




ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED

1894

Part One.





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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXI.

PART I.

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ON THE DIKE.

"WHO KNOWS BUT MY LITTLE MAN MAY GROW TO BE A GRAND BURGOMEISTER SOME DAY!"

(SEE PAGE 17.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

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“RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI.”

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

THIS is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed through the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in Segowlee cantonment. Darzee, the tailor-bird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the muskrat, who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but always creeps round by the skirting-boards, gave him advice; but still Rikki-tikki did the real fighting.

He was a mongoose, something like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he wanted to with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war-cry as he scuttled through the long grass was: *Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*

One day a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and clucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of soggy grass floating there, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very draggled indeed, and a small boy was saying: “Here ’s a dead mongoose. Let ’s have a funeral.”

“No,” said his mother; “let ’s take him in and dry him. Perhaps he is n’t really dead.”

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead at all; and they wrapped him in cotton wool, and warmed him over a little fire, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

“Now,” said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow); “don’t frighten him, and we ’ll see what he ’ll do.”

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is, “Run and find out”; and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and took a flying jump on the small boy’s neck.

“Don’t be frightened, Teddy,” said his father. “That ’s his way of making friends.”

“Ouch! He ’s tickling under my chin,” said Teddy.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy’s collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

“Good gracious,” said Teddy’s mother, “and that ’s a wild creature! I suppose he ’s so tame because we ’ve been kind to him.”

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Teddy does n't pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's give him something to eat."



"HE CAME TO BREAKFAST RIDING ON TEDDY'S SHOULDER."

They gave him a little bit of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it immensely, and when it was finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

"There are more things to find out about in this house," he said to himself, "than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out."

Rikki-tikki gave up that day to roaming over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs; put his nose into the ink on a writing-table, and burned it on the end of the big man's cigar, for he climbed up in the big man's lap to see how writing was done. At nightfall he went into Teddy's nursery to watch how kerosene lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too, but he was a restless companion, because he had to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it. Teddy's mother and father came in, the last thing, to look at their boy, and Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow. "I don't like that," said Teddy's mother; "he may bite the child." "He'll do no such thing," said the father. "Teddy's safer with that little beast than if he had a bloodhound to watch him. If a snake came into the nursery now—"

But Teddy's mother would n't think of anything so awful.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to

early breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him banana and some boiled egg; and he sat on all their laps one after the other, because every well-brought-up mongoose always hopes to be a house-mongoose some day and have rooms to run about in, and Rikki-tikki's mother (she used to live in the General's house at Segowlee) had carefully told Rikki what to do if ever he came across white men.

Then Rikki-tikki went out into the garden to see what was to be seen. It was a large garden, only half cultivated, with bushes of Marshal Niel roses as big as summer-houses; lime- and oranges-trees, clumps of bamboos, and thickets of high grass. Rikki-tikki licked his lips. "This is a splendid hunting-ground," he said, and his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it, and he scuttled up and down the garden, snuffing here and there till he heard very sorrowful voices in a thorn-bush. It was Darzee, the tailor-bird, and his wife. They had made a beautiful nest by pulling two big leaves together and stitching them up the edges with fibers, and they had filled the hollow with cotton and downy fluff. The nest swayed to and fro, and they sat on the edge and cried.

"What is the matter?" asked Rikki-tikki.

"We are very miserable," said Darzee. "One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday and Nag ate him."

"H'm!" said Rikki-tikki, "that is very sad—

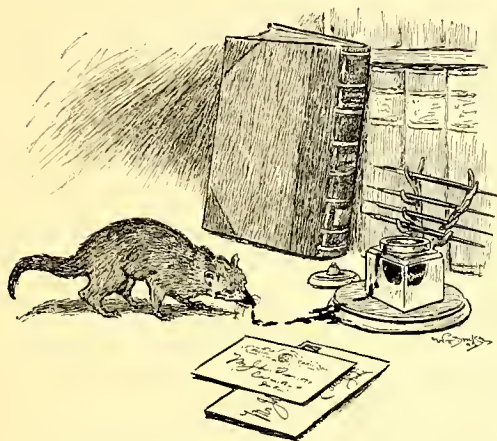
but I am a stranger here. Who is Nag?"

Darzee and his wife only cowered down on the nest without answering, for from the thick



"RIKKI-TIKKI LOOKED DOWN BETWEEN THE BOY'S COLLAR AND NECK."

grass at the foot of the bush there came a slow hiss—a horrid cold sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back two clear feet. Then inch by inch out of the grass rose up the head and spread hood of Nag, the big black cobra, and he was five feet long from tongue to tail.



"HE PUT HIS NOSE INTO THE INK."

When he had lifted one third of himself clear of the ground, he stayed balancing to and fro exactly as a dandelion-tuft balances in the wind, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake's eyes—that never change their expression, whatever the snake is thinking of.

"Who is Nag?" he said. "I am Nag. The great god Brahm put his mark upon all our people, when the first cobra spread his hood to keep the sun off Brahm as he slept. Look, and be afraid!"

He spread out his hood more than ever, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark on the back of it that looks exactly like the eye part of a hook-and-eye fastening. He was afraid for the minute; but it is impossible for a mongoose to stay frightened for any length of time, and though Rikki-tikki had never met a live cobra before, his mother had fed him on dead ones, and he knew that all a mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes. Nag knew that too, and at the bottom of his cold heart he was afraid.

"Well," said Rikki-tikki, and his tail began to fluff up again, "do you think that it is right for you to eat fledgelings out of a nest?"

Nag was thinking to himself, and watching

the least little movement in the grass behind Rikki-tikki. He knew that a mongoose in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family; but he wanted to get Rikki-tikki off his guard. So he dropped his head a little, and put it on one side.

"Let us talk," he said. "You eat eggs. Why should not I eat birds?"

"Behind you! Look behind you!" sang Darzee.

Rikki-tikki knew better than to waste time in staring. He jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and just under him whizzed by the head of Nagaina, Nag's wicked wife. She had crept up behind him as he was talking, to make an end of him; and he heard her savage hiss as the stroke missed. He came down almost across her back, and if he had been an old mongoose he would have known that then was the time to break her back with one bite; but he was afraid of the terrible lashing return-stroke of the cobra. He bit, but he did not bite long enough, and jumped clear of the whisking tail, leaving Nagaina only torn and angry.

"Wicked, wicked Darzee!" said Nag, lashing up as high as he could reach toward the nest in



"RIKKI-TIKKI WAS AWAKE ON THE PILLOW."

the thorn-bush; but Darzee had built it out of reach of snakes, and it only swayed to and fro.

Rikki-tikki felt his eyes growing red and hot (when a mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all round him, and chattered with rage. But Nag and Nagaina had disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke, it never says anything or gives

any sign of what it means to do next. Rikki-tikki did not care to follow them, for he did not feel sure that he could manage two snakes at once. So he trotted off to the gravel path near the



"'WE ARE VERY MISERABLE,' SAID DARZEE."

house, and sat down to think. It was a serious matter for him. If you read the old books of natural history, you will find they say that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot,—snake's blow against mongoose's jump,—and as no eye can follow the motion of a snake's head when



"'I AM NAG,' SAID THE COBRA; 'LOOK, AND BE AFRAID!' BUT AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS COLD HEART, HE WAS AFRAID."

it strikes, that makes it much more wonderful than any magic herb. Rikki-tikki knew he was a young mongoose, and it made him

all the more pleased to think that he had managed to escape a blow from behind. It gave him confidence in himself, and when Teddy came running down the path, Rikki-tikki was ready to be petted. But just as Teddy was stooping, something wriggled a little in the dust, and a tiny voice said: "Be careful. I am Death!" It was *Karait*, the dusty brown snakeling that lies for choice on the dusty earth; and his bite is as dangerous as the cobra's. But he is so small that nobody thinks of him, and so he does the more harm to people.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red again, and he danced up to the karait with the peculiar rocking, swaying motion that he had inherited from his family. It looks very funny, but it is so perfectly balanced a gait that you can fly off from it at any angle you please; and in dealing with snakes this is an advantage. If Rikki-tikki had only known, he was doing a much more dangerous thing than fighting Nag, for the karait is so small, and can turn so quickly, that unless Rikki bit him close to the back of the head, he would get the return-stroke in his eye or his lip. But Rikki did not know: his eyes were all red, and he rocked back and forth, looking for a good place to hold. The karait struck out, Rikki jumped sideways and tried to run in, but the wicked little dusty gray head lashed within a fraction of his shoulder, and he had to jump over the body, and the head followed his heels close.

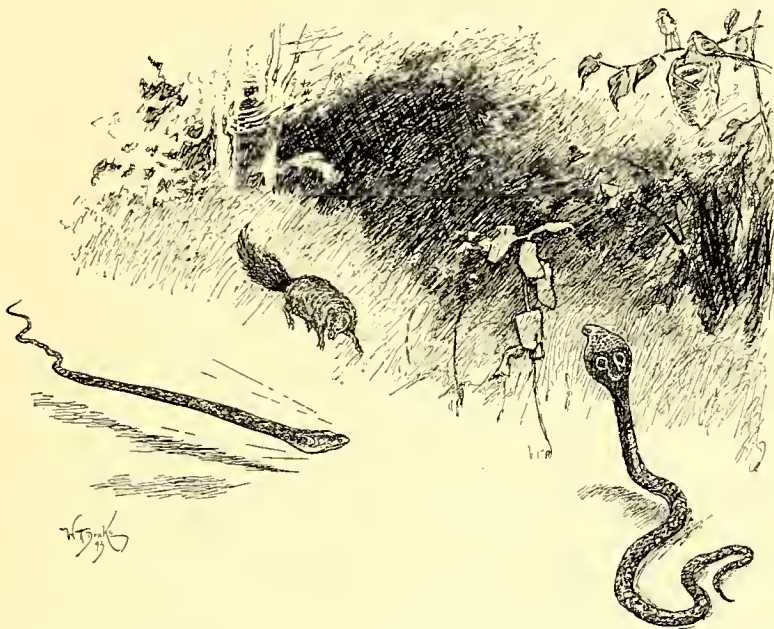
Teddy shouted to the house:
"Oh, look here! Our mongoose is killing a



snake"; and Rikki-tikki heard a scream from Teddy's mother. His father ran out with a stick, but by the time he came up, the karait had lunged

out once too far, and Rikki-tikki had sprung, jumped on the snake's back, dropped his head far between his fore-legs, bitten as high up the back as he could get hold, and rolled

Teddy carried him off to bed, and insisted on Rikki-tikki sleeping under his chin. Rikki-tikki was too well bred to bite or scratch, but as soon as Teddy was asleep he went off for



his nightly walk round the house, and in the dark he ran up against Chuchundra, the muskrat, creeping round by the skirting-board. Chuchundra is a broken-hearted little beast. He whimpers and cheeps all the night, trying to make up his mind to run into the middle of the room, but he never gets there.

"Don't kill me," said Chuchundra, almost weeping. "Rikki-tikki, don't kill me."

"Do you think a snake-killer kills muskrats?" said Rikki-tikki scornfully.

"HE JUMPED UP IN THE AIR, AND JUST UNDER HIM WHIZZED THE HEAD OF NAGAINA."

away. That bite paralyzed the karait, and Rikki-tikki was just going to eat him up from the tail when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow mongoose, and if he wanted all his strength and quickness ready, he must keep himself thin. He went away for a dust-bath under the castor-oil bushes, while Teddy's father beat the dead karait. "What is the use of that?" thought Rikki-tikki—"I have settled it all"; and then Teddy's mother picked him up from the dust and hugged him, crying that he had saved Teddy from death, and Teddy's father said that he was a providence, and Teddy looked on with big scared eyes.

That night at dinner, walking to and fro among the wine-glasses on the table, he might have stuffed himself three times over with nice things; but he remembered Nag and Nagaina, and though it was very pleasant to be patted and petted by Teddy's mother, and to sit on Teddy's shoulder, his eyes would get red from time to time, and he would go off into his long war-cry of "*Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*"

"Those who kill snakes get killed by snakes," said Chuchundra, more sorrowfully than ever. "And how am I to be sure that Nag won't mistake me for you?"

"There's not the least danger," said Rikki-tikki; "but Nag is in the garden, and I know you don't go there."

"My cousin Chua, the rat, told me—" said Chuchundra, and then he stopped.

"Told you what?"

"H'sh! Nag is everywhere, Rikki-tikki. You should have talked to Chua in the garden."

"I did n't—so you must tell me. Quick, Chuchundra, or I'll bite you!"

Chuchundra sat down and cried till the tears rolled off his whiskers. "I am a very poor man," he sobbed. "I never had spirit enough to run out into the middle of the room. H'sh! I must n't tell you anything. Can't you *hear*, Rikki-tikki?"

Rikki-tikki listened. The house was as still as still, but he thought he could just catch the faintest scratch-scratch in the world,—

a noise as faint as a fly walking on a window-pane,—the dry scratch of a snake's scales on brickwork.

"That 's Nag or Nagaina," he said to himself; "and he is crawling into the bath-room sluice. You 're right, Chuchundra; I should have talked to Chua."

He stole off to Teddy's bath-room, but there was nothing there, and then to Teddy's mother's bath-room. At the bottom of the smooth plaster wall there was a brick pulled out to make a sluice for the bath-water, and as Rikki-tikki stole in by the masonry curb where the bath is put, he heard Nag and Nagaina whispering together outside in the moonlight.

"When the house is emptied of people," said Nagaina, "he will have to go away, and then the garden will be our own again. Go in quietly, and remember that the big man who killed *Karait* is the first one to bite. Then come out and tell me, and we will hunt for Rikki-tikki together."

"But are you sure that there is anything to be gained by killing the people?" said Nag.

"Everything. When there were no people in the bungalow, did we have any mongoose in the garden? So long as the bungalow is empty, we are king and queen of the garden; and remember that as soon as our eggs in the

will go, but there is no need that we should hunt for Rikki-tikki afterward. I will kill the big man and his wife, and the child if I can, and come away quietly. Then the bungalow will be empty, and Rikki-tikki will go. I will come in the morning, Nagaina."

Rikki-tikki tingled all over with rage and hatred at this, and then Nag's head came through the sluice, and his five feet of cold body followed it. Angry as he was, Rikki-tikki was very frightened as he saw the size of the big cobra. Nag coiled himself up, raised his head, and looked into the bath-room in the dark, and Rikki could see his eyes glitter.

"Now, if I kill him here, Nagaina will know; and if I fight him on the open floor, the odds are in his favor. What am I to do?" said Rikki-tikki-tavi.

Nag waved to and fro, and then Rikki-tikki heard him drinking from the biggest water-jar that was used to fill the bath. "That is good," said the snake. "Now, when *Karait* was killed, the big man had a stick. He may have that stick still, but when he comes in to bathe in the morning he will not have a stick. I shall wait here till he comes. Nagaina—do you hear me?—I shall wait here in the cool."

There was no answer from outside, so Rikki-tikki knew Nagaina had gone away. Nag coiled himself down, coil by coil, round the bulge at the bottom of the water-jar, and Rikki-tikki stayed still as death. After an hour he began to move, muscle by muscle, toward the jar. Nag was asleep, and Rikki-tikki looked at his big back, wondering which would be the best place for a good hold. "If I don't break his back at the first jump," said Rikki, "he can still fight." He looked at the thickness



"IN THE DARK HE RAN UP AGAINST CHUCHUNDRA THE MUSKRAT."

melon-bed hatch (they may hatch to-morrow), our children will need room."

"I had not thought of that," said Nag. "I

of the neck below the hood, but that was too much for him; and a bite near the tail would only make Nag savage.



"THEN RIKKI-TIKKI WAS BATTERED TO AND FRO AS A RAT IS SHAKEN BY A DOG."

"It must be the head," he said at last—"the head above the hood; and, when I am once there, I must not let go."

Then he jumped. The head was lying a little clear of the water-jar, under the curve of it; and, as his teeth met, Rikki braced his back against the bulge to hold down the head. This gave him just one second's purchase, and he made the most of it. Then he was battered to and fro as a rat is shaken by a dog—to and fro on the floor, up and down, and round in great circles, but his eyes were red and he held on as the body cartwhipped over the floor, upsetting the tin dipper and the soap-dish and the flesh-brush, and banged against the tin side of the bath. As he held he closed his jaws tighter and tighter, for he made sure he would be banged to death, and, for the honor of his family, he preferred to be found with his teeth locked. He was dizzy, aching, and felt shaken to pieces when something went

off like a thunderclap just behind him; and a wind knocked him senseless and red fire singed his fur. The big man had been wakened by the noise, and had fired both barrels of a shot-gun into Nag just behind the hood.

Rikki-tikki held on with his eyes shut, for now he was quiet sure he was dead; but the head did not move, and the big man picked him up and said: "It 's the mongoose again, Alice; the little chap has saved *our* lives now." Then Teddy's mother came in with a very white face, and saw what was left of Nag, and Rikki-tikki dragged himself to Teddy's bedroom and spent half the rest of the night licking himself to find out whether he really was broken into forty pieces.

When morning came he was very stiff, but well pleased with his doings. "Now I have Nagaina to settle with, and she will be worse than five Nags, and there 's no knowing when

the eggs she spoke of will hatch. Goodness! I must go and see Darzee."

Without waiting for breakfast, Rikki-tikki ran to the thorn-bush where Darzee was singing a song of triumph at the top of his voice. The news of Nag's death was all over the garden, for the sweeper had thrown the body on the rubbish-heap.

"Oh, you stupid tuft of feathers!" said Rikki-tikki, angrily. "Is this the time to sing?"

"Nag is dead — is dead — is dead!" sang Darzee. "The valiant Rikki-tikki caught him by the head and held fast. The big man brought the bang-stick, and Nag fell in two pieces! He will never eat my babies again."

"All that 's true enough; but where 's Nagaina?" said Rikki-tikki, looking carefully round him.

"Nagaina came to the bath-room sluice and called for Nag," Darzee went on; "and Nag came out on the end of a stick — the sweeper picked him up on the end of a stick and threw

"For the great, the beautiful Rikki-tikki's sake I will stop," said Darzee. "What is it, O Killer of the terrible Nag?"

"Where is Nagaina, for the third time?"

"On the rubbish-heap by the stables, mourning for Nag. Great is Rikki-tikki with the white teeth."

"Bother my white teeth! Have you ever heard where she keeps her eggs?"

"In the melon-bed, on the end nearest the wall, where the sun strikes nearly all day. She put them there weeks ago."

"And you never thought it worth while to tell me? The end nearest the wall, you said?"

"Rikki-tikki, you are not going to eat her eggs!"

"Not eat exactly; no. Darzee, if you have a grain of sense you will fly off to the stables and pretend that your wing is broken, and let Nagaina chase you away to this bush? I must get to the melon-bed, and if I went there now she 'd see me."



DARZEE'S WIFE PRETENDS TO HAVE A BROKEN WING.

him upon the rubbish-heap. Let us sing about the great, the red-eyed Rikki-tikki!" and Darzee filled his throat and sang.

"If I could get up to your nest, I 'd roll your babies out!" said Rikki-tikki. "You don't know when to do the right thing at the right time. You 're safe enough in your nest there, but it 's war for me down here. Stop singing a minute, Darzee."

Darzee was a feather-brained little fellow who could never hold more than one idea at a time in his head; and just because he knew that Nagaina's children were born in eggs like his own, he did n't think at first that it was fair to kill them. But his wife was a sensible bird, and she knew that cobra's eggs meant young cobras later on; so she flew off from the nest, and left Darzee to keep the babies warm, and

sing his song about the death of Nag. Darzee was very like a man.

She fluttered in front of Nagaina by the rubbish-heap, and cried out, "Oh, my wing is broken! The boy in the house threw a stone at me and broke it." Then she fluttered more desperately than ever.

Nagaina lifted up her head and hissed, "You warned Rikki-tikki when I would have killed him. Indeed and truly, you've chosen a bad place to be lame in." And she moved toward Darzee's wife, slipping along over the dust.

"The boy broke it with a stone!" shrieked Darzee's wife.

"Well! It may be some consolation to you when you're dead to know that I shall settle accounts with the boy. My husband lies on the rubbish-heap this morning, but before night the boy in the house will lie still. What is the use of running away? I am sure to catch you. Little fool, look at me!"

Darzee's wife knew better than to do *that*, for a bird who looks at a snake's eyes gets so frightened that she can't move. Darzee's wife fluttered on, piping sorrowfully, and never leaving the ground, and Nagaina quickened her pace.

Rikki-tikki heard them going up the path from the stables, and he raced for the end of the melon-patch near the wall. There, in the warm litter about the melons, very cunningly hidden, he found twenty-five eggs, about the size of a bantam's eggs, but with a whitish skin instead of shell.

"I was not a day too soon," he said; for he could see the baby cobras curled up inside the skin, and he knew that the minute they were hatched they could each kill a man or a mongoose. He bit off the tops of the eggs as fast as he could, taking care to crush the young cobras, and he turned over the litter from time to time to see whether he had missed any. At last there were only three eggs left, and Rikki-tikki began to chuckle to himself, when he heard Darzee's wife screaming:

"Rikki-tikki, I led Nagaina toward the house, and she has gone into the veranda, and—oh, come quickly—she means killing!"

Rikki-tikki smashed two eggs, and tumbled backward down the melon-bed with the third

egg in his mouth, and scuttled to the veranda as hard as he could put foot to the ground. Teddy and his mother and father were there at early breakfast; but Rikki-tikki saw that they were not eating anything. They sat stone-still, and their faces were white. Nagaina was coiled up on the matting by Teddy's chair, within easy striking distance of Teddy's bare leg, and she was swaying to and fro, singing a song of triumph.

"Son of the big man that killed Nag," she hissed, "stay still. I am not ready yet. Wait a little. Keep very still, all you three. If you move I strike, and if you do not move I strike. Oh, foolish people, who killed my Nag!"

Teddy's eyes were fixed on his father, and all his father could do was to whisper, "Sit still, Teddy. You must n't move. Teddy, keep still."

Then Rikki-tikki came up and cried: "Turn round, Nagaina; turn and fight!"

"All in good time," said she, without moving her eyes. "I will settle my account with *you* presently. Look at your friends, Rikki-tikki. They are still and white. They are afraid. They dare not move, and if you come a step nearer I strike."

"Look at your eggs," said Rikki-tikki, "in the melon-bed near the wall. Go and look, Nagaina."

The big snake turned half round, and saw the egg on the veranda. "Ah-h! Give it to me," she said.

Rikki-tikki put his paws one on each side of the egg, and his eyes were blood-red. "What price for a snake's egg? For a young cobra? For a young king-cobra? For the last—the very last of the brood? The ants are eating all the others down by the melon-bed."

Nagaina spun clear round, forgetting everything for the sake of the one egg; and Rikki-tikki saw Teddy's father shoot out a big hand, catch Teddy by the shoulder, and drag him across the little table with the tea-cups, safe and out of reach of Nagaina.

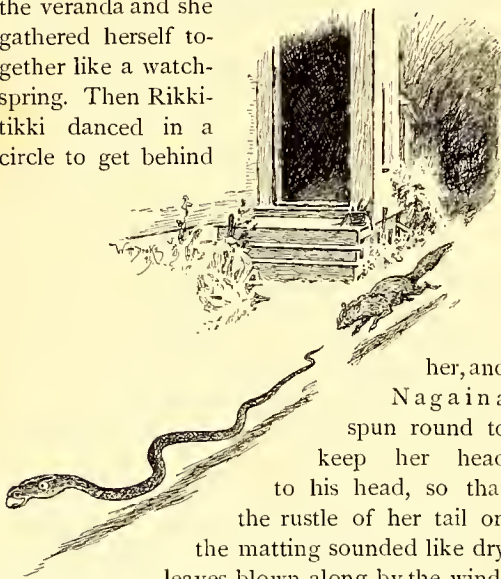
"Tricked! Tricked! Tricked!" chuckled Rikki-tikki. "The boy is safe, and it was I—I that caught Nag by the hood last night in the bath-room." Then he began to jump

up and down, all four feet together, his head close to the floor. "He threw me to and fro, but he could not shake me off. He was dead before the big man blew him in two. I did it! *Rikki-tikki-tch-tch!* Come then, Nagaina. Come and fight with me. You shall not be a widow long."

Nagaina saw that she had lost her chance of killing Teddy, and the egg lay between Rikki-tikki's paws. "Give me the egg, Rikki-tikki. Give me the last of my eggs, and I will go away and never come back," she said, lowering her hood.

"Yes, you will go away, and you will never come back; for you will go to the rubbish-heap with Nag. Fight, widow! The big man has gone for his gun! Fight!"

Rikki-tikki was bounding all round Nagaina, keeping just out of reach of her stroke, his little eyes like hot coals. Nagaina gathered herself together, and flung out at him. Rikki-tikki jumped up and backwards. Again and again and again she struck, and each time her head came with a whack on the matting of the veranda and she gathered herself together like a watch-spring. Then Rikki-tikki danced in a circle to get behind



"NAGAINA FLEW DOWN THE PATH, WITH RIKKI-TIKKI BEHIND HER."

her, and Nagaina spun round to keep her head to his head, so that the rustle of her tail on the matting sounded like dry leaves blown along by the wind. He had forgotten the egg. It still lay on the veranda, and Nagaina came nearer and nearer to it, till at last, while Rikki-tikki was drawing breath, she caught it in her mouth, turned to the veranda steps, and flew like an

arrow down the path, with Rikki-tikki behind her. When the cobra runs for her life, she goes like a whip-lash flicked across a horse's neck. Rikki-tikki knew that he must catch her, or all the trouble would begin again. She headed straight for the long grass by the thorn-bush, and as he was running Rikki-tikki heard Darzee still singing his foolish little song of triumph. But Darzee's wife was wiser. She flew off her nest as Nagaina came along, and flapped her wings about Nagaina's head. If Darzee had helped they might have turned her; but Nagaina only lowered her hood and went on. Still, the instant's delay brought Rikki-tikki up to her, and as she plunged into the rat-hole where she and Nag used to live, his little white teeth were in her tail, and he went down with her—and very few mongooses, however wise and old they may be, care to follow a cobra into its hole. It was dark in the hole; and Rikki-tikki never knew when it might open out and give Nagaina room to turn and strike at him. He held on savagely, and stuck out his feet to act as brakes on the dark slope of the hot, moist earth. Then the grass by the mouth of the hole stopped waving, and Darzee said: "It is all over with Rikki-tikki! We must sing his death-song. Valiant Rikki-tikki is dead! For Nagaina will surely kill him underground."

So he sang a very mournful song that he made up on the spur of the minute, and just as he got to the most touching part the grass quivered again, and Rikki-tikki, covered with dirt, dragged himself out of the hole leg by leg, licking his whiskers. Darzee stopped with a little shout. Rikki-tikki shook some of the dust out of his fur and sneezed. "It is all over," he said. "The widow will never come out again." And the red ants that live between the grass stems heard him, and began to troop down one after another to see if he had spoken the truth.

Rikki-tikki curled himself up in the grass and slept where he was—slept and slept till it was late in the afternoon, for he had had a hard day's work.

"Now," he said, when he awoke, "I will go back to the house. Tell the Coppersmith, Darzee, and he will tell the garden that Nagaina is dead."

The Coppersmith is a bird who makes a noise exactly like the beating of a little hammer on a copper pot; and the reason why he is always making it is because he is the town-crier in an Indian garden, and tells all the news to everybody. As Rikki-tikki went up the path, he heard his "attention" notes like a tiny dinner-gong; and then the steady "*Ding-dong-tock!* Nag is dead—*dong!* Nagaina is dead! *Ding-dong-tock!*" That set all the birds in the garden singing, and the frogs croaking; for Nag and Nagaina used to eat frogs as well as little birds.

When he got to the house, Teddy and Teddy's mother (she looked very white still, for she had been fainting) and Teddy's father came out and almost cried over him; and that night he ate all that was given him till he could eat no more, and went to bed on Teddy's shoulder, where Teddy's mother saw him when she came to look late at night.

"He saved our lives and Teddy's life," she said to her husband. "Just think, he saved all our lives."

Rikki-tikki woke up with a jump, for all the mongooses are light sleepers.



"IT IS ALL OVER."

"Oh, it's you," said he. "What are you bothering for? All the cobras are dead; and if they were n't, I'm here."

Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself; but he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden as a mongoose should keep it, till never a snake dared show its head inside the walls.

The Three Robbers.

A Riddle.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



HEY were three robbers; aye,
And they robbed a red, red rose;
And they came from out the sky,
And they went where no man knows.

One came—a robber bold—
And a sable coat he wore,
And a belt of dusty gold,
And he robbed her treasure-store;



One came when the day was young,
And rent the curtain gray
Of mist that round her hung,
And he stole her pearls away ;

One came when the day was dead,
And no man saw him pass ;
And he caught her petals red
And threw them upon the grass.

Three robbers bold were they,
And they robbed a red, red rose ;
And they came and went away,
And whither—no man knows.



DAY-DREAMS ON THE DIKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANS BRINKER."

THERE were five of them,—Dirk van Dorf, Katrina van Dorf, Greitje Kuyp, Kassy Riker, and Ludoff Kleef,—five stout little Hollanders, all well and happy, and all sitting in the broad, bright sunlight—dreaming!

It was not so at first, you must know. They had been trudging along the great dike, their loose *klompen** beating the hard clay, laughing a little, talking less, yet with an air of good-fellowship about them—these chubby little neighbor children, who knew each other so well that by a nod or a gesture, or throwing a quick glance or a smile, they could take one another's meaning and make two words do the work of twenty. Their fathers and mothers were thrifty, hard-working folk living in Volendam, a little fishing-village hard by, built under one of the dikes of the Zuyder Zee.

The children, being Hollanders, knew quite well that the dike they were treading was a massive, wide bank or wall built to keep back the sea that was forever trying to spread itself over Holland, though Holland by no means intended to allow it to do any such thing. And they knew also, as did all Volendam, that Jan van Riper had been out over long in his little fishing-boat, and that there had been heavy winds after he started; also that his wife, who was continually scolding him, was now going about, her eyes red with weeping, telling the neighbors how good and easy he was, and how he would n't harm a kitten—Jan would n't! They knew, moreover, that Adrian Runckel's tulip-bed was a show; hardly another man in the village had a flower worth looking at, if you went in for size, color, and stiffness. They knew, besides, that ever so many queer, flapping and squirming things had been hauled in that very morning by Peter Loop's big net—only he was dreadfully cross, and would n't let a body come near it—that is, a little body. Above all, they knew that the mother of Ludoff

Kleef was coming to join them as soon as she could finish up her dairy-work, and get herself and the children ready. All the party need do was to keep along the dike and be good, and take care of little Ludoff, and sit down and rest whenever they felt like resting, and of all things they were not to soil or tear their clothes. So you see they were neither empty-headed nor careworn, nor were they in any danger of falling asleep; yet there they sat, on the dike, dreaming!

Kassy Riker was the first to glide into a dream, though sitting close beside little Ludoff, who wriggled, and wondered why his mother and sister and baby brother did n't come. He wanted to cry, but he felt in the depths of his baby soul that Kassy would n't heed him if he did; and as for the others, Greitje Kuyp was gazing a thousand miles out to sea already; Katrina van Dorf was so busy with her knitting that she had forgotten there was such a thing as a small boy in the world; and as for big boy Dirk van Dorf, he was altogether too grand a person to be moved by any amount of howling. So little Ludoff amused himself by watching a long straw that in the still air hitched itself along till it wavered feebly on the edge of the dike, uncertain whether to stay on shore or start on a seafaring career. If the straw had settled on any course of action, Ludoff would have done the same; but, as it was, Ludoff kept on watching and watching it until, in the stillness, he forgot all about being a little boy who wanted his mother; for was not the straw whisking one end feebly, and turning round to begin again?

Meantime Greitje Kuyp gazed out to sea, the great Zuyder Zee, wondering why any one should think it was trying to come ashore and do mischief. It was so quiet, so grand, and it bore the big fishing-smacks so patiently, when it could so easily topple them over! Mother

* Wooden shoes.



Martin Oakes Woodbury
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"FIVE STOUT LITTLE HOLLANDERS, ALL SITTING IN THE BROAD BRIGHT SUNLIGHT — DREAMING!"

was patient and peaceful, too. Greitje, herself, so went her day-dream, would be just like Mother, one of these days: she would sew and mend and churn and bake, only she would make more cakes and less bread. Yes, she would bake great chests full of cinnamon-cakes,—*kaneel koekjes*,—such as they sold at the kermess; and she would be, oh, just as good and kind to *her* little girl as mother was to her, and * * *

“I’m not going to stay at home all my life,” Kassy Riker was thinking or dreaming. “Some day I shall keep a beautiful shop in Amsterdam, and sell laces and caps and head-gear and lovely things; and I’ll curtsy and say *ja, mijn-heer*, like a grand lady; and I’ll learn to sing and dance better than any girl at the kermess; and I shall wear gold on my temples, and have a lovely jacket for skating days; and every month I’ll come back for a while, and bring lovely things to Father, Mother, and the minister; and * * *

“I’ve done full a finger-length of it to-day,” mused Katrina, as she pressed her red lips together and worked steadily at the chain she was weaving on a pin-rack for her father. “It will be done by his birthday, and I’ll hang his big silver watch on it when he’s asleep, and then kiss and hug him till he opens his eyes. Ah, how we all will wish him a happy day and the Lord’s blessing! And if he gives me a little cart some time for my dog ‘Shag’ to draw, I think I’ll fill it full of wet, shining fish and sell them at the market-town. No; I’ll help Mother very hard at making the cheeses; and I’ll fill the cart with them; and soon Mother can have a fine new lace cap with the money, and a silk apron; and maybe I’ll be so useful to the family that they’ll decide to take me out of school; and then—and then I’ll work and I’ll save, and save, till perhaps * * *

“Can *that* be Jan van Riper’s boat?” thought big boy Dirk, as he eyed a fishing-smack just coming into view. “No, it’s my uncle Cuyp’s. Like enough, Jan has landed somewhere and put off to foreign parts, as he often says he will when Vrouw van Riper’s tongue gets too lively.

I would. I’d like to go to foreign parts, anyway. Lots of room for a fellow in Java; lots of rich Hollanders there—we Hollanders own it, they say; and there’s no reason a fellow like me should n’t grow to be a merchant and own warehouses, and * * *

So the dreams ran on,—Greitje’s, Kassy Riker’s, Katrina’s, and Dirk van Dorf’s,—all different, and all very absorbing. Meantime the straw had shown itself so weak-minded and tedious that little Ludoff had nodded himself into a doze as he leaned against Greitje’s plump little shoulder. The time really had not been long, only a few moments; for even a smooth sea, a soft summer breeze, and five slow but ambitious little Dutch natures could not have kept ten young legs and ten young arms quiet any longer.

A great shout from the village came faintly to the children’s ears. Jan’s boat was in sight! The little folk were up and alert in an instant. They turned about, to look back toward the village,—and if there was n’t Ludoff’s mother, *Mevrouw** Kleef, erect and smiling, coming briskly along the dike toward them! How handsome she looked, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and the big lace cap, the blue-and-black short skirt, and the low jacket over the gaily-colored under-waist. Her little Troide toddled beside her, taking two steps to the mother’s one, with deep blue eyes fixed upon the line of familiar forms just risen from the dike. The baby—it was a boy: one could tell *that* by the woolen *slaapmuts*, or night-cap, on his head, for the girl-babies in Volendam never wear that kind—the baby, trig and smart, gazed from the mother’s arms at the same five familiar little forms, and in a moment the children all were crowding around the *mevrouw*.

“Jan is back, is n’t he?” asked Dirk.

“Yes, I suppose so,” she answered carelessly. The good woman was rather tired of her neighbor Jan van Riper’s frequent misbehaviors and false alarms.

“My, how warm the day!” she added, gently setting the baby down on the turf beside her; “and the dear child is as weighty as a keg of herring!”

“Oh, oh, the beauty!” exclaimed the girls,

quite enraptured with the little one; while Dirk and Ludoff doubled their fists, and pretended (to his great delight) they were going to pummel him soundly.

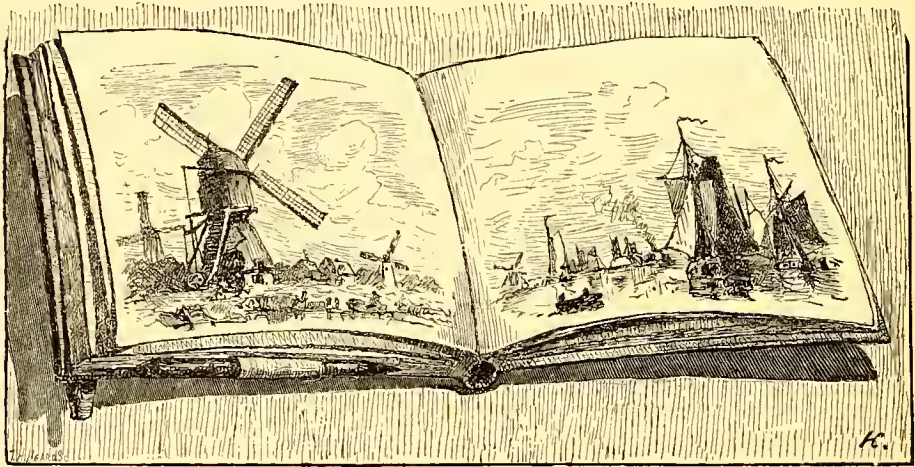
"Yes," said the mother. "He 's a bouncing little man, and with a good head of his own. I was saying to myself as I came along that I should n't wonder if he should get to be a grand burgomeister some day, and rule a city, and lift us all to greatness—was n't I, my little one? There, there, don't pull my skirt off, my Ludoff!"

Then looking brightly from one to another of the group about her, Mevrouw Kleef asked:

"And what have you been about—you, Dirk, Katrina, and the rest of you?"

"Nothing," answered the children; but they all looked very happy. Day-dreams linger about us, you know, and light our way even when they are half forgotten.

So the mother took up her little burgomeister, and, rosy and smiling, trod her way back to the village, the children trudging after.



A LESSON IN NUMBERS.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

I HAVE a little lesson*
 In numbers, every day;
 And, if you like, I 'll tell you
 The kind I have to say—
 I call them play.

There was a little pigeon,
 And when he said "Coo-coo!"
 Another little pigeon
 Close down beside him flew—
 Then there were two.

Two pretty ships were sailing
 As grandly as could be;

And "Ship ahoy!" another
Sailed out upon the sea —
Then there were THREE.

I had a pretty rose-bush
That grew beside my door;
Three roses bloomed upon it,
And soon there came one more —
Then there were FOUR.

Four bees a-gathering honey —
The busiest things alive;
And soon there came another
From out the crowded hive.
Then there were FIVE.

Those last were rather hard ones —
The roses and the bees;
But my mama says "Numbers
Get harder by degrees,"
Harder than these!



WHEN IT 'S COLD.

BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN.



needles are in your fingers and toes;
When icicles hang from the snow-man's nose;
When the frost on the pane makes sugary trees,
And wagon-wheels over the hard ground wheeze;
When the toughened old farmer flings round his arms
As if he 'd throw them across two farms;
When ears are rubbed, and noses are red,
And sheets are like ice in the spare-room bed;
When water-pipes burst, and wells freeze up,
And the tea is n't hot when it leaves the cup;
When stray dogs coming along the street
Never stand for a second on all four feet;
When little boys cry if they have to be out,
And are heard for a full half-mile if they shout;

When the day is as clear as the thoughts that fled
Out into the world from Shakspeare's head;
When the air about seems as still as a rock,
And a sudden noise is a sudden shock,
And the earth seems deserted, lonely, and old —
You are pretty sure that it's pretty cold!

TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Do you reckon Tom Sawyer was satisfied after all them adventures? I mean the adventures we had down the river, and the time we set the darky Jim free and Tom got shot in the leg. No, he was n't. It only just p'isoned him for more. That was all the effect it had. You see, when we three came back up the river in glory, as you may say, from that long travel, and the village received us with a torch-light procession and speeches, and everybody hurrah'd and shouted, it made us heroes, and that was what Tom Sawyer had always been hankering to be.

For a while he *was* satisfied. Everybody made much of him, and he tilted up his nose and stepped around the town as though he owned it. Some called him Tom Sawyer the Traveler, and that just swelled him up fit to bust. You see he laid over me and Jim considerable, because we only went down the river on a raft and came back by the steamboat, but Tom went by the steamboat both ways. The boys envied me and Jim a good deal, but land! they just knuckled to the dirt before TOM.

Well, I don't know; maybe he might have been satisfied if it had n't been for old Nat Parsons, which was postmaster, and powerful long and slim, and kind o' good-hearted and silly, and bald-headed, on account of his age, and about the talkiest old cretur I ever see. For as much as thirty years he 'd been the only man in the village that had a reputation—I mean a reputation for being a traveler, and of course he was mortal proud of it, and it was reckoned that in the course of that thirty years he had told about that journey over a million times and enjoyed it every time. And now comes along a boy not quite fifteen, and sets everybody admiring and gawking over *his*

travels, and it just give the poor old man the high strikes. It made him sick to listen to Tom, and hear the people say "My land!" "Did you ever!" "My goodness sakes alive!" and all such things; but he could n't pull away from it, any more than a fly that 's got its hind leg fast in the molasses. And always when Tom come to a rest, the poor old cretur would chip in on *his* same old travels and work them for all they were worth, but they were pretty faded, and did n't go for much, and it was pitiful to see. And then Tom would take another innings, and then the old man again—and so on, and so on, for an hour and more, each trying to beat out the other.

You see, Parsons' travels happened like this: When he first got to be postmaster and was green in the business, there come a letter for somebody he did n't know, and there was n't any such person in the village. Well, he did n't know what to do, nor how to act, and there the letter stayed and stayed, week in and week out, till the bare sight of it give him a con-
nption. The postage was n't paid on it, and that was another thing to worry about. There was n't any way to collect that ten cents, and he reckon'd the Gov'ment would hold him responsible for it and maybe turn him out besides, when they found he had n't collected it. Well, at last he could n't stand it any longer. He could n't sleep nights, he could n't eat, he was thinned down to a shadder, yet he da'sn't ask anybody's advice, for the very person he asked for advice might go back on him and let the Gov'ment know about the letter. He had the letter buried under the floor, but that did no good; if he happened to see a person standing over the place it 'd give him the cold shivers, and loaded him up with suspicions, and he would sit up that night till the town was as still and dark, and then he would sneak there

and get it out and bury it in another place. Of course people got to avoiding him and shaking their heads and whispering, because, the way he was looking and acting, they judged he had killed somebody or done something terrible, they did n't know what, and if he had been a stranger they would 've lynched him.

Well, as I was saying, it got so he could n't stand it any longer; so he made up his mind to pull out for Washington, and just go to the President of the United States and make a clean breast of the whole thing, not keeping back an atom, and then fetch the letter out and lay it before the whole Gov'ment, and say, "Now, there she is—do with me what you're a mind to; though as heaven is my judge I am an innocent man and not deserving of the full

steamboating, and some stage-coaching, but all the rest of the way was horseback, and it took him three weeks to get to Washington. He saw lots of land and lots of villages and four cities. He was gone 'most eight weeks, and there never was such a proud man in the village as when he got back. His travels made him the greatest man in all that region, and the most talked about; and people come from as much as thirty miles back in the country, and from over in the Illinois bottoms, too, just to look at him—and there they'd stand and gawk, and he'd gabble. You never see anything like it.

Well, there was n't any way, now, to settle which was the greatest traveler; some said it was Nat, some said it was Tom. Everybody allowed that Nat had seen the most longitude,



"WE WENT OUT IN THE WOODS ON THE HILL, AND TOM TOLD US WHAT IT WAS. IT WAS A CRUSADE." (SEE PAGE 23.)

penalties of the law and leaving behind me a family that must starve and yet had n't had a thing to do with it, which is the whole truth and I can swear to it."

So he did it. He had a little wee bit of

but they had to give in that whatever Tom was short in longitude he had made up in latitude and climate. It was about a stand-off; so both of them had to whoop up their dangerous adventures, and try to get ahead *that* way. That

bullet-wound in Tom's leg was a tough thing for Nat Parsons to buck against, but he bucked the best he could; and at a disadvantage, too, for Tom did n't set still as he 'd order done, to be fair, but always got up and sauntered around and worked his limp while Nat was painting up the adventure that *he* had in Washington; for Tom never let go that limp when his leg got well, but practised it nights at home, and kept it good as new right along.

Nat's adventure was like this; I don't know how true it is; maybe he got it out of a paper, or somewhere, but I will say this for him, that he *did* know how to tell it. He could make anybody's flesh crawl, and he 'd turn pale and hold his breath when he told it, and sometimes women and girls got so faint they could n't stick it out. Well, it was this way, as near as I can remember:

He come a-loping into Washington, and put up his horse and shoved out to the President's house with his letter, and they told him the President was up to the Capitol, and just going to start for Philadelphia—not a minute to lose if he wanted to catch him. Nat 'most dropped, it made him so sick. His horse was put up, and he did n't know what *to* do. But just then along comes a darky driving an old ramshackly hack, and he see his chance. He rushes out and shouts: "A half a dollar if you git me to the Capitol in half an hour, and a quarter extra if you do it in twenty minutes!"

"Done!" says the darky.

Nat he jumped in and slammed the door, and away they went a-ripping and a-tearing over the roughest road a body ever see, and the racket of it was something awful. Nat passed his arms through the loops and hung on for life and death, but pretty soon the hack hit a rock and flew up in the air, and the bottom fell out, and when it come down Nat's feet was on the ground, and he see he was in the most desperate danger if he could n't keep up with the hack. He was horrible scared, but he laid into his work for all he was worth, and hung tight to the arm-loops and made his legs fairly fly. He yelled and shouted to the driver to stop, and so did the crowds along the street, for they could see his legs spinning along under the coach, and his head and shoulders bobbing inside, through

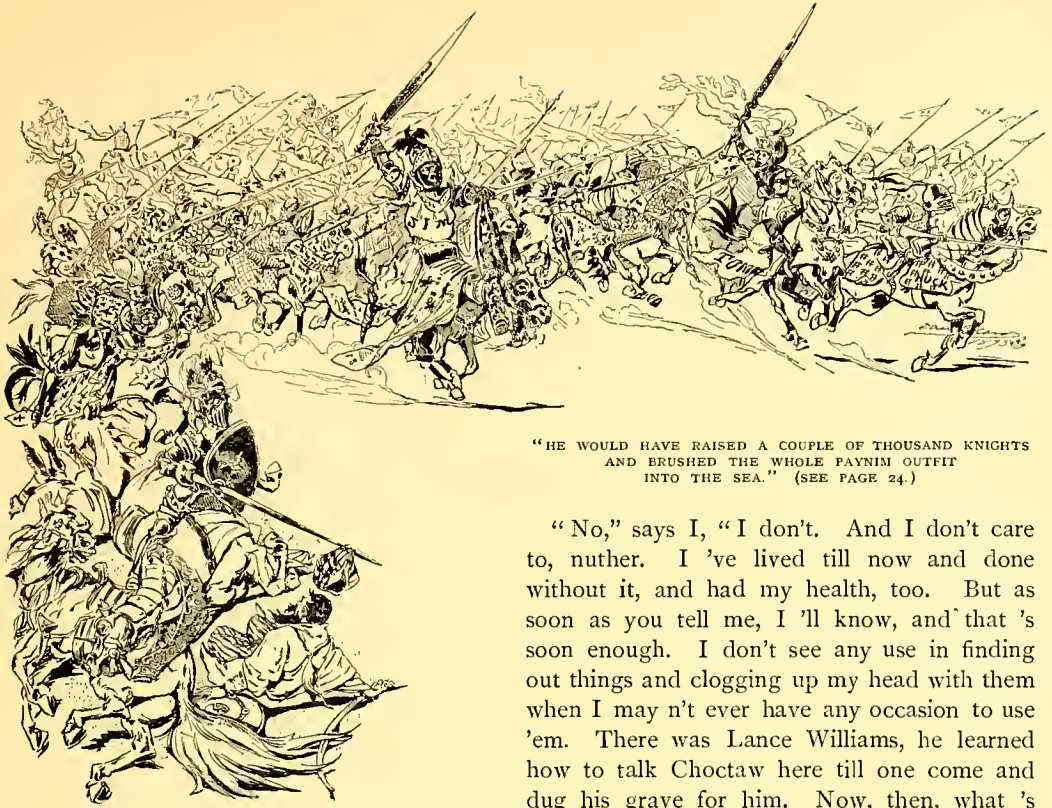
the windows, and he was in awful danger; but the more they all shouted the more the nigger whooped and yelled and lashed the horses and shouted, "Don't you fret, I 's gwine to git you dah in time, boss; I 's gwine to do it, sho'!" for you see he thought they were all hurrying him up, and of course he could n't hear anything for the racket he was making. And so they went ripping along, and everybody just petrified to see it; and when they got to the Capitol at last it was the quickest trip that ever was made, and everybody said so. The horses laid down, and Nat dropped, all tuckered out, and he was all dust and rags and barefooted; but he was in time and just in time, and caught the President and give him the letter, and everything was all right, and the President give him a free pardon on the spot, and Nat give the nigger two extra quarters instead of one because he could see that if he had n't had the hack he would n't 'a' got there in time, nor anywhere near it.

It *was* a powerful good adventure, and Tom Sawyer had to work his bullet-wound mighty lively to hold his own against it.

Well, by and by Tom's glory got to paling down gradu'ly, on account of other things turning up for the people to talk about—first a horse-race, and on top of that a house afire, and on top of that the circus, and on top of that the eclipse; and that started a revival, same as it always does, and by that time there was n't any more talk about Tom, so to speak, and you never see a person so sick and disgusted.

Pretty soon he got to worrying and fretting right along day in and day out, and when I asked him what *was* he in such a state about, he said it 'most broke his heart to think how time was slipping away, and him getting older and older, and no wars breaking out and no way of making a name for himself that he could see. Now that is the way boys is always thinking, but he was the first one I ever heard come out and say it.

So then he set to work to get up a plan to make him celebrated; and pretty soon he struck it, and offered to take me and Jim in. Tom Sawyer was always free and generous that way. There 's a plenty of boys that 's mighty



"HE WOULD HAVE RAISED A COUPLE OF THOUSAND KNIGHTS AND BRUSHED THE WHOLE PAYNIM OUTFIT INTO THE SEA." (SEE PAGE 24.)

good and friendly when *you* 've got a good thing, but when a good thing happens to come their way they don't say a word to you, and try to hog it all. That war n't ever Tom Sawyer's way, I can say that for him. There 's plenty of boys that will come hankering and groveling around you when you 've got an apple, and beg the core off of you; but when they 've got one, and you beg for the core and remind them how you give them a core one time, they say thank you 'most to death, but there ain't a-going to be no core. But I notice they always git come up with; all you got to do is to wait.

Well, we went out in the woods on the hill, and Tom told us what it was. It was a crusade.

"What 's a crusade?" I says.

He looked scornful the way he 's always done when he was ashamed of a person, and says—

"Huck Finn, do you mean to tell me you don't know what a crusade is?"

"No," says I, "I don't. And I don't care to, nuther. I 've lived till now and done without it, and had my health, too. But as soon as you tell me, I 'll know, and that 's soon enough. I don't see any use in finding out things and clogging up my head with them when I may n't ever have any occasion to use 'em. There was Lance Williams, he learned how to talk Choctaw here till one come and dug his grave for him. Now, then, what 's a crusade? But I can tell you one thing before you begin; if it 's a patent-right, there 's no money in it. Bill Thompson he—"

"Patent-right!" says he. "I never see such an idiot. Why, a crusade is a kind of war."

I thought he must be losing his mind. But no, he was in real earnest, and went right on, perfectly ca'm:

"A crusade is a war to recover the Holy Land from the paynim."

"Which Holy Land?"

"Why, *the* Holy Land—there ain't but one."

"What do *we* want of it?"

"Why, can't you understand? It 's in the hands of the paynim, and it 's our duty to take it away from them."

"How did we come to let them git hold of it?"

"We did n't come to let them git hold of it. They always had it."

"Why, Tom, then it must belong to them, don't it?"

"Why of course it does. Who said it did n't?"

I studied over it, but could n't seem to git at the right of it, no way. I says:

"It 's too many for me, Tom Sawyer. If I had a farm and it was mine, and another person wanted it, would it be right for him to—"

"Oh, shucks! you don't know enough to come in when it rains, Huck Finn. It ain't a farm, it 's entirely different. You see, it 's like this. They own the land, just the mere land, and that 's all they *do* own; but it was our folks, our Jews and Christians, that made it holy, and so they have n't any business to be there defiling it. It 's a shame, and we ought not to stand it a minute. We ought to march against them and take it away from them."

"Why, it does seem to me it 's the most mixed-up thing I ever see! Now if I had a farm and another person—"

"Don't I tell you it has n't got anything to do with farming? Farming is business, just common low-down business; that 's all it is, it 's all you can say for it; but this is higher, this is religious, and totally different."

"Religious to go and take the land away from people that owns it?"

"Certainly; it 's always been considered so."

Jim he shook his head, and says:

"Mars Tom, I reckon dey 's a mistake about it somers—dey mos' sholy is. I 's religious myself, en I knows plenty religious people, but I hain't run across none dat acts like dat."

It made Tom hot, and he says:

"Well, it 's enough to make a body sick, such mullet-headed ignorance! If either of you 'd read anything about history, you 'd know that Richard Cur de Loon, and the Pope, and Godfrey de Bulleyn, and lots more of the most noble-hearted and pious people in the world, hacked and hammered at the paynims for more than two hundred years trying to take their land away from them, and swum neck-deep in blood the whole time—and yet here 's a couple of sap-headed country yahoos out in the backwoods of Missouri, setting themselves up to know more about the rights and wrongs of it than they did! Talk about cheek!"

Well, of course, that put a more different light on it, and me and Jim felt pretty cheap

and ignorant, and wished we had n't been quite so chipper. I could n't say nothing, and Jim he could n't for a while; then he says:

"Well, den, I reckon it 's all right; beca'se ef dey did n't know, dey ain't no use for po' ignorant folks like us to be trying to know; en so, ef it 's our duty, we got to go en tackle it en do de bes' we can. Same time, I feel as sorry for dem paynims as Mars Tom. De hard part gwine to be to kill folks dat a body hain't 'quainted wid and dat hain't done him no harm. Dat 's it, you see. Ef we wuz to go 'mongst 'em, jist we three, en say we 's hungry, en ast 'em for a bite to eat, why, maybe dey 's jist like yuther people. Don't you reckon dey is? Why, *dey* 'd give it, I know dey would, en den—"

"Then what?"

"Well, Mars Tom, my idea is like dis. It ain't no use, we *can't* kill dem po' strangers dat ain't doin' us no harm, till we 've had practice—I knows it perfectly well, Mars Tom—'deed I knows it perfectly well. But ef we takes a' ax or two, jist you en me en Huck, en slips acrost de river to-night arter de moon 's gone down, en kills dat sick fam'ly dat 's over on the Sny, en burns dey house down, en—"

"Oh, you make me tired!" says Tom. "I don't want to argue any more with people like you and Huck Finn, that 's always wandering from the subject, and ain't got any more sense than to try to reason out a thing that 's pure theology by the laws that protect real estate!"

Now that 's just where Tom Sawyer war n't fair. Jim did n't mean no harm, and I did n't mean no harm. We knowed well enough that he was right and we was wrong, and all we was after was to get at the *how* of it, and that was all; and the only reason he could n't explain it so we could understand it was because we was ignorant—yes, and pretty dull, too, I ain't denying that; but, land! that ain't no crime, I should think.

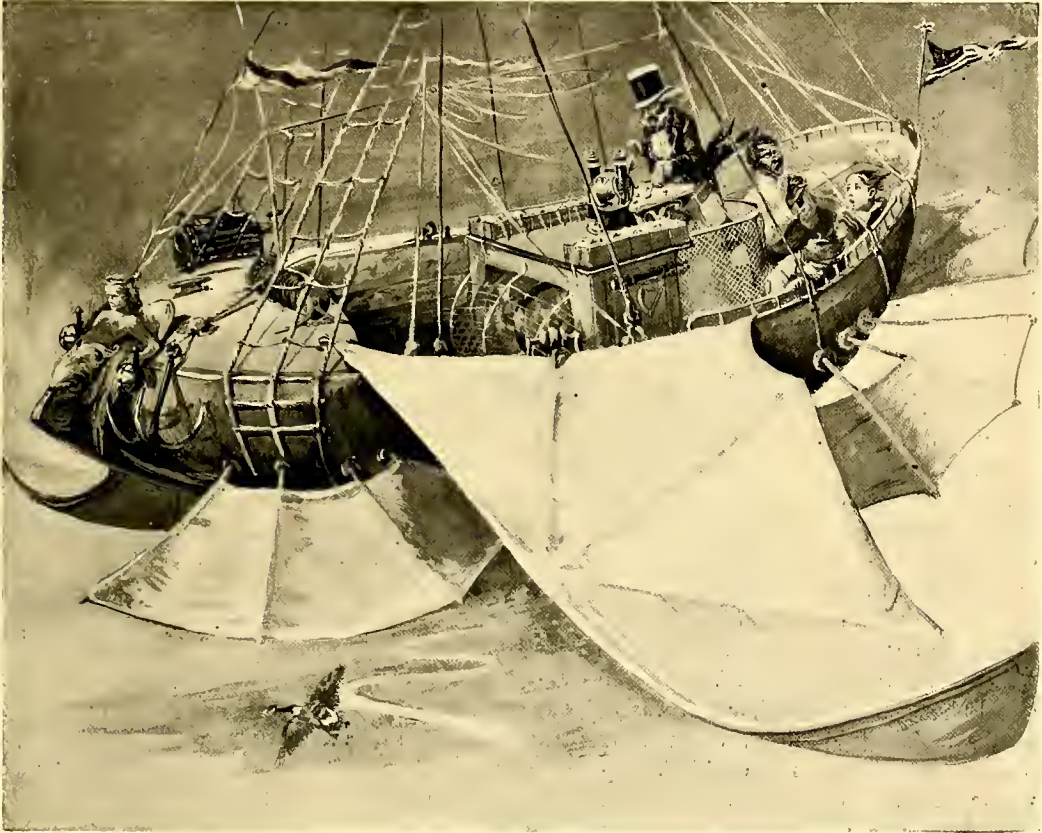
But he would n't hear no more about it—just said if we had tackled the thing in the proper spirit, he would 'a' raised a couple of thousand knights and put them in steel armor from head to heel, and made me a lieutenant and Jim a sutler, and took the command himself and brushed the whole paynim outfit into the

CHAPTER II.

sea like flies and come back across the world in a glory like sunset. But he said we did n't know enough to take the chance when we had it, and he would n't ever offer it again. And he did n't. When he once got set, you could n't budge him.

But I did n't care much. I am peaceable, and don't get up rows with people that ain't

WELL, Tom got up one thing after another, but they all had tender spots about 'em somewheres, and he had to shove 'em aside. So at last he was about in despair. Then the St. Louis papers begun to talk a good deal about the balloon that was going to sail to Europe,



"HE SAID HE WOULD SAIL HIS BALLOON AROUND THE GLOBE, JUST TO SHOW WHAT HE COULD DO." (SEE PAGE 28.)

doing nothing to me. I allowed if the paynim was satisfied I was, and we would let it stand at that.

Now Tom he got all that notion out of Walter Scott's book, which he was always reading. And it *was* a wild notion, because in my opinion he never could 've raised the men, and if he did, as like as not he would 've got licked. I took the books and read all about it, and as near as I could make it out, most of the folks that shook farming to go crusading had a mighty rocky time of it.

and Tom sort of thought he wanted to go down and see what it looked like, but could n't make up his mind. But the papers went on talking, and so he allowed that maybe if he did n't go he might n't ever have another chance to see a balloon; and next, he found out that Nat Parsons was going down to see it, and that decided him, of course. He was n't going to have Nat Parsons coming back bragging about seeing the balloon, and him having to listen to it and keep quiet. So he wanted me and Jim to go too, and we went.

It was a noble big balloon, and had wings and fans and all sorts of things, and was n't like any balloon you see in pictures. It was away out toward the edge of town, in a vacant lot, corner of Twelfth street; and there was a big crowd around it, making fun of it, and making fun of the man,—a lean pale feller with that soft kind of moonlight in his eyes, you know,—and they kept saying it would n't go. It made him hot to hear them, and he would turn on them and shake his fist and say they was animals and blind, but some day they would find they had stood face to face with one of the men that lifts up nations and makes civilizations, and was too dull to know it; and right here on this spot their own children and grandchildren would build a monument to him that would outlast a thousand years, but his name would outlast the monument. And then the crowd would burst out in a laugh again, and yell at him, and ask him what was his name before he was married, and what he would take to not do it, and what was his sister's cat's grandmother's name, and all the things that a crowd says when they've got hold of a feller that they see they can plague. Well, some things they said *was* funny,—yes, and mighty witty too, I ain't denying that,—but all the same it war n't fair nor brave, all them people pitching on one, and they so glib and sharp, and him without any gift of talk to answer back with. But, good land! what did he want to sass back for? You see, it could n't do him no good, and it was just nuts for them. They *had* him, you know. But that was his way. I reckon he could n't help it; he was made so, I judge. He was a good-enough sort of cretur, and had n't no harm in him, and was just a genius, as the papers said, which was n't his fault. We can't all be sound: we've got to be the way we're made. As near as I can make out, the geniuses think they know it all, and so they won't take people's advice, but always go their own way, which makes everybody forsake them and despise them, and that is perfectly natural. If they was humbler, and listened and tried to learn, it would be better for them.

The part the professor was in was like a boat, and was big and roomy, and had water-tight lockers around the inside to keep all sorts of

things in, and a body could sit on them, and make beds on them, too. We went aboard, and there was twenty people there, snooping around and examining, and old Nat Parsons was there, too. The professor kept fussing around, getting ready, and the people went ashore, drifting out one at a time, and old Nat he was the last. Of course it would n't do to let him go out behind *us*. We must n't budge till he was gone, so we could be last ourselves.

But he was gone now, so it was time for us to follow. I heard a big shout, and turned around—the city was dropping from under us like a shot! It made me sick all through, I was so scared. Jim turned gray and could n't say a word, and Tom did n't say nothing, but looked excited. The city went on dropping down, and down, and down; but we did n't seem to be doing nothing but just hang in the air and stand still. The houses got smaller and smaller, and the city pulled itself together, closer and closer, and the men and wagons got to looking like ants and bugs crawling around, and the streets like threads and cracks; and then it all kind of melted together, and there was n't any city any more: it was only a big scar on the earth, and it seemed to me a body could see up the river and down the river about a thousand miles, though of course it was n't so much. By and by the earth was a ball—just a round ball, of a dull color, with shiny stripes wriggling and winding around over it, which was rivers. The Widder Douglas always told me the earth was round like a ball, but I never took any stock in a lot of them superstitions o' hers, and of course I paid no attention to that one, because I could see myself that the world was the shape of a plate, and flat. I used to go up on the hill, and take a look around and prove it for myself, because I reckon the best way to get a sure thing on a fact is to go and examine for yourself, and not take anybody's say-so. But I had to give in, now, that the widder was right. That is, she was right as to the rest of the world, but she war n't right about the part our village is in; that part is the shape of a plate, and flat, I take my oath!

The professor had been quiet all this time, as if he was asleep; but he broke loose now, and he was mighty bitter. He says something like this:

"Idiots! They said it would n't go; and they wanted to examine it, and spy around and get the secret of it out of me. But I beat them. Nobody knows the secret but me. Nobody knows what makes it move but me; and it's a new power—a new power, and a thousand times the strongest in the earth! Steam's foolishness to it! They said I could n't go to Europe. To Europe! Why, there's power aboard to last five years, and feed for three months. They are fools! What do they know about it? Yes, and they said my air-ship was flimsy. Why, she's good for fifty years! I can

perfectly easy. He made him fetch the ship down 'most to the earth, and had him spin her along so close to the Illinois prairies that a body could talk to the farmers, and hear everything they said perfectly plain; and he flung out printed bills to them that told about the balloon, and said it was going to Europe. Tom got so he could steer straight for a tree till he got nearly to it, and then dart up and skin right along over the top of it. Yes, and he showed Tom how to land her; and he done it first-rate, too, and set her down in the prairies as soft as wool. But the minute we started to



"AND HERE WAS NIGHT COMING ON!"

sail the skies all my life if I want to, and steer where I please, though they laughed at that, and said I could n't. Could n't steer! Come here, boy; we'll see. You press these buttons as I tell you."

He made Tom steer the ship all about and every which way, and learnt him the whole thing in nearly no time; and Tom said it was

skip out the Professor says, "No, you don't!" and shot her up in the air again. It was awful. I begun to beg, and so did Jim; but it only give his temper a rise, and he begun to rage around and look wild out of his eyes, and I was scared of him.

Well, then he got on to his troubles again, and mourned and grumbled about the way he was treated, and could n't seem to git over it, and especially people's saying his ship was flimsy. He scoffed at that, and at their saying she war n't simple and would be always getting out of order. Get out of order! That graveled him; he said that she could n't any more get

out of order than the solar sister.

He got worse and worse, and I never see a person take on so. It give me the cold shivers to see him, and so it did Jim. By and by he got to yelling and screaming, and then he swore the world should n't ever have his secret at all now, it had treated him so mean. He said he would sail his balloon around the

globe just to show what he could do, and then he would sink it in the sea, and sink us all along with it, too. Well, it was the awfulest fix to be in, and here was night coming on!

He give us something to eat, and made us go to the other end of the boat, and he laid down on a locker, where he could boss all the works, and put his old pepper-box revolver under his head, and said if anybody come fooling around there trying to land her, he would kill him.

We set scrunched up together, and thought considerable, but did n't say much—only just a word once in a while when a body had to say something or bust, we was *so* scared and worried. The night dragged along slow and lonesome. We was pretty low down, and the moonshine made everything soft and pretty, and the farm-houses looked snug and homeful, and we could hear the farm sounds, and wished we could be down there; but, laws! we just slipped along over them like a ghost, and never left a track.

Away in the night, when all the sounds was late sounds, and the air had a late feel, and a late smell, too,—about a two-o'clock feel, as near as I could make out,—Tom said the Professor was so quiet this time he must be asleep, and we 'd better—

“Better what?” I says in a whisper, and feeling sick all over, because I knowed what he was thinking about.

“Better slip back there and tie him, and land the ship,” he says.

I says: “No, sir! Don't you budge, Tom Sawyer.”

And Jim—well, Jim was kind o' gasping, he was so scared. He says:

“Oh, Mars Tom, *don't!* Ef you teches him, we 's gone—we 's gone sho'! I ain't gwine anear him, not for nothin' in dis worl'. Mars Tom, he 's plumb crazy.”

Tom whispers and says: “That 's *why* we 've got to do something. If he was n't crazy I would n't give shucks to be anywhere but here; you could n't hire me to get out,—now that I 've got used to this balloon and over the scare of being cut loose from the solid ground,—if he was in his right mind. But it 's no good politics, sailing around

like this with a person that 's out of his head, and says he 's going round the world and then drown us all. We 've *got* to do something, I tell you, and do it before he wakes up, too, or we may n't ever get another chance. Come!”

But it made us turn cold and creepy just to think of it, and we said we would n't budge. So Tom was for slipping back there by himself to see if he could n't get at the steering-gear and land the ship. We begged and begged him not to, but it war n't no use; so he got down on his hands and knees, and begun to crawl an inch at a time, we a-holding our breath and watching. After he got to the middle of the boat he crept slower than ever, and it did seem like years to me. But at last we see him get to the Professor's head, and sort of raise up soft and look a good spell in his face and listen. Then we see him begin to inch along again toward the Professor's feet where the steering-buttons was. Well, he got there all safe, and was reaching slow and steady toward the buttons, but he knocked down something that made a noise, and we see him slump down flat an' soft in the bottom, and lay still. The Professor stirred, and says, “What 's that?” But everybody kept dead still and quiet, and he begun to mutter and mumble and nestle, like a person that 's going to wake up, and I thought I was going to die, I was so worried and scared.

Then a cloud slid over the moon, and I 'most cried, I was so glad. She buried herself deeper and deeper into the cloud, and it got so dark we could n't see Tom. Then it began to sprinkle rain, and we could hear the Professor fussing at his ropes and things and abusing the weather. We was afraid every minute he would touch Tom, and then we would be goners, and no help; but Tom was already on his way back, and when we felt his hands on our knees my breath stopped sudden, and my heart fell down 'mongst my other works, because I could n't tell in the dark but it might be the Professor, which I thought it *was*.

Dear! I was so glad to have him back that I was just as near happy as a person could be that was up in the air that way with a deranged man. You can't land a balloon in the dark, and so I hoped it would keep on raining,

for I did n't want Tom to go meddling any more and make us so awful uncomfortable. Well, I got my wish. It drizzled and drizzled along the rest of the night, which was n't long, though it did seem so; and at daybreak it cleared, and the world looked mighty soft and gray and pretty, and the forests and fields so good to see again, and the horses and cattle standing sober and thinking. Next, the sun come a-blazing up gay and splendid, and then we began to feel rusty and stretchy, and first we knowed we was all asleep.

(To be continued.)

OVER THE BRIDGE

TO THE KING'S HIGHWAY



By

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

OVER the bridge to the King's highway
They throng and they jostle, young and old,
With bustle and with hurry; for 't is market-
day,
And the mist from the river riseth cold.

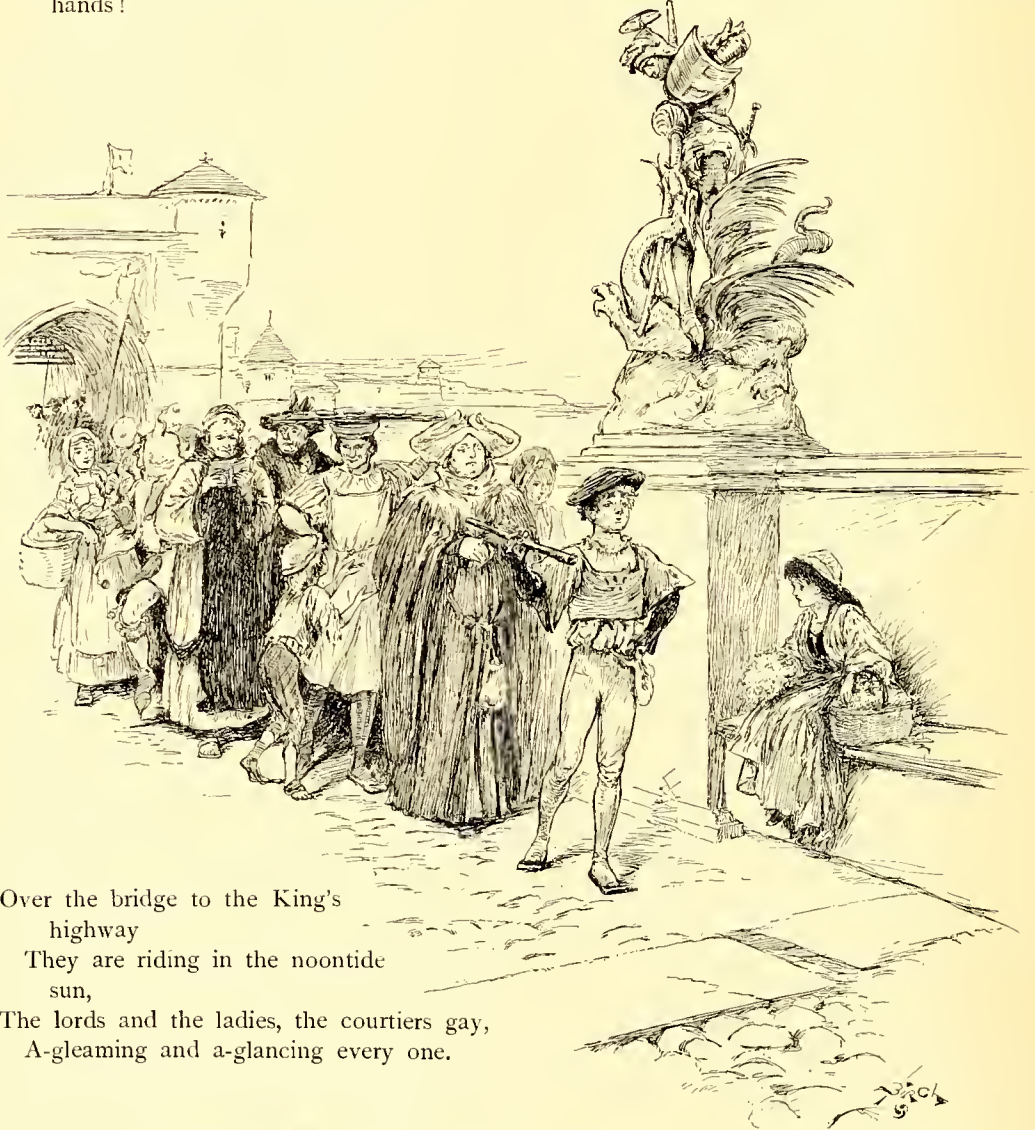
Over the bridge they speed, the noisy folk,
With chaises, with barrows, and with carts;
The 'prentice in his cap, and the dame in her
cloak,
And the baker with his fresh-made tarts;

The friar with his book, and the jester with
his bells,
The vender with red apples for his stands,
The maid who buys, and the master who sells,
And the little lass with blossoms in her hands.

Oh, the violets smile like her sweet blue
eyes,
As dawn on the river stealeth down;
But nobody heeds them and nobody buys,
For 't is market-day in yonder busy town.

Over the bridge they have sped them one and all,
 She watches, and she nods, and understands;
 For they are so great and she so small—
 This little lass with blossoms in her hands!

Will they stop? Nay, nay! they are grand,
 they are great,
 She nods, and she smiles, and understands;
 They have no time, while the court doth
 yonder wait,
 For a little lass with blossoms in her hands.



Over the bridge to the King's
 highway
 They are riding in the noontide
 sun,
 The lords and the ladies, the courtiers gay,
 A-gleaming and a-glancing every one.

Oh, they flash and they dart past her sweet
 blue eyes,
 The merry, the courtly, and the sage;
 She sees the lance that lights, and the feather,
 too, that flies,
 And the lagging of the little foot-page.

She knows how the page with his lagging lit-
 tle feet
 Would fain for a wee rest stay;
 They have journeyed so far, they have ridden
 so fleet,
 The noble, the kingly, and the gay!

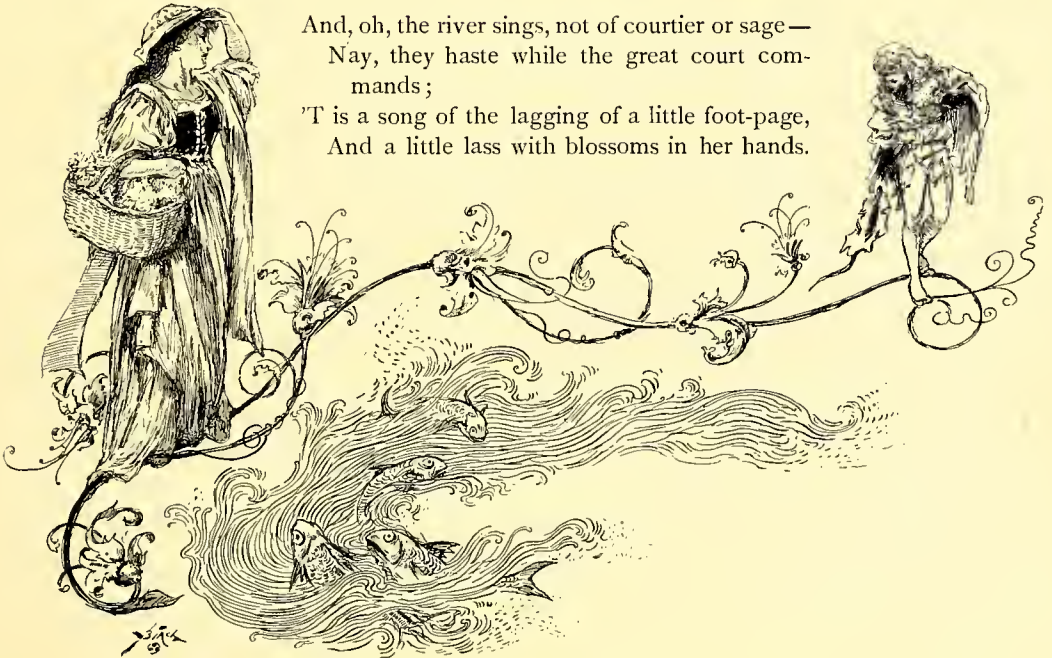
Then swiftly the leaves of her vio-
lets blue
Are brushing his wan, pale
face,—
Oh, my blithe little lass, the court
hath need of you,
Of the gift, and the giver, and
the grace!

Just a pause, just a smile from
her bonny sweet eyes—
And the river, how it laugheth
to the sands;
For the tired little page like a
winged bird he flies
A-bearing dewy blossoms in his
hands!

Over the bridge in the noontide
bright
They have sped like an arrow
from its bow;
The little lass a-shading her eyes
for the sight,
The little page's plume sweep-
ing low.



And, oh, the river sings, not of courtier or sage—
Nay, they haste while the great court com-
mands;
'T is a song of the lagging of a little foot-page,
And a little lass with blossoms in her hands.



WHERE'S MOTHER?

BRIGHT curly heads pop in all day
To ask, "Is Mother here?"
Then give an eager glance
around,
And swiftly disappear.



She ought to wear a silver bell,
Whose note, so sweet and
clear,
Should tinkle out a cheery
sound,
Repeating, "Mother 's near."

And then, if any little one
Had something glad to tell,
Or scratches, bumps, or tears,
or *tears*,
Or secret woes befell,



No need to fly from room to room,
But simply listen well,
And, like the happy little lambs,
Just follow "Mother's" bell.

Sarah S. Baker.

A. W. Hanson - 93 -



A MEMBER OF THE HARNESSING CLASS.

(*A Thanksgiving Story.*)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, but the warmth of a late Indian summer lay over the world, and tempered the autumn chill into mildness more like early October than late November. Elsie Thayer, driving her village cart rapidly through the "Long Woods," caught herself vaguely wondering why the grass was not greener, and what should set the leaves to tumbling off the trees in such an unsummer-like fashion,—then smiled at herself for being so forgetful.

The cart was packed full; for, besides Elsie herself, it held a bag of sweet potatoes, a sizable bundle or two, and a large market-basket from which protruded the unmistakable legs of a turkey, not to mention a choice smaller basket covered with a napkin. All these were going to the little farmstead in which dwelt Mrs. Ann Sparrow, Elsie's nurse in childhood, and the most faithful and kindly of friends ever since. Elsie always made sure that "Nursey" had a good Thanksgiving dinner, and generally carried it herself.

The day was so delightful that it seemed almost a pity that the pony should trot so fast. One would willingly have gone slowly, tasting drop by drop, as it were, the lovely sunshine filtering through the yellow beech boughs, the unexpected warmth, and the balmy spice of the air, which had in it a tinge of smoky haze. But the day before Thanksgiving is sure to be a busy one with New England folk; Elsie had other tasks awaiting her, and she knew that Nursey would not be content with a short visit.

"Hurry up, little Jack," she said. "You shall have a long rest presently, if you are a good boy, and some nice fresh grass—if I can find any; anyway, a little drink of water. So make haste."

Jack made haste. The yellow wheels of the cart spun in and out of the shadow like circles

of gleaming sun. When the two miles were achieved, and the little clearing came into view, Elsie slackened her pace: she wanted to take Nursey by surprise. Driving straight to a small open shed, she deftly unharnessed the pony, tied him with a liberal allowance of halter, hung up the harness, and wheeled the cart away from his heels, all with the ease which is born of practice. She then gathered a lapful of brown but still nourishing grasses for Jack, and was about to lift the parcels from the wagon when she was espied by Mrs. Sparrow.

Out she came, hurrying and flushed with pleasure,—the dearest old woman, with pink, wrinkled cheeks like a perfectly baked apple, and a voice which still retained its pleasant English tones, after sixty long years in America.

"Well, Missy dear, so it 's you. I made sure you 'd come, and had been watching all the morning; but somehow I missed you when you drove up, and it was just by haccident like that I looked out of window and see you in the shed. You 're looking well, Missy. That school has n't hurt you a bit. Just the same nice color in your cheeks as ever. I was that troubled when I heard you wa'n't coming home last summer, for I thought maybe you was ill; but your mother she said 't was all right and just for your pleasure, and I see it was so. Why,"—her voice changing to consternation,—"if you have n't unharnessed the horse! Now, Missy, how came you to do that? You forgot there was n't no one about but me. Who 's to put him in for you, I wonder?"

"Oh, I don't want any one. I can harness the pony myself."

"Oh, Missy, dear, you must n't do that. I could n't let you. It 's real hard to harness a horse. You 'd make some mistake, and then there 'd be a haccident."

"Nonsense, Nursey! I've harnessed Jack once this morning already; it's just as easy to do it twice. I'm a member of a Harnessing Class, I'd have you to know; and, what's more, I took the prize!"

"Now, Missy dear, whatever do you mean by that? Young ladies learn to harness! I never heard of such a thing in my life! In my young time in England, they learned globes and langwidges, and, it might be, to paint in oils and such, and make nice things in chenille."

"I'll tell you all about it; but first let us carry these things up to the house. Here's your Thanksgiving turkey, Nursey,—with Mother's love. Papa sent you the sweet potatoes and the cranberries, and the oranges and figs and the pumpkin-pie are from me. I made the pie myself. That's another of the useful things that I learned to do at my school."

"The master is very kind, Missy; and so is your mother; and I'm thankful to you all. But that's a queer school of yours, it seems to me. For my part, I never heard of young ladies learning such things as cooking and harnessing at boarding-schools."

"Oh, we learn arts and languages, too,—that part of our education is n't neglected. Now, Nursey, we'll put these things in your buttery, and you shall give me a glass of nice cold milk, and while I drink it I'll tell you about Rosemary Hall—that's the name of the school, you know; and it's the dearest, nicest place you can think of."

"Very likely, Miss Elsie," in an unconvinced tone; "but still I don't see any reason why

they should set you to making pies and harnessing horses."

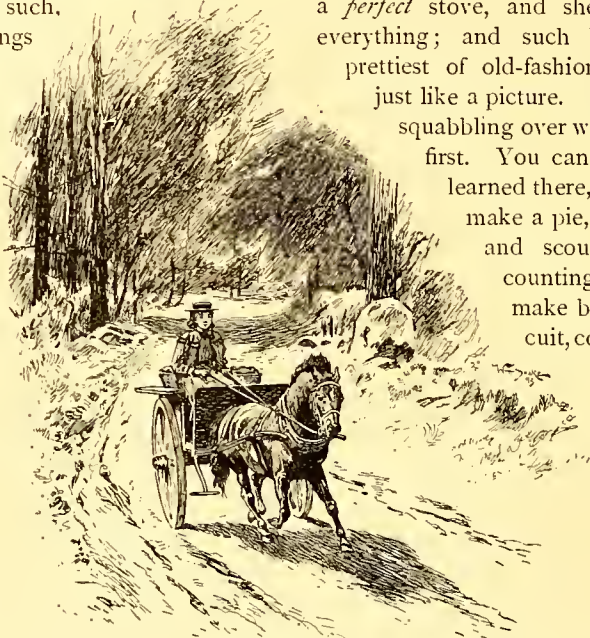
"Oh, that's just at odd times, by way of fun and pleasure; it is n't lessons, you know. You see, Mrs. Thanet—that's a rich lady who lives close by, and is a sort of fairy godmother to us girls—has a great notion about practical education. It was she who got up the Harnessing Class and the Model Kitchen. It's the dearest little place you ever saw, Nursey, with a *perfect* stove, and shelves, and books for everything; and such bright tins, and the prettiest of old-fashioned crockery! It's just like a picture. We girls were always squabbling over whose turn should come first. You can't think how much I learned there, Nursey! I learned to make a pie, and clear out a grate, and scour saucepans, and"—counting on her fingers—"to make bread, rolls, minute-biscuit, coffee—delicious coffee, Nursey!—good soup, creamed oysters, and pumpkin-pies and apple-pies! Just wait and you shall see."

She jumped up, ran into the buttery, and soon returned carrying a triangle of pie on a plate.

"It is n't Thanksgiving yet, I know; but there is no law against eating pumpkin-pie the day before, so please, Nursey, taste this and see if you don't call it good. Papa says it makes him think of his mother's pies when he was a little boy."

"Indeed and it is good, Missy dear; and I won't deny but cooking may be well for you to know; but for that other—the harnessing class, as you call it,—I don't see the sense of that at all, Missy."

"Oh, Nursey, indeed there is a great deal of sense in it. Mrs. Thanet says it might easily happen, in the country especially,—if any one was hurt or taken very ill, you know,—that life might depend upon a girl's knowing how to



"HURRY UP, LITTLE JACK!" SHE SAID.

harness. She had a man teach us, and we practised and practised, and at the end of the term there was an exhibition, with a prize for the girl who could harness and unharness quickest, and I won it! See, here it is."

She held out a slim brown hand, and displayed a narrow gold bangle, on which was engraved in minute letters, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

"Is n't it pretty?" she asked.

"Yes," doubtfully; "the bracelet is pretty enough, Missy; but I can't quite like what it stands for. It don't seem ladylike for you to be knowing about harnesses and such things."

"Oh, Nursey dear, what nonsense!"

There were things to be done after she got home, but Elsie could not hurry her visit. Jack consumed his grass heap, and then stood sleepily blinking at the flies for a long hour before his young mistress jumped up.

"Now, I must go," she cried. "Come out and see me harness up, Nursey."

It was swiftly and skilfully done, but still Nurse Sparrow shook her head.

"I don't like it!" she insisted. "'A horse shall be a vain thing for safety'—that 's in Holy Writ."

"You are an obstinate old dear," said Elsie, good-humoredly. "Wait till you 're ill some day, and I go for the doctor. *Then* you 'll realize the advantage of practical education. What a queer smell of smoke there is, Nursey!" gathering up her reins.

"Yes; the woods has been on fire for quite a spell, back on the other side of Bald Top. You can smell the smoke most of the time. Seems to me it 's stronger than usual, today."

"You don't think there is any danger of its coming this way, do you?"

"Oh, no!" contentedly. "I don't suppose it could come so far as this."

"But why not?" thought Elsie to herself as she drove rapidly back. "If the wind were right for it, why should n't it come this way? Fires travel much farther than that on the prairies—and they go very fast, too. I never did like having Nursey all alone by herself on that farm."

She reached home to find things in unex-

pected confusion. Her father had been called away for the night by a telegram, and her mother—on this of all days—had gone to bed disabled with a bad headache. There was much to be done, and Elsie flung herself into the breach and did it, too busy to think again of Nurse Sparrow and the fire, until, toward nightfall, she noted that the wind had changed and was blowing straight from Bald Top, bringing with it an increase of smoke.

She ran out to consult the hired man before he went home for the night, and to ask if he thought there was any danger of the fire reaching the Long Woods. He "guessed" not.

"These fires get going quite often on to the other side of Bald Top, but there ain't none of 'em come over this way, and 't ain't likely they ever will. I guess Mis' Sparrow 's safe enough. You need n't worry, Miss Elsie."

In spite of this comforting assurance, Elsie did worry. She looked out of her west window the last thing before going to bed; and when, at two in the morning, she woke with a sudden start, her first impulse was to run to the window again. Then she gave an exclamation, and her heart stood still with fear; for the southern slopes of Bald Top were ringed with flames which gleamed dim and lurid through the smoke, and showers of sparks thrown high in air showed that the edges of the woods beyond Nursey's farm were already burning.

"She 'll be frightened to death," thought Elsie. "Oh, poor dear, and no one to help her!"

What should she do? To go after the man and waken him meant a long delay. He was a heavy sleeper, and his house was a quarter of a mile distant. But there was Jack in the stable, and the stable key was in the hall below. As she dressed, she decided.

"How glad I am that I can do this!" she thought as she flung the harness over the pony's back, strapped, buckled, adjusted,—doing all with a speed which yet left nothing undone and slighted nothing. Not even on the day when she took the prize had she put her horse in so quickly. She ran back at the last moment for two warm rugs. Deftly guiding Jack over the grass that his hoofs should make no

noise, she gained the road, and, quickening him to his fastest pace, drove fearlessly into the dark woods.

They were not so dark as she had feared they would be, for the light of a late, low-hung moon penetrated the trees, with perhaps some reflections from the far-away fire, so that

wake up, you need n't think it," she muttered sleepily.

But when Elsie at last shook her into consciousness, and pointed at the fiery glow on the horizon, her terror matched her previous unconcern.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she wailed, as with trembling, suddenly stiff fingers she put on her clothes. "I'm a-going to be burned out! It's hard at my time of life, just when I had got things tidy and comfortable. I was a-thinking of sending over for my niece to the Isle of Dogs, and getting her to come and stay with me, I was indeed, Missy. But there won't be any use in that *now*."

"Perhaps the fire won't come so far as this after all," said the practical Elsie.

"Oh, yes, it will! It's 'most here now."

"Well, whether it does or not, I'm going to carry you home with me, where you will be



"SHE EVEN DROVE BY ONE PLACE WHERE THE WOODS WERE AFIRE."

she easily made out the turns and windings of the track. The light grew stronger as she advanced. The main fire was still far distant, but before she reached Nurse's little clearing, she even drove by one place where the woods were afire.

She had expected to find Mrs. Sparrow in an agitation of terror; but behold, she was in her bed, sound asleep! Happily, it was easy to get at her. Nurse's theory was that "if anybody thought it would pay him to sit up at night and rob an old woman, he'd do it anyway, and need n't have the trouble of getting in at the window"; and on the strength of this philosophical utterance she went to bed with the door on the latch.

She took Elsie for a dream at first.

"I'm just a-dreaming. I ain't a-going to

safe. Now, Nursey, tell me which of your things you care most for, that we can take with us—small things, I mean. Of course we can't carry tables and beds in my little cart."

The selection proved difficult. Nurse's affections clung to a tall eight-day clock, and were hard to be detached. She also felt strongly that it was a clear flying in the face of Providence not to save "Sparrow's chair," a solid structure of cherry with rockers weighing many pounds, and quite as wide as the wagon. Elsie coaxed and remonstrated, and at last got Nursey into the seat, with the cat and a bundle of her best clothes in her lap, her tea-spoons in her pocket, a basket of specially beloved baking-tins under the seat, and a favorite feather-bed at the back, among whose billowy folds were tucked away an assortment of

treasures ending with the Thanksgiving goodies which had been brought over that morning.

"I can't leave that turkey behind, Missy dear—I really can't!" pleaded Nursey. "I've been thinking of him, and anticipating how good he was going to be, all day; and I have n't had but one taste of your pie. They're so little they'll go in anywhere."

The fire seemed startlingly near now, and the western sky was all aflame, while over against it in the east burned the first yellow beams of dawn. People were astir by this time, and men on foot and horseback were hurrying toward the burning woods. They stared curiously at the oddly laden cart.

"Why, you did n't ever come over for me all alone!" cried Nurse Sparrow, rousing suddenly to a sense of the situation. "I've be'n that flustered that I never took thought of how you got across, or anything about it. Where was your pa, Missy,—and Hiram?"

Elsie explained.

"Oh, you blessed child; and if you had n't come I'd have been burned in my bed as like as not!" cried the old woman, quite overpowered. "Well, well! little did I think, when you was a baby and I a-tending you, that the day was to come when you were to run yourself into danger for the sake of saving my poor old life!"

"I don't see that there has been any particular danger for me to run, so far; and as for saving your life, Nursey, it would very likely have saved itself if I had n't come near you. See, the wind has changed; it is blowing from the

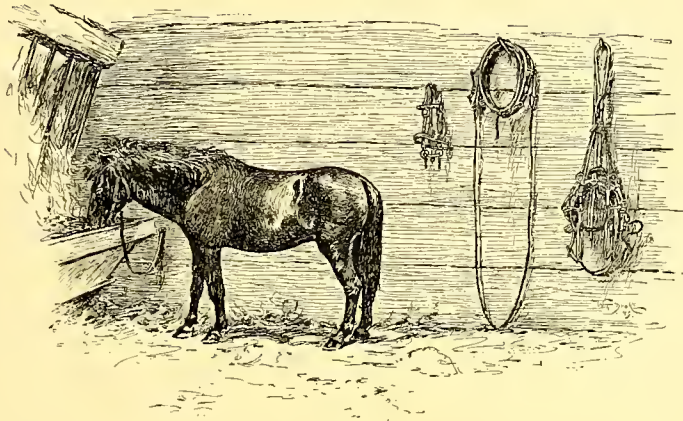
north now. Perhaps the fire won't reach your house, after all. But, anyway, I am glad you are here and not there. We cannot be too careful of such a dear old Nursey as you are. And one thing, I think, you'll confess,"—Elsie's tone was a little mischievous,—“and that is, that harnessing classes have their uses. If I had n't known how to put Jack in the cart, I might at this moment be hammering on the door of that stupid Hiram (who, you know, sleeps like a log!) trying to wake him, and you on the clearing alone, scared to death. Now, Nursey, own up: Mrs. Thanet was n't so far wrong, now was she?"

"Indeed no, Missy. It'd be very ungrateful for me to be saying that. The lady judged wiser than I did."

"Very well, then," cried Elsie, joyously. "If only your house is n't burned up, I shall be glad the fire happened; for it's such a triumph for Mrs. Thanet, and she'll be so pleased!"

Nursey's house did not burn down. The change of wind came just in time to save it; and, after eating her own Thanksgiving turkey in her old home, and being petted and made much of for a few days, she went back none the worse for her adventure, to find her goods and chattels in their usual places and all safe.

And Mrs. Thanet *was* pleased. She sent Elsie a pretty locket with the date of the fire engraved upon it, and wrote that she gloried in her as the Vindicator of a Principle, which fine words made Elsie laugh; but she enjoyed being praised all the same.



The Dime Museum



I.

"THIS, ladies and gents, is the tattooed man,"
The lecturer, with a cough, began.
"The aborigines' spear an' dart
Has made him a livin' work of art;
Just notice, please, how they pricked in there
'Washin'tun crossin' the Delaware."



"SHE 'S TO MARRY THE LIVIN' SKELLYTUN."

III.

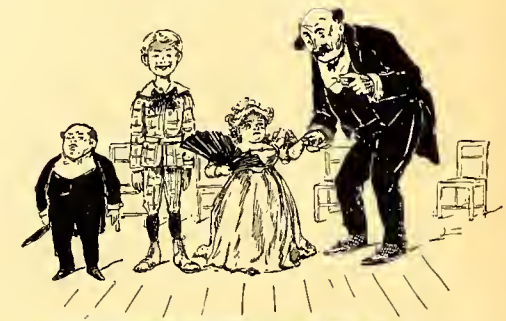
"Next is the midgets, an' their son
As big as his pa an' ma in one;
When he 's as naughty as he can be,
They never take him upon their knee,
An' trounce him, an' send him off to bed —
Kind words are what they use instead."



"A LIVIN' WORK OF ART!"

II.

"Now this here lady, the weight of who
Is just five hundred an' eighty-two,
Is as pleasin' a conversationalist,
Ladies an' gents, as could be wished.
Saturday week, at half-past one,
She 's to marry the livin' skellytun."



THE MIDGETS AND THEIR SON.

IV.

“These are the famous Texas gi’nts,
Twins who could give Goliah p’int’s;

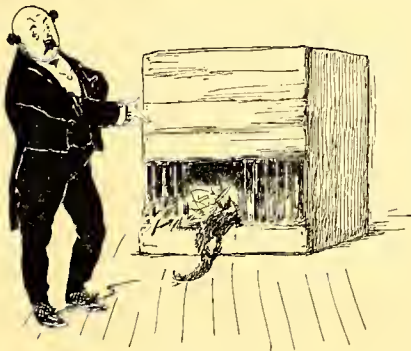


“NEITHER IS DONE A-GROWIN’ YET.”

The height of this one is eight foot four,
An’ that one can go him a half-inch more:
Ladies an’ gents, please don’t forget
Neither is done a-growin’ yet.

V.

“Ladies an’ gents, in this here cage
Is the greatest wonder of all the age:



THE WHAT-IS-IT.

The What-Is-It, which, as you may know,
Is puzzlin’ all the professors so.
It’s gone in the box now, but don’t fail
To take a look at its trailin’ tail.

VI.

“These are the cannybuls, brought hence,
Ladies an’ gents, at great expense.
Sixty-seven, I’m grieved to state,
Is the number of persons they have ate;
They’re chained, so there ain’t a thing to fear,
But the babies had better not go too near.



“THEY’RE CHAINED, SO THERE AIN’T A THING TO FEAR.”

VII.

“Now, thankin’ you kindly, if you’ll come
Down into the theatorium,
You’ll see a performance that’s simply great
Of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin, Up to Date,’
With the ‘riginul Little Eva, an’
A pack of bloodhounds from Turkistan!”



“DOWN INTO THE THEATORIUM.”



OLD SPANISH HOUSES, NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

MOST of those who go to New Orleans in these days of haste reach it by rail. If they come by any of the three routes that lie through Mississippi or Alabama, they run for a long time through an undulating country, wild in a most gentle way, and covered with towering pines in almost unbroken forests.

Then they come to flat lands, pine-barrens, sea-marshes, quaking prairies, and tangled swamps of tupelo and dwarf palmetto, or of cypress—the lofty kind that is not evergreen. These great cypresses, with their perpetual drapery of Spanish moss (which I have gathered eight feet long), are very dreary in winter, but solemnly beautiful in the eight months of spring's green and summer's purple haze and golden glow.

Or on some warm spring day, with Mobile at their backs, they emerge upon the low shores of Mississippi Sound, at the great delta's eastern corner, and spin out across Grand Plains, that are robed in green rushes, belted by the blue sky and bluer gulf, garlanded like a May-queen with mallows, morning-glories, and the flower-de-luce, and cuirassed in the steel and silver of salty lakelets and ponds.

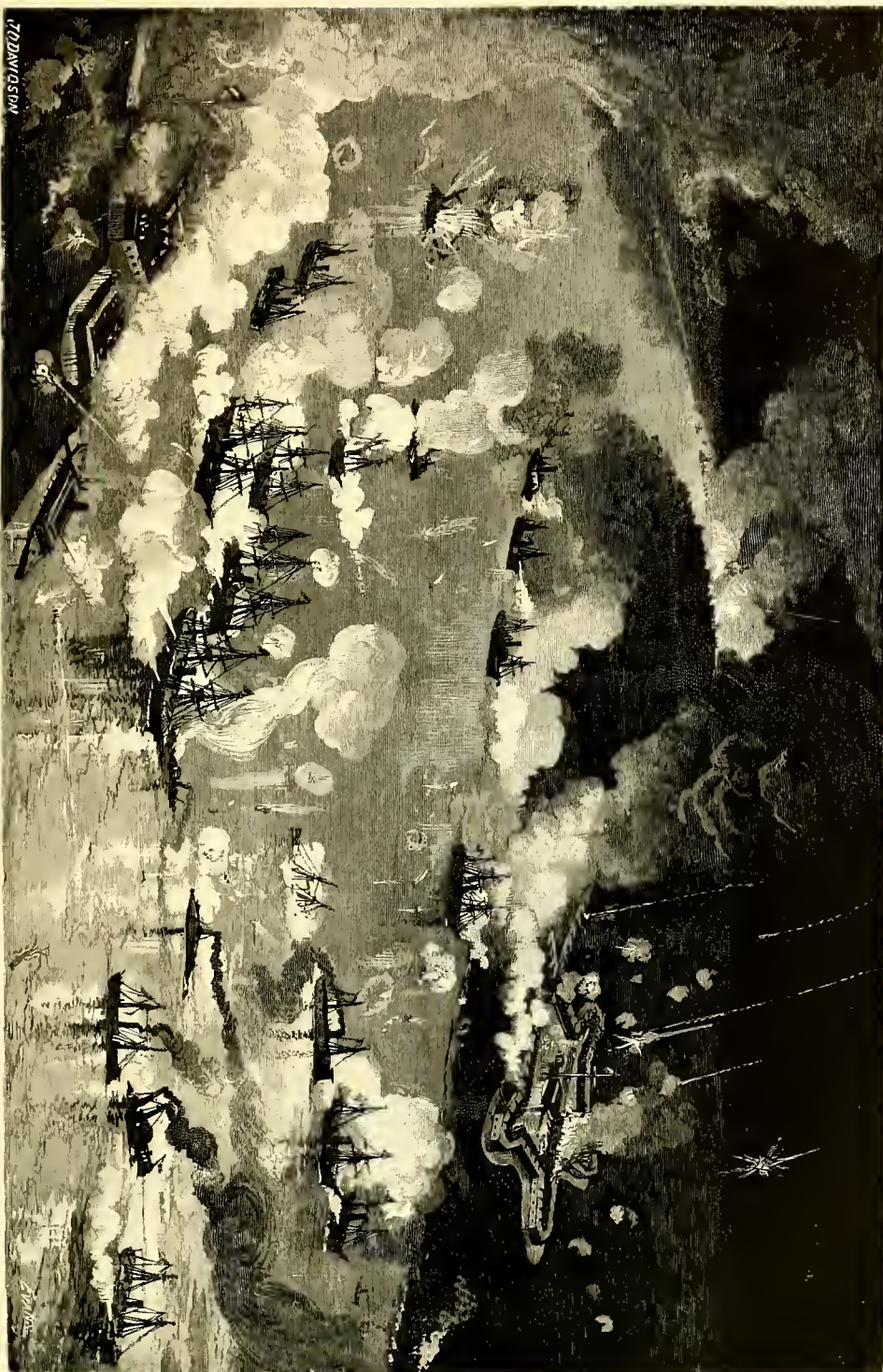
But those who come from these directions meet one drawback: they must enter the town through its back yard, so to speak. But presently the river-front is reached,—the levee, the sugar-sheds, the shipping, the long steamboat-landing,—and the city's commercial life is before

you, and you leave the train at the foot of Canal street, the apple of New Orleans' eye.

Some visitors to the city approach it by steamboat, coming down the Mississippi River. These, by the time they arrive, are familiar with sugar-plantations, negro-quarters, planters' homes, islands of willow and cottonwood, and the fascinating hurly-burly of the steamboat's lower deck, where the black roustabouts laugh and sing while performing prodigious labors.

Others, but they are a very few, arrive by ocean steamer, through the world-renowned Eads jetties. These have to ascend the river's hundred or so miles where it runs below the city, eastward—not south—to empty for all time its myriad tons of red and yellow Rocky Mountain sand into that ever-quaking sieve, the wonderful blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

These travelers by the great steamers have seen no end of rice-fields and sugar-houses, groves of orange, and plantation avenues of live-oak and pecan trees. They have come by the remains of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which Farragut, on that ever-famous April night in 1862, ran past with his wooden ships while the thundering forts were trying to make remains of him. And they have come round English Turn, a bend in the river where Bienville, the founder of New Orleans and "Father of Louisiana," once met some English explorers, and induced them to turn back by telling them something very much



PARRAGOT'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS BELOW NEW ORLEANS. (FROM "BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR", THE CENTURY CO.)



"THE HOUSE'S GARDEN AND GROUNDS WERE BOUNDED BY ORANGE-TREES."

like a fib,—English Turn, where, nearly a century and a half later, the frenzied people of New Orleans first saw the masts and yards of Farragut's fleet, and the flash of his guns as he silenced

hardly have looked around—when I learned how to do so—without being interested in my neighborhood. The house's garden and grounds were bounded four-square by an unbroken line—

the last battery between him and them. And lastly, they have steamed by the old battleground where, on the 8th of January, 1815, Andrew Jackson and his Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and Louisiana Creoles, all Indian-fighters and bear- and deer-hunters, taught the military world the value of straight aiming and sharp shooting. If you should ever be leaving New Orleans for the North, no route is so delightful as this one, down the river, across toward Havana, through the Straits of Florida, and up the Gulf Stream.

My first visit to New Orleans was by none of these ways: I arrived there for the first time on the occasion of my birth. I have it from members of my family that I came up through the ground from China.

However that may be, I could



OLD PLANTATION VILLA ON ANNUNCIATION STREET.

a hedge, almost,— of orange-trees, in which the orchard-oriole sang by day and the mocking-bird all night. Along the garden walks grew the low, drooping trees of that kindest—to good children—of all tree-fruits, the fig; though many's the time and many 's the fig-tree in which I 've made my mouth sore—so sore I could n't laugh with comfort—through eating the fig, by the

stands, without any special history of its own, on a very small fraction of the lands given to those priests by the French king. In front of it is Annunciation Square, from whose northern gate one looked down a street of the same name.

From New Orleans' early days, Annunciation street was a country road, fronted along its



IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT. ST. CHARLES STREET AND ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

dozen dozen, with its skin on, rather than lose three seconds to peel it. Even when time is n't money, often it 's figs.

In later years, when the history of this region became as true a delight to me as its fruits, I learned that Louisiana owes the orange and the fig to a company of French Jesuit Fathers who brought them to New Orleans very soon after the city itself was born, and while it was still a tiny, puny thing of mere cabins, green with weeds and willows, and infested with muskrats, mosquitos, snakes, frogs, and alligators.

The house of which I speak stood, and still

western side by large colonial villas standing in their orangeries and fig-orchards, and looking eastward, from their big windows, across the Mississippi River. Though they stood well back from the river-bank, they were whole squares nearer it than they are, or would be, now: the river has moved off sidewise. Ever since the city's beginnings, the muddy current has been dumping sand and making land along that whole front. Now, instead of the planter's carriage toiling through the mire, one meets in granite-paved Annunciation street, and others to the east of it, the cotton-float with its three-

or four-mule team and its lofty load of bales destined for, or from, the "compress." For it is the cotton-compress whose white cloud of steam and long, gasping roar break at frequent intervals upon the air, signifying, each time, that one more bale of the beautiful fleece has been squeezed in an instant to a fourth of its former bulk, and is ready to be shipped to New or Old England, to France, or Russia, for the world's better comfort or delight. I could tell you of a certain man who, when a boy, used to waste hours watching the negro "gangs" as, singing lustily and reeking to their naked waists, they pressed bale after bale under the vast machinery. Yes, he would be glad to waste an hour or two more in the same way with you, even now, when time has come to be infinitely more than either figs or money. Don't miss the weird, inspiring scene, if ever you go to New Orleans.

Moving down Annunciation street from the square, something like a mile away one reaches

not its end but its beginning; for here it comes toward us out of another and much more noted thoroughfare, whose roadway ever swarms—Sundays and dog-days excepted—with floats and drays. Even street-cars often have to beg their way by littles, and its noisy sidewalks are choked with the transit of boxes, crates, and barrels of the city's wholesale trade in things wet and dry for the table, the sideboard, and the luncheon-basket. For this is Tchoupitoulas street.

As Annunciation street leaves it, it dives in among cotton-presses, junk-shops, and tobacco-warehouses, and comes out among ship-wharves, storehouses of salt and of ice, piles of lumber, staves, and shingles, wood-yards, flatboat-landings, fleets of coal-barges, sawmills, truck-gardens, and brick-kilns, and at length, miles away, escapes into the country and up the great bends of the ever-winding river. It was once the road to and through the village of the Tchou-



A BIG LOAD OF COTTON.



VIEW ON CANAL STREET.

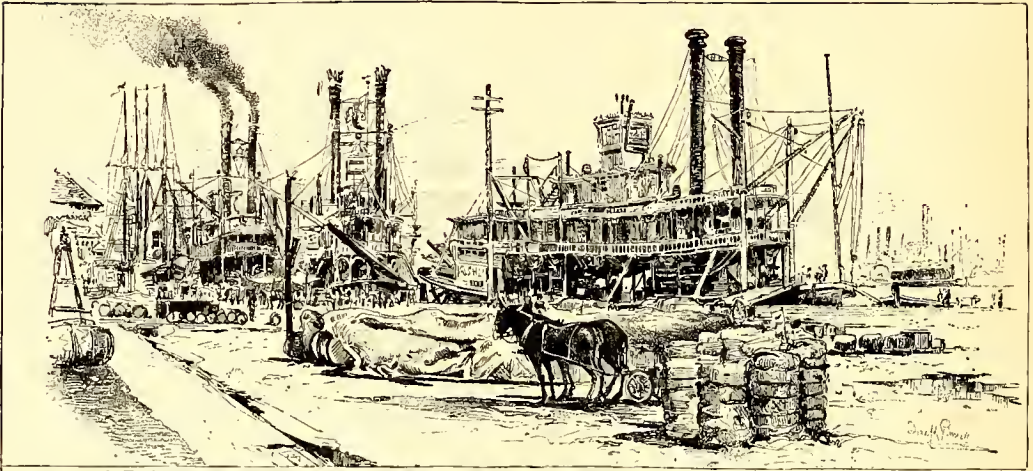
pitoulas subtribe of Indians, the town's first and nearest human neighbors. It starts nearly at a right angle from the river end of Canal street, now the fairest and most popular avenue of New Orleans.

We have come to Canal street no sooner than every one does who visits New Orleans at all. One seeks it as naturally as he seeks the eye of a person to whom he would speak. Canal street is the city's optic nerve. Upon Canal street all processions and pageants—a delightful word to New Orleans ears—make their supreme display. Here any street-car you find will sooner or later bring you, if you should ever get lost in a town so level, long, and narrow that you are never for five minutes out of sight of the masts in the harbor. Here are the largest and finest retail stores of the kinds our mothers and sisters love to haunt; here are the chief confectioners, too. From here the cars start which carry their thousands on heated afternoons to the waterside resorts of Lake Pontchartrain,

some four or six miles away northward; and here is the dividing line between the New Orleans of the Anglo-Saxon American and that of the Creole.

Like all the cross-streets of the "Crescent City," Canal street sleeps—they nearly all do a great deal of sleeping, or drowsing at least—with the levee for its pillow. I mean the land is lower than the river when the waters are up, and the levee is an embankment along the river's margin, thrown up to keep the Mississippi in its own bed and let New Orleans sleep peacefully on hers.

What enormous quantities of freight are here, in rows and piles! Bales, barrels, and casks, without or with tarpaulin covers to shield them from the rain of sunbeams even more than of water-drops. Scores of little flags of many colors and devices flutter over them. These are to enable the negroes who unload the boats to sort their burdens as directed by the stevedore, who stands at the gang-plank to see the mark

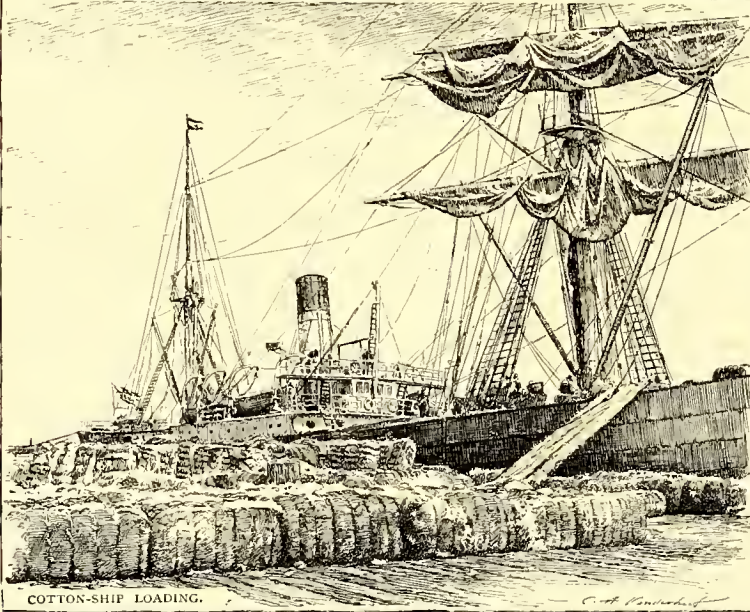


NEAR THE PICAYUNE TIER.

of each package as it comes by him, and give its bearer or bearers his order accordingly.

“Go to de blue flag! Go to de red an’ yel-leh! Go to de white cross! Go to de check flag! Go to de blue anchor! Go to de check an’ green!”

It is fascinating to watch, from the upper guards of some great packet-boat, this distribution of huge treasure by the hands of these ragged black



COTTON-SHIP LOADING.



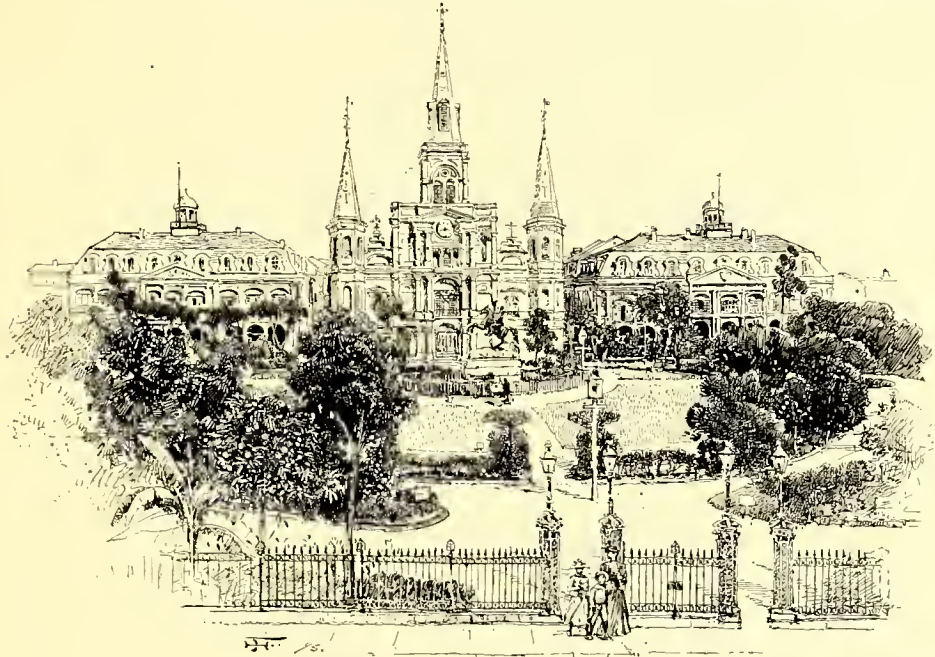
LUGGERS IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Samsons. Sometimes the orders sound like imprecations:

"Go to de red hand! Go to de black heart! Go to de green moon! Go to de black flag!"

This levee was once a battle-field. That was years ago, though since the great civil war. It was a real battle, with infantry and artillery, and many were killed and wounded, and a State government changed hands as a result of it; but though men are quite willing to tell you of it if you ask, not even those who won the

deep, then stand still against it, and the next moment spring forward with a peal from their parting gun and the courtesying down-run of all their bunting, and speed away, while the black deck-hands, massed about the jack-staff, sing defiance to weariness and fate. All along the city's front for miles, as they pass, men and boys pull out in skiffs to "take the waves" which rise in the wakes of their great paddle-wheels; for a Mississippi River side-wheeler "tears the river wide open," as they say. In the warm



JACKSON SQUARE AND THE CATHEDRAL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

battle say much about it without being asked now; for it was that worst of all kinds of fighting, called factional strife, and the levee offers so many pleasanter themes.

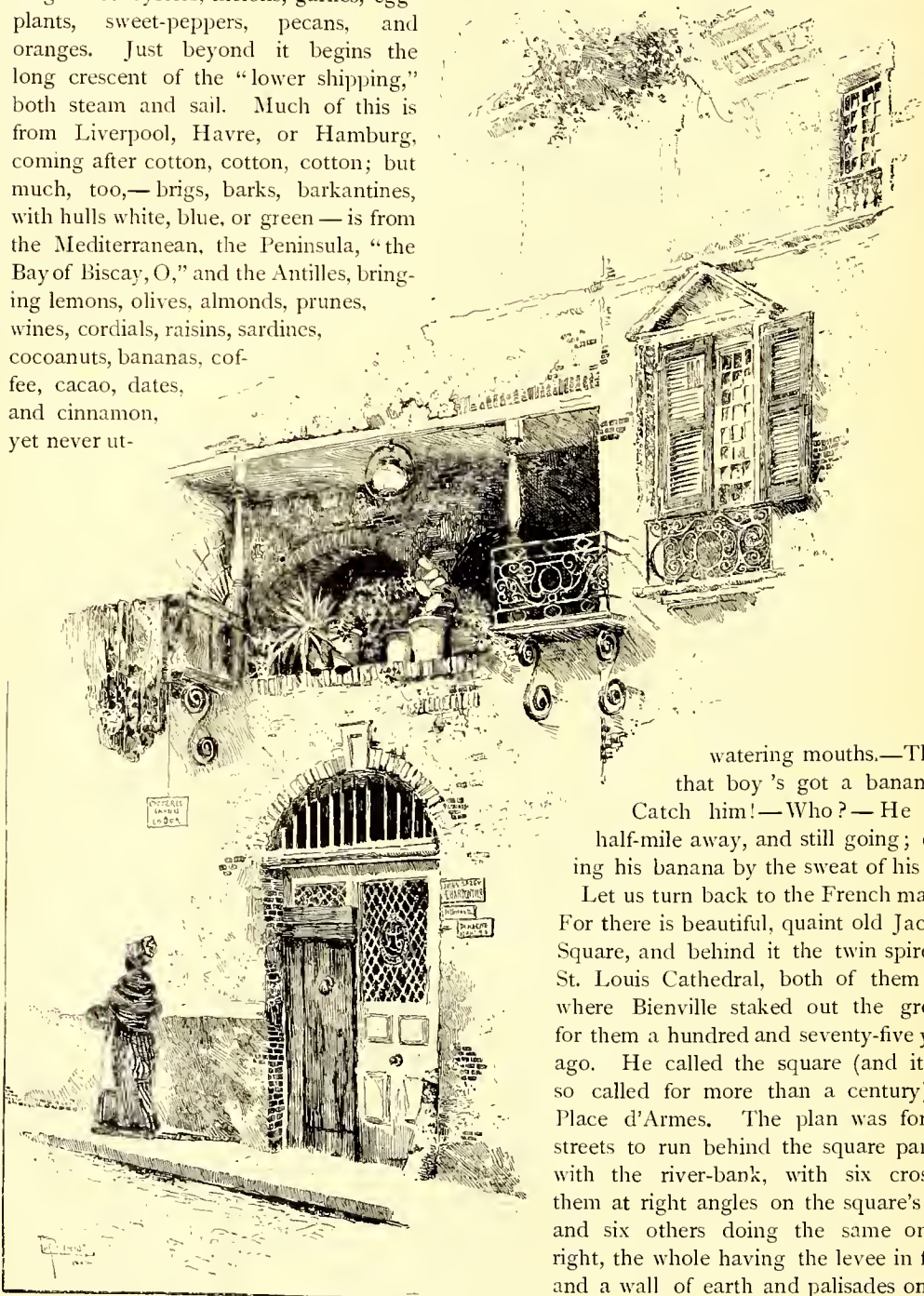
When the afternoon hour is nearly five, as the lofty steamers' deep-toned bells begin to toll, and their towering funnels pour forth torrent clouds of black smoke, hundreds gather along the levee's front to see the majestic departures of the vast yet graceful crafts. One after another, with flags and pennants streaming, they back out from the landing, turning their bows up-stream, fall away for a few moments before the mighty current of a river one hundred feet

months many fellows swim out instead of rowing; but, believe me, the "Father of Waters" is dangerous enough even for a skiff; it is no fit place for a swimmer.

This description applies mainly to the "upper levee"—that is, the part above Canal street. The lower has other features. It begins at Canal street with the "lower steamboat landing." Here, about and under the sugar-sheds, the State's great sugar and molasses crop is mainly handled.

Near the French market, beyond, lie the steamships that run to New York. And here is that picturesque scene, the Picayune Tier, where the Spaniards' and Sicilians' luggers,

many of them with red sails, huddle together, unloading across one another's half-decks their cargoes of oysters, melons, garlics, egg-plants, sweet-peppers, pecans, and oranges. Just beyond it begins the long crescent of the "lower shipping," both steam and sail. Much of this is from Liverpool, Havre, or Hamburg, coming after cotton, cotton, cotton; but much, too,—brigs, barks, barkantines, with hulls white, blue, or green—is from the Mediterranean, the Peninsula, "the Bay of Biscay, O," and the Antilles, bringing lemons, olives, almonds, prunes, wines, cordials, raisins, sardines, cocoanuts, bananas, coffee, cacao, dates, and cinnamon, yet never ut-



A PICTURESQUE FRONT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

watering mouths.—There! that boy's got a banana!— Catch him!—Who?—He's a half-mile away, and still going; earning his banana by the sweat of his legs.

Let us turn back to the French market. For there is beautiful, quaint old Jackson Square, and behind it the twin spires of St. Louis Cathedral, both of them just where Bienville staked out the ground for them a hundred and seventy-five years ago. He called the square (and it was so called for more than a century) the Place d'Armes. The plan was for six streets to run behind the square parallel with the river-bank, with six crossing them at right angles on the square's left, and six others doing the same on its right, the whole having the levee in front and a wall of earth and palisades on the other three sides. Certain streets even

yet show by their names where this old wall and its moat were,—Canal street, Rampart, Esplanade,—making what is still called the “vieux carré,” the old square. This is but a slender fraction of the present Creole New Orleans below Canal street; but it is the old, the historic Creole Quarter; and there was not much more than this even when Claiborne, the young Virginian, was the first governor of the State of Louisiana, and Andrew Jackson, the savior of New Orleans, parleyed, in yonder room whose windows still look out upon the old square, with Lafitte, the pirate of the Gulf of Mexico, and accepted his aid to drive back the British invader. Now the long, thin city stretches up and down the bends of its river-harbor twelve miles and more, and promises ere long to have a quarter of a million inhabitants.

Just behind the “vieux carré,” and facing Rampart street midway between Canal and Esplanade, just as Jackson Square faces the levee, is a piece of public ground “whose present name of Congo Square,” as somebody says, “still preserves a reminder of its old barbaric pastimes.” For here it is where the Creoles’ slaves, when this was outside the town gates, used to dance their wild dances, Bamboula and the Calinda. Here, for many years, was Cayetano’s circus and many a bull-fight. Here is where Parson Jones preached, and where Bras Coupé was lassoed. You do not know them? It does n’t matter; they were only friends of mine; but I hope you will know them sometime, when you are grown older.

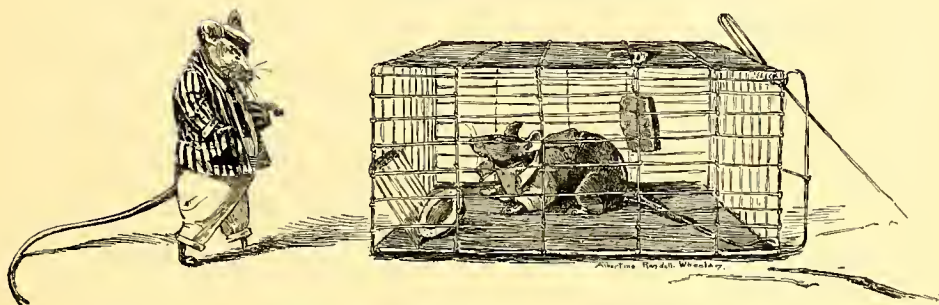
Children love New Orleans,—and, next month, I will tell you why.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

By S. F. H.

The leaves have turned from green to red,
From red to sober brown,
And left the branches overhead,
And softly fluttered down.

And flowers in woodland dell and wold,
Are covered warm and deep;
And, snugly sheltered from the cold,
Have safely gone to sleep.



MOUSE OUTSIDE TO MOUSE INSIDE: “EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD I TROUBLE YOU TO HAND ME OUT A PIECE OF THAT CHEESE?”

HISTORIC DWARFS.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

III. NICHOLAS FERRY (BÉBÉ).

FAR away in eastern France, under the shadow of the great Vosges Mountains, lived, a century and a half ago, a worthy couple named Ferry. They were strong and healthy young peasants, and for a time they had dwelt together quite contentedly. The husband tilled his field of flax while the wife milked her goats and made her famous cream-cheeses.

One bleak November morning in 1741 there was born at the Ferry cottage a little boy—so little indeed that all who saw him wondered how such a wee mite of humanity could even breathe. He was not quite eight inches long, and he weighed less than a pound; and yet he was thought a very pretty and perfect infant.

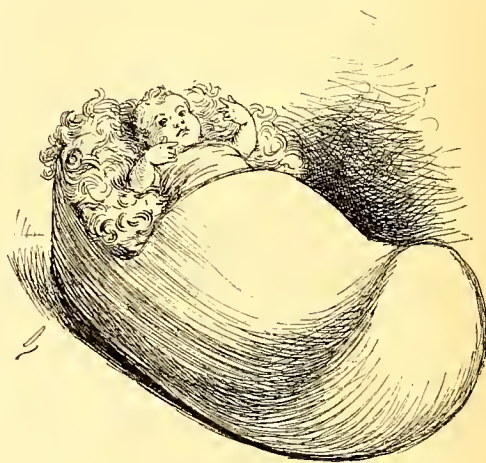
The appearance of this tiny stranger created great excitement all through the village. No one so tiny had ever been seen before, and all the good dames crowded into the cottage, filling it so full and chattering so loudly that it was a marvel the little fellow was not killed outright; and indeed it was no easy matter to rear "Bébé" till he grew up—if such a manikin could ever be called grown up. His mouth was so tiny that it was difficult to feed him; but his kind grandmama finally hit upon a plan of giving him goat's milk through a quill, and after that he did very well.

Of course, all the little linen shirts and dresses for babies were many times too large, and had it not been for a good-natured girl who gave her doll's clothes, Bébé would have been left (like our own Flora McFlimsey in the ballad) with nothing to wear.

The work of dressing and undressing him was very difficult. He was such a fragile little toy that his father, with his big rough hands, was afraid to touch him lest he might break a tiny leg or arm, or pinch off a few fingers and

toes altogether; so Bébé was quite a mother's boy, and it took her some time to get used to handling him. She made a little bed for him in one of his father's wooden shoes, lining it with tow; and in this humble cot the child slept as soundly and as sweetly as if he were a high-born baby of ordinary size in a satin-lined cradle.

When he was about a month old, there was sent to him from the town of Nancy a handsome china dish holding a tiny pillow of fine



BÉBÉ CRADLED IN HIS FATHER'S WOODEN SHOE.

white linen stuffed with softest down. On this Bébé was placed when carried to the church to be christened.

Never was there such a christening in the town before. The whole village turned out and joined the procession, and the children were so anxious to see this mite baptized that the priest had to stop more than once and wave back the crowd of inquisitive faces before he could go on with the ceremony. But it was finished at last, and the Ferrys' eldest son had a right to the name of Nicholas,

though most people called him Bébé to the end of his life.

Nicholas grew very slowly, and when he was only six months old he had the smallpox. The little fellow was quite ill, but he recovered, owing to his mother's tender care.

He did not begin to talk until he was a year and a half old, and even then he could speak only a few words. When he was two years old he made his first attempt to walk, and his proud and delighted mama carried him to the village shoemaker and ordered a pair of shoes for Bébé. At first the man only laughed at her, but at last she induced him to measure the child's foot. It was just one inch and a half long. After a great deal of trouble a pair of shoes were fashioned to fit. Such shoes!—they must have looked like doll's pumps.

Naturally, Bébé became an object of great curiosity, and people traveled long distances to see him. Although his diet now consisted of vegetables and bacon, he managed to keep well and grow up straight and shapely—a charming little figure. He was good-looking too, on a small scale, in spite of a few blemishes that the cruel malady had left on the pretty little face.

At this time Louis XV. and his wife, Marie Leszczyński, were king and queen of France. Marie was the daughter of Stanislaus, once King of Poland, but at the time of his daughter's wedding only an exiled monarch who had lost his crown and had very nearly lost his head—and the Leszczyński family was in very straitened circumstances.

I suppose the King of France thought it did not look very well for his wife's father (and an ex-king) to be a wanderer and an outcast on the face of the earth; and besides, the old man kept writing the most annoying begging letters to the Court of France; so, when the treaty between Charles VI. of Austria and Louis XV. was made, it was agreed that, although Stanislaus should abdicate the throne of Poland, he should still be called King, and furthermore, he should be put in possession of the duchies of Lorraine and Bar.

So it was in the grand duchy of Lorraine, and therefore as a loyal subject of King Stanislaus, that our little Nicholas first saw the light of day; and by the time he was six years of age

the old King had established a brilliant court at Lunéville, where he kept house in right regal style.

From the earliest times court dwarfs had shared with fools and jesters the favors of crowned heads and nobles, and the class had not yet died out. Indeed, no well-regulated court in Europe could at this time be found without one or more tiny men or women—and Stanislaus was particularly partial to the pygmy race. As soon as he heard of Bébé he was anx-



BÉBÉ CARRIED TO COURT IN A BASKET, BY HIS FATHER.

ious to see him, and great excitement prevailed in the Ferry cottage when word was brought that the King had sent for young Nicholas.

Catherine arrayed him in a little peasant costume, the best she could afford, and shed tears as she bade him adieu. He measured just twenty-two inches and weighed exactly eight pounds, so his proud and happy father popped him into a little basket and set out for the palace at Lunéville.

The arrival was duly announced, and the poor bewildered peasant marched into the royal presence with the basket still hanging on his arm. The courtiers and fine ladies about the

King all tittered and giggled at the awkward bearing of Ferry, but when the cover of the basket was raised and the sprightly little Nich-

sible, induce the King to allow her to bring him home again.

Now Bébé had a very poor memory. He could never recollect for forty-eight hours any event, however remarkable; so when, after a week's absence, his mother arrived to see him, he had totally forgotten her—a poor return for all the tender care she had lavished on him. But Bébé had a better excuse than have most people who in prosperity refuse to recognize the friends of humbler days, for the little fellow's mind was really not strong; nature had stunted him in intelligence as well as in stature.

The manikin looked so fine in his gay court suit of blue satin and silver lace that the poor woman could scarcely believe this was her little Nicholas—her own Bébé, as she still fondly called him. But memory would not waken, and she turned from the palace weeping, while he piroouetted about in his tiny high-heeled shoes with their diamond buckles, and threw kisses after her from his slender jeweled fingers.

Bébé soon grew accustomed to the luxuries of the court, and became very fond of the King, whom he always called "Sweetheart." His intellect, however, continued very weak; he could not, it seemed, distinguish between right and wrong, and he had no reasoning powers at all. But he could dance very well and sing a little in a flute-like voice, and he was always ready to play jokes with the courtiers.

The King, who earnestly wished Bébé to learn to read, appointed the Princess of Talmond to teach him; but it was utterly impossible to make him see the difference between one letter and another. He became very fond of his teacher, however, and developed an extremely jealous disposition. One day, after giving him a lesson, she picked up a little pet dog and commenced to caress it. In an instant Bébé had snatched it from her arms, and before she had time to stop him, he threw it out of the window. Then he turned and stamped his foot, while his eyes filled with angry tears as he passionately exclaimed:

"Why do you love him more than me?"

At this time Bébé must have been a very engaging little fellow. He had beautiful brown eyes, and light golden hair, and he was so vivacious, gay, and graceful that everybody



NICHOLAS FERRY (BÉBÉ).
REDRAWN BY PERMISSION FROM "LES NAINS ET LES GEANTS"
BY ED. GARNIER.

olas sprang out, a cry of admiration sounded from all sides.

Bébé pleased the King so much that he filled the basket with good things and loaded Papa Ferry with presents before he sent him home. As for little Nicholas, his Majesty announced that he was too pretty a manikin to be wasted in the seclusion of a village—he should stay at court; so poor Ferry, as he trudged back to his lonely home, was left to console himself with dreams of the greatness in store for his son. As for Bébé, his fortune was made, according to the notions of those times. He was to be a king's favorite, and to live in a palace.

Great was the grief of the loving mother when her husband returned without her little Bébé. To be sure, by this time she had two other children, but there was nothing remarkable about them, and Bébé, tiny as he was, was the mother's pet. She grieved so much that she determined to go and see him, and, if pos-

loved him,—notwithstanding his fits of jealousy,—and he became the toy and plaything of the court.

The Russian Empress, who also was very fond of dwarfs, took a great fancy to Bébé when she saw him at Lunéville, and at the end of a visit she was paying to Stanislaus, she attempted to carry off our little hero without saying “by your leave” to either him or the King. Just before quitting the palace one of her maids of honor snatched up the dwarf and attempted to stuff him into a pocket of her sable cloak; but Bébé, who was highly indignant at such treatment, called out at the top of his tiny lungs, “Sweetheart! Sweetheart!” till at last the wee voice was heard, and he was rescued more dead than alive.

Soon after this, Stanislaus started off on a trip to Versailles to visit the Queen, his daughter, taking his little friend with him. Everywhere they went Bébé attracted a great deal of atten-

inches, called out, “Sweetheart! Sweetheart! here’s another beautiful lady trying to put me in her pocket!” And King Louis, who had heard the story of the Russian Empress, was so much amused and so well pleased with the dwarf that he ordered a beautiful little house to be constructed for him.

This small building was made complete in every particular, and it was placed on wheels, so that it could be moved from place to place. The rooms were all finished in white and gilt, with parquet floors, just like those in the big palace at Versailles, and they were fitted with furniture duly suited to Bébé’s size. In this tiny mansion he had a little greyhound about as big as a squirrel, and a pair of turtle-doves the size of canary-birds.

Afterward, at a big banquet given during their visit to Paris, Bébé went through the usual performance of court dwarfs. A huge pie was set on the table (who ever heard of a dwarf



“BÉBÉ, STANDING ON THE DINNER-TABLE, COURAGEOUSLY RECEIVED THE FUSILLADE OF SUGAR-PLUMS AND BON-BONS.”

tion, and everywhere the ladies smothered him with kisses and bonbons.

One day a celebrated beauty belonging to King Louis’s court snatched him up and tried to place him on her knee, but Bébé, whose memory seems to have increased faster than his

that was not at one time or another of his life served up in a pie?), and from it sprang the manikin, dressed in a military costume and carrying a tiny banner, which he waved as he marched round the table paying many compliments to the amused guests. After this he re-

turned and stood sentry near his pie till time for dessert. Then the King gave the signal for a regular attack directed against Bébé. All the guests joined in the bombardment, and he courageously received the fusillade of sugar-plums and bonbons till the courtiers tired of the sport, and Bébé found leisure to eat the missiles on the battle-field.

After they had returned to Lorraine, another dwarf, named Boruwłaski, came to visit King Stanislaus. This little fellow was a few inches shorter than Bébé, and was called "Joujou."* He was very bright and intelligent, and though Bébé at first appeared to have great affection for him, he soon became jealous of the new-comer because King Stanislaus paid him so much attention.

One day, after Joujou had been talking with the King, his Majesty turned to Bébé and said: "You see, Bébé, what a difference there is between Joujou and you. He is amiable, cheerful, and well informed, while you are nothing but a little machine."

To these unkind words Bébé made no reply, but his face showed that he felt them deeply.

Watching his opportunity, as soon as the King had gone he seized his little rival by the waist and tried to push him into the fire; and if Stanislaus had not heard the scuffle and come quickly back, I am afraid there would have been a tragedy in the palace at Lunéville. Bébé was punished and made to beg Joujou's pardon, though he did this very reluctantly.

There was another dwarf at the court of King Stanislaus,—a little girl named Thérèse Souvray, who was born in the same province as Bébé, and was some years younger than he, and about the same height. In 1761 a marriage was arranged between this pair of mid-gets, but Bébé died before the happy day. Little Thérèse, however, lived to a good old age, and took the name of her intended husband. When she was ten years old she was

exhibited as a curiosity in Paris, and in 1822 we hear of her at the age of seventy-three, thirty-three inches tall, lively, gay, and dancing the dances of the period with her sister, Barbe Souvray, two years older and eight inches taller.

Bébé died very young. At the age of fifteen he began to decline; he lost all his gay spirits, and became bowed and crooked like an old man. He grew more and more sorrowful, and only at rare intervals, when they used to carry him out and place him on a bench in some sunny corner, would his spirits revive, and for a short space he would seem like the Bébé of happier days. But these moments became fewer and briefer, and it was soon evident to all that the little fellow had not long to live. The King sent for Madame Ferry to come and take care of her son, and he passed his last days lying on his mother's knees; for even then he was not so large as a four-year-old child.

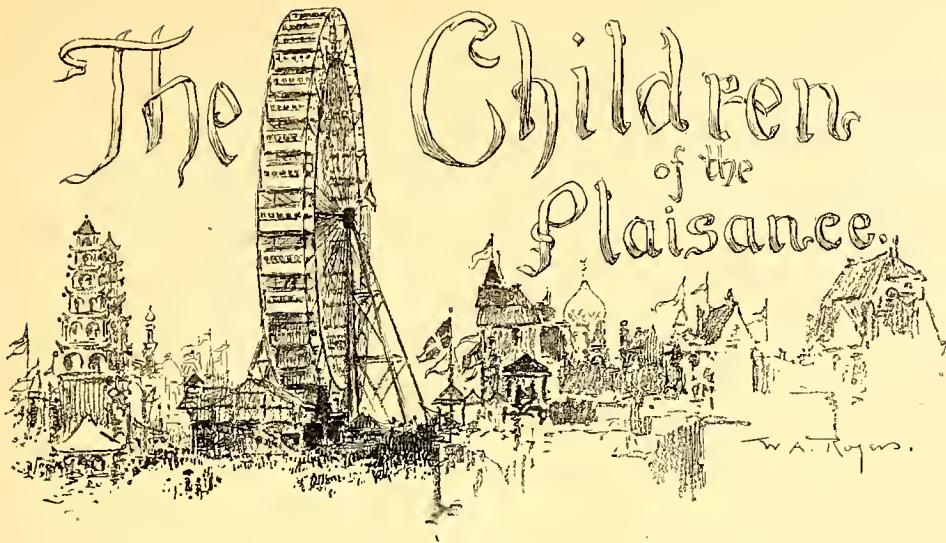
Toward the last his mind grew clearer, and he said a great many clever and sensible things, but this was the last flash before the little candle went out. He died on the 9th of June, 1764.

He was deeply regretted by Stanislaus, who lived but two years longer than his favorite dwarf. Before the King died he caused to be erected at Lunéville a beautiful tomb to the memory of Bébé, bearing an epitaph in Latin, which read, in part, as follows:

Here lies
NICOLAS FERRY, of Lorraine,
A Sport of Nature,
Remarkable for his small stature.
Died, June 9, 1764.

In the Museum of the Faculté de Médecine, at Paris, is a wax model which represents Bébé at the age of eighteen; and his little arm-chair and statue form part of a celebrated collection in the same city.

* Plaything.



BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE little girl Alice, who, once upon a time, gave chase to a white rabbit across a field, and when it popped down a large hole under the hedge, followed it, and found herself in Wonderland, really did not come upon any more curious and extraordinary things than could be seen any day upon the Midway Plaisance at the Columbian Exposition.

She found talking puppies and mice and caterpillars and pigeons, but in the real Wonderland of the Plaisance the people, and what they had and what they did, were quite as queer. The Plaisance was, at the outset, a very commonplace boulevard between two parks. It even grew weeds and thriving rank prairie-grass. No one thought of finding it either amusing or picturesque. One only thought of passing over it to get, as quickly as possible, to the more attractive park beyond. But when the wizard's wand touched it, it straightway became enchanted.

THE ESKIMO.

Then throngs of singular people hurried to inhabit it. They came from every quarter of the globe, with every sort of household belonging, and settled down and began to take root.

The North Pole folk started first. Labrador gathered together a little handful of her fur-clad

families, put them aboard ship, and sent them over the cold seas and across thousands of miles of winter lands to pitch their huts for the season of the Fair under Chicago oaks. They launched their sealskin "kayaks," or canoes, upon the lagoons of the park; ranged their "komitics," or sledges, along their banks; penned their wolfish-looking dogs; tethered their reindeer; made themselves at home, and began to enjoy themselves in true arctic fashion.

Pomiuk, their boy prince, entered at once upon a career of penny-gathering. He was a real prince of a tribe with a terrible name—Kikkertasoak.

This Eskimo prince did not look much like the royal children in the story-books, but was stubby, sturdy, black-haired, and swarthy-skinned with a good deal of red underneath, making his cheeks look very much the color of a smoldering coal. From first to last he regarded the whole Exposition as tributary to his pocket. There was one game his people amused themselves with a good deal, which might be called "crack the whip." A coin was stuck upon edge in the center of a wide space, and the players ranged themselves at a distance from it corresponding to the length of their whips. These were of braided walrus-hide, flexible, snake-like, coiling things, im-



PRINCE POMIUK AND THE NICKEL.

mensely long. The one who dislodged the money from the earth with the tip of his lash, won it. Their lifelong practice in driving dog-teams enabled them to hit a mark with exquisite accuracy. Pomiuk's lash was much shorter than the others—not more than twelve feet in length. He would play at that game for hours together. When lookers-on grew inattentive, and no more money seemed forthcoming, he would cry out in very understandable English, "Put up a nickel! Put up a nickel!"

Meantime, the native life about him went on. "Pussay" drove the dogs in harness. He roused them to their task by a quick cry of "Ho-bro!" When the ready creatures crowded, and tangled their straps and strings in their

efforts to get as far as possible from his walrus-thong, he shouted, "Oosht! Oosht!"

The "doak," or reindeer, pulled their sledges in winter, and in summer were hitched to light carts. They had Tommy Deer for teamster. One could well believe St. Nicholas could drive his team of eight over the roofs of the land in a single night—to say nothing of stopping at all the chimney stations to deliver packages—the reindeer are so built for swiftness and endurance. Their branching antlers must be made for the special purpose of casting intricate shadows in the moonlight upon the snow, otherwise they might be considered top-heavy and a burden.

Mollie, one of the little Eskimo girls, was better-mannered than Pomiuk, and cared as much for her lean, black American kitten as he

did for nickels. She wore trousers too, and hated to be called a girl. Her little sister hushed a precious rubber doll to sleep as tenderly as if she were civilized.

Three children were born to these people after they came to Jackson Park—"Christopher Columbus," "Columbia Palmer," and an unnamed little girl who died. The mothers do not carry their babies in their arms, but stow them away in a wide hood at the back of their upper garments. This roomy hood makes a safe and cozy cradle for the dark-skinned infant, and it is a pretty sight to see the beady-bright eyes of a newly waked young Eskimo peering out from his comfortable nest on his mother's shoulders.

THE LAPLANDERS.

A sweltering day in midsummer could hardly be called a pleasant one for the other snow-born people—the Lapps. King Bull, their chief, in his low, bare, rude hut, with his wives and many children about him, might have been looked upon as a regal figure in his own land of ice and midnight sun. But with his reindeer vest cast aside, and exhibiting his sealskin suspenders throughout a blistering midsummer day, he was in no wise regal. Yet he is a great man at home, owning twelve thousand reindeer. The leather cradle swung from the rafters of the hut, or the branch of a small tree, with tassels of bright beads hanging down over its hood for the infant Princess Bull to play with, hardly suggested that it had ever brought slumber to kings. Yet in Lapland twelve thousand reindeer mean imperial wealth and power.

The heat made mockery of the lines of slim snowshoes stacked up against the fence, the cumbrous fur robes hung out like clothes upon a line to dry, and the clumsy, trough-like sledges standing about as if waiting to take a family party out for a ride upon the glacier. An obliging youth repeatedly strapped on his skee-shoes and ran about the inclosure, to show how fast he could go when shod with these narrow strips of board; but he looked as if he would presently be melted.

The Lapland dress was peculiar in shape, young and old, men and women, wearing bell-flaring skirts very like the latest fashion in our own land, except shorter. Their reindeer were not so trim and well groomed as the Eskimo team. When a reindeer baby was born in

the village, soon after their arrival, many of the Plaisance people called to offer congratulations. Turkish and Arabian orchestras serenaded, dancing-girls sent sweetmeats, and the Dahomeyans tried to get a peep at it over the wall. But the reindeer mother cared only for her Lapland moss, and to pitch the dogs out of the corral when they became too inquisitive. There were other young reindeer in the flock, and they looked like rather tall, rusty lambs, but had lovely lustrous eyes and patient faces.

THE BOISTEROUS DAHOMIANS.

In extreme contrast to the people of the snow-lands were their neighbors, the Dahomeyans, from the Guinea coast of West Africa. They brought with them dried palm-leaves to



A LAPLAND BABY'S NAP.

thatch their globe-shaped bark huts, and plenty of long dried native grass for the bunchy fantastic girdles which they wore about their hips.

One felt inclined to walk their streets rather gingerly, for so much rustling herbage was suggestive of snakes, which they worship in their own country. It had taken them two months' constant journeying to get to the Plaisance from the cane-brakes of their home. How different from their accustomed freedom was this confinement in a small bark inclosure, to become a wild show for millions of people! Black as the shades of night they were,—black and gaunt, with broad noses and immense shocks of kinky wool. They were quite in native fashion as to dress if they had but a wisp of bright cotton cloth twisted about them, and a rush topknot. And bare feet and legs were

under an awning there was a mimic war-dance going on; the Amazons, their fierce woman warriors, had bound a man—probably an Ashantee—hand and foot. His comrades were trying to rescue him. The warlike women flew at them with hatchets, flourished swords, gesticulated, and acted in such a ferocious and bloodthirsty manner that a looker-on felt his blood curdle. The drummers beat their wooden kegs, making a perfect bedlam, but little Dahomey's yell of "Mammy!" could easily be heard through it all. One would have thought murder was being done; but, put once more behind his paling in the dirt, he laughed. He gave good promise of becoming fully as boisterous and turbulent as his savage kindred.

No one has a name in Dahomey. In childhood a brand is burned upon the cheek, and this tattoo is the only naming and christening.

THE GENTLE JAVANESE.

Imagine a playhouse village made of baskets, and you have the Javanese settlement. It had a basket-fence all about it, wrought out of split bamboo. This did not in the least hide the nest-like homes within. On the contrary, it offered constant temptation to peep through its wide meshes to see what might be going on along those glaring white roads and behind those rush-lace-screened verandas. Dolls might live there, or possibly real children just for play, but what odd homes for grown-up, busy people doing genuine, humdrum work!

It is a curious idea to weave houses just as kindergarten children weave bright-colored papers. Yet that is the way the little brown people from Java make theirs.

They came to the Plaisance, and set to work in an easy-going, cheerful manner, as if they had never heard the word "hurry." In the semi-idleness which they are used to in their far-off, lovely and fertile island, they whittled out the frames for their dwellings, braided the walls in gay-colored mosaics, thatched the low roofs, and outlined their slant lines with black cocoanut fiber. They set up the hummingest little corn-stalk weather-vane that ever whirled a merry tune to the wind. As they worked, the ground was strewn with a rubbish of dried palm and chips of bamboo; but a gang of men



LITTLE DAHOMEY BOY, AND HIS PLAYTHINGS.

of no account so long as they had beads. And such a noisy crowd they were! There was never an hour in the day when they were not pounding upon wooden kegs, and yelling in shrill excited voices. No wonder their one baby cried. Yet he did not cry because of the noise, but because a stranger picked him up from behind a bamboo paling where he was playing with his little brother. Floods of tears ran down his distorted little face, and he screamed "Mammy! Mammy!" Mammy, sitting in the door of her hut, did not even look up, and the little brother grinned, showing beautiful white teeth. On a broad platform



A JAVANESE GIRL.

followed them everywhere with a sort of palanquin, or litter, upon which they placed the odds and ends, and carried them off. In that way all was kept as clean as a swept floor.

These Java people were very much the color of their own coffee. They were the gentlest, thriftiest, most cordial and amiable little creatures that ever reared a city out of straws. They dressed in fragments of bright cotton, with bare feet thrust into small-toed sandals, the soles of which flapped at every step. They had a way of taking these off for comfort, while they squatted cross-legged at breakfast or dinner upon their verandas, and the shoes were strewn about among their dishes. The floor was their table, and the Javanese palate did not seem to be disturbed by trifles. Some-

times they ate their rice and curry with strips of tin torn from old tomato-cans. But if that were not expeditious enough, a little black hand and five fingers made a very proper spoon. They drank their coffee from cups made of bamboo joints, and covered their cigarettes with bamboo leaf held in place by a bit of twine.

"Like Chicago!—very good Chicago!" was their chief conversation.

In the center of their town stood the chapel. Near it was a small thatched pagoda. This was the house of "Claas," the four-year-old baboon. Claas was the terror of the Plaisance. He looked like a very short and slight, very long-armed, very hairy, and very homely, brown old man. His upper lip formed more than half his face. His eyes were close-set and small, and his expression stupid and evil. Day in and day out he swung by one hand round and round an upright pole, chewed at a part of his bedclothes,



A TOP FOR THE JAVANESE BOY.

and seemed to be thinking sadly over his own strange fate.

The Javanese musical instruments are made

mostly of bamboo. They also played upon a pipe, or whistle, which was about three feet long and six inches across. This sounded like the hollow roar of a lion. Another was a bundle of tubes of different lengths, which covered the small boy who carried it like a big saddle. A log hewn out, with two strings stretched across it, served as a drum. A zither of sixteen strings and a mandolin of two completed their outdoor band, while inside one could hear other music made by gongs of wonderfully pure and beautiful tone.

These gentle people had much of sorrow in Plaisance land. Antonia lost her baby, and afterward died of grief



A CHINESE MOTHER AND BABY.



A CHINESE ACTOR.

for it. The funeral procession, passing through the fantastic street of the Plaisance, received the awed reverence of the motley inhabitants.

THE "CELESTIAL KINGDOM."

China came to the Plaisance with a tea-pot in her hand. Two beautiful little girls, Rosie and Sophie, and two chubby, diminutive, almond-eyed boys, made one forget the every-day laundryman type which has hitherto given us our ideas of the people of the Flowery Middle Kingdom. In their pretty native costumes the little girls were as sweet as the tea-blossom itself. Their jet-black braids were lengthened out with skeins of crimson silk, and there were bunchy little rosettes at each side of the head. There was a wondrous refinement in the clear pallor of their complexions. Celestial is a fitting word to describe the serene gentleness of their faces.

In the tea-house the tradesmen and docile venders of the steaming cups showed equal refinement. The fragrant drink was from fifteen to twenty-five cents a cup. One of the persuasive attendants, in a quilted coat, was asked what made the difference in price. He answered, "Little more boilee water." That was a childlike admission indeed. "Little more boilee water" should make a difference!

Their joss-house bore tiny bells hung at every corner of its square turreted tower. The theater had two hundred actors,

who played an endless drama called "Prince giving the Child to its Mother." Gongs were beaten all day, with a rattle of small drums and the clanging of cymbals.

THE LAND OF THE ROYAL CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Japan, too, came to the Plaisance, though less a stranger than many others. She built a lacquer town upon the Wooded Island. The houses were neatly and wondrously fashioned, with movable panels, sliding walls, flower-pots, matting, and gorgeous gilded decorations. The bazaars for trade were upon the Plaisance.

Shaven coppery polls and tags of black hair characterized the Brownies that built them. They had hardly any eyes at all—mere little oblique slits through which shone black beads. They wore awkward wooden clogs, or were shod with straw sandals fastened with a leather thong passing between the first and second toe. Their garments had a huddled effect—tight trousers and loose blue blouses with a large red cross upon the back. The cross was the workmen's trade mark. They seemed like Brownies, indeed; for they depended upon the good old motive power of muscles to do all their work. While great steam-cranes were lift-



ARAB DONKEY-BOY: "LOOK OUT FOR 'MARY ANDERSON'!"

ing for other nations, and they could have had the aid of all our modern mechanical ingenuity if they had wished it, they chose literally to shoulder their burdens and plod on after their



"SOUROR," THE SOUDANESE DANCING BABY. (SEE PAGE 63.)

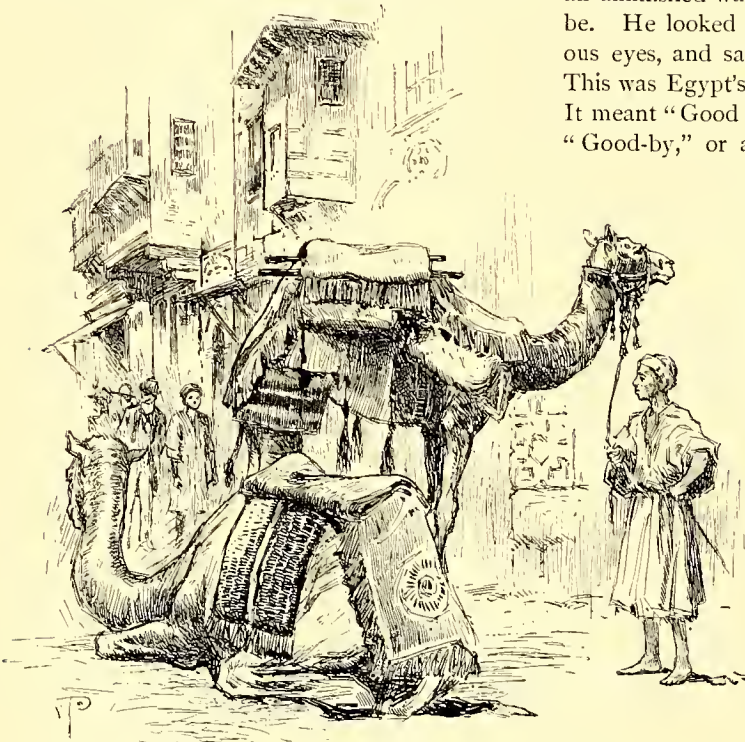
own slow custom. It was odd to see them strain and tug, each one seeming to work apart from every other, yet each furthering to the utmost the general design. Their houses were not built from the ground up, but from the top down. Their rafters were not nailed or pegged together, but tied deftly with some vegetable thong. When nails were driven, it was with repeated nice blows with a tiny hammer, instead of with one or two strong direct strokes. It was considered a blemish if a nail-head was left in sight. But, with all the pottering of these pygmies, they did accom-

in their marauding, they were shut up; otherwise Japan would have had hysterics.

Children could now and then be seen lolling over balcony rails, where "No Admittance" kept out the wandering visitors. They were soft, smiling young things, ready to shake hands, but not inclined to speak. Were they homesick for their top-spinning and kite-flying, for cherry-blossoms and chrysanthemums, and for a ride in a jinrikisha?

THE EGYPTIANS.

A little boy of six years was perched upon an unfinished wall where "Cairo street" was to be. He looked down with grave, bright, curious eyes, and said to every passer, "Hello!" This was Egypt's first effort at English greeting. It meant "Good morning," "How do you do?" "Good-by," or any other necessary conversation. When the "street" was completed and thrown open to visitors, Cairo dazzled the Plaisance with a gorgeous procession. Bare-footed Arab and Soudanese youngsters led it. They paced with slow, fantastic steps to a dumb pantomime of their own music. In their hands they bore stringless mandolins, on which they pretended to thrum, holding them aloft, with their turbaned heads thrown back. Although their striped cotton slippers were dirty and faded, to them they were triumphal robes. Behind them came the bedizened camels, with bits of mirror shining in tinsel setting on their scarlet saddle-cloths, and with strings of bells dangling from their bridles against their knees. These jangled at every awkward step. Presently the boys in the lead fell to turning somersaults. The camel-riders each beat two drums, one on either side of the saddle. "Toby" whipped up his tiny donkey, "Yankee Doodle." Swordsmen stopped the whole cavalcade to let drive at each other with make-believe ferocity.



THE CAMELS IN CAIRO STREET. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

plish the most artistic buildings and gardens that were ever seen upon the shores of Lake Michigan. Their gardeners brought twenty miles of landscape into a single flower-bed; then they set out tea-plants and native blossoming shrubs and trees. The vandal geese from the Lagoon were quick to find out this feeding-ground of imported dainties, and came up out of the water and pulled up whatever dainties they craved. As soon as they were discovered

in their marauding, they were shut up; otherwise Japan would have had hysterics.

Wrestlers, in leather breeches, formed frequent rings and had a test of strength; and priests chanted sacred songs. It was like circus day in a small town, only that instead of shoals of small boys swarming after the chariots, here were throngs of men and women moving like a river on either side of the grotesque parade of Egyptians, Arabs, Nubians, and Soudanese.

Cairo street supplied rare entertainment—astrologers, snake-charmers, conjurers, native dancers, camel-riding, donkey-riding, and shops of every kind.

At one end were spread upon the pavement loose hay-ticks, upon which the velvet-nosed camels knelt in homely patience to receive their loads of laughing boys and girls. The terrific heave forward when the camel's hind legs were straightened preparatory to his getting up, and the equally violent pitch backward when his fore legs were got into walking position, sent shouts of merriment from morning to night up and down the ancient canvas walls with their latticed windows and overhanging balconies. The "ships of the desert" moved as if always in the trough of the sea. Then there were cries of "Look out! Look out!" from Toby, the donkey-boy. Achmet, his *confère*, was wont to add a little to that cry. His was, "Look out—look out for 'Mary Anderson'!" (So he had named the donkey).

Souror was the Soudanese dancing baby.

She was very cunning, as she twisted her curly head, wriggled her small body, and stamped her bare feet or her red American shoes.

One woman, in a curious costume, with a beautiful crimson in her dark cheeks, carried a restless baby in her arms. A passer held out a friendly finger to the child, and asked, "Where?" "Bethlehem," answered the baby's mother.

THE MEDLEV OF NATIONS.

Germany, with her Black Forest dwelling, her moated castle of the olden time, gave good music rather than any novel element to the Plaisance. The Irish villages showed industries; the Moorish, bazaars; Constantinople street, a mosque from the top of which the muezzin called to prayer; Dutch East India, jugglers and snake-charmers; and the Bedouins, an encampment where life on the desert was illustrated, the women baking unleavened bread upon inverted pans, and cooling water in skins, as when on a caravan journey.

However dress, customs, or complexions may differ, and whether the home is a snow hut near the Pole or a Javanese wicker dwelling, fathers and mothers love and care for their little ones the world over; and in this universal love for children there was a certain kinship between each and all of these diverse dwellers in the Plaisance Wonderland.



"A HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO YOU!"

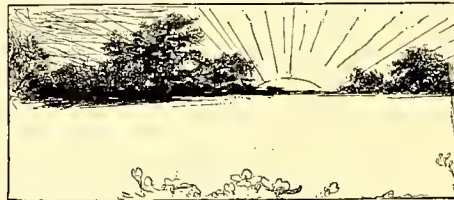


IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

SUNSHINE for the robin's song,
Night for the whippoorwill's;
The morning hours
For the scent of flowers
And joyous chirps and trills;
And all the day from dawn till night
For warbling birds and flowers bright.

Dark hours for the whippoorwill,
Light for the robin's voice;
And all the time
For lilting rhyme
That makes the woods rejoice;
And all the time and all the hours
For song of birds and bloom of flowers.



TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

THE POOR DOLL FAINTS.

As the winter passed away, and the days of early spring approached, Philip began to show signs of restlessness, and anxiety for a change. Mr. Ainsworth had spoken of going south in March, and Philip counted away the weeks, until that usually rude month, coming in like a lamb instead of the traditional lion, brought soft sunshine, with a hint of spring in the air.

One day when Philip was taking his lesson in drawing,—for he had begun a regular course of study early in the winter, and was making such rapid progress that Mr. Ainsworth was delighted,—he looked up suddenly and said, with a touch of anxiety in his voice, "Shall we start soon now, Papa? It 's March, and you said we should go in March."

"Why, Philip, are n't you contented here? I 'm sure it 's very pleasant. I don't feel like going while this fine weather lasts."

"But, Papa, it 's time for Père Josef to be back, and I *must* be home when he gets back."

"Why is it so imperative that you should be there as soon as he is?"

"Because I have his 'children,' and I must take them to him. He only left them with me while he was gone, and it would not be right to keep them after he gets back; and then there is something I want to ask him."

"What is it, Philip? What do you want to ask him?"

"About my father and mother. Mammy said he would tell me, and she said he had some papers for me."

"Really, did she tell you that?" exclaimed Mr. Ainsworth, excitedly. "Why did n't you let me know of that before, Philip?"

"I did n't think of it, Papa, and it would n't

have been any use while he was away; but now, if he 's back, I want to see him awfully, to ask him that question."

"So do I, my dear boy. I will write to the priest at St. Mary's—Père Martin, is n't he called?—he can tell me whether Père Josef has returned, or where a letter will reach him."

"Yes, Père Martin will know," replied Philip, eagerly; "and can't you ask him about Dea?" he added softly. "I 'm anxious about Dea. I 'm afraid her money is all gone, and that she can't sell any of her father's little figures. I want to go back to help her."

"My dear, I have some good news for you from Dea," said Mr. Ainsworth, smiling tenderly as he looked at the boy's flushed, earnest face. "I wanted to let your mama know first—it makes her so happy to tell you pleasant things; but I won't keep you waiting. I had a letter this morning from Mr. Detrava. You remember I told you about my friend who started some time ago for New Orleans with the idea that Dea's father was his brother, for whom he had been searching a long time. Well, he was right. The artist in wax is Victor Hugo Detrava, the only brother of my friend—and heir with him to a handsome fortune in France. So Dea is well provided for; her uncle is unmarried, and from his letter I can tell that he is charmed with his lovely little niece."

Philip's face was a study of various emotions, surprise, and joy predominating, while he listened to Mr. Ainsworth. "I 'm so glad that Dea has some one to take care of her," he exclaimed, when the artist had finished his pleasant story. "And she is rich! Now she can buy her father all the books he wants, how happy she will be! I wish I could see her to tell her how glad I am."

"You shall, my dear Philip. If Père Josef is back we shall start for the South within a week or two."

Philip was in the highest spirits. To be back in his old home, to see Dea and Père Josef—oh, it was delightful to think of. He laughed and chattered incessantly, and was so excited over the good news that he could hardly attend to his lesson. He had not been happy lately.

However, he did not care now; he was going away from them—he was going home, and he was so merry that Lucille was more indignant than ever.

“It’s no use,” he thought to himself; “she won’t ever like me, and she treats me worse than she does Fluff. I’ve got to get even with her. I’ve got to have some fun before I go.”

One day, when she returned from her airing, very much excited because Gladys Bleeker had bowed coldly to her when they met in the park, Philip was in the butler’s pantry alone, huddled behind the partly closed door, with an air of great secrecy. Suddenly a piercing shriek came from the hall—not one, but a succession of shrill screams which filled the house and brought Madam Ainsworth to the head of the stairs, pale and trembling with terror. Mademoiselle had jumped on to a chair, holding her skirts around her in a most undignified fright. Lucille was scrambling on to the hall table, her hair and feathers in the wildest disorder, her eyes wide with fear, while from her parted lips issued cries which might have been heard a block away.

The only brave one of the party seemed to be the maid, Helen, who was pursuing a tiny white object gliding along at the other side of the hall, which she was trying to belabor with an umbrella. But her efforts were in vain; she could not hit it, and it slipped away and disappeared through a narrow opening in the door of the butler’s pantry.

“What is it—what is the matter? Lucille, darling, are you hurt?” cried Madam Ainsworth half-way down-stairs.

“The mice, the white mice,” shrieked Lucille. “They’re in the hall, they’re running all over the floor. Oh! oh! I’m so afraid.”

“*Les souris, les petites souris, elles sont partout!*” added Mademoiselle, hysterically, as she drew her skirts closer around her.

“Where are they? Oh, where are they?

Are they running up the table-legs?” cried Lucille, fairly dancing with terror.

“*Sont-elles sous la chaise?*” gasped Mademoiselle.

“They’re gone,” cried the victorious Helen, flourishing the umbrella. “They ran into the butler’s pantry.”

“Shut the door quickly, before they get out,” called Madam Ainsworth, as she rushed to Lucille and clasped her nervously. “My dear, my darling! oh, oh, you are faint! Run and get my vinaigrette. Quick! quick! fetch some water; the poor child is unconscious,” cried the old lady, as Lucille—furs, feathers, and all—tumbled, a limp bundle, into her grandmama’s arms.

Yes, the poor doll had really fainted, after all; she was a frail little creature. There was a terrible commotion; she was laid, pale and crumpled, on the drawing-room sofa; and the coachman, who was at the door, was despatched for the doctor.

Philip, not dreaming of such a tragic ending to his bit of mischief, felt as guilty as an assassin, as he stuffed a small white object into his pocket and hurriedly wound up a long black thread.

He was terribly frightened at the result of his effort “to get even” with Lucille. He felt that he had surpassed himself, and, without waiting to know the awful consequences of his practical joke, scuttled away to his room, where he threw himself on his bed, laughing and crying at the same time.

When the little heiress had somewhat recovered,—which was very soon, and long before the doctor arrived,—Bassett walked gravely into the drawing-room, his face as placid and impenetrable as a mask, and calmly asked what had happened.

“Why, they went into your pantry, Bassett,” said Madam Ainsworth, excitedly. She was kneeling by the sofa, rubbing the thin hands of the child, who had revived very suddenly from her unconscious condition, and was sitting up sipping a cordial from a tiny glass.

“What, Madam? What went into my pantry?” asked Bassett, rubbing his hands with a puzzled expression.

“Why, the mice. Helen saw them run in there, and *you* must have seen them.”

"I did n't see any mice in my pantry, an' I've just come from there. If you'll hallow me to say it, Madam, there's some mistake."

"What! Do you mean to say that they did not go in there—Philip's white mice, that he turned loose into the hall on purpose to frighten Miss Van Norcom?"

"Bless me! no, Madam. Master Philip's white mice never put a foot in my pantry."

"I saw them, or I'm sure I saw *one*; perhaps it was only one," said Helen, her bright eyes twinkling with mischief.

"I saw them running all over the floor," declared the governess, emphatically.

"Oh! I saw them climbing up the table-legs," wailed Lucille.

"If you'll permit me, Madam, I'll venture to say that them little hinnocent hanimals of Master Philip's hain't never been out of their cage."

"How dare you say such a thing, Bassett! Do you suppose that Miss Van Norcom and the others are mistaken?" exclaimed Madam Ainsworth, sharply.

"By no means, Madam. If I may be allowed to suggest, perhaps hit was what is called an hoptical hillusion," returned the old man, blandly.

"Nonsense, Bassett! It was that trouble-some boy's mischief. It is getting unendurable."

"Will you hallow me to go to Master Philip's room, Madam? If the little hanimals are not there in their cage, I'll hadmit they are 'id in my pantry," and Bassett bowed and marched out as gravely as he had marched in.

In a few moments he returned with an unmistakable look of triumph on his placid face. "Hit's just as I hexpected, Madam. Them little hanimals are 'uddled hup together, sound asleep, in their cage; and Master Philip is there 'ard at work a-studyin' of 'is Latin."

"It is certainly very strange," said Madam Ainsworth, looking mystified; "but I am not convinced. You can go to your pantry, Bassett; and when Miss Van Norcom is better I will investigate the matter."

Bassett bowed very low, and went out with a little spring in his step, and a merry twinkle in his dull old eyes. "Bless my 'cart!" he mut-

tered as he closed the pantry door, and gave a long sigh of relief, "I've saved the little pickle this time; 'e's safe if my young lady's young lady don't peach. She sees 'ow it is, an' she's too good to blow on the pretty little chap, so I think 'e's safe to get out of a bad scrape."

CHAPTER XXI.

PHILIP PLEADS FOR THE "CHILDREN."

AFTER dinner Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth and Philip were alone in the drawing-room. The doctor came and spoke lightly of Lucille's ill turn, prescribed a simple sedative, and went away smiling to himself at Madam Ainsworth's highly colored description of the dreadful shock his little patient had received. She had been put to bed, and her grandmother would not leave her even to take her dinner; and as Mademoiselle was required to be in constant attendance, there was no one at the table but the three who were now together in the drawing-room.

Mr. Ainsworth was looking troubled, Mrs. Ainsworth annoyed, and Philip strangely subdued. The high spirits had vanished, he was pale, and there was a suspicion of tears about his eyes; he was trying to read, but from time to time he glanced furtively from Mr. to Mrs. Ainsworth, who were discussing the event of the afternoon.

"It is absurd the way Lucille is encouraged in her silly fancies," said Mrs. Ainsworth, with some irritation in her voice.

"But it was not only Lucille, my dear; they all say they saw *something*," returned Mr. Ainsworth, warmly. "They could not all be mistaken; they could not all be the victims of 'an hoptical hillusion,' as Bassett said. Helen declares that *she* saw something, and Helen is not one to indulge in 'nerves.'"

"I don't know; I can't explain it. I only know Philip had nothing to do with it, nor the 'children' either," said Mrs. Ainsworth, decidedly. "I was in Philip's room just before the outcry, and the little creatures were asleep in their cage, just as Bassett said. It is so unreasonable of your mother to suppose that Philip would let the mice out and risk losing them just to frighten Lucille."

"Mama, may I go to my room?" asked Philip, coming forward for his good-night kiss.

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish to. You look pale; are n't you well?"

"I'm well, thank you, Mama; but—but I'm tired."

"Don't be unhappy, my dear, about this foolish affair. I'm sure we shall be able to convince Madam Ainsworth, when she is calmer, that *you* had nothing to do with it."

your mother with your absurd suspicions," exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "How could the mice be asleep in their cage and be running about the hall at the same time? I'm not surprised at your mother's unreasonableness: she dislikes the poor boy, and takes every means of showing it by her unkind accusations. But for *you* to suspect Philip,—you who know how truthful he is!"

"Did he *say* he knew nothing about it?" asked Mr. Ainsworth, cautiously.

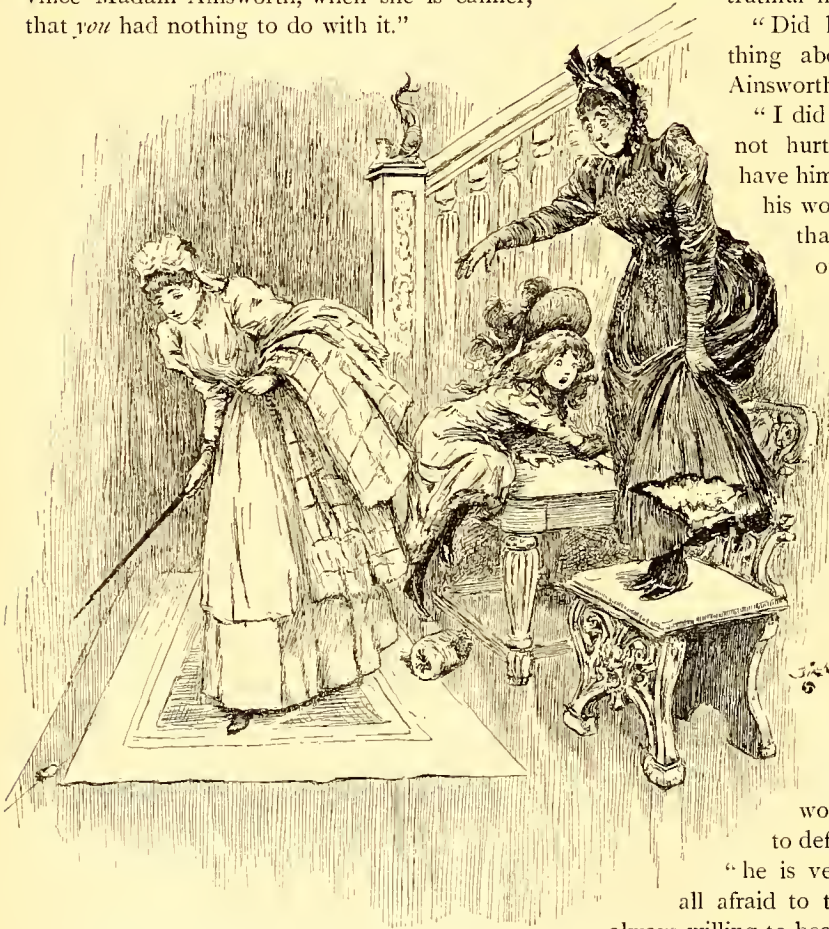
"I did not ask him. I would not hurt him so much as to have him think that I doubted his word. All he said was that the mice were not out of their cage, and I know he spoke the truth."

"Well, Laura, we won't discuss it any more; but if I find that Philip is keeping anything back, I shall be greatly disappointed in him—for he's not the boy I thought he was."

"There is no reason why he should keep anything back," rejoined Mrs. Ainsworth firmly, determined to defend Philip to the last;

"he is very brave, and not at all afraid to tell the truth. He is always willing to bear the consequences of his little pranks. He is never malicious, only mischievous; and where others would laugh at his harmless tricks, your mother treats them as if they were crimes. If you listen to your mother, she will succeed in turning *you* against the poor little fellow. Even now I think you have changed toward him: he does not interest you as he did."

"Now, my dear, *you* are unjust. I have not changed; I love Philip dearly, but I am not



"LUCILLE WAS SCRAMBLING ON TO THE HALL TABLE."

Philip hesitated a moment, with an appealing look at Mrs. Ainsworth, and then, kissing her again with much warmth, he went out silently.

The two remained in deep thought for some time; then Mr. Ainsworth said with conviction: "Philip knows more about this than we think he does. I can tell by his manner that he has something on his mind."

"My dear, you are becoming strangely like

blind to his faults, and I do think he is a little—just a little—malicious toward Lucille. Would n't it be better to speak to him gently, and warn him not to play any more practical jokes on that nervous, foolish child? Mother is so displeased, it will end in making trouble between us if it goes on, and you must see how unpleasant that would be."

"If I should reprove Philip, it would be treating the matter seriously; and it would be equivalent to admitting that I doubted his word. I am not disposed to make mountains out of mole-hills. The only thing for us to do is to take the boy away as soon as possible. We can never be happy here with him; your mother's dislike to him is unaccountable." And Mrs. Ainsworth got up and paced the floor, flushed and indignant.

"Don't excite yourself, Laura dear," said Mr. Ainsworth, soothingly; "as soon as we hear that the priest is back, we will start for New Orleans, and we may learn something from him about the boy that will relieve us of all responsibility."

Mrs. Ainsworth said no more, but she felt very dissatisfied and unhappy. Already her assumed duties were pressing rather heavily upon her, and for the first time she regretted that they had been so hasty—that they had not considered more seriously the importance of the step they had taken.

The next morning, quite early, Madam Ainsworth heard a timid knock at her door; and on opening it she was surprised to see Philip standing there very pale but very resolute. It was the first time that he had intruded upon the privacy of her apartment, and she felt that the visit must therefore betoken something of importance.

The boy's blue eyes were timid and appealing in expression, although his lips were firm, his shoulders erect, and his manly little figure full of courage.

"If you please, Madam, may I come in? I want to tell you something," he said in a very gentle, subdued voice.

"Certainly, come in," replied Madam Ainsworth, coldly. "I'm very busy this morning, but I will listen to what you have to say"; and she seated herself with dignity at her writing-

table, and began opening her letters with a business-like air.

"I want to tell you about yesterday," said Philip, his face crimsoning and his lips quivering. "It would n't be right not to tell you. I would have told last night only for Mr. Butler. I don't want you to blame him; he was n't to blame, he did n't know about it. I hid behind his pantry door, when he was out. He did n't even help me make it; he never saw it. You won't blame him, will you?" and Philip looked imploringly into the severe face before him.

"Oh, Bassett was not an accomplice, then?" said Madam Ainsworth, a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

"He did n't know until after it was done, but he said he would stand by me. I don't mind for myself,—you can punish me *good*,—but poor Mr. Butler Bassett, I like him, and I don't want him punished."

"Oh, I see! You are great friends," said the old lady, grimly. "Well, go on with your interesting developments; I don't in the least understand what mischievous tricks you were up to."

Philip winced a little, but he pulled himself together, determined to tell the whole truth. "Why, you see, Lucille was so cross to me that I wanted—I wanted to pay her off. I wanted to frighten her, but I did n't want to make her ill. I would n't hurt her for the world; I would n't hurt any girl, even if she did—even if she did *curl her lip at me*, so I just thought it would be fun to make something like a mouse run across the floor."

"Then there truly was *something*," exclaimed Madam Ainsworth, triumphantly.

"Yes, there was; they did see something, but it was n't one of the 'children.'"

"What was it?" asked the old lady, impatiently.

"Why, it *was* a mouse, but not a live mouse. I made it out of wool, and put on a little tail of tape, and the two eyes were jet beads off of Mademoiselle's fringe. I tied a long black thread to it and put it in the hall just where Lucille would see it when she came in, and I made it jump quickly by jerking the thread, and when I had frightened them well I pulled it into the pantry. Helen tried to kill it with

the umbrella, but she could n't get a hit at it. Then Lucille fainted, and Mr. Butler came in and told me to run up the back stairs. So you see that was why I said it was n't one of the 'children'; and Philip drew a long breath of relief now that he had unburdened his conscience, and waited timidly for the result of his confession.

now that I did it. I'm very sorry that it made Lucille ill. And I came to ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you! Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall insist on your being punished severely. You must be taught that you can't trifle in this way with me," said Madam Ainsworth, indignantly.



"SUDDENLY MADAM AINSWORTH STARTED FROM HER CHAIR AND LOOKED AT THE BOY ALMOST IN TERROR."

"Really, really!—what deception, what falsehood!" exclaimed Madam Ainsworth, angrily; "and Edward has boasted of the boy's truthfulness."

"It was n't a falsehood," returned Philip, proudly; "I never tell lies. It was only a— a mistake. It was because I went in Mr. Butler's pantry, and I did n't want him blamed—that 's why I did n't tell at first. I'm very sorry

"Well, I don't mind," replied Philip, bravely. "You can punish me; only, please don't blame Mr. Butler."

"I shall settle with Bassett at my leisure, and I shall order him to take those little vermin out of the house immediately."

"What vermin? You don't mean Pèrè Joseph's 'children,' do you?" asked Philip, in a horrified voice. "They 're not vermin; they 're

just as good and quiet, and they 're neat, too. I keep their cage as clean as can be. Oh, you don't mean that *they* must go!"

"I certainly do. I have had enough trouble since you brought the horrid little things here. I shall give the order to have them taken away at once. I don't care what becomes of them," and Madam Ainsworth turned toward her table as if she had settled the matter definitely.

"Oh, Madam, *please* don't send them away. I can't let them go. Père Josef left them in my care. Oh, please, please don't!" and Philip in an agony of entreaty laid his hand on Madam Ainsworth's arm, and looked into her face imploringly.

"It's no use to make a fuss. I will not allow them to stay in my house; that is final. Now you may go. I'm too busy to be troubled with such nonsense." And the indignant old lady shook off the little hand angrily.

Poor Philip! he had never dreamed of such a dreadful punishment; he was desperately in earnest now, and entirely overcome by fear and sorrow, he burst into tears, and clasping his hands passionately, made a last, most pathetic appeal.

"They're so little! They don't know any one but me; they'll be afraid of strangers; they may starve, they may get lost, and they can't find their way home; and what will Père Josef say when he sees me if I don't bring his 'children' back? I promised to take care of them, and I can't if you send them away. I love them so, they are so little and cunning, and they love me. They're all I've got to care for. Don't send them away, please don't! We're going home soon; please let them stay with me till we go! Oh, please do, and I'll be so grateful.

I'll try to be good; I won't tease Lucille again. I'll be so glad if you'll let them stay!"

Suddenly Madam Ainsworth started from her chair and looked at the boy almost in terror. Something in his pitiful pleading voice pierced her to the heart. It was a note of childish sorrow that she had heard long ago, and it softened her instantly. Hot tears sprang to her eyes, and for a moment she could not regain her self-control. At length she said, in a voice that trembled in spite of her effort to make it sound harsh:

"There, there, child!—that will do. Don't go on as if you were insane. If your heart is so set on those horrid little creatures, keep them, and oblige me by never speaking of them again. Now wipe your eyes and go to your room, and in the future try to treat Lucille properly."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Philip, rapturously, a sudden smile breaking over his face like a ray of sunlight in the midst of rain. "I'll never forget how good you are, and you won't blame Mr. Butler, will you?" he added anxiously.

"I'll consider it," she said; "he deserves to be reproved, but for your sake I may overlook his fault." Madam Ainsworth had never before spoken so gently to the boy. At that moment she longed to take him in her arms and hold him to her heart, but she allowed him to leave the room without any further indication of favor. The proud old soul felt that she had made concessions enough for one day, so she resolutely held herself in check—only thinking as her eyes followed the happy little fellow: "It certainly is very strange. The boy quite unnerved me. I really felt for a moment as though he belonged to *me*."

(To be continued.)

MISERY & CO.,

By J. R. SMITH.



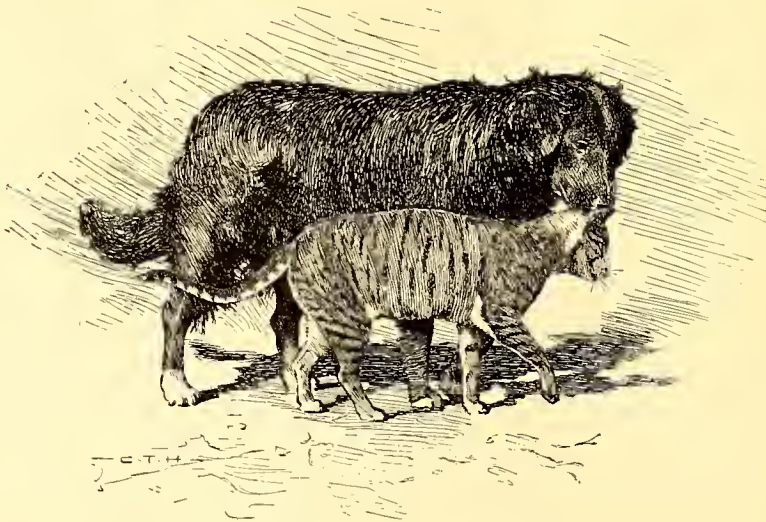
MISERY loves company. Misery is a brindled cat, and Company is a big Newfoundland dog.

They were raised, and lived very happily for some years, in a shanty high up on the rocks of a vacant block in Harlem; but times have changed with them now, and they are in a fair way to become tramps in the wide world of unclaimed cats and dogs.

Some days ago the people of the shanty were forced to move away, and a blacksmith's shop was built upon the rocks; then a wagon-load of large steam-drills was hoisted up and piled alongside of it; and in a few months a

would have begun before now if it were not for the children in the neighborhood, who have so far kept them supplied with bones and pieces of meat and bread—for Company is one of those great, big good-natured dogs that would not harm a mouse, and he has made many friends among the little boys and girls near by, whom he is always ready to play tag with, or even to ride around upon his back.

During school hours Misery and Company pass their time very quietly together, wondering what has become of their owners, and wandering about over the rocks in search of them.



"COME, LET US TAKE A WALK."

row of tall modern houses will stand in the little shanty's place.

When the owners moved away, they left Misery and Company all alone to take care of themselves as best they could; and their trial

At night they crawl under the shanty, and Misery curls herself up close against Company and goes to sleep, as a kitten does with its mother.

Company is always first to wake up in the morning, but he is careful not to disturb Mis-

ery until she begins to stretch herself and is ready to rise; then she walks around him, rubbing herself against him and purring, as if to say, "Come, let 's take a walk"; and they start off together, side by side, for a ramble before breakfast.

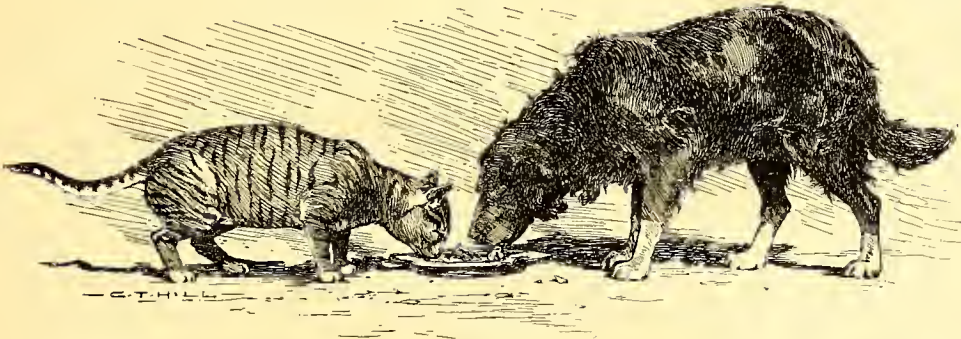
As Company's legs are very long, Misery finds it hard work to keep step, and it is very funny, as they are trotting along together, to see Company looking down sideways at Misery with a great deal of admiration, but still in a reproachful sort of way, as if he were saying, "Why don't you keep step?"

Although Company never minds however roughly the children may play with him, he is very jealous and uneasy if any one of them tries to catch Misery; he will then give a gruff kind of a bark, which the boys and girls all



"WHY DON'T YOU KEEP STEP?"

understand very clearly to mean, "That 's my cat, and you must be very careful of her."



NEIL WENTWORTH'S FAMOUS RUSH.

BY ETHELDRED BREEZE BARRY.

"HOORAY! hooray!
G. A. ! G. A. !
Grantonville Academee-ia !"

THE school-cheer rings out across the playground, and is echoed by the old stone walls of the Academy. The big boys stamp and shout, and the small boys dance and scream, but accomplish little save giving themselves sore throats. In the middle of the playground

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is a swaying mass of boys in canvas jackets; good fellows, all of them, with kind hearts and generous souls, yet each one feeling an intense longing and desire to tear his opponent to pieces and demolish him generally if it will in any way help his side to gain possession of the ball in the center of the group. As it sways one way or another the crowd on the fences becomes excited, and the "rah-rahs" resound again and

again. Occasionally a favorite will be cheered, and cries of "Go it, Harvey!" "Hooray, Wentworth!" or "Mind yourself, Warder!" are added to the general din.

"Stumpy Wentworth is the best man we have," remarks one onlooker, enthusiastically.

"I 'll wager Warder can beat him," says a young gentleman in a Norfolk jacket. He carries a whip in his hand and a straw in his mouth, and there is a neat little horse tied to a tree down by the janitor's house. It is Willing, the school sport.

"Oh, no! Wentworth can walk all over Warder," responds Dodson, the first speaker. "There's not a rusher like him this side of the river, and—Rah, rah, *rah!*—look there, will you!" and the crowd becomes a shouting, cap-tossing mass of excited boys; for away in the middle of the playground the scrimmage has suddenly broken up, and one figure, with torn stocking and bare head, is making for the farther goal with the ball under his arm. After him come the others, some close on his heels, others edging off toward the sides, but the sturdy legs keep on their way and cover the ground at a sprinting rate. He is a thick-set, broad-shouldered fellow. His way seems clear enough, but now the goal-keepers rush forward and, in a tough and solid little group, strive to oppose him.

"Swerve, Wentworth!—dodge 'em! dodge 'em!" is the advice yelled after him by the excited spectators. But Wentworth cannot swerve: dodging is not in his line. Harrison there can keep a whole crowd in play by his twists and doubles, but Wentworth must keep straight ahead when once he is started. So he settles his head well down, squares his shoulders, and rushes right into the middle of the goal-keepers. They clutch at him and try to stop him, but he shoots past them, and in a minute has made a touch-down behind the goal, and the game is won.

"Rah, rah, rah!" shriek the boys. "Rah, Wentworth, rah, rah, rah!" They break up into little groups and run across the playground toward the school-house, where the hero of the hour is sitting on the pump-trough bathing a bleeding nose with somebody's grimy handkerchief, kindly lent for the occasion.

"That was great, old man!" cries Dodson; and Willing adds, "Finest thing I ever saw. He's a trump, Dodsey, I must admit." And the chums move off.

It was only a practice game, to test the strength of the team before facing the High School, and we would have you understand, kind reader, that theirs is supposed to be the best school team in the county, yet we hope and expect next Saturday to "jump on them with all four feet," as our captain puts it, if they *are* three years our senior, and wear apologies for mustaches. And if our hopes and expectations are realized, we shall be the champion team of the county.

Although young for the position of "half-back," Neil Wentworth fills it admirably. He has always been a favorite with his schoolmates, and now his popularity has been heightened by his plucky rush, as is shown by the way in which they cluster and crowd around him on the strip of lawn dividing the school from the janitor's house, where his pony is hitched, a chunky, cobby little creature—like his master. The pony has been using his idle time in trying to pick a quarrel with Norton Willing's graceful thoroughbred, and challenging him, with gleaming eyes and frisky back hoofs, to "Come over here and have it out!" Neil slips into the saddle, and pony and master pass through the gate while the school-cheer is raised again:

"Hooray! hooray!
G. A. ! G. A. !

Grantonville Academee-i-a ! "

Over the smooth road-bed speeds Neil, his head filled with thoughts of the coming Saturday. As he turns in at the gate he meets his mother, who looks relieved upon seeing him.

"Oh, Neil!" she begins, but stops short at sight of her son's battered visage. "Why, my dear boy, have you been fighting? Just look at your nose!"

"That is more than I can do, Mother," responds Neil, lightly; "but I can guess pretty well what its appearance must be without making myself cross-eyed. No, I have not been fighting; I have been playing foot-ball."

"Oh, Neil, Neil! I wish you would give up

foot-ball; it is such a savage game. I have been watching for you for over an hour; your father wants you to go somewhere for him."

As the boy turns to go in she stops him once more.

"Your stocking is badly torn. Did you know it?"

He squints at his sturdy calf over his shoulder, and remarks quietly:

"Oh, yes! 'Peanuts'—I mean McDermot—tore it in a scrimmage. He had on spiked baseball shoes, and was disqualified."

Mrs. Wentworth sighs.

"Oh, my dear boy, *must* you play such wild-Indian games to be happy? I am constantly expecting you to be brought home killed. But run up to your father now; he is waiting."

Neil bounds up the stairway, and then steps more quietly as he nears the study door. His father, a gray-haired, gray-bearded man with hollow cheeks and bent form, is pacing the floor. As he turns to meet his robust son they make a queer contrast.

"I have been looking for you, Neil. Where have you been?"

"At the school, Father, playing foot-ball."

"Humph, *foot-ball!*—when I have been waiting and waiting for you to attend to a most important matter for me!"

Neil heartily apologizes, but his father laughs good-naturedly and bids him sit down; and Neil seats himself beside a table covered with maps, drawings, and drawing instruments, for his father is a railroad-builder and contractor.

"Now, Neil," he begins, "give me your full attention, for this is a most important matter, and will stand no botching. Now listen:

"We are, as you know, building a new road to connect the New York and H—— with the Grantonville branch, and there are about one hundred or one hundred and fifty men employed on it. Mr. Falconer is the overseer of the gang, and he lives, temporarily, in that little house about a mile and a half this side of the new road. Perhaps you know the house; it is on the Gloucester Pike not far from the old mill-dam that burst two or three years ago?"

Neil nods, and his father goes on:

"This is pay-day, and I promised Falconer to meet him at this house with the men's money.

I find I am unable to go, as my cough has been increasing all day, and so I must send you; for if the men should not get their wages, there would be trouble. Now I am going to give you three hundred dollars, and you must be careful not to lose it. Take Thomas with you in the carryall or buggy, for there have been several men discharged lately, and they have been hanging about in the woods for the last few days. If they saw you alone they might be up to some mischief, knowing you are my son, and thinking you might have the money about you. Now go at once, and drive quickly; for I should like Falconer to have this as soon as possible. Put the money in the inside pocket of your vest, and give Falconer this note. Don't lose a moment, or Falconer will not get to the railroad in time; and hurry back, for I shall be anxious."

Neil takes the money and the note and runs down the back stairs and across the garden to the stable, where his pony still stands in the shed. He calls loudly for Thomas, but one of the maids tells him that the coachman has gone to the blacksmith with both horses.

PART II.

