




ST.
NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED

1881

Part Two.





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

<http://archive.org/details/stnicholasserial82dodg>



ON THE WAY TO JÖTUNHEIM.

[See page 952.]

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME VIII.

PART II., MAY, 1881, TO OCTOBER, 1881.

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.

Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.

PRESS OF FRANCIS HART & CO.
NEW-YORK.

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME VIII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1881, TO OCTOBER, 1881.

CONTENTS OF PART II., VOLUME VIII.

	PAGE.
A BOY ON THE PLACE. (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	<i>Helene J. Hicks</i> 780
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG. Copy in fac-simile	886
A BROWN-STUDY. Poem. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 843
ADVENTURES OF COCQUELICOT. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Susan Fenimore Cooper</i> 942
AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION. The (Illustrated)	572, 654, 734, 814, 892, 972
ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 875
"A LITTLE OLD WOMAN OF DORKING." Jingle. (Illustrated).....	<i>Annie Huntington</i> 675
AMBITIOUS COLT. The Picture, drawn by	<i>Frank Bellew</i> 870
ANGORA CAT. The True Adventures of an (Illustrated).....	<i>Anna T. Randall-Diehl</i> 749
AN INTRODUCTION. Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 660
AQUARIUM. How to Stock and Keep a Fresh-water (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 696
ARAMANTHA MEHITABEL BROWN. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 822
ART AND ARTISTS. Stories of (Illustrated)	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 554
	676, 947
A. STEELES. The (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>Sarah J. Prichard</i> 577
BABEL. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	<i>Rosa Graham</i> 512
BAD BIRD. The Story of a (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>David D. Lloyd</i> 665
BOB'S QUESTION. Picture. Drawn by	<i>Winslow Homer</i> 664
BONNY BLUE BOWL. The Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 843
BOOMEBOY. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Wm. W. Newton</i> 846
BOTTOMLESS BLACK POND. The (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 502
BOY ON THE PLACE. A (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	<i>Helene J. Hicks</i> 780
BOY WHO PLAYED TRUANT. The (Illustrated by Alfred Brennan).....	<i>Alice Williams Brotherton</i> 956
BROWN-STUDY. A Poem. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 737
BUILDERS BY THE SEA. Verses. (Illustrated by C. A. Northam).....	<i>W. T. Peters</i> 779
BUTTERFLIES. Poem	<i>Susan Hartley Swett</i> 606
CAMPS. Game. Adapted by.....	<i>G. B. Bartlett</i> 747
"CANDY IS NOT GOOD FOR CHILDREN." Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 596
CAPTAIN SARAH BATES. (Illustrated by Julian O. Davidson and H. P. Share).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 670
CASTLE OF BIM. The (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 899
CATAPULT SNAKE. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>F. Blake Crofton</i> 723
CATHIE'S STORY	<i>Anna Boynton Averill</i> 770
CHAM. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Brennan).....	<i>Eva L. Ogden</i> 766, 813
CHAPTER ON SOAP-BUBBLES. A (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 524
CHILDREN'S ARTIST. The (Illustrated).....	<i>J. L.</i> 607
CROW'S NEST. The Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 936
CURIOUS TRAP. A (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>C. F. Holder</i> 857
"CUT BEHIND!" Picture. Drawn by	<i>C. Weaver</i> 718
DAME TOAD. Verses. (Illustrated by H. L. Stephens).....	<i>Fleta Forrester</i> 807
DANDELION. The Verses	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i> 567
DAY UNDER-GROUND. A (Illustrated).....	<i>David Ker</i> 663
DECORATIVE. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	687
DENGREMONT. Eugenio Mauricio (With portrait).....	<i>Mrs. John P. Morgan</i> 720
DOG LOST! Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>S. K. Bourne</i> 719
DORA AND HER KITTEN. Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 523
DOROTHY'S RIDE. (Illustrated by V. Nehlig)	<i>Mrs. C. E. Cheney</i> 848
DRAGON-FLY'S BENEFIT. The Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Helen K. Spofford</i> 844

13269

	PAGE.
DUCKY DADDLES. (Illustrated by H. L. Stephens)	<i>Helen F. More</i> 858
ELF AND THE SPIDER. The Poem. (Illustrated by Mrs. M. Richardson) ..	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 753
ENCHANTMENT. Verses. (Illustrated)	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> 589
EUGENIO MAURICIO DENGREMONT. (Illustrated)	<i>Mrs. John P. Morgan</i> 720
FAIRIES. Poem	<i>Hannah R. Hudson</i> 725
FLAT-BOATING FOR BOYS. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 773
FLY-WHEEL. Under a (Illustrated by V. Nehlig)	<i>Henry Clemens Pearson</i> 744
FOUNDLING. A Strange (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Frank Bellew</i> 784
FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK. The Picture. Drawn by	<i>R. F. Bunner</i> 606
FOURTH OF JULY AT TOM ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. Verses	<i>Sarah J. Burke</i> 660
FOURTH OF JULY NIGHT. Picture. Drawn by	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 710
FRENCH PIECE FOR TRANSLATION. (Illustrated by "Sphinx")	<i>F. M. E.</i> 704
FROG'S TEA-PARTY. The Verses. (Illustrated by H. McVickar) 616
FROM SANDY HOOK TO THE LIGHT-SHIP. (Illustrated by Granville Perkins)	<i>John V. Sears</i> 738
GIANT PICTURE-BOOK. The Tableaux-vivants	<i>G. B. Bartlett</i> 645
GOOD LITTLE GIRL AND THE COLD LITTLE BOY. The Jingles. (Illustrated)	<i>A. K. C.</i> 850
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. My (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> 507
GRINDSTONE. On a (Illustrated by V. Nehlig)	<i>Henry Clemens Pearson</i> 519
GULF-STREAM. Waifs from the (Illustrated)	<i>Fred. A. Ober</i> 549
HEAD-DRESSES OF ANIMALS. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Sphinx</i> 566
HOW BOBBY'S VELOCIPEDA RAN AWAY	<i>H. W. Blake</i> 657
HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT"	<i>Mary C. Bartlett</i> 751
HOW PEGGY AND JOHNNY ILLUSTRATED A TABLEAU-VIVANT. (Illustrated) 861
HOW POLLY WENT TO THE MAY-PARTY	<i>Mary Bradley</i> 546
HOW SHOCKING! Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 585
HOW TO BE TAKEN CARE OF	<i>Susan Anna Brown</i> 941
HOW TO MAKE A NET WITHOUT A NEEDLE. (Illustrated by the Author) ..	<i>Henry W. Troy</i> 726
HOW TO MAKE DOLLS OF CORN-HUSKS AND FLOWERS. (Illustrated) 828
HOW TOM WALLEN WENT ABOARD. (Illustrated by Rufus F. Zogbaum) ..	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 823
HOW TO STOCK AND KEEP A FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM. (Illustrated)	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 696
HOW WE BELLED THE RAT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. (Illustrated by } J. Wells Champney)	} <i>Lizzie W. Champney</i> 793
HYRAX. Master (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	<i>Henrietta H. Holdich</i> 873
IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND. (Illustrated by Hermann Faber)	<i>Felix L. Oswald</i> 538
	621, 712, 786, 853, 926
INTRODUCTION. An Picture drawn by	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 660
ITALIAN FISHER-BOY MENDING HIS NETS. An Picture. Drawn by	<i>E. M. S. Scannell</i> 645
"I WONDERED WHAT MADE ROBIN SAD." Poem	<i>George Newell Lovejoy</i> 523
JINGLES	501, 545, 675, 746, 850, 909, 924
JOHN. Verses	<i>S. M. Chatfield</i> 526
JUNE DAY. A Poem	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 634
KING AND THE CLOWN. The Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 552
KITE, AND WHAT HUNG THEREFROM. The Tail of a	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 932
KNITTING SONG. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 960
LAZY FARM-BOY. The (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	<i>Mrs. Annie Fields</i> 920
LEAVES AT PLAY. The Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>D. C. Hasbrouck</i> 931
LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG. (In fac-simile)	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 886
LITTLE ASSUNTA. Poem. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 897
LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY. Verses	<i>Bonnie Doon</i> 860
LITTLE LASS WHO WORE A SHAKER BONNET. Jingle. (Illustrated)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 909
LITTLE MAID MARGERY. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 785
LITTLE MISS MUFFET AND HER SPIDER	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 817
LITTLE ROB AND HIS LETTER-BLOCKS. Picture, drawn by	<i>S. G. McCutcheon</i> 725
LIVING LANTERNS. (Illustrated by James C. Beard)	<i>C. F. Holder</i> 910
LOST STOPPER. The (Illustrated)	<i>Paul Fort</i> 582
MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	<i>F. Blake Crofton</i> 722
MARCHAND DE COCO. Le (Illustrated by Sphinx)	<i>F. M. E.</i> 704

	PAGE.
MARK, THE DWARF. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	<i>M. D. Birney</i> 764
MARY JANE. Verses. (Illustrated by Mary Wyman Wallace)	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> 852
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. Part II	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i> 514
MASTER HYRAX. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	<i>Henrietta H. Holdich</i> 873
MASTIFF AND HIS MASTER. The (Illustration by Gustave Doré)	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 586
MAY-PARTY. How Polly Went to the	<i>Mary Bradley</i> 546
MAY. The Shining Days of Poem	<i>Lucy M. Blinn</i> 534
MILKWEED PLAYTHINGS. (Illustrated)	<i>Emma M. Davis</i> 743
MISUNDERSTANDING. A (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	<i>F. Blake Crofton</i> 722
MOLLY MOGG AND LUCY LEE. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	<i>Mrs. E. T. Corbett</i> 711
MONTH OF ROSES. The Picture 633
MY AUNT'S SQUIRRELS	<i>Elizabeth Stoddard</i> 686
MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> 507
NARCISSUS. The Story of (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i> 924
NET WITHOUT A NEEDLE. To Make a (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Henry W. Troy</i> 726
NOT INVITED. Picture, drawn by	<i>Frederick Dielman</i> 959
"OH, MAMMA! KITTY'S AWFULLY FOND OF BUTTER!" Picture, drawn by	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 523
OLD WOMAN OF DORKING. A Little Jingle. (Illustrated)	<i>Annie Huntington</i> 675
ON A GRINDSTONE. (Illustrated by V. Nehlig)	<i>Henry Clemens Pearson</i> 519
OSTRICH-FARMING. (Illustrated)	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 591
OWL AND THE SPIDER. The Verses. (Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill)	<i>Frank H. Stauffer</i> 792
PEACOCK. The Prince of the Birds. (Illustrated)	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 535
PEASE-PORRIDGE COLD. (Illustrated by W. T. Smedley)	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 608
PERPETUAL-MOTION JAMES. (Illustrated by Frank Beard)	<i>John Trowbridge</i> 861
PHAETON ROGERS. (Illustrated by W. Taber)	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 526
	596, 688, 754, 834, 913
PIPPO'S RANSOM. (Illustrated by E. M. S. Scannell)	<i>Florence Scannell</i> 498
PLEASANT CHILD. A Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Isabel Francis Bellows</i> 946
PRINCE OF THE BIRDS. The (Illustrated)	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 535
PROUD PRINCE CHAM. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Brennan)	<i>Eva L. Ogden</i> 766, 813
QUIET TIME FOR ALL CONCERNED. A Picture, drawn by	<i>J. Wells Champney</i> 615
RACE AND THE RESCUE. The (Illustrated by W. T. Smedley)	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 872
RAT'S HAPPY DREAM. The Picture. Drawn by	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 534
RICHTER. Ludwig (With portrait)	<i>J. L.</i> 607
"ROCK-A-BYE, BABY!" Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Brennan)	<i>M. E. Wilkins</i> 668
ROYAL STAG. The (Illustrated)	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 510
RUSSIAN HARVEST SCENE. A Picture 748
SAD LITTLE LASS. The Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 833
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI	<i>Ella F. Mosby</i> 851
ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE. The 334, 796, 864
A June Day	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 634
President Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 635, 886
The Blue and the Gray	<i>F. M. Finch</i> 635
The Three Fishers	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 796
The Sea. (Illustrated)	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 796
Golden-Tressèd Adelaide	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 797
A Farewell	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 797
Hervé Riel. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Robert Browning</i> 864
The Cry of the Children	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 867
SALTILLO BOYS. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>William O. Stoddard</i> 559
	636, 705, 798, 876, 961
SANDY HOOK TO THE LIGHT-SHIP. From (Illustrated by Granville Perkins)	<i>John V. Sears</i> 738
SHINING DAYS OF MAY. The Poem	<i>Lucy M. Blinn</i> 534
SISTER MONTHS. The Poem	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 497
SLUMBER SONG. Poem	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 749
SOAP-BUBBLES. A Chapter on (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 524
SOMEDAY. Verses	<i>Nora Perry</i> 506

	PAGE.
SONG OF THE CORN. The Poem. (Illustrated by Roger Riordan).....	<i>Grace R. Thomas</i> 871
SONG OF THE FAIRIES. The Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Robert Richardson</i> 827
SQUIRRELS. My Aunt's	<i>Elizabeth Stoddard</i> 686
STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. The (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)..... 727
STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. E. Clement</i> 554, 676, 947
STORY OF A BAD BIRD. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	<i>David D. Lloyd</i> 665
STORY OF NARCISSUS. The (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i> 924
STORY OF THE THREE SONS. The.....	<i>Elizabeth Cumings</i> 831
STRANGE FOUNDLING. A (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Frank Bellew</i> 784
"STRAWBERRIES! RIPE STRAWBERRIES!" Verses	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 632
TAIL OF A KITE, AND WHAT HUNG THEREFROM. The	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 932
TESSA, THE LITTLE ORANGE-GIRL. (Illustrated by E. M. S. Scannell).....	<i>Mrs. Fanny Barrow</i> 869
"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED BY THE SEA." Jingle. (Illustrated)..... 746
"THERE WAS A SMALL SERVANT CALLED KATE." Jingle. (Illustrated).....	<i>R. H. Muller</i> 545
TIMID DUGONG. The Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Robert S. Talcott</i> 932
TOO HOT TO BE A TEMPTATION. Picture 519
TRAP. A Curious (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>C. F. Holder</i> 857
TRAPPER JOE	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 921
TUNEFUL OLD WOMAN. The Jingle. (Illustrated)	<i>E. L. Sylvester</i> 746
UNDER A FLY-WHEEL. (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>Henry Clemens Pearson</i> 744
UNDER-GROUND. A Day (Illustrated).....	<i>David Ker</i> 663
UP	<i>George H. Hebard</i> 661
"UP THE ROAD AND DOWN THE ROAD." Jingle. (Illustrated).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 924
VELOCIPEDE RAN AWAY. How Bobby's	<i>H. W. Blake</i> 657
WAS KITTY CURED? (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	<i>Mary Graham</i> 629
WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" DID.....	<i>Mrs. E. J. Partridge</i> 957
WHAT THE BIRDS SAY. Poem. (Illustrated)	<i>Caroline A. Mason</i> 582
"WHO ARE YOU?" Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>H. P. Share</i> 703
YE JOYFUL OWL. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. G. Francis</i> 501

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (Illustrated).

"April Showers bring May Flowers"—Poor Fritz—Buttonmold Mound—The Cat-birds are Coming—Bird Mimicry—A Little Soldier-girl—Deep-sea Wonders (Illustrated), 570; The Boys' and Girls' Own Month—A Cataract that Rushes Up the River—Christmas at Midsummer—Where "Cat" and "Puss" Came from—Jack Asks Some Questions—Jack's Prize Bird, 650; Jack's Say—Two Brave Little Girls—The Toes of Cats—A Hen-gossip and Other Hens—St. Cuthbert's Beads—Wonderful Glass-mending—How Some Swallows Treated a Lie-abed—A Suspension-bridge of Ants—A Queer Foster-mother (Illustrated), 730; "Tread Lightly"—The Crippling Brook—Do You Believe it?—A Singing Mouse—Dolly's Omelet—Weather Wisdom—Chinese Skill in Metal-work—Spiders as Servants—Living Pitchers (Illustrated)—A Motherly Rooster, 810; Coming Back to School—Movement-songs—A Different View Concerning Ants—Our Children's Eyes—A Fish that is its Own Market-basket (Illustrated)—Horses Wearing Spectacles, 890; Sumac-and-Maple Month—Shadow-tails—On the Tree-path—A Queer Tongue—Hickory-nuts and Hickory-nuts—The Lizard's Gloves—The Nut-hatch—A Submarine "Fire-fly" (Illustrated), 970.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK (Illustrated).

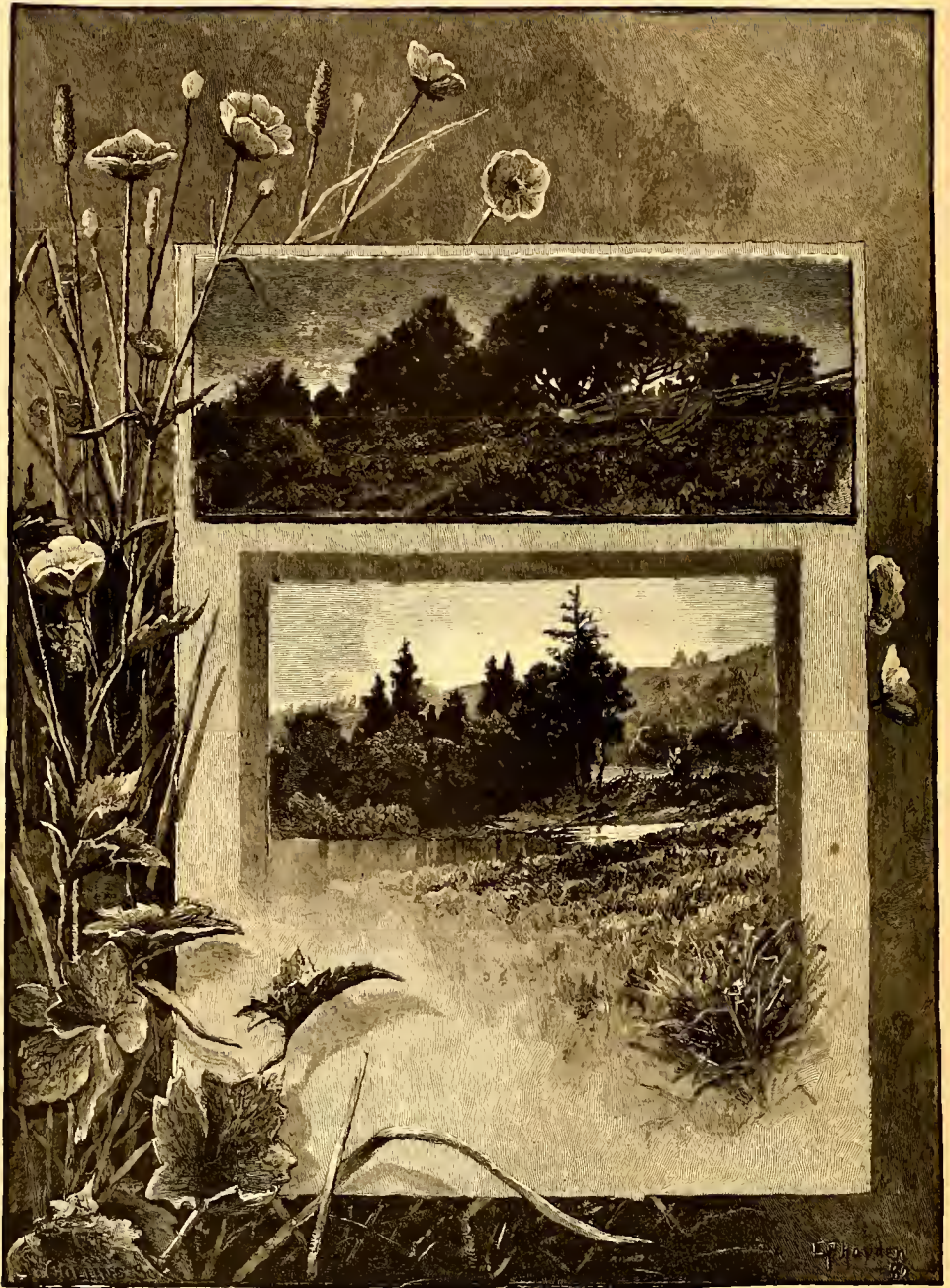
Little Totote; Eddy's Balloon, 568—Kate and Joe, 648—The Five Cats, 728—Stephen and the Wild Bird, 808—Carlo, Jane, and Me, 888—Roy's Visit; Ponto's Visit, 968.

THE LETTER-BOX (Illustrated) 572, 652, 732, 812, 892, 972

THE RIDDLE-BOX (Illustrated) 575, 655, 735, 815, 895, 975

FRONTISPICES.—ON THE WAY TO JÖTUNHEIM, facing title-page of volume—Just Before the Summer, facing page 497—"Mustering All his Strength, Andy Plunged into the Flood," 577—The Star-spangled Banner, 657—A Brown-study, 737—Heart's Ease, 817.





JUST BEFORE THE SUMMER.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1881.

No. 7.

[Copyright, 1881, by Scribner & Co.]

THE SISTER MONTHS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHEN April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each hour we listen.

Nor does May claim the whole of spring;
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to the warm turf cling,
Or swing from tree-boughs, high and slender.

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

And May-flowers bloom before May comes
To cheer, a little, April's sadness;
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.

Yet April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirsty flowers;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

They are two sisters, side by side
Sharing the changes of the weather,
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—
So far apart, so close together!

All flowers of spring are not May's own;
The crocus can not often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;
The earliest violets always miss her.

April and May one moment meet,—
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;
And breezes tell, and birds repeat
How May and April love each other.

PIPPO'S RANSOM.

BY FLORENCE SCANNELL.

"Now, SIT still, Nina *mia*, and turn your head a little more this way, so—that will do."

"But, Pippo, I want to see you draw."

"Impossible, little one; you shall see it directly. Ah! if only I had one of Padre Stefano's nice, clean, white sheets of paper, it would be as good as the wall of the stable, eh, Nina!"

"But wont Father be angry when he sees the great black cow you have drawn on the stable-wall, Pippo? I expected to see her turn her head and look at me when I went in. And then Mother's face on the plate on which you had your sweet-meats! I have not washed it off yet."

The speaker was a dark-haired little girl, with a brown face, and large dark eyes, which she fixed in tender admiration on the young artist, a boy of about ten years, with thick, fair hair, and a bright, intelligent countenance, who lay stretched on the grass, and drew, on a carefully chosen white stone, with a piece of burnt stick, the portrait of his pet sister as she sat before him.

The sun was sinking behind the mountains, the great dome of the Cathedral of Florence was beginning to look dark against the clear blue sky, and the children were thinking of driving the sheep they had been sent out to watch toward the little farm where they lived, when dash!—rush!—into their peaceful little retreat burst a crowd of wild, dark-looking men, with fierce black eyes, and rough beads and hair. The leader called out:

"Ha, excellent! Some fine fat sheep, and only two small children to guard them. Don't let them run off and give the alarm, now, Giacomo."

Little Nina's bright color faded from her cheeks, and her eyes dilated with terror, as she flung her spindle to the ground and flew to her brother, hiding her face in his sheep-skin jacket, while he, tears springing to his eyes, implored the brigands (for such they were) to take pity on them, and leave their sheep.

"Father will beat us both, and Mother will cry, oh, so much! Please, good brigands ——"

"Hold your tongue, you little fool, or I will give you a worse beating than ever you had before," said Giacomo, who, in obedience to the order of his captain, held the two poor children firmly with his strong hands.

"Now, then, let us be off, quick!" said the captain to his men, who had been tying the sheeps' legs together, and had slung them on their backs.

"Ah, well, I know your faces now, and I shall

describe them to my father, and then we shall see if we can't find you, you rascals!" cried Pippo, stamping his feet in impotent rage.

"Very well, young Spit-fire; you shall come along with us, and so you wont be parted from your precious sheep," said the captain, with a laugh. "The boy has a spirit of his own; he is worthy of becoming one of us, so pack him up, Giacomo, and make him hold his tongue, or he will have some one upon us."

At this, Nina burst into a passion of sobs:

"Oh, good sirs, leave him; oh, don't take Pippo! I will give you my little gold cross, my ear-rings, anything, only leave me my brother; it will break Mamma's heart, and Father will have no one to help him in the fields; oh, do listen to me!"

"Thank you for the cross, little one, and the ear-rings too, since they are gold. And now, good-bye; don't cry your pretty eyes quite out; as for Pippo, he goes with us; and you may thank your stars we don't take you too, but you would be in the way, pretty one!"

So saying, the robbers started off with their booty, regardless of the prayers and struggles of little Pippo. But he was blindfolded, and was soon quieted by the coarse threats of the ruffians, who journeyed swiftly through the country. They hid themselves behind trees and rocks whenever a sound was heard; this, however, happened but seldom, as they kept away from the roads and any houses or cottages near which their way led them.

At last, they reached a large cave, the approach to which was hidden by trees and shrubs. On entering, a huge, burly form raised itself from the ground, and greeted them with:

"Well, what news? I hope you have brought something for supper; the fire is lighted, but I have nothing better than chestnuts to cook. Hallo! a boy! and a very pretty one, too; but by his clothes, I should say not a *principino* [young prince] nor a *marchesino* [young marquis], therefore not much of a ransom to be had for him, eh, Capitano?"

"Well, who knows, Bonifaccio? Some of these *contadini* [peasants] have plenty of money, and, besides, he seems a bold little lad, and may prove useful to us. However, just now we are all starving, so let us have some supper. You see, we have something else besides the boy."

The brigands all busied themselves in preparing the meal, and ere long a joint of one of poor Pippo's sheep was smoking on the table, flanked with a

huge bowl of chestnuts, several flasks of wine, and two or three loaves of brown-looking bread. Bonifaccio, who looked somewhat less rough and fierce than the rest of the troop, made room for Pippo beside him on the rude wooden bench, and pressed him to eat. But the poor little fellow's heart was too full, and though he struggled bravely to keep back his tears, yet there was an uncomfortable feeling in his throat that took away all his appetite, particularly when he thought of his home, with the kind, gentle mother, the dear little sister, and his father, who, although sometimes rather rough and

fatigue, the tears hanging on his long lashes, and his pretty curls lying in a yellow tangle on his uncomfortable pillow.

Little Nina, left alone after the departure of the brigands who carried off her brother, threw herself in despair on the ground, sobbing bitterly, but the darkness, at last, made her think of home, and accordingly, she set off, running. Meeting her mother, who had come to the door of their little farm-house, wondering and anxious because the children had not returned, Nina burst forth with an account of what had befallen them, but in such



PIPPO DRAWING HIS SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

stern, yet loved him dearly. How distressed they would be at his having been carried off!

Meanwhile, the supper continued; the robbers, after each draught of wine, began to talk loud and tell wild stories of their venturesome exploits. Then, after some noisy games with a pack of cards, they laid themselves down on heaps of straw, and covered themselves with blankets and skins. A huge dog was then set at the opening of the cave to guard them while they slept, and soon they all were snoring.

Bonifaccio showed Pippo a little corner of straw beside him, saying: "Come with me, little boy, you shall have a bit of my blanket. It 's of no use to look at the door; Moro would tear you to pieces if you should try to get past him. So, good-night; sleep well."

Pippo, when the darkness quite hid him, quietly sobbed himself to sleep, worn out with grief and

a state of despair and agitation, that it was some time before the mother could succeed in understanding what had really happened.

Then she, also, was overcome with grief, and rushed to the door, hoping to see her husband returning from the town, where he had gone to sell his wheat. At last, wheels were heard, and the father, tired, but pleased at getting home, jumped down with a merry shout. He was about to enter the house, when his wife and Nina came out, weeping, their faces pale; and, as they stood wringing their hands, they told him the disastrous news.

"Ah, you see, Maria," said the farmer, "the rascals knew that all the men would be in town, as it is market-day, but still, it was very daring. My poor boy! I 'll go back immediately to Florence, to consult the authorities, but it will be very difficult to get a hearing at so late an hour."

Not long after, the father returned, saying he

could obtain no assistance till morning, and even then, the officer to whom he had spoken said he feared there was not much chance of finding those brigands, as they were in strong force and very bold, and were hiding somewhere in the mountains, where it would be very dangerous and difficult to approach them. They all went to bed with heavy hearts, and it was long ere the anxious parents slept, wondering on what sort of couch their poor child was lying.

The next morning, the brigands made a hasty meal of the remainder of their supper, and started off, saying they expected a rich booty that day, for the carriage of a nobleman was to come along a road near by, and they intended to waylay it. Bonifaccio was left on guard, and seemed pleased to have a little companion.

"Don't be down-hearted, little man; it's a very jolly life we lead, and a lad of your spirit will much prefer it to tending sheep, or working in the fields all his time."

So saying, he filled his pipe, and sat down to smoke.

"What is this, Signor Bonifaccio?" timidly inquired Pippo, taking up a wooden palette from a bench by the wall. It had lain some time, for the colors were dried upon it.

"That is something to do with painting, my boy, though I don't know what, exactly, and there is a box with the colors and brushes, if you look a little farther. Last time I went out with the band, we came across a tall artist, sitting in the fields, preparing to sketch, and, as he had no money, we took away his box, brushes, and even his canvas, thinking they would, at least, do for fire-wood, if they should prove of no other use to us. He was very angry, but he ought to have been only too glad that we left his skin whole and sound."

"Tell me some more of your adventures, Signor Bonifaccio."

"Very well;" and Bonifaccio proceeded to relate how they had once found a richly dressed little boy, of about Pippo's age, and had carried him off to the cave, and then sent one of his little embroidered shoes to his father, threatening to kill the child unless a large ransom were paid, or if any attempt were made to rescue him by force. How the ransom was paid, and the little boy taken back by Bonifaccio, disguised as a peasant, and how happy the mother was to have her child back again.

When he had finished the story, Pippo took him the canvas, on which he had, roughly, but pretty accurately, painted the head of Bonifaccio.

"Bravo! Why, I never saw a boy so handy as you. Why, there are my eyes, my nose, my beard,—everything complete! Well, you ought to be an artist, Pippo, not a farmer!" cried Bonifaccio, dropping his pipe in his astonishment, and

stroking his beard, evidently much gratified, and looking with great admiration at his portrait, while Pippo's cheeks flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, what joy it would be if only I could have a box like that, and paint every day!" exclaimed Pippo. "Do, dear Signor Bonifaccio, let me run home now. I can never be a brigand, and should only be a useless trouble to you all."

"Run home, indeed!" said Bonifaccio, not ill-naturedly. "Well, wait till the captain comes home, and we shall see what can be done for you."

Pippo described his home, and his little sister, who had been so distressed at losing him, and had only just finished his account, when the brigands came trooping in, very hungry, but in excellent spirits, throwing money on the table, to astonish their comrade, Bonifaccio. He, in return, showed Pippo's work, and the captain, who, being a little more educated than the rest, appreciated the painting still more than Bonifaccio, was surprised to find so much talent in the little peasant.

"You shall paint me, now, and then we shall see what reward you shall have," said he. Pippo took pains, and succeeded in rendering the fierce black eyes, and long, pointed mustache, to the satisfaction of the noble captain, and then he begged, as his reward, to be allowed to return home. Bonifaccio seconded the boy, representing to the captain the uselessness of keeping the child, and, at last, the leader consented to let him go, first making him promise solemnly not to betray their retreat. He ordered him to be led some distance blindfolded, so that he never could find the way back, even if the soldiers should try to compel him.

When the evening twilight had arrived, he sent Pippo, accompanied by one of the band, and, to his great delight, with the paint-box and palette in his hands, down the rough mountain path. At last they arrived at a forest, and the brigand, telling Pippo he had but to go straight on toward the dome of the cathedral, uncovered his eyes, said "Addio," and left him.

Pippo trudged joyously on, thinking of the account he would give to his parents of his time in the cave, and of the arguments he would employ to induce his father to let him go to Florence and study painting. After the art had been his ransom from the cave, surely his father would not think it of no use, and a mere waste of time!

But night was fallen, and he no longer saw the friendly dome. So, fearful of going still farther from home in the darkness, and being very weary, he at last crept into a large hollow tree, and, pillowing his head on the treasured paint-box, fell fast asleep.

The sun was shining when he awoke, feeling

very hungry. Fortunately, Bonifaccio had given him some bread, so he refreshed himself with this, and a little spring water, and set off in the direction of his home. At last the dear home roof came in sight, and Pippo, shouting in his joy, was answered by the bark of a dog, that came rushing toward him. Nina followed soon, with sparkling eyes, and after her came the father and mother, scarcely able to contain their joy. Pippo was embraced by all three at once, and even the little dog appeared to share in the delight, for he kept jumping up and frantically trying to lick his hands.

"Let him have some breakfast, poor child," said the mother, "and after that, he can tell us all his adventures."

"Here, Nina, is your little cross—the captain sent it back to you; and Father, look here!" cried Pippo, eagerly, showing his box.

After his breakfast, he related all his doings in the robbers' cave, and the means of his deliverance. He ended, coaxingly: "And now, Padre *mio*, I may go to study in Florence, may I not?—and become a painter like Giotto. You will see what pictures I shall make; do, please, let me go."

"Well, Pippo, my boy, I shall see. I am afraid you are not worth much to guard the sheep, so I shall talk to Padre Stefano, and see if I can afford it. Meanwhile, paint a portrait of Nina, that I may take with me to some painter and ask his opinion of it."

Pippo set to work, and, inspired by the hope of gaining the long-wished consent, produced a likeness, which the Florentine artist looked at with great interest, finally declaring that it showed much talent, and expressing astonishment on hearing the youth of the painter.

"Send him to me, my friend," said he to Pippo's father; "you have there a genius. I shall be delighted to guide his efforts, for I am sure he will hereafter do me honor."

And these words came true, for this little boy was no other than Filippo Lippi, one of the great painters of Italy. And his pictures, now more than four hundred years old, are of priceless worth. Travelers from all parts of the world go to see them. Most of them are collected and exhibited in Florence, his native town, where he was employed for many years by a great Duke of that time.



THE BOTTOMLESS BLACK POND.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

ABOUT half a mile from the town of Danford, there was an extensive and beautiful piece of forest land. Many of the trees were large and picturesque, the ground beneath them was generally free from unpleasant undergrowth and bushes, and, in some places, it was covered with moss and delicately colored wild-flowers; there were green open glades, where the bright sunshine played fantastic tricks with the shadows of the surrounding trees, and, altogether, the Danford forest was a delightful place, and any visitor, of ordinary reasoning powers, would have supposed it to be a favorite resort of the towns-people.

But it was not; very few persons, excepting now and then some boys of a disobedient turn of mind, ever visited it. The reason for this was the fact, that near the center of the woods there lay a large pond, which had a bad reputation. This pond was so large, that in some parts of the country, where such bodies of water are not common, it would have been called a lake.

In ordinary cases, the presence of such a sheet of water would have greatly added to the attractions of the place, but this pond exercised an influence which overbalanced all the attractive beauties of the woods, and made it a lonely and deserted spot.

The reason of this was the peculiar reputation of the Black Pond. A great many strange things were said about it. Its color was enough to mystify some people, and terrify others, for it was as black as ink. Persons who had stood upon its edge and had looked down upon it, and over its wide expanse, were unable to see an inch below the surface of the water, which, instead of being in the least transparent, appeared, when there was no wind, like one of those dark-colored mirrors called "Claude Lorraine glasses," in which a whole landscape is reflected like a little living picture, with all its proportions, its perspective, and its colors, perfectly preserved.

It might have been supposed that this lake would have presented an attractive picture, on bright days, when the sky, the clouds, and the overhanging foliage were reflected in its smooth and polished surface; but water which is as black as ink is not the kind of water that people generally like to look at. There are ordinary ponds and lakes and rivers, in which the sky, clouds, and trees are reflected, in a way that is good enough for anybody.

But although it was, in color, such a blot upon

the beauty of the Danford woods, the blackness of this pond was not the greatest objection to it. The most dreadful thing about it was that it had no bottom! There is something truly terrifying in the idea of a body of water that is bottomless. There are persons who would feel much safer in sailing over those portions of the ocean which have been proved to be five or six miles deep, than over the vast expanses of rolling billows, where bottom has never been found.

And it was well known that bottom had never been found in the Black Pond. Sons had heard this from their fathers, and fathers from their fathers, for Danford was an old town, and the Black Pond had always been the same, as far back as the local history and traditions went.

For a long time no attempts at sounding, or examining, in any way, the waters of the pond had been made. Any undertaking of the kind would have been too dangerous. There was no boat on the pond, and it was not easy to carry one there, and if persons wished to go out in the middle of the pond to make soundings, a raft would have to be built, and the consequences to any one falling off this would be too terrible to contemplate. Even the best swimmer would fear to find himself in water where he would probably become cramped and sink, and be sucked down, and down, and down, nobody knows where.

In winter, when the pond was frozen over, and so might have offered a temptation to the skating boys of the town,—for there are boys who think that any kind of water is safe, if it is covered with ice,—the parents and guardians of Danford so sternly forbade any venturing on the surface of that dangerous pond, that no owner of skates ever dared to try them on the dark ice which covered a still darker mystery beneath.

In fact, those boys who had ever ventured to the edge of the pond, in winter or summer, had generally been fellows, as has been intimated before, who had been told never to go near it.

And so it happened that the presence of this dismal piece of water made people unwilling that their children should go into the woods, for fear that they might wander to the pond. And, as they did not wish to do themselves what they had forbidden to their children, they took their own rural walks in other directions, and the woods, thus getting a bad name throughout that country, gradually became quite lonely and deserted.

At the time of our story, there lived in the town of Danford, a man named Curtis Blake, who was well known on account of a peculiar personal characteristic. He had no arms. He had been a soldier, and had lost them both in battle.

Curtis was a strong, well-made man, and as he had a very good pair of legs left to him after the misfortunes of war, he used them in going errands and in doing anything by which walking could be made useful and profitable. But, as there was not much employment of this kind to be had, he frequently found himself with a great deal of time—not on his hands exactly—but which he could not advantageously employ. Consequently he used to ramble about a good deal in a purposeless sort of way, and, one summer afternoon, he rambled into the Danford woods.

He found it very cool and pleasant here, and he could not help thinking what a pity it was that the towns-people could not make a resort of these woods, which were so convenient to the town and so delightful, in every way. But, of course, he knew that it would never do for families, or for any one, in fact, to frequent the vicinity of such a dangerous piece of water as the Black Pond.

And, thinking of the Black Pond, he walked on until he came to it and stood upon its edge, gazing thoughtfully out upon its smooth and somber surface.

“If I had arms,” said Curtis to himself, “I’d go to work and find out just how deep this pond is. I’d have a boat carted over from Stevens’ Inlet—it’s only four or five miles—and I’d row out into the middle of the pond with all the clothes-line I could buy or borrow in the town, and I’d let down a good heavy lead, that would n’t be pulled about by currents. I’d fasten on line after line, and I think there would certainly be enough rope in the whole town to reach to the bottom. But, having no arms, I could n’t lower a line even if I had a boat. So I can’t do it, and I’m not going to advise any other folks to try it, for ten to one they’d get excited and tumble overboard, and there would be an end of them, and I’d get the blame of it. But I’d like to know, anyway, how soon the bottom begins to shelve down steep. If we knew that, we could tell if there’d be any danger to a little codger, who might tumble in from the shore. And if it does shelve sudden, the town ought to put up a high fence all around it. I’ve a mind to try how deep it is, near shore.”

If Curtis had been like other men, he would have cut a long pole, and tried the depth of the pond, a short distance from land. But he could not do that, and there was only one way in which he could carry out his plan, and that he determined to try. He would carefully wade in, and feel with his feet

for the place where the bottom began to shelve down. This was a rash and bold proceeding, but Curtis was a bold fellow and not very prudent, and he had become very much interested in finding out something about the bottom of this pond. It was not often, now, that he had anything to interest him.

He wore high boots, in which he had often waded, and his clothes were thin linen, of not very good quality, so that if they became blackened by the water, it would not much matter. As for taking cold, when he came out, Curtis never thought of that. He was a tough fellow, and could soon dry himself in the sun.

Having made up his mind, he did not further delay, but stepped cautiously into the water. Even near the shore, he could not see the bottom, and he moved very slowly out, feeling his way carefully with one foot before he made a step. He did not expect that the bottom would begin to descend rapidly, very near the shore, but as he got out, ten or fifteen feet from land, and found the water was considerably above his knees, he began to take still greater precautions. He advanced sidewise, standing on one foot and stretching the other one out, as far as he could, to make sure that he was not on the edge of an unseen precipice. In this way he went slowly on and on, the water getting deeper and deeper, until it was up to his waist. He now felt a slight rise in the bottom before him. This made him very cautious, for he knew that where there was a great opening down into the bowels of the earth, there was, almost always, a low mound thrown up around it, and this mound he had probably reached. It sloped up very gently on the side where he was, but on the other side it might go down, almost perpendicularly.

So no man ever moved more slowly through the water than did Curtis now. A few inches at a time, still feeling before him with one foot, he went cautiously on. He was very much excited, and even a little afraid that he might unaware reach the edge of the precipice, or that the ground might suddenly crumble beneath him. He had not intended to venture in so far. But he did not turn back. He must go a little farther. He had almost reached the edge of the great mystery of the Black Pond!

But he had not reached it yet. The ground on which he stood still rose, although by slow degrees, so that he was really higher out of water than he had been, ten minutes before.

Suddenly, he looked up from the water, down on which he had been gazing as if he had expected to see some deeper blackness beneath its black surface, and glanced in front of him. Then he turned and looked behind him. Then he stood still, and gave a great shout.

The shout echoed from the surrounding woods; the birds and the insects, and the rabbits, which flew, and hummed, and jumped about so freely in those solitudes, must have been amazed! Such a shout had not been heard near the Black Pond in the memory of any living thing.

It was repeated again and again, and it was a shout of laughter!

No wonder Curtis laughed. He was a good deal more than half way across the pond! He had walked right over the place where that mysterious depth was supposed to be, and the water had not reached his shoulders. The gradual rise in the bottom, which he supposed to be a mound, was the rise toward the opposite shore!

When Curtis Blake had finished laughing, he pushed through the water as fast as he could go,—he almost ran,—and in a very few minutes he stood on the bank, at the other side of the pond. He turned and looked back over the water. He had crossed over the very middle of the pond!

Then he laughed and laughed again, forgetting his wet clothes, forgetting everything but the fact that he, without ropes or leads or boat or raft, or even arms, had found the bottom of this dreaded piece of water, that he had actually put his foot upon the great mystery of the Black Pond!

When his merriment and delight began to quiet down a little, he waded into the water again, at a different point from that where he came out, and crossed the pond in another direction, this time walking freely, and as rapidly as he could go. Then he ran in again, and walked about, near the middle. In no place was it much above his waist.

When Curtis was fully convinced that this was the case, and that he had walked pretty nearly all over the bottom of Black Pond,—at least, that part of the bottom where the water was the deepest,—he came out and went back to the town.

Curtis met no one as he hurried along the road from the woods, but as soon as he reached the town he went into a large store, where he was well acquainted. There were a good many people there, waiting for the afternoon mail, for, at one end of the store was the post-office.

“Why, Curtis Blake!” exclaimed a man, as he entered. “You look as if you had been half drowned.”

“I ought to look that way,” said Curtis, “for I’ve been to the bottom of the Black Pond.”

No one made any response to this astounding assertion. The people just stood, and looked at one another. Then Mr. Faulkner, the owner of the store, exclaimed:

“Curtis, I am ashamed of you! You must be tipsy.”

“No man ever saw me tipsy,” said Curtis, with-

out getting in the least angry. He had expected to astonish people, and make them say strange things.

“Then you are crazy,” replied Mr. Faulkner, “for no man could go to the bottom of Black Pond, and come back alive.”

“There is n’t any bottom!” cried one of the little crowd. “How could he go to the bottom when there is no bottom there?”

This made the people laugh, but Curtis still persisted that what he had told them was entirely correct. Not a soul, however, believed him, and everybody began to try to prove to him, or to the rest, that what he had said could not possibly be true, and that it was all stuff and nonsense. There was so much interest in the discussion, that no one thought of going to see if any letters had come for him. There could be no more exciting news in any letter or newspaper than that a man avowed he had gone to the bottom of Black Pond.

“Well,” said Curtis, at last, “these clothes are getting to feel unpleasant, now that I’m out of the sun, and I don’t want to stay here any longer to talk about this thing. But I’ll tell you all, and you can tell anybody you choose, that to-morrow morning, at nine o’clock, I’m going again to the bottom of Black Pond, and any one who has a mind to, can come and see me do it.”

And, with these words, he walked off.

There was a great deal of talk that evening in Danford about Curtis Blake’s strange statement, and about what he had said he would do the next day. Most persons thought that he intended some hoax or practical joke; for a man without arms, and who, therefore, could not swim, could not go to the bottom of an ordinary river and expect to come back again alive. Of course, anybody could go to the bottom and stay there. There was certainly some trick about it. Curtis was known to be fond of a joke. But whatever people thought on the subject, and there were a good many different opinions, every man and boy, who could manage to do it, made up his mind to go, the next day, at nine o’clock, and see what Curtis Blake intended to do at Black Pond. Even if it should turn out to be all a hoax, this would be a good opportunity to visit the famous pond, for, with so many people about, there could not be much danger. Quite a crowd of interested towns-folk assembled on the shore of the Black Pond, the next day, and Curtis did not disappoint them.

About nine o’clock he walked in among them, wearing the same boots and clothes which he had worn the day before, and then, after looking around, as if to see that everybody was paying attention, he deliberately waded into the pond.

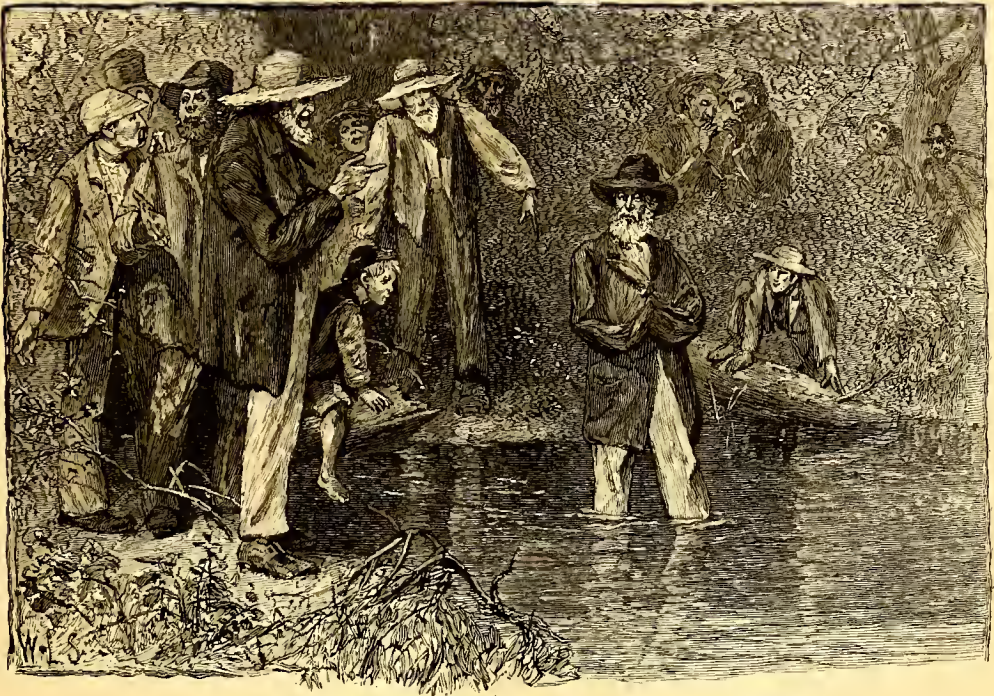
At this, everybody held his breath, but, in a

moment, there arose calls to him to come back, and not make a fool of himself. He had no board, no life-preserver, nor anything with which he could save himself, when he should begin to sink. But fearful as the people were for his safety, not one dared to run in and pull him back.

On he went, as he had gone before, only walking a good deal faster this time, and the people now stood still, without speaking a word or making a sound. Every minute they expected to see Curtis disappear from their sight forever. The birds, the insects, and the rabbits might have supposed that there was no one about, had it not been for the

that Curtis had built a bridge under water, and that he had walked on it! As if a man, without arms, could build a bridge, and walk on it, without seeing it!

Curtis, however, soon put an end to all conjectures and doubts by walking over the bottom of the pond, from one side to the other, in various directions, and by wandering about in the middle in such a way as to prove to every one that there was no mystery at all about the Black Pond, and that it was nothing but a wide and nearly circular piece of water, with a good hard bottom, and was not four feet deep in any part.



CURTIS STARTS ACROSS THE BOTTOMLESS POND.

swashing of the man who was pushing through the water.

As Curtis approached the middle of the pond, the excitement became intense, and some men turned pale; but when he hurried on, and was seen to get into shallower water, people began to breathe more freely, and when he ran out on the opposite bank there went up a great cheer.

Now all was hubbub and confusion. Most people saw how the matter really was, but some persons could not comprehend, at once, that their long-cherished idea that the Black Pond had no bottom, was all a myth, and there were incredulous fellows, who were bound to have a reason for their own way of thinking, and who asserted

The news of this discovery by Curtis Blake made a great sensation in Danford. Some people felt a little ashamed, for they had taken a good deal of pride in telling their friends, when they went visiting, about the wonderful pond, near their town, which had no bottom; but, on the whole, the towns-people were very glad of the discovery, for now they could freely enjoy the woods, and many persons were astonished to find what a delightful place it was for picnics and afternoon rambles.

As if no portion of mystery should remain about the Black Pond, even the color of its water was investigated and explained. Some scientific gentlemen from a city not far away, who came to Danford about this time, and who heard the story of the

pond, went out there and examined into the cause of its inky hue. They said that it was due, like the darkness of the water of many creeks and pools, to the overhanging growth of pine, hemlock, and similar trees which surrounded it. They did not explain exactly how this darkening process had been carried on, but they said it probably took hundreds of years to make the pond as black as it now was, and nobody doubted that.

But although the woods and the pond now became a favorite summer resort with the Danford people, it was in winter that they really enjoyed the place the most. Then the Black Pond was frozen over, and it made the finest skating ground in that part of the country. And its greatest merit was its absolute safety. Even if a small boy should break through,—which was not likely to happen,—any man could step in, or reach down and take him out. The ice was generally so thick that there was scarcely three feet of water beneath it, in the deepest parts.

On fine days, during the cold months, people came out to the pond, in carriages and on foot, and they had gay times, with their skating, and their games on the ice. But they were hardly so gay as the folks who could not come in the day-time, but had to do their skating in the evening. On moonlight nights, the pond was beautiful, but the skaters came on dark nights, all the same, for lamp-posts

were set up in different parts of the pond (holes were cut in the ice, and they were planted firmly on the bottom), and thus the pond was made as bright and cheerful as the merriest skater could desire.

Among the merriest skaters was Curtis Blake, for skating was one of the few things he could do, and Mr. Faulkner gave him a capital pair of skates.

But this was not all the reward he received for solving the mystery of the Black Pond. Several of the leading citizens, who thought that the town owed him something for giving it such a pleasant place of resort, consulted together on the subject, and it was decided to make him keeper of the woods and pond. He had a couple of old men under him, and it was his duty to see that the woods were kept in order in summer, and that the pond was free from snow and obstructions in winter.

And thus the great mystery of the Black Pond came to an end. But there were elderly people in the town, who never went out to the pond, and who believed that something dreadful would happen there yet. There used to be no bottom to the pond, they said, and they should not wonder if, some day, it should fall out again.

“Yes,” said Curtis Blake to one of these, “I expect that will happen,—just about the time my arms begin to grow.”

SOMEDAY.

BY NORA PERRY.

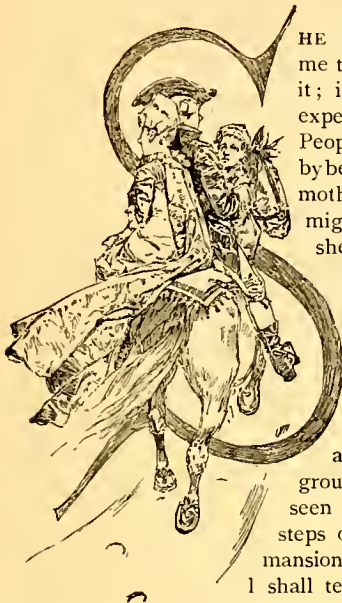
OH, tell me when does Someday come,
That wonderful bright day,
Where all the best times are put off,
And pleasures hid away!
I know the rest of all the days
Just as they read and run;
Can say and spell them week by week,
And count them one by one.

They bring me, now and then, fine things,
Gay toys, and jolly play;
But never, never such fine things
As are kept hid away
In that great wonder-land that lies
Forever out of sight,
Which I can never, never find
By any day or night.

But sometime, ah, I'm very sure,
When I grow big and tall,
I'll find the way to that Someday,
And, hidden there, find all
The treasures I have wanted so,
And missed from day to day—
The treasures they have always said
That I should have Someday.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



HE never expected me to tell you about it; in fact, she never expected me at all. People do not begin by being great-grandmothers, though you might have thought she looked very like one, if you had caught sight of her in her quaint dress, tripping along the wide gravel-walk that wound about the spacious

grounds; or if you had seen her leaving the steps of the old family mansion for the visit that I shall tell you about. It was Sunday morning, and,

although she was not going to church, she had a leather-covered prayer-book folded in her handkerchief in one hand. In the other was a small basket covered with a napkin. Her name, "Melicent Moore," was written in the book. She went out and climbed upon the tall horse-block, and stood there tilting about, first on one foot, and then on the other, for she had not begun to feel grandmotherly, and it was hard to keep still with the sun twinkling at her through the sweet gum-tree, and all the birds singing their merriest. Her father came out presently, and when he was settled in his saddle, and her mother on a red velvet pillion behind him, he reached out a strong arm and lifted Melicent up in front of him. The great horse stepped off as easily as if he considered the load not worth mentioning, and so they rode on through the piny woods; for this was in Virginia, in the good Old Colony times, when people lived in peace, and prayed for Parliament and King George. The sandy road was carpeted with brown pine-needles, and everything was so sweet, and warm, and spicy, that Melicent began to chatter, but her father said gravely:

"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Melicent did not quite understand, but she kept silence, and wondered—wondered why the birds

sang on Sunday, and where the Lord staid on week-days, and why He did n't like to hear little girls talk.

By and by, they came to a shallow brook. It was as full of sunshine as it could hold, and carried it right down through the woods. The road crossed it, and went on beyond it; but at the ford a narrow foot-path came in, leading along the bank as if it was lonesome, and kept close to the brook for company.

Melicent knew the path very well. She traveled it every day to the next plantation, when she went to lessons with her three cousins and their governess. She was going now to see Phillis, a very old negro woman, who had been her mother's nurse, and who insisted upon living by herself in a little cabin out in the woods. Phillis was born in Africa, and had been a princess in her own land, she said, which might very likely have been true. She loved her mistress, but she scorned the other servants, and to the day of her death was an obstinate old heathen at heart, recognizing the Bible and the prayer-book, and the heaven they taught about, as very good for white folks, but expecting beyond a doubt to go straight to Africa the moment her spirit should be free.

Melicent's father stopped at the ford, and put her carefully down from her perch.

"Remember the Sabbath day, my daughter," said her mother, "and read to Phillis the lessons I marked in your prayer-book."

"Yes, Mamma," said Melicent, and stood a moment to watch the black horse step slowly into the bright water, and put down his head to drink right in a swirl of dancing ripples. It looked as if the little flecks of gold were running into his mouth, and she laughed to herself very softly, and then went on up the brook. Phillis's cabin stood in a little hollow, so that you could not see it until you suddenly found the brown roof right at your feet, as you sometimes find a ground-bird's nest. The cabin was so weather-beaten, and so covered with creepers, that it looked a good deal like a nest in the tangle.

Melicent went on watching the brook, and the birds, and the squirrels, and thinking that, when she should become an old woman, she, too, would have a lovely little cabin in the woods, when, all of a sudden, she stopped on the top of the knoll, and looked down into the little empty hollow.

The brown nest was gone as completely as if

some great tricky fellow had picked it up and carried it off in his pocket!

Melieent's heart thrilled with fear and astonishment. The sunshiny woods seemed awfully lonesome, and she tried to call out, but her voice only made a faint little sound. She thought of earthquakes and everything horrible. She remembered that somebody had said Phillis was a witch and would never die, but would just disappear. What if she had gone, and taken her house with her?

doubt of that; she could see the ashes and a few charred logs, but where was poor old Phillis? May be they had taken her away to Uncle Hil-



Just then she remembered the verse she had learned that morning: "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed." She felt as if some one had spoken the words to her, and she walked bravely down into the hollow. The cabin had been burned: there was no

dreth's, and Melieent looked down the path with an idea of going to see, when she caught sight of a handkerchief waved feebly from a little playhouse of rails and pine-branches which she and her cousins had made just back among the trees. She was there in a moment, down on her knees by

Phillis, kissing her wrinkled, old face, and calling her as loving names as she might have lavished upon her own beautiful grandmother.

"Oh, Phillis! I thought you were burned up. I was so frightened. What made the house burn?"

"Don' know; fire mos' likely; could ye make me a cup o' tea, honey? The things is all in that heap, whar I dropped them. The tea is in a blue mug, and I kivered up some coals in the bake-kittle; but I 'se powerful weak this mornin'."

Melicent remembered her basket, and brought out a bottle of blackberry cordial which seemed to refresh Phillis wonderfully, and then the child

that her father was coming to the ford. But it seemed to her that ages and ages went by, and an awful stillness crept up from the woods. The brook was all in the shadow, now. What if they should forget to stop for her, and she and Phillis should have to stay there all night? She looked at Phillis again, and crept a little farther away. She was so still, and there was something cold in her face, it made her feel lonesome to be near her. She got up softly and sat under the big pine, and watched and listened, and fell asleep.

Away down at the ford the hunting-whistle sounded sweet and clear. Not very loud, for it was



"TRIPPING ALONG THE WIDE GRAVEL-WALK."

made her a cup of tea. She was sorry for Phillis, but it was prime fun to have the old woman in her play-house, and actually to make tea herself, out there in the woods. There was enough for both of them in the little basket, and Melicent conscientiously read the lessons in the prayer-book, though Phillis went to sleep. It was a long day, after all, for Phillis was too tired to tell her stories, yet insisted that she should not go away.

Once, when Phillis had been asleep, she began to talk in a strange language and throw her arms about, and Melicent was afraid.

"Phillis," she said, "I think I 'd better call Uncle Hildreth. I 'll run all the way."

"Set still, honey. I 'se mighty comf'table; my j'int's is wrenched draggin' the bed and things out o' the fire," and Phillis went off in a doze again.

Melicent read her prayer-book, and listened for the sound of the hunting-whistle that would tell her

Sunday, and the stillness was too sacred to be profaned. The black horse waited, but no Melicent came dancing down the path, so her father came, and found her asleep under the pine-tree.

"Oh, father," she said, when she waked in his arms, "the cabin is burned up, and Phillis is so tired, she sleeps and sleeps."

Her father was a quiet man, and he only kissed her, and carried her to where the black horse was waiting impatiently, bearing her mother.

"Take her home," he said to her mother, "and send Homer back to me. Old Phillis is dead."

Melicent's mother put one arm about her as they rode home, but she did not ask many questions.

"Is Phillis in heaven?" asked Melicent, timidly.

"I hope so," said her mother.

"Because," said the little girl, "if they let her choose, I know she 'd go to Africa, and then I never shall see her again."

THE ROYAL STAG.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

THE Royal Stag is born a pretty little black-eyed baby, called a *fawn*. His coat is a soft golden-brown, spotted with white, and he is very weak and helpless—like most other babies. He is more knowing than some little folk, though, for—helpless as he is—he knows how to take care of

structure falls off, and a new pair starts out. For about two months he hides himself in the deepest solitude he can find, while the antlers grow to their full size, for during the time they are so soft they may be bent into any shape. They are protected by a black skin, covered with soft, velvety fur,



WINTER IN A GERMAN DEER-PARK.

himself when men and horses come out to hunt, and his mamma has to run for her life, leaving him far behind. This is the baby's only trick, and it is simply to lie down and keep perfectly still. In that way he generally escapes being seen, and when hunters and horses have gone home, and the mother comes back, she is pretty sure to find her little one all safe and well.

When the fawn is a year old, he arrives at the dignity of his first horns, and is called no more a fawn, but a brocket. Each succeeding year he gets one more branch to his antlers, and increases in beauty till he is full-grown and worthy of his proud name—the Royal Stag.

His antlers are his glory, and are as wonderful as they are beautiful. Every year the whole great

and are said to be "in the velvet." When his antlers are fully grown and hard, the proud stag rubs them against trees and bushes till he tears off the velvet in strings and tatters, and then he is ready to take his place in society once more.

Hunting the stag has been the favorite sport in Europe from the days of flint-head arrows till now, when the few that survive the long war upon their race live in parks provided for them, cared for by armed keepers, and protected by strong laws.

The deer-parks are large, and inclose ample forests, for though the beautiful shy creatures will come hesitatingly around the sheds that men have built, and timidly eat of the hay, and lick the salt that men have provided, they are not tame. Ages of hunting have made them quick to take fright.

In summer, when trees are green, and buds tender and plentiful, they wander into the deepest parts of the woods, and enjoy peace and solitude.

The picture shows a winter scene in a deer-park. The fawns and their mothers, perhaps more confident, or more ignorant of the world than the fathers of the herd, are eating the sweet hay under the shed, while the stags draw near cautiously, watching carefully for dangers on the way.

At his post in the tree, is the gamekeeper or forester, looking with interest at the herd, counting the animals, and noting their age by the number of branches on the antlers. He is also a hunter, and so has a rifle, for when venison is wanted, it is he who must select and bring it in; and he never goes into the forest unarmed, since it is a part of his duty to keep poachers away from the deer.

This park is in Germany, and under the shed-roof is a loft for hay, which is put in through the door you see in front. At the back, where the deer are feeding, the fodder is thrown down into the ricks, where the animals can get it.

The stag has an American cousin—the wapiti—which is more interesting because it can be tamed. Judge J. D. Caton, of Illinois, has kept a herd of wapiti in a park for more than fifteen years, and has written many interesting things about them.

The baby wapiti is a pretty, spotted little fellow, with one very cunning trick. It "plays 'possum"; that is, it pretends to be dead. One may take it up and handle it, lay it down and walk off, and it will be limp as a wet rag, not showing a sign of life, yet—and this is what is funny—it does not shut its eyes, but watches every motion with lively interest. The first time Judge Caton saw one play the trick, he thought it was paralyzed.

In this family, the does—or mothers—are often tame and familiar, will eat out of the hand and submit to be stroked; but when they have young fawns they are usually very shy, though the judge had one that not only would let him pat her little one and, lift it to its feet, but really seemed to be proud of his attentions. There is one thing, however, that always exasperates them to the wildest fury, and that is the sight of a dog. No matter how innocent and well-meaning, still less how big and fierce, no sooner does a dog show his head in the deer-park than every doe throws forward her ears, shows her teeth, and flies at him.

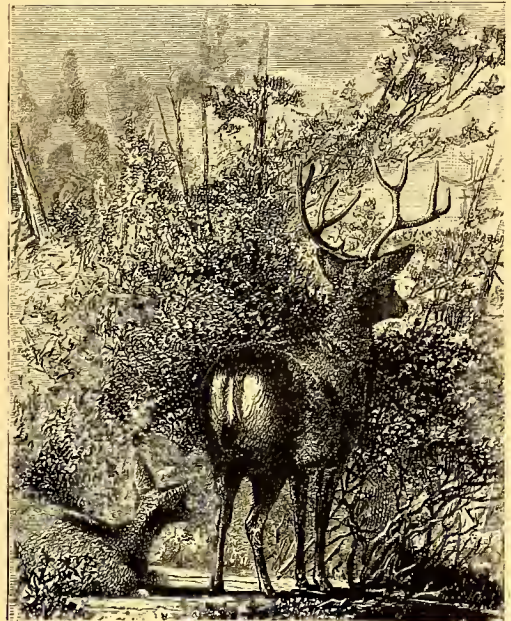
No dog is brave enough to face the enraged creature. To drop his tail and tear madly away, yelping, and glancing fearfully back at his enemy, is his irresistible instinct. When the doe overtakes him, she strikes with her fore feet, and, if the first blow knocks him down, the second finishes him. Then the does lay back their ears, and

glance about in a defiant manner, as though they said: "Now show us another dog!"

The bucks care less about dogs, but they usually join in the chase, following their excited partners, probably to see the fun, and find out who wins. Forty or fifty full-grown deer, furiously chasing one small cur, is a funny sight. But often a whole pack of dogs chase one poor deer, in Europe, so a lover of fair play can not be very sorry that in this part of the world the dogs have the worst of it, sometimes.

In winter the wapiti, in Judge Caton's park, come on a run when the keeper calls, and readily take food from his hand, crunching a large ear of corn at one mouthful. He can go among them and put his hand on them, and they are very tame. But in summer, when food is plenty in the woods, and they are comfortably settled in the cool shade, or lying in a delightful pool, the keeper may shout himself hoarse, and they pay no attention.

The wapiti is generally silent, but when angry he utters a fearful squeal, so loud and high that it sounds like a steam-whistle. When one hears that



THE ROYAL STAG AT HOME.

sound, he may be thankful to have a good wall between him and the fierce creature.

It has been often said, and perhaps as often denied, that deer shed tears. Judge Caton settles the question by a story of genuine tears shed by one of his own animals, when caged and very much frightened. He says, also, that the wapiti can smile, or rather, can show "a horrid grin." It is

when angry and threatening that he throws up his head, draws back his lips, and uncovers his teeth, which grate together horribly, as though longing to bite one. When he is in this smiling mood, visitors retire. A dig with his antlers, or a blow with his sharp fore foot, is not to be desired.

However tame the wapiti becomes, and however many things he submits to, there is a place where he draws the line. He will not be driven through a gate. One may open a gate, and leave it, and he may walk through; but try to drive him, and he 's off to the other end of the park.

All of this family change their dress twice a year. The winter suit is of soft, thick fur, with an over-

coat of long, wavy hairs. When this is shed, it falls off in great patches, hanging down a foot or more; but the summer coat, which then comes to light, is silky, fine, and of a bright russet brown.

Young wapiti may be broken to harness, taught to live in a barn, and to draw loads.

The stag and wapiti have antlers sometimes five feet long, and every branch has its name. The body of the antler is called the "beam," the large branches are called "tines," and the small ones "snags." The first pair of branches, standing out from the forehead, are called the "brow-tines"; the next pair the "bez-tines"; the third, "royal-tines"; and the fourth, "sur-royal-tines."

BABEL.

BY ROSA GRAHAM.



THREE little maidens chanced, one day,
To meet together while at play;
"I'm very glad you came this way,"
The first, a social little maid,
Delighted, to the second said:
"Tell me your name, and I'll tell mine,—
It's Cora Dora Waterpine."

The second giggled as she said
These words; she shook her curly head.
"Ach, ach! ich kann dich nicht versteh'n,"
Back laughingly the answer sped,
Whilst to the third she spoke again:
"Was sagt das Mädchen? Wenn du's weiszt,
Zu hören würde ich gereizt."

The third—she was a merry wight—
 Stood giggling, too, with all her might:
 But, suddenly, her cheeks grew bright,
 “En vérité! En vérité!”
 Softly, the others heard her say,
 “Je sais que ce n'est pas poli—
 Peut-on me blâmer si je ris?”

Three little maidens standing there,
 Each with a puzzled, solemn air,
 A moment silent, paused to stare
 But, “If I ever!” Speedily
 The first one cried: “It can not be
 That my words are as yours to me;
 Come, tell your names, and I'll tell mine,—
 It's Cora Dora Waterpine.”

But still the second shook her head,
 Backward the merry answer sped,
 E'en merrier than before she said:
 “Ach, ach, ich kann dich nicht versteh'n!”
 So to the other spoke again.
 “Was sagt das Mädchen? Wenn du 's weiszt,
 Zu hören würde ich geizt.”

And still the third—this jolly wight—
 Stood giggling, too, with all her might;
 Till once again her cheeks grew bright,
 And once again they heard her say,
 With accent soft and motion gay:
 “En vérité! En vérité!”
 Je sais que ce n'est pas poli—
 Peut-on me blâmer si je ris?”

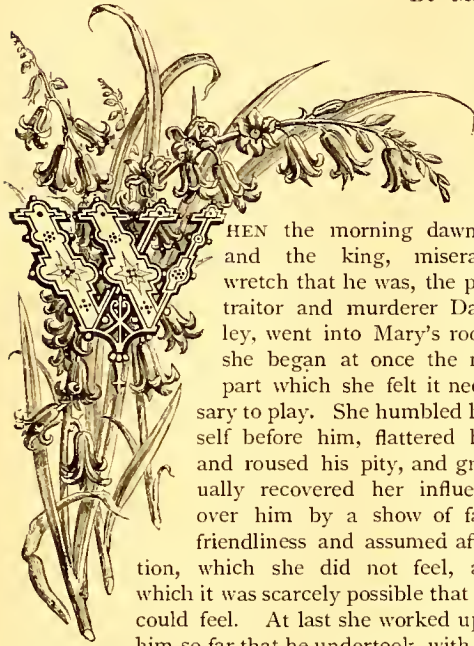
Three little maidens, side by side,
 Sat down and laughed until they cried,
 And cried until they laughed again;
 “Ach, ach, ich kann dich nicht versteh'n!”
 Uproarious burst the old refrain,
 “Tell me your name, and I'll tell mine,”
 Cried Cora Dora Waterpine,
 “En vérité! En vérité!”
 It might have lasted all the day,
 But such confusion breeding there,
 There came a sudden deep despair—

With fingers in their ears, they say,
 Three little maidens ran away.



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—PART II.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.



WHEN the morning dawned, and the king, miserable wretch that he was, the poor traitor and murderer Darnley, went into Mary's room, she began at once the new part which she felt it necessary to play. She humbled herself before him, flattered him and roused his pity, and gradually recovered her influence over him by a show of false friendliness and assumed affection, which she did not feel, and which it was scarcely possible that she could feel. At last she worked upon him so far that he undertook, with the conspirators, to answer for her that she would not punish them for what they had done, but would sign an indemnity and pardon, and forget all that had occurred, if they would withdraw and leave her undisturbed. They consented to do so reluctantly, with very little faith in the promises made them, feeling themselves betrayed as Mary had been, and by the same hand. It was on the Saturday evening that Rizzio had been murdered. On Monday Ruthven and all the rest withdrew from Holyrood sullenly with their men, leaving Mary under the guardianship of her false and foolish husband. At midnight, on the same night, her bold heart revived by the first chance of liberty, Mary left the defenseless walls of Holyrood, and, accompanied by Darnley and the captain of her guard, rode off secretly, flying through the dark and cold March night to the castle of Dunbar. She was in delicate health, and she must have been terribly shaken by these events, but she was one of those people whose spirits rise to every danger, and whom no bodily depression can daunt or hinder. Fancy her riding through the night, along the rough roads, with the traitor husband by her side, whom she could not forgive, yet pretended to regard with unchanged affection.

Mary, however, was soon at the head of public affairs once more. She called her faithful nobles about her at Dunbar, and quickly collected an army,

before which the conspirators fled, and she once more entered Edinburgh in triumph. Then Darnley covered himself with greater shame than before. He published a proclamation declaring he had had nothing to do with "the late cruel murder committed in presence of the Queen's majesty," swearing on his honor as a prince that he never knew of it, or assisted, or approved. It would seem that he deceived Mary by this protestation, and that she was disposed to believe him; but his fellow-conspirators were so indignant that they sent to her bonds which he had signed, containing the bargain between them; which was, that they should bestow the royal power upon him, if he helped them in the murder of Rizzio. After this discovery, Mary had no pity for Darnley. She turned away from him, and would hold no intercourse with him. He was scorned and shunned by everybody. Though he was called king, he was left alone wherever he went, and was despised by all.

A few months later, their only child, James, who was afterward James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, was born in a little room in Stirling Castle. It was a strongly fortified place, and only in such a castle could the Queen of Scotland hope to be safe, she and her baby, from the fierce bands that were roaming the country. Armed men, angry faces, and drawn swords might soon have surrounded her if she had been in the more commodious rooms of Holyrood.

Stirling Castle is built on a rock, in the midst of a beautiful valley; the mountains round about are blue and beautiful, and the Links of Forth, the windings of the silvery river, flow away through rich levels to the sea. There could not be a place more beautiful in a June morning like that on which the little prince was born. He was to be the successor of both the queens who then were reigning within the British seas, and the greatest monarch of his name; but he was born in a little bare room of the great, stern castle, with a gray precipice of rock below; and with soldiers at their posts, and warders looking out from the walls to see that no fierce army was coming against them to disturb the rest, or, perhaps, take away the liberty or the life of the mother and child. It was not a safe lot in those days to be a queen. But I think, on the whole, Mary, with her high spirit and her love of adventure, took more pleasure in all those risks, defying her nobles, heading her army, sometimes flying, sometimes conquering, always in danger and excitement,

than if she had lived safely and splendidly all her life, and never known what trouble was.

Now, however, all was dark and terrible before this unhappy queen. Not long before, she had recalled from exile a young nobleman, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He was a man as brave and daring as herself, fond of pleasure as she was, full of resolution and boldness,—not a weak youth, like Darnley, but a bold and strong man.

And here begins the question which has disturbed historians ever since, and still makes people angry in argument, almost as ready to fight for Mary, or against her, as when she was a living woman. Some say that Mary and Bothwell loved each other, and that from this time it became the great object of both to get rid of Darnley, in order that they might marry; while others tell us that Mary was innocent both of loving Bothwell and of desiring to procure her husband's removal, and that it was Bothwell alone who was guilty. I can not clear up this question for you. I do not think Mary was innocent; and yet I can not believe that she was so guilty as some think her.

One thing we may be sure of is, that she was very unhappy. It was impossible for a woman such as she was to do anything but despise the weak-minded, cowardly young man who had betrayed and deceived both her and his own friends. She had made a terrible mistake in her marriage, and she knew not how to mend it. "I could wish to be dead," she said, again and again, at this terrible time. Once, the trouble in her mind really brought on a violent illness, in which she thought she was dying. All her friends gathered round her sick chamber in deep anxiety, and her husband was sent for; but Darnley did not come until she was out of danger, and then only for a single night. She was left alone, as far as he was concerned, to bear the struggle in her own breast and everywhere around her. Even when she received the ambassadors, they would find her weeping, and nothing seems to have roused her from her melancholy.

Then her nobles, among whom were some of the conspirators she had pardoned,—the very men who had killed Rizzio, but who had made their submission, and had been allowed to return to their places,—began to pity the unhappy queen; and there was a proposal made to her to get a divorce, and so be free of the husband who was her worst enemy. She did not accept this proposal, but neither did she reject it. "Better permit the matter to remain as it is, abiding till God, in his goodness, put remedy thereto," she said. Perhaps she meant only what she said; but perhaps Mary knew that there were plots going on which were more of the devil than of God. And the fierce nobles about her, who thought no more of the life of a

man than sportsmen do of a deer's, were not likely to hesitate about a murder. Bothwell was her chief counselor, the boldest and fiercest of all; and whether it be true or not that she loved him, it is certain that he loved her, and was ready to risk everything for the hope of marrying her.

There are a number of letters, which were found afterward in a casket, and are always called the casket letters, from which the chief evidence against Mary is taken. They are supposed to have been written by her to Bothwell. If they are true, then she knew all that was going on, and meant her husband to be killed; but many people do not believe them to be true. I am afraid I am one of those who do believe in them. They are full of misery and sorrow, yet of a wild love that pushes the writer on when her better self draws her back. "I am horrified to play the part of a traitress!"—"I would rather die than commit these things!"—"My heart bleeds to do them!"—"God forgive me!" she writes. Though these letters are full of the most wicked purpose, you could scarcely help being sorry for the wretched lady who wrote them, and whose heart and life, you could see, were torn in two. But I must not say more about this, for it is too difficult a question for you or for me. There are some very good authorities, and very able judges, who think these letters are forgeries, and were not written by Mary at all.

But this is the history that followed: Darnley fell ill at Glasgow, where he then was. He had small-pox, which, you know, is a dangerous and dreadful disease. Mary had been altogether estranged from him, and had not seen him for a long time; but when he was getting better she went to him suddenly, without any warning, sat by his bedside, talked to him of all the complaints they had, one against the other, explained her own conduct to him, accepted, or pretended to accept, his explanations on his side, and, in short, became reconciled to her husband. It was a thing no one had hoped for, or thought possible; but so it was. They mutually promised to each other that all was to be with them as at first, as soon as Darnley should be well enough to resume his usual life. In the interval, he was to be brought back to Edinburgh, but not to Holyrood, lest the little prince should take small-pox from his father. This made it appear quite natural that Darnley should have a house prepared for him in an airy and open place, just outside the gates of Edinburgh. The place was called the Kirk of Field, and several people of rank had houses there, with gardens, in the fresh air outside the smoke of the town.

The strange thing about it was that the house selected was a small and unimportant one; but excuses were made for this, and the queen herself

went there to receive her husband, and remained with him for a day or two, occupying rooms no better than his. The house belonged to a dependent of Bothwell's. Mary slept in a room immediately below that of her husband, with a staircase between them, which was left open and unprotected. For was not the queen the guardian of the invalid?

One night, the Sunday after his arrival, Mary, who was with Darnley, suddenly recollected that she must go back to Holyrood, to the marriage supper of one of her servants. She had either forgotten it or pretended to have forgotten it till the last moment, and she and her train of attendants then swept away, leaving the sick man lonely and alarmed in his room with his page. Down-stairs, in the room which Mary ought to have occupied, her bed had been pushed out of the way, and heaps of gunpowder laid in its place.

What happened in the darkness of that night is imperfectly known. Darnley was a wretched creature, not much worthy of pity, but when you think of him there in that desolate room all alone, with only one poor page to take care of him, sick and weak, and full of fears, you will be sorry for the unhappy young man. It is said that the two doomed creatures read the 55th Psalm together, before they went to bed. Do you remember that psalm? "Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me. The fear of death has fallen upon me. It is not an open enemy that has done me this dishonor; but it was even thou, my companion." Perhaps, as they read it, they heard the heavy steps below, the rustle of the powder emptied out of the bags. A number of Bothwell's men were in full possession of the house, occupying the room which Mary had left vacant. Darnley went to bed and fell asleep, with these enemies under the same roof; but woke by and by, and stumbled to the door in the darkness, where he was seized and strangled, he and his page, and their bodies were thrown into the garden. Then there was a blaze of light, an explosion, and the house was blown up to conceal the secret crime. But the bodies were found unharmed next morning, notwithstanding this precaution; the secret was not one that could be hid.

You may imagine what a tumult and confusion was in Edinburgh next morning, when the dreadful news was known. Everybody had heard the explosion, and the people were wild with excitement. Mary shut herself up in Holyrood, as if overwhelmed with grief, and saw nobody but Bothwell, to whom every suspicion pointed as the murderer.

If she were really innocent, it is impossible to understand her conduct at this time. While the town was ringing with this one subject, and the names of the conspirators were bandied about from mouth to mouth, she took no steps against any of

them, and kept Bothwell, the chief of them, constantly with her. In a little while she went out of Edinburgh to Seton Castle, the house of Lord Seton, one of her most faithful servants, and there recovered her gayety all at once, and resumed her favorite amusements,—Bothwell always remaining with her, her companion and closest counselor. Edinburgh, meanwhile, was wild with horror and rage, putting up placards in the streets, with the names of the murderers, and beginning to suspect and to loathe the queen also, who had been so much loved in her capital. This horror and suspicion ran like fire through all the courts of Europe. Wherever the story was told, Mary was suspected. Everywhere, from England, from France, from her own kingdom, entreaties came to her to investigate the murder, and bring the murderers to justice. But time went on, and she did nothing; she who had been so energetic, so prompt and rapid in action. It was not until a month after that she would do anything. Then there was a mock trial of Bothwell, before a jury of his partisans, where no one dared to bring evidence against him, and he was acquitted shamefully.

After this trial, the course of events was very rapid. Three months after Darnley's death, Mary married his murderer. In the interval, she had been like a creature in a dream, and all that happened to her was feverish and unreal. To veil the haste and horror of the marriage, Bothwell pretended to carry her off by force, and the nobles of his party advised and urged her to marry him; but these were things which deceived nobody at the time. The two had scarcely been separate since the moment of Darnley's death, and no one doubted what their intention was. One of Mary's most devoted friends, Lord Herries, took a long journey to entreat her on his knees not to take this step, which would convince all Europe of her guilt. But no argument had any effect upon her. She had taken her own way and done her own will all her life hitherto, without much harm; but the same rule was her destruction now.

Poor Mary! She was as much disappointed in Bothwell as she had been in Darnley. The one was too feeble and too fickle to be worth her consideration, the other was harsh and cruel, and treated her like a master from their wedding-day. "She desires only death," the French ambassador says; "ever since the day after her marriage she has passed her time in nothing but tears and lamentations." And now everybody was against her,—Elizabeth of England, the king of France, all her relations and allies; and, within a month, all Scotland was roused in horror of her and her new husband. She summoned her forces round her, an appeal which always, heretofore, had placed

her at the head of a gallant army; but this time no one heeded the summons; and she had to flee in disguise from one castle to another, in order to escape the hands of her revolted nobles. To give a color to their rebellion, they represented Mary as being "detained in captivity" by Bothwell, so that she was "neither able to govern her realm, nor try the murderer of her husband." How many then, and how many even now, would be glad to believe that this was the case! In June, Bothwell and she together managed to collect a little army, quite unable to cope with that of the indignant nobles. They met at Carberry Hill, but the queen's little force melted away before the other army, and she was left at last with a forlorn guard of sixty gentlemen, who would not forsake her. Then Bothwell and she had a last interview apart. They took leave of each other "with great anguish and grief"; they had been a month married, and it was for this that they had shown themselves monsters of falsehood and cruelty before all the world. They parted there and then for the last time. Bothwell rode away with half a dozen followers, and Mary gave herself up into the hands of those nobles who had opposed her so often, who had been overcome so often by her, but who now were the victors in their turn.

You must remember, however, that though these nobles had justice on their side, this had not been always the case, nor was it the first time that a Stuart had been a prisoner in their hands. Almost all her forefathers had known what it was, like Mary, to struggle with this fierce nobility, often for selfish, but sometimes, too, for noble ends. But now the people, as well as the nobles, were against her. They waved before her eyes a banner on which was painted a picture of the slain Darnley, with the baby prince kneeling beside him and praying: "Avenge my cause, oh Lord!"; they hooted her in the streets; they had adored her, and now they turned upon her. She was taken to Holyrood, not as a queen, but as a criminal, surrounded by frowning faces and cries of insult. Thence she was sent a prisoner to the castle of Lochleven; Lochleven is a lake in Fife, full of little islands. On one of these there was a monastery, on another a little castle. The island was just big enough to make a green inclosure, a little garden round the old walls, now in ruin. Low hills stretch round, and, excepting in summer, the landscape is dreary and stormy. The house was small, with narrow, bare rooms, and shut round by the waters of the lake, which is, at times, almost as rough as the sea. Here Mary was placed in the most rigorous confinement. She had two of her ladies with her to take the place of the gay court and all its amusements, and she was not allowed to step forth once from this prison, nor

to send letters, nor to receive them. No imprisonment could have been more rigid or more hard. She was but twenty-five, most beautiful, most fascinating and accomplished; the fairest queen in Europe, the admired of the whole world.

What a bitter change from all her mirth and amusements, her gay and free life, her royal independence and supremacy! Do you not say "poor Mary!" notwithstanding all the wrong she had done? And can you wonder that those who thought she had done no wrong (and there are many still who do), those who think she was only imprudent, and that she had been forced to marry Bothwell, and knew nothing about Darnley's death?—can you wonder that they are still almost ready to weep over Mary's sufferings, though they have been over these three hundred years? She lived for twenty years after this, but, excepting for a very brief interval, was never out of prison again. Nor did she ever again see Bothwell, for whom she had suffered so much.

You will find the story of the queen's captivity in Lochleven in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels called "The Abbot." No one else could give you such an idea of what that was, and what Mary was. Sir Walter loved the Stuarts, and persuaded himself that Mary had not done much wrong. In his description, you will see her at the best, most winning, most charming, with her sympathetic mind and her beautiful smile, and the kindness which made people love her, and the wit which made them fear her. If you read it, you will be angry with all of us who do not believe in Mary; and, when I read it, I should like to forget that miserable Darnley, and try to think what a woman she might have been had she married a man who was her equal, or had she been like her cousin Elizabeth, wise and crafty and clever, and never married at all.

She remained about a year in Lochleven, suffering all kinds of indignities; was forced to sign her abdication, and was allowed no communication with her friends save when she could, by elaborate artifices, elude the vigilance of her jailers; but at last, in May, 1568, she escaped with one small page, a boy of sixteen, who rowed her across the lake to where her friends awaited her.

In a moment she was again the Mary of old, with courage undaunted, and hope that was above all her troubles. She rode all through the summer night to Niddry Castle, knowing neither fatigue nor fear; and there issued a proclamation, and called, as so often before, her nobles round her. This time many answered the call, and she was soon riding in high hope at the head of a little army. But the Regent Murray, on the other side,—who was a wise and great statesman,—collecting a large force, hurried after her, and at once gave battle.

Soon, it became apparent that Mary's day was over. Her army was defeated, her followers dispersed. She herself, thinking it better to take refuge with her cousin Elizabeth, in England, than to fall once more into the hands of her enemies at home, crossed the Border, and there ended all her hopes.

She was promised hospitality and help. She found a prison, or rather a succession of prisons, and death. She thought she was to be received by Elizabeth herself, but, on the contrary, she was removed from one castle to another, from one set of keepers to another, and never was admitted to the presence of the Queen of England. I have not space to tell you all the story of her long bondage. All the events of her life which I have told you occupied scarcely ten years.

For twenty years longer she lived a prisoner, and if I were to tell you about all the schemes on her behalf, and all the plots that were thought of, and how many times she was to have made a new marriage and begun a new life, I should want a whole book to do it in.

But all Mary's schemes and hopes were now in vain. For she had Elizabeth to deal with, who was stronger than she was, and she had no loyal and loving nation behind her, but only enemies and stern judges wherever she turned. She was never free of guards and spies and jailers, who watched everything she did, and reported it all to the English queen.

You must remember, at the same time, that it was very difficult for the English government to know what to do with this imprisoned queen. Had Elizabeth died, Mary was the next heir, and she was a woman accused by her own subjects of terrible crimes. And she was a Catholic, who would have thrown the whole country into commotion, and risked everything to restore the Catholic faith. If they had let her go free, she would have raised the Continent and all the Catholic powers against the peace of England. In every way she was a danger. What was to be done with this woman, who was braver and stronger and more full of resources than almost any other of her time? They could not break her spirit nor quench her courage, whatever they did. They moved her from one castle to another, and gave to one unfortunate gentleman after another the charge of keeping her in safety. Some men who loved her and took up her cause, had to die for it. And every year she lived was a new danger, a continued difficulty. At last, after twenty years, Elizabeth pronounced against this dangerous guest, this heiress whom she feared, this cousin whom she had never seen.

Mary was removed to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, and there tried for conspiring against Elizabeth, and trying to embroil the

kingdom. She was found guilty, and, indeed, it was true enough that she had conspired, and endeavored, with every instrument she could lay her hand on, to get her freedom. She was left alone to defend herself against all the great lawyers and judges brought against her—one woman among all these ruthless men. Even her papers were taken from her, and nothing was heard in her favor excepting what her own dauntless voice could say. She was as brave then, and as full of dignity and majesty, as when all the world was at her feet. But her condemnation was decided on, whatever there might have been to say for her. She appealed to the queen; but of all unlikely things there was none so unlikely as that Elizabeth should consent to see or hear her kinswoman. After her condemnation, however, a considerable time elapsed before Elizabeth would give the final order for her execution. It was sent at last, arriving suddenly one morning in the gloomy month of February.

Nothing is more noble and touching than the story of her end. The sweet and gracious and tender Mary of Scotland, who had taken all hearts captive, seemed to have come back again for that conclusion; her gayety all gone, but none of her sweetness, nor the grace and kindness and courtesy of her nature. She thought of every one as she stood there smiling and looking death in the face; made her will, provided for her poor servants who loved her, sent tender messages to her friends, and then laid down her beautiful head, still beautiful, through all those years and troubles, upon the block, and died. It was on the 8th of February, 1587, almost on the twentieth anniversary of that cruel murder of her husband, which had been the beginning of all her woes.

Thus died one of the most beautiful and renowned, one of the ablest and bravest, and perhaps the most unfortunate, beyond comparison, of queens. A queen in her cradle, an orphan from her youth, every gift of fortune bestowed upon her, but no happiness, no true guidance, no companion in her life. The times in which she was born, and the training she had, and the qualities she inherited, may account for many of her faults; but nothing can ever take away the interest with which people hear of her, and see her pictures, and read her story. Had she been a spotless and true woman, she might have been one of the greatest in history; but in this, as in everything else, what is evil crushes and ruins what is great. As it is, no one can think of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, but with interest and sympathy, and there are many in the world, and especially in Scotland, who even now, three hundred years after her death, are almost as ready to fight for her as were the men among whom she lived and on whom she smiled.



TOO HOT TO BE A TEMPTATION.

ON A GRINDSTONE.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

“THERE 'S a new stone just been put into the grindin'-room, an' Thompson says that some one will have to be taught to run it.”

The superintendent of the File Works looked up from his paper at the speaker, and a smile broke over his face as he scanned the grotesque figure before him. It was a boy of thirteen, who seemed to have been suddenly plunged up to the neck in a pair of men's overalls. His sleeves were rolled up, and the small arms had tide marks around the wrists, showing how high the water rose when he washed his hands. A similar mark encircled his neck. A square paper-cap adorned his head. There was an air of anxiety about him that at once fixed the attention of his listener, who said:

“Well, did your foreman send you to me to ask who should do it?”

“No, sir,” was the reply. “I thought that as long as some one must get it, perhaps 't would be me. 'T would be a savin' to the company, 'cause I know how to run it a'ready, and any other fellow would have to be taught.”

“Can you grind a file now?” asked the superintendent, in a tone of surprise, and eyeing the lad as if doubtful of his skill.

“Yes, sir. Old Sunset said I could grind small files better than the Englishman that 's doin' it on Number Three.”

Half a dozen files lay upon a paper on the office table. The gentleman pointed to them, saying:

"See if you can detect flaws in any of these."

The boy took them one by one, and, holding them deftly between thumb and finger, struck the "tang" a ringing blow upon the iron radiator.

Five of them rung as clear as silver bells; the sixth had a slight jar in its music. The boy rang it again.

"That one 's cracked," he said.

He next took them one by one, and, holding them up to the light, looked into the lines of parallel grooves. He laid two more beside the cracked one, and, pointing to the others, said:

"Those are perfect."

"What is the matter with those two beside the cracked one?" was the question.

"They wer' n't ground true."

"How do you know?"

"Well, ye see," said the little fellow, assuming, unconsciously, the important air of an experienced workman,—“ye see, when ye look through the grooves they *all* ought to look dark and nice, but there are light streaks in some of these. Now, *this* is an awful pretty file,” he continued, taking up a perfect one; “just as good a piece of work as ever was done in this place!”

"I suppose if you got this job you could afford to use more tobacco, and drive a better team on Sundays?"

"I s'pose I could," said the boy, "only I don't happen to use tobacco, sir, an' a fellow like me, that has a sick mother an' seven young ones to help along, is n't apt to hanker after top-buggies on Sundays."

"Send Old Sunset here," said the gentleman, turning to his desk with a smile.

The boy departed, and soon a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, wearing a pair of immense green glasses, entered the room.

"McFadden," said the superintendent, "do you know a boy named Will Storrs, who runs a truck from the annealing-room?"

"Wull Storrs?" was the deliberate reply. "Wull Storrs? I ken a lad named Wull, but I dinna ken what his surname may be."

"This is a little fellow about thirteen, who looks as if he wore his grandfather's overalls."

"Oh, aye—I ken him weel; but ye're wrong about the overalls bein' his grandfeyther's. They belonged to mysel', but were too sma', so I sold them to him for fifteen cents, simply to make him feel that they were not a gift, ye ken."

"What kind of a workman is he?"

"The verra best. There 's not a job that he lays hand on but he can do as weel as any about the eestablishmunt."

"Could he learn to grind small files, do you think?" was the next query.

"Lerrn? He kens the whole notion already. One mornin', when most o' the grinders were oot on a spree, he took one o' the worst stanes in the room, and dressed it sae weel that ye could na' tal whether it was going or stoppit, when it was running at full speed!"

"Well, I think he can be trusted to run Number Eight, then. He might just as well commence now. Suppose you tell him that he can spend the rest of the day in dressing the stone, and getting ready to grind small files and cutters to-morrow."

Will was standing in the door-way of the grinding-room when the Scotchman delivered his message. The news seemed too good to be true. To run Number Eight! That meant a dollar and a half a day,—perhaps more, for the grinders all worked by the piece. His mother would be able to have her washing done for her, after this, and his brothers and sisters could go to school looking as if they belonged to somebody.

The grinding-room was long and narrow, iron-roofed and well lighted. Twelve grindstones stood side by side, with only passage-ways between them. These massive stones, some weighing several tons, were monsters compared with the grindstones that are frequently seen on the farms, or in the machine-shops. When they were all in motion, each with a man sitting on a small wooden saddle above his stone, it seemed to an outsider as if twelve men always abreast were racing on twelve stone bicycles.

Will's Number Eight was one of the largest stones in the room, and thought to be the best. After he had told the foreman of his good luck, he took some pieces of charcoal, a blunt chisel, and a kind of steel adz, and, climbing into the saddle, set the great stone in motion. Resting his hands on theommel of the saddle, he held a piece of charcoal toward the stone, moving it nearer till the first rough bumps on its wide face were blackened; then he threw off the belt, and cut down these blackened places with the adz. Starting the great wheel again, he let it turn for a while against the blunt chisel, after which he again tried the charcoal. It was hard work—the adz was heavy, the chisel would "gouge" a little when his hands grew tired; but he kept at it, and, some time before the whistle sounded for noon, the charcoal made an even black line around the whole circumference.

Old Sunset, who ran a "donkey grinder" on the stone next to Will's, told him that it was "weel dune," which meant that it was perfect.

The boy, indeed, felt proud of his work, as, standing a little way off, he looked at the beautiful proportions of the revolving stonc. As there was still a part of the day remaining, Will began to get the tools and fixtures necessary in file-grinding.

A half barrel of lime and oil was obtained, in which to thrust the files when ground, to keep them from rusting. This he mounted upon a stand within easy reach. He next went to the office and got a set of "file-grinder's" tools, the most impor-

made him a present of a pair of leather stirrups, to keep the slate-colored mud from his shoes. The boy was fully equipped, and fairly aching to begin work, when the "speed" slackened and the whistle blew, which signaled that the day's work was over.

The next morning Will was promptly on hand, eager to begin the day's toil, but an unexpected obstacle presented itself. An accident had happened in the "annealing shop," and there were no files ready to be ground. Old Sunset and most of the other workmen took it easily, and sauntered off; but Will was too much excited to do any such thing. He staid by his stone, started it half a dozen times to see if it was still true, looked over his tools, tried the saddle, put on the thumb-cots, and finally wandered away to watch the annealers. Had he known who was standing behind the next stone, jealously watching his every motion, he would never have left Number Eight with no friend to protect it.

As soon as Will was fairly out of sight, the watcher stealthily advanced to Number Eight.

He was a red-headed, thick-set boy, about Will's age, and his inveterate enemy. The news of Will's good luck had been more than his jealous nature could bear, and he was going to have some sort of revenge. After looking cautiously around, he clambered awkwardly into the saddle, and set the big stone in motion. It almost frightened him to have the great smooth wheel turning so swiftly close between his knees. He felt as if he were going to topple over upon the monster. The first dizzy feeling, however, passed away in a moment, and he looked about him for means to injure the smooth surface that Will Storrs had labored so hard and



THE BURSTING OF THE GRINDSTONE.

tant of which were a level and a square, both very small, and made purposely for this work. These he put in the little case that hung on his saddle.

He tried the water and found that it was all right. Everything was ready. Old Sunset had given him a pair of "thumb-cots," in case his hand came in contact with the stone, and one of the other grinders

so skillfully throughout the previous day to obtain.

At his right, on a frail stand, lay the blunt chisel. He took it and struck the whirling stone repeated blows with the instrument. Growing bolder, he laid the chisel across the "rest," and, pressing its edge against the stone, cut out great uneven patches, till its circumference began to have a wavy

appearance, even at the high speed at which it was running.

But the boy was not satisfied yet, so he held the sharp corner of the chisel firmly against the stone, making parallel grooves a quarter of an inch deep throughout the whole surface.

Just as the young rascal had given the finishing touch to this piece of malice, Will, coming slowly in from the annealing-room, saw the red head bending over his stone, and heard the sharp "scratch" of the chisel.

Uttering a shout, he darted forward. But another avenger was before him.

The giant stone, as if unable to bear longer the mutilations and torture of the young vandal, gave a strange, rending roar, and, tearing itself free from the whirling shaft, sent one-half of its mighty body crashing through the iron roof. An instant later, a dull thud in the yard told where it had fallen. The other half crushed its way through the water-soaked planking, and lay buried in the ground.

The whole thing happened in an instant. The stone and its fixtures were blotted out so suddenly that Will was dazed. He hardly knew what was the matter; but others did. The same rending noise had been heard before, and the word went around that a stone had burst.

Within a few seconds the door-way was thronged with men. Will was pushed forward by the eager, questioning crowd till he stood close to the wreck. The wooden saddle lay shivered in pieces some feet from the place. Around the jagged hole in the roof were great spatters of oily lime, and the tools had been flung in all directions. But where was the boy who had been on the stone?

In the sudden mist of flying objects, Will had lost sight of him. A moaning cry, and a rush of feet to the other side of Old Sunset's stone, told where he was.

Will caught a glimpse of a pale face; then, as the crowd opened a little, he could distinctly see his enemy lying across a pile of unground "saw-files." One of the workmen lifted him up, and, as he did so, a shudder ran through the crowd: three great saw-files had cruelly torn and wounded the limp figure. He was laid upon a table, the sharp "tang" were pulled out, and the blood was stanch'd. Finally a faint color came back to the pale face, and consciousness returned, but only to bring with it exquisite suffering. A physician being called, the wounded boy was sent off to the hospital.

Gradually the hands settled back to their work, the grinders feeling especially sober. The machinery resumed its clatter and whirl, the great black

cogs buffeted each other as usual, and the accident began to fade from the memories of the men.

A new stone was rolled in and named Number Eight. A new set of tools came from the office, another saddle was built, and Will began his business afresh. He soon was considered one of the best grinders in the room.

One day, some months later, as he was grinding busily, a boy entered the room on crutches.

The men did not recognize him. He halted by Will's stone, and looked up. As soon as he had finished the file upon which he was at work, Will threw off the belt, leaped down, and grasped the other's hand.

"Why, Tom," he said, "I'm very glad you're back. When did you leave the city?"

"Last night," said the boy. Then, conquering a little choke, he said: "I treated you very badly, Will, an' I've thought of it a heap since I've been laid up. So I thought I'd like to give you something,—this is the only thing that I had. A good old sailor uncle o' mine gave it to me when I was a little chap. He said it had been picked up from a wreck, and was a queer, risky thing, and he promised to show me how to fire it. But he was drowned off the coast afore he had a chance to keep his promise, and mother's made me save it as kind o' sacred ever since. But this mornin' she told me I could give it to you for a keepsake, if I was so set on givin' you something."

He thrust a small package into Will's hand, and hobbled off.

Will untied it in amazement, and found a piece of iron pipe, an inch and a half in diameter, mounted on a curiously carved wooden block. It was a queer sort of a toy cannon. He examined the breech. It was made of a piece of lead, which was pounded into one end of the pipe and smoothed over; a small touch-hole had been drilled below the leaden plug.

Old Sunset came up just then, and Will showed him the gift. The Scotchman looked it all over carefully, saying:

"Wull ye stand in front or behind it when ye fire it off, lad?"

"Behind, of course!"

"Aye! so I thocht. Ye'll stand behind it and catch the leeden plug, na doot."

"Do you think it will blow out?" asked Will.

"Of course it wull. The lad that gave it ye did na' ken it, probably, and na doot he would hae fired it himsel' without thinkin'. So you can hae the satisfaction o' feelin' that while he once saved you from injury by accident, now you save him from being blown up by a cannon that shoots baith ways at once."



LITTLE DORA: "OH, MAMMA! KITTY 'S *awfully* FOND OF BUTTER!"

"I WONDERED WHAT MADE ROBIN SAD."

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

I WONDERED what made Robin sad,
 Out on the garden wall;
 Though Spring in loveliness was clad,
 He could not sing at all.

Above him, in the flower-blown tree,
 With drooping head and wing,
 Sat his dear mate, as sad as he,
 With never a note to sing.

I did not know, until too late,
 Why joy had gone away
 From Robin and his little mate,
 On that sweet morn in May;

Until I found upon the grass,
 Ah, mournful sight to see!—
 A fair young red-breast dead, alas!
 Beneath the flower-blown tree.

A CHAPTER ON SOAP-BUBBLES.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

"A SOAP-BUBBLE" is an uncouth, inelegant name for such an ethereal fairy sphere. It is such a common, every-day sight to us, we seldom give it much attention, or realize how wonderful and beautiful is this fragile, transparent, liquid globe. Its spherical form is typical of perfection, and the ever-changing, prismatic colors of its iridescent surface charm the eye.

It is like a beautiful dream; we are entranced while it lasts, but in an instant it vanishes, and leaves nothing to mark its former existence excepting the memory of its loveliness.

Few persons can stand by and watch another blowing bubbles without being seized with an uncontrollable desire to blow one for themselves. There is a peculiar charm or pleasure in the very act, which few persons who have known it ever outgrow.

In the accompanying illustration are shown several kinds of soap-bubbles and a variety of ways of deriving amusement from them.

It is generally known that a bubble will burst if it touch any hard or smooth surface, but upon the carpet or a woolen cloth it will roll or bounce merrily.

If you take advantage of this fact, you can with a woolen cloth make bubbles dance and fly around as lively as a juggler's gilt balls, and you will be astonished to find what apparent rough handling these fragile bubbles will stand when you are careful not to allow them to touch anything but the woolen cloth.

It may be worth remarking that the coarser the soap the brighter the bubbles will be. The compound known as "soft soap" is the best for the purpose.

One of the pictures shows how to transform your soap-bubble into an aerial vapor-balloon.

If you wish to try this pretty experiment, procure a rubber tube, say a yard long, and with an aperture small enough to require considerable stretching to force it over the gas-burner. After you have stretched one end so as to fit tightly over the burner, wrap the stem of a clay pipe with wet paper, and push it into the other end of the tube, where it must fit so as to allow no gas to escape. Dip the bowl of your pipe in the suds and turn the gas on; the force of the gas will be sufficient to

blow your bubble for you, and as the gas is lighter than the air, your bubble, when freed from the pipe, will rapidly ascend, and never stop in its upward course until it perishes.

Another group in our picture illustrates how old Uncle Enos, an aged negro down in Kentucky, used to amuse the children by making smoke-bubbles.

Did you ever see smoke-bubbles? In one the white-blue smoke, in beautiful curves, will curl and circle under its crystal shell. Another will possess a lovely opalescent pearly appearance, and if one be thrown from the pipe while quite small and densely filled with smoke, it will appear like an opaque polished ball of milky whiteness. It is always a great frolic for the children when they catch Uncle Enos smoking his corn-cob pipe. They gather around his knee with their bowl of soap-suds and bubble-pipe, and while the good-natured old man takes a few lusty whiffs from his corn-cob, and fills his capacious mouth with tobacco-smoke, the children dip their pipe in the suds, start their bubble, and pass it to Uncle Enos. All then stoop down and watch the gradual growth of that wonderful smoke-bubble! and when "Dandy," the dog, chases and catches one of these bubbles, how the children laugh to see the astonished and injured look upon his face, and what fun it is to see him sneeze and rub his nose with his paw!

The figure at the bottom, in the corner of the illustration, shows you how to make a giant-bubble. It is done by first covering your hands well with soap-suds, then placing them together so as to form a cup, leaving a small opening at the bottom. All that is then necessary is to hold your mouth about a foot from your hands and blow into them. I have made bubbles in this way twice the size of my head. These bubbles are so large that they invariably burst upon striking the floor; being unable to withstand the concussion.

Although generally considered a trivial amusement, only fit for young children, blowing soap-bubbles has been an occupation appreciated and indulged in by great philosophers and men of science, and wonderful discoveries in optics and natural philosophy have been made with only a clay pipe and a bowl of soap-suds.



JOHN.

BY S. M. CHATFIELD.

WHISTLE sounding loud and clear,
Laughter that I love to hear,
Marbles rattling far and near;
Must be John!

Out at elbow, out at knee,
Hat-brim tattered wofully;
Turn him round and let me see
If it 's John.

Dimples in a ruddy cheek,
Eyes that sparkle so they speak,
Turned-up nose, reverse of meek;
Yes, 't is John!

Yet this morning, clean and sweet,
Speckless collar, hat complete,
Trousers mended, down the street
Whistled John.

“What 's the matter with you, lad?
Where 's the hat-brim that you had?
Whence came all these rents so sad?
Answer, John!”

“Marbles.” And he kicks his toe.
“Breeches will wear out, you know;
'Knuckle-down' is all the go,”
Falters John.

In his pockets go his hands,
Looking foolish, there he stands.
“S'pose you 'll scold?” For stern commands
Lingers John.

Catches mother's laughing eye;
In a flash the kisses fly,
And I hear, as I pass by,
“Bless you, John!”

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XI.

A COMICAL COMET.

THE business of the printing-office went on pretty steadily, so far as Ned and I were concerned. Phaeton's passion for invention would occasionally lead him off for a while into some other enterprise; yet he, too, seemed to take a steady interest in “the art deservative.” The most notable of those enterprises was originated by Monkey Roe, who had considerable invention, but lacked Phaeton's powers of execution.

One day, Monkey came to the door of the office with Mitchell's “Astronomy” in his hand, and called out Phaeton.

“There 's some mischief on foot now,” said Ned; “and if Fay goes off fooling with any of Monkey Roe's schemes, we shall hardly be able to print the two thousand milk-tickets that John Spencer ordered yesterday. It 's too bad.”

When they had gone so far from the office that we could not hear their conversation, I saw Monkey

open the book and point out something to Phaeton. They appeared to carry on an earnest discussion for several minutes, after which they laid the book on the railing of the fence and disappeared, going by the postern.

Ned ran out and brought in the book. On looking it over, we found a leaf turned down at the chapter on comets. Neither of us had studied astronomy.

“I know what they 're up to,” said Ned, after taking a long look at a picture of Halley's comet. “I heard the other day that Mr. Roe was learning the art of stuffing birds. I suppose Monkey wants Fay to help him shoot one of those things, or catch it alive, may be, and sell it to his father.”

Then I took a look at the picture, and read a few lines of the text.

“I don't think it 's quite fair in Fay,” continued Ned, “to go off on speculations of that sort for himself alone, and leave us here to do all the work in the office, when he has an equal share of our profits.”

“Ned,” said I, “I don't believe this is a bird.”

"Well, then, it's a fish," said Ned, who had gone back to his case and was setting type. "They stuff fishes, as well as birds."

"But it seems to me it can hardly be a fish," said I, after another look.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't see any fins."

"That's nothing," said Ned. "My book of natural history says a fish's tail is a big fin. And I'm sure that fellow has tail enough to get along very well without any other fins."

This did not satisfy me, and at length we agreed to go and consult Jack-in-the-Box about it.

"Jack," said Ned, as soon as we arrived at the Box, "did you ever stuff a fish?"

"Do you take me for a cook?" said Jack, looking considerably puzzled.

"I don't mean a fish to bake," said Ned. "I mean one to be put in a glass-case, and kept in a museum."

"Oh," said Jack, "I beg pardon. I did n't understand. No, I never stuffed a fish."

"But I suppose you know how it's done?" said Ned.

"Oh, yes; I understand it in a general way."

"What I want to get at," said Ned, "is this: how much is a fish worth that's suitable for stuffing?"

"I don't know exactly," said Jack, "but I should say different ones would probably bring different prices, according to their rarity."

"That sounds reasonable," said Ned. "Now, how much should you say a fellow would probably get for one of this sort?" and he opened the Astronomy at the picture of Halley's comet.

Something was the matter with Jack's face. It twitched around in all sorts of ways, and his eyes sparkled with a kind of electric light. But he passed his hand over his features, took a second look at the picture, and answered:

"If you can catch one of those, I should say it would command a very high price."

"So I thought," said Ned. "Should you say as much as a hundred dollars, Jack?"

"I should not hesitate to say fully two hundred," said Jack, as he took his flag and went out to signal a freight-train.

"I see it all, as plain as day," said Ned to me, as we walked away. "Fay has gone off to make a lot of money by what father would call an outside speculation, and left us to dig away at the work in the office."

"Perhaps he'll go shares with us," said I.

"No, he wont," said Ned. "But I have an idea. I think I can take a hand in that speculation."

"How will you do it?"

"I'll offer Fay and Monkey a hundred dollars for their fish, if they catch it. That'll seem such a big price, they'll be sure to take it. And then I'll sell it for two hundred, as Jack says. So I'll make as much money as both of them together. And I must give Jack a handsome present for telling me about it."

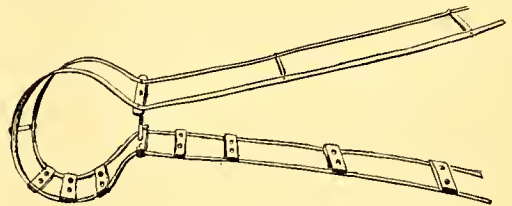
"That seems to be a good plan," said I. "And I hope they'll catch two, so I can buy one and speculate on it. But, then," I added, sorrowfully, "I have n't the hundred dollars to pay for it, and there's no Aunt Mercy in our family, and we don't live on the Bowl System."

"Never mind," said Ned, in a comforting tone. "Perhaps you'll inherit a big fortune from some old grandmother you never heard of, till she died and they ripped open her bed-tick and let the gold tumble out. Lots of people do get money that way."

As we arrived home, we saw Phaeton and Monkey coming by the postern with half a dozen hoops—that is to say, half a dozen long, thin strips of ash, which would have been hoops after the cooper had bent them into circles and fastened the ends together.

"That's poor stuff to make fish-poles," said Ned, in a whisper; "but don't let them know that we know what they're up to."

They brought them into the office, got some



THE FRAME.

other pieces of wood, and went to work constructing a light frame about ten feet long, three feet high at the highest part, and a foot wide—like that shown in the engraving.

"What are you making, Fay?" said Ned.

"Wait a while, and you'll see," said Phaeton.

Ned winked at me in a knowing way, and we went on printing milk-tickets.

When the frame was completed, Monkey and Phaeton went away.

"I see," whispered Ned. "They're going to catch it with a net. The netting will be fastened on all around here, and this big end left open for him to go in. Then, when he gets down to this round part, he'll find he can't go any farther, and they'll haul him up. It's as plain as day."

But when Monkey and Phaeton returned, in about half an hour, instead of netting they brought yellow tissue-paper and several candles.

We pretended to take very little interest in the proceeding, but watched them over our shoulders. When we saw them fasten the tissue-paper all around the frame, except on the top, and fit the candles into auger-holes bored in the cross-pieces at the bottom, Ned whispered again:

"Don't you see? That is n't a net. They're going to have a light in it, and carry it along the shore to attract the fish. It's all plain enough now."

"If you'll be on hand to-night," said Monkey, "and follow us, you may see some fun."

"All right! We'll be on hand," said Ned and I.

In the evening we all met in the office—all except Phaeton, who was a little late.

"Monkey," said Ned, in a confidential tone, "I want to make you an offer."

"Offer away," answered Monkey.

"If you catch one," said Ned, "I'll give you a hundred dollars for it."

"If I catch one?" said Monkey. "If—1—catch—one? Oh, yes—all right! I'll give you whatever I catch, for that price. Though I may not catch anything but Hail Columbia."

"I won't take it unless it's the kind they stuff," said Ned.

"The kind—they—stuff?" said Monkey. "Did you say the kind *they* stuff, or the kind *of* stuff? Oh, yes—the kind of Hail Columbia they stuff. That would be a bald eagle, I should think."

At this moment Phaeton joined us.

"It's no use, Fay," said Monkey. "Jack won't let us hoist it on the signal-pole. He says it might mislead some of the engineers, and work mischief."

"Hoist it on the signal-pole," whispered Ned to me. "Then it's a bird they're going to catch, after all, and not a fish. I see it now. Probably some wonderful kind of night-hawk."

"Well, then, what do you think is the next best place?" said Phaeton.

"I think Haven's barn, by all odds," answered Monkey.

"Haven's barn it is, then," said Phaeton, and they shouldered the thing and walked off, we following.

Before we arrived at the barn, Holman, Charlie Garrison, and at least a dozen other boys had joined us, one by one.

The numerous ells and sheds attached to this barn enabled Monkey and Phaeton to mount easily to the ridge-pole of the highest part, where they fastened the monster, and lighted all her battle-lanterns, when she blazed out against the blackness of the night like some terrific portent.

"Now you stay here, and keep her in order," said Monkey, "while I go for Adams."

Mr. Adams was an amateur astronomer of considerable local celebrity, whose little observatory, built by himself, was about fifty rods distant from Haven's barn. Unfortunately, his intemperate habits were as famous as his scientific attainments, and Roe knew about where to find him. I went with him on the search.

We went first to the office of the "Cataract House, by James Tone," but we did not find our astronomer there.

"Then," said Roe, "I know where he is, for sure," and he went to a dingy wooden building on State street, which had small windows with red curtains. This building was ornamented with a poetical sign, which every boy in town knew by heart, and could sing to the tune of "Oats, peas, beans."

W. WHEELER KEEPS IN HERE,
SELLS GROCERIES, CIDER, ALE, AND BEER;
HIS PRODUCE IS GOOD, HIS WEIGHT IS JUST,
HIS PROFITS SMALL, AND CAN NOT TRUST;
AND THOSE WHO BUY SHALL BE WELL USED,
SHALL NOT BE CHEATED NOR ABUSED.

"Is Professor Adams present?" said Monkey, as he opened the door and peered through a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

An individual behind the stove returned a drowsy affirmative.

Roe stepped around to him, and with a great show of secrecy whispered something in his ear.

He sprang from his chair, exclaimed, "Good-night, gentlemen! You will wake up to-morrow morning to find me famous," and dashed out at the door.

"What is it?" said one of the loungers, detaining Monkey as he was about to leave.

"A comet," whispered Monkey.

"A comet, gentlemen—a blazing comet!" repeated the man, aloud; and the whole company rose and followed the astronomer to his observatory. When they arrived there, they found him sitting with his eye at the none-too-reliable instrument, uttering exclamations of thankfulness that he had lived to make this great discovery.

"Not Biela's, not Newton's, not Encke's—not a bit like any of them," said he; "all my own, gentlemen—entirely my own!"

Then he took up his slate, and went to figuring upon it. Several of the crowd, who were now jammed close together around him in the little octagonal room, made generous offers of assistance.

"I was always good at the multiplication-table," said one.

"I have a fine, clear eye," said another; "can't I help you aim the pipe?"

This excited a laugh of derision from another, who inquired whether the man with the fine, clear eye "did n't know a pipe from a chube?"

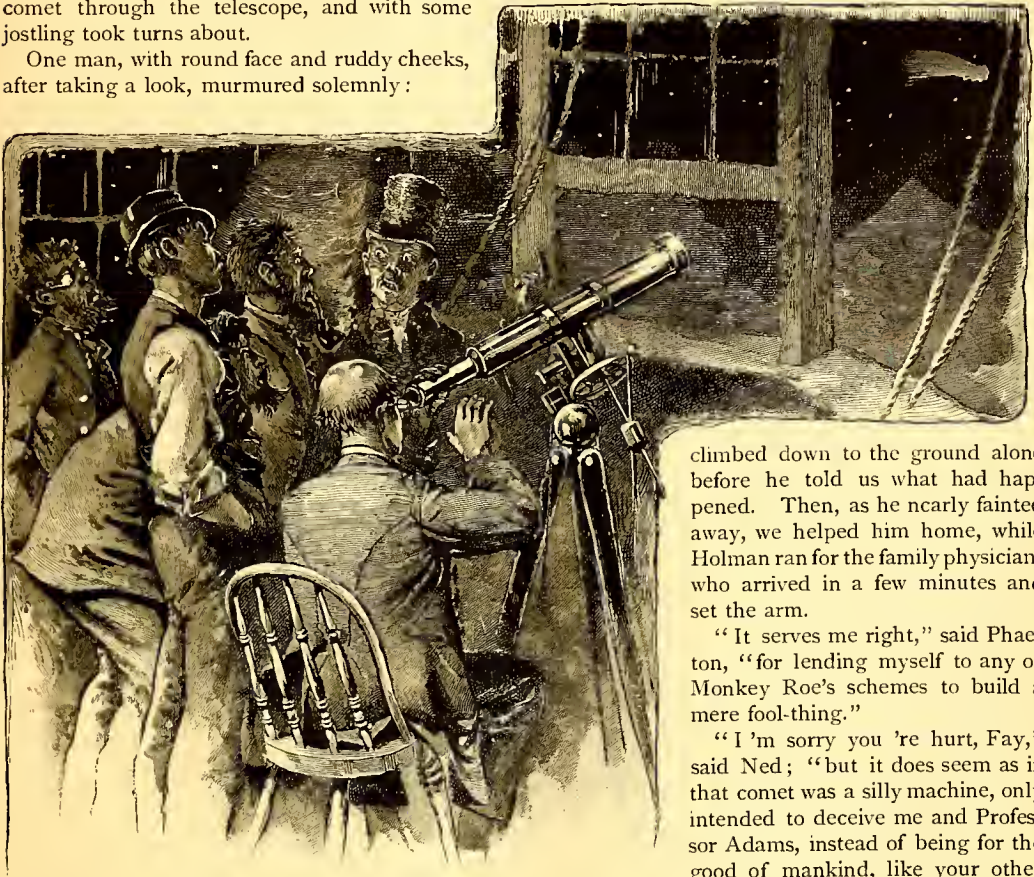
Another rolled up his sleeves, and said he was ready to take his turn at the crank for the cause of science; while still another expressed his willingness to blow the bellows all night, if Professor Adams would show him where the handle was.

They all insisted on having a peep at the comet through the telescope, and with some jostling took turns about.

One man, with round face and ruddy cheeks, after taking a look, murmured solemnly:

his head, and hurled it; and, in the twinkling of an eye, that comet had passed its perihelion, and shot from the solar system in so long an ellipse that I fear it will never return.

Unfortunately, the flying cart-stake not only put out the comet, but struck Phaeton, who had been left there by Monkey Roe to manage the thing, and put his arm out of joint. He bore it heroically, and



"A COMET, GENTLEMEN—A BLAZING COMET!"

"That old thing bodes no good to this city."

"Ah, Professor," said another, "your fortune 's made for all time. This 'll be known to fame as the Great American Comet. I dare say it 's as big as all the comets of the Old World put together."

Mr. Wheeler took an unusually long look.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I don't believe that comet will stay with us long. We 'd better leave the Professor to his calculations, while we go back and have a toast to his great discovery."

But nobody stirred. Then Mr. Wheeler left the observatory, and walked straight up to Haven's barn. He picked up a cart-stake, swung it around

climbed down to the ground alone before he told us what had happened. Then, as he nearly fainted away, we helped him home, while Holman ran for the family physician, who arrived in a few minutes and set the arm.

"It serves me right," said Phaeton, "for lending myself to any of Monkey Roe's schemes to build a mere fool-thing."

"I 'm sorry you 're hurt, Fay," said Ned; "but it does seem as if that comet was a silly machine, only intended to deceive me and Professor Adams, instead of being for the good of mankind, like your other inventions. And now you wont be

able to do anything in the printing-office for a long while, just when we 're crowded with work. If you were not such a very good fellow, we should n't let you have any share of the profits for the next month."

CHAPTER XII.

A LITERARY MYSTERY.

THE printing-office enjoyed a steady run of custom, and, as Ned had said, we were just now crowded with work. Almost every hour that we

were not in bed, or at school, was spent in setting type or pulling the press. It was not uncommon for Ned to work with a sandwich on the corner of his case; and, as often as he came to a period, he would stop and take a bite.

"This is the way Barnum used to do," said he, "when he started his museum—take his lunch with him, and stay right there. It's the only way to make a great American success"—and he took another bite, his dental semicircle this time inclosing a portion of the bread that bore a fine proof-impression of his thumb and finger in printer's ink.

Though Phaeton was not able, for some time, to take a hand at the work, he rendered good service by directing things, as the head of the firm. He was often suspicious, where Ned and I would have been taken in at once, as to the circuses and minstrel shows for which boys used to come and order tickets and programmes by the hundred, always proposing to pay for them out of the receipts of the show. The number of these had increased enormously, and it looked as if the boys got them up mainly for the sake of seeing themselves in print. Sometimes they would make out the most elaborate programmes, and then want them printed at once, before their enterprises had any existence excepting on paper. One boy, whose father was an actor, had made out a complete cast of the play of "Romeo and Juliet," with himself put down for the part of *Romeo*, and Monkey Roe as *Juliet*.

One day, a little curly-headed fellow, named Moses Green, came to the office, and wanted us to print a hundred tickets like this:

MOSE GREEN'S
MINSTREL SHOW.
Admit the Bearer.

"Where's your show going to be?" said Phaeton.

"I don't know," said Moses. "If Uncle James should sell his horses, perhaps I could have it in his barn."

"Yes, that would be a good place," said Phaeton. "And who are your actors?"

"I don't know," said Moses. "But I'm going to ask Charlie Garrison, because he has a good fife; and Lem Whitney, because he knows how to black up with burnt cork; and Andy Wilson, because he knows 'O Susanna' all by heart."

"And what is the price of admission?" said Phaeton.

"I don't know," said Moses. "But I thought

that, may be, if the boys would n't pay five cents, I'd take four."

"I'll tell you what 't is, Moses," said Phaeton; "we're badly crowded with work just now, and it would accommodate us if you could wait a little while. Suppose you engage your actors first, and rehearse the pieces that you're going to play, and get the barn rigged up, and burn the cork, and make up your mind about the price; and then give us a call, and we'll print your tickets."

"All right," said Moses. "I'll go home and burn a cork, right away."

And he went off, whistling "O Susanna."

"Fay, I think that's bad policy," said Ned, when Moses was out of sight.

"I don't see how you can say that," said Phaeton.

"It's as plain as day," said Ned. "We ought to have gone right on and printed his tickets. Suppose he has n't any show, and never will have one—what of it? We should n't suffer. His father would see that our bill was paid. I've heard Father say that Mr. Green was the very soul of honor."

"Ah, Ned, I'm afraid you're getting more sharp than honest," said Phaeton.

From the fact that our school has hardly been mentioned in this story, it must not be inferred that we were not all this time acquiring education by the usual methods. The performances here recorded took place out of school-hours, or on Saturdays, when there was no school. The events inside the temple of learning were generally so dull that they would hardly interest the story-reader.

Yet there was now and then an accident or exploit which relieved the tediousness of study-time. One day, Robert Fox brought to school, as part of his lunch, a bottle of home-made pop-beer. An hour before intermission we were startled by a tremendous hissing and foaming sound, and the heads of the whole school were instantly turned toward the quarter whence it came. There was Fox with the palm of his hand upon the cork, which was half-way in the bottle that stood upon the floor beside his desk. Though he threw his whole weight upon it, he could not force it in any farther, and the beer rose like a fountain almost to the ceiling, and fell in a beautiful circle, of which Fox and his bottle were the interesting center. Any boy who has attended a school taught by an irascible master will readily imagine the sequel. Holman recorded the affair in the form of a Latin fable, which was so popular that we printed it. Here it is:

VULPES ET BEER.

Quondam vulpes bottulum poppi beeris in schola tulit, quod in arca reponebat. Sed corda laxa, ob

vim beeris, cortex collum reliquit, et beer, spumans, se pavimento effudit. Deinde magister capit unum extremum lori, et vulpes alterum sentiebat. Hæc fabula docet that, when you bring pop-beer to school, you should tie the string so tight that it can't pop off before lunch-time.

When Jack-in-the-Box saw this fable, he said it was a good fable, and he was proud of his pupil,

ought to be, *Vulpes*" (he pronounced the word in one syllable) "*drank beer.*"

This shows the perils of ignorance. If Charlie had had a thorough classical training, he would n't have made such a mistake. It was a curious fact that the boys who had never studied Latin, and to whom the blunder had to be explained, laughed at him more unmercifully than anybody else.

But Holman's literary masterpiece (if it was his) was in rhyme, and in some respects it remains a mystery to this day.

One evening he called to see me, and intimated that he had some confidential business on hand, for which we should better adjourn to the printing-office, and accordingly we went there.

"I want a job of printing done," said he, "provided it can be done in the right way."

"We shall be glad to do it as well as we possibly can," said I. "What is it?"

"I can't tell you what it is," said he.

"Well, let me see the manuscript," said I.

"There is n't any manuscript," said he.

"Oh, it is n't prepared yet?" said I. "When will it be ready?"

"There never will be any manuscript for it," said he.

I began to be puzzled. Still, I remembered that small signs and labels were often printed, consisting of only a word or two, which did not require any copy.

"Is it a sign?" said I.

"No."

"Labels?"

"No."

"Then what in the world is it?"

And how do you suppose I am going to print a thing for you, unless I know what it is that I am to print?"

"That's the point of the whole business," said Isaac. "I want you to let me come into your office, and use your type and press to print a little thing that concerns nobody but myself, and I don't care to have even you know about it. I want you to let me do all the work myself, when you are not here, and I shall wash up the rollers, distribute the type, destroy all my proofs, and leave everything in the office as I found it. Of course I shall pay you the same as if you did the work."



"IT ROSE LIKE A FOUNTAIN."

though he felt obliged to admit that some of the tenses were a little out of joint.

Holman said he put the moral in English because that was the important part of it, and ought to be in a language that everybody could understand.

Monkey Roe said he was glad to hear this explanation, as he had been afraid it was because Holman had got to the end of his Latin.

Charlie Garrison, in attempting to criticise the title of the fable, only exposed himself to ridicule.

"It must be a mistake," said he; "for you know you can't eat beer. It's plain enough that it

"But how can you set the type?" said I. "You don't even know the case, do you?"

"No," said he; "but I suppose the letters are all in it somewhere, and I can find them with a little searching."

"And do you know how to lock up a form?" said I.

"I've often seen you do it," said he; "and I think I'm mechanic enough to manage it."

"When do you want to go to work?"

"*Duo eques, rectus ab*—to-night, right away."

"Very well—good-night!" said I.

When I went to the office next day, I found Ned

morning, I found the oil all burned out of the big lamp,—I filled it yesterday,—and these torn scraps in the wood-box. I got so many together pretty easily, but I can't find another one that will fit."

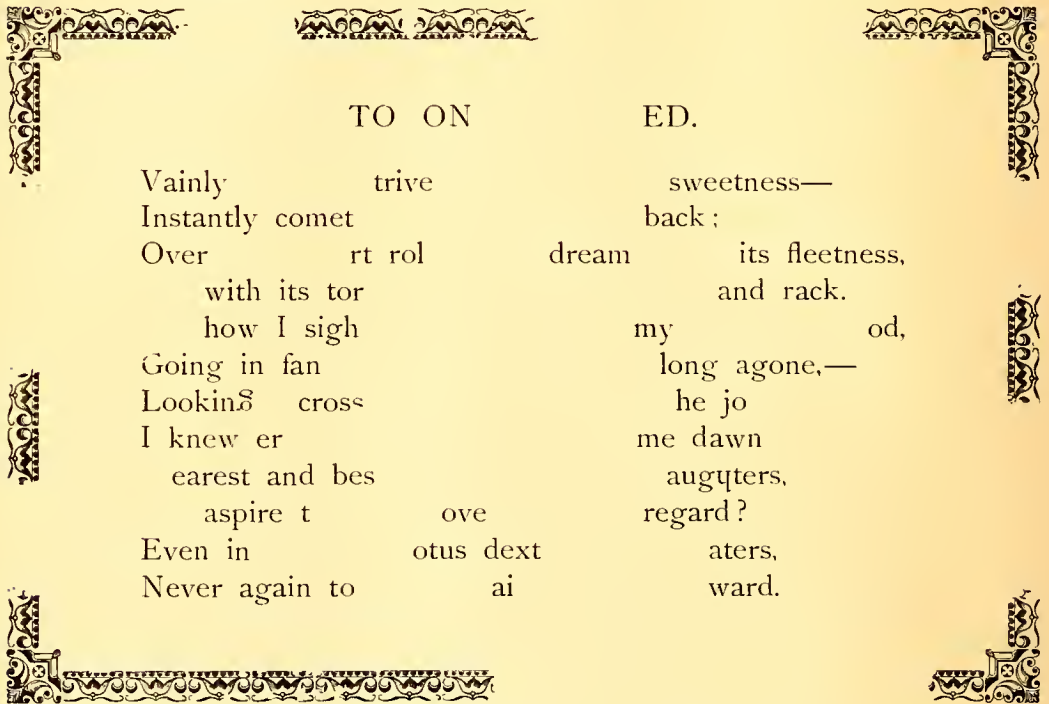
"It looks as if it had been a poem," said I.

"Yes," said Ned; "of course it was. And oh, look here! It was an acrostic, too!"

Ned took out his pencil, and filled in what he supposed to be the missing initial letters, making the name VIOLA GLIDDEN.

"It *may* have been an acrostic," said I; "but you can't tell with certainty, so much is missing."

"There is n't any doubt in my mind," said Ned;



busily at work trying to fit together some small torn scraps of paper. They were printed on one side, and, as fast as he found where one belonged, he fastened it in place by pasting it to a blank sheet which he had laid down as a foundation. When I arrived, the work had progressed as far as shown in the card on this page.

"Here 's a mystery," said Ned.

"What is it?" said I.

"Did you print this?" said he, suddenly, looking into my face suspiciously.

"No," said I, calmly; "I never saw it before."

"Well, then, somebody must have broken into our office last night. For when I came in this

"and it's perfectly evident to me who the burglar must have been. Everybody knows who dotes on Viola Glidden."

"I should think a good many would dote on her," said I; "she's the handsomest girl in town."

"Well, then," said Ned, "look at that 'otus dext.' Of course it was *totus dexter*,—and who's the boy that uses that classic expression? I should n't have thought that so nice a fellow as Holman would break in here at midnight, and put his mushy love-poetry into print at our expense. He must have been here about all night, for that lamp-full of oil lasts nine hours."

"There's an easy way to punish him, whoever

he was," said Phaeton, who had come in, in time to hear most of our conversation.

"How is that?" said Ned.

"Get out a handbill," said Phaeton, "and spread it all over town, offering a reward of one cent for the conviction of the burglar who broke into our office last night and printed an acrostic, of which the following is a fac-simile of a mutilated proof. Then set up this, just as you have it here."

"That 's it; that 'll make him hop," said Ned. "I 'll go to work on it at once."

"But," said I, "it 'll make Miss Glidden hop, too."

"Let her hop."

"But then, perhaps her brother John will call around and make you hop."

"He can't do it," said Ned. "The man that owns a printing-press can make everybody else hop, and nobody can make him hop—unless it is a man that owns another press. Whoever tries to fight a printing-press always gets the worst of it. Father says so, and he knows, for he tried it on the *Vindicator* when he was running for sheriff and they slandered him."

At this point, I explained that Holman had not come there without permission, and that he expected to pay for everything.

"Why did n't you tell us that before?" said Phaeton.

"I was going to tell you he had been here," said I, "and that he did not want any of us to know what he printed. But when I saw you had found that out, I thought perhaps, in fairness to him, I ought not to tell you *who* it was."

"All right," said Ned. "Of course, it 's none of our business how much love-poetry Holman makes, or how spoony it is, or what girl he sends it to, if he pays for it all. But don't forget to charge him for the oil. By the way, so many of the boys owe us for printing, I 've bought a blank-book to put the accounts in, or we shall forget some of them. Monkey Roe's mother paid for the 'Orphan Boy' yesterday. I 'll put that down now. Half a dollar was n't enough to charge her; we must make it up on the next job we do for her or Monkey."

While he was saying this, he wrote in his book:

Mrs. Roe per Monkey 12 orphan boys 50 Paid.

Hardly had he finished the entry, when the door of the office was suddenly opened, and Patsy Rafferty thrust in his head and shouted:

"Jimmy the Rhymer 's killed!"

"What?"

"What?"

"I say Jimmy the Rhymer 's killed! And you done it, too!"

I am sorry that Patsy said "done," when he meant *did*. But he was a good-hearted boy, nevertheless; and probably his excitement was what made him forget his grammar.

"What do you mean?" said Ned, who had turned as pale as ashes.

"You ought to know what I mean," said Patsy. "Just because he had the bad luck to spill a few of your old types, you abused him like a pickpocket, and said he 'd got to pay for 'em, and drove him out of the office. And he 's been down around the depot every day since, selling papers, tryin' to make money enough to pay you. And now he 's got runned over be a hack, when he was goin' across the street to a gentleman that wanted a paper. And they 've took him home, and my mother says it 's all your fault, too, you miserable skinflint! I wont have any of your gifts!"

And with that, Patsy thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out the visiting-cards that Ned had printed for him, and threw them high into the room, so that in falling they scattered over everything.

"I 'll bring back your car," he continued, "as soon as I can get it. I lent it to Teddy Dwyer last week."

Then he shut the door with a bang, and went away.

We looked at one another in consternation.

"What shall we do?" said Ned.

"I think we ought to go to Jimmy's house at once," said I.

"Yes, of course," said Ned.

And he and I started. Phaeton went the other way—as we afterward learned, to inform his mother, who was noted for her efficient charity in cases of distress.

Ned and I not only went by the postern, but we made a bee-line for Jimmy's house, going over any number of fences, and straight through door-yards and garden-patches, without the slightest reference to streets or paths.

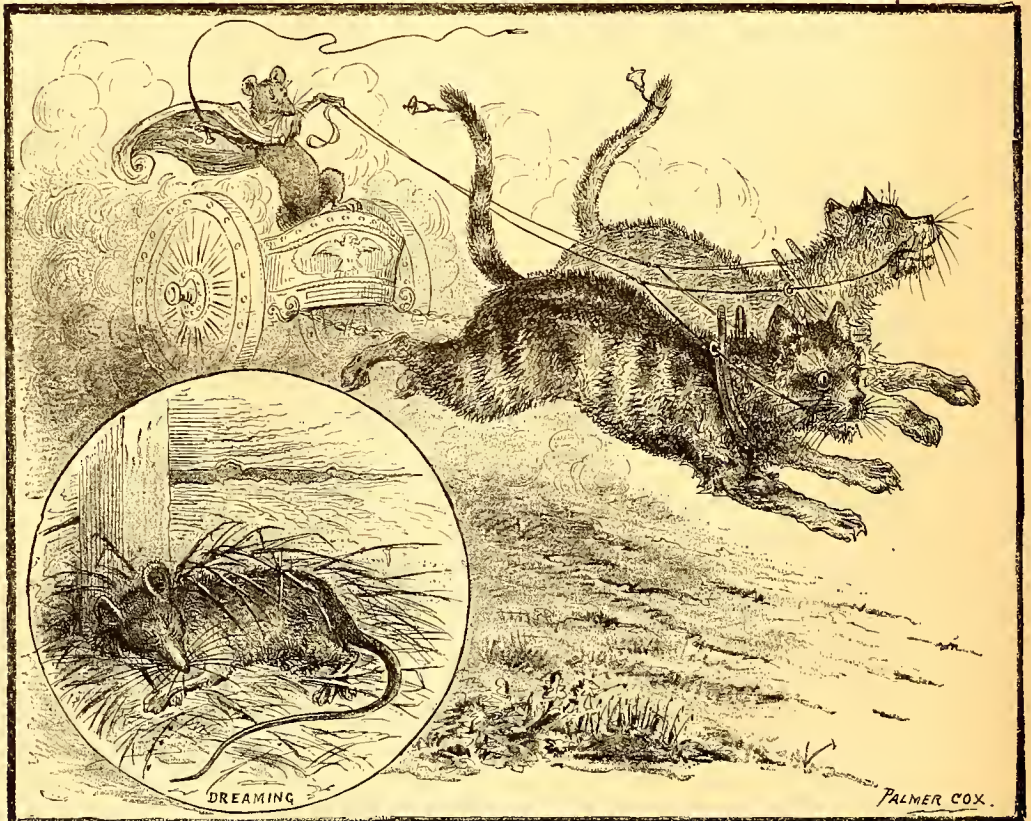
We left in such a hurry that we forgot to lock up the office. While we were gone, Monkey Roe sauntered in, found Holman's acrostic, which Ned had pieced together, and, when he went away, carried it with him.

(To be continued.)

"THE SHINING DAYS OF MAY."

BY LUCY M. BLINN.

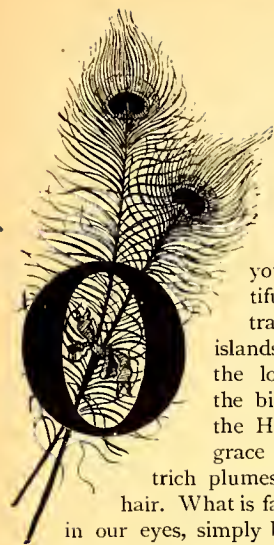
OH, the shining days of May!
 Don't you hear them coming, coming,—
 In the robin's roundelay,—
 In the wild bee's humming, humming?
 In the quick, impatient sound
 Of the red-bird's restless whirring,
 In the whispers in the ground
 Where the blossom-life is stirring?
 In the music in the air,
 In the laughing of the waters;
 Nature's stories, glad and rare,
 Told Earth's listening sons and daughters?
 Surely, hearts must needs be gay
 In the shining days of May!



THE RAT'S HAPPY DREAM.

THE PRINCE OF THE BIRDS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



IF all the beautiful birds you ever saw, is not the peacock the most beautiful and showy? Have you ever thought how beautiful it is? I suppose the trader of the South Sea islands has no appreciation of the loveliness that we see in the bird-of-paradise, nor does the Hottentot fully know the grace and richness of the ostrich plumes which he sticks in his hair. What is familiar to us loses beauty in our eyes, simply because we see it commonly; and I fancy that if we came suddenly upon a peacock, his glorious tail spread before our delighted gaze for the first time in our lives, we should not hesitate to consider him the prince of the feathered race.

Peacocks have been domesticated fowls for a great many years, but have not degenerated and lost their original tints or shape as have the barn-yard fowls and ducks, and, to some extent, the turkeys. Nevertheless, travelers tell us that the wild peacocks are far handsomer than the tame ones. It seems impossible. The peafowl is a native of India, and some of the islands of the Indian or Malayan archipelago. Various parts of Java abound with them, yet there are none in Borneo nor in Sumatra, though these islands are close by. But then, some other birds of the family to which the peacocks and pheasants belong occur plentifully in Sumatra and Borneo, and are unknown to Java. On the main-land of Asia, peacocks of some sort—for there are half a dozen species—abound, from southern India to the northern table-lands, and even through the high passes into the forests and steppes of Thibet. Our domesticated variety is the common one in India, where it is known as the crested peacock. The peacock of Java is different, "the neck being covered with scarlet-like green feathers, and the crest of a different form," but the eyed train is equally large and beautiful. The remote Thibetan species has a lesser train, and its general color is white, upon which ornamental feathers are distributed in a most striking manner.

These birds prefer wooded districts, especially low, tangled, thickety forests, partly cane and partly hard-wood growths, called "jungles," and there

they congregate in large flocks. One writer says that from an eminence he once saw the sun rise upon more than a thousand of these dazzling birds. What a sight that must have been! How the level golden beams of light must have been reflected in a hundred crossed and gleaming rays from the trembling and iridescent plumes! I can not understand how any foreground to a sunrise could be devised better than the waving green summit of a forest, covered with a thousand swaying peacocks.

The food of these birds, like that of the argus pheasant and other such fowls, consists of seeds, small fruits, buds, or the juicy tops of tender plants, and insects—particularly beetles. To get this food, the peacock, of course, spends much of his time on the ground, and he is sometimes caught there by being run down with dogs, or by men on horseback. He can make good speed on foot, however.

The nest is a rough little heap of grass and straw, placed on the ground, and hollowed out enough to keep its dozen eggs from rolling away. The young are at first as dull-colored as the hen, and it is only after the third year that the male gets his full regalia.

It would seem as if a bird carrying so long and cumbersome a train would find it very difficult to mount into the air, but he manages to do so by running a little way upon the ground and then leaping upward. Once started, he can rise to a considerable height, and gracefully swing his broad tail over trees that it would try your muscle to cover with an arrow from the stoutest bow. One way of peacock-hunting, which used to be much pursued, was by falcons. Here was game well suited to falconry. It gave a glittering prize to the eager kestrel or gyrfalcon or goshawk, and fitted the gayly dressed lords and ladies who followed the falconer, and watched with lively excitement the flights of their brave hunter of the air.

The peacock's train is his glory. It eclipses all the burnished tints and reflections of his proud little head and jaunty crest. I have read a very good and minute description of this most superb specimen of Nature's feather-work, which I would rather quote than try to equal:

"The train derives much of its beauty from the loose barbs of its feathers, whilst their great number and their unequal length contribute to its gorgeousness, the upper feathers being successively shorter, so that when it is erected into a disk, the eye-like or moon-like spot at the tip of each feather is dis-



played. The lowest and longest feathers of the train do not terminate in such spots, but in spreading barbs, which encircle the erected disk. The blue of the neck; the green and black of the back and wings; the brown, green, violet, and gold of the tail; the arrangement of the colors, their metallic splendor, and the play of color in changing lights, render the male peacock an object of universal admiration."

But this description, good as it is, cannot give as true an idea of the bird's appearance as any child may have after taking one glance at his magnificent lordship.

Nearly all my readers probably have had this pleasure, although some of you city children may, perhaps, have seen only the beautiful plumes, made up into fans, or displayed as decorations in parlor and library. But we of to-day are far from being the first to discover this decorative value of peacock feathers. The gorgeous plumage ornamented the thrones

and palaces of Eastern monarchs, and the houses of the rich, in far-off centuries; and the beautiful fan, shown you in the picture on this page, was copied from one made more than two thousand years ago, in Etruria, a country of ancient Italy.

The peacock appears very early in history as a domestic fowl, since the Hebrews had it long before the days of Solomon. From Asia it went westward into Europe, as soon as civilization began to penetrate what then were savage wilds. In those old days of Rome, which the poets call its golden age, when the luxurious life of that splendid city was at its height, no great feast was without its peacocks, cooked as the most ostentatious dish. The body of the bird was roasted, and when placed upon the table was wrapped in a life-like way in its own skin, with the tail-feathers spread. Could anything be more ornamental to a dinner-table? The custom of having peacocks served at banquets continued into the Middle Ages, but it is rarely that one is cooked nowadays, for most persons consider the flesh dry and tasteless.

The peacock seems filled with an intense admiration of his own beauty. He poses in a stately attitude, or struts about, inviting your attention to his magnificence; then he slowly bends his proud head from one side to the other and rattles the quills of his tail, as he marches off with the parade of a drum-major, and turns to let the sunshine glint upon his plumes in some new way. "As vain as a peacock" is a well-founded proverb, no doubt; but, perhaps, in justice to the beautiful bird, it would be wise to remember a short sermon on this text from your good friend, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, who said to you, in March, 1874:

"I gave a peacock a good talking to, the other day, for being so vain. But he made me understand that vanity was his principal merit. 'For,' said he, 'how in the world should we peacocks look, if we did n't strut? What kind of an air would our tail feathers have, if we did n't spread them?' I gave in. A meek peacock would be an absurdity. Vanity evidently was meant specially for peacocks."



IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER VII.

*"Rocks and lonely flower-leas,
Playgrounds of the mountain breeze."*

THE Republic of Guatemala is as far south as Egypt, but its mountains are so high that the weather is by no means very hot, and when we approached the heights of the Sierra Gorda we had to unstrap our blankets to keep our poor monkeys warm. The upper sierra was so lonely that we became a little uneasy about our road, but the confidence of our guide re-assured us.

"There is no doubt about the right direction," said he; "we have to keep straight south, and if we get up to the ridge before sundown, you will see the Valley of Antigua."

"I don't think we shall reach a house before night," said Menito; "this looks like —" He stopped and clutched my arm. "Look up there," he whispered; "there 's somebody ahead of us—something moving in the cliffs over yonder."

The moving something looked like a big red bag with two little feet,—a traveling bundle of red shawls, as it seemed when we came a little nearer.

"Oh, I know," laughed Daddy Simon, "that 's the old sergeant's daughter, with her pack of dry-goods; I have met her twice before."

"What sergeant?" I asked.

"He used to belong to the mounted police," said the guide, "and he 's living somewhere in this sierra now. His wife makes woolen shawls and things, and they peddle them all over the country. Yes, that 's the same girl," he whispered, when we overtook the red bundle.

The bundle turned, and under a heap of woolen shawls, caps, and mittens, we saw the owner of the little feet, a black-eyed infant with a sharp nose and a big walking-stick—a mere baby, of eight or nine years, I should say, certainly not more than ten, but quite self-possessed.

"Fine evening," she observed, after answering our greeting. "Traveling?"

"Yes, we are going to Antigua," I replied; "do you know which is the shortest road?"

"I 'll show you by and by, when we get up to the ridge," said she; "you are all right thus far. Strangers, I suppose?"

"Not altogether," said our guide; "did n't I see you in San Mateo two years ago?"

"Of course you did," said she; "I go there every Christmas."

"Quite alone?" I asked. "Don't the sierra Indians bother you?"

"Not if I know it," said the little milliner; "they would find out that my father owns a musket. My name is Miss Cortina, you know."

"But what about ghosts?" said Menito; "they don't care for muskets. Suppose you should meet the Wild Spaniard, or the Three Howling Monks?"

"Howling Monks? They had better leave me alone," said Miss Cortina, with a glance at her walking-stick. "I 'd give them something to howl about."

The sun went down before we reached the summit rocks, and it was almost dark when we halted, in a grove of larch-trees on the southern slope.

"I must leave you now," said Miss Cortina, when we had pitched our tent. "That black smoke-cloud over yonder is the Volcano of Mesaya, so you see that you are going in the right direction. I 'll show you the trail to-morrow morning."

She shouldered her bundle and took camp under the branches of a fallen tree, some fifty yards from our bivouac.

"No wonder she is n't afraid of ghosts," laughed Tommy; "would n't she make a good witch herself? She uses that bundle of hers for a bed, it seems, but I wonder if she has anything to eat?"

"Here, Menito," said I, "take her these cakes and figs, and ask her if she needs anything else."

Menito started for the tree, but soon came back laughing.

"She would n't let me come near her wigwam at all," said he; "she tells me that she can't receive any callers after eight o'clock!"

About midnight, we were awakened by a strange light that penetrated our tent and threw a reddish glare on the opposite trees.

"That can't be the moon," said Tommy; "may be the woods are afire—wait, I 'm going to see what it is. Oh, come out here, all of you," he cried,—"the whole sky is ablaze!"

We stepped out, and, sure enough, the whole southern firmament was suffused with a lurid glow, and, when we had made our way through the bushes, we saw the fire itself, a whirl of bright red flames that seemed to rise from the heart of the

central sierra, and illuminated the wild mountains near and far. Every now and then a fiery mass shot up into the clouds and fell back in a shower of burning flakes.

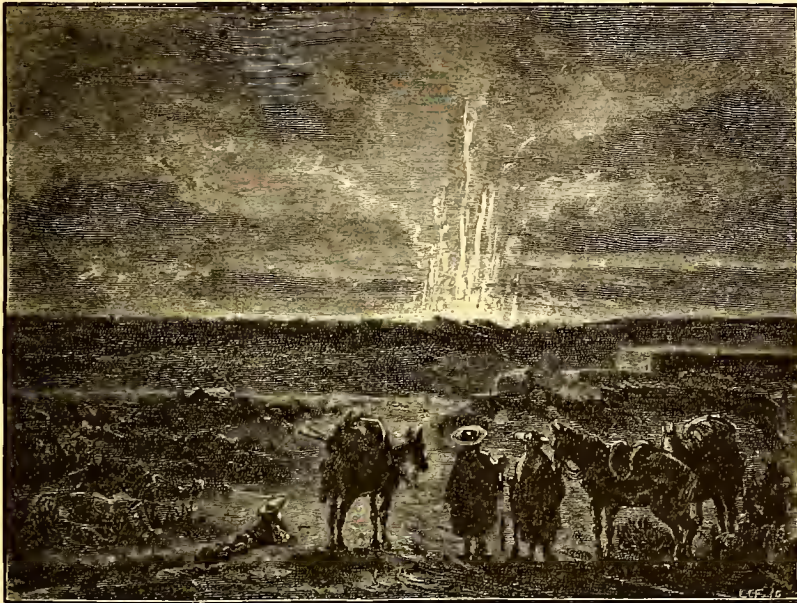
"That 's the Volcano of Mesaya," said Daddy Simon. "May the saints help all the poor people in that sierra!"

He and Menito looked on in silence, but Tommy had never seen a volcanic eruption before, and was almost beside himself with excitement.

"Come this way!" he cried. "Step on this ledge, uncle, you can see it more plainly. Why, talk about battles and fire-works! All the gun-powder in the world could not make a flame of that

At sunrise the smoke of the volcano stood like a black cloud-pillar in the southern sky, and when we continued on our road, we noticed a strange dust in the air, a haze of fine ashes, that had drifted over with the night-wind. The lowlands at our feet, however, were sunlit for hundreds of miles, and through a gap in the south-western coast-range we could see the glittering waters of the Pacific Ocean. The southern slope of our sierra was very steep, till we reached a sort of terrace formed by the upper valley of the Rio Claro. Here our little guide stopped, and pointed to a stone house that stood like a watch-tower at the brink of the river-valley.

"That 's where my folks live," said she. "You



DISTANT VIEW OF THE VOLCANO OF MESAYA AT MIDNIGHT.

height! But how strange,—it is all so still! That volcano must be a long way from here."

"About eighty miles," I replied. "It is beyond the border, in the State of Nicaragua."

"What 's the matter?" said a squeaking little voice behind us.

"Who 's that?" I asked. "Miss Cortina?"

"Yes, it 's I," said she. "What 's up?"

"Can't you see it?" said Tommy. "Look over yonder."

"That? Then I had better go to bed again," said the little lady. "Well, well; I thought there was something the matter. Never mind that old volcano; you can see that any day in the year."

We were not quite sure about that. The night was a little chilly, but we stood and looked till the wonder was veiled by the rising morning mist.

can't miss your way now. Where you see that cross-road, there, I have to turn off to the right. I have been gone longer than I expected."

"I suppose you did not sell much on this trip?" inquired Menito, "though it 's none of my business."

Miss Cortina cocked her sharp little nose.

"You had better mind your own business, then," said she. "I shall find a hundred customers before you sell one of your old monkeys."

"That 's right, sissy," laughed Tom. "But we do not sell our monkeys; do you know anybody hereabouts who does? We want to buy all the pets we can get—kittens, cats, and catamounts."

"You do?" said she; "why did n't you say so before? How would a couple of young bears suit you? My father could find you a pair of nice ones."

"What will he take?" asked Menito.

"That 's no business of mine," said the little shrew. "You just follow this road; if my father is home, he will overtake you before you cross that river. The bears are somewhere in the sierra."

A mile farther down we came to a bridge, where we had to wait half an hour, till at last a man with a large musket came running down the river-road.

"Yes, that 's the old sergeant," said Daddy Simon. "I know him by that big gun of his."

"Hallo! So my girl was right, after all," said the sergeant. "Her mother would n't believe that you wanted to buy those bears."

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Up in the sierra; if you are bound for Antigua, it 's a little out of your direction," said he. "But you might as well go by way of San Miguel, and get the *viatico*."

"What 's that?"

"San Miguel is a convent," explained the sergeant. "And the *viatico* is the luncheon they give to all strangers."

"All right!" I laughed. "We must n't miss that for anything. Come on, then."

The sergeant was a fast walker, but we managed to keep up with him some eight miles, up and down hill through the mountains, till he brought us to the brink of a deep ravine, where our mule refused to advance another step.

"You had better leave her up here and let that boy take her along the hill-side," said our new guide. "They can meet us at the mouth of the next creek."

When we had reached the bottom of the ravine the hunter stopped and pointed to a pile of boulders on the opposite slope. "That 's the bear's den," said he; "she has two cubs, nearly a month old, I should say; let's fetch them right now."

"Then we had better get our guns ready?" said Tommy.

"Never mind the guns," said the sergeant; "I 'll get the bears for you; they are only cubs, and the old one is n't at home."

"How do you know?"

"She's out marmot-hunting," said he; "there 's a colony of *marmottos*" (a sort of prairie-dogs) "on the ridge of this sierra, and they never come out till the sun gets pretty high, a little after noon, generally. Now hold my musket a moment," said

he, when we reached the boulders. He untied a little bundle, took out a sack and a pair of large buckskin gloves, and after looking carefully up and down the ravine, he crawled into a cleft in the bottom rocks of the pile.

"There 's something wrong—may be the old



HIDE AND SEEK WITH THE OLD BEAR.

bear was at home, after all," said Tommy, when we had waited about twenty minutes, without seeing any sign of the sergeant.

"No, I think he knows what he 's about," said Daddy Simon; "he 's the best hunter in this sierra, and quite as sharp-nosed as his daughter. Yes, here he comes. Listen!"

A whimpering howl came from the depths of the cave, and, a moment after, the hunter crawled out and handed us a creature like a fat, black poodle-dog. "Here, take charge of this old howler," said

he; "they are bigger than I expected; I am going to get his brother now."

"There is n't much time to lose," said he, when he re-appeared with the second black poodle; "the old bear will come home before long. We shall have to play her a trick, or she may come after us."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'll show you," said he; and taking hold of the two cubs, he soused them in the creek at the bottom of the ravine; and then, holding them close together, he walked slowly toward another pile of bowlders a little farther down. The drenched cubs trickled like two watering-pots, and after holding them over the top of the pile, he rubbed their wet fur against some of the projecting rocks. "Let me see that bag now," said he; "chuck them in, please; that 's it. And now let 's get out of this as fast as we can. Come this way; straight uphill; the shortest way is the best."

We clambered up the slope on our hands and feet, till we came in sight of the place where McNito was waiting with the mule. But before we reached them, the hunter suddenly threw himself flat behind a rock and motioned us with his hand to keep down and hide ourselves. "I knew there was no time to lose," he whispered; "here comes the old one!"

Down below, at the bottom of the valley, a big fat bear came trotting along the creek with her nose close to the ground, making straight for the wet bowlders. There she stopped, and after nosing about here and there, she raised herself on her hind legs and began to tear down the rocks, one after another, though some of them could not weigh less than a ton. Now and then she raised her head and looked silently all around, and then, with a fierce growl, she fell upon the rocks again. I wondered how she would manage the enormous bowlders at the bottom of the pile, but before she had finished her work, the hunter slipped away and beckoned us to follow him.

"We are all right now," said he, when we got back to the hill-road; "she has n't seen us yet, and before she has finished there, we shall have a start of a mile at least. How do you like the cubs—don't you think they are worth four dollars?"

"Certainly," said I; "but I'll give you five, for showing us how to outwit a bear."

"Yes, but look here," said Daddy Simon, "Mr. Cortina must n't leave us yet; we should be sure to lose our way; I have never been in this part of the sierra before."

"Don't trouble yourselves about that," laughed the hunter; "I want to get my share of that viatico. But, in the first place, we must have some dinner now; I'll take you to a place where we can get any amount of bread and honey."

"What! Is there a house up here?" I asked.

"No, but a honey-camp," said the sergeant; "old Jack Gomez is living there all by himself, hunting up wild bees' nests in the rocks. He 's the funniest old chap you ever saw."

We could not deny that, when Mr. Cortina introduced us to the hermit. The old fellow wore leather knee-breeches, and a short leather waist-coat, but nothing else, and from the top of his bare head to the tips of his toes his skin looked as if he had been painted with yellow ocher and coach-varnish; his beard and his long hair were just one mass of clotted honey.

"How are you, Jack?" said the sergeant, and slapped him on the shoulder, but drew back his hand as if he had touched a pitched kettle.

"Just look at this!" cried he. "Why don't you wash yourself, you old monster?"

"Wash myself!" chuckled the hermit; "what would be the use, my dear friends? I should be covered with honey again the very next day. That 's just the fun of it," he continued, pointing to a big pile of honey-combs. "I find a nest every day! The young chaps in San Tomas would like to find out how I do it, but they can't," he tittered, "they can't! I get a keg full before they can fill a quart-cup. I could get rich at this business," said he, "but my nephew charges me a dollar for every barrel he hauls to Antigua."

"Why don't you take it there yourself?" asked the sergeant.

"To Antigua? The saints bless you!" laughed the hermit,— "the flies would eat me alive! No; I have to stick to the highlands."

"Where do you sleep at night, Don Gomez?" I inquired.

"Right here," said he, "under this tree, or in that dug-out"—with a glance at an excavation in the side of the hill. "If it 's going to rain, I can tell it by my weather-prophets, up there."

Behind the cliffs of the honey-camp rose a limestone ridge, so absolutely perpendicular that some of the rocks looked like tower-walls. On top of this natural fortress roosted a swarm of king-vultures—big, black fellows with red heads, taking their ease as if they knew that their citadel was inaccessible to human feet. The ridge was honey-combed with caves similar to the holes in the lower cliffs, and, as the vultures flew to and fro, their young ones thrust their heads out of the holes and seemed to clamor for their dinner.

"If it 's going to rain, the old ones go to roost in those holes," said the hermit. "I never knew them to make a mistake."

The vulture-rock was too steep to climb, and it would have been useless to shoot the poor fellows, but the hermit sold us a pair of *marmottos*, or

mountain weasels, lively little chaps, looking almost like yellow squirrels with stump-tails. He had tamed several dozen of them, and fed them on the refuse of his wax-caldron. These marmots and a little dog, he said, had been his only companions for the last five years.

"Let 's go," said the sergeant, as soon as we had finished our dinner; "we can not get to San

mountain meadows stretched away before us for miles and miles; but there was not a trace of a human settlement. Toward sunset, however, we passed an abandoned cottage that reminded me of the shepherds' cabins in the Austrian Alps.

"I once tried to camp in that shanty," said the sergeant, "but I did not sleep a wink; there's a nest of mountain parrots somewhere on the roof or



THE PETS OF THE CONVENT.

Miguel before to-morrow noon, but it wont rain to-night, if we can trust those vultures, and I am going to take you to a very comfortable camp."

The southern chain of the sierra seemed to be almost entirely uninhabited,—wild rocks and lonely

in the chimney, and the old ones screamed all night like wild-cats."

"I wish we could find some kind of a shelter-place," I observed; "it will be chilly to-night."

"Yes, but not where we are going to camp,"

said the hunter; "just wait till you see the place." He took us to a dry ravine with an overhanging ledge, where the winds had heaped up a mass of dry leaves from a neighboring live-oak grove. We raked them together into a large pile, and then

That seemed, indeed, the true explanation. We did not see any lightning, but as we descended the valley the thunder in the mountains boomed like a distant cannonade, with an endless echo; sometimes like the deep mutterings of a human voice, and then again like the rumbling of a ten-pin ball over a hollow floor. By good luck, our road went steadily downhill, and we pressed forward at the rate of five miles an hour till we sighted our destination, the Convent of San Miguel, in a grove of poplar and plane trees. Down in the valley we set our mule trotting now and then, for the thunder-peals became louder and louder, as if the storm were following at our heels.

"There 's no danger till we see the lightning," said the hunter; "it 's still all on the other side of the sierra."

Half a mile from the convent we came to a creek, where we hastily watered our mule and washed our wire baskets and saddle-bags.

"Would n't this be a nice bathing-place?" said Menito; "why, it 's as warm to-day as in mid-summer!"

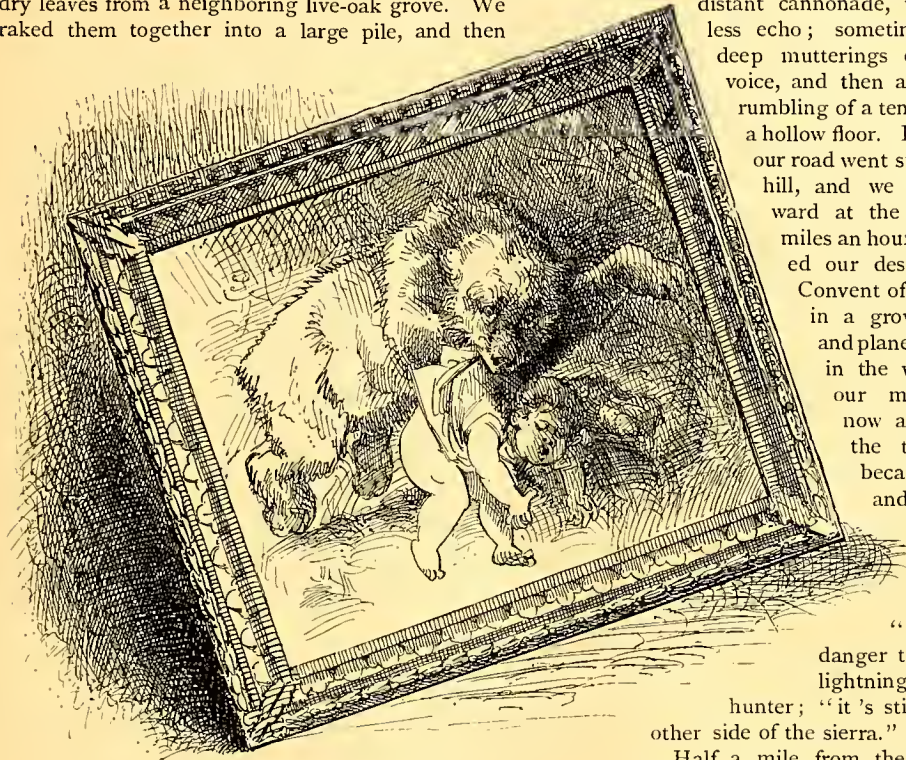
"Yes, but we had better hurry up," said Tommy; "I believe I saw a flash of lightning just now."

"Hallo, your boy is right!" said the hunter; "look at the mountains—it 's coming!"

The summits of the sierra had suddenly turned gray, and even while we ran we could hear the roar of the storm in the pine-forests of the upper ridge.

"Forward!" cried the sergeant; "we can reach the convent in ten minutes!"

Black Betsy seemed to understand him, and went ahead, till we had to run at the top of our speed to keep up with her. Dust and leaves flew over our heads, but through the rush of the whirlwind we could hear the loud shouting of the people at the convent; and just before the storm overtook us, we reached the gate, amidst the cheers



THE PICTURE COMMEMORATING A LUCKY SHOT.

spread our tent-cloth on top; but there were still leaves enough left to fill a hundred bed-sacks.

"We 'll pile them on top of our blankets," said the sergeant; "that will keep us more comfortable than any camp-fire. A fire is apt to go out, and if it does you are sure to wake up with cold feet, but these leaves will keep us as warm as a feather-bed."

They did, indeed, and we had never passed a more comfortable night in the wilderness. But toward morning Tommy waked me before it was quite daylight.

"How 's that?" said he. "I have been sitting up in my shirt-sleeves for half an hour, and it 's as warm as ever. It 's going to rain, I am afraid."

After a look at the clouds, I made them all get up and pack their things. The whole sky was overcast with a grayish haze that looked very much like the ash-cloud of the volcano.

"There 's a storm brewing," said the hunter; "I heard something like thunder a while ago. It must be in the central valley, between this sierra and the one we left yesterday morning."

of the jolly friars, who met us in the court-yard, and pulled our mule through the portico into the lower hall of the convent.

In the next minute the rain came down like a deluge, but we were safe. The convent was a massive stone building, with a flag-roof that had weathered worse storms than this. While we brushed the dust from our coats, the hunter and one of the monks helped Daddy Simon to unpack the mule, but by some mistake they unbuttoned the strap that held the wire baskets. These tumbled down, and out jumped our little friend, Bobtail Billy, and was grabbed almost in the same moment by a savage-looking bulldog, who would certainly have killed him if a monk had not caught him by the throat in the nick of time. As it was, Billy got off with a bad scare, but he did not leave off chattering and whimpering for the next ten minutes.

The rain lasted all night, but the next morning was as clear and sunny as a May day in Italy, and before we left, the abbot took us over to a side-building, to show us the curiosities of the convent. They had a collection of Indian idols and weapons, and a strange feather-cloak which had belonged to a prince of the nation that inhabited Guatemala before the Spaniards came. It was made of coarse linen, but from the collar to the lower seam, continuous rows of gaudy bird-feathers had been stitched into the web of the cloth, blue and gray ones forming the background, with the brilliant plumes of the yellow macaw set around the collar, and red and purple wing-feathers distributed here and there, like flower-patterns on a gray carpet. They had also an assortment of stuffed snakes, and on the porch of the main building stood a big cage, shaped like a castle, with turrets and weather-cocks, and containing a dozen tame king-vultures. They hopped out as soon as the cage was opened, and followed us all about the porch like dogs.

"Would you like to sell me one of those pets?" I asked.

"I do not know," said the abbot. "It's against the rule; but I think I'll let you have a pair, and Mr. Cortina can get me some new ones."

"Why? Is there a law against it?" I asked.

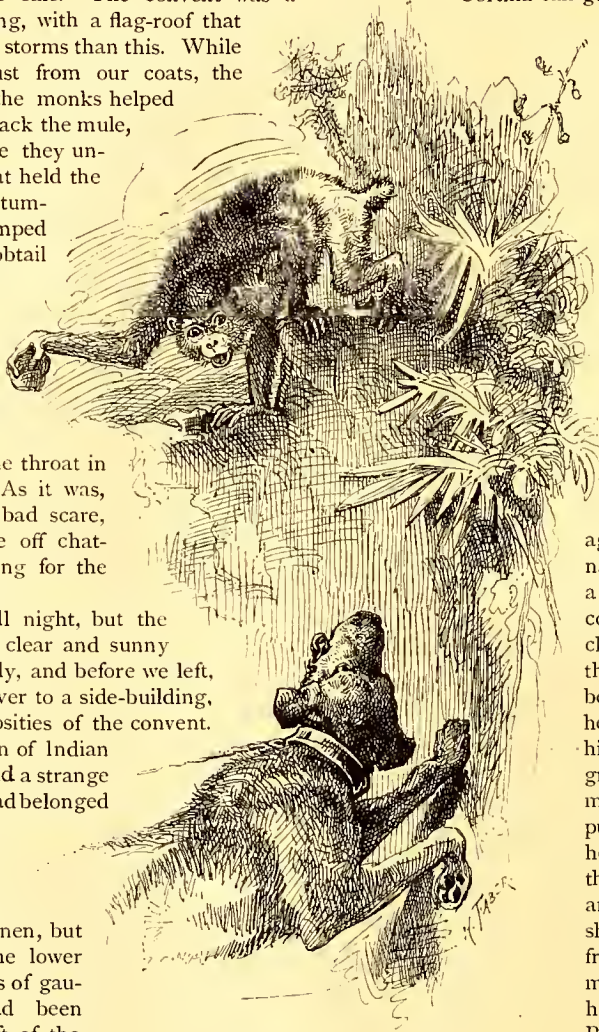
"No; I'll tell you how it is," said the abbot. "Come this way, please."

He took us to the refectory of the convent, and showed us a large picture representing a man in hot pursuit of a bear with a child in its mouth.

"This picture was painted to commemorate an actual occurrence," said he.

"Some fifty years ago, a gentleman by the name of Yegros owned a large farm near this convent, and while his children were at play in the garden one day, a bear broke through the hedge and ran off with his little son. Don Yegros snatched up his musket and started in pursuit, but, seeing that he could not overtake the bear, he knelt down and fired—a well-aimed shot, as he thought, and from a distance that made it easy enough to hit such a large brute. But the bear kept on, and disappeared in the chaparral [thorn-jungle]

of the neighboring hills. After a long search, the child was given up for lost, till, some eight days after, two of our monks, coming home from a visit to an Indian village, saw a number of vultures on a certain tree in the depths of the chaparral, and, making their way to the spot, found the carcass of the bear, and not far off a little boy of four or five years, who told them his father's name, and said that he had lived a whole week on wild raspberries. When Don Yegros got his son



BILLY BOBTAIL TURNS PERSECUTOR.

back, he gave this convent a present of fifty acres of land, besides a sum of money, on condition that we should feed twelve king-vultures, because those birds had guided the rescuing party."

Bobtail Billy, after his last adventure, had taken up his quarters in the convent kitchen, but when we were ready to start, the little chatterbox had disappeared.

"May be, he is in the yard," said the sergeant. "That old bull-dog is keeping up a terrible noise about something or other."

The dog had been chained to a post near an old garden-wall, and we could not imagine what should have put Billy in his way. But the hunter was right: on top of the wall stood our little bobtail, chattering and trying to aggravate the bull-dog in every possible way. The dog barked furiously, and now and then made a savage leap against the wall; but his chain was too short, and whenever he jumped, Billy hit him with a stone or a piccc of mortar. Our calls at last attracted the attention of

the little bombardier, and seeing that we were waiting for him at the gate, he jumped down on the other side, and tried to reach us by running along at the side of the garden-wall. But, at the end of the wall, he had to cross the court-yard, and here his enemy caught sight of him.

He stepped back, and then throwing himself forward with a sudden leap, he managed to snap the chain close to the post, and came charging down the road like a hunting panther. Billy was trotting leisurely along, but hearing the rattle of the chain, he looked back, and no human voice could have imitated his squeals of horror as he came tearing through the gate-way. The affair might have got us into a scrape, for Tommy had already leveled his shot-gun, resolved to defend his pet against all comers; but the heavy chain saved the bull-dog's life: its weight delayed him, and so he was a moment too late; when he overtook us, Billy had already reached his perch, and was making faces at him from behind the saddle-bag.

(To be continued.)



There was a small
servant called Kate,
Who sat on the stairs
very late;
When asked how she
fared,
She said she was
scared,
But was otherwise do-
ing first rate.

HOW POLLY WENT TO THE MAY-PARTY.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

"DEAR me!" cried little Polly Miller, as she looked out of the window one sunshiny May morning. "Dear me; sakes alive! Here comes a percession!"

Polly flew out to the porch, her eyes shining, and her cheeks pink with excitement; for processions did not often go past the little brown cottage where she lived. Down the lane there was a tooting of tin horns, a merry murmur of children's voices, a flutter of gay little flags, bright ribbons, white muslin dresses,—and in a minute more the May-party came marching along. There was a queen, with a wreath of flowers on her head, and a long white veil floating behind her; there were four maids of honor, carrying long wands that were decorated with pink and blue streamers; there were ten girls marching two by two behind the maids of honor; and two big girls to take care of the party; besides any number of boys, who all carried baskets, and had little flags stuck in their hats, and "blew up their horns," as if every one of them was a Little Boy Blue in his own right.

Polly watched them in breathless delight. "Oh!" she gasped, "it's the loveliest percession I never did see! An' it's going—why, just as sure as I'm alive, it's going up in my woods! So it aint a percession, after all; it's a picnic!"

Polly always said "*my* woods," although they only belonged to her as they belonged to the birds, and the tree-toads, and the black ants, and the bright-eyed, bushy-tailed squirrels that she loved to watch. She spent a great deal of her time there—almost as much as the birdies and the bunnies themselves; for she had nothing else to do with it,—nothing to signify, at least; and the woods were so close by her home that her mother could call her from the front door, if she wanted her. It's true Polly did n't always hear her when she called, for she strayed off sometimes to hunt for wild strawberries, or to get the flag-root that grew in the marshy bed of the brook. But her mother knew the woods were safe, and she never worried. There were no snakes, and it was too far away from the high-road for tramps.

Indeed, it was a rare thing for Polly to meet anybody at all in her woods. Once upon a time there had been a picnic in them—a Sunday-school picnic, which came up from New York; and Polly's grown-up sister, who was n't grown-up and married then, had gone to it. She had told Polly all about it a great many times,—about the swings that were

put up in the trees; about the long table (made of pine boards resting on stumps) that was covered with good things; about the little girls in white frocks and blue sashes; about the banners and the badges; and the ladies and gentlemen who played games with the children; and the songs they sang; and the ice-cream they ate; and everything! It was a story that Polly was never tired of, and the dream of her life had been to go to a picnic just like that one. No wonder her eyes sparkled when she saw the May-party!

For she never thought of there being any trouble about her going to it. Susan Ann went to the picnic—that was the grown-up sister: why should n't Polly go as well as Susan Ann? The only thing was, they were all dressed up in white frocks. "But never mind!" said Polly. "I have a white frock, too."

And she ran upstairs, pulled it out of the bottom drawer of her mother's bureau, and had it on in a jiffy—as funny a little white frock as you have seen in many a day. Polly's mother made it after the same pattern that she had made Susan Ann's frocks by when *she* was little; and it was long in the skirt, and short in the waist, and low in the neck; it had n't any ruffles, or embroideries, or gores, or pull-backs, such as little girls wear nowadays, but the short sleeves were looped up with pink shoulder-knots, made out of Susan Ann's old bonnet-strings, and Polly's fat little neck and round arms were left all bare. They looked cunning, though; so plump, and white, and babyish that you wanted to kiss them. The bright little face was sweet enough for kisses, too; and the naked little feet—for Polly could n't bear shoes and stockings in warm weather—were bewitching. When she put her Sunday hat on—a big, flapping Leghorn with a wreath of "artificial" round it—she looked as if she had stepped out of a picture-book; and she had n't the least idea that there was anything funny or old-fashioned about her.

There was nobody around when she went downstairs, for it was churning-day, and her mother was busy. Besides, she never paid much attention to Polly's movements, so there was no one to hinder the little one from following the May-party. They had only had time to look about them a little, set the provision-baskets in a safe place, and begin to consider how they were going to amuse themselves all day, when Polly overtook them.

"Is you havin' a picnic?" she said, walking up,

with a smiling face, to one of the big girls. "I likes picnics, myself."

"Do you?" said the big girl, staring at her in a rather disagreeable way. "Thank you for the information."

"You're welcome," answered Polly, innocently. It was what she had been taught to say whenever any one thanked her for a favor. "I did n't go to any picnics yet, though," she added, in a confiding tone. "Susan Ann went once, but she did n't take me. I guess I was n't anywhere 'round then."

"What child is that?" asked the other big girl, who had just discovered Polly. "Where in the world did you pick up such a funny little object, Bertha? Is Noah's Ark in the neighborhood?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," said Bertha, moving away. "And I have n't picked her up at all. She began a conversation with me, which I'll leave you to finish."

"Where did you come from, little girl?" asked the other one, rather hastily; for she had various things to attend to. "You don't know anybody here, do you? This is a private party."

"Aint it a picnic?" said Polly, a little shadow of anxiety creeping into her smile. "I thought it was a picnic, an' I came to stay."

"Oh, you did?" exclaimed the other girl, laughing. "But that wont do, I'm afraid. Who invited you, Sissie?"

Polly shook her head. "My name aint Sissie; it's Polly Miller; and I came to stay," she repeated.

A group of girls and boys had gathered around her by this time, and curious eyes were staring at the bare little feet, at the funny white frock, at the old-fashioned, wide-brimmed hat with the artificial roses on it. "What a guy!" the eyes telegraphed to one another; and little ripples of not very amiable laughter ran around the group. Polly's eyes wandered from one face to another with a look that had suddenly grown wistful. Her happy smile faded, and a blush stole up into her cheek.

"Must n't anybody come to picnics?" she asked, tremulously.

"Not unless they are invited," was the quick answer. "And you're not invited, you see. Besides, you don't know anybody here, and all the other little girls are acquainted with one another. You would n't have a nice time at all."

"Oh, yes! I think I should!" cried Polly, hopefully. "I aint hard to get acquainted with," the winsome smile spreading over her face again. "Susan Ann says I'm a sociable little body."

"You're a droll one, anyhow," said the big girl, with a merry laugh. "What shall we do with her, children? Let her stay?"

"Oh dear, no!"—a little miss with long yellow

curls, and a proud little nose very high in the air, spoke up promptly; and then, with a cold glance at Polly, she added: "We don't want that sort of people at our picnic. Tell her to go away, Lulu."

And two or three others chimed in with—

"Yes, Lulu! Send her away. We can't be bothered with that little barefooted thing all day. She's no right to expect it. Tell her to go home."

"There, dear," said Lulu hastily, and more than half ashamed of herself, "it wont do, you see; and we're going to be busy, now, so I guess you'd better run home right away, little Polly What's-your-name! Here's a caramel for you," taking one out of her pocket, with an attempt at consolation.

But Polly did not accept it. After one wondering and wistful glance all around the circle of pretty faces, not one of which had a welcome for her, she turned her back upon them, and walked away slowly and sorrowfully. The children looked after her with an uncomfortable feeling; and Lulu said, "Poor thing!" in a pitying tone. But the little miss in the princesse dress and the long yellow curls tossed her head.

"What else could she expect?" she cried. "As if we wanted a lot of ragamuffins! Why, next thing, 'Susan Ann,' and all the family would have 'come to stay.' I never saw anything so cool in all my life."

"Oh, well; she's gone now; so never mind," said Lulu. "Let's go and see if the swings are up yet."

The children scattered about through the woods, some to gather violets and wind-flowers, some to sail boats in the brook, some to go flying sky-high in the long rope-swings that the boys were putting up. They forgot little Polly as soon as she was out of sight; but she did not forget them. There was no anger against them in her innocent heart; only a great disappointment, a puzzled wonder, and an unconquered desire. She could not understand why they did not want her, and she still longed after the unknown delights of the picnic.

The longing grew stronger as she went farther away; so strong at last that it was not to be resisted; and Polly turned about suddenly with a new idea. What was the use of going home, where there was n't anything to do? She could stay around in the woods, and hide in her house when nobody was looking, and "peek" at the picnic, anyhow. That would be better than nothing. Polly's "house" was a hollow tree, and she lived in it a great deal, and brought as many treasures to it as a squirrel does to its hole. She played all sorts of games in her house: that it was rainy weather, and she could n't go out; that it was night-time, and she must make up her bed and go to sleep;

that company was coming, and she had to bake cake and put on the tea-kettle; that her children were all down with the measles, and she could n't get a chance to clean house.

There was no end to the things Polly "played" in her hollow tree; but one of the best games of all was when she played that bears and Indians were around. Then she filled up the door of her house with bushy green boughs that she broke off the young trees, and hid herself behind them. She used to pretend that she was terribly frightened, and sometimes she pretended so well that she really did get frightened, and ran home as fast as if the bears and Indians had truly been behind her. It was only yesterday that that very thing had happened, and the green boughs were still in front of Polly's house, just as she had left them when she ran away. She remembered it now, and it did not take her long to make her way back to the tree. She was nimble as a hop-toad, and knew just where to go; so she was safe in her snug hiding-place before any one got so much as a glimpse of her.

Once there, she could see a good deal of what was going on, and hear more. The green boughs sheltered her, but there were plenty of little openings through which bright eyes could peep. She saw the children running to and fro to gather mosses and ferns, and heard their shouts, their bursts of merry laughter, their chattering tongues, now close by, and now far off. After a while, she heard somebody say:

"S'pose we have the coronation now; what's the use of waiting till after luncheon?"

Then somebody else said, "Well, call the children."

And Polly heard a very loud trumpet-blowing, and all the boys and girls began to flock together in a green open space which was just below her "house." She had no idea what a coronation meant; but she thought it the most beautiful thing in the world when she heard them all singing, and speaking pieces, and saw them dance in a ring around the little girl who was chosen Queen of the May. There was nothing like that at Susan Ann's picnic, Polly was sure; and she was so happy, looking at the coronation, that she quite forgot she was only "peeking" at the picnic, and not really in it herself.

By and by, before she had begun to be tired, something else happened. The two tall girls, Lulu and Bertha, began to "set the table." They spread a long white cloth on the ground, and in the middle of it they made a little mound of moss, which they stuck full of ferns and wild-flowers. Around this they made a circle of oranges, and then a ring of little iced cakes, pink, and white, and chocolate-colored. At the four corners they had heaping plates of sandwiches; and the rest of the

cloth was filled up with loaf-cakes, and dishes of jelly, and cold chicken, and biscuits, and custard-pie. It was a beautiful table when it was all done, but oh, how hungry it made Polly feel!

"Seems as if I had n't had breakfast to-day," she said to herself. "Seems as if I did n't *never* have anything to eat! Oh dear me; sakes alive!"

"Is it all ready? Shall we blow the horn?" she heard Lulu say, presently.

And Bertha answered:

"Yes—all but the Russian tea. Fetch the round basket, Lulu—the brown one, you know. The tea is in that, in a covered pail."

Lulu ran away, somewhere out of sight, and ran back again with a big tin can in her hands—upside down.

"Sec there, now! Did n't I tell you it would be safer to bring lemons and sugar, and make the lemonade here?"

"Why, what's the matter? Is it spilled?" cried Bertha, in dismay.

"Every drop of it. The basket was tipped over on its side, and your Russian tea has been watering the moss all the morning. So much for not taking my advice, Miss Bertha."

"Oh dear!" groaned Bertha. "*Is n't* that too aggravating? Now there is n't a thing to drink, and I'm as thirsty as a fish already."

"Just so. And that brook-water is horrid. I tasted it."

"It would have spoiled the lemonade, then, if I *had* taken your advice. That's one comfort," said Bertha, laughing.

Lulu laughed, too.

"But that won't quench your thirst," she said. "I begin to wish we had let little Polly What's-her-name stay. We might have sent her for some water, or milk, or something."

"Some of the boys will have to go," said Bertha, shortly.

"Only they won't know where to go. Little Polly had the advantage of being a native."

"What's a native?" said Polly to herself, as she slipped through the green boughs, and crept around behind the hollow tree. "What's a native, I wonder? Is it anything to drink?"

She did n't stop to ask anybody; and she does n't know to this day what it meant. She knew something better, though—how to return good for evil—and the bare little feet went flying through the woods as if they had wings. It was churning-day at home, and there would be fresh buttermilk; there was always plenty of sweet milk, too; and Polly was n't afraid of what her mother would say.

Before the picnic had fairly sat down to its luncheon,—for they wasted a great deal of breath in lamenting the Russian tea, and in arguing the

point whether or not it would have been better to bring lemons and sugar, instead,—Polly was back again. And such a breathless little Polly! Her cheeks were redder than roses, her hair was all in a touse of damp curls, her Leghorn hat hanging at the back of her neck; for she could not spare a hand to put it on her head again when it fell back. Both hands were full—a pitcher of fresh, sweet, morning's milk in one, in the other a pail of buttermilk—and her smile was brighter than sunshine as she set them down in front of the astonished party.

"I did n't come to stay," she said, innocently. "I just came to bring you some milk, 'cos your tea got spilt."

And then she turned to go away, for she did n't imagine—the dear little Polly!—that they would want her now, any more than they had before; and it was dinner-time at home, and Polly was hungry. She turned to go away, but the picnic pounced upon her with one jump, and said they 'd like to see her try it.

"Do you suppose," said Lulu, "do you dare to suppose, you ridiculous little Polly What 's-your-name, that we 'll let you go till we know the meaning of this richness? Come, now! How did you find out that we 'd spilled our tea?"

"I was up in my house," said Polly, not a bit afraid, for all the faces around her now were smiling faces. "I was up in my house, and I heard you."

She pointed to the hollow tree, which showed the hollow, now that the green boughs had tumbled down.

"I did n't want to go home till I saw the picnic;

so I staid in my house, and I heard you," she repeated, triumphantly.

"And then you went home to get the milk for us? Now, Bertha; now, children, all of you!" cried Lulu, tragically, "I only want to ask you one question: did you *ever*?"

"No, I never!" said Bertha, solemnly.

And all the other girls screamed, "Nó, we never!"

And all the boys threw up their hats, and sang out, "Hurrah for Little Barefoot! Three cheers for Polly Buttermilk!"

They made such a noise that the hop-toads went skipping to their holes, and the birds went flying to the tree-tops, scared out of their seven senses.

But Polly was n't scared. No, indeed! She laughed, for Lulu took her in her arms, and kissed her, and said she was the sweetest little humbug that ever lived. And Bertha made her sit down at the table between her and the May-queen, and a plate was put in her lap, and piled up with the best of everything. She had more cake, and custard-pie, and jelly than she could have eaten if she had been *three* Polly Millers; and oh! what fun, what "splenderiferous" jolly fun, playing with all the girls and boys afterward!

Never as long as she lives will Polly forget that picnic. Susan Ann has no story to tell her now—Polly can tell a better one herself; and she does tell it to everybody that will listen to her, though all her friends and relations know it by heart already. As for the folks of that May-party,—well, I don't think *they'll* forget, either.

WAIFS FROM THE GULF-STREAM.

BY FRED. A. OBER.

THE eastern coast of Florida, from the St. John's River to the Florida Keys, forms one vast stretch of sand, broken only by an occasional inlet. There are no rocky bluffs nor pebbly beaches; all is sand, washed by the heavy waves of the Gulf-stream—a vast body of warm water flowing northwardly from the Gulf of Mexico, like a broad river, across, and yet in, the ocean.

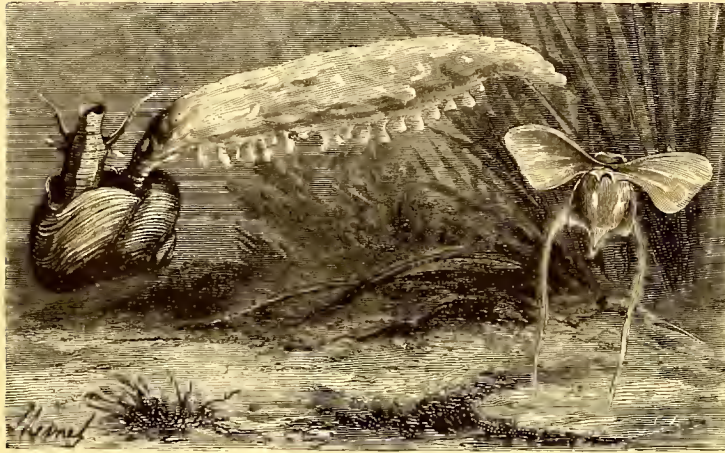
This stream brings to Florida's beaches many a foreign shell and plant, and makes them doubly interesting to stroll upon. Large cocoa-nuts come, wrapped in their shaggy outer bark, and full of sweet pulp and delicious milk; and the remarkable disk-shaped "sea-beans" are always abundant

after a gale. This bean forms a fruitful source of speculation and revenue to the natives, who hold it to be a product of the ocean depths, and sell it to wondering visitors, after carefully polishing it. But it is only a waif from the Antilles—the fruit of a vine whose pods, full of these beans, fall into the sea and are drifted hither by the Gulf-stream.

A walk along any beach, with the roar of the mighty surf filling our ears and inspiring reverence, and only the sights and sounds of nature to entertain us, is always profitable. Our eyes notice little things that elsewhere would pass unobserved. We examine the tiny circles traced by the leaf-points of the beach-grass, as they are borne down by the

wind; the timid beach-birds, as they pause upon one foot, eying us suspiciously, or scurry by with a pipc of alarm; the bulky pelicans, that stand in long rows on the sand-bars, or, flying clumsily atop

Far down the beach, something reflects rainbow hues, and, only stopping to glance at a stranded "ship of pearl," the fabled Argonaut, we go toward it. It proves to be the Portuguese man-of-war*



THE LIVING RAFT, AND THE WINGED SHELL-FISH.

of the waves, drop with a splash upon unwary fishes, gulping them up with their pouched bills. Beautiful shells of every hue—blue, purple, scarlet, crimson, orange, yellow, and pearly white—lie in windrows tossed up by the steady surf, or where the latest gale has heaped them high upon the sand. A curious, carth-colored crab runs rapidly to his hole in the dry sand from the water just in front of us, where he has been fishing, brandishing his claws most threateningly as he waltzes along in his funny, sidelong style.

Do you see these depressions in the sand, looking as though some one had thrown out a trowel-full of sand every foot or two, and this broad line marked between the regular rows? That is the trail of the huge sea-turtle, as she comes out of the ocean in the spring to lay her eggs. And narrow escapes from death she has, between her two enemies, bears and men, while she is at this duty. Run a small stick into the sand, where you notice this excavation, and see if you strike anything. If successful, you get a large half-bushel of round, white eggs, covered with a leathery skin, instead of a brittle shell. They make a good omelet, and are much sought after. Those other depressions, such as one might make with his closed hand, but larger, are the tracks of a bear. Bruin walks the beach during the turtling months, and robs every nest on his route. The dweller on the Florida coast may lose his share of turtles' eggs, but he lies in wait for the shaggy thief on moonlight nights, and enjoys exciting sport in shooting him.

—a sac or bubble of thin, transparent skin as large as one's fist, filled with air. When alive, this bubble has long tentacles or hanging arms, which, with the body, are gorgeously colored—pink, blue, and violet; even in death, the sun playing over it causes a charming iridescence. Well are they named "sea-nettles," for those tentacles are extremely poisonous, causing the hand that touches them to swell and smart for several hours afterward.

A hundred other charming objects claim notice. I want to turn your eyes particularly to two of the least noticeable, and which are excellently represented in the engraving. The figure on the left-hand is that of a beautiful mollusk called the "violet snail,"—*Jan-Thina communis*, in Latin. It is a small shell, and would hardly attract a glance were it not for its rich violet hue and its attachment of what appears to be a group or string of bubbles of sea-foam. Closer examination shows us that these supposed "bubbles" are a collection of filmy little air-cells, proceeding from the mouth of the snail within the shell. They serve several important purposes.

The violet snail lives all over the Atlantic Ocean, and in the Mediterranean, floating about in the open sea. It does not sustain itself by constantly moving hither and thither, but is upheld by means of this buoyant structure of air-cells to which it is attached. Excepting in the most violent storms, the snail thus floats about unconcerned; and when the water is too rough for his comfort, he can suck the air out of the cells and sink to quiet depths. It is a very great convenience to him.

Besides performing the duty of a raft, this bundle of air-cells becomes a sort of family nursery, for to its under surface are glued the egg-cases out of which the young are hatched. These cases contain eggs and young mollusks in all stages of advancement—those farthest from the parent-shell being nearly ready to own a raft of their own, and embark upon it, while those nearest are totally undeveloped.

This little mollusk is said to have no eyes; and

* See "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for March, 1881.

in its aimless, wandering life, guided at the whims of wave and wind, it would often go hungry but for the fact that its food, minute jelly-fishes, exists in countless profusion over the whole wide surface of the ocean. Its body contains a few drops of violet fluid, which will hold its color for many years, and is sometimes used as ink.

The little picture-mate of this interesting raftman, somewhat resembling a butterfly in form, is one of a small group of mollusks called *pteropods* (wing-footed), on account of the fin-like lobes or wings that project from their fragile shells, as shown in the engraving. The pteropod uses these wings to fly through the water, just as an insect flies in the air. Pteropods are found swimming in enormous bands, sometimes filling the surface of the sea for leagues in extent; generally these great congregations occur in the deep, warm waters of the torrid zone; but one species, at least, lives northward, for it forms the chief food of the great Greenland whale. Another species, having a glassy, transparent shell, carries a little luminous globe, which emits a gleam of soft light. It is the only known species of luminous shell-fish. Our little friend, represented in this cut, has no lantern to light him on his way; he is remarkable only for his wings, and his two tails, which grow through two holes in his shell, and trail behind him. His Latin name is *Hyalea tridentata*. If, as his family name implies, he really were wing-footed, we might call him the Mercury of the sea.

Another curiosity found in these waters is the porcupine-fish. It is often said by old fishermen and sailors that every living object found on land has its counterpart in the ocean. They tell of sea-cucumbers and sea-corn, sea-grapes and sea-beans, which, the simple-hearted old sailor declares, exactly resemble the pride of the little garden patches tended by his wife ashore while he is away.

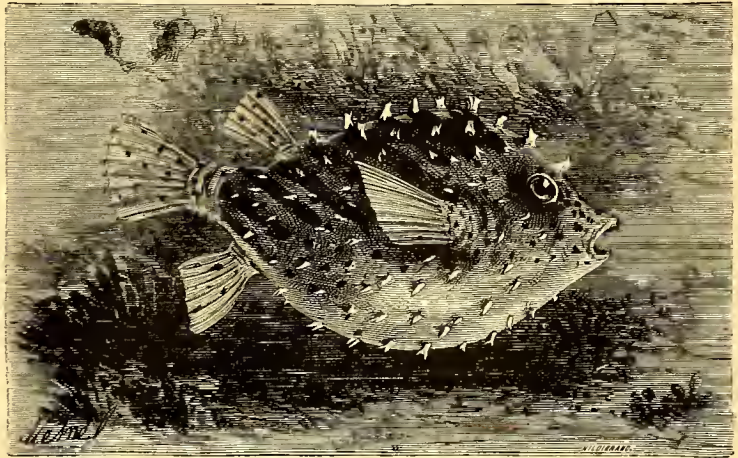
And it is true that many of the inhabitants of the ocean do bear more than an imaginary resemblance to many things found on land. The corals, sponges, and anemones often look much like flowers or ferns, while various fishes owe their names to their likeness to certain terrestrial animals. Among these is the porcupine-fish.

This prickly-looking creature is one of an order of strange fishes containing the sun-fish (not the "sun-jelly" or medusa, so common upon our coast), the globe-fish, the file-fish, and trunk-fish—each named from some peculiarity of shape, or fancied resemblance to a familiar object. Most of these fishes are covered with spines, or bony protuberances, which make them very ugly customers to handle. Some of them possess a peculiar power of inflating themselves with air, swelling up to twice their natural size.

The globe-fish is the best illustration of this strange faculty. It swims near the bottom, next to shore, all its life, and is either so fearless or so stupid that it may be lifted up in one's hand. When so taken out of the water and gently rubbed, it will swell up to its full capacity, until you really fear it may burst. Leave the creature undisturbed, and in a short time it will allow the air to escape, and shrink into almost nothing but a bony skeleton covered with skin.

The porcupine-fish, which belongs to the same family, as I have already said, inhabits the warm waters about the Bahama Islands and the coast of Florida, where it is called among the inhabitants by a variety of titles.

The name I have chosen, however, seems to be the most appropriate, since its spiny protuberances



THE PORCUPINE-FISH.

do remind one who looks at it, and much more one who touches it, of the bristling quills of the porcupine. It is not a large fish, being less than a foot in length, and generally as broad (or round) as it is long. Its scientific name is *Diodon hystrix*, the second word being, as you young students may know, the Latin name of the hedgehog.

THE KING AND THE CLOWN.

BY PALMER COX.



THERE lived a queer old king,
 Who used to skip and swing,
 And "dance before the fiddle," and all that sort of thing.

In princely robes arrayed,
 The games of youth he played,
 And mingled with the low buffoons at fair or masquerade.

His royal back he 'd stoop
 To chase a rolling hoop,
 Or romp in merry leap-frog with the wildest of the group.

At last, a cunning clown
Got hold of mace and crown,
And instantly the people hailed him monarch of the town.

Because the crown he wore,
And royal scepter bore,
All took him for the romping king they 'd honored heretofore.

His Majesty would rave,
And bellow "Fool!" and "Slave!"
But still the people bowed and scraped around the painted knave.

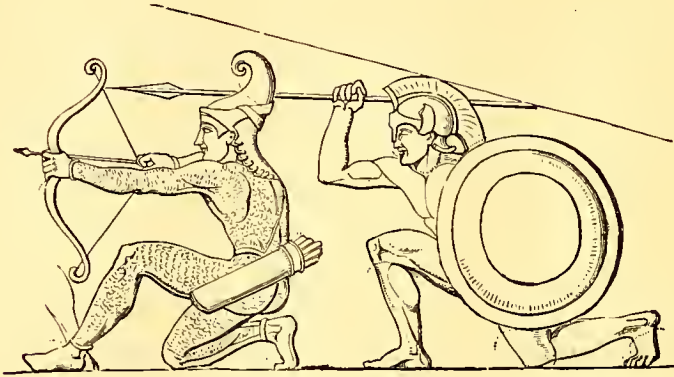
Well might the sovereign yell,
And threaten prison cell,
And rope, and ax, and gibbet;—but he could not break the spell.

So passed his power away,
His subjects and his sway,
For king was clown, and clown was king, until their dying day.



STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—FOURTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.



FIGURES FROM THE PEDIMENT OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA AT EGINA.

BEFORE leaving the subject of ancient sculpture, I wish to speak of some other beautiful works which are still preserved, and which the illustrations here given will help you to understand. The first is from the frieze of the temple of Minerva, or Pallas, at Egina. This word was formerly spelled *Ægina*, and is the name of an island in the Gulf of Egina, near the south-west coast of Greece. Its chief city was also called Egina, and here a beautiful Doric temple was built about 475 B. C., which was the period of the greatest prosperity and importance of the island.

Many of the columns of this temple are still standing, but large parts of it have fallen down; in 1811 these ruins were examined, and some fine pieces of sculptured marble were obtained, which are the most remarkable works still existing from so early a period. Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, restored these marbles, and the King of Bavaria purchased them; they are now in the Glyptothek, or Museum of Sculpture, at Munich.

