 5, to drink slowly; from 2 to 6, an untruth; from 4 to 8, a sailor; from 3 to 7, a measure.

LOU, JO AND FLOYD.

### AFFIXES.

I WILL tell you these boys' names:

Robert, Patrick, Nathan, James,

William, also Christopher;

Besides, I will a list offer

Of the articles which they

Affixed unto themselves, one day,

(Understand, to each *nickname*),

And what each instantly became.

One took a box for holding grain,

A stick to wind thread on, was he;

Another chose a mountain chain,

Fled artificiality;

One before a crevice stood,

And became a flimsy toy;

Another thought a sea-bird good,

And he became a model boy;

One chose great Apollo's son,—

A number large was he;

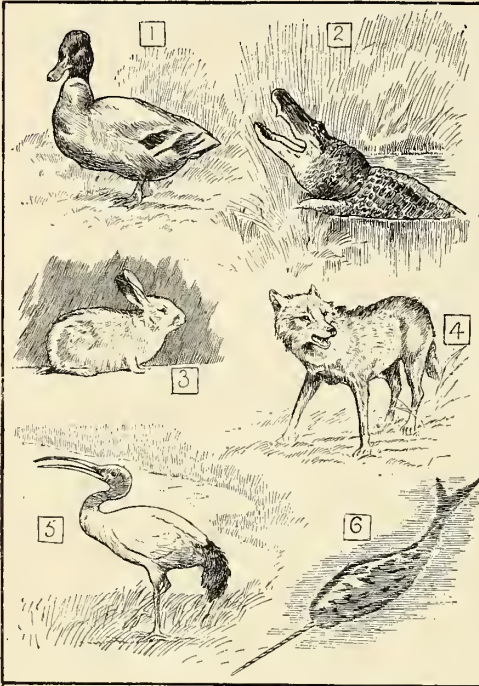
One chose a number very small,—

A feline small we see. E. R. BURNS.

**WORD-SQUARES.**

- I. 1. A POINT of the compass. 2. Surface. 3. Bodies of water. 4. Stint.  
 II. 1. Venerable. 2. Bestowed. 3. Always. 4. Hidden.  
 CELESTINE AND POLLY.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**



EACH of the six 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 man.

**CHARADE.**

My first good pious people  
 Make use of every week;  
 In times of pain and sickness  
 My last we often seek.  
 My whole 's a well-known scholar  
 Now in the public eye,  
 Whose name you 'll soon discover  
 If you will kindly try.

MARY A. GIBSON.

**ENDLESS CHAINS.**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. The last half of the first word forms the first half of the second, and so on.

- I. 1. A cosy place. 2. A kind of fish. 3. Surface. 4. Every one of a group. 5. Part of the face. 6. A Peruvian monarch. 7. Money. 8. Wounded. 9. A masculine name. 10. A dwelling-place. 11. Contemptible. 12. Before. 13. A web-footed bird. 14. A part in music. 15. A musical sound. 16. Trim. 17. A legal abbreviation. 18. A famous city of ancient times. 19. A lively dance. 20. A feminine name. 21. A narrow road. 22. The same as the first word described.

- II. 1. A thought. 2. A point of the compass. 3.

- To bespangle. 4. A curve. 5. To cut. 6. A precious stone. 7. A confederate. 8. A musical instrument. 9. Genuine. 10. Likewise. 11. A square in London. 12. A tramp. 13. Two. 14. Very slender. 15. Within. 16. A ponderous volume. 17. Recompense. 18. To prepare for publication. 19. A paragraph. 20. A feminine name. 21. A young girl. 22. The same as the first word described.  
 EVA HAMILTON.

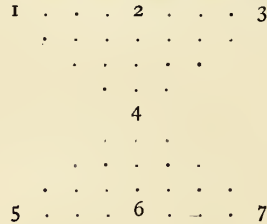
**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

'NEATH friendly sun and stars and moon,  
 Dear primals, bring the finals soon.

**CROSS-WORDS:**

1. WHEN Ida Hopper daily strolled,  
 Her comrade was a rabbit bold.
2. I've seen them oft with rapid pace,  
 Outstrip an elephant in a race.
3. If this narration sounds absurd,  
 Pray don't believe a single word.
4. Yet Ida Hopper said to some  
 The rabbit was a splendid chum,
5. And always answered with a sneeze,  
 When she cried "Hallo!" among the trees.  
 ANNA M. PRATT.

**AN HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.**



- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To replace in a former state. 2. Expiates. 3. A famous opera. 4. A pronoun. 5. A letter. 6. A beam. 7. A sore. 8. The name of a famous discoverer. 9. To naturalize.

- From 4 to 1.  
 Here 's a divine can surely claim  
 Some title to a lasting fame;  
 He wrote sweet hymns; we sing the same.
- From 4 to 2.  
 A peasant-poet, feeling oft the power  
 Of poesy in simple flower,  
 Or in the waning twilight hour.
- From 4 to 3.  
 Men number him amongst the wise  
 Astronomers, whose eager eyes  
 Have sought to read the starry skies.
- From 4 to 5.  
 A famous warrior who led  
 His armies on, before whom fled  
 The English king, and homeward sped.
- From 4 to 6.  
 A great philosopher; men claim they know  
 That there 's a cryptogram to show  
 He 's England's greatest bard. Can this be so?
- From 4 to 7.  
 A titled poet — what a charming grace  
 Is in his writings! Yet in the poet's race  
 We cannot well give him exalted place.  
 E. R. BURNS.