"WELL, there is no use crying over spilled milk, Rollo," Neil says to the little cob. "You and I must go alone." He vaults into the saddle, and they clatter out of the stable-yard and down the street. It is a long road he has to travel; yet, tired as he is with his day's play, he enjoys it, for the November air is keen and bracing. He rides rapidly and freely, giving the little nag his own way, so that they swerve merrily from one side of the road to the other; for Rollo has not been playing foot-ball, and has a great deal of curiosity. But his inquiring mind soon gets him and his master into trouble, for, seeing a squirrel dart down the bank at the side of the road, he attempts to follow it, and, before Neil can pull him up, is floundering among the briers and loose stones in the dried-up bed of the old mill-race.

"Well, if you are n't cranky! What on earth did you come down here for—Hello, what 's this?"

For Rollo has stumbled slightly. Then,

with a low whinny, he sticks his fore leg out. Neil dismounts and feels it, but is not wise enough to know what is the matter, and he leads the limping horse up the embankment and along the road. It is slow work, for Rollo refuses to do more than creep, and makes the most of his affliction, so that the short distance between him and Falconer's cottage seems a mile to poor Neil. As he nears the door, the overseer's wife runs out to meet him.

"Oh, Master Wentworth, did you come from your father? Mr. Wentworth did n't come, and so my husband has gone on to the railroad. He supposed he would find your father over there. He was dreadfully flustered. Won't you come in and rest awhile?"

Neil draws a long whistle. "Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" he exclaims. "I can't come in, thank you. Father was unable to come this afternoon, so he sent me with a note to Mr. Falconer, and now you say he is gone, and I have missed him." He walks along the pathway and looks up the road. With hard riding he might overtake the overseer, but his horse is disabled, and that is out of the question. There is no way of getting the money to the men unless he walks; and he thinks of what his father told him about the discharged employees lurking about in the woods. He has read in the newspapers time and again how desperate these men become, and one thrilling account which made a deep impression on him at the time, comes forcibly into his mind,—of a foreman who was waylaid in a lonely spot, beaten, and robbed of the pay of three hundred men, which he carried with him. He thinks for a moment.—The men must have their money; his father had said there would be trouble if they did not get it, and he is the only one who can take it to them, and the road through the woods is the only way, so he turns back to the house.

"I think I will go on and overtake him," he announces to the woman who stands waiting in the doorway, "if you will be so good as to keep my horse until I send for him. It is only a mile and a half, and I can easily get to the railroad by half-past five."

"Well," she says, reluctantly; "only I don't like your goin' through the lonely woods so

late in the afternoon. There are tramps there, some says. Is it anything special?"

"Yes, it is. My father gave me some directions for Mr. Falconer." He thinks it best not to mention the money. "If your son could rub down Rollo for me I'd be very much obliged to him. I don't believe he is much hurt, and I'll send Thomas over for him this evening."

So he turns away. He has little fear of meeting the men; had he been driving they might have been attracted by the sound of the wheels, but, as Falconer has gone on before, they will hardly interfere with him. He tries to put them out of his mind, and turns all his mind toward his foot-ball success. The ground is firm and hard beneath his feet, and as he steps briskly along his thoughts are reveling in a boyish day-dream of a long line of conquests at foot-ball: first of all the Academy Team made County Team through his efforts. And, I regret to say, the prospect is more enticing than that of any scholastic achievement would have been.

A crackling of the bushes beside him puts an end to his vision, and he turns sharply about to face an Italian in laborer's clothes.

"Whata time is it, ifa you please?" says the man, coming forward.

"The usual beginning," thinks Neil, with a little thrill of pleasurable excitement along his backbone. Then he says aloud: "I have n't my watch with me; sorry I can't oblige you."

"You Meestare Wentworth hees son?" continues the workman.

"I am. What can I do for you?"

The Italian's face darkens.

"Meestare Wentworth he taka ma moneys away from me."

"I am sorry to hear it," says Neil with excessive politeness, anxious to keep in the man's good graces. "I shall ask him to pay it back to-morrow."

He tries to pass on, but the Italian says angrily, "You goa too fast!" and stepping briskly forward he clutches Neil by the shoulders, but the boy breaks away from him and runs down the road a little distance. When he looks back the Italian has vanished, and all is still.

"That fellow means mischief," he thinks, "or

he would not have given in so easily"; and he walks cautiously on.

Just ahead of him the pike makes a sudden bend, and when he reaches the elbow he sees four men (one of them the Italian) standing in the middle of the roadway, about a hundred yards away. Neil sees it all: the Italian and his comrades have made a short cut through the woods with the intention of heading him off. What to do he does not know. Turn back he will not; besides, they could easily run through the woods and head him off again. He might take to the woods himself, but four of them, who know the neighborhood far better than he, could easily trap him and run him down, for, as I told you, Wentworth is no dodger. His only chance lies in passing them where they stand, by strategy or force. Suddenly a bright thought strikes him: Why not "rush"? He has beaten his way through the school goal-keepers, and are these workmen, who have been loafing for weeks, likely to prove any tougher than the young athletes who have been training constantly all the fall? To be sure, the game is more serious, for, should they manage to stop and hold him, he knows perfectly well his life may not be worth sixpence. They suspect (if they do not *know*) that he has the money with him, and if they are desperate enough to rob they might never let him go free to inform on them afterward. Besides, Neil valiantly makes up his mind that they never shall have the money unless they do kill him first.

Never did Wentworth prepare for a foot-ball tussle as carefully as he prepares for this—perhaps his last—rush. He pulls up his stockings and tightens his belt, while vivid pictures of home and school life pass before his eyes: his father, with his pale and thoughtful face; his mother's plump and trim-looking little figure; the baby with her yellow curls; and the dear old school with its crowds of merry boys on the playground. And in his ears rings the advice an old player gave him when he first entered upon his foot-ball career:

"Remember, it is not merely brute strength that wins a game, but the scientific use of your strength. And keeping your wits about you is half the battle."

Then he starts toward the men on a trot, while they, unable to divine his purpose, are uncertain as to what they had better do, and stand watching him in perplexity. Within twenty yards of them he increases his speed and bears down upon them. *Now* they seem to understand, for they string themselves out across the roadway, and, with shouts and gesticulations, try to head him off. Head him off? They might as well attempt to stop a whirlwind or a locomotive. They think he will dodge, but he never swerves to right or left. His practised eye tells him which is the weakest man, and he makes for him with a steadiness and a fearlessness that surprise the ruffians. But they are desperate men, who do not intend to let him outwit them, and as he meets them they rush together in a group and clutch at him.

"It is science against brute force," thinks Neil exultantly, and he wonders at himself for being so cool. The Italian is nearest to him, and as he tries to stop him, he remembers a little trick by which he has "downed" more than one player on the school-house grounds. Placing his open palm on the man's forehead, he gives his head a sudden backward twist which takes his breath away and throws him heavily to the ground. The others are upon Neil in an instant, and one, a burly Hungarian, clasps him about the waist. It means life or death now, and Neil's heart beats fast, but he keeps his wits about him. Grasping his adversary by the hips as they stand face to face, he leans slightly backward as though about to fall; then, with a sudden unexpected turn, making himself a pivot, he swings the clumsy fellow around, and in an instant has him underneath. Now he leans quickly forward, and as the Hungarian unclasps one hand to save himself from the inevitable fall, Neil springs away and bounds along the road. Seeing the two men thrown, the third hesitates and lets Neil pass him, and now only one man is ahead. Our hero, instead of attempting to dodge him, butts into him with such force that the man almost loses his balance, and lets him go. He has outwitted four men, and has not struck a single blow.

As he runs over the hard road they hotly

pursue him, but he knows they have no chance once he is ahead. Stones rattle about him and angry voices follow him, but the danger is past. Fortunately they have no pistols, and the knife which the enraged Italian hurls after Neil falls harmlessly to the ground ten or twelve feet behind him.

Fifteen minutes later Neil hands the money to the despairing Falconer, who is just on the

point of telling the men that Mr. Wentworth has not come, and that they must go home without their wages.

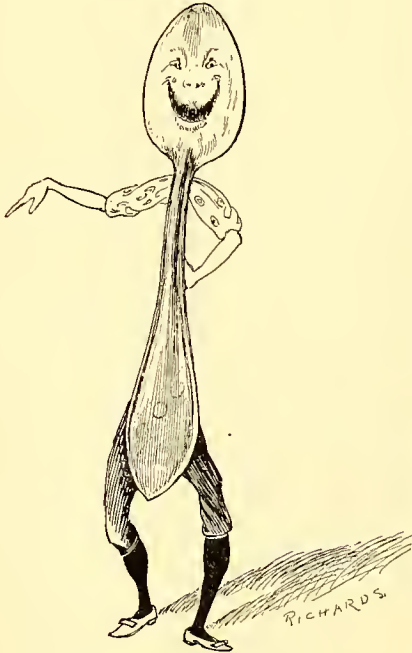
Neil Wentworth is captain of a college football team now, and his fame as a rusher is widespread. Many an exciting run has he made while thousands applauded; yet in all his career no rush stands out with such startling distinctness as the one on the old Gloucester Pike.

TEDDY'S WONDERINGS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I WONDER if there 's anywhere
A little fairy flock
So small a grain of sand seems like
A great big piece of rock?

I wonder, too, when I 'm a man,
And not a little tike,
If I shall have the luck to be
The sort of man I like.



THE MALICIOUS SPOON: "OH, WHAT A DOSE I 'VE JUST GIVEN THE BABY!"



THE FRIGHTENED BOTTLE: "GREAT CÆSAR! I 'VE SWALLOWED MY CORK!"



MERRYTHOUGHT



A TRUE STORY

BY L. J. SANDERSON.

I. NAN AND "MERRYTHOUGHT."

"DEAR Merrythought! How *can* I let you go!—how *can* I let you go!" And thirteen-year-old Nan sobbed and cried and ran into the house, while Farmer Katchpence turned to look pityingly after his daughter, saying: "Poor young one! she *did* love the critter, and she ought ter keep it; but the folks down in Boston will have Thanksgivin', and what would 'Thanksgivin' be without turkey, I 'd like ter know? And then there 's the money—we *must* have the money!" and this consideration sealed the fate of Merrythought; and up went Nan to her little room to "bawl it out by herself," as big brother Jack said, with an air of what he called dignity.

In the garret window of an old farm-house, away up amid the hills of Vermont, sat Nan, *not* sobbing and crying, but truly "bawling it out by herself," as Jack had said. Here was Merrythought, the pet that she had watched over, tended, and loved all the summer, called to meet a tragic end which we can believe never occurred to him, but did cast a shadow over the loving heart of Nan. Somehow she had felt that when November came, perhaps Merrythought would be spared; there might be enough without him. But that great American factor, "How much is he worth?" had taken hold of the Vermont farmer, and since Merrythought was a *little* better in every way for the good care Nan had given him, it was felt that

he was worth more than any of the other turkeys. He met his end with Turkish fortitude, and Nan—poor Nan!—was trying to bear it with equal fortitude down below the sobbing and bawling.

II. THE NOTE.

"I 'LL do it! Yes, I *will* do it," thought Nan, and she hunted about in the dim old room to find something to write upon; but nothing was to be found except brown wrapping-paper, for stationery was a luxury unknown to the farmer's family.

With a stubby pencil Nan wrote on the brown paper these words:

This is Merrythought, my pet turkey. I have taken care of him all summer. I feel awful bad to have him go. He is sweet, and tender, and nice, *I* no, but I wud like to no *for sure* if he eats well, and how much money you had to pay to get him. Please will you rite and tell me. NAN KATCHPENCE, Upland, Vermont.

Down the stairs Nan glided, for she was lighter of heart now, and into the kitchen she went, for she was the eldest girl in a large family, and the little maid of all work. There was no time for loitering at this busy season, and down sat Nan amidst the heap of turkeys waiting for the finishing touches of her deft hands. Each separate feather plucked from Merrythought was a separate tug at her heart-strings; but the bawling had turned to bravery, for was n't there something waiting in her pocket to travel away with the brightest, bonniest, and best of all turkeys? When the

golden moment came, as come it always does when we are bent on loving deeds, Nan's hand tenderly tucked beneath one of Merrythought's wings, the crumpled, brown-paper note.

III. MERRYTHOUGHT THE POSTMAN.

"OCH, shure, Missus! what cur'us thing is this the knowin' burrd's brought under his arm!—nately done up wid brown paper! Och! och!" And Bridget stood in the dining-room door where innocent Merrythought lay on a platter, with the mysterious crumpled brown-paper note beside him.

Mrs. Goodheart took the crumpled paper, read what Nan had written, and said, "There's no harm, Bridget; it is only a note about the turkey from the little girl who had it for a pet. I will keep it till Mr. Goodheart comes to dinner."

A few hours later, at a bountifully spread table in this beautiful house sat the genial Mr. Goodheart and his good wife. Beside his plate lay the crumpled note. "Ah, what 's this, my dear?" and he read the scribbling upon the brown paper. "Well! well! Ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily. "Nan has an eye to business; we must look into this matter after Thanksgiving, if Merrythought 'eats well,' as no doubt he will after all the loving care he has had."

Thanksgiving Day had come. Folks big and little had gathered around the table where Merrythought, handsomely browned and garnished, lay in state, "the observed of all observers." All knew the story of far-away Nan and her pet, and all were anxiously waiting to know if Merrythought "eats well." Skilfully the genial host cut first a wing, then a leg, next the breast, and now the merrythought, which the two little folks hung up to dry, for by and by they would wish all sorts of good things for little Nan upon this tiny bringer of good luck.

After much chattering and laughing, Mrs. Goodheart said, "Who 'll write to Nan?" And one said, "Oh! I don't like to write," and another said, "I can, but I do hate to write," and another said, "I know who 'll write the best letter"; and it was agreed that Auntie, who

could write a letter "with her eyes shut," as one of the boys said, should write what the children wanted to know. "Ask her how old she is," said one. "Ask her how many brothers and sisters she has," said another, "and what they are named." "Tell her he made a mighty good dinner." "Ask if she goes to school and church, and what kind of games she plays." "Tell her we want to know all about her, and how sorry we are she had to give up her pet; but tell her he 'eats well'—oh, he eats *beautifully*." "Tell her how sorry we are that he did n't have four legs instead of two, because there was so muchy-much on a leg." "Tell her we 'll keep the merrythought till she comes after it"—and Auntie's head whizzed and buzzed with ideas which flew from all directions. But soon the letter was on its journey to make glad the sad heart of little Nan.

IV. A LETTER FOR NAN.

THERE was a great bustle and commotion at the home of Farmer Katchpence the week following Thanksgiving. A neighbor had gone four miles to town early in the morning, had collected the letters and done the errands for the neighborhood, and on his return stopped outside the gate and called, "Nan! Nan! Where be yer?—where *be* yer? The postmaster says he thinks this must be yours, but no one in the village can understand it. Mebbe it's a mistake, but sartain that 's yer name." It was almost an unheard-of thing for the Katchpence family to have a letter. "They don't seem to belong to anybody," some one had said; and true it was that an excitement prevailed which we, who receive letters daily from the hands of the letter-carrier, cannot understand.

Nan left her floor-mopping to take the letter. The father, mother, and all the children gathered about her; each in turn took the letter, looked at the writing, the post-mark, the stamp, the six lines which reached from the Boston postmark to the postage-stamp, felt it, turned it on the other side, then back again, and looked at Nan, and wondered how *she* could have a letter written on such beautiful paper, and bearing the mark of Boston; but there was the

fact, Nan's name written in full, and there was no other Nan Katchpence in Upland. Nan trembled with excitement. She sank down, saying, "It is from Merrythought. I *knew* I should hear from him!" and then she confessed to the family how she had hidden the brown-

match, and in each right-hand corner a "brand-new stamp never used before," as Jack, poor fellow, said a little enviously, for *he* had never had anything, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, that had n't been used before?



NAN READS THE LETTER FROM BOSTON.

paper note beneath the turkey's wing. She opened the letter, each taking a turn at the reading, and Nan first laughed and then cried, so happy was she to know Merrythought had fallen among such kind folk.

All was gladness in the farm-house now—father and mother and all were so proud of Nan's Boston friends; and friends they were, for had they not asked her to come to Boston some time—when she had been to school a little longer, and could spell well and write better; and had n't they sent her the beautiful paper with pictures on it and envelopes to

Little Nan studied hard at school, and the letters that she wrote to Boston were showing signs of it; the words were written more evenly, and the spelling was more correct, than in the Thanksgiving letter. And each time she wrote she tried so hard to have it just right; and she was writing often in these days, for there came to her many tender messages and loving thoughts at Christmas-time, and later on, at Saint Valentine's and Easter, pretty handkerchiefs, ribbons, and cards. And when the warm days came, two pretty summer gowns and a "love" of a hat were sent to Nan.

Every one was glad for little Nan; all the neighbors shared in her happiness; the postmaster felt somehow as if he were the cause of her happiness, because he handled all those welcome letters and parcels first.

And one glorious day, as Nan's father returned from the village, where he had been to sell butter of Nan's own making, he bore in his hand the letter which contained the money for Nan to go to Boston. Could it be possible that she—Nan, who had never had anything, nor ever been anywhere—held in her hand an invitation to visit those kind friends, and the money to buy her ticket to Boston? Was she asleep and dreaming, or was it really true?

V. NAN'S WONDERFUL VISIT.

A LITTLE crowd had gathered about Nan at the railway-station—"the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," the postman, the village doctor, and the village parson.

The long train came around the curve and stopped in front of the station. The leaving, that deep wrenching to all true hearts, is over, and Nan, who has never before seen the inside of a railway-car, is whirled out of the village away from home and friends to the great city of her hopes and dreams; and the new friends who gave Merrythought so warm a welcome will welcome her, too. In the gray twilight of an October day, the stately Mr. Goodheart was pacing backward and forward in the railway-station, awaiting the arrival of the Vermont train. Soon the puffing, pulling, and tugging of the heavy engine told him it was close at hand, and eagerly he watched the passengers one by one: the tall, slim lady with the tired baby; the short, happy-faced mother with two rosy-cheeked children; the pale, weary-looking man; the bustling big man with a bigger valise, umbrella, cane, and overcoat, with the air of "Clear the track, for I am coming"; tall folks, short folks, thick folks, thin folks, old folks, young folks, children in arms, and children out of arms,—all hurried by. Then at the end of this motley procession appeared a girl, bewildered and frightened, walking slowly as if uncertain which way to go.

Poor Nan had never seen so many people in

all her life. "More than there are in our whole town," thought she. The kind friend hastened toward the girl, who was clad in a plaid woolen gown, a shawl pinned about her shoulders, and a tam-o'-shanter on her head. Her clean but ungloved hands were clasped tightly about a large cardboard box tied with a strong cord, which contained all the wardrobe the child possessed.

"Are you my little friend Nan, who loved Merrythought so much?" asked Mr. Goodheart, and all Nan's fears vanished, and willingly she gave herself up to his keeping. On arriving at the home, she was warmly greeted by the good lady of the house. It was all so new and strange—these beautiful furnishings, these lovely dishes with the painted flowers just as they grew in Upland, this very table where Merrythought had been admired and eaten on Thanksgiving Day; and beside her plate lay the merrythought, gilded and tied with a blue ribbon. All the good wishes that the children had wished for little Nan on Thanksgiving Day, when they decorated the wishbone, had come to pass.

Nothing but happiness came to Nan for the next month. Day after day passed in seeing new places and things: churches, art galleries, and fairs, things new and things old, all in turn were visited; and the shops, oh! the *shops*—shops for books and shops for boots, shops for toys and shops for candy, shops for trunks and shops for clocks, shops little and shops big; and Nan was whirled up and down in the elevators till her eyes and brain were so dazzled and bewildered that at last she said she could n't tell whether elevators were going up or down.

Then followed the days with the dressmaker. A navy-blue serge trimmed with darker velvet and the loveliest of buttons, a pretty jacket to match, and a jaunty little hat, with kid gloves—yes, real kid, such as Nan had read about away up in Upland, but never had expected to see, much less to wear on her own hands—and many of the dainty little things which are precious boons to girlhood, had now been added to Nan's wardrobe.

The home letters were very few, for Nan had said in one of them: "I can *never* write it all;

you must wait till I get home, for it will take all winter to *tell* it."

One afternoon Mrs. Goodheart took her to see "The Old Homestead," and Nan fairly reveled in appreciation of country life shown on a Boston stage. It seemed to her it *must* be real, for did n't she know just such an "Uncle Josh" up in Upland? Even the beautiful lights and the crowds of well-dressed people, the music and the shifting of the scenes, and the curtain with the "beautiful picture rising up and down," could hardly convince her that it was only "make believe."

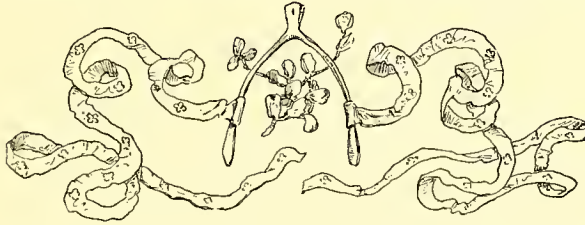
VI. NAN'S HOME-COMING.

AND all too soon came the time when Nan must say good-by. A little trunk fastened with straps and lock had taken the place of the box secured with a string, for her wardrobe now was sufficient to fill the trunk; and in one corner there was carefully put, by Mrs. Goodheart's

own hand, when Nan was not looking, the "dearest little clock" which Nan had wished for so much when they had been out among the shops. Many pretty little things had been tucked away in the corners for the other children at the Vermont home; and the little shawl which Nan had worn when Mr. Goodheart had found her at the station was carefully folded over all.

At last all was ready, the good-bys were said, and Nan was speeding back to the Katchpence home.

But was not all life brighter and happier for her? Was there not around each daily duty a golden halo? Was not the dull routine made beautiful by happy memories which lifted her above the commonplace? Had not all the care and affection bestowed upon Merrythought returned to her with interest such as she had never dreamed of? And is not all her life made more beautiful through her warm-hearted devotion to one of God's weak creatures?



A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE.



BRER FOX IN TROUBLE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

I DREAMED twelve owls in the jury-box,
And a bear with silken gown and wig,
Were trying a most unhappy fox,
Watched by a dog who was fierce and big.

Three monkeys grave, with pen and ink
And papers spread upon the table,
Wrinkled their brows and tried to think;
For they were lawyers, grave and able.

Then straightway it occurred to me
How matters might be changed around,
If the case about honey or mice should be,
And the jury or judge in the dock were found.

The bees could tell tales of old Judge Bear,
And the mice and frogs of those pompous owls,
Till neither one would ever dare
To speak of foxes or of fowls!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now is the crackle time of year, my friends, when the bright reds and yellows of October have taken on sober tints of gray and russet, and juicy blades and pliant stems grow stiff,

While, studded with sheaf and stack,
The fields lie browning in sullen haze
And creak in the farmer's track.

But there is plenty of life, somewhere. Squirrels and a few—ah, how few!—birds are about, and there are warm days when the air softens until it seems almost that summer may yet come back. Hear the song that Mr. Frank H. Sweet has sent to this pulpit:

Up in the top of a walnut-tree
Squirrels are having a jubilee,
And bright and gay
They frisk and play
And hold their harvest holiday;
And show their thanks
In squirrel pranks
For gathered nuts they've stored away.

Hear also what your friend M. F. B. has sent you:

'T was on an autumn morning,
The world seemed chill and bare,
A sense of bright things dying
Hovered on the air.
The wind it fell a-sighing,
And I said "Woe is me!"
There came a merry answer—
Chick-a-dee-dee!
Among the golden birches
The song rang blithe and clear,
In spite of leaves a-falling
And the lonesome time o' year.
I felt ashamed of sorrow,
And laughed in sudden glee;
Back came a joyous echo—
Chick-a-dee-dee!

Now we will turn our attention to

A LIVING HERCULES BEETLE.

MY birds have brought me great news. They got it from the Central Park sparrows, and it is confirmed by stately labeled birds behind wire fences, as the latest information from the Natural History museum.

The Hercules Beetle, you may know, is not only the largest member of the Coleoptera or beetle family, but it is the largest insect known. Being so distinguished, and consequently not at all common, it is seldom seen here excepting in the dried state, as specimens in the glass cases of learned collectors. But at last a real live Hercules Beetle has come to town. It was caught (as the Little Schoolma'am learned from the New York *Tribune*) in the island of Dominica in the West Indies, and brought by a sailor to the professor of entomology at the Natural History museum in New York. It is not a very pretty fellow,—no bug six inches long with gray wing-covers and a black head armed with a long horn lined with bristles, and another long horn growing out of its body, can be very charming,—but it certainly is interesting, and is well worth seeing, if one does n't go close enough to it to get a nip from the cruel horns. These, I am told, grow in such a way as to form a pair of strong nippers, with which Mr. Hercules Beetle can pinch a piece out of one's flesh before one can say "Jack Robinson."

Any of you, my hearers, who happen to have the Century Dictionary in your pockets may find in its pages a fine picture of this mammoth beetle.

HERE is a story from our friend the Rev. J. A. Davis. It is a remarkable incident, but brother Davis assures me that it is strictly true in every particular:

A CANINE CASABIANCA.

"Spot" was a Brooklyn dog, without noted ancestors or pedigree; but he had something better—a worthy character. He might pass as a kind of Casabianca among dogs.

Each morning before going to business in New York his master conducted family worship, to which "Spot" was admitted, though ordered to take his seat on a chair and remain quiet until his master should tell him to come down. The dog learned to obey, and would not desert his place no matter who called, or what inducement was offered, until his master allowed him to move away.

One morning the master was suddenly summoned away, and "Spot" was forgotten. All that day the poor fellow kept his place; now sitting, again standing, then, for a change, lying down, but never leaving the chair. His mistress tried to convince him that it would be all right; and the children tried to persuade him that his master had forgotten to permit him to leave his place; "Spot" remained where he had been ordered to stay.

When the owner returned at night, and was told of the dog, he hurried to the room to see what "Spot" would do. The dog was on the chair

waiting for his master, whose steps he recognized, but he did not offer to jump to the floor. Wagging his tail as though he would wag it off, the dog waited for the command that should set him free. When it was given, there was a streak of dog between the chair and feet of the master. Then, at his owner's feet, "Spot" gazed up into the face of the man with a look that said plainly, "I obeyed, Master, but it has been a hard day. Please do not let it happen again."

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A COMPANY FACE.

ONCE on a time, in a far-away place,
Lived a queer little girl with a company face,
And no one outside of the family knew
Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.
The change she could make with wondrous celerity,
For practice had lent her surprising dexterity,
But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day
(Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),
To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,
She failed to effect the desired transformation!
And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason,
Surprised her with half of her company face on,
And half of her every-day face peeping out,
Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout,
Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile
That shone on her "company" side all the while.
The caller no sooner had hurried away
Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay;
And, after a night spent in solemn reflection
On the folly of features that can't bear inspection,
She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place,
Calm, sweet, and serene, with her company face.
Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in,
Till you really might think 't would be worn very thin;
But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay,
And her relatives think 't was a red-letter day
When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason
Surprised her with half of her company face on.

MINNIE L. UPTON.

THE FLOWER-PICKERS.

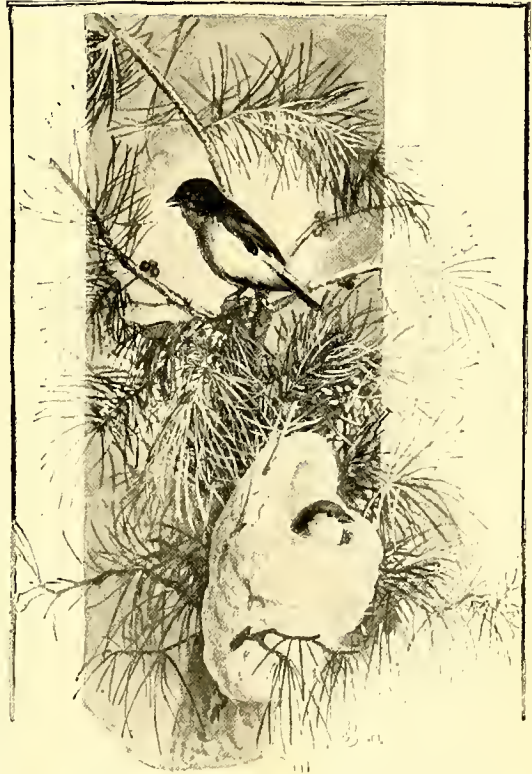
FEW of the people who live in the great island of Australia have ever seen a flower-picker, although they may have lived for years beneath the lofty trees upon which this little bird builds its pretty nest. The fact is the flower-picker lives so high up among the topmost twigs of the tallest trees, and is so small, and so seldom descends even to the lower branches, that, in spite of its rich scarlet breast, it never attracts notice, and, indeed, cannot often be seen by the naked eye at the distance from the ground at which it usually builds its nest. Sometimes a person standing beneath one of the great trees growing upon the bank of a creek or river, where these birds are to be found, will hear a pretty, warbling song, unlike any he ever heard elsewhere; but unless he knows the habits of the bird, and is a skilful hunter, he can scarcely hope to catch a glimpse of the singer snugly hidden away among the thickly growing leaves far above him.

The nest of the flower-picker is very beautiful; it is made of the cotton-like linings of the seed-pods of Australian shrubs and is perfectly white, so that, as it swings in the breeze, it looks like a snow-ball hanging on some wild vine or climbing plant.

There is another kind of a flower-picker that lives

in the island of Borneo. The little birds belonging to this species, unlike their timid Australian cousins, make their homes in low brushwood, and are so fearless that they will allow themselves to be almost touched before they take flight. The Malay people, who live in the part of Borneo where these birds are found, call them "sparks," because the male bird, when darting about among the bushes, really looks as bright as a flash of fire. The nest of the flower-picker of Borneo is about the shape and size of a goose-egg. It is built of fine green moss and a sort of brown silky mass of threads or fibers from a plant, and lined with a few small feathers. One of these nests was found in a tree that was cut down. All the nestlings but one were killed by the fall.

Mr. Motley, who tells us all we know of the bird, took the one little bird that was left alive, and suc-



THE AUSTRALIAN FLOWER-PICKERS AND THEIR NEST.

ceeded by great care in bringing it up, feeding it first on rice and bananas. As soon as it was strong enough it was placed in a small cage. Although very restless, never being for a moment still, it was quite tame and fearless, and would sit upon the finger without trying to fly away; and although its whole body, feathers and all, might have been shut up in a walnut, it would peck at a finger held out to it with great fierceness.

It is strange that two birds so much alike as the flower-pickers of Australia and those of Borneo should differ so in disposition and habits.



PUSSY'S "GOOD MORNING."

"I THINK YOU ARE A POLITE LITTLE CAT TO COME AND WISH ME GOOD MORNING!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

(ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN & CO. OF THE PAINTING BY E. MUNIER.)

PUSSY'S "GOOD-MORNING."

ONE night, just as Mabel was being put to bed, she told her nurse that she heard a soft "Scratch, scratch!" at her door. The nurse said she did not hear it at all. But Mabel said, "Hush! Now listen." Both kept very still, and plainly heard the sound again. Nurse opened the door, and there was a little kitten, who looked up saying "Mew!" and then walked in, lifting her paws high at each step.

"Why," said the nurse, "that is the kitten that came to the kitchen door to-day. The cook thought her so gentle and pretty that she gave her some milk and let her stay. She has come up to see you. Maybe she was some little girl's pet."

"Will you keep her for me till to-morrow?" Mabel asked, as the little kitten came purring about her feet.

"Yes," said the nurse.

Next morning, when the nurse came to dress Mabel, the kitten came with her, and jumped up on Mabel's lap, saying, "Mew, mew!"

"What does she mean?" Mabel asked.

"She means 'Good-morning, Mabel; I'd like my breakfast,'" said the nurse, smiling.

But just then the kitten looked at Mabel's canary, "Dick," and said, "Mew, mew, mew!" very fast.

Then Mabel laughed, and said:

"I think you are a polite little cat to come and wish me good-morning, and you shall have some breakfast. You can't have my canary, Pussy; but I'll give you a big bowl of bread and milk."

And the kitten had the bread and milk as soon as Mabel finished her own breakfast.

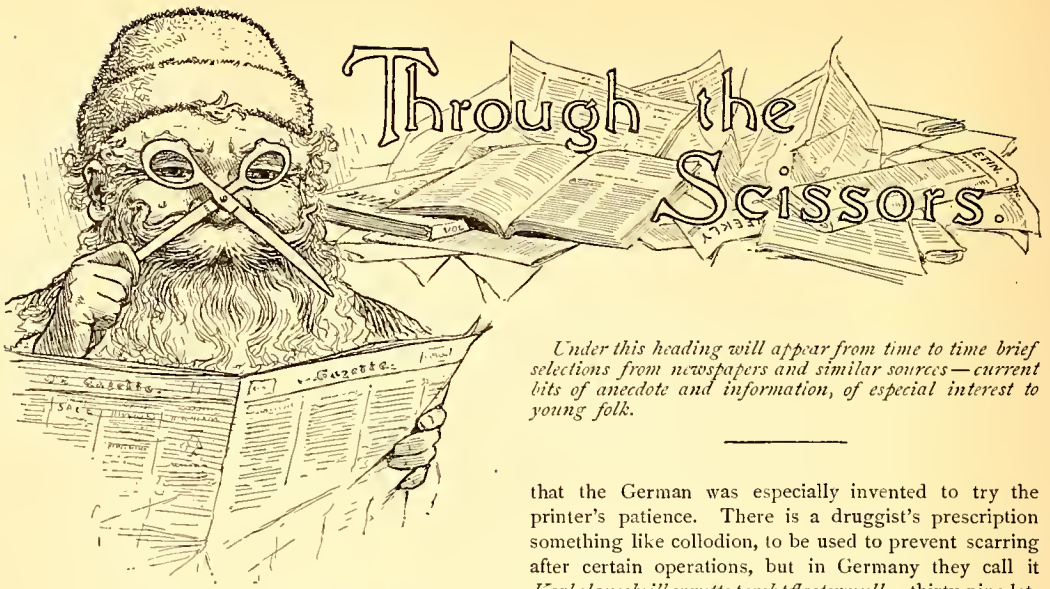
Perhaps the kitten did not mean that she wanted to eat the canary, for before long the kitten and Dick, the canary, became good friends.

"WHEN WE HAVE TEA."

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

IN winter-time, when we have tea,
We have to light the lamp to see;
The days are cold, the winds blow strong,
The sun's afraid to stay out long.

In summer-time, quite otherwise,
It seems he's always in the skies;
The weather's warm, he likes to stay,
And so we have our tea by day.



Under this heading will appear from time to time brief selections from newspapers and similar sources—current bits of anecdote and information, of especial interest to young folk.

THE SENATE PAGES.

OF the one hundred and ten appointments under the sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, those of the pages only can be said to be non-political. No boy can be appointed a page of the Senate who is not twelve years of age; and no boy can continue as a page who is sixteen years of age at the beginning of a session of Congress. It is a lucrative position, and few of the boys are not sorry when their term has ended. Usually, four of the boys who are graduated from the page's position at the beginning of a session are appointed riding-pages. Their selection depends on their records for efficiency and faithfulness. The page on the floor of the Senate draws \$2.50 a day during the session of Congress. The riding-page receives \$2.50 a day the year around, and has a horse to ride. His duties keep him out of doors a great part of the time, carrying messages between the Capitol and the departments. The position is considered more desirable than that of a page. Speaking of their work, the *Washington Star* says: "The page's life is a pleasant one. He must be on duty at nine o'clock each morning, but the serious business of the day does not begin until noon, when the Senate meets. Before that time he arranges the files of the *Congressional Record* and the bills and reports on the desks of the senators who have been assigned to him. There are sixteen pages and eighty-eight senators, so none of the pages has very much to do. The morning hours are not all working hours. There is a gymnasium in the basement of the Capitol, furnished especially for their use. They exercise their arms and their chests there every morning; their legs get plenty of exercise through the day."—*New York Evening Post*.

A WORD OF FORTY-TWO LETTERS.

THE English language is called one of the most difficult of acquirement by foreigners; but it would seem

that the German was especially invented to try the printer's patience. There is a druggist's prescription something like collodion, to be used to prevent scarring after certain operations, but in Germany they call it *Kazbolquecksilberguttaperchpflastermull*—thirty-nine letters. Still we for once outdo them with the chemical name for the drug hypnol—*manotrichloracetyledimethylphenylpyrazolon*—forty-two letters, not one of which must be skipped if we would convey a clear idea of the substance described.—*New York Independent*.

THE HORSE AS A REASONING ANIMAL.

"It is a mistaken idea that none but human beings can reason, and that dumb animals have not that power," said Professor Albert A. Palmer of Buffalo. "I am fully prepared to demonstrate that the animals inferior to man have reasoning faculties, and that what is generally termed instinct plays an important part in their doings and actions.

"Let me give a single example. I have a friend named Downing who owns a number of valuable race-horses. One is a horse known as 'Speedwest.' A day or so before a race in which the horse is entered he generally sends him out on the track mounted by a stable-boy for a little preparatory work. This horse will not take kindly to his work, and no amount of persuasion with whip or spur can get him away from a common canter. I noticed this peculiarity in the animal, and one day suggested to Downing that perhaps the horse knew that he was not expected to race, and for that reason could not understand exactly what was required of him. I prevailed upon him to dress the stable-boy in the colors usually worn in a race, and try the horse again. He did so, and the boy was placed in front of the animal for a moment that he might see the colors. The result was that when the boy mounted again the horse broke at the word of command and set off at a long, swinging gallop, which he increased to a run, finishing the work under a strong pull. Another stable-boy was put up without the colors, and the horse refused to leave the loping gait at which he started out. A second time the colors were used, and again the animal set out at a rate of speed calculated to break a record.

“What do you call that, instinct or reasoning? I contend that the horse had a rational faculty which he exercised at will. He knew that without the colors he had nothing in particular to gain by exerting himself for a swift run. When the colors were put on, the horse reasoned that there was some object in view. He reasoned that he was already prepared for a race, and made his pace accordingly without being urged.”—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

HE WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE.

A MINISTER of a prominent New York church, who was about to leave home for a few days, was bidding good-by to his family.

When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said: “Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care of mama.”

Bobby promised, and the father departed, leaving him with a very large and full appreciation of his new and weighty responsibility. When night came, and he was called to say his prayers, the young guardian expressed himself as follows:

“O Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick, and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary, and all the little Jones boys, and Bobby. But you need n't trouble about Mama, for I'm going to look after her myself.”—*Boston Budget*.

PROPORTIONS OF OUR FLAG.

IT was recently asked of the public-school children that they should give the exact proportions of the American flag. It was very reprehensible of them not to do so. I have tried cyclopedias, officers of the navy, and various lights of the educational world, but all in vain, and I cannot find out. Pray enlighten me. C.

Answer.—It is not surprising that public-school children could not meet the demand for information as to the dimensions of the American flag. That does not belong to the educational routine. It is a kind of knowledge which must be acquired in the practical part of life. The *Eagle* has answered the query as to the proportions of a flag many times. If a flag is 8 feet long each stripe should be 4 inches wide, which would give a width of 4 feet 4 inches to the flag. The union should cover 7 stripes, and be one third the length, or 32 inches wide. If the flag is 6 feet long it should be 3¼ feet wide.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

AN ANCIENT YANKEE NOTION.

WE are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canned fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been the pantry of a house many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint

was taken, and the next year fruit-canning was introduced into the United States; the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago.—*American Druggist*.

NOT FOR TRANSLATION.

THERE was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of seight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

FROM ONE LITTLE BROWN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A MAINE man has looked up the records of thirty-six boys who about fifty years ago went to the “little brown school-house” in Sanford. All have become prosperous and excellent citizens. Four are prominent lawyers; one a successful Boston physician; thirteen prosperous merchants; one a wealthy Kansas farmer; one is superintendent of the Life-saving Department at Washington; one is an officer in the United States Navy; and five are bankers. Four have been mayors of their cities, and seven, all leading citizens, still live in Sanford.—*New York Sun*.

“H'YAR 'XTRA!”

As showing how fearfully and wonderfully made the Russian newsboy must be, the following are specimens of the papers he cries out on the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow: *Wjedomosty Gradonatshalstwa, Olo-netzkija Gubernskija, Pskoffsky Gorodskoi Listok, Jekaterinoslawsky Listok, Wostotshwoje Objaaflenij, Estlandskija Gubernsk Wjedomosty*.—*New Haven Palladium*.

SIBILANT SILLINESS.

SWEET Sarah Sawyer's sickly sister Susan sat singing swiftly. Squire Samson Seward's son Sam strolled, smoking, sorrowfully seeking sweet Susan. Suddenly spying sad Susan sitting singing, Sam slouched slowly, stealing sunflowers, scaring sweet Sarah. Susan, starting, screeched:

“Sam, stop stealing sunflowers; seek some stale sandwiches!”

Sam seized several, swallowed seven, sank slowly, sighing, “So seasick.”

Sweet Sarah sauntered slowly. Seeing Sam so seasick, she said:

“Sister Susan, sprinkle some smelling-salts.”

She sprinkled some salts, singing sweet songs. “Sam survives,” spake Susan. She sobbed silently. Sam said:

“Susan, stop sobbing.”

She stopped, shivered, sneezed suddenly—so suddenly Sam shuddered. Somewhat startled, Susan said:

“Sweet Sam, sing some sad Sunday-school songs.”

Sam sang successfully.—*Utica Herald*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE thank our correspondent for this kindly letter. The mistake referred to has already been corrected in the Letter-Box of last month.

PORT HURON, MICH.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: PORT HURON has reasonable cause for complaint with ST. NICHOLAS for violent removal made by Miss McCabe, author of the article on Edison in your August issue. Residents who have been here long enough to get the "lay of the land," as well as of the contiguous waters, have always supposed that the lake we are able to see from our sky-scraper buildings to the northward was called "Huron." Miss McCabe says Port Huron is situated on the shores of Lake Erie. Possibly we might consent to the removal were it not for the fact that Lake Erie is comparatively narrow and shallow, while Lake Huron is broad and deep, and its cool waters render the summer climate on its banks most delightful. Under the circumstances, we must enter decided objections to the removal, and hope that you will intercede with Miss McCabe to place us back again at the foot of Lake Huron, where we have lived and flourished during the past half-century or more.

Yours most sincerely,

L. A. SHERMAN.

WE have received thirteen corrected versions of the second misspelled story, entitled "Sound versus Sense," which was given in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" in the September number; and, as ten out of the thirteen are absolutely correct, we think that our young folk must have been studying their spelling-books earnestly since they sent corrected versions of the first misspelled story. The names of those who sent correct copies are: "Almy," Katharine C. Hodge and Emma D. Howell, Cora R. Egan, J. Hanson Coburn, Maude C. McCoy, Mary C. Smith, Myra Fishback, Katharine Egbert, Laura G. Sanford, Henry Wallace, Ernestine Taylor, Mary B. Hillyer, Hildah Underhill. Virginia S. J., Clara M. E., B. B. D., and Jennie B. M. also sent copies that had only a few slight errors.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose that very few of the members of your congregation have ever seen a quarter, or twenty-five-cent piece, of gold.

I have one in my possession coined in California in the year 1875. It is a minute octagon, bearing on the obverse an Indian's head somewhat similar to those on the cents of the present issue; thirteen stars in the field, and the date 1875. The reverse, or back, bears $\frac{1}{4}$ at the opening of a wreath, and the word "Dollar," and the abbreviation "Cal." within the wreath.

Yours truly, CHARLES WILLARD L.—.

WE have received many hearty letters from *Wide Awake* readers, and we gladly print these three:

CHICOPEE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken *Wide Awake* a great many years, and although I can no longer call myself a child, I still enjoyed reading it.

Now, as a *Wide Awake* friend, I most cordially greet you, ST. NICHOLAS; for you are now dear because you represent dear little *Wide Awake*.

Your greeting to *Wide Awake* "recruits" is so hearty and sincere you do not seem like an intruder, but a dear old friend, who is going to keep on taking us, together with your happy followers, on more of the pleasant excursions into the realms of Delight, Knowledge, and Brotherly Love. I remain sincerely yours,

HELEN G. C.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle sent me the *Wide Awake*. I have been away all summer, and had a very nice time. Good-by, long life to the "*Wide Awake* ST. NICHOLAS," from

RUTH C. H.—.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just read in your September number of the *Wide Awake* joining with you.

I took the *Wide Awake* last year. Like others of your readers, I have been in Mexico, and have attended a Mexican school. We were in Parral, a little town in the State of Chihuahua, 800 miles from the city of Mexico. There are plenty of burros there; they are used a great deal in the mines. My brother tried to ride one, but it was so stubborn he had to have three boys to go behind and whip it. Ever your constant reader,

FLORENCE A. G.—.

READERS of the Letter-Box will be interested in this clever and amusing verse written by a little girl of ten. It is entitled

ODE TO MY MOTHER.

You and I are lonely
For our father dear;
But, although we miss him,
We wouldn't have him here:
For we want him to go bathing
In the shining Eastern sea,
And grow a *great deal* stouter
Ere he comes to you and me.

ELSIE LYLE.

LES MELÉZÉS, CHAMPEL, GENEVA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, eleven years old. My papa is in the navy. We have just come from the Navy-yard in San Francisco. I saw a letter from a little girl there, but she went away just before we came. While I was there, I had quite a lot of pets; they were as follows: nine cats, a mustang pony, a monkey, two guinea-pigs, a hedgehog, two parrots, two quail, a humming-bird, a Spanish squirrel, two rabbits, a coon, three dogs, and a wild canary. All that I have now is a puppy, whose name is "Puck Bijou." While I was crossing the ocean on "La Bourgogne," I met Clive Mapes, a nephew of our dear editor. Good-by, from your little friend,
MARY M—.

PLANT TREES!

ALL young folk in America should consider it a duty to plant a young tree in some bare spot, whenever practicable. Every homestead has room for at least one—an oak, an elm, or a walnut. But do not put it in a corner; a tree needs plenty of ground, and has its own way of showing gratitude for ample space.

We reprint from *The Century Magazine* a poem by Mr. H. C. Bunner: for we want our young folks to enjoy it in their own magazine.

THE HEART OF THE TREE.

(An Arbor-day Song.)

BY H. C. BUNNER.

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty, towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

SAYBROOK POINT, CONN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a seaside letter, where I am having a jolly summer.

Saybrook is an old Puritan town. John Winthrop founded it and named it for Lord Say-and-Seal and

Lord Brooke, who owned the grant of land here. The old cemetery is very quaint, the tombstones bearing many a curious legend, some in verse. Lady Fenwick was the first white woman who died here. She died in 1648. Her quaint tombstone, centuries old, still bears the date. Some of the stones have such funny names on them, such as "Submit," "Temperance Ann," and others as queer. It is such a dark, lonesome spot, I must acknowledge I don't like to pass it alone, not even in daytime. This place was the first home of Yale College, and a large "mound" is shown to preserve the memory of it.

What I really want to tell you most is very remarkable. As I was digging down deep near the beach, I dug up an old coin, which we polished up and found it was dated 1740, with "Britannia" around a woman sitting; on the other side, "Georgius II. Rex" surrounding a head of George the Second. I value it highly, because I believe one of those old Puritans lost it, for it was two and a half feet below the surface.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, you have been a great friend of mine ever since I could read, and my dolls used to be named after the girls in your stories. I am now eleven years old, and you are just as delightful as when I was six. I often hope that when I am grown up I can write stories you will publish. Your constant reader,
MARY AUSTIN Y—.

MILLIS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama has taken your lovely magazine in a club for fifteen years. We have a good many volumes bound, and we all value them very highly. I have two sisters, one older and one younger than myself, and I thought you might like to hear about a letter my oldest sister received when she was a little girl. She wanted Mama to write to Santa Claus for her, so Mama wrote:

"DEAR MR. ST. NICHOLAS, my Mama tells me, That of all folks ridiculous, you 're the funniest to see: With your little round face, and your jolly red nose, And wherever you come from, nobody knows."

Mama left the note on the dining-room table with pen and ink beside it, and the next morning there was a note from Santa Claus there too; but it was written with ink of a different color, and the letters were made in such queer shapes we knew Santa Claus must have written it. This was his answer:

"Where do I come from? What is it to you,
So that I fill your stocking, and my wife fills your shoe?
But still, as you 've asked me, I deem it but fair
To answer you truly, *I come from Nowhere.*"

Very truly yours, ARTHUR HALE W—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of your readers have ever seen a ship launched. I went to see one launched a few months ago, and it was perfectly beautiful. The ship was launched at South Chicago, and we went there on the ship "Arthur Orr," which started from down-town. It was a delightful trip, as the day was very warm.

Miss H., whose father is the president of the World's Fair, christened the ship that was to be launched. Just as she broke a hottle of champagne on the bow and said the words, "I christen you 'Manitou,'" the ropes which held it were loosened, and the Manitou glided grace-

fully into the water. For a moment I thought the ship could not steady itself, for a monstrous wave swept over it, and it seemed to lie right on its side. The effect it presented is indescribable, but it looked perfectly *beautiful*. But as the boat became steady the thousands of people who had watched it cheered and clapped amid the whistles of the Arthur Orr and several other boats.

We hope soon to make a trip on the Manitou, which runs up north as far as Mackinac and back twice a week.

Your friend and constant reader,
MAYROSE B—.

—

FORT SIDNEY, NEBRASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We (my brothers and sisters and myself) have taken you for twelve years. We spent the last three years at Fort Russell, Wyoming, and every month ST. NICHOLAS was more and more welcome. We are for the present at Fort Sidney, Nebraska. We take a great many drives here, and although the country is not very pretty, it is quite interesting. There are a great many ranches, which are cultivated in corn and grass. The most attractive sight at this post is the beautiful avenue of cottonwood trees, which have been growing here for a number of years and have attained an immense height. One of the companies here is an Indian company, and one of their amusements is beating on a drum for many hours a day. When the troops went out on their practice march, we went out to see their camp. We went to one of the companies to see their arrangements for supper; they had a good fire on the ground, and were cooking large quantities of hash in a Buzzacott oven. Over another fire were hanging a number of iron kettles, some containing hot water and others coffee. I am your devoted reader,

KATHARINE E—.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

IN the nights of chilly winter,
When the stormy breezes blow,
When the rivers all are frozen,
And the ground is white with snow;

When the sleighing-bells are ringing,
And the wind is howling loud,
Then the little snowflake fairies
Fall from out the stormy cloud,

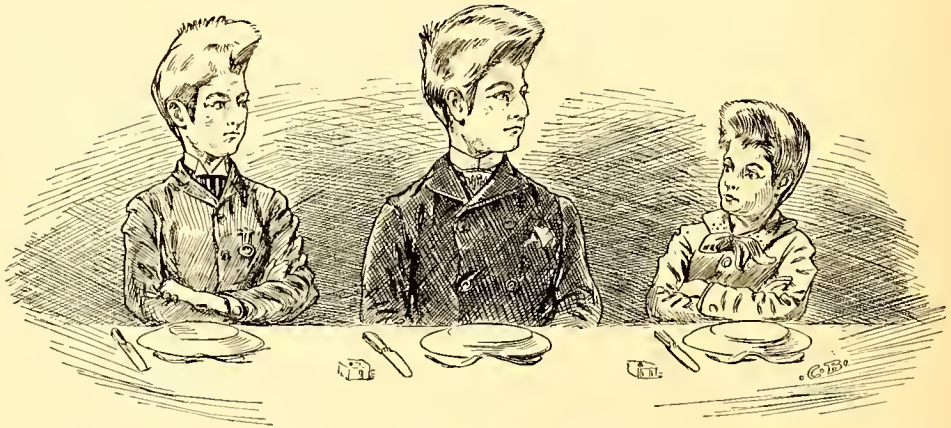
Landing on the hills and meadows,
On the squirrels pay a call,
Hushing all the trees to sleep, so
Soft and silently they fall:

Flying this way, flying that way,
Not allowed a bit of rest,
For the lively wind is blowing,
And he likes them whirling best.

PHILLIS D— (thirteen years old).

—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Teddie G., La Reine L., Eva G. H., Kate G. H., Grace C. H., Forrest C., Edith and Ethel E., Mabel R., Mildred C., Fred N. S., Virginia C. G., Robert J. S., Jr., E. H. K., Gladys W., Bertha W., Charles S., E. T. McG., Walter W., A. S. D., C. W. S., Emily R., Helen P. M., Lowell C. F., Addie M. B., E. W. T., Marjorie B., Elsie J. C., Martha H. E., Lilian W., F. D. B., Karl and Flossy W., Hazel M. S., Walter S. W., Alice and Emile B., Edith E. D., Elizabeth M. M., Flossy Laura C., Carrie T. F., Clara M. E., Laura G. S., and Edna S. C.



SHOCKING.

These are neither Albinos nor Museum Freaks. They are the three hardy sons of Neighbor Smith, who belong to the Eureka Foot-ball Eleven. Their sisters are horrified at the change in their personal appearance.

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS. Dryden. Cross-words: 1. D-fill. 2. R-eel. 3. Y-ell. 4. D-apple. 5. E-vent. 6. N-ode.

COIN PUZZLE. Millicent said, "I met a doll arrayed in white agleam with gold." "Mill" i "cents" ai "d i me" t a "doll ar" rayed in whit "e agle" am with gold.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry."

AN ARROW. ACROSS: 1. Caye. 2. Liage. 3. Crossbows. 4. Taste. 5. Fort.—**ANAGRAM.** Christopher Columbus.

METAMORPHOSIS. I. Fast, fact, face, lace, lane, sane, sand, send, seed, sled, slew, slow. II. Ice, ace, are, ore, ode, odd, add, aid, did, din, den, dew. III. Fear, dear, deer, deed, heed, held, hold, hole, hope.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, Vermont; 1 to 3, vagrant; 2 to 4, tremble; 3 to 4, trample; 5 to 6, sharers; 5 to 7, sharpen; 6 to 8, shamble; 7 to 8, narrate; 1 to 5, vans; 2 to 6, toss; 4 to 8, else; 3 to 7, thin.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, should be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Kiddle-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 "M. McG."—Paul Reese—Four of "The Wise Five"—Mama and Jamie—Dorothy Day—E. M. G.—Ida C. Thallon—Josephine Sherwood—L. O. E.—Gail Ramond—"Block Island"—Katharine Moncrief—"Tommy Traddles"—Jo and I—Amy Ewing—"Wareham"—"Uncle Mung"—Maud and Dudley Banks—Zada Dav.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from John Merchant, 2—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co., 10—Jeanne M. H., 2—Lucie Hegeman and Elsie Moyer, 1—Herbie J. Rose, 1—May and Nannie, 6—Irene Thompson, 1—"H. M. Myself," 5—J. W. D., 2—Amy Hope B., 2—Carrie Chester, 1—Mabel E. A., 1—M. S. M., 2—R. R. N., 5—"The Egyptian," 2—George McCloskey, 1—Margaret Crocker, 2—Grace Shirley, 1—J. V. M., 2—F. M. B., 2—M. J. P., 8—Albert S. Reese, 2—Bobby Wallis, 1—Theodore Goldsmith, 2—Ruth M. Mason, 1—E. Padelford Taft, 1—Clara M. Upton, 5—Laura M. Zinser, 5—Worcester Bouck, 1—Edwin Rutherford, 1—"Punch and Judy," 3—Grantknauff, 1—Clara Mayer, 1—L. H. K., 2—Geo. S. Seymour, 6—Eva and Bessie, 5—Boys of Church Home, Johnstown, Pa., 5—"Three Blind Mice," 5—Tabitha McGeorge, 5—Melville Hunnewell, 4—Jessie Chapman, 7—"The Highmount Girls," 9—Helen C. McCleary, 10—"Two Berkshire Girls," 4—L. Hutton and V. Beede, 8—June, 9.

HIDDEN FISHES.

1. O PA! Have you brought home my big, ruby ring?
2. As Tom was passing, a piece of paper chanced to fall on the floor.
3. If another hoop will make the tub as strong as ever, please put one on.
4. Will you ask at every house if Molly has passed by?
5. If you put some drab on it over the blue, it will look better.
6. I never saw beef so lean and tasteless.
7. If Percival has had a suitable vacation he should resume work.
8. Here is a tangle ready for you to undo.
9. If you want news of Ma'abar, Belle can give it to you.
10. If you let the car pass, you cannot have a ride.

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS artificer:

BEN CUT NO EVIL LINE.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a British officer of Revolutionary fame.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small sailing-vessel used only for pleasure-trips. 2. A mammal peculiar to Mexico and

Hour-glass. Centrals, Madison. Cross-words: 1. cheMist. 2. blAde. 3. aDd. 4. I. 5. aSk. 6. drOne. 7. shiNgle.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Racine. 1. Ribbon. 2. sAndal. 3. piCkax. 4. chAirs. 5. ermiNe. 6. circLE.

ZIGZAG. "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains." 1. Palos. 2. fAgot. 3. moTto. 4. litHe. 5. flufF. 6. chAln. 7. doNor. 8. aDmit. 9. Evict. 10. aRoma. 11. clOUd. 12. craFt. 13. mighT. 14. figHt. 15. GrEek. 16. pRate. 17. Ovoid. 18. aCrid. 19. faKir. 20. praYs. 21. HiraM. 22. sloOp. 23. brUte. 24. cNact. 25. Thank. 26. gAmut. 27. twIst. 28. slaNg. 29. vialS.

POETICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, William Tell; finals, Switzerland. Cross-words: 1. Wrens. 2. Ingelvor. 3. Iapis lazuli. 4. Launcelot. 5. Inez. 6. Anemone. 7. Marston Moor. 8. Tyrrell. 9. Egeria. 10. Lantern. 11. Leopard.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Manes. 2. Arian. 3. Nitre. 4. Earyl. 5. Snell. II. 1. Snath. 2. Nitre. 3. Attic. 4. Trial. 5. Hecla.

South America. 3. The smallest mammal in existence. 4. A windlass. 5. Flatters meanly. 6. Egg-shaped. 7. An inhabitant of the southern part of Asia. 8. Bands or girdles. 9. Animals of the hog kind. 10. Celerity of motion.

HERBERT SIDDONS.

PI.

ROE thees owl domesaw shang a pells
Hatt slodh a gretans, otecip crahm:
I hare ti ni eht raf bloweel,
Sa vatrang latec kese eth fram.
Ene ni thees kalcb brovemen sayd
Theer's snagdels rof eht thare hatt shede.
Het sharm ot em on goltm sooveny,
Hothug eht gery storf eb no eht swede.

HEXAGON.

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1. A SOFT mineral.
2. Surfaces.
3. Looked askance.
4. A popular candy.
5. An old word meaning to imitate.
6. To dig.
7. To cast a sidelong look.

CHARLES B. D.



PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

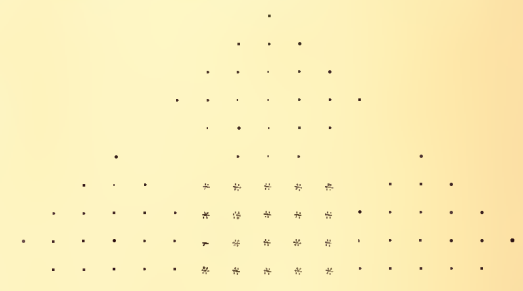
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the initial letters will spell a character in one of Dickens's works.
CROSS-WORDS :
 1. An herb often used as a seasoning. 2. A country in Asia. 3. A water-nymph. 4. Juvenility. 5. Compact. 6. A

purple color. 4. An aluminous mineral of a rich blue color. 5. A metal, coming into general use, remarkable for its lightness. 6. A steep, rugged rock. 7. A volcanic rock formed of consolidated cinders. 8. Space of time between any two events. 9. Baked clay. 10. The highest mountain in the world. 11. Rocks which split readily into thin plates. W. J.

HOURL-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS : 1. Bestows liberally. 2. To pain acutely. 3. A beverage. 4. In hour-glass. 5. An animal. 6. One who scatters seeds. 7. Pursuing.
 My centrals, reading downward, spell what often may be found by the waterside. A. B. C.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.



country of Europe. 7. A guillemot.

WORD-BUILDING.

I. A LETTER. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. Conclusion. 4. To cause to go in any manner. 5. Separates into parts with force or sudden violence. 6. Those who live on the labors of others. 7. Considers attentively. 8. Instruments used for beating. 9. Very heavy.
 "THREE BLIND NICE."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of a hundred and three letters, and am a quotation from Coleridge.
 My 70-24-13-11-53-55 is to seesaw. My 34-5-50-80-31-95-48-20-26-88 is promising. My 85-62-67 is a coxcomb. My 83-58-39-73 is furnished with shoes. My 16-28-101-41-44-91 is anything that brings good luck. My 98-90-60-103-65 is search. My 97-9-7-75-22 is darkness. My 43-25-2-63-21 is banter. My 77-37-45-100-33 is decreased. My 29-81-86-69-94 is uproar. My 27-19-93-18-52 is an aromatic substance mentioned in the second chapter of St. Matthew. My 79-15-84-30-71 is odor. My 89-1-56-99-46 is to taunt. My 10-51-92-3-102 is to dwarf. My 61-95-49-82-76-38 is a poem of fourteen lines. My 59-36-47 is a feminine name. My 35-78-14-87 is clean. My 54-6-57 is to strike gently. My 12-64-4-23 is elevated. My 72-17-40 is a prefix signifying negation. My 66-68-74-42-8-32 is a shiny fabric.
 E. M. H.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. A VEGETABLE growth. 2. A large organ of the body. 3. An old word meaning "to look at." 4. Snug places. 5. A ringlet.
 CHARLES B. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, spell certain things which grow downward; and my finals, reading upward, spell certain things which grow upward.
CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. Gems. 2. A gem of a bright blue color. 3. A variety of quartz of a

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In defalcates. 2. To ask alms. 3. An East Indian princess. 4. Honors conferred by universities. 5. A visitor. 6. Encountered. 7. In defalcates.
II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In defalcates. 2. To strike gently. 3. A Turkish governor. 4. Secures firmly. 5. Robbery. 6. An insect. 7. In defalcates.
III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A difficult question. 2. A pigment. 3. A bundle of grain. 4. To rub out. 5. To relate.
IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In defalcates. 2. Part of a locomotive. 3. An artificial watercourse. 4. A person affected by excessive enthusiasm. 5. To lave. 6. A false statement. 7. In defalcates.
V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In defalcates. 2. A light moisture. 3. An evil spirit. 4. Pertaining to the femur. 5. To harass by pursuit and barking. 6. A term of negation. 7. In defalcates.
 F. W. F.



"LITTLE TOOMAI WOULD HAVE FAINTED WHERE HE WAS
SOONER THAN HAVE CRIED OUT."

(SEE PAGE 109.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

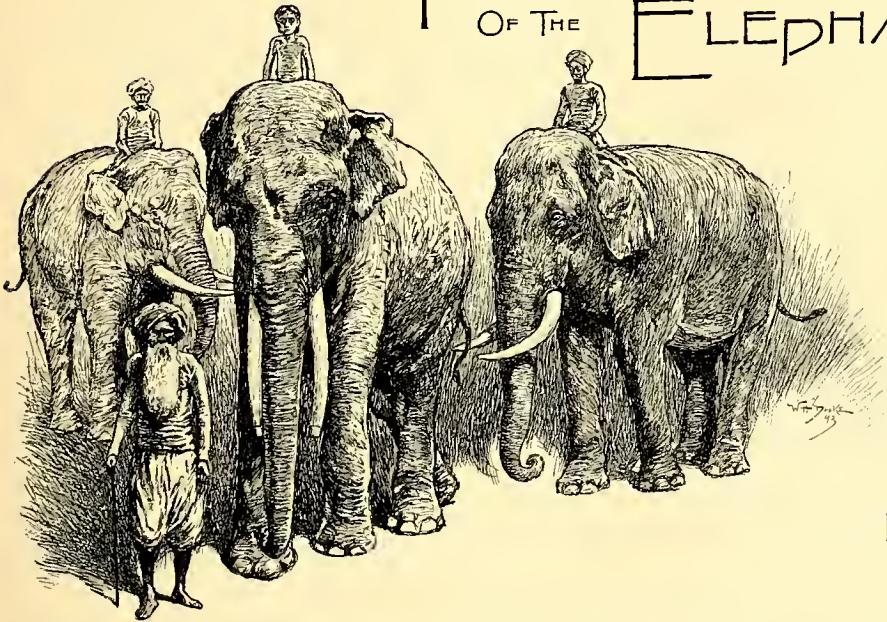
VOL. XXI.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 2

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TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS.



BY

RUDYARD

KIPLING.

KALA NAG, which means Black Snake, had served the Indian Government in every way that an elephant could serve it for forty-seven years, and as he was fully twenty years old when he was caught, that makes him nearly seventy—a ripe age for an elephant. He remembered pushing, with a big leather pad on his forehead, at a gun stuck in deep mud, and that was before the Afghan war of 1842, and he had not then come to his full strength. His

mother Radha Pyari,—Radha the darling,—who had been caught in the same drive with Kala Nag, told him, before his little milk-tusks had dropped out, that elephants who were afraid always got hurt: and Kala Nag knew that that advice was good, for the first time that he saw a shell burst he backed, screaming, into a stand of piled rifles, and the bayonets pricked him in all his softest places. So, before he was twenty-five, he gave up being

afraid, and so he was the best-loved and the best-looked-after elephant in the service of the Government of India. He had carried tents, twelve hundred pounds' weight of tents, on the march in upper India: he had been hoisted into a ship at the end of a steam-crane and taken for days across the water, and made to carry a mortar on his back in a strange and rocky country very far from India, and had seen the Emperor Theodore lying dead in Magdala, and had come back again in the steamer entitled, so the soldiers said, to the Abyssinian war medal. He had seen his fellow-elephants die of cold and epilepsy and starvation and sunstroke up at a place called Ali Musjid, ten years later; and afterward he had been sent down thousands of miles south to haul and pile big baulks of teak in the timber-yards at Moulmein. There he had half killed an insubordinate young elephant who was shirking his fair share of work.

After that he was taken off timber-hauling, and employed, with a few score other elephants who were trained to the business, in helping to catch wild elephants among the Garo hills. Elephants are very strictly preserved by the Indian Government. There is one whole department which does nothing else but hunt them, and catch them, and break them in, and send them up and down the country as they are needed for work. Kala Nag stood ten fair feet at the shoulders, and his tusks had been cut off short at five feet, and bound round the ends, to prevent them splitting, with bands of copper; but he could do more with those stumps than any untrained elephant could do with the real sharpened ones. When, after weeks and weeks of cautious driving of scattered elephants across the hills, the forty or fifty wild monsters were driven into the last stockade, and the big drop-gate, made of tree-trunks lashed together, jarred down behind them, Kala Nag, at the word of command, would go into that flaring, trumpeting pandemonium (generally at night, when the flicker of the torches made it difficult to judge distances), and, picking out the biggest and wildest tusker of the mob, would hammer him and hustle him into quiet while the men on the backs of the other elephants roped and tied the smaller ones.

There was nothing in the way of fighting that Kala Nag, the old wise Black Snake, did not know, for he had stood up more than once in his time to the charge of the wounded tiger, and, curling up his soft trunk to be out of harm's way, had knocked the springing brute sideways in mid-air with a quick sickle-cut of his head, that he had invented all by himself; had knocked him over, and kneeled upon him with his huge knees till the life went out with a gasp and a howl, and there was only a fluffy striped thing on the ground for Kala Nag to pull by the tail.

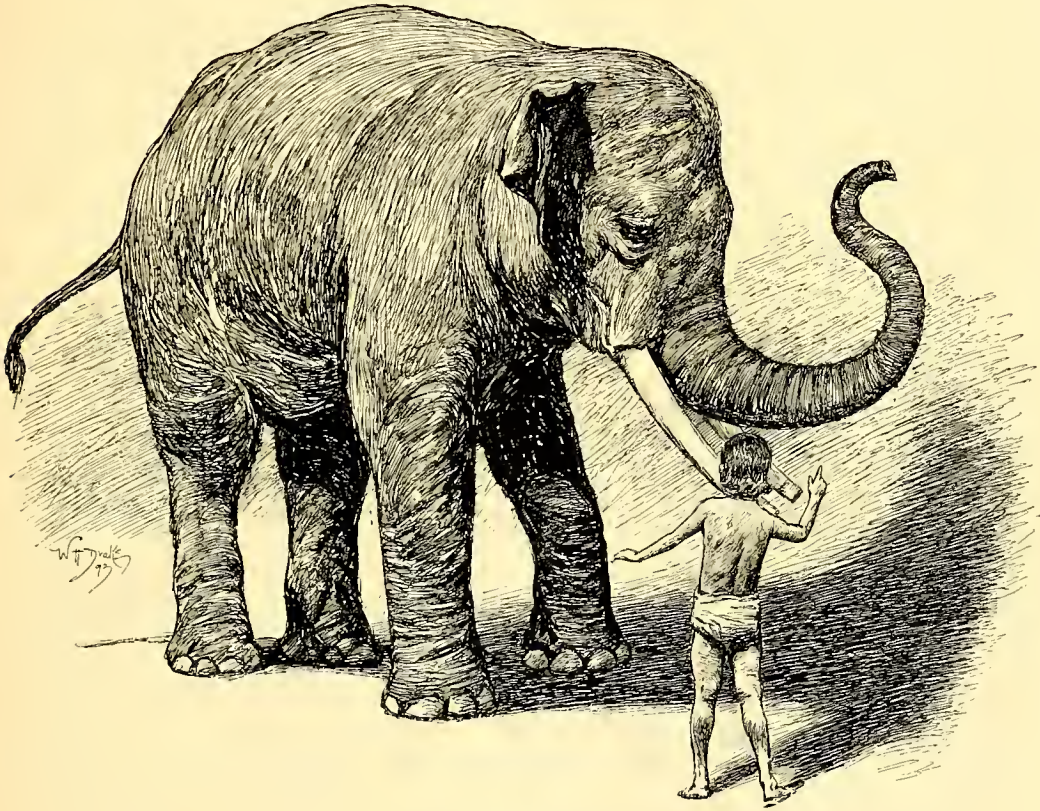
"Yes," said Big Toomai, his driver, the son of Black Toomai who had taken him to Abyssinia, and grandson of Toomai of the Elephants who had seen him caught, "there is nothing that the Black Snake fears except me. He has seen three generations of us feed him and groom him, and he will live to see four."

"He is afraid of *me* also," said Little Toomai, standing up to his full height of four feet, with only one rag upon him. He was ten years old, the eldest son of Big Toomai, and, according to custom, he would take his father's place on Kala Nag's neck when he grew up, and would handle the heavy iron *ankus*, the elephant-goad that had been worn smooth by his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather. He knew what he was talking of; for he had been born under Kala Nag's shadow, had played with the end of his trunk before he could walk, had taken him down to water as soon as he could walk, and Kala Nag would no more have dreamed of disobeying his shrill little orders than he would have dreamed of killing him on that day when Big Toomai carried the little brown baby in his arms under Kala Nag's tusks, and told him to salute his master that was to be. "Yes," said Little Toomai, "he is afraid of *me*," and he took long strides up to Kala Nag, called him a fat old pig, and made him lift up his feet, one after the other.

"Wah!" said Little Toomai, "thou art a big elephant," and he wagged his fluffy head, quoting his father. "The Government may pay for elephants, but they belong to us mahouts. When thou art old, Kala Nag, there will come some rich Rajah, and he will buy thee

from the Government, on account of thy size and thy manners, and then thou wilt have nothing to do but to carry gold earrings in thy ears, and a gold howdah on thy back, and a red cloth covered with gold on thy sides, and walk at the head of the processions of the King.

elephant-lines, one stall to each elephant, and big stumps to tie them to safely, and flat, broad roads to exercise upon, instead of this come-and-go camping. Aha, the Cawnpore barracks were good. There was a bazar close by, and only three hours' work a day."



"'HE IS AFRAID OF ME,' SAID LITTLE TOOMAI, AND HE MADE KALA NAG LIFT UP HIS FEET, ONE AFTER THE OTHER."

Then I shall sit on thy neck, O Kala Nag, with a silver ankus, and men will run before us with golden sticks, crying, 'Room for the King's elephant!' That will be good, Kala Nag, but not so good as this hunting in the jungles."

"Umph," said Big Toomai. "Thou art a boy, and as wild as a buffalo-calf. This running up and down among the hills is not the best Government service. I am getting old, and I do not love wild elephants. Give me brick

Little Toomai remembered the Cawnpore elephant-lines and said nothing. He very much preferred the camp life, and hated those broad flat roads, with the daily grubbing for grass in the forage-reserve, and the long hours when there was nothing to do except to watch Kala Nag fidgeting in his pickets. What Little Toomai liked was the scramble up bridle-paths that only an elephant could take; the dip into the valley below; the glimpses of the wild elephants browsing miles away; the

rush of the frightened pig and peacock under Kala Nag's feet; the blinding warm rains, when all the hills and valleys smoked; the beautiful misty mornings when nobody knew where they would camp that night; the steady, cautious drive of the wild elephants, and the mad rush, and blaze, and hullabaloo of the last night's drive, when the elephants poured into the stockade like boulders in a landslide, found that they could not get out, and flung themselves at the heavy posts only to be driven back by yells and flaring torches and volleys of blank cartridge. Even a little boy could be of use there, and Toomai was as useful as three boys. He would get his torch and wave it, and yell with the best. But the really good time came when the driving out began, and the Keddah, that is, the stockade, looked like a

picture of the end of the world, and men had to make signs to one another, because they could not hear themselves speak. Then Little Toomai would climb up to the top of one of the quivering stockade-posts, his sun-bleached brown hair flying loose all over his shoulders, and he looking like a goblin in the torch-light; and as soon as there was a lull you could hear his high-pitched yells of encouragement to Kala Nag, above the trumpeting and crashing, and snapping of ropes, and groans of the tethered elephants. "*Mail, mail, Kala Nag!* (Go on, go on, Black Snake!) *Dant do!* (Give him the tusk!) *Somalo! Somalo!* (Careful, careful!) *Maro! Mar!* (Hit him, hit him!) Mind the post! *Arre! Arre!* *Hai! Yai! Kya-a-ah!*" he would shout, and the big fight between Kala Nag and the wild



"HE WOULD GET HIS TORCH AND WAVE IT, AND YELL WITH THE BEST."

elephant would sway to and fro across the Keddah, and the old elephant-catchers would wipe the sweat out of their eyes, and find time to nod to Little Toomai wriggling with joy on the top of the posts. He did more than wriggle. One night he dropped down and slipped in between the elephants, and threw up the loose end of a rope, which had dropped, to a driver who was trying to get a purchase on the leg of a kicking young calf (calves always give more trouble than full grown animals). Kala Nag saw him, caught him in his trunk, and handed him up to Big Toomai, who slapped him then and there, and put him back on the post. Next morning he gave him a scolding, and said: "Are not good brick elephant-lines and a little tent-carrying enough for you, that you must needs go elephant-catching on your own account, little worthless? Now those foolish hunters, whose pay is less than my pay, have spoken to Petersen Sahib of the matter." Little Toomai was frightened. He did not know much of white men, but Petersen Sahib was the greatest white man in the world to him. He was the head of all the Keddah operations—the man who caught all the elephants for the Government of India, and who knew more about the ways of elephants than any living man.

"What—what will happen?" said Little Toomai.

"Happen! the worst that can happen. Petersen Sahib is a madman; else why should he go hunting these wild devils? He may even require thee to be an elephant-catcher, to sleep anywhere in these fever-filled jungles, and at last to be trampled to death in the Keddah. It is well that this nonsense ends safely. Next week the catching is over, and we of the plains are sent back to our stations. Then we will march on smooth roads, and forget all this hunting. But, son, I am angry that thou shouldst meddle in the business that belongs to these dirty Assamese jungle-folk. Kala Nag will obey none but me, so I must go with him into the Keddah, but he is only a fighting elephant, and he does not help to rope them. So I sit at my ease, as befits a mahout,—not a mere hunter,—a mahout, I say, and a man who gets a pension at the end of

his service. Is the family of Toomai of the Elephants to be trodden underfoot in the dirt of a Keddah? Bad one! Wicked one! Worthless son! Go and wash Kala Nag and attend to his ears, and see that there are no thorns in his feet; or else Petersen Sahib will surely catch thee and make thee a wild hunter—a follower of elephant's foot-tracks, a jungle-bear. Bah! Shame! Go!"

Little Toomai went off without saying a word, but he told Kala Nag all his grievances while he was examining his feet. "No matter," said Little Toomai, turning up the fringe of Kala Nag's huge right ear. "They have said my name to Petersen Sahib, and perhaps—and perhaps—and perhaps—who knows? Hai! That is a big thorn that I have pulled out!"

The next few days were spent in getting the elephants together, in walking the newly caught wild elephants up and down between a couple of tame ones, to prevent them giving too much trouble on the downward march to the plains, and in taking stock of the blankets and ropes and things that had been worn out or lost in the forest. Petersen Sahib came in on his clever she-elephant Pudmini; he had been paying off other camps among the hills, for the season was coming to an end, and there was a native clerk sitting at a table under a tree, to pay the drivers their wages. As each man was paid he went back to his elephant, and joined the line that stood ready to start. The catchers, and hunters, and beaters, the men of the regular Keddah, who stayed in the jungle year in and year out, sat on the backs of the elephants that belonged to Petersen Sahib's permanent force, or leaned against the trees with their guns across their arms, and made fun of the drivers who were going away, and laughed when the newly caught elephants broke the line and ran about. Big Toomai went up to the clerk with Little Toomai behind him, and Machua Appa, the head-tracker, said in an undertone to a friend of his, "There goes one piece of good elephant-stuff at least. 'T is a pity to send that young jungle-cock to moult in the plains."

Now Petersen Sahib had ears all over him, as a man must have who listens to the most silent of all living things—the wild elephant.

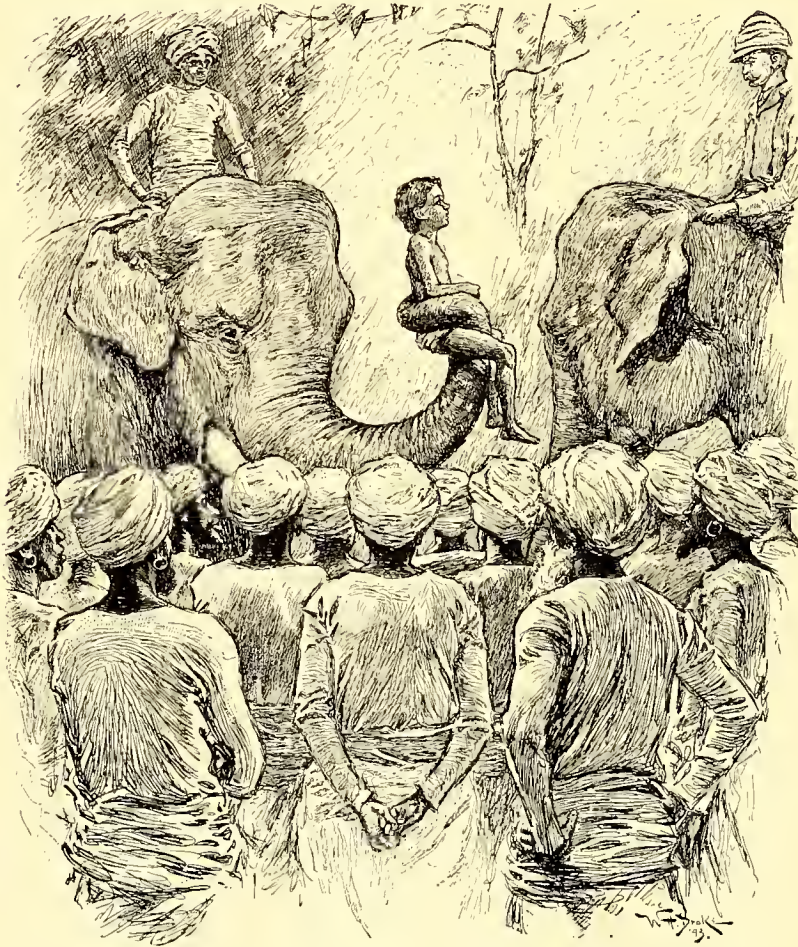
He turned where he was lying all along on Pudmini's back, and said, "What is that? I did not know of a man among the plains-drivers who had wit enough to rope even a dead elephant."

"This is not a man, but a boy. He went into the Keddah at the last drive, and threw Barmao

and Toomai made a sign with his hand, and the elephant caught him up in his trunk and held him level with Pudmini's forehead, in front of the great Petersen Sahib. Then Little Toomai covered his face with his hands, for he was only a child, and, except where elephants were concerned, he was just as bashful as a child could be.

"Oho," said Petersen Sahib, smiling underneath his beard, "And where didst thou teach thy elephant *that* trick? Was it to help thee to steal green corn from the roofs of the houses when the ears are put out to dry?"

"Not green corn, Protector of the Poor—melons," said Little Toomai, and all the men sitting about broke into a roar of laughter. Most of them had taught their elephants that trick when they were boys. Little Toomai was hanging eight feet up in the air, and he wished very much that



"NOT GREEN CORN, PROTECTOR OF THE POOR,—MELONS," SAID LITTLE TOOMAI."

there the rope, when we were trying to get that young calf with the blotch on his shoulder away from his mother." Machua Appa pointed at Little Toomai, and Petersen Sahib looked, and Little Toomai bowed to the earth.

"He threw a rope? He is smaller than a picket-pin. Little one, what is thy name," said Petersen Sahib. Little Toomai was too frightened to speak, but Kala Nag was behind him,

he was eight feet under ground.

"He is Toomai, my son, Sahib," said Big Toomai, scowling. "He is a very bad boy, and he will end in a jail, Sahib."

"Of that I have my doubts," said Petersen Sahib. "A boy who can face a full Keddah at his age does not end in jails. See, little one, here are four annas to spend in sweetmeats because thou hast a little head under that great

thatch of hair. In time thou mayest become a hunter, too." Big Toomai scowled more than ever. "Remember, though, that Keddahs are not good for children to play in," Petersen Sahib went on.

"Must I never go there, Sahib?" asked Little Toomai, with a big gasp.

"Yes." Petersen Sahib smiled again. "When thou hast seen the elephants dance. That is the proper time. Come to me when thou hast seen the elephants dance, and then I will let thee go into all the Keddahs."

There was another roar of laughter, for that is an old joke among elephant-catchers, and it means just never. There are great cleared flat places hidden away in the forests that are called elephant's ball-rooms, but even these are only found by accident, and no man has ever seen the elephants' dance. When a driver boasts of his skill and bravery the other drivers say, "And when didst *thou* see the elephants dance?"

Kala Nag put Little Toomai down, and he bowed to the earth again and went away with his father, and gave the silver four-anna piece to his mother, who was nursing his baby brother, and they all were put up on Kala Nag's back, and the line of grunting, squealing elephants rolled down the hill path to the plains. It was a very lively march on account of the new elephants, who gave trouble at every ford, and who needed coaxing or beating every other minute.

Big Toomai prodded Kala Nag spitefully, for he was very angry, but Little Toomai was too happy to speak. Petersen Sahib had noticed him, and given him money, so he felt as a private soldier would feel if he had been called out of the ranks and praised by his commander-in-chief.

"What did Petersen Sahib mean by the elephant-dance?" he said, at last, softly to his mother.

Big Toomai heard him and grunted. "That thou shouldst never be one of these hill-buffalos of trackers. *That* was what he meant. Oh! you in front, what is blocking the way?"

An Assamese driver, two or three elephants ahead, turned round angrily, crying, "Bring up Kala Nag, and knock this youngster of mine into good behavior. Why should Petersen

Sahib have chosen *me* to go down with you donkeys of the rice-fields? Lay your beast alongside, Toomai, and let him prod with his tusks. By all the Gods of the Hills, these new elephants are possessed, or else they can smell their companions in the jungle."

Kala Nag hit the new elephant in the ribs and knocked the wind out of him, as Big Toomai said, "We have swept the hills of wild elephants at the last catch. It is only your carelessness in driving. Must I keep order along the whole line?"

"Hear him!" said the Assamese. "*We* have swept the hills! Ho! Ho! You are very wise, you plains-people. Any one but a mud-head who never saw the jungle would know that *they* know that the drives are ended for the season. Therefore all the wild elephants to-night will—but why should I waste wisdom on a river-turtle?"

"What will they do?" Little Toomai called out.

"*Ohé*, little one. Art thou there? Well, I will tell thee, for thou hast a cool head. They will dance, and it behooves thy father, who has swept *all* the hills of *all* the elephants, to double-chain his pickets to-night."

"What talk is this?" said Big Toomai. "For forty years, father and son, we have tended elephants, and we have never heard such moonshine about dances."

"Yes; but a plains-man who lives in a hut knows only the four walls of his hut. Well, leave thy elephants unshackled to-night and see what comes; as for their dancing, I have seen the place where—*Bapree-Bap!* How many windings has the Dihang River? Here is another ford, and we must swim the calves. Stop still, you behind there."

And in this way, talking and wrangling and splashing through the rivers, they made their first march to a sort of receiving-camp for the new elephants; but they lost their tempers long before they got there.

Then the elephants were chained by their hind legs to their big stumps of pickets, and extra ropes were fitted to the new elephants, and the fodder was piled before them, and the hill-drivers went back to Petersen Sahib through the afternoon light, telling the plains-drivers to

be extra careful that night, and laughing when the plains-drivers asked the reason.

Little Toomai attended to Kala Nag's supper, and as evening fell, wandered through the camp, unspeakably happy, in search of a tom-tom. When an Indian child's heart is full, he does not run about and make a noise in an irregular fashion. He sits down to a sort of revel all by himself. And Little Toomai had been spoken to by Petersen Sahib! If he had not found what he wanted, I believe he would have been ill. But the sweetmeat-seller in the camp lent him a little tom-tom,—a drum that you beat with the flat of your hand,—and he sat down, cross-legged, before Kala Nag as the stars began to come out, the tom-tom in his lap, and he thumped and he thumped and he thumped, and the more he thought of the great honor that had been done to him, the more he thumped, all alone among the elephant-fodder. There was no tune and no words, but it was the thumping that made him happy. The new elephants strained at their ropes, and squealed and trumpeted from time to time, and he could hear his mother in the camp hut putting his small brother to sleep with an old, old song about the great God Shiv, who once told all the animals what they should eat. I have forgotten the native words; but it is a very soothing lullaby, and the first verse says:

Shiv, who poured the harvest and made the winds to blow,
Sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago,
Gave to each his portion, food and toil and fate,
From the king upon the *guddee* to the beggar at the gate.

All things made he — Shiva the preserver.

Mahadeo! Mahadeo! he made all,—

Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,

And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

It goes on for ever so many verses, and Little Toomai came in with a joyous *tunk-a-tunk* at the end of each verse, till he felt sleepy and stretched himself on the fodder at Kala Nag's side. At last the elephants began to lie down one after another as is their custom, till only Kala Nag at the right of the line was left standing up; and he rocked slowly from side to side, his ears put forward to listen to the night wind as it blew very slowly across the hills. The air was full of all the night noises that, taken to-

gether, make one big silence — the click of one bamboo-stem against the other, the rustle of something alive in the undergrowth, the scratch and squawk of a half-waked bird (birds are awake in the night much more often than we imagine), and the fall of water ever so far away. Little Toomai slept for some time, and when he waked it was brilliant moonlight, and Kala Nag was still standing up with his ears cocked. Little Toomai turned, rustling in the fodder, and watched the curve of his big back against half the stars in heaven, and while he watched he heard, so far away that it sounded no more than a pinhole of noise pricked through the stillness, the "hoot-toot" of a wild elephant. All the elephants in the lines jumped up as if they had been shot, and their grunts really roused the sleeping mahouts. They came out of the huts, rubbing their eyes, and drove in the picket-pegs with big mallets, and tightened this rope and knotted that till all was quiet. One new elephant had nearly grubbed up his picket, and Big Toomai took off Kala Nag's leg-chain and shackled that elephant fore foot to hind foot, and just slipped a loop of grass string round Kala Nag's leg, and told him to stay still and remember that he was tied. He knew that he and his father and his grandfather had done the very same thing hundreds of times before. Kala Nag did not answer to the order by gurgling, as he usually did. He stayed still, looking out across the moonlight, his head a little raised and his ears spread like fans, up to the great folds of the Garo hills.

"Look after him if he grows restless in the night," said Big Toomai to Little Toomai, and he went into the hut and slept. Little Toomai was just going to sleep, too, when he heard the coir string snap with a little "ting," and Kala Nag rolled out of his pickets as slowly and as silently as a cloud rolls out of the mouth of a valley. Little Toomai pattered after him, bare-footed, down the road in the moonlight, calling under his breath, "Kala Nag! Kala Nag! Take me with you, O Kala Nag!" The elephant turned, still without a sound, took three strides back to the boy in the moonlight, put down his trunk, swung him to his neck, and almost before Little Toomai had settled his knees, slipped into the forest.

There was one blast of furious trumpeting from the lines, and then the silence shut down on everything, and Kala Nag began to move. Sometimes a tuft of high grass washed along his sides as a wave washes along the sides of a ship, and sometimes a cluster of wild-pepper vines would scrape along his back, or a bamboo would creak where his shoulder touched it; but between those times he moved absolutely without any sound, drifting through the thick Garo forest as though it had been smoke. He was going up hill, but though Little Toomai watched the stars in the rifts of the trees, he could not tell in what direction. Then Kala Nag reached the crest of the ascent and stopped for a minute, and Little Toomai could see the tops of the trees lying all speckled and furry under the moonlight for miles and miles, and the blue-white mist over the river in the hollow. Toomai leaned forward and looked, and he felt that the forest was awake below him—awake and alive and crowded. A big brown fruit-eating bat brushed past his ear; a porcupine's quills rattled in the thicket, and in the darkness between the tree-stems he heard a hog-bear digging hard in the moist warm earth, and snuffing as it dug. Then the branches closed over his head again, and Kala Nag began to go down into the valley—not quietly this time, but as a runaway gun goes down a steep bank—in one rush. The huge limbs moved as steadily as pistons, eight feet to each

stride, and the wrinkled skin of the elbow-points rustled. The undergrowth on either side of him ripped with a noise like torn canvas, and the saplings that he heaved away right and left with his shoulders sprang back again, and banged him on the flank, and great trails of creepers, all matted together, hung from his



"LITTLE TOOMAI LAID HIMSELF DOWN CLOSE TO THE GREAT NECK, LEST A SWINGING BOUGH SHOULD SWEEP HIM TO THE GROUND."

tusks as he threw his head from side to side and plowed out his pathway. Then Little Toomai laid himself down close to the great neck lest a swinging bough should sweep him to the ground, and he wished that he were back in the lines again. The grass began to get squashy, and Kala Nag's feet sucked and

quelched as he put them down, and the night mist at the bottom of the valley chilled Little Toomai. There was a splash and a trample, and the rush of running water, and Kala Nag strode through the bed of a river, feeling his way at each step. Above the noise of the water, as it swirled round the elephant's legs, Little Toomai could hear more splashing and some trumpeting both up-stream and down—great grunts and angry snortings, and all the mist about him seemed to be full of rolling, wavy shadows. "*Ai!*" he said, half aloud, his teeth chattering. "The elephant-folk are out to-night. It *is* the dance, then."

Kala Naga swashed out of the water, blew his trunk clear, and began another climb; but this time he was not alone, and he had not to make his path. That was made already, six feet wide, in front of him, where the bent jungle-grass was trying to recover itself and stand up. Many elephants must have gone that way only a few minutes before. Little Toomai looked back, and behind him a great wild tusker with his little pig's eyes glowing like hot coals, was just lifting himself out of the misty river. Then the trees closed up again, and they went on and up, with trumpeting and crashings, and the sound of breaking branches on every side of them. At last Kala Nag stood still between two tree-trunks at the very top of the hill. They were part of a circle of trees that grew round an irregular space of some three or four acres, and in all that space, as Little Toomai could see, the ground had been trampled down as hard as a brick floor. Some trees grew in the center of the clearing, but their bark was rubbed away, and the white wood beneath showed all shiny and polished in the patches of moonlight. There were creepers hanging from the upper branches, and the bells of the flowers of the creepers, great waxy white things like convolvuluses, hung down fast asleep; but within the limits of the clearing there was not a single blade of green—nothing but the trampled earth. The moonlight showed it all iron-gray, except where some elephants stood upon it, and their shadows were inky black. Little Toomai looked, holding his breath, with his eyes starting out of his head, and as he looked, more, and more, and more elephants swung out into

the open from between the tree-trunks. Little Toomai could only count up to ten, and he counted again and again on his fingers till he lost count of the tens, and his head began to swim. Outside the clearing he could hear them crashing in the undergrowth as they worked their way up the hillside; but as soon as they were within the circle of the tree-trunks they moved like ghosts.

There were white-tusked wild males, with fallen leaves and nuts and twigs lying in the wrinkles of their necks and the folds of their ears; fat, slow-footed she-elephants, with restless, little pinky-black calves only three or four feet high running under their stomachs; young elephants with their tusks just beginning to show, and very proud of them; lanky, scraggy old-maid elephants, with their hollow, anxious faces, and trunks like rough bark; savage old bull-elephants, scarred from shoulder to flank with great weals and cuts of bygone fights, and the caked dirt of their solitary mud-baths dropping from their shoulders; and there was one with a broken tusk and the marks of the full-stroke, the terrible drawing scrape, of a tiger's claws on his side. They were standing head to head, or walking to and fro across the ground in couples, or rocking and swaying all by themselves—scores and scores of elephants. Toomai knew that so long as he lay still on Kala Nag's neck nothing would happen to him; for even in the rush and scramble of a Keddah-drive a wild elephant does not reach up with his trunk and drag a man off the neck of a tame elephant; and these elephants were not thinking of men that night. Once they started and put their ears forward when they heard the chinking of a leg-iron in the forest, but it was Pudmini, Petersen Sahib's pet elephant, her chain snapped short off, grunting, snuffing up the hillside. She must have broken her pickets, and come straight from Petersen Sahib's camp; and Little Toomai saw another elephant, one that he did not know, with deep rope-galls on his back and breast. He, too, must have run away from some camp in the hills about.

At last there was no sound of any more elephants moving in the forest, and Kala Nag rolled out from his station between the trees

and went into the middle of the crowd, clucking and gurgling, and all the elephants began to talk in their own tongue, and to move about. Still lying down, Little Toomai looked down upon scores and scores of broad backs, and wagging ears, and tossing trunks, and little rolling eyes. He heard the click of tusks as they crossed other tusks by accident, and the dry rustle of trunks twined together, and the chafing of enormous sides and shoulders in the crowd, and the incessant flick and *hiss* of the great tails. Then a cloud came over the moon, and he sat in black darkness; but the quiet, steady hustling and pushing and gurgling went on just the same. He knew that there were elephants all round Kala Nag, and that there was no chance of backing him out of the assembly; so he set his teeth and shivered. In a Keddah at least there was torch-light and shouting, but here he was all alone in the dark, and once a trunk came up and touched him on the knee. Then an elephant trumpeted, and they all took it up for five or ten terrible seconds. After that, he heard the dew spattering down from the trees above like rain on the unseen backs, and then a dull booming noise began, not very loud at first, and Little Toomai could not tell what it was; but it grew and grew, and Kala Nag lifted up one fore foot and then the other, and brought them down on the ground — one-two, one-two, as steadily as trip-hammers. The elephants were stamping all together now, and it sounded like a war-drum beaten at the mouth of a cave. The dew fell from the trees till there was no more left to fall, and the booming went on, and the ground rocked and shivered, and Little Toomai put his hands up to his ears to shut out the sound. But it was all one gigantic jar that ran through him — this stamp of hundreds of heavy feet on the raw earth. Once or twice he could feel Kala Nag and all the others surge forward a few strides, and for a minute or two the thumping would change to the crushing sound of juicy green things being bruised, but after the boom of feet on hard earth began again. A tree was creaking and groaning somewhere near him. He put out his arm and felt the bark, but Kala Nag moved forward, still tramping, and he could not tell where he was in the clearing. There was no sound from the ele-

phants, except once, when two or three little calves squeaked together. Then he heard a thump and a shuffle, and the booming went on. It must have lasted fully two hours, and Little Toomai ached in every nerve; but he knew by the smell of the night air that the dawn was coming, and he would have fainted where he was sooner than have cried out.

The morning broke in one sheet of pale yellow behind the green hills, and the booming stopped with the first ray, as though the light had been an order. Before Little Toomai had got the ringing out of his head, before even he had shifted his position, there was not an elephant in sight except Kala Nag, Pudmini, and the elephant with the rope-galls, and there was no sign or rustle or whisper down the hillsides to show which way the others had taken. Little Toomai stared again and again. The clearing as he remembered it, had grown ever so much. More trees stood in the middle of it, but the undergrowth and the jungle-grass at the sides had been rolled back. Little Toomai stared once more. Now he understood the trampling. The elephants had stamped out more room — had stamped the thick grass and juicy cane to trash, the trash into slivers, the slivers into tiny fibres, and the fibres into hard earth.

“Wah!” said Little Toomai, and his eyes were very heavy. “Kala Nag, my lord, let us keep by Pudmini and go to Petersen Sahib’s camp, or I shall drop from thy neck.”

The third elephant watched the two go away, snorted, wheeled round, and took his own path. He may have belonged to some little native king’s establishment, fifty or sixty or a hundred miles away.

Two hours later, as Petersen Sahib was eating early breakfast, his elephants, who had been doubled-chained that night, began to trumpet, and Pudmini, mired to the shoulders, and Kala Nag, very foot-sore, shambled into the camp. Little Toomai’s face was gray and pinched, and his hair was full of leaves and drenched with dew; but he tried to salute Petersen Sahib, and cried faintly: “The dance—the elephant-dance! I have seen it, and—I die!” As Kala Nag sat down, he slid off his neck in a dead faint.

But, since native children have no nerves

worth speaking of, in two hours he was lying very contentedly in Petersen Sahib's hammock with Petersen Sahib's shooting-coat under his head and a glass of warm milk, a little brandy, with a dash of quinine inside of him, and while the old hairy, scarred elephant-catchers of the jungles sat three-deep before him, looking at him as though he were a spirit, he told his tale in short words, as a child will, and wound up with:

"Now, if I lie in one word send men to see, and they will find that the elephant-folk have trampled down more room in their dance-room, and they will find ten and ten, and many times ten, tracks leading to that dance-room. They made more room with their feet. I have seen it. Kala Nag took me, and I saw. Also Kala Nag is very leg-weary!"

Little Toomai lay back and slept all through the long afternoon and into the twilight, and while he slept Petersen Sahib and Machua Appa followed the track of the two elephants for fifteen miles across the hills. Petersen Sahib had spent eighteen years in catching elephants, and he had only once before seen one of their dance-places. Machua Appa had no need to look twice at the clearing to see what had been done there, or to scratch with his toe in the packed, rammed earth.

"The child speaks truth," said he. "All this was done last night, and I have counted seventy tracks crossing the river. See, Sahib, where Pudmini's leg-iron cut the bark of that tree! Yes; she was there too." They looked at one another and up and down, and they wondered; for the ways of elephants are beyond the wit of any man, black or white, to fathom.

"Forty years and five," said Machua Appa, "have I followed my lord the elephant, but never have I heard that any child of man had seen what this child has seen. By all the Gods of the Hills, it is—what can we say?" and he shook his head.

When they got back to camp it was time for the evening meal. Petersen Sahib ate alone in his tent, but he gave orders that the camp should have two sheep and some fowls, as well as a double ration of flour and rice and salt, for he knew that there would be a feast. Big Toomai had come up hot-foot from the camp

in the plains to search for his son and his elephant, and now that he had found them he looked at them as though he were afraid of them both. And there was a feast by the blazing camp-fires in front of the lines of picketed elephants, and Little Toomai was the hero of it all; and the big brown elephant-catchers, the trackers and drivers and ropers, and the men who know all the secrets of breaking the wildest elephants, passed him from one to the other, and they marked his forehead with blood from the breast of a newly killed jungle-cock, to show that he was a forester, initiated and free of all the jungles.

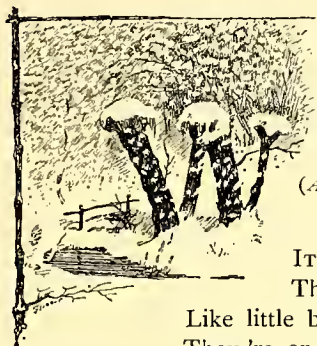
And at last, when the flames died down, and the red light of the logs made the elephants look as though they had been dipped in blood too, Machua Appa, the head of all the drivers of all the Keddahs,—Machua Appa, Petersen Sahib's other self, who had never seen a made road in forty years: Machua Appa, who was so great that he had no other name than Machua Appa,—leaped to his feet, with Little Toomai held high in the air above his head, and shouted: "Listen, my brothers. Listen, too, you my lords in the lines there, for I, Machua Appa, am speaking! This little one shall no more be called Little Toomai, but Toomai of the Elephants, as his great-grandfather was called before him. What never man has seen he has seen through the long night, and the favor of the elephant-folk and of the Gods of the Jungles is with him. He shall become a great tracker; he shall become greater than I, even I, Machua Appa! He shall follow the new trail, and the stale trail, and the mixed trail, with a clear eye! He shall take no harm in the Keddah when he runs under their bellies to rope the wild tuskers; and if he slips before the feet of the charging bull-elephant, the bull-elephant shall know who he is and shall not crush him. *Aihai!* my lords in the chains,"—he whirled up the line of pickets,—"here is the little one that has seen your dances in your hidden places—the sight that never man saw! Give him honor, my lords! *Salaam karo*, my children. Make your salute to Toomai of the Elephants! Gunga Pershad, ahaa! Hira Guj, Birchi Guj, Kuttar Guj, ahaa! Pudmini,—thou hast seen him at the dance, and thou too, Kala Nag, my pearl

among elephants!—ahaa! Together! To Toomai of the Elephants. *Barrao!*”

And at that last wild yell the whole line flung up their trunks till the tips touched their foreheads, and broke out into the full salute—the crashing trumpet-peal that only the

Viceroy of India hears, the Salaamut of the Keddah.

But it was all for the sake of Little Toomai, who had seen what never man had seen before—the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills!



HEN IT SNOWS.

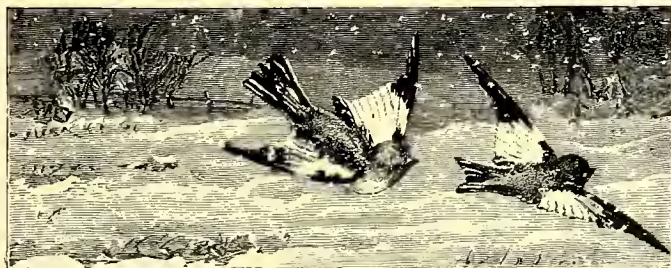
(An Old Song of Winter.)

It snows! it snows! From out the sky
The feathered flakes how fast they fly!

Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! A merry play
Is o'er us in the air to-day!

As dancers in an airy hall
That has n't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift; then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift
That, waving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then out will come the golden sun,
And we shall see upon the run
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus with life it ever goes!
'T is shade and shine. It snows! it snows!





I.

*It's a long way round the year, my dears,
A long way round the year!
I found the frost and the flame, my dears,
I found the smile and tear!*

II.

*The wind blew high on the pine-topp'd hill,
And cut me keen on the moor;
The heart of the stream was frozen still,
As I tapped at the miller's door.*

Allegretto.

It's a long way round the year, my dears, A long way round the year! I

found the frost and the flame, my dears, I found the smile and tear! I



III.

*I tossed them bolly in ball and cot,
And bade them right good cheer,
But stayed me not in any spot,
For I'd traveled around the year*

IV.

*To bring the Christmas joy, my dears,
To your eyes so bonnie and true;
And a mistletoe bough for you, my dears,
A mistletoe bough for you!*

bring the Christmas joy, my dears, To your eyes so bonnie and true; And a

(For music complete, with words, see page 188.)

mistle-toe bough for you, my dears, A mis-tie-toe bough for you!



THE RED DOLLY:

[MASTER HAROLD SOLILOQUIZES.]

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



A VERY chair, and a Noah's Ark, and a woolly dog, and a strange thing happened at our house the other day. Not that there is anything unusual about that, for curious things have been occurring regularly ever since I came here to live, which is exactly three years ago. I happen to know the precise length of time because I have just had my third birthday. They say that

I had two others before this, and of course it must be so. I suppose grown-up people never make any mistakes, or they would be a little more delicate in correcting ours. The other day I told grandmama an interesting thing that happened in heaven the morning I came away, and she was very severe with me on the subject of telling fibs. What on earth a "fib" is, and why I should n't have told it, is more than I can understand.

All that I have to say about the other birthdays is this: that they could n't have been celebrated with much pomp and festivity or I should be able to remember them. Things that are worth remembering are always remembered. I do not have any difficulty in recalling my last birthday. I had a rocking-

chair, and a Noah's Ark, and a woolly dog, and a frosted cake with three candles. I lighted them myself, and when I stretched out my hand to do it, nurse observed that my fingers were dirty, and I was dragged out to be scrubbed in the very middle of the party. The only occasions when I am safe for a moment from her eagle eye are those on which I play in the park. Nurse has so many friends there that I can be dirty a long time before she notices it. Sometimes it is the policemen themselves who draw her attention to the state of my hands. We love to play with the policemen, nurse and I, and they always manage to get through with their work, so as to have nothing to do when we are in the park. If life were all policemen and birthday parties and frosting, I should like it. Mama allowed me to pull off a large piece of frosting from the birthday cake, and eat a little of it twice a day. When the frosting is so much nicer than the cake why do they not fill the pans with that, and after it is baked spread a thin layer of cake over it? But the same method is followed in a great many other things, in which I look in vain for rhyme or reason. For instance, they give me a spoonful of jam on my bread, when what I should like is a spoonful of bread on my jam. They drop a lump of sugar in my cup of milk and water, when I should prefer a cup of sugar-lumps with a little milk and water poured over them. They put me to bed at the very most interesting part of the day. When the drawing-room fire is bright, and the tall lamps are lighted, and mama has on her loveliest dress, and papa has just come home and is dying to play "bear" with me—that is the exact moment when I am seized by nurse and carried struggling to my crib. I always make

a point of struggling; not that it alters the course of things in the very least—for in point of numbers I am only one to four, and a small one at that. Still, I always struggle, because I think it is better to make some slight manifestation of individuality, or nurse will crush me altogether by her tyranny.

But I was going to tell you about the strange thing that happened in our house, and I have been talking about everything else. This is the way grandmama tells a story, and I have caught the habit from her. When she knits she likes to tell her reminiscences, and sometimes she talks and talks till papa has to say, "Come to the point, mammy!" and then she says, "Where was I? Oh, yes!" I like this way very much, and so I am going to make believe you are interrupting me, and telling me to come to the point, and now I am going to say, "Where was I? Oh, yes!"

The strange thing is the appearance of a new red dolly up-stairs in the nursery. Everybody is playing with it, from grandmama down to the cook. My hair has not been curled for three or seven days (there is no cloud without its silver lining): and nurse, instead of scrubbing my nose up *and* down when she washes my face, simply rubs it *down* once or twice absent-mindedly and flies off to the mysterious dolly. I call it a dolly because I have n't decided what else to call it. At first I thought it was alive, because it cried and moved its arms, and opened and shut its eyes, but then so does Elsie Bennett's electric doll; and if it is really alive, why does n't it walk and talk? It might be a baby, but I am the baby in this house, so that supposition is disposed of. It must be a dolly, a huge, red, electric dolly; but is n't it curious that all the grown-up people play with it? I have always thought that only children cared for dolls, but here is grandmama, who is as old as anybody in the world, and she is forever holding this dolly. I don't believe she would even lend it to mama, for all she preaches to me about selfishness; but mama is not well now, and does n't care to play with anything or anybody. The house, when mama keeps her room, is as dreadful as the park would be if the policemen were ever too busy to play with nurse and me.

As far as beauty is concerned, this doll does n't compare with Elsie Bennett's, or even with some of mine, though I have n't a good collection, because at Christmas time my friends run to drums and trumpets and soldiers and tops. Elsie's dolls have beautiful curly hair that sometimes comes unglued, and peels off if you're not careful. This dolly's hair has evidently been unglued, too, but I suppose when they can spare it they'll send it away and have it mended. I never can spare my toys until they are broken, and then mama says they are not worth mending, and had better be given to the poor children. (Here is another mystery to add to the long list of things I have to look into when I am grown up: exactly what are "poor children," and why do they prefer broken toys to nice new ones that do whatever it says on the corner of the box?)

Perhaps they bought the red dolly not so much for its beauty as for its splendid works that never seem to get out of order. Elsie Bennett's electric doll performs some days, and on other days it has to be put back in the box until it feels in a better humor. This dolly did just the same things each time I saw it: it opened and shut its eyes, squizzled up its red face, clenched its fists, and cried. The crying part was not particularly well done; that is, it does n't compare with the way in which I cry when I can't get what I want. There it goes again! Papa must be playing with it; he is the one who makes it cry best—and there is Elsie Bennett's mother coming in at the side door.

LATER.

THE mystery is solved. Mrs. Bennett inquired if I liked the new baby. "What baby?" I asked. "The little baby sister up in the nursery," she answered. "That is not a baby," I said decidedly; "that is a red electric dolly—I am the baby!" "You were the baby day before yesterday," she said, smiling in a particularly offensive manner; "but now that there is another, you are mama's great boy."

It seems then that there can be more than one baby in the same house: an idea that I had never entertained. I don't see what is to

become of me. I used to keep them all busily employed, and what do they propose to do with me now? A little less attention I don't mind, for I cannot remember three more interesting days than the three through which I have just passed. I have been a good deal in the kitchen with cook, and she allowed me to knead dough-balls, and run my finger round the edge of the cake-bowl and eat it off, and then run it round many, many times more, until I was quite ill. I have climbed up on chairs and handled all the pretty things in the library, and this, of course, was a comfort and pleasure; but how about falling down on to the hard polished floor, and lying there for hours unremarked, though I yelled and yelled in a manner that

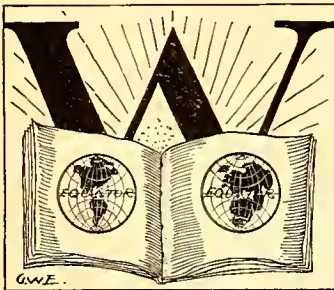
has never before failed to bring the entire family to my feet? To be sure, I finally got up by myself and found nothing at all the matter with me, but that was simply my good fortune—it does n't alter the fact of their criminal neglect. As to being put to bed, I had to suggest it myself last night; and that, I consider, is going a little too far.

"Mama's great boy!" It sounds rather attractive, on the whole. It seems as if it might mean trousers and a pony in course of time! As I've done every earthly thing there is to do to-day, I think I'll go up to the nursery (always providing the fat lady who lives there now will let me in at the door), and ask to look at the red baby squizzle up its face.



TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

By HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.



CHAPTER III.
 E went to sleep about four o'clock, and woke up about eight. The professor was setting back there

at his end, looking glum. He pitched us some breakfast, but he told us not to come abaft the midship compass. That was about the middle of the boat. Well, when you

are sharp-set, and you eat and satisfy yourself, everything looks pretty different from what it done before. It makes a body feel pretty near comfortable, even when he is up in a balloon with a genius. We got to talking together.

There was one thing that kept bothering me, and by and by I says:

"Tom, did n't we start east?"

"Yes."

"How fast have we been going?"

"Well, you heard what the professor said when he was raging round. Sometimes, he said,

we was making fifty miles an hour, sometimes ninety, sometimes a hundred; said that with a gale to help he could make three hundred any time, and said if he wanted the gale, and wanted it blowing the right direction, he only had to go up higher or down lower to find it."

"Well, then, it's just as I reckoned. The professor lied."

"Why?"

"Because if we was going so fast we ought to be past Illinois, ought n't we?"

"Certainly."

"Well, we ain't."

"What 's the reason we ain't?"

"I know by the color. We 're right over Illinois yet. And you can see for yourself that Indiana ain't in sight."

"I wonder what 's the matter with you, Huck. You know by the *color*?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"What 's the color got to do with it?"

"It 's got everything to do with it. Illinois is green, Indiana is pink. You show me any pink down here, if you can. No, sir; it 's green."

"Indiana *pink*? Why, what a lie!"

"It ain't no lie; I 've seen it on the map, and it 's pink."

You never see a person so aggravated and disgusted. He says:

"Well, if I was such a numskull as you, Huck Finn, I would jump over. Seen it on the map! Huck Finn, did you reckon the States was the same color out of doors as they are on the map?"

"Tom Sawyer, what 's a map for? Ain't it to learn you facts?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, how 's it going to do that if it tells lies? That 's what I want to know."

"Shucks, you muggins! It don't tell lies."

"It don't, don't it?"

"No, it don't."

"All right, then; if it don't, there ain't no two States the same color. You git around *that*, if you can, Tom Sawyer."

He see I had him, and Jim see it too; and I tell you, I felt pretty good, for Tom Sawyer was always a hard person to git ahead of. Jim slapped his leg and says:

"I tell *you* / dat 's smart, dat 's right down

smart. Ain't no use, Mars Tom; he got you *dis* time, sho!" He slapped his leg again, and says, "My *lan*", but it was smart one!"

I never felt so good in my life; and yet I did n't know I was saying anything much till it was out. I was just mooning along, perfectly careless, and not expecting anything was going to happen, and never *thinking* of such a thing at all, when, all of a sudden, out it come. Why, it was just as much a surprise to me as it was to any of them. It was just the same way it is when a person is munching along on a hunk of corn-pone, and not thinking about anything, and all of a sudden bites into a di'mond. Now all that *he* knows first off is that it 's some kind of gravel he 's bit into; but he don't find out it 's a di'mond till he gits it out and brushes off the sand and crumbs and one thing or another, and has a look at it, and then he 's surprised and glad—yes, and proud too; though when you come to look the thing straight in the eye, he ain't entitled to as much credit as he would 'a' been if he 'd been *hunting* di'monds. You can see the difference easy if you think it over. You see, an accident, that way, ain't fairly as big a thing as a thing that 's done a-purpose. Anybody could find that di'mond in that corn-pone; but mind you, it 's got to be somebody that 's got *that kind of a corn-pone*. That 's where that feller's credit comes in, you see; and that 's where mine comes in. I don't claim no great things,—I don't reckon I could 'a' done it again,—but I done it that time; that 's all I claim. And I had n't no more idea I could do such a thing, and war n't any more thinking about it or trying to, than you be this minute. Why, I was just as cam, a body could n't be any cammer, and yet, all of a sudden, out it come. I 've often thought of that time, and I can remember just the way everything looked, same as if it was only last week. I can see it all: beautiful rolling country with woods and fields and lakes for hundreds and hundreds of miles all around, and towns and villages scattered everywheres under us, here and there and yonder; and the professor mooning over a chart on his little table, and Tom's cap flopping in the rigging where it was hung up to dry. And one thing in particular was a bird right alongside, not ten foot off,

going our way and trying to keep up, but losing ground all the time; and a railroad train doing the same thing down there, sliding among the trees and farms, and pouring out a long cloud of black smoke and now and then a little puff of white; and when the white was gone so long you had almost forgot it, you would hear a little faint toot, and that was the whistle. And we left the bird and the train both behind, 'way behind, and done it easy too.

But Tom he was huffy, and said me and Jim was a couple of ignorant blatherskites, and then he says:

"Suppose there 's a brown calf and a big brown dog, and an artist is making a picture of them. What is the *main* thing that that artist has got to do? He has got to paint them so you can tell them apart the minute you look at them, hair't he? Of course. Well, then, do you want him to go and paint *both* of them brown? Certainly you don't. He paints one of them blue, and then you can't make no mistake. It 's just the same with the maps. That 's why they make every State a different color; it ain't to deceive you, it 's to keep you from deceiving yourself."

But I could n't see no argument about that, and neither could Jim. Jim shook his head, and says:

"Why, Mars Tom, if you knowed what chuckleheads dem painters is, you 'd wait a long time before you 'd fetch one er *dem* in to back up a fac'. I 's gwine to tell you, den you kin see for yourself. I see one of 'em a-paintin' away, one day, down in ole Hank Wilson's back lot, en I went down to see, en he was paintin' dat old brindle cow wid de near horn gone—you knows de one I means. En I ast him what he 's paintin' her for, en he say when he git her painted, de picture 's wuth a hundred dollars. Mars Tom, he could a got de cow fer fifteen, en I *tole* him so. Well, sah, if you 'll b'lieve me, he jes' shuck his head, dat painter did, en went on a-dobbin'. Bless you, Mars Tom, *dey* don't know nothin'."

Tom he lost his temper. I notice a person 'most always does that 's got laid out in an argument. He told us to shut up, and maybe we 'd feel better. Then he see a town clock away off down yonder, and he took up the glass and

looked at it, and then looked at his silver turnip, and then at the clock, and then at the turnip again, and says:

"That 's funny! That clock 's near about an hour fast."

So he put up his turnip. Then he see another clock, and took a look, and it was an hour fast too. That puzzled him.

"That 's a mighty curious thing," he says. "I don't understand it."

Then he took the glass and hunted up another clock, and sure enough it was an hour fast too. Then his eyes began to spread and his breath to come out kinder gaspy like, and he says:

"Ger-reat Scott, it 's the *longitude!*"

I says, considerable scared:

"Well, what 's been and gone and happened now?"

"Why, the thing that 's happened is that this old bladder has slid over Illinois and Indiana and Ohio like nothing, and this is the east end of Pennsylvania or New York, or somewheres around there."

"Tom Sawyer, you don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do, and it 's dead sure. We 've covered about fifteen degrees of longitude since we left St. Louis yesterday afternoon, and them clocks are *right*. We 've come close on to eight hundred miles."

I did n't believe it, but it made the cold streaks trickle down my back just the same. In my experience I knowed it would n't take much short of two weeks to do it down the Mississippi on a raft.

Jim was working his mind and studying. Pretty soon he says:

"Mars Tom, did you say dem clocks uz right?"

"Yes, they 're right."

"Ain't yo' watch right, too?"

"She 's right for St. Louis, but she 's an hour wrong for here."

"Mars Tom, is you tryin' to let on dat de time ain't de *same* everywheres?"

"No, it ain't the same everywheres, by a long shot."

Jim looked distressed, and says:

"It grieves me to hear you talk like dat, Mars Tom; I 's right down ashamed to hear

you talk like dat, arter de way you 's been raised. Yassir, it 'd break yo' Aunt Polly's heart to hear you."

Tom was astonished. He looked Jim over, wondering, and did n't say nothing, and Jim went on:

"Mars Tom, who put de people out yonder in St. Louis? De Lord done it. Who put de people here whar we is? De Lord done it. Ain' dey bofe his children? 'Cose dey is. *Well*, den! is he gwine to *scriminate* 'twixt 'em?"

"Scriminate! I never heard such ignorance. There ain't no discriminating about it. When he makes you and some more of his children black, and makes the rest of us white, what do you call that?"

Jim see the p'int. He was stuck. He could n't answer. Tom says:

"He does discriminate, you see, when he wants to; but this case *here* ain't no discrimination of his, it 's man's. The Lord made the day, and he made the night; but he did n't invent the hours, and he did n't distribute them around. Man did that."

"Mars Tom, is dat so? Man done it?"

"Certainly."

"Who tole him he could?"

"Nobody. He never asked."

Jim studied a minute, and says:

"Well, dat do beat me. I would n't 'a' tuck no sich resk. But some people ain't scared o' nothin'. Dey bangs right ahead; *dey* don't care what happens. So den dey 's allays an hour's diff'unce everywhah, Mars Tom?"

"An hour? No! It 's four minutes difference for every degree of longitude, you know. Fifteen of 'em 's an hour, thirty of 'em 's two hours, and so on. When it 's one o'clock Tuesday morning in England, it 's eight o'clock the night before in New York."

Jim moved a little away along the locker, and you could see he was insulted. He kept shaking his head and muttering, and so I slid along to him and patted him on the leg, and petted him up, and got him over the worst of his feelings, and then he says:

"Mars Tom talkin' sich talk as dat! Choosday in one place en Monday in t' other, bofe in the same day! Huck, dis ain't no place to joke

—up here whah we is. Two days in one day! How you gwine to got two days inter one day? Can't git two hours inter one hour, kin you? Can't git two niggers inter one nigger skin, kin you? Can't git two gallons of whisky inter a one-gallon jug, kin you? No, sir, 't would strain de jug. Yes, en even den you could n't, *I* don't believe. Why, looky here, Huck, s'posed en Choosday was New Year's—now den! is you gwine to tell me it 's dis year in one place en las' year in t' other, bofe in de identical same minute? It 's de beatenest rubbage! I can't stan' it—I can't stan' to hear tell 'bout it." Then he begun to shiver and turn gray, and Tom says:

"*Now* what 's the matter? What 's the trouble?"

Jim could hardly speak, but he says:

"Mars Tom, you ain't jokin', en it 's *so*?"

"No, I 'm not, and it *is* so."

Jim shivered again, and says:

"Den dat Monday could be de las' day, en dey would n't *be* no las' day in England, en de dead would n't be called. Wc must n't go over dah. Mars Tom. Please git him to turn back; I wants to be whah—"

All of a sudden we see something, and all jumped up, and forgot everything and begun to gazc. Tom says:

"Ain't that the—" He caught his breath, then says: "It *is*, sure as you live! It 's the ocean!"

That made me and Jim catch our breath, too. Then we all stood petrified but happy, for none of us had ever seen an ocean, or ever expected to. Tom kept muttering:

"Atlantic Ocean—Atlantic. Land, don't it sound great! And that 's *it*—and *we* are looking at it—we! Why, it 's just too splendid to believe!"

Then we see a big bank of black smoke; and when we got nearer, it was a city—and a monster she was, too, with a thick fringe of ships around one edge; and we wondered if it was New York, and begun to jaw and dispute about it, and, first we knowed, it slid from under us and went flying behind, and here we was, out over the very ocean itself, and going like a cyclone. Then we woke up, I tell you!

We made a break aft and raised a wail, and

begun to beg the professor to turn back and land us, but he jerked out his pistol and motioned us back, and we went, but nobody will ever know how bad we felt.

The land was gone, all but a little streak, like a snake, away off on the edge of the water, and down under us was just ocean, ocean, ocean—millions of miles of it, heaving and pitching and squirming, and white sprays blowing from the wave-tops, and only a few ships in sight, wal-

was a ring, where the sky and the water come together; yes, a monstrous big ring it was, and we right in the dead center of it—plumb in the center. We was racing along like a prairie fire, but it never made any difference, we could n't seem to git past that center no way. I could n't see that we ever gained an inch on that ring. It made a body feel creepy, it was so curious and unaccountable.

Well, everything was so awful still that we got to talking in a very low voice, and kept on getting creepier and lonesomer and less and less talky, till at last the talk ran dry altogether, and we just set there and "thunk," as Jim calls it, and never said a word the longest time.

The professor never stirred till the sun was overhead, then he stood up and put a kind of triangle to his eye, and Tom said it was a sextant and he was taking the sun to see whereabouts the balloon was. Then he ciphered a a little and looked in a book, and then he begun to carry on again. He said lots of wild things, and amongst others he said he would keep up this hundred-mile gait till the middle of to-morrow afternoon, and then he'd land in London.

We said we would be humbly thankful.

He was turning away, but he whirled round when we said that, and give us a long look of his blackest kind—one of the maliciousest and suspiciousest looks I ever see. Then he says:

"You want to leave mc. Don't try to deny it."

We did n't know what to say, so we held in and did n't say nothing at all.

He went aft and set down, but he could n't seem to git that thing out of his mind. Every now and then he would rip out something about it, and try to make us answer him, but we das n't.

It got lonesomer and lonesomer right along, and it did seem to me I could n't stand it. It was still worse when night begun to come on. By and by Tom pinched me and whispers:

"Look!"

I took a glance aft, and see the professor tak-



"YOU WANT TO LEAVE ME. DON'T TRY TO DENY IT."

lowing around and laying over, first on one side and then on t' other, and sticking their bows under and then their sterns; and before long there war n't no ships at all, and we had the sky and the whole ocean all to ourselves, and the roomiest place I ever see and the lonesomest.

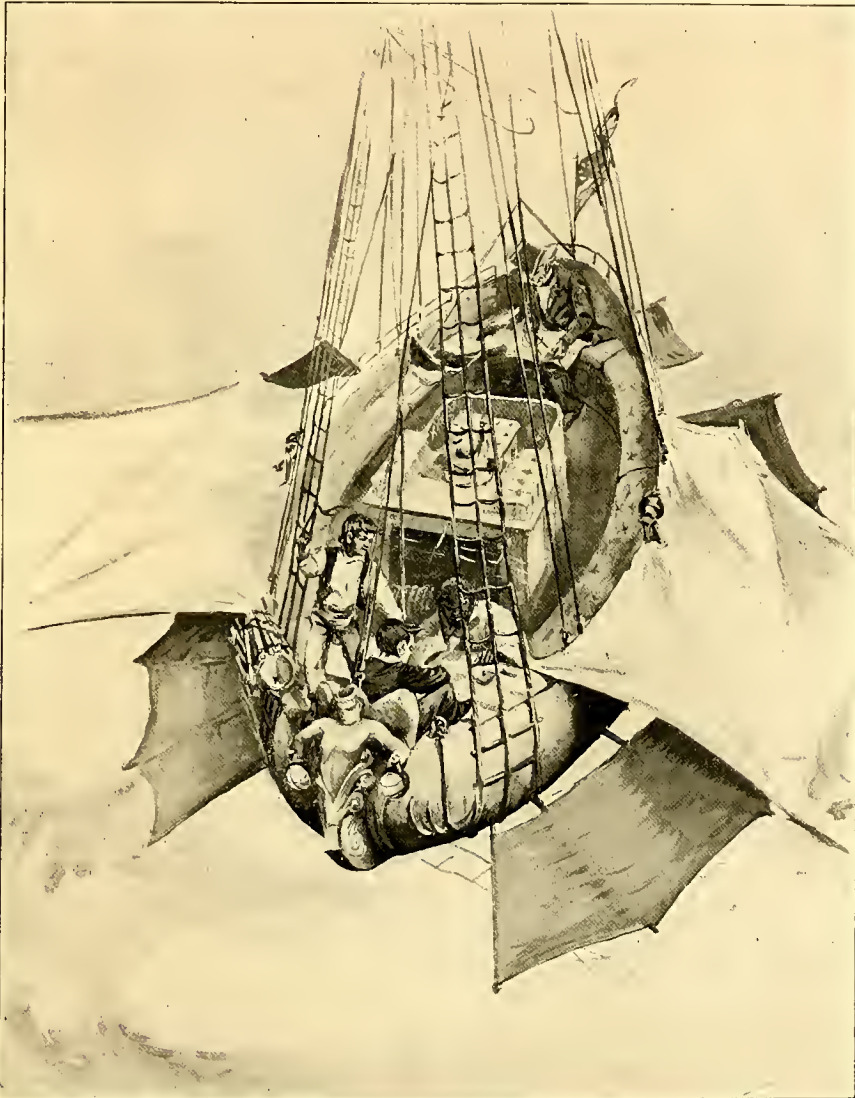
CHAPTER IV.

AND it got lonesomer and lonesomer. There was the big sky up there, empty and awful deep; and the ocean down there, without a thing on it but just the waves. All around us

ing a whet out of a bottle. I did n't like the looks of that. By and by he took another drink, and pretty soon he begun to sing. It was dark now, and getting black and stormy. He went on singing, wilder and wilder, and the thunder begun to mutter, and the wind to wheeze and

wished he would start up his noise again, so we could tell where he was. By and by there was a flash of lightning, and we see him start to get up, but he staggered and fell down. We heard him scream out in the dark:

"They don't want to go to England. All



"THE PROFESSOR SAID HE WOULD KEEP UP THIS HUNDRED-MILE GAIT TILL TO-MORROW AFTERNOON, AND THEN HE 'D LAND IN LONDON."

moan amongst the ropes, and altogether it was awful. It got so black we could n't see him any more, and wished we could n't hear him, but we could. Then he got still; but he war n't still ten minutes till we got suspicious, and

right, I 'll change the course. They want to leave me. I know they do. Well, they shall— and *now!*"

I 'most died when he said that. Then he was still again,—still so long I could n't bear

it, and it did seem to me the lightning would n't ever come again. But at last there was a blessed flash, and there he was, on his hands and knees, crawling, and not four feet from us. My, but his eyes was terrible! He made a lunge for Tom, and says, "Overboard you go!" but it was already pitch-dark again, and I could n't see whether he got him or not, and Tom did n't make a sound.

There was another long, horrible wait; then

"Po' Mars Tom, he 's a goner!" and made a jump for the professor, but the professor war n't there.

Then we heard a couple of terrible screams, and then another not so loud, and then another that was 'way below, and you could only *just* hear it; and I heard Jim say, "Po' Mars Tom!"

Then it was awful still, and I reckon a person could 'a' counted four thousand before the next flash come. When it come I see Jim on

his knees, with his arms on the locker and his face buried in them, and he was crying. Before I could look over the edge it was all dark again, and I was glad, because I did n't want to see. But when the next flash come, I was watching, and down there I see somebody a-swinging in the wind on the ladder, and it was Tom!

"Come up!" I shouts; "come up, Tom!"

His voice was so weak, and the wind roared so, I could n't make out what he said, but I thought he asked was the professor up there. I shouts:

"No, he 's down in the ocean! Come up! Can we help you?"

Of course, all this in the dark.

"Huck, who is you hollerin' at?"

"I 'm hollerin' at Tom."

"Oh, Huck, how kin you act so, when you

know po' Mars Tom's—" Then he let off an awful scream, and flung his head and his arms back and let off another one, because there was a white glare just then, and he had raised up his face just in time to see Tom's, as white as snow, rise above the gunnel and look him right



"THE THUNDER BOOMED AND THE LIGHTNING GLARED, AND THE WIND SUNG AND SCREAMED IN THE RIGGING."

there was a flash, and I see Tom's head sink down outside the boat and disappear. He was on the rope-ladder that dangled down in the air from the gunnel. The professor let off a shout and jumped for him, and straight off it was pitch-dark again, and Jim groaned out,

in the eye. He thought it was Tom's ghost, you see.

Tom clumb aboard, and when Jim found it *was* him, and not his ghost, he hugged him, and called him all sorts of loving names, and carried on like he was gone crazy, he was so glad. Says I:

"What did you wait for, Tom? Why did n't you come up at first?"

"I das n't, Huck. I knowed somebody plunged down past me, but I did n't know who it was in the dark. It could 'a' been you, it could 'a' been Jim."

That was the way with Tom Sawyer—always sound. He war n't coming up till he knowed where the professor was.

The storm let go about this time with all its might; and it was dreadful the way the thunder boomed and tore, and the lightning glared out, and the wind sung and screamed in the rigging, and the rain come down. One second you could n't see your hand before you, and the next you could count the threads in your coat-sleeve, and see a whole wide desert of waves pitching and tossing through a kind of veil of rain. A storm like that is the loveliest thing there is, but it ain't at its best when you are up in the sky and lost, and it 's wet and lonesome, and there 's just been a death in the family.

We set there huddled up in the bow, and talked low about the poor professor; and everybody was sorry for him, and sorry the world had made fun of him and treated him so harsh, when he was doing the best he could, and had n't a friend nor nobody to encourage him and keep him from brooding his mind away and going deranged. There was plenty of clothes and blankets and everything at the other end, but we thought we 'd ruther take the rain than go meddling back there.

CHAPTER V.

WE tried to make some plans, but we could n't come to no agreement. Me and Jim was for turning around and going back home, but Tom allowed that by the time daylight come, so we could see our way, we would be so far toward England that we might as

well go there, and come back in a ship, and have the glory of saying we done it.

About midnight the storm quit and the moon come out and lit up the ocean, and we begun to feel comfortable and drowsy; so we stretched out on the lockers and went to sleep, and never woke up again till sun-up. The sea was sparkling like di'monds, and it was nice weather, and pretty soon our things was all dry again.

We went aft to find some breakfast, and the first thing we noticed was that there was a dim light burning in a compass back there under a hood. Then Tom was disturbed. He says:

"You know what that means, easy enough. It means that somebody has got to stay on watch and steer this thing the same as he would a ship, or she 'll wander around and go wherever the wind wants her to."

"Well," I says, "what 's she been doing since—er—since we had the accident?"

"Wandering," he says, kinder troubled—"wandering, without any doubt. She 's in a wind, now, that 's blowing her south of east. We don't know how long that 's been going on, either."

So then he p'inted her east, and said he would hold her there till we roused out the breakfast. The professor had laid in everything a body could want; he could n't 'a' been better fixed. There was n't no milk for the coffee, but there was water, and everything else you could want, and a charcoal stove and the fixings for it, and pipes and cigars and matches; and wine and liquor, which war n't in our line; and books, and maps, and charts, and an accordion; and furs, and blankets, and no end of rubbish, like brass beads and brass jewelry, which Tom said was a sure sign that he had an idea of visiting among savages. There was money, too. Yes, the professor was well enough fixed.

After breakfast Tom learned me and Jim how to steer, and divided us all up into four-hour watches, turn and turn about; and when his watch was out I took his place, and he got out the professor's papers and pens and wrote a letter home to his Aunt Polly, telling her everything that had happened to us, and dated it "*In the Welkin, approaching England,*" and folded it together and stuck it fast with a red wafer, and

directed it, and wrote above the direction, in big writing, "*From Tom Sawyer, the Erronort,*" and said it would stump old Nat Parsons, the post-master, when it come along in the mail. I says:

"Tom Sawyer, this ain't no welkin; it 's a balloon."

"Well, now, who *said* it was a welkin, smarty?"

"You 've wrote it on the letter, anyway."

"What of it? That don't mean that the balloon 's the welkin."

"Oh, I thought it did. Well, then, what is a welkin?"

I see in a minute he was stuck. He raked and scraped around in his mind, but he could n't find nothing, so he had to say:

"I don't know, and nobody don't know. It 's just a word, and it 's a mighty good word, too. There ain't many that lays over it. I don't believe there 's *any* that does."

"Shucks!" I says. "But what does it *mean*? —that 's the p'int."

"I don't know what it means, I tell you. It 's a word that people uses for—for—well, it 's ornamental. They don't put ruffles on a shirt to keep a person warm, do they?"

"Course they don't."

"But they put them *on*, don't they?"

"Yes."

"All right, then; that letter I wrote is a shirt, and the welkin 's the ruffle on it."

I judged that that would gravel Jim, and it did.

"Now, Mars Tom, it ain't no use to talk like dat; en, moreover, it 's sinful. You knows a letter ain't no shirt, en dey ain't no ruffles on it, nuther. Dey ain't no place to put 'em on; you can't put 'em on, and dey would n't stay ef you did."

"Oh, *do* shut up, and wait till something 's started that you know something about."

"Why, Mars Tom, sholy you can't mean to say I don't know about shirts, when, goodness knows, I 's toted home de washin' ever sence —"

"I tell you, this has n't got anything to *do* with shirts. I only —"

"Why, Mars Tom, you said yo'self dat a letter —"

"Do you want to drive me crazy? Keep still. I only used it as a metaphor."

That word kinder bricked us up for a minute. Then Jim says—rather timid, because he see Tom was getting pretty tetchy:

"Mars Tom, what is a metaphor?"

"A metaphor 's a—well, it 's a—a—a metaphor 's an illustration." He see *that* did n't git home, so he tried again. "When I say birds of a feather flocks together, it 's a metaphorical way of saying —"

"But dey *don't*, Mars Tom. No, sir, 'deed dey don't. Dey ain't no feathers dat 's more alike den a bluebird en a jaybird, but ef you waits till you catches *dem* birds together, you 'll —"

"Oh, give us a rest! You can't get the simplest little thing through your thick skull. Now don't bother me any more."

Jim was satisfied to stop. He was dreadful pleased with himself for catching Tom out. The minute Tom begun to talk about birds I judged he was a goner, because Jim knowed more about birds than both of us put together. You see, he had killed hundreds and hundreds of them, and that 's the way to find out about birds. That 's the way people does that writes books about birds, and loves them so that they 'll go hungry and tired and take any amount of trouble to find a new bird and kill it. Their name is ornithologers, and I could have been an ornithologer myself, because I always loved birds and creatures; and I started out to learn how to be one, and I see a bird setting on a limb of a high tree, singing with its head tilted back and its mouth open, and before I thought I fired, and his song stopped and he fell straight down from the limb, all limp like a rag, and I run and picked him up and he was dead, and his body was warm in my hand, and his head rolled about this way and that, like his neck was broke, and there was a little white skin over his eyes, and one little drop of blood on the side of his head; and, laws! I could n't see nothing more for the tears; and I hain't never murdered no creature since that war n't doing me no harm, and I ain't going to.

But I was aggravated about that welkin. I wanted to know. I got the subject up again, and then Tom explained, the best he could. He said when a person made a big speech the newspapers said the shouts of the people made



"THEY WERE JUMPING UP AT THE LADDER, AND SNAPPING AND SNARLING AT EACH OTHER." (SEE PAGE 127.)

the welkin ring. He said they always said that, but none of them ever told what it was, so he allowed it just meant outdoors and up high. Well, that seemed sensible enough, so I was satisfied, and said so. That pleased Tom and put him in a good humor again, and he says :

"Well, it's all right, then; and we'll let by-gones be by-gones. I don't know for certain

what a welkin is, but when we land in London we'll make it ring, anyway, and don't you forget it."

He said an erronort was a person who sailed around in balloons; and said it was a mighty sight finer to be Tom Sawyer the Erronort than to be Tom Sawyer the Traveler, and we would be heard of all round the world, if we pulled

through all right, and so he would n't give shucks to be a traveler now.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we got everything ready to land, and we felt pretty good, too, and proud; and we kept watching with the glasses, like Columbus discovering America. But we could n't see nothing but ocean. The afternoon wasted out and the sun shut down, and still there war n't no land anywhere. We wondered what was the matter, but reckoned it would come out all right, so we went on steering east, but went up on a higher level so we would n't hit any steeples or mountains in the dark.

It was my watch till midnight, and then it was Jim's; but Tom stayed up, because he said ship-captains done that when they was making the land, and did n't stand no regular watch.

Well, when daylight come, Jim give a shout, and we jumped up and looked over, and there was the land sure enough,—land all around, as far as you could see, and perfectly level and yaller. We did n't know how long we 'd been over it. There war n't no trees, nor hills, nor

and grabbed the glasses and hunted everywhere for London, but could n't find hair nor hide of it, nor any other settlement,—nor any sign of a lake or a river, either. Tom was clean beat. He said it war n't his notion of England; he thought England looked like America, and always had that idea. So he said we better have breakfast, and then drop down and inquire the quickest way to London. We cut the breakfast pretty short, we was so impatient. As we slanted along down, the weather began to moderate, and pretty soon we shed our furs. But it kept *on* moderating, and in a precious little while it was 'most too moderate. We was close down, now, and just blistering!

We settled down to within thirty foot of the land,—that is, it was land if sand is land; for this was n't anything but pure sand. Tom and me clumb down the ladder and took a run to stretch our legs, and it felt amazing good,—that is, the stretching did, but the sand scorched our feet like hot embers. Next, we see somebody coming, and started to meet him; but we heard Jim shout, and looked around and he was fairly



“‘RUN! RUN FO’ YO’ LIFE!’”

rocks, nor towns, and Tom and Jim had took it for the sea. They took it for the sea in a dead cam; but we was so high up, anyway, that if it had been the sea and rough, it would 'a' looked smooth, all the same, in the night, that way.

We was all in a powerful excitement now,

dancing, and making signs, and yelling. We could n't make out what he said, but we was scared anyway, and begun to heel it back to the balloon. When we got close enough, we understood the words, and they made me sick:

“Run! Run fo’ yo’ life! Hit ’s a lion; I kin

see him thoo de glass! Run, boys; do please heel it de bes' you kin. He's bu'sted outen de menagerie, en dey ain't nobody to stop him!"

It made Tom fly, but it took the stiffening all out of my legs. I could only just gasp along the way you do in a dream when there's a ghost gaining on you.

Tom got to the ladder and shinned up it a piece and waited for me; and as soon as I got a foothold on it he shouted to Jim to soar away. But Jim had clean lost his head, and said he had forgot how. So Tom shinned along up and told me to follow; but the lion was arriving, fetching a most ghastly roar with every lode, and my legs shook so I das n't try to take one of them out of the rounds for fear the other one would give way under me.

But Tom was aboard by this time, and he started the balloon up a little, and stopped it again as soon as the end of the ladder was ten or twelve feet above ground. And there was the lion, a-ripping around under me, and roaring and springing up in the air at the ladder, and only missing it about a quarter of an inch, it seemed to me. It was delicious to be out of his reach, perfectly delicious, and made me feel good and thankful all up one side; but I was hanging there helpless and could n't climb, and that made me feel perfectly wretched and miserable all down the other. It is most seldom that a person feels so mixed, like that; and it is not to be recommended, either.

Tom asked me what he'd better do, but I did n't know. He asked me if I could hold on whilst he sailed away to a safe place and left the lion behind. I said I could if he did n't go no higher than he was now; but if he went

higher I would lose my head and fall, sure. So he said, "Take a good grip," and he started.

"Don't go so fast," I shouted. "It makes my head swim."

He had started like a lightning express. He slowed down, and we glided over the sand slower, but still in a kind of sickening way; for it *is* uncomfortable to see things sliding and gliding under you like that, and not a sound.

But pretty soon there was plenty of sound, for the lion was catching up. His noise fetched others. You could see them coming on the lode from every direction, and pretty soon there was a couple of dozen of them under me, jumping up at the ladder and snarling and snapping at each other; and so we went skimming along over the sand, and these fellers doing what they could to help us to not forgit the occasion; and then some other beasts come, without an invite, and they started a regular riot down there.

We see this plan was a mistake. We could n't ever git away from them at this gait, and I could n't hold on forever. So Tom took a think, and struck another idea. That was, to kill a lion with the pepper-box revolver, and then sail away while the others stopped to fight over the carcass. So he stopped the balloon still, and done it, and then we sailed off while the fuss was going on, and come down a quarter of a mile off, and they helped me aboard; but by the time we was out of reach again, that gang was on hand once more. And when they see we was really gone and they could n't get us, they sat down on their hams and looked up at us so kind of disappointed that it was as much as a person could do not to see *their* side of the matter.

(To be continued.)



THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM A PAINTING BY A. WIERUSZ KOWALSKI.
(BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO., NEW YORK.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

I. HAKADA, "THE PITIFUL LAST."

SOME persons value their earlier recollections and experiences much more than others do. Many children are very inquisitive, and forget the object of their apparent interest as soon as they receive the information they seek; but there are a few who have the gift of memory, and store up truths pure and simple. One would naturally think that this could be true only among the children of the more advanced races. But we can say for the children of uncivilized nations that they hear very little from their parents that can be called instruction, what they receive coming direct from Nature—the greatest schoolmistress of all. The Indian children were keen to follow her instructions, and derived from her the principles of a true and noble life according to the understanding of our people.

Of course I myself do not remember when I first saw the day, but my brothers have vividly recalled the time with much mirth; for it was the custom of the Sioux that, when a boy was born into a family, if there was a brother he must plunge into the water, or roll in the snow naked if it was winter-time; and if he was not big enough to do either of these himself, water was thrown on him. If the new-born had a sister, she must be immersed. The idea was that a warrior had come to camp, and the other children must display some act of hardihood.

I was so unfortunate as to be the youngest of five children who, soon after I was born, were left motherless. I had to bear the humiliating name "Hakāda," meaning "the pitiful last," until I should earn a more appropriate and dignified name. I was little else than a plaything for the rest of the children.

My mother, who was known as the handsomest woman of all the Nidowakanton and Wahpāton Sioux, was dangerously ill, and one

of the "medicine-men" who attended her said: "Another medicine-man has come into existence, but the mother must die. Therefore let him bear the name 'Mysterious Medicineman.'" But one of the others noisily interfered, saying that an uncle of the child already bore that name, so to the Sioux I am still only Hakada.

This beautiful woman, who had every feature of a Caucasian descent, with the exception of her luxuriant black hair and deep black eyes, on her death-bed held tightly to her bosom the boy, while she whispered a few words to her mother-in-law. She said, "I give you this boy for your own. I cannot trust my own mother with him; she will neglect him, and he will surely die."

The woman to whom these words were spoken was rather more enterprising and intelligent-looking than are most of the women of her race. In stature she was below the average, small and active for her age (for she was then fully fifty). My mother's judgment concerning her own mother was well founded, for soon after her death that old lady appeared, and declared that Hakada was too young to live without a mother. She offered the suggestion that I should be kept by her until I should die, and then she would put me in my mother's grave. Of course my other grandmother at once denounced the suggestion as a very wicked one, and refused to give me up.

The babe was done up as usual in an upright cradle made from an oak board two and a half feet long and one and a half wide. On one side of it was nailed with two brass-headed tacks the richly embroidered sack, which was open in front and laced up and down with long buckskin strings. Over the arms of the infant was a wooden bow, the ends of which were firmly attached to the board, so that if the cradle should fall, the child's head and face

would be protected. On this bow were hung curious playthings—strings of artistically cut and carved bones, and hoofs of deer, which rattled when the little hands moved them.

maidens in the art of embroidering with beads and porcupine quills. She showed no less enthusiasm over Hakada than she had felt when she held her first-born, the boy's father, in her arms. Every little attention that is due to a loved child she performed with much concern and devotion. She made all my little and scanty garments and my tiny moccasins with a great deal of taste. It was said by all that I could not have had more attention had my mother been living. She was a great singer. Sometimes, when Hakada wakened too early in the morning, she would sing to him something like the following:

LULLABY.

Sleep, sleep, my boy; the Chippewas
Are far away— are far away.
Sleep, sleep, my boy; prepare to meet
The foe by day—the foe by day!
The cowards will not dare to fight
Till morning break— till morning break.
Sleep, sleep, my child, while still 't is night;
Then bravely wake— then bravely wake!

The Dakota women were wont to cut and bring their fuel from the woods, and, in fact, to do most of the work. This of necessity fell to their lot because the men must follow the game during the day. Very often my grandmother carried me with her, always engaged in a pretended dialogue with me. While she worked it was her habit to suspend me from a bough or a wild grape-vine, so that the least breeze would swing the cradle to and fro.

I have been informed by my grandmother that when I was grown a little older and noticed things more, I was apparently capable of holding extended conversations, in an unknown dialect, with birds and red squirrels. Once I fell asleep in my cradle suspended from a bough five or six feet from the ground, while Sweet Wild Singer was some distance away, gathering bark for a canoe. A squirrel had found it convenient to come upon the bow of my cradle and nibble his hickory-nut, until he awoke me by dropping the crumbs of his meal. My disapproval of his intrusion was so decided that he had to take a sudden and quick flight to another tree, and from there he began to pour (I suppose) his wrath upon me, while I continued in my objection to his presence so au-



AN INDIAN CRADLE OF TO-DAY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

In this upright cradle I lived, played, and slept the greater part of the time during the first few months of my life. Whether I was made to stand against a pole or suspended from the bough of a tree while my grandmother cut wood, or whether I was carried on her back, or conveniently balanced by another child in a similar cradle hung on the opposite side of the neck of a pony, I was still in that oaken cradle.

This grandmother, whose name meant Sweet Wild Singer, was a patient woman, and also remarkably industrious and active; although she had already lived through fifty years of hardship, she was still a wonder to the young

dibly that my grandmother soon came to my rescue, and compelled the intruder to go away. It was a common thing for birds to alight upon my cradle in the woods.

My food was a troublesome question for Sweet Wild Singer. I have stated, however, that she was an adept. She prescribed the following diet for me, and it was strictly carried out by herself. She cooked some wild rice and strained it, and mixed it with broth made from choice venison. She also pounded dried venison almost to a flour, and kept it in water till the nourishing juices were extracted, then mixed in some pounded maize, which is usually browned before pounding. This soup of wild rice, pounded maize, and venison was my mainstay. But soon my teeth came—much earlier than the white children usually cut theirs; and then my kind nurse gave me a little more varied food, and I did all my own grinding.

I have said that my adopted mother was a very industrious woman. She used to make a great deal of maple-sugar, so that she kept some on hand almost all the year round, for special occasions, and for her grandchildren. How happy I must have been when she offered me the luxury of a stick of maple-candy which she herself had made purposely for me! She made the candies ingeniously by filling with maple-sugar, ready to cake, the grooved bills of ducks and geese, and also bells made of birch bark with a string in the center. She presented some candy to me whenever I was especially good during the summer.

After I left my cradle, I almost walked away from it, she told me. She then began calling my attention to natural objects. Whenever I heard the song of a bird, she would tell me what bird it came from, something after this fashion:

“Hakada, listen to *Shechoka* (the robin) calling his mate. He says he has just found something good to eat.” Or, “Listen to *Oopchanka*

(the thrush); he is singing for his little wife. He will sing his best.” When in the evening the whippoorwill started his song with vim, not further than a stone’s throw from our tent in the woods, she would say to me: “Hush! It may be a Chippewa scout.”

Again, when I wakened at midnight, she would say:

“Do not cry! *Hinakaga* (the owl) is watching you from the tree-top.”

I usually covered up my head, for I had perfect faith in my grandmother’s admonitions, and she had given me a dreadful idea of this bird. It was one of her legends that a little boy was once standing just outside of a teepee (tent), crying vigorously for his mother, when *Hinakaga* swooped down in the darkness and carried the poor little fellow up among the trees. Nor was this all. It was well known that the hoot of the owl was commonly imitated by Indian scouts when on the war-path. There had been many dreadful massacres immediately following this call. Therefore it was wise to impress the call of this bird early upon the mind of the child.

Indian children were trained so that they hardly ever cried much in the night. This was very expedient and necessary in their exposed life. In my infancy it was my grandmother’s custom to put me to sleep, as she said, “with the birds,” and to waken me with them, until it became a habit. She did this with an object in view. An Indian must always rise early,—almost too early, I think,—yet it was really a necessity. In the first place, as a hunter, he finds his game best at daybreak. Secondly, other tribes, when on the war-path, usually make their attack very early in the morning. Even when they are moving about leisurely, they like to arise before daylight, in order to travel when the air is cool, and unobserved, perchance, by their enemies. Therefore I was early accustomed to this habit of our people.

(To be continued.)



THE OWL'S CONVENTION.

BY HENRY S. CORNWELL.

(With Illustrations by F. S. Church.)

HERE, girls and boys, is a story for you—
 Not the ancient story
 Of old Mother Morey,
 Or Jack defiant
 Who killed the Giant,
 Or anything ever heard before,
 O'er and o'er, from years of yore,
 But a story that 's nice, unique, and new!

Once on a time, long, long ago,
 A wise old Owl to the trouble went
 Of trying a queer experiment.
 He called a Convention of Birds, to show
 How each the previous day had spent.
 It appears but a whim,
 But it seemed to him
 It would be a novel, agreeable way
 To pass the long midsummer day.

So the birds came flocking from far and
 near,
 Fanning the morning atmosphere,
 Some in wonder and more in fear,
 For Owls, it is clear, I may tell you here,

Not only catch and eat poor mice,
 But birdies also, and think them nice.

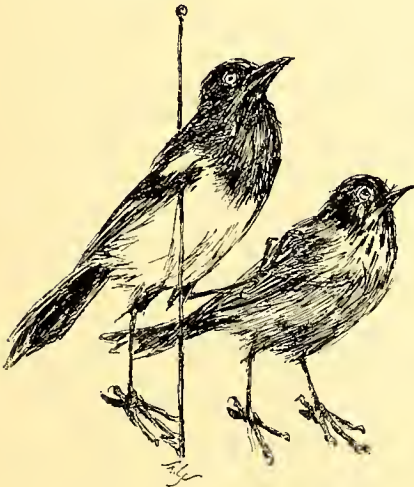
So the Finches and Thrushes
 Flocked out from the bushes,
 And the Snipe and the Sandpiper came from
 the rushes;
 And, leaving awhile her pendent nest,
 The Oriole came
 Like a wingèd flame;
 And the Cedar-bird with his tufted crest,
 And the Humming-bird like a living jewel,
 And the ravenous Shrikes so fierce and cruel,
 And Cuckoos with black and yellow bills,
 Larks, and Martins, and whistling Plover,
 And more than here can be mentioned over
 Of Sparrows, and Swallows, and Whippoor-
 wills!

So the Owl he perched on a dead oak limb,
 And, assuming an air austere and grim,
 Adjusted his goggles to keep the light
 From his sensitive eyes (for the Owl is quite
 As blind as a bat by day,—or blinder);

Looked over his docket by way of reminder
 (A docket 's a list of cases in court
 That have yet to report);
 Then said he, "Let me see!"
 (A very odd phrase from him to fall
 When we think he hardly could see at all!)
 "Let me see!" said he;
 "Let the court be still!"
 (Here the Woodpecker tapped three times
 with his bill.)
 "Let Mrs. Redbreast cease her sobbin';
 And, Sheriff Magpie, bring in the
 Robin!"

Then the Owl arose and looked around—
 For he is renowned for seeming profound,
 And gave a precursory "Hem!" and
 frowned,
 And asked in a magisterial way,
 "Robin, where were you yesterday?"
 "Well," said the Robin, politely bobbin',
 "I 've been a-robbin'—"
 And meek as a flower beginning to wilt, he
Did appear guilty.
 "Stealing, your Honor, several berries
 From Widow Jones, and a few ripe cher-
 ries."

Then the Owl he winked his large round
 eye,
 And shrugged his shoulder and stretched
 his wing.



"SHERIFF MAGPIE, BRING IN THE ROBIN!"

"You 're a jail-bird, then," was his reply;
 "For, Robin, this is a serious thing,
 And you must in future in Sing-Sing sing!
 Though it grip as hard as an iron claw,
 Wrongdoers must learn to respect the
 law!"

"Next!" said the Owl, as he rolled his head;
 "Let the work be sped!
 Gay Mr. Jay, just step this way.
 And what were you doing yesterday?"
 "Learning like you to be good and wise!"
 The Jay replies.
 But the Owl he only winked his eyes.



"ONLY TO J."

"Learning your lesson,
 eh? What was that?
 To steal the meat of
 the farmer's cat?
 Or peck the eyes of the
 sleeping bat?"
 "Learning my alpha-
 bet," answered the
 Jay.
 "A hard, long column,
 beginning with A!"
 "And how far did you
 get," said the Owl,
 "I pray?"
 "Only to J," said the laughing Jay;
 "I 'm ashamed to say,
 Only to J!"

Then the Chipping-bird chipped, the Cat-
 bird mewed,
 And a scene of general mirth ensued;
 They thought it absurd that so clever a
 bird
 Had n't even got down to K!

"Keep on," said the Owl; "'t is very proper
 To fill with grist your mental hopper;
 Great things from small beginnings grow,
 As I am here this day to show!
 Where is the Wren?
 Yes," said the Owl, "oh, where and when
 Shall I ever get hold of that troublesome
 Wren?"

"I am here," said the Wren, as she sprang
 from her nest,

Where her five brown eggs had been warmed
 by her breast,
 But she fluttered and shook
 With a frightened look,
 Like a lily that trembles above a brook,
 While she modestly said,
 As she bowed her head,
 "I beg the Court's pardon,
 But in yonder old garden



"“ENOUGH!” SAID THE OWL, “I WILL TAKE THE CASE
 OF YOUR FRIEND, THE BLUEBIRD, IN YOUR PLACE.””

My eggs will grow cold if deprived of their
 warden.”

“Enough!” said the Owl, “I will take the case
 Of your friend, the Bluebird, in your place.”

But the Bluebird only could mope and muse;
 He suffered, it seemed, from a fit of the blues.

And indeed it is true,
 He did appear blue —

Blue as a fleck of April sky,
 Blue as a dab of indigo dye,
 Or blue as the laws of the Nutmeg State
 Of 1638!

But the Owl, with a leer
 I can't imitate here,

Said, “The case to my mind is suspiciously
 queer;

And as to the law I am somewhat perplexed,
 Decision 's reserved till Friday next!”

Being called by name,
 Next the Yellow-bird came.

“And where,” said the Owl, “have *you* been
 of late?

By your heaving breast
 You seem distressed.

Pray what to the Court have you to state?”
 Then the poor meek bird began to tell
 How, ever since she left the shell,
 She had n't been quite like other birds
 (And she seemed to sigh as she spoke the
 words).

She said that each one of her
 Playmates made fun of her,
 And would n't accept her offers of amity,
 But tittered and twittered at her calamity —
 The Crow cawed at her, the Mocking-bird
 mocked her,
 In a way that made her ashamed, and
 shocked her,
 And drove her at last to see the doctor!

“And what,” asked the Owl, “was your
 complaint?

Were you lame, dyspeptic, asthmatic, or
 faint?

I hope it's not local,
 Affecting your vocal
 Attainments; your song,
 Though not very strong,

Is pleasing. I hope you'll recover ere long.”
 And the Yellow-bird answered, beginning to
 shrink

For shame, “I've a touch of the jaundice,
 I think;

For, as you may discover,
 I am yellow all over —

Indeed, as any one may behold,
 As yellow as cowslips, butter, or gold!”

“I excuse you,” the Owl said; “don't stay,
 pray,
 For it might be catching!—don't come this
 way.”

Who next in order might appear,
 Can only be conjectured here;
 For at this critical point the talk
 Was interrupted by a Hawk!—
 A great, grim, gray and cruel thing,

Sharp of talon and strong of wing,
Who, swooping from his forest height,
The whole Convention put to flight.

What a terrible time, as he came near,
Of hurry and worry and flurry and fear!
They fled together, or fled alone,
Like leaves of autumn, whirlwind-blown,

Hither and thither,

They did n't care whither,

For little time was there to pause;

In this merciless game of hide-and-peek

They could only cry and clamor and shriek:

“Get out of the way of his barbarous beak!

Beware of his talons — his great big claws!”

While everywhere in the tumult flew
Feathers yellow, and brown, and blue.

And the story ends by saying: Here
A boy who had long been watching
near,

With bow and arrow, sent a dart

That pierced the tyrant through the heart!

And so, whene'er I chance to view

A bird with plumage all askew —

With topknot torn, or broken wing,

I say to myself, “Alas! poor thing,

'T is very clear to my apprehension,

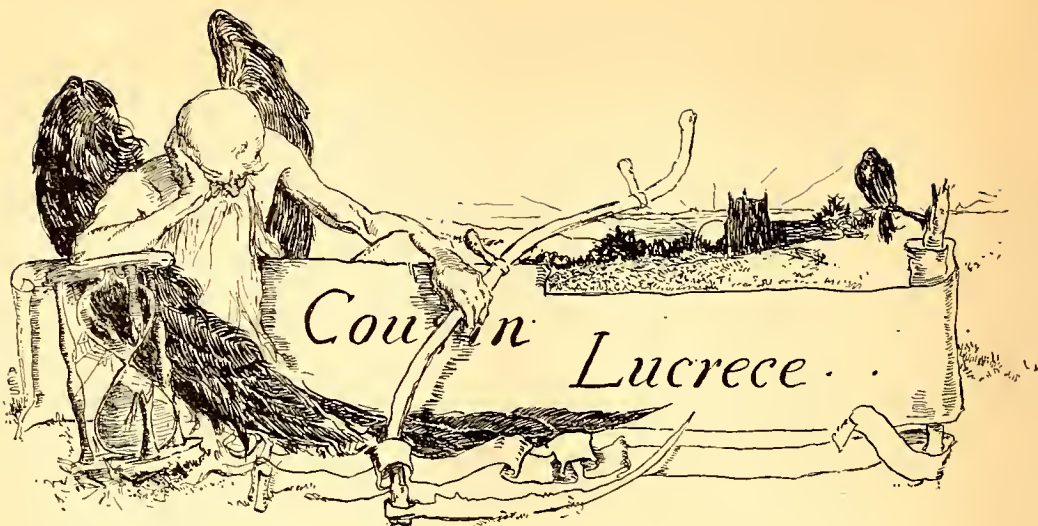
That you have been to The Owl's Con-
vention.”



WHEN THE MAN IN THE MOON WAS A LITTLE BOY.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

WHEN the man in the moon was a little boy,
All the mountains were little hills,
The oceans were tiny little lakes,
The rivers were little rills.
The elephants were the size of mice,
The eagles the size of bees;
The robins were the size of gnats,
There was only grass for trees.
There were no isthmuses, straits, or capes,
No islands or promontories;
And the fairy godmothers kept the schools,
And taught riddles and fairy stories.



BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

HERE where the curfew
 Still, they say, rings,
 Time rested long ago,
 Folding his wings;
 Here, on old Norwich's
 Out-along road,
 Cousin Lucretia
 Had her abode.

Norridge, not Nor-wich
 (See Mother Goose),
 Good enough English
 For a song's use.
 Side and roof shingled,
 All of a piece,
 Here was the cottage of
 Cousin Lucrece.

Living forlornly on
 Nothing a year,
 How she took comfort
 Does not appear;
 How kept her body,
 On what they gave,
 Out of the poorhouse,
 Out of the grave.

Highly connected?
 Straight as the Nile
 Down from "the Gard'ners" of
 Gardiner's Isle

(Three bugles, chevron gules,
 Hand upon sword),
 Great-great-granddaughter
 Of the third lord.

Bent almost double,
 Deaf as a witch,
 Gout her chief trouble —
 Just as if rich;
 Vain of her ancestry,
 Mouth all agrin,
 Nose half-way meeting her
 Sky-pointed chin;

Ducking her forehead-top,
 Wrinkled and bare,
 With a colonial
 Furbelowed air;
 Greeting her next-of-kin,
 Nephew and niece —
 Foolish old, prating old
 Cousin Lucrece.

Once every year she had
 All she could eat,
 Turkey and cranberries,
 Pudding and sweet;
 Every Thanksgiving,
 Up to the great
 House of her kinsman was
 Driven in state.



"COUSIN LUCRECE."

Oh, what a sight to see,
 Rigged in her best!
 Wearing the famous gown
 Drawn from her chest—
 Worn, ere King George's reign
 Here chanced to cease,
 Once by a forebear of
 Cousin Lucrece.

Damask brocaded,
 Cut very low;
 Short sleeves and finger-mitts
 Fit for a show;
 Palsied neck shaking her
 Rust-yellow curls,
 Rattling its roundabout
 String of mock pearls.

Over her noddle,
 Draggled and stark,
 Two ostrich feathers—
 Brought from the ark;

Shoes of frayed satin,
 All heel and toe,
 On her poor crippled feet
 Hobbled below.

My! how the Justice's
 Sons and their wives
 Laughed; while the little folk
 Ran for their lives,
 Asking if beldames
 Out of the past,
 Old fairy-godmothers,
 Always could last?

No! One Thanksgiving,
 Bitterly cold,
 After they took her home
 (Ever so old),
 In her great chair she sank,
 There to find peace:
 Died in her ancient dress—
 Poor old Lucrece.

"GENERAL SHERMAN'S BEAR."

BY EDWARD S. WILSON.

IN the early spring of 1866, I was ordered by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy to go to Detroit, Michigan, and assume command of the United States revenue steamer "Dix," then preparing for a cruise on the upper lakes. My instructions were to proceed to the head waters of Lake Superior, and there await the arrival, from St. Paul, of General William T. Sherman, U. S. A., and his staff, and to place my command under his direction while he was visiting the frontier fortifications. We left Detroit late in May, and the early part of June found us anchored in the beautiful Superior Bay, Minnesota. At that time there were no railways nearer to this part of Lake Superior than St. Paul, and although several Indian agencies and post-traders were established, the region

about was inhabited almost solely by Chipewewa Indians, with a few Cherokees and Sioux.

On the day after our arrival, General Sherman made his appearance, accompanied by his staff, and they were received with all honors.

The General was one of the most delightful and entertaining men it has been my pleasure to meet—extremely kind and considerate of others, full of anecdote, and always interesting.

We visited a number of the coast fortifications in the region, and arrived finally at Grand Portage. Soon after coming to anchor here, we received a call from the Indian agent, who informed us that the Indians would like to have a talk with General Sherman,—of whom they had often heard,—that he might tell the "Great

Father at Washington" their wishes. The General expressed his willingness to grant their request, and the next morning was appointed for the interview. On reaching the shore, we were escorted by the agent to the place of meeting, where we found several old chiefs, a goodly number of young Indians, and, as it seemed, all the squaws and papooses in the country, assembled to greet us. The squaws and many of the old men were sitting around a camp-fire, with the principal chief standing in the middle. Stepping forward, he shook hands with us, and then, through an interpreter, informed the General that he was a very good and peaceful Indian, and that his people also were very good but *very* poor, and wanted the "Great Father at Washington"

to send them some blankets and pork. The General replied that as soon as he returned to Washington he would say a kind word for them. We took seats assigned us in the circle, and were treated to cooked venison, after which the "pipe of peace" was handed round, each one taking a puff or two from its stem. Presently, from the rear of the camp, an old chief approached leading a young black bear. Walking up to General Sherman, he stated that his people wished to present the bear to him,

and hoped the General would receive it. The General's kindly disposition would not permit him to decline the gift, so it was graciously accepted. But at the close of the ceremonies, and after the Indians had gone, came the important question: *What* was to be done with



BRUIN BEGGING FOR CANDY.

Bruin? General Sherman frankly said he did not want him.

The other officers declining the gift, the General turned to me, and being very fond of animals I promptly accepted the bear. I hoped to tame him, and really anticipated much pleasure with my new-found friend. Little did I realize all that was in store for me! We soon returned to the ship, Bruin was tumbled on board, the anchor catheaded, and we were once again at "sea." Bruin was known as "General



"HIS GREAT GAME WITH THE SAILORS WAS A TUG-OF-WAR."

Sherman's Bear," and allowed to roam about at his own sweet will. He was quiet for the first few days, and seemed to be taking in the situation, and laying plans for the future. I was determined that, if possible, we should be the best of friends; and as he was very fond of sugar, I concluded to cultivate his friendship by this means. In a short time Bruin discovered that I kept myself supplied with lumps of sugar, and he was constantly trying to get his head into my pocket. Often, when I was sitting in a camp-chair, he would walk up on his hind legs, and, placing his big black paws against me, beg for sugar or candy, and he was not at all pleased when he failed to get it. He soon made himself perfectly at home, and went about everywhere investigating the ship. The sailors taught him many tricks, and really made him more troublesome than he otherwise would have been. His great game with them was a sort of "tug-of-war." He would clutch one end of a rope with his paws and teeth, and a sailor the other, both pulling with all their might; and if Bruin happened to be the successful contestant, he would show his delight by

putting his head between his legs and rolling about the decks like a ball. He found no difficulty in going up and down a common rungladder, but a pair of stairs was quite another matter. Usually, after going down very carefully for a step or two, he would become discouraged and tumble to the bottom with a growl. Bruin's scent was acute, and very soon he discovered that the sugar-bowl and molasses-pot were kept in the pantry at the foot of the steps. He also learned that the colored steward was very much afraid of him. Standing upright on his hind legs, he would growl and rush into the pantry, and with a cuff of his paw drive out the steward, upset the sugar-bowl, and grabbing what he could of the contents, hurry on deck to escape the punishment which he knew would follow.

It was now midsummer, and very warm. The doors and skylights were open.

One afternoon I was entertaining a few friends in my cabin. Some simple refreshments (including a large bowl of sugar) were placed upon the table, and Bruin soon discovered this fact from the deck, through the sky-

light. He growled once or twice, but I paid no attention, never dreaming he would attempt to get into the cabin by a short route. The "sweets," however, were more than he could resist, and before we realized what he was about, Bruin dropped through the opening, square upon the table, knocking over the glasses, cake-basket, and sugar-bowl! There was a stampede among my friends; they rushed to the rear of the cabin. The old steward, half frightened to death, made for the deck, while Bruin, with his mouth full of sugar, ran into my state-room. He was inclined to be

"Cap'n, dat b'ar gwine ter kill somebody yet, fo' sho. I knows dem b'ars down south. Dey was *very* dange'ous, en dey kills lots ob folks. Best send dat b'ar off, Cap'n!"

But we had little fear the bear would do serious harm. One sultry night in July, when all hands except the watch on deck were quietly sleeping, one of the ward-room officers aroused his messmates by making the most unearthly sounds, groaning and crying for help. Suddenly he had waked to find an oppressive weight resting upon his chest. He called to his companions, and then reaching out he felt



"BRUIN DROPPED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT, SQUARE UPON THE TABLE."

a little ugly, but a few sharp raps from my cane were sufficient to drive him on deck. Being assured that the danger was passed, the steward returned to restore things to rights, remarking as he did so :

the long, soft fur of Bruin. The bear had no idea of being disturbed, and growled very decidedly when driven out. I was sitting upon the quarter-deck one morning, when Bruin came up in his usual affectionate way, and pla-

cing his paws on my lap, began pulling at my brass buttons. Fearing he would tear the coat, I raised my hand to push him back. Quick as a flash, he seized my hand and put his sharp teeth through the fleshy part of it between the thumb and finger — not a serious bite, but it angered me, and I laid hold of Bruin with one hand and a belaying-pin with the other, and before he could escape had dealt him two or three good blows. Shaking his head, he scampered aloft, where he remained the entire day. I called the steward to dress my wound, and when the old negro saw the injured hand, and learned it was the bear's doing, he gave expression to his views at once:

"Did n't I tol' you so, Cap'n? I jes' sho' dat b'ar he kill somebody yet. You best shoot him now, Marse Cap'n; shoot him *now!* I neber likes dem b'ars. After all yer gwine done fo' him, feedin' him sugar en 'lasses, en den he gwine ter bite yer like dis! He had ought 'r be shame' ob heself."

Poor Bruin was always getting into trouble. His inquisitive nature led him to investigate more than was good for himself or the sailors. Although they were very fond of the "black rascal," as the men called him when he aroused their anger, they were getting tired of the endless trouble he gave them. They liked his pranks, and laughed heartily when he knocked one of them over in his efforts to make them play, or when he attacked the steward or cook on deck while they carried dishes. He capped the climax, however, one quiet afternoon, while prowling under the topgallant fore-castle, by capsizing a pot of tar hanging from a beam overhead, and in tumbling over the buckets and coils of rope, he fell into a half-barrel of "slush." When discovered Bruin was a fearful sight. The sailors were convulsed with laughter, although they realized that an extra amount of labor was again in store for them. They attempted to capture him before the decks were covered with grease and tar; but the poor beast, frightened, no doubt, by the excitement which prevailed, rushed frantically about, dodging his opponents. He knocked over the cabin-boy, and capsized the old quartermaster, and finally bethought himself of the

rail. Before the men could hold him, Bruin was safely aloft, leaving the rigging and sail-covers in a terrible condition. The crew, now thoroughly disgusted, determined to petition me to cage Bruin. I was reading in my cabin when all this took place, and knew nothing of the affair until the old steward, brimming with laughter, came down to tell me.

"Cap'n, dat yere General Sherman's b'ar, he be'n playin' de mischief dar for'ard. He did n't *kill* nobody, but he pretty nigh kill' one ob de boys, en he jes' play de mischief dar for'ard. Cap'n, guess you done wid dat b'ar."

"Where is the bear now?" I asked.

"Oh, he 's up 'loft!"

I made up my mind not only to cage Bruin at once, but to send him ashore somewhere. I ordered the ship's carpenter to make a strong wooden box with iron rods for the front; and Master Bruin was soon locked up, never more to frolic about decks. General Sherman and party had returned to Washington, so I could not consult them.

Thinking the matter over, the idea suggested itself of writing to the commissioners of Central Park, New York, and inquiring if they would like the bear for the zoölogical garden. This I did, and a reply soon came thanking me for the offer and accepting the bear. We had returned to Detroit, so I saw the manager of the Wells Fargo Express Company, and he kindly agreed to forward the bear to New York free of charge. To console Bruin on the journey, a large canvas bag, filled with sweetened corn-bread, was nailed to the cage, and on the outside of the bag I had painted in black letters: "Food for Bear. Please feed hourly!"

It was not without a feeling of regret that I thus parted with Bruin. Mischievous as he was, I knew I should miss his companionship and friendly morning salutation.

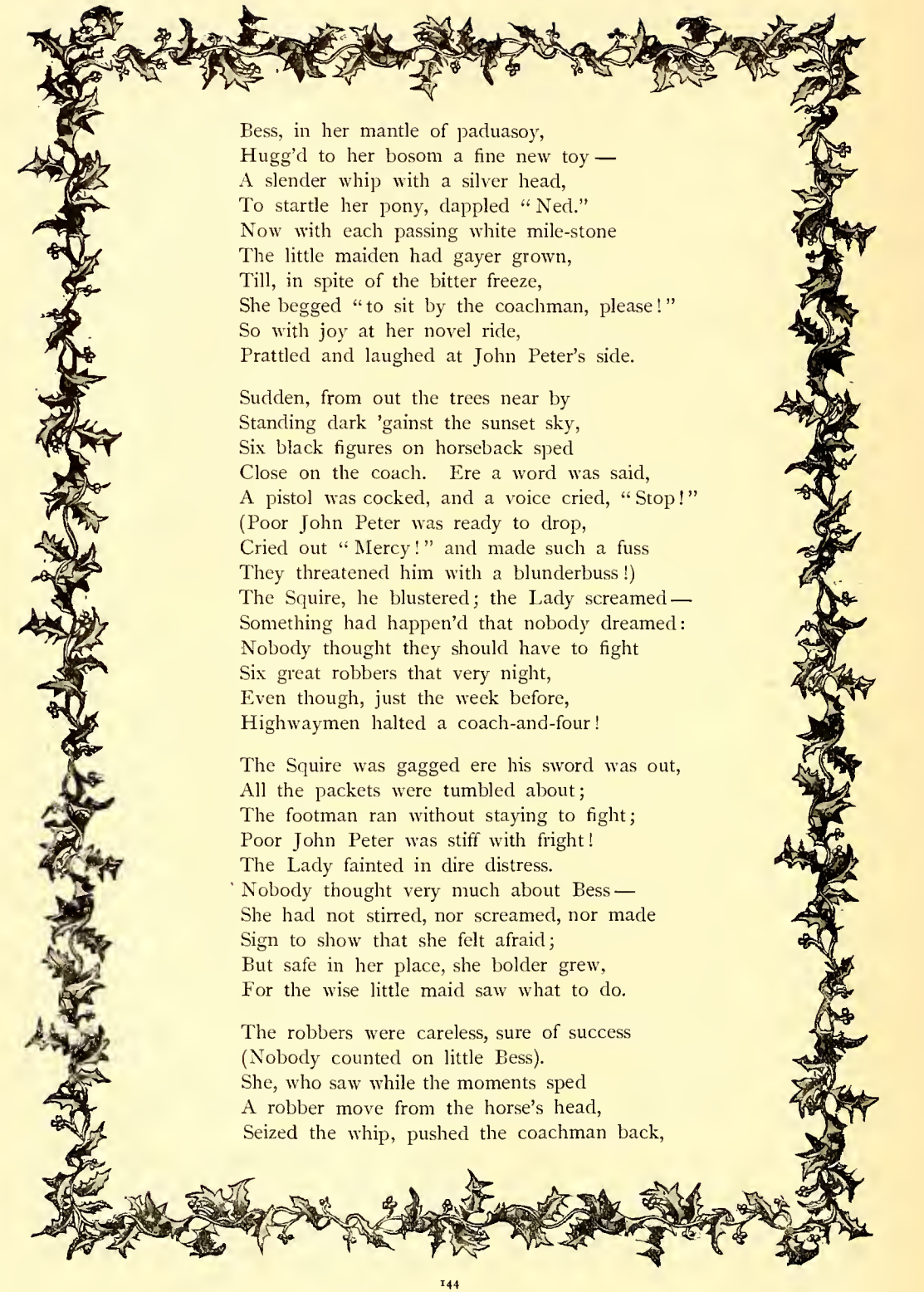
A few days later I received another letter from the commissioners informing me of his safe arrival, and saying that he had been placed in the "Garden of the Bears." No doubt Bruin has been a source of amusement to many, both old and young; but few, I fancy, are aware that he once belonged to General Sherman.



ONE Christmas Eve
(so the List'ner heard),

During the reign of George the Third,
 Over the road to Willoughby Hall,
 Under the beeches, stiff and tall,
 The Squire's coach, and his horses brown,
 Bore their master from London Town:
 From London Town, where a week before
 The coach had stopped at a palace door,
 And poor John Peter, in waistcoat fine,
 Had sat and gaped at Queen Caroline.

Now, from the Court where people press,
 The Squire, his wife, and their daughter Bess,
 Weary, perchance, yet merry withal,
 Were on their way home to Willoughby Hall.
 The Squire was testy, and toss'd about,
 Grumbled because his pipe was out.
 My Lady's sleep was placid and sound,
 And visions came, as the wheels went round
 (Visions that stay'd when dreams were gone),
 Of a purple silk and a gay sprigged lawn.



Bess, in her mantle of paduasoy,
Hugg'd to her bosom a fine new toy —
A slender whip with a silver head,
To startle her pony, dappled "Ned."
Now with each passing white mile-stone
The little maiden had gayer grown,
Till, in spite of the bitter freeze,
She begged "to sit by the coachman, please!"
So with joy at her novel ride,
Prattled and laughed at John Peter's side.

Sudden, from out the trees near by
Standing dark 'gainst the sunset sky,
Six black figures on horseback sped
Close on the coach. Ere a word was said,
A pistol was cocked, and a voice cried, "Stop!"
(Poor John Peter was ready to drop,
Cried out "Mercy!" and made such a fuss
They threatened him with a blunderbuss!)
The Squire, he blustered; the Lady screamed —
Something had happen'd that nobody dreamed:
Nobody thought they should have to fight
Six great robbers that very night,
Even though, just the week before,
Highwaymen halted a coach-and-four!

The Squire was gagged ere his sword was out,
All the packets were tumbled about;
The footman ran without staying to fight;
Poor John Peter was stiff with fright!
The Lady fainted in dire distress.
Nobody thought very much about Bess —
She had not stirred, nor screamed, nor made
Sign to show that she felt afraid;
But safe in her place, she bolder grew,
For the wise little maid saw what to do.

The robbers were careless, sure of success
(Nobody counted on little Bess).
She, who saw while the moments sped
A robber move from the horse's head,
Seized the whip, pushed the coachman back,



Poem John Peter
Their Streets

Hit "Brown Jerry" a sounding thwack!
Up went his nose with a snort of scorn
(This is how it was told next morn),
Flung out his hoof (so the papers said),
Hit a robber and broke his head!
Then was off with the speed of the wind,
Leaving the robbers all behind!—
Off like mad o'er the snowy course,
Ere a robber could mount his horse!

How My Lady hugged Bess and sobbed!
How John Peter told who was robbed!
How the Squire, with pride and glee,
Cried, "She did for 'em, trouncingly!"
How old Janet, the nurse, cried "Jack!
What a marcy ye all came back!"
How maid Bess, at her father's side,
Carved the pudding at Christmas-tide—
The great big pudding with every plum
Worthy of little Jack Horner's thumb!
How her grandam and cousins five
Pledged her "the pluckiest girl alive."
The longest words could not tell it all,
The joy and the laughter at Willoughby Hall.



A CRITICAL MOVE.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM A PAINTING, BY FRANCIS C. JONES, IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. CLARKE.

LES PETITS SABOTS DE MARIE.

(A story for translation.)

PAR KATE WATSON LAWRENCE.

“MES petits sabots! Mes petits sabots!” s'écria la petite Marie, battant ses mains. Sa mère avait ouvert la porte de l'armoire, dans laquelle étaient, avec d'autres trésors, la robe de baptême de Marie, et la première paire de sabots qu'elle n'avait jamais portée. C'était un plaisir rare de voir ces effets, car la porte de cette armoire n'était pas souvent ouverte. Marie pensait qu'il n'y avait rien de plus joli que cette petite robe de mousseline blanche, et les sabots, qui étaient le travail de son père. Elle n'était jamais fatiguée de les regarder, et de les admirer.

Et ils étaient réellement bien jolis, car son père était un ouvrier très habile; il avait pris un soin particulier en fabricant les premiers souliers de son premier enfant. Ils étaient de bois de hêtre, le meilleur bois pour sabots, parcequ'il est très léger, très ferme, et tient les pieds secs malgré la pluie et la neige. Ils étaient très bien travaillés, étant sculptés tout autour du bord, montrant les petits bas rouges et bleus, qui faisaient un joli contraste avec la couleur jaune du bois et un bouton de rose à demi-ouvert sur le cou de pied. “Nous allons au bois aujourd'hui,” dit sa mère, “pour voir papa faire les sabots. Il va faire une paire de sabots pour la petite Louise.” “Pour la petite Louise!” s'écria Marie. “Quoi! la petite Louise! Mais, elle ne peut pas encore se tenir debout!” “Oh! elle marchera très bien avant l'été,” dit la mère, “et alors les sabots seront tout prêts pour les lui mettre aux pieds.” Quand elles arrivèrent au bois, le père s'approcha d'elles, et les conduisit dans un endroit où elles pouvaient contempler la scène du travail sans être exposées au danger d'être blessées par la chute des arbres.

Deux hommes forts abattaient les arbres, d'autres les sciaient en longueur, et puis les divisaient en quartiers. Alors commença le travail réel de sabots. Un homme tailla d'abord grossièrement la forme des sabots avec une hache; un autre ouvrier fit le trou pour le pied, en creusant avec un instrument pointu qu'on appelle cuiller. Alors on donna les sabots au père de Marie pour les finir.

Il ne prenait pas autant de peine pour les autres que pour ceux de Marie. Les sabots d'hommes, qui étaient faits de la plus grosse partie de l'arbre où le bois est rude, il les travaillait sans façon, ne faisant que les unir et les polir. Sur ceux des paysannes, il ciselait une rose ou une primevère. Les sabots du dimanche pour les jeunes filles, il les brodait en sculpture découpée tout autour du bord. Il y en avait aussi pour les petits bergers qui rôdent avec leurs troupeaux, et encore d'autres plus petits pour les jeunes écoliers, et d'autres encore moins grands pour les tout petits enfants. Ceux-ci Marie les admirait beaucoup, quoiqu'ils ne fussent pas aussi polis que les siens.

“Cette paire est pour Louise,” dit son père à Marie. “Quelle fleur faut-il que je taille dessus?”

Marie pensa un moment, et dit:

“Un lis. Louise est comme un lis, elle est si blanche et si délicate.”

Son père fut embarrassé pour un moment. et alors sculpta une fleur, et quoiqu'elle ne fût pas exactement comme un lis, Marie l'admira beaucoup.

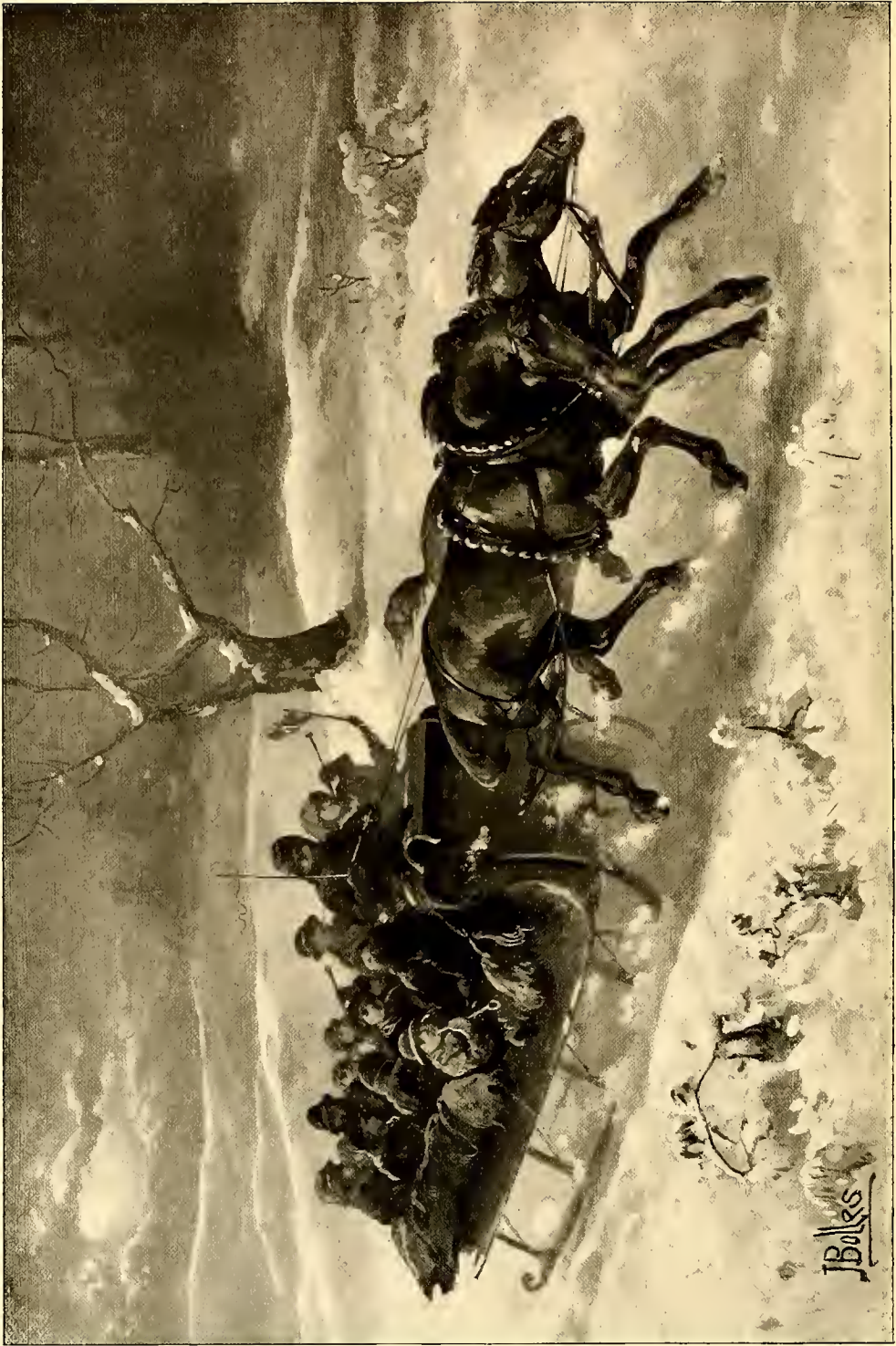
Et ainsi les sabots furent finis, et enfermés jusqu'à ce que les petits pieds fussent assez grands pour les porter.

WHAT PUSSY SAID.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

BESSIE with her kitten
Sitting on her knee —
“Pussy, dear, now won't you
Try to talk to me?
Yes, you pretty darling,
I am sure you could

Say a little something
If you only would.
Now, I'll ask a question,
Answer, Pussy — *do!*
Whom do you love the very best?”
And Pussy said: “M — you.”



"CHIME, CHIME, CHIME, CHIME,—SUCH A MERRY LOAD
SLEIGHING IN THE MOONLIGHT ALONG THE RIVER ROAD!"

THE CHRISTMAS SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

THEY started from the old farm-gate,
The happiest boys alive,
With Rob, the roan, and Rust, his mate,
And Uncle Jack to drive ;
The snow was packed, that Christmas-time,
The moon was round and clear,
And when the bells began to chime,
They all began to cheer.
Chime, chime, chime, chime,—such a merry load
Sleighbing in the moonlight along the river road !

They passed the lonely cider-mill,
That 's falling all apart ;
The hermit heard them on the hill,—
It warmed his frozen heart ;
They cheered at every farm-house gray,
With window-panes aglow,—
Within, the farmer's wife would say,
“Well, well, I want to know !”
Chime, chime, chime, chime,—such a noisy load
Speeding by the homesteads along the river road !

The river shone, an icy sheet,
As o'er the bridge they flew ;
Then down the quiet village street
Their Christmas horns they blew ;
The sober people smiled and said,
“We 'll have to give them leave
(Boys will be boys!) to make a noise,
Because it 's Christmas Eve !”
Chime, chime, chime, chime,—such a lively load
Scattering songs and laughter along the river road !

But now it 's growing hard to keep
Awake, and now it seems
The very bells have gone to sleep,
And jingle in their dreams.
The lane at last,—the farm-gate creaks,
And Grandma cries, “It 's Jack !
Why, what a peck of apple-cheeks
These boys have brought us back !”
Chime, chime, chime, chime,—such a hungry load,
Rosy from the Christmas ride along the river road !

NEW ORLEANS.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.



II.

CHILDREN love
New Orleans.

I have seen a great many large cities, but I cannot think I have ever seen one so green with trees or so full of song-birds and flowers. All summer the magnolia—*magnolia grandiflora*, great-flowered magnolia, a forest tree—opens its large white, delicate tulips of ravishing fragrance among its glossy sea-green leaves so high in air that only a stout-hearted boy can climb to and pick them. When its bursting seed-cones drop to the pavement and scatter their shining coral seeds, little girls with needle and thread string these seeds into necklaces whose perfume is

even finer than that of the flowers. I do not say they always appreciate the sweet odors; some little girls have such small noses!

We must not stop to tell of half the flowers, nor more than mention the oleander, the pomegranate, the Cape jasmine, the yellow jasmine, the sweet olive, the night jasmine, whose unseen incense fills the air on summer evenings when the stars seem only more white and still, not much farther away, than the fireflies, nor quite so numberless. We may not dwell even upon the orange-blossoms. Yet there is one of Flora's lesser gems which we must not leave untold: not the bride's, but the children's flower—the frail, sweet-scented little red, white, and yellow trumpets of the “four-o'clock.” How many thousand garlands of these blossoms the little girls of New Orleans string in a single summer afternoon, I have not the statistics to tell. And then there is the china-tree, whose large bunches of tiny purple flowers, having exactly the odor of heliotrope, the girls cannot get unless the boys climb the trees, break off the sprays, and drop them down. Some boys—even some very respectable boys—prefer

not to do this! Later in the year they climb the same trees and fill their pockets with the green china-berries, which make the best wads you ever saw for popguns. These, fortunately, last but a short while, whereas there is no time of year in New Orleans when one may not gather roses and violets in the open air, and without having to be beholden to boys for them.

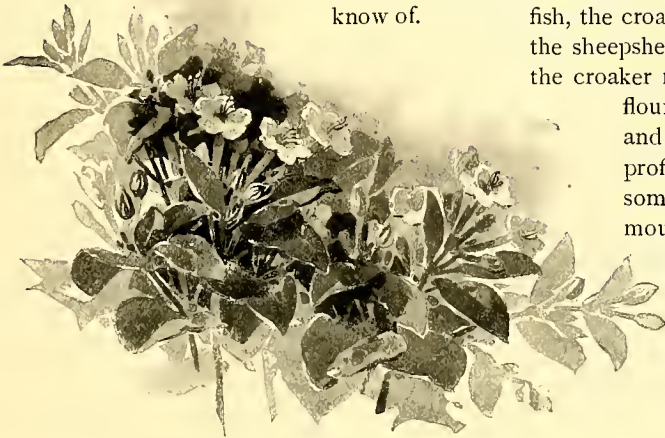
Oh, yes, children have good reason to love New Orleans. Its climate, the doctors say, is kind to babies. It is true, one can never go sleighing there, and a day of good snowballing comes only about once in ten years; but then neither can one get his ears or toes frozen, except by going to one of the big ice-factories and paying to have it done.