The two figures given above formed a part of what is called the western pediment of the temple; this pediment contained a group of eleven figures, almost life-size, and represented in spirited action. I ought to tell you that a pediment is the triangular space which is formed by the slanting of the two sides of the roof up to the ridge-piece, at the ends of buildings, and in the Greek temples the pediment was usually much ornamented, and gave a fine opportunity for large groups.

The figures in the center were the most important actors in the scene or story represented by the sculptures, and were of full size, and usually stand-

ing; then, as the space on each side became narrower, the figures were arranged in positions to suit it, and the whole composition was so fitted into the slant as to produce a regular and symmetrical outline; thus the whole effect when completed was grand and imposing, as well as very ornamental to the building.

The figures in this western pediment of the temple at Egina illustrated an episode in the story of the Trojan War; it was the struggle of Ajax, Ulysses, and other Greeks, with the Trojan warriors, over the dead body of Achilles. The Greeks ardently desired to possess themselves of the body of their brave leader, in order to give it a fitting burial, and they succeeded in bearing it off to their own camp.

The myth relates that the god Apollo guided the arrow of Paris which killed Achilles, who could only be wounded in his ankles, because when his mother, the goddess Thetis, dipped him in the river Styx to make him invulnerable, or safe from being hurt by weapons, she held him by the ankles, and as they were the only parts of his body not wetted, it was only in them that he could be wounded.

It is believed that the warrior in this picture who is about to send his arrow, is Paris; he wears the curved Phrygian helmet and a close-fitting suit of mail; in the whole group there is but one other clothed warrior, all the rest are nude. The highest part of this pediment has the figure of the goddess Minerva, or Pallas, standing beside the fallen body of Achilles, which she attempts to cover with her shield, while a Trojan warrior tries to draw the

body away from the Greek who opposes him. The two figures in our plate are placed at one side, where the space in the triangle is growing narrow. You can imagine what spirit there must be in the whole group, when there is so much in these two comparatively small figures; how sure we are that the arrow will shoot out with deadly power, and how the second warrior is bracing himself on his feet and knee, and leaning forward, in order to thrust his lance with all possible force!

These Eginetan statues have traces of color and of metal ornaments about them. The hair, eyes, and lips were colored, and all the weapons, helmets, shields, and quivers were red or blue, and some portions of the garments of the goddess show that the statue must have had bronze ornaments. We know nothing of the artists who made these sculptures, but critics and scholars think that the works resemble the written descriptions of the statues made by Callon, who was a famous sculptor of Egina, and lived probably about the time in which the temple was built.

The next four illustrations are from the sculptures of the Parthenon, the beautiful temple at Athens, which was mentioned in the first paper of these stories. This temple was completed in 437 B. C., a little later than that at Egina. The Parthenon passed through many changes before it was reduced to its present condition of ruin. Probably about the sixth century of our era, it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and used as a Christian church until, in 1456 A. D., the Turks transformed it into a Mohammedan mosque. In 1687 the Venetians besieged Athens; the Turks had stored gunpowder in the eastern chamber of the Parthenon, and a bomb thrown by the Venetians fell through the roof, and set fire to the powder, which exploded, and completely destroyed the center of the temple. Then Morosini, the commander of the Venetians, attempted to carry off some of the finest sculptures of the western pediment, but in lowering them to the ground they were allowed to fall by the unskillful Venetians, and thus were broken in pieces.

Early in the present century, Lord Elgin carried many of the Parthenon marbles to England, and in 1816 they all were bought by the British Museum. Finally, in 1827, during the rebellion of the Greeks against the Turks, Athens was again bombarded and the Parthenon still further destroyed, so that those who now visit it can only

Yet this was Athens! Still a holy spell
Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,
And vanished times and wondrous forms appear,
And sudden echoes charm the waking ear;
Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,
For every hillock is a hero's tomb,
And every breeze to Fancy's slumber brings
The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings."

The British Museum now contains very nearly all that are left of the sculptures of the two pediments of this magnificent temple. The torso which is pictured below is believed to be that of a statue of Theseus.

Torso is a term used in sculpture to denote a mutilated figure. This figure made a part of the group of the front or eastern pediment of the temple, in which the story of the birth of Minerva was represented. This goddess is said to have sprung forth, all armed, from the head of Zeus, or Jupiter, and it is fitting that Theseus should be represented as present on the occasion, since he was the greatest hero, and the king, of Athens, of which city Minerva was the protecting goddess. All the sculptures of the Parthenon, as you will remember, are attributed to the great sculptor Phidias, and his school, and are very beautiful.

Next come three illustrations from the frieze of the Parthenon. Perhaps you know that a frieze is a band extending below a cornice, which runs around the outside of a building, or the inside of an apartment. The cornice is placed high up where the roof joins the sides of a building, or where the ceiling joins the walls of a room; the frieze is just below, and may be very narrow or broad, as the proportions of the object it ornaments require. The sculptured frieze of the Parthenon



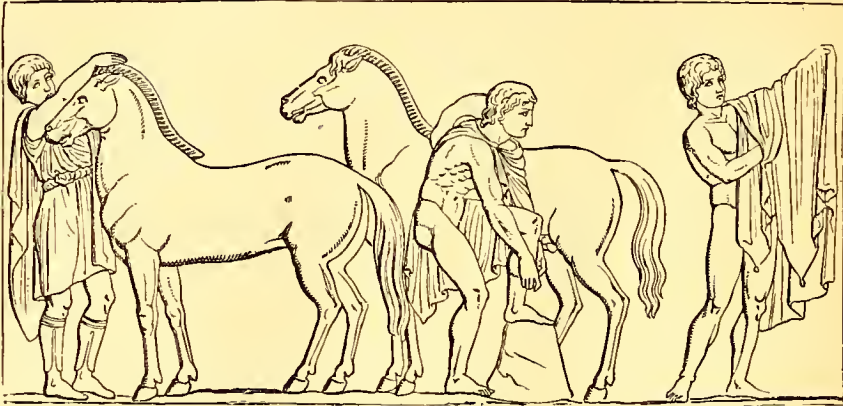
TORSO OF A STATUE OF THESEUS.

was outside of the walls of the temple or the cella, as it is called in architecture, and was about five hundred and twenty-two feet long, and three feet

"Go forth and wander through the cold remains
Of fallen statues and of tottering fanes,
Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,
The gay palaestra and the gaudy stage!
What signs are there? A solitary stone,
A shattered capital, with grass o'ergrown,
A mouldering frieze, half hid in ancient dust,
A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust;

and four inches broad. About four hundred feet of this are still preserved, so that a good idea of it can be formed. The portions of this frieze which

conquests of the giants; in later days, when the Athenians wished to flatter a man, they sometimes had his likeness embroidered on the peplos, in the



YOUTHS PREPARING TO JOIN THE CAVALCADE.—FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

were carried to England were taken down in slabs. The subject represented is the chief procession of the Panathenæa,* which was the most important of all the festivals celebrated at Athens.

The festival continued several days, which were passed in horse-racing, cock-fighting, gymnastic and musical contests, and a great variety of games; poets, also, recited their rhapsodies, and philosophers disputed over their doctrines in public places; but its chief purpose was to carry in procession, up to the Parthenon, the garment woven

company of the gods; but this never occurred while the people were yet uncorrupted by wealthy rulers.

The procession which attended the presentation of the peplos at the temple was as splendid as all the wealth, nobility, youth, and beauty of Athens could make it; a vast multitude attended it, some in chariots, others on horses, and large numbers on foot. The noblest maidens bore baskets and vases containing offerings for the goddess; aged men carried olive-branches; while the young men, in full armor, appeared as if ready to do battle for



MAIDENS AND MUSICIANS.—FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

and embroidered for the great goddess by the maidens of the city.

This garment was called a peplos, and was made of a crocus-colored stuff, on which were embroidered the figures of the gods engaged in their

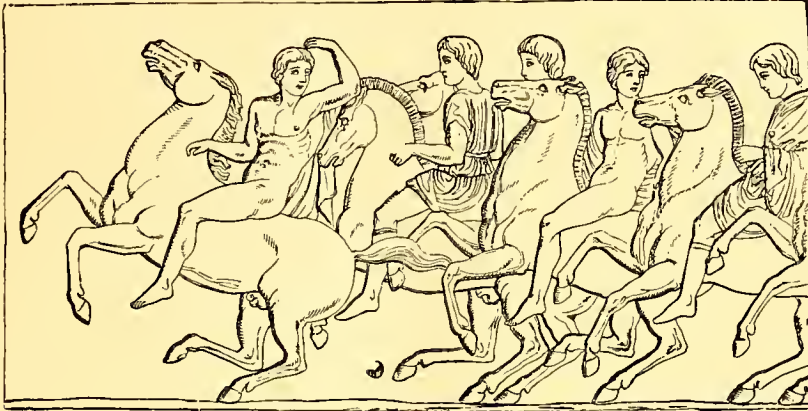
Minerva. The peplos was not borne by hands; but was suspended from the mast of a ship which was moved along on the land, some writers say by means of machinery placed under-ground. When the procession reached the temple, the splendid

* See the story, "Myrto's Festival," ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1880.

garment was placed upon the statue of the goddess.

During the festival of the Panathenæa, prisoners were allowed to enjoy freedom, and such men as

these plates;—and, finally, the procession ended with numbers of youths on horseback, riding gayly along, and, in one portion, there were others still occupied in bridling their steeds, mounting, and



YOUTHS ON HORSEBACK.—FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

merited the gratitude of the republic were then rewarded by the gift of gold crowns, their names being announced by the heralds during the gymnastic games. We do not know exactly the order in which all the ceremonies were observed, but it is believed that the procession of the peplos was celebrated on the last day of the festival.

It is probable that this frieze was executed from a design by Phidias. Near the entrance on the east there was an assemblage of the gods, in whose presence the peplos was being presented to the guardians of the temple; near them were the

making other preparations to join the cavalcade. The wonderful excellence of the design of this great work is a subject of which art-lovers never weary; and certainly it is most remarkable that in this great number of figures, no two can be said to resemble each other, and that there are such an endless variety of positions, and so much spirited action in it all. The whole work bears marks of having been produced in the time when sculpture reached its perfection.

There is at Athens a work of a later period than the Parthenon, and much smaller and less impor-



BACCHUS PLAYING WITH A LION.—FROM THE MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

heralds and officers of the procession; then there were groups of animals for sacrifice, and, again, groups of people;—sometimes they were lovely maidens bearing their gifts on their shoulders, or musicians playing on the flute, as seen in one of

tant than a temple, which also is very interesting: it is the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. It is decorated with some very amusing scenes from the life of Bacchus, and was erected in the year 334 B. C., when Lysicrates was *choragus*; that is to

say, when it was his office to provide the chorus for the plays which were represented at Athens. The duties of this office were arduous and expensive: he had first to find and bring together the members of the chorus, then to have them instructed in the music, and to provide proper food for them while they studied.

The choragus who presented the finest musical entertainment received a tripod as his reward, and it was customary to build a monument upon which to place the tripod, as a lasting honor to the choragus to whom it had been given. There was in Athens a street formed by a line of these monuments, called the "Street of the Tripods." It was the custom to dedicate these tripods to some divinity, and that of Lysicrates was devoted to Bacchus. The sculptures represent him seated, playing with a lion.

While the handsome young god thus amuses himself, his companions, the Satyrs, are engaged in punishing the Tyrrhenian pirates, who, according to the myth, attempted to sell Bacchus for a slave. In order to revenge himself, he changed their masts and oars into serpents, and himself into a lion; then music was heard, and ivy grew all over the vessel, while the pirates went mad and were changed into dolphins. The frieze on the monument shows the Satyrs venting their anger on the pirates; some have branches of trees with which to beat the unlucky victims,—one pirate is being dragged into the sea by one leg,—some of them are already half changed into dolphins, and leap into the water with great readiness; those with heads of dolphins and with human bodies are very queer, and the whole design is full of humor and lively action. Bacchus was regarded as the patron of plays and theaters, and, indeed, the Greek drama grew out of the choruses which were sung at his festivals.

In comparison with all the works of art which exist in the world, the remaining pieces of Greek sculpture are so few that those people who love and study them know about every one, and almost consider them as they do their friends from whom

they are separated. Among these famous sculptures is the statue of the Apollo Belvedere. It is such a favorite with all the world, and copies of it are so common, that I fancy you must know it already.

This statue was found about the end of the fifteenth century, in the ruins of ancient Antium. The Cardinal della Rovere, who was afterward Pope Julius II., bought it and placed it in the palace of the Belvedere, in Rome; from this fact the statue took its present name; the Belvedere was afterward joined to the Vatican, in the museum of which palace the Apollo now stands. We do not know who made this statue, but its beauty and excellence, and, above all, the intellectual quality of the expression on the god's countenance, prove that it belonged to a very high age in art—probably to the early imperial period.

There has been much speculation as to what the god held in his left hand, and it was formerly said to have been a bow; but more recent discoveries lead to the belief that it was the ægis or shield, with the head of Medusa upon it. With this he is discomfiting a host of enemies, for, according to Homer, this ægis was sometimes lent to Apollo by Jupiter, and all who gazed on it were paralyzed by fear, or turned to stone; thus he who held it could vanquish an army.

In the story of Apollo, it is related that, when the Gauls invaded Greece, and threatened to destroy the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, the people appealed to the gods, and when they asked Apollo what they should do to save the treasures which had been dedicated to him, he replied: "I myself will take care of them, and of the temple virgins!" So it happened that while the battle was in progress, a great storm arose, and the thunder and lightning were frightful, and hail and snow were added to all the rest, and in the midst of this war of Nature and of men, Apollo was seen to descend to his temple, accompanied by the goddesses Diana and Minerva; then the Gauls were seized with such fear that they took to flight, and the shrine of the god escaped injury at the hands of its barbarian assailants.

(To be continued.)

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

"I WONT!"

Mr. Hayne, the new teacher, was a tall, fine-looking young man, with short, curling black hair, and brilliant, penetrating eyes.

He seemed, in spite of the quiet smile on his lips, to be looking right through the young culprit before him.

"You wont?"

Charley Ferris was not smiling at all, but looked a good deal like a sort of boyish embodiment of the two big words for which he had been called up before the school.

The very top of his head, and every inch of his short, sturdy frame seemed to utter them, and his bright, saucy, handsome face had taken on a desperately obstinate expression.

"You wont apologize to Joseph Martin?"

Not a word came from Charley's tight-shut lips, but his black eyes were making all the answer required.

"That will do," said Mr. Hayne, in a calm, steady voice. "We are all gentlemen. If any one of us has not self-control enough to behave himself, or if he is too much of a coward to apologize when he is wrong, he does not belong here."

The defiant look was fading a little in the eyes of the young rebel by the time Mr. Hayne ceased speaking.

The new "select school," with its sixteen scholars, had been open barely a week, and this was its first case of serious misconduct.

Mr. Hayne may have expected something of the kind, sooner or later, and, now it had come, he met it with a firm intention of making it, as nearly as possible, the last case also, and therefore of immense value.

"You may take your books and go home, Mr. Ferris."

Charley was already turning in his tracks, and he now marched steadily away toward his desk, but the boy in the next one to it sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Hayne?"

"Mr. Martin."

"I hope not, sir. Not on my account——"

"Sit down, Mr. Martin. It is not on your account at all. It is simply because he is not manly enough to do right."

Charley Ferris had been vaguely aware, up to that moment, of a feeling that he had shown won-

derful manliness in defying his teacher, but he knew now, and without looking around him, that the public opinion of the boys was against him.

That, too, although he was by all odds a more popular boy than the quiet and studious youth of fourteen, a year older than himself, whom he had offensively described as "Miss Nancy," loudly enough for half the school to hear.

It was a terrible thing—a punishment about equal to a sentence of Siberian banishment—to be compelled to gather his books, dictionary and all, and strap them together before the eyes of such a jury as that, and then to have to walk out of the school-room with them.

Charley was a plucky fellow, however, and he worked right on, conscious that everybody was looking at him, until his pile was complete.

"Caesar's Commentaries" came at the top, and the strap was barely long enough to draw across it and through the buckle. He got it through, and was straining to put the tongue of the buckle into the first hole, when his fingers slipped, and his whole pack of text-books scattered itself upon the floor.

Joe Martin and two or three other boys forgot the proprieties of the school-room in their haste to pick up the fallen volumes, but their owner had lost all there was left of his unlucky heroism when the end of that strap slipped away from him.

He sat down instantly, his curly head was bowed upon his hands on the desk, and he was sobbing vigorously.

A quick step came down from the little platform at the other end of the room, and a strong, kindly hand was laid upon the rebel's curly head.

"I think, Mr. Ferris, you did not finish what you meant to say."

Sob,—sob,—sob.

"Had you not better do it now? You began with, 'I wont,' and I think the rest must have been, 'do a mean thing.' Am I not right?"

"Yes, sir. Joe 's a real good fellow," sobbed Charley Ferris.

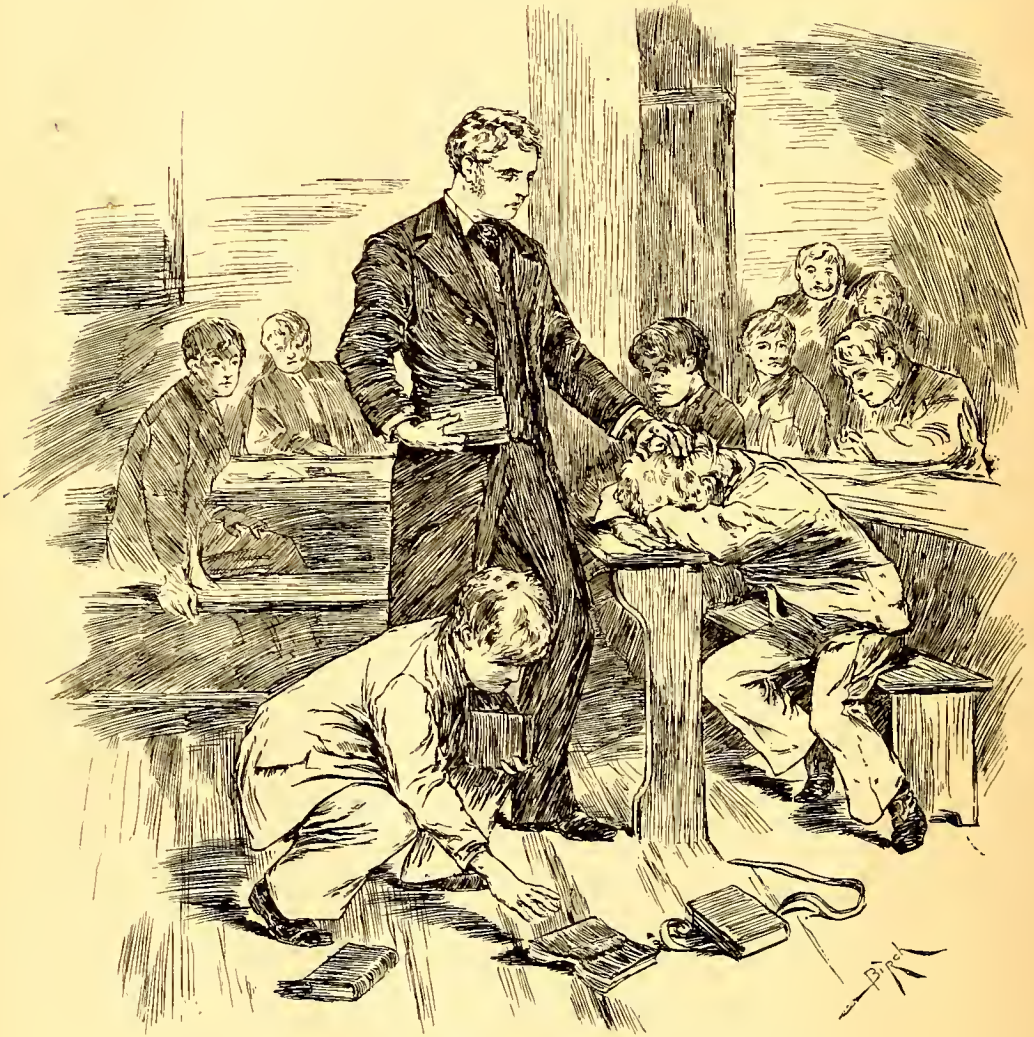
"Young gentlemen," said Mr. Hayne, as he looked smilingly around him, "I do not think we need any further apology from Mr. Ferris, but I hope you understand the matter fully. I am here to teach, not to scold nor to flog. Your behavior is under your own care. Politeness to one another is all that we ask for. Absolute self-government,—that 's all."

It was a short lesson, but every boy in the room understood it.

In fact, a perception of Mr. Hayne's peculiar views had been growing upon them from the beginning, and they had discussed the matter among themselves pretty freely that very morning.

"Got to govern ourselves!" remarked John

There was weight in that, for Andy was the "star boy," as well as the oldest, and he was looked upon with a good deal of veneration, as being very nearly ready for college. It had been even hinted, doubtfully, that he would "enter Sophomore," a whole year in advance, after Mr. Hayne should have finished with him. Such a boy



"A STRONG, KINDLY HAND WAS LAID UPON THE REBEL'S CURLY HEAD."

Derry, the one boy in school who seemed least likely to do it. "I'd like to know how we can manage that, and no rules to go by, either."

"Rules!" exclaimed Andy Wright. "What do we want with rules? The youngest boy in the lot is over thirteen. I'm sixteen now, and I think I knew enough to be decent, three years ago."

as that was entitled to express his opinions, and Will Torrance backed him up with:

"You see, boys, if he'd make a lot of rules, and write 'em out, we'd all feel in duty bound to break them, sooner or later. We have n't a thing to break now."

Such an experiment might have been dangerous

with another selection of boys, but the sixteen now gathered under Mr. Hayne were in some respects exceptional.

The little inland city of Saltillo had been promoted but recently from the lower rank of "village," and, although it contained several thousands of people, whose houses were sprinkled over a pretty wide area, it could boast of neither "high school" nor "academy." The district schools were fairly good, but did not answer every purpose. One consequence had been the special prosperity of the Wedgewood School, half a mile away, on the other side of town, and another, lately, the establishment of Mr. Hayne's select school for the "Park boys."

All the other boys in town knew them by that name, by reason of the fact that they lived in the vicinity of a neatly kept and "fenced-in" open square, with a fountain in the middle of it, and were a good deal inclined to be clannish.

Until the arrival of Mr. Hayne, the Park boys had managed, somehow, to recognize other fellows, living in other parts of the city, as human beings, but there was danger that they would hardly be able to do so much longer.

Moreover, if any one of them, more than another, had resolved himself into an exponent of the Park feeling, with possible doubts as to whether he ought to be fenced-in and fountained, that boy had been Charley Ferris. All the deeper, therefore, had been the gulf which seemed to gape before him while he was trying to put the strap around his books.

Those of the volumes which had fallen on the floor had now been picked up for him, and while Mr. Hayne returned to his seat and called for the class in geometry, the whole pile was fast hiding itself away again under the lid of his desk.

Charley had fully received and accepted his lesson, and so had most of the others, but John Derry was satirically wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, and whispering to his "next boy":

"Walk chalk, after this!"

The school-room was a quiet place for the remainder of that forenoon, and the several recitations were performed with a degree of exactness that was all that could be asked for, if it could in any way be made habitual.

The room itself was a pleasant one, large enough, but not too large, in the basement of the new Congregational meeting-house, and the sunny alley-way from the door of it led to an iron gate, directly opposite the "Park" entrance.

Around that precious inclosure were a number of pleasant residences, all detached, and some with grounds and shrubbery.

Take it all in all, the little school and its neigh-

borhood were a thoroughly good example of the best results of what deserves to be called "American civilization."

Mr. Hayne had undertaken to teach that lot of bright young fellows how to work, and his first lesson had been that, to be a good worker, a man needs first to get his faculties under his own control.

"I wont do any driving," he told them. "Every man of you must step forward of his own free will. That's what you will have to do when I get through with you, and you had better begin now."

He knew, what they did not, that there is no earthly "driving" equal to that which the right kind of boy or man will give himself if he is once properly set about it.

CHAPTER II.

COURT RIVALRIES.

THE young ladies of Miss Offerman's Female Seminary, a square or so above the Park, had matter for serious thought and conversation at that day's noon recess.

Even the necessity of eating luncheon and getting back by one o'clock did not prevent a knot of them from lingering on one of the upper corners of the Park, in what looked very much like a "council."

"You see, Dora, Belle Roberts was May Queen last year. Mr. Ayring thinks it wont do to have another of us this time."

"I don't see why, Sarah. Has he said so to anybody?"

"Madame Skinner says he has. He wants one of his music class or one of her scholars. I suppose he does n't want to offend all that Wedgewood crowd."

"No girls go there."

"But their brothers do."

"I have n't a brother, Sarah Dykeman, nor you neither."

The other girls were listening, thus far. Dora was the tallest of them all, by half a head, and her blooming cheeks gave token not only of a high degree of health, but of a more than half resentful excitement over the matter in hand.

Sarah Dykeman was of slighter frame, with what is called an intellectual cast of features, and with an easy grace of manner that was already doing more to make her the awe of her school-girl friends than was even the acknowledged beauty of Belle Roberts, who was now standing a little behind her, as she said:

"Mr. Ayring will probably have his own way."

"Belle," exclaimed Dora, "has Jack told you what he and the boys mean to do?"

"No, but I'll ask him. They'll be sure to pick out one of us."

"They won't care a fig for Mr. Ayring," remarked a smaller girl.

"They'll be outvoted," said Belle. "He has more than two hundred names on his singing-list now."

"Two hundred! I should say so. And some of them are hardly more than babies," snapped Dora.

"They all vote," said Belle. "They did last year, and they'll do just what he tells them."

"The boys can't run you again, Belle," said Dora, thoughtfully. "There's only half a dozen for them to pick from. Most likely it'll be Sarah—or me."

"Jenny Sewell is pretty," suggested Belle. "She'd make a nice little May Queen."

"She! She's a doll. She's almost as old as I am, and she's a head shorter than Sarah."

The other tongues were rapidly getting loosened, and suggestions of available names were by no means lacking. It was even noticeable how many seemed to occur to the mind of Belle Roberts, and how they all seemed to lack something or other in the large blue eyes of Dora Keys.

It was a little more than probable that Dora had formed a clear notion in her own mind as to the required qualities of a May Queen for that year. That is, she should be tall for her age, very good-looking, with a full, musical voice for her recitation,—and, in fact, to be absolutely perfect, her first name had better be Dora than anything else.

It was enough to provoke a saint—of the name of Dora—to have Sarah Dykeman remark, so calmly:

"It is Mr. Ayring's own exhibition. He gets it up to help his business, I suppose, or he'd never take the trouble."

"He makes the money," added Belle, "and the children get the fun."

That was about the whole truth of the May Festival business. The enterprising teacher of vocal music and dealer in all other music and the instruments thereof had managed, for several successive years, to revive the dead-and-gone custom of choosing and crowning a May Queen. The accompanying exercises of song and recitation were performed amid as liberal a show of flowers and green leaves as the season and the local hot-houses would permit. As to popular interest, he was sure of filling the largest hall in Saltillo, at a moderate price for tickets, with the friends and relations of his numerous juvenile performers.

The social interest attending the several "elec-

tions," in a limited community like that of Saltillo, had been productive, as a matter of course, of rivalries and heart-burnings not a few. The present occasion bade fair to rival any predecessor in that respect, and its time was at hand, since even a May Queen, her maids of honor, ladies in waiting, marshals, heralds, and all that sort of magnificence, required to be taught and trained for their parts, just as court persons do in real life.

Mr. Ayring was a shrewd man, and anxious to avoid giving offense, and if there was one thing clearer to him than another, it was that the Park—girls and boys—had had glory enough the year before.

The crown could not safely be sent in among any of Miss Offerman's pupils, and even he himself was not half so positive on that point as were the young lady attendants at Madame Skinner's rival "seminary," only two squares away from the Wedgwood School.

Every one of these, indeed, whose years entitled her to aspire to royal honors, felt more kindly toward all the world, that very morning, when the Madame mentioned the matter from the rostrum, after the usual religious exercises.

"Only one of you can be chosen, my dear young ladies, and you cannot yet guess which of you will win the prize."

Her further remarks were well-timed and judicious, but Mr. Ayring had been trying to make a close guess at the name of the winner.

"Fanny Swayne would look splendidly on a platform. She's been away at boarding-school, but that won't hurt. Jim Swayne goes to the Wedgwood, and there can't be much fuss made. She'll do. She knows how to dress, too."

What if Mr. Ayring had known that Jim and Fanny already had the matter under discussion?

Jim was the head boy of the Wedgwood in all matters which did not too closely relate to books, and was, therefore, sure of rallying an active "boy interest" to the support of his candidate, whoever she might be. Smaller boys who might have preferences were not likely to air them in the presence of a tongue and hand so ready and so efficient as his.

"I'll fix it for you, Fanny," he had said to her, and so it was hardly by accident that he and Mr. Ayring had a talk that day, near the latter's music-store, during the noon recess.

The subject opened a little rapidly under such circumstances.

"We must keep still about it till the election, Jim, but I'll tell you what I'm doing."

He held out a small, white, shining bit of enameled card-board.

"We'll have your sister's name printed on

these, for ballots. All the rest 'll waste time writing out their tickets, and the little folks would rather vote these anyhow. By the time the big ones are ready with their written tickets, the voting will be pretty much all done."

It looked as though such a splendid piece of electioneering strategy as that made sure of the defeat of the Park boys, no matter whom they might agree upon, and Jim was jubilant.

"All I want of you, Jim, is to see that I have three or four smart boys on hand to distribute tickets. I 'll try and manage to have half a dozen other girls run, and all Fanny will need will be to come out highest on the list."

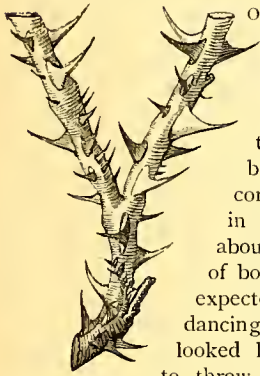
Cunning Mr. Ayring!

That very day he took his tickets to the printing office of the *Daily Trumpet*, and never paused to consider that Mr. Carroll, the editor and proprietor of that journal, was also the father of Mr. Jefferson Carroll, and that the latter was member of Mr. Hayne's "Sixteen."

Very important results will sometimes come from a very small oversight.

CHAPTER III.

DEALING WITH HIGHWAY ROBBERY.



OUTH—especially masculine youth—is apt to be pugnacious. A little before the close of the noon recess that day, there were two good-sized boys on the north-west corner of the Park, engaged in a tussle, while a third, about as small a specimen of boyish mischief as could be expected to wear trousers, was dancing around them, in what looked like an impish endeavor to throw a small clod into some part of the skirmish. Then followed a "clinch," a tug, a roll on the ground, while the small clod was not in the small boy's right hand any longer, but, instead thereof, both hands were hugging to his bosom a monkey-faced cocoa-nut, in its shaggy coat.

"Have you got it, Pug?"

"I've got it!"

"Let go my hair!"

"You let small boys alone, then—will you?"

"He 's no brother o' yourn."

"Let him alone, that's all."

"Hit him again, Jack Roberts! Hit him again!"

There was a great deal of resentment in the excited face and tone of Pug Merriweather, but Jack did not act on his little friend's advice. On the contrary, he sprang to his feet, followed more slowly by the shabby-looking fellow whose cowardly attempt at a sort of highway robbery had brought on that collision.

The young rowdy, indeed, looked as if he were ready to try the matter over again, for he was not a bad match for Jack in mere size and strength, but a glance up the street showed him three or four more boys coming, each on a clean run, and he knew it was about time for him to make haste in some other direction.

He ran, but he was not followed, for at that moment the clock in the church-tower rang out a sonorous "one," and it was time for Mr. Hayne's scholars to be behind their desks.

"Pug, you run for home. Don't you stop anywhere."

"I will. But did n't I give it to him? Eh, Jack?"

There was glee in that, but he acted on the counsel of his chivalric protector, and his short legs carried him off faster than one would have thought possible.

"Hurry up, Jack—you 'll be late!" shouted Charley Ferris, as he came along, puffing; and a tall, slender, red-haired boy behind him added:

"Don't stop to brush, Jack; walk right along!"

It was a few steps only, and they three were the last boys in, just in time to comply with the rigid rules of punctuality which Mr. Hayne was disposed to insist upon.

Up to that hour there had been no neater, more orderly-appearing young gentleman in the school than the handsome, blue-eyed, light-haired, fun-loving brother of the last year's May Queen.

There was nothing dandified about him, however, at the moment when Mr. Hayne's ruler came down upon the little table on the platform, and the silence of "hours" followed the rap.

"Mr. Roberts."

"Sir?" responded Jack, promptly, rising to his feet.

"There are bruises and dirt on your face."

"Yes, sir; I should say there was, most likely," returned Jack Roberts, quietly, with a polite bow and the ghost of a smile.

"And there is dust on your clothes."

"I had no time to brush them, sir."

"May I ask if you have been fighting, Mr. Roberts? A scholar of this school fighting in the street!"

"Yes, sir; I have."

Before Mr. Hayne could reply, he heard his own

name called from another part of the room, and, turning about, he said:

"What is it, Mr. Ferris?"

"I saw it, sir. I ran to get there and help, but I was n't in time. There was a young rowdy took away a cocoa-nut from little Pug Merriweather —"

"Ah! That 's it."

which plainly showed how deep an interest they were taking in the matter.

"That will do, Mr. Ferris. You may take your seat. So may you, Mr. Roberts."

"May I go and brush myself?"

"No, sir. No scholar of this school need be afraid to follow your example. The dust you take on in defending the weak when they are wronged



JACK DEFENDS THE OWNER OF THE COCOA-NUT.

"The rascal's always getting into some scrape," added Charley, in a lower tone.

"Do you mean Mr. Roberts?"

"No, sir; I mean Pug. Jack 's a trump, but he 's always taking the part of those little fellows."

"Did he get back the cocoa-nut?"

"Yes, sir; he did! And he worsted that rowdy —"

It was clear that Charley was excited.

"Was little Merriweather hurt?"

"No, sir; but he pelted that chap with everything he could lay his hands on. He 's gone home."

Charley was more "worked up" than Jack himself, and the rest of the boys listened with faces

does not need to be brushed off. The second class in Latin, come forward."

Jack blushed to his very ears, and a sort of tingle went around the school, from boy to boy. Even John Derry whispered to the red-haired young gentleman who sat in front of him:

"He is n't such a flat as I thought he was. Good for Jack, too, I say. But what a weasel Pug Merriweather is, anyway."

At least one small boy of that neighborhood had evidently earned a reputation of his own.

As for the young outlaw who had robbed him, he was not likely to forget Pug, until a troublesome lameness should leave his left arm. That had been the landing-place of the small clot.

It was well understood that Jack's "dust" was to be looked upon somewhat in the light of a prize medal.

"Stars and garters," as it was explained to him by Andy Wright, after school.

"That's it," said the red-haired boy; "but what 'll he remember it by after his face is washed? It wont all turn to freckles like mine?"

"Freckles, Ote?" exclaimed Jack. "That would do. Give me one; you 've enough for two."

There was no denying it, for he had the full allowance that belongs to boys—and girls, too—of his complexion, but the idea of parting with any of them seemed new to him, and he made no reply.

If there was any impoliteness in his silence, his friends were too well accustomed to it to care. They knew Otis Burr, and never wasted precious time in waiting for him to speak.

"If I'm not mistaken," said Andy, "we 'll have more trouble with those fellows from along the canal. They 've quite taken the notion of coming over here lately."

"Have n't much else to do," snapped Jack. "There's a perfect swarm of them. And they 're of no more use than so many wasps."

"There ought to be a law to compel them to attend the district school. Then they 'd be shut up part of the time."

"Pity the teachers, then," said Otis.

"They 'd manage it. Might make something out of some of 'em."

"Something or other. It just spoils 'em to let 'em run around loose, with nothing to do. It would spoil me, I know."

"You and Pug Merriweather 'd have a fight on your hands every day."

"He 'd have three, if there was any chance to find 'em. I never saw such a little imp. He gives his mother and sister no end of trouble."

"Glad I 'm not his sister," gravely remarked Charley Ferris.

"You? Well, no," said Andy, "I don't think you 'd shine as a sister."

Charley had a notion that he was born to shine

in almost anything he might undertake, but for the second time that day he saw that the public opinion was against him, especially after Andy said something about beauty being required for a complete success, and Otis Burr added:

"That settles it. He would n't do."

"I say, boys," interrupted Jack, "the girls are becoming excited about this May Queen business."

"They all want to be queens, I suppose," said Andy, "and old Ayring only wants one for his show."

"Have they pitched on any one girl to vote for?" asked Joe Martin, as he came up with a lot of books under his arm.

"If they have, they forgot to tell me. I 'll ask Belle about it to-night. There 'll be some work for us before we get through."

"Why, Jack, do you mean to sing at the Festival?" asked Andy.

"Me? Sing? Well, yes, it 's likely Ayring will be 'round after me. I did sing a song once, but nobody 's asked me to sing since that."

"We 'll let the girls and the small fry do the show business," suggested Charley Ferris, with an effort at elderly dignity, "but we must keep our eye on the politics of it. We must n't let the Wedgewood boys walk over us."

"They 'll pick out some girl from Ma'am Skinner's."

"That's what they 'll do. They did, last year, and they came within ten votes of winning."

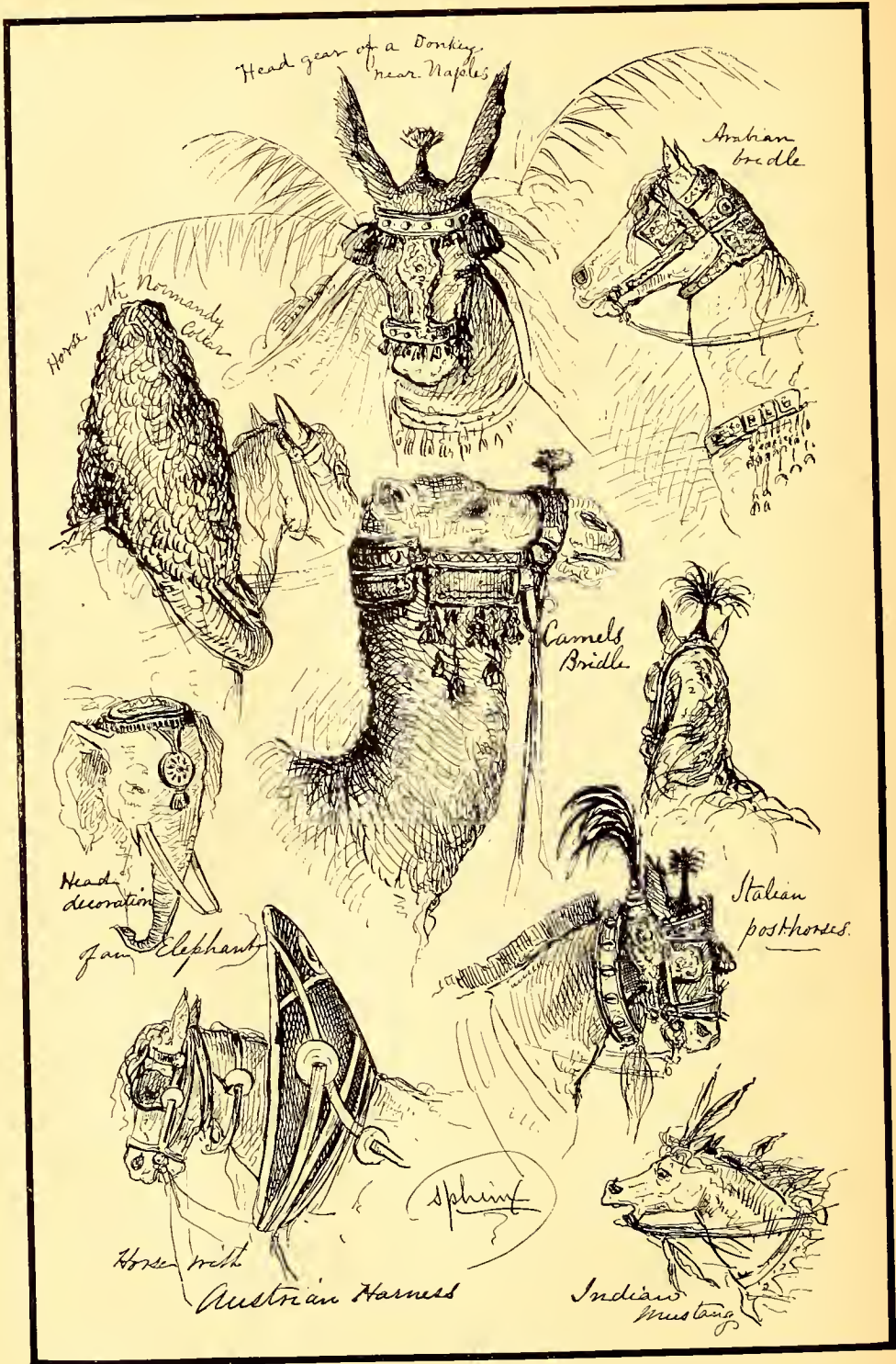
"And they did n't all vote for the same girl, either. They wont make that blunder again."

"We must n't, either."

Fresh arrivals of youthful politicians had made quite a caucus of it, but the whole question had to be "laid on the table," as Andy Wright called it, until information could be had as to the purposes of the young ladies. So the group speedily broke up, and the boys went their ways.

It was likely, however, that Jack Roberts would have questions to answer as well as to ask, on his arrival home with so much dust of battle still on him.

(To be continued.)



HEAD-DRESSES OF ANIMALS.

BY SPHINX.

PERHAPS you think that men and women are the only ones that have distinctive head-dresses and are proud of them; but if you should see some of the animals in other countries, and see how their masters dress them up, you would find that their rigging is sometimes very elaborate.

Look at the picture of a Neapolitan donkey, at the top of the opposite page. This head is perfectly gorgeous, and his owner thinks it is beautiful. In the first place, the hair between the animal's long ears is tied or wound up with bright red worsted, and makes a bright little upright tuft; then his bridle is covered with bits of brass which shine in the sun, and it is all decorated, besides, with red tassels, while on either side, just over his eyes, are two very large bunches of red. Coming down a mountain path against a deep blue sky, or standing against a white wall, he looks very picturesque.

The horse at his side, though so near him in the picture, comes from Arabia, and his head is bandaged up with a most intricate headstall. A great deal of his master's wealth is lavished on this bridle; for the Arabs think the world of their fleet steeds, and even gold and silver, richly embossed, can be seen on some of the favorite horses.

While we are considering oriental animals, we might as well notice next the camel's head in the center of the page; he has on a very odd head-piece, made up of coarse bits of bright colors, with tassels ranging down the sides, interspersed with bells. It looks very ugly in the hand, but on the animal it is very pretty; and they say that the camels become so fond of their bells that sometimes they will not travel without the sound of them.

The great, strong horse near this camel belongs to Normandy, France, and the great hump on his neck

is his collar, which is made very large and high, and is covered with a sheep-skin dyed a bright blue; and, although it appears very ungainly here, still it looks well on a fine gray Normandy horse.

Below him you can see the head of an elephant, with an ornament hanging down between his eyes; his trappings are very plain, but some of them in India are rich and dazzling, especially those of elephants that carry the native princes. They cover their animals with the brightest cloths, embroidered with gold and silver, and when they are decorated, they look like great masses of moving color, not at all like the Austrian horse in the corner, who has to work hard all the day dragging heavy loads of beer-barrels, besides the weight of his leathern collar, covered with brass knobs.

The Italian post-horse, seen in almost every town of southern Italy, has a much smaller collar, but much more brass, besides a bunch of feathers sticking straight up on top of his head, a row of bells around his neck, and a long tuft of dyed horse-hair hanging under the jaw. His blinders are of brass, and a coronet of brass stands up on his forehead, while his owner thinks he will complete its beauty by cropping the animal's mane, and making it stand up on its neck like a mule's.

The savage, wild-looking little head, pictured in the lower corner, belongs to a mustang, or wild pony, owned by a Sioux Indian, as wild as his steed; he has no bridle, but the warrior simply fastens a leather thong around his under jaw, and controls him with this and his voice. He also puts eagles' feathers in his mane and tail, and the horse and his rider present a very wild appearance as they sweep over the prairies after the buffaloes, or dash up to and away from enemies in battle.

THE DANDELION.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

LITTLE gypsy Dandelion,

Dancing in the sun,

Have you any curls to sell?

“Not a single one!”

Have you any eggs and cheese

To go a-marketing?

“I have neither one of these,

For beggar or for king.”

Little idle Dandelion,

Then, I'll mow you down.

What is it you're good for,

With your golden crown?

“Oh, I gild the fields, afar,

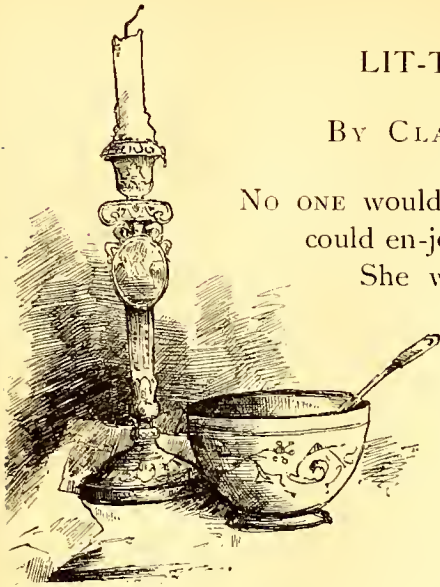
In the pleasant spring,

Shining like the morning star,

With the light I bring.”

LIT-TLE TO-TOTE.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.



NO ONE would think that lit-tle To-tote was a girl who could en-joy stand-ing on her head.

She was as shy as her kit-ten that hid un-der chairs when-ev-er a strange step came near; and she scarce-ly ev-er looked any-one in the face, with-out first let-ting her long, soft eye-lash-es fall up-on her cheek. And yet To-tote's fa-vor-ite de-light was to stand on her head.

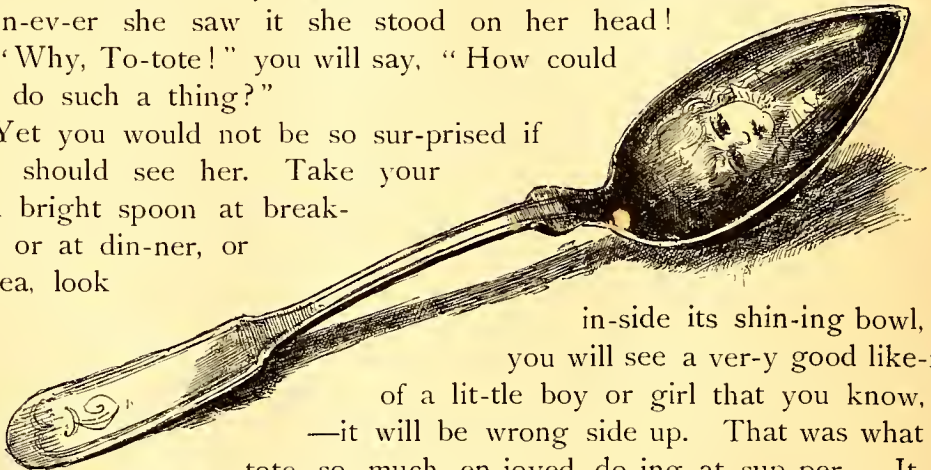
Her nurse laughed and cried out, "Oh, To-tote, a-gain on your head!" at which

To-tote would laugh too, and go on with her play.

Now To-tote had for a gift from her good grand-moth-er, a gold spoon with a fan-cy T en-graved on the han-dle. With this she ate her sup-per of bread and milk, and with this she sipped her soup at din-ner. In-deed, it was al-ways laid at To-tote's plate, for wheth-er she re-quired it or not, she al-ways want-ed to see it there. And when-ev-er she saw it she stood on her head!

"Why, To-tote!" you will say, "How could you do such a thing?"

Yet you would not be so sur-prised if you should see her. Take your own bright spoon at break-fast, or at din-ner, or at tea, look



in-side its shin-ing bowl, and you will see a ver-y good like-ness of a lit-tle boy or girl that you know, and —it will be wrong side up. That was what To-tote so much en-joyed do-ing at sup-per. It was

ver-y fun-ny to her pret-ty French eyes to see the smil-ing lit-tle la-dy look-ing as if she were walk-ing with her feet in the air.

"Oh, oh," she would laugh, "you will get diz-zy in there, Miss To-tote!" And nurse would add; "Yes, yes, she is ver-y diz-zy. Now bid her good-night, To-tote, and we will light the can-dle and go up to bed."

ED-DY'S BAL-LOON.

ED-DY was a lit-tle boy, who lived on a farm. One day he went with his fa-ther, moth-er, and sis-ter, to the coun-ty fair, four miles a-way.

Ed-dy saw a great man-y won-der-ful things that day, but there was noth-ing there that he want-ed so much as a red bal-loon, so he bought one with some mon-ey giv-en him to spend "as he pleased."

All the way home Ed-dy held the string, and the bal-loon float-ed a-bove the car-riage. When he went in-to the house he tied it to the chair-back, and left it there, while he sat down and ate his sup-per.

Af-ter sup-per he a-mused him-self by try-ing to make the bal-loon stay down on the floor. As soon as it rose, he struck it with the palm of his hand, and made it go down a-gain; but, as it jumped up ev-ery time, he had to strike it a-gain and a-gain.

Now, Ed-dy lived in an old house, with a large, open fire-place; as he was chasing his play-thing, all at once he came to the fire-place; the bal-loon slipped a-way from his hand and went right up the big chim-ney.

Ed-dy and his sis-ter An-nie ran in-to the yard, but they could not catch the fly-a-way; it rose high-er than the house-top. They watched it go up, up, up, un-til it was on-ly a speck a-gainst the blue sky. Then it went so ver-y high that, al-though they kept look-ing and look-ing, at length, they could not see it at all; and that was the last of Ed-dy's bal-loon.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"APRIL showers bring May flowers," and May flowers bring happy hours,—that is, in the country,—and what can an honest Jack-in-the-Pulpit know about the city, excepting by hearsay? The Little School-ma'am says that in New York, and a few other brick-and-stone conglomerations, the inhabitants have a way of swapping houses with one another on the first day of May, and, in consequence, the streets are filled with carts carrying household goods and chattels to and fro, hither and thither, till the city is nearly distracted. Then in the houses, she tells me, the broom-spirit has full sway; wives rule the home-universe, and husbands and fathers stand aside and weep. Busy times, I should say!

Well, and are not *my* people busy, too? Birds with their cradles and housekeeping; early spiders with their shiny little hammocks and awnings; ants with their apartment-houses, and, above all, dear, rosy, noisy *bipeds* (known by learned naturalists as *boys and girls* *semiwildses*), running about in the fields and woods, and having the best kind of a busy time. Bless them! They make me think of bees, humming with health and cheerfulness, and storing up sweets and flower-wealth for all to share who will.

Talking of busy times and hours packed full of simple enjoyment, my hearers, consider this bit of true history about

POOR FRITZ.

How would you like to have such a bringing-up as befell Fritz, son of Frederick William the Second, King of Prussia? Let me tell you about it.

When the child was in his tenth year, the father wrote out directions to the three tutors as to Fritz's mode of life. The boy was to be called at six o'clock, and the tutors were to stand by to see that he did not loiter nor turn in bed; he must get up

at once. As soon as he had put on his slippers, he was to kneel at his bedside and pray aloud a prayer, so that all in the room might hear. Then, as rapidly as possible, he was to put on his shoes and spatterdashes, vigorously and briskly wash himself, get into his clothes, and have his hair powdered and combed. During the hair-dressing, he was at the same time to take a breakfast of tea, so that both jobs should go on at once, in order to save time; and all this, from the calling to the end of the breakfast, was to be done in fifteen minutes!

At half-past nine in the evening he was to bid his father good-night, go directly to his room, very rapidly take off his clothes, wash, and hear a prayer on his knees. Then a hymn was to be sung, and Fritz was to hop instantly into bed.

Poor Fritz! No room for bed-time stories nor pillow-fights!

But, not so fast. "Poor Fritz" afterward became Frederick the Great.

BUTTON-MOLD MOUND.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If you were a native of central Kentucky you would not think of sending your ST. NICHOLAS children as far as Africa or Buenos Ayres for natural beads, such as you mentioned in your budget of November, a year ago, for in Hardin County, near a place called Rough Creek, where we have sometimes spent the summer, there is a high hill formed of round, flat stones, from the size of a pin-head to an inch across, with a round hole right through the middle. The hill is called, from the shape of these stones, "Button-mold Mound." They look as if they might have been fishing-worms once, had petrified, and been broken up into short pieces. May be, they played around in the mud with the trilobites, when both felt more like playing than they do now. We find trilobites on the hills around Cincinnati, when we go visiting there.—Your affectionate friend,
SHIRLEY MARTIN.

THE CAT-BIRDS ARE COMING!

EARLY in May, my dears,—especially those of you who live in the Middle States,—be ready for the new-coming of the cat-birds.

You will find them a social set, for they seldom nest at a distance from a farm-house or other dwelling of man; and, if you listen carefully, in the morning or evening, you may hear their wild, warbling melody. They belong to the great Thrush family, you know, most of whom have sweet voices. They are lively, quick-tempered fellows, and if they see a snake, will scold fiercely at it; occasionally, too, they will flock together, and either kill their enemy or drive him away. It is funny that their cry should sound so like the "mew" of a cat, for they dislike puss almost as much as they hate snakes; and they often perch impudently just out of reach, and lecture her severely, calling out "mew" every now and then, as if to taunt her.

BIRD MIMICRY.

ON the whole, taking the parrot, mocking-bird, canary, cuckoo, and cat-bird into consideration, it seems to me sometimes that the birds have rather an unfair advantage over other creatures in the way of mimicry.

But I don't know. The Little School-ma'am tells me that on March 32d of this year, she heard just outside her window, a burst of trills and roulades, and roundelays, and ecstatic airs,—varied with soft warbles, and sudden chirps and twitters, and sweet,

low lullabies,—altogether making almost the finest medley of bird songs and glees that ever greeted her ears. Of course, she listened in rapt pleasure until there came a pause, wondering all the time, however, what rival of the nightingale could thus have come back before the buds and flowers. And when, at last, the serenade was ended, she hastened to the window, looked at each bough of every tree, and finally descried—little dirty-faced, ill-clad Tim Milligan, the newsboy, with cheeks puffed out like balloons, and pursed-up lips, whence suddenly issued again that torrent of bird-like melody. Ere long, he raised his hand and took from between his teeth a queer little metallic sheet, and instantly the music ended.

Whence, I say—ho, rollicking, deceitful cat-bird, revel in thy taunting mimicry; but beware thyself, of Tim Milligans, and street-whistles!

A LITTLE SOLDIER-GIRL.

“YES,” said a tall man with a sword, as he strolled with Deacon Green along the foot-path in my meadow; “yes, my five-year-old Nelly helped to hold the fort! Bless her!

“One day, we soldiers rode off in chase of a band of five hundred Indians. After some hours, we found that more than half of them had turned about and were on their way back to attack the fort. They hoped to capture it; for they knew that it was built chiefly of adobe [sun-dried bricks], and they felt sure that we had left only a few men to defend it. We rode back as fast as our jaded horses could go, and we arrived not a moment too soon!

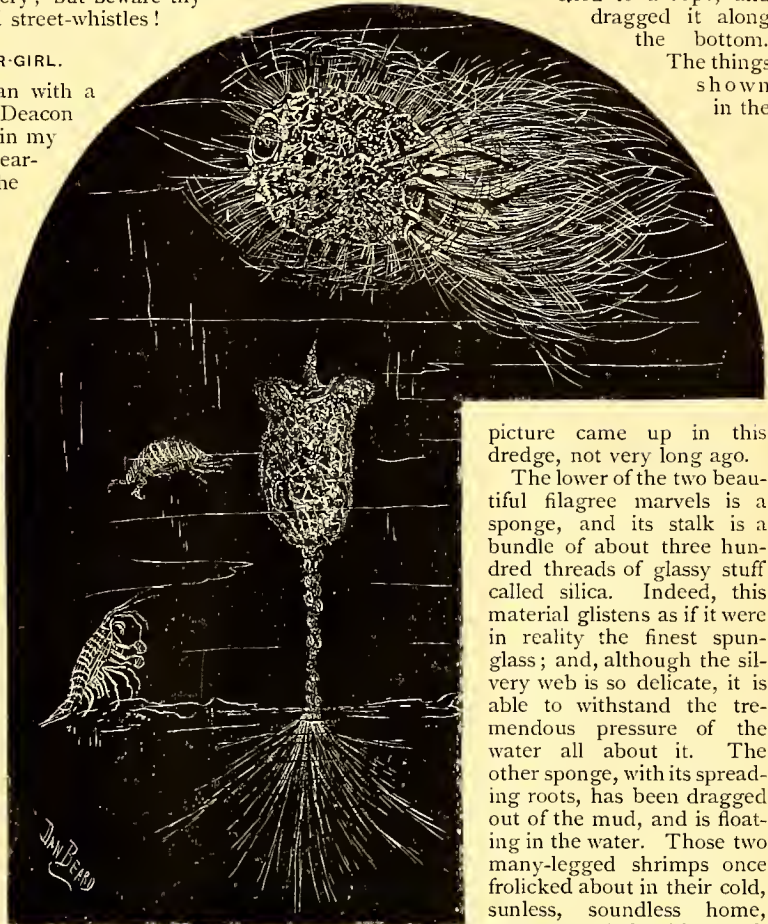
“The women and children had gone into the block-house and were unhurt; but several of the soldiers had been wounded in running to the same shelter. For three hours my wife fired repeating rifles, one after another. A soldier, hurt in both legs, loaded the rifles, and passed them to little Nelly, who carried them to her mother, and brought back the empty ones to be reloaded. The child grew tired before long, but the attack of the Indians was so fierce and unresting that even she, poor mite, could not be spared. The tears came again and again, and she begged to be let off. But her mother would say: ‘Stand to it, my Nelly!

Stand to it, my little soldier-girl!’ And then the child would straighten herself up, and bravely go on with her wearying task.

“When the little one came to kiss me, after the fighting was done, her face was so streaked with tears and gunpowder that, at first, I failed to recognize my own brave little daughter.”

DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

ONE of those prying fellows, the naturalists, has been bringing queer live things from more than half a mile deep in the ocean, where there are no voices, and the day is almost as dark as the night. Of course, he himself did not go down for them, but he sank a dredge, or open-mouthed bag, fastened to a rope, and dragged it along the bottom. The things shown in the



DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

picture came up in this dredge, not very long ago.

The lower of the two beautiful filagree marvels is a sponge, and its stalk is a bundle of about three hundred threads of glassy stuff called silica. Indeed, this material glistens as if it were in reality the finest spun-glass; and, although the silvery web is so delicate, it is able to withstand the tremendous pressure of the water all about it. The other sponge, with its spreading roots, has been dragged out of the mud, and is floating in the water. Those two many-legged shrimps once frolicked about in their cold, sunless, soundless home, among myriads of just such lovely forms as these.

That may be all very well for shrimps, but as for your Jack,—give me the lightsome air, the glowing sun, the merry brook, the rustling green things, and my bonny birds, that make happy life about my pulpit, not to mention those rackety, red-cheeked, dear boys and girls of the Red School-house.

THE LETTER-BOX.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—SECOND REPORT.

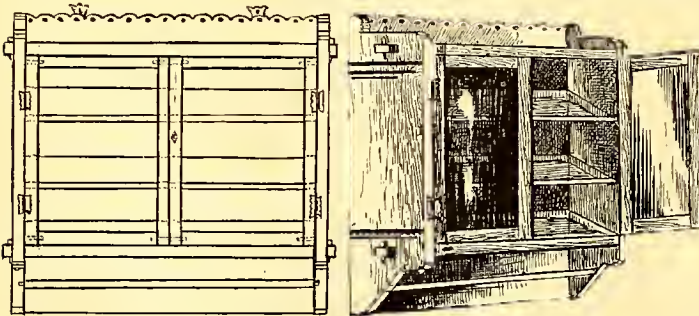
SIX or seven hundred eager questioners to answer at once—and but twice as many words to do it with!

First, to the boys who have asked "How can I make a cheap cabinet?" we offer this simple design.

The right-hand picture shows the cabinet complete, and the plan beside it is drawn so that every measurement in it is one-sixteenth of the corresponding measurement in the finished cabinet. No nails are used. Wood of light color looks well; chestnut is easily worked.

The ends of the top and bottom are mortised into the sides. Close to the side boards holes are bored through the projecting parts of the tenons; and wedges are inserted and hammered tight.

The frames of the doors are doweled at the corners, each joint being made by boring a hole through one piece into the next, and inserting a dowel coated with glue. The short dotted lines in the plan help to explain this. The glass should not be set with putty, but with narrow strips, beading, or rattan, fastened with brads or



"needle-points." Butt-hinges may be used, with ornamental hinge-plates set outside, as shown. Hook one door to the shelf, and it will hold the other door shut.

The shelves may be made with raised edges, like trays,—the front rims are not shown in the picture. These edges will save the contents from rolling off when the trays are taken out. The shelves slope forward, to show the specimens to better advantage; and they rest on dowels let into auger-holes in the side boards. To prevent them from slipping, pegs are set in them underneath, resting against

the backs of the forward dowels. The shelves may be put in flat, and may rest on screw-eyes screwed into the sides of the cabinet.

Metal ears are set on the back, projecting above the top, for hanging the cabinet; in addition, it is well to drive a screw from the inside through the back into a stud in the wall.

The scalloping at the top of the back may be done with a fret-saw, the hole in the center of each scallop is bored right through. The ornamental lines across the sides are made with a gouge, and should be painted brown; then the whole cabinet should be covered with two coats of white shellac varnish. Those skilled in fret-sawing may like to set in the top the letters A. A., in Old English text. If you are puzzled over any part of the cabinet, no doubt you "know a fellow down at the shop" who will give you a hint.

And now, while the boys have gone for some boards and the hammer, a word to the presidents of all the ST. NICHOLAS chapters, which are now found in more than twenty States and Territories, to say nothing of England and Germany.

The more specific you can make your work, the better. For instance, if you are much interested in entomology, instead of attempting to cover the whole field, suppose you direct your attention to the scales on butterflies' wings. Are the scales on all parts of the same butterfly of the same shape? Are the scales on butterflies of different sorts different in shape? Are the scales of moths essentially different from those of butterflies? Can *lepidoptera* (butterflies and moths) be classified by their scales, as fishes can?

Let each member of your chapter who has access to a microscope study some one kind of butterfly thoroughly, and make a report, with careful drawings, of the scales of both male and female. Then let your secretary make a report, carefully condensed, from these, and send it to Lenox with the drawings. We will compare the reports sent in, and publish the general result of all your observations.

"And what shall I do? I don't like bugs! I love flowers."

"How shall I begin? Minerals are my —"

Patience! Get your cabinets ready and collect as many specimens as you can, until next month, when the flowers will be wondering if it is not time for them to begin teaching again, and when we hope to find you still eager to "consider" them.

AWARD OF A PRIZE.

THE prize for drawings of snow-crystals has been awarded to Miss Mary L. Garfield, of Fitchburg, Mass.

Several other members sent drawings which caused us to hesitate in our decision. The drawings of Corwin Linson, especially, deserve commendation. They came too late to compete with the others, as also did fifty cards of crystal-drawings from Miss Klyda Richardson.

Unfortunately, the request for these snow-flakes was not published until late in the winter, and we prefer, now, to postpone a further report upon them, and to defer printing the drawings, until next winter, when each one of the members in snowy districts can have a good chance to make similar pictures.

But now the snow has got on its summer legs of silver, and has run away from us. Chrysalids are beginning to crack. It is the day of resurrection for the caterpillar. The woods are again sweet with

wild flowers. Here is May, and we of New England are just beginning to search for the first violets. But, oh dear me! what a country this is! It spreads so widely that there are all kinds of climates in it at the same time. And we forget that you of California picked your violets in February, and wrote to us in midwinter, inclosing the fragrant blossoms, and asking how to press and preserve them. So, next month, we shall take up this subject, give you a few hints concerning the pressing and keeping of flowers, and perhaps pass on to suggest a few things about insects.

What do you all think of a badge? We now number seven hundred, but we hope to be one thousand before next month. Address all communications as before.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

LIST OF ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

Address.	Members.	President.
Philadelphia, Pa., <i>B.</i>	6.	Edwin A. Kelley, 1606 Vine st.
Newberne, N. C.....	16	Mrs. E. C. Gaskins, care Geo. Allen & Co.
Chicago, Ill., <i>A.</i>	8.	Winnie Schuttler, 72 Grant Place.
San Antonio, Texas.....	7.	P. G. Stevenson.
St. Louis, Mo., <i>A.</i>	10	Maud M. Love, 1916 Wash. st.
Lima, Ohio.....	6.	Dora Metzger.
Cedar Creek, Wis.....	4.	Dow Maxon.
Philadelphia, Pa., <i>C.</i>	6.	Eleanor J. Crew, 1926 N. 11th st.
Kingsboro, N. Y.....	12.	M. W. Thomas, Fulton Co.
Lakeworth, Fla.....	6.	Lida P. Brown.
San Francisco, Cal.....	7.	Sewall Dolliver, 2201 Fillmore st.
Harlem, N. Y.....	8.	Geo. T. Sanford, 108 W. 133d st.
Oakland, Cal.....	7.	Henry C. Converse, 1305 Broadway.
Columbus, Wis.....	4.	Florence Tyng Griswold.
Mahomet, Ill.....	5.	Dora Brown, Champaign Co.
Chicago, Ill., <i>B.</i>	6.	Annie T. Cromwell, 180 S. Water st.
Osage City, Kansas.....	5.	John T. Nixon.
St. Louis, Mo., <i>B.</i>	5.	H. B. Crucknell, 1233 N. 21st st.
Newton Centre, Mass.....	4.	Robert S. Loring.

ELIZABETH M. MORRIS.—The first volume of *ST. NICHOLAS* is out of print, and the publishers know of no place where a copy of it can be obtained. It is not probable that the volume will ever be reprinted. The publishers will pay the full retail price for a limited number of the issues of *ST. NICHOLAS* for November and December, 1873; January, November, and December, 1874; March and November, 1875; August and December, 1876; and January, 1877; but the copies must be in good condition, and suitable for binding. The covers and the advertising pages may be torn, but the magazines themselves must be neither torn nor soiled.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I was much interested in your April article about the cochineal insect, and the colors made from it. One of the sentences said that: "The best carmine can be made only in fine weather"; and this reminded me of a little anecdote that I read in a book, about Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist.

An English manufacturer agreed to pay £1,000—about five thousand dollars—to a Frenchman, if he would reveal to him the secret through which French makers were enabled to produce carmine of a quality generally so much better than the English. The Frenchman politely took the money, and said: "You must work only on clear, sunny days." And this was the whole of the secret; for, in other respects, the processes followed by both parties were exactly alike. But it was a dear bargain for the Englishman, because—says the story—in his country there is very little of the beautiful sunny weather that is frequently enjoyed in France.—Yours truly,
A. C.

MAY JENNINGS asks us to reprint this little paragraph from the "Letter-Box" of May, 1874:

May-baskets are very welcome as birthday gifts to May children, or as offerings to invalids and to little children in hospitals, or to put before fathers' and mothers' plates on May-day morning. A pretty May-basket can be made by trimming a paper-box (a collar-box will do for a small one) with tissue-paper fringed and crinkled, so as to hang around the outside, and by sewing to opposite sides of the box a strip of card-board for a handle. This, also, can be covered with tissue-paper. Moss, wild flowers, and green leaves will soon make the basket beautiful; and if you have a delicate bit of vine to wreath about the handle, so much the better. Narrow white ribbon bows, with streamers, where the handle joins the basket, give a pretty effect; and, for very little children, it will do no harm to put tiny round egg-like sugar-plums in the middle of the flowers.

JOHN J. KEAN.—The "Petite Anse Amateur," mentioned in the "Letter-Box" of December, 1879, is edited by Avery & McIlhenny, New Iberia Post-office, La.

CHARLEY G.—You will find a short and lively May-day acting-play in *ST. NICHOLAS* for May, 1876. It is called "May-day In-doors," and was written by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Have you noticed that in February and March of this year the days of the week fall upon exactly the same days of the month? For instance, the Saturdays in both months were the 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th; and the Sundays were the 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th. I suppose this happens always when February has twenty-eight days, or four complete weeks.—Truly yours,
B. C. T.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I have lived here in Dakota about four months, and have seen many wonderful things. The prairie fire for instance, which at one time entirely surrounded our home. It was beautiful to look at, but at the same time it was frightful on account of the danger to our homes.

Our homestead is two and a half miles from the town (Huron) on the Chicago and North-western R. R. The road is through to Ft. Pierre, on the Missouri River.

Our town is now about eight months old and it has over seven hundred people.

We shall soon have two churches and a school-house, and it is also expected to be the county seat.

There is not a tree in sight, but the scenery is beautiful. At times we have imaginary lakes that look perfectly natural to a stranger's eye. There are many antelope here in droves from fifty to three hundred, and during the severe storm in October many were driven to the Jim River, near town, where the sportsmen shot them.—From your admiring friend,
C. M. S.

M. NICOLL AND OTHERS.—You will find good advice as to how to care for canary birds in Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's article, "A Talk about Canaries," printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* for February, 1877.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Seeing in your February number a small rhyme of the "Small maid of St. Paul," I thought that I would give you something similar, which runs as follows:

There was a small girl in Montana,
I think her name was Susanna;
She walked down the street,
With her basket so neat,
To get her mamma a banana.
YOURS, etc.,

A CONSTANT READER, per C. S.

In good season to appear with Mr. Beard's "Chapter on Soap-Bubbles," in the present number, comes the following letter:

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Did you ever hear of a "soap-bubble party"? Well, an English lady gave one not long ago, and, from the account I read, it must have been very merry. Early in the evening, the guests seated themselves at a long table, on which were a number of pretty bowls, half-filled with warm soap-suds. By the side of each bowl was a common, straight-stemmed clay pipe, ornamented with little bows of narrow ribbon, and painted in pretty colors. The blowing of the bubbles began at once, and it must have been funny to see the guests—all grown up though they were, and some of them with names well known in social and political affairs—vie with each other, and try who could blow the biggest and most beautiful bubble; acting, indeed, as if they had become boys and girls again.

If any of your readers—little folks, grown folks, or folks altogether—should give such a party, they might let each guest carry away a pipe as a memento; and, of course, these souvenirs would be all the more highly prized if prettily decorated, and by the hands of skillful hostesses.
M. V. W.

NELLY B.—It is believed that the Europeans imported brazil-wood under that name from India, before they discovered South America, and that the country of Brazil received its name from this red dye-wood, with which the early navigators were acquainted already, and which they found there in great abundance.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Your girls and boys may like to hear how the children of Kent—"the garden of England"—celebrated May-day fifty years ago. In the morning, numbers of boys and girls went about in little companies, carrying bouquets of hawthorn or other trees in blossom. In every group, two children bore a May garland, which was formed of two small willow hoops, crossed, decorated with primroses and other flowers, and green leaves. Now and then there would be, in the middle of the garland, a doll May Queen gayly

dressed. At every house the children sang a carol, expecting pennies in return. Sometimes they sang these two lines over and over:

"This is the day, the First of May,—
Please to remember the Garland."

But generally there were several verses, or perhaps this one, which dates back to the days of good Queen Bess, I believe:

"A branch of May I've brought you here,
And at your door I stand;
It's but a sprout, but it's well budded out,
The work of our Lord's hand."

Later in the day, in some places, boys and girls joined in the merry-making on the village green, around and about the May-pole, as described by Olive Thorne in your May number of 1878.

I am sorry to say that these pretty customs seem to be dying out, but, at any rate, it is pleasant to call them to mind.—Yours truly,
W. H. F.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—I. The first number of ST. NICHOLAS is dated November, 1873. 2. From time to time, the following magazines have been merged in ST. NICHOLAS: "Our Young Folks," "Little Corporal," "The School-day Magazine," "The Children's Hour," and "The Riverside Magazine." 3. In Paris, a French magazine entitled "St. Nicolas" is published weekly, but it does not at all represent the American ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of your readers tell me why it is that when you warm a piece of paper by rubbing it between your knees, it will stick to a piece of wood?—Yours truly,

ZELLA (7 years).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Chicago, near Lincoln Park, and in summer often go to the park and down to the lake. One day, when gathering shells, I found a small snail, which I kept in a bottle of water. And one time, when giving it some clean sand and water, I found in the sand a small beetle. I took a look at him through the magnifying-glass. His shell looked like tortoise-shell, only the beetle-shell had great, deep ridges in it. He was a queer-looking insect, for on his stomach there were a great number of smaller shells, in which live other little insects. Once, when I was looking at him, one half of his shell came off. Inside of his shell he has four wings, two on each side, and they glisten like pearl. Still they are so thin that they look like lace; and you could see the veins and veinlets in them. In the middle his wings parted, and if you could

look very closely you could see a small portion of his back. The upper parts of the legs looked very smooth, while the under parts are covered with small, fine hairs. I just wish you could have seen that beetle, with his wings so beautiful and lace-like, his legs so smooth and shiny. I am very sorry I can not write anything about his head, but the poor beetle was minus a head when I found him, so I guess I'll have to leave the account of that part till I find another beetle, when you may have another note from your little friend.

L. H.

HERE are two capital letters from members of the Agassiz Association:

DEAR MR. BALLARD: Your minerals arrived here safely, they are very nice. We have a live porcupine; I will send you some of his quills if you would like them. There is an opossum in the cage with the porcupine. Papa was one day showing the opossum to the class, when he noticed two or three quills in his nose. I think it was too bad for it must have hurt him. I wonder if they had been quarreling. Thank you for the little book you sent me; when the Spring comes I hope to collect plants. Did you know that the cats have a third eye-lid? If you have a gentle kitty, when she is asleep lift up her upper eye-lid, and you will see a thick veil over her eye. Do you know if cats like music of any kind? We have a little black-and-white kitty that seems to like it when papa whistles. Can you tell me what the pocket in the ear of the cat is for? and if you have ever known of a cat burrowing in the earth to keep warm?—Yours truly,
M. N. W.

OUR cat is 11 inches high and 19 inches long from the root of his tail to the end of his nose and his tail is 10½ inches long. He has four legs and walks on the tips of his toes. He has four toes on each hind foot and on his fore feet five toes on each, one of which he does not use in walking because it is too high on his leg but he uses it in climbing. He walks on little cushions on the end of his toes. He uses his claws, only at will, as when he is climbing, stretching, fighting, etc. His ears are movable at will, but not so much so as a rabbit's. His eyes tip in like a Chinaman's. When he is watching for his prey he moves his tail from side to side. His tail is smooth and tapering. There is soft fur all over his body except on the end of his nose and the cushions on his toes and the inside of his ears. He is gray with lighter and darker stripes of gray all over his body, tail and legs.

He lives mostly on bread and milk and what he catches which are rats mice squirrels rabbits snakes and birds. He will eat dough, sweet corn, cooked potatoes, and turnips, but does not like the latter very well.

When I rub him I can see sparks, and the longer and faster he is rubbed the more sparks you can see, and at the same time you can hear a snapping noise. I can, too, feel my fingers tingle. It is electricity in the hair.
LINA ALDRICH.

SOLUTIONS to February puzzles were received, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from "A Hive of Bees," Wimbledon, England, 9. The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "Jessamine," 3—N. Eyes, all—Willie Bond, 1—Alice Dunning and Julia Palmer, 2—Walter K. Smith, 1—Dora N. Taylor, 1—Willie Ross, 3—Edward Browazki, 2—Warner W. Gilbert, 2—"Artful Dodger," 2—Leon and Naomi, 1—Cornelia Mitchell, 3—Anne V. Gleason, 4—Frank R. Heath, 11—Fordyce Aimee Warden, 8—Walter Monteth, 1—J. Harry Anderson, 3—Eleanor B. Farley, 2—Carrie F. Doane, 4—Juliette S. Ryall, 2—Violet, 2—E. L. Myers, 3—John B. Blood, 3—C. H. McBride, 3—Virginia Callmeyer, 9—"The Blanche Family," 11—J. O., 2—Emma and Howard Collins, 3—Willie R. Witherle, 1—J. Milton Gitterman, 3—"Antony and Cleopatra," 7—Harriet A. Clark, all—Henry Rochester, 3—Will Rochester, 5—Ashbel Green, Jr., 3—"Phyllis," 5—E. L. Gould, 11—Helen M. Drennan, 3—Henry K. White, Jr., 1—Grace Hewlett, all—Alice W. Clark, all—A. B. C., 5—Mary T. Dean, 3—H. Ware, all—Mary Appleton, 1—Gertrude L. Ellis, 5—Johnnie H. Fisher, 2—Sallie Wiles, 8—Livingston Ham, 2—H. and F. Kerr, 4—Bessie S. Hosmer, 11—Ruth Camp, 3—Thomas Denny, Jr., 1—Willie A. McLaven, 6—Margaret Neilson Armstrong, all—Ella Marie Faulkner, 3—Richard Anderson, 3—Gail Sherman, 1—Lizzie C. C. 2—Madge K. L., 2—Herbert N. Twing, all—"Modah," 4—Eddie L. Dufourcq, 4—H. H. D., 2—Caroline Weiting, 6—Fred C. McDonald, all—H. W. R., 11—Bessie Taylor, 6—Edith Boyd, 1—"Delta Tau Delta," 1—Katy Flemming, 7—F. W. C., 2—"Witch and Wizard," 7—Marie L., 4—Robert A. Gally, 9—"Adam and Eve," 10—Willie T. Mandeville, 3—Alice M. H., 3—Dolly, 9—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—"Three Puzzlers," 8—Lucy B. Shaw, 9—Susie Goff, 8—Allie D. Morehouse, 6—Alice M. Kyte, 6—Frank, Noble, and Anna, 11—Henry C. Brown, 11—Edward Vultee, 11—W. G. and L. W. McKinney, 9—Estelle Weiler, 4—J. S. Tennant, 8—"Unknown," 2—Edward F. Biddle, 6—Jennie M. Rogers, 1—Florence Wilcox, 11—"Chuck," all—Jane Bright, 1—P. C. Hartough, 2—Lizzie D. Pyfer, 2—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Effie H. Talboys, 11—Mabel Thompson, 2—Mattie K. Watson, 3—"Belle and Bertie," 7—A. E. W., 11—Florence G. Lane, 3—Newcomb B. Cole, 6—Walter B. Smith, 3—Alice P. Pendleton, 11—Mors O. Stocum, 6—Bessie Meade, 3—"Georgia and Lee," 7—Lulu G. Crabbe, 12—Fannie Knobloch, 6—Kitty H. Hunt, 11—Neddie and Tillie, 11—Bessie Finch and Bertha Stevens, 1—W. A. T., 2—Norman J. McMillan, 1—"X. Y. Z.," 10—Etta C. Wagner, 2—Mamie L. Fenimore, 5—Lottie G., 2—Susie Evans, 5—Barclay A. Scovill, 11—Tom, Dick, and Harry, all—Effie E. Hadwen, 9—Minnie Hazen, 2—George and Emma Huhu, 4—Anna B. Moseley, 7—Jessie R. C., 1—Grace E. Hopkins, all—Frank L. Thomas, 2—O. C. Turner, all—"Two Boys," 5—Willie D. Ward, all—Letitia Preston, 3—Sallie Chase, 3—Lizzie C. McMartin, 1—Hoffman K. Reynolds, 3—Lizzie M. Boardman, 1—Isabel Bingay, 8—A. C. P., 5—Annie Mills and Louie Everett, all—Laura M. Jordan, 1—Ella and Lulu, 8—Mamie W. Aldrich, 3—"Rose and Bud," 3—M. E. H., 5—Walter B. Hull, 11—Jessie White, 9—Helen L. Woods, 2—"James Shriver and Co.," 11—Kate F. Smith, 11—Georgia Jones, 3—Willie F. Woolard, 7—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Charley and Minnie Powers, 1—George H. Brown, 3—Annie Buzzard, 4—William and Adolph Gibhardt, 5—C. D. W. T., 4—John A. Archer, 2—Ella M. Parker, 3—H. Conover, 3—Allie E. Burton, 8—Clementine Bachelor, 10—George R. Mosle, all—L. B. Longacre, 1—"Queen Bess," 10—Abie R. Tyler, 11—F. R. Gilbert, 1—"Gussier," 11—Grace M. Fisher, 4—John S. Hunt, 9—Kenneth B. Emerson, 3—Charlotte F. Potter, 11—Wilbur Lamphier, 9—Glen A. Miscal, 11—Rosemary Baum, 7—Bessie Embler, 1—Gertrude Jenkins, 6—Charlie W. Power, 7—F. W. Hoadley, 2—Florence P. Jones, 2—Hettie, Phoebe, and Annie, 4—"Birdie," 3—"C. A. R.," 6—O. and W. Suckow, 3—Mauch Chunk, 9—Hallie B. Wilson, 3—Ellen B. May, 7—B. P. Botero, 4—Philip Sidney Carlton, 10. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

THE first word defined is found by beheading and curtailing the second. *Example:* Human beings in auguries. *Answer:* Men-omens.

1. A basin in bondage.
2. Ourselves in a pitcher.
3. An occurrence in a number.
4. A stage-player in a building where goods are made.
5. A fast in abundance.
6. A disturbance in a multitude.
7. Brightness in bunches.
8. An idol in a Chinese temple.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE faces of what three "characters" in Charles Dickens's story of "Oliver Twist" are portrayed in the above picture?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-two letters, and am a quotation from Shakspeare's play of Richard II.

My 4-18-16-30-19 is to accord. My 9-8-11-13 is to venture. My 17-3-31-21 is a water-fowl. My 32-8-6 is an edible root. My 15-10-21-27 is a cavity. My 26-2-22-29-28 is without color. My 25-7-24-23 is to make search for. My 1-22-11 is a title of respect. My 21-5-14-32 is the title given to the wife of a lord. My 12-19-31-20 is adjacent.

CHARLOTTE.

DIAMOND IN A SQUARE.

```

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

```

SQUARE: 1. The seat of the affections. 2. Impetuous. 3. Acute pain. 4. Tears in pieces. 5. A place of meeting.

INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In May. 2. An era. 3. Acute pain. 4. Conclusion. 5. In May.

F. S. F.

PUZZLE.

TO THE name of a famous American, now dead, add a consonant, and you will form a word signifying what, chiefly, he was.

IVIE.

WORD-BUILDING.

BEGIN with a single letter, and add one letter at a time, perhaps, also, re-arranging the letter or letters already used. Each addition will enable you to make a new word. In the following presentation of the puzzles, the beginning letter is described first, and then come, one after another, in proper order, definitions of the words formed.

I. Beginning with the vowel A, add a consonant, and form a short appellative for a near relation. Add other letters, one by one, and form, in succession, new words, meaning: an animal; a fruit; to fustion; saved; wretchedness; a place of delight; to become invisible.

II. A vowel; a pronoun; a bond; a flat piece of earthenware;

part of a fence; a shining material; feels a prickly sensation; a young bird; attending closely; shining with a hiful luster.

III. A consonant; a first person, present tense, of a verb; a human being; the "high seas"; an exaggerated whim; a living creature; consisting of thin plates or layers; pertaining to a border.

IV. A vowel; a pronoun; an amount; to meditate; one of the supposed founders of ancient Rome; an assembly of troops for parade; a baggage-horse; wind instruments of music.

D.

CHARADE.

I'm a singular creature, it must be confessed,
 Yet half of my queerness has never been guessed;
 For though I am found near the head of a riot,
 I'm always at home in the center of quiet.
 For me, men will sacrifice comfort and health;
 For my special behoof they accumulate wealth;
 What'er the pursuit, if there's fame to be won,
 I—I am the spirit that urges them on!

Disposed to be friendly, with ease I'm at strife,
 And appear at my best in political life;
 And though universal dominion I claim,
 The French and Italians ne'er whisper my name.
 I lead the Iconoclasts when they would break
 The idols and images I help to make,
 And such is my influence over mankind,
 Without my assistance they'd soon become blind.

With kings and with princes I freely consort,
 And with the nobility double my sport,
 Yet so independent my rank and my mien
 With queens, dukes, and emperors I am not seen.
 I'm quite contradictory, too, in my speech,
 And by incivilities help to impeach
 My credit; and such a strange creature am I
 Before tea I unite—after tea I untie.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals form a motto that is heard upon a celebration day named by the finals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A forerunner. 2. A bird sometimes called "golden-robin." 3. Pertaining to coins. 4. Formed of sheets folded so as to make eight leaves. 5. A clergyman. 6. The muse of pastoral poetry. 7. Defensive armor for the head. 8. A high-priest of Israel. 9. A stringed musical instrument. 10. A fixed allowance of provisions. 11. Old-fashioned. 12. A view through an avenue. 13. Springiness.

M. C. D.

TWO EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I. My first is in come, and not in go;
 My second in bread, but not in dough;
 My third is in yes, and not in no;
 My whole is a time when daisies blow.

II. My first is in might, but not in power;
 My second in branch, but not in flower;
 My third is in darkness, and not in light;
 My fourth is in battle, but not in fight;
 My fifth is in looked, but not in sought;
 My sixth is in barter, but not in bought;
 My seventh in sound, and also in noise;
 My whole is a game much loved by boys.

DYVIE AND LOVEJOY.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

MY whole, consisting of eight letters, signifies idolatrous nations.
 My 1-2 is a personal pronoun. My 1-2-3-4 is to warm. My 1-2-3-4-5 is a cheerful tract of country. My 2-3-4 is to corrode. My 3-4-5-6-7-8 has been called the "City of Minerva." My 4-5-6-7 is afterward. My 5-6-7-8 are domestic fowls.

D. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

For *two* Puzzlers.

I AM composed of fifteen letters, and am a pretty, spring flower.
 My 15-12-8-9-2 is a sweet substance. My 13-14-11 is what clothes are washed in. My 10-3-4-5 is sometimes used in making fences. My 1-6-7 is used in making pans.

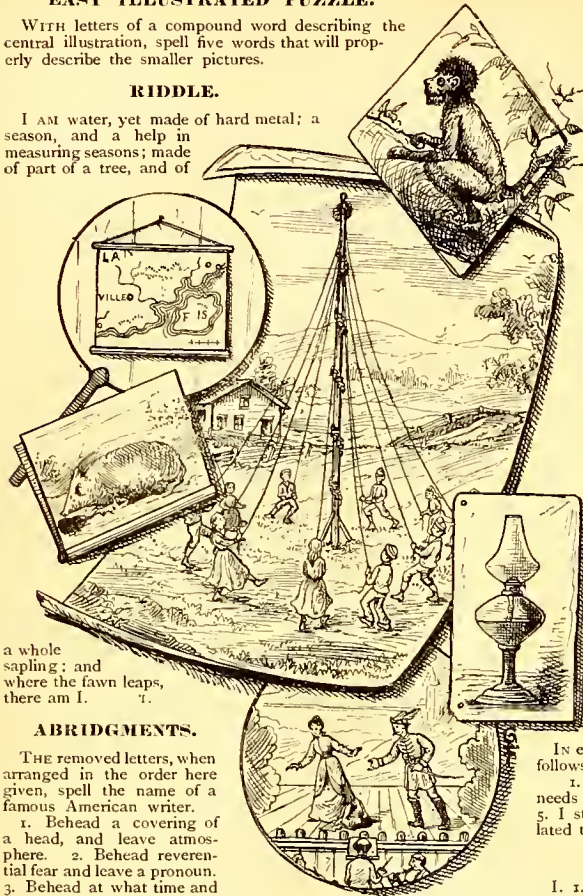
KATIE.

EASY ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

WITH letters of a compound word describing the central illustration, spell five words that will properly describe the smaller pictures.

RIDDLE.

I AM water, yet made of hard metal; a season, and a help in measuring seasons; made of part of a tree, and of



a whole sapling; and where the fawn leaps, there am I.

ABRIDGMENTS.

THE removed letters, when arranged in the order here given, spell the name of a famous American writer.

1. Behead a covering of a head, and leave atmosphere.
2. Behead reverential fear and leave a pronoun.
3. Behead at what time and leave a fowl.
4. Behead a brier and leave the pride of a rhinoceros.
5. Behead a term applied to the measurement of a horse's height and leave a con-

- junction.
6. Syncopate a garment and leave an animal.
7. Curtail a fruit and leave a vegetable.
8. Syncopate a sovereign and leave cost.
9. Syncopate contemptible and leave a human being.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times; once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

- I. Upper Left-hand Diamond. 1. In discover. 2. The name of a fairy-queen. 3. A man's name. 4. An insect. 5. In combat.
- II. Upper Right-hand Diamond. 1. In rubber. 2. A meadow. 3. To commence. 4. Purpose. 5. In continue.
- III. Central Diamond. 1. In caliber. 2. A period of time. 3. A color. 4. Dread. 5. In diamond.
- IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond. 1. In defensible. 2. A fur tippet. 3. A goal. 4. Dexterity. 5. In dwindle.
- V. Lower Right-hand Diamond. 1. In union. 2. The Greek name of Aurora. 3. Eminent. 4. Fixed. 5. In ended. DVCIE.

EASY HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: A beautiful fowl. ACROSS: 1. A beast of prey. 2. To make happy. 3. Mournful. 4. One hundred. 5. Watery vapor. 6. Adorns. 7. The Christian name of Mr. Micawber. H. G.

ANAGRAMS, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

In each of the following problems, a definition of the original word follows immediately the anagram made with its letters.

- I. SAD show; darkness. 2. A true sign; a written name. 3. Carl needs it; aids to identification. 4. No vile rout; violent change. 5. I storm a pit; an estimable quality. 6. A try for more; calculated to improve.

THREE EASY WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A shell-fish. 2. A kind of grain. 3. 4840 square yards. 4. An edible root. II. 1. To plunge. 2. A useful metal. 3. Empty. 4. Terminations. III. 1. A small lake. 2. Above. 3. A river in Russia. 4. A dull color. F. A. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

Shakspeare's Sonnets, No. xcvi.

- RIMLESS WHEEL. All Fools. 1. Amen. 2. Loan. 3. Lean. 4. Fawn. 5. Omen. 6. Oven. 7. Lion. 8. Soon.
- QUINCUNX. Across: 1. Pray. 2. Rat. 3. Tire. 4. Ode. 5. Seer.

PI. Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled.
Lessons you 've to learn, boys,
Study with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

- FOUR EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Hour. 2. Ogre. 3. Urge. 4. Reel. II. 1. Soap. 2. Once. 3. Acme. 4. Peep. III. 1. Over. 2. Vine. 3. Ends. 4. Rest. IV. 1. Gnat. 2. Nine. 3. Anna. 4. Team.

THE names of those who sent solutions of March puzzles will be found at the end of the "Letter-Box" in the present number.

SOLUTIONS of the Anglo-Chinese Story were received before March 20, from Katie Payne—Herman A. Vedder—A. G. Gracie—For-dyce Aimée Warden—Juliette S. Ryall—J. O.—Henry K. White, Jr.—Bessie S. Hosmer—Mary R. Magruder—Minnie Glück—Margaret Howard—Bessie Finch—Bertha Stevens—Norman J. McMillan—Barclay A. Scovill—Jessie R. C.—Lizzie M. Boardman—George A. Corson—An Old Subscriber—Helen L. Woods—Albert F. Pasquay—M. McLure—F. R. Gilbert—Bessie Embler—Robert A. Gally—Lucy B. Shaw—Susie Goff.

- ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES. ADDITION: 1. Restart. 2. Tomahawk. 3. Catacomb. 4. Capsize. SUBTRACTION: 1. Defaulter. 2. Canister. 3. Defilement. 4. Carpenter. MULTIPLICATION: 1. Tartar. 2. Cbowchow. 3. Bonbon. 4. So-so. DIVISION: 1. Dodo. 2. Sing Sing. 3. Aye-aye. 4. Motmot.
- CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Plutarch.
- OUTLINE PUZZLE. April fool.
- CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. April fool. 1. BeAds. 2. CoPal. 3. FiRst. 4. BaIn. 5. TiLes. 6. DeFer. 7. MoOre. 8. DrOop. 9. HoLly.
- DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. Panama Canal.
- DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Easter. Finals: Sunday. Cross-words: 1. EaveS. 2. AdieU. 3. SpurN. 4. TimiD. 5. Extra. 6. Rally.
- EASTER CARD. All hail the Easter morn!
- PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA. Palestine.—CHARADE. Abbotsford. DIAMOND. 1. L. 2. LEA. 3. LeAns. 4. LeaNder. 5. AnDre. 6. SEe. 7. R.
- DOUBLE DIAGONALS. 1. Dream. 2. Helen. 3. Utter. 4. Peter. 5. Rover.



"MUSTERING ALL HIS STRENGTH, ANDY PLUNGED INTO THE FLOOD."

[See page 580.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1881.

No. 8.

[Copyright, 1881, by Scribner & Co.]

THE A. STEELES.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

THE peculiarity of the Steele family lay in the fact that all their individual names began with the letter A.

Anthony Steele lived on the hill that stretched away from Mad River, in a long, bare, lonely lift of land, that looked, when you were below, as though it might be the very topmost height in the universe. His home was a red, roomy farm-house, and he was the venerable A. Steele, who had stood face to face with Indians, on the same spot, years before. Under the hill, near the river, was a story-and-a-half cottage, white and snug, where Albert Steele, the miller, lived.

Lastly, there was, close to the river, the brown grist-mill, with its biggest-in-the-region water-wheel, to which all the folk came, from far and from near, fetching their rye, wheat, corn, oats, and buckwheat to be ground.

March came, and the mill was full of grain. The earth began to stir and move uneasily beneath her snowy wraps, as though weary of her attire, and anxious for a change. First, she trimmed her garments with icicle-fringe. But that was stiff, and creaked and rattled to pieces when the wind blew, and made one feel as though things in general were about to break up.

Nature has spasms, and one was coming on.

The water-wheel had been out of order, and the winter had been so cold that very little had been ground in the mill; but now the wheel was as good as new, and so much grain was at hand that the heart of Albert Steele, miller, beat high with hope.

The miller had four children. Andrew Steele

(sixteen) looked at the length of wrist and arm below his coat-sleeve, and hoped that now a longer sleeve in a new coat would soon cover up his year's growth. Ann Steele, pretty as the May-flower, made the spinning-wheel fly, and had visions of a white dress for the next Fourth of July. Augustus Steele just hoped that now father would feel rich enough to let him have on his sled the iron runners that he had been waiting for pretty much ever since he could remember. Abby Steele, in the cradle, wanted her dinner, and cried for it, which cry drew Ann from her vision and the wheel, to lift up her motherless little sister; for there was no Mrs. Albert Steele to hope or wish for anything from the old mill on Mad River.

Nature's spasm was very near now. Sun, clouds, rain caused it.

"It'll be the biggest freshet that ever was," said the sage of the red house, when the rain began.

"I don't feel quite easy about the mill," said the owner of it, when ten hours' rain had fallen. The snow could accommodate ten hours' rain very well, in its many-crystalled chambers on a thousand hill-sides, and it did hold it without moving.

The next morning, everybody thereabout thought of bridges and of wash-outs—although there was not, at that time, a railroad within ninety miles of Mad River—and of taxes; for taxes began when the "Mayflower" paid wharfage to the Indians at Plymouth Rock, and have gone steadily on, beginning without ending, from that day to this.

Below the mill, a few hundred feet, there was a foot-bridge, the delight of boys and of daring girls,

but the terror of persons with nerves, whether young or old. It was like the half of an immense barrel-hoop, rising over the river, with its ends set into the banks. The rise and the round of this bridge were such that cleats were nailed up and down its sides, and a very shaky hand-rail had been provided to climb by. These cleats were constantly getting loose, helped oftentimes by small lads.

And to think that on this rainy March morning, of all mornings in that year, Albert Steele should be taken down with rheumatism!—the effect of his efforts of yesterday in getting home the sheep from across the river, in case of a freshet, which now seemed inevitable. He had driven them through the snow-water, and around by the wagon-bridge, above the fall a half-mile, and had been out until after the night came, making things snug at the mill, and so, as has been written, he was on this morning helpless. Before any one was up in the house, there came a thundering knock at the side-door, and a voice sang out:

“Ho! miller!—Ho!”

“Ho yourself! Who ’s there?” responded Andrew.

Andrew spoke from the little four-paned window, just beneath the point where the roofs joined.

“Call your father, quick! I want to get corn ground in a hurry, before the river breaks up. *Must be done!*” answered a breezy voice.

But, as we know, Mr. Albert Steele could grind no corn that day; he had been suffering terribly all night from the pain of his rheumatism, and Andrew so told the man.

“Come along yourself, then, and I’ll help you, for my critters ’ll starve to death, unless, indeed, I should give ’em whole corn,” said the young man.

Andrew had never run the mill in his life, but he had helped often enough to know what should be done. The upper gate and the lower gate were raised, and the big wheel felt the stir of the water in its every bucket. In tumbled the corn from bag after bag into the hopper, and the upper millstone ground on the nether millstone, and the yellow corn became yellow meal, and was poured into the bags, and away went their owner, happy over his success. When he was gone, Andrew ate breakfast, and down came the water faster and in greater volume every instant; and the old mill thundered at every swift revolution of the great wheel, that actually groaned on its axis, as the water plunged and splashed, filling the wheel-race with foam.

Meanwhile, honey and buckwheat cakes kept Andrew busy at the table, until Augustus, who had breakfasted while his brother played miller, opened a door and called out:

“Father wants to know if Mr. Cook helped you shut the gates.”

“Oh my!” whispered Andrew. “Don’t tell Father, but the gates are both wide open. Come on, Gus, and we ’ll get ’em down.”

Away went the boys. They darted under the door-way and ran through the mill to the race and the upper gate. The current was very strong; the race itself could not hold all the water that came to it. The force of it resisted the lads’ united strength, for the water was full now of slush.

Ann stood in the door-way, baby Abby in her arms, and watched the boys at work.

“There ’s something wrong at the mill, Father,” she said. “I’m going to run down and see, if you ’ll hold Abby.”

The poor miller sat there, helpless, and groaning away his troubles to the baby, while Ann appeared at the race, sledge-hammer in hand.

“You must stop it at once,” she cried, “or the wheel will break, and then what *would* become of us?”

With mighty blows from as many hands as could lay hold on the hammer, the gate went slowly down as far as it could be driven, and, by the time the lower gate was reached, it was easy to close that, but still the water came from somewhere. The old mill fairly shook amid the creaking cries of its straining wheels and timbers.

“The river is breaking up! The ice is coming over the fall! The water is up to the mill-floor!” cry one and another in horror.

“Out, out with the meal! Let us save all we can,” shouts Andrew. “I can manage one bag, and you two can carry another. Take these first.”

One, two, ten, twenty, forty bags of corn and rye the young Steeles saved before the water drove them out of the mill. And the wheel worked faster than ever all the time, and the air was full of the rush and the roar of Mad River at its breaking up.

Meanwhile, the miller himself set the baby a-crying out of pure sympathy with her papa’s lamentations (but children did not say “papa” in those days), for he verily believed that he should be compelled to sit there until the flood came and carried him away—so long were the children gone, and so alarmed was he at the thundering noises.

He was about to do something desperate with Abby, when the arbutus face—a little poppy-like now, it must be owned—appeared in the door-way with:

“Oh, Father! I’m afraid the mill will go down, but we’ve saved every bit of John Lathrop’s rye, and Mr. Holmes’s wheat. We thought we’d get *theirs*, ’cause *they’d* need it most, and the river is rising so fast that you can *see* it come up, and—

and—but here comes Grandfather! He 's managed to come down the hill this morning."

"Where 's your father? Where 's your father? Where 's your father?" resounded through the kitchen before Ann had time to get into that room and to reply.

"Dreadful times, Ann, my dear," he said, "but I think there is n't much danger of the house's going, though there is an awful power of snow up the valley, to get away somehow. Don't be frightened, child," he added, as the warm color paled in the girl's face. "I 've seen many a freshet in my time, and paid taxes for more new bridges than—I declare, Albert, *you* down again with the rheumatism! Too bad! Too bad! We 'd better manage to get you up the hill afore night," he ran on. "Meanwhile, I 'll see to things at the mill. Don't you worry now, my boy. Your old father is worth something yet," and away went the good old man, peering here and looking there, to see to this and that, and feeling very glad that all the sheep and the cows were on the hill side of the river. It would be so easy to escape up the long lift of land. Anthony Steele had built his house up there with due regard to possible times like the present one.

Nowhere could he find Andrew and Augustus. They had disappeared from sight.

"Where are the boys, Ann?" called their father. "Why don't the boys come and see me? I want to speak to them."

Ann heard, but something made her hesitate.

"Ann, call the boys!" came, at last, in a tone that she felt, and that made her paler than she had been before.

"Father!" she said, "they wont hear me. They 've gone!"

"Gone where?" he thundered. "Where could the rascals go to, when we are all on the verge of destruction?"

"They went over the foot-bridge, Father, and I thought it would go while they were on it, it shook so; and they were hardly off it before one end gave way, and it snapped in two in the middle, and now it hangs by the other end."

"What on earth are they gone for?" questioned Mr. Steele.

"Why, Father, can't you guess? It 's Hester and her mother that they thought of. You know, somebody must save them."

"Oh, this rheumatism, this rheumatism! Ann Steele, do as your father tells you, and never marry a man whose father or mother, or uncle or aunt, ever had the rheumatism. Get out my crutches! Be quick about it, and get my great-coat. My boys! My boys!" he groaned. "Father," he added, as the good white head appeared at the door, "the boys have gone to try and save Hester

Pratt and her crazy mother. I am afraid we shall never see them again."

"Why, I never thought of the Pratts. They are right in the heart of the flood! Their house must have been surrounded early this morning. May the Lord forgive me for thinking only of my own, and so little of His other children!"

Meanwhile, no remonstrance kept Albert Steele from donning his great-coat and hobbling about on his crutches, in the vain effort to see down the stream to the mite of a house on the river-bank where sweet Hester Pratt spent her young life in caring for her insane mother, who was too weak and too helpless to harm a living soul.

When the boys started, they seized, instinctively, a coil of rope from the mill. As they crossed the bridge, they made the two ends fast, and clung each to the other, or rather clung to the rope, one end of which Augustus carried, while Andrew held the other.

On the farther side of the bridge they plunged into the river's overflow, and were again and again nearly forced to go down with the current.

"Hold on, Gus! Hold on, laddy! Remember everybody, and the baby," shouted Andrew (the baby was Augustus's pet), as the younger boy gasped. "Andy, I c-a-n-t get o-n—I 'm go-ing d-own!" he shrieked. He lost his footing and went under, carried down by the current, but still clinging fast to the rope.

In that moment, Andrew Steele became a dozen boys in one. He fought with ice-cakes, and water, and current; fought for the little figure that was bobbing up and down. So near, and yet so far! But he felt the strain on the rope, and it gave him courage.

There was no human eye to witness the strife, as he got to his brother and struggled with him to the firm land, on which the boys sank for a moment.

"That was a pretty bad time, was n't it, Bub?" said Augustus, as soon as his eyes and ears were clear of water. "I don't want any more of that."

"Oh, we pulled out first-rate, and now we must hurry, or there wont be a stone left in poor Hester's chimney, for I don't see how the house is going to stand up before this flood. May be it is gone now."

But the house with the stone chimney was not gone, and presently, it came into view.

"Good gracious!" cried Andrew, as he took in the sight. The cottage looked lower and smaller than ever. It was standing, window-deep, in a sea of snow-water, with ice-cakes thumping at the door every moment.

"Oh, they are out. Somebody must have thought of 'em. I know somebody must," argued Augustus, as they tramped through the water-soaked snow.

"Anyhow, we 'll make sure of it. We are the nearest to 'em, and if we did n't think, who would? I declare, Gus, do see how the river rises! It 's mad enough now, goodness knows, and I do believe the covered bridge will boom down and take the mill with it." They struggled on.

"See! see! the water is running in at the windows this minute. Run, Gus, run, or we can't get near the house."

They lost no time, poor wet lads, in getting to the highway and to the verge of the running water that came up to the road. The little house lay below the road, between it and the river, but well above the touch of an ordinary freshet.

"Let us call out," said Andrew.

"Hester! Hester!" they screamed.

All was silent within.

"Nobody there," thought Gus.

"But, suppose they are drowned in there. I 'm going in," announced Andrew.

"Oh! Andy, Andy, don't. I can't spare you. Wait till somebody comes along."

"No time to wait. I must find out," urged Andrew.

Even as he spoke, he ran to the stoutest tree by the road-side and swung a rope-end about it, made it fast, and said to Gus:

"You stand by, whatever happens, and you pull with a will when I give the signal."

"Good-bye, Andy," whimpered Gus, shaking in his wet clothes, as his brother with the rope stepped into the cold flood.

At that moment a sash was raised in an upper window, and a pale, agonized face glanced up the river, and from that to the clouds.

Gus saw that it was Hester, and that she was praying, although no word escaped her lips.

She did not see the small figure standing by the great tulip-tree across the road, but suddenly Gus called out:

"Open the door for Andy! Andy is at the door. Let him in, quick!"

The sash was left up; the face disappeared. Never did feet descend steps with more willing speed to admit succor. As soon as Hester could get away the packing at the sill, the door was opened, Andy climbed in, and the door closed. The water went in with him.

"Hester! where 's your mother?" was the first question.

"In bed; and oh, Andy! I 've had such hard work to keep her from knowing. She thinks we 've moved down by the sea, and she likes the waves so much. Oh, Andy, you must n't stay. You must go right now, or you 'll go down too. Go! Go!" she begged.

"I am going, and you, too."

"I 'll never leave my mother—never, Andy Steele."

"Of course not. Do as I tell you. Get a lot of dry blankets—all you can carry—bundle 'em up, quick." The blankets were tumbled out of a big chest that stood handy, and were wrapped up.

"Now, tell your mother that you 've taken another house, 'cause the tide comes too high here, and you just wrap a blanket around her, and give her to me. I 'm going to carry her."

Hester obeyed, and her mother assented, without trouble. She even permitted the rope to be tied about her waist.

"Got a clothes-line, Hester?" asked Andy.

"Right here," answered Hester.

"Put it around your waist, and give me the other end, in case anything happens to you while I am gone."

"Now, we are all ready. Going to move into another house, Mrs. Pratt," said Andy, gently. "I 'll carry you."

"Hester, Hester, Hester," moaned Mrs. Pratt. She never forgot Hester, even when she was at the wildest. She clung to that name, and it seemed sometimes as if that name were the one little ray of reason left in her darkened life.

"Yes, Mother; I 'm going, too, but you know I can't carry you. You must let him," coaxed Hester.

She let him help, and, together, Andy and Hester lifted the light figure from the bed, and splashed through the water with it to the door, which Hester threw open.

It was not more than sixty feet to the highway and safety. The little rope-man stood at his post by the tulip-tree.

"Steady, now, Gus," signaled Andy. "Let go, Hester, and mind the line. You stay till I come for you."

Andy put a stout young arm about Mrs. Pratt's waist, and, mustering all his strength, plunged with her into the flood, knowing that every step would be a step into less of water.

The cold flood arose about the poor woman—so wan, so weak, so insane! She gave one shriek that might have pierced any heart; and then she shivered and clung and clung, and, but for the steadying rope that Gus drew, she would have taken Andrew from his feet.

"It 's all right, now, Mrs. Pratt," said the boy, as he got where he could lift her more easily and make his way out of the water.

"Yes, it 's all right," said Mrs. Pratt; "but where is Hester? I want Hester."

"What the mischief!" cried a man on horse-back, suddenly splashing into the scene, his horse breathing twenty breaths a minute, as he threw

himself off, and proceeded to receive the helpless figure that Andrew bore.

"I thought I should be in time," he gasped. "Never rode a horse so in my life."

"I'm going now for Hester," said Andrew, paying no attention to the horseman's remarks, "and for some dry blankets. I'll hurry."

"Better let me go!" said the new-comer, who held Mrs. Pratt.

"Save Hester. Go!" moaned Mrs. Pratt.

For the third time that day, Andrew Steele plunged into the cold flood.

"Hold the bundle as high as ever you can, Hester!" said Andy, as Hester awaited him.

The water had become deeper. He swam with her a few strokes. He whispered, as he put her on her feet and received the bundle to paddle out with, and she heard the whisper above the flood, as Andy softly said: "I—I *believe*, Hester, *that your mother is all right now.*"

"All right?" demanded Hester. "Andy Steele, what do you mean? Tell me!"

"Go and speak to her," was Andy's answer, "and you'll find out, may be."

"Here I am, Mother," said Hester, approaching her gently; "and we'll soon be in the new house, now," she added.

"Hester! Hester! My child! My darling! Why, Hester, I have n't seen such a flood since I was a little bit of a girl; and Father carried me out then; and the water made me feel, I remember, just as it did to-day."

Certainly, these were not words of insanity, such as Hester was sadly accustomed to hear from her.

Hester Pratt's fingers shook, and her heart was all a-tremble with gladness, as she and Augustus got the blanket-bundle open, and wrapped many a fold about the shivering figure.

"Did n't I tell you so?" whispered Andrew, as the tears began to well over from Hester's happy eyes.

"We must get out of this as soon as possible, or the highway will be covered before we can strike away from it!" exclaimed the horseman, for the water was rising faster than ever.

"There goes the bridge! There'll be no getting home to-night!" cried Gus, as sections of the covered bridge from above the mill went rushing down.

"My father helped build that bridge. I remember it," said Mrs. Pratt, feebly.

The new-comer, Augustus, and Andrew lifted the blanket on which they had laid the invalid, and prepared to march to the nearest house—Hester led the still panting pony. And it was her *mother* who had told her she "ought not to ride when so chilled and wet." Was not this what any mother would say to her daughter? Hester felt no chill, although her flesh was shaking—she would have walked forever in wet garments, with such joy in her heart, to keep it warm.

"After so many years!" she murmured. "After so many years, she will get well, at last—at last!" she repeated, her eyes fondly resting on the covered figure, borne on the blanket in front of her, and then on the seething waters, that rushed and crept, and crept and rushed even into the road-bed, as they went onward.

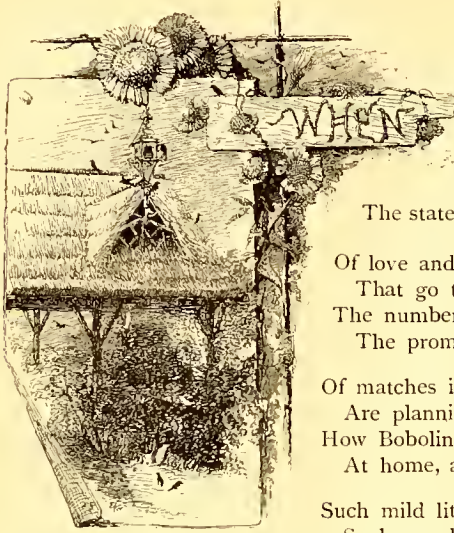
"Oh, you blessed, blessed Mad River!" cried Hester, in her joy, forgetting herself.

"What's the matter?" called back the bearers in front.

"Nothing," answered the happy follower; at which answer, the pony whinnied a remonstrance, and deliberately poked his nose over Hester's shoulder into her face.

That same afternoon, the Pratt cottage was swept away. News went over the flood that the boys were all right; but no code of signals then known could tell the glad tidings that Hester Pratt's mother was no longer "that poor crazy woman." Steele's Mill stood through the freshet, and, for a generation afterward, ground wheat and corn. Mr. Steele's rheumatism left him after a few weeks. The covered bridge, in due time, was rebuilt; but the quaint hoop-bridge with its shaky hand-rail was not "built up," and that river will never know its like again.

Hester Pratt rejoiced for many years in a sweetly sane mother, her sanity the work of a Mad River freshet. And of all the friends who rejoiced with them, there was none more truly happy than the lad who had carried the poor woman through the flood. So nobody was surprised when, later on, Hester and her mother went to live with him, and joined the respected family of the A. Steeles.



WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

they chatter together,—the robins and sparrows,
Bluebirds and bobolinks,—all the day long,
What do they talk of?—The sky and the sunshine,
The state of the weather, the last pretty song;

Of love and of friendship, and all the sweet trifles
That go to make bird-life so careless and free;
The number of grubs in the apple-tree yonder,
The promise of fruit in the big cherry-tree;

Of matches in prospect;—how Robin and Jenny
Are planning together to build them a nest;
How Bobolink left Mrs. Bobolink moping
At home, and went off on a lark with the rest.

Such mild little slanders! such innocent gossip!
Such gay little coquetries, pretty and bright!
Such happy love-makings! such talks in the orchard!
Such chattering at daybreak! such whisperings at night!

O birds in the tree-tops! O robins and sparrows!
O bluebirds and bobolinks! what would be May
Without your glad presence,—the songs that you sing us,
And all the sweet nothings we fancy you say?

THE LOST STOPPER.

BY PAUL FORT.

A LARGE black beetle, with a pair of pincers in front, like the claws of a little lobster, was hurrying through the forest on a summer day, when he was accosted by a lizard.

“Oh, Beetle,” said the lizard, “where are you going so fast? I never saw you in such haste before.”

“I am trying to find something,” said the beetle, “and I must not stop.”

“What are you trying to find?” asked the lizard, who was very inquisitive. “Tell me what it is. I can run fifty times quicker than you, and can easily slip into nooks and crannies. I am sure I can find it, whatever it is. Is it anything that has been lost, or is it something that has to be discovered?”

“It is something that has been lost,” said the beetle, a little vexed at being delayed.

“What is it, then? and whom does it belong to?” asked the lizard.

“I do not wish to tell you,” said the beetle.

“There is a reward.”

“Oh!” said the lizard. “Will you tell me if I guess?”

“Yes,” replied the beetle, still hurrying on; “but you can’t do it. You would never think of the right thing.”

“Will you let me try twenty questions?” asked the lizard.

“Yes,” said the beetle.

“Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?”

“Vegetable.”

“Useful or ornamental?”

“Both.”

“Is it manufactured?”

“Yes.”

"What are its dimensions?"

"It is about as long as I am with my legs stretched out; but it is much larger around."

"Ah!" said the lizard, "is it in the shape of a cylinder?"

"Not exactly," replied the beetle.

"Is it larger at one end than the other?"

"Yes."

"Is it heavy or light?"

"Light."

"Is it solid or hollow?"

"Solid."

"What is its color?"

"Its general color is yellowish brown, but one end of it has several colors."

"A light vegetable substance," said the lizard to himself; "made useful by being manufactured; as long as a beetle, and something like a cylinder, only larger at one end than the other; and ornamented with colors at one end. I believe it is a cork stopper."

"Is it a cork stopper for a bottle or a jar?" he then asked, aloud.

"Yes," answered the beetle, "but you don't know whom it belongs to."

"I have ten questions left," said the lizard. "Does it belong to a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"It must be for a bottle," said the lizard, "for such a cork would be too small for a jar. Is it for a bottle?"

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Is the stuff in the bottle useful, or for pleasure only?" asked the lizard.

"For pleasure only."

"Then it must be a perfume," said the lizard. "Does it belong to a high-born lady?"

"It does."

The lizard thought for a moment. "Does it belong to the mistress of yon castle?" he asked.

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Then it is the stopper of the perfume-bottle of the mistress of yon castle," said the lizard.

"That is it," replied the beetle.

"And five questions to spare," said the lizard. Then he went on:

"I'll help you to find it, and I shall only ask you to give me a quarter of the reward,—if we should succeed in winning it."

"All right!" replied the beetle, who was afraid the lizard would go and look for the lost stopper on his own account, and get all the reward, if he should not take him into partnership.

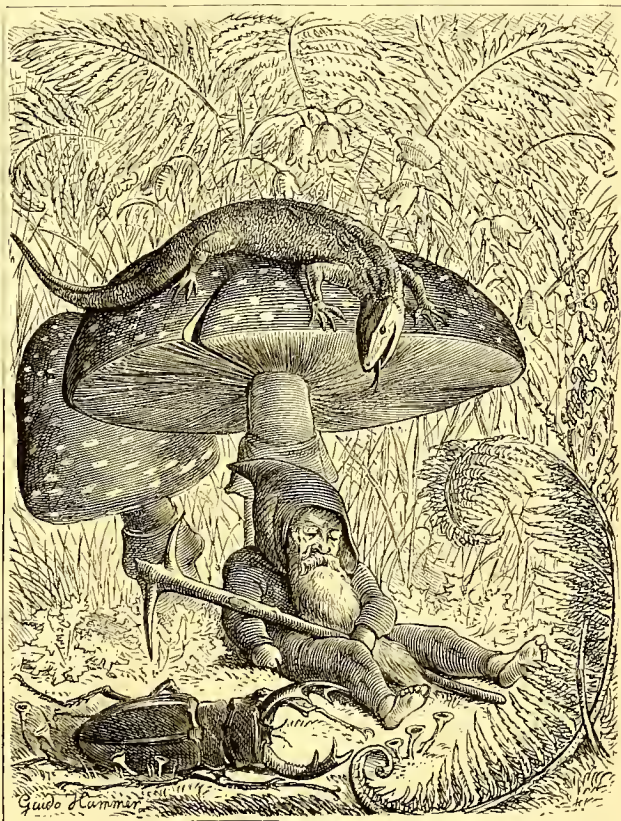
"You can find out anything in the world by asking twenty questions," said the lizard, who now seemed to be very much pleased with himself.

"I believe you can," replied the beetle.

They now journeyed on for some distance, when, passing a little thicket of ferns, they saw a small dwarf, not much bigger than either of them, asleep under a toad-stool. He was an old dwarf, for he had a long white beard, and he held in his lap a pickax, made of a strong twig, with two sharp thorns growing from one end of it.

"Hi!" whispered the lizard. "Here is one of those digging dwarfs. Let's capture him, and make him look for the stopper. If it has fallen into any crack, and been covered up by earth, he can dig for it."

"That is true," said the beetle. "But shall we have to give him any of the reward?"



"THE BEETLE SLIPPED QUIETLY UP TO THE DWARF."

"Oh, we can give him a little," said the lizard. "He will not expect much."

"But how are we to catch him?" asked the beetle. "If he hits one of us with that pickax, it will hurt."

"It will not hurt you," said the lizard. "Your shell is so hard. I am quite soft, so I will keep out of his way. I will climb on top of the toad-stool, and you can creep up, and seize him by the ankle with your pincers. Then, when he wakes up, he will see me sticking out my tongue over his head, and he will be frightened, and will surrender."

It all happened as the lizard said it would. The beetle slipped up quietly to the dwarf, and, turning over on one side, so as to get a better hold, he seized him by the ankle. The dwarf woke up suddenly, was greatly frightened at seeing the lizard making terrible faces above him, and surrendered. His captors then told him what they were trying to find, and ordered him to come and help them.

They all went on together, and the dwarf said to the beetle:

"If you had pinched a little harder, you would have taken off my foot."

"If you had not surrendered," replied the beetle, "I might have been obliged to do so; but if you will help us cheerfully, no harm shall come to you."

For a long time the three searched the woods diligently. They looked under every leaf, and in every crack; and the dwarf dug with his pick in many spots where the lizard thought the ground looked as if a cork stopper were concealed beneath it. But no stopper could they find.

"It is very necessary that it should be found," said the beetle. "One of the pages told me all about it. It was lost in these very woods, three days ago, by the lady of yon castle. And, since that time, her maids of honor have been obliged to take turns in holding their thumbs over the top of her perfume-bottle, to keep the valuable odor from escaping; and they are getting very tired of it."

After more fruitless search, the beetle and the lizard said that they must go and take a nap, for they were much fatigued; but they told the dwarf he must keep on looking for the stopper, for he had had his nap under the toad-stool.

When he was left to himself, the dwarf did not look very long for the stopper. "It will be a great deal easier," he said to himself, "to make a new cork stopper than to find that old one. I will make a new cork stopper for the lady in yon castle."

So he looked about until he found a cork-tree. Then, with his little pickax, he chipped off a small portion of the rough outer bark from the lower part of the trunk, and carefully cut out a piece of the soft cork which grew beneath. This piece was nearly as big as himself, but he lifted it easily, for it was so light; and carried it to his own house, which was not far away, in the forest.

There he took a sharp little knife, and carved and cut the cork into the shape of a bottle-stopper; making it very small at one end and large at the other, so that it would fit almost any bottle. With a small file he made it smoother than any cork stopper ever seen before. The lower end was cut off flat, while the top was beautifully rounded. Then he took some paint and little brushes, and painted the top in curious designs of green, and gold, and red. When he had finished it, it was the most beautiful cork stopper ever seen.

Then he put it on his shoulder and ran with it to the place where he had left the beetle and the lizard, taking their naps.

"Hi! hi!" cried the two companions, when they awoke. "Have you really found it?"

"No," said the truthful dwarf, "there was no use in looking any longer for that old stopper, and I have made a new one, which, I am sure, will fit the perfume-bottle of the lady of yon castle. Let us hurry, and take it to her. I am sure she would much rather have the new stopper than to find the old one."

"We should think so, indeed!" cried the others. And they all set off for the castle together.

When the lizard, the beetle, and the dwarf—the latter carrying the stopper on his shoulder—appeared at the castle, they were welcomed with great joy. The stopper was put into the lady's perfume-bottle, and it was found to fit exactly. Then everybody cheered merrily, especially the maids of honor, with their tired thumbs.

"But," said the lady of the castle, "my lost stopper is not found after all."

"No," said the dwarf, "it is not, but this one fits just as well, does it not?"

"Yes," said the lady, "but I wanted the same one that I lost."

"But is not this just as pretty?" asked the dwarf.

"It is a great deal prettier," said the lady, "but it is not the one. It is not the stopper I lost, and which I hoped to get back again."

"But it keeps the smell in just as well, does it not?" said the dwarf, a little crossly.

"Yes," answered the lady, "but that does not make it the same stopper, does it?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said the dwarf. "I think that will do just as well as the old one. It fits just as well, and it is a great deal prettier; and the old one can't be found. I think everybody ought to be satisfied with this new stopper, and forget all about the old one."

"So do we!" said the lizard and the beetle.

"And so do we," cried the maids of honor, and all the courtiers, and the people who stood about.

"Well," said the lady, "I suppose it will have to

do. It is very pretty, and it fits, and the reward can be paid to these little creatures. But it is not the same stopper, after all."

The reward was a large golden pitcher, with engraved sides. It was too heavy for the dwarf, the beetle, and the lizard to carry away with them, and they had to leave it on the shelf where it stood. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that it was their own.

"Let me go," said the dwarf, as he hurried away, "to finish my nap under a toad-stool. It may not be the same toad-stool I was sleeping

under before; but, if it is just as good, it will do quite as well. I have never heard as much silly talk as I have heard this day. If a thing is just as good as another thing, what difference does it make whether it is the same thing or not?"

"It makes no difference at all," said the lizard; "but some people are so particular. We ought to be satisfied with what we can get."

"Yes," said the beetle. "That is true; and I want you to understand that the handle of the pitcher is yours. The dwarf can have the spout, and all the rest is mine. Let us be satisfied."

HOW SHOCKING!

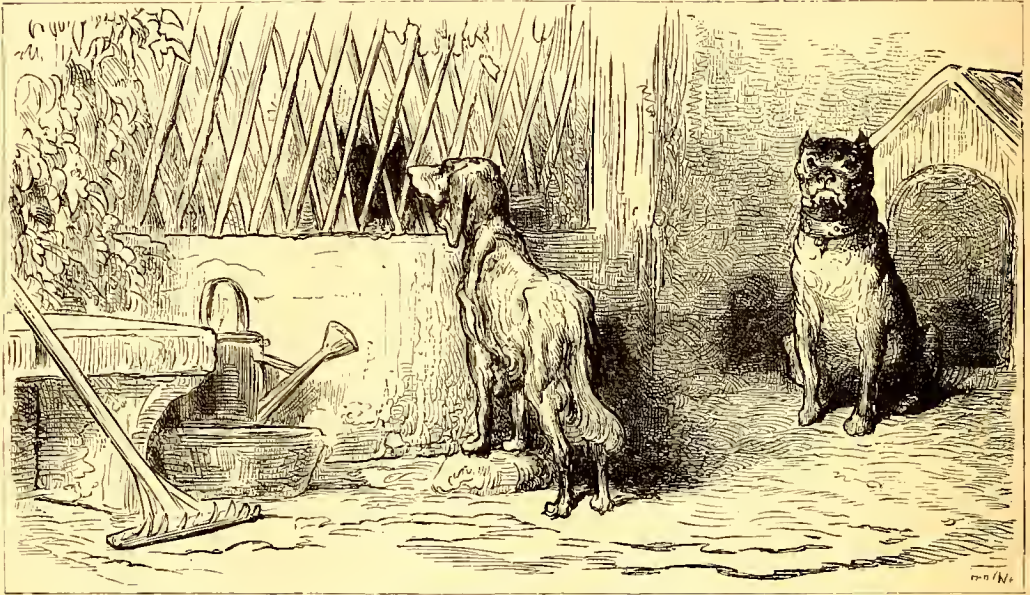
My grandma met a fair gallant one day,
 And, blushing, gave the gentleman a daisy.
 Now, if *your* grandma acted in that way,
 Would you not think the dear old soul was crazy?
O—h, Grandmamma!

And then the gentleman bent smiling down,
 And told my grandma that he loved her dearly;
 And grandma, smiling back, forgot to frown,
 —Ah, Grandpa nods! So he recalls it clearly?
O—h, Grandpapa!



THE MASTIFF AND HIS MASTER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



A CERTAIN young mastiff being near dog's estate, his master judged best to trim and shorten his ears. This the mastiff thought hard, and complained accordingly. But as he grew older and met dogs of various tempers, he was often obliged to fight for himself and his rights: then his short ears gave great advantage, for they furnished no hold to the enemies' teeth, while the long-eared dogs, whom he had formerly envied, came from the fray torn and suffering. "Aha!" said the mastiff, "my master knew better than I what was good for me."—*Old Fable.*

"But why must n't I?" said Towser.

Towser was not a dog, as you might suppose, but the nickname of a boy. Exactly why his school-fellows should have chosen this nickname for Tom Kane I don't know; perhaps because his brown, short-nosed face was a little like a dog's—perhaps because he was bold and resolute, a good fighter, and tough in defense of his rights and opinions. I hardly think it was this last reason, however. Boys are not much given to analyzing character, and are apt to judge things and people by a happy-go-lucky instinct, which sometimes leads them right and sometimes wrong. But whatever the reason may have been, Towser was

Tom's school-name, and stuck to him through life. Even his wife called him so,—when he grew up and had a wife,—and the last time I saw him, his little girl was stroking his hair and saying, "Papa Towser," in imitation of her mother. Towser is n't a pretty name, but it sounded pretty from Baby May's lips, and I never heard that Tom objected to the title, either as man or boy.

But to return to the time when he was a boy.

"Why must n't I?" he said again. "All the fellows are going except me, and I'd like to, ever so much."

"It is n't a question of like," answered his father, rather grimly. "It's a question of can and can't. All the other boys have rich fathers; or, if not rich, they are not poor like me. It's well enough that their sons should go off on camping parties. Twenty-five dollars here and twenty there is n't much to any of 'em, but it's a great deal for you. And what's more, Tom, there's this: that if they'd take you for nothing, it is n't a good thing for you, any way you fix it. I pay for your schooling, and I paid for those boxing lessons, and may be, another year, I'll manage the subscription to the boat, for I want you to grow up strong and ready with your fists, and your mind, and all parts of you. You'll have to fight your way, my

boy, and I want you to turn out true grit when the tussle comes. But when it 's a case of camping out a week, or extra holidays, or spending money for circuses and minstrels and such trash, I shut down. You 'll be all the better off in the end without this fun and idling and getting your head full of the idea of always having a 'good time.' Work 's what you 're meant for, and if you don't thank me now for bringing you up tough, you will when you 're a man, with may be a boy of your own."

Mr. Kane was a silent, gruff, long-headed man, who never wasted words, and this, the longest speech he had ever been known to make, impressed Towser not a little. He did say to himself, in a grumbling tone, "Pretty hard, I think, to be cut off so at every turn," but he said it softly, and only once, and before long his face cleared, and, taking his hat, he went to tell the boys that he could n't join the camping party.

"Well, I say it 's a confounded shame!" declared Tom White.

"I call your pa real mean," joined in Archie Berkley.

"You 'd better not call him anything of the kind while I 'm around," said Towser, with an angry look in his eyes, and Archie shrank and said no more. Tom was vexed and sore enough at heart, but he was n't going to let any boy speak disrespectfully of his father.

"I say, though," whispered Harry Blake, getting his arm around Tom's neck, and leading him away from the others, "I 'm real disappointed, old fellow. Could n't it be managed? I 'd lend you half the money."

Harry's mother was a widow, well off, and very indulgent, and he had more pocket-money at command than any one else in the school.

Towser shook his head.

"No use," he said. "Father don't want me to go, for more reasons than the money. He says I 've got to work hard all my life, and I 'd better not get into the way of having good times; it 'd soften me, and I 'd not do so well by and by."

"How horrid!" cried Harry, with a shudder. "I 'm glad Mother does n't talk that way."

Harry Blake was fair and slender, with auburn hair, which waved naturally, and a delicate throat as white as a girl's.

Tom looked at him with a sort of rough, pitying tenderness.

"I 'm glad, too," he said. "You 'd die if you had to rough it much, Harry. I 'm tougher, you see. It wont hurt me."

A sturdy satisfaction came with these words that almost made up for the disappointment about the camping out.

Still, it was pretty hard to see the boys start without him. Ten days later they returned. The mosquitoes were very thick, they said, and they had n't caught so many fish as they expected. Joe Bryce had hurt his hand with a gun-lock, and Harry Blake was half sick with a cold. Still, they had had a pretty good time on the whole. Mr. Kane listened to this report with a dry twinkle in his eyes.

"Two hundred dollars gone in giving twenty young fellows a 'pretty good' time," he said. "Well, all the fools are n't dead yet. You stick to what you 're about, Towser, my boy."

And Towser did stick, not only then, but again and again as time went on, and first this scheme and then that was started for the amusement of the boys. Now it was an excursion to Boston; next, the formation of an amateur rifle company; after that a voyage to the fishing-banks. Every few months something was proposed, which fired Towser's imagination, and made him want to join, but always his father held firm, and he had no share in the frolics. It seemed hard enough, but Mr. Kane was kind as well as strict; he treated his son as if he were already a man, and argued with him from a man's point of view; so, in spite of an occasional outburst or grumble, Towser did not rebel, and his life and ideas gradually molded themselves to his father's wish.

At sixteen, while most of the other boys were fitting for college, Towser left school and went into the great Perrin Iron Works, to learn the business of machine-making. He began at the foot of the ladder; but, being quick-witted and steady, with a natural aptitude for mechanics, he climbed rapidly, and by the time he was twenty was promoted to a foremanship. Harry Blake came home from college soon after, having graduated with the dignity of a "second dispute," as a quizzical friend remarked, and settled at home, to "read law," he said, but in reality to practice the flute, make water-color sketches, and waste a good deal of time in desultory pursuits of various kinds. He was a sweet-tempered, gentlemanly fellow, not strong in health, and not at all fond of study; and Tom, who overtopped him by a head, and with one muscular arm could manage him like a child, felt for him the tender deference which strength often pays to weakness. It was almost as if Harry had been a girl; but Tom never thought of it in that light.

So matters went on till Towser was twenty-one and beginning to hope for another rise in position, when suddenly a great black cloud swooped down on the Perrin Iron Works. I don't mean a real cloud, but a cloud of trouble. All the country felt its dark influence. Banks stopped payment, merchants failed, stocks lost their value, no one knew what or whom to trust, and the wheels of industry

everywhere were at a stand-still. Among the rest the Perrin Company was forced to suspend work and discharge its hands. Tom was a trusted fellow, and so much in the confidence of his employers as to know for some time beforehand of the change that was coming. He staid to the end, to help wind up books and put matters in order, and he and Mr. Perrin were the last persons to walk out of the big door.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Mr. Perrin, as he turned the key in the heavy lock, and stopped a moment to shake hands. "You 've done well by us, and if things are ever so that we can take another start, we 'll do well by you in our turn."

They shook hands, and Tom walked away, with a month's wages in his pocket and no particular idea what to do next. Was he down-hearted? Not at all. There was something somewhere that he could do; that, he was sure of; and, although he looked grave, he whistled cheerily enough as he marched along.

Suddenly turning a corner, he ran upon Harry Blake, walking in a listless, dejected way, which at once caught his attention.

"Halloo—what 's up?" inquired Tom.

"Have n't you heard?" replied Harry, in a melancholy voice. "The Tiverton Bank has gone to smash, with most of our money in it!"

"Your money!"

"My mother's. It 's the same thing exactly."

"Was it much? Is the bank gone for good?"

"Sure smash, they say, and seven-eighths of all we have."

Tom gave a whistle of dismay.

"Well, Harry, what next?" he demanded.

"Have you thought of anything to do?"

"No. What *can* I do?" Harry's voice sounded hopeless enough.

What could Harry do? Tom, who had never wasted a night's sleep over his own future, lay awake more than once debating this question. Hard times were hard times to him, as well as to everybody else, but he had a little money laid by, his habits were simple, and to pinch for a while cost him small suffering; besides, he could turn his hand to almost anything—but poor Harry? One plan after another suggested itself and was proposed, but each in turn proved a failure. Harry lacked bodily strength for one position, for another he had not the requisite training, still another was unsuited to his taste, and a fourth sounded so "ungenteel" that his mother would not listen to it. It would break her heart, she said. Tom him-

self got a temporary place in a locomotive-shop, which tided him over the crisis, and enabled him to lend a helping hand, not to Harry only, but to one or two other old comrades whose families had lost everything and were in extremity. But these small aids were not enough. Permanent situations were what were needed. At last Harry obtained a clerkship in a drug-store. He disliked it, and his mother hated it, but nothing better offered, and it is to his credit that he did the work well and diligently, and only relieved his mind by private grumbings to Towser in the evenings.

"I 'll tell you what," said Tom one night, after patiently listening to one of these lamentations, "you boys used to think my father strict with me when we were at school together, but I 've come to the conclusion that he was a wise man. Where should I be now if I 'd grown up soft and easily hurt, like you? Giving knocks and taking knocks—that 's what a business man's life is, and it 's a good thing to be toughened for it. I used to feel hard to my father about it too, sometimes, but I thank him heartily now," and he held out his brown, strong hand, and looked at it curiously and affectionately. Well he might. Those hands were keys to pick Fortune's locks with,—only I 'm afraid Towser's mind was hardly up to such a notion.

"You 're right," said Harry, after thinking a little, "and your father was right. You 're true grit, Towser,—up to any work that comes along, and sure to succeed, while I 'm as easily knocked down as a girl. I only wish I 'd had a wise father, and been raised tough, like you."

Harry has repeated this wish a good many times in the years that have passed since then. Life has gone hardly with him, and business has always been distasteful, but he has kept on steadily, and his position has improved, thanks to Tom's advice and help. Tom himself is a rich man now. He was long since taken in as a partner by the Perrin Company, which re-opened its works the year after the panic, and is doing an immense business. He makes a sharp and energetic manager, but his open-handedness and open-heartedness grow with his growth, and prosperity only furnishes wider opportunity for a wise kindness to those who are less fortunate. His own good fortune he always ascribes to his father's energetic training, and Mr. Kane, who is an elderly man now, likes to nod his head and reply: "I told you so, my boy; I told you so. A habit of honest work is the best luck and the best fortune a man can have."

ENCHANTMENT.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



FROM my hammock I look toward the old willow-tree,
 And I feel like a bird, while I lie there swinging,
 And when nobody's near to listen to me,
 I mock the cat-bird, whistling and singing.
 I had my fairy-book yesterday,
 Reading Tom Thumb and all the others,
 And I cried when he took the crowns away,
 And made that poor old Blunderbore slay
 The princesses, thinking he had the brothers.

I lay there thinking, and singing a hymn,
 Because I felt sad, and the church-bell was ringing,
 Till the twilight made everything round me grow dim,
 A little wind blew, and the hammock was swinging.
 It was not the fence—they may say what they will,
 There *was* a fence there, with the top cut all pointed,
 But fences don't bow—they stand perfectly still,
 They do not have voices, all mournful and shrill,
 And they don't look like dolls, half alive and stiff-jointed.

And fences don't sing—oh! I heard them quite plainly,
 Their sad little music came over the street,
 They had all pointed crowns, though they looked so ungainly,
 And though they were n't pretty, their singing was sweet!
 At first it all jumbled, but after a while
 I found out the words that each princess was wailing,
 And, though I was sorry, I could not but smile,
 For they sang, "Oh, who *has* nailed us up in this style?
 What, what is life worth, if one's fast to a railing?"

The cat-bird flew over to comfort them—he
 Sang better than they did—much louder and clearer.
 He sang to one poor little princess, "Just see!
 Don't look at the dusty road, see what is nearer,
 A wild rose is woven all over your crown,
 And a daisy is growing right here at your feet;

A velvety mullein has made you a gown."
 But the poor little princess sobbed out, with a frown :
 " Life, fast to a railing, can never be sweet !"



He tried the next princess: " Your highness perceives
 How this beautiful tree makes a bower above you ;
 You can listen all day to the whispering leaves,
 And they touch you so gently, they surely must love you.
 Then this blackberry-bush, with its wreath of white flowers—"
 But the princess broke in, with her sad little wailing :
 " Oh, don't talk to me of your flowers and bowers,
 They are nothing to me"—here her tears fell in showers—
 " Less than nothing at all, while I'm fast to this railing !"

The cat-bird, discouraged, came back to his nest,
 And the princesses still kept on sighing and weeping ;
 They must have said more, but I don't know the rest—
 A great big black ant on my elbow was creeping,
 And he was the wizard, I really believe,
 Who had kept the poor princesses fast to the railing ;
 For when I had shaken him out of my sleeve,
 I looked over the way, and I could n't but grieve ;
 There was nothing at all but that old pointed paling.

But to-day, when the school-room was dusty and hot,
 And I thought of my hammock, and wished I was in it,
 Till I missed in my spelling, because I forgot ;
 I felt like those princesses, just for a minute.
 Then I happened to think of that dear cat-bird's song,
 And I thought everybody is fast to *some* railing ;
 But the flowers and cat-birds and trees can't be wrong,
 The time will seem only more tiresome and long
 If we spend it complaining, and weeping, and wailing.

OSTRICH-FARMING.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

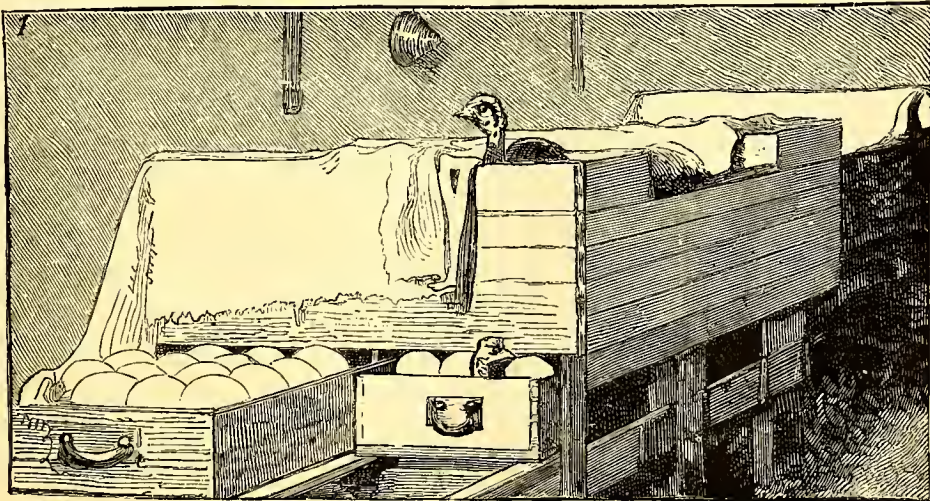
THOSE readers of ST. NICHOLAS who were so fortunate as to wander through the long aisles of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, will perhaps remember the South African section. It sticks in my memory on account of two things: One, a small, heavy stone ring used by the savage Bushmen; and the other, the ostrich-hatching oven.

Everybody knows what an ostrich looks like,—a bird standing as high upon its legs as a pony, and holding a very small and stupid-looking head upon a neck as long as its legs. As though all the feather-material in the bird's make-up had been needed for the plumes, the whole head and neck are almost bare, being sprinkled with only a few poor bits of down and hair in place of feathers, while the legs are positively naked. Even the gaunt body is but imperfectly clothed, and the tail is ridiculously bobbed. But in two rows on the wings, and falling over the root of the tail, is a wealth of plumage that makes up for all these deficiencies,—masses of black, white, and gray feathers of large size and graceful curve, crowding one another in exquisitely soft drapery, all the

on the desert; and they were perhaps the first ornaments in the hair of those old wild ancestors of ours who lived long before written history began.

There are two sorts of ostriches,—some naturalists say more,—both living in open country. One, the African "camel" ostrich, dwells in the Sahara deserts of the northern half of that continent, and in the wide dry plains at the south. The other, the "cassowary," belongs to the sterile pampas of Patagonia. Besides this, the sandy barrens of Australia have been, or are now, the homes of somewhat similar birds, of gigantic stature.

Ostriches are runners. They have no wings worth mention, and can no more fly than the jackals that chase them. Hardly raising their wings, then, but only taking enormous strides with their long and muscular legs, they will outstrip any but a fast horse, and, unlike the swift antelopes, they have endurance enough to continue the race a long time. Very wary in some respects, while excessively stupid in others, ostriches can not be killed easily without stratagem, and the natives of the countries which they inhabit, therefore, prac-



THE INCUBATOR, OR HATCHING-MACHINE.

more beautiful because surprising in a creature so uncouth in every other feature. These graceful ornaments are the "ostrich plumes."

From the very earliest times these great, soft, drooping feathers attracted the eyes of the men—or possibly the women first!—who found them dropped

tice various devices to entrap them, or to get near enough to shoot them. In one of these plans, the hunter stiffens out the skin of an ostrich so that its head stands up pretty naturally, and then, putting the skin over his head and shoulders, he approaches a flock slowly, making them believe that

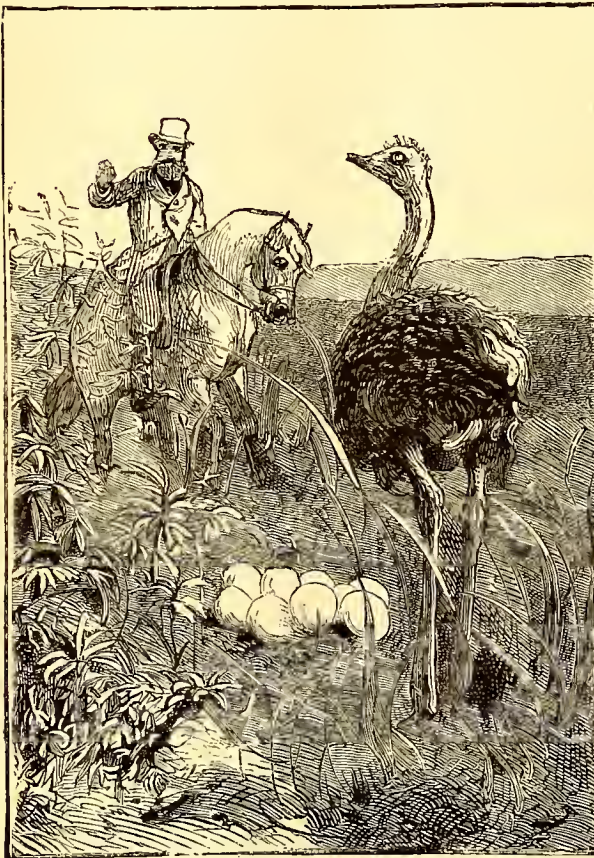
it is simply another bird coming up, until he is within arrow-range. When but slightly wounded, however, the ostrich is a dangerous animal to get near to, since a blow with its foot has force enough to knock a man down or to break his leg.

The Indians who inhabit the dreary, wind-swept, treeless and chilling plains of Patagonia, depend upon their ostrich for a large part of their food and clothing, and hunt it in a most exciting way. They own herds of tough and hardy ponies, that are swift of foot for a short distance, and very clever at hunting. They have also any number of fleet-footed mongrel dogs. When they discover one or two, or, rarely, a group of cassowaries, they endeavor, by creeping along behind ridges, to get as

When the Indian finds he can steal up no nearer to the ostrich, he spurs his horse and gives open chase. Grasping the thong of his bolas, he swings them rapidly around his head, and, as he comes close to his game, lets them fly. They strike the bird, twine around its body and legs, and throw it down. Before it can get free, the Indian has ridden up, and dispatched it with a knife or club. It requires great skill to hurl the bolas well; but when, mounted upon a wild Pampas-pony, you are racing over the breezy plains after the swift-fleeing bird and the close-pursuing hounds, you feel that nothing can stir the blood into keener action or can better be called sport.

The nests of ostriches vary greatly, though always built on the ground. Generally, a high, dry spot is selected, where there is plenty of herbage, which may be heaped into a rim around a depression scratched out by the feet. But some birds will choose a most ill-judged site, where the eggs may be drowned in a pool during the first rain-storm. Again, for some nests you must search long and closely, while others are placed in the most open positions. As a rule, it is the male that builds the nest, and he also sits the longest, and always at night, the female taking her turn during the day-time. In the care of the eggs the birds differ greatly, some being extremely anxious lest their treasures shall suffer exposure, or be interfered with, while others seem entirely careless about what may happen. So, too, one ostrich will defend his nest or young family to the last extremity of his strength, while another will desert his home or brood before an enemy in the most cowardly manner. Remembering these individual differences, one of the farmers at the Cape gave as his reason for enjoying the cultivation of the birds, that he never could make out their characters, and so was constantly amused by some novelty in their behavior.

The dozen or two eggs that are laid by the ostrich are precisely like turkeys' eggs in color, but of greater size. One would hold three pints of water or millet, and when fresh, they are good to eat. But to the Indian or the Bushman, these eggs are chiefly valuable for their thick shells, out of which he makes his cups and pitchers and water-jars. In South Africa, particularly, water is extremely scarce and precious. The wild natives, therefore, empty the eggs through small holes, and



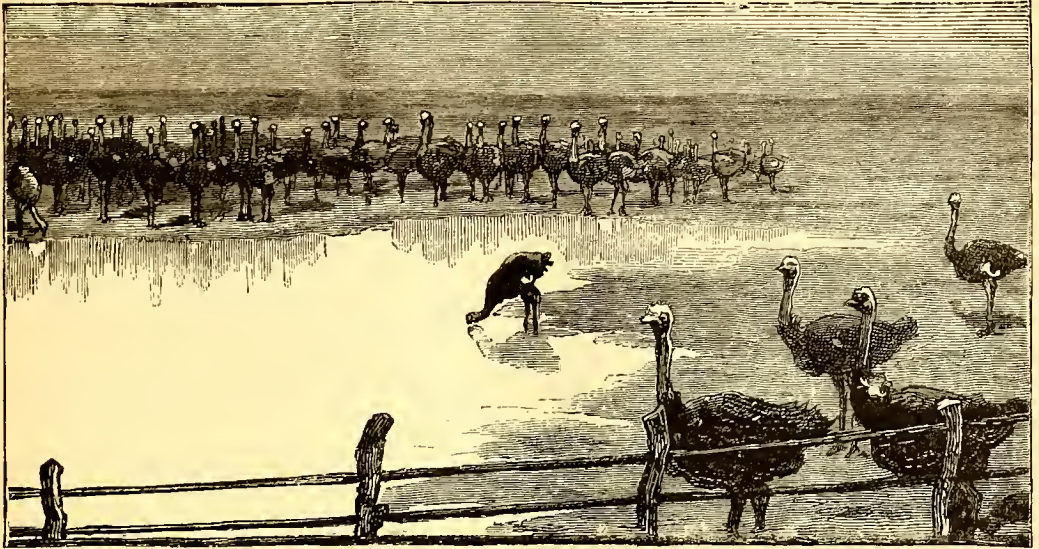
FINDING A NEST.

near as possible to the game without alarming it. Meanwhile, they throw aside their fur capes, and detach from the saddle their bolas, ready for use. The bolas are their weapons, and consist of two or sometimes three balls of lead—frequently, simply stones—covered with leather, and united by thongs about four feet long.

fill the shells with water, corking up the orifices. When they are going on a journey, they make net-bags out of twine, formed from bark or rushes, and

day's journey in the sun, they bury the corked shells in the ground for an hour or two.

For the first three or four days after coming out



A HERD OF OSTRICHES AT THE WATERING-PLACE.

inclose each shell in a bag. Thus inclosed and protected in the netting, the stout egg-shells can be tied together and safely carried over a man's

of the shell, we are told, the chicks eat nothing whatever, "but sit on their haunches and imbibe their first impressions of nature." It would be a



FEEDING THE YOUNG OSTRICHES.

shoulder, or on the backs of oxen; and, in these ways, ostrich-egg shells supply drinking-water for long trips across the desert. To cool it, after a

curious thing to know how the world looks to a baby ostrich; the first things eaten are not food, but pebbles, sand, and bits of the shells from which

the birds have recently been hatched. Later, they take mouthfuls of grass, then begin to snatch up insects and lizards, and meanwhile are becoming expert in the art of suddenly disappearing at a warning cry from the watchful parent. "Thus they do by diving under a bush where possible, and lying on the ground with their bodies as flat as possible, and their necks stretched out upon the earth. Here they lie motionless as a lump of clay—and not unlike it in appearance, even to the practiced eye—until the danger is over." Such native wisdom is early supplemented in their infant brains, however, by the farmer's lessons.

Sometimes a stout young ostrich serves as saddle-horse for a rider as adventurous as a Bushboy. It is strong and fleet enough for the purpose, but too stupid to be guided satisfactorily, or to be trusted not to run away and perhaps spill the rider. In the Zoological Gardens of London,* children are sometimes allowed to ride upon ostriches, in the care of an attendant. They are said by the people of the Cape of Good Hope to be very gentle and funny as pets, though full of mischief.

But I am forgetting the promise of my title—to describe ostrich-farming.

The ostrich-farm is a South African idea, and has become a great industry at the Cape colony. It is said to have been founded by accident. Formerly the supplying of plumes was almost wholly in the hands of the Arab traders, who traveled throughout the interior of Africa, and English merchants at the Cape had little hold upon it, though prices were high and great profits possible. The Arab dealers would bring to the coast from the interior, also, many ostriches' eggs to sell in the villages as food, or to send to Europe as ornaments, often with odd, elaborate carvings upon the shells. The story goes that one day, about twenty-five years ago, an Algerian trader, having a heavier cargo than he could carry, left a few eggs in a cupboard adjoining a bakery in the village. Two months afterward, he was astonished to find there a chick for every egg he had left. Of course, the young ostriches were dead, but it was evident that they had been artificially hatched by the warmth from the neighboring fire. A French army officer, hearing this fact, set himself to learn whether he could regularly hatch out the eggs in an artificial oven or "incubator," and afterward raise the young birds until they should grow of a size to bear salable feathers; and at last he succeeded.

It was hardly to be expected that the slow-going people of Algiers should turn the discovery to profit at once, but a wide-awake Englishman heard of it and immediately tried the experiment in South Africa, for there were plenty of ostrich-

eggs to be had there, and he knew that success would bring him plenty of money. The experiment led to many improvements upon the first one, until now ostrich-farming is a well-settled business; and of the several millions of dollars' worth of plumes exported from Africa every year, the Cape colony sends over three-quarters, wholly of artificial production, and procured from about half a million of tame birds.

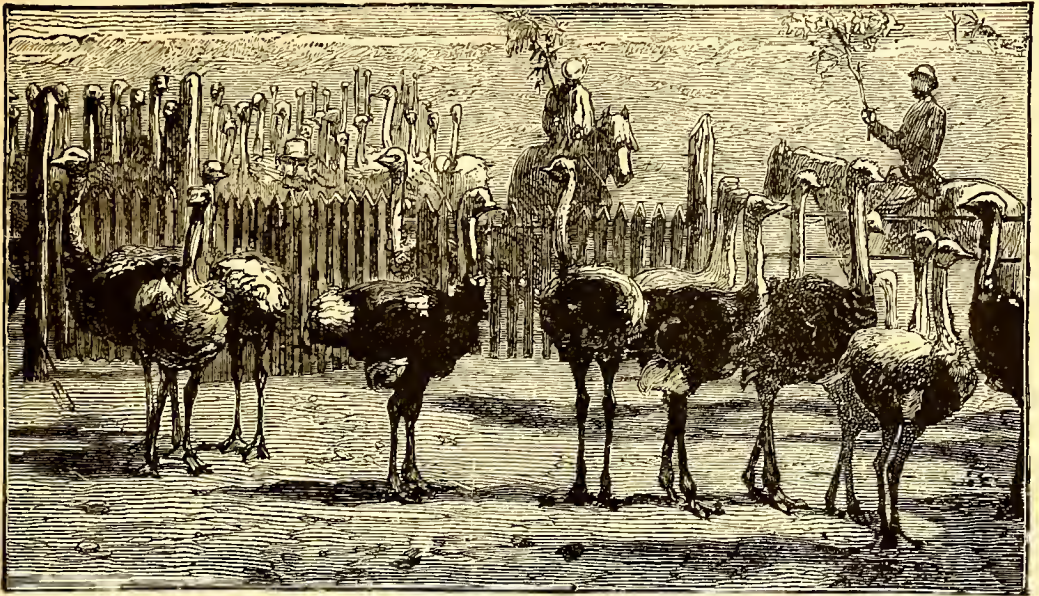
The ostrich-farmer begins by having an immense grassy range inclosed by fences, which need be neither high nor stout. Then he buys a few birds from another farmer, for which he pays from one hundred to five hundred dollars apiece, builds his hatching-machine, or incubator, and is ready.

Incubators are of various patterns, but all are intended to serve the same purpose, namely, to imitate just as closely as possible the natural warmth of the bird when sitting. To accomplish this, a large chest or bureau is built, in which vats of hot water are arranged across the whole breadth. Between these vats are sets of sliding boxes, or drawers. In these are laid the eggs, wrapped in flannel, and then, by a system of screws, the drawers are placed close up under the hot-water vats. It sounds easy, but six weeks are required to hatch out the chicks, and we are told that "during all this period, three times each day, the farmer must turn the eggs, so as to present first one side and then another to the life-bringing warmth. He must follow nature as closely as possible, for the degrees of heat and moisture, and the like, must be just right, or otherwise mischief is done. He must, moreover, with delicate care, when the proper moment comes, assist the young chick to free itself from the shell, and then he must tenderly nurse the bird during its early helpless days."

The young ostriches, after three or four days, eat all sorts of green food, and are regularly fed and cared for by a servant—thirty or forty youngsters keeping one man busy. They are tame and gentle enough, and when they get fairly grown are so hardy that no more anxiety is felt about their health, and they are turned out upon the great ranch to shift for themselves, excepting in times of unusual drought, when they must be fed. They eat nearly everything edible, and comical stories are told of their appetite and powers of digestion.

I read the other day that an ostrich at the Garden of Plants, Paris, having accidentally strangled itself, the stomach was opened and was found to contain fifteen pebbles, seven nails, a scarf-pin, an envelope, a franc piece and thirteen sous in copper money, two keys, a piece of a pocket-handkerchief with the letter "R" embroidered on it, a medal of Leo XIII., and a cross of the Legion of Honor.

* And in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris; see ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874.



COLLECTING THE OSTRICHES INTO THE CORRAL, FOR PLUCKING.

The poor birds at the Cape do not get such luxurious fare, but must confine themselves to pebbles, of which, says a recent writer, as many as *nine hundred* have been found in a single bird's gizzard! These hard substances are swallowed to assist the crushing of the food and so make the process of digestion easier. Our domestic fowls follow the same plan on a small scale.

On the wide range of a Cape farm, the birds can build nests and lay eggs as though in a wild state, and in the spring it is a part of the farm-work to find these eggs and take them to be artificially hatched. This is not only difficult, but sometimes perilous; for the ostrich, although usually timid and inoffensive, will now and then defend his nest with great courage, and so becomes a dangerous enemy for an unarmed and perhaps unmounted man. Many a negro has been killed by a blow in the chest or face from the sharp-clawed foot.

The whole object of ostrich-culture being the plumes, the pluckings of the birds are the most important events of the year; these occur twice. Sometimes a bird will be ready when only a year old, but generally another six months are added to its age before the first plucking. The operation is performed in two ways. One is a rough-and-tumble method, requiring the help of six men, but this plan is less often followed than in former years, because, in the violent struggles with the birds, some injury frequently happens to the pluckers, and sometimes a leg of an ostrich is broken, in

which case the bird has to be killed, however valuable it may be.

On large farms, where there are plenty of birds, a more humane plan is pursued. Mounted men collect a herd of the birds to be plucked, and partly drive, partly entice, them into a small yard or "corral," by a liberal supply of Indian corn, called "mealies," in South Africa. The corral, or pen, has a movable side, and when it is full "this side is run in, and the birds are crowded so close together that they can not spread their wings nor kick. The men then go among them and pluck or cut the feathers. The operation seems to have little pain for the birds, and the feathers begin to grow again at once." There seems to be no limit to the time when feathers will be reproduced, birds eighteen or twenty years old still yielding plentifully. A good pair of breeding ostriches is now worth a thousand dollars, and feathers sell for three hundred and fifty dollars a pound, numbering from seventy-five to one hundred plumes, sorted according to color, those from the female being usually lightest. The feathers of the Patagonian ostrich are far inferior, and do not bring anything like so high a price.

And all the skill and fatigue of the hunter, all the risk, trouble, painstaking, patient care, and close observation of the ostrich-farmer, are given in order that the ladies of America and Europe may add the handsome flowing plumes of this ungainly bird to the already vast and varied store of ornaments for bonnets and dresses.



LITTLE MOTHER: "NO, NO, LUCINDA! CANDY IS NOT GOOD FOR CHILDREN."

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LYRIC STRAIN.

THE impulse which had sent Ned and me headlong toward Jimmy's home as soon as we heard of the accident, found itself exhausted when we reached the gate. As if by concert, we both came to a dead halt.

"What shall we do?" said Ned. "If Jimmy were alive we could whistle and call him out; or we might even go and knock at the door. But I don't know how to go into a house where somebody's dead. I wish we had gone first and asked Jack-in-the-Box what was the right way to do."

"Perhaps Jimmy is n't dead," said I. "There's no black crape on the door."

"That does n't prove it," said Ned; "for Jimmy's folks might not have any crape in the house."

While we were still debating what was proper to be done, the front door opened, and Jack-in-the-Box came out.

"You're the very boy—I mean man—I wanted to see," said Ned, running up to him, and speaking in a whisper.

"That's fortunate," said Jack. "What can I do for you?"

"Why, you see," said Ned, "we came right over here as soon as we heard about Jimmy. But we don't know the right way to go into a house where anybody's dead. We never did it before."

"Jimmy is n't dead," said Jack.

Ned gave a great bound. I suppose that perhaps

he felt as if he had been suddenly acquitted of a charge of murder.

"Oh, Jack, how lovely!" said he, and threw his arms around Jack's neck. "But I suppose he must be hurt, though?"

"Yes," said Jack, "he's pretty badly hurt."

"Still, if he's alive, we can do something for him," said Ned.

"Oh! certainly," said Jack. "A great deal can be done for him—a great deal has been done already. But I think you'd better not go in to see him just yet. Wait a few days, until he has become stronger," and Jack hurried away.

We still lingered before the house, and presently a little girl came out, eyed us curiously, and then went to swinging on the chain which supported the weight that kept the gate shut. "You don't seem to go along," said she, after a while.

We made no answer.

"Did you want to know about my brother Jimmy?" said she, after another pause.

"Yes," said I, "we'd be glad to hear all about him."

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," said she. "Jimmy's hurt very bad—because he was runned over by a wagon—because he got in the way—because he did n't see it—because a gentleman wanted a paper on the other side of the street—because Jimmy was selling them—because he wanted to get money—because he had to pay a great lot of it to a naughty, ugly boy that lives over that way somewhere—because he just touched one of that boy's old things, and it fell right to pieces. And he said Jimmy'd got to pay money for it, and should n't come in his house any more. And Jimmy was saving all his money to pay; and he's got two dollars and a half already from the papers, besides a dollar that Isaac Holman gave him to write a poem for him. And that makes almost five dollars, I guess."

"Let's go home," said Ned.

But I lingered to ask one question of the talkative little maiden.

"What poem did Jimmy write for Isaac Holman?"

"I don't know," she answered. "It's the only poem Jimmy ever would n't read to me. He said it was very particular, and he must n't let anybody see it."

A literary light dawned in upon me, as we walked away.

Ned was silent for a long time. At last he spoke.

"I feel sick," said he.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"The matter is," said he, "that everybody seems to be trying to make out that it's all my fault that Jimmy got hurt."

"Patsy Rafferty and Jimmy's sister are not everybody," said I.

"Of course not; but they only talk what they hear other people say."

"I suppose you were a little to blame," said I.

"Perhaps I was," said Ned, "and I wish I could do something for him. I'd get any amount of money from Aunt Mercy—if money would do him any good."

As our way home led us past Jack's box, I suggested that we stop and consult him about it.

"Jack," said Ned, "please tell us exactly how it is about Jimmy."

"The poor boy is fearfully hurt," said Jack.

"One leg is broken, and the other badly bruised."

"Do you know of anything we can do for him?"

"What do you think of doing?" said Jack.

"If money was wanted," said Ned, and the tears started in his eyes, "I could get him any amount."

Jack drummed with his fingers on the arm of his chair, and said nothing for some moments. Then he spoke slowly: "I doubt if the family would accept a gift of money from any source."

"Could n't I, at least, pay the doctor's bill?"

"You might," said Jack.

"Yes, of course," said Ned; "I can go to the doctor privately, and tell him not to charge them a cent, and we'll pay him. That's the way to do it. What doctor do they have?"

"Dr. Grill."

"Dr. Grill!" Ned repeated in astonishment.

"Why, Dr. Grill does n't know anything at all. Father says somebody said if a sick man was made of glass, and had a Drummond light in his stomach, Dr. Grill could n't see what ailed him."

"We don't need a Drummond light to see what ails Jimmy," said Jack, quietly.

"Still," said Ned, "he ought to have a good doctor. Can't you tell them to get Dr. Campbell? Father says he has tied the croaking artery nineteen times. Dr. Campbell is the man for my money! But how queer it must feel to have nineteen hard knots tied in your croaking artery. Do you think Jimmy's croaking artery will have to be tied up, Jack? If it has, I tell you what, Dr. Campbell's the man to do it."

Jack laughed immoderately. But Ned was not the only person who ever made himself ridiculous by recommending a physician too enthusiastically.

"I don't see what you're laughing at," said he. "It seems to me it's a pretty serious business."

"I was only laughing at a harmless little mistake of yours," said Jack. "When you said 'the croaking artery,' I presume you meant the carotid artery—this one here in the side of the neck."

"If that's the right name of it, that's what I meant," said Ned.

"And when your father said Dr. Campbell had tied it nineteen times," continued Jack, "he did n't mean that he had tied nineteen hard knots in one person's, but that he had had occasion to tie the artery in nineteen different persons."

"And will Jimmy's have to be tied?" said Ned.

"As the carotid artery is in the neck, and Jimmy's injuries are all in his legs, I should say not," said Jack.

"Of course not; I might have thought of that," said Ned. "But you see, Jack, I don't know much about doctor-things anyway, and to-day I don't know what I do know, for everybody 's been saying I 'm to blame for Jimmy's hurt, and making me feel like a murderer. I 'll do whatever you say, Jack. If you say run for Dr. Campbell, I 'll go right away."

"I think Dr. Grill will do everything that ought to be done," said Jack. "There 's nothing you can do now, but perhaps we can think of something when Jimmy begins to get well."

"Then you think he will get well?" said Ned.

"I hope he will," said Jack.

"I tell you what it is," said Ned, as we continued our walk toward home, "that Jack-in-the-Box is the nicest fellow that ever waved a flag. Sometimes I think he knows more than Father does."

A day or two later, Ned went to see his aunt, and I went with him.

"Aunt Mercy," said he, "one of the best boys in this town has got badly hurt—run over down by the depot—and his folks are so poor I don't see what they 're going to do."

"Yes, I heard about it," said Aunt Mercy. "It was that brother of yours who was to blame."

"Oh no, Auntie, Fay had nothing to do with it," said Ned.

"Don't tell me, child; I know all about it. Miss Pinkham came to call on me, and told me the whole story. She said the poor little fellow tipped over a type or something, and one of those Rogers boys drove him away, and made him go and sell papers under the wheels of the cars and omnibuses, to get money to pay for it. Of course I knew which one it was, but I did not say anything, I felt so mortified for the family."

It is difficult to say what answer Ned ought to have made to this. To try to convince his aunt that Miss Pinkham's version of the story was incorrect, would have been hopeless; to plead guilty to the indictment as it stood, would have been unjust to himself; to leave matters as they were, seemed unjust to his brother. And above all was the consideration that if he should vex his aunt he would probably lose the whole object of his visit—getting help for Jimmy. He remained silent.

"What were you going to say, Edmund Burton, about poor Jimmy Redmond?" said his aunt.

"I was going to say," Ned answered, "that I wished I could help him a little by paying his doctor's bill, and not let him know anything about it."

"You lovely, kind boy!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy. "As soon as you find out what the doctor's bill is, come to me, and I 'll furnish you the money."

Jimmy had the best of care; Mrs. Rogers did a great deal, in a quiet, almost unnoticeable way, to add to his comforts; and, after a while, it was announced that he might receive short visits from the boys.

Phaeton, Ned, and I were his first visitors. We found him still lying in bed, in a little room where the sunbeams poured in at a south window, but not till they had been broken into all sorts of shapes by the foliage of a wistaria, the shadows of which moved with every breeze to and fro across a breadth of rag carpet.

The walls were ornamented with a dozen or twenty pictures—some of them out of old books and papers, and some drawn and painted in water-colors by Jimmy himself—none of them framed. The water-colors were mainly illustrations of his own poems. I am not able to say whether they possessed artistic merit, for I was a boy at the time, and of course a boy, who only knows what pleases him, cannot be expected to know what is artistic and ought to please him. But some of them appeared to me very wonderful, especially one that illustrated "The Unlucky Fishermen." It was at the point where Joe and Isaac were trying to catch a ride behind an omnibus. Not only did the heroes themselves appear completely tired out by their long day of fruitless fishing, but the dog looked tired, the 'bus horses were evidently tired, the driver was tired, the boy who called out "Whip behind!" was tired—even the 'bus itself had a tired look; and this general air of weariness produced a wonderful unity of effect.

Jimmy looked so pale and ill, as he lay there, that we were all startled, and Ned seemed actually frightened. He lost control of himself, and broke out passionately:

"Oh, Jimmy, dear Jimmy, you must n't die! We can't have you die! We 'll get all the doctors in the city, and buy you everything you need, only don't die!"

Here he thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought out two silver dollars.

"Take them, Jimmy, take them!" said he, "just to please me. And we don't care anything about the type you pied. I 'd rather pi half the type in the office than see your leg broken.

We can't any of us spare you. Live, Jimmy, live! and you may be proof-reader in our office,—we need one dreadfully, Jack-in-the-Box says so,—and you know pretty nearly everything, and can soon learn the rest, and we 'll get you the green shade for your eyes, and you 're awful round-sho—that is—I mean—in fact, I think you 're the very man for it. And you can grow up with the business, and always have a good place. And then, Jimmy, if you want to use your spare time in setting up your poems, you may, and change them just as much as you want to, and we wont charge you a cent for the use of the type."

Ned certainly meant this for a generous offer, and Jimmy seemed to consider it so; but if he could have taken counsel of some of the sad-faced men who have spent their lives in reading proof, I think, perhaps, he would have preferred to die, rather than "to always have the good place" that his repentant friend had proposed for him.

Ned had scarcely finished his apostrophe, when Jimmy's little sister brought in a beautiful bouquet, sent by Miss Glidden to brighten up the sick boy's chamber.

Looking around, we saw that other friends had been equally thoughtful. Isaac Holman had sent a basket of fruit; Monkey Roe, a comic almanac, three or four years old, but just as funny; Jack-in-the-Box, a bottle of cordial; and Patsy Rafferty, a small bag of marbles.

"How do you amuse yourself, Jimmy?" said Phaeton.

"I don't have much amusement," answered Jimmy; "but still I can write a little."

"Poetry?" said Phaeton.

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "I write very little except poetry. There 's prose enough in the world already."

"Perhaps," said Phaeton, after a short pause, "if you feel strong enough, you 'll read us your latest poem."

"Yes, if you 'd like to hear it," said Jimmy. "Please pull out a box that you 'll see under the head of my bed here."

Phaeton thrust his arm under, and pulled out a pine box, which was fastened with a small brass padlock.

"The key is under the Dying Hound," said Jimmy.

Looking around the walls, we saw that one of Jimmy's pictures represented a large dog dying, and a little boy and girl weeping over it. Whether the picture was intended to illustrate the death of Gelert, or of some other heroic brute, I do not know. The corner of this picture being lifted, disclosed a small key, hung over the head of a carpet-tack, driven into the wall.

When the box was opened, we saw that it was nearly full of manuscripts.

"The last one," said Jimmy, who could not turn from his one position on the bed, "is written on blue paper, with a piece torn off from the upper right-hand corner."

Phaeton soon found it, and handed it to Jimmy.

"It is called an 'Ode to a Horseshoe'—that one over the door," said Jimmy. "I found it in the road the day before I was hurt, and brought it right home, and put it up there."

"Then it has n't brought you much good luck, so far, has it?" said Phaeton.

"I don't know about that," said Jimmy. "It 's true I was hurt the very next day; but something seems to have brought me a great many good friends."

"Oh! you always had those, horseshoe or no horseshoe," said Ned.

"I 'm glad if I did," said Jimmy; "though I never suspected it. But now I should like to read you the poem, and get your opinions on it; because it 's in a different vein from most of my others." And then Jimmy read us his verses:

ODE TO A HORSESHOE.

THOU relic of departed horse!

Thou harbinger of luck to man!

When things seem growing worse and worse,
How good to find thee in the van!

A hundred thousand miles, I ween,
You've traveled on the flying heel—
By country roads, where fields were green,
O'er pavements, with the rattling wheel.

Your toe-calk, in that elder day,
Was sharper than a serpent's tooth;
But now it 's almost worn away;
The blacksmith should renew its youth.

Bright is the side was next the ground,
And dark the side was next the hoof;
'T is thus true metal 's only found
Where hard knocks put it to the proof.

For aught I know, you may have done
Your mile in two nineteen or twenty;
Or, on a dray-horse, never run,
But walked and walked, and pulled a plenty.

At last your journeys all are o'er,
Whether of labor or of pleasure,
And there you hang above my door,
To bring me health and strength and treasure.

When the reading was finished we all remained silent, until Jimmy spoke.

"I should like to have you give me your opinions about it," said he. "Don't be afraid to criticise it. Of course, there must be faults in it."

"That 's an awful good moral about the hard knocks," said I.

"Yes," said Phaeton, "it might be drawn from Jimmy's own experience. And, as he says, the poem does seem to be in a new vein. I noticed a

good many words that were different from any in his other pieces."

"That," said Jimmy, "is because I've been studying some of the older poets lately. Jack-in-the-Box lent me Shakespeare, and I got three or four others from the school library. Probably they have had an effect on my style."

Ned walked to the door, and, standing tiptoe, looked intently at the horseshoe.

"One thing is certain," said he, "that passage about the toe-calk is perfectly true to nature. The

because it's such a good poem, and I enjoyed it so much; but it seems to me you've strained the truth a little where you say 'a hundred thousand miles.'"

"How so?" said Jimmy.

"Calculate it for yourself," said Ned. "No horse is likely to travel more than about fifty miles a day. And if he did that every day, he'd go three hundred miles in a week. At that rate, it would take him more than six years to travel a hundred thousand miles. But no shoe lasts a horse



"JIMMY LOOKED SO ILL, AS HE LAY THERE, THAT WE WERE STARTLED."

toe-calk is nearly worn away, and the heel-calks are almost as bad."

"It's a good poem," said I. "I don't see how you could make it any better."

"Nor I," said Phaeton. "It tells the whole story."

"I'm glad you like it," said Jimmy. "I felt a little uncertain about dipping into the lyric strain."

"Yes," said Ned; "there's just one spot where it shows the strain, and I don't see another thing wrong about it."

"What's that?" said Jimmy,

"Perhaps we'd better not talk about it till you get well," said Ned.

"Oh, never mind that," said Jimmy. "I don't need my legs to write poetry with, or to criticise it, either."

"Well," said Ned, "I hate to find fault with it,

six years—nor one year, even. So, you see, this could n't have traveled a hundred thousand miles. That's why I say the lyric strain is strained a little too much."

"I see," said Jimmy. "You are undoubtedly right. I shall have to soften it down to a dozen thousand, or something like that."

"Yes," said Ned; "soften it down. When that's done the poem will be perfect."

At this point, Phaeton said he thought we had staid as long as we ought to, and should be going.

"I wish, Jimmy," said Ned, "you'd let me take this poem and read it to Jack-in-the-Box. I know he would enjoy it."

"I've no objection," said Jimmy. "And if you can find time some day to print it for me, here's two dollars to pay for the job," and he thrust Ned's money back into his hand.

"All right!" said Ned, as he saw that Jimmy would not accept the money, and yet did not want to refuse it rudely. "We'll try to make a handsome job of it. Perhaps some day it will be printed on white satin, and hung up in the Emperor of China's palace, like—whose poem was it Father told about, the other day, Fay?"

"Derzhavin's," said Phaeton.

"Yes, Derzhavin's, whoever he was!" said Ned. "And this one of Jimmy's ought to have a horseshoe embroidered in gold thread on the corner of the satin. But those funny ladies with slant eyes and little club feet will have to do that. I suppose they have n't much else to keep them busy, as they're not able to do any housework. It might have a small gold horseshoe on each of the four corners, or it might have one big horseshoe surrounding the poem. Which would you like best, Jimmy?"

"I've no choice; either would suit me," said the poet.

"Good-bye, Jimmy!"

"Good-bye, boys!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ALARM OF FIRE.

EVERY day some one of us called to see Jimmy. He was well taken care of, and got along nicely. Jack-in-the-Box lent him books, and each day a fresh bouquet was sent in by Miss Glidden.

One day Monkey Roe called on him.

"Jimmy," said he, "you know all about poetry, I suppose."

"I know something about it," said Jimmy. "I have written a good deal."

"And are you well enough yet to do an odd job in it?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy. "A fellow does n't have to be very well to write poetry."

"It is n't exactly writing poetry that I want done," said Monkey. "It's a very odd job, indeed. You might call it repairing poetry. Do poets ever repair poetry, as well as make it new?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy. "I should think it might be done in some cases."

"Well, now," said Monkey, "I have a broken poem. Some part of every line is gone. But the rhymes are all there, and many of the other words, and most of the beginnings of the lines. I thought a poet would know how to fill up all the blank spaces, and make it just as it was when it was whole."

"I dor't know," said Jimmy, doubtfully. "It might be possible to do it, and it might not. I'll do what I can for you. Let me see it, if you have it with you."

Monkey pulled out of his pocket the mutilated poem of Holman's, which Ned had pieced together, and, after smoothing it out, handed it to Jimmy.

As Jimmy looked it over, he turned every corner which it is possible for an unhappy human countenance to assume, and then gave a deep groan.

"Where did you get this, Monkey?" said he.

"Found it," said Monkey.

"Found it—impossible!" said Jimmy.

"Upon my word I did find it, and just in the shape you see it now. But what of it?"

"Where did you find it?" said Jimmy.

"In Rogers's printing-office, kicking around on the floor. It seemed to be thrown away as waste paper; so I thought there was no harm in taking it. And when I read it, it looked to me like a curious sort of puzzle, which I thought would interest you. But you seem to take it very seriously."

"It's a serious matter," said Jimmy.

"No harm done, I hope," said Monkey.

"There may be," said Jimmy. "I can't tell. Some things about it I can't understand. I must ask you to let me keep this."

"If it's so very important," said Monkey, "it ought to be taken back to Phaeton Rogers, as it was in his office that I found it."

"No," said Jimmy; "it does n't belong to him."

"Then you know something about it?" said Monkey.

"Yes, Monkey," said Jimmy, "I do know considerable about it. But it is a confidential matter entirely, and I shall have to insist on keeping this."

"All right!" said Monkey. "I'll take your word for it."

A few days after this, we were visiting Jack in his box, when, as he was turning over the leaves of his scrap-book to find something he wanted to show us, Phaeton exclaimed:

"What's that I saw?" and, turning back a leaf or two, pointed to an exact fac-simile of the mutilated poem. It had evidently been made by laying a sheet of oiled paper over the original, and tracing the letters with a pencil.

"Oh, that," said Jack, "is something that Monkey Roe brought here. He said it was a literary puzzle, and wanted me to see if I could restore the lines. I've been so busy I have n't tried it yet."

Phaeton at once wrote a note to Monkey, asking him to bring back the original; whereupon Monkey called at the office and explained why he could not return it.

"All right! I'll see Jimmy about it myself," said Phaeton. "But have you made any other tracings of it besides the one Jack-in-the-Box has?"

"Only two others," said Monkey.

"Where are they?"

"One I have at home."

"And the other?"

"I sent it to Miss Glidden, with a note saying that, as I had heard she wrote poetry sometimes, I thought she might be interested in this poetical puzzle."

"Good gracious!" said Phaeton. "There 's no use in trying to dip up *that* spilled milk."

In those days there was an excitement and pleasure enjoyed by many boys, which was denied to Phaeton, Ned, and me. This was the privilege of running to fires. Nearly all large fires occurred in the night, and Mr. Rogers would not permit his boys to turn out from their warm beds and run at breathless speed to the other side of the town to see a building burned. So they had to lie still and possess their souls in impatience while they heard the clanging of the bells and the rattling of the engine, and perhaps saw through their window the bright reflection on the midnight sky. There was no need for my parents to forbid me, since none of these things ever woke me.

Running to fires, at least in cities, is now a thing of the past. The alarm is communicated quietly by telegraph to the various engine-houses, a team is instantly harnessed to the engine, and with two or three men it is driven to the fire, which is often extinguished without the inhabitants of the next street knowing that there has been a fire at all.

At the time of this story, the steam fire-engine had not been invented, and there were no paid fire departments. The hand-engine had a long pole on each side, called a brake, fastened to a frame that worked up and down like a pump-handle. When the brake on one side was down, that on the other was up. The brakes were long enough for nearly twenty men to stand in a row on each side and work them. No horses were used, but there was a long double rope, called a drag-rope, by which the men themselves drew the engine from its house to the fire. They always ran at full speed, and the two men who held the tongue, like the tongue of a wagon, had to be almost as strong as horses, to control and guide it as it went bumping over the pavement.

Each engine had a number and a name, and there was an organized company, of from forty to seventy men, who had it in charge, managed it at fires, drew it out on parade-days, took pride in it, and bragged about it.

The partiality of the firemen for their own engine and company was as nothing in comparison with that of the boys. Every boy in town had a violent affection for some one company, to the exclusion of all others. It might be because his father or his

cousin belonged to that company, or because he thought it had the handsomest uniform (for no two companies were uniformed alike), or because it was first on the ground when his uncle's store was on fire, or because he thought it was the company destined to "wash" all others. Sometimes there would be no discoverable reason for his choice; yet the boy would be just as strong in his partisanship, and often his highest ambition would be to be able to run with the hose-cart of his favorite company. The hose was carried wound on a reel, that ran on two light wheels, and was managed by six boys, fifteen or sixteen years of age.

When a fire broke out, the bells of all the churches were rung; first slowly, striking one, two, three, four, etc., according to which district of the town the fire was in, and then clanging away with rapid strokes. Thus the whole town was alarmed, and a great many people besides the firemen ran to every fire. Firemen jumped from their beds at the first tap of a bell; or, if it was in the day-time, threw down their tools, left their work, and ran.

There was intense rivalry as to which engine should get first to the fire, and which should pour the most effective stream of water upon it. But the highest pitch of excitement was reached when there was an opportunity to "wash." If the fire was too far from the water-supply to be reached through the hose of a single engine, one engine would be stationed at the side of the river or canal, or wherever the water was taken from, to pump it up and send it as far as it could through its hose, there discharging into the box of another engine, which, in turn, forced it another distance, through its own hose. If the first engine could send the water along faster than the second could dispose of it, the result would be that in a few minutes the box of the second would be overflowed, and she was then said to be "washed," which was a great triumph for the company that had washed her.

This sort of rivalry caused the firemen to do their utmost, and they did not always confine themselves to fair means. Sometimes, when an engine was in danger of being washed, some member of the company would follow the line of the other company's hose till he came to where it passed through a dark place, and then, whipping out his pocket-knife, would cut it open and run away. When there were not enough members of a company present to man the brakes, or when they were tired out, the foreman had the right to select men from among the bystanders, and compel them to take hold.

Monkey Roe was a born fireman. He never failed to hear the first tap of the bell, about ninety seconds after which he dropped from the casement of his window to the roof of the kitchen, thence to the roof of the back piazza, slid down a pillar, and

was off for the fire, generally following in the wake of Red Rover Three, which was the company he sided with. It was entertaining to hear him tell his exciting adventures; but it was also exasperating.

"I don't see," said Ned, after Monkey had finished one of these thrilling narratives, "what Father means by never letting us run to a fire. How does he suppose he's going to make men of us, if we never begin to do anything manly?"

"Perhaps he does n't think it is especially manly," said Phaeton.

"Not manly!" said Ned, in astonishment. "I should like to know what's more manly than to take the tongue of Big Six, when there's a tremendous fire and they jump her all the way down State street. Or to stand on the engine and yell at the men, when Torrent Two is trying to wash her. Why, sometimes the foreman gets so excited that he batters his trumpet all to pieces, pounding on the brakes, to cheer the men."

"Knocking trumpets to pieces is very manly, of course," said Phaeton, smiling. "I did n't mean to say Father would n't consider it manly to be a fireman. What I should have said was, that perhaps he thought there were other ways of becoming manly. I should like to run to a fire once in a while; not for the sake of manliness, but to see the fun."

The more Ned thought about it, the more it seemed to him it was a continuous wrong. At last he spoke to his father about it, and set forth so powerfully the danger of growing up without becoming manly, that Mr. Rogers laughingly told the boys they might run to the very next fire.

The next thing was to count me in. The only difficulty to be overcome in my case was sleepiness. We canvassed many plans. Ned suggested a pistol fastened to the side of my window, with a string tied to the trigger and reaching to the ground, so that he or Phaeton could pull it, on their way to the fire. The serious objection to this was that a shower would prevent the pistol from going off. It was also suggested that I have a bell, or tie the cord to a chair or something that could be pulled over and make a racket.

"The objection to all those things is," said Phaeton, "that they will disturb the whole family. Now, if you would make a rope-ladder, and hang it out of your window every night, one of us could climb up quietly and speak to you. Then you could get through the window and come down the ladder, instead of going through the house and waking up the family."

This suggestion struck us with great force; it doubled the anticipated romance. Under instructions from Phaeton, Ned and I made the ladder. In the store-room we found a bed-cord, which

answered well for the sides. The rungs must be made of wood, and we had considerable difficulty in finding anything suitable. Any wood that we could have cut would have been so soft that the rungs, to be strong enough, must have been very bulky. This was an objection, as I was to roll up the ladder in the day-time, and hide it under my bed. At last, Ned came over to tell me he had found just the thing, and took me to the attic of their house to see.

"There," said he, pointing to half a dozen ancient-looking chairs in a cobwebbed corner. "There is exactly what we want. The rounds of those old chairs are as tough as iron."

"Whose chairs are they?" said I.

"Oh, anybody's, nobody's," said Ned. "I suppose they are a hundred years old. And who's ever going to sit in such looking old things as those?"

It did seem preposterous to suppose that anybody would; so we went to work to take out the rounds at once. The old chairs were very strong, and after we had pulled at them in vain to spring them apart enough for the rounds to drop out, we got a saw and sawed off all the rounds close to the legs.

With these, the ladder was soon made, and I drove two great spikes into the sill of my window, to hang it by.

I used to hang out the ladder every night, and take it in every morning. The first two nights I lay awake till almost daylight, momentarily expecting the stroke of the fire-bell. But it was not heard on those nights, nor the next, nor the next.

"It would be just like our luck," said Ned, "if there should never be another fire in this town."

"It would be lucky for the town," said Phaeton, who overheard him.

"Perhaps so," said Ned; "and yet I could point out some houses that would look a great deal better burned up. I wonder if it would do any good to hang a horseshoe over the door."

"What for?" said Phaeton. "To prevent them from burning?"

"Oh, no," said Ned. "I mean over the door of our office, to—to—well, not exactly to make those houses burn, but to bring us good luck generally."

It did seem a long time for the town to be without a conflagration, and one day Ned came into the office looking quite dejected.

"What do you think has happened now?" said he. "Just like our luck, only worse and worse."

"What is it?" said I.

"The whole fire department's going to smash," said he.

"I should n't think you'd call that bad luck," said Phaeton. "For now when there *is* a fire, it will be a big one, if there 's no fire department to prevent it from spreading."

"But the best fun," said Ned, "is to see the firemen handle the fire, and to see Red Rover Three wash Cataract Eight. I saw her do it beautifully at annual inspection. What I want is a tremendous big fire, and plenty of engines to play on it."

The explanation of Ned's alarming intelligence was that the fire department had got into a quarrel with the common council, and threatened to disband. One company, who had a rather shabby engine-house, and were refused an appropriation for a new one, tied black crape on the brakes of their engine, drew it through the principal streets, and finally, stopping right before the court-house yard, lifted the machine bodily and threw it over the fence into the yard. Then they threw their fireman-hats after it, and disbanded. This company had been known as Reliance Five. The incident frightened the common council into giving the other companies what they asked for; but there was never more a No. 5 Fire company in that city.

I had become pretty tired of hanging out my ladder every night, and rolling it up every morning, when at last "the hour of destiny struck," as Jimmy the Rhymer might say—that is, the courthouse bell struck the third district, and steeple after steeple caught up the tune, till, in a few minutes, the whole air was full of the wild clangor of bells. At the same time, the throats of innumerable men and boys were open, and the cry of "Fire!" was pouring out from them in a continuous stream, as the crowds rushed along.

"Wake up, Ned!" said Phaeton. "Here it is at last, and it's a big one."

Ned bounded to his feet, looked through the window, exclaimed "Oh, glory!" as he saw the ruddy sky, and then began to get into his clothes with the utmost rapidity. Suddenly he stopped.

"Look here, Fay," said he. "This is Sunday night. I'm afraid Father wont let us go, after all."

"Perhaps not," said Phaeton.

"Then, what must we do?" said Ned.

"Do the best we can."

"The question is, what *is* best?" said Ned.

"It is evident we ought to go by the window, but it's too high from the ground."

"Then we must make a rope," said Phaeton.

"What can we make it of?"

"The bedclothes, of course."

"That's a splendid idea!—that saves us," said Ned, and he set about tying the sheets together.

Before Phaeton was dressed, Ned had made the rope and cast it out of the window, first tying one

end to the bed-post, and, sliding down to the ground, made off, without waiting for his brother.

He came straight to my ladder, and had his foot on the first rung, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"So you're the one he sends in, are you?" said a deep voice, and Ned looked around into the face of a policeman. "I'd rather have caught the old one," he continued, "but you'll do. I've been watching this burglar arrangement for two hours. And by the way, I must have some of it for evidence; by the old one may take it away while I'm disposing of you." And he turned and with his pocket-knife cut off about a yard of my ladder.



"NED LOOKED AROUND INTO THE FACE OF A POLICEMAN."

Holding this "evidence" in one hand and Ned with the other, he hurried away to the police station.

It was useless for Ned to protest that he was not a burglar, nor a burglar's partner, or to tell the

true story of the ladder, or to ask to be taken to his father. The policeman considered himself too wise for any such delusive tricks.

"Mr. Rogers's boy, eh?" said he. "Why don't you call yourself George Washington's boy, while you 're about it?"

"Washington never had any boys," said Ned.

"Did n't, eh? Well, now, I congratulate George on that. A respectable man never knows what his sons may come to, in these times."

"Washington did n't live in these times," said Ned; "he died hundreds of years ago."

"Did, eh?" said the policeman. "I see that you 're a great scholar; you can go above me in the history class, young man. I never was no scholar myself, but I know one when I see him; and I always feel bad to put a scholar in quod."

"If I had my printing-office and a gun here," said Ned, "I 'd put plenty of quads into you."

"Would, eh?" said the policeman. "Well, now, it 's lucky for me that that there printing-office and them 'ere quads are quietly reposing to-night in the dusky realms of imagination, is n't it, young man? But here 's the quod I spoke about—it 's reality, you see." And they ascended the steps of the station-house.

In the midst of sound sleep, I woke on hearing my name called, and saw the dark outlines of a human head and shoulders at my window, projected against a background of illuminated sky. I had heard Father reading an article in the evening paper about a gang of burglars being in the town, and I suppose that in my 'half-wakened condition that mingled itself vaguely in my thoughts with the idea of fire. At any rate, I seized a pitcher of water and threw its contents toward the light, and then, clubbing the pitcher, was about to make a desperate assault on the supposed burglar, when he spoke again.

"What are you doing? Don't you know me?"

"Oh, is that you, Fay?"

"Yes, and you 've drenched me through and through," said he, as he climbed in.

"That 's too bad," said I. "I did n't know what I was about."

"It 's a tremendous fire," said he, "and I hate to lose the time to go back home and change my clothes. Besides, I don't know that I could, for we made a rope of the bedclothes and slid down from our window, and I could n't climb up again."

"Oh, never mind, put on a suit of mine," said I, and got out my Sunday suit, the only clothes I had that seemed likely to be large enough for Phaeton. It was a pretty tight squeeze,



PHAETON IS
TAKEN FOR A
BURGLAR.

but he got into them at last.

"Why did you make your ladder so short?" asked Phaeton, when dressed.

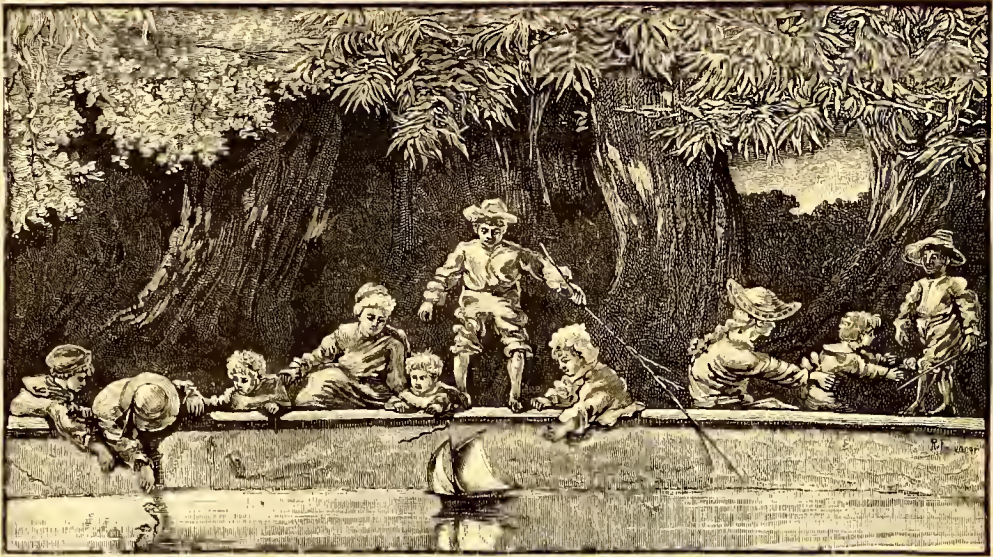
"It reaches to the ground," said I, peering out of the window in surprise, but unable to see.

"No, it does n't," said Phaeton; "I had hard work to get started on it. I expected to find Ned standing at the foot of it, but he was so impatient to see the fire, I suppose he could n't wait for us."

We dropped from the shortened ladder to the ground, passed through the gated and shut it noiselessly behind us, and then broke into a run toward that quarter of the town where both a pillar of flame and a pillar of cloud rose through the night and lured us on.

At the same time our mouths opened themselves by instinct, and that thrilling word "Fire!" was paid out ceaselessly, like a sparkling ribbon, as we ran.

(To be continued.)



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.

BUTTERFLIES.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE bees were too busy making honey,
 The birds were too busy building nests,
 To carry one morning a message grave
 To Elfland, for one of the fairy-guests
 (For this was before the butterflies
 Had ever been thought of under the skies).

Then the vexed fairy who wished to send
 The message, leaned from a lily-bell,
 And in her tiny, silvery voice
 She scolded poor old Dame Nature well:
 "Find us," said she, "a messenger light,
 Or else we fairies troop home this night."

Dame Nature, who sat on a high green knoll,
 Spinning away in the golden light,
 Pushed her spectacles back on her brow,
 And thought for a moment with all her might;
 "I *must* do something, for well I know
 The flowers will pine if the fairies go!"

Then some pansies she plucked and gave them wings,
 A velvet poppy petal or two,
 Streaked them with gold and set them afloat,
 And they sailed away in the breezy blue.
 And this is the way that Dame Nature wise
 Fashioned the first of the butterflies.

"THE CHILDREN'S ARTIST."

IT is not often that a painter, or artist of any kind, gives up nearly all his time to making pictures for children, and yet we are going to tell you something about one of the best artists of this century, who has devoted a large portion of his life to drawing pictures for children's books.

His name is Ludwig Richter, and you may see his picture on this page. He was born in Dresden, Germany, in 1803, and, like most other good artists, he showed his talent when he was very young. But he did not begin at once to make pictures for children. It often takes a long while for people to find out what they can do best, and so it was in Richter's case.

For some time he occupied himself in painting beautiful little pictures on porcelain cups and saucers and vases. Very fine ware of this kind is made in Dresden, and it required excellent artists to paint the exquisite pictures with which it is decorated. So Richter, who had studied a great deal, and had worked very hard at his profession, was able to ornament this Dresden ware very carefully and beautifully, and the work that he put on it made it more valuable than before he painted it.

He had taken a journey to Italy, and, in order to have plenty of time to study and to sketch the beautiful scenery through which he passed, he walked all the way back.

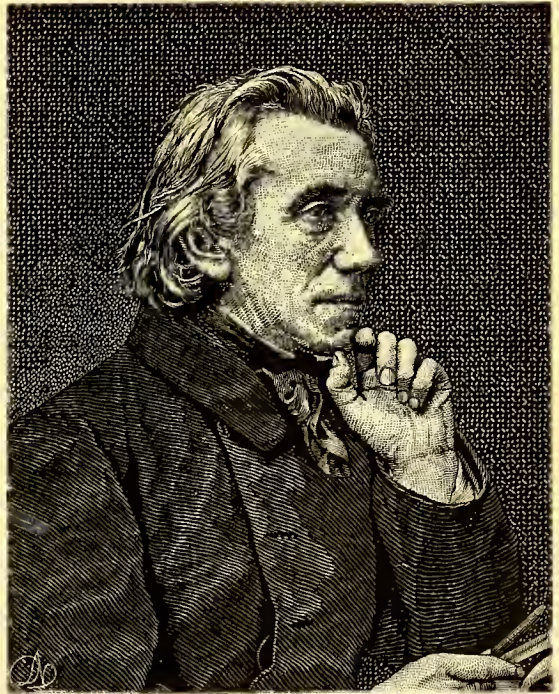
Whenever he saw some fine trees, or a pretty brook, or a nice little cottage, with children playing about it, or anything that he thought would make a good picture, he stopped and made a sketch of it. And so, when he reached home, he had a great many sketches of real things, which he afterward used in the pictures he drew and painted. Some artists draw people and houses and trees and animals in their pictures from their recollections of such things, or they get their ideas of them from other pictures.

But Richter makes his drawings directly from nature, and that is one reason why they are so good. Another reason is that he puts some of his own kind and tender feeling into his pictures. He tries to make the little children in them look as good and happy as he would always like little children to be.

Well, he did not always paint vases and cups and such things. After a time, he turned his attention to making pictures for books and maga-

zines. He drew these pictures on wood, and they were then engraved and printed, and these are the pictures which have caused him to become so widely known, especially in Germany, his native land, as the "children's artist."

He was so successful in making drawings for books intended for children that this soon became his principal business. He has drawn all sorts of pictures for all sorts of children—some for little toddlers, and some for the big boys and girls; and more than this, these pictures are so good and true that grown people take great delight in them. Richter's drawings are sometimes religious, such as the illustrations to the "Lord's Prayer," and sometimes lively and amusing, and they are almost always filled with quaint and pretty fancies.



LUDWIG RICHTER.

Some of Richter's pictures have been printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and thousands of them have been enjoyed by German little boys and girls, who like them all the more, perhaps, because they can easily see that it was among the children of his father-land that their artist went for his models.

PEASE-PORRIDGE COLD.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old."



"THE KNIFE-SWALLOWER MADE ROOM FOR IKE TO SIT BESIDE HIM." [SEE PAGE 611.]

I DON'T think that Mother Goose herself could make better pease-porridge than Barbara. Indeed, as Mother Goose was a literary lady, I doubt whether she could make as good. While she was gaining fame as a poetess she must, sometimes, have intrusted the porridge-making to somebody else; and we can not read the story of the four-and-twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie, who began to sing as soon as the pie was opened, without a painful suspicion that Mother Goose was accustomed to very "slack" ovens indeed, or that her knowledge of the art of cooking was very small.

Barbara read her Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Children of the Abbey," and she had a cloudy idea that the two latter were both religious books, and devoutly to be believed, by which it will be seen that literature was not Barbara's strong point. But cooking was. Even such

every-day and uninteresting things as meat and bread were delicious, as Barbara cooked them, and her soups were never the watery, flavorless things that are often unworthily dignified by that name. But when it came to her cream-cakes and peach-fritters, and pop-overs, there are no words that can do justice to them. And, besides all that, Barbara was an artist in dough. Her doughnut boys were so life-like that it seemed a wonder that they did not speak, and she could make a whole farm of gingerbread,—a house and barn, cows and horses, and sheep, hens, and turkeys, and ducks and geese, little pigs and big pigs, dogs that would almost wag their tails, and roosters that were going to crow the very next minute. And some of them were likenesses of individuals. You would have recognized Ebenezer, the hired man, in gingerbread, the moment you saw him, and old Buttercup,

the yellow cow; and as for the cross gobbler, he was simply perfect.

There was one rather sad thing about it. The gingerbread which they were made of was so good that Ike and Dolly could not help eating them. They usually began with the cross gobbler—it was a double satisfaction to eat him—and they left Ebenezer, the hired man, until the very last, for it seemed unkind and disrespectful to eat him, he was so good and told such lovely stories, and, besides, Barbara always shook her head solemnly, and called them “cannyballs,” when they ate him. Ike did n’t mind that very much, for he was determined to be a cannibal, or a pirate, or something equally desperate, when he should grow up; but Dolly did. She had made up her mind to be a minister’s wife, because there were so many pound-cakes and tarts carried to the donation parties, and Barbara had explained that cannibalism was incompatible with being a minister’s wife.

But good as Barbara’s gingerbread was, it was not to be compared with her pease-porridge. “Pea-porridge,” they all called it. Mother Goose has been dead so long now that people have forgotten how to speak properly. It was not simply stewed peas, by any means. There were a richness, and a sweetness, and a flavor of savory herbs about it, that made it a dish to set before a king.

It was a gala day for the children when Barbara made pease-porridge; but they never coaxed her to make it, because it always made her eyes red, and they knew what that meant. It made her cry, because it reminded her of her little brother Elnathan, who ran away to sea, and never was heard from after the vessel sailed. She used to make pease-porridge for him. Only a little while before he ran away she took care of him through a long illness, and when he was recovering he would eat nothing but her pease-porridge. The children had heard about it a great many times, and she never spoke of it and never made pease-porridge without tears. And yet she often made the porridge on wild, tempestuous nights that make people think, with anxious hearts, of those at sea.

“I can’t help thinkin’ what if he should come a-knockin’ at the door some o’ these stormy nights—my little Nate, just as he used to be,” she would say. “And then, if I had some good hot pea-porridge for him, just such as he used to love so, he’d know I was always a-thinkin’ of him. I s’pose he’s layin’ drowned at the bottom of the sea, but folks can’t help hevin’ ideas that aint jist accordin’ to common sense.”

And then Barbara would stir the porridge vigorously, and pretend that she was n’t crying.

Barbara was housekeeper and “help,” both in one, at Deacon Trueworthy’s, and Ike and Dolly

were Deacon Trueworthy’s grandchildren. Their father and mother and grandmother were all dead, and their grandfather was the kind of a grandfather that has almost gone out of fashion. He believed that children should be “seen and not heard.” He never laughed, no matter how many funny things happened, and he ordered Ebenezer to drown Beelzebub, the black kitten, because it would chase its tail in prayer-time. (Ebenezer did n’t do it, however. He gave Beelzebub away, and it is alive and flourishing at this very day. Ebenezer promised to find Dolly a kitten that would n’t chase its tail, but up to this time all his efforts have been unsuccessful.) In his heart, the Deacon was fond of his grandchildren, but he never let them know it. He would have thought fondling or petting them very “unseemly.” He never took them on his knee and told them stories, and he always thought that they made a noise. He was entirely lacking in the qualities which make most grandfathers so delightful, and Ike and Dolly would have had but a dull and dreary time if it had not been for Barbara and Ebenezer.

Barbara had a motherly heart, big enough to take in all the orphans in the country. She never thought any pains too great to take to make them happy, and she petted and cuddled and comforted them as if she were their own mother.

And Ebenezer! He was a real walking edition of fairy stories and true stories, funny stories and exciting adventures. He had been to sea, for years, as mate of the “Bouncing Betty,” and more wonderful things had happened to that vessel than to any other that ever sailed. Ebenezer had been cast away on a desert island, and the wonderful feats that he had accomplished there would make Robinson Crusoe “hide his diminished head.” He knew as much about gorillas, and leopards, and orang-outangs as he did about sheep and oxen, and he talked as familiarly about giants, and wild men, and dwarfs with seven heads, as if he were in the habit of meeting them every day. And he knew stories that would make you laugh, even if you had the toothache. Nobody could be dull or lonesome where Ebenezer was.

But we must return to Barbara’s pease-porridge, which on this April day, at ten minutes before twelve, M., was smoking hot, just ready to be taken from the pot. They usually had pease-porridge for breakfast or supper, but to-day Deacon Trueworthy had gone to County Conference, and Ebenezer had gone to the next town to buy a new plow, and Barbara did n’t think it was worth the while to get a dinner when there were no “men folks” at home to eat it. The children were always delighted to have pease-porridge, and a slice of “company” plum-cake, instead of an

ordinary dinner, and Barbara wanted to pursue her house-cleaning all day, with as little interruption as possible—for this was Barbara's one failing: she liked to clean house, and she turned things upside down relentlessly. Even the attic, which was the children's play-room, did not escape.

On this day, Ike and Dolly had staid out-of-doors for that reason. They were in the barn-yard, getting acquainted with the new calf,—who was very fascinating, although somewhat weak on his legs,—when Zach Harriman, one of the village boys, came along.

"The performers is goin'!" he called out to them. "A special train is agoin' to come after 'em. If you aint seen 'em, now is your chance! Everybody 's agoin' down to the depot to see 'em off. Never was no such a show in Cherryfield before! That educated pig he knows as much as the minister, and that feller that swallers snakes and swords, as slick as you 'd eat your dinner, is worth goin' to see! Then there 's the Giant, more 'n half as tall as the meetin'-house steeple, and them little mites o' creturs that stands up in his hands, that you can't hardly believe is real live folks, and the Fat Woman—my eyes, aint she a stunner! There wa' n't never nothin' that you could call a show in Cherryfield before, alongside o' this one. And you can see 'em all for nothin', down to the depot. Of course, they aint a-swallerin', nor performin', nor nothin', but they 're worth goin' to see, you 'd better believe."

Ike and Dolly did believe it. They had longed, with an unutterable longing, to see the wonders of the "Great Moral and Intellectual National and Transatlantic Show," which had been advertised by flaming posters all over the village. The pictures on the posters, of the performing canaries, the educated pig, the marionettes, and the dancing dogs, to say nothing of all the other marvels, had aroused Ike's curiosity to the highest pitch. But, alas! his grandfather did not approve of shows, though they were never so "moral and intellectual." No pleadings nor tears could move him. Ike knew well enough, when he saw those enticing posters put up, that the delights which they depicted were not for him and Dolly. He never had expected such happiness as Zach Harriman's announcement seemed to promise—to see them all.

"Go, quick, and ask Barbara if we may go, Dolly!" he exclaimed, half wild with excitement and eagerness.

"But it 's twelve o'clock," said Dolly, "and the porridge all hot! She called us while Zach was talking, and she might say no. Don't let 's ask, Ike—let 's go!"

It was one of Barbara's rules that they should never go out of sight of the house without leave,

but Ike fell in with Dolly's wicked little plan as readily as Adam did with our grandmother Eve's.

Because it would be such a dreadful catastrophe if Barbara should say no!

So it happened that, while the pease-porridge was standing, smoking hot, upon the table, and the frosted plum-cake was being cut, Ike and Dolly were running as fast as their legs would carry them toward the railroad station.

There was a great crowd upon the platform. It looked as if all Cherryfield had turned out to see the last of the "performers." But Ike was eager and adventurous, and pushed his way through the throng, and Dolly was always ready to follow where Ike led the way. But, when they stood close beside the cars, they were so surrounded by taller people that they could see nothing. It was too dreadful to lose the sight, after all. With the cheers of the people at sight of each wonder ringing in his ears, Ike grew desperate. The steps of the freight-car were within reach; mounted upon them it would be easy to see everything; and they always rang a bell and gave ample notice before a train started.

"Come along, Dolly!" he shouted, springing up the steps. And Dolly followed, nothing loth.

But when they had mounted the steps, nothing was to be seen but the crowd. The "performers" were getting into the forward cars.

Ike rushed through the freight-car, Dolly following.

They scarcely stopped to glance at a pig, in a box with slats that looked very much like a hen-coop. Indeed, he was not at all attractive to look upon. His education had not affected his appearance in the least, and he was expressing his discontent at the situation very much after the manner of an ordinary pig. The dogs were handsome, but Ike did n't stop even for them. He wanted to see the Giant, and the man who swallowed knives and snakes. Dolly had set her heart upon seeing the little people and the Fat Woman. She had had an extensive acquaintance with dogs and pigs, but giants and pigmies possessed the charm of novelty.

There they were—all the wonderful people—in the passenger car, just in front. The children's eyes grew big and round with wonder, as they saw the Giant, whose head almost reached the top of the car when he was sitting, holding on his outstretched hand one of the mites, a wee bit of a lady who looked like the queen of the fairies, as Ebenezer described her, and who was bowing and kissing her hand in the most fascinating manner to the crowd outside the car window. Was it to be wondered at that Ike and Dolly did not hear the bell when it rang? Not until the train was going quite fast did they realize that they were being carried away—away from home, where Barbara was

waiting for them, and the pease-porridge growing cold; away, nobody knew where, with the "Great Moral and Intellectual National and Transatlantic Show"!

When Dolly understood what had happened, she began to cry. Ike screamed to the conductor to put them off. The conductor was not at all a polite man.

"What business had you to get on, you little rascal?" he said. "I can't stop the train. I'm running on fast time, with not a moment to spare."

"Where are you going?" asked Ike, feeling very guilty and frightened.

"To Barnacle. There's no train back from there to-day, but I will see that you get back to-morrow morning."

He seemed somewhat mollified at sight of Dolly's tears and Ike's frightened face.

Barnacle was a large sea-port town, forty miles from Cherryfield. Ike and Dolly had never been so far away from home in their lives. It would not have seemed much more wonderful to them to be going to Paris. And Ike began to think that it was not, after all, a very unfortunate thing. It was a real adventure. They were going to see the world! Excitement and delight began to get the better of his fears.

The conductor had led them into the passenger car where the members of the troupe were, and—oh, joy!—the Knife-Swallower made room for Ike to sit down beside him. He looked astonishingly like an ordinary man—a big, burly fellow, with a good-natured face, weather-beaten, like a sailor's. Ike was amazed to see that knife and snake swallowing had not affected his appearance, any more than education had affected the pig's. Zach Harriman had confided to Ike that the man was made of gutta-percha inside; that was why the knives and snakes did n't hurt him; and Ike was devoured by curiosity to know whether this were really so, but he was afraid it would not be polite to ask.

The Fat Woman, who could not sit on an ordinary seat, but had one which was constructed expressly for her, motioned to Dolly to come and sit on her foot-stool. Dolly felt a little shy of this mountain of flesh, with features that were scarcely distinguishable, and a gruff voice that reminded her of the big bear's in the story of "Golden-hair." But, as the car was full, and there was no other seat for her, she obeyed.

"Have you lost your ma, dear?" said the gruff voice, in a very kindly tone.

"We've lost Barbara, and she'll be so worried, and the pea-porridge is getting cold, and—oh, dear!" and poor Dolly broke down, utterly overcome by her misfortunes.

"La! is the lopsy-popsy going to cry? Don't—

there's a deary. You'll get back to Barbara all safe, and just think what a privilege it is to travel with such a show as this—Moral and Intellectual, National and Transatlantic!—though they aint genooyne, child; don't you believe a word of it! Not one of 'em's genooyne but me an' the Mites. Me an' the Mites is genooyne!"

"Genooyne" was too large a word for Dolly's comprehension; but, by the Fat Woman's mysterious air and tone, she knew that she was telling her something very important.

"No bigger than common folks, the Giant aint, before he's built up and stuffed out," the Fat Woman went on, in a very low tone, and with a careful glance around, to see that she could not be overheard.

"Do you mean that he is n't a truly giant?" asked Dolly, with a crushing sense of bewilderment and disappointment.

"No more than you are. And as for the Bearded Woman, she takes it off and puts it in her pocket when nobody's 'round. The Two-headed Girl, the greatest scientific wonder of the age, they call her on the bills—why, she's two girls. They're dreadful slim, and they manage to stick 'em into one dress. The Talking Giraffe—why, it's a man behind the scenes that talks; ventriloquism, you know! The man that swallows knives and snakes—that trick is very well done, and folks is easy to take in, and he is so quick that you can't see where the knives go to, if you're watching ever so close. Swallow 'em, child? Of course he don't. He could n't swallow 'em, no more 'n you could."

"Oh, dear! I hope you wont tell Ike. He would be so disappointed," said Dolly, feeling keenly the hollowness of the world.

"But me and the Mites is genooyne! There aint a grain of humbug about me, and the little teenty-tonty dears is just as the Lord made 'em!"

Dolly had her own private opinion that the Mites were fairies. She wished Ebenczer could see them, for he would know. While she was deliberating whether she'd better tell the Fat Woman what she thought about them, a man came sauntering through the car, and stopped in front of Dolly, surveying her intently. He was very finely dressed, and wore a great deal of jewelry, which Dolly admired very much.

"My heyes! W'at a helegant hangel she would make!" he said, lifting Dolly's flaxen curls, admiringly. "Would n't you like to be a hangel, missy?"

Dolly wished very much that he had not asked her that question. She sang, "I want to be an angel," at Sunday-school, and Barbara had impressed it upon her mind that she *ought* to want to

be an angel; but she and Ike had exchanged views on the subject in private, and decided that the resemblance of angels' wings—in pictures and on tombstones—to turkey feathers was an objection that could not be overcome. She was afraid he would think her very wicked, but she said, honestly:

"I don't think I should like very well to grow feathers."

The man threw back his head and laughed at that, and the Fat Woman shook with laughter, and Dolly felt rather hurt, as if she were being made fun of.

"I think we could manage to 'itch them on, so you would n't 'ave to grow 'em," said the man. "The hangel that we 'ad belongin' to the company 'as gone 'ome, sick with the measles—not to mention 'er 'aving outgrown the business, and never 'aving no such hangelic face as yours. W'ere's your father and mother?"

"In heaven," said Dolly, as Barbara had taught her.

"Then they could n't wish for nothing better than to see their lovely child a hangel in the greatest Moral and Hintellectual National and Transatlantic Show in the world," said the man.

"They were carried off in the train by accident—she and her brother," explained the Fat Woman.

"The 'and of Providence!" exclaimed the man, rubbing his hands with delight. "W'at a hatraction she 'll be!"

The Fat Woman said something, too low for Dolly to hear, and the man—who was evidently the manager of the troupe—replied:

"Ho, I shan't do hanything hillegal. But she haint got hany parents——"

"But we 've got Barbara, and Ebenezer, and Grandpa: I should have to ask them," said Dolly. When he had first asked her if she wanted to be an angel, she had understood the question to be such a one as her Sunday-school teacher might have asked her. She knew now that he wanted her to become a member of the company, and there was something very dazzling and fascinating about the prospect.

"Ho, we 'll hask them," said the manager, re-assuringly. "But you 'll 'ave to stay at Barnacle to-night, and they could n't hobject to your happearing, just for once. 'Ere was I thinking I should 'ave to give up the 'Ighly Hexciting, Moral, and Hintellectual Hellevating and Hemotional Play with w'ich we closes hour hexhibition, for want of a hangel, w'en, hastonishing to say, a lovely little himage, hexactly adapted and hevidently hintended by nature for a hangel, happears before me!"

Dolly thought he was a very funny man, he made so many gestures, and rolled up his eyes so, and

put *h*'s in where they did n't belong, and left them out where they did. The Fat Woman explained to her, after he had gone, that that was because he was an Englishman. Dolly did n't believe that even Ebenezer had ever seen any Englishmen, and she felt as if she could hardly wait until she should reach home to tell him how queer they were.

She did not understand what the man wanted of her, not having the slightest idea what a play was, but she felt very much flattered, and thought it was delightful to be with such wonderful people. It was almost like one of Ebenezer's stories. She could scarcely believe that she was little Dolly Trueworthy, who lived on the old farm in Cherry-field, and whose greatest excitements had been coasting and going berrying. It seemed as if some fairy must have waved her wand over her, and changed her into somebody else. She had to look at Ike, once in a while, to re-assure herself. He was surely Ike, and he seemed perfectly at his ease, talking and laughing with the Knife-Swallower. One would have thought he had been accustomed all his life to riding on a train with a Great Moral, and Intellectual Show!

The train went so fast that it almost took Dolly's breath away. The trees, and houses, and fields, and fences whirled by in the wildest kind of a dance, exactly as if they were bewitched, and, in what seemed to Dolly an impossibly short space of time, the forty-miles were gone over, and they were whirled into the long, dark, crowded station at Barnacle.

Dolly and Ike were hurried, with the others, into a great, gaudily painted, open wagon, gayly decked with bunting. Behind that came two other wagons, containing all the animals belonging to the show—the Talking Giraffe standing, very tall and imposing, in the middle of the first. The procession was headed by a band of music, and accompanied by a shouting and cheering crowd of people.

"Oh, Ike, don't you wish Barbara and Ebenezer could see us now?" cried Dolly, feeling that it was a proud moment.

"Who is Barbara?" said the Knife-Swallower, who had taken Dolly on his knee, the wagon being somewhat crowded. "I used to know a gal by that name, away up in Brambleton."

"Brambleton? Why, that is where Barbara used to live!" cried Dolly.

"Her name does n't happen to be Barbara Pringle, does it?" asked the Knife-Swallower.

"Yes, it is!" cried Ike and Dolly, both together. "Do you know her?"

"I calkilate I used to, when I was a boy," said the man, and he held his head down, and there was an odd sort of tremor in his voice.

"And did you know her sister Sally that died,

and her little brother Elnathan, who ran away to sea?" asked Dolly.

"I knew Sally, and I b'lieve I've heard tell of Elnathan."

"Do you suppose he is drowned? Don't you suppose he ever will come back?" asked Dolly, anxiously. "I wish he would—Barbara cries so on stormy nights and when she makes pea-porridge, because she used to make it for him. Don't you think he will come back? People always do, in Ebenezer's stories."

"Well, folks does turn up, sometimes, and then ag'in they don't, and sometimes it 's a marcy that they don't," said the Knife-Swallower. "Because,

one of her old friends had become such a distinguished man!

They went to a hotel,—a rather dingy and disreputable-looking one, on a narrow side street,—and after having dinner, Dolly was taken at once to the hall where the evening performance was to be given. Ike was allowed to go, too, at his earnest entreaty.

The "'ighly Hexciting Moral and Hintellectual, Helevating and Hemotional Play" did not need to be rehearsed, it had been given so many times, but Dolly was to be taught how to be "a hangel." The Knife-Swallower went with them; he seemed to have assumed a sort of guardianship over Ike and



"THE KNIFE-SWALLOWER STRAGGLED ALONG BEHIND." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

you see, they may have turned out bad, and not be any credit to their folks."

"Barbara would want to see her brother, if he had turned out bad," said Dolly, after a little reflection. "She says she loved him better than anybody in the world, and if he were ever so bad he would be her brother all the same—just like Ike and me."

The Knife-Swallower turned his head away, then, and did n't say any more. Dolly determined that she would find out what his name was before she went home. Barbara would be so proud that

Dolly—a very fortunate thing for them, as the cross conductor had entirely forgotten them.

The angel who had gone home with the measles had left her costume behind her, and it fitted Dolly very well, after it had been nipped in and tucked up a little. It was not a night-gown, as Ike had predicted,—judging from pictures of angels which he had seen,—but a beautiful dress of white gauze, with silver spangles, and the wings which were fastened upon it were not made of feathers, to Dolly's relief, but of silver paper. The angel was to descend through an aperture in the stage-ceiling,

on a frame-work of iron, with a foreground of pasteboard clouds; clouds seemed to be all around her, over her head and under her feet. Ike thought it was wonderful and delightful, and only wished that they wanted a boy angel, but Dolly was dizzy and frightened, and clutched the iron frame-work with all her might. The manager tried to coax her; promised her all the candy she could eat, and a whole shopful of toys. But all that did not have half so much effect upon Dolly as Ike's scorn. She could not bear to have Ike think her a coward. So she resolved and promised that, when evening should come, and the hall should be full of people, and the angel would have to step off her cloud platform and throw herself between the young man whose guardian she was and the Fiend who was pursuing him, she would not be afraid, but would do just as she had been told.

The hall was glittering with lights and thronged with people. Ike had a seat very near the stage—thanks to his friend the Knife-Swallower. Dolly peeped out from behind the scenes, while the animals went through their performances, the Fat Woman was introduced and her history related, the Knife-Swallower swallowed a whole dozen of table-knives and a large family of snakes, the Giant and the Mites exhibited themselves, and sang songs and danced. At last came the play.

In the most exciting part, while the Fiend was pursuing the poor, good young man with a red-hot poker, down came the clouds in an apparently miraculous manner, with no machinery in sight—with Dolly standing a tiptoe on them, in her pretty, if not strictly angelic, attire of gauze and spangles and silver paper, with her long golden hair hanging about her. The applause was, as the manager would have said, "himmense." There was a shouting and cheering and clapping of hands that was almost deafening. Ike was in such a state of excitement that he could not sit still—to think that that beautiful being was Dolly!

The angel had been looking at the people—such a crowd as she had never seen before—as she sailed down on her clouds. As she tripped down from them to the floor, she suddenly caught sight of the Fiend. He was a most awful fiend. He was as black as a coal, all over. He had horrid horns and hoofs; his eyes were like live coals, and a flame came out of his mouth, and he brandished his red-hot poker in a way that was enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

The poor little guardian angel's was not a very stout heart: and he looked exactly like a picture of the Devil in an old, old book of her grandfather's.

She uttered a piercing scream, and turned to run. Her dress caught on a nail that projected

from the cloud-frame, and held her fast. She screamed and sobbed in an agony of terror.

"Oh, Knife-Swallower! Dear Knife-Swallower! Save me! Save me!" she cried.

The audience had arisen in great excitement, half of them laughing, the other half trying to find out what was the matter, and one mischievous boy crying, "Fire! fire!"

The Knife-Swallower rushed upon the stage, took poor Dolly in his arms,—heedless that the nail tore a long rent in her gauze dress,—and carried her off, trying to soothe her and calm her fears, as tenderly as Barbara could have done.

But Dolly would not be soothed. She cried and sobbed hysterically, and begged, piteously, to be taken home. Ike made his way into the dressing-room where they were.

"Well, if that was n't just like a girl!" he exclaimed. "I knew in a minute that he was only make-believe. But he must have felt pretty mean with his insides all on fire. Oh, but the manager is mad, I can tell you! He is making a speech to keep the people quiet, and his face is so red."

The Knife-Swallower was wrapping Dolly in a shawl and putting her hat on. He told Ike he was going to take them both to a quiet house, where lived some people whom he knew. Ike felt somewhat disappointed at losing all the wonderful sights in the hall, but he did n't want to stay behind when Dolly was going.

It was a pleasant, home-like house to which the Knife-Swallower took them, and the people were very kind, and Dolly soon recovered from her nervous excitement; but she was very glad to hear the Knife-Swallower say that he was going to take them home on the first train in the morning. Ike, too, now that he was away from the novelty and excitement of the show, began to feel very home-sick, and he felt all the worse that pride prevented him from crying, "as girls did."

At eight o'clock the next morning they were homeward bound. When they stepped off the cars at Cherryfield, the station-master ran to tell the sexton to ring the church-bell, to tell the people that they were found. The manager had promised to telegraph to Cherryfield that they were safe, but he had not done it, and there had been a great fright about them.

Barbara was standing at the garden gate, with her apron over her head, and looking anxiously in every direction, when they came walking up—two little way-worn pilgrims, who had seen the world and were wiser than yesterday. The Knife-Swallower straggled along behind, as if he shrank from being seen.

Barbara wept for joy, and hugged and kissed them until they were almost suffocated.

But when the Knife-Swallower took off his hat and stood before her, looking fixedly at her, she uttered a cry and fell upon his neck, looking so white that the children were frightened. And she kissed him—the Knife-Swallower—and she called that great man, six feet tall, her “ dear little brother Nate.”

They had brought her brother Elnathan home to Barbara!

When the children knew that, they were almost as wild with joy as Barbara herself.

“ I might never have got courage to come if it had n't been for them children,” he said. “ For you see, Barbara, I got pretty low down. And I aint what I 'd oughter be, now. It's dreadful lowerin' for a chap to pertend to be what he aint, and do what he can't, even if it's only pertending to swallow knives and such tricks, and I 'm goin' to

quit the business. What them children told me about your thinkin' of me and feelin' bad about me, after all these years, drove me to makin' up my mind.”

Barbara only hugged him again for answer, and then hugged the children.

By and by, Barbara remembered that they must be hungry, and bustled about and got them all the good things in the house to eat. Ike remembered the pease-porridge he had missed by running off, and now called for it.

“ Sakes alive! There it is, jest as I put it into the blue nappy, yesterday,” said Barbara. “ Ebenezer 'n' I had n't the heart to touch it. You blessed young ones! I had n't no idea, when I made that porridge, that you 'd find Elnathan, and bring him home to eat it—no more 'n I had that it would n't be touched till it was stone cold.”



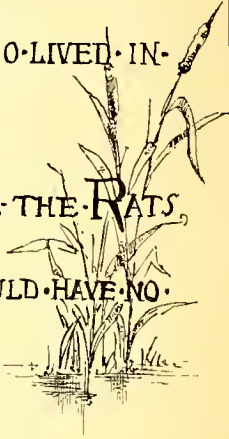


THE FROG'S TEA-PARTY.




A KIND INVITATION SENT KIND MR FROG
 TO ALL OF HIS NEIGHBORS WHO LIVED IN
 THE BOG ;

HE SENT ANOTHER TO ALL THE RATS
 AND TOLD THEM HE SURELY WOULD HAVE NO



THEY ALL ACCEPTED; YES, EVERY ONE ;
 FOR THEY THOUGHT TO THEMSELVES:

"WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN,

SINCE OUR NEIGHBOR HAS SENT

THIS INVITATION,

HE SURELY HAS FOR THE GOOD OF THE NATION."





THEY ALL ARRIVED EXACTLY AT FOUR:
THERE WERE DOZENS & DOZENS—

PERHAPS THERE WERE MORE.

MR. FROG KINDLY GREETED EACH ELEGANT

GUEST,

[BEST]

AND SWEETLY OBSERVED THEY WERE ALL IN THEIR

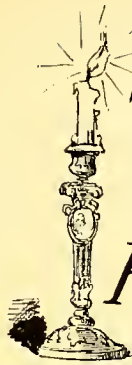




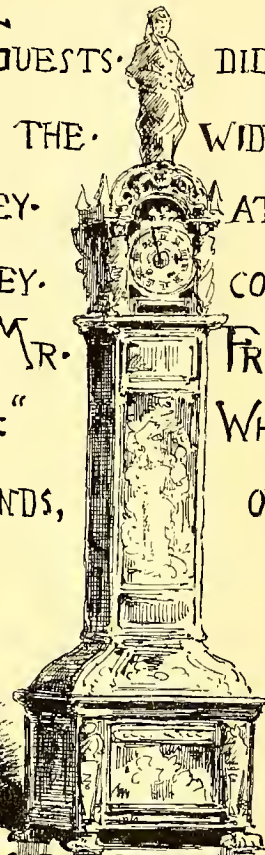
THERE WERE FROGGIES IN PLENTY &
 ALSO A DOG ;
 THERE WERE CHICKENS & ROOSTERS ; & EVEN A HOG ,
 THERE WERE SWALLOWS & SPARROWS & PEACOCKS .
 AS WELL ,
 WHO HAD PLENTY TO LAUGH AT .
 & PLENTY TO TELL .



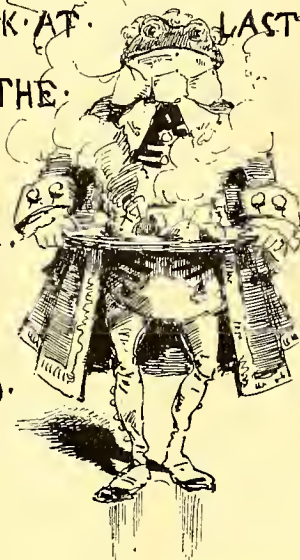
MRS. FROG WAS BORNE IN ON
 THE ARM OF A GUEST
 WHO SAID : " MRS. FROG , HOW
 SUPERBLY YOU'RE DRESSED ! "
 MRS. FROG HEARD HIS WORDS ,
 WITH PRIDE DID SHE FLUSH ,
 " I THINK I DO DRESS
 WELL , SHE
 OWNED , WITH A BLUSH .



THE GUESTS DID COME IN THROUGH
 THE WIDE OPEN DOOR,
 AND THEY ATE; & THEY ATE; TILL
 THEY COULDN'T EAT MORE;
 WHILE KIND MR. FROG SAT SMILINGLY BY
 AND THOUGHT: "WHO'S THE HAPPIEST, YOU
 FRIENDS, OR I?"



HALF PAST TEN STRUCK FROM THE
 GREAT CLOCK AT LAST,
 AND EACH FROGGIE AGREED THAT THE
 CLOCK WAS TOO FAST;
 BUT THE CLOCK IT WAS RIGHT; &
 THE FROGS THEY WERE WRONG,
 FOR THE TIME THEY HAD STAYED
 HAD BEEN CERTAINLY LONG.





IN · A · MINUTE · THE · HOST · IN ·



HIS · NIGHT-GOWN · WAS · DRESSED ;

AND · TAKING · A · CANDLE · HE · LAY ·

DOWN · TO · REST ;

ON · HIS · SOFT · LEAFY · PILLOW ·

HE · LAID · HIS · GREEN · HEAD ;

AND · THEN ; FEELING · FRIENDLY ;

HE · TO · HIMSELF · SAID :



"THEY · VE · HAD · A · NICE · TIME · & · I'M · AWFULLY · GLAD ;
 (IF · THEY · D · HAD · A · BAD · TIME , I'D · BE ·
 AWFULLY · SAD)

SO · I'LL · GIVE · EM · A · PARTY · TEN · TIMES · IN ·

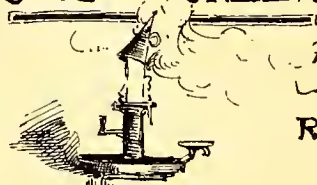
· A · YEAR ,

TO · WHICH · THEY'LL · ALL · COME · & · HAVE · LOTS ·

OF · GOOD · CHEER !



MRS.
F
R
O
G.



GOOD NIGHT.

MR.
F
R
O
G.



IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Know ye what creatures these Lagunas breed,
Or what the pathless virgin-woods secrete?"—CHAMISSE.

THE people of Guatemala had treated us so kindly that we were almost sorry to leave their mountains; but our agent wanted a number of animals which are found only in the Southern tropics, so we took our pets to the sea-port of San Tomas, and embarked for South America on board of a Venezuela schooner. When the first Spanish explorers set sail for the New World, their enterprise was aided by the western trade-wind, the Atlantic sea-breeze that blows continually from east to west, and the same wind now enabled our schooner to enter the mouth of the Orinoco, and ascend the river by keeping close to the southern shore, where the current is not very strong.

We had paid our passage to Port Gabriel, some twenty miles farther up; but, if the lower shores had not been quite so swampy, we could not have wished a better hunting-ground. Swarms of water-fowl hovered about the mud-banks; peccaries and river-hogs rooted at the edge of the cane-brakes, or scrambled for their hiding-places; clumsy manatees sported in the water; and on a log of drift-wood we saw an animal that our pilot recognized as a fishing-jaguar. The creature had ensconced himself in the fork of a floating tree, and seemed to have made a good catch, for we saw him crunch away at something—probably a river-turtle or a young manatee; but, when the passengers began to fire upon him, he managed to crouch behind a projecting bulwark of his log-boat, whose swaying, together with the movement of our own ship, would have made it a task for the best marksman to hit the few visible parts of his body.

"Never mind," said the pilot; "it's one of the common spotted jaguars. I thought it was one of the dark brown kind."

"Have you ever seen a brown jaguar?" I asked.

"Yes, and a coal-black one, too," said the pilot; "though it may have been a different kind of animal—like my snake here: one of the 'what-is-its' that have never been seen in North America. You will come across some curious creatures, if you are going to hunt in these shore-thickets."

The pilot himself was a curiosity in his way. His hair was braided into a sort of diadem, and he was

hung around with trinkets like an Indian medicine-man. He had with him a tame snake that made its head-quarters in the upper sleeves of his shirt, and, judging from its color, the creature seemed really a nondescript—reddish-brown, with beautiful orange-yellow spots and rings, and with a black zigzag line along its back. He would not sell it; but, when we reached Port Gabriel, he took us to a house where we could buy four toucans, or rhinoceros-birds, besides some rare parrots, thus getting us a basketful of pets on the first day of our landing.

Near Port Gabriel, the banks of the Orinoco rise into high bluffs, and the ground is dry enough for foot-travelers; but the vegetation is still wonderfully luxuriant. Some of the larger trees were surrounded with such a wilderness of tangle-vines that it was quite impossible to distinguish their foliage and flowers; only the palms towered above the undergrowth, like steeples above a jumbled mass of houses; and a few of the lower plants could be distinguished by the peculiar shapes of their leaves. The children of the Indian settlers wore a grayish-green head-dress, which I mistook for a painted straw hat, with a short brim, until I found that it was made all of one piece—the pitcher-shaped flower-sheath of a species of tulip-tree. The store-keeper was the only white man in the settlement, and, hearing that we were bound for the western frontier, he procured us an extra guide, a swift-footed Indian lad, who could show us the way as far as the Lascar Mission, where we should find a good road to the mouth of the Rio Meta. The little fellow's speech was a queer muddle of Spanish and of Lascarese; but he evidently knew what he was hired for, and, pointing to the woods and then to our hunting implements, he gave us to understand that we should soon fill our baskets with birds and beasts. We certainly had dogs enough to do it. The village swarmed with Indian curs, and, when we started the next morning, ten or twelve of them followed us with gambols and merry yelps. The poor fellows probably thought we were out on a forage, and hoped to come in for a share of venison; but Daddy Simon chased them back—all but one, a long-legged wolf-hound, of a breed which the Indians often use in their panther-hunts.

About six miles from the landing, we came to a creek, with a hanging bridge of liana-ropes, and

an artificial ford of submerged logs, where our mule could wade across without getting beyond her depth. Our new hound cleared the creek with a



THE INDIAN PILOT AND HIS TAME SNAKE.

single leap; but old Rough, having entered the water rather cautiously, suddenly drew back, and ran up and down the bank as if he were afraid to repeat the experiment.

"What's the matter with that dog?" asked Tommy. "He is n't afraid of cold water, is he?"

"Come on," said I. "He will soon follow us if he sees us going away."

But Rough still ran to and fro, with an appearance of great uneasiness, until our vanguard had turned the corner, when he at last plunged in and paddled across, splashing and howling as if he were bathing in a tub of scalding hot water. Our little pioneer watched him with great attention, and repeatedly called out a word in his native language.

"What is it, Niño?" I asked, pointing to the creek—"alligators?"

"No, no!" cried he, and shook his head. "Here," holding out his finger with a repetition of the Lascarese word. We could not make out what he meant. But, seeing that Rough had got safely across, we continued on our way and had almost forgotten the incident when Tommy suddenly stopped short, and, throwing himself on the ground, caught Rough's head with both hands. "Good heavens!" cried he, "look here. No wonder the poor fellow would not cross that creek. Look at his throat!"

That explained it, indeed. From his throat to his flanks, the old dog was entirely covered with swamp-leeches, most of them not larger than a pencil-stump, but some as big as a man's finger. We removed them as well as we could; but, between the bites of the little pests and our clumsy operation, the poor dog lost half the blood in his body. He was hardly able to follow us; but the young Lascar and his hound were restless themselves. Not content with keeping ahead of us, the little barefoot lad made detours to the left and right, and often through thickets of thorny mesquites, paying no heed to the sharp spines.

"Why, that's nothing," laughed Menito. "I could do that myself two years ago. That's what they call Indian sandals."

As a matter of fact, the sole of the human foot can become as tough as any shoe-leather; and, while shoes wear out from day to day, our natural sole-leather improves in course of time, till a barefoot man is actually able to crush a thorn by stepping upon it. Nay, the Indians of the Peruvian highlands walk unhurt with naked feet over old lava-beds, in places where the ground resembles a field strewn with heaps of broken glass.

The Indians of the lower Orinoco live on the spontaneous products of nature, and their forest is, indeed, an inexhaustible store-house of animal and vegetable food. The thickets swarmed with *gazapos*, a kind of short-eared rabbits, and, at the foot of a little hillock, a black cock-pheasant came fluttering across our road and was captured before it had reached the underbrush. "There must be hunters around here," said Tommy; "this poor rooster is crippled, I see."

The pheasant seemed to have broken one of its wings, and was too tattered-looking for a menagerie-bird, so Menito killed it at once and put it in our mess-bag. We supposed that there must be an Indian hunting-party in the neighborhood, but, when we reached the top of the hillock, a young puma jumped out of the liana-brambles and whisked up a tree when he saw our wolf-hound. There he stopped, and, peeping through the lower branches,

kept up a continuous growl, exactly like a tomcat on top of a fence with a swarm of dogs around. Tommy had already leveled his gun, but the young Lascar stopped him with a frightened exclamation, and pointed to the woods, shaking his head violently, by way of emphasizing his protest.

"He means the puma's relatives will come after us," said I, "but he is right: let the creature alone; we have no use for him, and he has not done us any harm."

"And that 's more than the puma can say," laughed Menito. "I believe we have stolen his supper: this pheasant came running down-hill when I saw him first."

Before we were out of sight, we turned around to see if the puma was still on guard, and, sure enough, his yellow head was still peeping from between the lower branches. He had stopped his growling, but from the depths of the woods on our right we heard a singular noise, as if a herd of cattle were breaking through the underbrush.

"Listen! What can that be?" asked Tommy.

I was unable to tell; as far as I knew, the settlers of these river-bottoms kept no cows, and deer are rather scarce in eastern Venezuela. Before anything came in sight, the big wolf-hound dashed into the thicket, going straight in the direction of the mysterious noise. Rough merely pricked up his ears; the swamp-leeches had cured his racing propensities for a day or two. I knelt down to examine his swollen throat, while my companions pursued their way, and I had not yet come up with them, when the crash of a mighty gallop came through the woods, and, looking up, I saw Menito pull his frightened mare behind a tree, while Daddy Simon snatched away Tommy's gun with a violence that almost knocked him down. The young Lascar had thrown himself flat on the ground, and in the first terror of an unknown danger I followed his example, holding Rough by the throat, as Daddy Simon did Tommy, who seemed wild with indignation at such unceremonious treatment. But in the next moment he, too, crouched down, panic-stricken: a herd of peccaries came thundering through the bushes, in head-

long pursuit of the luckless wolf-hound, who, happily for the salvation of our little party, made straight for the place where he had seen us last, and before he could turn to the right, the boars in the vanguard had cut off his way and chased him straight ahead toward the river-bottom, where finally the uproar of the wild chase died away in the distant shore-thickets.

"That dog started the wrong game," laughed Menito.

"It 's the luckiest thing he ever did that he managed not to start them running this way," remarked old Daddy.

"Why, would they have tackled us?" asked Tommy.

"Tackled us? They would have torn us limb from limb," said the Indian.

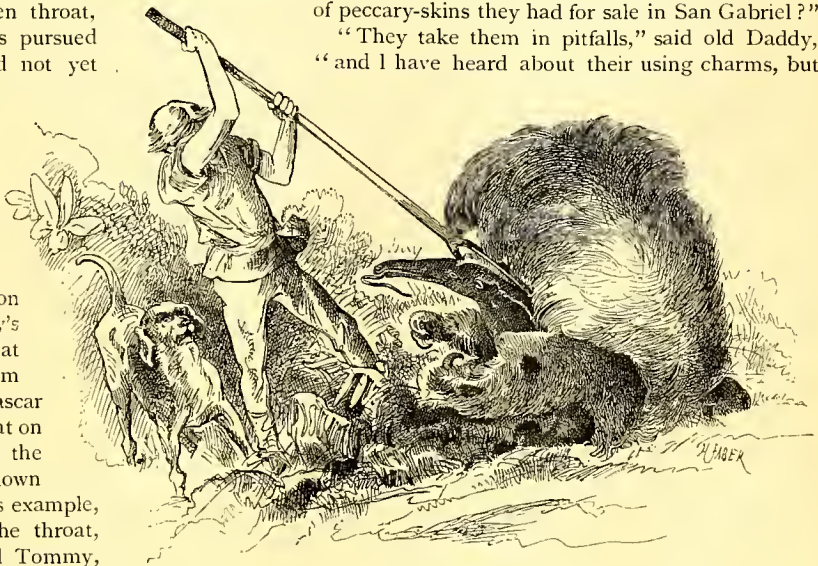
"Yes, indeed, Tommy," I added, "if you had fired that gun, it would have been your last shot."

"Then I have to ask Daddy's pardon," said Tom. "To say the truth, I thought he was going to rob me or kill me, by the way he acted. Why, according to that, peccaries must be quite unmanageable brutes."

"In large numbers they are," I replied. "A herd of them is more dangerous than a pack of hungry wolves. The old boars do not know any such thing as fear if they are in a rage."

"Then I wonder how the Indians catch them," said Tommy. "Don't you remember the large pile of peccary-skins they had for sale in San Gabriel?"

"They take them in pitfalls," said old Daddy, "and I have heard about their using charms, but



THE FIGHT WITH THE ANT-BEAR.

I don't believe it: peccaries have no religion whatever, and are very hard to bewitch."

As long as the echo of the crashing gallop was

still audible, our dog Rough had stood spell-bound, looking fixedly in the same direction, but, hearing a rustle in the thickets on the other side, he turned his head that way, and, suddenly setting up a fierce bark, trotted forward as fast as his weak legs would carry him.

"Dear me! More peccaries?" whispered Tommy. "Look out, or we shall get ourselves into a scrape, after all."

"No, look here—it's an ant-bear," cried Menito. "Quick—run! We can head him off—it's quite a young one."

The three boys started at the top of their speed, and soon their triumphant shouts told us that they had brought their game to bay.
Tommy's

his weak condition, was no match for it, but the presence of the boys kept it at bay until Tommy approached it with his forked stick.

"Let me handle that thing," cried Menito. "Yes, there he goes; give it here, quick!"

The ant-bear had suddenly started to its feet; but, before it had run twenty paces, Menito's fork caught it behind the shoulders and pressed it to the ground. Menito had to bear down with all his might to hold the little animal, but help was at hand. In spite of all his claws, Master Longnose was overpowered, and clapped into one of the wire prisons. While there was yet any chance of escape, the ant-bear had struggled in silence; but, when it gave itself up for lost, it broke forth in a noise unlike anything we had ever heard before—a droning snort, I might call it, accompanied with fierce coughs and grunts, as if a band of hogs were mingling their music with the melodies of a buzz-saw.

The shadows of the twilight began to spread through the forest when our little guide at last brought us to another creek, and seemed



"WHEN THE PASSENGERS BEGAN TO FIRE, THE JAGUAR CROUCHED BEHIND HIS LOG-BOAT." [SEE PAGE 621.]

message confirmed my guess. "We've got him," he shouted, running up in hot haste. "He's down, going to fight us. Get your hatchet, Daddy: Menito says he can catch him with a forked stick. Oh, come on, Uncle, and see the fun!" cried he, and as soon as we had got the stick ready, the impetuous lad dragged me along until we came in sight of a strange scene. An animal about the size of a large badger lay flat on its back, flourishing its long nose, and poising its claws, ready for action. Rough, in

inclined to push on into the darkening woods beyond.

"That wont do," said Daddy Simon. "I can not hunt up water and fuel in the dark. We must camp here and cook our supper."

The young Lascar stared; but, seeing us unstrap our blankets, he seemed to guess our intent, and helped us to gather a large pile of fire-wood. If there were any dry hills ahead, our little Indian had been right, though. We found that the



"WE MUST KILL IT AT THE FIRST SHOT!"

ground was a spongy swamp, drawing water wherever we stamped it. So, instead of pitching our tent, we spread it like a big hammock, and fastened it between two poles and a large cauco-tree, whose hollow trunk formed a sort of roof. People going to camp in a tropical forest must not expect to be "lulled to sleep by the stillness of the night," as the northern poets say. In the Venezuela virgin-woods the time from sundown to midnight is almost the noisiest part of the twenty-four hours. Soon after dark, the *oriyas*, a species of whip-poor-wills, began to call to each other with a flute-like whistle; night-hawks whirred through the tree-tops; and from the depths of the jungle came now and then the scream of a larger bird; it was the time when the ocelot leaves its hiding-place and visits the thickets and the roosts of the crested bush-cock. A strange buzz was in the air. Swarms of beetles and night-butterflies seemed to be on the wing, and from time to time we heard the click of a large bat, as its jaws closed upon one of the poor buzzers. But there are bats that do not content themselves with insects, and, before we fell asleep, I noticed a black object crawling over the white

canvas of our hammock, and, slapping it with my hat, I recognized the squeaking chirp of a vampire, the *Vampirus spectrum* of the American tropics. Menito grabbed it just when it was about to take wing, and soon killed it. Whenever the night-wind stirred the woods, the trees above and around us flamed up with the glitter of a thousand luminous insects,—fire-midges, fire-flies, and fire-locusts,—most of them apparently dozing in the foliage till the wind waked them, although there were moments when they all seemed to join in a general torch-light dance, making the trees sparkle as if a shower of stars were drifting through the forest. I had been sleeping for an hour or two when Tommy shook me by the arm.

"What can be the matter with our dog?" said he, with a yawn, and rubbing his eyes. "Did you ever hear such howling? There must be something wrong!"

Rough had taken charge of our baggage at the foot of the tree, and, if there had been robbers or wild beasts about, he would have barked in a very different way. His voice sounded like the whining of a wolf—a most singular wailing howl, that might

have made a person dream of witches and werewolves. We hardly knew what to do. As soon as we tried to go to sleep and stopped talking to the dog, his howling grew worse than before. At last, he could not stand it any longer.

"We have now only that one dog," said Tommy, "or I should ask you to shoot him. He must be crazy. What shall we do about it?"

"I don't know," said I; "but I would give something if we could go to sleep."

"What will you give me?" asked Menito. "For half a dollar I will get him as still as a mouse. That dog is my countryman, and I do not want you to shoot him. Will you let me try?"

"All right," I laughed. "Go ahead."

Menito picked up his jacket and slipped down the tent-pole, and that was the last we heard of the were-wolf music. The next morning we found the two countrymen sleeping, cheek by jowl, at the foot of the tree.

The birds in the tree-tops had almost finished their morning concert when the creatures of the lower woods were still half benumbed with the heavy dew, and as we made our way through the long, wet grass we could have captured bagfuls of iguanas and lizards, if there had been room for game of that sort. By and by, however, the warmth of the rising sun penetrated the underbrush, and all flying and creeping things were now wide awake.

The young Lascar had led the way, a little faster than we could follow, until something or other seemed to draw his attention to a copse of tree-ferns at the road-side. He stopped, and, turning abruptly, grabbed me by the arm, looking as wild as a hawk.

"*Mira, mira!*" cried he, in Spanish. "Look there, what a ——" but then followed a Lascarese word of about sixteen syllables; still, looking in the direction of the coppice, I thought that the length of the word really corresponded to that of a strange creature crawling swiftly across our path. For a stretch of about fifteen yards the herbs swayed up and down, but running up, with all guns cocked, we could find only a slimy streak in the grass; the reptile must have moved with the swiftness of a panther-cat.

"A boa!" cried Tommy. "Quick—there it goes, up the tree there! You can see the boughs moving."

About twenty yards from the road stood a cluster of sago-palms, and at a considerable height from the ground their stems were joined and intertwined with a maze of cordero-vines, but in the short time it had taken us to run up, the creature had actually forced its way through that mass of tangle-wood, and was now out of sight in the tree-top. Museum

managers pay a high price for the skins of such large boas, and we tried to dislodge the monster by throwing stones and clubs against the lower branches, when Menito bethought himself of climbing a taxus-tree on the other side of the road.

"Yes, I can see it now," he shouted. "Come up here—it is 'way up in that big palm-tree; you can shoot it down like a turkey."

The lianas or bush-ropes of the Southern forests are a great help to climbers, and even old Daddy managed to follow us to the upper branches of the taxus-tree. Menito was right; the boa had taken refuge in the top of the sago-palm, and seemed to have noticed us, to judge from its motions and the uneasy glittering of its little eyes.

"Now let us try," said Tommy. "Do you think buck-shot will hit at that distance?"

"Yes, they will," said I, "but we must kill it at the first shot; if it is only wounded, it will fling itself down and give us the slip, after all. Let us both aim at its head, and fire at the same moment."

But the boa now clung to the stem of the palm, with its head on the safe side, and we came near committing the imprudence of firing at the rear of its body, when old Daddy put his finger in his mouth and gave the shrill whistle of a Mexican muleteer. The boa started, and was still listening, with its head held out erect, when our two guns went off together. Somehow or other we had both aimed a trifle too low; but the buck-shot had done their work, and broken the monster's neck-bones in several places. It started back, and, suddenly reversing its coils, threw itself into the lower branches, and came plumping to the ground. There its struggles continued, and we could thank our good fortune that we were out of the way; the reptile was at least thirty feet long, and the tail-end of its body struck out left and right with a violence that made the branches fly in every direction. It took it nearly half an hour to die, and when it lay still, and our Indians came down and tied it to a tree to pull its skin off, the tail gave a twitch that made Menito take to his heels with a scream of horror.

"Come back here, boy!" cried old Daddy. "There is no danger, I tell you—that boa is only shamming, trying to scare us; in reality, it is as dead as a door-nail."

Thus far our road had led us through swampy bottom-lands and densely wooded hillocks, but toward noon we found that the ground was getting rather rocky, and when the sun inclined to the west our guide halted on top of a steep eminence, and pointed to the open country at our feet. It was a glorious sight: the broad valley

of the Orinoco, with its bays and rocky headlands, and at the mouth of a tributary stream the mission-settlement of Soledad, in a thicket of orchards and banana-gardens.

"That is the missionary's house, I suppose?" said I, pointing to a large stone building at the junction of the two rivers.

"Yes, it used to be," said Daddy Simon. "The old government had put a Franciscan abbot in charge of the place, but the monks went away with the Spaniards, and the Indians have been left to themselves ever since."

"How are they getting on?" I asked. "Their orchards seem to be in first-rate condition."

"Oh, the trees take care of themselves," said the guide, "and the Rio Claro is full of fish the year round; there is not much danger of starving in this country."

The Rio Claro was a fine mountain-stream, with gravel banks, and we passed a place where the gravel had been piled up in mounds, some of them as much as twelve or fourteen feet high. "What is all this?" said I. "There have been gold-hunters at work here, it seems?"

"Yes, treasure-hunters," said Daddy Simon. "Some years ago, a fisher-boy found here a silver



THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER.

cup and a piece of a golden chain, and it was supposed that this must be the place where the Spaniards had buried their treasure; so a lot of people came up here from La Guayra in hopes of making fortunes. They found nothing but gravel, however, and it seems that the current of the river must have brought those things down here, and that the rest is buried somewhere farther up."

We stopped at the first cottage to inquire after a spring which old Daddy remembered to have seen near the banks of the Rio Claro. There was nobody at home but an old woman, who had nearly forgotten the language of the Spanish missionaries, but she understood what we meant when we pointed at the river and showed her our empty water-bucket. While she was jabbering away in her strange dialect, I noticed at the farther end of her porch a big cage full of little white things that seemed to move about like birds, till I came nearer and saw that they were rats—white and brown speckled tree-rats, looking somewhat like guinea-pigs, with long tails. Seeing me stare at the cage, the woman took it down and handed me a rat, with a sort of courtesy, as you would offer a stranger a flower or an orange. Tommy gave her a silver coin, about the equivalent of an American twenty-five-cent piece, whereupon we received five more rats—willy-nilly. The generous old lady would not be put off, and stuffed every one of them into one of our empty cages.

"What makes them keep such strange pets?" asked Tommy.

"They eat them," laughed old Daddy. "The old chief that lives in the big stone house fattens them by scores and hundreds. No proper person would touch such things; but what can you expect from people that do not know a Sunday from a Monday?"

The Lascar Indians seemed, indeed, to be in need of a missionary. Many of the children we met in the street were entirely naked, and when we had pitched our tent at the river-bank, some of their grown-up relations visited us in the strangest costume we had ever seen on human beings. One big chief strutted around in a stove-pipe hat, with a pair of embroidered slippers for epaulets; and a toothless squaw, looking old enough to be his grandmother, wore a boy's straw hat, with a bunch of parrot-feathers. Another woman, who could talk a little Spanish, was carrying a young child that looked as red as a boiled lobster, although her mother was almost too black to be called dark brown.

"What's the matter, Sissy?" asked Tom. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, sir; she has been steamed," said the mother.

"Steamed? How do you mean?"

"Why," was the parent's answer, "we put her in a willow basket, and hung the basket over a kettleful of boiling water."

"What did you do that for?" I asked. "Were you trying to kill her?"

"No, to save her life," said the woman. "She was bitten by an *arañon* [a venomous spider], and

that's the best remedy. The poison seems to pass out through the skin with the perspiration."

The arañon, or bird-eating spider of South America, is almost as big as a toad, red-brown, with long, hairy legs and claw-feet, and a pair of venomous, pincer-like fangs. The strangest thing about its poison is that most persons hardly feel the bite at first; but after an hour or so, their hands or feet begin to swell as if they had caught the erysipelas. The arañon often covers a whole bush with its grayish-white net, and catches birds as well as insects. The threads of its net are, indeed, as sticky as bird-lime, and strong enough to hold a good-sized canary-bird.

We made a very good bargain that afternoon. The Indians gave us a splendid king-parrot and several purple pigeons, in exchange for a few pounds of sugar and gunpowder, and the parents of our young Lascar guide sold us a nursing Midas-monkey, with a baby—a funny, nervous little young one that clasped his mother's neck as if he were trying to choke her.

While we ate our supper, a swarm of Indian children of all ages and sizes had gathered around our camp, and, after playing with our rats and monkeys, they began to throw stones at a mangrove tree near the river-bank.

"What in the world can those children be after?" said I, seeing that they pursued their sport with a growing interest.

"Hallo! there is a big snake in that tree," said Tommy. "Not a boa, though," he added, when I jumped up. "It's a long red one, like those we saw in southern Yucatan."

A big coral snake lay coiled up in a fork of the tree, watching us with a pair of those glittering eyes that are supposed to paralyze birds and small animals.

"Make those boys stop, Tommy," said I. "Let us try an experiment. We can spare one of those white rats. I am going to see if the eyes of the snake will charm him."

The rats were quite tame, and the one we selected clung to the knob of my walking-stick, and stuck to his perch until I brought the knob in close proximity to the head of the serpent. They looked at each other for five or six minutes; but when the snake reared up, getting ready for action, the rat jumped back and slipped into my sleeve with

the nimbleness of a weasel. A few days after, we tried the same thing with a different result. The snake paralyzed our rat with a snap-bite, and gobbled him up when he began to stagger around like a blind puppy. So we almost suspected that little animals have generally been bitten before they act in the strange way which makes people suppose that the eyes of a snake must have bewitched them.

While we were watching the result of our experiment, one of the little boys fooled with the monkey-cage until the door came open, and, before we knew it, the Midas-monkeys jumped out, and would both have escaped if another boy had not caught them in the nick of time. But, in the scuffle, the old one dropped her baby, and, to our astonishment, the youngster whisked up an acacia-tree, with big, long thorns that prevented us from following him. All calling and coaxing was in vain, and, when we found that we could not shake him off, we fastened his mother to a long string to see if we could not make her go up and bring him down. But, for some reason or other, she refused to go, and threw herself on her back like a wild-cat when we tried to drive her up.

"Let us try Bobtail Billy," said Menito. "He likes to climb. I never saw him refuse a chance of that sort."

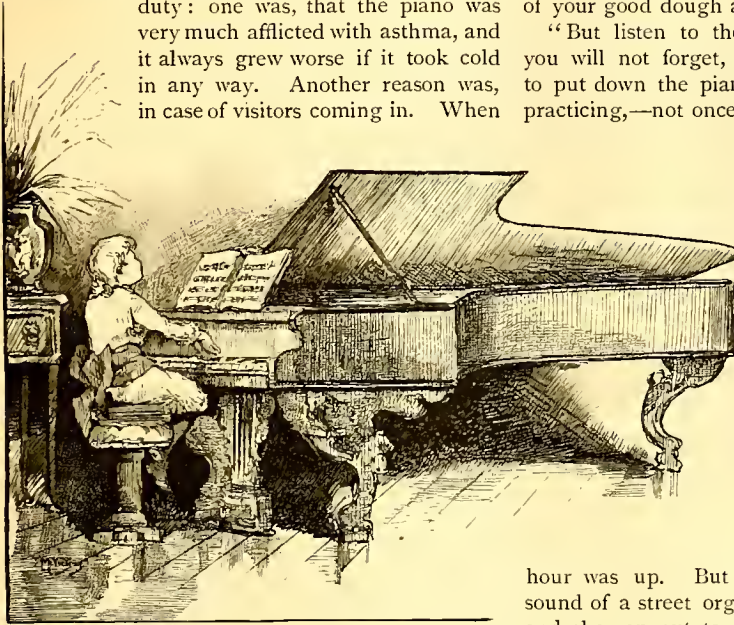
We at once put Menito's suggestion into execution, but it quickly proved almost too much of a success, for Billy bolted up the tree with a suddenness that nearly snapped the string. But, when he passed the baby, the little imp grabbed him, and in a twinkling had both arms around his neck. At the same moment, we pulled the string, and, though Billy struggled violently and snatched at the thorny branches left and right, the baby still stuck to him, resolved, as it seemed, to be skinned alive rather than lose this new protector fate had sent him. Down they came, locked together, and we dragged them to where the youngster's mother had been tied up in the interval. When she saw her bantling, she jumped up and made a grab at him; but, in a strange fit of jealousy, Billy now declined to surrender his charge, and he was making for the tree again, when Menito stopped him, and put all three of them in the same wire basket, to let them settle their family quarrels at their leisure.

(To be continued.)

WAS KITTY CURED?

BY MARY GRAHAM.

KITTY BROWN was a nice little girl, but she had one fault; she never would remember to put down the piano-lid, when she had finished practicing. Now, there were two reasons why it was important for her to remember this duty: one was, that the piano was very much afflicted with asthma, and it always grew worse if it took cold in any way. Another reason was, in case of visitors coming in. When



KITTY PRACTICES "THE FAIRY WEDDING."

the piano-lid was down, and the nice, pretty cover which Mrs. Brown had embroidered was spread over it, no one would have suspected that this piano was not just as good as any other in the city of Philadelphia. But if the lid was up, the visitor, whoever it might be, was sure to try to play on it, while waiting for Mrs. Brown to come down. Now, no one could really play on that piano but Mrs. Brown and Kitty, and the music-teacher, so that you may imagine any visitor's disappointment at finding, instead of the sweet musical sounds they were accustomed to at home, only a wheezy, asthmatic noise, and what the Brown family had long ago named the "rattle-bone accompaniment."

"Kitty," said Mrs. Brown to her daughter one day, after she had been very much mortified by some of the comments of her visitors, about her piano; "Kitty, I am going to make some mince-pies next week, for Christmas, and I intend to give you some dough and mince-meat, to make a

little turn-over for you and your friends; but I shall only give it upon one condition."

"Oh! Mother, Mother," answered Kitty, joyfully. "You know I'll do anything for you, if you really will let me make a turn-over out of some of your good dough and mince-meat."

"But listen to the condition, Kitty: it is, that you will not forget, once, between this and then, to put down the piano-lid after you have finished practicing,—not once, remember!"

"That's a very easy condition, I'm sure, Mother, and I'm certain to earn my little pie, if that is all I have to do to get it."

"Very well; now be sure and remember, after this, for if you forget once, you know what you forfeit."

"Oh! I'll not forget," and away skipped Kitty, full of joy at the thought of her mother's kindness.

That afternoon, she sat down to practice, and had it in her mind about closing the piano, after her hour was up. But pretty soon she heard the sound of a street organ on the pavement outside, and she ran out to see if a funny little monkey, which had been there a few days before, had come again. Of course she did not stop to close the piano, for she fully intended to return in a few minutes, but sure enough, there was the monkey, performing all sorts of antics, and so long did it take her to watch him, and listen to the organ, and run up for some pennies, that she forgot all about the piano, until that evening at the tea-table her mother said to her, in a sorrowful tone of voice:

"Now, Kitty, you've forfeited your little pie already; you forgot to put the piano-lid down this afternoon."

"Oh-h-h-h! so I did, but indeed, Mother, the monkey made me; I should n't have thought of forgetting, if it had not been for him; wont you please try me again? I don't think I could possibly forget, to-morrow."

"Well, I'll try you again; but this time you must not forget it."

The next day, Kitty sat down to the piano with the best intentions; she was practicing very diligently,

for she hoped to know "The Fairy Wedding Waltz" well enough to play it at the entertainment which was to be given in their school the day before

just wait. Come up to the nursery and get warm. We have a splendid fire there in the grate."

Kitty had asked her mother's permission at dinner-time to go with her school-mates if they should come for her; and, as Mrs. Brown was now out, there was no one to remind her about the piano, so that she never once thought of it again until tea-time.

"Kitty," began Mrs. Brown, mournfully, "you have forfeited your little pie again. You know you were only to have it upon one condition, and that you have forgotten to fulfill."

"So I have, Mother. But indeed I would not have forgotten, only for Annie Peters and the other girls coming for me. We really did have to go to choose Miss Colton's present. Wont you let me try once more? Indeed, no matter who may come tomorrow, I shall be sure to remember it."

"Well, you may try just once more. But remember, you must not expect such a favor again."

"Oh, thank you, Mother!"

The next day, a great many important things took place, and when Kitty sat down to practice, her mind was full of the events of the



STARTING OUT TO SHOP FOR THE TEACHER'S PRESENT.

Christmas. Neither her school-mates nor teachers would have been able to recognize what Kitty was playing, had they listened to her as she played it at home. But Kitty knew it was the very same that she had been playing on the school piano every day at recess for the last week or so. To be sure, it sounded very differently on her own asthmatic instrument, and with the rattle-bone accompaniment, but Kitty had it so well in her mind, and at her fingers' ends, that she could almost hear the tune of it as she played, although the part in which she ran up the piano with her forefinger could not be performed in such a grandiose manner as usual. Toward the end of her practicing hour, she heard the door-bell ring, and then when Hannah went to the door she could hear the voices of some of her little school-mates asking for her. She knew what an important errand they had come upon, and she rushed out to greet them.

"You must go with us to choose Miss Colton's Christmas present," began Annie Peters, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes. I'll be ready in a minute, if you'll

morning, so that she played her scales and pieces without thinking much about them. When her hour was up, she arose from her seat in a kind of day-dream, and walked deliberately out of the room, without thinking of closing the piano.

That afternoon, some visitors came in, and Mrs. Brown, who was busy making mince-meat in the kitchen, could not come into the parlor immediately. The visitors, who happened to be very fond of music, took turns in trying to draw some out of the instrument; but, one after another, they gave up in despair.

"I should think Mr. Brown could afford to get something better than that for his wife and children; you can buy a good piano for a mere song, now, at auction," said one of the visitors—I will not say ladies, for a perfectly well-bred person would not have made such a remark.

At that moment, Mrs. Brown came into the parlor, just in time to catch the last part of what her visitor had said. Of course, neither she nor the others enjoyed the interview very much, and she felt exceedingly vexed with her little daughter for again having been the cause of such annoyance to

her. If Kitty had only left the piano closed, no one would have thought of doing anything to it but look at it, and in appearance it was very much like any other. Indeed, it had a pair and a half of very fine legs, and the pedal was quite respectable; while as for the embroidered cover, there were few prettier ones on this side of the Atlantic.

"And now, Kitty," said Mrs. Brown to her little girl, "you do not deserve that I should give you another chance. It is too bad that I should have suffered such mortification on account of your forgetfulness."

"Oh, Mother! I know I do not deserve another chance, but you've often given me things I did not deserve, because you say we all, grown people and everybody, get more than we deserve; so, if you'll only let me try once more, I'll not ask you again if I forget this time."

"Well now, remember, this must be the very last time. No little pie for you to bake if you forget to put the piano down between this and Monday, for that is the day I begin my baking. So you will only have to-day and to-morrow, for then comes Sunday."

"Oh! thank you, dear, kind Mother, and do

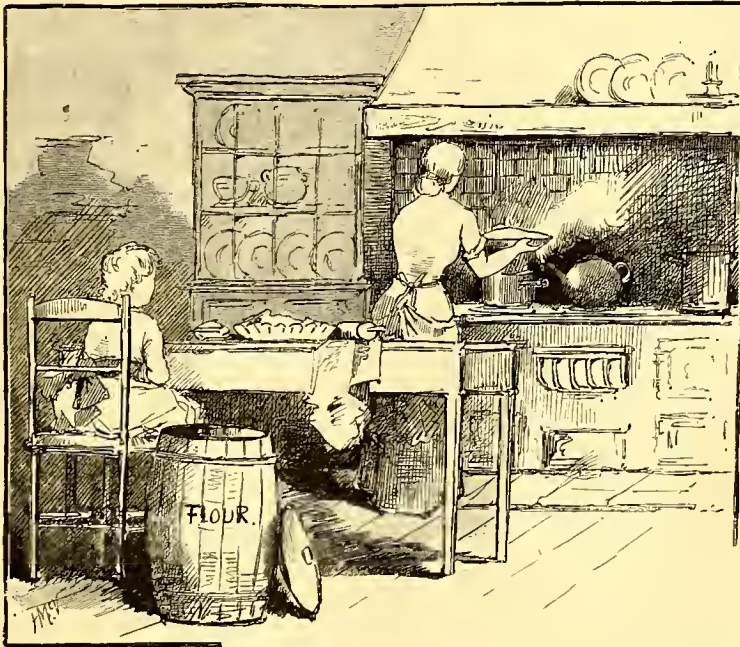
"I'll remember," said Kitty, quite as sure as if she had the best memory, for a little girl, in the world.

That afternoon, when Kitty was practicing, the door-bell rang, and some of her mother's friends were announced.

Poor, anxious-hearted Mrs. Brown, with face very white, rushed in by one parlor door, hurried Kitty from her position, and closed the piano, just as the visitors entered by the other door.

What a relief to Mrs. Brown, to know that she had succeeded in preventing any mortification to herself, for that afternoon! And what a relief to Kitty, to know that she would not have to remember any more for that day! Only one more day, and then she would be sure of her turn-over for Christmas. She would ask her mother to let her invite her little friends to help her eat it on Christmas afternoon.

The next day came, and Kitty felt sure she should not forget, this time. She practiced very diligently now, for in a few days they would have their school exhibition, and her music-teacher had told her she would have to know her piece a great deal better to play it before a room full of visitors,



"KITTY SAT DOWN AND WATCHED HER MOTHER."

you think I could forget now, when you have been so 'leaning' with me?" She meant "lenient."

"I don't know; but, if you do, you must not expect to bake any little pie; remember that."

than when she was only playing it to herself or some admiring friend. And so she played "The Fairy Wedding" over and over again, until she almost knew it with her eyes shut; then she played

her scales to make her fingers limber, then she played the waltz, until she grew fairly tired, and every finger ached.

Just as she was wondering whether it was time to stop, her father put his head into the parlor, and called her to him. It was such an unusual thing for him to be home so early in the afternoon, that she jumped up in joyful surprise and ran out to greet him.

"Here, Kitty," he said, holding a large parcel in his hand, "if you know how to keep a secret, just hide this, until the night before Christmas: it is my present to your mother, and I don't want her to know anything about it until then."

"Oh! I'll hide it in my closet: I know what it is, too; a set of furs, is n't it?"

"Never mind—you'd better not know, and then you can keep the secret better."

Kitty ran up to her room, and hid the parcel, and, sad to say, never once thought of the piano until the next morning, when her mother said to her, solemnly:

"Kitty, the piano was up all night, owing to your carelessness: I was too busy to go in there last evening, but discovered it this morning. I fear the piano will take a very bad cold."

"Yes—it is always cold in there at night," chimed in Mr. Brown, "and of course that is very bad for the asthma and rheumatism."

"I fear you will not be able to recognize your piece for a few days," said Mrs. Brown, sadly; then, after a preparatory pause, "and of course, Kitty, you will not now expect your little pie."

"Of course not——" answered Kitty, meekly: then, in a few minutes, brightening up, she said: "But indeed, Mother, if you only knew what made me forget, this time, you would not be hard on me. Do you think she would, Father?"

"S-s-h!" said Mr. Brown, very much fearing that Kitty would not be able to keep his little secret for him. Then he said, hurriedly: "No, don't be hard on her, wife."

"I don't really think I have been," replied Mrs. Brown; "but it seems to me Kitty ought to have

something to make her remember—no, I don't think she need expect to bake her little pie."

The next day, when Kitty came home from school, she found her mother in the midst of making her pies. She sat down in a corner of the kitchen, and watched her: it was so interesting to see the pieces of pastry which were cut off from each pie, as Mrs. Brown's deft fingers shaped them; these were the pieces which Kitty had once hoped to profit by, but now she had no such expectations.

Mrs. Brown looked over at her with eyes full of compassion.

"Of course, Kitty," she began, "you do not expect to get any of this dough, nor any of this mince-meat."

"No, Mother, of course I do not *expect* any; but you know you told me once that 'blessed are they that expect nothing' because they shall not be disappointed; and I should not be a bit disappointed if you should give me just enough to make a dear little pie for myself and Annie Peters, and Mamie Goodwin, and Alice Adams; and if I could only have them here Christmas afternoon to help me eat it, I'm sure I should never forget to put down the piano-lid again. You said I needed something to make me remember it, and I am sure this would, more than anything else I could think of. Of course I don't *expect* you to, and I will not even ask you, because I promised not to ask you again—but—oh! you dear, kind, good leaning mother—is all that for me? all that dough and that mince-meat? I can make two turn-overs, and that will be a half a one apiece, and I am very, very sure I shall never forget to put down the piano-lid again: and now I must run up and get my little pie-board and pastry roller."

And Kitty ran off with a light heart and with beaming eyes, feeling sure her mother would never have reason to be sorry that, after all her little girl's carelessness, she was going to let her bake her turn-over and have a good time at Christmas with her young friends.

But do you think Kitty ever again forgot to put down the piano-lid?

"STRAWBERRIES! Ripe straw-berries!"

Shouted big Johnny Strong;
And he sold his baskets readily
To folks who came along.

But soon a tiny voice piped forth,
"Me, too!" Nell could not shout

As John did. Yet she too must sell
The fruit she bore about.

"HO, STRAW-BERR-E-E-S!" roared lusty John.

"Me, too!" piped Nell, so sad.
And Johnny made good sales that day,
But Nell sold all she had.



THE MONTH OF ROSES.

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

ALL who live in this favored land know the wealth of its lavish summer and rejoice that its "June may be had of the poorest comer"—June, with its songs, its roses, and its warm, swift breezes—and they will be ready to echo in their hearts every word of Lowell's beautiful verses which the Treasure-box offers you this month.

You will find, as you see more and more of literature, that almost every good writer has his special line or style of writing, and has won fame by excelling in that special line. For instance, of modern authors, we speak of Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens as great novelists; of Ruskin and Carlyle as great essayists or critics; of Scott and Hawthorne as romancers; and of Tennyson and Longfellow as poets. But now and then we find a man who, writing in all these ways, proves himself a master in each. Among the foremost

of such writers is James Russell Lowell. He is poet, essayist, critic, humorist, all in one. For a long time, he was a professor in Harvard University; but, as many of you know, he is now—to the honor of his country—serving as American minister to England.

Although Lowell has written almost entirely for grown-up readers, there is many a page of his works that would help you to appreciate good literature, and many a description or poem that would charm and delight you. For Lowell, with all his learning and deep thought, keeps himself forever young at heart,—as, indeed, do all true poets,—and his writings are full of the spirit and joy of youth and of youthful delight in life. This is shown clearly enough in the following short extract describing the sights and sounds of the happy month of June. It is taken from his noble poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

A JUNE DAY.—BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atit like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebb'd away

Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—

And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing!

JUST before June comes in with her peerless days, and while May still is awaiting her arrival, our people unite in doing grateful service to the many soldiers who fell in the late terrible national struggle known as our Civil War. They deck the crowded graves with flowers, and, while they recognize and mourn over the War as a great calamity, they love to remember the brave and true hearts who yielded up life for their country's honor and best prosperity. We cannot go into the story of the War,

here. It is written in the great book of Human Life, with which you all shall, day by day, grow more familiar, and which even now you are reading in the light of your own homes. Enough for the Treasure-box, to say that every great country, at some period of its history, has had to fight for its existence; and that, at such times, when the whole land is aglow with zeal and excitement, songs and utterances spring from the very heart of the hour and become forever a part of the nation's literature. Such an

utterance is the selection we give you this month,—the renowned speech of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication, in November, 1863, of the soldiers' burial-ground, on the battle-field of Gettysburg:

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, consecrated it far above our power

to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

IN connection with this grand and simple speech, you may fitly read, on "Decoration Day," the beautiful poem written by Judge Finch. It was inspired by a newspaper paragraph stating that, two years after the

close of the War, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, had shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead, strewing flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.*—BY F. M. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Brothered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storms of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

* The Union or Northern soldiers wore blue uniforms; the Confederate soldiers wore gray.

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT THE CANDIDATES.

JIM SWAYNE did not fail to make a full report to Fanny of his talk with Mr. Ayring.

"I can bring along boys enough, too," he added, confidently; "but it wont do to be in too great a hurry. There are all sorts of talk about it among Madame Skinner's girls."

Fanny would hardly have told even her brother how keen an interest she was beginning to take in the matter.

She was a tall, showy-looking young lady, of full sixteen, and the slightly haughty expression of her mouth might have made some people think she would be above mingling with such an affair of mere boys and girls as a "May-Day Festival."

She had been present the previous year, however, and had now before her mind's eye a vivid picture of the crowded hall, with its brilliant lights, its hanging flags, its festooned evergreens, and its prodigal display of flowers.

She remembered, too, the music, the applause, and how very beautiful Belle Roberts looked, marching in upon the stage with her maids of honor and her bowing retinue of young gentleman attendants, and she was sure in her heart that she could herself exceed the triumphant success of that or any other "crowning."

It was to be a "public appearance," as the central figure, the observed of all observers, the mark for, perhaps, two thousand pairs of admiring eyes, and the prospect of it thrilled her from head to foot.

She had great confidence in James and his zeal and energy. Nothing could be better devised than the little plot of Mr. Ayring. The result seemed as sure as anything could be, but the flush of hope and gratified pride faded away from her cheeks as she muttered: "There 's nearly a week for something to happen in. I may not be elected, after all."

The Park girls were not planning her election, when so many of them gathered, after school, in the parlor of the Roberts's dwelling.

They talked of many candidates, but there was one street, not far below the Park, beyond which no suggestion of theirs had big enough wings to fly.

"Beyond that," as one of them said, "all the girls go to Madame Skinner's."

No amount of grace or beauty could make up

for such a misfortune, as long as there were any Park girls to choose from.

There did once rise a faint voice with: "What if they should set up Fanny Swayne?"

"She?" exclaimed Dora Keys. "Why, she 's too old. She was graduated from boarding-school last year. She 'll be out in society in a season or two."

Belle Roberts had been barely fourteen when the May diadem had fallen upon her glossy brown hair, but she was a year older now, and her friends seemed still to regard her as a sort of queen-model to go by.

It was not long, therefore, with Dora's help, before a second line of exclusion was formed, as fatal to candidates as was the cross street this side of Madame Skinner's school.

The number "fifteen" began to have a kind of magic, and the girls who could not show a birthday with those figures upon it were pitilessly set aside as too young.

Half of the present company and a larger fraction of their absent school-mates were under the mark, and the problem was made more simple by having just so many girls less to pick from.

Old age was as fatal as extreme youth, and "sixteen, going on seventeen" was also ruled out by common consent.

Dora had a kind heart, and she could but put her plump, white hand on the shoulder of pretty Jenny Sewell, and whisper: "You may have a chance next year, darling."

Belle Roberts overheard it, and added, in her frank, smiling way: "Yes, Dora dear, and you 'll be a year too old, then."

"I 'm just barely fifteen now."

"But you could pass for more and not half try."

"I don't mean to try."

The young lady "caucus" was even more animated than that of the boys had been, but there is an old proverb in the army that "a council of war never fights." They could not and did not agree upon any one candidate, and so Belle had to tell Jack after they had gone.

"No candidate!" he exclaimed. "Now that 's funny. It must be that they all want it."

"They all said they did n't,—all but Dora Keys."

"She did n't, eh? She would n't make a bad queen, if once she were upon the platform. The trouble is, she 'll never get there."

"You could n't make her believe that."

"She 'd better, then. She 's a year too old and a head too tall."

"How would Jenny Sewell do?"

"Capitally, if Bob Sewell were not so high and mighty. The boys 'd vote for her, may be, but they wont want to set him up any higher."

"Making her queen would n't make him king."

"He 'd look at it that way. He feels bigger than the mayor now, and he is n't twenty."

"I don't see whom you can take, then, unless it 's Sarah Dykeman."

"She 'd do splendidly, if you could get her to take it."

"Don't you think she would?"



"'THE TRAIN WILL BE THE MAIN THING,' SHE SAID."

"Did n't she say she would n't?"

"Well, yes; she said so —"

"Then she wont. That's just the difference between her and the rest. She and Dora Keys are honest."

"She 's worth ten of Dora."

"Of course she is, but Dora can't keep in anything she thinks about herself."

"She thinks a good deal, then."

It was all said good-humoredly enough.

Dora had gone home with a growing conviction that her prospects were bright, and getting brighter. "Not one of them said anything against

my running. They 'll have to vote for me or else it 'll be one of Madame Skinner's girls."

That night, Dora had as vivid a dream as had Fanny Swayne, herself, of standing on a brilliantly lighted platform, before a vast, enthusiastic crowd, and with a crown of roses on her head.

Fanny, indeed, had gone one step farther, for she had dreamed so vividly, while she was yet wide awake, that she had pulled out from its hiding-place the pretty white dress she had worn at her "graduation," and had decided upon what it would need to turn it into a royal "coronation robe."

"The train will be the main thing," she said. "It must be long enough for six maids of honor to hold it up,—three on a side. The end of it must fall to the floor behind them, with lilies on it. Yes, the skirt can be lengthened, easily, and it is n't very expensive stuff. I 'll have a prettier scepter, too, than Belle had. Hers was far too big and clumsy. It looked as if it weighed a pound."

Jim had been hard at work, and he had made his report.

"Candidates? Oh, they 're all talking about everybody. They don't seem to have fixed on any one name yet."

"But the Park set?" asked Fanny.

"Not a word. Some of our boys think they must have heard of what Mr. Ayring said, and mean to give it up. They know they can't do anything against him, with all the town to help him."

CHAPTER V.

THE ELECTION.

JEFF CARROLL was a quiet, near-sighted, careless sort of fellow, with a strong tendency to chuckle over the things close up to which his short vision compelled him to bring his face.

It was not often, however, that his chuckle seemed to have a deeper meaning in it than when he and Will Torrance came together, half an hour before school-time, in the morning.

Will was a character, in some respects, combining a queer disposition to write poetry with a liking for fancy poultry, and an ambition to be the champion athlete of his set. He was, as yet, a good deal more of a wrestler than of a poet.

He and Jeff were great cronies, and his entire boy rose within him to inquire the meaning of that chuckle.

"Can you keep a secret, Will?"

"I can try. What 's up?"

"Old Ayring 's going to have the May Queen election come off next Tuesday evening."

"Everybody knows that."

"And I know whom he 's going to have elected."

"How did you find out?"

"He 's having some voting tickets printed in our office, on the sly. I saw the proof this morning, on Father's desk."

"You don't say!"

"Guess who it is."

"Can't do it. Some one of Madame Skinner's girls, I suppose."

"Not a one. Guess again."

"Give it up. Unless he 's chosen me?"

"It 's Fanny Swayne!"

"She 's pretty enough, and would make a good queen. Is n't she too old, though?"

"He does n't care, as long as his show goes off to suit him."

"But Jim would be proud as a peacock."

"We wont let him, Will. Let you and I elect a May Queen of our own."

"You and I? Why, we count but two votes. Some of the boys might go with us, if the girls would let 'em; but I don't believe you and I have much influence with the girls."

"We don't need any. But I 've picked out our queen, if you 're agreed to try it."

"One 's as good as another, for me, if it is n't Dora Keys, or Bob Sewell's sister, and if she 's pretty enough and is n't too old."

"Did you ever see Milly Merriweather, Pug's sister?"

"Lots of times, but I never spoke to her. It seems to me the girls rather snub her."

"She 's a quiet little thing, and the older girls just lord it over one of that kind. I tell you what, Will, that 's the very reason we ought to elect her. But we must n't breathe it."

"We must ask her if she 'll consent."

"Not a word of it. She 'd say no, of course, and spoil it all. The first thing she knows of it must be her election. It must be a regular surprise, all around."

"It 'll be a tre-mendous surprise to me, for one."

"No it wont. You come down town with me, after school. I 'll show you. It 's time to go in, now. Not a word to any of the boys."

The young politician blinked his gray eyes merrily and walked away in a fit of chuckles that seemed almost to choke him.

Will Torrance not only scribbled no poetry that morning, but he actually earned a bad mark in geometry, which was his especial stronghold, next after chickens. It was dreadfully severe on a boy of fourteen to have a big secret to keep and only know one-half of it, himself.

Even when the hour of noon recess came, Will was unable to obtain any consolation from Jeff.

That worthy did but blink at him in a most barbarous way and keep himself surrounded by a perpetual body-guard of the other boys, in whose quick-eared presence no secret could be safely hinted at.

They were all "talking May Queen" but not one of them spoke of Milly Merriweather.

"We shall be like a pair of mittens," growled Will. "Only just two of us. It 'll take more than that to elect her."

Nothing unusual occurred in school, that afternoon, but the moment he reached the sidewalk at the close of it, all of Jeff Carroll's indifference vanished.

"Come on, Will. I 've got it all worked out. Let 's get away before any of the rest hang on."

Will was ready, and away they went, down town, at a pace that was almost a trot.

All the answer Jeff would give to any questions, was:

"It 's all right. You 'll see."

He paused, at last, before the shop of a thriving dealer in cheap literature and stationery.

That is, he did not so much pause as plunge in, and in half a minute more he was asking Will's opinion of a large assortment of embossed "cards" of staring colors, such as were greatly used for advertising purposes.

"Don't they blaze?"

"They 're as big as my hand."

"Well, pretty nearly," said Jeff, chuckling. "But they 're four times as big as the tickets old Ayring is having printed for Fanny Swayne's election. Don't you see the dodge, now?"

"I begin to. Every single small boy in the chorus will take one of these for a ticket, sooner than one of the little white ones."

"That 's it."

"And that is n't all of it, Jeff."

"What more, then?"

"Every one of them 'll keep your pretty card," objected Will, "and put Ayring's ugly one in the ballot-box."

"We must make them trade with us, where we can. They 'll do it. And every chick and child of 'em must have two. One to vote and one to keep."

Jeff's electioneering powers were fit to make an alderman of him, some day, and he and Will divided between them the not very heavy cost of three hundred of the most extraordinary pasteboards in the stationer's stock.

"Now where, Jeff?"

"Where? Why, to our job-printing office. Old McGee, the foreman, is a pet of mine. He 'll print Milly's name on the cards in bronze-gilt letters, bright enough to dazzle the little fellows."

Jeff had not at all overestimated his influence with the rotund and jolly-looking freeman, and it only needed a hint of what was up, to insure the most absolute secrecy. Anything in the way of election tickets was a direct appeal to the heart and conscience of Corny McGee.

"Now, Will, we must keep perfectly silent about this. We're the only party in this election that knows just what it's about."

Jeff knew that his friend could do far better than he could, in rallying active supporters. However, Jim Swayne and Mr. Ayring could have named another "party" that knew what it meant to do and how it meant to do it.

The next day was Saturday, and the boys of Mr. Hayne's school, as well as those of the Wedgwood, were scattered far and wide by the customary holiday duties of young gentlemen of their age.

There were several games of base-ball that needed to be played, and other affairs of equal importance to be attended to, and Will Torrance had a trip of two miles to make into the country, after a remarkable pair of Bantam fowls.

Jeff "stood by his guns."

That is, he stood as a sort of sentinel at Corny McGee's elbow until the last of that lot of gorgeous cards fell from the printing-press, with the name of "Amelia Merriweather" printed thereon in full, readable type, and the apprentice in attendance had powdered the same to brightness with a sift of glittering bronze.

If any small boy or girl could be proof against the power of such an attraction as that, Jeff felt that he should lose his confidence in juvenile human nature.

That Saturday was a day of trial among the young ladies.

There were endless "caucuses" but no "conventions," and no one of the several gatherings knew what the others might be doing.

Late in the day a direful rumor began to spread among the girls who had brothers, or whose friends had brothers, at the Wedgwood school, to the effect that Jim Swayne had pledged six of the best boys there to help him elect his sister.

"Fanny is to be a candidate, then!" came from many lips.

Fanny could have obtained a larger idea of her age, if not of her other qualities, if she could have listened to all the comments called out by that little piece of news, as it traveled so fast among the girls of Saltillo.

The next day was Sunday, and of course the May Queen business was dropped, but Monday could fairly have been described as "busy." So busy, in fact, that by sunset the confusion was worse than ever in all the camps and councils but those of Mr.

Ayring and Jim Swayne, and of Jeff Carroll and Will Torrance.

It is possible that Dora Keys imagined herself a camp and council or something of the sort, for at least a dozen of the smaller girls had said, or had allowed her to say without any contradiction, that her chances were as good as those of any other girl around the Park.

Belle Roberts asked her brother, at supper, what he thought of Dora's chances.

"That's just what I have n't been doing, Belle."

"Don't you think she has any?"

"There's no telling where the lightning may strike. But I think she's safe. The fact is, Belle, the Wedgwood boys and old Ayring are going to be too much for us, this time."

It looked a good deal like it, and the Park boys came together, on the morning of the decisive Tuesday, with despairing hearts.

That suited the shrewd mind of Jeff Carroll exactly, for they would be ready to bite at any kind of chance for a victory.

He worked with care, nevertheless, and only explained his plan of battle to a select few, under tremendous pledges of secrecy.

One after another, Charley Ferris, Otis Burr, Jack Roberts, and Joe Martin were engaged as lieutenants under the generalship of Will Torrance, with Jeff himself for what the army men call a "chief of staff," which means the man who knows more than the general, but does not wish to say so.

"You see, boys," said Jeff, "our best hold will be among the little chaps, just where Ayring means to get his. He means to have them all supplied with tickets and their votes put in, before the older girls and boys are ready. If he knew what we are up to, he might do something to head us off."

The idea that they were working out a mysterious plot supplied all the added energy required, and by tea-time on Tuesday evening every boy of them was a good deal more than ready.

The drilling for the vocal music of Mr. Ayring's annual "festival" had been going on quite successfully for several weeks, and it was a capital "singing-school" for the rank and file of the "chorus."

It would now be necessary to have the older performers in training, and so the time for choosing them had fully come.

When Will Torrance looked in, that evening, at the door of the "lecture-room" of the Presbyterian church, where the drills were held and the election was to take place, he exclaimed:

"Jeff, there are more'n two hundred voters, but we've tickets enough to go 'round. There'll be a good many who wont want 'em, so we shall have two apiece for the rest."

The "pretty tickets" had already been divided among the active workers, to whose ranks five or six more of the Park boys could now be safely added.

The best reinforcement of all came at the very last.

"Pug!—Pug Merriweather, come here!" loudly whispered Jack Roberts to the head-center of all the noise there was in his part of the room.

"What have you got for me?"

"Come here. We're going to elect your sister May Queen. Make every boy and girl you can get at, vote one of these tickets. If they have little white tickets, get them to exchange them for one of these. Give 'em two apiece, and they can vote one and keep the other."

"If they don't, I'll make it hot for 'em!"

His little hands were filled with the gaudy pasteboards and his keen black eyes were all a-sparkle with delight and energy.

"Look at him, Will," exclaimed Jack. "A wasp in a sugar-barrel is nothing to him."

Even after Mr. Ayring called the meeting to order, and all were listening to his business-like statement of what they were to do, Pug was slipping slyly along from seat to seat, till his tickets were out and he had to come back for more.

Mr. Ayring's own plan called for prompt action, with no useless time given to be wasted on writing out tickets or in "electioneering," a thing he had said something against in his opening remarks.

In less than five minutes after the appointment of four young gentlemen to act as "tellers," and ply their hats as "ballot-boxes," a good share of the voting had been "completely done."

Not a few had written ballots ready, and pencils and paper were busy, but there were signs of excitement speedily visible among the Wedgwood boys. Dora Keys herself handed Jim Swayne one of the colored tickets, although she did not drop one like it into his hat.

"Sarah," exclaimed Belle, "this is the work of our boys. We must help them. Pass the word among as many girls as you can. Will Torrance?"—he was passing her just then—"Can't you let us have some tickets?"

"Here they are. If you girls'll help, we're sure to win."

The "surprise" part of Jeff Carroll's plan worked to a charm.

Half the small-fry in the room had voted, before an effort could be made to check the sudden and unexpected flood of those very brilliant ballots.

If Mr. Ayring was vexed he did his best not to show it; but the color of Jim Swayne's face betrayed the disturbed condition of his mind.

Pug Merriweather was everywhere.

"Jeff," said Will, "that little piece of quick-iser is worth both of us put together."

They and their friends were by no means idle, however, during that exciting quarter-hour.

Poor Milly Merriweather sat among some of her friends, with a staring green ticket in her lap, hardly knowing whether to blush or to run away.

Otis Burr and Jim Swayne met in front of Mr. Ayring's desk, in their capacity of tellers, at the moment when it was announced that "the polls are closed."

"It's a regular trick!" exclaimed Jim.

"And of a shrewd kind," calmly responded the red-haired boy; "but you did n't make it work well. How does your hat feel?"

The other hats came swiftly in, and the tickets were piled in a great heap in front of Mr. Ayring. It looked as if the counting them would be a mere matter of form, but for form's sake it had to be done.

"Two hundred and fifty-three votes cast. I should hardly have thought there were so many in the room," said Mr. Ayring.

It was too late to count the voters present, however, and the separate count began.

For a few minutes, Jim Swayne's face grew a little more cheerful, for the white tickets were pretty numerous, though not making so much of a show, and there were a good many scattering votes written with pen and pencil.

Tally was made after tally, and now the Merriweather strength began to show itself, as the big tickets heaped up in a larger and larger pile.

Then, at last, came a moment when you could have heard a pin drop, although nobody took the trouble to drop one.

Mr. Ayring slowly arose to announce the result of the voting.

He drew a good long breath, for it was not what he had expected to read, when he had come there, early that evening.

"Miss Frances Swayne has received eighty-three votes; Miss Alice Bridge, seventeen; Miss Dora Keys, five; there are twenty-one votes scattered among other candidates; Miss Amelia Merriweather has received one hundred and twenty-seven votes, and is elected, by a majority of one over all competitors."

The Park boys cheered and stamped; all the children under twelve did their best to make the noise louder, and if there were any tokens given of discontent, vocal or otherwise, they were completely drowned.

"We shall now proceed with the other exercises of the evening," continued Mr. Ayring, "but I shall be happy to confer with Miss Merriweather at the close. I will add that, in my opinion, you

have shown excellent taste and good judgment in your selection."

Milly Merriweather hid her face in her hands, but the girls crowded around to congratulate her,

"Well, I don't know which side was most surprised. On the whole, I think it was Milly herself."

"She 'll get over it."



"THE GIRLS CROWDED AROUND TO CONGRATULATE HER."

the Park boys raised a tempest of applause, and Jeff Carroll whispered to Will Torrance:

"We 've done it, old fellow. See! Pug Merriweather is trying to stand on his head!"

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL JOURNALISM.

THERE was not a single boy of Mr. Hayne's school in danger of being late on the morning after the May Queen election.

Even Andy Wright was one of the earliest on the ground, and his first remark was to Otis Burr:

"I 've heard that you had a kind of surprise party last night?"

VOL. VIII.—41.

"That 's more than Jim Swayne will. I say, Will Torrance! you 've cut out a job for yourself."

"What kind of job?"

"Oh, Jim Swayne and the rest of 'em lay it all to you."

"Jeff Carroll deserves more credit than I do."

"All right. We 'll give him the honors; and you may take the rest for your share."

That had not been Will's first intimation that the wrath of the defeated party was gathering upon him. Even Jeff Carroll had said to him, with a chuckle: "Jim says he 'll make you eat one of those tickets, Will."

And Charley Ferris had put on a terribly pugnacious look in declaring: "Don't let 'em scare you, Will. I 'll stand by you."

There was not a shadow of doubt that he would, either, nor of the sincerity of all the rest, one after another, in echoing his heroic declaration. The school would be as one man, or boy, in an affair of that sort. At the same time it was not likely that more than half a dozen of their rivals felt badly enough about it to do more than bluster.

They were talking very big, indeed, over at the Wedgwood, that morning, although Jim Swayne himself did not appear until just as the bell rang, and then he did not look as if he were anxious to talk to anybody.

He had, in fact, done quite enough of mere talking the previous night, both before he went home and after he got there.

He even felt hurt at Mr. Ayring himself for his very calm and smiling way of treating the matter.

"To think," said Jim to his sister, "of his laughing about it as if it were a good joke of some kind."

There were many persons besides the music-teacher who were able to see a funny side to such a performance, and it was quite as well they were, for the sake of good feeling and the success of the "festival."

The girls of Madame Skinner's were hardly disposed to make merry, and their dignified "principal" did not refer to the election at all in her "morning remarks." Her pupils did, very freely, and so did the young ladies at Miss Offerman's. Of course these were all pleased, and said so, and many of them were able to add: "I voted for Milly. She'll make a capital May Queen."

Dora Keys was a good deal mystified, at first. She said to herself, and afterward to others:

"I never so much as heard Milly's name mentioned; and they certainly talked of me. Every ticket I wrote out was voted, too. It must be,—that's it. It was those hideous printed tickets. There were more of them to be put in and so they put them in. The children were crazy to get them. I never thought as far as that."

The remaining interest in connection with the May Festival would be in the selection of the "court," and in that, at least, Mr. Ayring was pretty sure to have almost everything to say.

The Park boys knew that some of them would be chosen, but that a good many more would not, and it may be they were all the better pleased over a new excitement that sprang up among them at the noon recess.

"I say, Joe Martin," began John Derry, "what is this about Friday afternoon?"

"Declamation and composition. Every boy will have to try. One thing or the other. Each week."

"I'll speak, then. What'll you try for, Jack?"

"Have n't you heard? It's Jeff Carroll's notion."

"He's always up to something. What is it, this time? Going to elect a queen every Friday?"

"No,—sir!—It's newspapers."

"I'll bring one —"

"Bring one! Every boy that wants to can get up one of his own and read it."

"But my father does n't own a printing-office. Does yours?"

"We're to write them,—editorials and all."

"Look here, Jack," interrupted Otis Burr.

"Don't you think I look a little like Horace Greeley?"

"Can't say you do."

"I feel like an editor of some kind, anyhow. I'm going to start the 'Weekly Plunger.'"

"Mine'll be the 'Journal,'" said Charley Ferris.

"Andy has his 'Review' half written. Joe Martin's will be the 'Register.' It'll be big fun."

The plan seemed to grow in popular interest every minute, but one o'clock came upon them before half of the proposed "periodicals" were even named.

The boys were hardly in their seats before they began to find out that Mr. Hayne himself had been thinking of the matter, for he made them a little speech about it.

The papers met with his approval, but once in two weeks would be often enough for them. Half the pupils each week. The editors were to be orators one Friday and writers the next. He would give them no sort of advice now, but wait and see how they would succeed. All who could be ready by the next Friday would be welcome to read.

It was a serious piece of business, but the boys could see that there was fun to come.

"Wont I report 'em?" remarked Jeff to his cronies, after school.

"I've poetry enough on hand to run my paper all summer."

"That wont do, Will. Just a little of it, may be. Can't you give us a leader on chickens?"

"Perhaps I could. And I have another idea in my head. It's a Ramblers' Club."

"What's that?"

"Oh, you and I, and as many as want to, go somewhere in the country, every Saturday. We could get up some yarns about it."

"And have fun, too. I'm in for it. Let's go, next Saturday."

"But, Jeff, shall you have a newspaper ready by Friday?"

"Oh, wont I? You'll see!"

Jeff could not be induced to divulge anything more about his plans, but Will felt sure there was something of interest coming.

As for the rest of the boys, neither that day, after school, nor the next, was there any attention paid to leap-frog, base-ball, pull-away, or any other of their customary affairs.

On the contrary, there was a general scattering toward home, the moment they got out of the gate.

"They 're all editing, Mr. Hayne," remarked John Derry to the teacher, when he found himself alone on the sidewalk, and was asked where the rest were. "I 'm the only orator left, this week. I 'll be ready, sir."

He said it soberly enough, but Mr. Hayne knew something of boys, and he felt sure his young friend would bring as much as anybody to the Friday's entertainment.

John Derry was always ready to do his share of anything he liked, and although he could not say he liked "declamation," when it took the shape of work, it was quite another thing when it could be made to look like mischief.

So he, too, went home and did his best, even carrying a big book of "rhetorical selections" up into the garret of his father's house, and very nearly missing his supper.

"They 'll do it," remarked Mr. Hayne, to himself, as he walked along. "They 'll get more practice out of it than they would from any amount of mere grammatical exercises. If I can keep them at it, there 's no telling how much they may learn."

All the while, too, they would be doing their own driving, and that was a grand thing, of itself.

Thursday and the forenoon of Friday were crammed full of reserve and mystery.

The disposition to talk seemed to have vanished, and every editor in the school was as solemn as a young owl, over the intended contents of his "first number." The excitement was not less on that account, and for once the hour between twelve o'clock and one seemed altogether too long for endurance.

"Jeff," said Will, "do you know who 's to read first?"

"No. Perhaps Mr. Hayne 'll call the roll and have us read in turn."

"Then I 'm away down the list and you 'll come next after Ote Burr."

"Ote has something queer. He came within half an inch of laughing when I asked him about it."

"Did he?—There goes the clock. Come on."

Mr. Hayne was as calm and smiling as usual, and the boys half envied him his power of keeping cool under such exciting circumstances.

He had very little to say, however, seeming disposed to treat the Friday performance just like any other day's proceedings.

"As we have but one exercise in declamation, young gentlemen, we shall begin with that. Mr. John Derry."

John was ready and marched gravely forward to the platform. There was a faint flush on his face, but nobody could tell whether it arose from bashfulness or something else. He gave a low bow to Mr. Hayne, another to the school, and then launched boldly out into Daniel Webster's great speech in reply to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina. The boys all knew bits and slices of it, and thought John had made a good selection. That is, if he meant nothing personal to the Mr. Hayne he had just bowed to.

Up to that time, not one of his boy friends had dreamed how good a memory John Derry really had, but they began to know something about it, now.

Any other boy would have thought six inches of that speech quite enough for once, and been glad to get through and sit down.

Not so John Derry, on the present important occasion. He was to be the only speaker, and he had made up his mind that there should be speaking enough—as much as if a dozen boys had taken the business in hand, instead of one.

On he went, speaking more and more slowly, but never missing a word, until even Mr. Hayne himself looked at him with a queer sort of surprised smile on his face.

There could be no doubt of the hard work it had cost to get John Derry ready for such a feat as that, but all the editors he was addressing wished more and more strongly every minute, that his memory would fail him.

Would he—could he—go on in that way all the afternoon? They were afraid he would. And then what would become of the newspapers?

The thought of not reading them grew dreadful, and John was talking more slowly yet, and going straight on, when Mr. Hayne suddenly spoke:

"That will do, Mr. Derry."

"Not half through, sir."

"I know it. Any editor in the room is at liberty to publish the rest of it. You may sit down."

John's effort to look dignified, as he bowed himself off the platform, came near setting the school into a laugh, but Mr. Hayne promptly announced:

"The Park 'Review' will now be read by Mr. Andrew Wright."

"Beginning at the wrong end of the roll-call," grumbled Otis Burr, but Andy rose in his place and lifted from his desk several sheets of paper, neatly fastened together at the top with red tape.

"Remain where you are, Mr. Wright," said Mr. Hayne, and the reading began.

First came what the editor called a "prospectus," or, as John Derry said afterward:

"That means a 'what I'm going to do.'"

It was by no means long, and it was followed by a very well written "leader" on the general subject of "boys." There were two "book-notices," and a conundrum, but it had evidently not occurred to Andy to bring in any "fun." On the whole, every one of the other editors was glad when it was finished, if only for the sad conviction he had that the "Review" would get the habit of being the best edited paper in the whole school.

"Mr. Jefferson Carroll will now read 'The Spy,'" said Mr. Hayne.

"Skipping all around," was Otis Burr's mental comment, as a faint chuckle came to his ears from Jeff's desk. Jeff was promptly on his feet. Not a breath of anything like a "prospectus" opened "The Spy."

Instead thereof, began a high-sounding essay on the great question of "How did the cow get into the Park?" and this was followed by a vivid "report" of the May Queen election. Jeff was wise enough not to speak of any of the young ladies by their real names, but the boy politicians were described as acting under the leadership and direction of the great Pug Merriweather. Not one of them escaped a good taking off, the several criticisms upon them being set down as coming from the wise lips of Pug.

As Jeff himself declared, editorially, his list of "local items" would have been longer if he had been given more time to gather them.

Otis Burr was almost taken by surprise in being called upon next, for the "Plunger."

His face was as red as his hair when he arose, but it almost instantly grew solemn as he began to read a stirring account of the "Fight for a cocoa-nut," in which Jack Roberts was made to figure as at least a regiment and his antagonist as a whole tribe of Indians. Pug Merriweather appeared as a defenseless settler, and the cocoa-nut was described as nearly losing its scalp.

Otis had not given all his space to "war," for he followed that with an article severely pitching into a make-believe quotation from some imaginary former number of Andy Wright's "Review." Before he had read a dozen lines of the "extract" itself, Andy was squirming on his seat with vexation, for it was an odd mixture of bad grammar, Irish brogue, and all sorts of broken English, not to speak of slang.

It was easy enough to abuse a thing like that,

and even Mr. Hayne caught himself laughing when Otis gravely wound up with:

"The author of this wretched piece of nonsense does not know how to spell, much less how to conduct a 'Review.' He should at once place himself under the care of our gifted friend, Professor John Derry."

It was John's turn to squirm a little, for it was plain that he had been mentioned by his friend the editor of the "Plunger" as the last boy in school who was likely to be able to teach, even spelling, to Andy Wright.

Charley Ferris followed, with his "Journal," and Joe Martin with his "Register," but they complained of the short notice they had had of publication day.

Will Torrance had been waiting as patiently as he could, and when at last his name was called, it seemed to him as if something chilly had come over that school-room.

The fact was, he was conscious that everybody had heard enough.

He only read, therefore one of the three pieces of poetry he had selected from his own writings for the occasion.

It was pretty long, but it rhymed fairly well and paved the way for what Jeff Carroll had suggested to him—a leading editorial article on chickens.

There was a suppressed giggle all around the school when he announced his subject, but it died away when he added that he intended to write, this time, about "Our Coop," and went right on with a decidedly personal description of the young gentlemen around him.

It was pretty good fun, but some of the boys failed to see why Will need have been so careful to explain the difference between chickens and geese, and then to add that many people would be unable to see it plainly, after all.

He wound up with a notice of an excursion to "the lake," on Saturday,—to-morrow,—by "that ancient and honorable society, the Ramblers' Club," which hardly any of them had ever heard of before.

"Young gentlemen," said Mr. Hayne, after Will sat down, "the hour has arrived for closing school. I will examine these papers carefully, and give you my criticisms next week. I must say, however, that I am very well pleased with so good a beginning. It is much better than I expected."

All the editors were proud of that, and the boys whose turn was to come determined in their hearts to beat anything which had been read that day.

(To be continued.)



AN ITALIAN FISHER-BOY MENDING HIS NETS.

THE GIANT PICTURE-BOOK.

(A new style of *Tableaux Vivants*.)

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

THIS curious novelty can be produced with very little trouble in any parlor, by children, for the amusement of their friends, or in a public hall.

A little girl dressed in white is discovered on a couch strewn with picture-books and toys, as if she had fallen asleep at play. She is dreaming of the pictures as they are shown in the great book which leans against the wall in the center at her right. The Fairy Godmother rises from behind the couch, and stands on a cricket above and behind the child. She is dressed in red (paper muslin or some cheap material), with long pointed waist over a black skirt. Her high pointed hat and her shoes and stockings are red, and she wears a white ruff about her neck and another inside her hat, which has a wide black band and a gilt buckle.

She holds in her right hand a cane with a bar across the top, and after saluting the spectators, she sings:

Sleep, darling, sleep!
My fairy watch I keep,
In dreamy visions I call to view
Your childhood's friends so tried and true—
Sleep, darling, sleep!

The Fairy Godmother then springs down from her perch, and opens the picture-book (which will be explained hereafter), taking care to open the cover and fly-leaf together, and a life-sized picture is seen; after waiting a moment she shuts the plain or fly leaf, which she opens again as soon as the picture has been changed: and so on, until the effect produced resembles an actual exhibition of a great picture-book by turning over its leaves.

When all the pictures of one story or series have been shown, the Fairy may shut the book, which will be the signal for the curtain to be dropped or for the folding doors in front of the sleeping child to

be closed. After all the pictures selected for the evening have been shown, the characters, still in costume, are displayed in one group around the room, or stage, in a semicircle which is opened in the center, to allow the opened book, still containing a lovely picture, to be shown also.

After they have remained still in tableau for one moment, the Fairy, who has resumed her place upon the high cricket, waves her cane and sings to some pretty lullaby tune this verse, in which all join; during which the little girl wakes, rubs her eyes, jumps off the couch into the center of the room, makes a bow to each one in order; they return her civility, and all bow to the audience as the curtain falls:

Wake, darling, wake!
For we our leaves must take,
And go right back to our picture-book,
In which the little ones love to look.
Wake, darling, wake!

Now, we must explain how the picture-book is made, as it can be used hundreds of times for all sorts of pictures. By a little change of decoration on the cover, it can serve as a history in which historical pictures can be shown—or it can be made to illustrate miscellaneous selections, or some well-known story. Place a long, solid table against the back wall in the exact center, and procure two boards one inch thick, six inches wide, and just long enough to touch the ceiling when they stand upright, leaning against the table. They must fit well, for they must be firmly fastened to the floor as well as to each of the front corners of this table. Having found the exact height of the boards, lay them on the floor and see that they are straight and parallel and just four and a half feet apart. Fasten upon them four strips of board six inches wide and five and a half feet long, one at each end of the boards, one at thirty inches from the bottom,

and one six feet above the last-named. The strips must be fastened firmly with two-inch screws to each board, going through one into the other. Tack white bleached muslin on the upper strip and draw it tight by tacking it to the strip next below, then fasten another piece from the lowest strip to the strip which is thirty inches above it. Tack both pieces of cloth also to the outer edges of the long boards, and cover all the cloth and the boards which show, with white or tinted printing-paper; after this is done you will have an opening six feet high and four and a half feet wide. Then raise the whole until it is upright, and fasten it to the table by means of the second strip, which will lean against it, as most tables are about thirty inches high. If there should not be a chandelier near in front, to light it sufficiently, a gas rod with ten burners in it can be placed on the inner side of the upper bar, and fed with an elastic tube, which can be arranged by a plumber at a trifling expense; but unless a very elaborate exhibition is proposed, the ordinary light will probably answer. Shawls or curtains are hung on each side of this frame to the corners of the room, which will allow a passage for the performers; and a chair is placed at each end of the table so that they can step up and down out of the frame, behind which a curtain of dull green cambric is tacked on the back wall. The performers are to stand in a line behind the side curtains, at the right side of the hidden table, ready to step into the frame the moment the fly-leaf is shut and the former occupants have stepped down.

The fly-leaf must be made by covering a light wooden frame with muslin, on which printing-paper is pasted. It must be as high as the ceiling and five and a half feet wide, and it is hung on common hinges at the right outer edge of the upright board which forms one side of the frame. Behind these hinges a long strip of board, two inches thick and the height from the floor to the ceiling, is securely nailed, to hold the hinges of the cover so that it can swing freely apart from the fly-leaf without interfering with its motion, for although the fly-leaf is often opened with the cover, it is closed by itself when the pictures are changing, as the cover is only shut when one set of pictures is ended. The cover is like the fly-leaf only that it is decorated with pictures or ornaments at the corners and margin, and if in a large room it might have the title of the story to be shown. These titles can be made on strips of paper eight inches wide and three feet long, with black or colored chalk crayons, and can be changed whenever the curtain is shut. If for the entertainment of little children, the Fairy can tell the stories (which are too well known to require any description here), or she can read any of the stories aloud if she has no gift at story-telling. In the sketches of pictures introduced here, the very effective costumes and properties can be furnished in almost any house with very little trouble or expense, and the skill and taste used in preparing them will add much to the enjoyment.

SERIES NO. 1. CINDERELLA.

IN the first picture, Cinderella is crouching in the left corner; her head is bowed, and her face is hid in her hands, as if crying at her disappointment in having to stay at home from the ball. The fairy godmother is bending over the prostrate girl, and is pointing up with her stick, which she holds in her right hand. Cinderella wears a loose brown robe, under which is concealed a white muslin dress, richly trimmed with stars and fringe of gold-paper. The godmother's dress and stick are described on the preceding page; the colors of it may be altered if preferred.

Second Picture: The same characters as in the first; same positions, excepting that the godmother and Cinderella have changed sides. The loose robe has been pulled off, and Cinderella stands proudly in the center, in a dancing attitude, contemplating with delight her beautiful ball-dress. The godmother is lifting up a large yellow pump-

kin, as if showing Cinderella that her carriage will soon be ready; and a box lies at her feet, to represent the trap in which the horses are stabled, ready for the trip. Cinderella should be a blonde young lady, with small hands and feet, and a graceful, slight figure.

Third Picture: The Prince and Cinderella stand as if about to lead the dance, in the attitude of the old-fashioned minuet; his right hand holds hers high, as she holds her dress with the left. Their left feet are extended, and their heads turned toward each other. The dress of the Prince can be made of light-blue sateen, trimmed with puffs of pink on the shoulders and at the sides; he has loose trunks of pink with light-blue puffs, and pink stockings. Two ladies in court-dresses, similar to those described on the next page, may be introduced, one at each side, to represent other dancers.

Fourth Picture: Cinderella in terror is flying from the ball, her old ragged dress on, and a dingy handkerchief tied loosely over her head.

Fifth Picture: Cinderella is meekly asking the Prince to let her try on the glass slipper, which he holds, standing in the center. At the left, her angry sisters turn away in disgust, because they could not succeed in wearing the slipper. The sisters are dressed very showily, but Cinderella still wears her old brown costume, as she stands at the right of the Prince, with downcast eyes and extended hand.

Sixth Picture: Cinderella sits in the center. The enraptured Prince kneels before her, with the foot wearing the glass slipper resting on a foot-stool; the companion glass slipper she has just drawn from her pocket. The godmother stands over them, having changed the old brown robe into a ball-dress by her mystic power, and she seems to be waving her stick in triumph; and after this picture has been shown for one minute, the book is closed.

SERIES NO. 2. JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

FIRST PICTURE: A small boy stands looking up into his mother's face in terror; her right hand is raised above him in anger, as if she intended punishing him for selling the cow to so poor advantage. She wears a black dress with very high panier over a gray underskirt; a white kerchief over her shoulders, and a high pointed white cap.

Jack wears red stockings, yellow trunks, a loose red jacket trimmed with yellow points. He holds in his left hand a round red cap, which is partly filled with beans, some of which, being strung separately on fine black silk, seem to be falling out of the cap.

Second Picture: Jack is climbing up the bean-stalk, which is made of a rake-handle or long pole, one end being fixed in the table and the other out

of sight in the picture; a cross-stick on which he stands is made of an old broom-handle, two feet from the bottom of the picture; another cross-stick five feet higher he clings to with his hands; and all the sticks are covered with dark green cambric.

Third Picture: The Giant is seated at a table; before him is the celebrated hen, and behind her, several golden eggs lie on the table (these are easily made by covering china eggs, or real ones, with gilt paper), while the hen is easily cut out in profile (as only one side is seen), on which feathers are drawn with crayon or stuck with glue. The giant is partly concealed by the table upon which he really kneels, and a large cloak covered with red calico and stuffed with pillows makes him very large; and his head is made by covering a bushel basket with unbleached muslin, on which a face is drawn, red carpet yarn being sewed on the back to represent hair.

Fourth Picture: Jack and his mother sit one at each side of a table, contemplating with wonder the hen and the two bags of gold. The table used in all these scenes is only a board ten inches wide, covered with a white cloth and furnished with rough legs which do not show.

Fifth Picture: Jack is raising his hatchet to cut down the bean-stalk, and by his side is an enormous golden harp, which is made of pasteboard in profile, covered with gilt paper.

SERIES NO. 3. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

FIRST PICTURE: The merchant is taking leave of his daughters; Beauty is in the center winding a scarf around the neck of her father, while her proud sisters stand one at each side with extended hands, as if urging their father to bring them rich and costly attire. Beauty looks down, as if too modest to ask for any gift but a rose.

The sisters wear silk dresses of as brilliant color as they can find, with long trains and square necks, which are easily contrived by sewing a square of white muslin upon the dress waists of their mother's dresses, the skirts of which will do for court trains.

Their hair is rolled over a cushion, powdered, and dressed with feathers or flowers, which can be borrowed from bonnets. Beauty wears a plain loose waist of white muslin over a plain black skirt. Her hair falls loosely.

The father has a square-cut suit (to arrange which, fold the skirts of a sack coat away in front to form square corners, which, with the lapels, must be faced with white paper-muslin. The vest is covered, and also lengthened a quarter of a yard in front, with the same, and large flap pockets are added.

Pantalons rolled to the knee do very well for

breeches, with long stockings and low shoes, and a felt hat can be pinned into a chapeau by turning up one side and fastening the other corner into a point.

Second Picture: The father is plucking the rose from a bush which stands in the center, covered with paper roses. The Beast, with uplifted club, seems about to destroy the old man, who stands with knees together and hands down in a comic attitude of despair.

The Beast wears a fur cloak or mat over his shoulders, pinned around his waist and reaching to his knees below the tops of long pink stockings. His arms may be bare, and he wears over his face a mask, which may be bought at a toy-shop, or made of brown paper.

Third Picture: The father introduces his daughter to the Beast, who stands as if bowing low at the right. Beauty is at the left, drawing back, and making a courtesy. She is dressed as before, with the addition of a shawl pinned over her shoulders, and a red handkerchief over her head.

Fourth Picture: Beauty's return home, in which scene she is embracing her old father, who seems in raptures; they are in the center while the proud sisters stand one at each side, one looking off in anger, and the other gazing with envy at the happy pair. Beauty has a rich silk dress of a style similar to that shown in the first picture.

Fifth Picture: Beauty is asleep in her chair in the center, while her sisters bend over her in triumph, one holding a vial containing the sleeping draught, of which they have administered a dose in order to make her overstay her time, and break her promise to the Beast.

Sixth Picture: Beauty stands weeping over the body of the poor Beast, which is represented by a roll of dark shawls, around which the robe of the Beast is wrapped, as his head and feet would be concealed by the sides of the frame: her face is covered with her hands and she seems overwhelmed with grief.

Seventh Picture: A handsome prince is kneeling at the feet of Beauty, who is overjoyed to find in him her faithful Beast, restored to his form and rank through her fidelity and truth. His dress can be arranged with a lady's velvet basque with an opera cape across the shoulders, a pair of white satin breeches made of paper muslin, white long hose, and low shoes with large bows; a sash may cross from the left shoulder to the waist, in case the basque is too small to meet neatly in front.

Wigs can be made of black and white curled hair, sewed upon a skull-cap, made of four conical pieces. Beards can be contrived by fastening the same articles, or white llama fringe, on a wire frame, which goes under the chin to each ear, around which it is fastened.

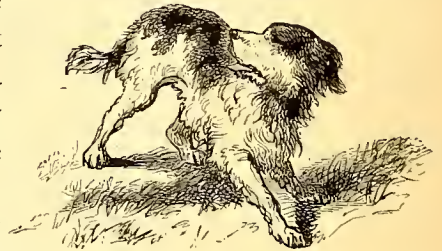
KATE AND JOE.



Do you know a nice girl named Kate, who lives up-town in New York? I do. And I know her broth-er Joe. Ev-er-y sum-mer, Kate and Joe leave the cit-y and go to vis-it their aunt, who lives in a big house in the coun-try. And on pleas-ant days, their aunt lets them go in-to the vil-lage near by to get the let-ters at the post-of-ice. They start ear-ly, and walk through the fields, and the pret-ty green lanes, in-stead of a-long the hot, dust-y road. Joe is not so big as Kate, but that is not his fault. He grows just as fast as he can, but as Kate is three years old-er than Joe, he can not catch up to her yet, nev-er mind how hard he may try. But he tells Kate that he is a BOY, any way, and he can take good

care of her. So some-times, when they start down the lane, she takes his arm just as if he were a big man, and then Joe feels ver-y proud.

One day when Kate and Joe were go-ing to the vil-lage, they saw a dog who was bark-ing at a ver-y lit-tle girl. The lit-tle girl cried with fear. But Joe came on just in time to say, in a ver-y loud voice, "Stop, sir!" and the dog stopped at once and crawled a-way. Joe thought it was be-cause he was a BOY, but the real rea-son was that the dog saw a man com-ing with a whip in his hand.



Next they saw an-oth-er dog, and what do you think this dog was do-ing? He was jump-ing af-ter a but-ter-fly! But the but-ter-fly did

not care one bit. He flew a-round and a-round the dog, just keep-ing out of reach of his mouth, un-til the dog was tired out.

"Joe," said Kate, who thought she would teach her broth-er some-thing, "that beau-ti-ful but-ter-fly will turn to a worm some day."



"Pooh!" said Joe. "Just as if I did n't know that. Now see me catch him in my hat!"

But Joe did n't catch him at all. For the but-ter-fly flew a-way, and left Joe sprawl-ing on the ground. The bright wings shook as if the but-ter-fly was laugh-ing at Kate and Joe. They made a ver-y fun-ny mis-take when they thought the but-ter-fly would turn to a worm. The worms change; but not the but-ter-flies. First, the worm slow-ly hides him-self a-way in a soft cov-er-ing

which he makes for him-self un-til it looks like a lit-tle bun-dle. Then in time the bun-dle bursts o-pen and out comes a but-ter-fly.

When Joe picked him-self up that day, he rubbed his knees, and what did he see but an-oth-er dog! It was white and small and its tail curled nat-u-ral-ly, Joe said. This dog was a great pet and he be-longed to a pret-ty lit-tle girl whom Joe and Kate did not know. He would not leave the lit-tle girl at all, and barked if Joe or Kate came near her. But the lit-tle girl smiled at them sweet-ly, and Kate said,



"What a pret-ty pair of pets they are!"

"These must be the dog-days," said Joe, as they walked on; and Kate said she thought so too.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JUNE is the boys' and girls' own month—fresh, rosy, busy, and full of plans for the season to come. This is the time when young feet twitch restlessly under school-desks and benches, and young eyes wander from school-books in hand to happy birds in the bush just outside the school-house door, and when the weary teacher has the same longings that make the children restless, though she may not think it best to confess it.

Some of you have outdoor work in the summer, and some of you have outdoor play; but whether it's one or the other, or both, June is eager for you to be at it; and the way she whispers and pulls and beckons is something wonderful.

Now, you shall hear about

A CATARACT THAT RUSHES UP THE RIVER.

IN most rivers, as I've heard, the cataracts and rapids flow down-stream, but one of my Canadian friends sends word that the St. John River, New Brunswick, has a cataract which has a queer habit of sometimes rushing up-stream.

A little above where the river flows into the ocean, there is a wide and deep basin that empties itself into the harbor through a narrow passage between two walls of rock. When the tide is going down, the water runs out of the harbor into the ocean far more quickly than the river can flow through the narrow channel above, and so the stream pours itself seaward through the harbor end of the passage in a roaring water-fall. But when the tide is rising, the ocean fills the harbor and passage so rapidly that the sea-water plunges down into the basin from the river end of the narrow channel, in a foaming cataract that falls up-stream!

Twice in every tide, however, there is a space of about twenty minutes when the waters are at one height in the harbor, passage, and basin, and then

the ships that are to go up or down must be hurried through before the river "gets its back up," as the boys say.

CHRISTMAS AT MIDSUMMER.

MY DEAR MR. JACK: In your Christmas remarks you mentioned a "curious winter-tree that lasts only a few hours." Well, now, please let me remind you that out here, in Australia, the winter weather does not come until June, and that it is full midsummer when Christmas comes. So, you see, our Christmas-trees can not be really "winter-trees," but they are "midsummer-trees." We enjoy them quite as well, though, and those of us who know you feel that we are just as much your youngsters as are the English and American boys and girls who are lucky enough to have their Christmas-trees in true Christmas weather.—Your little friend, W. T. V.

WHERE "CAT" AND "PUSS" CAME FROM.

A LADY who likes cats—and who also must be as fond of hunting up the origin of words as a cat is of hunting mice—sends the Little School-ma'am a nice long letter all about "puss" and "cat." As many of you may like to know where these familiar titles come from, you shall have an extract from the letter:

"Cat" is from the Latin "catus," which came into use in place of the older Latin "felis." The Romans brought the cats from Syria, where the name is "kato"—Arabic "kitt," from which we have "kitten," as I think. In Persian, the word is "chat," and the Persian language is allied to that most ancient tongue, the Sanscrit; so, perhaps, "chat" is the earliest form of our word "cat."

In Persian, also, a cat wild or tame is "puschak," from a word in Sanscrit meaning "tail"; and, to this day, Persian cats are noted for their handsome tails. This word "puschak" is pronounced "pishchik" by the Afghans, and "puije" by the Lithuanians, and all these words are very like our word "pussy." Some derive "puss" from a Latin word "pusus," "pusa," meaning "little boy," "little girl." But where did this Latin word come from? Sanscrit is older than Latin. Since the Sanscrit word means "tail," and Herodotus, the ancient historian, in describing the Egyptian cat, calls it by a word that means "the creature with waving tail," I, for one, shall believe in the Sanscrit origin of our word "puss," and not in the supposed Latin origin. J. H. K.

JACK ASKS SOME QUESTIONS.

DEACON GREEN tells me that the Editors of ST. NICHOLAS will give you, this month, a nice long talk about the ostrich, its ways and habits, and also some human ways of dealing with that nimble-footed bird. In this case, the sooner I show you my prize-bird, the better; for it's the most ostrich-looking bird for one that is not an ostrich, that you have ever seen.

Now, the question is, what is he? And where does he live? What is his Latin name? And what is his every-day name? Can he run like an ostrich, or is he one of your slow-goers?

And what of the little fellows down foot? They are striped, and the big bird is speckled. Why is this thus? And what means that queer house in the background? *That* may give my shrewd ones a clue as to the home of this no-ostrich bird.

There are encyclopedias and dictionaries and picture-books and works of travel, the dear Little School-ma'am tells me, that are even cleverer than my youngsters. I can hardly believe it; but if the dear little lady is right, as she always is, why not consult these cleverer things?

Let me hear from you soon, my hearties!



JACK'S PRIZE BIRD. WHAT IS IT?

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not be conveniently examined in the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who wish to favor the magazine will please postpone sending their articles until after the last-named date.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for their courtesies in allowing us to reprint in our "Treasure-box of English Literature" an extract from one of Mr. Lowell's poems; and to Hon. F. M. Finch, for kind permission to use his poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What is the proper way to spell the name of the poet Shakspear? In this town, which is only a few months old, I can not find out from any body. Uncle Robert knows, I think; but he is a tease, and all that I can get from him about it is such ridiculous things as, "Shakspear himself did n't seem to know how his own name ought to be written," and "once he even went so far as to say what 's in a name," and "he never could have learned properly how to spell, for he wrote his words all crooked," and so on. But if you can help me, please do, and oblige your true admirer,
FANNY G., 12 years.

For an answer to Fanny G.'s letter, we can not do better than reprint a part of a communication relating to the subject, and which came to us lately from Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke, who, with her husband, has written many works concerning Shakespeare and his writings. She says:

The mode of spelling "Shaksper" was used when printing my concordance to the great poet's plays, in deference to the wish of Mr. Charles Knight, its original publisher; otherwise I should have used the form "Shakespeare," which I have always adopted, because it was the one given in the First Folio Edition of his dramatic works by its superintendents and his brother-actors Heminge and Condell. The name is also given thus in the First Edition of his Sonnets; and it seems to have been the orthography used in print, where his name was given during his life-time. That as many as sixteen different modes of spelling the name have been found to have been used at the epoch when he wrote, and that he himself did not adhere to any particular one when signing his name, appears to be merely in accordance with a fashion of the time, which allowed of the utmost irregularity in the orthography of men's names.

CHESTER WHITMORE.—Your questions about a fresh-water aquarium will be answered by Mr. Daniel C. Beard in an article to be published probably in our next number.

ALL our readers who enjoy Mr. Rossiter Johnson's admirable story of "Phaeton Rogers" will appreciate the accompanying letter concerning the scene of Phaeton's exploits, and giving some interesting facts about the author of the story.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are very much interested in the story of "Phaeton Rogers," because the scene of it is laid in our native town. All the adventures recounted took place in that part of the city where I was born, and have lived fifteen years, and where my parents have lived nearly forty years; so it is all very familiar to me.

We have many times been over the railway crossing where that most interesting character, Jack-in-the-Box, lived in his delightful little flag-house. That flag-house is no longer standing, but mamma remembers having seen it, years ago, with its pointed roof, and one side covered with morning-glory vines. I wish she had looked inside, and seen the shelf full of books, and all the other things described. I am curious to know whether the story of Jack-in-the-Box will be spoiled by ending in a romance, or whether he was a veritable character, for I think he is made very interesting.

We know the very spot where the author of the story used to live when all his adventures with Phaeton and Ned took place. The other day we walked out on the street where the boys rode when they took Uncle Jacob's horse to pasture, on purpose to see if we could recognize any of the places mentioned in that famous ride. But the city has changed very much since those days. Then, that street was a country road,

with barns and hay-fields on either side, but now it is one line of stores and houses, with a street-car track in the center. The only things we recognized were, the stone brewery, now transformed into a flour-mill, and the building that used to be the Quaker meeting-house, in front of which the boys sat when they were listening to Jimmy the Rhymer's ballad.

Deep Hollow, mentioned several times in the story, is a beautiful ravine. We have often explored parts of it in summer. My brother well remembers the strife between the Dublin boys and the boys on our side of the river, and it is said to continue, even now.

My older sisters once went to a school in this district, where they remember Mr. Rossiter Johnson as one of the scholars, and that he was considered the smartest boy in the school. So, children in reading "Phaeton Rogers," may know that the most *unimportant* character in the story, who rarely says anything, and then only "ventures to suggest," is really an uncommon boy.

The name "Rochester" is certainly buried very plainly in the little couplet, where readers are given a chance to find out the name of the town in which the boys lived, but if I had not already recognized Rochester in the familiar scenes of the story, I don't think I should have discovered it. No author could find a more delightful place for the scene of a story than Rochester, especially that part of the city which includes Deep Hollow and the river.

Mr. Johnson is now well known to fame. His wife also is literary, and my sisters went to school with her at one time, when they attended Miss Dolittle's seminary on Fitzhugh street. She is the daughter of a Greek professor in the University of Rochester, who has a wide reputation.

I never read a story before where the scene was laid in Rochester, and it greatly adds to its interest to have it such a charming story as "Phaeton Rogers," and to know that its author is a native of our city.

The coming of the ST. NICHOLAS is always anticipated in our family, but now I hail its appearance with peculiar pleasure.—Very sincerely,
M. F.

THE responses to our request to hear from performers of "The Land of Nod," the operetta published in the number for December, 1880, have been very gratifying, and we are glad to know that the little piece has been successful in so many places. Among the most profitable performances that have been reported to us were those in Boston Highlands, at the Church of the Unity; Chatham, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y., at All Souls' Church; Jefferson, Ohio; and Santa Fé, New Mexico. And the following letter from Little Falls we are sure will interest everybody everywhere who has had anything to do with bringing out the operetta:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't usually read the letters in the "Letter-box," but going to the piano to try the piece of music entitled "Romance Without Words," I discovered the letter from Mrs. Flagg, which led me to think you would be pleased to know we have had the "Land of Nod" here in Little Falls. The ladies of our parish held a three-days' festival, and for one evening's entertainment, my mamma and Mrs. Ransom prepared the children of our Sunday-school, in "The Land of Nod." It was "too cunning for anything" to see the little "sleepy-heads" of three and five years of age act their parts so nicely. The red light thrown on the last scene brought great cheering from the audience. To finish the evening entertainment, mamma had drilled twelve little girls in the "Fan Brigade," after the description given in your January number. Mamma wishes me to say it will repay any one for the trouble and time spent in drilling them, when properly costumed, and successfully presented.

I meant to mention that I took part as one of the dream-sprites in "The Land of Nod" (as I am twelve years old), and I was also in the Fan Brigade. We repeated the operetta another evening, and after our expenses of \$120.00 were paid, we had over \$200.00 left. I hope you will publish some more pieces as nice.—Your subscriber,
JESSIE H. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried the magic dance described in your March number, and I wish to tell you it is a fraud. I followed the rules exactly, and it would not work. I like your book very much.—Your constant reader,
C. M. H.

We are sorry that C. M. H.'s experiment did not succeed; but, as we ourselves have seen the magic dance performed successfully by merely following the directions given in the March number, we feel sure that there must have been some mistake in C. M. H.'s

arrangements. Moreover, several other readers have sent accounts very different from C. M. H.'s. Here is one:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On Saturday, March 12th, I had a few little girls come to visit me. I wanted something nice to amuse them with, so I tried the magic dance spoken of in the March ST. NICHOLAS. Mamma bought me a pane of glass and I traced some of the figures in Miss Kate Greenaway's little book, "Under the Window," and put the glass between two bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. The figures danced beautifully. With much love to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS,
A. S. K.

THE question was asked in June, 1879, by Jack-in-the-Pulpit, how the strawberry got its name. Answers came, of course, but none of them appeared to be satisfactory. Here, however, are two letters that seem to settle the question:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Years ago, when strawberries grew wild about London, England, the children used to gather them, string them on the long, straw-like grasses, and sell them for a penny a "straw of berries," which soon was shortened into "strawberry."—
Yours sincerely,
HELEN M. LAMB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been told that strawberries are so called because in former times people used to string the berries on straws ready for eating. I think this is a queer idea, but perhaps it is true, for folks *did* have funny notions.—Your friend,
JESSIE L. BELLOWES.

IN connection with Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's article upon "Ostrich-farming," in the present number, we print the following cutting from the London "Times" of May 14, 1880:

An ostrich, long on exhibition at Rome, having been suffocated by thrusting its neck between the bars, there were found in its stomach four large stones, eleven smaller ones, seven nails, a necktie pin, an envelope, thirteen copper coins, fourteen beads, one French franc, two small keys, a piece of a handkerchief, a silver medal of the Pope, and the cross of an Italian order.

And here is a slip from the New York "Tribune" of January, 1881:

A mania for ostrich farming possesses the settlers in South Africa, and vast tracts of sheep-pasture are being converted into ranges for the more profitable bipeds. As a result, the price of mutton has advanced two cents per pound.

KITTIE HANAFORD.—Any reader—whether a subscriber or not—who sends solutions of ST. NICHOLAS puzzles, will be named in the list printed at the end of the "Riddle-box."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Roller-skates are very nice—on other people. Gertie or Edie sweeps by on a "set of wheels," and you say: "Dear me! How nice it is! I'll ask Mamma to get me a pair;" and, on being assured that "it is the easiest thing in the world to learn," you go to your mother or father and say: "Please, please get me a pair of roller skates! I'll be so good! I saw Gertie on a pair to-day, and she went like everything." She says it is awful easy to learn. Ah, do now, please. I want 'em so! And in the end your father goes and buys a pair.

Ah, how proud you are of the bright metal heels, the rattling buckles and straps, and the clicking wheels! And how impatiently you await the first fine day, that you may "go skating." It has come. Gertie or Edie is willing to give you a lesson, and you enviously watch the graceful ease with which she flies up and down the sidewalk. She takes your hand—you "strike out"—What is it?—Is the world waltzing?—Are you flying through air? Only a tenth of a second do you think this. Then,—Oh, the anguish of that moment! Gertie laughs. You think, "Oh, how heartless that girl is!"

Then she helps you up. You try to smile, and when she asks: "Are you hurt?" you say "A 1-1-t-t-l-e."

Then you try again, only to repeat the same experience. Finally you learn to go the width of a flag-stone without falling, and slowly you learn to go, perhaps, a block alone. But this is only after about, "to dra' it mild," fifty falls.

If you think it worth while, "go ahead." If you think it easy, take warning, and stop while there is yet time.

HELEN N. STEARNS, 12 years.

Helen evidently has not had patience to master the art of roller-skating. But there are hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who will not agree with her concerning it. For the city parks of New York of late have been almost transformed into rinks for the boys and girls on roller-skates. During the months of March and April, the whirl of the skates was heard on all the pavements there, and even the crowds upon Broadway were startled by the swift young skaters shooting by on their way to school. We give below a scene on a bright April day in Madison Square, New York, which shows the enjoyment the young people of this city have taken in this style of skating.



ROLLER-SKATING IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in December number Jack-in-the-Pulpit's remarks about the gingerbread-tree, and it reminded me of an old-fashioned poultry-tree that I saw last September while out riding with papa. It was in this Connecticut village, and near a dilapidated house. There was a small orchard of old-fashioned apple-trees, one of which attracted my attention, for it bore both fowls and fruit. There were a great many apples upon the tree, so many I could not count them; the branches came near the ground, and a variety of poultry had taken lodgings there for the night, namely, turkeys, guinea-hens and chickens. These, together with the apples, were to me quite an amusing sight. I think if the readers of the "Letter-box" could have seen it they would have laughed as heartily as I did.—Yours truly, CARROLL S. SHEPARD (11 years).

We have received from the publisher, James H. Earle, a copy of a neatly bound little book entitled "From Log-cabin to the White House," by William M. Thayer. It details the life of President Garfield, and gives many incidents of his boyhood; and it can be recommended to boys and girls as both interesting and helpful.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRD REPORT.

AS PROMISED last month, here are a few directions for collecting and pressing wild-flowers:

1. Bring your flowers home, roots and all, in a botany-box made like the picture in the other column, and not painted.

The most convenient length is eighteen inches. The ends are elliptical, with a long diameter of seven inches.

2. Specimens should be put to press as soon as possible after they have been collected. Each leaf should be smoothed and held in position by the finger or a bit of glass, until the paper has been pressed down upon it. When properly treated, pressed flowers retain a large degree of their grace of form and richness of color.

3. Roots and branches too thick to be pressed entire may be thinned with a sharp knife to a section not much thicker than the leaves. The petals of heavy flowers, like the water-lily, may be pressed separately and put together again when dry.

4. There is a kind of blotting-paper made expressly for drying plants, but an excellent substitute is newspapers. Lay a smooth board over all and use a heavy stone for pressure.

5. After the specimens are thoroughly dried, they may be transferred to a Plant-book or Herbarium.

We have devised a book for the use of our members, in which

The following verses are appropriate to these bright summer mornings, and are very cleverly written for a girl only eleven years of age:

GOOD-MORNING.

OVER the fields the sun shone brightly,
Among the trees the breeze blew lightly,
And seemed to say,
At peep of day,
"Good-morning, little girl!"

The little streamlet ran on in glee,
And on its bank waved many a tree;
They seemed to say,
At peep of day,
"Good-morning, little girl!"

The butterflies and the bumble-bees,
The bright blue skies and the bright blue seas,—
All seemed to say,
At peep of day,
"Good-morning, little girl!"

DAISY.

flowers can be fastened without paste, by the use of little slips of gummed paper. These directions are contained in it. We will send one of these books to the boy or girl who will send us the best set of specimens of pressed wild flowers, prepared unaided, and accurately named and dated. Each set is to consist of six specimens. Mount each specimen, after it is thoroughly pressed, on a card of bristol-board.

For your own collection, sheets of paper at least 10 × 16 inches should be used, but for convenience in mailing, use cards cut to the size of a page of commercial note-paper. The scientific and common names of each specimen are to be written in the lower right-hand corner of its card, together with the date and place of gathering the flower, and the name of the collector.

Write your name and address on the back of each card. Put two or three thicknesses of paper between the specimens, to prevent injury in the mail-bags, and send, as before, to H. H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., by the 15th of September, 1881.

See "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1877; and "The Sea-weed Album," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1875.

Next month about insects.

The list of our correspondents is now enlarged to about 800. The following new chapters have been formed:

Address.	No. of Members.	Secretary.
Flint, Mich	5	H. Lovell.
Utopia, N. Y.	12	D. E. Willard.
Hartford, Conn.	—	C. A. Kellogg, 27 Niles st.
Auburn, Ala.	—	K. B. Trichenor.
Hartford, N. Y.	10	S. E. Arnold.
Nashville, Tenn.	20	R. I. Tucker, 117 Monroe st.
Greene, Iowa, "Pine Croft"	6	L. Price.
Glencoe, Ill.	—	O. M. Howard.
Philadelphia (D) Pa.	4	J. McFarland, 1314 Franklin st.
Santa Cruz, Cal.	4	C. W. Baldwin.
Pigeon Cove, Mass.	—	C. C. Fears.
Pittsfield, Mass.	4	—
Ypsilanti, Mich.	33	E. R. Shier, <i>Care W. Snyder.</i>
Northampton, Mass.	6	Chas. Maynard.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.	13	L. Leach.
Wright's Grove, Ill.	6	Wm Greenleaf.
Waltham, Mass.	7	H. Hancock, P. O. 1339.



FORM OF BOTANY-BOX.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. S-laver-y. 2. E-we-r. 3. S-event-y. 4. F-actor-y. 5. P-lent-y. 6. C-row-d. 7. C-luster-s. 8. P-agod-a.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "She came adorned hither like sweet May." Shakespeare's Richard II., Act V., Sc. 1.

DIAMOND IN A SQUARE. 1. HeArt. 2. EAGER. 3. AGONY. 4. RENDS. 5. TrYst.—PUZZLE. Poe-t.

WORD-BUILDING. I. A; pa; ape; pear; drape; spared; despair; paradise; disappear. II. I; it; tie; tile; stle; tinsel; tangles; nestling; listening; glistening. III. M; am; man; main; mania; animal; laminar; marginal. IV. U; us; sum; muse; Remus; muster; sumpter; trumpets.—CHARADE. The letter I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Honor the Brave. Finals: Decoration Day. Cross-words: 1. Herald. 2. Oriole. 3. NumismatiC. 4. Octavo. 5. RectoR. 6. ThaliA. 7. HelmeT. 8. Ell. 9. Banjo. 10. RatioN. 11. AntiquateD. 12. VistA. 13. ElasticitY.—PICTURE PUZZLE. Fagin, Sykes, and his dog.

TWO EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. 1. May. 2. Marbles. NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR WEE PUZZLERS. Trailing Arbutus.

EASY ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. May-pole. Ape. Map. Mole. Lamp. Play.—RIDDLE. Spring.

ABRIDGMENTS. Hawthorne. 1. H-air. 2. A-we. 3. W-hen. 4. T-horn. 5. H-and. 6. C-O-at. 7. Pea-R. 8. Pri-N-ce. 9. M-E-an.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA. Heathens. ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond:

1. C. 2. Mab. 3. Caleb. 4. Bee. 5. B. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. B. 2. Lea. 3. Begin. 4. Aim. 5. N. Central Diamond: 1. B. 2. Era. 3. Brown. 4. Awe. 5. N. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. B. 2. Boa. 3. Bourn. 4. Art. 5. N. Lower Right Diamond: 1. N. 2. Eos. 3. Noted. 4. Set. 5. D.

EASY HOUR-GLASS. Centrals: Peacock. Across: 1. LeoPard. 2. BIEss. 3. SAd. 4. C. 5. FOG. 6. DeCks. 7. WilKins.

ANAGRAMS, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS. 1. Shadows. 2. Signature. 3. Credentials. 4. Revolution. 5. Patriotism. 6. Reformatory.

THREE EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. i. Crab. 2. Rice. 3. Acre. 4. Beet. II. i. Dive. 2. Iron. 3. Void. 4. Ends. III. i. Pond. 2. Over. 3. Neva. 4. Drab.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each of the following puzzles, the word which is to fill the first blank is to be such that its letters may be re-arranged to form a word that will fill the second blank and make sense.

- 1. You can not cross the _____ in a _____. 2. After saying a few _____ his enemy handed him a _____. 3. In spite of his _____ leg, he was as firm as the _____. 4. We found the doors of all the _____ and cottages _____. 5. The owner of the _____ house had a large collection of _____ antiques. 6. The man who was playing the _____ uttered a _____ as he lifted it on his shoulder. 7. The _____ was obliged to _____ the book. 8. It was _____, and not Alice, who deserved the _____. D. W.

PI.

Kepas lul lewl, ni ganluwa antiuq dan donle, Eon how wedltelh yb het tasdlec neRih, Hwne eh eladcl elr lershows oledn na oeglncl, Sastr, taht ni rathe's nirametfm od hisen.

WORD-SQUARES.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

THESE differ from the ordinary word-square in that the words which form them do not read the same, horizontally and perpendicularly: in each square, the letters which are represented by stars in the diagram, when read across, or up and down, spell the name of the same pretty flower.

- I. 1. The plant from which opium is obtained. 2. To withdraw. 3. A flower. 4. Fragrant blossoms. 5. The chief magistrate of a city. II. 1. A poisonous reptile. 2. Track followed by a hunter. 3. A flower. 4. A treatise. 5. Harmony of language. III. 1. One of a vagabond race. 2. To demand as due. 3. A flower. 4. A wooden frame for supporting pictures. 5. Kingly. IV. 1. A kind of tree. 2. A trap. 3. A flower. 4. Obscure. 5. Designate. V. 1. A fruit. 2. A fixed position. 3. A flower. 4. A large wild animal. 5. A stratum. RUTH A. CARLTON.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

In the month of a cape of New Jersey, a small island in the Irish Sea, named a lake in New York, went to the capital of Italy, in a lake at the north of Minnesota. He took for islands of Oceanica, his friends, two capes extending into Chesapeake Bay. The island near Scotland, was a cape of Southern Ireland, and rejoiced their mountains in Germany, although the air was a little country on the Pacific coast of South America. Each took for refreshments in a satchel, of a country in the north of Africa; an islands of Oceanica, and fritters made of chopped Bay of Long Island. For a beverage they carried an imitation of the wine of a city in France made from grapes gathered in an island south of Massachusetts. In their rambles, one of them lost a cuff-button ornamented with a river in Mississippi. They suspected that it was found by a person called a cape in Massachusetts, for they passed her and afterward met a river

in Brazil, who, when they questioned him, looked an island near England and said they must a cape of North Carolina for an island near Massachusetts. LILY OLCOTT.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in jewel, but not in gold; My second is in bugle, but not in horn; My third is in young, but not in old; My fourth is in even, but not in morn; My whole is a pleasant time of year,— A time of flowers and sunny cheer. DYCIE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-five letters, and am a quotation from one of Coleridge's poems.

My 38-28-34-35-6 is an aromatic garden plant. My 39-10-15-26-23-43-5 is odious. My 42-13-8-30 is a prison. My 20-36-3-27-14 is a temporary building. My 44-22-40-6 is a corner. My 47-7-32-24-45 a layer or stratum. My 16-21-11-37-31 is a kind of bee. My 33-1-25-19 is desirous. My 17-29-12-4-2-18 is to explain. ARCHIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals name two countries of Europe often on the verge of war. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A leather strap. 2. Clamor. 3. A deserter. 4. A kind of hawk which, in India, acts as street scavenger. 5. A heroic poem. 6. Old times. F. A. W.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

The central letters of this puzzle, reading across, form a word of ten letters made of two words of five letters each. Upon the first half of the long word the Left-hand Diamond is based; and upon the other half is based the Right-hand Diamond.

CENTRALS ACROSS: A fruit. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND (across): 1. In bouquets. 2. An inclosure. 3. The dry stem of wheat. 4. A ruminant animal. 5. In flowers. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND (across): 1. In blossoms. 2. A kind of atmospheric moisture. 3. A small fruit. 4. Distorted. 5. In nosegay. W. H.

CHARADE.

ROMAN or Grecian, all the same, My first is pleased my whole to meet. Whether in delicate array, Or, like my second, always gay, Its blooming face we gladly greet. B.

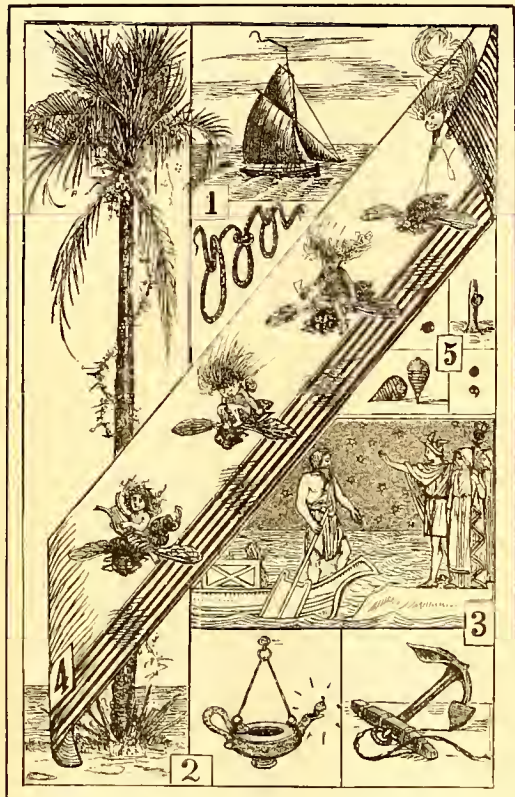
GERMAN COUSINS.

In the following puzzle, each pair of definitions refers to a word spelled alike in German and in English. The German definition is printed first, then the English.

- 1. A head-gear; a hovel. 2. A relative; to talk indistinctly. 3. An infant; beneficent. 4. A resting-place; to seize. 5. A definite article; a cave. 6. Acrid; an annual plant. 7. A sort; skill. 8. An ablutition; wicked. 9. Remote; a plant that grows in moist places. 10. A division of time; a label. 11. Part of a verb; a terrible contest. 12. A poison; a present. A. T. MOMBERT.

EASY PICTORIAL ANAGRAM.

An anagram is a word spelled with all the letters of another word, the letters being, of course, arranged differently. In the present puzzle, there are five anagrams, and five sets of pictures to correspond. The puzzle is to be solved by taking the letters of a word



Crabbe, all—Arabella Ward, 4—Robert E. Coates, 14—Ollie and Inez McGregor, 3—Willie F. Woodard, 5—“Indian,” 1—A. B. C., all—Lulu Meisel, 1—“Fret Sawyer,” 2—De F. W. Chase, 1—W. Eyes, all—Frank R. Heath, 15—Mabel Thompson, 3—H. and F. Kerr, 8—M. Nicure, 1—“Chic,” 2—Bessie and her cousin, 16—“Puck,” 2—Raymond Cilley, 1—Frank W. Crane, 7—“Crystale,” 3—Henry L. Mitchell, 14—Grace Crosley, 1—“Mystic Trio,” 11—Anstun M. Poole, all—Ethel Gillis, 3—F. W. H. and G. U. C., 9—Etta Ivy Anthony, 14—Sadie Medary, 11—Willie D. Ward, all—Mamie and Annie Baker, 2—Willie Evans, 7—E. Matthews, 4—“Puzzle Seeker,” 4—Frank C. Caldwell, 2—H. O. Adley, 1—J. M. T., 6—Charlotte McIlvaine, 12—E. S. Meyers, 4—Wheeler, 13—Lilian R. M., 1—Jack R. Wrenshall, 2—Minnie Woodbury, 5—Virgie and Ettie, 2—Georgie Smith, 2—Isabelle, 13—G. H. and Charlie Allyn, 5—Lizzie C. C., 4—Mary L. Thorne, all—Thos. Hillson, Jr., all—Mamie Williams, 1—Mamie Pifer, 1—“Mauch Chunk,” 15—C. H. Tibbits and W. E. Billings, 12—Dycie, 11—Archie and Charlotte, 4—Henry Rochester, 2—Violet, 3—Starr K. Jackson and Maud L. Lacey, 13—Willie L. Ross, 5—Willie R. Folsom, 1—Ruth Camp, 4—Alice and Walter, 7—Evangeline Wade, 5—Grace M. Fisher, 12—Herbert Barry, all—Estelle M. Beck, 3—Charlie F. Potter, 15—“Two Grown Folks,” 15—J. Harry Anderson, 6—Edward Browazki, 4—Harry Heydrick, 5—Bessie S. Hickok, all—Bertha Hills, 1—J. Harry Robertson, 5—“Guesser,” all—“Fraud,” 4—Jennie Elliott, 8—Fannie E. Case, 10—B. B., 4—“The Inmates,” 15—Jeannie Osgood, 10—Gerard H. Oulton, 6—“Mignon,” 1—Grace B. Taylor, 5—Joseph Wheless, 4—Fanny Bissinger, 11—Grace E. Hopkins, all—Jessie and Charles F. Lipman, all—“Jessie,” 15—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 3—E. Wirth, 3—“Bab,” all—Frank E. Newman, 2—Bertha, Herman, and Charles, 6—Gustav T. Bruckmann, 11—Marie C., 14—“Belle and Bertie,” 14—Nettie and Willie Van Antwerp, 14—Warren Cook, 1—Harry Cook, 1—E. R. Conklin, 3—Herbert C. Thirlwall, 13—Daisy May, all—Helen, Florence, and Louise, 5—Wallace K. Gaylord, 13—E. H. Neville, 2—Fred. C. McDonald, all—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 13—Frederick W. Faxon, all—R. O. Chester, 7—“Ulysses,” 13—Agnes Fulton, 1—R. T. Losee, 15—John H. Coleman, 5—Hattie Evans and Mary de N., 6—“Bosun,” 15—T. K. and N. B. Cole, 11—“80 and 81,” all—Elsie B. Wade, 8—Ned Thompson, 3—Emma and Lottie Young, 13—Edith and Alfred, 9—Nellie C. Graham, 15—May Farinholt, 1—B. Hopkins, 5—Mamie Hardy and Alice Lucas, 11—Henry C. Brown, all—Margaret S. Hoffman, 6—Ernest F. Taylor, 9—Lilla and Daisy, all—S. C. Thompson, 14—Willie O. Brownfield, 1—George S. and Carrie, 8—Dick Bab, 12—Myrick Rheem, 7—“Lode Star,” 11—Mamie L. Mensch, 5—Laura Moss, 5—“X. Y. Z.,” 12—May Copeland, 2—Sophie M. Gieske, 7—Charlie Wright, 2—Louie H. Monroe, 2—G. E. Hemmons, 3—Fannie Knobloch, 7—Estelle Weiler, 3—Carrie and Mary Spelden, 13—Three Little Subscribers, 1—Lulu M. Hutchins, 10—Bessie Meade, 8—P. S. and H. K. Heffleman, 4—Albert J. Brackett, 7—Bessie Taylor, 8—Anna and Alice, 14—Genie Smith, 6—Maggie Lawrence, 2—Sanford B. Martin, 1—Lewis P. Robinson, 2—Deter and Meter, 14—Katie Williams, 6—H. R. Reynolds, 15—Hope, 11—Paul and Jessie, all—Dollie Fry, 3—Ella M. Parker, 3—Charles Emerson, 5—Jennie Morris Moore, 11—“C. E. B.,” 3—Mary Wiehl and W. H. Moyer, 14—Faith Walcott, 1—Rose Irene Raritan, 6—J. A. Scott, 12—Bessie C. Barney, 9—Grace E. Smith, 8—Lizzie Nammark, 8—Katie Nammark, 4—George and Frank, 15—G. T. Maxwell, 15—Sammie Dodds, all—Gabby, 6—Florence Wilcox, 15—Belle W. Brown, 9—Letetia Preston, 5—Gracie Hewlett, all—“Phyllis,” 13—Ned and Loe, all—Williston, 3—P. S. Clarkson, all—G. J., 1—Edith Granger, 7—Charlie W. Power, all—W. and G. L., all—Cig A. Rette, 12—Edith B. Fowler, 15—Ella W. Faulkner, 15—“Churck,” 15—Lyde and Will McKinney, 14—Edward Vultee, all—Chow Chow, 3—George D. Sabin, 8—Emma Merrifield, 6—Carl Howden, 6—Belle F. Upton, 2—Phebe, Hettie, and Annie, 7—Clara D. Adams, 4—Mabel Adams, 3—Isabel Chambers, 2—C. A. Chandler, 11—Al. Mond, 13—Georgia and Lee, 13—L. H. P., 8—Pierre Jay, 5—“Brownie Bee,” 12—“Carl and Norris,” 5—“Two Little Bees,” 13. Four solvers forgot to sign their names to their letters. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

that describes one picture of each set, and re-arranging them so as to spell a word or words that will fairly describe the mate picture or pictures. In the illustration, each numeral is so placed that it stands in, and thus indicates, all the pictures belonging to its set.

DIAMOND.

1. An invocation.
2. That which caused the death of a royal woman of great beauty.
3. A means for holding a door closed without locking it.
4. A bird.
5. A king whose city was taken by the ancient Greeks.
6. “Something accomplished, something done.”
7. An ill-used, too-often used, and too-little used, letter.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Carl and Norris, London, Eng.; 2—“Brownie Bee,” 8—Lillie Koppelman, 1—“Two Little Bees,” Les Ruches, France, 6—L. Bradner, 3—A. Merrylees, Italy, 1.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 20, from Edwin Walker, Jr., 8—Alice M. Kyte, 13—C. and J. Treat, all—J. S. Hunt, all—Kittie Hanaford, 9—“Partners,” 12—Pearl and Birdie Bright, 4—Marion Booth, 2—Samuel D. Stryker, Jr., 7—“So So,” all—“Adam and Eve,” all—“Carol and her Sisters,” all—“F. H. R.,” 11—Georgia Jones, 5—Florence G. Lane, 2—C. Willenbacher, 12—E. S. Hosmer, 10—Harriet L. Pruyt, 1—J. Alvah Scott, 14—Clarence Haviland, 13—Lanman Crosby, 5—Robert K. Harris, 2—“Queen Bess,” 16—W. C. McLeod, 10—Richard Anderson, 3—Hallie B. Wilson, 4—Gussie and Anna Larrabee, 14—M. M. Libby, 13—Philip Sidney Carlton, 12—“K. F. M.,” 12—“Hallie and her Cousin,” 7—Jeanie and Edward Smith, 10—Edith Louisa Miner, 3—Nanie Gordon, 12—“We, Us and Co.,” 13—Julia T. Pember, 3—Clarence W. Peabody, 5—Katy Flemming, 14—Lester D. Mapes, 12—Wilbur F. Henderson, 1—Willie Van Kleeck, 12—Mors O. Slocum, 15—Fred Thwaites, all—“Buttercup and Daisy,” 8—Eugene A. Clark, 14—“Tom, Dick, and Harry,” 11—Sophie M. Ducloux, 11—Nettie Richards, 1—J. Milton Gitterman, 3—The Stowe Family, all—“Carlyle,” 2—Florence E. Pratt, all—C. L. Brownell, all—Sallie Viles, 13—Mary E. Sprague, 4—“Olive,” 4—“Johnnie and Jessie,” 16—Annie Mills and Louie Everett, 16—Witch and Wizard, 12—Carrie Davison, 3—Estelle Merrill, 1—“M’liss,” 4—Florence Leslie Kyte, 13—“Sid and I,” 14—George A. Stahl, 2—“A. G. B. and M. G. B.,” 11—Edmund C. Carshaw, 9—John B. Miller, 7—“Willie F. P.,” 4—W. B. Potere, 8—John B. Blood, 6—Ellen L. Way, 12—“O. We R. Y. Y.,” 12—O. B. Judson, 13—Bertie Manier, 14—Louise and Nicoll Ludlow, 14—“Frenchy,” 10—Lulu M. Brown, 10—“Zaydee,” 11—Luzia and Elsbeth Hitz, 7—Caroline Larrabee, 5—Walter W. Silson, 1—Horace F., 6—Bernard C. Weld, 15—Nellie Caldwell, 4—Effie Wagener, 1—May Shephardson, 1—Josie McCleary, 7—Léonie and Zella, 12—Mark L. McDonald, Jr., 3—Cora Gregory, 11—J. C. and L. Tomes, all—W. F. Harris, 12—Archie and Hugh Burns, 12—Lulu G.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

[See page 727.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1881.

NO. 9.

[Copyright, 1881, by Scribner & Co.]

HOW BOBBY'S VELOCIPEDA RAN AWAY.

BY H. W. BLAKE.

BOBBY was a little tot in dresses, with long "dau-burn" curls, as he called them, hanging down on his shoulders. He would n't be four years old till October; and yet he had been off on the cars that spring day all alone by himself, and without saying a word to anybody. It all happened because Papa had just bought him a velocipede, painted black, with red trimmings, and having a cushioned seat and a silver-tipped steering-handle. Mamma had always said that there were two things which Bobby must not do till he was large enough to wear trousers, and one was to eat mince-pie and the other to ride a velocipede. But every boy on the street had a velocipede that spring, and there was no peace till Bobby had one, too. Yet Mamma never let him take it out of the yard till he had promised not to go out of sight of the house, and not to race with the other boys.

Bobby's father was an engineer on the railroad, and he was gone from home all day. On the morning when this story began to happen, he went away early, leaving Mamma with "oceans of work" on her hands,—that is, the week's ironing was to be finished up and some frosted cake made for a little party she was to have that evening; so as soon as Bobby had finished his breakfast, she put on his little gray cloak, with the cap to match,—which had a black tassel in the center,—and his red silk neckerchief, and mittens of the same color, and sent him out to play with the velocipede; then she made the cake while the irons were getting hot, going to the door every little while to see that Bobby was all right.

For a time, Bobby remembered all that he had promised Mamma, and kept near the house and

did not race; but after all the other children had come out on the walk with their velocipedes, and a grand open-to-all race around the square was started, he forgot himself, and followed the rest just as fast as his little legs could make the wheels go. And, what was stranger, Mamma forgot him, because, at that very moment, she made the unhappy discovery that while her irons were hot, her party-cake was burning up. By the time that Bobby had turned the first corner of the square, the other children were out of sight. He was tired, and would have gone home, and this story would never have been written. But it so happened that he looked down the street a long way to where the railroad track crossed the road, in front of the big depot, and saw a steam-engine; and then he thought to himself: "I'll go and see Papa," for he had an idea that all engines went to the same place, and that any one of them would take him straight to Papa; it would be fine fun to ride in the cab, on the engineer's seat, just as he rode one day when Papa's engine was going from the engine-house to the depot. So the velocipede flew down the street for the next few minutes in a way that made everybody stare.

But after a while it made a sudden stop, for Bobby spied a string of tobacco-pipes hanging in the window of a cigar store and he wanted one, because he remembered that Papa always had a pipe in his mouth when he started for the depot. So he left the velocipede leaning against the window, and went in and bought a long clay pipe with a yellow mouth-piece. The man asked him for a penny, and he paid him promptly from the bit of a purse which he always carried in the side pocket of his

cloak. And when he had put that pipe in his mouth, he felt so grand that he marched off for the depot, never once thinking of the velocipede.

When he reached the depot, the engine was hitched to a long train of cars, and the engineer stood on the ground oiling the machinery with a funny, long-spouted oil-can. The steam was shooting out of the steam-pipe, and the fireman sat in the cab all ready to ring the bell for starting the train. Bobby pulled the sleeve of the engineer's jacket and said, pointing to the cab, "Please put me up there; I want to go and see my papa!" But the engineer shook his head and said, "I could n't do that, my little man," and then he climbed up to his seat. This was a great disappointment to Bobby, and I dare say he would have cried right out if he had n't seen a man with a pipe in his mouth, just like his own, going into the third car from the engine. So he thought that that must be the place for him. Just how he contrived to pull himself up the steps nobody knows, for nobody saw him, but when the train moved out of the depot he was curled up on the front seat of the smoking-car, with the pipe still between his teeth.

That very same minute, his mamma was hurrying down Main street, looking very hot and exceedingly frightened, asking every one she met, "Have you seen my boy on his velocipede?"

The burning of that party-cake had so distracted the poor woman that she had not thought of Bobby for as much as ten minutes after it was out of the oven, and then none of the children, who had finished their race around the square by this time, had the slightest idea what had become of him. Neither did anybody else know, although a policeman told her that there was an idle velocipede down by Mr. Carter's cigar store. But all that Mr. Carter could tell her was that he had sold Bobby a pipe, to be used for blowing soap-bubbles, he supposed.

Mamma was very pale by this time, and her mind was full of all the terrible things that might possibly happen to Bobby, but she went straight on through the crowded streets of the city, till she came to the police office at the City Hall. The chief of police was very kind to her, and he wrote down all that she could tell him about how Bobby looked, and what he wore. He said that the City Hall bell should be rung to show that a child was lost, that all the policemen should look for Bobby all over the city, and that if he was n't found within two hours, the description he had written out should be printed in a hand-bill and posted everywhere. The big bell in the tower began to ring while Mamma went down the steps of the building, and it did n't stop until she reached home. By this time it was noon and her fire was all out.

A policeman brought home the velocipede a few minutes later, and, when he was gone, Mamma sat down and cried.

"Oh," said she, "where can my Bobby be, and what will Papa say when he comes home to-night?"

Conductor John Blackmer was a good deal surprised that day when he opened the door of the smoking-car on the fast New York express, just after leaving Brocton depot, to see Bobby and the pipe on the front seat. The little fellow was so nicely dressed that if it had n't been for the pipe, one would have supposed that he had just escaped from the infant class of some Sunday-school. The conductor stopped to ask him some questions, but the youngster was feeling his importance considerably just then, and about all that could be got out of him was that he intended to "see Papa"; so the conductor went on through the train, and he asked the passengers, while he was punching holes in their tickets, whose little boy that was in the smoking-car; but, of course, nobody knew. Then he went back to Bobby, and said:

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well," answered he, "my name is Bobby Bradish, and I live at 27 Garden street; my papa's name is Buxton Bradish; he is an engineer, and they call him 'Buck' Bradish, for short!"

All this was a speech that he had been taught to say at home, and one that always made Papa laugh.

The conductor knew "Buck" Bradish well, although he worked on another railroad; and he also knew what to do with Bobby. He first persuaded the young man to let him put the pipe into the side pocket of his own coat, to keep it from breaking, and then he carried him in his arms to the parlor-car, which was the next one in front of the smoking-car, and put him down in one of the big, red, stuffed chairs. He was facing a kind-looking lady, who got him to tell her about Mamma and Papa, and the velocipede. And when the boy with books and papers to sell came along, she bought for Bobby a children's magazine, and showed him the pictures; and also a little candy,—all, she was sure, Mamma would be willing he should eat. She made Bobby feel that the parlor-car was a much nicer place to ride in than the smoking-car.

It was twenty-five miles from Brocton to Sherman, where the express trains stopped next. When the conductor came into the car to take Bobby out, the little boy asked if his papa was there. The conductor told him that Papa was not there, but that he himself would take him to a lady who would tell him how to find Papa. Then he carried him across a track and into the depot, saying to a young lady who stood behind a door

that had a hole cut in it just large enough for Bobby to see her face, "Here he is." And she smiled, and, opening the door, said, "Bring him right in." So the conductor put Bobby on the lounge that stood behind the door, and the next minute he was gone off on the train.

It was the funniest little room Bobby had ever seen,—hardly wide enough to turn around in. There was one sunny window in it that looked out on the railroad. While Bobby was looking around him, the lady sat down at a table, having some very curious-looking machinery on it, and played with her fingers on a black button that moved up and down on a spring, and made a clicking noise; and when the bird heard the clicking noise, he sang as though his throat would split. You see that it was a telegraph-office in which Conductor Blackmer had left Bobby, and that this lady was sending Mamma word where Bobby was; and when she had finished playing on the button, she came and sat on the lounge, and took Bobby in her lap; then she explained to him that his papa had gone a long way off on another railroad, and that he could not see him till night; also, that Conductor Blackmer would come back with his train by and by, and take him home; and that he must be a good boy while he staid with her, and he would find both Papa and Mamma waiting for him in the depot at home. And when she was sure that the little boy understood it all, it was dinner-time. You see, Conductor Blackmer had written a letter while he was on the cars, telling all about Bobby, and had given it to her as soon as the train stopped, so that she would know what to do with the little boy; and he had also written a message for her to telegraph to Mamma.

All this time, Mamma was sitting in the kitchen at home, crying as though her heart were broken. She did not even notice that the fire was out and her irons were cold; she was so troubled because Bobby was lost. But she started up very quickly when the front-door bell rang, and was a good deal surprised to find that a telegraph-boy had brought her a message; there could be no mistake about it, for on the envelope were the words, "Mrs. Buxton Bradish, 27 Garden street, Brocton, Connecticut." So she opened it, and this was what the message said:

"SHERMAN, CONNECTICUT, April 5th, 1875.
 "Bobby is all right. Will bring him home at 6.30 this evening.
 " JOHN BLACKMER,
 "Conductor New York Express."

Mamma wiped away her tears in a hurry when she had read the message, and asked the boy to

come in while she wrote a note, informing the chief of police that Bobby was at last found. And then she began to make up a new fire in the kitchen stove; and when the fire was lit she put away the ironing and made a new party-cake.

The lady who staid in the Sherman telegraph-office boarded at a large hotel across the road from the depot, and it was there that she took Bobby to dinner. Her friends stared a good deal when they saw her leading him through the long dining-room, but the waiter ran for a high chair and a bib, and the little boy enjoyed himself very much. After dinner, the lady went to a toy store and bought him some "sliced animals," and after they had gone back to the office, she showed him how to put the pasteboard strips together so as to make pictures of the lion, tiger, sheep, etc. Then she read him a story from the magazine which the other lady had given him on the train, and then Bobby fell asleep on the lounge. But he was wide awake when Conductor Blackmer came to take him, and the lady gave Bobby a good hug and a kiss before she let him go. The conductor put the magazine and the sliced animals in his overcoat pocket, and placed Bobby on a seat in the passenger-car. And when he had finished collecting tickets, he took him on his knee and told him stories about his own little children at home.

Papa's train came into the Brocton depot at six o'clock, half an hour earlier than the one Bobby was on. Mamma was there to meet him, and he was very much astonished to hear what had been going on.

When the New York express train came in, the first man who got off was Conductor Blackmer, with Bobby in his arms. And when Papa and Mamma had heard the whole story of Bobby's trip to Sherman, the conductor handed him over to them "safe and sound," along with the magazine, the sliced animals, and the pipe.

There was a very happy party at 27 Garden street that evening. Bobby was allowed to sit at the table and have a piece of the party-cake.

He is a large boy now, but he still remembers how he ran away to find Papa. And if you should go into the parlor of his house, you would see three photographs in the same frame. One of them is the picture of a little boy on a velocipede, another, that of John Blackmer, conductor of the New York express, and the third, that of the lady who stays in the Sherman telegraph-office. And over these pictures there is placed a clay pipe, with a yellow mouth-piece; a pipe that has never been smoked.



AN INTRODUCTION.—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

FOURTH OF JULY AT TOM ELLIOT'S HOUSE.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

THANKSGIVING is all well enough in its way,
Against Christmas and New-Year I 've nothing
to say,

But my dog and the fellows and I,—
That is, all the fellows who have any spunk,
Who save up for months to buy powder and punk,
And keep fire-crackers hid in my old leather
trunk,—

We just live for the Fourth of July!

Tom stays at his aunt's, near the end of the lane;
Her house is quite fine but she 's hateful as Cain;

And I 'm going to tell what she said,
One day when my dog and the fellows and I
Had gone to Tom's house to spend Fourth of July,
And thought, being under her window, we 'd try
To be quiet as mice, or the dead.

We said "Hurrah!" softly, for fear she'd be mad;
We set off the littlest cannon we had,

As under the bushes we hid;
Tom screamed "Do be quiet!" at each little
sound,

And when my dog yelped as he tore up the ground,
To bring me a piece of a cracker he 'd found,
I cried "Lie down, sir!" And he did.

Yes, he did every time—but 't was all of no use;
When folks want to find fault they can make an
excuse;

So she popped her head out through the vines
And cried: "Tom, your father shall hear about
you;

To put up with this longer is more than I 'll do—
Come into the house, sir, and send off the crew
That are spoiling my flowers and lines!

"Independence, indeed! I 'd rather, I say,
Be under the rule of Great Britain to-day,
Than subjected to noises I hate!"

Oh! sharper than crackers the cruel words rang,
And quickly the window went down with a bang,
As up from the bushes my brave old dog sprang,
And followed me out of the gate.

She 's as cross an old party as ever could be!
She insulted my dog and the fellows and me,

And though they may forgive her, I can't!
No, I can't—and, besides that, I don't mean to
try—

And next year my dog and the fellows and I
Will go off on the rocks to spend Fourth of July,
With no thanks to Tom or his aunt!

U P.

BY GEORGE H. HEBARD.

POOR old Mr. *Preface* was tired,—not that he had been particularly busy,—no, that was the pity of it. Time had been when every caller at Dictionary Mansion had, first of all, paid their respects to him; in return, he imparted to each new visitor such little hints and general information as its founder, Mr. Webster, had thought they might need to aid them in their researches.

But, alas! those days were of the past! In the rush and hurry of modern American life, people could not wait to confer with him. There were constant callers at the mansion with whom he had never interchanged a word,—people who rushed through the halls, found the room of the Word they desired to consult, made their inquiries, and then bolted unceremoniously. All this worried Mr. *Preface* very much, for was he not an old and faithful servant? Mr. Webster himself had given him the position of janitor when Dictionary Mansion was first completed. It was comparatively a small house then; and through all its changes to the present enormous structure, with its numberless lodgers, he had remained faithfully at his post.

These were a few of the sad thoughts occupying his attention one night as he sat restlessly in his arm-chair, wearied with enforced idleness. It was rather late for him, too. He usually closed the doors early in the evening; but, that night, Orator Puff was to speak at the Town Hall, and had engaged many of the biggest Words to assist him, and Mr. *Preface* was awaiting their return.

Meanwhile, the poor old fellow was slowly going over his sorrowful thoughts, when he was suddenly startled by a scream. It evidently came from a distant part of the building. Going into the hall, he found it rapidly filling with excited Words, anxious to know the cause of the alarm. As the commotion appeared greatest in the corridor of the "U's," he hurried there, and soon found himself at the room of little Mr. *Up*. Crowding past *Curiosity*, who stood vacantly staring through the door, he saw the body of the little lodger lying prostrate on the floor. Bending over him were *Pity* and *Sympathy*, vainly trying to bring him to consciousness.

Miss *Upas*, the lady who lived in the adjoining chamber, gave this explanation: Her neighbor had come home unusually late that evening. After hearing him close his door, she felt the jar of some one falling. Hurrying to his room, she discovered him lying on the floor, apparently dead,

and, in her terror, she gave the piercing scream which alarmed the house. Mr. *Aid* was the first to appear on the scene, and was doing all he could to revive the sufferer.

When *Up* had sufficiently recovered, he told his story, as follows:

"Mine is simply a case of nervous and bodily exhaustion, caused by constant overwork. There has not been a night for the last two years that I have not come home so utterly fagged out that it seemed as if I never could begin my endless labor again. Ever since the Jones family came to this town, my services have been in constant demand from early dawn till late at night. It appears there is hardly an idea in their heads but they think my presence necessary for its expression. For instance, there is Father Jones. At first cock-crow, he 'wakes up'; then 'gets up' and 'makes up' the fire; 'does up' his chores; 'blacks up' his boots; 'eats up' whatever his wife 'cooks up' for breakfast; 'goes up' to the store; 'figures up' the cash account; 'buys up' more goods; 'marks up' the prices; 'fills up' the orders; 'foots up' the profits; 'shuts up' the store; 'dresses up' for dinner; 'sits up' awhile afterward, calling for my assistance continually, until he 'locks up' the house for the night and 'shuts up' his eyes in slumber.

"At the same time Miss Fanny 'dresses up'; 'does up' her hair; 'takes up' her book; 'gets herself up' in her lesson; 'hunts up' her bonnet; 'hurries up' to school; 'catches up' with a school-mate; 'stands up' to recite; 'passes up' to the head of the class; 'flushes up' at the praise of her teacher; 'divides up' her luncheon at recess; and, as she 'rides up' home in the horse-car, 'makes up' her mind to 'be up' at the head of the school ere the term is 'up.'

"Tommy Jones 'runs up' to the store on an errand; 'trips up' over a stick; cries out that he is all 'bruised up,' until his mother 'bandages up' his knee, and 'hugs him up' a dozen times, and tells him to 'keep up' good courage, and try to 'cheer up.'

"And so it is the long, long, weary day. I go from one to the other until I can scarcely totter. Nor would I complain even now if I thought my help were really needed. But there is the Brown family living next door; they are certainly quite as active as the Joneses, and, as they seldom require my services, I can only think that my presence on

every occasion (for it can not fairly be called assistance) is not indispensable, as the Joneses seem to imagine."

"Shameful, shameful!" was the indignant comment of the group of listeners, as *Up* finished his story.

Said *Incomprehensibility*: "I scarcely can believe the Joneses to be so cruel as to abuse such a little man as *Up* like that. Just think of it—only two letters high! And here am I, a very giant among Words, and yet have only been called out once for a month! Then it was for a spelling at a public school, and I was immediately dismissed. Why could not the work be more evenly distributed among us?"

"You have spoken my sentiments exactly," said *Procrastination*. "We ought to labor according to our size. My only work this week was in serving for an hour as writing-copy for Tommy Jones. I was very glad to be put to use, although the teacher did say I was a 'thief of time.'"

"Let us hold an indignation meeting," suggested another. "We can at least protest against such barbaric cruelty and injustice."

The idea met with favor, and the fast-increasing assemblage adjourned without delay to the main hall of the building, whither all the other inmates were soon summoned. *Arbiter* was chosen moderator, in acknowledgment of his wisdom, and because of his reputation as a settler of disputes. Vice-presidents were selected from Scripture proper names, abbreviations, and noted names of fiction, and *Record* elected secretary. The meeting being duly organized, the chairman announced the business to come before it, giving a brief but spirited account of *Up's* history and sufferings.

He was followed by *Argument*, an old and experienced debater who had spent much time in court, and was noted chiefly for always being on the contrary side. For this once, however, he happily agreed with the prevailing opinion. Said he:

"No doubt the Americans are a well-meaning race. But they are extremely careless and seldom think. And no doubt the Joneses are, at this very

moment, serenely sleeping in utter unconsciousness of the pain and misery which their dullness has inflicted upon poor little *Up*. Of course they mean to do right, and would not knowingly injure any one. But that is a poor excuse. Now these same Americans have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. They seem to be in greater need of a society for the prevention of cruelty to the English language, a society whose rigid laws should be strictly enforced. Perhaps my words seem strong, but, my friends, *Up's* case is not an unusual one. I see before me even now two Words, *You* and *Know*, who have had an equally bitter experience. Whenever some people summon us to the aid of their ideas, *You* and *Know* are hitched in with the other Words. Sometimes they trot before and sometimes behind. In either case, while they do not help the expressions, but are rather a hindrance, they become quite as fatigued as if doing regular and proper work. Now, if Mr. Jones, for instance, should see a pair of horses used in the same way, he would at once set down their driver as an idiot, if not something worse. But the two cases are not unlike, although our unthinking friends seem not to perceive this."

Another speaker thought that, "As the Joneses and others have probably never looked at the subject in that light, it might be that if it were so presented to them they would see the justice of the complaint and offend no more. I should, therefore, move, Mr. Chairman, that our friend *Preface* should be appointed a committee of one to call their attention to the matter, and urge a reform."

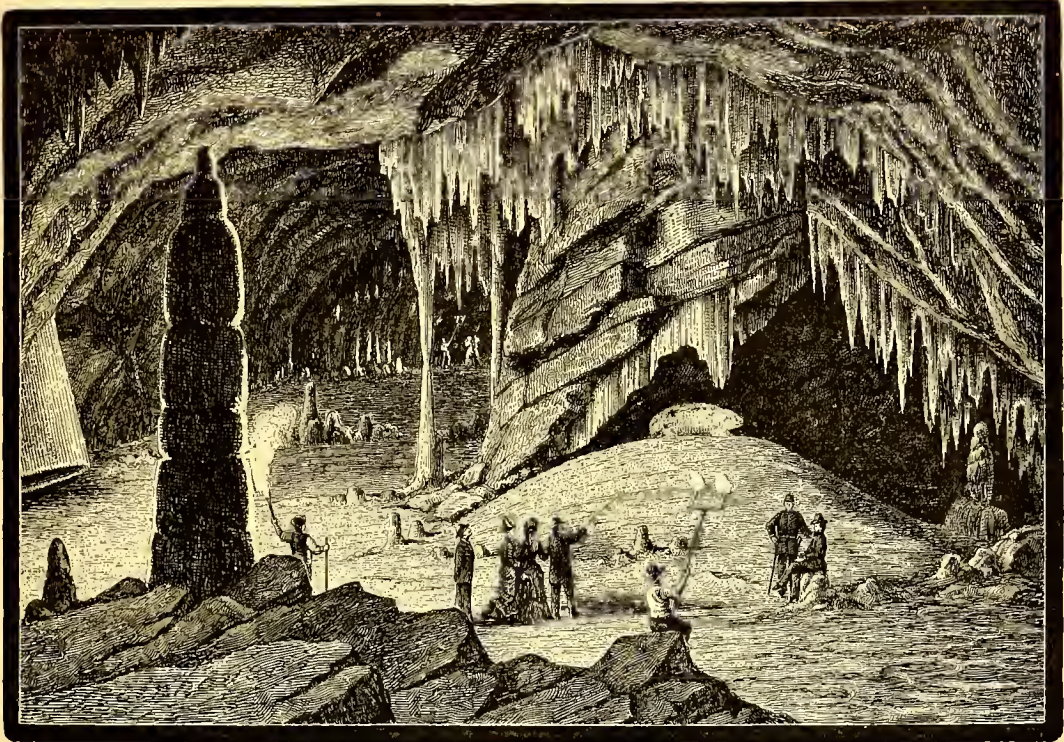
At this point, Mr. *Preface* arose and addressed the meeting in a sorrowful manner. He thought the appeal should be spread far and wide by some able and influential advocate. Reminding his hearers of his own neglected position and waning powers, he moved to amend by having an account of the whole affair sent to the ST. NICHOLAS for publication.

The amendment being accepted, the resolution as amended was passed by a unanimous vote, after which the meeting adjourned.



A DAY UNDER-GROUND.

BY DAVID KER.



IN THE "POLAR GROTTTO" OF ADELSBERG, SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.—THE "WHITE BEAR."

A QUIET little village is Adclsberg, so hidden away among the mountains of Southern Austria that it might never have been heard of but for its famous "Grotto," which is what every one comes to visit. Just beyond the village, you see a great black tunnel in the hill-side, from which rushes a foaming river; and into this tunnel you go.

At first you seem to be entering some great cathedral, with a vast black dome overhead, and high, wide arches all around; and the lights that mark the way seem to be mere sparks. But the path turns suddenly upward, through a dark rock-gallery, the roar of an unseen river below growing fainter as you ascend. The guides light their torches, and the glare shows you many strange things in passing—palms, cypresses, willows, outstretched hands and turbaned heads, dogs, parrots, monkeys—all so life-like in the flickering light that, you think, the best sculptor might be proud of them. But no sculptor has ever chiseled these; they are formed by the solid parti-

cles in the water that drops from the roof, and keeps up a constant "tick-tick" all around.

Here extends a crimson-edged curtain, forty feet long, every fold distinct, but all stone. We come upon a crowd of strange-looking people, seemingly waiting for some one; but they have been waiting there for ages—they, too, are of stone. One guide taps a stalactite with his stick, and it chimes like a bell; another shouts, and his shout echoes like organ music far away.

Suddenly, we come out upon a level floor, set with tables and benches; and the guides tell us that every year the village-folk have a dance and supper down here, and that the Emperor himself attended one of these under-ground balls not long ago! From this point, rails have been laid for a mile and a half, and passengers may be pushed along them in trucks—a sort of street-car line under-ground!

But the side-gallery for foot-passengers is a startling place for a walk. It runs along the very

brink of a precipice, with no protection but a low hand-rail, from the black depths below. Far, far down, the river can be heard growling and muttering among its broken rocks. Half-way along this ledge, a sudden glitter breaks through the darkness, and, hanging right over the precipice, appears a monster stalactite, more than fifty feet long by twelve thick. It has been forming for centuries.

A little beyond the "Diamond Grotto" (as this passage is called) the cave formerly ended; but the guides having noticed that the rock sounded hollow in one place, a boring was made, and a second cave was discovered, almost as large as the first. The whole mountain is honey-combed with these under-ground streets, which may be seen winding away on every side; there are several of them into which no one has dared to venture, but many marvels are seen in others. There are the "Leaning Tower"; the "Gallery of Statues," along which you see a row of veiled figures standing on the very edge of a deep black pit, and bending forward as if just about to fling themselves in, head-foremost; and the "Dropping Fountain," beneath which has been formed in the course of ages the

exact likeness of an enormous sea-shell, with all its ribs and hollows perfectly marked.

A little farther on, you come to the "Frozen Water-fall"—a strange sight indeed. At the first glance, the whole side of the grotto seems to be one great sheet of dashing water and boiling foam, but without the slightest sound. You look again, and you see that it is half stone and half ice, glittering like silver in the blaze of the torches, but noiseless and motionless as moonlight. And now, at the very end of the cave, you come upon the last and most curious sight of all.

This farthest recess is called the "Polar Grotto," and very polar it looks. Winter everywhere: in the bare white floor, which might well pass for a waste of eternal snow; in the monster "iceles" that hang overhead; in the pillars of ribbed "ice" that stand all around, with gloomy hollows between; in the aching chill that strikes to one's very bones before one has stood there half a minute. And here, as if to complete the picture, rises a huge snow-drift, upon which stands an enormous white bear, turning his back upon everybody in a very unsocial way, as if he did not approve of being disturbed in his den by a parcel of sight-seers.



BOB: "HALLO! WHAT 'S UP NOW? ARE YOUR BABIES IN HERE?"

THE STORY OF A BAD BIRD.

BY DAVID D. LLOYD.

It is painful to think that any bird could be really wicked; for birds—especially chubby birds—almost always seem good and innocent, and look as if their fat little breasts grew so because there were warm little hearts inside. And a bird has a way of looking you straight in the face with his bright little eye, that makes you believe he is honest and is not ashamed of it. Birds have made a splendid record in the world. I never knew a bird to tell a lie, excepting this bad bird, and certainly no bird was ever known to rob a bank, or forge a check.

But, sad as it is to think so, there have been bad birds, and this one, whose story I am about to tell, was so very bad that, in fairness toward the rest of the birds, it should be understood that he was very unlike them. The fact is, he was a downright cheat. He was nothing but a common blackbird, who had never been to school a day in his life, and yet he set himself up for a bird-doctor, called himself Dr. Black, and put on all sorts of medical airs. He even went so far as to pretend that he was a crow, and had studied medicine, and been made a doctor at the famous Crow College out West, although he had never so much as seen it.

Perhaps you have never heard of Crow College before? Well, that is not strange, for if I had not had some very highly educated birds among my friends, I believe I should never have heard of it myself. A great deal depends upon the kind of birds you associate with. It is a college where crows study to be doctors. (The bird-doctors are always crows—did you know that?) There are forty teachers in the college, all of them crows, very learned and very black, and the head of the faculty is a solemn old raven, who came over from the Raven University in Arabia just to be the head of this college. He is so old that he can't remember how many hundred years it is since he was born, and, as he has never been known to open his mouth, excepting to eat, he is believed by everybody to be wonderfully wise.

The college classes meet in the upper branches of the trees in a great Western forest. If you passed by there, you would think, of course, that it was merely a flock of noisy crows chattering together. But if you could see up to the tops of the trees, you would see the old raven dozing, with his spectacles on his nose, and the teachers explaining, all at once, about the bones and veins of birds and their tiny diseases, and all the classes

studying hard, like good little crows. But there is one sad thing about the Crow College. Crow-doctors have trouble sometimes in getting paid, and, as crows must live, there is one crow-professor who gives his whole time to teaching the best way to steal corn. And I am sorry to add that the corn-class is always the largest class of all.

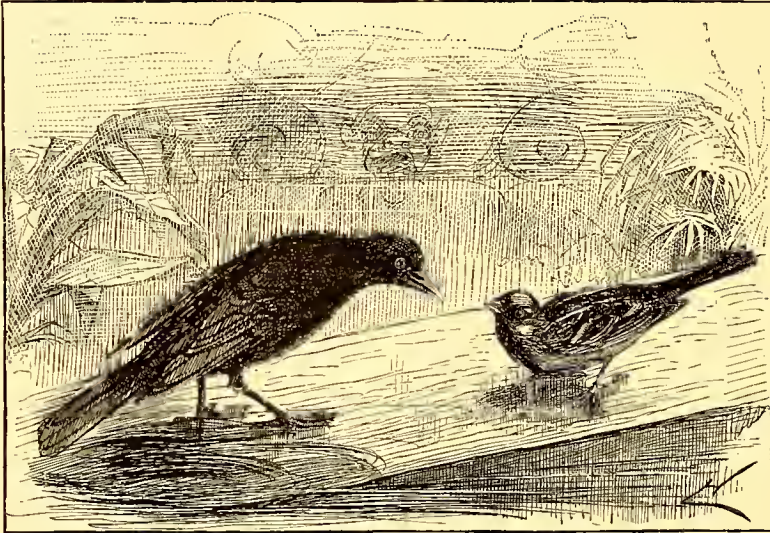
The way Dr. Black set himself up in practice will show you what a clever little rogue he was. Have you ever seen Stuyvesant Square, in New York? A good many of you must have seen it. It is one of the oldest parks in the city; St. George's Church stands beside it, and away up in the great towers of the church, the clock strikes every few minutes with a gentle, friendly sound, as if it were telling the children playing below that another quarter of an hour has gone, and they must enjoy all the hours and minutes that are left.

In this pleasant old park, there is a fountain, and in the fountain there is a little raft of wood about a foot square. This raft is anchored with a stone, and one end runs under the water just enough to let the birds skip down upon it into the water and have a splendid bath, and skip back upon the dry part of the board. Now it so happened that the park policeman was putting a new raft in its place when Dr. Black came flying over the park. That caught his wicked little eye, and he stopped; he alighted on a tree right at the edge of the fountain and seemed to be thinking very hard. It was a sign that he was doing this when he scratched himself as near to his head as he could get with his foot, and he scratched himself several times.

Finally, when his mind seemed to be made up, and the policeman had gone away, Dr. Black flew down to the board and stood on it. Meanwhile, he carefully stroked his feathers until he looked so smooth, so black, and so respectable that you would have said he was a bird-doctor, the minute you looked at him, and you would have thought him one of the most respectable birds alive. Now, down came the sparrows for their bath; they had been waiting, and they were impatient. Who was this dark stranger standing in their way? They flew around and around him, chirping to one another, and wondering, in their little brains, what it could all mean; and all the while, Dr. Black stood on the board, silent and black, and pretending to take no notice of them whatever; but he was watching them all the time, you may be sure.

Finally, the bravest of the sparrows—it was a little lady-sparrow—alighted on the board. She was so anxious to know who this strange-looking bird was, that she could n't stand it any longer. Dr. Black bowed to her very politely, and, putting his best and blackest claw foremost, he said he was very glad to see her; that he had built this bath at great expense, and hoped that the birds of the neighborhood would patronize him liberally. He was a doctor, he said, and had studied at Crow College—the little scamp!

together, the Mayor and the other city officers meet and make up their minds how it must be spent. Some of it goes to pay the firemen,—the brave men who put out fires and save people's lives; some of it to pay the policemen; some of it to pay men for keeping the streets clean; some of it for the meat the lions and tigers eat in Central Park, and some of it for the little baths for the sparrows. So, you see that when Dr. Black said he had paid for that bath, he had told what the boys call a "whopper."



DR. BLACK WELCOMES THE SPARROW TO HIS NEW BATH-FLOAT.

Little Mrs. Sparrow was greatly amazed. The bath had always been free before; why was n't it free now? But Dr. Black soon made her believe that the bath had always belonged to him, though he had never charged anything for the use of it, because he loved to do good to his fellow-birds. But now—and here he gave his breast a little heave and pretended to wipe a tear from his eye—he had been unlucky; he had lost his money, and he was forced, in his old age, to work to get enough to eat. Here the little humbug turned away from Mrs. Sparrow, and worked his shoulders up and down in such a way that she, kind-hearted little thing, thought he was sobbing hard. The truth was he was winking to himself at the thought of his own smartness, and thinking what a soft-hearted little lady-bird she was.

Perhaps you don't know where these little baths for the sparrows come from. Well, every year every man in New York who owns a house pays some money to the city. This is what is called paying taxes. When all the money has been put

But little Mrs. Sparrow believed it all. Dear me! Sparrows never will be able to understand politics. She flew to her friends and told them all about Dr. Black. She said that he charged very little for the use of the bath. He would take worms, or pieces of cake or bread, or almost anything good to eat. You see, the Doctor was hungry, although he did n't tell Mrs. Sparrow so. She said, too, that he was a *splendid* doctor, and when her husband, Mr. D. Thomas Sparrow, asked her how she knew, she said that she was n't going to be talked to as if she were a mere child and did n't know anything. She *knew* he was a splendid doctor. Anyhow, he had *beautiful* black eyes!

What do you suppose happened? There was a most alarming outbreak of sickness among the birds. They had been the healthiest, sturdiest sparrows in the world before—fat and chubby, and with tremendous appetites. But now there were invalids on all sides, among the lady-sparrows. And so, sly Dr. Black soon had all the patients he wanted, and all the fees he could eat. He became

the fashion, and no lady-sparrow felt that she was doing her duty to society unless it was known that he was her physician.

The gentleman-sparrows of the Square made a great deal of fun about all this. They did n't believe in Dr. Black, and said so, and very few of them went to his bath. It was a strange scene in the mornings when Dr. Black received his patients. He looked so wise and grave, and pushed the little birds into the water with such a polite way, and made such handsome bows when they paid him his crumbs. Meanwhile, the nurses and children who were in the park would be very much astonished to see fifteen or twenty little gentleman-sparrows sitting around the edge of the fountain and trying to sneer. Yes, to sneer. It is not an easy thing to do, for the gentleman-sparrow is usually a good-natured, nice little fellow. When he does try to sneer, the effect is very dreadful, and if you had been there, you also might have been astonished.

But one morning there was a new sensation among the sparrow colony in Stuyvesant Square. A young gentleman-sparrow, who had been a great traveler, had arrived, and there was as much of a stir in the best sparrow circles as an English duke or a French nobleman could make in higher society. You see, these city sparrows usually stay in the park where they are born. Very few of the birds in Stuyvesant Square knew that there was any world beyond Third Avenue, and so when this young gentleman came who had crossed the city five times to the Battery, and had once actually spent a whole summer in New Jersey, he was looked upon as a sort of explorer, and treated with great respect. They called him Mr. Jersey Sparrow, as a nice way of reminding people how far he had traveled. But he took care that nobody should ever forget it. He was always talking of the strange places he had seen, and spoke Sparrow language with a foreign accent; and the way he turned out his toes was almost French. He was a very vain little bird, and it vexed him to hear all the lady-sparrows, who seemed to admire him, talking so much about this Dr. Black. Secretly, his little breast filled with envy of Dr. Black, who was said to be such a handsome crow and such a wise doctor.

So, one morning, Mr. Jersey Sparrow appeared at the fountain.

"Why," said he, "he's not a crow! A crow is three times as big as that!"

Dr. Black was a little frightened, for he knew this was not a stay-at-home sparrow that he must deal with now. But, like a wise bird, he said nothing, and tried to look as if he thought it was not worth while to notice this loud young person.

"Why," said Mr. Jersey Sparrow, scanning him closely, "he's nothing but a blackbird!"

What a buzz and chatter went up from the sparrow colony! The little gentleman-sparrows all began to shake their heads and say they had always declared there was something wrong about this Dr. Black, while the little lady-sparrows divided into two parties. The lady-sparrows who had admired Mr. Jersey Sparrow most agreed that it was a shame a mere blackbird should have made them all believe he was a crow. But other lady-sparrows, headed by the little Mrs. Sparrow whom the Doctor had first welcomed to his bath-float, and who had ever since been his special friend, stood by him and declared that they knew he was a crow, though not one of the kind-hearted little things had ever seen a crow in her life!

By this time, Mr. Jersey Sparrow was very much worked up. He strutted up and down the edge of the fountain, and his little body shook with excitement. Finally, he screamed out: "If he is a crow, let him say, 'Caw!' Let him say 'Caw!'"

"Can he say 'Caw'?" the Doctor's party murmured among themselves anxiously, and little Mrs. Sparrow said softly in the Doctor's ear, "Do say 'Caw!' I'm sure you can!" But Mr. Jersey Sparrow and his friends chattered in a mocking way, "Yes, let him say 'Caw!' We should like to hear him say 'Caw!'"

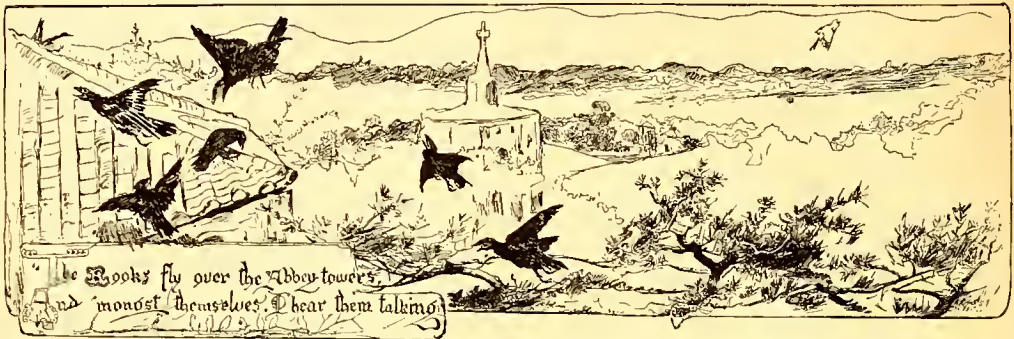
If Dr. Black had been very wise indeed, he would still have kept silence, and scorned the charge that he was not a crow. A good many of the birds would have believed him, in spite of everything and everybody. That has often been the way, with birds as well as men. But a wild idea seized him. Perhaps he could say "Caw," if he tried hard! He swelled up his little lungs till his eyes stood out, and—tried.

How some of the sparrows laughed, and others' faces fell, and Mr. Jersey Sparrow strutted around! The "Caw" was something between a squeal and a squawk, a harsh cry unlike any crow's caw that was ever heard. Dr. Black saw that the game was lost. He stretched his wings, gave his raft a spiteful little push with his foot, and sailed up into the air, up, up—even over the great church towers and out of sight, leaving the astonished birds looking up into the sky, and wondering whether he had flown quite away from the world.

It is a curious fact in bird-nature that a great many of those innocent sparrows believed to the day of their deaths that Dr. Black was a great scientist and a most learned crow, and always declared that he had been driven away from them by ingratitude and persecution.

"ROCK-A-BYE, BABY!"

BY M. E. WILKINS.



*"Rock-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree-top ;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come Baby, cradle, and all."*

Sing a song to the baby, Lark ;
Sing a song to the baby, Sparrow ;
Merrily, oh, on the green hill-side,
The buttercups dance with the branching
yarrow.

The red cows stand by the glassy pool ;
The little white lambs round their dams
are skipping ;
And daintily over the grassy knolls,
I see the fair little shepherdess tripping.

Rock-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree-top ;
And sing a song to the
darling, Swallow ;

The rooks fly over the abbey-towers,
And, 'mong themselves, I hear them talking.

The monks are tinkling their silver bells ;
And what do you think the rooks are say-
ing ?

"There 's a baby, up in a tree, like a bird,
His silken nest on a green bough swaying."

The green leaves whisper unto thee, Sweet ;
Beautiful secrets over and over ;
I am so happy—and yonder field
Is humming with bees, and sweet with
clover.