The nature of the soil, too, has advantages and attractions. Almost everywhere except along the river-bank or in its bed, and often there as well, it is a tenacious dark-blue clay. In old times men used to build adobe houses of it, mixing Spanish moss through it as plasterers mix hair in their plaster. An excellent soft red brick is made of it in vast quantities in the often very picturesque brick-yards along the river. This soil, moreover, makes the best mud-pies I have ever seen; while, rubbed on the clothes of an ordinarily bright boy, it can be

made to procure him more old-fashioned family thrashings than any other mud I know of.

This brings us naturally to the subject of fishing. The New Orleans boy rarely fishes in the Mississippi. "Pot-fishers" take its ugly buffalo-fish, huge "blue-cats" and "mud-cats," with trot-lines, and "wharf-rats" have some luck with the hand-line at the edges of wharves; but as for fishing with the pole for small fry—I'll tell you: I once saw a boy—same boy again? yes!—tie a railroad spike to forty feet of small line and cast the iron into the river from the stern of a steamboat lying at a wharf for repairs. That swirling, boiling current floated the spike! Imagine dropping into those waters without a line and with one's clothes and shoes on! But that is what a great many persons, some dear little children among them, had to do one winter morning,—I think it was a New Year's day,—when five of those great steamboats burned to the water's edge in a few minutes, like so much straw or shavings. Some were saved by men in skiffs, while others were never seen again. I know a man who, when a youth, saw that whole river-harbor one day dotted with drifting steamboats and ships, burning and sinking; but that was—as the old black women who sell pies and "stage-planks" (gingerbread) on the landings would say—"in de enju'in' o' de waugh."

No, the right sort of New Orleans boy, the sort that reads ST. NICHOLAS (or would if he were not a Creole), fishes in Lake Pontchartrain when he can afford it,—the lake is five or six miles from the city's main streets,—and sometimes catches that handsome and delicious pan-fish, the croaker, and even, though more rarely, the sheepshead. They are so named because the croaker makes a little croaking noise as he flounces about in your fishing-boat, and the sheepshead has a face whose profile is like that of a sheep's, and some true teeth that show with his mouth shut. The lake is thirty miles wide and over forty long, so that as one looks across it he sees only sky and water meet and vessels sink below or rise above the blue horizon. Away back in the geological ages, before anybody's aunt was born, the Mississippi River used to run through this lake.



THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER — THE FOUR-O'CLOCK.

But New Orleans boys have other fishing-grounds. With one's father or uncle along, Harvey's Canal, the Company Canal, Lake Cataouaché, are good, better, best! On a pinch, there are plenty of fun and quite enough fish still nearer by; for in all the suburban regions,

where the live-oaks spread their brawny, moss-draped arms, where the persimmon drops its yellow fruit, and the wild acacia spreads its thorny, blossom-crowded sprays,

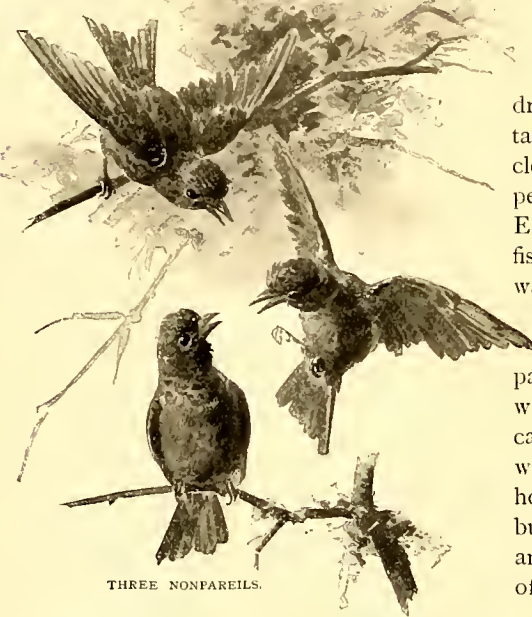


THE CARDINAL.



INDIGO-BIRD.

and fills the air with their odor, the plain is crisscrossed with draining-ditches of all sizes, most of them untainted by sewage; and in their sometimes clear, sometimes turbid waters are the sun-perch, the warmouth, and other good fish. Even for girls—who, somehow, can't learn to fish, poor things!—there is in these harmless waters the loveliest crawfishing.



THREE NONPAREILS.

I once knew a boy—yes; same!—to catch five pretty sun-perch in one of these big ditches, pack them alive in some fresh Spanish moss well wetted, put them into a covered tin bucket, carry them three miles in the hot summer weather, turn them into a tiny pond at his home, and keep them there—I forget how long, but for more than a year. They subsisted upon, and gradually exterminated, a minute species of shell-fish which he had earlier introduced,



YOUNG MOCKING-BIRDS IN NEST.



THE ORCHARD-ORIOLE.

and which from two or three specimens had increased to thousands. One pretty fact about the sun-perch is that he marries. Yes, these fish mate in pairs as birds do. They even have a simple sort of sandy nest. One of the pleasantest things I ever observed in all my boyhood was one of the beautiful little creatures hovering over the bright depressed spot in the clean sand at the bottom of some cool, shallow water, which was its nest, fanning it with its gauzy fins, whirling, backing, darting, and guarding it against all enemies.

But that really has nothing to do with New Orleans, except that our wandering into it thus only tends to show, I think, how very near to dear Mother Nature New Orleans is, for a city: especially the children's part of it. I was near forgetting to say that there are also snakes in those ditches: one must be candid. But they are—what shall we say?—diffident and retiring. Even when one of them pokes his tongue out at you, that only means, "Hello, sonny, I used to know your grandma!" If, when you are fishing, you jerk up your line, thinking you have got a fish, and you find it 's nothing but a mere four-foot snake, all you have to do is to drop everything and walk away rapidly. Still it is well to notice where you step. Snakes, too, go in pairs, and you don't want to tread on one snake while walking away from another. The Voodooos consider it a sign of bad luck. Understand me, a Louisiana boy never runs from a snake. I once knew a boy—?—yes!—who made it a rule never to part company with a snake till he had killed it. Once, near the New Shell road, seeing a large snake, and keeping his eyes on him sharply while he stooped to take up a stick, he grasped, instead, another snake! Both these snakes got away, and the same may be said of the boy. Some of the hardier lads of my acquaintance used to have a neat trick of catching a live snake by the tail, twirling him around as one would twirl a sling, and popping his head off as we pop a whip. The fact of the snake being venomous did not deter the boy or save the serpent. But this sport, while injurious to the snake, is not morally helpful to the boy, and I do not recommend it.

I could name many other amusements, common in New Orleans, of which boys in Northern

towns seem to know but little. Out of that city, for instance, I have never seen the blow-gun. These are sold by Choctaw Indians, mostly at the market-houses. The butchers, hucksters, fruiterers, and bakers of New Orleans, you must understand, are almost all gathered into market-houses distributed at convenient—sometimes not too convenient—points throughout the city; and people with market-baskets on their arms throng the gas-lighted aisles of these long depots of supply at very early morning hours. Any early-rising New Orleans boy or girl will promise to be good if father or mother will take him or her along when going to market before breakfast. There is always a delightful uproar in these places in the hour of dawn; a bewildering chatter of all the world talking at once, mostly in German and French: a calling and hallooing, a pounding of cleavers, a smell of raw meat, of parsley and potatoes, of fish, onions, pineapples, garlicks, oranges, shrimps, and crabs, of hot loaves, coffee, milk, sausages, and curds, a rattling of tins, a whetting of knives, a sawing of bones, a whistling of opera airs, a singing of the folk-songs of Gascony and Italia, a flutter of fowls, prattling and guffawing of negroes, mules braying, carts rumbling—it is great fun! Most of these market-houses have some part of their flagged floor left without roof; and here, in pathetic contrast with all this hurry and noise, one may almost always find, squatted on the flags among the baskets of their own deft weaving, a few Indian women and children, gentle, silent, grave, bareheaded, barefooted, and redolent of the bay-leaves, sassafras root, and medicinal herbs they pile before them for sale. If there are men with them, they are likely to offer for your purchase blow-guns. A blow-gun is six feet of brake-cane, the joints burned out smooth with the red-hot end of a rod of iron wire. Its foot-long arrow is very slender, headless, and feathered with cotton lint, and is blown through the gun by the breath. They say Audubon, the great naturalist, who was a Creole, used to get some of his smallest birds by means of a blow-gun. I am not sure I get that sentence logically correct: I suppose the birds were not his till he had got them; but any enterprising boy will see what I mean. I am told that of late years the popularity of the

blow-gun has been largely transferred to that fiendish thing made of a forked stick and a rubber strap, so terrifying to grandmothers and so justly denounced by big sisters, and known in New Orleans by the ribald name of nigger-shooter. I hope I have been misinformed.

The brake-cane furnishes another plaything. If all the rain that falls in New Orleans within a year were to fall in one big shower and not run off as it fell, it would cover the whole ground to the depth of more than five feet. Even as it is, the rains come down so quickly and run off so slowly that one may often see many of the granite-paved streets in the heart of the city overflowed by an hour's rain, so that the sidewalks—still known there by the old French military name of banquettes—will be several inches under water. You may wonder how, in such cases, the floods are prevented from overflowing cellars; but this is done by the following simple device: They don't have any cellars. Neither are there any underground sewers in the city for carrying off this rain-water. It runs off—always from the river-bank and toward the swamp—by open gutters, one at every sidewalk's outer edge. And so there is almost always some water in sight, clean or unclean, in whatever street one may be. Now, with a simple thick joint-length of brake-cane for a cylinder, open at one end and the joint at the other end pierced by a small vent-hole, and with a stick for a plunger, a soft rag neatly wrapped around one end to give suction, you have a syringe, or "squirt," that will throw a stream of water upon a cat or dog, or a playmate's trousers, as much as forty feet away. A singular thing about this home-made toy is that its owner (or borrower) always thinks he can sit on the street curbstone and squirt it with frantic enthusiasm for an hour without getting his own clothes wet, though he always gets them so. But the climate is mild, the clothes do not cost *him* anything, and so he tries, tries again, remembering, as all good boys should, that *perseverans omnia vinces!*

Throwing the lasso used to be a favorite sport in New Orleans, those who were without lasso taking the part of wild cattle, to add to the fun. Boys sometimes acquired great skill in the use of the lariat.

"Noyaus" is a game whose charms ought to be known beyond New Orleans. Noyaus, you understand, are peach-stones: fully half the terms of the playground, in New Orleans, are French. Noyaus is played by standing at a taw and trying to toss the peach-stones into a hole in the ground close against some fence or wall. The game is interestingly intricate. The noyaus that fall outside the hole must be flipped in with thumb and forefinger.

The boys of New Orleans are great trappers of song-birds. During several months of the long summery year they take thousands of orchard-orioles, cardinals, indigo-birds, and non-pareils in trap-cages.

This trapping of birds is cruel play and very one-sided, for a large proportion of the poor little prisoners die. If fellows must get their sport out of things that fly, why don't they find it in things that need their help to fly, as birds certainly do not?

There, for instance, are kites. But the lads of New Orleans can truly reply that this beautiful and harmless pastime is nowhere else in all our country so widely resorted to as in their city. I have seen more kites in the air on one day in New Orleans than in seven years anywhere else.

A far finer phase of the sport is the flying of kites of great size. And still another is the flying of lantern-kites by night. When it is real kite-time one may often see half a dozen of these phantom lanterns moving about in the soft summer air, and the kite, thread, and tail are entirely invisible.

This is all I have room to say about New Orleans. If you have any doubts as to the accuracy of anything I have stated, I trust you will go and see for yourself. Then my very mistakes will have had their value; for if you have but the art of seeing and telling what you have seen, your own account of things will be more interesting to you than I can reasonably hope this is. A romantic light from the crescents of the Delta City shall linger in the firmament of your memory long after the suns of your childhood and youth have set, as, gently resting under the twinkling sky of aged years, you count the shooting-stars of happy reminiscence.

“THIS IS SARAH JANE COLLINS.”

(*A story founded on fact.*)

BY JOHN J. Á BECKET.

PROBABLY you never heard of Sarah Jane Collins. It would be surprising if you had. But I really feel that for the encouragement of small, unknown women, the world should hear of Sarah Jane, and of the way in which she conquered Santa Claus.

Sarah Jane Collins, at the time of this memorable achievement, was toppling to her ninth year. She was not heavily burdened with knowledge—not even when compared with other little nine-year-old girls. But she had learned one thing which stuck to her small mind like a bur. This was that Christmas is a time when Santa Claus simply rampages around shedding gifts upon children.

For some unaccountable reason, he had never shed any of his bounty on Sarah Jane.

She had expected, witnessed, and survived several Christmas days, not only without a single present, but without so much as a single card or note of regret from Santa Claus to atone for this absolute neglect. This might have shaken the faith of some small girls in the old Saint's being as generous as he is said to be. But it had not that effect on Sarah Jane.

However, she felt there was something wrong somewhere—or why did she not get Christmas presents? If he supposed that she did not care about them—why, then the Saint was sadly mistaken. Sarah Jane's soul was filled with a desire for Christmas presents.

This little girl lived in Barrytown with her mother and her brother John, who was eleven years old, but several years younger for his age than Sarah was. The chief industrial activity in Barrytown is coal-mining. John had an interest in a coal-mine. He was a “picker.” As the coal comes streaming down the chute in the breaker the pickers snatch out the slate, as people do not like to buy coal and find large incombustible chunks of slate mingled with it.

When John came home from picking, a stranger could not have told him from a black boy. He *was*, in fact, a very black boy; but I mean that any one would have imagined that he was a child of African descent. But you could n't expect John to sit handling lumps of coal all day in a place where the air is thick with flying coal-dust, and come out looking like a white boy.

The Collins family lived on the outskirts of the town, and beyond them were the coal-breakers, and heaps of “culm,” and hills. In fact, the Collins mansion was on the crest of a hill. It was a wooden house two stories high; but it had a spare room, and that was rented to a Mr. Sullivan, who worked in the mine, of course, and who paid one dollar a week for his lodging.

Well, it was getting on toward Christmas. The river was frozen over, the culm heaps wore white robes of snow, and the streets afforded splendid coasting. Sarah Jane, sliding wildly down the hill in a warm glow of delight, was really a much worthier subject for a sonnet than many that poets select. But in her small person lurked this memory of past Christmases, barren of gifts, and the remembrance was like a skeleton at the feast. When she and John made excursions through the business streets of the town, the shop-windows, stored with the things from which Santa Claus replenished his sleigh, brought home to Sarah still more strongly the past unfitness of things.

Although there was no selfishness or vanity in her nature, she never for a moment saw any reason why she should n't have presents. It was simply an oversight on Santa Claus's part. They lived so far out on the skirt of the town that the good Saint might be unaware that Sarah Jane Collins had waited there through several Christmas days—forgotten. It was

only his unfortunate ignorance of her whereabouts that had led to her passing such fruitless Christmas days; that was all.

But Sarah Jane, with a most logical appreciation of the situation, argued that his ignorance had been quite enough to cause her to be overlooked in the past, and would doubtless prove sufficient this Christmas, unless she could bring herself to the good Saint's notice. So, about four days in advance of the eventful day, she presented herself before her mother and showed that worthy woman a small note.

"Mother," said Sarah Jane, "here 's a letter which I 've written to Santa Claus. But I don't know how to get it to him."

"Sarah Jane! why have you written to Santa Claus?" exclaimed poor Mrs. Collins.

"So that he 'll know where I am and bring me my presents," said Sarah Jane, with the greatest gravity.

"Shall I read what you 've written to him?" asked her mother, with a troubled look.

"Yes."

Sarah Jane handed the sheet of white note-paper to her mother, who read, in large, laboriously formed letters, this communication of her daughter to Santa Claus:

December 21 92.

DEER SANTA CLAUS: I now take the plesure of riting to you to ask you if you would please remember me on Chrismas eve and my little brother because we are very poor and I have no papa to send any dollars but I will try and pay you bak when I grow a big woman and I am satsfyed with anything that you wish to bring me Deer Santa Claus. I have seen your stores and I think you have lots of pretty things in them and I would like to get something. We hold our Christmas on monday Deer Santa Claus because we have sunday Scool on Chrismas day and our teacher says we must keep sunday so we don't have no scool for a whole week and so my mama says we can say our Chrismas day is on monday. Deer Santa Claus, Please remember the right howse, it is the howse nearest going up to the scool and ours is the only chimly on the whole block for my brother was out looking. This is the address, Deer Santa Claus.

SARAH JANE COLLINS
401 Blank Street.

Mrs. Collins held the letter in her hand and looked at her small daughter. The letter was addressed simply to "Mr. Santa Claus."

"Will I just drop it in the letter-box?" asked Sarah Jane, eagerly.

"I will attend to that for you, Sarah," said her mother. Mrs. Collins was somewhat distressed; but she had in her mind's eye some very kind people who, she thought, would know Santa Claus's address if she showed this letter to them.

So Sarah Jane intrusted the precious missive to the care of her mother. That good woman soon after put on her best shawl and bonnet, and went to a house where lived two young women whom she knew. They had very pretty faces and, what is better, very kind hearts. Mrs. Collins gave them the letter. They were much affected at Sarah Jane's direct appeal to Santa Claus, and when Mrs. Collins started on her way back it was with the comforting thought that Sarah Jane would not be left out this year.

She reported to the eager young correspondent that the letter had been sent on its way.

Then life took on new and rosy meanings for Sarah, and she almost counted the hours. Sarah frequently asked her mother if she thought Santa Claus could possibly miss the house. It would be trying if Sarah Jane's letter were to bring the old gentleman around their way, only to unload the gifts intended for her at a neighbor's house!

One day, as Mr. Sullivan was going to his room to remove the coal-dust which he had brought back with him from the mine, Sarah approached him in the small passageway and said:

"Mr. Sullivan, will you please clean out the chimney so when Santa Claus comes he can get down easily? I will mend and brush your clothes for a week if you will."

And Mr. Sullivan, who had a very large heart though he lived in such a small way, grinned and said, "Shure, I 'll make it so clean that the ould Saint would just love to slide down it!" And if he did not clean the chimney with quite such scrupulous care as he might, it was because he knew Santa Claus was not a man to be balked in his gift-bearing course by a little soot in the chimney. Sarah religiously fulfilled her part of the contract, mending and brushing Mr. Sullivan's clothes every day with heroic fidelity.

Johnny Collins also was infected with the

feverish delight with which Sarah Jane looked forward to the great day. She told her brother she had informed Santa Claus that they both wanted gifts. When Mrs. Collins saw her daughter casting glances at the clean chimney, she well knew what picture was in Sarah's mind.

On the evening of Sunday, Sarah went to her bed at her wonted hour for retiring, and tried to compose herself to sleep as quickly as

But she noticed that there was something on the headboard, and she stepped softly to the side of the bed to see what it was.

There, carefully pinned above the sleeping child, was a big sheet of light wrapping-paper, on which Sarah had neatly printed in large letters:

THIS IS SARAH JANE COLLINS.

She could hardly refrain from a laugh at the picture of her artless little girl sleeping so soundly with this label affixed above her, as if she were an exhibit in some fair. The bright notion of Sarah was clearly apparent: Santa Claus should have no excuse for neglecting her *this* Christmas. She had not left him a loophole for escape. Those words told him clearly and unmistakably that "this was Sarah Jane Collins." After her letter to him, this identification was the only thing necessary.

Sarah awoke at a very early hour, and sitting up in her bed, listened to hear if there was a sound of fairy-like sleigh-bells, or if



SARAH'S NOTICE TO SANTA CLAUS.

usual. She feared that if Santa Claus were to come and find her awake he would take flight at once. Sarah Jane was convinced that the good old Saint could n't make a present while anybody looked on, because his generosity was of so modest a kind.

It was not easy to fall asleep, but at last Sarah was in the Land of Nod. When Mrs. Collins passed through the room, she saw the small girl with her hands folded outside the coverlet, and her eyes closed in slumber.

there was a sliding noise in the chimney. She heard nothing. A glance at the bed showed her that it was not strewn with presents. She put back her hand to feel if the paper which she had prepared for the perfect enlightenment of Santa Claus was in its place; and then, thinking that she must give him every opportunity, she put her head back upon the pillow, and with great determination went to sleep again, and dreamed she was in a room full of presents, and that they were all for her and Johnny.

She got up at seven o'clock, and went all through the small house. There were no marks of Santa Claus. She scanned the opening of the chimney to see whether there were any indications of his having tried to get down there; but there was nothing anywhere to show that he had come near the house.

Her small countenance was very rueful, and after breakfast she and Johnny held a consultation. Could Santa Claus have gone astray? Or had he not received her letter? Sarah Jane felt like sitting down and having a good cry, if it *was* Christmas day. There were tears in her voice when she sought Mrs. Collins to see whether her mother could offer any reasonable excuse for this sad delay on Santa Claus's part.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Collins, cheerfully, "you told him that you had Monday as your Christmas day. This is only nine o'clock, Monday morning, and so there is a great deal of time left for him to come in. But you and Johnny can go to the Sunday-school concert this afternoon — and don't fret; I feel sure that he will come."

Mrs. Collins, in fact, knew from the kind young ladies who were so well acquainted with Santa Claus that he would surely come that afternoon. If there had been any doubt of it, she would not have spoken so confidently to Sarah Jane. As it was, the little girl and Johnny went to the concert and enjoyed it very much.

They ran quickly home, however, and Sarah was in a tumult of agitated hopes when she burst into the house. And the front-room door was just a little ajar, as if some visitor had not quite closed it after him. Sarah Jane pushed the door wide open, and flew into the room with a cry of delight.

There in the corner stood the most beautiful little Christmas tree!

The wax tapers on it were shining like stars, and festoons of white pop-corn were wreathed from bough to bough, as if the tree had traveled

through a snow-storm. Then the presents! — there were things in bright-colored paper tied with pretty ribbons in a way so dainty and coquettish that it was surprising an old man like Santa Claus could have done it.

Oh, how full and beautiful that Christmas tree looked to Sarah Jane, who danced with delight before it, her eyes shining, and her whole face one broad, happy smile! Then, although it was hard to leave the lively spectacle even for a moment, she ran up to her mother, who was seated quietly in the other room, and shouted:

"Oh, Mama, he 's been here. Did n't you hear him? Come in and see the tree!"

She grasped her mother's hand and hurried her into the next room. And after they had looked at the brilliant tree, and enjoyed it thoroughly, Sarah Jane had to go and get Mr. Sullivan, that he, too, might enjoy the beautiful sight.

"It 's mine," said Sarah Jane to him, rather grandly, standing as tall as she could — "mine and Johnny's. I wrote Santa Claus a letter for it."

"Shure he 's a foine, daycent ould man!" said Mr. Sullivan, with great consideration.

"But he did n't come down the chimney," said Sarah Jane, animatedly. "Don't you see that tree is too big for the chimney?"

"And after my cl'aning it so foine, and you a-mendin' me clothes fur a whole week!" cried Mr. Sullivan.

"Oh, that 's all right!" returned Sarah Jane, heartily.

"He came in at the door with it," said Johnny. "The boys at the mine told me he could open any door he wanted to."

But no matter how he came — he had come. And there was the proof of it — that gay, luminous tree. And the presents were so exactly what Sarah wanted that she exclaimed to her mother, "He *must* have known me. But was n't it lucky I sent him that letter?"

THE HOUSE ON THE RATH.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

Now Lanty McClusky had married a wife,
For the ease of care and the joy of life,

And bought him a bit of a farm also,
With hillocks aslope and hedges arow,

So the good folk now may dance no more;
But Lanty must settle the piper's score.

For it's only a craven who can sin
Against his manikin kith and kin.



“SUDDEN A NOISE WAS HEARD OUTDOORS.”

But never the shade of a house thereon;
So Lanty, of course, must build him one.

And of all the sites he needs must choose
The beautiful rath the fairies use

When they dance together beneath the moon
To the mad light lilt of the crooked shoon.

In spite of warning, in face of fear,
He set his hearthstone and roof-tree there,

For Lanty he was a headstrong man,
And always ended what he began.

The house is finished, the bride brought home,
And fiddler and friends to the warming come.

The music was fine, the folk were free
With the restless foot and the lifted knee;

And if there were sorrows, they must drown,
While the dance went merrily up and down.

When sudden a noise was heard outdoors—
A cracking of timbers, a heaving of floors,

A splitting of rafters, a wrenching of beams,
And above it a sound like the sound in dreams,

When it 's only wind out under the eaves,
In a midnight dance with the vagrant leaves.

But Lanty had heard the riving boards,
And he knew the fairies were out in hordes.

The music stopped, the dance stood still,
And the listeners heard a piping shrill

And tiny voice commanding plain,
"Come, good folk, work with might and main.

"The gentry have suffered a grievous thing;
A thief has ruined our dancing-ring:

"It 's up on the morrow before the day
I 'll be, removing my house away:

"And I 'll thank you kindly, and keep my word."
With that such a clapping of hands was heard!

And a "Bravo, Lanty! Build between
The two white-thorns above the boreen."

Then a shuffling sound of tiny feet,
Like dust when the wind goes up the street,

With another cheer of right good will,
And the little gentry were gone from the hill.



"I ASK YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN."

"For Lanty has stolen our ancient right,
And his house must fall before midnight."

But Lanty is out at the doorway then:
"I ask your pardon, gentlemen,

"For building on any place you own;
But if to-night you 'll let me alone,

As Lanty had promised, so he did;
And digging the cellar where they bid,

Between the two white-thorn trees old,
What should he find but a pot of gold!

For it 's only an honest man can win
The heart of his manikin kith and kin.

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.
Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XXII.

ANOTHER RIVAL.

MARCH came and went, and Mr. Ainsworth did not go south. After hearing from Père Martin that Père Josef had not returned, and was, as far as he could learn, in the interior of New Mexico, the artist felt that there was no hurry, as a letter might not reach the priest for months. So he lingered in his pleasant studio until April grew old, and verdant young May took her place.

Philip was bitterly disappointed, although he made no complaint; however, it was more bearable because Père Josef was not there, and Dea did not need him. His mind was relieved of its anxieties, and he could wait more patiently. Besides, life to him was pleasanter than it had been: Madam Ainsworth was less severe since the confession, and at times almost kind, and Lucille was less disdainful to him. Still their relations were not at all cordial.

On the day when the little heiress caused such a commotion by fainting at the sight of a wool mouse, Philip understood that she was *not* a doll, but that she was a frail little girl made of the most delicate and fragile clay, and as fine and transparent as a soap-bubble that a breath of wind could blow away. That rather absurd little scene had taught him several important things. First, that a little heiress may be more refined and sensitive than is a child of poverty, and that what are precious treasures to the humble are very offensive to the "higher classes" (quoting from Bassett); that a little waif must never try "to get even" with a little aristocrat unless he wants to experience serious defeat; that there are the proud and the meek, and that the proud instead of the meek inherit the earth; that the kingdom of the meek is not of this world; that

a life of simple, honest poverty is very different from a life of wealth and fashion; and that among the worldly, things are not called by the same names, nor judged by the same standards, as they are among the children of nature.

All these contradictions in life became slowly apparent to the intelligent mind of the boy. He had never thought of such things with Toinette and Père Josef, but now living seemed a very different and much more complicated condition than it had then. Philip was a child of nature, but he was also something of a little philosopher: he could not see either necessity or reason in some of the ceremonious usages around him. These amused him and made him sad at the same time: such as Bassett holding open the door and bowing so humbly when Madam Ainsworth entered; or the changing the plates a dozen times at dinner; or the taking off one handsome suit of clothes to put on another just to dine in. He could not understand why his fine slippers were not just as good to wear in the drawing-room as were his patent-leather shoes, nor why every one stood up until Madam Ainsworth was seated, nor the reason for various other formalities which Mrs. Ainsworth told him indicated good breeding.

He believed in being polite to every one, even to the servants; in being strictly truthful, obedient, and generous — Toinette had taught him all those things; in emptying his pockets for a beggar where Lucille would refuse a dime; in taking the part of an oppressed small boy, or a hungry, weak dog; in feeding any starving cat in the neighborhood, and strewing the window-sills with crumbs for the freezing sparrows; in taking off his hat when he spoke to a woman; in offering his seat promptly to any one who stood in a public conveyance; in carrying a baby or a basket for a weary mother, or in doing any kindness prompted by a noble, sweet nature.

But it was not always right, in this fashionable world, to follow the promptings of his own heart. At almost every turn he was reproved and repressed for what appeared to him a trivial thing; and this moral pruning and training had set him to thinking seriously. He rebelled secretly against this hothouse culture. Like the vines in his old sunny garden, he wanted to climb to heaven free and untrammelled. He grew pale and thoughtful, and began to look old for his age; he was not developing well under the influence of this over-civilization.

When the trees budded in May, and the grass grew green in the park, he brightened visibly. Every spare moment was spent there; he liked to get away by himself, and brood in the green shadows. He thought much of his past, and he lived over and over the old days that now seemed farther away than ever. His disappointment was deeper than any one guessed. He had trusted implicitly in Mr. Ainsworth's promise to take him home in March, and the easy way in which it was evaded shook his confidence for the first time.

"How do I know," he thought, "that they will ever take me back? Perhaps I shall never see Dea again, or Père Josef, and the poor 'children' may have to stay here always."

But after a while his disappointment wore off; the beauties of the park consoled him—the cool, shady spots, the sunny slopes; and the birds—yes, these strange birds came to him; he had not lost his power of wooing these children of the air.

They were unknown to him by name, and they were, he found, neither so rich of plumage nor so sweet of song as his Southern friends, but he loved them and welcomed them. Already they knew his peculiar whistle, and would come at

his call, to fly down to him and hover about him fearlessly.

Often on sunny afternoons in June, when Madam Ainsworth and Lucille were driving through the shady avenues of the park, they would see Philip lying at full length under a tree, his hat thrown aside, his hair tangled, his face flushed and happy, unmindful of the throng of human beings who might pause to gaze at him as he watched his feathered friends flutter and circle about him.

"I think the boy must have gipsy blood in him: just see how uncivilized he looks!" Madam Ainsworth would exclaim indignantly.

"I hope he won't see us and recognize us before all these people," Lucille would say, as she turned her haughty little head in another direction, and shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

There was no danger of his recognizing them. Philip saw nothing but his blue sky, his birds, and his green trees; and perhaps his thoughts were hundreds of miles away. Again



"HE LIKED TO BROOD IN THE GREEN SHADOWS."

he was Toinette's Philip, setting out pansies in the old garden, while the Major and the Singer fluttered around him; or he was kneeling in the little chapel near the shrine of St. Roch, with Dea beside him, in the sweet rosy

light, while she softly whispered her simple prayer.

Sometimes he would hide his face in the grass and shed a few silent tears because those dear places were so far away that there was nothing left him but the memory of them.

Early in July, Mrs. Van Norcom returned from abroad, and took the little heiress and her attendants away with her to Newport. Shortly after, Madam Ainsworth followed, and Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth and Philip were left alone in the great, silent house. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth did not intend to neglect their adopted son, but Mrs. Ainsworth was not well and was confined most of the time to her room, and Mr. Ainsworth spent his leisure hours in his wife's company, for her indisposition forced them to remain in the city. And this was another disappointment to Philip, who had hoped again to see the forests and mountains where he had passed the previous summer.

However, he had the "children," the park, his drawing, and his books, although he was not as fond of the latter as he should have been. The tutor whom he had during the winter said his pupil was very intelligent and obedient, but that he did not like to study, and that he did not like Latin and mathematics. The tutor feared Philip would always be deficient in those useful branches of learning.

Nature was Philip's favorite book, and art and poetry the mental food he preferred; dry and abstruse studies wearied and disheartened him, and he was glad when his tutor went away for the summer, and left him free to spend his days as he pleased.

Sometimes he would smuggle the "children" out for a holiday, and the genuine pleasure he took in displaying their accomplishments to all the little ragamuffins in the park fully repaid him for the risks he ran. Mr. Ainsworth had objected to his taking them out: he did not like to see the boy, surrounded by a crowd of gamins, exhibiting his white mice.

"He looks like a little vagrant," he would say discontentedly to his wife. "When he is with that class of children, he seems to become one of them. It is astonishing how many such traits develop in him from day to day. Sometimes I fear he will not improve."

"He is growing older," Mrs. Ainsworth would return, with a sigh. "The charm of infancy is gone, and he is in the transition state between child and boy,—hardly an interesting age; but in spite of his little faults he has a beautiful nature. I hope we shall be able to do our duty by him, but sometimes I have serious misgivings. I am doubtful about the wisdom of trying to substitute a strange child in the place of one's own flesh and blood."

"Well, it 's too late to think of that now, Laura. It seemed best when we did it, and we must not shirk the responsibility. We can't always control our feelings, but we can always *do* right." And so the conversation ended without the satisfaction that they had come to any decision on a subject that was more or less troublesome.

Early in September another rival came to take the place of Lucille, and in many respects a more formidable one than the little heiress. Mrs. Ainsworth had a fine little boy; he was named Edward for his father, and his appearance was hailed with great joy. Madam Ainsworth hurried from Newport. An elderly French nurse was engaged, and the little stranger was installed in Lucille's apartment with all the ceremony due to an heir of the Ainsworths.

When Philip first saw the child he turned quite pale, and his eyes were wet with tears as he stooped and kissed the pink cheeks tenderly, and said, with a smile, "He 's very small, but I 'm sure I shall love him, and I mean to take care of him when he is older."

Mrs. Ainsworth had dreaded the ordeal of the first meeting. She feared Philip might show some jealousy; but the sweet manner of the boy quite satisfied her, and made her very happy.

When Bassett spoke of Philip's nose being out of joint, the boy laughed, and rubbing his finger over that small feature declared that it was as straight as ever. "I guess there 's room enough for both of us in this big house, and it 'll be jolly by and by when he can run about and play with Père Josef's 'children.' I 'll bet *he* won't scream when he sees them."

Madam Ainsworth was as fussily fond of the new-comer as she was of Lucille. It had been

a great sorrow to her that there was no one of the blood to inherit the name as well as the money. She could not bear to think that the little waif would be the only Ainsworth in the future, that a boy she could never love would be her only grandson. This baby had come to make her last days happy and peaceful, and a little prince was never received with greater rejoicing than was the tiny pink being who, watched with loving care, lay sleeping in his lace-trimmed cradle.

Philip heard and saw all these demonstrations of satisfaction unmoved. It is true his blue eyes grew deeper and more serious, while his face thinned and paled daily. When the autumn winds blew rough and piercing, he complained of the cold, and Bassett noticed that he had a harsh little cough, but nobody else noticed it. The old butler gave him hoarhound drops, but Philip handed them over to the first small beggar he met, while he drew his thick little ulster closer around him, glad that winter had come, for *this* winter they would surely take him home. Mrs. Ainsworth's lungs were delicate, and already they were talking of going south in the spring. "It must be soon now," Philip said to himself, as he counted away the weeks, hoping and waiting cheerfully.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A JOYFUL MEETING.

ONE day in January, Madam Ainsworth came down-stairs, wrapped in furs from head to foot. She was going out for an airing, and as she stepped into the hall she was surprised to see Philip sitting before the open fire. He had drawn a large leather-covered chair close to the fender, while he leaned back against the cushion with closed eyes and folded hands. There was something touching in the boy's languid position and pale, tired face. Madam Ainsworth thought him sleeping; but when he heard her step, he started to his feet, a little confused and flushed.

"Why, Philip," she said kindly, "are you cold, that you get so near the fire?"

"I was a little cold—not very," he replied, trying to smile brightly.

"Have you been out to-day?" she asked. Looking at him closely, she noticed for the first time how thin he was.

"No, Madam; I have n't been out. I had no lessons to-day, but I'm going for a walk by and by."

"Would n't you rather go for a drive? Get your fur coat and cap, and come with me."

It was not the first time during the winter that Madam Ainsworth had invited Philip to drive with her. Since Mrs. Van Norcom went away she had no one to drive with her every day, and, rather than to go alone, she sometimes took Philip. Mrs. Van Norcom had decided that her health was much better abroad, and in consideration of that she concluded to make Paris her permanent home; therefore she, Lucille, the poodle, the governess, and Helen had left New York soon after the arrival of Mrs. Ainsworth's little boy. Madam Ainsworth would have accompanied them had it not been for her interest in her little grandson, who, after all, was of greater importance than the little heiress.

When she invited Philip to go out with her, the boy rather indifferently went for his coat. He did not much care for this ceremonious drive. The park was very dreary now: the trees were leafless, there was not a vestige of green, and in all the shady places were little patches of snow. The ponds were frozen over, and his birds were gone. They had flown away south, where he longed to follow them.

As they drove up the avenue near to the entrance of the park, Philip's attention was attracted by a group of boys gathered around a forlorn, ragged little negro. The black mite's back was turned toward Philip, his fists were crammed into his eyes, and he was boo-hooing loudly. There had been a fight, and evidently the little ragamuffin had had the worst of it. Philip was interested instantly, and turned to stare at the group. Suddenly he started to his feet, and almost shouted: "It is—it is Lilybel! Thomas," he cried, seizing the colored coachman by the arm, "stop, and let me get out. It's Lilybel, and those boys are ill-treating him. Stop, and let me go, quick!"

Thomas drew up his horses shortly at the imperative command, and without a word to

Madam Ainsworth, Philip sprang out of the carriage, and rushed into the group of boys.

The old lady did not know what had happened until, almost overcome with surprise and mortification, she saw the boy push through the throng, who scattered right and left, and clasp—yes, actually clasp—the hands of the worst-

the fine carriage and hurry toward them, they scattered instantly, and left Philip and Lilybel the center of a crowd of curious spectators.

At first the little negro did not recognize Philip, who almost deluged him with a stream of questions—"Where did you come from? How did you get here? When did you come?

Is Seline with you?" and the like, to which Lilybel replied, still whimpering and rubbing his eyes:

"Is 't you, Mars' Philip? My, my! I did n't know 't war you—an' a coat on like a b'ar. I's done be'n a-huntin' ev'ry-whar fer yer; an' what good clo'es yer got!" and Lilybel looked at his old friend admiringly, while he shivered as



"PHILIP RUSHED INTO THE GROUP OF BOYS."

looking specimen of colored humanity that she had ever seen.

Thomas, with a knowing grin, turned and, touching his hat, looked at his mistress interrogatively.

"Yes," she said faintly, "go on quickly; the boy must be insane."

When the group of rough-looking gamins saw the handsome, well-dressed boy spring from

much from his joy and excitement as from the cold.

"How did you get here?" repeated Philip, excitedly; "tell me how you came here."

"I done cum in one o' dem big steamboats. My ma she gwine ter whip me good 'ca'se—'ca'se I los' her money. I jes' tuk it ter go ter er cirkus an' buy some ginge'-pop, an' my ma she war awful mad; she say she war gwine ter

shake me till I could n't stan', so I jes' run away an' hid on one of dem bu'stin' big steamboats; an' I was sick — I was awful sick." And Lilybel sniffed again at the thought of the miseries of his voluntary sea voyage.

"Oh, Lilybel, you did wrong," said Philip, reprovingly. "What will poor Seline do?"

"My ma? I spects she 's glad 'ca'se I 's dade; she t'inks I 's dade, 'ca'se I frowed my jacket an' hat inter der ruver, so she 'd t'ink I 's drowned."

"Why, Lilybel, how wicked! I 'm sorry you were so wicked," cried Philip, greatly shocked at the depravity of his friend. "But when was that? How long ago? Tell me all about it."

"Oh, it war las' fall. I 's be'n yere more 'n a year, an' I 's be'n lookin' fer yer all der time."

"Where have you been living ever since?" questioned Philip.

"Over dar," pointing toward the East Side, "with a colored lady what keeps a boardin'-house; an' she 's awful mean. She whip me good 'ca'se I pick up some money on der floor an' did n't guv it ter her. I foun' it, I did; an' it war mine. She whip me, an' war er-gwine ter send fer a p'leeceman, so I run erway, an' I 's be'n er-lookin' fer you, Mars' Philip."

"Dear me! what a hard time you 've had, Lilybel," said Philip, sympathetically; "but the money was n't *yours* because you found it."

"Yes, it war, Mars' Philip. I *foun'* it; I did n't stole it."

Philip felt that it was useless to try to make Lilybel understand the difference between *meum* and *tuum*; so, looking pityingly at the fluttering rags and broken shoes, he said; "Well, come home with me. I 'll ask my mama to give you some clothes. Don't cry any more; I 'll take care of you. Come on with me."

And Philip, hailing a passing car, ushered Lilybel into it, and got in himself, as proudly as though his companion were dressed in purple and fine linen.

An hour afterward, Philip, all energy and animation, rushed into Mrs. Ainsworth's room without even the ceremony of knocking. "Oh, Mama," he cried joyfully, "Lilybel is here!"

"Who is Lilybel?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, surprised and puzzled. She had quite forgotten

the name of the droll little darcy who had brought the basket when Philip came to stay with them.

"Why, Mama, don't you remember Seline's Lilybel?" demanded Philip, in a hurt voice.

"Oh, yes, I remember now: the little colored boy in New Orleans."

"Yes, that 's the one; he 's here, and he has n't any clothes; he 's ragged and cold. I found him in the street; he ran away and came here on a steamer, and he 's been looking for me. Some boys were fighting him because he had n't any one to take his part; they hit him after he was down. Don't you call that mean to hit a fellow after he 's down? But when they saw me, they ran away like cowards. If they had n't, I would have paid them off."

"Oh, Philip! *Would* you engage in a street fight?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, with some disgust in her voice.

"Yes, Mama, I would, if I saw any boy, especially Lilybel, imposed upon. But say, Mama, may I give Lilybel some of my clothes — I 've got so many; and may I ask Mr. Butler to give him some dinner; and can he stay here?"

"Stay here! Philip, why that is impossible. We have nowhere to put him; and even if we had, we should have to get Madam Ainsworth's permission first."

"But he can go in the stable with Thomas. If I ask Thomas, he will take care of him."

Mrs. Ainsworth looked distressed. "Really, my dear, I don't know what to say until I ask your papa. You can give the boy the brown suit you wore last winter, and you may ask Bassett for some food for him; but as to his staying here I can't give you an answer now. However, you can take him to the stable for the present."

Philip ran away joyfully to search his wardrobe, and before another hour Lilybel was transformed into a respectable-looking boy, and Thomas had consented to allow him to share his quarters if Madam Ainsworth made no objections.

That evening there was a sound of revelry in the stable. Philip disappeared directly after dinner, and Bassett was seen to slip out the back way with something in a basket covered with a napkin. Lilybel was in clover, and Philip was happier than he had been for a long time.

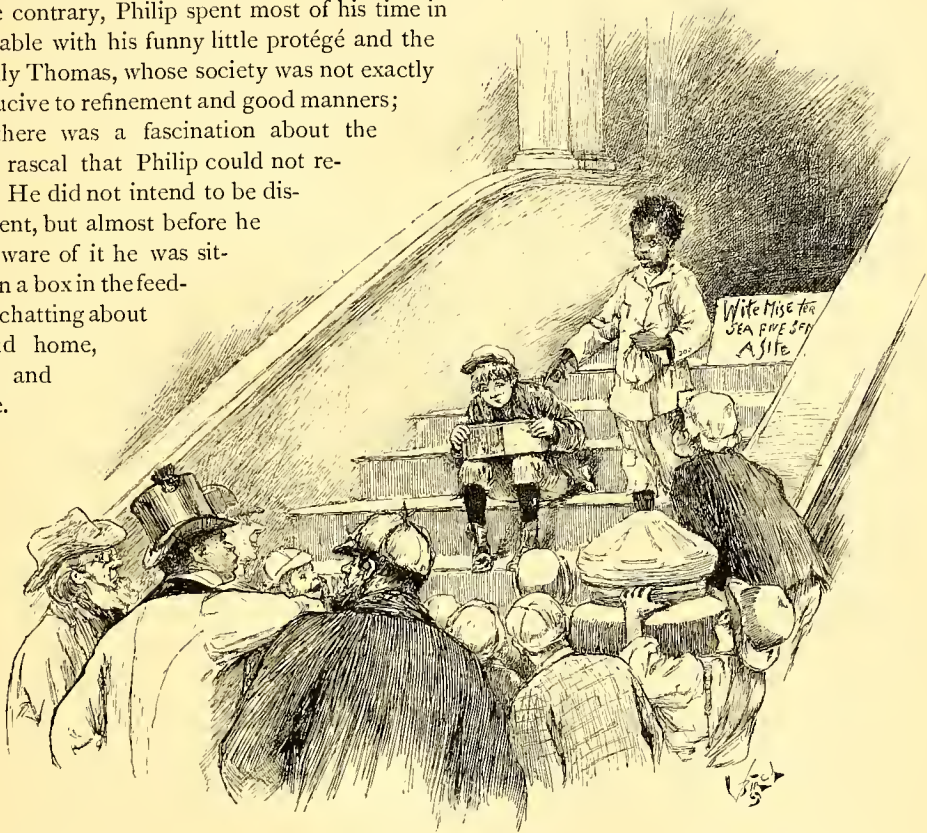
CHAPTER XXIV.

A CRISIS.

MADAM AINSWORTH did not consent, neither did she positively refuse, to allow Lilybel to become an inmate of the stable. She simply regarded the matter as something beneath her consideration. For some time everything went on peacefully, and Philip was delighted with the excellent conduct of his friend. The only objectionable feature in the arrangement was that, in spite of Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth's orders to the contrary, Philip spent most of his time in the stable with his funny little protégé and the friendly Thomas, whose society was not exactly conducive to refinement and good manners; but there was a fascination about the small rascal that Philip could not resist. He did not intend to be disobedient, but almost before he was aware of it he was sitting on a box in the feed-room chatting about his old home, Dea, and Seline.

it *was* due to transition,—a transition from affection and interest to neglect and indifference, from his soft, sunny South to the cold, austere North, from a simply natural life to one of hot-house culture and ultra-civilization. He was a transplanted wild-flower, and the experiment had not worked well; he did not thrive in the rich parterre of his new garden.

One day Philip asked Lilybel if he would like to go home. The little negro grinned and said,



LILYBEL GIVES AN EXHIBITION.

Mrs. Ainsworth, happy and satisfied in her new motherhood, did not see that the boy was starving for affection, and that his distaste for his books and even his drawing, his lassitude and indifference, were the result of failing health. She noticed how thin and pale he was, but she thought he was growing too fast, that his condition was due to the transition period which she had spoken of. And she was right in one way:

"Yas, Mars' Philip." Then he added very decidedly: "But I ain't er-gwine ter go t' New 'leens in no steamboat; I 's er-gwine ter *walk*."

"Oh, but it 's too far to walk," returned Philip. "I guess it would take more than a week to walk there." He had a very vague idea of the distance.

"I could git lots o' lifts on dem freight-trains," returned Lilybel, eagerly; "but I 's

'feared ter go alone. Mars' Philip, why don't yer run away an' go too?"

"Oh, I would n't run away. I want to go *awful*, but I would n't run away. Besides, there 's no need of it: my papa and mama are going to take me soon, and you can go with us. I guess Seline will be glad to sec you."

Lilybel hung his head and grinned an affirmative, although he was not quite sure that his "ma" would receive him with rapture.

Shortly after this conversation, and about the time when Philip thought his long-cherished hopes were near to being realized, Mr. Ainsworth was suddenly called away on very urgent business in the far West, connected with a railroad in which not only Madam Ainsworth, but also the little heiress had large interests, and again Philip saw the vision of his old home fade away into an indefinite future.

About this time Lilybel struck up a sudden intimacy with a bootblack older than himself and of doubtful character, and he would have introduced his new chum into the select society of the stable had Thomas allowed him to do so. However, Lilybel spent much time with him, and would remain away for days together. When he returned he would be half clothed, dirty, and hungry. This was a severe tax on Philip's wardrobe as well as on his patience; but this was not the worst. Often, after these sudden departures, some little thing would be missed by the servants—a spoon or fork by Bassett, a little money by the cook, or some of the kitchen-maid's jewelry.

Gradually Lilybel had worked his way into the house—into the kitchen, the pantry, up the back stairs to Philip's room; and one day, when Madam Ainsworth found him gravely examining the articles on her toilet-table, she said she could endure no more. The visit to her room accounted for the disappearance, some time before, of a valuable ring. The boy was a thief, and he must go, or she would send for an officer to arrest him.

Philip was in a dreadful state of terror. The thought of Lilybel being sent to prison was unendurable. He could not believe his protégé was guilty, but he took him aside and lectured him severely, gave him a fresh supply of clothes and some of his pocket-money, and bade him go

out and find a place where he could earn his bread and meat.

Lilybel promised humbly to do as Philip told him; but in a week he was back, hanging around the stable in a most forlorn condition. When Philip was secretly called out to him, the little rascal was sniffling and shivering with cold. His warm jacket was gone, and he had got rid of his shoes. It was freezing, and the little beggar's bare feet made Philip's heart ache; he was in despair, not knowing what to do with his troublesome dependent. There was only one thing that he could think of, and that was to beg the soft-hearted Thomas to smuggle him into the stable again until he could find some way out of the dilemma.

"I 's mos' starved, I is," was Lilybel's first complaint when he was once more installed in the comfortable stable.

"Oh, Lilybel, what *did* you do with the money I gave you?" said Philip, in a discouraged voice. "Why did n't you get something to eat?"

"I is, Mars' Philip. I 's got can' peaches an' sardines."

"But why did n't you get bread and meat?"

"Ca'se I likes can' peaches an' sardines der bes'."

What could Philip say to such reasoning? Again Bassett was taken into the boy's confidence, and again the kind old soul stood by his little friend, and secretly, and with many misgivings, furnished food for the hungry Lilybel.

In the house nothing more was heard of Philip's troublesome protégé, and Madam Ainsworth congratulated herself that she had got rid of a nuisance—when, one day, as she approached the entrance to her home, she was surprised to see a crowd of men and boys around the steps. Her first thought was of fire within; but no, their attention seemed to be centered on something without. When Thomas drew up hurriedly before the door, and she made her way through the tightly packed throng, she saw with horror a sign on the upper step. It was made of the top of a pasteboard box, and on it was rudely printed with shoe-blackening: "Wite mise ter sea five sents a site." Beside the sign was Lilybel, in one of Philip's

best jackets, and near him sat the shoeblick holding the cage that contained Père Josef's "children," while he set forth in a loud voice the many accomplishments of the tiny creatures, who, frightened by the strange crowd, raced and scampered about the cage with astonishing rapidity.

Madam Ainsworth almost fainted. "Thomas, disperse the crowd," she gasped, as she made her way up the steps, "and take these away!" indicating the cage, the sign, and Lilybel.

To the credit of Philip, we will say that he was with his tutor, and knew nothing about the exhibition. It was entirely a business arrangement between Lilybel and the shoeblick.

When Madam Ainsworth ferreted out the truth that Lilybel was again installed in the stable, and that Philip was aware of it, her indignation knew no bounds, and for a moment she came near turning her son's adopted son and the "children" out of the house forever.

Again, as he had done a year before, Philip was obliged to plead for the innocent "children," but this time with less pleasant results. The crisis had come, and there was no temporizing. Lilybel at least must go, and go permanently. As to the fate of the poor "children," Philip was for a time left in a state of harrowing uncertainty.

(To be continued.)

A CUP OF TEA.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.

PHOEBE brings the tea-pot, the tea is all a-steam;
 Dolly brings the pitcher filled with golden cream.
 Rhoda has the dainty cups rimmed about with blue,
 And Polly brings the pretty spoons shining bright as new.
 The Baby trips along behind, looking very droll;
 And she, the sweetest of them all, brings the sugar-bowl.





THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL.

THREE new dolls sat on three little chairs,
 Waiting for Christmas day;
 And they wondered, when she saw them,
 What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay;
 And they hoped that they would find
 The little girl often played with dolls;
 And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed
 In a new frock, black and red;
 She smiled at the French dolls—"As to that,
 Don't feel afraid," she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads,
 And looked with a haughty stare,

As if they never had seen before
 That a doll was sitting there.

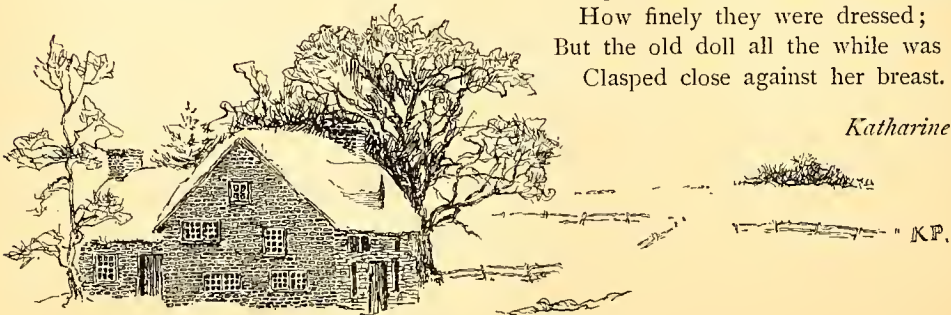
"Oh, we're not in the least afraid," said one
 "We are quite too fine and new;
 But perhaps you yourself will find that now
 She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll shook her head and smiled:
 She smiled, although she knew
 Her plaster nose was almost gone,
 And her cheeks were faded too.

And now it was day; in came the child,
 And there all gay and bright
 Sat three new dolls in little chairs—
 It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed too
 How finely they were dressed;
 But the old doll all the while was held
 Clasped close against her breast.

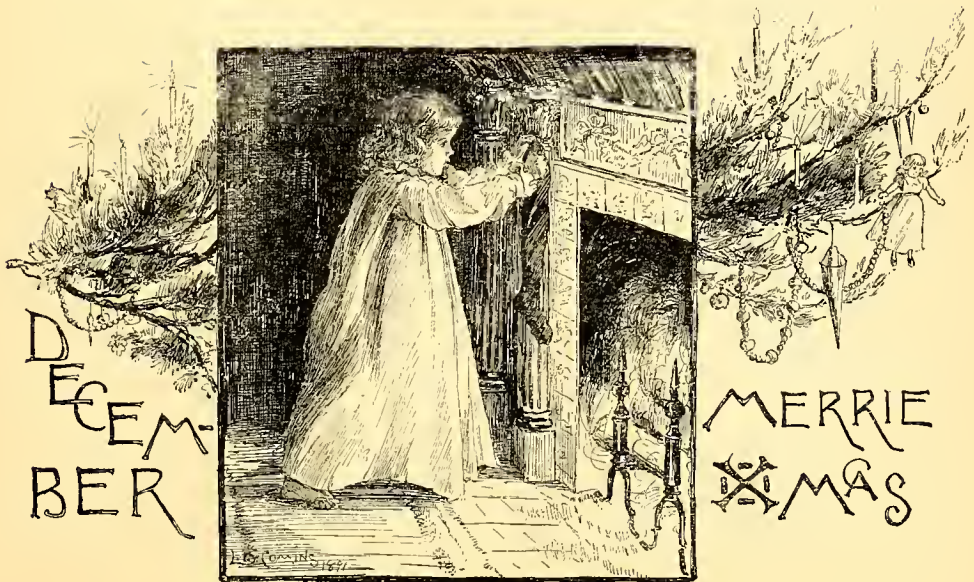
Katharine Pyle.



“WHEN I WAS A-WALKING.”

BY A. LEE.

WHEN I was a-walking one day, one day,
I met a wee laddie a-crying away.
“Wee lad, and what’s the matter?” quoth I;
“Why do you cry and cry and cry?”
“Alas!” he sobbed, “I’ve lost a penny
Just given me by sister Jenny!”
“Then dry your eyes,” quoth I, “nor trouble;
Here are two pennies—I make it double.”
The wee lad smiled with pleasure plain,
But soon began to cry again.
“What, what!” said I, “and still a-sighing?
Now what’s the matter,—with all your crying?”
“Alack, good sir!” quoth he, quoth he,
“If I had n’t lost one, I’d now have three!”



“I’M SURE I HEARD A FUNNY KNOCKING,
BUT NOTHING’S IN THIS EMPTY STOCKING.”



THE German band, in the noonday heat,
 Stopped on a corner of the street.
 Birkenheimer and Mederwurst
 With cornets under their arms were first;
 Next Schmidt with a clarinet that shone;
 Then Hans Von Beck with a great trombone;
 While after them there would always come
 Little Dutch Fritz with his big bass drum;
 And, as the gathering crowd he eyed,
 Birkenheimer, the leader, cried:

“ Ein—zwei—drei—so!

Vier—fünf—led her go!”

Then woompety-woompety-woomp they went,
 And folks, wherever they took their stand,
 Would always say, when they heard them play,
 There was nothing to equal the German band!



“AND ROLLICKING CHILDREN WALTZED AROUND.”

Windows flew open at the sound,
 And rollicking children waltzed around;
 The organ-grinder across the way
 Fled with his monkey in wild dismay;
 Wagner and Meyerbeer's pleasing tones
 Mingled with those of Smith and Jones;
 Cheeks swelled to cracking and eyes popped
 out,

As bars of music were put to rout.
 They gasped a moment for breath, and then
 Birkenheimer cried out again:

“Ein — zwei — drei — so!
 Vier — fünf — led her go!”

Then bingety-bingety-bing they went,
 And folks, wherever they took their stand,
 Would always say, when they heard them
 play,

There was nothing to equal the German band!

Mrs. Alderman Hogan from her flat
 Threw down a dime when they passed the
 hat;

Mrs. Rafferty never gave a cent,
 For it was the day that she paid her rent;



BIRKENHEIMER COUNTS THE PROCEEDS.



The little Rooneys, who shared alike
 In a copper, the gift of their uncle Mike,
 Whispered something, and then began
 To look for the hoky-poky man;
 And Birkenheimer, who shook his head
 While counting the proceeds, once more said:

“Ein—zwei—drei—so!
 Vier—fünf—led her go!”
 Then bangety-bangety-bang they went,
 And folks, wherever they took their stand,
 Would always say, when they heard them play,
 There was nothing to equal the German band!

HELEN KELLER'S VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[WE are indebted to Mr. John P. Spaulding of Boston, and to Helen Keller herself, for permission to print her letter to Mr. Spaulding, which is here given; and her teacher, Miss Anna M. Sullivan, has kindly sent an interesting introductory note to accompany the letter. The story of Helen's life has already been told to readers of this magazine in the notable article "Helen Keller," written by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, and printed in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1889.—EDITOR.]

IN the letter from Helen Keller here printed, you will read in her own words that she spent three weeks in Chicago during the Exposition, "and had a perfectly splendid time." Thousands and thousands of American young folk will share her enthusiasm as they recall the delightful days at the wonderful show, when, seeing it all and hearing all about it, they took in pleasure and information at every turn. But little Helen

Keller can neither see nor hear. Everything is a blank to her until an impression can be made either through her imagination or through the deaf and dumb language of the hands and fingers; and even then, in Helen Keller's case, the words are not *seen* but felt by her own palm and fingers as they lightly hold the hand that is making these signs of words and letters.

The president and the managers of the Ex-

position were exceedingly kind to her, and did all in their power to make her visit pleasant and instructive. So widely is she known, and so general is the interest in her, that wherever she went she received loving attention. The task of describing things to her was made lighter by the helpful sympathy of the chiefs of the departments. They gladly permitted her to pass her fingers over the exhibits whenever it was possible, and cheerfully gave her all the information they could. Of course I interpreted everything to Helen by means of the manual alphabet. She was allowed even to climb upon the great Krupp gun, and its workings were explained to us by one of the German officers. Everywhere the show-cases were opened for her, and rare works of art were given to her for examination.

At the Cape of Good Hope exhibit the great doors were unlocked, and Helen was admitted to the realm of diamonds, where everything was carefully explained to us about the precious stone: how it is mined, separated from the matrix, weighed, cut, and set. Wherever it was possible she touched the machinery, and followed the work being done. Then she was made very happy by being allowed to find a diamond herself—the only true diamond, we assured her, that had ever been found in the United States.

But the French bronzes afforded her more pleasure than anything else at the Fair. The picture which she presented as she bent over a beautiful group, her eager fingers studying the faces or following the graceful lines of the figures, in her effort to catch the artists' thought, was the most touching and pathetic I have ever seen. And, strange as it may seem to those who depend upon their eyes for the pleasure which they derive from works of art, this little blind girl, who has not seen the light since she was nineteen months old, rarely failed to divine the thoughts which the artists had wrought into their work.

Constant practice, indeed, has given to Helen's sense of touch a delicacy and precision seldom attained even by the blind. Sometimes it seems as if her very soul were in her fingers, she finds so much to interest her everywhere. People frequently said to me at the Fair: "She

sees more with her fingers than we do with our eyes." And in one of her letters she says, "I am like the people my dear friend Dr. Holmes tells about, 'with eyes in their fingers that spy out everything interesting, and take hold of it as the magnet picks out iron-filings.'"

Descriptions are to Helen what paintings are to us; and her well-trained imagination gives the light and color. One evening, as we sat in a gondola, I tried to tell Helen how the thousands of tiny electric lights were reflected in the water of the lagoons, when she asked: "Does it look as if a shower of golden fish had been caught in an invisible net?" Is it any wonder that Dr. Holmes says of her, "She is a poet whose lyre was taken from her in her early days, but whose soul is full of music"?

So we see, pathetic as Helen's life must always seem to those who enjoy the blessings of sight and hearing, that it is yet full of brightness and cheer, of courage and hope.

Sweet Helen, when I think of thee,—
With sightless eye and sealed ear,
Yet pining not in misery,
But with a spirit full of cheer,
Seeing with inward vision clear
The loveliness of earth and sky,—
I blush that mortals blessed as I
So little see, so little hear!

ANNA M. SULLIVAN.

HELEN'S LETTER.

HULTON, PENN., August 18, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Teacher is very tired, so I will take upon myself the pleasant duty of writing to you. I know you are impatient to hear all about our visit to the World's Fair. We spent nearly three weeks in Chicago, and had a perfectly splendid time. We thought of you very often, and wished that you were with us, enjoying everything as much as we did. It was all so grand and marvelous. I am sure the world has never seen anything half as beautiful as the Dream City of the West, and I feel very proud and glad that this dream of loveliness has been realized in our own dear country. Of course it would be impossible for me to tell you in a letter all that we did, felt, and saw while we were in Chicago; for we saw innumerable wonders, the works of

man in every country and in all times: marvels of invention; wonderful treasures of skill and patient industry; and beautiful works of art, which made us feel, when we touched them, that the artist's soul was in his hand when he created them.

We approached the White City the first time from the lake side, and got our first impression of the Fair from the peristyle. It was a bright, clear day; the sky and water were a perfect blue, making a most beautiful setting for the Dream City, crowned by the glistening dome of the Administration Building. Then we moved slowly up the Court of Honor, pausing every now and then while the teacher described the beautiful scene to me: the groups of noble buildings; the lagoons dotted with fast-moving boats; the stately statue of the Republic; the fluted columns of the peristyle; and, beyond, the deep, deep blue lake. Oh, how wonderful it all was! Our day was most delightfully spent in getting a general idea of the Fair, and trying to understand the new world in which we found ourselves. Late in the afternoon, when the day was almost done, we stepped into a gondola, and made the trip through the lagoons. The burning sun, as he sank westward in his golden car, threw a soft rosy light over the White City, making it seem more than ever like Fairyland. When it was quite dark the illuminations began, and the fountains were all lighted up. Teacher described everything to me so vividly and clearly that it seemed as if I could really see the wonderful showers of light dart up into the sky, tremble there for an instant, sink and fall, like stars, into the depths of the lake. But, dear friend, the most delightful days must end; for little girls will get sleepy and tired, even in Fairyland. While the White City was yet crowded with eager sight-seers, we returned to our hotel through the Midway Plaisance, a most bewildering and fascinating place, the Home of the Nations. We were greatly pleased to see all those foreign people we had read about in history, gathered together in one place, at peace with one another, and apparently happy in their new homes. At the entrance to the Arabian house we saw a dear little baby boy in his mother's arms, and we

stopped a moment to speak to him. He greeted us with a bright smile, and looked up at the strange faces with surprised pleasure. "Where was the baby born?" we asked the mother. "In Damascus," was the reply. Those words made me start. That far-away city, with its strange Oriental life, seemed very near indeed. I felt like sitting down beside the gentle woman who had the lovely baby, for there were many questions which I wished to ask her; but it was late, and to-morrow with new opportunities and delights was hastening toward us. So I bade the little Oriental good-by, and went away, feeling as if I had really been to Damascus.

In the days that followed we spent many most enjoyable hours in the Plaisance. Old Vienna, and the Japanese and Irish villages, were very interesting and instructive. I did not like the Turks very well, but the Japanese were gay and amusing. Of course we rode in the Ferris Wheel. Just think of being swung two hundred and fifty feet in the air! No, I was not at all afraid. I liked it. I also rode on the ice-railway, and had a sail in the great Whaleback, and enjoyed them both very much; but I must not stop to tell you about these things when there is so much of greater interest which I wish to tell you, for I saw a great many of the most wonderful and beautiful things at the Fair. Every one was very kind to me. The president of the Fair gave me permission to examine all the exhibits. Was not that exceedingly kind? Nearly all the exhibitors seemed perfectly willing to let me touch the most delicate things, and were good about explaining everything to me. A French gentleman showed me the wonderful French bronzes. I think they gave me more pleasure than anything else at the Fair: they were so lifelike and beautiful to my touch. Dear Mr. Bell went with us himself to the Electrical Building, and showed us some of the historic telephones. Dr. Gillett went with us to the Liberal Arts and Woman's Buildings. In the former I visited Tiffany's exhibit, and held the beautiful Tiffany diamond, and touched many other costly and rare things. I sat in King Ludwig's arm-chair, and felt quite like a queen when Dr. Gillett told me that I had many duti-

ful subjects. At the Woman's Building we met the Princess Maria Schaovsky, of Russia—a very kind lady. We also met a lovely dark-eyed Syrian lady. She had such a beautiful soft hand, and spoke English perfectly. Mr. Bell and Professor Putnam explained the curious and interesting things in the Anthropological department to me. I was especially interested in the Peruvian relics and all that was told to me about them. At the time of the discovery of America, it seems, Peru, like Mexico, was inhabited by Indians who were considerably advanced in civilization, and who were governed by a race of princes called Incas, whose dominions extended along the Andes from the United States to the southern part of Chile. The life and achievements of this strange and almost forgotten people, as they are revealed to us by their pottery, implements, and sacred altars, are very interesting, and I should like to know more about them.

We spent one very pleasant afternoon in La Rábida, which is modeled after the monastery in Spain where Columbus, weary and hungry, sought and received shelter for himself and his little son four centuries ago. The kind monks detained him for several months, and, becoming interested in his dreams of discovery, gave him letters to persons high in authority. After several years of failures and hardships he at length returned to La Rábida, bearing a royal order that the people should provide him with

vessels and supplies for his journey. When he came back from America he again visited the monastery, bearing the news and trophies of his discovery.

There is a great deal more about which I



HELEN KELLER. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

would like to write, but I fear my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-by for the present.

We are having a delightful time here, resting and enjoying all the beauty of the place. The country has especial attractions for us after the heat and excitement of Chicago. I do not know when we shall leave, but I am anxious to see the dear ones at home.

Lovingly, your little friend,

HELEN KELLER.



HOW TED MARCHED WITH THE REGULARS.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

TED and George were sitting perched on the fence near the corral. One was whittling, and the other was punching holes in a strap.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Ted.

"I 'm going to swing my canteen with it," answered George.

"What will you do with a canteen? You are n't going to march."

"Oh, I 'm not, eh? Well, I just am." Ted stared, and George went on. "You see, Ted, I 'm bigger than you; I 'm fourteen, and Papa says I can keep up with the men."

The younger boy resented this.

"I 'm strong, anyway, if I am only eight; an' I can keep up with you."

"Yes, you might if you did n't have anything to carry; you 're pretty strong for a little kid. But you see I am going to lug a canteen, and a knapsack, and my Flobert rifle. You could n' do that, you know."

"Yes, I could,—that is, if you don't go too far. How far are you going?"

"Oh, 'bout ten miles the first day," answered George, squinting through a hole in the leather, and exaggerating the distance by two miles, to add to the effect. "Yes, 'bout ten or 'leven miles. Not much of a walk for a big fellow like me, but it would be too much for a little kid like you—a little kid like you—a li-it-tle ki-id li-ike you-ou-ou!" he sang, with an exasperating ring of conscious superiority in his voice.

"It would n't, either," retorted Ted. "I could do it."

"You could, could you? But you won't—you would n't dare try it."

"I *will* try it," said Ted,—“that is, if mama will let me,” he added on second thoughts.

And he scrambled to the ground, with blissful disregard of stocking-knees and splintered hands.

Ted's sorrel bronco was grazing near, and the little boy was on his saddleless back in an instant, and tearing off at a dead run. A nervous recruit held his breath as Ted went over

logs and ditches, but the older soldiers only watched him admiringly, knowing that nothing could unseat "the Captain's boy."

Ted drew up before his father's quarters, and ran into the house shouting, "Mama! Mama!" Finding her in the garden, without pausing for breath he began: "Please, Mama, can't I go? George says I'm not strong enough; but it's not far—only ten miles. I can, can't I?"

"Can what, Ted dear? Come, calm yourself, and don't switch the heads off those asters. Can you do what? I don't understand."

"Why, this: You know that the infantry is ordered off, and is going to march to-morrow morning. George's papa is a 'doughboy'—that's what we cavalry fellows call the infantrymen—and he is to go; and he is going to let George march along with the men. May n't I march, too? It is n't far—only ten miles the first day, and the ambulance will come back from the camp. I can ride back in that at night. May n't I—please?"

"Do you think you could walk that far, Ted?" was the reply. "I think it is not more than eight miles, but I doubt if my boy could stand the midsummer heat for so many hours.

Ted thanked her joyously, and hastened back to George with the news that he was going. George said he was very glad, and called him "old fellow," and the golden-haired little cavalryman felt very important, indeed; he felt that he had grown at least two inches, and he strode to and fro accordingly.

It was quite early the next morning when the companies started off to the sound of the fife and drum,—hardly more than eight o'clock, and the sun had not yet made itself felt. Ted and George were with the privates, determination and pride showing in every line of their bright young faces. Each had a canteen slung over his shoulder, a knapsack on his back, and his Flobert rifle at "shoulder arms." There was nothing but water in those canteens, nothing but hardtack and fried bacon in those knapsacks. Their mothers had suggested lemonade and sandwiches, but the boys had scorned the idea; they would carry only what the soldiers carried, and claim no luxuries besides.

It was very nice for the first mile or two, then the rifles began to feel heavy, and they put them at "support." They both wanted a drink, but an old soldier told them that they

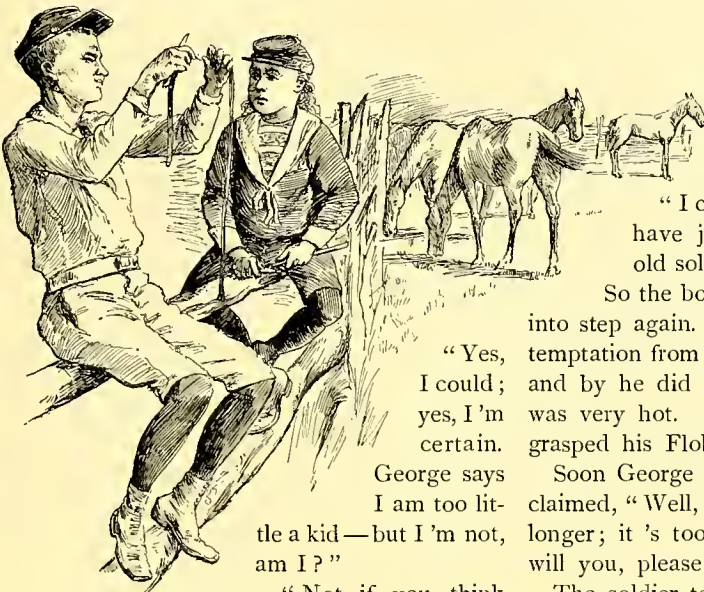
must not touch water on the march, or they would "play out." So they closed their lips and tried not to mind the heat and dust; but it was a severe test, and George, it must be owned, gave in first.

"I can't stand it any longer; I must have just a sip of water," he told the old soldier.

So the boy took a long draught and fell into step again. Ted ground his teeth and put temptation from him; it was very hard, but by and by he did n't mind so much, though he was very hot. He walked mechanically, and grasped his Flobert nervously.

Soon George actually gave a groan and exclaimed, "Well, I can't stand this canteen any longer; it's too heavy. You carry it, Smith; will you, please?"

The soldier took it and then turned to the little cavalryman, whose bright curls were moist and dull with the dust. "Shall I carry yours too, old man?"



"'BOUT TEN MILES,' SAID GEORGE."

"Yes, I could; yes, I'm certain.

George says I am too little a kid—but I'm not, am I?"

"Not if you think you could do it. What

you make up your mind to, you are sure to do. Yes, you may go," said his mother.

"No, thank you; I guess I can keep it," gasped he, and he trudged bravely along.

"That youngster has plenty o' grit," muttered Smith to the man next him in the line.

At the end of the fifth mile, George turned his rifle and knapsack over to the soldier, but still Ted held tight to his. He was quite pale

marched seven miles in the scorching Arizona sun. George dropped under a tree and took a long drink from the canteen. Ted drew a long breath, a quivering breath, and then — everything grew black.

When he came to, there was a corporal bending over him and bathing his face. He was



"'YOU CARRY THIS, SMITH, WILL YOU, PLEASE?' SAID GEORGE."

now, and there were blue rings under his eyes; but he politely refused all offers of aid, for the words "a little kid like you" echoed in his ears, so he kept step as at first. Then came the big boy's crowning humiliation. He had to take the hand of the soldier next to him to keep up. Ted felt a great longing to stop and fling himself down upon the ground, but he choked back what was nearly a sob.

At last came the welcome halt. They had

in Smith's arms, and surrounded by quite a group of soldiers. "You were just a little tired, Ted, and you went to sleep," the corporal told him; and then, drawing George aside, he whispered to him, "If you ever let that brave little fellow know that he fainted, I'll make things lively for you!"

"You see, George, it was very hot," said Ted a little later. "But I did pretty well for a 'little kid,' and a cavalryman at that, did n't I?"



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, GRANDPA!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

YOUR JACK has talked with you so often of the holly with its bright red berries, and the mistletoe with its waxen white ones — and of Christmas carols, and waits, and Yule logs, and all sorts of delightful things pertaining to the coming day of days, that this time there should be a change. Therefore is he content heartily to wish you, one and all, this good thing: a bright, beautiful, merry Christmas, ample in itself, but most rich in the comforts and joys you may give to others, and poor only in such thoughts and feelings as are not worth having at any time o' year.

Now, my rosy runners and tumblers, my skaters, sliders, coasters, and snowballers, my bicyclers, pitchers, and good-timers! — what say you to entering the United States navy just far enough to hear this true account written for you by Ensign Philip Andrews? He calls it

A MAN-OF-WAR ROOSTER.

WHO would think that a rooster could become a great pet on board ship? But on the flag-ship "Chicago," the man-of-war which last spring traveled almost six thousand miles to get home for the Columbian naval parade, there was a rooster that was the pet of all the men on board ship. He was bought in the West Indies, on the way to Montevideo, and was intended for the Christmas dinner, but his great cheerfulness, as shown by his hearty crowing in the most unseasonable weather, won him his life.

After his liberty had been given to him, and he had become fairly tame, he noticed one day another very proud rooster in a polished brass ventilator which stands on the quarter-deck. He immediately put on his proudest air; then, noticing that the other rooster did the same, he stepped closer to inquire, and soon found himself glaring pugnaciously at that other fellow, who seemed quite

as defiant as himself. From looks it came to blows, and soon our rooster was indignantly fighting his own reflection. Occasionally he would strike the ventilator a very hard blow with his bill and be thrown back much astonished, only to return to the attack when he noticed that his enemy apparently retreated.

This was kept up at intervals for several weeks, until the rooster learned that more hard knocks than glory were to be got by keeping up the feud. Even now, after many months on board, he occasionally renews the attack, but in a half-hearted way, as if he knew he was doing something silly.

His name is "Dick," and when there is food ahead he answers to it like a gentleman. At Ensenada, in the Argentine Republic, the Chicago lay alongside the dock in the Grand Canal, and Dick was allowed to run on shore and pick up what he could find. He never strayed far from the gangway, and would come proudly strutting back when called on board by one of the men.

He is a very pugnacious bird, and in Ensenada started a fight between a dog and himself. The combat, witnessed by the whole ship's company, while productive of no harm to either side, was a most amusing sight, and consisted of dashes at the dog with occasional real blows on the part of the rooster, and much barking and running about on the part of the dog.

BUFFALOES.

DEACON GREEN tells me that buffaloes are every day becoming more and more scarce. The larger herds which once roamed our western country are gone, and even stragglers are very few. Before many years their great shaggy heads will quite disappear from the plains unless the hunters, to a man, consent to spare their lives.

"Buffalo-robos," I am informed "once were sold in the West for a dollar apiece. They are now worth twenty dollars or more; and a stuffed buffalo-head cannot be bought for less than seven or eight times that sum."

The buffaloes — poor fellows! — probably are not as much elated by this fact as the hunters may suppose. You see, it is a poor consolation for the loss of one's life and freedom, to have one's very expensive head stuffed and hung up against a wall.

WALKING AROUND THE SQUIRREL.

DEAR JACK: There is a question I should like to have answered — one that has tried our family for a very long while. Of course the dear Little Schoolma'am has heard it before, but many of your readers may not be familiar with it.

It is this: "Would it be possible for a man to walk around a tree on which is a squirrel, without walking around the squirrel?" I think it would; but many do not agree with me. My reasons for believing that the man does not walk around the squirrel are: first, if they begin to move at the same time, and move at the same relative rate of speed as they are facing each other, their position toward each other is not changed — and they have neither of them been around the other; for would n't it be impossible to get around *anything* without changing your position toward it? Secondly, as

the man has never gone past the back of the squirrel, or even seen it, and as the dictionaries' definitions of "around" are "encircling," "encompassing on every side," and the man has not encircled the squirrel "on every side" (he has not been behind him), therefore the man has *not* been around the squirrel.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLOTTE LOCKE.

What say you on this matter, my hearers? I never tried to run around a squirrel myself, though many a squirrel has run around me. Think out an answer to C. L.'s query, if you can; and if you cannot do this, my birds suggest that some fine day you and a lively squirrel take a trial trip together into the subject.

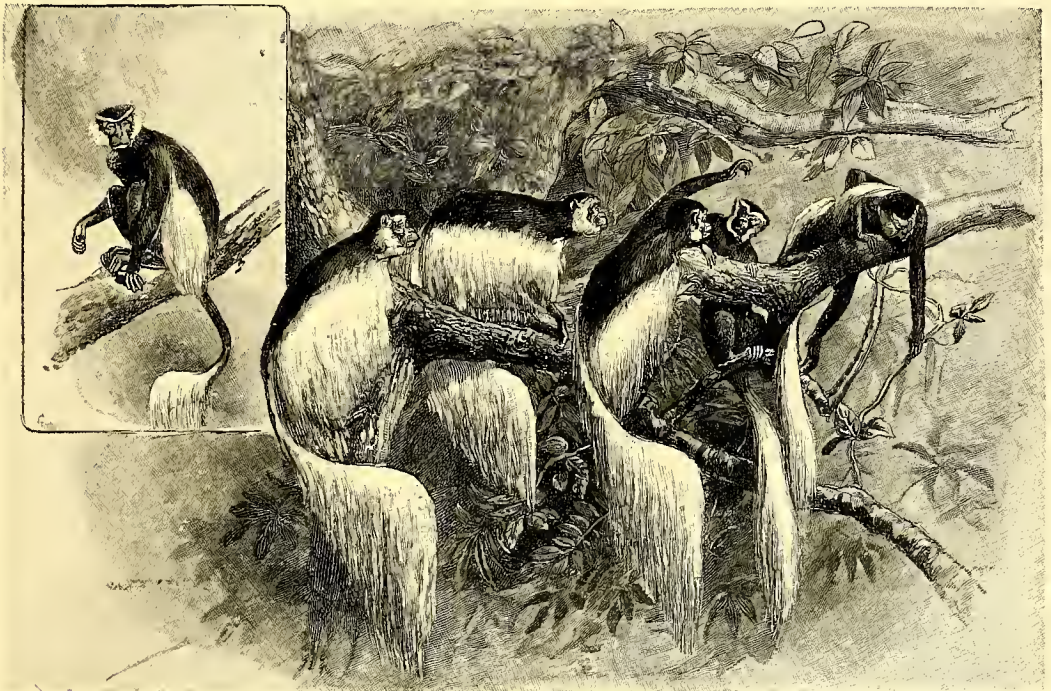
HERE comes your good friend J. C. Beard—this time, as usual, with a new picture drawn for you from life, and an account of its subject, also written for you, my dear crowd of beholders and investigators.

A NEW MONKEY.

MONKEYS, as a rule,—certainly as we in America know them,—are not distinguished for good manners, beauty, or tidiness, and surely not for elegance or grace. Yet now we have a new species to consider: a monkey possessed of all these good qualities, yet playful and active as any of its frisky kindred. For its introduction we are indebted to Dr. Abbott, of Philadelphia, who discovered it recently at Mount Kilima-Njaro, in the eastern part of equatorial Africa, and brought back to America the fine specimens which are shown in

this picture. Not only are these monkeys neat, quiet, and well-behaved, but they are among the most beautiful of animals, and they are said to take the greatest care not to soil or to injure the beautiful coat of long hair with which they are adorned. The drapery of silky, silvery-white hair begins at the shoulders, extends along the sides of the body, and meets over the lower part of the back. When the animal springs swiftly from one bough to another the floating of this beautiful mantle gives it the appearance of being winged. The chin, throat, temples, sides of the head, and a band above the eyes are also white; the rest of the body is covered with soft, glossy, jet-black fur. The tail, which is unrivaled by that of any other monkey in the world, is fringed with pure white hair that glistens like spun glass, and the hair gradually increases in length as it approaches the tip, where it droops like a festoon of silvery grasses.

The five brought here by Dr. Abbott and presented to the Smithsonian Institution are with one exception, it is believed, the only specimens that have ever been seen outside the native home of the animal. The *caudatus*, as this species has been named, belongs to a remarkable genus of so-called thumbless monkeys which have in the last ten years furnished millions of victims to the goddess Fashion. Their beautiful skins have been so greatly in demand for robes, capes, and muffs that the whole race is in danger of extinction. The species most valued for this purpose is *Colobus guereza* of Abyssinia, a species nearly related to the *caudatus*, and resembling it considerably, though not nearly so beautiful.



A NEW SPECIES OF MONKEY.

A SANTA CLAUS MESSENGER BOY.



Good morrow, my lads and maidens;
Good morrow, kind people all!
I'm bidden by dear old Santa Claus
To make you a little call.

And, knowing your gracious courtesy,
I leave you a card to say:
"Remember the little ones of the poor
On the bountiful Christmas Day!"



GEORGE WIGHTMAN EDWARDS

A DUTCH FAMILY.

By JOEL STACY.

'ERE 's all our leetle vamily —
Myzelf and zisters two.
Big Rychie's eyes don't open vide,
And leetle Katzie's do.

Katzie 's zo zlow and plump-y!
And Rychie 's grown zo tall!
But all the zense she has n't got
You vood not miss at all.

Ve 'd be a vunny vamily
If it vos not for me;
For I 'm the only boy ve have,
And zmartest of the three.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A HACKEE.

(A Story in "Dictionary Language.")

BY SAMUEL CONKEV.

BEING easily exsuscitated, and an amnicolist fond of inescating fish and brogging, with an ineluctable desire for the amolition of care, I took a punt and descended the river in a snithy gale. The water being smooth, I felt I could venture with incolumity, as I was familiar with the obuncous river.

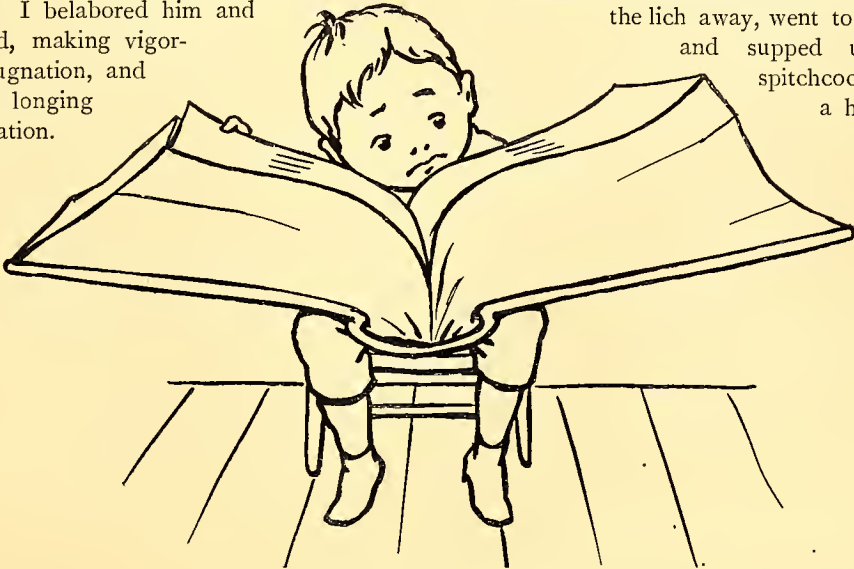
Having brogged without result, I rowed toward an eyot, intending merely to quiddle, when I suddenly saw a hackee. Wishing to capture him, I decided to circumnavigate and take him unaware. Landing, I derved myself where I could see the hackee deracinating grass. He discovered me and skugged behind a tree, occasionally protruding his noll.

Seizing a stick, I awaited the caput. When the neb appeared, I feagued him. The hackee, which is pedimanous, tried to climb the bole. He seemed sheepish, and I suspected him of some michery, especially as his cheeks seemed ampullaceous. I caught him by the tail, and he skirled. Though he was sprack, I held on with reddour, and tried finally to sowle him. The hackee looked soynded and tried to scyle. I belabored him and he cleped, making vigorous oppugnation, and evidently longing for divagation.

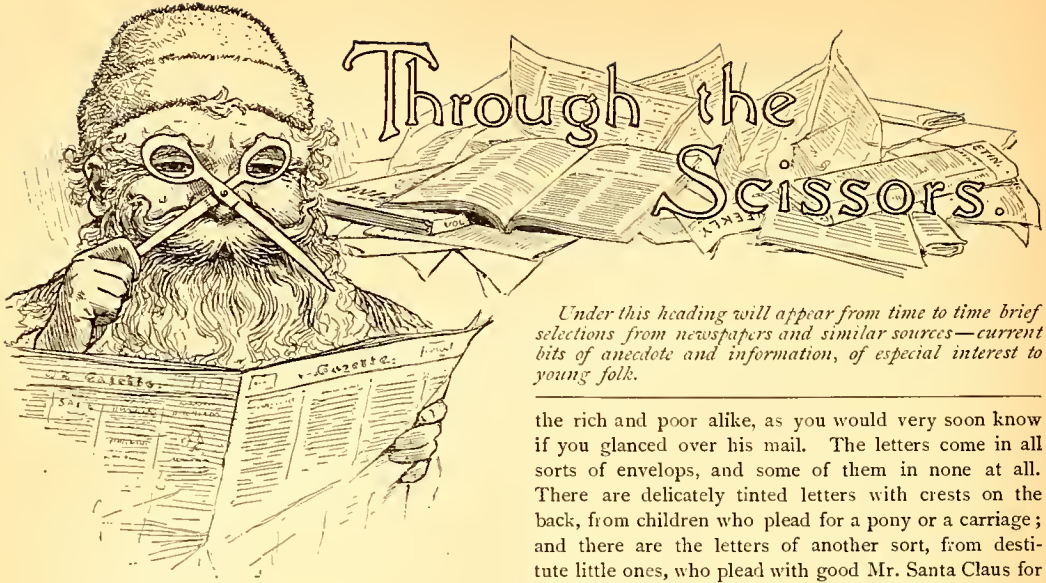
Then a pirogue approached and an agricultor landed. This distracted the hackee and I sowled him, but dropped him because he scratched so. I vowed to exungulate him when caught.

Borrowing a fazzolet, I tried to yend it over the hackee's head, as a means of occocation. The agricultor aided. He was not attractive, seeming crapulous and not unlike a picaroon. He had a siphunculated dinner-pail, which looked as if he had been battering it while pugging. But with a stick and some string he made a gin, and tried to make the hackee bisson. This caused quinching by the hackee, who seized the coadjutor's hallux. Thus exasperated, the agricultor captured the hackee, without any migniardise; but he glouted over the bite, and his rage was not quatted until the hackee was a lich. Carrying it to the punt, I sank into a queachy spot, which delayed me until the gale obnubilated the sky.

While removing the pelage, I found the lich somewhat olid because the swinker had feagued the hackee, an so I yended the lich away, went to market, and supped upon a spitchcock, and a hot bisk.



WHEN IN DOUBT—CONSULT THE DICTIONARY.



SANTA CLAUS'S CORRESPONDENTS.

SANTA CLAUS'S letters begin to pour into the general post-office as early as December 1, and the flow increases daily. Mr. E. P. Jones, of the dead-letter department, who takes charge of all the mail addressed to the merry old gentleman, says he never saw anything like this year's work before. Mr. Jones ought to know, for he has handled Santa Claus's mail for the past twenty years.

A very general notion prevails, Mr. Jones says, among young folks who have occasion to communicate with Santa Claus, that his home is in this city, despite the fact that he is constantly pictured driving a reindeer to a sledge over a snow-bound country covered with fir-trees. For this reason nearly all of his letters go through the local post-office, and are forwarded by Mr. Jones and his able assistants to the Washington dead-letter office, where, it is presumed, they are opened by Santa Claus's private secretary.

The letters come from all over the country. It is curious to note that most of them come from places outside of New York. Perhaps the reason for this is that there are so many Christmas charities in this city that the fear of Santa Claus not putting in an appearance at the appointed time is not so keenly felt here as in some other places.

It is interesting to look over Santa Claus's mail. Of course you cannot open it, any more than you would be allowed to open the mail of any other private or public citizen. The addresses are so curious, and written with such evident pains, and the parenthetical remarks, which are often added as a last reminder on the envelopes, so appealing, and there is such an air of confidence and sincerity about them all, that it is not necessary to examine the contents for entertainment.

Santa Claus, Mr. Jones says, is an idol worshiped by

Under this heading will appear from time to time brief selections from newspapers and similar sources—current bits of anecdote and information, of especial interest to young folk.

the rich and poor alike, as you would very soon know if you glanced over his mail. The letters come in all sorts of envelopes, and some of them in none at all. There are delicately tinted letters with crests on the back, from children who plead for a pony or a carriage; and there are the letters of another sort, from destitute little ones, who plead with good Mr. Santa Claus for a stocking full of candy or a rattle for the baby. The granting of these widely different requests would afford equal satisfaction to either receiver, as it would, no doubt, to Mr. Claus also.

Eighteen letters for Santa Claus were received at the New York post-office one morning. No two were directed exactly alike. The first was the most direct, and was the only one in which a definite address was given. Here it is:

MR. SANTA CLAUS,
444 Cherry street,
New York.

This was written in a scrawling hand, but the number was quite plain. It was probably the only one of the lot that did not go directly to the dead-letter office. There was the name, a definite number on a definite street in a definite city, and in the lower left-hand corner was the regular United States two-cent postage-stamp. So the letter was given to the proper carrier, who took it to the Cherry street address. When it came back this legend was stamped in red ink across the face:

REMOVED: PRESENT ADDRESS UNKNOWN.

There is something realistic in the word "removed." It shows at least that the post-office folks are not skeptical in the belief that Santa Claus *had* his home at 444 Cherry street. If this be true, some young persons will think it was very careless in the old gentleman not to leave his new address. But he is so busy at this time of the year that he may have forgotten it.

One letter, dated at Haverstraw, was addressed like this on a thick, creamy envelop:

MR. SANTY CLAUS,
NEW YORK
CITY

P. S.—If not called for by Xmas, please return.

This was the only one in which Mr. Claus was addressed familiarly. But perhaps he and the writer are old friends, which does not seem improbable, judging from the quality of the envelop and the seal on the back. The letter will have to be sent to Washington with the others, if not called for, owing to the absence of a return address.

The majority of the letters are addressed strangely. There are numerous variations in the spelling of Claus, and not a few, probably Germans, write it with a K. Here are two examples:

TO DEAR SANTA KLAUS,
New York City.

This is dated from Stanfordville, N. Y. It is not quite so fervent as the next:

DEAR MR. POSTMASTER:
Bring this to Dear Santa
Claus.

Such a touching appeal as this the postmaster thought he could not fail to respond to.

Sometimes, when the envelop is carelessly sealed, or when there is no envelop at all, the missive being held in shape merely by the stamp, it comes apart and the contents are disclosed. Under these circumstances it is, the authorities think, perhaps permissible to read them. Under any other, there would be a manifest impropriety in prying into the confidences of these youngsters.

There was one such letter this morning. It came folded and turned down at one corner, and the stamp was placed so as to hold the folded corner down. It read as follows:

CHITTENANGO, N. Y.
DEAR MR. SANTA CLAUS: I only want a pare of skates for Crissmas and if it aint cold a sled will do My old ones bust. If they aint no snow I would like anything ybu think of. My mamma says you are poor this year.
Yours truly, C— N—.
—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA IN 1621.

THE chronicles of the Pilgrims, describing their arrival in Cape Cod bay, in December, 1620, refer briefly to the first Christmas spent by them in America; and what was done in Plymouth village the next Christmas is described in the quaint language of Governor Bradford:

On ye day called Christmas-day, ye Govr. called them out to worke (as was used), but ye most of this new company excused themselves and said it went against their consciences to work on ye day. So ye Govr. told them that if they made it matter of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them, but when they came home at noon from their worke, he found them in ye streete at play, openly, some pitching ye barr, and some at stoole-ball, and such like sports. So he went to them

and took away their implements and told them that was against his conscience, that they should play and others worke. If they made ye keeping of it mater of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but there should be no gaming or revelling in ye streets.

THE HOLLY AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

IN connection with the holly, which figures so conspicuously in all our Christmas decorations, we find a quaint old conceit chronicled, that every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your house is an act of natural piety as well as beauty, and will, in summer, enable you to relish that green world of which you show yourself not unworthy. In Germany and Scandinavia the holly, or holy tree, is called "Christ's thorn," from its use in church decorations, and because it bears its berries at Christmas-tide. The loving sentiment imprisoned in the holly bough and translatable into every language can hardly be more happily expressed than in Charles Mackay's verses, "Under the Holly Bough":

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.

To Germany the civilized world is indebted for one of the most enjoyable of all Christmas delights, the Christmas tree. This custom was little known in England before the marriage of Queen Victoria, and was, we believe, introduced by the late Prince Consort. We call it a gift from Germany, and yet, behind the quaint figure of Kris Kringle, coming from the snowy woods, with the tree rising high above his genial shoulders, laden with gifts and glittering with lanterns, as he suddenly invades the lowly German cottage on kindly errand bent, we see the yet more ancient toy pine-tree, hung with *oscilla*, which boys and girls in ancient Rome looked for on the sixth and seventh days of the Saturnalia. But we who are not antiquaries are content to accept these pretty customs, come whence they may, and to improve on them if we can. A wide gulf is fixed between the Puritanic days, when Christmas was frowned upon as a remnant of evil superstition, and to-day, when nothing is too rare or good for the making of our homes bright and our sanctuaries beautiful in honor of the Author of the Christian Feast. Wherever civilized man is found, there, in one form or another, we find the tokens of adoration and gratitude.

New York Evening Post.

THE LETTER-BOX.

PERHAPS the title and meaning of the poem, "The House on the Rath," may not be quite clear to all our readers without a word of explanation. The "rath" is a ring-shaped mound where fairies are supposed by the Irish peasantry to hold their dances.

The term "boreen," which occurs later in the same poem, is explained in the dictionary to be a shortened form of the Irish word *bóthar*, a road (pronounced *bóher*), with the ending *in* (pronounced *en*), meaning little. The word boreen, therefore, means a little road, or narrow lane.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read so many letters from your readers that I feel as though I should write also and tell you how delightful I think your magazine is.

I have taken you for many years, and I don't think I could get on without you. I have just come home from a visit to the beautiful "White City," and I feel as though I have seen the world. The grounds are lovely, and I think the buildings handsomer than anything I have seen in Europe. I felt so proud as I walked through the rows of State buildings and saw the "Old Liberty Bell" in the Pennsylvania building! I can see it every day, as I walk down Chestnut street; but out there, guarded by men, I felt it my duty to push my way in and get a peep at the old bell.

On Pennsylvania day the Fair was crowded to see our gallant City Troops; and the Old Liberty Bell looked its best with the Stars and Stripes flying overhead. I look forward with the greatest pleasure to the coming of St. NICHOLAS, and it is a great delight when I see you waiting for me when I have come from school.

Always your devoted reader,
RHËA.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the oldest, and the only girl of a family of six. Just think!—five others, and all of them boys!

We live right in the midst of an orange orchard, and so we have as many oranges as we care to eat. The orchard is irrigated almost every three months, and though

the boys enjoy it, Mama does n't, because every boy, except the baby, is sure to come from playing in the orchard with damp feet and *very* muddy clothes.

No one knows that I am writing, and if this letter is published, they will be very much surprised. Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I am (like the little girl in the February number),

Your "ever reader,"

ADELAIDE HARRINGTON B—.

WE are sure our readers will enjoy Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud's charming song "Old Christmas," which is printed on page 112 of this number; and we gladly give space here to the full score of the music.

It's a long way round the year, my dears, A long way round the year! I
found the frost and the flame, my dears, I found the smile and tear! The
wind blew high on the pine-topp'd hill, And cut me keen on the moor; The
heart of the stream was froz-en still, As I tapped at the mil-ler's door; I'

tossed them holly in hall and cot, And bade them right good cheer, But
 stayed me not in an - y spot, For I'd travel'd around the year To
 bring the Christmas joy, my dears, To your eyes so bonnie and true; And a
 mistle-toe bough for you, my dears, A mis-tle-toe bough for you!

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a young American girl from New York, and my two sisters and I are at a French boarding-school. We came to Geneva to study French.

I think Geneva is one of the most charming places I ever saw; the lake is such a wonderful blue, and the lateen sails are so picturesque. On our way to Geneva we stopped at Heidelberg, where we saw some students with their faces marked with scars which they had received in duels. One day last August we went up the lake with our parents to Chillon. We went through the castle of Chillon, and saw the stone pillar to which Bonnivard was chained for six years, and the place where his feet had worn the stone away; we saw the names of Byron, Victor Hugo, Shelley, and several other well-known writers cut in the walls and pillars. We also saw the bedrooms of the old Dukes of Savoy. It was a very interesting visit. We took ST. NICHOLAS for several years in America, and we have it sent to us here. It seems like a bit of home, and we enjoy your lovely stories so much.

Your sincere well-wisher,

FLORENCE C—.

HOLDERNESS, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I stay all summer in a beautiful camp on the edge of Lake Asquam. I have been at Pinehurst (that is the name of the camp) four years. There are four little children here, counting myself. There are two boys and two girls. We have a great deal of fun going in bathing. My brother is teaching me how to swim. We go on picnics, and have such fun! We can see the "lone pine" that Mr. Whittier wrote about. We go on hayrides. Sometimes we get covered by the hay: then we all scramble. I am ten years old. Your little reader,

NINA B. F—.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only one year, but am very fond of you. I like "The White Cave" best, and also like "From Montresa to San Mateo," in the July number.

I was eight years old the 17th of July, and my brother was five the same day. He says a good many funny things; the other day he said he felt of the cat's "whalebones."

We had a big rain here last week, which is so unusual that we enjoyed wading in the mud and water. It has not rained much for two years.

I look eagerly for your coming every month, and hope you'll always come.

Your devoted reader and friend,
 ROY M. W—.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

IN the nights of chilly winter,
 When the stormy breezes blow,
 When the rivers all are frozen,
 And the ground is white with snow,

When the sleighing-bells are ringing,
 And the wind is howling loud,
 Then the little snowflake fairies
 Fall from out the stormy cloud,

Landing on the hills and meadows,
 On the squirrels pay a call,
 Hushing all the trees to sleep, so
 Soft and silently they fall.

Flying this way, flying that way,
 Not allowed a bit of rest,
 For the lively wind is blowing,
 And he likes them whirling best.

PHILIS DAMAIN (thirteen years).

NANTUCKET, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have spent my summer holiday at the quaint old island of Nantucket, where I went fishing on the jetty and saw the eels whisking through the rocks as they passed my hook; and if fishes wore coats, I would say they were laughing in their sleeves at the thought of being caught by a city boy. I went to the county fair, and as I am no judge of cattle I will let

them pass, and tell you about the foot-race and the potato-race. The boys that ran took off their shoes, some took off their stockings, and some ran with their heavy boots on; but the winner, when he got to the goal, was as white as a sheet from running so far and fast.

Then there was a potato-race; ten boys competed for that, and each one carried a pail. There were ten piles of potatoes, ten potatoes in each pile, and a boy stationed at each pile, so as to see that the boy did not take more than one potato at a time. Then a man dropped a bag, and they all started off at full speed, but after a few potatoes were taken, they began to run slower.

After the race was finished, a cart came with some lemonade for the boys. Then they had a "free-to-all race" of horses, and it was very exciting. The man that won was a New Bedford man, and he had a carriage with pneumatic tires, and a fine black horse.

Yours truly, ARTHUR S.—

BIRWOOD, FOX CHASE, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old. We have taken you long before I was born. I think you are the very nicest magazine I know of.

I will tell you that I have a dear little fox-terrier. She is very gentle with the family, but any one else that comes in the house she takes a hold of their toes and

trips them up. A very funny thing happened the other day. I was going out driving with my pony "Stella"; I did not want "Lallah," the little dog, to come with me, so I put her upon a chair at ten o'clock, and at one o'clock, when I got home, I heard something crying. I went out, and there she was on the chair. I had told her not to get down, and she was afraid to disobey me.

I am your devoted reader,
CLIFFORD N.—

WE have received a special budget of interesting and neatly written letters from a number of pupils of the District School of Germantown, California. Each letter is accompanied by a corrected version of the misspelled tale printed in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" in ST. NICHOLAS for September, and the names of the writers are: A. A. Rehse, F. E. Lutts, Henry Runge, Henry Henricksen, Dora Jansen, Lena Runge, Amanda Lohse, Minnie Schluter, Martha Hill.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Emma F. O., Gertrude J., Sadie G. N., Veronica S., Linda S., Etta T., G. A. L., Elsie C., Ethel H. L., Bessie B., Margaret M., Verne H. P., F. K. M., James V. M., Julia E. H., Hazel K., Ruth W., H. F. S., Nellie H. McC., Marguerite and May, Edith L. V.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

TEDDY: "Wait! Wait! I'll be down in a minute!"



CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN chase. 2. The cry of a sheep. 3. The Spanish for "Saint." 4. Consumed. 5. In chase.

II. 1. In chase. 2. A town of Germany. 3. The last name of a personage beloved by children. 4. A drinking-cup. 5. In chase.

The two central letters of the foregoing diamonds will spell the name of a gracious personage.

"M. T. BRAINS."

ANAGRAMS.

A FAMOUS explorer :

NO MASTER THEN, ONLY R. Y.

AN American man of letters :

HE SHALL JOT A BIRD LINGO.

THE HISTORICAL MAN.

SAID a mighty magician in Beloochistan,
"I will mold a composite, historical man."

1. First, he copied the square, unmistakable chin
Of the man who war, peace, and hearts was first in.
2. The lips were the traitor's, sent as was fit,
As Dante relates, to the uttermost pit.
3. Above, the long nose of a player he set
That struck the piano—and won him a bet.
4. A king's eye he made in one side of the head
With an arrow stuck in it—the king was found dead.
5. Its mate was the giant's of mythical story
Which blazed from his forehead alone in its glory.
6. One ear was that man's in revenge for whose pain
Great Britain was forced to declare war with Spain.
7. And the other, the ear that was cut off in wrath
But restored by a miracle, free from all scath.
8. A part of the hair was his who was hung
In an oak, the far depths of Ephraim among.
9. But seven locks once were that hero's so bold
Who of lion and honey a riddle once told.

10. And he added the forehead of the giant of old
Which was struck with a stone by the boy from
the fold.

11. And the tongue was that Greek's who discoursed
well of yore,
Not always to men, but to waves on the shore.

12. He modeled the skull from the Frenchman renowned,
Whose brain was the heaviest doctors have found.

13. The neck was like one topped by no head at all
Outside of the Banqueting-House at Whitehall.

14. The body was that of the man who once cried,
"Make way for Liberty," made it—and died.

15. At one side was a beautiful arm whereon lay
A deadly asp sprung from a fatal bouquet.

16. And, queerly attached, was that mad actor's hand
That once pulled a trigger and saddened a land.

17. On the other side hung an arm, wrinkled and old,
That defended our flag once, as Whittier told.

18. And its hand was the man's whose signature free
"King George might decipher from over the sea."

19. One leg was a wooden one, silver strips round it,
In the grave of an old Knickerbocker he found it.

20. The other a Norman, once kissed in a pet,
And managed its owner, a king, to upset.

And how was this puppet historical dressed?
In garments quite motley it must be confessed.

21. On its head was that thousand-year-old iron crown
By two monarchs worn, each of mighty renown.

22. In its toga a score of wide rents had been made
By the dagger that round Pompey's statue had played.

23. But gaily a mantle was over it thrown,
That the foot of a queen had once trodden upon.

24. On the leg that was royal a traitorous boot
That carried despatches completed the suit.

The historical man was then placed on a throne,
As motley a figure as ever was known;
He is sitting there still, my informant so states,
With a mystified air and a mouthful of dates.



CHRISTMAS BLOOM.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS, FROM A DRAWING BY F. C. MARTIN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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MOWGLI'S BROTHERS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf, "it is time to hunt again"; and he was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves; and good luck and strong white teeth go with the noble children, that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal—Tabaqui, the Dish-licker—and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than any one else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets that he was ever afraid of any one, and runs through the forest biting everything in his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can

overtake a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it *dewanee*—the madness—and run.

"Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf, stiffly; "but there is no food here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui; "but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log [the jackal people], to pick and choose?" He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

"All thanks for this good meal," he said, licking his lips. "How beautiful are the noble children! How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings are men from the beginning."

Now, Tabaqui knew as well as any one else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces; and it pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then he said spitefully:

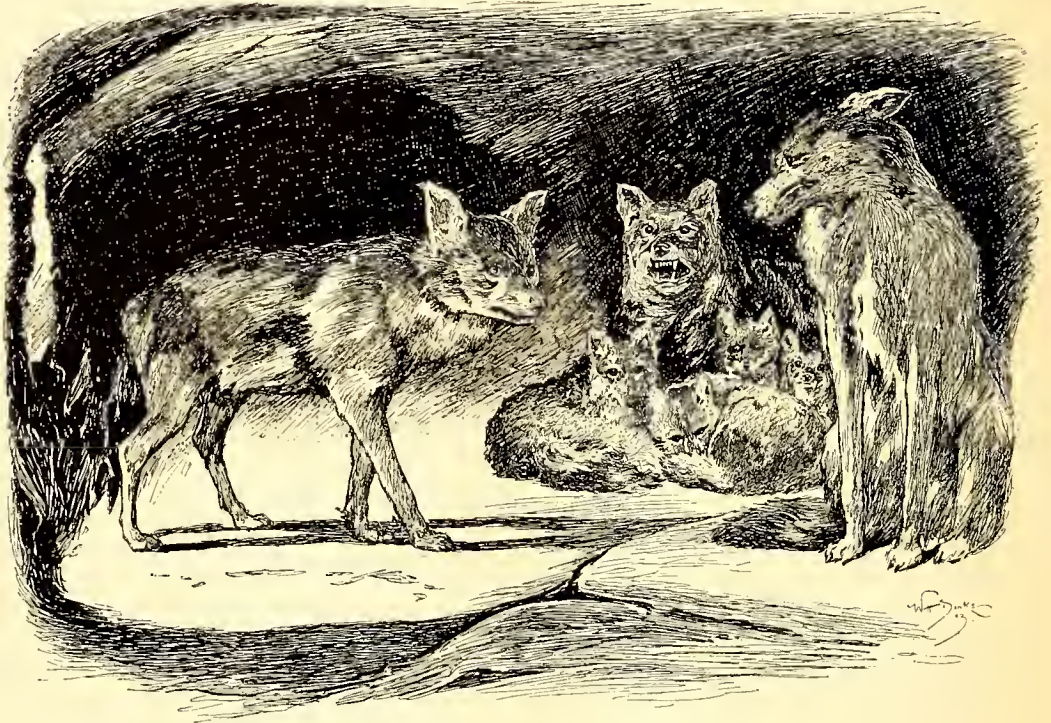
"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting-grounds. He will hunt among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily—"By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I—I have to kill for two, these days."

Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message."

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little river, he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger who has caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.



"GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU, O CHIEF OF THE WOLVES."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said Mother Wolf, quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are angry with him, and he has come here to make *our* villagers angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui, quietly. "Ye can hear

"The fool!" said Father Wolf. "To begin a night's work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?"

"H'sh! It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts to-night," said Mother Wolf. "It is Man." The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders wood-cutters and gipsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

"Man!" said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. "Faugh! Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on our ground too!"

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated "Aaarh!" of the tiger's charge.

Then there was a howl—an untigerish howl—from Shere Khan. "He has missed," said Mother Wolf. "What is it?"

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely, as he tumbled about in the scrub.

"The fool has had no more sense than to jump at a woodcutters' camp-fire, and has burned his feet," said Father Wolf, with a grunt. "Tabaqui is with him."

"Something is coming up hill," said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. "Get ready."

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world—the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

"Man!" he snapped. "A man's cub. Look!"

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face, and laughed.

"Is that a man's cub?" said Mother Wolf. "I have never seen one. Bring it here."

A wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf's jaws closed

right on the child's back not a tooth even dented the skin, as he laid it down among the cubs.

"How little! How naked, and—how bold!" said Mother Wolf, softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

"I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack or in my time," said Father Wolf. "He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid."

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: "My Lord, my Lord, it went in here!"

"Shere Khan does us great honor," said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. "What does Shere Khan need?"

"My quarry. A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

Shere Khan had jumped at a woodcutters' camp-fire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan's shoulders and fore paws were cramped for want of room, as a man's would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

"The Wolves are a free people," said Father Wolf. "They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill if we choose."

"Ye choose and ye do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!"

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf shook herself clear of the cubs and sprang forward, her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan.

"And it is I, Raksha [that means The Demon], who answer. The man's cub is mine, Lungri—mine to me! He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Pack and to hunt

with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs — frog-eater — fish-killer — he shall hunt thee! Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed (*I eat no starved cattle*), back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest into the world! Go!”

Father Wolf looked on amazed. He had almost forgotten the days when he won Mother Wolf in fair fight from five other wolves, when she ran in the Pack and was not called The Demon for compliment's sake. Shere Khan might have faced Father Wolf, but he could not stand up against Mother Wolf, for he knew that where he was she had all the advantage of the ground, and would

of man-cubs. The cub is mine, and into my teeth he will come in the end, O bush-tailed thieves!”

Mother Wolf threw herself down panting among the cubs, and Father Wolf said to her gravely:

“Shere Khan speaks this much truth. The cub must be shown to the Pack. Wilt thou still keep him, Mother?”

“Keep him!” she gasped. “He came naked, by night, alone and very hungry; yet he was not afraid! Look, he has pushed one of my babes to one side already. And that lame butcher would have killed him and would have run off to the Waingunga while the villagers here hunted through all our lairs in revenge!



“THE TIGER'S ROAR FILLED THE CAVE WITH THUNDER.”

fight to the death. So he backed out of the cave-mouth growling, and when he was clear he shouted:

“Each dog barks in his own kennel! We will see what the Pack will say to this fostering

Keep him? Assuredly I will keep him.—Lie still, little frog. O thou Mowgli,—for Mowgli the Frog I will call thee,—the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee.”

"But what will our Pack say?" said Father Wolf.

The Law of the Jungle lays down very clearly that any wolf may, when he marries, withdraw from the Pack he belongs to; but as soon as his cubs are old enough to stand on their feet he must bring them to the Pack Council, which is generally held once a month at full moon, in order that the other wolves may identify them. After that inspection the cubs are free to run where they please, and until they have killed their first buck no excuse is accepted if a grown wolf of the Pack kills one of them. The punishment is death where the murderer can be found; and if you think for a minute you will see that this must be so.

Father Wolf waited till his cubs could run a little, and then on the night of the Pack Meeting took them and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock — a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide. Akela, the great gray Lone Wolf, who

led all the Pack by strength and cunning, lay out at full length on his rock, and below him sat forty or more wolves of every size and color, from badger-colored veterans who could handle a buck alone, to young black three-year-olds who thought they could. The Lone Wolf had led them for a year now. He had fallen twice into a wolf-trap in his youth, and once he had

been beaten and left for dead; so he knew the manners and customs of men. There was very little talking at the rock. The cubs tumbled over each other in the center of the circle where their mothers and fathers sat, and now



"BAGHEERA WOULD LIE OUT ON A BRANCH AND CALL, 'COME ON, LITTLE BROTHER.'" (SEE PAGE 201.)

and again a senior wolf would go quietly up to a cub, look at him carefully, and return to his place on noiseless feet. Sometimes a mother would push her cub well out into the moonlight, to be sure that he had not been overlooked. Akela from his rock would cry: "Ye know the Law — ye know the Law. Look well, O Wolves!" and the anxious mothers

would take up the call: "Look—look well, O Wolves!"

At last—and Mother Wolf's neck-bridles lifted as the time came—Father Wolf pushed "Mowgli the Frog," as they called him, into the center, where he sat laughing and playing with some pebbles that glistened in the moonlight.

Akela never raised his head from his paws,

is any dispute as to the right of a cub to be accepted by the Pack, he must be spoken for by at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother.

"Who speaks for this cub?" said Akela. "Among the Free People who speaks?" There was no answer, and Mother Wolf got ready for what she knew would be her last fight, if things came to fighting.



THE MEETING AT THE COUNCIL ROCK.

but went on with the monotonous cry: "Look well!" A muffled roar came up from behind the rocks—the voice of Shere Khan crying: "The cub is mine. Give him to me. What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?" Akela never even twitched his ears: all he said was: "Look well, O Wolves! What have the Free People to do with the orders of any save the Free People? Look well!"

There was a chorus of deep growls, and a young wolf in his fourth year flung back Shere Khan's question to Akela: "What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?" Now the Law of the Jungle lays down that if there

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the Pack Council—Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle: old Baloo, who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey—rose up on his hind quarters and grunted.

"The man's cub—the man's cub?" he said. "I speak for the man's cub. There is no harm in a man's cub. I have no gift of words, but I speak the truth. Let him run with the Pack, and be entered with the others. I myself will teach him."

"We need yet another," said Akela. "Baloo

has spoken, and he is our teacher for the young cubs. Who speaks beside Baloo?"

A black shadow dropped down into the circle. It was Bagheera the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther-markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path; for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo, and as reckless as the wounded elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree, and a skin softer than down.

"O Akela, and ye the Free People," he purred, "I have no right in your assembly; but the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt which is not a killing matter in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?"

"Good! good!" said the young wolves, who are always hungry. "Listen to Bagheera. The cub can be bought for a price. It is the Law."

"Knowing that I have no right to speak here, I ask your leave."

"Speak then," cried twenty voices.

"To kill a naked cub is shame. Besides, he may make better sport for you when he is grown. Baloo has spoken in his behalf. Now to Baloo's word I will add one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here, if ye will accept the man's cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?"

There was a clamor of scores of voices, saying: "What matter? He will die in the winter rains. He will scorch in the sun. What harm can a naked frog do us? Let him run with the Pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be accepted." And then came Akela's deep bay crying: "Look well—look well, O Wolves!"

Mowgli was still deeply interested in the pebbles, and he did not notice when the wolves came and looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull, and only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli's own wolves were left. Shere Khan roared still in the night, for he was very angry that Mowgli had not been handed over to him.

"Aye, roar well," said Bagheera, under his whiskers. "For the time comes when this naked

thing will make thee roar to another tune, or I know nothing of man."

"It was well done," said Akela. "Men and their cubs are very wise. He may be a help in time."

"Truly, a help in time of need; for none can hope to lead the Pack forever," said Bagheera.

Akela said nothing. He was thinking of the time that comes to every leader of every pack when his strength goes from him and he gets feebler and feebler, till at last he is killed by the wolves and a new leader comes up—to be killed in his turn.

"Take him away," he said to Father Wolf, "and train him as befits one of the Free People."

And that is how Mowgli was entered into the Seeonee wolf-pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo's good word.

* * * * *

Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven whole years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves, because if it were written out it would fill ever so many books. He grew up with the cubs, though they of course were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business and the meaning of things in the jungle till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. When he was not learning he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate and went to sleep again; when he felt dirty or hot he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do. Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call, "Come along, Little Brother," and at first Mowgli would cling like the sloth, but afterward he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the gray ape. He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf

would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun. At other times he would pick the long thorns out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burs in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop-gate so cunningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him that it was a trap. He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli—with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the jungle is thine," said Bagheera, "and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli obeyed faithfully.

And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat.

Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a creature to be trusted, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan; but though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy—though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak in any human tongue.

Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle, for as Akela grew older and feebler the lame tiger had come to be great friends with the younger wolves of the Pack, who followed him for scraps, a thing Akela would never have allowed if he had dared to push his authority to the proper bounds. Then Shere Khan would flatter them and wonder that such fine young hunters were content to be led by a dying wolf and a man's cub. "They tell me," Shere Khan would say, "that

at Council ye dare not look him between the eyes"; and the young wolves would growl and bristle.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew something of this, and once or twice he told Mowgli in so many words that Shere Khan would kill him some day; and Mowgli would laugh and answer, "I have the Pack and I have thee; and Baloo, though he is so lazy, might strike a blow or two for my sake. Why should I be afraid?"

It was one very warm day that a new notion came to Bagheera—born of something that he had heard. Perhaps Ikki the Porcupine had told him; but he said to Mowgli when they were deep in the jungle, as the boy lay with his head on Bagheera's beautiful black skin: "Little Brother, how often have I told thee that Shere Khan is thy enemy?"

"As many times as there are nuts on that palm," said Mowgli, who, naturally, could not count. "What of it? I am sleepy, Bagheera, and Shere Khan is all long tail and loud talk—like Mao the Peacock."

"But this is no time for sleeping. Baloo knows it; I know it; the Pack know it; and even the foolish, foolish deer know. Tabaqui has told thee, too."

"Ho! Ho!" said Mowgli. "Tabaqui came to me not long ago with some rude talk that I was a naked man's cub and not fit to dig pig-nuts; but I caught Tabaqui by the tail and swung him twice against a palm-tree to teach him better manners."

"That was foolishness; for though Tabaqui is a mischief-maker, he would have told thee of something that concerned thee closely. Open those eyes, Little Brother. Shere Khan dares not kill thee in the jungle; but remember, Akela is very old, and soon the day comes when he cannot kill his buck, and then he will be leader no more. Many of the wolves that looked thee over when thou wast brought to the Council first are old too, and the young wolves believe, as Shere Khan has taught them, that a man-cub has no place with the Pack. In a little time thou wilt be a man."

"And what is a man that he should not run with his brothers?" said Mowgli. "I was born in the jungle. I have obeyed the Law of

the Jungle, and there is no wolf of ours from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!"

Bagheera stretched himself at full length and half shut his eyes. "Little Brother," said he, "feel under my jaw."

Mowgli put up his strong brown hand, and just under Bagheera's silky chin, where the giant rolling muscles were all hid by the glossy hair, he came upon a little bald spot.

"There is no one in the jungle that knows that I, Bagheera, carry that mark—the mark of the collar; and yet, Little Brother, I was born among men, and it was among men that my mother died—in the cages of the King's Palace at Oodeypore. It was because of this that I paid the price for thee at the Council when thou wast a little naked cub. Yes, I too was born among men. I had never seen the jungle. They fed me behind bars from an iron pan till one night I felt that I was Bagheera—the Panther—and no man's plaything, and I broke the silly lock with one blow of my paw and came away; and because I had learned the ways of men, I became more terrible in the jungle than Shere Khan. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Mowgli; "all the jungle fear Bagheera—all except Mowgli."

"Oh, *thou* art a man's cub," said the Black Panther, very tenderly; "and even as I returned to my jungle, so thou must go back to men at last,—to the men who are thy brothers,—if thou art not killed in the Council."

"But why—but why should any wish to kill me?" said Mowgli.

"Look at me," said Bagheera; and Mowgli looked at him steadily between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away, in half a minute.

"*That* is why," he said, shifting his paw on the leaves. "Not even I can look thee between the eyes, and I was born among men, and I love thee, Little Brother. The others they hate thee because their eyes cannot meet thine; because thou art wise; because thou hast pulled out thorns from their feet—because thou art a man."

"I did not know these things," said Mowgli, sullenly; and he frowned under his heavy black eyebrows.

"What is the Law of the Jungle? Strike first and then give tongue. By thy very carelessness they know that thou art a man. But be wise. It is in my heart that when Akela misses his next kill,—and at each hunt it costs him more to pin the buck,—the Pack will turn against him and against thee. They will hold a jungle Council at the Rock, and then—and then—I have it!" said Bagheera, leaping up. "Go thou down quickly to the men's huts in the valley, and take some of the Red Flower which they grow there, so that when the time comes thou mayest have even a stronger friend than I or Baloo or those of the Pack that love thee. Get the Red Flower."

By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire, only no creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every beast lives in deadly fear of it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

"The Red Flower?" said Mowgli. "That grows outside their huts in the twilight. I will get some."

"There speaks the man's cub," said Bagheera, proudly. "Remember that it grows in little pots. Get one swiftly, and keep it by thee for time of need."

"Good!" said Mowgli. "I go. But art thou sure, O my Bagheera"—he slipped his arm round the splendid neck, and looked deep into the big eyes—"art thou sure that all this is Shere Khan's doing?"

"By the broken lock that freed me, I am sure, Little Brother."

"Then, by the bull that bought me, I will pay Shere Khan full tale for this, and it may be a little over," said Mowgli; and he bounded away.

"That is a man. That is all a man," said Bagheera to himself, lying down again. "Oh, Shere Khan, never was a blacker hunting than that frog-hunt of thine ten years ago!"

Mowgli was far and far through the forest, running hard, and his heart was hot in him. He came to the cave as the evening mist rose, and drew breath, and looked down the valley. The cubs were out, but Mother Wolf, at the back of the cave, knew by his breathing that something was troubling her frog.

"What is it, Son?" she said.

"Some bat's chatter of Shere Khan," he called back. "I hunt among the plowed fields to-night"; and he plunged downward through the bushes, to the stream at the bottom of the valley. There he checked, for he heard the yell of the Pack hunting, heard the bellow of a hunted Sambhur, and the snort as the buck turned at bay. Then there were wicked, bitter howls from the young wolves: "Akela! Akela! Let the Lone Wolf show his strength. Room for the leader of the Pack! Spring, Akela!"

The Lone Wolf must have sprung and missed his hold, for Mowgli heard the snap of his teeth and then a yelp as the Sambhur knocked him over with his fore foot.

He did not wait for anything more, but dashed on; and the yells grew fainter behind him as he ran into the crop-lands where the villagers lived.

"Bagheera spoke truth," he panted, as he nestled down in some cattle-fodder by the window of a hut. "To-morrow is one day both for Akela and for me."

Then he pressed his face close to the window and watched the fire on the hearth. He saw the husbandman's wife get up and feed it in the night with black lumps; and when the morning came and the mists were all white and cold, he saw the man's child pick up a wicker pot plastered inside with earth, fill it with lumps of red-hot charcoal, put it under his blanket, and go out to tend the cows in the byre.

"Is that all?" said Mowgli. "If a cub can do it, there is nothing to fear"; so he strode round the corner and met the boy, took the pot from his hand, and disappeared into the mist while the boy howled with fear.

"They are very like me," said Mowgli, blowing into the pot, as he had seen the woman do. "This thing will die if I do not give it things to eat"; and he dropped twigs and dried bark on the red stuff. Half-way up the hill he met Bagheera with the morning dew shining like moonstones on his coat.

"Akela has missed," said the Panther. "They would have killed him last night, but they needed thee also. They were looking for thee on the hill."

"I was among the ploughed lands. I am ready. See!" Mowgli held up the fire-pot.

"Good! Now, I have seen men thrust a dry branch into that stuff, and presently the Red Flower blossomed at the end of it. Art thou not afraid?"

"No. Why should I fear? I remember now—if it is not a dream—how, before I was a Wolf, I lay beside the Red Flower, and it was warm and pleasant."

All that day Mowgli sat in the cave tending his fire-pot and dipping dry branches into it to see how they looked. He found a branch that satisfied him, and in the evening when Tabaqui came to the cave and told him rudely enough that he was wanted at the Council Rock, he laughed till Tabaqui ran away. Then Mowgli went to the Council, still laughing.

Akela the Lone Wolf lay by the side of his rock as a sign that the leadership of the Pack was open, and Shere Khan with his following of scrap-fed wolves walked to and fro openly being flattered. Bagheera lay close to Mowgli, and the fire-pot was between Mowgli's knees. When they were all gathered together, Shere Khan began to speak—a thing he would never have dared to do when Akela was in his prime.

"He has no right," whispered Bagheera. "Say so. He is a dog's son. He will be frightened."

Mowgli sprang to his feet. "Free People," he cried, "does Shere Khan lead the Pack? What has a tiger to do with our leadership?"

"Seeing that the leadership is yet open, and being asked to speak—" Shere Khan began.

"By whom?" said Mowgli. "Are we *all* jackals, to fawn on this cattle-butcher? The leadership of the Pack is with the Pack alone."

There were yells of "Silence, thou man's cub!" "Let him speak. He has kept our Law"; and at last the seniors of the Pack thundered: "Let the Dead Wolf speak." When a leader of the Pack has missed his kill, he is called the Dead Wolf as long as he lives, which is not long.

Akela raised his old head wearily:

"Free People, and ye too, jackals of Shere Khan, for twelve seasons I have led ye to and from the kill, and in all that time not one

has been trapped or maimed. Now I have missed my kill. Ye know how that plot was made. Ye know how ye brought me up to an untried buck to make my weakness known. It was cleverly done. Your right is to kill me here on the Council Rock, now. Therefore, I ask, who comes to make an end of the Lone Wolf? For it is my right, by the Law of the Jungle, that ye come one by one."

There was a long hush, for no single wolf cared to fight Akela to the death. Then Shere Khan roared: "Bah! what have we to do with this toothless fool? He is doomed to die! It is the man-cub who has lived too long. Free People, he was my meat from the first. Give him to me. I am weary of this man-wolf folly. He has troubled the jungle for ten seasons. Give me the man-cub, or I will hunt here always, and not give you one bone. He is a man, a man's child, and from the marrow of my bones I hate him!"

Then more than half the Pack yelled: "A man! a man! What has a man to do with us? Let him go to his own place."

"And turn all the people of the villages against us?" thundered Shere Khan. "No; give him to me. He is a man, and none of us can look him between the eyes."

Akela lifted his head again, and said: "He has eaten our food. He has slept with us. He has driven game for us. He has broken no word of the Law of the Jungle."

"Also, I paid for him with a bull when he was accepted. The worth of a bull is little, but Bagheera's honor is something that he will perhaps fight for," said Bagheera, in his gentlest voice.

"A bull paid ten years ago!" the Pack snarled. "What do we care for bones ten years old?"

"Or for a pledge?" said Bagheera, his white teeth bared under his lip. "Well are ye called the Free People!"

"No man's cub can run with the people of the jungle," roared Shere Khan. "Give him to me!"

"He is our brother in all but blood," Akela went on; "and ye would kill him here! In truth, I have lived too long. Some of ye are eaters of cattle, and of others I have heard that

under Shere Khan's teaching ye go by dark night and snatch children from the villager's door-step. Therefore I know ye to be cowards, and it is to cowards I speak. It is certain that I must die, and my life is of no worth, or I would offer that in the man-cub's place. But for the sake of the Honor of the Pack,—a little matter that by being without a leader ye have forgotten,—I promise that if ye let the man-cub go to his own place, I will not, when my time comes to die, bare one tooth against ye. I will die without fighting. That will at least save the Pack three lives. More I cannot do; but if ye will, I can save ye the shame that comes of killing a brother against whom there is no fault,—a brother spoken for and bought into the Pack according to the Law of the Jungle."

"He is a man—a man—a man!" snarled the Pack; and most of the wolves began to gather round Shere Khan, whose tail was beginning to switch.

"Now the business is in thy hands," said Bagheera to Mowgli. "We can do no more except fight."

Mowgli stood upright—the fire-pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, and yawned in the face of the Council; but he was furious with rage and sorrow, for, wolf-like, the wolves had never told him how they hated him. "Listen you!" he cried. "There is no need for this dog's jabber. Ye have told me so often tonight that I am a man (and indeed I would have been a wolf with you to my life's end), that I feel your words are true. So I do not call ye my brothers any more, but *sag* [dogs], as a man should. What ye will do, and what ye will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with *me*; and that we may see the matter more plainly, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower which ye, dogs, fear."

He flung the fire-pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a tuft of dried moss that flared up, as all the Council drew back in terror before the leaping flames.

Mowgli thrust his dead branch into the fire till the twigs lit and crackled, and whirled it above his head among the cowering wolves.

"Thou art the master," said Bagheera, in an undertone. "Save Akela from the death. He was ever thy friend."

Akela, the grim old wolf who had never asked for mercy in his life, gave one piteous look at Mowgli as the boy stood all naked, his long black hair tossing over his shoulders in the light of the blazing branch that made the shadows jump and quiver.

"Good!" said Mowgli, staring around slowly. "I see that ye are dogs. I go from you to my own people—if they be my own people. The jungle is shut to me, and I must forget your talk and your companionship; but I will be more merciful than ye are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among men I will not betray ye to men as ye have betrayed me." He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. "There shall be no war between any of us in the Pack. But here is a debt to pay before I go." He strode forward to where Shere Khan sat blinking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by the tuft on his chin. Bagheera followed in case of accidents. "Up, dog!" Mowgli cried. "Up, when a man speaks, or I will set that coat ablaze!"

Shere Khan's ears lay flat back on his head, and he shut his eyes, for the blazing branch was very near.

"This cattle-killer said he would kill me in the Council because he had not killed me when I was a cub. Thus and thus, then, do we beat dogs when we are men. Stir a whisker, Lungri, and I ram the Red Flower down thy gullet!" He beat Shere Khan over the head with the branch, and the tiger whimpered and whined in an agony of fear.

"Pah! Singed jungle-cat—go now! But remember when next I come to the Council Rock, as a man should come, it will be with Shere Khan's hide on my head. For the rest, Akela goes free to live as he pleases. Ye will *not* kill him, because that is not my will. Nor do I think that ye will sit here any longer, lolling out your tongues as though ye were somebodies, instead of dogs whom I drive out—thus! Go!" The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves

ran howling with the sparks burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face.

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying, Bagheera?"

"No, Little Brother. That is only tears such as men use," said Bagheera. "Now I know thou art a man, and a man's cub no longer. The jungle is shut indeed to thee henceforward. Let them fall, Mowgli. They are only tears." So Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart would break; and he had never cried in all his life before.

"Now," he said, "I will go to men. But first I must say farewell to my mother"; and he went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat, while the four cubs howled miserably.

"Ye will not forget me?" said Mowgli.

"Never while we can follow a trail," said the cubs. "Come to the foot of the hill when thou art a man, and we will talk to thee; and we will come into the crop-lands to play with thee by night."

"Come soon!" said Father Wolf. "Oh, wise little frog, come again soon; for we be old, thy mother and I."

"Come soon," said Mother Wolf, "little naked son of mine; for, listen, child of man, I loved thee more than ever I loved my cubs."

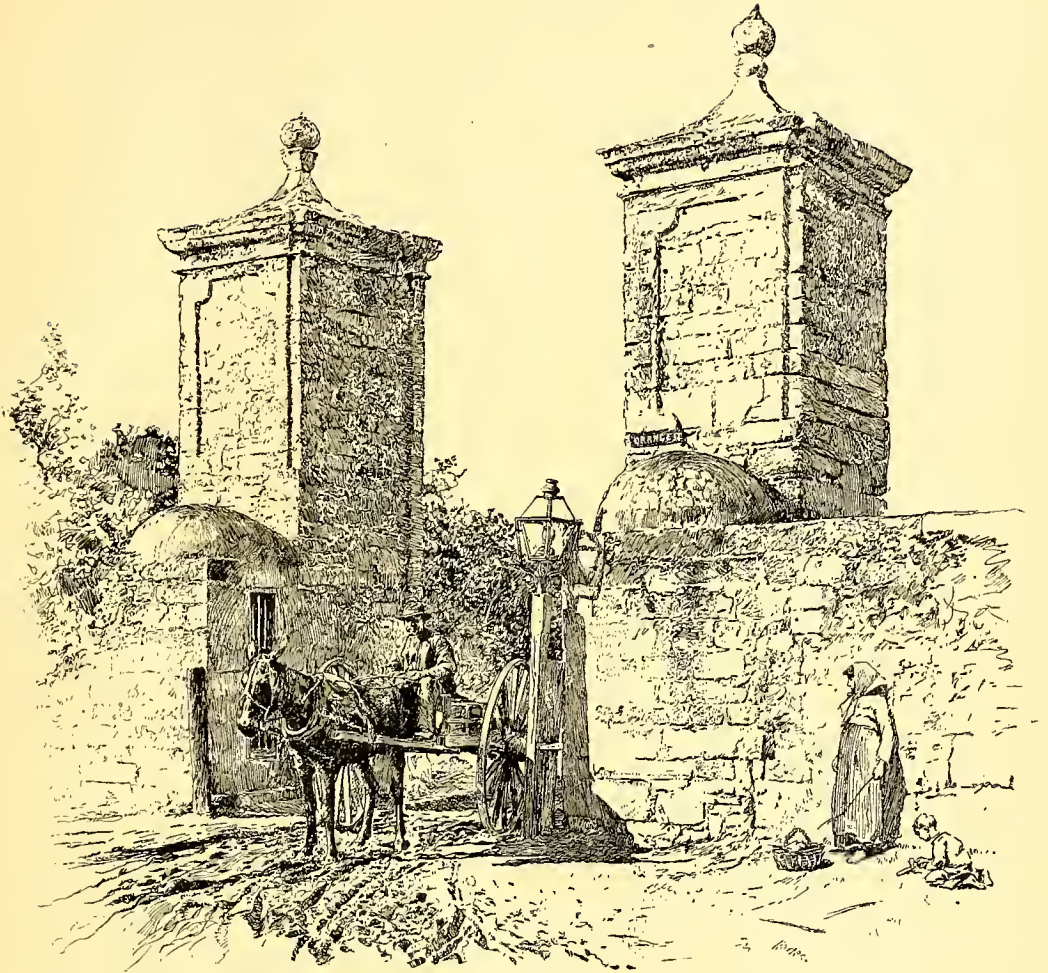
"I will surely come," said Mowgli; "and when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan's hide upon the Council Rock: Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!"

The dawn was beginning to break when Mowgli went down the hillside alone to the crops, to meet those mysterious things that are called men.

Next month I will tell you how Mowgli kept his word, and laid down Shere Khan's hide on the Council Rock.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



THE OLD CITY GATE.* (SEE PAGE 209.)

THE city of St. Augustine, on the eastern coast of Florida, stands in one respect pre-eminent among all the cities of the United States—it is truly an old city. It has many other claims to consideration, but these are shared with other cities. But in regard to age it is the one member of its class.

Compared with the cities of the Old World, St. Augustine would be called young; but in

the United States a city whose buildings and monuments connect the Middle Ages with the present time, may be considered to have a good claim to be called ancient.

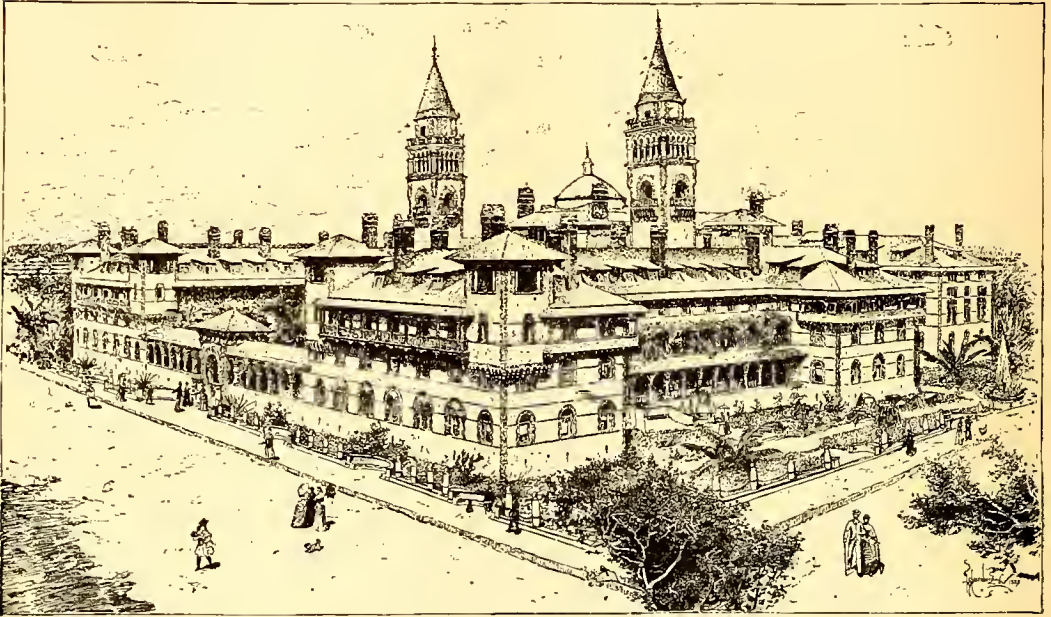
After visiting some of our great towns, where the noise and bustle of traffic, the fire and din of manufactures, the long lines of buildings stretching out in every direction, with all the other evidences of active enterprise, proclaim these

* This picture, and those of the oldest house in St. Augustine, Charlotte Street, and the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar Hotels, are copied by kind permission, from "Florida and St. Augustine," published by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, architects, New York.

cities creations of the present day and hour, it is refreshing and restful to go down to quiet St. Augustine, where one may gaze into the dry moat of a fort of medieval architecture, walk over its drawbridges, pass under its portcullis, and go down into its dungeons; and where in soft semi-tropical air the visitor may wander through narrow streets resembling those of Spain and Italy, where the houses on each side

mitted many atrocities; and, half a century after Drake, the celebrated English buccaneer Captain John Davis captured and plundered the town.

Much later, General Moore, Governor of South Carolina, took the town and held it for three months, but was never able to take the fort. In 1740 General Oglethorpe, another Governor of South Carolina, attacked St. Au-



THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL.

lean over toward one another so that neighbors might almost shake hands from their upper windows, and are surrounded by orange-groves and rose-gardens which blossom all the year.

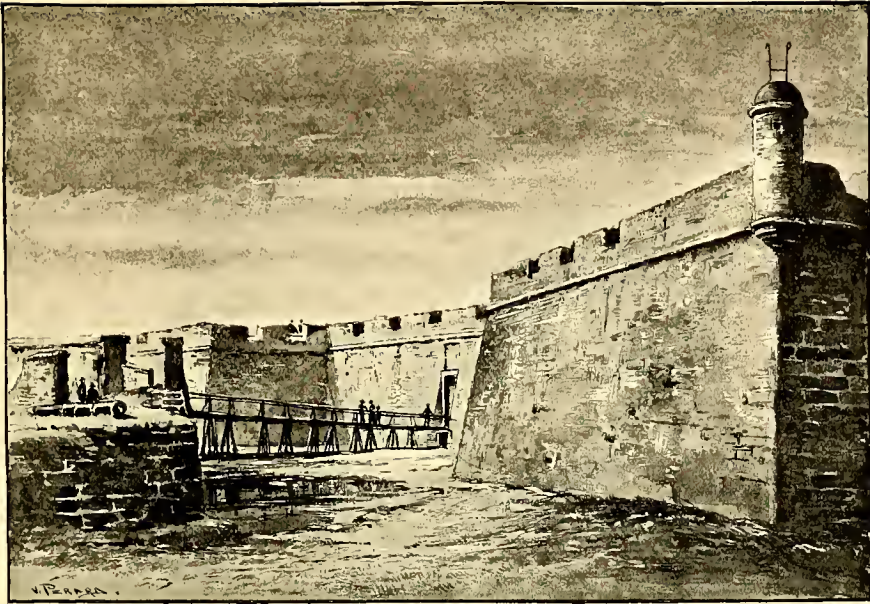
St. Augustine was founded in 1565 by Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who was then Governor of Florida. Here he built a wooden fort which was afterward replaced by the massive edifice which still exists. St. Augustine needed defenses, for she passed through long periods of war, and many battles were fought for her possession. At first there were wars in Florida between the Spanish and the French; and when the town was just twenty-one years old, Sir Francis Drake captured the fort, carrying off two thousand pounds in money, and burned half the buildings in the town. Then the Indians frequently attacked the place and com-

mitted many atrocities; and, half a century after Drake, the celebrated English buccaneer Captain John Davis captured and plundered the town. Much later, General Moore, Governor of South Carolina, took the town and held it for three months, but was never able to take the fort. In 1740 General Oglethorpe, another Governor of South Carolina, attacked St. Au-

gustine, planting batteries on the island opposite, and maintaining a siege for forty days; but he was obliged to withdraw. Three years later he made another attack, but succeeded no better. Even now one can see the dents and holes made in the fort by the cannon-balls fired in these sieges.

In 1819 Florida was ceded to our Government, and St. Augustine became a city of the United States.

Approaching St. Augustine from the sea, the town looks as if it might be a port on the Mediterranean coast. The light-colored walls of its houses and gardens, masses of rich green foliage cropping up everywhere in the town and about it, the stern old fortress to the north of it, and the white and glittering sands of the island which separates its harbor from the sea,



FORT MARION—VIEW FROM WATER-BATTERY.

make it very unlike the ordinary idea of an American town.

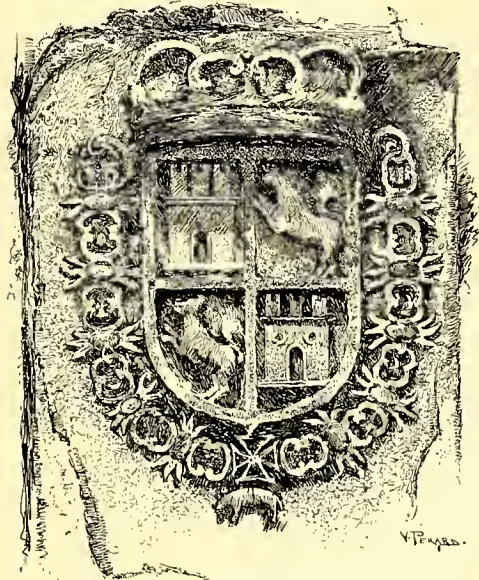
In the center of the city is a large open square called the Plaza de la Constitucion, surrounded by beautiful live-oaks and pride-of-India trees, with their long, hanging mosses and sweet-smelling blossoms.

Most of the streets are narrow, without sidewalks, and from the high-walled gardens comes the smell of orange-blossoms, while roses and other flowers bloom everywhere and all the time.

At the southern end of the town stands the old Convent of St. Francis, which is now used as barracks for United States soldiers.

The old palace of the governor still stands, but now contains the post-office and other public buildings. There was once a wall around the town, and one of the gates of this still remains. There is a tower on each side of the gateway, and the sentry-boxes, and loopholes through which the guards used to look out for Indians and other enemies, are still there. Along the harbor edge of the town is a wall nearly a mile long, built at great expense by the United States Government as a defense against the encroachments of the sea. This is called the sea wall, and its smooth top, four feet wide, is a favorite promenade. Walking

northward on this wall, or on the street beside it, if you like that better, we reach, a little outside of the town, what I consider the most interesting feature of St. Augustine. This is the old fort of San Marco, which, since it came into the possession of our government, has been renamed Fort Marion.



THE SPANISH COAT-OF-ARMS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The old fort is not a ruin, but is one of the best-preserved specimens of the style of fortification of the Middle Ages. We cross the moat

ner was a watch-tower, three of which remain; and into these one can mount, and through the narrow slits of windows get a view of what is

going on outside without being seen himself. At one end of the fort is the old Spanish chapel, and all around the square are the rooms that used to be occupied by the officers and the soldiers. Into the chapel the condemned prisoners used to be taken to hear their last mass before being marched up to the north rampart and shot.

Down in the foundations of the fort are dungeons into which no ray of sunlight can enter. After the fort came into the possession of our government, a human skeleton was found in one of the dungeons, chained to a staple in the wall; and in another dungeon, with-



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

and the drawbridge, and over the stone doorway we see the Spanish coat-of-arms, and under it an inscription stating that the fort was built during the reign of King Ferdinand VI. of Spain, with the names and titles of the dons who superintended the work. It took sixty years to build the fort, and nearly all the work was done by Indians who were captured and made slaves for the purpose. Passing through the solemn entrance, we come to an open square surrounded by the buildings and walls of the fort, which, in all, cover about an acre of ground. On the right is an inclined plane which serves as a stairway to reach the ramparts where the cannon were placed. The *terre-plein*, or wide, flat surface of the ramparts, makes a fine walk around the four sides of the fort from which we can have views of land and sea. At each cor-

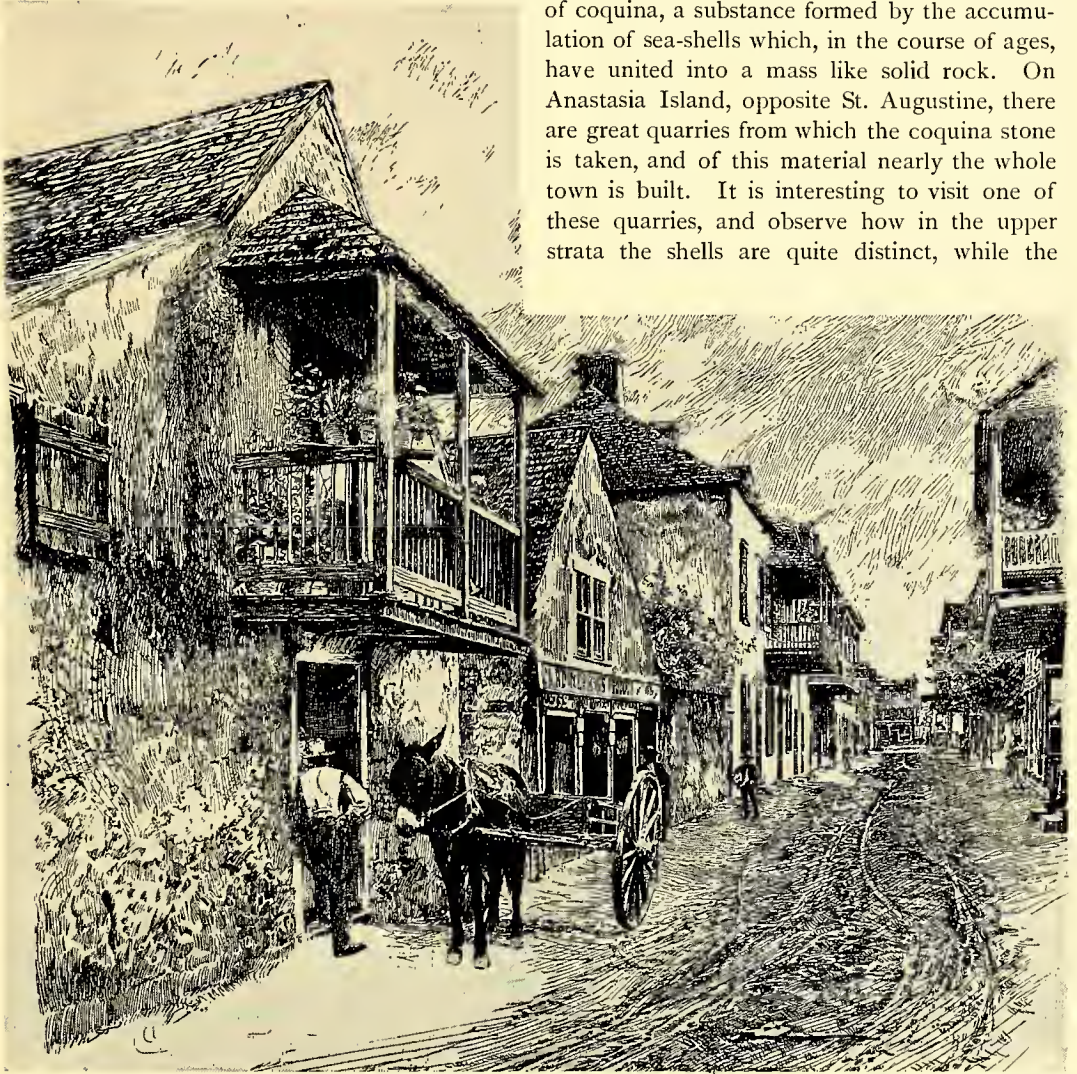
ner was a watch-tower, three of which remain; and into these one can mount, and through the narrow slits of windows get a view of what is going on outside without being seen himself. At one end of the fort is the old Spanish chapel, and all around the square are the rooms that used to be occupied by the officers and the soldiers. Into the chapel the condemned prisoners used to be taken to hear their last mass before being marched up to the north rampart and shot. Down in the foundations of the fort are dungeons into which no ray of sunlight can enter. After the fort came into the possession of our government, a human skeleton was found in one of the dungeons, chained to a staple in the wall; and in another dungeon, with-

out door or window and completely walled up, there were discovered two iron cages which had hung from the walls, each containing a human skeleton. The supports of one of the cages had rusted away, and it had fallen down, but the other was still in its place. A great many romantic stories were told about these skeletons, and by some persons it was supposed that they were the remains of certain heirs to the Spanish throne whose existence it was desirable utterly to blot out. One of the skeletons was that of a woman or girl. The cages and skeletons have been removed, but we can go into the dungeons if we take a lantern. Anything darker or blacker than these underground cells cannot be imagined. I have seen dungeons in Europe, but none of them were so hopelessly awful as these.

In another part of the fort is a cell in which Osceola, the celebrated Indian chief, was once imprisoned, in company with another chief named Wild Cat. There is a little window near the top of the cell, protected by several iron bars; and it is said that Wild Cat starved himself until he was thin enough to squeeze between two of the

of Indian prisoners who had been captured in the far West. Some of them were notorious for their cruelties and crimes, but in the fort they were all peaceable enough. It was one of these Indians, a big, ugly fellow, who lighted me into the dungeon of the skeleton-cages.

This fort, which is in many respects like a great castle, is not built of ordinary stone, but of coquina, a substance formed by the accumulation of sea-shells which, in the course of ages, have united into a mass like solid rock. On Anastasia Island, opposite St. Augustine, there are great quarries from which the coquina stone is taken, and of this material nearly the whole town is built. It is interesting to visit one of these quarries, and observe how in the upper strata the shells are quite distinct, while the



CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. AUGUSTINE.

bars, having first mounted on the shoulders of Osceola in order to reach them. Whether the starving part of the story is true or not, it is certain that he escaped through the window.

When I last visited San Marco, it was full

lower we look down the more and more solid and stone-like the masses become.

The harbor of St. Augustine is a portion of the sea cut off by Anastasia Island. Southward, the Matanzas River extends from the

harbor; and in all these waters there is fine fishing. On the sea-beaches there is good bathing, for the water is not too cold even in winter. St. Augustine is an attractive place at all seasons of the year, and its three superb hotels—the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Cordova—are among the most celebrated in America. In winter people come down from the North because its air is so warm and pleasant, and in summer people from the Southern States visit it because its sea-breezes are so cool and refreshing. It is a favorable resort for yachts, and in its wide, smooth harbor may often be seen some of the most beautiful vessels of this class.

town by a little railroad. At Toccoi, the river terminus of the railroad, people who wish to penetrate into the heart of Florida, with its great forests and lakes and beautiful streams, can take a steamer and sail up the St. John's, which, by the way, flows northward some two hundred miles. In some parts the river is six miles wide, resembling a lake, and in its narrow portions the shores are very beautiful.

About forty miles above Toccoi the Ocklawaha River runs into the St. John's, and there are few visitors to St. Augustine who do not desire to take a trip up the little river which is in many respects the most romantic and beautiful stream in the world. At Toccoi we take a



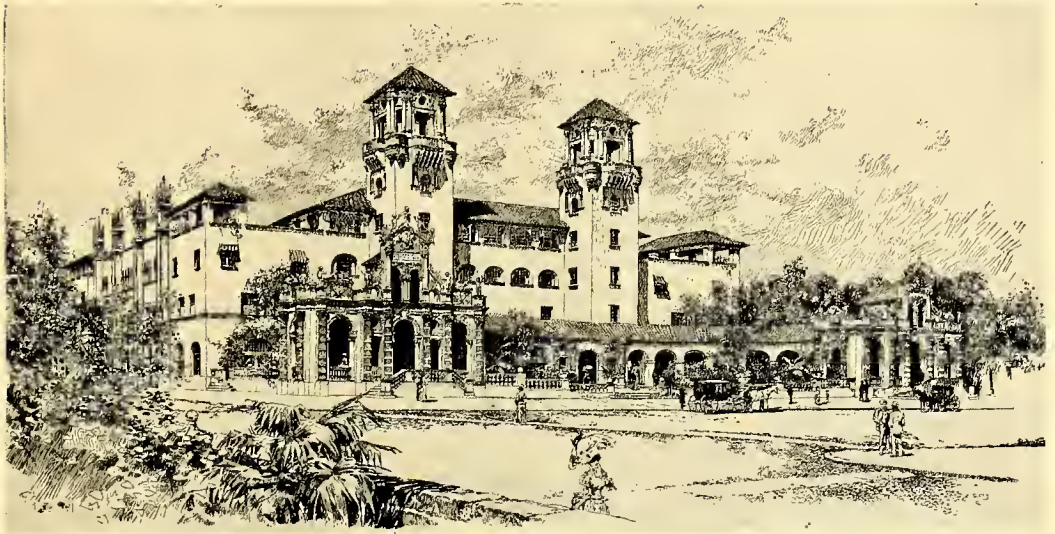
IN THE COURT OF THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL.

St. Augustine is not only a delightful place in which to stay, but it is easy to reach from there some points which are of great interest to travelers. The great St. John's River is only fourteen miles away, and is connected with the

small steamboat which looks like a very narrow two-story house mounted upon a little canal-boat, and in this we go up the St. John's until we see on the right an opening in the tree-covered banks. This is the mouth of the Ocklawaha,

and, entering it, we steam directly into the heart of one of the great forests of Florida. The stream is very narrow, and full of turns and bends. Indeed, its name, which is Indian, signifies "crooked water"; and sometimes the bow

long distances there is no solid ground on either side of the river, the water penetrating far into the forest and forming swamps. Near the edge of the river we frequently see myriads of tree-roots bent almost at right angles, giving



THE ALCAZAR HOTEL.

of the boat has even to be pushed around by men with long poles. Of course we go slowly, but no one objects to that, for we do not wish to hurry through such scenery as this. On each side we see green trees with their thick evergreen foliage, with vines and moss hanging from many of them, and the ground beneath covered with the luxuriant shrubbery which grows in these warm regions.

Sometimes we can see through the trees into the distant recesses of the forest, and then again we are shut in by walls of foliage. Now and then we may see an alligator sunning himself on a log, and as our boat approaches he rolls over into the water and plumps out of sight. Water-turkeys, whose bodies are concealed in the bushes, run out their long necks to look at us, presenting the appearance of snakes darting from between the leaves; while curlews, herons, and many other birds are seen on the banks and flying across the river. In some places the stream widens, and in the shallower portions near the banks grow many kinds of lilies, beautiful reeds, and other water-plants. For

the trees the appearance of standing on spider-legs in the water.

Sometimes the forest opens overhead, but nearly all the way we are covered by a roof of green, and at every turn appear new scenes of beauty and luxuriance. Occasionally the banks are moderately high, and we see long stretches of solid ground covered with verdure. There is one spot where two large trees stand, one on each bank, close to the water, and the distance between the two is so small that as our boat glides through this natural gateway there is scarcely a foot of room to spare on either side.

Although the river is such a little one that we are apt to think all the time we are sailing on it that we must soon come to the end of its navigation, we go on more than a hundred miles before we come to the place where we stop and turn back. The trip up the Ocklawaha requires all the hours of a day and a great part of a night; and this night trip is like a journey through fairyland. On the highest part of the boat is a great iron basket, into

which, as soon as it becomes dark, are thrown quantities of pine-knots. These are lighted in order that the pilot may see how to steer. The blazing of the resinous fuel lights up the forest for long distances in every direction, and, as may easily be imagined, the effect is wonderfully beautiful. When the fire blazes high the scene is like an illuminated lacework of tree-trunks, vines, leaves, and twigs, the smallest tendril shining out bright and distinct; while through it all the river gleams like a band of glittering silver. Then, as the pine-knots gradually burn out, the illumination fades and fades away until we think the whole glorious scene is about to melt into nothing, when more sticks are thrown on, the light blazes up again, and we have before us a new scene with different combinations of illuminated foliage and water.

It often happens that during the night our little steamer crowds itself to one side of the river and stops. Then we may expect to see a splendid sight. Out of the dark depths of the forest comes a glowing, radiant apparition, small at first, but getting larger and larger until it moves down upon us like a tangle of moon and stars drifting through the trees.

This is nothing but another little steamboat coming down the river with its lighted windows and decks, and its blazing basket of pine-knots. There is just room enough for her to squeeze past us, and then her radiance gradually fades away in the darkness behind us.

We travel thus, night and day, until we reach Silver Springs, which is the end of our journey. This is a small lake so transparent that we can see down to the very bottom of it, and watch the turtles and fishes as they swim about. A silver coin or any small object thrown into the water may be distinctly seen lying on the white sand far beneath us. The land is high and dry about Silver Springs, and the passengers generally go on shore and stroll through the woods for an hour or two. Then we reëmbark and return to St. Augustine as we came.

It must not be supposed that St. Augustine

contains nothing but buildings of the olden time. Although many parts of the town are the same as they were in the old Spanish days, and although we may even find the descendants of the Minorcans who were once its principal citizens, the city now contains many handsome modern dwellings and hotels, some of which are exceptionally large and grand. Hundreds of people from the North have come down to this city of orange-scented air, eternal verdure, and invigorating sea-breezes, and have built handsome houses; and during the winter there is a great deal of bustle and life in the narrow streets, in the Plaza, and on the sunny front of the town. Many of the shops are of a kind only to be found in semi-tropical towns by the sea, and have for sale bright-colored sea-beans, ornaments made of fish-scales of every variety of hue, corals, dried sea-ferns, and ever so many curiosities of the kind. We may even buy, if we choose, some little black alligators, alive and brisk and about a foot long. As to fruit, we can get here the best oranges in the world, which come from the Indian River in the southern part of Florida, and many sorts of tropical fruits that are seldom brought to Northern cities.

If St. Augustine were like most American cities, and had been built by us or by our immediate ancestors, and presented an air of newness and progress and business prosperity, its delightful climate and its natural beauties would make it a most charming place to visit. But if we add to these attractions the fact that here alone we can see a bit of the old world without leaving our young Republic, and that in two or three days from the newness and busy din of New York or Chicago we may sit upon the ramparts of a medieval fort, and study the history of those olden days when the history of Spain, England, and France was also the history of this portion of our own land,—we cannot fail to admit that this little town of coquina walls and evergreen foliage and traditions of old-world antiquity occupies a position which is unique in the United States.



THE DOLL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

SNAP-SHOTS BY SANTA CLAUS.

"I DON'T see," said Santa Claus, as he took a last look around before going out to climb into the waiting sleigh, "why I should n't take my camera with me!"

So he picked it up and deposited it on the seat by his side.

Swish! — and away they went, but not so fast as usual, since "Dunder" and "Blitzen" were lame, and "Prancer" was not well.

You know what the genial old gentleman did

in the present-giving way, and I mean to tell you only about a few of the pictures he took. He spoiled a good many, for they were all taken by flash-light and in a hurry. But he got one good view of a village church near which lived a favorite little boy and his two sisters; and also a picture of their stockings hanging from the holly-covered mantel.

At another house one little girl woke up when Santa Claus was taking her picture; but



SNAP-SHOPS BY SANTA CLAUS.

she thought next morning it was only a dream, so Santa Claus did n't mind having been seen.

A picture of some snowy chimneys, showing his path to and from the flue, and of the tired reindeer team, also proved successful; but a very timid little girl, and a cross black cat

who snarled at Santa Claus, were frightened by the flash-light, and so spoiled their pictures.

Santa Claus took plenty of other pictures, but he does n't care to show any but these. Next year he hopes to be better skilled, for he says it is fun to take pictures on Christmas eve.

HOW PAPER MONEY IS MADE.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.



ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S MONEY-COUNTERS.

NOT very far from the great Washington Monument, although far enough away not to be hurt if it should ever tumble down, stands a large brick building overlooking the Government parks and the Potomac River. This is the Bureau of

Engraving and Printing, the place in which Uncle Sam makes his greenbacks—his millions

and millions of dollars' worth of paper money.

For many years all of the paper money was engraved and printed by private corporations; but about thirty years ago it occurred to Uncle Sam that it would be a good idea to take part in the making of his money, and not allow outsiders to do it all alone. So, in spite of the objections of the bank-note companies, who felt that they were being deprived of a very good business, the work of printing the notes, bonds, and securities of the United States was divided between the Government and these private concerns. Uncle Sam printed the faces, and the bank-note companies took care of the backs. But Uncle Sam became so well pleased with his success as a printer, that by and by and little by little he appropriated more and more of the business to himself, until finally he had entire charge of it, and now the outside people do no more than manufacture the paper. At first the business was car-

ried on in the basement of the Treasury Building, but this was soon found to be too small a shop for so large an enterprise, and it was then transferred to the garret, where there was more room although not much more light. But at last it was found that so much space was needed that there was nothing to be done but to build a special building. So Congress appropriated three hundred thousand dollars for the construction of a suitable building, and about thirty thousand dollars to purchase a site upon which to locate the bureau. In due time a suitable site was chosen—the property at the corner of 14th and B streets, in the city of Washington. The land was bought in 1878; and two years later the building was completed.

The average visitor to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing does not have an opportunity of seeing very much, for Uncle Sam is very careful not to take any chances that might result in the loss of any of his valuable paper money. So the visitor must content himself with looking through cages and screens, behind which he sees men and women busy at work amid stacks of paper in all the stages of making, from the blank sheet to the printed notes; nor is he allowed to wander about wherever he likes, and to go peering into secret rooms; but a guide must accompany all those who want to see this wonderful money-shop, and they may go only into such rooms and places as the guide is permitted to show them. But when I called, and said to the superintendent that I wanted to tell the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* all about the bureau, he rang an electric bell for a guide; and when she appeared he told her to show me through "special," which meant that closed doors, cages, and screens were all to be open to me in order that I might not miss anything.

Of course the first thing to be done in mak-

ing a note is to make the design and the engraving, and this is really the most difficult and important part of the whole work. When an order is received from the Treasury for a new design, the designer must set his wits to work

portrait of a prominent man upon a note or a greenback till after his death.

When the design has been approved by the proper officials, it is turned over to the engravers. These men are all expert steel-engravers, as none but the very best and most proficient are employed; and they are obliged to work in a secluded room, into which no one but the officials of the bureau and the special visitors is ever allowed to come. Each one sits before a window with curtains and shades so arranged as to give him the best light; and if the day is not bright, he works by the electric light. The duties of these engravers are very laborious and difficult, as they are obliged to be exceedingly careful and exact.

If you will look at the pictures upon a one-dollar bill, you will see that the portrait of Martha Washington or of Stanton is composed altogether of curved or straight lines — the only kind of engraving that is allowed to be

to think of something which is different from anything that has already been printed, but which at the same time will be in keeping with the general look and form of a bank-note. Several years ago it was the custom to print the portraits of living persons on the money; but Uncle Sam came to the conclusion that this was not a very good plan, and so he passed a law prohibiting the use of the portraits of living persons, and therefore you will never see the

done in the bureau; because unless it is done in this manner, and unless the lines are cut very deep, the engravings cannot be used. Now this portrait was engraved in a piece of steel by the use of a very sharp little instrument known as a graver.

Every little scratch on the steel plate will in printing show a black line, so you will see how very careful the engraver has to be that he shall not make any false scratches, and



THE GOVERNMENT BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

that the lines shall be just so long and just so broad.

Now, steel-engraving is the direct opposite of wood-engraving. The scratches and cuts made on a wooden block will be white in the print, and it is only the uncut portions of the block that print black; while on the steel the unscratched portion leaves the paper white.

When a design has been cut on a steel plate and it is ready to be printed, the ink is put on the plate or block, and all the cuts and scratches become filled with ink. Then the ink is carefully rubbed off of the surface, so that none remains except what is in the lines. When a piece of dampened paper is placed on the plate and subjected to very heavy pressure, it sinks into the lines; and when it is taken off it draws the ink out with it, and thus the picture is printed on the paper.

It takes an engraver about six weeks or two months to complete one portrait, and a man who engraves the portraits never does any other kind of engraving. Each engraver does only a certain portion of the work on a note; no one is permitted to engrave an entire note; so that besides the portrait-engravers, there are some who do nothing but engrave the figures, the seal, the lettering, the border, etc. In this way it would be impossible for an engraver to make a complete engraving for his own use, if he were dishonest enough to want to do such a thing.

Besides this manual work, some of the engraving is done by machinery, as for example the background of the portrait and of the borders, and the shading of the letters — this being done by what is known as the ruling-machine, which can rule several hundred perfectly straight lines within an inch. The intricate scroll and lace-like work around the figures on the face and the back of the note is done by a wonderful machine known as the geometric lathe. This machine consists of a large num-



ONE OF THE STEEL-ENGRAVERS AT WORK.

ber of wheels of all sizes and in all sorts of arrangements, together with a complicated mechanism of eccentrics and rods, all of which

is incomprehensible to any one but an expert machinist.

By a proper adjustment of its parts, the delicate diamond point that moves about over the face of the steel is made to work out a perfect and artistic pattern with greater accuracy and much more speed than could be done by hand; and hence this delicate and intricate part of the engraving is one of the greatest obstacles with which the counterfeiter has to contend, for he finds it next to impossible to imitate it correctly.

Fortunately for Uncle Sam, the geometric lathe is a very complicated and very expensive machine, and the counterfeiter is generally a poor man; and even if he did manage to lay up enough money to buy the lathe, it is hardly likely he would live long enough to learn how to use it properly; for there are only four men in the world who understand how to operate it.

Indeed, the man who now has charge of the geometric lathe at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is the only one in the United States at the present time who knows how to manage it; and if anything should happen to him, it might tangle matters up for a while in this important branch of our Uncle Sam's big government.

Well, after all the different parts of the design that go to make up a note are completed, the engravings, or "dies" as they are called, are transferred to steel rollers. It would not do to print from the dies themselves, as they would very soon wear out and it would be too expensive to be making new ones all the time. So the engraving is transferred or pressed on to another piece of steel. This is done by rolling a steel roller over the dies, with a pressure so great that the impression of the dies is cut into the surface of the roller, just as the eagle on a fifty-cent piece would be impressed on a piece of putty if you pressed the half-dollar on it. Of course the roller is made as soft as possible,—“decarbonized” as it is called,—so that the designs can be well marked on it. When this is done, the roller is hardened and run over a softened steel plate, and in this way the engraving is transferred for a second time. This plate is large

enough to contain four engravings or impressions of the face or the back of a note,—whichever it may be,—and it is from these plates, after they have been hardened and touched up by the engravers, that the money is printed in sheets of four notes each. So you see that if anything should happen to a plate, all that would be necessary would be to take the roller and make another plate, instead of having to make new dies.

Each one of these plates is numbered, and each one of the four engravings of the note is marked by one of the first four letters of the alphabet. If you will look closely on your one-dollar bill, you will find a small A or B or C or D, which means that it is the first, second, third, or fourth engraving on a certain plate; and if you have good eyesight you will soon discover the number of the plate in very small figures hiding alongside or below the letter.

Now, you may not think it worth while to have these tiny letters and figures on the note, but they are one of the many guards Uncle Sam uses to prevent counterfeiting; for the bad people who make false money sometimes overlook these little marks, or sometimes, when they are too smart and crafty, they put a little E or an H off in one corner, and of course Uncle Sam's experts detect the mistake at once.

As you might know, all of these dies, rollers, and plates are very valuable, and great care is taken to prevent their being lost or stolen. Two large vaults, with double steel doors and time locks, are used for storing them away. Every evening, each and every piece of steel that has the least engraving upon it, and that has been out of the vault during the day, is returned; and nothing can be taken out in the morning without an order from the superintendent. Every two or three years, a number of officials known as the Destruction Committee come over from the Treasury to examine the vaults for the purpose of seeing whether everything is all right, and of picking out such rollers, plates, and dies as they think are no longer fit for use. These they have packed into a strong box bound with iron bands, and they take this box with its precious load down to

the Navy Yard, where all the pieces of steel are melted in a fiery furnace.

The paper upon which the engravings are printed is made by a private concern, whose mills are closely guarded by Uncle Sam's watchmen; for no one is allowed to make this particular kind of paper except for the use of the Government. It is made from duck cloth and canvas clippings, which make the finest quality of linen paper. The little red and blue scratches you see on the face and back of the note are not really scratches, but the silk threads that are woven in with the paper. When the paper is sent to Washington it is stored away under lock and key in the basement of the Treasury, and sent over, whenever it is needed, to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in packages of a thousand sheets each.

When it reaches the bureau, it is taken to what is called the wetting division, where it is carefully counted to see whether the correct number of sheets has been sent, and then placed between wet cloths and stacked on the floor. When the paper is thoroughly dampened, it is counted a second time and made ready for the printers.

The printing is done in an immense room on the third floor of the building, crowded with presses and machinery of all kinds, doing all sorts of printing and making all sorts of noises; while men and women, young and old, short and tall, handsome and homely, are busy at work amid the noise and confusion and dirt.

Some of the presses are run by steam, but nearly all of them are hand-presses. Several times Uncle Sam has announced his intention

of doing away with these old-time ones, but each time the printers objected and Uncle Sam relented; and so to-day, in the midst of all the great modern improvements, these ungainly hand-presses still remain in Uncle Sam's great printing-establishment. Of course the printers are not all doing the same kind of work: some are printing the greenbacks, some the brown-backs, some the faces, and others the backs and faces, of the revenue stamps. Each printer has a woman assistant, who takes the sheets off the press and examines them to see whether they are properly printed; and if she finds no defect she lays them on a pile at her side. But if she does not think a sheet has been perfectly printed, and the printer agrees with her,



PRINTING SHEETS OF BILLS ON ONE OF THE HAND-PRESSES.

she tears a rent in it and throws it to one side. If she and the printer are both undecided as to whether it is to be passed, they leave it for the expert examiners down-stairs. Each one of the presses has an ingenious register attached to it,

so that a record is kept of every impression made by the press, whether it be on a waste sheet or a note. At the end of each day's work, a clerk examines the register and compares it with the number of sheets printed and

of manufacturing the inks with which the money is printed.

When the sheets are printed, they are taken to the room of one of the officials, where a record of their number is kept, and they are



COUNTING AND EXAMINING SHEETS OF BILLS.

wasted; and if they do not agree, and no satisfactory explanation is made, somebody is likely to get into trouble. If a sheet is lost, the person responsible for it must pay its face-value: that is, if it was a sheet of five-dollar bills he would have to pay twenty dollars, and he would have to pay this even if it had only the backs printed on it. When you remember that there are fifty-dollar bills, one-hundred-dollar bills, and one-thousand-dollar bills, you can imagine that everybody is very careful not to lose a scrap of paper.

As Uncle Sam thinks he can make better and cheaper ink than anybody else, a portion of the basement is used for the dark purpose

then carried down to the counting and examining division. Here they are counted by women who do nothing but count, count, count all day long, week after week, month after month, and often year after year; and they are so expert that they can count ten sheets as fast as you can count one. Some of the examiners make themselves a sort of paper cap to protect their eyes from the light, for keen eyesight is needed in this work. After being counted the sheets are thoroughly dried in a large room where the temperature is kept up to about 120 degrees above zero; and after coming out they pass through the hands of the examiners.

The examiners are obliged to be very skilful,

and unless a woman is able to keep her mind steadily on her work she is of little use in the examining division, where every imperfection, every little blemish, must be detected, no matter how slight or unimportant it may seem.

Such sheets as are not found perfect in every way are thrown in with the waste sheets, to be destroyed in what is known as the macerating-machine—a machine which grinds the paper to shreds and turns it into a kind of pulp. When this pulp is dried it is sent back to the manufacturers, to be once more turned into paper.

Those sheets that are perfect in all respects are placed in a press and put under so enormous a pressure that when they are taken out each is as smooth and flat as though it had been separately ironed.

upper right-hand and lower left-hand corners are put on the bills and notes by women who make use of little machines that keep up a continual clatter and rattle. This work requires a good deal of skill and experience, and in spite of both, mistakes are likely to occur.

Every woman is allowed to spoil ten out of every thousand sheets. Some spoil ten every time, and others do not on the average spoil more than three or four.

Those that are spoiled are punched full of holes on a funny little machine, so that nobody could make any use of them, even if he were wicked enough to try.

The numbers on the money seem simple enough, but if anybody should think of going into the unwelcome business of counterfeit-



AT THE MACHINES FOR NUMBERING BILLS.

They are then taken to the division in which the numbering is done. Here everything is bright and clean, quite different from the litter and confusion in the printing and examining divisions. The numbers which you see in the

ing, he would first have to learn some of Uncle Sam's little tricks, if he hoped to make a success of it; for besides the many other traps Uncle Sam has set for these thievish people, he has invented a very ingenious system of numbering



PULP OF GROUND-UP BANK-NOTES AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE MACERATOR.

his money, so that the man who does not understand it will very soon be caught if he tries to circulate bad paper money among his good and unsuspecting neighbors.

All the bonds, notes, securities, bills, and stamps, before they go over to the Treasury, are stored in a large and very strong vault, which, like the vaults in the engraving division, has two or three doors and half a hundred bolts, in addition

to a complicated clock arrangement, so that when the doors are closed for the night no man or set of men can open them again until the time arrives for the clockwork to pull back one of the bolts, and then nobody but the man who understands the combination can open the doors. Sometimes there are two hundred and fifty millions of dollars' worth of paper money stored up in this vault, so it is no wonder that there should be so many doors and bolts.

The money is sent over to the Treasury in sheets, and it is there cut into single notes, besides having the red seal printed on it. Somebody who was fond of Arabian



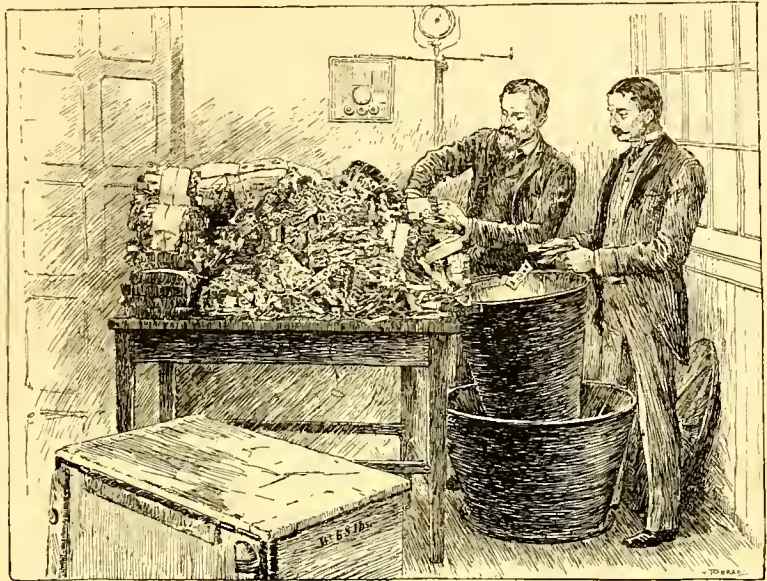
THE TREASURY WAGON. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Nights' stories and subterranean passages, suggested that an underground passageway between the Bureau and the Treasury be built, so that the money could be transported without danger; but Uncle Sam did not appreciate this suggestion, and contented himself with a wagon and two horses. Any one passing down Pennsylvania Avenue about half-past eight or nine o'clock in the morning will see this great black wagon, closely covered on all sides, rolling on its way toward the Treasury. Two stalwart men, armed with revolvers, keep the driver company, while three other brave men, likewise armed with pistols,

stand on a broad step at the back to protect the wagon from the rear, in case anybody should lose his wits to such an extent as to try to commit highway robbery on the streets of Washington.

If a note is not lost or destroyed, it finds its way back to the Bureau of Engraving and

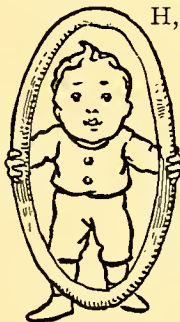
Printing in about three or four years, dirty and ragged, after having traveled, perhaps, many times over every part of this great country and



OLD BANK-NOTES GOING INTO THE MACERATOR.

passed through hundreds of thousands of hands; and then, with a lot of its worn-out companions, it is thrown into the macerating-machine and forever destroyed with all the marvelous tales it might have told of joy and sorrow, storm and sunshine, of millionaires and starving people, of happy boys and girls.

THE LITTLE MAN OF MORRISBURG.



H, the little man of Morrisburg
 Who would a-fishing go!
 He put three fish into a tub,
 And thought he 'd have a throw!
 One was a dace, and one was perch,
 And one was speckled trout;
 And just as sure as he put them in,
 He 'd fail to pull them out!
 Oh, the little man of Morrisburg,
 Who would a-fishing go!
 With fisherman's rig, when he grows big,
 He 'll know just where to throw!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

II. EARLY HARDSHIPS.

ONE of the earliest recollections of my adventurous childhood is the ride I had on a pony's side. It seems strange to think of riding in this manner; nevertheless, the Indian mode of life made it possible. I was passive in the whole matter. A little girl cousin of mine was put in a bag and suspended from the horn of an Indian saddle; but her weight must be balanced, or the saddle would not remain on the animal's back. Therefore, I also was put into a sack, and made to keep both the saddle and the girl in their proper position! I scarcely objected to the manner of the ride, for I had a very pleasant game of peek-a-boo with the little girl, until we came to a big snowdrift, where the poor beast was stuck fast and began to lie down. Then it was not so nice!

This was the convenient and primitive way in which some mothers packed their children for winter journeys. However cold the weather might be, the inmate of the fur-lined sack was usually very comfortable—at least I used to think so. I believe I was treated to all the precarious Indian conveyances, and, as a boy, I enjoyed the dog-travois ride as much as any. These travois consisted of a set of rawhide strips securely lashed to the tent-poles, which were harnessed to the sides of the animal as if he stood between shafts, while the free ends were allowed to drag on the ground. Both ponies and a large kind of dogs were used as beasts of burden, and they carried in this way the smaller children as well as the baggage.

This mode of traveling for children was possible only during the summer; and as the dogs were sometimes unreliable, the little ones were exposed to a certain amount of danger. For instance, whenever a train of dogs had been traveling for a long time, almost perishing with the heat and their heavy loads, a glimpse of water would cause them to forget everything

else for it. Some of them, in spite of the screams of the women, would swim with their burdens into the cooling stream, and I was thus not infrequently compelled to partake of an unwilling bath.

I was a little over four years old at the time of the Sioux massacre in Minnesota. In the general turmoil we took flight into British Columbia, and the journey is still vividly recollected by all our family. A yoke of oxen and a lumber-wagon were taken from some white farmer and brought home for our conveyance. How delighted I was when I learned that we were to ride behind those wise-looking animals, and in the gorgeously painted wagon! It seemed almost like a living animal to me, this vehicle with four legs, and especially so when we got out of axle-grease, and the wheels went along squealing like pigs!

The boys apparently enjoyed much innocent fun by jumping from the high wagon while the oxen were leisurely moving along. My elder brothers soon became experts. At last I mustered up courage enough to join them in this sport. I was sure they stepped on the wheel, so I cautiously placed my moccasined foot upon it. Alas! before I could realize what had happened I was under the wheels, and had it not been for the Indian immediately behind our train, I might have been run over by the wagon following us as well.

This was my first experience with a civilized vehicle. I cried, venting all possible reproaches on the white man's team, and concluded that a dog-travois was good enough for me. I was really rejoiced that we were moving away from the people who made the wagon which had almost ended my life, and I did not think at all that I alone was to be blamed in the matter. I could not be persuaded to ride on that vehicle again, and was glad when finally we left it beside the Missouri River.

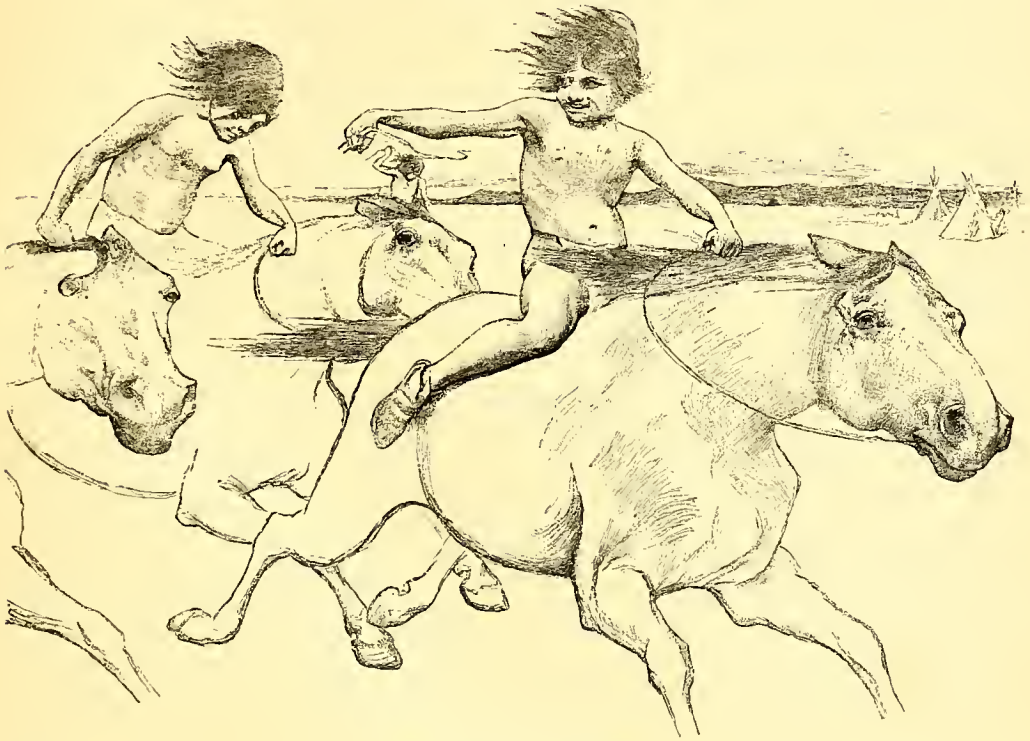
Our wanderings from place to place afforded

us many pleasant experiences, as well as many hardships and misfortunes. We had several narrow escapes from death. There were times of plenty and times of scarcity. There were seasons of happiness and seasons of sadness. In savage life the early spring is the most trying time, and almost all the famines occurred at this period of the year.

The Indians are a patient and clannish people; their love for one another is stronger than that of any civilized people I know. If this were not so, I believe there would have been

days. I well remember the six small birds which constituted the breakfast for six families one morning; and then we had no dinner or supper to follow it. What a relief that was to me—although I had only a small wing of a small bird for my share! Soon after this, we came to a region where buffaloes were plenty, and we soon forgot all the suffering we had just gone through.

Such was the Indians' wild life! When game was plenty and the sun shone graciously upon them, they forgot the bitter experiences of the



INDIAN BOYS RACING ON PONIES.

tribes of cannibals among them. White people have been known to kill and eat their companions in preference to starving; but Indians—never! In times of famine the adults often denied themselves a fair meal in order to make the food last as long as possible for the children, who were not able to bear hunger as well as the old. As a people they can go without food much longer than any other nation.

I once passed through one of these hard springs when we had nothing to eat for several

winter before. Little preparation was made for the future. They are children of Nature, and occasionally she whips them with the lashes of experience; yet they are forgetful and careless. Much of their suffering might have been prevented by a little calculation. During the summer, when Nature was at her best and provided abundantly for the savage, it seemed to me that no life was happier than his! Food was free—lodging free—everything free! All were alike rich in the summer; and, again, all were

alike poor in the winter and early spring. Their diseases were fewer, and were not so destructive as now, and the Indian's health was generally good. The Indian boy enjoyed such a life as almost all boys dream of and would choose for themselves if they were permitted to do so. He had the fullest liberty, with the privilege of wandering where he pleased and of pursuing his own inclinations.

Yet the idea of becoming a warrior was early inculcated and nurtured in his simple mind. He was intrusted entirely with the care of the ponies. He must bring them home at evening and picket them near the tepee, and again herd them in the morning upon some pleasant grassy plain. He must always be on the lookout for horse-thieves of other tribes. Thus I spent a good portion of every day in pony-racing and practising feats of horsemanship. When the ponies were watered, we boys used to play at sham-fights, chasing one another across the streams.

The raids made upon our people by other tribes were frequent, and we had to be constantly on the watch. I remember one time a night attack was made upon our camp, and all our ponies stampeded. Only a few of them were recovered, and our journeys after this misfortune were effected mostly by means of the dog-travois.

The second winter after the Minnesota massacre, my father and my two older brothers, with several others, were betrayed by a half-breed at Winnipeg to the United States authorities. As I was then living with my uncle in another part of the country, I became separated from them for ten years. During all this time I was under the impression that they had been killed by the whites; hence I was taught that I must avenge their deaths as soon as I was able to go on the war-path. In reality, they were imprisoned for four years, and then pardoned by President Lincoln.

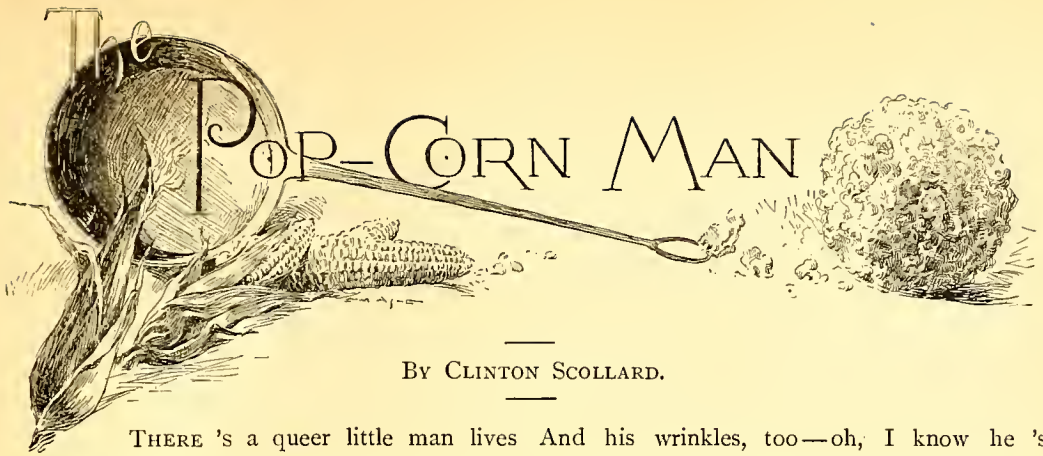
I must say a word in regard to the character of my uncle, who was my adviser and teacher during most of my earlier days. He was a man about six feet two inches tall, very erect and broad-shouldered. He was known at that time as the best hunter and the bravest warrior among the Sioux in British America, where he

still lives; for to this day we have failed to persuade him to return to the United States. He was a typical Indian—not handsome, but truthful and brave. He had a few simple principles from which he scarcely ever departed. Some of these I will relate when I speak of my training.

It is wonderful that any children grew up through all the exposures and hardships that we suffered in those days! The frail tepee, pitched anywhere, in the winter as well as in the summer, was all the protection that we had against storms. I can recall times when we were snowed in, and it was very difficult to get fuel. We were once three days without much fire, and all of the time it stormed violently. There seemed to be no anxiety on the part of our people; they rather looked upon all this as a matter of course, knowing that the storm would cease when the time came.

I could endure as much cold and hunger as any of them; but now if I miss one meal or accidentally wet my feet, I suffer as much as if I had never lived in the manner I have described, when it was a matter of course to get myself soaking wet many a time. Even if there was plenty to eat, it was thought better for us to practise fasting sometimes, and hard exercise was kept up continually, both for the sake of health and to prepare the body for the exertion which it might at any moment be required to undergo. In my own remembrance, my uncle used often to bring home a deer on his shoulder. The distance was sometimes great for any man to carry such a load, yet he did not consider it any sort of a feat to perform.

The usual custom with us was to eat only two meals a day, and these were served at each end of the day. This rule was not invariable, however; for if there should be any callers, it was Indian etiquette to offer either tobacco or food, or both. The rule of two meals a day was more closely observed by the men—especially the younger men—than by the women. This was when the Indians recognized that a true manhood, one of physical skill and activity, depends upon dieting and regular exercise. No such system is practised by the reservation Indians of to-day.

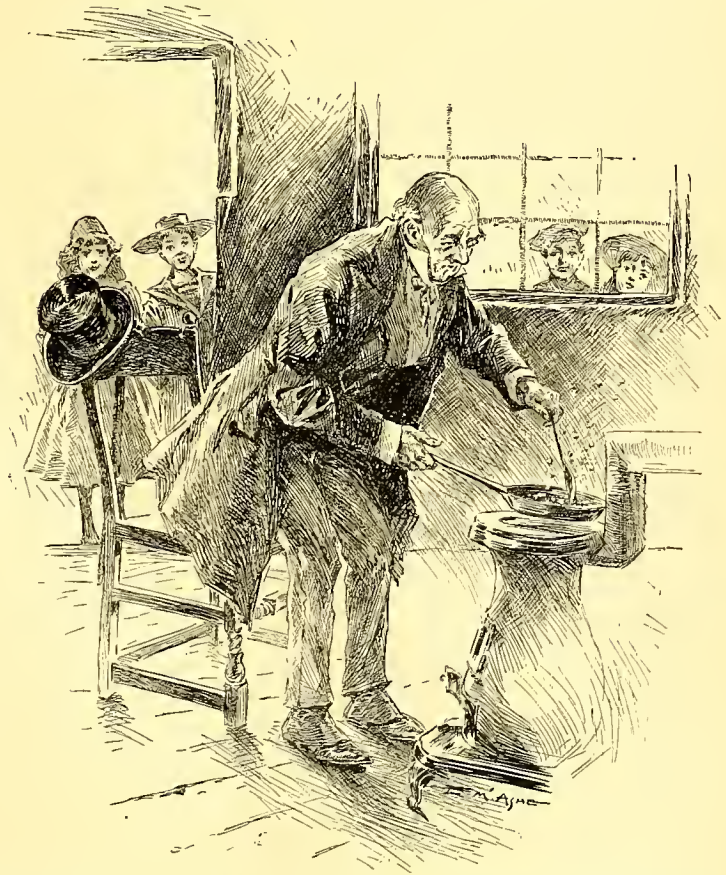


BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THERE 's a queer little man lives And his wrinkles, too—oh, I know he 's
 down the street wise!
 Where two of the broadest highways meet, And then just think of the way he makes
 In a queer little house that 's half of it glass, The corn all jump into snowy flakes
 With windows open to all

who pass,
 And a low little roof that 's
 nearly flat,
 And a chimney as black
 as Papa's best hat.
 Oh, the house is built on
 this funny plan
 Because it 's the home of
 the pop-corn man!