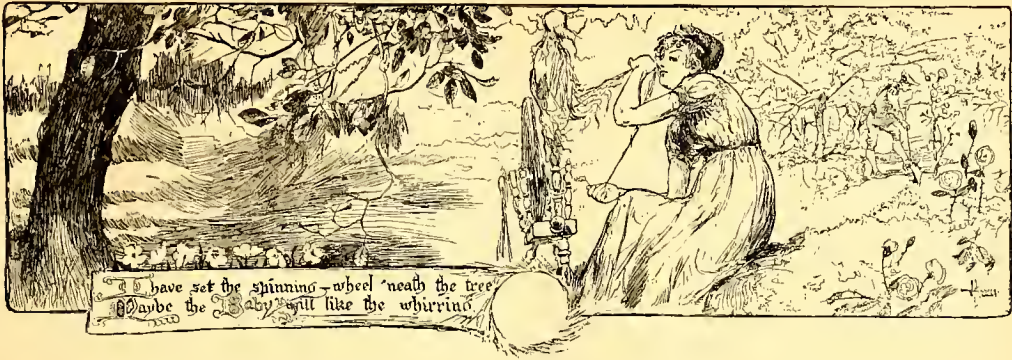
The monks are tinkling their silver bells ;
Their strong young gardener trundles the bar-
row—
Sing to the baby, Swallow, sing ;
Sing to the baby, Lark and Sparrow.



A bee was trapped when the sun went down,
For he staid too long in the lily-hollow.

I have slung thee, Love, in a silken scarf,
The west wind blows, to set thee rocking ;

In the abbey-garden, the gardener spades
Around the roses, and helps their growing ;
He is thinking of thee, and he 's thinking of
me,
And the sweet rose-leaves in his face are blowing.



I have set the spinning-wheel 'neath the tree
 Maybe the Baby will like the whirring

Rock-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree-top,
 Thou and the leaflets are just beginning;
 Spring lingereth yet with her dear rose-buds,
 And I will sing to thee over my spinning.

I have set the spinning-wheel 'neath the tree,
 May be the baby will like the whirring;
 Merrily, oh, in thy cradle, swing,
 The young green leaves at thy side are
 stirring.

I shall spin a frock for thee, Baby dear;
 The buttercups, oh, they are growing longer,
 The baby shall run o'er the grassy fields,
 One day, when his plump little legs are
 stronger

We will strew the rough roads with violets
 soft,
 With rags of roses and shreds of clover;
 All for the sake of the soft little feet,
 The cruel stones shall be covered over.

Sway softly, Love, in thy silken nest;
 Tenderly life around thee closes,
 And never a sting shall it bring to thee,
 For thy mother will always thorn thy roses.

Rock-a-bye in thy cradle, Sweet,
 The mother-bird from her nest is calling—
 What 's this?—ah me! the green bough
 breaks,
 And my darling baby, alas! is falling—

A cowed monk peered from the abbey-wall;
 The startled birds, overhead, were flying,
 And the gardener trampled a rose-bush down,
 In his haste to get to his baby crying.

The cowed monk turned to his glowing page,
 And painted a cherub with rays of glory;
 The wife and the gardener fondled and
 coaxed,
 And a smile from the baby endeth the
 story.



The cowed monk turned to his glowing page
 And painted a cherub with rays of glory

CAPTAIN SARAH BATES.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

SARAH BATES lived in New York Harbor. She slept in Oldport, New Jersey, went to school in New York City, and studied her lessons or helped her mother at housekeeping in the great bay behind Sandy Hook. Altogether, she lived over a great deal of space for one so young; more singular still, her father's house traveled more than fifty miles every day, stopping at night in Oldport, New Jersey, and spending the day at New York, or somewhere between these places. Sarah's chamber window sometimes looked out on the sea, and sometimes the trees cast pretty shadows on the carpet in the moonlight. At other times she had to keep the blinds closed, for there was a wide and noisy city street directly in front of the house. Her mother's kitchen and dining-room, her father's office, and all the other rooms, traveled, also, and it did seem as if the entire household establishment was always moving. For all that, it was a quiet and orderly household. Everything went on precisely as in any ordinary house, but the house itself and all the people in it had this singular habit of traveling from place to place every day in the week, excepting Sunday. On Sundays, the house stood still at Oldport, New Jersey, and Sarah went to the village church and sang in the choir, very much as any good country girl might do.

Sarah had been born on the move, and had been brought up on the go. For all that, she was a very steady girl. Her father's house might travel about, as much as it pleased, but you always knew just where to find Sarah. She was a quiet girl,—not talkative,—and trustworthy. Being the only child, and living nearly all the time in a moving house, and away from other children, she had grown up in the society of people much older than herself. She was her father's own girl, and, from the time she had been able to talk and walk, had been with him about his business. The family consisted of her father and mother and Sarah. There were also four men, who were in her father's employ, and they all lived together in the same house. Her father and mother had the best room upstairs; Sarah's room was next to theirs; the kitchen and dining-room were down-stairs, near her father's office; two of the men who lived with them had a room apiece, and the other two had a room between them. To get from Sarah's room to the kitchen, or dining-room and office, you had to go out-of-doors on a narrow piazza that extended all round the house; but none of the family seemed

to mind this, as it was very airy and healthful. There were several other rooms in the house, together with a small cellar, and a cupola on top of the house. This was a square room, with windows on every side, and comfortably carpeted, and provided with a large sofa. All parts of the house were warmed by steam in winter, and in summer the piazzas were shaded by canvas awnings.

To understand this rather queer household, you must know that Sarah's father was called the captain; one of the men—Mr. Cramp—was called the mate; one of the other men was known as the engineer; the other was called the fireman, and the last man—Jake Flanders by name—was known as the deck-hand. The house itself was named the "Mary and Sarah," and the name was painted in big white letters on the side of the house.

It was almost five when Sarah awoke that morning, and the sun was already up. She had been awakened by the noise the fireman made in stirring up his fire below, in the boiler-room, and she sat up and looked through the window. Just in front of the house was the river, and beyond it the grassy banks, with some cattle grazing in the fields, while the sun shone like a ball of silver through the rising mists. She heard teams driving down on the little pier, and knew that the cargo was arriving. She rose and dressed, and put her room in order; opened the door and stepped on the upper deck. Her home was a steam-boat, you see. She went aft a little way, and then down-stairs to the main deck. Here she met crowds of men unloading crates of strawberries from the teams on the pier, for the "Mary and Sarah" was to take a cargo of strawberries to New York. She would start in less than an hour, and already the decks were piled high with crates, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of ten thousand quarts of berries.

Sarah went forward, and, finding the door of the engine-room open, she stepped in and sat down on the sofa before the bright and glistening engine. The engineer was polishing up the brass-work, and she spoke to him pleasantly, and said she thought they must have the largest cargo of the season. After talking for a few moments with the engineer, she went on deck, and passed along till she came to another door. She opened this and entered her mother's kitchen, or the "galley," as it was called on the boat. She found her mother busy over the queer little stove, and getting breakfast; but she

seemed pale and weary. Sarah asked if she could help get the breakfast.

"Yes, Sally, I wish you would finish it for me. Father is in a great hurry to get off this morning to get the fruit into market early, and I do not feel very well. I think I'll go to my room and lie down for a while."

Without a word, Sarah took the breakfast in hand, and finished it, while her mother went upstairs to her state-room. In half an hour it was smoking hot on the breakfast table, and her father and all the men came in for it. From this we see that Sarah, while she did not say much, was a competent housekeeper, though hardly thirteen years of age. She cleared away the table, and put the room in order, went upstairs to see if her mother wanted anything, then went to her own state-room and made up the bed, and then took out her books to look over her lessons before going to school, twenty miles away.

The day seemed to begin badly. Her mother was ill in bed, and, just as they were taking the last crates on board, a box fell on Jake Flanders's foot and hurt him so much that he had to go ashore and see the doctor. So it was that the ship's company was partly disabled—the captain's wife sick, and the deck-hand gone ashore. The time came to start, and the lines were cast off, and the "Mary and Sarah" steamed away for New York short-handed.

Sarah gathered up her books, closed the blinds at her window, and went out on deck, and forward to the pilot-house. Her father was at the wheel, and Sarah slipped behind him to the sofa and curled herself upon it, and prepared to study her lessons. The boat steamed steadily on and on, and soon entered the great bay that opens in from the sea between Sandy Hook and the Narrows. It was a glorious day, and the cool sea-breeze, so salt and fresh, came in at the open windows of the pilot-house. To the right were the wooded hills of the Jersey shore, scored here and there with red streaks where the land-slides had uncovered the ruddy soil. Beyond, to the south-east, lay the low white beaches of Sandy Hook, with its light-houses and fringe of black cedars. To the east was the open sea, sparkling in the early sun. Directly ahead were the summer hotels on Coney Island, and to the left the wooded slopes and white villas of Staten Island, and the Narrows with the grass-clad forts. Here and there were ships moving about and giving life to the scene! What a glorious place to study vulgar fractions and the declensions of the verb *to be*!

The "Mary and Sarah" plowed ahead directly for the Narrows, and leaving a wake of fragrance from a million strawberries to mingle with the

sweet breath of the sea. They would reach the Narrows in about an hour, and enter the upper harbor, and in another hour would be at the dock, in good time for Sarah to go ashore to school. Just ahead of the boat was a long line of ships coming and going in the main channel that extends across the mouth of the bay from the Narrows to Sandy Hook. The wind was south-east, and quite a number of vessels were running in before it, while others were beating out against the wind, or were being towed down to the Hook, with their sails loose in the wind, ready to be spread as soon as they should clear the land.

The sun shone directly upon the girl's shapely head, and the cool salt air lifted her brown hair playfully. She was not exactly pretty, but pleasing—one of those sober girls who grow to be splendid women, strong, quick, and capable. Perhaps she was almost a woman now. She could cook, and sew, and make up a state-room, as well as any girl ashore. If need be, she could stand up and take that great wheel and steer the steamer from Oldport to New York and back again, and ask no favors of ship or ferry-boat. She knew all the bells for the engine, and the rules of the road, and had handled the boat many a time in the crowded Hudson, and twice she had put the boat in dock, without even scratching the paint on her sides.

"There 's bound to be a collision!"

Her father's voice startled her, and she laid down her book and looked through the window. They had crossed the bay and had joined the procession of vessels in the main channel. Directly ahead was a large bark bound in, under full sail, and in front of her was a three-masted schooner, beating out. They were dangerously near each other, and the schooner seemed to be badly handled. She changed her direction, and the bark shifted her course to avoid her, and then the schooner came up in the wind on the other tack.

"What a dreadful pity! They are going to strike."

Almost before she could say this, the two vessels came together with a loud crash, and the bark's bowsprit broke off and fell into the water, and the schooner's foretop-mast snapped, and the foretop-sail came fluttering down to the deck. At the same instant, the engine-bell rang, and the engine stopped, but the boat had sufficient headway to bring her up alongside the bark.

Captain Bates leaned from his window and cried out to the men on the bark:

"Want any help?"

A man looked over the ship's side and said:

"Tow us to the city."

"Take the wheel, Sally, while I go on board the

bark. This is too good a job to lose. Keep her steady until I send Mr. Cramp up to you."

Sarah stood up and took the wheel as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and her father went out on deck and down to the deck below. The schooner had by this time drifted away from the bark, and falling off before the wind, bore away on her course without waiting to see what damage she had done. The tide was running in strong, and the bark, being much larger than the steamer and having her sails set, began to move away from the boat.

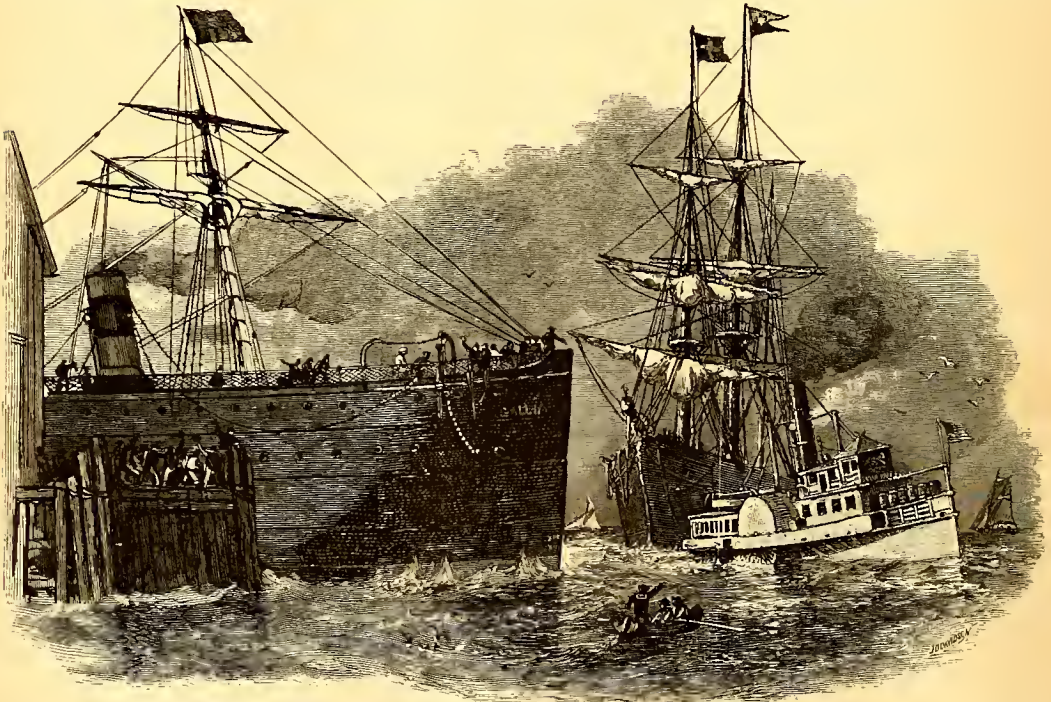
"Bring her 'longside, Sally," cried her father, from below. She pulled the bell and leaned forward and put her mouth to the speaking-tube to the engine-room. "Give her three strokes and stop." At once came back the engineer's voice from below, through the tube, "All right, Captain Sarah."

They all called her that, so Captain Sarah turned the wheel over and in a moment laid the boat alongside the bark, just as the engine finished its three

"And the berries will be a little late to market, but we shall get a good price for the job. 'T is n't every day freight-boats get a good paying tow like this."

Captain Bates climbed on board the bark, and the bargain was made. A long, heavy line was let down from the bark's bows, the broken spar was cut away, and the steamer was made fast, and then they set out, the steamer some distance ahead, and the disabled bark towing behind. Captain Bates meanwhile had remained on the bark, which left the "Mary and Sarah" still more short-handed. Sarah took up her books again and was presently lost in the contemplation of the beautiful rule that the nominative case governs the gender of the verb. At least, that is the way she read it, but what can you expect in the pilot-house of a steamer towing a wreck into New York Harbor?

The accident had taken place just outside the Narrows, and they now passed between Staten Island and Long Island, and entered the upper bay. As the people on the bark had said they



"THE GREAT OCEAN STEAM-SHIP CAME DIRECTLY TOWARD HER." [SEE PAGE 674.]

strokes. Sarah has a keen eye, you observe. Just then, Mr. Cramp, the mate, entered the pilot-house, and she gave up the wheel to him and sat down on the sofa.

"I am afraid I shall be late to school if we take the bark in tow."

wished to go to Pier No. 42, North River, they at once steered for the city. This pier was only twelve docks from the "Mary and Sarah's" landing-place, so that, after all, the berries would not be very late to market, and Sarah would reach school in time for the first lessons. She must study as

fast as possible to make up for lost time. For a little while nothing in particular happened, and then Mr. Cramp said to Sarah, in a stifled voice:

"Take the wheel, Miss, for a bit. I feel rather queerish, and perhaps I'd better sit down awhile."

Sarah stood up behind the wheel to steer the boat while the mate sat down on the sofa.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Cramp?"

"Something's come over me. I shall feel better in a moment. I'll rest, and take the wheel again before we come to the Battery."

They had now made the turn in the channel off the Kill Von Kull, and Sarah drew the wheel over and steered directly for the city. There were a big steam-ship coming out and several schooners going up before the wind. She knew the channel and the rules for passing steamers and sailing-craft, and went confidently on. It was so far plain sailing and she let the mate rest. Now she was drawing nearer to the city and the navigation was becoming difficult. Already she could see the trees in Battery Park. She looked behind her and found that the mate had lain down on the sofa and had fallen asleep, seeming pale and tired. He was an old man with iron-gray hair, and he seemed to be sleeping soundly.

"You had better take the wheel, Mr. Cramp; we are almost up to the fort," said Sarah.

He did not stir, and in a moment or two she spoke again; but he made no reply. The North River was crowded with vessels,—a great number being at anchor in the river off Governor's Island,—and she kept inshore to give them a wide berth.

"Oh, Mr. Cramp! take the wheel! Do wake up, sir; we are almost there!"

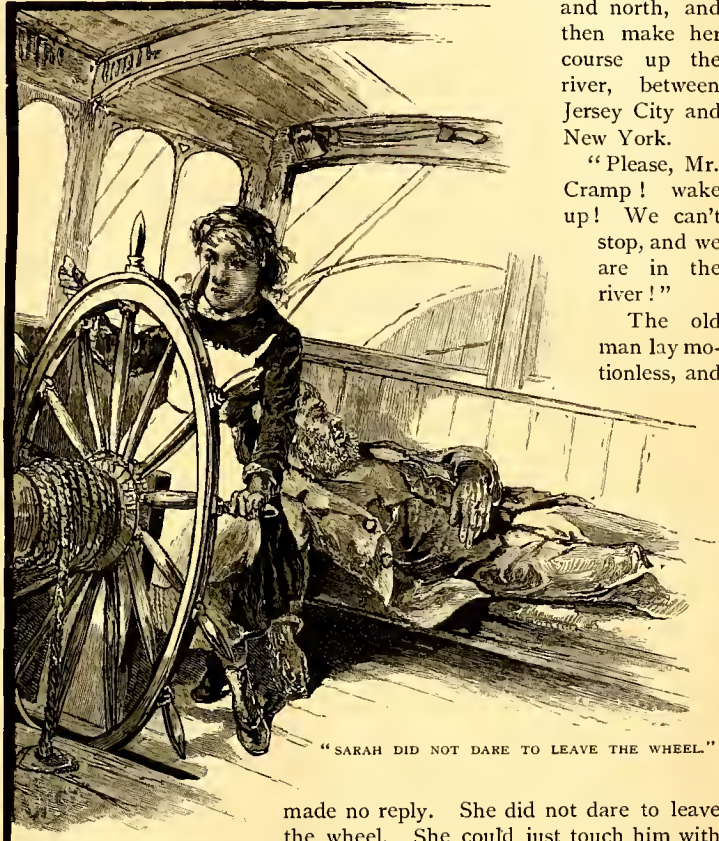
Just then a Staten Island ferry-boat came in sight, rounding the island and close inshore. It at once blew one whistle, as a signal that it wished to pass to the right. Sarah reached up overhead and pulled the cord for her whistle, and replied with one blast to signify that she understood, and

then she steered her boat to the right and entered open water off the Battery, where the East and North rivers unite. She must now turn in a great

circle to the west and north, and then make her course up the river, between Jersey City and New York.

"Please, Mr. Cramp! wake up! We can't stop, and we are in the river!"

The old man lay motionless, and



"SARAH DID NOT DARE TO LEAVE THE WHEEL."

made no reply. She did not dare to leave the wheel. She could just touch him with her foot, and that was all, and in spite of every appeal, he slept on, and paid no attention whatever. She looked all around to see if the way was clear into the Hudson. Oh, there 's the "Bristol" heading down the East River, and just beginning to turn to pass the Battery, and behind the "Bristol" are the double smoke-stacks of the "Massachusetts"! Two of the largest boats plying in New York waters, and both heading for the same point! She would meet them both, unless her course was changed. No time to call Mr. Cramp now. She must take the boat on, at any hazard, as best she could. She blew her whistle once, as a signal to the "Bristol," and instantly there came two deep roaring blasts from her whistle. Sarah looked all around to see what this meant. They had refused her signal! There was danger somewhere! Oh, the bark towing behind! She had forgotten it. There was no room for the "Bristol" to pass! Sarah pulled the cord twice for the

whistle, and rang the engine-bell, and the engine stopped. Then she looked out behind to watch the bark. It would move on by its own momentum and overtake her, and she must keep out of the way. The enormous bulk of the "Bristol" came onward, like a great white mountain, to crush her, and Sarah rang to go astern. The steamer swept directly past her bows, and hundreds of people looked down from the lofty decks and admired the skill with which the pilot of the "Mary and Sarah" had managed her. Perhaps some of them saw a young girl leaning from the window, and watching the "Massachusetts" plowing through the water just behind the other huge vessel.

Before the "Bristol" had fairly passed, Sarah rang for full speed ahead, and plunged, rocking and swaying, into the foaming wake of the great boat. She pulled the wheel sharp over, to bring her boat around to the west and drag the bark away from the track of the "Massachusetts." The tow-line had fallen in the water, and the bark was quite near. She must work fast. There was a South Brooklyn ferry-boat just behind, waiting for her to move on. She saw the great wheels of the "Massachusetts" stop, and knew she would try to clear the bark. The tow-rope stretched and shook out a cloud of spray, and the "Mary and Sarah" churned up the water furiously. All right! The bark moved, and the "Massachusetts" swept on, clear of her stern, at full speed again.

"Oh, Mr. Cramp! wake up! Wake up! There's no one to help me," cried Sarah.

There was a rush of tears to her eyes, but he paid no heed, and slept peacefully through it all. No time for tears. There were two tow-boats, each with a canal-boat, coming down from the North River. They whistled for the "Mary and Sarah" to pass between them. She replied to each, and looked back at the bark. It was towing straight behind, and she went on and passed the tows in safety. Now, she must enter the river by keeping close to Pier No. 1, as the great white boats were on her left just ahead. Oh! worse than anything yet! The "Plymouth Roek," one of the largest excursion boats, was backing out from the pier into the stream. Sarah stood on tiptoe to look if there were masts or smoke-stacks to be seen beyond the "Plymouth Roek." There was nothing to be done but to squeeze in between the pier and the steamer's bows as she cleared the dock. She pulled the wheel over, and made directly for the third arch of the stone pier. If she had her boat alone she could stop and wait till the way was clear; but with a heavy ship towing behind, the ease was very different. The bark could not stop, and would crowd down upon the steamer if that stopped. On came Sarah, and, at the right moment, she

whirled the wheel over, and blew her whistle furiously so as to urge the "Plymouth Roek" to move on. Ah! she could see clear water between the boat and pier. She swept on close by the pier—so near, in fact, that the people on the dock stared in at her window and wondered to see a young girl at the wheel, and with an old man asleep on the sofa behind her.

It would n't do to keep near the docks, and she struck out into the center of the river, when a warning whistle on the left startled her. It was a big ferry-boat coming up from behind the "Plymouth Roek" from Communipaw, and making for her slip. She rang to reverse the engine, and looked through the back window at the bark. She must keep clear of it. The ferry-boat swept across her bows just as the bark came up with her, and she called for full speed and went ahead again. With sharp eyes on the river, she watched every moving vessel to be seen, every ferry-boat crossing the river, lazy barges drifting on the tide, and swift excursion steamers loaded with passengers. She crossed the Jersey City and Erie ferry tracks, and began to feel safer. The worst of it was over. A little higher up, she would turn in toward the city, and creep slowly up to Pier No. 42, where the bark was to be left. A deep roaring whistle startled her, and she looked along the docks to see where it came from. Ah! The crowd of people on the next pier but one explained it. It was a steam-ship coming out of her dock. Sarah blew her whistle as a warning, but it was to no purpose. The huge black bows of an ocean steamer moved out directly in front of her. Either they had not seen her, or her signal had not been heard. It was too late for them to stop. She leaned forward and spoke down the tube: "Go astern, quick—quick!"

She felt the engine stop and reverse, and still the boat moved forward toward the vast black bulk before her. She saw an officer wave his hand on the bridge, and heard the boatswain's whistle. They were going to put out fenders to break the force of the collision. Sarah watched them calmly till she felt the boat stop, then she threw over the wheel and rang the bell for full speed ahead. The danger came from the bark towing behind. She looked behind and saw that it was coming up with her. In a moment she began to get speed again, and struck out into the stream at a right angle with the bark, and parallel with the steam-ship. If the tow-line held she would save the bark. If it broke—Well! it was all she could do.

A shadow fell on the pilot-house floor. She had come directly alongside the Cunarder, and had run into it sidewise, with a gentle jar. A rope fell down from the ship, and soon a young man in uniform stood on the deck in front of Sarah's pilot-house.

"What 's this, Miss? What 's your tipsy pilot doing there asleep on the sofa?"

Sarah did not turn, but looked steadily through the window behind. The "Mary and Sarah" fairly reeled under the sudden strain,—the tow-line held,—the bark was safe. She had stopped its headway, and it swung around under the Cunarder's stern, and all three vessels drifted out into the stream together. A hand was laid on hers, and Sarah found the young officer by her side.

"Oh, sir! the mate was sick, and I had to take the wheel."

"Yes, Miss, and it was a skillful turn, too. As clever a bit of seamanship as ever I saw!"

Then he bent over the sleeping mate and tried to rouse him. Another officer slid down the rope and came to the window of the pilot-house.

"What 's the matter, Hodson?"

"Matter enough, sir," answered Hodson, as he laboriously, but gently, tried to turn the pilot over; "and the girl 's had the wheel!"

"She 's a master hand at steam-boat work," said the other officer, as he came into the pilot-house. "Hello! Bring water! The man has fainted!"

But it was not a fainting fit, nor heavy sleep. What wonder the poor man had not heard Sarah! Even the men could not rouse him, and when, at last, he opened his eyes, it was evident that it would be many a long day before his hand could guide the wheel again.

"It 's his heart, poor chap," said one of the sailors looking on, "or else it 's a 'plectic stroke. I've seen folks took that way afore; but they came out of it all right."



A LITTLE old woman of Dorking
Said: "Well, there is no use a-talking.
When I get to a stile,
I must rest for a while,
Before I go on with my walking."

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—FOURTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

CIMABUE.

AFTER the decline of what is termed Ancient Art,—that is to say (in the strictest sense), Greek art,—there was a long period, of the individual art-



PORTRAIT OF CIMABUE.

ists of which we can tell almost nothing. Ancient Rome was full of wonderful works of art; but many of them were brought from Greece or other Eastern countries; many more were made by Grecian artists in Rome, and, after the time of the Emperor Augustus, there was a long period of which we shall not speak.

Giovanni Cimabue, the artist who is honored as the first Italian that revived any portion of the old beauty of painting, was born in Florence, in 1240. He was of a noble family, and his parents allowed him to follow his inclination for art until, at last, he painted the Madonna of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, which has always been, and must continue to be, a work of great interest. This was done when the artist was thirty years old.

I fancy that any boy or girl who sees this picture now, wonders at its ugliness, instead of being filled with admiration, as were the Florentines six hundred and ten years ago. But then Cimabue was watched with intense interest, and all the more because he would allow no one to see what he was painting. At length it happened that Charles of Anjou passed through Florence on his way to his kingdom of Naples. Of course the noble Floren-

tines did all in their power to entertain this royal guest, and, among other places, they took him to the studio of Cimabue, who uncovered his work for the first time. Many people flocked to see it, and expressed their delight so loudly that the portion of the city in which the studio was has ever since been called the *Borgo Allegri*, or "the joyous quarter."

When the picture was completed, it was borne to the church in a grand and solemn procession. The day was a festival,—music was played, the magistrates of Florence graced the occasion with their presence, and the painter must have felt that he was more than repaid for all that he had done.

After this, Cimabue became famous all over Italy. He died about 1302, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and above his tomb were inscribed these words: "Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting. While living, he was so. Now he holds his place among the stars of heaven."

GIOTTO.

ONE of the titles that is given to Cimabue is that of the "Father of Painting"; and this can well be said of him when we remember that it was Cimabue who found Giotto, and acted the part of a father to the boy who was to be such a wonderful painter. The story is that, when Cimabue was quite old, and very famous, he was riding in the valley of Vespignano, a few miles from Florence, and saw a shepherd-boy, who, while his flocks were feeding, was making a portrait of one of his sheep on a bit of slate with a pointed stone. Cimabue looked at the sketch and found it so good that he offered to take the little Giotto—who was only twelve years old—and teach him to paint. The boy was very happy, and his father—whose name was Bondone—was glad of this good fortune for his son; so Giotto di Bondone lived thenceforth with the noble Cimabue, and was instructed in letters by Brunetto Latini, who was also the teacher of the great poet, Dante; while his art studies were made under his adopted father, Cimabue.

In the first picture by Giotto of which we have any account, he introduced the portraits of Dante and his teacher, Latini, with several others. In later times, when Dante was persecuted by his enemies in Florence, this picture was covered with whitewash, and it was only restored to the light in 1841, after centuries of concealment. It is a

precious memento of the youth of two men of great genius—Dante and Giotto.

Pope Boniface VIII., hearing, in Rome, of Giotto's paintings, sent to invite him to his court. The messenger of the Pope asked Giotto to show him something of the art which had made him so famous; and Giotto, taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew quickly, with a single motion, a circle so perfect that it was considered a miracle, and gave rise to a proverb which the Italians still love to use:

Piu tondo che l' O di Giotto

(rounder than the O of Giotto). When in Rome, the artist executed both mosaics and paintings for the Pope; and by the time that he was thirty years old, the dukes, princes, and kings, far and near, contended for his time and labors.

When at Naples, in the employ of King Robert, one very hot day the King said: "Giotto, if I were you, I would leave work, and rest."

"So would I, sire, *if I were you,*" said Giotto.

When the same king asked him to paint a picture of his kingdom, Giotto drew an ass bearing a saddle, on which were a crown and scepter; on the ground beside the ass was another saddle, with a very new and bright crown and scepter, which the ass was eagerly smelling. This was to signify that the Neapolitans were so fickle that they were always searching for a new king.

Giotto was a great architect besides being a painter, for he it was who made all the de-

signs, and even some of the working models, for the beautiful bell-tower or campanile of Florence, near the cathedral and baptistry; the picture of it, on the next page, is taken from a former number of ST. NICHOLAS. When the Emperor Charles V. saw this tower he exclaimed, "It should be kept

under glass." A citizen of Verona, who was in Florence while this tower of Giotto's was being built, exclaimed that "the riches of two kingdoms would not suffice for such a work." This speech being

overheard, he was thrown into prison and kept there several weeks, and was not permitted to leave the city until he had



"THE MADONNA OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA." PAINTED BY CIMABUE.

been taken to the treasury, and convinced that the Florentines could afford to build a whole city of marble. Giotto died in 1336, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, with great honors, and Lorenzo de' Medici afterward erected a monument to him.

BUFFALMACCO.

THE real name of this painter was Christofani Buonamico. He was born in 1262 and died in 1340, and while no one work can be pointed out

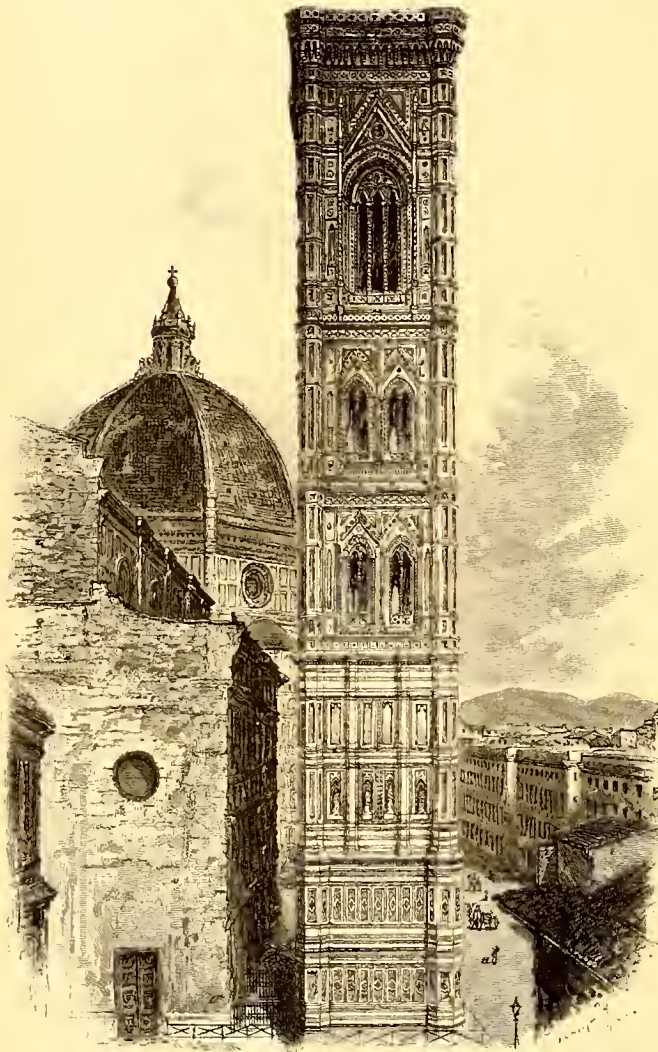
caught about thirty large black beetles, and fastened little tapers to their backs; these he lighted, and then he sent the beetles one by one into his master's room, about the time when Tafi was in the habit of rising and calling the pupils from their sweetest sleep.

When Tafi saw these creatures moving about in the dark, bearing their little lights, he did not dare to get up, and when daylight came, he hastened to his priest to ask what could be the meaning of this strange thing. The priest believed that he had seen demons, and when the master talked with Buffalmacco about it, that rogue confirmed this idea by saying that, as painters always made their pictures of demons so ugly, they were probably angry, and he thought it wise to work only by day, when these fearful creatures would not dare to come near. In the end, this trick of the young painter was so successful that not only Tafi, but all other masters in Florence abandoned the custom of working before sunrise.

Upon one occasion, when Buffalmacco had executed a commission to paint a picture of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, his employer failed to pay him his price. The artist needed the money sorely, and hit upon a means of getting it. He changed the child in the picture to a young bear. When his patron saw it, he was so shocked that he offered to pay him immediately if he would restore the child to the Virgin's arms; the painter agreed to this, and as soon as he had the money in his hand, he washed the bear away and left the picture as it had been before, for, in painting the bear upon the child's picture, he had merely used water-colors to

serve his joke, and had not injured the picture at all.

The stories of this sort which Vasari tells of Buffalmacco in his "Lives of the Painters," are almost unending, and we feel that this merry fellow must have been light-hearted and happy; but alas! his end was sad enough, for, when seventy-eight years old, he died in a public hospital, not having saved enough out of all his earnings to buy a crust of bread, nor a decent burial.



GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE, OR BELL-TOWER, IN FLORENCE.*

as positively his, he is always remembered on account of his love of fun and for his practical jokes. Ghiberti called him a good painter, and one able to excel all others when he set about it.

When he was a student under Andrea Tafi, that master compelled all his scholars to rise very early; this disturbed Buonamico so much that he determined to find some means of escaping the hardship. As Tafi was very superstitious, Buonamico

* See ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1880.

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

THE real name of this wonderful artist was Guido Petri de Mugello. He was born at Fiesole, near Florence, in 1387. When but twenty years



PORTRAIT OF FRA ANGELICO.

old he became a monk, and entered the convent of San Marco at Florence, from which place he scarcely went out during seventy years. He considered his painting as a service to the Lord, and would never make a bargain to paint a picture; he received his orders from the prior of his convent, and began his work with fasting and prayer; he never changed anything when once painted, because he believed that he was guided by God in his work. Pope Nicholas V. summoned him to Rome to paint in the Vatican; it is very curious that the key to the chapel which Fra Angelico painted, was lost during two centuries. All this time, very few people saw his beautiful works there, and those who entered were obliged to go in by a window. The chief merits in the works of Fra Angelico are the sweet and tender expression in the faces of his angels and saints, and the spirit of purity that seems to breathe through every painting which he made.

While he was at Rome, the Pope wished to make him the Archbishop of Florence; this honor he would not accept, but after his death he was called, and is still known, by the title of *Il Beato*, or "the Blessed." Many of his works remain in his own convent at Florence, and I love them most

there, where he lived and worked, and where he liked best that they should be.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS artist was born in 1452, at the castle of Vinci, in the lower Val d' Arno. He grew to be a handsome young fellow, full of spirit and fun, and early showed that he had unusual gifts; he was a good scholar in mathematics and mechanics, and wrote poetry and loved music, besides wishing to be a painter.

His master was Andrea del Verocchio, an eminent man of his time. Leonardo soon surpassed him; for while the master was painting a picture of the Baptism of Christ, the pupil was permitted to aid him, and an angel which he painted was so beautiful, we are told, that Signor Andrea cast aside his pencil forever, "enraged that a child should know more than himself."

Leonardo had a peculiar power of recollecting any face which he had seen, and could paint it after his return to his studio. Once, a peasant brought him a piece of fig-tree wood, and desired to have a picture painted on it. Leonardo determined to represent a horror. He collected lizards, serpents, and other frightful things, and from them made a picture so startling, that when his father saw it he ran away in a fright.

This was sold to a merchant for one hundred ducats, and later, to the Duke of Milan, for three times that sum. It was called the *Rotello del Fico*, which means "a shield of fig-tree wood."

After a time, Leonardo engaged his services to



OUTLINE COPY OF AN ANGEL PAINTED BY FRA ANGELICO.

the Duke of Milan. He was the court-painter and superintendent of all the *fetes* and entertainments given at Milan. Leonardo afterward founded an

was in fair preservation, exist in other cities. It is said that the prior of the convent was very impatient at the time which Leonardo took for this work, and complained to the Duke. When the artist was questioned, he said that the trouble of finding a face which pleased him for that of the traitor, Judas Iscariot, caused the delay; and added that he was willing to allow the prior to sit for this figure, and so shorten the time. This reply amused the Duke and silenced the prior.



PORTRAIT OF THE POET DANTE. PAINTED BY GIOTTO. [SEE PAGE 676.]

academy of painting there, and was engaged in bringing the waters of the river Adda into the city from Mortesana, a distance of more than two hundred miles. Thus he made himself much fame, while he led a very gay life, for the court of Milan was a merry court.

The greatest work which Leonardo did there was the painting of the "Last Supper," on the walls of the Dominican Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie. This picture has remained famous to this day, and although it is now almost destroyed by the effect of time, yet such engravings have been made from it that we can imagine how it looked when perfect. Some good copies, made while it

At length, the misfortunes of the Duke of Milan made it impossible for him to aid Leonardo farther, and the artist came to poverty. He went next to Florence, where he was kindly received, but some trouble ensued between himself and Michael Angelo, who was then winning his fame. They both made designs for painting the Palazzo Vecchio, and as jealousy arose, Leonardo left the city and went to Rome, where Pope Leo X. employed him in some important works. He could not be happy, however; he was not loved and honored as he had been at Milan, and when he heard that the Pope had criticised his work, he joined the French King Francis I. at Pavia, where he then was, and remained with this monarch until his death. When they went to Paris, Leonardo was received with much honor, and everything was done for his comfort;

but his health had failed, and he died at Fontainebleau, where he had gone with the court, in 1519. Leonardo da Vinci may be called the "Poet of Painters." One of his most famous pictures was the portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, sometimes called *La Joconde*. Leonardo worked on this picture at times, during four years, and was never satisfied with it. The painting is now in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

THIS great artist was born in the castle of Caprese, in 1475. His father, who was of a noble

Florentine family, was then governor of Caprese and Chiusi. When the Buonarotti family returned to Florence, the little Michael Angelo was left with his nurse at Settignano, where his father had an estate. The home of the nurse was there, and for many years pictures were shown upon the walls of her house, which her little charge had drawn as soon as he could use his hands.

When Michael Angelo was taken to Florence and placed in school, he became the friend of Francesco Granacci, who was of noble family, like himself, and a pupil of the artist, Ghirlandajo, one of the best masters in Florence. Already, Michael Angelo was unhappy because his father did not wish him to be an artist. At length, however, he became a pupil of Ghirlandajo, and that at a time when the master was engaged on the great work of decorating the choir of the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. Thus Michael Angelo came immediately into the midst of wonderful things, and he was soon remarked for his complete devotion to the work about him. One day, when the work-



PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

at work on it. When Ghirlandajo saw this, he exclaimed: "He understands more than I myself."



"THE LAST SUPPER." PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

men were at dinner, the boy made a drawing of the scaffolding and all belonging to it, with the painters of the plates which the master gave his pupils to

copy. Then the plates were refused to him, and, as Lorenzo de' Medici soon gave permission to both Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci to study in the gardens of San Marco, Ghirlandajo was glad to be free from a pupil who already knew so much.

Soon the Duke sent for the father of Michael Angelo, and obtained his full consent that the boy should be an artist. The young sculptor was then taken into the palace; he was treated with great kindness by Lorenzo, and sat at his table, where he met all the remarkable men of the day, and listened to such conversation as is most profitable to a boy. It was the rule that whoever came first to the table should sit next the Duke, and Michael Angelo often had that place.

But all this happy life was sadly ended by the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, and Michael Angelo left the palace and had a room in his father's house for his work-shop. After a time, Piero de' Medici invited him again to the palace, but the young man was ill at ease, and soon went to Venice. There he met a sculptor of Bologna, who induced him to visit that city; but the commissions he received so excited the jealousy of other artists that he returned again to Florence. He was now twenty years old, and the next work of his which attracted attention was a "Sleeping Cupid," which so resembled an antique statue that it was sold in Rome for a very old work; two hundred ducats were paid for it, though Michael Angelo received but thirty ducats. By some means the knowledge of this fraud came to Michael Angelo, and he explained that he had known nothing of it, but had also been deceived himself; the result of all this was, that he went to Rome, and was received into the house of the nobleman who had bought the "Cupid."

He remained in Rome about three years, and executed the "Drunken Bacchus," now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and "La Pieta" (or the Virgin Mary seated, holding the dead body of Jesus across her lap), a fine piece of sculpture, now in the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.

When he returned to Florence, he executed some paintings and sculptures, but was soon employed on his "David," one of his greatest works. It was completed and put in its place in 1504, and there it remained more than two centuries—next the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio. A few years ago, it was feared that the beautiful statue would crumble in pieces if longer exposed to the weather, and it was removed to a place where it now stands, safe from sun and rain.

When the "David" was completed, Michael



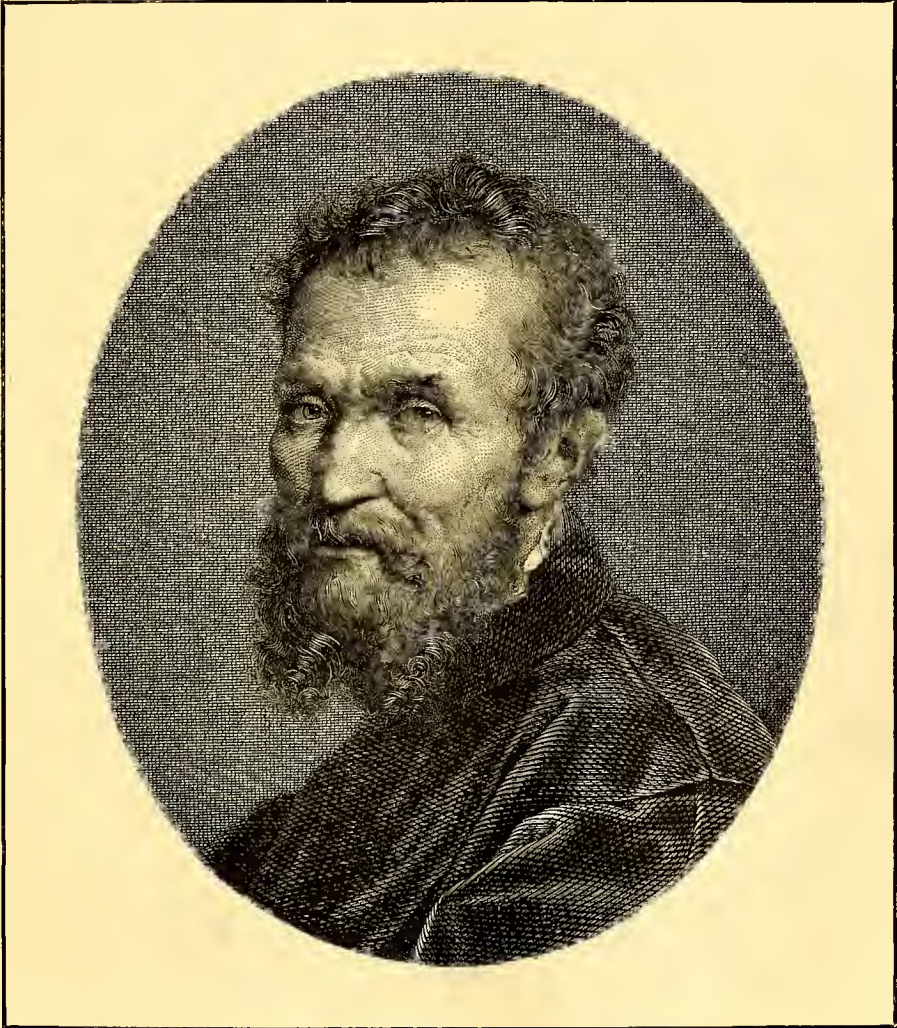
MONA LISA DEL GIOCONDO. PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

In the gardens of San Marco, Duke Lorenzo had placed many splendid works of art, and pictures and cartoons were hung in buildings there, so that young men could study them. Many young sculptors worked there, and one Bertoldo, an old man, was their teacher. Now Michael Angelo began to model, and his first work was the mask of a faun, which he copied so well as to attract the attention of Lorenzo. He praised Michael Angelo, but said: "You have made your faun so old, and yet you have left him all his teeth; you should have known that, at such an advanced age, there are generally some wanting." When he came again to the gardens, he found a gap in the teeth of the faun, so well done that he was delighted with it.

Angelo was not quite thirty years old, but his fame as a great artist was established, and through all his long life (for he lived eighty-nine years) he was constantly and industriously engaged in the production of important works.

He was not a great painter, a great sculptor, or a great architect, but he was all of these. His most famous painting was that of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. His most

these are, in truth, a small part of all he did. He served under nine popes, and, during his life, thirteen men occupied the papal chair. There were great political changes, also, during this time, and the whole impression of his life is a serious, sad one. He seems to have had very little joy or brightness, and yet he was tender and thoughtful for all whom he loved. He was an old man before he met Vittoria Colonna, who was a very wonder-



PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

famous sculptures were the "David," "La Piéta," the "Tomb of Pope Julius II.," "Moses," "The Dying Youth," and the famous statues of "Day" and "Night"; and his greatest architectural work is the Cupola of St. Peter's Church. But

ful woman, and much beloved by Michael Angelo. He wrote poems to her, which are full of affection and delicate friendship; and the Italians add the gift of poetry to all the others which this great man possessed, and used so nobly and purely.

They associate the name of Michael Angelo Buonarroti with those of Dante Alighieri and the painter Raphael, and speak of these three as the greatest men of their country, in what are called modern days.

was borne to the church of S. Piero Maggiore. The funeral was at evening; the coffin, placed upon a bier, was borne by the younger artists, while the older ones carried torches; and thus it



UNFINISHED MEDALLION, MADONNA AND CHILD. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo died at Rome in 1564. He desired to be buried in Florence, but it was feared that his removal would be opposed. His body was, therefore, taken through the gate of the city as merchandise, and, when it reached Florence, it

reached Santa Croce, its final resting-place—the same church in which the poet Dante was buried.

A few months later, magnificent services were held in his memory in the church of San Lorenzo, where are his fine statues of "Day" and "Night,"

made for the Medici chapel of this edifice. A monument was erected to him in Santa Croce, and his statue is in the court of the Uffizi; and the house in which he lived, and which is still visited by those who honor his memory, contains many very interesting personal mementos of this great man, and of the noble spirit in which all his works were done.

In 1875, a grand festival was made to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The ceremonies were very impressive, and, at that time, some documents, relating to his life, which had never before been opened, were given over, by command of the king, into the hands of suitable persons, to be examined. Mr. Heath Wilson, an English artist, residing at Florence, wrote a new life of Michael Angelo, and the last time that the King, Victor Emmanuel, wrote his own name before his death, it was on the paper which conferred upon Mr. Wilson the order of the *Corona d' Italia*, in recognition of his services in writing this book.

The Coronation of the Virgin, Louvre, Paris.
Christ in Glory, National Gallery, London.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo's Nun, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Adoration of the Kings, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Ecce Homo, Fresco, Brera Gallery, Milan.
The Last Supper, Convent, Milan.
St. Jerome, the Vatican, Rome.
Virgin, Child, and St. John, Dresden Gallery.
La Joconde, Louvre, Paris.
La Belle Féronière, Louvre, Paris.
(St. John the Baptist, and others attributed to Da Vinci, are also at the Louvre.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Mask of a Faun, National Museum, Bargello, Florence.
Statue of Bacchus, National Museum, Bargello, Florence.
Statue of David, at Florence.
Statues of Day and Night, Church of San Lorenzo, Florence.
Statue of Moses, Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.
Statue of a Captive, Louvre, Paris.
Painting of Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.
Painting of a Madonna, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of Himself, Capitol Gallery, Rome.

MOST IMPORTANT EXISTING WORKS OF THE ARTISTS NAMED IN THIS ARTICLE.

CIMABUE.

Enthroned Madonna, Church of S. Maria Novella, Florence.
Madonna, Academy, Florence.
Large Mosaic, in Cathedral at Pisa.
Frescoes in Upper Church of S. Francis, at Assisi.
Virgin, with Angels, Louvre, Paris.
Madonna enthroned, with Angels, National Gallery, London.

GIOTTO.

St. Francis Wedded to Poverty, Lower Church of St. Francis, at Assisi.
St. Francis in Glory, Lower Church of St. Francis, at Assisi.
The Navicella, Mosaic in the Vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome (much restored).
Virgin and Child, with Saints and Angels, Academy, Florence.
Portrait of Dante, Bargello, Florence.
Very Important Frescoes, in the Church of the Incoronata, at Naples.
Virgin and Child, Brera, Milan.
Three Pictures in the Pinakothek, Munich.
St. Francis, of Assisi, Louvre, Paris.
Two Apostles—part of a fresco—National Gallery, London.

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

A Collection of Ten Pictures in the Academy, at Florence.
Virgin and Child, with Saints, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Several Pictures in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Three Pictures in the Corsini Palace, Rome.
St. Nicholas of Bari, Vatican Gallery, Rome.
Madonna and Child, Museum, Berlin.
Enthroned Madonna, Stadel Gallery, Frankfort.
God the Father, in a Glory of Angels, Pinakothek, Munich.
The Annunciation, Royal Museum, Madrid.



STATUE OF MOSES. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

(To be continued.)

MY AUNT'S SQUIRRELS.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.



PERHAPS it was because she hated cats.

My aunt's house is a large one,—very like those you often see when traveling in the country, —square, with windows all shut, silent doors and empty porches. The beauty of my aunt's house was its back yard, and back door, with a great, flat stone step. A gate at the back of the yard opened on a lane, where trees grew on each

side, and thickets, which, in summer, are full of birds, butterflies, and blossoms. The deep ruts are overgrown with grass; only the breezes pass to and fro, which flutter the leaves into little rustling songs. The back door led into a great kitchen, built ever so many years ago; the rafters were coffee-colored, for my aunt would never have them whitewashed. Lots of things were stowed away among those rafters,—pumpkin-seeds, ears of corn, bunches of herbs, an old saddle; and, in the winter, hams and links of sausage swung from the beams. Piles of paper bulged over their edges, and the rubbish of years was there, precious to my aunt, but useless to everybody else.

One day in autumn, Josh, my aunt's man-of-all-work, while hoisting a bag of dried beans into the rafters, discovered a pair of gray striped squirrels. He rattled the beans and "shooed," but they only skipped beyond his reach, chattering, and stood on their hind paws, making motions with their fore paws as if "shooing" Josh in return.

"I do believe, mem," he called to my aunt, "that these little thieves have come to eat up all my garden-seeds; but I can't make out why ground-squirrels should roost up here."

"Let them be, Josh," said my aunt; "I'd rather have squirrels overhead than cats under feet; the creatures wont trouble me."

Nor did they; but, when people talked in the kitchen, the squirrels chattered louder and faster than ever. Although they dropped seeds and straws on my aunt's muslin cap, and although Josh muttered about holes in bags, and muss, and noise, she would not listen. She declared they were company for her, and she was certain they would not forget her friendliness toward them; they

kept their distance, and were always the same bright, cheerful, happy little beings!

For all this, Josh pondered a plan, and carried it out. "*Ground-squirrels*," he argued, "had no business up in the air." So he prepared a bag, tackled the old horse to the wagon, caught the squirrels when my aunt went out, put them in the bag, and rode away up the lane and into the woods. When he got to a thick spot, dark with trees, he shook out the squirrels, turned about, and jogged home, with the satisfaction of having finished a good job, just a little dashed with dread of my aunt's scolding, which, any way, was not so bad as their chatter. Josh opened the kitchen door and went in. The silence pleased him, and he began to rub his hands, as his way was when pleased. He cast his eyes upward and was instantly greeted with a merry chatter. The squirrels had got home before him, and were all the more lively for their voyage in the bag, the ride in the wagon, and the picnic in the woods!

"Marcy on me!" he cried, his hands falling apart. Just then the squirrels let drop a hickory-nut on the bald spot of Josh's head.

"I missed their noise," said my aunt; "they have been cunning enough to go out nutting."

"Yes," said poor Josh. "They are very cunning, mem; I know *so* much about them."

Either the indignity of the raid upon them, or the find of the hickory-nuts, was too much for the squirrels; shortly after, they disappeared. My aunt was reminded more than once of their ingratitude, but all she said was—"Wait."

A cat was proposed for a pet once more. "No cats!" my aunt said, looking severely at Josh, who went out to the barn immediately.

When the spring came, and the lilac-bushes bloomed, I went to my aunt's—the old kitchen was my delight. We sat on the door-step in the afternoon when the sun-rays left the lane, and we could rest our eyes on the deep cool green of tree and shrub. My aunt watched the way of the wind, where the birds flew, and the coming blossoms, and I watched her. Once, when I happened to be inside, I heard a suppressed wondering cry from her, which made me hurry back; I saw her attention was fixed on the path below the step, and looked also, to see the most cunning procession that ever was. My aunt's gray squirrel was trotting toward us, with tail curled up, and accompanied by four little ones exactly like her, with their

mites of tails curled up also,—two were on her back, and two trotted beside her. She came up to my aunt fearlessly, and the little ones ran about us. Her motherly joy and pride were plain to be seen. Then we heard a shrill squeak from the lilac-bush,—it came from her companion, the father of the family, who watched the reception. My aunt sent me for pumpkin-seed, and to see them snipping the shells and feeding on the meat was a fine treat. The babies were about a finger's

length, but their tails had as stiff a curl as their mamma's, and never got out of place. Many a day afterward, the mother paraded the young ones on the door-step, and carried home her pouch full of pumpkin-seed, but the father never put his dignity off to come any nearer than the lilac-bush.

"Now, you unbelieving Josh," called my aunt once, "what do you say?"

"Say, mem," looking up at the rafters. "I say a *cat* might have druv them away."

DECORATIVE.



SHE sits and smiles through all the summer day;
The sea-gulls and the breezes pass her by;
Her eyes are blue, and look so far away,
She seems to see into another sky.

What does she think of, sitting there so long?
Ah, silly maiden! shall I guess your wish?
"Will some kind artist" [tell me, if I'm wrong]
"Just please to paint me on a plaque or dish?"

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XV.

RUNNING WITH THE MACHINE.

PRESENTLY we heard a tremendous noise behind us,—a combination of rumble, rattle, and shout. It was Red Rover Three going to the fire. She was for some reason a little belated, and was trying to make up lost time. At least forty men had their hands on the drag-rope, and were taking her along at a lively rate, while the two who held the tongue and steered the engine, being obliged to run at the same time, had all they could do. The foreman was standing on the top, with a large tin trumpet in his hand, through which he occasionally shouted an order.

“Let’s take hold of the drag-rope and run with her,” said Phaeton.

If I had been disposed to make any objection, I had no opportunity, for Phaeton immediately made a dive for a place where there was a longer interval than usual between the men, and seized the rope. Not to follow him would have seemed like desertion, and I thought if I was ever to be a boy of spirit, this was the time to begin.

When a boy for the first time laid his hand upon the drag-rope of an engine under swift motion, he experienced a thrill of mingled joy and fear to which nothing else in boy-life is comparable. If he missed his hold, or tired too soon, he would almost certainly be thrown to the ground and run over. If he could hang on, and make his legs fly fast enough, he might consider himself as sharing in the glory when the machine rolled proudly up in the light of the burning building and was welcomed with a shout.

There comes to most men, in early manhood, a single moment which, perhaps, equals this in its delicious blending of fear and rapture—but let us leave that to the poets.

Phaeton and I hung on with a good grip, while the inspiration of the fire in sight, and the enthusiasm of our company, seemed to lend us more than our usual strength and speed. But before we reached the fire, a noise was heard on a street that ran into ours at an angle some distance ahead. The foreman’s ear caught it instantly, and he knew it was Cataract Eight doing her best in order to strike into the main road ahead of us.

“Jump her, men! jump her!” he shouted, and pounded on the brakes with his tin trumpet.

The eighty legs and four wheels on which Red Rover Three was making her way to the fire each doubled its speed, while forty mouths yelled, “Ki yi!” and the excited foreman repeated his admonition to “Jump her, boys! jump her!”

Phaeton and I hung on for dear life, although I expected every moment to find myself unable to hang on any longer. Sometimes we measured the ground in a sort of seven-league-boot style, and again we seemed to be only as rags tied to the rope and fluttering in the wind. The two men at the tongue were jerked about in all sorts of ways. Sometimes one would be lying on his breast on the end of it where it curved up like a horse’s neck, and the next minute one or both of them would be thrown almost under it. Whenever a wheel struck an uneven paving-stone, these men would be jerked violently to one side, and we could feel the shock all along the rope. It seemed sometimes as if the engine was simply being hurled through the air, occasionally swooping down enough in its flight to touch the ground and rebound again. All the while the church-bells of the city, at the mercy of sextons doubly excited by fire and fees, kept up a direful clang. I doubt whether the celebrated clang of Apollo’s silver bow could at all compare with it.

As we neared the forks of the road, the foreman yelled and pounded yet more vociferously, and through the din we could hear that Cataract Eight was doing the same thing. At last we shot by the corner just in time to compel our rival to fall in behind us, and a minute or two later, we burst through the great ring of people that surrounded the fire, and made our entrance, as it were, upon the stage, with the roaring, crackling flames of three tall buildings for our mighty foot-lights.

We had “jumped her.”

The fire was in the Novelty Works—an establishment where were manufactured all sorts of small wares in wood and iron. The works occupied three buildings, pretty close together, surrounded by a small strip of yard. Either because the firemen, from the recent demoralization of the department, were long in coming upon the ground, or for some other reason, the fire was under good headway, and all three buildings were in flames, before a drop of water was thrown.

Phaeton whispered to me that we had better get away from the engine now, or they might expect us to work at the brakes; so we dodged back and

forth through the crowd, and came out in front of the fire at another point. Here we met Monkey Roe, who had run with Red Rover's hose-cart, was flushed with excitement, and was evidently enjoying the fire most heartily.

"Oh, the fire 's a big one!" said he, "about the biggest we ever had in this town—or will be, before it gets through. I have great hopes of that old shanty across the road; it ought to have been burned down long ago. If this keeps on much longer, that 'll have to go. Don't you see the paint peeling off already?"

The "old shanty" referred to was a large wooden building used as a furniture factory, and it cer-

sis, "we have washed Cataract Eight, we can wash Cataract Eight, and we will wash Cataract Eight."

There were older people than Monkey Roe to whom the washing of Cataract Eight, rather than the extinguishment of fires, was the chief end of a company's existence.

"Yes," said I, catching some of Monkey's enthusiasm, in addition to what I had already acquired by running with Red Rover, "I think we can wash her."

The next moment I was pierced through and through by pangs of conscienc. Here was I, a boy whose uncle was a member of Cataract Eight, and who ought, therefore, to have been a warm



FORTY MEN DRAGGING THE ENGINE AT FULL SPEED—FORTY MEN YELLING "KI YI!"

tainly did look as if Monkey's warmest hopes would be realized. I observed that he wore a broad belt of red leather, on which was inscribed the legend:

WE HAVE CAN AND WILL

"Monkey," said I, "what does that queer motto mean, on your belt?"

"Why, don't you know that?" said he; "that 's Red Rover's motto."

"Yes, of course it is," said I; "but what does it mean?"

"It means," said Monkey, with solemn empha-

admirer and partisan of that company, not only running to a fire with her deadly rival, but openly expressing the opinion that she could be washed. But such is the force of circumstances in their relative distance—smaller ones that are near us often counterbalancing much larger ones that happen, for the moment, to be a little farther off. It did not occur to me to be ashamed of myself for expressing an opinion which was not founded on a single fact of any kind whatever. The consciences of very few people seem ever to be troubled on that point.

"The Hook-and-Ladder is short of hands tonight," said Monkey. "I think I 'll take an ax."

"What does he mean by taking an ax?" said I to Phaeton.

"I don't know," said Phaeton, as Monkey Roe

turned to push his way through the excited crowd ; "but let 's follow him, and find out."

Monkey passed around the corner into the next street, where stood a very long, light carriage, with two or three ladders upon it and a few axes in sockets on the sides. These axes differed from ordinary ones in having the corner of the head prolonged into a savage-looking spike.

Monkey spoke to the man in charge, who handed him an ax and a fireman's hat. This hat was made of heavy sole-leather, painted black, the crown being rounded into a hemisphere, and the rim extended behind so that it covered his shoulder-blades. On the front was a shield ornamented with two crossed ladders and a figure 2.

He took the ax, and put on the hat, leaving his own, and at the man's direction went to where a dozen ax-men were chopping at one side of a two-story wooden building that made a sort of connecting-link between the Novelty Works and the next large block.

Monkey seemed to hew away with the best of them ; and, though they were continually changing about, we could always tell him from the rest by his shorter stature and the fact that his hat seemed too large for him.

Before long, a dozen firemen, with a tall ladder on their shoulders, appeared from somewhere, and quickly raised it against the building. Three of them then mounted it, dragging up a pole with an enormous iron hook at the end. But there was no projection at the edge of the roof into which they could fix the hook.

"Stay where you are !" shouted the foreman to them through his trumpet. Then to the assistant foreman he shouted :

"Send up your lightest man to cut a place."

The assistant foreman looked about him, seized on Monkey as the lightest man, and hastily ordered him up.

The next instant, Monkey was going up the ladder, ax in hand ; he passed the men who were holding the hook, and stepped upon the roof. While he stood there, we could see him plainly, a dark form against a fiery background, as, with a few swift strokes, he cut a hole in the roof, perhaps a foot from the edge.

The hook was lifted once more, and its point settled into the place thus prepared for it. The pole that formed the handle of the hook reached in a long slope nearly to the ground, and a heavy rope formed a continuation of it. At the order of the foreman, something like a hundred men seized this rope and stretched themselves out in line for a big pull. At the same time, some of the firemen near the building, seeing the first tongues of flame leap out of the window nearest to the ladder,—for

the fire had somehow got into this wooden building also,—hastily pulled down the ladder, leaving Monkey standing on the roof, with no apparent means of escape.

A visible shudder ran through the crowd, followed by shouts of "Raise the ladder again !"

The ladder was seized by many hands, but in a minute more it was evident that it would be useless to raise it, for the flames were pouring out of every window, and nobody could have passed up or down it alive.

"Stand from under !" shouted Monkey, and threw his ax to the ground.

Then, getting cautiously over the edge, he seized the hook with both hands, threw his feet over it, thus swinging his body beneath it, and came down the pole and the rope hand over hand, like his agile namesake, amid the thundering plaudits of the multitude.

As soon as he was safely landed, the men at the rope braced themselves for a pull, and with a "Yo, heave, ho !" the whole side of the building was torn off and came over into the street with a deafening crash, while a vast fountain of fire rose from its ruins, and the crowd swayed back as the heat struck upon their faces.

By this time, all the engines were in position, had stretched their hose, and were playing away vigorously. The foremen were sometimes bawling through their trumpets, and sometimes battering them to pieces in excitement. The men that held the nozzles and directed the streams were gradually working their way nearer and nearer to the buildings, as the water deadened portions of the fire and diminished the heat. And, through all the din and uproar, you could hear the steady, alternating thud of the brakes as they struck the engine-boxes on either side. Occasionally this motion, on some particular engine, would be quickened for a few minutes, just after a vigorous oration by the foreman ; but it generally settled back into the regular pace.

And now a crack appeared in the front wall of one of the tall brick buildings, near the corner, running all the way from ground to roof. A suppressed shout from the crowd signified that all had noticed it, and served as a warning to the hose-men to look out for themselves.

The crack grew wider at the top. The immense side wall began to totter, then hung poised for a few breathless seconds, and at last broke from the rest of the building and rushed down to ruin.

It fell upon the burning wreck of the wooden structure, and sent sparks and fire-brands flying for scores of yards in every direction.

The hose-men crept up once more under the now dangerous front wall, and sent their streams in at

the windows, where a mass of living flame seemed to drink up the water as fast as it could be delivered, and only to increase thereby.

It might have been ten minutes, or it might have been an hour, after the falling of the side wall,—time passes so strangely during excitement,—when another great murmur from the crowd announced the trembling of the front wall. The hose-men were obliged to drop the nozzles and run for their lives.

After the preliminary tremor which always occurs, either in reality or in the spectator's imagination, the front wall doubled itself down by a diagonal fold, breaking off on a line running from the top of the side wall still standing to the bottom of the one that had fallen, and piling itself in a crumbled mass, out of which rose a great cloud of dust from broken plaster.

The two other brick buildings, in spite of the thousands of gallons of water that were thrown into them, burned on fiercely till they burned themselves out. But no more walls fell, and, for weeks afterward, the four stories of empty and blackened ruin towered in a continual menace above their surroundings.

That old shanty which Monkey Roe had hoped would burn, had been saved by the unwearied exertions of the firemen, who from the moment the engines were in action had kept it continually wet.

"The best of the fire was over," as an habitual fire-goer expressed it, the crowd was thinning out, and Phaeton and I started to look for Ned, who, poor fellow! was pining in a dungeon, where he could only look through iron bars upon a square of reddened sky.

We had hardly started upon this quest when several church-bells struck up a fresh alarm, and the news ran from mouth to mouth that there was another fire; but nobody seemed to know exactly where it was.

"Let's follow one of the engines," said Phaeton; and this time we cast our lot with Rough-and-Ready Seven,—not with hand on the drag-ropes to assist in "jumping" her, but rather as ornamental tail-pieces.

"I think I shall take an ax this time," said Phaeton, as we ran along.

"I've no doubt you could handle one as well as Monkey Roe," said I,—"that is,"—and here I hesitated somewhat,—"if you had on an easy suit of clothes. Mine seem a little too tight to give free play to your arms."

"Oh, as to that," said Phaeton, who had fairly caught the fireman fever, "if I find the coat too tight, I can throw it off."

The second fire was in Mr. Glidden's house. It had probably arisen from cinders wafted from

the great fire and falling upon the front steps. All about the front door was in a blaze.

At the sight of this, Phaeton seemed to become doubly excited. He rushed to the Hook-and-Ladder carriage, and came back in a minute with an ax in his hand, and on his head a fireman's hat, which seemed somewhat too large for him, and gave him the appearance of the victorious gladiator in Gérôme's famous picture.

He seemed now to consider himself a veteran fireman, and, without orders from anybody, rushed up to the side door and assaulted it vigorously, shivering it, with a few blows, into a thousand fragments.

He passed in through the wreck, and, for a few minutes, was lost to sight. I barely caught a glimpse of a man passing in behind him. What took place inside of the house, I learned afterward.

Miss Glidden had been sitting up reading "Ivanhoe," and had paid no attention to the great fire, excepting to look through the window a few minutes on the first alarm. Hearing this thundering noise at the door, she stepped to the head of the stairs, in a half-dazed condition, and saw ascending them, as she expressed it, "a grotesque creature, in tight clothes, wearing an enormous mediæval helmet, and bearing in his hand a gleaming battle-ax." She could only think him the ghost of a Templar, and scream in fright.

The man, who had gone in after Phaeton, passed him on the stairs, and soon emerged from the house, bearing the young lady in his arms. It was Jack-in-the-Box.

Phaeton came out a few minutes later, bringing her canary in its cage.

"This must be put in a safe place," said he to me; "Miss Glidden thinks the world of it. I'll run home with it, and come back again." And he ran off, just escaping arrest at the hands of a policeman who thought he was stealing the bird, but who was not able to run fast enough to catch him.

Meanwhile, the firemen were preparing to extinguish the new fire. There was no water-supply near enough for a single engine to span the distance. Some of them had been left at the great fire, to continue pouring water upon it, while the chief-engineer ordered four of them to take care of this one.

They formed two lines, Red Rover Three and Big Six taking water from the canal and sending it along to Cataract Eight and Rough-and-Ready Seven, who threw it upon the burning house.

As Phaeton, Jack-in-the-Box, Miss Glidden, and the canary emerged from the house, half a dozen men rushed in—some of them firemen, and some citizens who had volunteered their help. In a

little while, one of them appeared at an upper window, having in his hands a large looking-glass, with an elaborately carved frame. Without stop-

Then the first man appeared again, dragging a mattress. Resting this on the window-sill, he tied a rope around it, and let it down slowly and carefully to the ground.

The second man appeared again, in turn; this time with a handsome china wash-bowl and pitcher, which he sent out as if they had been shot from a cannon. In falling, they just escaped smashing the head of a spectator. Bearing in mind, I suppose, the great mercantile principle that a "set" of articles should always be kept together, he hurriedly threw after them such others as he found on the wash-stand,—the cake of soap striking the chief-engineer in the neck, while the tall, heavy slop-jar—hurled last of all to complete the set—turned some beautiful somersaults, emptying its contents on Lukey Finnerty, and landed in the midst of a table full of crockery, which had been brought out from the dining-room.

Next appeared, at another upper window, two men carrying a bureau that proved to be too large to go through. With that promptness which is so necessary in great emergencies, one of the men instantly picked up his ax, and, with two or three blows, cut the bureau in two in the middle, after which both halves were quickly bundled through the window and fell to the ground.

The next thing they saved was a small, open book-case filled with handsomely bound books. They brought it to the window, with all the books upon it, rested one end on the sill, and then, tripping up its heels, started it on the hyperbolic curve made and provided for projectiles of its class. If the Commissioner of Patents could have seen it careering through the air, he would have rejected all future applications for a monopoly in revolving book-cases. When it reached the ground, there was a general diffusion of good literature.

They finally discovered, in some forgotten closet, a large number of dusty hats and bonnets of a by-gone day, and came down the stairs carefully bringing a dozen or two of them. Close behind them followed the other men, one having his arms full of pillows and bolsters, while the other carried three lengths of old stove-pipe.

"We saved what we could," said one, with an evident consciousness of having done his duty.

"Yes," said another, "and it's too hot to go back there, though there's lots of furniture that has n't been touched yet."

Meanwhile, the Hook-and-Ladder company had fastened one of their great hooks in the edge of the roof, and were hauling away, with a "Yo, heave, ho!" to pull off the side of the house. They had only got it fairly started, separated from the rest of the frame by a crack of not more than five or six inches, when the chief-engineer came up and



PHAETON AS FIREMAN.

ping to open the window, he dashed the mirror through sash, glass, and all, and as it struck the ground it was shivered into a thousand fragments.

Then another man appeared at the window with an armful of small framed pictures, and, taking them one at a time by the corner, "scaled" them out into the air.

ordered them to desist, as he expected to be able to extinguish the fire.

And now the engines were in full play. A little trap-door in the top of Cataract Eight's box was open, and the assistant foreman of Red Rover Three was holding in it the nozzle of Three's hose, which discharged a terrific stream.

The same was true of Big Six and Rough-and-Ready Seven.

I never heard a more eloquent orator than the foreman of Cataract Eight, as he stood on the box of his engine, pounded with his trumpet on the air-chamber, and exhorted the men to "down with the brakes"; "shake her up lively"; "rattle the irons"; "don't be washed," etc., all of which expressions seemed to have one meaning, and the brakes came down upon the edges of the box like the blows of a trip-hammer, making the engine dance about as if it were made of pasteboard.

The foreman of Red Rover Three was also excited, and things in that quarter were equally lively.

For a considerable time it was an even contest. Eight's box was kept almost full of water, and no more; while it seemed as if both companies had attained the utmost rapidity of stroke that flesh and bones were capable of, or wood and iron could endure.

But at last four fresh men, belonging to Red Rover Three, who had been on some detached service, came up, leaped upon the box, and each putting a foot upon the brakes, added a few pounds to their momentum.

The water rose rapidly in Eight's box, and in about a minute completely overflowed it, drenching the legs of her men, and making everything disagreeable in the vicinity.

A shout went up from the by-standers, and Three's men instantly stopped work, took off their hats, and gave three tremendous cheers.

We had washed her.

Big Six was trying to do the same thing by Rough-and-Ready Seven, and had almost succeeded, when the hose burst. Phaeton and I were standing within a step of the spot where it gave way, and we ourselves were washed.

"Let's go home," said he, as he surrendered his ax and fire-hat to a Hook-and-Ladder man.

"Yes," said I, "it's time. They've poured water enough into that house to float the Ark, and all the best of the fire is over."

As we left the scene of our labors, I observed that my Sunday coat, besides being drenched, was split open across the back.

"Phaeton," said I, calling his attention to the rent, "you forgot to throw off my coat when you went to work with the ax, did n't you?"

"That's so," said he. "The fact is, I suppose I must have been a little excited."

"I've no doubt you were," said I. "Putting out fires and saving property is very exciting work."

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

It was not yet morning, and my rope-ladder was still hanging out when Phaeton and I reached the house. We climbed up, and as soon as he could tie up his wet clothes in a bundle, he went down again and ran home.

When our family were assembled at the breakfast-table, I had to go through those disagreeable explanations which every boy encounters before he arrives at the age when he can do what he pleases without giving a reason for it. At such a time, it seems to a boy as if those who ought to sympathize with him had set themselves up as determined antagonists, bringing out by questions and comments the most unfavorable phase of everything that has happened, and making him feel that, instead of a misfortune to be pitied, it was a crime to be punished. Looking at it from the boy's side, it is, perhaps, wisest to consider this as a necessary part of man-making discipline; but, from the family's side, it should appear, as it is, a cowardly proceeding.

It was in vain that I strove to interest our family with vivid descriptions of how we jumped Red Rover Three, how we washed Cataract Eight, and how we saved Mr. Glidden's property. I suppose they were deficient in imagination; they could realize nothing but what was before them, visible to the physical eye; their minds continually reverted to the comparatively unimportant question as to how my clothes came to be in so dreadful a condition. As if 't was any fault of mine that Big Six's hose burst, or as if I could have known that it would burst at that particular spot where Phaeton and I were standing.

The only variation from this one-stringed harp was when they labored ingeniously to make it appear that the jumping, the washing, and the saving would all have been done quite as effectually if I had been snug in bed at home.

Phaeton came over to tell me that Ned was missing.

"I don't wonder that we did n't happen to run across him in that big crowd," said he; "but I should n't think he'd stay so long as this. Do you think anything can have happened to him?"

"What could happen?" said I.

"He may have taken an ax, and ventured too

far into some of the burning buildings," said Phaeton.

"No," said I, after a moment's consideration; "that would n't be like Ned. He might be very enthusiastic about taking care of the fire, but he would n't forget to take care of himself. However, I'll go with you to look for him."

As we went up the street, we came upon Patsy Rafferty and Teddy Dwyer, pushing Phaeton's car before them, with Jimmy the Rhymer in it. They were taking him out to see what remained of the fire. Jimmy said he was getting well rapidly, and expected soon to be about again on his own legs.

A few rods farther on, we met Ned walking toward home.

"Hello! Where have you been all this time?" said Phaeton.

"Can't you tell by the feathers?" said Ned.

"What feathers?"

"Jail-bird feathers. I've been in jail all night."

Of course we asked him how that came about, and Ned told us the story of his captivity, which the reader already knows.

"But how did you get out?" said Phaeton, with natural solicitude.

"Why, when 'Squire Moore came to the office and opened the court, I was brought out the first one. And when I told him my story, and whose boy I was, he said of course I was; he'd known Father too many years not to be able to tell one of his chickens as soon as it peeped. He advised me not to meddle any more with burglar things, and then told me to go home. 'Squire Moore's the 'squire for my money! But as for that stupid policeman, I'll sue him for false imprisonment, if Aunt Mercy will let me have the funds to pay a lawyer."

"Aunt Mercy's pretty liberal with you," said Phaeton, "but she'll never give you any such amount as that."

When Ned heard of our adventures at the fire, he fairly groaned.

"It would be just like my luck," said he, "if there should n't be another good fire in this town for a year."

The lost brother being found, Phaeton said the next thing to be done was to take home the bird he had rescued. I went with him on this errand.

As we approached the house, Phaeton carrying the bird-cage, a scene of desolation met our eyes. Nearly everything it contained had been brought out-of-doors, and had sustained more or less injury. The house itself, with all the windows and doors smashed out, the front burned to charcoal, the side so far wrenched apart from the rest of the frame that it could not be replaced, and the

whole browned with smoke and drenched with water, was a melancholy wreck.

Mr. Glidden and his son John stood in the yard looking at it, and their countenances, on the whole, were rather sorrowful.

"Good-morning, Mr. Glidden," said Phaeton.

"Good-morning, sir."

"I should like to see Miss Glidden," said Phaeton.

"She is at her aunt's, on West street," said Mr. Glidden.

Phaeton seemed a little disappointed.

"I've brought home her bird," said he. "I carried it out when the house was on fire, and took it up to our house for safety."

"My sister will be very much obliged to you," said John Glidden. "I'll take charge of it."

Phaeton intimated his entire willingness to run over to West street with the bird at once, saying that he knew the house where she was staying, perfectly well; but John said he would n't trouble him to do that, and took the cage, which Phaeton gave up with some appearance of reluctance.

"I don't believe the smell of smoke will be good for that bird," said Phaeton, as we walked away. "Canaries are very tender things. He'd better have let me carry it right over to his sister."

"Yes," said I, "and relieve her anxiety of mind about it. But I suppose he and his father are thinking of nothing but the house."

"I don't wonder at that," said Phaeton. "It must be a pretty serious thing to have your house and furniture knocked to pieces in that way. And the water seems to do as much harm as the fire."

"Yes, and the axes more than either," said I. "But it can't be helped. Houses will get on fire once in a while, and then, of course, they must either be put out or torn down."

"I am inclined to think it can be helped," said Phaeton. "I've been struck with an idea this morning, and if it works out as well as I hope, I shall be able to abolish all the engines and ax-men, and put out fires without throwing any water on them."

"That would be a tremendous invention," said I. "What is it?"

"Wait till I get it fully worked out," said he, "and then we'll talk it over. It needs a picture to explain it."

A day or two afterward, Phaeton asked me to go with him to see Jack-in-the-Box, as he had completed his invention, and wanted to consult Jack about it.

"By the way," said he, as we were walking up the street, "I received something this morning which will interest you."

He took from his pocket, and handed me, a note

written on delicate scented paper and folded up in a triangle. It was addressed to "Dear Mr. Rogers," and signed "V. Glidden." It acknowledged the receipt of the bird, and thanked him handsomely for his "gallantry in rescuing dear little Chrissy from the flames."

"That 's beautiful," said I, as I folded it up and handed it back to Phaeton, who read it again before putting it into his pocket.

"Yes," said he, "that 's lovely."

"You never were called 'Mr. Rogers' before, were you?" said I. "No," said Phaeton.

"I tell you what 't is, Fay," said I, "we 're getting along in life."

"Yes," said he; "youth glides by rapidly. It was only a little while ago that we had never run with a machine, never taken an ax at a fire, and—never received a note like this."

"And now," said I, "we—that is, you—have made an invention to abolish all fire departments."

"If it works," said Phaeton.

"I have n't the least doubt that it will," said I, although I had not the remotest idea what it was.

Jack, who had just flagged a train, and was rolling up his flag as we arrived, cordially invited us into his box.

"I want to consult you about one more invention," said Phaeton, "if you 're not tired of them."

"Never tired of them," said Jack. "I have found something to admire in every one you 've presented, though they were not all exactly practicable. The only way to succeed is to persevere."

"It 's very encouraging to hear you say so," said Phaeton. "The thing that I want to consult you about to-day is a method of putting out fires without throwing water upon the houses or chopping them all to pieces."

"That would be a great thing," said Jack.

"How do you accomplish it?"

"By smothering them," said Phaeton.

"I know you can smother a small fire with a thick blanket," said Jack, "but how are you going to smother a whole house when it is in a blaze?"

"If you will look at this drawing," said Phaeton, "you will easily understand my plan." And he produced a sheet of paper and unfolded it.

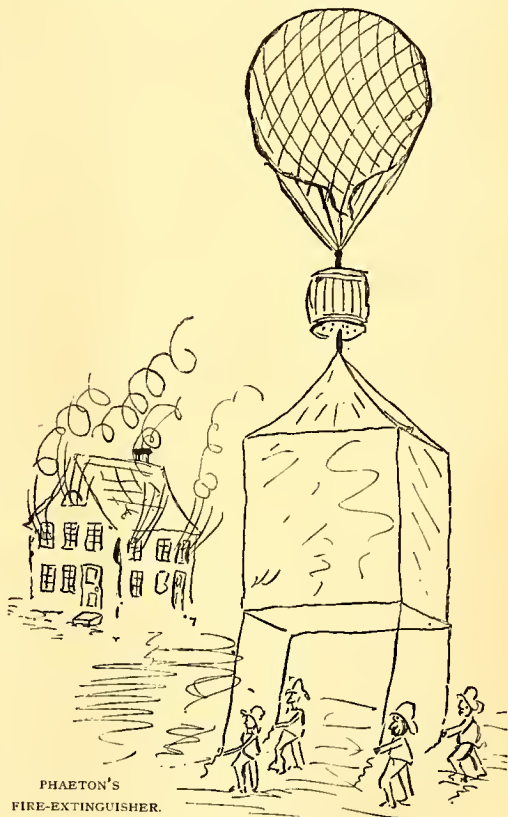
"I first build a sort of light canvas tent," he continued, "somewhat larger than an ordinary house. It has no opening, except that the bottom is entirely open, and there is a long rope fastened to each of the lower corners. Then I have a balloon, to which this tent is fastened in place of a car. The balloon lifts the tent just as far as the ropes—which are fastened to something—will let it go."

"That 's plain enough," said Jack.

"Then," continued Phaeton, "whenever a fire occurs, the firemen (it needs only a few) take these ropes in their hands and start for the fire, the tent and balloon sailing along over their heads. When they get there, they let it go up till the bottom of the tent is higher than the top of the burning house, and then bring it down right over the house, so as to inclose it, and hold the bottom edge close against the surface of the ground till the fire is smothered."

"I see," said Jack; "the theory is perfect."

"I have not forgotten," said Phaeton, "that the



tent itself might take fire before they could fairly get it down over the house. To prevent that, I have a barrel of water below the balloon and above the tent, with a few gimlet-holes in the bottom; so there is a continual trickle, which just keeps the tent too wet to take fire easily."

"That 's clear," said Jack. "It 's the wet-blanket principle reduced to scientific form."

"And how shall I manage it?" said Phaeton.

"As to that," said Jack, "the most appropriate man to consult is the chief-engineer."

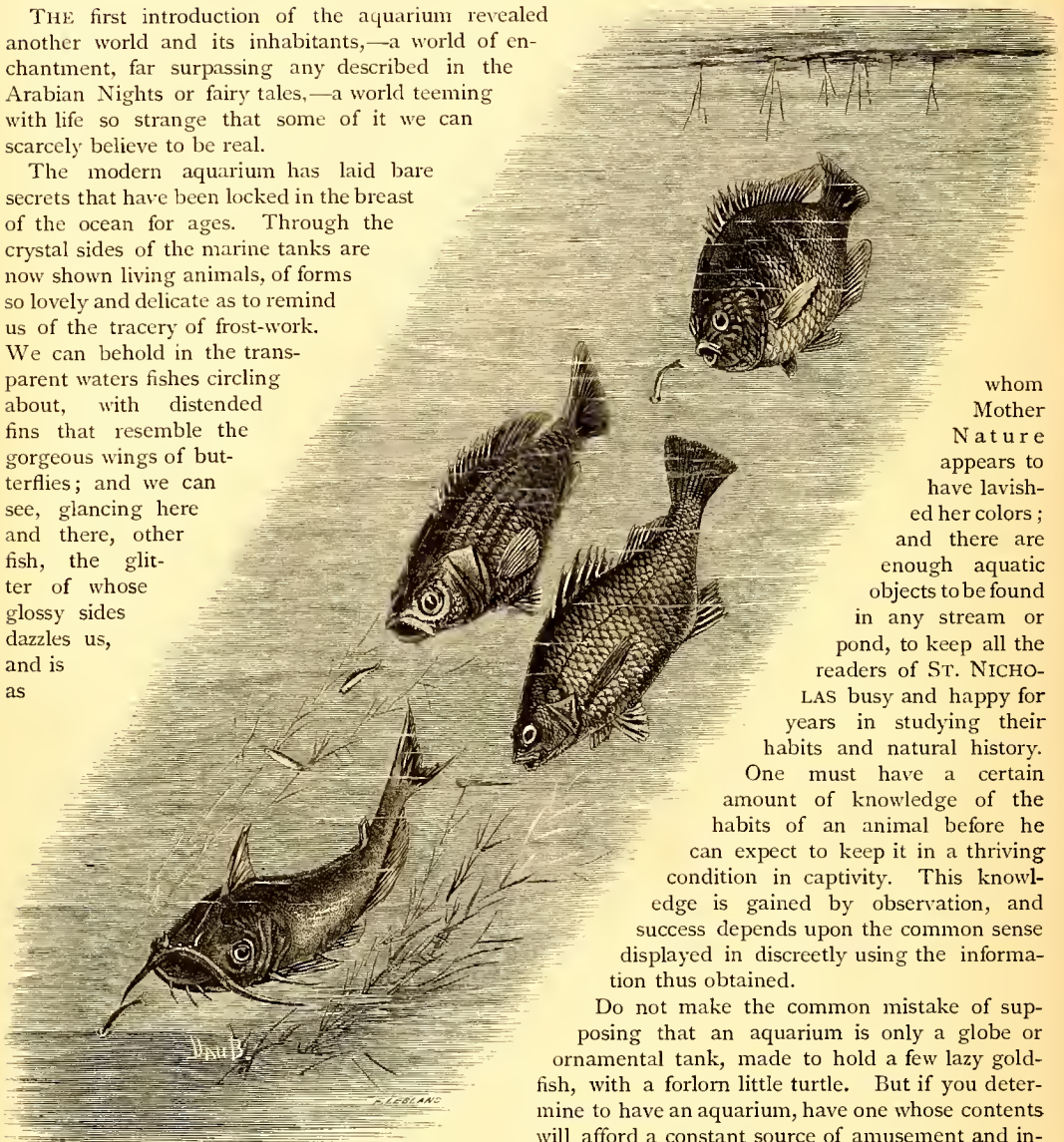
(To be continued.)

HOW TO STOCK AND KEEP A FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE first introduction of the aquarium revealed another world and its inhabitants,—a world of enchantment, far surpassing any described in the Arabian Nights or fairy tales,—a world teeming with life so strange that some of it we can scarcely believe to be real.

The modern aquarium has laid bare secrets that have been locked in the breast of the ocean for ages. Through the crystal sides of the marine tanks are now shown living animals, of forms so lovely and delicate as to remind us of the tracery of frost-work. We can behold in the transparent waters fishes circling about, with distended fins that resemble the gorgeous wings of butterflies; and we can see, glancing here and there, other fish, the glit-ter of whose glossy sides dazzles us, and is as



SOME HARDY SWIMMERS. [SEE PAGE 701.]

various in hue as the rainbow; and the rocks at the bottom are carpeted with animals in the forms of lovely flowers!

Although marine animals may surpass the inhabitants of fresh water in strangeness of form and tint, there are some fresh-water fish upon

whom
Mother
Nature
appears to
have lavished
her colors;
and there are
enough aquatic
objects to be found
in any stream or
pond, to keep all the
readers of ST. NICHOLAS
busy and happy for
years in studying their
habits and natural history.
One must have a certain
amount of knowledge of the
habits of an animal before he
can expect to keep it in a thriving
condition in captivity. This knowl-
edge is gained by observation, and
success depends upon the common sense
displayed in discreetly using the infor-
mation thus obtained.

Do not make the common mistake of sup-
posing that an aquarium is only a globe or
ornamental tank, made to hold a few lazy gold-
fish, with a forlorn little turtle. But if you deter-
mine to have an aquarium, have one whose contents
will afford a constant source of amusement and in-
struction—one that will attract the attention and
interest of a visitor as soon as he or she enters the
room where it is. Do not have china swans float-
ing about upon the top of the water, nor ruined castles
submerged beneath the surface. Such things are in
bad taste. Generally speaking, ruined castles are
not found at the bottoms of lakes and rivers, and
china swans do not swim on streams and ponds.

Sea-shells, corals, etc., should not be used in a fresh-water aquarium; they not only look out of place, but the lime and salts they contain will injure both fish and plant. Try to make your aquarium a miniature lake in all its details, and you will find the effect more pleasing to the eye. By making the artificial home of the aquatic creatures conform as nearly as possible to their natural ones, you can keep them all in a healthy and lively condition.

At the bird-stores and other places where objects

the advantageous distribution of its bulk over large spaces." In other words, flat, shallow vessels are the best. When quite a small boy, the writer discovered this fact by pouring half the minnows from a pail into a large flat dish, that he might better see them swim about; here they were forgotten for the time; on the morrow all the fish in the pail were found to be dead, but those in the flat dish were perfectly lively and well.

In the light of this fact, he set to work to build



A STRANGE VISION. [SEE PAGE 703.]

THE CAUSE OF THE VISION.

in natural history are sold, you may buy an aquarium of almost any size you wish, from the square tank with heavy iron castings to the small glass globe; the globes come in ten sizes.

If the manufacturers of aquaria in this country had made it their object to build vessels in which no respectable fish could live, they could hardly have succeeded better, for they all violate this first rule: The greater the surface of water exposed to the air, the greater the quantity of oxygen absorbed from the atmosphere.

Amateurs never seem to learn that "the value of water depends not so much on its bulk, as on

himself an aquarium. The materials for its construction were bought of the town-glazier and sign-painter's son. The amount paid was several marbles, a broken-bladed Barlow knife, and a picture of the school-teacher, sketched in lead-pencil upon the fly-leaf of a spelling-book. In exchange for this heap of wealth, the author received four pieces of window-glass, some red paint, an old brush, and a lump of putty. Two or three days' work resulted in the production of

an aquarium. It was only twelve inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches high; but, although this tank was small, it was a real aquarium, and would hold water and living pets.

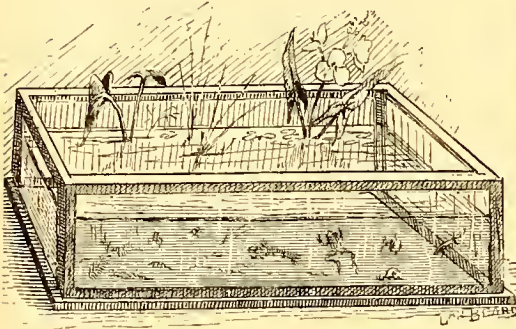


FIGURE NO. 1. PROPER FORM OF AQUARIUM.

With a dip-net, made of an old piece of mosquito-netting, what fun it was to explore the spaces between the logs of the rafts in front of the old saw-mill! and what curious little animals were found lurking there! Little gars, whose tiny forms

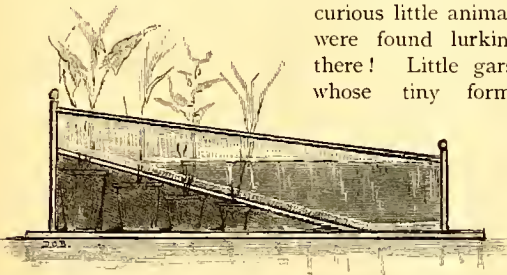


FIGURE NO. 3. LAND-AND-WATER AQUARIUM.—CROSS SECTION.

looked like bits of sticks; young spoon-bill fish (paddle-fish), with exaggerated upper lips one-third the length of their scaleless bodies; funny little black cat-fish, that looked for all the world like tadpoles, and scores of other creatures. Under the green vegetation in those spaces they found a safe retreat from the attacks of the larger fish.

If possible, have your aquarium made under your own eye. Suppose you wish one two feet long; then it should be sixteen inches wide and seven inches high, or 24" x 7" x 16". Figure No. 1 shows an aquarium of the proper form and proportions, in agreement with nature. Figure No. 2

shows the popular but unnatural and improper form. If you wish to keep a turtle, a frog, a craw-fish, or any such animal, you should have your rockery so arranged that part of it will protrude above the water; or, better still, have a land-and-water aqua-

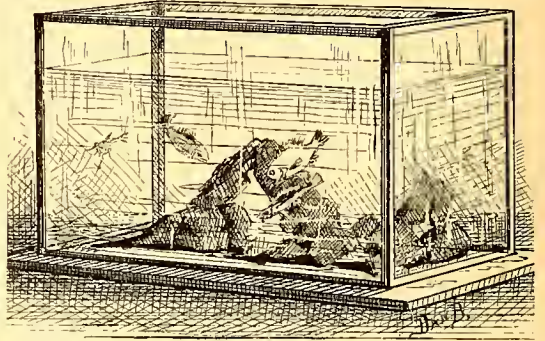


FIGURE NO. 2. IMPROPER FORM OF AQUARIUM.

rium, such as is shown in Figures Nos. 3 and 4. With a tank made upon this plan, you can have aquatic plants, as well as land plants and flowers, a sandy beach for the turtle to sleep upon, as he loves to do, and a rockery for the craw-fish to hide in and keep out of mischief. Some species of snails, too, like to crawl occasionally above the water-line. Such an aquarium makes an interesting object for the conservatory.

Figure No. 5 shows how a fountain can be made. The opening of the fountain should be so small as to allow only a fine jet of water to issue from it; the reservoir or supply-tank should be away out of sight and quite large, so that, by filling it at night, the fountain will keep playing all day. The waste-pipe should open at the level you intend to keep the water, and the opening should be covered with a piece of mosquito-netting, to prevent any creature from being drawn in.

There used to be, in the window of a jewelry store

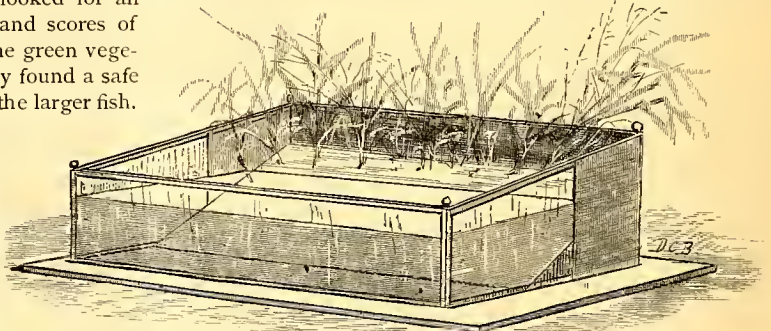


FIGURE NO. 4. LAND-AND-WATER AQUARIUM.

in Newark, Ohio, an ordinary glass fish-globe, in which lived and thrived a saucy little brook-trout.

Brook-trout, as most of my readers know, are found only in cool running water, and will not live for any great length of time in an ordinary aquarium. In this case, an artificial circulation of water was produced by means of a little pump run by clock-work. Every morning the jeweler wound up the machine, and all day long the little pump worked, pumping up the water from the globe, only to send it back again in a constant but small stream, which poured from the little spout, each drop carrying with it into the water of the globe a small quantity of fresh air, including, of course, oxygen gas. (See Figure No. 6.) And the little speckled trout lived and thrived, and, for aught I know to the contrary, is still swimming around in his crystal prison, waiting, with ever ready mouth, to swallow up the blue-bottle flies thrown to him by his friend



FEEDING THE POND-BASS. [SEE PAGE 703.]

the jeweler. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to change the water in an aquarium every few days. The tank should be so arranged as to require a change of water but very seldom. This is not difficult to accomplish, even without the help of a fountain or of clock-work. Both plants and animals breathe, and what is life to the plant is poison to the animal. They are like

to breathe. So you see that, by having plants as well as animals in your tank, both classes are supplied with breathing material. When you start your aquarium, first cover the bottom with sand and gravel. Then build your rockery; it is better to cement it together and into place.

After this is all arranged, go to the nearest pond, or creek, and dredge up some water-plants. Any that are not too large will do,—starwort, millfoil, bladderwort, pond-weed, etc. Fasten the roots of your plants to small stones with a bit of string, and arrange them about the tank to suit your taste. Fill the tank with water, and let it stand in the window for a week or two, where it will receive plenty of light, but no sun. By that time all your plants will be growing, and numerous other little plants will have started into life of their own accord. Then you may add your animals, and, if you do not overstock the tank, you need never change the water. Be sure not to handle the fish; but when you wish to remove them, lift them gently with a dip-net.

In an aquarium with a slanting bottom, only the front need be of glass; the other three sides can

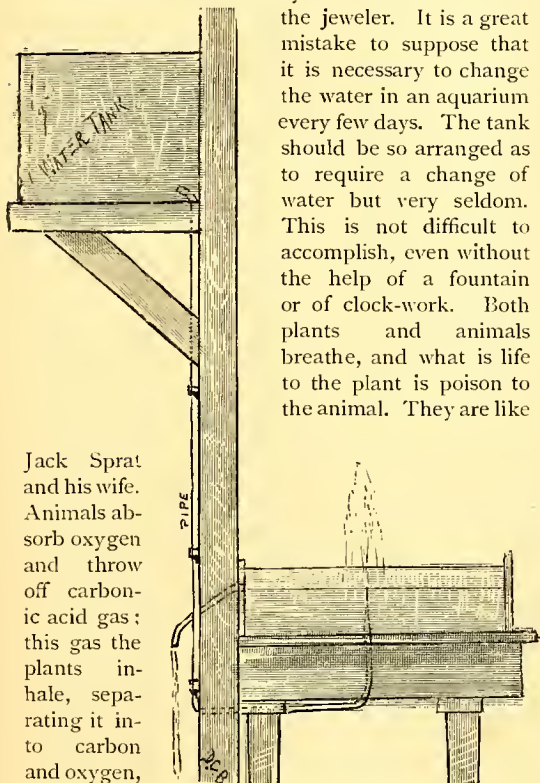


FIGURE NO. 5. FOUNTAIN WITH TANK.

Jack Sprat and his wife. Animals absorb oxygen and throw off carbonic acid gas; this gas the plants inhale, separating it into carbon and oxygen, absorbing the carbon, which is converted into their vegetable tissue, and throwing off the free oxygen, for the animals

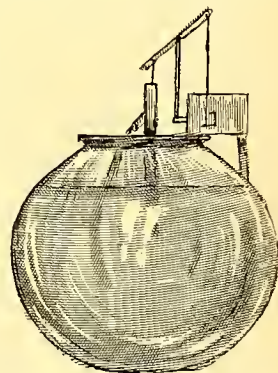
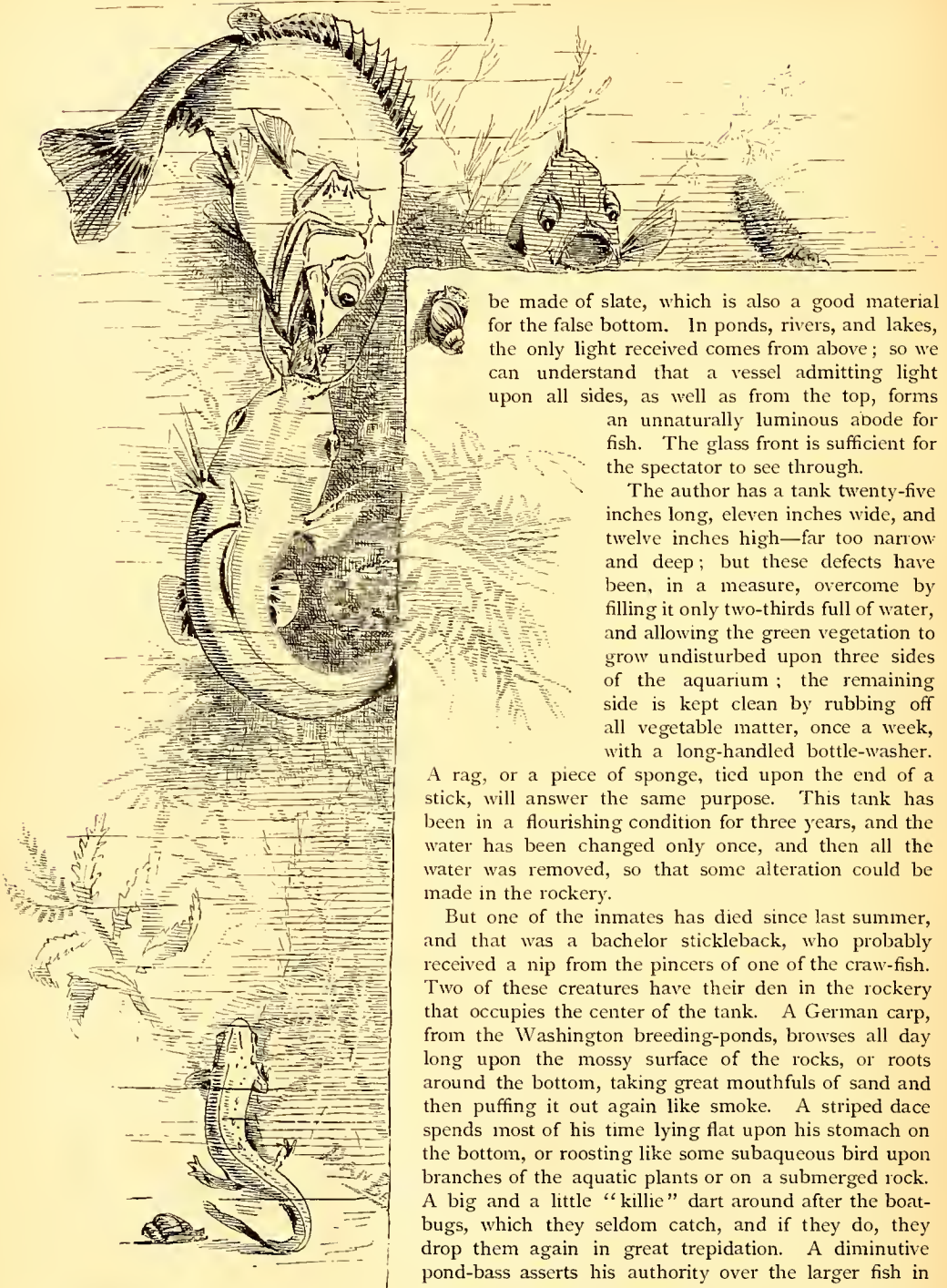


FIGURE NO. 6. CLOCK-WORK PUMP.



A TUG OF WAR IN THE AQUARIUM.

be made of slate, which is also a good material for the false bottom. In ponds, rivers, and lakes, the only light received comes from above; so we can understand that a vessel admitting light upon all sides, as well as from the top, forms an unnaturally luminous abode for fish. The glass front is sufficient for the spectator to see through.

The author has a tank twenty-five inches long, eleven inches wide, and twelve inches high—far too narrow and deep; but these defects have been, in a measure, overcome by filling it only two-thirds full of water, and allowing the green vegetation to grow undisturbed upon three sides of the aquarium; the remaining side is kept clean by rubbing off all vegetable matter, once a week, with a long-handled bottle-washer.

A rag, or a piece of sponge, tied upon the end of a stick, will answer the same purpose. This tank has been in a flourishing condition for three years, and the water has been changed only once, and then all the water was removed, so that some alteration could be made in the rockery.

But one of the inmates has died since last summer, and that was a bachelor stickleback, who probably received a nip from the pincers of one of the craw-fish. Two of these creatures have their den in the rockery that occupies the center of the tank. A German carp, from the Washington breeding-ponds, browses all day long upon the mossy surface of the rocks, or roots around the bottom, taking great mouthfuls of sand and then puffing it out again like smoke. A striped dace spends most of his time lying flat upon his stomach on the bottom, or roosting like some subaqueous bird upon branches of the aquatic plants or on a submerged rock. A big and a little "killie" dart around after the boat-bugs, which they seldom catch, and if they do, they drop them again in great trepidation. A diminutive pond-bass asserts his authority over the larger fish in a most tyrannous manner. An eel lives under the sand in the bottom, and deigns to make his appearance

only once in several months, much to the amazement of the other inhabitants, all of whom seem to forget his presence until the smell of a bit of meat brings his long body from his retreat. Numerous little mussels creep along the bottom; periwinkles and snails crawl up and down the sides; caddice-worms cling to the plants, and everything appears

comprises some of the hardiest and most readily domesticated to be found in small lakes or ponds. In selecting fish for your aquarium, be careful to have the perch, sun-fish, and bass much smaller than the dace, carp, or gold-fish; otherwise the last-named fish will soon find a resting-place inside the former.

Never put a large frog in an aquarium, for he will devour everything there. A bull-frog that I kept in my studio for more than a year swallowed fish, live mice, and brown bats; he also swallowed a frog of nearly his own size; but when he engulfed a young alligator, we were almost as amazed as if he had swallowed himself.

Craw-fish are very mischievous; they pull up the plants, upset the rockery, nip the ends off the fishes' tails, crack the mussel-shells, pull out the inmates and devour them, squeeze the caddice-worm from his little log-house, and, in fact, are incorrigible mischief-makers. But, from that very fact, I always keep one or two small ones. The other inhabitants of the aquarium soon learn to dread the pincer of these fresh-water lobsters, and keep out of the way. Tadpoles are always an interesting addition to an aquarium.

Pickereel and gars should be kept in an aquarium by themselves.

Pond-bass make very intelligent pets. I once had three hundred of these little fellows, perfectly tame. Down in one corner of the corn-field I found two patent washing-machines, the beds of which were shaped like scow-boats. These old machines were fast going to ruin, and I readily gained permission to use them for whatever purpose I wished; so, with a hatchet, I

knocked off the legs and top-gear; then removed a side from each box, and fastened the two together, making a tank about four feet

perfectly at home and contented.

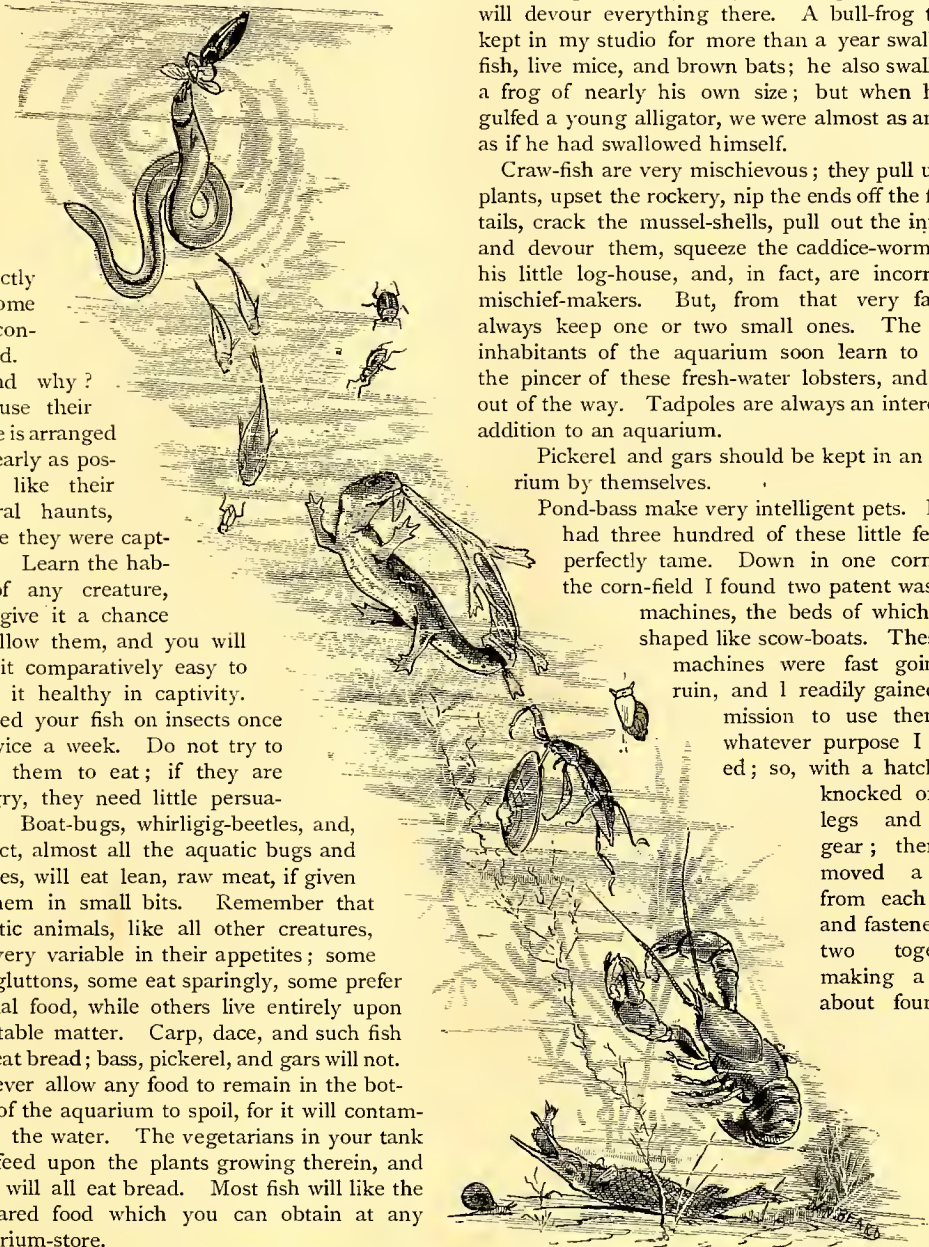
And why?

Because their home is arranged as nearly as possible like their natural haunts, where they were captured. Learn the habits of any creature, and give it a chance to follow them, and you will find it comparatively easy to keep it healthy in captivity.

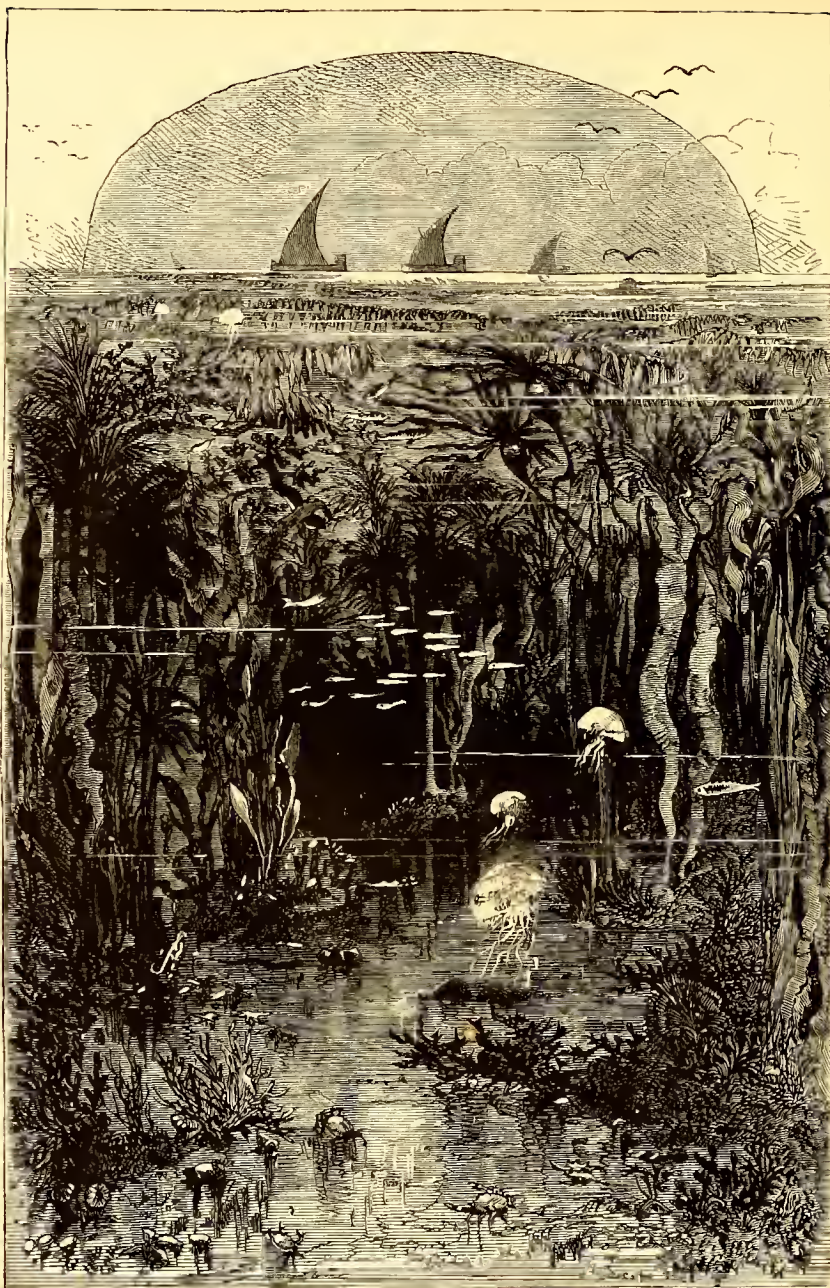
Feed your fish on insects once or twice a week. Do not try to force them to eat; if they are hungry, they need little persuasion. Boat-bugs, whirligig-beetles, and, in fact, almost all the aquatic bugs and beetles, will eat lean, raw meat, if given to them in small bits. Remember that aquatic animals, like all other creatures, are very variable in their appetites; some are gluttons, some eat sparingly, some prefer animal food, while others live entirely upon vegetable matter. Carp, dace, and such fish will eat bread; bass, pickereel, and gars will not.

Never allow any food to remain in the bottom of the aquarium to spoil, for it will contaminate the water. The vegetarians in your tank will feed upon the plants growing therein, and they will all eat bread. Most fish will like the prepared food which you can obtain at any aquarium-store.

The group of fish swimming across page 696



AQUARIUM INCIDENTS.



A NATURAL AQUARIUM.

square. The seam, or crack, where the two parts joined, was filled with oakum, and the whole outside was thickly daubed with coal-tar. The tank was then set in a hole dug for that purpose, and the dirt was filled in and packed around

the sides. Back of it I piled rocks, and planted ferns in all the cracks and crannies. I also put rocks in the center of the tank, first covering the bottom with sand and gravel. After filling this with water and plants, I put in three hundred little

bass, and they soon became so tame that they would follow my finger all around, or would jump out of the water for a bit of meat held between the fingers. Almost any wild creatures will yield to persistent kind treatment, and become tame. Generally, too, they learn to have a sort of trustful affection for their keepers, who, however, to earn the confidence of such friends, should be almost as wise, punctual, and unflinching as good Dame Nature herself.

One of the same bass, which I gave to a friend of mine, lived in an ordinary glass globe for three years. It was a very intelligent fish, but fearfully spiteful and jealous. My friend's mother thought it was lonesome, and so, one day, she brought home a beautiful gold-fish—a little larger than the bass—to keep it company. She put the gold-fish in the globe, and watched the little bass, expecting to see it wonderfully pleased; but the little wretch worked himself into a terrible passion—erected every spine upon his back, glared a moment at the intruder, and then made a dart forward, seized the gold-fish by the abdomen, and shook it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, until the

transparent water was glittering all over with a shower of golden scales. As soon as possible, the carp was rescued; but it was too late. He only gasped, and died. The vicious little bass swam around and around his globe, biting in his rage at all the floating scales. Ever after, he was allowed to live a hermit's life, and he behaved himself well. At last the family went away for a couple of weeks, and, when they returned, the poor little bass lay dead at the bottom of his globe.

One more incident, and I must close: A certain young enthusiast in aquarium matters, waking suddenly one night, beheld the apparition shown on page 697. At one side of the room, in a wavering circle of light, a gaping monster was about to make one mouthful of a wriggling creature as large as a cat. The cause of this strange vision soon appeared. The curtain of the window had not been drawn down all the way, and a street-lamp, shining in, made a sort of combined magic-lantern lens and slide of a glass globe, in which some aquarium pets were quarreling. But the "wiggler" escaped somehow, and no harm was done.



"WHO ARE YOU?"

LE MARCHAND DE COCO.

PAR F. M. E.

We shall be glad to receive translations of this from the girls and boys. The translators should give their full names, addresses, and ages, at the head of their papers, and should write on but one side of the sheet. That translation which seems to us to be the best will be printed in the October number. Translations received at 743 Broadway, New York, after August 1st will be too late to take part in the competition.



LE MARCHAND DE COCO.

MES chers petits amis, savez-vous ce que c'est que ce jeune homme si drôlement paré? Il est marchand de coco, cette boisson délicieuse faite du bois de réglisse broyé dans de l'eau glacé. À Paris on les voit partout, ces marchands, avec le beau bouquet argenté de leur fontaines, scintillant comme une oriflamme au-dessus de la tête. Ils se

promènent aux Champs Elysées, au Jardin des Tuileries, dans les rues, partout où se peuvent trouver des enfants, ou même des personnes plus âgées, car la soif vient à tout le monde; et quand il fait bien chaud, ils font de fameuses recettes. On les entend crier de leur voix pénétrante: "À la fraîche, qui veut boire! Voilà le bon coco! Régalez-vous, Mesdames—régalez-vous!" Et après ces assourdissants appels aux chalands, ils tintent la clochette argentée qu'ils portent dans la main gauche. Cette sonnerie fait la fortune du débitant de coco; elle fait tant de bruit qu'il faut bien lui faire attention, ce qui est toujours bonne chose dans le commerce. Et puis la fontaine est si belle, qui pourrait y résister? L'effet du velours cramoisi qui entoure les cylindres, est rehaussé par les bords cuivrés et par le bouquet luisant dans le soleil. Ce qui fait un ensemble visible de loin par les altérés. Et puis, cela ne coûte qu'un sou le verre!

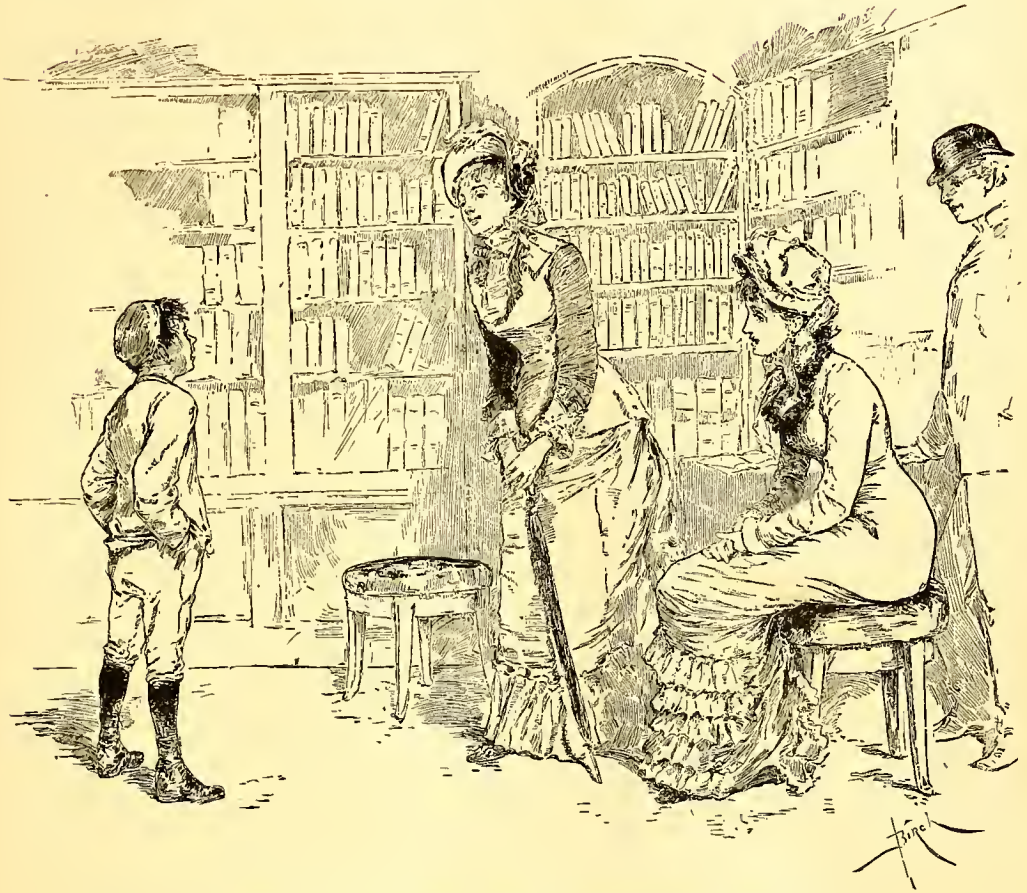
Sur la poitrine, une des bretelles qui attachent la fontaine au dos du marchand, est percée à jour pour recevoir les gobelets dans lesquels il sert sa marchandise. Tout brille dans l'équipage, les gobelets sont argentés aussi bien que la clochette et le bouquet et les deux robinets qui passent dessous le bras gauche, l'un desquels donne du coco, et l'autre de l'eau pour rincer les gobelets. Il se sert d'un coin de son tablier de toile, éblouissant de blancheur et de propreté, pour essuyer ses verres. Et pourtant ce tablier n'est jamais sale, on y voit toujours les plis faits par le fer de la blanchisseuse. Notre marchand de coco dans la gravure est chaussé de gros sabots de paysan, mais cette partie du costume n'est pas de rigueur comme tout le reste.

Autrefois un beau casque empanaché coiffait le porte-fontaine, mais aujourd'hui la simple casquette d'ouvrier le remplace.

Qui ne voudrait pas être marchand de coco? Quel beau métier! Se promener toujours au soleil, et crier aux oreilles des petits enfants altérés: "À la fraîche, qui veut boire!"

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



"MISS ROBERTS, WHAT 'S A PAGE?' ASKED PUG MERRIWEATHER." [SEE PAGE 709.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

THE Ramblers' Club was not a difficult body to form. All that was needed, as far as that Saturday was concerned, was for Otis Burr, Jeff Carroll, and Charley Ferris to come around to Will Torrance's as soon as possible after breakfast. Jack Roberts would also have been there but for a message Belle brought him from Milly Merriweather and Mr. Ayring. They wanted to consult with him about such May-festival appointments as were to be divided among the Park boys.

As for inviting anybody else on that first trip,

VOL. VIII.—45.

Otis Burr had vetoed it with: "No, Will, four of us 'll be enough if we 're going to have a good time, and it wont do to have more if we 're not."

There was sense in that, especially as they had only one dog and one gun among them, both belonging to Will.

Will Torrance's "Tiger" was a cross between a setter and a Newfoundland, and combined the brains of one with the size and shaggy coat of the other. He was bounding ahead of the boys now, in search of fun, and not only chickens but much larger animals, ill-disposed men included, were quite likely to treat him with civility.

The "ramble" of that day was to be made along the western shore of Oneoga Lake.

This was a pretty piece of fresh water, one end of which came down to the northern side of Saltillo. It was about six miles long and not more than two miles wide at the widest place, and the eastern shore was all villages and farms.

The western side was wilder, being about equally divided between swamps and woodland, and the lake itself had been long ago "fished out."

"Four boys and only one gun," remarked a farmer, from his seat in his wagon, as they passed him in the road, just before they climbed the last fence and struck off into the sandy flats along the lake shore.

"Will," exclaimed Charley, "we must kill something."

"There 's a chipping-bird," said Otis Burr. "You can make up a string of them."

"Hold on, boys——"

Will suddenly darted ahead, for Tiger was standing still near the bank of a very small brook and seemed to be looking at something.

"He 's pointing," said Jeff; "he 's doing his best for his size."

The boys did not exactly hold their breaths, but nothing louder than a whisper came from them as they saw their sportsman slip along the bank of the brook and raise his gun to his shoulder.

It was a single-barreled gun, but it went off with a very encouraging report.

"Loud enough to scare any small bird to death," said Otis.

"Did you get him? Did you get him?" shouted Charley, as Will sprang forward.

"What was it?" asked Jeff. "I did n't see any geese."

They were smaller birds than geese, and it was no wonder Tiger had been the only member of the Club to detect their presence in the neighborhood. All the rest saw some kind of winged creatures fly away; but Will was picking up something.

"Six of em," he shouted, "at one shot!"

"What are they?"

"What are they, Charley? Don't you know sandpipers when you see them? They 're the smallest kind of snipe."

"Give me one to carry," said Jeff,— "one in each hand, to balance me. Are n't they a heavy game!"

They were bigger than chipping-birds, but there was little more to be said about them, excepting that they were long-billed, long-legged, and "snipecy" in their aspect, and could really be cooked and eaten.

"Two or three hundred of 'em would make a prime dinner for the Club," remarked Otis.

"We 'll get some more as we go along the flats. We can take turns shooting. I 'll load up."

That was quickly done, and Charley Ferris came in for the next turn, almost as a matter of course.

It was better fun now, with a beginning made, and a possibility of something more; and the Club marched on, with Charley about a rod in advance.

"Tip-up! tip-up!" exclaimed Will, before three minutes were over. "Tige is away. He never lets 'em 'light. There, Charley, one has lit. See it tip-up?"

Another kind of snipe—but, as Jeff observed, "not large enough to hurt him"—had alighted on an old log in the brook, and was "practicing his motions" in his own way,—that is, his head and tail rose and fell in quick alternation, as if he were trying to keep his balance on the log, and had a good deal of "tetering" to do to avoid falling off.

It was a short shot, but Charley was excited. He was sure he was aiming at that bird up to the moment when he pulled the trigger. The gun went off just as it should have done, and the report spoke well for the size of the charge; but the saucy "tip-up" only gave another "teter," and then flew swiftly away toward the lake.

"Missed him!"

"No, I did n't. I must have hit him; he flies as if he had been wounded. Tige is after him."

Tiger was running in that direction, certainly; but the bird was already out of sight ahead of him, and the wise dog gave it up and began to smell at some tracks on the sand.

"Your turn next, Jeff," said Will. "I 've brought plenty of ammunition."

"My turn, is it? Well, then, you wait till I stick up a mark,—something that wont fly away after I 've hit it."

By the time the gun was loaded, Jeff had pinned an old letter envelope to the bark of a tree not far away, and his "game," as he called it, was all ready for him. There was no danger of his getting excited about it, and he tried in vain to coax Tiger into making a "point" at the tree.

Bang! And then four boys ran forward to see if any of the shot had hit the paper.

"Six,—seven,—eight!" said Charley. "Jeff, if that had been a 'tip-up,' it would have been spoiled. I fired just a little above mine. It tears a bird all to pieces to put too many shot into it."

It was Otis Burr's turn to shoot, but Will reminded them that standing still and shooting at a mark was not exactly "rambling."

"Let's ramble, then," said Otis. "Put in your biggest shot for me; I 'm after something larger than 'tip-ups' and sandpipers."

That end of the lake was as level as a floor, not only on land, but under water. The "sand-flat" reached nearly to the edge of the city itself, but

there were no houses on it,—nothing but long ranges of low, flat-looking, wooden-roofed sheds. The water at the margin was as shallow as it well could be, and any one of the boys could have waded out a quarter of a mile without getting beyond his depth. They knew this well enough, but it was too cold for wading yet, and no one proposed a trial. As for the sheds, they knew all about them, and there was no “ramble” to be had there. They were “solar salt-works,”—great wooden pans set up just above the ground,—and the shed-roofs were their sliding covers, which would not be removed till steady, warm weather should come. Acres on acres of sand-flats were covered in that way.

The boys walked along as they talked, and soon began to pass the curve toward the western shore. They could look back now and see the city, and the tall chimneys of the “boiling-works,” where salt was made in a quicker way than by drying it out by sunshine in vats.

Each one of those tall chimneys stood up at the end of a big wooden building, and that, they knew, covered a long, double row of huge iron kettles, set in a range of brick-work, with a fire constantly burning under them; and there were men busy there now scooping out the salt from the boiling-kettles with long-handled iron ladles.

It was agreeable enough to look at and think of, but the kind of rambling they were doing was more like “Saturday work,” as Jeff called it.

“Right out there, boys,” said Will,—“half a mile out,—there’s a salt-spring comes up, from the bottom of the lake. There’s a bigger one on the east side, and they’ve rigged a pump to it.”

“I don’t believe there’s any salt-spring,” said Jeff. “The lake would be salt, if it were fed in that way.”

“Look at the salt on the sand, then. There’s salt coming out of everything around here. It makes the sand-ferre grow.”

“William!” exclaimed Charley, with great dignity, “you astonish me. As Mr. Hayne would say, ‘What, a scholar of this school saying sand-ferre?’ No, young gentlemen, the proper word to employ is ‘samphire.’”

“You may call it as many names as you please, but it’s a good weed for pickles. Hello, Ote, it’s your turn. Do you see, out there?”

“On the water? I see —”

“Ducks, my boy—ducks!”

Two black spots bobbed up and down, at quite a distance from shore, and four pairs of eyes agreed in an instant as to what they were.

The shore ahead of them was dreadfully muddy, and the water at the edge somewhat deeper than at the southern end of the lake. A little way back,

too, were scattered a dozen or so of the rude cabins of the salt-boilers, and around these were to be seen a mixed population of ragged and happy children, pigs, poultry, cats, dogs, and even a cow or two.

Tiger was keeping an eye out for those dogs, several of whom had already sent a warning bark to notify him that he was a stranger, and they were ready for him.

“Keep right along, boys. They’re swimming toward the shore. They’ll come in farther up. Never mind the mud.”

Will was speaking of the ducks, and the rest of the Club imitated his example in tucking their trousers into their boots. Low shoes would have had a hard time of it in the rambling they did for the next five minutes.

Either those ducks were blind or they were so used to seeing the salt-boilers’ boys along the shore that they had lost all fear of human beings.

If they could but have known that those four now present were a Club, with a gun, and that it was Otis Burr’s turn to shoot!

There was no one to warn them, however, and in they came, over the bright little waves, taking their own time to it, and giving Otis, therefore, time to get himself into such a fever of expectation that he thought he had never in his life seen so large a pair of water-fowl or such slow swimmers.

Bang!—at last.

Tiger gave his master a look that seemed to ask some kind of question, but he at once bounded forward and into the water.

He brought them in, one at a time—the first one dead and the second so badly hurt that it could not get away from him.

“Got ’em both,” said Otis, trying hard to look unconcerned, as if he killed ducks every day.

“Splendid pair!” said Charley, but Will Torrance was looking closely and silently at the one he held in his hand.

“We’ve done it, boys. We’ve done it. They’re tame ducks!”

“Will! You don’t say so!”

“Don’t I? And here comes the fine old lady they belong to.”

She was coming, sure enough.

“Don’t run, boys,” said Charley. “We must stand by Ote.”

Running was out of the question, in that mud, but Charley’s heroism was the correct thing, for all that.

“Murtherin’ me ducks? Is it that, ye spalpeens?”

Besides this they gathered little of the torrent of angry brogue that the elderly Irish settler poured upon them as she came up; but by the

time she was out of breath, Otis Burr was as calm as a fence-post.

"I 've killed them for you, nicely, ma'am. Teach 'em not to run away again."

"Is it run away? Av ye don't pay me for thim, then now!"

"Pay? Well, I don't care if I do. May be they are worth something. Ten cents ——"

"Tin cints? Is it tin cints ye 're talkin' of? Av ye don't pay me a quarther dollar for aich on 'em, I 'll have the law on ye."

"Half a dollar for a pair of ducks like these? And carry 'em home myself?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE.

JACK ROBERTS had been deprived of his intended day out with the Ramblers' Club, but he found compensation. He and Belle met Mr. Ayring and Milly Merriweather at the music store, and it soon became plain that the newly elected "Queen" was not disposed to be despotic.

She insisted on making Jim Swayne "First Herald," so he would be the first boy to come upon the stage, and that suited Mr. Ayring.



"IT WAS OTIS BURR'S TURN TO SHOOT."

"It takes Otis Burr!" Charley was whispering to Will. "She 'd have scared me out of a dollar."

It was about a fair price, as ducks were going, and Otis soon consented, as the old lady said, "to hear reason." He paid for his game like a man, and picked them up.

"Carry one of 'em, Charley. I move we ramble. There 's a crowd coming."

A glance confirmed him.

Every shanty in sight seemed to be sending out somebody, and it was plainly time to move on.

"You ought to put on Jeff Carroll next," suggested Jack, with a grin.

For some reason or other, Mr. Ayring preferred Will Torrance, and Belle herself said:

"Neither of them would care much for it. Jeff would n't, I know, and Will may think he 's too big."

"They 'll have to do it," said Jack, "whether they like it or not."

It was all settled nicely, in a half-hour's council, and when Milly went home, Jack walked off with

her; for, as he said, "I'm to be one of your marshals and I must begin to practice."

Belle had an errand at the book-store, but she might not have gone in, perhaps, if she had known whom she was to meet standing by one of the counters. There was no help for it, and, after all, she and Fanny Swayne were good friends, and had known and played with each other from the time they were both very little girls. They were "young ladies" now, and the gray-haired book-seller, who saw them shaking hands, thought he had never seen two prettier or more intelligent faces together.

"Hard to say which is the prettier," he said to himself: "splendid girls, both of them."

And Fanny took care to be the first to mention the May festival, very much to Belle's relief, and to say:

"I am glad they made so good a selection. Milly is a sweet little girl,—just the right age."

Belle assented, and everything would have gone along nicely if it had not been for the arrival of more company.

Jim Swayne came in after his sister, and nobody knew what Pug Merriweather came for. His errand took him to the back end of the store, and he was on his way out when his keen little eyes began to study that group by the counter.

"Jack and Milly went home, Miss Roberts."

"Did they? And are you not going too?"

"Guess I am; pretty soon."

"Are you Milly Merriweather's brother? Do you know me?" asked Fanny.

"You're Jim Swayne's sister, are n't you? You're not the queen, though."

"No," said Fanny, with a laugh; "your sister is queen. Will you tell her I'm glad of it?"

"Yes, I'll tell her. So is everybody else but her. She says you'd have made a better queen; but you would n't. She voted for you; so I had to vote twice. Milly is n't real sharp."

"Well, but she's only a girl!"

"That is n't it. Some girls are as sharp as boys; some boys are n't sharp, either. Jeff Carroll says Jim'll be sharp enough to paint his tickets next time. Jeff's sharp."

"You'd better run home, Pug," snapped Jim, "or there'll be somebody after you, first thing you know."

Pug knew enough of Jim to take warning; but he had a question to ask before he went.

"Miss Roberts, what's a page?"

"Something to read, do you mean?"

"Is that it? Then I wont, that's all. Milly said I might be one of her pages, but if I've got to stand up and read anything——"

"Oh, they wont make you do that," laughed Fanny; "run right along now, and don't forget to tell your sister just what I told you."

He was out of the door, as Jim said:

"Like one of these little black-and-tan terrier dogs that can't stand still half a minute."

Pug had not done any harm by what he had said, however, and that was something, considering what a reckless tongue he had. There came still another chance to use it, later in the day, when he met the Ramblers' Club on their way home.

They had made good speed away from the neighborhood of the shanties, even Tiger setting them an example of rapid motion; and they had waded, and walked, and floundered for two or three hours along the lake-shore; at last, however, they had, as Jeff said, "given up finding a north-west passage around the lake," and had even caught a ride on a wagon, after they came out into a road and started for home.

The gun had been fired again and again, before that, and the Club had unanimously voted to keep all they killed.

"The mud'll stick to us," said Otis Burr, "and we might as well stick to our game."

It was that which called for remarks from Pug, as he trotted around them, staring at one "string" after another.

"Ote has a duck, so has Charley, and they must have stolen 'em. Jeff Carroll has three blackbirds. I know what Will Torrance is lugging. It's sandpipers and two tip-ups. Jeff's got,—well, I say, if it is n't a rat!"

The latter animal had been shot on their way home, and Jeff declared it a rabbit, and that he would carry it in. There were more blackbirds, and the only reason why there were no crows was, because they had fired at five in succession without killing one.

On the whole, it had been a grand day's fun, up to the moment when the Club reached the lower end of the Park, and a mob of Pug's small-boy friends came along from one direction, just as Mr. Hayne appeared on the other side.

"Boys! boys!" screamed Pug. "Look here! They've been a-huntin'! Stealin' ducks and rat-killin'. Look at what they've got. Birds, too!"

Mr. Hayne smiled, and the hearts of the Club sank as the smile on his face grew wide.

It was evident that he was trying to keep it down, or at least not to hurt their feelings, but smile he did, for he could not help it.

They were a muddy Club, and their faces were well marked with gunpowder. Their very dog was wet, and had a tired, slouchy look.

"I hope you have had a pleasant time, young gentlemen. Have you been hunting?"

"Oh, no, by no means," said Jeff. "We've been rambling."

"Rambling?"

"Yes, sir. This is a part of the Ramblers' Club. We've been shooting at a mark, a little."

"And brought your targets home with you, I see. What is that you have, Mr. Burr?"

"Ignorant people call it a duck, Mr. Hayne. They were common, once, but they're rare, now. I killed this one on Oneoga Lake."

"Ah! Yes. Very rare bird, excepting in barnyards. I hope the owner was paid for it."

"It's an Irish duck," interrupted Jeff. "Ote wanted a specimen to study."

"I see. And you mean to give your spare time to the study of rats and blackbirds?"

"Is that really a rat, Mr. Hayne? I suspected the blackbirds."

That half of the Club was, by all odds, better off than the other half in the kind of ability called for just then, and Charley and Will would have given something to let their friends do the talking, but Pug appeared between them with a hand on each of their strings of "game."

"Oh, Mr. Hayne, look at these, too. Sand-pipers! Another duck and lots of things."

The second duck and the diminutive snipe were too much for Mr. Hayne. He laughed long and merrily. "Go ahead, young gentlemen. It's good fun, I dare say. Don't fail to let me know what you bring home, next time."

"The next time, Mr. Hayne?" said Jeff Carroll, gravely. "Every man is to take a gun."

"May I suggest an idea?" said the master.

"Do, please, Mr. Hayne," stammered Will, who now began to have fears for the future of his Club.

"Well, then, take hammers instead of guns, some day, and bring home a small piece of every rock you find, but no one of you to bring two pieces of the same kind." He bowed and smiled, and walked on, as he concluded; but the Club stood looking at one another for a moment.

"Let's try it," exclaimed Otis Burr.

"Next Saturday, Will. I'm ready," said Charley. "There's no end of rocks off south."

"Boys," remarked Jeff, "I can't talk till I've washed my face and had something to eat."

These being the urgent needs, the Club broke up and went home in peace.

(To be continued.)



FOURTH OF JULY NIGHT.

MOLLY MOGG AND LUCY LEE.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.



MISS MOLLY MOGG and Miss Lucy Lee
 Were playing under the apple-tree,
 Just as happy as happy could be;
 When—all at once—
 That little dunce,
 Miss Lucy, began to scream and cry:
 "Oh, Molly Mogg, make haste and fly!
 Here 's a horrible thing,
 With a frightful sting,
 Coming to catch us! Oh, dear! Oh, my!"

She dropped her book,
 And her dolly, too,
 Screaming: "Look! Molly, look!
 He 's close to you!
 These dreadful things,
 With wings—and stings—
 I never could bear! Oh, kill him! Do!"

Said Molly Mogg, sternly: "Lucy Lee,
 What a silly, absurd, little goose you must be!
 It 's plain to me
 You don't know your Natural History;
 If you did, you could see
 That this is a beautiful, beautiful creature,
 Of grace unrivaled in form and feature.

Just pause, Lucy, pause:
 See his wings of fine gauze,
 And his wonderful,—yes, my dear,—wonderful,
 claws!
 Would you like me to tell
 His name, Lucy? Well,
 It is 'Mega-thum-ollopod-tenter-hook-daws'!"

But poor Lucy Lee
 Would n't listen—not she—
 To a bit of this Natural History.
 Away she ran crying,
 Her road never eying,
 While over her head the great insect was
 flying;
 So she ran till she came to the well,
 When straightway into the bucket she fell!
 In a half-hour after, with call and shout,
 The farmer's family pulled her out;
 While the "Mega-thum-ollopod" flew about,
 And thought it was all very queer, no doubt.

Miss Molly Mogg, so wise and clever,
 Said: "Such a goose I never saw,—never!
 To think that she ran, without any cause,
 From a 'Megathumollopodtenterhookdaws'!"

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER IX.

Two weeks after our departure from the Indian Mission, we reached the foot-hills of the Andes in a drenching rain-storm. It was the first bad weather

poor animals, we were glad to take refuge in a *cabaña*, or military guard-house, on the ridge of the Sierra de San Blas. The Indians of the upper Orinoco are almost as savage as our Camanches and Apaches, and the white people have to guard



THE ROCK-AVALANCHE. [SEE PAGE 716].

we had experienced since our landing at Acapulco: the last ten days it had rained incessantly from every noon till night; at first it was merely a sort of drizzling fog, but when we reached the hills the water fell in torrents, and after a stormy night, without a camp-fire and without shelter for our

their settlements by a chain of military posts, generally located on the ridge of some mountain-range that affords a good lookout over the surrounding hills and valleys. But the republic of New Granada is a very poor country, and can not afford to maintain regular forts, with officers, garrisons.

and cannons, and most of their cabañas are in charge each of a single soldier—a mere picket-sentry, who has to be well acquainted with the habits and haunts of the Indians, and at the first sign of danger gallops to the next settlement to give the alarm. The solitary guardsman then on the mountain of San Blas was so glad to have a little company that he did his utmost to make us comfortable, but his cabaña was a poor sample of a fortress, log-built, without glass windows and with a rather defective roof, and if the weather had not been so stormy we should have preferred to camp under a good tree.

Still, we did not regret the delay, for on the second evening there arrived at San Blas a *guarda-mayor* from Bogota, a military officer whose business it was to inspect the cabañas and see to it that the sentries were at their posts. San Blas being a frontier fort, Captain Matias, as the sentry called him, intended to return the next morning, and as the storm had at last abated, we were very glad to accompany him. Like many of his countrymen, the Captain treated Indians as things devoid of soul and sense, but in his intercourse with white people he was as courteous as a Spanish cavalier, and we found him a very agreeable traveling-companion—jolly, adventurous, well acquainted with the history and the Indian antiquities of the country, and full of entertaining stories.

The grassy table-lands of New Granada swarm with coyotes, or prairie-wolves, and whenever we met one of these creatures the Captain put spurs to his horse and chased the wolf till he ran it down, but generally let it off if it lay down and surrendered at discretion. On one of these chases he came across the nest of a crested turkey with fifteen or twenty young ones, and, reining up his horse, he called to us and helped us to hunt the little long-legs that darted through the grass in every direction. The boys never had such fun, although we caught only six of the chicks, the rest managing to escape into the thick juniper-bushes of the ravines.

That afternoon and all the next day, our trail led through the highlands of the Sierra Cauca, steeper and steeper uphill, until we came to a ridge that seemed to form the summit of all the surrounding mountains; but when we got up, we saw that the worst was to come yet. On the other side of the table-land, and high above us, rose the main chain of the Western Andes, with their glittering peaks and awful precipices—lofty, threatening battlements that seemed to defend the approach to the cloud-land of the central plateau.

“No, it is n’t as bad as it looks,” laughed the Captain, when he noticed our consternation. “Our road keeps along the northern slope, and you will

now find a good bridge over every ravine; this is the *camino real*, the old highway of the Incas.”*

“Why, you are right,” said I, when we passed a rock that rose in a series of regular terraces and parapets. “This looks like an artificial esplanade; there must have been a castle up there.”

“No, it’s an Indian cemetery,” said the Captain—“the catacombs of Las Peñas, as they call it. Come this way—we can take a look at it before we go into camp; it is a curious old wizard’s den.”

We followed him over heaps of rubbish and broken columns to the upper platform, where a narrow portal opened into the interior of a dark rock-vault.

“We should have taken our lantern along,” said I; “I am afraid we shall not see much of all those curiosities.”

The Captain chuckled. “You will hear so much the more,” said he; “just come along.” At the entrance of the cave the ground was covered with all kinds of *débris* and potsherds, but farther back stood a vast number of massive earthen urns, as thick and wide as the kettles our asphalt-pavers use to boil their pitch in. The urns stood close together by scores and hundreds, although here and there narrow interspaces formed winding paths, that seemed to lead far back into a continuous labyrinth of pottery and rocks. If these vessels had really been filled with human bones, the cave must have been the cemetery of a populous city, for all the urns farther back were filled with something that felt like a mixture of ashes and bits of a harder stuff—perhaps fragments of the trinkets the Indians used to bury with their dead.

Following one of the winding paths, we came to a side-vault of the cave, where the Captain suddenly stopped, and, putting his hands to his mouth, gave a whoop that made the whole vault ring. Tommy clutched me with both arms, for, in the same instant, almost, the cave became a pandemonium of unearthly sounds,—shrieks, hoots, and croaking yells,—and from the recesses of the den came cries so nearly resembling the groans of a human being that our two Indians made a simultaneous rush for the door. The uproar drowned my exclamations, and I could not understand the Captain’s reply, although I heard enough to suspect that he was almost choked with laughing.

“What, in the name of sense, was all that?” I asked, when we finally emerged from the den.

“Don’t you see them?” laughed the Captain, pointing to the entrance, where a number of long-winged birds were now fluttering to and fro,—“caprimulgas,—goat-suckers,—about forty or fifty thousand of them. They have their roosts in that cave, and if you wake one, you wake them all. They can out-scream a wild-cat.”

* Incas,—rulers of the country before its conquest by the Spaniards.

"Hallo, where is the dog?" asked Tommy, when we unhitched our mule.

"I saw him charging around in the rocks when we came out of that witch-hole," said Menito; "he was running down-hill the last I saw of him."

"I think he is after the 'sexton,'" said the Captain. "There is a panther who has long made his head-quarters somewhere near here. I have seen him three or four times. My soldiers used to call him the 'Indian Sexton.'"

We had pitched our tent on the shore of a little mountain-lake when Rough at last returned, as full of burs and stickers as if he had ranged the jungles of twenty sierras. We thought he had had his fill of hunting for that day; but, half an hour after, we heard him again barking and scratching in a copse of mesquite-trees behind our tent, and we found that he was routing out a nest of armadillos,—those strange creatures that look like a cross between a fox and a lizard, being mammals in their habits and the construction of their internal organs, but with the scales and the tail of a reptile. We caught three of them—two for our collection and one for Rough's supper.

It was a beautiful night—not a cloud in the sky; and the lake so clear that it reflected every bright star in the firmament. When the moon rose over the heights of the Sierra de Cauca, it painted the water with silver streaks and spangles, and revealed the fantastic outlines of the lime-stone cliffs along the shore.

"Do you see those tall rocks over yonder?" said the Captain. "They call this tarn the *Laguna de Tres Hermanas* [the "Lake of the Three Sisters"], and those rocks are supposed to be three enchanted virgins."

"They are? Oh, please tell us all about it!" cried Tommy.

"All right; only there is n't much to tell," said the Captain. "It is nothing but a strange old Indian tradition. About three hundred years ago, when the Spaniards first conquered this country, there lived up here a stadtholder of the Incas—an old chieftain, as poor as the barren heights of his sierra, but his three daughters were the handsomest girls in the land, and one of them was a Priestess of the Moon. But, after the downfall of the empire, Pizarro's troopers invaded this valley; the old chieftain was slain in the pass of Las Salsas, and, when the news of the disaster reached his house, the three sisters fled toward the lake, with a troop of soldiers in hot pursuit. At the head of this bay the girls hoped to find a canoe, and escape in the twilight to the opposite shore; but when they reached the landing the boat was gone, and, in their great distress, they prayed to the Moon to receive their souls and transform their

bodies. The moon was concealed by a veil of clouds, and the three girls gave themselves up for lost; but just before the troopers reached the lake, the clouds parted, and where a minute ago the three sisters had stood with uplifted arms, the soldiers found three rocks of white limestone,—*Las Tres Hermanas*, as they are called to this day. The Moon had answered their prayer."

The day before we left the cabaña, Tommy had



"THE ROCKS CALLED 'THE THREE ENCHANTED VIRGINS.'"

sprained his ankle, and, his foot being still a little stiff, I had permitted him to ride; but the next morning he dismounted of his own accord, and preferred to limp along as well as he could.

"I wont trust my life to a mule," said he; "if I am going to break my neck, I want to know the reason why."

To slip from the "highway of the Incas" would, indeed, have been a matter of life and death. The precipices at our feet descended like tower-walls, and we passed places where a stone, dropped from my outstretched hand, would have fallen a couple of thousand feet without ever touching as much as a projecting cliff. Farther up, though, the valley became narrower, and at last shrank to a mere gulch, hardly thirty feet across, but still of frightful

depth. On our other hand rose a steep mountain-wall, and often we had to pick our way between the broken boulders that had fallen from the cliffs above. But these wild rocks were not quite uninhabited. Small mountain-weasels gamboled in the clefts, and a little way ahead a bush-wolf was sitting at the edge of the cañon, and allowed us to approach within a hundred yards before he loped lazily away.

"Hallo, Captain! there is one of your friends," laughed Tommy; "he does not seem to be in any hurry. I suppose he knows that you cannot course him on a road like this."

"Listen! I hear a friar's bell," said Menito; "there is a priest coming down this way. Now that wolf is in a bad fix, after all; we shall get him somehow or other."

"Yes, he had better confess his sins to that friar," laughed the Captain. "His time is up, unless he can clamber up that rock-wall."

When the friar came in sight, the wolf seemed to realize its dilemma. It stopped, and, after an uneasy glance at the steep mountain above it, turned its head toward the cañon, and, crouching down till its breast almost touched the ground, it made a sudden leap at the opposite bank. It came nearer succeeding than we had thought possible, and, if the slope of the chasm had been a little less steep, the poor creature might have saved itself, after all. As it was, the loose sand gave way under its feet, and down it went, head over heels, into an apparently bottomless abyss. A second after, our dog reached the place from which the poor wolf had taken its fatal leap. Instead of barking, Rough looked silently at the cañon, and then averted his head with a sort of shudder.

"That cañon must be nearly a mile deep," said Tommy. "I am almost sorry for the coyote."

"Not I," said Daddy Simon; "he had no business to be so foolish as all that—to be afraid of a friar! The idea!—and a Franciscan friar at that! They don't carry as much as a knife!"

Our two monkeys, Billy and the Tamarin, were also getting uneasy, and began to chatter whenever the mule stumbled.

"Let me see that little bobtail," said the Captain; and before I knew what he would be at, he had grabbed Billy, and held him out over the precipice—merely to scare him, of course. But Billy yelled frightfully, and when he was lifted back, he rushed into his cage chattering, and wild with excitement; and, looking back at the Captain, he hugged the Tamarin, as if he meant to warn her against that wicked stranger.

The traveling friar greeted us very kindly, and advised us to keep a sharp lookout for rock-

avalanches. "That heavy rain has started them again," said he; "and the volcanoes cannot be trusted, either: Mount Cotopaxi is smoking like a factory-chimney."

"That man must have traveled a long way," said Tommy, when the friar was gone; "the volcano of Cotopaxi is down in Ecuador, is n't it?"

"Up in Ecuador, you mean," laughed the Captain. "The peak is quite immeasurably high; you can see it from any of these ridges near here. Wait until we are on the other side of the cañon, where the rocks are not so very steep; I am going to lend you my hook-stick, and if you can reach the top of those cliffs ahead there, you will probably see the peak due south, or south by southwest."

Tommy took him at his word, and borrowed the hook-stick as soon as we had passed the cañon.

"It is too cloudy," said he, when he came back; "but about a mile off I saw a troop of wild deer—about fifteen or sixteen head, as nearly as I could make out."

"They must be wild llamas," said the Captain; "deer are very scarce in this sierra. Hold on! If they are llamas, we can steal upon them unawares. They are not very sharp-scented."

We kept on for a mile or so, and then turned our mule into a ravine, leading gradually up to the top of a little plateau. Tommy had made a good guess at the distance. About four hundred yards ahead grazed a flock of llamas, evidently, as yet, unconscious of any danger. We approached step for step, taking advantage of every bush, until, in climbing over a broken lava-cliff, Tommy stumbled, and the motion sufficed to alarm the outposts of the herd. Away these went, followed by the flock, and at so swift a pace that all attempts to get a shot at them would have been in vain. Some fifty yards farther up they stopped, however, and looked back at us.

"Gone!" said Menito, "unless the Captain has a very good horse. Don't I wish we could catch one of them alive!"

"Catch a llama? You must be crazy," said Daddy Simon. "They can go uphill like the wind; and, moreover, they are white underneath; such llamas bear a charmed life, you know."

"Well, but may be the boy is right," said the Captain; "there is a young kid in that flock. I am going to see if I can not disenchant them somehow or other," he laughed, and galloped away over the level plateau. Finding he was on their tracks, the llamas again took to their heels; but two of them failed to keep up with their flying companions—the little kid and its mother were left behind when the main herd disappeared around the edge of the hill. When, however, the

rider got within rifle-shot range, the dam changed her mind, and, gathering herself up, bowled away at full speed, and left her child to its fate. It was wonderful to see the sagacity of the poor little thing. Finding that escape was impossible, it made for the next bush, and crouched down, evidently in the hope that the hunter would pass it unobserved. Its hope was disappointed, though, for, ten minutes after, Don Matias returned, with a pretty fawn-colored llama kid straddling the pommel of his saddle. We transferred it to a similar perch on Black Betsy's back, and the boys agreed that we must keep it for a private pet, if we could manage to tame it.

The friar's warning had not been in vain. As we continued on our road, avalanches of rocks and stones rumbled down all along the mountain-side, and some of them in places where they could do a great deal of mischief, for right under the steepest part of the overhanging cliffs the Indian village of Tacunga extended along the bank of a little mountain-stream. Some of the outlying ranches seemed, indeed, to have been damaged already, for we saw the people running to and fro as if they were getting their cows and horses out of the way.

We had nearly reached the cliffs above the village, when Captain Matias suddenly reined up his horse and snatched the halter-strap of our mule. "Hold on there!" he called out. "There's a *gar-rucha* ahead—a blockade! Confound it, that will cost us a roundabout ride of five miles at least!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are the Indians going to stop us?"

"No, but the avalanche. Look up there," cried he—"that whole promontory is ready to come down!"

A torrent of rolling stones drew our attention to the overhanging cliffs half a mile ahead, and, looking up, we saw that an enormous mass of rock was going to detach itself from the mountain-side. The split grew larger and larger;—from the valley below we heard the fearful cries of the *rancheros*, who had already seen the oncoming avalanche; but we could not help them, and in the next moment the promontory came down, with a crash that shook the mountains like an earthquake. A huge cloud of dust rose from the valley; ten or twelve houses had been completely buried, but by rare good luck the first shower of rocks had warned the poor people in time, and we learned afterward that they had saved all their children and the larger part of their cattle.

We had to make a five-mile detour to the left, and when we got back to the road on the other side of the promontory, we found a large crowd of natives congregated near the scene of the disaster. Ten or twelve of them had begun to clear the road,

but the larger number had gathered around a man who was performing a strange ceremony—an incantation, intended to propitiate the wrath of the fire-god to whom the Indians attribute the effects of the volcanic forces. In the far south-west a dim smoke-cloud curled up from the crest of the Andes: toward these mountains the sorcerer had turned his face, and high over his head he held a vessel with burning herbs, that diffused a peculiar aromatic odor. The Indians were so absorbed in their ceremony that they hardly noticed us, and, after watching them for ten minutes or so, we passed them in silence and continued on our road.

"That's a volcano-doctor," chuckled the Captain. "He makes them believe that he can bewitch the earthquake, and the poor wretches are silly enough to pay him for his hocus-pocus. There are volcano-doctors in every sierra, and they are sent for as soon as there is the least sign of danger."

"Can they tell an eruption beforehand?" asked Tommy.

"Not always," said the Captain, "but there are signs that can be generally relied upon—the opening of fissures in a mountain-side, for instance, or cold springs turning hot. Before the last outbreak of Mount Cotopaxi the snow on the peak began suddenly to melt, and the people of this neighborhood were once warned by a shower of sand from the clouds."

"Don't they sometimes hear a rumbling underground?"

"Yes, before earthquakes," said Don Matias, "but that is no infallible sign: about forty miles south from here there is a place they call the *Val de Bramidos*, or 'rumbling valley,' on account of the under-ground noises that have often been heard there—sometimes like continued discharges of heavy artillery. Twelve years ago the uproar lasted full three weeks, and at first all the *rancheros* took to their heels; but by and by they ventured back, and they have now found out that, in spite of all that racket, the Val de Bramidos is much safer than many of the northern villages."

"Is n't that the highway to Bogota?" asked Daddy Simon, when we crossed a broad wagon-road, paved with stones and stamped lava.

"Yes, that's the old military overland road," said the Captain, "though I can show you a much shorter way across the mountains. I have to inspect a sentry-post up there, and you wont repent it, if you come along: there is a glorious view from the ridge of the Sierra de Santa Maura, which alone would repay you; besides that, we shall have to pass a miner's camp, where they are washing gold from the mountain-creeks."

"Oh, yes—please let us go there," said Menito.

"I want to make my fortune before we get to Bogota—I need a new hat."

We camped that night near the hermitage of an old mountaineer,—Gil Hernandez, as the Captain called him,—who had made himself a snug home by fitting up a natural cave in the basalt-cliffs of the Sierra de Santa Maura; a homely-looking burrow from without, although the interior was as comfortable as any Spanish farm-house in the highlands. A larger cave farther up served him as a stable, and in the rock-clefts he kept a swarm of tame pigeons and martins. He was a most kind-hearted old fellow, and, seeing me bandage Tommy's sore foot, he offered to lend us his saddle-mule as far as Bogota, and to fetch it back himself the same day.

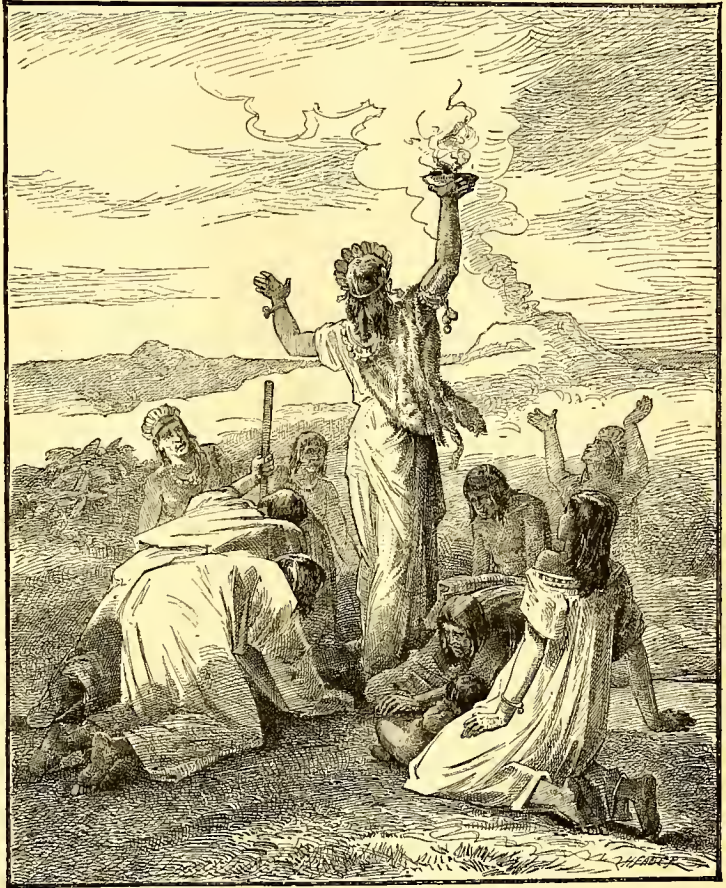
Next morning, the Captain waked us before day-break, and took us up to the top of the cliffs to see the panorama of the Andes, that stretched away for thousands of miles to the west and south-west. The glow of the twilight spread from peak to peak like a conflagration, and, when the sun rose higher, the summits became golden-red, while the light-blue heights of the central sierra revealed the shadows of every cliff and every ravine.

"Ycs," said the hermit, "I would not give my home on this ridge for any king's palace in the lowlands; no fever, mosquitoes, or dust-clouds will bother you up here—no thieves nor bad neighbors. I have lived in these rocks nigh on sixteen years, and they've been the happiest years of my life."

He had built his cot on the very summit of the ridge, where his goats could find the short, sweet grass they call *yerba delgada*, in the Andes; the southern slopes of the sierra were full of berries of various kinds, and some three miles farther down was a valley the natives called "Santa Maria's Farm," on account of the abundance of wild potatoes and ground-nuts.

The hermit agreed to accompany us to the mining-camp; but before we reached it we stopped

on a little plateau where the Government had built a military cabaña, looking very much like the one where Captain Matias had first met us, three days before. The guardsman was Gil Hernandez's next neighbor, and he, too, had made himself a little farm around his place. We found him in a shed behind the cabaña, engaged in skinning a couple of condors. Below their rough outer plumage these birds have a sort of soft down that brings a good



"THE VOLCANO-DOCTOR."

price in the South American cities, and their enormous wing-feathers are used for different kinds of ornaments. Condors are much shyer than other vultures, but the Indians have devised an ingenious way of trapping them. They are great gormands, and when they have eaten all they can they are unable to fly up without first running along the ground, with flopping wings, so as to rise in a slanting direction; and knowing this, the Indians build a picket-stockade, about twenty yards in circumference, and

bait it with the carcass of some animal. On a clear day the condors rarely fail to make their appearance, and the hunter keeps out of sight until they have gorged themselves with meat, when he rushes up and attacks the old gluttons with a cudgel. They try to take wing then, but the narrow inclosure prevents them, and thus dozens of them are often killed in the same trap.

Four miles farther down we reached the mining-camp of Elmonte, in the valley of a creek that once might have been a pretty mountain-dell, but was now a vale of chaos, covered with mountainous heaps of wet gravel, fallen trees, and broken sluices. Some twenty Indians and Creoles were at work in different pits along the creek, and one of them seemed to be acquainted with our hermit and also with Captain Matias, for he shook hands with both and asked them to "jump in and try their luck."

"No, thank you," said the Captain, "but here are two boys who want to make their fortune; we have brought an extra mule along, in case they should find more than they themselves can carry."

"Come on," said the miner. "Here are picks and two trowel-spades; just help yourselves."

"Begin where you please," said the digger. "There 's no saying where you may strike it."

Menito was an old hand at this business and went to work in regular Rocky Mountain miner style, but Tommy shoveled around at random, and examined every bit of gravel before he threw it away.

"Yes, it 's all luck," said the miner. "I have known men to work a month in the same pit till they gave it up in despair, and another fellow jumped in and got out a handful of nuggets in twenty minutes."

"Please, is this gold?" said Tommy, not long afterward—"these little yellow grains, I mean," showing us a sample of his last shovelful.

"Now, did n't I tell you?" said the miner. "Yes, that 's gold—gold-dust, as we call it. About seventy-five cents you made in ten minutes. Where did you find that?"

"Somewhere along the creek," said Tommy. "I do not remember the exact place."

"You don't? You will never find it again, then," said the miner. "You ought to have called me as soon as you found the first bit; may be we might have struck a vein."

"He is a new hand at this trade," explained the Captain.

"Oho, that accounts for his luck," said the miner. "Is n't it strange now? I never knew a person to try this business the first time in his life without striking a 'bonanza,' by sheer blind fortune; after you have been at it for a week or so, it 's all work and no luck."

About a mile below the diggings, we came to the western slope of the sierra, and our road now went steadily down-hill through a most intricate maze of gullies and basalt-cliffs, till we reached the Spanish settlements in the plain of Bogota.

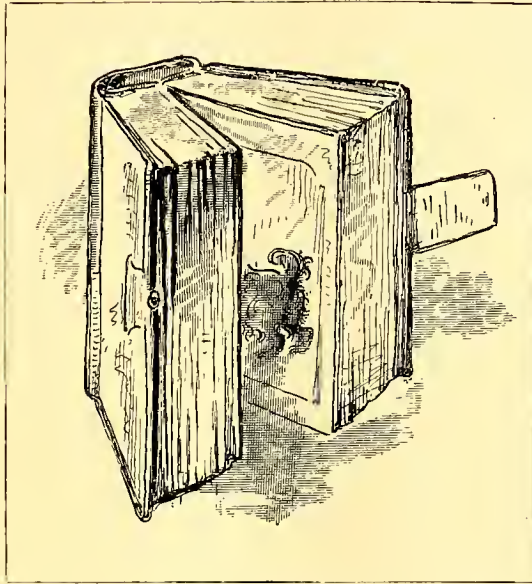
(To be continued.)



"CUT BEHIND!"

DOG LOST!

BY S. K. BOURNE.



OH, who has seen my doggy dear—he of the stubby tail—
 He of the soft and liquid eyes, and melancholy wail?
 No more I hear his gentle step, nor see his happy face,
 When licking of his dinner-plate, or running on a race!

He was as ugly as they grow upon the Isle of Skye—
 And that's what makes his loss so great, and made his price so high!
 So tell me now, "ye wingèd winds that round my pathway roar,"
 Will my dear doggy ne'er come back? Shall I ne'er see him more?

He was a brown and curly thing, who ran about the house,
 And up and down the stairs he'd go, as still as any mouse;
 I have never seen a dog so small, so horrible to see!
 And will that darling, precious thing come never back to me?

Oh, no! he's gone! My heart will break!
 That terrier from Skye
 Has left me for some other home! The tears fall from my eye.
 Alas! If I should search the world, I know it could not be
 That I should find another dog as ugly as was he.

And so I mourn my doggy lost. Good people join my wail:
 He was the dearest little dog that ever wagged a tail.
 He *was* so ugly! Precious dear! So blest I can not be
 As ever to possess a dog as ugly as was he!

(*"U-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, Ow, Ow, Ow!"*)

But stay! What's that mellifluous sound that breaks upon my ear?
 It is! Oh, can it then be true! It *is* his voice I hear!
 And now, dull Time, bring all thy woes—I care not what they be—
 Since my delightful ugly pet has been restored to me.

EUGENIO MAURICIO DENGREMONT.

BY MRS. JOHN P. MORGAN.

I WISH that all the children in the world might get together some beautiful June day, and then there certainly could be nothing more charming for them than that they should all be still for a while, and listen to the wonderful violin-playing of Eugenio Mauricio Dengremont, the child-artist.

Let me tell you what I know of him: He was born March the 19th, 1866, at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. His father, having other boys, as well as girls, and being a musician in moderate circumstances, had no idea of making musicians of his children, and did not dream that the son born to him this day was so gifted. But, at the age of four, Mauricio asked his papa to teach him to play the violin. This his father did not feel inclined to do. He was himself a violin-player in the theater orchestra, and felt the life of an ordinary musician an uncertain one and not desirable for his son; but the child never gave up the idea of being a violinist, and would leave his play at any time to stand near his father and eagerly watch his practice.

At last, in 1872, when the boy was six years old, his father removed to Montevideo, where he played again in the theater orchestra, whither the boy usually accompanied him. Here Mauricio begged so earnestly to study the violin that his father, taking him at his word, decided to gratify him, and said:

"Well, my boy, if you begin to study the violin, you will have to carry the business through."

"I shall do so, Papa," said the boy; and his lessons began.

He was so small! and so much in earnest! and his father spent hours bending over the tiny figure, and guiding the boy's little arm in the bowing. And now take notice, all boys and girls who "would so much love to play well, but can't bear to practice." Great as this child's natural gifts are, he, at first, practiced three and four hours faithfully every day. To be gifted, no doubt, makes the work easier, but a certain amount of real drudgery must be done by one who succeeds in any art, no matter how gifted he may be.

After four months' study, Mauricio could play the scales—and in thirds, also, (quite difficult on the violin)—as well and as rapidly as his father; and, besides, he played so remarkably that his father discovered him to be really a genius, as his name indicated, and so he faithfully and strictly attended to the boy's teaching.

After fourteen months' study, the father decided to allow the boy to give his first concert, but fearing lest his son might not have the self-control necessary for a successful public performance, he took him to a little town—Paysander—up the river, to make trial.

The concert at Paysander entirely satisfied the father of the boy's nerve and self-command, and, returning to Montevideo, he gave his first concert there to benefit the unfortunate victims of a railroad accident. Here his playing created a great excitement, and after that, every appearance of his in public concerts was an ovation.

Since this modest beginning in the South American town, the boy has been petted and flattered by all Europe, although he is singularly unspoiled, both son and father being of a generous nature. But I like to think of him, in his childish grace and beauty, beginning his musical career with this kindly deed. He seems to me capable of doing such a thing nobly.

After the concert in Montevideo, and a grand concert in Rio Janeiro, he left his brothers and sisters, and his mother,—whose personal beauty he inherits,—and went with his father to try his fortune in the Old World.

He went first to Lisbon; thence to Madrid, where he played before the King, and received no end of honors and decorations; and from there to Paris, where he gave ten concerts.

Think of it: scarcely ten years old!

From this time—1876—he had private lessons from Leonard, in Paris. These lessons hardly would have occupied more than a year, if given without a break, but they extended over a longer period, during which he traveled over all Europe, excepting Russia and Italy. Everywhere he met with great success.

Such is a meager history of this wonderful boy's child-life—enough, however, to give us hope of a glorious manhood for him, for Mauricio is not an unnaturally precocious child,—a forced hot-house blossom,—but a healthy, fun-loving, boyish boy, with buoyant animal spirit, and as ready for wholesome fun as for earnest study; and withal, certainly much more of a child than the average American boy of his age.

But, then, when his face is quiet, the violin under his chin, and his bow in motion, he is again something strangely above us,—a true musical genius.



EUGENIO MAURICIO DENGREMONT.
[From a photograph by Anderson.]

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

NO. IX.—A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"WHY do I keep up that horrid habit of taking snuff?"

Perhaps, my dear boy, you would n't think it quite such a "horrid habit" if it had saved your life, as it did mine.

"Saved your life, Major?"

That 's just what it did. What 's the good of repeating what I said, in such a tone as that—just as if anybody had doubted it?

"Only wanted to hear the story," did you? Well, that 's natural enough, boys, and I suppose I 'm caught now, and in for telling it:

A party of three—myself and two negroes—had been collecting young animals. We had just captured a fine young rhinoceros and a very promising little crocodile, and had tied the captives in our wagon. We were taking a hasty meal before starting for home, when we perceived the parent animals advancing from different quarters to the rescue of their offspring.

In an instant our guns were cocked. Two aimed at the galloping rhinoceros, one at the waddling crocodile. We pulled together. One negro's bullet hit the reptile on the back; but he was a hard-shelled crocodile, and was n't a bit hurt. My gun and the other negro's missed fire. When we were struggling with the baby crocodile, the locks of our guns had got under water, and we had carelessly forgotten to unload and clean the weapons.

The oxen had not been yoked, and the wagon stood near a tamarind-tree, which we hastened to climb. The negroes got up it like monkeys, but I was indebted to the rhinoceros for the favor of a hoist. It arrived before I could pull myself up on the second branch, and it just managed to touch my foot with its horn, giving me a very useful and unexpected lift. The tamarind shook with the shock of the beast's charge.

Soon the crocodile arrived, too, and the blockade of the tree was complete. At first we had hoped the animals might contrive to release their young ones and retreat; but the cords had been too well tied, and the awkward parents could do nothing for their young without injuring the little creatures; so they waited on and on for their revenge. They were quite friendly to each other, and seemed to have formed a sort of alliance.

Half a hot day went by, and it became plain that the animals would outlast us, unless some-

thing turned up. They had two advantages over us,—in not being obliged to cling to branches, and in having water at hand, to which they went, one at a time, to refresh themselves. Before climbing, we had been forced to drop our fire-arms, wet and dry.

At last I got out my snuff-box, and took a pinch to aid my deliberations. I wondered whether the crocodile would think it "a horrid habit"; at all events, I thought it could do no harm to try. One of my negroes always carried whip-cord, to mend the whips and harness of the wagon. I borrowed this cord, and let down some snuff, in a piece of paper, within a few inches of the crocodile's snout, then I shook the string and scattered the snuff.

Shortly afterward, the crocodile made a sound so very human that I was almost going to call it a remark.

"Ackachu!" observed the reptile.

"Ackachu! Ackachu! Ackachu!" it repeated at intervals, opening its jaws wide every time.

The rhinoceros was surprised and grieved at this behavior on the part of its ally. It seemed undecided whether to take it as a personal insult or as a sign of insanity. This furnished me with an idea. I would sow the seeds of discord between the friendly monsters, and turn their brute strength against each other.

I could not get at the rhinoceros myself, but one of the negroes was just above it; so I passed him the box and the string, and directed him to give the beast a few pinches of snuff, as I had done to the crocodile.

The latter had just ceased sneezing, when, to its vexation and disgust, it heard the rhinoceros apparently beginning to mimic it.

"Ackachu!" remarked the rhinoceros; "Ackachu! Ackachu!" opening his mouth in the very way the crocodile had done.

It was too much for a crocodile to stand. To be mocked thus, and in the presence of its child! The blood of the Leviathans was up!

At this moment, we scattered the last of the snuff in the faces of both animals, impartially.

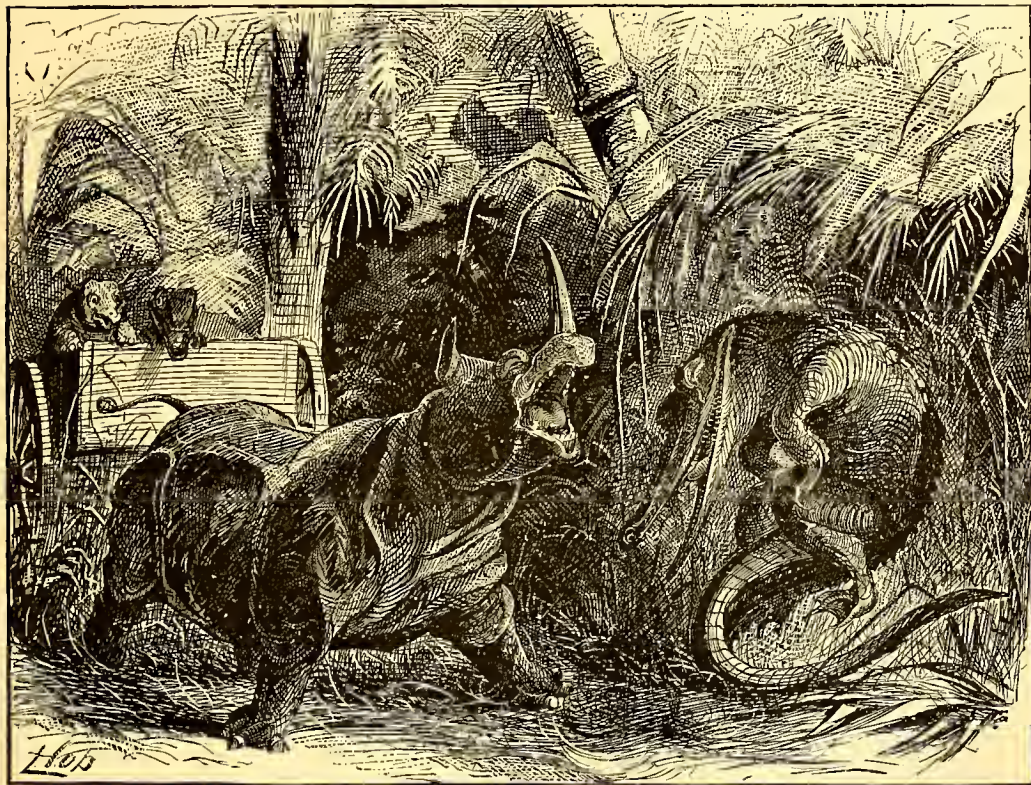
"Ackachu!" they roared, grimacing at each other hideously and threateningly for a few moments. Then they rushed to battle, uttering the same war-cry. "Ackachu!"

The rhinoceros had the best in the first round. He got his horn under the crocodile's lower jaw, and tossed it over on its back. The reptile now

seemed helpless, yet, with a sweep of its resistless tail, it knocked its enemy's fore legs from beneath him, and prevented his following up his advantage promptly. Soon, however, the rhinoceros got around the prostrate saurian, and was about to stomp upon the unarmored side of its body, when

must be numbered among the lost arts of snakes. There is a kind, though, that can as good as fly, and this may have deceived some respectable old pagans.

It was owing to my unlucky balloon that I got the chance of seeing this shy and retiring reptile.



“AKACHU!” SAID THE RHINOCEROS. “AKACHU!” SAID THE CROCODILE.”

a convulsive sneeze came to the reptile's aid, and gave an electric energy to its muscles. With a triumphant “Ackachu!” it regained its feet, and clutched a leg of the rhinoceros in its huge jaws. This was turning the scales with a vengeance on the enemy, who now tried to crush the saurian's shell by means of his superior weight.

Such was the blindness of their fury that I now felt it was quite safe to descend and yoke the oxen. We drove off with their young ones before the very eyes of the monsters, who were too busy to note our departure. For the moment, their parental affection had been fairly snuffed out.

NO. X.—THE CATAPULT SNAKE.

“So you believe there were no such things as flying serpents in ancient times, Major?”

If the ancients were right, my boy, then flying

I was sailing over a grove, watching the antics of a parrot perched on the very top of a tall palm, when suddenly something like a bent arrow, or rocket, shot out of a lower tree, struck the bird, and sank down with it through the leaves of the palm.

Unlike an arrow in one respect, the strange missile coiled and curved in its passage through the air. Perhaps I should have likened it to a sling, dragged from the hand of an unskillful slinger by the force of the slung stone, and following the latter in its flight.

Anxious to read the riddle, I descended and anchored my balloon. Here, perhaps, I thought, was some new weapon, marvelous as the Australian boomerang, to grace my collection of savage arms. However, I saw no lurking savage, and no strange new missile, from the top of the tree on which I alighted; but I saw a family party of snakes on

the ground beneath. Two young ones were evidently being drilled by their parents in the mode of warfare peculiar to their race.

Placing the dead parrot aside, as the prize of valor or skill, the parent snakes formed a ring with their bodies. On entering this arena, each young one—by a strange contortion—formed a knot upon its grisly tail, and attacked the other with this artificial weapon. They would advance to the attack spinning like wheels, and, once within striking distance, down would come their knots with a surprisingly quick jerk. They could con-



"THE CATAPULT SNAKE STRUCK ME SHARPLY ON THE SHOULDER."

vert a circle into a straight line and a straight line into a circle, more rapidly than any professor of geometry I ever met; yet, though they hit each other several times, they seemed to do little damage, for these youngsters, of course, could not be expected to tie such hard and tight knots as their elders. A combat between two hardened old catapults—as I named these reptiles—would be a very serious matter, I should judge.

* [Strange to say, the remarkable Major has a foundation for his statement here. The records of some naturalists support him. If it is true, the viper certainly may claim disinterested parental devotion as an offset against its wicked ways.—EDITOR.]

This spirited tournament came to a sudden close. As I was straining forward to get a better view, a branch cracked beneath my foot, and the sound caught the heedful ear of the mother snake. In a second the wary reptile called "time" and issued a warning hiss; at which her well-trained offspring hastily retreated, jumping down her throat for protection.

The catapult is a great inventor—an Edison among snakes; yet it cannot justly claim a patent for this mode of sheltering its young in time of danger. Vipers and rattlesnakes are said to have practiced the same trick for a great many years.*

The color of the catapult is green; but it is not half as green as it looks. This I found out to my cost; for, although the mother had vanished beneath the long grass, the male began to make mysterious preparations for war.

He began operations by knotting his tail with an audible crack. He twisted its knotted end firmly around a projecting root of the tree on which I was perched. Then he reared his head toward a branch which lay directly between his tail and me. This branch, though seemingly too high, he reached with ease by simply shooting out an extra joint—for the catapult is the only serpent that is built upon the telescopic plan. Having grasped the branch in his jaws, he began shortening himself with wonderful contractile power, until his body, stretched between the root and the branch, looked like the string of a bent bow, or of a catapult at full cock.

I now thought it high time to set about unmooring my balloon, as I did not exactly know what to expect next. But, before I had untied the first rope, the snake unwound his tail from the root of the tree, let go his hold of the branch, shot himself into the air, and struck me sharply, with his knot, on the left shoulder.

The shock of the contact with my shoulder changed the snake's course in the air. He fell to the ground some little distance away. He was quite unhurt, and hastened to prepare for a second assault. However, I happened to be in as great a hurry as he was, and just when he had taken position for another flight, I let go my anchor-rope, and up went the balloon.

I had discovered what missile it was that killed the parrot, but I paid dearly for the knowledge. My shoulder ached for weeks afterward.



MANNA, WHO IS READING THE LATEST NOVEL, BY THE WINDOW, IS DELIGHTED THAT LITTLE ROB SHOULD FIND SO MUCH FUN IN HIS LETTER-BLOCKS.

FAIRIES.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

“LITTLE fairy people!
 Little fairy people!
 'T is your own midsummer day,
 Hear the clock strike far away,
 In the high church-steeple.
 Come, you fairy people!”

So a little maiden sang
 In the morning early;
 Tying on her home-spun gown,
 Tying up her tresses brown,—
 Tresses long and curly,
 In the bright morn early.

Nut-brown robin overhead
 Listened to her singing;
 Cirled high above his nest,
 Caught the sunlight on his breast,
 Trills of laughter ringing
 As he heard her singing.

Bees that swung in garden flowers,
 Dressed in browns and yellows,
 Heard her, though she did not know.
 Buzzed their laughter to and fro.
 Ah, what merry fellows,
 Dressed in browns and yellows!

All around, without, within,
 Sunbeams laughed and glistened;
 And the brook beside the road
 Rippled laughter as it flowed,
 Dimpled as it listened
 Where the sunbeams glistened.

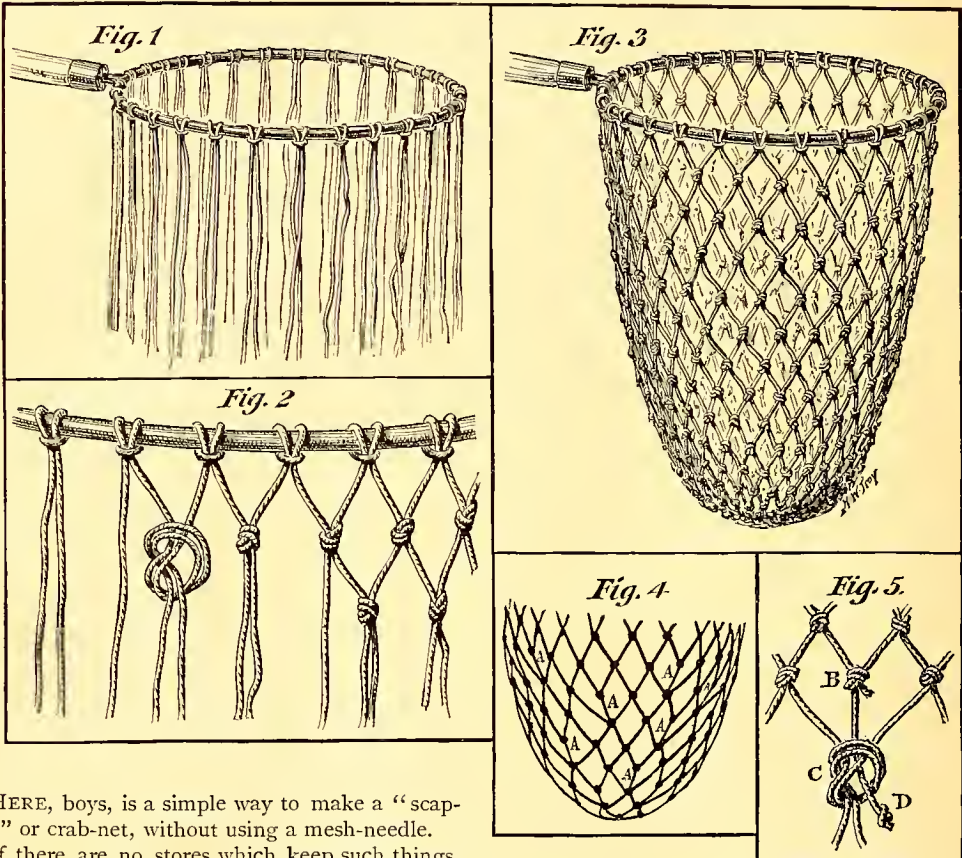
“Fairies?” sang the brook and bees,
 Sang the robin higher,
 “If she wants them she must look
 ’Twixt the covers of a book;
 They were never nigher!”
 Sunbeams laughed close by her.

Still the little maiden sang,
 Sweet the notes outringing.
 To her childish faith supreme
 Real was every tale and dream.
 As the lark’s upspringing,
 Fresh and clear her singing:

“Little fairy people!
 Little fairy people!”
 Rang the accents sweet and gay,
 “Now the clock begins the day
 In the high church-steeple!
 Come, O fairy people!”

TO MAKE A NET WITHOUT A NEEDLE.

BY HENRY W. TROY.



HERE, boys, is a simple way to make a "scap-net" or crab-net, without using a mesh-needle.

If there are no stores which keep such things, any blacksmith can make the ring; and a pole is easily provided. The ring must have a spike to drive into the end of the pole, around which should be a ferrule to prevent splitting.

Having all ready, fasten the pole at some convenient height, so that the ring will be out toward you, and on a level with your eyes. Take a ball of twine and cut it in pieces three or four times as long as you wish your net to be deep. Double these and loop them, about one inch and a half apart, around the ring, as in Fig. 1. Of course they will be much longer than here represented.

Then, beginning anywhere, take two strings, one from each adjoining pair, and make one knot of them, as in Fig. 2. And so go once around the whole ring, before beginning the next row. Very little care and judgment will keep them even and regular. After five or six rows, you can begin

making the meshes smaller by knotting closer. Continue making them smaller until the knots become too crowded, when the opening at the bottom will be small enough to be tied across by the exercise of some home-made ingenuity. This will give a handsome-looking net, such as Fig. 3, which has the advantage of being strongest where the most wear-and-tear comes, and where other nets are weak.

But if you prefer to make the net lighter, and to narrow it like the regularly made nets, a method is suggested in Figs. 4 and 5.

When you have made the requisite number of even rows, as before, begin narrowing by clipping off one string of a pair (see B, Fig. 5) at four places equidistant on the same row. Then proceed to knot as before, excepting at these places, where you

must take a string from the pair on each side of the single one, and knot them, allowing the single string to pass through the knot (C) before closing it. Be careful to make the tie long enough for the knot to come even with the others in the same row. Then pull down the single string, and tie a simple knot (D) in it, close up to the double knot. Then cut the string off close. Proceed in the same

manner with the next row, avoiding as much as possible having the dropped meshes come under one another. As you get down, you will have to increase the number of them in each succeeding row, in order to bring the net together at the bottom.

In this mode of finishing, the meshes toward the bottom need be made only a little smaller than those above.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

IN order that all our readers may understand the frontispiece this month, we copy below, from *The American Historical Record*, some paragraphs relating the history of that famous song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It was written during the war with Great Britain, which is generally spoken of in history as the war of 1812. The British forces had captured the city of Washington and destroyed its public buildings, and were preparing to attack Baltimore. Francis Scott Key, a patriotic American, and, at the time, a citizen of Washington, wrote to his mother, on the 2d of September, 1814 :

"* * * I am going in the morning to Baltimore, to proceed in a flag-vessel to General Ross. Old Dr. Beanes, of Marlboro, is taken prisoner by the enemy, who threaten to carry him off. Some of his friends have urged me to apply for a flag and go to try to procure his release. I hope to return in about eight or ten days, tho' it is uncertain, as I do not know where to find the fleet. * * * God bless you, my dear mother. F. S. KEY."

"The President, James Madison, granted Mr. Key permission to go, and he went with a friend in a cartel-ship,* under a flag of truce. They found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac, preparing to attack Baltimore.

"The British admiral agreed to release Dr. Beanes, but refused to let him or his friends return that night. They were placed on board of another vessel, where they were carefully guarded, to prevent them from communicating with their countrymen concerning the proposed attack. The vessel was anchored within sight of Fort McHenry, which the British fleet proceeded to bombard.

"The three Americans were compelled to endure all night long the anxiety of mind produced by the cannonade ; and they had no means of knowing the result of the attack, until 'the dawn's early light.' They awaited that dawn with the most intense feeling. When it came, they saw with joy that 'the old flag was still there.'

"It was during this bombardment that Key,

spacing the deck of the vessel, composed that immortal song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The rude, first draught of it was written on the back of a letter, and he wrote it out at full length on his arrival in Baltimore." Soon after, it was printed, and at once became exceedingly popular. "It was sung everywhere, in public and private, and created intense enthusiasm."

Although the famous song is no doubt well known to most of our readers, we here reprint it in full, as it was originally written by Mr. Key :

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

From the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner!—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may this Heaven-rescued land
Praise the POWER that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST";
And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

* Cartel, or cartel-ship: A ship used in making the exchange of prisoners of war, or in carrying propositions to an enemy; it is a ship of truce, and must not be fired upon nor captured.

THE FIVE CATS.

BY B. E.

LIT-TLE VIC-TOR was ver-y fond of dogs and cats, and all sorts of pets. But there was one thing he liked bet-ter than any pet, and that was to have his own way. There was a large cat in the house, which Vic-tor called his cat. Her name was Silk-y, and she was ver-y good for catch-ing mice.

One day, Vic-tor found four lit-tle kit-tens in her box; and his moth-er told him these were Silk-y's kit-tens. "Then they are mine," said Vic-tor, "for Silk-y is my cat, and her kit-tens are my cats."

"But I can not have so man-y cats a-bout the house," said his moth-er, "and I must give these young ones a-way as soon as they are large e-nough."

Then Vic-tor be-gan to cry, and he begged his moth-er so hard to let him keep the kit-tens that, at last, she said he might do so if he would feed them and take care of them. Vic-tor said he would al-ways do this, so his moth-er let him keep the kit-tens.

At first they ate noth-ing but milk, but when they grew big-ger they ate meat and bread, and man-y oth-er things. Vic-tor oft-en for-got to feed them, and then they would get ver-y hun-gry, and go a-bout the house mew-ing and whin-ing for some-thing to eat. The rest of the fam-i-ly did not like this, and his moth-er told Vic-tor that if he did not feed his cats she would give them a-way. Then Vic-tor prom-ised to do bet-ter, and for a few days he fed his cats. But he soon for-got a-gain to do this, and the cats be-came as hun-gry as be-fore.

One warm day, he took his bas-ket with him to the gar-den to gath-er some flow-ers for his moth-er. The cook had giv-en him a big slice of bread and but-ter, and he thought it would be a nice thing to eat this as he walked a-bout the sha-dy gar-den. But his five cats fol-lowed him, and mewed and whined, and begged so hard for some of the bread and but-ter, that he was o-bliged ev-er-y now and then to give them some.

Vic-tor did not like his cats to be-have in this way, and he said to his moth-er: "Sup-pose this whole world were full of cats, and on-ly one lit-tle boy to feed them. Would not that be bad?"

"Yes," said his moth-er, "it would be ver-y bad."

"It is not just like that," said Vic-tor, "but that is the way I feel."

"I think," said his moth-er, "that it would be well for you to let me give a-way some of the young cats."

"No," said Victor, "I want them all. They are my cats, and I will

try to teach them not to fol-low me a-bout and mew when I am eat-ing a piece of bread and but-ter."

"It would be bet-ter," said his moth-er, "for you to try to teach your-self to feed them at the prop-er time."

"I will try to do that," said Vic-tor. And for a few days he fed his cats at the prop-er time, and they did not trou-ble him at all. But he soon

for-got a-gain to do this, and the cats whined and mewed worse than they ev-er did be-fore. Then Vic-tor went to his moth-er and said: "Don't you think that one cat is e-nough for a lit-tle boy?"

"Yes, in-deed, I do," said his moth-er.

"And I think," said Vic-tor, "that a lit-tle boy ought to have a large cat, named Silk-y, who knows where to go to get her own food, and who nev-er went mew-ing af-ter him un-til he had five cats, who are so much trou-ble to feed that he could not al-ways re-mem-ber to give them some-thing to eat."

"Yes," said his moth-er, "I think the lit-tle boy had bet-ter keep Silk-y, and let his moth-er give a-way the young cats. And I think, too, that af-



ter this the lit-tle boy would do bet-ter if he should al-low his moth-er to de-cide for him what is right for him to do."

"I like to find out for my-self what is right," said Vic-tor, "but some-times it is a great deal of trou-ble."

"You will al-ways find that to be true," said his moth-er.

And then she gave away the four young cats.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I'M a plain Jack-in-the-Pulpit, young school-folk and play-fellows, as you all know, and given to speaking my mind, and what I wish to say now is this:

I do not want to be turned, this July, into a Jumping-Jack, as I generally am whenever the Glorious Fourth, as you call it, comes around. I want peace and quiet, and a chance to reflect upon this great country. But with cannon, pop-guns, and fire-crackers blazing, snapping, and banging about me, how can I do it?

It is n't rational, this noisy way of celebrating things; it's positively dangerous, and besides—

* * * * *

Hey? Oh, that 's it, is it? It would n't be the Fourth of July without it, eh? Oh, well—if that 's the case, Jack begs pardon, and—by the way, if you have n't any punk you 'll find any number of cat-tails growing down in my meadow, and you 'd better get some and dry them so as to be ready.

TWO BRAVE LITTLE GIRLS.

A LONG time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the Fort, and went down into a hollow, to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessie, her sister, not yet six.

All at once, the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians, with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them. But she looked all about, saw that some of the creeping Indians already were between her and the Fort, and—went on picking berries, as before.

Soon, she called aloud to Bessie, with a steady voice: "Don't you think it 's going to rain?" So

they both turned and walked toward the Fort. They reached the tall grass, and, suddenly, Emmy dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie, too.

"What are you looking for?" asked the little sister, in surprise.

Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the Fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gate safely closed behind them!

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves, the Fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.

THE TOES OF CATS.

K. L. HAS answered her own question, "How many toes has a cat?" which your Jack passed over to you in February. She says: "Cats generally have four toes on each hind foot and five on each fore foot, eighteen in all." The Little School-ma'am thinks that this answer is right, for, of course, deformed cats are not to be included.

Belle Baldwin quotes an old punning rhyme:

"Can you tell me why A hypocrite's eye Can best desery On how many toes A pussy-cat goes?"	"A man of deceit Can best count-er-feit [count-her-feet]. And so, I suppose, He can best count her toes."
--	--

Answers came also from Edward F. Biddle—"Sarpedon"—B. C.—M. E. G.—S. E. Coyle—V. Meredith—Ella M. Parker—and Nelly Loomis.

A HEN-GOSSIP AND OTHER HENS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Please let me have room to say a word about some bird acquaintances of mine and their queer ways. We have a hen who is a great gossip. She made a nest in the yard close to our kitchen, laid eggs in it, and sat on them. But, at every noise in the room, she would leave the nest and run to the kitchen-door, to find out what was the matter. I am sorry to say that all her chicks were born deformed in some way, and we have an idea that this was the lesson sent to her by Dame Nature to teach her to be less careless and inquisitive in future.

We have a hen of better character, though,—one who is noted for taking the most tender and tireless care of her own children, and also for helping chicks in distress. One day, she saw a chick drowning in a water-bucket, so she jumped upon the edge of the bucket, reached over, laid hold of the chick with her beak, pulled him out, shook him to get the water off, and then set the scared little creature on the ground.

And we had, too, some Shanghai hens, who cherished high notions of hen-dignity. They sat on the nest four deep, one on top of another; and, when the maid pulled them off, they ran to the rooster, and all three told him at once of her harsh treatment of them. The rooster immediately flew at the maid, and stormed at her so fiercely that she ran away. It was very funny to look at, but the maid did not like it at all.—Yours truly, F. M. LEE.

ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS.

YOUR Jack is informed by his friend E. C. G., that queer, round, flat, little "stones," with holes in the middle—similar to the "button-molds" mentioned by Shirley Martin in his May letter to me—are found in northern England. There, the children who play with them call them "St. Cuthbert's Beads"; E. C. G. could not discover why. She learned, however, that these beads really are fossilized joints of ancient "animals," now known as encrinites, which once had the appearance of flowers growing on long, jointed stems from the

surfaces of rocks. Sometimes, the body parts also are picked up, and these the children call "lily stones," from their resemblance to lily blossoms.

At one time, these curious "animals" covered the bottom of the sea as thickly as a wheat-field is covered with growing stalks; and vast beds of marble have been found which learned men say are made of the skeletons of encrinites.

If the Little School-ma'am were here just now, I'd ask her whether these encrinites were not plants as well as animals—a sort of connecting link. I've been told that they were. Who knows about this?

WONDERFUL GLASS-MENDING.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I know of something so strange that I must tell it to you:

A naval officer, at a banquet given to some Chinese mandarins on board his ship, showed to them with great pride a handsome drinking-glass of European make, studded with golden stars. The mandarins admired it very much, but said that their countrymen could do work far more extraordinary than that. And they offered to wager that, if the glass were broken, a Chinese workman should repair it, preserving its beauty, and also its use as a drinking-vessel. The wager was taken up, the glass was crushed beneath a boot-heel into hundreds of pieces of all shapes and sizes, and the fragments were given to a Chinaman to be put together.

When I saw the repaired glass, it not only showed every one of its golden stars, but it seemed to be delicately veined all over, and sprinkled with shining dew-drops. On looking closely, the veins were found to be the joinings of the pieces, and the drops of light proved to be the sparkling ends of metal rivets. Each rivet was fastened within the thickness of the glass,—not one of them passed entirely through; and the goblet held water when only part-filled; but in the middle of the side was a hole of about the size of a pin's point, where one tiny fragment of glass was wanting.