How does he sleep, if he
 sleeps at all?
 He must roll up like a
 rubber ball,
 Or like a squirrel, and
 store himself
 All huddly-cuddly under
 the shelf.
 If he wanted to stretch he'd
 scarce have space
 In his bare little, spare
 little, square little
 place.
 He seems like a rat
 cooped up in a can,
 This brisk little, frisk lit-
 tle pop-corn man!



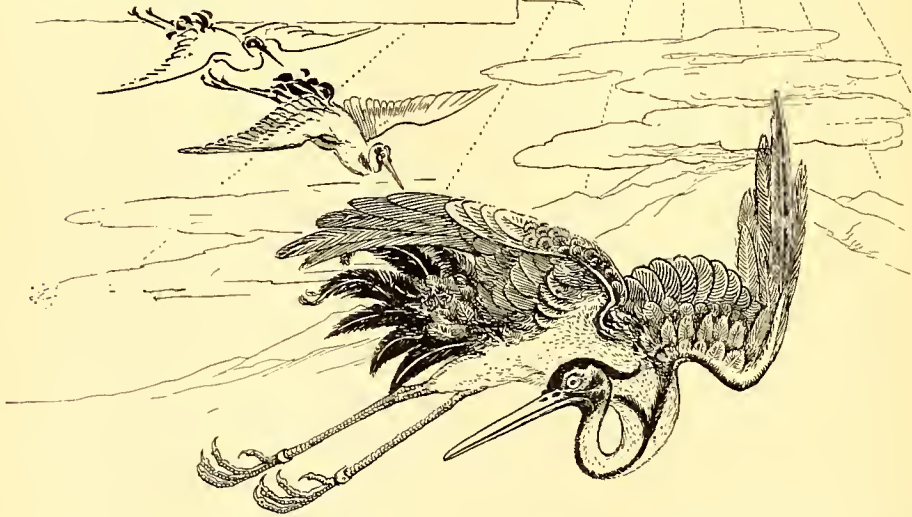
I know he 's wise by the
 way he looks,
 For he 's just like the men I 've seen in books, With a "pop! pop! pop!" in his covered pan,
 With his hair worn off, and his squinty eyes, This queer little, dear little pop-corn man!

TRAVELERS OF THE SKY: BY Harry Fertil

I HEARD last summer a true story, which seemed to me worthy the ear of ST. NICHOLAS. It was narrated by a clergyman to a group of young folks on a hotel piazza. I shall not tell his name, because I know the story better than the historian.

Several years ago this gentleman was living in the German capital with his family. There were many new sights and sounds to interest the American family, but nothing more fascinating than the colony of white storks which settled on the adjacent housetops and made a bird village of the nestled chimney-stacks.

The birds had such an air of proprietorship



and general coziness, that some member of the family insisted that that particular part of the city was the regular summer home of these tourists, who returned to their old quarters each season, in human fashion. This idea was not accepted as fact, and there were many speculations as to some possible means of testing the theory. Not being up in the stork language, no one could ask questions and get answers, neither could any mortal remember the fine points of stork physiognomy from year to year.

A plan was finally decided upon, and one particularly aristocratic monarch-of-all-I-survey-looking bird was enticed by a good dinner into the garden. There a silver ring was placed about his leg, on which was engraved, "Berlin, 1888." He then flew back to his favorite chimney, and ere long he joined the passing flocks that were constantly leaving for the south. Many a thought followed the feathered fugitive during the long winter, and at the first sign of spring eager eyes watched for the return of the travelers. After many days, a distant line of

storks, far up in the blue, came into view. Over the clergyman's house several detached themselves from the sky caravan and hovered around the dwelling. A tempting feast was prepared, and presently the weary pilgrims flew down into the yard. Friendly eyes watched

every movement with joyous welcome. Imagine the surprise when one of the flock was seen to have *two* silver rings upon its legs!

Behold! the old ring was back again, and accompanying it another, which read: "India sends greeting to Berlin."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

It is quite true that a goodly number of books and articles about animals have been printed for the special benefit of Uncle Sam's boys and girls. But how many are there, think you, out of every thousand of those same young people who have a clear knowledge of the grand divisions of the animal kingdom? Not many, I fear. Why is this? Chiefly because those whose business it is to publish magazines and books for the young have either forgotten or neglected to lay for them a series of foundation-stones on which they might build intelligently all the rest of their lives. The publishers of ST. NICHOLAS have decided to do now what has been so long and so universally left undone in this field. I have been invited to select the choicest materials our country can furnish, take mortar and trowel, and lay for our boys and girls a foundation on which they can build zoölogical knowledge with regularity and precision.

Come, then, let us get together in a great zoölogical observatory, and put over our door this inscription:

ALL JAW-BREAKING NAMES ABANDON, YE WHO
ENTER HERE!

After taking a bird's-eye view of the grand divisions of the animal kingdom, let us then cultivate the acquaintance of our nearest and most interesting neighbors—the quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes of North America.

Let us talk our talks and make our observations systematically, and leave for a while the miscellaneous studies in natural history we have hitherto been following. The animal kingdom is not an animated crazy-quilt, but one long, unbroken chain,—with a few side links here and there, to be sure,—the unity and beauty of which are seen to be most complete when you follow it up or down, link by link.

In the matter of illustrations, the publishers generously give "unlimited credit" on all the sources of supply, with orders to get only the best, and, in the words of Mrs. Jack Means, "Git a plenty while y' 're a-gittin'." We are to lay under contribution the best American museums and zoölogical gardens, and the best artists and engravers, for the purpose of obtaining the finest of animal illustrations, and plenty of them.

How strange it is that while nearly all our schools teach an unnecessary amount of higher mathematics and dead-and-gone history, it is a rare exception to find even a city high school in which the boys and girls are taught *systematically* about the inhabitants of the earth! Even in some normal schools this is shamefully neglected. Thus we are left to grow up, live, and die without any systematic knowledge of our neighbors,—and by neighbors I mean not only man, but also the other animals of the world.

"But," some one will say, "I take no interest in animals." That is merely the trade-mark of zoölogical ignorance, my boy. If you only

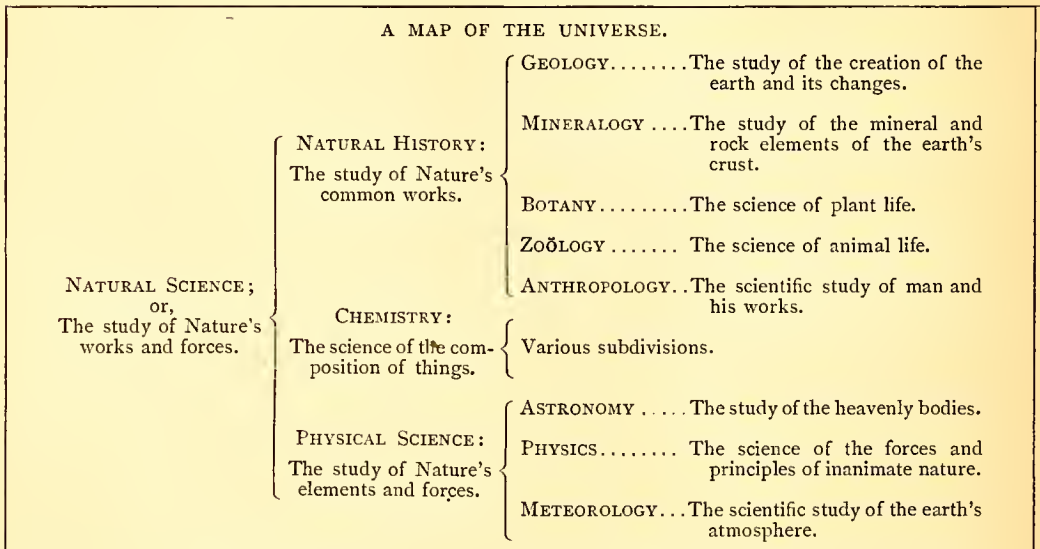
knew something about them, you would. You could not possibly help being interested in their babyhood, and how they are reared, where they live, what they live upon, what they do in winter, how some of them build their homes, feed, fight, play, and talk. Yes, *talk*. Why, certainly all the more highly organized animals have languages of their own, and quite extensive and wonderful some of their languages are, too.

Recently a great stir has been made by Professor Garner, who has made the astounding discovery (?) that monkeys have a language of their own, and can talk to each other. Dear me! And who ever said they could n't? I suppose Mr. Garner will next discover that Africa is the darky continent, and the Dutch have taken Holland! I have here at my left elbow a two-volume book by Dr. W. L. Lindsay, in which no less than five chapters are devoted to the subject of language among the higher animals. There is probably not a single species of bird or quadruped but has a language of its own. Every farmer's boy knows perfectly the language of his chickens,—quite an extensive language it is, too,—and can interpret correctly every sound they make. But there,—we

must not stray into by-paths the first thing, no matter how full of interest they may be.

To start fair with my reader, I wish to say that while the zoölogical sketches I shall offer will be meant to contain facts that are interesting and entertaining, and on the whole easy reading, they will be offered with the serious purpose of telling you what every one of Uncle Sam's boys and girls ought to know as a matter of common education. You may never get the like in any school you attend, unless you should take the scientific course in some good college or university; and this series, remember, is offered as something to remember and use for the rest of your lives. For instance, if you intend to become a minister, I would not have you make the mistake once made by a revivalist in Texas. In his sermon he chose the coyote as an illustration of fierce bloodthirstiness and horrible danger to the traveler. But his moral missed fire completely, for the cowboys, who knew the coyote as the king of cowards, laughed him to scorn, and refused to accept a moral on that basis.

Our first step is to take a good look at a map of the universe, find the places where our



[NOTE: The subjects illustrated in this paper have been selected with care to represent perfect types of each of the fourteen great classes of animals. (See page 236.) Thus, the Baltimore oriole is chosen as the most perfect bird type because (1) it is a good flier; (2) it is a perching bird; (3) it has beautiful plumage; (4) it has a beautiful song; (5) it builds a truly wonderful nest; (6) it feeds on both insects and grain; and (7) it has fixed habits of migration.]



MAMMAL. THE COUGAR.

work is to be done, and study the location and surroundings of what is to be our zoological building.

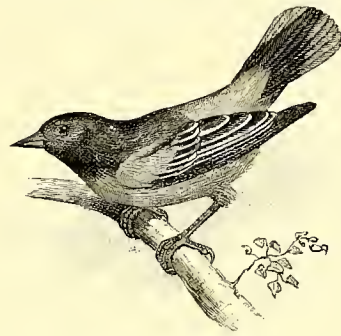
“What is zoölogy, anyway?” says eleven-year-old Helen.

Let us see what it is, and also where it is with reference to the rest of this great universe. On the opposite page is a classification designed to show you all this and much more in a very few words. I desire to place it “on file” with you, as a reference map of our location.

And what is “science,” do you ask? A very proper question. *Science* is a collection of detailed facts about any class or group of natural

objects, methodically classified, arranged, and made permanently useful. The science of zoology (pronounced *zo-ol-o-gy*, not *zoo-ol-o-gy*) is the systematic study of animals. And this brings us to the laying of

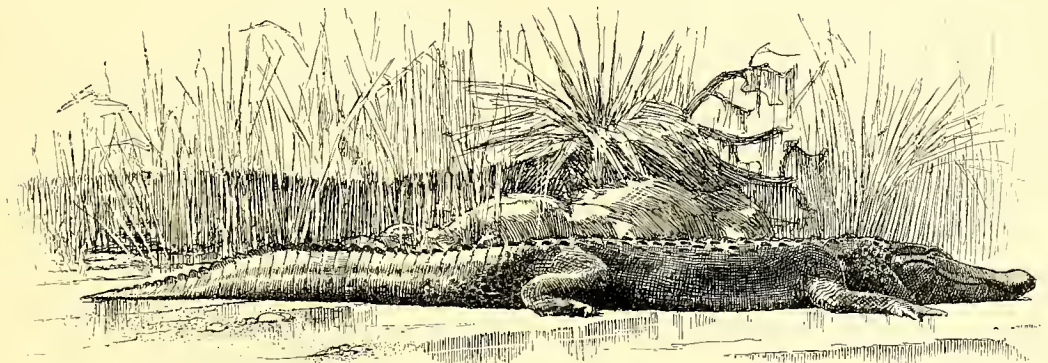
Our Corner-stone. An “animal” is any member of the animal kingdom, no matter whether it be quadruped, bird, reptile, or fish, insect, crab, or jellyfish. Unfortunately, a great number of English-speaking people have fallen into the mischievous habit of saying “animal” whenever they mean “quadruped,” or “mammal.” If I can teach all the readers of *St. NICHOLAS* to adopt and use hereafter the good, simple,



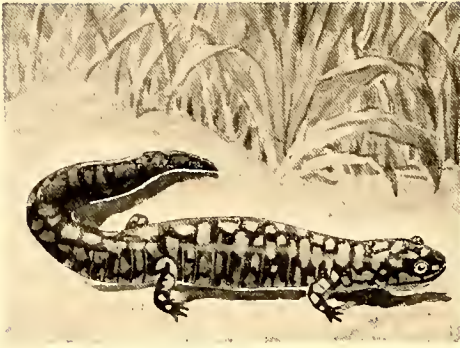
BIRD. BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

sensible word *mammal*, instead of “animal,” when speaking of quadrupeds, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

And now for something interesting—the grand divisions, the Europe-Asia-and-Africa, as one might say, of the animal kingdom. If there is one thing more than another that professional naturalists cannot agree upon, it is the syste-

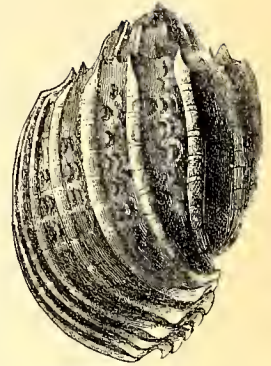


REPTILE. FLORIDA CROCODILE.

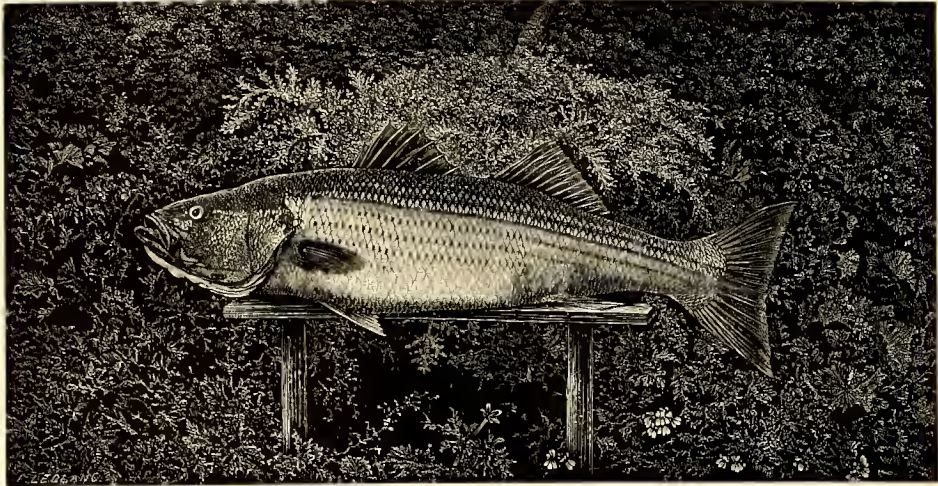


BATRACHIAN. TIGER SALAMANDER.

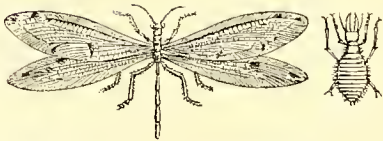
matic arrangement or classification of the animal kingdom. As for myself, a mere private in the ranks, the laws of common sense compel me to reject one feature of the most commonly accepted list of classification, which gives to all vertebrate (or backboned) animals *combined* — mammals,



MOLLUSK. HARP-SHELL.

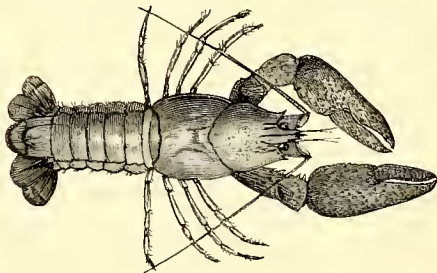


FISH. STRIPED BASS.

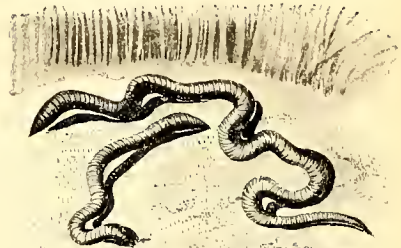


INSECT. ANT-LION (INSECT AND LARVA).

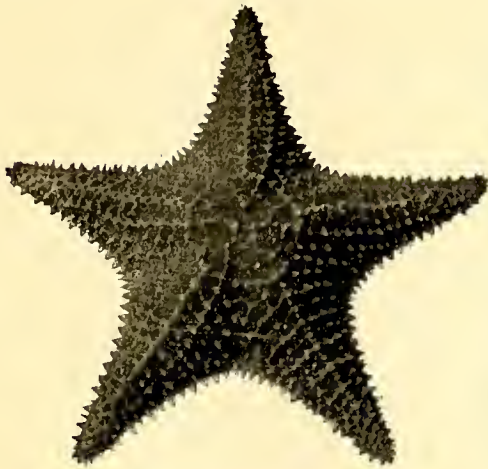
birds, reptiles, and fishes—the same rank in the scale of arrangement as is given to the insects alone, and corals alone, and even to worms! This means, for example, that the dif-



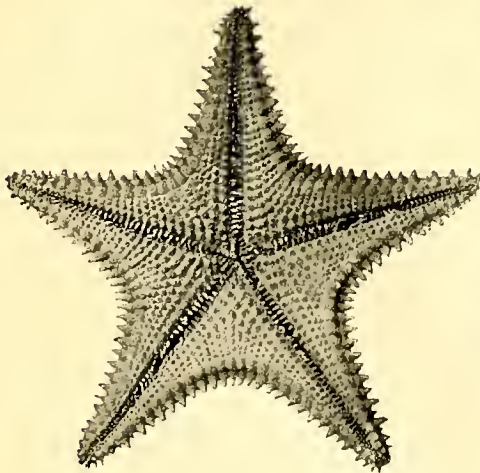
CRUSTACEAN. RIVER CRAWFISH.



WORM. COMMON EARTHWORM.

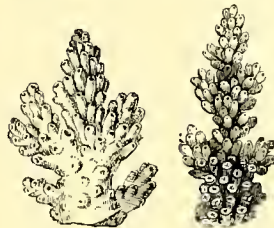


STARFISH. COMMON FLORIDA STARFISH.



UNDER SIDE OF STARFISH.

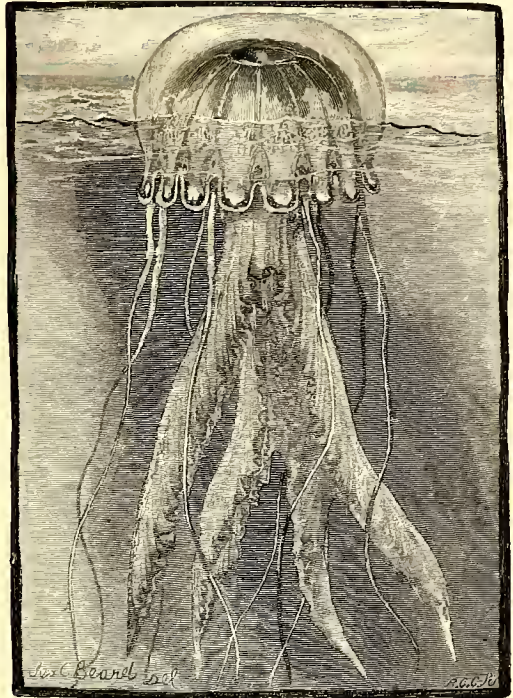
ferences between mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes are no greater, and are of no higher importance, than the differences between the various orders of insects — beetles, grasshoppers,



CORALS.

butterflies, and bees. I cannot accept an arrangement which degrades the greatest and most important groups of animals, and promotes to the highest rank (called branch) the various groups below the vertebrates.

Classification of natural objects is simply a



JELLYFISH.

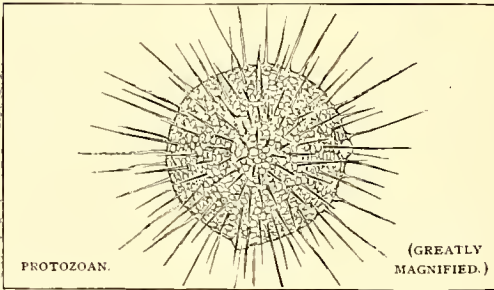
means by which to arrive at a clear knowledge of a multitude of different forms, and an aid to the memory in keeping each one in its place. On page 236 is the arrangement which I be-



SPONGE.



SOME INVERTEBRATES.



lieve conveys to the mind of the student the clearest and most truthful idea of nature's own grand divisions of the animal kingdom, and the position occupied by each. If all the living creatures of the world were thrown together on a plain in one great creeping, crawling, yowling mass, and we were called upon to sort them out as perfectly as possible in a week's time, these are the various baskets we would naturally put them in during the first general sorting-out:

THE GROUND-PLAN OF ANIMAL CLASSIFICATION.	Kingdom.	Branch.	Class.	General Characters.
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.		VERTEBRATES: Animals with a spinal column and internal bony skeleton.	MAMMALS	Warm-blooded creatures that bring forth their young alive and suckle them. Hairy; air-breathing.
			BIRDS	Warm-blooded; young hatched from eggs; feathered, and can fly. All air-breathing.
			REPTILES	Cold-blooded; egg-layers. Some amphibious, and most are either scaly or shell-covered.
			BATRACHIANS	The connecting-links between reptiles and fishes.
			FISHES	Cold-blooded; strictly aquatic; mostly scaly; possessing gills and fins.
			INSECTS	Body divided into three parts; blood purified by tubes in the body; reproduce by metamorphoses.
			CRUSTACEANS	Covered by hard shell; gill-breathing; mainly aquatic.
			MOLLUSKS	Covered by a hard, limy shell.
			WORMS	True worms, and also zoological odds and ends that do not quite fit in any of the other classes.
			STARFISHES	Salt-water animals, with a star-like or radiate structure.
		CORALS	Soft-bodied salt-water animals, some of which build up solid masses of their limy skeletons.	
		JELLYFISHES	Disk-shaped, gelatinous sea-animals, having no hard parts.	
		SPONGES	Plant-like aquatic animals, without power to move; skeleton of tough, fibrous cells.	
		PROTOZOANS	The lowest forms of animal life, beginning with the single cell. Mostly microscopic.	

This is offered to you as the ground-plan of what will be—if *you* wish it so—our great zoölogical building.

A step farther would mean the subdivision of these fourteen classes into about 112 orders, a task which we will not enter upon, for we have now before us in the next paper something vastly more pleasing and interesting.

(To be continued.)



A DIVER'S VIEW OF THE OCEAN WORLD.



BY LEE CARTER.

I FOUND one night
In my candle's light,—
The soot was lumpy and black in the flame,—
A witch's head
With eyes of red,
And I wondered whence she came.

Said I, "O Witch in the candle-light,
Where is my lost doll hid?"

Why don't I get *all* my lessons right?
And *always* do as I 'm bid?"

But the little witch looked angry and black,
And never a word she said;
So with Grandmama's snuffers I went "snick-
snack!"
And scampered away to bed.

PALMER COX AND THE BROWNIES.

BY FANNIE RATTI.

WHO and what were the Brownies? and did Palmer Cox invent them? are questions that come to Mr. Cox from children all over the country.

The Brownies were fairies or sprites who were

believed to inhabit the forests of Scotland long years ago; and Mr. Cox chose them for his rhymes in preference to all other little people because they were such good little things, never mischievous or naughty like the greater part of

Fairyland's diminutive population. The Brownies never showed themselves to men, never gave advice or charms, but went quietly about doing good, seeking out every one in trouble in order to afford relief. Their work was accomplished wholly during the night, for it was believed that should the sun shine upon them, his rays would be fatal.

How did the artist discover what the little creatures looked like? He searched everywhere for information, in all the musty old books he could find that contained accounts of fairies or fairy-pictures; but of course there were no photographs of the Brownies, as no one had ever seen them; so he was obliged to make them according to his own idea of what a fun-loving, good-natured sprite might be. At first all the Brownies drawn by Mr. Cox were alike — round-faced, thin-legged little fellows wearing pointed caps. Soon he began to introduce the different personages. The Irishman was the first new figure seen in the gay company, and, in all the stories that followed, Mr. Cox continued to add new characters until the list has become almost full. Sometimes the characters would suggest themselves to him;

sometimes an idea received from an admiring reader would be carried out. A few days after the verses in which the Brownie Indian appeared for the first time had been sent to press, the following queer request from a little chap in Dakota reached the artist:

DEAR MR. COX: Please make a Brownie Indian with feathers.

To the little writer the feathers were the distinguishing mark of an Indian, for he lived

among them, and was very familiar with their style of dress. When the boy discovered the Indian, made purposely to please him (he thought), and dressed in full war-costume with the desired feathers, his delight knew no bounds; and another letter was written thanking the



PALMER COX.

artist, and advising him to keep an eye on "the new member, because," explained the boy, "the Indian looks very savage, and might scalp the Dude and spoil his complexion." Another little boy, very fond of horses, wanted a jockey Brownie.

Very often little girls write to ask why there are no girl Brownies; they seem to consider themselves neglected—not finding any one to represent them among their favorites. But

tradition says there were no girl Brownies — another difference found between them and all other kinds of fairies. Notwithstanding this fact, there is a little girl in Maryland who has been called for them, her real name being "Brownie." To her Mr. Cox sent the autograph verse printed on page 241.

In a big box in a dark closet Mr. Cox keeps hundreds of letters received from boys and

bed late, and is usually among the last to arrive at the meeting-place, but they are fond of him all the same. On the whole, the Dude seems to be the favorite, as even the boys show a preference for him. But their devotion is not so entire as that of the girls; naturally, they take a great interest in the Policeman and the Soldier.

The Brownie wearing the crown is not the



A DISCIPLE OF PALMER COX.

girls all over the United States, Canada, and also from across the ocean; and even now not a day passes but he finds three or four children's letters in his mail.

Every letter is faithfully answered, and the artist's correspondents often make him laugh by the funny things they ask, and the amusing stories they tell. But the greater number of these letters contain merely thanks and expressions of appreciation. The children love the Brownies, so they cannot resist the desire to tell Mr. Cox about it. All the little girls who write to him prefer the Dude to the others, because he is always so nicely dressed. They admit he is inclined to be lazy, likes to lie in

king, Mr. Cox is often called upon to explain. He merely took the crown from one of the palaces they visited, and has worn it ever since; but it gives him no authority, as their government is strictly republican. The Twins, being the oldest Brownies, take a fatherly care of the others, assisting them when they are hurt or in difficulties. In case any particular Brownie happens to be missing from one or two stories, the children are anxious to know whether he is dead, or what has become of him; but there is no need for the children to fear, for none of the Brownies can ever come to serious harm.

Mr. Cox's youngest correspondent is but two

years and nine months old—so tiny, in fact, that his mama is obliged to write his letters. This little fellow is desirous of knowing “dus’ [just] where the Brownies go bed.” Numbers of others ask the same question, as they often

others in the olden times in Scotland; and it is for this reason that he never destroys anything in any way connected with them. On the walls of his studio are some toy Brownies made of cloth, wire, and chamois-skin; they were sent

To the girl in Maryland
 Mourned ^{in honor} ~~for a member~~ of the Band
 The Brownies with much pleasure send
 This autograph that here is pinned.
 Palmer Cox,

wonder where the Brownies go “when the stars go out.” Two little boys even refused to obey their mother’s injunction to “be good and go to sleep,” giving as their reason for refusing to do so that the Brownies are good and they never go to sleep. In order to convince them, their mother wrote to Mr. Cox, who replied that of course the Brownies sleep, as every one must; but they sleep on beds of soft moss and leaves deep in the woods where it is dark, as they are obliged to take their rest in the daytime.

The first Brownie story came out in October,

to him by the lady who first manufactured them, to secure his approval before putting them on the market. It took her a year to get them to look just like those in the books. Four more Brownies stand on one of his desks; they are “green”-looking things made of eggs, and were given to him as an Easter offering by two sisters in Detroit. The heads and bodies are formed of separate eggs, the arms and legs of wire, and their clothes of tissue-paper. The little artists succeeded admirably in painting in water-colors the expressions of all four. Besides the common Brownie and those already



QUITE AT HOME IN THE STUDIO.

1882, long before many of those who love them to-day were born. The Brownies have brought good luck to Mr. Cox, as they used to do for

mentioned, there are the Chinaman, the Indian, and the Dutchman.

Brownie Land—or, in other words, Mr.

Cox's studio, on Broadway, New York — does not in the least resemble what we should imagine a fairies' hiding-place to be. We would fancy a dimly lighted room, full of all kinds of queer old-fashioned furniture and hangings, forming nooks and corners where the little sprites could play at hide-and-seek, or conceal themselves at the approach of human footsteps. Instead, the room is large and very light, with five windows through which comes the continual echo of the city's busy life; though there are, of course, cozy corners

and hiding-places from which the Brownies might peep to watch their friend at work. It is at a very business-like desk, covered with pencils, pens, brushes for India-ink, and paper, that the artist seats himself when he wishes to enrich some page with a new picture to delight his thousands of small readers.

But in spite of his commonplace surroundings, the noise of heavy carts and the never-quiet street-cars, Palmer Cox manages to hear the Brownies chat, and to see all they do, as his verses and pictures prove.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

BY PALMER COX.

FIRST STAGE. THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.



HE infant year scarce
toddled o'er
The threshold of
Time's open
door
To show the date that
far and near

Must now at letter-heads appear,
When Brownies answered to a call
That promised pleasant times for all.
Said one, "A rest we have enjoyed
Since last our hands have been employed,
Or since with glee we rambled round
Through many a strange historic ground.
Here in the 'Old Bay State' we'll find
Much that may well engross the mind;
Although no ancient castles throw
Their shadows on the waves below,
As by the Tweed, the Rhine, or Rhone,
Or other streams as widely known,
This land, believe me, is not weak
In points the tourist well may seek.
This granite monument so high
That here is pointing to the sky,
And draws the traveler's eyes long ere
He comes within the city fair,
Soon calls to mind the clash and din
That bright June morning ushered in,
When up the steep and slippery slope,

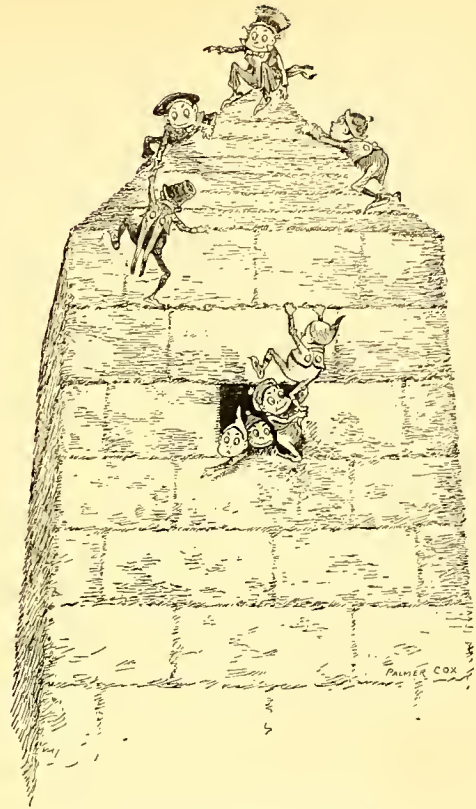
With leveled steel came Britain's hope
In even lines, with even tread,
And crimson banners overhead."
Another said, "'T is true, indeed,
As one may on the tablet read,
This is the spot where Warren fell,
Upon that day when rang the bell
Of Freedom through the startled land,
To call to arms each valiant band.
Here bravely up the grassy steep
The British came, in columns deep,
To backward roll from volleys hot
Of bullets, slugs, and partridge-shot,



Or whatsoever men
could pour
Or ram into the
smoking bore."
Soon round and
round the wind-
ing stair
They ran to climb
the tall affair,

To reach to topmost windows small,
And gain a bird's-eye view of all.
It was, indeed, a pleasing sight:
The city in a blaze of light,
With streets and squares and pleasure-grounds
Marked out with lamps to farthest bounds.
They hurried round from place to place

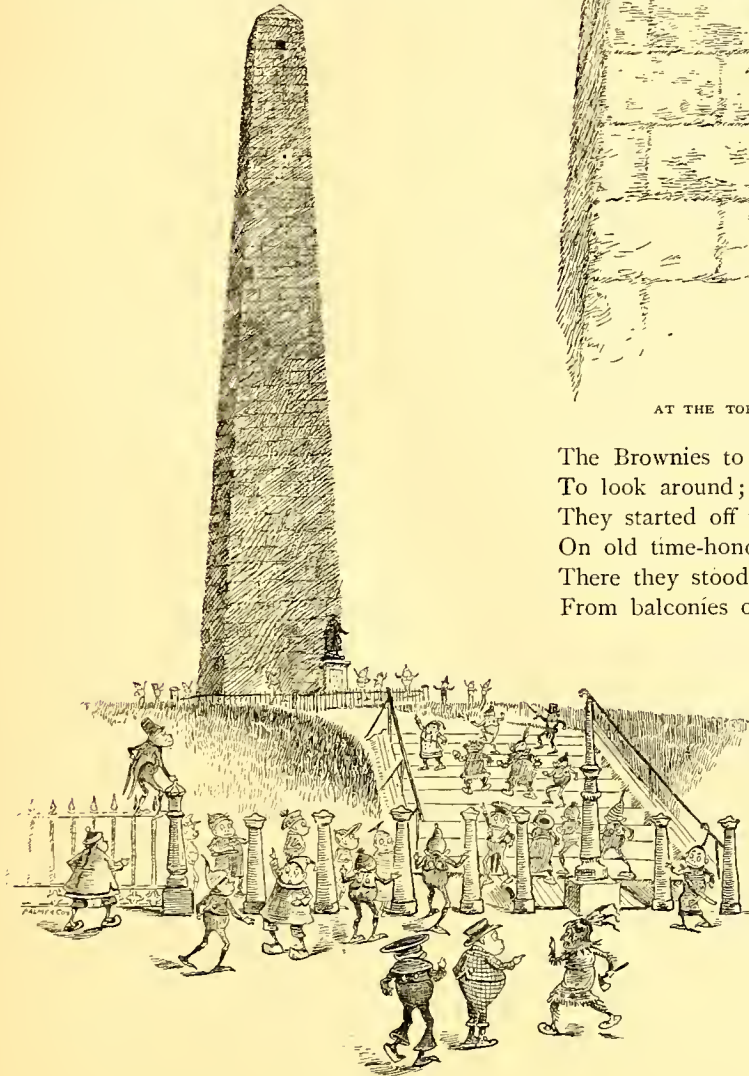
With nimble feet and beaming face;
 Now through the Public Garden strayed,
 Then in the Boston Common played,
 Until a striking clock would prove
 The time had come for them to move.
 Upon the old church spire they gazed
 Where long ago the signal blazed
 That gave the hint to Paul Revere
 To mount his steed and disappear
 Into the darkness, far away
 His hasty tidings to convey.
 Not satisfied to simply stare
 Upon the church from street or square,



AT THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT.

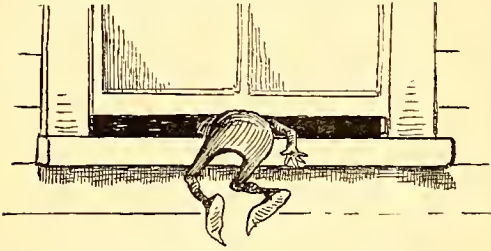
The Brownies to the belfry went
 To look around; then, well content,
 They started off to make a call
 On old time-honored Faneuil Hall.
 There they stood round and "speechified"
 From balconies on either side,

And talked about the
 times when there
 The angry people did
 repair,
 Till every nook and
 foot of space
 Was crowded with the
 populace.
 To Cambridge, with
 inquiring mind,
 The Brownies traveled
 next, to find
 The ancient oak be-
 neath whose shade
 Stood Washington to
 draw his blade

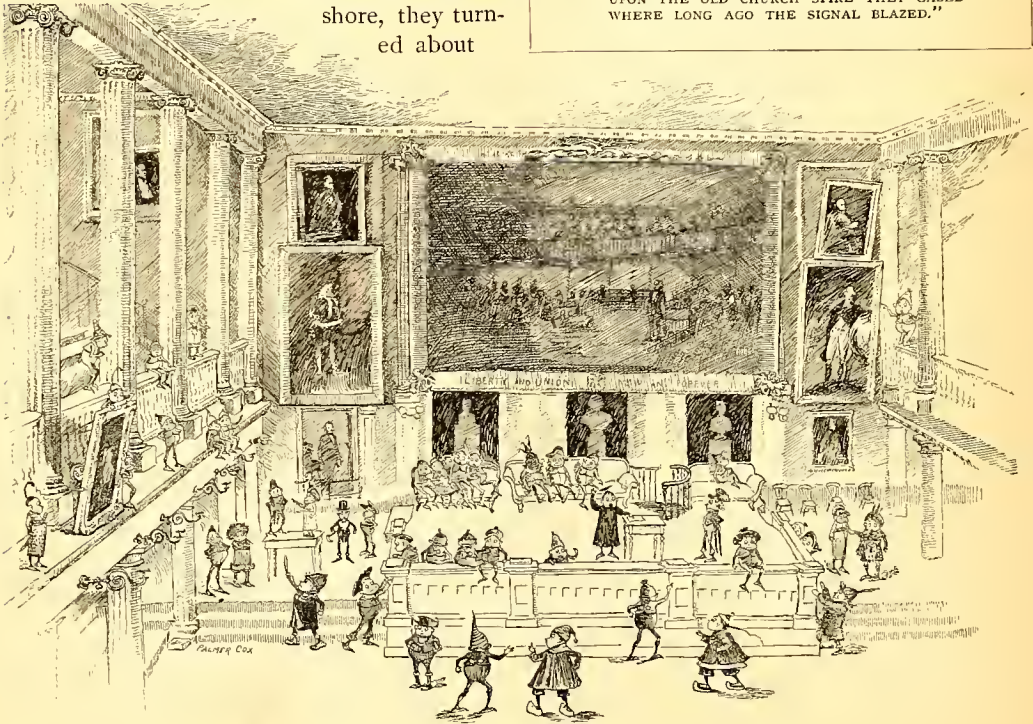
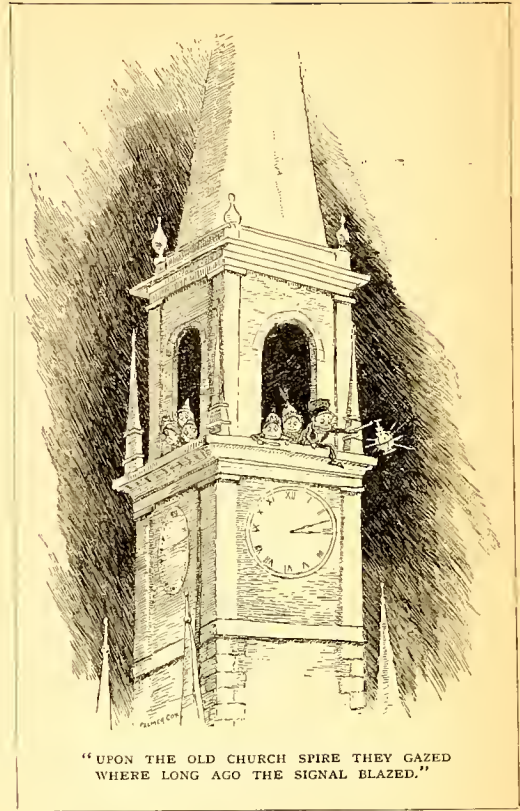


AT BUNKER HILL.

With solemn vows to take command
 Of his bold, patriotic band.
 They tarried there to climb about
 And study old inscriptions out.
 And then away to Plymouth Rock

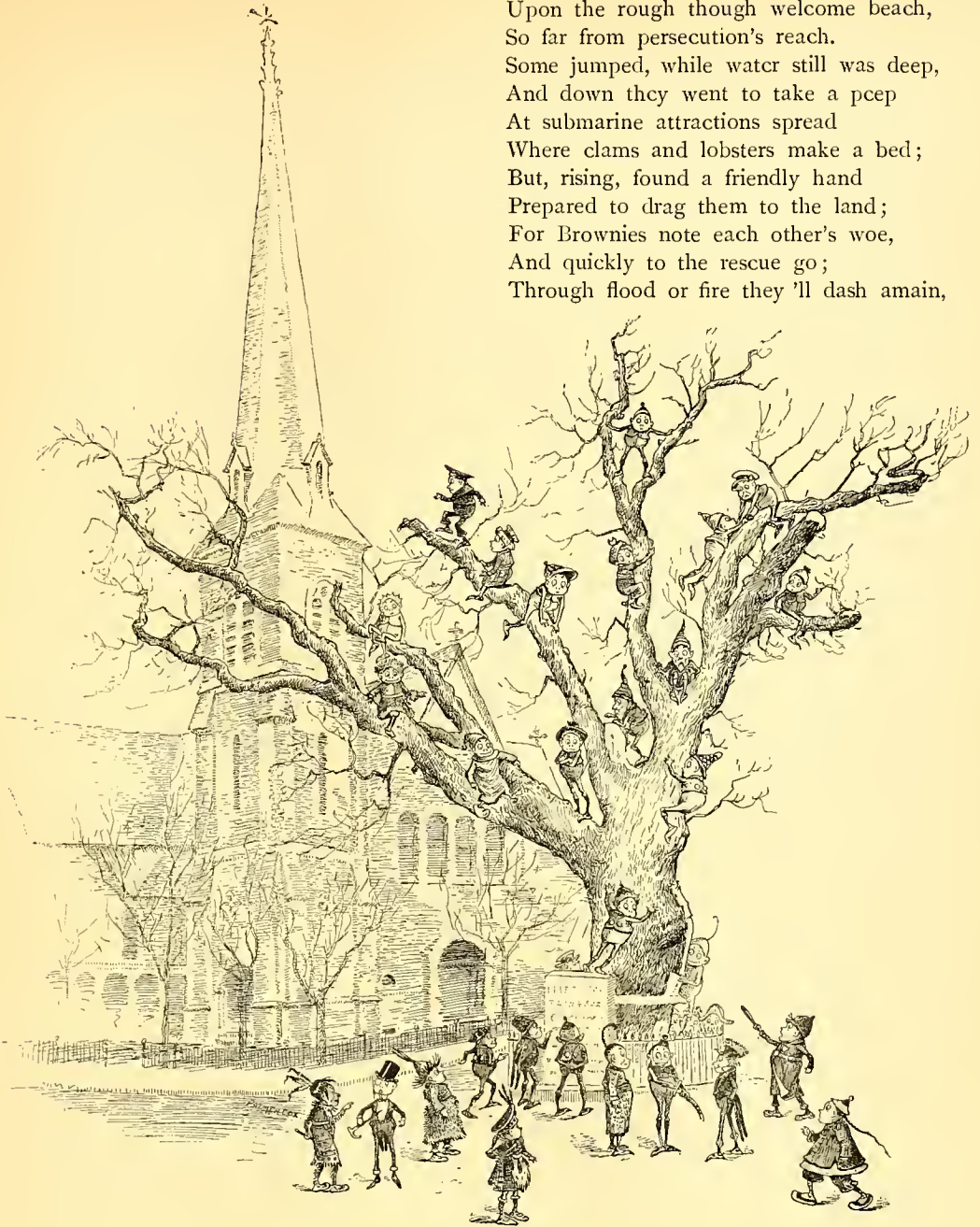


The Brownies ran, a lively flock;
 For lightly does the Brownie go,
 And skims the meadow like a crow,
 When there is need of extra haste,
 Or few the minutes he can waste.
 When that historic spot was found,
 In groups the Brownies stood around
 To talk about the daring few
 Whose spirit nothing could subdue.
 They entered boats, and, pulling out
 Some space from shore, they turned about



IN FANEUIL HALL.

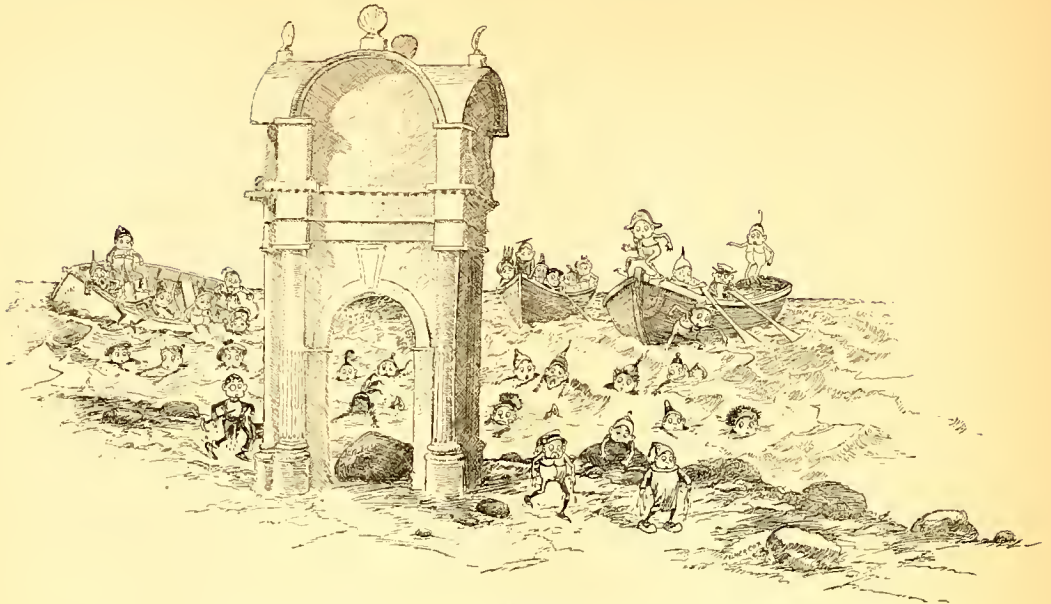
Upon the rough though welcome beach,
 So far from persecution's reach.
 Some jumped, while water still was deep,
 And down they went to take a peep
 At submarine attractions spread
 Where clams and lobsters make a bed;
 But, rising, found a friendly hand
 Prepared to drag them to the land;
 For Brownies note each other's woe,
 And quickly to the rescue go;
 Through flood or fire they 'll dash amain,



"THEY TARRIED THERE TO CLIMB ABOUT
 AND STUDY OLD INSCRIPTIONS OUT."

And made a rush, to show the way
 The Pilgrims acted on that day
 When it was counted much to be
 The first to place a foot or knee

Nor let companions call in vain.
 They don't look round to see who 'll fling
 His coat aside, the first to spring
 Without a thought but one — to save



AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

A fellow-creature from the grave:
They go themselves. Thus oft you 'll find
A dozen with a single mind —
Each striving to be first to lend
Assistance to a suffering friend.

So eager to find footing here
Upon the Western Hemisphere."



Said one, when he had gained
the ear
Of dripping comrades standing
near,
"No wonder that the Pilgrims
drew
A lengthy breath when they
got through
The jumping in and crawling
out
That marked their landing
hereabout;

And much the Indians must have been
Surprised to see those stalwart men



The Brownies now to Lowell sped,
And then away to Marblehead;
On Salem next their eyes were thrown —
That has a history of its own.
And then to old Nantucket strand
With eager glances moved the band,
Where they could gain no stinted view
Of ocean rolling deep and blue.



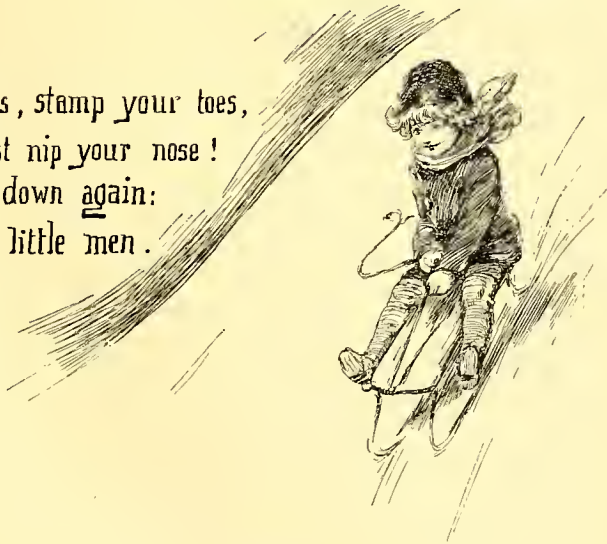
A Coasting Song



Hurry, scurry! Through the snow
Bobby's sled and Bobby go.
In the storm or pleasant weather,
Bobby and his sled together.

Blow your fingers, stamp your toes,
Dont let Jack Frost nip your nose!
Up the hill, and down again:
Lots of fun for little men.

Back
3



ROLL AWAY.

BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

ROLL your ball of snow, children,
Roll your ball of snow!
The more you roll your snowball up,
The bigger it will grow!

Roll a kind thought round, children,
Roll it all around!
Until it gathers all kind thoughts
That gentle hearts have found.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

WHEN you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it.
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave
Till the time
That his courage should be prime —
Then 't is fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 't is to lose it
Just the time you want to use it!

When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you, and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here 's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries —
Whose endeavor
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor,
Were it not that they who labor

For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was, "I 'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart —
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day —
Is becoming dry and hard,—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behavior growing *worksome*,—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it 's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to *fight*.

ETHEL'S DISCOVERY.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

LAURA, Lady Laura, was a beautiful doll who lived with some children in a big brick house on a hill, a mile away from the city.

These children — Mary and Alice and Susy and Jenny and Julia and Polly and Linda and Sarah and Fanny and Winny and Dora and Ethel, and many others — all lived together, with

kind people to take care of them, because they were children who had no fathers and mothers.

Lady Laura had come to them as a present. She was to be a playmate for them all.

One of the little girls, Ethel, could not hear or speak. She could laugh and run and play, but when she wanted to talk she had to make

letters with her fingers, and spell out whatever words she wanted to say.

One day, when Ethel was playing with Lady Laura, she laughed out with great delight. What do you think she had found? Why, a wonderful thing, to be sure! Lady Laura could talk with her fingers!

The pretty doll's arms and hands were of kid, and each finger and thumb had a wire in it.

Ethel had found that she could bend Lady Laura's wee fingers into the shapes of the letters. After this wonderful discovery, Ethel had grand fun with Lady Laura.

When they played "tea-party," Ethel's fingers would spell out words like these:



"Will you have sugar?"

And then she would take Lady Laura's tiny kid hand, and bend the fingers into these shapes; and this would be Lady Laura's reply:



"Six lumps, please."

I could not begin to tell you of all the fine plays they had together. Lady Laura was always ready to talk as much as Ethel wished; and she could spell just as well as Ethel could, too!

Ethel grew very fond of Lady Laura, and talked with her so much that Lady Laura had to go to the doll hospital and get new hands many, many times before Ethel had grown too big a girl to play with her any more.



A SERIOUS QUESTION IN MATHEMATICS.

(For Frisky Young Mathematicians.)

BY GEORGE WARREN STEARNS.

It is well known that the square of any number can be readily obtained; also the cube, the fourth power, and so on. Thus, the square of two is four, the cube is eight, the fourth power is sixteen, etc. Likewise in algebra it is not difficult to find the successive powers of various quantities. For example, the square of m is m^2 , the cube is m^3 , the fourth power is m^4 , etc. Or a polynomial, as $a + b$, can be similarly involved.

Now, everybody knows what a square looks like, and everybody knows just how a cube looks; if not, the children of the kindergarten can tell us, for they all learn those two shapes. The question here proposed is: What does the fourth power look like?

TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS so weak that the only thing I wanted was a chance to lay down, so I made straight for my locker-bunk, and stretched myself out there. But a body could n't get back his strength in no such oven as that, so Tom give the command to soar, and Jim started her aloft.

We had to go up a mile before we struck comfortable weather where it was breezy and pleasant and just right, and pretty soon I was all straight again. Tom had been setting quiet and thinking; but now he jumps up and says:

"I bet you a thousand to one I know where we are. We're in the Great Sahara, as sure as guns!"

He was so excited he could n't hold still; but I was n't. I says:

"Well, then, where 's the Great Sahara? In England or in Scotland?"

"'T ain't in either, it 's in Africa."

Jim's eyes bugged out, and he begun to stare down with no end of interest, because that was where his originals come from; but I did n't more than half believe it. I could n't, you

know; it seemed too awful far away for us to have traveled.

But Tom was full of his discovery, as he called it, and said the lions and the sand meant the Great Desert, sure. He said he could 'a' found out, before we sighted land, that we was crowding the land somewheres, if he had thought of one thing; and when we asked him what, he said:

"These clocks. They 're chronometers. You always read about them in sea voyages. One of them is keeping Grinnage time, and the other is keeping St. Louis time, like my watch. When we left St. Louis it was four in the afternoon by my watch and this clock, and it was ten at night by this Grinnage clock. Well, at this time of the year the sun sets about seven o'clock. Now I noticed the time yesterday evening when the sun went down, and it was half-past five o'clock by the Grinnage clock, and half-past eleven A. M. by my watch and the other clock. You see, the sun rose and set by my watch in St. Louis, and the Grinnage clock was six hours fast; but we 've come so far east that it comes within less than half an hour of setting by the Grinnage clock, now, and I'm away out—more than four hours and a



"WE SWOOPED DOWN, NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, AND STOPPED ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS OVER THEIR HEADS."
(SEE PAGE 253.)

half out. You see, that meant that we was closing up on the longitude of Ireland, and would strike it before long if we was p'inted right—which we was n't. No, sir, we've been a-wandering—wandering 'way down south of east, and it 's my opinion we are in Africa. Look at this map. You see how the shoulder of Africa sticks out to the west. Think how fast we've traveled; if we had gone straight east we would be long past England by this time. You watch for noon, all of you, and we 'll stand up, and when we can't cast a shadow we 'll find that this Grinnage clock is coming mighty close to marking twelve. Yes, sir, I think we're in Africa; and it 's just bully."

Jim was gazing down with the glass. He shook his head and says:

"Mars Tom, I reckon dey 's a mistake som'er's. I hain't seen no niggers yit."

"That 's nothing; they don't live in the desert. What is that, 'way off yonder? Gimme a glass."

He took a long look, and said it was like a black string stretched across the sand, but he could n't guess what it was.

"Well," I says, "I reckon maybe you've got a chance, now, to find out whereabouts this balloon is, because as like as not that is one of these lines here, that 's on the map, that you call meridians of longitude, and we can drop down and look at its number, and—"

"Oh, shucks, Huck Finn, I never see such a lunkhead as you. Did you s'pose there 's meridians of longitude on the *earth*?"

"Tom Sawyer, they're set down on the map, and you know it perfectly well, and here they are, and you can see for yourself."

"Of course they're on the map, but that 's nothing; there ain't any on the *ground*."

"Tom, do you know that to be so?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, then, that map 's a liar again. I never see such a liar as that map."

He fired up at that, and I was ready for him, and Jim was warming his opinion, too, and next minute we'd 'a' broke loose on another argument, if Tom had n't dropped the glass and begun to clap his hands like a maniac and sing out—

"Camels!—Camels!"



"THE LAST MAN TO GO SNATCHED UP A CHILD AND CARRIED IT OFF IN FRONT OF HIM ON HIS HORSE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

So I grabbed a glass, and Jim, too, and took a look, but I was disappointed, and says—

"Camels your granny, they're spiders."

"Spiders in a desert, you shad? Spiders walking in a procession? You don't ever reflect, Huck Finn, and I reckon you really have n't got anything to reflect *with*. Don't you know we're as much as a mile up in the air, and that that string of crawlers is two or three miles away? Spiders, good land! Spiders as big as a cow? Perhaps you'd like to

go down and milk one of 'em. But they 're camels, just the same. It 's a caravan, that 's what it is, and it 's a mile long."

"Well, then, le' 's go down and look at it. I don't believe in it, and ain't going to till I see it and know it."

"All right," he says, and give the command: "Lower away."

As we come slanting down into the hot weather, we could see that it was camels, sure enough, plodding along, an everlasting string of them, with bales strapped to them, and several hundred men in long white robes, and a thing like a shawl bound over their heads and hanging down with tassels and fringes; and some of the men had long guns and some had n't, and some was riding and some was walking. And the weather—well, it was just roasting. And how slow they did creep along! We swooped down, now, all of a sudden, and stopped about a hundred yards over their heads.

The men all set up a yell, and some of them fell flat on their stomachs, some begun to fire their guns at us, and the rest broke and scampered every which way, and so did the camels.

We see that we was making trouble, so we went up again about a mile, to the cool weather, and watched them from there. It took them an hour to get together and form the procession again; then they started along, but we could see by the glasses that they was n't paying much attention to anything but us. We poked along, looking down at them with the glasses, and by and by we see a big sand mound, and something like people the other side of it, and there was something like a man laying on top of the mound, that raised his head up every now and then, and seemed to be watching the caravan or us, we did n't know which. As the caravan got nearer, he sneaked down on the other side and rushed to the other men and horses—for that is what they was—and we see them mount in a hurry; and next, here they come, like a house afire, some with lances and some with long guns, and all of them yelling the best they could.

They come a-tearing down onto the caravan, and the next minute both sides crashed together and was all mixed up, and there was such

another popping of guns as you never heard, and the air got so full of smoke you could only catch glimpses of them struggling together. There must 'a' been six hundred men in that battle, and it was terrible to see. Then they broke up into gangs and groups, fighting tooth and nail, and scurrying and scampering around, and laying into each other like everything; and whenever the smoke cleared a little you could see dead and wounded people and camels scattered far and wide and all about, and camels racing off in every direction.

At last the robbers see they could n't win, so their chief sounded a signal, and all that was left of them broke away and went scampering across the plain. The last man to go snatched up a child and carried it off in front of him on his horse, and a woman run screaming and begging after him, and followed him away off across the plain till she was separated a long ways from her people; but it war n't no use, and she had to give it up, and we see her sink down on the sand and cover her face with her hands. Then Tom took the hellum, and started for that yahoo, and we come a-whizzing down and made a swoop, and knocked him out of the saddle, child and all; and he was jarred considerable, but the child was n't hurt, but laid there working its hands and legs in the air like a tumble-bug that 's on its back and can't turn over. The man went staggering off to overtake his horse, and did n't know what had hit him, for we was three or four hundred yards up in the air by this time.

We judged the woman would go and get the child, now; but she did n't. We could see her, through the glass, still setting there, with her head bowed down on her knees; so of course she had n't seen the performance, and thought her child was clean gone with the man. She was nearly a half a mile from her people, so we thought we might go down to the child, which was about a quarter of a mile beyond her, and snake it to her before the caravan people could git to us to do us any harm; and besides, we reckoned they had enough business on their hands for one while, anyway, with the wounded. We thought we 'd chance it, and we did. We swooped down and stopped, and Jim shinned down the ladder and fetched up the kid, which

was a nice fat little thing, and in a noble good humor, too, considcring it was just out of a battle and been tumbled off of a horse; and then we started for the mother, and stopped back of her and tolerable near by, and Jim slipped down and crept up easy, and when he was close back of her the child goo-goo'd, the way a child does, and she heard it, and whirled and fetched a shriek of joy, and made a jump for the kid and snatched it and hugged it, and dropped it and hugged Jim, and then snatched off a gold chain and hung it around Jim's neck, and hugged him again, and jerked up the child again, a-sobbing and glorifying all the time; and Jim he shoved for the ladder and up it, and in a minute we was back up in the sky and the woman was staring up, with the back of her head be-

looked, and the Grinnage clock was so close to twelve the difference did n't amount to nothing. So Tom said London was right north of us or right south of us, one or t'other, and he reckoned by the weather and the sand and the camels it was north; and a good many miles north, too; as many as from New York to the city of Mexico, he guessed.

Jim said he reckoned a balloon was a good deal the fastest thing in the world, unless it might be some kinds of birds—a wild pigeon, maybe, or a railroad.

But Tom said he had read about railroads in England going nearly a hundred miles an hour for a little ways, and there never was a bird in the world that could do that—except one, and that was a flea.

“A flea? Why, Mars Tom, in de fust place he ain't a bird, strickly speakin'—”

“He ain't a bird, eh? Well, then, what is he?”

“I don't rightly know, Mars Tom, but I speck he's only jist a' animal. No, I reckon dat won't do, nuther, he ain't big enough for a' animal. He mus' be a bug. Yassir, dat's what he is, he's a bug.”

“I bet he ain't, but let it go. What's your second place?”

“Well, in de second place, birds is creturs dat goes a long ways, but a flea don't.”

“He don't, don't he? Come, now, what is a long distance, if you know?”

“Why, it's miles, and lots of 'em—anybody knows dat.”

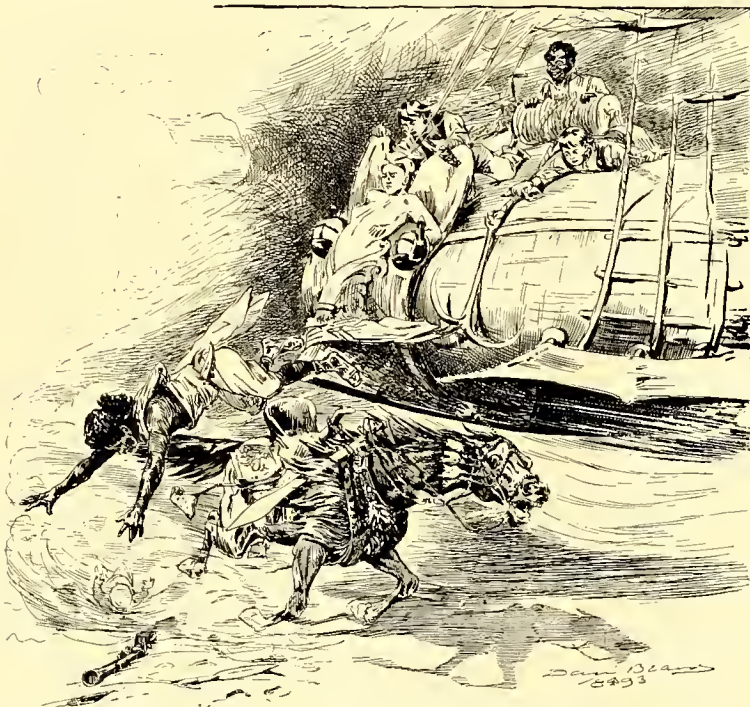
“Can't a man walk miles?”

“Yassir, he kin.”

“As many as a railroad?”

“Yassir, if you give him time.”

“Can't a flea?”



“WE COME A-WHIZZING DOWN AND MADE A SWOOP, AND KNOCKED HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE, CHILD AND ALL.”

tween her shoulders and the child with its arms locked around her neck. And there she stood, as long as we was in sight a-sailing away in the sky.

CHAPTER VII.

“NOON!” says Tom, and so it was. His shadder was just a blot around his feet. We

"Well,—I s'pose so—ef you gives him heaps of time."

"Now you begin to see, don't you, that *distance* ain't the thing to judge by, at all; it's the

finger on him. Now that's a common, ordinary, third-class flea's gait; but you take an Eytalian *first-class*, that's been the pet of the nobility all his life, and has n't ever knowed



"THAT FLEA WOULD BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND YOU COULD N'T PREVENT IT." (SEE PAGE 256.)

time it takes to go the distance *in that counts*, ain't it?"

"Well, hit do look sorter so, but I would n't 'a' b'lieved it, Mars Tom."

"It's a matter of *proportion*, that's what it is; and when you come to gauge a thing's speed by its size, where's your bird and your man and your railroad, alongside of a flea? The fastest man can't run more than about ten miles in an hour—not much over ten thousand times his own length. But all the books says any common ordinary third-class flea can jump a hundred and fifty times his own length; yes, and he can make five jumps a second too,—seven hundred and fifty times his own length, in one little second—for he don't fool away any time stopping and starting—he does them both at the same time; you'll see, if you try to put your

what want or sickness or exposure was, and he can jump more than three hundred times his own length, and keep it up all day, five such jumps every second, which is fifteen hundred times his own length. Well, suppose a man could go fifteen hundred times his own length in a second—say, a mile and a half. It's ninety miles a minute; it's considerable more than five thousand miles an hour. Where's your man *now*?—yes, and your bird, and your railroad, and your balloon? Laws, they don't amount to shucks 'longside of a flea. A flea is just a comet b'iled down small."

Jim was a good deal astonished, and so was I. Jim said—

"Is dem figgers jist edjackly true, en no jokin' en no lies, Mars Tom?"

"Yes, they are; they're perfectly true."



“WHERE ’S YOUR MAN NOW?”

“Well, den, honey, a body ’s got to respec’ a flea. I ain’t had no respec’ for um befo’, sca’sely, but dey ain’t no gittin’ roun’ it, dey do deserve it, dat ’s certain.”

“Well, I bet they do. They ’ve got ever so much more sense, and brains, and brightness, in proportion to their size, than any other cretur in the world. A person can learn them ’most anything; and they learn it quicker than any other cretur, too. They ’ve been learnt to haul little carriages in harness, and go this way and that way and t’other way according to their orders; yes, and to march and drill like soldiers, doing it as exact, according to orders, as soldiers does it. They ’ve been learnt to do all sorts of hard and troublesome things. S’pose you could cultivate a flea up to the size of a man, and keep his natural smartness a-growing and a-growing right along up, bigger and bigger, and keener and keener, in the same proportion—where ’d the human race be, do you reckon? That flea would be President of the United States, and you could n’t any more prevent it than you can prevent lightning.”

“My lan’, Mars Tom, I never knowed dey was so much *to de beas’*. No, sir, I never had no idea of it, and dat ’s de fac’.”



“AND WHERE ’S YOUR RAILROAD, ‘LONGSIDE OF A FLEA?’”

“There ’s more to him, by a long sight, than there is to any other cretur, man or beast, in proportion to size. He ’s the interestingest of

them all. People have so much to say about an ant's strength, and an elephant's, and a locomotive's. Shucks, they don't begin with a flea. He can lift two or three hundred times his own weight. And none of them can come anywhere near it. And moreover, he has got notions of his own, and is very particular, and you can't fool him; his instinct, or his judgment, or whatever it is, is perfectly sound and clear, and don't ever make a mistake. People think all humans are alike to a flea. It ain't so. There 's folks that he won't go near, hungry or not hungry, and I'm one of them. I've never had one of them on me in my life."

"Mars Tom!"

"It 's so; I ain't joking."

"Well, sah, I hain't ever heard de likes o' dat, befo'."

Jim could n't believe it, and I could n't; so we had to drop down to the sand and git a supply and see. Tom was right. They went for me and Jim by the thousand, but not a one of them lit on Tom. There war n't no explaining it, but there it was and there war n't no getting around it. He said it had always been just so, and he 'd just as soon be where there was a million of them as not; they 'd never touch him nor bother him.

We went up to the cold weather to freeze 'em out, and stayed a little spell, and then come back to the comfortable weather and went lazying along twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, the way we 'd been doing for the last few hours. The reason was, that the longer we was in that solemn, peaceful desert, the more the hurry and fuss got kind of soothed down in us, and the more happier and contented and satisfied we got to feeling, and the more we got to liking the desert, and then loving it. So we had cramped the speed down, as I was saying, and was having a most noble good lazy time, sometimes watching through the glasses, sometimes stretched out on the lockers reading, sometimes taking a nap.

It did n't seem like we was the same lot that was in such a state to find land and git ashore, but it was. But we had got over that—clean over it. We was used to the balloon, now, and not afraid any more, and did n't want to be anywheres else. Why, it seemed

just like home; it 'most seemed as if I had been born and raised in it, and Jim and Tom said the same. And always I had had hateful people around me, a-nagging at me, and pestering of me, and scolding, and finding fault, and fussing and bothering, and sticking to me, and keeping after me, and making me do this, and making me do that and t'other, and always selecting out the things I did n't want to do, and then giving me Sam Hill because I shirked and done something else, and just aggravating the life out of a body all the time; but up here in the sky it was so still and sunshiny and lovely, and plenty to eat, and plenty of sleep, and strange things to see, and no nagging and no pestering, and no good people, and just holiday all the time. Land, I war n't in no hurry to git out and buck at civilization again. Now, one of the worst things about civilization is, that anybody that gits a letter with trouble in it comes and tells you all about it and makes you feel bad, and the newspapers fetches you the troubles of everybody all over the world, and keeps you down-hearted and dismal 'most all the time, and it 's such a heavy load for a person. I hate them newspapers; and I hate letters; and if I had my way I would n't allow nobody to load his troubles onto other folks he ain't acquainted with, on t'other side of the world, that way. Well, up in a balloon there ain't any of that, and it 's the darlinest place there is.

We had supper, and that night was one of the prettiest nights I ever see. The moon made it just like daylight, only a heap softer; and once we see a lion standing all alone by himself, just all alone on the earth, it seemed like, and his shadder laid on the sand by him like a puddle of ink. That 's the kind of moonlight to have.

Mainly we laid on our backs and talked; we did n't want to go to sleep. Tom said we was right in the midst of the Arabian Nights, now. He said it was right along here that one of the cutest things in that book happened; so we looked down and watched while he told about it, because there ain't anything that is so interesting to look at as a place that a book has talked about. It was a tale about

a camel-driver that had lost his camel, and he come along in the desert and met a man, and says —

“Have you run across a stray camel to-day?”

And the man says —

“Was he blind in his left eye?”

“Yes.”

“Had he lost an upper front tooth?”

“Yes.”

“Was his off hind leg lame?”

“Yes.”

“Was he loaded with millet-seed on one side and honey on the other?”

“Yes, but you need n't go into no more details—that 's the one, and I 'm in a hurry. Where did you see him?”

“I hain't seen him at all,” the man says.

“Hain't seen him at all? How can you describe him so close, then?”

“Because when a person knows how to use his eyes, everything has got a meaning to it; but most people's eyes ain't any good to them. I knowed a camel had been along, because I seen his track. I knowed he was lame in his off hind leg because he had favored that foot and trod light on it, and his track showed it. I knowed he was blind on his left side because he only nibbled the grass on the right side of the trail. I knowed he had lost 'an upper front tooth because where he bit into the sod his teeth-print showed it. The millet-seed sifted out on one side—the ants told me that; the honey leaked out on the other—the flies told me that. I know all about your camel, but I hain't seen him.”

Jim says —

“Go on, Mars Tom, hit 's a mighty good tale, and powerful interestin'.”

“That 's all,” Tom says.

“*All?*” says Jim, astonished. “What 'come o' de camel?”

“I don't know.”

“Mars Tom, don't de tale say?”

“No.”

Jim puzzled a minute, then he says —

“Well! Ef dat ain't de beatenes' tale ever I struck. Jist gits to de place whah de intrust is gittin' red-hot, en down she breaks. Why, Mars Tom, dey ain't no *sense* in a tale dat acts like dat. Hain't you got no *idea* whether de man got de camel back er not?”

“No, I have n't.”

I see, myself, there war n't no sense in the tale, to chop square off, that way, before it come to anything, but I war n't going to say so, because I could see Tom was souring up pretty fast over the way it flatted out and the way Jim had popped onto the weak place in it, and I don't think it 's fair for everybody to pile onto a feller when he 's down. But Tom he whirls on me and says —

“What do *you* think of the tale?”

Of course, then, I had to come out and make a clean breast and say it did seem to me, too, same as it did to Jim, that as long as the tale stopped square in the middle and never got to no place, it really war n't worth the trouble of telling.

Tom 's chin dropped on his breast, and 'stead of being mad, as I reckoned he 'd be, to hear me scoff at his tale that way, he seemed to be only sad; and he says —

“Some people can see, and some can't—just as that man said. Let alone a camel, if a cyclone had gone by, *you* duffers would n't 'a noticed the track.”

I don't know what he meant by that, and he did n't say; it was just one of his irrrelevances, I reckon—he was full of them, sometimes, when he was in a close place and could n't see no other way out—but I did n't mind. We 'd spotted the soft place in that tale sharp enough, he could n't git away from that little fact. It graveled him like the nation, too, I reckon, much as he tried not to let on.

(*To be continued.*)



THE WISE LITTLE WOMAN WHO OPENED THE PEWS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

HAVE you heard of the tropical Isles of June,
The coral isles with their splendors of palms,
Where the sails hang loose in the languorous
noon,

And a dusky sun is the rising moon,
And the Southern Cross hangs over the sea
Like the jewels of Heaven? Ah, me! ah, me!
Those gardens of gold in the opal main,
How they tempted the souls of the pilots of
Spain!

But as John the old Sailor was wont to say,
When he told old tales in his comical way,
"T is only the gold that *does* good that is
good—

And only the rightful gold is gain.
Alas for the spoil of the pilots of Spain!
'T was fool's gold all."

II.

Our John was a sailor, Sailor John,
A grizzly old sailor of Provincetown Bay,
And one queer old tale that he used to tell
By the bright fire-dogs to the boys now gone,

And the fisher folk—I remember well.
He would tell it to us in his odd old way,
After the revels on Christmas Day,
And at evening after the hours of play.
He would lock his hands and strike them
upon
His knees, like this: *chink, chink, chink,*
chink.

It sounds like coins of gold, I know,
It sounds like coins of gold—but oh,
When you open your hands there is no-
thing there
But a goldless chasm of empty air!—
'T was fool's gold all.

III.

Our John the sailor, Sailor John,
He used to tell the tale this way,
In a very slow and deliberate way,
After the storms upon Provincetown Bay:
"T is about Sir Francis Drake of the Tay,
Who was born in a hut beside the Tavy,
A famous salt in Elizabeth's day,
The old sea-dog of the British Navy.

He guarded the coast of England well,
 And haunted the seas, that old invader,
 And gathered spoils from the Spanish war,
 From the Isles of June to Cristobel,

I 'm growing old and my veins are cold,
 But still my soul is athirst for gold.
 Let me go once more to the Spanish Main,
 To isles of the sun, and the golden rain,



"HE WOULD TELL IT TO US IN HIS ODD OLD WAY, AFTER THE REVELS ON CHRISTMAS DAY."

And flouted King Philip off Trafalgar,
 And scattered the ships of the Great Armada.
 The first to sail the Pacific Sea,
 And first to smoke tobacco, was he.

"And he said at last, 'Our coast is hilly,
 And the northern seas are dark and chilly;

And rob the galleons old of Spain.'
 He went and died 'mid the isles, ah me!
 And his white ship scudded across the sea,
 The "Golden Hinde" in the western wind,
 And never again to his home came he—
 But only his gold brought home again.

'T was fool's gold all.

iv.

“ Old Plymouth stands by the windy sea,
As lovely a city as ever was seen.
And fair are the churches of Plymouth dean,*
And tall was the church that stood on the
quay.

“ Now lonely old Susan lived on the moor,
Away from the tower of Plymouth Green,
Away from the roads of Plymouth dean.
A little old woman and poor was she,
Whose father had died on the stormy sea,
And she went to the church on each Lord’s
Day,
Though her cottage was many a mile away—
To the sailors’ church that looked o’er the bay,
The church of the storms and wild sea-
mews,
And she was hired to open the pews.
It made the church seem friendly and free,
To open the pews by charity.
The standing committee who seated the
people,
And the grim old bell-ringer who lived in
the steeple,
And the beadle who kept evil-doers in awe,
And tickled the sleeper’s nose with a straw,
And made lazy old women jump up in their
dreams,
And wake all their neighbors with spasms
and screams—
They were worthy folks all, but not equal
in dues
To the wise little woman who opened the
pews.
And the good folks on Sunday each gave
her a penny,
And at weddings and Christmases twice as
many,
And at Hallowe’en they gave her a guinea.

“ Now, one autumn morn, as she came to
the church,
The sailors, lingering round the porch,
Under the trees strange stories told
Of Sir Francis Drake and his shipload of gold;
And Susan stopped and listened awhile,
Then opened the pews in the long, broad aisle,
Not over-pleased at the wonderful news.

* *Dean*, as here used, means “a small valley.”

“ ’T is only the gold that does good that is gain,
And I want not the gold of the pilots of
Spain,’
Said the wise little woman who opened the
pews.

v.

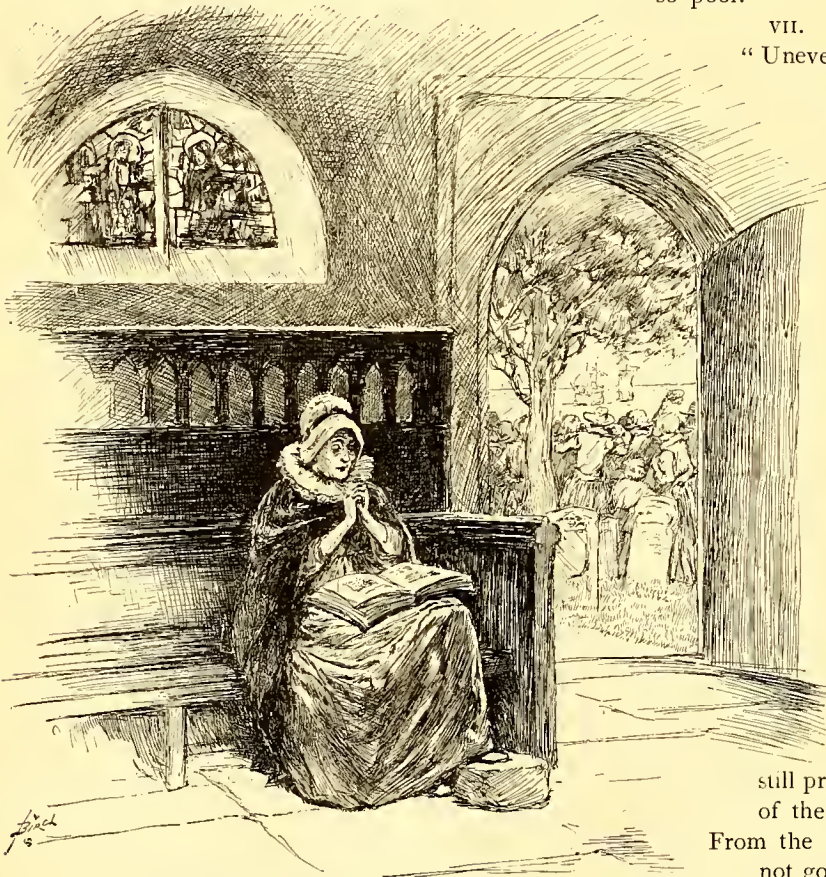
“ ’T was in glimmering September—the hour,
near noon;
The prayers had been read; the clerk gave
out a tune,
And stood up and looked through the window,
and then
His eyes oped as though he ’d ne’er close
them again;
His mouth opened, too, and his lips rounded,
so,
And left on his face just the round letter O.
Then he winked to the beadle, and winked to
the squire,
And their eyes sought the window, and
turned from the choir.
The horizon was broken—there were sails in
the air;
And the cross of St. George on the breeze
floated fair.
Then arose from the quay a tumultuous
shout,
And the heads of the singers went bobbing
about,
And no one looked upward, but every one
out.

vi.

“ The children grew restless, the tirewomen bold,
And the beadle cried out, ‘ Run, run! I ’ve
no doubt
’T is Sir Francis Drake and his shipload of
gold!
It will make us all rich, and we ’ll have a new
bell.’
Then the beadle ran out; and the clerk and
the squire
Said, ‘ We ’ll now put new shingles upon
the old spire!’
Ran the sailors and women and tradespeo-
ple all;
And the deaconess, who could not her feelings
repress,
Said, ‘ Run, and it may be I ’ll get a new dress.’

Till—oh, 't is a scandalous story to tell—
Till no one was left save quaint Rector Mews
And the wise little woman who opened the
pews —
Only she, and the figures of saints on the
wall.
Then the rector said, 'Susan, *we* might as
well run;
There 's a ship coming in from the isles of
the sun.

And he doffed his long robe in a hurry,
and he
Ran after the others all down to the quay.
Susan heard the men shouting on roof-top
and shore,
The boom of the cannon, the answering gun.
But she turned from the church to her
thatched-cottage door,
And was thankful her riches had made her
so poor.



"ONLY SHE, AND THE FIGURES OF SAINTS ON THE WALL."

It bodes good to us all, this remarkable
news;
I 'll run, while you shut up the pulpit and
pews.
'T is not every day I am called to behold
A ship from the Indies all loaded with gold!
'T will make us so rich we 'll all things
make new,
And have a new hassock in every pew!

VII.
"Uneventful years passed,
and dull was the
news;
And the wise little
woman still
opened the
pews.
And Sir Francis
again from
the port sail-
ed away,
Far off from the
hills of the
Tavy and
Tay;
And at last the
good people
looked out
on the main
For his ship to
appear in the
d i s t a n c e
again;
And the parson
still preached on the sins
of the Jews.
From the Isles of June came
not gold, spice, nor news;
And the wise little woman
who opened the pews
Used to say, 'You must search for gold on
your knees,
And look up to Heaven, not over the seas
For gold-laden ships from the bright Carib-
bees,
The riches that galleons bring over the deep.
'T is only the gold that does good that is
good;

And the gold that we covet and hoard up
and keep,
That 's fool's gold all.'

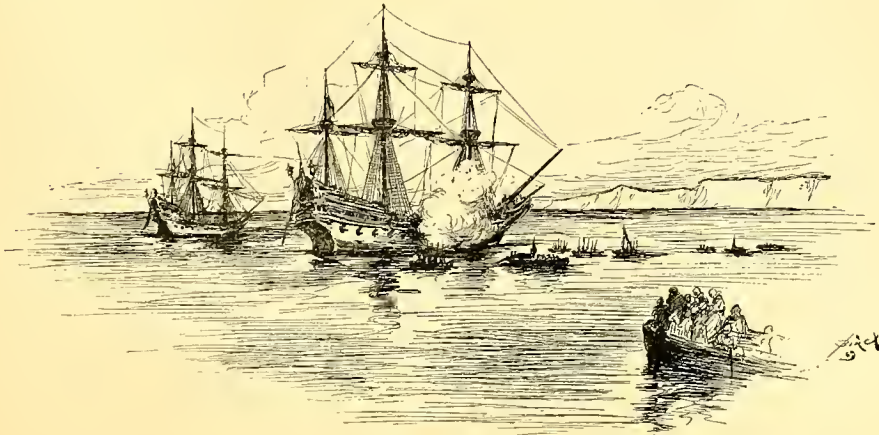
VIII.

"The St. Martin birds came to the church-
tower tall,
And the purple-winged swallows that lived
in the wall;
The mavis sang sweet, and the green hedge-
rows burned,
And the wayside brooks into violets turned;
The lilies tossed in the scented air,
The peach-boughs reddened, and whitened
the pear.
Again on a Sunday came wonderful news,
And the little old woman who opened the pews
Again heard the shoutings of joy on the quay,
The cannon and answering gun on the sea.
But half-mast hung the flag on that battle-
ship old.
Half-mast! Who had died 'mid the cabins
of gold?
The grand ship rode into the harbor, and still
Grew the wharves and the towers and the
oak-shaded hill,
And the news came at last, 't was *Sir
Francis* had died
'Mid his cabins of gold at the last Christ-
mas-tide.
'Sir Francis?' they said. 'Let the old bell
be tolled.'
And the old bell began to toll — toll — toll,
Toll — toll — toll — toll.
We hope there was gold in Sir Francis's soul.

And the people all turned from the long,
windy quay —
With tears turned away from the May-
pleasant sea,
And talked of the brave old sea-lord who
had died
'Neath the Southern Cross at Christmas-tide,
And whose form had been sunk in the
deep, moving sea
In the festival days of Nativity.

IX.

"When the folks sought the church to talk
of the news,
Came the wise little woman who opened
the pews,
And she said to the parson, 'I'm sorry indeed;
'T is not *that* kind of gold that our spirits
most need,
But the gold of the Word, the heart and
the deed.
The Sea Knight has only that true gold
to-day
That his honor refused, or his heart gave
away.
Let us look no more to the stores of the seas,
To the isles of the sun or the bright
Caribbees —
Let us envy no more the rich galleons of Spain,
'T is only the gold that does good that is gain.
The wealth that avarice seeks to find
Is like the gold of the Golden Hinde;
Chink, chink, chink, chink; who it commands
Will stand at last with empty hands —
'T is fool's gold all!'"



JINGLES.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.



As I went strolling down the street,
A pretty maid I chanced to meet,
I doffed my hat and said "Good day"
When lo! she turned and ran away



The jar is tall
The babies small
The cookies out of reach
But bye and bye
If babies try
They'll have a dozen each



A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH A BOA IN THE WILDS OF THE NURSERY.

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.
Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Began in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XXV.

"GOOD NIGHT, MR. BUTLER."

A FEW days after the exhibition on the front steps, Madam Ainsworth was sitting in the drawing-room talking very earnestly with her old friend, and her voice was raised somewhat above its usual well-bred level.

"If they had consulted *me*, it never would have happened," she said decidedly. "They were too hasty, and now they regret it."

"Naturally they would like their own son to be the elder," the friend placidly answered.

"Certainly they would; but it 's not only that. They are tired of the boy; he has n't turned out as they expected. As he grows older, very common traits develop in his character; but what else can you expect from a child brought up by an old colored woman? Lately he has had a little negro thief here, to whom he is devoted. We have had an actual struggle to keep the little fellow away from the premises; and even now, I dare say, Philip meets him outside."

"How fortunate the little heiress is n't here this winter!" remarked the friend.

"Oh, if Lucille had n't gone abroad with her mother, I should have insisted on his being sent away. The poor child suffered enough through him last winter," said Madam Ainsworth, angrily; "and now Edward and Laura are as miserable as they can be, and all on account of that troublesome boy. They don't love him now, as they thought they did. I 'll give them the credit of *thinking* they were fond of him; but they never really loved the boy, and now that they have one of their own, they *know* it."

"It 's a very unfortunate situation, is it not?" said the friend. "They can't very well get rid of him, can they?"

"No, that 's just it; they can't. I should not be sorry if he should take it into his head to run off with some of his strange companions where they could never hear from him again."

"Dear me, and to think of all they have done for him! It would be a terrible change for the boy after his life of luxury," said the friend, smoothly.

"Oh, I think he would prefer a gipsy life. There 's no doubt in my mind of his being the child of very common parents; and to think that Edward should adopt him without knowing!"

"It 's going to be very bad for their own son to have such a boy for an elder brother—for you know children are so imitative."

"Yes, it 's dreadful any way you look at it," returned Madam Ainsworth, with a heavy sigh. "And just now, when I could be so happy with my grandson, to have it all spoiled by that little waif, that little intruder into my family! And as far as I can see, there 's no way to get rid of him."

When Madam Ainsworth and her friend left the drawing-room, after some more confidential chatter, there was a slight movement behind the curtain that draped the alcove of the window, and Philip slipped out silently and timidly. He was very pale, and his eyes had a wild, frightened look. He had been sitting there watching the people in the street when the old ladies entered, and he had unwillingly heard every word of their conversation.

Later in the day, when Madam Ainsworth was returning from a visit of charity, as her carriage crossed Seventh Avenue she saw Philip and Lilybel standing on a corner talking together very earnestly. "It 's just as I thought," she said to herself; "he sees that little ragamuffin outside. What in the world

can he wish to say to him? I really dread the result of having that boy under our roof!"

When Philip entered the drawing-room just before dinner, they all noticed how excited he appeared, and how carelessly he was dressed.

"That boy is not fit to come into the drawing-room," said Madam Ainsworth in a low, vexed voice to her daughter-in-law. "He is so untidy, and utterly indifferent to his dress!"

"I 'm very sorry," returned Mrs. Ainsworth, flushing a little. "Perhaps it 's my fault. I 'm afraid I have neglected him lately; he certainly has changed in appearance."

Philip noticed Madam Ainsworth's look of disgust, and heard her unkind words; for his senses were very acute, and his heart very sore. He was looking at a book, and he bent his head lower over it to hide the tears that sprang to his eyes. When dinner was announced, he walked out silently behind the others, and took his accustomed place without a word.

Bassett was distressed because the boy ate nothing; and when the dessert came out, he slipped into a drawer a generous plate of macarons and bonbons, saying to himself, "The little chap shall 'ave these to-night. 'E 's hill and un'appy. I 'm going to cheer 'im hup with these."

While Bassett was putting away the silver, Philip crept softly into the pantry, and stood near the old man, watching him wistfully. He wanted to say something, but his heart was too full. When Bassett took out the bonbons and gave them to him, he could not control himself; his lips quivered pitifully, and large tears rolled over his face.

"Why — why, Master Philip, my little man, what 's the matter? What 's 'appened?" cried Bassett, astonished at such signs of trouble in his usually merry little friend.

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Butler; but — but you 're so good to me, and it makes me cry *now* when — when any one is good to me."

"Yes, I see, my poor little lad. You hain't as rugged as you used to be; I see you 're losing your appetite, an' that won't do. You must n't fret. It 's halong of that new boy; they 're hall so taken hup with 'im that they don't think of no one else."

"Oh, I don't mind that, Mr. Butler. Well,"

with a heavy sigh and a fresh burst of tears, "I 'm — I 'm going to my room now. Good night, Mr. Butler, good night." Still he lingered with his hand on the door. Suddenly he turned to Bassett, and said, almost entreatingly, "I wish — I wish you 'd shake hands with me, Mr. Butler."

"Why, bless your 'eart, my dear little lad, hof course I will!" And Bassett gave him such a hearty clasp that Philip smiled through his tears.

"And — and you won't — you won't forget me, will you?"

"Forget you? Why, 'ow you do talk! 'Ow am I a-going to forget you when I see you hevery day?"

"But when I 'm not here — when — when I go away, you 'll stand up for me? You 'll say I was n't a bad boy, won't you?"

"That I will, Master Philip. I 'll stand hup for you as long as I 've a leg to stand hon."

"Oh, thank you! Good night; and thank you for the candy and cake." And with a look eloquent of mingled sorrow and affection, Philip hurried out.

When he had gone, Bassett stood for some time looking thoughtfully at the forks in his hand; then he muttered to himself, "Hit 's too bad, the way they slight that pretty, kind-'earted little chap. An' what 's 'e got in 'is 'ead to-night? 'E 's that blue 'e halmost made me cry myself. I must try and cheer 'im hup to-morrow."

When Philip reached his room, he looked around him nervously; then he opened the door cautiously, and listened. They were all below in the drawing-room. There were visitors. Once in a while he heard the sound of laughter and conversation. They were all very much engaged; they were not thinking of him. After standing silent a moment in deep thought, he went to a drawer, and from the very bottom of it he drew out the red-and-yellow silk kerchief belonging to the "children." This, with a thick woolen one which he wore in cold weather to protect his throat, he wrapped carefully around the cage, and tied securely. Then he took a small bag which Mrs. Ainsworth had given him for his school-books, and lifting from the upper shelf of his wardrobe a paper box, he

removed from it the crumpled funeral wreath, with the motto "*À ma mère*," enveloped in the piece of crape — Dea's last gift; these he carefully folded in paper and deposited in the bottom of the bag. On his table lay the little Bible and prayer-book — Toinette's gifts; these he also placed with the wreath. Then he opened his small safe, and taking out his

savings, which he had hoarded with great self-denial, he counted them over and over; there was not so much as he thought he had, but he had drawn heavily on them to supply Lilybel's exorbitant demands. However, he put what there was in his pocket-book, and that, with Basset's paper of bonbons, he dropped into the bag with his other treasures. From his wardrobe he selected his oldest suit, his oldest shoes and cap, and when he had put them on, he hesitated a moment over the fur coat. It was so warm — but no; it had cost a great deal: he would not take it. He hung it up, and instead of it he selected a plain little ulster. It was thick and warm, but not so warm as the rejected fur coat.

When he was dressed, he opened the door and listened. There was no one on the back landing, and he knew he could slip out that way without being seen. So he took the "children" in one hand and the bag in the other,—they were his own little belongings, and they were all he had,—and silently and tremblingly he crept, like a little culprit, down the back stairs and out into the street.

It was early in March, and a wretched, drizzling night, half rain and half snow. Philip shivered and coughed as he stepped upon the sidewalk. For a moment he hesitated, then with a last sorrowful look at the luxurious home he was leaving, he went out in the cold and darkness, with only Père Josef's little "children" for company.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EMPTY ROOM.

THE next morning after Philip's departure, Madam Ainsworth and her daughter-in-law were sitting at the breakfast-table alone. Neither of the ladies ate much, and both seemed preoccupied and troubled.



"BASSETT GAVE HIM A HEARTY CLASP."

When the meal was nearly over, Mrs. Ainsworth looked up suddenly and said, as if it had just occurred to her, "Why, where is Philip this morning? He is always so punctual, I'm afraid he is ill!"

"If you please, Madam," remarked Bassett, with a little tremor in his voice, "I will go to 'is room and hinqure."

"Yes, go," replied Madam Ainsworth, petulantly; "and tell him to come down immediately—that we have nearly finished breakfast. I hope the boy is n't going to be dilatory. It will be very trying if he is."

"He never has been," said Mrs. Ainsworth, excusingly; "he is always down before we are. I notice he coughs lately. I'm afraid he is not well; I really must consult the doctor. I confess I am worried about him."

"Oh, he has a little cold, I suppose," said Madam Ainsworth, indifferently; "but it 's not his health I should worry about."

"Why, what has he done now?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, surprised. "I hope there is no new trouble"; but before her mother-in-law could reply, Bassett entered hurriedly and unceremoniously.

"The room 's hempty!" he exclaimed; "and Master Philip 's gone!"

The old man was pale and trembled visibly. His strange manner alarmed Mrs. Ainsworth. "Gone!" she cried, starting up excitedly. "What do you mean? Gone where?"

"Oh, I don't know where 'e 's gone, poor little lad," replied Bassett, in a broken voice. "Hall I know is that 'is room is hempty, an' that 'e did n't sleep hin 'is bed; 'e must 'ave left last night."

"What! Has he been gone all night? Out alone in the dark and cold! Oh, what can have happened to him?" gasped Mrs. Ainsworth, pale and trembling. "He must have met with some dreadful accident to keep him away all night!"

"Hit was not han haccident, Madam," said the butler, gravely. "Hin my hopinion, Master Philip 'as gone with the hintention of staying, because 'e 'as taken 'is cage of little mice with 'im."

"Run away! Just what I expected he would do!" exclaimed Madam Ainsworth. She was

so excited that she quite forgot Bassett was in the room.

"Please don't condemn him until you know," pleaded Mrs. Ainsworth. "I can't think he has gone of his own will, he loved us so, and was so—so grateful and happy."

"I beg your pardon, Madam," interposed Bassett, decidedly. "Hif I may be allowed to say hit, Master Philip 'as n't been 'appy for some time. I don't know what was hin 'is little mind; but, now I think of hit, I might 'ave known that something was going to 'appen by the way 'e came to me in the pantry last night, an' hasked me to stand hup for 'im when 'e was gone."

"Oh, you knew it, did you?" interrupted Madam Ainsworth, severely. "And you never told us! Really, Bassett, you astonish me!"

"No; I did n't *know* nothink, Madam," returned Bassett, firmly. "I honly thought the pretty little lad was hill, an' down hin spirits, an' I tried to cheer 'im hup; then, when 'e said good night, 'e—'e was a-crying."

"Did he say anything, Bassett? Did he tell you where he was going?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, anxiously.

"Not a word, Madam. 'E did n't even say that 'e was going; 'e honly 'inted at somethink."

"Oh, I am to blame! It is my fault!" cried Mrs. Ainsworth, regretfully. "Since I have had Baby to care for, I have neglected the poor boy. I did n't mean to, but I have. I have driven him away! What shall I do? How shall I find him?" and Mrs. Ainsworth looked appealingly at her mother-in-law.

"My dear Laura, don't be foolish. It is absurd to make a fuss about that boy," said Madam Ainsworth, coldly. "The ungrateful little creature has grown tired of your kindness, and he has gone back to his former condition. In plain words, he has run away. I saw him again with that little negro only yesterday. They were plotting then; and, if you remember, he seemed guilty last night—he was ashamed to look one in the face."

"I remember that he appeared excited and troubled, but I should not say that that was an indication of guilt. I can't understand it; I can't think he would go voluntarily, and without a word to me. I wish Edward were here.

I don't know what to do; I don't know what steps to take!" cried Mrs. Ainsworth, despairingly.

"Bassett, did you notice whether he had taken his clothing?" asked Madam Ainsworth.

"I should say, Madam, that 'e 'ad honly took what 'e 'ad hon. I looked hin 'is wardrobe; hit was full, an' 'is little fur coat was there."

"Oh, well, then you can depend on his coming back. He has gone off on some expedition with those friends of his. When he is tired and hungry he will return."

"But we ought to do something now," urged Mrs. Ainsworth. "I can't let the matter rest and wait for him to come back."

"I should advise you to do so," returned Madam Ainsworth, indifferently. "I suspect that the bootblack and the little negro have persuaded the boy to go off and exhibit those horrid little animals. One can't tell what absurd ideas they have put in his head. In any case, I should advise you to wait at least for a few days, and avoid all talk and excitement. It would be ridiculous to make a great fuss, and then have him come back, hungry and dirty, just as the little negro did. No doubt it is one of his nice little tricks to surprise and alarm us."

"I wish I could think so," said Mrs. Ainsworth, sadly. "I wish he would come back this moment, well and unharmed."

"And I wish he would stay away," thought Madam Ainsworth, as she left the breakfast-room. "I think we should be well rid of him."

Bassett went about with a very sorrowful face. Thinking of Philip's strange manner the preceding evening, he felt that the boy had said good-by instead of good night. "Pretty little lad, 'e was that un'appy that 'e could n't bear hit hany longer," thought Bassett, as he worked and pondered; "so 'e just took them little hanimals and went hof all halone last night. Dear me, what 's to become hof a delicate little chap like that!"

Several days passed. Philip did not return, and nothing was heard of him. The bootblack was questioned concerning Lilybel, but he could give no information; the little negro

had vanished too. Evidently he and Philip had gone together.

When Mrs. Ainsworth examined the boy's room, she was fully convinced that he did not intend to return. She missed the funeral wreath, the Bible and prayer-book, and she knew that he had gone forever and taken his treasures with him. In spite of Madam Ainsworth's advice, she was not satisfied to let the matter rest. After a few days had passed, and there was no news of the missing boy, she wrote to her husband for advice, and at the same time employed a detective to try to find Philip. She was conscience-stricken and dismayed when she fully realized how she had neglected the child and left him to himself. "It is my fault," she would think regretfully. "He had a beautiful nature. He was so affectionate, so generous, I could have made anything of him. He would have been good and happy if I had not seemed to forget him — if I had not neglected my duty. If he has really gone away, I alone am to blame."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PÈRE JOSEF SENDS A PACKAGE OF LETTERS.

WHEN Père Josef, after long and weary journeyings through the mountainous regions of New Mexico, returned at last to the little mission of San Miguel, he found a letter, written months before, from his friend Père Martin of St. Mary's, telling him of the death of Toinette, and of the adoption of Philip by the Northern artist and his wife; whereupon Père Josef wrote immediately to Père Martin, asking that a certain package of papers left in his care be forwarded as soon as possible to the mission of San Miguel. But long before the papers reached him, Père Josef was off on another journey, longer and more arduous than the preceding; and it was well on in the second winter of his mission when he returned to San Miguel and found the package awaiting him.

One night, alone in his little cell, weary, disheartened, and homesick, Père Josef broke the seal of a large brown envelop addressed to him in a feeble, almost illegible scrawl. Within it were several papers and quite a number of letters. The first one he opened and glanced at

bore the signature of Toinette, and read as follows :

DEAR PÈRE JOSEF: The doctor says I have heart-disease and may die suddenly; that is why I write this letter to you, and why I give you these papers to keep, and to open only after I am at rest. I want to have everything plain and clear for my boy when I am gone, and when you read this letter you will understand all about it.

You may think that I ought to have told you all this long ago, but I never could. I never could decide to be parted from my boy, and I knew you would tell me that it was my duty to give him up.

I must begin at the beginning, and try to tell you all as plainly as I can. I was brought up by the Detrava family with great care and kindness. I was taught to speak French and English; to read, write, and embroider; and also to plant and cultivate flowers. When my young mistress, Miss Estelle, was born, I was thirty. They put the babe in my arms; she was *mine* from that hour, and I belonged to her. She grew up pretty and good. I watched over her, and loved her better than anything on earth. When the war came and she lost both father and mother, she was more mine than ever. It was hard to live then; every one was for himself, and no one remembered the desolate orphan. I put my arms around her and held her up when she was ready to fall. She was life and everything to me.

There was an encampment of Union soldiers near our plantation. They were our enemies, but they did not molest us. The young captain in charge was very good to us. He pitied my young mistress, and did all he could to protect us and make us comfortable; and he was so gentle and kind that we could not help liking him and trusting him. Well, one night she and the young captain were privately married by a French priest. He had come to our parish to take the place of our curé, who had gone as chaplain in a Confederate regiment. Père Josef, you were the priest who married them.

Here Père Josef looked up from the letter, and sat for some time in deep thought. "Yes," he said at last, "I remember it. It was while I was in the parish of St. John the Baptist. It was one night in the little vestry. The poor young things came to me, and I could n't refuse. Those were stirring times, and strange things happened. Yes, I remember,—a pale, lovely girl and a young Union officer. I thought it very strange, but I married them. Yes, this is the certificate I gave them"; and he unfolded a paper and saw his own signature. Then he went on reading Toinette's letter:

Now I have recalled that to you, you will remember what followed. A year after, you baptized their child, a

beautiful boy; and when the child was scarce two months old, the young father was killed in a skirmish, and my mistress, the child and its nurse fled from the country to the city house, which, as you may remember, was burnt that very night. All three were supposed to have perished in the flames. It is true the young mother lost her life, but the child and nurse did not. I am the nurse, and Philip is the child. When the fire broke out the babe was asleep in my arms. I carried him to a place of safety, and then went back to try to save my dear mistress; but I was too late. I could not find her. When I heard that the nurse and child were supposed to be buried in the ruins, I took the baby without any



PÈRE JOSEF READS TOINETTE'S LETTER.

one noticing me, and fled to a friend in another part of the city. She gave me shelter, and kept my secret until she died. After her death I went back to the Detrava place. I wanted the boy to grow up on his own property. He did not know that it was his, but I knew that it would some day belong to him.

Do you remember, when I first brought Philip to you, how closely and severely you questioned me about his

parentage? You did not remember me, and you did not dream that the boy was the child of Estelle Detrava and the young Union officer.

You will wonder why I concealed the truth and kept my secret so long. I will tell you. I loved the child; he was the only one left of his family, and it seemed as though he belonged to me, and that it would kill me to lose him; but the strongest reason of all was—I had solemnly promised my young mistress that if she should be taken away, I would never part with the child. For a reason very natural then, she was set against his being brought up in the North. She knew that her husband had never made his marriage known to his family, because of the bitter feeling between the two parts of the country. She was proud and sensitive about it, and she made me promise over and over that if she and her young husband died, I would keep the boy, at least until he was old enough to choose for himself. I was afraid if I gave him up that he would be sent north to his father's family, and that I should be parted from him. They knew nothing about him, and perhaps they would not care for him, and he was my very life. No, I could n't give him up then, but I thought I could when he got older. That time—the time to give him up—has never come, and I think and hope it never will until I am where I cannot miss him, or fret to lose him.

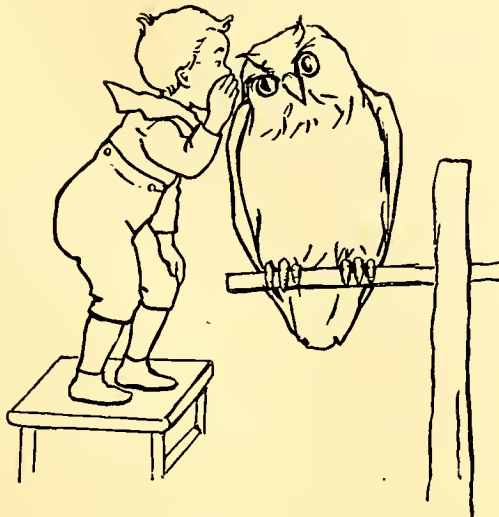
But I must finish this, because writing tires me and is slow work. I've been days and nights over this confession, trying to make it all clear and plain. After the excitement about the fire was over, I went secretly back to the deserted plantation-house and got all of my young mistress's papers, which fortunately she left behind her in her hurried flight, or they would have been lost with her. I knew they would be needed some day. They are all in this package—the certificates which you gave,

and a number of letters from the young officer to my mistress; and you will see that there is a letter addressed to the young man's mother, which has never been opened. He gave it to my mistress, so that if anything happened to him she could send it to his mother. I suppose that in it he confesses his marriage and asks them to take care of his wife and child. But she, blessed saint, will never need their care. She went to heaven, just as her young husband had perished, only a few days before her; and now there is none left but the boy, who, when I am gone, must be given up to his father's family. It may be wrong to keep him from them now, but he is only a little fellow and he loves me dearly. I have done my best for him: I have taught him to be good. No one can say a word against Toinette's Philip; and oh, Père Josef, I just feel that when you read this he will be alone! I shall be gone—the "mammy" he has always loved and obeyed. Will you do your best for the child, love him, comfort him—he will be so unhappy away from me? Of course these letters and papers must be sent to his grandmother. I wonder if she will love him as I have! Oh, Père Josef, be good to him! I leave him in your care; and if I have done wrong by keeping him, forgive me, and commend me to the mercy of God.

TOINETTE.

When Père Josef finished Toinette's letter, he furtively wiped a tear from his thin cheek; then, after looking over the papers carefully, he inclosed all, with a few explanatory lines from himself, in a strong package which he addressed to Madam Ainsworth, — Madison Avenue, New York.

(To be continued.)



A WORD TO THE WISE.



HOW THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ONCE PLAYED SANTA CLAUS.

BY SARA L. GUERIN

(A True Story.)

It was a bitter cold night in November, 1865. The Howard family, after the early supper, were gathered around the fire, laughing and chatting for an hour before the children, two little girls, Louise and Jean, went to bed.

Mr. Howard, in the big Boston rocker, was swaying gently back and forth; there was a strained, anxious look on his pleasant face, and he answered the children's many questions in an absent-minded way which was startling.

"Now, Papa," said Louise, "that 's three times you have said 'Yes, dear,' when you should have said 'No.' What is the matter—are you thinking?"

"Papa is thinking very hard, deary," said the mother; "he has a hard problem to solve."

Their father looked at the two eager faces for a moment, and then said, "Come here, chicks. I will tell you all about it."

The children sprang to him, and clasping them closely in his arms, he began. "Let me see how wise and sensible you can be. You are both well-grown girls now; do you think you could make a sacrifice for our sakes—Mama's and mine?"

"Oh, yes, yes! of course we could," chorused both children. "What is it?"

"Could you two little girls give up your Christmas tree this year?"

The curly heads drooped softly to the father's shoulder. He went on:

"It is just this way. You see I am in the employment of the Government—a servant of Uncle Sam. The war has been cruel and long; all the money has been used for the poor soldiers; so Uncle Sam has n't paid me for some months, nor, I heard at the office to-day, will he be able to do so for some time to come. Almost all my money is used up. I dare not spend a penny for anything but food and clothes for us all; a Christmas tree and presents are out of the question. I want you both to help us bear this; for, believe me, my little lassies, 't is harder for us than it will be for you."

"Oh, Papa," wailed Jean, "we 're too *little* to bear such dreadful things. Why, I 'most think I could n't live without a Christmas tree! Why, we *always* have a *tree*!"

The father sighed as he kissed the tear-wet face of his darling. "What has my big girl to say?" he asked, looking at Louise. The brown curls were tossed back from the flushed face.

"Papa, don't mind Jeanie, she 's too little to bear things; but I 'm a big girl. Only"—here a sob was choked down—"you see we 're so *used* to it, you know."

"We will not talk about it any more to-night, for it is time to go to bed," said Mama.

As the children were going slowly up the stairs, Louise heard her father say, "If the Honorable Hugh McCulloch could know how I suffer for my children's sake to-night, he would make an effort in my behalf."

Everything went wrong at school the next day. The pretty young teacher looked at Louise in amazement, for the child's thoughts seemed to be everywhere but on her lessons.

After school hours, the busy teacher looked up from her weekly reports to find Louise gazing at her intently.

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Why, Miss Annie, I did not say anything."

"No, dear, not with words, but you know that the eyes talk. What is the trouble?"

"I want to ask some questions. I know the owner of the United States is Uncle Sam, but what's his last name? and who is the Honorable Hugh McCulloch? and do you know where they live?"

"You funny child!" laughed Miss Graham. "I have never heard of Uncle Sam's family-

name, but Mr. McCulloch is an intimate friend of his—in fact, carries his purse and pays all his bills for him; and he lives in Washington."

"Oh! Well, I am going to write to him—a big letter."

"Indeed? What about, dear? Can I help you in any way?"

"You *have* helped me, Miss Annie. I think I can get it written all right. I—excuse me, but I can't tell you about it, because it's something about my father's business."



"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE TREE WE HAD!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Miss Graham smiled again at the little one's dignity, but she drew the excited child to her loving arms, and said, "That's quite right, my dear. Go to your desk and write your letter; I will give you a stamp for it."

Late that afternoon the important letter was taken to the post-office. Don't you think the

great man must have been amused when his secretary handed him the letter, addressed in the funny, childish writing?

This was how it looked:

HONEREBLE HUGH MCKULLOCH.
WASHINGTON.

I think the correspondence which was carried on by the distinguished man and the little girl will tell you best how it all ended.

Ncv. 30, 1865.

DEAR MR. MCKULLOCH: Won't you please excuse me for Writing to you. I am in such trouble and want you to help me please — my papa says we can't have a christmas tree this year, now is n't that too offley bad? He says uncle sam owes him some money and he can't get it. My papa is in the revenue busness, the revenue busness has stamps in it his name is mr henry Howard, 52 Sprague St Newark N. J. won't you please ask him to pay him else we can't have a tree, my teacher says you pay all the bills for him. wont you ask Uncle Sam to let you pay my papa? my little sister Jeanie crys all the time, she wouldnt care mutch if she was ded, she feels so bad shes so littel not to have a tree. have you got any little girls. May be the war would n't let you get paid too. I hope your little children won't have to go with out any tree. Won't you please beg uncle sam to pay up his bill to my papa please exkuse bad speling and Writing my mamma always helps, but she dont know about this neher does my papa. Truly your littel friend,

LOUISE HOWARD.

P. S. Arent you glad the war is over.

Dec. 4, 1865.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND: I was very much pleased to receive your letter. I am glad you wrote to me in your trouble, for I can and will help you.

The check for the amount the Revenue Service owes your father will be forwarded to him, without fail, by the 22d of the month—so, dear child, tell him to proceed with his arrangements for the tree. It will be all right.

I have a dear little girl like you. Her name is Louise too. She was pleased with your letter, and wishes she could have a picture of you and little Jeanie. Can you not send her one?

Yes, my little girl will have a tree too, so I am sure of the happiness of three children, at least. Wishing you and Jeanie a Merry Christmas, I am yours sincerely,
HUGH MCKULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury.

P. S. Yes, I am very glad the war is over.

Dec. 28, 1865.

DEAR MR. MCKULLOCH: My papa was so surprised when i got the big letter all seeling wax. he laughed and kissed me hard and said what a child but he was glad and so was mamma. I was so glad and so was Jeanie we both cryed, we thought mamma did too — she says she didnt. oh what a beautiful littel tree we had, not so Big or so fine as other years, but we liked it better, ever so much better than others because we didnt expect it.

You are such a kind Gentleman, do you see those round spots on this letter, they are kisses from Jean and me to you, this is our picture taken with the tree, do you like it, do you see that littel man hanging right in front,— thats george Washington, its a pen-wiper a littel boy in my fathers sunday school class made it for his christmas gift those are my skates hanging on the tabel and thats jeanies doll, is n't she nice. Jeanie has light hair and blue eyes I have brown hair and gray eyes anser soon.

Your loving friend,

LOUISE HOWARD.

P. S. I am glad you are pleased about the war being over,— but do you know theres a dredful lot of sick soljers in our hospittel yet—I go and sing to them every saturday afternoon.

Jan. 15, 1866.

MY DEAR LITTLE LOUISE: I was more than pleased, I was delighted, with your picture. I had it on my library table on New Year's day, and it created great interest, and also admiration. The tree is beautiful, but to me your happy little faces are more so. My little Louise clapped her hands with joy when she saw it. I enclose to you a picture of her.

I *knew* that was George Washington before you told me. It is a striking likeness. I think that is a very nice tree for hard times.

I will close with many kind wishes for the new year — indeed, for your whole future.

Sincerely your friend,

HUGH MCKULLOCH.

That was the end — no, not quite. I think if the great secretary could have looked into the children's room at bedtime, and seen the two little white figures kneeling at their mother's knee, his heart would have glowed within him; for the ending of their prayer, said in unison, was always this:

“God bless Papa and Mama and Mr. Hugh McCulloch, and make Louise and Jean good girls. Amen.”

THE LITTLE PEOPLE FROM JAVA.

By W. A. ROGERS.



STREET SCENE IN THE JAVA VILLAGE.

IN the great Dream City that stood last summer by the blue waters of Lake Michigan there were as many as 50,000 real inhabitants.

To the visitor they seemed to be only a part of the scene: but to an inhabitant the visitors were the fleeting show, and he came to know and to like or dislike his neighbors as their manners or his fancy gave him cause.

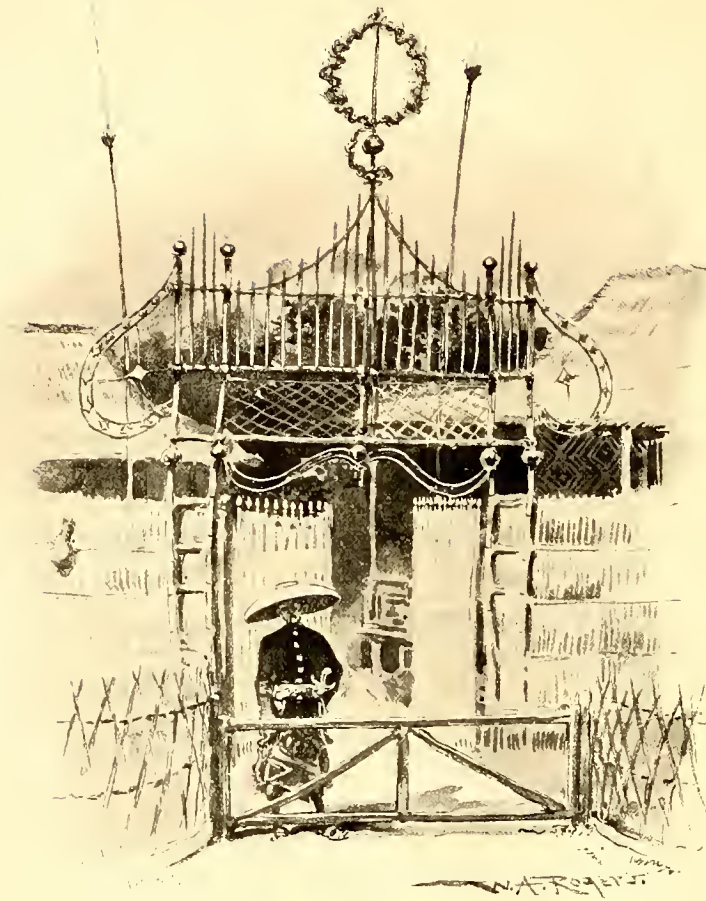
Near the part of the city where I lived was a district inhabited by the little people from Java. Their streets were so clean, their houses so pretty, and they looked out on the stranger with such cheerful, timid smiles, that they soon won the hearts of their neighbors, and their coffee-house came to be a favorite gathering-place. When I first visited their streets, I inquired of a bright little woman who sat before a tiny loom on the portico of her house whether she spoke English. She replied quickly:

“Na, na; no spik Inglis—all spik Chicago nax week”; and then the little woman went on weaving a *sarong*, meanwhile singing softly to herself.

A *sarong* is a piece of *batik*, or cotton cloth, about three feet wide by six feet long. It is used by the Javanese men and women as a kind of skirt, being folded about the hips and tucked in under a belt.

But weaving a batik is only a small part of the work of making a sarong. Under another wide portico a patient, skilful woman sat drawing the most beautiful designs on the white cloth.

First she made a border exactly like a backgammon board at each end of the cloth; then an inner strip of fantastic pictures of birds flying and spreading their wings; and then a maze of lines that seemed to get all tangled up,



GATEWAY AND GUARD.

yet all came out in a regular figure in the end, just as the riders do at the circus when they all canter out dressed as seventeenth-century cavaliers.

The pencil with which this design was drawn should not, perhaps, be called a pencil at all—it is very different from the ones St. NICHOLAS'S artists use; it is a tiny bowl, about as big as an acorn, with a little curved spout, and is fastened on the end of a short bamboo handle. The bowl is filled with hot wax, which the woman keeps melting in a copper vessel over a charcoal fire. Every moment or two she dips the bowl in the vessel of wax, then blows in the spout,

and draws a few lines before the wax cools.

When the design is complete the cloth is dipped in dyes, and when dry is washed in hot water. Then all the wax lines come off, leaving a white figure wherever they were traced, for the dye cannot get through the wax.

The most fantastic sarongs are made for the dancing-girls of the Royal Theater of the Sultan of Solo. For them, too, the young Javanese girls embroider velvet bodices with gorgeous figures in colored silks.

A Javanese prince brought over a complete company—actors, dancers, and orchestra—from the Sultan's Theater to help amuse the visitors to his street in the City of Visions. He had a beautiful

little theater built, all of bamboo and of woven matting and close-set thatch; and in this at-



JAVANESE WOMAN AT WORK ON A SARONG.

tractive building the clever and well-trained troupe of performers gave entertainments every day—parts of a long, native drama that if given at one performance would take as much



A CLOWN IN A COMIC MASK.

time to play clear through as is required for a game of cricket.

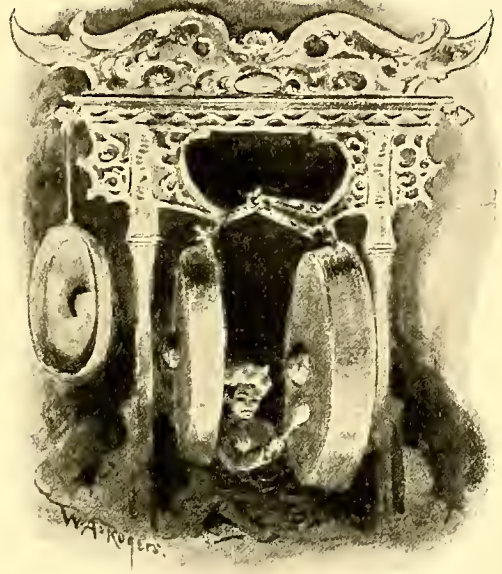
I made the acquaintance of Prince Radhen Adnin Soekmadilaga soon after we became neighbors, and used to go and visit him sometimes at the theater.

The company all held their royal stage manager in great reverence, and whenever the little dancing-girls passed him, they crouched low on the floor, and waddled by him in Oriental style.

The prince used to laugh good-naturedly about this absurd waddle. He told me that every one who went before the Sultan of Solo had to waddle in the same way for a hundred yards, and that some of the very fat men would

grow so tired before they got to the sultan, that they would have to lie down and rest, and then try it over again.

Whenever a Javanese came into the green-room with a message or letter, he slipped off his sandals and dropped down on his knees on the mat before the prince; and once, when I had made a sketch of a pretty dancing-girl, the whole company knelt down in a circle around



THE GONGS IN THE THEATER.

the prince while he held it up for them to see. It was like the scene in "Patience" where the forty love-sick maidens kneel around Bunthorne.

At the back of the stage in the theater stands a heavy wooden frame curiously carved, and painted blue and gold. It holds up two huge gongs toned to a sound as deep and mellow as far-distant thunder.

These gongs form the deep bass of the orchestra. An old wrinkled Javanese squats between them, with eyes closed, and apparently fast asleep; but just at the right time his arm swings and strikes a deep note that vibrates all through the house. The other instruments are smaller gongs in wooden frames, a rude drum or two, a bamboo flute, and a fiddle with one string.

Nearly everything the Javanese use is made either of bamboo poles or palm-leaves—the walls and floors of their houses are of split



ONE OF THE PUPPET-PLAYERS.

bamboo woven into a basketwork, the frames are of bamboo poles, and the roofs of palm-leaf thatch.

The children's toys, wagons, drums, and tops, and the rude musical instruments used by the common people, are all of bamboo.

When the iron electric-light poles were put up on their streets, the Javanese looked on them

and we all walked down a great street to where an old and wily Turk sold a kind of Oriental pancake that he insisted was always "hot! hot! hot!" although they were very often cold.

The little Javanese men and women were very fond of the old Turk's cakes; and there we sat down, a Lapland family on our right, on



A PROMENADE OF STREET MUSICIANS.

with disgust. But the very next day not one of the poles was to be seen. The bright little people had spent the whole night thatching them from top to bottom with the black fibrous sheath of the palm-leaf, and capped them off with little conical thatch hoods.

On the night when I last saw my little neighbors, before the great Dream City vanished, there was a cold wind blowing in from the lake.

It was uncomfortable on the wide porticos,

our left a pair of giant Samoans, while the old Turk tossed hot pancakes from the fire to his motley guests.

The Great Dipper was swinging high above the North Star when we dispersed, and we saw one another no more from that time; for the days of the most beautiful and short-lived city in the world were ended, and now our neighbors have vanished to the lands of the midnight sun and the waters under the Southern Cross.

STAMP-COLLECTING:

HOW AND WHAT WE LEARN FROM IT.

BY CRAWFORD CAPEN.



THE FIRST STAMP ISSUED.
SARDINIA, A. D. 1819.

thousands of boys and girls, who find the greatest pleasure in gathering and preserving these interesting bits of paper, in itself seems to show that a stamp-collection has a value.

Just what that value is, however, is the question. The answer will give the reason for the great interest in collecting on the part of old and young, and the steady increase in the number of collectors.

It is not with the money value of stamps that we are particularly concerned. That they have this is conclusively shown by the prices obtained for rare stamps at the sales held every season. For instance, a single "Confederate local" stamp of Livingston, Alabama, brought more than seven hundred dollars at auction last winter.

One of the best things about stamps, however, is that so many of them, having great value for other reasons and in other ways, can be obtained at small cost. Fine collections of coins or expensive bric-à-brac can be made by the wealthy only. Many very fine stamp-collections are the property of boys or girls, or of older people, in moderate circumstances. This small cost, combined with the great value of stamps as a means of giving wholesome and profitable pleasure, accounts for the great and growing popularity of stamp-collecting in this country and Europe.

The craving for knowledge is one of our strongest and certainly most worthy desires.

THE time has gone by when it was necessary to prove that a stamp-collection is a good thing, and has a value of its own. The fact that there are thousands of men and women, and hundreds of

Stamp-collecting ministers directly to this; its educational value is great already, and is constantly increasing.

The knowledge of modern historical events in a concise and definite form is one of the possessions of the thoughtful stamp-collector. We have, in Spanish history, the futile insurrection of Don Carlos, 1873-75, clearly marked by the issue of stamps which he caused during those years, and the face of the pretender in our albums keeps the fact definitely in

our minds. The change from King Alfonso XII. to the Regency and the baby king Alfonso XIII., born in 1886, no boy collector will forget. Nor will the girls fail to remember that in 1891, soon after the death of the old king, William III., a charming girlish face made its appearance on the stamps of the Netherlands. These are but two instances showing how recent historical events are recorded by stamps.

There is scarcely a stamp-issuing country which does not exhibit on its stamps the changes of government since it began their issue. Fathers and mothers who have lived through these changes of government, but who may have forgotten the dates, will appreciate the means which their children have in stamps for preserving the knowledge in a definite and suggestive form.

It would not require much argument to prove



SPAIN. CARLIST STAMPS.



CONFEDERATE LOCAL
STAMP, LIVINGSTON,
ALABAMA.



ALFONSO XII. AND ALFONSO XIII.



THE NETHERLANDS. KING WILLIAM
III. AND QUEEN WILHELMINA.

the value of a collection of stamps as a means of education, had they been in use as long as coins, for example.

Think of having the portraits of all the emperors of Rome, from Augustus to the fall of the empire, upon a series of stamps like our own United States issues, engraved by ancient workmen as skilful as our modern engravers! The simple and worn designs upon ancient coins would have small value as historical relics in comparison with such stamps.

Had the invention of printing and the use of steam been events of two thousand years ago, we might have had such priceless relics. Now it is reserved for future generations of stamp-collectors to glory in the rare and beautiful issues of the great American Republic, beside which Rome in her palmiest days was no larger than the pygmy to the giant.

Stamps as teachers of history will be more appreciated in the future than they can be in the present.

The stamp-issuing nations, moreover, are now providing commemorative issues upon the anniversaries of great events. This must add greatly to the value of stamps as teachers of important historical truths. The young collector who has found it easy to remember that Columbus discovered America in 1492, but not so easy to recall the exact date, will have the very day fixed in his memory if he can secure the Argentine commemorative stamp which was issued and used on one day only in the year 1892 — October 12th.

Also 1498, as the date when Columbus first stood upon the mainland of South America, will be easily remembered by means of the commemorative stamp which the government of Venezuela has just issued.

The beautiful set of Columbian stamps of the United States, similar in design, and engraved by the same company as this stamp of Venezuela, cannot fail to awaken interest and keep in mind many of the most important events connected with early American history.

These commemorative issues always arouse the greatest interest among collectors, and the

direct information which they furnish is in many instances noteworthy. Take the Hong Kong Jubilee stamp as an example. The nationality of the inhabitants is seen in the name Hong Kong, and in the Chinese characters on the stamp. That it is an island situated off the Chinese



ARGENTINE STAMP
COMMEMORATIVE OF CO-
LUMBUS'S DISCOVERY
OF AMERICA.



VENEZUELAN COMMEMORATIVE
STAMP.

coast near the great city of Canton, every collector knows; and the head of the Queen, with the word "Jubilee," and the dates "1841-1891," shows that it belongs to Great Britain, and has been in her possession for more than fifty years.

The United States first issued commemorative stamps to celebrate the centennial of American independence in 1876, and its example in that, and the great Columbian issue, is being widely imitated. A number of other nations have made similar historical issues, and scarcely a month passes without an announcement that some country intends to commemorate in this manner an event of its history.



HONG KONG
JUBILEE STAMP.

Thus the value of a stamp-collection as a teacher and reminder of great events in history is continually increasing. Those young people who begin now the collection and preservation of specimens, will some day find them an aid in the understanding of history and geography.

No knowledge gained in school slips away in later life more easily than the facts of geography. Indeed, no learning will long remain in all its fullness unless its details be occasionally recalled anew. Stamp-collecting brings the situation of every important nation of the earth again and again through life to the mind of the collector.

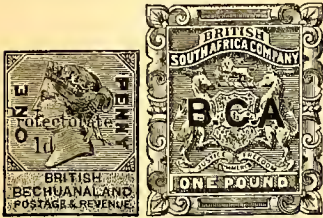
All his reading of the newspapers, which are continually reporting events in foreign countries, is made clear and definite by the knowledge gained through stamp-collecting.



NEW SOUTH WALES
CENTENNIAL
STAMP.

These commemorative issues always arouse the greatest interest among collectors, and the

South and Central Africa, for instance, are assuming considerable importance commercially, and for this and for other reasons our attention is being continually invited by newspapers and by magazine articles to this portion of the earth. No one knows so definitely as the thoughtful stamp-collector (unless one has made a special study of African territorial



SOUTH AFRICAN STAMPS.

changes) what the changes from self-government to protectorate have been; what sections are governed by what nations, and what are the

probabilities and reasons for commercial development.

There are nations which issue stamps bearing upon them maps of the section of the earth in which they are situated. Yet it is not so much through these maps as it is through the fact that the stamps issued by the nations bring existence and situation again and again to the mind of the collector, that stamps are valuable aids to the knowledge of geography.



AFRICAN STAMPS.

The knowledge of physical geography also receives aid from the stamp-collection. For example, the volcanic character of Salvador is made evident by its stamps. The stamp-collector never forgets this, but among other educated people it would be hard to find one in a hundred who could tell positively whether there are volcanoes in Salvador or not.

The productions and industries of many nations are illustrated on their stamps.

The collector whose efforts have secured for his collection the stamps here shown, will not forget that Newfoundland sends out fishing-smacks for cod.

The natural history of many countries is taught by their stamps.

Where only is the kangaroo found? Whence come the emu and the beautiful "bird of



AUSTRALIAN STAMPS.

paradise"? What is the country of the hippopotamus? Where is the land of the llama? The young stamp-collector knows.



COLOMBIAN STAMP.

We acquire, in connection with progress in stamp-collecting, certain habits of close examination and discrimination which are most valuable in all departments

of life. The advanced collector notes carefully all varieties of color and shade. He sees at a glance differences in the size of perforations. He knows what laid and wove, quadrille and ribbed papers are. He studies water-marks. He is well acquainted with the quality of the work done by the most prominent firms of engravers throughout the world. He sees in the differences between the Paris and Athens prints of the Greek stamps, and in the roughness of the native Bolivian lithograph, made when its stock of finely engraved stamps ran short, the comparative progress of nations in the arts of the engraver and printer. The wit-sharpening process which the stamp-collector undergoes in these and in many other ways cannot be over-estimated.

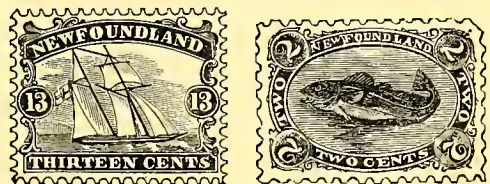


AUSTRALIAN STAMP.



SALVADOR STAMP.

The lessons that are given to the stamp-



NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS.

collector by his stamps are being constantly increased in number and broadened in scope by the new issues made by the nations. Stamp-collecting has greatly advanced, and is much more valuable than it was twenty years ago. The advance of the future will undoubtedly increase in a remarkable degree the valuable character of the pursuit from the educational standpoint.

Stamp-collecting, as an elevating, refining, and character-developing pleasure, is in the very front rank among human amusements. Let a boy become thoroughly interested in stamp-collecting, and let him receive the help and encouragement in it from his parents which he does in other pursuits, and we prophesy for him a successful future. He will be more likely to use his spending-money wisely; and the interest in stamps will never leave him.

The editor and publishers of *St. NICHOLAS* have noted the eager way in which young

people are taking up stamp-collecting. They see that this interest is constantly increasing and spreading. They appreciate the value of the pursuit when properly conducted. They have therefore decided to open a stamp department, devoting a page or more each month to the subject.

The object of this stamp department will be to help young collectors to choose the best methods of collecting, and to make their collections in such a way that they will be to them not only a pleasure, but a decided aid in their general education.

The department is opened for your benefit, young collectors, and we ask your help and coöperation, that it may be the greatest possible success.

We know you have many questions you would like to ask about stamp-collecting.

Send them in a letter to *St. NICHOLAS*, marking it "Stamp Department," and you will find your answers sooner or later on the page devoted to stamps.



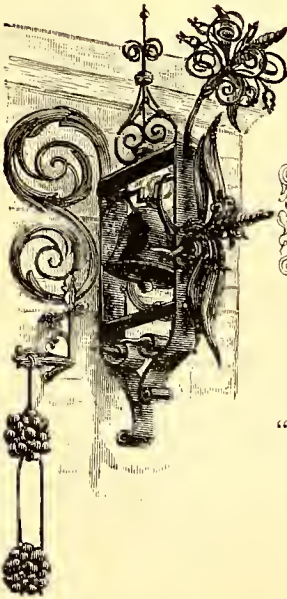
LIBERIAN STAMP.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

By F. R. ARNOLD.

THIS world of ours is full of song
To overflowing, dear;
And many are the carols sweet
For Christmas time o' year.

Then all the bells in joyful tone
Ring out "May peace abide
O'er all the earth," not here alone,
"This blessed Christmas-tide.
Good will to men," from zone to zone,
In countries far and wide.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes a fine young fellow with whom I trust we shall all become well acquainted—Master Eighteenhundredandninetyfour.

It's a long name, I admit, but then he comes of a long line of ancestors, and it has taken him just eighteen hundred and ninety-three years to get here—or is it ninety-four? That is too trifling a point for this pulpit, so I must submit it as a puzzle to be solved in your leisure moments.

A New Year. What wonder that his appearance is hailed with joy and gratitude, and a little anxiety! What may he not bring to us?—and, on the other hand, what may he not take away? These are questions which are yet to be answered, and your Jack trusts satisfactorily answered. Never forget that while there probably are undoubted blessings, and absolute sorrows in every year,—many gains and many losses,—there also are pleasures that it is no loss to lose, and disappointments that may prove in the long run to be a great gain.

It is given to us to shape our own days to a great extent. Even my birds know this; and they are so near you and so fond of you (at a distance) that I'm sure they'll be pleased at my mentioning the matter this morning. As for Deacon Green and the dear Little Schoolma'am—bless them!—why, they have begged me to give on this occasion quite a good deal of excellent advice that I really have n't about me at this moment. So, my children, just greet the New Year with an open mind, a warm, loyal heart, and a firm, no-nonsense sort of a conscience, and Eightenninetyfour, as the Deacon already calls him, will take you cordially by the hand.

Now let us consider the subject of

RAPID GROWTH.

MANY of you, my hearers, as I have learned by your letters, have heard, or fancied you heard, the corn growing in a corn-field. Now, here comes a

true story of silent but wonderfully quick growth, attested by an almost eye-witness, as you presently shall see:

TAUNTON, MASS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I wonder if your young crowd have any idea how rapidly some plants grow? I can tell them of one instance which occurred at my own home. On one side of our path is a vegetable and flower garden with splendid bits of color, and on the other is grass. The weeds had been removed on the first of September, the path and lawn raked perfectly clean, and a few mornings afterward, at eight o'clock, I went, book in hand, to the hammock that hangs between an apple and a cherry tree. While settling myself comfortably in it, I noticed how very smooth and green the grass looked. The volume once opened, everything else was forgotten until I heard the big hall clock strike ten. Then I realized I had spent two hours in solid enjoyment. Rising from the hammock, I saw just by my side a cluster of toadstools, one quite large, and two or three smaller ones, where two hours before not a hint of a toadstool had been visible! My regret was that I had not seen the ground break and the little plants come forth; but there they stood bravely, a wonderful example of rapid growth.

Yours truly, LUTIE E. DEANE.

"How many feet has a cat?" asks the Little Schoolma'am. "Four." "Quite right. And how many claws has a cat?" "Why, four times five, of course," says the lightning-calculator boy of the Red Schoolhouse. "Has she?" exclaimed the Deacon in surprise—

"WHO HAS COUNTED THEM?"

"How many claws has our old cat?"
Asked Eddie. "Who can tell me that?"

"Oh, that," said Harry, "every one knows:
As many as you have fingers and toes."

"Yeth," lisped Ethel, "shee'th justht got twenty;
Five on each foot, and I think it-th plenty."

"Yes," said Bertie, "just five times four;
That makes twenty—no less nor more."

"Wrong," said Eddie; "that 's easy seen;
Catch her and count 'em—she has eighteen!"

"Cats on each of their two hind paws
Have only four, and not five, claws."

P. T.

FROM THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Do you know the twelve signs of the Zodiac pictured on the new cover of this magazine—Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces? Of course the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS will need to be told about them by their parents or teachers; the very youngest of them will see in them only pictures, and very pretty ones, too; but the big boys and girls must search their memories or their books, and they will discover that these tiny round pictures have a great significance. Even the largest dictionaries contain in their silent pages something about the signs or constellations of the Zodiac that I venture to say will be new to more than half of the grown-up persons in the English-speaking world.



A TOPSYTURVY CONCERT.

BY GEORGE BRADFORD BARTLETT.

THIS is one of the funniest entertainments ever seen, and one of the easiest to prepare.

It needs only a screen or a curtain stretched across any room.

The height of the curtain may be determined by the size of the children who sing in the concert, for they stand in a row behind the screen or curtain.

It is well to have these singers nearly of the same size, as the screen or curtain should conceal all of their bodies except the head and neck.

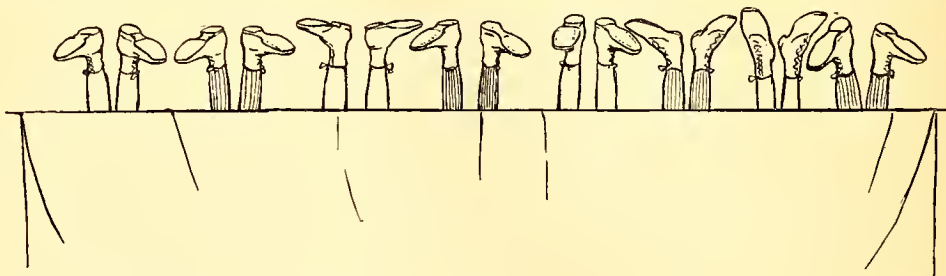
The only preparation required is that the arms and hands of each should be covered with stockings, and that shoes be worn upon each hand with the soles of the shoes pointed forward, so that the toes will be turned toward

the spectators, who are seated in front of the curtain at a little distance. At the conclusion of each verse the singers stoop down all together and very quickly, and each, lowering the head, elevates the arms above the curtain.

The effect thus produced is that all the singers seem to be standing on their heads.

They keep time with their feet (or rather hands) to the music of the song, and the sudden changes, when done simultaneously, will never fail to amuse.

The idea of this unique performance probably originated in the fertile brain of a Frenchman; but it has been adapted for the use of children, and will prove an enjoyable addition to the holiday merrymakings.



THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. NICHOLAS readers will welcome this cordial letter from their friend Helen Keller.

HULTON, PA., October 28, 1893.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, just before I started on my trip around the world,—for that is what a visit to the World's Fair really is,—I received a beautifully bound edition of ST. NICHOLAS for 1891, and, as I do not know who sent me the beautiful present, I thought I would write and tell my good friend ST. NICHOLAS how

much pleased I was with the gift, and how grateful I am to the unknown friend who sent it. I always welcome a new book as I would a dear friend. I have many of them now, some that I read myself, and others that my teacher reads to me. They are, as I am sure ST. NICHOLAS knows, sweet companions, and I spend some of the happiest hours of my life in their beloved society.

I think ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to hear that I am spending this winter in Hulton with some very dear friends. I am studying Latin, mathematics, and litera-

ture under a private tutor, assisted by my teacher. I enjoy my lessons very much, especially literature. I am studying Tennyson's poems now, and have just learned "The Brook." What a pretty, musical little song it is! It makes me feel gay and happy, just as bright music makes me want to dance. I like Latin, too, though I must say the Romans had rather an odd way of expressing their ideas sometimes, and I do not think the language is as pretty as the French. But arithmetic — well, the less said about it the better! I suppose, if I am patient, and try very hard, I shall understand it by and by, and then I shall like it better; but now my mind gets to fluttering like a little bird in spite of all my efforts to keep it in the right place.

I am staying in a lovely place, with tall forest trees all around the house, and to-day the wind is rushing through them with a mournful sound, like the moaning of the sea when there is going to be a storm. It seems to say: "Summer is gone; winter will soon be here." A mysterious hand is silently stripping the trees of their beautiful autumn tapestries, and the leaves fall like little frightened birds, and lie trembling on the ground. But this great change in nature does not make me sad, for I know autumn does not die. She only sleeps for a little while, tenderly wrapped in winter's soft mantle of snow. It is as our dear poet said: "There is no death. What seems so is transition."

But, bless me, what a long letter I have written! I fear ST. NICHOLAS will think I am a perfect little chatter-box,—I say "little" because my thirteen years will not make me seem very big to ST. NICHOLAS, though I am rather tall.

My teacher joins me in wishing ST. NICHOLAS all good things. May the dear God bless and prosper you in the bright new year which is so nearly here.

Affectionately your friend, HELEN KELLER.

A GOOD friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. H. Webster, a chief engineer in the United States navy, writes that he takes a great interest in the patriotic methods now being carried on throughout the Union for increasing the love for the flag. Having been in the navy since 1862, and passed through Farragut's river and bay campaigns, he is familiar with naval practice, and he kindly sends to the magazine the following letter giving clear directions for making a flag of correct proportions by a simple method based upon the stripes alone:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the November number of ST. NICHOLAS I note an inquiry from "C." regarding the correct proportions of the United States flag.

The answer to the query, taken from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, is indefinite in that it fails to give such proportions as to enable a tyro in flag-making to make one; and I have ventured to send, for the benefit of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, a brief description of the system pursued by the old quartermasters in the navy, who have all the work of this kind to do on board our man-o'-war. The flag is twenty-one stripes long, it is thirteen stripes wide, the union is seven stripes square.

Applying these proportions to stripes four inches wide, we have a flag eighty-four inches long, and fifty-two inches wide; and the union will be twenty-eight inches square.

The top and bottom stripes of the flag are red, and the bottom stripe included in the union is also red.

This method of working by stripes is easily remembered, and makes the flag of just the right shape; and I should think it a good idea if these notes were spread far and near by publication in your magazine.

H. WEBSTER.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I notice on page 91 of the ST. NICHOLAS for November the proportions of our flag quoted by you from the *Brooklyn Eagle*. I am a little army girl, eleven years old, and my father is an officer. He tells me that the following is the proper description of our glorious Stars and Stripes:

The garrison flag is 30 feet fly by 20 feet hoist, with 13 horizontal stripes of equal breadth, alternately red and white, the red stripes being on the margin. In the upper corner is the "union," of blue, one third the length of the flag, with one white star for each State, and extending from the top to include the seventh stripe. The post flag is 20 feet by 10 feet, and the storm flag is 8 feet by 4 feet 2 inches; both flags of the same color and design. The *Eagle* is therefore not quite correct in its description.

The stars should be arranged for forty-four States, in six rows, the upper and lower rows to have eight stars, and the others seven each, arranged as follows, leaving room for the symmetrical addition of stars for four more States:



Your friend, EMILY D—.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While Mama was away one morning my brotber and I wrote the verses below:

When the stars at set of sun
Twinkle in the sky,
Then the little babes at rest
Dream that mother's by.

Then when morning light appears,
And the bright sun gleams,
Babes, and birds, and flowers, too,
Wake from sweetest dreams.

WARREN AND OLIVE O—.

ONEIDA IND. RESERVE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have taken you ever since you were started; but I have not had you this last winter, as I have been attending a military school in Illinois; and it seems so good to get home and see you again.

My father is missionary to the Oneida Indians, and we have lived among them for about two years. We have grown very fond of them during this time, for they are such simple, childlike, lovable people. In the words of one of the more intelligent of their number, they "are only grown-up children, but like to be treated like men and women." Their former missionary, Rev. E. A. Googenough, lived among them for thirty-six years, and the Indians grew to love him so that now they can hardly hear his name without tears.

A great many years ago the Government established

six day-schools on this reservation, but now some of them have been suspended, and a large Government boarding-school established, which has, I believe, about eighty pupils. There are also schools at Hampton, Virginia; Lawrence, Kansas; and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to which it has been the custom to send pupils; but now that this Government school has been established, more will stay here until they are further advanced.

About sixty years ago the Oneidas lived in western New York; but about 1830 they moved out to Wisconsin, under the leadership of their chief, Elijah Skenando, a descendant of the chief Skenando who figured in the Revolution. They settled ten miles west of the city of Green Bay, where they still live. There is a little stream called Duck Creek, which flows through the reserve. We have a rowboat on it, and have great fun. Until about thirteen years ago the Indians still kept up all their tribal institutions. The tribe was divided into four clans, called the Bear, Wolf, Big Turtle, and Little Turtle clans. Each clan had its special chief, and then, over all, was a chief of the Oneida nation. The chiefs were always elected.

The name Oneida means "the People of the Stone"; and the tradition runs that one day, as some families of the Oneidas were out hunting, many years ago, Tammany, a great spirit, appeared unto them and delivered unto them a red stone, saying that as long as the Oneidas kept that stone they would be happy, prosperous, and victorious.

So whenever they went to war and conquered and destroyed a village, they took a stone, painted it red, and left it amid the ruins, in token that the Oneidas had wrought the ruin; and their name was feared among all their neighbors. I remain sincerely yours,

GUY P. B.—

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

BY DAISY DYER (AGE 12).

THE gaunt, bare trees against the wint'ry sky
Stand shrinking as the chill wind whistles past,
Lift their lean arms, and for a cov'ring cry,
For they are cold, and shiver in the blast.

The glow and life of autumn all are gone,
The dull gray mist looks pitiless and drear;
The very heavens seem to droop and mourn,
Like one in grief who cannot shed a tear.

Along the streets the hurrying people throng,
Each pushing to reach home before the storm;
And faint the town-bells shiver out their song,
For e'en the bells must move to keep them warm.

But now the fury of the storm bursts forth;
Its efforts to control itself are vain.
It shrieks and moans and ravages about,
And moans and shrieks and ravages again.

Down from the clouds the frightened snowflakes haste,
Afraid to stay within the angry skies,
And swirl and fall, and make each dreary waste
Look like a fairy garden to our eyes.

The sear'd leaves that still lie scattered round
Spring up and madly join the fairy dance,
But soon in dust are beaten to the ground,
While still the dizzy snowflakes twirl and glance.

Out from their windows all the children gaze
With eager eyes upon the pretty sight;
They chat with glee of all the coming days,
And laugh and clap their hands in sheer delight.

Beneath them, swift, a pauper hurries by;
He pulls his thin coat tighter o'er his chest,
And glances upward with an anxious eye—
He does not think that winter-time is best.

From out the barn the farmer's whistle comes;
The while he makes his cattle snug and warm,
He claps his mitten'd hands, and sings and hums,
And tells his cattle how he loves the storm.

The skipper leans against his rolling mast,
And looks with joy upon the snowy air,
And cries: "Ho! mates! the winter's come at last!"
And so it has—'t is winter everywhere.

FREDERICK CITY, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been an interested reader of yours for a long time.

Our city was laid out about a hundred and forty-eight years ago. In 1755 George Washington went through here, over what is called the National Pike Road, with General Braddock. Then this country was governed by the British. Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," is buried here in Mount Olive Cemetery. I suppose all of your readers know of Barbara Frietchie; she is buried in the Reformed Church graveyard. We have a very old school here called Frederick College, which has had some noted statesmen among its students. There is a big tree at the rear of the college, on the opposite side of the street, that Stonewall Jackson tied his horse to when he came through here in 1862.

Yours truly, CHARLIE J.—

WILLOW SPRINGS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I am the eldest of four children. I have taken you for two years, and like you better than anything I ever read.

I live in the southern part of Missouri, in a little town in the Ozark Mountains. In June, Papa, Mama, and we children, with a party of friends, took a trip down the Current River to the Club House. It is situated on a great rock about three hundred feet high. From the top you may get a beautiful view of the winding river and the surrounding mountain-peaks. You ride about forty miles on the cars to Chickopee, and from there take the boats to the Club House. We had a lovely trip, and were all sorry when it was ended.

Your constant reader, NEELY C. T.—

WE thank the young friends, whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Lottie S., Lorenzo B., May D. S., Ruth and Beth A., R. W. W., Howard L., Helen C., S. E. R., Addie B., Hazel J. H., Pauline C. D., Daisy S. and Laura W., Beatrice W. C., Laura G., Caroline S., Frances G., Caroline W. H., Flossy Laura C., J. S. H., Mary J. R., "Lady Clermont," Laura L. and Louise C., Vivian C., Florence C., Fanchette W. M., Mary L. E., Helen K., Elizabeth S., Tina M. N., Frank C., Mattie W. L., Nellie B., Eveline J., Leila E. N., Lora M. M., M. E. W., Fannie G. G., Edna S. O., Myrtle W., Florence B., Leigh B., Jean McK., Edith S. H. and Jennie B. M., James D. McL., Eva B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, "A Wide Awake"; finals, "St. Nicholas." Cross-words: 1. Amass. 2. Whist. 3. Ibsen. 4. Delhi. 5. Ethic. 6. Abash. 7. Waldo. 8. Annul. 9. Koala. 10. Exits.

PL. December drops no weak, relenting tear,
By our fond summer sympathies endeared;
Nor from the perfect circle of the year
Can even winter's crystal gems be spared.

ZIGZAG. Pillars of Hercules. Cross-words: 1. Patch. 2. Hiram. 3. caUa. 4. soLd. 5. Laura. 6. couRt. 7. rISks. 8. bOast. 9. Fable. 10. aHead. 11. shEar. 12. chaRt. 13. tuniC. 14. floUt. 15. geLid. 16. lEmon. 17. Saber.

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, scarred; 1 to 3, scolded; 2 to 3, dangled; 4 to 5, platoon; 4 to 6, partner; 5 to 6, nodular.

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 Helen C. McCleary—M. McG.—Two of the "Wise Five" and Mamie—Maude E. Palmer—Aunt Kate, Mama, and Jamie—Everett Malcolm Hawley—"Uncle Mung"—"Maine and Minnesota"—Chester B. Sumner—G. B. Dyer—Josephine Sherwood—Mabel Gardner—"The Family"—R. Bloomingdale—Ida Carleton Thallon—Helen, Maud, and Alexander—Kathryn C. Lyon—E. M. G.—No Name, New York—"Leather-Stocking"—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman—Jo and I—"We Three."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Helen Bruce, 2—Paul Reese, 10—"Lady Gay," 2—Grace C. Chapman, 2—"Uncas," 9—Arthur P. D., 1—M. P. Dean, 2—Edith Louise Dane, 1—G. W. Shute, 1—V. V. M. Beede, 8—Helen C. Bennett, 7—Helen Rogers, 7—Marie J. McGinnis, 1—No Name, 2—Jacob Schmitt, 1—"Lady Clermont," 3—C. D. C. B., 1—Elaine S., 2—Donald C. Bunn, 1—Mama and Sadie, 11—Frank Smith, 1—Lucy H. B. and Elsie A. S., 1—Murray E. Lewis, 1—L. H. K., 2—L. O. E., 11—Eva E. Hill, 11—Bessie R. Crocker, 11—Blanche and Fred, 11—Gail Ramond, 11—Elsie MacLeod, 1—Paul and Charlie, 2—Geo. S. Seymour, 6—Louisa E. Jones, 2—Nellie Bowlin, 1—J. D. P., 1—Maurice E. Tennant, 2—Hubert L. Bingay, 10—Leonard and Kathie Worcester, 1—Maud and Dudley Banks, 10—Laura M. Zinser, 7—Ella B. Lyon, 7—Sydney S. Anderson, 1—Harry and Helene, 9—Mollie Auman, 1—"Three Blind Mice," 6—Charles K. Ovington, 1—Dudley Ward Fay, 1—R. D. Little, 2—Idaetta Ford, 1.

A FLUMINOUS ENIGMA.

WHEN the names of the following rivers have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initials will spell the name of the first vessel propelled by steam which ascended the Hudson River.

1. A large river of the Iberian peninsula.
 2. A large river of the Chinese Empire.
 3. A river of Asiatic Turkey, celebrated for the great events that have occurred on its banks.
 4. A large river of Africa.
 5. A large river of Asia.
 6. A large river of Germany.
 7. A large river of France.
 8. A large river of Asia.
 9. A large river of Siberia.
 10. The most celebrated river of the ancient world.
 11. A celebrated river of Italy.
- M. D. G.

DOUBLE OCTAGON.

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ACROSS: 1. A limb. 2. Those who speak falsely. 3. A species of shark from six to eight feet long, found on the coasts of Europe and North America. 4. To put off. 5. A snare.

DOWNWARD: 1. A boy. 2. A kind of cloth. 3. A bird. 4. Extensive. 5. Cunning. H. W. E.

PL.

PUDRO twiner themoc kile a rawriro blod!
Shi yci clesan slinghah ni het glith,
Sih hisled eht ginth, redrast grith twih glentrigt glod,
Sih mial eht verils twoforks, lizzdang, thrigb!
Eh runst shi trens cafe ot eht thorn, dan waist
Ot hare shi dwin-sedset strub form havadne stage.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, spell the name of the manager of a traveling theatrical company who figures in one of Dickens's novels. My finals, reading upward, spell the name of his daughter.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Performed or suffered in the place of another. 2. To embrace. 3. Dating from one's birth. 4. A deluge. 5. A symbol. 6. A large Asiatic antelope.

WORD-BUILDING. I. I, is, sin, sign, rings, groins, rousing, scouring, carousing. II. R, or, roe, rote, voter, covert, corvette.

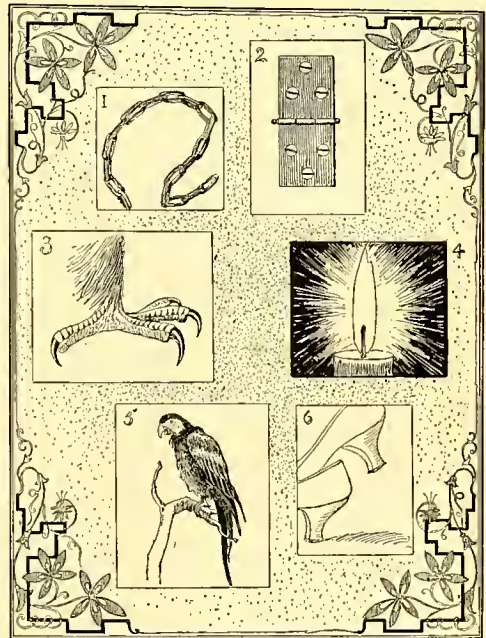
CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Santa Claus. I. 1. S. 2. Baa. 3. Santa. 4. Ate. 5. A. II. 1. C. 2. Uln. 3. Claus. 4. Mug. 5. S.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Henry Morton Stanley. 2. Josiah Gilbert Holland.

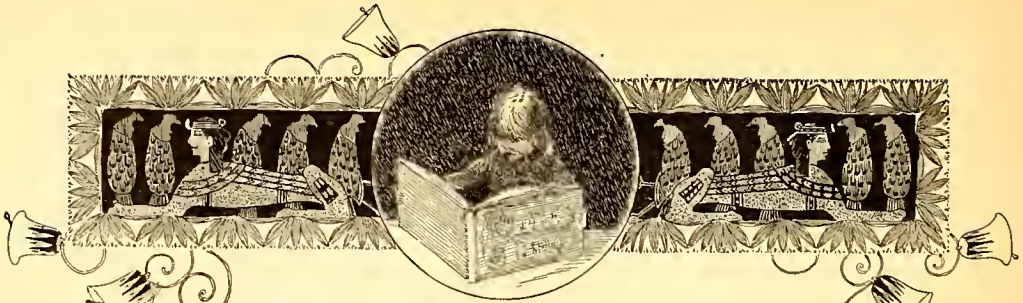
THE HISTORICAL MAN. 1. Washington. 2. Judas. 3. Mozart. 4. Harold II. 5. Cyclops. 6. Francis Drake. 7. Malchus. 8. Absalom. 9. Samson. 10. Gohath. 11. Demosthenes. 12. Cuvier. 13. Charles I. 14. Arnold von Winkelried. 15. Cleopatra. 16. Booth. 17. Barbara Frietchie. 18. John Hancock. 19. Peter Stuyvesant. 20. Charles III. 21. Charlemagne and Napoleon. 22. Cæsar. 23. Raleigh. 24. André.

7. A person of a keen, irritable temper.
 8. Universal or general.
 9. The title of a novel by George Eliot.
 10. Ignorant.
 11. An anthem.
 12. A bird allied to the jay.
 13. To make less dense or compact.
 14. Dullness and languor of spirits.
 15. A serious address, usually delivered by a clergyman.
- L. W.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a broad dagger which was formerly worn at the girdle. JENNIE M.



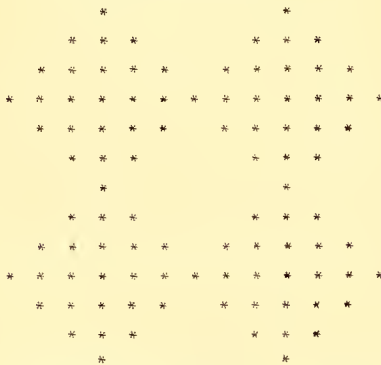
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and one letters, and form a three-line verse from a New Year poem by Mrs. Augusta D. Webster.

My 24-79-58-8 is standing.
 My 75-42-2 is a familiar beverage.
 My 33-17-47 is a coal-scuttle. My 50-93-64-4 is a single division of a chain. My 14-98-11-71 is to make progress against. My 56-87-49-21-52 are taunts. My 91-60-39-97-18 is to puff. My 77-7-36-83-85 is ground corn. My 53-30-96-35-101 is vapor. My 66-28-15-88-62 is a sudden notion. My 69-10-67-82-40-72 is a dairy product. My 5-54-81-44-90-3 is to prevent. My 48-100-29-32-20-26 is the workshop of a blacksmith. My 84-73-23-80-61-37 is a country of Europe. My 59-76-25-46-43-9 is the pharynx. My 12-57-94-13-22-34-89-19 is a memorial. My 45-74-95-38-68-31 is to laugh in an affected or silly manner. My 27-80-99-16-92-51-55 is a young fowl. My 1-63-41-6-78-65-70 is a title denoting a Spanish nobleman of the lower class.

M. E. G.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In trail. 2. A border of lace. 3. A small drum. 4. A stout silk having satin stripes. 5. Wearied. 6. A color. 7. In trail.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In trail. 2. A state of equality. 3. A sunken compartment in wainscoting. 4. A bright-colored singing bird. 5. To get again. 6. To allow. 7. In trail.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In trail. 2. One hundred thousand. 3. Toil. 4. Having a flat surface. 5. The American quail. 6. Fled. 7. In trail.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In trail. 2. To disfigure. 3. A piece of metal in the form of a coin, to serve as a reward. 4. Pertaining to the root. 5. Ran swiftly. 6. A stripling. 7. In trail. "R. H., JR."

AN ARROW.



ACROSS: 1. Insipid. 2 (5 letters). Tapestry. 3 (9 letters). A noted marksman with the arrow. 4 (5 letters). An anthem. 5. Steers wildly.

DOWNWARD: 1 (2 letters). A word of blame. 2 (4 letters). A priest of Thibet. 3. A pointed weapon. 4. Hurries. 5 (3 letters). A nickname. 6 (3 letters). A drunkard. CHAS. B. D.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

I. Change OLD to NEW in ten moves. II. Change BLUE to PINK in eleven moves. III. Change RAIN to SNOW in eight moves. G. W. SHUTE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in acre, but not in field;
 My second in arrow, but not in shield;
 My third is in olive, but not in peach;
 My fourth is in utter, but not in speech;
 My fifth is in stammer, but not in drawl;
 My sixth is in blanket, but not in shawl;
 My seventh in busy, but not in lazy;
 My eighth is in wisdom, but not in crazy;
 My whole is the name of a famous man,—
 Find it, children; I know you can.

"ANON."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. SOLEMN affirmations. 2. To concur. 3. A body of attendants. 4. Those who inherit. 5. Meaning.

II. 1. Sharp and harsh. 2. To find fault without good reason. 3. To get away from by artifice or ingenuity. 4. Any extended elevation between valleys. 5. To extort money from. O. A. G.

MARIA BROOKS



A CAREFUL LITTLE MAID.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PAINTING BY MARIA BROOKS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A CAREFUL LITTLE MAID.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

THE people say in Dimpledell,—
They 've known her from a baby,—
There 's not a child behaves as well
As little Prudence Maybe.
When anybody looks at her
She curtsies most precisely;
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies,
A village like a toy one.
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies
Whose light showers don't annoy one.
'T is clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it;
And Prudence dwells in Primrose Street—
Inquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful, she will say,—
Lest she should fib, though blindly,—
"Aunt Lucy 's very well to-day,
Perhaps—I thank you kindly!"
"Aunt buys—*I am not certain, quite*—
Cream-cheese of Farmer Acres."
"I *think* the turning to the right
Will bring you to the baker's."

She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—
The big best cup—and fills it;
And brings the parson's tea herself,
And never, never spills it.
The parson holds it on his knee,
And sips it at his leisure:
"A careful little maid," says he.
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;
Her frills are crisp and snowy;
Her nut-brown hair is meek and sleek
In weather wild and blowy.
The other children hear the praise—
If cross or careless they be—
Of all the prim and pretty ways
Of little Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share
Unkind opinions bandy:
She 's made of china, some declare;
And some, of sugar-candy.
Dear little heart! Should she confess
She 's sometimes rather lonely,
This very pink of perfectness,
Aunt Lucy's one-and-only.



TIGER- TIGER.

BY
RUDYARD
KIPLING.



WHEN Mowgli, as you know, left Mother Wolf's cave after the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the plowed lands where the villagers lived; but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle, and he knew that he had made at least one bad enemy at the Council. So he hurried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog-trot for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a new country. The valley opened out into a great plain dotted over with rocks and cut up by ravines. At one end stood a little village, and at the other the thick jungle came down in a sweep to the grazing-grounds, and stopped there as though it had been cut off with a hoe. All over the plain, cattle and buffaloes were grazing; and when the little boys in charge of the herds saw Mowgli they shouted and ran away, and the yellow pariah dogs that hang about every Indian village barked at him. Mowgli walked on, for he was feeling hungry; and when he came to the village gate he saw the big thornbush that was drawn up before the gate at twilight, pushed to one side.

"Umph!" he said, for he had come across more than one such barricade in his night rambles after things to eat. "So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also." He sat

down by the gate;
and when a man

came out he stood up, and opened his mouth to show that he wanted food. The man stared, and ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red and yellow mark on his forehead. The priest came to the gate, and with him at least a hundred people, who stared and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

"They have no manners, these men folk," said Mowgli to himself. "Only the Gray Ape would behave as they do."

So he threw back his long hair and frowned at the crowd.

"What is there to be afraid of?" said the priest. "Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is only a wolf-child run away from the jungle."

Of course, in playing together, the cubs had often nipped Mowgli harder than they intended, and there were white scars all over his arms and legs. But he would have been the last person in the world to call them bites, for he knew what real biting meant.

"*Arré! arré!*" said two or three women together. "To be bitten by wolves, poor child!

He is a handsome boy. He has eyes like red fire. By my honor, Messua, he is not unlike thy boy that was taken by the tiger.”

“Let me look,” said a woman with heavy copper rings on her wrists and ankles; and she stared at Mowgli under the palm of her hand. “Indeed, he is not. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy.”

The priest was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was wife to the richest villager in the place. So he looked up at the sky for a minute, and said solemnly: “What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into thy house, my sister, and forget not to honor the priest who sees so far into the lives of men.”

“By the bull that bought me,” said Mowgli to himself, “all this talking is like another looking-over by the Pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must become.”

The crowd parted as the woman beckoned Mowgli to her hut, where there was a red lacquered bedstead, a great earthen grain-chest with quaint raised patterns on it, half a dozen cooking-pots, an image of a Hindu god in a little alcove, and on the wall a real looking-glass such as they sell at the country fairs for eight cents.

She gave him a long draught of milk (this was new to Mowgli, but it tasted good), and some bread, and then she laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes; for she thought perhaps that he might be her real son come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So she said, “Nathoo, O Nathoo!” Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. “Dost thou not remember the day when I gave thee thy new shoes?”

She touched his foot, and it was almost as hard as horn.

“No,” she said, sorrowfully; “those feet have never worn shoes, but thou art very like Nathoo, and thou shalt be my son.”

Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before; but as he looked at the thatch, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away, and that the window had no fastenings.

“What is the good of a man,” he said to himself at last, “if he does not understand

man’s talk? Now I am as silly and dumb as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must learn their talk.”

It was not for fun that he had learned while he was with the wolves to imitate the challenge of bucks in the jungle and the grunt of the little wild pig. So, as soon as Messua said a word, Mowgli would imitate it almost perfectly, and before dark he had learned the name of nearly everything in the hut.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowgli was not going to sleep under anything that looked so like a panther-trap as that hut, and when they shut the door he went through the window. “Give him his will,” said Messua’s husband. “Remember he can never till now have slept on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son, he will not run away.”

So Mowgli slept in some long clean grass at the edge of the field, but before he had closed his eyes a soft gray nose poked him under the chin.

“Phew!” said Gray Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf’s cubs). “This is a poor reward for following thee twenty miles. Thou smellest of wood-smoke and cattle — altogether like a man already. Wake, Little Brother; I bring news.”

“Are all well in the jungle?” said Mowgli, hugging him.

“All except the wolves that were burned with the Red Flower. Now listen. Shere Khan has gone away, to hunt far off till his coat grows again, for he is badly singed. When he returns he swears that he will lay thy bones in the Waingunga River.”

“There are two words to that. I also have made a little promise. But to hear news is always good. I am tired to-night,—very tired with new things, Gray Brother,—but bring me the news always.”

“Thou wilt not forget that thou art a wolf? Men will not make thee forget?” asked Gray Brother, anxiously.

“Never. I will remember that I love thee and all in our cave; but also I will always remember that I have been cast out of the Pack.”

“And that thou mayst be cast out of an-

other. Men are only men, Little Brother, and their talk is like the talk of frogs in a pond. When I come down here again, I will wait for thee in the bamboos at the edge of the grazing-ground."

For three months after that night Mowgli hardly ever left the village gate; he was so busy learning the ways and customs of men. First he had to wear a cloth round him, which annoyed him horribly; and then he had to learn about money, which he did not in the least understand, and about plowing, which he did not see the use of. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle had taught him to keep his temper, for in the jungle life and food depend on keeping your temper; but when the children made fun of him because he would not play games or fly kites, or because he mispronounced some word, only the knowledge that it was unsportsmanlike to kill little naked cubs kept him from picking them up and tearing them in two.

He did not know his own strength in the least. In the jungle he knew he was weak as compared with the beasts, but in the village people said that he was as strong as a bull. He certainly had no notion of what fear was, for when the village priest told him that the god in the temple would be angry with him if he ate the priests' mangoes, he picked up the image, brought it over to the priest's house, and asked the priest to make the god angry and he would be happy to fight him. It was a horrible scandal, but the priest hushed it up, and Messua's husband paid nearly seventy cents in silver to comfort the god.

And Mowgli had not the faintest idea of the difference that caste makes between man and man. When the potter's donkey slipped in the clay-pit, Mowgli hauled it out by the tail, and helped to stack the pots for their journey to the market at Khanhiwara. That was very shocking, for the potter is a low-caste man, and his donkey is worse. When the priest scolded him, Mowgli threatened to put him on the donkey, too; and the priest told Messua's husband that Mowgli had better be set to work as soon as possible; and the village head-man told Mowgli that he would have to go out with the

buffaloes next day, and herd them while they grazed.

No one was more pleased than Mowgli; and that night, because he had been appointed a servant of the village, as it were, he went off to a circle that met every evening on a platform of masonry under a great fig-tree. It was the village club, and the head-man and the watchman and the barber (who knew all the gossip of the village), and old Buldeo, the village hunter, who had an old army musket, met and smoked. The monkeys sat and talked in the upper branches, and there was a hole under the platform where a cobra lived, and he had his little platter of milk every night because he was sacred; and the old men sat around the tree and talked, and pulled at the big *hugas* (the water-pipes) till far into the night. They told wonderful tales of gods and men and ghosts; and Buldeo told even more wonderful ones of the ways of beasts in the jungle, till the eyes of the children sitting outside the circle hung out of their heads. Most of the tales were about animals, for the jungle was always at their door. The deer and the wild pig grubbed up their crops, and now and again the tiger carried off a man at twilight, within sight of the village gates, as he came back from plowing.

Mowgli, who knew something about the ways of the jungle people, had to cover his face with his hair not to show that he was laughing. But Buldeo, the musket across his knees, climbed on from one wonderful story to another, and Mowgli's shoulders shook.

Buldeo was explaining how the tiger that had carried away Messua's son was a ghost tiger, and his body was inhabited by the ghost of a wicked, old money-lender, who had died some years ago. "And I know that this is true," he said, "because Purun Dasrs always limped from the blow that he got in a riot when his account-books were burned, and the tiger that I speak of *he* limps, too, for the tracks of his feet are unequal."

"True, true!—that must be the truth!" said all the graybeards together.

"Are all these tales such cobwebs and moon-talk?" said Mowgli, suddenly. "That tiger limps because he was born lame, as every one

knows. To talk of the soul of a money-lender in a beast that never had the courage of a jackal is child's talk!"

Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment, and the head-man stared.

"Oho! It is the jungle-brat, is it?" said Buldeo. "If thou art so wise, better bring

graze in the early morning, and bring them back at night, and the cattle that would trample a white man to death submit to be banged, and bullied, and shouted at by children who hardly come up to their noses. So long as the boys keep with the herds they are absolutely safe, for not even the tiger will charge a mob



"WAKE, LITTLE BROTHER: I BRING NEWS!" (SEE PAGE 293.)

his hide to Khanhiwara, for the Government has set a hundred rupees (\$30) on his life. Better still, be quiet when thy elders speak."

Mowgli got up to go. "All the evening I have lain here listening," he called back, over his shoulder, "and, except once or twice, Buldeo has not said one word of truth concerning the jungle, which is at his very doors. How then shall I believe the tales of ghosts, and gods, and goblins which ye think ye have seen?"

"It is full time that boy went to herding," said the head-man of the village, while Buldeo puffed and snorted at Mowgli's insolence; for as a rule native children are much more respectful to their elders than white children.

The custom of most Indian villages is for a few boys to take the cattle and buffaloes out to

of cattle. But if they straggle, to pick flowers or hunt lizards, they may be carried off.

Mowgli went through the village street next dawn sitting on the back of Rama, the great herd bull, and the slaty-blue buffaloes, with their long, backward-sweeping horns and savage eyes, rose out of their byres, one by one, and followed him. Mowgli made it very clear to his companions that he was the master. He banged the buffaloes with a long, polished bamboo, and told the boys to graze the cattle by themselves while he went on with the buffaloes, and to be very careful not to stray away from the herd.

An Indian grazing-ground is all rocks, and scrub, and tussocks, and little ravines, among which the herds scatter and disappear. The buffaloes generally keep to the pools and muddy

places, where they lie wallowing or basking in the warm mud for hours. Mowgli drove them on to the edge of the plain where the Waingunga River came out of the jungle; then he dropped from Rama's neck, trotted off to a bamboo clump and found Gray Brother. "Ah," said Gray Brother, "I have waited here very many days. What is the meaning of this cattle-herding work?"

"It is an order," said Mowgli; "I am a village herd now. What news of Shere Khan?"

the ravine by the *dhák*-tree in the center of the plain. We need not walk into Shere Khan's mouth."

Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him. Herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world. The cattle move and crunch, crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low. They only grunt, and the buffaloes very seldom say anything. You can see them lie down in the



"ARE ALL THESE TALES SUCH COBWEBS AND MOONTALK?" SAID MOWGLI."

"He has come back to these hills, and has waited here a long time for thee. Now he has gone off again, for the game is scarce. But he surely means to kill thee."

"Very good," said Mowgli. "So long as he is away do thou or one of the four sit on that rock, where I can see thee as I come out of the village. When he comes back, wait for me in

muddy pools one after another, and work their way in the mud till only their noses and staring china-blue eyes show above the surface, and there they lie like logs. The sun makes the rocks dance in the heat, and you hear one kite (never any more) whistling, almost out of sight overhead, and you know that if you died, or a cow died, that kite would come down like

a bullet, and the next kite miles away would see him drop and follow, and the next, and the next, and almost before you were dead there would be a score of them come out of nowhere. Then you sleep and wake and sleep again, and weave little baskets out of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them; or catch two praying-mantises and make them fight; or string a necklace of red and black jungle-nuts; or watch a lizard basking on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog near the wallows. Then you sing endless songs with odd native quavers at the end of them, and the day seems longer than most people's whole lives; and perhaps you make a mud castle with mud figures of men and horses and buffaloes, and put reeds into the men's hands, and play that you are a king and they are your armies, or that they are gods and you ought to worship them. Then evening comes and you call, and the buffaloes lumber up out of the sticky mud with noises like gunshots going off one after the other, and you all string across the gray plain back to the twinkling village lights.

Day after day Mowgli would lead the buffaloes out in this way, and day after day he would see Gray Brother's back a mile and a half away across the plain (that told him Shere Khan had not come back), and day after day he would lie on the grass listening to the noises round him, and dreaming of old days in the jungle. If Shere Khan had made a false step with his lame paw up in the jungles by the Waingunga, Mowgli would have heard him in those long dead-still mornings.

At last the day came when he did not see Gray Brother at the signal place, and he laughed and headed the buffaloes for the ravine by the *dhák*-tree which was all covered with golden-red flowers. There sat Gray Brother with every bristle on his back lifted.

"He has given two months to throw thee off thy guard. He crossed the ranges last night with Tabaqui, hot-foot on thy trail," said the wolf.

Mowgli frowned. "I am not afraid of Shere Khan, but Tabaqui is very cunning," he said.

"Have no fear," Gray Brother answered, licking his lips a little. "I met Tabaqui in the dawn. Now he is telling all his wisdom to the kites, but he told *me* everything before I

broke his back. Shere Khan's plan is to wait for thee at the village gate this evening—for thee and for no one else. He is lying up now, in the big ravine of the Waingunga."

"Has he eaten to-day, or does he hunt empty?" said Mowgli, for the answer meant just life or death to him.

"He killed at dawn,—a pig,—and he has drunk too. Remember, Shere Khan could never fast even for the sake of revenge."

"Oh! Fool, fool! What a cub's cub it is! Eaten and drunk too, has he, and he thinks that I shall wait till he has slept! Now, where does he lie up? If there were but ten of us we might pull him down as he snores. These buffaloes will not charge unless they wind him, and I cannot speak their language. Can we get behind his track that they may smell it?"

"He swam far down the Waingunga to cut that off," said Gray Brother.

"Tabaqui told him that, I know. He would never have thought of it, alone." Mowgli stood with his finger in his mouth, thinking. "The big ravine of the Waingunga. That opens out on the plain not half a mile from here. I can take the herd round through the jungle to the head of the ravine and then sweep down, but he would slink out at the foot. We must block that end. Gray Brother, canst thou cut the herd in two for me?"

"Not I alone—but I have brought a wise helper." Gray Brother trotted off and dropped into a hole. Then there popped up a huge gray head that Mowgli knew well, and the hot air was filled with the most desolate cry of all the jungle—the hunting-howl of a wolf at midday.

"Akela! Akela!" said Mowgli, clapping his hands. "I might have known that thou wouldst not forget. Cut them in two, Akela. Keep the cows and calves together, and the bulls and the plow-buffaloes by themselves."

The two wolves ran in and out of the herd, which snorted and threw up its head, and separated into two clumps. In one the cow buffaloes stood and glared and pawed with the calves in the center, ready if a wolf would only stay still to charge down and trample the life out of him. In the other the bulls and the young bulls snorted and stamped,

but though they looked more angry they were much less dangerous than the cows, for they had no calves to protect. No six men could have divided the herd so neatly.

"What orders?" panted Akela. "They are trying to join again."

Mowgli slipped on to Rama's back. "Drive the bulls away to the left, Akela. Gray Brother, when we are gone hold the cows together, and drive them into the foot of the ravine."

"How far?" said Gray Brother, panting and snapping.

"Till the sides are higher than Shere Khan can jump," shouted Mowgli. "Hold them there till we come down." The bulls swept off as Akela bayed, and Gray Brother stopped in front of the cows. They charged down on him, and he ran just before them to the foot of the ravine, as Akela drove the bulls far away to the left.

"Well done! Another charge and they are fairly in. Careful, now—careful, Akela! A snap too much, and the bulls will charge. *Huyah!* This is wilder work than driving black-buck. Didst thou think these creatures could move so swiftly?" said Mowgli.

"I have—have hunted these too in my time," gasped Akela in the dust. "Shall I turn them into the jungle?"

"Ay! Turn. Swiftly, turn them. Rama is mad with rage. Oh, if I could only tell him what I need of him to-day!"

The bulls were turned to the right this time, and crashed into the standing thicket. The other herd-children, watching with the cattle half a mile away, hurried to the village as fast as their legs could carry them, crying that the buffaloes had gone mad and run away. But Mowgli's plan was simple enough. All he wanted to do was to make a big circle up hill and get at the head of the ravine, and then take the bulls down it and catch Shere Khan between the bulls and the cows; for he knew that after a meal and a full drink Shere Khan would not be in any condition to fight or to clamber up the sides of the ravine. He began to soothe the buffaloes now by voice, and Akela dropped far to the rear, only whimpering once or twice to hurry the stragglers. It was a long, long circle, for they did not wish to

get too near the ravine and give Shere Khan warning. At last Mowgli rounded up the bewildered herd at the head of the ravine on a grassy patch that sloped steeply down to the ravine itself. From that height you could see across the tops of the trees down to the plain below; but what Mowgli looked at was the sides of the ravine, and he saw with a great deal of satisfaction that they were nearly straight up and down, and the vines and creepers that hung over them would give no foothold to a tiger who tried to get out.

"Let them breathe, Akela," he said, holding up his hand. "They have not winded him yet. Let them breathe. I must tell Shere Khan that I come."

He put his hands to his mouth and shouted down the ravine,—it was almost like shouting down a tunnel,—and the echoes jumped from rock to rock.

After a long time there came back the drawling, sleepy snarl of a full-fed tiger just wakened.

"Who calls?" said Shere Khan, while a splendid peacock fluttered up out of the ravine screeching.

"I, Mowgli. Cattle thief, it is time to come to the Council Rock! Down—hurry them down, Akela. Down, Rama, down!"

The herd paused for an instant at the edge of the slope, but Akela gave tongue in the full wolf's hunting-yell, and the buffaloes pitched over one after the other just as steamers shoot rapids, the sand and stones spurting up round them. Once started, there was no chance of stopping, and before they were fairly in the bed of the ravine Rama had winded Shere Khan and bellowed.

"Ha! Ha!" said Mowgli, on his back. "Now thou knowest!" and the torrent of black horns, foaming muzzles, and staring eyes tore down the ravine just as boulders go down in flood time; the weaker buffaloes being shouldered out to the sides of the ravine where they tore through the creepers. They knew what the business was before them—the terrible charge of the buffalo-herd against which no tiger can hope to stand. Shere Khan heard the thunder of their feet, picked himself up, and lumbered down the ravine, looking from side to side for some way of escape, but the

walls of the ravine were straight and he had to keep on, heavy with his dinner and his drink, willing to do anything rather than fight. The herd splashed through the pool he had just left, bellowing till the ravine rang. Mowgli heard an answering bellow from the foot of the ravine, saw Shere Khan turn (the lame tiger knew if the worst came to the worst it was better to meet the bulls than the cows with their calves) and

them, or they will be fighting one another. Drive them away, Akela. *Hai, Rama! Hai, Hai! Hai! Hai!* my children! Softly now, softly! It is all over."

Akela and Gray Brother ran to and fro nipping the buffaloes' legs, and though the herd wheeled once to charge up the ravine again, Mowgli managed to turn Rama, and the others followed him to the wallows.



"BALDEO LAY STILL, EXPECTING EVERY MINUTE TO SEE MOWGLI TURN INTO A TIGER, TOO." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

then Rama tripped, stumbled, and went on again over something soft, and, with the bulls at his heels, crashed full into the other herd, while the weaker buffaloes were whirled clean off their feet. That charge carried both herds out into the plain, goring and stamping and snorting. Mowgli watched his time, and slipped off Rama's neck, laying about him right and left with his stick.

"Quick, Akela! Break them up. Scatter

Shere Khan needed no more trampling. He was dead, his lame paw doubled up under him, and the kites were coming for him already.

"Brothers, that was a dog's death," said Mowgli, feeling for the knife that he carried in a sheath round his neck. "But he would never have shown fight. His hide will look well on the Council Rock. We must get to work swiftly."

A boy trained among men would never have

dreamed of skinning a ten-foot tiger alone, but Mowgli knew better than any one else how an animal's skin is fitted on, and how it can be taken off. But it was hard work at the best, and Mowgli slashed, and tore, and grunted for an hour, while the wolves lolled out their tongues, or came forward and tugged as he ordered them. Presently a hand fell on his shoulder, and looking up he saw Buldeo with the army musket. The children had told the village about the buffalo stampede, and Buldeo went out only too anxious to correct Mowgli for not taking better care of the herd. The wolves had dropped out of sight as soon as they saw the hunter.

"What is this folly?" said Buldeo, angrily. "To think that thou canst skin a tiger! Where did thy buffaloes kill him? It is the Lame Tiger, too, and there is a hundred rupees on his head! Well, well, we will overlook thy letting the herd run off, and perhaps I will give thee one of the rupees of the reward when I have taken the skin to Khanhiwara." He fumbled in his waist-cloth for flint and steel, and stooped down to singe Shere Khan's whiskers. Most native hunters singe a tiger's whiskers to prevent his ghost from haunting them.

"Hum!" said Mowgli, half to himself, as he ripped back the skin of a forepaw. "So thou wilt take the hide to Khanhiwara for the reward, and perhaps give me one rupee? Now it is my mind that I need the skin for my own use. Heh! old man, take away that fire!"

"What talk is this to the chief hunter of the village? Thy luck and the stupidity of thy buffaloes have helped thee to this kill. The tiger has just fed, or he would have gone twenty miles by this time. Thou canst not even skin him properly, little beggar brat, and forsooth I, Buldeo, must be told not to singe his whiskers! Mowgli, I will not give thee one anna of the reward, but only a very big beating. Leave the carcass."

"By the bull that bought me," said Mowgli, who was try-

ing to get at the shoulder, "must I stay babbling to an old ape all noon? Here, Akela, this man plagues me."

Buldeo, who was still stooping over Shere Khan's head, found himself sprawling on the grass, with a gray wolf standing over him, while Mowgli went on skinning as though he were alone in all India.

"Ye-es," he said between his teeth. "Thou art right, Buldeo. Thou wilt never give me one anna of the reward. There is an old war between this Lame Tiger and myself—a very old war, and—I have won."

To do Buldeo justice, if he had been ten years younger he would have taken his chance with Akela had he met the wolf in the woods, but a wolf who obeyed the orders of a boy who had private wars with man-eating tigers was not a common animal. It was sorcery, magic of the worst kind, thought Buldeo, and he wondered whether the amulet round his neck would protect him. He lay as still as still, expecting every minute to see Mowgli turn into a tiger, too.

"Maharaj! Great King!" he said at last in a husky whisper.

"Yes," said Mowgli, without turning his head, but chuckling a little.

"I am an old man. I did not know that thou wast anything more than a herd-boy. May I rise up and go away, or will thy servant tear me to pieces?"



"WHEN THE MOON ROSE OVER THE PLAIN THE VILLAGERS SAW MOWGLI TROTTING ACROSS, WITH TWO WOLVES AT HIS HEELS." (SEE PAGE 302.)

"Go, and peace go with thee. Only, another time do not meddle with my game. Let him go, Akela."

Buldeo hobbled away to the village as fast as he could, looking back over his shoulder in case Mowgli should change into something with four legs. When he got to the village he told a tale of magic, and enchantment, and sorcery that made the priest look very grave.

Mowgli went on with his work, but it was nearly twilight before he finished.

"Now we must hide the skin and take the buffaloes home! Help me to herd them, Akela."

The herd rounded up in the smoky twilight, and when they were near the village Mowgli saw lights, and heard the conches and bells in the temple blowing and banging. Half the village seemed to be waiting for him at the gate. "That is because I have killed Shere Khan," he said to himself; but a shower of stones whistled about his ears, and the villagers shouted: "Sorcerer! Wolf's brat! Jungle-demon! Go away! Get hence quickly, or the priest will turn thee into a wolf again. Shoot, Buldeo, shoot!"

The old musket went off and a young buffalo bellowed with pain.

"More sorcery!" shouted the villagers. "He can turn bullets. Buldeo, that was *thy* buffalo!"

"Now what is this?" said Mowgli, bewildered, as more stones flew.

"They are not unlike the Pack, these brothers of thine," said Akela, sitting down with a grunt. "It is in my head that, if bul-

lets mean anything, they would cast thee out."

"Wolf! Wolf's cub! Go away!" shouted the priest, waving a sprig of the sacred *tulsi* plant.

"Again? Last time it was because I was a



"THEY CLAMBERED UP THE COUNCIL ROCK TOGETHER, AND MOWGLI SPREAD THE SKIN OUT ON THE FLAT STONE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

man. This time it is because I am a wolf. Let us go, Akela," said Mowgli.

A woman—it was Messua—ran across to the herd, and cried, "Oh, my son, my son! They say thou art a sorcerer who can turn himself into a beast at will. I do not believe, but go away or they will kill thee. Buldeo says thou art a wizard, but I know thou hast avenged my Nathoo's death."

"Come back, Messua!" shouted the crowd. "Come back, or we will stone thee, too."

Mowgli laughed a little short ugly laugh, for

a stone had hit him in the mouth. "Run back, Messua. This is one of the foolish tales they tell under the big tree at dusk. I have at least paid for thy son's life. Farewell; and run quickly, for I shall send the herd in as swiftly as their brickbats come out. I am no wizard, Messua. Farewell!"

"Now, once more, Akela," he cried. "Bring the herd in."

The buffaloes were anxious enough to get to the village. They hardly needed Akela's yell, but charged through the gate like a whirlwind, scattering the crowd right and left.

"Keep count!" shouted Mowgli scornfully. "It may be that I have stolen one of them. Keep count, for I will do your herding no more. Fare you well, children of men, and thank Messua that I do not come in with my wolves and hunt you up and down your street."

He turned on his heel and walked away with the Lone Wolf; and as he looked up at the stars he felt happy. "No more sleeping in traps for me, Akela," he said. "Let us get Shere Khan's skin and go away. No; we will not hurt the village, for the woman Messua was kind to me."

When the moon rose over the plain, making it look all milky, the horrified villagers saw Mowgli, with two wolves at his heels and a bundle on his head, trotting across at the steady wolf's trot that eats up the long miles like fire. Then they banged the temple bells and blew the conches louder than ever; and Messua cried, and Buldeo embroidered the story of his adventures in the jungle, till he ended by saying that Akela stood up on his hind legs and walked like a man.

The moon was just going down when Mowgli and the two wolves came to the hill of the Council Rock, and they stopped at Mother Wolf's cave.

"They have cast me out from the Man Pack, Mother," shouted Mowgli, "but I come with the hide of Shere Khan to keep my word!" Mother Wolf walked stiffly from the cave with the cubs behind her, and her eyes glowed as she saw the skin.

"I told him on that day when he crammed

his head and shoulders into this cave, hunting for thy life, little frog—I told him that the hunter would be the hunted. It is well done," she said.

"Little brother, it is well done," said a deep voice in the thicket. "We were lonely in the jungle without thee," and Bagheera came running to Mowgli's bare feet. They clambered up the Council Rock together, and Mowgli spread the skin out on the flat stone where Akela used to sit, and pegged it down with four slivers of bamboo, and Akela lay down upon it, and cried the old call to the Council. "Look, look well, O Wolves," exactly as he had cried it when Mowgli was first brought there.

Ever since Akela had been deposed, the pack had been without a leader, hunting and fighting at their own pleasure. But they answered the call through the habit, and some of them were lame from the traps they had fallen into, and some limped from shot-wounds, and some were mangy from eating bad food, and many were missing; but they came to the Council Rock, as many as were left of them, and they saw Shere Khan's striped hide on the rock, and the huge claws dangling at the end of the empty dangling feet.

"Look well, O Wolves. Have I kept my word?" said Mowgli; and the wolves bayed. Yes, and one tattered wolf cried:

"Lead us again, O Akela. Lead us again, O man cub, for we be sick of this lawlessness, and we would be the Free People once more."

"Nay," purred Bagheera, "that may not be. When ye are full fed, the madness may come upon you again. Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours. Eat it now, O Wolves."

"Man Pack and Wolf Pack have cast me out," said Mowgli. "I will hunt alone in the jungle henceforward."

"And we will hunt with thee," said the four cubs.

So Mowgli went away and hunted with the four cubs in the jungle from that day on. Still he was not always alone, because years afterward he became a man and took service and married.

But that is a story for grown-ups.



A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

“OH, dearie me!” one morning sighed our merry little Lou,
“I have n’t got a single thing—a single thing to do!
I wish a fairy-godmother would come and talk with me,
And let me wish three wishes; I wonder what they ’d be?”

“Well, first,—now let me think a while,—I ’d wish for bags of
gold;

A hundred million dollars I guess I ’d make them hold.

And then I ’d wish for golden hair, and beautiful blue eyes,

And a real grown-up lover to praise me to the skies;

I ’d wish—oh, yes! to be a queen, and he should be the king,

With courtiers, and trumpeters, and all that sort of thing.

We ’d ride on milk-white palfreys all dressed in gold and green,

And the people everywhere would shout, ‘Long live our gracious Queen!’

Oh, would n’t it be lovely?” sighed foolish little Lou;

“I wish the fairy-godmother was here, and it was true.”

Just then her own real mother called: “Oh, Lulu, child, come here!

I wish you ’d rock the baby a little while, my dear.

He ’s dropping off to sleep, you see,—he ’ll soon be quiet now.

And then I wish you ’d shell the peas, while Bridget milks the cow.

She says she ’s ‘clane bewildered’ to know which way to turn,

For Sandy ’s in the mowing-field, and Nora ’s got to churn:

I wish you ’d set the table, and see what you can do

To help us with the little things—that ’s mother’s daughter Lou!”

Up jumped the little maiden, with a twinkle in her eyes,

And a merry notion in her head both whimsical and wise:

“My mother wished three wishes! Now I shall have the fun

Of being fairy-godmother, and granting every one.”

As cheery as a cricket she went about all day,

And out of every little task she made a sort of play,

Until her happy laughter, and the tuneful song she sung

Had sweetened Bridget’s temper, and stopped her fretting tongue.

The baby, too, she humored in many a baby whim;

He cried for her at bed-time to go up-stairs with him;

And her mother kissed her fondly when she found her nodding there,

With his chubby fingers tangled in his sister’s curly hair.

“You ’ve been my comfort-daughter this livelong day,” she said;

But Lulu hardly understood—the little sleepy-head!

“It was such fun,” she murmured, in a dreamy, drowsy way,

“To be a fairy-godmother! I ’ve had a lovely day.”

TOWED BY AN ICEBERG.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



WHEN the captain of the Norwegian bark "Wave King" sailed for the port of New York, he expected as a matter of course to meet some icebergs on the way. He also expected to engage a tug-boat to tow him into the harbor if he found the weather at Sandy Hook boisterous or the wind too strong against him to sail in alone; but as for having a present of tow in the middle of the Atlantic, and free of charge, that was a piece of good fortune of which he never dreamed in his most economical moment. Yet, improbable as it seems, was the very treat he unexpectedly received.

Everything went very well with the bark until half through her voyage, when one day the mate (who was an arctic weather-prophet) reported that ice-fields and icebergs were near.

He knew it, he said, because of the light loom along the ocean's rim; also from the look and coldness of the sea-water. A bright lookout was therefore kept, and sure enough, about noon a great ice-field, or "floe" became visible in the haze, dead ahead. There it lay right in their track, and extending as far on each side as their best telescope was able to make it out.

For several miles on both sides the bark now

sailed back and forth, the lookouts searching for an opening in the beautiful, trembling, glistening white fields; but none could be found, although the fair blue water lay tempting beyond, in full sight.

Presently the captain noticed that the ice-field under the pressure of the fresh breeze was advancing toward them, and he gave orders to "bout ship."

As the vessel went about, a large iceberg was noticed right astern in the light haze, and, strange to relate, it also appeared to be coming toward them. At first this caused the sailors much uneasiness, for they feared to be caught between it and the field of ice, which would, of course, mean the destruction of the bark and death to all on board.

A little careful steering, however, placed them safely to one side of the berg, and the men gathered along the ship's side to watch the monster as it went majestically by, the waves dashing high against its weather side as if in vain endeavor to hold it back, while the wind blew little drifts of snow from its glistening, craggy top.

All icebergs float with a much larger proportion of their mass beneath the waves than above them, and the captain knew that some strong lower-current was pushing against the under-water portion of this berg, and urging it along against the winds and surface currents. He wondered what would result when the berg and ice-field met. Which would gain the mastery? Why, the heavy berg, of course.

Then a bright idea flashed through his mind,

which he instantly began to put in execution by ordering the steersman to turn the bark and run her right in behind the berg.

Going as close as he dared to the great ice-mountain, he ordered the crew to lower a boat and take a rope and hitch on to it. This they did, making fast to a low pinnacle, or foot-hill. Then sail was shortened to flying-jib and spanker, just enough to keep her steady and take some strain off the rope; and lo! the ship was towing kindly in the wake of the berg, while all hands awaited developments.

They had not long to wait. Steadily and surely the ice-mountain bore down on the ice-field. There came a great crash, and a little shiver of the berg that could be felt on the tow-line. Then followed a mighty upheaval of the edge of the floe as the berg plowed into and tossed the sparkling masses of ice in air, or shoved them masterfully aside.

With bang, and smash, and roar, the mighty contest went on. But the berg proceeded serenely, leaving a broad swath behind in which the bark rode safely until clear water was once more reached.

Then, as quickly as possible, the rope was cast off, all sail set, and a respectful distance put between the bark and berg, for the captain feared lest some portion of his icy tow-boat might fall upon them, or a part, hidden far beneath the ocean's surface, might break off and come rushing upward in a cloud of spray, and, striking his vessel, do him the very damage from which he had so skilfully preserved her by taking a tow from the berg.

A VALENTINE.

I 'LL build a house of lollypops
 Just suited, Sweetheart, to your taste;
 The windows shall be lemon-drops,
 The doors shall be of jujube paste —
 Heigh-ho, if you 'll be mine!
 With peppermints I 'll pave the walks;
 A little garden, too, I 'll sow
 With seeds that send up sugared stalks
 On which the candied violets grow —
 Heigh-ho, my Valentine!

Some seats of sassafras I 'll make
 Because I know you think it 's nice;
 The cushions shall be jelly-cake
 Laced all around with lemon-ice —
 Heigh-ho, if you 'll be mine!
 We 'll have a party every day,
 And feast on cream and honeydew;
 And though you 're only six, we 'll play
 That I am just as young as you —
 Heigh-ho, my Valentine!

Anna M. Pratt.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

III. GAMES AND SPORTS.

THE Indian boy was a prince of the wilderness. He had but very little work to do during the period of his boyhood. His principal occupation was the practising of a few simple but rigid rules in the arts of warfare and the chase. Aside from this, he was master of his time.

Whatever was required of us boys was quickly performed; then the field was clear for our games and plays. There was always keen competition between us. We felt very much as our fathers did in hunting and war—each one strove to excel all the others. It is true that our savage life was a precarious one, and full of dreadful catastrophes; however, this never prevented us from enjoying our sports to the fullest extent. As we left our tepees in the morning, we were never sure that our scalps would not dangle from a pole in the afternoon! It was an uncertain life, to be sure. Yet we observed that the fawns skipped and played happily while the gray wolves might be peeping forth from behind the hills, ready to tear them limb from limb.

Our sports were molded by the life and customs of our people—indeed, we practised only what we expected to do when grown. Our games were feats with the bow and arrow, foot and pony races, wrestling, swimming, and imitations of the customs and habits of our fathers. We had sham fights with mud balls and willow wands, we played lacrosse, made war upon bees, shot winter arrows (which were used only in that season), and coasted upon ribs of animals and buffalo-robos.

Our games with bow and arrow were usually combined with hunting; but as I shall take hunting for the subject of another letter, I will speak only of such as were purely plays.

No sooner did the boys get together than they divided into squads, and chose sides; then

a leading arrow was shot at random into the air. Before it fell to the ground, a volley from the bows of the participants followed. Each player was quick to see the direction and speed of the leading arrow, and he tried to send his own with the same speed and at an equal height, so that when it fell it would be closer than any of the others to the first.

It was considered out of place to shoot an arrow by first sighting the object aimed at. This was usually impracticable, because the object was almost always in motion, while the hunter himself was often on the back of a pony in full gallop. Therefore, it was the offhand shot that the Indian boy sought to master. There was another game with arrows which was characterized by gambling, and was generally confined to the men.

The races were an every-day occurrence. At noon the boys were usually gathered by some pleasant sheet of water, and as soon as the ponies were watered, they were allowed to graze for an hour or two, while the boys stripped for their noonday sports. A boy might say, "I can't run, but I challenge you for fifty paces," to some other whom he considered his equal. A former hero, when beaten, would often explain his defeat by saying, "I had drunk too much water!" Boys of all ages were paired for a "spin," and the little red men cheered on their favorites with spirit! As soon as this was ended, the pony races followed. All the speedy ponies were picked out, and riders chosen. If a boy said, "I cannot ride," what a shout went up! Such derision!

Last of all came the swimming. A little urchin would hang to his pony's long tail, while the latter held only his head above water and glided sportively along. Finally the animals were driven into a fine field of grass, and we turned our attention to other games.

Lacrosse was an older game, and was con-

fined entirely to the Sisseton and Santee Sioux. Shinny, such as is enjoyed by white boys on ice, is now played by the western Sioux. The "moccasin-game," although sometimes played by the boys, was intended mainly for adults.

The "mud-and-willow" fight was rather a severe and dangerous sport. A lump of soft clay was stuck on one end of a limber and springy willow wand, to be thrown with considerable force—as boys throw apples from sticks. When there were fifty or a hundred on each side, the battle became warm; but anything to arouse the bravery of Indian boys seemed to them a good and wholesome sport.

Wrestling was largely indulged in by all of us. It may seem odd, but the wrestling was by a great number of boys at once—from ten to any number on a side. It was really a battle, but each one chose his own opponent. The rule was that if a boy sat down, he was let alone; but as long as he remained standing within the field he was open to an attack. No one struck with the hand, but all manner of tripping with legs and feet and hurting with the knees was allowed; altogether it was an exhausting pastime—fully equal to the American game of foot-ball. Only the boy who was an athlete could really enjoy it.

One of our most curious sports was a war upon the nests of wild bees. We imagined ourselves about to make an attack upon the Chipewas or some other tribal foe. We all painted and stole cautiously upon the nest; then, with a rush and a war-whoop, sprang upon the object of our attack and endeavored to destroy it. But it seemed that the bees were always on the alert, and never entirely surprised; for they always raised quite as many scalps as did their bold assailants! After the onslaught upon the bees was ended, we usually followed it by a pretended scalp-dance.

On the occasion of my first experience in this mode of warfare, there were two other little boys who also were novices. One of them, particularly, was too young to indulge in such an exploit. As it was the custom of the Indians, when they killed or wounded an enemy on the battle-field, to announce the act in a loud voice, we did the same. My friend Little

Wound (as I will call him, for I do not remember his name), being quite small, was unable to reach the nest until it had been well trampled upon and broken, and the insects had made a counter charge with such vigor as to repulse and scatter our numbers in every direction. However, he evidently did not want to retreat without any honors; so he bravely jumped upon the nest and yelled:

"I, brave Little Wound, to-day kill the only fierce enemy!"

Scarcely was the last word uttered when he screamed as if stabbed to the heart. One of his older companions shouted:

"Dive into the water! Run! Dive into the water!" for there was a lake near by. This advice he obeyed.

When we had reassembled and were indulging in our mimic dance, Little Wound was not allowed to dance. He was considered not to be in existence—he had been "killed" by our enemies, the Bee tribe. Poor little fellow! His tear-stained face was sad and ashamed, as he sat on a fallen log and watched the dance. Although he might well have styled himself one of the noble dead who had died for their country, yet he was not unmindful that he had *screamed*, and that this weakness would be apt to recur to him many times in the future.

We had some quiet plays which we alternated with the more severe and warlike ones. Among them were throwing wands and snow-arrows. In the winter we coasted much. We had no "double-rippers" nor toboggans, but six or seven of the long ribs of a buffalo, fastened together at the larger end, answered all practical purposes. Sometimes a strip of bass-wood bark, four feet long and half a foot wide, was used with much skill. We stood on one end and held the other, using the inside of the bark for the outside, and thus coasted down long hills with remarkable speed.

Sometimes we played "Medicine Dance." This to us was almost what "playing church" is among white children. Our people seemed to think it an act of irreverence to imitate these dances, but we children thought otherwise; therefore we quite frequently enjoyed in secret one of these performances. We used to observe all the important ceremonies and customs attending it, and it required something of

an actor to reproduce the dramatic features of the dance. The real dances usually occupied a day and a night, and the program was long and varied, so that it was not easy to execute all the details perfectly; but the Indian children are born imitators.

I was often selected as choirmaster on these occasions, for I had happened to learn many of the medicine songs, and was quite an apt mimic. My grandmother, who was a noted medicine woman, on hearing of these sacrilegious acts (as she called them), warned me that if any of the medicine men should learn of my conduct, they would punish me terribly by shriveling my limbs with slow disease.

Occasionally we also played "white man." Our knowledge of the pale-face was limited, but we had learned that he brought goods whenever he came, and that our people exchanged furs for his merchandise. We also knew, somehow, that his complexion was white, that he wore short hair on his head and long hair on his face, and that he had coat, trousers, and hat, and did not patronize blankets in the daytime. This was the picture we had formed of the white man. So we painted two or three of our number with white clay, and put on them birchen hats, which we sewed up for the occasion, fastened a piece of fur to their chins for a beard, and altered their costume as much as lay within our power. The white of the birch-bark was made to answer for their white shirts. Their merchandise consisted of sand for sugar, wild beans for coffee, dried leaves for tea, pulverized earth for gunpowder, pebbles for bullets, and clear water for dangerous "fire-water." We traded for these goods with skins of squirrels, rabbits, and small birds.

When we played "hunting buffalo" we would send a few good runners off on the open prairie with meat and other edibles; then start a few of our swiftest runners to chase them

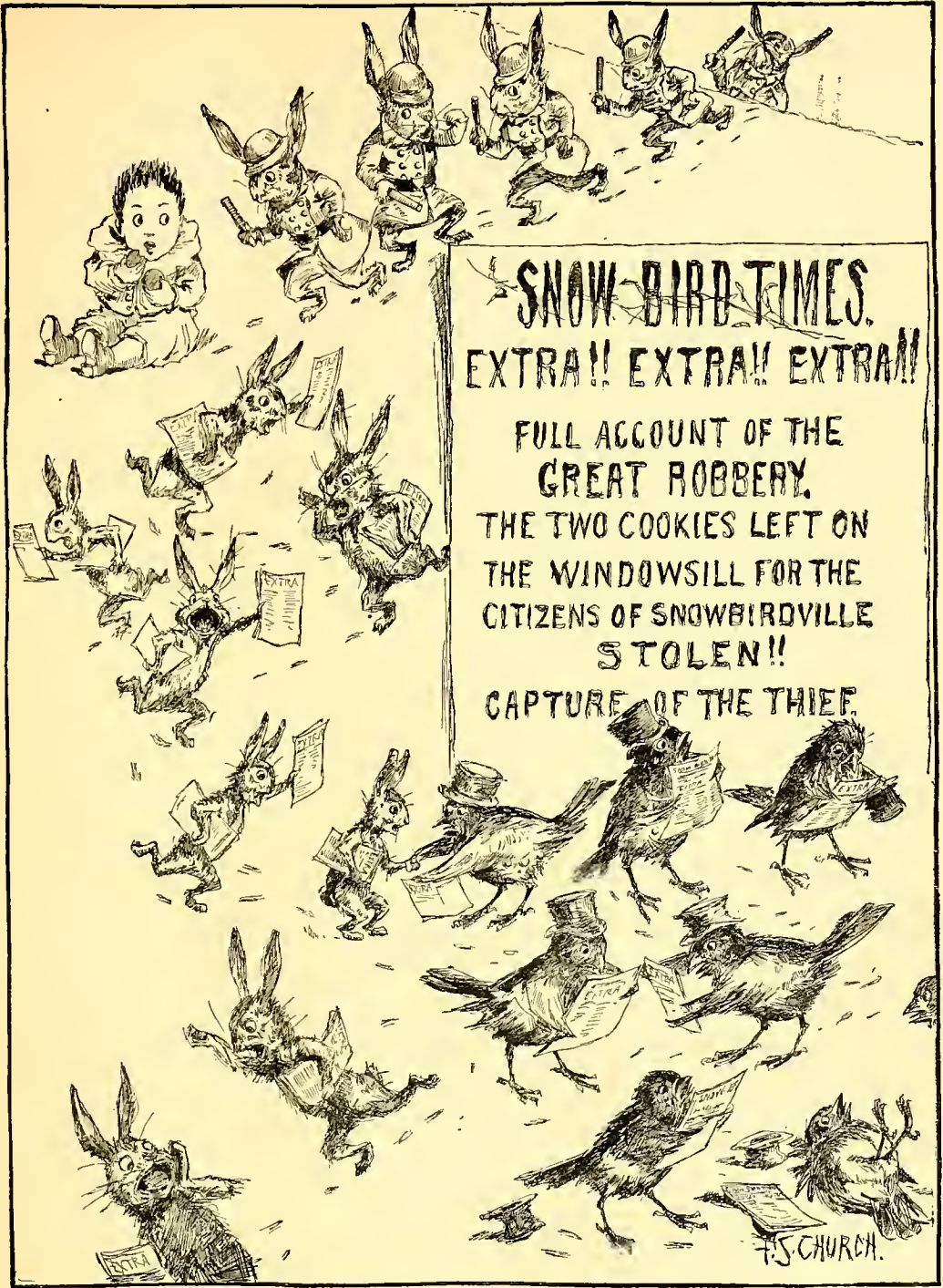
and capture the food. Once we were engaged in this sport when a real hunt by the men was going on near by; yet we did not realize that it was so close until, in the midst of our play, an immense buffalo appeared, coming at full speed directly toward us. Our mimic buffalo hunt turned into a very real "buffalo scare"! As it was near the edge of a forest, we soon disappeared among the leaves like a covey of young prairie-chickens, and some hid in the bushes while others took refuge in tall trees.

In the water we always had fun. When we had no ponies, we often had swimming-matches of our own, and we sometimes made rafts with which we crossed lakes and rivers. It was a common thing to "duck" a young or timid boy, or to carry him into deep water to struggle as best he might.

I remember a perilous ride with a companion on an unmanageable log, when we both were less than seven years old. The older boys had put us on this uncertain bark and pushed us out into the swift current of the river. I cannot speak for my comrade in distress, but I can say now that I would rather ride on a wild bronco any day than try to stay on and steady a short log in a river. I never knew how we managed to prevent a shipwreck on that voyage, and to reach the shore!

We had many curious wild pets. There were young foxes, bears, wolves, fawns, raccoons, buffalo calves, and birds of all kinds, tamed by various boys. My pets were different at different times, but I particularly remember one. I once had a grizzly cub for a pet, and so far as he and I were concerned our relations were charming and very close. But I hardly know whether he made more enemies for me or I for him. It was his custom to treat unmercifully every boy who injured me. He was despised for his conduct in my interest, and I was hated on account of his interference.

(To be continued.)



**SNOW-BIRD TIMES.
EXTRA!! EXTRA!! EXTRA!!**

**FULL ACCOUNT OF THE
GREAT ROBBERY,
THE TWO COOKIES LEFT ON
THE WINDOWSILL FOR THE
CITIZENS OF SNOWBIRDVILLE
STOLEN!!
CAPTURE OF THE THIEF.**

THE "SNOW-BIRD TIMES" ISSUES AN EXTRA.

A SKATER'S STRATAGEM.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.



OW bleak outside lay the landscape of a New England winter! — leafless trees and snow-covered earth beneath a dull gray sky. So pale the daylight was that all of it that found its way through the small window but dimly lighted the room in which Dorothy stood, turning her anxious gaze from the world without to the cozier scene within. The crackling logs in the wide fireplace glowed warmly, and by their light revealed the rude settle (where a bed had been made for an invalid), and brought into clear relief the lithe, erect form of the young man who was studying Dorothy's troubled face.

"It can be done," he urged, "and it is all she wants now. I fear me the little grandmother is — going."

Dorothy feared it also, but her fair face grew a shade paler when the thought was put into words. Her eyes sought the settle where the small, wasted figure lay — the thin, worn features and silvery hair telling of age, though the dark eyes were still very bright, and the hand that lay upon the coverlet was smaller and more delicate than Dorothy's own. A high-born dame was Grandmother Gage. All her sheltered, luxurious, early years had unfitted her for the trials that came later, and when, widowed and bereft of fortune, she followed her two sons to the new world, it was too late in life for her to take root in the rugged soil of a strange land.

She bore the changes and hardships uncomplainingly, but she had slowly drooped under them, and now while the snow lay white about the cabin she murmured of hawthorn blossoms,

and thought she heard the bell in the old church tower. Occasionally she asked for her sons; and it was this which had suggested to Reuben the plan he proposed, and over which his sister shook her head so doubtfully. Business had called their father to Providence — no slight journey in those times, when every traveler must needs provide his own conveyance — and thence he expected to ride across country to his brother's, on the Chicopee River, and so reach home by a circuitous route.

"But he might come to-night," said Dorothy.

"There were matters to discuss with our uncle, and he will be tired from his journey. He may delay for a day or more, and then —" Reuben paused. "The little grandmother will not be here," he was about to say, but looking in Dorothy's face he changed the sentence "Uncle Nathan will not come with him. My going will bring them both."

"If it were not for the danger —" and Dorothy hesitated. "The Indians have been troublesome of late. You know the word neighbor Blakewell brought us but yesterday. On the traveled road I would fear less for you, but —"

"But that is too far to travel on foot," interrupted Reuben, with the positiveness of his conviction that the time for action was short. "Striking directly across to the Ridge and pond cuts off five miles or more, and once on the ice, I can make good speed."

As he spoke, he threw over his shoulder a pair of skates, rude and primitive in construction, but evidently valued as no common possession. The invalid turned uneasily on her pillow, and listened expectantly.

"Do I hear them coming — Nathan, John? It is so long — almost dark."

The wistful gaze, the tremulous eagerness of the words dying into incoherence, decided Reuben, and silenced his sister's objections.

"If it must be —" said Dorothy.

"Take heart, little sister. A true daughter of New England will not yield over much to fear," urged Reuben. "I should be at Uncle's by mid-afternoon, and we might be well on our way back while the daylight lasts."

He was off as he spoke, and striding swiftly away down the snowy path that led from the door. But Dorothy, brave in any danger that she could share, felt less like a "true daughter of New England" than like a lonely, heart-sick girl as she watched Reuben out of sight, and peopled the distance beyond with enemies. Reuben, however, in the wisdom of his twenty years, thought neighbor Blakewell's warning the result of over-cautiousness—the natural forebodings of an old man who in earlier life had suffered much from Indian hostility.

"But the journey must needs be taken," he said aloud with the freedom of one used to solitude.

Solitary indeed his route was when he had left the road, and turned westward across the desolate country. The keen air stirred the blood of the young traveler, and quickened his pulse. After the weary night of watching and anxiety, it was a relief to have the power to act; and he pressed forward rapidly, though with eye and ear alert for every sight and sound. The region was but sparsely settled even along the highway, and in the course he had chosen all sign of human habitation was soon lost. His purpose was to cross the wooded hill known as the "Ridge" to a little lake or pond on the farther side,—Podunk Pond,—and therefrom flowed the Chicopee River, down which his skates would carry him swiftly and easily almost to his uncle's door.

For two or three hours he walked steadily on, meeting no obstacle, and making such progress that he began to congratulate himself on completing this most toilsome part of his journey even earlier than he had hoped. He had made the rough ascent of the Ridge, pausing for a moment on the highest point to look around him in every direction. For an instant he thought he saw a moving figure below him, but at the next glance it was gone; and, smiling at the thought of having been deceived by a shadow, he hastened his descent. The pond gleamed before him, a broad field of ice

smooth and firm enough to delight the heart of any skater, and his eyes brightened with satisfaction at his course.

"I wish Dorothy knew—"

But the wish was cut short. An arrow suddenly whizzed by his head, there was a fierce shout that made his heart stand still in terror, and the next moment he was surrounded by a band of savages who seemed to have sprung out of the earth. Flight was impossible, resistance worse than useless. He was seized, and his hands rudely tied behind him, though the significant flourish of a tomahawk over his head suggested that some of the party favored a more speedy method of disposing of him. All the peril of his situation, and the probable fate before him, rushed upon the young prisoner with overwhelming terror, mingled with torturing thoughts of the home he had left, his inability to carry the message, and the anguish his loss would cause. A vision of poor Dorothy watching in vain for his return, of his father bereft of the son who should have been the stay of his old age, almost maddened him.

Meanwhile his captors were coolly appropriating his few effects. They knew the use of his musket, but his skates were examined doubtfully, and passed about in evident perplexity. Their shape seemed to suggest foot-gear, and an old brave sat down and gravely attempted to adjust one of them to his foot. The effort was unsuccessful, and the curious scrutiny began again. Then a young warrior with a particularly hideous face mustered a few words of English, and questioned Reuben.

"White-face moccasin?"

"Ice—ice moccasin." Reuben nodded.

He repeated the words several times, trying to make them clearer by signs—not an easy task with his hands pinioned, and he was not sure that he was understood. But anything that drew their attention away from himself was at least a brief respite, and he occupied it in vainly trying to form some plan of escape.

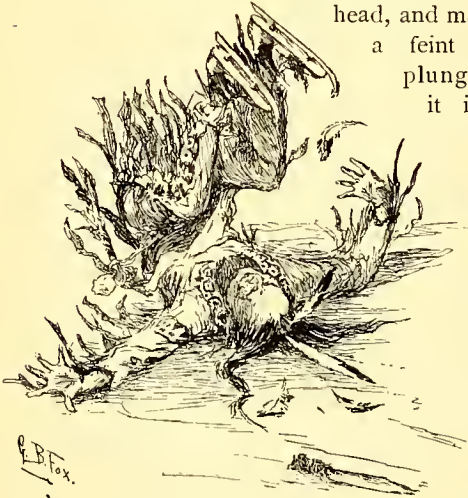
It was apparent that the Indians respected the white man's knowledge, and these unknown implements were once more inspected deliberately. Reuben's gaze, wandering a little from the group before him, fell suddenly upon another point of interest, and he discovered

how it was that his foes had fallen upon him without any warning.

On the top of a hillock not far from the shore a fortification had been made, showing that the band had planned for savage work in that region, and meant to have a safe place of retreat after their murderous sallies.

"Oh, if I could but warn the settlers!" the young prisoner thought, groaning as he realized his helplessness. The next moment his own doom seemed imminent; for the Indian who had previously questioned him approached a second time, and drawing a gleaming knife flashed it

around his captive's head, and made a feint of plunging it into



"HE SLID AWAY ON HIS BACK FOR A FEW YARDS."

his heart. Reuben's lips paled, for he was young, and life was sweet; but he was a true



"THE BRAVE GOT UPON HIS FEET AND ESSAYED A FIRST STEP."

scion of the brave Pilgrim stock, and he knew his enemy too well to utter plea or outcry. After a few feints and lunges, however, the fiendish pastime ended in a descent of the gleaming blade upon the thongs that bound Reuben's wrists, and they were severed with one quick stroke. Astonished at this release, the boy was speedily enlightened as to its meaning by having his skates thrust into his hand with the command to "show Injun how walk."

By many efforts at explanation, and by much pointing to the pond, it was at last understood that the strange shoes were for use on the ice, and the whole party, with Reuben carefully guarded in the middle, walked down to the brink of the little lake. There one Indian, who boasted that he "knew heap pale-face talk," insisted upon having the skates strapped upon his feet, and Reuben adjusted them. The brave surveyed them proudly, got upon his feet, essayed a first step, and then sat down again with a velocity and force that left him in no mood

for further experiments. In his rage he would have dashed the skates to pieces and have brained their unfortunate owner, but his companions interfered. His downfall furnished diversion for them, and another young warrior, possessed by a desire to show how much better he could manage matters, tried the "ice-moccasins" himself. By great caution he succeeded in getting fairly out upon the pond, but once there, at the first bold stride his feet flew from under him, and he slid away on his back for a few yards amid the derisive cheering of his comrades. His experience had a wonderful effect in restoring the equanimity of the first skater, and Reuben, with a wild hope springing up in his brain, ventured to propose that he show how to use the appliances.

The offer caused a moment's discussion. But if the older Indians offered objections, they were overborne by the younger ones, who were doubtless more curious and eager for sport, and the captive was escorted onto the ice, and allowed to put on his skates. Carefully he fastened every strap and buckle, his heart in a tumult of hope and fear. Away to the west were friends and freedom—the possibility of saving lives dearer than his own; but nearer were his watchful enemies with a significant flourish of weapons, and he moved cautiously. He skated very slowly to and fro within the guarding circle, managing gradually to widen it a little as he turned. He feigned to slip once or twice and lose control of his treacherous "moccasins" until he had been carried farther than he intended; and these mishaps were greeted with jeering delight. After a few minutes his slow progress and apparently uncertain footing made the Indians think that the white man's shoes were not of a kind that would enable him to run away, and they slightly relaxed their guard. Reuben had been watching for such a lapse, and with a sudden turn he struck out across the pond with all the speed that skill and desperation could give.

The Indians were taken by surprise; for one moment they stood stupefied, but the next a fierce shout arose, and they started in hot pursuit. The young skater was well in advance, however, and increased the distance with every second of time. He seemed fairly to fly over

the smooth ice, and though a shower of arrows fell around him, he was unhurt, and his pursuers were soon left far behind.

Not until utter weariness compelled him did he relax his speed, and he kept far away from the shore through the rest of his journey; but he reached his uncle's house in safety, and found his father there. Messengers were sent in every direction to warn the settlers of danger, and then Reuben, with his father and uncle, traveled on fleet horses homeward. The



"A SHOWER OF ARROWS FELL AROUND HIM."

"little grandmother" was still living, and her dark eyes brightened with joy at the sight of her sons again. Then, as if in content, the tired lids drooped and she was away to the country where there is no more homesickness.

Many a generation has vanished since then, but on the shores of the pond the old Indian fortification—grass-grown now, and looking like a great green bowl amid the surrounding country—is still known as Fort Hill; and to the children who dig up rude arrow-heads there is told the story of Reuben's escape.



—
BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.
—

SOME gentlemen from Holland,
A doughty score and one,
Upon my southern window-shelf
Are sitting in the sun —
A finer lot of gentlemen
I never looked upon.

There 's Mynheer Pottebakker,
And there 's the Duc van Thol,
And Jagt van Delft and Lac van Rhyn,
And Burgher Tournesol,
With breeches wide as petticoats
And round as any bowl.

And there is many another
Who bears an English name,
Like those good Holland gentlemen
Who with Dutch William came,
And while they posed as English lords
Were Dutchmen all the same.

These gentlemen from Holland,
They have no word to say,
But in a solemn silence sit
In gorgeous fine array;
Yet sure they are good company
For that they look so gay.

I never saw such breeches,
E'en on our modern beaux ;
For each one of these gentlemen
Doth wear his Sunday clothes
Of crimson, yellow, white, and green,
And violet, and rose.

I think they know a secret,
These visitors of mine,
They found out where the rainbow rests
Above the earth to shine,
And quickly snipped a great piece off,
To make their breeches fine.

Some people call them tulips—
Could these a secret hold ?
They know where lies, these gentlemen,
The rainbow's pot of gold,
Which one might find and grow quite rich,
If but these tulips told!

I might, had I the secret,
Wear finer clothes myself ;
But when they come to visit me
I have no thought of pelf,
Before these gracious gentlemen
Upon my window-shelf.

And though they sit in silence,
All in a gorgeous row,
I 'm always glad to welcome them,
And sorry when they go ;
A much more goodly company
I ne'er expect to know.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

AT the beginning of the last century, when Queen Anne sat on the throne of Great Britain, there were ten British colonies strung along the Atlantic coast of North America. These colonies were various in origin and ill-disposed one to another. They were young, feeble, and jealous; their total population was less than four hundred thousand. In the colony of Massachusetts, and in the town of Boston, on January 17, 1706, was born Benjamin Franklin, who died in the State of Pennsylvania and in the city of Philadelphia on April 17, 1790. In the eighty-four years of his long life, Benjamin Franklin saw the ten colonies increase to thirteen; he saw them come together for defense against the common enemy; he saw them throw off their allegiance to the British crown; he saw them form themselves into these United States; he saw the population increase to nearly four millions; he saw the beginning of the movement across the Alleghanies which was to give us all the boundless West and all our possibilities of expansion. And in the bringing about of this growth, this union, this independence, this development, the share of Benjamin Franklin was greater than the share of any other man.

With Washington, Franklin divided the honor of being the American who had most fame abroad and most veneration at home. He was the only man (so one of his biographers reminds us) who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Constitution under which we still live. But not only had he helped to make the nation—he had done more than any one else to form the individual. If the typical American is shrewd, industrious, and thrifty, it is due in great measure to the counsel and to the example of Benjamin Franklin. In "Poor Richard's Almanac" he summed up wisely, and he set

forth sharply, the rules of conduct on which Americans have trained themselves for now a century and a half. Upon his countrymen the influence of Franklin's preaching and of his practice was wide, deep, and abiding. He was the first great American,—for Washington was twenty-six years younger.

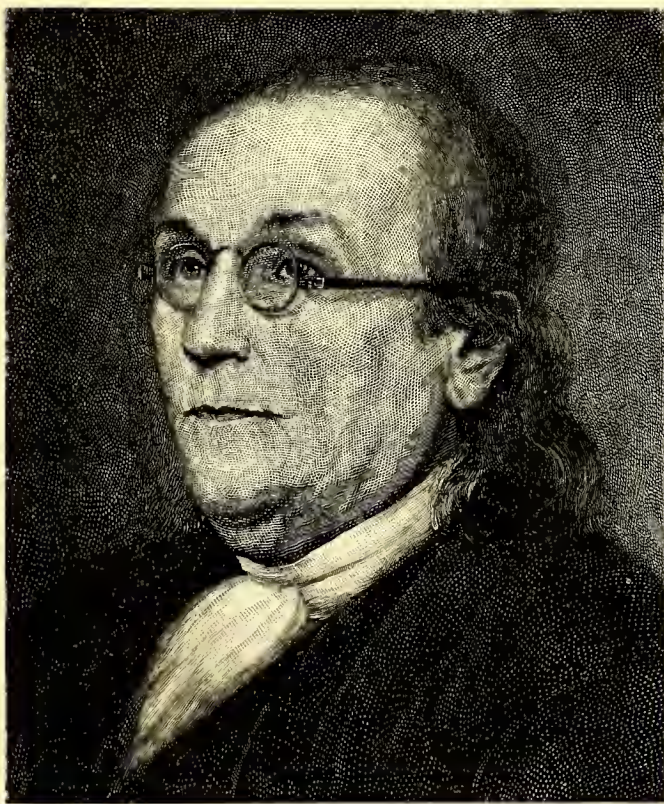
Benjamin was the youngest son of Josiah Franklin, who had come to America in 1682. His mother was a daughter of Peter Folger, one of the earliest colonists. His father was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler; and as a boy of ten Benjamin was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping-molds, tending shop, and going on errands. He did not like the trade, and wanted to be a sailor. So his father used to take him to walk about Boston among the joiners, bricklayers, turners, and other mechanics, that the boy might discover his inclination for some trade on land. Franklin tells us that from a child he was fond of reading, and laid out on books all the little money that came into his hands. Among the books he read as a boy were the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Essays to do Good"; and this last gave him such a turn of thinking that it influenced his conduct through life and made him always "set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation."

It was this bookish inclination which determined his father to make a printer of him, and at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to his brother James. There was then but one newspaper in America—the *Boston News-Letter*, issued once a week. A second journal, the *Boston Gazette*, was started in 1719. At first James Franklin was its printer, but when it passed into other hands he began a paper of his own—the *New England Courant*, more lively than the earlier journals, and more enterprising. As Benjamin set up the type for his brother's paper, it struck him that perhaps

he could write as well as some of the contributors. He was then a boy of sixteen, and already had he been training himself as a writer. He had studied Locke "On the Human Understanding," Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," and a volume of the "Spectator" of Addison and Steele. This last he chose as his model, mastering its methods, taking apart the essays to see how they were put together, and so finding out the secret of its simple style, its easy wit, its homely humor. His first efforts were put in at night under the door of the printing-house; they were approved and printed, and after a while he declared their authorship.

an aversion to arbitrary power which stuck to him through life. At length the boy could bear it no longer, and he left his brother's shop. James was able to prevent him from getting work elsewhere, so Benjamin slipped off on a sloop to New York. Failing of employment here, he went on to Philadelphia, being then seventeen. He arrived there with only a "Dutch dollar" in his pocket. Weary and hungry, he asked at a baker's for a three-penny-worth of bread, and, to his surprise, he received three great puffy rolls. He walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the third; and he passed the house of a Mr. Read, whose daughter stood at the door, thinking the young stranger made a most awkward, ridiculous appearance, and little guessing that she was one day to be his wife.

Franklin worked at his trade in Philadelphia for nearly two years. In 1724 he crossed the ocean for the first time to buy type and a press, but was disappointed of a letter of credit Governor Keith had promised him. He found employment as a printer in London, and he came near starting a swimming-school there; but in 1726, after two years' absence, he returned to Philadelphia, and there he made his home for the rest of his life. He soon set up for himself as a printer, and, as he was more skilful than his rivals and more industrious, he prospered, getting the government printing and buying the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He married Deborah Read; and he made many friends, the closest of whom he formed into a club called the "Junto," devoted to



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

For a mild joke on the government James Franklin was forbidden to publish the *New England Courant*, so he canceled his brother's apprenticeship and made over the paper to Benjamin. But the indentures were secretly renewed, and the elder brother treated the younger with increasing harshness, giving him

inquiry and debate. At his suggestion the members of this club kept their books in common at the club-room for a while; and out of this grew the first circulating library in America—the germ of the American public-library system. And in 1732 he issued the first number of "Poor Richard's Almanac,"

which continued to appear every year for a quarter of a century.

It was "Poor Richard's Almanac" which first made Franklin famous, and it was out of the mouth of Poor Richard that Franklin spoke

proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs,

"It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright." By these pithy, pregnant sayings, carrying their moral home, fit to be pondered in the long winter evenings, Franklin taught Americans to be thrifty, to be forehanded, and to look for help only from themselves. The rest of the almanac was also interesting, especially the playful prefaces; for Franklin was the first of American humorists, and to this day he has not been surpassed in his own line. The best of the proverbs—not original, all of them, but all sent forth freshened and sharpened by Franklin's shrewd wit—he "assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction." Thus compacted, the scattered counsels sped up and down the Atlantic coast, being copied into all the newspapers. The wise "Speech of Father Abraham" also traveled across the ocean and was reprinted in England as a broadside to be stuck up in houses for daily guidance; it was twice translated into French—being probably the first essay by an American author which had a circulation outside the domains of our language. It has been issued since in German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Portuguese, Gaelic, and Greek. Without question it is what it has been called—"the most famous piece of literature the Colonies produced."

No man had ever preached a doctrine which more skilfully showed how to get the best for yourself; and no man ever showed himself more ready than Franklin to do things for others. He invented an open stove to give more heat with less wood, but he refused to take out a patent for it, glad of an opportunity to serve his neighbors; and this invention

Poor Richard, 1733.

A N

Almanack

For the Year of Christ

1733,

Being the First after LEAP YEAR:

And makes since the Creation

<i>Years</i>	<i>Years</i>
By the Account of the Eastern Greeks	7241
By the Latin Church, when ☉ ent. ♀	6932
By the Computation of <i>W.W.</i>	5742
By the Roman Chronology	5682
By the Jewish Rabbits	5494

Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planes Motion & mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and observable Days.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours West from London, but may without sensible Error, serve all the adjacent Places, even from Newfoundland to South Carolina.

By **RICHARD SAUNDERS, Philom.**

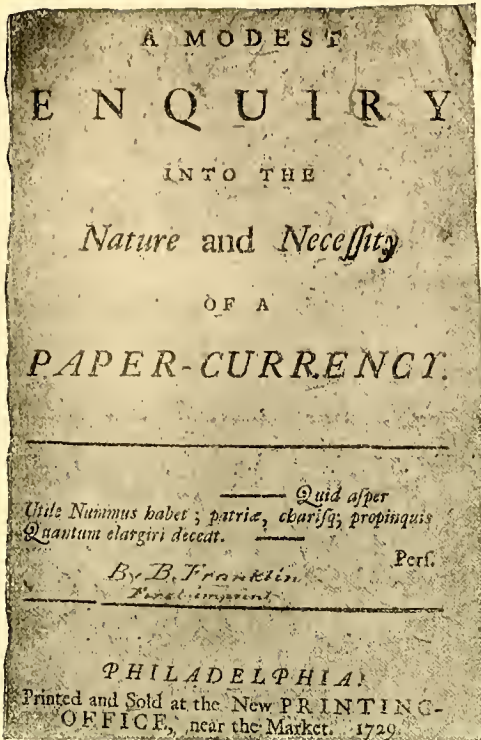
PHILADELPHIA:

Printed and sold by **B. FRANKLIN**, at the New Printing Office near the Market.

The Third Impression.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE ONLY EXISTING COPY OF THE FIRST NUMBER OF "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC," NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

most effectively to his fellow-countrymen. He had noticed that the almanac was often the only book in many houses, and he therefore "filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with



TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST IMPRINT FROM THE FRANKLIN PRINTING-PRESS, PHILADELPHIA. ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

of Franklin's was the beginning of the great American stove trade of to-day. He founded the first fire company in Philadelphia, and so made a beginning for the present fire departments. He procured the reorganization of the night-watch and the payment of the watchmen, thus preparing for the regular police force now established. He started a Philosophical Society, and he took the lead in setting on foot an academy, which still survives as the University of Pennsylvania. While he was doing things for others, others did things for him, and he was made Clerk of the General Assembly in 1736, and Postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737. In 1750 he was elected a member of the Assembly, and in 1753 he was made Postmaster-General for all the Colonies. In 1748 he had retired from business, having so fitted his practice to his preaching that he had gained a competency when only forty-two years old.

The leisure thus acquired he used in the study of electrical science, then in its infancy.

He soon mastered all that was known, and then he made new experiments with his wonted ingenuity. He was the first to declare the identity of electricity with lightning. Using a wet string, he flew a kite against a thunder-cloud, and drew a spark from a key at the end of the cord. The lightning-rod was his invention. Of his investigations and experiments he wrote reports that were printed in England and translated in France. The Royal Society voted him the Copley medal; the French king had the



TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST NUMBER OF "THE GENERAL MAGAZINE," THE FIRST MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA. PRINTED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

experiments repeated before him; and both Harvard and Yale made Franklin a Master of Arts.

But Franklin was not long allowed to live in philosophic retirement. When the French War broke out he was appointed one of the commissioners sent by Pennsylvania to a congress of the Colonies held at Albany. He wrote a pamphlet which aided the enlisting of troops; and by pledging his own credit he helped General Braddock to get the wagons needed for the unfortunate expedition against Fort Duquesne. He drew up a Plan of Union on which the Colonies might act together, and thus anticipated the Continental Congress of twenty years later. In 1757, when Pennsylvania could no longer bear the interference of the governor appointed by the proprietors, Franklin was sent to London as the representative of his fellow-citizens. It was more than thirty years since he had left England, a journeyman printer; and now he returned to it, a man of fifty, the foremost citizen of Philadelphia, the author of "Father Abraham's Speech," and the discoverer of many new facts about electricity.

He was gone nearly five years, successfully pleading the cause of Pennsylvania, and publishing a pamphlet which helped to prevent the restoration of Canada to the French. Then he came home, to be met by an escort of five hundred horsemen, and to be honored by a vote of thanks from the Assembly. But the dispute with the proprietors of the colony blazing forth again, Franklin was sent back to London once more to oppose the Stamp Act. He returned to England in 1764, at first as agent of Pennsylvania only, but in time as the representative of New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts also; and he remained for more than ten years, pleading the cause of the colonists against the king, and explaining to all who chose to listen the real state of feeling in America. He did what he could to get the first Stamp Act repealed. He gave a good account of himself when he was examined by a committee of the House of Commons. He wrote telling papers of all sorts: one a set of "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One," and another purporting to advance the claim of the King of Prussia to levy taxes in Great Britain just

as the King of England asserted the right to lay taxes on the Americans. He lingered in London, doing all he could to avert the war which he felt to be inevitable. At last, in 1775, less than a month before the battle of Lexington, he sailed for home.

On the day after he landed he was chosen a member of the Second Continental Congress. He acted as Postmaster-General. He signed the Declaration of Independence, making answer to Harrison's appeal for unanimity: "Yes, we must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately." Then there appeared to be a hope that France might be induced to help us; and in September, 1776, Franklin was elected envoy. Being then seventy years old, he went to Europe for the fourth time. In France he received such a welcome as no other American has ever met with. He was known as an author, as a philosopher, as a statesman. The king and the queen, the court and the people, all were his friends. His portraits were everywhere, and his sayings were repeated by everybody. In the magnificence of the palace of Versailles, Franklin kept his dignified simplicity, and with his customary shrewdness he turned to the advantage of his country all the good-will shown to himself. After Burgoyne's surrender the French agreed to an open alliance with the United States, and Franklin, with his fellow-commissioners, signed the treaty in 1778.

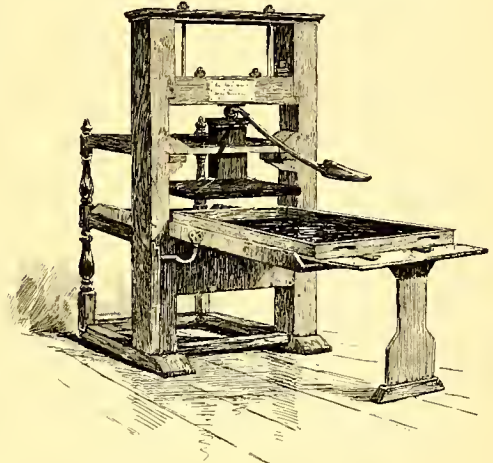
During the war Franklin remained in France as American Minister, borrowing money, forwarding supplies, exchanging prisoners, and carrying on an immense business. As one of his biographers remarks, Franklin "stood in the relation of a navy department" to John Paul Jones when that hardy sailor was harassing the British coasts in the "Bonhomme Richard,"—as his vessel was named, after "Poor Richard." He bore the brunt of the countless difficulties which beset the American representatives in Europe. At last Cornwallis surrendered; and, with Adams and Jay, Franklin signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain, in September, 1783. The next year Jefferson came out, and in 1785 relieved Franklin, who was allowed to return to America, being then seventy-nine years of age.

His "Autobiography," which he had begun in 1771 in England, and had taken up again in France in 1783, he hoped to be able to finish now he was at home again and relieved from the responsibility of office. But he was at once elected a Councilor of Philadelphia, and although he would have liked the leisure he had hardly earned, he felt that he had no right to refuse this duty. Then was the "critical period of American history," and Franklin was kept busy writing to his friends in Europe encouraging and hopeful accounts of our affairs. When the constitutional convention met, Franklin was made a member "that, in the possible absence of General Washington, there might be some one whom all could agree in calling to the chair." After the final draft of the Constitution was prepared, Franklin made a speech pleading for harmony, and urging that the document be sent before the people with the unanimous approbation of the members of the convention. Then, while the last members were signing, he said that he had seen a sun painted on the back of the President's chair, and during the long debates when there seemed little hope of an agreement he had been in doubt whether it was taken at the moment of sunrise or sunset; "but," he said, "now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

He was now a very old man. He said himself: "I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been abed and asleep." His cheerfulness never failed him, and although he suffered much, he bore up bravely. "When I consider," he wrote in 1788, "how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well-off that I have only three incurable ones: the gout, the stone, and old age." He looked forward to death without fear, writing to a friend that, as he had seen "a good deal of this world," he felt "a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other." For a year or more before his death he was forced to keep his bed. When at last the end was near and a pain seized him in the chest, it was suggested that he change his position and so breathe more easily. "A dying man can do nothing easily," he answered; and these were his last

words. He died April 17, 1790, respected abroad and beloved at home.

In many ways Franklin was the most remarkable man who came to maturity while these United States were yet British colonies; and nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable about him than the fact that he was never "colonial" in his attitude. He stood before kings with no uneasy self-consciousness or self-assertion; and he faced a committee of the House of Commons with the calm strength of one



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S PRINTING-PRESS.

thrice-armed in a just cause. He never bragged or blustered; he never vaunted his country or himself. He was always firm and dignified, shrewd and good-humored. Humor, indeed, he had so abundantly that it was almost a failing; like Abraham Lincoln, another typical American, he never shrank from a jest. Like Lincoln, he knew the world well and accepted it for what it was, and made the best of it, expecting no more. But Franklin lacked the spirituality, the faith in the ideal, which was at the core of Lincoln's character. And here was Franklin's limitation: what lay outside of the bounds of common sense he did not see—probably he did not greatly care to see; but common sense he had in a most uncommon degree.

One of his chief characteristics was curiosity—in the wholesome meaning of that abused word. He never rested till he knew the why and the wherefore of all that aroused

As to the late History I promis'd you, my
 Purpose still continues of completing it, and I hope
 to do it this Summer, having built an Addition to my
 House, in which I have plac'd my Library, & where
 I can write without being disturb'd by the Noyse of the
 Children. But the General Assembly having lately
 desired my Assistance in a great Convention to be held
 here in May next, for Amending the Federal Consti-
 tution I begin to doubt whether I can make any Progress
 in it till that Business is over.

* * * * *

My best Wishes attend
 the whole Family whom I shall never cease to love
 while I am
 B. Franklin

his attention. As the range of his interests was extraordinarily wide, the range of his information came to be very extended also. He was thorough, too; he had no tolerance for superficiality; he went to the bottom of whatever he undertook to investigate. He had the true scientific spirit. He loved knowledge for its own sake, although he loved it best, no doubt, when it could be made immediately useful to

his fellow-men. In science, in politics, in literature, he was eminently practical; in whatever department of human endeavor he was engaged, he brought the same qualities to bear. For the medal which was presented to Franklin in France the great statesman Turgot composed the line:

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis;

and it was true that the American faced the ministers of George III. with the same fearless eye that had gazed at the thunder-cloud.

There is an admirable series in course of publication containing the lives of American men of letters, and there is an equally admirable series containing the lives of American statesmen. In each of these collections there is a volume devoted to Benjamin Franklin; and if there were also a series of American scientific men, the story of Franklin's life would need to be told anew for that also. No other American could make good his claim to be included even in two of these three collections. As science advances, the work of the discoverers of the past, even though it be the foundation of a new departure, may sink more and more out of sight. As time goes on, and we prosper, the memory of our indebtedness to each of the statesmen who assured the stability of our institutions, may fade away. But the writer of a book which the people have taken to heart is safe in their remembrance; and, perhaps, to-day it is as the author of his "Autobiography" that Franklin is best known. If he were alive probably nothing would surprise him more than that he should be ranked as a man of letters, for he was not an author by profession. He was not moved to composition by desire of fortune or of fame; he wrote always to help a cause, to attain a purpose; and the cause having been won, the purpose having been achieved, he thought no more about what he had written. He had a perfect understanding of the people he meant to reach, and of the means whereby he could best reach them.

Most of these writings were mere journalism, to be forgotten when its day's work was done; but some of them had so much merit of their own that they have survived the temporary debate which called them into being. Wit is a great antiseptic, and it has kept sweet the "Whistle," the "Petition of the Left Hand," the "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout," and the lively little essay on the "Ephemera." Wisdom is not so common even now that men can afford to forget "Father Abraham's

Speech," the "Necessary Hints to those that would be Rich," and "Digging for Hidden Treasure." Much of his fun is as fresh and as unforced now as it was a century and a half ago. Much of the counsel he gives so pleasantly, so gently, so shrewdly is as needful now as it was when "Poor Richard" sent forth his first almanac. He taught his fellow-countrymen to be masters of the frugal virtues. He taught them to attain to self-support that they might be capable of self-sacrifice. He taught them not to look to the government for help, but to stand ready always to help the government if need be. There are limits to his doctrine, no doubt; and there are things undreamt of in Franklin's philosophy. Yet, his philosophy was good so far as it went; in its own field to this day there is no better. Common sense cannot comprehend all things; but it led Franklin to try to help people to be happy in the belief that this was the best way to make them good.

It was by watching and by thinking that Franklin arrived at his wisdom; and it was not by chance that he was able to set forth his views so persuasively. Skill in letters is never a lucky accident. How rigorously he trained himself in composition he has told us in the "Autobiography"—how he pondered on his parts of speech and practised himself in all sorts of literary gymnastics. And of the success of this training there is no better proof than the "Autobiography" itself. It is a marvelous volume, holding its own to-day beside "Robinson Crusoe," as one of the books which are a perpetual delight to all classes and in all climes, to young and to old, to the scholar familiar with Franklin's achievements, and to the boy just able to spell out its simple sentences. Its charm is perennial, and it is a revelation of the man himself, transparent and direct; and so it is that while we enjoy the book we learn to like the author who tells thus honestly the story of his life. It is one of the best books of its kind in any language; and, as Longfellow declared, "autobiography is what biography ought to be." It abides as the chief monument of Benjamin Franklin's fame.

DUTY.

BY AMELIA BURR.

OUR blue-eyed daughter with locks of gold,
Rosy and dimpled and eight years old,
Went to Sunday-school one fine day,
When grass was springing in balmy May.
The questions swiftly went round the class,
And soon came the turn of our little lass.
“Your duty to neighbors?” the teacher said;
Promptly replied our Golden-head,
“I don’t know that kind of duty, you see,
But I know plain duty as well as can be.”
His hand on her curls the teacher laid;
“Well, what is ‘plain duty,’ my little maid?”
“Why, duty ’s the thing”—with a moment’s thought—
“That you don’t want to do, but you know you ought!”

GOOD NEIGHBORS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

WE once had a family of giants for neighbors. Not museum giants, I mean *real* giants. I never asked just how big they were, but you can judge for yourself after I have told you about them.

Perhaps I would n’t have taken the house if I had known that the giants lived so near by, for I did n’t know much about such people then; but I did n’t discover that their house was next ours until I had made the bargain with the agent. I had asked him all about everything I could think of—all about stationary wash-tubs, malaria, mosquitos, the milk-man, the ice-man, the letter-man, and all the other kinds of men—but I never thought to ask about giants. No man, however prudent, can think of everything. But as I was shutting the front gate, after I had said I would take the house for a year, I saw a footprint in the road. The footprint that Robinson Crusoe saw surprised him, but even Crusoe did n’t see such a footprint as this, for it was nearly as big as a boat.

“What ’s that?” I asked the agent.

“What? Where?” he asked, as uneasily as if I had discovered water in the cellar, or a leak in the roof.

“That—there!” I answered, pointing to the footprint.

“Oh, *that!*” he answered. “That must be the footprint of Mr. Megalopod.”

“It seems to cover considerable space,” I suggested.

“Yes,” he admitted. Even an agent could n’t deny that. “He ’s a giant. Did n’t I mention that you would have a giant for a neighbor? I thought I spoke of it.”

“No,” I said; “you did n’t speak of it. You said that it was a pleasant neighborhood. Perhaps that is what you had in mind.”

“Possibly,” he answered. “You have no objection to giants, have you?”

I paused a moment before I replied. It depended on the kind of giant. If it was one of the Blunderbore kind, even a foot-ball player

might have been forgiven a slight preference for ordinary-sized neighbors.

"Well," I said, at last, "I don't profess to be a 'Hop-o'-my-Thumb,' or 'Jack the Giant-killer.' What sort of a giant is Mr. Megalopod?"

"The very best!" the agent said. "We did think of asking more rent for this house, because of the entertainment children would find in seeing a giant or two every day. But we decided we would n't charge for it, after all. Mr. Megalopod is a thorough gentleman—and so are the rest of the family. Mrs. Megalopod and the children are charming in every way. You will be glad to know them, I'm sure. Good-day!"

The agent left me gazing at the footprint. He had other business in the town, and I had to take an early train for the city.

I thought that my wife and children would be uneasy about the giants, but I was greatly mistaken. They were eager to see the family, and could hardly wait to be properly moved. My son and daughter began to put on airs over their playfellows, and to promise their best friends that they might have the first chance to come out and see the giant family.

When we first moved, the Megalopods were absent from their house, and it was several days before they returned. They lived in the suburbs on purpose to avoid observation, and usually went about their journeys by night so as to attract as little attention as possible.

The first time I saw Mr. Megalopod was on a Monday morning. I don't know why it is, but I am more likely to be late on Monday morning than on any other day of the week, and I was late that morning. In fact, I should have missed my train for the city if it had not been for Mr. Megalopod.

My way to the station passed near to his enormous house. I walked just as fast as I could, and if I had been a few years younger I would have run. Just as I came opposite to the giant's gateway I took out my watch; I found I had just seven minutes in which to catch the train. Now, although the advertisement said our house was only three minutes' walk from the station, it did n't occur to me until afterward that the agent probably meant it was three minutes' walk for Mr. Megalopod.

It certainly was a good ten minutes' scramble for me. So, as I looked at my watch, I said aloud:

"Too late! I have lost the train. I would n't have missed it for a hundred dollars!"

"Excuse me!" I heard in a tremendous voice apparently coming from the clouds; "if you will allow me, I will put you on the train!"

Before I could say a word, I was picked up and raised some thirty or forty feet into the air, and held safely and comfortably in the giant's great hand. Then Mr. Megalopod started for the station.

"You are Mr. Megalopod, I presume," I said.

"What?" he said. "You see, I can't hear you. Here is a speaking-trumpet."

So saying, he took a great fireman's-trumpet from his vest-pocket, and offered it to me with his other hand. I repeated my remark through the trumpet, at the top of my lungs.

"Yes," he said. "You are our new neighbor, no doubt."

"I am," I shouted; "and I'm very glad to make your acquaintance."

"You're not afraid of me?" he asked with a smile.

"Not at all," I yelled back.

"That's pleasant," he said with much satisfaction. "The last people moved away because they were afraid I might step on their children. It's absurd, I never step on children. I would n't do such a thing!"

"Of course not!" I shouted.

"No. It would be an accident if I stepped on anything. You yourself might step on an ant or a beetle, you know. But I am very careful. Well, here you are at the station," and he put me gently on the platform. "I seldom go to the city, myself; and when I do I walk. Good-day."

"Good-by," I said; "and I'm much obliged to you for the little lift."

"Don't mention it," he said. "I like to be neighborly. Any time you're in a hurry, let me know."

"Thank you," I replied. "I'll do as much for you—in some other way. Good-by."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Megalopod, "but—could you give me back the trumpet? You

won't need it in the city, unless you are a fireman, of course."

"It was mere absence of mind," I called through the trumpet; and then I gave it back to him, and watched him take the two or three steps that brought him to the turn in the road.

"A big fellow, is n't he?" I said to the station agent.

"Yes," he said; "he 's a fortune to the express company. Every time he has a pair of boots sent home, it takes nearly a freight car."

The arrival of the train ended our conversation.

I did n't see the Megalopods again for several days. My family did, and told me many interesting things about them. They seemed to be very pleasant neighbors. Their children met ours once or twice, while playing, and they became excellent friends.

Before long they came to call upon us. We used to sit on the lawn—on chairs, of course—Saturday afternoon and during the summer evenings. They came one Saturday. We received them cordially, but hardly knew how to ask them to sit down. They talked pleasantly about the neighborhood, and spoke especially of the beautiful view.

"You surprise me," I said. "It seems to me that we are too much shut in here by the trees."

"I forgot," said Mrs. Megalopod, laughing. "*We* can see over the trees."

"That is a great advantage," answered my wife, through Mrs. Megalopod's trumpet; for both giants were thoughtful enough to carry these aids to conversation.

"Oh, yes," replied the giantess; "size has advantages. But, on the other hand, it brings inconveniences. You can hardly imagine. Now, take such a thing as next Monday's washing, for instance. I have to do all our washing. Even if we could afford to pay a laundress, she would n't be able to manage our clothes; not to speak of our table-cloths and other larger pieces. Then, for a clothes-line, nothing will serve us but a ship's cable. Then, too, everything we have must be made to order. It is hard to get along with so large a family. Sometimes I 'm tempted to let John go into a museum; but so far we have succeeded in keeping the museum manager from the door."

"What is your business?" I shouted to Mr. Megalopod.

"Suspension bridges," he replied. "It pays well whenever I can get work; but they don't build bridges every day in the week—I wish they would!" and he laughed till the windows rattled in the house near by.

"Careful, John," said Mrs. Megalopod, warningly. Then turning to my wife she remarked, "John forgets sometimes that his laughing is dangerous. He was in an office building one day—in the great lower story, one of the few buildings that has a door large enough to let him in. Some one told a funny story, and he began to laugh. It cost him several hundred dollars to repair the windows. So I have to remind him to be cautious when he hears a really good joke."

Here my son Harry asked me to lend him the trumpet for a minute.

"Mr. Megalopod," he called, "would you mind doing me a great favor?"

"Not at all—if it is large enough," Mr. Megalopod replied very politely.

"Then will you get my ball for me? It went up on the roof the other day, and it is in the gutter now."

"Quick! give me the trumpet," I said to Harry, as Mr. Megalopod rose. Then I shouted, "I beg you won't put yourself out for such a trifle—!" but he was out of hearing before I had finished.

He soon returned with the ball, and gave it to Harry.

"Lend me the trumpet, Papa," said Harry. "I 'm much obliged to you," he shouted.

"Don't mention it," said the giant, seating himself. I forgot to mention that while we were deciding what to give them to sit upon—we had thought of their sitting upon the top of the piazza, but were afraid it would break down with them—Mr. Megalopod had opened out a sort of a walking-stick he carried, and made it into a very comfortable stool, while his wife had a similar portable chair. They were always thoughtful and considerate, as, indeed, I might have known from their speaking-trumpets. Do you suppose, if you were a giant, you would remember to carry a speaking-trumpet for the use of other people? It is such little traits as these

that endear giants to their friends. It is not hard to carry a speaking-trumpet in your vest-pocket, but it is the remembering to do so that shows the big-hearted giant.

Soon after they had made their call upon us, my wife told me one morning, while I was shaving, that we ought to return the call soon.

"Of course," I said, stropping my razor slowly and thoughtfully. "Of course. I mean to go very soon. Very soon. I had meant to go several days ago."

"Yes. I know," said my wife. "But when shall we go? To-morrow?"

"Well," I said, between strokes of the razor, "you see to-morrow—is—Saturday. And as—it is—," here I stopped the razor, "the only holiday I have during the week, I hardly like to give it up to make a call."

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but it is the only time we have when we can go together."

"Well, married men are not required to make calls," I said.

"I suppose I can leave our cards," she said.

"Yes," I answered, eagerly, "that will do perfectly well."

My wife did not seem pleased, but she said no more then, and I finished my shaving. I did n't cut myself again.

So she left our cards.

The next time I met Mr. Megalopod was about two weeks later. He did not return my bow, and apparently did not see me. I went and pulled his shoe-string, to attract his attention. He was pruning the top of a great chestnut-tree that stood in his front yard.

He handed me the trumpet, but did not show in any other way that he had noticed my presence.

"Mr. Megalopod," I said, "is there any trouble at your house?"

"Oh, no," he answered, shortly.

"You did n't return my bow," I said, in what I meant to be a tone of reproach; but it is very hard to put reproachful inflections into your voice when you are trying to shout loud enough to impress a giant.

"No," he said slowly; "I did n't know that

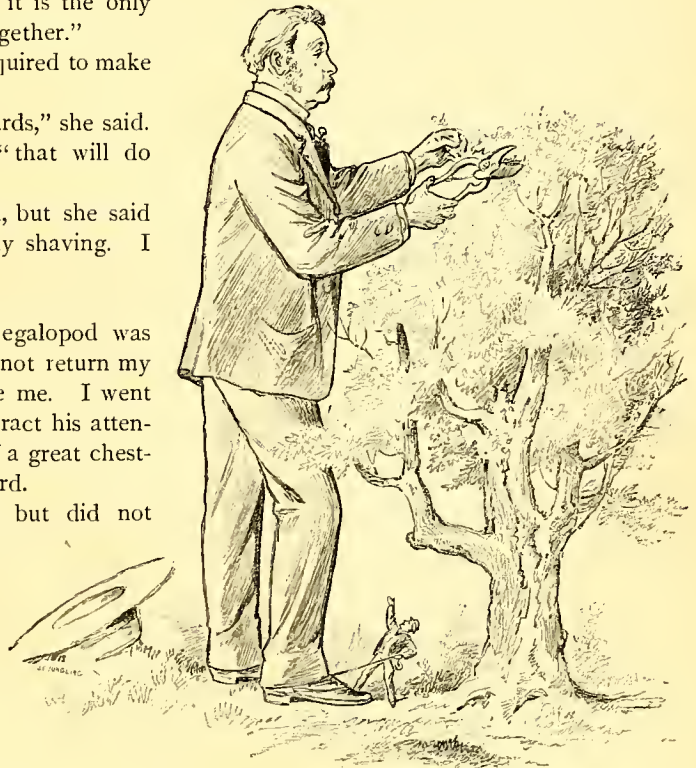
you cared to keep up our acquaintance. If you did n't, I preferred not to force myself upon you."

"Why, you must be laboring under a mistake," I called back. "What have we done to offend you?" I was anxious to know, for I did n't like to think of there being any unpleasantness between ourselves and the giants.

"I usually overlook trifles," said Mr. Megalopod; "but when you did n't return our call, I thought you meant that you did n't care to continue the acquaintance!"

"My dear sir," I said hastily, "my wife left cards."

"Oh, did she?" said the giant, pleasantly. "Then I suppose Mrs. Megalopod did n't



"I PULLED HIS SHOE-STRING, TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION."

notice them. They were put into the card-tray, no doubt, and she must have failed to see them."

"No doubt that's it," I said. "They were

only the usual size. I hope you will believe that it was only an accident."

"Certainly," he said; "I had forgotten that you are not used to our ways. Our friends usually have cards written for them by sign-painters on sheets of bristol-board. We are so apt to lose the little cards."

"I see," I replied.

Shortly afterward my wife and I went to call on the Megalopods. I cannot pretend to describe all the curious things in their house. When we rang the bell,—the lower bell, for there was one for ordinary-sized people,—we nearly fell down the steps. There came the peal of an enormous gong as big as those you find in great terminal railroad stations. When the door opened, it seemed as if the side of a house had suddenly given way. The pattern on the hall carpet showed roses four or five feet wide, and the hat-stand was so high that we never saw it at all. We walked under a hall-chair, and thought its legs were pillars.

Just as we entered the reception-room we heard a terrible shout: "Oh, look out!" and a great worsted ball, some four feet in diameter, almost rolled over us. The Megalopod baby had thrown it to one of his brothers. It was a narrow escape. The brother picked up the baby to carry him away.

"Oh, don't take the sweet little thing—" my wife began; but she stopped there, for "the sweet little thing" was as large as two or three ordinary men.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the boy, "but we can't trust baby with visitors. He puts everything into his mouth, and —"

My wife cheerfully consented that the Megalopod baby should be taken to the nursery during our call.

Mrs. Megalopod offered us two tiny chairs. They were evidently part of the children's playthings. "If you would rather sit in one of our chairs," she suggested, "I shall be glad to assist you to one, but I would rather not. To tell the truth," she added, with some confusion, "one of our visitors once fell from a footstool, and broke his leg. Since then I have preferred they should take these."

We took the small chairs. As it was dusk, Mrs. Megalopod struck a match to light the

gas. It was a giant's parlor-match, and the noise and burst of flame was like an explosion. My wife clutched my arm in terror for a moment, while Mrs. Megalopod begged our pardon and blamed herself for her thoughtlessness.

We had a very pleasant call, and the good relations between the families were entirely restored. In fact, as we were leaving, Mrs. Megalopod promised to send my wife a cake made by herself. It came later, and was brought by the Megalopod boy. By cutting it into quarters, we got it through the front door without breaking off more than five or six lumps of a pound or two each. As it was a plum-cake, it kept well. I think there is nearly a barrelful of it left yet; but we reserve it for visitors, as we got tired of plum-cake after a year or so.

The Megalopods were always kind neighbors. Once they did us a great service.

There was a farmer who lived in the valley near us, and he owned a very cross bull. One day the bull broke his chain, and came charging up the road just as my little boy was on his way to school. I don't know what would have been the result if the Megalopod baby (then a well-grown child of about twenty-five feet) had not come toddling down the road. The bull was pursuing my boy, who was running for his life. The baby giant had on red stockings, and these attracted the bull's attention. He charged on the baby, and tried to toss his shoes. This amused the child considerably, and he laughed at the bull's antics as an ordinary baby might laugh at the snarling and bitings of a toothless puppy.

"I take oo home," he said, and picking up the angry bull, he toddled off down the road.

My boy came home much frightened, but almost as much amused. I learned afterward that Mr. Megalopod carried the bull back to the farmer and gave the man a severe talking to.

But we felt grateful, and so we decided to ask Mr. and Mrs. Megalopod to dinner. It meant a great deal, as you will see; but as we had just come into a large legacy from an estate that had been in litigation for many years, we took pleasure in showing our gratitude and our good-will toward the family. First we had a large and elegant teething-ring

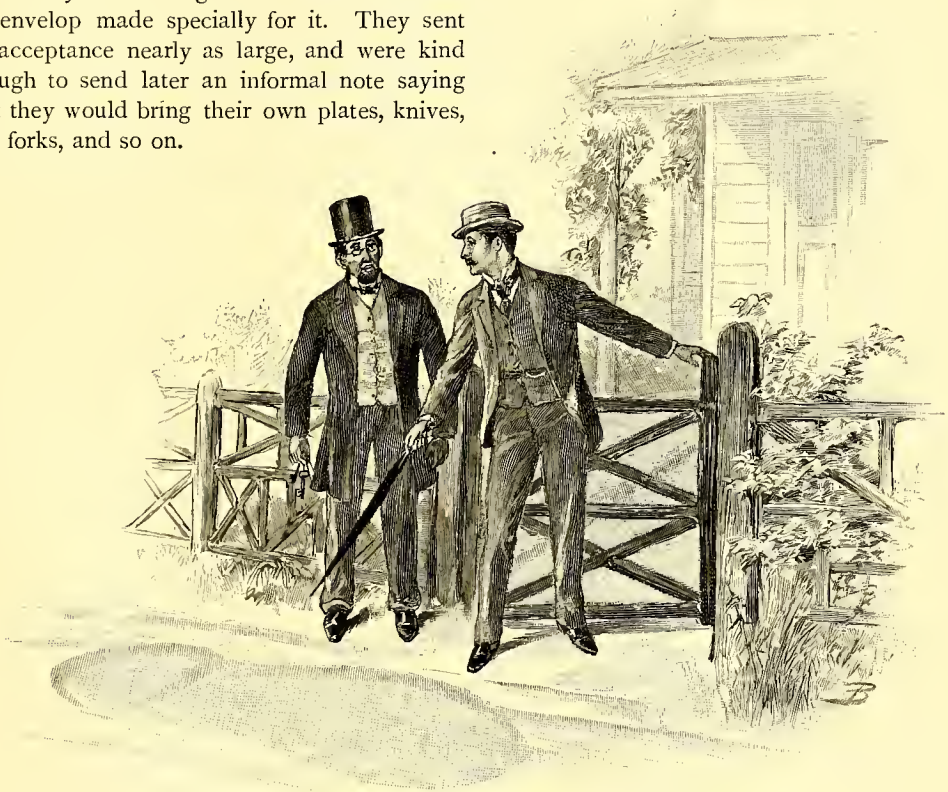
made to order for the baby. It was a foot through and several feet in diameter. The baby enjoyed it very much, and was somewhat consoled for the loss of the bull, which he had wished to keep as a pet.

I hired the sign-painter in a village not far away to write out the invitation for us upon the largest sheet of cardboard I could get in the city. It was ten feet by fifteen in size, and when inscribed looked truly hospitable. It read as usual—requesting the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Megalopod at dinner on the 20th. We had to send it by express. The expressman wanted us to roll it; but I did n't think it would be just the thing. So it was sent flat in an envelop made specially for it. They sent an acceptance nearly as large, and were kind enough to send later an informal note saying that they would bring their own plates, knives, and forks, and so on.

one of them explained to me that after all it made no great difference. "For," said he, "if they had stayed at home, they would have ordered the same things nearly, anyway." But it was different with the confectioner. I ordered forty gallons of ice-cream, two thousand macarons, and eighty pounds of the best mixed candies.

"It 's for a large picnic?" he suggested.

"The largest kind," I replied, for we were of course to dine in the open air. In order to provide against rain, I hired a second-hand



"THAT MUST BE THE FOOTPRINT OF MR. MEGALOPOD," SAID THE AGENT.

"How thoughtful of them!" said my wife, who had been somewhat puzzled about how to set the table.

I had told the butcher and other tradesmen about the dinner, and they were to furnish ample provision. I had expected that they would be delighted to get the large orders; but

circus-tent, and had it set up in our front yard, where the table had already been constructed by a force of carpenters.

By stooping as they came in, and seating themselves near the center, our guests were not uncomfortable in the tent.

My wife and I had a smaller table and



chairs set upon the large table, and though we did not feel altogether comfortable sitting with our feet on the table-cloth, we did not quite see how to avoid it.

The first course was much enjoyed, except that Mr. Megalopod was so unlucky as to upset his soup (served in a silver-plated metal plate), and run the risk of drowning us. Mrs. Megalopod, however, was adroit enough to catch us up before the inundation overwhelmed us. The giant apologized profusely, and we insisted that it was of no consequence.

When we came to the turkeys (which Mrs. Megalopod said were dainty little birds), I was afraid Mr. Megalopod was not hungry, for he could not finish the two dozen; but he explained that he seldom ate birds, as he preferred oxen. In the next course I found that Mr. Megalopod was looking for the salt. I handed him the salt-cellar, but it was too small for him to hold.

"Have you any rock-salt?" he asked with frankness. "I can never taste the fine salt."

Luckily we had bought a large quantity of



the coarsest salt for making ice-cream, and I had several boxes brought, and sent up from the ground on an elevator.

The waiter, frightened half out of his wits, set the boxes as close to the giant as he dared and tried hard not to run when moving away.

Strangely enough, the only thing that ran short was the water. It would n't run fast

about eight feet high) full of spring water. So that little difficulty was pleasantly arranged.

After the dinner was over, the giants went home, saying that they had never passed a pleasanter afternoon.

We were equally pleased, and my wife said that the most agreeable neighbors we had ever known were certainly Mr. and Mrs. Megalopod.



GOOD-BY TO THE MEGALPODS.

enough to give the giant a full drink of water. He was very polite about it, but the rock-salt had made him thirsty. At last I sent down to the Megalopods' house, and hired the giant's boy to bring a pail (one of their pails—it was

"There is nothing small about them," I said, warmly, "and they certainly take wide views of everything."

"Yes," she agreed, "even with our simple little dinner they seemed immensely delighted."

THE QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER acquires a fair general knowledge of the quadrupeds of the entire North American continent, from Lady Franklin Bay to the Isthmus of Panama, will assuredly have a good grasp on mammals in general of the whole western hemisphere. While South America has very many species all her own, a great many of her most noteworthy forms stray north of the isthmus, and will be caught in the net we are now setting. To accomplish this good purpose, we will consider Central America as being a part of North America.

from a moment's examination of its teeth and feet.

If this were intended as a scientific treatise, I would have to place the lowest forms of mammals at the head of the list, and work *downward* to the *highest!* But these papers propose to take up the most interesting of all God's creatures first. Therefore we will begin with the highest orders of the mammalia, and when you become a scientific student you can easily reverse the order, and begin with the microscopic forms of life, if you choose.

THE ORDERS OF LIVING MAMMALS.

Name.	Pronunciation.	Meaning in plain English.	Examples.
BIMANA*	(Bi-ma'na)	Two-handed; erect.	Man.
QUADRUMANA	(Quad'ru-man-a)	Four-handed; not erect.	Apes, baboons, and monkeys.
CARNIVORA	(Car-niv'o-rah)	Flesh-eaters	Cats, dogs, bears, weasels, seals, sea-lions.
INSECTIVORA	(In-sec-tiv'o-rah)	Insect-eaters	Moles and shrews.
CHIROPTERA	(Ki-rop'ter-ah)	Wing-handed	Bats and flying-foxes.
RODENTIA	(Ro-den'shia)	Gnawers	Hares, gophers, rats, squirrels.
UNGULATA	(Ung-gū-lā'ta)	Hoofed (chiefly)	Cattle, deer, hogs, sheep, tapirs, elephants.
CETACEA	(Sē-tā'sē-a)	Whale-like	Whales, porpoises, dolphins.
SIRENIA	(Sī-rē'nea)	Sea-cows	Manatee and dugong.
EDENTATA	(E-den-tā'ta)	Toothless (partly)	Armadillos, sloths, and ant-eaters.
MARSUPIALIA	(Mar-sū-pi-ā'li-a)	Pouched	Opossums and kangaroos.
MONOTREMATA	(Mon-o-trem'a-ta)	Egg-laying	Platypus and spiny ant-eaters.

* Strict scientific accuracy might properly demand of us that man and the monkeys be grouped together in one order, called PRIMATES, of which the sub-order Bimana includes man, and the sub-order Quadrumana would embrace the four-handed fellows. To simplify the subject for the benefit of young readers, we will here follow the classification which ranks Bimana and Quadrumana as Orders.

Before we set forth on our first hunt, however, we must note a few indispensable facts.

We have already learned the position of the *Class Mammalia* in the scale of classification of the animal kingdom, and now we must subdivide our class into its various smaller groups. I shall not trouble you much with classification, but it is really necessary that the following should be known and remembered:

The *Class Mammalia*, or Mammals, is divided into eleven great groups, called *Orders*,—and here let me urge young readers of these papers to memorize the names of these various orders, and to clearly understand the meaning of each title. It is worth something to be able to name the order to which a strange mammal belongs,

Any zoölogical Order is subject to division and subdivision into groups growing smaller and smaller until at last we reach a particular species, and even a single individual with a special history. It is necessary to know just what these subdivisions are, and the rank of each.

THE SUBDIVISIONS OF AN ORDER.

ILLUSTRATION: THE COYOTE, OR PRAIRIE WOLF.

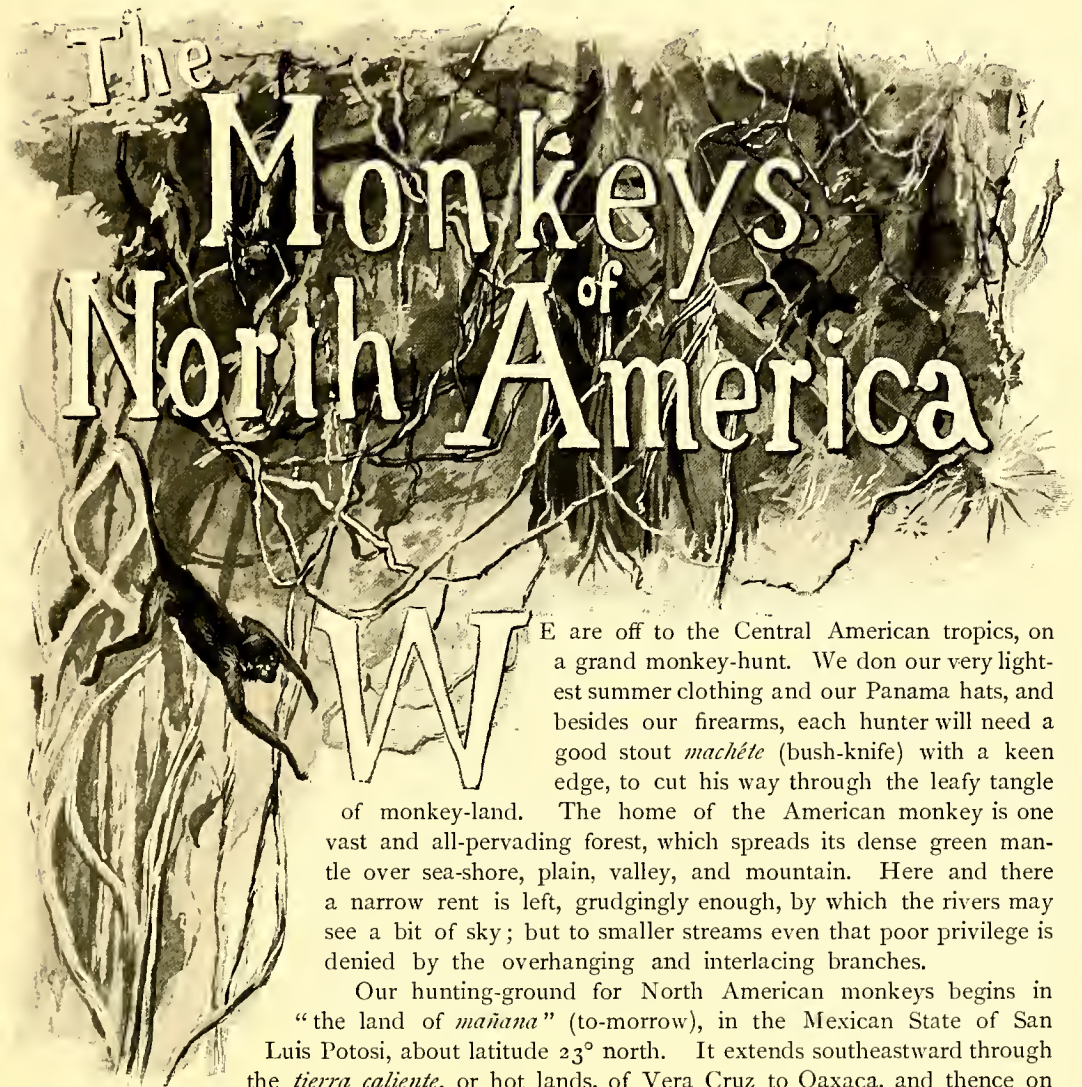
OrderCARNIVORA (the flesh-eaters).
 Sub-order . . .FISSIPEDIA (terrestrial flesh-eaters).
 FamilyCANIDÆ (the dogs).
 Sub-family . . .None for this example.
 Genus*Canis* (dog).
 Species*latrans* (barking).
 Sub-species . . .None for this example.

Names in full: *Canis latrans*, Say. Coyote, Prairie Wolf or Barking Wolf.

It is the habit of scientific writers who are writing for the benefit of one another, to add to the Latin name of an animal either the name or an abbreviation of the name of the person who first described and correctly named the animal in a printed book. In scientific writings this is necessary, because it often happens that several authors apply several names to a single animal. So in the Coyote example the scientific student will note the fact that the animal was first

described and correctly classified and named by a Philadelphia naturalist named Thomas Say, and a reference to one of his books will show that the description appears in "Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains," published in 1823, volume I, page 168.

When the name of a species begins with a capital letter, it is a quickly read sign that the species has been named after some person or place.



The Monkeys of North America

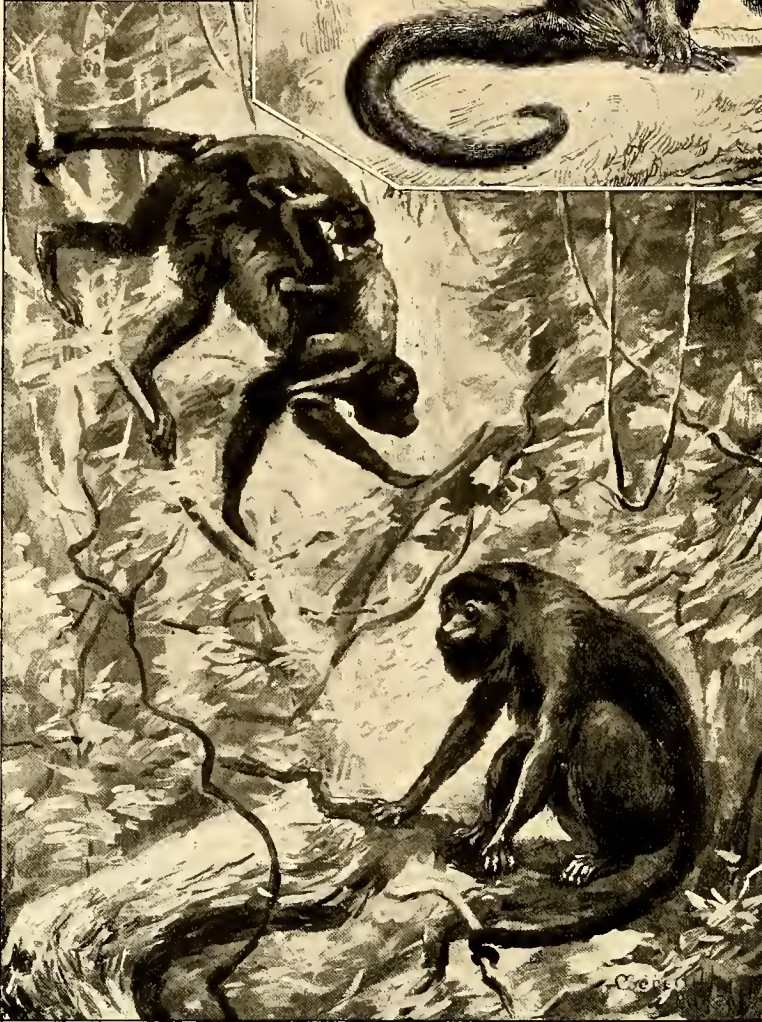
W E are off to the Central American tropics, on a grand monkey-hunt. We don our very lightest summer clothing and our Panama hats, and besides our firearms, each hunter will need a good stout *machete* (bush-knife) with a keen edge, to cut his way through the leafy tangle of monkey-land. The home of the American monkey is one vast and all-pervading forest, which spreads its dense green mantle over sea-shore, plain, valley, and mountain. Here and there a narrow rent is left, grudgingly enough, by which the rivers may see a bit of sky; but to smaller streams even that poor privilege is denied by the overhanging and interlacing branches.

Our hunting-ground for North American monkeys begins in "the land of *mañana*" (to-morrow), in the Mexican State of San Luis Potosi, about latitude 23° north. It extends southeastward through the *tierra caliente*, or hot lands, of Vera Cruz to Oaxaca, and thence on

through the whole of Central America to the Isthmus of Panama. Throughout this vast region mountain-ranges and volcanos are plentiful, and some of our monkeys will be found at elevations as high as eight thousand feet above the sea. Many times must our



THE SHAGGY HOWLER.



THE MANTLED HOWLER. (SEE PAGE 337.)

game be sought in forests so dense and lofty that even though we can hear their conversa-

tion, and catch in our hands the fruit-pods they drop down, the leafy tangle of vines and branches will be so thick we shall be quite unable to see, or get a shot at, the dwellers in the tree-tops. I have spent hours in the dense, dark forests which are the home of the spider-monkey, peering upward in vain attempts to get sight of the monkeys that far above me were holding high carnival.

Now, a monkey is a small creature, and, for a professional sportsman, is ignominious game; but he who hunts monkeys

successfully in the tangled lowland forests, or on the forest-clad mountains so common in

Central America, is a hunter worthy of the name. It calls for good eyes, good legs, good lungs, and good shooting. For monkey-hunting in high forests, a small rifle is absolutely essential; but in moderately low jungle, a shotgun loaded with coarse shot is best. And now for a plunge into the jungle. We will hunt our North American monkeys in the order in which they should be classified—from the highest to the lowest. First, however, please note the following facts:

No apes, baboons, nor tailless monkeys are found in the New World.

No monkeys with prehensile tails are found in the Old World; and whenever an African or East Indian traveler tells you how he saw monkeys hang by their tails, tell him he's another!

Not all American monkeys have prehensile tails, but this character is possessed by about one fourth of them.

Most American monkeys can be distinguished from Old World species by the wide space, or septum, between the nostrils.

THE HOWLING MONKEYS.

A FEW days after I first set foot in the land of the golden howler, there mingled in the dreams I was dreaming about four o'clock one morning, in the bottom of a dug-out canoe, a sound from the depths of the forest such as I had never before heard issue from throat of beast or man. It was a resounding, deep bass, a cross between a guttural roar and a song,

long-drawn and lazy in length, unearthly in depth, but not wholly unmusical; rising and falling in great waves of sound, rolling far and wide through the forest and across the great river in slowly measured cadence. Written musically (!) it would be this:



GEOFFROY'S SPIDER-MONKEYS. (SEE PAGE 338.)

It was a won't-go-home-till-morning concert, a regular song, in fact, of several voices, mostly *basso profundo*, and pitched away down in the cellar at that. The singers were clearly two miles distant from us, and I fully believe the



THE CAPUCHIN MONKEY.
(SEE PAGE 338.)

sound could have been heard at least a mile farther away.

How such a depth of sound could come from throat of monkey was a puzzle to me until that evening I dissected one of the singers, and found between his extremely deep lower jaws, connecting with his larynx, a queer-shaped bony box nearly as large as a hen's egg. It was really an expansion of a portion of the hyoid bone, and formed a perfect sound-box for the howler. So far as I know he enjoys the distinction of being the sole owner of this wonderful patent.

On that never-to-be-forgotten day, we learned something else in the school of observation. In fact, I may say that we *experienced* the prehensile tail of the howling monkey. As we paddled along the shore in the early morning, we came upon a troop of thirteen howlers, sitting about in the open top of a big

tree, and, being out expressly for specimens, we opened fire and killed five of them. Two fell, but the three others wrapped their tails tightly around the branches, died, and still held on. And there they continued to hang by the involuntary tension of those tails until my friend Jackson pluckily climbed up sixty tiresome feet and kicked them loose, and sent them crash-



THE TEETE, OR SQUIRREL MONKEY, SHOWING CHARACTERISTIC MANNER OF HOLDING THE TAIL. (SEE PAGE 339.)

ing down. This was the golden howler of South America, a big, ugly, black-faced, red-haired fellow, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, and is the most typical form of the howlers.

THE MANTLED (so called because the hair HOWLER on his flanks is so long it (*My-cetes pal-li-a'tus*)* forms a sort of mantle), is either brown-black or quite black in color, though in different specimens there is much variation in the intensity of the black or brownish-black ground color, and the prevalence of the brown tint on the back and hips. This species is not found in Mexico, and is first met with in eastern Honduras. It is found in Nicaragua, on the shores and islands of Lake Nicaragua. Thence its range extends southward through Costa Rica, Veragua, and the Isthmus of Panama, below which it is replaced by the golden howler of the Orinoco region.

THE SHAGGY which, so far as known at present, is found only in eastern HOWLER (*My-cetes vil-lo'sus*) Guatemala, on the Atlantic side of the great watershed, is perfectly black, and his hair is so long and soft that the term *villosus*, meaning shaggy or woolly, has been applied to him by his discoverer as his "given name." In its native country this species lives around the Gulf of Dulce, along the rivers that flow into it, and northward into the State of La Paz, where it is most numerous in the dense, dark, and gloomy forests on the mountains of Chilasco, from 3000 to 6000 feet above the sea. The natives call it "mono," which is the Spanish word for monkey.

The howling monkeys of all species have about the same habits. In disposition and intelligence they are rather dull and sluggish, and as pets they are not a success. They live in troops of from five to fifteen, generally in the tops of the tallest trees, or else in the most tangled and impenetrable portions of the lower forests. Several that I shot from my canoe on the Caño del Toro fell in places so choked with leafy vines and creepers that it was utterly impossible to find them. In the early morning,

* Naturalists who first describe and name a new animal always bestow upon it a Latin name for its genus, and another for its species, because Latin names are the only ones which pass current unchanged among the scientists of all nations. Every language bestows its own

especially after a rainy night, it is a common sight for a river voyager to see a band of howlers sitting placidly in the top of a tree, taking the sun. At such times they are easily approached, provided the jungle under-growth be not wholly impenetrable.

The flesh of the howler is eaten by the Indians of Central and South America, but on account of the strong and disagreeable body odor of the animal, I never cared to taste it, even when half starved.

THE SPIDER-MONKEYS.

Right well named are the short-bodied, black-skinned, and mostly black-haired sprawlers of the tree-tops, with their tremendously long and slender legs, hands, and tails. The tail is very strongly prehensile, and far more useful to its owner than a fifth leg would be. The spider-monkeys have been very unfortunate, for Dame Nature has given them no thumbs! Two species have pluckily tried to grow thumbs for themselves, but only the merest little thumblet has appeared to reward their efforts.

All things considered, they are the liveliest, brightest, and most interesting in their home life of all the monkeys of the New World. In captivity, whenever a number of monkeys of different species are kept in one large cage, in nearly every instance it will be noticed that the most active swingers and climbers are the spider-monkeys.

Four species of spider-monkeys are found in North America.

THE MEXICAN is the only monkey found as SPIDER-MONKEY far north as Mexico. Its (*A'te-les vel le-ro'sus*) home extends from the State of San Luis Potosi, lat. 23° north, southeastward through Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, and Chiapa, into Guatemala, where it is found in great numbers on the sides of the volcano of Atitlan, as high as seven thousand feet. The color of this species is uniform black, varying to reddish-brown on the back, with gray under parts.

common names upon animals, but the Latin names only are universal. In papers such as these the scientific names must be given in order that the student of zoölogy may know exactly which species we are describing and figuring.

GEOFFROY'S SPIDER-MONKEY varies in color from deep red-dish-brown to light gray, or (At'e-les Geoffroy-i) dirty white. It is found from southern Nicaragua through Costa Rica, Veragua, and Panama to South America. The Nicaragua Canal will be, when finished, very nearly the northern boundary of this species, which is most abundant in Costa Rica.

THE BLACK-FACED SPIDER-MONKEY is black all over, body as well as face, and, like his friend the RED-BELLIED SPIDER-MONKEY,* who is also black all over excepting his red under parts, is not found north of Panama. Their proper home is in South America, from Peru northward.

The habits of the spider-monkeys are very interesting. The baby spider-monkey, like the infant howler, clings fast to its mother's body until old enough to travel alone, and keep up with the band on its marches through the tree-tops. The spider-monkeys are very much given to hanging by the tail and fore legs, with the hind legs swinging freely and most comically in the air. If it is true, as has often been stated in print, that spider-monkeys have been known to cross small tropical rivers by constructing a living suspension-bridge of themselves, then that is one of the most wonderful feats of intelligence ever displayed by wild monkeys. But I think the statement needs confirmation.

The howlers and the spider-monkeys live on fruits and leaves almost exclusively, and in the fruit season are plump-bodied, and even fat.

THE WHITE-THROATED CAPUCHIN, or SAPIJOU † (a monkey named after a monk!), and his near relatives, are some of the poor little fellows who find the monkeys' purgatory on this earth. They are *les miserables* who go about with the organ-grinder, dance when the chain is jerked, and pass the tiny hat for the pennies. Poor little beggars! How much better for a monkey is the hunter's bullet in the leafy jungle than the deadly hand-organ on the hot pavement, and lifelong misery!

As a household pet, or a captive in a zoo, the Capuchin monkey is the prince of good fellows. He is of good, comfortable size,

* At'e-les ru-fi-ven'tris. † Ce'dus hy-po-leu'cas. ‡ Nyc^{ll}ti-pi-the'cus ru'fi-pes. § Nyc^{ll}ti-pi-the'cus vo-cif'er-ans.

neither too small nor too large, fair in proportions, active, intelligent, and docile, and decidedly affectionate. Many Old World monkeys are treacherous and dangerous brutes; but so far as his human friends are concerned, the Capuchin is nearly always to be trusted. He has a countenance like a pale, sad-looking old man heavily burdened with care.

Out of a large cagel of monkeys of various kinds that I once kept, the White-throated Sapijou was the only thoroughly satisfactory inmate. He was sincerely attached to me, and whenever I came near him would purse out his wrinkled lips and complain to me about his disagreeable neighbors at a great rate. When frightened, his shrill, rasping shrieks, and the expression of his mobile face, made a representation of terror so perfect that a tragic actor might well have copied it. When coaxing his keeper for food or attention, he would thrust out his lips until they formed a funny-looking little tube, and say in a plaintive tone, "Poo-oo-oo-oo!"

These graceful and interesting monkeys are found in eastern Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and northern South America. At home they are not nearly so active and bold as the spider-monkey, doubtless because they are not all legs and tail, like the spiders. They not only eat fruit of all kinds, but are also very fond of beetles and other insects, eggs, and even young birds. The tail is prehensile, but not powerfully so like that of the spider-monkey.

Of the OWL-MONKEYS, or DOUROUCOULIS, there are two species in Central America, one of which, the RED-FOOTED variety, ‡ is found in Nicaragua, and the other § has thus far been found only in Costa Rica. They are very much alike, both very rare, and rather uninteresting because of their purely nocturnal habits. They are about as large as a gray squirrel, and the species called *vociferans* is covered with a thick coat of long, silky hair of a grizzled brown-and-white color. The eyes are very large, and of a liquid brown color. One of these little creatures which was sent from Panama to the National Museum, and there lived in captivity, kept itself shut up like a jack-knife

all day long, but at night it was as lively as any well-regulated monkey ought to be.

The RED-BACKED TEETEE, or SQUIRREL MONKEY,* is by far the most beautiful in form and color of all the North American monkeys, as well as being an interesting pet in captivity. The length of the head and body is about twelve inches, and the tail is about the same length. In color the whole skull-cap is black; the ears, face, neck, and throat are white; the back is reddish brown; the sides of the body, forearms, hands, and feet are ocher yellow; and the arms, thighs, and upper two-thirds of the tail are olive and gray. The tail is not prehensile, and the outer third of it is covered with rather bushy black hair, longest at the end.

I once owned a very near relative to the species described above, a Teetee, but not this identical species, which was about the size of a gray squirrel, with the nervous activity and sprightliness of three. I bought it of a sleepy Indian in South America, and it proved to be the plague of several people's lives.

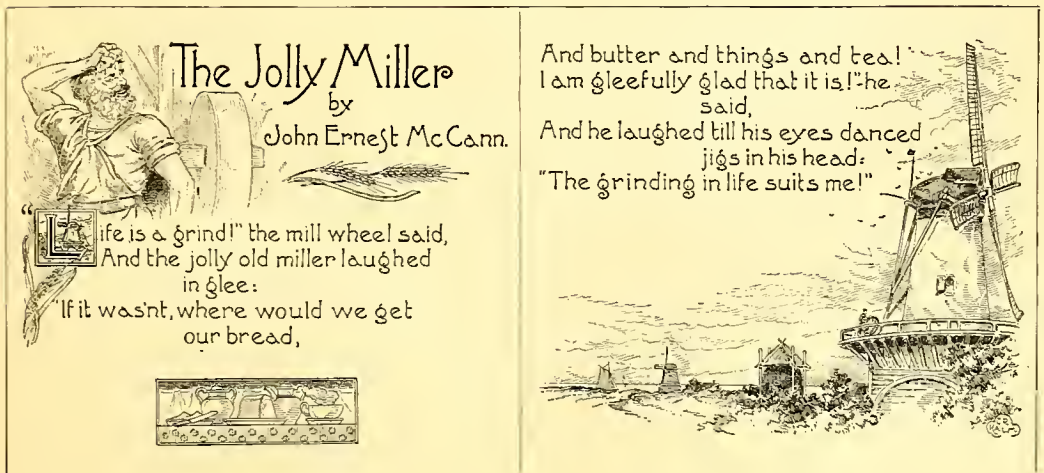
He could perform one feat which I am sure no other monkey can. He could easily climb up the corner of a smoothly planed, square-

* *Chrys' o-thrix* (E)'sted-i.

cornered door-casing simply by exerting pressure in two directions with his hands and feet. One evening in Demerara, I once saw, during half an hour's paddling on the Essequibo River, about sixty of these little fellows settling themselves for the night. They huddled close together on the large horizontal branches, like a flock of sparrows, partly for company, and partly for warmth. One that we shot and roasted for supper proved to be better flavored than any squirrel I ever ate. These monkeys are so small they are not swift climbers in the tree-tops, and although easy enough to shoot, are desperately hard to find afterward.

Last and least of the North American monkeys is the little MARMOSET, or MIDAS MONKEY,† whose home is really in South America, but who has wandered as far north as the Isthmus of Panama. Like its numerous relatives farther south, it is no larger than our common red squirrel. The face and sides of the head are almost naked, and in color this little creature is grayish brown on its upper parts, and whitish below. The top of the head is pure white, and the nape and back of the neck is reddish brown.

† *Mi-das* Geof'froy-i.



The Jolly Miller

by

John Ernest McCann.

"Life is a grind!" the mill wheel said,
And the jolly old miller laughed
in glee:

"If it wasn't, where would we get
our bread,

And butter and things and tea!
I am gleefully glad that it is!" he
said,

And he laughed till his eyes danced
jigs in his head:
"The grinding in life suits me!"



BABETTE.

(A historical romance.)

BY MARY A. WINSTON.



I.

BABETTE sat in the conservatory, painting — painting the great golden roses there with the glory of the morning sunshine upon them.

Babette was not unlike a golden rose herself as she sat there. She wore a gown of soft yellow, a color in which her artistic fancy delighted. The

dancing sunbeams brought out the golden glints lurking in the shadow of her curly brown hair. But, best of all, one had only to look deep down into her sweet dark eyes to see that she had a heart of pure gold.

Yet up to that morning, when she painted the roses in the conservatory, our little Babette had not had a life of sunshine. When she was born, she brought with her a cloud of disappointment and dismay; and that cloud hung over her still. All Babette's woe was due to the fact that she had not come into the world a boy. No light-hearted little lass in free America, born to an equal share of love and consideration with her brothers, can realize what misery it meant to Babette to be a girl; for her father was a baron of Prussia under the great Frederick, and all the fair, broad acres of smiling German landscape for miles around his castle belonged to him. But, alas! the great castle, the handsome estate, and all, must one day fall into the hands of a stranger, because they could be inherited only by a male heir—and Babette had been born a girl.

So the tiny girl babe found the world a cold, hard place where no welcome awaited her—not even among her father's tenants and servants.

She had no mother to comfort her. Her father was one of the generals who helped King Frederick win his superb victories, and was absent at war or at court most of the time. On his rare, brief home visits, he was too much occupied to notice his little daughter, or if she were brought to his attention, he would merely pat her head absently and say:

“Yes, yes, thou art a good child, little Babette; but thou shouldst have been a boy!”

Then it would seem to Babette that her cup of sorrow was full, and could not hold one drop more of bitterness. She loved her father, and longed, in her shy way, for the tender approbation that he never gave.

The little Babette had been left to the ungentle hands of her stern Aunt Elise, who, besides sharing in the general prejudice against the child on account of her sex, regarded her with disfavor for another reason: Babette's mother had been a French lady, and Aunt Elise hated the French. She had received the pretty young bride from across the border with such cold and repressive treatment that when Babette came into the world, her mother, from sheer discouragement and homesickness, left it. Unfortunately for Babette's peace, she was the picture of her dead mother and a thorough little Frenchwoman in her sweet impulsiveness and charming inconsistencies. All this Aunt Elise hated—she hated the short dark curls that waved about Babette's bright face, the hair that would not grow long and smooth, and could not be made to hang in flaxen braids like a true German maiden's. Moreover, the soft brown eyes were so like those of the homesick little bride that they brought twinges of remorse to Aunt Elise's soul; and this made Babette's eyes all the more detestable to her for not being German blue.

“It is n't so much that Aunt Elise can't forgive me for not being a boy. I could under-

stand that. Dear father feels the same way," Babette would often say to herself, bitterly. "But she thinks that even as a girl I am a trial and a disappointment. Oh, I can't help looking like my dear dead mama!—and I can't help it because I would rather paint than knit and embroider like Gretchen and Linda. It is in me, somehow. But I *do* love my country and good King Frederick, for all that, and I am—I am Prussian! If I had only been a boy, for dear father's sake!"

A true little artist, Babette was much more skilful with the brush than with the needle, and she always preferred wandering about the beautiful woods and parks of her father's estate to sitting quietly in the house by her aunt's side.

So Babette's short life of sixteen years had been a stormy one. Though she had a lovely home, pretty clothes, servants to wait upon her, and masters to teach her languages, music, painting, and everything that a lady of the noble class should know, yet she lacked the one essential of happiness—love.

On this particular morning, as Babette's little hands were busy over her painting of golden roses, her heart was very heavy. Her father was at home on a flying visit, and only the night before he had complained regretfully that Babette was not a boy so that she might join the army and help the poor king drive back his innumerable enemies.

Babette had cried herself to sleep. Ah, why must she be such a disappointment and humiliation, when her heart was so full of love for them all and ached so with the longing to serve them? This thought was surging over and over in Babette's weary brain, when she heard the voices of her father and his guest, General Kuhland, as they strolled among the palms at the other end of the conservatory.

It was the ever-memorable year 1758, when

Frederick the Great of Prussia stood like some great mythic giant with all Europe snarling like wolves about him, ready to devour him. The



"THOU ART A GOOD CHILD, LITTLE BABETTE; BUT THOU SHOULDST HAVE BEEN A BOY!"

Russians, with that scourge of the East—the Cossacks, were upon him, and the Austrians encamped on his frontiers. Truly, those were troublous times for Prussia, and no one realized the fact more keenly than did Babette's father, whose barony occupied an upper corner of the little kingdom, near the border. He

had come with a detachment from the main army to defend his ancestral acres.

"We are planning the attack for next Thursday," Babette's father was saying to his friend. "My troops are ready for a call at any moment; but there is one thing lacking to complete our preparations. You know the old mill up the river opposite my northeast forest-land? Well, I have not visited it since I was a boy, so I can't be sure that there is still a room left there with water-tight roofing. If there were, we might smuggle provisions and ammunition over there in readiness for the campaign. The Russians, however, keep this border-land closely guarded by bands of mounted Cossacks. I do not venture to send any of my men across to investigate; for, in case they are captured, the fact that we have sent scouts will warn the Russian rascals to be on the watch for an attack. Then our whole scheme would be spoiled."

Babette, sitting with brush suspended, did not hear General Kuhland's reply. She was thinking of her father's words. The men could not go, for that would warn the Russians. An idea dawned in Babette's mind. She was not a man—why could she not go across the river and examine the ruins for her father? Even if the Cossacks did capture her, that could not possibly suggest an attack to the Russians. There would be no risk to her father's plan through her going.

The question she had been asking so sorrowfully all her life had its answer now. Why had she been born a girl? Why, for this: to aid her father in saving their beautiful home from a ferocious enemy—ay, more than that, she would be helping the good King Frederick in his mortal struggle with his foes. All this she could do, and could do only because she was a girl.

The sweet, ruddy color deepened in Babette's cheeks as her determination grew. She would prove that she did love the dear fatherland, even though Aunt Elise told her every day that she was no true German maiden, but had inherited entirely from her French mother's side. Babette's breath came and went so fast, she did not notice that her father and General Kuhland had appeared

from behind the palms and stood gazing at her as she painted feverishly on her roses.

"Ah-h! behold the spirit of the sunshine!" said the courtly old general, bowing low before her.

Babette's father looked down kindly upon his daughter.

"*Mein lieblich*, I did not see you there. I must have taken you for one of those fabulous rosebuds that Hans the gardener has been telling me about."

A gentle word from her busy father could always brighten the world for Babette. She looked up with a shy blush and smiled.

In a few minutes she escaped to her own little tower-room, and ran to the casement to "plan her expedition."

At some distance from the mansion, a stream wound in and out like a silver thread through the green fields. To the chance visitor at the castle, this stream had an interest beyond the beauty that it added to the view, for it formed the boundary line between Prussia and Russia. Its opposite banks were aliens and enemies to each other. Babette was thinking of this one day as she drifted in her boat along the German side.

"It is a good thing," she concluded mentally, "that the river talks a language of its own, so that those Russian daisies over there and the dear little German forget-me-nots on this side can both understand what these little waves are whispering about."

Many a delightful hour had Babette dreamed away in the old scow on the river, but she decided that it must serve her for another purpose this morning. She must slip away from the castle prepared for a sketching trip, to avoid inquiry. She would hasten to the northeast woods, row the scow across the river to the Russian side, land, make her investigations at the old mill, and hasten back before her father and General Kuhland returned to camp headquarters.

Babette gathered together her painting-materials, then stopped to pin a little note on her pillow, "for Father to read if I do not come back"—and even brave little Babette shuddered at the possibility. She well knew how war prisoners were treated by Cossacks, for

neither youth nor womanhood gained mercy from that fierce and barbarous people.

Aunt Elise sat embroidering at the window of the sunny morning-room as Babette passed by on her way to the river.

"Where are you going now, Wilhelmina?" she asked fretfully.

She always called Babette by her baptismal name, never condescending to use the little French nickname her father had given her because it was her mother's.

"I am going out to the northeast woods, Aunt Elise. There will be plenty to sketch there such a lovely morning. The sunshine is so bright, and the little shadows are so delicious," added Babette dreamily, thinking of the old scow floating at its moorings under the willows.

Aunt Elise looked at the picturesque small figure in the yellow gown and demure little cap of velvet and pearls, and the vision of that conventional, flaxen-haired, ideal niece of hers rose to vex her mind.

"Well," she snapped, "you never will be like other girls—content to stay in the house and learn something that is useful; but you must always be roaming about the country. What could I expect of you, though? You're not a German."

Then poor Babette, stung to the quick, grasped her paint-brushes convulsively and fled. Her aunt's words had clinched her purpose if she had been inclined to waver at the thought of

capture by the Cossacks. She sped through the woodland, and was soon standing under the willows where the glimmering sunbeams and the dancing little shadows were "delicious," as she had said.

As she was about to jump into the boat, she hesitated whether to leave her easel and paint-box behind or not. She thought at first they would only be in her way. The next moment, however, she turned back and threw them in.

"Now," she said to herself, as she pushed off, "if the Cossacks come and find me only painting, perhaps they will think that is harmless and let me alone."

Babette had an active brain under that thatch of wayward brown curls.

II.

BABETTE paddled the scow slowly across the river, selected a good place to land, and then cautiously crept up the forbidden bank. As it was war-time, no Prussian had any right upon that soil, even if the trespasser was but a few rods away from his own ground.

Babette with a beating heart stole softly through the woods along the riverside. She almost prayed that the branches and shrubs might not crackle under her feet. Her every sense was on the alert. Once she startled a timid gray rabbit in the wood; and he in turn made her heart jump when he leaped through some dry, fallen twigs. But she began to feel



"BABETTE SELECTED A GOOD PLACE TO LAND."

more reassured when she reached the little foot-path leading to the ruins of the old mill, for still no one was in sight.

The ancient stone pile stood near the edge of the river; it had long been deserted and use-

less, but the ivy and beautiful red trumpet-creepers had seized upon it and made it their own as soon as man had forsaken it. Babette entered cautiously at the weather-beaten entrance, over which drooped the long trailing vines. She began to examine the premises carefully.

The main part of the building, where the grain had been ground, was entirely unroofed, and the blue sky arched over it; a soft carpet of green moss covered the stone flagging of the floor; here and there, parts of the walls were gone, and through these loopholes glimpses of the silvery waters of the river were to be seen.

Babette sighed: "I am afraid it will do Father no good, after all. It is beautiful, but ruined utterly."

The rest of the one-story building seemed to have been used as a kind of store-room for the grain-sacks. This part was in a state of worse dilapidation than the main wing. Babette was bitterly disappointed. It had not occurred to her that her errand might be a fruitless one even if she escaped detection. With these thoughts in her mind, she was standing looking away through a broad gap in the wall to the leafy aisle of woodland bordering the river.

Suddenly she said to herself: "I wonder what can be seen from that high opening in the other wall, over there—above this great pile of stones. I believe I will climb up and see. There must be a view of the river on that side."

Up Babette sprang from one stone to the other, like a gigantic, tawny squirrel, and at last she could peer through the opening. There, to her surprise, she found that she was looking down into what had once been in all probability the mill-owner's little private office.

It opened only into the store-room, and had no direct communication with the main part of the mill. The one entrance to the store-room was blocked by the fallen walls, and had escaped Babette's notice. She observed with joy that this room was in a better condition than the rest of the building. To be sure, the floor was partially gone, and Babette, looking down through the hole, could see the old water-wheel, moss-covered, but gay in its silent old age with the scarlet blossoms of a day. True, there was a place where the window had once been, but

it could easily be boarded over or blocked up. And as for the hole in the floor, that could do no harm, for the rest of the flagging was strong and safe, the supports underneath being firm still. Nay, this very hole might be of excellent service, since the men with the stores of powder could creep from the riverside, past the old water-wheel, to the ruins, and hand up their treasure through the hole to one of their number above in the room.

Babette's quick mind grasped these possibilities at once. Then she perched herself on her lofty pinnacle of stones, and drew a plan of the ruin, showing especially the position and capabilities of the miller's office. The soft breeze from the river stirred the damp curls about Babette's flushed face. The gay red trumpets at the small window nodded knowingly, as if they would say:

"We knew it all the while—we knew it—we knew it!"

Babette's heart beat happily now, and everything seemed to accord with her mood. How glad and proud she should be to show that plan to her father, with Aunt Elise and General Kuhland standing by! She folded the paper and hid it inside the bosom of her gown. That done, she decided to descend and sketch the approach from the river-bank, past the mill-wheel.

Babette felt very safe down behind the ruins, securely hidden from the sight of any one in the path above. So, when she had finished the second drawing for her father's inspection, she could not resist the temptation to sketch the mossy old wheel. Then she wanted to try her hand at the colors, and set up her easel and fell to work painting. The artist in Babette was uppermost now, and her fears were forgotten. No sound broke the stillness except the murmur of the little ripples on the shore. Surely there could be no danger in staying just a little longer. "There is nothing like this for beauty on our side," she murmured to herself.

Ah, Babette, Babette, if only the pretty red trumpets waving in the breeze from the height of the old mill-tower could have whispered to you that they saw, far off along the plain, a tiny cloud of dust which grew larger and larger! But Babette's brown curls bent low over her

work, and the friendly red trumpets nodded and beckoned their warning in vain. She was absorbed in mixing her colors to get just the right shades of gray and green combined in the picturesque old wheel, when she became conscious

“There is n't time to get away. They must find me painting,” she gasped, and fell to work desperately.

Fate had doomed Babette to discovery; for had she remained above in the heart of the ruins



“‘AH-H! BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF THE SUNSHINE!’ SAID THE COURTLY OLD GENERAL.” (SEE PAGE 342.)

of the sound of horses' feet on the highway above. Her heart stood still. It must be the Cossacks! Oh, why had she not gone before, when she might safely have done so?

Voices soon reached Babette's ear. She picked up her brushes, which she had thrown down in her first terror.

she would not have been seen. But the Cossacks, for such the new-comers were, decided to lead their horses to water at the river and then rest themselves awhile in the shade behind the

W. Crossville - Smith
1892

old mill, as it was hot and dusty riding that day. Soon, therefore, six or seven tall, savage-looking figures issued from around the corner of the mill. They tied their horses to some trees, and lay down near by. Babette could hear them jabbering away in their strange guttural fashion.

By and by one of these gigantic sons of Mars happened to turn his lazy length over, and in so doing caught a glimpse of Babette's yellow gown. He spoke a few words to his companions, and the group was instantly alive with interest. Babette heard them approach; the evil day was upon her. But, somehow, in the face of real danger there arose in Babette's heart a feeling of courage which made her ready for any fate. For she was the daughter of a race of warriors who had fought by the side of the rulers of Prussia for many generations.



"BABETTE RAISED HER BRUSH AND COOLLY DREW IT ACROSS THE INTRUDER'S FACE."

The half-dozen grim and cruel faces were very near now. Such a wild, unkempt-looking company they were, with their matted beards

and mustachios, and outlandish caps! The tallest and gauntest Cossack rushed forward to seize Babette. He was about to clutch her arm, when Babette raised her brush and coolly drew it across the intruder's face, painting a wide scarlet streak upon his cheek. The fellow stumbled back in confusion at this novel attack, while his companions roared in derision. Then they all caught sight of Babette's picture. In an instant the expression of the whole group was transformed from the ferocity of the wild beast to the eager curiosity of the small child. In a twinkling of the eye, the wild Cossacks of the plains were tamed. They had never seen a picture before!

Babette was soon startled by a wolf-like visage peering over her shoulder, then another—and another, until the whole group had crowded around her, silently, almost breathlessly, watching her put in rapid strokes to finish the picture.

A strong wind began to blow, and it hindered Babette. It threatened to blow away easel, picture, and all. By signs she made the giant Cossack leader understand that she wished him to steady the easel and hold down the refractory picture upon it. He obeyed without a word, and stood patiently while Babette went on painting unconcernedly. For what need she fear, who could control even the barbarous Cossack? Vain little Babette! It is not you, but curiosity, that has completed this marvelous conquest. The wild Cossack will lay aside his native ferocity any time to gratify his ruling passion, the desire to investigate.

When the picture was done, Babette arose and gave it to one of the Cossacks. While they were all quarreling violently as to which of them should have the treasure, Babette gathered up her traps and hastened away through the woods. The soldiers in their noisy altercation did not notice her flight until it was too late, for Babette was just pushing the old scow off into the stream again.

It was not long, you may be sure, before Babette was safe on German territory once more.

How the blushes chased one another over Babette's tear-stained cheeks! Her face was bathed in rosy color. The general rose, shook hands with her impressively, and praised her for her devotion to her country. Even Aunt Elise

unbent from her usual cold manner, and exclaimed not unkindly:

"How tired and warm you look, child; and you have a great rent in your



She burst into the stately banquet-hall at the castle, where Aunt Elise presided and her father was talking politics with General Kuhland. Babette's curls were flying and her eyes sparkled.

"THE WHOLE GROUP OF COSSACKS CROWDED AROUND HER, WATCHING HER PUT IN RAPID STROKES TO FINISH THE PICTURE."

"Oh, Father," she cried, "I have a diagram of the old mill on the Russian side, and it is safe for use! I heard you talking about it in the conservatory this morning, and I thought it would n't make any difference if I were captured, because—because," here the sobs would come up in brave little Babette's throat, though she had not wept to see the fierce Cossack—"because nobody wanted me here at home—because I—I am a girl."

And Babette finished her story with a confused burst of tears.

The next moment Babette found herself where she had so often longed to be—in her father's arms, and he was looking at her with pride and tenderness shining in his eyes. He led his daughter to the old warrior on the other side of the table.

"General," he said, "here is one whom Prussia may be proud to call her own!"

gown!" It was the happiest moment in Babette's life.

She then explained the plans which she had drawn. There was nothing lacking in the description, every detail was as clear as noonday.

"She ought to have been a boy!" exclaimed General Kuhland. "What rare campaigns she would plan—and execute too! She ought to have been a boy!"

"And, by my sword, she shall be—or as good as one!" cried the great Frederick when he heard of her exploit, for he knew the shadow that hung over Babette's home—the lack of a male heir.

So, under his own hand and seal, the good king cut off the entail in the succession to the estates, as they express it; and little Babette, by a stroke of the royal pen, became, in law, a boy, and heir to all her father's possessions.

TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

WE had an early breakfast in the morning, and set looking down on the desert, and the weather was ever so bammy and lovely, although we war n't high up. You have to come down lower and lower after sundown, in the desert, because it cools off so fast; and so, by the time it is getting towards dawn you are skimming along only a little ways above the sand.

We was watching the shadder of the balloon slide along the ground, and now and then gazing off across the desert to see if anything was stirring, and then down at the shadder again, when all of a sudden almost right under us we see a lot of men and camels laying scattered about, perfectly quiet, like they was asleep.

We shut off the power, and backed up and stood over them, and then we see that they was all dead. It give us the cold shivers. And it made us hush down, too, and talk low, like people at a funeral. We dropped down slow, and stopped, and me and Tom clumb down and went amongst them. There was men, and women, and children. They was dried by the sun and dark and shriveled and leathery, like the pictures of mummies you see in books. And yet they looked just as human, you would n't 'a' believed it; just like they was asleep.

Some of the people and animals was partly covered with sand, but most of them not, for the sand was thin there, and the bed was gravel, and hard. Most of the clothes had rotted away; and when you took hold of a rag, it tore with a touch, like spider-web. Tom reckoned they had been laying there for years.

Some of the men had rusty guns by them, some had swords on and had shawl belts with long silver-mounted pistols stuck in them. All the camels had their loads on, yet, but the packs had busted or rotted and spilt the freight out

on the ground. We did n't reckon the swords was any good to the dead people any more, so we took one apiece, and some pistols. We took a small box, too, because it was so handsome and inlaid so fine; and then we wanted to bury the people; but there war n't no way to do it that we could think of, and nothing to do it with but sand, and that would blow away again, of course.

Then we mounted high and sailed away, and pretty soon that black spot on the sand was out of sight and we would n't ever see them poor people again in this world. We wondered, and reasoned, and tried to guess how they come to be there, and how it all happened to them, but we could n't make it out. First we thought maybe they got lost, and wandered around and about till their food and water give out and they starved to death; but Tom said no wild animals nor vultures had n't meddled with them, and so that guess would n't do. So at last we give it up, and judged we would n't think about it no more, because it made us low-spirited.

Then we opened the box, and it had gems and jewels in it, quite a pile, and some little veils of the kind the dead women had on, with fringes made out of curious gold money that we war n't acquainted with. We wondered if we better go and try to find them again and give it back; but Tom thought it over and said no, it was a country that was full of robbers, and they would come and steal it, and then the sin would be on us for putting the temptation in their way. So we went on; but I wished we had took all they had, so there would n't 'a' been no temptation at all left.

We had had two hours of that blazing weather down there, and was dreadful thirsty when we got aboard again. We went straight for the water, but it was spoiled and bitter, besides being pretty near hot enough to scald your mouth. We could n't drink it. It was Mississippi river water, the best in the world, and we

stirred up the mud in it to see if that would help, but no, the mud was n't any better than the water.

Well, we had n't been so very, very thirsty before, whilst we was interested in the lost people, but we was, now, and as soon as we found we could n't have a drink, we was more than thirty-five times as thirsty as we was a

we could n't hold them any more. Two hours — three hours — just gazing and gazing, and nothing but sand, sand, *sand*, and you could see the quivering heat-shimmer playing over it. Dear, dear, a body don't know what real misery is till he is thirsty all the way through and is certain he ain't ever going to come to any water any more. At last I



"WE OPENED THE BOX, AND IT HAD GEMS AND JEWELS IN IT."

quarter of a minute before. Why, in a little while we wanted to hold our mouths open and pant like a dog.

Tom said to keep a sharp lookout, all around, everywheres, because we 'd got to find an oasis or there war n't no telling what would happen. So we done it. We kept the glasses gliding around all the time, till our arms got so tired

could n't stand it to look around on them baking plains; I laid down on the locker, and give it up.

But by and by Tom raised a whoop, and there she was! A lake, wide and shiny, with pam-trees leaning over it asleep, and their shadders in the water just as soft and delicate as ever you see. I never see anything look so

good. It was a long ways off, but that war n't anything to us; we just slapped on a hundred-mile gait, and calculated to be there in seven minutes; but she stayed the same old distance away, all the time; we could n't seem to gain on her; yes, sir, just as far, and shiny, and like a dream; but we could n't get no nearer; and at last, all of a sudden, she was gone!

Tom's eyes took a spread, and he says—

"Boys, it was a *myridge!*" Said it like he was glad. I did n't see nothing to be glad about. I says—

"May be. I don't care nothing about its name, the thing I want to know is, what 's become of it?"

Jim was trembling all over, and so scared he could n't speak, but he wanted to ask that question himself if he could 'a' done it. Tom says—

"What 's *become* of it? Why, you see, yourself, it 's gone."

"Yes, I know; but where 's it gone *to*?"

He looked me over and says—

"Well, now, Huck Finn, where *would* it go to? Don't you know what a *myridge* is?"

"No, I don't. What is it?"

"It ain't anything but imagination. There ain't anything *to* it."

It warmed me up a little to hear him talk like that, and I says—

"What 's the use you talking that kind of stuff, Tom Sawyer? Did n't I see the lake?"

"Yes—you think you did."

"I don't think nothing about it, I *did* see it."

"I tell you you *did n't* see it, either—because it war n't there to see."

It astonished Jim to hear him talk so, and he broke in and says, kind of pleading and distressed—

"Mars' Tom, *please* don't say sich things in sich an awful time as dis. You ain't only reskin' yo' own self, but you 's reskin' us—same way like Anna Nias en' Siffira. De lake *wuz* dah—I seen it jis' as plain as I sees you en Huck dis minute."

I says—

"Why, he seen it himself! He was the very one that seen it first. *Now*, then!"

"Yes, Mars' Tom, hit 's so—you can't deny it. We all seen it, en dat *prove* it was dah."

"Proves it! *How* does it prove it?"

"Same way it does in de courts en everywheres, Mars' Tom. One *pusson* might be drunk, or dreamy or suthin', en he could be mistaken; en two might, maybe; but I tell you, sah, when three sees a thing, drunk er sober, it 's *so*. Dey ain't no gittin' aroun' dat, en you knows it, Mars' Tom."

"I don't know nothing of the kind. There used to be forty thousand million people that seen the sun move from one side of the sky to the other every day. Did that prove that the sun *done* it?"

"Course it did. En besides, dey war n't no 'casion to prove it. A body 'at 's got any sense ain't gwine to doubt it. Dah she is, now—a sailin' thoo de sky, like she allays done."

Tom turned on me, then, and says—

"What do *you* say—is the sun standing still?"

"Tom Sawyer, what 's the use to ask such a jaccass question? Anybody that ain't blind can see it don't stand still."

"Well," he says, "I 'm lost in the sky with no company but a passel of low-down animals that don't know no more than the head boss of a university did three or four hundred years ago."

It war n't fair play, and I let him know it. I says—

"Throwin' mud ain't arguin', Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, my goodness, oh, my goodness gracious, dah 's de lake ag'in!" yelled Jim, just then. "*Now*, Mars' Tom, what you gwine to say?"

Yes, sir, there was the lake again, away yonder across the desert, perfectly plain, trees and all, just the same as it was before. I says—

"I reckon you're satisfied now, Tom Sawyer."

But he says, perfectly ca'm—

"Yes, satisfied there ain't no lake there."

Jim says—

"*Don't* talk so, Mars' Tom—it sk'yers me to hear you. It 's so hot, en you 's so thirsty, dat you ain't in yo' right mine, Mars' Tom. Oh, but don't she look good! 'clah I doan' know how I 's gwine to wait tell we gits dah, I 's *so* thirsty."

"Well, you 'll have to wait; and it won't do

you no good, either, because there ain't no lake there, I tell you."

I says—

"Jim, don't you take your eye off of it, and I won't, either."

"'Deed I won't; en bless you, honey, I could n't ef I wanted to."

We went a-tearing along toward it, piling the miles behind us like nothing, but never gaining an inch on it—and all of a sudden it was gone again! Jim staggered, and most fell down. When he got his breath he says, gasping like a fish—

"Mars Tom, hit 's a *ghos'*, dat 's what it is, en I hopes to goodness we ain't gwine to see it no mo'. Dey 's *been* a lake, en suthin 's happened, en de lake 's dead, en we 's seen its *ghos'*; we 's seen it *twiste*, en dat 's proof. De desert 's ha'nted, it 's ha'nted, sho'; oh, Mars Tom, le's git outen it; I 'd ruther die den have de night ketch us in it ag'in en de *ghos'* er dat lake come a-mournin' aroun' us en we asleep en doan know de danger we 's in."

"Ghost, you gander! It ain't anything but air and heat and thirstiness pasted together by a person's imagination. If I—gimme the glass!"

He grabbed it and begun to gaze off to the right.

"It 's a flock of birds," he says. "It 's get-

ting toward sundown, and they 're making a bee-line across our track for somewheres. They mean business—maybe they 're going for food or water, or both. Let her go to starboard!—Port your hellum! Hard down! There—ease up—steady, as you go."

We shut down some of the power, so as not to outspeed them, and took out after them. We went skimming along a quarter of a mile behind them, and when we had followed them an hour and a half and was getting pretty discouraged, and was thirsty clean to unendurableness, Tom says—

"Take the glass, one of you, and see what that is, away ahead of the birds."

Jim got the first glimpse, and slumped down on the locker, sick. He was most crying, and says—



"AND ALL THIS TIME THE LIONS AND TIGERS WAS SORTING OUT THE CLOTHES." (SEE PAGE 353.)



"WE CATCHED A LOT OF THE NICEST FISH YOU EVER SEE." (SEE PAGE 354.)

“She ’s dah agi’n, Mars Tom, she ’s dah ag’in, en I knows I ’s gwine to die, ’case when a body sees a ghos’ de third time, dat ’s what it means. I wisht I ’d never come in dis balloon, dat I does.”

He would n’t look no more, and what he said made me afraid, too, because I knowed it was true, for that has always been the way with ghosts; so then I would n’t look any more, either. Both of us begged Tom to turn off and go some other way, but he would n’t, and said we was ignorant superstitious blatherskites. Yes, and he ’ll git come up with, one of these days, I says to myself, insulting ghosts that way. They ’ll stand it for a while, maybe, but they won’t stand it always, for anybody that knows about ghosts knows how easy they are hurt, and how revengeful they are.

So we was all quiet and still, Jim and me being scared, and Tom busy. By and by Tom fetched the balloon to a standstill, and says—

“*Now* get up and look, you sapheads.”

We done it, and there was the sure-enough water right under us!—clear, and blue, and cool, and deep, and wavy with the breeze, the loveliest sight that ever was. And all about it was grassy banks, and flowers, and shady groves of big trees, looped together with vines, and all looking so peaceful and comfortable, enough to make a body cry, it was so beautiful.

Jim *did* cry, and rip and dance and carry on, he was so thankful and out of his mind for joy. It was my watch, so I had to stay by the works, but Tom and Jim clumb down and drunk a barrel apiece, and fetched me up a lot, and I ’ve tasted a many a good thing in my life, but nothing that ever begun with that water.

Then we went down and had a swim, and then Tom came up and spelled me, and me and Jim had a swim, and then Jim spelled Tom, and me and Tom had a foot-race and a boxing-mill, and I don’t reckon I ever had such a good time in my life. It war n’t so very hot, because it was close on to evening, and we had n’t any clothes on, anyway. Clothes is well enough in school, and in towns, and at balls, too, but there ain’t no sense in them when there ain’t no civilization nor other kinds of bothers and fussiness around.

“Lions a-comin’!—lions! Quick, Mars Tom, jump for yo’ life, Huck!”

Oh, and did n’t we! We never stopped for clothes, but waltzed up the ladder just so. Jim lost his head straight off—he always done it whenever he got excited and scared; and so now, ’stead of just easing the ladder up from the ground a little, so the animals could n’t reach it, he turned on a raft of power, and we went whizzing up and was dangling in the sky before he got his wits together and seen what a foolish thing he was doing. Then he stopped her, but he had clean forgot what to do next; so there we was, so high that the lions looked like pups, and we was drifting off on the wind.

But Tom he shinned up and went for the works and begun to slant her down, and back towards the lake, where the animals was gathering like a camp-meeting, and I judged he had lost *his* head, too; for he knowed I was too scared to climb, and did he want to dump me among the tigers and things?

But no, his head was level, he knowed what he was about. He swooped down to within thirty or forty feet of the lake, and stopped right over the center, and sung out—

“Leggo, and drop!”

I done it, and shot down, feet first, and seemed to go about a mile toward the bottom; and when I come up, he says—

“Now lay on your back and float till you ’re rested and got your pluck back, then I ’ll dip the ladder in the water and you can climb aboard.”

I done it. Now that was ever so smart in Tom, because if he had started off somewheres else to drop down on the sand, the menagerie would ’a’ come along, too, and might ’a’ kept us hunting a safe place till I got tuckered out and fell.

And all this time the lions and tigers was sorting out the clothes, and trying to divide them up so there would be some for all, but there was a misunderstanding about it somewheres, on accounts of some of them trying to hog more than their share; so there was another insurrection, and you never see anything like it in the world. There must ’a’ been fifty of them, all mixed up together, snorting and

roaring and snapping and biting and tearing, legs and tails in the air and you could n't tell which was which, and the sand and fur a-flying. And when they got done, some was dead, and some was limping off crippled, and the rest was setting around on the battle-field, some of them licking their sore places and the others looking up at us and seemed to be kind of inviting us to come down and have some fun, but which we did n't want any.

As for the clothes, they war n't any, any more. Every last rag of them was inside of the animals; and not agreeing with them very well, I don't reckon, for there was considerable many brass buttons on them, and there was knives in the pockets, too, and smoking-tobacco, and nails and chalk and marbles and fish-hooks and things. But I was n't caring. All that was bothering me was, that all we had, now, was the Professor's clothes, a big enough assortment, but not suitable to go into company with, if we came across any, because the britches was as long as tunnels, and the coats and things according. Still, there was everything a tailor needed, and Jim was a kind of jack-legged tailor, and he allowed he could soon trim a suit or two down for us that would answer.

CHAPTER IX.

STILL, we thought we would drop down there a minute, but on another errand. Most of the Professor's cargo of food was put up in cans, in the new way that somebody had just invented, the rest was fresh. When you fetch Missouri beefsteak to the Great Sahara, you want to be particular and stay up in the coolish weather. So we reckoned we would drop down into the lion market and see how we could make out there.

We hauled in the ladder and dropped down till we was just above the reach of the animals, then we let down a rope with a slip-knot in it and hauled up a dead lion, a small tender one, then yanked up a cub tiger. We had to keep the congregation off with the revolver, or they would 'a' took a hand in the proceedings and helped.

We carved off a supply from both, and saved the skins, and hove the rest overboard. Then we baited some of the Professor's hooks with

the fresh meat and went a-fishing. We stood over the lake just a convenient distance above the water, and caught a lot of the nicest fish you ever see. It was a most amazing good supper we had; lion steak, tiger steak, fried fish and hot corn pone. I don't want nothing better than that.

We had some fruit to finish off with. We got it out of the top of a monstrous tall tree. It was a very slim tree that had n't a branch on it from the bottom plumb to the top, and there it busted out like a feather-duster. It was a pam tree, of course; anybody knows a pam tree the minute he see it, by the pictures. We went for coconuts in this one, but there war n't none. There was only big loose bunches of things like over-sized grapes, and Tom allowed they was dates, because he said they answered the description in the Arabian Nights and the other books. Of course they might n't be, and they might be pison; so we had to wait a spell, and watch and see if the birds et them. They done it; so we done it too, and they was most amazing good.

By this time monstrous big birds begun to come and settle on the dead animals. They was plucky creturs; they would tackle one end of a lion that was being gnawed at the other end by another lion. If the lion drove the bird away, it did n't do no good, he was back again the minute the lion was busy.

The big birds come out of every part of the sky—you could make them out with the glass whilst they was still so far away you could n't see them with your naked eye. Tom said the birds did n't find out the meat was there by the smell, they had to find it out by seeing it. Oh, but ain't that an eye for you! Tom said at the distance of five mile a patch of dead lions could n't look any bigger than a person's finger nail, and he could n't imagine how the birds could notice such a little thing so far off.

It was strange and unnatural to see lion eat lion, and we thought maybe they war n't kin. But Jim said that did n't make no difference. He said a hog was fond of her own children, and so was a spider, and he reckoned maybe a lion was pretty near as unprincipled though maybe not quite. He thought likely a lion would n't eat his own father, if he knowed

which was him, but reckoned he would eat his brother-in-law if he was uncommon hungry, and eat his mother-in-law any time. But *reckoning* don't settle nothing. You can reckon till the cows come home, but that don't fetch you to no decision. So we give it up and let it drop.

Generly it was very still in the Desert, nights, but this time there was music. A lot of other animals come to dinner; sneaking yelpers that Tom allowed was jackals, and roached-backed ones that he said was hyenas; and all the whole biling of them kept up a racket all the time. They made a picture in the moonlight that was more different than any picture I ever see. We had a line out and made fast to the top of a tree, and did n't stand no watch, but all turned in and slept, but I was up two or three times to look down at the animals and hear the music. It was like having a front seat at a menagerie for nothing, which I had n't ever had before, and so it seemed foolish to sleep and not make the most of it, I might n't ever have such a chance again.

We went a-fishing again in the early dawn, and then laized around all day in the deep shade on an island, taking turn about to watch and see that none of the animals come a-snooping around there after erronorts for dinner. We was going to leave next day, but could n't, it was too lovely.

The day after, when we rose up toward the sky and sailed off eastward, we looked back and watched that place till it war n't nothing but just a speck in the Desert, and I tell you it was like saying good-by to a friend that you ain't ever going to see any more.

Jim was thinking to himself, and at last he says—

“Mars Tom, we 's mos' to de end er de Desert now, I speck.”

“Why?”

“Well, hit stan' to reason we is. You knows how long we 's been a-skimmin' over it. Mus' be mos' out o' san'. Hit 's a wonder to me dat it 's hilt out as long as it has.”

“Shucks, there 's plenty sand, you need n't worry.”

“Oh, I ain't a-worryin', Mars Tom, only wonderin', dat 's all. De Lord 's got plenty san' I ain't doubtin' dat, but nemmine, He ain'

gwyne to *was'e* it jist on dat account; en I allows dat dis Desert 's plenty big enough now, jist de way she is, en you can't spread her out no mo' 'dout was'in san'.”

“Oh, go 'long! we ain't much more than fairly *started* across this Desert yet. The United States is a pretty big country, ain't it? Ain't it, Huck?”

“Yes,” I says, “there ain't no bigger one, I don't reckon.”

“Well,” he says, “this Desert is about the shape of the United States, and if you was to lay it down on top of the United States, it would cover the land of the free out of sight like a blanket. There 'd be a little corner sticking out, up at Maine and away up north-west, and Florida sticking out like a turtle's tail, and that 's all. We 've took California away from the Mexicans two or three years ago, so that part of the Pacific coast is ours, now, and if you laid the Great Sahara down with her edge on the Pacific, she would cover the United States and stick out past New York six hundred miles into the Atlantic Ocean.”

I says—

“Good land! have you got the documents for that, Tom Sawyer?”

“Yes, and they 're right here, and I 've been studying them. You can look for yourself. From New York to the Pacific is 2,600 miles. From one end of the Great Desert to the other is 3,200. The United States contains 3,600,000 square miles, the Desert contains 4,162,000. With the Desert's bulk you could cover up every last inch of the United States, and in under where the edges projected out, you could tuck England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Denmark, and all Germany. Yes, sir, you could hide the home of the brave and all of them countries clean out of sight under the Great Sahara, and you would still have 2,000 square miles of sand left.”

“Well,” I says, “it clean beats me. Why, Tom, it shows that the Lord took as much pains makin' this Desert as makin' the United States and all them other countries.”

Jim says—“Huck, dat don' stan' to reason. I reckon dis Desert wa' n't made, at all. Now you take en look at it like dis—you look at it, and see ef I 's right. What 's a desert good for?”

'T ain't good for nuthin'. Dey ain't no way to make it pay. Hain't dat so, Huck?"

"Yes, I reckon."

"Hain't it so, Mars Tom?"

"I guess so. Go on."

"Ef a thing ain't no good, it's made in vain, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"*Now*, den! Do de Lord make anything in vain? You answer me dat."

"Well — no, He don't."

"Den how come He make a desert?"

"Well, go on. How *did* He come to make it?"

"Mars Tom, I b'lieve it uz jes like when you 's buildin' a house; dey 's allays a lot o' truck en rubbish lef' over. What does you do wid it? Doan' you take en k'yard it off en dump it into a ole vacant back lot? 'Course. Now, den, it 's my opinion hit was jes like dat — dat de Great Sahara war n't made at all, she jes *happen*'."

I said it was a real good argument, and I believed it was the best one Jim ever made. Tom he said the same, but said the trouble about arguments is, they ain't nothing but *theories*, after all, and theories don't prove nothing, they only give you a place to rest on, a spell, when you are tuckered out butting around and around trying to find out something there ain't no way to find out. And he says —

"There 's another trouble about theories: there 's always a hole in them somewheres, sure, if you look close enough. It 's just so with this one of Jim's. Look what billions and billions of stars there is. How does it come that there was just exactly enough star-stuff, and none left over? How does it come there ain't no sand-pile up there?"

But Jim was fixed for him and says —

"What 's de Milky Way? — dat 's what I wants to know. What 's de Milky Way? Answer me dat!"

In my opinion it was just a sockdologer. It 's only an opinion, it 's only *my* opinion and others may think different; but I said it then and I stand to it now — it was a sockdologer. And moreover, besides, it landed Tom Sawyer.

He could n't say a word. He had that stunned look of a person that 's been shot in the back with a kag of nails. All he said was, as for people like me and Jim, he 'd just as soon have intellectual intercourse with a catfish. But anybody can say that — and I notice they always do, when somebody has fetched them a lifter. Tom Sawyer was tired of that end of the subject.

So we got back to talking about the size of the Desert again, and the more we compared it with this and that and t' other thing, the more nobler and bigger and grander it got to look, right along. And so, hunting amongst the figgers, Tom found, by and by, that it was just the same size as the Empire of China. Then he showed us the spread the Empire of China made on the map, and the room she took up in the world. Well, it was wonderful to think of, and I says —

"Why, I 've heard talk about this Desert plenty of times, but I never knowed, before, how important she was."

Then Tom says —

"Important! Sahara important! That 's just the way with some people. If a thing 's big, it 's important. That 's all the sense they 've got. All they can see is *size*. Why, look at England. It 's the most important country in the world; and yet you could put it in China's vest pocket; and not only that, but you 'd have the dickens's own time to find it again the next time you wanted it. And look at Russia. It spreads all around and everywhere, and yet ain't no more important in this world than Rhode Island is, and has n't got half as much in it that 's worth saving."

Away off, now, we see a little hill, a-standing up just on the edge of the world. Tom broke off his talk, and reached for a glass very much excited, and took a look, and says —

"That 's it — it 's the one I 've been looking for, sure. If I 'm right, it 's the one the Dervish took the man into and showed him all the treasures."

So we begun to gaze, and he begun to tell about it out of the Arabian Nights.

(To be continued.)

A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

I LIVE in a musical neighborhood,
And I'd certainly move out at once if I could,
But I've taken my flat till the first of next May,
So you see very well that I can't get away.

There's a young man down-stairs who sits up late at night,
And thumps on the banjo with wearisome might,
While I walk up and down, for I can't sleep a wink
For the sound of his plinkety-plinkety-plink!

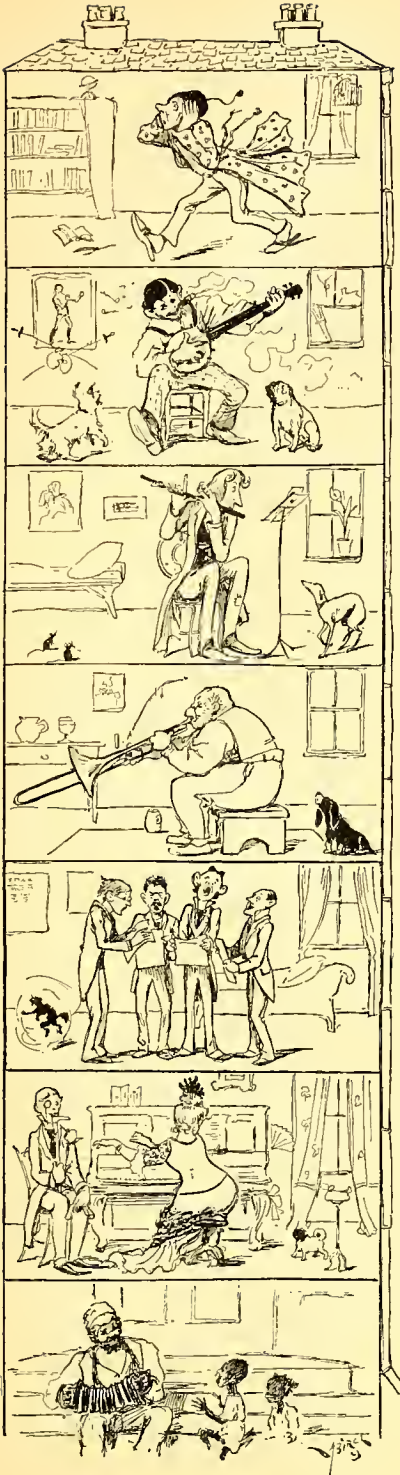
On the floor just below there's a man with a flute—
Oh, that tootlety-tootlety-tootlety-toot!
To the nerves it is quite as distressing, I think,
As the other one's plinkety-plinkety-plink!

A man on a trombone below tries to bang,
But all he gets from it is whangety-whang;
And it's dreadful, mixed up with the banjo and flute—
Whang-whangety-plinkety-tootlety-toot!

And then there's a quartet of zealous young men,
Who try glees and anthems again and again;
But all that they do is so woefully queer
They should go to a wood, where there's no one to hear!

There's a lady besides on the very first floor,
And on a piano the scale she runs o'er—
Just *do, re, mi, fa, sol,* and *la, si,* and *do,*
First up, and then down, sometimes fast, and then slow.

The janitor too has the musical craze,
And on the front steps an accordion plays;
Oh, I'd move right away if I could—would n't you?—
But my rent is all paid, and so what can I do?



TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.
Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Began in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

IT is not our intention to follow in detail the wanderings and adventures of Philip and Lilybel. Their experiences on the pilgrimage toward the city of their destination would fill too many pages for our purpose.

When Philip went forth on that dreary March night, with Père Josef's "children" and his little bag of treasures, he had formed no plans as to the beginning or continuation of his journey. His first idea was to get away, his second was to get to New Orleans. The first did not seem so difficult, and was soon put into execution; but the latter required some serious consideration, as all roads do not lead to that fair and far city of the South.

In some respects a pedestrian journey has its advantages. One has no difficulty in choosing between sea and land, or in deciding between rival lines of steamers and railroads; but it is very important that one should at least set out on the highway that leads to his destination.

Lilybel had been waiting some time at the corner. He was sniffing with cold and impatience; *he* also carried a bundle, but his bundle did not contain sentimental souvenirs of the past. Philip had not neglected the subsistence department of the expedition; he had given Lilybel money with which to buy provisions, and these provisions were tied up in the bundle, and consisted of bananas, gingerbread, and popped corn; a small tin bucket filled with molasses completed the outfit.

"Well," said Philip, shortly, on seeing him, "are you ready?"

"Yas, Mars' Philip, I 's ready, I 's got ev'ry-t'ing; but be we 's er-goin' ter stay out all night in der rain an' col'?"

"Yes, we are," returned Philip decidedly; "and we 've got to *walk* to keep warm. Come on, let 's start for the ferry." And without further parley he turned his face toward the river and trotted briskly along, followed by Lilybel, who lagged and sniffed and complained pitifully of the cold.

As soon as Philip had started, he understood that he would be obliged to lead the expedition as well as to supply the moral force; therefore he debated in his mind just what was best to be done. The first thing was to get away from the city—"Or the coppers 'll be arter us," Lilybel said, between his sniffs, "an' we 'll be cotched an' sont back, an' dey 'll put us in der p'lice-station fer ruanin' erway, an' we 's 'll never git out."

This possibility really alarmed Philip. In spite of the dreadful unknown before him, he did not wish to be sent back, so he pressed on sturdily toward the ferry. He was neither cold nor wet; his thick little coat shed the rain, and his heart was warm with hope.

When they reached the ferry slip, and Lilybel saw the boat and the dark water of the North River, he hung back, saying stubbornly: "I ain't er-gwine on any steamboat ter New 'Leens. I 's er-gwine ter *walk*, I is."

"But you must cross the ferry first; this is only a ferry. Come on—the boat is about starting. If you don't come, I 'll go without you," returned Philip decidedly.

"I don't wan' ter," sniffled Lilybel, as Philip gave his tickets to the gate-keeper, and at the same time with an energetic push thrust the reluctant little darky into the thickest of the crowd, and so passed on unnoticed in the darkness. When they were once safely on the other side, Philip walked a little slower. He was formulating a plan in his mind. With an intelligence beyond his years, he felt that it

would not be well at first to make such inquiries as would cause any one to suspect his destination. If he was not very discreet, he might furnish a clue that would lead to his being overtaken and sent back. Therefore he determined not to ask for directions which would awaken suspicion. He remembered distinctly two places which he had passed through on his way North with his adopted parents. One was Chattanooga; it was impressed on his mind because they remained there in order to visit Lookout Mountain, the scene of the "Battle in the Clouds." The other was Washington; Mrs. Ainsworth had told him that it was the capital of the country. If they passed through those cities to come to New York, they could go South by the same route. So he decided to begin by inquiring the way to Washington.

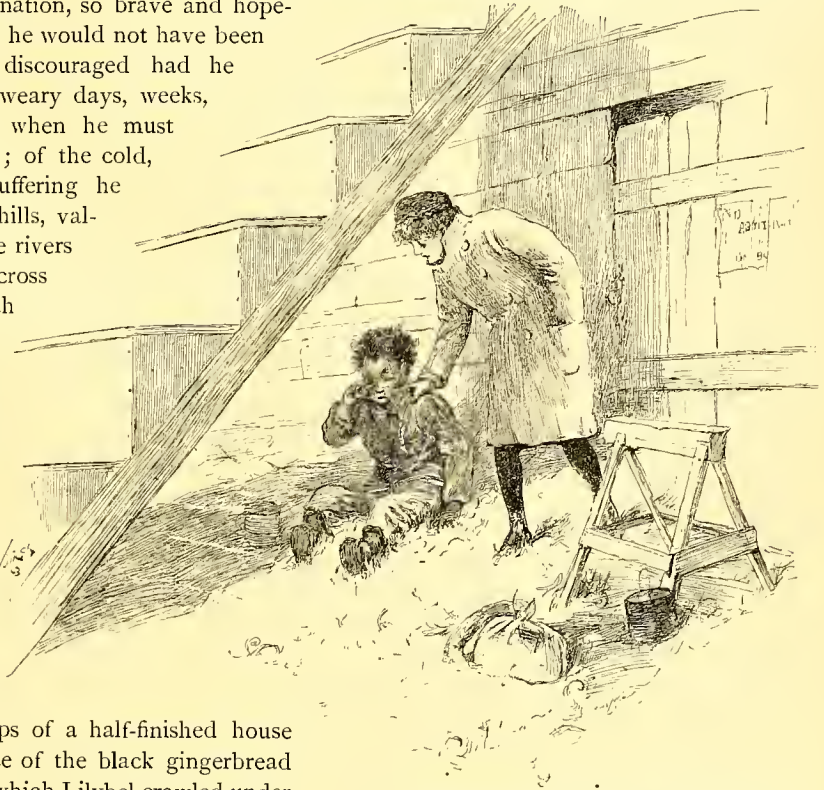
So full of determination, so brave and hopeful was the boy that he would not have been daunted or even discouraged had he known of the long weary days, weeks, and even months, when he must always be toiling on; of the cold, hunger, pain, and suffering he must endure; the hills, valleys, and forests, the rivers and lakes he must cross before he could reach his desired haven.

When the night was half spent, the two little pilgrims found themselves beyond the glare of Jersey City in a quiet, slumbering suburb. Lilybel was exhausted, and declared he could go no farther, so they sat down on the steps of a half-finished house and munched a piece of the black gingerbread and a banana, after which Lilybel crawled under the steps among a pile of shavings, and was soon in the land of dreams, where one is seldom tired, cold, and hungry.

For some time Philip sat in the silence and

looked at the stars. "There 's the Dipper," he said to himself; "Mammy used to show it to me. It 's just as bright here, and just as near, so it can't be far to New Orleans; and there 's the Little Bear—it used to be right over the Pittosporum tree in Mammy's garden. It looks just the same as it did then, and it 's shining there and here at the same time." Sitting alone in the dark, with Père Josef's "children" hugged close to him, he felt that he had seen old friends in the "Dipper" and the "Little Bear"; that he would have their company on his long journey back to his home; he thought the way could not seem so long and dreary while they were shining above him.

After a while he felt cold and his eyes grew heavy with sleep. So he crawled under the steps beside Lilybel, who was in a comfortable nest of shavings, and placing the "children"



"LILYBEL RUBBED HIS EYES AND YAWNED, WHILE PHILIP SHOOK HIM VIGOROUSLY." (SEE PAGE 360.)

between them, and his treasures under his head, he contentedly followed his little companion into the enchanting land of dreams.

At the earliest peep of day Philip was awakened by the scampering of the "children" in the cage. They were up early, and were indulging in a game of *colin-maillard*. Lilybel was still sleeping, and was sure to sleep all day if he was not disturbed.

"Why, Mars' Philip, it ain't time ter git up!" he cried dolorously, rubbing his eyes and yawning, while Philip shook him vigorously.

"Yes, it is; now, hurry and eat your breakfast, and we 'll start right off before any one is about."

Philip gave the "children" a few grains of popped corn, and ate a banana with a very poor appetite, while Lilybel fared sumptuously on a huge piece of gingerbread; then, after making their toilets, which consisted in brushing off the clinging shavings and sawdust, they went on their way—but not rejoicing.

The morning was cold and gray. Philip's head ached and his feet felt like lead, but still he must press on; he must not give up when he had just begun the journey. Later, they stopped at a farm-house to ask for some water. It was breakfast-time, and the kind-hearted mother of a little boy gave them each a hot buttered roll and a cup of steaming coffee. This good fare cheered and encouraged them considerably, and they pressed on in quite a cheerful mood.

All day they walked, Philip resolutely, Lilybel laggingly. When they inquired the way to Washington, some laughed and said: "Keep straight ahead and you 'll get there in a week or so." Others told them they did n't know the way, that it was too far to walk there, and that they had better go by rail, and so on. Philip thanked them all with a gentle smile and trotted on serenely, but the day seemed the longest day that he had ever spent.

When night came on they were near a railroad station on the outskirts of a small village. Philip was very hungry, for he had eaten nothing since morning; but Lilybel had supplied himself by lightening his bundle to such an extent that nothing remained but a handful of popped corn, and for this dry fare Philip had no appetite. When they reached the station a freight-train was pulled up on the track, and it seemed to be waiting for the engine in order

to start. Two men were in the caboose, and as he was about to pass, Philip looked wistfully at them. They were eating supper, and had a pot of coffee between them. The tired boy craved some of the grateful beverage, but he did not like to beg, so he drew out a dime and asked them very politely if they would sell him some.

The men laughed heartily. "Why, my little man, we don't keep a coffee-stand; but I guess we can *give* you some." So they poured out a large tin cup full. It was strong and sweet, but it was not Mocha; yet Philip thought he had never tasted better. He gratefully drank half, and gave the remainder to Lilybel.

The little negro had been regarding the bread and bacon with an eloquent look, which the kind-hearted men appreciated. After the coffee disappeared, each little pilgrim received a generous plate of food, which they devoured eagerly. "Hunger is the best sauce": Philip relished his supper as he never did a meal served on Madam Ainsworth's dainty china by the capable and stately Bassett.

After they had eaten, Philip thanked the men politely, and was about to move on.

"Where are ye goin', little fellows?" asked one,—rough-looking without, but pure gold within.

"We 're going to Washington," replied Philip readily.

"Great Cæsar!—ye are? How yer goin'?"

"We 're going to walk," said Philip, undaunted.

"When do ye expect to git there?"

"Oh, I don't know; to-morrow, perhaps."

"Ha, ha! Well, git in here an' come along with us, and ye will; but if ye walk, it 'll take ye a month, an' yer shoes 'll be all wore out."

Philip and Lilybel scrambled into the caboose with alacrity and delight. The kind occupants gave them a little bunk in the corner, where they slept comfortably; and in the morning they were in Washington, much to their satisfaction:

Philip would have liked to show the kind men the "children," but he was afraid to do so; he was wise enough to know that they would be another means of tracing him. So he could only thank his hospitable hosts very

warmly as he walked away with a much lighter heart.

"See here, Lilybel," he said confidently to his companion, "now we 're a good long way from New York, we need n't be in such a hurry. I 've got some money, and we 'll stay here and rest awhile."

"An' yer can make lots more a-showin' dem little mices," suggested Lilybel. "Did n't I tole yer we 'd git lots er lifts on dem trains? I guess now we won't have ter walk no more."

Philip was very hopeful; he quite agreed with Lilybel — everything was going so well. It would be very easy to get home, after all. So they sallied forth to see the city with the confidence and carelessness of a couple of young millionaires out for a holiday.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MADAM AINSWORTH RECEIVES A PACKAGE OF LETTERS.

PHILIP had been gone a month. Mrs. Ainsworth had been very anxious and unhappy, and had certainly done all that she could in the absence of her husband, and in the face of her mother-in-law's constant discouragements. A great many letters had passed between the detective employed and Mr. Ainsworth. The latter, remembering Lilybel's former methods of traveling, thought that the little negro, who had also disappeared, had induced Philip to hide with him on an outward-bound steamer, and that they were doubtless in New Orleans; but communications with the captains of the different steamers, and the police of that city convinced him that the children had not gone by sea, nor had they, as far as he and the detective could learn, returned to their former home.

Madam Ainsworth, who was not at all anxious to have them discovered, was of the opinion that they had never left New York, and she was in daily fear that they would unexpectedly turn up, and that Philip would be forgiven and taken back. However, as weeks passed away, she began to feel easier, and was more than vexed at her daughter-in-law for being anxious and worried about what she termed "unexpected good fortune." They had got rid of the little waif through no fault of

theirs. They had not turned him off; he had gone of his own free will, and they were not in any way responsible for it. She did not see why they should search for him and want him back. If they succeeded in finding him he would probably run away again, and they would have a repetition of all the trouble and expense. There was no doubt but that the boy was something of a vagabond, and as he grew older he would be more unruly and troublesome, therefore they were well rid of him before he should disgrace them.

These were the specious arguments which she used with her daughter-in-law, and with which she quieted her own conscience; for now and then, in spite of her coldness and indifference, she had little twinges which made her very uncomfortable. Suddenly the boy's handsome face would come before her; she would think of his merry laugh, his gentle, kindly ways, and even his little mischievous tricks now made her smile and sigh at the same time. She remembered the day when he pleaded so earnestly for Père Josef's "children," and the touching tone in his voice that had moved her so, and brought back the pain of an old sorrow. And toward the last, just before he went away, he looked ill; sometimes she had noticed a flush on his cheek, and an unnatural brightness in his eyes. Perhaps exposure and want had killed him, and even now his little neglected body might be lying in some unknown grave. These memories and fancies increased day by day. In spite of her satisfaction at his continued absence, the boy interested her, and occupied her thoughts away, more than he had when he was with her.

One morning, when she sat down to her writing-table to open her letters, she saw on the top of the pile a large, strange-looking package addressed to her in an unknown hand.

Her fingers trembled a little as she broke the strong seal, and the first object within the cover that met her eye was a letter that bore her name in writing that she remembered too well — the writing of her son, her Philip, who for ten long years had sent her no missive to break the solemn silence between them. It was like a voice from the grave. With an awed face she opened it, and read the confession of his mar-

riage, the tender passionate appeal to his mother for his wife and child.

Why had this been kept from her for all these years? Who had dared to do it? And a feeling of resentment was mingled with her sorrow and surprise. One after another she unfolded and read the papers: her son's tender little notes to the girl he loved, Père Josef's explanatory letter, and last of all, Toinette's touching confession.

There it all lay before her, the history of these young lives: the joys, the sorrows, the hopes and ambitions, ending in a mournful tragedy, which seemed unreal and almost impossible because of its remoteness. Unknown to her, her son was married a year or more before his death. The swift memory of that awful day, when she was told that he had fallen, wrung her heart with pain. He had been taken away in the flush of youth and love, and his young wife had followed him; but the child, where was the child? They spoke of Philip's child, her grandson, the eldest Ainsworth. Why had they kept him from her all these years? Who had done it? Where was he? and why were these letters sent to her now?

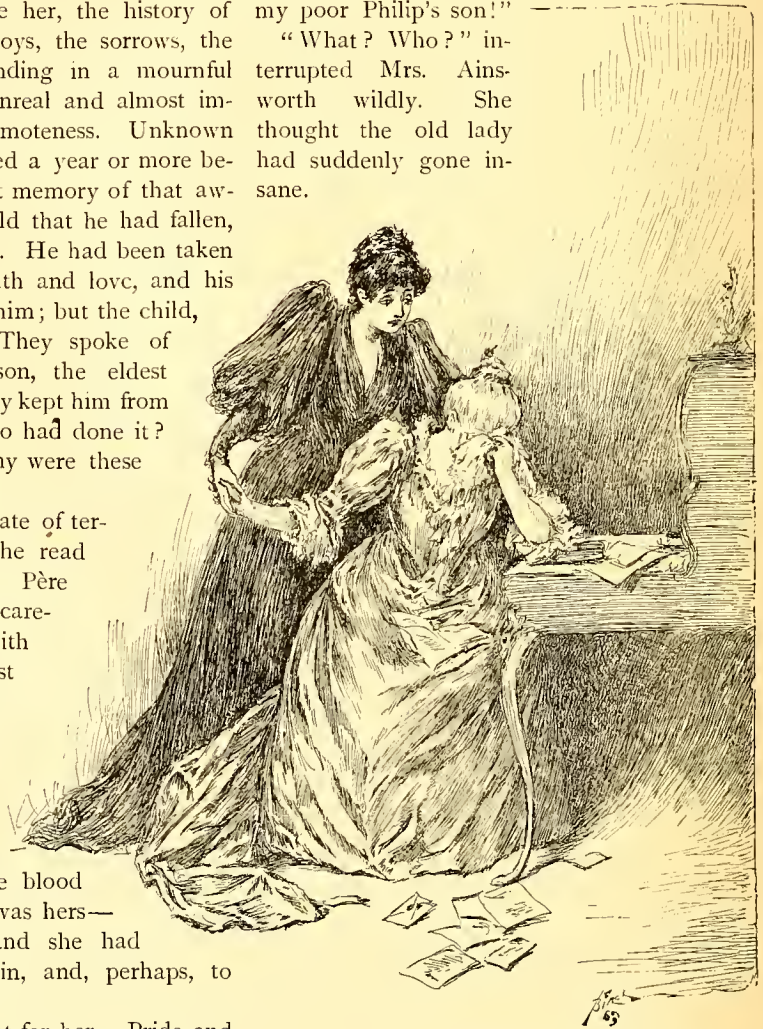
Her mind was in a state of terrible confusion. Again she read Toinette's letter, again Père Josef's, slowly and more carefully. Suddenly, and with awful force, the truth burst upon her. Toinette's Philip! That boy her son had adopted—the little waif, the vagabond, the despised and rejected—was her son's child, *her* grandson! The blood that flowed in his veins was hers—he was her very own, and she had driven him away to ruin, and, perhaps, to death!

It was an awful moment for her. Pride and composure were forgotten; she was very human and weak in her remorse and sorrow. With a cry of distress that brought Mrs. Ainsworth to the room, she threw herself back in her chair and burst into tears.

"What is it? Oh, what has happened?" cried Mrs. Ainsworth in terror; she had never seen the stately old lady weep, and the sight of her sorrow was extremely touching.

"Laura, oh, Laura, how can I ever forgive myself?" she exclaimed, when she saw bending over her the pale, pitying face of her daughter-in-law. "What can we do? How can we find him? That boy, that child whom I have driven away, is Philip's son, my poor Philip's son!"

"What? Who?" interrupted Mrs. Ainsworth wildly. She thought the old lady had suddenly gone insane.



"'WHAT IS IT? OH, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?' CRIED MRS. AINSWORTH."

But Madam Ainsworth did not heed the interruption nor the question. "Oh, I am fearfully punished," she went on excitedly. "There are all the certificates, the letters; look at them,

read them. They tell everything, they are as clear as day. See what I have brought upon myself; I was cold, proud, wicked—I would not listen to the pleadings of my heart. I *felt* for that child. I had to struggle with myself *not* to love him. It was the old bitter prejudice, the hatred for what had caused the sorrow of my life. If he had come from any other place on earth I might have done him justice; but I said like those of old, ‘Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?’ and I rejected him, although something told me that there was a tie between us. Oh, I felt it, that day when I was cruel to him, when he pleaded so pitifully for his little pets! It was the very tone of voice, the very expression of my Philip when I used to reprove him for some childish fault. Poor little soul; I pitied him, but I almost broke his heart and my own with my stubborn pride!”

While Madam Ainsworth was pouring out her bitter self-accusations, Mrs. Ainsworth was looking over the letters and papers with a puzzled bewildered air. “Oh,” she said at length, “it must be true, he must be Captain Ainsworth’s child! Edward felt it when he first saw him. It was the resemblance to his brother that made him love the boy; he told me so then, and, beside, he was so like *our* boy. I was always surprised that you could not see the resemblance”; and Mrs. Ainsworth wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. “But what can we do? How can we find him?” and she looked helplessly at her mother-in-law, who was making a desperate effort to recover her composure.

“I must write to Edward at once, he must leave that business and come to us,” replied Madam Ainsworth, decidedly. “What does it matter whether we lose or gain money while Philip’s child is drifting about the world exposed to want and sin? Laura, while I am writing to Edward send for that detective. We must give him more money. We must make greater efforts, the child can and must be found! Until I see him again I can never know peace or happiness; my son will reproach me from his grave, and I shall reproach myself as long as I live. There is no time to be lost; we must begin this very moment.”

And the ardor and energy with which Madam Ainsworth put her plans into execution

was in striking contrast to her former coldness and indifference.

CHAPTER XXX.

THEY PRESS ON.

THE two little pilgrims did not remain long in Washington. Lilybel’s enormous appetite for sweets, and his fondness for sight-seeing, very soon depleted Philip’s pocket-book, which could not be replenished by exhibiting the “children,” as the little negro had proposed, for Philip was aware that the little cage of white mice would furnish a certain means of following them, so he kept them carefully covered, and seldom allowed them to be seen. And he decided in the future to avoid large cities,—they offered too many temptations to Lilybel,—and to confine himself to country roads and obscure villages.

So they set forth again, as bright and hopeful as at first, and drifted on, sometimes a wind of chance blowing them in the right direction, sometimes in the wrong; still, they progressed slowly but surely toward their goal. They were not so fortunate in getting “lifts” as Lilybel had predicted, but they seldom suffered for food and shelter. Lilybel’s tin bucket, which he clung to through all vicissitudes, usually contained something eatable upon which they could fall back in an emergency. When some generous housewife would furnish them more than they could eat at one meal, the remainder went into the bucket to furnish supplies on a long march from one point of supply to another.

As they went South the weather became milder, and they did not suffer much from cold. Very early in the march, Lilybel and his shoes parted company, which was no hardship to the little ducky, whose feet were as tough as leather and as hard as bone; but Philip, after being daintily shod for so long, when obliged to part with his foot-covering, suffered terribly from blisters and wounds caused by constantly tramping over rough roads. At times, when he found it impossible to take another step, he would sit down disheartened, and declare he could go no farther. Then Lilybel would encourage him by telling him that he “saw er

smoke" or "heard er train," and therefore they must be near a house or a railroad, where they could rest and procure assistance. Then Philip, very pale, and with compressed lips, would struggle up and press on, and if he failed utterly, Lilybel would supplement the exhausted physical force by carrying his companion on his back, with a sturdy determination wonderful in such a mite.

But Philip was very thin and light. In fact, he seemed to *wilt* away day by day, until, as he sometimes said, laughingly, there was nothing of him but clothes, and these, too, were beginning to wilt. A hole here, a rent there, a tatter left on a bush, a scrap jagged off by pushing through a hedge, or climbing a rude fence, told him that soon his garments would be in the condition of Lilybel's.

If Madam Ainsworth could have caught a glimpse of Philip after six weeks of wandering, her old opinion that he was a vagabond would have been fully confirmed by his appearance. But in spite of the hardships endured by the little pilgrims, Père Josef's "children" fared sumptuously every day. They had plenty to eat, they were warm, and well cared for, and, on the whole, preferred swinging along over the road, with occasional glimpses of sunlight and blue skies, to being shut up in a close, dim room. And they were as merry as ever; they played their little games, and performed their sprightly tricks readily, and often and often furnished their small share to the general fund by bringing in coppers and nickels, which Lilybel delighted to collect in his cap, after the manner of itinerant showmen. The farther they went South the more frequent these exhibitions became, until they were rarely without small sums of money; but owing to Lilybel's fondness for luxuries and contempt for essentials, they never could get enough ahead to supply themselves with all necessities. However, they drifted on, laughing one day, and crying the next; overfed at one meal, and hungry for days together; one night cold, with only the skies for a covering, another housed under some hospitable roof.

When Philip asked for shelter and food he was seldom refused. The pretty, gentle little fellow with his droll black companion excited interest in every one; and when some, curious

to know the why of this peculiar partnership, questioned Philip, he would smilingly reply, "Oh, he 's my friend." And that was all the information he would give.

One night darkness overtook them among the mountains of Tennessee. It was in April, but it was keenly cold on the hills. The stars glittered brightly, the air was full of frost, the dry branches and leaves crackled and rustled around them. They were on a mountain road climbing toilsomely up and up, and they did not know just where they were; but they were confident that if they kept to the highway it would lead to some place. At last they could go no farther, and they sat down in the dark quite exhausted. They were cold and hungry, and unfortunately Lilybel's bucket was empty.

After resting for a few moments, they drew some dead leaves and branches together under the shelter of a tree, and with the "children" between them they lay down in their little nest quite contentedly. Scarcely had they composed themselves to sleep when they heard something among the bushes cautiously approaching them, a soft regular tramp, a rustling of leaves, and then a certain slow, measured breathing. Some living thing was very near them.

Lilybel started up in terror, and his eyes gleamed white in the darkness. "Er b'ar!—it 's er b'ar!" he cried, scrambling for his life up the tree. "Come quick, come!" he called back to Philip. "Come quick, er he 'll catch yer an' eat yer."

"I can't; how can I climb a tree with the 'children'? And I won't leave them," replied Philip, resolutely.

"It 's er b'ar fer shore; I done heard him growl," insisted Lilybel.

"Oh, nonsense," said Philip, skeptically; "I 've got a match, and I 'm going to see just what it is."

At that moment a large dark form was visible amid the bushes, and a warm breath swept over the boy's cheek. He struck the match and waited for it to blaze; then he exclaimed joyfully, "It 's a cow—it 's only a cow!"

"Is it er-chawin' gum?" asked Lilybel cautiously; "'ca'se if it 's er-chawin' gum it 's er tame cow, an' I ain't afeard."

"It 's chewing something," said Philip. "Come down, it is n't going to hurt you."

"Not if it 's er *tame* cow," replied Lilybel, coming down more slowly than he went up. "Let 's make er fire so 's I can see, an' I 'll milk her. I knows how ter milk er *tame* cow."

But Philip had no more matches, and they laid down again to wait for morning with the gentle, motherly creature near them. It gave Philip a feeling of safety and comfort, and he would soon have been asleep had not Lilybel begun to whimper with the cold. "I 's 'mos' froze!—I 's 'mos' dade!"

"Here, take my coat," said Philip; "I 'm not very cold."

"No, I won't, Mars' Philip; you 's sick, an' you 's col', too. I won't take yer coat."

Perhaps Lilybel was beginning to understand dimly something of the beauty of unselfishness, for he complained no more, but burrowed deeper into his nest of leaves, and was soon sleeping soundly. Then Philip softly removed his coat (he had a jacket under it), and laid it over the little negro, and tucked it around him gently; after which he nestled down, with his arm around the little cage, and slept a restless, feverish sleep.

When he awoke it was dawn, and he was benumbed with cold; his feet and hands ached pitifully, his head throbbed and whirled, and for a moment he felt that he could not stand

up. But at last, with a great effort, he got upon his feet, and shook off the weakness which was daily gaining on him.

The gentle cow was still near them, and Lilybel was soon drawing into his tin bucket a generous stream of warm milk, of which they drank freely. When they had taken all they



"PHILIP GRIEVED SORELY OVER THE TINY DEAD THING."

wished, the practical little negro filled the bucket for future use.

This grateful beverage refreshed and cheered Philip, and he was about to start forth more hopefully; but to his surprise and distress, when he uncovered the cage of the "children," he found poor little Boule-de-Neige lying stark and dead. She was always more delicate than the others, and in spite of her name, the tender little sprite had succumbed to the cold. It was

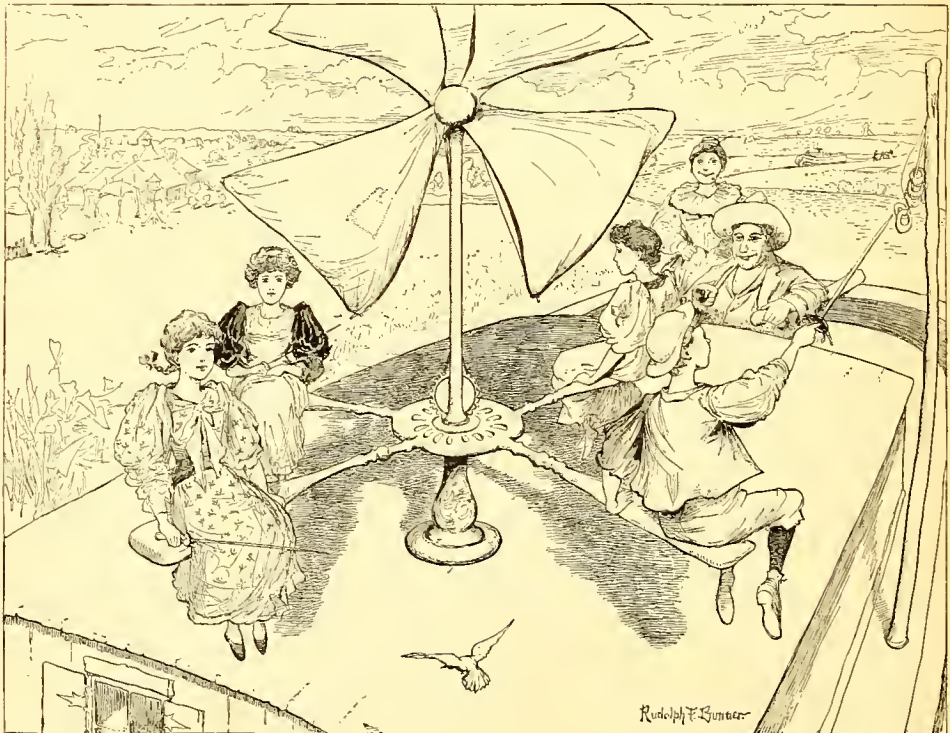
the first accident to the "children," and Philip revive it; and after protecting the others as grieved sorely over the tiny dead thing. He well as he could, the little pilgrims set forth could not bear to leave it behind, so he put on their wearisome journey with heavy, sor- it within his jacket, hoping the warmth might rowful hearts.

(To be continued.)

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AFLOAT.

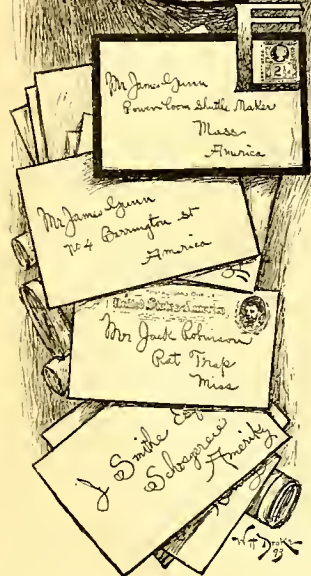
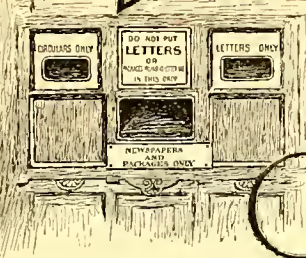
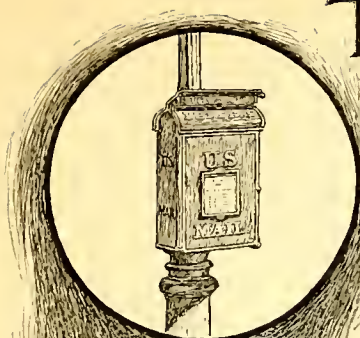
BY LEE CARTER.

SKIPPER Jonathan Gumption Yankee Van
Was a very kind-hearted and amiable man;
When his children four,
Found travel a bore,
He rigged up a Merry-go-round on his boat.
It was quite the merriest thing afloat,
And, like the knights in the tourney of old,
With little toy swords his children grew bold,
And speared all the doughnuts his good wife made;
And these were the prizes—'t was thus they played,
If how it was done should puzzle your brain,
Just look at the picture and all will be plain.



THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

BY PATTI LYLE COLLINS.



EVERYBODY has a good word for the postman. Master and mistress, servants and children, all smile at the man in gray uniform with a leatherbag. He is expected with the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun, whether it rains, snows, or shines; and if his ring comes a little tardily, how

Taken in connection with this statement, it will be well to remember that the length of railways in the United States nearly equals that of all other countries taken together, and that we have in operation 68,403 post-offices, and our revenue for the last fiscal year was nearly seventy-six millions.

Think of the wonderful power of organization and executive ability required to manage this immense system! Of course the Postmaster-General is the great head center, and he, with his four assistant postmasters-general and their subordinates, plans, devises, and propels the entire machinery. To indicate its perfection it is only necessary to contrast the comparatively small number of letters and parcels that reach the Dead-letter Office during the year with the millions that are delivered.

they fret and fume! A letter is such a distinctly personal matter: it binds us, though apart, to those we love best; it often holds within its folds the issues of life and death; the most trivial social affairs, the most sacred confidences, the most serious business transactions are in turn confided to this silent messenger. And yet, like most of the choicest blessings of life, we accept it without interest or inquiry as to the method by which it is laid in our hands; we might almost say, without money and without price.

This bureau is probably visited by a greater number of people than any other in the Government departments. It now employs one hundred and seven clerks, while during the first eleven years of its existence, one small book contained a record of all valuable letters that reached it during that period.

An investigation of the Dead-letter Office at Washington affords an admirable idea of our postal system. It has been estimated that during the last year 4,302,789,000 pieces of mail matter were posted in this country—more than in Germany, France, and Austria combined.

The entrance to the main office is through a museum consisting entirely of articles which for various reasons have gone astray and could not be restored to their owners. Since the mailbags have become so elastic as to admit the transportation of almost everything, as well as letters and papers, they have grown to be as patient and long-suffering as camels of the desert, probably expecting that the day is not far distant when people who wish to make a cheap journey will have themselves done up in brown

paper, stamped with a few cents, and piled up beside the letter-box.

The museum contains many curious and interesting things. In one case is a mail-pouch with an ugly slash made by a sharp knife, and stained with blood. The carrier returning from Lochiel, Arizona, July 23, 1885, was killed by Apache Indians, who destroyed the mails, leaving this bag on the ground. In another place may be seen five letters that claim an aristocracy of antiquity, being severally stamped 1821, 1826, 1832, 1835, and 1836.

Among the books is a New Testament in Chinese, a life of Ignatius Loyola in Italian, printed in Venice in 1711, and a French volume which dates back to 1687. Near by is the Lord's Prayer in fifty-four languages, and a certificate of character to an apprentice from his master. The certificate is in German, and was brought to this country a hundred years ago.

There are two miniatures apparently of father and son, painted on ivory, which were found in a blank letter from Boston, December 9, 1882, and many efforts have been made by the department to find the owners, but so far they have proved unavailing. Two other miniatures that have attracted much attention are framed in old-fashioned gold settings which bear upon the reverse sides the inscriptions Lucy Randolph, Obiit April 23, 1782, \pounds 64 years; and Mary Carter, Obiit Jan. 31st 1770, \pounds 34 years.

A crucifix of gold and carnelian on a cushion of velvet in a glass case was found at the close of the war in the Atlanta post-office, and to this day it remains unclaimed. Near it is a sapphire ring set with diamonds, and in close proximity, as if keeping guard over these valuables, is a loaded revolver. The latter was sent addressed to a lady in Indiana; but as she never called for it, it drifted here.

Then, with singular incongruity, but tastefully displayed, upon shelves covered with crimson cloth are to be found a piece of wood from the floor of the room in which Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, was killed; stuffed birds; palmetto-wood; nugget gold; sea-shells; boxes of wedding-cake; false teeth; Easter eggs; bottles of salad-oil, cognac, and perfumes; packages of arsenic and strychnine; an array of bowie-knives; an old English hat-box that looks

as if it had circumnavigated the globe; a coffee-pot; a washboard; samples of barbed-wire fence; a baby cotton-bale; and dolls enough for the children of an entire village. There is a fantastic garment stamped all over with cards, kings, queens, diamonds, spades, hearts, and clubs mingled in brilliant confusion. A coat like this is much prized by the Sandwich Islanders, who send to America to have it manufactured, the possession of one being regarded as a badge of distinction. The bright hues of this one are toned down by the companionship of an exquisite feather fan in black and white with pearl sticks.

Several years since, when the steamship "Oregon" was lost, a portion of her mail was recovered, and among the newspapers were found many dozens of pairs of kid gloves which were being smuggled into this country. A few of these now hang behind the glass doors in the museum as a warning to the dishonest.

The collection of coins would make the eyes of a collector glisten. The patriarch of the tribe is so old—so many hundred years old—that it would be hazardous to state his exact age, but he began somewhere B. C.

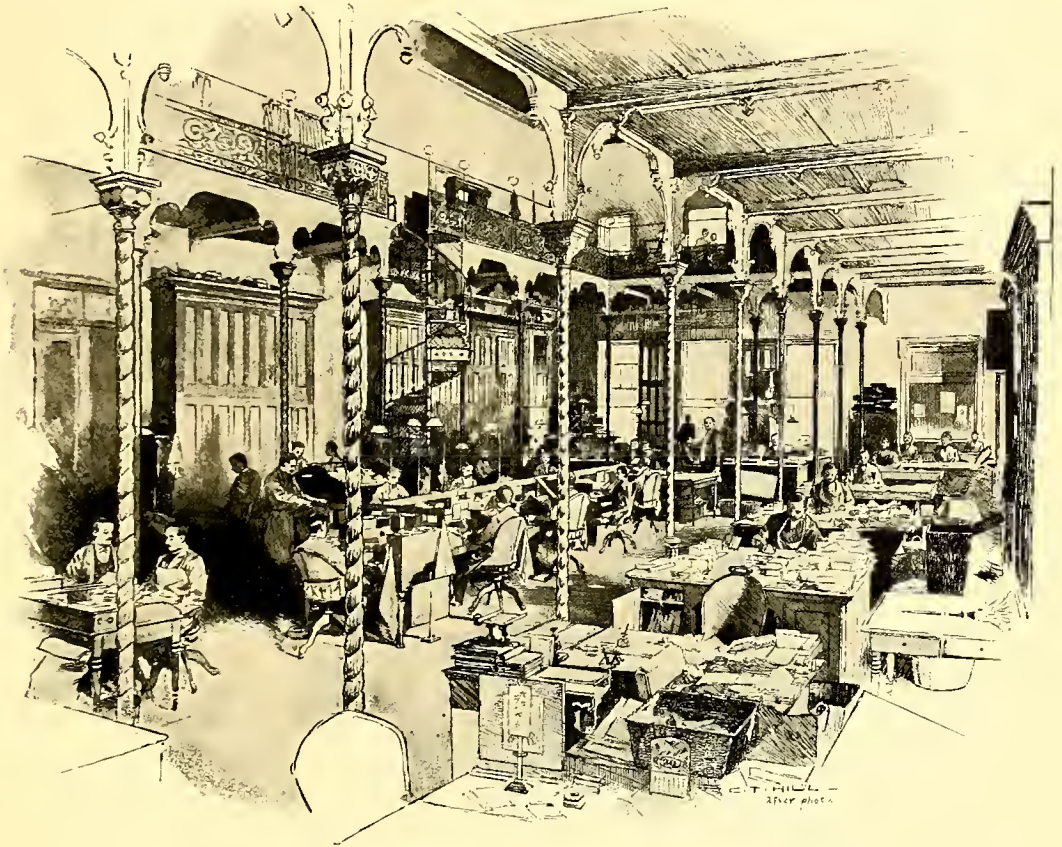
Among the curiosities in the museum is a baby Jumbo with one of his sides gorgeously embroidered in the Stars and Stripes, and the other flaunting the Union Jack, the two united by a golden chain. It had drifted thither, and had been for several years ensconced in its glass case, when a postal exhibit was begged from the department for a church fair, and for the first time Jumbo went out for an airing. It so happened that a lady from New Hampshire was visiting Washington at the time, and went to the fair. To the surprise of her friends, she greeted Jumbo as a long-lost friend. Ten years before she had made him and sent him to her daughter in England, who had married a man named Link—hence the design of the two flags linked together. But she did not claim her possession, and so he has never made his journey across the ocean.

A young lady once sent by mail a ring to a friend; a peculiar moss-agate which she specially valued. It was never received, and its fate remained a mystery for several years, when on a visit to a distant State she was greatly

surprised to find sitting opposite her at breakfast a stranger wearing her lost ring. The ring was so odd that she was sure it was hers. Upon inquiry she found that he had bought the ring at a dead-letter sale.

Besides the money which comes into this office in the ways I have already mentioned,

ter to a city without the street and number. Should these be omitted, to show how small is the chance of its ever being delivered, notwithstanding the intelligence and diligence of the carriers, I can offer no better illustration than the statement that the great city of Chicago alone contains within its own limits fifty-four



INTERIOR OF GENERAL OFFICE.

about \$3000.00 is received annually, called in official language, "loose money." This money is nearly always in coin, and is gathered from the mail-pouches which are hung on cranes to be snatched off by the passing mail-trains, where they do not stop. The concussion is so great that the wrappers or envelopes which contain coin are sometimes broken, with the result that the contents lie loose in the bottom of the bag, and can only be turned over to the hands of Uncle Sam.

In passing, I would say never post a let

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post-offices, eight of that number being of the grade including the largest offices.

In addressing a letter to a small place, it would be wise to add the county; and always write the name of the State in full, as writing wrong abbreviations for State names sends tens of thousands of letters astray every year. In short, a visit to the Dead-letter Office, and an examination into its daily work, would almost persuade anybody that the wonder is that we receive by mail half as much as we do; and this surprise is generally followed by the



"FOREIGN ROOM." (SEE PAGE 374.)

admission that considering our carelessness even this half is wholly undeserved.

Formerly, the general public was allowed to come and go at will, but it is now necessary to be answered for

Leaving the museum, the main office is en-



THE "MINOR DIVISION." (SEE PAGE 373.)



D. P. LEIBHARDT, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

by some responsible person. Perhaps the best idea of the extent of the work carried on in this bureau may be obtained from the facts in a recent report of the Postmaster-General. It shows that during the past year 7,320,038 pieces of mail matter were handled. Letters and parcels to the number of 559,839 were delivered unopened to the proper parties; 633,957 foreign pieces were returned to the country of origin; 29,017 letters contained money adding up to \$42,064; while 30,496 containing drafts, checks, or other instruments for the payment of money, to the value of \$2,298,688, were delivered to the owners. The revenue from dead letters and from the auction of unclaimed parcels amounted to \$13,894.42. Magazines, picture cards, pamphlets, etc., which could not be returned, to the number of 15,890 pieces, were given away among the charitable institutions of the District.

There is a class of letters called "live" letters, meaning those that

are not dead letters proper, but are such as have been properly addressed, stamped, and forwarded, but remain unclaimed at their destination. The "live" letters of the dead-letter office, however, are those which have been posted with a deficient or illegible address. These average nearly 2000 daily. When they reach the Dead-letter Office, they are put into the hands of experts who supply the proper addresses. These letters are never opened. Many of the errors occur from ignorance, but quite as many from carelessness. There are a few things before which even the experts hang their heads and confess themselves vanquished, such as a superscription like this: "*For my son out West, He drives red oxen and the railroad goes bi thar.*"

On one occasion the Postmaster-General received a letter from a woman living in the south of England, who requested that he would please find her brother who had left the old country thirteen years before,—during which time his relatives had had no news of him,—and deliver a letter which she inclosed, ad-



OFFICE OF MR. W. S. PERRY, CHIEF CLERK.

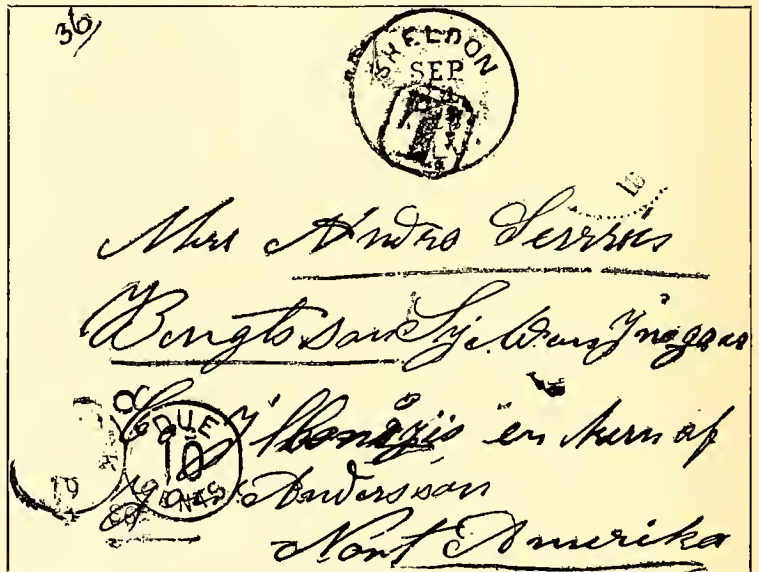


FACSIMILE OF A LETTER RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE "OREGON."

dressed thus: "Mr. James Gunn, Power Loom Shuttle-maker, Mass., America." Suffice it to say that Mr. James Gunn was found at No. 4 Barrington street, Lowell, Mass.; and it was a curious sequel to this, that about nine months afterward another letter came to the Dead-letter Office, addressed: "Mr. James Gunn, No. 4 Barrington street, America," this time even the State being omitted; but the delivery of this was an easy matter, and it was also very plain proof that the thirteen years' silence had been broken.

A few days ago a gentleman called at the Dead-letter Office to express his thanks for a letter received by him at Constantinople. It was posted in Boston, and contained a check for

key," had been supplied in this office, and the letter, notwithstanding the time occupied in its journey from Boston to Washington, and the necessary delay there, reached Dr. Washburn

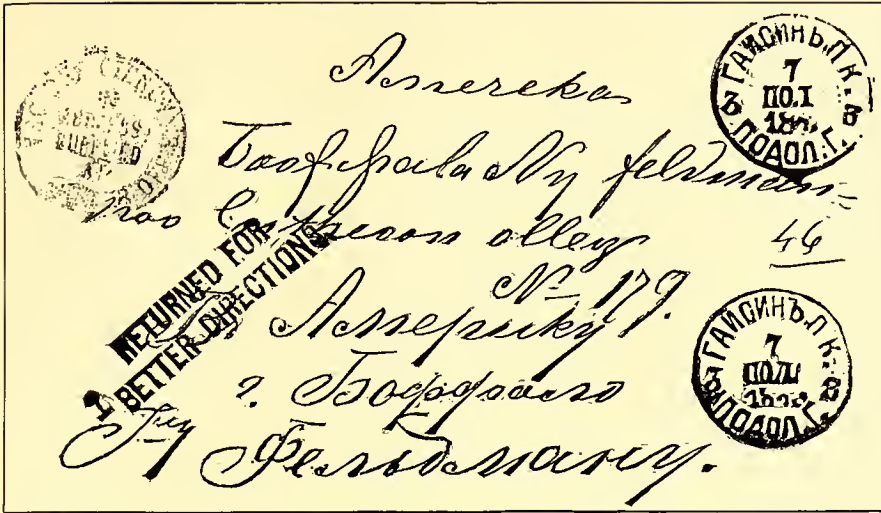


THIS LETTER WAS SENT FROM SWEDEN AND FOUND THE OWNER AT SHELDON, ILLINOIS.

\$1000.00. The address upon the letter was, "Dr. Washburn, Roberts College." The deficiency in the address, "Constantinople, Tur-

in sixteen days from the time that it was first posted.

Among the curious addresses might be men-

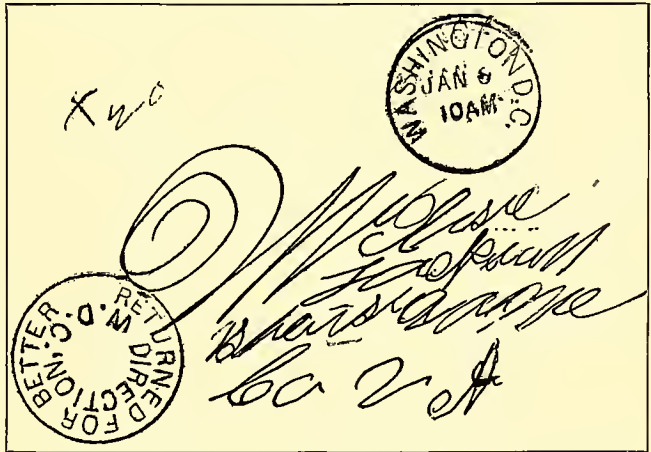


THIS LETTER WAS PROPERLY DELIVERED TO MR. FELDMAN, 179 LUTHERAN (ALLEY?), BUFFALO, N. Y.

tioned one in Greek for Athens, another in every detail of the office-work, from which Arabic to a missionary in Syria, and such as immediate results of the most satisfactory character were obtained.

There are thousands written by foreigners in this country, who cannot grapple with "English as She is Wrote," and consequently must spell entirely by sound. Thus, for example, an Italian writes Avergrasson for Havre-de-Grâce; a Hungarian spells New Jersey, Schaszerscie; and a Frenchman abbreviates Rhode Island into Badaland. A not unusual error arises from a certain vague association of ideas; as, a letter plainly addressed Niagara, Pratt Co., Kansas, was intended for Saratoga in that county and State; another addressed Rat Trap, Miss., should have been Fox Trap; and Rising Sun, Colo., was sent to Sunshine. Sometimes a puzzled inquirer invades this particular branch of work, and is eager to learn how the experts can read these puzzles. But the skilled workers guard well the "tricks of the trade," and to all such inquiries reply, "It is our business to know."

Mr. David Paul Leibhardt, who recently resigned his position as superintendent of the Dead-letter Office, was for a term of years its efficient head. During his administration, the strictest business methods were applied to



TO MRS. LUCY JACKSON, SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

In these efforts he was ably seconded by Mr. Waldo G. Perry, the chief clerk, who has been employed in the service for thirty years, and is still an epitome of postal regulations. He is a Vermonter and a Yale man, but above all, a post-office official, and ready at any moment to answer any question pertaining to foreign or domestic mail-matter.