And so the mandarins gained the wager, and proved the astonishing skill of at least one of their patient countrymen.—Yours truly,
L. H.

HOW SOME SWALLOWS TREATED A LIE-ABED.

NOT far from your Jack's pulpit is an old barn where there was a deal of twittering and chattering among the swallows, very early a few mornings ago. And above the din rose shrill cries as if some unlucky swallow were in trouble. I learned afterward that he had been guilty of the unbirdly act of sleeping too long, that morning. The others darted to and fro, each with something in his bill, and, pretty soon, hanging by the tips of his long wings, near one of the nests, I saw the lazy swallow plastered to the barn-wall with some sticky stuff brought by his companions. Fast and faster they worked, while the hanging bird kept crying.

Deacon Green came out of his cottage, to see what was wrong; and he soon set the little fellow free.

But—would you believe it?—after flying about for a short time, the little "lie-abled" actually went back to his nest to enjoy another nap! This was too much, and his neighbors pounced upon him in a twinkling and began to renew their punishment. I was wondering how the affair would end, when out came the Deacon again, this time with a pitcher in his hand. He set a ladder against the barn, climbed up, released the sleepy-head, and then poured water over him and his nest.

This settled the matter. The way in which that swallow immediately flew crooked "W"s and "and-so-forths" in the air was something wonderful. He certainly was not ill; he was too lively for that; but he seemed to have lost the thread of the day, somehow, and to be trying to find it.

A SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OF ANTS.

MEN and monkeys make suspension-bridges; men build them with strong wire ropes, and monkeys make theirs by clinging to one another's tails. But there are other creatures that make suspension-bridges—the Driver Ants of Africa—fellows half an inch long, with big heads that must have clever brains in them.

They work on a plan similar to that of the monkeys. A large ant takes hold of the branch of a tree with his fore legs, and lets his body hang; then another ant climbs down the first one, to whose hind legs he clings, letting his own body hang; and so the little fellows keep on until a long chain of them hangs from the tree. Then they swing until the ant at the loose end catches hold of the tree they wish to reach; and the bridge is complete.

As soon as the main body of the army has crossed the bridge, the ant on the first tree lets go of the branch, and climbs up his comrades to the second tree; the other makers of the living suspension-bridge follow his example, and they take their place at the rear of the marching column.

A QUEER FOSTER-MOTHER.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I send you a picture of a little chicken who was deserted by his mother, and left to face the rough, selfish world, all by himself. But he was not down-hearted; not he! All day long he would cheerfully scratch for a living, and when night came, it was his custom to march contentedly into a



A QUEER FOSTER-MOTHER.

certain room in the house, and cuddle under a feather-duster that stood in the corner. There he would sleep, all snug and warm, among the feathers of his queer foster-mother. This seemed to me so funny and pathetic, that I thought you would like to know about it.—Yours truly,
EMMA K. PARRISH.

THE LETTER-BOX.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

AS MANY of our readers, doubtless, will observe certain changes on the cover of the present number of this magazine, it is right to give them a few words of explanation. They will notice that ST. NICHOLAS now is published by The Century Co., of New York, instead of by Scribner & Co., as of old; and in this they may feel a sense of loss, as though the familiar pages had in some way grown strange. But it is not so. There is a change and yet no change. In every respect, ST. NICHOLAS is to remain as it has been—a gay, stanch little ship, manned by the same crew, and with the same strong hand at the helm that has steered it heretofore as a business enterprise. The only difference is that the captain and crew have resolved to own the vessel they run, and so, with the consent of all concerned, have purchased the shares of former part-owners. In other words, this magazine, as a property, now mainly belongs to Mr. Roswell Smith, who first conceived the idea of ST. NICHOLAS, and to whose wise and liberal business management its success is largely due. As President of the Century Co., and its active manager, he intends that this periodical shall continue to be, in every respect, the same ST. NICHOLAS that has won favor heretofore, holding on, of course, to its first principle, which is to grow and improve in every way it can.

The editor, in telling you this, dear readers, can not but recall the day when, all aglow with generous enthusiasm,—an enthusiasm which has never abated,—Mr. Roswell Smith and his colleagues put all their wishes and restrictions into one general request: "Conduct the new magazine entirely in the interest of girls and boys, and let it be as nearly perfect as money and painstaking can make it."

There were no "ifs" and "buts," no troublesome economies. The times were dull. Business of all kinds seemed at a stand-still just then, and the starters of an enterprise like this had every reason to be cautious. But they believed in stepping boldly into the matter. If the young folks wanted a good magazine, they should have it, and it would be sure to "pay" both publishers and children in the long run.

From that day to this, the generous injunction of the founders of the magazine has been in force, and to fulfill it is the ardent purpose of its writers, artists, and the editor,—making one and all eager and happy in their work.

But, after all, the best inspiration for us all must come from the boys and girls themselves. In your hearty interest and appreciation, young friends, ST. NICHOLAS finds life and strength, and builds sure hope of a long and prosperous existence. Now is the time for drawing close in mutual help and understanding. Tell us freely your wishes, your preferences, and your needs, and we will meet you according to our best judgment and ability. Soon you shall be told our plan for taking you all into a sort of editorial partnership, so that every one of you who reads ST. NICHOLAS may, in effect, have a voice in its management, and a responsibility to make it better and better. By this we do not mean drier and drier, but really better and better. Liveliness, freshness, heartiness are in the blood of youth, and without these qualities a magazine for boys and girls would be a sorry thing, indeed.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Sandwich Islands, and I am always very glad when the ST. NICHOLAS comes. I have four brothers who are very fond of riding horseback. I have a little garden, in which I work every day.

The other day we all went down to the sea to bathe, and we took our lunch with us. The waves were so high that we could not stand when they came rolling in. My brothers filled a pail with crabs and little fish, and set it on the shore, but a high wave carried the pail away.

We passed Papa's new sugar-mill on our way home, and rode through the cane-fields. When the cane is in flower, it looks very pretty. I like to go down to the mill, and go around and taste sirup and sugar.

Good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS. I am eight years old, and my name is
MAUD BALDWIN.

THE picture of Eugenio Mauricio Dengremont, on page 721, was drawn by Mr. Birch from a beautiful photograph of this famous young violinist, taken by Anderson, 78½ Broadway, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would be glad to know about our entertainment, which we had here. We had some nice singing of temperance glees, the juvenile play of "Blue Beard," and the Fan-Drill for eight little girls. We were dressed very like the pictures in the January ST. NICHOLAS, only in different colored cambrics,—pink and white, blue and white, etc. Mamma drilled all the little girls a month beforehand, and when the drill came off, there was a large audience. The Fan-Drill went off charmingly, and everybody was pleased with it, and some day we hope to have it again.—Yours truly,
JULIA T. PEMBER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your June article on "Ostrich-farming" was very interesting to me, as I had been reading about the queer people and things in South Africa.

But the ostriches seem to me to be the queerest things of all. Just think,—when an ostrich-nest has been found during the absence of the parents, and the eggs have not been taken away at once, the finder is sure to see, on his return, that the old birds have smashed every one of the eggs! They will do this even when the eggs have not been handled, and when the discoverer has not been within fifteen feet of the nest.

I can not see why in the world the birds should wish to destroy the eggs merely because somebody has looked at them; but what puzzles me even more is how the absent birds can know that some one has been prying into their home. And, if they don't like the eggs to be seen, why don't they hide their nests?

Perhaps, the reason is the same that makes them believe they are safely concealed from the hunter's view when only their heads are buried in the sand. Some persons say that ostriches do this simply because they are stupid; but I should be glad to think better of them, if possible, and I hope somebody will let us know of a more agreeable reason. May be, we do not fully understand the birds. Ostriches ought to have clever brains as well as fine feathers, to make up for their ungainliness and awkward ways.—Yours truly,
G. S. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother knows a gentleman in England who has two tame toads, and this is how he first found them: One Sunday, when he was sitting reading in his fernery, he saw two toads coming down the path very slowly. One, which was lame, limped behind; and they went on until they came to the rockery, which was high and covered with moss and ferns. Then the first toad jumped on the bottom stone, and taking the lame foot of his companion in his mouth, helped him up from one stone to another, in this way, until they reached the top. From that time the gentleman took great notice of them, and they soon grew tame.

BEATRICE BROOKE HERFORD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are known and loved more than I could tell you, in our far-away nook of the "Land of Flowers." * * * Perhaps you would like to hear about some of our curiosities.

Let me tell you about the wonderful "lime-sinks," that help to make our Florida famous. These are large basins, or lakes, the waters of which are either dark blue or brown, and filled with fish. One of these sinks is almost a river, and its water flows continually in a narrow bed, between banks shaded with magnolias and other rich and scented growths. The trees lock their branches over the current, which slides along in perpetual sweet-odored shade, with graceful ferns in tall ranks at either side. Then, too, we have a lake, out of which the bottom falls once in every fourteen years, with a rush and loud roar; and, in the course of a month, it fills again to its former level.

Of course I could tell you ever so much more, but this must do for the present. Your friend and reader,
J. C. McC.

A CORRESPONDENT sends an interesting letter concerning what he terms "Repeated Inventions"; but we have room for only a part of what he writes:

Gunpowder was discovered, forgotten, and re-invented more than once, as Mr. Judson told us in his article on "Gunpowder," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1877. And there are many other things which have been invented more than once,—the steam-boat, for instance. Only fifty years after the discovery of America, a barge was propelled by steam in the harbor of Barcelona, in Spain. The subject was dropped,—forgotten,—until John Fitch, of Connecticut, in 1787, made and ran, in his native country, the first steam-boat that deserved the name.

The art of printing with movable types, re-invented in Germany nearly five hundred and fifty years ago, already had been known, in part, five centuries earlier, in China; while Roman potters, before the Christian era, stamped their wares with such types.

The Chinese were enlightened with coal-gas hundreds and hun-

dreds of years before that bright idea dawned in the mind of a European.

Sun-pictures of a simple kind were made in the fifteenth century by Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, engineer, architect, chemist, and natural philosopher. The art was forgotten, but was re-invented in 1760. It again perished, but was revived by James Watt, the father of the steam-engine. A third time it was lost, but only to be found once more, and firmly established by a Frenchman, named Daguerre, after whom the new kind of picture was called, for some time, the Daguerreotype.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse invented, and compelled the use of, the electric recording telegraph, in 1844; but in 1746 a Frenchman passed electricity through more than a mile of wire; and in 1774—two years before the first Fourth of July—a man in Switzerland actually sent messages by telegraph.

Some inventions were brought out at the same time by persons so widely apart that neither of them could possibly know what the other was doing. Thus the quadrant—an instrument used in navigating ships—was invented at the same time by one man in this country and by another in Europe. * * * H. K. G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I have two sisters and one brother, all older than I am. We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it real well. We keep a few sheep. In the spring of 1880, one of our sheep had two lambs, and would own only one of them. So Pa told us that if we would take care of the rejected lamb, we might sell it in the fall, and take the money that it brought to get the ST. NICHOLAS. So we named the lamb ST. NICHOLAS, and nick-named it "Nic." In the fall, "Nic" was n't quite as large as the rest of the lambs, but Pa gave us three dollars, and said that "Nic" was his. We bought the ST. NICHOLAS with the three dollars.—Yours truly,
ALTA HANSELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We want to tell your readers about our rabbits. Three years ago we had one young one given to us, which was black and white; but a boy killed it, and then we got another, which was white, and is alive now. Since that, we have had forty-eight, of which eight are alive now. Seven of them are about three weeks old, and can run around faster than the old ones.

When we feed them, we set a saucer of milk on the floor of the rabbit-house, and the old ones begin to drink first; then the little ones begin to come out of the nest, one at a time, and get around the saucer, and try to drink. All but one are silk-haired rabbits. They have all got bright red eyes.

We are eight and twelve years old.

Yours truly,
ALICE AND FRANK LANSING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We Old-London friends of yours have been very much interested in reading the story of Mary Queen of Scots, which you lately gave us, for not long ago we went to Westminster Abbey and saw her tomb. It is very fine, and the beautiful alabaster figure of the Queen resembles polished ivory, and the face is supposed to be a perfect likeness of her. We also saw the altar erected by Charles II. to the memory of the little princes who were murdered in the Tower. The inscription says: "Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England; and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard, the Usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after lying one hundred and ninety-one years in the rubbish of the stairs, were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678."

We saw many things in the Abbey to interest us, and which many of your boy and girl readers would like to see, also.—We are your delighted readers,
CARL AND NORRIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Frank Greenwood's letter which you printed some time ago suggested to me that I might tell your readers about our Bird-saucer, which we set on last summer for the birds to drink from. For a long time the only way we knew the birds used it was by finding feathers in the water, and, as we filled the saucer every morning, the feathers showed plainly that there were frequent visitors. One morning, however, when my brother opened his blinds earlier than usual, he saw a robin in the dish, dipping his head into the water, flitting his feathers, and having a glorious bath, while, patiently waiting within a few inches of the saucer, stood another robin and a sparrow, watching every motion, and eager to hop in the instant he hopped out.

But there is also a sad history connected with the little saucer. This autumn we had a new kitty, who proved to be a remarkably fine mouser, and I grieve to say an equally successful bird-catcher. I was puzzled to know how he managed to bring in every day an old bird, for I had found that only the young and foolish birds were easily caught. But one morning I discovered puss crouched behind the tree which shaded Robin's "free bath," all ready for a spring at a fine, large fellow, who was so deeply engaged in a thorough wash

that he had no eyes for puss, hardly for me. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to add that puss did not catch *that* bird; or how indignant he looked at me for interfering with his sport. After this, the dish was placed in the center of the lawn, where kitty could find no shelter near enough for his plans, and I am glad to report that he has brought in but one bird since. O. O.

THE best reply we can give to "An Anxious Mother's" letter concerning her little girl is the following poem lately sent to us by Miss Josephine Pollard:

THE HANDSOME MISS RANSOM.

Victoria Ransom
Was really quite handsome
And stylish, so every one said,
And it would n't have mattered
Had she been less flattered,
Or had a more sensible head.

But these declarations,
From friends and relations,
So pleased Miss Victoria, alas!
That most of the morning
Was spent in adorning
Herself by the aid of the glass.

So vain and so silly
Her actions were, really
Her claims as a beauty grew small;
And after a season,
With very good reason,
She was n't admired at all.

But Victoria Ransom
Still thought herself handsome,
And daily her vanity fed;
And in my estimation,
Each friend and relation
Was to blame for thus turning her head.

H. M. R.—1. Pitcairn's Island is but seven miles around.

2. It was peopled in 1789 by mutineers from the English ship "Bounty." In 1856 there was not room on the island for the descendants of the first arrivals, and all the inhabitants were removed to Norfolk Island. Three years later, twenty-one of them returned to their former home; in 1864 a company of twenty-seven went back; and the latest count shows that there now are ninety-five persons on the island,—all of them descended from the mutineers who first settled upon it.

3. Of these ninety-five, there are ten boys and seventeen girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen years, and forty-two children not yet twelve years old.

THOSE of our readers who were interested in the article on school-luncheons, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1877, will be glad to read the following frank letter from a school-girl of Coldwater, Michigan:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, I came across the piece entitled "School-luncheons." I thought that some of your readers would like to hear about a "spread" five fun-loving school-girls had. Each of us brought different things. I don't remember exactly what we each took, but we had a grand dinner. The bill of fare was bread and butter, cold meat, pickles, six kinds of cake, oranges, pop-corn, candy, and lemonade. The janitor's wife kindly gave us the use of her dining-room, and loaned us plates, knives and forks, etc.

I suppose the "Little School-ma'am" will be shocked at reading our *menu*, and still more to learn that we *each* ate *every kind* of cake. We gave our teacher a plate of pop-corn, oranges, and candy. She seemed to be much pleased. After our dinner we danced in the halls until we were ready to drop. We were all sick that afternoon.

We have had several spreads since that day, but I never shall forget that one.—Your constant reader,
MABEL R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had a black kitten that I used to call "Jet," because he was jet black. Once I had a bad cold, and my cousin May was visiting me; we could not go out-of-doors because of my cold, so we had to find amusement in the house. Mamma gave me alum and salt water for my sore throat, so we played that "Jet" was sick, too. We put him in my doll's bed, which is quite large, and gave him some of the alum and salt water, with a spoon. But the strangest thing was that he seemed to like it, for, every time he came into the house, he would go right to the bed and get in himself.—Your little friend,
NETTIE L. FROST.

HERE are some curious arithmetical facts and puzzles. Some of our readers may already have come across them separately elsewhere, but we now print them in one budget, as sent by A. G.

If the number 3 be multiplied by any number, the sum of the figures in the product will be 3, or a multiple of 3.

If any number be multiplied by 9, the sum of the figures in the product will be 9, or a multiple of 9.

If any number be divided by 9, and the sum of its digits divided by 9, the remainders will be the same.

If from any number you subtract the same number written backward (*i. e.*, the figures reversed), the remainder will be a multiple of 9.

The product of any two consecutive numbers can be divided by 2, and the product of three consecutive numbers can always be divided by 6.

The product of two odd numbers is odd, while the product of any number of consecutive numbers is even.

TWO PUZZLES: A man was carrying a cake of maple-sugar. It fell and broke into four pieces, and with those four pieces he could weigh anything from one pound to forty. What was the weight of each piece?

Ans. 1, 3, 9, 27.

Find three square numbers, which shall be in arithmetical progression.

Ans. 1, 25, 49.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—FOURTH REPORT.

OF the thousand members of the Agassiz Association, more have expressed a preference for the study of entomology than for almost any other branch. Curiously enough, the girls seem to be quite as fond of insects as the boys are. It is not difficult to account for this preference. The many-hued wings of butterflies flashing in the sun, the metallic gleam of beetles, the feathery grace and rich coloring of moths, the dreamy pinions of dragon-flies, the excitement of the chase, and, above all, the mysterious and symbolic changes which attend insect-life, shed a bright fascination about insect-study.

Attracted by this light, our boys and girls are fluttering about the homes of bugs and beetles very much in the same manner that bugs and beetles flutter about the lights in our human habitations. Let me, then, hasten to answer the three questions which are puzzling so many of our correspondents: How catch? how kill? how keep? By far the best way to catch a butterfly is to find a caterpillar; keep him in a glass box; feed him with leaves of the plant on which you found him; and watch him day by day, as he changes his various garments, "spins himself up" till he bursts or perforates his cerements and unrolls his wings, with every painted shingle in its place, his "feathers" quite unruffled on his head, and his six legs under him in unmutated entirety. Full directions for raising insects, making glass cases, etc., are contained in a little book called "Insect Lives," published at a dollar, by Robert Clarke, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In addition to this method of capture, you will need a light gauze net. Any boy can make one of these in half an hour. Get three-fourths of a yard of silk veiling; ask Mother to make a bag of it, with a hem around the top wide enough to run a pipe-stem

through; pass a thick wire through this and bend it into the shape shown in the little picture; fasten the ends of this wire to a light stick, five or six feet long, and your net is made. A third method of capturing moths is that of painting trees with a mixture of rum, beer, and sugar. This is done in the early evening, and later, lantern in hand, you go about from tree to tree and tap into your net the insects stupefied by the sweet but fatal sirup.



To kill insects, provide yourself with a wide-mouthed jar. A candy-jar is good. Lay three or four pieces of cyanide of potassium, the size of a walnut, on the bottom of the inside; pour over these plaster of Paris, made liquid by water, until the lumps of poison are covered. The plaster will quickly harden, leaving a smooth and deadly floor, on which any insect, when dropped, will quickly and quietly pass away. The jar must be kept stopped with an air-tight cover. It will keep its strength all summer.

Never pass a pin through a living insect.

Chloroform, etc., have no permanent effect on large moths. We have had some heart-rending experiences, which would satisfy you of this; but we spare you the pain of their recital.

But the greatest problem is how to preserve our specimens. Well do I remember my dismay at finding, on my return from a summer vacation, that the wretched little *Dermestes* had turned a fine collection of *Lepidoptera* into sad little heaps of sawdust, and broken legs, and antennae.

To prevent this destruction, beetles and other small insects should be soaked in a solution of arsenic in alcohol (fourteen grains of arsenic to a pint and a half of alcohol). *Of course, you should ask your parents, or some older friend, to attend to these preparations which I have mentioned, as great care is necessary in handling the poisons.*

Butterflies and moths should be pinned into cedar cases, made airtight and strongly guarded by lumps of gum-camphor or cyanide of potassium. In addition to these precautions, all specimens should be subjected to a rigid quarantine of a month before being transferred to the collection. Even then, eternal vigilance is the price of success. The cases must be carefully examined every month, and any indications of danger must be regarded. In such event, pour a few drops of chloroform into the case, and close the cover. This will drive the destructive creatures into sight from crack and cranny. Kill them, preserving one or two for specimens, and renew your previous precautions. In the Southern States, tin cases will prove effectual against ants.

Another paper must be devoted, at a later time, to this subject, and we must tell you how to prepare your specimens for the cabinet; but for the present we must be content with cautioning you to pin beetles through the right wing case, and not between the wings. Next time, we must tell about some of our most interesting chapters,—where they are and what they are doing.

By the way, our summer vacation will begin in a few days, and we shall be off,—the trout know where; so we shall be obliged to ask our numerous unscen friends to reserve their letters until the fall term calls us back to the Academy. Please send no letters between July 1st and September 15th. After that, address, as usual,

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



A BROWN-STUDY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1881.

NO. 10.

[Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.]

A BROWN-STUDY.

MOTHER said: "That 's all, dear. Now run outdoors and play."
Father said the same;
And so I came.
But, somehow, they forget that I 'm growing every day.

A girl can't *always* frolic. Why, lambs are sometimes still,
Though whenever they feel like it, they caper with a will.
And birds may stop their singing while their hearts are full of song.
I 've seen them look so solemn! And when the day is long
They often hide among the boughs and think,—I 'm sure they do;
I 've peered between the twitching leaves, and seen them at it, too!

But if a girl stands still and thinks, the people always say:
"As you 've nothing else to do, dear, why don't you go and play?"

Well, all I know is this: It 's nice
To jump the rope, and skip and swing, or skate on winter ice;
It 's nice to romp with other girls and laugh as loud as they,—
But not to-day.

Dear me! How sweet and bright it is, this lovely, lovely Earth!
And not a thing upon it dreams how much it 's really worth.
Except the folks. They calculate and set themselves quite high;
Oh, my!

You dear, good sky, to bend so soft and kind above us all!
(It 's queer to think this great wide world is nothing but a ball
Rolling, they say, through space;—
How *does* it keep its place?

None of my business, I suppose.)—I wonder if the brook
Is full to-day. It 's early yet;—I think I 'll go and look.

FROM SANDY HOOK TO THE LIGHT-SHIP.

BY JOHN V. SEARS.

"SEE here, Mother; here 's a dandelion, as bright as gold! Spring is here at last, and I 'll have to be making garden in a day or two."

"Yes, David; spring has come, and I suppose we must get about our work pretty soon."

Mrs. Throckmorton had opened the sitting-room window to talk with David, and, as the warm sun streamed in, and a soft air stirred the sweet-brier which he was fastening against the side of the cottage, it seemed as though spring was not coming, but going, and that summer must be near at hand. But there was little summer in her eyes.

"He eats too much, and makes himself sick; that 's all the 'delicate' he is."

"Hush, my son; the doctor says he needs a change."

"Yes, he does need a change; any change would be for the better; but I wish he would n't come here for it."

"David! David! you must n't talk so! I dare say he 's a good boy enough, only he 's been too much petted at home."

"Rem Wilson is not a good boy; he 's mean, selfish, conceited, and overbearing; that 's what he is; and I know he does n't tell the truth, either."

"My dear son, don't say such things, even if you think them."

"Well, Mother, I never do, only to you; but it 's a fact, and I don't like him."

"I know it, and I 'm very sorry; but it can't be helped now. I 've promised to take him, and besides, they pay well, and we need the money."

The Throckmortons lived near the mouth of the Shrewsbury River, and at that time—many years ago—the old Shrewsbury inlet was open, making a navigable water-way between the river and the sea. A steam-boat plied every day between the river and New York, running through the inlet at high tide, as at low water the sand was nearly bare. In about a week after the finding of the dandelion, the steam-boat brought down Rem Wilson and his trunk, and Smalley was sent



SMALLEY, WITH A LITTLE BOAT, MEETS THE GUEST FROM TOWN.

"You don't seem to feel very glad, Mother; I thought you 'd be real pleased to see the first dandelion."

"Oh, I am, of course. It is always nice to see things growing, and the flowers coming out again; but it just reminds me that I must be writing to Mr. Wilson."

"What about? They 'll not want to come down these two months yet."

"They want Remsen to come down as soon as the weather 's mild enough."

"Remsen alone?"

"Yes, I suppose so. You know he 's delicate, and they want him to live 'longshore awhile."

to the Ocean House landing with a little boat to bring the guest home. Smalley was a young colored retainer of the Throckmortons, about the same age as David,—thirteen or fourteen years. His real name was Charles Peck, but he was so little that the boys called him "Small Measure," and this title degenerated in time to "Smalley," or "Smalls."

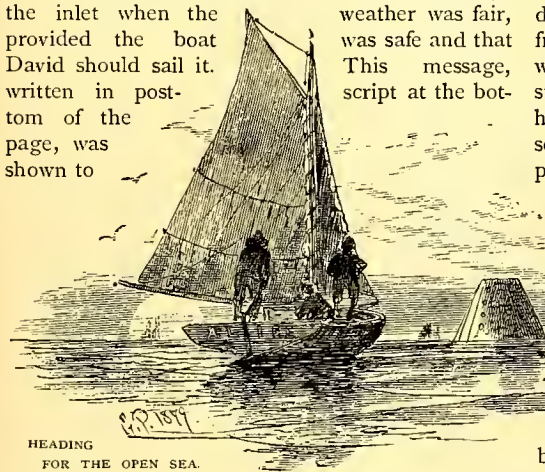
David did not go to meet Remsen, as he was busy in the garden, and this work pressed so hard that for some time the boys saw very little of each other. Remsen tried his hand at digging and planting for a day or two, but he soon tired of it and wandered off 'longshore. He wearied of the

shore, too, presently, and began to tease David to go out sailing or fishing. David refused, on account of his work; but his mother intervened and asked him to go.

"It is dull here for Remsen," she said, "and we must try to entertain him; besides, his mother has written especially to request that we shall not cross him in anything more than we can help. The doctor says it is bad for his nerves."

David owned a seine-skiff, eighteen feet long and pulling four sweeps. She had a center-board, was rigged with mainsail and jib, and was a good sailer with any wind. This boat, called the "Alice," was overhauled, and put in good trim, and, on a pleasant afternoon, Remsen was taken for a sail. He was satisfied for a while, tacking about the river, but presently he wanted to run out through the inlet and take a good long stretch on the ocean, where they would not have to jibe every five minutes. David said no; it was too late in the day, and, further, he never went outside without letting his mother know. Remsen jeered at him for being a baby, tied to his mother's apron-string, and sharp words followed, of course, so the excursion was not a pleasant one, after all.

Remsen appealed to Mrs. Throckmorton for permission to go out on the sea, but she, too, decidedly said no. He persisted in teasing for two or three days, and she finally resolved to refer the matter to his father. On the following Monday, Remsen walked over to Port Washington, and returned with an open letter in his hand, declaring his father consented to an occasional trip out through the inlet when the weather was fair, and that David should sail it. This message, written in post-script at the bottom of the page, was shown to



Mrs. Throckmorton. She read the paragraph with a good deal of surprise, as, from the explanations she had made in her letter to Mr. Wilson, she expected Remsen's request would not be granted at all, or, at least, not so readily. As she re-

marked, however, there could be no gainsaying black and white, so the boy carried his point.

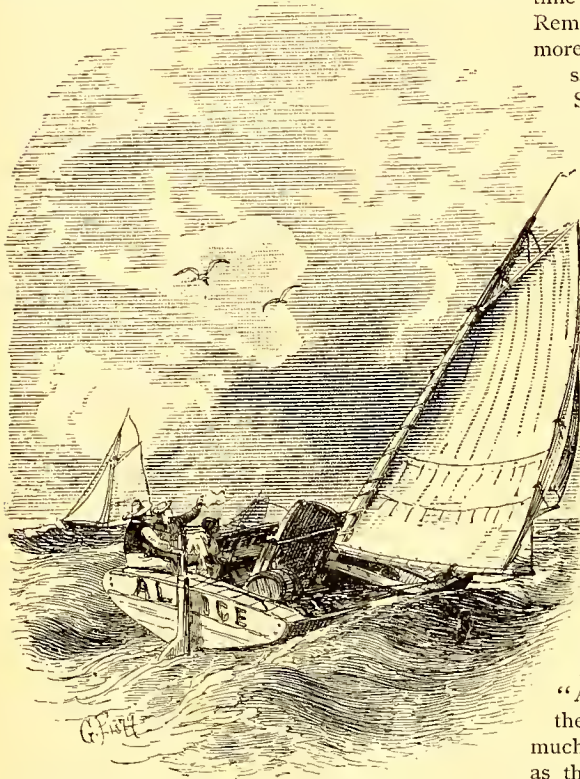
There was no peace in the house thereafter until the arrangements for the expedition were all made, and the tide served right for an early start, and the



weather promised to be fair all day. The settlement of these various conditions occupied several days, and, during the time, Remsen continued to fret and worry until the family were glad enough when a morning came that David thought would suit their purpose. A very early breakfast was hurried through; a pair of plump roasted chickens, some beef sandwiches, and a basket of goodies were packed away in the stern locker of the boat; the fishing-lines and a "blickie" of soft clams for bait stowed in the forward locker, a comfortable armful of oil-skins and wraps was bundled under the thwarts, and before sunrise, the three boys, Remsen, David, and Smalley, started to spend the day on the sea.

They had some crooked work to get out of the river, with light airs baffling about the Navesink Highlands, but, after clearing Sandy Hook, they found a steady breeze from the south-west, balmy and pleasant as a breath of midsummer. Remsen thought he would like to see how Long Branch looked from the sea, so they made their jib, hauled the sheets close, and stood down the shore about six miles,

until they ran past the town. Then they put about, lifted the center-board, and squared away for a race before the wind. There were a good



"SWOOPING ALONG, OVER THE LOW, BROAD BILLOWS."

many coasters and small craft going up to New York with all the canvas spread they could carry, but the "Alice" passed them all, swooping along over the low, broad billows like an osprey in its flight. The boys enjoyed this fun heartily, and shouted in high glee whenever they shot ahead of a sloop or schooner on their course. The whole morning was spent in giving chase to one vessel after another, and at noon they found themselves well up toward Romer's Shoals. Then they dropped the jib, slacked the peak, and laid the "Alice" to for dinner. The center-board was laid athwartships for a table, the provisions were unpacked and spread out in tempting array, jack-knives and jaws were plied with industry, and the chickens and crullers disappeared with amazing speed.

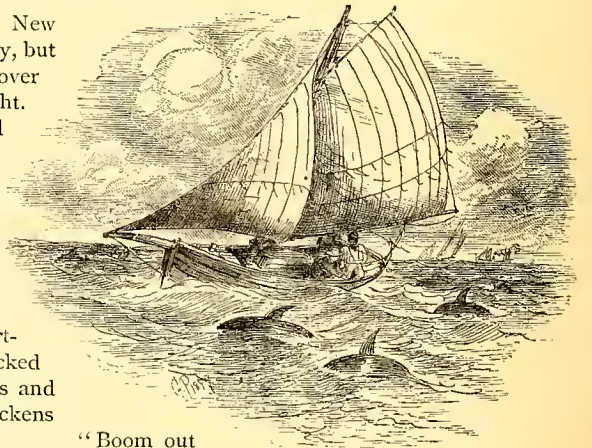
After dinner, they put off shore about eight miles to the fishing grounds, and tried their luck for cod-fish. They did not catch anything for a long time, and Remsen got tired of waiting for fish that did not come. Just as they were about to give it up,

Smalley got a bite, and, in the course of an hour or so, they caught several fine cod. When Remsen had pulled up his second fish, David decided it was time to start for home. The sun was yet high, and Remsen wanted very much to "catch just one more," so they waited another half-hour and then sail was made again.

As they got under way, Smalley discovered a school of porpoises, the first of the season, just off their starboard bow. David started the sheet a little, and the "Alice" glided quietly in among them, without disturbing them in the least. They rolled lazily over in the sea, and grunted and snorted like a drove of pigs, playing around the bows of the boat, so close that the boys could almost reach out and touch them. Even David had never before enjoyed an opportunity to become so intimately acquainted with porpoises, and the boat was allowed to drift along with the school, while the boys leaned over the side and watched the motions of the clumsy creatures with intense interest. Finally, Smalls straightened himself up, and, taking a look about, exclaimed in surprise:

"Hi, Marse Dave, if dere aint de big light!"

Dave sprang to his feet and there, sure enough, was the great light-house on Sandy Hook, square on their weather beam. The "Alice" had drifted into the ship-channel, and the wind and tide together had carried her along much more rapidly than her crew realized, busy as they were in studying natural history.



"Boom out that jib!" cried Dave, as he jumped aft, cast off the sheet, and put the "Alice" before the wind.

THE PORPOISES PLAYED AROUND THE BOAT.

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked Rem-

sen, surprised by the sudden activity of his companions. "Are n't we going home?"

"If we can get there!" answered Dave.



AT DINNER OFF
KOMER'S SHOALS.

"We've missed the inlet, fooling around with those plaguy porpoises; can't make it with wind dead against us, and now we must push for inside the Hook, and then work our way home as best we can."

They ran on at a lively gait for a mile or two, but then the wind began to fall as the sun sank behind the Highlands, and an anxious shade came into David's frank face.

"Here, Rem," he said, "you take the tiller, while I go forward and look for the black buoy."

As he stepped upon the forward locker, he could see the buoy which marks the point of Sandy Hook, about half a mile ahead, and, noting that it stood straight in the water, he knew that the flood was full, and in a few minutes the ebb tide would set in. The boat still rippled along fairly well, but the boom swung ominously to and fro as the wind came in light puffs, each fainter than the last. If the breeze would only hold a few minutes to carry them inside the buoy, they would be all right. It might take them some hours after that to reach home, but they'd get there safe and sound before midnight. David watched the sail and the buoy with the closest attention. The black cylinder drew near and nearer, and his hopes rose every moment. He was actually counting the rivets on the side of the buoy next the sun, when a long, crooked line of

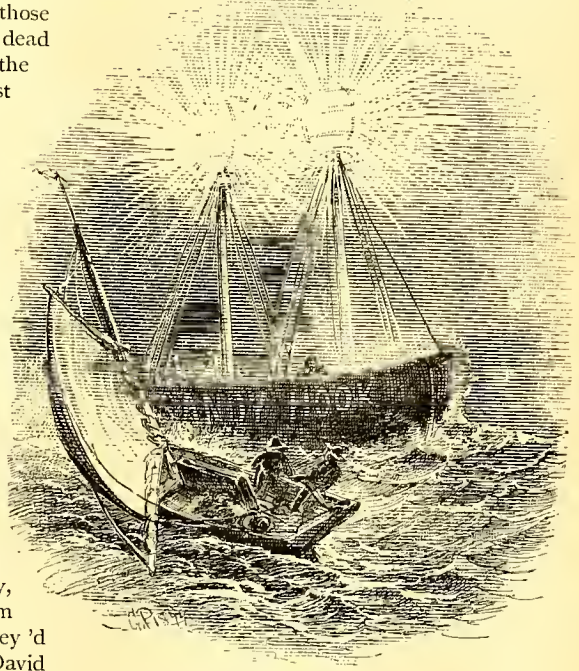
dirty-white foam came dancing by, on the surface of the sea. At the same instant, the wind died out with a long sigh, and a flat calm fell upon the water. The boat lost way, and her head swung slowly round and pointed toward the open ocean. The tide had turned.

"Out sweeps!" cried David, dropping the jib and letting the mainsail run down at the same time. "Take an oar, Rem. I'll pull against you and Smalley. Give way for your lives, fellows! Bend to it now, smartly!"

The boys pulled with a will, and once more the boat began to crawl up toward the black buoy. The tide was beginning to run strong, however, and it required their utmost exertions to force the heavy boat against it. She moved slower and slower as she neared the goal, and David had to urge the others by voice and example at every stroke. Just as he was thinking, "We shall make it, after all," Remsen threw up his oar, exclaiming:

"I can't pull this thing; it hurts my hands."

David's eighteen-foot sweep gave the boat a sheer, the rushing current caught her under the counter, and in an instant she was whirling out to sea ten miles an hour. Smalley broke out



THE LIGHT-SHIP, OFF SANDY HOOK.

in loud reproach and lamentation, but "Marse Dave" had nothing to say. He could not trust himself to speak, and so, wisely, kept silent, vig-

ously setting about stowing the sails and making everything snug aboard.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Remsen.

"Nothing."

"Where are we going?"

"Nowhere."

"Come, you're not going to stay here all night! Let's be going home."

"All night it is! No home for us till to-morrow morning!"

When Remsen fairly understood that they must stay out all night on the ocean in an open boat, he was frightened out of his wits. He wanted to get out the sweeps again, and try once more to pass the black buoy, promising to pull twice as hard as before; but David said:

"Too late! the tide rips through there now like a mill-race! Twenty men could n't stem it!"

As the "Alice" drifted out with the ebb, the twilight deepened into darkness, the land disappeared, the stars shone in the sky wonderfully near and bright, and the awful solemnity of solitude on the sea encompassed the benighted young voyagers. David was very anxious about his mother, and he also had some fears of the storm signs noticed at sunset; but otherwise he and Smalls were comfortable enough, making a hearty supper of sandwiches and crullers, and stowing themselves on the thwarts, afterward, wrapped up for a nap. But Remsen was too miserable to either eat or sleep. He fretted and moaned incessantly,—was so unreasonable, pettish, and absurd that the others lost all patience, and finally paid no more attention to his complaints.

During the evening, the wind rose again, and, backing round to the south-east, began to blow quite heavily. This wind against tide made an ugly, chopping sea, which pitched the "Alice" about with a sharp, jerking motion, exceedingly trying to any one unaccustomed to the water. The two 'longshore boys did not mind it, but the city-bred youth was made deathly sick. He had made so much ado before, that no notice was taken of him for a long time, and he lay neglected on the stern-sheets, tumbled about from side to side, as the boat tossed and twisted in the sea; sick, bruised, frightened, thinking he surely should die—the most forlorn and wretched object imaginable. After a time, David discovered that the limp heap on the locker, wet, draggled, and half unconscious, was really Rem Wilson in distress, and he accordingly bestirred himself to extend help. But it was very difficult to do anything for the patient. He slid off the locker and rolled around in the bottom of the boat, too dolefully sick to know or to care what was going on about him. David was troubled,

and knew not what to do, until, after a while, Smalley had a bright idea, as, indeed, he often had.

"Dere 's de light-ship off to wind'ard," said that diminutive person; "let 's get 'em to take him aboard and put him to bed."

Accordingly, they made sail on the "Alice," trimmed her flat, and ran down to the two great globes of fire that showed where the beacon-boat lay.

"Light-ship, ahoy!" hailed David, as they drew alongside.

"Ay, ay!" answered a gruff voice.

"If Ned Osborne is there, tell him Dave Throckmorton wants to come on board."

Ned Osborne, the light-keeper, answered in person, and, on David's explaining matters, he rigged a whip used for taking in stores, and presently had the sick boy safely slung from the boat to the deck of the ship. Rem was then carried below and put in a berth, where he was taken care of as best he could be under the circumstances. The boat was made fast, and the two other boys were also given berths aboard the ship.

Next morning, Dave was astir before daylight, and, finding the invalid unfit to be moved, he decided to put off without him, as the wind was rising and the storm threatened to grow more violent. The cod-fish were brought aboard from the "Alice," a breakfast of fish, potatoes, and hard-tack was shared with the watch on deck, and then the seine-skiff was headed for home, under double-reefed mainsail. The breeze was very stiff, and the boat fairly flew through the water, making the seven miles between the light-ship and Sandy Hook in half an hour.

It was still early when the two boys reached the house, and they found that Mrs. Throckmorton had been waiting for them all night, walking the floor most of the time in restless anxiety.

"I should n't have felt so bad about it," she said, "but you were hardly out of sight when neighbor Simmons came in with this letter he had brought over from Port Washington the night before. It is from Mr. Wilson, and he very decidedly forbids Remsen's going outside the Hook before settled summer weather. I can't understand why his letter to Remsen and this one to me should be so different."

"I can," said Dave; "Rem wrote that post-script himself."

"Dear! dear! do you really think so?"

"I thought so from the first, and now I feel sure of it."

"Well, I look for his father this afternoon or to-morrow, and then we'll know. I wrote him again by the first mail yesterday."

Mr. Wilson arrived toward evening, as expected,

and was very much alarmed and distressed to find his boy was off on the light-ship. By that time the storm had set in furiously, and there was nothing to be done but wait for better weather. When asked as to the postscript, he merely shook his head and walked quickly away; so there was very little said about it. A terrific tempest raged on land and sea for three days and nights, flinging many a wreck upon the coast, and causing sad destruction of property on shore, beside. Mr. Wilson chartered a sloop at Port Washington to go off to the light-ship; but it was late on the fourth day before they could venture to go out. Just as they were getting under way, Smalley dis-

covered a sail coming up the river, which he declared was Ned Osborne's cutter.

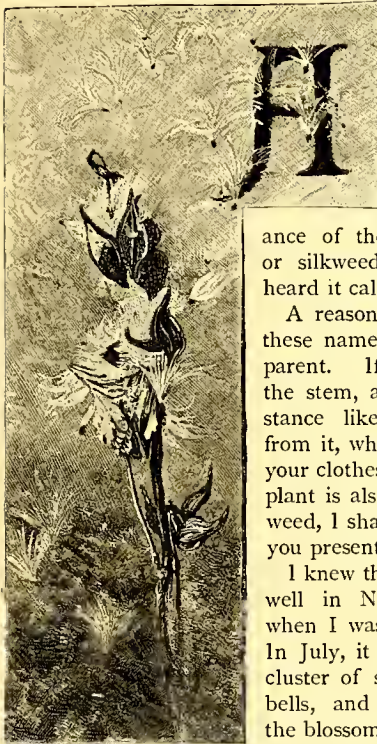
As the craft drew near, it proved to be Ned Osborne, indeed, bringing the sick boy home. The agonies he suffered on the light-ship, his terrible experience during the storm, and the shame and contrition he felt on coming back, worked a wonderful change in Rem Wilson. He looked like the ghost of his former self as they carried him into the house.

"This will be a lesson for him that he'll never forget," said David.

And he never did, being a different and a better boy from that day forth.

MILKWEED PLAYTHINGS.

BY EMMA M. DAVIS.



ALMOST everybody, at some time or other, has made the acquaintance of the milkweed, or silkweed, as I have heard it called.

A reason for each of these names is very apparent. If you break the stem, a sticky substance like milk runs from it, which will stain your clothes. Why the plant is also called silkweed, I shall explain to you presently.

I knew this weed very well in New England when I was a little girl. In July, it hangs out a cluster of small purple bells, and later, after the blossoms have gone, very large seed-pods are

formed, which grow to be several inches long, and are pointed at the end opposite the stem. If these pods were left on the plant until the seeds were fully ripened, they would split open themselves, and gradually the seeds would fly out, carrying with them enough of these silken threads, as fine

as a spider's web, to float them on the wind for miles away, perhaps. You must have seen them many a time. The silk radiates in every direction from the central seed, making a gauzy, filmy sphere, with a small, dark center. The seeds cluster about the opening of the pod, until the wind picks them out and carries them abroad, but if you pick some of the pods when green, and put them in a vase where they are not disturbed, the pod will open part way, like an oyster-shell, and the fine silken threads, folded and packed so closely in the center, will fly apart and get out, in some way, so that after a while the pod will be covered with a cloud of white. This is very beautiful, and, if it stands in a corner out of the way of sudden breezes, it will be likely to remain so all winter. You now see why it is called silkweed.

My sister and I yearly collected several of these silkweeds for our play-house by the stone-wall, where we kept our bits of broken china, and transformed the pods into domestic animals. Often, a pod would be well shaped for a chicken, requiring only feathers to be stuck into the pointed tail, and the stem to be broken off short at the other end and sharpened to represent the bill. Two sticks put in served for legs, so that it would rest on these and on the point of the tail. When we played that Thanksgiving Day had come, and wanted chickens for dinner, we had only to pull out the tailfeathers of a pair of "fowls," and, of course, take off their legs; and, when they were ready for the table, instead of carving, we split open the pods, as you do those of the pea or bean, and behold!

there was the most tempting-looking "white" and "dark" meat within. The white meat was fibrous, like silk, and lay in the center; over it were flat brown seeds, overlapping one another like the shingles on a house-roof, and making our "dark meat."

We not only transformed these pods into poultry, but also into quadrupeds of all sorts. Put in four

legs, a pair of horns, and a tail, and you have your cow, and one, too, which really gives milk! Leave off the horns, take a bit of your own hair to use for a tail, and you have a horse.

But these are only a few hints, and I will let you experiment for yourself this season, and find out what you can do beyond this, in making animals and other figures.

UNDER A FLY-WHEEL.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

IT was ten o'clock in the morning. Every one in the factory was at work. The clicking and rattling of the lighter machinery, the groaning of heavily laden shafts, the oily thud of hundreds of cogs, mingled in busy din. The huge engine sighed as, with its brawny arm of polished steel, it impelled the main shaft to turn the wheels of the factory.

Tom worked by the door, near the engine-room. He could, therefore, easily see the engine and all its surroundings. The interest of its rapid, ceaseless motion partly reconciled him to the fact that, while most boys of thirteen were enjoying full liberty outside, he was shut up within doors.

This morning, more than usually, he had been watching the forbidden splendors of the engine-room, for the engineer allowed no one in his sanctum. The great machine fascinated Tom with its easy grace of movement. His eyes dwelt long on the neat finish of the hexagonal bolt-heads that gleamed about the cylinder. He tried to tell, from his position, how full the glass oil-cups were, as they flashed to and fro on the polished arm; and then his eyes rested on the fly-wheel that revolved so gracefully in its narrow prison. Only one-half of the wheel could he see at once, the other half being below the floor, almost filling a narrow, rock-lined cavity called the "pit."

As Tom watched the whirling spokes, it seemed as if the mass of iron stood still, so swift was its motion. He remembered that once the engineer, seeing his interest in the machinery, had invited him in, and that he had stood leaning over the frail wooden guard, his face so close to the fly-wheel that the wind from its surface blew back his hair, while he looked down into the pit with wonder and dread. He remembered asking the engineer if he supposed any one could climb down there while the engine was in motion. The answer had

come: "There is n't a man in the factory that has nerve enough, even if there were room,"—the space between the wheel and the wall being hardly a foot and a half in width.

The boy's eyes next wandered from the object of his thoughts, and rested on the bright brass domes of the force-pumps that occupied a brick "settle" on one side of the room; and then up to the maze of pipes that crossed and recrossed above the toiling machinery.

Suddenly, glancing down, he saw a little child standing beneath the guard, close to the great fly-wheel.

The engineer was nowhere in sight, and little May was his only child. Tom's heart gave a great leap. In an instant, he had scrambled down from his perch, and was in the engine-room.

As he passed the door-way he was just in time to see the child toddle forward and fall into the pit! With an awful shudder, he waited to see the monster wheel spurn the baby-girl from its cruel sides; but no such sight came.

He dashed forward and looked into the pit. She sat on the hard, rocky bottom, sobbing softly to herself. The fall had not harmed her, yet she was still in great danger. Any attempt to move from her position would give the relentless wheel another chance.

Tom slipped out of his brown "jumper," tore off his light shoes, and stood inside the guard. One eager look in the direction of the iron door through which the engineer would come, and then he began the descent. The great mass of iron whirled dizzily close to his eyes; the inclined plane down which he was slowly sliding was covered deep with dust mingled with oil; the thick, oily, damp air, fanned by the heavy breeze from the wheel, almost took his breath away. Where the curve of the wheel was nearest, it almost brushed his clothes.

With his back pressed tight against the rocks, he slid down until his feet struck the bottom. And now came the worst part of the ordeal—the ponderous wheel, sweeping in giddy curves above him, so affected his nerves that his strength began to fail. There was one space where the wheel curved away from a corner, so he dropped on his knees there and for an instant shut his aching eyes.

The child was in the other corner of the pit, sitting in an open space similar to that in which Tom knelt. As he looked past the terrible barrier, she made a movement as if to stand up. That brought back Tom's fleeing senses. If she should

her face again with her little hands and sobbed harder than ever. Tom crept on until he came so near to the child that he could lay hold of her dress; then he stopped. A strange, dizzy blur kept throwing a veil over his eyes, and he tried in vain to overcome a longing for sleep. He could feel the ceaseless whirl of the great wheel, and it made him almost wild. Curious vagaries and half-delirious fancies danced through his head. With an effort he threw them off, and, raising his face from the rocky couch, called for help.

Instantly, a dozen mocking voices from the sides of the pit flung back the cry into his very ears.



"THE CEASELESS WHIRL OF THE GREAT WHEEL ABOVE HIM MADE HIM ALMOST WILD."

stand up, the wheel would strike her. Lying carefully flat upon the bottom of the pit, he began slowly and cautiously to work his way beneath the mass of flying iron. He could feel the awful wind raising his hair as he crept along. Nearer and nearer he came to the child and nearer to the curve of the wheel. As he passed beneath it, an incautious movement and a sudden "burn" on his shoulder showed that he had touched it.

The little one had not seen him at all yet, as she had been sitting and rubbing her eyes, but she looked up now, and seeing the pale face streaked with oil and dust coming toward her, she covered

But the wheel caught the cry, and whirled it away, up into the engine-room, in distorted echoes. He called again, and the sounds seemed less terrible. The little girl tried to get up, but he held to her white dress and soothed her the best he could.

A moment later, he distinctly heard footsteps in the engine-room, then he felt that some one was looking into the pit, and then the clattering of the piston in the empty cylinder showed that the engine was soon to stop.

Less swiftly, and at last slowly and more slowly, whirled Tom's massive jailer; fainter and fainter came the clatter of the piston, until both ceased,

and the engineer, with great beads of perspiration on his white forehead, swung himself between the harmless spokes of the fly-wheel and got down close to the two prisoners.

"Is she hurt, Tom?" he gasped.

"No, sir," said Tom, faintly. "If you 'd only stop the fly-wheel, I 'd lift her out."

"It is stopped, my lad—it 's your dizzy head that deceives you. Let me take my little May."

The engineer reached down and lifted his darling up from the dust, and, holding her fast on one arm, climbed out.

Tom lay still. He did not seem to care, since the little one was safe and the fly-wheel had stopped. He felt a fearful weariness stealing over him. He would like to sleep a year.

The engineer was by his side a moment later, asking if he was hurt.

"No, sir, I think not;—only a little tired," said Tom, and slowly and wearily his eyes closed.

Without another word, the strong man lifted him up from the rocky floor and its foul air, and, climbing again by the spokes of the fly-wheel, bore the boy out of his dungeon. The air from the open window soon cleared the "sleepiness" away, and he was able to tell the whole story. The engineer grasped his hand, but he could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.

Many were the words of praise from the sturdy workmen that crowded in from the "steel works" to see why the engine had stopped. Tom was the hero of the day.

When the superintendent heard of it, he sent for a hack and had Tom taken home in style, with a comfortable little present in his pocket, and the permission to be out until he should feel all right again. It took about a week to clear the dizzy feeling entirely away, and at the end of that time he was working at his machine just as if he had never been under a fly-wheel.



THERE was an old woman who lived by the sea,
 And she was as merry as merry could be.
 She did nothing but carol from morning till night,
 And sometimes she caroled by candle-light.
 She caroled in time and she caroled in tune,
 But none cared to hear save the man in the moon.

CAMPS.

(A Summer Game for Parlor, Picnic, or Lawn.)

ADAPTED BY G. B. BARTLETT.



HIS fascinating game, which can be played by little children with great pleasure and profit, has capabilities well worthy of close attention from the wisest and keenest wits. It is a descendant of the old-fashioned Twenty-Question amusement, and was designed to do away with the objectionable points of it, and to introduce, at the same time, the interest of movement, which it lacked. All players of "Twenty Questions" will admit that it often becomes dull through long delay in asking and answering questions, the subtleties of which seldom fail to provoke tedious argument, sometimes ending in disagreeable disputes. The rules of this game wholly prevent delay or argument, and every player is kept busy all the time, instead of impatiently waiting for his turn to play.

Six players are required for the game, but the more the better, as the number of camps is only limited by the size of the play-ground, and the number of contestants in each camp can vary from two to twenty.

The best arrangement of rooms for this game, when played in-doors, is to find two rooms connected by a small hall, as it is better to have the camps out of ear-shot of each other.

In mild weather, "Camps" makes an excellent outdoor game for country or sea-side, and picnic parties may be specially arranged for the purpose. These may be made picturesque by providing the different camps with bright flags, bearing some appropriate number or device, to designate each camp, and these the victors proudly wave in token of triumph. The ambassadors also must be provided with white flags of truce, and the generals, or commanders, may wear bright scarfs, or rosettes, as badges of office. Lawntents may also be utilized as head-quarters, and these, with gay streamers and banners, will add liveliness to the effect.

To begin the game, all meet and choose one general for each side. These two are to serve as umpires, for the immediate settlement of all disputed questions; and they, also, are to send out such ambassadors as they think best, and to assume the whole management of their respective sides. They draw lots for the first choice of camps and followers, and each chooses, in turn, one person, until all the players are divided. The companies then march, with uplifted flags, to take possession of their respective camps, when all sit in compact groups around the generals.

Each side, or rival camp, then sends out an ambassador with a flag of truce; these two persons meet midway between the two camps, which should be as far apart as possible, as it is important that the conversation should not be heard by the groups. These ambassadors choose some object which can be definitely described, no matter how remote or obscure, from fact, history, or legend. As soon as the object is agreed upon, each ambassador repairs to the camp opposed to the one from which he was sent, and announces, in a loud voice, the kingdom to which the object belongs, either animal, mineral, or vegetable; or, if composed of parts of these, he mentions that fact. He must then answer, with perfect clearness, all questions, as nearly as he can in their order, and as rapidly as possible, making no puns, equivocations, or unnecessary delays, which is pretty hard to do satisfactorily, as a deluge of questions is poured upon him from the excited players in wild confusion. The camp which first guesses the correct word claims as a prisoner the ambassador from whom it was guessed, and also recalls the one sent out from it.

The word chosen must have a definite designation; as, for instance, the *first* bean planted by Jack for his bean-stalk, the *left* ear of the Trojan horse, or the last or middle word in the Magna Charta, etc.

New ambassadors are sent forth with varying success, and as soon as one camp captures a prisoner, its triumph is announced by loud clapping of hands and by waving of flags. Sometimes these sounds of victory arise almost simultaneously from both camps, in which case the question of precedence becomes a difficult one for the leaders to settle; and, to avoid dispute, when the matter is in doubt, the decision may be made by drawing lots.

In a very large company, it is better to have an even number of camps, to arrange them in line opposite each other, and to have major-generals in command of the lines of camps, one on each side, the lines playing against each other. The heads of each line of camps work under the major-general of their own side, who may send reinforcements from one camp to another that is weakened by loss of ambassadors. In these great games, it is best to play against time, and to consider as victorious the side that has the most men at the expiration of an hour, or whatever time may be fixed by the major-generals for the duration of the contest.

In a small game of only two camps, the victory rests with the camp which has taken all the players, excepting the leader, from the opposing camp. It often happens that a camp is reduced to but two

players, and, since one must go as an ambassador, only one remains to guess the word; but, if he is skillful, his camp slowly grows, until, one by one, he succeeds in winning at the last by capturing all his adversaries.

Now and then, among older and more practiced players, it may be found an interesting variation to prohibit the asking of any question that can not be answered by saying only "yes" or "no."

The most out-of-the-way and curious objects are often guessed by experienced players in a few moments, and, as both sides are always kept actively at work, the fun never flags, for the prisoners are welcomed with the wildest enthusiasm by the conquerors. Captured ambassadors must give their best efforts to their conquerors, so that party strife may be prevented and harmony may prevail.



A RUSSIAN HARVEST SCENE.

SLUMBER SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

In the wingèd cradle of sleep I lay
 My darling gently down;
 Kissed and closed are his eyes of gray,
 Under his curls' bright crown.

Where, oh where, will he fly and float,
 In the wingèd eradle of sleep?
 Whom will he meet in the worlds remote,
 While he slumbers soft and deep?

Warm and sweet as a white blush rose,
 His small hand lies in mine,

But I can not follow him where he goes,
 And he gives no word nor sign.

Keep him safe, ye heavenly powers,
 In dream-land vast and dim!
 Let no ill, through the night's long hours,
 Come nigh to trouble him.

Give him back, when the dawn shall break,
 With his matchless baby charms.
 With his love and his beauty all awake,
 Into my happy arms!

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF AN ANGORA CAT.

BY ANNA T. RANDALL-DIEHL.

I AM over on the next page.
 Do you know what I am? Cover up my head
 and I know you will say I am a dog, with long,
 shaggy hair, just because I hate dogs! Cover up
 all but my head, and you will say I am a cat.
 Would you like to hear my story?
 When I was a wee white kitten, away off in the
 interior of Asia, a gentleman came and told my
 mother that he wanted two of her little ones to
 carry to America, a country quite on the other
 side of the world. My mother was at first very
 unwilling to part with us, but the gentleman soon
 won her over by telling how pretty we were, how
 long was our soft, white fur, and how we should be
 admired by everybody in that far-off land.
 I wanted my mother to say yes, for I longed to
 see the world, and to go to a place where I should
 have so much attention paid me. I was only a
 kitten then, and I trust all my vanity has disap-
 peared with my youth.
 At last my mother consented, and after giving us
 much good advice about keeping our eyes and ears
 open, and making us promise to be kind and
 loving to each other, and never, never to forget
 her, she mewed an affectionate farewell.
 In honor of our dear native home, Angora, the
 kind gentleman gave me the name of Angie, and
 called my companion Gora.

How do you think we traveled? We were

placed in a basket, which was slung upon the side
 of a camel. The camel is a queer creature. He
 goes jolting forward and backward, and whoever
 rides upon his back goes up and down, up and
 down, until he is shaken almost into jelly. Some-
 body has called the camel "the ship of the desert,"
 because he carries the treasures over the sandy
 waste; but Gora and I thought he was rightly
 named from another cause, for we were as sea-sick
 as afterward we became upon the ocean. Having
 crossed the desert and arrived at the coast, we were
 placed in a box on shipboard, where we had a little
 more room, but still we were not very comfortable.
 Our companions on the voyage were several
 hundred cashmere goats, only interesting to us
 because they, too, were brought from our old
 home, Angora. They were always hooking and
 kicking each other, and when they organized a
 concert, their music was hideous.
 Week after week passed, and many and many a
 time I wished myself safely back within reach of
 my mother's paw. Gora would often look at me
 pitifully, and then burst into a prolonged mew.
 That went to my heart like a dagger; for when I
 had begged our mother to let us go, poor Gora had
 set up her voice against it. At last we landed in
 California, and our life in the new world began.
 For several months we lived in the city of San
 Francisco. It all seemed new and strange, yet

we were glad of at least one thing: while the people talked so queerly that we could not understand a word, the cats, dogs, horses, and mules of America used the very same language that those of Asia use. It is strange that cats should have an advantage over men, but they seem to, in speech. My master studied a great many languages,—he had to have a different one for nearly every land he visited,—but we cats have a universal tongue the wide world over.

After a while, we were again put in a box and carried upon shipboard; but this time the journey was short, and in a few weeks we landed in the great city of New York. What a noise! what a confusion of noises! Here we were soon taken to a very pretty house, and Gora was decked with a pink ribbon, tied around her neck, while I wore a blue one. We frolicked and played to our hearts' content, only Master never would let us go out-of-doors—not even into the back yard—without having somebody to lead us, for he said we were each worth more than a hundred dollars in gold, and somebody might be prowling about to steal us away.

Then came the sad day when Gora went to Washington, and I was left alone.

I had not long to be lonely, though, for in a little while Mr. Barnum came, and invited me to spend a little time at his great museum. I became a member of his "Happy Family"; but I shall not tell the professional secret of how I—who always had a keen tooth for a bit of fresh meat—learned to let a canary perch upon my head, white mice run over my paws, and a rabbit sit by my side, without an attempt to eat any of them.

We were a queer cage-full, and for many months crowds of people came to see us. But, one day, some good angel must have whispered to my master to take me away. That very night, when I was safely sleeping upon a cushion at the foot of his bed, the museum caught fire. Oh, how the lions and tigers roared! and how the poor monkeys chattered! But there was no escape for any of them. Nearly all the animals, including every one of my companions of the "Happy Family," were burned to cinders.

I heard Master read it all in the newspapers the next morning, and I purred about him, and rubbed my head against his hand, by way of thanking him for saving my life.

Soon after this escape, I started for Washington to make Gora a visit, and upon this journey a sad thing befell me. As the distance was not very great, my master did not put me in a box, but carried me in his arms. While our cars were stopping at a station, another train, with its fiery engine at its head, went thundering by; I was frightened quite

out of my wits at its sudden appearance, and as the window was open, I sprang out and started for the nearest woods. My poor master, who had brought me so many miles by land and sea, felt so bad that he stopped at the next town and offered twenty dollars reward for my recovery.

Twenty dollars!

Whew! Was n't every boy in town upon the search? while many people said:

"What a silly man! No cat in all the world is worth so much!"

You should have seen the lucky fellow who



PORTRAIT OF "ANGIE."

caught me. Did n't his eyes sparkle when the crisp bank-note was put into his hand!

So I reached Washington safely, after all, but not in time to see my darling Gora. A few days before, she had been suddenly taken ill, and although she was dosed with cat-mint and carefully nursed, the disease proved fatal.

I can not tell you how I mourned over my lost sister. For a long time I mewed all day and howled at night with uncontrollable grief.

But my story is already too long for your patience. I am now an old cat, and have journeyed over a great part of the world. Such an aversion have I to any more traveling that, whenever a wooden box is brought into the room, I fancy that I am again to be sent upon a journey, and I retreat under the sofa, thrust my claws into the carpet, and cling there for dear life.

HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

It was "writing afternoon,"—said Miss Jenkins,—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there 's the holding of the pen. If there 's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. I 've counted one-and-forty different ways, among as many boys, more than once—each separate way quite different from what I had taught them five minutes before.

Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and could n't do as I wished; and others were careless, and did n't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly.

"That I *will* not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson-page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily, I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's, large and plump, but flabby withal, and not over clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it, too.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue which wagged, uncertainly,

this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let it go; but his "n's" *were* "n's," and could by no possible chance be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterward. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, good boy! How could you? Don't you see that I shall have to punish you?"

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again,—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty.

Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced,—the one tantalizing, the other soothing,—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You must n't," said another.

"He deserves it."

"He does n't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should

be an example. Do you think they are not watching you? Look at them!"

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes,—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I can not bear to punish you—not in *that* way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping." The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There is no other way."

"I can not,—oh, I *can't*," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul!—good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you *must* do it."

"*I went!*"

I walked quickly to the desk, and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes 'm, yes 'm!" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes 'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let

himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes 'm. Hurrah for ——"

"Stop a minute. One thing more."

Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes 'm. Yes, ma'am. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No 'm, you ought n't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a good, true, faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I can not do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll ——"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms,—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard, and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, in the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had just been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being does n't always know just what to do.

THE ELF AND THE SPIDER.

BY M. M. D.



PERCHED on a stool of the fairy style,
 An elf-boy worked with a mischievous smile.
 "That careless spider!" said he, "to leave
 His web unfinished! But I can sew:
 I'll spin, or sew, or darn, or weave—
 Whatever they call it—so none will know
 That his spidership did n't complete it himself,
 Or I 'm a very mistaken young elf!"

Well, the wee sprite sewed, or wove, or spun,
 Plying his brier and gossamer thread;
 And, quick as a ripple, the web, all done,

Was softly swaying against his head
 As he laughed and nodded in joyful pride.

Ho! ho! it's done!

Ha! ha! what fun!

And then he felt himself slowly slide—
 Slide and tumble—stool and all—

In the prettiest sort of a fairy fall!

Up he jumped, as light as air;

But oh, what a sight,

What a sorry plight—

The web was caught in his sunny hair!

When, *presto!* on sudden invisible track,

That horrible spider came lumbering back :
 "WHO'S BEEN AT MY WEB? WHAT HO!
 COME ON!"
 And he knotted for fight,
 The horrid fright!
 But the elf was gone—
 Poor, frightened fay!
 Nothing was seen but a tattered sheen,
 Trailing and shining upon the green.

But all that night, with dainty care,
 An elf sat tugging away at his hair.
 And 't is whispered in Elf-land to this day
 That any spider under the sun
 May go and leave his web undone,
 With its filmy thread-end swinging free
 Or tied to the tip of a distant tree,
 With never a fear that elfin-men
 Will meddle with spider-work again.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW A CHURCH FLEW A KITE.

AS SOON as possible, Phaeton went down town with his drawing in his pocket, and hunted up the office of the chief-engineer. This, he found, was in the engine-house of Deluge One,—a carpeted room, nearly filled with arm-chairs, having at one end a platform, on which were a sofa and an octagonal desk. The walls were draped with flags, and bore several mottoes, among which were "Ever Ready," "Fearless and Free," and "The Path of Duty is the Path of Glory." Under the last was a huge silver trumpet, hung by a red cord, with large tassels.

This was the room where the business meetings of Deluge One were held, and where the chief-engineer had his office. But the young men who were now playing cards and smoking here told Phaeton the chief-engineer was not in, but might be found at Shumway's.

This was a large establishment for the manufacture of clothing, and when Phaeton had finally hunted down his man, he found him to be a cutter,—one of several who stood at high tables and cut out garments for the other tailors to make.

"I've come to consult you about a machine," said Phaeton.

"How did you happen to do that?" said the chief-engineer.

"A friend of mine—a railroad man—advised me to," said Phaeton.

"Clever fellers, them railroad men," said the chief-engineer; "but what 's your machine for?"

"For putting out fires," said Phaeton.

"One of them gas arrangements, I suppose," said the chief-engineer,—"dangerous to the lives of the men, and no good unless it 's applied in a close room before the fire begins."

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Phaeton; "but there 's no gas about mine."

The chief-engineer, who all this time had gone on cutting, laid down his shears on the pattern.

"Let 's see it," said he.

Phaeton produced his drawing, spread it out before him, and explained it.

"Why, boy," said the chief-engineer, "you could n't—and yet, perhaps, you could—it never would—and still it might—there would be no—but I 'm not so sure about that. Let me study this thing."

He planted his elbows on the table, each side of the drawing, brought his head down between his hands, buried his fingers in the mass of his hair, and looked intently at the picture for some minutes.

"Where did you get this?" said he, at last.

"I drew it," said Phaeton; "it 's my invention."

"And what do you want me to do about it?"

"I thought, perhaps, you could help me in getting it into use."

"Just so! Well, leave it with me, and I 'll think it over, and you can call again in a few days."

Phaeton did call again, and was told that the chief-engineer was holding a meeting in the engine-house. Going over to the engine-house, he found it full of men, and was unable to get in. The next time he called, the chief-engineer told him he "had n't had time to look it over yet." Next time, he was "not in." And so it seemed likely to go on forever.

But meanwhile something else took place, which called out Phaeton's inventive powers in another direction.

It happened that the pastor of the Baptist church, in talking to the Sunday-school, dwelt especially on Sabbath-breaking, and mentioned kite-flying as one form of it.

"This very day," said he, "as I was coming to

church, I saw three wicked boys flying kites in the public street, and one of them sits in this room now."

A boy who knew whom the pastor referred to, pointed out Monkey Roe.

As many of the school as could, turned and stared at Monkey. The truth was, he had not been flying a kite; but on his way to church he passed two boys who were. It was the universal practice—at that time and in that country, at least—when a boy was flying a kite, for every other boy who passed to ask "how she pulled?" and then he generally would take the string in his hand a moment to see.

If she pulled hard, the flyer was rather proud to have his friends ask the question and make the test. In fact, I suppose it would hardly have been polite not to ask.

Monkey had just asked this interesting question, and had the string in his hand, when the pastor happened to pass by and see the group. Of course it would have been well if he could have stood up in the Sunday-school, and simply told the fact. But he was not the sort of boy who could do such a thing, at any time, and he was especially unable to now, when he was taken by surprise and felt that an outrage had been committed against his character and reputation.

But perhaps the pastor was not much at fault. He had probably been born and brought up in a breeziness country where kite-flying was unknown, and therefore was ignorant of its amenities.

Just before the school closed, Monkey was struck with a mischievous idea.

"I prophesy," said he to the pastor's son, who sat next to him, "that this church will fly a kite all day next Sunday."

"I should be delighted to see it," said the pastor's son.

Early Monday morning, Monkey went over to Dublin, and found Owney Geoghegan, who had chased and found one of the kites that drew Phaeton's machine. Monkey obtained the kite, by trading a jack-knife for it, and carried it home. Every day that week, as soon as school was out, he took it to a large common on the outskirts of the town, and flew it. He thoroughly studied the disposition of that kite. He experimented continually, and found just what arrangement of the bands would make it pull most evenly, just what length of tail would make it stand most steadily, and just what weight of string it would carry best.

It occurred to him that an appropriate motto from Scripture would look well, and he applied to Jack-in-the-Box for one, taking care not to let him know what he wanted it for. Jack suggested one, and Monkey borrowed a marking-pot and brush,

and inscribed it in bold letters across the face of the kite.

Finally he procured a good ball of string, a long and strong fish-line, and a small, flat, light wooden hoop, which he covered with tin-foil, obtained at the tobacco-shop.

Saturday night, Monkey's mother knew he was out, but not what he was about, and wondered why he staid so late. If she had gone in search of him, she might have found him in Independence Square, moving about in a very mysterious manner. The Baptist church, which had a tall, slender spire, ending in a lightning-rod with a single point, faced this square.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and it must have been after eleven o'clock when Monkey walked into the square with his kite, accompanied by Owney Geoghegan.

Monkey laid the kite flat on the ground near one corner of the square, stationed Owney by it, and then walked slowly to the opposite corner, unwinding the string as he went.

After looking around cautiously and making sure that nobody was crossing the square, he raised his hand and gave a silent signal. Owney hoisted the kite, Monkey ran a few rods, and up she went. He rapidly let out the entire ball of string, and she sailed away into space till she hovered like a night-hawk over the farthest corner of the sleeping city.

The Sunday-school room was hung round with mottoes, printed on shield-shaped tablets, and Monkey had made copies of some of them on similarly shaped pieces of paper, which he fastened upon the string at intervals as he let the kite up. Among them I remember "Look aloft!" "Time flies!" and "Aspire!"

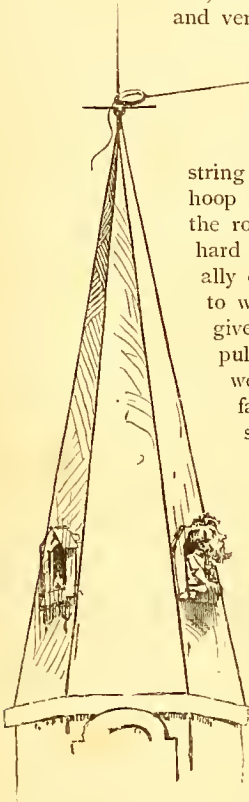
Then Monkey took up the hoop, and tied the string through a hole that was bored near one edge. Through a similar hole on the opposite side of the hoop, and near the same edge, he tied about a yard of comparatively weak string. To the end of this he tied his long fish-line, which he carefully paid out. The kite sailed still higher and farther away, of course carrying the hoop up into mid-air, where it was plainly visible as the tin-foil glittered in the moonlight.

So far, Monkey's task had all been plain mechanical work, sure of success if only performed with care. But now he had arrived at the difficult part of it, where a great amount of patience and no little sleight-of-hand were necessary. The thing to be done was, to let out just enough string for the kite to carry the hoop exactly as high as the top of the steeple.

It took a vast deal of letting out, and winding in, walking forward, and walking backward, to accomplish this, but at last it seemed to be done. Then

he must walk back and forth till he had brought the hoop not only on a level with the top of the spire, but directly over it, which took more time. As the strings were fastened at one edge of the hoop, of course it remained constantly horizontal.

When, at last, Monkey had brought it exactly over the point of the lightning-rod, he slowly, carefully, and very steadily



lowered the hand in which he held the string down to the ground. The hoop encircled and slid down the rod, and, after two hours' hard work, his task was virtually done. He had now only to walk up to the church, and give a steady, hard, downward pull at the fish-line, when the weak piece of string that fastened it to the hoop snapped in two. Winding up the fish-line, he slipped it into his pocket, said good-night to Owney, walked silently home, and went to bed.

Sunday morning had dawned beautifully, and everybody in town, who ever went to church at all, prepared for church.

As the time for services approached, the bells rang out melodiously: down every street, door after door opened, as individuals and families stepped forth, attired in their best, and soon the sidewalks were full of people passing in every direction.

Somebody discovered the kite, and pointed it out to somebody else, who stopped to look at it, and attracted the attention of others; and thus the news spread.

A few groups paused to gaze and wonder, but most of the people passed on to their respective churches.

Somebody told the Baptist pastor of it as he was ascending the pulpit stairs.

"I'll have it attended to," said he; and, calling the sexton, he ordered him to go at once and take it down.

Easy to say, but impossible to do. The highest point the sexton could reach was a good distance

below the top of the spire, and once there, he could only poke his head out at a little trap-door. The appearance of his head at this door was the signal for a derisive shout from a group of

boys on the sidewalk.

By the time the services in the various churches were over, and the people on their way home, nearly everybody in town had heard of the phenomenon. They gathered in small groups, and gazed at it, and talked about it. These groups continually grew larger, and frequently two or three of them coalesced. They soon found that the best point to view it from—considering the position of the sun, and other circumstances—was the south-west corner of the square; and here they gradually gathered, till there was a vast throng, with upturned faces, gazing at the kite and its appendages, and wondering how it got there.

It was amusing to hear the wild conjectures and grave theories that were put forth.

One man thought it must have been an accident. "Probably some boy in a neighboring town," he said, "was flying the kite, when it broke away, and, as the string dragged along, it happened to catch on that steeple."

Another said he had read that in China grown-up people flew kites, and were very expert at it. "Depend upon it," said he, "you'll find there's a Chinaman in town."

Another presumed it was some new and ingenious method of advertising. "Probably at a certain hour," said he, "that thing will burst, and scatter over the town a shower of advertisements of a new baking-powder, warranted to raise your bread as high as a kite, or some other humbug."

Still another sagacious observer maintained that it might be merely an optical illusion,—a thing having no real existence. "It may be a mirage," said he; "or perhaps some practical joker has made a sort of magic-lantern that projects such an image in mid-air."

Patsy Rafferty happened to see a lady sitting at her window, and looking at the kite through an opera-glass. Immediately he was struck with an idea, and ran off home at his best speed. His mother was out visiting a neighbor; but he did not need to call her home; he knew where she kept his money.

Going straight to the pantry, he climbed on a chair and took down what in its day had been an elegant china tea-pot, but was now useless, because

the spout was broken off. Thrusting in his hand, he drew out the money which the clown had collected for him from the crowd on the tow-path,—every cent of it, excepting the crossed shilling, the bogus quarter, the brass buttons, and the temperance medal. Then he ran to a pawnbroker's shop, before which he had often stood and studied the "unredeemed pledges" there displayed.

The pawnbroker, whose Sabbath was the seventh day, sat in the open door, smoking a pipe.

"How much for a spy-glass?" said Patsy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Come inside," said the pawnbroker. "This one I shall sell you for five dollars—very cheap." And he handed Patsy an old binocular, which really had very powerful glasses, though the tubes were much battered. Patsy pointed the instrument outdoors, and looked through it.

"Oh, Moses!" said he, as a dog larger than an elephant ran across the field of vision.

"Sir?" said the pawnbroker.

"I can't buy it," said Patsy, with a sigh, laying it upon the counter.

"Why not?" said the pawnbroker.

"I have n't enough money," said Patsy.

"How much you have got?" said the pawnbroker.

"Three dollars and eighty-four cents."

"And you don't get some more next Saturday night?" said the pawnbroker.

"No," said Patsy.

"Well, you are a good boy," said the pawnbroker; "I can see that already; so I shall sell you this fine glass for three dollars and eighty-four cents,—the very lowest price. I could not do it, but I hope that I trade with you again some day."

Patsy put down the money in a hurry, took the glass, and left the shop.

He went to where the crowd was gazing at the kite, took a long look at it himself, and then began renting out the glass at ten cents a look, at which price he found plenty of eager customers.

When they looked through the glass, they read this legend on the face of the kite:

*Ye shall have in abomination
the kite after his kind.*

LEVIT. XI., 13, 14.

When Teddy Dwyer saw the success of Patsy's speculation, he thought he also had an idea, and running home, he soon re-appeared on the square with a large piece of newly smoked glass. But nobody seemed to care to view the wonder through smoked glass, though he offered it at the low price of "wan cent a look," and Teddy's investment was hardly remunerative.

Patsy, before the day was over, amassed nearly thirteen dollars. He carried it all home, and, without saying anything to his mother, slipped it into the disabled tea-pot, where the money collected for him by the clown had been kept.

The next day he quietly asked his mother if he might have ten cents of his money to spend.

"No, Patsy," she answered, "I'm keeping that ag'in the day you go into business."

But Mrs. Rourke was present, and she pleaded so eloquently Patsy's right to have "a little enjoyment of what he had earned," that his mother relented, and went to get it.

"Either my hands are getting weak," said she, as she lifted it down, "or this tea-pot has grown heavy."

She thrust her hand into it, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then turned it upside down upon the table, whereupon there was a tableau in the Rafferty family.

"I often heard," said Mrs. Rafferty, "that money breeds money, but I never knew it bred so fast as that."

She more than half believed in fairies, and was proceeding to account for it as their work, when Patsy burst out laughing, and then, of course, had to tell the story of how the money came there.

"And so you got it be goin' after pawnbrokers, and be workin' on Sunday?" said his mother.

Patsy confessed that he did.

"Then I'll have none of it," said she, and opening the stove, was about to cast in a handful of the coins, when she hesitated.

"After all," said she, "'t is n't the money that's done wrong; why should I punish it?"

So she put it back into the tea-pot, and adopted a less expensive though more painful method of teaching her son to respect the Sabbath.

In the bitterness of the moment, Patsy firmly resolved that when he was a millionaire—as he expected to be some day—he would n't give his mother a single dime. He afterward so far relented, however, as to admit to himself that he might let her have twenty thousand dollars, rather than see her suffer, but not a cent more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXTRA FOURTH OF JULY.

DEACON GRAHAM had predicted that "the wind would go down with the sun," and then the kite would fall. But the prediction was not fulfilled; at least there seemed to be a steady breeze up where the kite was, and in the moonlighted evening it swayed gently to and fro, tugging at its

string, and gracefully waving its pendulous tail. All the young people in town appeared to be walking out to see it, and the evening services were very slimly attended.

Monday morning, the trustees of the church began to take vigorous measures for the suppression of the mysterious kite.

The cart of Hook and Ladder No. 1 was wheeled up in front of the church, and the longest two ladders taken off, spliced together, and raised with great labor. But they fell far short of reaching any point from which the hoop that held the kite could be touched.

"I hope you are satisfied," said the foreman of the Hook-and-Ladder company to the trustees. "I told you them ladders would n't reach it, nor no others that you can get."

"Yes, I see," said Deacon Graham. "I supposed the ladders were longer. But we're very much obliged to you and your men."

"You're welcome," said the foreman, as the men replaced the ladders on the cart. "And by the way, Deacon, if you was thinking of sending a dish of oysters and a cup of coffee around to the engine-house, I may say that my men prefer Saddle-rocks and Java."

"Just so!" said the Deacon. "I'll send Saddle-rocks and Java, if I send any."

One of the trustees suggested that the most muscular of the firemen might go up in the steeple, open the little trap-door, and from there throw clubs at the string.

One of the firemen procured some sticks, about such as boys like for throwing into chestnut-trees, and went up and tried it. But the door was so far below the top of the steeple, and the position so awkward to throw from, that he did not even hit the string, and after one of the clubs in descending had crashed through the stained-glass sky-light of a neighboring mansion, this experiment was abandoned.

The next plan brought forward consisted in firing with rifles at the kite, the hoop, and the string. The trustees looked up two amateur huntsmen for this purpose.

As there was a city ordinance against discharging fire-arms "in any street, lane, or alley, park, or square of the said city," the trustees were obliged to go first to the mayor and get a suspension of the ordinance for this special purpose, which was readily granted.

As soon as the two huntsmen saw this in black and white, they fired half a dozen shots. But they did not succeed in severing the string or smashing the hoop. Like all failures, however, they gave excellent reasons for their want of success, explaining to the trustees that there was a difference

between a covey of partridges and a small hoop on the top of a steeple. Their explanation was so lucid that I feel confident the trustees understood it.

"In rifle-shooting," added one of the huntsmen, "you always have to make allowance for the wind, and we can't tell how it may be blowing at the top of that spire till we learn by experimental shots. But we shall get the range after a while; it's only a question of time."

What little ammunition they had with them was soon exhausted, and Deacon Graham, who was very excitable and oversensitive as to anything connected with the church, rushed down town to buy some more.

"How much powder will you have?" said the clerk.

"Enough to shoot a kite off from a steeple," said the Deacon.

The clerk could n't tell how much that would take—had not been in the habit of selling powder for that purpose.

"Give me enough, then, at any rate," said the Deacon.

The clerk suggested that the best way would be to send up a small keg and let them use as much as was necessary, the remainder to be returned. To this the Deacon assented, and accordingly a small keg of powder, with a liberal quantity of bullets and caps, was sent up at once,—all to be charged to the account of the church.

At the first shot, the boys had begun to gather. When they found what was going on, that the ordinance was suspended, and that ammunition was as free as the gospel, they disappeared one after another, and soon re-appeared, carrying all sorts of shot-guns, muskets, and even horse-pistols and revolvers. No boy who could get a fire-arm failed to bring it out. Most of us had to hunt for them; for, as far as I know, not one of our boys was guilty of the folly of habitually carrying a pistol in his pocket.

The powder and bullets were on the church steps, where all who wished to aid in the good work could help themselves; and within half an hour from the time the ball opened, at least thirty happy and animated boys were loading and firing.

The noise had attracted the townspeople, and several hundred of them stood looking on at the strange spectacle.

Patsy Rafferty ran home to draw some money from his tea-pot bank, but found the cashier present, and hesitated. However, he soon plucked up courage, and said, with a roguish twinkle:

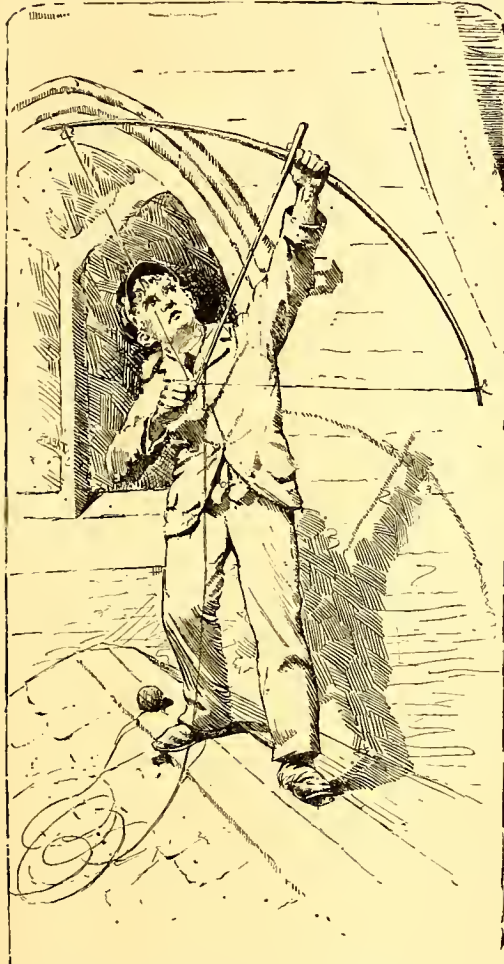
"Mother, will you please lend me two dollars of my money?"

Ordinarily, Mrs. Rafferty would have said no.

But she was a very bright woman, and was so pleased with this evidence that Patsy had inherited some of her own wit, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him.

"There 's two dollars, and I suppose when you bring it back it 'll be four," said she, remembering how money breeds money.

"Yes—four o'clock," said Patsy, as he ran out of



"POINTING THE ARROW UPWARD AT AN ANGLE, PHAETON DREW IT TO THE HEAD." [SEE PAGE 760.]

the door and made for his friend the pawnbroker's, who sold him an old musket, with which, in a few minutes, Patsy joined the volunteers.

Ned Rogers had not been able to find any firearm; but when he learned where Patsy got his musket, and that the pawnbroker had a mate to it, he ran off to his aunt's house at his best speed, and, entering unceremoniously, exclaimed:

"Aunt, I want two dollars quicker than lightning!"

"Edmund Burton! how you frighten me," said his aunt Mercy. "Jane, get my pocket-book from the right-hand corner of my top bureau-drawer, and throw it down-stairs."

The instant the pocket-book struck the floor, Ned snatched two dollars out of it and was off like a shot.

"Sweet, benevolent boy!" said Aunt Mercy. "I've no doubt he 's hastening to relieve some peculiar and urgent case of distress among the poor and sorrowful."

As it was rather late when Ned arrived at the church with his weapon, he thought he 'd make up for lost time. So he slipped in three bullets, instead of one, with his first load, and in his excitement rammed them so hard as almost to weld them together.

The consequence was that, when he discharged it, a large sliver was torn from the spire, and at the same time he found himself rolling over into the gutter,—a very "peculiar and urgent case of distress," indeed.

When Deacon Graham saw how fast the ammunition was disappearing, while the desultory firing produced no effect upon the kite, he thought some better plan should be devised, and conceived of a way in which, as he believed, concerted action might accomplish the desired result. But when he tried to explain it to the crowd, everybody was excited, and nobody paid the slightest attention to him.

The spectators partook of the general excitement, and applauded the boys.

"*Epigrus via, generosissimi tormentarii!* Peg away, most noble gunners!" shouted Holman.

The Deacon, who had been growing more and more excited, was now beside himself. In his desperation, he sat down upon the keg of powder, and declared that no more should be used till he was listened to.

"I'll tell you, Deacon," said one of the huntsmen, "a chain-shot would be the thing to break that string with."

"You shall have it," said the Deacon, and off he posted down town again, to order chain-shot. But the article was not to be had, and when he returned, the kite still rode triumphant.

The trustees held a meeting on the steps of the church. "Now don't get excited," said Mr. Simmons, the calmest of them; "the first shower will bring down the kite. We've only to go off about our business, and leave it to nature."

"I don't know about that," said Monkey Roe, in a low tone, to one of the boys who had crowded around to learn what the trustees would do. "The

back of that kite is pretty thoroughly greased. It 'll shed water like a duck, and nothing less than a hail-storm can bring it down."

"How do you know that, young man?" said Mr. Simmons, who overheard him.

"Why," said Monkey, seeing that he had betrayed himself, "you see—the fact is—I—I—saw a little bird try to 'light on the kite, but he slipped off so quick I knew it must be greased."

"Humph!" said Mr. Simmons. "That 's a likely story."

"Brother Simmons," said Deacon Graham, "we can't wait for a storm,—there is no prospect of any. If we don't dispose of this thing pretty soon, I 'm afraid it 'll make us ridiculous."

Nobody was able to suggest any means of relief. Perhaps a sailor could have climbed the lightning-rod; but there was no sailor in town, and half-way up the spire the rod was broken and a section was missing. There seemed to be no way short of building a scaffolding to the top of the steeple, which would cost a good deal of money.

The pastor's son took Monkey Roc aside. "Your prophecy has been nobly fulfilled," said he, "and you 've given us a tremendous piece of fun. Get us up another as good as this."

The result of the deliberations of the trustees was, that they resolved to offer a reward of twenty dollars to any one who would get the kite off from the steeple; and this was formally proclaimed to the crowd by Deacon Graham.

Hardly had the proclamation been made, when Phaeton Rogers, who had conceived a plan for getting down the kite, and had been preparing the necessary implements, appeared on the scene with his equipment.

This consisted of a powerful hickory bow, about as tall as himself, two heavy arrows, and a ball of the best kite-string.

After measuring with his eye the height of the steeple and the direction of the kite, Phaeton said he must mount to the roof of the church.

"Certainly, young man," said Deacon Graham; "anything you want, and twenty dollars reward, if you 'll get that thing down. Here, sexton, show this young gentleman the way to the roof."

Phaeton passed in at the door with the sexton, and soon re-appeared on the roof. The crowd seemed to watch him with considerable interest.

Standing on the ridge-pole, he strung his bow. Then he unwound a large part of the ball of string, and laid it out loosely on the roof; after which he tied the end of it to one of the arrows.

A murmur of approbation ran through the crowd, as they thought they saw his plan.

Pointing the arrow upward at a slight angle from the perpendicular, and drawing it to the head,

he discharged it. The shaft ascended gracefully on one side of the string of the kite, and descended on the other side.

At sight of this, the crowd burst into applause, supposing that the task was virtually accomplished. It would have been easy enough now to take hold of the two ends of the string that had been carried by the arrow, and, by simply pulling, bring down the kite. But this would not have taken off the hoop from the top of the spire, and it would have been necessary to break off the kite-string, leaving more or less of it attached to the hoop, to float on the breeze like a streamer till it rotted away. Phaeton intended to make a cleaner job than that.

When the arrow fell upon the ground, Ned, by his brother's direction, picked it up and held it just as it was. Phaeton threw down the ball of string still unwound, and then descended to the ground. He very quickly made a slip-knot on the end of the string, passed the ball through it, and then, by pulling carefully and steadily on the ball-end, made the slip-knot slide up till it reached the string of the kite. Before it was pulled up tight, he walked out on the square in a direction to pull the slip-knot as close as possible to the hoop.

This done, he placed himself, with the string in his hand, on the spot where he supposed the one who got up the kite must have stood while putting the hoop over the point of the lightning-rod. That is to say, he walked from the church in such a direction, and to such a distance, that the string he held in his hand formed a continuous and (but for the sag) straight line with the string that held the kite to the hoop.

He expected, on arriving at this point, to raise his hand, give a jerk or two at the string, and see the hoop slide up and off the rod, from the tendency—caused by the kite's pulling at one end of the string, and himself at the other—to take up the sag.

His theory was perfect, but the plan did not work; probably because the wind had died down a little, and the kite was flying lower than when it was first put up.

When he saw that the hoop was not to be lifted by this means, he cast about for a further expedient, the crowd meanwhile expressing disappointment and impatience.

Carrying the string entirely across the square, he stopped in front of the house that was in line with it, and asked permission to ascend to the roof, which was granted. Breaking off the string, and telling Ned to stand there and hold the end, he put the ball into his pocket, took a pebble in his hand, and went up through the house and came out at the scuttle.

Tying the pebble to the end of the string, he

threw it down to his brother, who tied the end of the string to the end he had been holding. Phaeton then drew it up, and once more pulled at the hoop.

It stuck a little at first; but as he alternately pulled and slackened, it was started at last, and began to slide up the lightning-rod; whereupon the crowd set up a shout, and a great many people remarked that they knew all the while the boy would succeed.

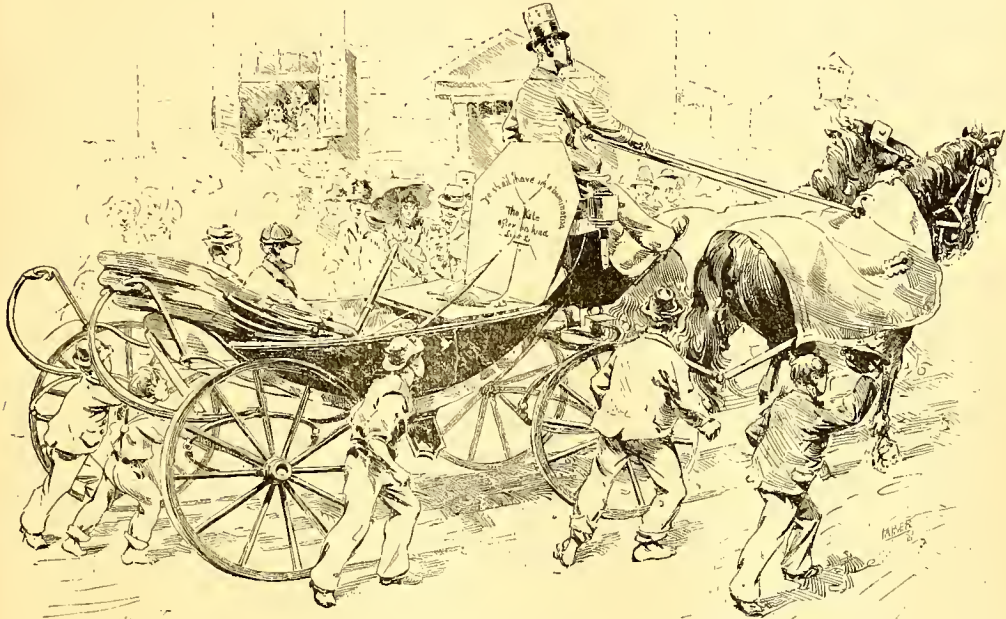
But the hoop only rose to a point about half-way between its former resting-place and the tip of the

held close against it either by the tugging of the kite one way, or your pulling the other."

"I understand," said Ned. "I'll do my best."

Phaeton then went back to the church, and ascended to the roof again with his bow and arrow and the ball of string. Laying out the string as before, and tying the end to the arrow, he shot it over the kite-string so that the arrow fell upon the roof.

Making a slip-knot as before, he pulled upon the end of his string till the knot slid up to the kite-



PHAETON AND NED BECOME THE HEROES OF THE TOWN.

rod, and there it remained. No sleight-of-hand that Phaeton could exercise would make it rise another inch. If the wind had freshened, so as to make the kite sail higher, the hoop would have slid to the top of the rod at once. But the wind did not freshen, and there was no taller building anywhere in line with the string than the one Phaeton was standing on.

The crowd groaned, and remarked that they had been confident all the while the boy could n't do it.

"Ned," said Phaeton, "come up here."

Ned went up.

"Now," said Phaeton, "stand right in this spot; hold the string just as you see me holding it now; and try to pull on it just hard enough to make the hoop hang loosely around the rod instead of being

string at a point pretty near the hoop. He now broke off the string, leaving it just long enough to reach from the point where it was attached to the kite-string straight to where he stood on the roof.

He tied the end to his arrow, and, drawing the shaft to the head, shot it straight upward. As the arrow left the bow, the crowd cheered again, for it was evident that when the arrow, in its course, should reach a point as far above the kite-string as Phaeton was below it, it would begin to pull the kite-string upward, and if it had force enough to go a yard or two higher, it must, of course, pull the hoop off from the rod.

But it lacked force enough. It rose till it had almost straightened the string it was carrying, then turned its head and dropped to the roof again.

The crowd groaned, and some of them left for their homes or their business, saying they knew all the while that such foolery would n't work.

Phaeton sat down on the ridge-pole of the church, put his head between his hands, and thought. While he sat there, the crowd shouted all sorts of advice to him, most of which was intended to be sarcastic, though some spoke seriously enough, as those who suggested that he use a larger bow and a lighter string.

After some moments he got up, went to the arrow, and detached it from the string; then, taking the end of the string between his palms, he rolled it and rolled it, until he had very greatly hardened the twist.

If you have ever twisted a piece of common string up tight, and then, taking the two ends between your thumb and finger, let go of the middle, you know what it does. It doubles and twists itself together, in the effort to untwist.

When Phaeton had tightened the twist of his string as much as he could, he tied the arrow on again, laid it across his bow, pointed it at the zenith, drew it to the head, and once more discharged it.

While the arrow was climbing, the string—wherever the slack folds of it hung near enough to one another—was doubling and twisting together, thus greatly shortening itself. The arrow had not gone much more than half its former distance above the kite-string when it arrived at the end of its own now shortened string, and gave such a jerk as pulled the hoop clear up from the end of the lightning-rod.

When the crowd saw this, they burst into a tremendous cheer, threw their caps into the air, and bestowed all sorts of compliments upon Phaeton.

Phaeton took off his hat and made a low bow to the people, and then disappeared through the little door in the tower, by which he had gained access to the roof. He soon re-appeared, emerging from the front door, and ran across the square, to the house where Ned still stood on the roof, like a statue, or Casabianca waiting for his next orders.

"Haul her in," said Phaeton, and Ned immediately began winding in the kite, using his left forearm as a reel, and passing the string around his elbow and through the notch between his thumb and forefinger. He wound on everything as he came to it—hoop, mottoes, even Phaeton's arrow.

Phaeton stood in the street before the house, caught the kite by the tail as it approached the ground, and soon had it secure. He broke off the string, and Ned came down through the house.

An immense crowd surrounded them, and impeded their progress as they started for home.

"Jump into my carriage; I'll take you home,"

said the driver of an open barouche, who had stopped to see the performance, and like everybody else was intensely interested in it.

Phaeton was instantly seized in the arms of three or four men and lifted into the carriage. Then Ned was lifted in the same way and seated beside him. Then the kite was stood up on the front seat, leaning against the driver's back, with its astonishing motto staring the boys in the face. Lukey Finnerty, who had been proudly holding Ned's musket for him, handed it up, and it was placed aslant of the seat between the two boys. The bow, brought by the sexton, was placed beside it, and the carriage then moved off, while a large number of boys followed in its wake, three of them being suspended from the hind axle by their hands, while their feet were drawn up to swing clear of the ground.

"Why is he carrying away that kite?" said Deacon Graham, asking the question in a general way, as if he expected the crowd to answer it in concert. "That belongs to the church."

"*Sic nodus*—not so," said Isaac Holman. "It belongs to him; he made it."

"Ah, ha!" said the Deacon, looking as if he had found a clew.

As the driver had recently procured his new and handsome barouche, and was anxious to exhibit it, he drove rather slowly and took a somewhat circuitous route. All the way along, people were attracted to their windows. As the carriage was passing through West street, Phaeton colored a little when he saw three ladies standing on an upper balcony, and lifted his hat with some trepidation when the youngest of them bowed. The next moment she threw a bouquet, which landed in the carriage and was picked up and appropriated by Ned.

"I am inclined to think," said Phaeton, "that the bouquet was intended for me."

"Was it?" said Ned. "Then take it, of course. I could buy me one just like it for a quarter, if I cared for flowers. But, by the way, Fay, what are you going to do with the twenty dollars you've won? That's considerable money."

"I am going to put it to the best possible use for money," said Phaeton.

"I did n't know there was any one use better than all others," said Ned. "What is it?"

"To pay a debt," said Phaeton.

"I never should have guessed that," said Ned; "and I don't believe many people think so."

As they rode by Jack's Box, Jack, who stood in the door, learned for the first time what Monkey Roe had wanted the Scripture motto for.

They also passed Aunt Mercy's house, and their aunt and Miss Pinkham were on the piazza. Ned

stood up in the carriage and swung his hat. Phaeton saluted his aunt more quietly.

"What in the world are those boys doing in that barouche?" said Aunt Mercy.

"I don't know, but I'll go and find out," said Miss Pinkham, and she ran to the gate and got the story from one of the Dublin boys.

Miss Pinkham returned and told the story.

"Edmund Burton always was a smart boy," said Aunt Mercy. "I could have predicted he would be the one to get that kite off. He'd find a way to scrape the spots off the sun, if they wanted him to. But I don't see why that stupid brother of his should be stuck up there to share his glory."

When it came to the question of paying the reward, Deacon Graham stoutly opposed the payment on the ground that Phaeton himself had been concerned in putting the kite on the steeple—or, at least, had furnished the kite. He said "no boy could fool him,—it was too long since he was a boy himself,"—which seemed to me a strange reason.

It looked for a while as if Phaeton would not get the money; but the other trustees investigated the matter, rejected the Deacon's theory, and paid the reward.

On their complaint, Monkey Roe was brought before 'Squire Moore, the Police Justice, to answer for his roguery. The court-room was full, about half the spectators being boys.

"What is your name?" said the Justice.

"I'm not sure that I know," said Monkey.

"Not know your own name? How's that?"

"Because, my mother calls me Monty, my father calls me James, and the boys call me Monkey Roe."

"I suppose the boys are more numerous than your parents?" said the Justice.

"Much more," said Monkey.

"And you probably answer more readily when they call?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Then," said the Justice, "we'll consider the weight of evidence to be in favor of the name Monkey Roe, and I'll enter it thus on the record."

As he wrote it down, he murmured: "We've often had Richard Roe arraigned in this court, but never Monkey."

"Now, Monkey, I'm going to ask a question, which you need not answer unless you choose to. Did you, on Saturday night last, between the hours of sunset and sunrise, raise, fly, and elevate one six-cornered paper kite, bearing a motto or sentiment from the sacred book called Leviticus,

and tie, fix, anchor, attach, or fasten the same to the lightning-rod that surmounts the spire, or steeple, of the First Church, of the sect or denomination known as Baptist, fronting and abutting on Independence Square, in this city?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, I did," said Monkey.

"Please state to the court, Monkey, your motives, if you had any, for this wicked act."

In answer to this, Monkey told briefly and clearly the whole story, beginning where he "just stopped half a second Sunday morning to see how that boy's kite pulled." When he came to the scene in the Sunday-school room, he gave it with a dramatic effect that was calculated to excite sympathy for himself.

'Squire Moore had been as much interested as anybody in the kite on the steeple, and had laughed his enormous sides sore when he scanned it and its appendages through Patsy's glass. When Monkey had finished his story, the 'Squire delivered the decision of the court.

"I have searched the Revised Statutes," said he, "and have consulted the best authorities; but I look in vain to find any statute which makes it a penal offense to attach a kite to a steeple. The common law is silent on the subject, and none of the authorities mention any precedent. You have succeeded, young man, in committing a misdemeanor for which there is no penalty, and the court is, therefore, obliged to discharge you, with the admonition never to do so any more."

As Monkey left the bar, there was a rush for the door, the boys getting out first. They collected in a body in front of the building, and, when he appeared, gave him three tremendous cheers, with three others for 'Squire Moore.

But when Monkey came to face the domestic tribunal over which his father presided, he found that a lack of precedent was no bar to the administration of justice in that court.

About a week later, a package, addressed to me, and bearing the business-card of a well-known tailor, was left at our door. When I opened it, I found a new Sunday suit, to replace the one which had been ruined when Phaeton wore it to the fire. It must have taken about all of his reward-money to pay for it.

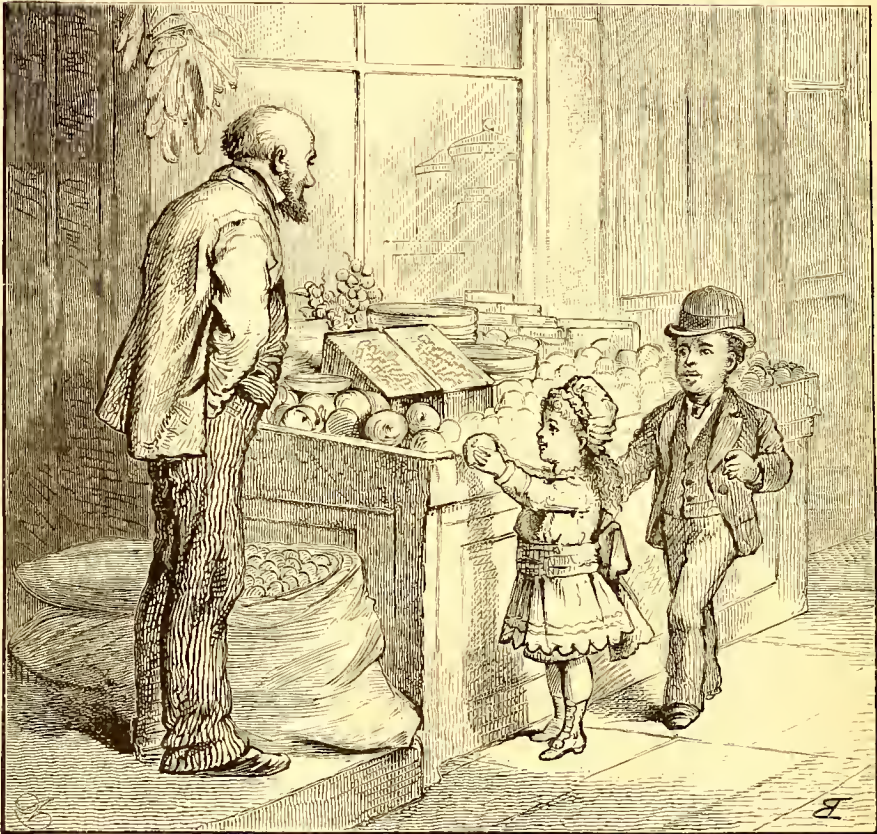
For years afterward, the boys used to allude to that season as "the summer we had two Fourth-of-Julys." The scars on the steeple were never healed, and you can see them now, if you chance to pass that way.

(To be continued.)

MARK, THE DWARF.

(A True Story.)

BY M. D. BIRNEY.



"HATTIE HELPED HERSELF TO ONE OF THE FINEST APPLES."

"AWAY down south, in Dixie," many years ago, there lived a pretty golden-haired child, named Hattie Sinclair. Her parents owned a large plantation in Alabama, on which they lived, excepting during the summer months, when, like many Southerners, they sought northern climes, for health and pleasure. Hattie was a merry, active little girl, too fond of straying to be kept trace of by her very stout and aged "maumer"—as Southern children called their old black nurses, whom they loved almost as well as their own mammas. So Mark, the son of "Maum Yetta," was detailed for special service to his young mistress, and accompanied her in all her rambles.

You would have smiled could you have seen

them together, especially if you had been told that Mark was taking care of Hattie, for his woolly head reached only a few inches above her golden curls, and at the table, when he waited on his little mistress, her food seemed brought by magic. But Mark, though so small, was nineteen years old, and, aside from the defect in his height, was not in any way deformed. He always accompanied the family in their summer trips, and, on one occasion, when they were in a strange city, and Hattie, under the protection of the dwarf, was taking a promenade, they passed a large store, with tempting arrays of choice fruits displayed outside. Hattie was a dear lover of apples, and, too young to comprehend that things in stores must be paid

for, she walked deliberately up to the stand, and, helping herself to one of the finest, had already bitten it, before the astonished Mark could say her nay. The shopman smiled good-naturedly; but Mark, with his best bow, explained: "Oh, sir, it's my little missus; she don't know no better, an' if you please, sir, I'll take her home, and come back and pay you; we is a-stayin' to the — Hotel."

"Never mind, my little fellow," said the man. "Here, take a few of them as a present for your pretty little lady. But it seems to me," he added, looking curiously at Mark, "that you are rather small to have the care of that child."

"Yes, sir," replied Mark, with dignity; "I is a small person, but I 's nineteen years old," and, thanking the shopman for his apples, he took Hattie's hand and led her home.

Mark had another adventure, not quite so pleasant, during his stay in that city. Tom Thumb and his miniature coach and pair were daily on exhibition, and one day, when Hattie and Mark were walking through one of the gayest streets, the little equipage, followed by a crowd, came by. Mark drew the child up a flight of steps, to avoid the crush, and they were thus made very conspicuous. As the little carriage passed, a man who was walking at its side looked up, saw Hattie and her companion, paused, hesitated, and finally passed up the steps.

"How old are you, my little fellow?" said he, addressing Mark.

"Nineteen, sir," replied Mark shortly, for he did not like the stranger's appearance.

"Oh! Ah! Ahem! Where do you live?"

"I 's stayin' at the — Hotel, with my master, sir."

"And what is his name?" continued the man, at the same time offering the dwarf a silver quarter.

"Mr. Sinclair. Thank you, sir, I don't want no money; my master gives me 'nough," and, taking Hattie by the hand, he waited for no more questions, but walked quickly away.

That night, after Hattie was in bed, there came a knock at Mr. Sinclair's parlor. Mark opened the door, and beheld his acquaintance of the morning.

"Ah, my little man," said he, patronizingly, "is your master in?"

"Yes, sir," said Mark, as Mr. Sinclair laid down his newspaper and gazed wonderingly at the stranger.

"Good evening, Mr. Sinclair. This is a smart boy of yours, and my business this evening is about him," said the stranger, with a grand flourish and many obsequious bows.

"Yes?" said Mr. Sinclair, inquiringly.

"I should like to—that is—how much would you take for him?" said the man, with another bow.

"You mean to ask me to sell him to you?" said Mr. Sinclair.

"Yes—ah! We are looking for a coachman for General Tom Thumb, and this little fellow is such a shapely dwarf that the agent has sent me to offer you five hundred dollars —"

"Oh, master, is you gwine to sell me?" cried Mark, and he gazed beseechingly at Mr. Sinclair.

"Do not fear, Mark," said that gentleman, and he patted his shoulder kindly; then, turning to the showman's ambassador, he said: "Tell your agent that not for five times five hundred dollars would I part with this little fellow." Soon after, the visitor said "Good-evening," and Mr. Sinclair resumed his reading, while Mark, with a greatly rejoiced heart, opened the door for the agent.

Poor little Mark! This was his last trip, for, on returning to the plantation, a contagious fever broke out among the negroes. Hattie was sent to her uncle's, and every means was tried to prevent its spreading; but Mrs. Sinclair, a lovely and noble woman, could not resist the appeal for "Miss' to come and see ef she can't cure me"—the faith of those simple blacks being much stronger in their mistress's attentions than in those of any doctor. So she staid, and every day carried some delieaey, with her own hands, to the sick. Mark insisted on following her, although she bade him not; and one day the dread disease seized him, too, in its fatal grasp. And what an unselfish spirit he showed! For, although longing unspeakably for the tender ministrations of his beloved mistress, his only cry was: "Tell Miss' not to come nigh me, 'less she get sick, too."

The struggle was a short one, and when Mark knew he was dying, the longing to have one more look at his beloved mistress overcame him, and he said, feebly:

"Mammy, ask Miss' to come and stan' in de door, and say good-bye; but don't let her come in."

I need hardly tell you that his call was quickly responded to, and Mrs. Sinclair, placing herself by the open door, the rays of the setting sun lighting up her face, bade the brave and faithful little dwarf a last farewell, he blessing her for all her care and kindness.

He was the last victim, and with his death the fever disappeared; but, although these events happened more than a score of years ago, the memory of Mark is still green in the hearts of his master and mistress, and children who never knew the little dwarf have wept sympathetic tears over his brief but unselfish life.



智也無

CHAM.



There was sobbing loud and weeping in the palace
 Of the great Prince Cham
 The tail feathers of the royal stock were drooping
 Like a withered palm
 The poor Prince would n't eat his birds'-nest-jelly
 Though it was so nice
 And he could'nt bear to touch his hot-roast chicken
 Or his fresh boiled rice,
 For the heir of all his kingdom, who had come that morning,
 Was, a _____ O dear me!
 When it should have been a Prince was nothing but a princess
 Brown as she could be.

智也無



Prince Cham had wept 'till a pile of soaked handkerchiefs
 Lay at his side
 And had even lost his self-control which was
 So much his pride,
 When he stopped
 and called for his fan and umbrella
 And rose up to go
 To the cave of the conjurer down in the hollow
 Of Mount L K F.





That conjurer was a cunning man
 When he walked he carried a ten fool fan
 And over his head flew a frying-pan
 Instead of a handsome paper umbrella,
 A frying-pan that was black and yellow,
 And when he wanted to ride anywhere
 He rode on a butterfly right through the air
 While round him danced a pair
 Of butterflies too,
 One red and one blue.

"Mighty man," thus spoke Prince Cham
 While he bowed quite lowly,
 "Man of might who can do things
 both holy and unholy,

In my palace is a princess, brought there but today,
 Conjurer! I do beseech thee, take the thing away!
 And in the place of it bestow on me
 the lord of **Much Chum Bee**.

A healthy, handsome little **Prince** who shall always
 look like me!"



to

The conjurer rose
 And uncorking his toes
 Called for his flying steed
 And away through the air
 Followed close by the pair
 Of butterflies bright, did he speed

When he reached the palace and saw the princess brown
 He took his fan in one hand and on the floor sat down
 He set six tops a spinning and he drank a cup of tea
 And then he drew a polygon that was just as big as he
 Then he lit a fire in the frying-pan,
 The pan all black and yellow,
 And he rose and took the princess
 and borrowed Cham's umbrella
 And while the smoke grew denser
 and the tops began to whir,
 Right up and out and through the roof
 flew off the conjurer!





All up and down his kingdom, the land of **Wach Chum Flee**,
 The great Prince **Cham** goes wandering as sad as he can be,
 For he's lost his mighty conjurer and the heir he had is gone
 And he cannot find them anywhere though he looks from sun to sun
 And still he mourns his discontent the source of all his woe,
 For, "Half a cup is better than no tea at all" you know;
 But he'll never get his Princess back for very far away
 The conjurer has hidden her in the city of **Bombay**
 Where she spins the tops of magic and she rides the butterfly,
 The wonder still and envy of all the passers-by.



CATHIE'S STORY.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.



CATHIE BROWN'S Aunt Cathie, for whom she was named, used often to tell her that once, at least, in everybody's life, something happened "just like a story."

Cathie liked to believe this, but one day she said, quite cheerily: "Why, Auntie, I don't know; everything has been commonplace so long that it seems good to me, like the old faces and places."

"Ah, my dear," said Aunt Cathie, "that contented heart of yours is a blessing; but something will happen to you one of these days."

Cathie lived on a lonely country road. Her father was a farmer, whom hard fortune had followed for many a year. Three sons, older than Cathie, were buried in the country burying-ground beyond the hill. Farmer Brown and his wife were getting on in years; and, although they had begun at last to make head slowly against the current of adversity that had set so long against them, the habits of hard labor and the strictest economy clung to them still. They owned their farm, and Cathie was their only child; but beyond sending her to school in summer and winter, and allowing her the open space from the front door to the road for a flower garden, they felt that they could afford her no "privileges."

Her dresses were of the cheapest material, her hair was always braided down her back in the same simple fashion, her shoes were coarse and thick, and she had no ribbons, no jewelry, no trinkets of any kind. But Cathie did not care much for such things. The desire of her heart was to give. Oh, the dreams she used to dream of the blessedness of giving! A mine of money would not have satisfied her longings to give and give. She might not have been in every instance a wise giver, if her dreams had come true; but she used to lie awake o' nights, and plan by the hour, how, and where, and to whom she would give, if a fortune should fall to her. And nobody should ever know where the good gifts would come from. That would be half the joy of it: to have her bounty descend, shower-like, upon the poor and needy, as if it came direct from heavenly places.

Her father and mother gave to the minister, they visited the sick in the neighborhood, and fed the

tramps; but Cathie had never had a cent of money to give away,—never in her whole life,—nothing but flowers and berries, and willing little services, and these seemed pitifully small in her eyes. Oh, to give freely, royally, unreservedly! how happy she would be, if she could do that!

Aunt Catharine was a great comfort to her little namesake. She was poor, like all of Cathie's people, but she loved flowers and birds, and all beautiful things, as warmly as did little Cathie herself; and she brought rare bulbs, and roots, and seeds, and slips, and much homely cheer, to the child.

Cathie's flower garden was sweet the summer through. Indeed, from March to December, from crocuses to frost-flowers, something bright and beautiful beamed up at Cathie from the ground. There was nothing like her flowers for miles around. They were the pride and wonder of the neighborhood. And among them Cathie toiled, when she was not at school or helping her mother; for, all this beauty was the result of much patient work and faithful care.

"Now, if I were only a boy," she said to Aunt Cathie in one of their talks, "I should coax Father to let me raise a piece of wheat, or potatoes, and sell them; and then I should have some money of my own."

"What do you want with money, Cathie?" asked her mother, who happened to hear her. Cathie blushed, but did not answer immediately.

"Don't you have all you want to eat and to wear, my daughter?"

"Yes, Mother, I don't want a thing for myself."

"Nor I, neither, dear. Let us not be getting ambitious and discontented, because we are poor."

Aunt Cathie thought of some ambitious, discontented daughters that she knew, and contrasted them with little Cathie.

About this time, Cathie was cherishing one of her dreams—too sweet ever to be realized, she felt, but which did her good to keep it in her heart.

Oscar Gray, a lame boy who lived near, her faithful friend, and a scholar of real promise, was hungering for books and struggling manfully to earn them. He was so proud that nobody dared offer him aid, and so poor, that, at times, his utmost efforts seemed hopeless to those who did not realize the unconquerable energy that was in him. He had fallen into a way of confiding his pet hopes

and dreams to his little neighbor, partly because he knew that she was as poor as himself, and by no possibility could help him, and partly because he knew that a secret with her was safe. Then, too, she was such an intelligent, warm-hearted little soul, that it comforted him much to talk with her.

He was now pursuing a certain line of study in natural history, and had come to "a dead-lock," as he expressed it to Cathie, for want of ten dollars' worth of books. Now, if she could only bestow those books upon Oscar, in such a way that he would never guess who gave them, how happy she would be! She could not help planning, and brooding over it, although in her sober "common-sense moments," as she called them, she had no hope of ever bringing it about.

"If I were only a boy!" she would think to herself, as she weeded and spaded and fluttered about among her lovely flowers. "Now, I have worked as hard for you, dear flowers, as a boy works in his wheat-patch, but you are only sweet and beautiful; you do not 'pay.'" And then she would smile at her mercenary thoughts. As the summer deepened, the garden grew in beauty hour by hour, until it seemed as if every twig and stalk bore all the bloom and sweetness it could hold, and the bees and humming-birds held high carnival there every day.

One day, just after the noon meal, Cathie was washing dishes in the back kitchen, farthest from the road, when, all at once, a great commotion seemed to fill the air about her. She felt a heavy rumbling jar that shook the house; hoarse bellowings, wild shouts, and the barking of dogs mingled in the thundering din that was rolling nearer as she listened. She ran through to the front door with her towel in her hand, and saw, in a great dust-cloud, a drove of at least a hundred cattle tearing along down the road. She ran for her father, but he had gone to the field. Her flower-plot sloped from the door to the road, unfenced. Nearly every week, large droves of cattle went past from up-country down to the distant market, and the drovers always stationed boys and dogs ahead at the unprotected places, while the herds marched by. But a panic had seized upon this drove, and, before help could arrive, the frantic animals had surrounded the house, trampled every green thing into the dust, and rushed on and away like an avalanche.

Cathie stood among the ruins with a face of despair; and her mother was standing behind her speechless with dismay, when the owner of the drove came rattling up in his wagon. The cattle were at that moment careering over a distant hill, the drovers still far behind them; but he leaped from his cart and came up to Cathie.

"Why, little girl, if this is n't a pity!" he ex-

claimed, in a voice of such compassion and sympathy that Cathie hid her face in the dish-towel and sobbed aloud.

"Now, don't cry, dear!" he begged. "I saw, when I went up the other day, what a pretty sight your posies were; and here I've been the means of spoilin' em. Money can't replace 'em this year, but there 's ten dollars, and I'm mighty sorry, besides." And he placed a bill in her hand.

"Oh, no; no!" sobbed Cathie. "You could n't help it; nobody was to blame." And she held out the money. But he was mounting his wagon and wiping the moisture from his tired face, with his eyes on the distant cloud of dust.

"You keep that money, little girl. It's small recompense," he said, shaking his head emphatically; and he was off and away before she could speak again.

Cathie dried her eyes, and looked at the bill in astonishment.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried suddenly. "May I do just what I want to with this?"

"Why, yes, dear," said her mother: "why should n't you? And don't feel badly about the flowers; they 'll grow again."

"But, Mother, are you sure that you are willing for me to—to—give this away?"

"Give it away? Well, it's your own money, Cathie. I am sure your father will be willing for you to do what you choose with the first money you ever had. And you have worked hard for your flowers, Cathie; we all know that."

"And, Mother,"—Cathie kept on eagerly,— "I shall want you and Father to promise that you will never tell anybody that I got this money." Her cheeks were bright, her eyes glowing. She had forgotten her flowers.

"We will do whatever you wish, my daughter, about this money. It is right that we should. But, sometime, you 'll tell Mother about it?"

"I will tell you this very minute, Mother!" And she did.

So much toward the realization of her dream! And now new difficulties arose. She dared not buy the books, for Oscar knew that she alone was aware of his need. She could think of no way of sending the money to him that would not cause him to think she had begged for him, or made his wants known. He might burn it in pride and shame if he could not find the giver. She thought of catching one of his tame doves and tying the money under its wing; but he would know then that it was sent as a gift to him. Cathie was puzzled, but she kept on planning, and at last she decided that there was but one way. She must manage so that he would seem to find the money.

There were difficulties connected with this

method, also, which she did not foresee; but she laid her plans carefully and carried them out.

One day, when she saw him coming up the road, and knew that he was going to the library in the village beyond, she ran swiftly out at the opposite side of the house, through the orchard, and down into the hollow, a quarter of a mile beyond. Here was a little evergreen thicket, with a brush fence on the edge of the road. She placed the bill in the hard, beaten track in full view, scrambled back over the fence, took up a good position in the thick cedars where she could see through the fence, and awaited his coming with an anxious heart. What if somebody else should come along and discover the money before him?

When, at last, he came limping into the hollow on his crutch, her heart was beating so hard that she felt as if it could be heard.

He saw the money,—few things escaped his sight,—stopped and picked it up, and stood looking at it for some time, with his back to Cathie. Then he put it in his pocket and started back toward home. This was a surprise to her, and she knew that he would call at the house to tell her what he had found. What could she do? She could not follow immediately without being seen. The only way was to wait until he had gone into the house, and then run back the way she had come as fast as she could.

She entered as demurely as was possible under the circumstances.

Her hair was roughened, her dress torn, and her eyes were shining with suppressed excitement, to be sure; but she bore herself with remarkable calmness, as her mother afterward assured her.

Oscar came forward eagerly from talking with her mother.

"See, Cathie," he said, "I have found ten dollars!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"But I must find the owner, Cathie," he answered gravely, looking at her almost reproachfully, she thought.

"Oh, you never will, I know, Oscar. It is yours—yours to keep and—and buy books with, or whatever you wish."

Mrs. Brown was trembling at Cathie's eagerness, but she dared not say an encouraging word to Oscar, for conscience' sake. She saw more clearly than charity-blind Cathie how Oscar was looking at the matter.

The boy grew graver and graver as he looked at his little friend. He could not understand the change in her.

"I shall find the owner, Cathie," was all he said, as he went away.

"Oh, Mother, he will keep it perhaps until he dies, if he does n't find the owner. What shall we do?" cried Cathie. And the mother could not think of anything to do that seemed likely to set matters straight.

A whole long month had passed away—it had seemed a year to Cathie—and still Oscar was pushing his efforts to find the owner of the lost money. He had become convinced that no one in the village, nor in the neighborhood where he lived, had lost it.

At last, he said one day to Cathie:

"It might have been that cattle-buyer, Cathie; who knows? He handles a pile of money in a year. I shall ask him, when he goes up again."

Cathie's cheek blanched, and she caught her breath to keep from speaking wrong; for she saw by this time how it would have seemed to her to find ten dollars, and use it without searching for the loser. The tears came into her eyes, and her courage sank.

"If he did not lose it, shall you keep it until you die, and never use it?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Oh, Cathie!" said Oscar, almost breaking down. "Don't care so much about it. You are so anxious for me to have the books, you—you can't see it quite right, Cathie."

Cathie went home with a breaking heart.

On his next trip, the drover was accosted by the boy:

"Did you lose any money, sir, the last time you went down?"

"No, my boy," said the kindly, talkative drover, "none excepting what I paid for damages. I paid the little girl up yonder ten dollars for spoilin' her pretty flower garden. That was a hard one for the poor child. I wonder how she feels about it?"

"She has tried to mend it up some," said Oscar in a daze. "I—I found a bill. I thought perhaps you dropped it."

"No, I've lost none," said the man, driving away.

Oscar's mind was swift and keen. The first thought that had flashed through it was, "How strange that Cathie did not tell me about the money!" For he knew the sum would have seemed a little fortune to her. The next instant, he saw it all. Her eagerness to have him use this money, her flushed appearance the day he found it, the look on her face when he mentioned the drover as the one who might have lost it, and her grief when he had reproved her for her generous earnestness. He bowed his head, and the hot tears fell from his eyes as it all came over him. He put himself in her place, and saw that he must

not spoil the delicate sacrifice she had striven so hard to offer unblemished.

"It was not the drover who lost it, Cathie," he said, quite calmly, the next day. "I have given up trying any further. I shall get my books, and when I am a man"—his voice shook a little—"who knows but I may find the loser and let him know how much good the money did me?"

Cathie's eyes shone like stars. She clasped her hands as she had done when he found the money.

"Oh, Oscar! how glad I am!" was all she said.

He bought the precious books and revered them tenfold, for Cathie's sake.

The lame scholar had become an eminent naturalist, and Cathie had been his wife a year, before he told her the secret he had kept sacred so long.

And Cathie tells her own little daughter to-day that once, at least, in everybody's life something happens "just like a story."

FLAT-BOATING FOR BOYS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.



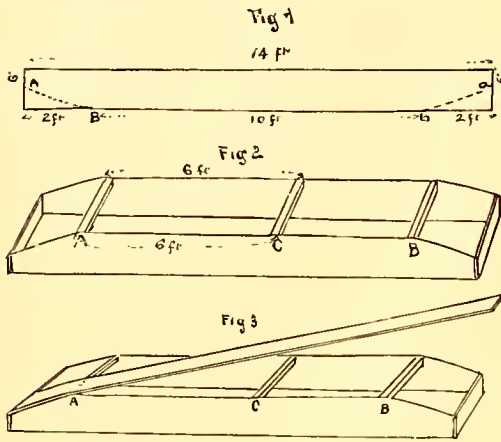
A LAST SUMMER'S HOUSE.

FLAT-BOATS are essentially inland craft, having their origin with the birth of trade in the West before the puffing and panting steam-boats plowed their way through the turbid waters of Western rivers. They are craft that can be used on any stream large enough to float a yawl, but the St. John's River, Florida, is, perhaps, the most tempting stream for the amateur flat-boatman. The numerous inlets and lakes connected with the river, the luxuriant semi-tropical foliage on the banks, the strange-looking fish and great, stupid

alligators, the beautiful white herons, and hundreds of water-fowl of many descriptions,—all form features that add interest to its navigation, and inducements to hunters, fishermen, naturalists, and pleasure-seekers scarcely equaled by any other accessible river of the United States.

To build the hull of the flat-boat, use good pine lumber. For the sides, select two good, straight two-inch planks, fourteen feet long and about sixteen inches wide. Take one of the planks (Figure No. 1), measure six inches from the top upon each

end, and mark the points (A a, Figure No. 1); then upon the bottom measure from each end toward the center two feet, and mark the points (B b,



DIAGRAMS OF THE HULL.

Figure No. 1). With your carpenters' lead-pencil, connect the points A B and a b by a slight but regular curve; saw off the corners along the line

there will be a space inside the boat of five feet eight inches. Take three pieces of scantling, about three inches square and five feet eight inches long; place one near each end, flush with the bottom of the boat, just where the sheer of bow and stern begins. (See Figure No. 2, A and B.) After fitting them carefully, nail them firmly. Take the other piece of scantling and nail it in place at the point C (Figure No. 2), so that it will measure six feet from the outside of the brace at A to the outside of the brace at C.

For the bottom-boards, pick out good, straight half-inch lumber, a little over fourteen feet long, to allow for the curve. Take one of the bottom-boards and nail an end to the stern-board (see Figure No. 3); its side edge must be flush with the outer face of the side-piece. Bend the board

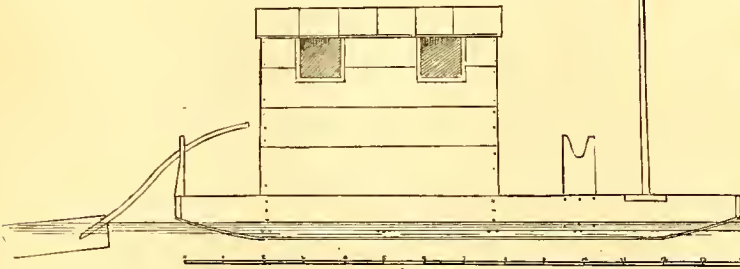


FIGURE NO. 4.—SIDE VIEW OF FLAT-BOAT, WITH CABIN.

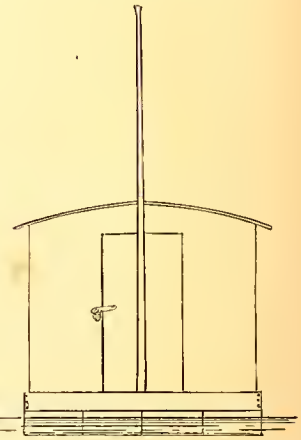


FIGURE NO. 5.—FRONT END VIEW OF FLAT-BOAT, WITH CABIN.

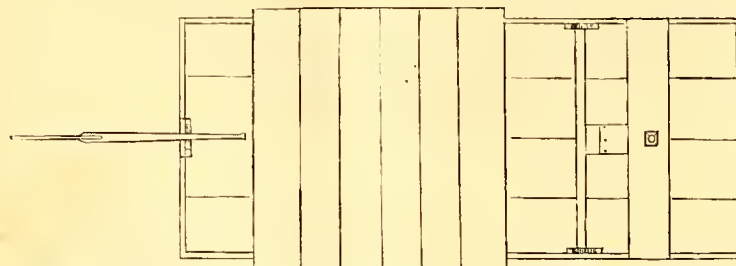


FIGURE NO. 6.—TOP VIEW OF FLAT-BOAT, WITH CABIN.

thus made. Make the other side of your hull an exact duplicate of this.

Then take two two-inch planks, six inches wide and six feet long, for the stem and stern; set the side-pieces on edge, upside down, and nail on the two end-pieces. (See Figure No. 2.) Then, allowing four inches, the thickness of the two sides,

carefully along the curve to the first cross-piece A, and nail it firmly; nail it again at C, and at the bow. Follow the same plan with the next board, being careful to keep it close up against the first board, so as to leave no crack when the bottom is finished. Caulk up any accidental crack with oakum; give

the whole a coating of coal-tar, and let it dry. The remainder of the work is comparatively easy. After the coal-tar has dried, turn the boat over, and erect four posts, one at each end of the cross-piece A, and one at each end of the cross-piece C (Figures Nos. 2 and 3). The tops of the posts should be about five feet above the bottom of

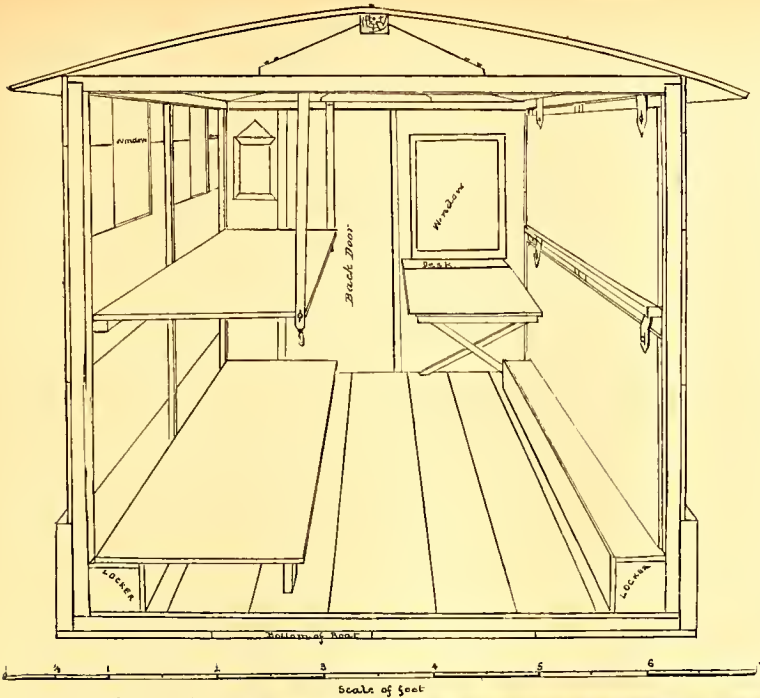


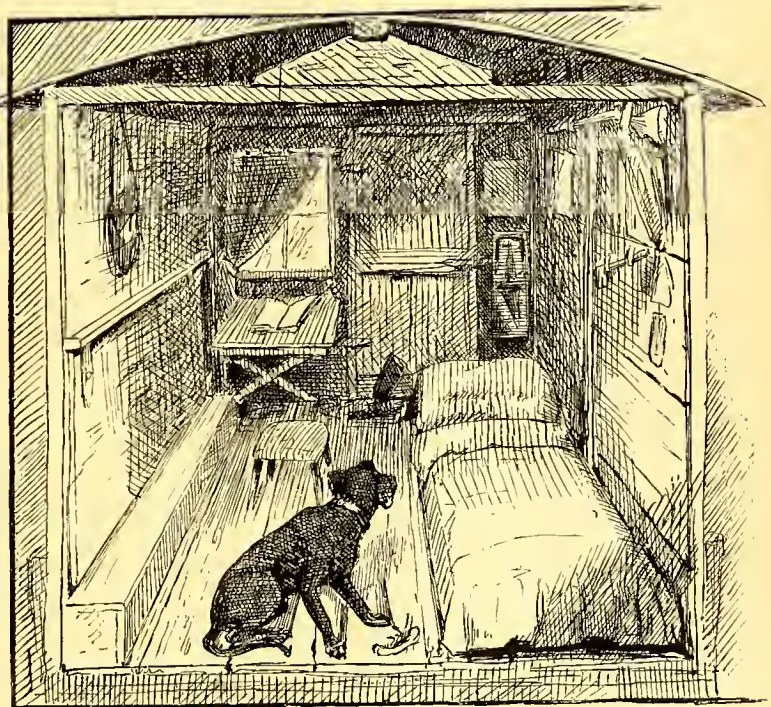
FIGURE NO. 7.—INTERIOR OF CABIN

the hull. Put a cross-piece on top of the post A, and another at C, and the frame-work of your cabin is done. Make the roof of thin plank, bending it in an arch, so that the middle will rise about one foot higher than the sides. The eaves should overhang about six inches beyond the cabin, upon each side. Board up the sides with material like that used for the roof, leaving openings for windows and doors. Pieces of leather make very good hinges for the door, if there is no hardware store handy, where iron hinges can be procured. The cabin can then be floored, a bunk or two may

be built, and as many other conveniences as your taste or necessities may indicate may be provided,

—a book-shelf, a few clothes-hooks, etc.

Put in oar-locks, each made of a board with a deep notch cut in it; there should be three oar-locks—one for the steering oar and two in front for rowing (see Figure No. 4). Set a seat in front of the oar-locks, with a hole for a jack-staff to pass through. The jack-staff must be made so that it can be taken out or put in at pleasure, by having a simple socket underneath the seat, for the foot of the staff to fit in. When this is done, your boat is ready for use. Figure No. 4 shows a side view of a fourteen-foot flat-boat, with a cabin five



"WHO KNOCKS?"

feet high at the sides and six feet at the middle. Figure No. 5 shows a front view of the same.

Figure No. 6 shows a top view of the flat-boat as it would appear looking down upon the roof of the cabin.

The large diagram, Figure No. 7, drawn in perspective, shows the interior of a plain cabin, with a floor six feet square, walls five feet high, and six feet between the floor and the ridge-pole, at the middle of the roof. The walls need not be more than four feet high, giving five feet between floor and ridge-pole.

A cabin six feet high may be fitted up with four folding berths, which are boards two feet wide, fastened to the wall by strong iron or leather

occupy the cabin, and whether it is to be used by a party of young naturalists upon a collecting tour, or for fishing and shooting excursions, or simply as a sort of picnic boat for a few days' enjoyment, such as most boys in the country are quite well able to plan and carry out unaided.

The picture entitled "Who Knocks?" shows the interior of the cabin of a boat in which the only occupant is the dog left to guard the premises while the flat-boatmen are ashore.

Although this rude home-made flat-boat does not possess speed, yet, with a square sail rigged on the jack-staff, and with a good wind over the stern, it



FLAT-BOATING IN FLORIDA. [SEE PAGE 778.]

hinges, so that they can be let down. The top flap is supported by straps, and the bottom one by folding legs. The diagram shows two berths down upon the left-hand side, and two folded up at the right-hand side. The lockers set under the bottom berths can be used for stowing away bed-clothing.

I shall not describe the construction of the interior of the cabin, my aim being only to suggest how it may be done, as every boy who is smart enough to build a flat-boat will have his own peculiar ideas about the manner in which it should be fitted up inside. The interior construction depends, in a measure, upon the number of persons who are to

can get through the water pretty well; and as this sort of craft draws only a few inches of water, it can float in creeks and inlets where a well-loaded row-boat would drag bottom.

The cost of time and expense in building the flat-boat, under favorable conditions, amounts to little; but should you, upon calculation, find the expense too great, or your time limited, you can, with little work and no expense, build a substitute, which we shall christen the "Crusoe raft."

All that is necessary for the construction of this craft is an ax, an auger, and a hatchet, with some good stout boys to wield them.

For a large raft, collect six or seven logs, not

more than ten inches in diameter; they must be tolerably straight and of nearly the same size. Pick out the longest and biggest for the center;

fire-place, and if the cabin is floored with cross-sticks, and all the cracks are stopped up to prevent the water splashing through, and if a lot of hay is



THE "MAN-FRIDAY" CATAMARAN.

sharpen one end; roll the log into the water, and there secure it. Pick out two logs as nearly alike as possible, to lie one at each side of the center-log. Measure the center-log, and make the point of each side-log, not at its own center, but at that side of it which will lie against the middle-log, so that this side-point shall reach to where the pointing of the middle-log begins. (See Figure No. 8.)

After all the logs needed have been trimmed and made ready to be fitted, roll them into the water and arrange them in order. Fasten them together by cross-strips, boring holes through the strips to correspond with holes bored into the logs lying beneath, and through these holes driving wooden pegs. The water will cause the pegs to swell, and they will hold much more firmly than iron nails.

The skeleton of the cabin is made of saplings; such as are used for hoop-poles are the best. These are bent in an arch, and the ends are thrust into holes bored for the purpose. (See Figure No. 9.) Over this hooping a piece of canvas is stretched, after the manner of the tops of old-fashioned country wagons.

Erect a jack-staff, to be used for a square sail or a flag, and with the addition of some sticks, whittled off at the ends, for oar-locks, your "Crusoe raft" is complete. (See Figure No. 10.)

For oars, use sweeps—long poles, each with a piece of board for a blade fastened to one end. A hole must be bored through the pole, about three feet from the handle, to slip over the peg used as oar-lock; this peg should be high enough to allow you to stand while using the sweeps.

A flat stone placed at the bow will serve for a

bed in, you will have a most comfortable bed at night.

The "Crusoe raft" has one great advantage over all boats. You can take a long trip down a river on it, allowing the current to bear you along; then, after your trip is finished, you can abandon the raft and return by steam-boat or cars.

I remember visiting a lake at the head-water of the Miami. High and precipitous cliffs surrounded the little body of water. So steep were the great, weather-beaten rocks that it was only where the stream came tumbling down, past an old mill, that an accessible path could be found. Down that path I climbed, accompanied by my cousin; for we knew that bass lurked in the deep, black holes among the rocks. We had no jointed rods nor

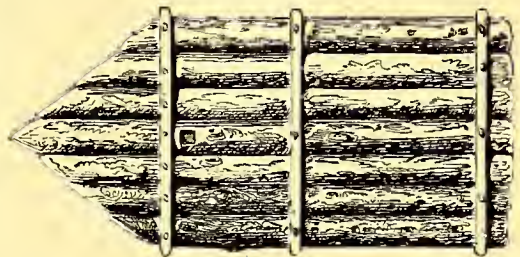


FIGURE NO. 8.—FLOAT OF "CRUSOE RAFT."

fancy tackle; but the fish there are not particular, and seldom hesitate to bite at a bait suspended by a coarse line from a freshly cut hickory sapling.

Even now, I feel the thrill of excitement and expectancy as, in imagination, my pole is bent

nearly double by the frantic struggles of those "gamy" black bass. After spending the morning fishing, we built a fire upon a short stretch of sandy beach, and, cleaning our fish, washing them

To hold them securely, we bored holes down through the sapling cross-pieces into the logs; then, with the hatchet, we hammered wooden pegs into these holes. For the seat, we used the half of a section of log,

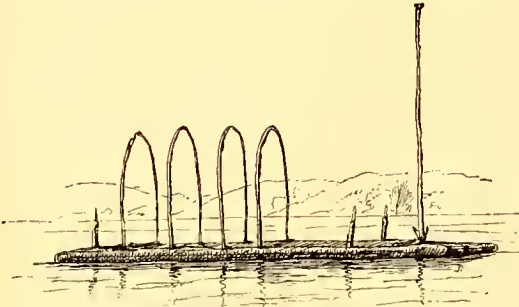


FIGURE NO. 9.—"CRUSOE RAFT," WITH SKELETON CABIN.

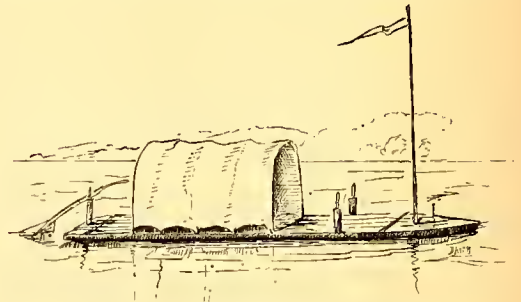


FIGURE NO. 10.—"CRUSOE RAFT," COMPLETE.

in the spring close at hand, we put them among the embers to cook.

While the fire was getting our dinner ready for us, we threw off our clothes and plunged into the cool waters of the lake. Inexpert swimmers as we were at that time, the opposite shore, though apparently only a stone's-throw distant, was too far off for us to reach by swimming. Many a longing and curious glance we cast toward it, however, and strong was the temptation that beset us to try the unknown depths intervening. A pair of brown cars appeared above the ferns near the water's edge, and a fox peeped at us; squirrels ran about the fallen trunks of trees or scampered up the rocks, as saucily as though they understood that we could not swim well enough to reach their side of the lake; and high up the face of the cliff was a dark spot, which we almost knew was the entrance to some mysterious cavern.

How we longed for a boat! But not even a raft nor a dug-out could be seen anywhere upon the glassy surface of the water, or along its reedy border. We nevertheless determined to explore the lake next day, even if we should have to paddle astride of a log.

The first rays of the morning sun had not reached the dark waters before my companion and I were hard at work, with ax and hatchet, chopping in two a long log we had discovered near the mill. We had at first intended to build a raft; but gradually we evolved a sort of catamaran. The two pieces of log we sharpened at the ends for the bow; then we rolled the logs down upon the beach, and, while I went into the thicket to chop down some saplings, my companion borrowed an auger. We next placed the logs about three feet apart, and, marking the points where we intended to put the cross-pieces, we cut notches there; then we placed the saplings across, fitting them into these notches.

the flat side fitting into places cut for that purpose. All that remained to be done now was to make a seat in the stern, and a pair of oar-locks. At a proper distance from the oarsman's seat we bored two holes, for a couple of forked sticks, which answered admirably for oar-locks; across the stern we fastened another piece of log, similar to that used for the oarsman's seat. With the help of a man from the mill, our craft was launched; and then, with a pair of oars made of old pine board, we rowed off, leaving the miller waving his hat.

Our catamaran was not so light as a row-boat, but it floated, and we could propel it with the oars, and, best of all, it was our own invention and made with our own hands. We called it a "Man-friday," and by means of it we explored every nook in the length and breadth of the lake; and, ever afterward, when we wanted a boat, we knew a simple and inexpensive way to make one,—and a safe one, too.

The picture on page 776 shows how, some years ago, a certain flat-boating party enjoyed a "tie-up" one day, on the St. John's River, Florida. The boat was named "The Ark," and among its comforts were a tiny cook-stove and four glass windows.

In those days, no band of "flatters" was much thought of that failed to slay an alligator in the first day or two, and it was in deference to this public opinion that "The Ark" bore at each side of its cabin one of these reptiles as a trophy.

During the cruise, the members of the party had frequent occasion to put into practice all manner of devices for saving labor, and making the hunter as far as practicable independent of a mate when, as often happened, two men could not be spared to go foraging together. One of these "wrinkles," as they were termed, was a floating fish-car, which, being attached to the fisher's waist, floated behind him as he waded, netting. This arrangement not

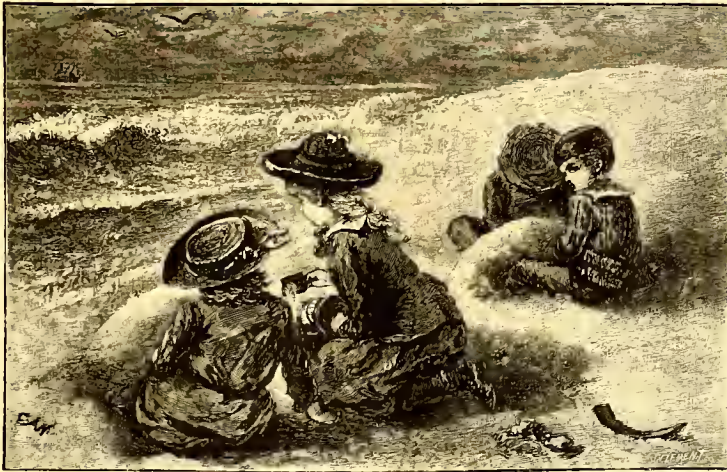
only saved much weariness in carrying finny spoils to camp after, perhaps, a long and trying day, but it helped to keep the fish fresh; and, when not in active use, it was towed behind "The Ark."

Many hints of this same kind might be given, but this one will suffice to show that a boy with his wits about him can lighten very materially the

fatigues inseparable from camping-out and flat-boating. Endurance of hardship is noble in itself, and there is call enough for it in this rough-and-tumble world; but the fellow who most enjoys "roughing it" in a trip outdoors is he who is quick to save himself unnecessary exertion by using the simple means at hand.

BUILDERS BY THE SEA.

BY W. T. PETERS.



THERE'S a certain quartette,
 Who, I now understand,
 Are very much given
 To shoveling sand;
 And along by the beach
 Their great castles are planned,
 With the walls and the battlements
 Buildec of sand.

But I wonder if ever they dream while they play,
 That the billows will wash all their castles away.

Never mind, my quartette,
 Work away in the sand!
 There are hundreds just like you
 All over the land,—
 Whose wonderful castles,
 So tall and so grand,
 Are buildec of nothing
 But glittering sand,—

Who forget that ere close of the short summer day,
 The billows will wash their fine castles away.

"A BOY ON THE PLACE."

BY HELENE J. HICKS.



"WHAT does ail Debby and Towzer?"

"Did you speak, Jane?"

"Yes; I said, 'What ails Debby and Towzer?' Debby's been goin' on for some time down there in the garden, and Towzer is barkin' in the distractedest way around the hay-stack down yonder in the meadow. I can't make out either

Debby or Towzer; can you, Susan?"

Susan, the youngest of the three Bently sisters,—who owned to her fifty years,—thus appealed to, came out from the roomy pantry, with her cap-borders flying, and her floury hands dripping tiny white flakes over Jane's clean kitchen, and upon the shining floor of the porch which overlooked both hill-side garden and meadow.

A merry, contagious laugh from Susan's lips, quickly echoed by Jane, caused Debby to halt a moment in her frantic chase after some intruder, not visible to the two upon the porch.

"It does—beat—all!" gasped Debby, as she paused; and then came an indistinct sentence, which the others failed to catch, and the dumpy figure hastened on again, at the same time throwing stones, sticks, clam-shells, and tufts of grass, at the object of her pursuit.

"I do think, Susan, we ought to go down and help Debby; there 's no tellin' what it may be."

"If only Debby would consent to having a boy on the place! He 'd be so handy with her in the garden."

Susan, the little woman, with tender voice, must certainly have had great loveliness in early youth, for traces of a sunny beauty lay still upon the good, fair face—in fact, gleams of a fair and beautiful youth were seen also upon the other two faces, but more clearly upon Susan's.

"'Deed yes, Suse; that is what I tell Debby every summer. But you know what she says, it would make too much extra sewing for my old fingers, and more work for you in the baking and cooking, and, like 's not, only hinder her in the garden after all; and then she says, too, 'Where on earth is the boy to come from?' Debby always winds up with that, you know. There 's some sense in that last, Susan, and that 's all the sense I see."

"There is n't a mite in it, Jane, not a grain. Why, there 's plenty of boys, and good ones, too,

only Debby 's so sure of bein' taken in by them. Now, I don't know much about boys in general, but I believe they 're human, and like most other creatures; if you 're good and tender with them, Jane, the bad will come out. I calc'late it is n't in the Bentlys to abuse anything; and so I think 'most any boy would do."

Tender-hearted little Susan had reached the garden gate at the conclusion of this speech, and she was about to open it, when a cry from Debby caused her to start back, and falling against Jane, knock that worthy woman quite off her feet.

"Don't come in yet, Susan, for goodness' sake! These three hens have tuckered the life almost out of me.—There goes one over the fence! Stand back, Jane. Thank goodness! There goes another. Shoo! Bend down, Susan; your head 's in the way, and this is the meanest hen of the three. Shoo! She sees your head bobbin' up, Susan. Mind! There now,—shoo! There she goes; that 's the last. Thank goodness! I 'm 'most tuckered out." Debby sat right down upon one of the beds without ceremony, fanning with her bonnet the round, red face, and moist brow.

Susan and Jane, both convulsed with laughter, entered the garden, closing the gate carefully.

"It does beat all, now," said Jane with pity for Debby, who was sitting there forlorn and exhausted. "The hens bother you uncommon, Debby; if you would only consent to let me and Susan help here a bit."

"Help? As though you and Susan did n't have your hands full."

"I say, Debby, do let us have a boy on the place."

"Susan, Susan, you child! You don't know what you 're talkin' about; I don't want a boy in my garden; and a better reason, where 's the boy to come from, I 'd like to know? Yes, I 'd like to know, Susan! If Providence should send one right down here under my nose,—so to speak,—why, I 'd take him; but Providence don't trouble about such small matters, I reckon. It would seem silly."

"Oh, Debby! don't say that; but you don't mean it, that 's one consolation," said gentle, motherly Susan, seeing the broad smile upon Debby's face.

"Now then," said brisk, energetic Debby, rising, "since the hens are out of the garden, and I can breathe again, I want to know what ails Towzer? I did n't have time to think before."

Sure enough! What did ail Towzer? The lazy old dog was barking, howling, and chasing around the hay-stack down in the meadow in a frantic and unbecoming manner, very unlike his usually quiet and dignified conduct.

"It 's a rat, as likely as not," said Jane, turning homeward.

"Wait, Jane; listen!" It was Susan who spoke, hurriedly and low.

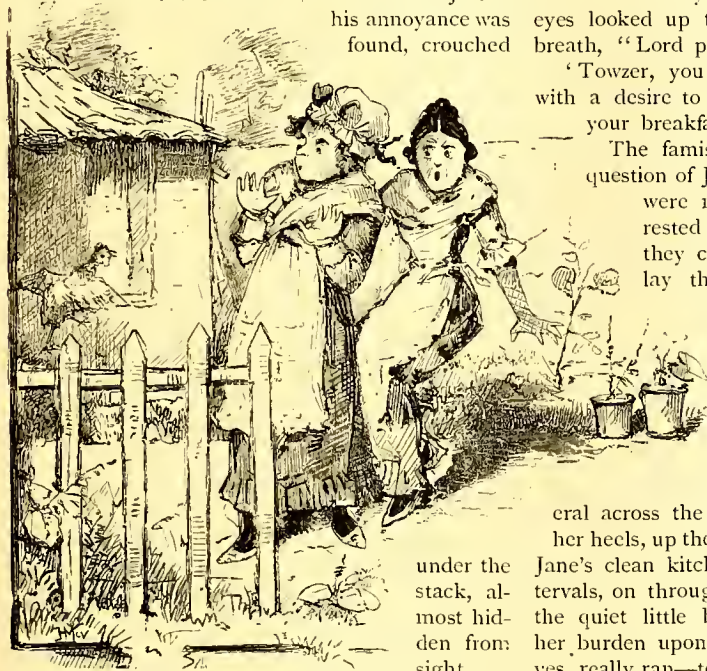
"That is n't a rat, nor a hen cacklin' neither; it sounds like a cry," said Debby, looking sternly at the hay-stack.

"It is a cry, girls! Come, Towzer is tormentin' something there, as sure as you live."

Susan ran as nimbly as a young girl down the side-hill and across the road, and had reached the bars and entered the meadow before the two elder ones had come to the road.

"Towzer, stop! Here, Towzer!" called Susan, and Towzer yelped and barked louder than ever, while the cry of a human voice came more distinctly at every step.

"What can it be?" cried Susan, breaking into a run as she neared the stack. Towzer, barking excitedly, met her, leading her quite around to the other side, where the object of his annoyance was found, crouched



under the stack, almost hidden from sight. "Lord pity us all!" cried Susan,—who never said that, excepting under extraordinary circumstances,—and then the tears quite ran over from her loving brown eyes, and dropped down, one by one, upon Towzer's head.

"A child, under the hay-stack! How on earth did it come here, and when?"

Susan, in her pity and bewilderment, never thought of questioning the child, therefore she only stared, while Towzer, seemingly quite content with having accomplished his object,—that of bringing the family down to the meadow,—sat down and panted, overcome with his exertions, as Debby had been after chasing the hens.

"A child!" cried Jane, looking over Susan's shoulder, in a helpless, befogged way.

"A boy!" ejaculated Debby, aghast.

Susan, mopping away the tears from her face, recovered tone and spirits in a flash. For a bright idea, such a brilliant idea, had come to Susan. "There 's something queer about this, Debby; there 's a Providence in this, mind it. Come, boy, come right out now, we 're friends."

Debby stared, and Jane laughed nervously, while Susan assisted the big-eyed, famished-looking boy to his feet.

"Your dog!" he gasped, crouching close to Susan's side.

"Bless you! Towzer would n't hurt a fly," said Susan, to assure the frightened child.

"He took my breakfast." The great, hungry eyes looked up to Susan, who said beneath her breath, "Lord pity us all!"

"Towzer, you thief!" said Jane, harshly, and with a desire to conciliate the boy. "What did your breakfast consist of, poor boy?"

The famished lad made no reply to this question of Jane's, but the brown, hungry eyes were raised appealingly to Susan, and rested a moment upon Towzer, before they closed, and the long black lashes lay thick and dark upon the white, sunken cheeks.

"Lord pity us all! He 's fainted dead away!" cried Susan, as she gathered the frail boy in her strong, motherly arms; and, without a word to astonished Debby and Jane, she strode like a determined general

across the meadow, with Towzer quietly at her heels, up the hill, over the cool porch, through Jane's clean kitchen, dropping bits of hay at intervals, on through the darkened sitting-room, to the quiet little bedroom beyond, and deposited her burden upon the white bed. Then she ran—yes, really ran—to the kitchen closet, and returned—as Debby laughingly told the story years after—with not only the camphor and brandy bottles, but also the salt and pepper, together with the saleratus and mustard cups, just as Debby and Jane entered in amazed silence.

"She has taken him to the sitting-room bedroom!" said Jane, surprised beyond measure, at the same time conceiving a great admiration for

this little Susan, who could always think and perform twice, before Jane or Debby could arrive at even the shadow of a conclusion.

"It was the nearest bed,

got a comfortable, healthy sort of look, owing to their amazing size. There now, Sonny, swallow this weak brandy."

Susan was bending down over the white face, smoothing the brown hair, and smiling a succession of sunbeamy smiles, right into the face and heart of this outcast. A wan smile answered her; and the weary eyes looked up a moment at Debby, gratefully, as he swallowed the weakened brandy, but they returned to Susan's face again, and rested there.

"I don't suppose, Debby, we know how to deal with children exactly, never havin' had any around," said Susan, mournfully and apologetically; at the same time, one plump hand was tenderly smoothing the boy's hair, while the other clasped one of his thin hands, which was not very clean, either.

"Never mind, Susan, we know how to feed 'em, any way; and I reckon that 'll reach their hearts as soon as anything. Right, Jane; you've brought one of the blue bowls, have n't you? That broth smells amazing' good! Now, then, Sonny!"

Debby took the spoon from Jane's hand—Jane still holding the bowl—and prepared to feed the famished boy.

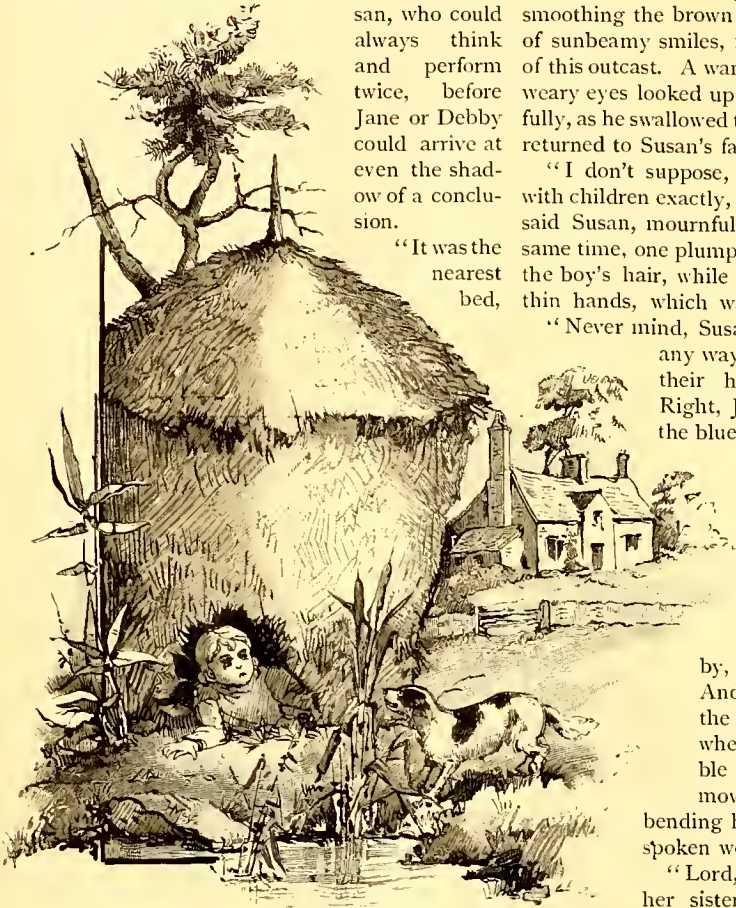
"I'll raise him up, Debby, so that he can eat better." And accordingly, Susan raised the boy's head to her shoulder, when he looked up with the feeble smile again, while his lips moved painfully; and Susan, bending her ear, alone caught the low-spoken words.

"Lord, pity us all!" cried she to her sisters. "He says he is only a beggar-boy,—not to trouble about him,—as though we cared for that!"

Tears sprang to three pairs of eyes, and Debby quickly carried a big spoonful of the broth to the white lips. He ate slowly and seemingly in pain a moment or two, and then turned from it with a shiver and sigh, muttering:

"I was so hungry yesterday! I could have swallowed it all, sure, yesterday! This morning, I had a piece of bread. The dog took it; but I don't care; I did n't want it. I'm so tired and so sleepy!"

Susan put him gently down, and, as he tossed his arms restlessly, and a wild, frightened look came to his eyes, the three tender-hearted little women looked eagerly at one another for an answer to the question each face was mutely asking: "What shall we do?"



TOWZER INVESTIGATES THE HAY-STACK.

Jane, and such a comfortable spot; when I had fever 'n' ager, why, I quite enjoyed lyin' here," apologized Susan, as she was about to deluge the wan-faced boy with camphor and brandy, which Debby, with a strong hand, prevented just in time. Debby, you see, had reached a conclusion or two, and she was now ready to act with the foremost, as she always was after once deciding.

"He's comin' to, Susan; never mind all that stuff you've brought in here from the closet. This boy is starved out, that's all; he does n't want your camphire, and mustard, nor salt, neither, but you just weaken a bit of the brandy, and Jane, you be quick and see if that broth I smell is n't most done, or boiled itself to death, and bring a bowlful in here; take one of the blue bowls, Jane, they've

As usual, Susan was first to recover.

"I'll have old Doctor Jones here in a wink."

"No, Susan, let me go," said Jane, quickly. "He seems to know you better,—this child does; sort of smiles now and then, as if he knew you. I'll go."

Ten minutes later, old Doll stood at the gate below, and Jane was clambering into the covered wagon, while Debby, on the porch, shouted numberless messages.

Susan, at the bedside, sat quite still, clasping one of the burning hands, and smoothing the hair from the hot forehead. She sat there patiently through the long hour of Jane's absence, listening to the low muttering of the sick boy, from which they could glean nothing of his past; while Debby stole in and out on tiptoe, halting at the bedside a moment or two, then away again to the kitchen to look after matters there; and so, patient, faithful, Susan sat on, not only that one hour, but many, many hours, through long days and weary nights, while the feeble life ebbed lower and lower, as the fever brought on by hunger and exhaustion seemed to burn and shrivel up the little body to a skeleton.

Through the long weary nights and days, the three watchers, themselves growing white and anxious, listened wonderingly to one sentence, repeated again and again,—sometimes gayly, then so sadly and wearily that the tears would rush to the eyes of the patient women:

"The tide's out, Father; I'm coming to shore."

"What shore was he nearing?" Susan wondered, one day, after so many had passed away anxiously and slowly,—wondered with a pain at her heart, the motherly soul; for this lonely child who had come to them in such a Providential way—Susan held to that—was growing strangely dear to her, and not only to her, but to Debby and Jane, who, perhaps, could not have told what was stirring their hearts, and bringing out caresses and tender words that the unconscious boy neither felt nor heard.

"Which shore was he approaching?" again and again Susan asked herself and the doctor; and then prayed it might be this, if only that they might be tender and kind to him a bit, before his feet should touch upon that other shore.

All this and more good Susan thought and prayed on; and then there really came a day—a most wonderful day, for they never left off going back to it with joy and triumph—when the brown eyes opened and smiled right up into good Susan's face, causing her to beam down upon him so cheerily he really thought at first he had gone to heaven, and that was the face of an angel who was to lead him straight to father and mother.

To tell of the slow return to health would be

wearisome; therefore, we shall skip it. But there came a day, after weeks of nourishing and care, when Willie—that was his name—Willie Brent—told these good friends, including Doctor Jones, of his dead mother—so long dead—and his father, a fisherman, at Ellerton, on the coast, ten miles away, who had been drowned within sight of his home,—a poor old tumble-down shanty; and, after that, Willie, having started out to seek his fortune, and to get out of sight of the cruel sea, strayed across the country here, there, and all over, begging his way, but without seeming to find a fortune, and sank at last, under the haystack, where Towzer found him out at once.

"And now, when must he be moving off?"

This was asked one day after health and strength had come back to the sick boy, filling out the cheeks and tinging them with a rich color. The bright eyes shone, also, so honest and clear that Susan, clasping him in her strong, motherly arms, cried out: "Do you suppose we shall ever, ever let you go away? No, not while I live and breathe! Lord pity us all! No, never!"

And then two young arms wound themselves closely around Susan's neck, and the brown head, rosy cheeks, and all, lay upon Susan's shoulder.

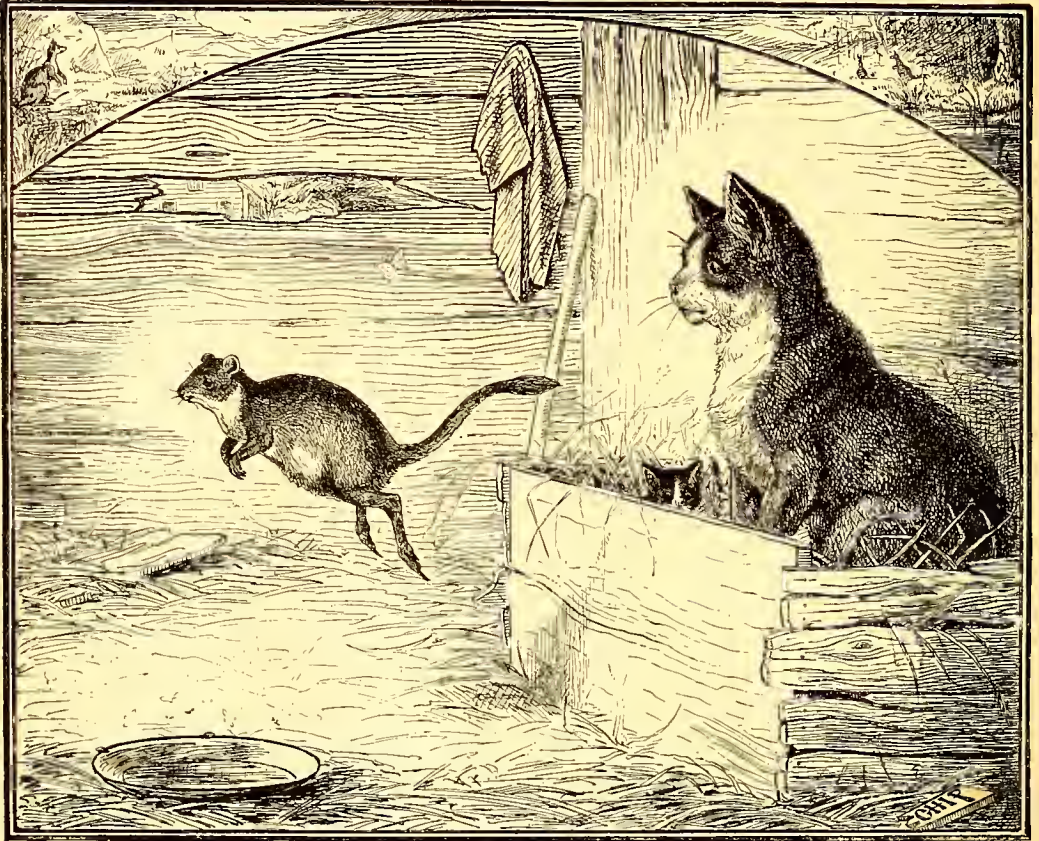
Willing hands and nimble feet Willie Brent brought to the quiet old homestead, and the tenderness that succored him in that hour of need was



the brightest spot in all Willie's life to turn to in after years, and was always remembered by him, but most tenderly after Susan—Mother Susan, as he had very early learned to call her—was carried out from the old home to rest on the hill-side.

A STRANGE FOUNDLING.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



MANY years ago, I was living in that curious topsy-turvy island-continent called Australia, where the pears have the stalk at the big end, where the pits grow outside the cherries, where the swans are black, where strawberries ripen at Christmas, and where they have four-footed beasts with the bills of birds,—well, when I was living in this country, I one day came into possession of a young kangaroo-rat, which is a little animal almost exactly resembling a kangaroo, only much smaller.

I was at first somewhat puzzled how I should feed my foundling, as it was too young to take care of itself, when I suddenly remembered that my old cat, "Vic," had just become possessed of a large family of little kittens, and I resolved to see whether she would not adopt my kangarooling as one of her own family. I had some doubt whether she might not decline the charge, and make a meal

of my pet; so I watched her secretly when she returned to her wooden box full of children, after I had slyly slipped the rat in among them during her temporary absence in search of food. When she came back, she sniffed the little fellow curiously once or twice, but soon came to the conclusion that he could, at least, do no harm, and left him in quiet slumber with the rest. So I turned away satisfied, and pleased with her hospitality.

After a few days, I noticed that puss was particularly affectionate to the little stranger, showing it more attention than any other member of the family circle. The rat grew apace, and soon was strong enough to use those wonderful jumping instruments, its hind legs, with great effect.

Well, one day, I went into the shed to see how the orphan was getting along. The old cat was licking it fondly, when, all of a sudden, it made a

big jump from under pussy's nose, clear out of the box. The look of surprise and anxiety which at once came over the cat's face was comical to see. She watched this strange foundling of hers for a few seconds with an expression of troubled wonder, and then, slowly and deliberately moving one paw after another, crawled out of the box, and, coming stealthily behind the rat, took it gently by the neck and carried it back to her nest. When she had got it safely home, she settled down, and began licking it and purring over it, apparently perfectly contented. But in a few minutes, in the midst of her happiness,—Flick! out jumped the rat again. Puss looked terribly distressed, but, as before, she crawled out of her box and brought the truant home.

This little game was repeated more or less during the whole day, puss sometimes allowing the rat to make two or three bounds around the building before she brought it back, she following close behind with eager and anxious looks. The poor foster-mother evidently thought she had brought into the world a prodigy—something mysteriously wonderful. She seriously neglected her own kittens, who, poor little things, might have suffered had they not been just old enough to lap milk.

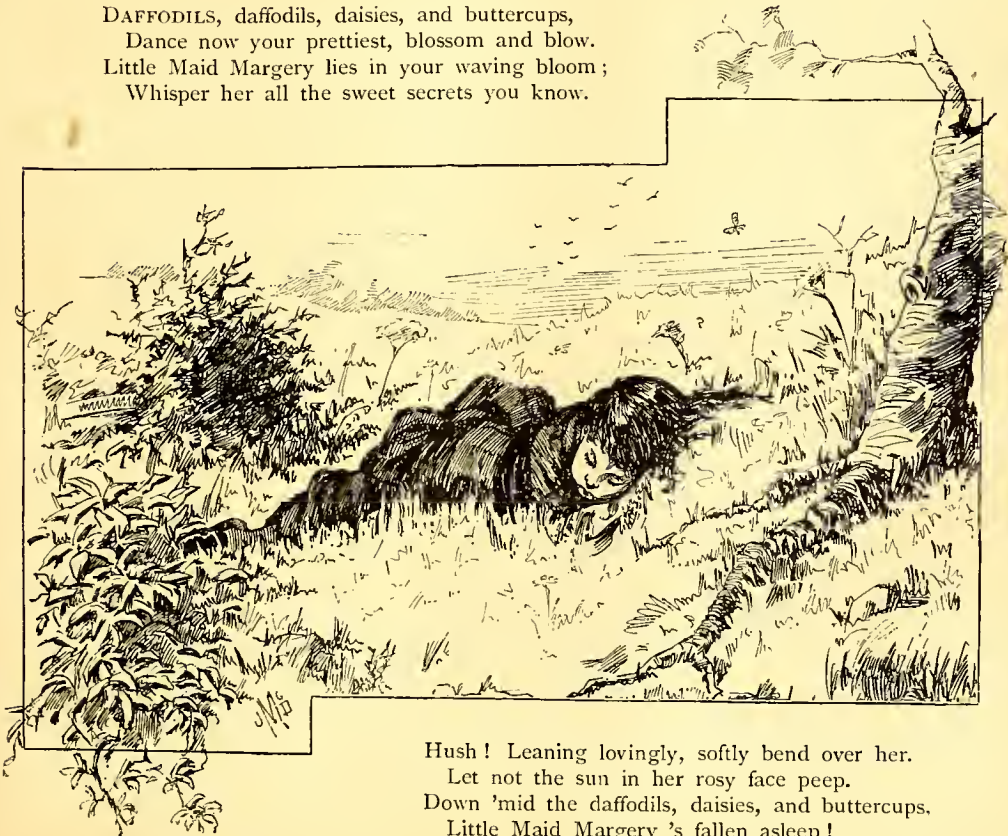
The old cat never deserted her wonderful child, and it was a funny sight, when the rat grew up, to see pussy following it on its jumping excursions.

I do not know what was the end of this attachment, for, soon after, I sailed away from that country, and left the cat and the rat behind me.

LITTLE MAID MARGERY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

DAFFODILS, daffodils, daisies, and buttercups,
Dance now your prettiest, blossom and blow.
Little Maid Margery lies in your waving bloom;
Whisper her all the sweet secrets you know.



Hush! Leaning lovingly, softly bend over her.
Let not the sun in her rosy face peep.
Down 'mid the daffodils, daisies, and buttercups,
Little Maid Margery's fallen asleep!

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER X.

THE city of Bogota was the largest town with the fewest inhabitants we had ever seen in America. Three hundred years ago, when the Spaniards conquered the empire of the Incas, they found in the Andes a lovely valley, of such beauty and fertility that it seemed strange it should be uninhabited. It was traversed by the Rio Francisco,—a rapid stream that furnished plenty of water-power for the mining works of the Spanish gold-hunters,—and before long, the banks of the river were lined with workshops, warehouses, and country-seats. But sixty years after, when Bogota was almost the largest city in South America, one of the neighboring mountains proved to be an active volcano, and the Spaniards now found out what had kept the Indians from settling the Val de Francisco. Whenever the volcano was in a state of eruption, the city was shaken by an earthquake, and, in the course of the next century, some twenty or thirty such catastrophes destroyed the churches and principal dwelling-houses, until all the wealthier residents removed to the plain along the coast.

We entered the town by a gate that was almost blockaded with the *débris* of broken walls, and the buildings of the next four or five streets looked as forlorn as school-houses in the summer vacation; but there was no lack of stable-room, and we soon found a family who agreed to board our animals for the mere cost of feeding them, besides a couple of dollars for their trouble. We also procured an extra guide,—a *Pantano*, or “Moor-man,” as the Spaniards call the Indians of the Peruvian lowlands. He pretended to be well acquainted with the road to the next boat-station on the Amazon River; so we engaged him, although our landlord warned us that he was a *hombre herético*,—an unbeliever,—besides having a terrific appetite. This second indictment was corroborated the next day, ten miles below Bogota, where I shot a large gruya, or black heron. Our moor-man was delighted to find that I wanted only the skin of the bird, and he ate every bit of the rest, leaving nothing but the head and some of the larger bones.

But water-fowl are very abundant in the Amazon valley, and if our new guide was going to content himself with such fare, we thought there would be

no danger of his ruining us by the exercise of his peculiar gift.

When we approached the southern frontier of New Granada, the hill-country expanded into broad pampas, grassy plateaus, with strips of woodland here and there, and a great variety of game. We shot some pheasants and sand-rabbits, and, in a cove of mesquite-bushes, our dog scared up a troop of strange-looking birds, with the short wings and long legs of young turkeys, but about ten times as big. We caught one of them, and, by cross-examining the Indian, I at last identified our prisoner. It was a young casuar, or American ostrich; and, half an hour after, we came across a flock of old ones, rushing through the bush with flopping wings, and making straight for the open pampa. Rough started in pursuit, with Menito and me following at the top of our speed; but the casuars ran like deer, and soon vanished in the distance,—much to the regret of our moor-man, who had promised himself a magnificent barbecue.

“Where is Tommy?” I asked, when I returned to the place where we had left our mule.

“He’s in that bush over yonder,” said Daddy Simon. “He has found a nest of—what-d’-ye-call ’ems? I never saw such creatures in Mexico.”

“Yes, look here; I have captured two of them,” said Tommy, emerging from the bush with a bundle of something in his hand. “It took me about twenty minutes to find the little dodgers; but it will be still harder to find a name for them. Just look at this! Have you ever seen such prickly hobgoblins?”

“They are what we call ‘huataracachiconitos,’” observed the moor-man, when Tommy opened his bundle.

“Yes, I suppose so,” said Daddy Simon; “but you are a heretic, you know. This boy wants to know the Christian name.”

“Does anybody know what they are?” asked Tommy.

I had to own myself puzzled. The “hobgoblins” looked almost like hedgehogs, but had long ring-tails, and hands like little monkeys. “Prickly opossums” is the best term I can think of in describing them to North American readers. Their sharp spines would have made them a nuisance to our smooth-skinned pets; so we put them in a basket by themselves, and, some six days after, the

lid of that basket was accidentally left open, and our two nondescripts made their escape; but one of them was recaptured, and when I showed it to a friend in La Guayra, we found out that it was the South American tree-porcupine (*Hystrix caudata*),—a creature found only in Southern New Granada and in Peru.

On the third evening after our departure from Bogota, we encamped on the banks of the Rio Patamayo (a tributary of the Amazon), in a grove of majestic adansias, or monkey fig-trees. High over our heads we heard an incessant grunting and chattering, but the evening was too far advanced for us to distinguish the little creatures that moved in the top branches of the tall trees. The next morning, however, the noise recommenced, and we saw that the grunters were a sort of small raccoons, and the chatters a troop of *monos*, or capuchin monkeys, that seemed to have their head-quarters in the top of the highest tree.

“They have not seen us yet,” said Tommy, who was watching their gambols through the foliage of the underbrush. “Oh, Uncle,” he whispered, “do you remember what you told me about catching monkeys with a decoy? Please, let us try it here; they are nearly of the same kind as our Billy.”

After a consultation with the Indians, we fastened Master Bobtail to a long string, and made him go up the tree as high as we could drive him without betraying our presence to his relatives. We had no traps for catching them, but our plan was to let them come near enough for us to shoot one of the mothers without hurting her babies. Billy's rope, as we had expected, got entangled before long, and, finding himself at the end of his tether, he began to squeal, and his cries soon attracted the attention of his friends in the tree-top. We heard a rustling in the branches, and presently an old ring-tail made his appearance, and, seeing a stranger, his chattering at once brought down a troop of his companions, mostly old males, though. Mother-monkeys with babies are very shy, and those in the tree-top seemed to have some idea that all was not right; they clambered to the very end of the branches to ascertain the cause of the hubbub, but not one came near enough, and to shoot them from such a distance and perhaps only cripple them or their poor youngsters, would have been useless cruelty.

Their husbands, though, came nearer and nearer, and had almost reached Billy's perch, when all at once their leader slipped behind the tree like a dodging squirrel, and at the same moment we heard from above a fierce, long-drawn scream: a harpy-eagle was circling around the tree-top, and coming down with a sudden swoop, he seized one luckless mother-monkey, that had not found time to reach a hiding-place. The poor thing held on

to her branch with all her might, knowing that her life and her baby's were at stake, but the eagle caught her by the throat and his throttling clutch at last made her relax her grip, and with a single flop of his mighty wings, the harpy raised himself some twenty feet, mother, baby, and all. Then we witnessed a most curious instance of maternal devotion and animal instinct—unless I should call it presence of mind: when branch after branch slipped from her grip and all hope was over, the mother with her own hands tore her baby from her neck and flung it down into the tree, rather than have it share the fate she knew to be in store for herself. I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun after the robber, but without effect; the rascal already had ascended to a height of at least two hundred feet, and he flew off, with the switching tail of his victim dangling from between his claws.

When the smoke cleared away, the monkey-assembly had broken up with screams of horror, while from the distance the report of my shots was answered by a multitude of croaking voices, and beyond the hills the sky was literally blackened with swarming crows, that seemed to have risen from the depths of the virgin woods, some five or six miles ahead. Menito, our champion climber, recovered Billy and the rope, and also brought us a splendid night-butterfly, which he had caught at the expense of several scratches to his naked arms, for the lower branches of the monkey-tree were almost completely overgrown with the coils of the prickly *cordero*, or thorn-vine—a climbing plant of amazing toughness, and bristling with long, sharp spines.

Our chances for dinner were excellent that morning; besides the birds and rabbits I had shot the day before, we had a lot of Bogota ginger-cakes, and the Indians gathered about a peck of wild potatoes that grew in abundance along the slope of the river-bank. We agreed to camp at the next spring, and the moor-man took us to a place called the Fuente del Tigre, or Tiger's Fountain, a clear little rivulet in a deep ravine. At the foot of the glen there was a natural meadow, so green and shady that our old mule broke forth in an exultant bray; and again the echo was answered by the voices of countless crows, quite near us this time, for ten or twelve of them—a scouting party, probably—flew over our camping ground, and presently flew back again, to report what they had seen.

“They are Iris-crows,” said the moor-man; “they have their roost in that copse of tanka-oaks behind the ravine. I saw them in that same place about five years ago. My brother fired a shot at them, and I never in my life heard such a noise as they then made.”

"Please, let us try that," said Tommy; "I believe I can find the place; it seems to be a regular rookery."

"All right," said I; "but hurry back; dinner will soon be ready."

Menito, meanwhile, had watered our mule, and reported that, farther up, the rill was as cold as ice, so I picked up the drinking-cup and accompanied him to the spring. We had followed the windings of the glen for some five or six hundred yards, when suddenly the boy seized my arm, and by a sort of instinct at the same moment my eyes met those of an animal crouching behind a fallen tree, not more than fifteen paces from where we stood. "Don't stir," I whispered; "that 's a panther! The least movement, and he will make a spring."

Menito stood as still as a statue, but I felt his finger-nails piercing my skin; he began to realize our situation, for even through the gloom of the ravine and the intervening branches of the fallen tree we could see that the animal was getting ready for action; inch by inch it advanced its fore paws and lowered its head. At that moment, as I gripped my hunting-knife, the report of a gun

landed him on the other side of the creek, and with the second jump he was away and out of sight among the bowlders of a branch ravine.

"That was Tommy's shot-gun," said I; "he fired at the rookery, I suppose," for once more the hills were ringing with the croaks and caws of the Iris-crows.

Menito made no reply, but still clutched my arm, and looking into his face, I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks—the first and last time I ever caught him crying. I never saw a braver lad of his age, but the excitement for once had overstrained his nerves.

"Oh, please, Señor, let me get your rifle," said he, as soon as he had shaken off his shudder. "We must get even with that fellow, and may be he has his young ones in this very ravine."

The second suggestion made me agree to the proposition; but our search was in vain; the panther either had no young ones or its den was very well hidden.

"Never mind," said Tommy, who had joined us on our return from the ravine; "that chase has given us an appetite for dinner, if nothing else."

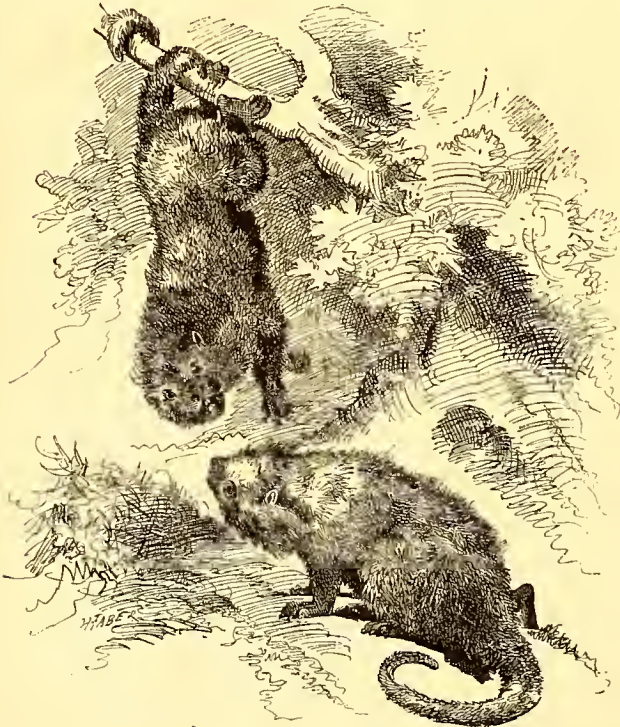
But this was to be a day of surprises: when we got back to our camping ground, Daddy Simon met us with news that our dinner had disappeared, vanished utterly; rabbits, pheasants, and potatoes, besides the contents of an eight-pound jar of fresh lard—all in the short time it had taken him to go to the creek and wash our tin plates. "The rascal who did it must have the appetite of a wild beast," said he, with a suspicious glance at the moor-man.

But the moor-man protested his innocence. "It 's quite a mystery to me, caballeros," said he. "But, on second thoughts, it may have been that very panther you met in the ravine. A panther is awfully fond of fried rabbits; and as for lard, he could eat a tubful and look out for more."

"Yes, he had better look out, if I catch him," growled Daddy. "I don't see how we are going to get out of this scrape."

"Well, it 's no use crying for lost milk, spilt or stolen," said I; "let 's hunt up some more potatoes, and eat what ginger-cakes are left."

It grew late before we had cooked our second dinner, and when we had finished it, the sun was far down to the west of the tall trees on the rookery-hill; but the air was still very warm, and, as we pur-



"FRICKLY OPOSSUMS," AT PLAY.

boomed through the glen. Not two instants afterward, the panther had vanished—a single leap had

to the west of the tall trees on the rookery-hill; but the air was still very warm, and, as we pur-

sued our way along the river-bank, I was astonished to see a large number of spider-monkeys crossing the water with flying leaps, wherever the stream was bridged by an overhanging tree, for in the lower tropics monkeys are rarely to be seen, excepting in the forenoon and during the cool half-hour between sunset and twilight.

"I believe they are traveling, Señor," said Daddy Simon,— "migrating to some part of the country where there is more to eat. I have seen the same thing in Guatemala; and spider-monkeys are said to send out scouts to spy out the land for hundreds of miles."

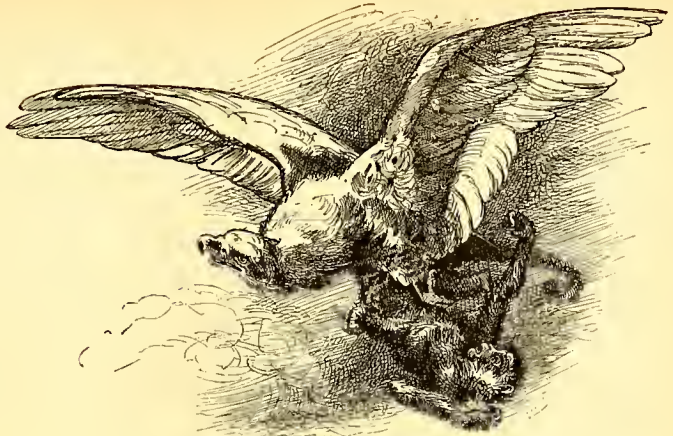
In the Brazilian virgin woods there is plenty to eat, the year round, but on the border of the western pampas the summer heat often becomes so intense that all vegetation withers, and even animals pass the dryest weeks in a sort of summer-sleep; lizards hide in rock-clefts, and alligators crawl into the fissures of the sun-dried mud, until they are awakened by the first showers of the rainy season.

Toward evening we reached a "castillo," as the moor-man called it,—a clearing at the mouth of a tributary stream, where the Spaniards had built a military post and a few log shanties. The fort was now in ruins, and had long been abandoned; but the main building was still weather-tight enough to afford us a comfortable night's lodging. I sent out the boys to get a few armfuls of fire-wood, and soon Menito returned with a lot of sticks and dry palm-leaves.

"Would you like to get another boa, Señor?" said he. "I have chased one into a thorn-tree, and she can not get away. It's not more than three or four hundred yards from here."

I got my shot-gun and followed him to a clump of tamarind-trees, so entirely covered with cordero thorns that the whole looked like a huge vegetable porcupine. A volley of stones disclosed the whereabouts of the snake, and, after my first shot, it crawled up into the higher branches, evidently with the intention of escaping into another tree that overtopped the porcupine copse. But the creature's head now came plainly in view, and the second shot did its work so visibly and completely that I did not think it necessary to reload my gun just then. How to get the snake, however, was a different and more difficult question; the thorny tangle seemed almost impenetrable.

"That tall tree behind there is not near as bad," said Menito. "I believe I can get that boa with



THE HARPY-EAGLE BEARS OFF THE MOTHER-MONKEY.

a noose and a long stick, if you will give me a lift."

With a long sapling and a piece of string, we made what the Mexicans call a lariat-pole, and Menito ascended the tree as fast as possible, to finish his job before night-fall.

"I've got it!" he called out, after fishing and hooking around for a few minutes; but he had hardly pronounced the last word when he slipped, and, dropping his pole, just caught the tree in the nick of time to save himself from falling headlong into the thorny maze below.

"She's alive yet!" cried he; "I caught her round the neck, but she braced herself and wrenched the stick out of my hand. What shall I do now?"

"Give it up," said I; "it's getting dark. You might lose your hold, and that would be the last of you."

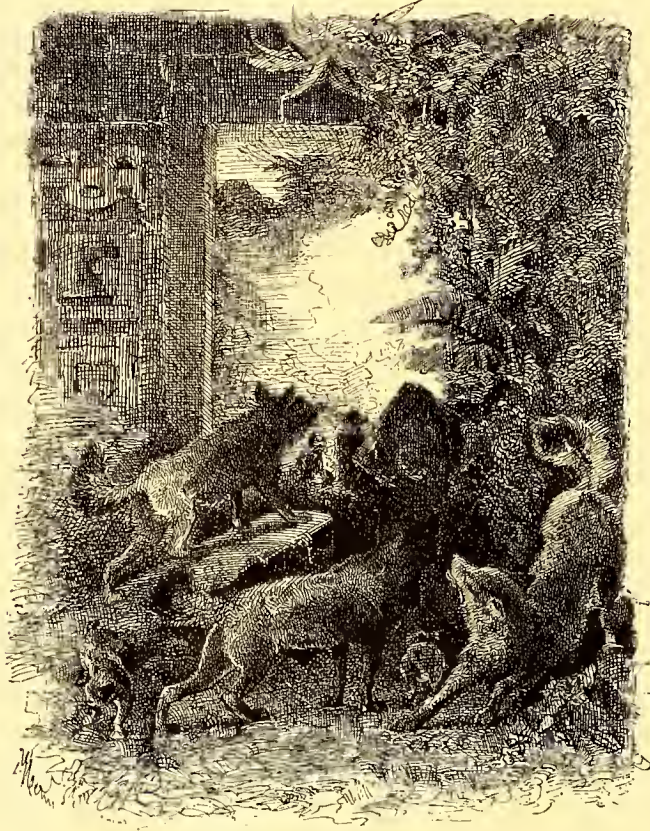
"Yes, make him come down," said Tommy; "we'd better lose a boa than a boy, and this one is not much of a loss, anyhow. It's only half-grown, and one of the common steel-blue kind, or I am much mistaken."

The old fort seemed to have been abandoned a good many years. A hollow walnut-tree had grown all around and even into one corner of the building, and the tree itself was inhabited by a colony of bats that became very noisy after dark, and fluttered around our camp-fire like moths about an unshielded light. Some of my companions were already asleep, when I saw a troop of wild dogs prowling around the building and exploring our camp with cautious steps. After midnight, we were all awakened by a curious grunting noise, as if a drove of barn-yard hogs were quarreling over their shucks. Toward morning, the quarrel seemed to have resulted in a fight.

The grunts now sounded loud and fierce, and were mingled at intervals with the unmistakable yells of a wounded hog.

"Let us steal out and see what it is," whispered Tommy; and, walking softly through the rear yard, we followed the shore of the river, in the pale morning light, until we reached the mouth of the tributary stream at a sort of peninsula, where we became witnesses of a curious scene: two peccary-boars fighting fiercely on the open sand-bank,

fusely from a wound in his shoulder; but his adversary seemed to have received a more serious, though invisible, injury. He staggered now and then, and often had to yield to the onset of his heavy antagonist. He appeared to see that he could not maintain himself much longer, and, during the next pause, he evidently made up his mind to change his tactics, for he suddenly rushed upon his rival with an impetus that sent the old fellow rolling over the level sand. But before the



"A TROOP OF WILD DOGS PROWLING AROUND THE RUINED BUILDING."

while their female relatives peeped from behind the willow-bushes, and seemed to encourage the combatants by their emphatic grunts. Now and then, in the inter-acts of the conflict, the personal acquaintances of the warriors appeared on the battle-ground to inquire after the condition of their champions; but as soon as the duel recommenced, all non-combatants beat a hasty retreat. We were screened by a low mesquite-bush, and could see the prize-fighters quite plainly. One of them—a powerful, gray-headed old boar—was bleeding pro-

fallen athlete had recovered his legs, his assailant took to his heels and raced away with a speed that soon put him beyond the reach of pursuit. The old boar rose and made a blind rush in the direction of his rival's former standing-ground, but, finding it untenanted, he seemed to comprehend the turn matters had taken, and, with his head proudly erect, he marched to the willow-thicket, where the herd received him as their sole monarch by rubbing their snouts against his neck, and hailing him with loud grunts of homage.

When we returned to the castillo, our companions were still fast asleep,—Daddy Simon on his mantle-sack and Menito in his little hammoek. But where was the moor-man? His blankets were lying in a heap in the corner,—where could he be?

“Oh, Uncle, just step this way!” whispered Tommy. “There is a fire in the yard! I believe that man is cooking a luncheon for himself!”

“Very well,” said I; “call Daddy Simon, and tell him to find out what the fellow is doing. I’ll take another nap, if I can.”

But before I could fall asleep, old Daddy shook me by the arm. “Please get up, Señor, and get your shot-gun,” said he. “We must stampede that heretic as fast as his legs will carry him.”

“What is he doing?” I asked.

“Doing? Why, he has swallowed about six pounds of wheat-flour, besides all our sugar. I believe he has been baking cakes all night. Now I know who gobbled our lard! If I had n’t caught him in time, he would have swallowed our lantern-oil, too. He had actually opened the bottle. No, no, Señor, I can’t stand this any longer!”

“All right,” I replied; “fetch him in here.”

“I understand you have been eating your week’s rations in advance, *amigo*?” said I, when the culprit made his appearance.

“Oh, no, Señor, nothing but a little *comida*—a small refreshment,” said he, “just for my stomach’s sake; I felt sort of queer this morning.”

“I suppose so,” said I; “it’s pretty hard to digest eight pounds of lard without any seasoning. Here, my friend,” said I, handing him a couple of copper coins; “you had better go back to Bogota and get a bottle of allspice, or you might have a very sudden fit of something or other.”

“Oh, Menito, get me that horse-whip,” said Daddy Simon. But Don Moor-man already had decamped, with his jacket and blanket.

“Talk about ghouls and ogres!” said old Daddy; “why, that fellow must be possessed by a werewolf, or he could never have eaten as much as all that at a sitting. You ought to give Tommy five

dollars reward for catching him in time; why, he would have ruined us in another meal or two!”

“Well, I am glad he is gone,” I laughed; “but what about our road to San Pedro?”

“Oh, I will pilot you through all right,” said Daddy; “from this fort there is a good trail to the Mission of Dolores, and, below that, we shall find plenty of white settlers and boat-stations.”

The tributary river was a little too deep to wade, we found; but we managed to get across, with the help of our mule and big bundles of dry bulrushes, which proved of great assistance in swimming. Palmetto-cane, too, is as buoyant as cork, and the Indians of the Lower Amazon often cross that vast river on a sheaf of long reeds, straddling the bundle as if riding horseback.

Old Daddy was right: on the other side of the stream there was a plain trail, and knowing that our destination was due east, we had no difficulty in finding our way. For one reason only did we miss our moor-man: the glutton was so well acquainted with the whereabouts of all eatable plants that he had been as useful to us as those accomplished pigs the French employ to hunt up wild mushrooms and truffles. But by experimenting with the roots and berries we found on the road-side, we ascertained that our little Bobtail, too, possessed a talent for distinguishing edible vegetables from noxious ones; he never made a mistake, and whenever we were in doubt about the wholesomeness of any unknown fruit, we had only to offer Billy a sample, and his approval or disapprobation would safely decide the question.

But it is a curious fact that monkeys are wholly unable to distinguish mineral poisons, and the domesticated apes, in the houses of the East Indian planters, often come to grief by eating ratsbane and lucifer matches. The explanation seems to be that animals in a state of nature are not likely to come across such stuff as arsenic and phosphorus, so their instinct warns them only against such poisons as in their wild haunts they might mistake for harmless food.

(To be continued.)



HEAD OF PECCARY.



BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

IN an old belfry tower,
A dry, cozy bower,
Dozed an owl by the hour.

The owl saw her spin
Her web, frail and thin,
Round the bell, out and in.

But the bell's sly old clapper
Was a mischievous rapper,
And soon waked the napper.

But, next Sunday morning,
Without word of warning,
The bell went a-storming!

"Mr. Owl, don't you mind him;
With cobwebs I'll bind him,
And round and round wind him."

With a cling and a clang,
With a boom and a bang,
The old clapper rang!

Thus spoke up a spider,
Strip'd like an outrider;
The owl sharply eyed her,

The owl did n't chide her,
Rebuke nor deride her,
But he ate up that spider!

And said: "If he cheat you,
I'll not scold nor beat you,
I'll just merely eat you."

Here is a moral, dear children, for you,
Never promise a thing you're not able to do.

HOW WE BELLED THE RAT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

MOTHER had gone to Cranberry Center to attend the quarterly meeting of W. B. F. M. (Wesleyan Board of Foreign Missions).

She had left each of us a "stent," which, if we had been faithful, would have kept us busy until sundown, for it was a part of her creed that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Byron Shelley Moore was the eldest. He had been named so by three college boys, who boarded at our house when he was a baby; each gave the name of his favorite poet, and they promised that, if Mother would call him so, they would each give him a year at college when he grew up, and if he was any sort of a fellow, he could pay for his last year himself, by school-teaching or some other work. One of the three students died young, the other went out West and lost all his money, and the third was our minister, with six boys of his own, and not enough salary to send one of them to the select school, let alone college. So, all that Byron Shelley Moore ever received from the three students was his name. The rest of us Mother had called after missionaries and philanthropists.

Byron Shelley Moore was sitting on the saw-horse in the wood-house, trying to calculate how long it would take him to finish the pile, when he saw the rat cautiously peering from under the corn-house. He dropped the saw as if it had been red-hot, rushed up the attic stairs, four steps at a time, after the trap, and burst with it into the dairy,—where Hetty, the hired help, was molding butter,—to ask for a piece of cheese for bait.

"Meechet-able," he called, "there 's a rat in the wood-house as big as all outdoors! Give me a piece of cheese, as quick as a wink!"

He shouted to me, as he tore through the buttery, "Come up here, if you want to see fun!"

I had gone down cellar after a pumpkin, which Mother had told me to slice and pare for Hetty, who was to stew it down and make a batch of pies before night, for there was no telling but she might bring home a missionary with her to stay over Sunday. When I heard my brother, I dropped the pumpkin and came up directly. We set the trap and kept as still as we could until the rat came out again, walked straight into it, and was caught; and then we raised a noise loud enough to have been heard at Cranberry Center.