Mr. Leibhardt has now been succeeded by Mr. Bernard Goode.

To the minor division are turned over for treatment all letters containing stamps, receipts,

manuscripts, photographs, passports, and other miscellaneous papers of minor value. As a single item of last year's work, I will mention that 37,735 photographs were received by this division, of which 27,600 were restored to the owners.

All mail-matter sent from foreign countries to the United States, which, for any cause, cannot be delivered, is treated in the foreign division.

In the foreign division is also received matter sent from the United States to foreign countries, found undeliverable there, and re-

turned to the United States for disposition. Records are kept of registered letters, of parcels, of applications made for missing matter of foreign origin, of everything delivered, and finally of all mail-matter returned from foreign countries, the receipt of which is properly acknowledged. The countries with which we thus exchange international postal courtesies are eighty-eight in number, and cover the globe, since many colonies of England, France, and Spain, situated in regions beyond the reach of a regular postal service, are cared for by the mother-countries.



LITTLE SANTA CLAUS.

BY JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON.

IT was Christmas eve. Outside, the moonlight showed a smooth expanse of drifted snow like a great white sea; the sky was another sea of darkest blue, with a magnificent moon afloat in it. It was what folks called "seasonable weather"; and if it made those who looked out at it from their own comfortable homes remember the houseless and the starving, and send out relief to them, I have no fault to find with it.

Inside the big nursery all was quiet, save for a whispering in the farthest corner. Here was stationed the bed of the two small lords of the

nursery—Willie, aged six, and Jamie, four years. It was the elder brother who spoke:

"And just in the middle of the night, Jamie, when we are all asleep, down comes Santa Claus through the chimney, and fills these stockings we have hung up!"

"But he'll burn his feet in the fire," said Jamie, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"Oh, no, the fire would n't burn Santa Claus; and besides, it will be out," said Willie. "See, it's going out already."

The fire gave a last despairing flicker as he spoke, and then dropped into darkness.

"I mean to keep awake and see him," he went on. "I should like so much to thank him for coming. Only think, he has filled my stockings three times already; and last Christmas he filled yours, too, Jamie, only you were too young to know!"

"What do you think he 'll bring?" asked Jamie, in a drowsy tone.

"Oh, everything you would like! There 'll be a ball like my best one, and a horse, and all sorts of lovely things!"

"That 'll be fine," said Jamie; "but—I 'm so sleepy!" Here he went fairly over to sleep.

"Perhaps I should go to sleep, too," said Willie, softly to himself; "I 'll try. One, two, three, four,—no, it 's no use trying; I *can't* go to sleep. I *must* see Santa Claus."

He lay still, staring at the moonlight, which was now flooding the room. At last he could wait no longer; he crept noiselessly out of bed, and stole to the window. He lifted a corner of the blind, and looked out. Earth and sky lay clear and bare before him—there was no sign of Santa Claus either above or below. And it was late, very late. Poor Willie's ardor felt a sudden chill—could Santa Claus possibly have forgotten to come to-night? How disappointed little Jamie would be after all the fine promises he had been making to him! Oh,

dear! Willie's heart swelled, and a lump came into his throat; perhaps little Jamie would never believe him or care for him again. Then a sudden inspiration flashed across his brain; the little brother, at least, should not be disappointed. He clambered up to the shelf where his own most cherished playthings were kept—his best toys, that were brought out only on special occasions.

With his arms piled full of these, he came down again, and crossed the room to the dark fireplace, where hung the two little stockings. He carefully inserted his treasures, one by one, into his brother's stocking; then he crept back into bed beside little Jamie, and finally fell asleep with a light heart.

Morning dawned at length. The red winter sun looked in on the two little brothers and woke them.

"I must look at my stocking," said Jamie, clambering over Willie, who lay still and seemingly unconcerned. "Aren't you coming to see yours, Willie? Why, I declare we have each *two* stockings filled!"

And sure enough, when Willie came bounding over to the fireside, there were four full stockings hanging up; and one of his had a card pinned to it, on which was written, "For little Santa Claus!"

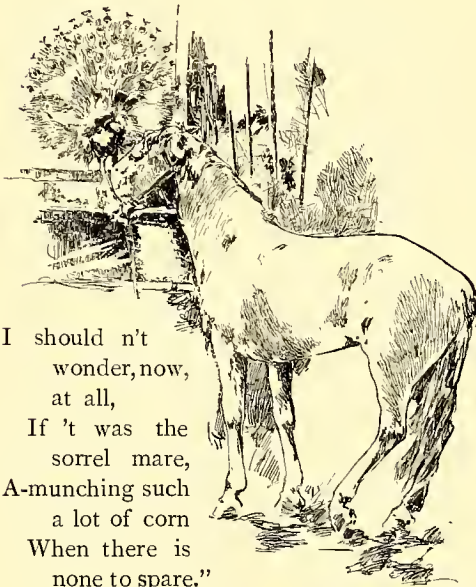


"HE LAY STILL, STARING AT THE MOONLIGHT, WHICH WAS NOW FLOODING THE ROOM."



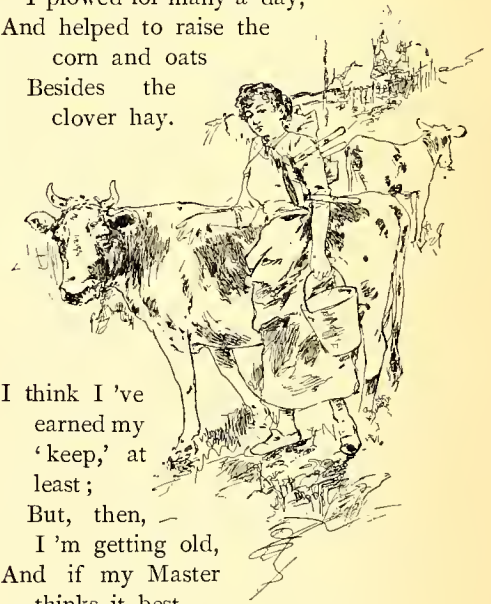
“Good morrow, friends,” the peafowl cried,
 And spread his feathers gay;
 “There’ll be a change here very soon —
 I heard the Master say:
 ‘It takes too much to feed the stock,
 This weather is so cold;
 I must look over them at once
 And choose one to be sold.’

“Those are the very words he said
 To John his son; and so
 I came to break the news at once,
 For one of you must go.



I should n’t
 wonder, now,
 at all,
 If ’t was the
 sorrel mare,
 A-munching such
 a lot of corn
 When there is
 none to spare.”

Poor Polly raised her gentle head
 And gave a whinny low:
 “Well, if my Master wishes it,
 I s’pose I’ll have to go.
 But as for what I eat, I’m sure
 I plowed for many a day,
 And helped to raise the
 corn and oats
 Besides the
 clover hay.



I think I’ve
 earned my
 ‘keep,’ at
 least;
 But, then,
 I’m getting old,
 And if my Master
 thinks it best
 I’m willing to be sold.”

“Well, well, perhaps ’t will not be you,
 So don’t take on so, Poll;
 It may have been the brindle cow
 He meant, now, after all;
She can’t be greatly prized, I’m sure,
 A-roaming through the dell;

I think 't was she the Master meant
That he would have to sell."

But Sukey slowly shook her head
And whisked her slender tail:

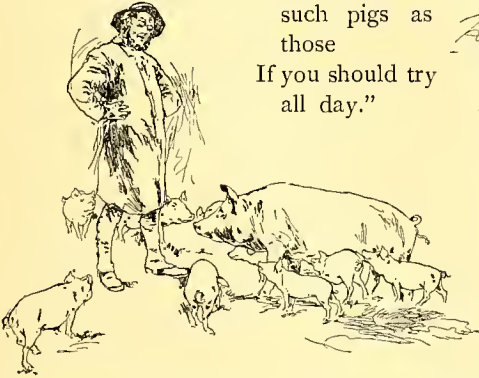
"I know I 'm of *some* use," she said,—
"To fill the milking-pail.
And Betty Green, the milkmaid, says
I 'm worth my weight in gold;
I hardly think the Master meant
That *I* was to be sold."

"Oh, well, perhaps it may have been
Dame Grumph, the spotted sow;
Although she 's small, she eats as much
As any horse or cow.
Then, too, she has a lot of pigs,
A dozen or a score,
To squabble round the drinking-trough
And squeal and squeal for more."

"Umph, umph! Indeed!" quoth Madam
Grumph,

"You 're getting very bold,
To say my piggywigs and I
Are going to be sold.
But handsome is as handsome does,
And though you look so gay,

You could n't find
such pigs as
those
If you should try
all day."



"There, there, Dame Grumph! keep cool,
pray do!—

It may n't be you, you know;
Why, there 's that useless Chanticleer
Does nothing else but crow;
I should n't wonder, now, if he
Should go instead of you—"

"You should n't,
hey? I thank
you, sir,—
Cock-a-doodle-
do!—
But here is Master
coming now;
I think we 'll
soon be told
Which one of all
this company
Is going to be
sold."



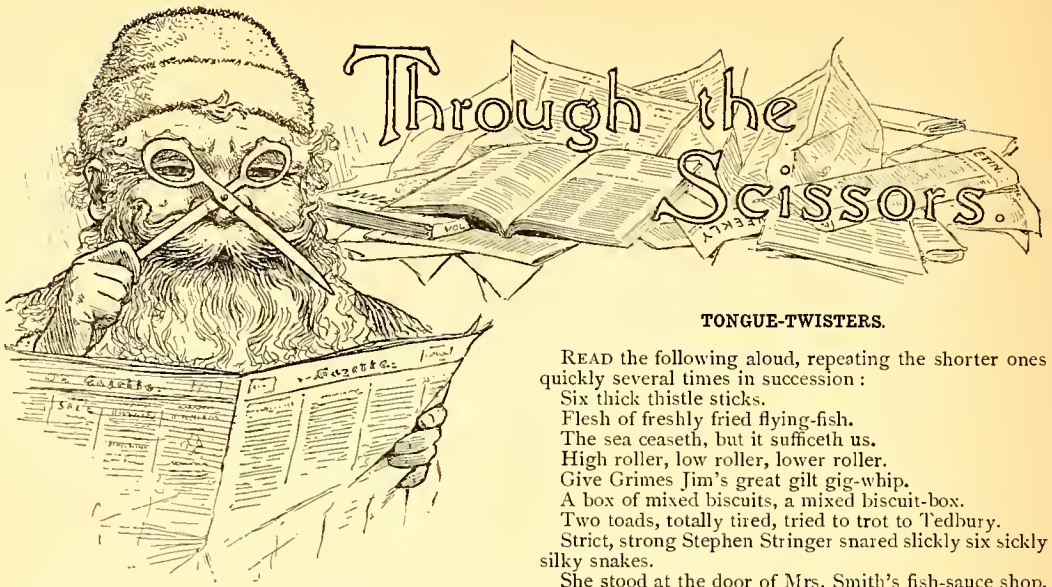
The Master came. He fed the mare
And called her "pretty Poll."
He patted Sukey's neck, and threw
Some hay into her stall.
He gave some corn to Madam Grumph,
And some to Chanticleer.
Then turning to his son he spoke
In tones that all could hear:



"Go catch that silly peafowl, John,
That 's idly strutting there;
Of all the creatures on the place
'T is he we best can spare."

So Polly munched her feed of corn,
And Sukey munched her hay;
Dame Grumph and her pigs began
To breakfast right away;
And as the lordly Chanticleer
Went scratching in the loam,
He chuckled softly to himself:
"Some Folks should look at home."

Helen Whitney Clark.



A GLORIOUS RIVER.

THE St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow, and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not one per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary, and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.—*Nature's Realm.*

A MUCH-ROBBED STAGE-COACH.

THERE is to-day in Phoenix, Arizona, a stage-coach that has been held up and robbed oftener than any other in existence. It has seen its best days, and now stands dismantled and dilapidated in the back yard of a livery-stable; but could it talk, many are the tales it could tell of brigandage that would put the exploits of Claude Duval in the shade.

It began running, in the seventies, between Prescott and Tombstone, and has actually been robbed eighty-three times. Eight drivers and as many express messengers have been killed from its box, and, as passengers in those days went armed to defend themselves and property, not a few deaths have occurred among them and the brigands. It was originally a handsome Concord coach, pulled by eight mules, and cost \$1800 at Tucson; but its sides are now split by rifle and pistol bullets, and in more than one place the leather lining shows the wild stroke of a bowie-knife.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

READ the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly several times in succession:

Six thick thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.

The sea ceaseth, but it sufficeth us.

High roller, low roller, lower roller.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig-whip.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit-box.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop, welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum, swan.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'T is all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.—*Selected.*

A PAGE FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

AT night the weary old doctor sat down and noted, as usual, the condition of his patients:

The ragman — Picking up.

The editor — Rapidly declining.

The dentist — May pull through.

The postmaster — Must go.

The deaf-mute — Still complaining.

The painter — More bad signs.

The miser — Barely living.

The major — Rallying.

The cashier — Gone.

The actor — On the last stage.

The butcher — Less fat on bones.

The cobbler — Mending.

The jail prisoner — Will soon be out.

The lawyer — Speechless.

The two grocers — On the verge of dissolution.

The musician — Toning up.

The carpenter — Improving.

Jones's boy — Bad and growing worse.

The barber — Saved by a close shave.

The banker — Failing.

The bootmaker — Will not last long.

The pugilist — Striking improvement.—*Exchange.*

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

THE number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidextrous is not appreciated at its full worth.

Sir Edwin Arnold stated that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands; and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the mikado.

There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the type-writer, but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the art of writing with either hand and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue.

It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand, and though after the muscles have got set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write as well with one hand as the other in less than a year.—*Boston Globe*.

LONG DAYS.

THE longest day of the year at Spitzbergen is three and one half months. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without intermission. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 is twenty-two hours long, and Christmas has less than three hours of daylight. At St. Petersburg the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest is five hours. At London the longest day is sixteen and one half hours; at Montreal it is sixteen hours, and at New York it is about fifteen hours.—*Exchange*.

HISTORY OF A NAME.

THE way in which rivers, hills, and localities throughout the land came by the names they bear is a subject of wide and varied interest. The Picket Wire River in Colorado got its name by a singular process of free translation through two languages. Many years ago a number of Mexicans started up the river gold-hunting. They never returned, and their friends came to call the river "El Rio de los Animos Perdidos" (The River of Lost Souls). Some time after, a French colony settled on the banks of the river, and the name was freely translated into "Le Purgatoire." Later, along came the American cow-boy, and in his large, off-hand way of rounding out difficulties, he smoothed down the foreign twist of the French word, and dubbed the stream "The Picket Wire River."—*N. Y. Sun*.

LEARNING MUSIC.

THE schools of Bath, Maine, have a practical way of making pupils feel the rhythm of their songs. A pendulum ball is hung so as to swing before the blackboard, and a perpendicular line is drawn through the middle of the arc made by the ball's motion. Time is marked with great precision by the passing of the ball across this line.—*N. E. Journal of Education*.

THE NAIL'S GROWTH.

THE growth of the average finger-nail is an inch and a half per year, or about one thirty-second of an inch per week.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

WHAT AN ELEPHANT EATS DAILY.

PROFESSOR Hermann Reiche, of animal fame, was asked by an *Evening Sun* reporter which was the most expensive animal to feed.

"Elephants," he answered. "This is what one is fed on daily: One truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of turnips, one bushel of chaff and one half bushel of bran mixed, ten pounds of warm mash, one bundle of straw for bedding, which is invariably eaten before morning, and thirty-six pails of water.

TOO SMALL FOR ITS GUN.

THE rulers of the miniature Republic of Andorra decided recently that the country should possess a cannon. Krupp, therefore, was ordered to manufacture one of the most modern type. The great gun arrived at its mountain destination a short time ago and was placed on the highest point in the "country," so that the citizens could see that the valley was well protected. A day was appointed to try the cannon, which was able to send a ball eighteen kilometers.

Just as the two artillerymen of Andorra were ready to fire, it occurred to one of the prudent citizens that the shot might cause some trouble. The territory of the Republic of Andorra does not extend over more than six kilometers. To direct the shot, therefore, toward the surrounding mountains would be the same as firing at France or Spain, as the ball would necessarily fall on the territory of one of these countries. A war might be the result. It was then decided to shoot the ball in the air, but some one suggested that it would endanger the lives of too many people in its descent, and possibly bore a great hole in the Republic of Andorra. Good counsel prevailed, and the two artillerymen were commanded to unload the gun.

The shot has not yet been fired, and the good republicans are uncertain what to do with the expensive gun.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and had a friend
Who called, a pleasant hour to spend,
I'd be polite enough to say:
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll play."
That's what I'd do
If I were you.

If I were you and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 't would be true
If I were you.

If I were you I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things only I despise:
A coward heart and telling lies.
And you would, too,
If I were you.

If I were you I'd try my best
To do the things I here suggest.
Though since I am no one but me
I cannot very well, you see,
Know what I'd do
If I were you.

—*Nannie F. MacLean, in N. Y. Independent*.

ABOUT SHIPS.

ONE thousand ships annually cross the Atlantic ocean. The steamers between Europe and North America carry on an average about 70,000 passengers a month.

"Lloyd's Register" says that in the fifteen years ending 1880, 1403 ships were missing and never again heard of; 2753 were sunk by collision; 2903 were burned; 17,502 were stranded; 8026 were water-logged or otherwise lost—a total loss in fifteen years of 32,587 vessels, or over 2000 a year.—*Selected*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE are obliged to Miss Clarissa S. Wilson, the great-granddaughter of "Betsey Ross," maker of the first American flag, for the following corrections of two slight inaccuracies in the article upon the origin of "The Stars and Stripes," published in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1893.

Mrs. Ross was not a milliner, but an upholsterer; and she was the fifth (not eighth) child of Samuel Griscom.

R. V. McL.—Dr. Charles A. Eastman, author of "Recollections of the Wild Life," was born a Sioux Indian, and was graduated at Dartmouth College, afterward practising medicine. A few years ago he married Elaine Goodale, the well-known poet,—whose first poems, by the way, were printed in this magazine.

Many of our older readers will recall with pleasure the "Poems by Two Little American Girls," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, contributions from Elaine and Dora Goodale.

Here is a letter from a young girl who thinks nothing of walking ten miles in an afternoon:

SCHANDAU, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine comes to me regularly here in Europe, and I thought you might like to hear about this pretty little summer-resort of the Germans, twenty-five miles from Dresden, on the river Elbe. There are many beautiful walks all through the mountains. I took one the other day to a place called the Kuhstal, meaning "cow-stable"; it is so called because in olden times the peasants used to drive their cattle under it for safety in time of war. It is a five-mile walk there, and we stopped on the way at a little restaurant perched on a high rock. We had a glass of Müncher beer, and a cup of bouillon with the yolk of an egg in it. There was a clear trout-stream right in front of us. We then continued our walk, and reached the Kuhstal at five o'clock in the afternoon. There we found another restaurant and a band of music. It was a Hungarian band, composed of three men and three women. We dropped a small coin in the cup they passed to us; it was only ten pfennig (two cents), but that is the usual fee. The Kuhstal is a large rock with an arch under it; we walked under the arch, and had a beautiful view of the mountains. Going down, we met people on horse-back coming up. Papa and I arrived at Schandau at seven o'clock in the evening, having walked ten miles that afternoon. We found our little tea-table all ready for us, under the trees in the garden, and we did full justice to our supper. It says in Baedeker that the Kuhstal is twenty feet high; but Papa says it must be at least fifty feet. Your faithful reader,

ADELAIDE T. M.—

ROSEVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy about nine and a half years old. I have a brother and sister.

A boy larger than I am gave us a firefly elator, or *Pyrophorus noctilucus*, a sort of beetle. He comes from Brazil, and lives on sugar-cane. He lives in the marshes. We put him in a box with holes in the top, and some sugar-cane in the corner, and sponges around that. Then we put him in the corner, and laid a soft, wet sponge on top of him, for him to burrow in. He drinks the water out of the sponge. At night we put him in a basin of water, and he made a circle of green light around him. One night he lit up the whole basin with his beautiful light. He has two places back of his eyes, and one place under his body, that make light at night. If you hold him by his sides and move him along the line, you can read the finest print. If you have five or six in a bottle, you can write by their light. Good-by.

W. F. V.—

There are, besides, fireflies, glow-worms,—and many other light-giving creatures. Who can send us a list of some?

A Spanish boy sends this summery letter. He need make no apology for so well-written a description. Few American nine-year-oldsters could do better—if as well!

BARCELONA, SPAIN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy nine years old. I was born in Spain, in a small town called Malgrat, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. The house we live in during the summer is the only one in the town which has a garden around it. The other houses have their gardens behind them. When we go in our garden there is a nice perfume, because there are so many flowers. We also have fruit-trees—pears, peaches, nectarines, plums, and pomegranates.

To go up to the piazza, there are marble steps. Instead of a railing there are flower-pots with rose-bushes, geraniums, gardenias, fuchsias, etc. From the terrace, at the top of the house, we see a beautiful sight—the sea and many little boats to the east, and to the west a range of mountains. On top of one of the mountains are the ruins of a castle. The people say that Moors used to live there, but it is not true; it was a feudal castle. On the beach there are half ships; sailors live in some of them, in others they put their oars, also other things.

I hope you will excuse my mistakes, for I am Spanish and know only a little English, because dear Grandpa was an American. One of your readers,

RAIMUNDO C. A.—

STREATHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a member of our family since '74. My father used to be assistant editor in your office, and since his death you have been kind enough to send me ST. NICHOLAS each month, for which I thank you very much. I always seize the volume whenever it comes, and feast upon it in my playtime. I thought "The White Cave" was a splendid story, and so is "Toinette's Philip."

I go to Dulwich College, one of the biggest public schools in England; there are eight hundred or more boys. I am thirteen years old, and go by train to school

every morning. It has a very large playground, also a laboratory, a workshop, a gymnasium, a swimming-bath, a brass band, an orchestra, a choir, a rifle corps, and some five-courts. The founder was Edward Alleyn, and the present head master is Mr. A. H. Gilkes.

There are boys at school here from all parts of the world; in my class there is one from the West Indies.

I do not want to impose on your good nature by giving you a long epistle, so I will end up here with my heartiest good wishes for ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant reader, E. S. T.—

As a variety, after the German, Spanish, and English letters, here is a greeting from the "Sunrise Kingdom." Notice what the writer says about America being a land of wonders to a boy familiar with Japan.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since '90, and like you as much as ever.

I have spent all my life of twelve years in Japan, excepting one year, from the spring of '89 to the spring of '90, when my parents and all members of our family were in America. As myself and sisters and brothers were all born in Japan, America was a veritable wonderland to us, and I need not add that we enjoyed it much. We are now living in Tokio, the capital of the Japanese empire, and the summers get very hot in this latitude—so hot that foreigners find it necessary, in order to keep in good health, to go away to the mountains during August at least. The natives, of course, get along better, although as many of them as can do so escape to the mountains, too, for a while. Last summer we went to a place called Gotenba, which is about seventy miles from Tokio, and thirteen from the base of Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan, which was in full view from the Japanese house in which we lived. I amused myself while in Gotenba chiefly in collecting butterflies, bugs—in fact, almost every living thing I came across, including snakes, frogs, and toads. I think the toads of Japan would amuse the readers of ST. NICHOLAS very much. They are far more dignified, I judge, than those found in America. They have a way of walking along paths, or across verandas, or wherever their business or pleasure takes them, in a staid fashion, giving no sign of any excitement whatever. Once, this summer, I caught a toad with two young ones, one of them much larger than the other, and put them in a pen with another large toad. They all jumped over the fence, excepting the smaller of the two young ones, and got off, and I let the young one go. It seemed a little hard to keep him there alone. Afterward I found these same toads at the same place where I caught them before. I left them there for some time, and then the smallest of them died. After that I made a cart with a yoke, and hitched up the two remaining toads. They walked off with the cart easily, like a well-trained team.

I caught quite a large number of insects and several snakes to add to my collection, during our stay in Gotenba. With all good wishes, I remain your friend,

CARL W. B.—

The following letter has no date, but we join none the less heartily in wishing for the athletic brother's safety:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little German girl, and I have not been long in this country. My mama is an American lady, and that is why I have an American name. I was very sorry to leave my dear Fatherland,

but I like America very much, because it has ST. NICHOLAS. I do hope I shall see this letter printed. I am nine years old, and I have a brother ten years old, who plays foot-ball. I hope he will not get hurt; do not you?

Affectionately your little friend, RUTHIE G.—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are as fond of spelling-matches as I was and am, I think they might derive some benefit and pleasure by reading aloud for dictation and writing, as one would at school, without too much deliberation, the following sentence, which was given me some time ago, with, I am sorry to say, a rather bad result; and I am quite sure they will be surprised, as I was and have been, to find that words so commonly used should be so commonly misspelled:

"It would be difficult to conceive a more embarrassing and unparalleled case than an harassed peddler trying to gauge a peeled pear with a symmetrical poniard."

J. B. C.—

We have seen a longer sentence containing these words and others—two of the new hard words were "sibyl" and "ecstasy." Who can send it all?

NYACK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been sent to me for a long time, and I send you a story that my father told me.

Mr. Johnson was sitting at his desk when an Irishman entered and said:

"I have a spot on my trousers, and would like to know if you have any ammonia in the office."

"Yes; we have some in the back part of the office, but it is not labeled."

"Well, how shall I know which is it?"

"Oh, well, you can smell it," said Mr. Johnson, not noticing what he said.

So off went the Irishman, and in a little while Mr. Johnson heard a very loud "Ouch!" and the Irishman came in and said:

"Sure, it's that bottle has the powerful draft!"

Sincerely yours, KATHARINE W.—

DEDHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of twelve years. My name is Lillian H.—. I want to tell you of a little story I saw the other day:

Our neighbor's cow, "Monkey," is generally pastured in the back part of his land. She is very fond of a striped cat named "Tiger." One day Tiger was in the pasture, with Monkey, catching grasshoppers. Suddenly two little dogs came rushing upon poor Tiger. She gave an indignant spit at them, and was just starting to run away when Monkey saw the dogs and rushed at them with lowered head. The dogs ran yelping away, and the cat was saved. The dogs would certainly have caught her if it had not been for the cow, because there were no trees near by for her to run up, and the dogs were too close upon her to escape. It really does seem as if Monkey ran at the dogs to save Tiger, of whom she was so fond. Your loving reader, LILLIAN H.—

Now, don't the names make that rather a puzzling, menagerie sort of letter? A cow, Monkey, saves a cat, Tiger, who was catching grasshoppers, from two dogs—*could* their names have been Rhinoceros and Giraffe?

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Tacoma, so I thought I would write to you. In the summer we go to Misqually, where we live in a log-cabin on the prairies. One night we heard something scratching on the door. Then the horse began to kick and the rabbit was almost scared to death.

The boys went out the back door and found it was a cougar. It ran all along the table we ate on, into the woods. Misqually is about eighteen miles from Tacoma. I send you a photograph of the "Olive Bank" that my sister took — one of the largest sailing-ships in the world. She is built of steel, is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, and has four masts. She has just come to Tacoma, and is going to take four thousand long tons of wheat to England. There are about fifty ships come here every year for wheat, and from my window I can see them loading.

Very sincerely, FLORENCE H—.

Misqually is a strange name for a town; but as a name for some little girls — well, perhaps we'd better turn to the next letter:

ATHENA, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are quite a good many Indians around here, for there is a reservation near here. Among them is a chief whose Indian name, "Sis-mocnu," means in English, "No Shirt." There is another called "Charlie Billy," and he is a little deaf; he often comes to see us. He most always has so many dogs with him. Charlie Billy's Indian name means "Long Claws." My father is the agent here for the Union Pacific, and we live in the station.

I am taking lessons on the piano and like it very much. I will have to close now.

Your interested reader, GRACE V. B—.

ELBERON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and always look forward with pleasure to receive my ST. NICHOLAS. We have a piazza all around our house, with thick honeysuckles climbing about it, in which three little birds made their nests; one of them was a robin's nest. One day, early in the morning, we saw the mother robin and her three little ones standing on the edge of the nest, ready for their first flight. Two of the birds flew with their mother, but the third one was too weak to fly, so it stayed in the nest until the afternoon. Then, thinking it was strong enough, the little robin tried its wings, and flew into the road. My governess caught him and brought him into the house. Papa took the nest down, in which we placed him; we kept him two days and tried to feed him, but he would not eat, so we put him on the lawn, where he called for his mother; but, although near, she did not pay any attention to her poor little bird, and we thought he would starve, but a young sparrow took pity on him and fed him, so he got along very nicely.

From time to time he comes back and sits on the piazza or hedge, and once he allowed us to catch him. We all said good-by to him, and let him fly.

Your devoted little reader, WILFRID A. O—.

A careful reading of the above letter (which we print just as it was written) will show how useful pronouns are. And it also shows the young writer is a good observer and states facts clearly.

These two letters are from a brother and sister living in Bath, England:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are three of us — my brother Dick, Mildred, and myself, and we have taken you for about five years. I think you one of the best magazines out. As my brother is telling you about our beautiful old city, I think I shall write of our summer holidays. We have just returned from spending a month at Ilfracombe, a seaside place in North Devon, and we enjoyed our visit very much. We are very familiar with the little town, for we have been there every August for the last ten years.

One lovely morning, six of us started to go to Clovelly, a charming little village also on the Devonshire coast, but just as we were prepared to go on the steamer we were told that they had already as many passengers as she was able to carry. We were, of course, rather disappointed, but decided to try again the following day, and this time were successful. We had a very jolly day, the only thing against us being the heat: it was simply scorching. On landing, which was accomplished in small boats, as there is no pier, we had lunch at the "New Inn," though the name is by no means appropriate now. The walls of the little dining-room were quite covered with bits of curious old china, which we were told was very valuable.

We next started to see the church, which is very old; we had a lovely walk, partly through the grounds of Clovelly Court, and then, after examining the church and quaint old cemetery, we drove through the famous "Hobby Drive." This road was blasted from the side of a cliff years ago, and has earned its name, as the building of it was the hobby of the gentleman who then owned Clovelly. I fear my letter will soon be too long to print, so I must conclude with love, and hoping you will let it appear in ST. NICHOLAS.

Your affectionate reader, DOROTHY K—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for five years, and like you very much. We live at Bath, in England. It is a very old town; there are a number of old Roman baths and remains. A lot of invalids suffering from rheumatism, gout, etc., come here to drink and bathe in the mineral water which comes up boiling from the ground. Every year we have a very large horse-show here. There are a lot of horses, and they have to jump over banks, poles, fences, gates, and water.

On the marriage of the Duke of York, the town, where I go to school, was lit up in the evening; there was a water carnival; all the boats were lit up with fairy lamps in all kinds of devices. During my holidays I ride a little pony; I am very fond of it. There is a very old mansion here, where Queen Elizabeth used to stay, and also a beautiful old abbey.

I am your loving reader, R. W. K—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Marjorie M., Catherine E., Mabel R. H., B., Anna M. S., Henrietta B. L., Otto W. J., Helen S. J., C. L. A., Clare A., J. M., Genevieve S., "Aunt Cloe," Louise B., Madeline C. R., Dorothy R., Agnes S., Charles D. R., Mary B. H., D. F., Bertha S. and Rosebud F. M., Lewis F. H., Clarence S., Sarah F. W., Alma R., Eunice E. B., Grace M. S., Mabel W., Marion F., Pauline B. W.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

A FLUMINOUS ENIGMA. "The Clermont." 1. Tagus. 2. Hoang-Ho. 3. Euphrates. 4. Congo. 5. Lena. 6. Elbe. 7. Rhone. 8. Mekong. 9. Obi. 10. Nile. 11. Tiber.

DOUBLE OCTAGONS. Across: 1. Leg. 2. Liars. 3. Angel. 4. Delay. 5. Net.

Pi. Proud Winter cometh like a warrior bold!
His icy lances flashing in the light,
His shield the night, starred bright with glittering gold,
His mail the silver frost-work, dazzling, bright!
He turns his stern face to the north, and waits
To hear his wind-steeds burst from heaven's gates.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Vincent Crummles; finals, Ninetta Crummles. Cross-words: 1. Vicarious. 2. Include. 3. Natal. 4. Cataclysm. 5. Emblem. 6. Nylgau. 7. Tartar. 8. Catholic. 9. Romola. 10. Untaught. 11. Motet. 12. Magpie. 13. Loosen. 14. Ennui. 15. Sermon.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Oaths. 2. Agree. 3. Train. 4. Heirs. 5. Sense. II. 1. Acerb. 2. Cavi. 3. Evade. 4. Ridge. 5. Bleed.

C. B. S. AND OTHERS: Any one, whether a regular subscriber or not, is at liberty to send puzzles to the Riddle-box. Those that cannot be used will be returned, if a stamp is enclosed.

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 Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—"The Wice Five"—"M. McG."—Josephine Sherwood—Maude E. Palmer—Isabel, Mama, and Janie—L. O. E.—E. M. G.—"Uncle Mung"—Jo and I—Ida C. Thallon—"Midwood"—Helen C. McCleary—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman—Maud and Dudley Banks—E. Kellogg Trowbridge—"Seul Choix"—No Name, E. 67th St.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Elaine S., 1—Paul Reese, 10—"H. M. Myself," 7—Grace Isabel, 1—N. A. Kellogg, 1—Florence Cowles, 1—James R. J. Kindelon, 1—"Daisy and Dan," 1—Carrie Chester, 1—Will Turner, 2—"Alaine," 1—Estelle Grace C., 1—E. R. Wainwright, 1—Clara L., 2—Jacob Schmitt, 1—Mary Lewis, 2—"Amillius Paulus," 1—Ira F. Wilcey, 2—Geo. S. Seymour, 8—Mama, Sadie, and Jamsie, 9—G. B. Dyer, 10—Helen C. Bennett, 4—Hortense E. W., 4—"Whahah," 5—Hubert L. Bingay, 8—Alma Rosenberg, 5—Adele Clark, 1—Willie Bixby, 5—Isabelle R. McCurdy, 3—Blanche and Fred, 11—Bessie R. Crocker, 10—"Peggy," 1—Elino Barras and helpers, 3—"Jefferson Place," 7—Bessie W., 6—Chester B. Sumner, 11—Anna R. Stiles, 1—Harry and Helen, 9—B. M. Strahan, 3—Margaret A. Ironner, 1.

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 famous German writer, who, during the eighty years of his life, is said to have never traveled more than seven miles from his native city.

A CIVIC PUZZLE.

WHEN the following cities have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the initial letters will spell a name by which London is sometimes called.

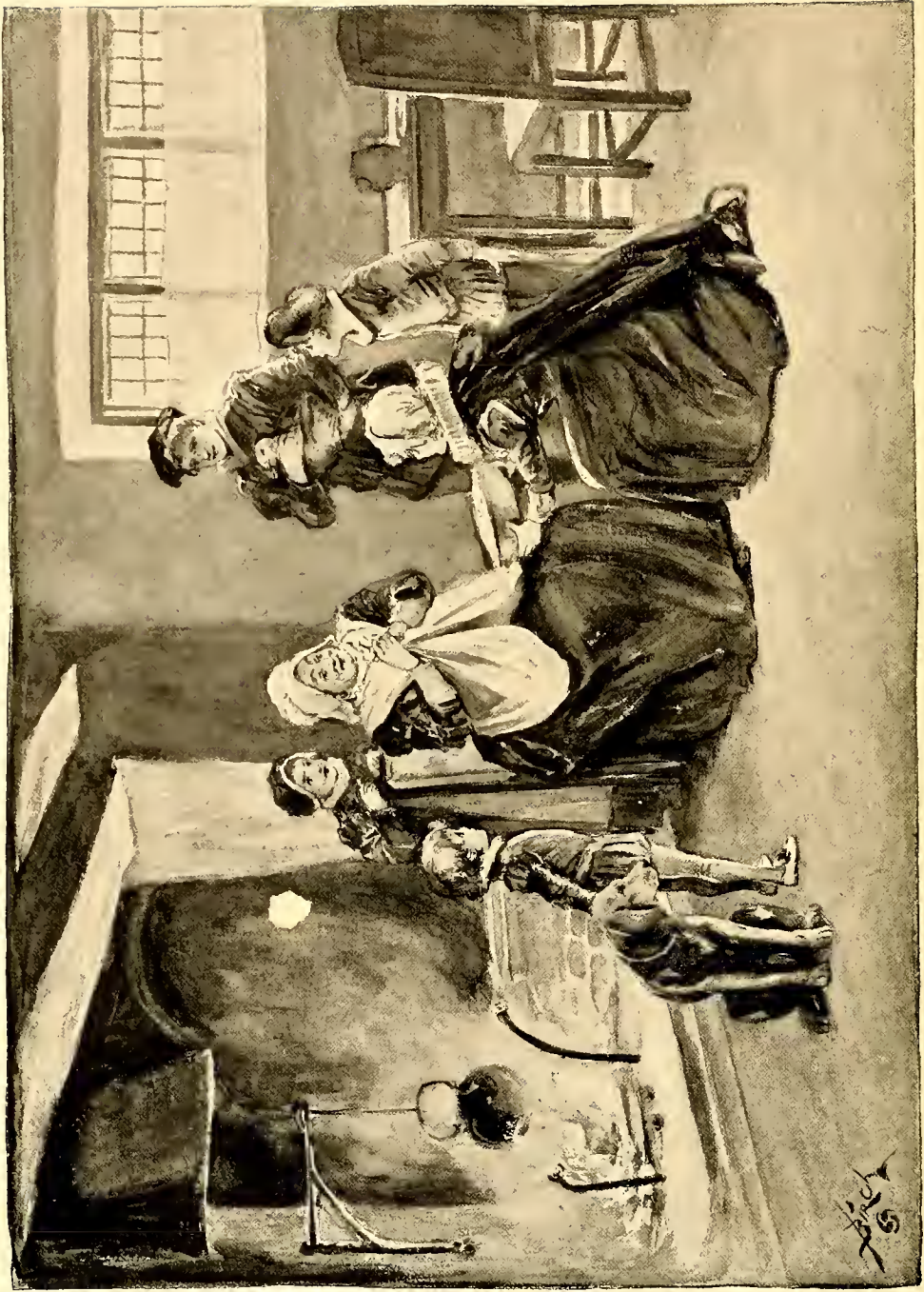
1. A city of New Jersey.
2. A city of the West Indies.
3. A city of Illinois.
4. A city of Ohio.
5. A city of Iowa.
6. A city of New York.
7. A city of Michigan.
8. A city of New York.
9. A city of Italy.
10. A city of Tennessee.
11. A city of Greece.
12. A city of Massachusetts.
13. A city of Ohio.
14. A city of California.

CHARADE.

My *first*, though only half, is yet the same as middle;
My *second*'s always "good," and "she," though why 's
a riddle;
My *third* is always "he" and sometimes very bad;
My *whole*, though often small, is elegantly clad;
The smallest of its kind, it 's something very breezy,
And when you find it out, you 'll say, "I know—it 's
easy!" T. J.

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. To hinder from growing to the natural size.
2. A pledge.
3. To coincide.
4. Pastoral pipes.
5. New and strong.
- II. 1. Sorcery.
2. Solitary.
3. Pierces.
4. Very slow to act.
5. Girdles.
- III. 1. Grates harshly upon.
2. A tree.
3. A merry frolic.
4. The surname of an English dramatist.
5. To speak derisively.



"MOTHERING SUNDAY."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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“MOTHERING SUNDAY.”

BY MARY B. MERRILL.

WHAT should I do if the children did not come to see me? They cheer one up so, and bring in so much life and freshness. I especially appreciate this just now, as I have been confined to the house for two weeks with a sprained ankle. How pleasant it was that Tuesday, when little Alice Gregory came to dine with me and stay a while into the evening!

After dinner she drew a low chair up to the fireplace, and sat there, telling me most interesting stories of what “all the girls” were doing at school, and how hard the lessons were growing, and how she had been perfect in them for two whole days. I just enjoyed it, as I lay on my couch and watched the little maid, and thought how exceedingly sweet and lovable she was; full of life and earnestness, a pretty picture, with the firelight sending such a warm glow over her yellow locks and happy face.

And, by the way, I learned something from Alice; at least I think I should not know quite as much as I do now, if she had not spoken as she did.

“Miss Constance,” she said, after a moment’s pause in the conversation, “do you know what next Sunday is?”

“Next Sunday?” I repeated. “Why, no; is it different from any Sunday?”

“I heard some one say that ever so long ago they used to call it ‘Mothering Sunday.’ What does that mean?”

“‘Mothering Sunday,’” I echoed again. “I never heard of it. It can’t be anything very important” (as though I knew everything that was important).

Then she drifted on to other subjects, and we forgot the question till just as she was ready to go home, when a thought came to me suddenly and I proposed that we should each study up about Mothering Sunday, and that she should dine with me on the next Tuesday, when we would compare notes as to what we had found. So I went to work and hunted in all the accessible books that I thought would help me, and she did the same for herself, and so we had a good talk over the matter when we next passed an afternoon together.

Now I can tell you that “Mothering Sunday” is the fourth Sunday in Lent, and is often called “Mid-Lent Sunday.” No wonder that Alice and I did not know what it was; for the custom which gave rise to the name, like many another delightful old custom, has passed away,

and so the name has become almost forgotten also.

I suppose you all have read stories of apprentices, young lads who were "bound out," as they called it, to learn a trade, or to work for some farmer for a term of years.

How would you like it, my boy—just home from a spin on your new "safety"—to be tied down to work day after day, under a master who was not always easy to please, and who would allow you only Sundays and an occasional "day off" to go to see your mother.

And you, my dear girl, with your happy home and days brimful of enjoyment, what would you think of a life exactly opposite to yours?

For, in the days of long ago, as well as in our own time, there were many young girls who found it best to leave their homes and make their own way in the world.

Would you not be glad of an occasional Sunday when you could array yourself in all your best finery, and go to see your mother, taking care that you wrapped your little present up very carefully, so that you could watch her evident pleasure and surprise as she untied the string, took off the wrapper, and brought to light the treasure which you had bought for her with your "very own earnings"?

That was "Mothering Sunday," the fourth Sunday in Lent, when absent sons and daugh-

ters—particularly the young apprentices—would return to their homes with some little present for both parents, but more especially for the mother. An ancient custom, and a delightful one it seems to me.

Imagine the joy of Peggy or Thomas, the pride of the mother in the simple gift, and the admiration of the small brothers and sisters who gathered around and longed for the time when they also would be out in the great unknown world and could come "a-mothering."

Perhaps it was not an apprentice or a serving-maid, but some young housekeeper who would come from her own home, and with a most important air would present her mother with some pasties or a "simmel" of her own making. The simnel, or sannel, was a kind of rich sweet cake offered as a gift at Christmas or Easter and especially on "Mothering Sunday."

We may be sure that it was a happy time, and that the mother admired the gift and praised the giver, and rejoiced that her Thomas was such a fine, steady lad, or that Peggy was so strong and rosy and loving.

In one of his poems, Robert Herrick, the early English poet says:

I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
So that, when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou 'lt give me.

OWNEY, OF THE MAIL-BAGS.

BY M. I. INGERSOLL.

ONE raw autumn day, some six years ago, a little puppy crept into the Albany post-office building for warmth and shelter. He was a homeless, hungry little fellow, shivering with the cold, and even to be just inside the door seemed like bliss compared to the street.

Everybody was busy with their own concerns, and nobody saw him. The homeless little dog took courage, and ventured farther and farther

into the warmth and comfort. There was a door opened, and he slipped through it. In one corner was a pile of leather mail-bags; he curled himself up among these and went to sleep.

In the morning when the clerks went for the bags they found him there. He could not tell them where he came from; but the wag of his little tail and the pleading look

in his brown eyes said plainly, "Please let me stay!" and they did.

That noon one of the post-office clerks brought in a bottle from his dinner some soup for the puppy, and the next day another kind-hearted man treated him to a piece of steak.

Days went by and nobody came to claim him. Neither did he wander away from his new quarters. He liked his new home, whatever his previous one had been, and meant to stay there. As one and another came in and saw him, they would say:

"Whose dog is that?"

And then the postal-clerks would reply, giving him a playful pat:

"Owney! Owney! who is your owner?"

After a time everybody called him "Owney."

Under good treatment Owney grew very fast, and soon became a very wise and intelligent little terrier. From the first night that he had slept on the mail-bags he had been very fond of them. He often wondered, in his dog way, where they went to when they were tossed on to the wagons and carried off. One day he made up his mind he would go with them and see; so, when the driver jumped on his high seat and drove off, Owney trotted on behind. He saw the bags flung into the car, and when a good chance came, he went in after them. Nobody saw him, nobody missed him; but Owney and the mail-bags were old friends, and he was not afraid to

go where they went. By and by, when the men began to overhaul the bags, they found Owney just as he had been found that first day in the office, asleep among them. They were men who knew who Owney was and where he came



OWNEY IN HIS HARNESS.

from, and they took care of him and brought him back on their return trip.

But Owney had learned the secret of the

mail-bags. Neither did he dislike the steady jogging of the train and the attention which he received. Soon after he took another trip. This time he was gone for several weeks, and his friends at Albany thought they had seen the last of him; but one morning he walked in looking a little thinner, a little more ragged, but very wise and happy. Though glad to be at home again, he had evidently enjoyed his trip very much. Where he had been, of course, was only conjecture, but it was thought he must have been a long distance. His friends, afraid that he might go upon another journey and perhaps be lost, took up a subscription and bought him a collar. This collar was marked:

*"Owney,"
Albany Post-Office,
Albany,
N. Y.*

To this collar was fastened a card asking the railroad postal-clerks to fasten tags to him showing where he had been, in case they should encounter him traveling about.

It was not a great while after this that Owney was gone again. His way of traveling was to jump aboard the first mail-car he met, and when that reached its destination and was emptied, he would take any other that was standing in the station ready to leave. If he ever got tired and wanted to go home nobody knew it; and as he could not ask questions as to the way, the only thing for him to do was to keep on going.

He went to all kinds of places and met all kinds of dogs. Some days a generous postal-clerk would give him a good dinner, the next day he would have none, but it was all the same to Owney so long as he had the excitement and change.

He went to Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and they attached checks to his collar. Then he went on through Salt Lake City to California, and from there to Mexico. In Mexico they hung a Mexican dollar on his neck. From there he came up through the South, finally reaching Washington. His collar was hanging full of tags and checks, and poor Owney was weary of the heavy load about his neck. Postmaster-General Wana-

maker saw him and took pity on him. He carried him out one day, and had a harness made for him; then he took the badges from his collar and fastened them to his harness, as you see in the picture. If you look closely you will discover the Mexican dollar, and also a King's Daughter's badge which someone presented to him.

Owney did not tarry long in Washington, but was soon off again with his new harness. The farther he went the more checks he had to carry, and the heavier grew his load. At last the attachments alone weighed over two pounds, and poor Owney was tired of carrying the dangling things about with him.

A Boston postal-clerk saw him and took pity on him as Mr. Wanamaker had done; he carried him home to his house, and wrote a letter to the postmaster at Albany, telling him of the dog's difficulties. Word came back to take off the harness just as it was, and forward it to them. This was done, and the harness with its attachments can be seen any time in the post-office building at Albany, preserved in a glass case with Owney's picture.

Once in his travels Owney reached Montreal, and, happening to follow the mail-bags to the post-office, he was taken possession of and locked up, while a letter was sent to Albany telling the officials there of his whereabouts. A reply came to let him go and he would take care of himself. This the Canadian postmaster refused to do till the cost of feeding and keeping him was paid, in all amounting to two dollars and fifty cents. A collection was called for among his old friends, the money forwarded and Owney released.

Everybody in the postal-service in the United States knows him, and perhaps the next time he visits Canada he will not be a stranger.

Owney is a cross between an Irish and a Scotch terrier. His fur is short, gray, and curly. He has beautiful, intelligent brown eyes, but somewhere in his wanderings has lost the sight of the right one, probably from a hot cinder.

When he wore his harness and railroad decorations, he was a dog of most unusual appearance; but he gave up the straps and medals some two years ago, and now there is nothing

to distinguish him from any other gray mongrel cur. I had heard about Owney from a friend who in his travels had met the dog; but last summer, while out camping, I became acquainted with him. One of our party was a post-office railroad clerk, and on the day he started for our camp Owney appeared in his postal-car. My friend managed to lure the dog to our camping-ground. Owney seemed pleased at first with the broad fields, and enjoyed now and then a dip in the sea. But two days and two nights were enough for him. On the morning of the second day he disappeared.

At half-past six in the morning Owney was still in our camp; but at half-past eight he was reported in the Old Colony station in Boston. He must have caught the first boat for the city, and made straight for the railway station.

Where he is now, I don't know; and if I knew *to-day*, he might be half-way to California a few days later. His home is with the mail-bags; and nothing would induce him to ride in a passenger-car. But no accident has ever yet happened to a train when Owney has been aboard, and the railroad postal men are beginning to look upon him as a "mascot."

THE LILAC.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE lilac stood close to Elizabeth's window,
 All purple with bloom, while the little maid
 spun;
 Her stint was a long one and she was
 aweary,
 And moaned that she never could get it done.

But a wind set stirring the lilac blossoms,
 And a wonderful sweetness came floating in,
 And Elizabeth felt, though she could not have
 said it,
 That a friend had come to her, to help her
 spin.

And after that she kept on at her spinning,
 Gay as a bird; for the world had begun
 To seem such a pleasant, good place for
 working,
 That she was amazed when her stint was
 done.

And the pale-browed little New England
 maiden,
 Outside of her lessons, had learned that day,
 That the sweetness around us will sweeten,
 labor,
 If we will but let it have its way.



NEIGHBORS.

TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER X.

TOM said it happened like this.

A dervish was stumping it along through the desert, on foot, one blazing hot day, and he had come a thousand miles and was pretty poor, and hungry, and ornery and tired, and along about where we are now, he run across a camel-driver with a hundred camels, and asked him for some ams. But the camel-driver he asked to be excused. The dervish says —

“Don’t you own these camels?”

“Yes, they ’re mine.”

“Are you in debt?”

“Who — me? No.”

“Well, a man that owns a hundred camels and ain’t in debt, is rich — and not only rich, but very rich. Ain’t it so?”

The camel-driver owned up that it was so. Then the dervish says —

“Allah has made you rich, and He has made me poor. He has His reasons, and they are wise, blessed be His name. But He has willed that His rich shall help His poor, and you have turned away from me, your brother, in my need, and He will remember this, and you will lose by it.”

That made the camel-driver feel shaky, but all the same he was born hungry after money and did n’t like to let go a cent, so he begun to whine and explain, and said times was hard, and although he had took a full freight down to Balsora and got a fat rate for it, he could n’t git no return freight, and so he war n’t making no great things out of his trip. So the dervish starts along again, and says —

“All right, if you want to take the risk, but I reckon you ’ve made a mistake this time, and missed a chance.”

Of course the camel-driver wanted to know, what kind of a chance he had missed, because

maybe there was money in it; so he run after the dervish and begged him so hard and earnest to take pity on him and tell him, that at last the dervish give in, and says —

“Do you see that hill yonder? Well, in that hill is all the treasures of the earth, and I was looking around for a man with a particular good kind heart and a noble generous disposition, because if I could find just that man, I ’ve got a kind of salve I could put on his eyes and he could see the treasures and get them out.”

So then the camel-driver was in a state; and he cried, and begged, and took on, and went down on his knees, and said he was just that kind of a man, and said he could fetch a thousand people that would say he was n’t ever described so exact before.

“Well, then,” says the dervish, “all right. If we load the hundred camels, can I have half of them?”

The driver was so glad he could n’t hardly hold in, and says —

“Now you ’re shouting.”

So they shook hands on the bargain, and the dervish got out his box and rubbed the salve on the driver’s right eye, and the hill opened and he went in, and there, sure enough, was piles and piles of gold and jewels sparkling like all the stars in heaven had fell down.

So him and the dervish laid into it and they loaded every camel till he could n’t carry no more, then they said good-by, and each of them started off with his fifty. But pretty soon the camel-driver came a-running and overtook the dervish and says —

“You ain’t in society, you know, and you don’t really need all you ’ve got. Won’t you be good, and let me have ten of your camels?”

“Well,” the dervish says, “I don’t know but what you say is reasonable enough.”

So he done it, and they separated and the dervish started off again with his forty. But

pretty soon here comes the camel-driver bawling after him again, and whines and whimpers around and begs another ten off of him, saying thirty camel-loads of treasures was enough to see a dervish through, because they live very simple, you know, and don't keep house but board around and give their note.

But that war n't the end, yet. That camel-driver kept coming and coming till he had begged back all the camels and had the whole hundred. Then he was satisfied, and ever so grateful, and said he would n't ever forgit the dervish as long as he lived, and nobody had n't ever been so good to him before, and liberal. So they shook hands good-by, and separated and started off again.

But do you know, it war n't ten minutes till the camel-driver was unsatisfied again — he was the low-downest reptyle in seven counties — and he come a-running again. And this time the thing he wanted was to get the dervish to rub some of the salve on his other eye.

"Why?" said the dervish.

"Oh, you know," says the driver.

"Know what?" says the dervish.

Says the driver —

"Well, you can't fool me. You 're trying to keep back something from me, you know it mighty well. You know, I reckon, that if I had the salve on the other eye I could see

a lot more things that 's valuable. Come — please put it on."

The dervish says —

"I was n't keeping anything back from you. I don't mind telling you what would happen if I put it on. You 'd never see again. You 'd be stone blind the rest of your days."



THE CAMEL-DRIVER IN THE TREASURE-CAVE.

But do you know, that beat would n't believe him. No, he begged and begged, and whined and cried, till at last the dervish opened his box and told him to put it on, if he wanted to.

So the man done it, and sure enough he was as blind as a bat, in a minute.

Then the dervish laughed at him and mocked at him and made fun of him; and says—

“Good-by—a man that ’s blind hain’t got no use for jewelry.”

And he cleared out with the hundred camels, and left that man to wander around poor and miserable and friendless the rest of his days in the desert.

Jim said he ’d bet it was a lesson to him.

“Yes,” Tom says, “and like a considerable many lessons a body gets. They ain’t no account, because the thing don’t ever happen the same way again—and can’t. The time Hen Scovil fell down the chimbly and crippled his back for life, everybody said it would be a lesson to him. What kind of a lesson? How was he going to use it? He could n’t climb chimblies no more, and he had n’t no more backs to break.”

“All de same, Mars Tom,” Jim said, “dey *is* sich a thing as learnin’ by expe’ence. De Good Book say de burnt chile shun de fire.”

“Well, I ain’t denying that a thing ’s a lesson if it ’s a thing that can happen twice just the same way. There ’s lots of such things, and *they* educate a person, that ’s what Uncle Abner always said; but there ’s forty *million* lots of the other kind—the kind that don’t happen the same way twice—and they ain’t no real use, they ain’t no more instructive than the smallpox. When you ’ve got it, it ain’t no good to find out you ought to been vaccinated, and it ain’t no good to get vaccinated afterwards, because the smallpox don’t come but once. But on the other hand Uncle Abner said that a person that had took a bull by the tail once had learnt sixty or seventy times as much as a person that had n’t, and said a person that started in to carry a cat home by the tail was gitting knowledge that was always going to be useful to him, and war n’t ever going to grow dim or doubtful. But I can just tell you, Jim, Uncle Abner was down on them people that ’s all the time trying to dig a lesson out of everything that happens, no matter whether—”

But Jim was asleep. Tom looked kind of

ashamed, because you know a person always feels bad when he is talking uncommon fine and thinks the other person is admiring, and that other person goes to sleep that way. Of course he ought n’t to go to sleep, because it ’s shabby; but the finer a person talks the certainer it is to make you sleep, and so when you come to look at it it ain’t nobody’s fault in particular, both of them ’s to blame.

Jim begun to snore—soft and easy-like, at first, then a long rasp, then a stronger one, then a half a dozen horrible ones like the last water sucking down the plug-hole of a bathtub, then the same with more power to it. And when the person has got to that point he is at his level best, and can wake up a man in the next block, but can’t wake himself up although all that awful noise of his’n ain’t but three inches from his own ears. And that is the curioest thing in the world, seems to me. But you rake a match to light the candle, and that little bit of a noise will fetch him. I wish I knowed what was the reason of that, but there don’t seem to be no way to find out. Now there was Jim alarming the whole Desert, and yanking the animals out for miles and miles around, to see what in the nation was going on up there; there war n’t nobody nor nothing that was as close to the noise as *he* was, and yet he was the only cretur that was n’t anyways disturbed by it.

We yelled at him and whooped at him, it never done no good, but the first time there come a little wee noise that was n’t of a usual kind it woke him up. No, sir, I ’ve thought it all over, and so has Tom, and there ain’t no way to find out why a snorer can’t hear himself snore.

Jim said he had n’t been asleep, he just shut his eyes so he could listen better.

Tom said nobody war n’t accusing him.

That made him look like he wished he had n’t said anything. And he wanted to git away from the subject, I reckon, because he begun to abuse the camel-driver, just the way a person does when he has got catched in something and wants to take it out of somebody else. He let into the camel-driver the hardest he knowed how, and I had to agree with him; and he praised up the dervish the highest he

could, and I had to agree with him there, too. But Tom says —

“I ain’t so sure. You call that dervish so dreadful liberal and good and unselfish, but I don’t quite see it. He did n’t hunt up another poor dervish, did he? No, he did n’t. If he was so unselfish, why did n’t he go in there himself and take a pocket-full of jewels and go along and be satisfied? No, sir, the person he was hunting for was a man with a hundred camels. He wanted to get away with all the treasure he could.”

“Why, Mars Tom, the dervish was willin’ to divide, fair and square; he only struck for fifty camels.”

“Because he knowed how he was going to get all of them by and by.”

“Mars Tom, he *tole* de man de truck would make him blind.”

“Yes, because he knowed the man’s character. It was just the kind of a man he was hunting for—a man that never believes in anybody’s word or anybody’s honorableness, because he ain’t got none of his own. I reckon there ’s lots of people like that dervish. They swindle right and left, but they always make the other person *seem* to swindle himself. They keep inside of the letter of the law all the time, and there ain’t no way to git hold of them. *They* don’t put the salve on—oh, no, that would be sin; but they know how to fool *you* into putting it on, then it ’s you that blinds yourself. I reckon the dervish and the camel-driver was just a pair—a fine, smart, brainy rascal, and a dull, coarse, ignorant one, but both of them rascals, just the same.”

“Mars Tom, does you reckon dey ’s any o’ dat kind o’ salve in de worl’ now?”

“Yes, Uncle Abner says there is. He says they ’ve got it in New York, and they put it on country people’s eyes and show them all the railroads in the world, and they go in and get them, and then when they rub the salve on the other eye the other man bids them good-by and goes off with their railroads. Here ’s the treasure-hill, now. Lower away!”

We landed, but it war n’t as interesting as I thought it was going to be, because we could n’t find the place where they went in to git the treasure. Still, it was plenty interesting

enough, just to see the mere hill itself where such a wonderful thing happened. Jim said he would n’t a-missed it for three dollars, and I felt the same way.

And to me and Jim, as wonderful a thing as any was the way Tom could come into a strange big country like this and go straight and find a little hump like that and tell it in a minute from a million other humps that was almost just like it, and nothing to help him but only his own learning and his own natural smartness. We talked and talked it over together, but could n’t make out how he done it. He had the best head on him I ever see; and all he lacked was age, to make a name for himself equal to Captain Kidd or George Washington. I bet you it would a-crowded either of *them* to find that hill, with all their gifts, but it war n’t nothing to Tom Sawyer; he went clear across the Sahara and put his finger right on it.

We found a pond of salt water close by and scraped up a raft of salt around the edges and loaded up the lion’s skin and the tiger’s so as they would keep till Jim could tan them.

CHAPTER XI.

WE went a-fooling along for a day or two, and then just as the full moon was touching the ground on the other side of the Desert, we see a string of little black figgers moving across its big silver face. You could see them as plain as if they was painted on the moon with ink. It was another caravan. We cooled down our speed and tagged along after it, just to have company, though it war n’t going our way. It was a rattler, that caravan, and a mighty fine sight to look at, next morning when the sun come a-streaming across the Desert and flung the long shadders of the camels on the gold sand like a thousand grand-daddy-longlegs marching in procession. We never went very near it, because we knowed better, now, than to act like that and scare people’s camels and break up their caravans. It was the gayest outfit you ever see, for rich clothes and nobby style. Some of the chiefs rode on dromedaries, the first we ever see, and very tall, and they go plunging along like they was on stilts, and they

rock the man that is on them pretty violent and stir him up considerable, I bet you; but they make noble good time and a camel ain't no-where with them for speed.

The caravan camped, during the middle part of the day, and then started again about the middle of the afternoon. Before long the sun begun to look very curious. First it kind of turned to brass, and then to copper, and after that it begun to look like a blood red ball, and the air got hot and close, and pretty soon all the sky in the west darkened up and looked thick and foggy, but fiery and dreadful like it looks through a piece of red glass, you know. We looked down and see a big confusion going on in the caravan and a rushing every which way like they wasscared, and then they all flopped down flat in the sand and laid there perfectly still.

Pretty soon we see something coming that stood up like an amazing wide wall, and reached from the Desert up into the sky and hid the sun, and it was coming like the nation,

too. Then a little faint breeze struck us, and then it come harder, and grains of sand begun to sift against our faces and sting like fire, and Tom sung out—

“It's a sand-storm—turn your backs to it!”



IN THE SAND-STORM.

We done it, and in another minute it was blowing a gale and the sand beat against us by the shovel-full, and the air was so thick with it we could n't see a thing. In five minutes the boat was level full and we was setting on

the lockers, all of us buried up to the chin in sand and only our heads out and we could hardly breathe.

Then the storm thinned, and we see that monstrous wall go a-sailing off across the Desert, awful to look at, I tell you. We dug ourselves out and looked down, and where the caravan was before, there was n't anything but just the sand ocean, now, and all still and quiet. All them people and camels was smothered and dead and buried—buried under ten foot of sand, we reckoned, and Tom allowed it might be years before the wind uncovered them, and all that time their friends would n't ever know what become of that caravan.

Tom said—

“*Now* we know what it was that happened to the people we got the swords and pistols from.”

Yes, sir, that was just it. It was as plain as day, now. They got buried in a sand-storm, and the wild animals could n't get at them, and the wind never uncovered them again till they was dried to leather. It seemed to me we had felt as sorry for them poor people as a person could for anybody, and as mournful, too, but we was mistaken; this last caravan's death went harder with us, a good deal harder. You see, others was total strangers, and we never got really acquainted with them at all. But it was different with this last caravan. We was huvvering around them a whole night and most a whole day, and had got to feeling real friendly with them, and acquainted. I have found out that there ain't no surer way to find out whether you like people or hate them, than to travel with them. Just so with these. We kind of liked them from the start, and traveling with them put on the finisher. The longer we traveled with them, and the more we got used to their ways, the better and better we liked them and the gladder and gladder we was that we run across them. We had come to know some of them so well that we called them by name when we was talking about them, and soon got so familiar and sociable that we even dropped the Miss and the Mister and just used their plain names without any handle, and it did not seem unpolite, but just the right thing. Of course it was n't their own names, but names

we give them. There was Mr. Elexander Robinson and Miss Adaline Robinson, and Colonel Jacob McDougal, and Miss Harryet McDougal, and Judge Jeremiah Butler, and young Bushrod Butler, and these was big chiefs, mostly, that wore splendid great turbans and simmeters, and dressed like the Grand Mogul, and their families. But as soon as we come to know them good, and like them very much, it war n't Mister, nor Judge, nor nothing, any more, but only Elleck, and Addy, and Jake, and Hattie, and Jerry, and Buck, and so on.

And you know, the more you join in with people in their joys and their sorrows, the more nearer and dearer they come to be to you. Now we war n't cold and indifferent, the way most travelers is, we was right down friendly and sociable, and took a chance in everything that was going, and the caravan could depend on us to be on hand every time, it did n't make no difference what it was.

When they camped, we camped right over them, ten or twelve hundred foot up in the air. When they et a meal, we et ourn, and it made it ever so much homeliker to have their company. When they had a wedding, that night, and Buck and Addy got married, we got ourselves up in the very starchiest of the Professor's duds for the blow-out, and when they danced we jined in and shook a foot up there.

But it is sorrow and trouble that brings you the nearest, and it was a funeral that done it with us. It was next morning, just in the still dawn. We did n't know the diseased, but that never made no difference, he belonged to the caravan, and that was enough.

Yes, parting with this caravan was much more bitterer than it was to part with them others, which was comparative strangers, and been dead so long, anyway. We had knowed these in their lives, and was fond of them, too, and now to have 'em snatched from right before our faces whilst we was looking, and leave us so lonesome and friendless in the middle of that big Desert, it did hurt us.

We could n't keep from talking about them, and they was all the time coming up in our memory, and looking just the way they looked when we was all alive and happy together.

We could see the line marching, and the shiny spear-heads a-winking in the sun, we could see the dromedaries lumbering along, we could see the wedding and the funeral, and more oftener than anything else we could see them praying, because they don't allow nothing to prevent that; whenever the call come, several times a day, they would stop right there, and stand up and face to the east, and lift back their heads, and spread out their arms and begin, and four

ing a little cheerfuller, and had had a most powerful good sleep, because sand is the comfortablest bed there is, and I don't see why people that can afford it don't have it more. And it's terrible good ballast, too; I never see the balloon so steady before.

Tom allowed we had twenty tons of it, and wondered what we better do with it; it was good sand, and it did n't seem good sense to throw it away. Jim says —



THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

or five times they would go down on their knees, and then fall forwards and touch their forehead to the ground.

Well, it war n't good to go on talking about them, because it did n't do no good, and made us too downhearted.

When we woke up next morning we was feel-

“Mars Tom, can't we tote it back home en sell it? How long 'll it take?”

“Depends on the way we go.”

“Well, sah, she 's wuth a quarter of a dollar a load, at home, en I reckon we 's got as much as twenty loads, hain't we? How much would dat be?”

"Five dollars."

"By jings, Mars Tom, le's shove for home right on de spot! Hit's more 'n a dollar en a half apiece, hain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef dat ain't makin' money de easiest ever I struck! She jes' rained in— never cos' us a lick o' work. Le's mosey right along, Mars Tom."

But Tom was thinking and ciphering away so busy and excited he never heard him. Pretty soon he says—

"Five dollars—sho! Look here, this sand 's worth—worth—why, it 's worth no end of money."

"How is dat, Mars Tom? Go on, honey, go on!"

"Well, the minute people knows its genuwyne sand from the genuwyne Desert of Sahara, they 'll just be in a perfect state of mind to git hold of some of it to keep on the whatnot in a vial with a label on it for a curiosity. All we got to do is, to put it up in vials and float around all over the United States and peddle them out at ten cents apiece. We 've got all of ten thousand dollars' worth of sand in this boat."

Me and Jim went all to pieces with joy, and began to shout whoopjamboreehoo, and Tom says—

"And we can keep on coming back and fetchng sand, and coming back and fetchng more sand, and just keep it agoing till we 've carted this whole Desert over there and sold it out; and there ain't ever going to be any opposition, either, because we 'll take out a patent."

"My goodness," I says, "we 'll be as rich as Creosote, won't we, Tom?"

"Yes,—Creesus, you mean. Why, that der-vish was hunting in that little hill for the treas-ures of the earth, and did n't know he was



"WHEN THEY DANCED WE JINED IN AND SHOOK A FOOT UP THERE."

walking over the real ones for a thousand miles. He was blinder than he made the driver."

"Mars Tom, how much is we gwyne to be worth?"

"Well, I don't know, yet. It 's got to be ciphered, and it ain't the easiest job to do, either, because it 's over four million square miles of sand at ten cents a vial."

Jim was awful excited, but this faded it out considerable, and he shook his head and says—

"Mars Tom, we can't 'ford all dem vials—a king could n't. We better not try to take de whole Desert, Mars Tom, de vials gwyne to bust us, sho'."

Tom's excitement died out, too, now, and I reckoned it was on account of the vials, but it

was n't. He set there thinking, and got bluer and bluer, and at last he says—

“Boys, it won't work ; we got to give it up.”

“Why, Tom ?”

“On account of the duties.”

I could n't make nothing out of that, neither could Jim. I says—

“What *is* our duty, Tom? Because, if we can't git around it, why can't we just *do* it? People often has to.”

But he says—

“Oh, it ain't that kind of duty. The kind I mean is a tax. Whenever you strike a frontier—that 's the border of a country, you know—you find a custom-house there, and the gov'ment officers comes and rummages amongst your things and charges a big tax, which they call a duty because it 's their duty to bust you if they can, and if you don't pay the duty they 'll take your sand. They call it confiscating. Now if we try to carry this sand home the way we 're pointed now, we got to climb fences till we git tired—just frontier after frontier—Egypt, Arabia, Hindostan, and so on, and they 'll all whack on a duty, and so you see, easy enough, we *can't* go *that* road.”

“Why, Tom,” I says, “we can sail right over their old frontiers ; how are *they* going to stop us ?”

He looked sorrowful at me, and says, very grave—

“Huck Finn, do you think that would be honest ?”

I hate them kind of interruptions. But I said nothin'. I did n't feel no more interest in such things, as long as we could n't git our sand through, and it made me low-spirited, and Jim the same. Tom he tried to cheer us up by saying he would think up another speculation for us that would be just as good as this one and better, but it did n't do no good, we did n't believe there was any as big as this. It was mighty hard ; such a little while ago we was so rich, and could 'a' bought a country and started a kingdom and been celebrated and happy, and now we was so poor and ornery again, and had our sand left on our hands. The sand was looking so lovely, before, just-like gold and di'monds, and the feel of it was so soft and so

silky and nice, but now I could n't bear the sight of it, it made me sick to look at it, and I knowed I would n't ever feel comfortable again till we got shut of it, and I did n't have it there no more to remind us of what we had been and what we had got degraded down to. The others was feeling the same way about it that I was. I knowed it, because they cheered up so the minute I says “Le's throw this truck overboard.”

Well, it was going to be work, you know, and pretty solid work, too ; so Tom he divided it up according to fairness and strength. He said me and him would clear out a fifth apiece, of the sand, and Jim three fifths. Jim he did n't quite like that arrangement. He says—

“'Course I 's de stronges', en I 's willin' to do a share accordin', but by jings you 's kinder pilin' it onto ole Jim this time, Mars Tom, hain't you ?”

“Well, I did n't think so, Jim, but you try your hand at fixing it, and let 's see.”

So Jim he reckoned it would n't be no more than fair if me and Tom done a *tenth* apiece. Tom he turned his back to git room and be private, and then he smole a smile that spread around and covered the whole Sahara to the westward, back to the Atlantic edge of it where we come from. Then he turned around again and said it was a good enough arrangement, and we was satisfied if Jim was. Jim said he was.

So then Tom measured off our two tenths in the bow and left the rest for Jim, and it surprised Jim a good deal to see how much difference there was and what a raging lot of sand his share come to, an' he said he was powerful glad, now, that he had spoke up in time and got the first arrangement altered, for he said that even the way it was now, there was more sand than enjoyment in his end of the contract, he believed.

Then he laid into it. It was mighty hot work, and tough ; so hot we had to move up into cooler weather or we could n't 'a' stood it. Me and Tom took turn about, and one worked while t' other rested, but there war n't nobody to spell poor old Jim. We could n't work good, we was so full of laugh, and Jim he kept fretting and fuming and wanting to know what tickled

us so, and we had to keep making up things to account for it, and they was pretty poor inventions, but they done well enough, Jim did n't see through them. At last when we got done we was most dead, but not with work but with laughing. By and by Jim was most dead too, but it was with work; then we took turns and

spelled him, and he was as thankful as he could be, and would set on the gunnel and heave and pant, and say how good we was to him, and he would n't ever forgit us. He was always the gratefulest feller I ever see, for any little thing you done for him. He was only black outside; inside he was as white as you be.

(To be continued.)

JINGLES.

KEPT AFTER SCHOOL.

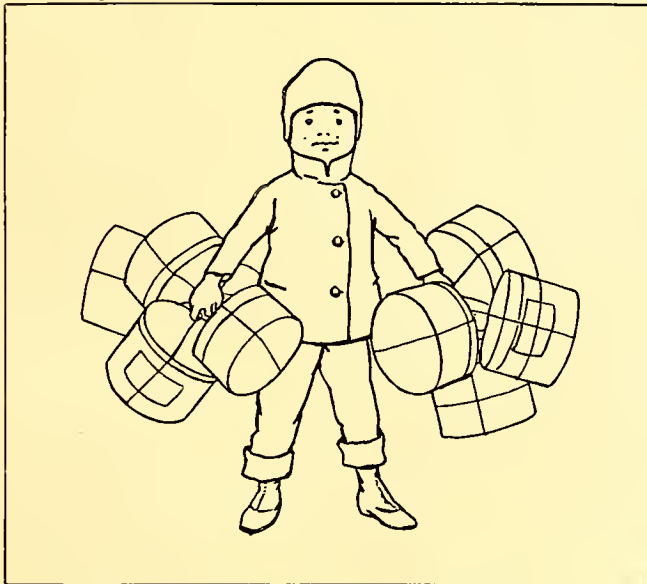
"I AM sorry," said their teacher,
 "To keep you, Tom and Joe;
 I do not like to punish you,
 Because it grieves me so."
 But hopeful Tommy whispered
 To naughty little Joe,
 "If she 's so *very* sorry,
 Maybe she 'll let us go!"

Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

SPRING CLEANING.

O MARCH wind, blow with all your might!
 Set disordered things aright.
 Rustle every dry leaf down;
 Chase the cold all out of town;
 Sweep the streets quite free of dust;
 Blow it off with many a gust.
 Make the earth all clean again,
 And ready for the April rain.

Thomas Tupper.



THERE 'S NOTHING VERY IMPORTANT THE MATTER,—
 I 'M ONLY THE ONLY SON OF A HATTER.

HISTORIC DWARFS

Joseph Boruwlaski



BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

IV.

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI, usually called Count Boruwlaski, was a dainty little mite of a man born a century and a half ago in Polish Russia.

He was very tiny, very sweet-tempered and charming, and the beauties of his mind and person were known and admired in nearly every court in Europe; for he was a great traveler, and lived to be nearly one hundred years old. He was just two years older than the French dwarf, Bébé, and, like the latter, he measured about eight inches at the time of his birth. Fancy a baby that could lie extended on a page of ST. NICHOLAS, and leave two spare inches to tuck in at his feet!

Notwithstanding Joseph's diminutive size, he was neither weak nor puny; he learned to talk and to walk at the same age as other infants, and his mother declared that in his infancy he gave her as little trouble as any of her six children.

He had five brothers, some short and some tall, and one sister, Anastasia. She was very, very tiny; so short, indeed, that she could stand erect under the little Count's arm. She was a perfect model of symmetry and beauty, with a lively, cheerful temper, and a kind, benevolent heart.

When Joseph was scarcely eight years old his father died, leaving the widow and six children very poorly provided for. The little Count, who was often called "*Joujou*" (toy) in the early days, went to live with a rich lady, a friend of his mother's. He remained with this kind benefactress for four years, and although he measured only twenty-one inches at this

time, his progress in his various studies was not in proportion to his stature. He was remarkably intelligent, and so amiable and vivacious that he became a general favorite with everybody. On a certain Countess Humieska he made so strong an impression that she was extremely desirous to have *Joujou* attached to her household. His first benefactress was not willing to give him up, but after a good deal of talking and pleading, *Joujou* went to reside with the Countess. Six months after, when this lady started on a tour through France and Germany, she resolved to make Joseph the companion of her travels. At Vienna, the little Count, who was now just fifteen years old and twenty-five inches tall, was presented to Maria Theresa, Empress-Queen of Austria. This august lady had a great fancy for dwarfs, and several were attached to her court, according to the fashion of the time; but she declared that Joseph was one of the most astonishing dwarfs she had ever beheld. His witty remarks and quick answers to questions delighted her, and his dancing and other accomplishments filled her with wonder.

At this time Austria and Prussia were at war, and one day, when some courtiers complimented the Empress on a recent Austrian victory, she turned to Joseph, who happened to be in the room, and asked him what he thought of the Prussian monarch.

"Madam," replied he, "I have not the honor to know him; but were I in his place, instead of waging a useless war against you I would come to Vienna and pay my respects to you, deeming it a thousand times more glorious to gain your esteem and friendship

than to obtain the most complete victories over your troops."

This long speech from such a small person pleased the Empress so highly that she caught the manikin up beside her, and covered him with caresses. Indeed, the little Count's dignity frequently suffered from the amount of handling and dandling to which he was compelled to submit, but he bore his trials with patience, and always had an amiable reply ready for any question.

While he was still at the Austrian court, the Empress desired him to perform a Polish dance. This he executed with such grace that Maria Theresa, as usual, was delighted. Boruwaski's little hand being accidentally in that of the Empress, she noticed that he was apparently looking at a very beautiful diamond ring which she wore.

"Do you think the ring pretty?" she inquired.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied Boruwaski, "it is not the ring I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss"; and he raised it to his lips.

This speech pleased her Majesty so much that if the ring had not been entirely too large it would have been the immediate reward of the courtly reply. At this moment a very charming little girl, about five years old, entered the apartment. The Empress called the child to her side, and, taking from her baby-hand an exquisitely jeweled ring, placed it on

the tiny finger of the Count, where it fitted to perfection. Boruwaski was delighted, but the little girl was perhaps not so well pleased.

Poor child! she was then the Princess Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa; but afterward she became the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of France, and perished upon the scaffold many years before the death of Boruw-



Engraved by R. Cooper.

(FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

COUNT JOSEPH BORUWLASKI,

The celebrated Polish Dwarf

laski. The little Count preserved the jewel as long as he lived.

Boruwaski and his kind benefactress re-

mained at Vienna for six months, during which the happy little dwarf pursued his studies and took lessons in dancing from the court dancing-master. From Vienna they went to Munich, and thence to Lunéville, where Boruwlaski made the acquaintance of King Stanislaus's famous dwarf, Bébé. The two midgets must have been a quaint pair, but the story of their meeting, of the quarrel, and of Bébé's attack upon his guest, are more properly narrated in the less eventful life of the French dwarf.* From Lunéville the Countess, with her charge, proceeded to Paris, where Boruwlaski became a great favorite with the royal family and the court. The Queen, being a native of Poland, was particularly kind to her little countryman, and it is a wonder that Joseph's small head was not turned by all the flattery and admiration he received. He never showed any vanity, but on the contrary seemed to feel afraid that people would consider him as only a plaything or a toy; and he never exhibited any passion or ill-nature. He liked to be treated with decorum, but did not take offense at those who made free with him on account of his small size. He remained in Paris more than a year, and, although he was a favored guest at many entertainments, he still found time to pursue his studies. He took music lessons and learned to play the guitar from the most famous master of the day; and all these accomplishments he found very useful when in after life he was called upon to support, not only himself, but a wife and family as well.

During his stay in the French capital, M. Bouret, a celebrated government official, gave a grand entertainment in honor of the little Count. Everything was done to show that the banquet was intended for Boruwlaski. There were tiny plates made, proportionate to the size of the wee guest; and the knives, forks, spoons, and dishes were on the same small scale. The food consisted of very diminutive things, and the roasts were ortolans and beccaficos—extremely rare and delicate little fowls, even smaller than our own reed-birds. Boruwlaski probably enjoyed the feast, although he was always very temperate in his eating, and drank nothing but water.

After leaving Paris, the travelers passed a

short time in Holland, and returned to Warsaw, where they settled. Here little Count Joseph was much pleased to find that he had ceased to be an object of curiosity, and that his friends gathered about him to listen to his entertaining conversation rather than to view a wonder of nature. He was now about twenty-five years old, and had attained his greatest stature, thirty-five inches.

At this time, he received the sad news of the death of his sister, Anastasia. She had been under the care and protection of a Polish gentlewoman who was very rich and very fond of the little lady.

Indeed, when Anastasia fell ill, and died after two days' illness, her patroness was so much affected that for a time her life was in danger, and Anastasia's name could not be mentioned in her hearing; nor was Joseph permitted to visit her lest his presence might revive her grief.

Stanislaus II. had now ascended the throne of Poland, and he took a great fancy to the dwarf and showed him many favors; while the Countess Humieska, who was really very fond of him, continued to care for Boruwlaski's needs. But, alas! at the age of forty, Joseph's tender little heart was deeply touched by the beauty of a young lady in the Countess's household. Her name was Isalina Barboutan, and at first she laughed at all Boruwlaski's attentions and offers of marriage. The Countess remonstrated with him and tried to bring him to reason, but he paid no attention to her advice. As he still continued obstinate, she finally ordered him to leave the house, and she also sent Isalina away.

Finding himself turned out into the cold world without money or occupation, the little Count was much distressed. He appealed for help to the King's brother, and still kept up his attentions to the fair Isalina. The King at last was pleased to approve of the match, and the young lady consented to marry him. His Majesty gave the bridegroom one hundred ducats a year, but this was not enough to support himself and wife. Some of his friends suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe would help to fill his purse. The King had a fine traveling-carriage made for Boruwlaski, and

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1893.

the dwarf and his wife set out on their travels in November, 1780. When they arrived at Vienna, Boruwlaski found, to his great sorrow, that his former friend and patroness, Maria Theresa, had just died; but he made the acquaintance of an English gentleman who urged him to visit England. After giving a grand concert in Vienna, which was attended by all the nobility, he left that city, provided with letters of introduction to nearly all the European courts.

In Hungary, he gave another concert, for which the son-in-law of the Prime Minister, Prince Kaunitz, lent his band of musicians. During the concert, the prince's little granddaughter, about six years of age, never took her eyes off Boruwlaski, and, when the music stopped, she ran to her father and begged him to buy the little man for her!

After Hungary, he visited several German courts, where he was well received, and then, contrary to the advice of his best friends, he resolved to make a tour to some of the most uncivilized countries. Considering that his object was to earn money, and that he did not travel for amusement, he seems to have chosen a singularly inappropriate route. He journeyed into Turkey, Arabia, Syria, Astrakhan, Finland, and Lapland; but he frequently had reason to repent his obstinacy, and he afterward confessed he was more than once badly frightened by the unrestrained curiosity of the natives.

On one occasion a large number of savages surrounded the hut occupied by the small musician and ordered him, in language more forcible than polite, to come forth. Boruwlaski was filled with consternation, not knowing what they might want with him; but he concluded to obey the command. As soon as he appeared, they ceased their chattering, came close to him, examined him attentively with admiration expressed in all their gestures, and finally, "thanked the sun for showing them such a man."

Boruwlaski was so relieved and overjoyed to perceive they meant no harm that he played them a tune on his guitar, and the enraptured listeners returned the compliment by presenting to him some valuable sables. With these furs and some other gifts, but with very little

money, he at last, after many troubles and disappointments, managed to reach the more hospitable shores of old England. While crossing from Ostend to Margate, however, he narrowly escaped shipwreck, and was four days on the angry Channel, where his ship was dismasted in the gale. In London his earliest patrons were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. They were very kind to this little stranger who could scarcely speak any English. Indeed, at this time the Count had many troubles.

A short time after his arrival in London, an enormous giant, over eight feet high, likewise visited the city. Being desirous of seeing the two together, the Duke and Duchess took Joseph with them to call on the big man. Each was very much surprised at the other's appearance. The giant stood quite motionless viewing the tiny being with looks of astonishment, while Boruwlaski gazed up at the tall man in wonder, if not in awe. At last, the giant, stooping very low, presented his hand, which would have held at least a dozen of Boruwlaski's, remarking, as he did so, that extremes had evidently met.

Boruwlaski was presented to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and, on May 23, 1782, appeared before the King and Queen and other members of the royal family.

All this time, however, he was in constant trouble, finding it very hard to provide for the support of his family. It was very painful to him to be obliged to exhibit himself as a dwarf, but he dearly loved his wife and child, and, rather than see them suffer, he commenced giving concerts and exhibitions, traveling through England and Ireland, visiting the large cities. This tour lasted for three years, when the Count again returned to London, in 1786. On his way he stopped at several provincial cities, among them Leeds, where a market woman, with a large, portly figure, said to him that there was no hope of his ever getting to heaven. Boruwlaski retorted that if the gate of heaven was narrow he thought he stood a better chance than she.

In London he resumed his concerts and exhibitions, but it was very hard work for him to earn enough to live upon. At last a Polish princess, hearing of his troubles, paid his debts

and freed his mind from care. He now began to write the history of his life. It was published in 1788, and is entitled "The Memoirs of Joseph Boruwlaski, the Celebrated Polish Dwarf." In 1792 he visited his native country; but he soon returned to England, where his exhibitions became more successful, and in a few years he retired, and passed the closing years of his life in ease and comfort. Near the end of the last century, he was persuaded by some officials in charge of Durham Cathedral, on their promise to allow him a good income, to take up his residence for life in "Bank's Cottage," near Durham.

Boruwlaski was anxious to present a copy of his book to King George IV., whom he had formerly known as Prince of Wales; so, in July, 1821, just before the coronation, he was introduced at Carlton House by Mathews, the celebrated actor. His Majesty treated his two visitors, the old Polish dwarf and the player, with great kindness. On entering the royal apartment the King raised the little Count in his arms, and embracing him, said, "My dear old friend, how delighted I am to see you!" Then he placed Boruwlaski on the sofa beside him. The little man did not consider he was occupying a suitable position, so he sprang down with the agility of a school-boy and bowed himself at the King's feet. This his Majesty would not permit, and again raised him to the sofa. When the Count said something about sitting in the presence of his sovereign, he was graciously told to consider for the time that there was no sovereign there.

In the course of conversation the Count addressed the King in French, but his Majesty informed his visitor that his English was so good it was quite unnecessary to speak in any other language. It seems that Boruwlaski's broken English was quite fascinating.

After a slight pause the King remarked, "But, Count, you were married when I knew you. I hope Lady Boruwlaski is still alive and as well as yourself."

"Ah, no! Majesty, Isalina die thirty year! Fine woman! Sweet beauty! You have no idea, Majesty."

"I am sorry to hear of her death; it must have been a great loss to you, Count."

"Dat is very true, Majesty! Indid, indid, it was great sorrow for me!"

The King next inquired the age of the Count, and, when he was told, gave a start of surprise, observing, "You are the finest man of your age I ever saw."

Before the visit was ended King George accepted the book the Count presented to him, and asked Boruwlaski to receive from him a little case containing a miniature watch, beautifully studded with jewels, and a superb chain and seals. As he handed the gift to Boruwlaski, he held the book in his other hand and said: "My dear friend, I shall read and preserve this as long as I live, for your sake, and in return I request you to wear this for mine." Then the King said, out of hearing of the dwarf, "I could not point out a more perfect model of good breeding and elegance than the Count. He is really a most accomplished and charming person." The King took him aside and conversed with him, even going so far as to show him his coronation robes, and little Boruwlaski left Carlton House, overcome with gratitude for the kindness shown him.

Joseph returned to Bank's Cottage, where he lived peacefully and quietly till the day of his death, which occurred on the 5th of September, 1837, when he was ninety-eight years of age. His remains were placed near those of Stephen Kemble, in the Chapel of the Nine Altars in Durham Cathedral, while in a parish church near by a tablet of white stone bears an inscription to his memory. So well was he beloved by the inhabitants of Durham that a bend in the river Wear, which almost surrounds the city, is still called the "Count's Corner."

One of his little shoes and a glove are now in the Philosophical Institution in Bristol. The sole of the shoe measures on the outside five inches and seven eighths.

The following playful epitaph on Boruwlaski was published in the *Newcastle Journal* soon after his death:

A spirit brave yet gentle dwelt, as it appears,
Within three feet of flesh for near one hundred years;
Which causes wonder, like his constitution strong,
That one *so short alive* should be *alive so long*.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

ONCE upon a time there was a little goblin, and also a little bird; and they were great friends. And the goblin was no bigger than a pinch, but the bird was as big as a song. And the goblin said to the bird:

"You live far up among the sunbeams, and here I am down among the beetles; take me on your back and let me sit on those clouds."

And the little bird said, "With pleasure!" and he leaned down among the grasses and let the goblin climb on his back. And the goblin sat astride of his neck, and took tight hold of his top-knot, and so they went soaring up into the blue.

But soon the goblin felt a fierce wind blowing; and he shivered and said: "I am cold."

The bird said, "Creep in under my feathers."

In a minute the goblin looked down and was very much afraid. "We are going too high," he cried; "I shall fall, and strike on a blade of grass, and be cut in two!"

"Pooh!" said the bird; "we're not as high as the tree-tops." And they sailed over the forest, and the goblin could not speak for fear.

"Please, please," he whispered, "let me off on a tree, and I will slide down to the ground, and never again ask to leave my dear home."

But the bird said, "Bother your home! You wanted to sit on the clouds; now keep still and be happy."

And so the goblin fell to whimpering, and shut his eyes and hid his head, and held on with his hands and his feet, and gave up all hope of ever seeing his home again.



But the bird grew more and more excited as they swept higher and higher into the wide blue air. And he forgot all about the goblin, and all about the trees and the grass, and almost all about his mate and his nestlings, and he opened his mouth and sang so gloriously that it seemed as though the sun shone brighter and the sky grew bluer and the trees below them fairly danced. But the goblin grew angry, and he wanted to prick the bird with his long nails; only, he did not dare.

"You are a mean old thing," he wailed. "Here you are singing and I am so miserable. Stop your noise and take me down; you had no right to bring me to such a place as this."

And the bird said, "Shame on you! Open your eyes and see how glorious it is! We are all alone with the sun, with the whole sky for our kingdom, and the earth far, far away. How can you long for your hole in the ground, when you are climbing the clouds and playing with sunbeams? Wake up, and be happy!"

But the goblin was n't happy at all. "This is your cloud, is it, that looked so bright and rosy from my own dear green little world? I declare, it smells like a fog, and it makes me sneeze, and I don't like anything up here, and I shall shut my eyes again—so there! And if you don't start down I shall hold on to your wing so it won't move, and you'll *have* to drop."

And the bird was very much disgusted indeed, and said, "I have a mind to pick you off and drop *you*. You may be sure that if these breezes will forgive me for your speeches I will never trouble them with you again." And so he sailed softly back to the spot where he found the goblin, and shook him off, and flew up with a song.

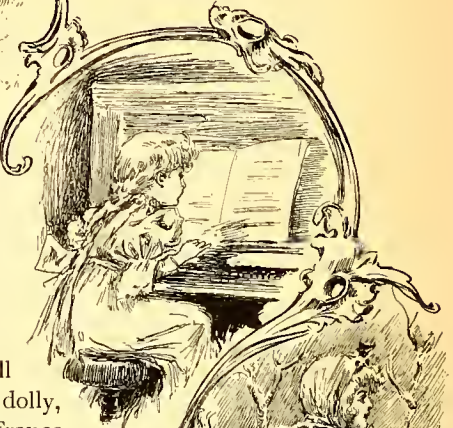
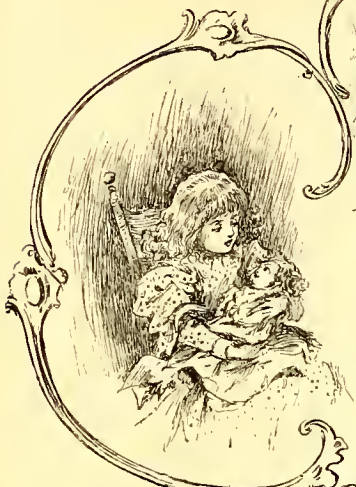
And the bird and the goblin were never friends again.



THE LAMENT OF

BY JULIA SCHAYER.

THE OUTGROWN DOLL.



I.
OH, listen well
While a tale I tell
Of a poor, unfortunate dolly,
Who was born in France
And given by chance
To a sweet little girl named Polly.

II.
A wee little girl
With hair all a-curl,
And dimpled cheeks and
shoulders;
When I and she
Took an airing, we
Were the joy of all beholders!

III.
Day after day,
As time passed away,
We 'd nothing to do but keep jolly;
But it could not last,
For she grew so fast,
This dear little girl named Polly!

IV.
First she was
seven,
Eight, nine, ten, eleven,
And then she was four times three!
She out-grew her crib,
Her apron and bib,
And now—she has out-grown Me!

VI.
And Polly, she
At school must be,
Or else the piano strumming,
While I sit here
Growing old and queer,
Vainly expecting her coming.

v.
Forgotten, forlorn,
From night till morn
I 'm left in the play-room corner;
From morn till night
In the same sad plight,
Like a pie-less Little Jack Horner!

vii.
With a frozen stare
At the walls I glare,
My mind to the question giving,
If the life of a dolly
Out-grown by Polly
Be really worth the living!

Jack
19

THE CAT FAMILY IN OUR COUNTRY.

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

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

IF I could only conjure up and place before you nine family groups representing each of the nine species of the cat family found in the United States, I am sure you would feel proud of our wildcat products. The whole of North America possesses only one species, the margay cat, which is not found in the United States. The Lone Star State furnishes a home for no fewer than seven feline species. If Scotland is the "land o' cakes," we can match it with Texas, our land o' cats.

Gather them all together for once, not in childless pairs, as Noah did, but of each species an entire family, and see what a gallant show they make.

Let us begin at the beginning, and cultivate the acquaintance of each family group in its turn, politely and even deferentially; for it will not do to snub the head of a family which has knife-like claws and fangs to match.

Now, do not be too much afraid of these creatures, for none of them are half as fierce and bloodthirsty as they pretend to be, or as people generally suppose. There is only one species in the whole delegation that an experienced keeper of animals would hesitate to attack with a club, if the necessity arose. Let us learn to know animals as they actually are. Unfortunately most of us are taught from our earliest childhood to "kill all snakes," and to be mortally afraid of all wildcats! Both these precepts are based on ignorance, and often do serious mischief in causing timid people to become terribly frightened without the slightest cause. Now, suppose one of us, armed with nothing more than a good hickory club, should meet somewhere in the jungle ten cats representing the ten different feline species of North America, I'll wager that with even that humble weapon one courageous man could in three minutes cause the wildest stampede of wildcats that ever hunted for tall timber since trees were

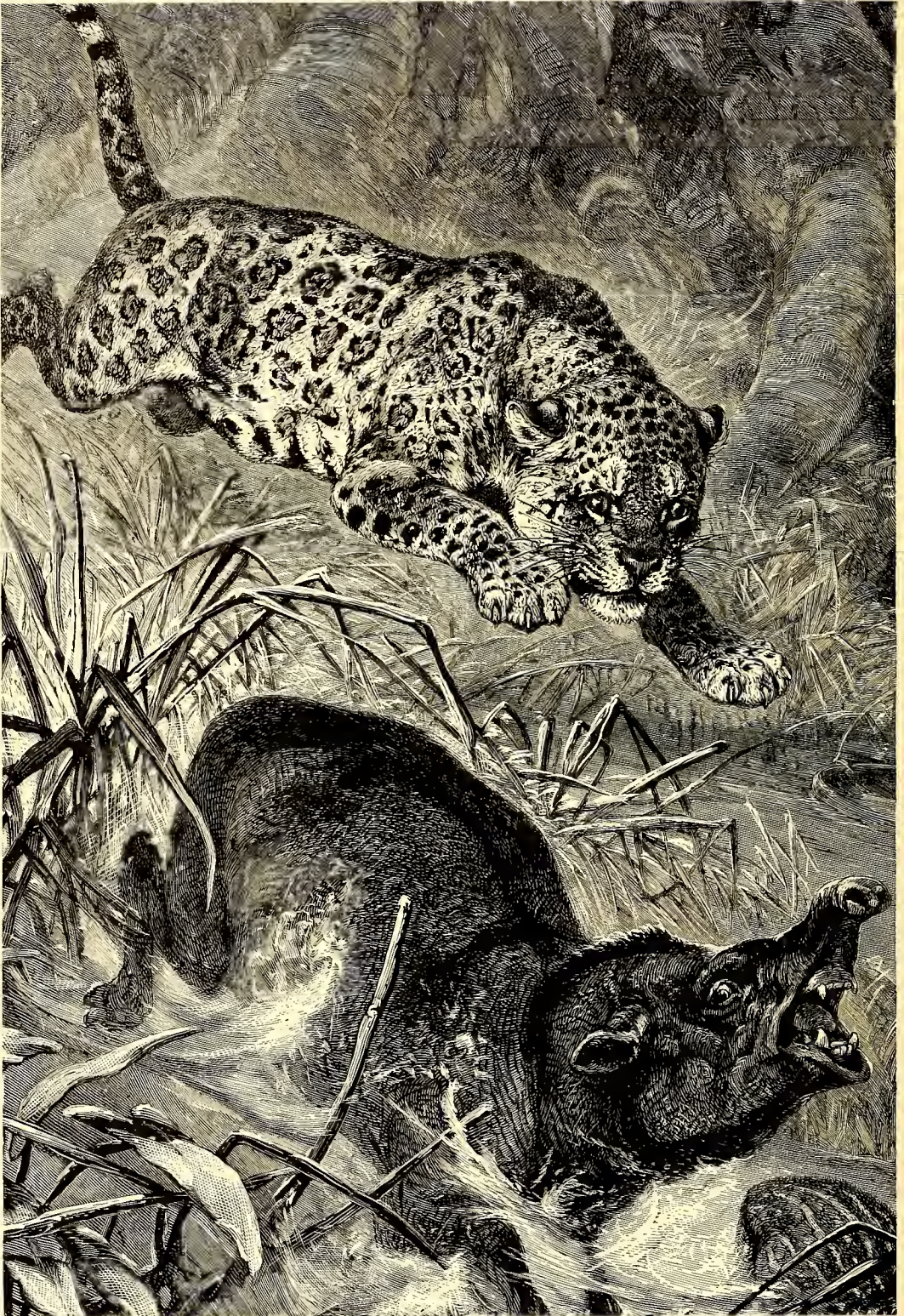
first made; and the chances are as nine to one that even the jaguar would run with the rest.

JAGUAR. The lordly Jaguar is the king of (*Felis onca*) all the American *Felidæ*, and right proud are we to have him for a fellow-countryman,—provided he does not make himself too numerous! Of all the great cats now living, he is second in size only to the lion and the Bengal tiger. South of the United States he is universally called *el Tigre* (tee'gree), which is simply the Spanish for tiger. He has the big chest and loins, thick neck, big arms and legs, and bullet head of a heavyweight prize-fighter, clothed in the most gorgeous skin ever given to any animal of the cat family. He is the most stocky in build of all the cats, being very different in shape from the more lithe and flat-bodied lion, tiger, and puma.

But it is his glorious colors that first attract the beholder's attention, and hold it longest. On a ground color of rich golden yellow, which is darkest on the back and shoulders and grows paler as it descends to the legs, are arranged with regular irregularity large rosettes of black and brown. These rosettes are the prominent distinguishing character of the Jaguar, by which any child can recognize him instantly wherever found. The head, top of the back, base of the tail, lower joints of the legs, and the feet are plentifully besprinkled with round black spots, not rosettes. Ordinarily the eyes are light yellow, to match the body color; but when the animal becomes enraged, they turn the color of green fire, and then it is high time to get out of the way.

The Jaguar is an *édition de luxe*, bound in black and gold.

The northern limit of the Jaguar's range was once found in southeastern Texas, on the Brazos River. In Texas this animal is commonly called a leopard. It is found in Mexico, all the Central American States, and throughout South



THE JAGUAR SPRINGING UPON A TAPIR. A SOUTH AMERICAN SCENE.

America as far as the Rio Negro of Patagonia. The Jaguar always lies in the densest cover he can find, and in the tropics is fond of frequenting the vicinity of rivers, whereby he may stalk and spring upon the tapir and capibara, and the deer that come to drink. In the grazing countries he kills cattle and even ponies, and does not hesitate to drag a yearling calf a quarter of a mile. He is fierce and bloodthirsty with lower animals, but will not attack his master, man, unless really forced to do so in self-defense.

OCLOT, OR TIGER-CAT. Next in beauty comes the Ocelot, or Tiger-Cat. In point of size it (*Felis pardalis*.) is perhaps a little too large to make a square meal for the jaguar. In color markings it is the most changeable cat under the sun, and "Uncertain as the markings of an Ocelot" would make a very good proverb. Usually he looks like a small edition of the jaguar, with rosettes on the body, and two narrow black stripes running diagonally downward across each jaw; but every now and then an individual departs completely from this color plan by displaying two or three long and broad horizontal stripes on each side of his body. These body stripes are each composed of a middle band of fawn color, which is bordered on each side by a black stripe. But it seems as if no two specimens are ever marked alike. I believe the two stripes across the jaw is the only marking that is constant in all specimens; but even that may play tricks on us in the next specimen we examine.

The prevailing ground color of the body is a mixture of gray and brownish yellow, the former prevailing, so that the Ocelot has, on the whole, a much colder or whiter tone than the jaguar. Otherwise than this, it is spotted on the under parts, legs, and tail very much like the jaguar. A mounted specimen in the American Museum of Natural History measures thirty inches in length from nose to tail, the tail is fourteen and one-half inches long, and the height at the shoulder is about thirteen inches.

The range of the Ocelot is almost exactly identical with that of the jaguar, except that it once extended as far northeast as Arkansas. It is nowhere a common animal, and I have spent many weeks in regions where it was well

known to exist, without ever once getting sight of it. The favorite prey of this fierce-looking creature is the rabbit and such small creatures, even birds sometimes, and—least of all desirable prey for him to catch alive—the porcupine, whose quills form a thrilling reminder of the wearer's untimely end long after his flesh has gone into Ocelot bone and sinew.

MARGAV, OR AMERICAN TIGER-CAT (*Felis tigrina*), is the only other highly colored cat in North America. It is a little smaller than the ocelot, and not quite so handsome. The legs and feet are spotted in true leopard fashion, but the shoulders, sides, and back are plentifully besprinkled with small, irregular rosettes, or else big black blotches, which on the shoulders are lengthened into semicircular bands. The ground color is bright tawny above, and lighter below. The specimen in the American Museum of Natural History, from which the figure shown on page 413 was drawn, measures twenty-four inches in length of head and body; tail, ten inches; and height at the shoulder, ten and one-half inches. Of all the American *Felidæ* the Margay Cat approaches nearest to the domestic cat in temper and habits. In South America, where it is commonest, it is often tamed, and allowed the freedom of a house, because of the rats it exterminates. It is said to make, when caught young and well treated, a very docile animal. In its wild state, however, it is death on poultry and young pigs; and wherever a house stands at the edge of its jungle home, it makes itself a great nuisance. I once shot a bold and audacious specimen on the Essequibo River, in South America, about midday, as it was in the very act of carrying off a duckling from a spot within thirty yards of the house.

The home of the Margay Cat is in the heavy, low-lying forests of tropical America, from the State of Vera Cruz in Mexico, southward through the whole of Central and South America to Paraguay. Even hunters seldom see it save along the margins of watercourses, a very favorite resort for forest-dwellers generally.

PUMA. We come now to the American (*Felis concolor*.) story-writer's best friend, his chief pet, his reliance in every emergency,—the Puma, or Cougar, also known as the Panther, Mountain



OCELOTS SURPRISING BIRDS.

Lion, California Lion, Plain Lion, Painter, Cata-mount, and—almost anything else you please. Let me give him one more name, and call him the Story Lion! Owing to his size, agility, alleged fierceness, and very wide geographical distribution, he is the story-teller's animal *par excellence*. I venture to say that if all the thrill-

ing stories of adventure, that have been written and published about the Puma, were to be collected and placed end to end, they would reach a good part of the way from Buffalo to New York. I have even contributed one small story to the grand collection myself, so I know how it is.

The Puma is an overworked animal, and it is no wonder he has a bad temper. Even a sheep would have a bad temper if he were liable to be called up at all hours of the night, winter or summer, and set to work chasing boys, men, and even horses in the dark, along lonely and dangerous roads; to swim cold streams, or scamble over rugged rocks, or made to climb frightfully high trees and jump down on some man or boy, far enough to dash out the brains of even the toughest and most experienced Story Lion that ever lived or died. The paces and places this poor animal is put through every year, are enough to excite compassion in the hardest heart, but still the harrying goes on. The printers want the "copy," and therefore *Felis concolor* must perform, sick or well. I protest that it is time this poor animal were retired from the story-making business, at least for a time, and some younger and tougher species put into the literary treadmill in its place. Suppose we take the polecat for a change; he is quite as dangerous to human life as the Puma, and his rabies and bad odor together give good reason for fearing him.

Thanks to our long-standing acquaintance with the Puma, it is unnecessary to give here anything like a complete outline of his life history. At present he is at home in Florida, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Texas, and all the States and Territories

west thereof. Southward he ranges through Mexico and Central America, the wooded portions of South America, and even the desert pampas of the Argentine Republic and Patagonia, quite to the Strait of Magellan.

Leaving possible giants out of the question, the length of a fairly large Puma from nose to tail is about fifty-six inches, the tail alone thirty-one



THE MARGAY, OR AMERICAN TIGER-CAT. (SEE PAGE 411.)

inches, and the height at the shoulder twenty-eight inches. There is no authentic record of a Puma that measured, before skinning, over eight feet two inches in total length, although many stretched flat skins have exceeded that.

As to the courage and temper of the Puma, I think exact justice has not yet been done him. The hunters, trappers, pioneers, and story-tellers give him a fearsome character, and make him out to be bold, bad, and blood-thirsty. On the other hand, all the naturalists this side of Dr. John Godman call him the prince of cowards, and declare him to be utterly lacking in feline courage. Now, in my

courage to the pound avoirdupois as does the jaguar, the leopard of India, or even the tiger himself.

VAGUARUNDI CAT
(*Felis yaguarundi*)

AND EVRA CAT
(*Felis eyra*)

are two strangely formed cats belonging to our fauna; both very much alike in everything save color, and both quite marten-like in form. Both are of very rare occurrence, and their



Lower figures drawn from life in National Zoological Park.

THE PUMA AT HOME.

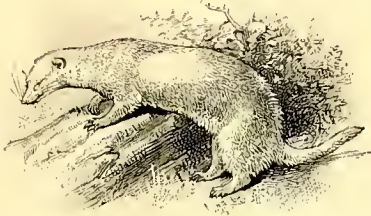
Upper figure from mounted specimen in U. S. National Museum.

belief, both are wrong. I am certain that while the Puma's fierceness has been colored too highly by one class of writers, his lack of courage has been equally overdrawn by the other class. In civilized countries, where the man with a gun is on hand in season and out of season, there is not now a single mammal which will not flee from his presence if he is allowed to do so. Very, very few will fight civilized man except when cornered, but quite a number will readily fight savages, who have no firearms.

I believe the Puma possesses just as much

respective habits and life histories are but little known, even to naturalists. The Yaguarundi, when adult, is about thirty inches in length of head and body; the tail is twenty inches, and height at the shoulder about twelve inches. Its general color is a peculiar dirty yellowish gray, entirely uniform over the whole animal's body, limbs, and tail. It occurs in the United States, on the northern bank of the Rio Grande, between Laredo and Brownsville, Texas; and thence southward, in numbers that are few and far between, through Mexico, Central and South America, to Paraguay.

The Eyra cat has precisely the same range. Its color is a uniform bright red, without any "markings" whatever, and in form and size it is almost an exact counterpart of the Yaguar-



THE EYRA CAT. (FELIS EYRA.)

undi. It is by far the rarest of all our North American *Felidae*. I know of but two specimens in the United States, one of which, taken in Cameron County, Texas, is in the American Museum of Natural History, and the other is

in Dr. Merriam's Department of Agriculture collection in the city of Washington.

BAY LYNX.

(*Lynx rufus*.)

SPOTTED LYNX.

(*Lynx rufus mac'n-latus*.)

CANADA LYNX.

(*Lynx Can'a-den'sis*.)

Of Lynxes we now have four species. The commonest in our country is the Bay Lynx, or Wildcat, which is also the smallest. Next in size comes the Spotted Lynx of the Rocky Mountain region, which is a sort of connecting-link between the species first named and the big-footed, ear-



CANADA LYNX.

tufted, steel-gray Canada Lynx of the north. Recently Dr. C. Hart Merriam has described



THE SPOTTED LYNX.

a new species of Lynx, from Idaho, very much like the spotted variety, and given it the popular name of Plateau Lynx, and the Latin name of *Lynx Baileyi*.

The Spotted Lynx may well be taken as a type of the genus *Lynx*. The Lynx differs from a typical cat in having a short, "bob" tail, with

long, lightly built legs, a short, deep, but flat, body, and a round head. The fur is long, thick, fine and fluffy, and stands well out from the skin. The Lynxes are all expert climbers, and, although they prefer timber, the Spotted Lynx wanders far from it in search of game, as I have more than once chanced to discover to his sorrow.



SAID this old sailorman:
 "A quiet life was my plan;
 While surrounded with juvenile faces,
 I 'd rig little boats,
 And tell nice anecdotes
 Of ships, storms, and strange furrin races —
 The old style, don't you know?
 But, oh dear, it won't go,
 For these kids know all I know and more
 With their learnin' and travel.
 When yarns I unravel,
 They rises and votes me a bore!

"Their papas and mamas
 Takes them on the steam-cars,
 And the boats with their buzzin' twin screws,
 North, south, east, and west,
 Till — my timbers be blest

If anything I tell 'em 's news!
 They have met the Khedive,
 And they laugh in their sleeve
 'Cause his cook's uncle's nephew I know.
 I 'll weigh anchor again,
 And I 'll search the blue main
 For the land where the *real* children grow!"



TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.
Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SWEET OLIVE IS IN BLOOM.

IT was the time of the sweet olive and jasmine when the little pilgrims neared their journey's end. For fully two months they had been on their wearisome way, and every day their difficulties and sufferings had increased because of Philip's failing strength.

Exposure, hunger, and cold had done their work on the delicate frame of the boy until he grew so thin and wan that one looking at him would have said that his days were numbered. Toward the last it was almost impossible for him to walk any distance without resting; he complained of feeling tired and sleepy, but never hungry; and had it not been for the kind country people who gave them a "lift" now and then on their carts, and the good-natured conductors on the different freight-trains, who helped them along from one place to another, Philip would have fallen by the way, and his weary little body would have been left behind, asleep in some obscure grave. In spite of the boy's physical weakness, his moral courage never failed. He was as hopeful, as confident, as cheerful, as when they first set forth. Sometimes he would start out with feverish energy. "I 'm not sick," he would say resolutely; "I 'm only tired, and we *must* go on." For a little distance, while the excitement lasted, he would press forward eagerly, but suddenly his strength would fail, and he would sit down by the wayside exhausted and faint.

Then Lilybel would use every argument to encourage him to make another effort. Sometimes it would be some smoke, or the sound of a cow-bell, or the rumbling of wheels; and when these signs failed and Philip did not re-

spond to Lilybel's allurements, the sturdy little negro, whose greatest virtue was his fidelity, would take up his frail burden and trudge on until he reached the assistance that he had predicted.

In this way they progressed slowly and wearily, until at last one night found them near the shore of the lovely lake which stretched, an impassable barrier, between them and their promised land. It was May; a great round moon as bright as a silver shield shone above them. They were in a forest of pines; the wind soughed and murmured among the boughs, the air was sweet with the resinous odor of the sap that flowed from the wounded trees, the earth was strewn with the fragrant needles of the pine until it was as soft and soothing as the most luxurious bed.

When Philip, exhausted from his day's struggle, stretched his suffering little body on the friendly earth, it was with a feeling of thankfulness that he had made his last march, that the journey was over; for he thought the sougling of the wind among the trees was the murmuring of the lake, that they were on its very shores, and had but to cross its sparkling waters, when in truth it lay flashing in the moonbeams miles and miles away. He was very ill that night; his face was flushed and hot with fever, and his eyes were large and bright when he raised them to Lilybel, who sat beside him crying in his low, whimpering way.

"What are you crying for, Lilybel?" asked Philip, dreamily. He seemed to be floating up, and up, among the trees toward the silver shield of the moon.

"I 's er-cryin' 'ca'se ye're sick, Mars' Philip, an' wes can't git ercross der lake. Now wes yere, we can't git ercross. We 's can't *walk* ercross dat water, an' New 'Leens is jes' on de oder side, an' wes can't git ercross 'ca'se wes can't walk," repeated Lilybel, dolefully.

"No," said Philip; "we can't walk any more, but we can stay here and rest; we can stay here always."

"No, we can't stay here, Mars' Philip. Wes got ter git ercross," returned Lilybel, decidedly.

"It 's like Mammy's garden," murmured Philip; his mind wandered as he drifted off into a feverish sleep.

"But hit 's a mighty long way from dar, an' wes got ter git ercross," still insisted Lilybel.

"The sweet olive 's in bloom, I smell it; and the jasmine, too."

"No, Mars' Philip, it ain't no sweet olive, dar ain't none yere. It 's jes' dem piney trees what yer smells."

"Come, Dea, let 's go to the Rue Royale before the sweet olive withers."

"What yer talkin' about, Mars' Philip? Yer can't go ter Rue Royale till yer cross der lake"; and Lilybel bent over the sick boy and looked into his face with eyes full of alarm. "He 's ersleep, an' he 's dreamin' out loud. My, my, he 's awful sick, he 's got der fever. An' how 's I er-gwine ter git him ercross der lake?"

Suddenly Lilybel ducked his head and listened; then he lay down flat and put his ear to the earth. "Dat 's er train, shore; an' it 's over dar. It tain't fur, an' it 's er train what 's gwine ter cross der lake,—my, my, if wes war on dat track wes 'd git took over, shore; dey 'd take on a boy what 's sick and most dade,—he 's got der fever, an' he 's er-dreamin' out loud,—dey 'd take him on, an' I 's got ter git him dar. I 's got ter wake him. Come, Mars' Philip, yer 's got ter git on my back, I 's got ter tote yer!"

But Lilybel spoke to deaf ears. Philip was in a deep stupor, unconscious of pain or weariness, and when the little negro lifted the heavy head it fell back inertly on its pillow of pine needles.

"It ain't no use; he won't wake; I 's got ter tote him like er baby, an' dem little mices, too. I 's got ter tote dem on my back, an' Mars' Philip in my arms."

There is no undergrowth in these pine-forests; one can see long distances through the vista of trees, and Lilybel, later on, caught the faint flash of a light and heard again the rumble of a train. This decided him in what direction to go, so he

arranged his burdens as he best could, and, taking Philip in his arms as tenderly as he would a sleeping infant, he trudged off toward a large tree which stood stripped of bark, bare and white in the moonlight.

The little negro, burdened as he was, could not walk far without stopping to recover his breath; therefore when he came to a comfortable spot he would put Philip gently down, and sit beside him until he was sufficiently rested to be able to lift him up and push on a little farther with careful steps and eyes fixed on his landmark shining whiter and more distinct the nearer he approached it.

This difficult and tedious performance occupied a greater part of the night, and much to Lilybel's joy when the morning dawned he found himself in a clearing, and only a few paces from a railroad. When it was light enough for him to see a little distance ahead, he also discovered that he was near a water-station.

"Now wes safe," he said exultingly; "dey 's got ter stop yere ter water der injine, an' I 's only got ter git Mars' Philip up by dat tank an' wait till der train cums erlong."

This feat, which was nothing compared to what he had accomplished through the night, was easily performed, and when Philip awoke at last from his long, heavy sleep, he found himself lying on the grass in the shadow of the water-tank, and Lilybel sitting beside him bathing his face and hands with cool, sweet water.

"I done tole yer we 's near der railroad," said the little negro delightedly, when Philip sat up and looked around him with surprise.

"Where are we? Have we crossed the lake?" asked Philip, still confused and a little dizzy.

"No, wes ain't crossed yit; but wes gwine ter on der fust train what comes erlong."

"How did I get here, Lilybel?" questioned Philip. "I went to sleep under a pine-tree, and I don't remember waking."

"No, yer did n't wake; I done toted yer while yer wuz asleep," replied Lilybel, proudly.

"And the ' children,' too?"

"Yes; der mices, too," returned Lilybel, with satisfaction.

Philip smiled and laid down contentedly. In a few moments he was asleep again, while Lilybel sat beside him patiently watching him. At last he awoke greatly refreshed; the fever was gone, and his head was clear; but he was very weak.

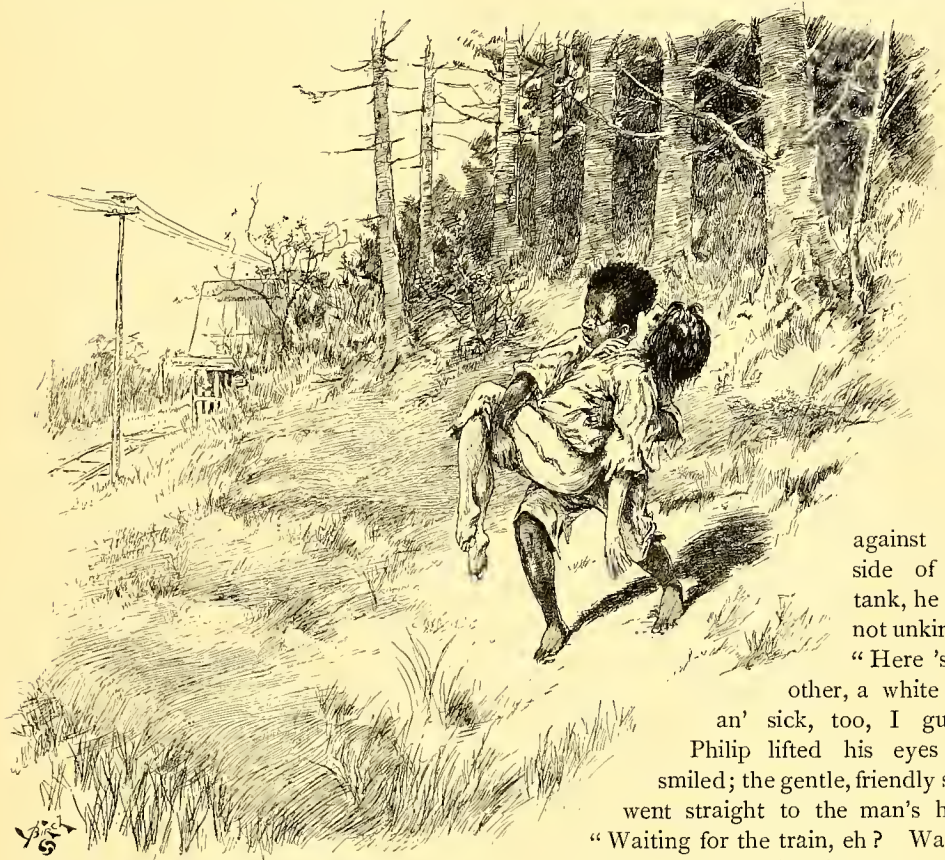
It was getting on toward noon, and Lilybel looked and listened for the train which he was sure would come.

"I hears it now, Mars' Philip," or, "I sees er smoke," was his constant encouraging remark, to which Philip listened, a gentle smile on his lips, and his eyes full of expectation.

But at last they heard a distant rumble, then a rushing and a snorting, and a heavy

tered to his feet. Lilybel stood perilously near the track and waved his tattered cap. The great thirsty monster came swiftly on, glaring at them with its bright eye, snorting and puffing, slower and slower. "Yas, yas, it's er-gwine ter stop!" shouted Lilybel. "Yas, it's *done* stopped!" And sure enough, with many a jolt and shiver, the long train drew up before the water-tank, and the men jumped out and proceeded to quench the thirst of the fiery dragon.

When the conductor saw the little tattered figure of Lilybel standing near the track, he laughed and said: "Hello, scarecrow! Where did you come from? What you doin' here?" Then, noticing Philip, who was leaning feebly



"TAKING PHILIP IN HIS ARMS, HE TRUDGED OFF TOWARD A LARGE TREE."

freight-train hove in sight. It was a moment of intense anxiety for the little pilgrims. Would it slow up at the water-tank, or would it not? Philip forgot his weakness and tot-

against the side of the tank, he said, not unkindly: "Here's another, a white one, an' sick, too, I guess." Philip lifted his eyes and smiled; the gentle, friendly smile went straight to the man's heart. "Waiting for the train, eh? Want to board it to cross the lake?"

"If you please, sir," replied Philip eagerly. "I'm sick; I can't walk any more."

"I guess you can't," returned the conductor, lifting the boy gently. "Ye'er about used up. How far have ye footed it?"

"From Chattanooga," said Philip, evasively.

"Ye have, have ye? Well, no wonder ye 're nothin' but skin an' bones! Yes, get in. I 'll cross yer."

"And him, too?" indicating Lilybel.

"The little scarecrow? Oh, he can get in. The two of you won't weigh more 'n a cat. Here, Bill!" he called to the brakeman, "can't you fix up something for this young one? He looks as if he 'd faint away. Don't b'lieve he 's had anything to eat for a week. Footed it from Chattanooga! Just think of that."

"Plenty o' pluck fer such a bundle o' bones. Yes, I 'll get him something," replied the brakeman, looking kindly at the boy. "Most starved, ain't ye?"

"No, I 'm not hungry, thank you," returned Philip, still smiling; "I 'm only thirsty."

"Thirsty! Well, I 'll make ye a drink in two winks." And turning to a shelf he poured some black coffee from a can into a mug, and then taking a small flask from his pocket he poured something from it into the coffee, and putting in some sugar he stirred it well.

"Here, my little man; drink this an' it 'll set you up," he said cheerily, giving the mug to Philip. "It 'll give you strength; it 'll cure you right off. You 'll be well afore ye git across."

Philip drank the black draught greedily, and lay down contentedly on the hard seat of the caboose, while Lilybel sat beside him and munched some corn-bread and bacon supplied by the generous brakeman.

While the train rolled on toward the lake Philip lay looking through the open door of the caboose. Suddenly he cried, "Oh, there 's latania and cypress; I see the moss waving in the wind. We 're in Louisiana, are n't we?"

"Yes; we crossed the line a way back. We 're near the lake, and we 'll be in New Orleans in an hour or so."

At the sound of the magic words Philip brightened instantly. He was well and strong now; he sat up and looked eagerly to catch the first glimpse of the lake. He was all excitement, all energy. "So near, so near," he whispered to Lilybel. "Oh, there 's the lake! How wide, how blue, how beautiful! It is like sailing on the sea." And while he chattered

and laughed the train rolled over the long bridge across the shining placid water of the beautiful lake.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

WHEN the train rolled into the station Philip could hardly wait for it to stop, so eager was he to get off.

"We will go to Rue Royale and find Seline first," he said joyously to Lilybel, who suddenly seemed much subdued, and not so elated as one should be over the termination of so many difficulties and untoward adventures.

"I spects my ma 's gwine ter whip me fur runnin' erway. I 's mos' feared to go dar. I guess I 'll go on der levee first, an' wait ter see ef she 's er-gwine ter whip me."

"Seline won't do anything of the kind," returned Philip, confidently. "She 'll be too glad to see you. Come on, and I 'll see that she does n't scold you."

"My ma she t'inks I 's dade," said Lilybel, still doubtful of his welcome; "an' I spects she 'll be mad if I cums ter life."

Philip laughed his old merry laugh. "Oh, come on, and don't be afraid. Seline 's so good she won't hurt you." With hasty thanks to the kind trainmen, he almost flew out of the station, into Elysian Fields, and up Rue Royale, scarcely stopping to take breath as he hurried along. He was no longer a little, soiled, dejected pilgrim; he did not think of his weakness, his ragged, dusty garments, his tangled hair and grimy skin. After many days of hope deferred, of pain, weariness, and anxiety, he was once more Toinette's Philip running up Rue Royale to find Seline.

At the cathedral close he stopped a moment to look into the garden. How lovely it was! Yes, there was the sweet olive in bloom, the jasmine dotted with white stars, the borders purple with violets. Pressing his thin face against the iron railings, he breathed in the familiar perfume greedily. "Oh, it 's lovely to be home!" he said, beaming with smiles; "and what will Seline say? Won't she be surprised to see us!"

So confident was Philip of finding Seline in

her old place that the possibility of her not being there had never occurred to him; and even when he reached the very portico of the old bank and saw no trace of her or of her stand he could not believe his eyes, but stood staring in blank amazement at the vacant spot—the place where she always sat smiling a welcome the moment he came within her line of vision. But now there was nothing there, absolutely nothing, that belonged to her. The stately columns, the fine portico, were dwarfed and mean without Seline. The place seemed wretchedly dreary and empty, and the cold gray stone struck a chill to his heart.

“Where 's my ma?” gasped Lilybel, his eyes starting out with surprise. “She 's done gone; she ain't yere,” and he gave a sigh half of relief: the chance of punishment was again deferred.

Philip said nothing; he could find no words to express his disappointment. Brushing away the hot tears, he entered a shop near the bank and made inquiries for Seline. In the old days every one in the neighborhood knew Seline, but this was a new tenant; he had been there only a year, and he had never seen a stand under the portico of the old building in all that time. Philip went out discouraged, and asked the same anxious questions at several other places. “Oh, yes, the old colored woman; she had n't been there for a year or more. They could n't say where she had gone.” That was all the information he could get.

“I specs my ma 's dade,” whimpered Lilybel. He could see no other possible reason for her abandoning her old stand.

“Oh, don't say that!” cried Philip, sharply. “She is n't dead; she 's only gone away, and we must find her.” Then, pulling himself together, he tried to meet this unexpected emergency with courage.

After a moment's silence, he said quite cheerfully to Lilybel: “You go to Seline's house and see if she is there, and if she is n't there try to find out where she is, and I 'll go to St. Mary's and ask if Père Josef has got back. I 'll wait there for you on the steps. Hurry as fast as you can, and bring Seline with you.”

Lilybel did not stand upon the order of his going, but scuttled off as fast as he could to do

Philip's bidding. Besides, he, too, was somewhat anxious to know what had become of his “ma.”

After he had gone, Philip retraced his steps, a forlorn little figure in the bright spring sunshine. When he passed the cathedral on his way to St. Mary's, he did not notice the flowers nor the fragrance of the garden. His head was bent dejectedly, and his step was slow and feeble.

At the entrance of the church he waited for a priest who was coming out, a gentle-looking old man. Philip stopped him, and with a quiver in his voice asked if Père Josef had returned.

“Père Josef? Oh, no; he is n't back, but he 's expected—he 's expected any day.” And with a glance of mild curiosity at the tattered boy the old priest passed out.

Philip's face was radiant in a moment. “Any day, any day!” he repeated. “Well, perhaps he 'll come to-day. I 'll sit on the steps and wait for Lilybel, and it may be that he 'll come while I 'm waiting.”

Père Josef did not come, but after a while Lilybel hove in sight breathless and excited. “She ain't dade!” he cried as soon as he was within hearing distance, “but her ain't dar nudder. A colored lady tole me her 's done move away more 'n a year, an' she don't know whar' her 's gone. She specs her 's gone ter de country. I 's bin on der levee, an' one of dem luggers is er-gwine up der ruver ter-night, an' I 's er-gwine ter go on her ter find my ma fer yer, Mars' Philip, an' I 's gwine ter bring her back. Dat lady, she gub me some biscuit and fried chicken, an' I 's brought it ter yer, 'ca'se I 'll git plenty ter eat on dat lugger. An', Mars' Philip, yer jes' wait yere till I come back with my ma,” and hastily putting the paper of food in Philip's hand, Lilybel darted off and was out of sight in a moment.

That night, when the old sacristan of the Archbishop's palace was closing the gates of the garden, he found a forlorn little figure curled up on the grass in a corner, sound asleep with one arm clasped tightly around a small bundle.

“Some poor little wanderer,” thought the old man. “I won't disturb him; he can't do any harm here. I 'll let him sleep.” And so Philip was left to dream away the night in the

Archbishop's garden under the shadow of St. Mary's Church.

As soon as it was light, he was awake; and without waiting to say *bon jour* to the old sacristan he sallied forth, weak in body but strong in heart. With the morning had come the determination to find Dea. He knew she lived on Villeré street, but he had never been there, and was not certain of the exact locality. Still, he thought he could find her by inquiring from door to door.

On his way to Villeré street he stopped to look in his Mammy's old garden. It was very early, and there was no one near to witness his surprise when he saw how the place was changed. The stucco of the wall was repaired and freshly colored, the iron scrollwork of the gate was as bright and fresh as new paint could make it. The vagrant vines no longer trailed over the walls, the Pittosporum trees were carefully trimmed, and the walks and borders newly cleaned. And there, in front of Toinette's little cottage, was a pretty, graceful house, new and white, with slender columns, deep galleries, and cool, shady awnings. Was it possible that this was the old neglected garden? It is true, there were the broken white pillars with their masses of verdure; the oaks and magnolias; and the rose-garden fresh and blooming. But where was his Mammy? Where were the Major and the Singer? They were gone, and strangers were there. It was no longer his home. With a heart-breaking sob he turned away and hastened down Ursulines street toward Villeré.

For some time he wandered up and down, meeting with no success. He could not find any one who had ever heard of the artist in wax; but at last, when he was almost discouraged, he stopped at a cottage and obtained some information. "Yes, it was in the very next house that they lived,—an artist and his little daughter; but they were gone. A strange monsieur came and took them away a long time ago. And it was said that they had gone to France."

This was the most unexpected and the most crushing blow of all. He had never thought of it; but what was more likely than that Dea's rich uncle had taken them away with him? For some time he leaned against the fence of

the deserted cottage, and cried bitterly. He was getting very 'weak and hopeless now. Then he took up his little bundles and went away slowly and dejectedly, back to St. Mary's Church, his last and only asylum.

And while Philip sat waiting on the steps of the church, tired and ill and seemingly deserted by all, in New York his nearest of kin, almost as discouraged and hopeless as he, were using every means that wealth and influence could command, or that repentant, anxious hearts could dictate, to discover the homeless, suffering boy.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AT THE GATE.

SEVERAL days had passed since his arrival, and Philip still lingered around St. Mary's waiting for Père Josef and Lilybel. He had seen



"HE LEANED AGAINST THE FENCE OF THE DESERTED COTTAGE, AND CRIED BITTERLY."

Père Martin pass in and out several times, but he had not made himself known, because he

remembered that Mr. Ainsworth was in correspondence with the priest of St. Mary's, and that through him they might learn of Philip's return to New Orleans; and Père Josef's friend did not recognize "Toinette's Philip" in the sickly, tattered boy who lingered so persistently around the steps of the church.

After a day or two the old sacristan became interested in the child and offered him food, and even a pallet to sleep on, in one corner of his little room in the lodge at the gate of the Archbishop's palace. He saw that the boy was ill, and that he had not always been the neglected little vagrant that he appeared to be, and the anxious, pathetic inquiries for Père Josef, who was one of the sacristan's favorites, added to the pity he felt for the boy.

Every night as Philip entered the lodge he would ask the same question in such a sad and patient voice that the old man almost wept.

"Do you think Père Josef will come to-morrow, Mr. Sacristan?"

And the sacristan would answer, as cheerfully as he could, "*Oui, mon enfant*, I think he will come to-morrow."

With a great deal of mystery, and many hints as to the necessity of secrecy, being so near his reverence the Archbishop, Philip had uncovered the little cage and showed Père Josef's "children" to the sacristan, and he had almost forgotten his troubles and disappointments to laugh with the old man over their droll tricks.

One night he was very ill again; he had fever, and dreamed out loud, as Lilybel said. All night he talked and talked, sitting up on his pallet with wide, bright eyes and smiling lips. His delirium did not take the form of stupor, as it had that memorable night in the pine-forest. He was happy, even merry; he laughed over his little tricks with the poor "doll"; he called the sacristan Mr. Butler, and chattered with him as he had with Bassett in the time of their pleasant companionship; he lived over the brightest days of his life,—the later and darker period, his dreary pilgrimage, and even his recent disappointments seemed all forgotten.

The old sacristan, alarmed at his high fever, his restlessness and delirium, sat by his little pallet all night, gave him copious draughts of fresh water, and tenderly bathed his burning

hands and face. Toward morning the fever left him, and he sank into a deep, refreshing sleep. When he awoke, the sacristan and the priest to whom he had spoken on the day of his arrival were bending over him. They were talking in a low voice, and he heard them repeat the word "hospital" several times. They were going to send him to the hospital. He was very ill, he must go where he could have proper care.

The hospital!—to Philip that meant only one thing: it was a place where people were sent to die; when once they entered there they never came out—except to be carried to their last resting-place. He was very ill, but he could not die before Père Josef and Lilybel came back—no; he could not go to the hospital. He said nothing, but lay very quiet until the priest and the sacristan went out. As soon as they disappeared within the church he got up, and, taking his little bundles, tottered feebly into the street.

The glare of the sun hurt his head; he felt faint and weak, but he hastened on down Ursulines street until well out of sight of St. Mary's Church. He could stay there no longer; that last asylum was closed to him. If he went back, he would be sent to the hospital, and he would never see Père Josef and Lilybel. Lilybel would be sure to come with Seline; they would look for him on the steps of St. Mary's, and he would not be there, and they would never know where to find him.

This last calamity was almost overwhelming; but he must not give up, he must keep on his feet, because if he fell in the street he would be picked up and sent to the hospital, and then what would become of the "children"? Some one might steal them, or they might get lost if he were taken away from them. Then he thought of St. Roch's. If it were not so far! If he could only get there—there on his Mammy's grave, surely no one would disturb him! But the hospital! the hospital! kept ringing in his ears. He could not, and he would not, go there.

When he was far enough from St. Mary's to feel somewhat safe, he found a shady doorway and sat down to rest and consider what he should do; but he could not think, his head whirled strangely, everything seemed moving, even the street and the houses; then he felt

sleepy, and was about to close his eyes when a rough voice smote upon his ear.

"Git out er dat, you young one; I 's er-gwine ter clean dese steps an' dis yere banquette," and looking up, Philip saw a stout negress with a pail of water and a broom, waiting to begin her work.

Philip tottered to his feet and went on down

Again Philip lingered and looked in through the iron scrollwork; he was so weak and tired that he could not stand, so he sat down before the gate, and resting against the stone post, he looked up into the great waving branches above him. There were birds hopping about among the leaves. Yes, there was a mocking-bird and a cardinal, and innumerable

little brown birds. Suddenly the mocking-bird broke into a clear, liquid strain, and spreading its wings soared away into the distant sky. Philip watched it dreamily. Was it the Singer? He was not sure; but, oh, how he wished he could follow its flight into that infinite restful blue!

How fresh and dewy the garden looked! What enchanting fragrance! What soft shadows among the waving vines! It was like looking into Paradise. If they would only open the gate and allow him to enter and lie down in the shade under his favorite tree! It was there still, he could see it, and he could see people moving on the shady galleries, and



"HE CRIED, 'DEA! SELINE!' AND FELL FEEBLY FORWARD."

Ursulines street blindly and dizzily, like one in a dream. It seemed to him that he had walked miles, when, without knowing how he had come there he suddenly became aware that he was again before the Detrava place.

The great oaks on each side of the entrance made a dense shade. It had rained during the night and a sweet, moist odor filled the air.

in the rose-garden, a tall dark man was walking back and forth. In his hand he held a book, but oftener he looked up at the sky, as if his treasures were there.

While Philip strained his eyes to watch the man, he suddenly saw appear on the gallery a radiant white figure. It was a young girl—or an angel, he could not tell which! Then a stout

colored woman came in sight and handed the radiant creature a nosegay of white flowers tied with trailing white ribbons, and a small white book, which the young girl took in a grave, gentle way; then, with graceful, sedate steps, she slowly descended to the garden, followed by the woman and a large dog.

At the entrance of the rose-garden the man met the gracious young creature, and lifting the cloud of net from over her face he stooped and kissed her gravely and tenderly. Then the little procession came on down the walk, the girl stepping daintily in her white shoes, while she held her cloud of lace away from the intruding roses that would fain caress her. She was surely no mortal. To Philip, in his bewildered condition, she seemed a spirit, a radiant creature from another world. The slender white-robed figure, with its misty veil and crown of flowers, seemed to float and float toward him.

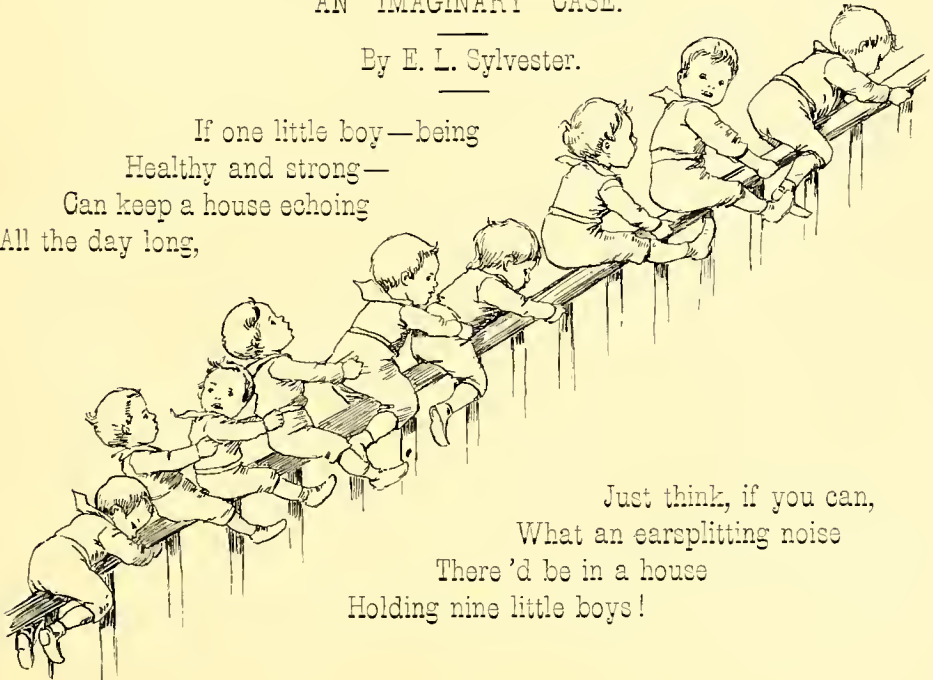
Was he dreaming; or was he already dead, and was it a sweet vision of eternity? It was surely Dea's face under the veil. It was surely Dea's soft, grave smile that he saw; her low, gentle voice that he heard. And the woman behind her was Seline; yes, Seline! And the dog? Why, the dog was Homo! And they were at the gate. If he could stretch out his hand he could touch them. He heard the key rattle in the lock, the old gate creak and slowly open, and in a voice that seemed to reach only to heaven, he cried, "Dea! Seline!" and fell feebly forward into a pair of strong arms stretched out to receive him. From a long murmuring distance he heard a soft voice say, "It is Philip! yes, it is Philip!" and he felt himself clasped and carried away—away, he knew not whither, for he drifted into blissful rest, while faintly and dimly he heard the rustling of leaves, and the far-off singing of birds.

(To be concluded.)

AN IMAGINARY CASE.

By E. L. Sylvester.

If one little boy—being
Healthy and strong—
Can keep a house echoing
All the day long,



Just think, if you can,
What an earsplitting noise
There'd be in a house
Holding nine little boys!

YOUNG GEORGE.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

As George Courtenay was coming from the garden into the house, his mother, seeing him approach, ran to meet him at the door.

“George,” said she, “your father!”

And then she stopped short and looked about her as if she were afraid of being overheard.

It was in England, in 1685, the days of “Monmouth’s Rebellion.” Sedgemoor had been fought, and King James’s soldiers were scouring the land in search of those that had been with the rebel Duke, and all the west country was in a stir. So that when George saw his mother’s face, and the look in her eyes, he knew that from his father there had at last come news. He drew her to one side.

“Mother, is he here?”

“Nay! Oh, George, I am all a-trembling!” She pressed her hand against her side. “He has been here — my husband — your dear father, George. ’T is not ten minutes since he is gone.”

“And I have missed him!”

“George,” — she put her arms about his neck and drew him to her, and whispered in his ear, — “there are soldiers coming!”

“Who has told you?”

“It matters not — ’t is true. And, George, your father needs but an hour clear. Treachery has been at work; some one has set the soldiers on his track. There is a boat biding for him in Watcombe Bay. If he could be secure of but an hour’s start, he would be into it, and safe away.”

George looked his mother very straight in the face.

“An hour clear, you say?”

“But an hour! Your dear father! What shall we do?”

“He shall have an hour, Mother, and to spare. I would that I had seen him first, though but to have had one word from him. Go thou into the house and stay within. He shall be safe, as I am my father’s son.”

He drew her to his breast and kissed her. Then he ran away from her and up the stairs, and so to his own room. And when he was there, all alone, he put certain things into a kerchief, and made them in a bundle. And with this bundle in his hand he slipped off down the stairs that led to the outer buildings, fearful lest, if he came down the other way, he should meet his mother, and she should question him as to the stratagem that was in his head. And through the kitchen he stole, and through the door, and thence into the stable. There he opened the bundle that he carried and laid its contents out upon the ground.

The soldiers came riding up the avenue. It was scarce five minutes since George had shut himself inside the stable. Sergeant Huffham, that was in command, cried out to them as they came riding on:

“Keep sharp eyes on both sides of you. There ’s treason thick enough to keep an army close hid — let alone a rebel knave like this George Courtenay!”

They had gone but a few yards further when a trooper pulled up his horse, and cried: “Is that not some one — there behind yon tree?”

The sergeant looked where the trooper pointed.

“And so it is! Stand forth and show yourself, whoever you be, if you would not have us fire!”

And the whole troop stood there, and held their carbines in their hands so that if the command was given they might be ready to fire among the trees. And while they stood thus, as if in obedience to the sergeant’s call, there came from behind the trunk of one of the trees, a man. His beard was wild and untrimmed as if it had not seen a barber or a pair of scissors for a month past. And in like plight was his head; for he wore no hat, and his long hair was in a shock of tangles as if it scarce

had known a comb. His attire, which, so it seemed, had been handsome and a gentleman's once upon a time, was all in rags and travel-stained. Indeed, his whole figure did present a picture which one would have thought had touched the hardest hearts. But these soldiers that Colonel Kirke had brought to work the King's vengeance in those parts, they had no hearts—as in those dark days many an honest gentleman learned to his pain.

all those parts unto this day—for it was from Tangier that last they had come.

But when this pitiful figure stood in front of the troop, and braved them all so boldly, the sergeant flew into a rage. The sergeant spluttered out a torrent of abuse—for most unlamblike was the speech of the Colonel's "Lambs." And he cried:

"You shall smart for this an extra smart or two! Who are you, knave?"



"HE CROSSED HIS ARMS UPON HIS CHEST, AND FACED THEM."

This pitiful figure that came from behind the tree seemed in no way frightened when he saw the soldiers standing there, and knew himself discovered. He came to a little open space among the trees, within a dozen yards of where they were, and crossed his arms upon his chest, faced them, and in a loud, clear voice, he cried:

"Fire, an you will, butchers from Tangier!"

For those soldiers, that Colonel Kirke in a bitter jest did call his "Lambs," were known unto the country-folk as "Tangier butchers"; and as "Tangier butchers" they are known in

"Knave, thou callest me? Know, thou blood-bedrabbed butcher, my name is as well known a name as any name in Devon, and as honored, too. I am George Courtenay, thou slaughterman!"

Then the troopers gave a cry that was half joy, half rage. And the sergeant said: "So at last we have you, you black traitor! We've tracked you this many a day, over hill and over dale, and now, at last, like a rat—'t is sure you are no better!—we've tracked you to this hole. If you do not curb your saucy tongue, we'll find a means of stilling it. You'll serve the Colonel's purpose as well without this silly prat-

ing. Gag him, put a bit into his mouth, fasten his hands behind his back, and tie him to a horse's crupper. We'll hale the rogue along!"

And, behold! Up at the house there was tribulation, and there was sore dismay; for one came running hastily that cried:

"Madam Courtenay! Madam Courtenay! The master's took!"

And this fellow that did make the din was one John Maned, an awkward clown. He did tend the poultry and the pigs. And with that, like the clown he was, he fell a-blubbering so

Madam would have none of her. "I have no need of you," she said. "I'm not of those that swoon. *Took!* John Maned!—what do you mean?"

And Madam looked so stern and spoke all at once so fierce, that John's terror but grew the greater. Down on his knee he fell—

"It was no fault of mine," he cried. "I'd have died rather than he had been took."

Then went Madam to him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and in her own soft voice she spoke:

"I do well believe you would have died for him. Calm yourself, you foolish fellow. Speak plain, so that I may know what it is you would say."

Then, between his sobs, John got out his story. It seemed that as he was coming to the gate which opened on the great avenue of chestnuts, who but a troop of soldiers should come out of it. John, in his fright, crouched down behind the hedge. He perceived that to one of the horses was tied a man. One end of a rope was tied about his neck, the other end was fastened to

the horse's crupper. His hands were bound behind his back. "'T was the master," blubbered John. "And," said he, "when all the soldiers had got into the road, the officer in command cried, 'Halt!' and he turned in his saddle and he shook his fist at the avenue of chestnut trees: 'Thou traitor's house!' he cried. 'I have taken from you your master, the traitor Courtenay, and when I have delivered him to those that have a score to settle with him, I will return for more. Dost hear, thou traitor?' And with that," said John, "the officer did strike the master on the back and went on, 'Because of your saucy tongue, I

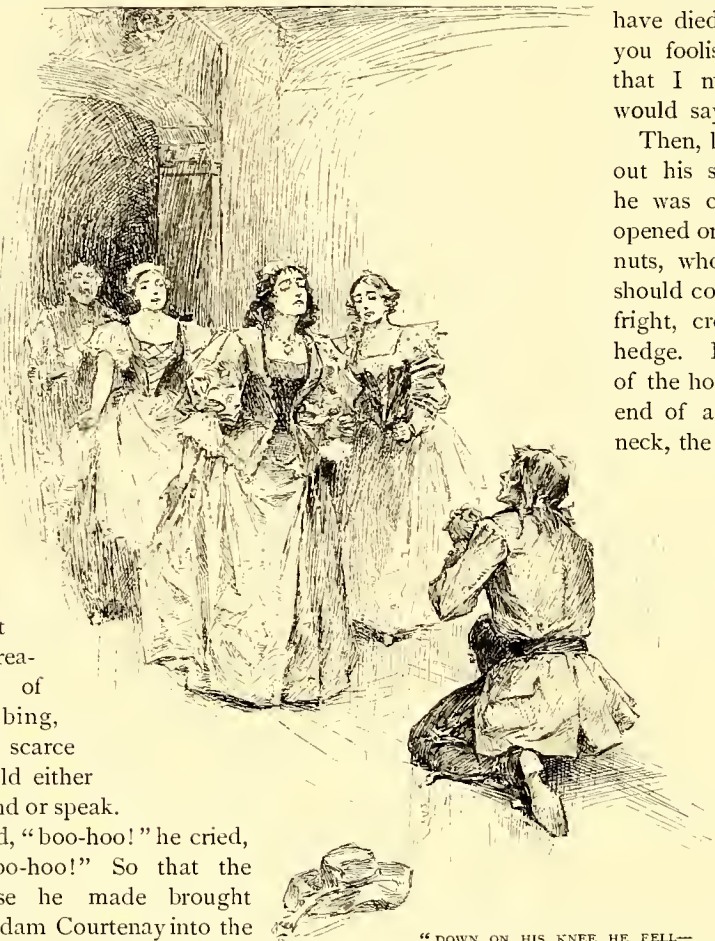
that by reason of sobbing, he scarce could either stand or speak.

And, "boo-hoo!" he cried, "boo-hoo!" So that the noise he made brought Madam Courtenay into the hall, and all the household.

"John Maned, what is that you say?"

"The master's took!" bawled John; "the master's took!"

Madam gave such a start that her tire-maid stepped out to catch her if she fell. But



"DOWN ON HIS KNEE HE FELL—
'IT WAS NO FAULT OF MINE,' HE CRIED."

will come back again for all that thou hast left behind!"

When Madam Courtenay heard these words, in silence she put her arm through young Mistress Dorothy's and went with her into the morning-room. And when they were alone and the door was closed, "Dorothy," said she, "your brother has used me ill. He gave me his word that, so I understood him, at his own risk he would hold my dear husband free from harm."

"Mother," answered Mistress Dorothy, "be not too hasty in blaming George. Perchance still he has some plan to set my father free."

"Plan to set your father free! Didst hear yon fellow's tale? They 've yoked your father with a horse and beat him! If I had known that 't was part of my son's scheme that his father should be captured first, I would have gone myself unto these men and offered them my life for his. Oh, my dear husband, 't is because your son has failed in his duty that they have taken you from me!"

As Madam, in the fullness of her grief, lifted up her hands to the high heavens, a voice was heard, speaking behind her, that said:

"Wife!" The lady, on a sudden, turned. There, leaning through the window, which stood wide open, was a man.

"Husband!" she cried, and with a strange, glad cry she ran to him.

"Hist!" said he. "Let me enter! I think that none has seen me come." And when he had entered, and while his wife hid her face upon his shoulder, and wept for very joy, said Mistress Dorothy:

"So, Father, after all, George set you free."

"George set me free? What mean you, Dorothy?"

"Why, Father, was it not George?"

"Was what not George? I've seen nothing of George—that gailant, well-loved son of mine—this many and many a day."

His wife, as she looked into her husband's face, forgot in her amaze to cry. "Why," said she, "if it was not George, who was it then that freed you from those knaves?"

"I know not what it is of which you speak. No knaves have laid their hands on me. If

they had, I do not think they would ever easily have let me go. I have been down unto the bay. There I found the boat was in waiting. Those that were in it brought me sure and certain word that that black crew at Taunton had vowed if I escaped their grasp to take their vengeance upon you, my wife, and upon all my kith and kin. Which when I heard, I straight came back again; for you must with me, Wife, and the chicks as well, and we will all of us sail across the water. In Holland have I good friends, and there we will abide till England again is free."

"But," cried his wife, "if it were not you John Maned saw tied at the horse's tail, who was it, then? And what of George?"

While Squire Courtenay looked in the lady's face, as though he could find neither rhyme nor reason in her words, again a voice was heard speaking from back of them.

"May I come in?" and when they turned, there, through the window, again there leaned a man. It was the curate, that reverend clerk, Tobias Pratt. He fetched his lean and lanky body into the room. "Speak not so loud," said he. "I 'll close the window, lest we be overheard."

And when he had shut the window, he came to Madam Courtenay, and he said,—'t was in a whisper that he spoke:

"I came but now along the road from Tarre, when whom should I encounter but a troop of rough soldiery. And, to my grief, I perceived



"THE CURATE HELD OUT A SMALL PIECE OF PARCHMENT."

that to one of the horses' tails was a poor creature tied. I seemed to know him, and, though I cudged my brain, I could not think just who it was; and that although he looked me straight in the eyes with a look that spoke as plain as I speak now. They had tied a gag about his mouth, but, as I apprehend, 't was loosely tied, for with a convulsive effort of his poor jaws he forced something between his lips which fell upon the ground. When the troopers were gone from sight, I looked to see what it might be. An it please you, Madam Courtenay, it was this."

On which the curate held out to Madam a small piece of parchment that was folded in a sort of square. On it could be faintly seen these written words, "To Madam Courtenay. Bear this in haste, thou trusty friend!"

"Why," cried the lady, "it is George's hand! What fresh mystery is it that we have here?"

She undid the parchment. Inside of it was writ this note in such faint characters you scarce could see the words:

DEAR MOTHER: I write this word ere I leave the house. I shall send this to you if my plan succeeds. Then you will know that with my father all is well. They will have taken me for him. Be not concerned for me. It is but right, if there is need of it, that I should give my life for him. Your son, GEORGE.

Kiss Sister Dorothy.

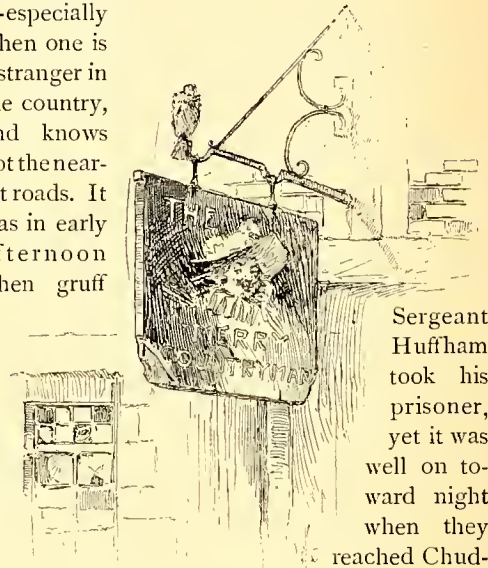
"Why!" cried Mistress Dorothy, when with streaming eyes her mother had read these words aloud, "now all the riddle is solved! I see just how it is! You know, dear Mother, how George loves to disguise his proper self and make himself like another, for masques and such like frolics. I understand just what it is that he has done. He has made himself look as much like father as he could. Then he has placed himself just where he knew the soldiers would be sure to come. And when they came, they have supposed that he was Father. I make no doubt that is the truth of it! They have taken him captive, Father, for you!"

"My foolish, true-hearted son!" so said the squire. "My gallant lad! Dorothy, we'll have him back again!"

"Oh, Father, if we could!"

"If we *could*? I tell you, Dorothy, we *will*!"

From Watcombe to Taunton, where beneath the castle walls were quartered Colonel Kirke and his Tangier regiment, 't is as the crow flies, full fifty miles; and fifty miles of not the best of traveling—especially when one is a stranger in the country, and knows not the nearest roads. It was in early afternoon when gruff



Sergeant Huffham took his prisoner, yet it was well on toward night when they reached Chudleigh. Even

then he had been driven to annoy the prisoner more than once to inquire from him the way to go.

When they reached Chudleigh, the sergeant put up at a certain inn which was called "The Merry Countryman." There were the sergeant and his six troopers and the prisoner, all in the large room of the inn together. For it would never do, the sergeant said, to let his prisoner from his sight. He was too precious. There were the sergeant and his troopers, seated at the table, eating and drinking of the best the inn could give; and there, on the floor in a corner, lay the prisoner, his hands still tied behind his back, and the gag still in his mouth. When the sergeant had had his fill, he bade one of his troopers bring the prisoner to the board.

"Take out the gag," said he. So they took out the gag. "Wouldst have something with which to break thy fast, traitor?"

The prisoner answered him never a word. He looked him straight in the face, and never flinched. The sergeant, that was at all times of a choleric temper, flew into a rage.

"Dost hear thyself spoken to by a king's officer, and by a gentleman, thou saucy rogue?"

"A gentleman thou art? So 't is the butchers now are gentlemen?"

"Thou callst me butcher? I will butcher thee just where thou art!"

"I can well believe it, since 't is thy trade. Thou—"

The sergeant stayed not to finish. He stood up in his place, and, leaning across the board, caught the prisoner by the beard as if he meant by means of it to drag the prisoner's head within the reach of his right arm. He gave a tug, and, behold! instead of bringing with it the prisoner's head, the beard came by itself, clean away. Great was the sergeant's wonder. He stared at the beard which he had in his hand, then at the prisoner's face, then back at the beard.

"Why," he cried,—his brains were never of the best, and perchance they were a little less clear than before his supper,—"I've drawn the fellow's beard clean from him by the roots! Serve him right, the rogue! So now, by my word, I will have his hair also."

Another grab he gave across the board. He hitched his fingers into the tangled thatch that crowned the captive's head. Then he gave a mighty tug, so mighty a one that, not meeting with the resistance which he had, as of course, expected, he lost his balance, and toppled backward on the floor. There, for a moment, did he sprawl, blinking and half dazed. The troopers ran and helped him up. When he

found himself again upon his feet, he looked, and, behold! there in his hand he held the captive's hair.

"Why," he roared, his hair is come looking for his beard!" Then he stopped, and stared at the prisoner, who, with a smile upon his face, looked back at him across the board. The sergeant was dumbfounded.

"What miracle is this? 'T is nothing but a boy!"



"THERE, FOR A MOMENT, DID HE SPRAWL."

Then said the prisoner: "Nineteen I was, last birthday, an it please you, gentle sir!"

"This is not George Courtenay!"

"Indeed, sir, but it is."

"This is not George Courtenay that fought at Sedgemoor, and was one of Duke Mon-

mouth's chiefest captains, and on whose head a price is set!"

"Nay, sir, I am his son."

"His son! His son!" In his fury the sergeant stamped his foot upon the floor. "And have I journeyed all these miles, and taken prisoner the wrong man after all, and thought I had the right? Tell me what trickery is here, thou—"

Here more abuse fell from the sergeant's lips.

"'T is very simple, sir. I heard that you were close at hand. My father needed but a breathing-space, and he would be clear away. I guessed that you had never seen my father. So I turned play-actor for the nonce. I made myself to look as much like my father as I could. Then I placed myself where I knew you would be sure to come. And when, with your sharp eyes, you spied me out, you asked me who I was. And I said I was George Courtenay. And so indeed I am. For though I am not my father, I am my father's son."

"Thou—! Thou—! For this I'll have thy life!"

With that the sergeant rushed at young George as might some mad beast. And then a strange thing happened. For they had tied the captive's hands behind his back, and he had held them there, so they had supposed that he still was bound. But it would seem that all the time he had been working hard to loose them, and at last had gained his purpose. For when the sergeant rushed at him, on a sudden young George brought both hands to the front, and before they were aware, had snatched a naked sword that lay upon the table;—it was the sergeant's own,—and had fallen back a step or two, and had swung it in their faces. And while they stared at him bewildered and surprised—

"'T is not the first time," said he, "grown men have been outwitted by a lad. It but remains that seven full-grown men shall fall upon one that is but half-grown, and, maybe, you'll beat me yet. But, mark this!—I think that I'll have at least one of your lives for mine!"

The whole thing had been so sudden, and he looked so desperate, as he stood there with his sword in hand, that, with one accord, each man gave back. The sergeant stormed:

"What are you staring at, you louts? Pick up your guns, and shoot him like a dog!"

In an instant, before they had time to do the sergeant's bidding, young George dashed forward, and with one blow he struck the candles from the table, so that all the room was dark. There was then a nice to-do.

"Look to the door!" the sergeant cried. "If the rogue escapes, every man of you shall hang!"

While the troopers were stumbling about them, audibly seeking for the door, it was flung open, and some one that stood upon the threshold cried:

"What— all in the dark! Is George Courtenay here?"

"Yes, Father, I am here."



"THERE CAME AN OLD WOMAN WITH A LANTERN IN HER HAND."

Said the sergeant: "Didst hear the young rogue say 'Father'? 'T is the old rogue's come! He's run into our clutches! Have at them, lads. We'll net them both, the father and the son!"

"Well said!" cried the newcomer, in a voice that rang out even above the hubbub, loud and clear and bold. "Spare neither the father nor the son, the old rogue nor the young! Have at these Tangier gentlemen! Forward! Give them their fill of steel!"

It seemed as if a dozen armed men streamed into the room. There was such a clatter and a din, and there were cries of "A Courtenay! A Courtenay!"

"On my word!" the sergeant gasped,—and from the noise he made it seemed as if a dozen men were upon him at once,—"I do believe Courtenay's whole force is back again!"

Any one that stood without might have known from the tumult that a famous fight was being fought within. And it was all done in the dark; so that none knew with whom it was he fought. Suddenly was heard a voice that said:

"Quarter! Spare my life! Quarter, I say!"

Then there was another voice that cried: "Will Peppercorn—'t is never *you*!"

Then the first voice: "Sam Jones, is it you that speaks?"

"Will Peppercorn, 't is never *you* I have been fighting?"

"But I'll swear it is! You've carved me into pieces, too."

Then was heard the sergeant's voice: "With whom is it that we fight? It seems to me that I have killed a dozen men and more. And that another dozen men have half-killed me. Silence!" Then there was silence like the silence of the grave. "I do believe that there's none but ourselves left in the room. For the last quarter-hour we've fought each other for

our lives. In the dark, the rogues have stolen away. On my word, this is a pleasant country to hunt for traitors in! Where is that confounded door?"

It was soon seen where the door was, for as the sergeant still was speaking, it was opened, and there came an old woman with a lantern in her hand. It was the woman who kept the inn.

"Oh, sirs!" said she. "What is 't a-doing?"

"Doing?" the sergeant screamed. "'T is we've been *done*. Where are those rogues of Courtenays, witch!—the old rogue and the young?"

"Sirs, I thought it was they that were locked in, and I thought it was you that went into the stable a little time since, and saddled all the horses,—your own horses, sirs,—and rode off with them into the night."

"Our horses? Rode off with them into the night?"

"Yes, sirs, indeed; and they've taken every beast, for I've been into the stable, sirs, to see. And, sirs, I found this hanging on a nail behind the door."

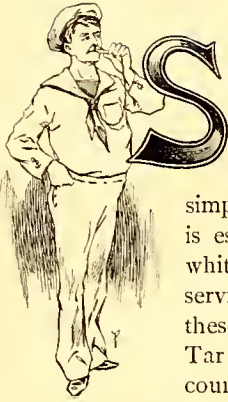
The woman had in her hand a naked sword. She held it out to Sergeant Huffham. The sergeant took it. To the handle was a paper fastened, on which were written words. The sergeant was no great scholar. It was with difficulty he made out what words were written. And when he had made them out, his anger was not cooled. Thus it ran:

Sergeant, I give you back your sword. For the beard and wig which you tore from me by the roots, keep them in memory of the capture that you made. This comes, Sergeant, from GEORGE COURTENAY THE YOUNGER.
Young George, Sergeant, *young* George!



A MAN-O'-WAR'S MENAGERIE.

BY DON C. SEITZ.



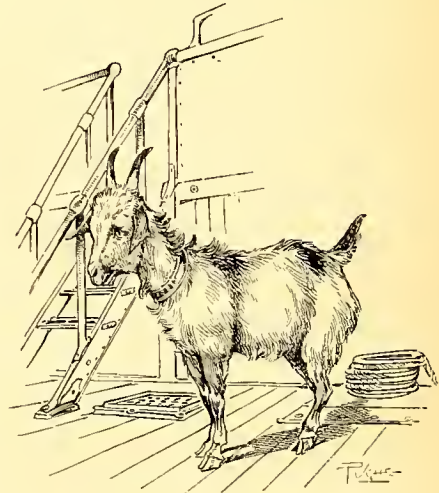
SAILORS are the children of the sea. Cut off as they are from so much that makes life merry, they take to simple sports and pets. This is especially true on the big white ships that sail in the service of Uncle Sam. In these new vessels the Jack Tar is really of very little account. Sails have been banished, and the engines and

boilers — the “lungs,” as the navy calls them — do all the work. A steam-engine steers the ship, and Jack has become more of a soldier than anything else. Even the pike and cutlass are out of date. The next naval duel will be fought with machine-guns, torpedoes, and rams. So the hundreds of sailors who form the complement of a modern American man-o'-war have duties that little resemble those performed on shipboard in the old navy, when clouds of canvas had to be handled, and when sea-battles were fought yard-arm to yard-arm.

There 's lots of scrubbing and drilling and painting going on; but so many hands make short work of the tasks, and then comes play. The most comfort Jack takes is in cultivating pets, and on board every war-ship some sort of a menagerie is to be found. The best and most unique “happy family” in the navy is that kept on the “San Francisco,” the splendid flag-ship of the North Atlantic Squadron. Though the dignity of the navy is at its highest development on a flag-ship, that formal stiffness which great men have about them is well-nigh banished from the San Francisco by the antics of “Billy,” the ship's goat. Admiral A. E. K. Benham flies his pennant from the peak on the San Francisco, but Billy has n't as much awe for him as he has for the captain of the fore-castle, who is mighty quick with a rope's end,

and considers all goats abominations. Neither does he fear Captain J. Crittenden Watson, the San Francisco's commander. Captain Watson is a very brave man, and has seen service. There is a famous picture of the old “Hartford” passing up Mobile Bay, called “An August Morning with Farragut”; and Captain Watson, then a lieutenant, stands in an exposed place on her quarter-deck, quite undismayed by the storm of battle, just as indeed he did on that great occasion; but he always steps a little quicker when he sees Billy loitering around aft. The truth is that Billy is somewhat spoiled. He is the idol of four hundred prank-loving sailors, and his education is anything but what a nice little black-and-white goat's should be.

But Billy is privileged because he would be able to write “A. B.” after his name if he knew how. That means he is an old sailor who has crossed the line and has been around the Horn.



“BILLY,” THE SHIP'S GOAT.

The San Francisco was built in the city whose name she bears; and as she was the first war-ship to be constructed on the Pacific coast, San Francisco could n't do too much to show

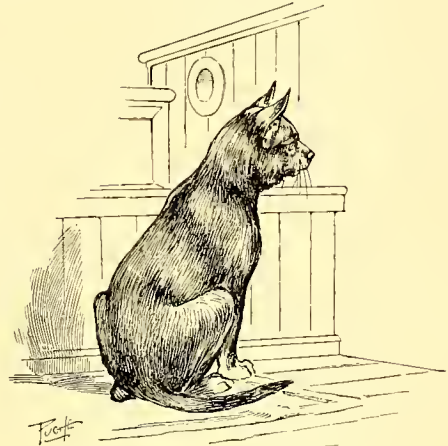
appreciation of that fact. Gifts were showered upon ship and crew. Down in the ward-room is a case of beautiful silverware, and every cover has for a handle a solid gold grizzly bear; and this does very well indeed as a testimonial, but it is nothing to Billy. San Francisco supplied Billy as well. He was little more than a kid when the ship sailed away for Valparaiso to have a hand in settling the Chilean squabble that made so much noise in the fall of 1891. After that the San Francisco took her time about getting around Cape Horn, but Billy improved it all until now he is an accomplished sailor. He took part with the ship's crew in the Columbian naval review, and was every inch as good a goat as the British capricornus on the big cruiser "Magicienne."

Billy is a privileged character. He has the run of the ship, as sailors say. His favorite loafing-place is on the "bridge" with Lieutenant Kimball, the navigating officer, but he is as much at home on the quarter-deck as the forecabin. Every day the men are formed in line for an exercise walk around the gun-deck. When the drum taps to "fall in," Billy scampers to the head of the line and marches to the piping of the fife as long as he can. When at sea the roll is so heavy that Billy's sharp hoofs can find no foothold, and after a desperate struggle he is pitched headlong into the scuppers. The line does not wait, but Billy finds sweet revenge in bracing himself against a stanchion and butting every pair of legs that goes by. It fills him with keen delight to butt a marine; but that is part of his education.

On the day this portrait was taken Billy was not feeling very well. He had eaten a box of matches, and the phosphorus did not agree with him.

Billy's finest fun is in chasing the ship's cat, "Little Man," who is the second member of the happy family, and a very important one. Little Man and a brother were born on the ship's first voyage. The mother cat died, and then the brother fell overboard and was lost at sea. These bereavements nearly caused Little Man to die of grief, and gave him his name: the sailors kept advising him to "be a little man," and by and by the phrase

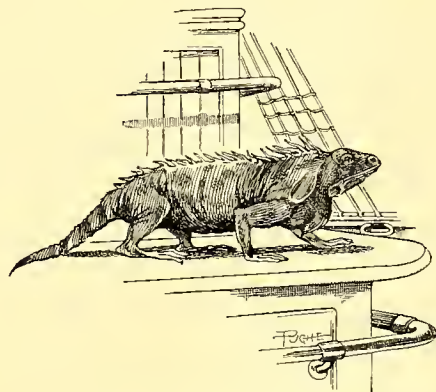
became his name. He is coal-black with snow-white toes, and can be called handsome. He is dignified and proper, as behooves a cat on a flag-ship, except when Billy gets after him. Billy has no use for dignity.



"LITTLE MAN," THE SHIP'S CAT.

When the ship put into New York last September a little gray kitten came aboard to keep Little Man company. "Puss" is nothing but a landman, and Billy does not bother about him.

The queerest member of the family is "Satan," the iguana. Satan is a native of Chili, though his kind abounds throughout



"SATAN."

the American tropics. He is a big, fat, lazy, homely reptile, who was not more than a foot long when he boarded the ship in the harbor of Valparaiso. Ugly as he looks, the iguana

makes a very palatable stew, and there is a suspicion that this was to have been his destiny before he became a pet. He is more than two feet long now, and likes to lie on the deck near the hood around the smoke-stack, where the climate is tropical. When the sea is rough a lanyard is tied around him abaft his forearms so he won't be

hurt in the slamming of the ship. A little soft tack and a fly or two keep Satan happy. He does not care for attention, and at times really gets too much for his own comfort.

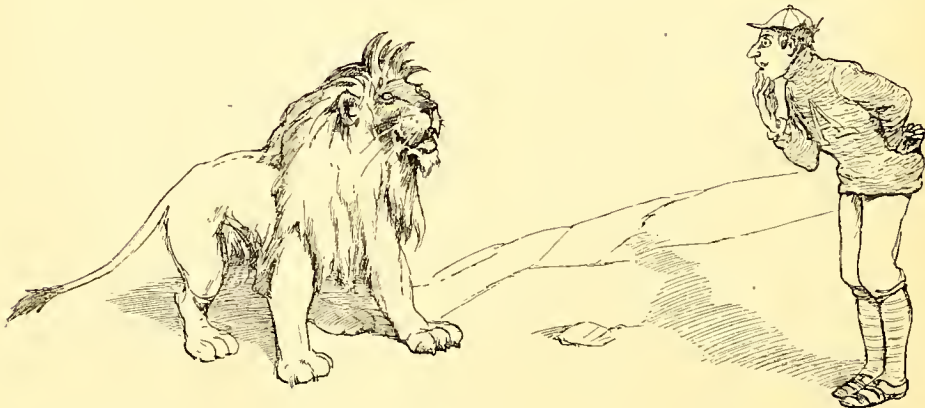
When the sun is warm, Satan, the cats, and Billy like to idle in a quiet spot together. They are all friends.

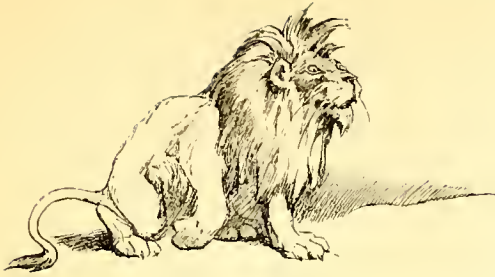


O. Hejard

AN Athlete, one vacation,
Met a Lion in privation
On a desert where the lion-food was rare.
The Lion was delighted
That the Athlete he had sighted,
But the Athlete wished that he had been elsewhere.

The Athlete dared not fight him,
And he recalled an item
That was published in some journal he had read,

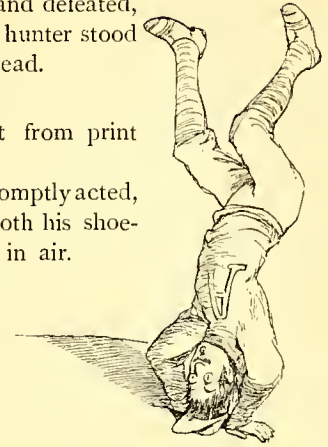




Of a lion that retreated,
Disheartened and defeated,
When an unarmed hunter stood
upon his head.

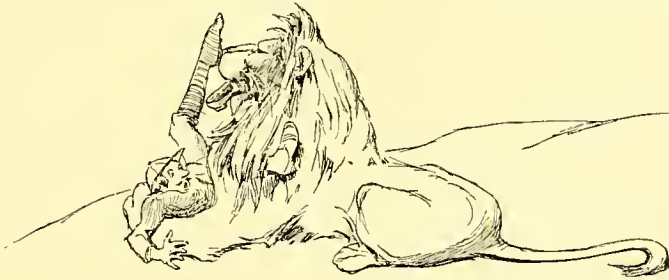
On this hint from print
extracted
The Athlete promptly acted,
And brandished both his shoe-
heels high in air.

Upon his feat amazing
The Lion sat a-gazing,
And studied the phenomenon with care.



Said the Lion: "This position
Is quite against tradition,
But I 'll gladly eat you any way you choose;
Inverted perpendicular
Will do—I 'm not particular!"
He finished him, beginning with his shoes.

Tudor Jenks.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

IV. AN INDIAN BOY'S TRAINING.

THE training of the Sioux boy begins when he listens to the songs of war, the songs of the chase, and the songs of the "Great Mystery," or *Wakantanka*; and these were the lullabies which we heard in our infancy. Of course there were some boys who were deprived of the training they needed, even in the wild life;

but the true and loving parents were as ambitious and hopeful for their children as any civilized and educated parents could be.

Very early the Indian boy assumed the task of preserving and transmitting the legends and stories of his ancestors and his race. Almost every evening a myth, or a legend of some deed done in the past, was narrated by one of the parents or grandparents, and to it the boy lis-

tened with parted mouth and shining eyes. On the following evening he was usually required to repeat it. If he was not an apt scholar, he struggled long with his task; but, as a rule, the Indian boy is a good listener and has a good memory, so that the stories were tolerably well mastered. The household became his audience, by whom he was alternately criticized and applauded.

This sort of teaching at once enlightens the boy's mind and stimulates his ambition. His conception of his own future career becomes a vivid and irresistible force. Whatever there is for him to acquire must be acquired; whatever qualifications are necessary to a truly great warrior and hunter, he must seek at any expense of danger and hardship. Such was the feeling of the imaginative and brave young Indian.

It becomes apparent to him early in life that he must accustom himself to rove alone, and not to fear or dislike the impression of solitude, but acquaint himself thoroughly with nature. Much has been said about Indian children's "instincts." To be sure, we inherited some of the characteristics of our ancestors, but the greater part of our faculties we had to acquire by practice. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits. Physical training and dieting were not neglected. I remember I was not allowed to drink beef soup or any warm drink. The soup was for the old men. The general rules for the young were never to eat their food very hot, nor to drink much water.

My uncle, who educated me, was a severe and strict teacher. When I left his tepee for the day, he would say to me: "Hakada, watch everything closely and observe its characteristics"; and at evening, on my return, he used to catechize me for an hour or so. "On which side of the trees is the lighter-colored bark? On which side do they have most regular branches?" It was his custom to let me name all the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color, or habits, or the shape of the bill, or their song, or the appearance and locality of the nest—in fact, anything about the bird which impressed me as characteristic. I made many ridiculous errors, I must admit. He

then usually informed me of the correct name. Occasionally I made a hit, and this he would warmly commend.

He went much deeper into this science when I was a little older—that is, about the age of eight or nine years. He would say, for instance, "How do you know that there are fish in the lake?" "Because they jump out of the water for flies at midday." He would smile at my prompt but superficial reply. "What do you think of the little pebbles grouped together under the shallow water, and how came the rivulet-like and pretty curved marks in the sand under the water, and the little sandbanks? Where do you find the fish-eating birds?—by the fishless water? Have the inlet and the outlet of a lake anything to do with the question?" He did not expect a correct reply at once to all the voluminous questions that he put to me, but he meant to make me observant and careful in studying nature.

"Hakada," he would say to me, "you ought to follow the example of the *shunktokeca* [wolf]. Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything that you may see.

"It is better to view nature unobserved. I was once an interested and unseen spectator of a contest between a pair of grizzly bears and three buffaloes—a rash act for the bears, for it was in the moon of strawberries, when the buffaloes sharpen and polish their horns for bloody contests among themselves. By the way, Hakada, I would advise you never to approach a grizzly's den from the front, but steal up behind, and then throw your blanket or a stone in front of the hole. He does not usually rush out for it, but comes out very indifferently, and sits on his haunches on the mound in front of the hole, before he makes any attack. While he is displaying himself in this manner, aim at his heart. Always be as cool as the animal himself." Thus he warned me against the cunning of savage beasts, by teaching me how to outwit them.

"In hunting," he would resume, "you will be guided by the habits of the animal you seek. Remember that a moose stays in swampy or low

land, or between high mountains near a spring or lake, for thirty to sixty days at a time. Most large game moves constantly, except the doe in the spring; it is a very easy matter then to find her with the fawn. Conceal yourself in a convenient place, as soon as you observe any signs of the presence of either, and then call with your birchen doe-caller. Whichever one hears you first will soon appear near you. But be very watchful, or you may be made a fawn of by a large wildcat! They understand the call of the fawn or of a doe perfectly well.

“When you have any difficulty with a bear or a wildcat,—that is, if the creature shows signs of attacking you,—you must make him fully understand that you have seen him and are aware of his intentions. If you are not well equipped for a pitched battle, the only way to make him retreat is to take a long, sharp-pointed pole for a spear, and rush toward him. No wild beast will face this unless he is cornered and already wounded. All fierce beasts know the common weapon of the larger animals—the horns. If they are very long and sharp, they dare not risk an open fight. They always prefer to surprise the enemy. In this respect they are not far different from men.

“There is one exception to this rule: the gray wolf will attack fiercely when very hungry. But their courage entirely depends upon their number: in this they are like white men. One wolf or two never attack a man. They will stampede a herd of buffaloes in order to get at the calves; they will rush upon a herd of antelopes, for these are helpless; but they are always careful about attacking men.”

Of this nature were the instructions of my uncle, who was widely known at that time as the greatest hunter of his tribe.

All boys were expected to endure hardship without complaint. In savage warfare, a young man must of course be an athlete and used to undergoing all sorts of hardships. He must be able to go without food or water for two or three days, or to run for a day and a night without rest. He must know how to traverse a pathless and wild country without losing his way either in the day or night time. He cannot refuse to do any of these things, if

he claims to be a warrior. Sometimes my uncle would waken me very early in the morning, and challenge me to fast with him all day. I had to accept. We blackened our faces with charcoal, so that every boy in the village would know that I was fasting for the day. Then the little tempters would make my life a misery until the merciful sun hid behind the western hills.

I can scarcely recall the time when my stern teacher began to give sudden war-whoops over my head in the morning, while I was sound asleep. He expected me to leap up with perfect presence of mind, always ready to grasp a weapon of some sort, and to give a shrill whoop in reply. If I was sleepy or startled, and hardly knew what I was about, he would deride me, and would say that I need never expect to sell my scalp dear! Often he would vary these tactics by shooting off a gun just outside of the teepee while I was yet asleep, at the same time giving blood-curdling yells. After a while I became used to this.

When Indians went upon the war-path, it was their custom to try the new warriors thoroughly before coming to an engagement. For instance, when they were near a hostile camp, they would select the novices to go after the water, and make them do all sorts of things to display their courage. In accordance with this idea my uncle used to send me off after water when in a strange place and after dark. Perhaps the country was full of wild beasts, and there might be scouts from hostile bands of Indians lurking about our camp. Yet I never objected, for that would show cowardice. I picked my way through the woods, dipped my pail in the water, and hurried back, always careful to make as little noise as a cat. Being only a boy, my heart would leap at every crackling of a dry stick under my feet, or distant hoot of an owl, until at last I reached our teepee. Then my uncle would perhaps say, “Ah, Hakada, you are a thorough warrior!” empty out the precious contents of the pail, and order me to go for a second time.

Imagine how I felt! But I wished to be a brave as much as a white boy desires to be a great lawyer, or even President of the United

States! So I silently took the pail, and endeavored to retrace my footsteps in the dark.

With all this our manners and morals were not neglected. I was made to respect the adults, and especially the aged. I was not allowed to join in their discussions, or even to speak in their presence, unless requested to do so. Indian etiquette was perfect in these respects, and I am glad to say that it is still observed by some. We were taught generosity to the poor, and reverence for the "Great Mystery." Religion was the basis of all Indian training.

I recall to the present day some of the kind warnings and reproofs that my good grandmother was wont to give me. "Be strong of heart—be patient!" she used to say. She told me of a young chief who was noted for his uncontrollable temper. While in one of his rages he attempted to kill a woman, for which he

was slain by his own band, and left unburied as a mark of disgrace—his body simply covered with green grass. If I ever lost my temper, she would say, "Hakada, control yourself, or you will be like that young man, and lie under a *green blanket!*"

In the old days, no young man was allowed to use tobacco in any form until he had become an acknowledged warrior, and had achieved the public respect. If a youth should seek a wife before he had reached the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, and been recognized as a brave man, he was sneered at and considered an ill-bred Indian. Especially he must be a skilful hunter. An Indian cannot be a good husband unless he brings home plenty of game.

These precepts were in the line of our training for the wild life.

(To be continued.)

A KANSAS CYCLONE.

BY JOHN M. STEELE.

BEING an enthusiastic wheelman, I frequently take long rides into the country. The evening of June 21 found me on the road from Topeka to Lawrence. The heat of the noon-day sun had given way to a slightly cooler temperature, and the blue dome was dotted here and there with floating white clouds. There was scarcely breeze enough to move the wilting foliage of the lofty trees on the bluff north of the road. The whole world seemed at peace. I could hear in the distance the peculiar cry of the farm-hand calling the pigs to their evening feeding. The milkmaid was busy with the cows.

As I moved slowly along, delighting in the glorious beauty of the landscape, and in its peaceful activity, I noticed that the air felt so close and sultry that I found exertion difficult;

and this, with a rustling in the trees and the veiling of the sun's face, prompted me to turn to the west, where it seemed that a thunder-storm was gathering. It moved along rapidly—only a summer shower. To the left, along the bluff, the gentle drops of rain were falling with a lullaby-like patter on the thickly clustered trees of the hillside forest. I had dismounted from my wheel, and was watching the progress of the storm that, passing so near me, had not touched me.

But, all at once, with a mighty roar like the rending of the heavens, a dark greenish cloud with tints of yellow and black, its massive folds writhing in and out like serpents at battle, emitting vivid flashes of lightning, came over the bluff a quarter of a mile east of me. It was shaped like a huge top, its irregularly formed upper half revolving rapidly while the lower



THE CYCLONE.

DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CYCLONE CLOUD.



A CYCLONE CAVE OR CELLAR.

end swept the earth along a path a quarter of a mile wide.

Startled as I was, I could not take my eyes from this awful messenger of destruction. The crash of the buildings first struck filled the air with flying debris, in which fragments of houses, furniture, trees, farming implements, hay-stacks, and telegraph-poles—all were propelled by a wonderful, irresistible current of ruin and disaster.

Eighty rods wide the death-dealing cyclone

swept along, skirting the bluff, where it stripped foliage and bark from the trees, and now and then swooping down on some farm. So suddenly did the storm burst that many had to flee with all speed to their cyclone-cellars, the only safe refuge from these fearful storms.

After a course of half a mile along the bluff, the funnel-shaped monster swerved to the right. It swept through huge wheat-fields, where it snapped off the drooping heads of the almost ripened grain, and then tore on through the lit-



IN THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE.

the village of Williamstown, transforming what was the moment before "a lovely village of the plain" into a scene of devastation. Houses, barns, and other buildings were destroyed, and human beings carried through space as if they were but feathers.

aborigines had their home, stood a huge walnut-tree that bore on its ample bole the distinctive symbol of the Sac and Fox tribe—the turtle. Tradition says that this rude carving is the record of the triumph of the combined Sac and Fox tribe over the warlike Kaws. This



RUINS OF A HOUSE DESTROYED BY THE CYCLONE.

Many lives were lost, and many homes literally swept from the face of the earth. There were many miraculous escapes. A baby, sixteen months old, was discovered by the roadside several hundred yards away from the house, asleep and uninjured. An old lady sixty years old was carried a mile from her home and lodged safely in the wide-spreading branches of an oak-tree, unhurt. A family of six sought refuge in a small space under the stairs; the house was carried away with the sole exception of that portion, and the family escaped injury. A house was completely swept away; but the family cat and her kittens under the porch were not disturbed.

In this historic neighborhood, where the

tree, with its branches unbroken, but every leaf stripped from it, was found a mile east of where it had stood sentinel-like for half a century, near the ruined house which marked the spot where the first settlement in Kansas was made.

All that remains of this first dwelling is the foundation wall, laid many years ago by Daniel Morgan Boone, son of the famous Daniel Boone of early Kentucky fame, and the first white settler in Kansas. In the house first erected on this foundation was born, August 22, 1828, the first white child in Kansas. Napoleon Boone was his name, and he was the son of Daniel Morgan Boone, and a grandson of Daniel Boone.

In less than eight minutes, the cyclone had transformed the peaceful village and plain into a scene of wide-spread and awful desolation; and the dreary night that followed was spent by the dazed and grief-stricken survivors in searching for their nearest and dearest, or for some trace of their destroyed homes. Then, with daylight, came not only the curious, wondering crowd of sight-seers, but also the kind hearts and tender hands of those who sought to care for the sufferers from the storm. Inhabitants of neighboring towns gave freely of their sympathy and substance. All that human kindness could do was done.

A BOY WHALER.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

GEORGE DUNHAM, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, though only sixteen years of age, is a "shell-back" in experience. For, if all goes well with him, he will complete this summer his tenth whaling voyage in the good ship "William A. Crozier," of which his father, John A. Dunham, is master. George is articulated as an "able seaman," but the old salts of Provincetown say he should be articulated as "mascot," for the Crozier has sailed in wonderful luck ever since George has been aboard her.

He has whaler blood in his veins. Before his father, his grandfather was one of the "Nimrods of the sea," losing a leg by getting it foul of the line when fast to a whale; but, with a jury-leg lashed to the old stump, he sailed three more voyages, and even served in the boats.

The Crozier is a typical short-voyage whaler. She is of 109 tons burden, with a capacity of 600 barrels, and carries three boats, of which she lowers two. Officers and crew number eighteen. In rig she does n't differ from the general run of fore-and-afters, but you know the whaler by the try-works just abaft the foremast—two 160-gallon kettles set in brick.

George began aboard the Crozier as a cabin-boy when seven years old. He went through one hurricane when he was so young that they locked him in the cabin for fear that if he came on deck (as he would have been sure to do) he might be washed overboard. The vessel

generally sails from Provincetown in February or March, and cruises on the Hatteras and Charleston grounds, and sometimes off the West Indies, returning during the summer, the voyage usually lasting six months. Aboard ship the same duties are exacted of George as of any other "able seaman"; but he shares the cabin with his father, the mate, the steward, and an elder brother, who, however, is only nineteen. Both boys deserve the privileges of the cabin and quarter-deck, for they are able navigators. Captain Dunham never "takes any sights," leaving that wholly to them. They can "bring down the sun" with the oldest master.

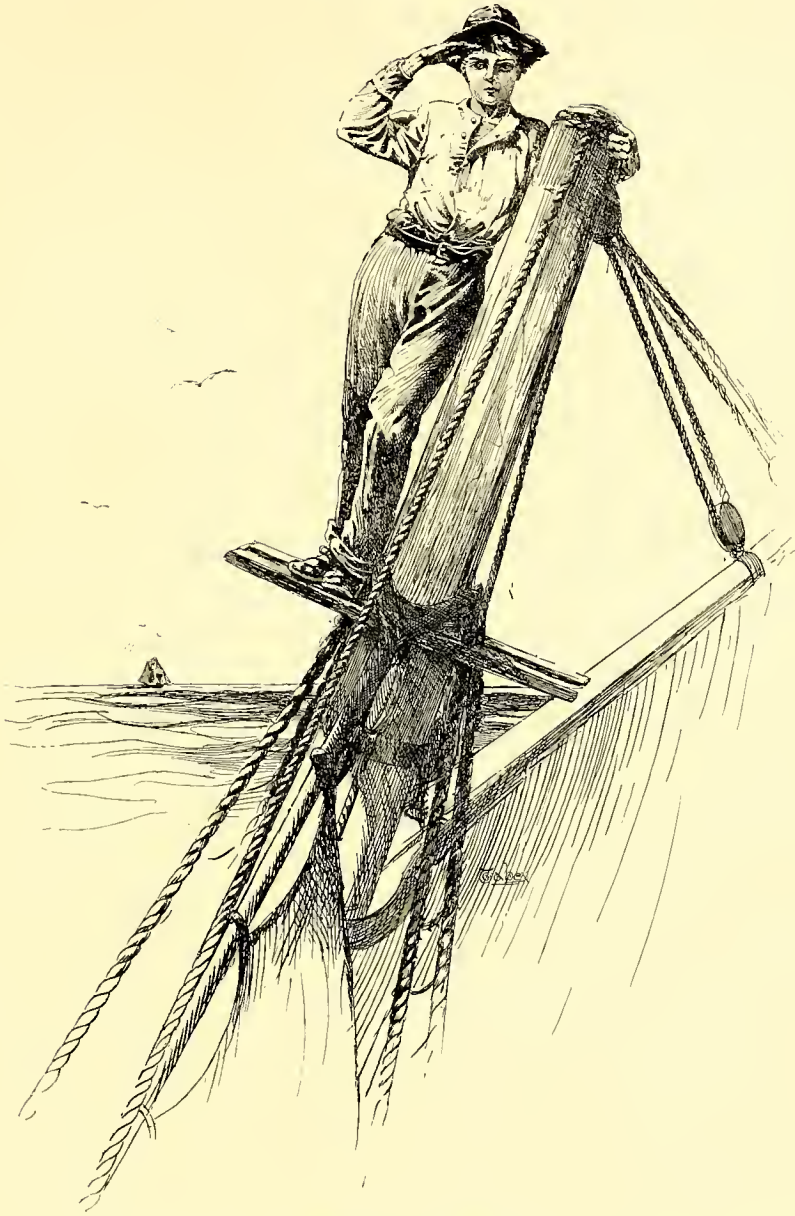
On one of his voyages George kept the log. It is a terse record of the voyage. Perhaps those of you who never saw a vessel's log would like to read a complete day's entry in George's.

Here, for instance, is the entry for March 10, the day the Crozier sailed from Provincetown:

9 A. M.—Got under way from Provincetown Harbor. At 12 noon passed Race Point. At 6 P. M. lost sight of Chatham Light. Saw one brig and a steamer. At 8 P. M. set the watch. So ends this day.

"So ends this day" always concludes a day's entry in a log.

The entry just quoted started the Crozier on her voyage. The next entry of interest is dated April 22:



GEORGE ON THE LOOKOUT.

At 2 P. M. raised a school of whales. At 3 P. M. lowered. Whales went to windward. At 5 P. M. lowered again. Struck one calf. At 8 P. M. took the whale on deck whole.

This school of whales had been schooling to such good purpose that they knew enough to escape to windward when the Crozier lowered her two whale-boats. But later on the

boats had better luck, and one of them secured a calf.

The whales are "raised," or sighted, by the lookout. There are usually three or four men aloft on the Crozier. George often goes aloft in the mate's stead. On some voyages he has sighted more whales than his father.

"Thar she blows!" sings out the lookout,

the moment he sees a spout. Then all is excitement on deck. The boats are lowered and the crews make the planks quiver in their eagerness to have their boat the first to "go on," or approach near enough to hurl the harpoon. The rivalry is intensified when boats from another ship are pulling for the same prey, and if the other whaler happens to be a British vessel, the boats race as if it were a matter of life and death for them — instead of for the whale. They tell a story of Captain Jethro Daggett, of the "Apollo," Martha's Vineyard, whose boats had a way of "bringing black skin and cedar together" ahead of all rivals. An English whaler, who had come on board the Apollo for a little "gam," or visit, said, as he looked about:

"Are those the boats that beat everything in these waters?"

"Look at the crew, not at the boats!" was Captain Jethro's breezy reply.

The Crozier's boats are officered one by the captain, the other by the mate. They are regular whale-boats, twenty-eight to twenty-nine feet long, with a cut in the bow through which the

aged. The oars are called "leading," "tub," "midships," "bow," and "harpooner" ("harpooneer" they pronounce it). When a boat "goes on," the harpooner draws in his oar and prepares to "strike." He does n't always succeed. "Larboard boat went on and missed three times" is one of George's entries.

When the whale is struck the harpooner shifts with the officer. This explains why he is often called the boat-steerer. The critical moment has arrived. The whale once fast, the future is narrowed down to "dead whale or stove boat." Therefore the killing of the whale is in the hands of the officer. He must judge nicely, though on the spur of the moment, when to lay on or off, and meet all the emergencies caused by the unforeseen actions of the wounded leviathan.

Sometimes the whale will rush through the water, drawing the boat after him at lightning speed, and almost tearing the loggerhead out of the stern, the while the line is taut as a fiddle-string. Or he may "sound," or dive, and fathom after fathom of line be rapidly paid out. Woe to him who gets foul of the smoking line! It of-



CUT IN TWO.

line passes, and in the stern a post over which the line may be checked if it is running out too fast. The officer sits in the stern, from where the line, which is coiled in a tub, is man-

ten means loss of leg or arm, or even instant death; for the diving weight of tons at the other end tells before knives can be whipped out and the line cut. And where will the whale



FAST TO A WHALE.

come up? Perhaps right under the boat, staving it, or raising it up with him and spilling all hands into the sea, where they will sink like so many stones unless they know how to swim or unless another boat is at hand to pick them up. He may appear a little to one side, and in his convulsions shiver the boat with one lash of his tail, or splinter it between his jaws. I saw on the shore at Provincetown, last summer, a stove boat from one of the Provincetown whalers.

The captain had been thrown out over the bow; the others jumped. Fortunately there was another boat near by to save them — and kill the whale. Captain Dunham has had the keel of a boat broken in two, and the boat stove in three places; and has lost all of a boat's crew but one, the whale literally taking the boat down after him.

In the old days the whale was killed with a lance in the hands of the officer. It required

eye and nerve for the fatal thrust at the rolling, plunging monster. Now, however, they use the bomb-lance, which is shot from a heavy brass gun, and explodes within the whale, usually with fatal effect. But, risky as going in the boats is, George does n't hesitate to make one of the crew. In fact, he grumbles when Captain Dunham leaves him aboard to assist the ship-keeper.

George, you will remember, said in his log that they took the whale on board whole. They could do this because it was a calf. Usu-

baled it into the cooler, from which, when cool, they drew it through a faucet into a cask holding about ten barrels; then barreled it and stowed it in the hold. A large sperm-whale will yield fifty barrels. The Crozier cruises for sperm-whales, Captain Dunham selling the oil in New Bedford. The long-voyage whalers who double the Horn and sail far north into Arctic waters, cruise for right whales, which yield the valuable bone. The whaler who chances upon a whale with the morbid secre-



FIRING A BOMB-LANCE.

ally a whale is fastened alongside the vessel, and the cutting is done from a platform. The day after the Crozier got the calf, they "set the works going," with "all hands employed in working on whale, boiling and stowing down oil." This means that they started the fires in the try-works, and as the kettles filled with oil

tion known as ambergris, which is used in perfumery, considers himself in great luck; for ambergris commands a high price. A small quantity which Captain Dunham secured on one voyage sold for ten thousand dollars.

Two entries in George's log tell of another whaling custom.

May 2. Raised a school of whales. Mated with the "Philips." Got one, took him alongside the Philips; made him fast for the night.

May 3. At daylight went on board the Philips to get the head of the whale.

Both vessels, being about equally near the whales, agreed to unite in the chase and share alike in the result. The head, which fell to the Crozier, though about only one third of the whale, would yield as much oil as the remaining part; for the head contains a well of oil. When the liquid has been boiled out, sailors, sometimes to the number of eight or ten, jump into the enormous cavity and scoop out the half-liquid mass at the bottom.

May 11. Went on board a brig to send some letters home.

This is the only method of communication with home on one of these voyages. Possibly news from family and friends may be received from some whaler that left Provincetown a few weeks later, but often the six months' voyage is a blank as far as news is concerned. In the old days of three-year and longer voyages, vessels two years out would receive the first letters or news of any kind from some vessel that was perhaps a year out from the same port. Think of all that might have happened to wife, children, or sweetheart during that year! When these long-voyage whalers met, the officers and crew would exchange visits. This was called "gamming," a term that still survives on old Nantucket, the nursery of the American whaling industry, and among the long-voyage whalers.

The Atlantic Ocean is rather a large space in which to recover lost property. But George notes that on May 19 "Captain Harvey, of the 'E. B. Crowell,' came on board. He picked up the 'Baltic's' boat. We took it to give to the Baltic." The Baltic was another whaler hailing from Provincetown, and had lost one of her boats in a blow.

On August 21 George made this entry :

Put up the fore-topmast, and scraped the masts, and kept her away for home.

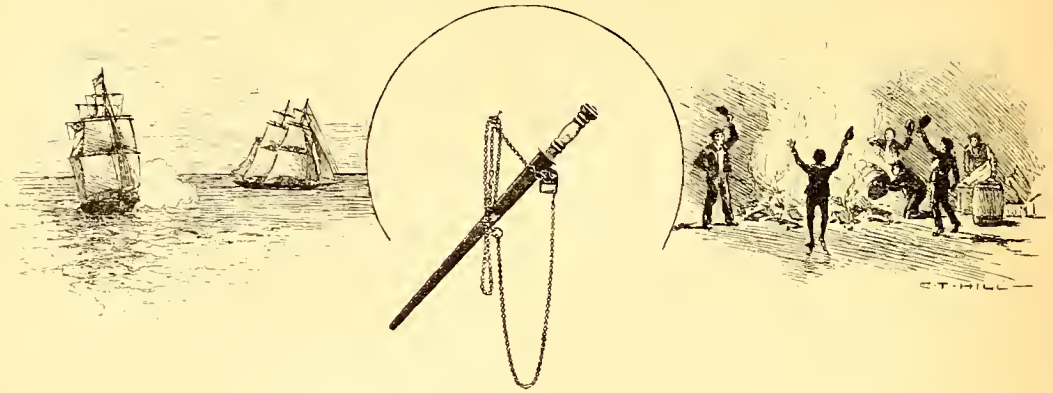
The ship was full and ready to lay her course for Provincetown. From that time on, they would rather sight Highland Light than all the whales in the Atlantic.

"So ends this day and voyage," wrote George as the anchor-chains rattled, and the anchor-flukes caught the bottom of Provincetown Harbor. Now all that remained was for each member of the ship's company to receive his "lay" or share in the proceeds of the voyage. George as an able seaman was entitled to a "hundredth lay," or to one barrel in a hundred. The Provincetown crews are somewhat miscellaneous, with a strong dash of the Portuguese and negro. The latter often insist on a hundred and fortieth, instead of a hundredth, lay, thinking that because the former is the larger number it would mean a longer lay, whereas it allows them but one barrel out of one hundred and forty.

The whale fishery was at one time an enormous industry in the United States. It reached its height in 1854, when 602 ships and barks, twenty-eight brigs, and thirty-eight schooners, with a total tonnage of 208,399, were engaged in it. By 1876 the fleet had dwindled down to 169 vessels, and it is doubtful if fifty are now at sea. The introduction of kerosene, and the increasing scarcity of whales, seem to be the causes of this decline.

Some remarkable voyages were made in the old days. "The Pioneer" of New London sailed in June, 1864, for Davis Strait and Hudson's Bay, returning in September, 1865, with 1391 barrels of oil and 22,650 pounds of bone, valued at \$150,000. In 1847 the "Envoy," of New Bedford, was sold to be broken up; but her purchaser refitted her and she made a voyage worth \$132,450. On the other hand, a vessel made a five years' voyage, and on her return the captain's lay was only eighty-five dollars. But, as the Nantucket captain, whose vessel returned from a three years' voyage as clean as she went out, remarked: "She ain't got a bar'l o' ile—but she 's had a mighty fine sail!"

The Story of a Dagger.



BY LIDA C. TULLOCH.

IT hung on the wall of Don Miguel's little shop in the Haytian town of Jeremie.

The old man looked a harmless figure enough, as he sat day by day on a bench outside of his low door, with his dreamy eyes fixed on the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, and the smoke curling lazily up from his cigar.

Little children went fearlessly in and out, buying his sweetmeats and fruits, and occasional travelers picked over his treasures of sea-shell and coral in search of souvenirs, and thought him, with his gentle manner and soft words, more interesting than his wares.

But night wrought a change. Then the sailors from the ships in the harbor were wont to congregate in the little garden back of the shop, and while they sat at Don Miguel's tables and bought his fruits, they listened to the marvelous stories he told of his wild life at sea; and his dark eyes would gleam again with youthful fire, and his soft voice take on a fierce, intense quality.

The dagger which hung on the wall figured in most of these stories, and while he eagerly sold his other knives, this one remained, viewed with admiring awe by his cronies, and with loving pride by himself.

But one night Rodrigo, a swarthy Spaniard, a stranger in the port, but a man after Miguel's own heart, made such a generous offer, that the long-cherished dagger, with its sharp-pointed blade, and its ivory handle twined with

fanciful gold wire, was taken down from the wall, fastened by its delicate chains about the stranger's waist, and the keen blade hid in his sash of red and black.

With a hasty "Adios!" he summoned his sailors and was pulled off to his ship, a low, rakish-looking affair with something so sinister and mysterious about her appearance as to bring a complacent smile to Don Miguel's watching face.

"The steel is in true hands again!" he murmured.

Robert Neal, having suffered the wounds and imprisonment of a sailor's lot in the War of 1812, was, after the declaration of peace, sent as captain of the brig "Margaret" to bring home the guns and other property of a privateer left at Rio de Janeiro as unseaworthy.

When in the latitude of the West Indies on his return, the Margaret was boarded by the captain of a British man-of-war, who said he was in pursuit of a noted pirate vessel which had captured several merchantmen in the vicinity. He described the vessel and offered protection to Captain Neal.

The latter thanked him, but declining his aid, brought up the privateer's guns from the hold, and arranged temporary port-holes for them. Then handspikes were rigged out in sailors' clothes and placed about the deck to give the appearance of a numerous crew.

Toward evening a vessel answering the description of the pirate was descried. She was low and rakish, and flew a black flag. All night she lay off and on, and the next morning bore down upon the Margaret.

Captain Neal was ready. When within good distance he rounded to, and delivered a well-directed broadside of bolt and chain shot which, coming from an innocent-looking merchantman, caused the pirate to put about with all speed. The Margaret gave chase, sending her iron compliments again and again, and soon came up with the crippled marauder.

All seemed quiet on her decks, but as Captain Neal, at the head of a boarding party, appeared over the side, Rodrigo, the leader, with Don Miguel's dagger in his hand, sprang upon him, some of the crew who had been shamming dead or dying leaped into action again, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued.

Although outmatched in size and strength, Captain Neal had no thought of giving up. His father had fought under Admiral Nelson, and he was worthy of his race—as he had proved in many desperate encounters during the war just closed. He struggled grimly with the fierce Spaniard and, after receiving some sharp pricks from the dagger, managed to secure it and turn it upon his foe.

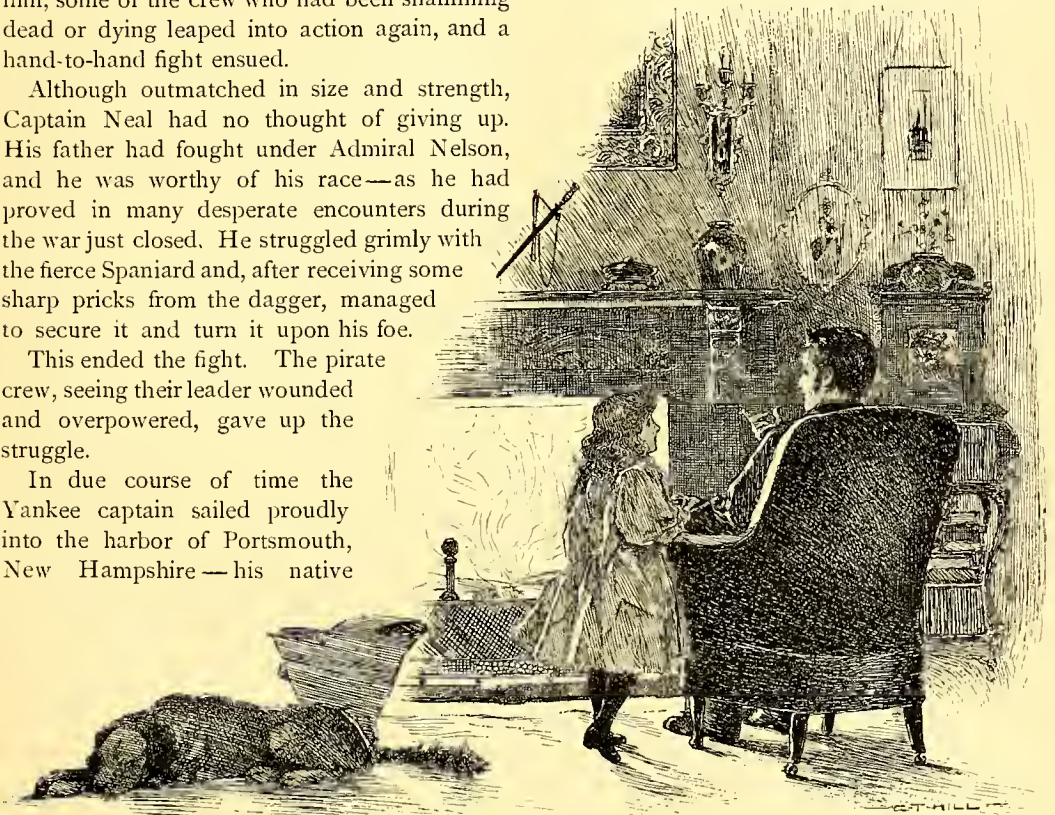
This ended the fight. The pirate crew, seeing their leader wounded and overpowered, gave up the struggle.

In due course of time the Yankee captain sailed proudly into the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire—his native

Captain Neal and his men received a goodly sum of prize-money, and he was welcomed with hearty pride and affection by friends and neighbors.

Brave, handsome, and of good family, he was an ideal hero to his pretty sweetheart, Margaret Manning. She looked at him with admiring eyes, and listened with glowing cheeks to his stories of adventure, as side by side they paced the box-bordered paths of the old garden, bright with sweet-smelling flowers, which made beautiful the grounds of her stately colonial home.

Here he brought her curious trinkets, strange shells, quaint jewels, silken stuffs, and one never-to-be-forgotten evening, a ring. Here too he gave her the Spanish dagger with its rusty



"HE TELLS THE TALE OF THE DAGGER THAT NOW HANGS IN THE PLACE OF HONOR BENEATH THE OLD PORTRAIT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

town—bringing not only the privateer's cannon for which he had been sent, but also a captured pirate vessel and crew.

blood-stain; and sweet Margaret grew pale, and shuddered at its touch, for she thought of the peril which her lover had escaped.

She put the weapon away with her other treasures, and it remained with them as the years went on.

Once more the clarion cry of war rang through the land.

Margaret Neal slept in the peaceful graveyard and her sailor husband lay beneath the cruel waves; but their descendants were possessed of the old brave spirit, and sprang to do or die for their country.

One day, in 1864, news of a great naval victory thrilled the pulses of the North, and everywhere celebrations were held to honor it.

In the old seaport town of Portsmouth, the grandsons of Margaret and Robert were preparing a big bonfire of their own; for their father, another "Captain Neal," was an officer on one of the victorious ships, and the telegraph had brought the glad tidings of his safety.

Little Robert — the youngest of the flock — longed to help his brothers, but was hustled about, and always in the way, it seemed. However, his time came. Hatchets and jack-knives were too dull, or there were not enough to go round, and Rob was hurriedly sent to the house for a carving-knife.

Cook was busy preparing for the festivities —

he could get nothing from her. In seeking his mother he passed through the library, and there, in a hastily opened drawer, gleamed the old Spanish dagger.

He carried it triumphantly to his brothers, and they used it to split the pine bits which served for the foundation of their bonfire. In return Rob was allowed to light the beacon which that night helped to flash out the joyful news over land and sea.

But the poor old dagger bore many an honorable scar as the result of that day's patriotic work.

Another generation passed. In a modern drawing-room where the curios of every country are esthetically combined, where soft rugs from Persia, Japanese screens, quaint Chinese jars, Queen Anne chairs, soft Oriental ottomans, and bits of medieval armor appear in artistic confusion, sits the "Rob" of the bonfire days — now grown to man's estate.

His little daughter, Margaret, leans against his knee begging for a story, and while the ruddy flames light up her eager face, he gazes up at the picture of his gallant ancestor, the first Captain Robert Neal, and tells her this tale of the dagger that now hangs in the place of honor beneath the old portrait.

GUESSES.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

You bring me the words of an old refrain,
And ask me to make the meaning plain;
Three little people who wonder why
The world is wide and the heavens are high.

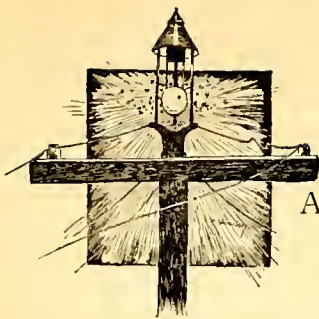
But how would a guess from each one do?
So, Master Harry, and first come you:
*For the ships on the sea, and the stars in the sky,
The world is wide and the heavens are high.*

And what do you think, with your dreamy air,
Little Blue-Eyes on the cushion there?
*For flowers to blossom, and birds to fly,
The world is wide and the heavens are high.*

Last and least of the wondering three,
Here is wee Freddy, and what says he?
*To play with marbles, and kites to fly,
The world is wide and the heavens are high.*

Ah, well, a reason you each have found,
So now the riddle to me comes round:
And this is the guess I venture why
The world is wide and the heavens are high.

Up the great hillside our feet to set
A little farther and farther yet;
To try forever and still to try,
The world is wide and the heavens are high.



A LESSON IN ELECTRICITY.

BY PHILIP ATKINSON, PH. D.

THERE are young people as well as old who often inquire, "What is electricity?" I will tell you what wise men think it is, though none of them are quite sure that they know.

Everything you can see, feel, taste, or smell, is called *matter*; as wood, stone, water, air, gas, steam, a plant, an animal; and that which makes matter move, work, or do something, is called *energy*. It is energy which makes water flow, fire burn, wind blow, the sun shine, a weight fall, a plant grow, a boy play or study. There are a great many kinds of matter, and the same matter in different forms has different names. Water in one form is called ice, in another, steam. Wheat when ground is called flour, and flour when baked is called bread. So energy shows itself in many different ways, and gets different names. We call it *vital* energy when it makes a plant or animal live and grow; *muscular* energy when it makes a man work, a boy run, a girl walk. When energy makes fire burn, water boil, expands steam in an engine, or mercury in a thermometer, we call it *heat*; when it makes the sun, or a lamp, shine, we call it *light*. *Gravity* energy makes a weight fall, water flow. *Magnetic* energy makes a magnet attract iron. *Electric* energy makes an electric lamp shine, an electric motor rotate and turn a fan, or drive a car; makes a telegraph click, or a telephone whisper a message into your ear.

Now of all this we are quite sure, but what we are not so sure of is, just how energy acts on matter, so as to make it do these various things, and especially how electric energy acts; but I will explain to you the way it is supposed to act.

All matter is made up of very small particles called *molecules*, which are so small that you could not see one of them with the strongest microscope; but you can think how small they are, when I tell you that if a single grain of

flour were divided into a million parts, one of these parts would be bigger than a molecule. So you see there would be a great many millions of them in a bit of matter no bigger than a grain of wheat.

Now it is supposed that energy keeps all these little particles in motion in different ways; and one kind of motion we call heat, another kind, light, and another kind, electricity. So when you put your hand on anything warm, that which you call heat is the motion of these molecules. This makes the molecules of your hand move in the same way; and if the molecules of the article you touch are moving very fast, much faster than those of your hand, you say it is hot; or, if much slower, that it is cold. And this is what makes a hot iron feel different from a piece of ice; for there is some heat in everything, even in ice.

If you place the ends of a piece of copper wire in the flame of a lamp, the wire will soon become so hot as to burn your hand; and, in like manner, if you pass a very strong current of electricity through it, the wire will burn your hand, though it may become only slightly warm. So we see that the effect of the electric energy on the wire is similar to that of the heat energy, and we infer that, in each case, this effect is a very rapid motion of the molecules. This motion may become so rapid, when heat or electricity is applied, that the wire may become red-hot, or even white-hot, giving light. And so we infer again that the light, like the heat and the electricity, is a kind of motion.

You may wonder how the molecules of a solid body can have room to move. But if you look at such a body through a very strong magnifying-glass, you will find that it is not nearly so solid as you thought, but is full of little holes or spaces called pores; and there are

millions of still smaller spaces which you cannot see with the glass, so that the little molecules have plenty of room for the kinds of motion described, motion which you cannot see, but can feel.

Now you know there are some kinds of matter, as air or gas, which are so thin and light that you cannot see them, though you can feel the air and smell the gas; and there is a kind of gas called hydrogen, which is so thin that it cannot be long confined in such a vessel as will confine the gas which we burn, for it will go through the pores. But there is believed to be a kind of matter called ether, which is so very thin that we can neither see, feel, nor smell it, but which fills all the spaces between the molecules of all other kinds of matter; and when these molecules are put in motion by electric energy, they produce little waves in this ether, which move very rapidly and put other molecules in motion; and thus the energy travels through all other kinds of matter, as air, earth, water, and metal wires, to great distances.

But you must remember that it is the energy alone which travels, and not the ether or other matter. When a pebble is thrown into water, little waves spread out in circles, but the waves do not travel—the energy travels and makes the waves. If you place a number of marbles in a row, touching one another, and, standing at one end of the row, shoot a marble so as to strike the nearest one, the marble at the farther end of the row will bound away and all the others remain still. The energy travels through the row, each marble acting against the one in front of it, till it reaches the last, which, having no other in front, expends the energy by bounding away.

The molecules in a wire are like this row of marbles. Electric energy applied at the end of the wire travels through the molecules with a wave motion in them and the surrounding ether, and makes a telegraph click at the other end, perhaps a thousand miles away, or operates some other electric instrument.

But this energy travels much more easily through some kinds of matter than through other kinds. It goes very easily through a copper wire hundreds of miles long, but can

hardly be forced through a piece of glass or hard-rubber a quarter of an inch thick. We do not know why this is so; perhaps because the arrangement of the molecules in the copper is different from its arrangement in the glass or hard-rubber. We call those substances through which electric energy travels easily, *conductors*, and those through which it will hardly travel at all, *non-conductors*; and we use conductors to convey electric energy, and non-conductors to confine or stop it, and the one is just as useful as the other.

Please notice the difference between electricity and electric energy. The supposed wave motion of the molecules and ether is electricity; the energy acting in such a way as to produce this motion is electric energy.

THE DYNAMO.

THERE are different ways of generating, or producing, electricity. For such work as electric lighting and driving machinery it is generated by a machine called a *dynamo*. This is made from either a ring or a cylinder of iron, on the outside of which are wound coils of copper wire in different ways. If a ring is used, the wire is wound round it as shown in Fig. 1; if a cylinder is used, the wire is wound on it lengthwise, and over the ends, just as you might wind twine lengthwise upon a tin can.

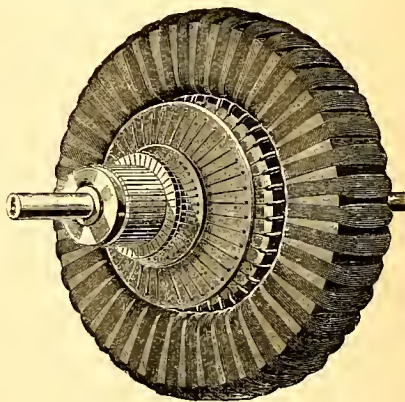


FIG. 1. THE ARMATURE OF A DYNAMO.

This wire is generally wound in three or four layers, like thread on a spool, and often in deep grooves cut in the surface of the iron, and is fastened in these grooves by wedges, or bound

by strong bands or hoops if a cylinder is used. It is wrapped with cotton before being wound, and thus it is *insulated*; that is, the thread, which is a non-conductor, keeps the wire strands from touching each other, so that the electricity must follow the wire and cannot cross from one strand to another, as it would do if the wire were bare.

The iron used is not hard and brittle, like common cast-iron, but is the kind known as soft iron, which is easily bent or dented by a hammer; and the ring or cylinder is made of a great number of thin plates or rings of this iron, insulated from one another with paper, and bolted together.

This part of the dynamo is called the *armature*, and when electric energy passes through

shown at B, and the current flows in the direction shown by the arrows, the north pole will be on the left and the south pole on the right. But if the current flows in the opposite direction, as shown by the arrows at C, the poles will be reversed, the north pole being on the right and the south pole on the left.

Magnets are often bent into the form of a horseshoe so as to bring the poles near each other, as shown at D, where, as you see, the wire is wound as at B and C; but the direction of the current, and therefore the position of the poles, as represented at C.

The armature has an axle or shaft on which it can revolve, as shown in Fig. 1, and is placed between the poles of one or more electromagnets, as in Fig. 3, which shows a

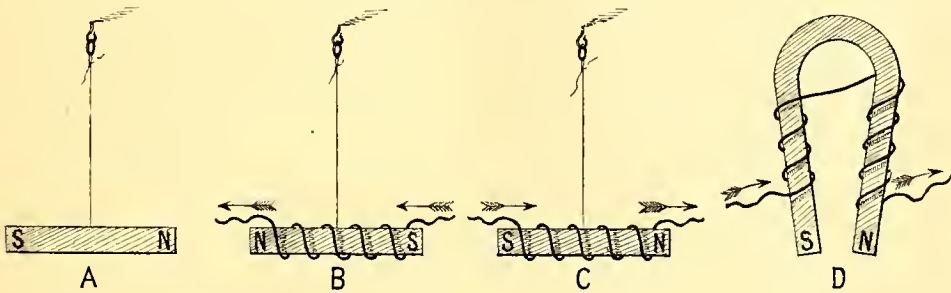


FIG. 2. DIAGRAM SHOWING POLES AND CURRENTS.

these coils of wire, this armature becomes a magnet. You know that a common magnet is a piece of steel which will attract iron or steel; but if a copper wire is wound round any piece of iron, and an electric current passed through the wire, the iron will become a magnet, but it will cease to be one when the current ceases. The wire coil itself also becomes a magnet while the current is passing through it, but not nearly so strong a one as the iron within it. A magnet of this kind is called an *electromagnet*; and the armature is such a magnet.

The ends of a magnet are called its *poles*; and when a straight magnet is suspended, as at A in Fig. 2, one pole always points north, and is therefore called the *north* pole and marked N, while the other points south, and is called the *south* pole and marked S. But in an electromagnet these poles depend on the way the wire is coiled, and the direction of the electric current through it. If the wire is coiled as

cylinder armature so placed. These magnets are generally made in the horseshoe form, of soft cast-iron, with insulated copper wire wound round it, leaving the ends and middle bare; and have large *pole-pieces*, curved inside, which partly inclose the armature, but do not touch it, about a quarter-inch space being left on each side, so that the armature revolves without touching. The whole space between the pole-pieces, in which the armature revolves, is called the *magnetic-field*, and hence this stationary magnet is called the *field-magnet*.

On one end of the armature shaft is a band-wheel, which does not show in Fig. 3, by which the armature can be made to revolve by a belt connected with a steam-engine or water-wheel; and on the other end is a cylinder called the *commutator*, shown in Figs. 1 and 3, made of a number of copper bars, insulated from one another with mica, or some other non-conductor, and bound together at the ends with insulated

steel rings. The ends of the armature coils are soldered to these bars, as shown in Fig. 1, the two ends of each coil to two adjoining bars, so that the electric current, in going from one bar to another, must go by way of a coil, because it cannot go through the insulating-material which separates the bars; and, in this way, the electric current goes through every bar and every coil.

This little diagram (Fig. 4) will help you to under-

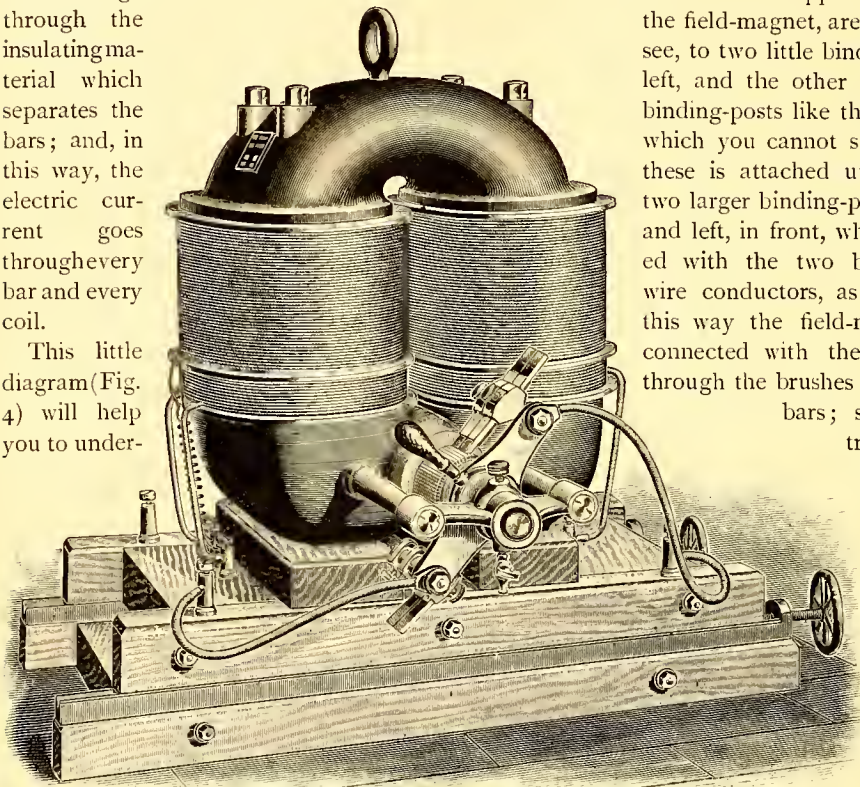


FIG. 3. A DYNAMO WITH A CYLINDER ARMATURE.

stand how it is done. Here is a plan of three of the coils and four of the bars; and the coils are flat, which is the way they are often wound, and the bars are insulated from each other by air spaces. Now you can easily see that an electric current entering the bar on the left, as shown by the arrow, must go through every bar and coil before it can leave by the bar on the right; and it goes just the same way through the bars and coils shown in Figs. 1 and 3.

On the commutator are placed the ends of two *brushes*, as they are called, one on each side, as shown in Fig. 3. They are not made with hair, like common brushes, but are either strips of carbon,—a hard black substance of the

same nature as coal,—or sometimes of several strips of sheet copper overlapping one another—each brush being divided into two or three parts, or sections, as shown, and pressed against the commutator by springs. The two ends of

the coils of copper wire, wound on the field-magnet, are attached, as you see, to two little binding-posts on the left, and the other two ends to two binding-posts like them on the right, which you cannot see; and each of these is attached underneath to the two larger binding-posts on the right and left, in front, which are connected with the two brushes by short wire conductors, as shown; and in this way the field-magnet coils are connected with the armature coils through the brushes and commutator bars; so that the electric current must go through both sets of coils.

The armature has north and south poles, just as the field-magnet has, and their position depends on the direction of the electric

current, as in the magnets represented by Fig. 2. But as it might be hard for you to understand how a ring, which has no ends, could have poles, I have represented, by Fig. 5, an iron ring wound round with wire (as in the armature of

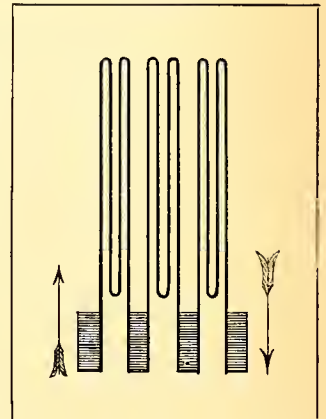


FIG. 4. DIAGRAM SHOWING CONNECTION OF COILS AND BARS IN ARMATURE.

Fig. 1). If an electric current should enter from below, and leave above, as shown by the arrows, it would divide, each half of it going round one half of the ring; and the two halves of the ring would become two magnets, with their north poles joined together above, and their south poles joined together below.

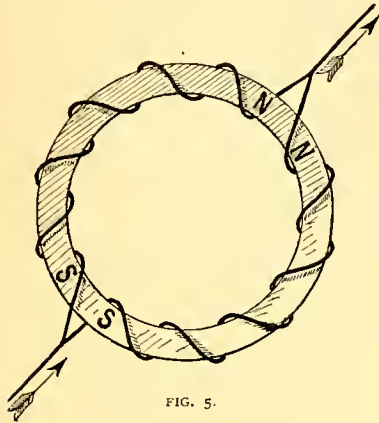


FIG. 5.

Now, this is just what occurs in the armature of a dynamo, whether it is made like a ring or like a cylinder. The current, through a commutator bar, enters by a brush, and, divid-

ing, goes round through the coils on opposite sides, and leaves by the opposite commutator bar and brush, producing two south poles at the brush by which it enters, and two north poles at the brush by which it leaves, if the wire is wound in the same direction as on this ring. But as the two poles of each kind are close together, it is more convenient to speak of them as one north pole and one south pole.

If the current entered the coils of this ring above and left below, the poles would be reversed, just as in the magnets B and C in Fig. 2: the south pole being above and the north pole below. But if, instead of this, the ring were turned half-way round, and the current entered below and left above, as before, then the part which was a north pole above would be below, and be a south pole; while the part which was a south pole below would be above, and be a north pole; because the current in the wire would be reversed, though its direction, from bottom to top, would be the same as before. So you see it is necessary only to turn the ring half-way round to reverse the poles in the iron, and the direction of the current in the wire. And just the same thing is true in the armature of the dynamo when wound like this ring. While the current enters by the lower

brush and leaves by the upper brush, the north pole will always be above and the south pole below; but the poles in the iron, and the direction of the current in the wire, will be reversed every time the armature is turned half-way round, no matter how fast it is turned.

But this occurs only in the armature, because it is the part which turns or revolves. The current through the field-magnet coils always goes round in the same direction, from one brush to the other, and the poles of this magnet are not reversed by turning the armature.

As the ring in Fig. 5 has only two coils, the current and poles would be reversed only once at every turn, or revolution; and the action of the armature has been described in the same way, so that you could understand it better. But an armature has a great many coils, the armature shown in Fig. 1 having forty-two coils. And there must be just as many bars in the commutator as there are coils in the armature. The commutator shown has forty-two bars. Now, in Fig. 6, you see three armatures, A, B, and C, and the ends of the commutator bars, with the brushes pressing on them, above and below. At A are shown two bars connected by two coils; and the action of this armature would be just the same as has been described; the current and poles would be reversed twice at every revolution. But at B are shown four bars connected by four coils; and the current and poles in this one would be reversed four times at every revolution; that is, every time two opposite bars come round to two opposite brushes. At C are shown eight bars connected by eight coils; hence the current and poles in this one would be reversed eight times at every revolution. And in the armature shown in Fig. 1 there would be forty-two such reversals at every revolution. The arrows above show the direction in which each of these armatures revolves.

The north pole of a magnet will attract the south pole of another magnet, and the south pole attract the north pole; but two north poles or two south poles will repel each other. That is, two poles of opposite kinds attract each other, but two poles of the same kind repel each other.

So, in the dynamo shown in Fig. 3, or in any

dynamo, it requires force to pull the north armature pole away from the south field-magnet pole, and push it round toward the north field-magnet pole; also to pull the south armature pole away from the north field-magnet pole and push it round toward the south field-magnet pole, so as to make the armature revolve; and this force has to be supplied by a steam-engine or a water-wheel, by means of a belt on the band-wheel of the armature. But when the armature is forced round so as to bring two opposite commutator bars in contact with the two brushes, the poles reverse, as has been explained, so it has to be forced farther round, and then they reverse

which is called the *residual charge*. And when a dynamo has been generating electricity and is stopped, there is also a residual charge left in it. This little charge is multiplied very fast when the armature begins to revolve: the armature increasing it in the field-magnet, and the field-magnet in the armature, just as lighted shavings kindle other shavings, till, in a second or two, the full electric current is being generated.

In order to make use of this current, a long, large, copper wire, or a cable made of a great many small wires bound together, is connected with the dynamo brushes and extended to electric lamps and other electric apparatus. This is

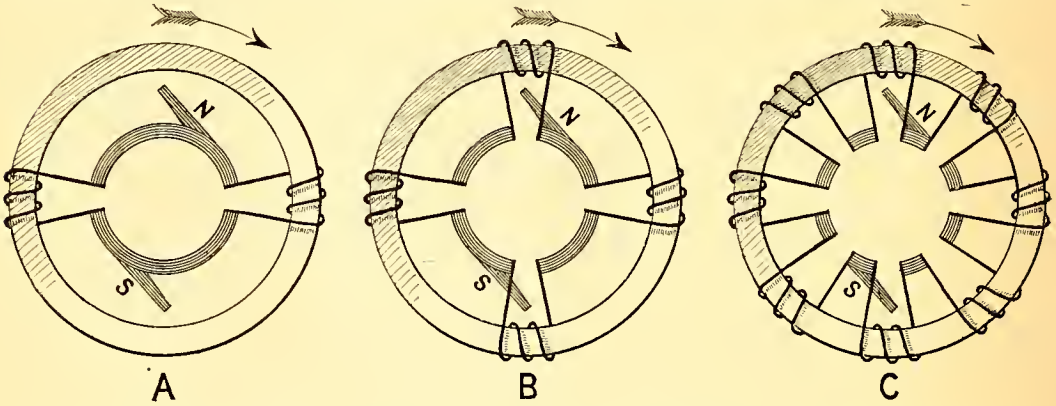


FIG. 6. DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN THE REVERSING OF THE CURRENT IN ARMATURES.

again. And so, in order to keep it turning or revolving, the force has to be continually supplied. But every time the poles reverse, a wave of electricity is generated in the coils; for electricity is generated by magnetism in this way, as well as magnetism by electricity in the way that was explained. And as the armature revolves very fast, often at the rate of 2000 revolutions a minute, and there are several reversals during each revolution,—42 in an armature like Fig. 1,—these waves follow each other so fast that it is impossible to distinguish between them; often going through the coils at the rate of a hundred thousand or more in a minute; and this is what is called the *electric current*.

But there must be a little magnetism and electricity to start the generation of this large quantity, just as a match is required to start a fire; and this is produced by the work done in making the dynamo, which leaves a little magnetism in the iron and a little electricity in the coils,

called the *external circuit*, and it is supported on poles with glass or other insulators; or, in large cities, is inclosed in insulating material in tubes underground.

One end of this circuit is often connected with the field-magnet coils and the other end with one of the brushes, so that the whole current goes out from the armature by one brush through the field-magnet coils, and then through the external circuit, in *series*; that is, one after another, the field-magnet being wound with coarse wire, large enough to carry the whole current. A dynamo made to be connected in this way is called a *series wound dynamo*.

Another way to make a dynamo is to use for the field-magnet coils fine wire, through which only a small part of the current can flow (just enough to generate the magnetism) and connect both ends of it with the brushes; while the main current flows through the large wire of the

external circuit, both ends of which are also connected with the brushes; so that the current divides as it leaves the first brush, the two parts going round through the two circuits to the second brush. The fine wire circuit is called the *shunt*, and a dynamo made in this way is called *shunt wound*.

Every dynamo, whether it is series wound or shunt wound, which has a commutator by which the current is made to go *direct*—that is, without reversal—through the field-magnet coils and external circuit, as has been described, is called a *direct current dynamo*. But they are often made without the commutator, and are then called *alternating current dynamos*, because the waves of current flow alternately, first in one direction and then in the opposite direction, not only through the armature coils, as in direct current dynamos, but also through the field-magnet coils and external circuit. Such dynamos are usually made with many field-magnets placed all around the armature in a circular rim, like the spokes of a carriage-wheel around the hub, except that they do not touch the armature, and are stationary, while the armature (like the hub) revolves; and their north and south poles alternate all around; so that, as the armature revolves, each armature coil, after it has passed a north field-magnet pole, must pass a south field-magnet pole, and so on all around the circle, the current reversing and a new wave being generated as each pole is passed; so that the waves follow each other with great rapidity.

THE ARC-LIGHT.

ONE of the commonest uses of the electric current is to produce the electric light. For this purpose, a lamp, like the one shown in Fig.

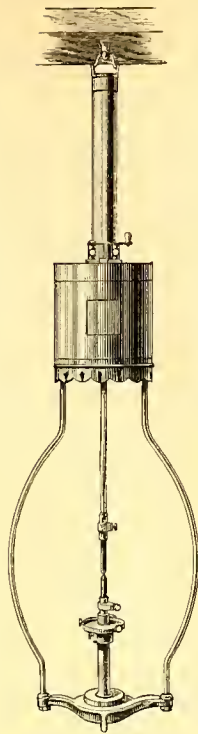


FIG. 7.

7, is made, in which are placed, end to end, two rods of carbon of the same kind as that in the dynamo brushes. This carbon is first ground fine, then made into a soft paste, then molded into rods, and then baked hard.

These carbon rods are attached to two brass rods, a short one below and a long one above, as you see. The upper brass rod extends up into that round brass case which you see, and there goes through a flat ring, or *washer*, as shown at A in Fig. 8. This washer is hinged to the lower end of an iron rod, which can move up and down inside a coil of copper wire without touching it. One end of this coil presses against the brass rod, and the other end is attached to the external circuit from the dynamo, so that the electric current can go through the coil, the brass rod, the two carbon rods, and back to the dynamo through the wire

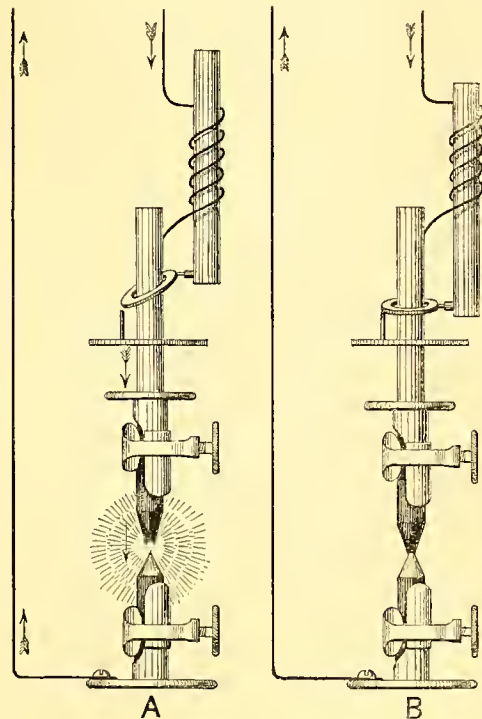


FIG. 8. DIAGRAM OF ARC-LIGHT.

connected with the lower brass rod, as shown by the arrows. When this happens, the iron rod becomes a magnet and is drawn upward by the magnetism produced in it and in the coil,

and tilts the washer, as shown, so that it grips the upper brass rod, and lifts it and the carbon rod attached to it, about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from the lower carbon rod; and in this little space a very bright light bursts out, called the *arc* light, because it is curved in an arc, which means part of a circle, or like the new moon.

The ends of the carbon rods get white-hot and give a great deal of light also, the upper one the most; the lower one burns into a point, and a little cup-shaped hole, called the *crater*, burns out in the upper one, as shown at A in Fig. 8; and from this crater the light is radiated downward.

The light is caused by the electric energy forcing its way through the carbon, which is not a good electric conductor, and therefore gets very hot; and, as it burns, it fills the little air space between the rods with hot carbon vapor, which is also an imperfect conductor, though better than cold air. But, if the light is extinguished by any accident, the electric current cannot go through this air space, and is therefore stopped entirely; and as this stops the magnetic attraction also, the iron rod drops down through the wire coil by its own weight, so that the edge of the washer rests on the little post, as shown at B in Fig. 8. This loosens the washer's grip on the brass rod, which also drops down and brings the carbon points into contact again, so that the electric current can go through them and through the coil, as before, and the iron rod is then instantly lifted by the magnetism, the washer grips the brass rod, the carbon points are separated, and the lamp lighted again.

As the carbon points burn slowly away, the space between them gets too wide for the electric current to go through it easily. This makes the current weaker, and therefore weakens the magnetic attraction in the coil and iron rod, so that after a while, the rods drop down again and the carbon points come closer together. This makes the current and the magnetic attraction strong again so quickly that the rods are pulled up before the upper carbon point can touch the lower one; thus the space between them is made the right width again.

This arc-light is suitable only where a very bright light is wanted, as in the street, or in a

large room; but where a milder light is required, the *incandescent* electric light is used.

THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

THE lamp for this purpose is made as shown in Fig. 9, with a little glass globe about the size and shape of a pear, from which nearly all the air is pumped out. But before this is done, a very fine piece of carbon not much bigger than a large thread, and about five inches long, called the *filament* (which means thread), is placed inside the globe, being first bent round, like a horseshoe, or in some other convenient shape, so as to fit without touching the glass. The ends of this filament are attached to two pieces of fine platinum wire, which pass through the glass stopper and are embedded in it. To these are attached the ends of the copper wire, or external circuit, from the dynamo, so that the electric current goes into the globe by one platinum wire, goes round through the filament, and comes out again by the other platinum wire.

After the stopper, with the filament attached, is put in, the glass is melted round it so as to be airtight, and the air is pumped out through a little hole in the bottom of the globe, where you see the point, which is afterward stopped by melting the glass.

The filament gets white-hot—that is, *incandescent*—when the electric current passes along it, because it is not a good conductor, giving a bright but not glaring light; but it does not burn, because there is scarcely any air in the globe. The wires do not get hot because they are good conductors.

A large dynamo will supply enough electric

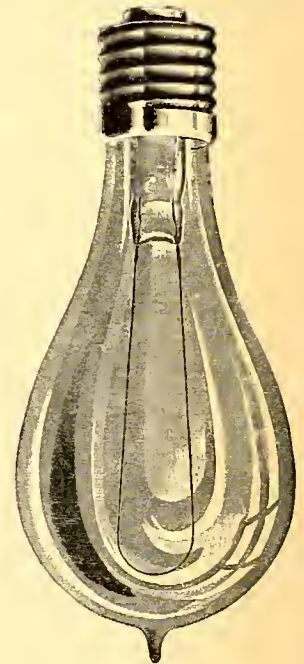


FIG. 9. BULB OF INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

current to light fifty or sixty arc-lamps, which are arranged along the wire of the external circuit in a series, the current going from lamp to lamp. But as a much smaller current will light an incandescent lamp, a dynamo of the same size will supply current for several hundred incandescent lamps, which are arranged on small wires connecting the two large wires or cables from the dynamos, just as the rounds of a ladder connect the sides. There is generally only one lamp on each of these small wires, though in a chandelier, or an illuminated sign, where the lamps are all lighted or extinguished at the same time, there may be several.

The lamps may be near the dynamo or a long distance from it—perhaps two or three miles, or much farther. And the wires may extend in various directions from a central station where there are several dynamos supplying current for electric lamps and other purposes all around it in a town or city.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

WHEN the electric current is employed to operate machinery, an electric *motor* is required. This is made just like a dynamo, but is generally much smaller; so that one large dynamo can supply current for several motors, each of which is placed near the machinery which it operates, and connected by wires with the dynamo, which may be a long distance from it.

When the electric current from the dynamo goes through the coils of the motor, it generates magnetism, and the poles of opposite kinds in its armature and field-magnet attract each other, while those of the same kind repel each other. This causes the armature to revolve; and as the armature poles are being continually reversed, as in the dynamo, the rotation is kept up continuously.

Please notice that in the dynamo it is the power supplied by the steam-engine which makes the armature revolve in opposition to the magnetism, and generates the electric current; but in the motor it is the electric current supplied by the dynamo which generates the magnetism which makes the armature revolve.

Any kind of machinery may be operated by the motor, by means of a belt connecting the band-wheel on the armature shaft with the band-wheel on the machine; but when the motor is employed to run an electric car, it is connected by gearing—that is, cog-wheels—with the car axle; and these motors are inclosed in very strong, water-tight iron cases, under the cars.

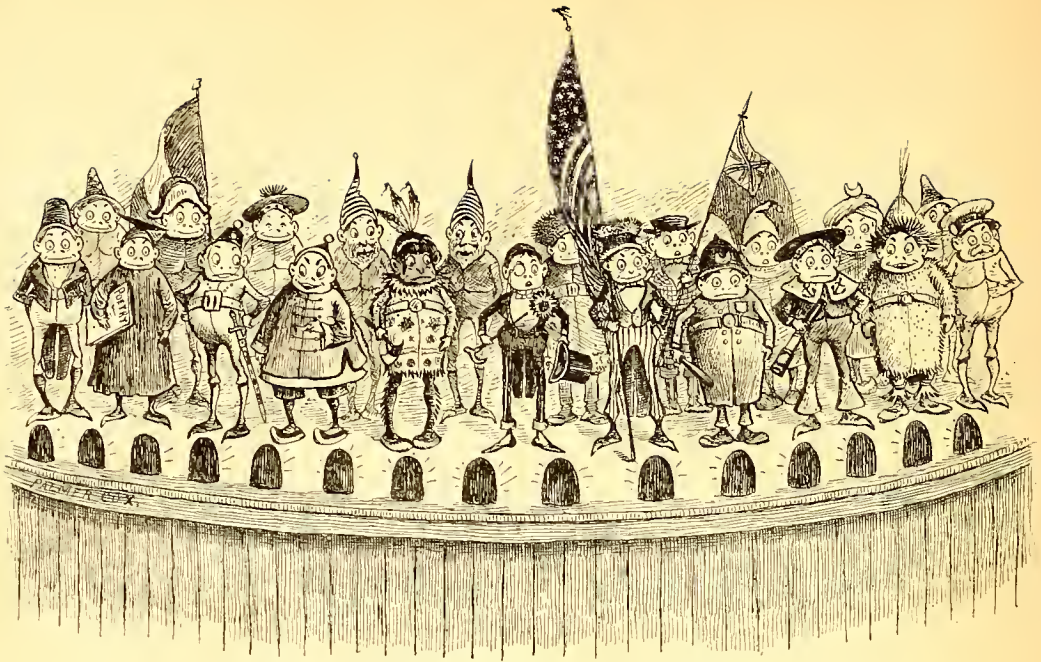
The armature of the motor will revolve with nearly the same force as the armature of the dynamo with which it is connected, if both machines are the same size; and the dynamo with nearly the force it gets from the steam-engine or water-wheel. This force is measured by a unit called a *horse-power*—based on the average power or force which a horse can exert. So a steam-engine of one hundred horse-power can operate a dynamo of nearly one hundred horse-power, which can operate a motor of nearly the same horse-power as the dynamo. I say *nearly*, because there is always some loss when power is transmitted in this way from one machine to another.

But the dynamo, as has been stated, is generally employed to operate several motors. So a dynamo of one hundred horse-power can operate two motors of nearly fifty horse-power each, or ten motors of nearly ten horse-power, or twenty of nearly five horse-power, and so on.

The motors, as you see, get their power from the dynamo, and the dynamo, in this case, gets its power from the steam-engine; *it does not generate any power itself*: it only changes the mechanical power which it gets from the steam-engine into electric energy and transmits this energy to the motor, which changes it back into mechanical power and applies it to useful work. So you see, these two electric machines connected by wires, are simply a convenient apparatus for transmitting and applying power.

Now I hope you understand something about what electricity is; how it is generated by the dynamo, applied by the electric lamp for making light, and by the electric motor for power. I have left out a great many things which you will be better able to understand when you are older and have studied more.

(See page 476.)



THE BROWNIES IN FAIRYLAND.*

(In Two Acts.)

BY PALMER COX.

WITH ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

Characters represented.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN.....	<i>Ruler of the Brownie Band.</i>	DENNIS O'ROURKE.....	<i>From Killarney.</i>
CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE.....	<i>The Brownie Duke.</i>	PROF. KATCHAKOFF.....	<i>A Russian ex-Nihilist.</i>
MAJOR TELLOFF.....	<i>Of the Brownie War Office.</i>	WAGNER VON STRAUSS.....	<i>A Musical Product of the Rhine.</i>
PATROLMAN MOVEON.....	<i>The Brownie Police Force.</i>	FURANSKINS.....	<i>An Eskimo.</i>
BILLY TACKABOUT.....	<i>Who has Weathered Many a Gale.</i>	WAH SING.....	<i>In the Laundry Business.</i>
FUTTI.....	} <i>The Brownie Twins.</i>	BEETLE, WASP, HORNET.....	<i>Leaders of the Enemy.</i>
UNCLE SAM.....		QUEEN FLORA.....	<i>Goddess of the Flowers.</i>
JOHN BULL.....	<i>Of the Land of the Free.</i>	TODDLERKINS.....	} <i>Wee Attendants of the Queen.</i>
DONALD MACCRAGGIE.....	<i>From "Lunnon."</i>	TIPFYTOES.....	
	<i>From the Highlands.</i>	ESTHETICA.....	<i>With a Love for the Beautiful.</i>

SUNSHINE, DEWDROP, STARLIGHT, ZEPHYR, ROSELEAF, HEART'S-EASE, GOLDENROD.	HYACINTHE, EGLANTINE, MORNING-GLORY, COLUMBINE, <i>Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen.</i>
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BROWNIES, FAIRIES, ETC.

"The Brownies in Fairyland" is designed for a whole evening's entertainment. It can be played upon any ordinary platform or stage, and requires no scenery. The piece in reality is nothing more than a series of recitations and choruses. Nothing difficult has been placed in the way of the boys and girls who may essay the various rôles.

For the Brownie costumes, refer to any of the Brownie books.

The Fairies may wear the pretty white dresses such as little girls

usually have. These can be adorned with bright sashes, ribbons, paper flowers, tinsel, beads, spangles, and whatever else feminine ingenuity may suggest to add brilliancy and color. The costume of Queen Flora should have a train. She should wear a crown made of pasteboard and gilt paper, with beads or bits of colored glass to give it the appearance of being jeweled. She should also carry a gilded wand, at the end of which is a star. The costume of Esthetica should be fanciful and an exaggeration of the "esthetic."

ACT I.

Scene.—The garden of Queen Flora. Potted plants, palms, etc., can be banked about at back and sides of stage as profusely as desired. Gay festoons and wreaths of paper flowers, hung here and there, will add brilliancy and color. At rise of curtain Queen Flora and her Fairies are discovered.

OPENING CHORUS: "Flowers, Pretty Flowers!"

Flowers, pretty flowers, blooming ev'rywhere,
Filling all around you with your perfume rare,

Just a simple posy brings of hope a ray;
Oftentimes a rosebud care will drive away;
Dainty little creatures of the sun and dew,
Oh, the love we cherish in our hearts for you!

QUEEN (looking around):

And now, my Fairy Congress, to make clear
Why I have called an extra session here,
Some wicked monster that we know not of.

Is waging war upon these flowers we love ;
The roses droop and fade, the lilies die,
The violets wither, when he passes by ;
The beauty even of the smallest flower
Is blighted by the wicked monster's power ;
While in the guise of insects fierce and strange,
His minions round these lovely gardens range.
If this destruction is not stopped, I fear,
No flower will soon be left our hearts to cheer !
Shall this thing be ?

ALL (*with one voice*) : No, never !

QUEEN : It is well !

Yet how can we undo his cruel spell ?

HYACINTHE : Alas, our magic is in vain, I feel !

EGLANTINE : We must have help !

MORNING-GLORY : To whom shall we appeal
To save the flowers ?

QUEEN : Yes, that is the question ;
Perhaps some one can offer a suggestion ?

(*She looks around.*)

TIPPYTOES : We might ask Jack the Giant-killer strong.

QUEEN : There was a time when he could right a wrong ;
But since the Giants are no longer found —
The last in a Killarney bog was drowned —
In dull disuse his sword is laid away,
And he himself retired upon half-pay !

TODDLEKINS (*suddenly, while she claps her hands*) :

The Brownies !

QUEEN : What ! Those little elves so shy,
They never yet were seen by mortal eye —

Whose harmless pranks both young and old delight,
And whose strange power vanishes with night ?

ALL (*with one voice*) : The Brownies ! Yes, the Brownies !

QUEEN (*taking a few steps forward, with her wand up-
raised*) : 'T is agreed !

Would they were here now in our hour of need !

ESTHETICA (*looking upward toward the right*) :

Oh, what is that up yonder ?

A balloon !

(All look upward toward the right, following the imaginary course
of the balloon until it is directly above them)

QUEEN (*walking to and fro*) :

Some voyagers, I dare say, to the moon ;
Some daring mortals who explore the blue
In hopes they may discover something new.

ESTHETICA (*pointing upward, in the direction of left*) :

No, now it 's falling to the earth again !
And — look ! — the basket 's full of tiny men ;
Some from the ropes hang limp as any rag,
While others clutch for dear life to the bag !

QUEEN (*excitedly*) : Why, they 're the Brownies !

ESTHETICA : Yes, beyond a doubt !

Already I can see to pick them out.

There 's the Cadet, who seems so full of pride !

HYACINTHE :

And there 's the Chinaman, just at his side !

EGLANTINE : The sailor, with a glass !

MORNING-GLORY : There are the Twins,
Gray-bearded, and as much alike as pins !

SUNSHINE :

The Student, who with knowledge is imbued !

DEWDROP : The Jockey !

STARLIGHT : The Policeman !

ROSELEAF : And the Dude !

ALL (*clasping their hands together, and speaking with
one voice*) : We do so like the Dude !

QUEEN : Yes, 't is the daring, persevering band !

What kindly fortune brings them now at hand ?

ESTHETICA (*pointing lower, in direction of left*) :

See. Now they 're falling faster than at first.

(*A toy balloon or bladder is exploded out behind the
scenes.*)

EGLANTINE and ROSELEAF (*in alarm*) :

Oh, what was that ?

ESTHETICA (*excitedly*) : Their big balloon has burst !

DEWDROP and SUNSHINE :

They 'll all be dashed to pieces !

(*A number place their hands before their faces.*)

QUEEN : No, not so !

They 're dropping in a parachute below !

It makes me dizzy !

(*She turns away.*)

ESTHETICA (*clutching her by the sleeve*) :

Look, your Majesty !

The parachute is caught up in a tree !

With frantic haste they grasp the branches round ;

See how they slide like monkeys to the ground !

Some landing on their feet, some on their head,

More striking hard and flat, with limbs outspread !

QUEEN : They 're coming !

ESTHETICA : Oh, my head is in a whirl !

DEWDROP (*to Sunshine*) : Are my bangs straight ?

EGLANTINE (*to Roseleaf*) : Are my crimps out of curl ?

MORNING-GLORY (*to Starlight*) : How do I look ?

ZEPHYR (*to Hyacinthe*) : Am I a perfect fright ?

TODDLEKINS (*running over to Tippytoes*) :

Do tell me if my sash is fixed on right !

(*All make a ludicrous show of arranging their toilets.*)

QUEEN : Swift to the palace boudoir we 'll repair ;

'T were better to consult the mirrors there !

(All hurriedly go out at the right, just before the Brownies, with
Prince Aldebaran at their head, enter, singing, from the left. The
Brownies enter slowly, at one time pausing to look around, at an-
other stretching out their arms.)

CHORUS OF BROWNIES : "We 're a Band."

I.

We 're a band,
Heart and hand,
Coming fresh
From Brownie Land !
All for fun,
Round we run,
Ev'rywhere
Beneath the sun !

II.

In the night
We delight
To come forth
And show our might.
Hide away
In the day ;
That our motto
Is always !

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*looking around*) : Are we all here ?

BILLY TACKABOUT : Aye, safe and sound at last !

But for the tree that sou'-sou'-western blast

Would soon have swept us o'er the foaming brine

Where fish were waiting for a chance to dine!

(*He hitches his trousers, and then looks through his glass.*)

(Professor Katchakoff, Furanskins, Dennis O'Rourke, Wagner von Strauss, Wah Sing, John Bull, and Uncle Sam, in the order named, advance to the footlights and stand in a row, facing the audience. The others, in the background, form a semicircle.)

DENNIS O'ROURKE:

Oi have n't the laste avershoun
To inform yees, to wan shoude,
How it wuz Oi left ould Oireland,
Fitch is shtill me joy an' proide.
It wuz n't bekase av votin',
Or av j'inin' the police;
Or an aldermon av bein',
My infloocene to increase;
Shure, it wuz n't fur these raisins
To Ameriky Oi wint,
But bekase Oi 'd shtrong objicksluns
When it came to payin' rint!

(*He retires, and the others move a step as before.*)

WAGNER VON STRAUSS:

I gome py dis pig goundry here
Among der vree der shtand,
Und garry a trompone or trum
Der blay me in some pand!

(*He retires, and the others move a step as before.*)

JOHN BULL:

I thought I 'd take a twip, ye know,
Across the ocean wide,
To show the mannaahs of a man
Fwesh from the othah side.
These people hawve no histowry
Of which one cares to speak,
And once were Indians, wunning thwough
The fowests like a stwreak.
But now they 're growing civilized,
And follow in our way,
With eye-glass, cwopstick, and with cane;
And some good fowm display.
I 'm wathaw glad I 've cwossed the pond
The Yankees' land to see,
And find out what old England lost
Through that high tax on tea!

(*He retires, and Uncle Sam steps to the center of the stage.*)

UNCLE SAM: There 's not a land in all creation
That pleases me, I vow,
Like this same independent nation
In which we 're living now!
Talk of the Alps and Pyrenees,
Or of the Andes speak;
We 've got Mt. Hood, Mt. Washington,
Mt. Shasta, and Pike's Peak!
Talk of the beauty one may see
In England, Spain, or France;
I see more beauty here to-night,
Wherever I may glance!
That 's why I love these western shores,
And praise them ev'rywhere,
And say the grandest land outdoors
Is our Columbia fair!

(While he retires back, there is heard in the distance the sound of the Fairies' voices, gradually growing louder.)

FAIRIES: Just a simple posy brings of hope a ray;
Oftentimes a rosebud care will drive away!

WAH SING (*with his hand to his ear*): Hark, voices!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*looking in the direction of right*):
Yes, the singers come this way!

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE:

Let 's try to think of pretty things to say!

(All retire, with Prince Aldebaran and Cholly Boutonnière foremost, to the left of the stage, where they assume thoughtful postures, while the sound of voices grows more distinct.)

FAIRIES: Dainty little creatures of the sun and dew,
Oh, the love we cherish in our hearts for you!

(While they are singing the last line, the Fairies, with Queen Flora and Esthetica foremost, enter from the right. Fairies and Brownies stand regarding each other.)

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

I am, most gracious Queen, yours to command,
Aldebaran, ruler of the Brownie band!

(*He bends on his knee before Queen Flora. She extends her hand, and he lifts it to his lips.*)

QUEEN (*as Prince Aldebaran rises*):

Your Highness is right welcome at my court;
I 'm called Queen Flora.

(*Aside to Esthetica.*)

Oh, my foolish heart!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

Queen Flora! How familiar that name seems!
I know you; I have seen you in my dreams!
We 're pleased to meet Queen Flora and her elves;
(*Turning to the Brownies.*)

Now, don't be bashful! Introduce yourselves!

(He offers his arm to Queen Flora, and they retire slowly back. Toddlekins and Tippytoes approach Cholly Boutonnière, on whose coat-lapel Esthetica is pinning a sunflower. He does not notice them. In the mean time the Fairies and Brownies are mingling together back, and a hub-bub of introductions is going on. Extravagant bows, courtesies, and the pinning of flowers to the Brownies' coats, accompany the introductions, and all are talking at the same time. Suddenly the Brownies and Fairies are paired off, and the noise instantly subsides.)

SONG BY CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE AND ESTHETICA:

"They 're Different! Yes, Different!"

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE:

I could tie my own cravat when I was six.

ESTHETICA:

At the age of three my playthings were a bore.

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE:

While at seven I 'd enthuse over patent-leather shoes.

ESTHETICA: I was reading Emerson when I was four.

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE:

I was very careful of my trousers' crease.

ESTHETICA: All my baby gowns I wanted cut *en train*.

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE:

How I longed for a silk hat I could take and crush out flat.

ESTHETICA: Just a lily was enough to turn my brain!

CHORUS OF BROWNIES AND FAIRIES:

Oh, they 're different! yes, different, from others
of their kind;

And a duplicate of either would be difficult to find.

Oh, they 're different! yes, different, as any one
can see;

Whoe'er they may resemble, they are not like you
or me!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*coming with Queen Flora to the
center*):

Sweet Queen, all you have said has saddened me;

What would this world without the flowers be?

Right gladly will the Brownie band, I know,

Engage to rid the flowers of their foe;

(*Turning around.*)

Men, for the flowers if need be will you fight?

THE BROWNIES (*with one voice*): We will!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*to Queen Flora*):

Trust to the Brownies' mystic might!

We 'll save the flowers!

QUEEN FLORA:

'T is no easy task!

And your reward?

PRINCE ALDEBARAN: Yes, one, sweet Queen, I ask.

QUEEN FLORA:

Most freely will I grant all you demand.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*kneeling*):

Nay, what I plead so humbly for — your hand!

QUEEN FLORA (*aside*): My heart is his already!

(*Aloud.*) I agree;

Swift, Prince Aldebaran, may your vict'ry be!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN: Enough — and thanks!

(*He kisses her hand and rises.*)

I must not longer stay!

'T is time my army brave was on its way.

Now that the band is gathered, safe and sound,

Let no more time be lost, but gather round

The weapons most befitting war's alarms;

To arms, my faithful band!

THE BROWNIES (*as all but Prince Aldebaran and Cholly
Boutonnière go out at right*):

To arms! To arms!

QUEEN: May victory soon crown your efforts bold!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*pointing skyward*):

It will, believe me, ere yon moon grows old!

(*The roll of a drum is heard from the right.*)

Hark! (*All listen.*)

Was not that the rat-tat of the drum?

(*The roll is repeated.*)

Farewell, sweet Queen!

(*Extending both hands to Queen Flora.*)

My faithful subjects come!

(While the Fairies retire to the back and the right, the Brownies enter from the right, to the march prelude of music. They bear, as a soldier would, a musket, flags, imitation swords or guns, etc., with a sprinkling of brooms, tennis-rackets, croquet-mallets, and other articles easily obtained, such as the fancy may suggest to give a ridiculous tinge to the scene. Cholly Boutonnière falls in, while Prince Aldebaran places himself at the head of the troops. They then march or execute various evolutions, if desired, keeping time to the music.)

CHORUS OF BROWNIES AND FAIRIES:

BROWNIES: We 're off to the war, to do or die!

FAIRIES: Ta-ra-ta! ta-ra-ta! ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra!

BROWNIES: No cowards are we, when danger 's nigh!

FAIRIES: Ta-ra-ta! ta-ra-ta! ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra!

BROWNIES: With heads erect, we 'll gaily march away;

We have not the slightest doubt we will conquer
in the fray.

What e'er the numbers of the foe may be,

The Brownies, the Brownies, will win the victory!

FAIRIES: Go, ye heroes, go to glory!

Hist'ry 'll tell of you in story;

How you all emerged victorious

From a struggle that was glorious!

(The Brownies march out at the left, to the piano afterlude, while the Fairies are cheering and waving their handkerchiefs.)

Tableau. Curtain.

(*End of Act I. Conclusion next month.*)

“KING OF PLEASURE.”

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IF I were to ask you what animal or fowl had the most pleasure and the least anxiety in life, I wonder which your choice would be?

No doubt many of you would say, “Oh, a bird, a wild bird, has the best time: nothing to do but to build nests and sing songs, and catch the early worm!” Swaying on branches in sunlight, flooding the world with beautiful music, the wild bird is indeed suggestive of happiness.

But he has many cares and sorrows. Both he and his mate are full of anxiety from the dawn of spring until the chill of autumn days.

Nests must be built in a secure and safe retreat. Often, when the nest is half completed, a storm, or some unfriendly bird, destroys it. Again, after the eggs are laid, a cruel boy steals them, compelling the birds to find a new retreat, and deposit new eggs; and their days and

nights are never free from fear of owls, reptiles, and huntsmen, until their little brood is hatched and flown.

No; surely the wild bird's lot is not the symbol of happiness.

"Well, then, the tame canary?" I hear you say.

No, indeed; who would picture perfect happiness in a cage, no matter how gilded its bars, and what freedom from care might be found within?

"The pet horse of some rich lady or gentleman, then?"

Such horses are very well cared for, without doubt; and yet they are frequently galled by ill-fitting gear, or rubbed by saddle-girths, or chafed by sharp bits, and so suffer much pain of which their owners know nothing. And they are surely very often greatly fatigued, and yet obliged to bear their master or mistress to one more pleasure-resort, being unable to make a protest. Often, after they grow old, they are sold to a hard life, by heartless men who cared for them only while they were young and strong. No; we cannot give our ballot for the horse.

"How about the dog?"

Well, the dog—a pet dog—has a very good time, I must confess. It is cared for, amused, admired, and well fed. The trouble is, it is too well fed. A pet dog almost invariably gets too fat, and has asthma and rheumatism and all the other diseases of luxurious livers. Then its disposition interferes with its happiness. Dogs are very jealous animals, and they suffer almost if not quite as much from this passion as people do; and they become very irritable, and I am sure no irritable disposition can be called happy. Then, too, certain months in the year he is in fear of dog-catchers, or he is obliged to endure the agony of the muzzle. So we cannot vote for the dog.

"The cat, then?"

Ah, now you have it!

An ideal of absolute care-free comfort and content is the house-cat. Petted, caressed, and admired, he lies in his mistress's lap, or on soft cushions, and dreams the hours away until hunger bids him awaken. Then he is served with choice bits of fish and fowl, and his thirst is slaked with rich milk. He walks in the garden when the mood is upon him, and a household springs to obey his summons when he announces his desire to return to the family circle. He accepts the affection lavished upon him with pleased serenity; but he does not know the pangs of jealousy, and his dignity and composure are never marred by peevish or irritable moods, so long as he is not teased or tormented; and there are no ignominious muzzles and no disgraceful pounds to shadow his midsummer pleasure and freedom. A Sybarite in his enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries of life, he takes each day as it comes, and lets the world jog by as it may, and those who will bear life's worries and burdens. If he has his saucer of milk, his dish of meat, and his cushion, it does not matter to him if the skies fall. The dog would howl, the bird shriek, the horse neigh, but the house-cat would curl his paws under his chest and prepare for another nap. Most fascinating, aggravating, and comfortable of pets, all hail to you, King of Contentment!



THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK.

BY LEE CARTER.



HERE is a Norwegian story of a peasant and a princess who fell in love with each other. The peasant used to rake hay near the palace, and on pleasant days the princess would take her sewing and sit on a stone bench outside the walls. So, in this way they happened to meet,

and saw each other often.

But one day the officious prime minister told the king about them.

"I would hardly have believed that a tiller of the soil would presume to fall in love with a princess," he added, when he came to the end of his story.

"Why," said the king, "why, I never heard of such a thing; a common stupid peasant daring to love the daughter of a king! Confound his verdant impudence. I'll have the fellow swing!" He was so excited he forgot to speak in blank verse.

The two offenders were brought before the monarch, and he told the peasant he must make up his mind to die.

But the princess pleaded with her father till he finally said, to quiet her, "I will tell you what I will do. To-morrow my trusty prime minister" (here the prime minister looked very virtuous) "shall take a pitchfork, which I believe is the name of the article used in handling masses of hay, and dig a hole in that haystack which I see through the palace window. Into this, my daughter, you shall drop one of your needles; you shall do it yourself so as to know it is there—one only—and not a knitting-needle, either. Then my trusty prime minister shall cover it over with hay.

This young man shall be carefully guarded till to-morrow morning, and on no account be allowed to make any purchases at a needle-store. I will then give him one hour—just one hour—to do what has never been accomplished in my kingdom: he can find the needle in the haystack! If he does it in that time I will spare his life—and let him marry you!" he added, laughing.

At this the peasant looked very unhappy, but the princess managed to whisper something in his ear before he was led away, and he smiled for the first time that day.

The next morning all the court, and the guards, and the people gathered in a ring around the haystack. The prime minister marched up and picked up the pitchfork. Then he dug a deep hole with it, and waited



"HE SMILED FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT DAY."

for the princess. She approached slowly, leaned over, and extended her hand. Those who had keen eyes saw something glitter in the sunlight

for a moment, and the needle had fallen among the myriad blades of dried grass.

The princess looked contemptuously at the prime minister and turned away. That official

After he announced this the people were very quiet.

Suddenly the peasant seemed to remember that he had no time to waste, and he walked



“SHE APPROACHED SLOWLY, LEANED OVER, AND EXTENDED HER HAND.”

vindictively pitchforked the hay all over, adjusted his glasses, and walked back grinning maliciously. Now all the people craned their necks as the peasant was set free and stepped into the circle. But he did not go near the haystack at first. He walked round and round it, his eyes cast down and a thoughtful look on his face. Some of the people began to laugh and said he had lost his wits. Others said it was merely the stupidity of a peasant. The royal mathematician announced that he had sat up all night, after procuring measurements of the haystack and needle, and had calculated that the peasant had 1 chance of succeeding out of 9,777,333 $\frac{1}{4}$ of failing in his search.

deliberately toward the big pile of hay. Stooping down he felt round the edge of it.

“It’s in the middle if it’s anywhere,” cried a pert little page.

The peasant stopped feeling near the ground and, rising slowly and cautiously, put his hand in the hay. Carefully he felt round while the people sent word to see what time it was by the royal sun-dial. But the hour was not nearly gone, and while they were watching, the peasant drew out his hand with something in it.

The needle was found!

At this the people set up a loud cheer, and the king looked very much embarrassed. The prime minister was even more annoyed—pre-



"THE PEASANT DREW OUT HIS HAND WITH SOMETHING IN IT."

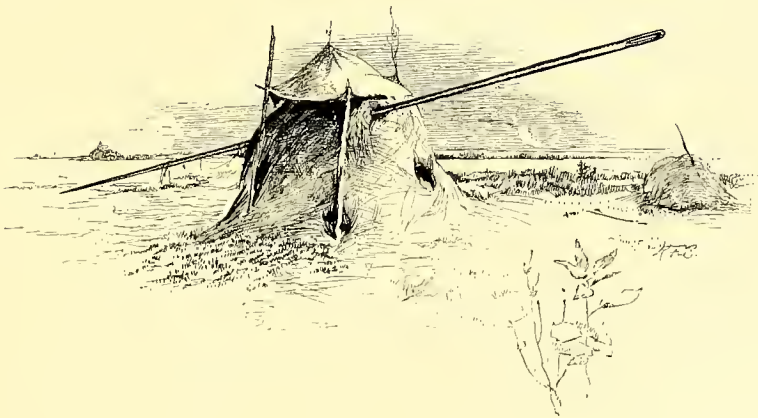
tending to think the needle had not been found, and, approaching, he demanded to see it. The peasant handed it to him and mischievously pricked his finger as he did so.

"Why," cried the prime minister, "why, I see how he found it! Look, your Majesty, this needle has a long, long thread!"

"Of course," said the princess, mocking him; "what's the use of a needle without a long thread?"

And, being a spoiled child, her father, who was standing by, did not reprove her.

And so the princess and the peasant were married and lived happily ever after.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, my friends, and a happy spring-time to you, one and all! The March wind—ahead of the almanac this time—is blowing all sorts of letters and items upon this pulpit, some short, some long.

I'll show you first a few short ones, and then, my schoolboys and schoolgirls, you shall have a fine account of a birds' singing-academy, written for you by my learned friend and bird-lover, George Ethelbert Walsh.

A DRY BATH.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: For "many a moon" some sparrows had been in the habit of coming to our roof to take their morning bath. Recently the roof was altered, so that water no longer remains on it, strange to say; and yet, for weeks after this change the same little sparrows came back day after day and carefully balanced themselves while they put their heads first on one side and then on the other, down upon the dry roof. In short, they went through all the motions of taking their baths, as of old. After a while, finding this to be rather dry fun, they hied away to a puddle on the flat roof of a neighboring shed, and soon were clean and happy again.

Your friend, B. L. B.

A QUERY.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Toddlekens wishes very much to know why a dog always turns around two or three times before he lies down. Can you tell him the reason? Your sincere admirer,

TODDLEKENS'S MAMA.

THE Little Schoolma'am says: "Tell Toddlekens that according to a very wise man who understood the ways and whys of many things, dogs turn around two or three times before they lie down, not because there is any special need of their doing so nowadays, but because dogs, in their original or wild state, while ranging the plains had to make their own beds in this fashion, of the grass or of fallen or dried leaves. They did n't have dog

basket-cradles and cozy kennels in those wild days, Master Toddlekens. This habit of dogs has simply been retained by them from their ancestors.

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PUTTING armor on a coward will not make him fight.

It is a poor sermon that will not hit a sinner somewhere.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

Why is it that when a man tells his story, "*I-said*" generally gives us all the wisdom, and "*He-said*," all the stupidity of the dialogue?

A NOVEL SINGING-SCHOOL.

ONE of the best cage songsters that comes to us from across the water is the little bullfinch, a small, shy bird which inhabits the well-wooded districts of Asia, central and southern Europe, and parts of England. It is found in this country only as a captive. At home the bullfinch attacks the young buds of fruit-trees, and incurs the enmity of the gardeners all through Europe; but the bird is such a sweet singer and whistler that his fault in this respect is overcome by his excess of good qualities. In Germany thousands of bullfinches are bred and trained for the market every year, and many are imported to this country as cage-birds.



At Hesse and Fulda are several celebrated singing-schools where these

singers have their voices and ears trained almost to perfection. Germany has supplied to the world some of the grandest human musicians; and she excels as well in cultivating and training the little bird-musicians sent forth to all parts of the world.

The little bullfinches are raised in confinement, and when very young they are divided into classes of six each. Each class has a separate room, where the six little birds are shut up in darkness, with plenty of food near them. This is before they have yet learned to whistle and imitate the songs of other birds. Suddenly the sweet notes of an organ startle the birds, and cause them to hop around in their dark prison. As the music continues, their spirits become enlivened. Soon they pick up some of the food and chirp forth a few crude notes in imitation of the music. Light is then gradually allowed to enter the room thus increasing the happiness of the singers, and they break forth into ecstatic song. The music is continued all day, and the enthusiastic birds try to follow and imitate it until fairly exhausted by their efforts.



This is the preparatory school; and after each class of six has spent some time here, the several birds are handed over to training-boys whose business it is to continue their instruction. The advanced pupils are taken into separate rooms where organs are played from early morning until night. The organs used

are ordinary organs that have soft, pure, flute-like notes, with nothing harsh or disagreeable in the sound. Sometimes birds are trained by means of the flute, but in the larger establishments small organs are commonly used.

Everything is done for the birds' happiness, and the little creatures are kept in the best of spirits. The owner comes around every day or two to examine his pupils. So well does he understand the natures of the little singers that he reproves or praises the various ones in a manner that they perfectly understand. This training goes on

for eight or nine months, when the birds are ready for their diplomas. If their voices have acquired firmness, and they do not forget or leave out passages in their songs, they pass the examination, and are permitted to leave the singing-school. There are different grades of pupils in these bird-seminaries, as in every other large school, and, while the majority can remember only a simple air with a short prelude, there are some intelligent ones that can be taught to whistle as many as three different airs, without spoiling or confusing them. Such bright birds are often kept longer in the seminary, and a postgraduate course is given to them.

In this course they are taught to imitate the songs of other birds, which they do to perfection; but care is taken to preserve their memory of the early education. They are also taught amusing tricks, which increase their value



as performers. The birds from these German seminaries are distributed all over the country, and are sold for good prices. Sometimes on first being taken from their semi-

inary home the bullfinch becomes gloomy and quiet, and refuses to sing. This is an important period in its life, and the new owner should at first occasionally play the air that the bird has been accustomed to hear on the organ. This will cheer the captive's drooping courage, and start it into song once more.

These bullfinches begin their training about four days after they are out of the shell, and are not dismissed until nearly a year's instruction has perfected their voices. Like the parrot, they are very attentive, and they will learn some of the harsh notes of their parents if allowed to remain with them many days. They never pipe until they can feed themselves,

and then they are given correct piping to imitate. A high, pure, manly whistle will be responded to by them in a full, round, flute-like tone. Bullfinches brought up carelessly soon acquire bad habits in their singing, but those sent from the German singing-schools very rarely offend in this way. They carry their diplomas with them, and they do credit to their instructors.



George Ethelbert Walsh.



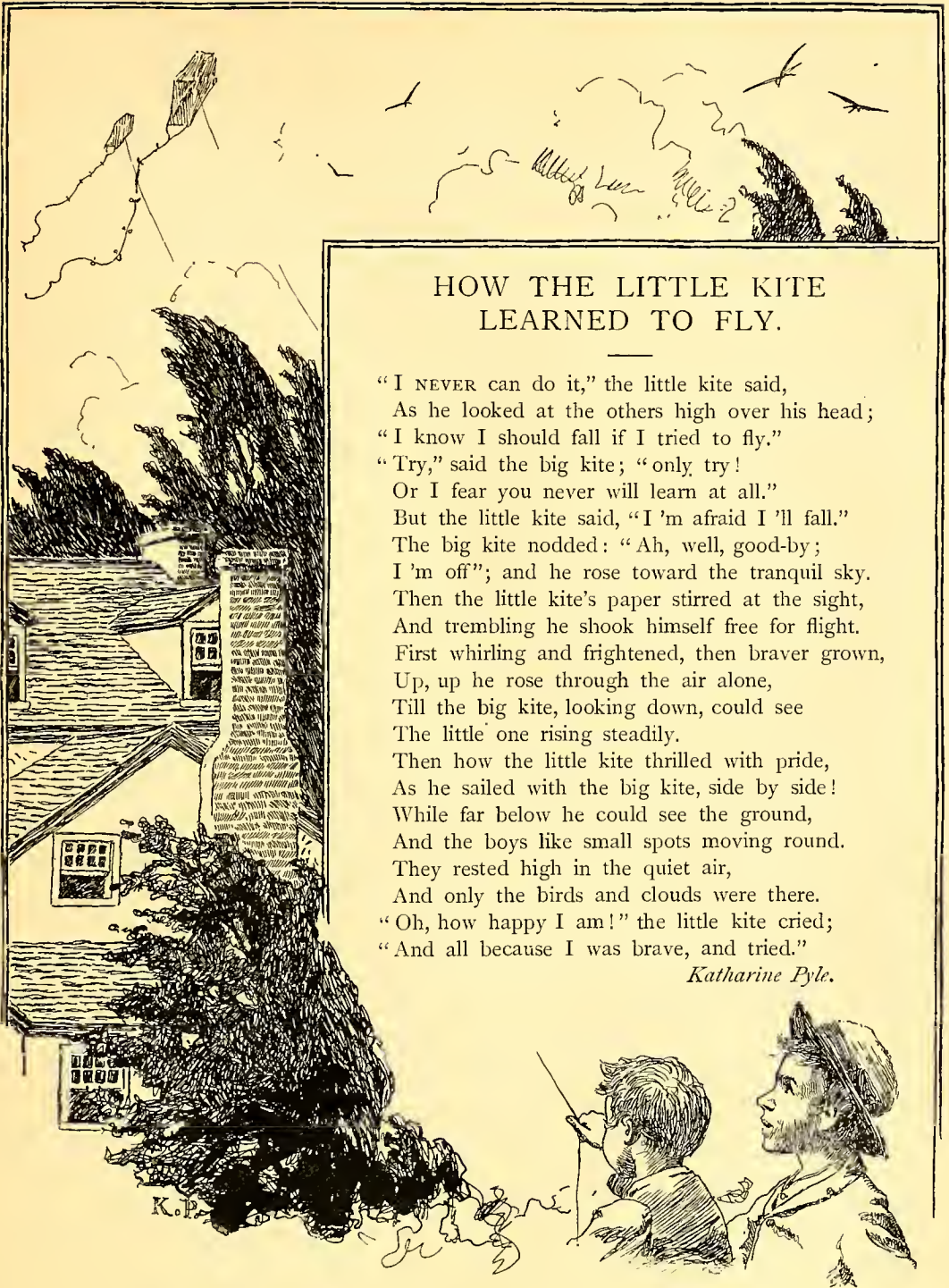
Taking Dolly's Photograph

*Ah, naughty Dolly! - When I say:
'Just turn a little more this way,
And then perhaps: 'Now, smile,' I find
You do not even try to mind.*



*"But when I say: 'Now, pet, keep still,'
I'm very, very sure you will,
And there's no need to say to you:
'Look pleasant' - for you always do."*

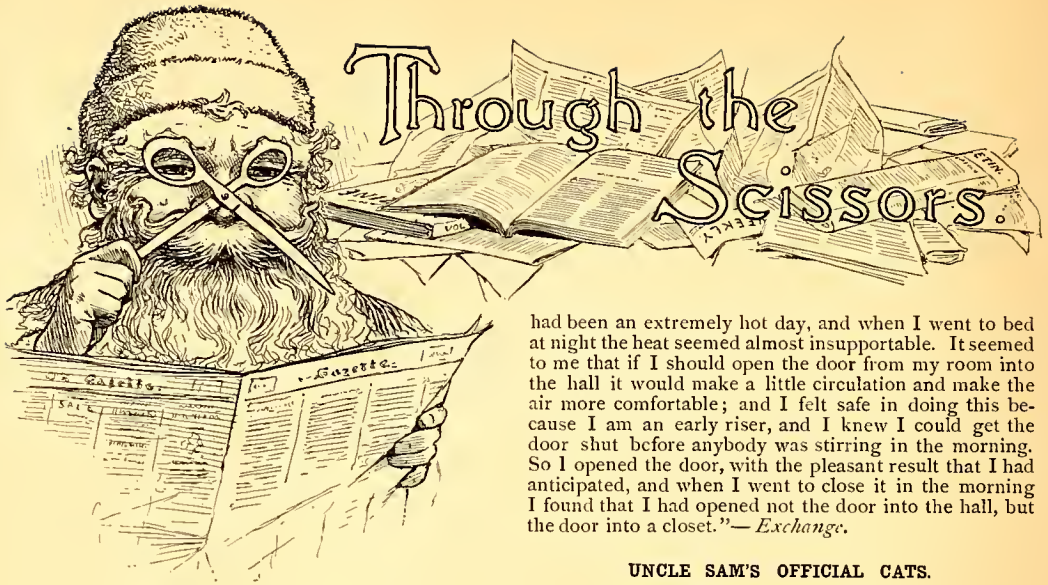
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HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY.

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."
The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-by;
I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite, looking down, could see
The little one rising steadily.
Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite, side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;
"And all because I was brave, and tried."

Katharine Pyle.



THE CAUSE OF CYCLONES.

FROM the Gulf of Mexico to the north pole, and from the Lakes to the Rocky Mountains, is a vast extent of country crossed by no mountain chains to intercept or retard the velocity of air-currents.

The extent of this country is equaled by none on earth. Cold air being heavier to the square inch than warm air, the cold air, when coming in contact with a warm current from the south, always predominates, forcing the warm air into the upper currents.

The cause of cyclones is the meeting of a head wind from the north with a head wind from the south. They meet like two vast armies of men.

The pressure at the point of meeting is so great that the air, by compression, becomes heavier to the square inch than wood or the human body; hence either one will float in the same manner that wood will float in water—it floats because it is lighter to the square inch than water.

Place water in an ordinary wash-bowl and remove the plug, and it will be observed that in passing out the water forms a circular reaction. Air, being a liquid, does the same in passing either upward or downward; hence the funnel-shaped spout of the cyclone center.

When two immense bodies of air coming from opposite directions meet, the only egress is upward and sideways, and in passing upward it forms the funnel the same as water passing out of a washbowl downward.

The theory that a cyclone forms a vacuum is absurd. Withdraw air from a glass jar with an air-pump, and a feather within the vacuum formed will drop with the same velocity as lead; or, on the other hand, you can compress air until it is heavier to the square inch than wood, in which case wood will float in the air.

The lifting power of a cyclone is caused, first, by the compression or density of the air, and, second, by its velocity. Combining the power of density with that of velocity, which occurs at the center or funnel, no strength can resist it. The feeling of suffocation or difficulty in breathing when near the track of a cyclone is caused by the compression of air.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

"I NEVER was more firmly convinced of the power of imagination," said a man, "than I was by something that happened to me on the occasion of a visit to a friend. It

had been an extremely hot day, and when I went to bed at night the heat seemed almost insupportable. It seemed to me that if I should open the door from my room into the hall it would make a little circulation and make the air more comfortable; and I felt safe in doing this because I am an early riser, and I knew I could get the door shut before anybody was stirring in the morning. So I opened the door, with the pleasant result that I had anticipated, and when I went to close it in the morning I found that I had opened not the door into the hall, but the door into a closet."—*Exchange.*

UNCLE SAM'S OFFICIAL CATS.

SOME three hundred and odd cats are maintained by the United States Government, the cost of their support being carried as a regular item on the accounts of the Post-Office Department. These cats are distributed among about fifty post-offices, and their duty is to keep rats and mice from eating and destroying postal matter and canvas mail-sacks. Their work is of the utmost importance wherever large quantities of mail are collected; as, for example, at the New York Post-Office, where from 2000 to 3000 bags of mail-matter are commonly stored away in the basement. Formerly great damage was done by the mischievous rodents, which chewed holes in the sacks, and thought nothing of being clear through bags of letters in a night. Troubles of this sort no longer occur since the official pussies keep watch. Each of the post-masters in the larger cities is allowed from eight dollars to forty dollars a year for the keep of his feline staff, sending his estimate for "cat meat" to Washington at the beginning of each quarter.—*New York Sun.*

LIGHTNING STRIKING TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE.

It is a well-known fact that the "bolts of Jove" seem to have special spite at certain spots, and that the old saying, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," is as false as most of the old proverbs are. The writer knows a tree that has been struck by lightning five times since July 3, 1884, a gate-post standing within two rods of that tree having twice been struck since the same date. During the last seven years five horses have been killed by lightning on a single knoll on the French farm, which lies on the road leading from Flint to Flushing, Mich., and nearly every tree on the same farm is said to bear the marks of the "forked fury."

An open lot at East Great Plains, Conn., has been "hit by thunderbolts," as an old resident of that place expresses it, eleven times since the spring of 1788, and a piece of woods not more than half a mile away has been literally riddled by the electric shots. At West Heath, Mass., a hill near the village school-house has been struck by lightning so often that the old settlers are tired trying to keep a record of the singular occurrences. Two miles out from the little village of Gosport, Ia., two houses and a barn have been struck by lightning on a patch of one fourth of an acre, and several head of stock were killed on the same spot before it was fenced for residence purposes.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A LITTLE BOY'S LONG JOURNEY ALONE.

The railroads do more for people than the public knows. If a man has really bought a ticket and loses it, he can generally finish his ride. Sickly, young, and timid people, too, are watched to see that they do not get off at the wrong stations, and last year a little boy traveled alone from New York to San Francisco. Telegrams were sent in advance by the railroad authorities to their agents along the line, and at certain points they boarded the train, saw that he was safe, put him aboard the right car when changes were made at Chicago and Omaha, directed the conductors to give him berths and see that he got his meals, and the little fellow reached his mother in California after a ride as unadventurous as a trip to Harlem.—*Exchange.*

WHO SEES MOST?

A DAILY governess who, a few years ago, had five, or six children under her charge, as a special exercise, on Fridays, would request them to close their eyes, turn around once, open their eyes and quickly close them again, then to describe the particular objects which met their gaze. A prize was given to the one who noted the greatest number of things. The result was an astonishing increase in the pupils' ability to observe, and the exercise was much enjoyed by them, besides being of the greatest benefit as an educator.

The same idea has been lately carried out by another instructor in a little different form. The pupils were seated before a revolving blackboard. One side of the board was blank, upon the other were numbers. The blank side was turned to the class until all was ready. Then the board was set revolving, and it is said that the rapidity with which additions, multiplications, subtractions, etc., were made as the board spun around, was really remarkable. By such simple and ingenious methods as this are children taught to observe and to think rapidly.—*Adapted.*

A HISTORIC QUILL.

THERE is now, or was until very recently, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., in possession of the heirs of ex-President Fillmore, a quill over three feet long and as large around "as a man's thumb." This quill is a curiosity from its size and because of its history. When the great and brilliant Henry Clay first proved his right to be considered one of our country's foremost men, Herr Driesbach, a famous lion-tamer, presented to him this quill. He had plucked it for a special purpose from the wing of an enormous condor captured by himself on the Andes.

The purpose was explained by the condition, which was that Mr. Clay should make a pen of it and write with it his inaugural message when he became President of the United States. If he failed to be elected the quill was to remain in his hands uncut "until a constitutional President wrote a constitutional message for all the States," a form of putting the case which was well understood by the Whigs of that time. Twenty-eight years passed away, but Mr. Clay's opportunity to make that condor's quill into a pen did not come. During that time he was twice a candidate for the Presidency, and was twice defeated.

Four years after his death a friend received the quill from a relative of Mr. Clay, with instructions to present it to Millard Fillmore of Buffalo, who was a candidate

for the Presidency. Mr. Fillmore had already served nearly three years as President by accession after the death of Zachary Taylor. As he had been a strong partizan of Mr. Clay, the friends of the "Great Commoner" hoped to see him elected. Mr. Fillmore was, however, defeated, and the great condor's feather remained uncut. He kept it as a sacred relic of Henry Clay.

When, in the years that followed, any allusion was made to it, he would shake his head ominously and call it "the fatal quill." So far as it was connected with the decline of a great political party, there was a propriety in so naming that singular keepsake—the fallen feather of a wing that had once soared over the Andes. When Mr. Greeley was first nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Fillmore was advised to forward to him "the fatal quill," but he declined to do so, and the ancient Whig pen, which has waited for more than half a century to write "a constitutional message for all the States," remains still unmade.

President Lincoln's pen with which he signed the emancipation of American slaves, is historically interesting for what it did. Herr Driesbach's pen never became a Presidential pen. It is historically interesting for what it was meant to do, and poetically interesting from its origin—in the grand pinion of a bird that builds its nest above the clouds.—*Lexington (Ky.) Dispatch.*

A LUCKY INSPIRATION.

I REMEMBER once to have seen the rôle of a hero played with all the spontaneity of real genius by a poor stage supernumerary. It happened during a battle-scene in "Henry V." at a Philadelphia theater. In a lull in the firing the audience discovered that a flap at the top of the stage was ablaze. A stampede was imminent. Half the people in the house were already on their feet. Two men could be seen aloft, making desperate efforts to tear away the burning scene. This added to the consternation. Another instant and a panic would have ensued, in which many lives would have been lost.

Such was the situation when out of the troop of soldiers on the stage stepped a "super," and in a roaring "aside" addressed to the trembling audience, he shouted:

"Kape yer seats! Don't yer see de fire is in de play?"

The effect was magical. Few believed the statement, but unconsciously everybody dropped back into his chair, and the play went on. A roar of laughter followed, and although it was five minutes before the fire-extinguishers completed their work, not a trace of fear reappeared among the members of the audience. I never knew that man's name, but I have always thanked God for his presence of mind and his rich Irish brogue.—*Julius Chambers, in a newspaper letter.*

HOW FAST THE EARTH TURNS.

EVERYBODY knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once every 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed necessary to accomplish that feat. The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon-ball has been estimated at 1626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The earth, in making one revolution in 24 hours, must turn with a velocity nearly equal to that of a cannon-ball. In short, the rate of speed at the equator has been estimated at nearly 1500 feet per second, or a mile every 3.6 seconds, seventeen miles a minute.—*Exchange.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"A LESSON in Electricity," printed in this number, is intended for the older girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS, and not for readers too young to understand it. In these times, when the great, subtle force, electricity, plays so large a part in our daily lives,—lighting our houses, propelling our street-cars, carrying messages for thousands of miles over the land and under the sea, and serving man in many other ways,—it is natural that thinking and observing young folk should desire to learn, if possible, "how the thing is done." Yet it is no easy task to explain, even to grown-up folk, the intricate workings of the dynamo. Mr. Philip Atkinson's "Lesson in Electricity" makes the subject clear; and not to grown-up readers only, for, if carefully read, it can be easily understood by bright boys and girls over thirteen or fourteen years of age.

Our thanks are due to the General Electric Co. and to the Brush Electric Co. for illustrations showing the incandescent lamp and the arc lamp. The diagrams in the article were prepared by the author. —

All readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be interested in the news that those charming little folk, the Brownies, have recently made their appearance upon the stage—that is to say, they were represented by boys and girls in a play, "The Brownies in Fairyland," written for them by Mr. Palmer Cox. Mr. Malcolm Douglas contributed original music for the songs, and the play has been given with great success in New York, Brooklyn, and elsewhere during the last three months.

As ST. NICHOLAS cannot make room for the entire play, the publication of the second act must be postponed until next month. But those of our readers who have not seen the performance will be pleased to read the text of Mr. Palmer Cox's clever little operetta, in which all the Brownie favorites reappear.

We must call attention, however, to the fact that the words and music of the play are copyrighted, and the version printed in ST. NICHOLAS must not be given as a public entertainment, except by special arrangement with the author.

THE LETTER-BOX.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been living at Pass Christian for three years.

We live in an old-fashioned house, situated on the shore of Mississippi Sound. It was built about sixty-five years ago, and is surrounded by beautiful oak-trees, from which lovely Spanish moss hangs.

I noticed that you had not received a letter from Pass Christian telling you about the storm on the coast a few months ago, so I thought I would send you a description of it.

It commenced on Sunday, October 1, toward the middle of the day, just as we were coming out of church; so we drove home in a hard shower. It rained all day and all night. The wind howled terribly, and we could hear the waves dashing up on the beach. We were afraid the large trees would fall on the roof and crush it in, so we did not sleep much. At four o'clock on the morning of Monday we looked out of the windows and saw the waves dashing over the beach and across the road up to the front gate. All the piers and bath-houses were blown away, and many summer-houses were gone.

In some places, where the beach was low, the water rushed over the grounds and up to the steps of the houses.

The railroad bridges north and south were blown down, so we could not get or send mail by rail for two weeks. The people of New Orleans sent steamboats over, and many families who were here only for the summer left on the steamboats. It was so pretty to see them going over in little skiffs to the big steamboats which were in the Sound, and most of them stopped in front of our house, because we live at West End, near Bay

St. Louis. But we were glad to hear and see the trains come in again when the bridges were built. Good-by.

Your sincere little friend, ADELE C—.

NORTH CUCAMONGA, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your magazine for a Christmas present, and like it very much. I have been reading the letters in the "Letter-box," and thought I would like to write to you and tell you about my California home. We came here from Wisconsin last July. We live in the great San Bernardino Valley. North of us is the Cucamonga Mountain, and east the San Bernardino and Gray Back. On the southeast is the San Jacinto Mountain, which Helen Hunt Jackson tells about in "Ramona," which I have been reading. The old Mission which she tells about is only a few miles from here. The mountains are white with snow while we are picking flowers in the valley. It seems funny not to have snow at Christmas to have a sleigh-ride. We found a tarantula one day,—it looked like a very large spider covered with a kind of fur,—and have also seen scorpions and centipedes since we came, but do not feel afraid of them, as they run away as fast as they can. There are horned toads here too. We can see five towns from where we live: Chino, where there is a large sugar-beet factory; Riverside, Ontario, San Bernardino, and Rochester. In Ontario they have a street-car which is drawn by mules. The track is seven miles long. They draw the car up the hill, and then the mules get on a platform behind the car and ride down.

Your friend, Mabel P—.

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your book very much. I am not very strong. I am just seven. I like the parts about snakes, earthquakes, and earthquake-waves, and comic songs best. I like the jolly stories too. How long do you think our little dogs will live? One is ten, and one is thirteen. Their names are "Jock" and "Myra."

From your loving reader,
JACK.

KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL, HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One bright morning in the month of May, some of my friends or schoolmates and I went up the mountain in search of mountain-shells. We did not carry any dinner with us. When we found all we wanted, we were all very hungry. There were no fruits, nor anything for us to eat for our dinner.

When we came back, we saw a small cave by the side of a large rock. We went into this cave so that we would not get wet, for it was raining very hard. When we went in we saw many young pigs in one corner, but it was very lucky for us that the mother was not there. I and some of the boys succeeded in catching young pigs for each boy; and Baker was the last; he was very happy that he caught one for himself.

He was sitting in the corner playing with his little pig, but I and the rest of the boys were busy telling stories. We were frightened by the appearance of the old mother-pig. But Baker was not frightened, because he did not notice the appearance of the old pig.

While he was playing, the little pig slipped from his hold, and Baker only had a chance just to catch the little thing by one of the hind legs. This gave the little pig a chance to squeal, and this made the old mother-pig angry. She ran in and knocked Baker flat on his back. Oh! How frightened we were! We all let the young pigs go, and tried to attack the mother-pig, so as to save Baker from her.

After a while we succeeded, by driving her out with her young ones. Baker was saved, and also the little pigs were saved from being roasted in the oven for our supper.

Yours respectfully,
FRED W.—.

CHURCH HILL, HANDSWORTH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl, aged six, and have wanted to write a letter to your nice magazine a long time.

I live right away in the country, where we have lots of nice cows, sheep, and pigs.

I am staying with my Uncle Arthur in Birmingham now; he took me with a lot of other little girls to see a circus yesterday. I had never been to one before. We saw a woman who swung about in the roof till I thought she might tumble down, and some elephants and lions, and a pretty lady on a white horse. My uncle lifted me up to feed the elephant afterward; it was quite gentle.

I hope you will print this letter. My big sister helped me to spell some of the words, but I wrote it all myself. I remain your loving little friend,
ETHEL C.—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for a long time, and I like your stories very much. I spent nearly two months at Nantucket last summer and the people were so honest there the shopkeepers leave their shops all alone while they go to luncheon; and the people come in, put down their money and take what they want. I am eight years old.
NANNIE C. M.—.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never written to you before, I thought I would tell you of a few of the many interesting things to be seen in this great city of London. I will not describe Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, or the Tower, for of these you have probably often heard, but there are many curious things to be seen in a walk through the old part of the city.

Built in the wall of a church is a stone called the "London Stone," supposed to be the very center of the city, and from it all distances used to be measured. Not far from it is a portion of the old Roman wall which once encircled the city, and some of the streets are called after the different gates; for instance, Moorgate, Aldgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, Billingsgate, Kingsgate, Cripple-gate, etc. Some other streets with queer names are: Bread street, Milk street, Pudding Lane, Pie Powder Court, Bleeding-Heart Yard, Petticoat Lane, Rag Fair, and Stable Yard.

The monument was built in commemoration of the great fire of London, in 1666, and at one time there was an inscription, but this has been removed. There are 345 steps to the top, and from there you can get a fine view.

In Westminster Abbey in the Coronation Chair is the Stone of Scone, on which the kings of Scotland were formerly crowned. It was said to be Jacob's pillow, and that wherever that stone was, there would be the supreme power of Scotland.

It looks very odd to see the blue-coat boys going about bareheaded, their yellow stockings showing beneath their long flapping coats, and stiff little white ties around their necks.

Your interested reader,
TILLIE S. T.—.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year that I have been one of your devoted readers; my Aunt gave me you for a Christmas present. I live quite near the Zoölogical Gardens, and the other day I went there to see a large orang-utan which came from the World's Fair. He was very queer and somewhat resembles a man. I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so will stop now. Good-by. From your friend and well-wisher,
CARRIE K. S.—.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little gray donkey. The flies used to bite her front legs so that Papa put trousers on her.

She attracted so much attention that one day a gentleman stopped to ask why our donkey wore "pants."

I must tell you how we got her. In the next street from ours all the little boys in town used to go to torment her. Papa threatened them with arrest, but it did no good; so finally he bought her.

She adores bran-mash, and will stand and coax in the prettiest fashion for some one to feed her.

She will not stir from the kitchen door (after I have been out driving with her) till she sees the pail coming, and then if I run with the pail she will gallop after me.

We named her "Betty," after a dear old dog of ours that died.

Yours devotedly,
KELSEY P. K.—.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you will be so kind as to let a Canadian boy have room in the "Letter-box" to tell you that I like St. NICHOLAS so much that I wish it came every week. My last birthday was in July, and I was nine years old. I can tell you a true story of a cat.

This cat had two baby kittens. The whole family was given to a friend who lived eight miles away, and they

were taken in a box to their new home in the country. This was several months ago, and you can imagine the surprise of pussy's first owner a few days since when the old cat came in looking as though she had seen hard times. And no wonder, for she had walked the whole way over rough roads. Don't you think that mother must have been very wise to remember the old home she loved so well, and to be willing to take care of her babies until they could safely be left to look out for themselves?

Yours truly, TED Y—.

ACUSHNET, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl twelve years old, and am the only girl in the family. I have two brothers, one nine, the other five years old. I spent last summer in Middleboro, not the town, but out on Mad Mare's Neck. It is beautiful out there. Our old homestead is within a mile of Great Quittacus pond, and our land runs down to it. Two of my cousins live near our house, and we had fine times together. There is a nice bathing shore at the pond, and all of us went in bathing every day that the water was warm enough. Where I am staying in Acushnet, my grandmother's land runs down to the Acushnet River. I am very fond of skating, and skate every day that I can. Your constant reader,

FLORENCE C. S—.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember having seen any letter in your letter-box column from my native city. We have taken you for many years, and when you are well read we send you to our cousins in Edinburgh, Scotland.

We have the Parliament Buildings here all built on solid rock high above the Ottawa River. Our electric street-cars are said to be the best in the world; all the old horse-cars are gone, and all mail is now carried by the electric cars from the post-office to the different stations. We have had a few accidents, but not many, and the heavy snow does not interfere much with the cars, which are very comfortable in the winter.

I have two little sisters and three brothers; we all enjoy your monthly visit, and hope to enjoy it for a long time to come. Your loving reader, HELEN MCK—.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Boston now, but we used to live on Martha's Vineyard all the year around. When I was there I had a great many pets. I had a big cat that my big brother trained to carry letters home from the post-office, a pony that I took in bathing with me in the summer, and a parrot that can say a great many things.

Last spring I went out to my cousin's ranch, and I had a splendid time. I saw the little calves branded. My big cousin went off with the men to what they called the "Round-up," that they have to bring together all the cattle; but I did not go.

I am ten years old, and they say I am very old for my age; but I love to play dolls.

Your little friend, SARAH C—.

There are some verses on page 408 of this number that will interest Sarah C—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Mabel D. H., Henry B. M., Carl H., Eugene B. R., Grace R., William B. S., Bessie H., Juliet C. B., Joseph R. G., Nevah McL., Charlie B., Roger S. G. B., Gertrude C. C., Gordon B., Ora C., Harry F. S., Scott P. McN., A. E. W., Rita, Elsie K. C., Ernest S., Katharine J. H., Edith N. G. B., Vera D., Edwin I. H., Helen C. S., Mary S. L., Clare A., May H. F., Jean M., Nettie L., Clare J. A., Stella M., W. P. A., Dora McK., Fred B. W., E. S. P., Bessie B. C., Eunice B., Julia I. K., Rhea L. M., Jack K., Mary St. J. W., Louise W., Hubert S., Jessie C. W., W. H. G., Mary G. M., Clarence D., A. B. E., Marguerite S., Lottie G., Isabella R. M., Katherine K., Eleanor F. McN., Fleonor W., Frank M. W., Mary McD., Charles K., Edith E. R., Midgie M., Clara, Carrie E. R., Elizabeth W. P., Leonora L., Wilfred B., Helen S. S., Willa C. N., Helen C., Pauline VanC., Harry B. W., May T., Morse O. D., Margaret O. P., Gertrude N. C., Ralph W. J., Lena F. W., Helen H., Burt W. C., Ethel J., Elizabeth L., M. I. A., Marie P., Rose T., Hilda M., Marjorie M., Francis R. W., Joe L., Fannie J., W. S. C., Wilder B., Stella B. H., Mattie E. D., J. M. D. and Ethel.



JOKO AND KOKO HAVING FOUND A CHECKER-BOARD ON THE BEACH, PROCEED TO PLAY CHECKERS—USING PEBBLES FOR MEN.



THE CHECKER-BOARD SUDDENLY BECOMES ANIMATED.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Kant. 1. Kite. 2. Last. 3. Pens. 4. Boot.—CHARADE. Mid-ship-mite.

A CIVIC PUZZLE. "The City of Masts." 1. Trenton. 2. Havana. 3. Elgin. 4. Cleveland. 5. Iowa. 6. Troy. 7. Ypsilanti. 8. Oswego. 9. Florence. 10. Memphis. 11. Athens. 12. Springfield. 13. Toledo. 14. San Francisco.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Dwarf. 2. Wager. 3. Agree. 4. Reeds. 5. Fresh. 11. 1. Magic. 2. Alone. 3. Gores. 4. Inert. 5. Cesti. III. 1. Rasps. 2. Aspen. 3. Sprec. 4. Peele. 5. Sneer.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

Measure for Measure, act I, sc. 4.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Tinsel, enlist, listen, silent, inlets, linest.

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 DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "The Wise Five"—Aunt Kate, "Ottawa," Mama, and Jamie—"M. McG."—Josephine Sherwood—Maude E. Palmer—Paul Reese—J. C. Threlfall—Ida Carleton Thallon—L. O. E.—Helen C. McCleary—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—"Uncle Mung"—Jessie Chapman—Jo and J.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Sara Von S., 2—Reba L. Sipe, 1—"Kidney Bean," 4—Melville Hunnewell, 3—No Name, Phila., 3—Ruth M. Mason, 1—Mama, Sadie, and Jamsie, 6—Two Little Brothers, 6—Geo. S. Seymour, 6—Gerda Estes, 1—"The Clever Two," 3—L. H. K., 1—Herbert L. Bingay, 6—Isabelle R. McCurdy, 5—Helen Rogers, 3—G. B. Dyer, 6—"Mr. Micawber," 3—Adele Clark, 1—Alma Rosenberg, 3—H. M. Landgraft, 1—I. H. P. Rowell, 7—Eva and Bessie, 5—"Three Gigglers," 1—S. S. S., 96, 1—Harold and Allie, 2—Rosalie Bloomingdale, 7—Morse Orton Delplain, 1.

HOOR-GLASS. I. Turnstile. Cross-words: 1. Turntable. 2. Manuals. 3. Shred. 4. One. 5. S. 6. Ate. 7. Slike. 8. Filled. 9. Framework. II. Turnstone. Cross-words: 1. Flatterer. 2. Manumit. 3. Burin. 4. Ant. 5. S. 6. Ate. 7. Broil. 8. Granary. 9. Vengeance.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. A. 2. Ale. 3. Admit. 4. Almodad. 5. Eider. 6. Tar. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Red. 3. Racer. 4. Decrial. 5. Deign. 6. Ran. 7. L. III. 1. D. 2. Red. 3. Recur. 4. Decimal. 5. Dumpy. 6. Ray. 7. L. IV. 1. D. 2. Hod. 3. Homer. 4. Domical. 5. Decoy. 6. Ray. 7. L. V. 1. L. 2. Yaw. 3. Yacht. 4. Lactea. 5. Whelp. 6. Tap. 7. L.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Jupiter. Cross-words: 1. raJah. 2. ScUll. 3. raPid. 4. slIde. 5. faTal. 6. hyEna. 7. hoRse.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the final letters will spell the name of a distinguished American commodore who died in the island of Trinidad.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each altera-

tion making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

I. Change BOLD to PERT in four moves. II. Change BOAT to SHIP in five moves. E. W. W.

CUBE.

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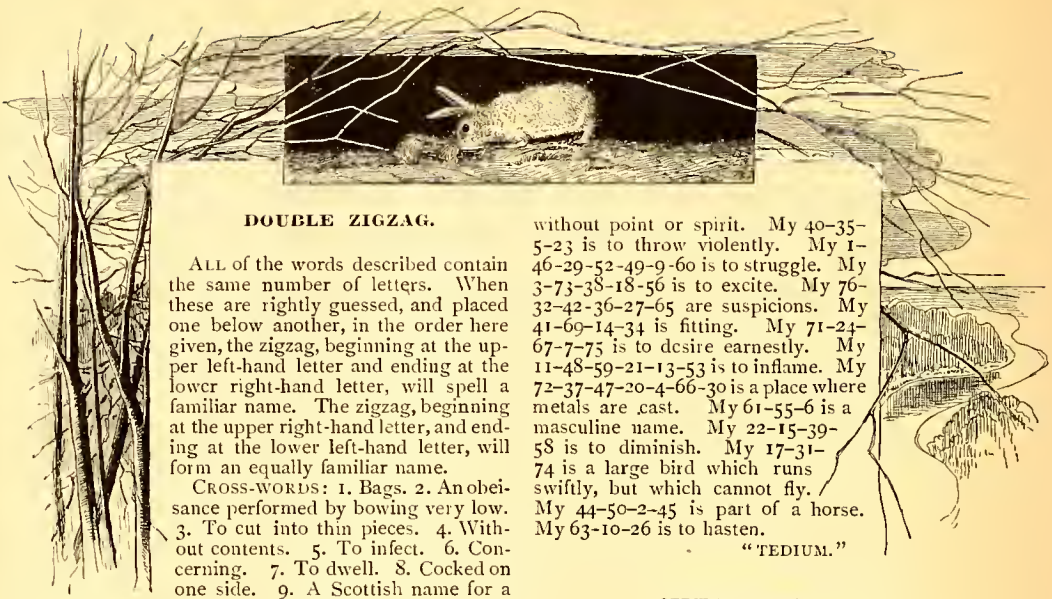
FROM 1 to 2, anxiety; from 1 to 3, advocates; from 2 to 4, an heraldic term; from 3 to 4, entire overthrow; from 5 to 6, not prudent; from 5 to 7, formed of little squares; from 6 to 8, sequence; from 7 to 8, pertaining to the East Indies; from 1 to 5, the act of suing; from 2 to 6, instigates; from 4 to 8, part of the day; from 3 to 7, secure. "ODD FISH."

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN bascinet. 2. Skill. 3. Evergreen plants. 4. A good-natured little sprite, often pictured by a favorite ST. NICHOLAS artist. 5. General tendency. 6. A title. 7. In bascinet.

II. 1. In bascinet. 2. To expire. 3. To imagine. 4. Short sleeps. 5. Consumed. 6. A human being. 7. In bascinet.

III. I. In bascinet. 2. To hinder. 3. Large bundles of goods. 4. An Indian pipe. 5. To send back. 6. To place. 7. In bascinet. CHARLES B. D.



DOUBLE 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 and ending at the lower right-hand letter, will spell a familiar name. The zigzag, beginning at the upper right-hand letter, and ending at the lower left-hand letter, will form an equally familiar name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bags. 2. An obeisance performed by bowing very low. 3. To cut into thin pieces. 4. Without contents. 5. To infect. 6. Concerning. 7. To dwell. 8. Cocked on one side. 9. A Scottish name for a crag or cliff. 10. A token of esteem paid to worth. 11. An interjection meaning "Hail!" 12. Scandinavian legends. 13. Thin pieces of marble. "JACK RYDER."

without point or spirit. My 40-35-5-23 is to throw violently. My 1-46-29-52-49-9-60 is to struggle. My 3-73-38-18-56 is to excite. My 76-32-42-36-27-65 are suspicions. My 41-69-14-34 is fitting. My 71-24-67-7-75 is to desire earnestly. My 11-48-59-21-13-53 is to inflame. My 72-37-47-20-4-66-30 is a place where metals are cast. My 61-55-6 is a masculine name. My 22-15-39-58 is to diminish. My 17-31-74 is a large bird which runs swiftly, but which cannot fly. My 44-50-2-45 is part of a horse. My 63-10-26 is to hasten.

"TEDIUM."

SILVER-CROSS PUZZLE.



CROSS-WORDS (reading across or downward): 1. Joyful. 2. To expire. 3. Contrary. 4. Penetrates. 5. Roosts. 6. To behold. 7. A masculine name. H. W. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY initials spell a kind of puzzle, and my finals spell a word meaning admitted willingly.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To restore to freshness. 2. To lift. 3. Rubbish. 4. Sorcery. 5. An exclamation expressive of approval. 6. The juice of the white poppy. 7. To furnish. 8. Great fear.

L. M. B.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a covering useful,
Worn mostly by children and tars;
My *second*, a singular article
You always will find in bazaars;
My *third* is a place very noisy
With rumble and bustle and shout;
My *whole*—well, unless you possess it,
This puzzle you ne'er will find out.

GEORGE H. WESTLEY.

LETTER PUZZLE.

By starting at the right letter in the following sentence, and then taking every third letter, the title of a play by Shakspeare may be formed.

"Papa, Lilly is now the only alert scholar at the Banard; bestow pie on Lilly, Papa." PEARLE C.

PI.

CHARM si pignip grispn's weset sipares,
Gitnh yb hingt het gunoy onom slifl;
Onso eht neldog tadheer saidsie
Lwil eb vore lal het shill.

BOX PUZZLE.

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UPPER SQUARE (1 to 2, etc.): 1. A chair. 2. Comfort. 3. Requests. 4. A trial.

SIDE-SQUARE (3 to 6, etc.): 1. To try. 2. Always. 3. Half. 4. To stumble.

LOWER SQUARE (6 to 7, etc.): 1. To put an obstacle in the way of. 2. To swell or puff up in the process of fermentation. 3. An island. 4. To remove the outer covering. From 4 to 7, to catch. H. W. E.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-six letters, and form a couplet by Pope.

My 57-64-25-43-28 is a kind of tree. My 54-8-68-16-12-33 form part of the body. My 51-70-19-62 is



GRETCHEN AND KÄTCHEN.

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS," FROM A PICTURE BY THEODORE GRUST.
BY PERMISSION OF FRANZ HANFSTAENGL.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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APRIL, 1894.

No. 6.

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GRETCHEN AND KÄTCHEN.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

GRETCHEN and Kätchen, the two little maids,
Wear pretty white caps over tight flaxen
braids;
They 're clad like twin sisters from kerchief
to shoe,
And both have round eyes of forget-me-not
blue.

But Gretchen 's in motion from morning till
night;
She runs, and she skips, and she jumps with
delight;
While Kätchen won't move, even when she
is bid,
Because she 's a dolly of china and kid.

Said Gretchen to Kätchen, "We 're left all
alone;
We 'll just have a quiet good time of our
own;
You 'll ride in your wagon to call on the cat,
To take her some cherries, and have a long
chat.

"In the vine-covered arbor the table we 'll
spread,
And load it with cherries, all shining and
red;
I 'll pick out the ripest from those on the
shelf,
For sleepy Frau Green-Eyes, and you, and
myself.

"I 'll do all the talking for you and for her,
Since you, my poor Kätchen, can not even
purr;
'I never eat cherries, I thank you,' says she,—
And then there 'll be more for my Kätchen
and me!"

They called on Frau Green-Eyes, the sleepy
old dame,
And grave little Kätchen rode back as she
came,
With never a spot on her kid finger-tips;
But gay little Gretchen had purple-stained
lips!

OUR WOLVES AND FOXES.

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

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

AT the head of the dog family, or *Canidae*, in North America stands the big GRAY WOLF.

GRAY WOLF.
(*Canis lupus griseo-albus*.)

The whole continent is his, from farthest north to as far south as Central Mexico, excepting those regions from which civilization has driven him out, or wherein men have exterminated him.

In the days when buffaloes were many, guns were few, and the deadly little poison-bottle had never yet been fired at him, his cohorts fairly swarmed throughout the plains region of the great West, and fed fat on the buffalo, deer, antelope, and elk. When his numbers were great, the Gray Wolf changed the color of his coat nearly as often as he did his post-office address. Now, however, a white, black, or red specimen is very seldom found within the United States. When Audubon visited old Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, he found this species so universally white that he described it as the WHITE WOLF; in Texas he found wolves so red that he described them as the RED TEXAN WOLF; and the BLACK WOLF of Florida and the South was described as a third variety.

In British Columbia and Alaska both black and gray wolves are found, and around Great Slave Lake are found both these colors, and also white wolves. In Texas the black, gray, and red varieties all formerly existed; but, despite these remarkable color variations, the wearers all belong to the same species, of which the Gray Wolf is the true type. The cold white-and-black coloring, coarse, straight outer hair, jet-black lips, and big, glittering white teeth of the Gray Wolf give one who looks at him a little shiver of repulsion much akin to fear. But, despite his size and powerful teeth, he is at heart a coward, and his attacks upon able-bodied men have been very few indeed.

Of the very few instances of the Gray Wolf

attacking man, one is related by John Fannin in the ever-interesting columns of *Forest and Stream*, of a Mr. King, who was a timber-hunter in British Columbia. Once, when traveling quite alone through an immense forest, searching for the best timber, and camping wherever night overtook him, Mr. King suddenly found himself surrounded by a pack of between forty and fifty Gray Wolves. They thought they "had him foul," and would lunch at his expense; but they made one slight mistake. Instead of being armed only with an ax, as they supposed, he had a good repeating-rifle and plenty of cartridges.

"Well," said Mr. King, "the fight, if it could be called one, lasted about half an hour. Then a few of them broke away into the timber and commenced howling, which had the effect of drawing the rest after them, when the whole band started away on the full jump, howling as they went. I found sixteen of their number dead, and probably not a few were wounded."

As a rule the Gray Wolf soon disappears from settled regions. In the United States there is probably not one wolf to-day where twenty years ago there were fifty. The killing of the ranchmen's cattle, colts, and sheep was not to be tolerated, and a bounty was put on the Gray Wolf's head, with fatal effect. More deadly than the steel trap or the Winchester, the strychnine-bottle was universally brought to bear upon his most vulnerable point — his ravenous appetite. Even during the last days of the buffalo in Montana, the hunters poisoned wolves by hundreds for their pelts, which were worth from three to five dollars each. Now it is a very difficult matter to find a Gray Wolf, even in the wild West, and in Montana and Wyoming they are almost as scarce as bears.

In the National Museum at Washington are the skins of five baby Gray Wolves, whose birthday was April 8, 1893. They have round, puppy-

like heads, are sixteen and a half inches in length from nose to tail-tip, and are covered with soft, woolly hair of a smoky brown color.

In mind and manners, the COYOTE, PRAIRIE WOLF or BARKING WOLF, is simply a wild dog. Like the tramp that he is, he

COYOTE.

(*Canis latrans.*)

loves to prowl around the outskirts of civilization, and live actually within sight of his human foe. So long as he can keep out of fair rifle-range he is satisfied, and looks upon the whole world as his lawful prey. Even when fired at, he does not mind it much, but usually trots off leisurely, carrying his head on a line with his body. He stops every now and then to look back at the shooter, tempting him to waste another cartridge. Perhaps a Coyote *can* run fast, but I believe it would take a cannon on every hilltop to make him do it. Once, in Pryor's Gap, four of us set to work deliberately with our rifles to persuade a certain Coyote to run fast. Did he do it? Not a bit of it! although we sent noise and lead enough in his direction to have scared ten men twenty miles.

Personally the Coyote is merely a small and timid gray wolf with a few brownish markings, midway in size between the big gray wolf and the red fox. The reddish-brown markings are on the legs, and the upper half of the face in front of the eyes. Otherwise, when at his best his general appearance is black and white. Like all wolves and foxes, he has two kinds of hair. The hairs of the long and coarse outer coat are usually tipped with black, sometimes giving

him a black collar across his shoulders, and a blackish tip to his tail. In summer his coat is threadbare and dingy, but in fall and winter it is thick, clean, and bright. The finest specimen I ever collected is the male in the National Museum group, whose measurements are as follows: Length of head and body, 3 feet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches; tail, 1 foot 4 inches; height at the shoulders, 1 foot $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. As usual with quadrupeds the female is somewhat smaller.



Head of Gray Wolf.



Head of Dog.



THE GRAY WOLF.

The young are from five to seven in number, and when in their fluffy, brownish-yellow coat look very much like young red foxes, except that their noses are not so sharp. The little fellows shown in the illustration were shot on June 8, 1886, in front of their mother's den in the side of a rugged coulée in Montana, and were then about two months old.

The scent of the Coyote is not nearly so sharp as his eyesight, else how could any sage grouse or broad-bill duck nest in coyote-land without being promptly found and eaten? As to game, he kills all kinds of small ground game, young deer, and antelope. His specialty, however, is feeding upon dead carcasses of large animals,

hear the Coyotes around our camp set up a great barking in chorus at the first signs of day-break, just when the roosters begin to crow on the farm. It is a wild and uncultivated kind of a bark, ending in a falsetto howl, and resembles the cry of the jackal of India more nearly than any other sound I ever heard.



A COYOTE FAMILY.

Drawn from a mounted group
in the U. S. National Museum.

either wild or tame. This being the case, when on our buffalo-hunt in Montana, in 1886, we got many fine Coyotes for our collection by putting around the buffalo carcasses numerous bits of lean meat duly charged with strychnine. The ranchmen and cow-boys of the West have slaughtered tens of thousands of Coyotes in this way, to protect their young calves and sheep, and also to make money from pelts and bounties.

The barking habit of the Coyote is very dog-like, and his old name of Barking Wolf is very appropriate. When collecting mammals in Wyoming, it was a very common thing for us to

But Sir Coyote is cute. He knows exactly the distance that constitutes fair rifle-range, and he knows just as well whether the stranger is armed as does the stranger himself. When hunting in the Shoshone Mountains in 1889, I wanted to kill a Coyote for a special purpose, but never once succeeded in getting a fair shot, even at 200 yards. For ten days we banged away industriously at every one we saw, but never touched a hair. Finally, at Corbett's ranch, I left the expedition, and started north by stage, leaving behind me rifle, revolver, knife, and even scissors. Just two hours after I had said good-by to my shooting-irons, and

taken the buckboard "stage," we saw a Coyote ahead of us, close to the trail. Seeing us coming, he selected a soft spot, sat down *within thirty yards* of the trail, and waited for us.

We drove up, stopped as we got opposite him, and still he did not run. That villain sat there coolly and looked us over without moving a muscle, but with a leer that plainly said, "Now, *don't* you wish you had your old gun?" When we got through making faces at him, and wishing for a gun, a revolver, or even a common stone to fire at him, we drove on; and then he got up and went on hunting for jack-rabbits. To this day I have been puzzling over the question, "*How* did that gray rascal find out so quickly that both the driver and I were totally unarmed?" That he did know it perfectly well I have no doubt whatever, for no Coyote ever waited like that for a man with a gun.

FOX.
(*Canis Vulpes.*)

The FOXES of North America form a large and very interesting group,

about which a whole volume might be written without becoming dull. As known to-day (December 20, 1893, 10 o'clock A. M.), there are ten species and sub-species; but so long as many eager scientists are in the field, seeking the country over for the varieties of foxes, no one can say what new species to-morrow's researches may bring forth.

From our ten species, three stand forth as prominent types, fairly representing three distinct groups, save that in this country one of them, the pretty little Swift Fox, has to form a group all by himself. The largest and most important group is that represented by the common RED FOX, a fellow with a beautiful

RED FOX. red-and-yellow coat, but (*Canis Vulpes fulvus.*) a very black reputation. And who does not know the Red Fox?—chicken-thief, poultry-butcher, fur-furnisher, and purveyor of right royal sport to man, dog, and horse. Whoever has once seen his tawny coat, and huge, bushy tail flash through a thicket, or along a leaf-covered forest path in crisp November, will never forget him. Neither will the poultry-loving farmer who goes forth at daybreak to his chicken-house, and finds its floor paved with dead Plymouth Rocks, Black Leghorns, and Langshans,—ten times as many as the hungriest Fox in the world could either eat or carry away. It is the wanton slaughter frequently done by the Red Fox that so exasperates the farmer, and often causes *Vulpes fulvus* to be smoked to death in his own burrow without mercy.

Of all our Foxes, this species is the most cunning, and it lives right along with us in spite of the combined discouragements of dogs,



THE RED FOX.

guns, traps, poison, fire, and spades. The arctic fox is occasionally so stupid that the same

individual may be caught twice in the same trap. But not so Red Reynard. When chased by hounds, he is smart enough to walk several rods on the top rail of a fence to throw them off the scent. The hounds are eager enough in chasing him in the fall and winter, but there are seasons when even an honest dog draws the line. In a very interesting paper once published in *The Century*, Mr. Rowland E. Robinson brought out the remarkable fact that, in several instances at least, fox-hounds have refused to chase a mother Fox whose young cubs were still dependent upon her, even when the Fox was trotting along in plain sight. "Good dogs!" say we.

The cubs of the Red Fox are from five to seven in number, and after they are about two months old are extremely pretty pets. I have an excellent photograph of a mother Fox and three fluffy, reddish-brown cubs, an interesting family, that I once kept in captivity to study and admire.

It is really wonderful the way the Red Fox clings to civilization, and utterly refuses to be exterminated, even in the most populous portions of the United States. They are plentiful around Washington, even in sight of the dome of the capitol. Within three months from the time the 168 acres of the National Zoölogical Park became the property of the government, a Red Fox was seen on the lands chosen, looking for lodgings.

This fine and showy fox is found as far south as North Carolina and Tennessee, and thence northward through the whole northeastern United States, gradually bearing westward to Montana. It inhabits nearly the whole of North America north of the United States, almost to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. It is found everywhere in Alaska, and is the commonest of the four Fox species inhabiting that vast territory.

The typical Red Fox and his two subspecies (formerly called "varieties") vary in all possible gradations of color, from brightest red to purest black. With a large series of skins it is almost impossible for two persons to decide alike as to where one variety leaves off and another begins. Half-way between Red Reynard and the BLACK FOX comes the CROSS-FOX,

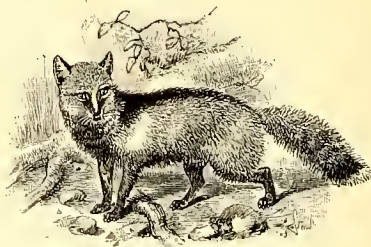
BLACK FOX.

(*Vulpes fulvus ar-gen-tatus.*)

CROSS-FOX.

(*Vulpes fulvus de-cus-satus.*)

a typical specimen of which has some of the yellow color of the Red Fox on the sides of his neck and behind the fore leg, while the remainder of his general color is



THE CROSS-FOX.

grizzled gray-brown. His name of Cross-Fox applies to him in two ways: he is a color-cross between the Red and Black Foxes, and the yellowish patches referred to above cause the dark color adjacent to form a sort of cross on his shoulders, though to the eye this is much more imaginary than real.

By a strange absurdity, people generally call the black variety the "silver" Fox, in which there is about as much reason as there would be in calling our jet-black *Ursus Americanus* the snow bear. If white is the color of silver, then the Black Fox is not a "silver" Fox, and the misleading name should be abandoned.

The Black Fox varies in color from very dark iron-gray to dark brown or black, with a slight wash of white-tipped hairs over the head, body, and tail. The tip of the tail is always white, which is the only constant color-mark about him. A really fine skin of this species is worth \$125, and such are rarely taken. For my part, I never could see the half of \$125 worth of beauty in a single Black Fox skin, and I believe it is nothing but the extreme rarity of the very dark skins that causes them to be so much prized by fur-fanciers.

The Black and Cross Foxes are found wherever the Red Fox is at home, save in the northeastern United States, where they are now so very rarely heard of we may as well say they do not exist at all. These varieties are most common in the Northwest, and in

Alaska. They are red foxes in every respect save color, and price in the fur-market.

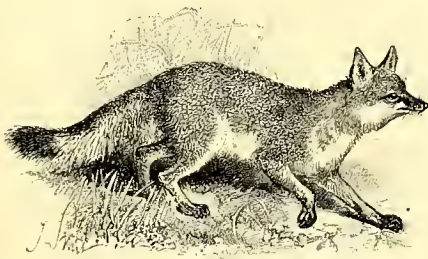
The GRAY FOX is the fox of the South, even though the finest specimen in the National Museum did

GRAY FOX.

(*U-ro-cy'on Vir-gin-i-an'us.*)

come from Knoxville, Iowa. His general color is pepper-and-salt gray, with red-and-white patches on his throat, sides of the neck, and under parts, and red on the legs. He is a little smaller and more lightly built than the red fox, has a less luxuriant coat of hair, and in habit is more shy and retiring. In temper he is nervous and suspicious, and while a red fox will simply cough at you, the Gray Fox will snap. What is worse, in captivity he is actually murderous to strangers of his own kind. It is a common thing for a cageful of Gray Foxes to pounce upon a new arrival, down it, and cut its throat before the stranger has even time to say, "How do you do?"

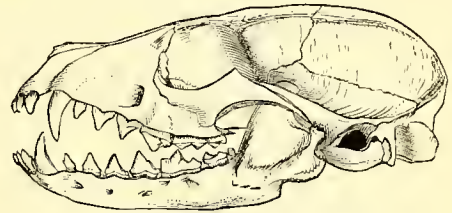
Of all the strange things about foxes, the strangest is the fact that the Gray Fox and his subspecies of the Pacific Coast can climb trees; not merely slanting trees, or trees with plenty of limbs low down, but trees that stand perfectly straight, and have no limbs for twenty or even thirty feet. In the South, when fox-chasing was more common than it is now, it was a common thing for a fox to run before the hounds until he got tired, and then climb a tree to get beyond their reach. A pair of Gray Foxes that I once kept in captivity were



THE GRAY FOX.

continually climbing up the bars and sides of their cage, in which they would spread their toes far apart, and cling with their claws remarkably well. In their efforts to escape, they always climbed up and worked at the top of

the cage in preference to trying to burrow out. They were always spiteful little beasts, and after they had treacherously bitten my hands three or four times, I concluded I could be happy without them.



SKULL OF COAST GRAY FOX.

The Gray Fox is found from New Jersey and Pennsylvania westward to Central California, and southward to Costa Rica.



THE COAST GRAY FOX.
From a mounted specimen in the National Museum.

On the Pacific coast, from Mount Shasta to Southern California, is found a pretty little imitation of the Gray Fox, which is known as

THE COAST GRAY FOX.

(*U-ro-cy'on Vir-gin-i-an'us lit-tor-al'is.*)

It has a Latin name nearly as long as itself. It is next in size to the smallest fox in North America—of the West and Northwest.

THE SWIFT, OR KIT FOX.

(*Vulpes v'lox.*)

The latter is the daintiest, prettiest, and liveliest of all foxes, according to my view; and it is also very agreeable in temper and disposition. His outlines are clean-cut, his texture is fine and smooth, and from nose to tail-tip he looks every inch a thoroughbred. His form is not buried out of sight in a mop of long hair, as is that of nearly every other American fox. His countenance is bright and pert, and, whether on his native buffalo-grass, or in an inclosure in the National Zoölogical Park, he



SWIFT FOX.

Drawn from life in the
National Zoological Park.

is as playful and full of fun as a half-grown puppy. His color is a beautiful silvery-gray with a tinge of yellow. Why he should be



THE ARCTIC FOX.

called the Swift Fox is not so apparent, for he is by no means a particularly fleet runner, even when chased, as I have plainly seen.

THE ARCTIC FOX, is snowy-white in winter, OR BLUE FOX without even one colored (*Vulpes la-gopus*), hair upon him; but his new suit for spring and summer wear is sooty brown, varying in young specimens to slaty gray. He has ears so rounded they look as if the tips had been trimmed off, an immense bushy tail, very thick hair, and fur even on the soles of his feet. His home is the entire northern half of North America. Even at the most northerly point ever attained by man,—“the jumping-off place,”—reached in latitude $83^{\circ} 24'$ by Lieutenant Lock-

wood, the explorers saw there (says General Greely) numerous tracks of this ever-present fox. No wonder Dame Nature gave him fur to wear on the soles of his feet! To get to Hazen Land ahead of Lockwood and Brainerd he just had to have it! If the North Pole is ever discovered by any man, I believe he will find there the Arctic Fox and gray wolf in search of something to eat.



AN HONEST FOX MUST LIVE.

ON A GLACIER IN GREENLAND.

BY ALBERT WHITE VORSE.

FOR a boy of twelve Kywingwa knew many things. He could pick out the likeliest situations for fox-traps; he knew how to stalk an arctic hare, and to shoot her with his bow and arrow; he could point to the spot in the water where a seal which had dived would probably rise. With the whip he was, for a *mickanniny* (child), really expert; for not only had he ceased now to slash himself in the back of the neck, when he whirled the long, unwieldy lash, but also he was beginning to direct his strokes with accuracy. And in one exercise he was preëminent above all other boys in Greenland. That exercise was throwing the harpoon. Even the older Eskimos were accustomed to gather when with his comrades he practised harpooning, and to praise the accuracy of his aim, and the power of his delivery.

In other than physical things also was Kywingwa versed. He had unconsciously acquired a knowledge of human nature beyond his years. Eskimo emotions are comparatively simple, and the lad had learned to guess pretty accurately the motives for the actions of his friends. But he was utterly bewildered by the strange conduct of a party of seemingly crazy people with white faces, who had come from across the sea, and had built a wonderful house on the shores of the bay upon which Kywingwa lived. The house was as big as many Eskimo *igloos* (huts) together, and it was constructed not of sealskins, nor even of stones, but of wood. Kywingwa had never before seen a piece of wood larger than a harpoon-shaft. The Eskimos treasured with the greatest care even small splinters of the precious substance. Kywingwa himself had rather a large piece, with moreover a sharp spike of iron in its end, which made it more valuable. This instrument, used to prevent a seal from escaping after you had once fastened to him with your harpoon, had been handed down to Kywingwa from his great-grandfather. It was

called a *pusheemut*. Kywingwa had been very proud of owning a *pusheemut*. But when he saw the great quantities of wood possessed by the white people his pride departed from him. They had not only enough long, broad pieces to build the great igloo, but also a vast number of smaller sticks left over. Curiously enough, they did not seem to value them very highly; they would give one to you almost always if you would help them with the queer things that they were constantly doing.

Some of them wandered along the beach and picked up shells, and they liked to have you bring them all the unusual shells that you could find. Others gathered different kinds of flowers, and were much pleased if you discovered for them a variety that they had not come across. One of them had a net not unlike the net the Eskimos were accustomed to use in catching little auks, only of much finer mesh, and made of a soft material that was not seal-skin string. With it the white man pursued, not birds, but insects: butterflies, and bumblebees, and spiders, and all the other kinds of small creatures that abound in Greenland during the warm summer. He was a very enthusiastic white man, and the Eskimos named him after his favorite prey, Arhiveh, the spider.

Whenever Kywingwa was not asleep he was sure to be either at the white man's igloo, or else away upon some excursion with the butterfly-hunter, whom he liked best of all. In return, the white man showed a warm affection for Kywingwa. He taught him to catch butterflies, and made for him a little net. And when they went forth together he once or twice even let the boy bear the glacier implement which Kywingwa thought the most beautiful of all created things.

It was a wonderful implement: a long, springy, wooden shaft with a head made of some substance as hard as iron, but so shiny that you could see your face in it, just as in a

pool of water. One side of the head was a blade with which you could chop ice; the other side was a long, sharp spike.

"What a fine thing for seal-hunting!" exclaimed all the Eskimos when they saw it. Kywingwa more than the others admired it. He was wont to stand before it as it hung in

upon a certain waking-time he saw Arhiveh bending over a tiny brown butterfly which he held in his palm. The white man appeared to be disturbed in mind.

"*Agai* (come), Kywingwa!" he said.

Obediently approaching, the lad perceived that the insect lacked one wing.



"HE WAS WONT TO TOUCH THE KEEN EDGE OF THE BLADE SOFTLY WITH HIS FINGERS."

the great wooden igloo and gaze at it, and touch the keen edge of the blade softly with his fingers. Once or twice Arhiveh saw him thus caressing it, and laughed.

"Good?" he inquired in his broken Eskimo.

"Infinitely good!" Kywingwa cried.

He admired it humbly, however, and without hope of possessing it. It was not for Eskimos to aspire to things so perfect: they were for white people only.

But the most noteworthy event in Kywingwa's life occurred and changed entirely his point of view. Entering the wooden igloo

"*Takoo* (observe), Kywingwa," said Arhiveh, "you capture butterfly, good butterfly. Not like this—" he stood erect, with one arm behind him, and moved the other arm vigorously up and down. "Like this—" both arms going hard. Kywingwa laughed with glee and nodded to show that he comprehended.

"*Peook* (very well)!" continued Arhiveh, "you catch butterfly, I give you—"

He paused, and the boy was seized with a strange impulse he could not control.

"*That!*" he cried, and pointed to the glacier implement.

The butterfly-hunter seemed a good deal surprised, and Kywingwa was breathless.

At last Arhiveh laughed.

"*Prook!*" he said, "you catch good butterfly. I give you—yes, I give you *that!*"

What Kywingwa did next he does not remember. Arhiveh has told him that he stood as if dazed for a moment, and then rushed out. The first memory that comes to him is of seeking for his net among the harpoons, and pieces of ivory, and sealskin water-buckets in his father's tent, and of repeating over and over:

"A tiny brown butterfly with *two* wings!"

He at last found his net, and after a moment's thought he took his pusheemut. The white people usually carried their glacier implements on important excursions. Kywingwa was going upon an excursion that he deemed very important, and the pusheemut was the best substitute for a glacier implement that he had. Recently, Arhiveh had sharpened the spike and the pusheemut was much more efficient than of old. A piece of seal-flipper also he picked up, and started forth, repeating to himself: "A tiny brown butterfly."

The valley where butterflies lived was a long distance up toward the head of the bay. Kywingwa had been there several times with Arhiveh, but always in a woman's boat with four men to propel it. To walk there would take a long time and would probably tire him, but he was too much excited to dwell upon that thought, and he set out briskly.

But after a long time he did grow very weary. The walking was exceedingly bad; there was no path but the beach between the sea and the vast cliffs, and it was covered with sharp stones which hurt his feet, for he had forgotten to stuff grass between the soles of his boots and his dogskin stockings.

The sun completed more than half its circular course in the sky, dipped till its edge touched the mountains across the bay to the north, and then began to rise once more. Kywingwa had never been so long away from home alone before, but whenever discouragement threatened, he thought of the glacier implement and plodded on. And at last, just as the sun reached his highest point, the lad rounded a promontory and came into the val-

ley of butterflies. He found a small stream, and threw himself down beside it to rest, eat his seal-meat, and survey his territory.

Between little smooth hills small brooks ran; and along these brooks grew vividly green grass and bright flowers. It was among the flowers that the butterflies lived.

The seal-flipper was good; he ate it all, drank of the pure cold water that had flowed from the melting snow on the plateau, and started forth. Up and down the little streams he wandered, following one back as far as the cliffs, then crossing to the next one and tracing it down to its mouth. He saw plenty of bumblebees, plenty of flies, even plenty of brown butterflies, dancing in the hot sunlight, but none like that Arhiveh had shown him.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself.

He decided to try the next valley.

The next valley was filled by a great white glacier. Evidently there were no butterflies there. But across the front of the glacier Kywingwa discerned a third valley that looked promising. Grown Eskimos rarely crossed glaciers, and he was but a *mickanniny*. But he was still borne onward by the thought of the glacier implement. Out toward the center of the glacier, huge masses were splitting off with tremendous crashes and plunging into the sea. The torrent at the side roared; the noise was almost deafening.

Not to be daunted by noise, Kywingwa passed up the gorge along the side of the glacier, and found a place where he could cross the torrent, on some stones, to a part of the glacier which sloped away and was accessible. Presently he came to rougher ice; from the surface of the glacier rose in all directions sharp peaks. Yawning cracks appeared and then chasms so wide that he had to make long detours around them, or to cross by dangerous snow-bridges.

Upon one of these bridges a misfortune happened to Kywingwa. The snow appeared hard and perfectly solid; nevertheless an impulse led the lad to test it. With the handle of his butterfly-net he prodded, and the handle passed through the snow. Kywingwa lost his balance and fell. Down crashed the snow-bridge into the crevasse. Kywingwa's head and right arm hung over the abyss. It was some minutes be-

fore he recovered from the shock, and then he found that his butterfly-net had fallen into the chasm. He had lost his net, but he remembered that he had caught many butterflies in his hand before the net had been his. He determined to proceed to the other side of the glacier, trusting that fortune would send him the butterfly.

In his path lay a stream altogether too broad to be jumped, and, though rather shallow, too swift to be waded. It had worn a deep bed in the hard ice—a bed as blue as the sky, and so smooth, so exquisitely smooth, that the water hardly rippled as it rushed along. Not the length of a harpoon-line away from the spot where Kywingwa stood it plunged into a deep crevasse, whence rose a heavy rumbling.

Patently Kywingwa followed up the stream till he came to an ice-bridge. He crossed it, meeting with no further obstructions, and presently stood upon the edge of the glacier, and looked up and down the gorge at its side.

Far down by the bay, toward the end of the great white mass, the cliffs receded, the land was low, the sun shone; it seemed just the place for butterflies. Kywingwa found a sloping spot where he could descend into the gorge, and turned toward the fertile spot.

As he emerged from the shadow of the cliffs, he came out into full sunlight, and found himself surrounded by rivulets, by flowers, and by insects. And before he could well note these things, lo! from under his feet rose and settled again the very object of his search—the little brown butterfly!

Kywingwa stole toward it, came within his own length of it, leaped with open hands upon it. In vain! The little creature darted from his grasp. Kywingwa, always keeping it in view, scrambled to his feet and gave chase. Down nearly to the beach it led him; then it doubled, dodged him, and made off up the hills toward the cliffs. Kywingwa tried to follow, but to no purpose; it alighted far away, and out of sight. Bitterly disappointed, the boy shuffled through the grass, hoping to scare up the insect once more; but his efforts were futile. And presently he was aware that the sun had gone behind the hills, and that not only his butterfly, but also all the other insects, had disappeared.

Kywingwa was far from home—nearly two sleeps. He was footsore. Moreover, he was without food. These things troubled him but little; he had been hungry, lame, and astray many times before. But he was utterly cast down because the butterfly had escaped. His journey was useless; he had lost his net; he had failed to win the glacier implement.

“I am good for nothing, good for nothing!” he cried, and threw himself in despair upon the ground. In a moment he was sound asleep.



“‘I AM GOOD FOR NOTHING,’ HE CRIED, AND THREW HIMSELF IN DESPAIR UPON THE GROUND.”

Awaking, he perceived that the sun was shining brightly once more, and that the insects were playing briskly. He must have slept a very long while. He was ravenously hungry.

“I will try if I can hit a little auk with a stone,” he said, and trudged back to certain rocks near the glacier, whence came the chatter of the small birds.

But just as he arrived at the foot of the ice, he heard a shrill sound. He knew at once what produced it; it came from one of those

curious little wooden instruments which the white people carried, and which shrieked when you blew into them. Looking up, he beheld Arhiveh, with butterfly-net in one hand, and glacier implement in the other, standing firmly, in his boots shod with sharp spikes, upon the very edge of the ice-wall. Kywingwa felt a pang of disappointment at sight of the glacier implement; but he forgot it in his surprise because Arhiveh was alone. White men did not usually venture upon glaciers by themselves; something extraordinary must have occurred.

The little Eskimo hastened to the ice-bridge, crossed the torrent, and in a moment was by Arhiveh's side. The white man's voice was gruff, as he accosted the boy.

"Not dead, Kywingwa?" he inquired. "Mother say you lost. Say you food all gone. She go like this—" he rubbed his eyes with his hand, in imitation of a weeping woman. "White men all go look. I come woman's boat. Woman's boat there," he added, pointing to the opposite corner of the glacier. "Come on!"

"I tried to catch the butterfly," explained Kywingwa, as they started. "I wanted to win the glacier implement. But my net dropped into a crevasse. I saw a butterfly, but I could not capture him."

"You very much no good! You lost, Mother afraid," was the ungracious reply. Kywingwa felt that he was in disgrace. He took thankfully some seal-meat that Arhiveh had brought him, and ate it silently, being very miserable.

Presently Arhiveh reached the stream, and turned to the left to find the ice-bridge.

A tiny brown something fluttered before Kywingwa's gaze. He paused in amazement and rubbed his eyes.

"Arhiveh, Arhiveh!" cried Kywingwa; "*ta-koo iblee! takoo!* (see there—see!) butterfly!"

The white man seized the net and dashed after the tiny creature. Kywingwa watched him eagerly. The butterfly fluttered aimlessly about for a moment, and then crossed the stream. Arhiveh sprang recklessly after it, missed his footing, and fell into the water.

Kywingwa burst out into laughter, and waited gleefully to greet his companion, scrambling,

soaked with ice-cold water, from the stream. But no head appeared above the bank, and Kywingwa ran to see what was the matter.

The white man had not risen. He was lying in the water, with his head downstream. He was struggling violently. He was floating rapidly down; the cataract was close at hand.

All at once the meaning of the situation burst upon Kywingwa's mind. Arhiveh could not rise—the bottom of the stream was too slippery. He was trying to use the spikes in his shoes, but to no purpose, for his feet were upstream. Faster and faster he swept helplessly along.

In an instant Kywingwa saw what he must do. He sprang upon a mound of ice that almost overhung the water. Balanced as a harpoon in his hand was his sharp pusheemut.

Down came the helpless Arhiveh, now floating rapidly; in another instant he would be opposite the Eskimo's position. Then, with all his force, Kywingwa hurled his pusheemut. Its point entered the hard ice-bed of the current and the weapon stood upright. The white man was borne against it; instinctively he clutched it. It held for an instant, then the ice about it chipped and it gave way. But that instant was enough. Arhiveh had swung around, his feet were downstream, his course was checked. Before the powerful little brook could take hold of him again, he had driven his shoe-spikes into the ice, and using the pusheemut as a rest, had risen to his feet. He stood as if dazed, while Kywingwa brought the glacier implement, and lying flat, reached it down to him. Then he cut notches for himself and ascended out of the bed of the brook. The pusheemut floated away.

Kywingwa was ready to laugh with him over his escape. But white people always acted so oddly! Arhiveh stood, when he was once more safe on the surface of the glacier, and simply looked about him. He gazed across the white expanse of ice to the cliffs, tinted with red lichen and green grass. He looked out over the bay to the blue sea. He looked at the sun, which, as all Eskimos know, is a bad thing to do: it ruins the eyes. Finally, he walked to the crevasse, and peered down into the dark depths into which he would have been



"THEN WITH ALL HIS FORCE, KYWINGWA HURLED HIS PUSHEEMUT."

swept by the rushing water, but for Kywingwa's quick wit and sure aim.

Kywingwa looked cautiously down, too, and wondered where his pusheemut was. Presently, the white man turned toward him.

"Pusheemut?" asked Kywingwa, shyly. "Did you see my pusheemut? It is lost, is n't it?"

"Pusheemut!" exclaimed Arhiveh vehem-

ently. "See, Kywingwa, I not talk Eskimo. But you very good! You go whiteman's *igloo* — I give you plenty pusheemuts. *Peook iblee ami-i-i-ishwa!* (You are a splendid fellow!) *Takoo*, I give you this."

And as he received from Arhiveh's outstretched hand the shining glacier implement, Kywingwa was unspeakably happy.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE AMERICA MERCHANT.

MASTER HEZEKIAH TIPTON had been a merchant in the America trade for upward of forty years.

About the middle of the morning a messenger came to Master Hezekiah's office from the Duck and Doe, bringing word that nineteen redemption-servants, to be shipped to the Americas, had just been brought up from London by the crimp, and had all been safely lodged at the inn without any of them having escaped by the way.

In those days—it was in the year 1718—bond-servants, or “redemptioners,” as they were sometimes called, were being shipped to the Americas in great quantities. The colonies, which had grown enormously in the last twenty-five years, were in the greatest need of labor of all kinds, skilled and unskilled. There were not nearly enough of the regular emigrants from the old country to supply the demand. Negro slaves were being brought from Africa in great quantities to work upon the plantations, but they were fitted to do only the rude kinds of field-work; they were savages that knew nothing at all of labor until they were turned out upon the tobacco-fields, or the cotton- or corn-fields; they could not, in very many instances, even speak the English language, and except to work on the plantations, they were of little or no use. So to fill the need of more intelligent labor that should serve, so to speak, to supply a connecting link between honest emigrant-labor and African slave-labor, men and women who were paupers, or outcasts, or criminals, were sent from England as bond-servants, or redemptioners. That is, their passage was paid to the Americas, or they themselves volunteered to go, and, to redeem the cost of their transportation, they were sold in the colonies, to the highest bidder,

as bond-servants for a period of years—seven, eight, nine, or ten, as the case might be.

These bond-servants were always a very profitable part of the ship's cargo—perhaps the most profitable, if the voyage had been quick and healthy, without smallpox or some such disease getting aboard.

Oftentimes the high prices that these redemption-servants fetched in the colonies tempted the crimps who supplied them to merchants and sea-captains to resort to kidnapping, or man-stealing, to fill their supplies. Thousands of men and women, and even children, were so stolen.

But Master Hezekiah Tipton had never resorted to kidnapping. He was a man who drove as hard a bargain as it was possible for a man to drive. He had sent scores—hundreds—of bond-servants to the Americas. They were as much a part of his cargoes as tea, books, broadcloth, or silk stuffs; but they were all honestly come by, and no one could ever say that he had transported man or boy against his will. It was such a lot of servants that had just now been brought up from London and lodged at the Duck and Doe.

A little while after the messenger had gone, Master Hezekiah closed his account-book, slipped down from his tall office-stool, put on his hat and wig, and went down to the inn to see them. Servants had been very scarce and hard to come by of late, and Hezekiah was anxious to see what this lot was like. As he walked along in the bright sunlight of the street, his cane tap-tapping on the cobbles, and the tails of his long old-fashioned coat flapping behind him, he looked even more old and dry and withered than in the dusk of his office. His pale eyes, which nearly always appeared as though covered with a film, stared straight before him, seeing nothing, sensing nothing. His love of money was the only thing that held him to the world in which he lived. To all

else he was dead, senseless, inert. Everybody knew him as "Old Hezekiah the Miser," and there were any number of stories told of his meanness and stinginess. He lived in an old house at the end of the court with nobody but his housekeeper Deborah, and his nephew Jack; but for a week at a time he would speak hardly a word to either of them.

He lived as in a dead and dry shell of a life, except when he was driving a bargain. Then, instantly, every fiber was alive; the pale film passed from his eyes, the lax nerves grew tense, and the whole man was awake to a keen alertness.

Hezekiah had the redemptioners brought out into the inn yard for his inspection. The crimp arranged them in an uneven, irregular row. They stood dull, heavy-browed, inert; bearing upon their sullen faces the indelible stamp of the brutal poverty that drove them to emigration and servitude. As they stood there, patched and frowsy, a few loungers looked out at them from the inn doors and windows, with listless curiosity. Hezekiah waited while the crimp stood the redemptioners in a row against the wall. One hand, big, knotted, knuckled, hung stiffly out of the broad sleeves of his long, snuff-colored coat, the other clutched his cane with its cracked and yellow ivory handle. His face looked little and withered under the shadow of the great periwig that hung over his shoulders and down his back. The old miser did not seem to like the looks of the servants. "That man," said he in his cracked, querulous voice, pointing with his cane as he spoke to a lean little fellow standing in the line, "that man—why did ye send him? How much d' ye think he 'll fetch in the Virginias? I's warrant me, not fifteen guineas!"

So he went from one to the other, criticizing each in turn, the crimp listening, but saying nothing.

"Why, Master Tipton," said the crimp, referring to a slip of paper which he held in his hand, "there you are mighty mistook. That man is worth more than any of 'em. He's a skilled barber and leecher, Master Tipton. He's a good man, he is, and knows his trade, to be sure, and that very well. Just you think, Master Tipton, how much he would be worth

as a valley or body-servant to one of them there Virginia planters."

"Humph!" grunted Master Tipton, shaking his head. He did not say anything further, and by and by he turned away and, with the crimp still at his heels, entered the inn to receipt the papers; and with his going the inspection came to an end.

Old Deborah, the housekeeper, stood at the door of the house waiting and watching for Hezekiah as, returning, he turned into the court again. She beckoned with her lean hand when she saw him coming. "Hurry, Master, hurry!" she piped; "there be a man in the office a-waiting to see you."

Master Tipton made no other answer than to hasten his steps a little. He did not look at his housekeeper, but opened the office door and entered. A little man, dressed in rusty black, sat perched upon the long-legged stool at the high desk. He was just taking a pinch of snuff as Master Hezekiah came in. He finished taking his pinch, looking steadily at the old merchant as he did so, and not speaking any immediate word of greeting. He was a sharp, lean-looking little man. He had a pair of black, beady eyes, which, with his long, straight nose and slanting forehead, gave him somewhat the look of a rat. He wore his own hair parted in the middle and so long that it hung almost to his shoulders. The little white band at his throat showed him to be an attorney-at-law. His flapped hat lay upon the top of the desk amid the packets of yellow and fly-specked papers. He looked steadily at Master Hezekiah with his little black eyes twinkling like beads. Master Hezekiah, upon his part, gave no more sign of recognition of the little man's presence than if he had not been there at all. He took off his hat and wig, and then with great deliberation peeled the coat off his back. Then, still with perfect vacancy of expression, he drew up the long-legged stool opposite to his visitor and, composing himself, stared at the other with his pale, lusterless eyes, and gaping his almost toothless jaws.

"Well, Master Tipton," said the little man at last, shutting his snuff-box with a snap as he spoke, "belike you don't remember me?"—for there was no recognition in old Hezekiah's expression.

"Why, yes, Master Lawyer — ah — Burton," answered Hezekiah, "I do remember you, and that right well. Seeing that you was the man that drew my brother-in-law's will, I am not like to forget you so soon. No; I have n't forgot you, Master Lawyer Burton."

"Very well, Mr. Tipton, I see you do know me, for you 've got all that as straight as can be. To tell you the truth, Mr. Tipton, I could n't tell, to look at you, whether you know me or not. You do stare at a body so strange. D' ye think ye could follow me, Mr. Tipton, if I speak to ye of a little matter that I have come all the way down from Tripwell to tell you about?" The little lawyer asked this last question feeling still not quite sure whether the old man's mind was alert enough to understand what he had to say to him.

"Aye, Master," said Hezekiah, "I can understand you."

"Then, first of all, tell me where is your nephew, Jack Ballister," began the little man. "He 's alive yet, is he?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "he 's alive yet. Jacky 's well — Jacky 's all very well, Master."

"Well, 't is mainly about him and his affairs that I have come to Portsmouth, Mr. Hezekiah," said the little lawyer; "and, seeing that you are his guardian, I come to you first of all. When I made your brother-in-law's, the Reverend James Ballister's, will, 't was little I knew how much it would be for your nephew in the end, Mr. Tipton, seeing how poor was your brother-in-law. Tell me, now, have you heard that Lady Dinah Wellbeck is dead?"

"Why, no, Master Burton," said the old man; "and who is Lady Dinah Wellbeck?"

"Then I 'll tell ye all about her, Mr. Hezekiah," said the lawyer. "She died more than a fortnight ago. She was a very rich woman, and she was your poor brother-in-law's aunt. Your brother-in-law's family should have wrote you or your nephew about her death, Mr. Tipton, and I marvel they have not done so. But that is neither here nor there; what I have come for to tell you is that Lady Dinah, by her will, hath left your poor brother-in-law a bequest. The will was made while he was alive, and hath not been altered since; and so now, he being dead, it goes to his son according to

law — to his son, your nephew, Jack Ballister. D' ye follow me, Master Tipton?"

The old America merchant said nothing, but nodded his head. He was sitting quite still now, leaning his elbow upon the top of the desk with his bony forehead resting against the tips of his fingers. As he sat so, looking out from under his brows, his expression was more keen and alert than it had been: it was as though the film had passed away, and he was very wide-awake to what was passing. "How much is the bequest?" said he at last.

"Why, sir," said the lawyer, half hesitating, "I — I believe it is a matter of — of some six thousand pounds or so."

"Six thousand pounds," repeated the old man. He sat for a while as though thinking. Presently he aroused himself. "And why have you taken the trouble to come here to tell me about it?" asked he.

"Why, Master Tipton," said the attorney, "to tell you the truth, methought that if I came first to tell you the news you might care to have me look the matter up for you and act in it for you. Belike you will need a lawyer to look after your nephew's interest, d' ye see, Mr. Tipton? 'T is a great fortune, Mr. Tipton."

"Ay, it is a great fortune," said the old merchant then. "Ay, ay — I see — I thought that was maybe the reason why ye 'd come to me." He sat for a while sunk in thought. "Six thousand pounds," he repeated to himself. "It 's very sudden." Then, again arousing himself, "I am much beholden to ye, Master Lawyer, and if I need your services, I 'll let ye know. Good morning, Master Lawyer, good morning."

This last was said so suddenly that the little attorney sat staring at the old man for a moment or two in silence. "Well, but, Master Tipton," said he, "sure, you do not mean to send me away like that. Sure, you must have something more to say to me. Sure, you 'll need some one to look after your interests, — your interest and your nephew's interest in this great affair, — and why should you not have me to look after them, seeing I have been the first to tell ye the news; and seeing I live in the neighborhood of Tripwell, and am Lady Dinah's neighbor a'most, who can you choose that

would be better than me to represent you, Mr. Tipton?"

"I am much beholden to ye, Master Lawyer," said Hezekiah again; "and I'll let you know if I want your services. But to tell you the truth, Master Attorney, I'd rather seek my lawyer than have my lawyer seek me, for then I know how to deal with him. So good morning, Master, good morning. 'T is a fine day overhead, Master Burton."

CHAPTER II.

JACK HEARS NEWS.

THEY were unloading a West India ship at Drury's wharf, and Jack Ballister had gone down to the wharf after noon to see them. Part of the cargo was salt which had been brought from Turk's Island. One of the sailors had been selling some queer shells through the town. Jack had gone down to the ship hoping to see the shells; but he found that they were busy at the wharf unloading the vessel, and that they would not allow him to go aboard. They had taken off the hatches, and had opened the hold, and they were lifting hogsheads of sugar up from below. The end of the wharf was covered by a shed opened toward the water. When Jack came down to the wharf, he found that they had already taken out the salt, and had piled the great coarse bags in one end of the shed. One of the bags had a hole torn in it, and a lot of the salt had run out of it in a white gush upon the dirty boards of the wharf. The wharf clerk, carrying an open book, was busy noting the numbers of the hogsheads of sugar as they were brought up. They had rigged a lift aboard the ship, and were raising the great hogsheads from the hold.

Jack had lounged for a while along the edge of the wharf, waiting for an opportunity to go aboard. "Get away there!" called the wharf clerk to him; and Jack went away to a little distance, and perched himself upon the top of one of the wharf-piles to which the ship was made fast.

The men were yo-hoing as they pulled upon the lift. The block and tackle creaked and squealed as a great hogshead came slowly up out of the hold.

The captain of the ship stood upon the high poop deck. He stood leaning over the rail, smoking his pipe. He wore a greasy red cap, a shaggy waistcoat with brass buttons, and a broad leather belt with a brass buckle. His petticoat breeches were stained and greasy, and he wore great sea-boots. His red hair was plaited behind into a queue. A faint wreath of smoke arose from the stovepipe of the galley forward. Presently the negro cook came up from below for a breath of fresh air, and stood there with his head and sweating face just showing above the scuttle. Jack looked up at the tall masts and the lumbering cross-yards and the maze of rigging overhead. The wind-vane at the mast-head seemed to swim against the floating blue patch of sky. The spring air, salt from over the water, was soft and warm. It was full every now and then of the smell of the raw sugar. Jack sat indolently and aimlessly enjoying it all; the warm sunlight lying strong upon his shoulders felt good to him.

Jack Ballister was a little more than sixteen years old, a fine, large boy for his age, big-jointed and broad-shouldered. He had an honest round face, a little bit freckled, but good-looking and good-natured. He had been living, since his father had died (a little more than a year before), with his uncle; and in that time he had been allowed to do exactly as he pleased. Hezekiah paid no attention to him at all, but allowed him to come and go as he chose. For a little while after Jack had come to live with him, the old miser had constrained himself, in the freshness of the boy's new coming, and in the bitterness of his grief, to pay some attention to him. But in a little while he had drifted back into his old lifeless life again, and soon became lost in the callousness of his own selfhood. So he gradually ceased to pay any attention to Jack, who was allowed to go his way, and manage his affairs as he chose. For a while Jack liked this very much; but there came to be times, when the other boys were at school, that he did not know just what to do with himself, even when the day was bright and pleasant.

Jack's father, who had been a great scholar, had kept him all his life studying Latin and Greek. At fifteen Jack could read Latin almost as well as he could English. He had

never really had a holiday except when his father was sick or away from home; that was why he had at first so much enjoyed the idleness of his life in his uncle Hezekiah's home. Jack knew that his father had left some money for him in trust with his uncle Hezekiah. He also knew that it was not a great deal, but just how much it was he did not know.

He sat now upon the top of one of the piles with his hands in his pockets, swinging his legs, watching them unload the sugar from the West India ship. Ben Denny came along the wharf, stepping carefully over the hawsers. Presently he had come to where Jack sat.

"I 've been hunting everywhere for you, Jack," said he. "Don't you want to take my uncle's skiff and go with me over to Dan Derrick's cutter?"

"Why, yes," said Jack, "I 'd like well enough to go, but Ben Derrick won't let a body go aboard her."

"Oh!" said Ben Denny, "as for that, 't is not likely he 'll see us. He 'll be too busy in the cooper shop to see us. Come along, Jack; 't won't do any harm to go out there at any rate, even if they do call us away."

The two boys left the wharf together, going back through the shady depths of the wharf shed, cool in contrast to the warm sunlight. The air seemed saturated with the smell of the raw sugar and of the moist salt-sacks.

The cutter of which Ben Denny had spoken had belonged to Dan Derrick. Dan had died of a fever about a week before. Then his cutter had been offered for sale by his widow. His brother, Ben Derrick the cooper, had charge of the boat, and it was anchored out beyond the cooper shops. The boys whom Jack knew had talked a good deal about the cutter. They all knew that Jack had had money left him, and they used to talk about his buying the cutter with it. Jack was very immature for his age. The boys he knew were almost all younger than himself—two, three, or four years. They used to play together in an open lot not far from where Ben Denny lived. They had built a sort of underground place. They had a piece of old stovepipe, and they used to build fires and sit around it and

talk. Every now and then Ebenezer Budd, the old town watchman, who had been wounded at Boyne Water, and who could remember the talk of King Charles's death, used to drive them away. They would run a little way off and then they would halloo at him: "Corporal Budd, shot in the leg, peggity-peg! a-peggity-peg!" and after he was gone they would come back again. It was here that the boys used to sit and talk about Dan Derrick's cutter and how, if Jack could only have the money his father had left him, he could buy the cutter.

Jack and Ben, after they had left the wharf, walked up along the rambling street that fronted the open harbor. As they went past Ben's uncle's storehouse, Ben went in to get the key of the padlock and the oars of the skiff, and Jack walked out upon the rambling wharf that stretched pretty far out into the water. Presently Ben came with the oars. He unlocked the padlock that held the skiff chained to the wharf. Jack had climbed down into the skiff and was bailing out the water. Then Ben came, and presently they pulled out from the wharf.

They rowed out into the harbor and around the other side of the cutter as she lay at anchor, so that Ben Derrick might not see them from the cooper shops. The gray frame sheds of the cooper shops overhung the water. There was a great pile of clean, new casks near them. A ceaseless sound of hammering came from the shops. "Tap!—tap!—tappety!—tap! Tap!—tap!—tappety!—tap!" There were vessels lying at anchor out across the water, still and motionless in the sun. They made fast the painter and went aboard the cutter.

Jack walked up and down the decks looking about him and up at the gilt weather-vane at the mast-head. He realized that there was enough money really his, if he only had it, to buy the cutter, and he felt a delight almost like the delight of real ownership.

"I wish we could get down below into the cabin," said Ben, trying to open the scuttle, but it was tight locked and fastened with a padlock. They peeped through the round bull's-eyes of windows, and could see in a distorted image the row of empty berths within. The scuttle of the galley was locked also, and the stovepipe

was rusty and cold. It seemed to speak singularly of emptiness and desertion.

"If I was twenty-one, and had my money, I'd buy her to-morrow," said Jack, positively.

Jack and Ben stood talking together at the corner of the street. Directly behind them was the Indian Princess Coffee-house. Just now it was empty and deserted, and the waiter stood idly looking out of the window over the top of the curtain. Now and then he looked aimlessly at the boys, and then he looked away again. A little man dressed in black with a white band at his throat came briskly down the street toward them. "Who 's that?" said Jack.

"I don't know," said Ben; "he 's a stranger about here. I never saw him before."

As the little man approached, he gazed steadily at the two boys, who, upon their part, stared at him. The little man hesitated for a moment, then he passed by. Then he stopped; then, after a moment of hesitation, he came back to where they stood. "Are n't you Master Jack Ballister?" said he to Jack.

Jack looked him over before answering, and Ben stood listening. "Why, yes," said Jack, "I am Jack Ballister. Who be you, Master?" There was something familiar in the little man's face, but Jack could not exactly place him in his remembrance.

"Why, don't you remember me?" said the little man, "I was the attorney who drew up your poor father's will at Dipford."

"Oh, yes!" said Jack, "I remember you now well enough. How do you do, Master—why, to be sure, I've clean forgot your name!"

"My name 's Burton," said the little man.

"Oh, yes!" said Jack, "I remember now, Master Burton."

"I've just been to see your uncle," said the little man; "I've brought him some news that 'll be mightily interesting to you, Master Jack. Come in here—" motioning to the coffee-house—"and I'll tell you all about it."

Jack followed the little man awkwardly into the coffee-house; he had never been in there.

The little lawyer ordered the waiter to bring him a pipe of tobacco, which he filled very nicely; then, tilting it to the taper, he began puffing out great clouds of smoke. Jack

watched him with a sort of aimless interest. Ben stood on the step outside, looking in through the round glass of the door. The waiter hung about making a pretense of setting a neighboring table to rights. The little lawyer turned to him sharply. "You may go now," said he, "I don't lack anything else"; and the waiter went reluctantly.

The little man, puffing out cloud after cloud of smoke, sat watching the waiter till he had gone quite away. Then he turned sharply to Jack. "Well, Master Jack," said he at last, "what would you think if I was to tell you that you had been left a great fortune?"

Jack sat staring, struck dumb at the very first. "What d' ye mean?" he said at last.

"Why, I mean what I say," said the little man. "Do you know anything about your father's family, Master Jack?"

"Why, no, not much," said Jack, "except that they were gentfolk up in Yorkshire."

"Well, then," said the little man, "I'll tell you more about them, for you'll have to know something about them. They are, as you say, people of great quality up in Yorkshire. Your uncle is a Knight of the Shire in South Riding, and your poor father had an aunt whose name was Lady Dinah Wellbeck. She too was a great lady up in that part of the country. Well, Master Jack, your poor father was a great scholar, as you know. Now, I don't know whether you know it or not; but while he was a curate over in Welford—that was before he went to live at Dipford—your mother was his housekeeper. She was, if the truth must be told, not very handsome, or, as some said, very sweet-tempered either. It was said, whether with truth or no, that your poor father was teased into marrying her."

"I don't remember anything of her," said Jack.

"Neither do I," said the little man; "she was dead before I knew your poor father. What I say is only the gossip in Dipford. Anyhow, your father did marry her and his people up in Yorkshire were so ashamed of him that they found him a living in Dipford, where they might be well rid of him and her. Well, Master Jack, your father, though he was a great scholar, with his head in the clouds, was

so much of a man that when he died he would have naught to do with his own people who had so turned him off, but sent for your uncle down here in Portsmouth and made him your guardian until you come of age; and that's how you came to be here."

"Well," said Jack, who had not been listening very closely, "methinks you said something about a fortune? What hath all this to do with the fortune? What is the fortune?"

"I'm coming straight to it," said the little man. "Well, then, about a fortnight ago Lady Dinah Wellbeck, whom I told you was such a great lady and your father's aunt—about a fortnight ago, I say, she died all of a sudden, and 't was found in her will, which she had never changed, that she 'd left your poor father a fortune of money." The little man paused and sat puffing his pipe, looking at Jack.

"Well," said Jack, after a while, "and what then?"

The little man smiled, showing his white even teeth. "Why," said he, "'t is yours now. 'T is more than six thousand pounds."

For a moment or two Jack did not take it all in. Then with a rush there came a sudden great delight of realization. He could not believe it. "Six thousand pounds!" repeated he.

"Hush!" said the little man, shooting a look at the waiter, who appeared too busy not to be listening. "Yes, six thousand pounds. 'T is all yours now—every farthing. A great big fortune—a fortune of six thousand pounds. Think of that, Master Jack—a fortune of six thousand pounds!"

Jack sat staring at the little man without a word.

"But, after all, Master Jack," continued the attorney presently, "you yourself can't touch it yet. For, according to your poor father's will, your uncle is made trustee for all your property until you come of age. So you can't touch a farthing of it till he chooses to give it to you."

"Is that true?" said Jack.

"Yes, 't is true."

Jack's face fell. In an instant all his golden hopes were dashed. "Well, then," said he, "it might as well be sunk in the sea for any good I'll have of it all, for he won't give me a farthing as long as he can keep it from me."

"Maybe he won't do it willingly," said Mr. Burton, "but maybe he can be made to do it. D' ye see, Master Jack, what you want in this business is a lawyer to manage it for you. Of course, 't is naught to me, but I can't abide to stand by and see an ill done to anybody. 'T is not right that your uncle should have all your money, and give you no account of it, or nothing to spend out of it."

Jack began to understand. "Well, Master," said he, "will you be my lawyer, and look after my money for me?"

The little man puffed out a cloud of smoke. He watched it as it twisted about in the air, growing thinner and thinner, and then dissolving in the sunlight. "Well," said he, "to be sure I can't just look after your money for you, but I can advise you how to look after it yourself."

Ben Denny opened the door of the coffee-house. "I'm going home, Jack," said he.

"Wait, and I'll be out there in a minute," said Jack. Then to the lawyer, "But is n't there some way I can get some of my money, Master? I'd like some right away, if I could get it. I and my friend yonder were looking at a cutter. 'T is for sale; a fine boat as ever a body would wish to see. If I could only get money enough to buy her I don't think I'd want anything else."

The attorney Burton looked doubtful. "How much do they want for the cutter?" asked he.

"Why," said Jack, "they want a hundred pounds for her. I know 't is a great deal of money. But methinks they would take eighty or ninety if 't was offered."

The attorney laughed. "Why, if that's all you want," said he, "methinks we may manage to get that much. Well, then, if I'm to be your lawyer, I'll tell you what to do, Master Jack. You go tell your uncle that you've had a talk with me, and that I've told you about your fortune. Then you ask him for the money, and if he don't give it to you, you tell him that you're to come to me for more advice. I'll be back here this day a week hence. You come here at this place, this day week, at eleven o'clock. If I ain't here, wait for me, and then I'll go up with you to see your uncle, and we'll see together what can be done for you."

"What did he want of you?" asked Ben as the two boys walked away together. Jack seemed to be walking on air. His life seemed filled full with delight. "He told me," said he, "that I'd come into a fortune of six thousand pounds, and that maybe now I can get money to buy the cutter after all."

"What!" cried Ben. "When?"

"Maybe to-morrow," said Jack.

CHAPTER III.

NEPHEW AND UNCLE.

JACK had made up his mind to speak to his uncle that night, but when he came face to face with doing so it was very hard. He and the old miser were sitting together at supper. It was some time before Jack could gather resolution to speak. "Uncle Hezekiah—" said he at last, and the words struck loud upon his own ears.

The old man looked up quickly, as though almost startled at the sound. He did not speak, but his look asked Jack what he had to say.

"Uncle Hezekiah," said Jack again, "there was a stranger in town to-day, who told me a mightily strange piece of news. He was the attorney who drew up my father's will. You know who I mean—Master Burton, the attorney. Well, he said there'd been a fortune left me by an aunt of my father's. Is that so, Uncle Hezekiah?"

The old man looked steadily across the table at Jack. "He told you what?" said he dryly.

"He told me that there'd been a fortune left me," repeated Jack.

"A fortune," repeated the old man.

"Yes," said Jack.

"Well, he's been telling you a pack of lies!"

Jack was leaning back in his chair, his hands in his pockets. He sat looking at the old man for a while. He felt thrown back upon himself, and he did not know just how to resume the attack.

"I don't believe 't was a pack of lies," said he at last. "I believe there's truth in it."

There was a pause. Hezekiah said nothing.

"I tell you what 't is, Uncle Hezekiah," said Jack, forcing himself to continue, "I do believe there's truth in it, and I tell you what I'm

going to do. I'm going to have a lawyer to look after my affairs after this."

"What!" said the old man. He laid down his knife and fork and looked straight at Jack.

"Why, you heard what I said," said Jack, who grew bolder and bolder the more he spoke. "Master Burton told me to-day that I ought to have a lawyer to look after 'em."

"'T was all a pack of lies!" interjected the old man.

"And I tell you what 't is," continued Jack, without paying any attention to what he said, "you never give me a groat to spend, or care anything about me, or look after me, or do anything for me. You don't so much as say a word to me from one day's end to another."

"Well, what do you want me to say to you?" said the old man.

"I don't want you to say anything to me that you don't choose to say," said Jack. "'T is not that I mean; but you don't treat me as if I were flesh and blood, so you don't."

"Yes, I do, too," said Hezekiah. "I don't know what you mean by talking to me this way. What d' ye mean?"

"Why," said Jack, finding an opening at last, and coming to the point, "what I want is this: I want what 's rightly mine, that 's all I want. Look 'e, Uncle Hezekiah, I'm over sixteen years old, and old enough to look after myself a little. Now, Uncle Hezekiah, Dan Derrick's cutter—there 's a cutter lying off there in the harbor that 's for sale. If I could buy her, I know I could make money out of her. I could make enough money to keep myself without being a bother to you or anybody. They ask a hundred pounds for her. If you will give me a hundred pounds to buy her I won't ask you for another farthing until I come of age. Master Burton says I'll be a rich man then."

The old man looked long and steadily at Jack. "Why," said he, at last, "I do think you've gone clean crazy. A hundred pounds! What should I give you a hundred pounds for?"

"Why," said Jack, "you should give it to me because 't is only a little part of what belongs to me."

"I think you be gone crazy," said the old man again. "A hundred pounds! A hundred



UNCLE AND NEPHEW.—“WELL, JACKY, YOU SHALL HAVE THAT HUNDRED POUNDS, YOU SHALL.”

fiddlesticks!" Then he began eating again, but not as he had been doing. He ate more slowly, and as though he were thinking of something.

Jack did not notice; he sat looking at him. He was feeling very bitter. His uncle's words and the manner of saying them seemed to put it utterly and entirely out of the question for him to get the money. The thought of having a lawyer behind him had buoyed him up with great hopes. Now what he had asked for seemed very preposterous. "Well," said Jack, at last, "'t is all very well for you to say 'fiddlesticks,' Uncle Hezekiah. Maybe 't is fiddlesticks, but I 'll see if my lawyer can't talk to you better than I can. Master Burton is coming back here this day week, and I 'm to see him down at the Indian Princess Coffee-house. He says I ought to have the money I want, and he 's going to try to get the money for me. Maybe you won't say fiddlesticks to him."

The old man did not seem to hear him. A moment later he had finished his supper; then he got up, and, without looking at Jack or saying anything to him, he went away. Jack heard him pass along the bare and empty passage beyond, and into the office. Then, with a great deal of bitterness, he began to eat his own supper, which till now he had not touched.

He sat eating for a long time in lonely silence, when suddenly he heard the office door open once more, and his Uncle Hezekiah coming down along the passage again. Jack heard his fingers fumbling with the latch in the darkness, and then the sharp click as it was raised. Then the door opened, and the old man came in. He stood for a moment, then he came straight across to the table where Jack sat. He stood leaning with both hands upon the table. Jack did not know exactly what to expect. He drew himself back, for a wild notion came into his head that the old man was going to attack him personally. "Look 'e, Jacky," said his uncle at last, "I 've been thinking of that there hundred pounds you was speaking of, Jacky.

Well, Jacky, you shall have that hundred pounds, you shall."

"What d' ye mean, Uncle Hezekiah?" said Jack.

"Why," said Hezekiah, "you heard what I said. You shall have that hundred pounds, Jacky. I 've been thinking about it and about what that lawyer man said. Well, I 'll give it to you. I can't give it to you just now, for a hundred pounds is a deal of money, and I have n't that much to give ye straight away. But I 'll give it to you after awhile; I will, Jacky. I 'll give it to you—let me see—I 'll give it to you on Monday next. Will that be time enough?"

"Why, yes, it will," said Jack; "if you really mean what you say."

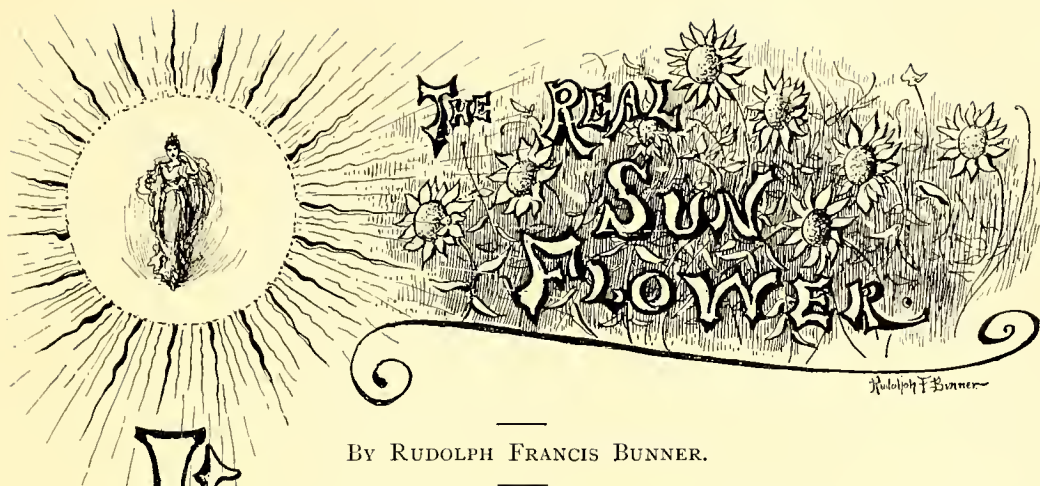
"Ay," said the old man, "I mean it sure enough; but don't you say anything about it just yet awhile. I mean to be a good, kind uncle to you, Jacky, I do," and he reached out a lean, tremulous hand and pawed at Jack, who drew away instinctively at his approach. "I do, Jacky, I do," said the old man, almost whining in his effort to be affectionate; "but don't you tell anybody about that there fortune, will you, Jacky?"

"What d' ye mean?" said Jack; "that fortune that Lady Dinah left me?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I mean that. There be n't a word of truth in what that fellow told you, Jacky—not a word of truth. But don't you say a word about it to anybody and you shall have that hundred pounds on Monday next."

Then he turned and went away again. Jack sat looking after him. He felt very uncomfortable. He could not understand why the old man had yielded so suddenly. He did not believe at all that he had yielded or that he would give him the hundred pounds upon Monday next. He felt that he had been put off somehow with a barren promise that would never bear fruit. "Well," said he to himself, "I 'll see my lawyer on Monday next, anyhow."

(To be continued.)



BY RUDOLPH FRANCIS BUNNER.

It had been a long and tiresome day. That aunt—the aunt she did not like—had stayed to lunch, and had not left till the afternoon; and to be examined in history and all sorts of things, to be instructed and have to speak pieces in summer-time—it certainly was not fair! And Kitty left the house after tea with a feeling of relief, and stood where she could look out over the open fields, whose little hills and ridges extended toward the west.

By the side of the house was a path that ran along the old garden and beyond its farthest end, where the last half-broken paling kept a group of sunflowers from straying into the meadow. Then the little path twisted more and more, and grew pale and indistinct as it left the house, till it was lost in the close-cropped grass of the meadow.

Kitty followed it down a little incline, and blinked as the level rays of the setting sun came straight in her eyes. She walked on until a small ridge in the meadow rose in front of her and shut off the direct light. Then, sinking down on the grass, she rested her cheek upon her hand and watched the sparkle of the sunlight on the blades of grass at the top of the hill. As she lazily lowered her eyes, it seemed as though a little glowing light, like a will-o'-the-wisp, became visible in the dusky

shadow of the ridge in front of her. Looked at more intently, the light seemed larger than at first, and brighter. In the center was a flower,—a sunflower,—but more brilliant and assertive than any of its kind Kitty had ever seen before. From around it extended bright golden rays, its stalk moved gracefully to and fro, and in the center of the petals was a face—a face that looked at her with a condescending smile, and an expression of self-satisfaction. The two leaves nearest the flower seemed to take on the semblance of arms, as they swayed with the slight motion of the stalk.

This curious sunflower continued to gaze at Kitty, and soon she became conscious that the flower was speaking in a slow and leisurely manner:

“Little girl,” it said presently—“little girl, I am glad to see you; for,” it continued, “you will now have an opportunity to make yourself useful. You see those flags and reeds growing along that small stream? Gather a large bundle and bring them here. Then, while you sit at my feet, I will instruct you how to plait and weave them.”

Kitty obeyed, though she resented being ordered around; and when she had gathered enough, she threw the bundle on the ground, seating herself near it.

Then, following the flower's instructions, Kitty commenced to weave the reeds into a

large extinguisher, shaped like the ones on old candle-sticks, only ever so much larger.

"When that is completed," said the flower, approvingly, "you will put it over me. When it is removed, with appropriate ceremonies, I

task, I will relate to you the story of my enchantment—at least, what I remember of it, for it was long ago that it happened."

And this is the story that the sunflower told Kitty, though perhaps he did not tell it in just these words:

"Years ago—many, many years ago—I was the only son of a king, and naturally accustomed to have my own way in everything during my boyhood. But when I grew up, my father wished me to marry a rich princess who lived in a neighboring country. But I had different ideas on the subject, and refused point-blank.

"You see, we believed in a great many things in those days; in fact, we were kept so busy believing in things that we hardly had time for anything else. Now, one belief that we had was in regard to the sun. We believed that the sun went round the earth once a day, or—well, something of that sort. We were quite sure that at evening, when the sun reached that interesting country of which we



"WHAT ARE YOU NOW?" ASKED KITTY—"A SUNFLOWER?"

shall appear before you as an Enchanting Prince. At present I am an *Enchanted Prince*—a slight difference, I must admit. But after I am extinguished I shall be even more distinguished than I am now."

"But how did you become enchanted? and what are you now?" asked Kitty—"a sunflower?"

"I am the Real Sunflower," said the Prince, proudly; "and while you are completing your

still catch glimpses at sunset, its light was put out, and then the sun was carried round, by some out-of-the-way road, to its starting-place in the east, to be ready for the next morning. Just how it was taken round I am not sure. I *think* it was put on a carriage and drawn by six horses with silver manes and jet-black hoofs—I have forgotten now. But it does not matter.

"What interested me was that the sun was supposed to be inhabited. A beautiful princess

was thought to be imprisoned in it, and there was a legend that she might be rescued by the brave knight who would travel to where the sun set, and there attempt the task. Of course, if a knight released her, she could hardly do less than marry him. I don't think any one had ever tried the enterprise; you see it took a good deal of valuable time to *believe* a story like that, and by the time one was convinced of the truth of it, he hardly felt equal to the effort of starting off upon the journey.

"But I was not only young and enterprising: I fully believed the story, and when a boy I had determined to marry the princess. I told my father of my determination, supposing, of course, he would at once set about assisting me, and would give up his own plan.

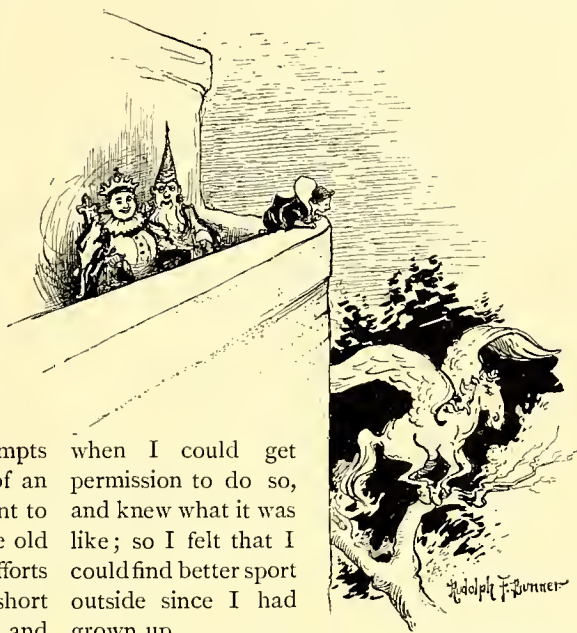
"I had heard this legend quite often, for my father and a queer old retired magician used to talk it over summer evenings, as they sat behind the castle parapet and watched the sunset. This old magician, who was retired on a pension, and had not practised any magic for many years, never had any particular liking for me. Indeed, as a child I had given him a great deal of trouble by crying for the moon, which, of course, he could not procure; and as I grew older, I used to play tricks on him which annoyed him very much. Another thing that he disliked was my laughing at the antics of his old winged horse—an aged white animal, apparently as old and worn out as his master.

"While we sat together on the parapet, in the summer evenings, I would look over the edge and giggle to myself at the attempts the old horse made to fly up to the limb of an old tree near by, on which he always went to roost. Owing to his age and weariness, the old steed would have to make several useless efforts before he could accomplish even that short flight. He would flounder up and down and flap his wings, to my great entertainment, and to his master's annoyance.

"In his time, the magician had been very distinguished, and had enjoyed all the advantages of the Darkest Ages, but he was now considered pretty well shelved, and had left no successor.

"All this, as I have said, happened so long, long ago that I myself have only a misty and dim recollection of it. I remember my father's ancient castle that stood on the upper slope of a hill with groups of old dark trees around it, the parapet upon which we used to sit, the long plain in front that extended toward the west, and the golden glow of the sunset that transformed everything—softening the old castle and the woods, gilding the stone lilies carved over the entrance, and making the deer in the park gleam like spots of bright gold.

"When my father found that I had outgrown crying for the moon only to begin crying for the sun (a perfectly natural course of things, by the way) he was very angry; he would not listen to me at all, and declared, in a passion, that he gave me three days to decide what I would do—marry the princess he had chosen for me, or go to the dungeon. Now, I used to play hide-and-seek in the dungeon as a boy,



when I could get permission to do so, and knew what it was like; so I felt that I could find better sport outside since I had grown up.

"I was the leader of the young knights in the neighborhood, and I laid the case before them. We decided that as the life had been very tame at home for many years, and as all the neighboring kings persisted in remaining at peace, we would start

"I WOULD LOOK OVER THE EDGE AND GIGGLE AT THE ATTEMPTS OF THE POOR OLD HORSE TO FLY UP TO THE LIMB OF A TREE."

on an expedition to the land of the setting sun. If we found things to our liking there, we might remain, or at least return with such honors that we should be forgiven for our flight.

"If I could only bring back as a bride the princess in the sun, I felt sure she would be welcomed; and if she insisted on taking along with her her coach and six horses and the

boats, we were ferried over rivers and lakes, or sailed across great seas. The days became weeks, the weeks grew into months, and still we traveled on. But the enthusiasm with which we had started forsook us at times, and then our progress became slower and less spirited.

"At last, toward the close of an autumn day, we found ourselves riding slowly over a stretch of wide, rolling country. Through the haze of early autumn we saw the dim forms of the trees looking unnaturally large; and even the sun itself seemed nearer than ever before. As I looked back over my shoulder I could see some

of my followers half closing their eyes and playfully trying to grasp in their

hands the rays that seemed to reach from the sun, as a child might do with the rays from a lighted lamp. But others appeared dejected and discouraged. They would sometimes look so long at the sun that when they took their eyes away they seemed to see the heavens dotted with other suns,—some dark or purple colored,—and those who were superstitious took this for a bad omen.