Sarah Boardman, who had been sweeping the spare bedroom for the missionary, came downstairs with a pillow-case on her head, and little Elizabeth Fry scrambled down from her high chair, into which she had climbed to see what was on the top shelf of the china-closet.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Sarah Boardman.

"I've a mag-nif-i-cent idea," exclaimed Byron Shelley Moore. "Let's tie a bell around his neck, and then let him go,—it 'll frighten all the other rats, so that they 'll leave the country in a procession, the rat with the bell bringing up the rear. Wont it be fun to see it, though?"

"Me wants you to dead him," insisted little Elizabeth Fry; "me wants you to dead him, so me can see him all buried in the seminary."

She meant cemetery, of course; but we did not pay any attention to her, for Byron Shelley Moore's proposal had taken our fancy, although there was some trouble when it came to be carried out. My brother thought the best mode would be for Adoniram Judson to hold the rat while he affixed the bell,—a small sleigh-bell, which had been fastened to Elizabeth Fry's sled, and which she was very unwilling to give up. I thought that Byron Shelley Moore had better hold the rat, and we did not seem likely to come to any conclusion; but we finally constructed a slip-noose, by means of which the bell was fastened about the rat's neck without taking him from the wire trap. On being released, he disappeared down the hole from which he had come, and we saw him no more. We wanted the fun of keeping a secret, and so we made Hetty promise not to tell. Little Elizabeth Fry tried her best to report the whole affair; but her account of "a funny bird, wizzout any fezzers, that runned away wiz her jingle-bell," did not give any one a clue to the facts.

As day after day went by, we heard from our rat in nearly all the houses on our street.

There was a young lady boarding for the summer at our next door neighbor's. She was a believer in signs and dreams, and a few days after our adventure with the rat, she told at the sewing-society, which was held at our house, of a most remarkable spiritual manifestation that had occurred in her house the night before, and which, she felt, foretold her own death. "I had been told by a medium," she said, "that a short time before

my death I should be warned by a passing bell. Last night I could not sleep, the moonlight streamed into my room, and I lay looking at the tall, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, when suddenly it struck! Now you will say at first that there is nothing astonishing in that, but when I tell you that the works of the clock had been removed, that it was only a clock-case, which I had had fitted up with shelves for a little closet, in which to keep medicines and sweetmeats, I think you will say that it was at least very queer. I counted the strokes, though it was rather hard to do so, for it was not like the chiming of an ordinary time-piece, but more like the tinkling of a little bell."

At this, we children pricked up our ears. We had come in with the "refreshments."

The young lady went on to say that the clock had struck twenty-five, and she was just twenty-four years old, and she believed that she had but one more year to live. She said that she had considerable property, which she did not know what to do with, and she wished to ask the ladies' advice about leaving it to some charity. Mother thought she had better send it to a foreign mission, and the young lady asked Mother to write to one of them, saying that if they would name the mission after her, she would leave them a thousand dollars in her will.

The next place where we heard from our rat was Squire Tweezer's. He was

man had displeased his father in some way, and the old gentleman had turned him out-of-doors. When Father asked him if he was not afraid to live in that desolate house, so far away from any



SQUIRE TWEezer IS FRIGHTENED.

a very rich man, and he lived all alone with his housekeeper and servant, in a great brick house on lonely Pine Hill. He had a son who should have lived there with him, but the young



"AUNT POLLY SPRANG UPON A CHAIR."

neighbors, when it was generally supposed that he had money in the house, he replied that no burglar could enter the house without awakening the family, for he had burglar-alarms fastened to every window and the lock of every door, which would ring so loudly that thieves would be scared away.

"And what," said my father, "if the burglars should come in sufficient force not to be frightened, but should break right in, bells or no bells; what then?"

Squire Tweezer turned quite pale. "I had not thought of that," he replied.

The very next day after this conversation, he

called on Father to say that he had written to his son, forgiving him for all the past and begging him to come home to live with him.

"What has influenced you to this decision?" asked my father. "Are you afraid that the burglars will come?"

Squire Tweezer lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper:

"They have come!"

"What?" exclaimed our father.

"My house was entered last night," replied Squire Tweezer. "It was quite late, but I had not retired. I was quietly reading my newspaper, when—jingle, jingle, jingle, I heard a bell in some remote part of the house. It could not be the housekeeper ringing for the maid, for every one in the house had gone to bed long before, and there was even less probability that there were callers. Instantly the idea flashed through my mind that it was the burglar-alarm, and I felt my hair rise on my head. I rose to my feet, letting my paper fall, and listened. Presently I heard the bell in another part of the house; evidently the burglars had left that window and were trying another, and so it went on. I really believe, my dear sir, they tampered with every window on the premises; at any rate, that little bell sent its warning jingle from every part of the house. Finally, they seemed to have got in, for I heard the ringing in the parlors beneath me. I had just enough presence of mind left to lock and barricade my door, and then I believe that for a few hours I actually lost my senses, for I seemed to hear that bell all about me—overhead, underfoot, in the walls, accompanied by scuffling feet running up and down the staircase. Silence came at length, shortly after morning dawned, and the strangest part of my story is that we could not find that a single article had been taken, or that the doors or windows had been opened. However, my nerves have received such a shock that I have decided that it will be a very desirable thing to have a stout fellow like my son in the house to grapple with a robber, in case one should come."

Squire Tweezer's story was discussed by our parents in our presence, and certainly no culprits ever looked guiltier than we when the bell was mentioned again. We should have confessed then and there, had not Father remarked:

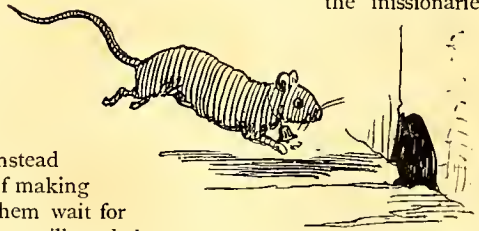
"Whatever may have caused the ringing which the Squire heard, or thought he heard, it has done good, and I am glad that he has sent for his son."

After that, we heard of our rat in a number of

other houses; but the mystery was explained, at last, by Miss Mary Parrot, a little old maid, who lived, in very great poverty, in a small red house at the extreme end of the lane. "Aunt Polly," as we all called her, heard the ringing in the wall of her dining-room, and was not at all frightened, although it was accompanied by a great rapping and thumping just behind the side-board. As it happened in the day-time, she went for the village carpenter, who moved the slender-legged side-board and widened a rat-hole which he found in the wall, until out rolled a black ball, with a metallic something attached. Even the self-possessed Aunt Polly gathered her petticoats about her, and sprang upon a chair. It was our rat; but in the wall he had found an object which had probably been dragged there from the side-board by other rats, on account of some dainty which it had formerly held. The object was a tiny solid-silver sugar-bowl, and our rat, having introduced his head, had been held fast by the bell catching within the rim of the bowl.

This bowl was a quaint little affair, and it bore the name of the engraver who had decorated it—Paul Revere. There were plenty of antiquarians who would give Aunt Polly a handsome sum for the little Revolutionary relic.

Little Elizabeth Fry recognized the bell, and claimed it. Sarah Boardman, who had been suffering during all this time with the consciousness of a guilty secret, confessed all; and Squire Tweezer, the young lady next door, and Aunt Polly, were constituted a committee to decide what punishment should be inflicted upon us. They never came to any decision, and all seemed perfectly satisfied with the result. Even the young lady next door, who no longer believed that she was to die within the year (since the bell was not a warning from the spirit-land), made an immediate donation of her contribution to the missionaries,



instead
of making
them wait for
her will, and she

was heard to say that, since she could be deceived in one "sign," she might be in others; hereafter she would not believe in "signs" at all.

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX
OF LITERATURE.

FOR lack of space, the Treasure-box lays before you this month, dear readers, only four short poems,—songs we might better call them, and two of them very famous songs. These, "The Three Fishers," and "The Sea," are especially appropriate to the midsummer, when from our large cities thousands of boys and girls, with their fathers and mothers, flock to the sea-side on a joyous holiday. All such fortunate young folk know that the ocean is both a grand giver of delight and a terrible destroyer; and so they will appreciate the beauty and truth of these two songs of the sea. They were written by two noted

Englishmen, Charles Kingsley and Bryan Waller Procter (better known by his *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall"). Both of these authors, as some of you know already, gave to the world many more important writings than their short and simple songs. Yet even these have gained them a high reputation, for Charles Kingsley and Barry Cornwall are ranked by lovers of true poetry as among the foremost of English song-writers.

The dainty poem, "Golden-tressèd Adelaide," was written by Procter for his daughter, Adelaide Procter, who herself afterward became well-known as a poet.

THE THREE FISHERS.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,—
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him
the best,
And the children stood watching them out
of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at
the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged
and brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,
And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands
For those who will never come home to the
town;
For men must work and women must weep,—
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

* Born, June 12, 1819; died, 1875.

THE SEA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL. †

THE sea! the sea! the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.



I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

† Born, about 1790; died, October 5, 1874.

I love (oh, *how* I love!) to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest-tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
 For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
 And Death, whenever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!



GOLDEN-TRESSÈD ADELAIDE.

A Song for a Child.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SING, I pray, a little song,
 Mother dear!
 Neither sad nor very long:
 It is for a little maid,
 Golden-tressèd Adelaide!
 Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
 Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,
 Mother dear!
 Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
 For our gentle child will weep
 If the theme be dark and deep;
 And *we* will not draw a single, single tear,
 Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
 Mother dear!
 And like an endless summer shine;
 Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
 Bright as Agnes's azure eyes:
 Therefore bid thy song be merry:—dost thou
 hear,
 Mother dear?

A FAREWELL.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand, sweet song.

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER IX.

GYMNASTICS.



HE week following the first excursion of the Ramblers' Club was cold and stormy,—such as often comes in April after a spell of fine weather.

Will Torrance declared that the roads would be too muddy and the fields too soft on Saturday for any fun in rambling; and all the Park boys agreed with him.

"It's sandy along the lake," he said, "but we don't want to try that over again, right away."

"It's a bad sort of a place, too," remarked Otis Burr. "The people alongshore own their ducks."

"And you have to pay for them if you shoot them," laughed Jack Roberts. "They caught you at it, did they?"

"Jack, ducks are a sore subject with me. I had mine cooked, and we tried to eat him. If he wasn't tough, there was something the matter with our carving-knife. It wouldn't make a scratch on him, after he came to the table."

Charley Ferris had almost as bad an account to give; but Will could say a very good word for his sandpipers.

"We served them broiled, on toast," he said, "and there was only one real difficulty."

"What was that?"

"We had to eat them two at a time to make sure we were eating anything,—they were so small!"

The wind and rain made it a quiet week for the boys, and there was all the more time for those who had newspapers to get up or declamations to prepare. John Derry had made up his mind on the whole subject.

"I'll stick to oratory. I and Daniel Webster are the greatest orators alive. He is a kind man, too; saves me the trouble of making up anything."

There was no danger that John would again take so much trouble as on the first Friday; but Mr. Hayne shook his head a little when the young "orator" came upon the platform, and began pre-

cisely where he left off before, on being interrupted by Mr. Hayne.

"You see, boys," said John, "Mr. Webster put a good deal into that speech. I think it'll last me till vacation."

John's labor-saving plan did not work; Mr. Hayne called upon him for a written exercise for the next week, and gave him as a theme, "The Discovery of America by Columbus."

The other declamations were pretty good, and the newspapers brought in by what Jeff Carroll called "the second set" of editors were nearly as well prepared as the first had been, so that the interest was kept up.

That was all very well, but it did not suggest to the boys what they could do with Saturday, in the kind of weather they were likely to have.

"I'll tell you one thing we can do," said Andy Wright, as he listened to the murmurs around him in the entry-way, after school.

"What's that?"

"I'm going to try it, myself. Professor Sling, the gymnasium man, has been refitting his concern. New fixings, of all sorts. He wants some new classes, and he has put his prices down."

"He's a good man," said Otis Burr, solemnly.

"Classes in what?" asked Joe Martin.

"Just what you need: boxing, fencing, all that sort of thing. He gives the first lesson free."

"I'll go and take that one, anyhow," exclaimed John Derry.

"I move we all show ourselves at Professor Sling's, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock," said Charley Ferris.

"Don't scare him to death!" said Jeff Carroll. "He's a small man."

The motion did not require to be put, but the word went around among the boys, and, in consequence, there was about as faithful an attendance at Professor Sling's, at the appointed hour, as if he had been Mr. Hayne himself.

The "gymnasium" was a fairly good one, and had been creeping slowly into popularity for about a year, but nearly all its patrons had been full-grown men.

Professor Sling was now showing wisdom in trying to call in the boys, but he had publicly declared that his "boy classes" would be carefully compelled to obey his instructions. Medical men had warned him that boys in their teens must not be allowed to strain themselves.

Some of the Park boys had been there, "for a look," already, but most of them had not, and it was interesting enough to them all, even before the "professor," as he called himself, invited them to make a trial of what they saw.

There were parallel bars, both upright and horizontal; spring bars; jumping bars; leaping bars; swings and rings; climbing posts; ladders; dynamometers; dumb-bells; clubs; boxing-gloves; masks, gloves, and foils for fencing. The professor kindly explained the use of them all, one after the other. He even gave a brief example of the management of them as he went along, keeping the gloves and foils till the last. "Now, Mr. Torrance," he said, "I'm a small man. You're almost as tall as I am. Put on those boxing-gloves with me."

Will did so, with a somewhat serious look, for he heard Charley Ferris whisper to Jack Roberts:

"Sling will knock him into the middle of next week."

"Now, sir, take your first lesson. Don't hold your hands that way. Strike at me. Bah!—strike straight out from your shoulder, as if you meant to hit me in the face. All your might, now!"

"But won't it hurt you, if I hit you?"

"Of course it will. It'll knock me down. Bang me terribly. Hit away. Hit hard!"

The boys understood, very well, that the professor was poking fun at Will, but neither they nor their friend had as much faith in Sling as he had in himself.

Will felt even a little nettled, and he suddenly began to strike quick and hard, right and left.

"Good! that's it! You'll do. I can make a boxer out of you. I know I can."

But the rapid blows seemed to glance from Sling's windmill arms like hailstones from a duck's back. His face was as safe and untouched when Will had pounded himself out of breath as when he began.

"That'll do, my young friend; you'll have lame arms to-morrow. Does anybody else want to try?"

Of course they did; but it was, as usual, "next turn" for Charley Ferris, who felt absolutely sure he could put one of his gloves against the professor, somewhere.

He did his best, but it was of no manner of use, and there would have been no glory for the Park at all, if it had not been for Otis Burr.

The red-haired boy went at it very quietly, and seemed, for a wonder, disposed to ask questions.

The professor was politely ready to answer him, even while boxing; and it was right in the middle of one of his answers that Otis got a clean hit at his right cheek.

How the boys did cheer!

"I can make a boxer of you, too!" exclaimed the professor, gleefully. "You're as cool a hand as I ever saw. We won't use any more time this way. Let us try the foils. Some of the others put on the masks and gloves with me."

John Derry was as ready as a boy could be, and it was not half a minute before the professor said: "You've had a foil in your hand before, my boy."

"Only while my cousin was home from West Point. We used to practice."

"A little more practice, and a good deal more strength in your wrist, and you will almost know how to fence. Pick up your foil."

It had suddenly flashed away out of his hand,—he could hardly guess how,—and Jeff Carroll exclaimed:

"Now, John, can't you hold on to a little thing like that?"

"Butter-fingers!" said Andy Wright.

"It's easy enough to disarm a man, if he's at all off his guard," remarked Sling. "I'll teach you better things than that."

He was awakening a good deal of interest in the subject of exercise and self-defense, at all events, and was sure of new scholars from among his audience.

"Some of you go to Mr. Hayne's school, don't you?"

"All of us."

"He comes here to practice three times a week."

"Can he box and fence?"

"Pretty well; but it's exercise he comes for, mainly."

The respect of Mr. Hayne's pupils for their teacher went up several inches after that information, and one of the first questions asked him on the next Monday morning, before school, was from Charley Ferris:

"Do you think it's wrong to box, Mr. Hayne?"

"Wrong? No. Why?"

"Or to fence?"

"Of course not. If a man should try to hurt you, would it be wrong for you to run away?"

"I should guess not."

"Then, would it be wrong to know how to run? or, if he were so near he tried to strike you, would it be wrong to ward off the blow?"

"Why, no; it would n't."

"Then it would not be wrong to know how to ward it off, any more than it would to know how to run away."

"But if I knew how to box, I never would run away."

"I would, then, rather than have a fisticuff, unless it were necessary; but I'd like to have

every scholar of mine able to protect himself, or anybody else."

That was enough, for half the school had gathered around by that time; and even Joe Martin, whose father was a clergyman, said: "There, boys, I told you so. Father's a member of the Peace Society, and he thinks exactly as Mr. Hayne does."

Professor Sling had ten out of the sixteen on his muster-roll before the week was out, and Will Torrance and several others began their boxing lessons at once.

It was not at all a bad thing for any of them, moreover, that Jim Swayne began the very next day, and that he and Will were frequently "matched" by the professor. Before the middle of the next week, it was necessary for Sling to say: "No, Mr. Torrance; not you and Mr. Swayne. You're too much for him. It spoils his practice, and yours, too. You may wrestle with him, now and then, if you care to."

That was a sorry word for Jim to hear; but there was less likelihood of anything more being said on the subject of the May festival election. The boxing-class came in as a peace-maker.

CHAPTER X.

TWO DISAGREEABLES.

THE sun had his turn at the weather, now, and there broke out under it what Andy Wright called "the marble plague." He was too old for it, but all the rest caught it. Even the gymnasium, for a time, seemed to have less charms than a cup-hole in the ground, with a ring around it.

"It's a disease that comes every spring," said Andy. "You can save your best agates, though, for specimens. I got some of the best in my collection that way."

That was a lost suggestion on most of them. Nearly every agate was lost, too, before the season was over, but when, on Wednesday morning of that week, Mr. Hayne opened school with the remark that he had something special to say, John Derry whispered "Marbles!" to Otis Burr.

Not exactly. It was only a plain statement of the fact that a gentleman of wealth had applied for admission to the school for his two boys, and had been told there was no room for them.

"Now, young gentlemen, have we no room here for two more desks?"

The boys looked soberly around the partly filled room and then at one another.

"I will tell you. I am well satisfied with you all, thus far, and I do not wish to run any risks. I

would not let in anybody else unless I could be made sure it would be pleasant for all of us."

They knew exactly what he meant, and the lesson was a good one. Only two or three of them were the sons of really "rich men." Money had had nothing to do with his decision, and they were sure of Mr. Hayne's sincerity when he said that he had room for boys of "character" only.

"Can you guess who it is?" said Charley Ferris to Andy, after school. "I can't."

"If I could, I would n't."

"Guess the meanest pair of chaps you know," said Jeff Carroll. "You wont need to have anybody tell you."

"Oh, it's Brad and Tom Lang, is it? I might have known!"

"Of course it's they!" said Jack Roberts. "I'm just glad he did n't let 'em in! They'd have made all sorts of trouble."

There were remarks all around upon the undoubted wisdom and justice of shutting out the Lang boys, if they indeed were the rejected applicants. The voting was all one way, and it was all against "Brad and Tom Lang."

They were not by any means unknown boys, therefore. On his way home after school, that night, Joe Martin was met by a couple of well-dressed young fellows, to whom he did not speak, but who did not seem disposed to let him have his half of the sidewalk.

One of them was about his size, but heavier, and the other one half a head taller. They were not bad-looking boys, excepting for a sort of swagger, and something "flashy" in their getting up.

Joe was quite willing to give them all the room they needed, but, as he turned out for them, the shorter boy gave him a sharp and sudden shove, and the taller one gruffly exclaimed:

"Hit him, Tom! He goes to Hayne's. Hit him!"

The hit was given, though in a half-hearted way, that seemed to call for reproof.

"Call that a hit?"

"Why, Brad, his father's a minister."

"I'll hit him, then."

Joe had not struck back yet, but he had not "run," and his pale cheeks, his clenched fists, and tightening lips did not express any fear whatever, badly overmatched though he was.

Brad Lang was stepping forward, with an evident intention of keeping his word, when the gate of the nearest house-yard swung suddenly open, and light footsteps came tripping down to the sidewalk.

"Brad! Brad!" exclaimed Tom. "Here are a lot of the girls!"

Brad glanced quickly behind him, but he saw

quite enough in that swift look, and he did not strike Joe Martin. "Come on, Tom!" said he.

They walked rapidly away, while Joe stood his ground unflinchingly, until his rescuers had come near.

They were an angry party of young ladies,—Belle Roberts, Milly, Dora Keys, and Sarah Dykeman,—who had seen the whole affair. Their flashing eyes and flushed cheeks told exactly how they felt about it.

"The cowards!" exclaimed Belle.

"Did they hurt you, Joe?" asked Sarah.

"Hurt me? No, indeed!" replied Joe.

"They meant to, then," said Dora. "Milly,

the young ladies by their unprovoked assault. Joe Martin hardly knew what to say. It was a trying place for a boy to be put in, to have four young ladies see him receive a blow from another boy. He had acted rightly and bravely, but it was hard, after all, and all four of the girls understood it, for they at once began to try to find something else to talk about. He talked, too, and did not say a word about the Lang boys, but he was glad to get away, in a minute or so, and go toward home. As he went, he thought deeply, and at last he said to himself, resolutely: "I won't say a word to the other boys about it. If those fellows try it on again, though! Yes, I'll join the boxing class to-morrow."



THE CORONATION OF THE MAY-QUEEN. [SEE PAGE 804.]

did Mr. Ayring put one of them on your list for something on the platform?"

"I think he did, but it won't be there long."

"Not even if Mr. Ayring insists upon it!" said Belle, emphatically.

"If he insists," said Milly, "he will have to find another queen. I won't have anything to do with it, if the Langs have."

"Nor I." It sounded as if the other three girls must have practiced that "nor I," they all said it so nearly together.

Brad and Tom had not gained popularity with

He was already a member of the gymnasium, but he had been "waiting for his muscles to come up" before going further.

"It would look as if I wanted some kind of revenge, if I stirred up the rest against them. No, I'll keep it a secret." That was a good intention, but Joe was an unthinking young gentleman. Four young ladies had seen it happen, and talked about it all their way home, and yet it was to be a "secret" from the other boys!

Jack Roberts heard of it at supper, and so did Pug Merriweather; and Dora Keys told Andy

Wright, when she met him near her own gate, and Sarah Dykeman almost forgot her dignity in calling Otis Burr across the street to tell him. Mr. Hayne's whole school knew all about it before nine o'clock next morning.

"It wont do, boys," said Charley Ferris, solemnly, at the noon recess. "We must see that the peace is preserved."

"Had n't you better elect me constable?" said John Derry. "Andy will do for police-justice, but I 'm the man for constable."

"I 'm another," exclaimed Charley. "Elect me, too. You can help me if I need it, John."

There was a good deal of indignant talk about it, all that day, among the Park boys, but nothing in particular could be done.

The next day was Friday, and nobody took any note of the fact that John Derry had somehow lost his interest in marbles. It was not until he mounted the platform, and began to read his essay on "The shape of Hendrik Hudson's Boat," that his friends noted the strips of black court-plaster over the knuckles of his right hand. The essay began with an assertion that it was the first thing of the kind he ever did, and it ended with an expression of regret that the world had forgotten how to build ships which would sail sidewise, or any other way, just as well as "bows on."

That was "paper day" for the four members of the Ramblers' Club, but none of them had said a word to the others as to the subject of his "leader." That was where the fun came in, for each of them had written an account of their doings along the shore of Lake Oneoga. Each in turn read his view of it to the end, and it was curious enough that the same set of facts could be made to sound so differently when told by four different persons.

The number of the "wild-fowl" killed, however, and their weight, and the size and value of the "new kind of short-eared, long-tailed rabbit," came out most strikingly in the *Spy*, for Jeff Carroll had done his best. He had actually gone to the dictionary for the Latin names of every animal, and even the sandpipers sounded large.

Will Torrance had a good deal to say about his dog, and the terror of Otis Burr when the Irish-woman called him to account for her ducks, but he cut the narrative short to make room for a double allowance of poetry.

Otis and Charley each recalled sundry items which the others had left out, particularly their meeting with the small boys and Mr. Hayne.

On the whole, the other editors of that day's "papers" had to give it up in favor of the Ramblers' Club, who described real adventures.

On the close of school, as they reached the sidewalk, Otis Burr soberly remarked to John Derry :

"My young friend, will you tell me what ails your hand?"

"Court-plaster."

"Why so much of it?"

"I 've been keeping the peace. It was last evening I kept the peace with Brad, and I told him to tell Tom I should be looking for him. I said the whole school would be looking for both of them, for a week or so. They wont be around this end of the Park ALL the while. Brad wont, and I don't think Tom will."

John Derry was not the "model boy" of the school, but he was by no means the unpopular one that night. All the smaller fellows felt safer, somehow. Not a boy of them would have walked around a square to avoid meeting Brad or Tom. The peace had been well kept, in a peculiar way, and was not likely to be broken again.

If any information concerning what had happened reached the ears of Mr. Hayne, he made no remarks whatever about it to the school.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

THE great event of the May Festival was now drawing so near that the young people of Saltillo, even those of them who did not expect to take part in it, were able to talk of little else.

"It will come off next Monday evening, Will," said Charley Ferris, after school, on that last Friday of April. "It 's of no use for us to think of doing any rambling, to-morrow."

"Come around and look at my chickens, then. Bring Jack with you, if he 'd like to come."

"I will. Have you any new ones?"

"Yes, and a dozen broods of young chickens. I don't feel like much rambling, myself. I was stiff and sore for two weeks after I went into the gymnasium, and it 's just beginning to work off so that I 'm limber again."

"Professor Sling says you 're getting along first-rate; but I can beat you climbing."

The Queen and her court met, that evening, for a grand rehearsal, and Fanny Swayne won a good deal of commendation by coming to help, with Belle Roberts and some older young ladies.

As for Jim, his ill-nature over his defeat seemed to have disappeared; but the other Wedgwood boys did not mix much with Mr. Hayne's scholars.

Charley Ferris was as good as his word, on Saturday, and Jack Roberts came with him.

"Will," said Jack, smiling at the home-made hennery, "if I 'd known what a hen-coop you had, I 'd have been around to see it before."

"You can laugh, Jack; but is n't that game rooster a beauty?"

"Splendid! Where 'd you get him?"

"I raised him. He 's a pet. Come here, Dandy!"

He stooped and whistled a low, coaxing whistle, and the proud, handsome game-cock they were admiring stepped daintily forward to pick some bits of cracker from his master's hand.

"Look at his comb and wattles, and his long tail-feathers. Did you ever see a prettier black and red? See those spurs—slender and sharp as thorns from a thorny locust."

"Do you ever let him fight?"

"What, him? Do you suppose I want a pet of mine all cut up and pulled to pieces? No, sir! I keep him apart from the rest."

Dandy must have known they were talking about him, for he stepped back and flapped his elegant wings, and gave them a shrill, ringing crow.

Just then a man's head and shoulders appeared over the fence of the next yard. The man said:

"I say, Will, have you seen my Dominica rooster? He got out of his coop this morning."

"No. We 've just got here. I'll take a look for him. Hello! What 's that? I declare, Mr. Englefield, it 's your rooster."

"Dead as a herring!" cried Jack Roberts.

That was the sad fact.

The poor, misguided bird had heard the game-cock crow, and had flown over the fence to see about it, and it had taken but a minute to settle the matter.

"I 'm sorry, Mr. Englefield," said Will. "We must make the fence higher."

He was a next-door neighbor, and he was, like Will, an earnest fowl-fancier, but his flushed face showed that his patience was tried, just then.

"That 's a dangerous fellow of yours, Will. I can't have my best fowls killed in this way."

"It was your Dominica's own fault."

"But he had no chance."

"Yes, he had," said Charley; "he had a tip-top chance to stay on his own side of the fence."

"That 's so," said Jack, with a merry laugh. "He was fairly killed, Mr Englefield. I 'd eat him, if I were you."

Mr. Englefield's temper had not risen high, and he saw that the argument was a little in favor of the boys.

Will handed him his dead favorite, and again said: "I 'm real sorry."

"Why don't you cut the spurs off that fellow?"

"So that when your roosters fly over they can kill him? No, sir! They shall stay on him."

Mr. Englefield made no reply, and turned away.

Will Torrance had several other breeds of chick-

ens, and he was very proud to show them, too: The Poland top-knots, with their feathery crowns; the tall Cochín-Chinas and Shanghaes; the pert little Bantams, with more strut and sauciness than the game-fowls themselves; the domestic-looking Dominicas, and some fine-looking "mixed breeds," that Will declared were "such good layers." All were exhibited in turn, including the broods of young chicks, and it was noteworthy with what pains the young fancier had provided that each family should have its own "house and grounds."

It was a capital amusement for any boy, but Jack regretfully remarked: "I can't afford it. What a pile of money it must cost you!"

"Money? Why, Jack, these coops give me about all the pocket-money I need. Cost? They pay their own way. Do you suppose I don't make any use of the eggs and chickens?"

"I never thought of that."

"I 've kept a strict account ever since I began, three years ago. All that Father gives me is this part of the yard."

Before that discussion of the chicken question was finished, it looked as if Jack and Charley were going straight home to build coops of their own, especially for game-fowls of the hard-fighting kind. It was a help to them all day, but by Monday morning every minor question was swallowed up in the interest of the great and only one.

"It 's all the fault of two men, Andy," remarked John Derry.

"What two men, John?"

"I can't say which is most to blame for this. Alfred Tennyson wrote the 'May Queen,' and put old Ayring up to it. He 's the worse of the two. The rest of the blame is Ayring's."

However that might be, Mr. Ayring felt that he had a heavy load on his shoulders that evening,—a whole "festival." He had managed such affairs before, but it was his wish that this should surpass them all. Everybody who entered the hall felt compelled to say that it did.

The hall itself was no bigger than formerly, and there was not room for the thinnest man in Saltillo to crowd in, by the time the band began to play the opening music of the celebration.

No, the hall was no bigger, but there was more in it—more flags, more flowers, more evergreens, more brass band, and, what was most important of all, more enthusiasm.

The Park boys and girls had won the queen, to be sure, but there had been "court officers" enough invented and appointed to secure the good-will of all the Wedgwood influence, besides the good-will of the young ladies of Madame Skinner's Seminary, and of other social circles.

"It is huge," remarked Jeff Carroll, "but

Milly's father would be a bankrupt in a week if all her attendants were on day's wages. Somebody ought to count them, when they come out. Jim Swayne can't blow a trumpet, though, and one of the band-men will have to blow it for him."

The trumpet was tremendously blown, as Jim marched upon the platform, with a flag in his hand, to announce, as "first herald," the approach of Her Majesty, the Queen of May. He was followed by other heralds and marshals, spreading themselves to the right and left, and these by a lot of paper-winged "fairies," of tender years, whose business it was to strew flowers in the path of the Queen.

Then the band struck up a great rush of music, and the curtain behind the platform was pulled aside, and there stood Milly Merriweather, not yet crowned, but ready for it, and scared almost out of her wits by the brilliant scene before her, and the feeling that everybody was looking at her.

"Courage, Milly," whispered kind-hearted Sarah Dykeman. "Walk right on. We 'll carry the train."

She stepped forward, and as she did so, the Park boys set the applause agoing in a fashion that drowned the music entirely. Very modest and pretty looked Milly, and her pretty maids of honor carried her train very gracefully.

Then came young "ladies in waiting," and "pages," and more "fairies," and Milly began her opening speech. It was very short, and the moment she finished it, Mr. Ayring waved his hand, and everybody on the platform began to sing. This, also, was done in a way that did credit to the music teacher.

When it ended, everybody tried to hold still and listen, for it was understood that the Queen of the Fairies was coming to do the crowning.

She did not fly in, but walked very gracefully from behind a curtain at one side of the platform.

Jim Swayne was the only boy who had known the secret of that performance, and it was now the turn of the Wedgwoods to start the applause.

Fanny Swayne did look admirably well as a fairy queen, and she spoke her address to her "mortal sister" so distinctly that it could be heard all over the hall.

Then Milly Merriweather bowed her head, and her dark tresses were crowned with a tastefully woven chaplet of roses, to find which had given Mr. Ayring some trouble.

There were more music, and another song by the older boys and girls, with a rousing chorus for the little people to join in, and then the Queen of the Fairies presented the Queen of May with a beautiful scepter, and gracefully vanished, after a bow to the audience, in another grand

burst of music by the band and of applause from the Wedgwoods.

She vanished across the platform in a way that compelled Belle Roberts to say, when she met her behind the scenes: "Fanny, I 'm proud of you! It was splendidly done."

"Thank *you* for it, then."

"Thank me?" said Belle, inquiringly.

"Why, Belle, I was determined to do my part as well as you did yours last year, if I could."

That was frank and honest, but they both turned at once to listen, through the curtain, to Milly's "coronation speech."

She had so far recovered her courage and her voice that she made herself distinctly heard, and when she waved her flowery scepter and sat down upon her very flowery throne, Mr. Ayring was in ecstasies. For once he was sure he had managed to please everybody, by taking great pains to have everybody please themselves.

There were more music and more speeches, and more singing, and any quantity of applause, and then the Queen arose and made her "farewell address," and waved her scepter, and the grand May Festival came to a triumphant conclusion.

CHAPTER XII.

DISPUTED GROUND.

THE week after such an event as the May Festival was likely to be a somewhat quiet one. Even the Park boys failed to see the need of any more excitement right away. Marbles, too, were losing a little of their interest, and Andy Wright remarked: "You 'll all get well, boys. I think it 'll have to be something else, next."

"I know what," replied Charley Ferris. "It 's about time for kites and base-ball. Phil Bruce says nobody will object to our having the ground in front of the City Hall, now and then."

Phil Bruce was one of the best ball-players in the school, and his father was a lawyer, so that it was supposed he knew what he was talking about. Still, it seemed something like a venture, and the actual trial of it was postponed until Saturday.

"That spoils the Ramblers' Club again," growled Will Torrance. "I 'll have a ramble a week from Saturday, if I have to go alone." He could not bring himself to miss that game of ball, however, seeing where it was to be played; and he and the rest practiced every day, after school.

"There may be some of the Wedgwoods looking on," said Charley Ferris, "and it wont do to give them a chance to say we 're a lot of muffs."

"We 'll give them a match game, some day,"

said Jack Roberts, "but we're not up to the mark, just now."

There was, to tell the truth, nothing scientific about the manner of playing base-ball in Saltillo in those days; nor anywhere else, for that matter. The game was still a useful and healthy amusement, with no "professional nines" to spoil it and bring it into disgrace.

Andy Wright, also, advised practice, before he left for home on Friday afternoon, and he was hardly gone before Charley Ferris remarked:

"I've found out about Derry and Brad Lang."

"Have you? How was it?"

"All Brad's fault, of course. He's bigger than John, and mistook him for a member of the Peace Society. I saw Brad yesterday."

"How did he look?"

"Peaceful as a sheep, but there's a little blue around his eyes yet. He and Tom staid away from the Festival."

There was a strong and manly sentiment among the Park boys against fighting, and every one of them was glad to know that John Derry had not "picked a fuss" with even Brad Lang, much as they were pleased with the result of John's "peacemaking."

By ten o'clock on Saturday morning, nearly the whole school was hard at play in front of the old-fashioned brick building which still served Saltillo for a city hall.

The boys had no interest in the building itself, only in the wide, gravelly open square in front of it, which they had taken possession of for their game of ball. It was a little cramped, to be sure, if any "heavy batting" should be done, but it was the best place they could get without going out of town. They had not been permitted to get at work without a foreboding of trouble to come.

Nobody could tell how Pug Merriweather had picked up his news, but he had told Jack Roberts, in a sharp whisper: "The canal-boys say they're coming around. One of them is the chap that stole my cocoa-nut. Buffalo Jack's coming."

That was bad tidings, if true; but Pug's news did not always come out correctly, and the game went right along.

Hardly any of the Park boys had ever seen "Buffalo Jack," but they had all heard of him. He was all the more to be dreaded because there was a mystery about him. It was well understood that he was a bad, rough fellow, who would probably grow worse instead of better every day, and who was already a member of a fire-company and went to a political club. Nobody could say if he ever went to school.

He was a fighting character, too, and there was a vague impression that he and his comrades were

out all night every night in the year, and must, therefore, be fellows of terrible muscle.

Some of the Wedgwood boys had been on the ground watching the play, and Jim Swayne had been asked to join, but he refused quite positively.

"He's their best catcher," said Phil Bruce; "but he can't pitch a ball like Andy Wright."

It was a great comfort to have got on to within half an hour of noon without any sort of interruption, and Pug's news would have been a good thing to laugh at if he had not suddenly scurried around a corner with a fresh lot of it.

"Jack, they're coming! They're just back yonder!"

"Who are coming?"

"Buffalo Jack and all of them! You'll get pounded now!"

"Play away, boys!" shouted Jack, manfully.

"We'll mind our own business."

He was catching, and it was Will Torrance's turn at the bat, when the roughs came, Buffalo Jack heading them.

To be sure, there were only eight ragged, ill-looking, vagabondish youngsters, of from fourteen to sixteen or seventeen years of age; but they swaggered enough for the crew of a privateer.

There was almost a superstitious feeling among the Park boys that all of those who looked rough must be rough, and that fellows with dirty hands and faces, who used bad language, must be unusually strong, for some unknown reason.

Will Torrance saw Buffalo Jack making straight for him, and he felt that he was no match for such a desperado.

Any "trainer" of men or horses, however, would have shaken his head over it. He would have considered Will's good habits, constant exercise, gymnastics, boxing, fencing, and the various little matters about wrestling, and the like, which he had been learning from Professor Sling. He would also have considered the bad habits of such a fellow as Buffalo Jack. That worthy called out:

"We're goin' to want this 'ere ground. Give me that club; Jake, you get the ball."

Charley Ferris knew, at that moment, in which of his own pockets he had put the ball.

It was a trying moment for Will Torrance, as he stood face to face with the vicious-looking leader of the canal-bank roughs. He felt sure of a beating, unless he should give up his club. Even then he would probably have to "run for it" afterward. There was no time for thought or parley, for Buffalo Jack was raising his fist, ominously.

"Jack Roberts, take care of that club!"

It went quickly to the ground behind Will as he spoke, and in an instant he and Buffalo Jack were "clinched," before a blow had been struck.

Will had done a wise thing in his sudden determination; for the other boys on the ground—roughs and all—at once resolved to look on and await the results of that wrestle.

Buffalo Jack was strong, but Will was almost astonished not to find himself thrown at once; so was his antagonist at not being able to throw him.

Tug,—tug,—strain,—pull,—change hands,—twist about. It was a pretty equal match for about two minutes, but training began to tell, then.

Will was getting stronger all the while, and the blood in his veins was beginning to boil angrily, for Buffalo Jack hardly ceased the utterance of threatening, coarse, profane abuse of him. He would have been glad, too, of a chance to strike a blow, but it was hard to find one.

the ground in that way, but Buffalo Jack came right up, off his feet and over, losing his hold as he came, and down he went on the hard, gravelly soil like a log of wood. It must have been a very heavy fall, for the thrown rough lay almost still for a moment, and when he got up it was slowly and with a perceptible limp.

“Try it again?” asked Will, with an effort at politeness. “Does any other boy of your crowd want to try it?”

That was enough for fellows of their sort.

Their best man had been overthrown in three minutes, by the watch, and that by a lighter, shorter fellow than himself.

Buffalo Jack slowly got up and swaggered off, rubbing himself here and there.



THE DEFENCE OF THE PLAY-GROUND.

There was a peculiar lift over the hip which Will had labored hard to pick up from Professor Sling, and he now thought he saw a chance to try it. “I’ll give him all there is in me,” he said to himself, “if he pounds me for it afterward.”

A twist, a sudden turn of his body, and “Sling’s lift” worked to a charm.

Will had no idea how much he could raise from

“That’s where the ground hit him,” remarked Otis Burr, and Phil Bruce shouted, triumphantly:

“Hurrah for Will Torrance! I did n’t know it was in him.”

Will had not known it either, and had hardly yet recovered from his surprise over his unexpected victory.

No fight, no violence, no submission to tyranny;

all because the fellows who were minding their own business had not flinched from defending their rights. They had not said a word in reply to threats or abuse, but their "man at the bat" had instantly closed with his enemy. It was a good

lesson for the Park boys, and every bit as good a one for the "canal-bank roughs."

It was now very near noon, but it seemed a point of honor that that game should be played out.

And it was.

(To be continued.)

DAME TOAD.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.



DEEP, deep down, in a dizzy old well,
Once on a time did some little toads dwell,
Though just how they came there, I'm sure I
can't tell.

Perhaps, in a hurry, the old mother toad
Jumped carelessly, somehow mistaking the road,
And fell, with a *plump!* to this dismal abode.

And, finding herself with a whole set of bones,
Had made, of the crannies and chinks of the
stones,
The best home she could for her four little ones.

As well as their space and discomforts allowed,
They grew up to be quite a chirk little crowd;
Of which old Dame Toad was exceedingly proud.

For Poppet, and Skip, and Kercreak, and Delight,
Had their skins just as brown and their eyes just
as bright
As though they had always lived up in the light.

At last, in a frolic, Skip daringly tried
To hang on the bucket and get a free ride
Up, up, to that unexplored region outside.

The others looked on, and they saw how 't was
done,
And all were determined to mount, one by one,
To that glimpse of blue sky, with its beautiful sun.

The farmer, he scolded as toad after toad
Came up in the bucket, instead of the load
Of splashing, cool drink that the deep old well
owed.

Though dizzy and faint, as it came to the top,
Each toad hurried off with a skip and a hop,
Until, under a wall, they all came to a stop.

And there they took breath, and then, all in a
row,
They sat joining hands, and they croaked a great
"Oh!
How different this is from our quarters below!"

Next day, Mother Toad, feeling lonely and sad,
Traveled up in the bucket, and made them all
glad
By hopping in, too. What a welcome she had!

Now, under the steps does this family dwell,
And just how it happened, I'm sure I can't tell;
But they never went back down that dizzy old well.



STEPHEN AND THE WILD BIRD.

STEPHEN was a small boy, who had always lived in a city where there were no sparrows, as there are in many towns and cities; and Stephen had only seen birds that were shut up in cages. Some of the canary birds in his mother's house, when their cage door was open, would hop out and sit up on his finger. Stephen was kind to them, and never frightened them; so they were not afraid of him.

When he was five years old, his mother took him into the country to stay during the hot weather. One morning he was walking by a grove of trees, and, on a low branch, he saw a beautiful little bird. Stephen whistled to it, and held out his finger for the bird to come and hop up on it; but the bird flew higher up the tree, and, although Stephen whistled again and again, it would not come. Then Stephen thought that perhaps the bird would rather sit on a branch than on a boy's finger; so he broke off a long twig, and held out the leafy end to the bird.

"Come, come, little bird," he said; and he offered it a crumb of cake. But the bird would not come, and, when Stephen held the branch high, it flew to a tree beyond a brook. Stephen went to the edge of the water and looked at the bird. "What a strange bird!" he said; "it does not like cake, and it will not come to me."

Then he went to the house, and told his mother all about it; and she said: "The bird was afraid you might hurt him if he should come near you."

"I never hurt birds. Why should this one think I would hurt him?"

"He thought you were like those men and boys who catch birds or kill them whenever they can," said his mother. "If people did not injure these little creatures, or try to catch them, they would not be afraid of us. In some countries, which men have seldom visited, the birds are tame, and will not fly away when a man comes near. Even in towns where there are many birds, and where people are not allowed to disturb them, the little creatures become very tame. At first, birds were not afraid of boys and men; but, after people began to kill and catch them, they became very wild, and they have been so ever since."

"Then the birds think that all men and boys are alike?" said Stephen.

"Yes," said his mother, "excepting those birds that have been tamed, and taught that there are some little boys who are always kind to them, and will not do them injury."

"Would it not be a good thing," said Stephen, "if we could begin all

o-ver a-gain, and if ev-e-ry man and boy would be kind to the birds, so that they all would be tame?"

"Yes," said his moth-er, "it would be well in ma-ny ways, if we could be-gin all o-ver a-gain; but, as we can not do that, you and I must try to



be as kind as pos-si-ble to the dumb creat-ures a-bout us, so that they may find out, if they can, that all the peo-ple in the world have not grown cru-el. This is all we can do to-ward be-gin-ning o-ver a-gain."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

TREAD lightly this summer, my friends, or, rather, look before you step. If I were the Deacon, I'd carry the idea into a deal of useful talk for your benefit, and tell you of all sorts of moral and mental ways where it's best to tread lightly. But I do not mean that; I am thinking of my friends, the Ants. They are a hard-working, industrious class of society, never intending the least harm; and yet I cannot tell you how often their wonderful under-ground houses are trampled upon and broken in by thoughtless feet.

There is no harm in kneeling on paths and by-walks, and watching them at work; but if you'll please be careful where you step, your Jack will be much obliged.

I've a host of other tiny friends which I'd like to recommend to mercy, but to speak for one is to speak for many. All my youngsters need is a hint, and the same feeling that spares the Ants will guard the others.

Now for a few words about

THE CRIPPLING BROOK.

DEACON GREEN told some bare-legged little boys one day, in my hearing, that he had noticed a singular circumstance while they were wading in the big brook by the school-house. The Little School-ma'am, he said, had called it a "rippling brook," but for his part he was inclined to call it a "crippling brook," since it seemed to break the boys' legs as soon as they fairly stood in it.

Now, the Deacon is a truthful, straightforward man. What *did* he mean by this, boys?

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

HERE is a startling question from a Canadian friend. But it may be that, on looking into the

matter, you will discover some facts that have escaped little Snow Bunting. If so, don't forget to send me word about them.

DEAR JACK: I heard a girl read from a book, some days ago, that the Niagara Falls were once seven miles farther down the river than they are at present. Now, dear Jack, do you believe that? I have my own opinion of that book, but as you know a great deal, I thought I would consult you about it. Why, I am just from Canada myself, and I heard nothing about the matter.

SNOW BUNTING.

A SINGING MOUSE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We live near Newark, New Jersey. One day Mother sent for an old table, which was "up-garret," as our cook says. When the table was dusted off and placed in Mother's room, we heard a faint little song like that of a timid canary. As the song seemed to come from the table, we opened its drawer, but found nothing. Then the son sounded forth sweet and clear, but still faint. We listened and listened, and finally Mother pulled the drawer entirely out, when, there in its far corner, cuddled up in a little ball, we found a live mouse.—a real singing mouse! It was quiet enough for a while, poor frightened little thing! but it grew tame in a few days, and began to sing again at odd moments. It was not just "pe-up! pe-up!" but a real, real song, like a bird's, only not so long or so loud. He did not live many weeks, though we cared for him as kindly as we could; and when he died we buried him in the garden, and my brother wrote "A SWEET SINGER" on a shingle and set it up for a head-stone. You can print this letter, if you choose, for it is true. Did ever you hear of such a thing, dear Mr. Jack?

I am your friend,

EDITH C. M.

WAVERLE, June 14, 1881.

Yes, Edith, your Jack is well acquainted with a charming little singing-mouse, and he has heard of others. The dear Little School-ma'am says she once read an account of a singing mouse, named Nicodemus, that made friends with a caged canary. The bird and mouse even sang duets together. She says the mouse's song was as sweet, clear, and varied as the warbling of any bird, but that it had a tinge of sadness. Bless her! Likely enough the tinge of sadness was in her own heart, for who could help pitying a poor little wingless mouse with the soul of a bird!

DOLLY'S OMELET.

HERE is something from our friend S. W. K.:

Lucy had heard her brother read that in some part of Africa, the natives make a fine omelet in an "untroublesome" way, as she expressed it. They break a hole in the shell of the ostrich-egg at the small end, put in salt and other seasoning, stir all into the egg with a stick, then set it in hot ashes—the embers heaped to the opening in the shell—until the egg is cooked.

Some one had given little Lady Lucy a wee white egg, smaller than Mrs. Bob White lays. Lucy decided to make it into an omelet for Dolly Cornelia. She measured the salt for it on Dolly's thumb; put in three specks of pepper, and a piece of butter the size of the blue in Cornelia's eye. She stirred with a broom-straw, bidding Dolly watch how it all was done. "You might be a housekeeper yourself, some day," said the little mother.

With an inch-wide shovel, a mound of warm ashes was made on the stove-hearth, and there the wee egg was put to roast. It was served on a plate the size of a ginger-snap, and set before the staring Cornelia. After a while, Lucy ate the omelet, and reported that Dolly liked it very much indeed.

WEATHER WISDOM.

I AM told that a certain wise man, who is called "the clerk of the weather," can tell pretty surely if it will be warmer or colder, wet or fair, for a few days ahead; perhaps he can. But I know many a bird and insect that knows *quite* surely what the weather will be, and that provides beforehand against storm and heat and cold.

I have heard, indeed, that a wonderful man named Henry Thoreau said, if he should wake from

a trance in the midst of a New England swamp, he could tell by the appearance of the plants what time of the year it must be, and not be wrong by more than ten days. Well, Thoreau perhaps could have made good the gentle boast, for he knew almost all that one man could know about Nature in New England, and he kept a book in which he wrote, for every day in the year, the names of the flowers that, according to what he had observed, ought then to be in bloom.

But I wonder what Thoreau would have said if he had waked from a trance in the middle of this last spring? I think he would have been puzzled; and so, too, he might have been had he lived in the year 1816, in every month of which there was a frost, and which is called "the year without a summer."

Yet Jack does n't believe that in either of these periods the birds and insects were puzzled at all about the times and seasons.

CHINESE SKILL IN METAL-WORK.

DEAR MR. JACK: The letter you showed to us in your July budget, about "wonderful glass-mending," reminds me of a fact recorded in a book as true. If true, it certainly proves that the Chinese have great skill in metal-working. Those dishonest men in China, who are most successful in making false money, produce pieces which look, feel, and weigh so nearly like the good money that the people find it almost impossible to tell the difference. And so the Chinese Emperor actually gives pensions to these wonderful counterfeiters; that is, he pays them handsome yearly incomes, as bribes to induce them not to make false money!

Truly yours, F. M. LEE.

SPIDERS AS SERVANTS.

YOUR Jack used to think that every tidy housekeeper had a strong objection to spiders, and made it a duty to brush down their webs when found in-doors. But one of my birds has been telling me that, on some of the West India Islands, the tidiest housekeepers would n't be without spiders on any account. In many a human dwelling there, the faithful creatures are hard at work trying to free the house from disagreeable insects. They know just what they have to do, and they do it without being told, so they are respected, and valued as good servants. In fact, their usefulness is so well known that in almost every market these many-legged "household-helpers" may be seen for sale.

LIVING PITCHERS.

DOWN beside a shady pool that glimmers in the marsh sits a curious family. You can see in the illustration what they look like. They are living pitchers, each formed of a purple-tinged leaf, with strong ribs and purple veins; and from the center of the group rises here and there a long stem, carrying on its top a nodding purple blossom.

The pitcher has a flaring mouth, or lid, which never closes, but on which is spread some sweet gummy stuff that attracts flies and insects; and down the middle at the outside is a sort of frill, or wing. The leaf keeps always about half-full of a

liquid resembling water, and, inside, it is covered with short hairs that point downward. When an insect falls into the pitcher, it soon is drowned, for the liquid stupefies it, and the bristles prevent it from climbing up and out. After a while, the body of the insect disappears, for the leaf digests it.

The Sundew, also, digests or eats animal food; and so, too, do several other plants, including that queer one called "Venus's Fly-trap," which has leaves that close like a rat-trap on any flies that brush against the hairs lining their inner surfaces.

By the way, there was a lady in New Jersey who kept one of these fly-traps as a curiosity. She got it from North Carolina, its native country; and she



LIVING PITCHERS.

used to feed it now and then—a very little at a meal—with small bits of potato, cheese, bread, and uncooked beef. One day she put her finger on the bristles, just to find out what would happen. Snap! went the trap, and gripped her closely. Then came a prickly feeling, then a sharp pain, and, at last, a racking ache that made her take away her finger. But she said she did n't believe the poor insects who get caught feel much pain, for, no doubt, they die at once.

A MOTHERLY ROOSTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: After reading Lizzie H.'s letter, which you showed to us in the March number, I thought I would write to tell you and her about a rooster belonging to a neighbor of ours. He is a very large, black, and handsome bird; the man who owns him bought some little chickens, that had been hatched by machinery, and, just for a whim, he gave them to this rooster. To his great surprise, the stately bird at once adopted them, taking them under his wings at night, and clucking and scratching for them with all the motherly care of an old hen that was used to the business.

If any one goes into the yard, he will run with the chicks to his coop. He never leaves them nor injures them by stepping upon them. He has raised a good many families of little chickens which have become nice large fowls, some of them as large as himself. Now, let some of your readers see if they can muster such a rooster.—Your constant reader,
J. E. W.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of July and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in your directions, in the May number, for making bubbles; but I want to tell you how I make them sometimes. I take an empty spool, and rub it on the soap; then dip it in the water—but only a very little—and blow through the other end, and you will find you have as nice a bubble as though you used a pipe.—Your constant reader,

MAIE STEVENSON.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. George Bell & Sons, for their courtesy in allowing us to reprint, in our "Treasure-box of English Literature," two poems by Bryan Waller Procter.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to have a letter from a little girl in South Australia, so I send you one. By the pictures in ST. NICHOLAS I see you have much snow in America; the ground is sometimes covered with snow and ice. Perhaps some of your readers will be surprised when I say that I never saw snow in my life, and it is not many times that I have seen ice. We have it very hot here at Christmas time, but Santa Claus comes to Australia in spite of the heat, and brings us little children nice presents. I am told that when the people here are up, you are in bed; this seems very curious to me.

We have lots of stars in our sky; more than you have, I think. You can't see the Southern Cross. Adelaide is a lovely city, with gardens everywhere, and nearly every day we can play in the open air. I do like South Australia so, but I should like to see snow, and to see the boys snow-balling.—Yours truly,

ELSIE BONVTHON, of Adelaide, South Australia.

NO DOUBT, hundreds of our young friends have read with great interest the accounts of Lord Nelson's victories on the Baltic and the Nile, and many another thrilling description of fierce conflicts on the sea. And all who like such narratives would do well to read the article printed in *Scribner's Monthly* for June, entitled "An August Morning with Farragut."

Apart from the exciting incidents which it narrates in fine style, the article has great value to all young students of their country's annals, as a bit of history, since it is written by Lieutenant Kinney, who himself was upon the same vessel with Admiral Farragut, and an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes.

We can heartily commend this paper, moreover, as a just tribute to a noble-hearted and patriotic American admiral whose wonderful victories have made him known to the world as one of the greatest naval commanders that ever lived.

DEAR EDITOR: I thank you for the ST. NICHOLAS. I should n't think Kitty Brown's mother would try her so many times, when she forgot to shut down the piano-lid. She told her she would try her only just once. Kitty's mamma told her a wrong story; I think she did. She gave her some dough and some mince-meat,—enough to make two pies; and Kitty never shut the piano-lid at all, and left it open five times,—to see the monkey, to see her friends, to see her papa—No; that is three times. How will Kitty know, after this, what her mamma will do? HELEN TIBBET, six years old.

You are quite right, Helen, in thinking that Kitty's mother tried a wrong plan for curing her. And this is one of the lessons that the story was meant to teach.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I should like to tell the girls of a party which took place here, in Florida. The children who attended it were between the ages of six and thirteen. They came early in the afternoon, dressed plainly in lawns, percales, or piqués, played heartily, and went home before dark. It was arranged and carried out entirely by little girls. They selected and learned the speeches and songs, dressed the dolls, arranged the throne, and went to the woods to get two May-poles, which they brought home, planted

firmly in the ground, twined with gray moss, and decorated with strips of gay-colored cambric.

About sixteen girls and boys were invited, and I think I have never been at a happier party, nor witnessed a prettier scene.

The throne was placed under an arch formed by the meeting branches of two large pink oleanders in full bloom, and on and around it were grouped more than thirty dolls, dressed to represent the Queen of May, the Four Seasons, Ceres, Iris, Cupid, Morning, Evening, several Maids of Honor, Flora with her flower-girls, and Titania with her fairies. The throne was covered with gray moss, and decorated with palms and flowers.

The children stood around the throne and recited the speeches for their respective dolls, and sang two or three May songs. Then followed the dance around the May-pole, and refreshments of cake, lemonade, and strawberries, served out-of-doors.

Hoping that this true account of the way some children in the Land of Flowers enjoyed themselves may interest other children, I remain truly your friend,

"FLORIDA."

"LITTLE COOKS."—Ella G.'s letter interested us very much. In our opinion, Miss Parloa's "New Cook-Book," published by Estes & Lauriat of Boston, is the one you need. It is simple, exact, and tells just the things that girls and young housekeepers must learn, if they wish to avoid expensive mistakes.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Aunt Lulu had a cat once that liked music. Whenever Lulu played on the piano the cat would come and sit on the steps and listen. Once Lulu left the piano open, and by and by she heard a funny sound on it, and when she came downstairs and found the cat, she was surprised. The cat would jump upon the keys from one side and run across and then jump upon the other and go back again. HARRY MACCORD (10 years).

The following item, copied from the New York *Tribune*, may interest those of our readers who remember the beautiful engraving of Mr. Millais's painting of "The Princes in the Tower," which was published in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1880:

Mr. Millais's well-known picture of the "Princes in the Tower" has just been sold in London for nineteen thousand dollars. The artist has lately had an unpleasant accident. As he was leaving the Levee, a footman, in hastily shutting the carriage-door, jammed two of the fingers of Mr. Millais's right hand, crushing them severely.

EDNA MCDOWELL.—The little German girl's words to Cora, in the poem "Babel," printed in the May number, mean, "Oh! oh! I can not understand you!" To the French girl, she says: "What does she [Cora] mean? When you know it, I should be glad to hear." The French girl says: "Really! really!" and then: "I know that it is not polite; will they think ill of me for laughing?"

THOSE of our readers who are interested in the article upon "Flat-boating," in the present number, as well as those who have read the many admirable stories which Mr. Frank R. Stockton has contributed to this magazine, will be glad, we feel sure, to read the following extracts from a private letter recently received from him:

DEAR ———: I want to tell you of the very pleasant trip we had down the Indian river. I will not insult you by telling you in what part of Florida the Indian river is, but I have been obliged to inform nearly every other person of my acquaintance, to whom I spoke on the subject, that it is a long arm of the sea running down the east coast of Florida, and separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, sometimes not over a hundred yards wide. The river varies in width from six miles to thirty yards. Great portions of its shores are entirely unsettled, and much of its scenery is wild and novel.

When I determined to take my holiday last March, Mrs. Stockton and I, with three young friends,—a lady and two gentlemen,—went up the St. John's River nearly its entire length,—a very picturesque and interesting trip,—and then proceeded overland to Titusville, on the Indian River. Here we chartered a sail-boat for our journey to Jupiter Inlet, the southern limit of the river. The boat was the largest we could get, but was not large enough to accommodate the whole party at night; so we took with us a tent. Our entire trip occupied three weeks. We were six days going down the river, stopping every night to camp. At Jupiter Inlet we made a perma-

nent camp, where we staid ten days,—putting up the tent—a rude palmetto hut—and permanently mooring the boat. We were within half a mile of the ocean, and the river at that place is one of the finest fishing-grounds on the continent. We fished two or three hours every day, and had splendid sport. We caught, altogether, over seven hundred pounds of fish, many of the fish being very large. The finest—principally blue-fish and bass—we picked out for our own eating, and gave the rest to a man at the light-house, who was salting fish for market. The light-house was about a mile from our camp, across the river, and was the only habitation within twenty or thirty miles of us. Our style of living was very primitive, but we laid in a good stock of provisions at Titusville, and enjoyed our life exceedingly. Our boatman was a good cook, and his little boy was general assistant, and handed around the cups and dishes. For the whole of the three weeks, we lived almost entirely in the open air (the cabin of the boat being open at one end), and yet none of us took cold, and all thrived exceedingly.

The water of the river was salt, making its influence perfectly healthful, and we had fine weather during the whole trip, being visited by two short gales only.

There were more interesting incidents than I want to bore you with now; but you can imagine what a delightful time we had. Some of the scenery on the river, especially in "the Narrows," was wonderfully tropical and beautiful. On our return-trip, we stopped at a little solitary store, to replenish part of our stock of provisions, and our boatman told us we had better get here all that we wanted, for it was sixty-five miles to the next store. This will give you an idea of how the country is "opened up."

When we finished our charming journey, we regretfully gave up our open-air life, and returned to the habits of civilization.

For the benefit of little readers who may be troubled by the text of "Proud Prince Cham," as given on pages 766, 767, 768, and 769, of the present number, we here reprint the verses in plain Roman letters:

PROUD PRINCE CHAM.

BY EVA L. OGDEN.

There was sobbing loud and weeping in the palace
Of the great Prince Cham;
The tail feathers of the royal stork were drooping,
Like a withered palm.
The poor Prince would n't eat his birds'-nest jelly,
Though it was so nice,
And he could n't bear to touch his hot-roast chicken,
Or his fresh-boiled rice;
For the heir of all his kingdom, who had come that morning,
Was a ——— oh, dear me!
When it should have been a prince, was nothing but a princess,
Brown as she could be.

Prince Cham had wept till a pile of soaked handkerchiefs
Lay at his side,
And had even lost his self-control, which was
So much his pride;
When he stopped, and called for his fan and umbrella,
And rose up to go
To the cave of the conjurer down in the hollow
Of Mount Lo Ko Fo.

That conjurer was a cunning man:
When he walked he carried a ten-foot fan,
And over his head flew a frying-pan
(Instead of a handsome paper umbrella)—
A frying-pan that was black and yellow;
And when he wanted to ride anywhere,
He rode on a butterfly right through the air,
While 'round him and over him floated a pair
Of butterflies, too,—
One red and one blue.

"Mighty man!" thus spoke Prince Cham,
While he bowed quite lowly,
"Man of might, who can do things
Both holy and unholy,

In my palace is a princess, brought there but to-day.
Conjurer! I do beseech thee, take the thing away,
And in the place of it bestow on me,
The lord of Much Chum Fee,
A healthy, handsome little prince, who shall always look like
me!"

The conjurer rose,
And, uncurling his toes,
Called for his flying steed;
And away through the air,
Followed close by the pair
Of butterflies bright, did he speed.

When he reached the palace and saw the princess brown,
He took his fan in one hand and on the floor sat down.
He set six tops a-spinning and he drank a cup of tea,
And then he drew a polygon that was just as big as he;

Then he lit a fire in the frying-pan,—
The pan all black and yellow,
And he rose and took the princess,
And borrowed Cham's umbrella;
And while the smoke grew denser,
And the tops began to whirl,
Right up and out and through the roof
Flew off the conjurer!

All up and down his kingdom, the land of Much Chum Fee,
The great Prince Cham goes wandering as sad as he can be;
For he's lost his mighty conjurer, and the heir he had is gone,
And he can not find them anywhere, though he looks from sun
to sun;
And still he mourns his discontent, the source of all his woe
(For "half a cup is better than no tea at all," you know);
But he'll never get his Princess back, for very far away
The conjurer has hidden her in the city of Bombay,
Where she spins the tops of magic and she rides the butterfly,—
The wonder still and envy of all the passers-by.

MRS. R. C.—In response to your wish to know of a good book of Kindergarten movement songs for your little ones, we would name Mrs. Clara Beeson Hubbard's compilation, lately published by Balmer & Weber, of St. Louis. You will find replies to nearly all of your queries in the preface to this work by Miss Susan E. Blow. The compiler claims that the book is the result of years of careful trial and selection. The songs having been tested practically, besides being very simple and effective, they are of just the sort that must interest children.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number, I read the story of "Little Totote," and I send this as a kind of sequel, hoping you will like it.

LITTLE TOTOTE AGAIN.

One day, when Totote was eating her bread-and-milk, she said:
"Nurse, I don't like to stand on my head any more. I think it makes me feel too dizzy. But I like to look in my gold spoon,—only I do not want to be on my head."
"Oh, is that it?" said Nurse. "I am afraid little Totote will have to give up looking into her spoon, if she does not like to stand with her head downward."
But Totote shook her pretty curls, and said she would talk to her kitty about it. So she took Kitty in her arms and showed her the spoon, and said:
"Kitty, Kitty, tell me how I can look in my gold spoon and not have to stand on my head."
Kitty looked very wise, and was very still. She did n't even mew. But pretty soon she put up her soft little paw on the table, and played with the gold spoon until she turned it over.
And—what do you think? There was Totote, with laughing eyes and dancing curls, in the back of the spoon, and right side up, too!
"Oh, Nurse!" she cried: "now, I can look in my spoon and not have to be on my head, after all, unless I choose! I can do both ways whenever I like. I thought Kitty would know about it."
And Nurse was very much surprised, indeed, to see that this was really true. W. P. B.

THE many boys and girls who have read that interesting story, "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," and also the accounts of the Empress Catherine's ice-palace, certainly must think of Russia as a cold country. And almost all of us associate it more with wintry landscapes of ice and snow, than with such scenes as the one depicted on page 748 of the present number. But you who have studied geography do not need to be told that Russia is one of the largest countries on the globe; and, excepting the strange-looking harness on the horse, and the queer costumes of the workers, this harvest-scene is almost exactly like haying-time in our own fields. Probably this sketch was made in some part of Southern Russia, which, as many of you know, contains, perhaps the richest wheat-fields in Europe.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a kitten, and her name is "Fun." She is very fond of my baby-doll. She will lie on her long dress all day, and she will lick her face and put her paw around her.—Your friend,
BERTHA.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—FIFTH REPORT.

We invite your attention this month to something brighter than butterflies, sunnier than flowers, and busier than bees. Let us consider the girls and boys who have thus far joined the army of the "A. A." More than a thousand strong, they are scouring the prairies of Kansas; climbing the foot-hills of the Sierras; discovering beautiful caves in the Rocky Mountains; analyzing magnolia-blossoms in Mississippi; killing rattlesnakes on their own door-steps in Colorado; studying geology in England; gathering "edelweiss" from the slopes of the Alps; wandering, by permit, through New York's Central Park; spying out specimens from the mica mines of Vermont; picking up tarantulas and scorpions in Texas; searching for the flowers and insects of the Argentine Republic; gathering algae and sea-shells on the coast of Florida; growing wise in the paleontology of Iowa; arranging the variously colored sands of the Mississippi river in curious bottles; in Massachusetts, anxious to know whether "the *limnanthemum* of our waters has roots"; sending from Chicago to learn about the "center of buoyancy"; holding field-meetings in Illinois; celebrating the birthday of Professor Agassiz (May 28) in New Hampshire with a picnic and appropriate exercises; giving entertainments, and realizing "enough to buy a cabinet and have thirty dollars over to start a library" in Oregon; making wonderful collections in Virginia; enjoying the assistance and listening to the lectures of eminent scientists in Philadelphia; enrolling scholars and teachers in Connecticut and Rhode Island; determining to become professors in the District of Columbia; writing fraternal messages from Canada; selecting quartz crystals from the hot-springs of Arkansas; discovering *geastrums* on Long Island, and everywhere learning to use their eyes in detecting the beautiful in the common, and the wonderful in the before despised.

Does solitude check enthusiasm? Listen to a voice from the wild shore of Lake Worth, in southern Florida:

"We have no church, school, or stores within seventy miles of us. We have a mail only once a week, and the last twelve miles the mail-carrier carries the mail on his back, walking along the sea-beach. We have no good books of reference on natural history, but shall be able to collect numbers of interesting specimens, both from sea and land. I have found a great many algae on our coast."

Mr. Edward Moran, one of our most diligent members, has the excellent habit of making daily notes of what he finds of interest. Some of them read as freshly as a page from White's "Selborne," a book which all boys and girls should read. He says:

"I came across a common reddish-brown hairy caterpillar, curled up under the bark on a stump. I warmed him for a moment on my hand, and he woke up. I took him home, and soon he commenced building his cocoon out of his own hairs. After he had finished, I cut off the end of the cocoon and put a little cotton-wool in the box. He took to it very readily, and patched up his cocoon with it. I am

told that, by careful management, you can get a red, white, and blue cocoon."

Nothing has been more gratifying than the perseverance which the members of our different chapters manifest. Their interest grows continually. Here is the way the secretary of the Auburn, Ala. chapter writes:

"Our chapter began in February with five members, and now contains fourteen. More than half of our members are girls—good, honest, hard-working girls in the society. They do not wait for help from their parents, but do the work themselves. The boys are on the alert from one meeting to the next, and come laden with curiosities of all kinds. The attendance is always good, and the reports are full of interest. We are very anxious to have a badge. We are always going to collect two specimens of each kind, so as to send you one. We shall strive to make this the *banner chapter* of the Association."

Such letters as these stir up in us very warm feelings toward our friends in the "sunny South," and when we add to them hundreds of a similar tenor from the far West, East, and North, we feel that the young people of our country are full of noble and affectionate feeling, and we are sure that a united study of the wonders of Nature, created for us by our Heavenly Father, is drawing us all more closely together in the bonds of a common brotherhood.

"Kansas is of much interest," we are told by a member of the wide-awake Atchison chapter, "as it is full of fossils and petrifications. Here ancient and extinct animals have roamed at large, and their remains have been discovered."

We are now starting on our second thousand. We hope to mature a more systematic plan of work before many months. Meanwhile, press on. We intend personally to answer every letter; but occasionally one writes and forgets to give his address, or fails to inclose a stamp.

If you fail to receive a reply, write again. There are hundreds of interesting things aching to be told. Just think of that chapter in Lockport, N. Y., with a hundred members—and the badge discussion—and —!

Address, after September 15, 1881,

H. H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

List of Additional Chapters.

No. of chapter.	Name.	No. of Members.	Secretary's Address.
67.	New York (A).....	6.	R. W. Tailor, 12 E. 10th st.
68.	Grand Junction, Iowa (A).....	5.	S. J. Smith.
69.	Middlebury, Vt. (A).....	14.	Miss Carrie S. Steele.
70.	Phila. (E).....	50.	A. A., 141 N. 20th st.
71.	Grand Rapids, Mich. (A).....	4.	Willie G. Allyn.
72.	Needham, Mass. (A).....	7.	Gilbert Mann.
73.	Baltimore, Md. (B).....	10.	Miss Susie H. Keith, 76 M'd ave.
74.	Moorestown, N. J. (A).....	7.	Miss Anna F. Thomas (Box 115).
75.	Fayetteville, Ark. (A).....	5.	F. M. Polhamius (Box 109).
76.	East Orange, N. J. (B).....	12.	Miss Florence Whitman.
77.	Wilkesbarre, Pa. (A).....	9.	Miss Helen Reynolds, care Col. Murray Reynolds.
78.	Washington, D. C. (B).....	6.	Broc. Shears, 1236 6th st., N. W.
79.	Lockport, N. Y. (A).....	100.	Miss Agnes McKae, care Col. McKae.
80.	Bethany, Ohio (A).....	4.	D. F. Sarber.
81.	Wellsville, N. Y. (A).....	7.	Miss E. Guernsey Bingham.
82.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (B).....	5.	Crowell Hadden, 69 Remsen street.
83.	St. Johnsbur, Vt. (A).....	7.	C. D. Hazen.
84.	Lowell, Mass. (A).....	10.	W. C. Chase, 11 Nesmith st.
85.	Leroy, N. Y. (A).....	18.	Miss Mary N. Lathrop, Genesee Co.
86.	Gloucester, Mass. (A).....	7.	Ralph S. Tarr.
87.	Manhattan, N. Y. (B).....	7.	Wm. T. Frohwein, 218 Stanton street.
88.	New York (C).....	6.	John R. Blake, 26 West 19th street.
89.	Hull's Mills, N. Y. (A).....	7.	Miss Alice Brower, Dutchess County.
90.	Nashua, N. H. (B).....	5.	F. A. Wheat, P. O. Box 612.
91.	Buffalo, N. Y. (A).....	12.	Miss F. F. Haberstro, 11 High st.
92.	N. Cambridge, Mass. (A).....	7.	Fred. E. Keay.
93.	Staunton, Mass. (A).....	6.	Miss Harrie G. White.
94.	Atchison, Kan. (A).....	7.	James R. Covert, P. O. Box 685.
95.	Joliet, Ill. (A).....	16.	Miss Addie W. Smith.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

The first word defined is found by beheading and curtailing the word defined next. *Example:* Human beings, in auguries. *Answer:* Men—omens.

1. To give, in votes.
2. To expire, in a farewell.
3. To leave, in a high court of justice.
4. To mislay, in a wardrobe.
5. To wander, among tropical fruits.
6. To suspend, in small pieces of money.
7. An insect, in a poem.
8. A girl, in a flag.
9. A garret, in open-work.
10. An island, in soft woolen goods.

CHANGED HEADS.

FIRST take a certain animal,
That 's very good to cook,
In fact, you 'll find the recipe
In many a cookery-book.

Now change my head, and if you 're brave,
You 'll see what you should do,
If well assured that in the fight,
Your cause were just and true.

Change me again, and then be sure
To take me ere you go
Where danger lurks, on land or sea,
From accident or foe.

Again (when changed), I 'm often seen
Upon your supper-table;—
Aye, in your bedroom, kitchen, hall,
Your parlor, or your stable.

Again, and you are dining
On viands nicely done,
Or in the omnibus you may
Be paying just for one.

Again, and me you now may drive;
Although I 'm not a span,
But you might call for *this*, perhaps,
To aid you in your plan.

And now a quite uncommon thing
You 'll have, if once again
You change my head, for you will see
I 'm difficult to gain.

AUNT SUE.

RHOMBOID.

- ACROSS: 1. A conspiracy. 2. Having a tone. 3. The mountain daisy. 4. Neater. 5. An under-ground canal.
DOWNWARD: 1. In acorns. 2. A preposition. 3. A morass. 4. In a short time. 5. The surname of an American Revolutionary general. 6. A small river fish. 7. Novel. 8. The beginning of repentance. 9. In preparation.

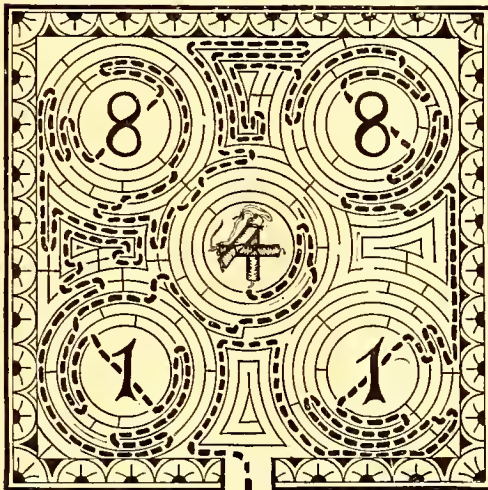
F. S. F.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. TRANSPOSE natives of a certain European country, and form a range of mountains; again, and form ecclesiastical dignitaries; again, and form a fortified town of France.
2. TRANSPOSE a strip of ox-hide, and form hoar-frost; again, and form deep mud; again, and form an Arabian prince.
3. TRANSPOSE certain animals, and form weapons; again, and form a planet.
4. TRANSPOSE the people, and form a country of Europe;—5. TRANSPOSE tools used by joiners, and form a city in that country.
6. TRANSPOSE a military chief, and form to dilate; again, and form a laborer in the harvest-field.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

SOLUTION OF FOURTH OF JULY MAZE.



PATRIOTIC DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Fourth of July. Finals: Independence. Cross-words: 1. Fungl. 2. Orion. 3. UpbraiD. 4. RenegadE. 5. TurniP. 6. HugE. 7. OmeN. 8. FeuD. 9. JokE. 10. UrchiN. 11. LogiC. 12. YankeE.
MONUMENT PUZZLE. 1. G. 2. FED. 3. ROD. 4. ARM. 5. AGO. 6. KEG. 7. OWn. 8. TAG. 9. ASK. 10. AHA. 11. SIn. 12. ANd. 13. SuGar. 14. ExTol. 15. SchOlar. 16. ChaNcel.

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC. 1. BIn. 2. ANt. 3. Add. 4. PEL. 5. APT. 6. VEX. 7. ANd. 8. AdO. 9. JEL. 10. ENd. 11. ACT. 12. FEe. 13. ODe. 14. BAR. 15. AYe.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. 1. Fire-crackers. 2. Holiday.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." Commodore Perry to General Harrison.

EASY CONCEALED CITIES. 1. Belfast. 2. Carlisle. 3. Newport. 4. Oxford. 5. Bath. 6. Pisa. 7. Dover.

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAMOND. 1. D. 2. PAN. 3. DaNae. 4. NAg. 5. E.—RIDDLE. Pennyroyal.

CHARADE. Mandate.

PICTORIAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Answer, Powder.
Take an ordinary pea, the first in the rod;
Then the next in the pod may be second;
The first of the worst may now be used;
Then the last in the pod be reckoned.
The extremes of an EAR will finish a word
That in my initials you often have heard.

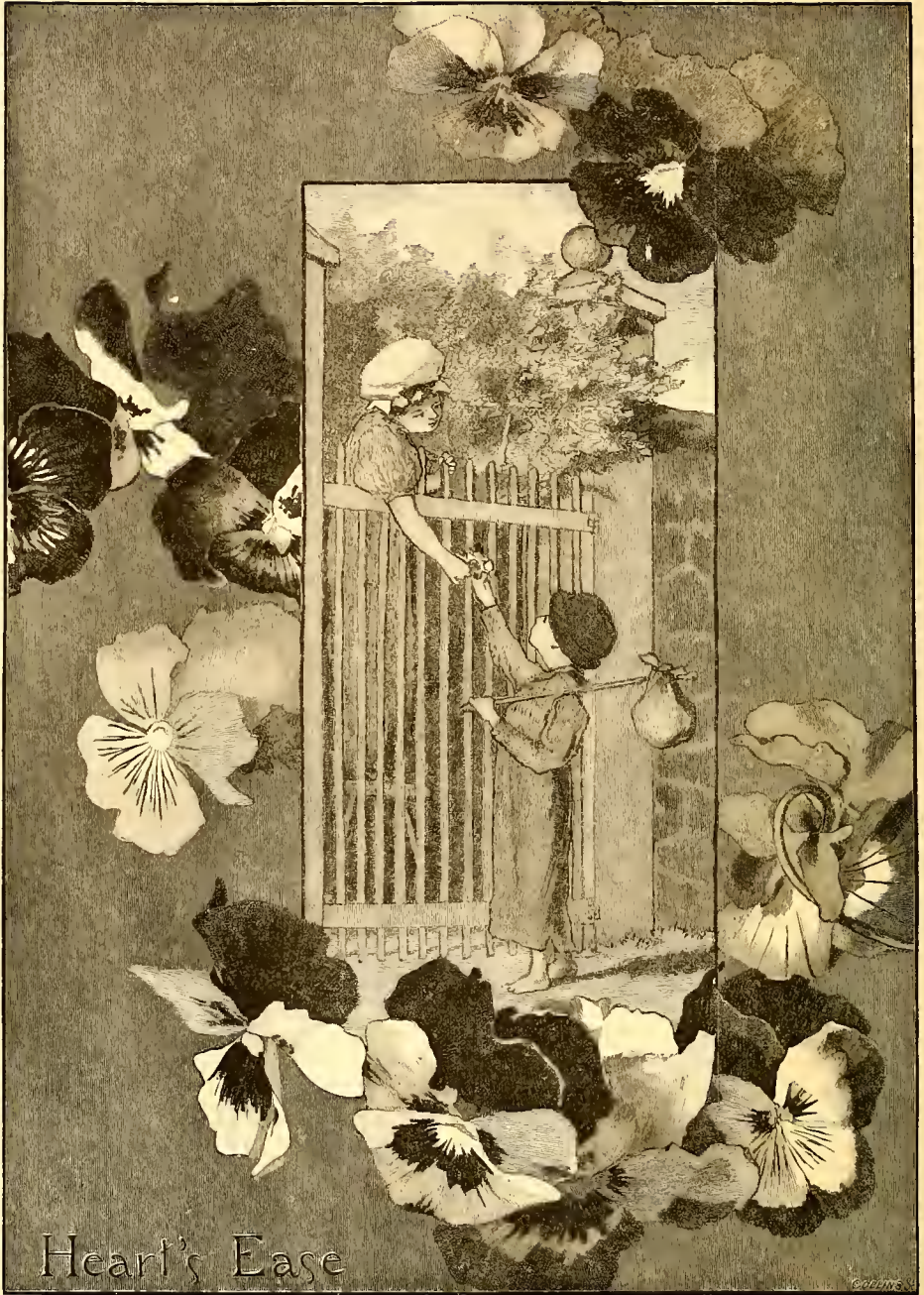
TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Garner—ranger. 2. Dirge—ridge. 3. Stage—gates. 4. Shrub—brush. 5. Sauce—cause. 6. Lumber—rumble. 7. Islam—mails. 8. Dusty—study. 9. Scale—laces. 10. Rouge—rogue.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR WEE PUZZLERS. Israel Putnam.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.
ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the July number, from L. Gibson, Jr., 8—Margaret B., and Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Montpellier, France, 11.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 20, from Jessamine, 2—Louise Butler and Elizabeth Starr, 1—F. L. Long, 1—Bella A., 1—Geo. A. Gillespie, 1—E. R. Conklin, 2—Rosa L. Witte, 1—Lillian V. Leach, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 2—"Punch and Judy," 3—Eugene M., 1—Chester Whitmore, 1—Willie O. Brownfield, 4—L. and M. Williams, 1—Sarah, Peter, and Jake, 1—Mabel Thompson, 2—Grace Van Vranken, 2—Geo. Brown, 3—E. L. Gould, 1—"Otter River," 3—M. S. Reamer, 1—Irving Jackson, 4—Henry C. Brown, all—Bessie Taylor, 3—Edith McKeever and Carrie Speiden, 5—Mamie Mensch, 3—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 3—Lillie and Etta, 3—Marion Wing and Daisy Vail, 2—C. Hutchinson, 1—John Blanchard, 1—Sallie Wiles, 11—"Castor and Pollux," 6—J. Ollie Gayley, 2—Bertha, Herman, and Charles Elsberg, 4—Jack R. Wrenshall, 2—C. F. and H. L. B. Jr., 5—H. P. Whitlock, 1—Henry D. Penfield, Jr., 2—Freddie Thwaites, 10—Edward Vultee, all—Cornic and May, 4—"Mignon," 3—J. Douglas Brown, 1—Rose Raritan, 1—Alma Spear, 2—Harriet L. Pruyn, 2—Florence G. Lane, 2—Lulu G. Crabbe, 5—Lewis P. Robinson, 2—Fred. C. McDonald & Co., 11—Robert A. Gally, 6—Lutia Preston, 4—Bumpy Gardner, 3—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 3—Alice Maud Kyte, 5—Herbert Barry, all—"Buttercup and Daisy," 7—Lalla E. Croft, 1—Bertha S. Giddings, 1—Emma A. Bryant, 1—"Queen Bess," all—Sarah G. Ward, 2—"Alass," 2—J. S. Tennant, 9—Tom Spear, 5—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—Verna and Uncle Fred, 3—Hester Powell, 4—Dyic Warden, 8—Archie and Charlotte, 5.

The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved



Heart's Ease

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

NO. 11.

[Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.]

LITTLE MISS MUFFET AND HER SPIDER.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

*"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey:
There came a great spider, who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."*

SHE was not Mother Goose's Miss Muffet; she was not even a relative.

I may as well tell you that, in the beginning, and then you won't be disappointed. For I know that we all are very much interested in that Miss Muffet. Mother Goose was such a shrewd old lady! She knew how to tell just enough, and not too much. Some story-tellers would have informed us whether curds and whey were little Miss Muffet's customary diet, or an unusual treat, and whether they agreed with her; just what kind of a bowl and spoon she used, and who gave them to her; whether she had her hair banged, and whether her little brother wore copper-toed shoes; to say nothing of the spider's whole family history, and whether he was only prowling about in a general way, or had special designs on Miss Muffet.

And when we knew all that, we should have no further interest in little Miss Muffet, nor in the spider. I am afraid we might even forget that they had ever existed.

But now we all have an opportunity to set our imaginations at work, and, if we are Yankees, we "guess" who Miss Muffet was, and where she lived, and, especially, where she went when the spider frightened her away, and whether she ever came back to her curds and whey.

I do not profess to know any more than anybody else about that Miss Muffet. As I said before, the little Miss Muffet whose story I am going to tell was no relation to her, whatever; and, as for the spider, he certainly was not even a descendant of Mother Goose's spider.

To tell you the truth, my little Miss Muffet's real name was not Miss Muffet at all. It was Daffy Crawford. No,—now I think of it, that was not her real name, neither! She was called Daffy, because she had the yellowest hair that ever was seen; and, as her mother had a fancy for dressing her in green, she did look like a daffodil. The first person who noticed this called her Daffodil, and Daffy-down-dilly, and by and by it was shortened to Daffy, and everybody, even her own father and mother, adopted it. They almost forgot that she possessed such a dignified name as Frances Imogen.

How she came to be called "little Miss Muffet" will take me longer to tell; but I assure you I know all the facts of the case, for I was well acquainted with her, and I was, as you might say, on intimate terms with the spider.

It was one summer, down at Dashaway Beach, that Daffy met the spider.

She had been making mud-pies all the morning with Tuny Trimmer and Jimmy Short-legs,—that was not his real name, but they called him so because he still wore knickerbockers, although he was a very old boy,—and with her own brother, Sandy. Sandy and Jimmy Short-legs both felt above mud-pies, as a general thing, but they were down on the beach, and the tide was out so far that they could not wade nor fish, and they had built an oven of stones to bake the pies in, and made a fire of drift-wood, so it was a more exciting amusement than the making of mud-pies usually is.

Daffy and Tuny were very proud of the company they were in. Sandy and Jimmy, besides being boys, were almost eleven, and they did not very often condescend to play with girls. Tuny Trimmer did everything they told her to, even to taking off her stockings and shoes and wading into

the mud up to her knees. She did not even rebel, when, after the mud-pie making began to grow monotonous, Jimmy Short-legs proposed to play that her new Paris doll was a clam, and buried it deep down in the mud.

Daffy took off her shoes and stockings, and got down on all fours, and pretended that she was a frog, so that Sandy could swallow her when he was being a crocodile—though she did not at all enjoy having him a crocodile, he made up such horrid faces, and squirmed so. But when they wanted to play Indian, and tie Lady Florabella, her wax-doll, to a stake, and burn her up, while they danced the Ojibbewa war-dance around her, that was too much even for Daffy's accommodating disposition. She held out against it stoutly, although they called her a baby, and said girls never wanted to have any fun. And Jimmy Short-legs, who read story-papers, said Florabella would be like "the Golden-haired Captive of the wild Apaches." And when Sandy attempted to seize Lady Florabella, and make a martyr of her against her mamma's will, Daffy snatched her away and ran.

"She's a homely old thing, anyhow!" Sandy called after her. "She is n't pretty enough to be the Golden-haired Captive! And I'll burn her up in the kitchen stove when I catch her—old pink silk dress, and yellow wig, and all!"

This very disrespectful way of speaking of Lady Florabella excited Daffy even more than the fearful threat.

"You are a very worse boy!" she screamed, with tears, "and I shall tell Susan of you, right off!"

But as Susan, their nurse, had accepted an invitation to take a sail with an old sailor admirer, who had appeared at Dashaway Beach in the character of a fisherman, it was not easy to "tell her, right off." The stones cut her bare feet, but Daffy ran until she felt sure that Lady Florabella was out of danger. Then she looked back to see if Tuny were not coming, too. But alas, no! Tuny showed no sympathy for her friend's griefs. And she evidently preferred the society of those wicked boys. She was even allowing them to dig up her doll, who had been a clam, and tie her to a stake: Tuny's doll was going to be the Golden-haired Captive!

"I don't know how she can bear it!" said Daffy, giving Lady Florabella an extra hug at the thought.

It was clear that Tuny Trimmer had not the feelings of a mother. And such a beautiful doll, too, with "truly" hair, and turquoise ear-rings!

"I wonder what her Aunt Kate, who sent it to her from Paris, would say!" thought Daffy. "I don't believe she'll get another very soon."

What life would be without a doll, Daffy could not imagine. She did not believe that she could

possibly endure it, so she determined to go on a little farther, lest Sandy's desire for burning Golden-haired Captives should be increased by that one experiment.

She walked along until she came to the lobster-boiling establishment of old Uncle Jollifer. He had been a fisherman all his life, and was rough, and jolly, and kind. He called Daffy up to his door, and gave her a very small boiled lobster, warm from the pot. And with this under one arm, and Lady Florabella under the other, Daffy wandered on. It was not altogether to get out of Sandy's reach that she went on now. It seemed like an adventure to have gone so far by herself, and she wanted to see how it would seem to go still farther. She thought that, having come so far, she might as well see how the world looked around the Point, where she had never been. So she traveled on, out of sight of the Ojibbewa war-dance—out of sight, even, of Uncle Jollifer's lobster-factory.

At last she grew so tired and warm that she had to sit down on a big stone to rest. She discovered that she was hungry, too; so she cracked the shell of her lobster with a stone, and began to eat it.

She was just remarking to Florabella that she had never in her life eaten anything that tasted so good, when, stretched out from somewhere behind her, came a long, lean, black hand and arm, and snatched a claw of her lobster.

Daffy screamed and ran, as was no wonder; but she had gone only a few steps when she realized that she had left Lady Florabella behind.

Poor Lady Florabella! had she escaped from the Ojibbewa Indians only to fall into other dangers? Daffy ventured to look back, although expecting that long, lean, black hand to clutch her as she did so.

No; there he sat, quietly devouring her lobster,—the very longest, thinnest, raggedest, blackest, and woolliest negro boy that ever was seen.

Now, Daffy was not at all familiar with colored people, as her home was in a New England town, where they were very rarely seen. But she was very familiar with goblins, and gnomes, and imps, and demons, because Susan, her nurse, knew an inexhaustible stock of stories in which they figured; indeed, if you might trust Susan's account, she herself had enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with them. And these interesting people were, according to Susan, invariably black.

This apparition, who was calmly eating her lobster,—with Lady Florabella lying across his knees!—might be a negro. Daffy knew, of course, that there were such people. She had heard all about Topsy and little Eva; she had once seen an old Dinah, who was a cook in a family where she visited. He might be a negro, but it struck Daffy

as much more probable that he was an imp or a goblin.

It was horrible to run away and leave Lady Florabella in his clutches; but, if she staid, he would probably turn her into a white cat. Anybody who had anything to do with imps and goblins was always turned into a white cat in Susan's stories.

So Daffy turned again and ran as fast as one might be expected to run from the possibility of becoming a white cat.

The negro boy ran after her, holding Lady Florabella above his head, and shouting:

"Hyar, Missy, aint yer gwine to fotch dis yere?"

Daffy could not understand a word that he said, but she had no doubt that he was casting a spell over her. The witches in Susan's stories always repeated a mysterious jargon of words when they transformed their victims into animals. She was very much surprised, and drew a long breath of relief, to find that, after he had repeated that gibberish three times, she was still Daffy Crawford. There was not the least sign of white fur, nor claws, nor whiskers, about her. Perhaps the charm would not work. There might be a good fairy who prevented it.

But he was following her, as fast as his long legs would carry him, still shouting, and waving Florabella wildly over his head. Perhaps he wanted to "grind her bones to make his bread," like the giant who was always saying, "Fee-fi-fo-fum"!

Daffy had come to a long pier, reaching down to the water, and a little row-boat lay at the end of it. Wild with fright, she ran down the pier and jumped into the boat. It was only loosely fastened by a rope, and Daffy untied it. Just one push she gave, with all her little might, and away floated the boat on the receding tide. By the time her pursuer reached the end of the dock, a wide expanse of water lay between it and Daffy's boat. He danced about and gesticulated frantically. Daffy thought he had gone crazy with rage and disappointment that she had escaped from his clutches; and it really did look like it. He had no boat, so he could not follow her, and Daffy felt quite secure; and, if she had only had Lady Florabella, she would have been happy. She had not an oar, nor a scrap of sail, and would not have been able to use either if she had had it; so she was as completely at the mercy of the winds and waves as were the Three Wise Men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl. But she was accustomed to going on the water, and was not at all afraid of it. It was a new sensation to be all alone in a boat, drifting she did not know where; but I am afraid the truth of the matter was that Daffy did not know enough to be afraid. Susan's stories had filled her

mind with fears of imaginary dangers, but they had had very little to say about real ones.

Suddenly her pursuer turned back, as if a new idea had struck him. Daffy watched him out of sight, feeling greatly relieved that he had gone, but with her heart aching at the loss of Florabella. He had gone off, with the doll thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and, as long as he was in sight, Daffy watched Florabella's beautiful golden curls dancing in the sunlight. It was truly a pitiful sight—Florabella carried off by a dreadful goblin, and her mamma powerless to help her!

But, very soon, Daffy began to think that she was not much better off than Florabella. The sea was very rough, and the little boat pitched and tossed so that it made her giddy; and now and then a great wave that looked like a mountain would come rolling along, threatening to swallow her up. She was very frightened, although the great wave would only take the tiny boat up on its broad back, in the most careful and friendly manner, and, after giving it two or three little shakes, set it down uninjured. When a wickeder wave might come along, there was no telling; and home was farther and farther away every moment.

At length, Daffy saw a little sail-boat bearing down upon her. It was such a very tiny sail-boat that, at first, she thought it was only a white-winged gull.

A young man was lying at full length in the bottom of the boat. He had on a velvet jacket, and a red smoking-cap, with a gilt tassel, and he was playing on a violin and singing as unconcernedly as if boats could be trusted to sail themselves.

His song broke off when he caught sight of Daffy, and he exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise:

"Hello, little girl! How in the world did you get here?"

"How do you do, sir? I came in the boat," replied Daffy, calmly, and looking at him with an expression of great dignity.

She was very particular about politeness, and she thought "Hello, little girl!" was a too familiar greeting for a strange gentleman.

"I don't suppose you swam, although I did take you for a mermaid, at first; but how do you happen to be all alone?"

"Because there is n't anybody with me," replied Daffy, coldly. She did n't mean to be rude, but she did n't like to be asked so many questions.

"Where is your mother? Where is your nurse? Where do you live? How came you in the boat?"

Daffy heaved a great sigh. He was such a man to ask questions that she began to think she might as well tell him all about it.

"I ran away from Ojibbewa Indians and a jet-black goblin," she said.

"Wh-e-w!" he whistled. "That 's about enough to make anybody run away, I should think!"

He stared at her, in a perplexed way, for a moment, and then he began to laugh.

Daffy thought it very rude of him to make light of the dangers she had passed, in that way.

"Where are the Indians and the goblin?" he asked.

"The Indians—well, I think they 've gone to get their bathing-dresses on, by this time; and the goblin—he was a truly goblin, as black as anything, and his lips stuck out, and he winked his eyes dreadfully—he ran away when I got into the boat. But, oh dear! he took Florabella with him, and I don't suppose I shall ever see her again."

"Is Florabella your sister?" asked the young man, looking more serious.

"No; she is my dearest doll, and he will be sure to shut her up in an enchanted castle, for a thousand years, if he does n't cut off her head, like Blue-beard's wives. Don't you think you could find his castle and rescue Florabella, and cut off his head? If you would, I would marry you, just like the stories, and we should live happy ever after."

"Thank you; that is very kind of you!" said the young man, but he threw back his head, and laughed, as if it were something very funny, instead of a very serious matter, as Daffy thought.

While they had been talking, he had fastened Daffy's boat with a rope to the stern of his own. It seemed to Daffy that he was taking a great liberty; she thought he had better have asked her permission.

"What did you do that for?" she asked him, sharply.

"I am going to take you home, if I can find out where you live. What do you suppose would become of you, if I should leave you drifting about here?"

"I have been thinking that I should come across our nurse Susan. A fisherman took her out sailing."

"Your nurse Susan gone sailing with a fisherman? Well, they will never pick you up. He is drowned. I know a song about it. I was singing it when I caught sight of you."

And this very funny young man began to play on his violin, and sing this song:

There was a bold fisherman set sail from off Billingsgate,
To catch the mild bloater and the gay mackerel;

But when he got off Pimlico,

The raging winds began to blow,

Which caused his boat to wobble so that overboard he went.

"Twinky doodle dum, twanky doodle dum," was the highly interesting song he sung,

"Twinky doodle dum, twanky doodle dum," sang the bold fisherman.

He wibbled and he wobbled in the water so briny,
He yellowed, and he bellowed, for help, but in vain;

So presently he down did glide,

To the bottom of the silvery tide,

But previously to this he cried, "Farewell, Susan Jane!"
"Twinky doodle dum," etc.

"You see there is no chance of their picking you up," he said, when he had finished. "He is drowned."

"It does n't mean our Susan, nor her fisherman, at all," said Daffy.

"Her name *is* Susan Jane, though!" she added, feeling a little perplexed.

But the young man laughed so that she knew he was teasing her, and her pride was deeply wounded.

"It is impolite to laugh at people. I think you behave very worse indeed," she said, with great dignity. "I should n't wonder if the goblin should get you."

Even as Daffy spoke, an Indian canoe came into sight, swiftly propelled by the long arms of the goblin! Daffy screamed with terror, and begged the young man to take her into his boat.

But this very unsatisfactory young man only laughed.

"Is that your goblin?—that innocent-looking little darkey? I should have thought you were too brave a girl to be afraid of him!"

Daffy thought she was very brave, and she disliked strongly to have her courage questioned. Nothing disturbed her so much as to have Sandy and Jimmy Short-legs call her a "'fraid-cat." (That is a mysterious epithet, and not to be found in any dictionary, but Daffy knew only too well what it meant.) So, now, although she set her teeth tightly together, and breathed very hard, she kept perfectly quiet while the goblin drew his boat up beside hers.

He was smiling so very broadly that he looked all teeth; but it was certainly a very good-natured smile. Daffy thought he looked like an amiable goblin, but no such being was mentioned in Susan's stories, so it was necessary to account for him in some other way; and, after long scrutiny, Daffy decided that he was probably only a colored boy. And Florabella was sitting in state in his boat, quite unharmed.

"Missy skeered ob me," he explained to the young man. "She done cl'ar'd out, like a streak ob lightnin'." "But I's peaceable as a lamb, I is, Missy. I would n't hurt a ha'r ob your head. I could n't luff yer lobster alone, I was so dreffle hungry. 'Pears like my insides was all holler. But I's gwine to get yer anoder lobster, and I's gwine ter car' yer home. And I done fotched yer baby. *Don't* yer be skeered ob me, Missy."

Daffy could not understand all that he said, his language was so very peculiar, but she understood

that he wanted to row her home, and although she was not so much afraid of him as she had been at first, she shook her head, decidedly, at that. Goblins were sometimes very polite for the sake of getting people into their power!

"What is your name, and where do you live?" said the young man in the boat, to the colored boy.

"Name, George Washin'ton 'Poleon Bonaparte Pompey's Pillar, but dey calls me Spider, for short, bekaze my appearance is kind ob stragglin', I 'spects. Whar does I lib? As you mought say, I resides most eberywhar, and I does n't reside much ob anywhar! Dat is to say, I trabbels. I worked in a sto' in New York, but I was tuk wif misery in my side, and de gemmen at dc hospital dey said I 'd die sure 'nuff, if somebody did n't fotch me inter de country. So I done cl'ar'd out, in de night, and fotchted myself. As you mought say, I 's residin' at de sea-sho' for my heal. I 's been libin' out ob do's, sleepin' under boats and sich, but jest at present I 's visitin' dc Ingines, ober to de P'int. Dey has 'spressed de opinion dat dere never was a tent big 'nuff for a Ingine and a nigger, and I 'spect dey 'll be a-hintin' for me to cl'ar out soon. Dey said niggers ought to stay in deir own country, whar dey belonged, but I never belonged nowhar, and nobody never wanted me, since I left my ole mammy. Dey don't want to hire no skeletons ober ter de hotel, dey says, but no nigger can't fat hissself up on raw clams, pertickerly when he 's got misery in his side. And dem low-down Ingines will be hintin' befo' long, sure 'nuff. But now, Missy, you come 'long ob me, and I 'll take de bery best ob car', ob yer!"

"I think you had better go with him," said the young man. "You see he is not a goblin, but a very agreeable colored boy, and I am sure he will carry you safely home."

"I like you better," said Daffy to the young man—a statement which made Spider look sad.

"That is very flattering," said the young man; "but my boat would have to go against the wind to reach the beach that you came from, and it might take until night, and your mother would be dreadfully worried about you."

Even that argument failed to convince Daffy. She was satisfied that Spider was not a goblin, but she had a great objection to his complexion.

"To tell you the truth," said the young man, impressively, "although I may seem very pleasant, I really am an ogre. I have n't felt moved to eat you, because I had several little girls for my breakfast, but if I should once get you into my boat, I should carry you home to my wife, who is a very lean and hungry ogress, with a terrible appetite for red-cheeked little girls!"

Daffy scrutinized him gravely. She did not be-

lieve that he was an ogre. She thought it probable that he was teasing her. He was so unlike the ogres that Susan knew about! But there was the awful possibility that he might be. There might be a variety of ogre which Susan had never met.

Daffy got into the canoe. She clutched Florabella tightly in her arms. It was a great comfort to have her again, when she thought she had lost her forever.

The young man in the boat took off his smoking-cap to her very politely as the Spider paddled away. Daffy responded only by a very distant and dignified nod. Whether he was an ogre or not, she did not at all approve of him. As he sailed away, she could hear him playing on his violin, and singing about the fisherman and Susan Jane, and she resolved to ask Susan, if she should ever see her again, whether ogres were musical.

Spider paddled with a will; but Dashaway Beach was a long way off. He entertained Daffy by stories of "de Souf," where he had lived when he was "a pickaninny," before he strayed away from his "ole mammy"; and Daffy—after she became accustomed to his dialect—found his stories almost as delightful as Susan's. It was almost sunset when Spider drew the canoe up the beach, at the very spot where the Ojibbewa war-dance had been performed.

And there was Susan, running frantically up and down the beach, wringing her hands and shedding floods of tears, because Daffy was lost! And Sandy came running, and crying, breathlessly:

"You need n't tell on me, because I did n't mean to burn up your old doll, anyhow! If you wont, I 'll give you my Chinese lantern; and if you do, I 'll drown your kitten as soon as we get home!"

Daffy agreed to silence, on the proposed terms. Sandy was not quite so bad a boy as he pretended to be, and probably would not have drowned the kitten; but Daffy felt that the risk was too awful a one to run.

Then came Jimmy Short-legs, also panting and breathless; and he said, with great emotion:

"I thought you had gone and got drowned, with my bean-slinger in your pocket!"

His face brightened very much when Daffy took the "bean-slinger" out of her pocket and returned it to him uninjured. Daffy heard that there had been a panic about her, and that her father had sent men in every direction to search for her. He, too, came hurrying down to the beach when he heard that she had come; and he hugged and kissed her, as if he realized the danger she had been in; and when she told him all about it,—excepting the Ojibbewa Indian episode,—he seemed to think that Spider was a good boy, and he took him up to the hotel to supper; and on the hotel steps whom

should he meet but a colored woman, who had come from New York to serve as cook; and she threw her arms around Spider's neck and hugged him, and called him "her own honey," her "dear pickaninny," and her "sweet George Washin'ton 'Poleon Bonaparte Pompey's Pillar"!

It really was Spider's "ole mammy," whom he had not seen for seven years!

Spider and his "mammy" were both happy then, you may be sure, and Daffy danced for joy.

Daffy told her adventures to the people in the hotel, and one of the ladies drew a picture of Daffy sitting on the rock eating lobster, with Spider coming along beside her; and underneath she wrote: "Little Miss Muffet and the Spider." And people began to call her "little Miss Muffet."

The day after her adventure, a queer thing happened. A beautiful toy canoe, made of birch-bark, like the real ones, and a big box of candy, were sent to the hotel for Daffy. With them came a card inscribed, "With the ogre's compliments." How he had found her out, Daffy never knew.

Mr. Crawford hired Spider to take the children to row every day, because he was so careful and trustworthy; and Daffy grew so fond of him that, when the time came for her to go home, she begged that he might go, too; so her father hired him to work about his grounds,—for, with sea air and plenty of wholesome food (which latter item his "ole mammy" attended to), Spider had entirely recovered from the "misery in his side." His "ole mammy" could not be separated from him, and Daffy's mother discovered that her kitchen was in need of a cook; so Spider's "ole mammy" was engaged, also.

And Spider has almost forgotten what it was to "belong nowhar" and have "nobody want him." He does all his work faithfully, but he is especially devoted to Daffy. He hoards the ripest strawberries and the biggest peaches for her, and brings her the very first nuts that are to be found.

Now, if you should ever meet Daffy Crawford, and hear her called "little Miss Muffet," you would know how she happened to get the name.

ARAMANTHA MEHITABEL BROWN.

BY JOEL STACY.

OH, Miss Aramantia Mehitabel Brown •
Was known as the prettiest girl in the town,
In the days of King George, number Three.
Her hat was a wonder
Of feathers and bows;
The pretty face under
Was sweet as a rose;

And her sleeves were so full they could tickle her nose!
Her dimity gown was a marvel to see;
So short in the waist!
And not a bit laced—

"Oh, mercy! I never would do it!" said she.
No cumbering train hid her dear little feet,
Yet the skirt that revealed them was ample and neat,—
Indeed, all the modistes declared it was "sweet";
And the bag that she swung from her plump little arm
Would have held half a dozen young kittens from harm.

Ah, the maiden was fair,
And dainty and rare!
And the neighbors would sigh,
As she tripped lightly by:

"Sure, the pride of our town
And its fittest renown

Is sweet Aramantia Mehitabel Brown!"



HOW TOM WALLEN WENT ABOARD.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE "Amelia" was a coasting schooner, which, in the early part of this century, plied between several of our Atlantic ports. It was in the summer of 1813 that she lay in the harbor of a little seaport town, to which her captain and most of her crew belonged. Late in the afternoon of an August day, she dropped down with the tide from the pier, at which she had been taking in ballast in preparation for a voyage northward, and anchored some distance below the town, where she would be obliged to wait until the tide rose sufficiently high for her to cross the bar at the mouth of the harbor, which was not passable for a vessel of the size of the "Amelia," excepting at high tide.

While she was lying here, a boat with a man and his wife and a load of fruit put off from the shore; and, rowing up to the ship, the boatman tried to open a trade with the sailors, who were idly waiting for the time to set sail.

Among the crew was a young fellow named Tom Wallen, who was about to set off on his second voyage in the "Amelia." While the man with the melons was offering his fruit for sale, an idea struck Tom.

"I don't want any of that stuff," he said to himself; "but I should like very much to go on shore with Jacob Hopkins and his wife. We sha' n't weigh anchor for six hours at least, for the tide has n't run out yet, and I should like to bid my old father and mother a better good-bye than the one I gave them a little while ago."

Tom had been in the town that afternoon, when he heard that his captain did not intend to wait for flood-tide before leaving the wharf, but would drop down with the ebb to the end of the island opposite the town, and, therefore, the crew must be on board sooner than they expected. Tom had only time to run down to the little cottage, some distance below the town, in which his father and mother lived, to bid them a hasty farewell, and to hurry back to the schooner, to which his chest had been carried that morning.

Those were war times, and Tom did not know when he might see his old father and mother again, and he had left them very much shocked and disturbed at his sudden departure, for they had expected to have him with them all the evening. Accordingly, he went to the captain, and stated his case. He said that, as the vessel lay not far from the cottage, Jacob Hopkins could take him ashore in a short time, and that he would bring him back

long before midnight. This was the time they expected to set sail, as the tide would then be at its height, and the moon would have risen. The captain was a kind-hearted man, and was well acquainted with Tom's parents. After a little consideration, he gave the young fellow the permission he desired, and Tom, having speedily struck a bargain with Jacob Hopkins, was rowed ashore.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Wallen were delighted when their son popped in on them, and told them he was going to take supper, and spend a couple of hours with them. They had seen the ship at anchor before the house, and knew that she would not go over the bar before midnight; but they had not expected that their son would get leave to come on shore.

The evening passed pleasantly, and when Tom took leave of his parents, about ten o'clock, he left them in a much more contented state of mind than when he had hurriedly torn himself away in the afternoon. Tom's father went down with him to the skiff, which Jacob Hopkins had left tied to a stake near the house, and to which he had promised to return about this time, to row Tom back to the vessel. But when they reached the skiff, no Jacob was there; and, although Tom and his father walked some distance toward the town, and called loudly, they could find no sign of the missing melon-man.

"It's too bad!" said Tom. "It's now half-past ten, and I ought to have been on board by this time. I don't see why Jacob should have disappointed me in this way."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Tom," said his father. "We'll both get into the boat, and you can row her over to the 'Amelia,' and I'll bring her back."

"No, indeed, Father!" cried Tom. "I'm not going to let you row a mile over the harbor this night. The wind is rising, and it is getting cloudy, and I should n't want to be on board the 'Amelia,' and think that you were pulling back home by yourself through the dark. No, sir; I'll take the boat and row myself to the schooner, and then I'll anchor the skiff there, and go on board. You see, she has a long coil of rope and a grapnel, and old Jacob can get another boat, and row over after her in the morning. He ought to be put to that much extra trouble for disappointing me in this way."

Old Mr. Wallen was obliged to confess that this was the better plan, and he knew that his son could

row more quickly to the vessel if he had no one in the skiff but himself.

So Tom bade his father good-bye once more, and pulled away into the darkness. It is always

of the rising of the wind, and had gone to sea? It would be a rash act, Tom rightly imagined, to sail through that narrow passage, with the breakers scarcely a hundred yards on each side of the vessel,



JACOB HOPKINS OPENS TRADE.

lighter on water than it is on land, and Tom knew the harbor so well that he had no difficulty in rowing straight to the point where the "Amelia" had anchored.

But, when he had rowed some distance, he was surprised on turning around to find that he could not perceive the "Amelia's" lights.

"Why, where is the schooner?" said Tom to himself. And then he rowed with redoubled vigor.

But, before long, he was quite certain that the "Amelia" was not on her anchorage ground.

"She must have dropped down farther, around the end of the island, before the tide turned," he said to himself. "That may have helped a little, but it was a mean trick for the captain to do, after letting me go on shore."

But Tom did not hesitate. He laid to his oars again, and pulled around the island. He could see no signs of the ship, but supposed she was lying directly inside the bar, which spot was concealed from him by a projecting point of woodland. Tom rowed on and on, until, at last, he actually reached the entrance to the harbor, but still he saw no signs of the "Amelia." Could it be possible, he thought, that the captain had taken advantage

on a night as dark as this—cloudy, and without a moon. And yet, what else could the "Amelia" have done? He could not have passed her in the harbor as he rowed along. She could not have quietly sunk out of sight. She must have gone to sea.

As Tom, without thinking what he was doing, kept rowing on, he looked out over the long waves that came swelling in between the two lines of breakers, which guarded the entrance to the harbor. And there, not a quarter of a mile from the shore, he saw the lights of a ship, evidently lying to, with her head to the wind.

Tom was very angry at this sight. "If it were not for my chest," he thought, "which holds everything I own, I'd row back, and have nothing more to do with her."

Tom was not the man to go back when he had started out to do anything. And so he rowed on and on toward the inlet, where the long waves, which became breakers on either side of the narrow passage, were rolling in from the sea. It was not an easy matter to row a boat over these waves, but Tom had been used to such work from a boy, having often rowed out to sea on fishing expeditions, and he knew exactly how to pull his boat against

the incoming surf. It was not long before he was out on the gently swelling waters of the ocean, and pulling vigorously for the vessel. He forgot, entirely, that it would be necessary for him to return Jacob Hopkins's boat, but he determined to give a piece of his mind to his shipmates, who, whatever might have been the cause of their sudden departure, could certainly have found some means of giving him notice of it.

He pulled up to the bow of the vessel, and loudly called for a line. A rope was soon thrown to him, and, fastening this to his skiff, he sprang into the rigging, under the bowsprit, and nimbly clambered on board.

"This is a pretty piece of business!" he cried, as soon as his feet touched the deck. "Why did you fellows sail off and leave me in this way?"

"What do you mean?" said a man, stepping up toward him and holding up a lantern. "Who sailed off and left you?"

Tom looked at the man, and then hastily glanced about him. It *was* a pretty piece of business! By the uniform of the officer before him, and by the appointments and armament of the ship, he saw

never would have mistaken this vessel for the "Amelia."

"I made a mistake," he said, his voice trembling a little. "I thought this was my ship, the 'Amelia.'"

And then he made a movement backward, as if he would scramble overboard and get again into his little boat. But the officer laid his hand on his shoulder.

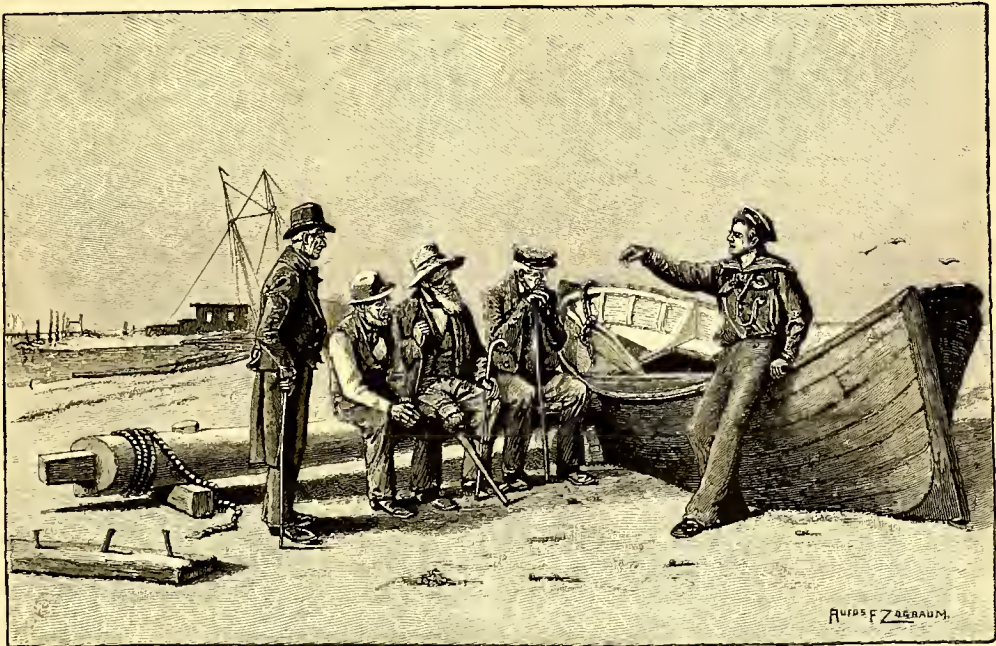
"Stop, my good fellow," he said. "You must go and report to the captain. I have been watching you for some time, and wondered what was bringing you here. Your ship must be a good one if you mistook His Majesty's sloop-of-war 'Saracen' for it."

"I should not have made such a blunder," said Tom, "if I had looked out better." And he dejectedly followed the officer to the quarter-deck.

The captain heard his story, and asked him a good many questions.

"What is the cargo of your ship, the 'Amelia'?" he asked.

"Nothing but stones and old iron," answered Tom. "She's going north for a cargo, and sails



TOM TELLS HIS ADVENTURES.

in an instant that he was on board a British vessel of war. What a fool he had been to get so angry that he would not look behind him as he rowed! If it had not been for his unfortunate temper, he

in ballast. There is nothing in our little village with which she could load. She came here to refit."

The captain looked at the first officer, and said:

"If this boy's story is true, the 'Amelia' would be no great prize."

"But how can you tell that it is true?" said the other.

"You 'd find it out very soon if you could look into her hold," said Tom. He was about to say more, but the captain interrupted him.

"How much water is there on your bar at high tide?" he said.

"Fourteen feet," answered Tom.

"That would be a tight scrape for the 'Saracen,'" remarked the captain to his officer. "But she could do it."

"Oh yes, sir," said the other, "and a couple of feet to spare."

The captain then addressed Tom again: "The channel of the harbor runs around the end of the island opposite the town, does it not?" said he.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom.

"Are you familiar with the inlet and the channel?" asked the captain.

"Oh yes, sir," said Tom. "I have piloted vessels in, three or four times."

"Well, sir," said the captain, "if I make you a handsome present, will you pilot the 'Saracen' into the harbor?"

"Bring a British vessel into our harbor?" cried Tom. "I will never do that! Our bar, and our crooked channel, as Father has often said, are better for us than a fort; and I am not the man to show an enemy's vessel the way through."

"Suppose I were to order you to be tied up and flogged until you should agree to do what I ask," said the captain.

"You may tie up and flog," said Tom, "but I will never pilot you."

The captain looked at Tom attentively. "I don't think I will trust you," he said. "Even with a pistol at your head, I believe you would run me aground. I may not be able to take any prizes in your harbor; and I doubt if there is anything there worth taking. But an able-bodied young fellow like you is no slight prize, and so I will take you. You may go forward, and Mr. Burns will assign you to a watch."

Tom went forward with the officer, thinking sadly enough of the dreadful scrape he had got into; but determining in his heart that he would never assist the crew in fighting one of his country's ships. They might kill him first. He would do his duty as a seaman in working the ship, but he would never fight. On that point he was determined.

As soon as he had an opportunity, Tom went to one of the sailors and said: "That little boat that I came in belongs to Jacob Hopkins, and I 'd like to get it back to him if I could."

"You need n't trouble yourself about the little boat," said the sailor, laughing. "Mr. Burns ordered that cut adrift. It was n't worth hoisting aboard."

Tom was very sorry that he had caused Jacob Hopkins the loss of his boat, but he was still more sorry for the fate that had befallen himself. He went about his work quietly and sadly, but he did what he was told to do, and the officers found no fault with him. It suited him much better to work, even on the ship of his enemies, than to be shut up as a prisoner of war; and, before long, he became moderately contented with his lot.

He was never called upon to help fight his countrymen. In a few months the "Saracen" sailed into a neutral port, where there was an American war vessel, having on board a couple of British sailors, who had been taken prisoners. For one of these Tom was exchanged, and he regularly enlisted on board the United States ship, on which he remained until the close of the war. The vessel had no engagements with British men-of-war, but she captured several of the enemy's merchant ships, and, when Tom was discharged, there was quite a large sum of prize-money due to him.

Tom lost no time in making his way down to his native town. He found his parents alive and well, although they had been in great grief ever since their son rowed away in the night to go on board the "Amelia." They had never known for certain what had become of him, although many persons supposed that he might have been captured by an English war vessel which had been seen in the offing, and which sailed away before daylight on the night of Tom's disappearance. His parents earnestly hoped that this was the case, for it would be much better to have had their son taken prisoner than to have had him drowned.

Tom soon heard the reason why he could not find the "Amelia." A man living on the island opposite the town had discovered the British vessel, and, while Tom was spending the evening with his parents, had rowed over to the "Amelia" to tell the captain of the danger which awaited him outside the harbor. The "Amelia" immediately weighed anchor, and, there being a favorable breeze, she sailed past the town to a point where she would be tolerably safe from an attack by the enemy's boats. The town was greatly excited by the news, and Jacob Hopkins, supposing that Tom knew all about the matter, had never thought of rowing him over to the "Amelia," which would certainly now be in no hurry to sail.

Tom's prize-money amounted to much more than he could possibly have made by a dozen voyages in the "Amelia," and he was not only able to make his parents very comfortable, but seriously

thought of becoming part owner of a small coasting vessel. This plan he, in time, accomplished, and he commanded his own schooner for many years.

But, before starting on his new career, Tom took a holiday, and spent many an hour among the boats along shore, telling his father and the old men of the town the stories of his adventures.

One of the first persons he went to see was Jacob Hopkins. Of course they had met before, since Tom's return, but now he came on business.

"Jacob," said he, "I want to pay you for your skiff, which I lost when I went away from here."

"You did n't lose it. Three days after you left, I found it on the beach as good as new."

"I 'm glad of that," said Tom; "but did n't the empty boat's return scare the old people?"

"They never heard of it. I knew they 'd be dreadfully scared to know that the boat in which their son went away had been cast up empty on the beach, so I rowed her here at night, and put her in a shed in my yard, where she has been ever since, and I 've never said a word about it."

"You are a good, kind fellow," said Tom, pressing Jacob's hand; "but your skiff must be in a sorry condition by this time."

So saying, Tom walked over to the shed where the boat had been stowed away. He found it dry, cracked, and practically useless. Again thanking Jacob for sacrificing his boat to spare the feelings of two old people, Tom walked away.

But, in a few days, Jacob Hopkins was the owner of the best row-boat that could be bought in that old sea-port town.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

WHEN all the light hath left the West,
And the wearied world hath gone to rest;
When the moon rides high in the purple sky,
From our forest home we fairies hie—
Out of the warm, green heart of the earth,
To waken the woods with song and mirth.

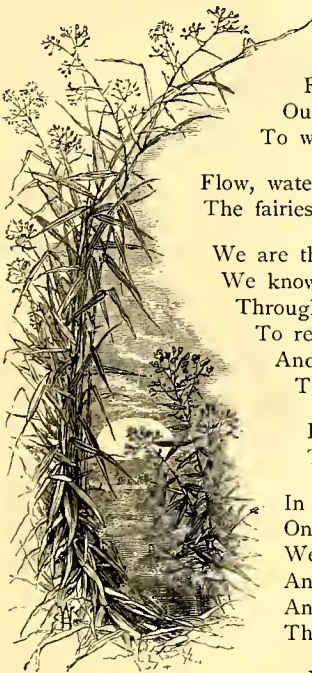
Flow, waters, flow! Blow, soft winds, blow!
The fairies are kings of the woods to-night!

We are the children of light and air;
We know not sorrow, we feel no care;
Through the long, sweet hours of the summer night,
To revel and dance is our delight;
And wherever our flying footsteps pass,
There are brighter rings on the dewy grass.

Flow, waters, flow! Blow, soft winds, blow!
The fairies are kings of the woods to-night!

In every blossom and bud we hide,
On wings of the wind we mount and ride;
We haunt the brooks and the rushing streams,
And we climb to the stars up the white moonbeams;
And the woodman sees by the dawn's pale light
The circling track of our footsteps bright.

Flow, waters, flow! Blow, soft winds, blow!
The fairies are kings of the woods to-night!



HOW TO MAKE DOLLS OF CORN-HUSKS AND FLOWERS.



AN INDIAN GIRL MAKING HUSK-DOLLS.

Now that the season for corn-husking is at hand, we are reminded of a very ingenious as well as novel use to which corn-husks can be put. There are many little girls living in the country, where corn grows plentifully, who would perhaps like to hear of this new way of using the husks for their special enjoyment.

You doubtless know how ingenious little Indian girls are, and what pretty bead-work they accomplish, and what wonderful baskets they make. Well, these black-eyed, dark-skinned little girls are, after all, much like their pale-faced sisters in tastes, and, like them, must have their dolls. Unlike them, however, they do not often buy them ready-made, but, instead, they invent all sorts of devices for making them with their own deft fingers. Their favorite method is to use corn-husks, from which they will fashion dolls that are almost as pretty as those made of costlier material, and sometimes more shapely, besides.

Would you like to know how to make corn-husk dolls?

Select the soft, white husks growing next to the ear—the softer and more moist the better. Then dampen them a little in water, to make them more pliable. Next, pick out from your entire stock the most perfect piece you can find,—the softest, as well as widest,—double it across the center, and place a piece of strong, coarse thread through it, as in Figure No. 1. Lay this aside; next place the stiff ends of two or three husks together, and, folding other husks in lengthwise strips, wind them



FIGURE NO. 1. THE FIRST HUSK.



FIGURE NO. 2. THE FIRST HUSK, BUNCHED TOGETHER.

around the ends thus placed, until they make what you consider the proper size for a head, according to Figure No. 3. Then, taking the husk you laid aside, as in Figure No. 1, draw it, as in Figure No. 2, until it is bunched tightly, then tie it

securely, placing it entirely over the husks you have been winding. Tie thread around the head underneath, for the neck, and then you have the head as in Figure No. 4.

layers extend down both front and back, and cross each other on the chest and back. If you wish to make the chest fuller than the back, add a few husks, placing the ends just over the tips of the



FIGURE NO. 3.



FIGURE NO. 4.

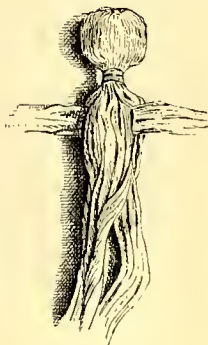


FIGURE NO. 5.

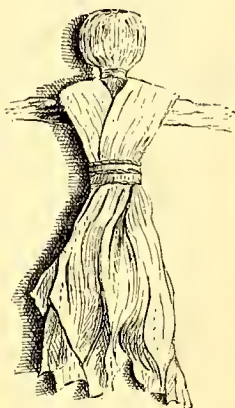


FIGURE NO. 6.

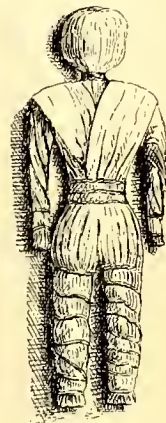


FIGURE NO. 7.

Next, divide the husks below the neck in two equal parts, and, folding together two or three husks, place them lengthwise through the division

shoulders, and letting them extend only down the front. Then, when you think the form is properly shaped, cover the whole neatly with carefully

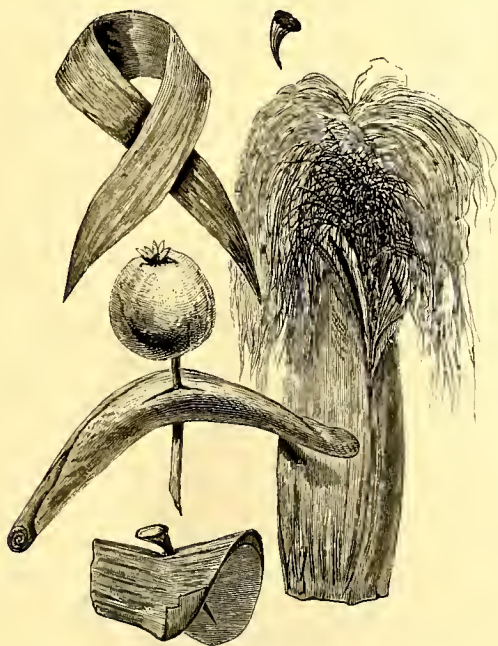


FIGURE NO. 8. MATERIALS FOR CORN-COB GIRL-DOLL.



CORN-COB GIRL-DOLL.

for the arms, as in Figure No. 5. Holding them in place with the thumb and fingers, proceed to fold alternately layer upon layer of husks over the shoulders, first one and then the other, letting the

selected husks, and tie securely about the waist with strong thread, as in Figure No. 6.

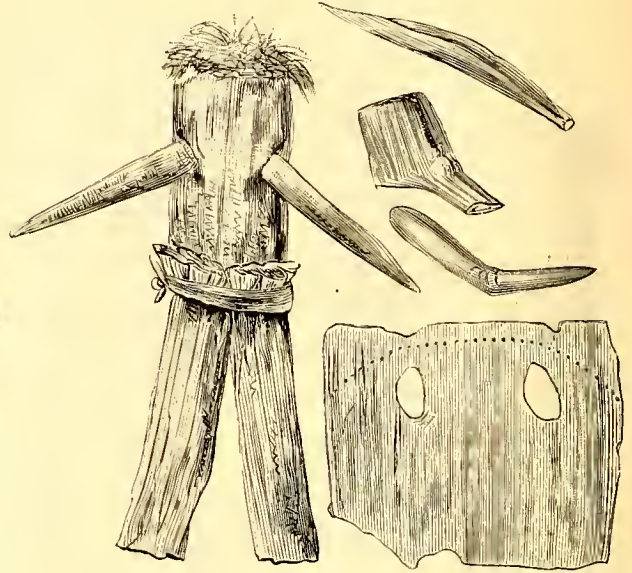
Finally, divide the husks in two below the waist, wind each part neatly with thread, trimming them

off at the feet; this forms the legs. Then, giving the arms a twist or two, tie and trim them at the wrist, and bind them to the body for an hour or

To make the girl-doll, you must first find a young ear of corn, one on which the silk has not turned brown; then, with a crab-apple for a



CORN-COB BOY-DOLL.



MATERIALS FOR CORN-COB BOY-DOLL.

two, to give them a downward tendency. You will then have your doll complete, as in Figure No. 7.

These dolls can be of all sizes, from a foot long to a finger's length, the small dolls serving as babies for the larger ones. They can be dressed in any style, to suit the taste of the doll-makers. But, to our thinking, they look best unadorned, provided their anatomy is all right.

You must be careful not to have them ill-shaped. Perhaps your first attempt will be a sad failure. The head may be askew, the arms and legs may be all awry; there may be odds and ends that you can neither tie up nor hide away, and, altogether, her ladyship may present a decidedly disreputable appearance. But never mind. It will only give you something to laugh at. Try again, and keep on trying until you are rewarded with success. You may, in time, come to wonder at your own skill. At all events, it will serve as a pleasant pastime for some rainy day, when you are longing for new diversion.

Almost every child who has been in the country has made, or has tried to make, a corn-cob baby. Those who have not succeeded in their efforts will, perhaps, be glad to try again, in this way, which is very easy and simple:

head and a leaf of the corn, you have your materials.

Roll part of the leaf, as indicated in Figure No. 8, for the arms; then, with a small twig, fasten the



FLOWER-DOLL.

head to the arms; stick the other end of the twig into the corn-cob, and the doll is ready for dressing.

The bonnet is made of a leaf, just where it grows from the stalk, and is fastened with a thorn. Before putting the bonnet on, however, the silk must be pulled up over the head, to form hair. Make the skirt and scarf of part of the leaf, and the doll's toilet is complete.

Thorns are used to form the features, as well as to fasten on the clothes.

The boy-doll will require very little explanation. A corn-cob forms the body and head, while the legs are a portion of the leaf rolled up and fastened to the body with a strong piece of grass. Wild beans are used for the arms and feet. The cap is made from the same part of the leaf which forms the girl's bonnet, only it is placed on the head differently. Rose-bush thorns, as in the

other doll, are used for the features, and the coat is cut from the corn-leaf.

The flower-lady is made of the common garden flowers. The under-skirt is a petunia; a Canterbury-bell forms the over-skirt and waist; small twigs, or broom straws, stuck through buds of the phlox, are the arms; the head is made of a green pea, with a phlox blossom for a bonnet. A reversed daisy makes a very nice parasol.

If these flowers cannot be procured, those of a similar shape will answer just as well.

Flower-dolls are very easily made, and, from the hints here given, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS can make any number of these summer dollies. The pictures are not from imagination, but sketches of actual dolls.

THE STORY OF THE THREE SONS.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

A CERTAIN celebrated story-teller relates that

"There was an old woman who had three sons,
Benjamin, William, and John.
One was hanged, and one was drowned,
One was lost, and never was found,
And that was the end of the three sons,
Benjamin, William, and John."

Not long ago, I found a more full and explicit account of the same persons in the Blue Book of Wire Brier Tobit, which explains the lines I have quoted above, and gives the history of this wonderful family up to the time when the parents died.

Many years ago, John Doe, with his wife Mary Jane, lived in the town of Doeville, which is situated, as every one knows, exactly in the center of the empire of Brasstossig.

John was a farmer, and had wide fields of barley, and wheat, and rye, and two score of fat cattle; and Mary Jane was what every woman was born to be, a housewife.

They might have been happy together, but they were not. John had a furious temper, and gave way to terrible fits of rage; and Mary Jane was so stingy, she grudged even the air of heaven to any one but herself. The wood and field fairies were scared from the place by John's angry screams; and as Mary Jane never left any milk and bread by the hearth for the house-fairies, they left also; and no family can be happy after it has been forsaken by the little people.

One summer, a little son was born to John and

Mary Jane. The blessing of a child ought to have brought generosity into the heart of the mother, and self-control to the father, but it did not. Mary Jane grew more stingy than ever; "for," said she, "my son must have a start in life." And John, when his anxieties increased, spent a portion of every day jumping up and down with all his might, and screaming:

"Needles, bills, and pins,
When a man marries
His trouble begins."

After the baby was born, the field-fairies fluttered about the house a little while, for they love children; but they were soon frightened away. They pitied Benjamin,—for so the baby was called,—and thought it too bad that he must grow up under such wicked influences; so, one moonlight night, while his parents were sound asleep, they stole him, and left a little straw-baby, that looked the very image of him, in his place.

The straw-baby thrived and grew, and, when it was two years old, and could scream and kick quite like its foster-father, another child was born, whom they named William. When the house-fairies saw his blue eyes and yellow hair, they loved him, and, unwilling to leave him in such an unhappy home, they stole him, and left a dough-baby in his place.

In time, a third son was born, and they called him John, after his father. It had seemed as though the wicked Mr. and Mrs. Doe were as bad as they could be, but after John was born they

grew worse. The gentle wood-fairies determined to save him; so they took a nice white basswood block, and carved a baby out of it that looked exactly like John, and, when they had a chance, they stole John, and left the wooden baby in his cradle.

The parents never guessed that their children had been stolen, and that changelings were growing up in their household. Their evil tempers made their eye-sight poor, and the fairies had done their work well.

The years went by, and the babies grew into manhood. Benjamin, the straw changeling, resembled his father in character and features, and was his favorite. William, the dough changeling, was his mother's pet, and was very like her in mind and body. John, who was made of the basswood stick, resembled no one but himself, and was so stupid the neighbors called him "Blockhead Doe."

When Benjamin was twenty-one years old, his father gave him a bag of beans and a new clasp-knife, and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

He traveled across deserts and plains until he reached the city of Amsterdam, where the first person he met was a custom-house official, who commanded him to open his bean-bag, that he might inspect it.

"I will not!" screamed Benjamin.

"In the name of the Emperor, I command you!" said the officer.

"I sha' n't for him, nor anybody!" roared Benjamin, in a furious passion.

"You shall!" cried the officer.

At that, Benjamin snatched out his new clasp-knife, and slew the officer.

Benjamin was put in prison, and after a trial which lasted two years, two months, and two days, was executed.

After his death, it was found that, instead of the proper interior parts of the human body, there was only shining rye-straw inside of him.

An official dispatch was duly sent to Mr. and Mrs. Doe, announcing the execution of their son, and his crime.

"Alas! alas!" cried the unhappy father. "If I had only trained him right. If I only had!"

And, after that, his family and neighbors noticed a curious change in him; he grew better-tempered, and sometimes a whole month passed without witnessing one of his anger-fits.

When William was twenty-one, his mother gave him a bag of golden ducats, and bade him seek his fortune in the great world. He traveled about, always clasping his bag of ducats to his bosom, and, if possible, adding to his store, but finding neither friends nor pleasure.

One day he heard that in a distant country there was a gold mine of untold richness, and off he started to find it. Soon he came to a wide, deep river. The ferryman would not carry him over it without a fee, so he resolved to swim across. He swam well for a little way, but he soon became water-soaked, and the heavy bag of gold to which he clung carried him to the bottom, and he rose no more.

When the news of his death reached Doeville, his mother wept bitterly. "It was I who taught him such saving ways," she sobbed.

As the death of Benjamin had softened the disposition of the father, William's death made generosity spring up in the soul of the mother, and now she asked herself, "To whom can I give? Whom can I make happy?" not "How can I save?" as in former times.

John was twenty-five before he left home. The sorrow his parents felt at the death of their older sons, and a suspicion that John was not well prepared to deal with the cunning world, made them hold him back; but at last he demanded that in his turn he might try his luck, so, with his parents' blessing, and a well-filled purse, he set out.

Round the world he went, like the Wandering Jew, but somehow he could never remember where he came from, nor where he was going, so he could only go on, and on, like the wooden-head he was, and after the day on which they bade him good-bye, his parents never saw his face.

Mr. and Mrs. Doe grew bent and gray and old, but so much were they changed in disposition and conduct, that all the country loved them. The house-fairies came back, and the wood and field fairies flitted about the cottage without fear.

When the little people saw that sorrow had become a purifying fire to these two hearts, and that their souls were growing beautiful as their bodies withered, they resolved to give them the unspeakable joy of seeing their real children.

They had bestowed the tenderest and wisest care upon the babies they had stolen, and the three had become great and noble men. Benjamin was a statesman, high in the confidence of the emperor; William was a general, whose gallant deeds and brilliant victories were the pride of all Brasstossig; and John was a learned clergyman, whose good deeds were known all the country round.

The fairies bade them appear together before the door of John Doe of Doeville on midsummer day, and they came promptly. Benjamin wore his finest court-dress, glittering with jeweled orders; William wore his uniform, his sword at his side, and the iron cross upon his breast; and John had on a plain gown of black silk, as became a pastor; and Mr. and Mrs. Doe were the most

surprised people in the world when they opened the door and beheld these handsome gentlemen.

A very small fairy stood upon the table and related the story of the changed children, and then the Three Sons called the old people "Father"

and "Mother," and if you and I had been there, we should have rejoiced to see the happiness, and crying, and embracing that followed.

And here ends the story of the Three Sons, as told in the Blue Book of Wire Brier Tobit.

THE SAD LITTLE LASS.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



"WHY sit you here, my lass?" said he.

"I came to see the king," said she,—

"To see the king come riding by,
While all the eager people cry,
'God bless the king, and long live he!'
And therefore sit I here," said she.

"Why do you weep, my lass?" said he.

"Because that I am sad," said she.

"For when the king came riding by,
And all the people raised a cry,
I was so small, I could not see.
And therefore do I weep," said she.

"Then weep no more, my lass!" said he.

"And pray, good sir, why not?" said she.

"Lift up your eyes of bonny blue,
And look and look me through and
through.

Nor say the king you could not see.

I am the king, my lass!" said he.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CONQUEST.

WHEN, at length, Phaeton got an answer from the chief-engineer concerning his invention, it seemed rather surly.

"This thing wont do at all, boy," said he. "It can't be made to work on a large scale." And he handed the drawing to Phaeton, and then turned his back to him and resumed his work.

Phaeton thrust it into his pocket, and walked out of the shop quite crestfallen. When he told us about it, Ned became indignant.

"I don't believe a word of it," said he: "I see through the whole plot. The chief-engineer has entered into a conspiracy with himself to crush out your invention, because he knows it would do away with all the fire-engines and hook-and-ladders, and the city would n't need a chief-engineer any more, and he could n't draw that nice little salary of a thousand dollars just for running to fires and bossing things."

"I did n't know that the firemen got any pay," said I. "I thought it was a patriotic duty,—besides the fun."

"That 's just it," said Ned. "The men who do the hard work don't get a cent; but the chief-engineer, who has more fun than any of us,—for he can choose the best place to see the fire from, and can order the engines to play any way he likes,—gets a thousand dollars a year."

I thought almost everybody had had a better place than Ned's to see the last fire, but I kept my thoughts to myself.

"I 'll spoil that job for him," continued Ned.

"How can you do it?" said I.

"By getting Fay's invention patented, and then having it brought before the Common Council at their very next meeting. We might let this city use it free; that would give us a great reputation for patriotism, and bring our fire extinguisher into notice, and then we could make all the other cities pay a big price for it."

"Would n't some people oppose it?" said I.

"Yes, the boys would, because it spoils all the fun of fires; and the chief-engineers would, because it spoils their salaries; but all the other people would go for it, because it saves millions of dollars' worth of property. The women, especially, would be friendly to it, because it saves the scare."

"What 's that?" said I, not quite understanding him.

"Why, you must know," said Ned, "that when a woman wakes up in the middle of the night and finds the four walls of her room on fire, and the floor hotter than an oven, and the ceiling cracking open, and the bed-clothes blazing, she 's awfully scared, as a general thing."

"I don't doubt it," said I.

"But Fay's invention puts out the fires so quickly, besides keeping them from spreading, that it saves all that anguish of mind, as well as the property."

"It seems to me it 's a good plan," said I, referring to Ned's proposal for taking out a patent at once.

"Then we 'll go to Aunt Mercy and get the money right away," said he. "What do you say, Fay?"

This conversation took place in the printing-office. Phaeton, after telling us the result of his interviews with the chief-engineer, had taken no further part in it, but busied himself setting type.

"I 've no objection," said he, in answer to Ned's question.

"Then let 's have your drawing," said Ned, and with that in hand, he and I set off for Aunt Mercy's.

"I don't feel quite right," said Ned, as we went along, "about the way Aunt Mercy has always misunderstood these things. This time, I am determined to make her understand it right."

"You mean, you 'll let her know that it 's Phaeton's invention, and not yours?" said I.

"That 's the main thing," said he. "I 've got a good deal of credit that belonged to him; but I never meant to take it. She has always managed to misunderstand, somehow, and I could never see any way to correct it without spoiling the whole business."

"But if you tell her that, will she let you have the money?" said I.

"Not so easily, of course," said Ned; "but still Aunt Mercy 's a good-hearted woman, after all, and I think I can talk her into doing the generous thing by Fay."

We found Aunt Mercy apparently in an unpleasant mood, from some mysterious cause. But Ned talked away in a lively manner, and when she began to brighten up, he gradually approached the subject which he really had in mind.

"Aunty," said he, "don't you ever feel afraid of fire?"

"Yes, indeed, Edmund Burton," said she. "I'm afraid of it all the time, especially since I've had this new girl in the kitchen. It seems to me she's very careless."

"If your house should take fire in the night, and burn up the stairs the first thing, how would you get out?" said Ned.

"I really don't know," said she. "I ought, by good rights, to be taken out of the window and down a ladder by some gallant fireman. But it seems to me they don't have any such gentlemen now for firemen as they used to. They're more of a rowdy set."

"They're certainly not very gentle," said Ned. "Did you hear how they knocked Mr. Glidden's house and furniture to pieces at the last fire?"

"Yes; but why were they allowed to do so?" said she.

"That's it," said Ned. "Somebody, out of all the people there, ought to have had sense enough to stop them. As for myself, I was n't there. I was going, but was detained on the way."

"If you had been, you'd have stopped them, I've no doubt," said his aunt.

"I should have tried to, I hope," said Ned. "And now, Aunty, I'd like to show you a little invention for doing away with all those horrors."

"Something you want me to furnish money to make a muddle of, I suppose?" said she.

"Well, yes, if it pleases you," and here Ned produced the drawing of the fire extinguisher. "And now I want to tell you, Aunty, that this is not my own invention, but my brother's; and I think it's about the best he's ever made."

"U-m-m-m," said Aunt Mercy.

Ned then proceeded to explain the drawing.

"I see it all quite plainly," said Aunt Mercy, when he had finished. "My house takes fire——"

"I hope not," said Ned.

"The alarm is given, and this thing is brought out——"

"Just so," said Ned.

"In about a minute it is clapped right down over the house——"

"Precisely," said Ned.

"And smothers the fire instantly——"

"That's it exactly," said Ned.

"And smothers me in it, as well."

Ned was dumfounded for a minute, but soon came to his senses.

"As to that," said he, "it's to be supposed that you'd run out of the house just before we put on the extinguisher. But the fact is, Aunty, you've suggested an improvement already. Of course, we shall have to build the extinguisher with several

flaps, like tent-doors, so that if there *are* any people in the house, they can easily escape."

"And you think I ought to furnish that brother of yours the money to make a proper muddle of this thing?"

"I should be glad if you would," said Ned.

"Well," said Aunt Mercy, "there's a piece of his work in the kitchen now. I wish you'd step out and look at it, and *then* tell me what you think."

Ned and I walked out to the kitchen. There stood the skeletons of half a dozen chairs—those from which we had taken the rounds to make our rope-ladder.

"Those look well, don't they?" said Aunt Mercy, who had followed us. "They belonged to my great-grandfather, and were probably not new in his time. I had them stored at your house, and yesterday I sent a furniture man to get them and polish them up for me. He brings them home in this plight, and tells me the mischief has been done recently, for the saw-cuts are all fresh. They were priceless relics; I would n't have taken ten dollars apiece for them; and your brother has ruined every one of them."

Ned was staggered, and I wondered what he would find to say. But he was equal to the occasion.

"Aunty," said he, "Fay did n't do that——"

"Don't tell me, child; nobody but a boy would ever have thought of such mischief."

"Very true," said Ned; "it *was* a boy—two boys—and we two are the ones."

Aunt Mercy turned pale with astonishment. Apparently, it had never occurred to her that Ned could do any mischief.

"We sawed out the rounds," he continued, "to make a rope-ladder. But we did n't know the chairs were good for anything, or we would n't have touched them. If there's any way we can put them in again, we'll do it. I suppose we can get them all—excepting a few that the policeman carried off."

Aunt Mercy was still more confounded. "Rope-ladder"—"policeman"—that sounded like robbery and State-prison.

"Go home, Edmund Burton," said she, as soon as she could get her breath. "Go home at once, and take away out of my house this bad boy who has led you into evil ways."

Ned wanted to explain my innocence; but I took myself out of the house with all possible haste, and he soon followed.

"It's of no use," said he. "Aunt Mercy's heavily prejudiced against me."

When all this was told at the Rogers's breakfast-table next morning, Mr. Rogers could not help

laughing heartily. He said his sister valued the chairs far above their real worth, though of course that did not excuse us for sawing out the rounds.

"But as for patenting your invention, boys," said he, "you need not trouble yourselves. It has been tried."

"How can it have been tried?" said Phaeton.

"As a great many others are," said his father. "By being stolen first. The reason why our worthy chief-engineer kept putting you off was, because he thought it was a good invention, and wanted to appropriate it. He had a model built, and applied for a patent through lawyer Stevens, from whom I have the information. The application was rejected by the Patent Office, and he had just received notice of it when you called on him yesterday, and found him so surly. His model cost him forty dollars, the Patent Office fee on a rejected application is fifteen dollars, and he had to pay his lawyer something besides. You can guess at the lawyer's fee, and the express company's charge for taking the model and drawings to Washington, and reckon up how much his dishonesty cost him."

"But what puzzles me," said Ned, "is the rejection. That's such a splendid invention, I should think they would have given it a patent right away."

"It does seem so," said Mr. Rogers, who never liked to discourage the boys by pointing out the fatal defects in their contrivances; "but the Commissioner probably had some good reason for it. A great many applications are rejected, for one cause or another."

Phaeton had suddenly ceased to take any part or interest in the conversation, and Ned observed that he was cutting his bread and butter into very queer shapes. One was the profile of a chair; another was a small cylinder, notched on the end.

As soon as breakfast was over, Phaeton took his hat and disappeared. He went up to his aunt's house, and asked to see the mutilated chairs.

"I think they can be mended," said he, half-aloud, as if talking to himself.

"Of course they can," said his aunt. "The cabinet-maker can put in new rounds, but those would n't be the old rounds, and he'd be obliged to take the chairs apart, more or less, to get them in. I don't want anything new about them, and I don't want them weakened by being pulled apart. I'd like to have them as they were at first. Unless they are the same old chairs, every splinter of them, that stood in Grandfather's dining-room, they can have no value for me."

"I think I could put in the old rounds, without taking the chairs apart," said Phaeton; "and if you'll let me, I'll take one home and try it."

"Try what you like," said Aunt Mercy. "You can't make them look any worse than they do now."

So Phaeton took up one of the ancient chairs, inverted it, and placed it on his head as the easiest way of carrying it, and marched home.

His next care was to secure the missing rounds.

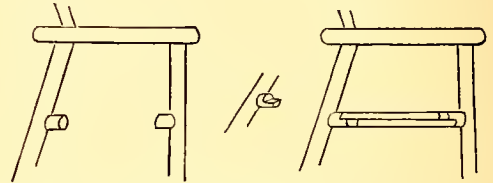


DIAGRAM SHOWING PHAETON'S METHOD OF REPLACING THE CHAIR-ROUNDS.

He came over to our house and got the rope-ladder, and then went to the police-station and had the good fortune to recover the piece which the over-shrewd policeman had carried off as evidence. This gave him the whole twenty-four rounds, and it did not take him long to select from them the four that had been sawed from that particular chair which he had in hand. Ned and I had done our work hurriedly, and somewhat roughly, and no two were sawed precisely alike. We had sawed them so that stubs, perhaps an inch long, were left sticking out from the legs.

Phaeton procured a fine saw, and sawed one of the rounds in two, lengthwise, thus splitting it in halves, each of which, of course, had one flat side and one curved side.

Then he sawed in each of the two stubs, which had originally been parts of that same round, a notch, or "shoulder," which cut away about half of the stub,—the upper side of one and the lower side of the other,—carefully saving the pieces that came out of the notches.

Then he put the two halves of the round together, as they were before being sawed apart,—excepting that he slid them upon each other, lengthwise, a distance equal to the length of the notches in the stubs.

Now, as he held the reconstructed round in its place in the chair, it just fitted, and there was sufficient overlap on the stubs to make a secure fastening possible. Near each end there was a small vacant space, into which the pieces cut out to make the notches in the stubs exactly fitted.

Phaeton procured a pot of glue, and fastened the pieces together and in place. To give the work greater strength, he carefully bored a hole through the stub and the overlapping end of the round, put in a piece of large copper wire, a trifle longer than

the hole, and, holding a large hammer against one end, gently pounded on the other with a tack-hammer, until he had flattened it out into a rivet-head; then reversed the hammers and made a head on the other end.

Finally, as he had no vise or hand-screws, he placed a strip of wood on each side of the mended round, tied a piece of strong cord in a loose hanging-loop around each end, put a stick through, and twisted them up tight,—the sticks resting against the legs of the chair, which prevented the cords from untwisting. He thus made what a surgeon

genius, like that fire extinguisher; but when you come down to a real thing that's got to be fixed, and nobody else can fix it, he's right there every time."

Phaeton treated the other three rounds of the chair in the same way, and then set it by for the glue to harden. When that had taken place, he took off the tourniquets, scraped and sand-papered the rounds, so as to leave no unevenness at the edges of the pieces, and then varnished them.

Waiting for that varnish to dry was one of the severest trials of patience we ever endured. But it was dry at last, and of course Ned and I were proud to go with Phaeton when he carried home his work.

He left the chair in the hall, where Ned and I also remained, and went in first to speak to his aunt.

"Seems to me things are mightily changed," said Ned, in a humiliated tone, "when Fay walks in to see Aunt Mercy, and I stay outside. But I suppose it's all right."

We heard his aunt say to Phaeton:

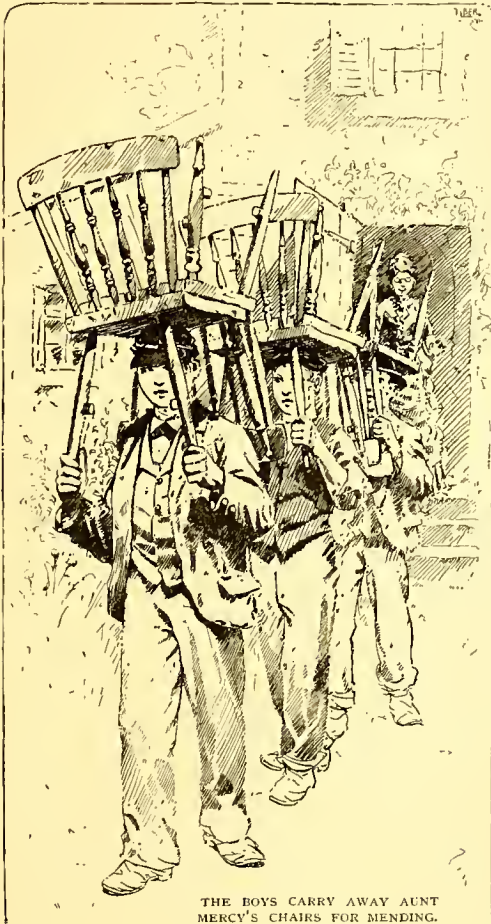
"I'd given up looking for you. I knew you'd find you could n't do it; but I know you tried hard, poor boy, and I'm just as much obliged to you."

Presently Phaeton came out and got the chair, and this time we went in with him.

He set it down before his astonished aunt, and carefully explained to her the whole process, showing her that not a splinter of any but the original wood had been used.

That cobbled-up old chair went straight to Aunt Mercy's heart, and seated Phaeton in her affections forever.

She made us all stay and take tea with her, and after tea we took home the other five chairs to be similarly treated; Phaeton marching first with two on his head, then Ned with two more, and I bringing up the rear with the odd one on my head.



THE BOYS CARRY AWAY AUNT MERCY'S CHAIRS FOR MENDING.

would call a couple of tourniquets, to hold his work firmly together while the glue was hardening.

Ned and I had watched all these operations with intense interest.

"I tell you what it is," said Ned, "Fay sometimes makes mistakes when he goes sailing off in the realms of imagination with his inventive

PHAETON'S fame as an inventor and general engineer was growing rapidly among the boys. They had great faith in his powers, and in some of them a similar inventive spirit was awakened, though none of them accomplished much. They very commonly came to consult him when they thought they had an idea.

One day Holman came to the printing-office when we were all there,—including Jimmy, who, with the help of Wilson's treatise on punctuation,

CHAPTER XX.

RINGS, SCISSORS, AND BOOTS.

was learning to read proof,—and said he thought he knew how to make a fortune.

“That ’s a good thing to know,” said Phaeton.

“But I can’t be quite sure that I do know it,” said Holman, “till I talk with you about some parts of the scheme.”

“I shall be glad to help you all I can,” said Phaeton.

“I don’t care to make any secret of it,” continued Holman. “because, if it can be carried out, we shall have to make a sort of joint-stock company, and take in several of the boys.”

“Will it make us a fortune apiece?” said Ned, “or only one fortune, to be divided up among the company?”

“That depends on how much you consider a fortune,” answered Holman. “The main thing I want to know, Fay, is this: whether it is possible to invent some way of going under water, and working there without a big, heavy diving-bell.”

“I think,” said Phaeton, “that other and lighter apparatus has been invented already; but if not, I should think it could be.”

“Then we are all right,” said Holman. “I know where the fortune is,—there ’s no uncertainty about that,—but it ’s under water a few feet, and it wont do to go for it with any large and noticeable machinery.”

“Fay can easily invent a pocket diving-bell,” said Ned.

“Do you know the history of Venice?” said Holman.

Phaeton said he knew the outlines of her history, Jimmy said he knew about the “Bucentaur” and the bronze horses, but Ned and I confessed total ignorance.

“I ’ve just been reading it,” said Holman, “and that ’s where I got my idea. You must know that when Venice was a rich republic, the Doge—who was the same as a president or mayor—used to go out once a year in a big row-boat called the “Bucentaur,” with banners and streamers, and a brass band, and a lot of jolly fellows, and marry the Adriatic Sea, as they called it. That is, he threw a splendid wedding-ring into the water, and then I suppose they all gave three cheers, and fired a salute, and had some lemonade, and perhaps made speeches that were a little tedious, like those we have to listen to at school on examination day. At any rate, he threw in the ring, and that ’s the important thing.”

“What was all that for?” said Ned.

“Jack-in-the-Box told me,” said Holman, “it was because the Venetians were a sea-going people, and all their wealth came from commerce, and so this ceremony signified their devotion to the sea. But, as I was saying, this was done regularly every

year for six hundred and twenty years; and what makes it lucky for us is, that it was always done at the same spot—the Porto di Lido, a little channel through that long narrow island that lies a little off shore.”

“I don’t see where the luck for us comes in,” said I. “If the Doges had been our grandfathers, and bequeathed us the rings instead of throwing them away, there might be some luck in that.”

“Wait till you see what I ’m coming to,” said Holman. “The Adriatic is a shallow sea,—I ’ve looked up all the facts,—and my idea is, that we might as well have those rings as for them to lie there doing nobody any good.”

“How much are they worth?” said Ned.

“You can calculate it for yourself,” said Holman. “As I said before, the ceremony was repeated every year, for six hundred and twenty years. Of course, we might not get quite all of them—throw off the twenty; there are six hundred rings. They must have been splendid ones, worth at least a hundred dollars apiece. There ’s sixty thousand dollars, all in a huddle in that one spot.”

“But don’t you suppose,” said Ned, “that after awhile those cunning old Doges would stop throwing in solid gold rings with real diamonds on them, and use brass ones washed with gold, and paste diamonds?”

“I think not,” said Holman. “For they did n’t have to pay for them—the bill was footed by the Common Council. And they could n’t try that without getting caught. For of course the ring would be on exhibition a week or so in the window of some fashionable jewelry-store, and the newspapers would tell that it was furnished by the celebrated establishment of So-and-So.”

“But don’t you suppose,” said Phaeton, “that, as soon as it was dark, some fellow went out quietly in a little skiff, and dived for the ring? Some of those Italians are wonderful divers.”

“I think not,” said Holman, “for the ring would be of no use to a Venetian: he would n’t dare offer it for sale.”

“How do you propose to get them?”

“My plan is, first to invent some kind of diving apparatus that is small, and can be packed in a valise; then, for us all to save up all the money we can get, till we have enough to pay the traveling expenses of two of us from here to Venice. We could go cheap in a sailing-vessel. Suppose you and I went, Fay; we ’d ask the Venetians about the fishing, and buy or hire some tackle, and put a lunch in our valise, with the diving apparatus, and get a skiff and start off. I ’ve planned the very course. When you leave the city, you steer a little east of north-east; row about four miles, and there you are.”

"That 's easy enough," said I,—“only a little over half the distance from here to Charlotte, which we 've all rowed scores of times.”

"When we get there," Holman continued, "we 'll fish awhile, to lull suspicion, and then I 'll quietly get into the diving apparatus and drop into the water, with the valise in my hand. It would n't take me long to scoop up those rings, once I got amongst them; then, of course, Fay would haul me up, and we 'd hurry home and divide. We could easily turn the rings into money."

"I should think we might get more for them as curiosities than as old gold," said I.

"That 's a good idea," said Holman.

"But we must n't be in a hurry to sell them *all*," said Jimmy the Rhymer. "When a fellow grows up and gets engaged, one of those would be an awful romantic thing to give to the lady."

"I know a better way than that to get them, though," said Ned.

"Let 's hear."

"Just invent some kind of magnet that 'll stick to gold, as a common magnet sticks to iron, and put a good strong one in the butt end of your fish-pole; then, when the Venetians were looking, you could be fishing; and when they were not looking, you could drop the big end of the pole into the water, poke around a little on the bottom, and haul up a ring. Maybe sometimes you 'd haul up a dozen at once, all sticking together like a cluster of grapes."

Whether Holman was in earnest, or was only testing the credulity of us younger boys, I never knew; but we took it all in good faith, and went home that night to dream of loading our fingers with rings, and spending sixty thousand dollars divided into five shares. However Holman may have been jesting in this scheme for acquiring a fortune for himself, in a few days after he actually entered upon a rather ludicrous performance to get a little money for somebody else.

There were two Red Rovers in our town—in fact, there were three. The reader has already made the acquaintance of the fire-company and engine known as Red Rover Three. A man who had once belonged to that company, but was now past the prime of life, and honorably retired from the service, made his living by grinding knives and scissors.

But he was too much of a Yankee to go about with a wheel in a little frame strapped upon his back, and a bell in his hand, to be rung monotonously from street to street. He built a peculiar carriage,—a square framework, about four feet high and six feet long,—running on four large wheels, wherein was a bewildering mass of machinery. Standing behind it, and laying his

hands upon two great brass knobs, he walked slowly through the streets, pushing it before him in a dignified manner, to the awe of the boys and the wonderment of the whole town. It went with an easy motion, the wheels making only a subdued and genteel noise. Surmounting it in front was a large bell, which was struck at solemn and impressive intervals. This apparatus both increased his patronage and elevated the dignity of the profession. He had no vulgar and noisy cry, soliciting custom in a half-intelligible jargon. People who wanted their scissors ground came to the doors with them when they heard his bell. Then the wheels of the chariot stopped, the charioteer lifted his hat in salutation, and the negotiation seemed like a matter of friendly favor, rather than bargain and pay.

In order to grind, he opened a little gate in the rear of the machine, stepped inside, closed the gate behind him, and seated himself upon a small shelf which was fastened to the gate. His feet were then placed upon two pedals, and the machinery began to move.

Five small grindstones, of different sizes and fineness, revolved before him. At his right hand was a little anvil; at his left, a vise, and under it a box of small tools.

About the middle of the machine, on the top, was a small figure of a Scottish Highlander, with bag-pipes under his arm. The bag—which was of painted tin—was filled with water; and a plug, withdrawn from the longest of the pipes, allowed the water to trickle down upon the knife-wheel. Scissors were generally ground on a dry wheel. When the machinery was in motion, the pipes played something, intended for music, between a squeak and a whistle; so that when he was traveling, the bell rang, and when he was grinding, the pipes played.

On one of the front corners was a little bronze bust of Washington, and on the other was one of Franklin; between them was a clock, with a marine movement.

The whole frame and running gear were painted a bright red, and garnished with shining brass ornaments. The man called his machine Red Rover, after the beloved engine with which he used to run, and the name appeared on the side in brass letters. It seemed as if he must spend the greater part of his earnings on its improvement and embellishment. The man himself, whose hair was broadly streaked with gray, was called "the Old Red Rover," and we never knew him by any other name.

He lived in a little bit of a house by the canal; and the machine, which was always kept in shining order, had to be taken in-doors every night.

How he managed to find room in the house for himself, his wife, and his four children, besides the machine, we could never imagine—and it was none of our business. That little house by the canal was as much the Old Red Rover's castle as the palaces that you and I live in, dear reader, are ours.

I think it was a week after our conversation concerning the Doge's rings, when, one Saturday, Ned and I heard the bell ring, and saw the Red Rover coming up the street, with Isaac Holman propelling it, instead of its owner.

This was rather astonishing, and of course an immediate explanation was demanded.

"Why, you see," said Holman, "Mother had been for a long time wishing the Old Red Rover would come around, for every pair of scissors in the house was as dull as a Dutch grammar. At last she got tired waiting, and so I went to his house with them. I found that he was laid up with rheumatism, and had n't been out for five weeks. It looked to me as if the family were on short rations, and I began to think what I could do for them. I thought the best thing would be, to take the machine and spend the day in going around grinding scissors, and at night take home the money to the Old Red Rover."

"Yes," said Ned, "that's the very best thing; it's more fun than anything else you could have thought of."

"He was rather afraid to let me try it," continued Holman, "but Mrs. The-Old-Red-Rover was greatly pleased with the idea, and soon persuaded him. 'Be very tender with her—she's the pride of my life,' said he, as we rolled it out through the door-way; and he did n't mean his wife—he meant the machine."

We had often kept this machine company as it passed through the streets in charge of its owner, and it was doubly interesting now when one of our own number was allowed to run it. So of course we went along with Holman on his benevolent tour. Other boys also joined us, the unusually large crowd attracted attention, we were all ready to explain the situation to people who stood in the doors or looked out through the windows, and the result was that Holman had plenty of work.

Soon after turning into West street, he began to go much more slowly. At the house where Miss Glidden had been living since the fire, nobody appeared at door or window. It happened that right here something got out of order in the machine—at least, Holman said it did, and he had to stop stock-still and tinker at it a long time; but I was not able to see what was out of order.

At last Miss Glidden appeared at the door, and inquired what was going on. Monkey Roe ran up the steps and informed her.

"It's entirely a work of mercy," said he, "and you'd be doing a benevolent thing to give him as many scissors as possible to sharpen."

Miss Glidden invited him in, and soon collected three pairs of scissors and a pair of shears, which she requested him to take out and have ground for her.

"Is this all you have?" said Monkey Roe, in a tone signifying that he considered it a very small crop.

"There may be more," said she. "Biddy,"—to the servant,—“bring any scissors you have that need grinding.”

Biddy brought from the kitchen a pair that were used to trim lamps.

"Is this all, Biddy?" said Monkey.

"I don't know—I'll see, sir," said Biddy; and Monkey followed her to the kitchen.

Next to it he found a sort of combined work-room and store-room, the door of which stood open, and looking over its contents, he soon discovered a pair of tinsmiths' shears, a pair of sheep-shears, a drawing-knife, a cooper's adze, and a rusty broad-ax, all of which, with the family carving-knife brought by Biddy, he added to the collection of scissors and shears brought to him by Miss Glidden, and then he came carefully down the steps with the cutlery in his arms.

"Here, Holman," said he, "Miss Glidden wants you to sharpen these few things for the good cause."

"*Boni cani calcei!*—Good gracious!" exclaimed Holman, "does she think I'm Hercules?"

"No," said Monkey, in a low tone, "but I believe she thinks you're Her—admirer."

"But I suppose it must be done," Isaac added, not hearing Monkey's remark. And he took off his jacket and went to work manfully.

The scissors were soon disposed of, as were also the carving-knife and the drawing-knife; but the other articles were somewhat troublesome. About all he could do with the broad-ax was to grind off the rust that completely coated it. The tinsmiths' shears were a heavy job, and the sheep-shears utterly baffled him, till at last he gave up trying to sharpen them on the grindstone, and, finding a file in the tool-box, applied that to their edges, against the solemn protest of Monkey Roe, who declared it would take the temper out of the steel.

"And when Miss Glidden sees them, it may bring her temper out, too," he added.

"Can't help it," said Holman; "and now the lot's finished, and you may take it in and collect the pay."

He had just begun to study book-keeping, and opening a little drawer in the machine, he found a scrap of paper and made out this bill:

Miss V. GLIDDEN,		
To Mr. THE-OLD-RED-ROVER,		Dr.
To sharpening 3 prs. scissors, @ 6c.....	\$0.18	
" 2 " shears, @ 8c.....	16	
" 1 tinmiths' shears.....	15	
" 1 sheep-shears.....	10	
" 1 drawing-knife.....	8	
" 1 adze.....	6	
" 1 broad-ax.....	20	
" 1 carving-knife.....	8	
	\$1.01	

Received payment,

THE OLD RED ROVER,
pr. Holman.

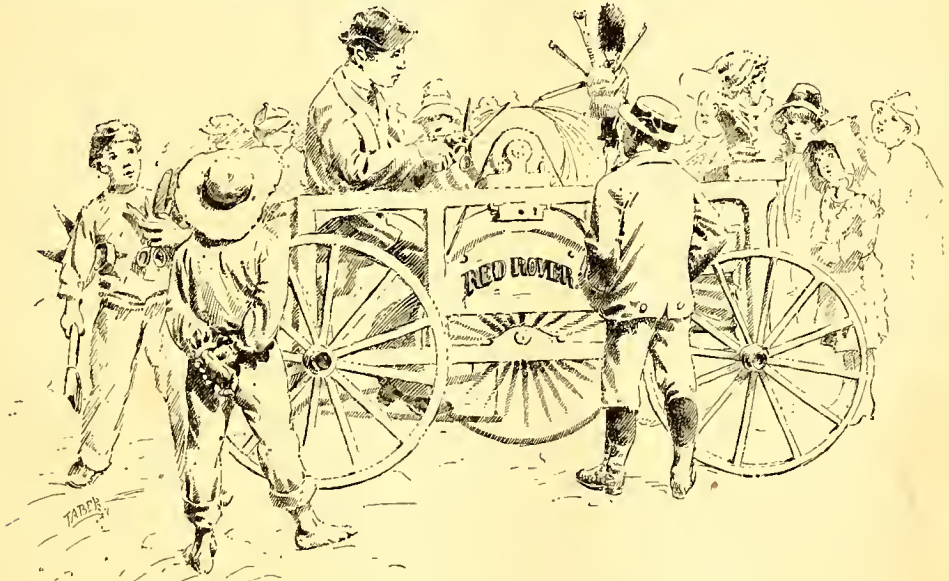
Monkey took this and the armful of cutlery, and carried them in to Miss Glidden, who was somewhat surprised, as she had not known exactly what

you 've touched," said Phaeton. "Don't you know that scissors must be ground on the edge of the blade, not on the side, like a knife? If you grind away the sides, the blades can't touch each other, and so can't cut at all."

"I declare, I believe that 's so," said Holman. "I thought it was kind of queer that none of the scissors would really cut anything; but I was sure I had made them sharp, and so supposed they were all old, worn-out things that would n't cut, any way. I guess you 'd better take my place, Fay."

Phaeton declined to do this, but went along as confidential adviser.

We wound about through a great number of streets, the accompanying crowd of boys being



"ISAAC HOLMAN WENT TO WORK MANFULLY WITH THE GRINDING MACHINE."

he was about. However, she laughingly paid the bill, and he carefully piled the articles on the parlor table, and came away.

I observed that Holman put the dollar into the drawer where he had put all the other money, but the cent he put into his pocket. Then he took another cent from another pocket, and threw it into the drawer.

We had traveled perhaps half a mile farther, and Holman had ground something like forty pairs of scissors in all, when we were joined by Phaeton, who watched him as he ground the next pair.

"Is that the way you 've ground them all?" said he, when it was finished.

"Yes, of course—why?" said Holman.

"Because if you have, you 've ruined every pair

sometimes larger and sometimes smaller, and ground a great many knives and scissors.

On turning a corner into a by-street that bore the proud name of Fairfax, we came suddenly upon Jimmy the Rhymer. He was sitting on a boulder, with a quantity of printed bills over his left arm, a paste-brush in his right hand, and a small bucket of paste on the ground beside him. He looked tired and melancholy.

The outward situation was soon explained. A man who had kept a cobbler's shop for many years, but had recently enlarged it into something like a shoe-store, had employed us to print some bills to be posted up on the fences and dead-walls, announcing the event. They began with the startling legend, printed in our largest type,

GO IT BOOTS! which was followed by an account of the new store and new goods, written in very elaborate and impressive style, the favorite rhetorical figure being hyperbole.

Looking about for some one to post them who would do it more cheaply than the regular bill-poster of the town, the cobbler had thought of Jimmy, who accepted the job because he wanted to earn a little money.

"Are you sick, Jimmy?" said Phaeton, observing his dejection.

"Not in body," said Jimmy, "but I am sick in mind—sick at heart."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Look at that," said Jimmy, slowly raising his hand and pointing at one of the bills which he had just posted on a barn-door. "'Go it Boots!'"—he quoted it very slowly. "What do I care about going it boots? I could n't go it boots if I wanted to. There is no more going it boots for me in this world."

"I don't quite understand you," said Phaeton.

"I mean," said Jimmy, "that my soul yearns for poetry—for the beautiful in nature and art. And it disgusts me to think of spending my time in spreading such literature through the world."

"That is n't complimentary to us," said Ned. "We spent considerable time in printing it."

"I suppose you get paid for it," said Phaeton.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "or I should n't do it."

"Then it seems to me," said Phaeton, "you might look upon it as only so much drudge-work done to purchase leisure and opportunity for the work you delight in. Many famous men have been obliged to get along in that way."

"Yes, cheer up," said Monkey Roe. "Look at us: we're having lots of fun over drudgier work than yours. Come along with us, and we'll make one circus of the whole thing—two entertainments under one canvas, as the bills say. Holman has plenty of help, so I'll be your assistant."

And he took the brush and paste-bucket, while Jimmy still carried the bills, and we all moved on.

As Jimmy walked beside the machine, he and Holman resumed some former conversation.

"Can't you make up your mind to do it, if I double the price?" said Holman.

"On the contrary," said Jimmy, "I've made up my mind that I *would* do it, at *any* price."

"Why not?" asked Holman.

"For two reasons," answered Jimmy. "One is, that I don't think it's honest to write such things for anybody else to pass off as his own."

"And the other?" said Holman.

"The other is," said Jimmy, speaking much lower, but still so that I who was next to him could hear, "and I may as well tell you plainly, Isaac,—

the other is, that I have some hopes in that direction myself, and if I write anything more for her, I'll send it as my own."

"You?" said Holman, in astonishment.

"Certainly," said Jimmy, with great coolness, as if he felt himself master of the situation, "and I think my claim is better than yours. Whatever there is between you and her—if there is anything—is entirely of your seeking. But in my case it's all of her seeking; she sent me flowers every day when I was laid up."

"That's nothing—that does n't mean anything," said Holman.

"If it does n't, then I've read the poets all wrong," said Jimmy.

"*Poete apud suspensi!*—poets be hanged!" exclaimed Isaac, and then gave a prolonged whistle, which closed the conversation.

Phaeton, who also had overheard, opened his mouth as if to say something to Jimmy, but checked himself. Yet he was obliged to utter it somehow, and so whispered in my ear: "If it comes to that, my claim is even better than his, for she gave flowers to me when I was not an object of pity."

The way Monkey Roe did that job created an epoch in bill-posting. We passed the office of a veterinary surgeon, who had the skeleton of a horse, mounted on a board, for a sign; and Monkey whipped off one of the bills from Jimmy's arm, and pasted it right across the skeleton's ribs.

We came to a loaded coal-cart, broken down in the street by the crushing of a wheel, and he pasted one on that. We passed a tobacco-shop, in front of which stood a life-size wooden statue of a bare-legged and plaided Highlander; and Monkey pasted a Go it Boots! on his naked shin.

We met a beggar who went about on two crutches, but who was known to be an impostor; and after he had passed us, a bill was on his coat-tail, like the cheapest kind of April-fool.

We passed a windmill that had been put up as an experiment, and had failed; and he pasted one of the bills on each of the sails—revolving it enough to bring each of them near the ground in turn—and one on the door.

On whatever he saw that could n't go it at all, he was sure to fasten this advice to go it boots. I think Monkey was a very ironical boy.

"There, Jimmy," said he, as he disposed of the last bill, "you see it's only necessary to approach your work in the right spirit to make it a pleasure, as the school-master says."

About five o'clock in the afternoon, when we were all pretty tired, we returned the Red Rover safely to its home, and Holman gladdened Mrs. The-Old-Red-Rover with more money than she had seen in a long time, for which she was

very grateful. As we turned away, we met their eldest boy, Johnny The-Old-Red-Rover, bringing a basketful of bark which he had cut from the oaken logs in the saw-mill yard. Before we were out of sight of the house, the smoke curled out of the little chimney, and I've no doubt they celebrated the day with a joyful supper.

As we passed the Box, we stopped to speak with Jack. He was flagging an express train that was creeping slowly into the city, retarded by a hot box. When it had reached the crossing, it stopped entirely, and most of the passengers thrust their heads out at the windows. One of these heads came out in such a way as to be exactly face-to-face with Jack, the interval between them being less than a yard. Jack gave a piercing shriek, and fell to the ground.

Phaeton and I ran to him, and picked him up.

"He 's in a fit," said I.

"No," said Phaeton, "I think he has only fainted. Bring water."

I found a pitcher-full in the Box, and we poured it upon his face. This brought him to.

He looked about in a dazed way for a moment, then seemed to recollect himself, and turned toward the track. But the train had passed on.

"Phaeton," said he, "will you please stand here and flag a freight train that will come along in about ten minutes?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," said Phaeton, receiving the flag.

"And after that has passed, haul down the red ball, and run up the white one; then turn that second switch and lock it."

"All right!" said Phaeton. "I understand."

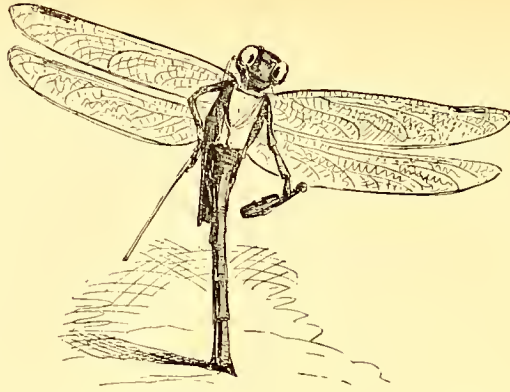
Jack then picked up his cap, and started on a run, crossing the public square diagonally, taking the shortest route to the passenger station.

(To be continued.)



WHAT do they bring me at morn and noon,
 And what do they bring me at night?
 A bonny blue bowl, and a silver spoon,
 All polished so smooth and so bright, so bright.
 This do they bring me at morn and noon,
 And this do they bring me at night.

What do I see in my bonny blue bowl,
 To eat with my silver spoon?
 Crusty crumbs of a baker's roll,
 And milk as white as the moon, the moon.
 This do I find in my bonny blue bowl,
 To eat with my silver spoon.



THE DRAGON-FLY'S BENEFIT.

BY HELEN K. SPOFFORD.

OH, the Dragon-fly opened a nice dancing-school

On a broad lily-pad, in a deep, quiet pool.
 "Professor Neuropter," his business cards read
 When to teach fancy dancing he adver-tis-ed.

The school, though not large, was, as one might expect

From the tone of the master, extremely select;
 And all the first families gave their consent,
 So gayly the young to the dancing-school went.



The tadpoles and lizards and pollywogs came,
And other fair reptiles too many to name;
The chelonians to send their small turtles
were glad,
And a few midgets danced on the green lily-pad.

Batrachians and saurians with insect-tribes met
Here, friendly and courteous, were joined in
a set.
And well the school flourished through bright
summer days,
And the progress it made was well worthy of
praise.

So esteemed was Professor Neuropter by all,
That they voted to give him a benefit ball
At the end of the term, which was coming
quite soon;
And the night they selected was that of full
moon.

Ere long came the evening; the great moon
shone bright
O'er the shimmering pool on this gay festal
night.
More lily-pads widened the floor to good size,
And for lighting they hir-ed a hundred fire-
flies.

Spectators assembled to view the fair scene
Of that gor-ge-ous ball on the lily-pads green;

The orchestra tun-èd the instruments all,
As the gay little people marched in for the hall.

Mr. Frog played the fiddle with infinite grace,
And Beetle chimed in with his big double bass;
Professor Mosquito the orchestra led,
And a wasp on a wind-harp ae-com-pan-i-ed.

Then swift flew the dancers to music so sweet,
And as swift flew the hours, for the joy was
complete.

But ah! comes too soon the sad part of my tale,
When the red rising sun makes the fire-flies
grow pale.

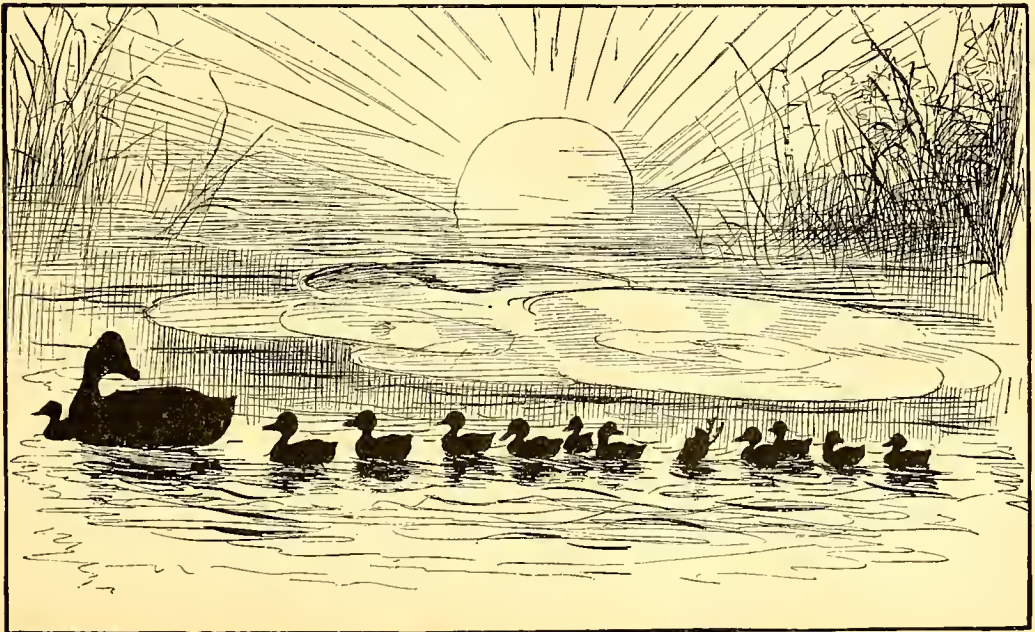
For alas! while the morning hours dancing
they spend,
The revelers little suspect their sad end;
Still reeling they go in the midst of a danee,
While death o'er the water doth swiftly advance.

For, weary with searching and finding no food,
A duck glides along with her large hungry
brood.

The hum of the orchestra falls on her ear—
Behold what a banquet is waiting her here!

They quietly gather around that hall gay,
Each bill poised above its un-con-sci-ous prey;
One snap, and the ducklings have breakfasted
all!

And here ends my tale,—and the benefit ball.



THE BOOMEBO BOY.

BY WM. W. NEWTON.

"WHO was the Boomebo Boy?" asked Ethel, as she sat in her father's lap, before the fire, while Willie was balancing himself on the embroidered foot-rest, after the manner of a circus-rider on the back of a horse.

"Why, my child," said her father, "have n't I often told you the verses beginning:

"There 's a sound on the highway, a sound on the by-way,
A note as of musical joy;
Oh, run you, Maria, and light up the fire,
For here comes the Boomebo Boy!"

"Oh, yes," said Ethel, "but you never go on any further. I don't know who Maria was, nor who the Boomebo Boy was, nor what they wanted to light a fire for."

"Yes," added Willie, "and I don't believe there ever was any Boomebo Boy."

"Oh, wont you believe it? oh, wont you receive it?
Oh, say, do you think it 's a toy?
Oh, run get the water, my son and my daughter,
For here comes the Boomebo Boy!"

"Is that the second verse?" asked Ethel. "I never heard it before."

"Nor I, neither," said Willie. "But what did they want the water for? Was it a toy, or was it a real live boy? and why did they call him Boomebo? Was that his first name or his father's name? I wish you would tell me all about him, Father."

"Oh, say, would you rather I 'd be a good father,
And never my children annoy?
Or tell of the fairy, so very unwary,
Who was caught by the Boomebo Boy?"

"I don't understand you one bit," said Ethel to her father. "Are you making it all up, or is that the third verse? Now, begin at the beginning, and go right straight on to the end. Begin in the regular way, you know: 'Once upon a time there was a boy named Boomebo, and he lived—in a cave or something—and '—'"

"He caught her. He caught her—the witch's fair daughter—
And taught her a different employ:
He first tried to throttle her—then tried to bottle her—
Terrible Boomebo Boy!"

"Please, Father, *do* tell us all about it, in the right way!" cried little Ethel. "Don't tease us any more. You have so often said you would tell us all about the Boomebo Boy, and yet you have never gone any further than the first verse, about 'Run you, Maria, and light up the fire.'"

"Oh, yes, please do!" chimed in Willie. "I do so want to hear about it all."

"He lighted a taper, and searched through the vapor,
Determined to save or destroy;
From above, and from under, with a shout as of wonder,
They sat on the Boomebo Boy."

"Well, Father," said Willie, "I think you *might* tell us! I don't care to hear any more of this story. It troubles me so. I can not make it out. Who sat down on the Boomebo Boy? And what did they do it for?"

"A terrible rattle, which seemed like a battle,
With shoutings of 'Vive le Roi,'
Was heard on the highway, was heard on the by-way
And he vanished—the Boomebo Boy."

"Is that the end of it?" asked little Ethel. "Dear me, I do wish I knew what it all meant."

"Well, now, my dear children," replied their father, "I will tell you all about it, honor bright, from the very beginning, and with no poetry in it."

So they nestled in their father's arms, and he told them the story of the Boomebo Boy.

"You remember reading, a few months ago, a story in ST. NICHOLAS* about 'Mumbo Jumbo,' who roams among the native tribes in Africa, and what a curious fellow he is, and what queer things he does. Well, when I was a little boy, I went away alone by myself to Brazil. It was a very long voyage, and we had a great many adventures on the way. At last, after forty days at sea, we arrived at Pernambuco, a city in the empire of Brazil. Here I spent the winter on a large plantation, traveling about the country, and visiting the different towns and villages, and seeing the many strange sights of that foreign land. One city which I used to visit was named Olinda. It was directly on the ocean, and was made up of a great number of churches and convents. Another place, where I very frequently staid with some friends, was named Cashingar, after a city in Persia. It was here that I saw the real live Boomebo Boy.

"One day, as I was playing with the little children and the poor little black slaves, in the court-yard of the plantation, I heard the lady of the house call out: 'Run, Maria! Light the fire—the Boomebo Boy is coming!'

"As she said this, we could hear the noise of a great company of people, with drums and trumpets, coming down the road. They all were black slaves, but they were dressed in white and pink

* ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1881.

and yellow ribbons, and they had feathers and fans, and flags and banners, and they were dancing and jumping from side to side on the dusty road. They had one old slave in a chair; he was their king. He had a paper crown on his head, and a gilt stick or scepter in his hand. This king of theirs was the descendant of their real king when they lived in Africa, before they were captured and brought as slaves to Brazil. They carried him along on a sort of sedan chair on their shoulders, and paid him the greatest honor, kneeling down to him every little while, and prostrating themselves before him. This day was one of the great festival days, and all the slaves belonging to this tribe were allowed to go out on a picnic into the country, and keep up their tribe honors.

“But back of all these slaves there was a man with a big false head, which he carried on a pole. He made it go up and down, and turned it sidewise and every way. The face was a dreadful thing, and looked like the face of an ogre, or of a giant. This man was called the ‘Boomebo Boy,’ because he would cry out ‘Boom! boom!’ which was the same as saying, ‘Look out—here I come!’ The slaves would make fun of him, and laugh at him, and sing bits of song at him—something like the verses I have been repeating to you, and then the Boomebo Boy would run after them, and try to catch them.

“As he passed by the gardens and plantations, he would leap over the hedges and walls, steal fruit, and frighten the chickens; but wherever the people lighted a bonfire, there he could not enter.

“There was one woman in the procession who was dressed as a witch, and she had her little daughter dressed like a fairy. The witch and the fairy would tease the big ogre, and then he would chase them; but if any person threw a bucket of

water between the witch and the Boomebo Boy, it broke the spell, and the Boomebo Boy would have to give up the chase.

“Some people have thought that, in these plays, those poor slaves were keeping up the old customs which they had in Africa, and that the Boomebo Boy meant the Evil One, or an evil spirit. Other people say that the Boomebo Boy stands in these games for the slave-hunters who captured the poor blacks, and burned their villages, and took men,

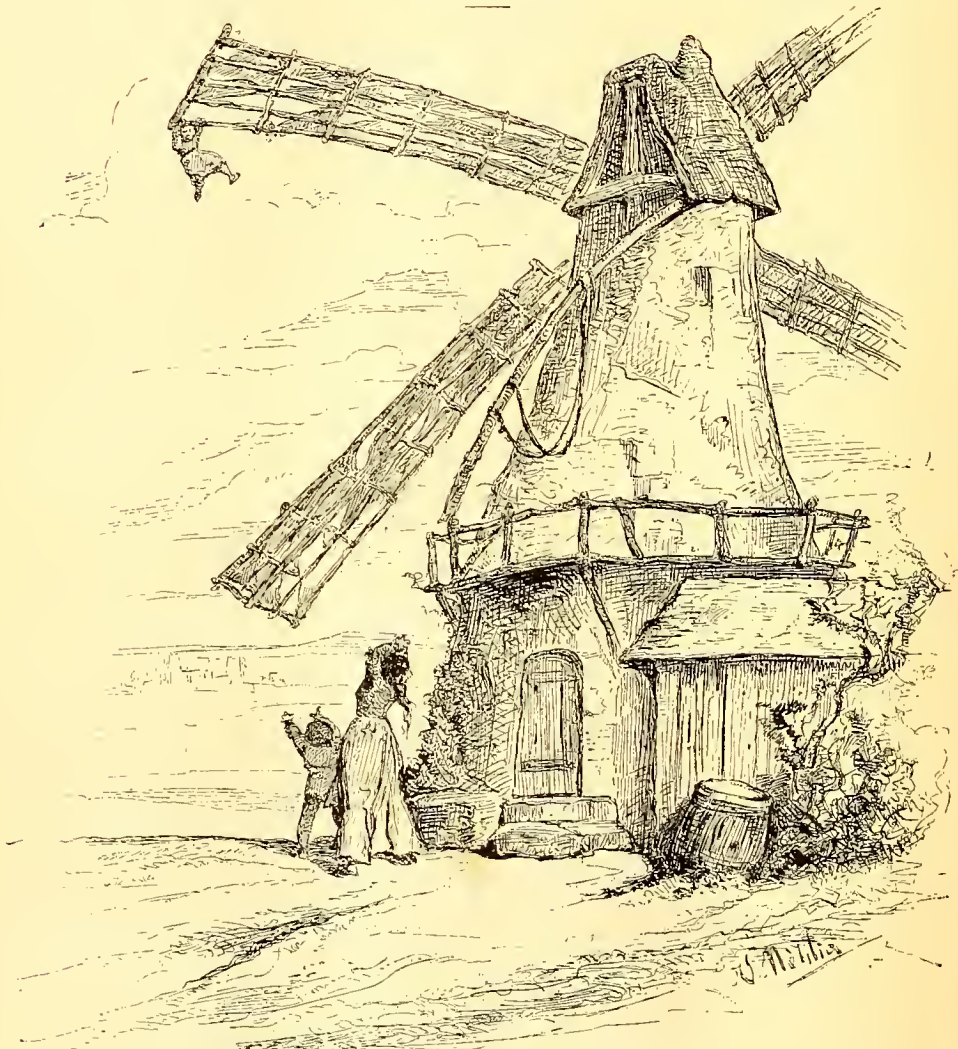


THE "BOOMEBOY" ON HIS TRAVELS.

women, and children away in the slave-ships, and that the fire and the water stand for the burning villages and the ocean. But I only remember, as a little boy, standing by the window of the plantation-house in Cashingar, and seeing the crowd of slaves go by, their old king at their head, crying out: ‘Boomebo Boy! Boomebo Boy!’”

DOROTHY'S RIDE.

BY MRS. C. E. CHENEY.



I WANT to tell you about something that happened many years ago in the town of Nantucket.

Quite on the brow of the highest hill stood a curious old-fashioned mill, the sails of which were so long that they nearly touched the ground, and of course they rose almost as high above the top of the mill when they were whirled up by the wind.

Near this old windmill the miller lived, with his wife and two children.

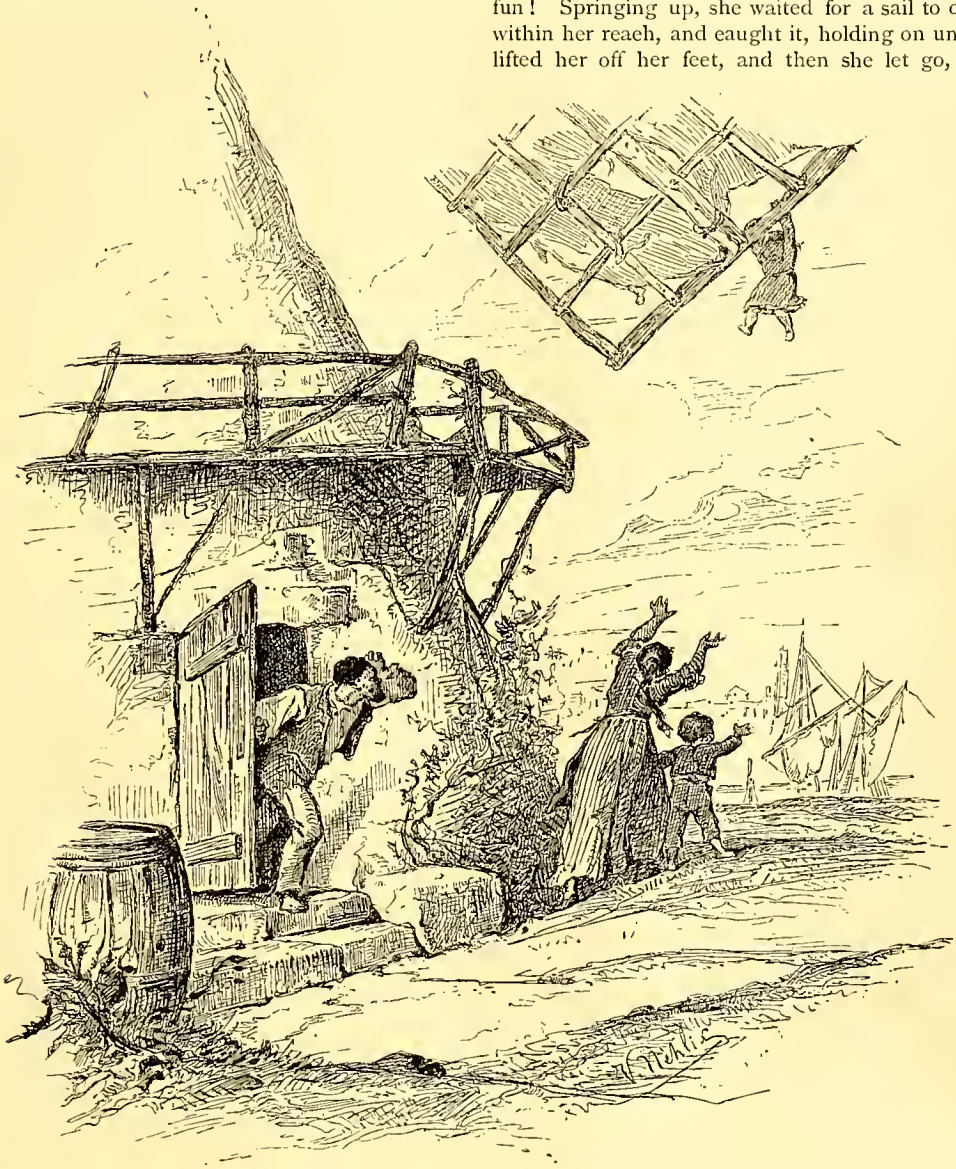
John was a sturdy, sun-browned boy, two years older than Dorothy, but he was very good and gentle to her, for he loved his sister dearly, and spent much of his time playing with her. They were always happy together, and in summer, when the weather was fine, they used to sail a tiny boat on one of the many ponds. Their little craft was not a French toy with painted hull and gay streamers, but a plain affair which their father had made for them in the long evenings, and it had a coarse bit of cotton for a sail. But that did

not matter. No, indeed! They tied a string at either end, and as the ponds were very shallow, they waded about, pulling it merrily from side to side, using all kinds of real ship names and words, which they had learned from the sailors.

So the summers flew away until, alas! John was thought old enough to be sent to school, and poor little Dorothy was left to play all alone. She was

At last, she began going with her father to the mill; and all day she flitted about, as busy as a bee, and humming *à*s cheerily.

Sometimes she would lie on the grass and watch the mill-sails as they swept slowly down, and rose again on the other side,—thinking all sorts of odd thoughts about them. One day, while she was lazily watching them, she had a bright idea. What fun! Springing up, she waited for a sail to come within her reach, and caught it, holding on until it lifted her off her feet, and then she let go, and



a helpful little girl, and saved the mother many steps. Still, she found her play-time very dull, because she did n't care any longer for the boat.

seized another, and another, until she was tired. Day after day she amused herself thus; and when Saturday came, she brought John to see the sport.

She had become too well acquainted with her great friend, the mill, to have any fear of it, and each time she trusted herself to its arms, she let them carry her a little higher, so that she began to see a long way off, over the land and the ocean.

What a heroine she must seem to her brother,—she thought,—for he had never tried it, not once. Elated by her success, she sprang upon the sail for a last ride, as it was dinner-time. Looking back over her shoulder to see the effect of her daring upon John, she clung a little longer than she meant to, and in a twinkling she found that she could see farther away than she had ever dreamed.

There was the harbor, with its white sails set to dry. She could look away down into the town, and see the people in the streets.

There, too, was the Sankety Head light, so far away; now she must be as high as the tall lighthouse. Thoroughly frightened, yet not daring to let go at this dizzy height, she began to cry.

She saw her mother coming to call them to dinner, and she thought, poor little girl, "I shall never see my dear mother again!"

Higher and still higher she flew, her dress floating out on the wind, and her poor little heart nearly bursting with terror and grief.

She did not see John, so pale with fear, nor did she hear her father cry: "Oh, my child will be killed! My poor little girl!"

She had now only eyes and ears and thought for that terrible journey, and once she wondered if she were going to heaven, for she was sure it could not be much higher than she had risen. Still she clung tightly, and at last she shut her eyes.

The top once reached, slowly the sail, with its precious burden, began to descend. How they all watched it! Nobody spoke, and they hardly dared breathe. Lower and lower it came, until within a few feet of the ground, when Dorothy opened her eyes, and, overcome with a sense of safety, her little fingers unclasped, and down she came.

She fell pretty hard, but, luckily, there are no stones in Nantucket, so no bones were broken; but her head had such a bump that she saw bright lights flashing, and heard a hum of strange sounds; and soon her poor back began to ache, and her head felt sore, and she opened her eyes once more to find herself safe in her dear father's arms; and then they all wept together for thankfulness.

And this was the last ride that Dorothy ever took on the sails of the old windmill.



THERE was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead.
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

There was a little boy,
And he had a fur cap
Which came to the middle of his forehead.
And when he was cold
He was very, very cold,
But when he was warm he was torrid.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

ST. FRANCIS lived in Italy in the thirteenth century, and founded the order of friars called the Franciscans. He was noted for his piety, his hatred of all quarrels, and the great kindness of his heart. He loved animals, and was gentle to them, even in an age when human life and suffering were of small account. He loved to wander alone over the beautiful Umbrian mountains, singing hymns that told of his joy in the light of the sun and moon, and of his love for the birds and animals, whom he called his "brothers and sisters."

It is said that once he saw a number of birds together, and, coming up, talked to them in such gentle tones about God's care for them that they did not fly away, but, waving their wings, looked up at St. Francis with their bright eyes, as if they could understand what he said; and I have no doubt that they did understand that he loved them. When he walked in the fields, the sheep and their young lambs would follow him; and even hares and rabbits would yield to his gentle power, winning tones and looks, and, drawing near, would nestle in his bosom.