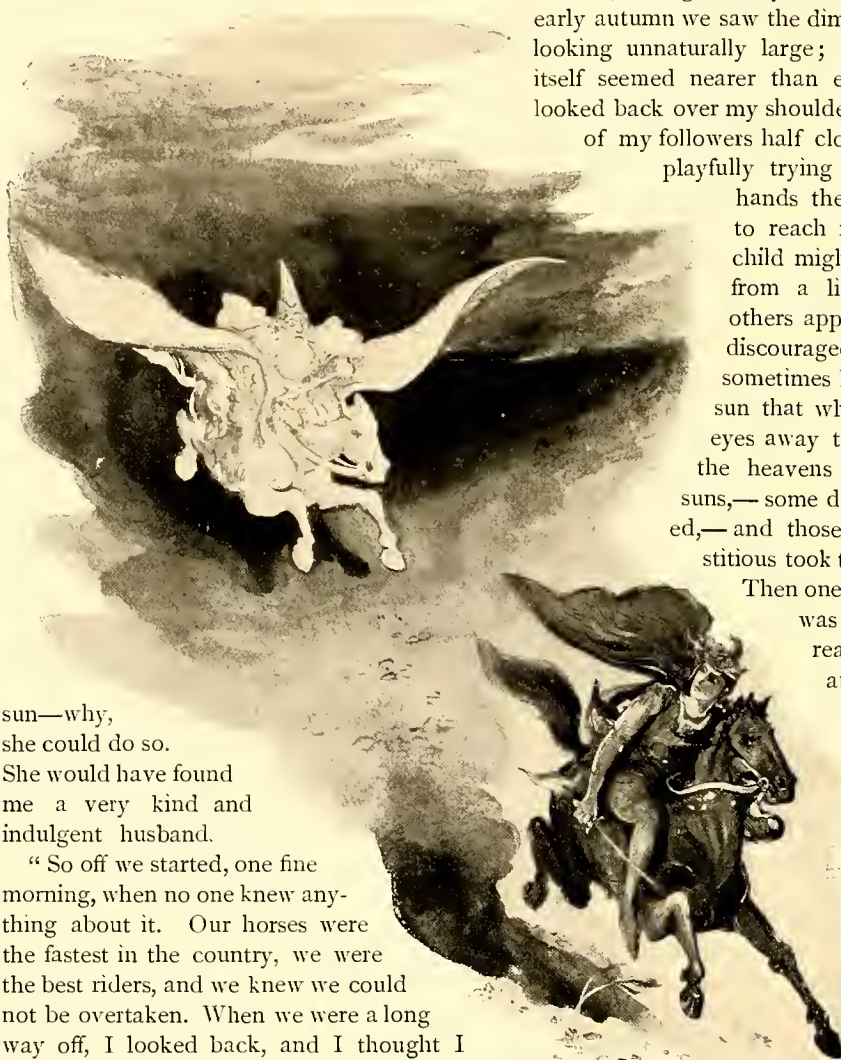
Then one of the knights who was riding far in the rear called out to us, and we looked back.

Far off was a white object, rising and falling, but steadily approaching us. As it came nearer, we saw that it was the old retired magician on his old winged horse, who was too old for the grand flights

sun—why, she could do so. She would have found me a very kind and indulgent husband.

"So off we started, one fine morning, when no one knew anything about it. Our horses were the fastest in the country, we were the best riders, and we knew we could not be overtaken. When we were a long way off, I looked back, and I thought I could dimly see my father and the magician, who must have discovered our flight, gazing after us from the parapet. Then I turned my face toward the west, and we galloped on.

"Day after day we traveled. We rode over plains and hills, and through woods; or, in



Rudolph F. Bruner.

"I HAD A GOOD START, BUT I SOON SAW THAT HIS HORSE WOULD OVERTAKE MINE." (PAGE 511.)

he might once have taken, and so could only see, from my fol-
skim the ground, rising into the air for a few I have been
moments at a time.

“But the magician soon reached us, and reined up a little way in the rear. He had brought, in addition to his winged horse and magic wand, a message from my father. We were commanded to return, he said, and he was empowered to use his magic to punish us if we refused.

“But when we looked at him—so old and tired, his ridiculous bony horse breathing heavily after the long journey, with two or three feathers disarranged in his wings, we burst into loud laughter. He could do us no harm, we felt sure, and we turned and rode on.

“But the magician rose in his stirrups and extending his wand commenced an incantation. I looked back once more—there was a field of waving sunflowers I had not seen before; but my company had disappeared.

“Hoping that his magic was not able to injure me, I put my horse to a gallop, and started off, thinking in the gathering twilight I might escape. Away we went. I had a good start, and was at first out of hearing; but I soon saw that his horse would overtake mine.

“On he came, flapping his wings, and rising and falling like an enormous, awkward bird. As he neared me, I turned and drew my sword.

“The magician laughed. Three times he waved his wand in the air, three times he repeated a magic spell, and I was transformed into what I am now.

“But I was a prince, and the malicious magician could not wholly transform me into a common flower like the rest—so I differ, as you

see, from my fol-
I have been

lowers. Here
all these years,
awaiting my re-
lease. My com-
panions, changed
as they are, still
follow the sun
with their
faces, but
I have
long



“KITTY CLAPPED THE EXTINGUISHER OVER IT.”

since
given up
all thought
of that vain quest.
And now my time for
deliverance is at hand. When you remove the extinguisher, after repeating the words I will teach you, I shall be transformed once more into a prince—with a golden sword, and garments of gold cloth. Perhaps—*perhaps*—when you grow up, if you are well educated and please me, I may reward you for your aid by marrying you! Think of it—”

“But you would not be a prince nowadays,” exclaimed Kitty, who had been growing more and more angry at his conceit and condescension; “and—you shall stay under the extinguisher!” Jumping on a stone near the sun-

flower, Kitty clapped the extinguisher over it. The Enchanted Prince called out, indignantly, as it descended, and suddenly, to Kitty's surprise and amazement, everything grew dark, and then—she woke up to find herself lying in the field alone.

Kitty looked around her. It was getting late, the sun had set, and two or three little stars had

come out. The air felt cooler, and little puffs of wind came over the field. Kitty rose to her feet and started toward the house, where she saw the lights had been lit. As she passed the old garden, the sunflowers, inclining toward the west, half closed and drooping in the evening air, seemed to nod slowly and reproachfully at her, but she ran by them to the lighted rooms.



A RAINY DAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

V. THE BOY HUNTER.

It will be no exaggeration to say that the life of the Indian boy hunter was a life of fascination. In the moment that he lost sight of his rude home in the midst of the forest, his untutored mind lost itself in the myriad beauties and forces of Nature. He never forgot his personal danger from some lurking foe of another tribe, or some savage beast, however absorbing was his passion for the chase. The Indian youth naturally became a hunter. Every motion, every step, expressed an inborn dignity, and at the same time a depth of native caution. His moccasined foot fell like the velvet paw of a cat—noiselessly; his shining black eyes scanned every object that appeared within their view. Not a bird, not even a chipmunk, escaped their piercing glance.

I was scarcely over three years old when I stood one morning, just outside our buffalo-skin tepee, with my little bow and arrows in my hand, and gazed up among the trees. Suddenly the instinct to chase and kill seized me powerfully. Just then a bird flew over my head, and then another caught my eye, as it balanced itself upon a swaying bough. Everything else was forgotten, and in that moment I had taken my first step as a hunter! As I followed the birds, constantly looking up among the branches of the trees, a little chipmunk suddenly ran chattering along a fallen branch. I hastened after him, but I had scarcely advanced a rod or two when I heard a peculiar hissing sound. A snake! The baby hunter screamed, and ran for his life to the shelter of his grandmother's lodge. It was not a successful beginning.

There was almost as much difference between the Indian boys who were brought up on the prairies and those of the woods, as between city and country boys. The hunting of the prairie boys was limited, and their know-

ledge of natural history was therefore slight. They were, as a rule, fine riders, but in physical development much inferior to the red men of the forest. Our hunting varied according to the seasons of the year, and the nature of the country which was for the time our home. Our chief weapon was the bow and arrows, and perhaps, if we were lucky, a knife was possessed by some one in the crowd. In the olden times, knives and hatchets were made of bones and stones. For fire, we used a flint, with a spongy piece of dry wood, and a stone to strike with. Another way of starting fire was for several of the boys to sit down together and rub two pieces of dry, spongy wood together, one after another, until the wood took fire.

We hunted in company a great deal, though it was a common thing for a boy to set out alone, and he usually enjoyed himself quite as much. Our game consisted mainly of small birds, rabbits, squirrels, and grouse. Fishing, too, occupied much of our time. We hardly ever passed a creek or a pond without searching for some signs of fish. When fish were found we always managed to get some. Fish-lines were made out of wild hemp, sinew, or horsehair. We either caught fish with lines, snared or speared them, or shot them with bow and arrows. In the fall we charmed them up to the surface of the water by gently tickling them with a stick, and then quickly threw them out. We have sometimes dammed the brooks, and driven the fish into a willow basket made for that purpose.

It was part of our hunting to find new and strange things in the woods. We examined the slightest sign of life, and if a bird had scratched the leaves off the ground, or a bear dragged up a root for his morning meal, we stopped to speculate on the time it was done. If we saw a large old tree with some scratches on its bark, we concluded that a bear or some racoons must be living there. In that case

we did not go any nearer than was necessary to find out what it was, but later reported the incident at home. An old deer-track would at once bring on a warm discussion as to whether it was the track of a buck or a doe. Sometimes at noon we compared our game, and at the same time noted the characteristics and peculiarities of everything we had killed. It was not merely a hunt, for we combined with it the study of animal life. We kept also a strict account of our game, and thus we learned who were the best shots among the boys.

I am sorry to say that we were merciless toward the birds. We often took their eggs and young ones. A companion and I once had a singular experience in this way. We were accustomed to catch in our hands young geese and ducks during the summer. While thus engaged we happened to find a crane's nest. Of course, we were delighted with our good luck. But, as it was already midsummer, the young cranes, two in number, were rather large and they were a little way from the nest; we also observed that the two old cranes were in a swampy place, quite near by; but as it was moulting time, we did not suppose that they would venture on dry land. So we proceeded to chase the young birds; but they were fleet runners and it took us some time to catch up with them. Meanwhile, the parent birds had heard the cries of their little ones, and came to their rescue. They were chasing us while we followed the young ones. It was a perilous encounter! Our strong bows gained the victory in a hand-to-hand battle with the angry cranes, but after that we scarcely ever hunted a crane's nest. Almost all birds make some resistance when their eggs or young are taken, but very few will attack man fearlessly. Our devices for trapping small animals were rude, but were often successful. For instance, we used to gather up a peck or so of large, sharp-pointed burs, and scatter them on the rabbit's furrow-like path. Of course in the morning we would find the little fellow sitting quietly on his track, unable to move, for the burs stuck to his feet.

Another way of snaring rabbits and grouse was the following: We made nooses of twisted horsehair, which we tied very firmly to the

top of a limber young tree, then bent the latter down to the track and fastened the whole thing with a slip-knot, after adjusting the loop. Then when the rabbit runs his head through the noose, he pulls the slip-knot, and is quickly carried up by the spring of the young tree. This was a good plan, for the rabbit is out of harm's way as he swings high in the air.

We used to climb large trees for young birds of all kinds; but we never undertook to get young owls unless they were on the ground—especially the hooting owl. They are dangerous for a boy to attack under these circumstances.

One of my most unpleasant experiences was in the endeavor to catch a yellow-winged woodpecker in his nest. My arm became twisted and lodged in the deep hole so that I could not get it out without the aid of a knife; but we were fully two miles from home, and my only companion was a deaf-and-dumb cousin of mine. I was about fifty feet up the tree, in a very uncomfortable position, but I had to wait there for more than an hour before he brought me the knife with which I finally released myself.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of all was the chipmunk hunt. We killed these animals at any time of the year, but the special time to hunt them was in March. After the first thaw, the chipmunks burrow a hole through the snow-crust, and make their first appearance for the season. Sometimes as many as fifty will come together and chase one another all about the scene. These gatherings occur only early in the morning—from daybreak to about nine o'clock.

We boys learned this among other secrets of Nature, and got our blunt-headed arrows together in good season for the chipmunk expedition. We generally went in groups of six to a dozen or fifteen, to see which would get the most. On the evening before we selected several boys who could imitate the chipmunk call with wild-oat straws, and each of these provided himself with a supply of straws. The crust will hold the boys nicely at this time of the year. Bright and early they all come together at a certain appointed place, from which each group starts out in a different direction, agree-

ing to meet somewhere at a certain position of the sun.

My first experience of this kind is still well remembered. It was a fine crisp March morning, and the sun had not yet shown itself among the distant tree-tops, as we hurried along through the woods until we arrived at a place where there were many signs of the animal. Then each of us selected a tree, and took up his position behind it. The chipmunk caller sat upon a log as motionless as he could, and began to call. Soon we heard the patter of little feet on the hard snow; then we saw the chipmunks approaching from all directions. Some stopped and ran up a tree or a log, as if uncertain of the direction of the call; others chased one another about.

In a few minutes the chipmunk caller was besieged by them. Some ran all over his person, others under him, and still others ran up the tree against which he was sitting. Each boy remained immovable until their leader gave the signal, then a shout arose, and the chipmunks in their flight all ran up different trees.

Now the shooting-match began. The little creatures seemed to realize their hopeless position; they would endeavor to come down the trees and flee away from the deadly aim of the youthful hunters. But they were shot down very fast; and whenever several of them rushed toward the ground, the little redskin hugged the tree, and yelled frantically so as to scare them up again! Each boy shoots always against the trunk of the tree, so that the arrow may bound back to him every time; otherwise when he had shot away all of them, he would be helpless, and another, who had cleared a tree, would come and take away his game. So there was warm competition. Sometimes a desperate chipmunk would jump from the top of the tree in order to escape, which was considered a joke on the boy from whose tree it had escaped, and a triumph for the brave little

animal. At last all were killed or gone, and then we went on to another place, keeping up the sport until the sun came out and the chipmunks refused to answer the call.

When we were out on the prairies, we had a different and less lively kind of sport. We used to snare with horsehair and bow-strings all the small ground animals, including the prairie-dog. We both snared and shot them. Once a little boy set a snare for one, and lay a little way off from the hole, holding the end of the string, and when he felt a stir, he pulled it. He caught a huge rattlesnake; and to this day his name is "Caught-the-Rattlesnake."

Very often a boy got his name in some such manner. Another time, while we played in the woods, we found a fawn's track. We followed and caught it while asleep; but in the struggle to get away it kicked one boy, who is still called "Kicked-by-the-Fawn."

It became a necessary part of our education to learn to prepare a meal while out hunting. It is a fact that most Indians eat some portions of large animals raw, but they do not eat fish or birds of any kind uncooked. On our boyish hunts, we often went on until we found ourselves a long way from our camp, when it became necessary to kindle a fire and roast a part of our game. It will be well to state here that we did not eat all kinds of birds, fish, and animals. Most Indians will not eat a frog or an eel.

Generally we broiled our meat over the coals on a stick. We roasted some of it. But the best way to cook fish and birds is in the ashes, under a big fire. We take the fish fresh from the creek or lake, have a good fire on the sand, dig in the sandy ashes, and bury it deep. The same thing is done in case of a bird, only we wet the feathers first. Thus it is cooked whole. When it is done, the scales or feathers and skin are stripped off whole, and the delicious meat retains all its juices and flavor. We pulled it off as we ate, leaving the bones undisturbed.

(To be concluded.)



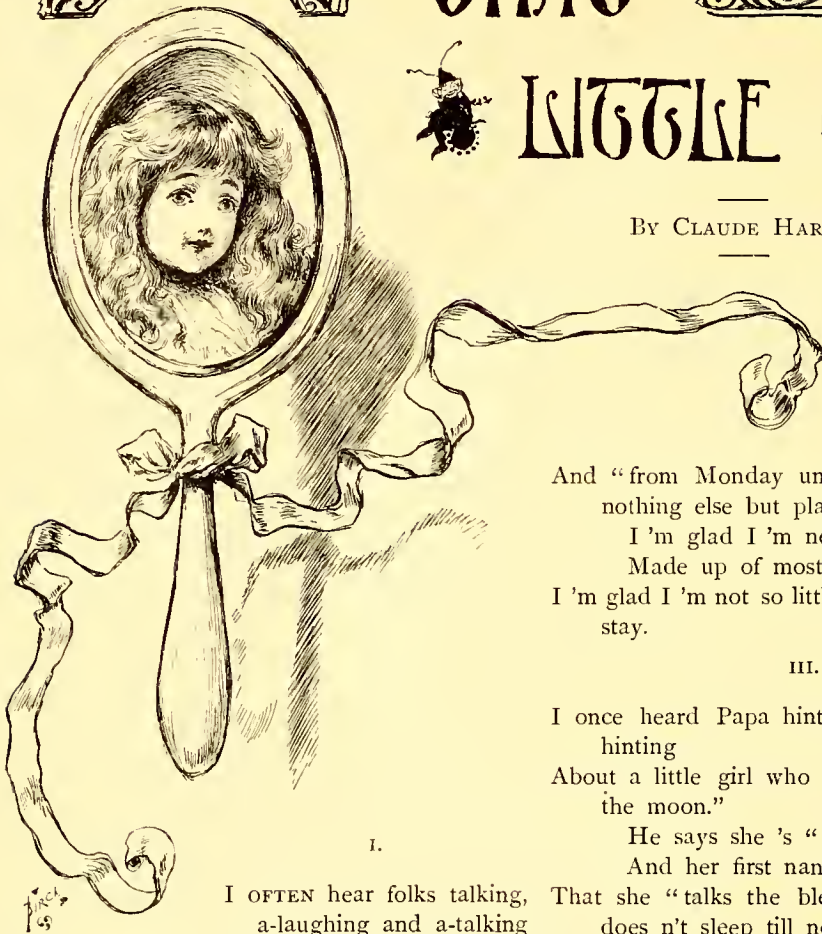
THAT



LITTLE GIRL



BY CLAUDE HARRIS.



I.

I OFTEN hear folks talking,
a-laughing and a-talking
About a little girl who "lives
not very far from here";

One who 's "extremely mussy"
And "meddlesome" and "fussy,"

Who "loves to wander through the house and
get things out of gear."

I 'm glad I 'm not so mussy
And meddlesome and fussy;
I cannot see why any girl can be so very queer.

II.

I 've just heard mother joking, a-scolding and
a-joking
About a little girl who "does not live a mile
away."

She says she is "a midget
Made up of mostly fidget,"

And "from Monday until Sunday, she does
nothing else but play."

I 'm glad I 'm not "a midget
Made up of mostly fidget."

I 'm glad I 'm not so little that I cannot quiet
stay.

III.

I once heard Papa hinting, a-talking and a-
hinting
About a little girl who "does n't live up in
the moon."

He says she 's "very silly,
And her first name is n't Billy,"

That she "talks the blessed morning, if she
does n't sleep till noon."

I 'm glad I am not silly,
Though my first name is n't Billy,
And I hardly ever talk at all, and always "get
up soon."

IV.

I 've heard some folks complaining, a-sighing
and complaining,
About a little girl who lives "next door to folks
they know."

They say she 's "very lazy,"
She "almost sets them crazy,"

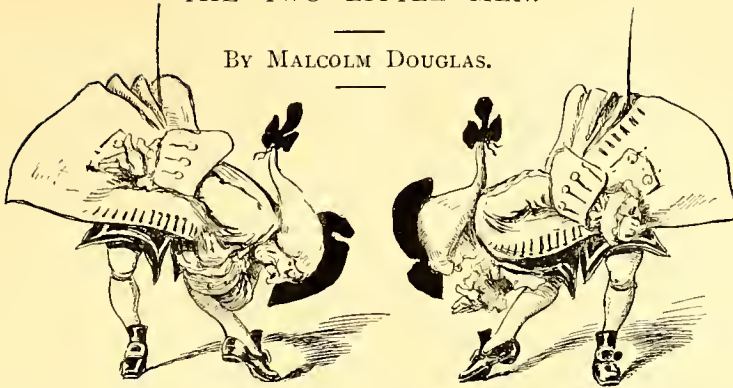
That she 's "always doing nothing, and does it
very slow."

I 'm glad I am not lazy,
I never set folks crazy,
And I work so very very much I 've hardly
time to grow.

JINGLES.

THE TWO LITTLE MEN.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



There were two little men of ye olden tyme
Of their manners so very proud
That each would try to outdo in grace
The other, whene'er they bowed.
They would bend, and bend, and bend so low
That finally, it was said,
Their three-cornered hats would touch the ground--
And then each stood on his head!

A GREAT TRAVELER.

BY NELL K. McELHONE.



"Oh, I have traveled," said Barrington Bragge,
"A very great many long miles;
I've been from Maine to the Golden Gate,
And out to the Sandwich Isles;
Then on to Japan
And to Hindostan,
Crossed the Arabian Sea;
From Cape of Good Hope, at slowest rate,
Way up to the Zuyder Zee;
Through the British Isles, and France, and Spain,
Then over the sea and home again;
By land and by sea, by ship and by drag,
Oh, I have traveled," said Barrington Bragge,
"A very great many long miles."

TOO SHARP FOR THE CZAR.

BY DAVID KER.

EARLY one fine summer morning, near the beginning of the last century, there was a great stir in the Czar's palace at St. Petersburg. It was a very different place from the splendid "Winter Palace" which now looks down upon the Neva, for both it and the greater part of the town were just newly built; and where the stately streets and gold-plated church-towers of St. Petersburg now stand, there was then nothing to be seen but a crowd of untidy-looking wooden houses in the midst of a sea of dust or mud.

A group of excited men in rich dresses had gathered around the main entrance of the palace, and were talking loudly and eagerly. But every tongue was suddenly hushed as a towering figure, clad in a shabby green uniform trimmed with faded lace, came striding among them as a lion might stalk through a herd of jackals.

Indeed, if the new-comer *had* been a lion, they could hardly have got out of his way more hastily. And well they might; for this shabbily dressed man was no other than the Czar himself, Peter the Great of Russia.

"Poor Sistoff's going to catch it now!" muttered a hard-faced old soldier who was standing on guard at the door. "Whenever Peter Alexeievitch (Peter, the son of Alexis) sets his lips that way, and tugs with his right hand at the breast of his coat, he means mischief."

"But Balakireff, his majesty's jester, is Sistoff's cousin," said a man beside him; "and *he*'s such a favorite that he'll surely be able to beg him off."

"Twenty Balakireffs could n't do it!" answered the sentinel positively. "Just you wait and see."

It certainly appeared as if he were right, for Peter's voice was like the roar of a winter storm through the pine-forests as he shouted:

"Bring in the prisoner!"

The prisoner was brought in accordingly, looking more dead than alive. He was a servant of the palace, Sistoff by name, and had always borne a good character. How he had managed to offend the Czar, no one knew; but Peter's face showed plainly that it was likely to go hard with the poor fellow.

But before Sistoff could gather his scattered wits to answer the Czar's stern question, what had he to say for himself, there glided into the room a queer little man with a bald head, at sight of whom a lurking smile flitted over the set faces of the Czar's officers.

In fact, the new-comer *did* make a very comical figure. On his head he wore a high pointed cap, with several small bells on it which tinkled as he moved, while his long frock was covered with broad stripes of red and blue, and fluttering strips of colored paper.

Altogether, any one would have thought on seeing him that if he were not actually crazy, he must be some kind of mountebank. Such, indeed, he was; for this was the Czar's jester, Balakireff, Sistoff's cousin, of whom the old guardsman had just been speaking.

Peter guessed at once that the jester had come to plead for his cousin, and turning to the officers, cried:

"Gentlemen, I know what this man is going to ask of me, and I declare before you all that I will not grant his petition."

Quick as lightning Balakireff threw himself at the Czar's feet, and said, loud enough for every one to hear:

"I beseech your majesty *not* to pardon that scamp of a cousin of mine!"

The daring and readiness of the trick struck every one dumb, and the officers exchanged glances of silent astonishment.

Peter's dark face glowed like heated iron, and he clenched his strong right hand till the

knuckles grew white. There was a moment of terrible silence, and every one feared that the brave jester was about to pay dearly for his boldness. Then the Czar spoke:

"A Russian Czar must not break his word, so you may go free, Sistoff. But as for you, Balakireff, begone from hence, and never show yourself upon Russian soil again!"

Poor Balakireff, who evidently had not expected such harshness, looked thunderstruck; but as he turned to leave the room, a sudden twinkle in his small gray eyes showed that he had already hit upon a plan for getting himself out of the scrape.

"I 'm sorry for him, too!" said one of the sentries at the door, turning to look after the departing jester. "He kept us all alive here with his fun and his tricks, and the place will be quite dull now that he 's gone."

"We 'll see him again before long, never fear," answered the other. "Balakireff 's not such a fool as he looks, and I 'm much mistaken if he does n't prove too sharp for the Czar yet."

One week, two weeks, three weeks went by, and still nothing was seen or heard of the missing Balakireff. At last, early one morning, Pe-

ter the Great, who was always up before sunrise, saw a cart jogging up to the very gate of the palace, driven by a man in whom his keen eye at once recognized his banished jester.

"How dare you disobey my commands, you rascal?" cried the Czar, stepping forward to meet him.

"How have I disobeyed them, pray?" asked Balakireff, boldly.

"Did I not tell you," rejoined Peter, "never to show yourself upon Russian soil again?"

"To be sure you did," answered the jester, as composedly as ever, "and I have obeyed your orders. This cartload of earth upon which I 'm sitting is not Russian soil at all; it 's all from the other side of the river, from Finland, and that 's *Swedish* soil, as you know."

The Czar laughed in spite of himself. In his heart he had already begun to regret the loss of his old friend and companion, and he was not at all sorry to find an excuse for getting him back again.

"Well, I 'll pardon you this time," said he, still laughing; "but if Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian before long."

And a very few years later, Peter the Great made good his words.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BY CHARLES H. SHINN.

THE story of the little settlements among the hills of the peninsula of San Francisco reads like some picturesque romance, and has always been interesting to me because it is so different from the story of other American cities. Spanish priests founded a mission here, and Spanish soldiers built a fort, or Presidio, in the autumn of 1776, while General Howe was capturing New York and driving Washington across into New Jersey. Many of the Spanish governors lived here.

San Francisco Bay, the beautiful inland sea, with its surroundings of fertile valleys and high mountains, was sailed past by early Spanish voyagers and by Sir Francis Drake himself,

who, in 1579, cast anchor, as all critics agree, in "old San Francisco harbor" (Drake's Bay), under Point Reyes. The sea fog must have lain across the Golden Gate when the famous sea-king sailed past. For ninety years longer the great bay was undiscovered. Then, in 1769, Spanish priests, soldiers, and colonists came to California; and, November 7th in that year, the expedition led by Governor Portolá and Father Juan Crespi, of the Franciscan order, discovered the bay of San Francisco. Six years passed before the new harbor was entered by water. Then, in 1776, Mission Dolores was founded in a valley at the base of the twin

peaks, and a Spanish fort overlooked the Golden Gate, and the Spanish folk began to settle the long peninsula and the valleys south, east, and north of the bay of San Francisco. Missions and settlements were founded at Santa Clara, San José, and Sonoma; and the

California vine much liked by the Spanish people was very abundant along the shore. The large island in the bay, now Goat Island, was also called Yerba Buena in those days.

So there were really three settlements within the present limits of the city of San Francisco: the soldiers' camp at the Presidio, the Indian and Spanish village at the mission, which was called San Francisco, and the trading-post of Yerba Buena. Communication was slow and difficult among these settlements; for bogs, rocks, mountains, and sand-hills covered with scrub-oaks and dense undergrowth filled the space between. In January, 1846, eleven years after its foundation, Yerba Buena contained only thirty houses, but, July 8th, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the little frontier village that lay on the eastern slope of the peninsula, facing the continent; and in January, 1847, the American magistrate issued a decree adopting the name San Francisco. In a few months more there were one hundred and fifty-seven houses and four hundred and fifty-nine people in the town. Then followed the discovery of gold in the Sierra foot-hills, and the "Golden Age of '49." In three years more the population of the young metropolis of California increased to thirty-six thousand.

Through the stormy years of the early fifties, San Francisco shared in all the experiences of the mining-camps. Although more than a hundred miles from the nearest gold-fields, it was as truly a mining-town as Marysville or Sacramento, and its pioneers followed every new mining excitement. James Lick, whose money built the observatory on Mount Hamilton, stayed in San Francisco then, and bought corner lots for a few dollars apiece, when thousands of citizens went to Frazer River mines. In these pioneer days the city was overrun with desperados of every description. Robberies, murders, and the burning of buildings were of almost daily occurrence until the better class of citizens organized the famous Vigilance Committees, the second of which held the city for three months, in 1856, and firmly established law and order. This pioneer period of San Francisco is especially interesting to every young American who likes to know the history of our cities. It seems as if the events



MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY.

Indians were subdued, till, in 1813, Mission Dolores had twelve hundred converts, and thousands more were at the other missions.

About sixty years after Mission Dolores was founded, an English trader named Richardson pitched a tent on the shore of the bay at the head of Yerba Buena cove; Jacob Leese built the first wooden house, and a few Americans settled at the place. One was old Galbraith, the blacksmith, who used to take his homemade Kentucky rifle at daybreak, and shoot deer among the sand-hills where the City Hall now stands. The cove had been called Yerba Buena because a fragrant, white-flowered little

of a hundred ordinary years were crowded into ten years of life in early San Francisco, with

live upon; but the pioneers began at once to cut down the sand-hills and pour them into the valley, mud-flats, ravines, and the bay itself. In the course of time, four or five hundred acres of "made land" extended across the buried cove and to deep water, where a sea-wall of rock now protects the city. The larger hills will always remain the glory of the place, but room for a great business population has been created, and the heights remain for residence. The hulls of worn-out ships of the pioneer period, such as the "Niantic," about which Bret Harte wrote, still lie underneath the pavements. Only a little while ago, some workmen digging the foundations of a new building found a box containing a little money and an officer's sword.



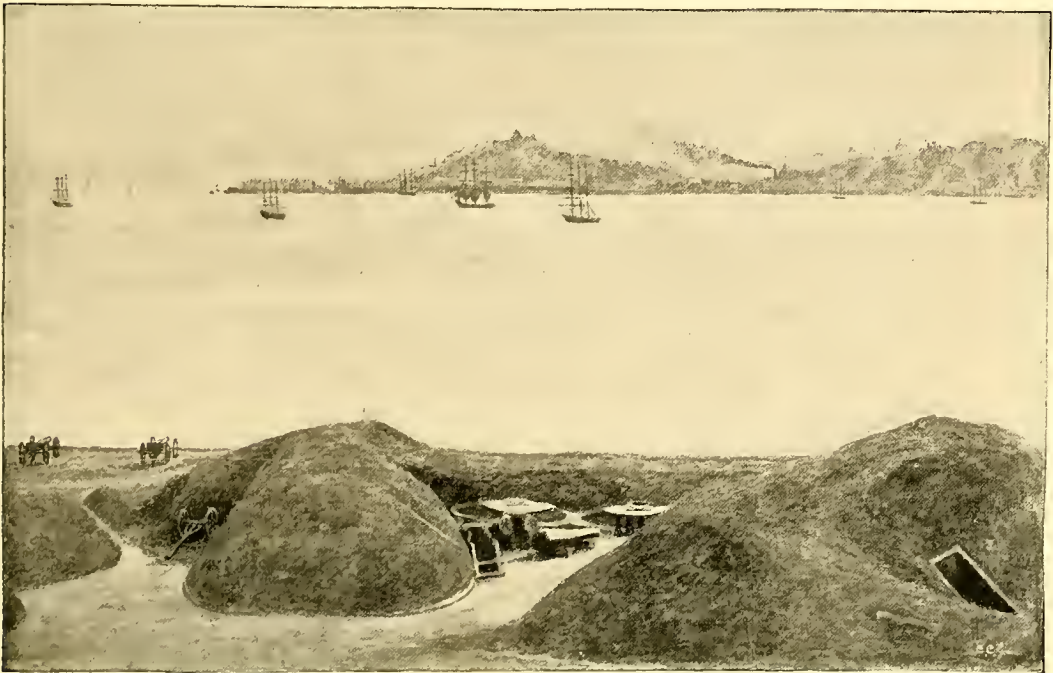
RESTORATION OF THE OLD "MISSION DOLORES."

its mixed population gathered from every land under the sun. It was the gateway to the California of the gold-miner, and the whole State seemed to grow up about its rocky peaks.

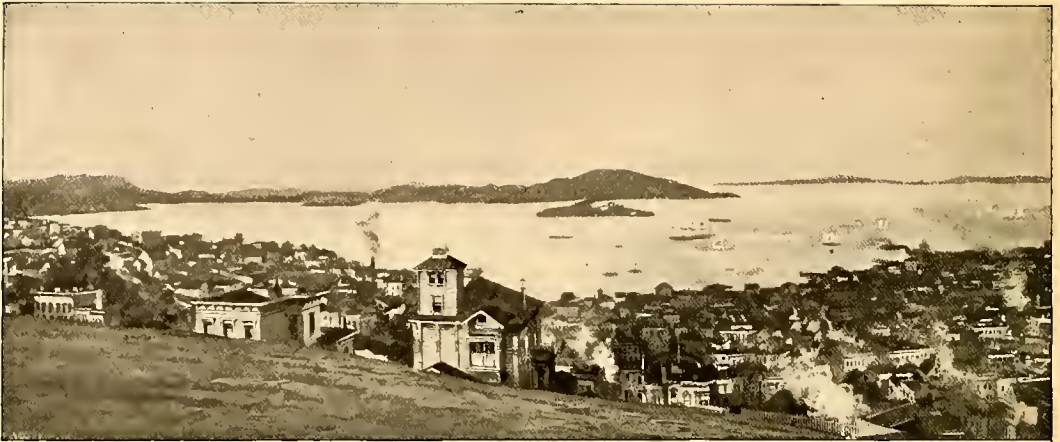
Never before had Americans attempted to build a great city upon a more difficult site. About Yerba Buena cove in 1846 there was hardly level ground for a thousand people to

Thirty years ago, one may fairly say, the pioneer period ended and modern San Francisco began to take shape. "Chinatown" grew in its midst, and wealth and fashion moved slowly westward. To-day the 325,000 people of San Francisco occupy fully two thirds of the thirty-six square miles within the city limits.

It is the modern San Francisco, thronged upon a hundred hills, that appeals to one's



SAN FRANCISCO FROM ALCATRAZ ISLAND. LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS THE BAY.



Alcatraz Island.
PANORAMA OF THE NORTHERN END OF SAN FRANCISCO.

imagination even more strongly than the old city of tents and shanties stretched along a narrow beach. This San Francisco looms high before the stranger, a city set upon a ridge, seen gleaming like a constellation as the night Overland train rounds the hills of the eastern shore of the bay and passes along to the Oakland ferry. An Englishman, Mr. Rupert, who wrote a book about his travels in America, says of this approach to the city by night:

It is a mountain looming out of the water, some three miles in length and all ablaze with lights running upward in close parallel lines and losing themselves in the cloudless horizon above, among twinkling stars. This miniature firmament, profusely decked with stars of gold, and seemingly floating over the waters of the bay, is San Francisco sleeping.

By daylight it still looms above the blue waters, a high ridge, and still higher hills, with great irregular masses of buildings, steeples, and towers against the sky. Sometimes the gray sea-fog drifts in and lies in a dark wall behind the city, or sweeps in rivers across it; sometimes the crisp healthful wind blows across from the ocean; sometimes the whole atmosphere is of Italian brightness and purity: but at all times and seasons the city is picturesque.

The geographies refer to San Francisco as occupying the northern end of a peninsula thirty miles long; but it seems far more like a many-peaked island. Within this territory of about six miles square are four hills that are more than nine hundred feet high, and dozens of lesser hills. Magnificent views are obtained

from all the slopes and summits. The cottages of the poor often occupy sites that a millionaire might envy; and beyond a doubt the magnificent views that every part of San Francisco affords have become very dear to all who live here, and have greatly aided in making its citizens an outdoor race.

One finds it hard to describe the character of the various outlooks from here, there, and everywhere in San Francisco. The cable-cars that pass over the hilltops give a multitude of enchanting glimpses. From narrow alleys and moss-grown terraces, in scores of hidden places, one finds glimpses of distant forests, mountains, and ocean that are worthy of perpetual remembrance. There are hills that seem to overhang the Golden Gate and the broader parts of the bay, so that one looks north past the fortified rock of Alcatraz, past Angel Island to the long purple crest of lordly Mount Tamalpais, and the extinct volcano of St. Helena, sixty-five miles distant. Turning east, the whole shining width of the bay is revealed, with the whale-like ridge of Goat Island in its midst, and, far beyond, the superb slope of the Coast Range, with its dozens of towns sheltered in gardens and orchards, farm-lands above the towns, pastures and forests above the farm-lands, and Monte Diablo supreme above them all. Turning south, there is still the bay, green-bordered for mile upon mile, and the redwood-covered mountains of San Mateo beyond San Bruno, and the towns of the fertile valley between. Turning



Goat Island.

PANORAMA OF THE NORTHERN END OF SAN FRANCISCO. (CONTINUED.)

west, beyond cliffs and fringes of sand, there is only the ocean. Thus seemingly an island, though still a part of the mainland, San Francisco appears to belong to the mountains and the sea.

It cannot be doubted that deer now and then come out of the thickets of the cañons of Mount Tamalpais overlooking the city and gaze down upon its busy streets. One would like to hope that even a thoughtful grizzly sometimes sits upright on Mount Tamalpais, watching the gleaming ferry-boats pass to and fro.

Market street is the largest and most important street in the city. Its width and length alone would make it a great thoroughfare in any city, and it is rapidly becoming a street of magnificent structures. World-famous hotels and costly business blocks crowd Market street, but some of the old pioneer buildings still remain. Sansome and Montgomery streets, which extend north from Market street, and a portion of California street which crosses both, are the banking and insurance streets. Mining interests yet center about a block or two on Pine street. Kearney remains the leading retail street after Market, while the foundries, machine-shops, planing-mills, coal and lumber yards, are south of that street. The best residence districts extend from Van Ness Avenue, and along the slopes beyond the Mission.

On the California street hill are the palace-like buildings erected for residences by D. D. Colton, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, Le-

land Stanford, and James C. Flood. This is the "Nob Hill Millionaire" group, and it is believed that about nine million dollars were spent in building and furnishing them. The Hopkins mansion has now passed into the hands of the University of California, by the gift of Mr. Searles, and is being used as an art school and gallery of paintings. The land and house are said to have cost nearly three million dollars, and the building is well suited to the noble use for which it has been given.

It is of course impossible to mention and describe all the noteworthy buildings in a city like San Francisco. The Palace Hotel cost about seven million dollars, and can make room for about twelve hundred guests. The Academy of Sciences Building on Market street, the gift of James Lick, contains more than the beginnings of a great and many-sided museum, particularly complete in botany, natural history, objects relating to the South Sea islands, and California antiquities. The classic Mint, of granite and freestone; the Hibernia Bank and Bank of California; the high schools; the Crocker building, Mills building, and other new business blocks; the buildings of the Union, Olympic, and other well-known clubs; the new City Hall; the Unitarian Church, and the Catholic cathedral,—these and many other beautiful structures do credit to San Francisco.

Perhaps the most notable feature in the architecture of the city is the general liking for bay-windows of every type; the passion of the

San Franciscan is for an abundance of light and air. Wood is the principal material for residences, and the modern structures are much like the costlier class of summer cottages of the Atlantic coast. Porches are often closed in with glass, and balconies are roofed over with the same material, so as to shut out winds and to shelter flowers, of which the people are passionately fond.

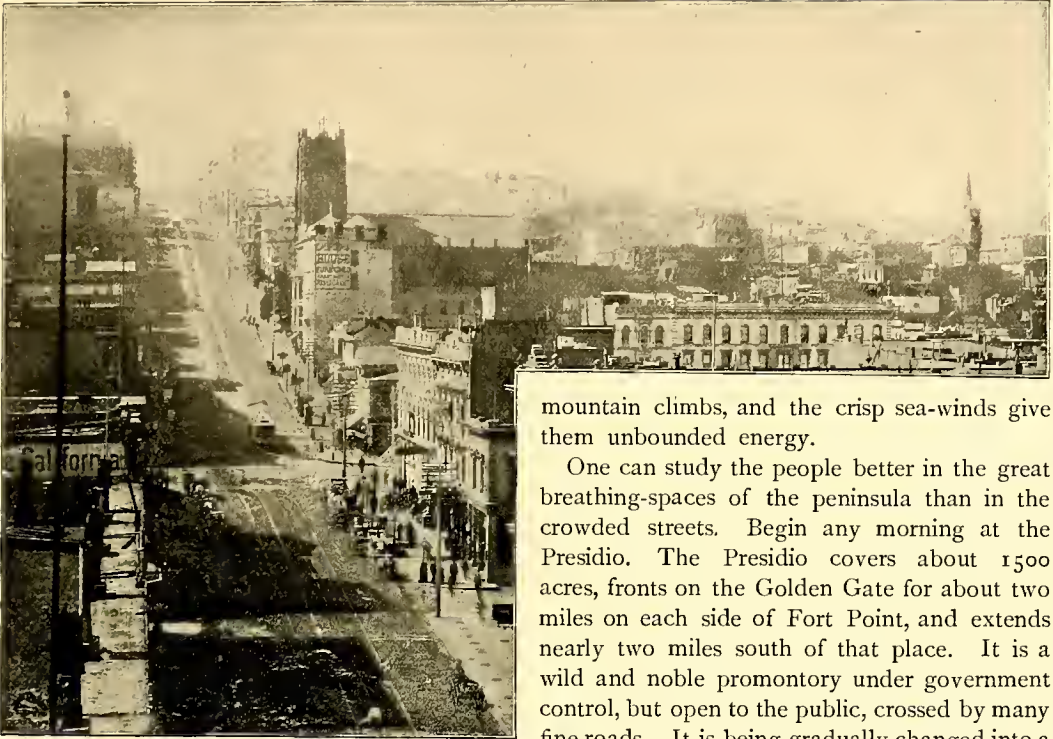
San Francisco, though a city of lovely gardens, is far from being a city of trees. This is partly because it was long thought that trees would not grow well, and partly because of the love of sunlight. The few street trees are heavily pruned to keep them small, for the summers are cool and no one needs shade. Still, the yards and gardens are so spacious that in the aggregate a great many trees are planted.



MARKET STREET AND THE PALACE HOTEL.

The gardens of the peninsula are a surprise to every visitor. It is an ideal climate for lawns of grass and clover, for violets, pansies, fuchsias, heliotropes, geraniums, callas, camellias, spring bulbs, and a great variety of shrubs and trees. Porch, window, balcony, and house-top gardening is carried on in the crowded districts to an extent that I have never seen equaled in any other city. There are standing in various parts of the city fine specimens of the olive, magnolia, date-palm, tulip-tree, English holly, and lemon.

The bubbling, overflowing life of the people is everywhere manifest. San Francisco, like the cities of southern Europe, dwells in its streets, its hotels, its club-rooms, its public squares, and its parks and boulevards. Gay, brighter crowds in the afternoons no city knows. Along the retail streets and such pavements of fashion as Van Ness Avenue, masses of brilliant color come and go. Men and women overflowing with health and vitality set the pace for the life of the Pacific Coast metropolis. They ride,



CALIFORNIA STREET LOOKING WEST.

mountain climbs, and the crisp sea-winds give them unbounded energy.

One can study the people better in the great breathing-spaces of the peninsula than in the crowded streets. Begin any morning at the Presidio. The Presidio covers about 1500 acres, fronts on the Golden Gate for about two miles on each side of Fort Point, and extends nearly two miles south of that place. It is a wild and noble promontory under government control, but open to the public, crossed by many fine roads. It is being gradually changed into a park. Still nearer the city proper is Point San José, or "Black Point," another military reservation. Beyond the Presidio, west and south,

walk, and live outdoors for hours and days, even months, in the year. They take delight in



THE "HOPKINS" MANSION, NOW BELONGING TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.



THE CLIFF HOUSE, SEAL ROCKS, AND BEACH.

fine macadamized roads extend along the cliff to South Head, or Point Lobos, where the famous Cliff House stands, a hundred feet above the surf. Beneath are the seven rocky islets, the largest of which are crowded with huge sea-lions. Every stranger visits this place, known to the old Spaniards as *Punta de los Lobos Marinos* (the Point of the Sea-wolves). Above the Cliff House, on a still bolder promontory, is "Sutro Heights," containing sixteen acres, thrown open to the public by the liberality of its owners; and here are gardens, arbors, shady walks, brilliant flowers and shrubs, and a high, antique terrace overlooking the ocean, the seal rocks, and the beach. A little south of Cliff House the sea frontage of the Golden Gate Park begins. This part covers 1013 acres, and is three miles long from east to west. More than a million dollars has been spent upon it, and it is under thoroughly skilled and careful

management. The views from its hills are magnificent, and its gardens, aviary, conservatories, and children's playground are very beautiful.

One often hears of San Francisco people, even among the poor, who "go to the Park with the children several times a week." The Park has many attractive features—drives, music-stands, lakes, a buffalo-pen, and deer-yards; but much of it is still the original sand waste, partly reclaimed by a beach grass that the gardeners plant for the purpose; and children seem to like this wild part of the Park as well as any.

The superintendent of Golden Gate Park, Mr. McLaren, tells me that he lately visited all the leading parks of America, and that not one of them seemed to him equal to the Golden Gate in providing for the children. I forget how many thousands of children in the course of a year use the goat-carts, the donkeys, the swings, and other arrangements; or look at the mu-



THE GOLDEN GATE. LOOKING TOWARD THE OCEAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

seum, or play in the arbors and buildings especially designed for children. The demand of the San Francisco people for outdoor pleasures is so constant that I think that the chil-

“Where is Chinatown?” Such is often the first question asked by the tourist who knows that San Francisco contains an Oriental city within its boundaries, and who has often heard



A SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK. THE CHILDREN'S HOUSE.

dren get their full share.

Some of the most interesting drives around San Francisco, beside those through the Park and Presidio, are the following: the three-mile beach beyond the Park; the Mission Pass road, which crosses a ridge six hundred feet high, and gives excellent views of bay and city; the Ocean House road, still farther southwest; the Potrero Point drive, including a visit to the rolling-mills and the dry-docks; the drive to the top of San Bruno, seven miles from the City Hall, and 1325 feet high.



THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

sensational stories about its wonders and mysteries. Chinatown is one of the things most worth studying in San Francisco by day and by night. The joss-houses, or Chinese temples, contain costly carvings and curious paintings.

One joss-house is much like another. Here the Chinese gods sit in alcoves behind altars where their worshipers burn sticks of incense or sandalwood. Here are *Yum Ten Tin*, the god of water; *Kowan Tai*, the god of war; *Nam Hoi*, the god of fire; *Wah Tair*, the god of medicine; *Tsoi Pah*, the god of gold; and a whole army

cisco. It begins with an old-style Mexican dinner in some old-time eating-house, below Telegraph Hill; the next week there is a modern Spanish dinner; then a Japanese; and lastly the Chinese banquet, with full sets of chopsticks, which seem so easy to handle, and are really so difficult for beginners that one wonders how the stately, silk-attired waiters can keep their faces straight.

A Chinese theater with its curiously conventional performances has often been described, but few persons can know how extremely attractive it is to the Chinese themselves. The poorest laborer in the country comes to the city when he has a little money, to gossip and visit, but more than all to go to his theater



A CHINESE BUTCHER AND MARKETMAN.

of evil deities whose favor must be sought with equal zeal. Food, tea, and wine are set before them all, and paper money and prayer paper are burned by Chinese who worship them.

The best Chinese restaurants are visited by Americans, who often learn to like the bill of fare. The furniture in these places is of heavily carved wood imported from China, and very costly dinners are sometimes served, in which the well-known bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, and all the other curiosities of the Mongolian cookery are set before the guests. The entire management of a Chinese banquet is very dignified and impressive. Parties of young people sometimes arrange to take what may be called the "banquet round" in San Fran-



A YOUNG CITIZEN OF "CHINATOWN."

and sit there for hours perfectly entranced with delight. Chinese holidays are always attractive to strangers, particularly the great dragon procession, resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow, but mostly in reds and yellows. The Chinese New Year's is some time between

January 21 and February 18, depending on the moon. The day for the worship of the dead is early in April. *Tsing Ming* is the festival of the dead, when banquets are spread on all the Chinese graves.

One sees few Chinese women; but there are many children, usually well-dressed, healthy, and happy, and some of them are very attractive. They are often found in the little silk and tea shops, and always seem well-behaved. There are several Chinese missions and schools where a great deal of very earnest and faithful work has been done for the Chinese.

The city water-front and some of the more famous hills that overlook it are well worth attention. Telegraph Hill, at the northeastern corner of the city, has been cut on the east to a high cliff, to obtain stone for the sea-wall; and, though it is 296 feet high, it will probably be leveled some of these days. It is the point from which the arrival of vessels was signaled in the days of '49, and is therefore dear to many a pioneer. Its old shanties slipping down the slope, its fragments of gardens, its stairways and irregular walls of splintered rock, are all picturesque, and the view is so fine and broad that no one should leave San Francisco without climbing to the top of Telegraph Hill early in the morning, when the atmosphere is at its clearest. Just below it are seen the wharves, warehouses, and shipping of every sort, extending in a great half-circle from North Beach around the city front to Mission Bay, and beyond. Here, revealed at a glance, is the true strength of San Francisco, the largest seaport between Alaska and Patagonia. Every ocean clipper and steamer line touching the west coast of the American continent has to have a main depot here.

Walk along the miles of the water-front, and study its varied aspects. Side by side one sees the little San Joaquin River stern-wheelers, high-piled with wheat, and the tourist steamships just back from Alaska. Commerce and every form of water-front industry goes on summer and winter alike, for there is no severe weather to check transportation. Portuguese toilers of the sea, whose headquarters are at Fisherman's Wharf, mend their nets and sail out at every season, in fog or sunshine, till sometimes it

seems as if one had sudden glimpses of the Bay of Naples. Chinese and Japanese boats are now and then seen in the fishing fleet. Small yachts are everywhere in pleasant weather, carrying pleasure-seekers to sheltered coves and ravines.

The most impressive features of the water-front, with its long forest of masts and smokestacks, relate to the larger things of commerce and international life. Huge ironclads—English, French, Chilian, German, Spanish, American—lie heavily at anchor, and take in coal and provisions. Swift and white the trading schooners slip out on long voyages and bring back glimpses of the island worlds of the South Seas. Coal-boats from British Columbia and Australia, seal-ships from the Russian coast, whalers from Barrow's Point, saucy little craft from the pearl-fisheries of the Gulf of California are here, if one knows where to find them. Yonder lies a vast raft of pine from Puget Sound, and another of huge redwood logs from Humboldt, wallowing in the slip like uneasy giants. The other day there was a vessel in the lumber fleet with logs of rare woods from the Upper Amazon, and about once in five years some treasure-seeking company sails for Cocos Island to find the mythical "Captain Benito's" buried gold and his diamond-hilted sword. Endless pictures abound on the water-front. Wharves are here where everything is iron and coal; again it is wood, hay, and grain; elsewhere wood-ships are unloading, and farther on fragrant lumber comes from the northern forests and goes to a thousand distant posts. Great sea-carriers are reloading with wheat, canned salmon, dried fruits, and a host of California products. Important little tugs hasten past the wharves, dragging to the docks the steamships from Japan and South America; and the ferry-boat that brings Eastern and European travelers from Oakland pauses to let the huge bulks go past.

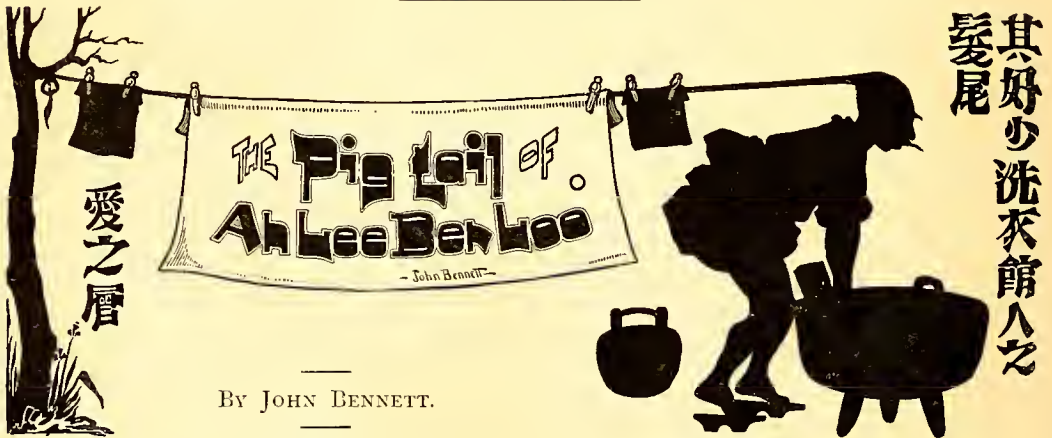
It seems fitting that the story which began with Governor Portolá's first glimpse of the bay of San Francisco, 124 years ago, should end with a picture of that harbor as it appears at the present time. It is possible that before the hundredth anniversary of California's admission as a State comes around, the bay itself

may be crossed by a suspension-bridge, connecting two great cities, one on the peninsula, the other around the sheltered Oakland harbor and the slopes beyond. For in San Francisco and Oakland, Nature seems to have created an opportunity for another New York and Brooklyn, but separated by wider waters, and cradled between mountain-ranges — making the Pacific Coast portal of the continent no less magnificent than that of the Atlantic.

One hundred and sixty acres of the waste dunes, near Strawberry Hill, in Golden Gate Park, form the site of the Midwinter Fair, opened in January, and now certainly one of the most picturesque features of San Francisco and of the Pacific Coast. Here, grouped about an oval valley, are the five main buildings, the

many structures erected by counties or concessionaries, the palms of San Diego, the oranges of Riverside, the reproductions of old missions and pioneer forts, and, in brief, the best that the Pacific Coast States have been able to bring together in the few months since the Fair was suggested. The original plans of a few public-spirited Californians have broadened until, like all expositions worthy of the name, the Midwinter Fair possesses much individual character, and fitly represents the great commonwealths that look upon San Francisco as their metropolis. Especially noteworthy, even now, is the lavishness of the fruit and flower displays, and this will doubtless increase until the end. The midwinter orange-groves will give way to acres of fruit-blossoms, and these to California's April roses.

[We are indebted to a few well-known photographers of San Francisco for the views of that city which appear as illustrations to the foregoing article. "The Children's House, Golden Gate Park," is redrawn from a photograph by Watkins; the picture of "The 'Hopkins' Mansion" is from a photograph by Perkins; and the remaining views are either redrawn, or copied directly, from photographs by Taber.]



BY JOHN BENNETT.

LONG ago, in old China far over the sea,
 In the reign of Hi-Kik-i, the king,
 There lived a rich baker, a turnover-maker,
 Whose name was Li-Ching-i-Chang-Ching.
 Li-Ching had a daughter as fair as the
 dawn,
 Her complexion was famed all around,
 And her feet were so small when she toddled
 at all,
 They made little round holes in the
 ground.

Her eyes were like almonds; her teeth were
 like pearls;
 And her cheeks were like roses and tan;
 While her cute little chin had a dozen times
 been
 Painted on a great mandarin's fan.
 Her gowns were the latest of Japanese style,
 Silk, embroidered with gold at Peking:
 "Oh, there 's nothing too good," said the
 whole neighborhood,
 "For the tea-gowns of sweet Ting-a-Ling!"

其富厚焗麵包人之太甚好
少行



"LI-CHING HAD A DAUGHTER AS FAIR AS THE DAWN."

Next door to Li-Ching lived young Ah Lee
Ben Loo,

A poor laundry-man, worthy and wise,
Who spent half of his time writing rhyth-
mical rhyme

To the lashes of Ting-a-Ling's eyes.
Deep into the night he would sit by his
door,

And with melody floating afar
On the soft wings of June, he would
sing to the moon

As he twangled his two-stringed
guitar.

While high in her window
sweet Ting-a-Ling sat,
Dropping rose-petals down
to Ah Lee,

With a shy kiss on each, blush-
ing pink as a peach
At her lover's impassionate
plea:

"Oh, my little turtle-dove,
Fly with me and be my love
On a crimson coral island in
the south;

You shall have a golden fig
And a roasted piggy-wig,
With a juicy little apple in his mouth.

"From your window fly with me
Far across the deep blue sea,
To a land where wash-days never, never
come;
You shall live on pigeon pies,
While I feast my loving eyes
On the darling little dimple in your
thumb."

In a scalloped pagoda just over the way,
Lived a mandarin wicked and old,
Who would snarl and look down with
a hideous frown

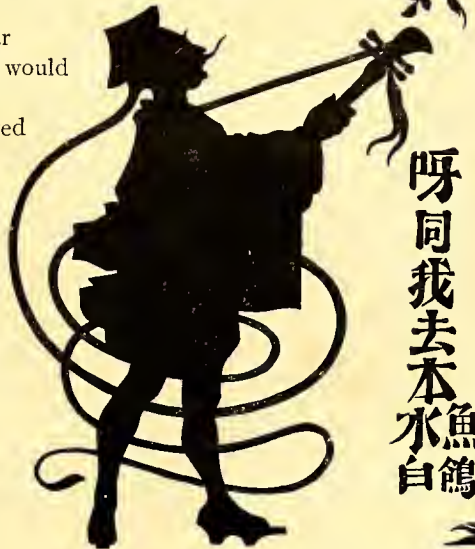
At the lovers, while counting
his gold;

For this miserly man-
darin loved Ting-a-
Ling,

And the jealous old
curmudgeon knew

That the sweet Ting-a-
Ling loved the
man who
could sing;

So he hated
young Ah
Lee Ben
Loo.



呀同我去本
水魚
白鴿

"AS HE TWANGLED HIS TWO-STRINGED GUITAR."



"SO HE HATED YOUNG AH LEE BEN LOO."

Now Ah Lee Ben Loo had a wonderful queue,—

It was fifteen feet long, by the by,—
And this wonderful queue came in handily, too,

When he hung out the week's wash to dry.
But one morning, while Ah Lee was scrubbing away,

With his linen all out on the line,
That malignant old mandarin thought of a plan
To promote his own jealous design.

Somewhere in an edict three thousand years old

He had read this incredible thing :
That the law never spared any subject who dared

Wear a longer pigtail than the king!



"A MESSAGE IN HASTE TO LI-CHING."

So he measured the tail of the busy Ah Lee,
And away to the palace he flew
For an officer grim to accompany him
And imprison poor Ah Lee Ben Loo.

In a dark dungeon cell overhanging the stream,

On the banks of the yellow Hwang-Ho,
In a tower sky-high Ah Lee waited to die
At the hands of his pitiless foe ;

While the old mandarin
with a hideous grin
Sent a message in
haste to Li-Ching :

其好少洗冢館人
之拉倒



"THE LAW NEVER SPARED ANY SUBJECT WHO DARED WEAR A LONGER PIGTAIL THAN THE KING."

"If you value your life, send to me for a wife
Your fair daughter, the sweet Ting-a-
Ling!"

他扭其小雙手



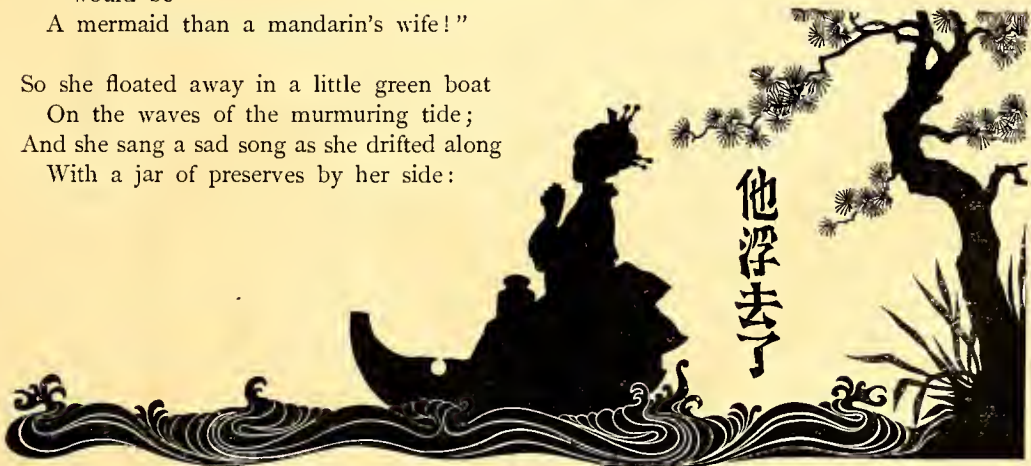
THE MANDARIN'S MESSAGE.

Then the sweet Ting-a-Ling wrung her hands
in despair,
And as pale as a lily she grew;
"Oh, my father!" she said, "I would sooner
be dead
Than to marry a man with a queue!
For since wearing a queue ruined Ah Lee
Ben Loo
I shall hate a pigtail all my life;
And I 'll float out to sea, for I sooner
would be
A mermaid than a mandarin's wife!"

So she floated away in a little green boat
On the waves of the murmuring tide;
And she sang a sad song as she drifted along
With a jar of preserves by her side:

"Oh, my darling Ah Lee Ben,
If we ever meet again,
But a sea-green water-baby I will be,
Peddling pie and lollypops,
Sugar-plums and citron-drops,
To the mermaids at the bottom of the sea.

"Water-babies never care
For the seaweed in their hair,



"SO SHE FLOATED AWAY."

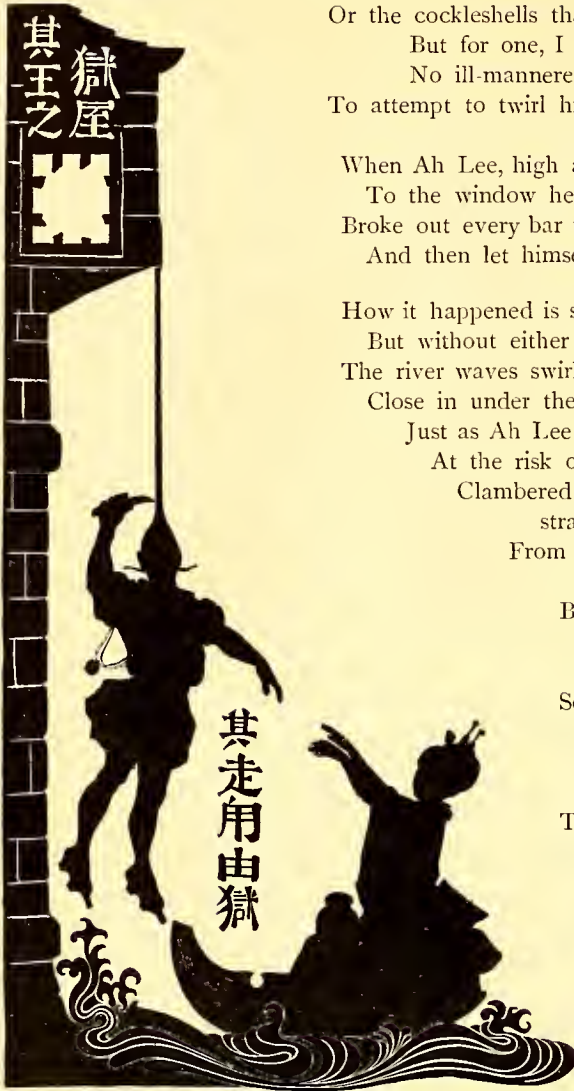
Or the cockshells that pinch their little toes;
 But for one, I truly wish
 No ill-mannered little fish
 To attempt to twirl his tail around my nose!"

When Ah Lee, high above, heard the voice of his love,
 To the window he flew in despair,
 Broke out every bar with a blue ginger-jar,
 And then let himself down by his hair!

How it happened is something that nobody knows,
 But without either rudder or oar
 The river waves swirled and the little boat whirled
 Close in under the shadowy shore,
 Just as Ah Lee Ben Loo, on the end of his queue,
 At the risk of a terrible fall,
 Clambered hand over hand down the quivering
 strand,
 From the window high up in the wall.

But alas! he hung there, tied up tight by
 the hair;
 Not a thing could the poor fellow do.
 So, to save his dear life, he whipped out his
 jack-knife,
 And he cut off his beautiful queue.

Then, as sweet Ting-a-Ling drifted swiftly
 along,
 He dropped into the boat by her side,



"HE CUT OFF HIS BEAUTIFUL QUEUE."

And they floated away to a flowery bay
 On the waves of the silvery tide,
 Where they lived evermore on the sun-
 shiny shore:

For sweet Ting-a-Ling mar-
 ried Ah Lee —
 And she kept her vow,
 too, for Ah Lee
 had no queue
 In the place
 where a queue
 ought to be.

收尾



"THEY LIVED EVERMORE ON THE SUNSHINY SHORE."

THE BROWNIES IN FAIRYLAND.*

(In Two Acts.)

BY PALMER COX.

WITH ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

ACT II.

THE SAME SCENE. At rise of curtain the Brownies are discovered engaged in carpentering. Low benches or sawhorses are at the back, right, and left of the stage, at which they are working. Many are provided with light mallets or hammers, with which they softly beat on pieces of wood or tin at the proper time. Some have saws, gimlets, and other tools. All are supposed to be building a tank, and, during the piano afterlude, they beat with their mallets, take dimensions, get ready to saw, etc.

INTRODUCTORY CHORUS OF BROWNIES:

I.

ALL: We 'll build a tank to hold them all;
Then ship them o'er the main.

UNCLE SAM: To England?

JOHN BULL: No, to Germany!

WAGNER VON STRAUSS: To Italy!

SEVERAL BROWNIES: Or Spain!

ALL: To Italy or Spain! To Italy or Spain!

UNCLE SAM: To England?

JOHN BULL: No, to Germany!

ALL: To Italy or Spain!

Tap, tap, tap, etc.

II.

ALL: This tank will be well riveted,
'T will not let in much air!

HALF: What if they smother on the trip?

THE OTHER HALF: Why, that is their affair!

ALL: Yes, that is their affair;

Ah, that is their affair;

Oh, if they smother on the trip,

Why, that is their affair!

Tap, tap, tap, etc.

(While the sawhorses, tools, etc., are being removed from the stage, Prince Aldebaran, Major Telloff, Patrolman Moveon, Billy Tackabout, and Cholly Boutonnière are left in a group in the center.)

MAJOR TELLOFF: Well, it 's one thing to make the cage, and another thing to catch the bird!

PATROLMAN MOVEON:

Strange war, indeed, with insects to engage

That claw, and sting, and bite themselves with rage!

MAJOR TELLOFF:

But, win or lose, let war be e'er so rough,

We 're pledged to take the field, and that 's enough!

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE (*rolling up his trousers*):

Well, hearing what you say about

The way you 'll put the foe to rout

Makes me embarrassed; for, you know,

I may not have a proper show.

So I won't say what I will do

Because all may be done by you;

But, should there be a chance for me,

I 'll do — well, you just wait and see!

(*He shakes his cane threateningly.*)

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*as they retire back*):

You all will do your part, I have no fear.

(*He waves his sword in the direction of left.*)

Now to the field; the foe is camping near!

With mystic power and courage well combined,

No common enemy in us they 'll find!

(*All go out at the left.*)

SONG BY THE FAIRIES:

When the war is at an end, and we 've triumphed o'er
the foe,

And our lovely Queen is wed, to the city we will go.

We will see the dog-faced boy, and the dwarf from
Barbadoes;

And the man who has no arms writing letters with his
toes;

And the mermaid in a tank, greatest wonder of the seas;

And the cannibals in chains, and the educated fleas;

And the man with broken neck promenading round the
stage;

And the woman with a beard, and the pig that tells its
age;

We will walk about and stare at these objects of renown;

Oh, there 's so much to see in a big, big town!

QUEEN FLORA (*taking a few steps*):

Yes, when the Brownies triumph o'er the foe,

We 'll pack our trunks and to the city go.

(*Faint cheers are heard from the left, in which direction she turns and looks.*)

Hark! how they 're shouting! What a cloud of
dust!

The battle 's on!

(*All go to the left of the stage to look.*)

ESTHETICA:

Our side will win, I trust!

SUNSHINE:

Just see how Telloff swings his weapon free!

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DEWDROP (*pointing*):

And see the Indian dodge behind a tree!

STARLIGHT: The Irish Brownie 's fighting with his fist!

ZEPHYR: The sailor fired his pistol—but he missed!

QUEEN FLORA:

The Prince is foremost mingling with the foe!

STARLIGHT:

John Bull is out of wind, and stops to blow!

ZEPHYR: The Russian 's there!

ROSELEAF: The Scot 's in the tureen!

SUNSHINE: See Uncle Sam creating such a scene!

DEWDROP: The stout policeman makes no little din,
While striving hard to run his prisoners in!

ESTHETICA (*with her hand to her heart*):

Poor Boutonnière! He falls, and will expire!

STARLIGHT:

No, no; he stoops to roll his trousers higher!

ESTHETICA:

Their foes recoil!—now close on ev'ry hand,
And seem to swallow half the struggling band!

QUEEN FLORA (*clutching Esthetica by the arm*):

Oh, could I help them, quickly would I fly!

ESTHETICA (*turning to Queen Flora*): It may not be!

(*Hoarse cries and groans are heard from the left.*)

QUEEN FLORA (*looking*): What means that awful cry?

They 're coming now this way! We must make haste,
And leave the spot, for some one 's being chased!

(All but Toddlekins and Tippytoes hastily retreat, and go out at the right. They follow very slowly, often turning around, and looking in the direction of left. When they have reached the center of the stage, Cholly Boutonnière, with his trousers rolled up, comes running in from the left.)

TIPPYTOES: Why are you not in the engagement?

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE: Ah, I have been; and my collar and cuffs have become soiled through the violent exercise, and I lost my chrysanthemum in the battle. I must get another.

TODDLEKINS: Will you return?

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE: Certainly I 'll return; but I must arrange my dress a little first, and have my trousers pressed, to keep the knees from bagging. I 've been down on my knees so much that they 're all out of shape.

(Cries of "Boutonnière! Boutonnière!" are heard from the left. He walks in the other direction.)

TIPPYTOES: Your friends are calling you.

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE: Yes, I hear them. But they must wait till I put things in proper shape. I look too awfully bad for fighting, you know.

(*He busies himself with his attire.*)

(Both skip off at the right, just before Billy Tackabout, Uncle Sam, Patrolman Moveon, and Chauncey Quoter enter from the left. While Chauncey Quoter joins Cholly Boutonnière back, the others advance to the front, and face the audience, with Uncle Sam in the middle. Billy Tackabout carries a pair of grotesque insect's legs, Uncle Sam a pair of horns, and Patrolman Moveon a pair of wings.)

UNCLE SAM:

This warfare is provoking at the best;
We 've stirred indeed no common hornets' nest!

BILLY TACKABOUT:

Not in an open fight will they soon yield,
But carry on the war from field to field!

UNCLE SAM:

I had a dozen volleys from one foe,
And then at last was forced to let him go;
And, judging by the shouts of those so shrill
That next he met, the rogue had powder still!
Though in the struggle I was forced to yield,
I carried off some trophies from the field;
Look at these horns that from a head I drew!

PATROLMAN MOVEON: I took these wings!

BILLY TACKABOUT: And I a leg or two!
(*Each holds them out as he speaks.*)

UNCLE SAM:

That 's very good, but that won't win the day;
We need a spy, to understand their way.
Now, I disguised will volunteer to go
Into their camp, and mingle with the foe,
And bring back tidings of their mode of life.
The relics that we captured in the strife
Will help us out; when these my form adorn,
I 'll pass among them for a brother born!
(*The two others prepare to disguise him.*)

Here fasten wings!

(*Patrolman Moveon attaches the wings to his shoulders.*)

And here the legs attach!

(*Both tie the legs on him.*)

Then horns!

(*He fixes the horns on his head.*)

And yellow stripes around, to match!

(His long coat-tails, which are lined with yellow, are turned and wrapped around him, so that alternate rings of yellow and black are shown, giving him a ludicrous resemblance to a hornet.)

Thus will the enemy off guard be thrown,
And think a cunning spy one of their own.
Now, off I 'll go, to look about and find
Some facts to benefit the Brownie kind!

(*He goes out at the left, while the others look after him.*)

BILLY TACKABOUT (*with his spy-glass raised*):

A courier comes!

PATROLMAN MOVEON: It 's Telloff the cadet,
Despatch in hand!

BILLY TACKABOUT: Perhaps we 'll triumph yet!

(The head of the Wasp peeps from the left. While Major Telloff continues, it is withdrawn.)

They 'll be on their knees before us,
With their noses to the ground,
All imploring us for mercy,
Ere the moon has circled round!

(The Wasp, Hornet, and Beetle show themselves at the left. While Major Telloff continues, they appear to be listening.)

Chauncey Quoter turns the pages of his book, and then suddenly notices the heads of the insects. He slams the book shut, puts it under his arm, and comically skulks off at the right.)

PATROLMAN MOVEON (*hastily, as he looks left*):

Fly! fly for life; for, see, the foe is here!

MAJOR TELLOFF:

Who would have thought the rascals were so near?

(While the Wasp, Hornet, and Beetle disappear at the left, all on the stage flee in confusion out at the right. Cholly Boutonnière springs upon Furanskin's back, and the handle of the cane which he holds out is grasped by Wah Sing, who thus assists in pulling him off the stage. Patrolman Moveon falls in his fright, and Billy Tackabout and Major Telloff each grasp one of his legs, and

drag him away. When they are gone, Prince Aldebaran backs in from the left, brandishing his sword. He pauses, looking left; then turns and advances to the center of the stage to meet Queen Flora and Esthetica, who have entered from the right.)

QUEEN FLORA (*shaking her head*):

Alas, I fear your efforts are in vain!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

Not so, sweet Queen! Your patience still retain.

QUEEN FLORA:

I saw some Brownies now a shelter seek.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

'T was but a little skirmish, so to speak;
A cunning ruse, no doubt, upon their part;
They all are up in strategy and art.
Such slight alarm, sweet Queen, you must not heed;
For Brownies, in the long run, will succeed.

(All the Brownies, except Uncle Sam, enter. Cholly Boutonnière, Billy Tackabout, Major Telloff, and Wah Sing come from the right; the others from the left.)

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*who is in the center of the stage*):

This trusting to main force will never do;
In some shrewd way our foes we must subdue.

PROF. KATCHAKOFF:

We've thrown our mystic powers all aside.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

That's true enough, and vict'ry is denied;
'T is wondrous mystic arts exalt our kind,
As readers of the Brownie books will find!

FURANSKINS: If we could fall upon them unaware!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

That would not serve; they'd scatter in the air;
Then gather strength to carry on the fight
That should be finished ere another night.
Not only all their force must we defeat,
But at the same time cut off their retreat.

PATROLMAN MOVEON:

But how to do it? That's the question now
Confronting us.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*thoughtfully*):

Yes, that's the question. How?

A net might do it, had we such a thing
Around the rogues with skilful hands to fling.

BILLY TACKABOUT:

Then I know where one may be quickly found;
Down by the sea it lies upon the ground;
Though thrown aside because of broken strands,
'T will soon take shape beneath the Brownies' hands.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

Quick! Bring it here, and mend it as you may;
There's work to do before the break of day.
(*Uncle Sam, very much out of breath, enters from the left.*)
How now? What's this that comes with such a spread?

(*Drawing his sword.*)

Stand back, you knave, or you may lose your head!

MAJOR TELLOFF:

Pray let him pass. It's Uncle Sam the scout,
Who in disguise hut lately ventured out.

UNCLE SAM (*speaking excitedly*):

And well are we rewarded; for, indeed,
I found out something that will serve our need.
(*All look at one another, and manifest great interest.*)

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This much I learned,—it comes in a good hour,—
Our foes have eaten of the lotus-flower,
And, with their senses steeped in slumber sound,
They'll wake not ere some hours have gone round.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

The net at once! And fetch rope-yarn or twine,
While I a plan of action here outline.

(While all the rest quickly go out at the left, he withdraws to one side, and with pencil and paper appears to be considering a plan. Queen Flora and her Fairies enter from the right, keeping well to the back of the stage.)

QUEEN FLORA (*coming center, while Prince Aldebaran, still employed with his plan, looks around*):

Now, as we glanced the terraced garden o'er,
We saw the Brownies running to the shore;
With greatest speed they hurried on. Ah, me!
I fear they'll take to boats, and cross the sea!

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*advancing*):

No fear of that! A scheme we have in view
That promises success, and shortly too.

(*Pointing with his pencil to the paper.*)

We will fold them in a net;
That's the best idea yet.

(While Prince Aldebaran is concluding, the Brownies are entering from the left, bearing a fish-net. They sit with the net in various effective positions, well front, and, during the song, affect to be mending it. The Fairies stand in a picturesque mass at the back.)

SONG BY BROWNIES AND FAIRIES:

"Mending the Nets."

Far over the waters the red sun sets,

The tide from the rocks ebbs low;

And fishers who mend on the beach their nets

Are lit by the rosy glow.

When daylight is dawning they'll all depart,

'Neath skies that are chill and gray;

While others are watching, so sad of heart,

The sails as they fade away.

Mending the nets, mending the nets,

To sail at the break of dawn;

While many a pray'r from the loved ones there

Will follow the fleet that's gone!

When bitter the tempest upon the deep,

The lamps for the fishers burn;

While women with little ones round them weep,

And pray for their safe return.

A hand that is stronger than theirs will guide

The vessels far o'er the foam,

Till over the billows at last are spied

The welcoming lights of home!

Mending the nets, etc.

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*while the Brownies rise*):

The greatest effort of the war to make—

With life of flowers and our joys at stake—

Now move we on; with cautious step advance

To find our foe while in their dreamy trance;

Strong in our native cunning we depart.

(While he speaks, the Brownies with the fish-net are going out at the left in a very stealthy manner, all keeping step. When the last disappears, Prince Aldebaran turns to Queen Flora, who has advanced to the center of the stage, at his right.)

Fear not the grand result! Be brave of heart!
When here I lead again my Brownie band,
A victor I will come to claim your hand!

(*He goes out at the left, in like stealthy manner.*)

QUEEN (*looking left*):

May fortune guard them in their bold design!
(*Taking a few steps, with her hand at her heart.*)
How can I still this beating heart of mine?

ESTHETICA (*meeting her*):

There is no cause for any doubt or fear;
They must succeed while Boutonnière is near;
His presence will lend fire to all the rest,
And urge each valiant heart to do his best!
Now, while they go the sleepers to surprise,
Some entertainment here we'll improvise.
(*Turning to the fairies, back.*)

Come forth, bright sisters! With your graceful mien
And voices sweet, do honor to your Queen!

(While Queen Flora and Esthetica retire back, six Fairies advance in a line, front, to the piano prelude, courtesying low to the audience, and at the finale snapping their fans wide open at the same time.)

SONG BY THE FAIRIES:

THE SIX PRINCIPALS (*slowly fanning*):

When a roguish little maid who's becomingly arrayed,
Brings her pretty, filmy fan in play,
If she knows its power well, it will hold you in a spell;
It can make you either grave or gay.
Oft 't will be pleasing you, oft 't will be teasing you,
Just to accord with her plan.
Was there e'er such a grace as there is to a face
When it peeps from a filmy fan?

(They group themselves into a picturesque tableau, several in the foreground sinking on one knee, the others standing, with laughing, coquettish faces peeping from wide-spread fans.)

ALL (*softly, while fanning in unison at back*):

Oh, the havoc wrought if she uses it
In the daintiest way she can!
Was there e'er such a grace as there is to a face
When it peeps from a filmy fan?

(Cheers are heard from the left. While the Fairies retire to the right of the stage, the Brownies enter backward from the left, all pulling at a rope. They apparently are exerting their whole strength, sometimes losing ground and being dragged back. A few stumble, or fall, as they clutch the rope. Finally, the net comes in view, with its folds thrown around the Wasp, Hornet, and Beetle.)

[As explained last month, ST. NICHOLAS can print only a portion of the play "The Brownies in Fairyland." The full text and the music can be obtained from Mr. Palmer Cox, the author of the play, or from Major J. B. Pond, of New York, who has charge of all arrangements for presenting the play, as a church or school entertainment. The version here printed must not be performed publicly, as it is copyrighted by the author.]

PRINCE ALDEBARAN (*entering hurriedly from the left, and meeting Queen Flora, center*):

The victory is ours! Rejoice at last;
We have the leaders of the foe here fast.
No more they'll trouble either you or yours,
While flowers bloom on earth, or love endures!

QUEEN FLORA:

Thanks, noble Prince! Good tidings you have brought.
What shall we do with them, pray, now they're caught?

PRINCE ALDEBARAN:

Ship them away — our tank is near at hand —
To some bleak, bare, and isolated land,
Where nothing fair is seen through all the hours,
And they will have no chance to injure flowers!
(*Turning to the Brownies.*)

Remove the rogues!

(*Several Brownies take the occupants of the net from the stage, afterward returning.*)

And now the garden's free!

I turn —

(*He kneels before Queen Flora.*)

QUEEN FLORA (*extending her hand*):

Arise! My hand's awaiting thee!

(*With her hand in his, they walk several paces to the left.*)

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE (*to Esthetica*):

Shall we not follow the example there,
Esthetica, oh, fairest of the fair?

ESTHETICA (*holding her head down*):

'T is somewhat sudden, sir, but ne'ertheless,
I only know one word.

CHOLLY BOUTONNIÈRE: And that is?

ESTHETICA (*looking up*): Yes!

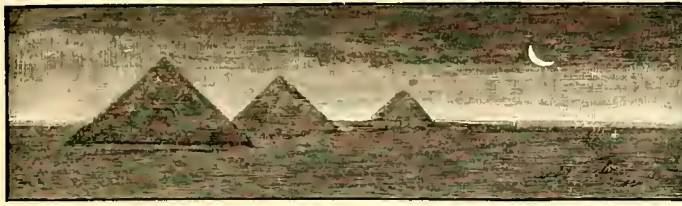
CHORUS OF BROWNIES AND FAIRIES:

"Flowers, Pretty Flowers!"

Flowers, pretty flowers, blooming ev'rywhere,
Filling all around you with your perfume rare,
Would this world we live in be as fair and bright,
Life itself without you have the same delight?
Just a simple posy brings of hope a ray;
Oftentimes a rosebud care will drive away;
Dainty little creatures of the sun and dew,
Oh, the love we cherish in our hearts for you!

Tableau. Curtain.





TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

AT last, sailing on a northeast course, we struck the east end of the Desert. Away off on the edge of the sand, in a soft pinky light, we see three little sharp roofs like tents, and Tom says—

“It ’s the Pyramids of Egypt.”

It made my heart fairly jump. You see, I had seen a many and a many a picture of them, and heard tell about them a hundred times, and yet to come on them all of a sudden, that way, and find they were *real*, ’stead of imaginations, most knocked the breath out of me with surprise. It ’s a curious thing, that the more you hear about a grand and big and noble thing or person, the more it kind of dreamies out, as you may say, and gets to be a big dim wavery figger made out of moonshine and nothing solid to it. It ’s just so with George Washington, and the same with them Pyramids.

And moreover besides, the things they always said about them seemed to me to be stretchers. There was a feller come down to our school, once, and had a picture of them, and made a speech, and said the biggest Pyramid covered thirteen acres, and was most five hundred foot high, just a steep mountain, all built out of hunks of stone as big as a bureau, and laid up in perfectly regular layers, like stair-steps. Thirteen acres, you see, for just one building; it ’s a farm. And he said there was a hole in the Pyramid, and you could go in there with candles, and go ever so far up a long slanting tunnel, and come to a large room in the stomach of that stone mountain, and there you

would find a big stone chest with a king in it, four thousand years old.

As we sailed a little nearer we see the yaller sand come to an end in a long straight edge like a blanket, and onto it was joined, edge to edge, a wide country of bright green, with a snaky stripe crooking through it, and Tom said it was the Nile. It made my heart jump again, for the Nile was another thing that was n’t real to me. Now I can tell you one thing which is dead certain: if you will fool along over three thousand miles of yaller sand, all glimmering with heat so that it makes your eyes water to look at it, and you ’ve been a considerable part of a week doing it, the green country will look so like home and heaven to you that it will make your eyes water *again*. It was just so with me, and the same with Jim.

And when Jim got so he could believe it *was* the land of Egypt he was looking at, he would n’t enter it standing up, but got down on his knees and took off his hat, because he said it was n’t fitten for him to come any other way where such men had been as Moses and Joseph and Pharaoh and the other prophets. He was all stirred up, and says—

“Hit ’s de lan’ of Egypt, de lan’ of Egypt, en I ’s ’lowed to look at it wid my own eyes! Ole Jim ain’t worthy to see dis day!”

And then he just broke down and cried, he was so thankful. So between him and Tom there was talk enough, Jim being excited because the land was so full of history—Joseph and his brethren, Moses in the bulrushes, Jacob coming down into Egypt to buy corn, the silver cup in the sack, and all them interesting things, and Tom just as excited too, because the land was so full of history that was in *his* line, about

Noureddin, and Bedreddin, and such like monstrous giants, that made Jim's wool rise, and a raft of other Arabian Nights folks, which the half of them never done the things they let on they done, I don't believe.

Then we struck a disappointment, for one of them early-morning fogs started up, and it war n't no use to sail over the top of it, because we would go by Egypt, sure, so we judged it was best to set her by compass straight for the place where the Pyramids was gitting blurred and blotted out, and then drop low and skin along pretty close to the ground and keep a sharp lookout. Tom took the hellum, I stood by to let go the anchor, and Jim he straddled the bow to dig through the fog with his eyes and watch out for danger ahead. We went along a steady gait, but not very fast, and the fog got solidier and solidier, so solid that Jim looked dim and ragged and smoky through it. It was awful still, and we talked low and was anxious. Now and then Jim would say—

"Highst her a pint, Mars Tom, highst her!" and up she would skip, a foot or two, and we would slide right over a flat-roofed mud cabin, with people that had been asleep on it just beginning to turn out and gap and stretch; and once when a feller was clear up on his legs so he could gap and stretch better, we took him a blip in the back and knocked him off. By and by, after about an hour, and everything dead still and we a-straining our ears for sounds and holding our breath, the fog thinned a little, very sudden, and Jim sung out in an awful scare—

"Oh, for de lan's sake, set her back, Mars Tom, here 's de biggest giant ouden de 'Rabian Nights a comin' for us!" and he went over backward in the boat.

Tom slammed on the back-action, and as we slowed to a standstill, a man's face as big as our house at home looked in over the gunnel, same as a house looks out of its windows, and I laid down and died. I must 'a' been clear dead and gone for as much as a minute or more; then I come to, and Tom was holding the balloon steady whilst he canted his head back and got a good long look up at that awful face.

Jim was on his knees with his hands clasped,

gazing up at the thing in a begging way, and working his lips but not getting anything out. I took only just a glimpse, and was fading out again, but Tom says—

"He ain't alive, you fools, it 's the Sphinx!"

I never see Tom look so little and like a fly; but that was because the giant's head was so big and awful. Awful, yes, so it was, but not dreadful, any more, because you could see it was a noble face, and kind of sad, but not thinking about you, but about other things and larger. It was stone, reddish stone, and its nose and ears battered, and that give it an abused look, and you felt sorrier for it, for that.

We stood off a piece, and sailed around it and over it, and it was just grand. It was a man's head, or maybe a woman's, on a tiger's body a hundred and twenty-five foot long, and there was a dear little temple between its front paws. All but the head used to be under the sand, for hundreds of years, maybe thousands, but they had just lately dug the sand away and found that little temple. It took a power of sand to cover that cretur; 'most as much as it would to bury a steamboat, I reckon.

We landed Jim on top of the head, with an American flag to protect him, it being a foreign land, then we sailed off to this and that and t' other distance, to git what Tom called effects and perspectives and proportions, and Jim he done the best he could, striking all the different kinds of attitudes and positions he could study up; the further we got away, the littler Jim got, and the grander the Sphinx got. That 's the way perspective brings out the correct proportions, Tom said; he said Julius Cæsar's slaves did n't know how big he was, they was too close to him.

Then we sailed off further and further, till we could n't see Jim at all, any more, and then that great figger was at its noblest, a-gazing out over the Nile valley so still and solemn and lonesome, and all the little shabby huts and things that was scattered about it clean disappeared and gone, and nothing around it now but a soft wide spread of yaller velvet, which was the sand.

That was the right place to stop, and we done it. We set there a-looking and a-thinking for a half an hour, nobody a-saying anything,

for it made us feel quiet and kind of solemn to remember it had been looking over that valley just that same way, and thinking its awful thoughts all to itself for thousands of years, and nobody can't find out what they are to this day.

At last I took up the glass and see some little black things a-capering around on that velvet carpet, and some more a-climbing up the cretur's back, and then I see two or three wee puffs of white smoke, and told Tom to look. He done it, and says—

“They 're bugs. No—hold on; they—why, I believe they 're men. Yes, it's men—men and camels, both. They are hauling a long ladder up onto the Sphinx's back—now ain't that odd? And now they 're trying to lean it up a—there 's some more puffs of smoke—it's guns! Huck, they 're after Jim!”

We clapped on the power, and went for them a-b'iling. We was there in no time, and come a-whizzing down amongst them, and

they broke and scattered every which way, and let go all holts and fell. We soared up and some that was climbing the ladder after Jim found him laying on top of the head panting



"JIM HAD BEEN STANDING A SIEGE A LONG TIME."

and 'most tuckered out, partly from howling for help and partly from scare. He had been standing a siege a long time — a week, *he* said, but it war n't so, it only just seemed so to him because they was crowding him so. They had shot at him, and rained the bullets all around him, but he war n't hit, and when they found he would n't stand up and the

for insulting the flag, and pay an indemnity, too, on top of it, even if they git off *that* easy."

Jim says —

"What 's an indemnity, Mars Tom?"

"It 's cash, that 's what it is."

"Who gits it, Mars Tom?"

"Why, *we* do."

"En who gits de apology?"



“‘THEY 'LL HAVE TO APOLOGIZE AND PAY AN INDEMNITY, TOO,’ SAID TOM.”

bullets could n't git at him when he was laying down, they went for the ladder, and then he knowed it was all up with him if we did n't come pretty quick. Tom was very indignant, and asked him why he did n't show the flag and command them to *git*, in the name of the United States. Jim said he done it, but they never paid no attention. Tom said he would have this thing looked into at Washington, and says —

“You 'll see that they 'll have to apologize

“The United States. Or, we can take whichever we please. We can take the apology, if we want to, and let the gov'ment take the money.”

“How much money will it be, Mars Tom?”

“Well, in an aggravated case like this one, it will be at least three dollars apiece, and I don't know but more.”

“Well, den, we 'll take de money, Mars Tom, an' let de 'pology go. Hain't dat yo' notion, too? En hain't it yourn, Huck?”

We talked it over a little and allowed that that was as good a way as any, so we agreed to take the money. It was a new business to me, and I asked Tom if countries always apologized when they had done wrong, and he says —

“Yes; the little ones does.”

We was sailing around examining the Pyramids, you know, and now we soared up and roosted on the flat top of the biggest one, and found it was just like what the man said down in our school. It was like four pairs of stairs that starts broad at the bottom and slants up and comes together in a point at the top, only these stair-steps could n't be clumb the way you climb other stairs; no, for each step was as high as your chin, and you have to be boosted up from behind. The two other pyramids war n't far away, and the people moving about on the sand between looked like bugs crawling, we was so high above them.

Tom he could n't hold himself he was so worked up with gladness and astonishment to be in such a celebrated place. He said he could n't scarcely believe he was standing on the very identical spot the prince flew from on the Bronze Horse. It was in the Arabian Night times, he said. Somebody give the prince a bronze horse with a peg in its shoulder, and he could git on him and fly through the air like a bird, and go all over the world, and steer it by turning the peg, and fly high or low and land wherever he wanted to.

When he got done telling it there was one of them uncomfortable silences that comes, you know, when a person has been telling a whopper and you feel sorry for him and wish you could think of some way to change the subject and let him down easy, but git stuck and don't see no way, and before you can pull your mind together and *do* something, that silence has got in and spread itself and done the business. I was embarrassed, Jim he was embarrassed, and neither of us could n't say a word. Well, Tom he glowered at me a minute, and says —

“Come, out with it. What do you think?”

I says —

“Tom Sawyer, *you* don't believe that, yourself.”

“What 's the reason I don't? What 's to hender me?”

“There 's one thing to hender you: it could n't happen, that 's all.”

“What 's the reason it could n't happen?”

“You tell me the reason it *could* happen.”

“This balloon is a good enough reason it could happen, I should reckon.”

“*Why* is it?”

“*Why* is it? Well, ain't this balloon and the bronze horse the same thing under different names?”

“No, they 're not. One is a balloon and the other 's a horse. It 's very different. Next you 'll be saying a house and a cow is the same thing.”

“Huck 's got him ag'in! Dey ain't no wigglin' outer dat!”

“Jim, you don't know what you 're talking about. And Huck don't. Look here, Huck, I 'll make it plain to you, so you can understand. You see, it ain't the mere form that 's got anything to do with their being similar or unsimilar, it 's the *principle* involved; and the principle is the same in both. Don't you see, now?”

I turned it over in my mind, and says —

“Tom, it ain't no use. Principles is all very well, but they don't git around that one big fact, that the thing that a balloon can do ain't no sort of proof of what a horse can do.”

“Shucks, Huck, you don't get the idea at all. Now look here a minute — it 's perfectly plain. Don't we fly through the air?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. Don't we fly high or fly low, just as we please?”

“Yes.”

“Don't we steer whichever way we want to?”

“Yes.”

“And don't we land when and where we please?”

“Yes.”

“How do we move the balloon and steer it?”

“By touching the buttons.”

“*Now* I reckon the thing is clear to you at last. In the other case the moving and steering was done by turning a peg. We touch a button, the prince turned a peg. There ain't an atom of difference, you see. I knowed I could git it through your head if I stuck to it long enough.”

He felt so happy he begun to whistle. But

me and Jim was silent, so he broke off surprised, and says—"Looky here, Huck Finn, don't you see it *yet?*"

I says—

"Tom Sawyer, I want to ask you some questions."

"Go ahead," he says, and I see Jim chirk up to listen.

"As I understand it, the whole thing is in the buttons and the peg—the rest ain't of no consequence. A button is one shape, a peg is another shape, but that ain't any matter."

"No, that ain't any matter, as long as they've both got the same power."

"All right then. What is the power that 's in a candle and in a match?"

"It 's the fire."

"It 's the same in both, then?"

"Yes, just the same in both."

"All right. Suppose I set fire to a carpenter-shop with a match, what will happen to that carpenter-shop?"

"She 'll burn up."

"And suppose I set fire to this pyramid with a candle—will she burn up?"

"Of course she won't."

"All right. Now the fire 's the same, both times. *Why* does the shop burn, and the pyramid don't?"

"Because the pyramid *can't* burn."

"Aha! and a *horse can't fly!*"

"My lan', if Huck ain't got him ag'in! Huck 's landed him high en dry dis time, I tell you! Hit 's de smartes' trap I ever see a body walk inter—en'ef I—"

But Jim was so full of laugh he got to strangling and could n't go on, and Tom was that mad to see how neat I had floored him, and turned his own argument agin him and knocked him all to rags and flinders with it that all he could manage to say was that whenever he heard me and Jim try to argue it made him ashamed of the human race. I never said nothing, I was feeling pretty well satisfied. When I have got the best of a person that way, it ain't my way to go around crowing about it the way some people does, for I consider that if I was in his place I would n't wish him to crow over me. It 's better to be generous, that 's what I think.

CHAPTER XIII.

By and by we left Jim to float around up there in the neighborhood of the Pyramids, and we clumb down to the hole where you go into the tunnel, and went in with some Arabs and candles, and away in there in the middle of the Pyramid we found a room and a big stone box in it where they used to keep that king, just as the man in our school said, but he was gone, now, somebody had got him. But I did n't take no interest in the place, because there could be ghosts there, of course.

So then we come out and got some little donkeys and rode a piece, and then went in a boat another piece, and then more donkeys, and got to Cairo; and all the way the road was as smooth and beautiful a road as ever I see, and had tall date-palms on both sides, and naked children everywhere, and the men was as red as copper, and fine and strong and handsome. And the city was a curiosity. Such narrow streets—why, they were just lanes, and crowded with people with turbans, and women with veils, and everybody rigged out in blazing bright clothes and all sorts of colors, and you wondered how the camels and the people got by each other in such narrow little cracks,—a perfect jam, you see, and everybody noisy. The stores war n't big enough to turn around in, but you did n't have to go in; the store-keeper sat tailor-fashion on his counter, smoking his snaky long pipe, and had his things where he could reach them to sell, and he was just as good as in the street, for the camel-loads brushed him as they went by.

Now and then a grand person flew by in a carriage with fancy-dressed men running and yelling in front of it, and whacking anybody with a long rod that did n't get out of the way. And by and by along comes the Sultan riding horseback at the head of a procession, and fairly took your breath away his clothes was so splendid; and everybody fell flat and laid on his stomach while he went by. I forgot, but a feller helped me remember. He was one o' them that had rods and that run in front.

There was churches, but they don't know enough to keep Sunday; they keep Friday and break the Sabbath. You have to take off your

shoes when you go in. There was crowds of men and boys in the church, setting in groups on the stone floor and making no end of noise—getting their lessons by heart, Tom said, out of the Koran. I never see such a big church in my life before, and most awful high it was; it made you dizzy to look up; our village church at home ain't a circumstance to it.

What I wanted to see was a dervish, because I was interested in dervishes on account of the one that played the trick on the camel-driver. So we found a lot in a kind of a church, and they called themselves Whirling Dervishes; and they did whirl, too, I never see anything like it. They had tall sugar-loaf hats on, and linen petticoats; and they spun and spun and spun, round and round like tops, and the petticoats stood out on a slant, and it was the prettiest thing I ever see, and made me drunk to look at it. They was all Moslems, Tom said, and when I asked him what a Moslem was, he said it was a person that was n't a Presbyterian. So there is plenty of them in Missouri, though I did n't know it before.

We did n't see half there was to see in Cairo, because Tom was in such a fever to hunt out places that was celebrated in history. Besides, we hunted a long time for the house where the boy lived, that learned the *cadi* how to try the case of the old olives and the new ones, and Tom said it was out of the Arabian Nights and he would tell me and Jim about it when he got time. Well, we hunted and hunted till I was ready to drop, and I wanted Tom to give it up and come next day and git somebody that knowed the town and could talk Missourian and could go straight to the place; but no, he wanted to find it himself, and nothing else would answer. So on we went. Then at last the remarkablest thing happened I ever see. The house was gone—gone hundreds of years ago—every last scrap of it gone but just one mud brick. Now a person would n't ever believe that a backwoods Missouri boy that had n't ever been in that town before could go and hunt that place over and find that brick, but Tom Sawyer done it. I know he done it, because I see him do it. I was right by his very side at the time, and see

him see the brick and see him reconnize it. Well, I says to myself, how *does* he do it? is it knowledge, or is it instinct?

Now there 's the facts, just as they happened: let everybody explain it their own way. I 've ciphered over it a good deal, and it 's my opinion that some of it is knowledge but the main bulk of it is instinct. The reason is this. Tom put the brick in his pocket to give to a museum with his name on it and the facts when he went home, and I slipped it out and put another brick considerable like it in its place, and he did n't know the difference—but there was a difference, you see. I think that settles it—it 's mostly instinct, not knowledge. Instinct tells him where the exact *place* is for the brick to be in, and so he reconnizes it by the place it 's in, not by the look of the brick. If it was knowledge, not instinct, he would know the brick again by the look of it the next time he seen it—which he did n't. So it shows that for all the brag you hear about knowledge being such a wonderful thing, instinct is worth forty of it for real unerringness. Jim says the same.

When we got back Jim dropped down and took us in, and there was a young man there with a red skull-cap and tassel on and a beautiful blue silk jacket and baggy trousers with a shawl around his waist and pistols in it that could talk English, and he wanted to hire to us as guide and take us to Mecca and Medina and Central Africa and everywheres for a half a dollar a day and his keep, and we hired him and left, and piled on the power, and by the time we was through dinner we was over the shore of the Red sea, and it was all just as interesting as could be, and the guide knowed every place as well as I know the village at home.

But we had an accident, now, and it fetched all the plans to a standstill. Tom's old ornery corn-cob pipe had got so old and swelled and warped that she could n't hold together any longer, notwithstanding the strings and bandages, but caved in and went to pieces. Tom he did n't know *what* to do. The Professor's pipe would n't answer, it war n't anything but a mershum, and a person that 's got used to a cob pipe knows it lays a long ways over all the other pipes in this world, and you can't git

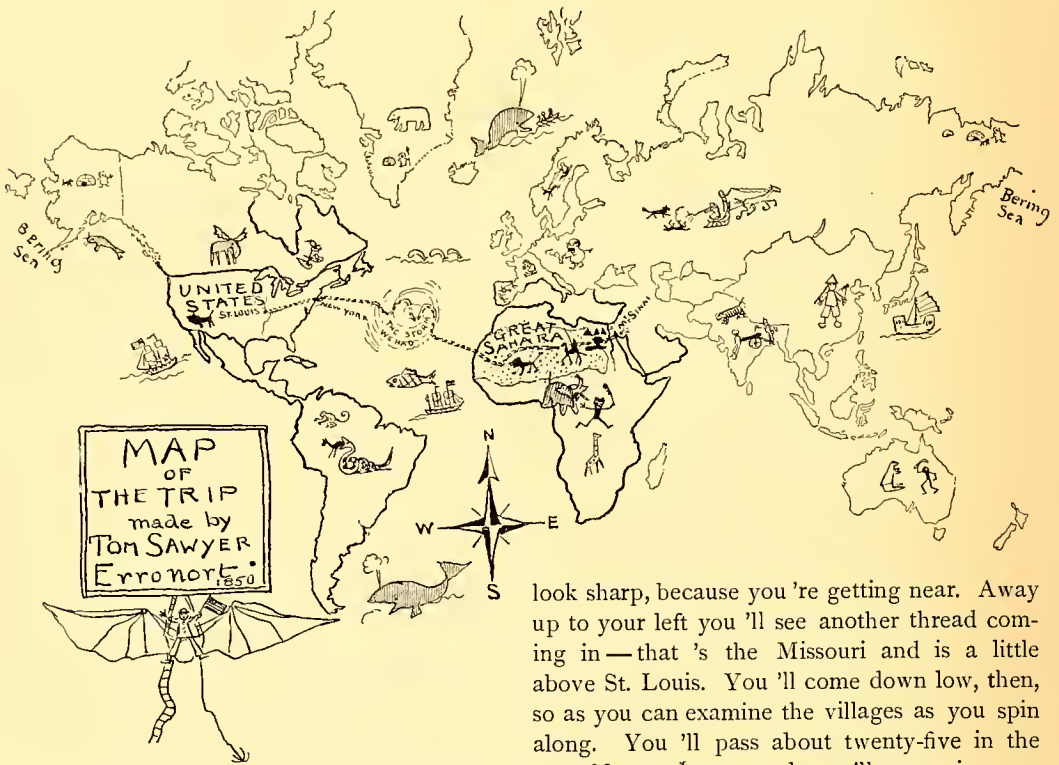
him to smoke any other. He would n't take mine, I could n't persuade him. So there he was.

He thought it over, and said we must scour around and see if we could roust out one in Egypt or Arabia or around in some of these countries, but the guide said no, it war n't no use, they did n't have them. So Tom was pretty glum for a little while, then he chirked up and said he 'd got the idea and knowed what to do. He says —

“I 've got another corn-cob pipe, and it 's a prime one, too, and nearly new. It 's laying on the rafter that 's right over the kitchen stoye at home in the village. Jim, you and the guide will go and git it, and me and Huck will camp here till you come back.”

“But Mars Tom, we could n't ever find de village. I could find de pipe, 'caze I knows de kitchen, but my lan', *we* can't ever find de

“Looky here, it can be done, sure: and I 'll tell you how. You set your compass and sail west as straight as a dart, till you find the United States. It ain't any trouble, because it 's the first land you 'll strike the other side of the Atlantic. If it 's day-time when you strike it, bulge right on, straight west from the upper part of the Florida coast, and in an hour and three quarters you 'll hit the mouth of the Mississippi, at the speed that I 'm going to send you. You 'll be so high up in the air that the earth 'll be curved considerable — sorter like a washbowl turned upside down — and you 'll see a raft of rivers crawling around every which way, long before you get there, and you can pick out the Mississippi without any trouble. Then you can follow the river north nearly, an hour and three quarters, till you see the Ohio come in; then you want to



village, nur Sent Louis, nur none o' dem places. We don't know de way, Mars Tom.”

That was a fact, and it stumped Tom for a minute. Then he said —

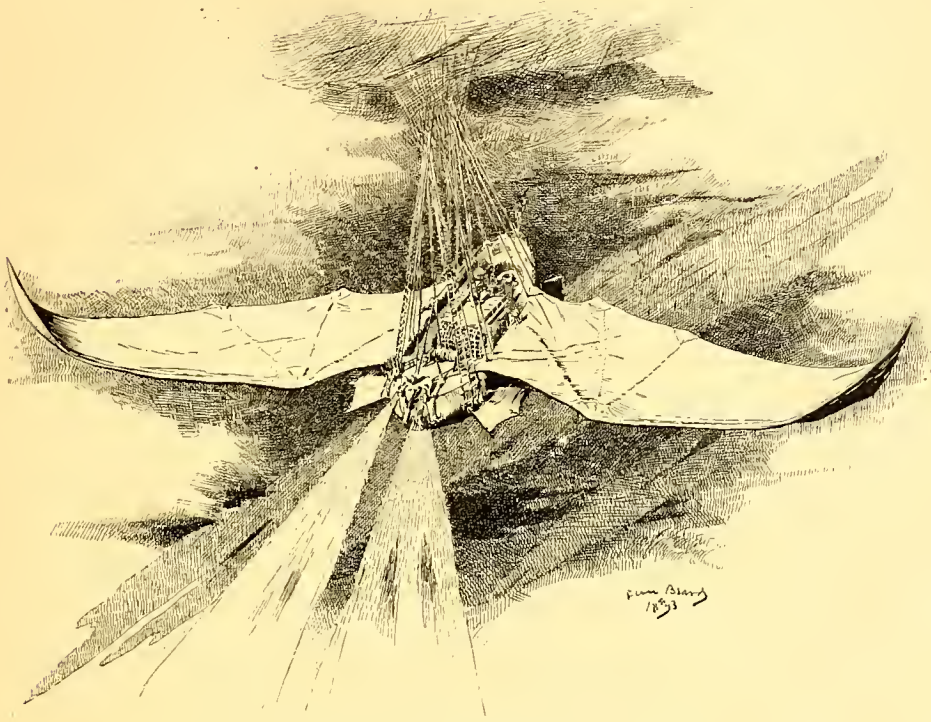
look sharp, because you 're getting near. Away up to your left you 'll see another thread coming in — that 's the Missouri and is a little above St. Louis. You 'll come down low, then, so as you can examine the villages as you spin along. You 'll pass about twenty-five in the next fifteen minutes, and you 'll recognize ours when you see it — and if you don't, you can yell down and ask.”

“Ef it 's dat easy, Mars Tom, I reckon we kin do it — yassir, I knows we kin.”

The guide was sure of it, too, and thought that he could learn to stand his watch in a little while.

"Jim can teach you the whole thing in a

p'ison cold, but most of the time you'll find your storm a good deal lower. If you can only strike a cyclone—that 's the ticket for you! You'll see by the Professor's books that



THE DEPARTURE FOR HOME. "AND AWAY SHE DID GO."

half an hour," Tom said. "This balloon 's as easy to manage as a canoe."

Tom got out the chart and marked out the course and measured it, and says —

"To go back west is the shortest way, you see. It 's only about seven thousand miles. If you went east, and so on around, it 's over twice as far." Then he says to the guide: "I want you both to watch the tell-tale all through the watches, and whenever it don't mark three hundred miles an hour, you go higher or drop lower till you find a storm-current that 's going your way. There 's a hundred miles an hour in this old thing without any wind¹ to help. There 's two hundred-mile gales to be found, any time you want to hunt for them."

"We 'll hunt for them, sir."

"See that you do. Sometimes you may have to go up a couple of miles, and it 'll be

they travel west in these latitudes; and they travel low, too."

Then he ciphered on the time, and says —

"Seven thousand miles, three hundred miles an hour—you can make the trip in a day—twenty-four hours. This is Thursday; you 'll be back here Saturday afternoon. Come, now, hustle out some blankets and food and books and things for me and Huck, and you can start right along. There ain't no occasion to fool around—I want a smoke, and the quicker you fetch that pipe the better."

All hands jumped for the things, and in eight minutes our things was out and the balloon was ready for America. So we shook hands good-by, and Tom give his last orders:

"It 's 10 minutes to 2 P. M., now, Arabian time. In 24 hours you 'll be home, and it 'll be 6 to-morrow morning, village time. When

you strike the village, land a little back of the top of the hill, in the woods, out of sight; then you rush down, Jim, and shove these letters in the post-office, and if you see anybody stirring, pull your slouch down over your face so they won't know you. Then you go and slip in the kitchen and get the pipe, and lay this piece of paper on the kitchen-table and put something on it to hold it, and then slide out and git away and don't let Aunt Polly nor nobody else catch a sight of you. Then you jump for the balloon and shove for this very spot three hundred miles an hour. You won't have lost more than an hour. You 'll start back at 7 or 8 A. M., village time, and be here in 24 hours, arriving at 2 or 3 P. M., Arabian time."

Tom he read the piece of paper to us. He had wrote on it—

THURSDAY AFTERNOON: *Tom Sawyer the Erronort sends his love to Aunt Polly from the shores of the Red Sea, and so does Huck Finn, and she will get it to-morrow morning half-past six.*

TOM SAWYER THE ERRONORT.

THE END.

"That 'll make her eyes bulge out and the tears come," he says. Then he says—

"Stand by! One—two—three—away you go!"

And away she *did* go! Why, she seemed to whiz out of sight in a second.

Then we found a most comfortable cave that looked out over that whole big plain, and there we camped to wait for the pipe.

The balloon come back all right, and brung the pipe; but Aunt Polly had caughted Jim when he was getting it, and anybody can guess what happened: she sent for Tom. So Jim he says—

"Mars Tom, she 's out on de porch wid her eye sot on de sky a-layin' for you, en she say she ain't gwyne to budge from dah tell she gits hold of you. Dey 's gwyne to be trouble, Mars Tom, 'deed dey is."

So then we shoved for home, and not feeling very gay, neither.

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

IN the days of the grandmothers of the roses,
In the sweet old times of the pinks, 't is said
The poor little Bachelor lost his button,
His beautiful, black-eyed, blue-rimmed button,
In dear little Betty's garden-bed.

Tête-à-tête with the grandmother roses
Stood the little maid Betty, shy and sweet,
When all of a sudden she cried with wonder,
For the Bachelor's button was lying under
A red rose-bush, at her very feet.

Then straightway Betty must fall to dreaming,
Through the lavender-scented summer hours:
Could the Bachelor be a soldier or sailor?
But he must have surely a fairy tailor
To fasten his coat with buttons of flowers.

The little maid Betty stood dreaming, and
waiting,

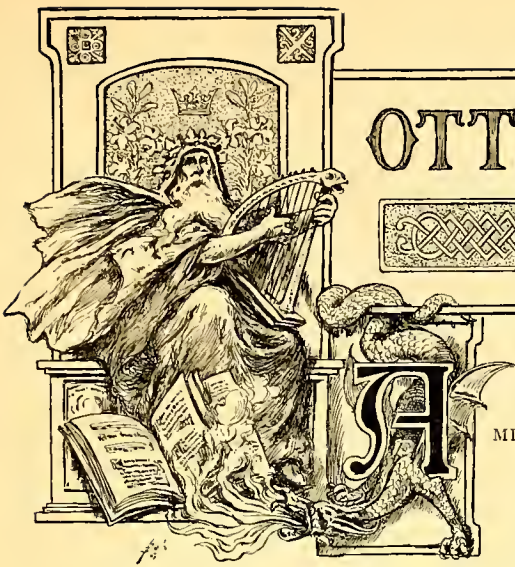
In the hope that a sweet little ancient
beau,

In blue-flower buttons and primrose satin,
With a prince's feather his fine cocked hat in,
Would come through her garden, a-peering
low.

Then Betty planned she would courtesy
primly,

And say like her mother, stately and mild:
"Please, sir, an' please, sir, I 've found your
button"—

But the Bachelor never came for his button,
And she wondered why, while she was a
child.



OTTAR BIRTING

BY HJALMAR HJÖRTH BOYESEN.

i.

MIGHTY king was Sigurd the Crusader ;
 The earth's wide orb could scarce contain his
 fame.
 Ne'er faced the Turk a lordlier invader,
 Nor flashed a brighter sword a deadlier flame.

When home he steered to Norway's mountains hoary
 From battles with the dusky Saracen,
 Each Norseman felt the prouder for his glory ;
 Yea, he was peerless, he was radiant then !

ii.

But now, alas ! the shadows fast are falling,
 And gloom encompasses the hero's soul.
 In vain the skalds his splendid deeds recalling
 Make empty echoes 'neath the rafters roll.
 For now the demon in the king is waking,
 As cloudy-browed he sits upon his throne ;
 And at his side the queen sits pale and
 quaking ;
 And round the castle angry storm-winds moan.

iii.

They sent in haste unto the king's confessor
 (It was the solemn Pentecostal feast).
 "The evil fiend," they said, "the soul's op-
 pressor,
 Cannot be banished save by tonsured priest."
 Soon breathless came the monk, with pyx
 and censer,
 And holy water sprinkled in a ring,
 And with the perfume sweet the air grew
 denser ;
 But deeper in the darkness sank the king.

iv.

In spirit troubled sore the pious friar
 Then oped the parchment of the Sacred Writ.
 No priceless gift was ever treasured higher ;
 It was a tome that might a king befit.

That mighty Pope who roused the battle's
 thunder
 Had with this gift made glad King Sigurd's heart.
 His crown in jewels flashed ; his name there-
 under,
 'Mid birds and beasts inlaid with wondrous art.

v.

But as the priest, the Lord's compassion
 praising,
 The story read of Christ's great deeds of yore,
 The king arose, his eyes with anger blazing,
 And darkly frowning strode across the floor.
 "Now hold thy peace !" he cried, "thou fool
 bald-pated !
 And prate no more to me of Christ the White !
 With litanies and silly tales I 'm sated ;
 Sing me a song of battle, blood, and fight !"

vi.

In every face a dread suspense was painted ;
 Fear fell upon the spirit like a pall ;
 The laughter died away ; the bold jest fainted
 Upon the jester's lips, and hushed was all.
 It was a silence heavy, deep ; sore straining
 Each breath that stole from out the anxious
 breast :
 A silence such as in the copse is reigning
 Beneath the cliff where is the eagle's nest.

VII.

But like the lightning, from the storm-cloud
flashing,
So felled the timorous priest the monarch's ire.
As prone he dropped, King Sigurd, forward
dashing,
The hallowed volume hurled upon the fire.
Straightway the queen, with horror shaken,
started,
And from her tortured soul escaped a shriek.
When lo! the proud Crusader, lion-hearted,
In fury brutal smote her lily cheek.



VIII.

The slumbrous flames, their crimson flags
unfurled,
In eager joyous crackling upward leapt,
About the parchment hungry tongues were
curling ;
And soon in ash-flakes skyward would have swept
The writhing leaves—when, swift from out
the drooping
And awe-struck throng, distraught by fear
and shame,
A dainty shape sprang forth, and deftly
stooping,
The smoking volumn plucked from out the
flame.

IX.

It was a page—his name was Ottar Birting—
A boy, scarce fifteen summers had he told.
The courtier's band in haste the throne deserting
Made wide the space about the stripling bold.
But he stood firm ; no empty valor flaunted ;
Nor quailing turned his lord's dread gaze to
shun.



“Shame on thee, King!” he cried, with eye
undaunted ;

“Thrice shame on thee for that which thou
hast done !

x.

“When home thou came'st erewhile, a crown
of glory

Thy forehead's noble round encompassing,
Our hearts beat higher, when we heard the
story

Of deeds resplendent, wrought by Norway's
king.

But now, alas! since evil days befell thee,
Thou art no more the hero we adored.
Yea, though thou slay me for the truth I
tell thee,
Again I say, thrice shame on thee, my lord!"

xi.

Dark-visaged, like a cloud of fell disaster,
The startled monarch glared upon the page.
Out flashed his sword! His breath came
hotter, faster;
His great breast toiling to contain his rage.
Then through the boy an icy dread was
rippling;
But dauntless still he stood. A gleam! a thrust!
O God have pity! Save the gallant stripling!
Save that fair head from rolling in the dust!

xii.

One breathless moment the keen falchion
hovered
O'er Ottar's brow; then lightly downward sped,
And gently struck the cape his neck that
covered.

But from the king's dark face the gloom
had fled:—
"Since thou, brave boy," he said, with accents
trembling,
"Durst 'gainst his evil self the king defend,
Henceforth sit thou amid the lords assem-
bling,
As it behooves King Sigurd's noblest friend.

xiii.

"I make thee now a lord of wide dominions;
To serve thou art too bold—too great, I
trow.
For I have slaves enough and fawning min-
ions;
But where a friend so brave and true as
thou?"
Down-stooping to his brawny breast he
pressed him,
And girt about his loins the gleaming sword,
While all the joyous courtiers cheered and
blessed him,
And shouted: "Hail unto the youthful
lord!"

THE DREAMER.

BY ARLO BATES.

WHEN I am sleeping in my bed,
The little people in my head
All sport and frolic, dance and play,
As they will never do by day.

They play at being king and queen,
Or catching fairy-folk unseen;
They act out giant, troll, or gnome,
Or in far Afric's forests roam.

They go with Sinbad on his trips,
Or take command of pirate ships
And capture galleons of Spain,
Pearl-frighted on the Spanish Main.

Yet each one still pretends he's me;
While I am sound asleep, you see;
They play I run and shout and leap,—
And yet I'm lying fast asleep.

They have such jolly lots of fun,
And see such sights! Yet never one
Will wake me up that I may go
To share the joys that please them so.

And if I wake, and try to hear,
Or at their frolics try to peer,
Then all the sly things in a trice
Are quiet and demure as mice!

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.
Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A BED OF ROSES.



WHEN Dea, robed in white and fair as an angel, stepping daintily forth to her first Communion, saw the little emaciated and tattered figure at the gate, she did not recognize in it her former merry little friend. But the cry, "Dea! Seline!" was enough. In an instant she was beside him, and while Seline received the fainting boy in her strong arms, it was Dea who took his dusty, tangled head to her heart, in spite of her cloud of lace and dainty white frock, and it was Dea's tears and kisses he felt on his forehead as he drifted away into blissful unconsciousness.

This meeting was not the meeting to which Dea had looked forward. For months and months she had been expecting Philip, and she always thought of him as she had last seen him—happy, healthy, and full of the excitement of his expected journey. But he was none the less welcome; the fact that he was ill and suffering, and needed her, made him still dearer.

When her uncle, after vainly trying to induce his brother to return with him to France, took possession of the Detrava place, and built the pretty house they now occupied, Dea asked that the cottage and Philip's room might remain just as they were, so that when he returned he would find everything as he had left it. And when Seline, after her bereavement,—for she believed that Lilybel, contrary to her prediction, had been "drownded in der ruver,"—decided to give up her stand and retire to private life as Dea's housekeeper, she and her adored little ma'mselle took pleasure in beautifying the room and keeping it fresh and sweet

for the boy they both loved so dearly. Therefore, when Philip recovered from his swoon and opened his eyes, he found himself lying on his own little white bed, which seemed to him a bed of roses, so soft and sweet was it, and Seline was bending over him tenderly, while Dea, still in her white frock, rubbed and stroked his thin brown hands.

For some moments Philip said nothing, but lay contentedly smiling up in their faces. Then he asked if Lilybel had come.

At the mention of that name, Seline, with a sob, turned her head away; she felt all a mother's sorrow at the loss of her troublesome black lamb. "Oh, Mars' Philip, yer don't know, does yer, dat my poor Lilybel 's 'ceased more 'n a year ago?—dat he was done drownded in der ruver?"

"No, he was n't, Seline," cried Philip, struggling to sit up and shake off his weakness; he had so much to tell, so much to hear, that he could not lie there dull and silent. Then he told Seline, briefly, and in a weak but happy voice, of the prodigal's return, not from a watery grave, but from New York. Dea and the old woman listened with many exclamations of surprise and joy.

"An' jes' ter tink," said Seline, laughing and crying together, "I 's been in deep mournin' fer dat boy fer more 'n a year, an' now I 's got to take it off!—an' my bes' dress ain't near wore out."

While Philip was feebly recounting some of their adventures, there was a rustling and rattling at the door, and Lilybel himself entered escorted by Homo, who recognized his old companion and received him with the dignity becoming a dog whose condition had greatly improved.

There was a very affecting meeting between Lilybel and his mother, which made Dea and Philip smile.

"An' how did yer fine out whar I war?" asked Seline, when she recovered herself a little.

"Dat cousin in der country done tole me; an' when I could n't fine Mars' Philip on dem church steps dis maw'nin', I jes' cum erlong down yere. An' Ma, now I ain't dade, I 's gwine ter be a good boy an' wuk right smart. I 's gwine ter help yer nuss Mars' Philip an' git him well, 'c'ase he 's mighty sick, an'—an' I ain't nuver gwine ter run erway no more, 'c'ase I don't like dem steamboats, an' I don't like ter *walk*, nudder."

On the strength of Lilybel's good resolutions, he was established in the Detrava household, where in time he became a useful and accomplished servant; and to Dea he was even something of a hero when she learned of his fidelity to Philip through that long and weary pilgrimage.

After Philip was bathed and clothed in clean white garments,—some of the very garments that he had given to Lilybel in the days of his prosperity, and which Seline had cherished as something precious,—he was laid back in his bed, and Mr. Detrava brought a doctor, the very doctor who had told Philip that Toinette would never awake.

"He is very ill—very weak, but if we can break the fever, with good nursing and proper nourishment we may bring him around," said the doctor as he went away with Mr. Detrava, talking in a low, grave voice, while Philip lay smiling contentedly. He had reached his journey's end, he had found his loyal friends, Dea and Seline, and now he could rest in security and peace.

After a while he fell asleep, and when he awoke he smiled to see Dea and Seline still sitting beside him, and the "children" on a little table near the window, scampering and playing merrily.

How quiet and pretty his old room was! how soft and soothing the sounds that came in through his open window: the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves! Never had a little pilgrim found such a flower-strewn path at his journey's end. Seline tended him as if he were an ailing infant, Dea tempted his failing appetite with fresh fruits and delicious cooling

drinks, and even the artist left the seclusion of his room to visit the sick boy.

Dea's father was no more companionable, none the less a dreamer than formerly; but he remembered Philip's kindness to his child in those old days of sorrow and poverty, and now he wished to show his gratitude in every possible way; he brought his lovely little figures to show the boy, for he still modeled industriously, although now he never sold his work, and his beautiful room was full of his exquisite productions. And Philip was interested and pleased with everything in a languid, mild way; he rarely showed any enthusiasm, any of his old fervor and excitement, over the things he liked. He slept a great deal, and only complained of being tired; sometimes he laughed softly, but the old merry ring had gone out of it. At times he spoke of the future, when he should be well, what he should do, and where he should go, but with little real interest. Often he had fever and talked incessantly of his wanderings and troubles, while Dea and Seline would listen with wet eyes and aching hearts. Had he not gone with those rich people to the cold North, they thought, he would have been well and happy—Toinette's merry Philip, instead of the feeble, wasted shadow before them.

One day while sleeping lightly he was awakened suddenly, and, looking up, he saw Père Josef leaning over him. In a moment Philip's weak arms were around his old friend's neck, and he was sobbing on his breast.

"*Mon enfant! mon enfant!*" was all Père Josef could say, as he stroked the pale cheek and soft hair.

As soon as Philip recovered his composure, he said regretfully, "I 'm so sorry, Père Josef, but I could n't help it—poor little Boule-de-Neige died of cold on the mountains. I carried her all day inside my jacket, but she never came to life, and Lilybel and I buried her under a tree, and put a little stone over her grave."

Père Josef smiled and brushed away a tear. "I never thought my 'children' would travel so far."

"But I brought the others back safely. I said I would take care of them, and I did as

well as I could. I brought them back to you ; there they are, near the window."

"Yes, *mon enfant*, I have seen them. They are as gay and as charming as ever. You took very good care of them," returned Père Josef, taking Philip's thin little hand in his own. "But we won't talk about the 'children' now; you are too ill; and there are many other things I must say to you—"

"I wanted to ask you a question before you went away," interrupted Philip, feebly; "but now it does not matter to know. I'm just Toinette's Philip, and—it does n't matter to know."

"But, my dear child, you must know. It is my duty to tell you. Will you lie there quietly, and listen calmly while I tell you about your parents?"

"Yes, Père Josef; I will lie still and listen; but I'm Toinette's Philip all the same, and I always shall be."

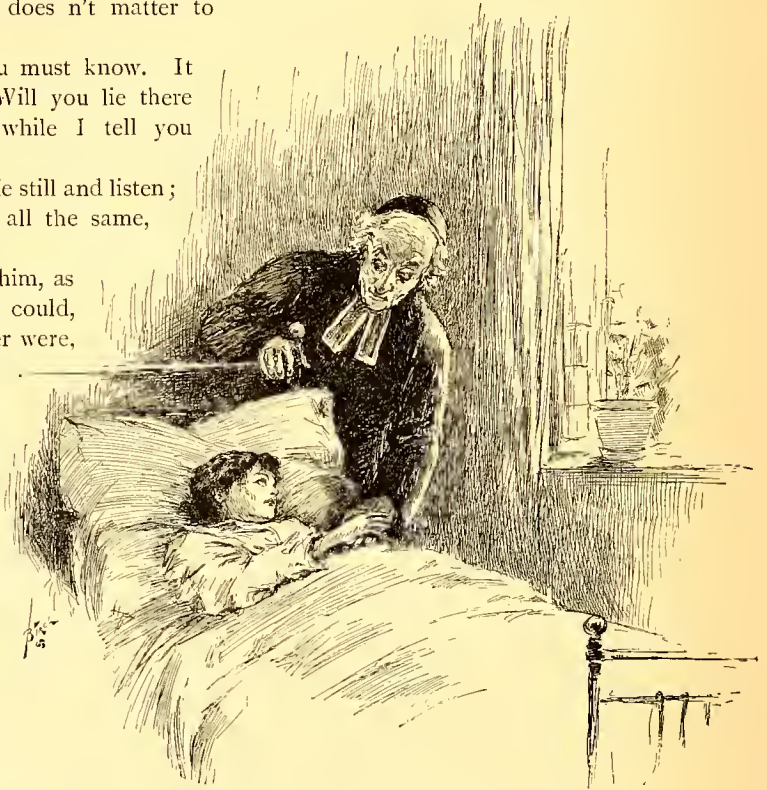
Then Père Josef told him, as simply and as briefly as he could, who his father and mother were, and of his future inheritance and expectations; to which Philip listened with languid indifference, until the priest mentioned the name of Ainsworth. Then he started up, flushed and excited. "No, no!" he cried; "I'm not Philip Ainsworth. I don't want the name; I don't want the money. Let Lucille and the baby have the money. I tried to be Philip Ainsworth. I tried to love them, and tried to make

them love me; but they would n't. I heard Madam Ainsworth say that *they did n't love me*, and that they were tired of me, and that's why I ran away. I'm glad my real mama was a Detrava, and that Dea is some relation to me; I love Dea and Mr. Detrava, but I don't—I can't love Madam Ainsworth after what she said."

"*Mon enfant*, she did not know that you were her grandson."

"But she might have loved me all the same. Mr. Butler Bassett loved me, and he said I was n't a bad boy; but they did n't, and they never will. I've come back to be Toinette's Philip, just Toinette's Philip," he reiterated passionately.

Père Josef saw that in the boy's present condition it was useless to attempt to reason with him; so he only said soothingly, "You shall, you shall, *mon enfant*; calm yourself, and you shall be whatever you wish. It was my duty



"LOOKING UP HE SAW PÈRE JOSEF LEANING OVER HIM."

to tell you. Now it is over, and we won't talk of it any more."

"No, we won't talk of it, or think of it," returned Philip decidedly. "I am so happy, so contented now, that I cannot bear to think of going to a place where no one loves me"; and he raised his eyes with so pathetic a look that Père Josef almost regretted having told him he was Philip Ainsworth.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A RECONCILIATION.

MR. AINSWORTH returned from the West as soon as possible after receiving his mother's urgent letter, and instituted without delay a systematic and thorough search for the missing boy. But their united and persistent efforts were as useless as the first attempt had been. Week after week passed in following up some clew which proved to be false, or waiting in anxious expectation for news from the different searchers they had employed throughout the country.

During those wearisome days of suspense, Madam Ainsworth aged visibly. She was less haughty, and less severe, and she did not hesitate to confess to her friend that she could not sleep at night for thinking that the child might be wandering somewhere, tired and ill, and exposed to cold and hunger. At times she avoided the drawing-room, where Captain Ainsworth's portrait seemed to look at her reproachfully, his sad persistent gaze following her everywhere. Then she would go into the boy's deserted room—the room she had given him so grudgingly, and opening his wardrobe she would look at its contents with an aching heart. The empty little garments had a pathos of their own. The warm fur-coat the boy had been so proud of, and had liked so much to wear, was a keen rebuke to her when she thought that perhaps he was suffering with cold; and the pride which had prevented his taking their gifts told her too plainly that he had understood and resented their unkindness. Had she known that he was Philip's son, she would have made an idol of him; she would have been so proud of his beauty, of his fine manly bearing, of his frank truthful nature, which she had only discovered when it was too late to show her appreciation of them.

It was a dreary time for her; even her new grandson failed to interest her, and the brilliant and mature expressions in Lucille's Paris letters were honored with only one hasty reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth suffered too, but not so deeply as the old lady, because they were less guilty. In spite of their thoughtless neglect of Philip after the birth of their boy,

they still had loved their adopted son, and felt a real interest in him; and now that he was gone they missed him greatly, and were sadly anxious concerning him.

It had become a habit of the whole family, Bassett included, to expect with every sound of the door-bell, and every messenger, some news of the lost boy; and one day it came in a brief telegram, dated at New Orleans, and signed by Père Josef:

Philip is with his relatives, the Detrivas, on Ursulines street. He is very ill.

Madam Ainsworth handed it to her son, her face pallid and sunken. "We must go to him at once," she said brokenly, as she left the room.

That night she and her son were on their way to New Orleans.

For several days after his conversation with Père Josef, Philip appeared to be better and brighter, and each day Seline lifted him from his bed, and laid him in a large easy-chair near the window. From this comfortable position he could look into the garden, and watch the gardener at work among the flowers.

He knew every tree and shrub, and the riotous vines running everywhere were a wonder to him. "Mammy planted that," he would say. "When I went away it was n't up to my knees; now it 's nearly as high as the house. It seems to be running up to the sky. I think it loves the stars and is trying to reach them. And there 's the very magnolia-fuscata we set out one day—the day Père Josef went away; it was a little thing then, now it 's nearly a tree. And that 's the bed of lilies we planted the day Dea sold Quasimodo. And those violets in that border are the last dear Mammy put out. I helped her, and the Major and the Singer were around me all the time. How the Singer trilled that day! I never heard him trill so before; perhaps he knew it was the last time Mammy would hear him. I wish the Singer would come back, but I think he and the Major are gone; they missed me and they went away—perhaps they have gone to search for me, and when they can't find me they will come back."

Dea watched him constantly with wistful anxious eyes, hope and fear alternating. "He 's

better to-day," she would say confidently to Seline, but the old woman would only shake her head sorrowfully, and go away to wipe her eyes secretly.

One morning he was especially bright, almost merry; he played with the "children," caressed and stroked Homo, who lingered around him affectionately, and chattered with Lilybel over the remarkable adventures of their pilgrimage.

About noon Père Josef entered. His pale, thin face was sad and anxious, and his voice was full of uncertainty and trouble as he talked in a low tone apart to Dea. He was saying: "Yes, yes, my child, we must tell him. It is our duty to prepare him. They will be here in a few days."

Philip caught the words, "They will be here," and instantly his eyes were full of anxiety. "Who—who will be here?" he cried, starting up excitedly.

"*Mon enfant*, calm yourself, calm yourself," said Père Josef, laying his hand caressingly on Philip's head. "There 's no cause for anxiety or inquietude. Your grandmother and uncle will be here very soon."

"Very soon," echoed Philip, despairingly. "They are coming to take me away"; and throwing himself on his pillow he burst into tears. "They are coming for me; they are coming to take me back."

"They are coming because they love you, and because you belong to them," said Père Josef, gently.

"They want to see you because you are ill. Don't excite yourself; try to be calm," urged Dea, sweetly. "No one shall take you away. Papa and I will keep you always."

"They will take me away. I belong to them. Père Josef says I belong to them. Oh, Dea, I can't go with them!"

"My child, my dear boy, they do not intend to take you away," said Père Josef, greatly distressed by the boy's agitation.

"Don't fret, Philip dear, don't worry; no one shall take you from us," said Dea.

That night Philip was restless and excited. The doctor looked grave when he came, and said decidedly that the child must sleep. "The disease has reached a point where perfect rest

and sleep are absolutely necessary. Give him his composing draught, and get him to sleep as soon as possible."

Dea and Seline tried by every means to soothe and quiet him—his eyes were wide and bright, and the hot flush was again burning on his cheek. About midnight he begged to be allowed to lie in his chair by the open window, where he watched and listened as though he were expecting some one. It was a languorous, sultry night, and the wide-open windows admitted scarcely a breath of air. At times Philip sighed and moved restlessly. Seline fanned him gently and Dea tried to soothe him to sleep; but no, the wide-open bright eyes continued to look out into the shadows of the garden, or up to the deep blue of the sky sown with myriads of stars. Suddenly there was a faint rosy light over everything, the white flowers came out of the shadows, and the tall clusters of Easter lilies were faintly pink. The leaves shivered and shook down crystal drops, the birds twittered and called to one another across the dewy garden, the east was aglow with rose and pale opal.

"It 's daylight," said Philip, softly. "I have n't slept all night. Soon the sun will rise behind the Pittosporum just as it did when mammy used to wake me to go to Père Josef."

"Hush, Philip, hush; try to sleep," murmured Dea, soothingly.

There was silence for a moment, then Philip suddenly started up, his eyes wider and brighter, and a smile of delight on his parted lips. "Dea, do you hear it?"

"What, Philip, what do you hear?" questioned Dea in an awed voice.

"The Singer—he has come—I hear him, he is there, away up there, trilling, trilling—" and he lifted his hand and pointed toward the stars growing pale in the rosy light of dawn.

Dea and Seline listened attentively and presently they heard a distant liquid note circling nearer and nearer, the joyous morning song of a happy bird.

Philip leaned forward, with his eyes fixed on the tiny dark object which came swiftly toward the window; the happy boy uttered a feeble call which the bird evidently recognized, for it suddenly darted down to the rose-bush near the

window, and there it alighted, swinging on a slender branch, while it poured forth its clear, exultant song.

"It is the Singer, Dea," cried Philip, joyfully; "he has come back. Now I shall get well, and be 'Toinette's Philip' again."

Just then a ray of sunlight darted across the lilies, and Dea remembered that it was Easter morning. Philip leaned back on his pillow smiling contentedly; soon the heavy lids drooped over his eyes and he was sleeping peacefully, while the bird sang on and on—joyously, exultantly—and Dea, as she listened, seemed to hear in the little bird's clear notes, "Glory to God, peace on earth, and good will toward men."

ite window, his weak hand clasping Dea's as if he could borrow courage and strength from his faithful little friend. There was no one else present, and Dea never forgot that touching scene, when Madam Ainsworth, her face gentle with love and penitence, took her son's child to her heart with such affection and thankfulness that all Philip's fears and misgivings vanished instantly. With an impulse which perhaps he could not understand, he whispered, "Grand-mama, I love you, and I will never make you unhappy again!"

These few words were all that were necessary to melt the hardest heart, and from that moment there was the most perfect understanding between them. The only other words of



"WE WISH ONLY TO SEE YOU HAPPY," SAID MADAM AINSWORTH."

A few days after, when Madam Ainsworth and her son arrived, they found Philip much better and quite prepared to see them. He was waiting, calm and smiling, sitting by his favor-

their conversation that Dea could recall afterward were these, which were a great comfort to her. Philip had said, very gently and sweetly:

"Père Josef says you will not take me away,

now." And Madam Ainsworth had replied, "My darling, you shall stay here as long as you wish, and always, if you prefer. We wish only to see you happy."

A few evenings after the arrival of the Ainsworths, Père Josef dropped in on a happy family group. Philip was lying in his chair under his favorite tree. His grandmama sat beside him fanning him gently; Dea, on a low chair, was reading aloud, with Homo stretched at her feet. Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Detrava were pacing back and forth in the rose-garden talking earnestly,—doubtless of art,—for they were congenial spirits. The "children's" cage hung on a sweet-olive tree. Seline sat on the steps sewing, and Lilybel lay curled up beside her sound asleep.

With one glance the little priest read a happy history in the peaceful group. "*Le bon Dieu* orders everything well," he said to himself, as he stood a moment unnoticed.

When Dea saw him she laid down her book, and drew a chair within the little circle.

"No, no, my child; I cannot sit. I have duties to-night which I must not be tempted to neglect. I see that all is well with you; that is enough for me."

After a few more friendly remarks he went toward the little cage where the "children" were playing merrily, and looking at them thoughtfully for a few moments, he said, with some embarrassment and a faint flush on his thin face:

"*Mon enfant*, if you don't mind, if you can spare them, I think—I think I will take the 'children' home with me to-night. You can have them whenever you wish; but to-night—well, perhaps to-night I feel a little lonely, seeing you all so happy." Sighing gently, he covered the cage with his handkerchief, and, taking it, went thoughtfully down the garden walk into the gathering twilight. Late that night, if any one had lingered near the little cottage of Père Josef, although there was not a visible ray of light, they certainly would have heard the sweet tremulous notes of a flute softly rehearsing an old-time dance.

Twilight gently descended on the old garden. The scent of dewy flowers filled the air. A sudden fresh gust of wind showered rose-

leaves over the peaceful group. Some fell caressingly on the happy face of Toinette's Philip, and some on the bowed head of Dea, while with clasped hands she murmured her evening prayer; and as they floated and fell a little brown bird clung to a slender spray and sang clearly and joyously.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SUCCESSFUL PICTURE.

I HOPE my young readers will not think I am adding an unnecessary scene to my story, if I tell them of a little incident which took place in Madam Ainsworth's drawing-room, several years after the reconciliation.

In the very best light of one of the large windows stood an easel, on which had just been placed a picture. It was a simple but charming composition. The background represented an old garden,—a tangle of tender green and gray,—and in the center a young girl, in her first communion-veil and crown of flowers, stepped daintily down the sunlit path.

Three persons, of more or less interest to us, were gathered around the easel examining the picture with great attention. One was Madam Ainsworth, as dignified and stately as ever, but with a much gentler expression of face and a softer voice and manner; near her stood a tall, slender girl with the most wonderful copper-colored hair, and a wild-rose tint in her cheeks. She was not pretty, but she was certainly striking, and a marked contrast to the third figure, a young girl with a lovely, delicate face and a shy, nun-like manner, whose eyes were fixed on the picture with pleased surprise.

"Dea can't criticize, she can only admire; and, Grandmama, you and Dea are very much alike in that respect," said the tall girl, in a sweet but artificial voice with a decided French accent. "Whatever Cousin Philip does is perfection. I dare say it is clever, very clever. The painters at the exhibition said so."

"Before Philip had finished it, Papa said it was remarkable for so young an artist. He worked on it while he was with us last winter," interrupted Dea, in the same soft, grave voice of her childhood.

"I'm not surprised at *your* liking it, Dea," returned the other. "Philip has made you simply angelic."

"Oh, I don't consider it a portrait," replied Dea, a faint flush coloring her delicate cheek. "It is true Philip made a study of me for it, but he has idealized it almost beyond recognition."

"On the contrary, my dear," said Madam Ainsworth, looking fondly at the speaker, "I call it a very good likeness."

appreciate Philip's remarkable talents as you should," said Madam Ainsworth, perhaps a little coldly.

"Indeed I do, Grandmama; I'm in a state of constant admiration. I have heard nothing but praises of that wonderful boy ever since I came home. From the eldest to the youngest in this house it is always 'Philip, Philip,' and the utter idolatry in Bassett's eyes when he looks at him is worth coming all the way from Paris to see."



"'HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PICTURE,' SAID PHILIP." (SEE PAGE 560.)

"There is certainly a likeness, and a very pretty one," exclaimed the tall girl, with a mischievous glance at Dea; "and from Grandmama's remark I see that she is very partial to the original."

"I'm afraid, my dear Lucille, that you don't

"Yes, every one loves Philip," added Dea. "Papa adores him. No one but Philip could ever induce Papa to consent to my spending a month every autumn with Madam Ainsworth. Papa misses Philip so after he has made us a visit, he is hoping that when Philip leaves col-

lege he will spend his whole winter with us, instead of only one month."

"My dear," said Madam Ainsworth, with gentle reproof, "you forget how necessary he is to my happiness; he is so devoted, so thoughtful, really I can't be separated from him long."

"Oh, Grandmama, you have two other grandchildren," laughed Lucille. "I really should be jealous; but I like Philip immensely, and he is very nice to me, considering how badly I treated him when I was a little, spoiled, selfish prig."

Just at that moment the door was opened, and Philip himself came in eager and flushed; he held a newspaper in his hand, and his face was beaming with pleasure.

"Look, Grandmama; see, Dea; listen, Cousin Lucille, while I read what they say about my picture. Uncle Edward was indignant because it was badly hung, but it has been noticed all the same. This is what they say:

'No. 270 was hung above the line, which does little credit to the hanging committee—'

"Never mind that. Here 's what they say of the picture:

'Tender in sentiment, truthful in drawing, with a feeling for color, and a breadth and strength seldom surpassed by our best painters. It is said that the artist is only eighteen.'

"Bravo!" cried Lucille heartily, clapping her slender hands.

"It is not overpraised, my dear boy," said Madam Ainsworth, decidedly.

Dea's face expressed her happiness. When she felt most, she said least; therefore she was silent.

"Oh, it has been sent home, has it?" said Philip, glancing at the picture. "Why, it looks well in this light. You know I was so discouraged when they skied it; now it is all right. And is n't it like Dea? That 's all I value it for," he added.

Madam Ainsworth looked at him proudly, he was such a fine, manly fellow; he had kept the beauty of his childhood—and better than all he had kept the simple, honest nature, the frank, truthful gaze, the merry laugh, and the tender, loyal heart of "Toinette's Philip."

THE END.

MRS. CECILE VIETS JAMISON.

BY OLIVE OTIS.

MRS. CECILE VIETS JAMISON is a Canadian by birth, though her early youth was spent in Boston. Her supreme desire was to be an artist, and after receiving the best instruction America afforded, she spent several years traveling through Europe, perfecting herself in the study of art, and visiting the renowned picture-galleries of the Old World. Writing had always been a favorite pastime with her, but she had at first no thought of making it a serious life-work. While living in Rome, Mrs. Jamison wrote her first book, "Woven of Many Threads," a series of sketches of European travel in which a romance was deftly introduced. It was read to a small circle of friends, among them the poet Longfellow, who commended it highly and urged the young author to publish it. It was subsequently published

by Fields, Osgood & Co., and was favorably received by the reading public.

Mrs. Jamison continued for several years to devote herself to the two arts of painting and literature, and published successively "A Crown from the Spear," "Ropes of Sand," and "My Bonnie Lass."

In 1878 this gifted writer married Mr. Samuel Jamison, a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, and came to Louisiana to reside permanently, spending several years on a plantation in southern Louisiana, and finally settling in New Orleans. Here Mrs. Jamison's two most successful books were written: "The Story of An Enthusiast," and "Lady Jane." Both are stories of child-life showing a profound study of that tender and imaginative age when impressions are so vivid, sufferings so keen and

when startling events leave indelible traces on the pliable mind and unformed character of the child.

In "Lady Jane" Mrs. Jamison has embodied a very beautiful and touching picture of American child-life. The scene of the story is in New Orleans, and not only children, but folks of a larger growth delight to read of the strange adventures that befell the aristocratic little lady among strangers in a strange land. "Lady Jane" is worthy of being placed beside Mrs. Burnett's story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as a companion picture, and it has become a classic not only in America but in Europe. It has been translated into French and German, and its popularity does not diminish.

Mrs. Jamison occupies a pretty cottage on St. Charles Avenue, where, surrounded by her pictures, books, and flowers, she leads a quiet, domestic life. Though by no means a recluse, she is not fond of society, except that of her friends, and the greater portion of her time is spent in study, writing, and other literary work.

Mrs. Jamison is a handsome woman, with regular features, blue eyes, brown hair, and fair complexion. She is dignified, yet affable, and converses with ease and fluency. Mrs. Jami-

son is averse to being photographed, but she has consented to the publication of a portrait of her made about fifteen years ago.

The picture printed below was taken from a rather fanciful portrait painted at that time.



MRS. CECILE VIETS JAMISON. FROM AN OIL-PAINTING.

Though Mrs. Jamison writes so charmingly of children she has no little ones in her household, save the dream-children embodied in the books which have made her famous.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE FLOOD.

BY MARY BENTLEY THOMAS.

JACK GRAY'S father and mother lived in New York eleven months in the year, but the whole family almost invariably spent August at the sea-shore or in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had purchased a lot on Fifth Avenue long before so much wealth and fashion congregated in that particular section of the city, and, although there were many more pretentious homes than theirs on every side, still their house was handsome without, and the books, pictures, furniture, and carpets were what might be expected in that locality, notwithstanding the fact that they regarded themselves as plain people, who had not pursued, but been overtaken by, fashion.

A sultry morning, the last day of July, found the furniture covered up and packed away for a month's nap, and a carriage at the door ready to take the Grays to the station.

As Mrs. Gray passed through the hall she noticed that one piece of baggage was unmarked. "Jacky, dear," she said, "please run up-stairs and write father's name on a card for the leather trunk; it has all our bathing-suits in it, and we must not risk losing it."

Jacky flew to the third story, his especial property, and he wrote "Jonathan Gray" with such a flourish he splashed ink all over his fingers. He went to an up-stairs bath-room to wash his hands; but the water would not come, so he rushed down to the second-story bath-room, made himself presentable, and was in the carriage by the driver before his mother thought it possible.

Mr. Gray locked the front door, and sending the key to his brother's by a servant, started on his summer holiday with the comfortable feeling that he was taking a needed rest and leaving everything safe in his absence.

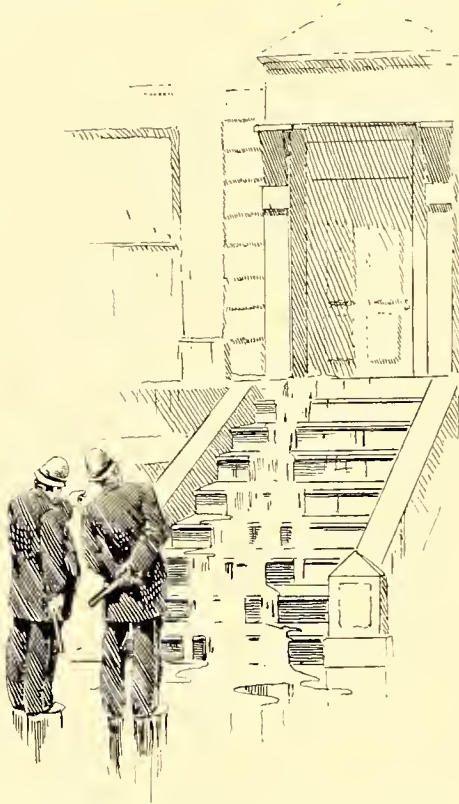
About ten days later, two policemen were lounging by a lamp-post near the house. It had been raining for twenty-four hours preceding, and, although the sun was now shining brilliantly, the eaves were still dripping, and from the marble steps ran a steady little stream to the street.

"I say, Bill," remarked one of the men to his comrade, "it 's a monstrous quare thing, but I b'leve it rained more on this one house yesterday than any three in the city; every time I passed, there was a reg'lar pond on the pavement, and it 's still a-comin' down them steps."

"You everlasting igiot," returned Bill; "it 's a-runnin' *out* of the house! Where 's your eyes—don't you see it comin' right under the door?"

And so it was!

Fortunately, the first speaker knew where Mr. Gray's brother lived, and, hastening to the



“DON'T YOU SEE IT COMIN' RIGHT UNDER THE DOOR?”



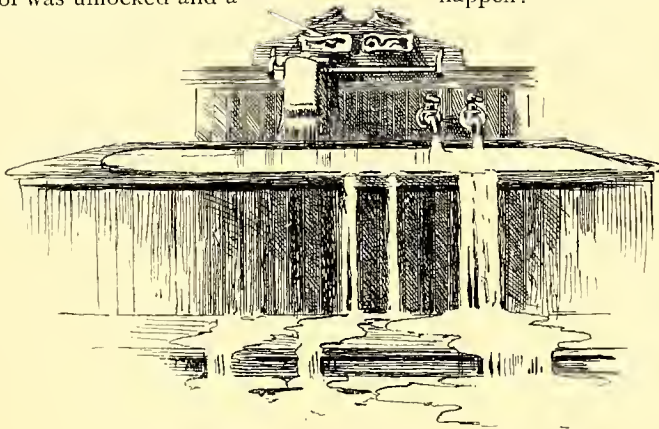
"IT WAS FLOWING GENTLY DOWN THE FRONT STAIRWAY."

place, he told Mr. William Gray that there appeared to be something the matter. Within an hour the front door was unlocked and a

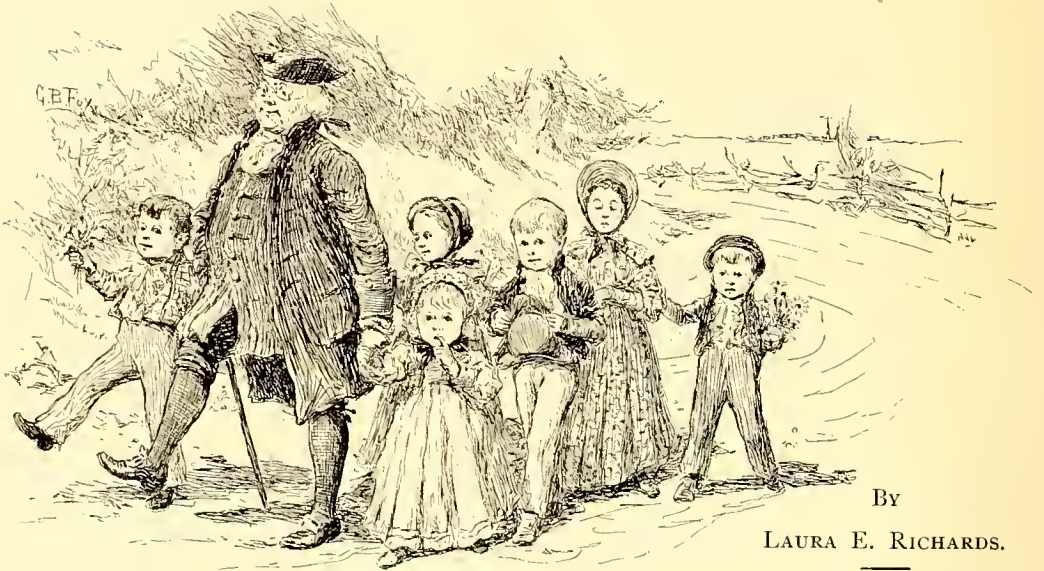
deplorable sight was revealed. The beholders might have said with the Ancient Mariner, that there was "water, water everywhere"; for it was flowing gently down the front stairway, dripping from the ceilings, and each floor was full of little pools. All the carpets had been left on the lower story, and they had been saturated to such an extent that the sensation was that of walking on sponges; from the parlor walls hung long festoons of rich velvet paper.

Uncle William, almost raising an umbrella in his excitement, rushed up to the third-story bath-room, and there was a tub overflowing on every side, and a full head on in the spigot Jacky had forgotten to turn back. Well, they stopped it, you may be sure, and "the long tongue," as the Indians call the telegraph, said to Mr. Gray, down at Cape May: "Come at once. House damaged by water." He came by the first train, and he sent for women with cloths and buckets, and for plumbers and carpenters and painters and paper-hangers and upholsterers, and he spent more than three thousand dollars "cleaning house" that autumn.

Now, how old do you suppose Jacky must have been to have done all that mischief? "Ten," did you say? No, he was more than that. "Twelve?" No, wrong again. "Thirteen?" I see I shall have to help you guess,—he was twenty-six years old, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds; and it was a good thing he was so old and big, for if he had been a small boy it would have seemed a very careless trick indeed; but as it was, people only said: "Dear, dear, dear! Well, accidents will happen!"



THE CLEVER PARSON.



By
LAURA E. RICHARDS.



My children, come tell me now if you have ever
Been told of the parson who was so clever;
So clever, so clever, so clever was he
That never a cleverer parson could be.

The parson loved children; he also loved walking,
And off to the woods he was constantly stalking,
To smell the sweet air, and to see the green trees,
And to do just exactly whate'er he might please.

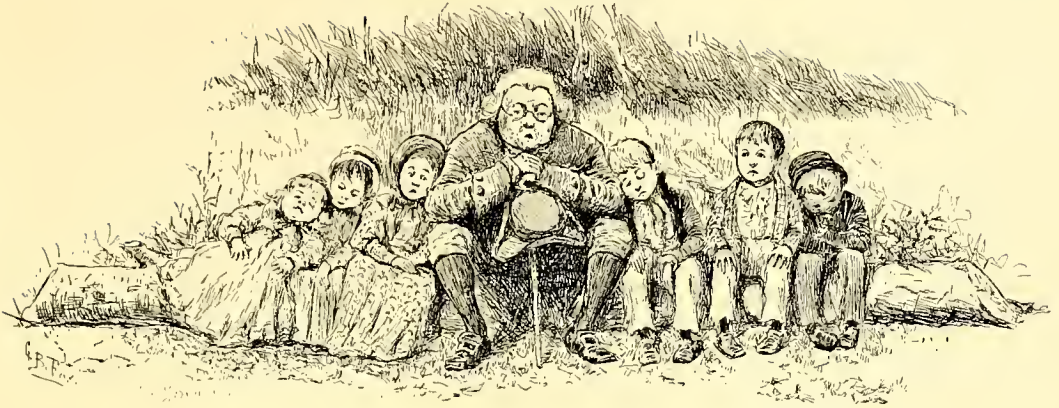
Some children they went with him once to the wood.
(They loved the good parson because he was good.)
They followed him gaily for many a mile,
To list to his voice and to look on his smile.

At length the children cried, "Oh—dear—ME!!
We 're tired,—as tired as tired can be!
'T is supper-time, too, while afar we thus roam,—
Oh, pray you, dear Parson, do carry us home!"

The children were six, and the parson was one:
Now, goodness gracious! what was to be done?
He sat himself down in the shade of a tree,
And pondered the matter most thoughtfully.

At length he exclaimed, "My dear little chicks,
I might carry one, but I can't carry six.
Yet, courage! your parson's good care will provide
That each of you home on a fine horse shall ride."





He drew out his jack-knife, so broad and so bright,
And fell to work slashing with main and with might,
Till ready there—one, two, three, four, five, and six—
Lay, stout and smooth-polished, some excellent sticks.

“Now mount your good horses, my children!” he cried;
“Now mount your good horses and merrily ride!
A canter, a trot, and a gallop away,
And we shall get home ere the close of the day.”

The children forgot they were dreadfully tired;
They seized on the hobbies, with ardor inspired.
“Gee, Dobbin! whoa, Dobbin! come up, Dobbin, do!
Oh! Parson, dear Parson, won’t you gallop too?”

Away went the children in frolicsome glee,
Away went the parson, as pleased as could be;
And when they got back to the village, they cried,
“Oh, dear! and oh, *dear!* what a *very* short ride!”





DAFFODILS.

When daffodils begin to peer
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year.

Shakspeare.

IN February, when our meadows are covered with ice and snow, and spring seems very far away, the yellow daffodil, or Lent Lily, begins to bloom in the hedge-rows and lanes of England. A few frosty days may come later, such as we have in early April, just enough to nip the buds and discourage them for a while; but the English spring has really opened when, as the old rhyme says:

Daff-a-down-dilly
Has come to town

In yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

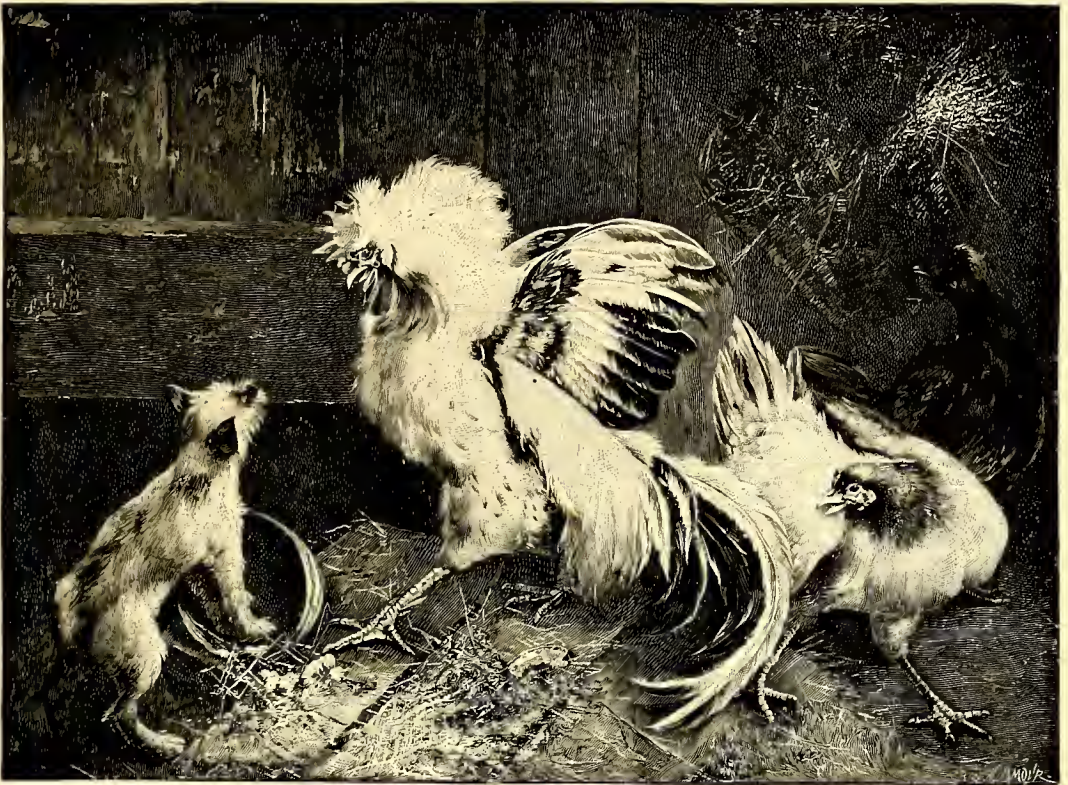
One of the old English names for this flower is Lent Lily, given from its time of blooming.

Lent Cock is another name, which has a curious origin. In very old times a game used to be played on Shrove Tuesday, or early in Lent, with live cocks, which were tossed about and used as targets in a very uncomfortable fashion.

In later times the boys have substituted the yellow daffodils for cocks, playing a game of skill by knocking off the yellow flower-heads with sticks thrown from a distance.

Frances E. Gifford.





TRUBLE AHEAD.

A LETTER FROM BRUIN POLAR BEAR TO TOMMY.

BY F. S. CHURCH.

HAGENBECK'S SCHOOL, February 16, 1894.

DEAR TOMMY: Every Friday morning—well that 's the time we all do our letter-writing, and now I am going to write you.

Do you know, Tommy, I adore one of our school-teachers, Miss Mazella Berg?—she has the elephant, pony, and advanced dog class.

I felt one day like pulling the wings off that dead stork only I remembered that he was only making-believe dead, and would want them; otherwise I should have so liked to have pinned them on Miss Berg's shoulders. She is so like an angel! I've composed a song and written the music, and I am going to borrow

one of those guitars that Captain Weston's seals play upon, and serenade her the first evening she passes my cage.

I do wish Mr. Mehrman would put me in her class; I am getting very tired of climbing that pedestal, and the other day I just said I would n't do it, and four of the men tied a rope around me, and with some pulleys hauled me up six times; and, Tommy, I had to give in and go up. I think it was just horrid, although Mr. Mehrman is a very nice teacher when we do what he tells us.

You know I always get a piece of candy every time I come down; and I am monitor in

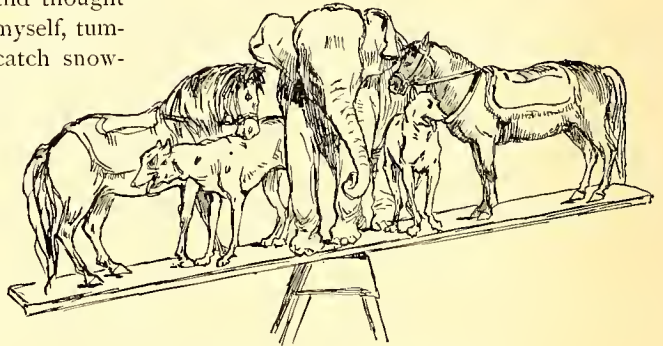


THE SCHOOL.

the class now, and help to keep the scholars in their proper positions.

I ran away from school once, but I'll never do it again; it was n't in this school, but up in Greenland. I was a little fellow, and thought it great fun running around all by myself, tumbling in the snow, and trying to catch snow-birds; but along came a Russian sailor and caught me and took me to a ship, and the captain gave me to Mr. Hagenbeck, and here I am. Oh, yes, we used to have a very nice school up there, and we had to learn to climb icebergs and swim. Don't tell, Tommy; we were taught to catch seals, and the other day, when I performed my part particularly well, and Mr. Mehrman was so pleased, I just had a mind to ask him to give me one of those seals to eat; but I thought it would n't do, and I am glad they

are not in my class. I think they are very funny, and when that one rocks the cradle with the baby in it till he tumbles the whole



MISS BERG'S CLASS — THE SEE-SAW.

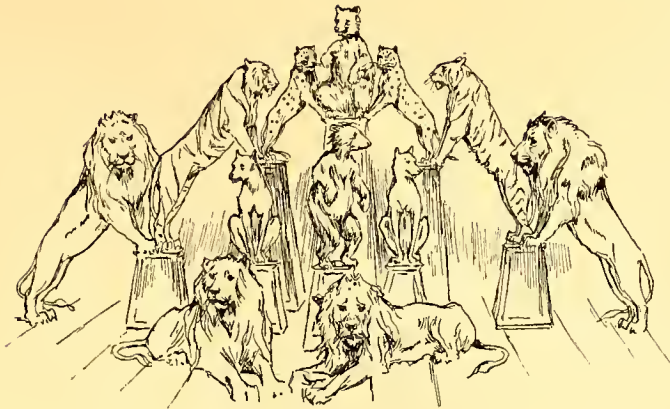
thing over, oh my! don't I laugh! We had lots of little babies up where I came from,



THE STORK THAT PLAYS DEAD.



AN ARCTIC SERENADE.



"I AM THE ONE ON TOP."

but they are all bundled up in fur, and we all look alike: bears, seals, and babies.

Well, Tommy, Mr. Philadelphia and Mr. Penje have got the worst classes in school—Black Prince the lion, and Helena the lioness, that ride the horses. I am afraid those two men will be bitten some day. I should think it would be great fun, to go trotting around on horseback, but you can never tell what other creatures think. Now, Nora, the dog that

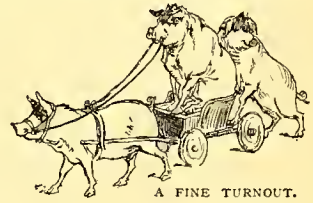
walks around on the stage. No wonder the band strikes up that funny music. He looks so ridiculous! And Mr. Beketow with his class of pigs—I just laugh and laugh when they go off the stage in the carriage!



A CROSS SCHOLAR.

Say, Tommy, I know it's wicked

to have such a thought, but do you know, I would just like to have those three seals made into a big pie, and then I'd just like to eat and eat and eat, and then lie down with my head on one of the *gentle* lions, and snooze and snooze and snooze. Good-by.



A FINE TURNOUT.

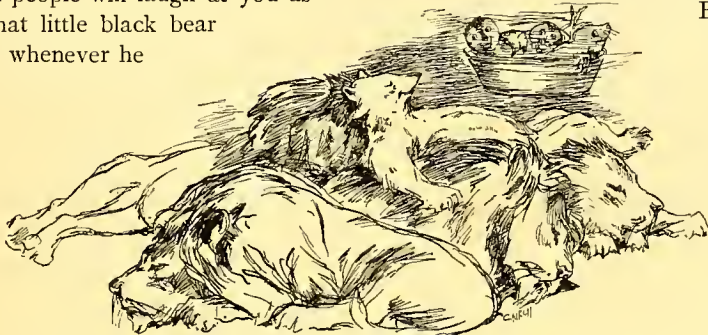
Your friend,

BRUIN P. BEAR.



A FAMILY OF SEALS.

they dress up to look like a lion, thinks it great, and likes the ride. Tommy, don't ever try to be a dude, or people will laugh at you as they do at that little black bear in our class whenever he



PLEASANT DREAMS OF SEAL-PIE.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY April to you, my kite-flyers and sun-umbrella playfellows! What a tease April is, to be sure! Yet she always is gentle, though starting. March is different. Deacon Greene says, whenever March promises to go out like a lamb, he comes in a-lyin'.

For my part, this is the way I should describe the first four months of the year:

JANUARY, crisp and snow-y,
 FEBRUARY, soft and flow-y,
 MARCH, rampageous, pert, and blow-y,
 APRIL, tear-y, smile-y, grow-y.

NOW comes a little bird-story, the truth of which is fully vouched for. Its hero is a canary.

TRILLO AND HIS PETS.

DEAR MR. JACK: One of the most interesting sights I ever saw was our canary-bird, Trillo, feeding four little motherless chickens that we had brought into the kitchen for his inspection. As soon as he saw them, he began talking to them in his softest tones and they at once ceased their pitiful "yeap-yeap." Cocking their heads on one side, they watched him closely, and after a minute or two, the strongest of them toddled close up to the cage. Whereupon Trillo began feeding Master Chick on seed and cracker moistened with water. He kept on talking in his bird-language, and I have no doubt the chickens understood him, for presently others crept up where he could reach them from between the wires, and received food from his bill.

It was delightful to watch him as he hopped from dish to dish, selecting the choicest bits, seemingly, and talking so fast that all I could think of was a busy little house-keeper on baking-day. After they had all been fed, Trillo treated his pets by trilling his sweetest melodies. He had a habit of dancing back and forth on his perch and quirking his head from side to side while he sang, and the chickens stood quite still and watched every movement he made.

The next day I put them into the cage with him. But this did not seem to work well, for, while he attended to

one guest, the others would peck at his feet, or even pull at his tail-feathers.

Trillo took it all in good part, and when they went so far as to take his whole foot and leg into their beaks, as two audacious chicks did, he simply hopped up into his swing out of their reach, and eyed them, still good-natured.

After that we brought them in to see him every morning, until they so far outgrew him that he did not seem to care to feed such large—not to say rude—pets. He was always kind to them, however, and I think they were almost as fond of him as we big folks were.

FRANK BOSCOM.

HERE is a message from Edward T. B., who offers you

AN ENIGMA.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Would you mind asking Mr. Jack's clever crowd to solve this enigma said to have been written by Lord Macaulay? I have tried in vain to work it out, and have never been able to find a friend or a book that could give me a good answer to it. But I have great hope of success if you will help me.

Here it is:

"Cut off my head, and singular I am;
 Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
 Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous feat!
 Although my middle 's left, there 's nothing there.
 What is my head, cut off? a sounding sea;
 What is my tail, cut off? a rushing river;
 And in their mighty depths I fearless play,
 Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever."

NOW you shall have an extract from a refreshing letter that lately came to this pulpit from a new contributor. It describes some of the divers who disport in the waters of the West Indies.

LITTLE DIVING BOYS.

WE were nearing St. Thomas; all the passengers were on deck looking with interest at the pretty little city, with the hills at its back, and a fringe of palm-trees at its feet. When within a short distance of the shore, the captain signaled, down plunged the anchor, and before the water had ceased from troubling we were surrounded by a fleet. First came the fine long-boat of the health officer, with its gaudily striped awning, flag flying at the stern, and half a dozen dusky oarsmen, who rowed with great style and precision. Then there were the passenger-boats, the stern seats neatly cushioned, to which fact the owner called your attention while inviting your patronage. One of these men rejoiced in the possession of a tall hat, which raised him far above his fellows, while he was further distinguished by the name "Champagne Charlie." But, hark! hark! the dogs do bark—the rag-tag and bobtail are putting out to sea! Boys, boys, boys, and boys,—all ready and eager for a dive!

Some one started the exhibition by throwing a dime overboard. Instantly there were a dozen pair of heels in the air—one splash and a train of shining bubbles rising to the surface showed us that the little divers were on their way down in the search of fortune. The water was so clear we could see the coin slowly sinking, and see the little brown body dart after and seize it. On coming to the surface, the one who made the capture would display the coin in his hand, and then shrewdly pop it into his mouth. The cheeks of the lucky boys were round and hard as apples. It was so pretty to see the ease and grace with which they moved through the water; and they entranced for more so pleasantly (with

eyes glistening and teeth shining) that the rain of silver and copper continued to fall over the rail until the ship's stock of small change was depleted. The boys did not have it all their own way, for there were several men who competed with them, and came off rather the worse in the struggle. One of the passengers offered a man twenty-five cents if he would dive under the ship and come up on the other side. Perhaps the amount offered was not large enough to pay him for the risk he would have to take. At any rate he wisely declined the proposition, and so lived to swim another day.

A. L. S.

NOW, my hearers, you shall have something about a queer little mother—a true story told you by M. E. B.

PETE AND HER LITTLE ONES.

CARLETON, a young friend of ours, had a tame white rat with red eyes. He called her "Pete," and made her comfortable in an old bird-cage. One morning he was

surprised to find two baby rats in the cage. Carleton called them "mice." His nurse thought they were cold, and, without thinking of the consequences, placed the cage upon the steam-radiator in the room where she slept. She fully intended to take it off in a few moments; but this she forgot. Carleton's mother went to the room after breakfast, and was shocked to find the cage upon the radiator, which now was very hot. She looked in vain for Pete and the little ones. They had made their escape from being roasted alive—but how? On examination, it was believed that Pete raised the door of the cage with her fore feet, and, while placing her body under it to keep it open, nosed the little "mice" out upon the floor, then carried them off to some safe retreat—but where? Every place was searched, bread-and-milk was placed upon the floor in little pans so the faithful mother would not starve. Later, when the nurse-girl went to bed, the household was startled by a piercing shriek; for away down between the sheets lay Pete and her two babies, safe and asleep! Now, was not this a wise little white rat?



KITE-TIME.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HELEN KELLER has been in receipt of a multitude of letters of late, many referring to her article on the World's Fair in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS. Her friends desire to say to the many writers of letters that fully deserve reply, that Helen is so occupied with her studies that she cannot spare time for answering these many kind and interesting letters, nor can her friends undertake the labor of reading them all to her.

From a recent letter of Helen Keller's we quote a message she sends to ST. NICHOLAS readers:

I hope my letter will help boys and girls to feel that of all the good and beautiful things which will come into their lives, Love is the best and the most beautiful, since it alone makes it possible for a little girl, deaf and blind as I am, to rejoice in the brightness and loveliness of a world she cannot see. Affectionately your friend,

HELEN KELLER.

GRAY'S HALL, HARVARD COLLEGE.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: I fear that the article in "Through the Scissors" on "The Horse as a Reasoning Animal" will give your readers a false impression of animal intelligence. The horse mentioned refused to race unless his own jockey dressed in racing-colors rode him. It is not at all probable that the horse reasoned that he had nothing to gain when some one else rode him. In general, animals do things either because it gives them pleasure, or because they have been accustomed to do them before under certain conditions. This horse had been accustomed to race when his jockey rode him in racing-colors, and had not been accustomed to race when any one else rode him, no matter what the rider's attire might be. It took the sight of his jockey in riding-costume to awaken the idea of racing in the horse's mind. It may be that a horse can reason, but the instance cited does not prove it. I remember reading of a Russian horse that would travel twelve *vershs* willingly enough, but refused to go farther without his dinner. His owner, in order to see whether the horse judged distance by the mile-posts, tried two tricks. First, he shortened the distance by putting in false mile-posts; sure enough, the horse stopped when he had passed twelve, although it was not a customary stopping-place. Then the owner took out some of the regular mile-posts; the horse went along willingly until he had passed twelve and then refused to go on. Even here it is not absolutely necessary to suppose that the horse reasoned; he simply associated the distance which he ordinarily traveled before being fed, with the passing of twelve mile-posts. When he had passed twelve, from previous experience, the idea of dinner was awakened in his mind. The wonderful fact is not the semblance of reason shown, but the apparently incontrovertible fact that the horse counted. It is all the more strange when one remembers that many savages cannot count higher than five or six.

ROBERT ETHERIDGE GREGG.

A *vershs* is a little more than three fifths of an English mile.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last year I came out head in my school examination, and, as a reward, my father gave me a year's subscription to you. This year I have again come out head of my class, and I have taken you again in preference to any other periodical.

I think "Toinette's Philip" is lovely, and was very much interested in "The White Cave," and "Polly Oliver's Problem."

I am the eldest of a family of four; my sister is two years younger, and I have two little brothers.

Last summer we spent our vacation on Sullivan's Island, a favorite summer resort, seven miles from Charleston, S. C., and twenty-nine miles from here. We passed a delightful summer. The beach and the surf were the sources of our greatest pleasure, but we had, besides, a great many other ways of amusing ourselves. When the dreadful cyclone of August 26 came, we were still on the island, and I shall never forget the howling of the wind nor the angry waves. We returned home after that, and in time to escape the second storm.

I am a member of "The King's Daughters." Wishing ST. NICHOLAS long life and prosperity.

Yours truly, CAROLINE A. W.—

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and like you so much. I would like to tell you about a pet robin of mine. I found him fallen out of his nest chirping about on the ground, and I took him in the house and fed him. Every morning at five o'clock he would go up the back stairs, wake up Anna, and make her give him something to eat. We would let him out on the lawn to find worms, and if we called "Birdie! Birdie!" he would answer and come to us. He would swing by the hour on mama's finger in the hammock, half asleep and happy; but one morning he fell into a pail of water, and that was the end of little pet robin.

RAY C.—

A EUROPEAN trip is delightful—but no traveling can make up for too long an absence from home, as this letter shows.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, and have been for nearly three years in Europe. To my brother and me it seems a long time, and we sometimes wish we could go home for a while; but ST. NICHOLAS's monthly visit is so cheering and homelike, that we often forget we are homesick. Of course I do not mean to say we do not enjoy all the beautiful sights over here, for we are very fond of traveling, and have seen considerable; but I should at the same time like to know some American girls. We are spending the winter in Florence, studying English, French, German, and music. I have

an Italian friend, with whom I exchange English for Italian lessons.

Florence is a city which visitors are often disappointed in at first; but one becomes very much attached to it after living in it a few months. I cannot tell you of all the places of interest there are to be seen. The Pitti and Uffizi galleries hold many of the finest paintings in Europe by the old masters. Michelangelo's wonderful sculpture and paintings adorn many of the buildings, churches, and galleries. Although Dante lived six centuries ago, his house and some of his things are still to be seen. A beautiful walk out of town is to the village of Fiesole, on a hill which was formerly the site of Florence. It affords a fine view of the Apennine mountains, and on a clear afternoon the sunset from there is beautiful. While returning from this walk one day, through fig and olive orchards, the last crimson switches of the sunset still lingering on the blue sky, a shepherd and his dog, driving a flock of sheep, passed us on their way home for the night.

With many wishes to you for a prosperous New Year, I remain ever your devoted reader, JULIA M.—

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if any of your musically inclined children listened to the Javanese music at the World's Fair and enjoyed it as much as I did.

I was fortunate enough to visit the Fair with my violin teacher, and as we entered the Java village, we were attracted at once by a peculiar sound, and turning around we saw three Javanese men who were striking a number of copper gongs. As we listened we could bear that there were time and tune, and that there was really music to that which sounded like discordant sounds at first.

My teacher took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few notes on a card as he stood there listening, and the other day sent me a copy of the inclosed piece of music.

If you will be so kind as to print it, perhaps some of your children would like to try it on their pianos.

Yours, E. E. P.—

We gladly show the music to readers of the Letter-box.



HERE is a letter that has been some time on its way:

MCKINNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in North Texas and have no end of fun riding horseback, and in the autumn we enjoy hunting pecans, though we often get our hands stained hulling them. Although so near Christmas, our roses and chrysanthemums are still blooming. My window is open and the sun is shining brightly. Very often it is warm enough to go without our wraps during the holidays. I enjoy reading your "Letter-box" so much; especially the letters from foreign countries. It seems so strange that some of you all never saw cotton growing, when all around me are acres and acres of it. Most of it is picked now.

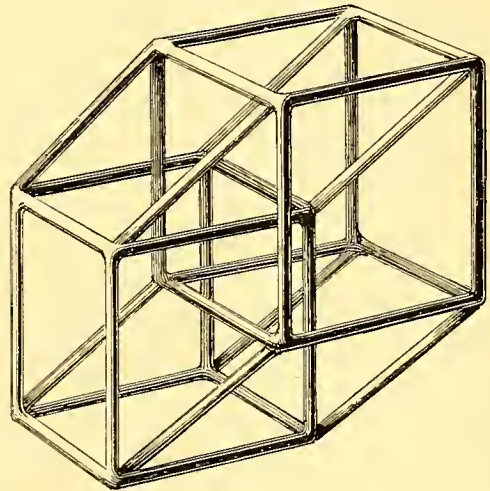
As this is all I have to tell you, I am yours devotedly, CLOYD S.—

"WHAT DOES THE FOURTH POWER LOOK LIKE?"

IN the January number of ST. NICHOLAS the above question was asked, more as an amusing puzzle than as a serious mathematical problem. Two clever correspondents, however, have sent us answers. Mr. Paul R. Heyl, of Philadelphia, incloses a model in wire open-work, and writes: "When we wish to represent the fourth power (which being of four dimensions we may call a hyper-cube), we may do so in solid perspective by placing a cube diagonally above another, and a little behind it, and joining the corresponding corners." He refers inquirers to a book, "Scientific Romances," by C. H. Hinton.

A younger correspondent, Mr. Arthur Howe Carpenter, of Deadwood, South Dakota, also defines the properties of the fourth power figure; "It is a figure bounded by 8 cubes, just as a cube is bounded by 6 squares; it has 16 corners, 24 squares, and 32 edges."

One of our correspondents says that this model shows as nearly as possible "what the Fourth Power looks like"; what it *really* looks like cannot be shown. This figure has many of its qualities, but the thing itself is only a theory of geometry.



EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been talking you for a long time, and I thought I would write to you about a visit we paid to the island of Marken in Holland.

It was a lovely day in June that we, with several other tourists, took passage on a small sail-boat, and after enjoying a delightful sail of about half an hour over the rippling waves of the beautiful Zuyder Zee, we arrived at the island of Marken. This island contains one hundred and eighty acres of land, and is occupied by fishermen and their families.

There were as many as four hundred fishing-boats in the harbor the day we were there. The people were just going to church. They looked very striking in their picturesque costume. We were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the interior of one of the houses; the inmates were very courteous, and showed us all their cooking utensils and household wares. There is no stove in these houses; a large flat stone, placed in the center of the room, serves for a hearth. On this fire they cook all their meals. They have small pottery stoves into which they put live coals to warm their feet in winter. As there is no chimney, the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. As the smoke soon makes the rafters black, a new coat of white-wash is needed every month.

On our way back to the boat, we met a bridal party gaily decked out in their bridal array. The happy bridegroom was carrying a long clay pipe, the stem of which was covered with small, white, artificial roses, it being a custom of the islanders for a newly married man to carry this long-stemmed pipe covered with roses everywhere he goes for two weeks after his marriage, to let people know that he has just been wedded.

Your loving reader,
ROSS R.—

POTTSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, ten and eleven years old. We go to a private school and learn a great many lessons. Our parents do not know we are writing this, and we intend it to be a surprise for them.

I spend most of the happiest hours of my life in reading the ST. NICHOLAS, and think it is the best book ever printed.

We have great fun skating and coasting. We each have a brother, and we had a very nice Christmas. It is lovely here in the summer; all around Pottsville are mountains. Yours truly,
AUGUSTA C. K.—
KATHARINE B. R.—

SIDNEY, NEB.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am reading your interesting stories, and thought I would write a true story for the Letter-box.

When we were at the ranch, we children all had pet horses. The name of one was "Sam," and he was very fond of children, but especially fond of my twin sisters. One day the twins went out to see Sam and another horse they called "Judy." There was a cow there that had recently become the mother of a fine calf. She was about a quarter of a mile from the house. The angry cow started for the twins immediately, bellowing. She was in great rage. Sam raised his head, pricked up his ears, and ran straight to the twins. About that time Judy came up where they were. Sam was a large horse, but Judy was only a pony. So one twin helped the other on Sam, then she climbed on Judy. And after that Sam became the hero of the ranch,

Yours very truly,
F. H. B.—

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a great many years, and enjoy reading the Letter-box as well as your delightful stories.

I am just fourteen years old, and live in Honolulu, my native town.

About two years and a half ago all of our family went to Boston, where we stayed nearly a year. While in Boston I attended the Prince School, and was sorry to leave it.

On one of our islands is situated the largest active volcano in the world. I have been to this volcano twice, and like it ever so much there, because the weather is so cool.

Most of the girls ride horseback. I am very fond of riding, and ride a great deal.

Your constant reader,
ALICE H. J.—

"Live and learn." What a queer reason for liking an active volcano—because it is so cool there!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a cat whom I call "Billy M'Gee M'Gaw." He is a grate theaf and jumps up on the table to steel meat. One day when he was alone in the kitchen he jumped up on table. Suddenly I heard him jump down from the table and a terrible rattling of paper at first I thought he had fit and when I looked he had some flypaper stuck on his tail, he had sat down on it and it stuck to him he does not like to go in that room any more.

He sits up when he wants any thing and he will shake hands with me. Your Admirer,
C. MCA.—

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama and I enjoyed Laura E. Richards's story, "When I Was Your Age," very much. Mama went to Papani's dancing-school when she was a girl. She and Mrs. Richards went to school together for a year, and graduated at the same time. Mama has a tintype album of all her class, and she has one of Mrs. Richards. I think she has a sweet face.

I had two cats, "Vaga" (Spanish for wanderer) and "Belita" (Spanish for baby), that would rival "Oggy, the steamboat," if she were alive.

I hope Brander Matthews's story of American authors will come out soon. I think I will be interested in Ralph Waldo Emerson more than the others, because he was my great-uncle. He gave Mama several of his books with her name in them. She has a fine photograph of him, on which he wrote his name. *Vive le ST. NICHOLAS!*

Your sincere reader,
EDITH EMERSON S.—

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your New Year number pleased me much, especially the description of Palmer Cox. He is such a kind-looking man—a man whom you could not help but love. My aunt used to make just such little things as Palmer Cox does. She used to call them "Grecnies." We have neighbors who are second cousins of Mr. Cox. I should like to see him very much. If you should ever see him tell him that if he is ever left without a friend he will know that I like him very much. I must stop now. Your constant reader,

CHARLES M.—

P. S.—I like "Tom Sawyer Abroad."

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Catherine D. P., Jennie T., Ralph W., Clara W., Minnie L., Lewis B., Ethel and Alice W., F. McL., Thomas W. A., M. W., Lisa N. E., Stuart L., Georgia W. and Pansy N., Bob K., S. Reede C., Morse D., Bessie C., and C. H. S.

FRANCES LEE: The first of the Brownie series was printed in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1883, and was called "The Brownies' Ride."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

FINAL ACROSTIC. Perry. 1. Scallop. 2. Steeple. 3. Panther. 4. Cobbler. 5. Tourney.

METAMORPHOSES. I. Bold, bolt, belt, pelt, pert. II. Boat, boot, soot, shot, shop, ship.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, solicitude; 1 to 3, solicitors; 2 to 4, escutcheon; 3 to 4, subversion; 5 to 6, thriftless; 5 to 7, tessellate; 6 to 8, succession; 7 to 8, East Indian; 1 to 5, suit; 2 to 6, eggs, 4 to 8, noon; 3 to 7, safe.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Art. 3. Ales. 4. Brownie. 5. Tenor. 6. Sir. 7. E. II. 1. S. 2. Die. 3. Dream. 4. Siestas. 5. Eaten. 6. Man. 7. S. III. 1. C. 2. Bar. 3. Bales. 4. Calumet. 5. Remit. 6. Set. 7. T.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Both zigzags spell "Saint Nicholas." Cross-words: 1. Sacks. 2. Salam. 3. Slice. 4. Inane. 5. Taint. 6. Anent. 7. Abide. 8. Acock. 9. Heugh. 10. Honor. 11. Salve. 12. Sagas. 13. Slabs.

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 Everett Malcolm Hawley—Josephine Sherwood—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Jo and I—"M. McG."—Arthur Gride—G. B. Dyer—Mama, Isabel, and Jamie—Walter L. Haight—Hubert L. Bingay—Katharine Moncrief—Chester B. Sumner—Ida Carleton Thallon—Charles B. D.—Nessie and Freddie—Moxce, Washington—L. O. E.—Helen C. McCleary—Thomas Avery Roper—"Sunny-side"—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman—R. Bloomingdale—"Tip-cat."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Paul Reese, 10—Elaine S., 2—"Lynne C. D'Oyle," 7—Klara E. Frank, 1—"The Wise Twins," 1—Dorothy Q., 1—Georgiana A. Hallock, 1—Mary Makepeace, 1—Florence S. Wheeler, 2—Bessie Fox, 1—Maude E. Palmer, 10—Ethel Johnson, 1—W. Watson Roberts, 3—Earl Jackson, 1—Lloyd Cornwell, 1—Willie Gallagher, 2—John Williams Brotherton, 1—Eugenia M. McDougall, 1—Floy Noteman, 1—Marion D., 1—Charlie J. Corse, 1—Mama and Florence, 2—E. N. Teall, 2—Ira F. Wildey, 4—Ethel A. Randall, 1—Allison McKibbin, 3—Helen Fry, 3—Morris Schwarzschild and Eugene Oregon, 2—Jennie H. Wiles, 1—"Pollywog," 1—Bernard M. L. Ernest, 3—Howard Scholle, 1—G. A. Hallock, 1—Julia Leaming Wood, 1—Peggy and Patty, 4—John Hill, 1—Livingstone and Nathalie F., 1—Rhees Jackson, 1—R. O. B., 3—Willie A. Jones, 1—A. R. T. and J. T., 6—"Highmount Girls," 10—Eleanor H. Dean, 1—Mama and Sadie, 6—Edith E. Cantelo, 2—Ella B. Lyon, 6—L. F. Craig, 2—No Name, 4—Hortense E. W., 4—L. H. R., 2—Anna C. Church, 3—"X. N. Trick," 7—W. Kidds, 1—Channing Newton, 2—Geo. S. Seymour, 7—Fannie Jackson, 2—Jeraldine E. Vandervoort, 1—"The Clever Two," 6—Effie K. Talboys, 4—Estelle and Clarendon Ions, 1—Ralph B. and H. Branwell Mason, 2—Harold and May, 6—Marjory Gane, 5—Edward W. Sturdevant, Jr., 1—C. C. S., 1—Anderson Berry, 2—No Name, Littleton, 10—Marguerite, Annie, and Emily, 3—Charles Arthur Barnard, 9—"Uncle Mung," 10—"Reidites," 1—Adèle Clark, 1—Harriet E. Strong, 3—G. Barrett Glover, 4—Cousin Burt and Ethel, 7—"Annos Moscrip," 7—No Name, Terre Haute, 2—Willie and Louise Nichols, 3—Blanche and Fred, 10—"We Girls," 5—Isabella W. Clarke, 2—Laura M. Zuser, 6—Harry and Helene, 9—"Jefferson Place," 8—Ruth M. Mason, 1—Edna R. Myers, 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

ARE you 7-10-14-3-2-9 to play a 4-11-5-1 by yourself, or only endeavoring 7-8 find a 12-6-7-13 through that curious maze? I did not think you were so proficient in 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14.

INTERSECTING WORDS.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Places for sleeping. 2. Shafts. 3. Trials. 4. A dealer in flowers. 5. Dress goods of a certain kind having a glossy surface. 6. To enact anew. 7. Far away.

From 1 to 2, free from error; from 3 to 4, made a sound by violently expelling the breath; from 5 to 6, a stream.

H. W. E.

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 celebrated painter of animals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To diffuse. 2. An orderly collection of papers. 3. To divide into two or more branches. 4. A title used in addressing a sovereign. 5. The lower part of the wall of an apartment when adorned with mold-

Pi. March is piping Spring's sweet praises,
Night by night the young moon fills;
Soon the golden-hearted daisies
Will be over all the hills.

BOX PUZZLE. Upper Square: 1. Seat. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Test. Side Square: 1. Test. 2. Ever. 3. Semi. 4. Trip. Lower Square: 1. Trip. 2. Rise. 3. Isle. 4. Peel. From 4 to 7, trap.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

SILVER-CROSS PUZZLE. 1. Happy. 2. Die. 3. Adverse. 4. Pierces. 5. Perches. 6. See. 7. Jesse.

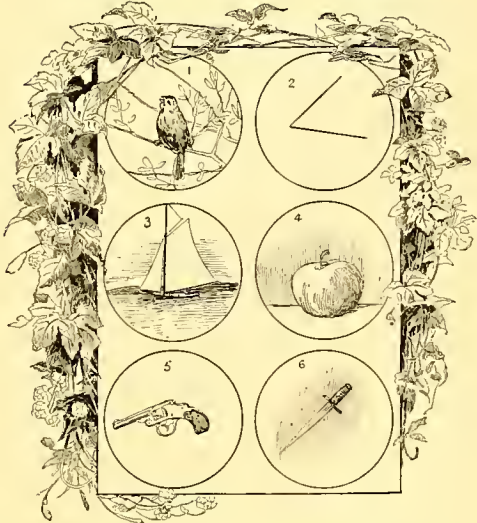
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Rhomboid; finals, Welcomed. Cross-words: 1. Renew. 2. Heave. 3. Offal. 4. Magic. 5. Bravo. 6. Opium. 7. Indue. 8. Dread.

CHARADE. Cap-a-city.

LETTER PUZZLE. "All's Well that Ends Well."

ings. 6. A jug. 7. A measure of length. 8. In a little while. 9. To double. 10. Surface. 11. To decline gradually. 12. Augments. 13. Token. 14. Withered. 15. To irritate. 16. A heath. L. W.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the six objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names written one below the other, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous French warrior who was made a knight before the age of nineteen.
TILLIE S. TAYLOR.