One day, he was passing through a meadow, when he saw one little lamb feeding in the midst of a flock of goats; and he was filled with pity, fearing that they might hurt it in some way. He longed to get the lamb out of danger, and wanted to buy it and take care of it himself; but he had no money. While he was grieving about it, a rich man came by, and him he persuaded to buy the lamb. The man then gave the timid little creature to St. Francis, and it fed gladly from his hand, and laid its head in his bosom.

Whenever St. Francis found helpless insects in his path, he gently lifted them out of the way, so that they might not be trodden on, nor injured. The grasshoppers would alight on his friendly hand and play their fiddles to him; and at one time a lark, whose nest was near his cell, and who had become used to his loving voice and quiet movements, brought her little nestlings to be fed from his hand.

Perhaps we all might live on such kindly terms with the wild creatures of the wood and field, if only we should love them as he loved them. I remember that the sparrows would alight upon my father's head and hand while he was resting in the porch, and the bees would walk about over his hands without stinging him, although they would

quickly and fiercely drive away an intruder whom they did not trust.

Nathaniel Hawthorne tells us, in his story "The Marble Faun," of a young man who had taught the dumb creatures in his native woods to love him and come at his call. But afterward he had the misfortune to slay a human being, and then the shy animals fled from him, as if they had been told of the crime of their formerly guiltless friend. No doubt they felt the changed tone of his voice and the restlessness of his movements.

St. Francis of Assisi loved especially the birds, and of all birds he loved best the dove; but many beautiful stories are told about him and the swallows that chirped and nested under the eaves of his dwelling, of the multitudes of birds upon the lagoons of Venice, and of the nightingale that sang near him at night. He once saw a young man going to town, carrying some doves for sale; and he begged so tenderly for them that they were given to him. He put them in his bosom, and carried them home, where he made a nest for them and tended them until they learned to eat from his hands in perfect trust.

He had a friend, Antony of Padua, who was full of the same spirit of peacefulness and loving goodwill. This man was an eloquent preacher, and in his sermons he told the people, who crowded to hear him, about the gentleness and whiteness of the swans, the mutual love of the storks, and the purity and fragrance of the blossoms; and he tried to show how beautiful is a life of love and peace. The country was full of wars, and quarrels, and oppressions, but Antony bravely went among the roughest men in the wildest places, to help the poor and ill-treated, and to tell the truth to all. St. Francis and he were wonderfully patient and loving toward dumb creatures, and believed strongly in the good that the animals do and might be brought to do. And so it was not so very strange that people who knew them should believe the pretty tale that these kind men preached to the birds and fishes who crowded to listen to their loving words. Perhaps the story was not true; but it is true that all men should be gentle to the creatures of earth, air, and water, as were the good St. Francis of Assisi and Antony, his friend.

It is pleasant to hear of men like these, who, even hundreds of years ago, were such staunch lovers and defenders of our lowly fellow-creatures.

MARY JANE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

I HAVE said it a great many times,
 But I think I will say it again;
 There is no one, except my mamma and papa,
 That I love as I love Mary Jane.

Antoinette has most lovely real hair,
 And 'is dressed in the very last style,
 But I somehow could shake her (and sometimes
 I do!)
 For her one everlasting old smile.

If I squeeze Baby Belle, she will cry—
 Or she thinks so; / call it a squeak—
 And Dolores' mantilla is made of black lace,
 And my pretty French Lulu can speak.

But who, of them all, do you think,
 Staid in bed with me when I was ill?
 Oh, you need n't deny it! She *did* make a
 face,
 Whenever they gave me a pill!

And I know that, whatever they say,
 It was hearing me gasp with that cough,
 And trying, the darling, to help hold my
 head,
 That made her poor arms both come off.

And she did n't so much as once squirm,
 When Mamma sewed them on, though I know
 It must have hurt dreadfully—that 's how she
 is!
 She always considers me so!

She knew I was ready to cry,
 So she just held as still as a mouse.
 If a needle 'd gone into *me* so, only once,
 You 'd have heard me all over the house!

I think I will put her to sleep;
 It is time little girls were in bed.
 There, hushaby, darling, lie still in my arms—
 You *are* sleepy, you're nodding your head!

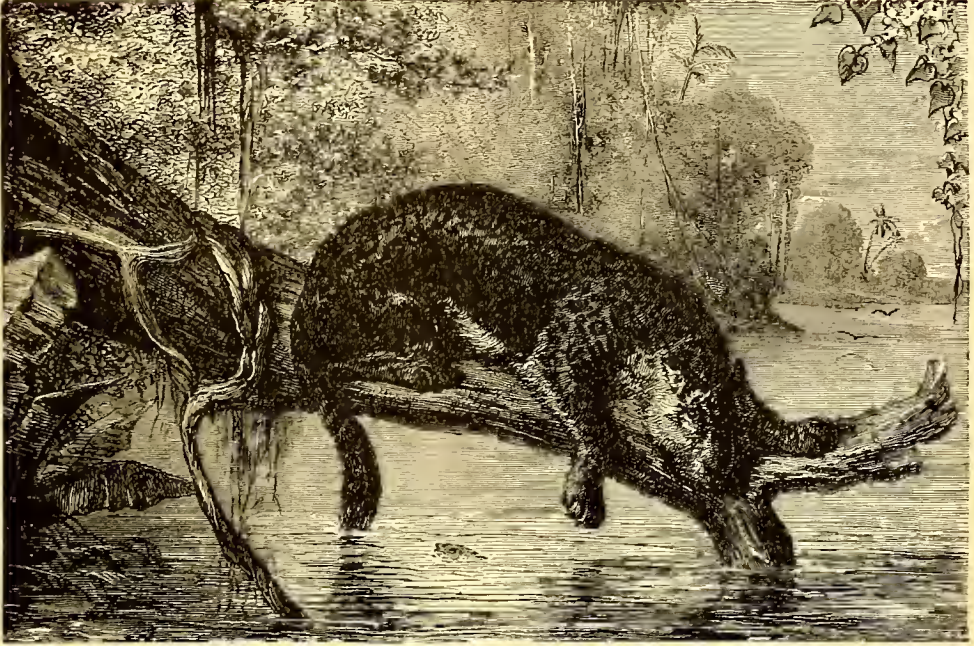
Hush, hushaby baby, hush, hush!
 Your mother is holding you tight;
 She will hear you, my darling, and hug you
 right off,
 If you wake up afraid in the night.

I think—she is nearly—asleep!
 Yes, precious, your—mother is—here.
 You can—go to sleep—safely—for she 'll—stay—
 awake,
 And—will—not—let—go—of—you—dear!



IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE
AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.



A JAGUAR FISHING. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE Amazon is not quite the longest American river, for the distance from the head-waters of the Missouri to New Orleans is a little farther than from Para to the sources of the Patamayo; but in breadth and depth the Amazon surpasses all other streams in the world. The reason is this: while the largest tributaries of the Mississippi flow through arid highlands, the valley of the Amazon is covered with continuous and evergreen forests, that yield more water for every acre of ground than our western sand-hills yield from a square mile of surface.

When we first came in sight of the monster stream, it would have been easy to persuade us that we were standing at the brink of a large lake: the opposite shores looked like a hazy, blue ridge, rising here and there above a belt of wooded islands, many of them with hills and valleys of their own. Sea-gulls flew up and down the shore, and in the

deep water, amid-stream, splashed fish that would not have found much play-room in the so-called "big rivers" of western Europe.

The Amazon abounds with sharks and sweet-water dolphins, besides alligators, and those curious creatures called manatees,—half fish, half sea-cow,—fat, club-tailed monsters, with whale-heads and hand-like flippers. These strange creatures already have been described and pictured for you in an early number of ST. NICHOLAS.*

We stood upon a rocky bluff that would have made a fine camping-ground, but our empty mess-bag reminded us that we wanted to reach the Mission of San Tomas that day, and, if possible, in time to hire a sail-boat before night. Strange birds fluttered about the trees, and seemed to deliver the greeting of the Brazilian virgin-woods; among them were piping toucans and drumming king-woodpeckers, with black wings and yellow heads; but we restrained our hunting propensities until we approached a reedy thicket, where Rough

* See ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1874.

summoned us with a bay that he never wasted on small game. We had seen tapir-tracks near the shore, and the boys entered the cane-brake at a



THE JAGUAR MEETS AN UNEXPECTED ENEMY.

double-quick: a young tapir was one of the things we were most anxious to get.

"Come here, quick!" cried Tommy, from the thicket. "It's worth while—two young pumas or panthers, I don't know which."

"What is it, Menito?" I called out.

"I can't tell," he replied. "They do not look like pumas; they must be jaguars; but it's worth while. They are pretty big fellows, and this gives us a chance to try our catch-net. Rough has treed them where they can't get away!"

The cubs or kittens had taken refuge on a little plum-tree, and they received us with hissing growls; but our catch-net was just the thing for customers of that sort; it was shaped like a butterfly-catcher, but with a larger hoop, and instead of gauze, the net-work was made of strong and elastic cords.

While we watched the tree, Menito fastened the net to a pole, and, seeing him come, the kittens seemed to take a sudden dislike to their perch; but they were too late. One we caught in the act of jumping off, and the other was kept at bay until we had time to attend to him. All their tricks were in vain; when they had satisfied themselves that the net could not be broken, we pinned them to the ground with forked sticks, and, putting on a pair of buckskin mittens, Menito secured them without endangering his skin, although they worked their claws with desperate energy.

"Hurry up!" cried an Indian boy, who had followed us from the road. "Here comes the old one—look out!" and almost at the same moment we heard our dog rushing through the thicket, with a howl of terror, straight toward the river, as it seemed, for, in the next minute, a double splash told us that pursued and pursuer had taken to the water.

Before gunpowder was invented, hunters were sometimes obliged to "run down" their game, and I have often wondered how they could manage it, for imminent danger seems almost to double the swiftness of a fugitive animal.

Rough was by no means a good swimmer, but, when we reached the shore, we saw him dash through the water like a fish-otter,—not the least bit too quick, though, for the jaguar was close at his heels, and, to our consternation, the only gun we had brought along missed fire, and there was no time to run back to the road. We gave up the dog for lost, as we saw him make an ineffectual attempt to land on a swampy reed-bank, while the pursuer prepared to intercept his retreat. All at once, however, the jaguar turned swiftly, and, with a scream of rage, struck out to

get away from a place where a visible reddening of the water suggested the explanation of his maneuver. Some monster of the river-deep—a shark or a gavial—had seized him from below; little knowing that its sharp teeth would save the life of another fellow-creature. The jaguar struck out for the lower end of the island, and had just strength enough left to drag himself into the reeds, while Rough paddled back to the shore, and, without waiting to shake himself, raced around us in a very frenzy of joy that he had reached the land unscathed.

"Will you let me carry that gun of yours, please?" asked the little Indian lad, when we got back to the road.

"Never mind, sonny," said I. "What do you want to carry it for?"

"I want to earn a quarter of a dollar," said he, "to buy a picture of my patron-saint, so that I can go to heaven, where they make butter-tortillas [a sort of pancakes]. Butter makes them much mellow, you know; my mother always fries them with fish-oil."

"All right," I laughed. "I will give you half a dollar if you will show us the way to San Tomas, and hunt up a good river-pilot. Do you think you could find one?"

"*Por mi fe sagrada* [on my sacred word], sir, I'll do that," said the little fellow. "Just come

along,"—and he rushed ahead, almost beside himself with excitement, and, when we finally sighted our destination on the ridge of a treeless bluff, he pointed out the missionary's house, and then ran down to the river to fulfill the second part of his contract.

The kind friar took us to a store where we could buy all the provisions we wanted, and then sent a special messenger to the river, as our little guide had not yet returned. After an hour or so, they both came back, the boy crying as if his heart would break, and the messenger very sorry, as he said, to inform us that all the falucas, or sail-boats, excepting one, had been hired by a merchant to go up the river with a cargo of flour, and the one going down had started the evening before with a load of dye-wood.

"Whose is it? Who shipped the dye-wood?" asked the friar.

"Moro, the Mil Negocios [Jack-at-all-trades], as they call him," said the messenger.

"Oh, you are all right, then, after all," said the friar. "I know him; he always stops a day or

in your place, I should try to get something better than fish-cakes. Yes, run and tell the old man to wait for us."

That seemed really the best plan, and as Cañamo was only twelve English miles from the Mission, we decided to go down that same evening and sleep on board of the faluca, in the open river, where the mosquitoes would not bother us so much.

Master Moro, the Jack-at-all-trades, proved to be a quadron from the West Indian Islands, and the appearance of his faluca seemed to justify his by-name. His cabin was a "variety store" of dry-goods and hardware; on the fore-castle he had a shoe-maker's shop of his own, and in the caboose an assortment of all kinds of fishing-tackle and harpoons.

Of his skill in the use of the harpoon, he gave us a proof the next morning, when a school of manatees came puffing up the river. Before they reached us, he slackened his tiller-ropes to muffle the rushing of the keel water, and when they passed us, though still at a distance of thirty yards,



"THE TAPIR FAIRLY RAN AWAY WITH US ALL."

two at Cañamo to take in a load of tortoise-eggs. You can overtake him yet."

"Oh, yes! let me go!" cried the boy. "I will tell him to wait for you; I can run down there and back in less than four hours."

"Yes, you ought to," said Menito. "If I were

his harpoon went whizzing into the midst of them—and not at random, either, for the spear-point struck the very biggest in the lot, through the center of the fin into the body, thus getting a double hold in the scaly skin. A dozen school-boys, kicking and splashing in a pond, could not have made

more noise than that one manatee. It struck out left and right with its clumsy tail, and splattered us with such showers of water that it would soon have turned the joke against us, if the skipper had not hauled it alongside and finished it with a few blows of a heavy oar.

It weighed at least three hundred pounds, and we could have bought it for as many cents, but we had no room for pets of that sort, so the Moro lugged it to the next landing and sold it to the natives for a ear-load of bananas.

River-dolphins, too, were following us in shoals, though with all the discretion of their salt-water relatives, to whom the ancient Greeks ascribed a more than human sagacity. They followed in our wake, and played all around us in wanton mirth, but always just out of reach of the skipper's harpoon, and their merry gambols were so entertaining that we should have thought it a shame to shoot them.

"You were talking about tapirs, last night," said the skipper, when our boat skirted the swamp-belt of the southern shore. "There is one, now, in that bog ahead there; not a large one, though; it's a 'squealer,' as we call them, about half-grown."

"Why, that's just what we want!" cried Tommy. "Oh, don't!" he added, when the Moro reached for his harpoon. "Could n't we manage to get it alive?"

"I believe we could," said the skipper. "Just keep quiet a moment. It will take its time about wading that bog, if we don't scare it. We might contrive to catch it in the water, or with my lariat if it gets ashore."

The bog was on a little island near the shore, and was surrounded by a brake of matted bulrushes that concealed us until we almost intercepted the retreat of our game; for, just when the squealer took to the water, the Moro ran his boat alongside, and, swinging up his oar, dealt it a stunning whack over the head—a death-blow it would have been to any less thick-skulled animal. Even the tapir staggered, as it attempted to land, and we hoped the skipper would catch it in the water. Rowing through tangled reeds is hard work, though, and when we finally gained the strand at the foot of a ravine, the tapir had already landed and struggled up the steep bank. "It's stunned; it can not get away!" cried the Moro, as he leaped ashore, lariat in hand. "Quick, now—let's head it off, before it gets up to the top of that bluff!"

While we ran up the ravine, Menito seized the rock like a cat, and reached the top in time to drive the tapir to the left, where the Moro soon

overtook it with his lariat. The second throw hit it over the head, but a tapir has hardly any neck at all, and, making a sudden rush, the squealer had already slipped the rope over its breast and shoulders, when the Moro pulled back, and the rope tightened around the tapir's body. The animal was far too strong for one man to hold, and it soon would have broken away, if we had not caught the rope in time—Tommy and I first, and Menito at the slippery end, where he had to twist in his handkerchief to get a good grip, for the tapir was now running down-hill toward a swampy creek on the other side of the bluff.

"Hold him! Hold him, boys!" yelled the Moro, and we all tried our best, but so did the squealer, and it soon proved to be the best boy in the crowd. Having now recovered from the effects of the blow, it fairly ran away with us all, although I dug my heels into the ground and braced myself with all my might.

"*Tengala*—hitch it—hitch the rope!" cried the skipper; but that was easier said than done. Not a tree nor a bush was in sight, and the loose rocks rolled down-hill as soon as we touched them, and, to make matters worse, Menito suddenly let go, being quite out of breath with laughing. The Moro slipped, and, stumbling backward, knocked the rope out of my hand, and poor Tommy alone was unable to stem the tide of defeat. In spite of Rough's barking, and the dreadful imprecations of the skipper, the squealer now redoubled its speed until it rushed headlong into the swamps below. A splash—and Tommy lay prostrate on his back, while away went our tapir at top speed, Menito's handkerchief fluttering in the rear like a pilot-flag. Menito was almost choked with laughing, and the affair was really too ludicrous to seold about it, although the skipper insisted that we must pay him for his lost lariat.

"It was all Menito's fault," said he; "his laughing and hooting would have seared a saint, not to mention a squealer."

On our return to the boat, we found that the little jaguars had broken jail and taken refuge on the back of our old mule, whose efforts to break the halter had almost dislocated her neck. Daddy Simon was at his wit's end; he had no right to let our pets escape, but whenever he approached them with the catch-net, their antics threw the mule into a new fit of terror. The skipper, however, cut matters short by slipping his hawser, and driving the eubs overboard when our boat was in deep water, where we soon caught them with nets and poles.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS TRAP.

By C. F. HOLDER.



AMONG the discoveries made recently in the great dead sea of the West, were some gigantic oyster-shells, more than six feet long, each pair of which once contained an animal that the average boy-reader of ST. NICHOLAS could not lift. In other localities, shells of but one valve were found fifteen feet long, and each of these was inhabited by a cuttle-fish, that forced itself through the water by a method like that used to shoot a rocket up

into the air; and some authorities say that these cuttle-fish attained a length of even thirty feet. These long fellows had a long name, Orthocerotite, and they had a cousin, the Ammonite, which grew as large as a cart-wheel.

Such were some of the shells of a thousand years ago; to-day the only really large shell is of the clam family. It is named *Tridacna gigas*, and is found in the Pacific Ocean; the length of its life

being sixty or seventy years. It grows imbedded in the coral, and is fastened to the rocks by a cord called the byssus, which is so tough that it can only be cut with an ax. The shells themselves are six feet long, each valve weighing more than two hundred and fifty pounds; while the animal part often weighs thirty or forty pounds. When alive, the tridacna lies with its great valves ajar, capturing any food that may pass within the scalloped edges. A shark was once caught in this way, as shown in

the picture. Swimming along in search of food, he unwarily passed into the door-way of the great clam's house, his tail rudely striking the animal. Like a flash the tremendous jaws snapped together, squeezing the man-eater as if he were in a vise, and rendering him utterly powerless. As the tide went down, the shark's head appeared above water, thrashing about and churning up the sea. The hubbub attracted the attention of some natives, who soon captured both shark and clam.

DUCKY DADDLES.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

NELLY stood in a pensive attitude, with her forehead pressed against the window.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Nothing," said Nelly, with a little sigh.

"Only, Aunt Fanny," she continued, after a pause, "you 're all very good and kind to me here, but, you see, I 've got nothing to pet. Now, at home, there 's the baby and Gip,—that 's my dog,—and two cats, and, 'most always, there are four or five kittens. But here the old cat lives in the barn, and the kittens wont let me come near them. And Gnash, he just growls if I go past his kennel; and Noble 's no good—he 's so old and lazy he does n't do anything but wag his tail, if I pet him ever so much. I 've tried to make friends with the calf, but it just tosses up its head and frisks off. Even the pigs think themselves so much above me they only turn up their noses and grunt at me. So I don't know what I shall do for something to pet and cuddle."

Aunt Fanny smiled at the story of Nelly's woes, but she was sorry for the little girl, although she could see no way to help her.

Nelly's home was in a town, and she was now making a visit to Grandpapa and Aunt Fanny, on the old farm where her mamma was born. She had had a fine time, on the whole. She had tossed hay in the meadow and ridden home upon the load, behind the two great, meek, patient oxen. She had hunted for eggs in the barn, and watched the hens strutting about and clucking so proudly with their bits of soft, downy chicks behind them. She had explored every foot of the woods, and found all sorts of treasures in the shape of flowers and moss, acorn-cups and curious stones. She had even learned to milk a little; but all this was getting

to be an old story, now, and she began to feel homesick and forlorn, longing for the sight of her mamma's face, and for the sound of the baby's merry voice. If she could only have something to pet, she would not feel quite so badly, she thought, but, so far, she had wished for it in vain.

"Nelly, come out here," called Aunt Fanny from the poultry-yard one morning, a day or two later.

Nelly ran out, and found Aunt Fanny looking at something which lay at her feet. What a melancholy sight! There lay the prettiest hen in the poultry-yard, Downy Blueskin, on her back, stiff and stark. How had it happened? Nobody knew, but one thing was certain, she was dead, and she had left a miserable little brood of helpless chickens behind her. Nelly looked at the little things trotting about so busily, quite unconcerned at the sad fate of their mother. Suddenly, she burst into a shout of surprise and delight.

"Why, Aunt Fanny! one of the chickens is a duck!" she cried. "Just look at its funny little flat bill and the cunning little webs on its feet. Oh, Aunt Fanny! If I could only have this darling little thing for my own!"

Aunt Fanny laughed.

"It will need a great deal of care, Nelly," she said, "but you can have it, if you want it. After all, it will not be much loss if it does die under your hands. I dare say it would n't have lived to grow up, anyhow."

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, it sha' n't die!" cried Nelly, eagerly. "I'll take the very bestest care of it, and it'll grow up the pride of the yard—you'll see."

Nelly caught up her "dear Ducky Daddles," as she called it, and ran into the house. She made for it a bed in a basket lined with soft flannel, and fed it on Indian-meal and water. Rather to Aunt

Fanny's surprise, her care of it never relaxed, and her interest never flagged.

"I do believe Ducky Daddles is beginning to know me," Nelly said, one day. "He flopped out of his basket, and waddled up to me on his funny little feet as soon as I came into the room."

"Most likely he was hungry," said Aunt Fanny, who could not all at once bring herself to believe in the affection of a duck.

Nelly was sure he knew her, though, and, after a while, the rest began to believe it, too. When he was old enough to waddle about at his own will, no dog was ever more devoted to his master than Ducky Daddles was to Nelly. He had a soul above his kind, and he scorned the companionship of the common barn-yard fowl. It was the funniest thing in the world to see Nelly's queer pet waddling after her wherever she went, and quacking out his affection, or lying patiently by her side, with his soft eyes fixed upon her face.

Even the water could not tempt him away from his little mistress; but Nelly was considerate of a duck's feelings. Twice a day, regularly, she would take her books or her work down to the duck-pond, and sit there while Ducky Daddles

came when Nelly must leave the farm to go back to her town home. "What will be the best way to carry Ducky, Aunt Fanny?" she asked, innocently, the last evening.

Aunt Fanny's eyes twinkled, and she looked at Nelly's papa, who had come for her.

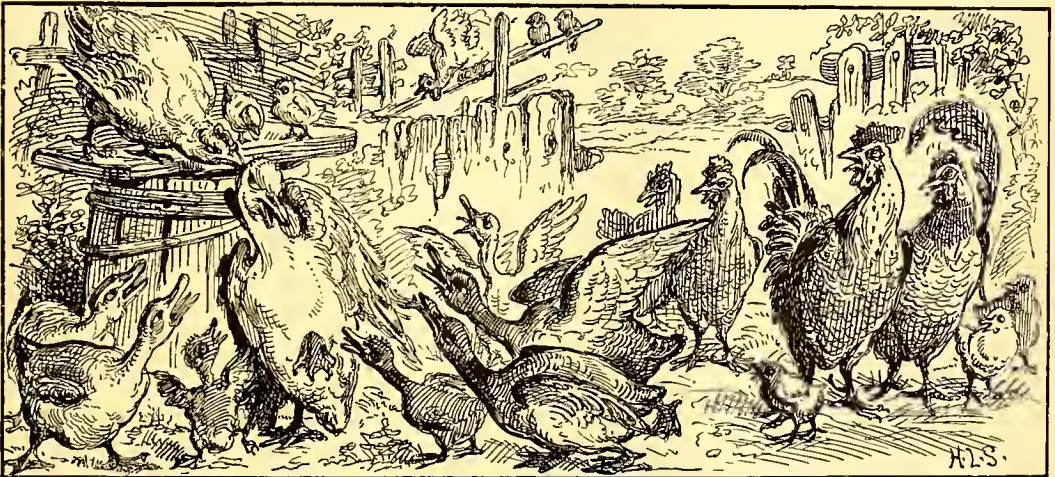
"What is it you want to take home, Nelly?" he asked,—“not that great drake? Oh, nonsense, child! You will have to leave it behind, of course. You could n't take it, in the first place, and, if you could, you would have nowhere to keep it after reaching home.”

Nelly turned quite pale with consternation. Leave her dear Ducky Daddles behind! The idea had never entered her mind.

"Why, Papa, he would break his heart!" she exclaimed. "You don't know how he loves me! It would be too cruel!" Papa only laughed.

"I don't believe he will pine very much," he said. "Turn him loose in the poultry-yard, and I'll engage you'll find him fat enough for the Thanksgiving dinner."

I suppose Papa did not mean to be cruel, but if he had suggested eating the baby, it could hardly have shocked or hurt Nelly more. Eat her



"THEY GAVE HIM ONLY UNFRIENDLY QUACKS, AND SHARP NIPS FROM THEIR BILLS."

was taking his bath. How he enjoyed those frolics in the cool water, so dear to a duck's heart! Nelly loved to watch him as he plunged his head deep down and left his funny little tail sticking straight up, or flirted the water over himself in a glittering shower. He always kept one eye on Nelly, though, and, as soon as she stood up and began to gather her things together, he was on the bank without waiting for her to say, "Come, Ducky!"

So the summer went by; but, at last, the time

came when Nelly must leave the farm to go back to her town home. "What will be the best way to carry Ducky, Aunt Fanny?" she asked, innocently, the last evening.

Aunt Fanny's eyes twinkled, and she looked at Nelly's papa, who had come for her.

But poor Ducky had no home faces to console

him. Nelly had filled his whole heart, and, now that she was gone, the world was a blank to him. Poor little duck! He wandered about forlornly, unable to understand the change that had come over everything,—no little mistress to be found, with kind hand and tender words to pet and comfort him! When he went up to the door-step in search of her, he was driven away, and ordered to keep in his own place. In his loneliness and despair, he went back to the poultry-yard, where he was hatched; but there it was still worse. In his happy days he had neglected his kindred, and now, when his heart was sad and sore, they would have nothing to do with him, but gave him only unfriendly quacks and sharp nips from their broad bills.

"I declare," said Aunt Fanny, as she watched him waddling about, solitary and dejected, "I am dreadfully sorry for that poor drake. I have a great mind to send him into town to Nelly. He will certainly die if he stays here, and he can't do any worse than die there."

So, one day, Nelly, standing at the window, saw a man with a covered basket in his hand coming up the steps. She ran out into the hall to see what it meant, for she recognized him as one of Grandpapa's farm-hands. Such a queer noise as there was in that basket, rustling and fluttering, and—and—surely that was a quack!

"Oh, it's Ducky Daddles! my own dear Ducky!" cried Nelly, kneeling down and tearing

at the string with fingers that trembled so that she scarcely could untie it.

They were a happy pair, that night, Nelly and her dear old pet. Not so very old, neither, for Daddles was not yet full grown. When Papa came home and heard the story, he smiled a little. Nelly had been trembling, every time she thought of Papa, since Ducky came, and now she burst out with what had been troubling her:

"Oh, Papa! you wont eat him, will you?"

Papa laughed loud and long at the question, but assured Nelly that her pet was safe from him. He went further, when he saw how Nelly's heart was set upon keeping Ducky; for he had the lower part of the yard fenced off, and a large box sunk and filled with water, to serve as a bath for Daddles.

"As we are going into the business, we might as well do it thoroughly," he said; so he bought another duck to be a friend and companion for Daddles.

Ducky had learned one lesson, at least, during his separation from Nelly, which was, that it would be well to make friends with his own kind, in case he should need them in future. So he received the new duck amiably, and extended to her the hospitalities of the yard.

And there lived Daddles, loving and affectionate to the last, but too deeply engrossed in family and household cares to continue quite so exclusively devoted to Nelly as at first.

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I TAN'T see what our baby boy is dood for, any-
way:
He don' know how to walk or talk, he don'
know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's
bestest fan.
He 's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us
awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says
his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin'
clothes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pinc'in'
Dolly's nose;
An' ze uzzer day zat naughty boy (now what you
s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;

An', 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he
ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as
zough he zought 't was fun.
He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings
off ze shelf,
An' he 's al'ays wantin' *you*, of course, jus' when
you wants you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;
An' I wish zere was n't no such zing as naughty
baby boys —
Why—why, zat 's him a-kyin' now; he makes a
dreffful noise.
I dess I better run and see, for if he has—
boo-hoo!—
Felled down ze stairs and killed his-self, *whatever*
s-s-s'all I do!



PEGGY and Johnny are not going to cry; they are only taking part in a *tableau-vivant*, in illustration of a verse which is being read behind the curtain :

“ Two merry children we.—Ha! ha!
 From the happy Fatherland;
 Our hearts are light, tra la, tra la,
 As blithely here we stand.
 For who so gay as we!” etc., etc.

PERPETUAL-MOTION JAMES.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

THE boys at the boarding-school at Riverside asked Robert Temple, when he first joined them, whether he had heard of Perpetual-Motion James.

Robert replied that he had not, for he knew no one yet.

“ Never mind,” said little Philip Brown; “ I will take you to his room sometime.”

In a few days, Robert Temple reminded Philip Brown of his promise, and they went together to visit Perpetual-Motion James.

“ James is a singular boy,” said Philip, as they mounted the steep stairs of an old barn, which was in an open lot not far from the boarding-school. “ He has a workshop up here, and he does n't like

to do what the rest of the fellows do. He is always making something in his little shop. He is an awfully smart chap,”—Philip Brown's voice subsided to a whisper,—“ he almost made a flying-machine once; and he says it will go sometime. He is now at work on a machine that will go always, like a horse that never tires and never needs hay. The fellows and the teachers laugh at him; but I don't like it in them. I don't see why it is n't possible. James explains it to me clearer than Mr. Bascom, our mathematical teacher, explains many things. But, somehow, when I leave James, I can't tell it to any one else. There, hear that bell! James knows that we are coming, for

the fellows have plagued him so that he has concealed inventions all around us that give the alarm."

Robert, in the gloom of the stairway, heard a distant bell and the rattling of bolts.

"We must let him know who we are," whispered his companion, "or we shall have something on our heads."

He fixes a pail of water, which upsets by electricity when we tread on a certain stair. James, it is Philip! "The cat is dead!"—That is our watchword," whispered Philip to Robert.

In a moment they heard the bolts withdrawn, and Perpetual-Motion James stood in a door-way, through which the rays of sunlight illumined the dark stairs where the young visitors stood.

Robert Temple saw a boy of about seventeen, very thin and lank, with long arms. He was in his shirt-sleeves,—his arms bare, and his face and yellow hair covered with dust and cobwebs. There was a look of annoyance and impatience on his face as he peered into the darkness.

"What do you want?" he asked, gruffly.

"This is Robert Temple, the new boy," said Philip. "He is interested in physics, and I want to introduce you to him and show him some of your wonderful inventions."

The manner of Perpetual-Motion James softened; he even shook hands with Robert, and this seemed to surprise Philip very much. The work-

with a work-bench, and supplied with various tools. Parts of curious machines were lying in every corner: in one, great wings of whalebone and steel springs; in another, complicated arrangements of wheels connected together. There was a clock on the wall, which ran by electricity, and there were various bells connected with wires and magnets; indeed, the whole roof was a net-work of wires. The only other inhabitant of the room, besides James, was a little Skye terrier, which came out from under a bench, sleepily stretching himself, and dragging a disjointed apparatus that by some accident had become connected with his tail.

"Do you believe in perpetual motion?" asked Robert, after he had been shown several pieces of apparatus which seemed to him to be intended to

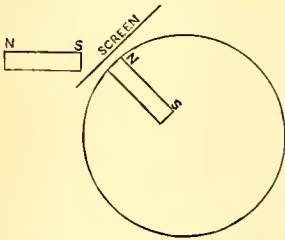
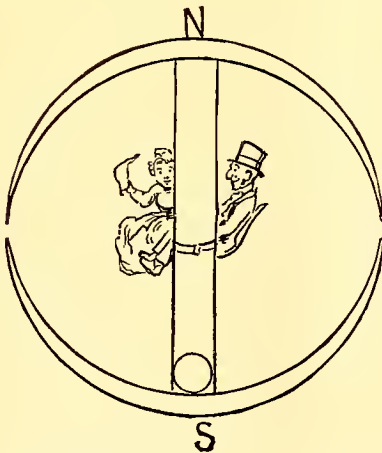


DIAGRAM OF THE "MAGNETIC MOTION."



THE PERPETUAL-MOTION VELOCIPED.—GOING WELL.



THE PERPETUAL-MOTION VELOCIPED.—READY TO START.

work always. His father had carefully taught him the principles of physics, and had shown him why perpetual motion is impossible.

"Why should n't I?" replied James, with an argumentative look. "I can prove it possible."

Thus saying, he pointed to a little apparatus on the wall of the shop. This consisted of a large wheel, delicately poised, and provided with a large magnet near its edge outside the wheel; and fixed to the wall was another magnet, near the first. A little screen was fixed on the wheel, and was interposed between the two magnets.

"Now," said Perpetual-Motion James, "when the wheel revolves, the two magnets will attract each other; but, just as they get opposite each other, the screen will cut off the magnetic effect, and the weight of the magnet will cause the wheel to turn until its magnet is again attracted by the outside magnet. And so the motion will always go on."

The boys stared in wonder at the machine "I wonder that such a simple machine was never thought of before!" exclaimed Philip Brown.

"Does it really go?" asked Robert, timidly.

"I have not found the proper screen to cut off

shop which they then entered was a low room under the eaves. It had been fitted up by James

the magnetism," replied James. "But I have no doubt that I shall find one. The teacher of physics says there is no substance that will cut off magnetic attraction; but I think there must be."

James then showed them his new perpetual-motion velocipede. He had had a little model made, but it was not quite completed. Robert wrote this description of it to his father:

"I think he is going to make a machine which will always go on the roads without horses, or steam-engines, or men's feet. It is made in this way: There is a long, hollow magnet, with a half-circle at each end; a large ball of something funny can roll from one end to the other of the hollow magnet. When the magnet stands upright, the magnetic pole of the earth pulls down the upper end. The ball runs quickly to that end, and changes the magnetism of the magnet, so that what was before a north end now becomes a south end. Then the magnet stands upright again; and thus it turns over and over continually. A seat is arranged between two of these hollow magnets, and is hung just as they hang steam-ship lights, so that they never overturn, no matter how much the vessel tosses. Wont it be jolly to ride on such a thing? You see, you will go up and down, as if you were on a galloping horse—only I don't see how you are going to stop the thing. That is what troubles James, and he is now working over how to stop it."

These were the thoughts that ran through Robert's mind as he heard James explain his perpetual-motion velocipede. The boys could not see why the thing would not work.

Perpetual-Motion James made a great impression upon Robert Temple, who thought that James was a much-abused fellow, both by the boys and by the teachers; for the masters smiled at his notions, and often even punished him for wasting his time. As they came away, both Robert and Philip voted that teachers did not know everything, for James had undoubtedly made a great invention.

In a few days, Robert received a letter from his father, who was a civil-engineer, and constructed

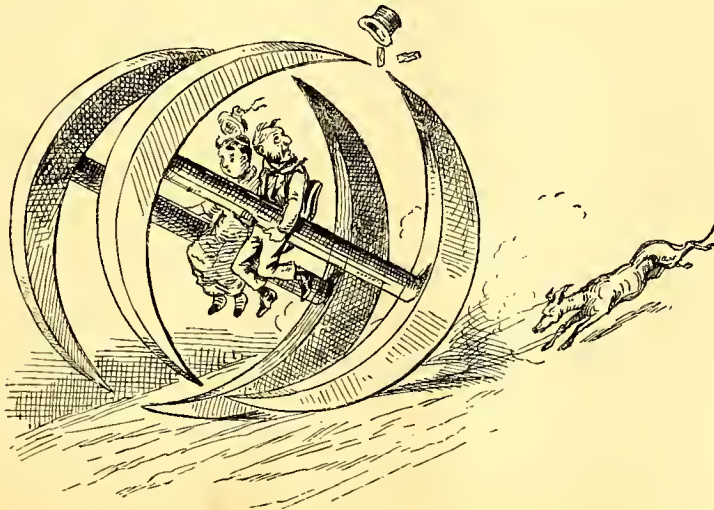
railroads, and also built manufactories. A part of the letter was as follows:

"I am surprised that you have so readily forgotten the principles I taught you. Perpetual motion is not possible in this world. If we should put a water-wheel under Niagara Falls, it would run until it would wear out; but it is not perpetual motion to use the force of water or the winds. We might put a steam-engine in a deep mine, and use the heat of the earth to run it, and turn something at the surface of the earth continually; but that is not perpetual motion, for we use the force stored up in the earth. A true perpetual-motion machine must run itself without the aid of anything but what is contained in itself. Perpetual-Motion James's first idea with the magnet and the wheel would be perpetual motion, if it would run; but it will not run, for there is no substance that will cut off the attraction between magnets. I have written to Perpetual-Motion James's father, whom I know well, and told him that his son is wasting his time trying to do impossibilities. He should be learning the first principles of physics."

"There!" exclaimed Robert Temple, as he read his father's letter to Philip. "I'm afraid I've got Perpetual-Motion James into trouble. He says, himself, that the world is down on inventors."

"Well, if the world really is down on inventors," said Philip Brown, "the only way is not to invent. But look at all the useful things that have been invented, and that the world is glad to get, and pays well for. I think, though, that on the whole, I would rather have my lessons, and go on with the rest of the fellows, instead of cooping myself up in a barn, and trying to make something that everybody says wont go, and that never can go!"

Perpetual-Motion James is still at school at Riverside, and Robert Temple and the more intelligent boys have lost faith in his machines; but Perpetual-Motion James continues to work secretly over his velocipede. He can see how to make it go, but how to stop it when it is once in motion still puzzles him. When it goes and stops at the rider's will, we will send word to ST. NICHOLAS.



THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX
OF LITERATURE.

THERE is a stirring poem in every school collection, called "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix"; and not one of you who is fourteen years old but has read it many times over. For it has the ring and the fire of the true inspired ballad, and a good ballad is like martial music to young ears. And many as are the noted writers of England, no man or woman of them all is better able to give us poems of this sort than the strong-hearted poet of "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix." Robert Browning's soul is quick to recognize the true and the brave in human action, and whenever he describes them, his words are seeds of fire. "Hervé Riel," the poem we give you this month, shows this quality of its author as plainly as any of his other ballads, and, in reading it, you will admire not only the simple Breton sailor who does his self-imposed duty so manfully, but also the manful

poet who honors the grandeur of the poor sailor's act, and—that it may not go unrewarded—pays it the tribute of his noble song. Some of you may need to consult your atlases to understand all the allusions—and so will read the poem twice to enjoy it fully. But the story and the poet's way of telling it will alike interest you, we are sure.

Much of Mr. Browning's other poetry, however, has puzzled older heads than yours to catch its full meaning. But you hardly will find in all literature a more simple, rollicking, and entertaining story in verse than his "Pied Piper of Hamelin," a more touching and tender poem of young life than "Evelyn Hope," or a more ringing and spirited ballad than "Hervé Riel." So, write as he may of deep subjects and in unfamiliar styles, he cannot be solely the poet of grown-up students and thinkers; but—whether he knows it or not—is often a true poet of boys and girls.

HERVÉ RIEL.—BY ROBERT BROWNING.*

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place:
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored.
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single, narrow way,

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full, beside?
Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock-stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here 's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains, all and each,
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate,—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

* Born, near London, in 1812.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for?"

"Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear.
 Make the others follow mine.
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor, past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.



"SIRS, THEY KNOW I SPEAK THE TRUTH! SIRS, BELIEVE ME THERE 'S A WAY!"

Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
 Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were
 worse than fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
 me there 's a way!

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squad-
 ron!" cried its chief.
 "Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!"

See the noble fellow's face,
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
 wide sea's profound!
 See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock;
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that
 grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see! is past,
 All are harbored to the last;
 And just as Hervé Riel hollos "Anchor!"—
 sure as fate,
 Up the English come, too late!

* * * * *

Out burst all, with one accord:
 "This is Paradise for hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have, or my
 name's not Damfreville!"

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what
 is it but a run?—
 Since 't is ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! a good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
 the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got—nothing more!

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it
 befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had
 gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence
 England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank,
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come
 to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy
 wife, the Belle Aurore!

It was fitting that a poet of Mr. Browning's manly fire and vigor should be mated with a wife who, besides the advantage of a clear, thoroughly trained intellect, possessed the delicate poetic traits and gifts of song peculiar to womanly genius.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, perhaps, the greatest woman-poet in all English literature. Dainty and exquisitely wrought as are many of her poems, we have selected from them all the one which shows how her strong soul went out to the wretched and oppressed. In "The Cry of the Children," she puts her indignant eloquence into the mouths of little ones whose sufferings left them too wretched for words, and who yet, through her, could reach the hearts of those who oppressed them. It seems almost too terrible to be true that men ever could be willing to profit by the labor of

children, forced, for their very bread, to work from dawn till dark, day after day, in mines and noisy factories. Yet Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" is no flight of fancy, but the simple, cruel truth of not many years ago.

Mrs. Browning's poems and shorter songs treat of many subjects; and throughout your life you will be able to find somewhere among them thoughts that will help you to be stronger and better. But the selections will be best made by yourselves, according to the need or fancy of the hour. If you do not care for them to-day, you may to-morrow. Surely it is a pleasant thing to know that in the realms of literature good friends patiently wait our coming—and among them all, none will give you better greeting than this most true, gentle, womanly soul.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.—BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

DO YE hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against
their mothers,
And *that* can not stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the
west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the
others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the
sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
Which is lost in Long Ago.
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost.
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
children;
For the outside earth is cold;
And we young ones stand without, in our
bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her.
Was no room for any work in the close clay!

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will
wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Aliee! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Aliee never cries.
Could we see her face, be sure we would not
know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes.
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have.
They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from
the city;
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do.
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips
pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them
through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the
meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary
And we can not run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, under-ground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses
burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and
reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the
wall,

* Born, in London, 1809; died, in Florence, July 29, 1861.

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
 And sometimes we could pray,
 'O, ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moan-
 ing),
 'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other
 breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth!
 Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh
 wreathing

Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold, metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
 Let them prove their living souls against the
 notion

That they live in you, or under you, O
 wheels!—
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark;
 And the children's souls, which God is call-
 ing sun-ward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my
 brothers,

To look up to Him and pray;
 So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
 Will bless them another day.

They answer: "Who is God that He should
 hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheel is stirred?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near
 us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their
 resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door.
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round
 him,

Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
 And at midnight's hour of harm,
 'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
 We say softly for a charm.
 We know no other words, except 'Our
 Father.'

And we think that, in some pause of angels'
 song,

God may pluck them with the silence sweet
 to gather,

And hold both within His right hand which
 is strong.

'Our Father!' If He heard us He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very
 purely,
 'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,

"He is speechless as a stone;
 And they tell us of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,—“up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we
 find;

Do not mock us; grief has made us unbe-
 lieving,—

We look up for God, but tears have made
 us blind.”

Do you hear the children weeping, and dis-
 proving,

O my brothers, what ye preach?
 For God's possible is taught by his world's
 loving,

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run;
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the
 glory

Which is brighter than the sun.
 They know the grief of man, without his
 wisdom;

They sink in man's despair, without its
 calm;

Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom,
 Are martyrs by the pang without the palm;
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievably

The harvest of its memories cannot reap;
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
 Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken
 faces,

And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high
 places,

With eyes turned on Deity!
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel
 nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a
 child's heart?

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the
 mart!

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path!

But the child's sob in the silence curses
 deeper

Than the strong man in his wrath.”

TESSA, THE LITTLE ORANGE-GIRL.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW.

ALL that sunny afternoon, little Tessa sat on the steps of the great church in the beautiful city of Naples, selling oranges. Her sweet Italian words of entreaty dropped like a little song from her lips, which sometimes trembled with tearful earnestness,

“ You poor little thing ! ” said the lady, in Italian, which she spoke perfectly ; “ here is money for your oranges—give them all to me. And now tell me, why are you in such haste to go home ? See, the sun is still shining on the great dome of



TESSA.

for her mother was very ill at home, and the money received from the sale of the fruit, perhaps, would be enough to bring the doctor and help.

Only a few oranges were left in Tessa's basket, when a lovely looking American lady came out of the church. In her hand was a great bunch of the violets of Parma. Their delicious odor filled the atmosphere around her ; but not sweeter were they than the lady's beautiful face, and violet eyes, which rested, full of compassion, upon the child, the moment her ear caught the pleading Italian words, which, in English, would be : “ Sweet lady ! dear lady ! buy my oranges of Sicily ! and let me go home to my mother, and the good God will bless you forever ! ”

the church. It is yet early. But, come ; I will go with you.”

The child's large eyes were lifted up in astonishment to the lady's face. A smile of gratitude, that seemed almost breaking into a sob, parted her lips. The joy of thus suddenly finding a friend, and the grief for her mother, struggled for mastery in her little bosom. She started up, crying, “ *Gracias signora carissima !* ” and quickly followed the lady down the steps of the church, her little, bare feet making a soft pit-a-pat, like far-away echoes to the other's steps, as they soon turned into a very narrow and silent street. Then Tessa told her pitiful story ; how her father was lost in the cruel sea, when out in his fishing-boat, during a wild storm ; how

her mother made and mended nets for their support, and the little girl never wanted bread—and sometimes, on festa days, had a bunch of grapes—until a week ago, when her mother was stricken down by a cruel fever, and could work no more. Then her Uncle Cola, who himself was very poor, had bought some oranges, and given them to her to sell. With the money they brought, Tessa got more oranges; “and sometimes, *Signora mia*,” she said, pitifully, “I sell enough to give us bread. But yesterday I was hungry! oh, so hungry! and my poor mother grew so white,—so white —”

Great tears started to Tessa’s eyes. With tender compassion the lady stooped down, and kissed her, saying, “Don’t cry, little one; you shall never be hungry again, if I can help it.”

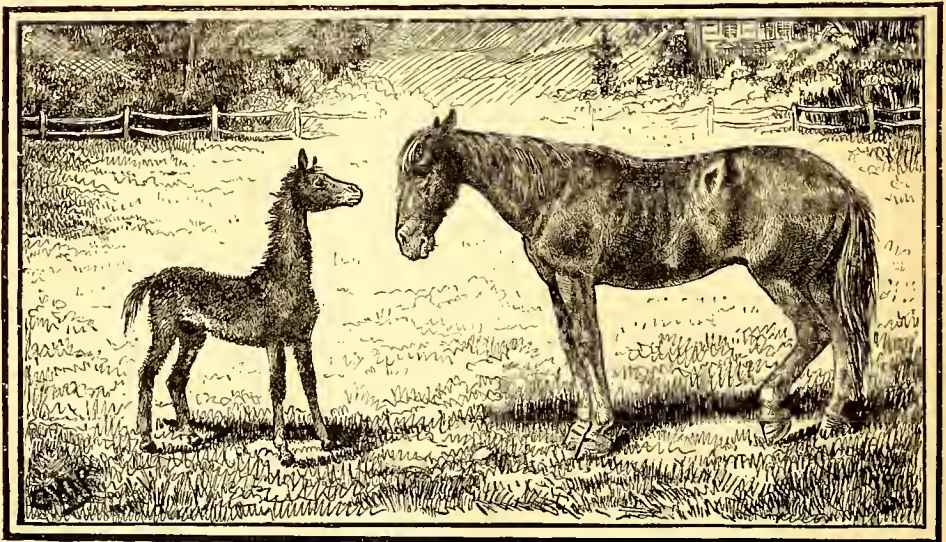
It was now sunset—the glorious Italian sunset. Tessa and her new friend hurried on, and were soon in a very narrow, mean street, which ran down to the Bay of Naples. One of the miserable homes stood a little back, and into this one Tessa and her new friend entered. The next moment they stood at the bed-side of the dying mother.

Yes, dying! Her fading eyes, which were fixed with pathetic yearning upon the door, brightened for a moment as Tessa flew into the feeble arms stretched out to her. A prayer of thanksgiving fell from the mother’s lips, as the child, in a few

rapid words, explained why the Signora was there. Then some tearful, broken sentences passed between the mother and Tessa’s friend,—piteous words of farewell on one side, earnest, loving promises on the other. But what peace and comfort those earnest, loving assurances brought to the mother’s heart! for her little one was to be taken by the Signora to that far-off, glorious, free America, where plenty ever reigned! She was to be loved and cared for as if she were the Signora’s own child. In the mother’s dying moments was this promise given and received. And not a moment too soon, for a little while after, with a grateful look, and a feeble pressure of the lady’s hand, the Italian mother went into everlasting rest.

Little broken-hearted Tessa! She had to be taken by force from her dead mother’s side: and for many days she refused to be comforted. “Oh! *madre mia! madre mia!*” was her incessant wail. But God is very merciful. He softens grief as time goes on; and by and by little Tessa began to smile, and put her soft arms around the neck of her new mamma,—and soon she could say “mother,” and “I love you,” and many other English words.

And this is the story, so far, of little Tessa, whose picture you have here. Who knows but some day you may meet the pretty little Italian girl with her adopted American mother?



COLT: "SAY, MA! DO YOU THINK I'LL EVER WIN THE DERBY?"

A Song of the Corn.

By Grace K. Thomas



WHEN morns are freshest with early dew,
 And birds pipe gayly from bush and tree,
 When the crocus smiles 'neath skies of blue,
 And the violet lists for the hum of the bee ;
 When thaw-winds blow from the sunny south,
 And streams swell higher from day to day,
 When maple and elm and birch are budded,
 And the butterfly hangs o'er the fragrant
 May—

Oh, then is the time when we plant the corn,
 And the golden kernels are hidden from sight,—
 Hidden within the cool, damp earth,
 Hidden away from the searching light.

When the Spring has gone, and the buttercups
 And daisies are dotting the meadows green,
 When the blue-bells are fringing the mountain-
 side,

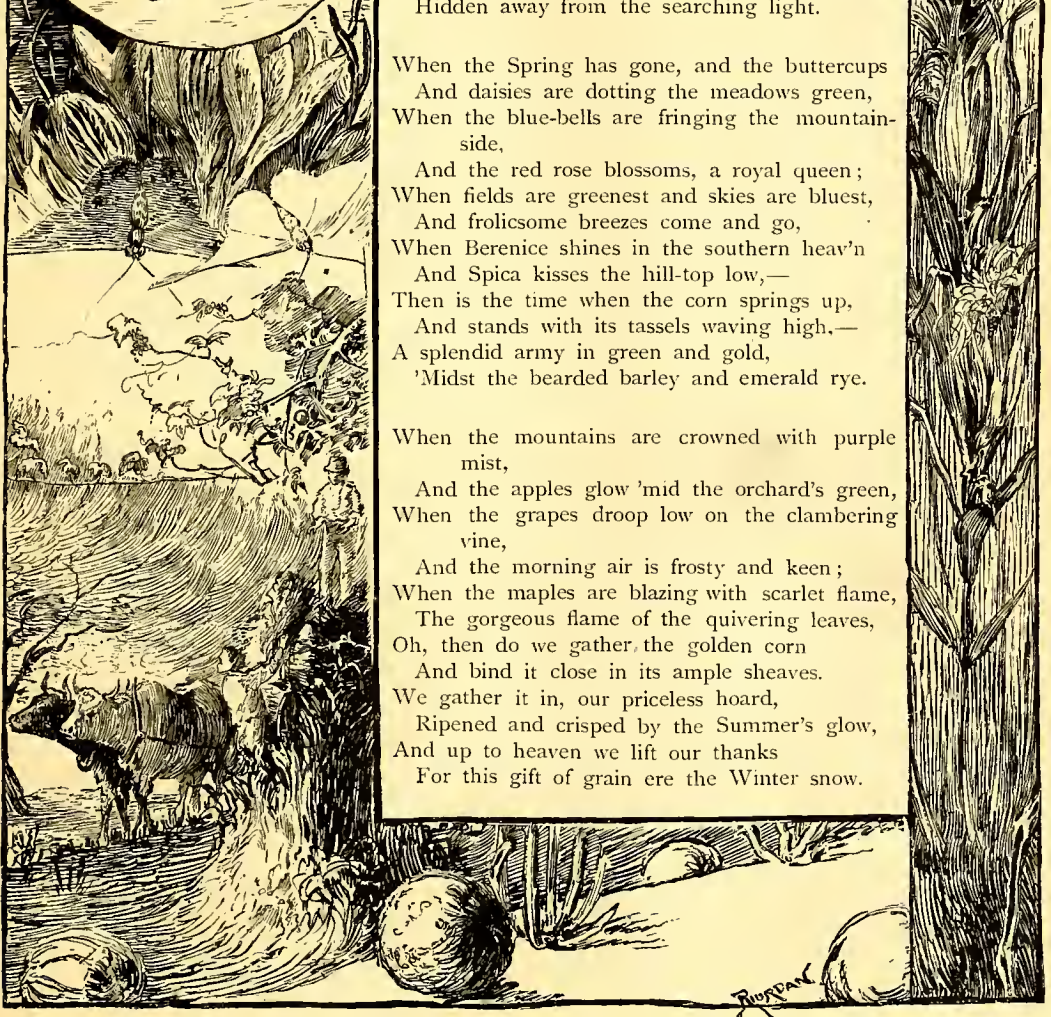
And the red rose blossoms, a royal queen ;
 When fields are greenest and skies are bluest,
 And frolicsome breezes come and go,
 When Berenice shines in the southern heav'n
 And Spica kisses the hill-top low,—
 Then is the time when the corn springs up,
 And stands with its tassels waving high,—
 A splendid army in green and gold,
 'Midst the bearded barley and emerald rye.

When the mountains are crowned with purple
 mist,

And the apples glow 'mid the orchard's green,
 When the grapes droop low on the clambering
 vine,

And the morning air is frosty and keen ;
 When the maples are blazing with scarlet flame,
 The gorgeous flame of the quivering leaves,
 Oh, then do we gather the golden corn
 And bind it close in its ample sheaves.

We gather it in, our priceless hoard,
 Ripened and crisped by the Summer's glow,
 And up to heaven we lift our thanks
 For this gift of grain ere the Winter snow.



THE RACE AND THE RESCUE.



THIS race was between the sloop-yacht Flirt and the sloop-yacht "Sadie," both of New York, and the two owners made the park-policeman judge. Quite a number of young people had met to see the race. There was also a crowd of little fellows out with their sloops and schooners.

The start was magnificent. Both yachts got away under full sail, with every man on board holding on hard, and the water pouring into the lee scuppers.

Hello! There's quite a fleet of boats coming down before the wind, right across the course! And here comes a squall! The owner of the "Sadie" wished he had not set his flying-jib.

Ah! ah! oh!! The squall has struck a fore-and-aft schooner, and over she goes on her beam-ends!

The excitement is tremendous. The crew might fall into the water and be devoured by some ferocious cat-fish.

"Put out your boats!" cry the boys.

"O-o-o-h!" cry the girls, in the most sympathizing manner.

Ah! The "Sadie" has changed her course, and gone to the rescue.

It was the smartest nautical feat ever seen in Central Park. The "Sadie" had a low bowsprit, and she rushed at the schooner and actually put her bowsprit under the back-stay, and lifted the masts out of water. The schooner righted at once, amid the cheers of all the crews, while the "Sadie" fell off before the wind and started once more. The "Flirt" meantime dashed ahead and won the race. Here you see her coming in, all hands cheering. But the judge looked very sober.

When the "Sadie" came in, he gave her the prize for the noble manner in which she had gone to the rescue of the ship-wrecked schooner. "Humanity," said he, with a wise nod of the head, "is better than winning a boat-race."

MASTER HYRAX.

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

UNCLE JOE was taking a nap in the big easy-chair. Of course, he was taking a nap; for, first, he had shut his eyes, and then he had put a newspaper before his face, and then he had begun to snore. He had stopped snoring now, but the newspaper was there still, and he did not stir.

Harold and Violet were playing in the corner. What were they playing? What do children play? It is so long since I was a child that I am quite puzzled. All I know is that Violet had her doll, a fine French lady, dressed in her best walking suit, with gloves, and hat, and parasol, and veil all complete, and a tiny basket on her arm, besides. Violet had a basket on her arm, too; and Harold — Ah, yes, I see now. That must have been it. Harold had laid a board across two chairs, and on it he was arranging all kinds of things—a doll's shoe, a heap of little pebbles, another of grains of corn, a few shells, a ball. Now you know, don't you? They were playing store, and very nice it is. Presently, Harold had an idea.

"Violet," he said, "we have n't got half enough money here. People in business need lots of money, you know. Just you go upstairs and bring down the box of make-believe money, that's a good girl. And, while you are about it, just run into the kitchen and bring in some coffee, and some currants, and some rice, and a few tin boxes that spices come in. Then you might bring a ball of string, and a lot of paper—oh! and Mamma's letter-scales, and a few books, and—and— Well, that's all I think of, just now."

Violet was a good little sister, and she went off obediently. The newspaper rustled a little, and, if Harold had looked, he might have seen an eye peeping from over the edge of it; but he did n't look, not he. He was much too busy arranging his store to the best advantage.

Just then, the door-bell rang, and Harold jumped up.

"It's Mamma," he said, as he peeped out of the window. "I wonder—Mamma," as the parlor door opened, "did you bring the book I wanted to borrow from Cousin Clara?"

"Oh, Harold! I forgot all about it," said Mamma. "I'm sorry, but I had so many errands to do that I could not remember it."

"Oh, dear! and I wanted it so much," grumbled Harold, dolefully. "Everybody always forgets what I ask them."

"Here are your things, Harold—all I could

bring, at least," said Violet, coming back with her arms full, just as Mamma went out. "There's the coffee in one paper, and the rice in another, and—oh dear! I must have dropped the currants. And there's your string, and your box of money, and a roll of paper, and three tin boxes, but I could n't bring the books, nor the letter-scales. Indeed, I could n't carry any more, Harold."

"Just the way," grumbled Harold again. "I never saw anything like it. Nobody ever can do what I want. They 'forget,' or 'can't bring 'em,' or something. Just you trot upstairs again, now, and bring down those books. Any old ones will do. I want them for shelves. And, while you're about it, bring my little express wagon, and——"

"Harold!"

It was Uncle Joe who spoke. The newspaper was off his head, now, and he was sitting up and looking at the children. "Harold, do you know why the hyrax is without a tail?"

Harold thought it was a very queer question, but he did n't say so. Uncle Joe usually meant something by his questions, and probably this one had a meaning.

"What's a hyrax?" asked Violet.

"A little animal something like a rabbit," said Uncle Joe. "Come here, and I'll tell you about it."

"But Harold wants his things," said Violet, hesitating.

"Never mind about Harold's things, just yet," said Uncle Joe. "They can wait; but I'm in a story-telling humor, and that can't wait. Jump up on my knee. So! Harold, too. Now, then!"

"Once upon a time, there was a commotion in the Animal Kingdom. The world was not very old then, not even old enough to be quite finished off. Nobody knew that, though, until, on a certain day, the King of the Beasts issued a proclamation. What's a proclamation? Well, a notice, then. He sent word to all his faithful subjects that if, upon a certain day, they would repair to his court, they would be handsomely finished off.

"'Finished off'? said the beasts. 'Why, we are finished off. What more do we want? We have teeth and eyes and ears and paws. A tail? What do we want with a tail? You can't eat with a tail, nor see, nor hear, with a tail, can you? Then, what's the good of a tail?'

"Just then a fly stung Goodman Ox on the side. He leaped about a foot into the air, but the fly still

stuck and stung. He tried to brush it off with his foot, but his leg was too stiff.

“‘Oho!’ said Goodman Ox. ‘Now I see the good of a tail—a nice, long, slender tail, with a brush at the end. Ah, yes! The king may make his mind easy. I shall be sure to be there.’”

“And so said all the beasts; but nobody was as anxious as Master Hyrax. Day and night he thought about this wonderful tail. What kind would it be? Would it be fitted to him without a question, or would he be allowed to choose? And, if so, what should he choose? Should it be long or short, stumpy or tapering, straight or curly, feathery or compact? At last he made up his mind. He would have a long, feathery tail, with a graceful curve in it. Yes, that would suit him

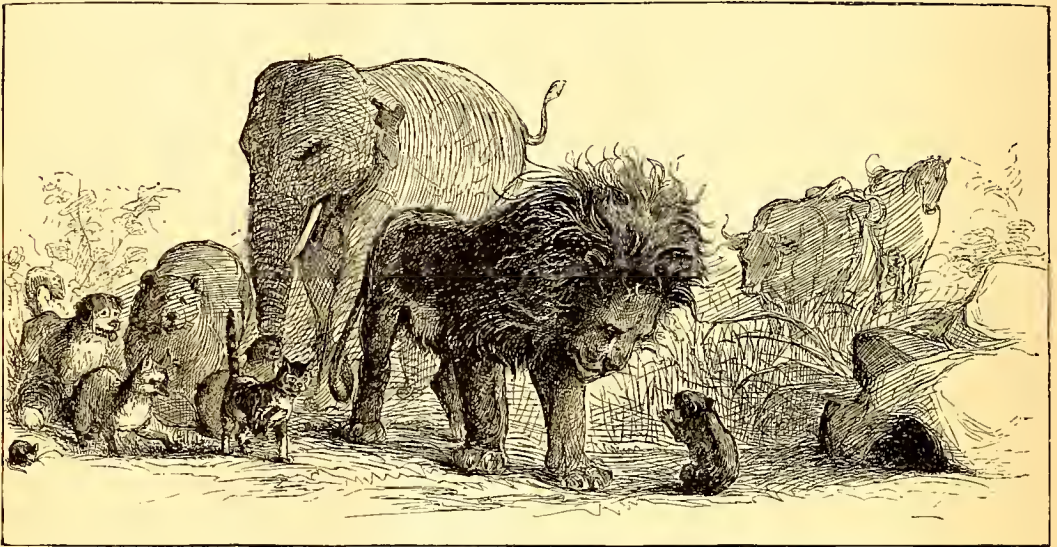
“‘Well, I don’t mind,’ said Lord Lion; ‘your tail wont be much of a load.’”

“So Master Hyrax gnawed a bit of fur from his breast, and Lord Lion took it and went his way.

“Just as he was out of sight, Squire Wolf came along.

“‘It’s as well to be on the safe side,’ thought Master Hyrax; ‘perhaps Lord Lion may forget.’”

“So he asked Squire Wolf, and Squire Wolf promised, and took a bit of fur to match, and went off. Then came Mistress Cat and Sir Fox, and Mr. Rat and Sir Dog, and Gaffer Bear and Gammer Beaver, and ever so many others. Every one of them Master Hyrax stopped, and to each he gave a bit of his fur, and each promised to bring back a tail to match it.



“‘DEAR LORD LION,’ SAID MASTER HYRAX, ‘DID YOU BRING MY TAIL?’”

best, he was sure. Then, having made up his mind, he was quite contented.

“Now, if there was one thing Master Hyrax hated more than another, it was bad weather. He never went out in the cold, nor in the rain, but behold! when the great day came, it was cold and rainy both. What was Master Hyrax to do? He thought and thought, and at last he had a bright idea. He lay down at the door of his house, and waited for the animals to pass by on their way to court. First came Lord Lion.

“‘Oh, Lord Lion! good Lord Lion!’ cried Master Hyrax; ‘when you go to get your tail, will you ask for mine, too?—a fine, feathery one, not too curly, but just with a graceful curve in it, if you please. I will give you a bit of my fur to match, and it wont be much trouble for you.’”

“‘I only hope I shall not have so many tails that I shall not know what to do with them all,’ said Master Hyrax.

“On the whole, he felt quite comfortable, although he had given away so many bits of fur that his breast was bare.

“‘But that does n’t matter,’ he thought; ‘it will grow again; and what a fine, useful thing a tail will be. Better have six than none.’”

“So, then, Master Hyrax went into his house, and curled himself up to sleep until his messengers should come back.

“Lord Lion was the first to come, as he had been the first to go; and Master Hyrax crawled out to meet him.

“‘Dear Lord Lion,’ said Master Hyrax, ‘did you bring my tail?’”

“Lord Lion stopped, and looked down at him.
 “‘Your tail?’ he said; ‘how could I remember anything about your miserable little tail?’ And he sauntered off, lashing his own fine, new tail.

“Then came Mistress Cat.

“‘Good Mistress Cat, did you bring my tail?’

“‘No, indeed,’ said Mistress Cat. ‘It is all I can do to carry back the tails for my six kittens, who were not big enough to go for their own.’

“Hyrax sighed, but he was not discouraged.

“‘Did you bring my tail, Sir Fox?’ he asked of the next, but Sir Fox sniffed and said:

“‘I had work enough to get my own, without thinking of yours. They wanted to palm off a miserable, skinny thing on me, instead of the fine brush that I had set my heart upon. I got it at last, though, in spite of them; and Mr. Rat has the one they meant for me.’

“Mr. Rat, who came next, was in such a bad humor that he would not even answer Master Hyrax’s question; but it was evident that he had no tail about him, excepting his own. Master Hyrax staid at his post until midnight, but not an animal

had remembered him. Sir Dog had lost the bit of fur and had felt afraid that if he should bring a tail it would not match. Gammer Beaver had had all she could do to carry the broad article which had fallen to her share, and Gaffer Bear was so indignant when he found that Master Hyrax had asked all the rest of the animals, instead of trusting to him alone, that he would not even look at him.

“‘Selfish, lazy creatures!’ said Master Hyrax, as he crept to his bed. ‘That is the way they always serve me. I shall have to go myself, after all.’

“But, the next day, the court was closed. The tails had all been given out. And that is why the hyrax has no tail to this very day.”

Violet laughed at the story, and pitied the woes of the poor hyrax, but Harold sat still for a while. Then he slipped down from Uncle Joe’s lap.

“Come upstairs, Violet,” he said, “and I’ll help you bring down the rest of the things. Or, if you don’t want to go, I’ll bring them myself. When we’re through playing, I’ll go over to Cousin Clara’s and get the book I want. I’m not going to be Master Hyrax any longer.”

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

BY M. M. D.

SWEET Alice, while in Wonderland,
 Found a fine baby-brother;
 She took him by his little hand,
 And said: “We’ll look for Mother.”

And soon they met a dolphinet,
 Twice in a single day;
 Said she: “How queer! you’re waiting yet!

Why don’t you go away?”

“Because,” said he, “my ways are set,
 And who are you, I pray?”

“I think I’m Alice, sir,” said she,
 “But Alice had no brother;
 I can’t quite make it out, you see
 Until I find my mother.”

Then, low, the dolphinet replied,
 “‘T is passing strange,” said he,—
 “That mother, on my cousin’s side,
 Is next of kin to me!”



And so they journeyed far and wide,
 A family of three;—
 And never on a single point
 Did one of them agree!

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAMBLERS AND AN ANGRY BULL.

THE second week in May, as to wind and sun, seemed especially prepared with reference to the "kite fever." Andy Wright was the only member of Mr. Hayne's school who, before the end of the fever, had not been seen with a string in his hand, looking up at something in the air, or running like mad to "give her a good start."

On Friday afternoon, however, Charley Ferris remarked to Will Torrance: "What do you say, now, about to-morrow?—kites, or the Ramblers? I shall ramble, anyhow!"

"Well," said Charley, "I've left my kite half-way up the Presbyterian church steeple, so I'll go with you."

Joe Martin had not yet caught the kite fever, and Otis Burr had been reading an article on geology, so they two agreed to join, but Jeff Carroll refused, point blank.

"I don't mind a gun," he said, "if I can have another fellow along to carry it and do the loading, but I've a prejudice against breaking stone. It's State-prison work."

All others were equally beyond persuading, and within an hour after their Saturday breakfast, the self-selected four stone-breakers were pushing along the old South road, up the beautiful valley at the foot of which lay Saltillo.

There were four hammers among them, of course, but no two were alike, and Charley Ferris was especially proud of his own. It was a regular long-handled "stone-hammer," just the thing for breaking curious rocks, but it could not be carried in his pocket.

Will Torrance had intended to take a bag, to hold his prizes, but Otis Burr had persuaded him to leave it at home.

"If you want to know how it will be," said Otis, "tumble a few hatfuls of gravel into it, now, and carry it around the square. That'll teach you. Stones weigh something, nowadays."

Joe Martin was the first man to win a prize, right in the middle of the road.

"Rock!" said Otis; "that is n't a rock—that 's an oyster-shell."

"I can't help that," said Joe; "we must take Mr. Hayne a specimen of everything we find."

"Look here, then," retorted Otis, "there 's a

big stone house, over yonder. We must all go and take a clip at it."

"How do you know it 's a stone house?"

"Can't I see?"

"No, you can't tell at this distance. Besides, it is n't in our way——"

"Here 's another, then," shouted Charley. "If a brick is n't as good as an oyster-shell, I 'd like to know why."

"Every one of us must have a piece. If Mr. Hayne can tell us what kind of rock it is, let him do it. That 's all."

There were no rocks to speak of until, about three miles south of the city, Will Torrance said to his companions:

"Now, boys, for the hills! Over there 's the Glen!"

"What 's that?" asked Otis.

"A big crack in the hill. I've been there. There is no end of rocks, and it is a great place for a picnic."

Over the fence they went; but Joe Martin stopped them, saying: "It 's a stone-fence, boys; we must hammer into it."

And, according to the rule, the stone-fence had to suffer a little.

Otis Burr was the only one to secure any sort of a prize from it; but he actually knocked out a beautiful little "fossil" from a piece of gray limestone.

"Hayne will call that by some big name or other. I believe it 's a trilobite."

"Bite what?" asked Charley.

At that moment something like an answer came from the field behind them,—a deep, low-pitched voice, with a little something in it to remind a man of very distant thunder.

"Hello!" said Otis, "what 's that?"

"Nothing but a bull," replied Joe Martin. "I don't care to try for a specimen of him."

They had walked on across the field while they were examining that fossil, and were at quite a distance from the fence they had pounded when the bull undertook to speak to them.

"Boys," said Charley, turning about, "he 's shaking his head."

"It sounds as if he were trying to scold us, too," said Otis. "That next fence is our best chance for rocks just now."

"Had n't we better go back?"

"No, Charley," said Will; "but we 'd better do

the fastest kind of rambling. Run!—before he comes for us!”

It was time to start, if they meant to do that, for the bull was beginning to trot, and the Club unanimously declared that he was growing larger. Angrier he certainly was, for Otis Burr had, unthinkingly, taken a red silk handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the perspiration from his face, and any bull alive would have taken offense at that. On he came, and on ahead of him went the Ramblers' Club!

At first they stuck together pretty well, but the taller boys were the better runners, and poor Charley Ferris shortly began to fall behind.

Bellow after bellow, deep and thunderous, reached his ears from the throat of his offended pursuer, and the situation looked more than a little serious. What could a boy of thirteen, with nothing but a long-handled stone-hammer, do against a bull like that? Not a great deal, certainly, and the other three would need all the legs they had, with none to spare for him. They were good fellows, however, and the thought seemed to come to all of them at once that they must not abandon Charley.

“Come on,” shouted Will. “It's only a little way, now.”

“I say, boys,” suddenly exclaimed Otis Burr. “We're done for.”

“What's the matter?”

“Look! We can't jump that. It's deep, too, and there's no end of mud.”

Between them and the friendly fence ahead, there stretched the shining water of a deep brook, which had been dug out for draining purposes and was at least twelve feet wide. Charley saw it as plainly as the rest did, but the bull seemed to have centered his wrath on the nearest invader, so the other three turned and ran for a point farther along the bank of the brook.

All at once, Will Torrance shouted, “Bridge! There's a bridge!”

But it was impossible for Charley to reach it.

“Dodge him, Charley!—Boys, hold up. We must fight that bull.”

“I'm in, Will,” said Otis Burr, promptly, and Joe Martin turned in his tracks at the word, and the three faced the enemy.

But it would have gone badly with Charley if it had not been for his short legs and the hurry the bull was in. Right on the bank of the brook, with the bellowing brute hardly ten feet behind him, and galloping hard, Charley suddenly stopped. He was not a good swimmer, the brook was deep, the water was cold, he could not jump it, but he knew he was a good “dodger.”

So he stood still, faced right about, and

“dodged.” That was one thing the bull could not do; at least, not just then. He was too heavy, too clumsy, and he was going too fast. He could neither halt nor turn, and on he went into the water, horns, anger, body and all.

“Quick, Charley, give me your stone-hammer!” shouted Otis Burr. “I understand cattle. The rest of you make for the bridge.”

But they refused to leave Otis until they should have seen the result of his daring experiment.

The bull was cooled off by his sudden bath, and when he turned around and tried to get out again, he found himself sinking and floundering in a way which could hardly have been comfortable. And that was not the worst of it, for his head no sooner came within reach than a sharp rap with a hammer came down upon his nose, a tender place with animals of his kind. It was of no use to bellow now. He was in the mud, and the red-haired boy on the bank had the long-handled hammer. Another rap, and another, in quick, severe succession, and then Otis watched him for a moment.

“Boys,” he said, “don't you hear? There was sorrow and repentance in that last bellow. He wont chase any more Ramblers' Clubs to-day. He's had all he wants. We need n't run an inch. Walk right along toward the bridge.”

Even a bull can understand some things. If there had been any fun for him in chasing a parcel of frightened Park boys, there was none at all in standing there in cold mud and water to have his nose pounded. Otis was right. There was no more “follow” in that bull. Still, it had taken some pluck to use the hammer, and the Club was very proud of itself.

The little bridge was reached without delay, although the boys did not run, and the next fence was not worked for “specimens.”

“It will be time enough when we get to the Glen,” remarked Otis. “I stuck to my fossil. If we'd had many more rocks in our pockets, the bull would have caught us.”

“You ran splendidly, Charley,” said Joe; “but it was nothing to the way you dodged.”

“I had to be quick; but it was the best kind of a trap, and I'm glad I brought that stone-hammer.”

A good share of the victory over the bull did, indeed, belong to Charley, and nobody cared to dispute his title to it.

A careful look was given to the contents of that next field, and it was not unpleasant to discover that the only dangerous wild beasts in sight were a flock of sheep, who were turning what tails they had, with one accord, and running their best away from the Ramblers' Club.

It was uphill then, and into a patch of dense

woods; and Will proved a good guide, for he shortly exclaimed, "Here we are, boys!"

"I know that," replied Otis. "We 're here, but where 's your wonderful glen?"

"I don't see it," added Joe.

"That 's the beauty of it. Nobody would believe it could be here. Come right along. Slow, now; just beyond those trees. Look over."

"Can't see much."

"Hold on by the bushes, and slip along down with me. There 's an easier place farther up, but this will do."

They followed him, clambering, and clinging, and picking their way, nearly forty feet down an almost perpendicular, or, as Otis Burr said, "awfully slantindicular," side of a chasni, the nearness of which nobody would have suspected. It was just the place for a man to tumble into, if he tried to cross those woods in the dark; but not a great many people were likely to do that.

The boys were at the bottom now.

"This is the Glen," said Will. "It makes a bend yonder, and it gets deeper and deeper."

"Where does it lead to?"

"Out into the valley below; but it 's rougher than this down there."

And so they found it. Here and there it widened, as well as deepened, and its rocky sides were shelving, or, "more than perpendicular," while great masses of rock arose in the center of it, to be climbed over and wondered at by the members of the Ramblers' Club. Not one of them could think of any other possible use for all those ragged piles of pudding-stone, or the out-cropping ledges of limestone below. Now was the time for hammers and specimens, and every pocket in the Club was filled.

CHAPTER XIV.

KITES AND GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS.

THE other boys were mistaken about Andy Wright and his lack of interest in the kite business. He had caught the fever more severely than any of them, but he had said nothing about it. He had owned a good many kites in his time, of the sizes and patterns the rest of the boys were flying, and he had determined on something better.

"The Chinese do wonderful things with kites," he said to himself. "I 'm as good as a Chinese, I think; let 's see what I can do."

He was hardly likely to rival the best kite-makers in the world, but it was worth while to try. His Greek and his other work could not be

allowed to suffer; but Andy was an industrious fellow, and he was wise enough to employ a little professional help; that is, he hired a carpenter to plane out some of his sticks for him, so that they would be exactly even.

By the middle of the following week, he was ready to say to Otis Burr:

"I am going to have Jack Roberts and Will Torrance, and some of our boys, come and help me send up a new kite, this evening. Will you come? There 's likely to be a good wind."

Of course he would come, but it seemed a queer idea to be sending up a kite after dark, when nobody could see it.

It was not quite dark when they all assembled, and Andy seemed in a little of a hurry. "I must get it up now, boys," said he. "I 'm afraid the wind will go down. Help me into the Park with it."

"Into the Park?" thought the boys. "There 's no chance there for a run with a kite." They hardly guessed what he could mean to do.

Jack went into the back yard with him, and in a minute more they came back with Andy's kite.

"Is n't that a whopper!"

"Why, it 's six feet high!"

"Six feet and six inches," said Andy. "It will take more than one of us to hold it."

"You 'll have to put on half a mile of tail."

"No; I 've calculated the balance. It will stand straight. All that a kite-tail does is to balance."

Andy's kite was a big one, and every corner of it spoke of the care and patience with which he had put it together.

"It 's worth a pile of kites like mine," said Charley Ferris.

"But, Charley," said Otis Burr, "wont it take your pet bull to hold it?"

"It will take strong twine, anyhow."

Andy had several balls of that ready, and Jack Roberts brought along a big covered basket, the contents of which were not mentioned to anybody.

The park was free ground to those who lived in the neighborhood, only that it was generally forbidden to the boys for play purposes. They would soon have done away with its grass and shrubbery if they had had the free range of it.

The wind was from the south, so the kite was carried to the southern end of the open space.

They had not long to wait, for Andy had planned every part of his experiment. There was no "running" to be done; only Jack Roberts had to keep hold of the somewhat heavy tail, and steady the kite as it rose from the ground.

Just before it started, Andy fastened something at the head of it, and another something at the middle, right on the cross-pieces, telling the rest

of the boys to stand back. Then he scratched a lucifer match, as if he were lighting something; and then he did some more "hitching on" at the corners of the kite. Up it went now, slowly at first, and then faster and faster; and the whole crowd broke into a round of cheers. The big kite had one paper lantern at its head, another at the end of each arm, and another in the middle, each with a lighted half-candle in it. That was something to cheer for, and other boys, and men, too, came springing over the fence to see; and the people came to the doors and windows of the neighboring houses, and the big kite went up higher and higher, as steadily as if it had been a ship at sea. But it could not help rocking a little.

It began to pull hard, and Will Torrance and Otis Burr both kept hold of the strong hempen twine as they let it out hand over hand.

"Not so fast, boys!" said Andy. "Does n't she sail? We shall be able to see her, no matter how high she goes!"

Andy had a right to be proud of his success; but he was not at the end of it yet. When the first ball of twine was nearly out, he spliced on the end of the second, very carefully.

"What 's that for? Wont it hold if you just tie it?" asked Charley.

"There must be no knots to stop my travelers."

"Travelers! You could n't see them twenty feet off!"

"You wait."

The basket lay near to Andy, and he now took out several large, round pieces of stiff pasteboard, with round, inch-wide holes in their centers. There were slits cut in them, so that they could be slipped over the twine, and the slits were tied up again after that was done.

"Those are your travelers?"

"Don't be in a hurry. I'll send up one at a time."

"Stand back, boys," said Jack. "Something more 's coming."

When that "traveler" went off, along the string of the kite, it carried a brilliant paper "Chinese lantern" dangling below it. There was another cheer then, for not one of the boys had ever seen that thing done before.

Will and Otis were quite willing, now, to twist that twine around the nearest post of the fence, and rest their fingers.

"Does n't it tug, though?"

"It can't break that twine."

"It would carry another ball of it."

"That 's high enough for to-night," said Andy, as he put on a second traveler. "This is only an experiment. We 'll do something better with it, next time."

"If we ever get it down again," quietly remarked Otis Burr.

The kite was at a great height, now, and the wind was getting pretty fresh.

"It 's about time to pull in," Andy said, at last, but Jack almost instantly exclaimed: "I say, Andy, what has happened?"

The kite lanterns had been giving only a feeble and star-like glimmer, up to that moment, but now there suddenly flashed out a great flare of light, all over it.

"She 's afire!" shouted Charley.

The middle lantern candle had flared against its wall of oiled paper, and the whole concern was in a blaze.

"Pull in, boys, pull in! We shall be setting somebody's house on fire. Pull as fast as you can!"

It was no time for careful winding up of twine, and the "pulling in" grew only too easy as the boys hauled on, arm over arm. Down she came, fast and faster, and the traveler lanterns danced about wildly in all directions.

"The cord 's afire!" cried Jack.

That was the end of it! The frame of the big kite fell, nobody knew where, and in a minute or so more, the burned and blackened end of its useless string was pulled in among the disappointed Park boys.

"I 'll build a bigger one," said Andy. "I shall know better how to rig my lanterns next time."

"That was the biggest kite ever sent up in Saltillo," said Charley. "And we 've saved nearly all the twine." That was something, as the twine was the most expensive part of the experiment.

There was little fear now that the "kite fever" would not last out the season, but the day of small kites had gone by.

For some reason or other, the Ramblers' Club had postponed making their intended "report" to Mr. Hayne, and it was not until the day after the burning of the great kite that he even knew they had been on an expedition. It came out accidentally, while he was telling them something of the wonderful kites of the Chinese. It was just after school, and there was enough excitement in the occasion to stir up the boys to make remarks.

"I have heard," he said, "that some of their kites are in the form of birds, animals, monsters of every kind. How would you like to see a herd of cattle floating in the air?"

"Charley Ferris would," said Joe Martin. "He set a bull afloat, last Saturday."

"Not in the air?"

"No, sir." And Joe felt bound to explain himself. Will Torrance added:

"That bull's nose was the only thing Otis Burr hammered without getting a good specimen of it."

"You brought home some specimens, then? Where are they?"

"Mine are in my desk. I think the other boys have theirs safe, too."

They were a little reluctant to bring them out. It seemed as if those bits and chips of stone could have very small interest in them, but the boys found out their mistake before the end of Mr. Hayne's explanation.

Joe Martin had forgotten all about his oyster-shell, and his face turned as red as fire when he saw it picked up and examined.

"Interesting, certainly. This is from your lot, Mr. Martin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this time, all it means is that there are oyster dealers in Saltillo, but just such shells as that have told a great deal to men of science, when they were found a long distance from where the sea now is. They said, very plainly, that the sea had been there at some former time. Oysters can talk, to some men."

That put Charley Ferris in mind of his piece of brick. Mr. Hayne came to it just after he had finished admiring and explaining the fossil.

"Rock!" he said, with a smile. "Now, Mr. Ferris, the oyster-shell could tell about the sea. What is the story told by this specimen of yours?"

"Brick-kiln, sir."

"That's it. Men at work on the earth. Old bricks have had whole histories to tell. We must have an hour for that some day. What's better, you may write an essay on old bricks, and Joseph Martin another on oyster-shells."

"Caught, both of you," whispered Otis.

"And Mr. Burr," continued the smiling teacher, "may give us an essay on cattle."

"You're hit, too, Ote," said Will. "I want to hear that essay."

"And Mr. Torrance may give us an essay on his Glen, explaining how it came to be where it is. You may make them leading articles in the next numbers of your newspapers. I think your long ramble has been quite a success."

"We did n't get one little joke upon him," said Charley, when they were once more by themselves.

"It's a little on us," said Joe, "but if he does n't know how to deal with boys, I'd like to know who does."

He knew a piece of brick and an oyster-shell, when he saw them, at all events, and he knew what was good for the boys who brought him "geological specimens" of that kind. The whole school had the story of the bull and the rocks on their tongues' ends for a week, and it would be a good while before the Ramblers' Club would hear the last of it.

"Next time," said Will, "we shall have to make a ramble of ten miles and back. That'll be tall walking, you know, and nobody will have anything to laugh at."

"Ten miles," groaned Charley Ferris, "and nothing at either end of it? Well, I'll go, but let's wait a week or so. I want to get that bull out of my mind."

The rest declared their readiness also, but, like Charley Ferris, they were all willing to wait.

CHAPTER XV.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

MAY was passing rapidly.

Andy Wright's second kite was a success, and so were his tissue-paper balloons, only that while the former came home again, the latter refused to be whistled back.

There was a sore spot in the feelings of Will Torrance. Those four "essays" by the members of the Ramblers' Club did not add exceedingly to the glory of that institution, and his associates were a little inclined to charge their ill-fortune to him. They were good-natured about it, but bulls, bricks, oysters, and even hammers, were made unpleasant to him. It set him upon a course of thinking.

If there was one thing the Park boys always went into with zeal, it was "follow my leader." It was apt to be an after-supper affair, and this was just the season for it; almost as good as October.

Jack Roberts made a good "leader," and that position came to him oftener than to anybody else, but each of the more active boys was sure of his turn.

Once a fellow was leader, it was a point of honor for every other boy who went into the game to follow him, no matter where he might go. Jack had led them over the roof of a house and down the other side, by a single piece of timber, and Otis Burr had led a dozen of them into a big horse-chestnut-tree, like so many monkeys, before he scrambled out on a lower limb and dropped to the ground. The only wonder was that none of them had ever broken their bones or their necks, for it was the ambition of every leader to find out something nobody had led them into before, and they generally made out to do it.

Will waited and waited, and it might have been remarked of him that he was getting more and more fond of saying how mean it was for a boy to "back out." Of course the rest agreed with him, and the "law" of the matter grew very rigid.

His turn came, one day, just after supper, when more boys than usual were gathered at the Park end, and there was a unanimous vote for him.

"It's Will's turn," said Jack. "He has always followed first rate. Now let's see how he will lead off."

"Don't worry about me. All I'm afraid of is that some of you will back out," remarked Will.

There was a perfect chorus of declarations that on no account would one of them falter.

"Come on, then!" cried he.

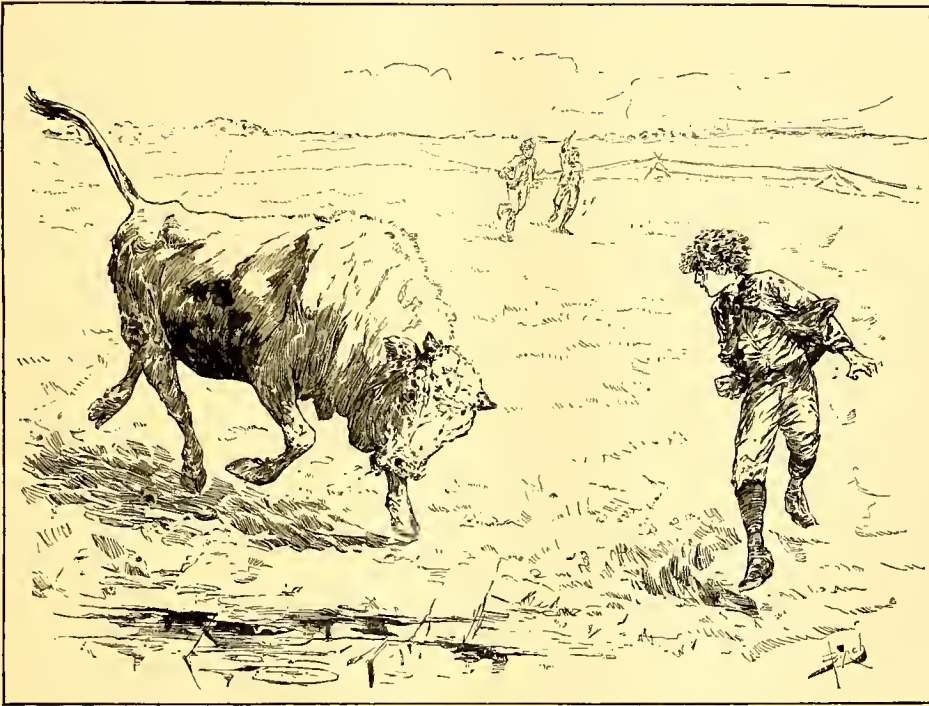
Right across the Park he led the way, but that was almost a matter of course. Up the next street, over a fence, across yard after yard, amid a constant succession of barking dogs and shouting

be, and over this they followed. They had done more perilous things than that before, for they all could swim, and there was nothing dreadful in a mere ducking on a warm evening. Still, they could not help thinking it was time for Will to turn, only no one boy cared to be the first to say so.

"He's heading for the Tamarack Swamp," exclaimed Charley Ferris. "Joe, do you know where he's going?"

"Follow my leader!" shouted Will, as he went over a fence into a piece of plowed ground.

They were fairly out of the city now, and it



CHARLEY FERRIS DODGES THE BULL.

householders; but they had been through that before, and all they wondered at was when he would make a turn and "circle around" toward their own neighborhood. That was just what he did not mean to do, but he said nothing about it. Straight on he went, over the railway track, through a thinly settled neighborhood, and then came the canal.

"Are you going to swim it?" asked Jack Roberts, as he took a look ahead.

"Follow my leader!" was all the reply he got, and, in another minute, Jack saw all there was of a new bridge which had been begun a few days before. A single "string-piece" lay upon the breezy-looking skeleton of the bridge-that-was-to-

was growing dusk. In fact, it would have been lonely work for any boy of them to set out for home alone.

"I say, Will," at last inquired Otis Burr, as he pushed alongside. "Do you know where you're taking us?"

"Follow my leader," sternly responded the temporary captain; "this crowd is the Ramblers' Club, to-night. I'm bound for Jinksville, and back home by way of the old stone-quarry. It's only twenty miles. We'll get through in time for breakfast. Follow my leader."

"Well, no, not to-night," said Otis. "You've taken the laugh out of them, Will, but I shall want to go to bed, by and by. I say, boys, does any of

you want to say anything more about bulls, and ducks, and stone-hammers, and that sort of thing?"

There was no answer.

"Because, if you do, you can just trot on after Will Torrance. I've rambled enough, for one evening."

"So have I," said Jack Roberts. "Head about, Will. You can go through anything you want to on your way home. Always excepting Jinksville and the stone-quarry."

"All right, then. Follow my leader! How about the brick and the oyster-shell, boys?"

They were a panting and speechless company, and their leader took pity on them; but not a great deal, for they had to follow him to the canal locks, and make their way to the other shore by way of a boat that was "stuck" against the banks, just below, after a fashion that made them vow it would be Will's last chance to drag them into that kind of scrape.

It was a rough way home, and it was so late when they again touched the Park fence that every boy of them had to give an account of himself at home for staying out until that time of night.

"I don't mind," said Will to Otis; "the whole school, pretty nearly, belongs to the Club, now. They've all had a ramble, too."

"I don't complain," said Otis. "But I'll tell you what, Will, I'm warm. That puts me in mind; Oneoga Creek is getting the chill off. Let's all go out to the Big Hole on Saturday evening, for a swim. Some of the boys have been in. Brad and Tom Lang have tried it twice."

"If they're around the Big Hole to-morrow, we must look out for tricks," said Will. "They'd like to play something on us."

The two Langs were nowhere to be seen, the next Saturday afternoon, when about half of Mr. Hayne's school set out together for the "Big Hole."

Oneoga Creek was no great stream, as far as the quantity of water in it was concerned, nor for its fish, nor even for its beauty, but a little more than half a mile out of town it had scooped for itself a deep basin. It was a retired and shaded spot, with bushes as well as trees on the banks; just the place for bathing; and the owner of the land had given the boys free passage to it through a path that was now well beaten by use. It would have been quite a calamity to the boys of Saltillo to have had the Big Hole taken from them.

The party from the Park, that Saturday, were on the watch, as they walked along.

"There are the Langs," said Jack Roberts. "Away there behind us. Don't let them know we see them. Perhaps they'll keep away!"

"Not if they can get hold of our clothes," said Charley.

"Can't Tige attend to that, Will?" asked Phil Bruce.

"That's what I brought him for. There won't be any knots tied in our shirts, to-day."

Most boys who have ever done much swimming have learned how long it takes to undo a hard, wet knot in a shirt-sleeve, and how very disagreeable damp sand feels in a pair of socks. There are other discomforts which can easily be arranged, by an ill-disposed person, while one is in the water, and can not see what is going on behind a high bank. The Park boys were well aware of all this, and when they reached the Big Hole, the first thing they did was to pick out a nice place in the bushes for their clothing.

"Make it up in bundles, boys," said Will; "and arrange them in a row, there, at the foot of the butternut-tree."

It was neatly done, and then Will called Tiger:

"Lie down, sir. Watch!"

The moment Tiger had posted himself in front of those bundles, their owners felt safe to take "headers" from the bank into the cool, clear water of the Big Hole. All that time, however, there had been mischief brewing.

Up the road, at a safe distance behind the bathers, had followed the boys who had interfered with Joe Martin in so cowardly a way.

This is how their talk ran:

"We'll fix them this time, Tom."

"The tar's melting in the paper."

"We can get sand and gravel enough when we reach the bank. Won't I give them some knots!"

The nearer they came to their destination, the more carefully they advanced.

"We'd best not let them see us at all. Then they won't guess who did it."

"I hope John Derry is there. I should like to tar everything belonging to him," said Brad.

John, with the rest, was in the creek, having a good time, and the two mischief-makers felt sure of their work. It was only a practical joke, of course; still there are not many meaner things than most practical jokes succeed in being. But there was something in the way of the jokers, this time.

"There are the clothes, Brad, at the foot of that tree."

"Keep down, Tom. Don't try to look over. Not one of them has seen us come."

That was true enough, for not one of the Park boys cared whether they should come or not. They were all more or less acquainted with Tiger, and had unbounded confidence in his teeth and integrity.

"I say, Brad, there's Will Torrance's dog."

"Don't say a word to him. All he'll care for will be his master's own clothes. Don't touch them."

But Tiger had clearly understood that all those bundles were in his care, and that he was to "watch," which meant, to his doggish mind, that there was peril of some kind. It was his duty, therefore, as the two new-comers approached, to rise upon all four of his feet. He had seen both Brad and Tom before, but every dog knows who are his master's friends and who are not.

"Tiger, poor Tiger! Good dog! Poor fellow!" coaxed Brad Lang, in a sort of whisper, as he came near, and as Tom reached out a hand toward the nearest bundle.

Tiger may have been a good dog and a poor fellow, but the range of teeth he suddenly showed was not at all "poor," and the deep, cavernous, warning growl was "good" only in the way of saying, "Don't touch that bundle!"

Tom drew back his hand, and his brother stepped away a pace or two.

"Woof,—augh,—woof!"

That second growl meant that Tiger's temper was rising. There were flashes of green light in his eyes. Other ears than those of the Lang boys had heard those remarks of Tiger's, and the wet, red head of Otis Burr suddenly appeared above the bank.

"All right, boys; Tiger's on hand. Go right in, Brad; don't mind the dog."

"No, Brad," mockingly added the voice of John Derry, as his head also came up; "walk right in! Was it mine you were after? Take them; I don't care."

Brad and his brother hardly knew what to say, for Tiger showed strong symptoms of getting ready for a "charge."

"Will! Will!" shouted Otis; "this way, quick! Your dog's going for them! Come and call him off!"

Brad and Tom turned and took to their heels.

"Woof,—woof!" barked the dog.

It was hard for Tiger to have to sit down and "watch," while those two boys were running away.

CHAPTER XVI.

A QUEER "EXAMINATION-DAY."

JUNE had come, with its long, warm days, when books were a burden, and "Examination" was but a few weeks ahead. Mr. Hayne had warned the boys that he should make an affair of it. He had told them: "Your friends and mine will be here, and I shall trust you to give a good account of the use we have made of our time."

There was much discussion of the matter from that day forward, and every boy of them began to have grave doubts as to the stability of his own nerves and memory under sudden pressure.

"The harrowing will go on all day," remarked John Derry. "Oh dear!"

There was one more cloud in the sky; that was in a rumor of a party the evening afterward at Sarah Dykeman's, and nearly all of them would be invited.

"Every girl," remarked Charley Ferris, "will know how we came out. I don't care, though. Their examination comes off the week after; so does Madame Skinner's."

"We'll get even with them," said Jeff Carroll. "Why, Charley, would you believe it? Some of those girls don't know much more than we do."

There was consolation in that, perhaps; but soon all worldly things, excepting books, went by the board,—unless, indeed, we except also a silent preparation for the coming Fourth of July, which was sure to be a great day in Saltillo. Even examination could not put it altogether out of sight.

"Are you getting ready, Will?" asked Otis Burr, one day.

"Ready? No. I can't work out some of the things in algebra that I thought I knew best; but I've a long new piece of poetry to read, when it's my turn."

"Poetry! What has that to do with Fourth of July?"

"Oh, that's what you're talking about! I've sold a lot of chickens; I've had my gun cleaned and a new hammer put on it; I'm laying in a pile of powder and things. What are you doing?"

"Well, I can't say just yet. Jack Roberts has a big anvil, twice as big as the one we had last year. Why, it's as good as a young cannon. The hole in it is two inches square."

"Is that so? I was wondering what I'd do with all my powder. It would use up my gun to blaze it all away in one day."

"Keep it for the anvil, then. Don't tell anybody. Jack has it all fixed. He and I are making plugs and fuses."

Saltillo was behind the age in one thing. It had a military company, but it did not own a cannon, and the only resource for a loud noise on the Fourth of July was to the anvils of its blacksmiths,—that is, to such of them as were made with deep holes in them to receive the iron foot of some tool. That hole could be poured full of powder, to within three inches of the top; a wooden plug could be driven in, with one corner of it shaved off to pass a fuse down; then the fuse could be lighted, and all hands could stand

aside until the "bang" should come, and the wooden plug should go up, nobody knew nor cared how far. There was no such thing as bursting an anvil, and in that there was consolation for the fathers and mothers of the boys who ached to make a racket.

It was good news, therefore, that Jack had secured the right thing for the occasion, and if it had not been for examination, some of the Park boys would have been almost happy.

Word went around among them, nevertheless, that boxes and stray wood for bonfires would be scarce, and that the price of empty tar-barrels had gone up to twenty cents apiece. However, a good deal could be done in the way of fuel by beginning early, and it was decided to make a start at once.

Time never did travel quite so fast as during those weeks in June, and one morning the whole sixteen awoke with a doleful feeling that their day of trial had come.

"It 's of no use to look at any books," remarked Jeff Carroll. "I 've gone back a little lately every time I 've opened one."

He was not the only boy who had that precise feeling; and when the church clock struck nine, there were sixteen blue-looking youngsters behind the desks of Mr. Hayne's school.

He himself was as smiling as ever, and when the fathers and mothers of his pupils began to come in, it was worth while to see how nicely he received them.

"The room will be jammed full," whispered John Derry. "We shall have to give up our chairs and sit on the desks."

But there was an astonishment to come right away, worse a good deal than that would have been. Mr. Hayne had planned it, in consultation with Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Roberts. He had nearly completed some very nice "opening remarks" when there came a great rustling at the outer door and in the passage-way, and Mr. Hayne stopped talking.

Then the boys felt as if they had about stopped breathing, for in walked Belle Roberts, Sarah Dykeman, Dora Keys, Milly Merriweather, Jenny Sewell, and, in all, about a dozen of the Park young ladies.

In some mysterious way, Mr. Hayne found seats for all of them, and there they sat, smiling and whispering to one another, and bowing to their older friends, and "making themselves at home," as Otis Burr said.

"Speak before them?" growled John Derry to himself. "Why, I 'd break down on the Multiplication Table."

Alas for John!—He was the first boy called

upon, and the selection he had made for that day's declamation vanished from his mind entirely. He walked bravely forward to the platform, in a desperate effort to think of the first word, but it was of no use, whatever. It had gone,—gone,—gone!

Suddenly, just as he raised his head from a very long and respectful bow, there flashed into his memory the beginning of his old "stand-by" from Webster. There was no help for it. It was that or nothing, and a broad grin went around the school as John struck a patriotic attitude, and "sailed in," as Charley Ferris said.

Mr. Hayne understood the matter, but he made no remark, and the visitors did not know but that John was doing the very thing he had meant to do.

Then came another surprise.

Just as Charley Ferris was wondering which class would be called up first, he was summoned, all alone, to answer several rapidly put questions in the Latin Grammar. He had not even time to forget anything, and he got through in good style,—only a little scared.

"This is the queerest examination ever I heard of," muttered Jeff Carroll, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before he was requested to read that day's edition of the "Spy."

So the affair went on: a "regular mix" of exercises, and the visitors seemed to enjoy it greatly, but at the end of an hour and a half Mr. Hayne rose to his feet.

"Our examination," he said, "has now been going on steadily, every day for two weeks and more. I think I know just about how much each pupil has really gained during the quarter. Some have done better than others, but I am more than satisfied with them all. We shall make to-day as interesting as possible, but it will have nothing to do with the marks or standing of scholars. The records of these will be shown to parents and friends only. I think the boys themselves know about what it ought to be. Where all have done so well, it would be wrong to single out one from the rest, but I propose a prize to the whole school, if they will accept it."

What could it be?

They had no time given them to guess, for he went right on:

"As many as would like to go sailing and fishing with me, on Winnegay Lake, the Tuesday after the Fourth, will please hold up their hands."

They would have stood up on their desks, every boy of them, and Mr. Hayne's "prize" was unanimously accepted.

Bashfulness was gone now, and sharp and quick were the responses to the running fire of questions which followed.

Mr. Hayne did not spare them on anything, and Phil Bruce asked, after school:

"I say, boys, did n't some of you remember a good many things you never knew before? I did."

It was actual fun, and, in dismissing them at noon, Mr. Hayne remarked, among other things:

"You will be examined in this sort of way every day of your lives. You will all the while be telling the people who live around you, whether you are conscious of it or not, just what use you have made of your opportunities, and it won't make so much difference how well you recite on any one day that you cram and get ready for."

"He is n't exactly right," said John Derry, as soon as he got out where he could speak his opinion. "He missed a thing or two. He forgot about Fourth of July. If we did n't cram things, and get ready beforehand, there would n't be any racket to speak of."

"It is n't that I'm thinking of," said Jeff Carroll. "Boys, we must get even with the girls! To think of their coming in the way they did! Don't I look a little pale yet?"

"Even with them?" said Andy, his eyes brightening suddenly; "that's easy enough. We can all attend Miss Offerman's examination next week. Don't let 's stand on ceremony, but go as friends of the school."

The motion took like wild-fire, but it was voted a secret; and it was one of the few secrets that have a chance for being kept.

When the noon recess was over, and the school came together again, there were no more visitors to make room for, but there was another surprise. Mr. Hayne's table, and another at the side of it, were covered with odd-looking machinery, glass retorts, bulbs, and the other appliances of a chemical laboratory.

"We are to have a class in chemistry next

quarter," said Mr. Hayne, "and I'm intending to have an examination of that class now."

That was queer. The idea of examining a class on things they had never studied! Even Andy looked puzzled for a moment.

"You do not see what I mean. I'll tell you: Before the afternoon is over, I shall know just how much you know of chemistry, and where I had better begin to teach you. I have my doubts if you yourselves could form much of an opinion before being examined."

It was good sense and good fun, for Mr. Hayne knew exactly what to do with his machinery, and the experiments followed one another "thick and fast." There was noise enough in some of them for the Fourth of July itself, and the boys were again astonished to find out how many chemical questions they could answer, and yet how little they knew about it, after all.

Mr. Hayne was in high spirits, because, as he said, "My experiment in teaching has been a success, thus far. Now I shall depend on you to make it a greater one. With your help, we shall do great things in the fall. Can I trust you?"

There was a moment of perfect silence at the end of that little speech, and then it was Charley Ferris who "boiled over," as John Derry called it, with:

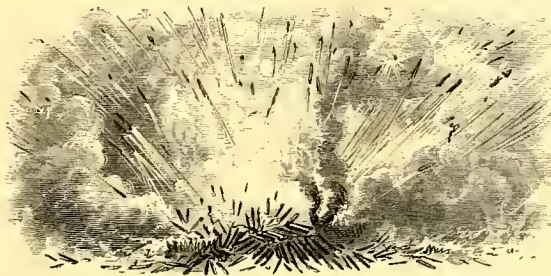
"Three cheers for Mr. Hayne and the school!"

"Three cheers!" shouted Andy; and the school-room was hardly large enough to hold the noise they made with those cheers.

"That will do, young gentlemen. I shall send around word as soon as I have completed my arrangements for the sailing trip. Winnegay is a beautiful lake, and I have already secured a craft large enough to carry us all nicely. The school is dismissed."

They did not leave the room, however, without three cheers more.

(To be continued.)



IN our Treasure-Box of English Literature for June we gave you the immortal Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln as it fell from the orator's lips.* We now give you a fac-simile of the speech as copied, a short time afterward, by President Lincoln himself, for the Soldiers' and Sailors' fair at Baltimore in 1864. You will see by comparing the two that he revised the spoken text. The changes are very slight, but as this is the form in which Abraham Lincoln evidently desired that it should be handed down to posterity, we are glad to be able to give you the speech, not only as he revised it, but in his own handwriting:

*Address delivered at the dedication of the
Cemetery at Gettysburg.*

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are cre-
ated equal.*

*Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long
endure. We are met on a great battle-field
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field, as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives,
that that nation might live. It is alto-
gether fitting and proper that we should
do this.*

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedie-

cate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. These brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

CARLO, JANE, AND ME.

BY M. M. D.

WHEN-EV-ER Pa-pa takes a walk,
He al-ways calls us three ;
He says he could n't go with-out
Old Car-lo, Jane, and me.

We laugh and talk, and bark and play,
And Pa-pa swings his cane ;—
Once he for-got and killed some flow-ers,
That stood up in our lane.

And some-times Car-lo runs and jumps,
And Jane stands by a tree,—
Oh dear ! what fun my Pa-pa has,
With Car-lo, Jane, and me !

And, just for mis-chief, Car-lo barks
At ev-er-y one we pass ;
And makes the shad-ow of his tail
Keep wag-gin' on the grass.

When Jane can't walk, I car-ry her,
And Car-lo car-ries me ;
Then Pa-pa al-ways walks be-side,
And shouts out " Haw ! " and " Gee ! "

I wish he 'd come ; poor Jane is tired,
With wait-ing here so long ;
Car-lo don't mind—no more do I,
But Jane was nev-er strong.

Car-lo is made of curl-y hair,
And I am made of me ;
But Jane is made of wood and things,
As doll-ies have to be.



Oh, here he is! Now for our walk;
He's sure to take us three;
For Pa-pa could n't go with-out
Old Car-lo, Jane, and me!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I WISH you all could see the dear Little School-ma'am as September comes on. Why, she just shines with joy and expectation! For why? The children are coming back—coming back to noon recesses and school luncheons, and as many recitations and all that sort of thing as will go conveniently into a six-hours' day and a spirit of fraternity. The children are coming back! That's her song. "Only think, dear Jack," she says, "the cars and steam-boats are full of the darlings at this very moment, and those who staid at home all through 'vacation'—they're coming back, too," she says,—“coming back into happy school life and ardent study and improvement.”

Up to this point I'm with her. I do believe the youngsters—every boy and girl of them—are glad to get back, but when she talks about “ardent studies,” I fancy the very dogs-ears in the grammar and arithmetic books hang down dolefully. Study is hard work, say what they will. But if my youngsters like it and go at it ardently, why so much the better. I'm not the Jack to oppose them.

Now for

MOVEMENT-SONGS.

I HEAR a good deal of talk nowadays about Movement-Songs being something very fine and rather new, just as if my birds had n't been singing movement-songs from the days of the ark down! Ah, if you only were little Jacks-in-the-Pulpit, you'd understand these movement-songs perfectly: you'd know the meaning of every bob of the quick little heads, and every twitch and twirk of the bright little bodies; and you'd see how they keep time and tell the story, too. But I suppose children—bless 'em!—suit ordinary folk better than the birds do,—at least, in the matter of movement-songs. Only a little while ago, a bit

of writing came to my pulpit, designed to talk about this pretty kind of human song-plays, and as it gave me quite an idea of them, may be some among you may like to read it. It's meant mainly for the big folks; but I'm told that every now and then a grown-up breaks loose from high-cultured fields and runs over into the ST. NICHOLAS pasture for a browse; so here it is, and welcome. You'll find it fresh and crisp as a bunch of daisies, with a bit of stubble here and there by way of precept:

“Let any one visit a kindergarten, and watch the heartiness with which a group of little singers will turn themselves into carpenters planning a table or building a bridge; into shoe-makers drawing out waxed-ends and driving in pegs; into farmers, into bakers, wheelwrights, or scissors-grinders, and they will see that the system is helping children to a true sense of human relations; of how farmers, artisans, tradesmen, discoverers, and poets all need each other,—in fact, that through the laws of demand and supply this life is a very interdependent thing.

“Then the same children will enter into the joys of outdoor life, and become birds, or fishes, or butterflies, with a real feeling of oneness with the life they represent. Or they will 'talk about the weather,' make-believe count the stars, or row about in imaginary boats, keeping perfect time with their invisible oars. And the music of these movement-songs must be very simple and very descriptive. The carpenter's plane and the shoe-maker's hammer must be heard in them, as well as the singing of the birds, the rhythmic flowing of the brook, and the patter of the rain. Imagination will add what the notes fail to supply, for the little singers will be thoroughly in earnest, as children always are when they play.”

A DIFFERENT VIEW CONCERNING ANTS.

SINCE Deacon Green read to the boys, in my hearing, the story of the two knights who fought each other to the death, in a dispute as to what metal a certain shield was made of, your Jack has kept an ear for every word that can be said on the other side of any question. One of those knights, all clad in armor, came toward the shield from one direction, and declared that it was made of gold; the second knight, also cased in iron mail, came toward the shield from the other side, and asserted that it was made of silver. When the combat was ended, and they lay dying, a passing traveler asked the cause of their disagreement, and, on learning it, examined the shield. Then he stooped over the dying knights, and explained that on one side the shield was gold, but on the other it was silver.

So, now for the other side of the Ant question:

MY DEAR KIND JACK: The gentle warning which you gave in August to the children, that they should tread lightly, so as to avoid destroying the homes of your busy friends, the Ants, no doubt is good and proper for some places; but, right here, where I live, in Arizona, your words might be considered—well, I'll say superfluous. Why, the country is neither more nor less than one vast ant-colony! And the swarming hosts of the destructive little creatures are the worst enemy of every man whose farm contains plowed land; the tiny pests find that their building work is easy in the broken ground.

But I think I see a ray of hope. Your well-intended protest would not have been made had there been no persons who could profit by the warning if they would. Now, I propose, therefore, that every such person who has heard your advice and paid no heed to it, be sent here. He may tread as heavily and carelessly as he pleases in Arizona.

But, really, dear Jack, the ants here are no joke, and presently, if war is not made upon them, there will be nothing left for the poor things to eat, unless, indeed, the intelligent creatures at last invent the desperate idea of eating one another.

I like to look at the problem as if it were merely a family broil in Dame Nature's household; farmers insisting that their rights ought to be sustained, at whatever cost to the ants; and ants saying nothing, but keeping right along at their appointed work, as if they felt sure that Nature herself would find at length the right road out of any difficulty that there might be. I hope she will; but I am much afraid that she will let man act for her; and then, woe to the ants!—Yours truly,

J. J.

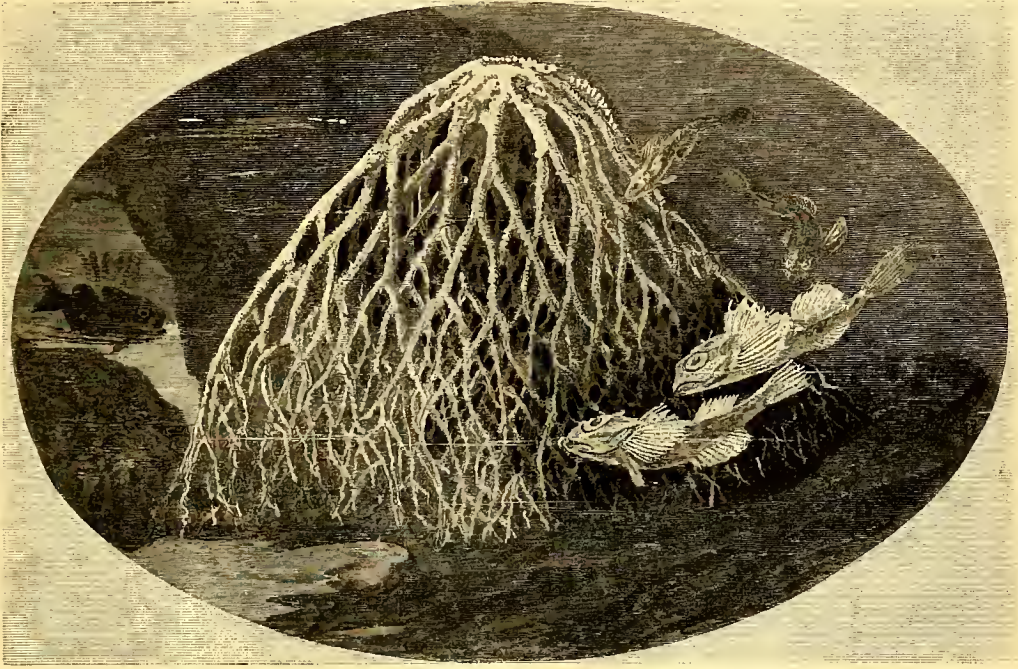
OUR CHILDREN'S EYES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: May I say a word to the girls about their children's eyes? Yes? Thank you, dear Jack!

Who do you suppose makes all the dolls' eyes, girls? They look so natural nowadays that, unless we stop to think, we are apt to forget that they have to be manufactured and put in. The fact is, the making of these bright little objects is quite an important branch of manufacture, and one requiring a good deal of skill. Only a few understand the secret of making the best kind, and they consequently receive large orders. One doll's-eye manufacturer in Birmingham, England, sometimes fills single orders to the extent of £500, or \$2500. Think how many bright little doll-faces look out upon the world after an order like this is filled, and how many glad-eyed little girls meet their rather staring glances, sure that nothing could be lovelier!

together, and the little fish is taken quickly and irresistibly into the stomach at the top of the dome, and never is seen more!

The small fishes in the picture, one of which is about to enter the basket, are sea-robins, such as your Jack gave you a glimpse of in March, 1880, you may remember. But, as some one says, "almost everything is fish that comes to this net"; and when Mr. Basket, during his lively wanderings through the water, finds that he has been so fortunate as to place himself just over a fine oyster,



THE FATAL BOWER.

All dolls don't stare, though. Do they? Some have really a beautiful expression. The shape of the lid has a great deal to do with that. Drooping lids give a sad look, and lids slightly turned up at the corners will make any doll look lively. I know a little girl who has a doll with eyes so like her own that any one can see at a glance that the two are mother and daughter.

Did you ever hear of the little blind girl who, because she wore a green fillet over her poor sightless eyes, always bound a fillet over her dolly's eyes also? Both were blind then, and so could understand each other better. M. E. D.

A FISH THAT IS ITS OWN MARKET-BASKET.

I'm told that in the water along the Atlantic coast of the United States, in places where the currents have swept clean the rocky floor, is found a curious-looking animal called the "basket-fish." It looks like an overturned basket, but it also may be called an arbor or bower, forming, as it does, a dome of trellis-work standing on its slender tips. But when a fish swims into this inviting arbor, perhaps hoping it will prove to be a defense from some pursuing foe, the poor fellow is pretty sure to find it a fatal bower. For the arms draw close

that unlucky stay-at-home is soon sucked out of his comfortable house and eaten up.

HORSES WEARING SPECTACLES.

DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of horses wearing spectacles? There was once a dealer in horses who made them wear spectacles containing powerful magnifying glasses. Then the small stones in the road seemed great ones, and the great ones very large, and so the poor horses were deceived into lifting their feet much higher than was really necessary. This plan gave the poor creatures plenty of exercise, and by the same means they acquired, almost without knowing it, a fashionable high-stepping gait, which was much admired, and the dealer was enabled to sell them to better advantage. Yours truly, M. W.

And did M. W. ever hear of the man who put green spectacles on his cows, and then fed them on hay? They were so sure it was grass that they would n't eat it, but waited patiently till some one should give them the right kind. Finally, they showed signs of starvation, and then their master became a quick-stepper, which, of course, was just what they wished.

THE LETTER-BOX.

AN INVITATION TO OUR READERS.

In our July "Letter-Box," dear readers, we said something of a plan for taking you all into a sort of editorial partnership, whereby all of you who desired to do so might, in effect, have a voice in the general management of this magazine, with a view to making it better and better.

And now, as the first step toward securing these good results, we extend to each and all of you, who may care to write, a hearty invitation to send us word concerning the following points:

1st. Which story or stories in the present volume, so far (or in back volumes), have pleased you most?

2d. Who are your favorites among the many writers whose contributions to ST. NICHOLAS you have read?

3d. What series of papers or instructive articles in ST. NICHOLAS do you think have been most interesting or useful to you?

4th. Which are your leading favorites among its poems, ballads, and the lively verses?

5th. Which pictures do you specially like or object to? Can you name your six favorites?

6th. What would you like ST. NICHOLAS to give you? Shall it be more stories in proportion to other reading matter, and of what kind—or more papers of instruction or information, and of what kind—or more fun, or what?

In reporting upon any or all of the above points, young friends, you will of course bear in mind that we do not propose to be directed by the preferences of any one reader, desirous as we are of giving each one pleasure. What we ask for is a frank, honest expression of your tastes and wishes (not of what you think they *ought* to be, but just what they really are), and through all the various expressions that come to us, we hope to gain a happy wisdom in meeting your requirements. We are all the more desirous of this, dear young friends, because of the steady increase in the circulation of the magazine. What is it really doing among these thousands upon thousands of readers, we ask ourselves? Does it reach the sorts of young folks we have in our mind's eye? Does it meet their best interests and needs? Does it thoroughly entertain them? And,

above all, what special short-comings, if any, are first to be noted and attended to?

These are the questions which we ask ourselves, you see, and which you can help us to answer satisfactorily. Therefore will you please write to us heartily and freely—not labored letters and not words for publication, but honest, confidential notes to the editor, replying to any or all of the six special points given, and perhaps mentioning the most welcome things in current numbers of ST. NICHOLAS?

In writing, give your name, age, and residence; and put an R (for Reader) on the lower left-hand corner of your envelope; write only on one side of the sheet, so that your letters may be easily read; and never send contributions to ST. NICHOLAS with these "R" letters. Also bear in mind, please, that where there are so many correspondents the editor can not possibly reply, excepting in the way already indicated—that is, by trying to adapt the magazine to the true needs and requirements of the largest number of its readers—and even here private judgment must be the umpire. So success to us, one and all, in our efforts to make ST. NICHOLAS not only as good as ever, but as much brighter, better, and handsomer as possible!

If any of you would prefer writing to the Little School-ma'am, or to Deacon Green, do so. "In multitude of counselors" there is wisdom. The editor could never get on at all without the aid of her fellow-editors, and the Deacon, and the Dear Little School-ma'am.

A few persons, who read this, may say, "What nonsense! Do not the editors know that by this invitation they are encouraging children to be over-forward and fault-finding, and that they are bringing down upon their devoted heads impudent letters and impossible demands? Above all, do they not see that they are stepping from their high estate, and positively cringing to the bold spirit of Young America?"

Our reply to all this would be: We do not see anything of the kind. We have a high faith in the courtesy and in the affectionate interest of ST. NICHOLAS readers, and we believe that boys and girls who will read this page have the honor of ST. NICHOLAS at heart, and that they will stand by it with loyalty and pride.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in that story called "My Aunt's Squirrels," and I thought the boys and girls would like to hear about my little squirrel "Bessie." She is very tame, and will let me pat her. When I let her out of her cage, she will run up my arm to my shoulder and then will run down the other arm. The other day the window was open, and she got out of her cage and ran out through the window. I was very much frightened, and thought I had lost her, but on looking through the window I saw her running in the next yard, and I went in after her. I got her back in the cage, but she was so exhausted that she lay panting for quite a while after.—I am your constant reader,

LOUISE L. CAMPBELL.

We are indebted to Messrs. Cushings & Bailey, of Baltimore, for permission to reproduce, from a work published by them, the facsimile of Abraham Lincoln's autograph of his Gettysburg speech, printed in the present number.

DEAR EDITOR: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for several years, and shall have all of the volumes bound. In my opinion, it is the best children's periodical ever published. Now and then my parents say: "Are not you getting too old to read that children's magazine?" I am eighteen to-day. I suspect that they are joking, for I have noticed that they never fail to read every number. I don't think I shall ever be too old to read the ST. NICHOLAS.—Your constant reader,

JOHN A. LORING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have any of your readers ever tried drawing on linen? I am sure they would like it, so I think I will tell

them how to do it: You must write for an enlarged package of decorative indelible ink, with preparations, pens, etc., and inclose one dollar. When you get the linen, wash it and iron it; then put the preparation in with a paint-brush; then iron again. Draw what you want on the linen with the ink; then iron *well*, and wash it. You can make things that are pretty, as well as useful.—Your constant reader,

J. H. I.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of London, for their courtesy in permitting us to reprint the ballad by Robert Browning, and the poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, given in the "Treasure-box of Literature" in the present number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have read in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS a question from "Zella," asking why, when paper is rubbed between the knees, it will stick to a piece of wood, I think I will tell her what I suppose is the cause. It is electricity, produced by the friction of the paper on the knees, which also causes it to adhere to the wood.—Your devoted reader,

M. O. L.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a grown-up girl now, but was quite young when you began. What I want specially to tell you is this: A friend and I have been making scrap-books for sailors. We have made eleven, but, as it is slow work, we should like the assistance of others. Now, I thought you could mention it to your young friends who live on the coast, as they, probably, are acquainted with more sailors than those living inland. Sailors are great readers, and they appreciate papers and magazines; but I think they would prefer scrap-books. The way we do is this: Take old picture-

books and sew them together, and make covers of pasteboard; or take large old account-books, cut out every other page, or so, and paste in cuttings from newspapers and magazines. When they are finished, we give them to the captain of some vessel, and tell him to pass them around among the crew. My friend makes scrap-books containing only pictures, which she sends to hospitals.—
Yours respectfully,
A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received a letter yesterday from a cousin, who is traveling in India, and I thought I would tell the children who take ST. NICHOLAS some of the funny things she wrote me: Her cook is a man, and he wears toe-rings, and, when he is not busy, he sits on his heels and smokes a long pipe, and would sit that way all day if she did not make him do something. She says it is so hot out there that, in summer, the people who own dogs with long hair have to hire a servant to fan the dogs, to keep them cool.

In Hindustani language, the name for baby is "budja," and we think it makes a nice nickname for our little fat baby. "Koota" means dog, and the next dog we get we are going to give it that name.

She saw one of the Holy Men, so called because they make a vow to do something uncomfortable to themselves all their life, or until they are freed. This one had walked on the ends of his toes so long, with the aid of a stick, that his heels had grown back into the muscles of his legs, and you could not see that he ever had had any heels. His hair was long and matted; he was covered with some kind of yellow powder, and was horrible to look at.

She had seen a great many Cashmere goats and fat-tailed sheep, and last night we found pictures of both of them in our Natural History.—Yours truly,
M. L. BELIN.

Now that the schools are beginning again all over the land, we think there probably are many mothers who will appreciate the following little poem:

BEGINNING SCHOOL.

To-day the house is stiller than it's ever been before,
There's nothing in disorder from the ceiling to the floor;
E'en the chairs around the room
Seem to share the general gloom,
As they stand in sad precision just so far apart,—no more.

The cushions look forbidding as they're placed against the wall,
The very chair-backs seem alone, they stand so stiff and tall;
And I feel inclined to cry,
And to set them all awry.

What can it be about the house that seems to chill us all?

I'd like to scatter every toy now ranged before my sight,
From merry "Punch and Judy," in their gauze and tinsel bright,
To the little dog asleep
In a mournful, woolly heap,
On the half-torn, fingered picture-books, once visions of delight.

That worn old doll, dejected, brings a picture fair and sweet
Of bloom, and warmth, and songs of birds the merry world to greet,
And a little child at play
On a happy Summer's day,

With these toys in gay confusion scattered round about her feet.

And the sunlight, sifting down, shone upon a little head,
And kissed the curls of golden brown and turned them bronze
and red;

And the doll was held at rest
On the little lassie's breast,
For both were soundly sleeping as the sunshine lightly sped.

And as I look I do not think the wealth of many lands
Could make me harm the poor old doll once clasped by baby
hands.

This armless, limp concern
I've often longed to burn,
Is sacred to those baby days where love forever stands.

Ah, well, we all must live and learn; year follows year by rule,
And as one may not stay a child, one dare not be a fool;
And so the world goes on
From rise till set of sun:

To-day our baby takes her turn in starting off to school.
MAUD WYMAN.

FRED. W. MACALLUM.—The author of "A Talk about the Bicycle" (ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1880), says: "A great many people seem to be mistaken about the amount of roughness that will make a road impassable for a bicycle. Bicycles will go on any reasonably well-kept way that is not too stony for horses, and there nearly

always is a narrow foot-track beside a country road. Even a western 'dirt-road,' or a stretch of grass, will not be too much for a wheel with a determined rider, for he will take his trusty steed upon almost any surface into which it is not likely to sink deep."

JACK'S PRIZE-BIRD.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT has received a great many letters in reply to his questions concerning the picture of his Prize-Bird in the June number. Nearly all of the letters gave correct answers, and said,—that the bird is an Emu, found in Australia, that its Latin name is *Dromaius Novæ Hollandiæ*, and that it can run very fast, but can not fly. The little ones "down foot" are the young of the Emu, and in regard to them Jack wishes us to quote what one of his correspondents says:

"The conspicuous stripes on the young birds are retained for only a short time, or until the feathers of the adult dress replace or conceal the downy covering."

Another correspondent writes: "The Emu is not uncommon in menageries. I think there are two at Central Park now."

A few of the young writers think that the house in the background of the picture is a hut built in some Zoölogical garden for the bird to live in, but most of them suppose it to be the hut of a native of Australia.

Maud M. L. writes that the bird must be an Emu, for her papa has been to Australia, and has seen the bird, and tells her that "Emu" is its name.

Alfred R. Wiley, eleven years, says: "I can not tell why the young ones are striped and the old ones speckled; but, if you would tell me the reason why a young chicken is often striped, whose mother wears solid colors, and why the young fawn of the dun deer is red with white spots, and why most of us tow-headed boys will change in a few years to black-haired or brown-haired men, perhaps this information would give me a clew."

Here is a list of the names of those who wrote to Jack-in-the-Pulpit about this "ostrichy no-ostrich," as he calls it:

Lizette A. Fisher—Howard T. Kingsbury—Theodore G. White—Clinton W. Clowe—Albert Tuska—C. S. Fleming—Fanny Hartman—Florence E. Pratt—Nathalie and Marshall McLean—Lunette E. Lamprey—Maie G. H.—James D. Hailman—Newton Mowton—C. W. Dawson—Satie A. Townsend—Nellie M. Brown—A. K. Amacker—"Reader"—Orange—Charlie Lamprey—R. F. Rand—George Cortelyou—T. M. Royal—Jenny H. Morris—Emil G. Sorg—Fred. C. McDonald—Mary H. Tatnall—H. V. Z. B.—Harry A. Patton—Maud M. Love—Miffin Brady—George B. Spalding, Jr.—B. C. Weld—Robert M. Dutton—Alex. G. Barret—Geo. D. Casgrain—Alfred R. Wiley—Florence G. Lane—"Buttercup and Daisy"—Lemuel Carey—William Hepburn Buckler—Johnnie A. Scott—Elizabeth Alling—Letitia Preston—Grace E. Smith—Henri C. R.—Nannie Duff—S. W. Peck—Elsie A. Patchen—Willie A. Phelon—Amos G. Robinson.

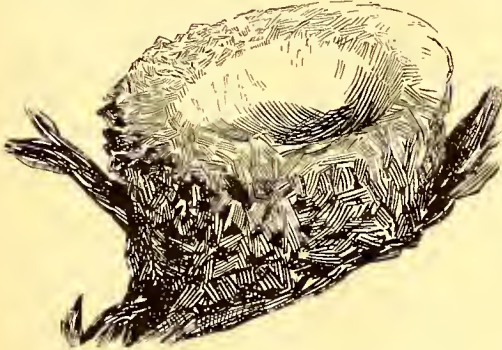
M. E. C.—In the "Letter-Box" for March, 1881, you will find, under the name "Trailing Arbutus," an answer to your question: "How did the girl push the baby-carriage through her bracelet?"

OUR readers will be interested in the following newspaper item concerning Miss Nellie Rossiter, a girl of fourteen, who has received the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society's Diploma for her success in the culture of silk. She says, among other things:

"When I first started I had about three hundred worms, which I procured through a friend of my father's. In a few days I shall probably possess one hundred thousand. I have made three hundred dollars this year, and I hope to treble that sum in the next twelve months. It requires careful watching to keep the worms in good health. They require constant feeding, and somehow they always need attention at four in the morning. They will only eat mulberry or Osage-orange leaves. I have a permit to pick those leaves in the park. When I cannot procure a sufficient amount of foliage to feed all the worms I expect to be hatched, I freeze as many thousand eggs as I cannot provide for at the time. Eggs thus frozen will live for over two months, and, on being restored to a heated room, readily hatch. On the other hand, the worms die, unless always in a temperature of seventy to seventy-five degrees. This morning I sold ten thousand eight hundred eggs, fixed on a card,—each card is covered with little globules the size of pin-heads,—for one dollar and seventy-five cents. Had I kept them for another fortnight, I could have sold the little worms for seventy-five cents a hundred; but then I have thousands and thousands of eggs."

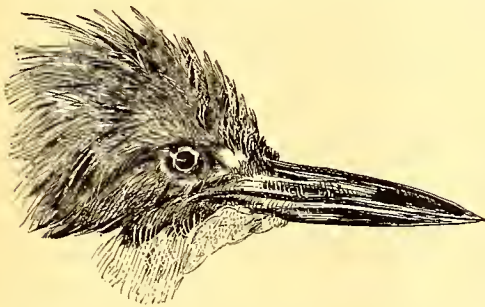
AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SIXTH REPORT.

Not much that is valuable in the study of nature can be learned from books alone. I should think that from a month's study of an aquarium made by himself, after the most admirable suggestions of Mr. Beard in St. NICHOLAS for July, a boy would learn as much about small marine animals and plants as he would get from books alone in a year. I am sure his knowledge would be of a more useful sort.



NEST OF HUMMING-BIRD.—ACTUAL SIZE.

That the members of the A. A. are at work in the right manner, is shown by the thousands of interesting specimens which they are collecting. A few of these have found their way to our Academy cabinet, either by exchange or gift. As I can not usher you all into our museum, and point out the many curious things which have been sent us, I have taken down a few and will let you look at pictures of them. No. 306 is the saw of a saw-fish. This was sent to us by a little girl who lives in Florida. Part of her letter was printed last month. This specimen is about a foot long. The saw-fish has the general form of a shark, but it would be well to ask those of the A. A. who have not been assigned to other duties, to "study up"

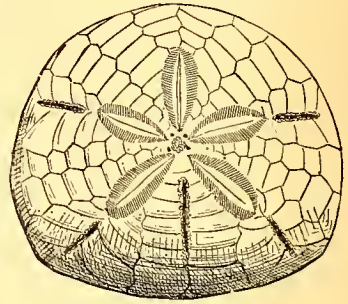


NO. 21. HEAD AND CLAW OF BELTED KINGFISHER.

this curious fish and write an account of his habits. A specimen saw shall go to the one who sends the best report to Lenox by October 1.

No. 313 is also from the sea. Do you know what it is? It is white and nearly flat. Who has seen one alive? Will not some dweller by the ocean write a description of the "sand-dollar" for us? We should like to print in this place the best short report on this curious creature received before October.

The nest is a humming-bird's nest, and is exactly life-size. It was built quite near the house of one of our members, but, to his credit be it said, was not molested until the two tiny white eggs cracked and let out the little miracles from within. After the happy family had hummed away, the nest was secured. It is made of the delicate lichens which grow on old fences and tree-trunks, and is lined with the soft pappus of dandelions. It scarcely could be distinguished from a small knot.



NO. 313. THE SAND-DOLLAR.

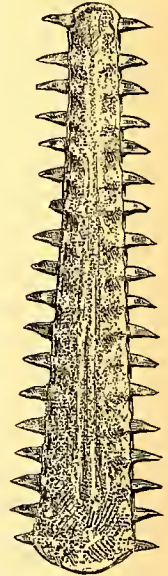
By the way, speaking of birds' nests, the question has been several times sent to me—"How can I avoid the law that forbids all persons taking the nests or eggs of birds?" I advise you not to try to avoid it. It is a very wise law, and necessary to protect our singing birds from extermination. Most of you are so much interested in other subjects that you can be quite happy without disturbing the homes of the birds. Still, in many places such laws are local, and in that case a "permit" may often be obtained from the proper authorities, granting the privilege of collecting eggs on certain conditions. If you can not be happy, therefore, without eggs, and if the law forbids, you must either get a special permit or remain inconsolable. However, many good collections of eggs have been made by exchange. You can collect specimens of wood, for example, and exchange these with some distant oölogist; or if he prefers insects or plants, there is no law against your getting them for him.

We have received some finely prepared specimens of wood from Miss L. L. Lewis, of Copenhagen, New York—and she was so generous in her supply that we have enough to exchange for other sorts of specimens.

No. 21 is given to show how a boy may make a collection of drawings for himself, which will be of great value. Perhaps you can not draw a bird with sufficient accuracy; you can at least sketch the beak and claws, as Harry Chamberlin has done, and a great deal may be learned by a study of these two extremities of a bird. Harry accompanies his drawing with the following account of the bird itself:

"The Kingfisher—Belted—is a North American bird of the family Alcedinidae. It lives upon fish and aquatic insects. K. hovers over the water until its prey is sighted, then, dropping from mid-air, it seizes the unfortunate fish or insect in its strong beak. It builds its nest out of fish-bones, lined with down, in a hole in the bank of a stream. K. generally lays two pearly white eggs about the size of a robin's. The color of its bill and legs, slate and black; eyes black, wings blue and black on the upper side, white under. The throat and breast are white, a dark blue and chestnut-colored band dividing them; the back is blue. K. has a silky blue crest, which it raises at will."

Notwithstanding our repeated cautions, letters concerning the "Agassiz Association" are sometimes sent to the St. NICHOLAS office in New York. This causes a delay in replying, for all such letters are forwarded whither they should have been first sent. Once in a while, also, letters come with no address given inside. It is difficult to reply to them. After Sept. 15th, address, with stamped envelope for reply,



NO. 306. PART OF THE SAW OF A SAW-FISH.

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.—1. Toothache. 2. Rhododendron. 3. Abyssinian. 4. Alleviate. 5. Cannonaded. 6. Engagement. 7. Initiation. 8. Opinion. 9. Pertinent. 10. Phosphorus.

CROSS-WORD JINGLE.—August. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Primals: William. Finals: Wallace. Cross-words: 1. Willow. 2. IndianA. 3. LaureL. 4. Lowell. 5. Iowa. 6. AdantiC. 7. MainE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lemonade. THREE WORD-SQUARES.—I. 1. East. 2. Asia. 3. Siam. 4. Tame. II. 1. Czar. 2. Zero. 3. Arts. 4. Rose. III. 1. Inch. 2. Nile. 3. Clan. 4. Hens.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—1. Alabama. 2. Caracas. 3. Bahama. 4. Havana. 5. Malaga. HALF-SQUARE.—I. P. 2. Ha. 3. Gas. 4. Hash. 5. Pasha.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.—1. S-p-car. 2. B-l-link. 3. S-c-old. 4. W-h-eel. 5. S-h-ark. 6. S-n-ail. 7. S-t-ill. 8. S-t-one.

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Diagonals: Varuna. 1. Vulcan. 2. Pallas. 3. NeReus. 4. SatUrn. 5. SphiNx. 6. UraniA.—CHARADE.—Sand-piper.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—1. B-allots. 2. A-die-u. 3. E-qui-ty. 4. C-lose-t. 5. O-range-s. 6. C-hang-e. 7. C-ant-o. 8. B-Anne-r. 9. L-attic-e. 10. M-Erin-o.

CHANGED HEADS.—1. H-are. 2. D-are. 3. C-are. 4. W-are. 5. F-are. 6. M-are. 7. R-are.

RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. Cabal. 2. Toned. 3. Gowan. 4. Nicer. 5. Sewer.

TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Danes; Andes; deans; Sedan. 2. Reim; rime; mire; emir. 3. Rams; arms; Mars. 4. Laity; Italy. 5. Planes; Naples. 6. General; enlarge; gleaner.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in dandy, but not in fop," the second "in yard-stick, but not in shop," and so on, until the two words of five letters each have been spelled.

Our firsts are in dandy, but not in fop; Our seconds in yard-stick, but not in shop; Our thirds are in many, but not in herds; Our fourths are in parrots, but not in birds; Our fifths are in hand, but not in knee: Two mythical beings perhaps you'll see. M. V. W.

ABRIDGMENTS.

THE removed letters, when arranged in the order here given, spell the name of a celebrated English author.

1. Syncopate an intimate associate, and leave a demon. 2. Syncopate heavy vapor, and leave a lump of earth. 3. Behead a bench, and leave to corrode. 4. Behead a champion, and leave a time of darkness. 5. Syncopate honest, and leave distant. 6. Syncopate humane, and leave the young of a horned animal. VERNA B.

HOOR-GLASS.

. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .

CENTRALS: The season for gathering crops. ACROSS: 1. The prevailing style. 2. Fragile. 3. A sphere. 4. In sportive. 5. A large body of water. 6. Nice perception. 7. A division.

GEOGRAPHICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

MY whole is composed of twelve letters, and is an important island of Europe. My 4-2-10-7-10-9 is a mountain in Asia. My 5-8-6-3-2 is a river in Italy. My 9-4-12-1-11-3-7 is a fortified sea-port in Africa.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

THE central letters of this puzzle, reading across, form a word of ten letters, made of two words of five letters each. Upon the first half of the long word the left-hand diamond is based; and upon the other half is based the right-hand diamond.

CENTRALS ACROSS: A fruit. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND (across): 1. In wrong. 2. A boy. 3. A necessity of life. 4. A cave. 5. In right. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND (across): 1. In cumberance. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A fruit. 4. To put on. 5. In vulnerable. CICELY.

NAUTICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and am an old proverb, consisting of two lines, used by mariners. The first line describes two peculiar appearances of the clouds before or during a high wind.

My 54-17-45-30-34-6 is an iron instrument for holding a ship at rest in water. My 31-14-22-56 is the principal timber in a ship. My 3-20-41-28-36-12-17 is an upright machine of timber which is

used in ships for heaving in cables. My 29-2-55-17-57-25-40-50 is the principal sail in a ship. My 9-41-30-17-4-32-47 is the after-sail of a ship. My 39-7-27-19 is the instrument by which a ship is steered. My 23-41-30-48 is a long beam. My 21-44-49-46-50 is a small sail spread immediately above the top-gallant sail. My 53-31-37-10-16-26-8 is the sail set next above the royal. My 24-51-52 is to draw through the water by means of a rope. My 18-5-11-4-15 are the floor-like divisions of a ship. My 35-51-48-32-1-46-42-43 is the mast of a vessel which is nearest the bow. My 38-36-32-1 is to make progress against a current. My 39-44-33-18 is that part of a vessel in which the cargo is stowed. My 47-20-55-13 is a narrow plank nailed for ornament or security on a ship's upper works. ALLIE.

QUINCUNX.

.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.

ACROSS: 1. A tune. 2. A heavy club. 3. Bustle. 4. A venomous serpent. 5. The Greek name for Mars.

DIAGONALS, from left to right, downward, beginning at the lower left-hand letter: 1. In Autumn. 2. Remote. 3. To revile. 4. Grates harshly upon. 5. A possessive pronoun. 6. In Autumn. DYCIE.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words are of equal length. The second line, read downward, names a certain dish, which is eaten in England on the day named by the letters of the third line when read upward.

ACROSS: 1. A poetic word, meaning "formerly." 2. To cover with a layer of any substance. 3. To domesticate. 4. An island. 5. A little branch connecting a flower with a main branch. 6. A general name of the kings of the Amalekites. 7. A noted square in London. 8. Stone. 9. A grand division of the earth. 10. A plant whose fibers are used in making cordage. F. S. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in food, but not in meat; My second in cold, but not in heat; My third is in model, but not in cast; My fourth is in slow, but not in fast; My fifth is in power, but not in might; My sixth is in dark, but not in light; My seventh in cost, but not in worth; My whole are called the stars of earth. CHARLOTTE.

EASY ANAGRAMS.

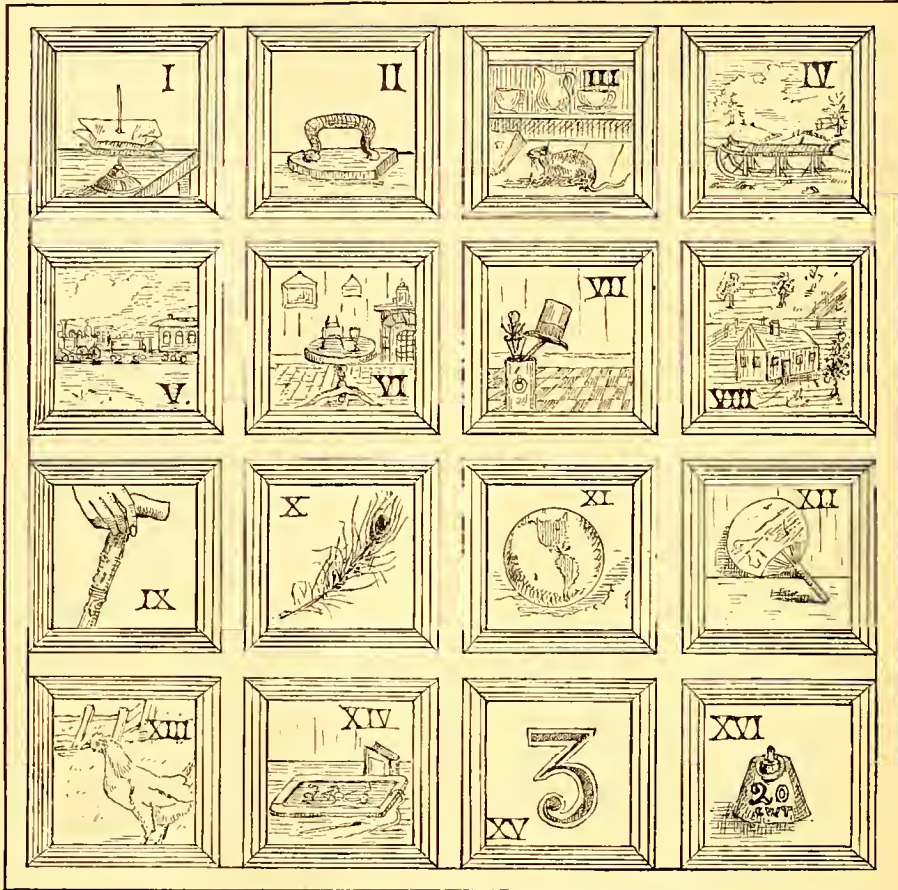
THESE anagrams are formed of the names of cities, each being preceded by a characteristic description of that city.

1. A philanthropic city:—SOB NOT. 2. An enterprising city:—ON! WE KRY. 3. A river-spanning city:—CROST HERE. 4. A magnificent city:—IN SHAG TOWN. 5. A sea-port city:—LET'S ANCHOR. 6. A hot city:—BOIL ME. 7. A new city:—UP LAST. O. S. W. Y.

PUZZLE.

ADD what is gathered in fall to what is gathered in winter, and you will have what often decorates windows the year round. G. F.

EASY PICTORIAL ENIGMA.



THE ANSWER TO THE ABOVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA CONTAINS FIFTY-ONE LETTERS, AND IS A WELL-KNOWN SAYING FROM THE BIBLE. THE KEY-WORDS ARE NOT DEFINED IN THE USUAL WAY, BUT ARE REPRESENTED BY PICTURES, EACH OF WHICH REFERS BY A ROMAN NUMERAL TO ITS OWN SET OF ARABIC NUMERALS, GIVEN IN THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE PUZZLE: I. 1-2-10-8. II. 4-23-41-43. III. 3-11-18. IV. 4-10-48-12. V. 5-28-22-44-17. VI. 6-24-9-38-49. VII. 7-31-46. VIII. 15-41-37-4-13. IX. 40-50-45-27. X. 25-21-22-14-30-35-51. XI. 20-31-23-33-47. XII. 36-11-43. XIII. 19-16-45. XIV. 4-39-31-29-48. XV. 32-34-42-48-21. XVI. 26-41-45.

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE NAMES OF SOLVERS ARE PRINTED IN THE SECOND NUMBER AFTER THAT IN WHICH THE PUZZLES APPEAR.

THE SOLUTION OF OUR JUNE PUZZLE WAS RECEIVED, TOO LATE FOR ACKNOWLEDGMENT IN THE AUGUST NUMBER, FROM LILLIE LANE, BONHAM, TEXAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER WERE RECEIVED, BEFORE JULY 20, FROM MARY R. TYNG, 2—Bessie McJ, Tyng, 4—“King Wompster,” all—“Jessamine,” 1—Lizzie M. Boardman, 1—“Phil I. Pene,” 2—B. L. Early, 2—The B. S. and F. families, 10—Hattie E. Rockwell, 12—“Chickie,” 5—George W. Barnes, 5—Camille Giraud, 5—Algie Tassin, 3—Mabel Thompson, 2—Augusta, 2—Tad, 6—Bessie and her Cousin, 11—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 9—M. L. Ward and L. B. Johnson, 12—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 6—H. A. Vedder, 6—“Professor and Co.,” 10—Minnie Thiebaut, 1—Lorena Buschman, 1—Lalla E. Croft, 1—Bella A., 5—Fannie B. Wyatt, 1—Mrs. J. L. Cilley and Mabel, 2—Raymond Cilley, 1—Grace Taylor Lyman, 1—G. A. Lyon, 10—Bessie C. Barney, 7—O. C. Turner, all—Effie K. Talboys, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Warren G. Waterman, 1—“Fairview Nursery,” 10—Rosalie, Arthur, and Mary, 10—Marion and Harry, 1—Mary and John, 8—Josie H. Wickett and May H. Carman, 3—Lyde McKinney, 11—D. W. Robert, and Flavel and Nannie Mines, 5—“Mama and Ba,” all—Joseph G. Deane, 3—Otis and Elliott Brownfield, 6—Blanche R. Percey, 5—Frank E. Howard, 10—John Wroth, 10—“Dorothy Dump” and “Barbara Bright,” 7—Rose I. Raritan, 5—Wallace K. Gaylord, 4—Johnny Putnam, 1—Mollie Weiss, 7—Charlie W. Power, 11—Dollie Francis, 10—“Deacon,” 4—J. D. Hayden, 1—Graham F. Putnam, 3—M. M. Libby, 6—Geo. F. Weld and Geo. J. and Esther L. Fiske, 6—Florence G. Lane, 8—Kate T. Wendell, 7—H. C. Warren and F. C. Torrey, 10—Cornie and May, 9—Nellie J. Gould, 8—Bessie Taylor, 3—Charlie and Josie Treat, all—Henry C. Brown, 12—Florence E. Pratt, 8—“Queen Bess,” 11—Trask, all—P. S. Clarkson, 11—George R. Shenk, 2—Fred Wilford, 7—“Comet,” Cincinnati, 8—“Pearl and Ruby,” 4—Philip S. Carlton, 7—Jenny and Timie, 8—Anne and Maria McIlvaine, 8—H. R. Labouisse, 4—H. L. P., 5—Valerie Frankel, 7—Fred C. McDonald, 12—Willie Maddren, 1—“Olivette,” 7—Annie H. Mills, 10—J. B. Bourne, 4—“Partners,” 8—“Day and Night,” 11—Lizzie C. Carnahan, 10—Edward Vultee, 9—Katie Smith, 6—B. B. Potrero, 8—J. S. Tennant, 12—Edward M. Traber, 4—“Greenwood Lake,” 7—“Carol and her Sisters,” 9—Louise and Nicoll Ludlow, 7—Florence Leslie Kyte, all—“Verna,” 4—Fred Thwaites, 11—Sallie Viles, 9—“Guesser,” all—Archie and Charlotte Warden, 6—Dyic, 9. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1881.

NO. 12.

[Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.]

LITTLE ASSUNTA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

CLIMBING the Pincian Hill's long slope,
When the West was bright with a crimson flame,
Her small face glowing with life and hope,
Little Assunta singing came.

From under ilex and olive tree,
I gazed afar to St. Peter's dome;
Below, for a wondering world to see,
Lay the ruined glories of ancient Rome.

Sunset was sorrowing over the land,
O'er the splendid fountains that leaped in the air,
O'er crumbling tower and temple grand,
Palace, and column, and statue fair.

Little Assunta climbed the steep;
She was a lovely sight to see!
A tint in her olive cheek as deep
As the wild red Roman anemone.

Dark as midnight her braided hair,
Over her fathomless eyes of brown;
And over her tresses the graceful square
Of snow-white linen was folded down.

Her quaint black bodice was laced behind;
Her apron was barred with dull rich hues;
Like the ripe pomegranate's tawny rind
Her little gown; and she wore no shoes.

But round her dusk throat's slender grace,
 Large, smooth, coral beads were wound;
 Like a flower herself in that solemn place
 She seemed, just blooming out of the ground.

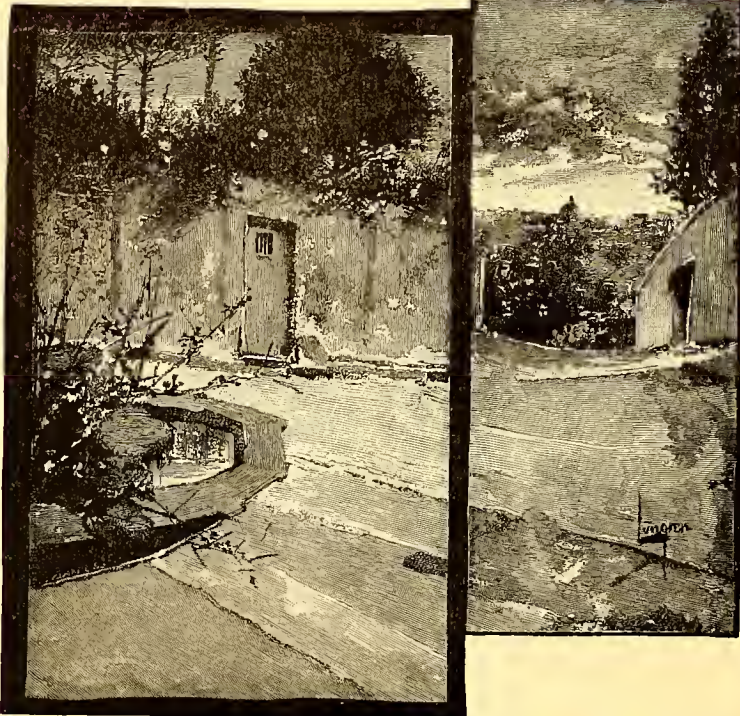
Up she came, as she walked on air!
 I wandered downward, with footstep slow,
 Till we met in the midst of the pathway fair,
 Bathed in the mournful sunset's glow.

"Buon giorno, Signora!"* she said;
 Like a wild-bird's note was her greeting clear.
 "Salve!" † I answered, "my little maid,
 " But 't is evening, and not good-morning, dear!"

She stretched her hands with a smile like light,
 As if she offered me, joyfully,
 Some precious gift, with that aspect bright,
 And "Buon giorno!" again sang she.

And so she passed me, and upward pressed
 Under ilex and olive tree,
 While the flush of sunset died in the West,
 And the shadows of twilight folded me.

She carried the morn in her shining eyes!
 Evening was mine, and the night to be;
 But she stirred my heart with the dawn's surprise,
 And left me a beautiful memory!



* "Good morning, Lady!" † A term of salutation, pronounced "Sal-vé," and meaning "Hail!" or "Welcome!"

THE CASTLE OF BIM.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

LORIS was a little girl, about eleven years old, who lived with her father in a very small house among the mountains of a distant land. He was sometimes a wood-cutter, and sometimes a miner, or a plowman, or a stone-breaker. Being an industrious man, he would work at anything he could do, when a chance offered; but, as there was not much work to do in that part of the country, poor Jorn often found it very hard to make a living for himself and Loris.

One day, when he had gone out early to look for work, Loris was in her little sleeping-room, under the roof, braiding her hair. Although she was so poor, Loris always tried to make herself look as neat as she could, for that pleased her father. She was just tying the ribbon on the end of the long braid, when she heard a knock at the door below.

"In one second," she said to herself, "I will go. I must tie this ribbon tightly, for it would never do to lose it."

And so she tied it, and ran down-stairs to the door. There was no one there.

"Oh, it is too bad!" cried Loris; "perhaps it was some one with work for Father. He told me always to be very careful about answering a knock at the door, for there was no knowing when some one might come with a good job; and now somebody has come and gone!" cried Loris, looking about in every direction for the person who had knocked. "Oh, there he is! How could he have got away so far in such a short time? I must run after him."

So away she ran, as fast as she could, after a man she saw walking away from the cottage in the direction of a forest.

"Oh dear!" she said, as she ran, "how fast he walks! and he is such a short man, too! He is going right to the hut of Laub, that wicked Laub, who is always trying to get away work from Father; and he came first to our house, but thought there was nobody at home!"

Loris ran and ran, but the short man did walk very fast. However, she gradually gained on him, and just as he reached Laub's door, she seized him by the coat.

"Stop, sir, please!" she said, scarcely able to speak, she was so out of breath.

The man turned and looked at her. He was a very short man indeed, for he scarcely reached to Loris's waist.

"What do you want?" he said, looking up at her.

"Oh, sir," she gasped, "you came to our house first, and I ran to the door almost as quick as I could, and, if it's any work, Father wants work, ever so bad."

"Yes," said the short man, "but Laub wants work, too. He is very poor."

"Yes, sir," said Loris, "but—but you came for Father first."

"True," said the short man, "but nobody answered my knock, and now I am here. Laub has four young children, and sometimes they have nothing to eat. It is never so bad with you, is it?"

"No, sir," said Loris.

"Your father has work sometimes. Is it not so?" asked the short man.

"Yes, sir," answered Loris.

"Laub is often without work for weeks, and he has four children. Shall I go back with you, or knock here?"

"Knock," said Loris, softly.

The short man knocked at the door, and instantly there was heard a great scuffling and hubbub within. Directly all was quiet, and then a voice said, "Come in!"

"He did not wait so long for *me*," thought Loris.

The short man opened the door and went in, Loris following him. In a bed, in a corner of the room, were four children, their heads just appearing above a torn sheet, which was pulled up to their chins.

"Hello! what's the matter?" said the short man, advancing to the bed.

"Please, sir," said the oldest child, a girl of about the age of Loris, with tangled hair and sharp black eyes, "we're all sick, and very poor, and our father has no work. If you can give us a little money to buy bread——"

"All sick, eh?" said the short man. "Any particular disease?"

"We don't know about diseases, sir," said the girl; "we've never been to school."

"No doubt of that," said the man. "I have no money to give you, but you can tell your father that if he will come to the mouth of the Ragged Mine to-morrow morning, he can have a job of work which will pay him well."

So saying, the short man went out.

Loris followed him, but he simply waved his hand to her, and, in a few minutes, he was lost in the forest. She looked sadly after him for a minute, and then walked slowly toward her home.

"No, sir," said Loris, "but I did n't want to keep you waiting."

"I should think not," said the other. "Why, I had hardly begun to knock."



"OH DEAR!" GASPED LORIS; "HOW FAST HE WALKS!"

The moment their visitors had gone, the Laub children sprang out of bed as lively as crickets.

"Ha! ha!" cried the oldest girl; "Loris came after him to get it, and he would n't give it to her, and Father's got it. Served her right, the horrid thing!"

And all the other children shouted, "Horrid thing!" while one of the boys ran out and threw a stone after Loris. And then they shut the door, and sat down to finish eating a meat-pie which had been given them.

"Well," said Jorn, that evening, when Loris told him what had happened, "I'm sorry, for I found but little work to-day; but it can't be helped. You did all you could."

"No, Father," said Loris, "I might have gone to the door quicker."

"That may be," said Jorn, "and I hope you will never keep any one waiting again."

Two or three days after this, as Loris was stooping over the fire, in the back room of the cottage, preparing her dinner, she heard a knock.

Springing to her feet, she dropped the pan she held in her hand, and made a dash at the front door, pulling it open with a tremendous fling. No one should go away this time, she thought.

"Hello! Ho! ho!" cried a person outside, giving a skip backward. "Do you open doors by lightning, here?"

This visitor was a middle-sized man, very slight, and, at first sight, of a youthful appearance. But his hair was either powdered or gray, and it was difficult to know whether he was old or young. His face was long and smooth, and he nearly always looked as if he was just going to burst out laughing. He was dressed in a silken suit of light green, pink, pale yellow, and sky-blue, but all the colors were very much faded. On his head was stuck a tall, orange-colored hat, with a lemon-colored feather.

"Is your father in?" said this strange personage.

"No, sir," said Loris; "he will be here this evening, and I can give him any message you may leave for him."

"I have n't any message," said the queer-looking man. "I want to see him."

"You can see him about sunset," said Loris, "if you will come then."

"I don't want to come again. I think I'll wait," said the man.

Loris said, "Very well," but she wondered what he would do all the afternoon. She brought out a stool for him to sit upon, for it was not very pleasant in the house, but he did not sit down. He walked all around the house, looking at the chicken-house, where there were no chickens; the cow-house, where there was no cow; and the pigsty, where there were no pigs. Then he skipped up to the top of a little hillock, near by, and surveyed the landscape. Loris kept her eye upon him, to see that he did not go away without leaving a message, and went on with her cooking.

When her dinner was ready, she thought it only right to ask him to have some. She did not want to do it, but she could not see how she could help it. She had been taught good manners. So she went to the door and called him, and he instantly came skipping to her.

"I thought you might like to have some dinner, sir," she said. "I have n't much, but ——"

"Two people don't want much," he said. "Where shall we have it? In the house, or will you spread the cloth out here on the grass?"

"There is not much use in spreading a cloth, sir," she said, pointing to what she had prepared for dinner. "I have only one potato, and some salt."

"That 's not a dinner," said the other, cheerfully. "A dinner is soup, meat, some vegetables (besides potatoes, and there ought to be two of them, at least), some bread, cheese, pudding, and fruit."

"But I have n't all that, sir," said Loris, with her eyes wide open at this astonishing description of a dinner.

"Well, then, if you have n't got them, the next best thing is to go and get them."

Loris smiled faintly. "I could n't do that, sir," she said. "I have no money."

"Well then, if you can't go, the next best thing is for me to go. The village is not far away. Just wait dinner a little while for me." And so saying, he skipped away at a great pace.

Loris did not wait for him, but ate her potato and salt. "I'm glad he is able to buy his own dinner," she said, "but I'm afraid he wont come back. I wish he had left a message."

But she need not have feared. In a half-hour the queer man came back, bearing a great basket, covered with a cloth. The latter he spread on the ground, and then he set out all the things he had said were necessary to make up a dinner. He prepared a place at one end of the cloth for Loris, and one at the other end for himself.

"Sit down," said he, seating himself on the grass; "don't let things get cold."

"I've had my dinner," said Loris; "this is yours."

"Whenever you're ready to begin," said the man, lying back on the grass and looking placidly up to the sky, "I'll begin, but not until then."

Loris saw he was in earnest, and, as she was a sensible girl, she sat down at her end of the cloth.

"That 's right!" gayly cried the queer man, sitting up again; "I was afraid you'd be obstinate, and then I should have starved."

When the meal was over, Loris said:

"I never had such a good dinner in my life!"

The man looked at her and laughed.

"This is a funny world, is n't it?" said he.

"Awfully funny!" replied Loris, laughing.

"You don't know what I am, do you?" said the man, as Loris put the dishes, with what was left of the meal, into the basket.

"No, sir; I do not," answered Loris.

"I am 'a Ninkum," said the other. "Did you ever meet with one before?"

"No, sir, never," said Loris.

"I am very glad to hear that," he said; "it 's so pleasant to be fresh and novel."

And then he went walking around the house again, looking at everything he had seen before. Then he laid himself down on the grass, near the house, with one leg thrown over the other, and his hands clasped under his head. For a long time he lay in this way, looking up at the sky and the clouds. Then he turned his head and said to Loris, who was sewing by the door-step:

"Did you ever think how queer it would be if everything in the world were reversed?—if the ground were soft and blue, like the sky? and if the sky were covered with dirt, and chips, and grass? and if fowls and animals walked about on it, like flies sticking to a ceiling?"

"I never thought of such a thing in my life," said Loris.

"I often do," said the Ninkum. "It expands the mind."

For the whole afternoon, the Ninkum lay on his back and expanded his mind; and then, about sunset, Loris saw her father returning. She ran to meet him, and told him of the Ninkum who was waiting to see him. Jorn hurried to the house, for he felt sure that his visitor must have an important job of work for him, as he had waited so long.

"I am glad you have come," said the Ninkum.



"SIT DOWN!" SAID HE. "DON'T LET THINGS GET COLD!"

"I wanted to see you, for two things; the first was that we might have supper. I'm dreadfully hungry, and there's enough in that basket for us all. The second thing can wait. It's business."

So Loris and the Ninkum spread out the remains of the dinner, and the three made a hearty supper. Jorn was highly pleased. He had expected to come home to a meal very different from this.

"Now, then," said the Ninkum, "we 'll talk about the business."

"You have some work for me, I suppose," said Jorn.

"No," said the Ninkum, "none that I know of. What I want is for you to go into partnership with me."

"Partnership!" cried Jorn. "I don't understand you. What kind of work could we do together?"

"None at all," said the Ninkum, "for I never work. Your part of the partnership will be to chop wood, and dig, and plow, and do just what you do now. I will live here with you, and will provide the food, and the clothes, and the fuel, and the pocket-money for the three of us."

"But you could n't live here!" cried Loris. "Our house is so poor, and there is no room for you."

"There need be no trouble about that," said the Ninkum. "I can build a room right here, on this side of the house. I never work," he said to Jorn, "but I hate idleness; so what I want is to go into partnership with a person who will work,—an industrious person like you,—then my conscience will be at ease. Please agree as quickly as you can, for it 's beginning to grow dark, and I hate to walk in the dark."

Jorn did not hesitate. He agreed instantly to go into partnership with the Ninkum, and the latter, after bidding them good-night, skipped gayly away.

The next day, he returned with carpenters, and laborers, and lumber, and timber, and furniture, and bedding, and a large and handsome room was built for him on one side of the house; and he came to live with Jorn and Loris. For several days he had workmen putting a fence around the yard, and building a new cow-house, a new chicken-house, and a new pig-sty. He bought a cow, pigs, and chickens; had flowers planted in front of the house, and made everything look very neat and pretty.

"Now," said he one day to Loris and Jorn, as they were eating supper together, "I 'll tell you something. I was told to keep it a secret, but I hate secrets. I think they all ought to be told as soon as possible. Ever so much trouble has been made by secrets. The one I have is this: That dwarf who came here, and then went and hired old Laub to work in his mine ——"

"Was that a dwarf?" asked Loris, much excited.

"Yes, indeed," said the Ninkum, "a regular

one. Did n't you notice how short he was? Well, he told me all about his coming here. The dwarfs in the Ragged Mine found a deep hole, with lots of gold at the bottom of it, but it steamed and smoked, and was too hot for dwarfs. So the king dwarf sent out the one you saw, and told him to hire the first miner he could find, to work in the deep hole, but not to tell him how hot it was until he had made his contract. So the dwarf had to come first for you, Jorn, for you lived nearest the mine, but he hoped he would not find you, for he knew you were a good man. That was the reason he just gave one knock, and hurried on to Laub's house. And then he told me how Loris ran after him, and how good she was to agree to let him give the work to Laub, when she thought he needed it more than her father. 'Now,' says he to me, 'I want to do something for that family, and I don't know anything better that could happen to a man like Jorn, than to go into partnership with a Ninkum.'"

At these words, Jorn looked over the well-spread supper-table, and he thought the dwarf was certainly right.

"So that 's the way I came to live here," said the Ninkum, "and I like it first-rate."

"I wish I could go and see the dwarfs working in their mine," said Loris.

"I 'll take you," exclaimed the Ninkum. "It 's not a long walk from here. We can go to-morrow."

Jorn gave his consent, and the next morning Loris and the Ninkum set out for the Ragged Mine. The entrance was a great jagged hole in the side of a mountain, and the inside of the mine had also a very rough and torn appearance. It belonged to a colony of dwarfs, and ordinary mortals seldom visited it, but the Ninkum had no difficulty in obtaining admission. Making their way slowly along the rough and somber tunnel, Loris and he saw numbers of dwarfs, working with pick and shovel, in search of precious minerals. Soon they met the dwarf who had come to Jorn's house, and he seemed glad to see Loris again. He led her about to various parts of the mine, and showed her the heaps of gold and silver and precious stones, which had been dug out of the rocks around them.

The Ninkum had seen these things before, and so he thought he would go and look for the hot hole, where Laub was working. That would be a novelty.

He soon found the hole, and just as he reached it, Laub appeared at its opening, slowly climbing up a ladder. He looked very warm and tired, and throwing some gold ore upon the ground, from a basket which he carried on his back, he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"That is warm work, Laub," said the Ninkum, pleasantly.

"Warm!" said Laub, gruffly. "It 's hot. Hot as fire. Why, the gold down at the bottom of that hole burns your fingers when you pick it up. If I had n't made a contract with these rascally dwarfs to work here for forty-one days, I would n't stay another minute; but you can't break a contract you make with dwarfs."

"It 's a pretty hard thing to have to work here, that is true," said the Ninkum, "but you owe your ill-fortune to yourself. It 's all because you 're

he turned, as Loris came near, and rushed down into the hot hole.

"Perhaps I ought not to have told him all that," said the Ninkum, as he walked away, "but I hate secrets. They always make mischief."

Presently Loris said: "Do let us go home, now. I have seen nearly everything, and it is so dark and gloomy." Taking leave of the kind dwarf, the two made their way out of the mine.

"I do not like such gloomy places any better than you do," said the Ninkum. "Disagreeable things are always happening in them. I like to



"AS THE NINKUM SAID THIS, LAUB'S FACE GREW BLACK WITH RAGE."

known to be so ill-natured and wicked. When the dwarf was sent to hire a man to come and work in this hole, he had to go to Jorn's house first, because that was the nearest place, but he just gave one knock there, and hurried away, hoping Jorn would n't hear, for it would be a pity to have a good man like Jorn to work in such a place as this. Then he went after you, for he knew you deserved to be punished by this kind of work."

As the Ninkum said this, Laub's face grew black with rage.

"So that 's the truth!" he cried. "When I get out of this place, I'll crush every bone in the body of that sneaking Jorn!" and having said this,

have things bright and lively. I'll tell you what would be splendid! To make a visit to the Castle of Bim."

"What is that, and where is it?" asked Loris.

"It 's the most delightful place in the whole world," said the Ninkum. "While you 're there, you do nothing and see nothing but what is positively charming, and everybody is just as happy and gay as can be. It 's all life, and laughter, and perfect delight. I know you would be overjoyed if you were there."

"I should like very much to go," said Loris, "if Father would let me." "I'll go and ask him this minute," said the Ninkum. "I know where he

is working. You can run home, and I will go to him, and then come and tell you what he says."

So Loris ran home, and the Ninkum went to the place where Jorn was cutting wood.

you from your work any longer. Good-morning." And as soon as he was out of Jorn's sight, the Ninkum began to run home as fast as he could.

"Get ready, Loris," he cried, when he reached the house. "Your father says, reversibly speaking, that on every account you must go. He can well spare you."

"But must we go now?" said Loris; "can not we wait until he comes home, and go to-morrow?"

"No, indeed," said the Ninkum; "there will be obstacles to our starting to-morrow; so let us hasten to the village and hire a horse. Your father will get along nicely here by himself, and he will be greatly pleased with your improvement when you return from the Castle of Bim."

So Loris, who was delighted with the idea of the journey, hastened to get ready, and, having put the house-key under the front door-stone, she and the Ninkum went to the village, where they got a horse and started for the Castle of Bim.

The Ninkum rode in front, Loris sat on a pillion

behind, and the horse trotted along gayly. The Ninkum was in high good spirits, and passed the time in telling Loris of all the delightful things she would see in the Castle of Bim.

Late in the afternoon, they came in sight of a vast castle, which rose up at the side of the road like a little mountain.

"Hurrah!" cried the Ninkum, as he spurred the horse, "I knew we were nearly there!"

Loris was very glad that they had reached the castle, for she was getting tired of riding, and when the Ninkum drew up in front of the great portal, she imagined that she was going to see wonderful things; for the door, to begin with, was, she felt sure, the biggest door in the whole world.

"You need not get off," said the porter, who stood by the door, to the Ninkum, who was preparing to dismount; "you can ride right in."

Accordingly, the Ninkum and Loris rode right into the castle through the front door. Inside,



"'RIDE RIGHT UPSTAIRS,' SAID THE GIANT."

"Jorn," said the Ninkum, "suppose that everything in this world were reversed, that you chopped wood standing on your head, and that you split your ax instead of the log you struck. Would not that be peculiar?"

"Such things could not be," said Jorn. "What is the good of talking about them?"

"I think a great deal about such matters," said the Ninkum. "They expand my mind. And now, Jorn, reversibly speaking, will you let Loris go with me to the Castle of Bim?"

"Where is that?" asked Jorn.

"It is not far from here. I think we could go in half a day. I would get a horse in the village."

"And how long would you stay?"

"Well, I don't know. A week or two, perhaps. Come, now, Jorn, reversibly speaking, may she go?"

"No, indeed," said Jorn, "on no account shall she go. I could not spare her."

"All right," said the Ninkum, "I will not keep

they found themselves in a high and wide hall-way, paved with stone, which led back to what appeared to be an inner court. Riding to the end of this hall, they stopped in the door-way there and looked out. In the center of the court, which was very large, there stood, side by side, and about twenty feet apart, some great upright posts, like the trunks of tall pine-trees. Across two of these, near their tops, rested a thick and heavy horizontal pole, and on this pole a giant was practicing gymnastics. Hanging by his hands, he would draw himself up until his chin touched the pole; and he kept on doing this until the Ninkum said in a whisper:

"Twelve times! I did not think he could do it!"

The giant now drew up his legs and threw them over the bar, above his head; then, by a vigorous effort, he turned himself entirely over the bar, and hung beneath it by his hands. After stopping a minute or two to breathe, he drew up his legs again, and, putting them under the bar between his hands, as boys do when they "skin the cat," he turned partly over, and hung in this position. His face was now toward the door-way, and for the first time he noticed his visitors on their horse.

when I did not weigh so much, I could draw myself up twenty-seven times. Come in with me and have some supper; it is about ready now. Is that your little daughter?"

"No," said the Ninkum: "I am her guardian for the present."

"Ride right upstairs," said the giant; "my wife is up there, and she will take care of the little girl."

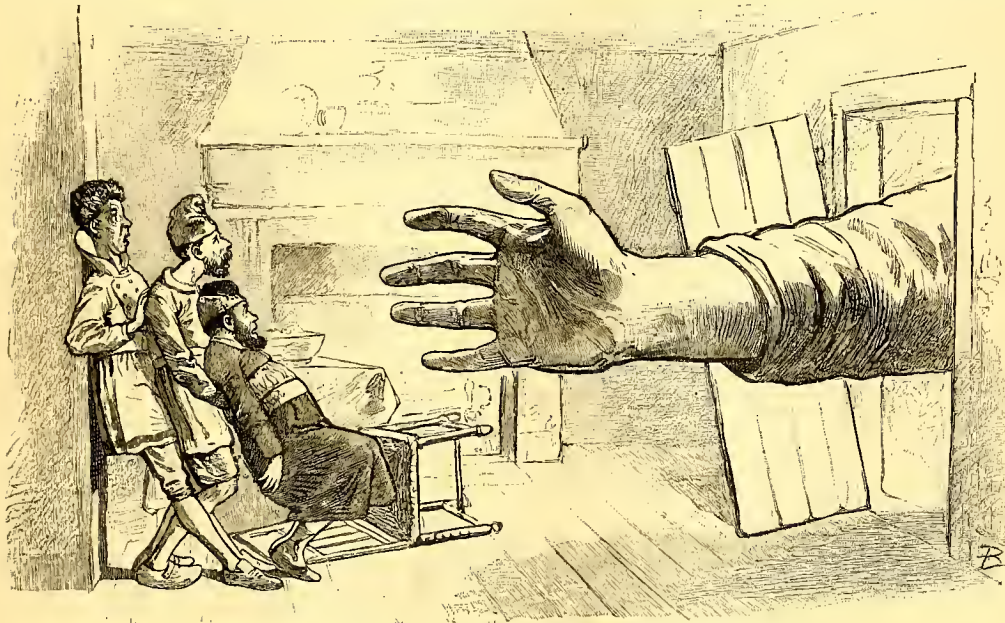
"I am afraid," said the Ninkum, "that my horse can not jump up those great steps."

"Of course not," said the giant. "Let me help you up, and then I will go down and bring your horse."

"Oh, that wont be necessary," said the Ninkum, and Loris laughed at the idea.

"You may want to look at the house," said the giant, "and then you'll need him."

So the giant took the Ninkum and Loris upstairs, and then came down and brought up the horse. The upper story was as vast and spacious as the lower part of the castle, and by a window the giant's wife sat, darning a stocking. As they approached her, the Ninkum whispered to Loris:



"THE GIANT THRUST HIS ARM THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY." [SEE PAGE 908.]

"Hello!" said he to the Ninkum; "could you do that?"

"Not on that pole," answered the Ninkum, smiling.

"I should think not," said the giant, dropping to his feet and puffing a little. "Ten years ago,

"If there were such holes in my stockings, I should fall through."

The giantess was very glad to see Loris, and she took her up in her hand and kissed her, very much as a little girl would kiss a canary-bird. Then the giant children were sent for,—two big boys and a

baby-girl, who thought Loris was so lovely that she would have squeezed her to death if her mother had allowed her to take the little visitor in her hands.

During supper, Loris and the Ninkum sat in chairs with long legs, like stilts, which the giant had had made for his men and women visitors. They had to be very careful, lest they should tip over and break their necks.

After supper, they sat in the great upper hall, and the giant got out his guitar and sang them a song.

"I hope there are not many more verses," whispered the Ninkum to Loris; "my bones are almost shaken apart."

"How did you like that?" asked the giant, when he had finished.

"It was very nice," said the Ninkum. "It reminded me of something I once heard before. I think it was a wagon-load of copper pots, rolling down a mountain, but I am not sure."

The giant thanked him, and, soon after, they all went to bed. Loris slept in the room with the giantess, on a high shelf, where the children could not reach her.

Just before they went to their rooms, the Ninkum said to Loris:

"Do you know that I don't believe this is the Castle of Bim?"

"It did n't seem to be like the place you told me about," said Loris, "but what are we to do?"

"Nothing, but go to bed," said the Ninkum. "They are very glad to see us, and to-morrow we will bid them good-bye, and push on to the Castle of Bim."

With this, the Ninkum jumped on his horse and rode to his room.

The next day, after they had gone over the castle and seen all its sights, the Ninkum told the giant that he and Loris must pursue their journey to the Castle of Bim.

"What is that?" said the giant, and when the Ninkum proceeded to describe it to him, he became very much interested.

"Ho! ho! good wife!" he cried. "Suppose we go with these friends to the Castle of Bim! It must be a very pleasant place, and the exercise will do me good. I'm dreadfully tired of gymnastics. What do you say? We can take the children."

The giantess thought it would be a capital idea, and so they all put on their hats and caps, and started off, leaving the castle in charge of the giant's servants, who were people of common size.

They journeyed all that day, Loris and the Ninkum riding ahead, followed by the giant, then by the giantess, carrying the baby, and, lastly, the

two giant boys, with a basket of provisions between them.

That night they slept on the ground, under some trees, and the Ninkum admitted that the Castle of Bim was a good deal farther off than he had supposed it to be.

Toward afternoon of the next day, they found themselves on some high land, and coming to the edge of a bluff, they saw, in the plain below, a beautiful city. The giant was struck with admiration.

"I have seen many a city," said he, "but I never saw one so sensibly and handsomely laid out as that. The people who built that place knew just what they wanted."

"Do you see that great building in the center of the city?" cried the Ninkum. "Well, that is the Castle of Bim! Let us hurry down."

So away they all started, at their best speed, for the city.

They had scarcely reached one of the outer gates, when they were met by a citizen on horseback, followed by two or three others on foot. The horseman greeted them kindly, and said that he had been sent to meet them.

"We shall be very glad," he said to the Ninkum, "to have you and the little girl come into our city to-night, but if those giants were to enter, the people, especially the children, would through the streets to see them, and many would unavoidably be trampled to death. There is a great show-tent out here, where the giants can comfortably pass the night, and to-morrow we will have the streets cleared, and the people kept within doors. Then these great visitors will be made welcome to walk in and view the city."

The giants agreed to this, and they were conducted to the tent, where they were made very comfortable, while the Ninkum and Loris were taken into the city and lodged in the house of the citizen who had come to meet them.

The next day, the giants entered the city, and the windows and doors in the streets which they passed through were crowded with spectators.

The giant liked the city better and better as he walked through it. Everything was so admirably planned, and in such perfect order. The others enjoyed themselves very much, too, and Loris was old enough to understand the beauty and convenience of many of the things she saw around her.

Toward the end of the day, the Ninkum came to her.

"Do you know," said he, "that the Castle of Bim is not here? That large building is used by the governors of the city; and what a queer place it is! Everything that they do turns out just right. I saw a man set a rat-trap, and what do

you think? He caught the rat! I could n't help laughing. It is very funny."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Loris.

"We will stay here to-night," said the Ninkum, "as the citizens are very kind, and treat us well; to-morrow we will go on to the Castle of Bim."

come back and report what I have seen to my fellow-citizens."

His company was gladly accepted, and all set out in high good humor, the citizen riding by the side of Loris and the Ninkum. But when they had gone several miles, the giantess declared that



THE NINKUM AND LORIS RIDE THROUGH THE CITY, FOLLOWED BY THE GIANT AND HIS FAMILY.

The next day, therefore, our party again set out on their journey. The Ninkum had told the citizen, who had entertained him, where they were going, and his accounts of the wonderful castle induced this worthy man to go with him.

"In our city," said he, "we try to be governed, in everything, by the ordinary rules of common sense. In this way we get along very comfortably and pleasantly, and everything seems to go well with us. But we are always willing to examine into the merits of things which are new to us, and so I should like to go to this curious castle, and

she believed she would go back home. The baby was getting very heavy, and the boys were tired. The giant could tell her about the Castle of Bim on his return. So the weary giantess turned back with her children, her husband kissing her good-bye, and assuring her that he would not let her go back by herself if he did not feel certain that no one would molest her on the way.

The rest of the party now went on at a good pace, the giant striding along as fast as the horses could trot. The Ninkum did not seem to know the way as well as he had said he did. He con-

tinually desired to turn to the right, and when the others inquired if he was sure that he ought to do this, he said he had often been told that the best thing a person could do when a little in doubt was to turn to the right.

The citizen did not like this method of reasoning, and he was going to say something about it, when a man was perceived, sitting in doleful plight by the side of the road. The Ninkum, who was very kind-hearted, rode up to him to inquire what had happened to him, but the moment the man raised his head, and before he had time to say a word, Loris slipped off the horse and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Father! Father!" she cried, "how came you here?"

It was, indeed, Jorn,—ragged, wounded, and exhausted. In a moment, every one set to work to relieve him. Loris ran for water, and bathed his face and hands; the citizen gave him some wine from a flask; the giant produced some great pieces of bread and meat, and the Ninkum asked him questions.

Jorn soon felt refreshed and strengthened, and then he told his story.

He had been greatly troubled, he said, when he found that Loris had gone away against his express orders.

"Why, Father!" cried Loris, at this point, "you said I could go!"

"Never," said Jorn. "Of course not. I said you could not go."

"Reversibly speaking," said the Ninkum, smiling, "he consented. That was the way I put the question to him. If I had n't put it that way, I should have told a lie."

Everybody looked severely at the Ninkum, and Loris was very angry; but her father patted her on the head, and went on with his story. He would have followed the Ninkum and his daughter, but he did not know what road they had taken, and, as they were on a horse, he could not, in any case, expect to catch up with them; so he waited, hoping they would soon return. But before long he was very glad that Loris was away. The wicked Laub, who, in some manner, had found out that he had been made to work in the dwarfs' mine instead of Jorn,—who had been considered too good for such disagreeable labor,—had become so enraged that he broke his contract with the dwarfs, and, instead of continuing his work in the mine, had collected a few of his depraved companions, and had made an attack upon Jorn's house. The doors had been forced, poor Jorn had been dragged forth, beaten, and forced to fly, while Laub and his companions took possession of the house and everything in it.

"But how could you wander so far, dear Father?" asked Loris.

"It's not far," said Jorn. "Our home is not many miles away."

"Then you have been going in a circle," said the citizen to the Ninkum, "and you are now very near the point you started from."

"That seems to be the case," said the Ninkum, smiling.

"But we wont talk about that now," said the citizen. "We must see what we can do for this poor man, who has been treated so unjustly. He must have his house again."

"I would have asked the dwarfs to help me," said Jorn, "but I believe they would have killed Laub and the others if they had resisted, and I did n't want any bloodshed."

"No," said the citizen, "I think we can manage it better than that. Our large friend here will be able to get these people out of your house without killing them."

"Oh, yes," said the giant, quietly, "I'll soon attend to that."

Jorn being now quite ready to travel, the party proceeded, and soon reached his house. When Laub perceived the approach of Jorn and his friends, he barricaded all the doors and windows, and, with his companions, prepared to resist every attempt to enter.

But his efforts were useless.

The giant knelt down before the house, and, having easily removed the door, he thrust in his arm, and, sweeping it around the room, quickly caught three of the invaders. He then put his other arm through the window of the Ninkum's room, and soon pulled out Laub, taking no notice of his kicks and blows.

The giant then tied the four rascals in a bunch, by the feet, and laid them on the grass.

"Now," said the citizen to the Ninkum, "as there seems to be nothing more to be done for this good man and his daughter, suppose you tell me the way to the Castle of Bim. I think I can find it if I have good directions, and I do not wish to waste any more time."

"I do not know the exact road," answered the Ninkum.

"What!" cried the other, "have you never been there?"

"No," said the Ninkum.

"Well, then, did not the person who told you about it tell you the way?"

"No one ever told me about it," replied the Ninkum, looking very serious. "But I have thought a great deal on the subject, and I feel sure that there must be such a place; and I think the way to find it is to go and look for it."

“Well,” said the citizen, smiling, “you are a true Ninkum. I suppose we have all thought of some place where everything shall be just as we want it to be; but I don’t believe any of us will find that place. I am going home.”

“And I, too,” said the giant, “and on my way I will stop at the Ragged Mine, and leave these fellows to the care of the dwarfs. They are little fellows, but, I’m sure, will see that these rascals molest honest men no more.”

“And I think I will go, too,” said the Ninkum. “I liked this place very much, but I am getting tired of it now.”

“That will be a good thing for you to do,” said the citizen, who had heard the story of how the Ninkum had been sent to Jorn and Loris as a

reward. “You have lived for a time with these good people, and have been of some service to them; but I think they must now feel that partnership with a Ninkum is a very dangerous thing, and should not be kept up too long.”

“No doubt that ’s true,” said the Ninkum. “Good-bye, my friends; I will give you my room, and everything that is in it.”

“You have been very kind to us,” said Loris, as she shook hands with the Ninkum.

“Yes,” said Jorn, “and you got me work that will last a long time.”

“Yes, I did what I could,” cried the Ninkum, mounting his horse, and gayly waving his hat around his head, “and, reversibly speaking, I took you to the Castle of Bim.”



THERE was a little lass who wore a Shaker bonnet;
 She met a little laddie in the dell
 Whose round and eurlly pate had a farmer's hat upon it.
 Now which was most astonished? Can you tell?

LIVING LANTERNS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

A DELICATE, minute speck of jelly, one of countless thousands like itself in the Southern seas, borne by the current, is forced against the bottom. Most

sand and mud are washed against all of them, the whole mass gradually rears itself until it nears the surface of the sea, and is known as a coral reef.

Now comes floating along a seed, cigar-shaped, standing upright in the water like the bob of a fishing-line. Several little roots form the sinker, while from the top two small leaves appear. By chance the long seed strands upon the coral reef, and, like the coral egg, it, too, gains new life from seeming disaster. The rootlets bury themselves in the soil, winding around the coral, spreading like arms. The mud and sand wash against it, bracing it up; the leaves at the top grow into limbs, and presto! we have a mangrove tree growing upon a coral island; it grows, and bears seeds that in turn drop and float off to help build others.

In this way, much of Florida has grown, and the same work is going on unceasingly, resulting in the numberless keys that are creeping out into the Gulf—the advance-guards of our coral State.

While growing, these island trees are the homes of a host of animals; the gnarled roots forming arches and halls of quaint design. Beautiful shells called Cyprius crawl upon them, and at high tide those curious relatives of the crabs—the barnacles—fasten themselves to the trees, and as the water goes down, they are left hanging high and dry, like fruit. When they were first observed, years ago, the finders believed they grew upon the trees, and that from them young birds were hatched!

Thus we see how Nature builds up some of her islands; but you may well be surprised that these often are illuminated by wonderful living lanterns of various kinds—things that, while lighting the shoals and the sea about them, seem to have plans of their own. We drift along these shoals in our boat on the darkest nights, and the water seems a mass of blazing fluid; waving flames encompass the bow, and every movement of the oar seems to kindle innumerable fires into life. Globes of dim light, like submerged moons, pass and repass each other in the greater depths, while smaller lights, like stars, are scattered far and near. These lanterns of the sea are really jelly-fishes and myriads of microscopic animals with power to emit this peculiar light. Besides these, we see above the water bright, luminous spots, now moving up and down, and casting a reflection upon the water. Rowing carefully nearer, a dim, ghostly form is seen behind the light, and finally the cause appears—a beautiful heron, on whose breast the soft light glows.



THE PYROSOMA OR "FIRE-BODY."

delicate things thus roughly stranded would go to pieces, but, strange to say, this fragile-looking speck seems to gain new life from its contact with the earth. It grows, throws out minute arms that move to and fro in the tide; it seizes and absorbs the lime-salts of the water, and finally builds up into and around its jelly-like body a frame-work of stone, a perfect house, and becomes a coral polyp. This, in turn, increases, buds, adds to itself, ever growing upward, until the family-house has become oval in shape, ten feet wide, and the abode of over five million single polyps. By this time, other such family-houses have been growing close by in the same fashion, a sort of living polyp village, if we may so express it, and as

It is a very extended belief among sportsmen and other observers, that this is a provision of nature to facilitate the action of the bird in fishing at night. Its long legs allow it to wade out from the coral key, and there, standing still and watchful, it is said to show the luminous spot. The pale light is reflected upon the water, and excites the curiosity of the fishes, which the patient bird is well prepared to transfix with his long and slender bill.

If we should examine one of these queer night-hunting birds, the feathers about the spot that

substance, secreted by them, glows with a wonderful brilliancy, lighting up the water beneath for twenty feet, and people sitting in the cabin-window of a vessel have been able to read from the gleams that came from them. Humboldt, in speaking of some he observed, says :

“Only imagine the superb spectacle which we enjoyed when, in the evening, from six to eleven o’clock, a continuous band of those living globes of fire passed near our vessel. With the light which they diffused we could distinguish, at a



CUBAN LADY READING BY THE LIGHT FROM CAGED BEETLES.

appears so luminous would be found covered with a thick, yellow powder, that is readily brushed off.

Another wonderful living lantern is the *Pyrosoma*, meaning “Fire-body.” It is, in reality, a colony of many thousands of animals that build, jointly, a house sometimes five feet long, and shaped like a hollow cylinder open at one end. Each tenant has two doors, a back and front. From the front door, on the outside of the cylinder, it draws in water, extracts the food from it, and throws it out at the back door into the inside of the cylinder. So many individuals doing this, naturally a current is created out of the open end, which forces the whole assemblage along. A fatty

depth of fifteen feet, the individuals of *Thynnus*, *Pelamys*, and *Sardon* [fishes], which have followed us these several weeks, notwithstanding the great celerity with which we have sailed. Enveloped in a flame of bright phosphorescent light, and gleaming with a greenish luster, these creatures, seen at night in vast shoals, upward of a mile in breadth, and stretching out till lost in the distance, present a spectacle the glory of which may be easily imagined. The vessel, as it cleaves the gleaming mass, throws up strong flashes of light, as if plowing through liquid fire, which illuminates the hull, the sails, and the ropes with a strange, unearthly radiance.”



HERON WITH PHOSPHORESCENT BREAST. [SEE PAGE 910.]

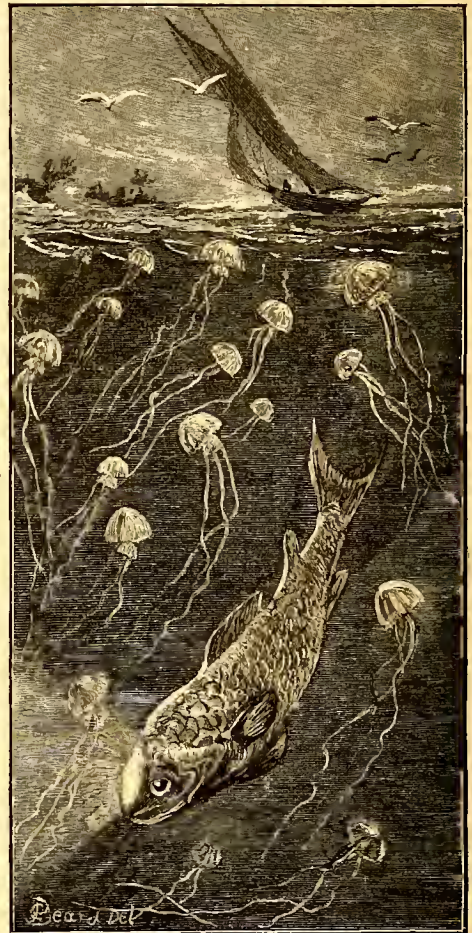
In the European seas, a fish is found that may be said to serve as a light-ship to its fellows. It is about seven inches long, with pearly dots upon its sides, while on the head appears a luminous spot that shines with clear, silvery light, and when the water is alive with phosphorescent, microscopic animals, they seem to follow him as he darts away, moving in streams of living flame.

In the warm countries, innumerable insects and plants light up the night with their splendor. Some of the beetles create a light of wonderful brilliancy; and we learn in history that when the Spaniards were marching on the Mexican capital, they were panic-stricken by the appearance of what seemed to be the lights of an immense army

rushing to and fro, and advancing upon them; but they proved to be beetles, or fire-flies, of the genus *Elater*. The picture on the preceding page shows a lady in Cuba reading by the light of several of these light-giving beetles, set in a cage hung from the ceiling of a room.

If we watch the marigolds, sun-flowers, and oriental poppies of our gardens in the dusk of summer evenings, curious fitful flashes appear at times playing upon the plants.

In some caves, a curious fungus grows, that gleams with a ghostly, lambent light, starting in its



PHOSPHORESCENT FISH.—THE LAMP-FISH AND JELLY-FISHES.

intensity. In Brazil a vine is found that, when crushed at night, gives out a stream of phosphorescent light; and many other plants and animals could be mentioned that possess this wonderful power, fitly earning for them the title of living lamps and lanterns.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TEA-PARTY.

THE mending of the chairs had entirely changed Aunt Mercy's demeanor toward us. Said she, the next day: "I want you both to come and take tea with me Saturday evening."

Phaeton and Ned not only accepted the invitation with thanks, but asked to have me included in it. "Certainly," said Aunt Mercy; "and if you have any other very particular friends among the boys, bring them along, too. Only let me know how many are coming."

Phaeton said he should like to invite Jimmy the Rhymer. "Invite Jimmy," said Aunt Mercy.

"And Monkey Roe is awful lively company," said Ned. "Invite Monkey," said Aunt Mercy.

"If we're going to have so many," said Phaeton, "I should n't like to leave out Isaac Holman."

"It is n't exactly a spelling-match, but choose away," said Aunt Mercy. "It's your turn now, Edmund Burton."

Ned chose Charlie Garrison, and then Phaeton chose Patsy Rafferty, and they determined to let the list end there. But Aunt Mercy said: "You have n't mentioned a single girl."

"Sister May is too little," said Ned; "and I don't much believe in girls, any way."

"I don't think we know any girls well enough to ask them," said Phaeton,— "unless it may be one," and he blushed a little.

"One will do," said Aunt Mercy; and so it was agreed that she should invite Miss Glidden, whom she called "a very sweet girl."

The evening that had been designated was the evening of the day recorded in the last chapter, and not one of the eight boys included in the invitation forgot it. We gravitated together, after a series of well understood whistlings, and all went to Aunt Mercy's in a crowd.

When we arrived at the house, Phaeton went up the steps first, and rang the bell. There was no immediate response, and while we were waiting for it, Ned and Monkey Roe, who had lagged behind a little, came up.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned, "don't fool around out here. Aunty expects us—come in, boys," and he opened the door and led us all into the hall. "I ought to know the way around this house pretty well," he continued. "Here 's the place to hang

your caps"—and as he pointed out the hat-rack, the eight caps, with a soft, pattering noise, almost instantly found lodgment on the pegs, some being thrown with great precision by the boys who were hindmost, over the heads of the others.

"Now follow me, boys; I'll introduce you to Aunt Mercy; I'm perfectly at home here," said Ned, and throwing open the parlor door, he ushered us in there as unceremoniously as he had admitted us to the house.

The parlor was beautifully though not brilliantly lighted by an argand lamp. Aunt Mercy was sitting on the sofa, and beside her sat a tall gentleman, with a full beard and a sun-browned face, whom none of us had ever before seen.

"Why! What does this mean?" said Aunt Mercy, as soon as she could get her breath.

Ned was considerably abashed, and had fallen back so that he was almost merged in the crowd of boys now huddled near the door. But he mustered courage enough to say: "We've come to tea."

Phaeton stepped forward, and relieved the situation somewhat by saying: "You remember, Aunty, you asked us to come to tea this evening and bring our friends. But perhaps now it is n't convenient. We can come some other day."

"Really," said his aunt, "I made preparations for you to-day, and it's perfectly convenient; but in the last two hours I had totally forgotten it. You see, I have an unexpected visitor."

Phaeton introduced those of the boys whom his aunt had never seen before, and she then introduced us all to Mr. Burton.

"Is this the Mr. Burton who was dead long ago?" said Ned.

"The very same one," said his aunt, laughing. "But he has suddenly come to life again, after many strange adventures, which he has just been telling me. I must ask him to tell them all over again for you this evening."

"But did none of you call for Miss Glidden?" said Aunt Mercy. We all looked blank.

"Then, Fayette must go after her now."

Phaeton took his cap and started at once. Three of the boys kindly offered to go with him, fearing he would be lonesome, but he said he did n't mind going alone a bit.

While he was gone, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Burton very rapidly. He seemed a good deal like Jack-in-the-Box in one respect—he liked boys. In Ned he appeared to be specially inter-

ested. Several times over he asked him how old he was, and how tall he was. I suppose Ned seemed to him to be a sort of visible measure of the time that had been lost out of his life; for he must have disappeared from the knowledge of his friends about the time that Ned was born.

Soon after Phaeton returned with Miss Glidden, tea was announced.

Both during the meal and afterward, Mr. Burton did the greater part of the talking, and his conversation consisted mainly of a running account of his adventures since he left his home, more than a dozen years before. I give the story as nearly as possible in his own words. It was of a nature to seize upon a boy's fancy; but I fear it has not lain in my memory all these years without losing many of its nicest points.

"I was a tall and slender boy," said Mr. Burton,—"so slender that my parents feared I should become consumptive, and I reached the age of twenty without improving much in that respect. Our family physician said a long sea voyage might build me up and make a strong man of me, and as my uncle owned a large interest in a whaler then fitting out, at Nantucket, for a cruise in the North Pacific, it was arranged that I should make the voyage.

"I need not tell you the story of the tedious passage around Cape Horn, against head-winds and through rainy seas. We had a prosperous cruise, and I calculated that although the hundred and twenty-fifth lay, which was to be my share, would not make me rich, it would give me considerable pocket-money when we got home.

"When we turned her prow southward for the long homeward voyage, our troubles began. Week after week we labored against heavy gales and head seas. It was many months since we had been in port, and we were not well equipped for so long a strain. At last, when we were barely out of the tropics, a terrific and long-continued easterly gale struck us, and drove us helplessly before it. Just before daylight, one morning, we struck heavily, with a shock that sent one of the masts overboard. Dawn showed us that we were wrecked on the coast of a lonely island. As nearly as the captain could calculate, this was in latitude 27° south and longitude 110° west.

"We judged that the island must be about a dozen miles long. Three volcanic peaks rose in plain sight, to a height of more than a thousand feet, and between their branching ridges were green valleys sloping down to the shore. If you ever see an old cart-wheel, with half its spokes broken or missing, which has lain upon the ground till the grass has sprung up through it, you may look upon

it as a rude representation of the appearance that island presented from the sea. The hub would be the cone of an extinct volcano, the weather-beaten wood being about the color of the volcanic rock, and the remaining spokes the irregular, sharp ridges that radiated from it, some of them reaching to the water's edge and others stopping half-way.

"An hour or two after daylight, we found there was no possibility of saving the ship, though the storm was over, and that she would probably go to pieces in the course of the day. We launched the boats, and pulled southward, along the eastern shore, and soon came to a pretty bay, where we made a landing.

"Looking at the shore through the misty dawn, we had seen what looked like giants standing on the flat roofs of their houses and watching us. But they showed no signs of life, and the captain at length made them out, through his glass, to be images of some sort. We afterward had abundant opportunity to examine them, and found them to be stone statues of colossal size. What we had taken for houses were three platforms of solid masonry, built on ground that sloped toward and overlooked the sea. Four of these great statues had originally stood on each of the platforms, but most of the twelve were now overthrown. We measured one that lay on the ground, and found it was fifteen feet high and six feet across the shoulders.

"They were cut in gray stone, and each statue that was still standing had on its head an immense red stone, smoothly cut to the shape of a cylinder, at least a yard high,—as if it wore what you call a bandbox hat, but with no brim. We afterward found there were great numbers of these statues in various places on the island, though mostly on the east side. Few of them seemed to be finished. The largest one we found was over twenty-five feet high.

"It was two hours after our landing before we saw any living being. Then we saw three children peeping at us from the top of a little hill. When we discovered them, they scampered away, and pretty soon a crowd of people appeared, led by an old man whose face was painted white, and who carried a long spear. They evidently knew what muskets were, for they showed a wholesome fear of ours.

"The captain made them understand that we were cast away, and wished to be taken care of. They led us along the shore, to the entrance of one of those green and beautiful valleys, where we found a village and were made welcome. The next day they went through a ceremony which we understood to mean that they formally adopted us into their tribe, and considered us their brothers."

Mr. Burton gave a considerable account of his adventures on the island, which we found very entertaining; but I can not remember it with sufficient accuracy to attempt repeating it. As we were walking home, Monkey Roe pointed out what he thought were improbabilities in the narrative too great to be believed,—especially the account of the gigantic stone statues, which he said could not possibly have been made by people who had no iron tools. I was inclined to share Monkey's incredulity at the time; but I now know that Mr. Burton told the truth, and that he must have been cast away on Easter Island, where Roggeween, the Dutch navigator, had discovered the mysterious statuary more than a century before.

"That little island," he continued, "was our home for nearly ten years. It is far out of the usual track of ships, and as good water is very scarce upon it, there is little temptation for them to go out of their way to visit it. We had two small boats, but the coast of South America was more than two thousand miles distant, and there was no island that we knew of much nearer.

"At last a merchantman, driven out of her course by stress of weather, came to anchor off the western shore, and sent in a boat, the crew of which were naturally astonished at being greeted by white men.

"We were taken off, and carried to Melbourne, where every man took his own way of getting home. About half of them went to the newly discovered gold-fields. I got a chance, after a while, to ship before the mast in a vessel going to Calcutta, and embraced it eagerly, as I presumed there would be plenty of opportunities to reach my native land from a port that traded with all nations.

"There I made the acquaintance of a young man who, I found, was from my native town; though I had not known him at home, as he was nearly, or quite, ten years my junior. His name was Roderick Ayr. He offered to lend me money, but I would take it only on condition that he receive my watch as security, to be redeemed when we reached home. It was a splendid watch, but had ceased to keep time, for want of cleaning.

"Mr. Ayr had been educated at one of the older colleges, knew something of engineering, had studied law, had spent a year in journalism, and had done a little something in literature—in fact, I think he told me he had published a small volume of poems, or essays. His talents were so varied that he found it difficult to settle down to one occupation; and so he had made a voyage to India, merely to see something of the world, while he was growing a little older and finding out what he was best fitted for. I liked him greatly, and an intimate friendship soon sprang up between us.

He was about to return home as a passenger, when I found an opportunity to ship before the mast in the 'Emily Wentworth,' bound for Boston. To keep me company, he shipped in the same vessel.

"We passed down the Hoogly, and wound through the horrible swamps and jungles of the Sunderbunds, where tigers and crocodiles were an every-day sight, till our pilot left us, on a sunny July morning, with the deep blue waters of the Bay of Bengal before us, and a gentle breeze from the north-east.

"Two days later we were struck by a cyclone, and the vessel was reduced to a helpless wreck. Everybody on board seemed paralyzed with terror, except Ayr and the captain, and the captain was soon swept away by a heavy sea. Three of the men, headed by the second mate,—a fellow named Hobbes,—managed to launch the only boat that had not been stove, threw into it a keg of water, a few provisions, and the charts and instruments, and were about to pull away and leave the rest of us to our fate, when Ayr ordered them back. As they paid no attention to him, he sprang into the boat and took Hobbes by the throat. Hobbes drew his knife, but as quick as lightning Ayr gave him a blow that sent him overboard. One of the sailors caught him and drew him in, and then they all consented to return to the deck. The next sea swept away the boat.

"Ayr was now recognized as commander, by virtue of his natural superiority, and with a few strong volunteers to assist him, he rigged and launched a raft, upon which nine of us embarked. The remainder of the crew had already been lost, or were afraid to leave the vessel, and some had lashed themselves to her spars. Ayr was the last to leave her. He jumped overboard, swam to the raft, cut the hawser, and we drifted away from the hulk, which heeled and went down before we were out of sight.

"Ayr, who was a powerful swimmer, was swimming about the raft the greater part of the time, sometimes tightening the fastenings where she threatened to break apart, and often saving and hauling on board again some poor wretch who had been swept off. But every few hours a man would be carried off whom Ayr could not reach, and our little company was continually growing smaller.

"As for myself, I was rather a poor swimmer, and either the exposure or some disease that I had previously contracted caused an uncomfortable swelling and puffiness in my fingers and toes. I took off, with some difficulty, a ring which I had worn for a dozen years, as it now began to hurt me, and slipped it upon Ayr's finger, asking him to keep it for me till some happier time.

"In the afternoon of the second day, it became

evident that the raft was too large for the strength of the ropes that held it together, and that a smaller one must be made. Ayr set to work to build it almost alone. Indeed, but four of us were now left—Simpson, an Englishman, Hobbes the mate, Ayr, and I. Ayr had lost a great deal of his

“When at last I crossed my father’s threshold again, less than a week ago, I found that I had not only been given up for dead, but was supposed to have been murdered by my dearest friend, Roderick Ayr. He and Hobbes had been picked up by a vessel bound for Liverpool, and so had no difficulty in coming home by the shortest route.

“Hobbes, who, it seems, had never given up his grudge against Ayr, passing through my native town on his way from Boston to his own home, had stopped over for the purpose of setting afloat the story of the wreck, in which he so far mingled truth and falsehood as to represent that Ayr, in view of the scanty stock of provisions on the raft, had successively murdered three of the men in their sleep,—I being one of these,—robbed them of their valua-



“THE BOYS ROSE AND GAVE THREE TERRIFIC CHEERS AND A HANDSOME TIGER.”

strength, and his knife slipped from his hand and sank in the sea. I lent him mine, for the other two men were destitute of knives; Hobbes had lost his when Ayr knocked him out of the boat.

“Just as the new raft was ready to be cut loose, a great sea struck us, and widely separated the two, leaving Ayr and Hobbes on what remained of the old one, while Simpson and I were on the new. I saw Ayr plunge into the water and strike out toward us; but after a few strokes he turned back, either because he felt he had not strength to reach us, or because he would not leave Hobbes helpless. The sudden night of the tropics shut down upon us, and when morning dawned, the old raft was nowhere to be seen.

“The sea was now much less violent, and Simpson and I managed to maintain our position in spite of our wasted strength. I felt that another night would be our last. But, an hour before sunset, we were picked up by a Dutch vessel, bound on an exploring voyage to the coasts of Borneo and Celebes.

“We had not the good luck to sight any vessel going in the opposite direction, and so could only return after the explorations had been made, which kept us away from home nearly two years longer.

bles, and rolled their bodies off into the sea.

“When Ayr came along on the next train, a policeman’s hand was laid upon his arm before he stepped off from the platform. He was taken to police head-quarters and searched, and as my watch, my ring, and my knife were found in his possession, the evidence against him seemed conclusive. But the living, lying witness had disappeared, and could not be found. Either he had felt that he would be unable to confront Ayr and withstand cross-questioning, or else he had no desire to send Ayr to the gallows, but only to disgrace him in the estimation of his townsmen. In this he succeeded to a considerable extent. Ayr told the straight story, which his nearest friends believed—excepting some who feared he might have done, under the peculiar temptations of a wreck, what he would not have done under any other circumstances; and as no murder could be actually proved, he, of course, could not be held. But most of the people ominously shook their heads, and refused to receive his account of the watch, the ring, and the knife as anything but an ingenious triple falsehood. It was more than he could stand, and between two days he disappeared, his nearest relatives not knowing what had become of him.

"When I suddenly appeared in the town, a few days back, those otherwise people of two years ago were dumfounded, and I hope by this time they are sufficiently ashamed of themselves. But some one besides Roderick Ayr had disappeared from the town during my absence. Miss Rogers had moved to Detroit six years before, and I took the next train for that city. There I learned that after a brief residence she had come here. So I retraced my journey.

"As we were entering the city this afternoon, I put my head out of the car window in an idle way, and thought I saw a strange vision—a man standing beside the track with a flag in his hand, who wore the features of Roderick Ayr. In a moment it was gone, and I could not tell whether it was fancy or reality, whether I had been dreaming or awake. But as I was passing through the door of the railway station, he accosted me, and sure enough it was my friend."

"Good gracious!" said Monkey Roe.

"*Johannes in perpetuo!*—Jack for ever!" said Holman. "O-o-o-h!" said Ned, three times—once with his mouth, and once with each eye.

Phaeton leapt up, and waving his handkerchief over his head, proposed "Three cheers for Roderick Jack-in-the-Box!"—whereupon all the boys rose instantly and gave three terrific cheers and a handsome tiger, to which Phaeton immediately added:

"Please excuse me, Aunt; I'm going to bring Jack-in-the-Box," and he was off in an instant.

"I don't know what he means by that," said Aunt Mercy.

"The explanation is this," said Miss Glidden, "that Jack-in-the-Box and Roderick Ayr are one and the same person."

"Then of course I shall be most happy to welcome him," said Aunt Mercy.

Before long, Mr. Ayr was announced. The hostess rose to greet him, and "all the boys except Miss Glidden," as Patsy Rafferty expressed it, made a rush for him and wound themselves around him like an anaconda.

"Where 's Fay?" said Ned, as he looked about him when the anaconda had loosened its folds.

"He 's at the Box, managing the signals for me in my absence," said Jack.

The hero of the evening was now beset with inquiries, and nearly the whole story was gone over again, by question and answer.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD SHOES AND ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

NOT many weeks after the tea-party, there were two weddings. Mr. Burton and Aunt Mercy were married on Wednesday, quietly, at her house,

and none of the boys were there excepting Phaeton and Ned. Roderick Ayr and Miss Glidden were married next morning in church, and all the boys were there.

In the arrangements for this wedding, it was planned that there should be no brides-maids and no best man, although it was then the fashion to have them,—but four ushers. Jack had asked Phaeton and Ned Rogers, Isaac Holman, and me to officiate in this capacity; and we, with a few of the other boys, met in the printing-office to talk it over. "I suppose we shall get along somehow," said Ned, "but I never ushed in my life, and I would n't like to make a blunder."

"You can buy a behavior-book that tells all about it," said Charlie Garrison.

"I don't much believe in books for such things," said Ned.

"Well," said Charlie, "you 'll find you must have a lot of trappings for this affair—white gloves and bouquets and rosettes and cockades and bridal favors, and a little club with ribbons on it, to hit the boys with when they don't keep still."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jimmy the Rhymer, "half of those are the same thing. And as for hitting the boys, they 'd better hit the whole congregation, who never know any better than to jump up and gaze around every time there 's a rumor that the bridal party have arrived."

"I don't think we need be troubled about it," said Phaeton. "Of course Jack will rehearse us a little, and instruct us what to do."

"*Bonus ego cernis!* Good idea!" said Holman. "Let 's go up to the Box this afternoon and ask him." And we agreed that we would.

"That 's all very well for that part of the business," said Jimmy the Rhymer; "but there 's something else we ought to talk over and agree upon, which we can't ask Jack about. I mean our own demonstration. Of course we 're not going to stand by and see Jack-in-the-Box married and disposed of without doing something to show our love for him."

"They wont take any presents," said Holman.

"And I think all the flowers there need be provided for by somebody else," said Phaeton.

"Then," said Jimmy, "there is but one thing left for us. It 's a famous custom to throw old shoes after people, as a sign that you wish them good luck—especially when they 're just married and starting off on their wedding journey. We need n't throw anything, but we 'll have a chance to put in an old horseshoe, which is luckier than any other."

"Those carriages," said Phaeton, "generally have a platform behind, to carry trunks on. While the bridal party are in the church, we might have all our old shoes piled up on that platform."

"And that will give us a chance to decorate them with a few flowers and ribbons," said Jimmy.

We appointed Jimmy a committee of one to manage the old shoes. In the afternoon we four, who were to be ushers, went to see Jack-in-the-Box.

"Jack," said Ned, "if we're going to usher for you, you'll have to instruct us a little. None of us understand the science very well, and we're afraid to try learning it from books."

Jack laughed heartily. "The science of ushering, as you call it," said he, "is a very simple matter."

Then he got a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew roughly a ground plan of the church, showed us our places at the heads of the aisles, and instructed us fully about our simple duties.

"And about the clubs?" said Ned. "Will you make those, or do we buy them?"

"What clubs?" said Jack.

"The little clubs with ribbons wound around them, to hit the boys with when they don't keep still."

Jack laughed more heartily than before.

"I guess we won't hit the boys," said he. "They need n't keep any stiller than they want to, at my wedding." And then he explained.

"A marshal," said he, "is a sort of commander, and the little club, as you call it, is the symbol of his authority. But an usher stands in the relation of servant to those whom he shows to their places."

"I must tell Charlie Garrison about that," said Ned; "it was he who started the story about the little clubs. Charlie's an awful good boy, but he generally gets things wrong. I'm afraid he's too ready to believe everything anybody tells him."

In trying to describe Charlie, Ned had so exactly described himself that we all broke into a smile.

As we were walking away, Holman suggested that perhaps while we were about it we ought to have got instructions as to the reception, also; for there was to be a brief one at the house immediately after the ceremony in church.

"Oh, I know all about that," said Fay. "You go up to the couple, and shake hands, and if you're a girl you kiss the bride—(what did you say? You wish you were?)—and wish them many happy returns of the day; then you say what kind of weather you think we've had lately, and the bridegroom says what kind he thinks; then you give a real good smile and a bow, and go into another room and eat some cake and ice-cream; and then you go home. That's a reception."

Two days before the wedding, Jack resigned his place in the employ of the railroad, and took all his things away from the Box. Patsy Rafferty's father succeeded him as signal-man.

Thursday was a beautiful, dreamy October day, and as we had settled all the weighty questions of etiquette, we put on the white gloves with a feeling of the most dignified importance. The people began coming early. The boys, who were among the earliest, came in a compact crowd, and we gave them first-rate seats in the broad aisle, above the ribbon. Before ten o'clock every seat was filled.

Everybody in town seemed to be present. There were matrons with a blush of the spring-time returned to their faces. There were little misses in short dresses, who had never looked on such a spectacle before. There were young ladies, evidently in the midst of their first campaign, just a little excited over one of those events toward which ill-natured people say all their campaigning is directed. There were fathers of families, with business-furrowed brows, brushing the cobwebs from dim recollections, and marking the discovery of each with the disappearance of a wrinkle. There were bachelors who, if not like the irreverent hearers of Goldsmith's preacher, were at least likely to go away with deep remorse or desperate resolve. There were some who would soon themselves be central figures in similar spectacles. There were those, perhaps, whose visions of such a triumph were destined to be finally as futile as they were now vivid.

Frequent ripples of good-natured impatience ran across the sea of heads, and we who felt that we had the affair in charge began to be a little anxious, till the organ struck up a compromise between a stirring waltz and a soothing melody, which speeded the unoccupied moments on their journey.

The usual number of false alarms caused the usual turning of heads and eyes. But at last the bridal party really came. The bride's eyes were on the ground, and she heard nothing but the rustle of her own train, and saw nothing, I trust, but the visions that are dear to every human heart.

The organ checked its melodious enthusiasm as the party reached the chancel. Then the well-known half-audible words were uttered, with a glimmer of a ring sliding upon a dainty finger. The benediction was said, a flourish of the organ sounded the retreat, and the party ran the gauntlet of the broad aisle again, while the audience, as was the fashion of that day, immediately rose to its feet and closed and crushed in behind them, like an avalanche going through a tunnel.

While we were in the church, Jimmy the Rhymer, with Lukey Finnerty to help him, had brought the old shoes in an immense basket, and arranged them on the platform at the back of the bridegroom's carriage. The cluster of seven boots which Patsy had used for a drag to control Phaeton's car, was laid down as a foundation. On this were piled all

sorts of old shoes, gaiters, and slippers, bountifully contributed by the boys, and at the top of the pyramid a horseshoe contributed by Jimmy himself. Sticking out of each shoe was a small bouquet, and the whole was bound together and fastened to the platform with narrow white ribbons, tied here and there into a bow.

My young lady readers will want to know what the bride wore. As nearly as I can recollect—and I have refreshed my memory by a glance at the best fashion-magazines—it was a wine-colored serge *Seilienne*, looped up with pipings of gros-grain galloon, cut *en train* across the sleeve-section; the over-skirt of *Pompadour passmenterie*, shirred on

on the trunk-board, the carriage presented an original and picturesque appearance as it rolled away.

The boys went to the reception as they had gone everywhere else, in a solid crowd. When we presented ourselves, Ned made us all laugh by literally following his brother's humorous instructions. The caterer thought he had provided bountifully for the occasion; but when the boys left the refreshment-room, he stood aghast. The premium boy in this part of the performance was *Monkey Roe*.

As Ned and I walked silently toward home, he suddenly spoke: "It's all right! Miss Glidden was too awful old for Fay and Jimmy and Holman. She's nineteen, if she's a day."



THERE WAS A PYRAMID OF OLD SHOES AT THE BACK OF THE BRIDGROOM'S CARRIAGE.

with striped gore of garnet silk, the corners caught down to form shells for the heading, and finished off in knife plaitings of brocaded facing that she had in the house. Coiffure, a *Maintenon* remnant of pelerine blue, laced throughout, and crossing at the belt. The corsage was a pea-green *fiehu* of any material in vogue, overshot with delicate twilled moss-heading cut bias, hanging gracefully in fan outline at the back, trimmed with itself and fitted in the usual manner with darts; *Bertha* panier of suit goods, and *Watteau* bracelets to match.

With this costume inside, and our contribution

"No doubt of it," said I. "But how came you to know about Fay and Jimmy and Holman?"

I thought Ned had not discovered what I had.

Without a word, he placed his forefinger in the corner of his eye, then pulled the lobe of his ear, and then, spreading the fingers of both hands, brought them carefully together, finger-end upon finger-end, in the form of a cage. By which he meant to say that he could see, and hear, and put this and that together.

"Ah, well!" said I, "let us not talk about it. We may be nineteen ourselves some day."

THE LAZY FARM-BOY.

BY MRS. ANNIE FIELDS.

LAZY in the spring-time, before the leaves are green,
 Lazy in the summer-time, beneath their leafy screen,
 Sure a lazier farm-boy never yet was seen!

After a while he thinks he hears an early apple fall,
 Now surely from the little wood he hears a phœbe call!
 So he halts among the pumpkins beside the pasture-wall.

His cheeks are round as apples and browned by sun and breeze,
 He bears a pair of patches upon his sturdy knees,
 And wears the pleasant countenance of one who loves to please.

For half an hour he gazes to find the apple-tree,
 And listens for the phœbe, but is not sure 't is she,
 Then he takes his hoe and marvels so many weeds should be.

The weeds are growing fast, and the master takes his hoe,
 And bids his farm-boy follow him, whether he will or no;
 He follows as a farm-boy should, but he follows very slow.

And now the perfect face of heaven wears not a single cloud,
 The lazy boy above his hoe is for a brief space bowed,
 But soon, despondent, he stops short before a weedy crowd.

His master leads him to the field and shows him all his task,
 And leaves him when in sunbeams the earth begins to bask,
 Just as the boy would like "How long ere dinner-time" to ask;

"I think," he says, "(I am so tired!)—it must be nigh to noon;
 I'll listen for the mid-day bell; it should be ringing soon."
 He lies down in the shade to hear, and whistles a slow tune.



There is no sound, the breezes die, he soon falls fast asleep; The weeds do not stop growing—thus will our labors keep. He wears a smile, for in his dream he hears a squirrel cheep.

Roused by the clanging bell of noon, he wakes with startled moan; "I wonder how it is," he says, "so many weeds were sown!" "Because," I answer, "smart farm-boys are not like clover grown."



TRAPPER JOE.

By M. M. D.

How strange it all seemed to little Winifred! One year ago, or, as she reckoned it, one snow-time and one flower-time ago, she was living in Boston, and now she was in the wilds of Colorado. It was a great change—this going from comfort and luxury to a place where comfort was hard to find, and luxury not to be thought of; where they had a log-hut instead of a house, and a pig in place of a poodle. But, on the whole, she enjoyed it. Her father was better, and that was what they came for. The doctor had said Colorado air would cure him. And though Mother often looked tired and troubled, she certainly never used to break forth into happy bits of song when Father was ill in bed, as she did now that he was able to help cut down trees in the forest. Besides, who ever saw such beautiful blue flowers and such flaming red blossoms in Boston? And what was the frog-pond compared with these streams that now, in the spring-time, came rushing through the woods—silently sometimes, and sometimes so noisily that, if it were not for their sparkle when they passed the open,

sunny places, and the laughing way they had of running into every chink along the banks, one would think they were angry? Yes, on the whole, Winifred liked Colorado; and so did her little brother Nat; though, if you had told him Boston was just around the corner, he would have started to run there without waiting to put on his cap.

Such a little mite of a fellow Nat was, and so full of sunshine! Only one thing could trouble him—and that was to be away from Mother even for half an hour. There was something in Mother's way of singing, Mother's way of kissing hurt little heads and fingers, Mother's way of putting sugar on bread, and Mother's way of rocking tired little boys, that Nat approved of most heartily. He loved his father, too, and thought him the most powerful wood-cutter that ever swung an ax, though really the poor man had to stop and rest at nearly every stroke.

See these two children now trudging to the little stream near by, quite resolved upon having a fine rocking in Father's canoe! This queer boat, made

of bark, and sharp at both ends, was tied to a stake. Now that the stream was swollen and flowing so fast, it was fine fun to sit, one in each end, and get "bounced about," as Winnie said.

"You get in first, because you're the littlest," said Winnie, holding her dress tightly away from the plashing water with one hand, and pulling the boat close to the shore with the other.

"No, *you* get in first, 'cause you'm a girl," said Nat. "I don't want no helpin'. I'm going to take off my toos and 'tockies first, 'cause Mammy said I might."

Nat could say shoes and stockings quite plainly when he chose, but everybody said "toos and 'tockies" to him; so he looked upon these words, and many other crooked ones, as a sort of language of Nat, which all the world would speak if they only knew how.

In at last—both of them—and a fine rocking they had. The bushes and trees threw cool shadows over the canoe, and the birds sang, and the blue sky peeped down at them through little openings overhead, and, altogether, with the plashing water and the birds and pleasant murmur of insects, it was almost like Mother's rocking and singing.

At first they talked and laughed softly. Then they listened. Then they talked a very little. Then listened again, lying on the rushes in the bottom of the canoe. Then they ceased talking, and watched the branches waving overhead; and, at last, they both fell sound asleep.

This was early in the morning. Mother was very busy in the cabin, clearing away the breakfast-dishes, sweeping the room, making the beds, mixing bread, heating the oven, and doing a dozen other things. At last she took a plate of crumbs and scraps, and went out to feed the chickens.

"Winnie! Nat!" she called, as she stepped out upon the rough door-stone. "Come, feed the chickens!" Then she added, in a surprised way, to herself: "Why, where in the world can those children be? They must have stopped at the new clearing to see their father."

At dinner-time she blew the big tin horn that hung by the door, and soon her husband came home alone, hungry and tired.

"Oh, you little witches!" laughed the mother, without looking up from her task of bread-cutting. "How could you stay away so long from Mammy? Tired, Frank?"

"Yes, very. But what do you mean? Where *are* the youngsters?"

She looked up now, and instantly exclaimed, in a frightened voice, as she ran out past her husband: "Oh, Frank! I've not seen them for two or three hours! I thought, to be sure, they were

with you. They surely would n't have staid all this time in the canoe!"

He followed her, and they both ran to the stream. In an instant, the mother, hastening on ahead through the bushes, screamed back: "Oh, Frank! Frank! *The canoe is gone!*"

All that long, terrible day, and the next, they searched. They followed the stream, and at last found the canoe—but it was empty! In vain the father and mother and their only neighbor wandered through the forest in every direction, calling: "Winnie! Winnie! Nat! Nat!" In vain the neighbor took his boat and explored the stream for miles and miles—no trace could be found of the poor little creatures, who, full of life and joy, had so lately jumped into Father's canoe to "have a rock."

Where were they? Alas! they did not themselves know. They only knew that they had been wakened suddenly by a great thump, and that when they jumped out of the canoe and started to go home, everything was different. There was no foot-path, no clearing where trees had been cut down, no sound of Father's ax near by, nor of Mother's song—and the stream was rushing on very angrily over its rocky bed. The canoe, which had broken loose and, borne on by the current, had floated away with them miles and miles from the stake, was wedged between two great stones when they jumped out of it; but now it was gone—the waters had taken it away. After a while, in their distracted wanderings, they could not even find the stream, though it seemed to be roaring in every direction around them.

Now they were in the depths of the forest, wandering about, tired, hungry, and frightened. For two nights they had cried themselves to sleep in each other's arms under the black trees; and as the wind moaned through the branches, Winnie had prayed God to save them from the wolves, and little Nat had screamed, "Papa! Mamma!" sobbing as if his heart would break. All they had found to eat was a few sweet red berries that grew close to the ground. Every hour the poor children grew fainter and fainter, and, at last, Nat could n't walk at all.

"I'm too tired and sick," he said, "and my feet all tut. My toos and 'tockies is in the boat. O Winnie! Winnie!" he would cry, with a great sob, "why *don't* Mamma 'n' Papa come? Oh, if Mamma 'd only come and bring me some bread!"

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry," Winnie would say over and over again. "I'll find some more red berries soon; and God will show us the way home. I *know* He will. Only don't cry, Nat, because it takes away all my courage."

"All your what?" asked Nat, looking wildly at

her as if he thought courage was something they could eat.

"All my courage, Nat." And then, after searching in vain for more red berries, she would throw herself upon her knees and moan: "Dear Father in Heaven, I can't find anything more for Nat to eat. Oh, *please* show us the way home!"

What was that quick sound coming toward them? The underbrush was so thick Winnie could not see what caused it, but she held her breath in terror, thinking of wolves and Indians, for there were plenty of both, she knew, lurking about in these great forests.

The sound ceased for a moment. Seizing Nat in her arms, she made one more frantic effort to find her way to the stream, then, seeing a strange look in the poor little face when she put him down to take a better hold, she screamed:

"Nat! Nat! Don't look so! Kiss Winnie!"

"Hello, there!" shouted a voice through the underbrush, and in another instant a great, stout man came stamping and breaking his way through the bushes.

"Hello, there! What on airth 's up now? Ef old Joe ha' n't come upon queer game this time. Two sick youngsters—an' ef they aint a-starving! Here, you younguns, eat some uv this 'ere, and give an account uv yourselves."

With these words, he drew from somewhere among the heavy folds of his hunting-dress a couple of crackers.

The children grabbed at them frantically.

"Hold up! Not so sharp!" he said; "you must have a little at a time for an hour yet. Here, sis, give me the babby—I 'll feed him; and as for you, jest see that you don't more 'n nibble!"

"Oh, give me a drink!" cried Winnie, swallowing the cracker in two bites, and for an instant even forgetting Nat.

The man pulled a canteen or flat tin flask from his belt and gave her a swallow of water; then he hastened to moisten Nat's lips and feed him crumb after crumb of the broken cracker.

"Another hour," he muttered to himself, as he gently fed the boy and smoothed back the tangled yellow hair from the pale little face,—“another hour and he 'd 'a' been past mendin'.”

Winnie looked up quickly.

"Is he going to die?" she asked.

"Not he," said the man; "he 'll come through right end up yet. He 's got a fever on him, but we 'll soon knock that under. How 'd you get here, little gal?"

Winnie told her story, all the while feeling a glad

certainty at her heart that their troubles were over. The strange man carried a gun, and he had a big pistol, and an ax, and a knife in his belt. He looked very fierce, too, yet she knew he would not harm her. She had seen many a trapper before, since she came to the West, and, besides, she felt almost sure he was the very trapper who had been at her father's cabin a few weeks before, and taken supper, and warmed himself before the fire, while he told wonderful stories about Indians and furs, and about having many a time had "fifty mile o' traps out on one stretch."

She remembered, too, that her father had told her the next day that trappers lived by catching with traps all sorts of wild animals, and selling their furs to the traders, and that this particular trapper had been very successful, and had great influence among the Indians—in fact, that he was one of the big men of that region, as he said.

These thoughts running through her mind now as she told how they had been lost for two whole days and two nights, and the sight of Nat falling peacefully asleep on the trapper's shoulder, made her feel so happy that she suddenly broke forth with, "O Mr. Trapper! I can run now. Let 's go right home!"

* * * * *

The stars came out one by one that night, and winked and blinked at a strange figure stalking through the forest. He had a sleeping child on each arm, and yet carried his gun ready to fire at an instant's notice. Trudging on, he muttered to himself:

"Well, old Joe, you 've bagged all sort o' game in this 'ere forest, and trapped 'most everything agoin', but you aint never had such a rare bit o' luck as this. No wonder I stood there on the edge of the timber-land, listening to I did n't know what! Reckon here 's a couple o' skins now 'll be putty popular at *one* market 't any rate—fetch 'most any price you could name—but I 'll let 'em go cheap; all the pay I want for these 'ere critters is jest to hear the kisses of them poor frightened—Hello! there 's a light! What, ahoy! Neighbor, hello! hello!"

"Got 'em both!" he shouted, as three figures, two men and a woman, came in sight through the starlight. "All right—Got 'em both!"

The children are awake now. What sobs, what laughter, what broken words of love and joy, fall upon the midnight air! And through all, Winnie, wondering and thrilled with strange happiness, is saying to herself: "I knew God would show us the way home!"



UP the road and down the road and up the road again,
 All across the meadow-lot, and through the shady lane;
 Over hill and valley, skipping merrily we come,
 Down the road and up the road,—and here we are at home!

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

IN days long ago, when birds and flowers and trees could talk, in a country far over the sea, there was a beautiful fountain. It was in an opening in the forest, and the little sunbeams that crept between the leaves, falling upon it, made it shine and sparkle like silver. You would have thought the wind was playing a polka among the trees, so gayly did the fountain dance and bubble over the rocks, while it was sending up little showers of spray that made tiny rainbows.

But between its banks, farther down, it was as quiet as a sleeping child, and the ferns bent over and bathed themselves in it, and the cool green moss crept down to the water's edge. The mountain-goat that wandered through the forest had never been there to drink. Even the wind was tenderly careful not to ruffle it, and the leaves that had shaded it all summer long laid themselves noiselessly on either side when their turn came to fall, but they never sullied its fair surface.

One day, a youth named Narcissus, who had been hunting in the forest, lost sight of his companions, and while looking for them, chanced to see the fountain flashing beneath a stray sunbeam. He at once turned his steps toward it, much delighted, for he was so heated and thirsty. As he drew nearer, and heard the splash of the falling water and saw its crystal clearness, he thought he had never seen so beautiful a place, and he hastened to bathe his burning forehead and cool his parched lips. But as he knelt upon the mossy bank and bent over the water, he saw his own image, as in a glass. He thought it must be some lovely water-spirit that lived within the fountain, and in gazing upon it he forgot to drink. The sparkling eyes, the curling locks, the blushing, rounded cheeks, and the parted lips filled him with admiration, and he fell in love with that image of himself, but he knew not that it was his own image.

The longer he looked, the more beautiful it became to him, and he longed to embrace it. But as he dipped his arms into the water and touched it with his lips, the lovely face disappeared, as though its owner had been frightened. Narcissus felt himself thrill with alarm lest he might never behold it again, and he looked around, in vain, to find where it had fled.

What was his delight to see it appearing again as the surface of the water became smooth! It gave him back glance for glance, and smile for smile, but although the lips moved as if they were speaking, they gave him not a word. He begged the beautiful creature to come out of the fountain and live with him.

"You are the most beautiful being my eyes ever looked upon," he said, "and I love you with

all my heart. You shall have all that is mine, and I will forever be your faithful friend, if you will only come with me."

The image smiled and seemed to stretch out its arms to him, but still was dumb. This only made him desire all the more to hear it speak, and he besought it for a reply until, saddened by continued disappointment, his tears fell upon the water and disturbed it. This made the face look wrinkled. He thought it was going to leave him, and exclaimed :

"Only stay, beautiful being, and let me gaze upon you, if I may not touch you!"

And so he hung over the brink of the fountain, forgetting his food and rest, but not losing sight for an instant of the lovely face.

As daylight faded away and the moonbeams crept down into the little glade to bear him company, he still kept his faithful watch, and the morning sun found him where it had said good-night to him the evening before. Day after day and night after night he staid there, gazing and grieving. He grew thin and pale and weak, until, worn-out with love and longing and disappointment, he pined away and died.

When his friends found the poor dead Narcissus, they were filled with sorrow, and they went about sadly to prepare a funeral pile, for it was the custom in those days to burn the dead. But, most wonderful to tell! when they returned to bear away the body, it could nowhere be found. However, before their astonished eyes a little flower rose from the water's edge, just where their friend had died. So they named the flower in memory of him, and it has been called Narcissus unto this very day.



IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER XII.

It was in the evening of one of our unlucky days that we got into the worst camp of our whole expedition, not excepting the rainy night in Guatemala. The place looked like a pleasant palm-grove, and, being on dry ground, and high above the marshy mosquito-jungles, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a good night's rest; but, about an hour after sunset, we heard from the depths of the forest a noise which I soon recognized as the assembly-call of a troop of red howlers, or roaring baboons (*Myctes ursinus*), creatures that can out-yell a steam-whistle, and are certainly the most obstreperous brutes of the wilderness. The din came nearer and nearer, and from more than one direction, till we perceived to our dismay that we had pitched our tents in, or rather under, the very head-quarters of the terrible howlers. They squealed, chattered, and whooped, and one old wretch every now and then gave a yell that made our ears ache, and caused our dog to break forth into a plaintive howl. When I could not stand it any longer, I snatched up my gun and fired both barrels into the tree-top; but I never did a more useless thing in my life. About twenty more monkeys now joined in the chorus, and the old rascal, instead of moderating his voice, raised it to a perfect roar—a hoarse bellow that sounded deep and steady through the intermittent howls of his companions.

“Oh, mercy! What shall we do about it?” said Tommy. “We can not shift our camp in a dark night like this. I wonder if our camp-fire excites them so much; may be they will stop their racket if we put it out.”

But the Moro shook his head. “It is something else,” said he. “I am afraid we are going to have a storm. The worst gale I ever weathered on the Amazon River was about forty miles farther down, and I remember that, on the night before it broke out, the monkeys were yelling like a thousand demons.”

The uproar continued, and it seemed as if the night would never end. But I once read, in the memoirs of a naval officer, that, during the battle of the Nile, some English sailor-boys fell asleep on the deck from sheer exhaustion. A similar torpor had overcome my young com-

panions, when I felt the skipper's hand on my shoulder. “Listen!” said he. “Was n't I right? Do you hear the wind? There is a storm coming up from the east.”

“So is the morning,” said I. “Thank goodness, the night is over! Look yonder; it's getting daylight across the river.”

The eastern sky was brightening, and, looking against the pale white streaks, we could plainly see the swaying of the distant tree-tops, and before long the commotion came nearer, and our own trees took up the strain.

“Get up, boys!” cried the skipper. “Help me fasten my boat, or she will get swamped as sure as a gun. There will be a gale in about ten minutes!”

We all sprang up, and, leaving Daddy Simon to secure our tent, the rest of us ran down to the beach, and we had hardly dragged the boat into the mouth of a little creek, when a storm began that dwarfed all the gales we had so far experienced. Not a drop of rain, but leaves and twigs filled the air like a whirl of snow-flakes, and the river rose like a sea, and dashed its foam high up into the branches of the overhanging cauchotrees. In one of these trees we saw a flock of spider-monkeys clinging to the branches with legs and tails, and at the same time wildly gesticulating with their long arms, waving their hands at each other, and pointing at the river and the next trees, as if they were debating the possibility of the storm uprooting the caucho. Our own situation was not much better: the river-spray drenched us from head to foot, and torn-off branches came down like a hail-storm; we were on our return trip to La Guayra, and it really seemed as if the American tropics, as a parting favor, were going to treat us to all the horrors of the wilderness. The Moro screamed something in my ear; shouting, as nearly as I could understand him through the roar of the gale, that it would not last much longer.

Forty minutes after the first blast the worst was over, and the storm subsided as suddenly as it had come, but the river was still so boisterous that we had to wait two hours before we could venture to launch our boat. We were all as wet as fish-otters till the noonday sun gave us a chance to dry our clothes. Our next camp, though, indemnified us for the misery of the last night. We pitched

our tent under a shade-tree, at the mouth of a pebbly creek that came singing and dancing from the foot-hills of the Sierra Marina, and from the midst of the river, right opposite our creek, rose a castle-like mass of red sandstone, known as the *Piedra de la Madre*, or "Mother's Rock," in allusion to an event whose record is still preserved in the camp-fire stories of the Brazilian sailors. The beach swarmed with crabs and young gavials,—a sort of alligator-like lizards,—and in the woods just behind our camp, Tommy



"I SNATCHED UP MY GUN, AND FIRED BOTH BARRELS INTO THE TREE-TOP."

discovered a nest of blue king-parrots. The nest was in a hollow tree, not more than twenty feet from the ground, and it would have been easy enough to get the young ones if the hollow itself had not been so very deep. Menito took off his jacket and thrust in his arm to the elbow, but all in vain, though he was sure that the youngsters were at home, as he had seen them poke out

their heads whenever the old ones came near the tree. The hollow seemed to have deep side-cavities, and we had already given the thing up, as the tree was too large to make it worth while to cut it down, when old "Jack-at-all-Trades" showed that he could teach us a trick or two even about our own business of bird-catching. He mounted the tree with the aid of a boat-hook, straddled a branch a little below and behind the nest, and then clapped his hands in a very peculiar manner, and a moment after, five young parrots poked out their long necks, chirping and clamoring for their evening meal. At the second clapping they almost crawled out of the tree, when the Moro made a sudden grab—and three young parrots had to take supper in our wire cage.

"How in the world did you do it?" asked Tommy, when the Moro came down.

"I showed you, did n't I?" laughed the skipper, "otherwise I would charge you a dollar for a trade-secret. Well, the matter is this: the old parrots clap their wings when they hover about the nest—it's a sort of dinner-signal; and if you can imitate that, you can rely upon it that the young ones will be on hand before long. They don't miss a meal if they can help it."

When we reached our tent, we found that the young gavials on the beach had been joined by several old ones, one of them as long as a full-grown alligator.

"I should like to try my harpoon on those fellows," said our friend of many trades; "their hides make first-class boot-leather. There's a bag-full of *carne secca* [dried beef cut into long strips] in my tent, and I'll tell you what we can do if you want to have some fun: throw them a few pieces of it, just enough to tickle them, and if we can coax them up here, I will crawl down and see if they need any pepper for supper."

A strip of low willow-bushes at the foot of the bluff enabled him to approach the beach unperceived, and at a preconcerted signal we began to "tickle" the gavials. It was really a ticklish undertaking; if they saw us they would take at once to the water, and when we dropped the first tidbit from behind a projecting rock, one fellow, who was munching an old crab-shell, looked rather surprised at this unexpected contribution to his banquet. He was an uncomfortable, squint-eyed old sharper, and before he accepted our present he walked a few steps back, to get a better view of the bluff, but the boys lay low; and when the shower of beef continued to descend, our friend Gavial seemed at last to accept it as a new fact in natural history that eatable things were floating in the air as well as on the water. He came

nearer and nearer, and we thought he was going to clamber up the bluff, when he suddenly wheeled and shot down-hill with surprising agility—his

this our home!" cried Tommy, when we had spread our blankets at the foot of a majestic bignonia-tree, with mighty arms stretched over the water.



A TROPICAL TORNADO.—"NOT A DROP OF RAIN; BUT THE RIVER ROSE LIKE A SEA."

quick eye had discovered a suspicious movement in the bush. He was too late, however; before he reached the beach the Moro was ready for him, and just when his feet touched the water, the harpoon went crashing through his scaly hide. His violent plunges nearly jerked the line out of the skipper's hands, but this time the rope could be hitched—a Spanish willow-tree need not be very large to resist the pull of the largest cart-horse; and when we came to the rescue, the Moro had already secured his captive, and coolly proceeded to drag him up, hand over hand, as an angler would haul in a refractory cat-fish.

"What a pity we can not stay here and make

that the mother of the Inca princes took refuge in a village where they let the woods grow all around it, to conceal its whereabouts from the Spaniards, and that the inhabitants leave it only in night-time, by a subterranean cave leading to the river. In moonlight nights, strange boats and strange people are sometimes seen on the shore."

"Have you ever seen them?" asked Tommy.

"Not I," said the skipper. "I only tell you what I heard from the Brazilian sailors; but so much is sure, that the woods along this river are thick enough to conceal more than one city; there are here hundreds of square miles which no white man has ever been able to penetrate. And on the

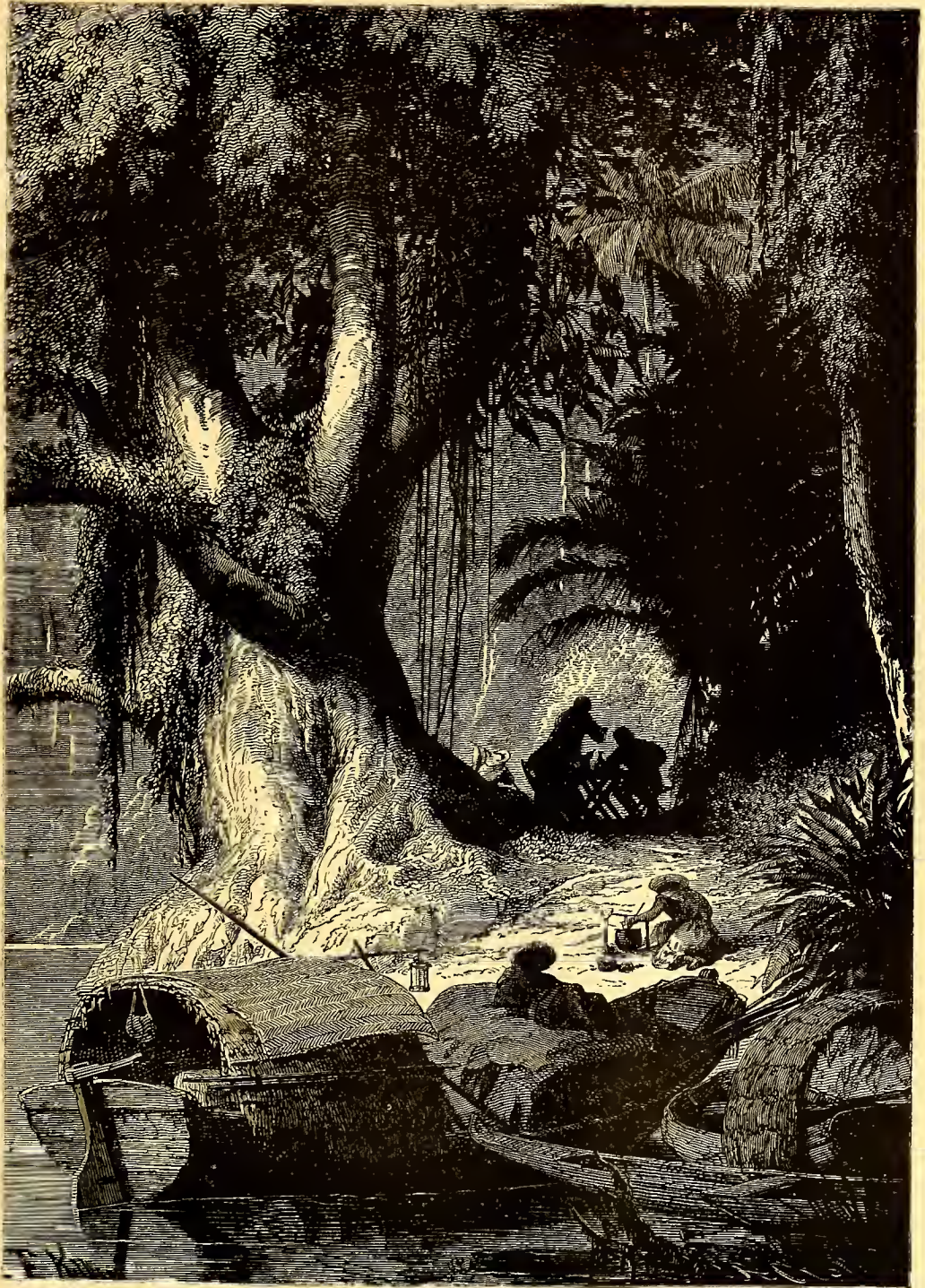
It would, indeed, have been an exquisite place for a summer-house; the bluff overlooked the entire breadth of the vast river, and behind us rose a terrace-land of rocks and wooded heights—the eastern slope of the Sierra Marina, that stretches away to the head-waters of the Orinoco. The current at our feet murmured strange lullabies,—tales, perhaps, of the thousand and thousand wild woods and lovely valleys its waves had passed on the way from the distant Andes,—but through the whispering of the water we heard now and then another and still stranger sound—a musical twang, resembling the slow vibration of a harp-string.

"What can that be?" I asked. "It is like the singing of a telegraph-wire, but it must be something else."

"You can hear that at several places along this river," said the Moro; "they call it the castle-bells of the Villa India."

"The Villa India? Where is that?"

"*Quien sabe* [who knows]?" said the skipper. "It is supposed to be a hidden city of the nation that owned this country before the Spaniards came. There is a tradition



OUR CAMP ON THE AMAZON RIVER.

Rio Negro it is worse yet, on account of the *higueras*."

"What is that?" asked Tommy.

"He means the Indian fig-trees," said I. "They have air-roots hanging down from a height of fifteen or twenty feet till they grow into the ground, so that the tree seems to rise from a scaffold."

"What a pity we must leave this country!" cried Tommy, again. "We have not seen half of it yet!"

"Never mind," said I; "we shall perhaps go to Africa next year, and see still greater wonders—ostriches, river-horses, and crocodiles, apes as big and strong as a man, and camelopards with legs as long as our boat-mast."

"I should like to go along and see that country," said Daddy Simon; "but in the first place I have promised my wife to be home by next Christmas, and in the second place I am getting old, and I might be put to hard shifts if one of those long-legged leopards should get after me."

Menito said nothing, but he looked thoughtful, and after a while took Tommy aside for a private consultation; and then sat down at the other end of the fire to give his spokesman a chance.

"Do you know what he wants?" whispered Tommy. "He is dying to go along and see all those things, and he says he will take the best care of our pets if you could find him a place in the Zoölogical Garden; but he is afraid to ask you for it."

"I don't know why he should be," said I. "Come here, Menito; would you like to go to France?"

"Yes, Señor; but—it is such a long way," faltered Menito, "and I have no money hardly. I do not know how I shall pay my passage."

"Oh, please let him go!" begged Tommy. "He is going to sell Rough, he says, and I will give him all my pocket-money."

"No, no, that is all right," I laughed; "we will keep Rough and Menito, too. But what about your folks at home? Will they not miss you?"

"Oh, no," said Menito, gayly. "I promised them to be back before the end of the year, but my step-mother has laid a big wager that I would break my word, so I don't want to disappoint her."

The next day the wind turned to the west, our skipper hoisted every sail, and we had a quick and pleasant voyage to the end of the river, if that

name can be applied to the lower Amazon. There were places where the shore on either side faded entirely out of view, and we seemed to drift on a flowing ocean, like the sailors that commit themselves to the current of the Gulf-stream. As the river grew wider, its shores became lower and lower, till they flattened into mud-banks, fringed with unbroken thickets, excepting on points where wild animals had made gaps on their way to drink-



INDIAN FIG-TREES—SHOWING THE AIR-ROOTS.

ing-places. We saw tapirs and herds of peccaries, and one day we surprised a troop of capybaras, or water-hogs, basking in the sun at the end of a long sand-bank. Our skipper landed at a point where the bank joined the shore, and we had a grand chase; with the aid of another dog or two we could have captured the whole troop, but we caught about as many as we had room for—three old ones and two little pixies, looking very much like tailless rats. Giant-rats, indeed, would be a more appropriate name than "water-hogs,"

for capybaras are a species of rodents, or gnawing animals, though nearly three feet long and two high; with pigs they have nothing in common but the voice—a sort of grunting squeak.

Angling, and spearing fish, were likewise entertaining pastimes, but after dark the mosquitoes were terrible, and we were all glad when we transferred our baggage to a coasting-schooner that carried us to the sea-port of La Guayra. There we met the agent who had brought our monkeys and panthers from the Orinoco, and four days after our arrival all our pets were quartered in the caboose of the ocean steamer that was to carry us back to Europe and Marseilles. The bay of La Guayra is strangely land-locked, the view toward the sea being almost completely barred by a circle of mountains, and ships leaving the port seem to sail on a narrow lake till they reach the Punta Peñas, or "Promontory Point," where the open sea and the peaks of the West Indian Islands rise suddenly to view; but this same peculiarity makes the harbor of La Guayra the safest port of the Western Atlantic, and for this reason it is a great resort for sailors and all kinds of people seeking profit or employment.

Our captain had engaged fifty South American sailor-boys as coal-heavers for the French navy, and when our ship weighed her anchor, the rela-

tives and comrades of those poor fellows crowded around the wharf to bid them good-bye and load them with farewell presents—baskets full of fruit, and handkerchiefs embroidered with parrot-feathers, as mementos of their home in the tropics. Old Daddy, too, insisted on exchanging a Mexican dagger for Menito's little pocket-knife, and shook hands with us all again and again, not forgetting the spider-monkeys and Bobtail Billy. When I offered to take him along and find him a home in the Zoölogical Garden, he seemed half-inclined to take me at my word; yet the thought of his own home in the Mexican sierra finally prevailed, and when our ship fired her farewell gun, he leaped suddenly down into one of the last market-boats and helped the boatman to row as fast as possible, as though he could not trust himself, and wanted to get ashore before he could have time to change his mind.

"*À revernos! À revernos!*—Good-bye till we meet again!" we heard the people call from the shore when we approached the Punta Peñas; and when the sailors on the wharf tossed up their caps, our officers leaped upon the bulwarks to wave their hats in reply.

In a few minutes the steamer had passed the promontory, and only the scream of the sea-gulls answered our farewell to the American Tropics.

THE END.

THE LEAVES AT PLAY.

BY D. C. HASBROUCK.



COME and watch the merry little leaves at play:
Jolly times they're having this October day.
Down they gently flutter like the flakes of snow;
Chasing one another, flying to and fro.

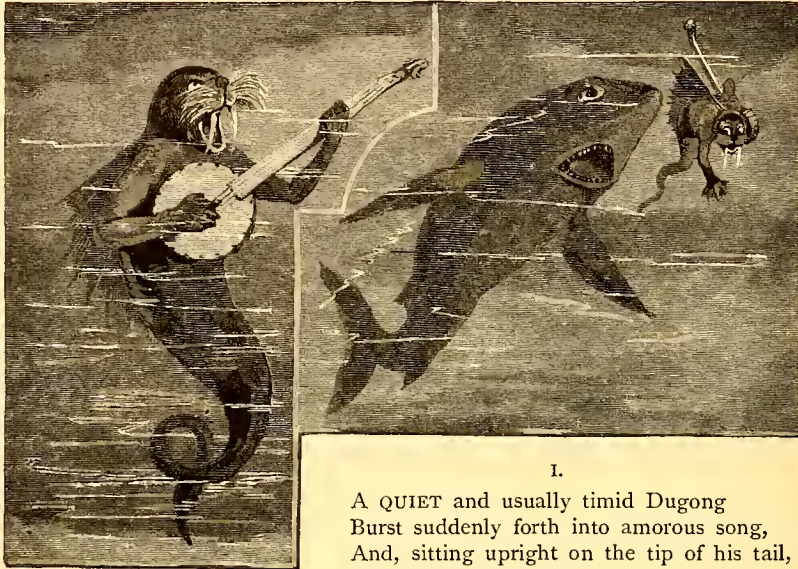
Don't tell me they're only driven by the wind;
I am sure they're doing just as they've a mind.
See those two go racing swiftly down the street!
Red's ahead, now yellow, which think you will
beat?

Over in that corner there's a dancing-class,
See them wildly waltzing o'er the withered grass.
They have lively music, led by Mr. Breeze,
Listen to his whistling up there in the trees.
Some have gone in swimming down in yonder
nook,

See that host of bathers diving in the brook.
There a crowd has gathered in an eager talk,
Now they're widely scattered all along the walk.
So they gayly frolic through the sunny hours,
Careless of the winter with its icy showers;
But the cold is coming, and the snow-drifts deep,
When, their playtime over, quietly they'll sleep.

THE TIMID DUGONG.

BY ROBERT S. TALCOTT.



I.

A QUIET and usually timid Dugong
 Burst suddenly forth into amorous song,
 And, sitting upright on the tip of his tail,
 Extolled the great charms of the royal Sperm Whale.

II.

An envious Shark, who was passing that way,
 And observed that the Dugong seemed blithesome
 and gay,
 Instead of, as usual, timid and quiet,
 With malice aforethought created a riot.
 Without the politeness to wait for a pause
 In the music, he opened his ponderous jaws,
 And, seizing the singer, he shortened his verse
 And himself, in a manner that could n't be worse.

III.

A Sword-fish, who witnessed this cruel attack,
 Determined the Shark should at once be paid
 back.

IV.

So he dashed to the fray, and without more ado,
 With his sharp-pointed sword, cut the Shark
 right in two.
 The Whale, who had listened with closely shut eyes,
 Awoke from her trance in a state of surprise,
 And, not understanding the facts of the case,
 With her tail struck the Sword-fish a blow in
 the face.

The moral which first would appear to the view
 Is, "Don't interfere with what don't concern you."
 But the Whale also offers a lesson to youth—
 Not to hastily act without knowing the truth.

THE TAIL OF A KITE, AND WHAT HUNG THEREFROM.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

It was a particularly fascinating kite, to begin
 with. It was made of gay Japanese paper, orna-
 mented with figures even more grotesque and
 charming than usual. A woman, who seemed to
 be dressed in a pink-and-yellow meal-bag, with a
 red parasol over her head, was blowing soap-

bubbles from a queer, long pipe, while three or
 four children—apparently put together after the
 fashion of jumping-jacks, and experiencing no diffi-
 culty in extending their legs at right angles with
 their bodies—were capering, to show their delight,
 and five curious animals stood on their heads.

In the distance a pink mountain stood on *its* head, and a sky-blue villa, tipsily askew, seemed on the point of falling into a yellow lake.

Roy was in a hurry to get the kite done, and he pasted the paper on the frame in a one-sided fashion, so that the figures were somewhat mixed up; but it was all right if you only looked at it rightly, which is the way with a great many things in this world. Roy thought he should n't mind that, and he hoped Teddy O'Brien would n't. The kite was for Teddy. It was "a swap." Teddy was Irish, but there was not a Yankee in Millville who could out-whittle him. He had whittled a vessel to which Roy had taken a great fancy, and which he had agreed to trade for a kite. Teddy might have made a kite for himself which would have rivaled any in Millville,—he was hard to beat at anything,—but he had broken his arm in the mill where he worked, and was not able to use it at all as yet. He had been confined to the house for more than a month, and, as he expressed it, "the hairt was worn out iv him intirely wid frett'n'." He thought it might be a little solace to sit in the door-way and fly a kite; for if Teddy had a weakness it was for kites.

Roy and Teddy were great friends, although Roy was the only son of the richest man in the town, the owner of the great mills, where hundreds of men and women were employed, and thousands of bales of cotton were turned into cloth, while Teddy was the oldest of the seven children of the "Widdy" O'Brien, whose chief worldly possessions were a poor little shanty, a "pratit" patch, and a pig. Then, too, Roy had plenty of time for play, having a tutor who was very indulgent in the matter of lessons, and almost every amusement that could be devised, while Teddy worked ten hours a day in the mill, and had no toys excepting those of his own make. Teddy was a little condescending to Roy, sometimes; he knew how to make and do so many things, while Roy had only things that came out of stores, and could n't even turn a somersault without making his head ache. But Roy never thought of being condescending to Teddy, because he was rich and Teddy was poor; by which you will see that Roy was an uncommonly good and sensible boy, and Teddy—well, you will soon know what kind of a boy he was.

Roy was glad that there was one thing that he could make almost as well as Teddy—doubly glad that Teddy wanted a kite of his making. He would willingly have given it to him, but when Teddy offered the vessel he could not resist it; besides, Teddy would not have it otherwise; he "was after do'n' business on the square," he said.

Now it was important that this beautiful kite should have a proportionately beautiful tail. Roy

was of the opinion that the glory of a kite is its tail. No newspaper nor old rags might be used in the making of *this* kite's tail! He knew how to get to his sister Emily's store of finery, and she always had a great many pieces of bright-colored silk and gauze which would be just the things for this fine kite. Teddy might not appreciate this elegance; he was practical and wanted "a good flier," above everything, but Roy wanted it to be handsome, for his own credit and satisfaction.

He found one of his sister's bonnets in a band-box on the top shelf of a closet, and this struck him as being exactly what he wanted. It was all covered with bows of fluffy lace, and red satin ribbon, and it had long strings of lace, which he thought would make beautiful streamers for the kite.

"It's a last summer's bonnet, and I know Emily don't want the old thing!" he said to himself, as he took possession; and in a very short space of time the bonnet, which had been a triumph of the milliner's art, was degraded to the position of tail to a kite. I say degraded, but Roy and Teddy would both say elevated; it all depends upon whether you consider a beautiful bonnet or a beautiful kite the more important and useful thing.

It was a very fine kite, and Roy was proud and happy when he carried it to Teddy's house.

Teddy was sitting on the door-step, with Dan, his black-and-tan terrier, on one knee, and his yellow cat, Spitfire, on the other. The two were on the most amicable terms, although Dan tolerated no other cat, and Spitfire no other dog. Eight fat little pigs, every one with a quirk in his tail, burrowed in the dirt near by. A flock of noisy geese came waddling up from a muddy little pond; a strutting gobbler paraded around, followed by a great flock of turkeys, little and big. There were lordly roosters and matronly hens, with broods of chickens of all sizes; there was a goat, and a tame squirrel, and last, but not least, there was a parrot—a demure-looking parrot, all in drab, save for a bit of scarlet, like a knot of ribbon, at her throat; she had a very wise expression of countenance, and was a very knowing bird.

The Widow O'Brien had a fondness for animals; but she was not satisfied with her collection. She was a sensible woman, in the main, yet the more she had the more she wanted. Now she wanted a cow. And it was not an unreasonable wish. The twins, Bartholomew and Rosy, her youngest and her darlings, were weak and ailing, and goat's milk did not agree with them; they must have cow's milk, the doctor said, and that was not easy to get in Millville unless one owned a cow.

Widow O'Brien at last determined to have a cow, and she and Teddy, together, had laid up just twenty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents toward

the purchase when Teddy was brought home from the mill with his arm broken, and the doctor's bills swallowed up the savings. So Michael Dolan's cow, "the beautifulest baste" that the Widow O'Brien had "iver put the two eyes iv her on," which he wished to sell for only fifty dollars, was as far out of her reach as the cow that jumped over the moon. And her continual bewailings had had more to do with wearing the flesh off Teddy's bones than the pain of his broken arm. For he felt himself to be the man of the family, who ought to buy a cow, instead of breaking his arm, by carelessness, and perhaps thereby causing the death of Bart and Rosy, who, his mother assured him, were dying for want of cow's milk.

Roy felt sad to see Teddy so pale and thin, but he thought that the kite could not fail to cheer him.

Roy was a favorite at the Widow O'Brien's. Dan frisked around his heels, Spitfire arched her back to be patted and smoothed, the squirrel ran up to his shoulder and perched there, and though the parrot screamed hoarsely, "Be off wid ye, ye raskill!" it was probably because no more complimentary conversation was at her command, the "Widdy" having educated her with the view of making her a terror to the neighbors' children, who often deserved the uncomplimentary epithet. At all events, Roy always took it as a friendly greeting on Poll's part, and Poll was certainly a very friendly creature.

She sailed down from her perch above the doorway, now, and alighted on Roy's head, regardless of the squirrel, who seemed to consider it an infringement upon his rights, and scolded fiercely, until the kite absorbed his attention. He and Poll both regarded that with their heads on one side.

Teddy's pale face did brighten a little at sight of that kite, and especially after he tried it. There was a good wind, and Roy had provided a very liberal allowance of string; the kite soared up, up, till it looked like the tiniest speck against the blue sky. But there was a cloud up there that was just the shape of a cow; it reminded Teddy of Michael Dolan's cow—such a bargain for fifty dollars!—which they had not the money to buy, and his heart sank as fast as the kite rose. He racked his brains for some way to obtain fifty dollars, until he forgot all about the kite, and Roy, feeling hurt that Teddy seemed to care so little for it, and was so silent, soon went home. Then Teddy wound up the string and let the kite float slowly down.

Fly as high as it might, it could not fly away with his trouble, he thought. He caught himself wishing that Michael Dolan's cow could be tied to the kite's tail, and carried up and dropped somewhere on the other side of the hills, so that his mother would never hear of her again.

And while he was thinking that, his mother came in at the gate, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"Oh, musha, musha! the likes o' that crathur niver was seen! Sure the milk she 's after givin' do be ivery dthrop crame, and the butther comes iv itself! It 's prayin' prayers on us somebody must be—we do be that misfortunit! If ye were not after breakin' your arm, be your own carelessness, we 'd have the money ag'in' this time, and Bart and Rosy 'd not be starvin' wid the hunger, nor meself heart-sick wid longin' for the cow! Oh, Teddy, it 's all your fault, ye raskill!"

Teddy felt like the guiltiest rascal alive. He would have asked Michael Dolan to trust him for the cow, if he had not known it would be in vain. Michael never trusted anybody, and, besides, was short of money just then. Teddy could think of no way by which "the mother" could come into possession of the "crathur" which she coveted, and he felt almost despairing enough to throw himself into the muddy little goose-pond, when, as the kite came sailing down, and fluttered its streamers in his face, he suddenly caught sight of something glittering in their folds. He caught it hastily, but the glitter had disappeared. Then, feeling the kite-tail carefully, he discovered a hard substance inside one of the lace bows, which Roy had fastened on just as it came from the bonnet. He drew it out. An ear-ring lay in his hand, set with a stone which caught the light in myriads of flashing rays, and almost dazzled Teddy's eyes. A diamond! he was sure, and he knew that diamonds were valuable.

He clutched it tightly, and his eyes sparkled.

"It might be the price of the cow!" said he to himself. But he 'd find out, he thought, before telling his mother what he had found; he would not raise her hopes only to have them disappointed.

There was a jeweler's store in the next village, three miles away. Teddy was still weak, but with such a hope to cheer him he was sure that he could walk there. He had got as far as the gate when, suddenly, his conscience raised a remonstrance. You may think it queer, but Teddy's conscience spoke with a brogue. It said: "It don't be yours at all, at all. All the business ye have wid it is to find out whose is it." Teddy had always been honest, and he was in the habit of heeding what his conscience said, but that cow seemed to be the one temptation that was too strong for him. He thought of his mother's tears, of Barty and Rosy's thin and pale little faces, and he started off in the direction of the jeweler's, as fast as he could go.

His fancy so far outran his footsteps that, before he came in sight of the village, he had seen Michael Dolan's fine cow snugly ensconced in his mother's shed, Barty and Rosy grown as

broad as they were long, and with cheeks as red as Baldwin apples, like the little Japanese children on his kite, and his mother, radiant with happiness, showing to all the neighbors great balls of golden butter, and declaring it to be "the likes iv the ould counthry butther itsclf."

It was no wonder that with such bright visions before his eyes he should have forgotten to listen to the "still, small voice" within him.

He forgot that he was weak until, as the village came in sight, and a few rods more would bring him to the jeweler's shop, he was forced to sit down and rest. As he sat there a voice came, whether from the heavens above, or the earth beneath, Teddy could not tell—a voice which cried, solemnly: "Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye! ye thafe iv the wurruld!"

It was one of Poll's remarks, but Teddy thought the voice much more solemn than Poll's, and what emphasis there was on the word "thafe!" It made Teddy blush, guiltily, while he looked about to discover whence the voice came. It could not possibly be his conscience that spoke so loud!

It came again—this time muffled and subdued—but hoarser, more dreadful! "Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye! ye thafe iv the wurruld!"

"I'm go'n'! I'm go'n', whoever ye are!" said Teddy, getting on to his feet, with his face turned homeward, though he trembled so that he could hardly stand. "It's a thafe I was m'anin' to be—the saints forgive me!—but I niver will be, niver! An' will ye kape quiet now, ye scrache-owl?" This latter clause Teddy muttered rather angrily, for his courage had risen with his resolve to be honest.

"Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye!" cried the voice, in answer. This time it was a shrill cackle, exactly like Poll's, but the offensive word "thafe" was considerably left out.

Teddy looked up, and down, and all around, and then he pinched himself to see if he really were Teddy. "That bird bees too know'n', as the mother bees always sayin'!" And Teddy crossed himself as a protection against witches.

Something pinched his fingers sharply, and, looking down, he saw, sticking out of his coat-pocket, Poll's sleek gray head!

Teddy felt a little ashamed that he had been so frightened, and a little angry with Poll; but, down deep in his heart, he was more ashamed of what he had been going to do, and thankful to Poll for having saved him from it. He scolded her at first, but he ended by patting her, and Poll cocked her

head first on one side and then on the other, and if ever a parrot laughed with real enjoyment, Poll was that parrot!

Although he was so tired, Teddy quickly made his way to Roy's house. He did not even dare to think of Michael Dolan's cow, lest he should yield again to temptation.

He gave the ear-ring to Roy, and told him that he had found it fastened to the tail of the kite.

"Oh, that 's Emily's diamond ear-ring, that she lost last summer, and made such a fuss about!" said Roy. "We hunted everywhere, and at last Papa offered fifty dollars reward for it—they are big diamonds, and cost an awful lot, and Emily felt so bad. It must have caught in her bonnet-strings, and inside the bow, so she never saw it. Emily will be awful glad, and it 's lucky for you, Teddy, for I 'll get Papa to give you the fifty dollars right away!"

But when Roy's father appeared, Teddy confessed, with shame, how near he had come to stealing the ear-rings, and he would not take the fifty dollars. Yet, when he was urged, how could he resist? It was just the price of Michael Dolan's cow!

The Widow O'Brien sought far and near for Teddy, who had never been outside the gate since he broke his arm, and she wept and wrung her hands, fearing that her reproaches had driven him to some desperate deed. She called upon all the neighbors to witness that there was not the "aquil" of Teddy "for a dacent, honest bye, in North Ameriky," and that she "had kilt him and broken the hairt iv him intirely wid her impidence." And she was making preparations to have the muddy little goose-pond dragged, when Teddy appeared, driving home in triumph Michael Dolan's cow.

Teddy's bright visions were more than realized. Bart and Rosy grew so fat that the little "Japs" on the kite looked actually thin by comparison, and the butter that his mother made was the wonder and delight of the whole town. And the satisfaction of the Widow O'Brien was beyond the power of words to express.

But, after all, Teddy's great and lasting satisfaction seemed to be that he was not a "thafe."

"I 'd be glad I did n't stale it if I did n't get the cow at all, at all!" he said to himself, very often.

And he and Poll were greater friends than ever.

The Widow O'Brien says: "This is a quare wurruld, and ye niver know what 'll happen since Teddy is aafter findin' the foineest cow in the counthry hangin' to the tail iv a kite!"

THE CROW'S NEST.

THE CROW FLEW EAST. THE CROW FLEW WEST.

SEEKING A SPOT TO BUILD HER NEST.

TO EAST TO WEST TO SOUTH FLEW SHE.

SHE FLEW TO THE TOP OF THE OLD PINE.

TREE.

"NOW HERE IS THE PLACE FOR ME."

QUOTH SHE.

"RIGHT HERE IN THE TOP OF THIS TREE."

WITH STICKS & STRAWS.

WHATE'ER SHE FOUND.

SHE BUILT HER NEST.

BOTH FIRM & ROUND.

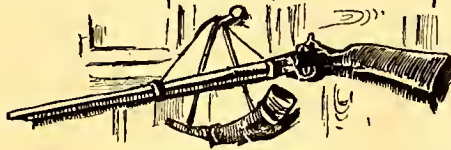


“MY NEST WITHIN THE OLD PINE TREE.
A NOBLE NEST SHALL BE.”



SAID SHE.

“MY NEST IN THE TOP OF THE TREE.”



THE FARMER LOOKED TO EAST TO WEST.

SEEKING TO FIND THE OLD CROW'S NEST.

“THE BIRD THAT EATS MY CORN.

FOR ME.

SHALL HAVE NO NEST IN MY TREE.”

QUOTH HE.

NO NEST IN THE TOP OF MY

TREE





THE LITTLE BOYS RAN FROM ALL THE TOWN:

TO SEE THE OLD CROW'S NEST.

COME DOWN.

THE FARMER CLIMBED RIGHT WELL CLIMBED.

[HE]

FAR UP IN THE BOUGHS OF THE TREE.

CLIMBED HE.



QUITE UP TO THE TOP OF THE

TREE.





THE BOUGHS GREW SLIMMER & MORE SLIM.

THE FARMER-MAN WAS STOUT OF LIMB.

UP UP HE WENT & DOWN CAME HE

QUITE DOWN FROM THE TOP.

OF THE TREE.

CAME.

HE.

ALL AT ONCE.

FROM.

THE

TOP.

OF.

THE

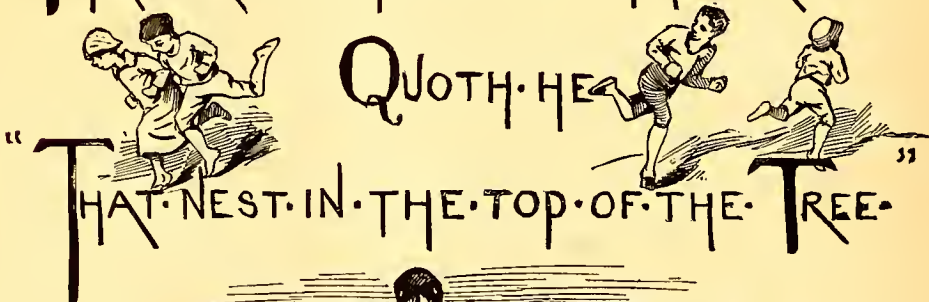
TREE.



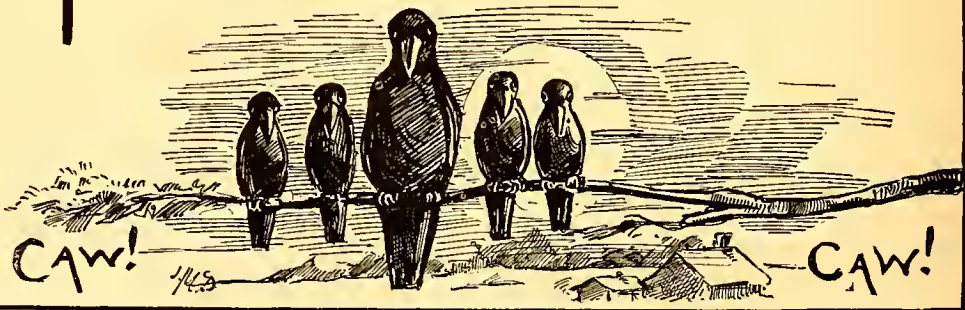


THE LITTLE BOYS RAN
 TO EAST TO WEST
 THE CROW FLEW SCREAMING
 TO HER NEST

THE FARMER RUBBED HIS ACHING KNEE
 "IT MAY STAY FOREVER FOR ALL OF ME
 THAT GRUESOME NEST IN THE TREE."



QUOTH HE
 "THAT NEST IN THE TOP OF THE TREE"



HOW TO BE TAKEN CARE OF.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

THERE is something harder to learn, and more difficult to put in practice, than taking care of the sick, and that is, being taken care of when you are sick yourself. Kind and devoted nurses sometimes prove to be selfish and exacting invalids.

It will be some years before the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS are intrusted with the care of others; but every number finds many of them laid aside from "books, and work, and healthful play," trying their best, let us hope, not to be impatient patients. No directions can make sick days short and pleasant; but, as they have to be borne, every one wants to form those habits which will make the burden as light as possible to themselves and others.

You may as well make up your mind at once that there is no charm which can make it easy. There is no royal way to get through measles or mumps, and even children in palaces must find sick days drag by slowly. The only way to make life in a sick-room endurable, is to remember, first and last, and always, that no amount of grumbling and complaining can take away pain. The thing to be done is to lift the burden as cheerfully as you can, and bear it with patience. Do not imagine that talking of your troubles will do any good. Every one who has had experience knows how hard it is to be ill, and those who are so fortunate as to have had no such experience will not realize your sufferings any the more if you describe every detail.

In the first place, always remember that it is not pleasant nor easy work to take care of sick people, and if you do the best you can, you will still tax the strength and patience of your friends very much.

Do not be exacting about little things, and make as little trouble as you can, and try to be grateful for everything which is meant as a kindness.

Children are often tempted to be fretful when they are ill. A petulant "*Don't*," or "I don't want *that*," tires a nurse more than an hour's watching. Do not expect your friends to take it for granted that you appreciate the many steps which they take in your behalf, without any expression of gratitude from you.

Just think how you would dislike to be called away from all your usual employments, to occupy your time in running up and down stairs on errands. How would you like to read aloud when you wanted to go out? or leave your own dinner to grow cold while you carried the salver upstairs, lest the tea and

toast should not be at their best? I presume you would be willing to do it, but would n't it be easier and pleasanter if met by a cordial acknowledgment of your kindness, instead of by a silent acquiescence? Let the ready expression of appreciation of small favors become the habit of your life, and then you will not have to make an effort to be grateful for the services which others render you when you are ill.

When you feel as Glory McQuirk did, when she used to say, "Lots of good times, and I aint in 'em," remember that you are only taking your turn out. Nobody goes through life without illness, and instead of feeling jealous of your friends who are well and able to enjoy more than you can, try to be happy in their happiness.

This is very hard, sometimes; but if you can not feel just as you ought, you can at least keep from putting your envious thoughts into complaining words. It is bad enough to be sick, without being ill-natured, too. Some invalids have learned the secret of being a help instead of a burden, their happy, patient ways making the sick-room the pleasantest place in the home. It was often said of one of these bright examples, "Helen is always so cheerful that it is impossible to realize that there is an invalid in the house."

There is another dear little friend of mine, who has lain for years in constant pain with spinal disease, who yet has courage to say, "Don't be very sorry for me, because I have so many things to make me happy, and I don't mind not being able to walk, because I have always been ill." She shortens the wakeful nights by repeating poetry from her memory, which she calls her "night library." How much happier for her and for her friends than if she spent those tedious hours in thinking of her own sufferings.

The lesson of instant obedience to rightful authority ought to be learned when one is well, for when illness comes, life or death often hangs upon the habits learned long before.

"Perhaps I have done wrong, Doctor," said the mother of a self-willed daughter, "but Amy was so unwilling to take the medicine which you ordered, that I did not give it to her."

The physician gravely replied: "Madam, you *have* done very wrong." When the little girl's death proved his words true, the mother realized what a dreadful alternative it is to choose between the two risks, of neglecting a needed remedy, or

putting a sick child into a passion, by enforcing an obedience to which it is unaccustomed.

Do not allow yourself to think that you are the only person in the world who does not feel perfectly comfortable and happy. It is a very bad idea to try to make yourself the center around which the whole household must revolve. People fall into this fault before they know it; so be watchful lest, when you get well, you find that a crop of selfish habits has sprung up within you to crowd out the flowers.

The tediousness of the time of convalescence may be alleviated by some simple employment of the hands, such as cutting out pictures for a scrap-book, or sorting letters, or re-arranging some of your small belongings. It is a good time, too, for a little quiet thinking, only be sure that your thoughts are not too much about yourself or your

own pleasures. Remember what favors you have received from different people, and see if you can not think of something pleasant to do for them in return. Plan your Christmas presents for your friends, and make a list of them, to refer to when you are better, and able to work. It is difficult to lay down rules for these things, because tastes differ, and what would amuse one would tire another. Some people would like to work out puzzles, or would be entertained by games of solitaire. Almost any light employment is better than listless idleness, or being constantly dependent upon others for amusement.

It is impossible to go into every detail, but if you will be careful, the next time you are sick, to see how little trouble you can make for others, and how appreciative you can be of their services, these few hints will not have been given in vain.

THE ADVENTURES OF COCQUELICOT.

(A True History.)

BY SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

THE adventures of Cocquelicot, which I am about to relate, are strictly true. Cocquelicot was an Angora cat, belonging to the children of an American family, living in Paris. His mother was a splendid creature in her way. I have never seen such a puss in America; her fur, dark lead-color, and silvery white, was very fine and silky, and

who very kindly gave one of her kittens to their young American friends.

The kitten was very handsomely marked in stripes, like his illustrious mother, "Gros Minet," but his fur was not so long and silky. He was a very saucy, playful kitten in his baby days.

In France, school-girls wear long black aprons, completely covering the whole dress; for the first two months of his life this amusing little rogue passed much of his time in the large apron-pocket of one of the American school-girls; his saucy face and bright eyes peeping curiously out at the little world about him. Very early in life, while still in the pocket, he received the name of "Cocquelicot," an original idea of his young mistress, the name translated meaning "Poppy," the wild red poppy growing in the wheat-fields of France. The three syllables, and the grand sound, were the charm of this name when applied to so small a creature, and then was he not the flower of kittens? Very soon, however, his name was abridged to "Cocque," by which title, at a later day, he became known in two hemispheres.

Yes, Cocque became a traveler; dogs follow their masters over the world, but it is seldom that cats move about much. In his pleasant home in the Rue St. Dominique, Cocquelicot led a very happy life; he grew rapidly, becoming more active and



COCQUELICOT FEELS HIS IMPORTANCE.

must have been several inches long on her breast, back, and feather-like tail. This distinguished cat, called "Gros Minet," belonged to a French family,

more saucy every day, to the great delight of his young friends; and really, partiality aside, his capers were even more graceful and more clever than those of other kittens.

He had a charming French manner. He was much admired by visitors, and some personages of world-wide reputation amused themselves with his gambols. He has been known to turn General Lafayette out of an arm-chair.

To a few friends he did not object, but anything like a gathering for company he disliked extremely; on such occasions the guests were no sooner departed than Maître Cocquelicot would march into the center of the room, and stretching himself out at full length, he would look about, with an absurdly important expression pervading his whole person, from the tip of his nose to the end of his long tail, as much as to say, "I resume my rights; I am once more lord of the manor; *l'Etat,—c'est moi!*"

Whenever his young friends appeared, dressed for an evening party, Maître Cocque would scrutinize them in the most critical way, walking around them, sitting down before them, studying intently the details of their costume.

"Why have you changed your fur? It was brown this morning; what is the meaning of this blue or pink fur, these sashes and ribbons? I disapprove of these proceedings!" he seemed to say. And his ears were as sharp as his eyes; he could distinguish sounds which puzzled the rest of the family.

Three or four years of happy cat-life passed away, now in gamboling about the house, now in sleeping on the writing-table of the author of "The Prairie," or, perchance, perched on his shoulder; now sunning himself in the garden; listening to the nightingales which peopled that park-like region, or possibly looking up at the windows of that illustrious Christian lady, Madame Swetchine, close at hand.

Then came a change. It was decided that the American family should return to their own country. Of course Maître Cocque was to go with them. It was a pleasant summer evening when the party left Paris, in the *diligence*, for Havre. But oh, what a night it was! Cocque was in a perfect frenzy. He had never been in a carriage before, and the wheels were no sooner in motion than he began to dash wildly from one window to the other, frantic to escape.

Then came the steam-boat trip across the Channel, a trial even to human beings, in a miserable boat, pitching among the short waves. Poor Cocque was desperate; he was utterly terrified by the motion and the creaking of the engine. When landed at Southampton, it was little better. Cocque

evidently disapproved of England—the fine coach, the excellent roads, the handsome horses, were not at all to his taste.

In London he had a breathing-time. It was



COCQUELICOT EXPRESSES HIS OPINION.

necessary to watch him very closely, however; we were told that such a handsome animal would very probably be stolen if seen outside of the house. But if Cocque did not walk in the parks, nor see the Tower and Westminster Abbey, he made some distinguished acquaintances, among others Mr. Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Mr. Rogers, author of "The Pleasures of Memory." The children of the American family were all invited to breakfast with Mr. Rogers, but there was no invitation for Cocque!

On the first of October he sailed, with his friends, on the voyage across the ocean—a voyage lasting a month, as it was made in a sailing-vessel. Many were the trials and perils of poor Cocque on that voyage. Sailors hate a cat. The captain cautioned us to keep close watch over puss, as the superstition among the old sailors was so strong that he could not answer for the pet's safety.

If there was a head-wind, the old tars said it was Cocque's fault. If there was a calm, that French cat was to blame.

On one occasion the sailors were seated on deck, during a dead calm, engaged in a sewing-circle, mending old sails; they sat Turkish-fashion, with

crossed legs, the great heavy sail between them; for thimbles they had thick pieces of iron strapped over the palms of their right-hands, and their needles were a sort of giant darning-needles. Suddenly, Cocque bounded into the middle of the sail! He had escaped from the cabin. The old sailors looked daggers and marline-spikes at him.

"Throw him over-board to the sharks!" muttered a grim old Dane. But before Cocque could be seized he dashed away again, and ran high up into the rigging. There was a regular chase over the spars and among the ropes before he was caught by a young American sailor and restored to his friends.

He had several similar escapes. His life was repeatedly in danger during that long month.



came to the author of "The Pilot" one day, and begged permission to ask a question:

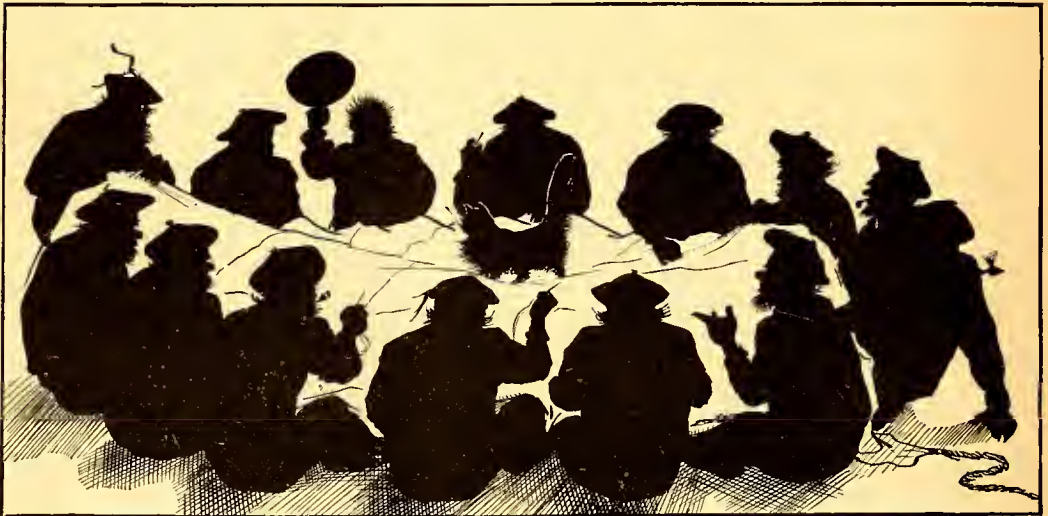
"Will Monsieur be so good as to tell me what we shall see when we come to the end of the world in America and look over?"

At length the voyage came to an end. Cocque reached his home in Carroll Place in safety. The winter passed happily over; but with the summer came a terrible adventure. His friends were going to their old village home, in the Otsego Hills. Of course, Cocque must go with them. The trip to Albany in the steam-boat was uneventful.

The two days' journey from Albany was to be made by the turnpike road, in an old-fashioned stage-coach, called an Exclusive Extra when engaged for a private party. We set out gayly on a pleasant summer morning, but, alas! the wheels were no sooner in motion, rattling over the Albany pavement, than Cocque became perfectly wild. The weather was extremely warm,—every window had to be left open for air. Cocque made a dash first at one, then at another; but at last, exhausted, he fell asleep. The Exclusive Extra soon reached the Pine Barrens. It was a wooded region, with scarcely a house in sight. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, a wild-looking man, not unlike an Italian beggar, was seen trudging along with a peculiar gait, his toes much turned in.

"Sago!" cried the author of "The Pioneers," waving his hand to the stranger.

"Sago!" replied the dark-faced man on foot.



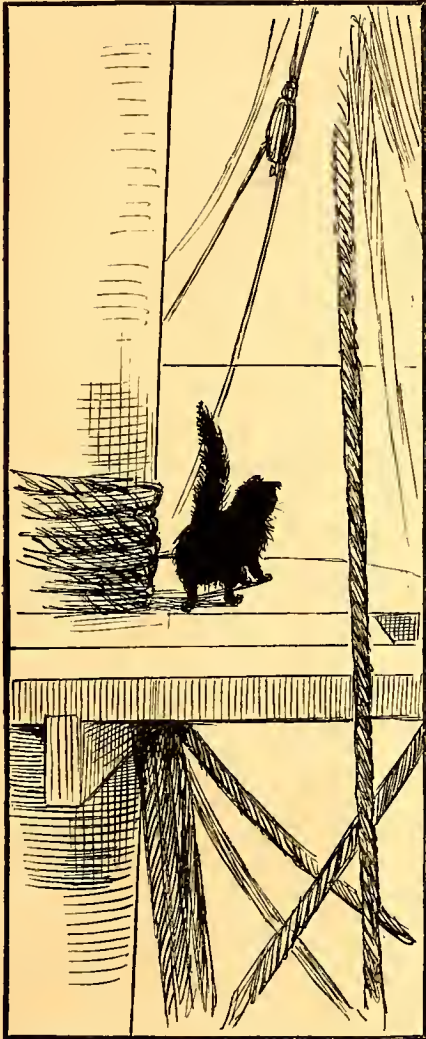
COCQUELICOT IN THE MIDST OF THE SEWING-CIRCLE.

Perhaps when Cocque dashed up into the rigging he was looking out for land, sharing the anxiety of his friend the French servant; that worthy man

"Oneida?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oneida," replied the stranger, in a low, mournful voice.

An Indian! Yes; and this was the first of his race that the young people had ever seen. Great was the excitement. But this movement awakened Cocque. He again became unmanageable, and suddenly, by a violent effort, he dashed through an open window.



COCQUELICOT TAKES AN OBSERVATION.

There was a general cry. The coach was stopped. We saw him gather himself up, after the leap, and rush into the adjoining wood of close undergrowth. But we searched for him in vain, calling him in the kindest tone of voice. Not a trace of him could we discover. Half an hour was spent in the search. Then, with really sad hearts, we pursued our journey.

VOL. VIII.—60.

There was no house in sight, to no traveler nor wood-cutter could we mention Cocque's escape. But ere long we came to a poor little tavern.

In former times, when the father of the family was a lad, there used to be a tavern for every mile of this road between Albany and Lake Otsego. "Sixty miles, and sixty taverns," as he told us. Canals and railroads had made great changes. Only a few forlorn taverns were still seen. Stopping at the first one, the gentleman wrote a short description of Cocque, and offered a reward if



COCQUE LEAVES THE STAGE-COACH.

the animal should be restored to its friends. This was some consolation to the young people, who could not bear the idea of giving up a pet that had made part of their life for several years.

The travelers were soon settled in their old village home. But there were no tidings of Cocque. Day after day, week after week, passed away, and there was no news of puss. All hope of seeing him was given up.

One day, however, six weeks later in the summer, a rough-looking countryman was seen coming from the gate to the front door. He had a bag on his back.

He came into the hall, lowered the great bag, opened it, and—out leaped Cocque! But so thin, so changed, so famished, so wild, that it was piteous to see him. None but his own family could have known him. His first feeling, poor thing, was terror; but how touched we were when we found that he knew us, remembered his name, allowed himself to be caressed, and began to lap the milk we offered him!



ON THE WAY HOME.

Yes, Cocque was restored to us, and became once more a happy cat.

Never believe, my young friends, that cats love places, but not persons. Cocque was soon as affectionate as ever, on ground entirely new, but among his own "relations."

Those six weeks in the Pine Barrens had been full of peril to him. There had been a report that a regular wild-cat from the Helderberg was to be

found in those woods, and young men went out with their guns to hunt him. Cocque had had many narrow escapes. At last he wandered into a barn-yard, where the countryman who brought him to us succeeded in surprising him, and, finding that this was not really a wild beast, he shrewdly guessed that it was the large French cat for which a reward had been offered, and he brought him forty miles, on his back, in a bag!

A PLEASANT CHILD!

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.



The idea of making believe it is true
That if you are good, you'll be happy, too!
They always are writing it down in books;
I think they might know how silly it looks.

There 's nothing under the sun could be worse
Than to have to be washed and dressed by nurse;
And another thing I perfectly hate,
Is to go to bed exactly at eight.

I'm crazy to cut my hair in a bang,
And frizzle the ends, and let them hang.
All the stylish girls in our school do that,
But they make me wear mine perfectly flat.

A girl in our class, named Matilda Chase,
Has a lovely pink overskirt trimmed with lace,
And, of course, I wanted to have one, too,
But they said I must make my old one do.

I hate to do sums, and I hate to spell,
And don't like geography very well;
In music they bother about my touch,
And they make me practice the scales too much.

I was reading a splendid book last night,
Called "A Nun's Revenge, or The Hidden Blight,"
And I wanted to read the rest to-day,
But when they saw it, they took it away.

WELL, I know you 'd think it was horrid, too,
If you did the things that they make me do;
And I guess *you'd* worry, and whine, and tease,
If you never once could do as you please.

When I 'm grown up, I 'll do as I please,
And then I sha' n't have to worry and tease.
Then I 'll be good and pleasant all day,
For all I want is to have my own way.

FIRE!

BY ROBERT E. TENER.

MINNIE and Louisa—but who are Minnie and Louisa? Well, Louisa is a little girl who, with her parents, made the great journey of many thousand miles from England to California, some years ago. As to Minnie, she is Louisa's cousin, with whom she has lived ever since she completed that wonderful journey, and they are more like sisters than cousins now. Minnie is a little Californian; she never saw snow excepting on the far-off mountain-tops. Once or twice she has seen ice as thick as a pane of glass, but she 'd scarcely know what a pair of skates were, if she saw them, and she has never even had a "good slide" in her life. Their home is high on a hill-top, with its grove of dark-green orange-trees sheltered by the steel-blue eucalyptus, and surrounded by a forest of red-woods, oaks, and madronas, while, reaching away to the boundless west, the Pacific Ocean lies below.

Just now, I will only tell you of a certain adventure the children had in that same great forest.

It was when the orange-leaves were darkest, when the green corn, and thick-matted grapevines, greener still, were almost the only things that still retained their spring-like color; when all else was burnt brown and yellow, so that a stranger would think that such desolation could never again blossom into life; when even the evergreen forest looked parched, and all the little plants at the feet of the great trees were dry and crisp;—in fact, it was at the very height of the dry season, when Minnie and Louisa started on a long walk to their aunt's home. This aunt lived in a little village deep in the forest, and only to be reached, from the ranch of Minnie's father, by a very round-about route, if one followed the highway. But the girls had often taken the journey before, and had learned to pick their way by a "short cut" through woods and farms, and up cañons and over hills, all which their active little feet got over much sooner than if they had gone by the usual way, though to older people it would have been a case of the shortest way 'round being the longest way home.

They started off early in the day, well supplied with a nice little luncheon to eat when they should stop to rest, at a certain spring they knew of, about half-way on their journey. There had been some anxiety felt by Minnie's mother about letting them go by the forest path, or trail, as it was called, because of the fires that had been raging in the woods lately. However, as, on the night before, none had

been seen, and on the morning of this day only a little sluggish smoke was curling up here and there, and that not in the part of the country they would traverse, she was re-assured; and since the message they were to carry was urgent, she let them go. The girls were in high spirits, as they always enjoyed this wild walk, and the burst of welcome from their little cousins was always doubly cheerful, coming after the day's solitude among the woods. They laughed at the fear of fires—not that they had not seen them and learned to dread them, but just through sheer high spirits which made it impossible for them to believe that any trouble was before them that day.

They went gayly along, sometimes pausing to gather a wild blossom or a feathery fern. The flowers were very rare at that time of year, and they did not grudge a climb to obtain one if they saw it peeping out above their heads. So employed, and chattering all the time as only little girls can chatter, they did not note how quickly time flew; but when they reached the spring they were very hungry, and saw by the sun that it was quite three o'clock, instead of noon, the hour at which they should have arrived there. Still, they could get to their aunt's by sundown, and they were not much troubled by being a little late, but sat down merrily to eat their luncheon. They had a little pat of butter and a roll of bread, with some cold chicken, and for dessert they had grapes and oranges. Their dishes were two tin plates and a tin cup, and they had but one knife, so that I am afraid their fingers were very useful as forks. They were miles away from any house, but although neither would have been there alone for the world, yet, as they were together, a gayer pair could not have been found.

The great walls of the cañon, or gulch, at the bottom of which they were, rose nearly straight above them, covered with wild oats and matted, tangled grasses, beneath the thick undergrowth and towering trees. Where they sat at the spring there was a tiny patch of green; all else was dry as the bed of a kiln. Very hot it was, too, for no breath of air stirred in that deep trough—the breeze sprang across above them. They packed up their little basket, and began to go forward. On each side, not ten feet from them, the steep wall of the cañon began to rise, and it seemed to meet the sky. In front their path made a gradual, rugged ascent, ending in a steep climb, which would bring them at last to the plateau above. What I call the path

was nothing but the bed of a winter torrent, dry enough now, and rough with stones, and limbs, and great clods of earth.

They had walked on only a short distance when the bright sunlight was obscured for a moment, causing Minnie to look up, surprised at a cloud at that time of year and day. Minnie was a brave girl, and had lived all her thirteen years among these hills, but her knees bent beneath her as she looked in terror at this cloud. It was not one that you have ever seen the like of, I hope. It curled lazily upward, and, where the sun shone through, it was of a faint, brownish red. Too well Minnie knew smoke, not water, formed that cloud, and that a great forest-fire must be raging to the windward, carrying certain death to any living thing that should be caught in the cañon where she and Louisa stood. She shivered for a moment as though an icy blast had struck through the hot air; then her resolute little mouth compressed itself in firm lines, and she calmly examined the danger. They were going north, with the west on the left hand, and the east on the right. On the left she could see smoke behind them, but it was very thin and had come a long way. Directly to the left it seemed a little heavier, but still not from a near fire; but farther up toward the north, she saw a heavy column rising on the left, and gradually extending across the very path they were to travel.

"Lou," said she, in a low tone, "we must climb that bank on the right, and go to Mr. Highbate's farm."

"Why, Minnie, we can never get up there, and where is Mr. Highbate's?" said Louisa, looking first at the great hill, and then at Minnie.

"Listen," said Minnie. "You must do just what I say, or we shall both be burned. Do you see that smoke there to the west? It is fire, and it will soon be rushing through this narrow cañon, where we can never escape it if we remain. We *must* climb out, for the fire is in front of us, and if we can only get to Mr. Highbate's farm, three miles east of here, we shall be safe."



"MINNIE SEIZED LOUISA'S HAND AND DRAGGED HER ON."

"But there can't be much fire over there," said Louisa, pointing to the left; "look how little smoke there is."

Minnie shook her head.

"That only shows that it is some distance away yet, and gives us a chance to escape. Come, let us hurry."

So saying, she led Louisa to the right and began to climb the steep ascent. They soon had to throw

away their basket and struggle with all their might to keep a footing and scramble a little higher. The poison-oak, that at other times they would not dare to touch, they now seized as eagerly as they did the hazel-bushes, and they swung themselves up by its tenacious branches when they could. At last, about half-way up, they came to a ledge of rock cropping out perpendicularly in front of them, and extending as far as they could see along the hill-side. To be sure, it was only about ten feet high, but how were two little girls to climb that height?

Louisa, weary and despairing, with hands torn and bleeding, sat down and began to cry.

The smoke thickened behind them.

Minnie glanced fearfully at it, then scrambled along the bottom of the rock's face, looking closely in search of some break or irregularity in its surface by which they might scale it. Alas! as far as she could see, it was the same smooth wall, and she dared not go farther in her search with that terrible pursuer gaining on her footsteps. She returned to Louisa's side, almost ready to sit down beside her and cry as she was doing. Just then her eye caught a young live-oak, which stretched its tough little body nearly horizontally over their heads, firmly rooted above the rock.

"Ah," thought Minnie, "if I could only reach that tree!"

Then, all her languor changing to sudden energy as an idea struck her, she cried:

"Quick, Louisa! Your apron, your apron!"

Louisa roused herself, and, startled by the tone of Minnie's voice, at once undid her long apron without asking any questions. It was a new one, of which she was rather proud, and reached from her chin almost to her feet, and had two little pockets in the skirt. Her tears ceased, and gave place to amazement and anger, when she saw Minnie quickly tear it down the middle, and then tear each half down again. Before she could protest at this outrage, lo! Minnie took her own new apron and used it the same way. Louisa looked in her cousin's face, and what she saw there made her keep silence. Minnie quickly knotted together the ends of the pieces she had made, and then again looked up at the live-oak. No, her rope was not long enough, for it must be double. She took off her dress, and arrayed only in chemise and petticoat, tore it up also and added the pieces. She now looked around for a stone, and soon found one weighing about a pound. Tying this to one end of her rope, she went a little to one side of the tree and flung it over its trunk. It fell to the ground, carrying the rope with it, so now she had a double rope up the face of the rock.

Minnie had not lived all her life in the woods

to fear climbing now, but still she looked a little frightened at this rope swaying in the air. However, she tied the ends to a root, and telling Louisa not to be afraid, she stood on tiptoe, and reaching her hands as high as possible, began to ascend sailor-fashion, hand over hand. She found the many knots very useful, as they gave resting-places for her feet as well as kept her hands from slipping. Still, when she caught the trunk of the oak, and scrambled astride of it, she had to shut her eyes and stay quite still for a few seconds, too exhausted to move a finger. Soon rousing, she called to Louisa:

"Now, Lou, untie one end of the rope."

When Louisa had done so, Minnie drew the other end as tight as she could, and taking two or three turns about the oak, made the rope quite secure. She thus had a single rope tightly drawn from top to bottom of the rock, and another hanging loose from the trunk of the oak to the ground at Louisa's feet.

"Lou," she cried, "tie that loose end round your body, under the arms. There, that is right; be sure the knot is secure. Now, take hold of the other rope and climb as I did, and I will pull you up as much as I can."

Louisa did not hesitate, but at once did as she was told; and soon both the children again stood side by side, joyful, though breathless and exhausted.

They saw with relief that the hill sloped up more gently from this point, and found they could make better progress in their flight. One glance backward showed them the smoke was very dense now on the far side of the cañon, but still there was no fire to be seen, nor noise of it to be heard. They pressed on with what speed they could, and soon found themselves on the edge of the nearly level plateau, which the gulch they had just left cut like an immense furrow. Compelled to pause a moment to gather breath, they looked back to the west and saw a magnificent sight. The fire had reached the cañon, which on that side was more abrupt than on the one where they now stood. The smoke rose lazily, upborne by a slight breeze which began to blow through the valley, so that the children could see the shining line of clear fire reach the edge of the opposite hill and begin to burn down. Vast trees were blazing from root to topmost twig, and soon they saw several totter over and plunge their burning mass down the side of the cañon. They were stopped in their descent, however, by the thick growths, and lay blazing and setting all around them in a blaze.

"Oh, Lou, look! Heaven help us!" cried Minnie. "The fire will be slow in getting down that hill, but once at the bottom, it will rush up here.

Let us run! run! if we can not get to a clearing soon, we shall be burned. Oh, Mother, Mother!" she sobbed.

Then suddenly checking herself, like the brave girl she was, she added, almost calmly:

"I know there is a trail somewhere here leading to Mr. Highbate's farm, for they used to have picnic parties last summer to the spring where we lunched. If we could only find that trail!"

By this time the girls were a good distance from the cañon, though, with their utmost efforts, they could not go quickly, having to force their way through the thick bushes, and being tripped up every minute by long, tough grasses. Just then, Minnie stumbled and fell full length, and rolled over in a sort of long, bare furrow between some bushes. Almost before she could rise, she cried:

"Oh, thank heaven! Lou, here it is!—the trail! the trail!"

This narrow, rough path, overarched with trees and bushes, and full of stumps and broken branches, seemed to her more beautiful at that moment than if it had been paved with gold inlaid with precious stones. Now, indeed, could these little girls, both practiced woodswomen, feel that they had a chance to escape the dreadful foe behind them. They did not mind the roughnesses of the path, and even when they found some great log fallen across it, did not take long to climb it. Still, do their best, they could not go very fast, for they were nearly worn out, and their very fear weakened them and retarded their flight.

Suddenly, Minnie stood still to listen, and her heart beat faster as she heard a dull roar mingled with a snapping sound. She knew the fire had reached the near side of the cañon, and was galloping up, soon to hiss along the path they were traveling. Was there no hope? Must she, and the little orphan cousin in her care, indeed perish miserably, only a few hours' walk from the home they had left so happily this morning,—only a few miles from safe shelter? Yes, was her despairing thought, they must die,—die a horrible death. The fire would certainly overtake them before they could reach Farmer Highbate's, and there was no clearing nearer. Oh! if she had but a match to start a fire in front of them, and so make a safe refuge! In that case, this breeze, which was spurring on their pitiless enemy, would become their best friend. But no; she knew that neither she nor Louisa had a match, and already the smoke from behind was thickening about them in stifling folds. They tottered on, Louisa crying, and Minnie with dry eyes and blazing cheeks.

Minnie had noticed, hardly knowing at the moment that she did so, a tall, gaunt redwood-tree, perfectly dead, which stood just where they

had found the trail. Glancing back now, she saw a great red tongue of flame leap upon it and dart to its very top. She shuddered, and then like a flash of lightning, "just like the flame darted on the dead tree," as she afterward said, a thought struck through her brain, which made her flushed cheeks pale, and made her feel sick and faint, for it promised safety, and her fevered nerves could hardly bear the new hope.

"Lou! Lou!" she cried, in a hoarse, low voice, "the Family Tree, the Family Tree! The path to it must be very near here."

She seized Louisa's hand and dragged her on. A few paces farther, they came to a broad trail, crossing, almost at right angles, the one they had hitherto followed. Minnie turned to the left and followed the new path. This brought her nearer to the fire, but she flew on, never looking up.

In even a shorter time than she expected, they reached a little circular opening among the trees, in the middle of which towered a vast trunk. Its thick branches did not begin until fifty feet from the ground, and from that up more than a hundred feet, they were a close mass of green, looking as though no fire could harm them. The little opening in which this tree stood was quite clear of undergrowth, but covered with long grasses, which would burn like tinder. Still, near its base they were thin and straggling, having been trampled down year after year by curious visitors. On the trunk many names were rudely carved, and visiting-cards were attached to it with tacks and pins.

What made Minnie draw a long sigh of relief as she approached this tree? Surely there was no shelter here from the withering blast, whose heat she already began to feel. But even Louisa now began to guess what Minnie hoped, and for a moment she ceased to sob. They ran around the tree—the Family Tree—and lo! in the eastern side, farthest from the on-coming fire, there was a large opening. The children ran through it and found themselves in a great room with an uneven earthen floor, inclosed by black walls rising high above, and gradually narrowing to a point.

Minnie's first care was to close the opening by which they had entered, by means of some large pieces of bark that had served the purpose of a door. There was still some light when that was done, for a square hole had been made by some former occupant for a window in the side, not far from the door. Minnie would have tried to close this too, but she saw she could not reach it.

The girls sat down on the floor, too exhausted even to speak. Minnie knew the story of their present shelter, and that it obtained its name from the fact that a poor family had passed a whole winter within its walls, and had a baby

born to them there. But Louisa must wait for another time to hear the story, for now they heard a noise never to be forgotten, and which made them put their fingers to their ears and sit trembling with terror.

The fire was on them! With a sweeping roar and crackle, it rushed past, licking up the long grass like a sea of oil, and leaping high up the tall trees. An intolerable light streamed in through their little window, and the air became almost too thick and hot to breathe. Minnie held her handkerchief before her face, and breathed through it, making Louisa do likewise. Soon she removed it, and fell on her knees and sobbed out a thanksgiving, for she knew they were safe. The roar of the sea of flame had passed, and even if the very tree they were in was blazing, they could escape now over the burnt ground behind them. But they needed not to have doubts of their stanch protector. Its massive sides were unscorched, and its green branches waved uninjured.

What more is there to tell? It would make my little tale too long to describe how the children were kept warm all the chill Californian night by

a great log that slowly charred away, not far from their tree-house; or to tell what magnificent sights they saw in the gloom when, all the heavy smoke having passed, innumerable trees stood burning like great torches, and logs blazed on the ground like the camp-fires of a great army. They were too weary to look at even these proud sights for long, and wrapped in each other's arms, they slept until the sun was high the next morning. Enough to say that they managed to pick their way over the black ground, and, before noon, reached their aunt's home, begrimed and ragged. Minnie especially looked like a witch, in her torn chemise and red petticoat.

How they were petted, you may guess. How aunt and uncle and cousins kissed them and cried over them, and how father and mother soon arrived, having driven over by the long high-road full of fear, to learn if their darlings were safe.

In one household, at least, the Family Tree is no longer known by that name, for Minnie and Louisa always call it "Our Tree," and think of it with tender gratitude, remembering the shelter which its great heart gave them from the fiery storm.

THOR, AND THE GIANT SKRYMIR.

(*A Scandinavian Myth.*)

BY JULIA CLINTON JONES.

If any of you have read Hawthorne's wonderful "Tanglewood Tales," or any of the stories of ancient classical mythology, you will have learned about the fabled Grecian gods,—Jove, Mars, Neptune, and the rest,—who were said to have lived on the lofty Mount Olympus. These gods sent their chosen heroes to fulfill their commands. Among these heroes you will remember Hercules, to whom were given the twelve marvelous tasks, or labors, as they generally are named; Jason, who sought over sea and land the Golden Fleece; and Perseus, who cut off the Medusa's head.

Now, I want to tell you, here, something about the gods of Northern, or Scandinavian mythology, who were supposed to dwell among the clouds in their city, Asgard, where was a glorious golden hall, Valhalla, in which Odin, the All-father, held high festival; but whither no man might come excepting the noblest and the bravest.

Besides Odin, the chief, there was Thor, the Thunderer, and beautiful Baldur, the Sun-god, with Friga, the Northern Venus, and many others.

These gods were chiefly employed in fighting against the jötuns, or evil giants, who were always

attacking Asgard and trying to injure the Earth, which the gods loved.

Take your maps, and you will find, in the north of Europe, a land of lofty mountains and rugged coasts, of deep fiords, and lakes fed by the melted snows, and swiftly rolling rivers. It is winter there during a great part of the year, and is very cold and gloomy, excepting while the short, bright summer lasts. This land lies just north of Germany, and is called Scandinavia, comprising Sweden and Norway. About nine hundred years ago, the people of this country believed in those gods and jötuns whom I have mentioned. In Denmark, to the south, and Iceland, at the west, the same gods were worshiped. As all their myths, or sacred fables, mean something, and are full of giants and dwarfs and wonderful enchantments, ever so much better than "Jack the Giant-Killer," or even "Cinderella," I think you will find them interesting.

In the south-eastern part of Sweden, and a little way from the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, you will see the ancient town of Upsala. There my story begins. The hero of the myth is Thor, the Thunderer, next in power to his father, Odin.

Perhaps you would first like to hear a little about Thor, from whom we have named one of our weekdays, Thursday. He was so strong that all the giants feared him; and when angry, his eyes flashed lightning under his black brows, while his voice echoed like thunder. But, like all really strong, brave people, he was very good-natured when not offended. Being too tall for horseback, he always drove in a chariot drawn by goats, from whose hoofs and eyes lightnings darted, while the wheels of his chariot rumbled in thunder-peals. When he went out to fight the giants and drive them back from Asgard, or attack them in their own dark abodes, he always took three wonderful things. There was his hammer, Mjölfnir (the Crusher), so small that it could be put in his pocket, and no matter how far it was thrown, it always returned to his hand. With this he is fabled to have crushed many a giant, and knocked down his castle-walls. To hold this marvelous hammer and get fresh strength to hurl it, he had a pair of gauntlets, while around his waist he wore a girdle, which redoubled his god-like might.

Thor's home was a curious place—up in Thrudvang (the storm-cloud), and his feast-hall was Bilskirnir (the lightning-flash). His chief enemy was Hrym (frost), a huge, hoary giant, who drove over the earth doing great mischief, in a car drawn by hail-cloud going with frozen manes.

And now I will tell you one of the myths about Thor. There was at Upsala a magnificent temple, sacred to Odin. Kings and renowned warriors from all parts came here to worship, and the gods especially cared for this place. Utgardeloki, king of the giants, hating Odin and wishing to insult him, attacked and destroyed this temple, putting out the sacred altar-fires. When Odin heard this, he called together in council the twelve gods, his sons. Full of wrath, they vowed vengeance on the dark king. Thor, especially, was enraged. He struck the table with his clenched hand, and even Asgard rocked under the blow.

When the council was over, without asking leave of Odin, he harnessed his goats, and called on Loki to go with him.

Loki, you must know, was a bad spirit belonging to the giant race; but as yet the gods did not know how wicked he was. He was found out at last, and cast out of heaven.

Although Thor had not said where he was going, Loki knew very well, and, taunting him, dared him to go to Utgard, the giants' land. Thor, in very bad humor, answered shortly, and, swinging his hammer around, said he did not care a snap for the biggest giant of them all. Away they drove, down the Bifrost,—the Rainbow Bridge which joins heaven and earth,—over mountains and through

rivers, until, as night fell, they reached a peasant's hut, and there asked a night's lodging.

The family consisted of the peasant himself, his wife, and two children, Thialfi and Roska, the son and daughter. They were so poor that there was nothing in the house for supper. Thor told the woman to make a fire, and he would furnish food. While the fire was kindling, he slew his goats, and stripping off the skins, carefully spread them before the hearth; and put the flesh in the pot, bidding the peasant to be sure and gather all the bones into the hides again. But Thialfi, while eating his supper, broke a shin bone of one of the goats to get at the marrow.

Next morning early, Thor rose, and swung Mjölfnir several times over the skins. Up sprang the goats, fresh and lively for a start, but one of them halted on the hind leg. Seeing this, Thor was terribly angry, and cried out that some one had broken a bone, and lamed his goat. I can not describe how terrified the family became when they saw his eyes flashing with fury, and his wrinkled brow.

They all fell on their knees and prayed for mercy. At last, his wrath was appeased, and he promised to forgive them on condition that he might have Thialfi and Roska as servants forever.

Leaving the goats and chariot at the cottage, Thor and his party set off again for Utgard. They traveled so swiftly that they soon reached the sea, over which all passed safely, the two children holding fast to Thor's belt.* Having crossed, they came to a deep forest, where they wandered till evening; then, weary and hungry, at last they spied a queer-looking hut of an extraordinary shape, having but one room, neither round nor square, while the entrance took up the whole of one side. They were too tired to examine very closely, and having eaten their supper, lay down to sleep, while Thor kept watch, seated at the door, with his chin in his hand. He was tired and cross, and did not once stir nor close his eyes all night.

Toward morning, he heard a rumbling, roaring sound, so loud that nothing mortal could have produced it. At dawn, out he went to find the cause, and there lay a huge giant, whose length covered several acres, fast asleep, and snoring loudly. Thor drew up his belt to the very last hole, but even then he did not dare to fling his hammer, although he longed to do so; but this giant was a little too big even for Thor.

Suddenly the monster gave one deep snore, then springing up, wide-awake, towered high up over the trees. Thor, amazed, asked his name, and whence he came. He answered that he was Skrymir, and served Utgardeloki in Giant-land.

“But,” said he, “I know without asking that

* See the Frontispiece.

you are Thor; still, with all your wonderful feats, you are only a little fellow compared with us. Why! I could easily stand you on one finger, hammer and all. But where is my mitten?"

Stretching out his hand, he picked up what the party had taken for a hut, and Thor now saw that

and saying he was too tired to eat, threw them the wallet, remarking that the rest had better get supper, as there would be hard traveling and much to be seen the next day, and they would need all their strength. Then stretching himself under the tree, he fell asleep, snoring roundly.



"THOR THREW HIS HAMMER AGAINST THE PORTALS, AND THEY FLEW OPEN."

their night's quarters had been the thumb of the giant's glove. Skrymir then proposed to join the others, and that they should put their provisions together. As they were willing, he at once flung the wallet over his shoulder, and started off ahead with great strides to lead the way.

When night came, Skrymir stopped under an oak, where he proposed that they should sleep,

Thor picked up the sack, and tried to untie it. The knot looked simple enough, but the more he pulled, the tighter grew the cords, nor could he loosen a single loop. He drew up his belt, and tried to break the strings, but had to give up. Then, hungry and furious, he started up, and seizing Mjólnir in both hands, rushed at Skrymir, and launched the hammer full in his face.

The giant half-opened his eyes, rubbed his forehead, and asked, in a sleepy voice, if a leaf had fallen; then, seeing Thor, he questioned if they had had supper, and were ready for bed.

This made Thor more angry still, but he thought it better to wait a little before he struck again. So he lay down at a distance, and watched until midnight. Then, hearing the giant snoring hard, he went to him, swung his hammer with all his might, and struck him right in the skull!

The mallet entered the head clear to the handle, but Skrymir, waking, only said, drowsily:

"Did an acorn drop? Ah, Thor! still up! You had better get some sleep for to-morrow."

Thor went hastily away, but determined to get another blow at his enemy before morning. While Skrymir was asleep again, just at dawn, up got Thor again, and drawing in his belt to the last hole, swung his hammer round and round, then dashed it with such might that it was buried, head, handle, and all, in the giant's temple!

Skrymir sprang up, and rubbing his brow, said:

"Are there birds in this tree? I felt either a feather or a twig drop. How early you have risen, Thor! It is time to dress, for Utgard is close by. I have heard you whispering that I am not little, but you will find others bigger than I am, there. Don't boast, for Utgardeloki's courtiers wont bear much of that, from such insignificant little fellows as you are. If you don't take this advice, you had better turn back, which is in fact the best thing for you to do in any case. My way lies to those mountains, but there is the road to Utgard, if you still wish to go there."

Then Skrymir turned from them into the forest. They had a dismal journey, until at last, at noon, having found the right track, they reached a great castle, standing in the midst of a vast plain; it was of such height that they had to bend their necks quite back to see over its top. This was Utgard, a gloomy place enough, surrounded by black rocks, with yawning chasms, while the land around was covered with eternal ice and snow.

Before its iron-barred gates huge giants were keeping watch, with spears, swords, and shields. They looked scornfully at the travelers, who were so much smaller than themselves.

The gates not being opened at once, Thor flung his hammer against them, and, the bolts immediately giving way, the portals flew open, and they passed into an immense hall, lit by torches, where a multitude of giants, even bigger than Skrymir, in complete armor, sat in triple ring around a lofty throne, whereon sat Utgardeloki.

Thor, not a bit afraid, walked right up and saluted the king with so bold a look that the jötun (evil giant) trembled; but wishing in his

turn to terrify the god, he struck thrice on his shield with his steel mace. At once the hall began to quake, the roof split, flames burst from the floor, and thick, suffocating vapor issued from the rifted walls. Even Thor could hardly keep his feet, and Utgardeloki jeeringly advised him to go.

But the god, glaring fiercely and furiously, warned him to cease from enchantments, because, as Odin's son, he had power to destroy them all.

Utgardeloki, terrified at Thor's wrath, said all this was only sport, and begged him to make friends at a feast, after which they should all prove their skill in such sports as warriors love.

The banquet over, the king asked in what feats they were best skilled. On this, Loki, always boastful, challenged them all to eat against him.

Upon a signal from the monarch, up rose Logi, a giant with long, jagged teeth, eyes like live coals, and flaming nostrils. So horrible did he look, that even Thor shuddered to see him.

Loki, however, accepted the trial, and a trough of meat being placed between them, they ate ravenously until they met right in the middle. Then it was found that Loki had only eaten the flesh, while Logi had devoured meat, bones, and trough, all together. So Logi had won.

Utgardeloki then asked what the boy could do. Thialfi replied that he could outrun them all. The king said, sneeringly, "That is a useful art, for even brave men have found speed serve them better than fighting." He then called on a supple little veiled dwarf, named Hugi, and both the contestants passed out to the plain. Although Thialfi pressed him close, after three trials, Hugi, being declared victor, vanished like a flash.

Then the king said, mockingly, that his guests did not seem very well skilled even in their own games; turning to Thor, he asked how he would prove the powers for which he was celebrated.

"In a drinking-match," said Thor.

The giant ordered his cup-bearers to bring in a horn so long that when set in the hall, one end remained outside. It seemed very old, and all around the edge were graven letters. Thor looked at the length of the horn, but, being very thirsty, he set it to his lips and took a deep drink. When he set it down, the liquor was hardly lessened. Again he tried, and yet again; although the horn could now be carried without spilling, the amount within seemed much the same.

"Aha!" said the king, tauntingly, "I see plainly, Thor, thou art not quite so strong as we thought thee. But try another feat. We have a game here for children, consisting merely in lifting my cat from the ground. I should not have liked to mention it, had I not found thee so weak."

As he spoke, a large gray cat, all covered with

scales like a serpent, sprang on the hall floor, and glared about with fiery eyes.

Thor, advancing, put his hand under the creature's body, and tried his very best to raise it; but he only lifted one foot, while the animal, bending its back, stretched itself higher and higher, till it touched the very roof of the hall. Thor, enraged, struck it with all his might, but the cat did not even wince. Then, turning upon the king, Thor dared him to wrestle with him.

The giant said he saw no need of anger, as all was for sport; still, if Thor wished to wrestle, he would call his old nurse, Elle, to try a fall with him.

A toothless old woman here entered, and springing on Thor, seized him around the waist.

The more Thor strove, the firmer she stood; finally, after a violent struggle, the god fell on one knee. Then the king stopped the game, saying that as it was growing late, the sports must close, and the guests had been sufficiently outdone.

After that, feasting was begun again, and the giants showed much hospitality to Thor and his companions, whom next morning Utgardeloki accompanied from the castle, to show them the road to Asgard. At parting, the king asked how they had enjoyed themselves, and said:

"Now that you are out of my kingdom, which you shall never again enter if I can help it, I will tell you the truth. All that you have seen has been enchantment. I am Skrymir, who met you in the forest. By magic I tied the strings

of your wallet, and when you struck at me, I placed a great mountain between us. Three deep glens have been made there by the strokes of your mallet. In all the contests at Utgard, I have used illusions also. Logi was Flame, devouring all. Hugi was Thought. What can be so swift? The horn I set before you was Ocean itself, with Time's records graven on its shores, and very greatly have its waters been lessened. My cat was the great World-serpent (which holds together the earth); your lifting it shook the universe. Elle was old age, before whom all must bow. Do not come again, for I have yet other illusions, and you can not prevail against me."

Thor, infuriated, exclaimed:

"I left Asgard without permission of my father Odin, and strength is useless without forethought to guide it, hence have I been conquered. But Odin's wisdom and Thor's hammer combined shall yet overcome your jötun might." So saying, he hurled his hammer, but the giant had disappeared, and where the city had stood was only a verdant plain.

Scowling and muttering, Thor hastened home to Thrudvang, not stopping at Asgard on his way.

This myth means that when you wish to accomplish anything, you must set about it in a wise manner, for, no matter how brave and strong you may be, if you lack wisdom, you will be sure to fail, especially if you choose a Loki for your companion.



TINTORETTO VAN DYKE JONES BEGS PADDY McNAB TO HOLD BILLY GOAT STEADY WHILE HE PUTS IN "JUST THIS LITTLE TOUCH."



BILLY GOAT DECIDES TO PUT IN THE TOUCH HIMSELF.

THE BOY WHO PLAYED TRUANT.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THERE once was a lad who, I 'm sorry to say,
Had contracted a habit of running away;
His tasks he left undone, his school—he forsook
it:
On every occasion this youngster would “hook
it.”

A lad so bad
Nobody e'er had,
And his family all felt exceedingly sad.

But one day, on his travels, he chanced to meet
A very odd man at the end of the street—
A personage yellow and lank and weird,
With a glittering eye and a snow-white beard—
So queer, my dear!
With a look wan and sere,
And clad in a *very* remarkable gear.

Quoth he, “I've been waiting for you! How
d' ye do?”
“Hullo!” cried Tommy, “I don't know *you!*”
The stranger stared at the lad with a grin,
And answered at once, in a voice rather thin,
“Is it true that you—
Great Hullabaloo!—
Have never yet heard of the Wandering Jew?”

For now that your wand'ring is fairly begun,
You must come with me for a bit of a run
To Soudan, Yucatan,
And the Sea of Japan,
And the far-away island of great Palawan.”

So he gathered him up by the hair of his head,
And over the sea and the land he sped;
All puffing and panting he whizzed and whirled
In a very short time round the whole of the
world:

To Sooloo, Saccatoo,
Tananavirou,
And the towering height of Mount Kini Balu!

Just stopping a moment (Tom thought it was
luck, too!)

To take one long breath in the town of Timbuctoo,
Then off like a flash went the Wandering Jew
To Khiva and Java, Ceylon and Peru,
Madeira, Sabara,
The town of Bokhara,
The Yang-tse-kiang and the Guadalaxara.

He scorched his skin where the cactus grows,
In the Arctic Circle his toes he froze,
He thawed him out in the Geyser Spring,



Tom shivered and quivered, and shook in his
shoes.
“Don't try to escape,” said the man—“It's no
use!

And set him to dry on the peaks of Nan-ling;
Then off to Kioff
And the Sea of Azof,
He hurried, just pausing at Otschakoff.

And finally, all of his journeyings past,
 He dropped him at his own door at last,
 And said, with a grin, as he hurried away,
 "You 'll not play truant for many a day!"
 Tom's eyes!—their size,
 From grief and surprise,
 My pen can not picture, however it tries.

Now, nothing on earth will tempt him to roam;
 He never is seen half a mile from his home.
 Take warning all boys, and never, oh, never,
 Play truant on any pretext whatsoever;
 Lest you, sirs, too,
 Whenever you do,
 Should chance to meet with the Wandering Jew!



WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" DID.

BY MRS. E. J. PARTRIDGE.

SOME, children, let us go down to the river and wade until tea-time," said Mrs. Pike to the noisy, restless boy and girl, who had been trying to play softly, but had only succeeded in making such a racket that the quietly disposed boarders in the adjoining rooms seemed likely to lose their afternoon naps. But they soon congratulated themselves on having a few undisturbed hours, as Fred and Grace, so full of life and fun, and tired of staying in the house, rushed away, glad of the chance to do what they were not allowed to do, excepting when older persons were with them.

It did not take them long to get down the hill, take off shoes and stockings, and step into the water. And such fun as they had!

They had not been there long, when Mamma and Cousin Lillie came down, and the long hours passed quickly enough, while they were skipping pebbles so beautifully, some going quite to the other

bank; sailing paper-boats and tiny rafts, and wading far into the deep water after them. Trying to cross on the slippery stepping-stones was the best fun, however, for just when balancing themselves most carefully, down they would go with a splash and a scream! But little they cared for the wetting, and soon they would be trying the feat again, amid shouts of laughter, while Mamma's caution, "Do be careful, Fred!" was met with the prompt reply:

"Why, Mamma, don't be afraid of this little bit of water! I'm sure a fellow could n't drown here if he wanted to."

All summer these two children, whose home was in a far-off Southern city, had been living such a life out-of-doors as until then they never had dreamed of. On one side of the old-fashioned double house, away in the distance, were the Green Mountains, over whose somber tops the sun rose so rapidly that the children used to say the shadows were so frightened they could see them run; on the other side loomed up, in the far blue, chain after chain of the great Adirondack range, with lofty peaks stretching heavenward, and re-

splendent with glory when crowned with the last rays of the setting sun.

At the foot of the hill on which the house was built, there was a lovely little river that was joined, just below, by a smooth stream from the back country, and where they met, the water, after a great deal of bubbling and splashing, fell over the steep rocks, some twenty feet down, forming a pretty cascade. The spray of this little water-fall arose like a white cloud, and gently sprinkled the surrounding rocks, where the children loved to play, although it was not a very safe resort, as the river was both deep and rapid below the fall. There was a thickly wooded hill on the other side, where, when the river was low, and easy to be crossed, many hours were spent in long tramps after delicate ferns and rare wild-flowers for Cousin Lillie's collections. But ferns and flowers were apt to be forgotten quickly if by chance Fred's bright eyes espied a squirrel or a woodchuck's hole at any spot along the way.

One would think these grand times out-of-doors were enough to make the little ones happy. So they were, but when the evenings, too, were filled with pleasure, their cup was quite overflowing. There were no end of games in the big parlor, where all joined in the fun. It was such a good parlor for games,—always room for more, especially children. One night there was a clematis party for them, and they were all dressed in white, with the clematis-vine, in full bloom, draped and festooned in every imaginable way on them. A very pretty scene it was. And another night, when the grown-up folks had a sociable, the children were sent off to bed, but the music was so enticing that they got up and dressed themselves and crept down the back stairs, where, in a cramped-up party, they watched the fun, expecting, of course, when discovered, to be sent back to bed. But nobody had the heart to give such a command that evening, and so the little sinners were taken in among the merry-makers, and enjoyed the "Virginia reel" as much as anybody.

There was nothing to mar their pleasure from week to week, until, one day, an accident happened which would have brought the greatest sorrow that can happen to any of us, if it had not been for dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Just above the place on the river-bank where the children most liked to play, ran the main road, which crossed the river over a pretty stone-bridge. The rocks were high and steep under the bridge, and the river, dashing over them, fell into a deep basin on the lower side, which formed quite a large pond.

Now this pond was a splendid place to sail a raft, and on the day I have mentioned, Fred and

Grace had a busy time loading and unloading the cargoes of stones and sticks. They were becoming somewhat tired and hungry, and withal a little impatient, when Grace, in giving the raft a good start, fell into the water, and when she was pulled out, Mamma had to take her up to the house, bidding Fred to follow soon. He was getting his last load of stones along to a good landing-place, when the raft grounded on a great rock, and after much exertion he pushed it off into the basin near the bridge. But in giving the last shove with his pole he slipped, and without a cry disappeared beneath the water!

With a scream of horror, Cousin Lillie, who had lingered behind to wait for Fred, sprang to the water's edge, but there was nothing to be seen, save a few bubbles, circling round and round, away out in the center of the pond. She called loudly for help, meanwhile preparing to plunge in after her little cousin, quite forgetting that she could not swim.

It seemed ages to the horrified girl before she saw Fred's head and face slowly rise to the surface. But then, to her great joy, he turned and, awkwardly enough, but surely, came toward her. She knew that he could not swim a stroke, but nevertheless he managed to keep his head above water, and soon came near enough for her to lay hold of his coat-collar. After much trouble, she finally pulled him out, and helped him over the slippery, treacherous stones to the grass, where he sank, exhausted.

Just then, Fred's mother came leisurely over the hill, to see what had detained the loiterers so long. One glance brought her hurriedly to the side of her dripping boy, to hear, with a terrified heart, of his narrow escape.

"Mamma," said Fred that afternoon, after he had been thoroughly rubbed and tucked up in bed, "I thought of you as I was going down, down so deep, and how sorry you would feel if I never came out of that awful hole, and then I thought of what it said in ST. NICHOLAS about 'treading water,' and I tried to do exactly what it said to do, and I came right up to the top, and found that I could move along toward the shore without letting my head go down under water at all. But it seemed as if something was pulling at my feet all the time, and it was awfully hard to get over to Lillie. If she had n't grabbed me, I think I'd have had to go down again, because I was so tired. I say, Lill, don't cry now! I'm all right—don't you see?—and you were just splendid!"

Fred was quite a hero for the remainder of the summer, and he never tired of telling his adventure. Cousin Lillie, too, had her share of praise,—

for Fred never told the story without explaining how "she was just coming in after me, and could n't swim a stroke, either!"

When we learned, later, that there had been

two or three boys drowned in that very spot where Fred went down thirty feet, we felt very thankful that he escaped their sad fate, and very grateful to dear ST. NICHOLAS.

[This joyful deliverance is not the only one of its kind due to the admirable article referred to—"A Talk About Swimming," first printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1877. Authentic accounts of the rescue from drowning of two other boys by a timely remembrance of directions there given by Dr. Hunt, have been received; and we most gladly commend the article afresh to our young readers and their parents.—ED.]





Knit, Dorothy, knit,
The sunbeams round thee flit,
So merry the minutes go by, go by,
While fast thy fingers fly, they fly.
Knit, Dorothy, knit.

Sing, Dorothy, sing,
The birds are on the wing,
'T is better to sing than to sigh, to sigh,
While fast thy fingers fly, they fly.
Sing, Dorothy, sing.

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BONFIRE.

THE young people's party at the house of Sarah Dykeman called for the whole house, and for the lighting up of the grounds besides. Not only were the Park boys there, and a fair selection of the "Wedgwoods,"—there were outsiders; and as for girls, Miss Offerman's Seminary and Madame Skinner's were well represented.

There was grand fun that evening, and everybody admitted that Sarah Dykeman's party was the best entertainment of the kind that ever had been known in Saltillo; especially when, after ice-cream and strawberries, came a stroll in the grounds among the Chinese lanterns, while Mr. Dykeman let off a lot of rockets and Roman candles.

When Jack Roberts and Otis Burr met the next morning, they had hardly said ten words about the party before Charley Ferris came up with: "I say, how are you fellows off for hooks and lines? Mr. Hayne says there 'll be a good chance to catch fish on Winnegay Lake. I'm going for tackle."

Before noon the question of buying fishing-tackle, besides fire-works for Fourth of July, had been settled by every boy of Mr. Hayne's school. That was one kind of preparation, but Jeff Carroll was not the boy to let his friends neglect another and more important one, for the great day.

"We must get ahead of the canal-bank boys," he said, "or we sha' n't find a loose box, nor a barrel, nor a board. Old Captain Singer has offered me five empty tar-barrels, but he says we must take them away this very night."

That was enough. There was an old shed, opening on the alley-way, back of Mr. Wright's house, that was just the place for storage, and before ten o'clock, it was nearly half full of all sorts of combustibles. Nobody seemed to know where all that stuff had come from, but there were ten tar-barrels instead of five.

There was yet a question to be settled, however. The Mayor had given permission for a big public bonfire in the great square in the middle of the city, and for another in front of the City Hall, the evening before the Fourth, and the evening of the Fourth itself. There would be police around these to prevent mischief, but orders had been given to put out any and all other bonfires.

"Did n't the order say something about the streets?" asked Andy.

VOL. VIII.—61.

"Of course," said Jeff. "It said there must be no bonfires in the streets."

"But we don't want a street. There 's the vacant lot back of the blacksmith's shop."

"The very place!" said Jeff. "Don't say a word until the fire 's lit."

In consequence of that remark, there was mystery in the conduct and speech of the Park boys throughout the following day. Even after supper, and while the Wedgwood boys and the canal-bank crowd and a good many others were giving their best attention to the regular and duly authorized blazes, not a member of Mr. Hayne's school was to be seen among them. They even took their barrels over, one at a time, and worked so silently that the world beyond the blacksmith's shop knew nothing about the matter until there had arisen a huge pile of material in the middle of the vacant lot. The barrels were set on end in the center—five at the bottom, three on these, and two perched on top. Then the empty dry-goods boxes, boards, broken lumber of every sort and kind, were carefully piled around the barrels, and the thing was ready.

"We 'll show them," began Charley Ferris, triumphantly; but at that moment a shrill voice came out of the darkness near them: "Come on, boys! Here 's lots of stuff, all ready!"

It was a miscellaneous mob of youngsters from other parts of the city, on a hunt for fuel for the regular fires.

"Keep 'em off, boys," exclaimed Jeff. "All of you pitch in and keep 'em off for half a minute."

"Steady, boys," said Jack Roberts, as if he were in command of a company of soldiers. "Don't let them break through." Jeff was squirming in toward the tar-barrels, lighting a match and a wisp of paper as he went. Presently he muttered:

"That one 's alight. Now another. Two! That has caught tiptop! Three! That will spread. Now," said he, rising and turning about, "I'd like to see them run away with those barrels."

The shout of the outside discoverer had been promptly answered by his companions, and they had come racing up with the purpose and expectation of making a big seizure. It was a great disappointment, therefore, to find their way blocked by a dozen resolute boys.

"We 're bound to have it, even if we have to fight for it," exclaimed a nearly full-grown youth, as he flourished a thick stick; and he was sup-

ported by shouts and cheers in more tongues than one. "We want them things," he cried.

"You can't have them," said Andy, coolly and slowly. "This is not public property. I warn you not to lay a hand on anything here."

"Keep him talking, Andy. It's almost ablaze."

Andy was just the boy for such an emergency, and by the time he had finished what he had to say about the law of the matter, the black smoke rose in a great column above the pile.

"Yiz have set it afire! Byes, it'll all be burned oop!" cried a voice.

At that instant, the gurgling smoke was followed by a fierce red tongue of flame, and it seemed as if all the tar-barrels burst into a blaze together.

It was too late to seize them now! Even the crowd in the public square, nearly half a mile away, turned to wonder what could have caused such a glare, and the Mayor sent off a policeman, on a full run, to see if a house were burning.

"Sure an' yiz bate us this toime. But it's a foine blaze!" The honest Irishman did not conceal his admiration, and the most excited of his companions was willing to keep his hands off from such a bonfire as that was becoming. It was a good deal too hot to steal.

The days of "bonfires" have gone by, now, and it is well that they have, but not often could a finer one be seen, even then. As long as it lasted, it was the best and biggest bonfire in Saltillo.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FIERY FOURTH OF JULY.

"REMEMBER, boys, at daylight," had been the last injunction of Jack Roberts the night before the Fourth. "We must give them a sunrise gun."

Daylight comes pretty early at that time of the year, but there were boys enough on hand at the appointed hour to help Jack drag the big anvil from the back door of the smithy to a spot near the blackened ruins of the bonfire.

The blacksmith was a patriotic old man, and he had no fear of anybody running away with an anvil of that size. In fact, it was all the work six boys wanted to move it a few rods, and set it up in business as a cannon.

"All right, boys," said Charley Ferris; "we're ready now, whenever the sun is."

"No," replied Jeff. "We must load the anvil. The sun may get ahead of us if we don't."

"He will soon be here," said Jack, as he began to pour powder into the square hole in the great block of iron. "Let's give him a good salute."

The wooden plug was ready, and fitted well. The fuse-hole at one corner was just large enough to let in the "paper and powder slow-match."

"There goes somebody else's gun!" shouted Otis Burr. "Stand back, boys. The sun is coming. Let him know it is the Fourth of July."

Jack touched a match to the fuse, and all hands retreated a few paces, as if there might be some danger. There was really next to none, as long as any care should be used, and it was less than half a minute before the fire got to the priming. Whether the sun was just then up or not, he was "saluted" with a report that was a credit to the Fourth of July, and the boys were delighted.

"That is the best anvil I ever saw," said Charley. "Give him another."

"No," said Will; "the next bang is for George Washington."

"No; it ought to be for the Stars and Stripes."

"But Andy promised to bring his flag, and he has n't got here yet. We'll have to fire for other things till that comes," said Will.

So George Washington's memory was banged respectfully.

"Now, boys," said Jeff, "the next is the old Thirteen States. One for each. They always fire a salute for them."

"Good," said Jack. "We live in one of them. We'll shoot for our State first. Call them off, Jeff." State after State was loudly saluted.

In short, it was plain that as long as the powder should hold out, the anvil would be kept at work upon one kind of salute or other. The list of States was not exhausted by breakfast-time, for loading and firing on that plan was slow business. The racket had fairly begun, however, long before that, and Saltillo was, for the time being, a dreadfully unpleasant place to live in. There were other anvils in other vacant lots, more or less distant, and there was gunpowder in a hundred other ways in steady reverberation. The whole country has learned better, nowadays, but the Park boys had no other idea of the right way of beginning the Fourth. Very little was done with fire-crackers until after breakfast, but they came in season then, and it took until noon to use up the stock on hand. In the afternoon, there was to be a grand procession of soldiers and firemen, and all other men who could find an excuse for turning out in some kind of uniform, and with a drum and fife, or a band of music.

There would be speeches, too, and other exercises, at the City Hall, and the boys debated among themselves whether they ought to go and hear them. Jack Roberts settled that.

"Hear them? There'll be such a crowd you can't get within gunshot of the speakers' stand. We can see the fire-works this evening, but we'd better have a good time by ourselves till then."

It was a hot day, and before long, one boy after

another began to make up his mind that he had had enough noise for a while, and could wait for the rest until after sundown. In fact, home was a good place for any boy, that afternoon, and it was not easy to find a cool corner, even there. It was easier to be patient, however, for the boys had been up since before daylight, and expected to see some grand fire-works after supper.

It grew dark a little earlier than usual, owing to the black clouds that promised rain to come, and the crowd gathered densely in front of the expected display. The great "Catharine-wheel," which had cost so much money and was to be such a gorgeous show, had just been set on fire by the man who had the care of it, when one of the neighboring church-bells suddenly broke the silence with a deep, sonorous alarm of fire.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The word came up the street, from one voice after another, and more bells began to sound.

"Boys!" exclaimed Joe Martin, as he came running up to a group of them. "Do you know what 's burning?"

"No. Do you?"

"It 's Whiting's big block. It caught from a rocket that fell on the roof, they say."

"Come on, boys!"

"Keep together. Perhaps we can do something," said Andy Wright, and it was the first the rest knew of his presence. There was very little they or anybody else could do toward putting out that fire, it had got such a good start before anybody saw it.

There were stores on the lower floor of the Whiting Block, and the fire might not reach these for some time. Here was a chance for the boys to be useful. They could help carry out goods, for they were known, and the men who were driving away "loafers" and possible thieves were glad of their services. And how they did work!

"This beats our bonfire," said Jack. "Here, Charley, run with those shawls."

"Jack!" shouted Will, from the inside of a store, "come for these silk goods. A pile of 'em."

Andy Wright and Otis Burr were doing their best for a hatter. Phil Bruce and three more were tugging at cases of boots and shoes, and Charley and Joe were standing guard over a pile of goods which the rest had carried out of harm's way.

"I vas a rifle factory."

"What?" said Will, to a grimy little German at his elbow, when he had put down a load.

"I vas a rifle factory. De second story. Come bring dem down vis me."

"Boys!" cried Will, "upstairs a few of you, for some rifles!"

There was help enough, quickly, and nearly all

the moderate stock of the little gunsmith was out in a twinkling. There was yet a small show-case, with some pistols and knives in it, and Will and the gunsmith and Otis Burr had just gone up for it when a great cry arose from the dense multitude in the street. The boys had been too much excited over their work to take much notice of the progress of the fire, but it had been making terrible headway. Catching on the roof, it had first swept down through the great hall. The story below that was mainly occupied by lawyers' offices, and there had been little time to secure books and papers, hard as a good number of men had tried. That left the upper part of the great building a mere shell, and the fire department officers were beginning to drive the crowd away with the help of the police, for they feared that some part of the wall might fall outward. That is the usual way, but for some reason or other, those upper walls began to lean inward, and this it was that called out the great cry from the crowd.

"Come out! Come back!"

"Every man out of the building!"

Those at work in the stores had plenty of time, and even the little gunsmith heard before he reached the top of the stairs, and darted down into the street. But Will and Otis had already reached the room.

"What was that, Will?"

"Let 's look out of the windows and see."

The windows were open, and the moment the boys appeared at them there was a frantic shout.

"Come out! The walls are falling in! Quick! For your lives!"

They both understood it.

"Shall we jump, Will?"

"No. We can go by the awning frames."

These were of iron, set in the wall, and reaching out over the sidewalk. Not many boys could have clambered out of those windows and swung along, hand over hand, upon those slender rods. That was where their training in Professor Sling's gymnasium came into play. It was little more than their regular exercise on his climbing-ladders and "peg-and-hole" upright posts. Hardly were the boys out of the windows before the upper walls fell in with a crash, and the whole interior of the building looked like one furnace of fire.

"Steady, boys! Steady, now!" It was the voice of Mr. Hayne himself, and it sounded so cool and so encouraging that Will and Otis felt as if they could have swung along on those iron rods for twice the distance.

"Drop, now, and run!"

It was only a few feet to the sidewalk, and they both alighted in safety, but stray bricks and fragments of wall were beginning to drop outside.

"Brave boys! Brave boys!" remarked Dr. Whiting, as he seized them by the hand.

Every Park boy was as proud of that as if he had climbed out of one of those windows himself.

"Mine, too, Mr. Sling."

"Greek and Latin would n't have saved 'em."

"That 's a fact. Now, boys, I think you 've had enough of Fourth of July for once."

There was not one of them but felt as if he had, and the remainder of that fire was left to burn itself out for the benefit of the firemen, and the police, and Dr. Whiting, and the big crowd.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAKE WINNEGAY.

THE city of Saltillo had quite enough to talk about for a few days after that fiery "Fourth of July," but the boys of Mr. Hayne's school were a weary community—too weary to talk about anything at all. They seemed to feel as if the world was designed for sleeping purposes, as far as they were concerned; and even the ride to Winnegay Lake, the following Tuesday, before breakfast, was a sleepy affair.

They began to wake up, one by one, at the breakfast-table of the "Winnegay House"; but some of them felt like rubbing their eyes, even when the course of events called upon them to march out on the old wooden pier, from which their nautical experience was to begin. There was a queer collec-

tion of row-boats and sailing craft within a stone's-throw of that pier, but the center of attraction was the largest of them all,—the heavy-looking, one-masted vessel which was to carry them.



WILL AND OTIS CLIMB DOWN FROM THE BURNING BUILDING.

"It takes our fellows to do that sort of thing," said Charley Ferris.

"These are my scholars, Mr. Hayne," said Professor Sling, as they met in the crowd.

"She 's a yacht." "So am I, then!—She 's a sloop." "She 's a sail-boat." "She 's a tub."

Whatever else she might be, the "Arrow" was like a bow, and the very thing for safety on a lake that sometimes showed the "roughness" for which Winnegay had won a reputation.

"Big enough? Gues-so. My name 's Buller. I 'm captain of the 'Arrow,'" said a boatman.

"Are you going with us to-day?" asked Charley of this short-legged, sunburned, straw-hatted "queer customer," who had been standing at the head of the pier when they swarmed around him.

"Gues-so. Ready when you are."

Mr. Hayne was there, and perhaps that was why every boy of them succeeded in getting on board the "Arrow" without a preliminary bath in Winnegay Lake, for all their sleepiness had suddenly turned into monkey-like activity.

"Bill," said Captain Buller to the lank young man who was helping him hoist the mainsail of the "Arrow,"—"Bill, they 're a queer cargo."

Bill was "the crew," and he swung his head all the way around, with: "Them youngsters?"

"Some on 'em 'll get overboard, as sure as you live," said his superior officer.

"I 've put in the boat-hook. We kin grapple for 'em," replied the crew.

In there, under the shore, the breeze hardly made itself felt, but out on the lake the waves were dancing merrily.

"She is moving, boys!" shouted Jack Roberts. "See that sail fill!"

Fill it did, and the "Arrow" leaned gracefully enough as she swung to the helm and plowed away on her course. The middle and after part of the stout little sloop was "open," of course, with seats all around, and plenty of room, but the present passengers could use all the free space there was.

"Whit-caps!" shouted Charley Ferris.

At that moment they were passing beyond the shelter of the land, and the breeze had its first fair chance at the "Arrow's" mainsail. Down she leaned, with a sudden pitch, and in a moment she was dashing through the water at a rate of which no sensible man would have supposed her capable.

"Does n't she walk!" remarked John Derry to Captain Buller.

"Gues-so. Jest wait," said the captain.

"Fine breeze," said Mr. Hayne to the "crew."

"Not much. We do git a breeze here, sometimes, though."

The boys had begun to worry around their fishing-tackle, but it looked as if hooks and lines were of small use, now. Both the captain and the crew of the "Arrow" said as much, but Jeff Carroll went on getting out a preposterously long line.

In a minute, Captain Buller said aloud, to him-

self: "Ef that there cracklin' haint fctched along a squid! But he wont ketch nothin'."

At the end of the line was a piece of white bone, with a strong hook sticking straight out of it. That was a "squid," and it needed no bait when it began to glance in the rough water astern.

"Did you evr use squids out here?" asked Jeff of Captain Buller.

"Squids? Gucs-so. Spoon-hooks is worth ten on 'em. You wont ketch nothin'."

There were eyes enough on that squid, every time it flashed in the sunlight, and there was no end of good-natured "chaff" thrown at Jeff.

On dashed the "Arrow," sometimes leaning over until the boys on the lee side could put their hands into the water, and the spray sprang into their faces.

"How does the weather look?" asked Mr. Hayne of Captain Buller. "If the wind goes down, we may not reach the islands."

"Can't tell. Gues-so. No countin' on sech a lake as this 'ere. No wind nor water to speak of."

Phil Bruce perceived that the speed of the "Arrow" was slackening, and said to Jeff: "Haul in your squid. It drags on the ship."

"Not till I get a bite."

"You wont get one——"

"Hey, you there!" suddenly shouted Bill, the crew. "You 've struck him. Steady, now. Pull yer level best or you 'll lose him."

That shout was like dropping a spark into a powder keg, for the excitement it made among the boys, who all began to cry out at once:

"Jeff 's got a bite!" "It 's a lake trout!"

"Must be a pike." "Or a big pickerel."

Jeff was pulling, and so was something at the other end of the line, and now and then, as the "Arrow" rose on a wave, they could see a bit of white flash out of the water.

"Let me help," said Jack Roberts.

"No, sir-e-e! I 'll bring in my own fish."

"Look out, though, when you git him 'longside. He 'll fight then," said Captain Buller.

The loss of that fish would have been a calamity to Mr. Hayne's whole school, and their faces showed it. "Keep back, boys," shouted Andy. "Give Jeff a fair chance."

It was a hard thing to do, but they did it, and in a moment more the prize came over the rail.

"Gues-so!" exclaimed Captain Buller. "Ef that there young sprout haint captered the biggest pick'rel we 've had out of Winnegay this season!"

The first fish was caught, but that sort of accident was not likely to happen twice in one day.

"It 's comin' on a calm, sir," said Captain Buller to Mr. Hayne, "and we 're a mile 'n' a half from the islands. We 'll kinder drift in onto 'em."

It was deep water all around them, and as the "Arrow's" motion slackened to almost a state of rest, the use of squids departed, and the uses of other "bait" came not. For all that, the rods and lines, and the lines without rods, kept going out, till more than two dozen of them were on the search for "accidents." If some of them had been long enough to go to the bottom, something might have happened; but, as it was, even a boy with a line in each hand stood no chance at all. They were a patient lot under their difficulties,

At the same moment, Captain Buller was muttering to Mr. Hayne: "Don't say a word to the youngsters. Bill is a-scuttin' of 'em in onto a good fishin'-ground. They'll bite, pretty soon."

The motion was slow, but it was carrying the "Arrow" into shallower water, and even her young passengers were aware that the islands were nearer.

"Git the anchor ready, Bill. Stop scuttin'. She'll drift now. We'll fetch up agin the p'int."

At that moment something like a yell sounded amidships:



"KEEP BACK, BOYS! GIVE JEFF A FAIR CHANCE!" SAID ANDY."

and at last Captain Buller remarked: "Bill, do a leetle easy scuttin'. Help her drift in."

Bill shortly began to work an unusually long oar, over the stern, and the fishermen almost gave up watching their lines to look at the cluster of islets toward which the "Arrow" was floating. Still, it did not seem that they were drawing nearer, for a while, and the conversation mainly turned upon variations of the assertion that "there are no fish in this lake, boys."

Otis Burr changed it a little, at last, by remarking: "It almost looks as if we were heading in between two of those islands."

"A bite, boys! I've got him!"

"Why, Charley, it's a shiner!"

"Hey, 'nother bite! Pumpkin-seed!"

Boy after boy added his note of triumph. Shiners, pumpkin-seeds, perch, suckers, bull-heads, even a few bass and small pickerel, came rapidly in over the sides of the lazy "Arrow."

Mr. Hayne had bargained for that very thing, and Captain Buller had kept his contract, excepting that the very large fish seemed to have "gone visiting" for the day. The calm and the long, tiresome waiting were forgotten, and the deck of the "Arrow" was lively with flopping fish.

"Haul in yer lines, boys! All you on the star-board! Drop the anchor, Bill!" said the captain.

It seemed but half a minute, while the sail was going down, before the "Arrow" was lying motionless against a wall of rock just level with her gunwale, — a perfect natural wharf, on a perfect island shore.

"Lunch-time!" said Mr. Hayne, and the lines came in, although the fish bit to the very last.

"They 'll all be there when you git back," remarked Bill, the crew.

It was worth anybody's while to eat a luncheon, with a fisherman's appetite, in such a place as that, and every inch of the ragged and rugged and tree-grown islet was explored within the next two hours. Some of the explorers, however, did up that part of their fun quickly, and returned to the business of catching fish.

"When do you think we should start for home, Captain?" asked Mr. Hayne, at last.

"Gues-so. I don't edzackly like the looks of the weather. Ef the youngsters hev had fun enough, I 'd like to git 'em on board now."

A loud shout could be heard all over that very stunted island, and the school was easily gathered. Oddly enough, every one of them was ready to go to sea at once.

The motion of the "Arrow," when she swung away from her pier of rock, was slow and drifting, for the wind was light. The sky was somewhat hazy, but the air seemed warmer than ever.

"More wind coming, Captain?" asked Mr. Hayne.

"Gues-so. Look yonder."

Mr. Hayne looked, and some of the boys looked, while the "crew" tugged at the halliards and Captain Buller added: "It 's a-comin'. Lake squall, sir. We 'll be ready for it."

Away off upon the water, but rapidly drawing nearer, was a sort of dark streak, with specks of white beyond it. That was all, but in five minutes more the rising waves of Winnegay were lashed to foam around them, and the "Arrow" was flying homeward before that squall, with the water dashing over her gunwale at every plunge.

"She 's a stanch boat, boys," said Mr. Hayne, confidently. "There is no occasion for alarm."

Some of them were very glad indeed to hear him say so; for they had noticed that Bill did not let go of his rope for a moment, and that Captain Buller was getting red in the face at the tiller.

Everybody on board, excepting those two men, knew that there was no danger.

"I wish they 'd caught a ton more of fish," grumbled Bill. "We aint nigh heavy enough for sech a squall as this."

"Ease her, Bill. Ease her with the sail. It 's the shiftn'est kind of a blow."

That is where danger comes, with sudden changes of wind and too little ballast. Not a drop of rain fell, and the wind blew harder. It was easy to understand, now, why the "Arrow" had been made so broad and strong.

On she sped, and not a soul thought of time until Charley exclaimed: "There it comes, boys!"

"What 's a-coming?"

"Why, the Winnegay House, and the pier."

There they were, with the rough waves rolling in upon the gravelly beach and dashing with angry force upon the rickety wood-work.

"How shall we ever get ashore?" said nearly a dozen boys at about the same time.

"Gues-so," said Captain Buller. "Wait and see."

Right past the head of the pier went the "Arrow," with a row of lengthening faces gazing over her lee rail, and then, suddenly, the "crew" let his rope slip rapidly around its pin, the captain leaned heavily upon the tiller, the boat swung sharply to the left, as the sail came down, and glided swiftly into the smooth water on the other side of the pier.

"Neatly done," said Mr. Hayne. "You see, boys, there 's nothing like knowing how."

"Do you know," said Otis Burr, to Phil Bruce, "it tires a fellow to be driven home by a squall."

They were not too weary, nevertheless, to give three hearty cheers apiece to the "Arrow," to Captain Buller, and to the crew, the moment they found themselves once more on solid land.

They did not hear the bluff commander say to his crew: "They 're a good lot, Bill. Gues-so."

The ride home was a grand one, but it was after sunset when the omnibus and the two carriages which had brought them were pulled up in front of Andy Wright's house to discharge their cargo. When they all had sprung out, Mr. Hayne took off his hat and said to them: "Now, my young friends, shake hands all around. I am off for the sea-shore to-morrow, and you will not see me again until we come together in the fall."

They were glad he spoke of that, for it made it easier to say "good-bye" now. Mr. Hayne's hand was well shaken, and he went away with the light of sixteen smiles on his face, if such a thing could be.

As for the boys, the long summer vacation was all before them, and the very idea had something so bewildering that they broke up and marched away to their homes almost in silence.

The whole thing was too good to talk about.

ROY'S VIS-IT.

THESE two lit-tle boys lived next door to each oth-er, but there was a high board fence be-tween the two hou-ses. One day Roy felt ver-y lone-ly, and, when he looked to-ward How-ard's house, he saw a step-lad-der lean-ing a-gainst the high board fence. Roy ran to it, and climbed up to the top step, and looked o-ver. The first thing he saw was How-ard, sit-ting on a lit-tle grass mound; and just then How-ard looked up and saw Roy. "Heigho!" said How-ard; "can't you come and play with me?"



HOW-ARD.



ROY.

"Yes, I am com-ing now," said Roy; and he stepped down from the lad-der, and went through the front gates in-to the oth-er yard. Then the boys sat down on the grass mound, and talked and played for an hour. But they were ver-y kind and po-lite to each oth-er, and so they had a hap-py time.

Roy's nurse did not know where he had gone, and looked ev-er-y-where for him, and, at last, she climbed up the step-lad-der, and saw the two lit-tle

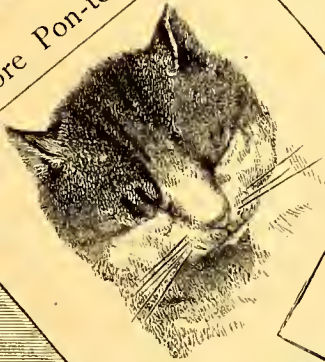
boys. Roy was just bid-ding How-ard good-bye, and tell-ing him what a pleas-ant vis-it he had had. "Sakes a-live!" said the nurse to her-self. "How po-lite these lit-tle fel-lows are! A great ma-n-y boys, when they vis-it each oth-er, act just like cats and dogs!"

PON-TO'S VIS-IT.

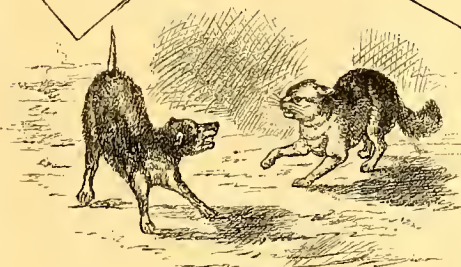
Pon-to, a so-cia-ble dog, de-cides to go and see Miss Puss.



Miss Puss be-fore Pon-to comes.



Miss Puss af-ter Pon-to comes.



The Vis-it.

John Spring

517



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE, my happy hearers, we enter upon October, as its name implies, though *why*, I could n't imagine until the dear Little School-ma'am suddenly had one of her derivation attacks.

"Don't you know?" she said, "OCTO, *eight*; Octagon, Octahedron, Octopod, Octave, Octandra, and October, eighth month —"

"But it *isn't* the eighth month," I hinted, delicately. "It's the tenth."

"Well, it's all the same, Jack, dear," said the Little School-ma'am. "You see, the Romans made —"

"Dear me! *please* don't tell me that the Romans made October. It's not so stale as that. If you must derive it, why not make it up in this fashion: *Oct*, sumac; *ober*, maple. That would be more like it. It's a real sumac-and-maple month, October is, made fresh every year!"

"I know, Jack, dear," she coaxed, gently. "That is in our part of the globe, you see; but countries and climates differ according to the latitude."

"Yes, that may be so," I insisted, "but —"

Well, so it went on, till I was in nearly as great a muddle as some of you are now, my pets. Dear, dear! How much there is to be learned! I feel like apologizing to you for it; and yet it really is not my fault. It's mostly due to derivations, so far as I can make out. Therefore, turn to your big unabridged dictionaries, my poor chicks, and peck away at the O—C—T page.

Meantime, or immediately after, we'll consider

SHADOW-TAILS.

TALKING of derivations, almost the cleverest one your Jack ever heard of is the origin of the word squirrel, which, it appears, comes in a roundabout, frisky way from the Greek word *skiouros* (*skia*, shade, and *oura*, a tail), hence squirrel, a shadow-

tail. Now, I call that good, and descriptive. Somehow it gives one just the motion of a squirrel, with his supple little body and his great, bushy, sudden-vanishing tail. It rather reconciles me to the Greeks, too, to see how, with all their learning, they took occasion to notice the ways of these happy little animals.

ON THE TREE-PATH.

AND by the way, the ancient Greeks, with their *skiueros*, remind me that there's a squirrel-letter in my pulpit pocket from a little girl. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I thought I would write and tell you something. May be you know it already, but some of your hearers may not. Yesterday I spent the day with mother at a beautiful country-house. It has a two-story piazza and a great big lawn in front of it. Well, the lawn is very full of splendid trees, of different kinds, so close together that some of their branches touch their neighbors' branches, just as if the trees were shaking hands. Some of them don't touch at all, though they come pretty near it.

Now this is what I want to tell you: I was up on the upper piazza, looking into the trees, and there I saw a squirrel! It stood still on a bough for a minute, and then a bird came and alighted close by, and off went the squirrel to the end of the branch, and, in a twinkling, he jumped from there into the branches of another tree, and ran across that, and so into another tree, and another, till he went nearly all over that lawn without once going to the ground! Of course, the trees were near each other; but I noticed that he often had to make quite a jump. Once or twice he stopped to look around him. I guess he thought "Where am I now? What sort of a tree is this?" but then he would frisk his tail and be off. I never saw anything so funny or so nimble as he was. He was n't a flying-squirrel, either. I mean he had n't wings. But it did make me wish that I could be like him, for a little while, and run around in the tops of the cool green trees.—Your friend,
CORA G. H.

A QUEER TONGUE.

DEAR JACK: I have heard of tongues "strung in the middle and going at both ends," and even of one that seemed to be set "on a pivot, and going round and round without ceasing." But what would you say of a tongue that actually points downward or backward, the root being in the front of the mouth, and the tip pointing down the throat? Yet of course you know who it is that has a tongue of this queer kind. Do your chicks know, however? They may see him on a warm evening, hopping about the field or garden, or catching flies. And concerning his mode of eating, people say, "he darts out his long red tongue, and whips the poor flies into his mouth." But I happen to know that his tongue is not so very long, after all; and from the way it is attached, it does not need to be so long as if it were rooted far back in his mouth.—Truly yours,
W. R.

HICKORY-NUTS AND HICKORY-NUTS.

WHEN word came from Stephen B., down in Connecticut, that he knew of "nine varieties of hickory-nuts, with twenty-five names shared among them," your Jack said to himself: "That sounds surprising; I should n't wonder if Stephen has been gathering from the encyclopedia a nut for me to crack."

Of course, though, I already was pretty well acquainted with nuts and nut-trees, to say nothing of nut-eaters. For instance, it has always gladdened my heart to look upon that ragged giant hickory—"Old Shag-bark," the children of the Red School-house call him—who lifts his leafy crown eighty feet above the knoll at the end of my meadow. And then there is the swamp-hickory, its graceful column standing seventy feet or more out of the hollow. His fruits, by the way, have thin shells, easy for strong little teeth to crack; but the kernels must taste bitter to make the little faces wrinkle up so queerly. And I have seen pig-nuts, and heard from my squirrels about the large Western hickory-nut, with its two-pointed shell.

Yet here comes our knowing friend, Stephen, telling of five hickories besides!—"the Pecan, growing chiefly in Texas; the Mocker-nut, with a wonderfully hard shell; the small-fruited hickory; the hickory with a nut as large as a good-sized apple; and the nutmeg-fruited hickory of South Carolina." And he goes on to say:

"The nuts from different kinds of hickory-trees sometimes are so much alike that it is difficult to call them by their right names. But most of them, especially the shag-bark, are fine eating. The naturalists call the bitternut and walnut—near relatives of the hickory—by the name 'juglans,' which means 'the nut of Jove'; as much as to say, 'this nut is fit for a banquet of the gods.'

"My cousin Bob once wrote to me that at his school, in England, the boys play with the half-shells of walnuts in this way: They push them against each other, point to point, on a table. The shell that splits its rival scores one for the victory, and one in addition for each of the shells that its beaten adversary had previously cracked. Bob says he once had a shell with an honest score of 397."

THE LIZARD'S "GLOVES."

My friend "Snow Bunting" asks if any of you youngsters have ever seen a lizard's "gloves" floating on the water of ponds or ditches. She says they look very pretty and have every finger perfect, and that even the wrinkles in the palms are plainly marked. They are so delicately thin, however, that if taken out of the water they fall together in a shapeless mass; but if dipped up carefully in some of the water, they sometimes keep their shape.

The "gloves" are really the old outer skin from the paws of the newt or water-lizard. He has several new suits a year, and he tears off his old coats in shreds, but the "gloves" come away whole. There must be numbers of these cast-off paw-coverings, but it is not likely that you will come across them, my dears, excepting in the deep woods, on the surfaces of pools and sluggish streamlets.

THE NUT-HATCH.*

OF all my bird-friends, Nut-hatch is one of the sprightliest and cheeriest. It is a treat to see the little fellow run gayly up a tree, swiftly tap away with his bill for a few seconds, and then turn and run down head-foremost, his round little tail standing up saucily behind. He also has the queer habit of sleeping with his head downward, but whether this gives him bad dreams or not, he never has told me. I should think it would, especially after a hearty supper of nuts.

He eats, also, caterpillars, beetles, and insects, and hoards up his nuts in the holes of trees. Look out for him, my wood-roaming youngsters, and try to watch him when he is about to eat a nut from his store. You will see him carry it in his sharp bill and set it firmly in some convenient chink; then he will bore a hole in the shell with his bill

and pick out the sweet kernel, turning his head from side to side and looking sharply about him. If he should catch sound or sight of you,—Whip! —Out would come the nut from the chink, and away would fly Mr. Nut-hatch, to finish his luncheon in greater privacy.

But I never have heard him sing, nor pipe, nor even chirrup; whenever I have seen him he has been too busy to spare time for such frivolity! And yet his quick ways and gay manner speak volumes in themselves, and a flash from his bright eye is as good as a cheering strain of melody.

A SUBMARINE "FIRE-FLY."

I'M informed that you are to be told this month, my dears, about some curious living lanterns. And, just in the nick of time, Mr. Beard throws some more light on the subject, with this picture of what he calls a "submarine 'fire-fly.'" It



THE SUBMARINE "FIRE-FLY."

really is a shell-fish, and at the tail-end are two wing-like pieces which help the creature to make its way in the water. At the pointed front end of the shell is a queer little round fleshy bubble, which, at night, gives out a light so strong that, even with a lamp shining near to it,—as in the picture,—its brightness is but little dimmed.

What with butterflies and sea-robins, and fire-flies and fire-fish, and similar wonders, it does seem to your Jack that Nature has a queer way of making inhabitants of the water copy the forms and actions of land animals. Or perhaps the land animals are the copyists? Who knows?

[* For a picture of the Nut-hatch, see ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877. Page 268.—Ed.]

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW GAMES ASKED FOR.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM MAKES A SUGGESTION.—

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: ST. NICHOLAS, as many of you know, has given descriptions of a great number of games and pastimes during the eight years of its existence—but, much as we girls and boys have enjoyed these, we do not find them sufficient. We need more. "We have a great deal of play in us," as a bright little girl once said to me, "but we want to know what to do with it." So it lately occurred to me to lay the matter before the editors, and this is what they say:

"If the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS, in all parts of the world, will send plain descriptions of the games they play,—especially of such as they believe to be peculiar to their own localities,—we will print as many of the descriptions as we can, month by month. No space can be given to games that are universally known and that already have been fully described in print; unless some change should be made in them well worthy of notice. Now and then a simple diagram can be used, to save a long description in words; but, of course, we can not promise to publish everything that may be sent in. The games may be for out-doors, for in-doors, for boys, for girls, for boys and girls together, and for any number of players, from two to a hundred.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me how to polish shells? My sister has some large clam-shells, and she has tried several ways of polishing them, but none have proved successful. We think of making a small aquarium, as described in your July number.

Your constant reader,

MARY F. HOWES.

H.—In ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, you will find directions for making a telephone. Two or three boys have written to us that, in following the instructions given in that article, they were greatly helped by good-natured telegraph operators in their neighborhoods. Perhaps, if you try, you will find yourself equally fortunate.

FRIEND OF MAIE G. H.—In the "Letter-box" for July, 1875, you will find a good recipe for making skeleton leaves.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my father took me on a trip to Niagara Falls last May, I am much interested in the question asked by "Snow Bunting" in the August ST. NICHOLAS.

I have read an article on Niagara by Professor Tyndall, and he estimates that 35,000 years ago the falls were situated where the village of Queenston now stands, or about seven miles below their present position. At that time there was probably but one fall, and that was twice the height of the falls at the present day.

The cliff over which this immense volume of water fell was composed of strata of limestone; and as time passed on, layer after layer was broken off by the action of the water, until Goat Island was reached. Here the river separated, forming two falls, the Horseshoe and American.

Professor Tyndall also considers it probable that if Niagara continues to recede at the rate of a foot a year, it will reach the upper end of Goat Island in 5,000 years; and in 11,000 years the falls will be of but half the height they are now. I am glad I have seen the falls before they become so low, and I suppose people who will be living 11,000 years hence (if there be any!) can never understand how beautiful Niagara was in A. D. 1831.

The shape of the Horseshoe Fall has entirely changed within the last twenty years, for a huge mass of rock has fallen from the center of the cliff, making a right angle instead of a horseshoe. Many people think this change of form has lessened the beauty of the fall, but I do not see how it ever could have been more beautiful than

"The games should be clearly and concisely described, with explicit directions; and each one printed shall be promptly paid for, even before the publication of the number that contains it. While we prefer that the young writers should write carefully, we do not expect great finish of style, nor labored productions. Our object is to induce the young folks to write to us freely and to tell us of the games they play, old as well as new,—simply telling us which ones they believe to be new."

And now, boys and girls, the way is open for you all, to make a complete and friendly exchange of games and various forms of frolic. The children of the Red School-house will be able to help, I hope; and every grown-up boy and girl, who remembers some good pastime of former days, must be sure to let us know all about it. I shall be glad to hear what games you like best of those you describe, and also which you enjoy most of the fresh ones learned through this new plan; and, if any amusing incident happens in the course of your fun, jot that down, too.

So, TO WORK! is the word. Write on but one side of the paper, give your full post-office address, and send the letters to

Yours, in both work and play,

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

In care of The Century Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

when I first saw it, on a perfectly clear afternoon in May. We stayed a week at Niagara, and as the moon was full I hoped to see the lunar bow, but we could not, as it was only visible about twelve o'clock at night. However, I was so delighted with the moonlight on the Rapids that I forgot my disappointment about the lunar bow.

ELEANOR GRAEME NIXON.

C. L. D. sends a letter on the same interesting subject.

"NOT INVITED."

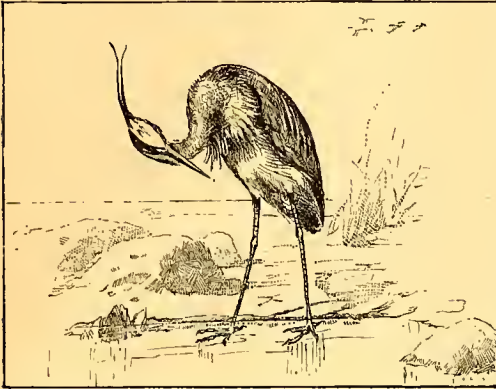
THE picture on page 959 of the present number shows you an interesting scene, familiar enough in any of our large cities: The great church is filled with spectators—friends of the happy pair who are about to be wedded; the bridal carriages have just driven up to the curb-stone; and the bride and bridesmaids are passing beneath the canvas canopy up the steps of the church. The bride hears the first swelling notes of the great organ, and she feels that all the people within the building are looking impatiently for her appearance, but is quite unconscious that at this very moment she is the admiration of a small crowd of uninvited lookers-on—barefooted boys and girls, who are eagerly peering through the canopy.

In New York, an awning such as this at a church-door is quickly espied by the sharp eyes of street boys and girls; and a fine wedding, with its bustle, its swiftly rolling carriages, and its cheerful crowds in gay attire, is as great an event to them as to many of the invited guests. In their eagerness, they even put their heads down beneath the folds of the canvas, much as they would if it were a circus-tent. And, if to see the bridal party be the great event of a wedding, we are not sure that these uninvited little waifs do not often have the best of it. Their stolen glimpse through the canopy is no doubt a nearer and better view than can be obtained by many of the honored friends within, who have to stare across the crowded pews.

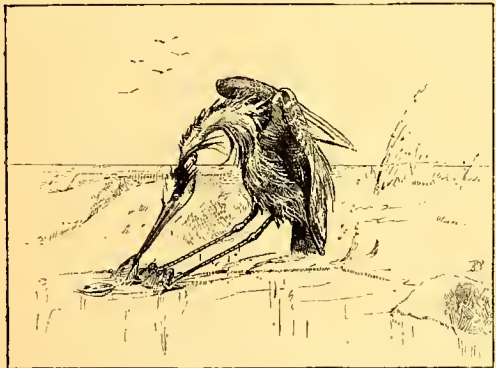
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa tells me stories that his friends tell while in his office. I like to hear them, and may be some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would, too. Here is one:

"I was rowing through the Sounds one day, when, looking toward one of the clam-flats, I saw a strange object some distance ahead of

me; rowing cautiously up to it, I found it to be a blue heron,—a large bird with long neck and legs. It can reach its head up as high as a man. These birds frequent our Sounds during the warm summer months. Mr. Heron had been looking for his dinner, and had got himself into trouble. A large clam had opened its mouth wide to



get the fresh air. Mr. Heron soon discovered it, and thought it would make him a nice dinner. So, without asking if it was agree-



able, he stuck his bill into the clam. But the clam did not like to be served in that manner, so, closing its mouth quickly, it had Mr. Heron a prisoner.

"The bird tried all sorts of ways to get clear, twisting his long neck in knots and pulling hard; but it was of no use. Heron soon became tired out, and, as the tide was rising over the flats, I expect he thought he was a lost heron.

"I helped him out of his trouble by rowing up to him and breaking the clam, thus setting him free from his unpleasant situation. As soon as he found himself at liberty he tried to fly, but he was too tired. Looking at me, he nodded his head two or three times, as though in gratitude for my services; and then he walked slowly away to the shore."—Good-bye, LONNIE WARE (11 years).

GRACIA DECKER.—Holland is an independent kingdom, and William III. is its present ruler.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to write to those particularly interested in the "Letter-box," about a natural curiosity in our city, New Haven, Connecticut,—consisting of a large horse-chestnut tree, in a garden on Water street. One half of this tree bears blossoms one year, and the other half the season following, alternately. If any one can account for this freak of nature, I should be pleased to know the explanation.—Truly, your interested friend,

LILLIAN A. PECK (13 years).

We commend to all our readers the good advice which is given this month in the paper on "How to be taken care of," and we are glad to add to it here a few words by the same author which may well be read in connection with the article:

There is a very curious disease in some parts of the country which has no name in the medical books, but with which some young people are frequently afflicted. I do not know just what to call it, but it seems to be closely related to "Sunday headache." Perhaps it might be named "Going-to-school Debility." It has some very peculiar characteristics. It is never known to occur on Saturday, nor in vacation, unless some very unpleasant duty is on hand. The first symptom is a very grave expression of countenance, and a solemn remark about "feeling miserable," usually followed up by "I really do not feel able to go to school this morning." About the middle of the forenoon a marked change for the better usually takes place, unless school has two sessions, in which case no improvement appears until afternoon. The appetite is good, especially for any little dainties which may be offered. The patient is often able to read, or to hear others read, some interesting story, or perhaps to work a little on some pleasant fancy-work, but the bare suggestion of any more arduous employment is almost certain to produce a relapse.

I should like to mention privately to the mothers of these afflicted ones, that going to bed in a dark room, and a strict diet of water-gruel, has been known to produce a complete cure in a short time.

Seriously, my young friends, this may be the beginning of something which can grow into frightful proportions. Almost every physician can tell you that persons have carried on a long system of deception, until at last they have deceived themselves as well as their friends. These unfortunates begin at first by making the most of all their little aches and pains, and from that go on to pretending that they are worse than they really are, because they like the attention and sympathy which an invalid receives, until they are ashamed to take back anything which they have said, and, at last, sometimes they really produce in themselves that which was at first only imaginary. If you find that you have formed even the small beginnings of this habit, try to think as little as possible about your own feelings, and turn your attention to the real trials of other people.

TRANSLATION OF "LE MARCHAND DE COCO."

TRANSLATIONS of the illustrated French piece, "Le Marchand de Coco," printed in the July number, have been received from all parts of the United States, from Canada, from Great Britain, and even from France. We here print that translation which, all things considered, seems to us to be the best:

THE VENDER OF LIQUORICE-WATER.

My dear little friends, do you know what is this young man so oddly equipped? He is a vender of liquorice-water, that delicious drink made of liquorice-root ground up in iced water. In Paris, one sees them everywhere, these venders, with the fine silvered bouquet of their fountains gleaming like an oriflamb above their heads. They walk about in the Champs Elysées, in the garden of the Tuileries, in the streets, everywhere where children are to be found, or even older persons, for thirst comes to everybody; and when it is very warm [weather], they make famous receipts. One hears them crying with their penetrating voice: "A la fraîche!" ["Cold drink!" "boisson" understood.] "Who'll drink! Here's good liquorice-water! Treat yourselves, ladies—treat yourselves!" And, after these deafening appeals to customers, they ring the silvered bell which they carry in the left-hand. This ringing makes the fortune of the dealer in liquorice-water; it makes so much noise that one must needs pay attention to it, and this is always a good thing in business. Besides, the fountain is so fine, who could resist it? The effect of the crimson velvet which enraps the cylinders is heightened by the coppered rims, and by the bouquet glistening in the sun. This makes the whole affair visible from afar to the thirsty. Then, too, it costs only one cent a glass!

One of the braces which hold the fountain on the vender's back is pierced with holes, on the breast, to receive the goblets in which he serves his stock-in-trade. Everything in the outfit glistens, the goblets are silvered as well as the bell, and the bouquet and the two faucets that pass under the left arm, one of which gives liquorice-water, and the other water for rinsing the goblets. He uses a corner of his linen apron, dazzling with whiteness and cleanness, for wiping his glasses. And still this apron is never soiled; one sees in it always the folds made by the laundress's iron. Our vender of liquorice-water in the engraving is shod with large peasant's-sabots, but this part of the costume is not strictly the rule, as all the rest is.

In former times a fine plumed helmet covered the head of the fountain-carrier, but nowadays a plain workman's-cap takes its place.

Who would not be a vender of liquorice-water? What a fine occupation! To always walk about in the sunshine, and cry, in the hearing of thirsty little children: "A la fraîche!" ["Cold drink!" "boisson" understood.] Who wants to drink?" L. G. STONE.

LIST OF THOSE WHO SENT TRANSLATIONS.

FROM CANADA: Katie C. Thomson. FROM ENGLAND: Helen Rheam—Ellen Watson—Edith Lang—Agnes Eliza Jacob-Hood—Susan Elizabeth Murray—Caroline Deighton. FROM IRELAND:

Anthony Peter Paul Murphy. FROM SCOTLAND: Leigh Hunter Nixon. FROM FRANCE: Julia Appleton Fuller—Dycc Warden—Lester Bradner, Jr.—Daisy Hodge.

FROM THE UNITED STATES: L. G. Stone—Chas. D. Rhodes—Isabel Houghton Smith—Camille P. Giraud—Helen M. Drennan—Anna F. Burnett—Lina Beatrice Post—Carrie Lou Carter—E. H. Blanton—A. H. W.—Ellen A. Slidell—Robert B. Cone—Fannie E. Kachline—Susie A. Kachline—Gertrude Colles—Rosalie Carroll—Bessie L. Cary—Arthur A. Moon—John Wright Wroth—Alice T. Cole—Cornelia Bell—Nellie E. Haines—Mattie W. Packard—H. G. Tomblor, Jr.—Arabella Ward—Frederic Tudor, Jr.—Daniel T. Killeen—Pauline Cooper—Adelaide Cole—Mary Grey—Lucy Eleanor Wollaston—Lunette E. Lamprey—Josephine Barnard Mitchell—Edna Moffett—Harriet B. Sternfeld—Agnes Garrison—Clara Reed Anthony—Susie Andrews Rice—Effie Hart—Hattie H. Parsons—Mary Chase—M. N. Lamb—Marie Tudor—Jessie Claire McDonald—Annie Lapham—Walter B. Clark—Lizzie J. Stewart—Annie Armstrong Williamson—Mary M. Wilkins—Alice Austen—Addah Gerdes—Harriet Duane Oxholm—Edith King Latham—Alice Bradbury—Frances Pepper—Kittie S. Davis—Metta Victor—Julia G. Pleasants—Gertrude H. Carlton—Nellie C. Chase—Laura A. Jones—Daisy Studley—Tillie Blumenthal—Henrietta Marie—Blanche Hartog—Mary H. Hays—Edrie Allen Hull—Joseph B. Bourne—Laura D. Sprague—Virginia Eliza Thoupson—Mary June Woodward—Edith Merriam—Fannie Mignonne Woodworth—Lucy A. Putnam—Bessie Daniels—Gertrude A. Miles—T. Newbold Morris—Eugenie M. Jelicœur—Ella W. Bray—Anna Belfield Smith—Annie Rothery—Lizzie Loyd—Fannie Blandy Lewes—Bessie Danforth—Margaret Lewis Morgan—Mollie Weston—Annie H. Mills—Annie G. Rathburn—Mary Woolson—M. Eva Cleveland—Ida Coon Evans—Grace Minugh Whittemore—Robert Thomas Palmer—Jeannie Ursula Duffree—Jessie Rogers—Anna Perkins Slade—Mathilde Weil—Jacob H. G. Lazelle—Kate Colt—Cornelia McKay—A. Thebault Rivaalles—Anna B. Thomas—Will P. Hum-

phreys, Jr.—Nathalie D. Clough—Adelaide C. Hearne—Lucy S. Conant—Carrie R. Prentiss—Mary Young Shearer—Vio F. Kinney—Ada E. Tapley—Mary Blanchard Hobart—Mary B. Gallaher—Henry Champlin White—Aurelia Harwood—Lizzie Newland Hasbrouck—Carrie A. Maynard—Minnie A. J. McIntyre—Carita T. Clark—Julia R. Collins—Mary M. Brownson—Julia Latimer—Dora Schmid—Maude Peebles—Marie L. Cheesman—Maude W. Mallory—Annie Grozelier.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think some of the little readers of the "Letter-box" would like to know how

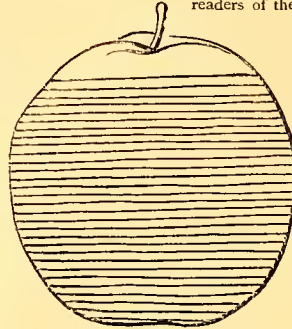


FIGURE NO. 1.

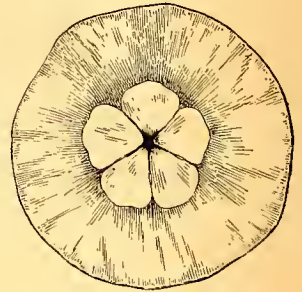


FIGURE NO. 2.

to cut an apple so that they can see the shape of the apple-blossom. This may not be new to some of them. Take a nice and sound apple and peel it all around; then cut it through the core, like Figure No. 1, in thin slices, and by holding to the light one of the slices from near the middle it will show, as in Figure No. 2.—Yours truly, F. L. B.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SEVENTH REPORT.

IN response to repeated requests, we shall publish, in connection with our A. A. reports, a few addresses of those who may have specimens for exchange. Let it be understood, however, that such requests for exchanges can not appear in print earlier than two or three months after they are sent in. If, for instance, any one wishes to exchange drawings of snow-crystals for specimens of wood, the request should be sent us about three months before the time for snow, that it may appear in the magazine at the proper season.

It is necessary to remind you that in every case you must write your full address very plainly, both when you write to us and when you communicate with one another.

This is a good time to say that I have been extremely pleased by the general excellence of the hundreds of letters which have been sent me by the boys and girls of the A. A. They are, as a rule, well written, carefully spelled and punctuated, and accurately addressed.

Of the whole number, only one, I believe, has come without an inclosed address, and few, especially of late, without the inclosed envelope and stamp for reply. This speaks well for our members, and letters thus carefully composed and written are among the best results of our society work. To write a good letter is no small accomplishment.

Some time ago, several of you suggested a badge, and a mention of it was made in ST. NICHOLAS, with the request that each member would express his or her opinion of it, and offer suggestions for a design.

But responses have been received from so few,—only half a dozen—that it seems that most of us do not feel any need of such a mark of distinction, and nothing more will be done about it at present, unless a decided and general desire should be shown for it in the course of the next month or two.

Among the best of the designs hitherto received are a fern-leaf, a butterfly, and a simple monogram in gold.

There is a wish in some quarters for a general meeting of representatives of the Association, to be held in some central place. This suggestion came too late to be considered this year, but it may be well to bear it in mind against the coming summer. It does not seem very practicable as I look at it now,—for our members are so young and so widely scattered,—but it might be that enough repre-

sentatives from various Chapters could meet during the summer to give an additional impetus to the progress of the society.

The motion for such a general meeting comes from a Baltimore Chapter (I cannot give the name of the mover, as I am writing on a mountain-top many miles away from my letter-file), and if there are any to second the motion, it can do no harm to hear from them.

We are spending some days in a tent on the side of Greylock (sometimes called Saddle-back), the highest mountain in Massachusetts, and it may interest our ornithological friends to know that the somewhat rare nests of the snow-bird are very plenty here. The nests are built on the ground among the grass. The eggs are light and spotted with brown. They are much like those of the ordinary ground-sparrow. The snow-birds themselves are very interesting. Early in the morning they visit us, before we rise from our hemlock bed. Peering curiously at our tent, they whirl and flutter about for a time, the two white feathers in their saucy tails gleaming among the evergreens, until, gradually growing bolder, they alight on the very canvas, and scramble up its steep white sides. Some of them came yesterday morning entirely into the tent, and one little fellow actually hopped on my shoulders as I lay pretending sleep.

Some weeks ago, the Appalachian Club of Boston visited Greylock and climbed to its summit, and during the ascent the botanists of the party seemed specially attracted by the ferns, which grew on every hand. Since then, a young lady of Williamstown has found here twenty-seven different species of *Filices*, including the large *Aspidium spinulosum*, and the tiny *Asplenium Trichomanes*. Has any one found more kinds on a single hill?

It is now a year since the ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association was formed. During that time we have enrolled over twelve hundred members, and made a fair beginning in studying the more common natural objects. We hope before long to adopt a more systematic plan of work than was possible during the period of our organization.

To this end we desire to receive a full report from each Chapter, of its present condition, and its future prospects and plans.

We hope that all our members will form the habit of taking careful notes of whatever of interest they see, and we shall be glad to print from time to time such of these notes as may be sent us, if they are well done.

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PI.

FROM what poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes is the following stanza taken?

Oyu arhe ath ybo ginghlau? Uoy hitkn eh's lal unf;
Tub teh gansle haugl oto ta het odgo eh ash noed;
Het rinelchd gaulh oldu sa yhet rotop ot shi leal,
Nad teh ropo nma hta skown mih ughlas seldtou fo lal!

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name of a fine city of Europe; the finals name the river on which it is located.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mountain of Greece, supposed to be sacred to Apollo and the Muses. 2. A river of Northern Italy, the valley of which has been rendered memorable by the wars of Bonaparte. 3. A city of Italy, on the Adriatic. 4. The name of a tropical ocean. 5. A city of Spain noted for its fruit.

CICELY.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in heather, not in lea," the second "in ballad, not in glee," and so on, until the two words have been spelled. The answers to this enigma are two compound words—the first signifying the feast given when the grain has been gathered in; the second, a name given to a heavenly body in the early fall.

In heather, not in lea;
In ballad, not in glee;
In sorrow, not in pain;
In vivid, not in plain;
In Ellen, not in Nan;
In Susan, not in Fan;
In tempest, not in cloud;
In humble, not in proud;
In common, not in rare;
In sermon, not in prayer;
In Enos, not in Paul.
Both, you 'll find, come in the fall.

F. S. F.

DIAMOND.

1. IN sweeping. 2. The color of an oppressed race. 3. Erects. 4. The common name for earth-nuts. 5. The first part of the name of a large London theater. 6. An inclosure. 7. In dusting.

C. A. B.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. CONCEALS. 2. Existing only in imagination. 3. The space between two mouths of a river. 4. Consumed. 5. A slope.

II. 1. To bite repeatedly. 2. A fugitive, mentioned in the Bible, who was lost in the desert of Beersheba. 3. A kind of quartz. 4. Equals. 5. To squeeze.

C. A. B. AND "PLUTO."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in town, but not in city;
My second is in bright, but not in witty;
My third is in fagot, but not in bundle;
My fourth is in carry, but not in trundle;
My fifth is in tarn, but not in lake;
My sixth is in give, but not in take;
My seventh is in flavor, but not in taste;
My eighth is in lavish, but not in waste;
My ninth is in cent, but not in dime;
My tenth is in ode, but not in rhyme;
My eleventh is in horse, but not in hound;
My twelfth is in roar, but not in hound;
My whole tries oft a penny to earn,
And succeeds because of his musical turn.

H. G.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters, and am a quotation from Tennyson's poem, "In Memoriam."

My 31-36-44-12-36-25-38-20 is having a pleasant odor. My 24-9-16 is to observe narrowly. My 34-30-15-1-39-10-37-6 is a spiral

motion. My 26-46-14 is recompense. My 13-28-43-19 is caution. My 47-40-32-11-35 is to glitter. My 23-46-5-4-33-41-29-17-3-27-45-22 is lucrative. My 21-8-2-42 is to pull with force. My 7-37-1-18 is to lend.

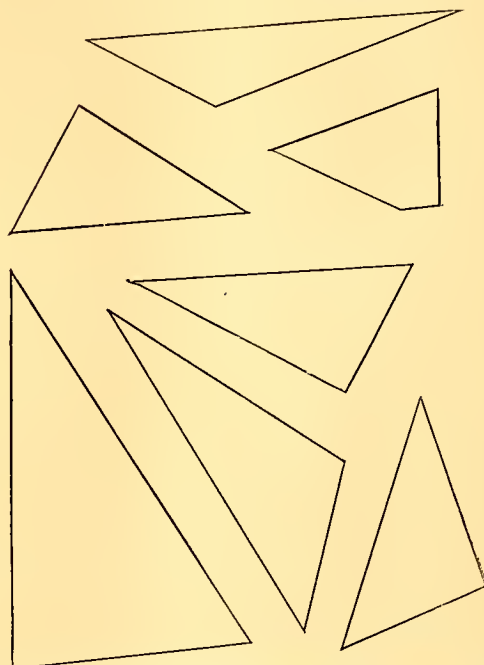
CICELY.

RIDDLE.

Cut off my head, and I 'm a rolling ball;
Curtail me, and, unseen, I 'm felt by all;
Once more curtail me, and a sense you 'll find;
Behead me, and its organ comes to mind.
I 'm neither man nor beast, nor bird, nor gnome;
But dwell in many a comfortable home;
And there, when fading day turns into night,
My whole will best appear in ruddy light.

GEORGE V.

PUZZLE FOR YOUNG SCISSORERS.



PLACE a piece of thin paper carefully over the above design, and, with a hard, sharp pencil, trace every line; then cut out the seven pieces, and fit them together so that they will form a perfect square measuring two inches on every side.

C. S. F.

EASY HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: A pinafore. ACROSS: 1. A vagrant. 2. To imitate. 3. In pinafore. 4. A large fish. 5. Deft.

C. A. B.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length. The third line, read downward, names a time for "peeping into the future"; the fourth line, read downward, names a church festival which immediately follows that time.

ACROSS: 1. Struck with amazement. 2. In truth. 3. A narrative song. 4. The name of a great English naval commander, who was born in 1758. 5. Outer garments. 6. Dividing with a saw. 7. Mingles together. 8. An insect which is covered by a strong, horny substance. 9. An official reckoning of the inhabitants of a country.

GILBERT FORRESTER.

PROVERB REBUS.



ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the name of one of the United States. Example: An instrument for writing, a weather-cock, and part of an animal. Answer: Pencil-vane-car; Pennsylvania.

1. The hairy crest of an animal.
2. A religious ceremony, a sneeze, and series.
3. An acknowledged successor of Mohammed, over, and close at hand.
4. A South African animal, and a jacket of coarse woolen cloth.
5. A horse, an island, and an amperсанд.
6. "I once possessed a gardening instrument."
7. An hotel, and the goddess of hunting.
8. A large surface of ice floating in the ocean, and one who is conveyed.
9. Atmosphere, a Roman numeral, a belt, and an article.
10. The governor of Algiers, a garment, and a letter.
11. The person speaking, to be indebted, a street or road for vehicles.
12. Sick, forever, and an uproar.
13. An invocation, elevated, and a letter.
14. Part of a horse, a valuable metal, and a conveyance.
15. Raw mineral, a letter, and a musket.
16. A girl's name, to scatter seed, and a sailor.
17. Ourselves, a helmet, and not out.
18. A small valley, and to be informed of.
19. An unmarried woman, and a nymph of the Moham-medan paradise.
20. To dye, and bustle.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

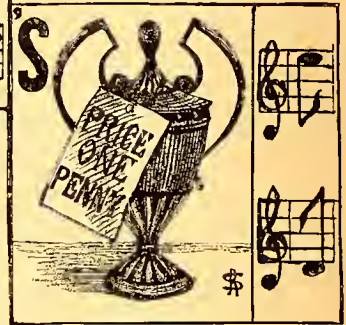
EXAMPLE: Syncopate and curtail a tree, and leave a malt liquor. ANSWER: Alder—Ale.
 1. Syncopate and curtail a buffoon, and leave an animal. 2. Syncopate and curtail a coquette, and leave an evergreen tree. 3. Syncopate and curtail a fierce animal, and leave a domestic fowl. 4. Syncopate and curtail a jewel, and leave equality. ISOLA.

EASY SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-nine letters, and form a couplet from Shakespeare's play of "Richard III." My 33-24-20 is a wise-looking bird. My 41-17-76-14-68 is a tool for cutting. My 59-4-49-77 is a church dignitary. My 45-15-30-72 is a heavenly body.



My 78-37-19-26 is a present. My 67-3-56-47 is a coating on iron. My 48-54-12 is to cut with a scythe. My 55-71-38 is a creditor. My 75-13-43-53 is a sovereign. My 70-21-60-8 is "the stuff that life is made of." My 29-27-46-58-22 is to express plaintively. My 44-65-73-51-50 is pertaining to Greece. My 7-62-39-64 is a serving-boy. My 79-5-16-18 is a fish. My 32-57-10-23 is a girl. My 11-1-9-63-70 is a task. My 36-25-52-61 is learned. My 34-69-42-31 is a cry of distress. My 40-66-37-74-35-6-2-28 are to be found in a lady's work-bag. H. G.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

- DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Dryad—nymph.
 ABRIDGMENTS. Ruskin. 1. F-R-iend. 2. Clo-U-d. 3. S-eat. 4. K-night. 5. Fa-I-r. 6. Ki-N-d.
 HOUR-GLASS. Centrals: Harvest. Cross-words: 1. FasHion. 2. FRail. 3. ORb. 4. V. 5. SEa. 6. TaSte. 7. SecTion.
 GEOGRAPHICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Great Britain.
 CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Centrals: Water-melon. Left-hand Diamond: 1. W. 2. LAd. 3. WaTer. 4. DEn. 5. R. Right-hand Diamond: 1. M. 2. NEd. 3. MeLon. 4. DOn. 5. N.
 EASY PICTORIAL ENIGMA. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Mark iv. 28.

- QUINCUNX. Across: 1. Aria. 2. Bat. 3. Fuss. 4. Asp. 5. Ares.
 NAUTICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Mackerel's scales and mares' tails, Make lofty ships to carry low sails."
 DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Roast goose—Michaelmas. Across: 1. Erst. 2. Coat. 3. Tame. 4. Isle. 5. Stem. 6. Agag. 7. Soho. 8. Rock. 9. Asia. 10. Hemp.
 CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Flowers.
 PUZZLE. Corn-ice.
 EASY ANAGRAMS. 1. Boston. 2. New York. 3. Rochester. 4. Washington. 5. Charleston. 6. Mobile. 7. St. Paul.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

PICTURES showing the answer to the "Sandpiper" puzzle were sent by Fred. C. McDonald—Florence L. Kyte—Alice M. Kyte—J. S. Tennant—M. L. Sargent—W. M. Hirshfeld—Nellie A.—Henry C. Brown—Earle. Colored drawings were sent by A. W. Post—G. A. Post—W. S. Post—K. Post, and Regis Post.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 25, from Nellie Slidell, 3—George W. Barnes, 5—George A. Gillespie, 2—M. L. Sargent, 1—W. P. Bynum, 1—"Otter River," 6—Cambridge Livingston, 2—Gracie Smith, 7—Willie V. Draper, 2—Florence E. Pratt, all—Minnie Van Buren, 2—"Heliotope," 2—Livingston Ham, 1—Lizzie M. Boardman, 1—"The Fairview Nursery," all—Marion T. Turner, 5—"Peasblossom," 2—Fanny Fechheimer, 1—J. S. Tennant, all—Mame Henry, 2—Walter O. Forde, 9—Frank L. Baldwin, 2—John Milton Gitterman and David Ansbacher, 7—Lulu G. Crabbe, 4—Otis and Elliott Brownfield, 7—Edward Vultee, all—"An English schoolboy," all—Alice Austen 7—Nanna D. Stewart, 3—Theo and Mamie, 2—Gracie H. Foster, 1—Louis E. Frankel, 2—George Macmorphy, 6—J. P. Miner, 1—Edith Beal, 4—Amelia Leroi, 5—"The Hoppers," 1—Rose Raritan, 4—W. M. Hirshfeld, 1—Joseph B. Bourne, 2—Lulu M. Brown, 9—Sallie E. Coates, 3—Nellie A., 2—Royal Cortissoz, 3—May Carman, 4—Chas. R. Fay, 3—"Will O. Tree," 4—Frelinghuysen and Ballantine, 3—Arabella Ward, 6—Edith and Townsend McKeever, 9—Helen E. Hallock, 6—Florence Galbraith Lane, 6—Barrett Eastman, 3—Tad, 7—X. V., 6—Frank T., Thomas, 4—"Partners," 11—"A Reader," 5—Henry C. Brown, all—Kate T. Wendell, 10—Katharine Robinson, 3—"Three Graces," 5—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 4—Marie M. Meinell, 2—Lalla E. Croft, 6—Bessie Taylor, 2—Phil. I. Pene, 1—Rene and Helen, 4—Valerie Frankel, 3—Clara H., 11—P. S. Clarkson, 10—Eleanor Telling, 4—Vernon Hendrix, 8—Annie H. Mills, 10—Fred. C. McDonald, 14—Lina, George A., William S., Wright, Kintzing, and Regis Post, 11—Charlie W. Power, 7—Mary and Bethel Boude, 14—Anna and Alice, 12—Bessie C. Barney, 12—Queen Bess, 8—Ella M. Parker, 2—Engineer, 10—J. Ollie Gayley, 4—Halle and Sister Minnie, 1—H. L. P., 3—J. F. C., 3—North Star, 5—Willie T. Mandeville, 6—Stowe Phelps, 5—Freddie Thwaitz, 9—Edith H. and Julia S., 4—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 7—Louise Williams, 3—F. J. Reynolds and S. Cosby, 4—H. and A. T., 4—Kate L. Freeland, 1—Trask, 13—Daisy Vail, 2—Archie and Hugh Burns, 7—Dolly Francis, 7—Florence L. Kyte, 10—Alice M. Kyte, 9—Carol and her sisters, 9—Buttercup, 1—Mollie Weiss, 4—I. B. and H. C. B., 9—Belle and Bertie, 9—May B. Creighton and Winnie Creighton, 4—"M. nagerie," 8—C. S. and W. F. S., 2—Lizzie C. Carnahan, 4—"Pops and Mankin," 3. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.







